

THE MEN WHO STARE AT GOATS

by  
PETER STRAUGHAN

Staring Men, Inc.  
and  
Smoke House Pictures

10/21/08

1 BLACK 1

SUPERED TITLES READ:

*More of this is true than you would believe.*

FADE IN:

2 ...CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE... 2

He is STARING at us with fixed concentration. He is sweating slightly in the summer heat. We hold for a moment. Silence, apart from the soft swish of an unseen ceiling fan.

WIDE SHOT - the Man, wearing military uniform, sits at his desk in his office, still staring straight ahead.

SUPERED TITLES appear, reading: *General Putkin, United States Army Intelligence SED. Arlington, Virginia. 1983.*

The General's assistant, LIEUTENANT BOONE, sits at his desk, working. After a moment Putkin seems to come to a decision.

GENERAL PUTKIN  
(solemnly)  
Boone?

LIEUTENANT BOONE  
Yes General?

GENERAL PUTKIN  
I'm going into the next office.

LIEUTENANT BOONE  
Yes sir.

The General stands up, smooths down his uniform, steps out from behind his desk and begins to walk. Boone watches, with some trepidation, as the General increases his pace. He quickens to a jog, his face set with determination.

He breaks into a run...

Then he slams into the WALL of the office, rebounds and lies splayed on the floor.

He stares up at the wall balefully.

GENERAL PUTKIN  
Damn it!

3 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

3

General Putkin is being driven in a jeep through the vast military base. He has a band-aid over his injured nose. SUPERED TITLES read: *Special Forces Command Centre, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.*

GENERAL PUTKIN (O.S.)

I have been having ideas, gentlemen. Challenging ideas. And when I thought about these ideas I thought about who in the U.S Army would be most receptive to my challenging ideas.

The Jeep pulls up at the SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE. The General gets out, a brief case in his hand and surveys the centre.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
(CONT'D)

Which section of the military is always straining to reach the peak of their physical and mental capabilities?

4 INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

4

General Putkin stands in front of a room full of seated SPECIAL FORCES OFFICERS.

GENERAL PUTKIN

You are, gentlemen. Special Forces.

The assembled Officers nod modestly.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

I want to talk to you about Mind Wars, gentlemen. *War...With...MINDS...*

His audience stare at him. With a flourish he produces a BENT FORK from his briefcase.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

How'd you like to be able to do this? What if you could teach soldiers to do this? Would you be interested?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

(changing tack)

Or, or let's say you have a unit operating outside the protection of mainline units. What happens if someone gets hurt? How do you deal with that?

He surveys the blank faces.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

Psychic healing! Protect the unit with hands-off healing. Using the *mind* to *heal*.

Silence. Putkin senses he is not convincing his audience.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

Let's talk about time! What if time is not a *point* but a *space* and at any one instant we can be *anywhere* in that space! (Laughing) Physicists go *nuts* when I say that!

Silence. He is growing desperate.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

Animals! Stopping the hearts of animals! This is the idea I'm coming to you with. You have access to animals right?

Special Forces look like they've had enough. A tough looking officer - MAJOR JIM HOLTZ - stirs.

MAJOR HOLTZ

No sir. We don't have access to animals.

5 EXT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

5

A dejected General Putkin climbs back into his jeep. Lieutenant Boone, in the driving seat, looks at him with sympathy.

BOB (V.O.)

In 1983, when Special Forces told General Putkin that they weren't interested in his ideas...that was a lie.

6 INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

6

The BENT FORK sits on the table in the EXTREME FOREGROUND, a window in the background.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

BOB (V.O.)

And when they told him they didn't have access to animals...that was also a lie.

We FOCUS on the window - a shaky ZOOM taking us towards an abandoned looking HOSPITAL BUILDING half hidden by trees.

7 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY

7

We TRACK forward into the shadowy interior into a large space which we now see is full of...GOATS.

BOB (V.O.)

The hundred goats in the disused hospital building had been secretly flown in from Central America so as to avoid customs. Special Forces weren't worried about the General hearing the goats because they'd been de-bleated.

The GOATS stare at us, their mouths silently opening and closing.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is the story of those goats.

We CLOSE ON the unblinking EYES of one GOAT, then...

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. LOCAL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

8

Bob sits typing at his desk in the modest office. He wears glasses, is attractive in a fresh-faced, enthusiastic kind of way. SUPERED TITLES read: *Ann Arbor, Michigan, January 2003.*

BOB (V.O.)

My name is Bob Wilton. Imagine me back in Michigan, where I was born and raised. I studied journalism at Western in Kalamazoo and then I got a job at the Ann Arbor Daily Telegram. I wrote a lot of stories about competitive food eating contests.

