

**THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**

By  
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Based on the novel by Richard Condon  
and the screenplay by George Axelrod

Current revisions by  
Daniel Pyne, August 18, 2003

**IN BLACK:**

1 Restless bodies. Scuffing of feet. Somebody coughs. 1

**MARCO'S VOICE**

Approximately sixty four hundred hours  
before Desert Storm, we were on a routine  
recon inside Iraqi-controlled terrain,  
assessing troop strength for what Saddam  
Hussein promised to be the mother of all  
wars ... but turned out to be just a  
little warm up for the whomping he got a  
few years later.

**FADE IN:**

2 **EXT. DESERT - NIGHT** 2

PROWLING ACROSS undulating land dotted with BURNING OIL  
WELLS that give the vague impression of, well, hell. The

inky sky is awash with stars.

**ON THE CREST OF A DUNE**

A U.S. ARMY BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE and matching HUMMER  
sit, waiting.

**KUWAIT, 1991**

Muffled THUMP of rap music thrums from the Bradley, and low  
voices stray from the open doors of the Hummer.

**MARCO (O.S.)**

Why can't we go directly in ...

**3 INT./EXT. THE HUMMER - NIGHT**

**3**

A topographical MAP glows on the LCD screen of a laptop  
portable, faintly lighting the faces of CAPT. BEN MARCO and  
his big, gentle, French guide, LAURENT TOKAR.

**MARCO**

(pointing)  
... this way --?

**LAURENT**

Yes, well -- I see the Captain enjoys the  
road less travelled.  
Marco is seemingly unflappable, completely engaged by life.

**MARCO**

The Captain enjoys not dragging his ass  
down the highway for every Tom, Dick and  
Qadhafi to take a whack at.  
Laurent swings his finger on the arc of approach.

**LAURENT**

Well. Of course it is very bad, here.  
And here. And here, here, here, here --

**MARCO**

Mines?

**LAURENT**

Tricky. Swedish-made.

**MARCO**

Dammit.  
He refers to some satellite surveillance maps --

**MARCO**

Nobody at Command said anything about --

**LAURENT**

Exxon and Global Petroleum hired private  
contractors to do the work in '86, as  
part of their asset security program.

(beat)

Hired an Iraqi firm, in fact, who, now,  
well -- only they know where the little  
Nordic fuckers are planted.

**MARCO**

(turns away)

Sgt. Shaw!

No response.

And we RUSH TOWARD: A SOLDIER IN A LAWN CHAIR, face lifted  
to the heavens, sitting directly between the two armored  
vehicles. This is SGT. RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW, late  
twenties, haunted and aloof.

**MARCO**

(suddenly behind him)

Sergeant.

**RAYMOND**

Sir.

**MARCO**

Rolling in two minutes.

**RAYMOND**

Yes sir.

Beat.

**MARCO**

Everything okay?

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**RAYMOND**

Yes, Captain. Everything's fine. Here.  
(standing up)  
I'll "rally" the troops.

**4 INT. THE BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - NIGHT**

**4**

MUSIC blares around eight soldiers, including wiseguy PFC. ED MAVOLE, crowded into space designed for four --

**MAVOLE**

Yo Melvin. You gonna play that hand, or hatch it?

-- CPL. AL MELVIN grunts, then they all look up, almost in unison, at Raymond when he swings open the back door. PFC. BOBBY BAKER, a slender man, barely eighteen, a driver, ejects a CD from the onboard stereo. Silence.

**RAYMOND**

We're moving out.

Beat. He shuts the door again.

**5 EXT. THE BRADLEY - NIGHT**

**5**

Raymond waits. Another beat. Then some LAUGHTER from

inside the vehicle.  
He shifts his shoulders, walks back into the darkness.

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. HUMMER - NIGHT - TRAVELLING 8

Marco, bug-like in night goggles, drives the infamous Highway of Death -- a macabre landscape of abandoned cars, trucks, minivans, shopping baskets, broken wooden pushcarts and festering fires; pots and pans and clothes and personal belongings are scattered out into the desert on either side of the road. Laurent rides shotgun. Raymond is in the back, facing forward, rifle at ease.

RAYMOND

Captain?

MARCO

Sergeant?

RAYMOND

Why don't I ever ride in the Bradley with the other enlisted personnel?

8/18/03 4.

MARCO

(hesitates)  
Maybe I enjoy your company, Sergeant.

RAYMOND

Sir, I don't want to be singled out for

special treatment because of my mother's position --

**MARCO**

Too late for that, Shaw. As a charter member of the Lucky Sperm Club your benefits include unlimited suck-up from High-ranking Officers hoping to curry Congressional favor for their future career moves. But. If you want to ride in the Bradley, hey, I got no objections.

**RAYMOND**

(worried)  
Trust me, sir, I don't wish to ride in the Bradley with the others, I'm just ...  
(beat)  
The men don't care for me very much.

**MARCO**

No, they don't. But. On the plus side, you don't really like them, either.

**RAYMOND**

That's absolutely correct, Captain.

**MARCO**

So. See? It, you know. Balances out.

**LAURENT**

-- Uh-oh.  
Marco follows Laurent's gaze out the side window --

**9 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: JUST OVER A DUNE**  
**9**

SOLDIERS ON CAMELS slip along like ghosts, pacing the Hummer, parallel at maybe fifty yards --

**WHIP PAN**

Through the driver's side window: more of the CAMEL CAVALRY tracks with them --

**MARCO**

Camels. You gotta be kidding me.

10 **BACK TO - HUMMER - MARCO**  
10

glancing to his rear-view mirror --

8/18/03 5.

11 **IN THE MIRROR - ON THE ROAD BEHIND THEM:** 11

Two dark trucks converge suddenly out of the darkness, on either side of the Bradley Fighting Vehicle -- They SLAM together in a pincer-wedge just in front of it, and the Bradley CRASHES into them -- climbs over them, off-balance, and SMASHES DOWN onto the roof of one of the trucks and is effectively low-bridged -- tracks spinning, unable to move -- DARK FIGURES scurry from the trucks.

12 THE HUMMER -- skids around in a tight 180, stops, facing 12  
back at the helpless Bradley. Automatic weapons fire in bursts, bright, and ricochet harmlessly away --  
IN THE HUMMER -- MARCO scrambles up out of his seat, pops the roof hatch and screams at Raymond --

**MARCO**

Take the wheel, Sergeant!

13 **EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT** 13

-- as Marco emerges to take the handles of the roof-mounted machine gun -- drops his NVGs back over his eyes and FIRES at the dispersing enemy figures around the Bradley --

14 **INT. BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - NIGHT** 14

Marco's cover fire RATTLES insanely off the armor --

**MAVOLE**

**BAKER**

(screaming)

(overlapping)

LOCK AND LOAD! LOCK AND

I CAN'T GET US OFF THIS

LOAD!

TRUCK!

**MELVIN**

Quarter million dollars of U.S. Army  
hardware rat-fucked by a coupla used  
Toyotas.

He grabs a fire extinguisher and aims it at flames flaring  
from a console of instruments.

15 OMITTED 15

16 OMITTED 16

17 EXT. MARCO'S NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: THE DESERT 17

TRACER BULLETS. A lone enemy SOLDIER runs forward lugging a  
personal rocket launcher -- disappears behind a dune --

18 MARCO -- coming off the machine gun, grabbing Raymond's 18  
rifle and rolling toward the back of the Hummer -- as he  
kicks out of the rear door --

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**MARCO**

Shaw! Sniper with an RPG! DON'T STOP!

19 EXT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

19

-- Marco is firing before his feet touch the ground.

20 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: THE DESERT

20

Rocket Launcher man does a face-plant in the sand.  
21 THE BRADLEY -- its rear door HEAVES OPEN and our guys spill  
21 out, coughing, hacking, guns ready.  
22 THE HUMMER - SAME TIME -- careens suddenly away, exposing a  
22 surprised Marco -- Raymond has lost control, fishtails into  
a deep trough -- the Hummer lurches onto its side, engine  
racing -- wheels spinning uselessly in air -- stalling --

**MARCO**

Oh shit, Shaw --  
23 ANOTHER ENEMY WITH A ROCKET LAUNCHER -- slides around an  
23 overturned trailer and FIRES:

**24 OMITTED**  
**24**

25 THE ROCKET hits the Bradley Fighting Vehicle at a slant into  
25 its exposed belly, and the truck EXPLODES -- Marco's team  
scattering, pressing themselves into the sand, covering  
their heads --

**A BOY'S VOICE**

(amplified)  
Were you scared?  
THICK DARK SMOKE momentarily blankets the road. Silence.

**FLASH FORWARD: A YOUNG BOY SCOUT - DAY**  
**26**

**26**

waiting for an answer, stares earnestly upward at:

**FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR BEN MARCO - DAY**

behind a podium, in his crisp dress uniform. His current  
self: older, tired. Lost for a moment.

**MARCO**

Scared?  
(long beat)  
You don't really have time to be scared.  
Uneasy rustling of an o.s. audience. Somebody coughs. An  
air-conditioner KICKS IN, rumbling, becoming --

27 **EXT. THE KUWAITI HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MARCO**  
27

raises his head. SEES:  
-- the Bradley, in flames.  
-- the Hummer, on its side in the ditch, headlights aglow --  
-- shadows of enemy soldiers, retreating across the dunes.  
-- MILITARY HELICOPTERS materializing out of the smoke and  
darkness ... circling ... NO SOUND --

**MARCO (V.O.)**

I couldn't hear anything, as I was  
temporarily deaf from the explosion of  
the Bradley ...  
-- SOLDIERS WITH GAS MASKS lean out of the open doors of the  
helicopters and drop GAS CANISTERS down on Marco's team.

**IN SLOWING MOTION:**

28 MARCO'S SQUAD -- the effect of the gas is immediate: Mavole  
28

collapses in his tracks. Melvin points a gun skyward and  
FIRES a burst that goes harmlessly wide of a helicopter.  
Then he falls on his back. HEAVY, LUMINOUS, YELLOW-ORANGE  
VAPOR swirls across the battle --  
WITH MARCO -- his shirt pulled up over his mouth and nose,  
he wheels to get away from the drifting gas, feet unsteady.  
Grabs a dazed Bobby Baker by the collar --

**MARCO**

I got your back, Baker. I got ...  
-- and tries to pull him to safety ... knees buckling ... he  
looks up:  
29 MARCO'S P.O.V. - THE HUMMER -- is no longer stalled on its  
29  
side in the ditch, but improbably is righted again, back on  
four wheels and attacking. A vision of Raymond behind the

machine gun, firing at the advancing enemy --  
WITH MARCO -- trying to process this. Coughing. Fading.

30 **OMITTED**  
30

31 **FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR BEN MARCO**

31

Behind the podium. Takes a sip of water, then:

**MARCO**

-- and with complete disregard for his  
own life and safety, Sgt. Shaw single-  
handedly engaged an entire company of the  
enemy --

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**FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR MARCO**

Behind the podium, repeating himself:

**MARCO**

-- of the enemy --

32 **EXT. KUWAITI TWO-LANE - NIGHT**

32

The Hummer weaves through the wreckage, one of its tires  
WHIRLING IN FLAMES -- Raymond has the machine gun SPITTING  
BULLETS recklessly at the helicopters like a cartoon hero --

33 **RESUME: MARCO**

33

**MARCO**

(rote)  
Sgt. Shaw repeatedly attacked from a  
mobile position, confounding the enemy --

**34 EXT. KUWAITI TWO-LANE - NIGHT 34**

One of the helicopters EXPLODES, the other spins away,  
trailing smoke and flames.

**MARCO (V.O.)**

-- neutralizing his aerial support --

**RESUME: MARCO 35**

**35**

Behind the podium.

**MARCO**

-- and finally dividing and defeating an  
overwhelmingly superior force.

**36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS 36**

A Boy Scout luncheon banquet.

**WASHINGTON D.C., NOW**

A full chicken buffet table, banners, flags, and over one  
hundred SCOUTS, LEADERS and DADS, all looking somewhat  
attentively up at the guest speaker, U.S. Army Major Ben  
Marco.

**MARCO**

Like Edmonds in Korea, Holderman in Viet  
Nam, Raymond Shaw was awarded the  
Congressional Medal of Honor. I signed  
the recommendation myself.  
A hand shoots up. Marco nods toward it.

**ANOTHER SCOUT**

Were you wounded?

**MARCO**

I was --

**FB36 FLASH: MARCO ON THE KUWAITI TWO-LANE**  
**FB36**

Turning away from the overturned Humvee, and right into a head-high rifle-butt swung by the hands and arms of a gas mask-wearing figure.

**RESUME - AUDITORIUM - MARCO**

He blinks.

**MARCO**

-- injured. I fell, had a, uh,  
concussion -- lost focus -- Sgt. Shaw  
took command --

A disheveled man comes into the back of the room noisily,  
as:

**SCOUT DAD**

Did your unit sustain any casualties?

**MARCO**

Yes. Two. Two of my people were killed.  
Silence. No more questions. The disheveled man (MELVIN)  
coughs. Marco pointedly ignores him.

**MARCO**

The Medal of Honor is the highest award  
to which any soldier can aspire. From  
the jungles of Iwo Jima to the desert of  
Kuwait, what these brave men I've talked  
about today did will never be forgotten.  
Since 1917, only 827 medals have been  
given to a total of more than 30 million  
Americans in arms. Only three have been

awarded in the last 40 years. Who knows?  
Maybe someday one of you fine boys will  
earn one yourself in defense of this  
great nation.

A SCOUTMASTER, thin, bearded, stands up:

**SCOUTMASTER**

Major Marco, on behalf of Troops 484 and  
488 -- just like to thank you, for coming  
to talk to us, about the Medal of Honor,  
and your interesting experiences in the  
Armed Services.

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**MARCO**

Thanks for listening. My family has  
claimed the Army as a trade ever since a  
young gunnery officer who grew up with  
Hernando De Soto left Spain for a look at  
the upper Mississippi.

(beat)

My life is in service to my country.

**MELVIN**

You ever wish it'd been you?

**MARCO**

Excuse me?

**MELVIN**

Won the medal. Been the hero.  
Something causes Marco to hesitate. Then, as if he'd  
rehearsed it:

**MARCO**

No, I'm just proud to have been there.  
He sits down. Spattering of polite applause.

37 INT. H.S. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - LATER

37

The luncheon is breaking up. A couple of scouts chase each other through the clusters of men. Marco's leaving. Men stop him to shake his hand and thank him for coming.

**MELVIN**

Major Marco.  
Marco turns, stares blankly into the eyes of the bedraggled-looking man, who half-salutes.

**MELVIN**

It's Al Melvin, Sir. Corporal Melvin.  
From your unit. Desert Storm.  
Marco stares hard. Melvin looks like a homeless guy, his clothes rumpled, his fingernails stained and broken, his eyes wild with fatigue and paranoia.

**MARCO**

Melvin. Jesus -- how are you --

**MELVIN**

(intense)  
I have these dreams, Major.

**MARCO**

Dreams.

8/18/03 11.

**MELVIN**

Yeah. Kuwait. You and me. Mavole, and  
Baker. Raymond Shaw.

(beat)  
See, I remember it happened the way you  
just said. And then I don't.

**MARCO**

Well, we had a pretty rough time over  
there, Al, it was hairy, and -- it was a  
long time ago, now. Memories shift.

**MELVIN**

Do you have dreams, sir?

**MARCO**

Everybody has dreams, Corporal --

**MELVIN**

Not these.  
Beat. Marco stares at him.

**MARCO**

No I don't.  
Melvin's face falls, disappointed. Fumbling in his clothes,  
he finds a SPIRAL NOTEBOOK, dog-eared, and fat with  
newspaper clippings -- tries to press it into Marco's hands.

**MELVIN**

It's bad, sir. It's making me crazy. I  
write it down, every night, after I wake  
up, I try to get it all -- it doesn't  
always go together -- all of what I can  
remember, and --

**MARCO**

(gentle)  
-- Al, you know, maybe you should be  
going to the VA and talking to a doctor,  
I mean if these dreams are really --

**MELVIN**

-- I've been to doctors!  
The notebook DROPS BETWEEN THEM, and PAGES SCATTER on the  
floor. Both men go down to collect them --

**MELVIN**

I'm so stuck, sir. I mean -- I remember  
Shaw saving us, but it does not make  
sense -- it should have been you. And  
Shaw, he --

8/18/03 12.

**MARCO**

Well, that's -- it's over and done.  
We've got to move on --  
-- Marco rocks back on his heels as he stares down at a  
SKETCHY PORTRAIT OF AN ARABIC WOMAN whose face is covered  
with intricate designs -- Marco stares curiously, as if he  
recognizes her --

**MELVIN**

I can't get my hand around it. I thought  
maybe, if you had the dreams ...

**MARCO**

(shaken)  
You need money --?

**MELVIN**

No. No sir.  
Self-conscious (people are staring) Melvin shoves the  
notebook back inside his jacket.

**MARCO**

-- here --  
Marco already digging for a crumpled twenty. Melvin waves  
it off, backing away, suddenly pissed.

**MELVIN**

I don't need your money.

**MARCO**

Okay. Okay. Well, look, Al, I gotta --

**MELVIN**

Go.

**MARCO**

-- run, yeah. But.

(awkward)

It was great seeing you. And good luck  
to you.

Melvin just scowls sadly at Marco. Flash of glass, a door  
opens and closes, and Marco is gone.

**38 EXT. H.S. PARKING LOT - DAY**

**38**

Marco is motionless in his car, head resting against the  
steering wheel. He straightens up, with a thousand-yard  
stare. His hands are trembling. Slowly, he grips the  
steering wheel ... tighter and tighter ... until the  
trembling stops.

**8/18/03 13.**

**39 INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECK-OUT COUNTER - NIGHT**

**39**

A pretty CASHIER (ROSIE) empties Marco's basket: bottled  
water, three romance novels, a bottle of No-Doz, a bag of  
tomatoes and two dozen boxes of instant noodles.

**40 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

**40**

Marco comes up the stairs with his groceries. An ELDERLY  
WOMAN sticks her head out from her apartment door:

**WOMAN**

-- Thirty seven.  
Marco stops, looks at her blankly.

**WOMAN**

From the landing. Every week it gets  
longer. I'm worried about you.  
He takes the romance novels out of his grocery bag and hands  
them to her.

**MARCO**

From the landing. Every week it gets  
longer. I'm worried about you.  
He takes the romance novels out of his grocery bag and hands  
them to her.

**MARCO**

None of these involve slave traders or  
sheiks, Abby. I checked.

**WOMAN**

(blushes)  
What do I owe you?

**MARCO**

(sad)  
A smile.  
She does.

**41 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**  
**41**

He enters, and a visible exhaustion overtakes him. He turns  
on the t.v., and sags to the sofa bed, drained.

**BEHIND HIM - ON A BULLETIN BOARD:**

yellowing newspaper clippings and wire photographs of  
Raymond Shaw. SENATOR'S SON SAVES UNIT IN KUWAIT. "LOST

**PATROL" FOUND AFTER THREE DAYS IN DESERT; ALL BUT TWO**

**SURVIVE ORDEAL. SHAW RECEIVES NATION'S HIGHEST HONOR. GULF**

**HERO HONORED AT WHITE HOUSE DINNER. SHAW WINS N.Y.**

**CONGRESSIONAL SEAT; WILL BE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF HOUSE ...**

Marco's not letting anything go.

**TV41 ON THE TELEVISION**  
**TV41**

News coverage, the crowded floor of a political convention:

**8/18/03 14.**

**ROVING REPORTER**

-- with public anxiety rekindled by the events of Bloody Friday, with the war on terror marching into yet another year, no end in sight --

**MARCO**

Yawns -- his eyelids flutter -- he shudders awake, digs in his grocery bag for the No Doz and shakes out half a dozen. Which he swallows dry.

**ROVING REPORTER**

-- the American people are looking for a new agenda -- but because this party remains deeply divided on so many issues, the choice of a vice presidential nominee may be the key unifying factor for the delegates of this convention in much the way Johnson helped Kennedy in 1960 ...

Then he's up on his feet, moving to the kitchen through the small, cramped space overflowing with books, unopened boxes from Amazon.com and Barnes and Noble.

**42 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - LATER**  
**42**

Marco sits at a clearing on the tiny kitchen table, eating instant noodles and trying to read Prizzi's Honor.

TV42  
TV42

**VOICE/JORDAN**

(on the t.v.)

We need to look inward -- attend to our own house -- the danger to our country is not from some terrorists at large -- terrorists we've helped engender with twenty years of failed foreign policy --

An open cabinet door behind Marco reveals ROWS AND ROWS OF INSTANT NOODLES in the cupboard.

**ON THE TELEVISION**

News coverage, the crowded floor of a political convention. A poised, silvery, avuncular man, SENATOR THOMAS JORDAN (according to the title on the screen) on the podium:

**JORDAN**

-- no, the real danger is from suspending civil liberties, gutting the Bill of Rights, allowing our fear to destroy our democratic ideals --

43  
43

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

The same speech continues, largely ignored by Congressman RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW. Still intense and moody, the new

8/18/03 15.

Raymond Shaw's suit is expensive and crisp, his hair perfect. He's playing solitaire. And winning.

**RAYMOND**

(murmurs)

... I am not a professional politician.

I am not a professional politician ...

TV43  
TV43

**JORDAN (T.V.)**

-- because once we start overturning our constitutional protections, our enemies have won.

**RAYMOND**

... I am ... a professional politician.  
Not.

KNOCKING on his door -- it opens, and Secret Service AGENT EVAN ANDERSON removes his key while SEN. ELEANOR SHAW, pretty and ageless, sweeps in -- closing the door on her aide (GILLESPIE) --

**ELLIE**

Raymond? Darling, what were you going to do, make me stand out there like room service?

-- soft curves conceal razor claws and titanium backbone -- she kisses her son on the lips, straightens his collar, his tie, lets her hands smooth his shirt to his chest for a little too long, and never stops talking:

**ELLIE**

I asked downstairs and Miss Freeman, your 'wrangler' -- helpful Ms. Freeman -- said you were up here practicing your speech. Honestly, I don't understand why you insist upon isolating yourself, people adore you, Raymond, they crave your company and yet here you are, holed up, as if you were some kind of emotionally challenged individual like your father instead of Raymond Prentiss Shaw, a handsome, intelligent, people-loving war hero with a great deal to offer to his party and his country.

**RAYMOND**

No.

**ELLIE**

No what? Baby, I haven't even asked you a question. Your hair is too flat. And

that tie. The tie is wrong.

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**RAYMOND**

No to the question you're going to ask.  
No to all the questions you pretend to  
want to ask --

**ELLIE**

(the tie)  
Something a little less busy.

**RAYMOND**

-- and no you may not engage in your  
usual back-door political thuggery to  
shovel me onto the presidential ticket.

**ELLIE**

Oh. You're not interested? I thought  
you were. Did I miss my cue?

**RAYMOND**

Of course I'm interested -- I wouldn't be  
here if I wasn't -- but not if it means  
attacking the reputation of a statesman  
like Thomas Jordan, which I'm sure was  
your plan. Let democracy run its course,  
mother. Let the people decide.

Now Ellie stares at him, mouth agape.

**RAYMOND**

What.

**ELLIE**

I'm sorry, for a second there I thought it was your father speaking -- that dreaded Shaw blood rising -- and the stink of defeat made me nauseous.

**RAYMOND**

Mother --

**ELLIE**

And excuse me, when have I ever attacked the honorable Mr. Jordan, despite the shameful way his daughter misled you that summer at the shore.

**RAYMOND**

Mother, you chased her away --

**ELLIE**

If that's how you want to remember it.

**RAYMOND**

-- you ruined everything.

8/18/03 17.

**ELLIE**

Honey, you're oversimplifying things somewhat -- but, yes, okay -- I promise, promise I will stay out of it. You have my word.

Raymond stares at her.

**ELLIE**

After all, you're young and you have plenty of party conventions ahead of you

in which to discover, as your father did,  
that democracy is an elusive and  
imperfect science, and the meek do not  
happily inherit the earth, but simply get  
eaten by the alpha dogs, chewed up,  
digested and deposited on the carefully  
mown parkways of American politics.

Raymond rolls his eyes. She ruffles his hair again, heads  
into the bedroom.

**ELLIE (O.S.)**

One day, you will, I'm sure, tearfully  
memorialize me in your acceptance speech.  
Don't you have a different tie in here?  
Your grandfather always let me pick his  
ties.

Raymond smooths his hair back down.

**RAYMOND**

I'm wearing the one I have on.

No response.

**44 CLOSE - CONVENTION PODIUM - NIGHT (TELEVISED VIDEO)**

**44**

Raymond is speaking. His tie is different. So is he: now  
he exudes a telegenic warmth and vivacity, his manner  
confident, easy, open.

**TV44**

**RAYMOND**

**TV44**

I've always said I am not a professional  
politician, although I hold, and have  
been held -- well, hugged -- in elected  
office --

(a winning smile:)

-- you all know my mother, Senator  
Eleanor Prentiss Shaw ...

A CHORUS of cheers, and appreciative laughter -- he's won  
them over already --

45 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
45

Marco, on the sofa, stares hard at the televised Raymond Shaw, as:

TV45 RAYMOND/T.V.  
TV45

... and some of you no doubt remember my father ... the late Senator John Shaw.

(he seems to want to say more, but doesn't)

I've been honored to serve my two terms in Congress. But I also grew up on the Hill. I've seen how the game is played by professionals --

Marco reaches for his steaming cup of coffee, his eyes never leaving the screen -- he just doesn't get this at all --

46 INT. CONVENTION HALL - BACK STAGE  
46

Ellie in the f.g., intently watching a monitor while, in the deep b.g., slightly out of focus, we can SEE Raymond speaking, and his convention audience beyond ...

TV46 RAYMOND  
TV46

-- how deals are struck, committees bullied, agendas bought and sold -- and, with apologies to my mother, I wish to remain an amateur. I believe democracy is not negotiable. We need to secure tomorrow, today.

Ellie shakes her head fondly, and begins to move away as

CROWD ROARS --

47 CONVENTION CENTER CORRIDOR, BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS  
47

TRACKING with Ellie and Gillespie and his two aides, and a posse of three other FORMIDABLE-LOOKING POLITICIANS through a hallway crowded with NETWORK CAMERA CREWS, STRAY DELEGATES, HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND members and a complete

DRILL TEAM in red-white-and-blue sequined leotards, as:

**ELLIE**

Bluffing?

**GILLESPIE**

That was the inference.  
Raymond's speech echoes incoherently through the corridor.

**ELLIE**

They should be down on their fat white  
knees thanking me for saving this party  
from committing political seppuku.

8/18/03 19.

**CONGRESSMAN HEALY**

You gave them every opportunity to do the  
right thing, Senator.

**ELLIE**

(glances at him)  
No. I gave them one opportunity. And  
that was unusually generous of me.  
She pushes through a door, and into --

**48 INT. CONVENTION BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**48**

Raymond's speech plays, low, on a television, and half a  
dozen DELEGATES and POWER PLAYERS with "Arthur For  
President" buttons grimly watch Ellie breeze in. Party  
Chairman VAUGHN UTLY anticipates her:

**UTLY**

The decision is final, Senator. Tom  
Jordan is on the ticket. We don't need

your blessing, but we'd like it.

**ELLIE**

(smiling:)

Before we get started, I'm dying to know: which genius here hatched the scheme of pairing a Sound Bite from Nebraska with a relic who thinks keeping suicide bombers off our busses is unconstitutional?

**UTLY**

All the research indicates that an Arthur-Jordan ticket sits quite well with the American public and --

**ELLIE**

'Sits quite well' translates into how many votes?

**SENATOR WELLS**

Your son is largely unknown outside of New York. His public service, his Congressional record, while commendable, is --

**ELLIE**

My son is a war hero.

**CONGRESSMAN FLORES**

(cheerful)

Governor Arthur has agreed to consider Raymond for a cabinet post.

A cold silence. Ellie stands --

**ELLIE**

We didn't come here to have a discussion.

**UTLY**

**ELLIE**

Senator --

(to her posse)  
Did we come here to have a  
discussion?

**SENATOR WELLS**

Ellie, you don't have the votes to block  
this, or even push the nomination to a  
second ballot.

**ELLIE**

(ignores him)

Even running against this cut-and-fold  
vice president, with his party's record  
of abysmal failure at home and abroad,  
Arthur is still unelectable without help.

(cold, hard logic:)

Consider. The Governor is a corn-belt  
candidate who -- scratch and sniff --  
looks and smells alot like the kind of  
liberal-labor-intellectual Dukakis was,  
but without, thank God, the helmet.

(beat)

Assume our intrepid Arthur can carry the  
Northeast, plus his home ground, and  
California. We're still dead in the  
South, and Southwest, where they win by  
landslides. The mid-central is a toss-  
up. Tom Jordan actually becomes a  
liability in Florida because of his  
Castro-appeasement profile, and in the  
Carolinas, where he fumbles the military  
vote over his "terrorism isn't a war it's  
a social disease" nonsense.

The room is surreally silent. Ellie spins and moves like a  
televangelist, preaching to the frightened faithful.

**ELLIE**

You know this. Your own polls and  
surveys back me up.

(beat)

You're counting on Jordan to help you get  
the black vote, women, college kids -- my  
gut instinct says he won't -- and Arthur

holding the center -- where he's soft at best. And who's to say the President won't throw troops into another third-world skirmish, pushing his sidekick's approval ratings up into the eighties again, and the campaign off the front pages?

8/18/03 21.

**UTLY**

We're confident this is a winning ticket, Ellie.

**ELLIE**

What's your margin of error? Five points? Three?

(beat)

I can swing that, and you know it. I can swing seven away from you -- more than enough to split the party and --

**SENATOR WELLS**

(over her)

-- and deny us the White House for four more years? No. Not even you would do that, Senator. You're bluffing.

Ellie stares at them. OUTSIDE, SUDDENLY: the marching band begins playing "It's a Grand Old Flag," and hurries out onto the ROARING convention floor ...

**ELLIE**

America is facing the greatest test of its history, gentlemen. Not just from terrorist organizations both outside and within our borders, but from covert alliances of disaffected nations so terrified of winding up on our shit list

they believe the only way to protect themselves is to hit us with everything they can find before we get around to them. Am I the only one in this room paying attention to the NSA reports? We are on the brink of nuclear cataclysm, on our own soil, while our policies remain shackled by Jordan-style One Worlders who insist that human beings are essentially Good ... and that Power is something shameful, and Evil.

(then)

Make no mistake, the people of this great country are frightened. They know what's coming. They can feel it. And we can shovel them the same old shit and call it sugar, or arm them, with a young, vibrant, populist congressman, a war hero with heart -- forged by enemy fire, in the desert, in the dark, when American lives hung in the balance.

**49 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - NIGHT (VIDEO)**

**49**

One of Ellie's back-room adversaries at the microphone, as balloons fall and the crowd CHEERS:

**8/18/03 22.**

**TV49  
TV49**

**SENATOR WELLS**

-- proud to offer into nomination the name of the next vice president of these United States, RAYMOND SHAAAWWWWWW --!  
Happy bedlam.

**50 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**50**

The images on the television flicker across Marco, who stares with apparent disbelief at the coverage:

TV50  
TV50

**NEWSCASTER #1**

... a remarkable development --

**TV50A ON THE PODIUM - RAYMOND (VIDEO)**  
**TV50A**

Hands held high, linked with the presidential candidate,  
ROBERT ARTHUR who is clearly eclipsed by Raymond's youth,  
his heroic good looks, his natural charisma ...

**REPORTER #1**

(from the convention floor)

-- like a long shot catching the favorite  
on the back stretch of the Derby ...

TV50B A STACCATO FLURRY OF IMAGES -- Raymond and his mother, newsTV50B  
clips, still photos -- appear behind a MAJOR MEDIA ICON:

**MEDIA ICON**

Raymond Shaw bears the lineage of the  
fabled Prentiss family dynasty --  
grandson of legendary industrialist and  
diplomat Tyler Prentiss, son of  
controversial Senator Eleanor Prentiss  
Shaw, who took over the seat vacated by  
her husband, the esteemed John Shaw, when  
he died tragically over twenty years ago.  
Marco taking it all in --

**MEDIA ICON**

For many, Raymond Prentiss Shaw is an  
enigma: millionaire Harvard honors  
student who enlists in the military --  
INTERCUT: NEWS FILE FOOTAGE of Raymond's personal history:

**MEDIA ICON**

-- refusing the officer's commission to  
which he was entitled. The Medal of  
Honor winner beloved by the men of the  
'Lost Patrol' he saved from an enemy  
ambush, and then guided back across the  
open desert to safety --

TV50C  
TV50C

**CPL. MELVIN IN 1992**

(Gulf War news archive,  
after the squad was  
rescued)

Sgt. Shaw? Hell, he's probably the  
kindest, bravest, warmest, most selfless  
human being I've ever known.

Marco reacts to the image of Melvin from ten years ago:  
young, engaging, eyes alive -- Marco's lips move in sync  
with words of Melvin's statement ('bravest, warmest'  
'selfless' 'ever known') -- as if he knows it by heart --  
his mind shifting --

**MEDIA ICON**

The war hero who dedicated himself to  
public service after Desert Storm ...  
PUSH IN on Marco. His eyes distant, glazed -- tranced:

**MEDIA ICON**

... the revolutionary science of bio-  
genetics, which has, literally --

51 **PUSH IN ON THE TELEVISION: TIGHT - A RED SUPERTOMATO**  
51

now commands the screen, plump and glistening in an olive-  
skinned hand decorated with intricate henna tattoos --

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

-- transformed the common garden tomato,  
through genome-level intervention, from  
that fragile, fickle, vulnerable fruit  
one must struggle to simply nurture to  
maturity --

-- the supertomato slowly bisects itself -- opening, oozing  
viscous red liquid -- revealing an inner structure far more  
suggestive of the human brain than any tomato we've ever  
seen before.

### WOMAN'S VOICE

-- into a resilient, dependable,  
categorically superior individual in  
every conceivable way --

52 -- moving through  
52 MARCO'S DREAMSCAPE -- where the MYSTERIOUS ARABIC WOMAN from

Melvin's drawings -- henna tattoos on her face, as well as  
her hands -- thick, blood-red pulp of the supertomato  
dripping between her fingers -- glides dreamily across  
intricate, sun-bleached tile work through a gathering of  
similarly clothed ARABIC WOMEN. A few OLDER, ARABIC MEN are  
off to one side, expressionless, hands in pockets.

8/18/03 24.

### MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

-- strappingly resistant to parasite,  
disease, over-ripening and systemic  
failure -- while, at the same time,  
fiercely heat and water tolerant --  
IMPRESSIONS of soldiers -- MEMBERS of Marco's squad -- flak  
jackets and BDUs, rifles at ease, some squatting, some  
leaning against the wall ... Cpl. Al Melvin preternaturally  
engrossed in the presentation ...  
We hear a SANDSTORM raging outside, causing LONG DRAPERIES  
to FLUTTER and POP! like sails ... STRONG IMPRESSIONS of  
PFCs ED MAVOLE and BOBBY BAKER ...

### MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

-- yet -- note the complexity of the  
frontal lobe -- nevertheless retaining a  
sweet, juicy plumpness reminiscent of the  
finest English Beefsteak or Italian Plum.  
IMPRESSIONS of the American Flag. IMPRESSIONS of SGT.  
RAYMOND SHAW -- he waits for the mysterious woman like an  
obedient schoolboy, dutifully holding his SERVICE REVOLVER  
in his hand.

**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN**

Those of you with ties to the Intelligence community may recall the CIA's misguided MK-ULTRA program, the KGB's Novichok research, and similar half-assed ventures in Great Britain and China -- under the lay term of 'mind control.'

- 53    **OMITTED**    53
- 54    **OMITTED**    54
- 55    The Bedouin women begin to make a spooky trilling sound, their ZAGHAREET -- as the mysterious woman's voice starts to MORPH into a MAN'S VOICE:    55

**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN**

Street-corner schizophrenics with tin foil on their heads offer sad proof of the failure of those endeavors.  
She smiles, creepy, puts a hand on Raymond's shoulder --

**MYST. W./NOYLE'S VOICE**

I can assure you, this is a whole new ball game.

**SWERVE:**

8/18/03    25.

MARCO -- is here, too -- his head wrapped in a bandage, he's wearing hospital greens. WIRES AND TUBES are rigged to his head, chest, arms and legs like some HIGH-TECH MARIONETTE -- -- all coiling up into the shadows of the high ceiling, into thicker cables and tubes beneath which robotic BRACKET ARMS adjust, whirring softly, with his every movement ... he's drugged to the gills, jerking with spasms as low voltage

electricity courses through his brain ...  
... and the women's shrill zaghareet PEAKS --

**NOYLE (O.S.)**

Captain Marco --

**DR. ATTICUS NOYLE**

the mysterious Arabic woman has become the sleek, Caucasian scientist, ATTICUS NOYLE, whose oddly accented English is flawless:

**NOYLE**

-- when you're rescued and returned with your patrol to command headquarters, what will be among the first duties you will undertake?

56 ON MARCO all rigged up with his wires --

56

**MARCO**

I'll recommend Sergeant Shaw for the Medal of Honor, ma'am. He saved our lives, terminated the enemy and led us across the desert to safety.

Now the dreamscape visuals seem REAR-PROJECTED on luminous, rippling white fabric ... the Bedouin people, tomato/brain images, the mystery woman, appear as TWO-DIMENSIONAL FILMED IMAGES, flickering across draperies ...

**NOYLE**

Yes. Brilliant. But there were casualties?

**MARCO**

There are always casualties, ma'am.  
... the DREAM SOUNDS (wind, fabric, women chanting) emanate from audio speakers, the sandstorm's wind caused by huge, moveable FANS ...  
... IMPRESSION of an OLD MAN shaking a percussive gourd, mesmerizing ...  
... IMPRESSIONS of the squad all rigged up like Marco, with tubes and wires ... Laurent glides behind them -- lab coat, SURGICAL GLOVES on his hands ...

A collection of remote cameras on scaffolding and tripods BUZZ and WHIR as they swivel to follow him.

**NOYLE**

Here, then, are ten subject soldiers in a clinically-induced functional fugue state. Hyperdelusional that they've been bivouacked in a small caravansary to wait out a sandstorm.

Marco blinks: sees the mysterious Arabic woman dressed in Noyle's simple suit.

**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN**

(smiles)

A simple Pavlovian parlor trick.

SNAPPING of fabric, the wind gets louder.

57 MARCO -- looks around -- no more tubes or wires, and NOYLE 57  
is now a PROJECTED IMAGE on the fabric. The dreamscape is  
bending, smearing ... realities overlapping.

**PUSHING IN ON SPOOKY, HERKY-JERKY, STREAMING-VIDEO-STYLE**

**NOYLE IMAGE:**

**NOYLE**

Our Candidate's course of treatment will, of course, involve considerably more sophisticated intervention over a sustained time period, to ensure that a stable mechanism is irrevocably in place. We employ a kind of neurocellular conversion. Psychological abreaction through genomic repurposing.

(then)

"But Dr. Noyle, all the literature -- all the literature says you cannot make an individual act against his deepest moral nature -- or his own self interest."

(beat)

Hmmm. Let's see.

(then)

Sgt. Shaw. Ever killed anyone?

IMPRESSIONS of RAYMOND -- hyper-alert -- frighteningly engaged, and agreeable.

**RAYMOND**

No ma'am.

**NOYLE**

Not even in combat?

**RAYMOND**

No ma'am.

8/18/03 27.

**NOYLE**

Brilliant. Casualty time.  
Raymond's wires and tubes float with him as he circles,  
pleasantly exchanging greetings with Marco --

**RAYMOND**

Captain.

**MARCO**

Sergeant.

**NOYLE**

Raymond. Suffocate Private Mavole.  
IMPRESSION of Raymond thrusting a plastic bag over Mavole's  
head --

**MAVOLE**

Whoawhoa -- wait -- wait a sec --  
-- Raymond's hands twist it TIGHTLY -- Mavole's limbs in  
turmoil, hands fluttering, his SHROUDED FACE suffocating in  
the translucent fog of the plastic bag --  
PFC. BOBBY BAKER -- intent upon Raymond's killing of Mavole,  
gaze unwavering, untroubled -- SOUND of the zaghareet,  
peaking --

**NOYLE (O.S.)**

And at the instant he completes this, or  
any task, Raymond has already forgotten  
that he has ever been involved in it.  
RAYMOND SHAW -- all business -- focused and purposeful --  
twists the bag even tighter -- the plastic bag steaming --  
tubes break, spit liquid, blood -- wires SPARK -- while  
Noyle floats through the b.g., a blur --

**58 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**  
**58**

Marco willing himself awake -- like a man shaking off death  
itself -- the t.v.'s a blurred reflection warped across the  
window glass behind him:

**TV58 NEWSCASTER #2**  
**TV58**

(distant)  
... Wisconsin makes it official. Raymond  
Shaw is the vice-presidential nominee ...

**59 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**  
**59**

Monuments, stark and cold. Capitol Hill. Supreme Court.  
The White House. The Lincoln Memorial ... the Pentagon.

8/18/03 28.

**A60 EXT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - DAY**  
**A60**

Establishing, as:

**LT. COL. HOWARD (O.S.)**

Taking your meds?

60 **INT. WALTER REED HOSPITAL - ARMY SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY**  
60

Marco with LT. COL. HOWARD, a kindly but pedantic Army staff psychiatrist, referring to notes:

**MARCO (O.S.)**

Yes sir.

(beat)

No sir.

Beat. Howard looks up at Marco.

**MARCO**

The meds make me ... spongy. I float.  
I'm not sharp --

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

The meds help you sleep.

**MARCO**

When I sleep, I dream. I don't want to  
dream, sir.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

You're off your meds, sleep-deprived, you  
have an unexpected encounter with a  
member of your Gulf War recon team, Al  
Melvin, who mentions some dreams he's  
been having --

**MARCO**

Dreams like mine.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

(ignores)

-- and suddenly your own bad dreams come  
charging back. Made worse by your  
chronic fear of them. Add in all the

recent campaign news about Congressman Shaw, which is obviously rekindling your feelings of guilt and jealousy --

**MARCO**

-- I'm not jealous of Raymond Shaw, sir.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Okay. How did you feel when you heard the news from the convention?