He looks at the photograph of his wife Debora on his desk and up to where she stands, photocopying in DAVE the Editor's office. Dave is chatting to her. He has a PROSTHETIC ARM. Bob watches his wife, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(sadly)  
Look at me. So young. "The past is  
a different country. They...do  
things there."

We PAN to the next desk and Bob's over-weight colleague  
RON, who sits eating a hot-dog.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is Ron.

Ron suddenly pitches violently forward, thudding face-  
first into his desk.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He's the man who died.

9 INT. OFFICE - LATER

9

Bob is clearing Ron's desk, putting his possessions into  
a box.

BOB (V.O.)  
My wife, Debora, told me later  
that Ron's death had been like a  
wake-up call for her - what people  
used to call a *memento mori*.

Bob sits down, feeling a little ghoulish, at the dead  
man's desk. He notices a large INDENTATION on the leather  
in front of him - the mark left by Ron's forehead. He  
touches it, fascinated.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That massive coronary had reminded  
her that life was too short to  
waste any chance of true  
happiness.

Bob rests his own forehead, experimentally, onto the  
indentation, and sits there, face down on the desk. His  
eyes wander over to where Dave and Debora are talking in  
Dave's office.

BOB'S P.O.V - Debora's hand BRUSHES against Dave's,  
LINGERS just a fraction too long.

Bob frowns.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A week after the funeral she left  
me for my editor.

10 INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

10

Bob and Debora and Dave talking. Bob is drinking. We JUMP CUT to Bob crying, smashing a lamp, Debora shouting at him.

BOB (V.O.)  
 (A sad chuckle)  
 It seemed like such a tragedy at the time. We couldn't see beyond our little lives to the great events of history unfolding out there in the world.

JUMP CUT to Dave holding Bob in a head-lock with his one good arm. Debora is sitting, head in hands.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I was like a child. Or a Hobbit, safe in the Shire.

JUMP CUT to Bob alone in the trashed room, exhausted and drunk, watching Bush's STATE OF THE UNION SPEECH on TV.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Or a blonde farm boy on a distant, desert planet, unaware that he was already taking the first steps on the path that will lead him inexorably towards the heart of a conflict between the forces of Good and Evil.

PRESIDENT BUSH  
 (on TV)  
 Americans are a resolute people, who have risen to every test of our time. Adversity has revealed the character of our country, to the world, and to ourselves...

Bob wipes his eyes, stares at the screen.

BOB (V.O.)  
 Had I known where that path would lead, had a soft wind from my future brought me the name of Bill *Django*, I might never have gone. But as it was, I did what so many men have done throughout history when a woman has broken their heart... I went to war.

We hear the opening of a period song as we...

11 TITLES 11

As the titles and song continue we see U.S TV footage from the Iraq War - a dizzying MTV montage, war made pop-video. Shots include...

"Shock and Awe" air attack on Baghdad

Caravans of U.S troops snaking through the desert

Fighter plane video of an Iraqi fighter jet being destroyed on the ground

Oil Wells ablaze

PFC Jessica Lynch being rescued by Special Forces.

MNBC Promo - American-flag-draped photomontages with the words "Our hearts go with you".

Apache Helicopter attacks and destroys an Iraqi tank.

TV Presenters debate "Who is the Hottest Scud Stud?"

Soldiers plant an American flag with Iwo Jima-like determination

American troops pull down a huge statue of Saddam Hussein in central Baghdad. An American flag draped over the head is hastily replaced by an Iraqi flag.

BLACK

FADE IN:

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 12

Bob sits on the bed talking to Debora on the phone.

BOB

Yeah, no it's been...well, I won't lie to you Debora - it's been pretty damn hairy.

DEBORA (O.S.)

(over phone, not as concerned as Bob would like)

Yeah. We've been watching it on Fox.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Yeah, it's not, uh... I've seen things that you shouldn't, you know...

He shakes his head sadly.

BOB (CONT'D)

Pretty damn hairy.

DEBORA (O.S.)

Well I don't even know why you're there. You're not exactly war correspondent material are you?

BOB

(stung)

Well, I think it's important people get an accurate picture of what's...

DEBORA (O.S.)

(to someone else)

What? Yeah.

BOB

(listening)

...what's, uh, happening, so...is that Dave?

DEBORA (O.S.)

Yeah. He says Hi.

Bob stares out of the window, nodding, afraid he might start to cry.

BOB

Oh, that's, that's...

He BEATS his head off the wall for a moment.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay. Gotta go. We're moving out - heading up north to cover the fighting there...