Marco shrugs.

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**LT. COL. HOWARD**

A shrug isn't a feeling.

**MARCO**

I felt ... fine. No big deal.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Fine.

**MARCO**

Yes.

(almost angry)

Glad for him. He deserves it. Raymond Shaw is probably the kindest, bravest, warmest --

**MARCO**

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

-- most selfless human being  
I've ever ...  
Half a beat --

-- most selfless human being  
you've ever known.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

You're fucking with me, Major.

**MARCO**

No sir. I wouldn't do that, sir.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

What other conclusion can I draw?  
Marco says nothing. Holding back what he's thinking.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Look, we've been over this a million times. Until you forgive yourself for what happened that night in Kuwait, the loss of your men -- for what you did, for what you didn't do ...  
No reaction from Marco. The Lt. Colonel sighs.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

How's Public Affairs?

**MARCO**

It sucks, sir. I want to get back to Intelligence.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Then for God's sake, Ben, go back on your meds. And stay on them, this time. Get some sleep. I'll see you in two weeks.

**MARCO**

Yes sir. Same time, same station.

Marco starts to get up --

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

And stay the hell away from television.

- |           |   |           |
|-----------|---|-----------|
| <b>61</b> | <b>OMITTED</b>                                | <b>61</b> |
| <b>62</b> | <b>OMITTED</b>                                | <b>62</b> |
| <b>63</b> | <b>INT./EXT. D.C. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY</b> | <b>63</b> |

Festive champagne brunch. Lush indoor foliage. The Capitol Dome visible in the b.g. Huge, graphic banners declaim the campaign slogan: SECURE TOMORROW and the ticket: ARTHUR-

**SHAW.**

An elegant ALL-WOMAN HARP ORCHESTRA plays new-age patriotic music, and a thick crowd of WEALTHY PARTY INNER CIRCLE members jostle between elegant food stations, or cue up for thirty seconds with presidential-hopeful Robert Arthur.

**MOVING WITH - MARCO**

who has two retired, old bastard Generals in his company, stars gleaming on their shoulders. Marco's eyes scan the room; he's a man on a mission:

**GENERAL SLOAN**

No offense, Major, but it chaps my ass we gotta have a babysitter.

**MARCO**

Sir, I'm just here to keep you from getting into fist-fights with the Navy guys.

The old generals laugh, appreciate this. Marco stops -- eureka -- he's found his target:

**MARCO'S P.O.V. - ACROSS THE HUGE ROOM - RAYMOND**

holding side-show vice-presidential court for some enamored young women and their banker husbands. SECRET SERVICE agents, including his everpresent Anderson, maintaining a careful perimeter.

**GENERAL WILSON (O.S.)**



Or rig her with an air horn.

**WITH RAYMOND**

-- distractedly staring at a pretty young woman (JOCELYN JORDAN) near the entrance.

**RAYMOND**

(to the bankers and wives)  
I mean -- that's supposed to be the whole point of this great country, isn't it? That everybody matters. Not just the people at this party -- no offense -- but the people who can't afford to be here.

**ELLIE**

(arriving:)  
Raymond --  
(to the couples)  
-- sorry to interrupt --  
But she's not. Slipping her arm through his and steering him away...

**ELLIE**

You must learn not to let yourself get cornered by the bottom-feeders.

**RAYMOND**

Including you?

8/18/03 32.

**ELLIE**

I devour everything in my path, darling, top or bottom, you know that.  
...to join a lively group of corporate heavyweights. DAVID

DONOVAN is a man possessed of a commanding presence, radiating charm, brilliance and stealth. J.B. (JAY) JOHNSTON is younger than the others, a three-sport letterman who graduated with distinction from Princeton and happily works until there's no one left in the office to give instructions to. MARK WHITING is gracious and warm.

**ELLIE**

Hello Mark.  
Ellie greets Whiting with a fondness she reserves for old friends -- as a former Tyler Prentiss protégé, he now stands comfortably at the fertile crossroads where big industry meets big government, and profits soar.

**WHITING**

Eleanor! Congratulations, Raymond. Your grandad would be so goddamn proud of you.

**RAYMOND**

Nice to see you Mark. Thanks.  
The following flows, overlapping, easy:

**ELLIE**

-- Raymond, this is J.B. Johnston, from Manchurian Global --

**RAYMOND**

Yes, hi --

**ELLIE**

-- and David Donovan, their Managing Director.

**RAYMOND**

-- and co-chair of the U.S. International Policy Caucus.

**DONOVAN**

One and the same.

**ELLIE**

(teasing)  
They're desperate to be of service to you, Raymond.

**RAYMOND**

Go away, mother. You've earned your fee.  
Raymond flashes a dazzling Kennedyesque smile, as the men  
chuckle appreciatively.

**ELLIE**

The plucky idealist.

8/18/03 33.

Ellie glides off, unfazed. The men banter on:

**RAYMOND**

Gentlemen, how's business?

**WHITING**

Good, Raymond. Business is good.

**JOHNSTON**

Could always be better.

**RAYMOND**

Careful. Any better, you'll be a  
monopoly.

**DONOVAN**

There's the challenge. Maximizing the  
market share and potential of a company.

**WHITING**

Or a country.  
Off their shared, collegial laughter --

**ACROSS THE ROOM - MARCO - MONETS LATER**

watches Raymond take his leave from the Manchurian Global  
guys -- while, at the bar, the generals have established

their beachhead of Bloody Marys with a couple of younger men  
in NAVY WHITES:

**REAR ADMIRAL GLICK**

Every great civilization has been  
anchored by a great Navy.

**GENERAL SLOAN**

Bullshit. You guys are sea chum, ripe  
for some raghead with a rocket launcher  
to put a hole in your bucket.  
Marco laughs deliberately, trying to diffuse the tension.

**MARCO**

(low)  
If you can't behave yourselves, Generals,  
we're gonna spend the rest of the day  
watching the Orioles game back at the  
hotel.  
Whereupon Raymond parades past, with his Secret Service  
handlers, oblivious to Ben until he calls out.

**MARCO**

Congressman -- Sergeant Shaw --  
Raymond turning, but not stopping --

8/18/03 34.

**MARCO**

Ben Marco.

**RAYMOND**

I know.  
(strange, dreamy)  
Hello Captain.

**MARCO**

**RAYMOND**

It's Major, and --

(as if it surprises  
him:)

I need to talk to you.

But he keeps walking --

**MARCO**

-- okay.

-- Marco frowns, watches Raymond weave through the crowd  
towards Jocie, at the entrance. Marco follows, passing:

**ELLIE AND JORDAN**

locked in fierce, low battle, off to one side, voices hard,  
rising out of the din:

**JORDAN**

-- the political extortion you committed  
in order to destroy my vice presidential  
bid so that --

**ELLIE**

Tom.

**JORDAN**

-- so that you might vicariously bask in  
reflected limelight from your son --

**ELLIE**

(overlapping)

Tom, please, just because the party felt  
a younger, more dynamic man could help  
the ticket, I don't think it's fair for  
you to single me out and --

**JORDAN**

You know, I have such contempt for you,  
Eleanor, that when I think of you, I  
actually fear for this country. Raymond  
is nothing. A riddle. A wild card at  
worst. But you, you are the smiler who  
wraps her dagger in the cloak of the flag  
and waits for her chance to strike.  
Which I pray will never come.

He wheels away --

64 OMITTED

64

65 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - ENTRANCE - MARCO

65

has found Raymond with Jocie -- outside -- but hangs back --  
overhearing Raymond's earnest and intense conversation with  
Jocie, who is slightly uncomfortable with this but trying to  
make light of it --

**JOCELYN**

... but Raymond, my God, it's been so  
many years -- I've been married and  
divorced --

**RAYMOND**

I've changed too.

**JOCELYN**

That's not what I -- but, yes, it's  
great, really -- I see that you have --  
congratulations --

**RAYMOND**

-- But my feelings haven't. Changed, I  
mean ...  
Jocie starts to say something, is at a loss for words --

**RAYMOND**

... I guess I've never stopped -- feeling  
-- wondering -- how it might have turned  
out, you know, between us, if --

**JOCELYN**

(overlapping)  
Raymond -- people can't rewrite their  
lives --

**RAYMOND**

Jocie, I haven't even been with another  
girl since we ... stopped seeing each  
other -- doesn't that say something to  
you?

**JOCELYN**

That you must be just about the loneliest  
person on earth, and it breaks my heart.  
Raymond is staggered -- doesn't know what to say --

**JOCELYN**

I've got to go -- good luck with the  
campaign.  
She hurries to a waiting limo -- her father's already inside  
-- Raymond still wants to say something, he wants to stop  
her, but --

8/18/03 36.

**MARCO (O.S.)**

Sergeant Raymond Shaw --  
Raymond turns --

**RAYMOND**

What?  
Marco slides in front of him with a disarming grin.

**MARCO**

I want to talk to you too.

**RAYMOND**

-- Not now.

**MARCO**

-- I know you're busy -- I just have to  
ask you --  
He starts to move away, but Marco grabs his arm --

**MARCO**

I saw Al Melvin the other day -- remember  
Corporal Melvin?  
Raymond yanks his arm away --

**RAYMOND**

Don't touch me.

**MARCO**

Okay -- sorry -- but -- Melvin, he's  
extremely disturbed about what happened  
to us, on the recon patrol, back in  
Kuwait --

**RAYMOND**

Don't ever touch me.  
Beat. Marco's eyebrows go up.

**MARCO**

Sorry.  
Raymond's secret service agent, ANDERSON slips himself  
between him, smiling politely, easing Marco away:

**ANDERSON**

Tried the Pad Thai, Major? I'm told it  
rules.

**CLOSE - COLONEL GARRET**

tense and unsmiling.

**COLONEL GARRET**

What were you hoping he'd say?  
We are:

**66 INT. PENTAGON - CONFERENCE ROOM - MARCO**

**66**

is in a more formal setting -- Lt. Col. Howard is with COLONEL GARRET and an enlisted soldier, a WOMAN, taking notes --

**MARCO**

I don't know, sir.  
(cautious, now)  
It isn't so much what he said, or didn't say -- but his demeanor, his attitude.  
Sir, I overheard an exchange he --

**COLONEL GARRET**

(talks over this)  
I think you hoped Congressman Shaw would say, "yes, Major, I've had those same dreams. Tomatoes and sandstorms. You're not nuts, there's some crazy shit going down here."  
Marco says nothing.

**COLONEL GARRET**

Major, we've been down this road with you before, yes?

**MARCO**

No, sir, not this road, sir. But I hear what you're saying, and I want to do this through the proper channels.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Are you back on your meds?

**MARCO**

Lt. Colonel Howard -- with respect --  
I've had a dozen years of experts telling  
me I've got Gulf War Syndrome, or a  
stress disorder. Twelve years being a  
good soldier, denying what every nerve  
ending in my body tells me is more real  
than not. One dream, over and over. Not  
variations on a dream, the same one,  
night after night after night --

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

-- Your guilt and your jealousy require  
you to construct this ... elaborate  
fiction, so that you --

8/18/03 38.

**MARCO**

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

No --

-- can avoid the truth.

**MARCO**

-- No sir. Something happened to us, in  
the desert, ten years ago. Not what we  
thought it was. And it happened on my  
watch.

Beat.

**COLONEL GARRET**

Have you contacted any other members of  
the unit besides Shaw and Melvin? Asked  
them about the dreams?

**MARCO**

(from notes he's made)  
Owens died of cancer in '97. Villalobos,  
a car crash. Atkins committed suicide.

Jamison was at the Pentagon, 9-11, body never recovered. Wilson I'm still trying to track down.

Garret and Howard trade looks.

**MARCO**

Sir, I know I can't ask you to talk to Congressman Shaw, not yet, but Al Melvin, it's a phone call, a quick q&a -- look at his notebooks, hear what he's been dreaming -- and either he will support the credibility of what I'm saying, or he won't. And I'll shut up.

**COLONEL GARRET**

And what is it you are saying, exactly, Major? That you misrepresented -- falsified -- what happened in Kuwait? About the Medal of Honor? In effect, committed perjury.

**MARCO**

If you just talk to Melvin --

**COLONEL GARRET**

(ignores)

-- No, no, I'm sorry -- you're saying an entire squad of U.S. Army soldiers was hypnotized into believing that Raymond Shaw deserved the Medal of Honor. And somehow you're the only one who knows the truth.

Silence. Marco looks down at his hands.

8/18/03 39.

**COLONEL GARRET**

Major Marco. You will stay clear of  
Congressman Shaw.

**MARCO**

Yes sir.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

And you will resume your meds, Major.  
That is an order.

**MARCO**

Yes sir.  
Beat. Marco stands up, to leave, but --

**COLONEL GARRET**

Major, do you ever take a step back and  
consider why you've remained at rank for  
all these years? Missed Bosnia,  
Afghanistan, Iraqi Freedom. While men of  
lesser promise and inferior talent have  
enjoyed the fruits of those campaigns and  
moved beyond you?

**MARCO**

Every day, sir.

67 **INT. STAGE - VICE-PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE (VIDEO)**  
67

FAVOR Raymond, at a podium, his VICE PRESIDENTIAL OPPONENT  
slightly out of focus at his identical podium in the near  
b.g., mid-rebuttal:

TV67  
TV67

**V.P. OPPONENT**

... there are still VRF terrorists in  
Sierra Leone, new terrorist alliances  
forming in many parts of Asia and South  
America -- we can't simply, suddenly  
relinquish our commitment to world  
leaders who have stood by us.

**T.V. MODERATOR**

Congressman Shaw -- your rebuttal?

68 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
68

Marco on his phone, the t.v. blaring, under:

**MARCO**

(on the phone)  
Hello, Victor? Marco. How's it goin'?  
(listens)  
Public affairs sucks, my friend. I miss  
you guys. Listen, favor: guy from my old  
unit, Melvin, Alfred R. -- I need an

**(MORE)**

8/18/03 40.

**MARCO (CONT'D)**

address on him, I think he's here in D.C.  
... yeah, go ahead.  
Holding, Marco studies the image of Raymond.

**TV68**  
**TV68**

**RAYMOND/T.V.**

-- but meanwhile, somebody's grandmother,  
in a small American town, is standing in  
her kitchen -- she's got her medicine  
bottle in one hand, she's opening the  
refrigerator with the other. And she's  
thinking: I can pay for my medicine, or I  
can pay for my dinner. I can't do both.  
In America. In America, our mothers and  
grandmothers shouldn't have to worry  
about that.

VOICE on the other end of Marco's call, but he's slow to  
respond -- mesmerized by the "new" Raymond --

**MARCO**

(on the phone)  
Yeah, yeah. I'm here ...  
As he starts to write an address --

69 OMITTED

69

70 EXT. SKID ROW - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

70

RAYMOND (V.O.)

There are gaps in this country. Ugly  
chasms that we need to bridge ...  
THE SIDE OF A BUS with a HUGE SKIN of Gov. Arthur and  
Raymond Shaw and the ARTHUR/SHAW "SECURE TOMORROW" campaign  
icon -- it SLIDES away, revealing:  
MARCO -- crosses the street, walks along a row of  
dilapidated apartments --

RAYMOND (V.O.)

... the gap between rich and poor,  
between government and people --  
-- the area is desolate, depopulated, an economic wasteland.  
Under a crumbling awning and into

71 INT. SKID ROW RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

71

Marco checks a room number he's written under an address on  
a scrap of paper.

TV71

RAYMOND (T.V.)

TV71

-- between true security and the notion  
of feeling safe ...

A NIGHT CLERK sits behind bullet proof glass, watching the televised debates.

**RAYMOND (T.V.)**

... between what is real and what is not.

**DESK CLERK**

(about Raymond)  
Dontcha love this guy?

**72 INT. SKID ROW HOTEL CORRIDOR**

**72**

At the far end of a long and gloomy hallway, we can see Marco arrive at the door to Melvin's room. He hesitates, then knocks --

**MARCO**

Al? Al Melvin, it's Marco ...  
Nothing. He looks at his watch, turns, walks back down the narrow, high-ceilinged corridor -- haunting sounds of radios and televisions and broken conversations -- he disappears down the stairs --

**73 INT. FANCY HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

**73**

Raymond comes down the brightly-lit, elegant hallway, tired, trailing Anderson and his SECRET SERVICE entourage.

**RAYMOND**

... The enemy is among us. The wolf is  
at the door ... the fox is in the  
henhouse ... the weasel is ... the weasel  
is ...  
They take his room keycard from him, open the door --

**74 INT. RAYMOND'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

**74**

Anderson and another AGENT move through the suite, securing it -- Raymond losing steam:

**RAYMOND**

The weasel is a weasel. Frog and Toad  
Are Friends.  
-- returning to the door and handing Raymond his keycard.  
The PHONE BEGINS TO RING --

**ANDERSON**

Sir, we'll be right outside.

**RAYMOND**

I know. Good night.  
He closes the door after them. Breathes out. Glances at  
his watch. Then crosses to answer the phone:

8/18/03 42.

**RAYMOND**

You have thirty seconds, Mother.

75 **INTERCUT - ELLIE'S SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT**  
75

Ellie behind her desk.

**ELLIE**

Am I this predictable?

**RAYMOND**

You have no idea.

**ELLIE**

I'm calling to compliment you, Mr.  
Grumpy. I thought you were magnificent  
tonight. So do all the network campaign  
experts. "Presidential" was a word they  
used.

Raymond's second line flashes with another call.

**ELLIE**

This compassionate vigilance thing is  
working quite well for you. I might have

to convert.

**RAYMOND**

I happen to believe in it.

**ELLIE**

Of course you do. Now Raymond --

**RAYMOND**

Goodnight, Mother.

**ELLIE**

Raymond --  
Raymond punches a button and puts his mother on HOLD.

**76 INT. ELLIE'S SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT**  
**76**

Ellie listens to the dead air of the other end of her call.

**ELLIE**

Raymond?

**77 INT. RAYMOND'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**  
**77**

Raymond stares --

**THE PHONE**

Mom on hold, flashing red light. The second call, light  
fluttering --

8/18/03 43.

**RAYMOND**

punches the line, lifts the receiver --

**RAYMOND**

Yes?

**VOICE ON THE PHONE**

(British accent)  
Sergeant Shaw?

**RAYMOND**

(irritably)  
Who is this?  
CLOSE on RAYMOND'S EAR --

**VOICE ON THE PHONE**

Sergeant Raymond Shaw?  
Beat. Raymond's puzzled. Cocks his head, eyes searching the corners of the room. SOUND: a distant desert wind, building. Then:

**RAYMOND**

Yes ...?  
CLOSE on RAYMOND'S EYE --

**VOICE ON THE PHONE**

Raymond Prentiss Shaw?  
-- Raymond's senses appear to QUICKEN NOW, as the LIGHTING in the room changes, morphing somehow -- even as SOUNDS of steady percussion, and the zaghareet -- the wailing cry of the Arab women -- rise out of the wind --

**RAYMOND**

(eyes alight)  
Yes.  
-- everything is brighter, sharper, more luminous -- more etched than it was just moments ago --

**VOICE ON THE PHONE**

Listen:  
(then)  
Enter the bathroom, and go to the closet there.

**WIDE - THE SUITE**

Raymond moves with tremendous assurance across the living room and down the hallway and into the bathroom --

8/18/03 44.

**THE PHONE**

light flashing, Eleanor on HOLD -- stops --

78 INT. BATHROOM 78

Double sinks, walk-in shower, and a huge closet which Raymond opens to reveal --

79 INT. CLOSET 79

A THICK PANEL in the back wall just being unmoored -- the RUSHING ROAR of a sandstorm and --

**A MAN IN BLACK**

steps through, gloves and soft-soled shoes. Raymond just watching as he places a small clam-shell video screen open on the counter -- we can SEE a B&W surveillance view of the CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RAYMOND'S ROOM, with Anderson sitting the night watch, reading.

The man gestures Raymond through the closet passageway --

80 INT. A HUGE ROOM BESIDE RAYMOND'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS 80

-- where Raymond is met by TECHNICIANS in sterile gear, surgical gloves.

He's entered some kind of portable, surreal operating theater, filled with monitoring device and computers ... a one-way video-conference camera is aimed at a big examination chair in one corner, surrounded by I.V. racks and more techno-medical equipment.

The man who is obviously in charge here, starts a digital timer and turns to face Raymond. It's NOYLE.

**NOYLE**

Hello Raymond. Do you remember me?

**RAYMOND**

No sir.

**NOYLE**

Brilliant.

(to his group)

We have twenty minutes for our little  
check up from the neck up.

**81 EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT**

**81**

Marco on a public phone, across the street from Melvin's  
residential hotel. Shaken.

**8/18/03 45.**

**MARCO**

My God. I'm sorry to hear that. When  
did it ...

(listens)

Yeah, I know. I know.

(deep breath)

Listen, Mrs. Wilson -- can you tell me if  
Nathan was ever -- preoccupied -- with  
his experience in Kuwait? Did he ever  
mention dreams or nightmares ... about  
what happened ... the firefight,  
afterward ...

(beat)

-- uh-huh. Sure. No, I understand.