Bob walks out and puts his sunglasses on, staring around the quiet POOL-SIDE area. He sighs, sits down on a sunlounger, starts to read his book. TITLES READ "Kuwait City, Kuwait, Spring 2003."

JOURNALIST (O.S.)

You missed the war?

14 INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - DAY

14

Bob is drinking coffee with two gung-ho type war correspondents.

BOB  
Yeah.

They laugh.

SECOND JOURNALIST  
How?

BOB  
(embarrassed)  
I've been stuck here. They've only just given me the green-light. So I'll probably head over there soon. I'm just working on this story about American contractors coming over for the re-build.

The Journalists look bored.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I think they didn't want me going over because I'm not embedded.

SECOND JOURNALIST  
Yeah, they don't like the unilats. The troops think the unilats'll stab 'em in the back. When you're embedded you form a bond with the soldiers. You're like one of them.

FIRST JOURNALIST  
(to Second Journalist)  
You see action?

SECOND JOURNALIST  
Went into Baghdad with Charlie Company, Second Brigade, Third Infantry Division...

FIRST JOURNALIST  
The thunder run? Heard you had it pretty bad.

SECOND JOURNALIST  
Could say that. Technicals all the way, RPG's, fuckers were firing anti-aircraft guns at us...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FIRST JOURNALIST

You know a Private First Class  
Zuchero?

SECOND MAN

Zook? I was standing next to him  
when he took a hit...

Bob sits ignored, feeling inadequate as they continue to  
swap war stories.

15 EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

15

Bob sits drinking more coffee.

BOB

(To Waiter)

So what's a useful phrase?

KUWAIT WAITER

*La termi, ana sahafi.*

Bob repeats this.

BOB

What's that mean?

KUWAIT WAITER

Don't shoot, I'm a reporter.

He walks off. Bob sighs, continues DOODLING in his  
notebook. We see he has covered the page in stylized  
drawings of EYES. He notices a A MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP  
sitting at the next table.

BOB

(shyly)

Hey.

MAN

(without looking up)

Hey.

Bob reads the logo on the baseball cap.

BOB

DeWitt Resources. Arkansas.

MAN

(Beat)

Right. We make trash cans.

BOB

You over here for the conference?  
Looking for a contract right?

(CONTINUED)

MAN

I guess.

BOB

What's your pitch?

The man considers this. He looks up and we see his face for the first time - handsome, older than Bob, tanned, a moustache, a slightly haunted expression. This is LYN CASSADY.

MAN

Well...we're real cheap.

Bob waits for more, but that's it. He holds out his hand.

BOB

Bob Wilton.

LYN CASSADY

(shaking)

Skip.

BOB

Could I bum a smoke, Skip?

Lyn shoves the packet across the table. Bob sits down across from him, pats himself down for a lighter, glances over to where the two embedded Journalists are joking with some Marines. Bob watches them jealously.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I sat there watching those reporters and realized I didn't want to be me anymore. I wanted to be *them*. I wanted to face peril and stand witness to the fall and rise of nations.

Suddenly the TERRACE LIGHT above them flickers and goes out. Lyn and Bob sit in the dark.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everyone gets everything he wants. Like the man said. I wanted a mission.

BOB (CONT'D)

(patting his pockets  
in the dark)

Oh crap, can't find my...

A LIGHTER ignites in Lyn's hand, eerily lighting the lower half of his face, his eyes hidden by the brim of the cap. Bob leans forward to light his cigarette and finds himself staring at the CONFERENCE I.D Lyn has pinned to his shirt. The name on the badge reads LYN S. CASSADY.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And for my sins, Fate brought me  
 one.

He stares at the name as he puffs on the cigarette,  
 vaguely troubled by a memory.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 (suddenly)  
 Lyn Cassady...?

DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. GUS LACEY'S HOUSE- MICHIGAN - DAY - THE PAST 16

Bob pulls up in a car outside. SUPERED TITLES READ:  
*Monroe, Michigan, 1997*

GUS LACEY (O.S.)  
 This is the home learning course  
 we're putting out, which is very  
 popular.

17 INT. GUS LACEY'S HOUSE - DAY 17

Bob is interviewing Gus Lacey at Lacey's dining room  
 table. Gus has a sun-bed tan and odd hair. His nervous  
 looking MOTHER sits beside them. Gus is holding up a  
 VIDEO CASE for Bob to see - the cover, illustrated with a  
 picture of Gus, reads "Free To Roam - Learn E.S.P from  
 the master!"

GUS LACEY  
 Then there's the seminars. When  
 I'm not teaching I spend a lotta  
 time, right here, remote viewing.