(beat)

Thank you for --

Dial tone. He hangs up. Exhales.

**BLINK.**

82 Marco listening to the phone on the other end of his call  
82 ring, and ring and ring. Dull HISS of the city.

**BLINK.**

83 Another call.  
83

**MARCO (O.S.)**

... no, Mr. Villalobos, I'm just --  
Army's got me running statistics on  
stress disorders, I'm trying to gather  
information on my old squad members ...  
yes sir --

**A84 INT. NOYLE'S HIDDEN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**  
**A84**

Raymond sits in a chair, rigged up with wires and tubes  
(much like he was ten years ago) -- a TRANSLUCENT BOX around  
his face overlaid with a METRIC GRID, his head held  
motionless by a semi-circular BRACE, curved calibration  
offering precise positioning for a MICRO-DRILL that Noyle  
moves into place -- and then a long, tiny drill bit WHIRS  
DOWN through STERILE LATEX stretched very tight across  
Raymond's head --  
-- and plunges precisely and effortlessly through Raymond's  
skull, then STOPS -- he has no reaction, feels nothing --  
LCD screens -- show a VIRTUAL MAP OF RAYMOND'S BRAIN, in a  
full range of primary colors -- sections morphing as  
thoughts and memories race through his mind, as  
MINISCULE, INTERWOVEN WIRES -- are threaded down through the  
HOLLOW core of the surgical drill, deep into Raymond's  
brain. Noyle plays to one of the cameras:

8/18/03 46.

**NOYLE**

No decay, no slippage. Everything

appears to be in flawless working condition.

(then)

Raymond can you remember the deaths of Mavole and Baker?

**RAYMOND**

Yes.

The LCD SCREENS show activity in areas of Raymond's brain.

**NOYLE**

Describe it.

**84 INT. SKID ROW RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT**

**84**

Marco knocking at Melvin's door again.

**MARCO**

... Al? You in there?

Still nothing. He checks the hallway, takes an Army utility knife from his pocket and forces the lock --

**85 INT. MELVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**85**

The light switch doesn't work. Click, click. Eerie shudder of neon from the sign on the building, shapes crowd the room, claustrophobic ...

... Marco has a PENLIGHT -- he turns it on, sweeps in front of him with its weak beam:

THE ROOM -- stacked floor to ceiling with old newspapers, magazines, and HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF NOTEBOOKS, covering nearly every available surface.

Marco picks up a notebook. Moves to a desk and sits. Opens the book --

**86 OMITTED**

**86**

**87 OMITTED**

**87**

**88 BEAM OF THE PENLIGHT aimed down at pages filled with CRUDE**

**88**

DRAWINGS OF BRAINS/TOMATOES -- number-gibberish (cross-sections, size and weight parameters, and growth sequences)

-- AMERICAN FLAGS --

-- in the margins, many attempts to capture likenesses of DR. NOYLE AND THE MYSTERIOUS ARABIC WOMAN, repeatedly crossed out, never right.

8/18/03 47.

FB88 FLASH: DREAMSCAPE  
FB88

Noyle turning toward us, eyes bright --

RESUME - MARCO

-- under the headline WHAT HAPPENED, extremely small, cramped handwriting that goes on for pages --  
"The recon ends without incident, and we are heading back to forward command..."

RAYMOND (V.O.)

(fades up:)

... we're heading back to forward command. The night is clear. Stars but no moon --

Marco closes the book, opens another journal. Same drawings. Same title page. Same cramped writing, that begins exactly the same way --

89 TIGHT - RAYMOND (STREAMING VIDEO)  
89

The video feed from Noyle's hidden hotel room cameras, digital, herky-jerky:

TV89 RAYMOND (VIDEO)  
TV89

-- We're engaged unexpectedly by ground forces with helicopter support. In the ensuing firefight, Bobby Baker gets himself separated to the left. Mavole goes after him ...

**90 INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT**  
**90**

Marco reading these same words, which Melvin has scrawled in his journals:

**RAYMOND (V.O.)**

... An incoming mortar shell kills both of them instantly, before I am able to --

**FB90 FLASH CUT: A GIANT MONITOR**  
**FB90**

Marco's whole squad, staring at a digital screen animation of Raymond's one-man military fire-fight -- a CGI Hummer with a flaming tire, Raymond heroically spewing machine gun fire at the enemy, exactly as we've seen it in Marco's retelling:

**THE TEAM**

(reciting together:)  
-- instantly before Sergeant Shaw is able to locate and eliminate the source of the ordnance ...

**8/18/03 48.**

**FB90A SHOCK CUT: REFLECTED IN A MIRROR - MARCO**  
**FB90A**

Strapped to a chair back in the dreamscape, head back, his mouth pried open and a hypodermic needle plunged deep up into his palette -- thin electrode wires splayed across his face and neck -- Noyle's just behind him --

**TAPED VOICE**

(distant, foreign, precise:)  
... locate and eliminate the source of --

**BLINK.**

**91 INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - MARCO**

**91**

flips compulsively ahead through the notebook, lit by the harsh beam of the penlight. Endless, repetitive writing. FEVERISHLY RENDERED IMPRESSIONS of the dreamscape, medical apparatus, choppers, guns -- MORE and MORE images of Raymond Shaw -- of Raymond strangling Mavole -- -- and A DRAWING OF A MAN WHO MIGHT BE MARCO, unfinished, uncertain except for the eyes -- Marco with a GUN in his hand --

**FB91 FLASH: BOBBY BAKER**

**FB91**

-- as a bullet hole is punched in his forehead -- FALLING AWAY -- with a look of astonishment on his face -- blood just beginning to seep from the wound --

**RESUME - MELVIN'S ROOM - MARCO**

he drops the notebook like it's on fire --

**TIGHT - ON THE FLOOR - THE NOTEBOOK**

-- SKETCHES of Bobby Baker with a bullet hole in his forehead --

**MARCO**

-- topples the chair as he stands up -- and then:

**THE BARE, OVERHEAD LIGHTBULB IN THE ROOM**

shudders to life -- dies -- glows again -- brighter -- AND

**NOW MARCO SEES:**

**THE WALLS OF MELVIN'S APARTMENT**

are COVERED with DRAWINGS and SCRAWLINGS and newspaper clippings and patterns made with paper plates and empty

Noodle containers -- the crazy patterns of the tiles from Noyle's dream lab -- it's as if Marco has entered the mind of a mad man -- everything from the notebooks, and more,

8/18/03 49.

much more -- dominated by tormented, repeated images of Raymond Shaw --  
-- Marco is stunned --  
PUSHING IN -- as a painstakingly rendered DRAWING OF RAYMOND SHAW fills the screen: wild-eyed with SNAKES writhing out of his head, Medusa-like, EVOKING THE WIRES AND TUBES FROM

**MARCO'S NIGHTMARE DREAMSCAPE --**

92 **TIGHT - NOYLE (VIDEO STREAMING)**  
92

Pixels blown out and distorted, streaming insanely -- Noyle stares right into camera, intent:

TV92 **NOYLE**  
TV92

Questions?

**SCREAM OF A TRAIN.**

93 **INT. BULLET TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY**  
93

Marco sits at a window, eyes closed, head pressed to the glass, the world just a blur beyond him. He opens his eyes,

**SEES:**

**LAURENT TOKAR**

sitting down across from him. Smiling.

**LAURENT**

(French accent)  
Is this seat taken?

**SKIP**

**94 INT. BULLET TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY**  
**94**

Marco opens his eyes -- head pressed to a window, the world a blur beyond him -- SEES:  
Nothing. An empty seat opposite him. Laurent was a dream.  
Marco looks around, self-conscious, and --

**THROUGH THE SEATS - A WOMAN'S FACE**

staring back at him. Not enough to tell much more than she's pretty. Marco looks away, out the window. Then back. She's gone. Another dream?

**WOMAN'S VOICE (ROSIE)**

Maryland's a beautiful state.  
Marco jumps -- looks. The pretty woman is sitting down opposite him, folding and pushing aside a newspaper with the headline: WHITE HOUSE INSISTS WAR ON TERROR IS STILL

**WINNABLE. COST OF PERUVIAN CAMPAIGN HITS \$100 BILLION.**

8/18/03 50.

Below the fold: ANGRY MOB KILLS MUSLIM STUDENT AT YALE.

**MARCO**

This is Delaware.

**ROSIE**

I know. But, Maryland, it's a beautiful

state anyway.  
He's staring at her, trying to figure out --

**ROSIE**

Paper or plastic.

**MARCO**

What?

**ROSIE**

From the grocery store. You were wondering where, we, you know -- and right at the check-out stand, "paper or plastic," that's me. I see you all the time. Bennett Marco. Checks from the First National Bank, and you always put your spare change into the March of Dimes thing.

(beat)

Romance novels, instant noodles, No-Doz and tomatoes.

(Marco frowns)

Anyway, I'm on vacation, holiday in the City and so forth, I saw you sitting here ... I thought, okay, girl -- it's now or never.

Beat.

**ROSIE**

You headed to New York City?

**MARCO**

Yeah.

**ROSIE**

Business?

**MARCO**

No. Guy I knew ... in the Army. He's in politics now. We've kinda lost touch.

(awkward beat, then)

What's your name?

**ROSIE**

Eugenie.

**MARCO**

'Scuse me?

8/18/03 51.

**ROSIE**

Yeah. Crazy French pronunciation and all.

**MARCO**

It's pretty.

**ROSIE**

Thanks.

**MARCO**

I guess your friends call you Jenny.

**ROSIE**

Not yet they haven't, thank God. But you can call me Jenny.

**MARCO**

What do your friends call you?

**ROSIE**

Rosie. My full name is Eugenie Rose. I've always liked the Rosie part better. Eugenie is, well, fragile.

**MARCO**

Still. When I asked you your name, you said it was Eugenie.

**ROSIE**

Yeah. Well. Maybe 'cause I was feeling fragile. At the time.

Beat. Their eyes lock. Marco blinks --  
FB94 FLASH: PFC. BOBBY BAKER -- stares back at him from where FB94  
Rosie was sitting. Bullet hole in his forehead and a small,  
lost smile. Reaching out to him --

**BLINK.**

ROSIE -- as before. Slight look of puzzlement, because --  
MARCO -- is on his feet, rattled, moving out to the aisle --

**MARCO**

Excuse me.  
-- and LURCHING toward the back of the train, nearly losing his balance as he goes through the sliding doors.

95 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - AS BEFORE  
95

-- Marco catches himself, hands against the bulkhead wall near the bathroom. Another PASSENGER squeezes past him, headed in the opposite direction. Marco tries the bathroom door. Locked. OCCUPIED.

8/18/03 52.

Marco reaches into his pocket for a plastic vial of medicine. Tries to shake one of the TINY PILLS OUT, but --  
A BURLY PASSENGER in the bathroom emerges and the door SMACKS Marco hard across the back --  
-- THE PILLS scatter onto the floor --

**MARCO**

OW dammit --



96 INT. TRAIN MEN'S ROOM - DAY  
96

Marco cups water in his hands and smears it on his face, wiping it away with a paper towel. He comes up looking in the mirror, avoiding his own gaze as --

**IN THE MIRROR: THE DOOR OPENS**

and a man comes partway in -- now it's Dr. Noyle. Marco pivots -- no Noyle. The door is shut, locked. He's all alone. Losing his mind.

97 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - ROSIE  
97

Lost in thought. Faint smile. She puts her hand flat against the door, then turns and heads back to her seat.

98 INT. TRAIN MEN'S ROOM - MARCO  
98

Turns to the mirror again ... and again SEES Dr. Noyle behind him, smiling:

**NOYLE**

Hello Captain. Do you remember me?  
KNOCKING at the door, a pass-key rattling in it --

99 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - MARCO  
99

emerges from the bathroom to find an irritated CONDUCTOR now awkwardly trying to extract his key from the door, and Rosie waiting.

**CONDUCTOR**

**ROSIE**

Are you okay, sir?

Ben?

**MARCO**

... Yeah.

**ROSIE**

Jesus. You've been in here twenty

minutes. I thought you'd fallen off.  
Marco stares at Rosie. Twenty minutes? The train SHUDDERS  
to a halt --

100 INT. PENN STATION - DAY  
100

Marco comes up the escalator, into a SEA OF COMMUTERS.  
Momentarily lost. Rosie is behind him, a moment later with  
her bag, and --

**ROSIE**

I'm gonna get a cab, you want me to drop  
you somewhere?

8/18/03 54.

**MARCO**

No. I'm okay, thanks.

**ROSIE**

Your friend gonna meet you here?

**MARCO**

No.

Beat.

**ROSIE**

El Dorado 59970.

(off Marco's frown)

My cell phone, in case you -- you know.  
I like to say it the old way -- can you  
remember the number, or should I write it  
on your chest with a sharpie?

**MARCO**

(small smile)  
I'll remember.

Beat.

**ROSIE**

You're sweating.

**MARCO**

What?

Marco feels his shirt -- soaked. Long beat. She reaches out and feels his forehead. No fever. Sizing him up.

**ROSIE**

Listen. You got a place to go and get freshened up?

**101 INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**101**

Rosie lets Marco in. It's incredibly cramped, everything in one room, window facing a brick wall, lots of play posters.

**ROSIE**

-- It's my cousin's apartment. She's in Cleveland with the road company of 'Mamma Mia.' There's ... a view of the park ... if you go out on the fire escape and kinda ... tilt your head ...

Marco puts down the suitcases and waits in the middle of the room while Rosie takes off her coat, turns on some lights.

**ROSIE**

I'm nervous. I'm sorry. I yak when I get nervous.

**MARCO**

Me, I get quiet.  
Another awkward beat. She stands there. Studying him.

**ROSIE**

You okay?

**MARCO**

Dreams, I've been having these --  
Catches himself. That's just how Melvin said it.

**ROSIE**

Is that what happened on the train?

**MARCO**

Sort of.  
Beat.

**MARCO**

I could be dreaming you.

**ROSIE**

What if you are?

**MARCO**

You'd be the best dream I've had in a  
long time, Rosie.  
Beat. Rosie smiles at him.

**ROSIE**

If that's a line, Ben Marco, it kinda  
worked.

102 **INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - MARCO**  
102

The water cascades down on him. He feels around on his back  
where the door on the train whacked him -- feels something  
on his shoulder -- a bump -- CAMERA CURLS around as he  
twists, contorts, can't see it, but feels it and --

**FB102 OMITTED**  
**FB102**

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

(distant)  
Ben?

**TIGHT - MARCO'S HAND**

turning off the shower, hard --

8/18/03 56.

**103 RESUME - ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT**  
**103**

She's sitting, watching the closed bathroom door. No noise  
from the shower.

**ROSIE**

Earth to Ben -- how're you doing in  
there?

**104 INT. BATHROOM - MARCO**  
**104**

hyper, rummaging through the vanity, searching for -- pair  
of cuticle scissors, tweezers, anything sharp -- a little  
basket of sample perfumes CRASHES into the sink --

**ROSIE (O.S.)**

(KNOCKING loudly)  
Ben, what's going on -- are you okay --?  
Marco finds a razor blade -- twisting it clumsily in his  
fingers to reach the slight bump on his back he can only  
barely see in the mirror --

**105 INTERCUT - ROSIE - OUTSIDE THE DOOR**  
**105**

-- Rosie's KNOCKING HARDER, NOW.

**ROSIE**

Ben, I need you to open this door.      Okay?  
Just for a sec.

(beat)

You're scaring me. Ben --?

**106 INT. BATHROOM - MARCO**  
**106**

He SLASHES at the lump.      Blood blossoms.      SLASHES again,  
oblivious to pain.

**ROSIE**

**BEN MARCO!?**

PUSH IN as Ben presses the blade sharply down into his skin  
... cutting a slit through which the blunt edge of

**AN EXTREMELY TINY OBLONG THING**

appears, like a grain of rice.      It slides out into Ben's  
bloody fingers.

**107** Rosie's PUSHING against the door, trying to force it open.  
**107**

**108 MARCO**  
**108**

puts his trembling hand under the faucet, grips the thing  
between two fingers, turns on the water --

8/18/03      57.

**109 THE DOOR - ROSIE**  
**109**

breaks in -- sees the BLOOD smeared down Marco's back --

**ROSIE**

Oh Jesus.  
-- and the razor in his hand -- she pushes him away --

**MARCO**

-- loses his grip on the oblong thing before he can even get  
a good look at it, and it goes into the sink --

**MARCO**

SHIT. Oh no NO ...  
-- and down the drain -- Marco twists the faucet off, and

**DIVES TO**

**FLOOR LEVEL - UNDER THE SINK**

where he puts both hands on the fittings of the u-joint trap  
and struggles to get them loose -- succeeding finally, water  
spewing everywhere --  
-- the trap falls to the floor, disgorging soap chips, slimy  
hairballs and pipe corrosion and water ... but not the thing  
he wants. It's --

**MARCO**

-- Gone. Shit.  
MARCO -- rests his head on the cool tile, eyes far away.  
Defeated. Rosie crouches next to him. A little scared.  
She blots the blood from his back with the towel, and then  
presses her ice pack against it.

**MARCO**

Tell me you saw that.  
Rosie just stares at him.

**MARCO**

(hollow)  
You didn't. You didn't see it.

**ROSIE**

See what?  
Marco closes his eyes.

**MARCO**

Proof.

8/18/03 58.

**ROSIE**

Of what?

**MARCO**

My sanity.

110 **EXT. ISOLATED WAREHOUSE - ON THE HUDSON RIVER - DAY**  
110

Stark building with a huge parking lot and only one car parked in it. A CAB pulls through the open gate, stops. Marco gets out.

**DELP (V.O.)**

Implant delusions. Number three on the paranoid top ten list.

111 **INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWAY - DAY**  
111

Ben and RICHARD DELP ascend at a good clip. Delp wears a lab coat, trappings of a medical researcher:

**MARCO**

This wasn't a delusion.

**DELP**

That's what they all say, Marco.

(then)

Some wicked shit got sprayed on you guys during Desert Storm. Besides all the depleted uranium, I mean ...

He stops, unlocks a door, and they go --

112 INT. DELP'S RESEARCH LAB - SKY BOOTH - DAY  
112

A narrow, glassed-in space with a cluster of monitoring equipment against the wall of darkened windows. Fluorescent lights flicker on, revealing a CAVERNOUS SPACE BELOW, in which an intricate MAZE of CAGES contains unhappy, SCREAMING research MONKEYS with Orwellian stainless-steel hardware and antennae bolted to their bisected skulls. Strange SOUNDS and various LIGHTING EFFECTS emerge from the different sections.

**DELP**

... I personally know of a coupla Rangers who swear that they see only in tertiary colors now --

**MARCO**

-- Delp.

**DELP**

-- and can pick up sports talk radio in their cortical block if they get too close to a Con-Ed transformer.

8/18/03 59.

**MARCO**

-- Delp. It's not GWS.  
Delp has known Marco too long, and too well, not to take him seriously.

**DELP**

A dozen years ago, the Army did this tiny implantable I.D. thing -- you could imbed

it under the skin, then scan it like a bar code for medical emergency information, blood-type, DNA. Pentagon ordered up half a million, and stuck about five thousand experimentally into high-risk soldiers and infantry. But the scanners proved skittish and field hospitals hated 'em, so the whole deal got eighty-sixed and forgotten.

**MARCO**

The Army never put one in me.

**DELP**

That you know of, man.           That you know of.  
          (then)  
How'd you find me?

**MARCO (V.O.)**

I looked under Mad Scientists in the yellow pages -- there was a full page ad.

**DELP**

Ha ha.

Marco stares down into a big pit. Among the racks of equipment are two primate-sized stainless-steel beds with restraints and I.V. trees waiting.

**DELP**

You seriously believe somebody's messed with your mother board.

**MARCO**

What are you studying here, Delp?

**DELP**

Fear.

**MARCO**

For the Agency?

**DELP**

Nah, CIA cut me loose in '97 during the

Macedonian debacle. Now I got this  
little grant from Wal-Mart.

8/18/03 60.

Wal-Mart? Fear? Marco looks at the monkeys. Doesn't want  
to know any more. He shifts his gaze back to Delp. Studies  
him. Then:

**MARCO**

Look, Delp. My experiences during the  
war, in Kuwait ... feel dreamlike to me.  
And my dreams? About what happened?  
Feel as real as you and me, here, right  
now.

Delp just waits.

**MARCO**

It's like ... I feel like somewhere along  
the line, I've been ... brainwashed. Or  
something. You know? All scrambled up.

**DELP**

We've all been brainwashed, Marco.  
Religion, advertising, television.  
Politics. We accept what's normal  
because we're told it's normal and we  
crave normalcy. Hell, look at the  
Germans under Hitler. Disco, in the  
seventies.

(beat)

And if you're really worried about  
somebody imbedding electric probes and  
computer chips in your brain to make you  
do things -- it's horseshit, man. Turns  
out Pavlov had it right from the getgo.  
Dogs and all. A little ECT and sleep  
deprivation will do the trick for a  
fraction of the price. Ask the Uzbeks.  
And you would remember it.

**MARCO**

What about my dreams?

**DELP**

(shrugs)

What if all this is the fucking dream and you're still back in Kuwait?