BOB  
 Right here?

GUS LACEY  
 The kitchen table. That is  
 correct. That's where my *body* is.  
 But my mind...that's, you know...

He gestures to the horizon.

BOB  
 Wandering?

GUS LACEY  
 Wandering. *Roaming*. Yeah.

BOB  
 So what have you seen lately?

(CONTINUED)

GUS LACEY

Lately I've been watching the Loch Ness Monster in Scotland, England - which it turns out is the ghost of a dinosaur. That's an exclusive for you.

BOB

Okay. Wow.

E.C.U of Bob's notebook - on which he has written *You are Crazy*.

BOB (CONT'D)

So...when did this all start for you Gus?

GUS LACEY

It started when I was a kid. I used to lie on my bed and RV my cousin, Irene, undressing at night. Then, when I was in the army I joined Bill Django's unit. He trained me and the rest, as they say...

BOB

Right. I don't know who that is.

Gus gives a dreamy smile.

GUS LACEY

I can't really talk about Bill.

BOB

So what did you do in the army?

GUS LACEY

We were Psychic Spies mainly. That was our initial tasking but...once they realized what they were sitting on, the forces at work...

He stops, his face darkening.

GUS LACEY (CONT'D)

We were trained to kill animals.

BOB

(Beat)

You mean, what...with your...?

GUS LACEY

With our minds. That is correct. Just by staring at them.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

BOB

(Beat)  
Huh. What kind of animals?

GUS LACEY

One of our unit stopped the heart  
of a goat.

BOB

Wow. (Beat) I don't know what to  
say.

GUS LACEY

The power they unlocked in us...  
(Beat, sorrowfully) Last week I  
killed my hamster. (Beat) You  
wanna see?

18 BACK OFFICE - LATER

18

TV SCREEN - playing a home video of TWO HAMSTERS in a  
cage.

Bob and Gus sit watching the TV. Gus' mother hovers in  
the background.

GUS LACEY

You ever seen a hamster do that  
before?

BOB

Well, I've never owned a hamster  
Gus, so I don't know what...

GUS LACEY

Look at the way it's glaring at  
its wheel. Usually that hamster  
loves its wheel.

BOB

Maybe some of the readers have  
hamsters so...

GUS LACEY

Good. Then they'll know how rare  
that is.

BOB

Yeah, I guess any hamster-owning  
readers will know what's  
aberrant behavior and, uh,  
what's...Oh, shit, he's down!

ON TV one of the hamsters has fallen over.

(CONTINUED)

GUS LACEY

Yeah, he's down. At this point I'd been staring at him for about three hours.

The other hamster falls over.

BOB

Oh my God! You've dropped *both* hamsters!

GUS LACEY

No, the other one's just fallen over.

They watch in silence. Then the hamsters get up and start eating.

GUS LACEY (CONT'D)

(switching off the TV)

Bizarre. Right?

BOB

Well...it didn't die. I thought you said you killed it?

GUS LACEY

(sheepish)

Yeah well...(He gestures to his Mother) Mother said no. She said you might be a bleeding-heart liberal. She said "Don't show him the hamster dying. Show him the tape where the hamster acts bizarre instead."

Bob looks to Gus' Mother who manages to look nervous and defiant at the same time. Gus stares at the blank TV, sips his coffee.

GUS LACEY (CONT'D)

This was nothing. You should have seen the Skipper at work.

BOB

Who's the Skipper?

GUS LACEY

Lyn Cassady. After Bill he was the most psi-gifted guy I ever met. He was like an Occultic force. (Beat) I think he runs a dance studio now.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

BOB'S NOTEBOOK - as he writes down the name LYN  
CASSADY...

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - THE PRESENT - AS BEFORE 19  
ON LYN'S NAME TAG

Bob straightens from lighting his cigarette, stares at  
Lyn.

BOB  
Do you...do you know a Gus Lacey?

Beat. Lyn gets up and walks away.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Lyn? (Beat) Skip? (Beat) Lyn?

20 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 20

Bob hurries to catch up with Lyn. He follows him around a  
corner and skids to a halt. Lyn is facing him, standing  
on one leg, hands raised above his head in an odd martial  
arts stance. He emits a threatening croon. Bob raises his  
hands nervously.

BOB  
Whoa!

LYN CASSADY  
You working for Hooper?

BOB  
Hooper? No. I work for the Ann  
Arbor Daily Telegram.

LYN CASSADY  
How do you know about Lacey?

BOB  
I interviewed him a few years ago.  
He'd been appearing on this radio  
talk show.

Lyn relaxes his martial arts stance, shakes his head  
ruefully.

LYN CASSADY  
Little prick...what'd he tell you?

BOB  
He said he joined Bill Django's  
unit in the army and was trained  
to, to, uh *remote view*?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

And he said the Loch Ness Monster was the ghost of a dinosaur. Who's Bill Django?

LYN CASSADY

(shaking his head in disgust)

Did he show you his "Home Study Course"?

BOB

Yes.

LYN CASSADY

(walking off down the corridor)

Yeah I bet he did.

BOB

(hurrying after him)

Are you...? Do you mean you corroborate his, uh...? Because, see, I thought he was just an idiot?

LYN CASSADY

(ruefully)

He is an idiot...or he was...he's dead now. He was a paranormal whore. Always trying to get into the spotlight, yak, yak yaking. We took an oath. We don't divulge...

BOB

But you're saying there was a secret unit?

Lyn stops, turns and stares at him.

LYN CASSADY

We...don't...divulge.

Bob and Lyn are talking, passing a bottle of Scotch backwards and forwards between them. Both are drunk.

LYN CASSADY

Okay. Let me ask you something. What color were the chairs in the hotel bar?

BOB

(Beat)

Uh...?

LYN CASSADY

You were in there for hours. What color were the chairs?

BOB

Um...brown?

LYN CASSADY

They were green. How many lights are there in this room?

Bob starts to look around.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

A Super Soldier wouldn't need to look. He would just *know*.

BOB

A Super Soldier?

LYN CASSADY

A Jedi Warrior. He would know where all the lights were. He could walk through a room and tell you how many *power outlets* there were. People are walking around with their eyes closed. At Level One we were trained to *instantly* absorb all details.

BOB

(Beat)

What's a Jedi Warrior?

LYN CASSADY

You're looking at one.

BOB

You're a Jedi Warrior?

LYN CASSADY

That's correct.

BOB

What does that...? I don't think I...

LYN CASSADY

(patiently)

I'm Sergeant First Class Lyn Cassady, Special Forces, retired. In the eighties I was trained at Fort Bragg in a secret initiative code-named Project Jedi. The objective of the project was to create Super Soldiers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Soldiers with Super Powers. We were the first generation of the New Earth Army.

BOB

(Beat)

You've got super powers?

LYN CASSADY

That's correct.

BOB

Hold on, let me...let me just...

He takes out his NOTEBOOK, fumbling, trying to get into journalist mode.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay, so, so you're saying you were a Psychic Spy, like Lacey?

LYN CASSADY

We prefer the term Remote Viewer.

BOB

How does that work?

LYN CASSADY

Different Jedi had different techniques. Mel Landau used to visualize packing all his cares and worries in a little suitcase, to clear his mind. Steve Cuttle used to read Bible verse...

BOB

What about you?

Lyn thinks about it.

LYN CASSADY

Well, I find drinking helps. Also if I'm listening to classic rock music.

BOB

Yeah? (Beat) Like who?

LYN CASSADY

I like Boston. Boston usually works.

Bob jots this down in the notebook.

BOB

(writing)

What other powers did you practise?

LYN CASSADY

Invisibility.

BOB

(Taken aback)

*Invisibility?*

LYN CASSADY

Yup. That was Level Three.

BOB

Actual invisibility?

LYN CASSADY

Well...yeah, that was the *goal*. But after a while we adapted it to just finding a way of *not being seen*. When you understand the, the *linkage* between observation and reality, you learn to *dance with invisibility*.

Bob tries to follow this.

BOB

Like camouflage?

LYN CASSADY

It's not like camouflage. We also practised Phasing. Crossing from particle to wave, from the physical realm to the plane of energy. Solid objects seem to pass right through you. It's starts with a breathing exercise...

Lyn makes a weird shallow PANTING SOUND.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Then you think black. That's the nothingness.

Bob watches him solemnly as he continues his weird panting.

BOB

I don't...can I be honest, Lyn? I don't know what to make of this. I don't know what to say. This is amazing stuff. (Beat) How would you...I wanna...could I write a story about this?

Lyn stops panting, takes a swig of whiskey, stares at the bottle, suddenly taciturn.

LYN CASSADY

Not going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

No, but see, I've been *looking* for a story Lyn. I was going to write about the re-build contracts but this...this is even better and I...

LYN CASSADY

Not going to happen.

BOB

All I'm saying is we could talk some more tomorrow and...

LYN CASSADY

I'm shipping out tomorrow.

BOB

You're going home?

LYN CASSADY

Going to Iraq. There's this factory we might be partnering with in *Al Qaim*.