**MARCO**

You're not helping me.

**DELP**

I am. You're not helping yourself. Reality is consensual, man. You just gotta prove it up. Or play it out.

113 OMITTED

113

114 OMITTED

114

8/18/03 61.

115 NEWS FOOTAGE - AIRPORT ARRIVAL (VIDEO)  
115

TV115 Raymond emerges from a private jet, waves to a crowd of  
TV115 supporters behind a chain link fence --

116 EXT. TETERBORO AIRPORT - TARMAC - CHARTER ARRIVALS - DAY  
116

Same. Raymond, his handlers, his Secret Service escort walk a gauntlet of news cameras, REPORTERS lob questions from behind a barrier:

**REPORTER #2**

Congressman Shaw! Why do you and Gov. Arthur oppose deploying troops in Indonesia?

**RAYMOND**

We can't clean up the world with dirty hands.

**MOVING WITH - MARCO**

as he keeps pace with Raymond, walking, moving behind the reporters, weaving through the crowd.

**REPORTER #2**

What about your mother's allegation that a nuclear attack on this country from a secret alliance of rogue states is certain within two years?

**REPORTER #3**

Is your mother helping or hurting your campaign?

**RAYMOND**

Guys, I gave up a long time ago trying to second guess my mother. I'm just surprised the rest of you haven't.

**MARCO**

Do you ever dream about Kuwait?  
Heads turning to find Marco, folder under his arm -- strange looks -- Secret Service poised to react, but Raymond slows, looks -- sees Marco. A cloud passing over his features:

**RAYMOND**

I can never remember my dreams.  
MORE QUESTIONS lobbed out, overlapping, but Raymond ignores them. Marco pushes through as Raymond assures Anderson:

**RAYMOND**

-- it's okay. I know him, it's okay.

117 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY  
117

Raymond and Marco in the back seat facing forward. Anderson and campaign handler MIRELLA FREEMAN sit facing them, talking low, on a cell phone, as:

**RAYMOND**

I saw Mavole's Mom and Dad in St. Louis. I still visit them -- and Baker's mom -- when I can. Do you keep up with anybody from the unit besides Al Melvin?

**MARCO**

I don't keep up with Al Melvin. He found me.

**RAYMOND**

Why did you ask me about Kuwait?

**MARCO**

(pleasantly:)  
I didn't. I asked you about your dreams. At the fundraiser -- why did you say you needed to talk to me?

**MIRELLA**

(covers the phone)  
Mr. Shaw, excuse me -- they want to know if you'll do an interview with Larry King at six.

**RAYMOND**

No.  
(to Marco)  
What do you want from me, Captain?

**MARCO**

Major. Forty minutes of your time.

**MIRELLA**

No to the interview, or no to six?

**RAYMOND**

He wants to talk about my mother. No.  
He looks at Marco --

**MARCO**

Private time.

**RAYMOND**

Well, we've got about five minutes, right  
now. And this is as private as it gets  
for me anymore, so ...  
Beat. He waits. Anderson staring at Marco.

8/18/03 63.

**MARCO**

There are these dreams that ... some of  
the men in our unit have been having.

**RAYMOND**

Including you?

**MARCO**

It's a question of what actually happened  
the night our patrol was attacked --

**RAYMOND**

That's easy.  
(almost automatic)  
RPG incoming. Mortar fire, we're  
ambushed. Total chaos. I can't locate  
Baker or Mavole. You're knocked  
unconscious -- I find you and pull you to  
safety and then --

**MARCO**

(cuts him off)  
-- Yeah, that's how I remember it, too.  
(beat)  
But I dream something else.  
The limo pulls to a curb --

**118 EXT. ARTHUR/SHAW N.Y. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 118**

Through the windows SEE a crowded clutter of desks, phone  
volunteers, stacks of pamphlets. A giant SECURE TOMORROW  
logo looms above, flanked by beaming likenesses of Robert  
Arthur and Raymond Shaw. Anderson comes out and opens the  
limo door for Raymond. Marco struggles out behind him:

**RAYMOND**

Am I in your dreams?

**MARCO**

Yeah.

**RAYMOND**

Doing what?

**MARCO**

(evasive)  
-- You know.  
Raymond steps just outside the entrance to his office.

**RAYMOND**

Saving everybody?  
PEDESTRIANS pass between them on the crowded sidewalk.

**MARCO**

It's more complicated than that.  
Marco reaches into his folder, pulls out one of Melvin's  
notebooks --

**MARCO**

People just don't have the same dreams  
accidentally --  
    (holds out the notebook)  
-- Melvin made drawings, he wrote down  
what he dreamed, this is one of his  
notebooks -- it's all in here.  
-- and Raymond's staring at the notebook without taking it,  
the way Marco once did with Melvin. Anderson and Mirella --  
the staffers in the office -- are all staring at Marco the  
same way the Boy Scouts once stared at Melvin.

**RAYMOND**

I don't have dreams, Captain.  
    (then, gently:)  
Maybe you should ... see somebody -- talk  
to somebody who specializes in this kind  
of thing --

**MARCO**

I've been to doctors.  
... which is exactly what Melvin said to him.

**MARCO**

Okay. Okay, I'm sorry.  
Marco nods again, numb, makes a vague resigned gesture.

**MARCO**

I'm not crazy, Shaw.  
He jams the notebook back into his folder, starts to walk  
away.

**RAYMOND**

(calls after)  
Captain --  
(then)  
-- Major.  
(then)  
Ben.  
Marco stops, turns.

**RAYMOND**

Are you hungry?

8/18/03 65.

119 INT. RAYMOND'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CAMPAIGN HQ - DUSK  
119

Huge posters featuring Raymond's face, emblazoned with SECURE TOMORROW, stacked against the wall. A desk covered with papers and enough take-out Chinese food for ten people, and Raymond sits behind it, nursing a glass of wine, and pointedly ignoring Melvin's notebook, while:

**RAYMOND**

I kill Mavole?

**MARCO**

It's a dream --

**RAYMOND**

No.

**MARCO**

-- could mean something else.

**RAYMOND**

No.

**MARCO**

-- could be I'm just supposed to think you did.

**RAYMOND**

-- I killed the enemy. I didn't know them, either. So it was okay. And, anyway, I remember what we did in Kuwait, I remember it perfectly. But now that you mention it, I don't remember doing it ... exactly.

**MARCO**

Maybe you didn't.

**RAYMOND**

NO. What a thought.  
Now he picks up the dream book. Marco watches. Raymond flips through the pages for a moment, dismissively. Then stops at something Melvin has drawn. Frowns. Raises his eyebrows. Closes it, sets it down:

**RAYMOND**

Life is so bizarre, isn't it? This absurd campaign, the sordid world of politics, my whole public life and persona -- sometimes, occasionally, for an instant, the fog clears and I look and I think, what am I doing? I mean, what the fuck am I doing? Posing and grinning like a goddamn sock puppet, shaking hands with total strangers who must be blind if

**(MORE)**

**RAYMOND (CONT'D)**

they can't see what I am, at the core.  
What my mother has made me.

Raymond looks steadily at Marco ... who nods, interested:

**RAYMOND**

A Prentiss. Ferociously, a Prentiss --  
but not a Shaw, God forbid -- I was  
molded by cold hard hands, every detail  
of my existence preordained. Can you  
even imagine, Ben, how it would feel  
never to have a say in what your life  
would be? I was twenty years old before  
I had a friend -- no, worse, a girlfriend  
-- well, almost -- but, yes, a friend, or  
I thought so -- outside my mother's  
circle of approved encounters -- and it  
didn't -- she wouldn't -- precipitating  
my one act of rebellion, storming off and  
enlisting --

(grimaces)

-- in the Army. Which, ironically, only  
served ultimately to pad my gilded  
Prentiss resume. You know: "fluent in  
five languages, Phi Beta Kappa,  
Congressional Medal of Honor, blah blah  
blah."

(beat)

And after the war I came back to her.  
And the family legacy. This. Mother  
calls it, "fulfilling my Manifest  
Prentiss Destiny."

**MARCO**

Why did you come back, Raymond? What  
happened?

**RAYMOND**

What?

Seeming startled, Raymond's reverie is broken. His eyes  
harden as he refocuses on Marco.

**RAYMOND**

Weren't you listening? Mother happened.  
(then)

You know, the truth is, I hate it. I've always despised it.

**MARCO**

(lost)  
Which?

**RAYMOND**

The medal. The cloying adulation of the little people. Your pitiful jealousy --

8/18/03 67.

**MARCO**

Who said I was jealous?

**RAYMOND**

I don't have the dreams, Ben.

**MARCO**

How can you not remember saving the unit?

**RAYMOND**

I do. I said I did.

**MARCO**

You said you don't remember doing it.

**RAYMOND**

Ha ha, don't mix me up, I'm tired, and -- Fine. It's like this. It's as if I know what will happen, Ben, but I never get to the part where I feel that it actually did happen. But I think that's probably

perfectly normal.

**MARCO**

Did you ever talk to anybody about this little discrepancy?

**RAYMOND**

What? No. Who would I ask? My old Army "buddies," who love and adore me for saving their pathetically unimportant -- present company excluded -- asses?

**MARCO**

No. You ask Army Intelligence.  
(getting excited)  
Look, we can go together, tomorrow. You tell them what you just told me, everything you do remember, what you don't "exactly" remember, about Kuwait, let 'em run some tests on you --

**RAYMOND**

I'm sure the press would have a field day with that.

**MARCO**

Raymond. They put an implant in me. I found it yesterday. Maybe they put one in you.

**RAYMOND**

(horrified)  
Nobody's put anything in me.

**MARCO**

Great. Let's prove it. We can go get an  
x-ray -- we can check it right now --  
Marco moves toward him, Raymond backs away --

**RAYMOND**

I want to be supportive of you, Ben, I  
do, but --

**MARCO**

Just check your back, Raymond --

**RAYMOND**

-- this can wait until after the  
election.

**MARCO**

What are you afraid of? See if there's a  
bump.

**RAYMOND**

You should leave. This is not, this is  
not --

**MARCO**

-- just check --

**RAYMOND**

(without checking)

There's nothing there!

Marco LUNGES at Raymond -- they fall, together, over the  
desk, onto the floor -- Chinese food scattering.

**MARCO**

Somebody was in your head, with big steel-  
toe boots, a couple of cable cutters and  
a chainsaw, and they went to town!  
Neurons got wasted, circuits rewired,  
brain cells obliterated --

KNOCKING at the door:

**ANDERSON (O.S.)**

Congressman Shaw?

**MARCO**

-- you don't even know what they did!  
You don't -- you can't CONCEIVE what they  
did to you -- and you're worried about  
some lame-ass reporters!?  
-- where Marco (stronger, better-trained) wraps Raymond in a  
headlock, RIPS Raymond's shirt from the shoulder --

8/18/03 69.

**MARCO**

If I'm wrong they can put me the fuck  
away --

**ANDERSON (O.S.)**

-- are you okay?

**RAYMOND**

Ben --

**MARCO**

-- there -- there's -- something --  
INSISTENT KNOCKING at the door. Marco CLAWS AT THE SKIN on  
RAYMOND'S BACK -- sinks his teeth in --  
-- Raymond shakes him off, and MARCO slams into the wall.  
The office door BANGS open --  
Anderson and other agents SWARM Marco -- there's blood  
smeared on Marco's mouth, his jaws are clenched --

**ANDERSON**

(disbelief)  
He bit him.  
(at Raymond)  
Sir, did he bite you?

**RAYMOND**

No.

MARCO -- shoved to the floor -- twisted -- handcuffed --  
blood SMEARING across the carpet -- his eyes wild with  
adrenaline and fear --  
RAYMOND -- his hand goes to his back -- his eyes LOCK with  
Marco's for an instant -- then Marco is hustled out the  
door.

**ANDERSON**

Sir --

**RAYMOND**

**NOTHING HAPPENED!**

Horrified campaign workers crane necks to see inside. Mute  
with shock, Raymond pulls his hand away from his back.  
Hides the blood.

120 **OMITTED**  
120

A121 **EXT. MANHATTAN - STATUE OF LIBERTY - DAY**  
A121

The giant lady is gilded by sunlight, virgin and  
unapproachable.

8/18/03 70.

**ELLIE (V.O.)**

You want to help him?

121 **INT. ELEGANT MANHATTAN RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY** 121

Raymond and Ellie. Through the wavy glass we see a crowded dining room, the ever-present Secret Service.

**RAYMOND**

No. That'd be political suicide. Of course not. I want you to help him.

**ELLIE**

I can't even imagine why.

**RAYMOND**

Because I feel sorry for him. Because I said I would.

**ELLIE**

What should we do? Make him a General?

**RAYMOND**

Mother. Look. My campaign people are getting a restraining order, he's going on all the security watch-lists -- but I won't lock him up. I'm not pressing charges.

**ELLIE**

What?

**RAYMOND**

It's complicated -- I don't know. It's just complicated and I don't want to talk about it, I want to get back to the campaign and focus on --

**ELLIE**

You don't actually believe his story?

**RAYMOND**

No. But he does. And he's a fine soldier and ... my friend. And if his slim hold on sanity requires that I tolerate his delusions until he can get help, I'll do it. It doesn't diminish me. And I'm not afraid of him.

**ELLIE**

This is why voters love you. Your humanity and everything. I've never projected humanity.

**RAYMOND**

Yes I think telling people you want to "round up all the towelheads and throw

**(MORE)**

8/18/03 71.

**RAYMOND (CONT'D)**

them in a deep pit" probably tips your hand.

**ELLIE**

(laughs)

That was a joke, you dreadful boy.

A BUSBOY delivers Ellie her meal: a thick steak stuffed with viscous grey -- off Raymond's disgust:

**ELLIE**

Carpetbag steak.

**RAYMOND**

Stuffed. With oysters?

She starts to cut meat into child-like, bite-sized pieces and put them on a side plate, for Raymond.

**ELLIE**

The steak part is mostly for you.

Doesn't it look yummy?

**RAYMOND**

My God. In the world's literature of food could there possibly be a more vulgar dish?

**ELLIE**

And eating it is an absolute sexual experience. Try some.

**RAYMOND**

Promise me that you'll help him.  
Ellie stops, sighs, puts her fork down and reaches for the oversized-satchel that doubles as her briefcase and purse.

**ELLIE**

Oh, Raymond, how much do you really know about your friend?  
Ellie finds two thick files and plops them down, as punctuation, in front of Raymond.

122 **EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (MANHATTAN) - DAY**  
122

Establishing --

**PHOTOGRAPHS - SCENE PHOTOS - AL MELVIN'S DEAD BODY**

being pulled from the chilly waters of the Potomac. Some  
clinical AUTOPSY glossies.

**MARCO (V.O.)**

Al Melvin ...

8/18/03 72.

123 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY  
123

Marco stares, troubled and sad, at bleak photographs of Al Melvin's bloated, waterlogged corpse.

**MARCO**

I went to talk to him. But he wasn't there.

Across from him are three impatient FBI AGENTS (RAMIREZ, GOLDRING and JONAS). Ramirez has the notebook Marco took from Melvin's. Goldring pushes a tiny digital tape recorder closer to Marco:

**AGENT GOLDRING**

Talk about what?

Marco hesitates -- looks to Lt. Col. Howard, who sits grimly, off the one side, with Col. Garret.

**AGENT GOLDRING**

Dreams?

A lone woman, SPECIAL AGENT VOLK, sits in a distant corner on a folding chair. She's implacable, staring intently at Marco. Ramirez holds up the notebook -- a page of crazy drawings and text.

**MARCO**

Yeah, there are hundreds more of those in his apartment. Did your people check out his place --?

**AGENT JONAS**

Colonel Garret kindly showed us the file on you, Marco, you're the shit: Special Forces. Rangers. Delta.

**MARCO**

I wanted to talk to Corporal Melvin about some unanswered questions involving our reconnaissance mission in Kuwait, back in

'91 --

**AGENT JONAS**

(talks over him)

And he wasn't there, so, what -- you  
thought it'd be okay to break in and wait  
for him?

Marco carefully, respectfully stacks the photographs of  
Melvin and turns them over. Exchanges a glance with the  
female agent.

8/18/03 73.

**MARCO**

(at Howard)

I know this game. Will you explain to  
them that I know this game?

**AGENT RAMIREZ**

Oh right. Army Intelligence. Isn't that  
an oxymoron?

**MARCO**

Yeah. Kinda like 'special agent.'

**COLONEL GARRET**

Cut it out, Major.

**AGENT GOLDRING**

What's your obsession with Raymond Shaw?

**AGENT RAMIREZ**

Man of his dreams.

**MARCO**

Listen, you might want to advise your ME  
to check for an implant in Corporal  
Melvin's back -- under the skin, just shy

of the scapula, left side ... if he's not  
looking for it, he won't find it.  
Implant. The Feds just stare at him. Like he's nuts.

**MARCO**

I didn't have anything to do with  
Corporal Melvin's death.

**AGENT JONAS**

Yeah, well, that's your opinion, but  
judging from your file here, apparently  
you don't know your shit from your  
oatmeal, my friend --

Marco snaps, spins out of his chair and lunges at Jonas --  
Lt. Col. Howard and the other agents step between the two  
men -- pull them apart --

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

(re: Jonas)  
Get this man out of here.

**AGENT JONAS**

(taunting Marco)  
Go ahead, nutball. Try it.

Marco PUNCHES the agent so hard it knocks him down to the  
floor between the other two.

**AGENT JONAS**

-- He hit me! Fuck!

8/18/03 74.

**MARCO**

He said I could.  
Colonel Garret shoves Marco back into a chair, stays in the  
middle of the fracas, while --

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Okay, OKAY --! That's enough.  
Gentlemen, I need a moment with Major  
Marco. Now.

The Federal Agents retreat with their bloodied-nose, cold-  
cocked colleague, door slamming behind them.

**ELLIE (V.O.)**

Evidently this has been going on for  
years ...

Only Agent Volk remains, unmoved by what just occurred.  
CLOSE ON - MARCO, catching his breath.

**ELLIE (V.O.)**

... Sad little Tin Soldier.

**124 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY**  
**124**

Ellie eats, while Raymond flips through Marco's extensive  
file: cross-agency surveillance, Army psychological  
profiling, FBI updates. Repeated buzzwords like: "mentally  
unstable," "obsessed with Raymond Shaw," "delusional,"  
"borderline functional," "acute stress disorder ..."

**ELLIE**

Isn't it disgraceful the way troubled  
individuals are allowed to simply walk  
around with the rest of us until  
something horrible happens? Another  
failure of the HMOs. I'm thinking of  
sponsoring a bill, with Senator Friedman  
of Rhode Island --

**RAYMOND**

-- I don't care.

**ELLIE**

Well, imagine how terrified your people  
were yesterday when Major Marco showed up  
at the airport and you invited him -- my  
God, invited him -- to tag along.  
Knowing what they knew.

**RAYMOND**

I know him. I served under him. He was  
a good man.

8/18/03 75.

**ELLIE**

That's what the neighbors always say  
about serial killers.  
Raymond stares at an old PHOTOGRAPH OF MARCO: curled up in a  
fetal position, on a V.A. hospital bed.

**ELLIE**

(sighs)  
Perhaps we could arrange a promotion to a  
less stressful posting. Somewhere  
tropical.

125 **INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**  
125

Marco with Howard, who's visibly upset. He likes Marco, it  
breaks his heart to watch him unravelling like this. Agent  
Volk remains in her chair, on the other side of the room:  
The door opens, and Col. Garret comes in, with Agent  
Goldring, who gives Marco back his personal effects, and:

**AGENT GOLDRING**

Goodbye.  
(to Marco)  
Get out of here.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

He's free to go?

**AGENT GOLDRING**

Shaw won't press charges, and he's got

juice with important friends. It's today's daily double.  
Agent Volk closes her notebook and moves past Goldring as he picks up the tape recorder. She glances at Howard, and leaves the room.

**COLONEL GARRET**

Someone from Senator Eleanor Shaw's office called and intervened on your behalf.  
A beat. Marco, trying to process all this:

**COLONEL GARRET**

Major, you have reached the terminal end of the Army's patience. You're relieved of duty, effective immediately.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

There's a young neurologist at Walter Reed. Zahn. He's had considerable success with GWS -- I want you to get your affairs in order and report to him

**(MORE)**

8/18/03 76.

**LT. COL. HOWARD (CONT'D)**

for evaluation and treatment first thing Monday morning.

**MARCO**

Sir, I know all about Dr. Zahn. Remember? He's that guy who --  
(catches himself)  
Sir. Yes sir.

(beat)  
I'm sorry.

**LT. COL. HOWARD**

Me too, Ben.

126 **OMITTED**  
126

127 **SERIES OF X-RAYS**  
127

micro-circuitry, neat as a pin --

**DELP'S VOICE**

I thought you said you lost this.

**TIGHT - THROUGH A STEREOSCOPIC MICROSCOPE - THE IMPLANT**

falls into focus, smooth and etched with integrated circuits  
as intricate and beautiful as a henna tattoo ...

**MARCO'S VOICE**

I found it again.

128 **INT. DELP'S LAB - SKYBOOTH - NIGHT**  
128

Delp looks up from the microscope, at Marco.