Bob's face falls.

BOB

Oh.

They sit in silence for a moment. Lyn passes Bob the whiskey. He takes a swig, his mind whirring...

BOB (CONT'D)

(Suddenly)

I could come.

LYN CASSADY

(Beat)

What?

BOB

I could come with you, maybe, and...

LYN CASSADY

Bob, I don't want to be a story, okay? I don't need the attention and...

BOB

No, listen, we could change names, stuff could stay off record and...

LYN CASSADY

It's a war over there Bob. Okay? A war. I can't be looking out for you.

Bob flushes with annoyance.

BOB

Well you know, you don't... I look after myself. Okay? I look after...And I've been in some pretty hairy situations before. I'm not, you know...I'm a *journalist*, Lyn. You understand?

He slaps his notebook for emphasis.

BOB (CONT'D)

A *journalist*. I go where the story is.

BOB (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I was an American. I was Resolute. I wanted adversity to reveal my character to the world. And to my wife. And to that one-armed cunt Dave.

Lyn is staring at Bob's notebook. He takes it from Bob and examines Bob's DRAWINGS OF EYES.

LYN CASSADY

What's this?

BOB

What? Nothing. I was just doodling.

Lyn examines Bob - something DIFFERENT IN HIS ATTITUDE.

BOB (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

LYN CASSADY

(Beat)

Nothing.

He considers for a moment, struggling with himself, then seems to reluctantly come to a decision. He reaches into the bag on his bed and pulls out a dog-eared BOOK. He hands it to Bob.

Bob examines the book - on the cover is a picture of Da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man* and the title *Pentagon Report 92245. The New Earth Army Manual*.

Bob stares at the book. He opens the first page and reads...

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (6)

21

BOB (V.O.)

(Reading)

The U.S Army doesn't really have  
any serious alternative than to be  
*Wonderful!*

Bob looks at the DISCLAIMER at the bottom of the page.

BOB(V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Reading)

This does not represent the  
official position of the United  
States Army at this time.

Bob looks up at Lyn who nods gravely.

LYN CASSADY

You wanted to know who Bill Django  
was? (Beat) He's the man who wrote  
that book.

22 EXT. EXPRESSWAY - IRAQ - MORNING

22

Lyn's CAR roars down the expressway into Southern Iraq,  
passing A TANK which sits by the road-side.

23 I/E. CAR - MORNING

23

Lyn drives. A hung-over Bob sits reading the *New Earth  
Army Manual*.

BOB

(Reading)

The New Earth Army is a banner  
under which the forces of good can  
gather. The courage and nobility  
of the Warrior, blended with the  
spirituality of the Monk.

24 EXT. ROAD - DAY

24

The car passes oil fields, beyond the buildings thinning  
out into the desert.

BOB

The Jedi Warrior will follow in  
the footsteps of the great  
*Imagineers* of the past - Jesus  
Christ, Lao Tse Tung, Walt  
Disney...

25 I/E. CAR - DAY

25

Bob is still reading.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

(reading)

The role of The New Earth Army is to *RESOLVE CONFLICT* world-wide. Jedis will parachute into war zones, utilizing sparkly eyes technique, carrying symbolic flowers and animals, playing indigenous music and words of peace...

INSERT: An illustration of a SOLDIER CARRYING A LAMB and some LILIES - with what appears to be some kind of loudspeaker strapped to his shoulder.

BOB (CONT'D)

What's the *sparkly eyes technique*?

Lyn raises his shades and *twinkles* his eyes at Bob for a moment.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay.

LYN CASSADY

You see it?

BOB

I think so. (Beat) Lyn?

LYN CASSADY

Yeah?

BOB

Who *is* this Bill Django?

Lyn draws on his cigarette thoughtfully.

LYN CASSADY

I don't know where to begin.

LOW ANGLE - a YOUNG BILL DJANGO - military buzz cut and all - trips out of a HOVERING HELICOPTER and falls, head-first down towards us.

WE FREEZE FRAME on his YELLING FACE just before it hits the camera.

Lyn exhales smoke.

27 CONTINUED:

27

LYN CASSADY

Bill always said it started for  
him when he fell out of a  
helicopter in Vietnam.

28 EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - THE PAST

28

Bill hits the ground, which is luckily mainly composed of  
MUD. He lies stunned as MORE HELICOPTERS lower around him  
and his PLATOON begin to debark. The Helicopters barely  
touch the ground before they take off again. SUPERED  
TITLES read: *Vietnam, January, 1973.*

Bill gets up onto his knees and examines his M-16 - the  
barrel clogged with earth. He pokes his finger into the  
muzzle trying to clean it, then finds he can't get it  
back out again.