**DELP**

These are not supposed to exist, man.  
These are only theoretical.  
-- leaves the statement hanging --

129 **INT. DELP'S LAB - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**  
129

Delp freaked and hyper, gathering wires and whatnot from  
shelves -- a veritable armload, as:

**DELP**

You sure you want to do this man?

**MARCO**

Yes.

**DELP**

-- because I don't.

**MARCO**

I'll owe you one.

8/18/03 77.

Delp rounds a corner -- monkeys scrambling around their cages as he comes to the clearing where

**MARCO**

sits on one of the experimental gurneys, using a pen to write on his arm.

**DELP**

No. I'll still owe you for getting my sorry ass out of Albania.

**MARCO**

-- Talk to me about the implant.

**DELP**

Manchurian Global. Heard of 'em?

(off Marco:)

Private equity fund, specializes in military support services and weapons research ... including a certain Army implant project that went belly-up in the early 90s.

**MARCO**

You said the Army implants were for medical emergency data.

**DELP**

The ones they publicized were. But, oh man, there was a parallel project of all kinds of scary implantable shit the Clinton watchdogs finally freaked out over, and closed down.

**MARCO**

How do you know all this?

**DELP**

Cuz they funded me to make some of their scary shit.

**MARCO**

What does it do?

**DELP**

I don't know. I don't want to know. You don't want to know -- shit -- it's out of you, and you're still alive. That's the good news.

(off his arm)

What are you doing?

**INTERCUT - MARCO'S FOREARM**

He's scrawling words on his palm, with a ballpoint pen:

**ROSIE. RAYMOND SHAW. MANCHURIAN-GLOBAL ...**

8/18/03 78.

**MARCO**

Back-up in case this makes me forget some  
stuff I want to remember.

**DELP**

eases Marco back on the gurney, deftly puts some I.V. taps  
into his arms. Marco's legs hang over the edge.

**DELP**

These are built for monkeys, so bear  
with me, man.

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

He's putting thread-thin electrodes INTO Marco's head, just  
beneath the skin.

**DELP**

I'm putting you on a cocktail of  
methohexitol to take the edge off.

**MARCO**

Edge off what?

**DELP**

'Getting clarity.' Or whatever you want  
to call it -- ECT not being the precise  
science that, say, leeching is.

Wires snake across the floor to the ECT [Electro-Convulsive  
Therapy] unit.

**MARCO**

You don't think this is going to work.

**DELP**

It's the desperation move, man. But,  
hey. There is a school of thought, says  
a victim of induced abreaction -- or  
ultra-paradoxical brain activity, if  
you're at all correct about what happened  
to you -- can have it effectively  
dispersed by electroshock. Unscrambled.

**MARCO**

-- But?

**DELP**

But the legions of naysayers will tell  
you that if the initial work's done  
correctly -- if the brain's been not just  
washed, but dry-cleaned --  
Takes out a bite-guard and puts it in Marco's mouth:

8/18/03 79.

**DELP**

-- fuhgetaboutit. No sale.  
(then)  
Try to relax, okay?  
He throws the switch, sending electric current through  
Marco's head --  
-- Marco's body ARCHES off the table and he goes into  
seizure --

**IMAGES FADE IN AND OUT:**

FB129 -- a man in a gas mask JAMS his rifle butt down. FADE  
FB129

**OUT.**

FBA129-- black-clad soldiers swarm Marco's team. FADE OUT.  
FBA129  
FBB129-- inside of a helicopter, grey light fluttering --  
FBB129  
Laurent, gas mask down, confers with a pilot. FADE OUT.  
FBC129-- jetting low across dark water as dawn breaks. FADE  
FBC129

**OUT.**

FBD129-- impression of an abandoned village --  
FBD129  
FBE129-- an abandoned beach --  
FBE129

FBF129-- ruins of an ancient caravansary --  
FBF129  
FBG129-- float DOWN on the upturned face of NOYLE. FADE OUT.  
FBG129  
FBH129-- Marco's HEAD SLAMMED DOWN, hard surface, a gun-like  
FBH129  
ELECTRIC IMPLANT device FIRES its package into the skin  
near Marco's shoulder-blade. FADE OUT.  
FBI129-- impressions of Melvin, Baker, Mavole, drugged, wired  
FBI129  
up. FADE OUT.  
FBJ129-- Raymond releasing Mavole's throat --  
FBJ129  
FBK129-- Bobby Baker, bloody hole in his forehead, falling  
FBK129  
away --  
FBL129-- the crazy pattern of the tile --  
FBL129  
FBM129-- and Marco running, RUSHING FORWARD -- toward daylight,  
FBM129  
past other platoon members, wires and I.V. tubes snaking  
upward, watching animated Raymond Shaw hero footage on a  
plasma screen, patriotic music BLARING.  
FBN129-- breaking outside, a glimpse of the azure sea waiting  
FBN129  
there --  
-- but DOWN, TACKLED ... FADE OUT.  
FBO129-- stumbling from helicopters into a rotor-torn  
FBO129  
sandstorm -- the dust clearing to reveal ... weary,  
dazed, exhausted soldiers in the middle of nowhere, under an  
angry sun ...  
... the SCREEN BLOOMS WHITE, and completely empty -- like an  
Arabian desert --

**130 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

**130**

Marco opens his eyes to the glare of a crisp autumn sun,  
surreal colors: blue sky, shimmering green, the skyline.  
His head is in Rosie's lap, he lies curled in the grass.  
A banana-yellow motorized model plane buzzes in tight  
circles overhead.

Rosie's talking, but Ben can't hear her. Just the buzzing.  
She stops, looks at him.

**ROSIE**

Blank again?  
Marco tries to say something, his mouth is dry.

**ROSIE**

He said this would happen.  
Marco stares, trying to orient himself. His arm comes up to  
shade his eyes -- nothing written on it.

**MARCO**

Who?

**ROSIE**

Your friend.

**MARCO**

I don't remember a friend.  
Nothing.

**ROSIE**

Kind of like a computer system crash --  
your brain goes down, then you boot up  
again, but you lose all your RAM.  
(hesitates)  
Do you remember me?

**MARCO**

(after a beat)  
Eugenie Rose.  
Rosie smiles. Marco closes his eyes again and --

**SCREEN GOES BLACK.**

Silence. Two beats.  
Then the SOUND OF A TELEVISION fades up:

**TV130**  
**TV130**

**NEWSCASTER #3**

U.S. planes bombed selected sites in Guinea today, acting on intelligence that the African nation's military regime had secretly resumed its chemical weapons program ...

**131 TIGHT - A TELEVISION (VIDEO)**  
**131**

131A Campaign footage of Raymond Shaw visiting schools in the  
131A  
131B inner city, Arthur riding horses in Wyoming, the two men  
131B  
131C meeting with business leaders in Chicago.  
131C

8/18/03 81.

**TV131 NEWSCASTER #4**  
**TV131**

... latest USA Today polls indicate a "secure tomorrow" for Gov. Robert Arthur and Congressman Raymond Shaw. The duo holds a commanding lead, entering the last two weeks of the campaign ...

**132 INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**  
**132**

Marco wakes up, still in a bed. Alone. The room bathed in blue light from the small television where the news drones.

**TV132 OMITTED**  
**TV132**

Rosie comes out of the bathroom, wearing a long New York Rangers jersey, bare-legged, barefoot, hair wet from a shower. Beautiful.

**MARCO**

It's Wednesday.

**ROSIE**

Yes.

**MARCO**

Central Park was Monday. I came home  
Friday.

**ROSIE**

(smiles)

That's right.

A long beat. Marco stares at the t.v. as she sits on the  
edge of the bed, rubs her hair with a towel.

**MARCO**

How did I get here?

**ROSIE**

You called me.

**MARCO**

El Dorado 59970.

(beat)

I remembered.

(beat)

I remember, and I didn't dream.

**ROSIE**

It's been weird, talking to you. Knowing  
that you could fall asleep with your eyes  
open and wake up and have forgotten the  
whole conversation. I hope to God that  
part's over.

**MARCO**

What'd we talk about?

**ROSIE**

(vague)  
Stuff.  
(then)  
You said you "loved" me. Not to scare  
you. Out of nowhere, but more than once.

**MARCO**

I remember that.  
Beat. She smiles. She leans in, kisses him lightly.

**ROSIE**

Liar.

**MARCO**

What else did we talk about?  
Rosie opens her mouth --

**SCREEN GOES BLACK.**

Two beats of silence, then --

**133 INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN**  
**133**

Marco wakes up. Clear headed. Calm. Rosie is asleep  
beside him on the bed. The television is off.

**134 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN**  
**134**

Marco drinks water from the faucet, wipes his mouth. Stares  
at himself in the mirror -- he looks like death warmed over.  
Starts to smile ...  
... but his eyes stray up to the half-open mirror of the  
vanity -- reflecting, behind him, the bathroom wall: towel  
racks, wall paper, a high VENT ... with a FAINT RED LED  
glowing INSIDE.

**JUMP CUT: MARCO**

Standing on the edge of the tub, stretched out, face pressed

up to the vent, trying to see inside --

**SUBJECTIVE: MARCO (B&W) - THROUGH THE VENT**

Looking back at Marco, peering in. Slightly warped by the lens. Freaking out.

**RESUME - MARCO**

He can just make out the shadow of a TINY VIDEO CAMERA, wires snaking back into the ducting, micro-lens adjusting automatically to focus.

8/18/03 83.

He slips off the tub, nearly falls, catches himself --

135 **INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - DAWN**  
135

Marco taping newspapers over all the heating vents --

**INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

Marco going through cupboard, drawers, closets, looking for ... what, exactly?

He doesn't know. His world is caving in. He pivots, looks at Rosie, still sleeping.

**INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - DAWN**

Rosie's purse is dumped out on the table, and now Marco's going through her suitcase.

He's dressed, now, even has his coat on.

Pulling out her clothing, discovering, at the bottom:

**FILE FOLDERS, NOTES, REPORTS**

Much of the same material that Eleanor Shaw showed Raymond. Incriminating stuff about Marco, timetables, surveillance photographs, psychiatric evaluations and

**AUDIO TAPES**

Microcassettes, neatly labelled with dates and hours ...

**INTERCUT - SUBJECTIVE: SAME (B&W) - SURVEILLANCE**

**ROSIE**

Ben?  
Rosie, rolling off the bed, sleepy, crossing to where Marco is gathering the files --

**ROSIE**

What are you ... oh God.  
Sees the hard look on Marco's face. Newspapers over all the vents. Opens her mouth to explain but Marco SWINGS HARD, and hits her -- she partially blocks it with her forearm -- backhands her onto the floor --

**MARCO**

You're part of it.  
-- then he's moving, out the door --

**ROSIE**

Don't --

8/18/03 84.

She leaps at him -- SHOVES him hard into the wall, and when he whirls to shake her off, slips down and uses his weight and momentum to toss Marco crashing halfway back across the room.  
Now she's between him and the door.

**ROSIE**

Don't do this, Ben. It's not what you think.

**MARCO**

How can you know what I think?  
He tries to get past her again --

**THEY FIGHT**

Rosie can't beat him, but she's extremely skilled -- Marco gets stung twice by hard rights -- but whirls, all-defense, an improvised rope-a-dope that gives him the opening he needs --  
-- he SMACKS Rosie sharply, stunning her -- and as she rocks backward he flies out the door --

**ROSIE**

**BEN!**

136 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN**  
136

Marco bursts out of the doorway, into the grey light of morning, and runs, the files fluttering under his arm.

137 **OMITTED**  
137

138 **INT. SKYBOOTH OF DELP'S LAB - DAY**  
138

A CARETAKER rattling keys impatiently behind him, Marco stands looking down into the pit of the abandoned lab. Delp and the monkeys are gone. Empty cages and unplugged equipment are all that remain of Delp and his fear project. The utter quiet is deafening.

139 **EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY**  
139

Marco moving, head down, eyes everywhere -- anybody could be following him. Anybody could be watching him. Anybody could be part of this.  
PRELAP sound of a tape fast-forwarding and:

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

(audio surveillance tape)  
You said you "loved" me ...

140 **EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - ESTABLISHING**  
140

141 **TIGHT - A MICROFICHE SCREEN**  
141

scrolling old newspapers in a BLUR.

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

... Not to scare you. Out of nowhere,  
but more than once.

**MARCO'S VOICE**

I remember.  
WHIR of rewinding audio --

142 **INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DEEP IN THE STACKS - DAY**  
142

Marco deep in research, at a small table covered with books  
and paper -- a crazy man's kind of chaos.  
The file he stole from Rosie's is disemboweled across the  
desktop. A library tape machine plays one of the  
surveillance tapes he's stolen from Rosie's:

**MARCO'S VOICE**

(bleeding through earphones)  
What else did we talk about?

**INTERCUT - MICROFICHE**

stories flip past ...

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

Raymond Shaw. And about what happened to  
you, after you were captured. Black

helicopters, secret laboratories, mind  
drugs, mad scientists, shock-torture ...

**MARCO'S VOICE**

You don't believe any of it.

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

It's crazy. It sounds crazy.

**MARCO'S VOICE**

-- maybe that's what they want.        Maybe  
that's what they want.

**INTERCUT - TAPE MACHINE**

143    Marco pops out one tape, pushes in another.        WHIR of the  
143    tape rewinding again, then:

8/18/03    86.

**MARCO'S VOICE**

-- I watched Raymond Shaw kill someone.  
I watched him kill Private Eddie Mavole.  
Like it was nothing.

**FB143 FLASHBACK: ROSIE'S APARTMENT**  
**FB143**

Marco, on the bed, numb.

**MARCO**

And I think they made me kill someone  
too. One of my people. Kid named Bobby  
Baker.  
Rosie puts her arms around him --

**ROSIE**

Or they want you to think that you did.  
-- Marco doesn't react -- WHIR of audio fast-forward --

**144 RESUME - LIBRARY**

**144**

Marco takes his thumb off the shuttle button and --

**MARCO'S VOICE**

... We were all hooked up to IV tubes and wires and equipment -- heart monitors, head monitors, electroshock -- and a lot of stuff I've never seen before ...  
... Finding, finally, an inside page of the SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY section of the Times, with the headline:

**MANCHURIAN HOPES NEW IMPLANTS SAVE LIVES**

... and a p.r. PHOTO of Managing Director David R. Donovan, smiling, flanked by a TEAM OF SCIENTISTS. The caption only mentions Donovan by name -- in the picture his hand is extended, he's got a tiny implant device cupped in his palm.

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

Did he have a name?

**MARCO'S VOICE**

What?  
Marco stares at the photograph.

**PANNING TIGHT - ACROSS THE SCIENTISTS**

in the b.g. of the photograph. HOLDING on one, half-hidden, just slightly out of focus.  
It's Noyle.

**ROSIE'S VOICE**

The doctor, Ben -- what was his name?  
Can you remember?  
A long beat. Marco racks his memory. Then --

**MARCO**

Noyle. They called him Dr. Noyle.  
PUSH in until Noyle is just a mass of pixels --

**CRASH:**

**145 TIGHT - COMPUTER STATION - ANOTHER SECTION OF THE LIBRARY**  
**145**

A Google search. Marco types the name: NOYLE.

**INTERCUT - COMPUTER SCREEN**

A GOVERNMENT website:

**SOUTH AFRICAN TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMITTEE**

Thumbnail photos of "25 SCIENTISTS ACCUSED OF HUMAN  
**EXPERIMENTATION ON POLITICAL PRISONERS."**

SCROLLING DOWN ... UNTIL a photo of Atticus Noyle is center-  
screen. Smiling out at us.  
CLICK: HEADLINES -- "Capetown U. Scientist Expelled: Alleged  
CIA Ties" -- "Genome Researcher Sought for Questioning by  
The Hague" --  
ON MARCO -- energized by what he's seeing --  
CLICK: SLIDE OVER NOYLE'S FACE -- key words like "genetic  
memory enhancement," "behavioral modification" ... a  
QUICKTIME VIDEO that Marco activates, and --

**146 IN STREAMING VIDEO: NOYLE**  
**146**

His sanitized, early sales pitch, all digitized and degraded  
-- an old web interview:

**NOYLE**

... we really can reinvent ourselves, you  
know, by the remapping of the human  
genome. Strengthen character, enhance  
personality, not unlike tummy tucks and

breast augmentation. Generate  
extraordinary abilities in math, music,  
athletics. Tweak the sympathy gene,  
boost self-confidence --

8/18/03 88.

**CLOSE - ON MARCO**

staring, excited -- the freak from his nightmares is real --

**NOYLE (O.S.)**

(streaming audio)

-- broaden the very parameters of memory,  
to offset the ravages of dementia -- or  
virtually liberate an individual from the  
limitations imposed by damaging previous  
experiences -- literally freeing them  
from the burden of their past ...

**147 EXT. PENN STATION - DAY**  
**147**

Raining, hard. Marco hurrying toward the station entrance,  
his research jammed under his arm, and in a grocery bag he's  
found somewhere.

Collides with a guy in a suit. Papers go everywhere --  
Marco YELLS at the guy and scrambles to pick up his  
documents, shoving people out of the way --

**FREEZE FRAME.**

**SERIES OF STILL SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS - SAME**

Marco scrambling to get his stuff back together. He looks  
like a crazy street person.

**CRASH:**

148 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - CAPITOL HILL - DUSK  
148

A sun throws yellow across the Mall, and the Senate Office buildings are ribboned with shadows.

149 INT. SENATOR JORDAN'S OFFICE - DUSK  
149

Jordan behind his desk, staring at a white business card while a high-strung AIDE leans in, talking low:

**AIDE**

I called the Pentagon. They told me he's on medical leave. The calling card is Marco's, from Army Intelligence. Jordan flips it over. Marco has scrawled "DO YOU STILL WANT TO BE

**VICE PRESIDENT?"**

**AIDE**

Secret Service, they've got him on a couple of their watch and observe lists. Through a gap in the doorway, Jordan can SEE Marco sitting in his outer office, bag of evidence at his feet, hunched forward, staring at the floor.

8/18/03 89.

**AIDE**

I guess there's been some trouble with this guy, involving Congressman Shaw. At the mention of the Shaw name, Jordan looks up --

150 INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DUSK  
150

Jordan sits behind the table, all of Marco's documents and

evidence arranged tidily in front of him in meager piles, Marco pacing, watching as Jordan finishes examining a thick Atticus Noyle computer print out.

**JORDAN**

Nobody will believe this.

**MARCO**

Nobody believed Watergate.  
He sits down, opposite Jordan.

**MARCO**

Or Oklahoma City, or the World Trade Center. You wouldn't have believed Oswald before Kennedy got shot.

**JORDAN**

On the advisory board of Manchurian-Global, should they ever publish a list -- which they won't -- you would find former Presidents, deposed Kings, retired Prime Ministers, Ayatollahs, African War-Lords, fallen Communist Dictators and an assortment of the Fucking Rich, who are distinguished from the merely Filthy Rich by factors of billions.  
He puts the Noyle file down, pushes everything away.

**JORDAN**

You bring me rumors and conjecture.

**MARCO**

I started with nightmares, sir. Rumors and conjecture are a giant leap forward.

**JORDAN**

Nightmares you've interpreted, using as primary resources a) your spotty memory, b) the internet -- sacred sanctuary of idiots and nutters -- and c) random faces and coincidences, and evidence you chewed out of a man's back -- all neatly stitched together with the common thread of a powerful, well-connected private equity fund -- who will plead ignorance,

and be shocked, shocked, to learn what

**(MORE)**

8/18/03 90.

**JORDAN (CONT'D)**

some of their subsidiary partners are engaged in.

**MARCO**

Sir, I don't give a rat's ass about Manchurian Global! That's not why I'm here!

(beat)

I can't touch them, I get that, I'm not stupid, sir.

A cold silence. Marco stares at Jordan.

**MARCO**

I just want to try and stop this one thing -- this Raymond Shaw bomb -- from going off.

Jordan nods again, slightly. Lost in thought.

**MARCO**

And I'd be lying if I told you I hadn't factored in huge that you've got a vested personal, political, and patriotic interest in how this shakes out.

**CRASH:**

151 OMITTED

151

A152 OMITTED  
A152

152 EXT. ELEANOR'S VIRGINIA MANSION - NIGHT  
152

A limousine pulls up in front, followed by a car full of Secret Service. Anderson floats out and opens the door for Raymond ...

153 INT. PRENTISS MANSION - NIGHT  
153

An argument in progress as Raymond shrugs off his overcoat into the hands of a SERVANT.  
The low murmur of Jordan's voice, then INCREDULOUS LAUGHTER:

ELLIE (O.S.)

Lies. Fabrications. Fiction. You've been waiting to do this to me for, what, twenty years? Get out.

JORDAN (O.S.)

No, I'll wait until Raymond gets here and we can all --

ELLIE (O.S.)

Get out of my house.  
Raymond proceeds down the hallway to --

8/18/03 91.

154 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS  
154

Raymond entering, closing the door behind him as Ellie throws documents across the room at Jordan:

**ELLIE**

The man is insane, Tom -- full-blown  
schizophrenia -- he's been stalking  
Raymond -- if you dare to use this --  
Now they see Raymond, under the imposing Andrew Wyeth  
painting of Tyler Prentiss that dominates one whole wall of  
the study, and Ellie stops.