BILL DJANGO

Oh, man...

He tries to pull his finger free, glances up and FREEZES.

Ahead of Bill and his Platoon is a WALL OF DEAD AMERICAN  
TROOPS - rotting in the sun.

His men stand staring at the wall aghast. A PRIVATE  
beside Bill snaps and opens FIRE, yelling wildly.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

(over the gun-fire)

Knock-it off! Chris! Knock-it off!

Bill grabs him with his free hand and shakes him, his M-  
16 hanging painfully from his other hand.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

Will you knock it off? (Climbing  
to his feet) *Jesus*. What do you  
think...?

*THUNK*. A SOLDIER standing next to Bill drops, the back of  
his head sprayed over nearby soldiers.

SILENCE.

Everyone stares at the dead man. Another shot rings out -  
another SOLDIER DROPS. The others flinch, scan the tree-  
line ahead of them.

SOLDIER

(pointing)

VC in black pyjamas! One hundred  
meters! It's a woman!

The WOMAN is jogging across the tree-line ahead, weapon  
in hand.

(CONTINUED)

BILL DJANGO  
 (trying to free his  
 hand)

Okay!

Silence. Long pause.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)  
*Well!?*

SOLDIER  
*What?*

BILL DJANGO  
 What the fu...! Why isn't anyone  
 firing?

His men stare back at him, frightened.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)  
 TAKE HER OUT!

The Soldiers open fire - a deafening roar. The Woman keeps on running as the foliage above her head is shredded by bullets. NO SHOT COMES CLOSE. Bill watches amazed.

BOB (V.O.)  
 Every single one of Bill's men fired high. They instinctively hadn't wanted to shoot another person. Later Bill would come across a study by General S.L.A Marshall, which revealed that only 15-20 percent of fresh soldiers shot to kill. The rest aimed high, didn't fire at all, or pretended to be busy doing something else.

Bullets still flying above her head, the Woman stops running, crouches down and RETURNS FIRE.

Bill is SHOT, stumbles backwards and falls into the mud, his finger still stuck in his M-16. He lies there, staring up at the sky, his expression one of puzzlement, as a huge blood stain spreads over his chest.

BILL'S P.O.V - the edges of our vision darken down as the sound FADES OUT. The darkness flows inwards, as if an IRIS IS CLOSING DOWN - until only a PIN-POINT OF WHITE LIGHT remains in the centre of the sky. We begin to move towards the light, slowly at first and then faster and faster. Just as we are about to reach it, a VISION OF THE FACE OF the VC WOMAN appears, filling the white disc.

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

VC WOMAN

(softly)

*Their gentleness is their  
strength.*

We begin to sink back down again, faster and faster until the circle of white light has disappeared all together and we are in DARKNESS...

FADE IN:

29 INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - THE PAST - DAY

29

Bill lies in his bed, staring sadly at the other casualties in the ward - amputees, spinal, burns...

BOB (V.O.)

Recovering in hospital, Bill wrote to General T.L Cornplow, Vice Chief of Staff for the Army, explaining that he wanted to go on a fact-finding mission to explore alternative combat tactics. The Pentagon agreed to pay his salary and expenses for the duration of the journey.

We hear the opening of a period song as we...

CUT TO:

30 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE PAST - DAY

30

...as the track continues we see Bill in civilian dress, driving down the Pacific Coast Highway.

BOB (V.O.)

What Bill hadn't told the Pentagon was that he was really looking for the answer to the riddle of his vision. How could his men's *gentleness*, their general lack of interest in *killing* people, how could this be turned into a *strength*? How could love and peace help win wars? Bill knew where to go to find out.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE BEGINS

31 EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

31

TRACKING past a row of HOT TUBS - each filled with naked people hugging.

(CONTINUED)