**ELLIE**

(to Raymond)  
Your bipolar buddy has been sharing his  
dreams with Senator Jordan.

**JORDAN**

Hello Raymond.  
Raymond smiles -- it's terrifying -- the fragile, forced,  
frigid smile of a man in pain.

**RAYMOND**

Hello Senator. How's Jocie?  
Jordan picks up a picture of Noyle and smooths it onto the  
desk for Raymond to see, as:

**ELLIE**

Can we please not go down that road?

**JORDAN**

Do you recognize this man?

**RAYMOND**

No.

**JORDAN**

His name is Atticus Noyle. He is a South  
African physician, neuropsychiatric  
scientist and mercenary -- someone our  
CIA trained for covert mind warfare  
against the Soviets in Aghanistan --  
someone who has sold technology to and  
done research for terrorist groups, and  
rogue states. Major Marco claims that  
this man --

**ELLIE**

**JORDAN**

-- In his dreams.

-- brainwashed you --

**RAYMOND**

Sir, Ben Marco is sick. Delusional.

8/18/03 92.

**JORDAN**

Nevertheless he's pulled from his mad hat some remarkably lucid connections between his dreams of your exploits in Kuwait, and this Dr. Noyle, and the private equity fund Manchurian Global --  
Raymond frowns, looks from Jordan to Ellie.

**JORDAN**

-- your mother's primary political benefactor for the past fifteen years.

**ELLIE**

Christ, Tom. They contribute to half the Senate, for God's sake.

Silence.

**RAYMOND**

I don't understand.

**JORDAN**

At the time of Desert Storm, Dr. Atticus Noyle was working under a research grant from Manchurian Global. Your mother's friend.  
The color suddenly drains out of Ellie's face.

**RAYMOND**

What?

**JORDAN**

Rogue scientists. Mind control.  
Manchurian Global. Your mother. You.  
Connect the dots, Raymond. Possibly,  
your mother's blind to them, because they  
pay their way --

**ELLIE**

Possibly the Senator's motives are  
colored by his desperation to get himself  
back on the presidential ticket now that  
the heavy lifting is done --

**RAYMOND**

(unraveling)  
I don't -- I don't --

**JORDAN**

It's not about me. As far as I'm  
concerned, this should never come out --  
it would shred what little remains of the  
fabric of our public trust -- think of  
the nation --

8/18/03 93.

**RAYMOND**

I don't have the dreams.

**ELLIE**

He can't prove anything.

**JORDAN**

Everything you stand for is upside down!  
If this were to come out, true or no, it  
would be catastrophic for the campaign.

(beat, a threat?)

And it will come out.

**RAYMOND**

What are you saying?

Silence. The question hangs there.

**RAYMOND**

What do I do?

**JORDAN**

You withdraw. You bow out gracefully.  
Personal reasons. An obscure illness.  
Yield your spot on the ticket, go into  
seclusion ...

He glances coolly at Ellie --

**JORDAN**

... and then surrender yourself to  
federal authorities who can help you  
address the damage that may have been  
inflicted on you.

-- and walks out. Raymond and Eleanor have hardly moved.  
Sound of the front door opening, closing.

**RAYMOND**

I feel sick. Christ. What have you done  
to me?

**ELLIE**

Raymond, remember when --

**RAYMOND**

NO, never mind -- don't bother. Don't  
lie. Don't say anything. No more lies.  
There are actual tears in Ellie's eyes. Raymond just stares  
at her, coldly.

**RAYMOND**

I can promise you that whatever you've done, I will undo it.

8/18/03 94.

**ELLIE**

I know -- I know, baby --

**RAYMOND**

I never want to see you or speak to you again --

**ELLIE**

Raymond --

**RAYMOND**

-- I mean it this time.  
Raymond heads for the door --

**ELLIE**

Sergeant Shaw --  
Raymond slows -- curious to be addressed like this -- sound of the desert wind rises --

**ELLIE**

-- Sergeant Raymond Shaw --  
He's turning -- the room coming alive -- light shifting, intensifying -- that terrible vividness -- and the wall of the zaghareet ...

**EXTREMELY CLOSE ON - ELLIE**

**ELLIE**

Raymond Prentiss Shaw --  
(sad)  
Listen:

**CRASH:**

**155 INT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN**  
**155**

Marco jolts awake, as if from a bad dream, startled -- cramped on a bench, just another rumpled, weary traveler -- early morning commuters gliding past him like a fog.

**156 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN**  
**156**

A lacy fog rising from the reeds on the shoreline as the Senator drags his kayak from under the pilings of a pristine, clapboard cottage to the edge of the water.

**157 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN**  
**157**

The house is beautiful, everything perfect. FLOAT through FINDING Jocie in a back bedroom, waking slowly in a huge bed, rolling to look out the window and watch her father, in his kayak, paddling away ...

8/18/03 95.

**158 INT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN**  
**158**

Marco grabs a coffee from off a Starbucks counter, picks up his bag and heads toward the New York City line platform, to catch his train --

**159 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - JORDAN'S KAYAK - DAY**  
**159**

The Senator rows with confidence, his bow cuts the glassy

surface of the bay, fog ripples away from him, dreamy.  
Up ahead, he can see the ghost of his house.       And a figure  
on the shoreline.

**JORDAN**

Who's that?

**RAYMOND**

It's me, sir.

**JORDAN**

stops paddling, and lets the kayak drift in.       He's breaking  
hard, sweat glistening on his face.

**RAYMOND**

sloshes down into the water, wades out waist-deep --

**JORDAN**

Wait.   Oh, don't do that, I can --

**RAYMOND**

I came to apologize, sir.

**JORDAN**

-- the water must be freezing. What are  
you doing? Raymond. Don't bother, I  
can --  
Raymond catches the bow of the kayak, turns it.

**RAYMOND**

I'm sorry.

**JORDAN**

I am too.   But, your mother must --  
With one motion, Raymond RIPS the two-blade paddle out of  
Jordan's hand, and FLIPS the boat over --

**RAYMOND**

I'm sorry, sir.  
-- Jordan goes under, legs trapped in the kayak --

160 UNDER THE WATER - JORDAN  
160

flailing -- trying to get out of the kayak, incapacitated by  
the cold water --

161 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN  
161

Jocie wanders, sleepy, into the main room, pulling on a  
hooded sweatshirt -- and SEES, THROUGH THE BAY WINDOWS:  
-- her father's upended kayak.  
-- a figure in the water, as if trying to save him --

162 EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN  
162

Jocie sprints down toward the water, screaming --

**JOCELYN**

**DADDY!**

-- Raymond turns and sees her running toward him. For a  
moment time stands still -- Jocie trying to process Raymond  
Shaw in the water with her father, and Raymond trying to  
process, through the curtain of his fractured consciousness,  
Jocelyn Jordan.

**JOCELYN**

leaps into the water, thinking she'll help with a rescue.  
The cold hits her like a sledgehammer -- followed by the  
realization Raymond's trying to drown her father --

**JOCELYN**

Raymond, what are you doing?! No! Stop  
it! Stop --!  
She tries to shove Raymond away from the boat, but

**RAYMOND**

turns, grabs her by the hood of her sweatshirt --  
-- and whipsaws her out into the deeper water, shoving her  
under it.

Jocelyn's hands claw at him, but he's stronger, and the  
water has no effect on him.  
She thrashes wildly ... and he looks down at her through the  
water, hair flowing, utterly beautiful ... as if in a dream.

**RAYMOND**

(far away)  
Shhhhhhhh.

8/18/03 97.

Jocelyn weakens ... succumbs ... her body floats away.

163 **NEWS COVERAGE - LATER - SAME DAY (VIDEO)**  
163

TVA163 Cold tapestry of images behind the MAJOR MEDIA ICON: TVA163  
police, paramedics, bodies pulled from the water, Jordan's  
empty house.

TV163 **MEDIA ICON**  
TV163

... the five-term Senator -- and recent  
front-runner for his party's vice  
presidential nomination -- appears to  
have accidentally drowned when his kayak  
overturned near his Chesapeake Bay home.  
Police say his daughter, Jocelyn, 35, may  
have been trying to rescue Jordan when  
she was, herself, overcome by the icy  
water ...

164 **CAMPAIGN COVERAGE**  
164

an impromptu stand-up with visibly-shaken presidential candidate Arthur outside ARTHUR-SHAW campaign headquarters:

TV164  
TV164

**ARTHUR**

Horrible, horrible thing. Senator Jordan was a statesman of the highest integrity.  
(fighting emotions)  
Tom Jordan was a friend. A damn fine man. A great American.

165      **INT. PENN STATION - MANHATTAN - MARCO**  
165

staring numbly at the news report on a little portable t.v. in a NEWS KIOSK --

166      **INT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY**  
166

SLOWING MOTION: the world a blur around Raymond as he walks a gauntlet of reporters shouting questions: about policy, about Jordan. Expressionless, he just keeps walking, but his lips move --  
-- "tragedy" -- "senseless" -- "great loss" --

167      **EXT. GROUNDS OF ELLIE'S MANSION - DAY**  
167

Donovan walking beside Senator Eleanor Prentiss Shaw. Whiting just behind them.

**DONOVAN**

You trusted us to bring your son back to you, and we deliver. We trusted you with our technology -- and now you turn him into a common hit man.

8/18/03    98.

**ELLIE**

Oh, don't lecture me --

**DONOVAN**

You didn't even ask us. You needed to ask.

**ELLIE**

Tom Jordan was going to destroy everything we've worked toward, and every one of us along with it, and you want me to call a meeting?

**WHITING**

David, if Jordan had gone public --

**DONOVAN**

In any endeavor, there are key players and role players, and Raymond -- or you, or me, for that matter -- I'm sorry -- we are role players, with fixed values and fixed agendas, that get weighed against other factors.

Ellie stops, looks at him.

**ELLIE**

Bullshit.

(then)

You can tell yourself that as you go to bed tonight, David, and I hope it helps you wake up tomorrow with a clean conscience -- but we are talking about my son and the future of this country.

(beat)

My father, Tyler Prentiss, never asked. He just did what needed to be done.

168 INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
168

Rosie asleep. PUSH IN RAPIDLY ... then a HAND comes down hard and efficiently against her throat --  
-- she wakes up, fighting for air --

**MARCO**

(a whisper)  
How does the President die?  
He sits on top of her, pinning her arms down. She struggles  
to say something. Marco shakes his head.

8/18/03 99.

**MARCO**

When. Where. How.  
He releases her throat, and she gasps for air --

**MARCO**

I'm gonna stop this. We'll go to the  
Feds. You and me. And tell them a  
story.

**ROSIE**

Who'll -- believe --

**MARCO**

I don't know. I don't care any more.  
It's all I have.  
Rosie bucks -- gets a hand free -- SLUGS, Marco, and they  
tumble off the bed in a tangle of blankets and limbs --

**ROSIE**

comes up holding a 9 mm revolver to Marco's forehead.

**ROSIE**

I am the Feds.  
She coughs. Marco stares at her, dumbfounded.

**ROSIE**

We've been watching you, trying to sort  
this out. I mean, it's either you're

telling it straight and we've all got something big-time to worry about, or you're crazy and dangerous -- either way we've had to keep you on a short leash, 'cuz if we lock you up we'll never know.

(beat)

And we can't tell anybody because we don't know how deep this river runs.

(beat)

If there is a river.

(off his expression)

You got away from me.

**MARCO**

Raymond Shaw murdered Senator Jordan and his daughter.

**ROSIE**

(shaking her head)

Oh Ben. The thing is? I want to believe you. God help me, Ben, I do.

**MARCO**

-- he's a time bomb, ticking --

8/18/03 100.

**ROSIE**

Everybody else wants you junked up on Thorazine and just not a problem any more.

**MARCO**

I am clearer on this than I've ever been. It's rich guys, funding bad science, to put a sleeper in the White House --

**ROSIE**

Listen to yourself. You're a poster boy  
for paranoid fantasies.  
Beat. Silence, broken only by their breathing.

**MARCO**

I screwed up. Jordan was my trump card,  
and I screwed it up.  
(then)  
Either help me, or shoot me, Rosie.  
There's no middle ground anymore.  
He gets up -- Rosie's not going to shoot him --

**SMASH CUT TO:**

169 **NOYLE**  
169

frowning --

**NOYLE**

Raymond -- Raymond --

**TURN:**

**DREAMSCAPE - AS BEFORE**

Raymond hands a service revolver past Noyle, to  
MARCO -- who primes it, aims --

**NOYLE (O.S.)**

Captain Marco, would you please shoot  
Private Baker so we can move on?

-- MARCO SHOOTS BAKER IN THE FOREHEAD --

170 **INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING**  
170

**RAYMOND**

Aaaahhhhhhh --!  
Raymond awakens with a startled about, face flushed,  
sweating. Terrified --

**MIRELLA/ANDERSON**

Aaaahhhhhh --!  
-- Raymond finds himself in the back seat of his limo, his campaign aide Mirella, her assistant, and Anderson, all startled and shouting too --

**MIRELLA**

You okay?

**RAYMOND**

Yeah. Yes. Bad dream.

**ANDERSON**

We've arrived, Congressman.  
Raymond sits up.

**RAYMOND**

Okay.

**171 EXT. P.S. 16 - WESTCHESTER - DAY**  
**171**

Raymond emerges to cameras and fanfare -- it's election day, and he's going to vote. Anderson and other agents clear a path up the steps into the ELEMENTARY SCHOOL VOTING SITE. Reporters shout questions that Raymond just answers with his professional smile.

**172 INT. P.S. 16 - GYMNASIUM - DAY**  
**172**

A temporary polling place. Flags, tables, not too crowded. VOTERS stepping out of the way. POLL VOLUNTEERS pressing in to shake hands and wish Raymond Shaw good luck. And

**ROSIE**

on the edge. She badges Anderson, and talks to him. He nods, moves over and talks quietly to Raymond as Raymond signs his name in the voter registration log. Then lets Rosie guide him to a booth on the end --

**173 INT. VOTING BOOTH - RAYMOND**  
**173**

pulls the giant lever, the curtains close, finds --  
A NOTE -- folded, taped to the machine.  
RAYMOND -- opens it, reads it.

8/18/03 102.

**VOTING BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER**

the curtain opens and Raymond steps out, smiling again. Cameras flash, video crews wave boom mikes, expecting a sound bite:

**RAYMOND**

I was on the fence when I walked in there  
... but then I saw my name on the ballot  
and I knew what I had to do.

Laughter. He whispers to a poll volunteer, and she points him down a hallway --

**174 INT. P.S. 16 - CORRIDOR**  
**174**

Raymond, Rosie and his Secret Service detail -- Rosie leads them to a doorway, holds it open for Raymond, but puts her hand lightly on Anderson's chest when he starts to go in to sweep the room --

**ROSIE**

It's clean.

175 INT. P.S. 16 - SPECIAL ED. ROOM - DAY  
175

Small, and private. Raymond turns on the light. Marco is in the corner, waiting. His Noyle File in one hand.

**MARCO**

How's your back?

**RAYMOND**

It hurts.

**MARCO**

I'm sorry.

Raymond locks the door, turns, takes in the room: tiny chairs and tables, walls covered with kids' drawings, and nearly every object in the room named and labelled with 3x5 cards.

**RAYMOND**

I've been having the dreams, Ben.

**MARCO**

That's good.

**RAYMOND**

Good? They're inside my head. They got inside, the way you said they would --

**MARCO**

We'll get 'em out.

8/18/03 103.

**RAYMOND**

They're all ... twisted together -- and I dream things, terrible things, that can't possibly have happened. I'm gone, Ben -- I'm losing it --

**MARCO**

No -- you could have had me locked up -- and you didn't. That's a sign.

**RAYMOND**

Of what?

**MARCO**

That they don't control everything. We can fight it. I mean -- I'm still out here because you decided I should be -- which means there's a part they can't get to, deep inside -- the part where the truth is, and they can't touch us there. That's what we need to tap into, Raymond, that's the part where, you and me, we're gonna take them out.

**RAYMOND**

Jocie's dead.

**MARCO**

I know.

**RAYMOND**

-- and the Senator.

**MARCO**

Yeah.

Beat.

**RAYMOND**

Did I do it?

**MARCO**

I think so, yeah.

**RAYMOND**

I don't remember. I don't remember it.  
Raymond looks up at Ben. Emotionless. Uncomprehending.

176 **INTERCUT - CORRIDOR - ROSIE AND ANDERSON**  
176

down the hallway, standing sentinel. Anderson checks his watch, glances uncomfortably back at the door -- then at Rosie, who just stares him down.

8/18/03 104.

177 **RESUME - SPECIAL ED. ROOM - RAYMOND**  
177

Tears run down his face, but his voice is normal, he stays expressionless. He rubs his eyes with the heel of his hand.

**RAYMOND**

I'm all inside-out.  
KNOCKING on the door.

**ANDERSON (O.S.)**

Mr. Shaw?

**RAYMOND**

Just a minute.  
Raymond's cell phone RINGS.

**RAYMOND**

All I've ever done is what I was supposed to do. What I was told to do --

**MARCO**

Raymond -- focus --

**RAYMOND**

-- What others want me to do.

**MARCO**

Did they tell you what they want you to do, Ray? We gotta know what's gonna happen, we gotta know when's it gonna happen -- you can help me do this --

**RAYMOND**

You don't think they saw this coming?  
You don't think they factored you in?  
    (matter of fact)  
I need to die, Ben.

**MARCO**

What? No -- no, man, they've got big plans for you --

**RAYMOND**

I'm the enemy, Major Marco, and the only way to stop me is to kill me. I thought you were smarter than this.

**MARCO**

I can get the Feds, the police. Come on, Ray -- fight it --

**RAYMOND**

Are we friends?

**MARCO**

Raymond, you gotta work with me here --  
Raymond takes the ringing phone from his inside pocket, and  
checks the number of who's calling.

**RAYMOND**

I want to believe we're friends.

**MARCO**

Raymond, stay focused. The irrefutable  
fact is that Jocie was a mistake, and  
we're gonna make 'em pay for it.

**RAYMOND**

I dream you, Ben. You kill Private  
Baker.

(into the phone, pleasant:)  
Hello?

**MARCO**

What are you talking about?

**RAYMOND**

(into the phone)  
Yes mother.  
A class BELL RINGS --

178 **INTERCUT - CORRIDOR - DAY**  
178

Students flood the hallway -- Laurent Tokar walks right past  
Rosie and Anderson, heading toward the special ed room --

179 **RESUME - THE SPECIAL ED ROOM**  
179

**MARCO**

Hang up.

**RAYMOND**

(into the phone)  
Yes, he's right here.  
Raymond extends the phone to Marco.

**RAYMOND**

She wants you.  
Marco hesitates. Me? But takes the receiver --

**180 INTERCUT - ELLIE'S PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - MORNING**  
**180**

on the phone in her lavish room:

**ELLIE**

Is this Major Marco?

8/18/03 106.

**MARCO**

Yes it is, Senator.

**ELLIE**

-- Major Bennett Marco --  
Marco reacting quizzically -- sound of the distant windstorm  
building --  
EXTREME CLOSE UP - MARCO - HIS EAR -- at the phone:

**MARCO**

Yeah ...?  
MARCO'S EYES flicker to Raymond's eyes --

**ELLIE**

Bennett Ezekiel Marco --  
-- Marco's senses are quickening -- the light literally  
changing around him -- that terrible LUMINOSITY -- as --  
SOUND of fabric, in the wind -- the SANDSTORM RAGING --  
Marco's eyes shining now, hyper-alert -- a warrior's eyes --

**MARCO**

Yes.

**ELLIE**

-- Listen:

**CRASH:**

**181 INT. P.S. 16 - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**  
**181**

The happy chaos of screaming kids. Raymond emerges, smiling. Surrounded immediately by Anderson and his secret service detail, and escorted out of the building.

**ROSIE**

fights through the throng of students --  
 -- to the office door. Now it's locked. She bangs on it --  
 KICKS it open --

**182 INT. SPECIAL ED. OFFICE - DAY - ROSIE**  
**182**

Empty. Marco gone. The Noyle File lies open -- and empty --  
on the floor. She rushes through a connecting door --

**183 INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**  
**183**

-- third-grade students loud, happy, rehearsing a patriotic  
"Abe Lincoln" election day skit -- no Marco here -- she's  
lost him --

8/18/03 107.

**184 INT. SPECIAL ED. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**  
**184**

Rosie comes back through, out into the hallway and stands,

in the river of children -- she's lost Ben --

**185 EXT. P.S. 16 - FRONT STEPS - DAY (VIDEO)**  
**185**

TVA185News footage of Raymond emerging from voting, waving, and TVA185 heading back to his car --

**TV185 NEWSCASTER #6**  
**TV185**

Candidates made ritual trips to the voting booths today ...

**186 EXT. ANOTHER POLLING PLACE (VIDEO)**  
**186**

TVA186SIMILAR footage of Arthur emerging, waving to the cameras.TVA186

**TV186 NEWSCASTER #6**  
**TV186**

... Governor Arthur, casting his ballot in North Platte, will spend election night in the Big Apple, with running-mate Raymond Shaw ...

**PULL SLOWLY BACK:**

**187 EXT. THE PLAZA - LATE AFTERNOON**  
**187**

SWOOPING ACROSS on an entrance jammed with cabs and limousines ... then RISE UP -- -- to the WINDOW of a suite high above the street, where sunlight still lingers on the glass, shimmering gold, and

**PUSH IN --**

**188 INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON**  
**188**

TV188 A beautiful suit laid out on the king-size bed ... shoes  
TV188

... the television ON, but silent: network election night coverage ... numbers flashing. Arthur/Shaw are exit poll winners in Alabama, Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York ...

**ELLIE (V.O.)**

The bullet will pass over your shoulder,  
just missing your head on the way to its  
target ...

189 INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

189

where Raymond sits, stripped to the waist, watching the  
mirror as his mother looms over him, in a beautiful Chinese  
silk dress, combing his damp hair.

**ELLIE**

... because, of course, the assassin --  
the deranged, obsessed, tragically

**(MORE)**

8/18/03 108.

**ELLIE (CONT'D)**

paranoid, lone gunman -- is trying to  
kill you.

**RAYMOND**

The Major is an excellent marksman.  
She touches his bare shoulder, leaves her hand there.

**RAYMOND**

But what will happen to him?

**ELLIE**

(gentle)  
The assassin always dies, baby. It's  
necessary for the national healing.  
She takes his shirt off a hanger, he stands up, and she

starts to dress him --

**ELLIE**

I'm sure you will never entirely  
comprehend this, darling, and I know, the  
way you are right now, this is like  
trying to have a whimpered conversation  
with someone on a distant star ... but it  
must be said, Raymond -- I did this for  
you -- so that you could have what I  
could not, what your father didn't want --  
what your grandfather dared to dream  
possible --

She runs her hands through his hair. Tears fill her eyes.

**ELLIE**

-- when you ran away to join the Army,  
after that girl, after Jocie -- when you  
swore you'd never speak to me again, I  
felt your father's shadow pass across us,  
and I couldn't let him run you the way  
he ruined himself.

(beat)

That's when Mark Whiting came to me with  
talk of extraordinary scientific  
breakthroughs ... Attitude adjustment ...  
Reconciliation ... Greatness. So I let  
them take you, and change you. Not too  
much. Not so much that you'd notice.  
Just enough to bring you back to me.

**RAYMOND**

Yes, mother.

**ELLIE**

And look what you have, now! Look how  
far we've come! It's working, darling --  
they think they own you, but they are  
very, very wrong. You're not something  
they can buy and sell, Raymond, not for

**(MORE)**

**ELLIE (CONT'D)**

any price -- we're one, and there'll be  
no stopping us now, will there? We're  
going to save this country in the hour of  
its greatest need.

Raymond is dazzled by Eddie's radiance.

**RAYMOND**

Yes, mother.

She straightens his tie. Her hands caress her son's  
shoulders.

**ELLIE**

How much you look like my father, now --  
you have his hands, and you hold your  
head in the same proud way. And when you  
smile it's like I'm a little girl again,  
and --

(impulsively kisses him)

When you smile -- when you smile --

Raymond moves to her -- their embrace is all consuming --

190 **INT. REGENT WALL STREET - GRAND BALLROOM - DUSK**  
190

A DIZZYING OVERHEAD SHOT, slowly twisting: campaign  
volunteers milling through empty chairs, dozens of t.v.  
monitors glow with early election coverage, a STAGE BAND  
warming up, bass thumping, the room festooned with "SECURE  
TOMORROW" banners, and --

**TWO VAST FLOOR-TO-CEILING, VIRTUAL WALL-TO-WALL SCREENS,**

specially installed for the occasion, define the entire east  
and west walls of the ballroom. They glow pure blue, as if  
waiting --

191 **INT. DISUSED PROJECTION BOOTH - HIGH ABOVE THE FLOOR**  
191

A LAMINATED ALL-ACCESS SECURITY BADGE dangles from

Anderson's neck as he pushes the last screw back into a cooling vent along the wall.

192 **INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR**  
192

Anderson emerges as another SECRET SERVICE AGENT comes down the hallway --

**ANDERSON**

All clear.  
He closes the lighting room door.

193 **OMITTED**  
193

194 **OMITTED**  
194

8/18/03 110.

195 **INT. GRAND BALLROOM - ON THE GIANT SCREEN, ABOVE THE STAGE**  
195

remote-cam images of the empty stage and podium blink to life, enormous, finding focus, and --

**AT THE BACK OF THE BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE**

a DIRECTOR and a team of TECH GUYS murmur in headsets, commanding a matrix of monitors, control panels and mixing boards. ON ALL THE SCREENS: different views of the empty stage, from various cameras.

196 **ANOTHER ALL-ACCESS SECURITY BADGE**  
196

just like Anderson's. PAN UP:  
MARCO -- resplendent in dress uniform, hair trimmed, a man

reborn. He looks so rejuvenated, for a moment even we don't recognize him.

**INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - MARCO**

steps over television cables and power lines, follows their drunken path to the end of a narrow corridor --

**UNLIT CORRIDOR**

Marco slips in and out of darkness. Passing no one. NOISE echoing insanelly from the ballroom.

**197 INT. DISUSED PROJECTION BOOTH**  
**197**

Marco enters, closes the door. Takes his coat off and folds it neatly and puts it on the floor. FOLLOW HIM as he stoops to find a HIGH-TECH METAL CASE hidden in the air vent ...  
... he opens it, revealing a disassembled SNIPER RIFLE, stereo RANGEFINDER EYEPIECE, live rounds, sandbag, tripod and a SIDEARM ...  
... he turns toward the back of a MASSIVE WALL-GRID of LIGHT FIXTURES facing outward to the auditorium, hot with RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE radiance.  
He walks to the grid and peers through it --

**PUSH OUT:**

**198 INT. BALLROOM - STAGE - A PROCESSION OF CAMPAIGN WORKERS**  
**198**

walks out of the back of the stage, a VIDEO A.D. with a headset leading them, backpedaling, barking instructions lost in the general din.  
They all hold big, hand-printed NAME CARDS: Gov. Arthur's aide, TATUM (GQ dreadlocks) clowns around with his "Pres.

**8/18/03 111.**

Arthur" placard. Other p.a.'s and assistants hold: "First Lady Arthur", "Arthur Kids", "Friends of Bob". Mirella

Freeman has her "V.P. Shaw"; Gillespie, trying to look amused (but not very) his "Sen. Shaw/Veep's Mom" sign.

**BACK OF THE ROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE**

The Director speaks into his headset, his voice broadcast over the house speakers:

**DIRECTOR**

Okay. Crowd cheering. Much elation.  
The president moves to his mark --

**CRASH:**

199      **OMITTED**  
199

200      **OMITTED**  
200

201      **OMITTED**  
201

202      **OMITTED**  
202

203      **OMITTED**  
203

204      **OMITTED**  
204

205      **OMITTED**  
205

206      **FLURRY OF IMAGES (VIDEO)**  
206

Overlapping news reports:

TV206  
TV206

**NEWSCASTERS (#7/#8/#9)**

CBS/ABC/CNN/FOX project Robert Arthur and  
Raymond Shaw to be the next President and  
Vice President of/have won the  
presidential election/have been elected  
by a landslide --

207       **INT. REGENT WALL STREET BALLROOM - NIGHT**  
207

Bedlam. Packed now with celebrants. CONFETTI rains down,  
the CHEERING overpowers even the rock and roll band as it  
strikes up a post-punk rendition of "Yankee Doodle."

208       **INT. SECURITY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**  
208

TWO DOZEN MONITORS show different angles of the entrance,  
corridors, security lanes, but --

**ROSIE**

is off to one side with a couple other Feds and a SECURITY  
GUY, reviewing the entry tapes from earlier --

8/18/03    112.

**ON THE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR**

people whoosh through gates in digitized triple time --

**ROSIE**

Stop.  
-- there's Marco. The image slows. Marco moves herky-jerky  
through the security station, stop-action. Rosie pretends  
she's interested in somebody else -- then:

**ROSIE**

No ...  
The tape resumes triple-time --

209 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO  
209

Deliberately hand-feeding live rounds of ammo into his rifle

-- CLICK, CLICK, CLICK --

-- he's ready.

**CRASH:**

210 OMITTED  
210

211 INT. REGENT WALL STREET BALLROOM - ON THE STAGE  
211

Arthur and Shaw and their entourage explode victorious from the back, just like in the rehearsal. ICONIC SAMPLING of "regular Americans" in full-dress uniform accompany the winners: a soldier, a sailor, a fireman, a marine, a policeman, a fighter pilot, everybody waving, smiling. THE CROWD -- ecstatic.

**ROSIE**

A tiny island of worry in a sea of celebration. The huge light grids ripple with patriotic bunting effects. She scans the crowd, the perimeter, the balconies ...

**ON THE GIANT SCREEN, BEHIND THE STAGE**

an ENORMOUS close-up of Arthur --

**THE TWO COLOSSAL WALL-TO-WALL SCREENS**

are alive with soaring, IMAX-style postcard footage of Americana: Monument Valley, Pike's Peak, Columbia River, golden waving fields of wheat -- city skylines -- perfect beaches -- majestic off-shore oil rigs -- galloping herds of buffalo -- the breathtaking grandeur of American nature, American achievements --

**INTERCUT - MONITORS**

Various angles on-stage of Arthur, his wife, his family,  
close and loose --

**212 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - SAME TIME**  
**212**

Crosshairs finding, locking on Arthur -- who is waving, and  
slowing to shake on-stage supports' hands --

**213 BALLROOM FLOOR - ROSIE**  
**213**

staring up at the left-side lighting grid ... where she  
thinks she saw movement. As it blinks OFF, and then ON  
again in a different pattern, there's the SILHOUETTE of  
something.  
A figure behind the grid. Marco? She's sure of it --  
-- and she's moving, pushing her way toward an exit, pulling  
a tiny walkie-talkie from her pocket and yelling into it --

**214 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE:**  
**214**

Rock-steady on Arthur and his hundred-watt smile, as he now  
separates from the procession and moves to his center stage  
mark -- just like in the rehearsal.  
The crowd begins to CHANT.

**215 ON THE STAGE - RAYMOND**  
**215**

Calm and focused. Smiling. His mother leans close,  
whispers something --

**216 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - BEHIND THE BALLROOM - NIGHT**  
**216**

Rosie joined in stride by Feds from the command center --  
SOUND of the celebration booms through the building --

**217 INT. STAIRWELL**  
**217**

Rosie leads the way, two steps at a time, pulling her gun  
from her holster and checking the clip --

218 **MARCO'S EYE**  
218

clear and unwavering -- his pupil tightening as --

219 **THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE**  
219

Arthur turns to Raymond and gestures --

8/18/03 114.

220 **ON THE STAGE - ELLIE**  
220

Her eyes shining as Raymond steps forward -- the ROAR of the crowd --

221 **INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO**  
221

He slips his finger through the trigger guard --

222 **THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE**  
222

Cross-hairs on Arthur. But a DARK BLUR suddenly passes in front of Arthur, momentarily ECLIPSING Marco's view --

223 **INT. BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE - SAME TIME**  
223

A few of the camera monitors have empty frames, waiting for Raymond to arrive, but --

**DIRECTOR**

Dammit, Shaw missed his first position --  
(then)  
Find him -- go with him --

**ON THE STAGE - SAME TIME**

Raymond has joined Arthur center-stage, instead of moving to the rehearsed first mark --

**224 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO**

**224**

his finger motionless inside the trigger guard --

**225 THROUGH THE SCOPE: ARTHUR AND RAYMOND**

**225**

But Raymond is blocking Arthur now --

**226 CLOSE ON - MARCO**

**226**

Frowning. Raymond has made Marco's shot impossible -- kill Arthur, and he kills Raymond too.

**227 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO**

**227**

coming off the eyepiece of the scope.

**FB227 OMITTED**

**FB227**

228 He wipes sweat out of his eyes. Blinks.

228

**229 ON STAGE - ELLIE - SAME TIME**

**229**

Appalled at Raymond's departure from the plan.

**230 OMITTED**

**230**

231 OMITTED  
231

FB231 OMITTED  
FB231

232 OMITTED  
232

233 OMITTED  
233

234 ON THE GIANT SCREEN, ABOVE THE STAGE  
234

A sprawling hero shot of MT. RUSHMORE, featuring the traditional quartet, plus stony CGI additions of PRESIDENT-ELECT ARTHUR, and RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW.

**BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE**

**DIRECTOR**

Now music --  
MUSIC starts: that lush, full orchestral rendition of "Here Comes the Sun" that sweeps through the ballroom.

**ABOVE THE BALLROOM - LIGHTING GRIDS**

change to rippling American Flags --

235 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME  
235

Music swelling, the room exploding with color and celebration, lights flaring, side walls alive with iconic American images --

The raucous crowd starting to CLAP in rhythm -- people CROONING along with the song's chorus, as --

**ON STAGE - A JUBILATION TABLEAU**

people waving, hugging dancing -- more super-insiders joining the throng onstage, shaking hands, high-fiving --

**RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW**

waving, staring up into the lights ... searching. Finds the spot he's been looking for --

**A236 PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO**  
**A236**

raising his gun again.

**B236 RESUME - STAGE - RAYMOND**  
**B236**

turns and smiles at his mother. Moves toward her --

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**INTERCUT - VARIOUS MONITORS - SAME TIME**

-- Ellie, stunned -- painfully aware that the eyes of the world are on her -- and Raymond moving, taking his mother's hands -- inviting her to dance.

**C236 PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO**  
**C236**

places his eye to the scope --

**D236 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - ARTHUR**  
**D236**

Marco finds him -- adjusts the crosshairs --

**236 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - SAME TIME**  
**236**

Rosie and the Feds sprint toward Marco's projection booth --

**237 ON STAGE - RAYMOND AND ELLIE**  
**237**

as Ellie surrenders to the moment, and enters Raymond's arms -- what else can she do? -- this is her son, her dream is

halfway there ... and the President can die another day.  
They swirl off to the music --

**238**      **THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - ARTHUR**  
**238**

perfectly centered in Marco's sights, but then --  
-- Raymond and Ellie glide in front of Marco's target --  
lingering in Marco's eyeline, Raymond stares up into the  
scope -- eyes trusting, urging, as if he's saying: now --  
-- then ARTHUR IS ALONE AGAIN, in the center of the  
crosshairs, waving and grinning at the ROARING CROWD like a  
man who's just been elected President, but --  
-- MARCO's crosshairs SWING OVER, finding RAYMOND AND ELLIE  
again --

**239**      **STAGE - ON ELLIE - SAME TIME**  
**239**

looking into Raymond's eyes ... follows his gaze up into the  
dazzling glare of the stage lights -- first shadow of doubt  
crawling across her --

**240**      **THROUGH THE SCOPE - ELLIE AND RAYMOND**  
**240**

They're right in Marco's cross-hairs.

**A241**      **MARCO**  
**A241**

Committed.      Almost serene.

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**241**      **ELLIE**  
**241**

Eyes wide -- realizing too late --

**242**      **INTERCUT - MARCO**  
**242**

Pulls the trigger. BAM BAM BAM.  
Raymond and his mother are kicked back into the horrified  
celebrants on the stage --  
-- the same bullets ripping through both of them --  
-- toppling together, dead before they hit the ground --

**243 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - SAME TIME**  
**243**

The Feds KICK the door in --

**MARCO**

calmly putting a clip into the handgun from his kit --  
starting to raise it --

**ROSIE**

**BEN!!!**

She shoots him.

**244 WIDE - THE BALLROOM - NIGHT**  
**244**

BALLOONS cascade down on a nearly black-and-white tableau of  
pandemonium and chaos, against the soaring wall-to-wall  
images of America's greatness displayed on the IMAX screens.  
Screaming and shouting. President-elect Arthur vanishing in  
a phalanx of Secret Service. VIDEO CREWS pressing in on the  
stage, morbidly curious ...  
... and a strange clearing around the bodies of Raymond and  
Eleanor Shaw, crumpled and bloody ...  
... still locked in their embrace.

**A245 INTERCUT - IMPRESSIONS OF NEWS FOOTAGE - ON A MONITOR**  
**A245**

TVA245 Crowds pressed to the Regent rear entrance -- frantic cops TVA245  
clearing the way for BODY BAGS emerging on stretchers, one,  
two ... three -- this third one guided and fiercely attended  
by Rosie through the confusion -- shoved into a waiting  
morgue truck ... WE ARE:

**245 INT. A HUGE OFFICE SOMEWHERE - NIGHT**  
**245**

TV245 Donovan stands in front of a massive flat-screen television TV245  
watching the mayhem at the Regent Wall Street ballroom.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a numb collection of horrified Manchurian Global executive office employees, watching in silence ... a visibly shaken Whiting, ashen-faced, head in his hands, eyes red with tears, and Johnston, stunned, pacing --

**JOHNSTON**

Jesus. Jesus H. Christ ... Jesus H.  
Christ ...

TIGHTEN ON DONOVAN. Expressionless, except for a cryptic frown. He raises his arm and uses a remote to kill the picture.

**SCREEN GOES BLACK.**

246 **OMITTED**  
246

247 **OMITTED**  
247

248 **A VIDEO STILL FRAME MATERIALIZES**  
248

flickering on. The SECURITY FOOTAGE of Marco entering the Regent Wall Street hotel. His face turned away.

**FLIP.**

**ANOTHER FRAME**

Marco turning toward us. His FACE becoming artificially highlighted, digitized -- MORPHED. ZOOM IN as his features BEGIN TO CHANGE. Non-descript. New features emerging. Caucasian. Not Marco. CLICKING of a keyboard, and -- ROSIE'S REFLECTION -- becomes visible across the screen of

THE VIDEO MONITOR on which the security footage flickers.  
We are:

**249 INT. VIDEO CGI BOOTH**  
**249**

Where an ENGINEER works keyboard and mouse, digitally altering the footage of Marco is Rosie watches, intently, from just behind him.  
Further back in the same room ... another senior FEDERAL AGENT, Special Agent VOLK, from Marco's interrogation ... and Colonel Garret leans against the far wall, arms folded, expressionless.

**MEDIA ICON (V.O.)**

(fading up)  
... the FBI today released security footage of the assassin of Raymond and Eleanor Prentiss Shaw entering the hotel two hours before the fatal shooting ...

**8/18/03 119.**

The Engineer finishes what he's doing, resets the tape and now it begins to PLAY again, IN REAL TIME -- and we watch a white man in uniform go through security, as:

**250 NETWORK NEWSCAST (VIDEO)**  
**250**

The footage we've just seen playing behind:

**TV250**  
**TV250**

**MEDIA ICON**

... Authorities say that they have no further information about the identity of the gunman, except that he was a white male, perhaps 30 years of age, and not a member of the armed forces.

(then)

The tragic deaths of the incumbent vice

president and his Senator mother mark the end of a family dynasty that has dominated American politics for more than fifty years. The mother and the son, polar opposites on myriad issues, nevertheless managed to promise a "one plus one equals ten" kind of equation to many Americans; the hopeful, heady notion that these two somehow comprised a united vision of stunning, almost revolutionary breadth and depth ... a combined potential far greater than its parts ...

PUSH PAST her, TIGHTEN IN on the image of the lone gunman and the image explodes into pixels accompanied by --  
-- the rising SOUND of the BLADES OF A HELICOPTER, under:

#### **MEDIA ICON**

... President-elect Arthur has vowed to bring to justice whatever nation -- or nations -- are responsible. Still reeling from the recent tragic loss of Senator Thomas Jordan, Congress has already announced a fresh investigation into Jordan's death, in an effort to learn if it is in any way related to ...

**251 EXT. OCEAN - DAY**  
**251**

WE ARE JETTING LOW and impossibly fast across whitecapped azure water, toward crumbled ruins of a long-abandoned village on an empty beach -- we remember it vividly from Marco's memory -- arriving to slowly SPIN and hover over the remnants of an ancient caravansary:

**252 EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACHFRONT - ARABIAN SEA - DAY**  
**252**

HIGH ANGLE, DOWN on Marco, moving across the intricate, sun-bleached tile work we remember from Noyle's lab.

Dissipated trace of a scaffolding superstructure inside crumbling ruins ...

**MARCO**

You don't develop a technology like that and waste it on two guys.  
He looks to Rosie, who stands in an archway. There are SOLDIERS here, with weapons -- could be here to guard Marco. Could be here to protect him.

**ROSIE**

We know that.  
Marco looks past her, to the water, which stretches out from here, as if to forever.

**MARCO**

I remember running.  
His arm is in a simple sling. He moves like a man who's been shot, and not quite recovered -- moves past Rosie, out of the broken-down ruins ...

**MARCO**

I had to get out where the sky was.  
... Rosie motions the soldiers to stay back, follows him by herself ...

**MARCO**

I had to get to the water.  
PULL BACK as they walk down the beach to the sea. A few tumble-down buildings are all that remains of an ancient seaside town.

**MARCO**

I thought: if I can just get to the water, everything will be okay.  
Marco approaches the water's edge, staring out at the uncertain horizon.  
Nothing but water as far as the eye can see.  
PULL BACK. And back. And back ...

**FADE OUT.**