- 31 CONTINUED: 31
- We find an uncomfortable Bill in one tub filled with EMBRACING HIPPY MEN. Self-consciously he strokes his buzz-cut. SUPERED TITLES READ: *Naked Hot Tub Encounter Sessions, Santa Rosa.*
- 32 INT. ROOM - DAY 32
- Bill and another MAN are arm-wrestling, SCREAMING. Other MEN stand around screaming also. TITLES READ: *Primal Arm-Wrestling, Sacramento.*
- 33 EXT. POOL - DAY 33
- FOUR PEOPLE are floating on their backs breathing rapidly and loudly. Each one is supported by a partner. Bill, his buzz-cut growing out, floats amongst them, sobbing uncontrollably. TITLES READ: *Reichian Rebirthing, San Jose.*
- 34 EXT. HILL - DAY 34
- A PLATINUM HAired WOMAN is leading a GROUP OF RUNNERS, including Bill, down the hill. They run in an odd way - prancing like horses, their eyes closed, arms raised, smiling ecstatically. TITLES READ *Beyond Jogging Movement, Stockton.*
- One of the group runs into a tree.
- 35 INT. ROOM - DAY 35
- Bill lies on his side on a gurney, his hair longer now. We can't see what is being done to him, but he is sobbing uncontrollably once again. TITLES READ *Higher Essence Colonic Irrigation Therapy, Monterey.*
- 36 EXT. HOUSE - DAY 36
- LONG SHOT - A GROUP OF BARE-CHESTED MEN, including BILL, stand on the roof of the house. TITLES READ *The Whole Man Movement - Auburn.*
- A LEADER gives Bill a signal and he jumps off, falls fifteen foot to the road below. He hurts himself quite badly.
- 37 INT. ESALEN INSTITUTE - DAY 37
- Bill sits amongst a large MEDITATION GROUP, long-haired and bearded, indistinguishable now from the San-Francisco Bay area Hippies all around him. TITLES READ: *Esalen Institute for the Advancement of Human Potential, Big Sur.*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ARROWS POINT at various MEDITATORS around the hall, identifying them as BOB DYLAN, GEORGE HARRISON and HENRY MILLER.

Bill senses someone staring at him and glances over to the Meditator next to him - Aviator shades, a baseball cap pulled low, empty cigarette holder clenched between his teeth. The Meditator continues to stare intently at him.

Then opens his coat to reveal the Magnum .45 strapped to his chest.

Bill smiles nervously. An ARROW identifies the gunman as HUNTER S. THOMPSON.

BOB (V.O.)  
Bill disappeared into the New Age  
Movement for six years.

Bill feels Thompson staring at him. He smiles nervously.

38 EXT. FORT BRAGG - MAIN GATES - THE PAST - DAY

38

It's 1980. Bill walks down the road towards the entrance gates. His long hair is braided. He has an EYE painted on his forehead.

BOB (V.O.)  
Like all Shamen before him, he had  
traversed the wilderness. Now he  
was returning to his people, a  
changed man.

The SENTRIES at the gate check Bill's PASS suspiciously.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He brought with him his  
confidential report - *The New  
Earth Army Manual*.

The Gates swing open and Bill passes through.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. DESERT - DAY

39

Lyn crouches revolving a curious aluminium CONE towards the sun. Bob sits by the car, reading the manual. He looks up, watches Lyn.

BOB  
(Beat)  
Does it direct your powers?

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY

What?

BOB

The cone. Does it direct your  
psychic powers or something?

LYN CASSADY

No.

BOB

What does it do?

Lyn takes some BURGERS out of a cooler box and puts them  
into the cone.

LYN CASSADY

It cooks supper.

He examines the stove approvingly.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Solar. Utilizing the power of the  
universe - no pollution, totally  
renewable. This is like New Earth  
Army technology.

Bob picks up the Manual and starts to read. Lyn watches  
him.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Pretty mind-blowing, isn't it?  
First time I read it, I was  
like...what the *fuck*?

BOB

Yes. (Beat) But...

He stops.

LYN CASSADY

What?

BOB

Nothing.

LYN CASSADY

Go on - what?

BOB

Well it's just...it's hard to  
believe the Pentagon paid for  
this. I mean, it's very  
interesting, but there's nothing  
in here that's actually  
about...fighting?

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY

The New Earth Army was tasked with preventing conflict. We're a force of peace, not war. Bill realized if you want to change the world, you've got to start by changing the armies. He was the one that started the research into non-lethals.

BOB

Non-lethals?

Lyn flicks away his cigarette.

LYN CASSADY

Check this out.

He takes a yellow PLASTIC BLOB from his pocket with a flourish.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

The Predator.

BOB

(laughs)

The Predator? (Beat) That's a plastic blob, Lyn. (Pointing at the blob) That's a...

Before he can finish Lyn has slipped Bob's finger into a hole in the middle of the blob and twisted it.

BOB (CONT'D)

OH! OH FUCK! OH...*FUCK!*

LYN CASSADY

You see? You're mine now. The Predator is completely biodegradable. It's friendly to the earth but it can hurt you in a hundred ways.

He takes the blob off the finger and rubs it's serrated edge down Bob's temple.

BOB

OWWWWWW!

LYN CASSADY

It has warrior functions. (Beat) And it looks a bit funny. This is New Earth Army technology.

Lyn sticks the Predator in Bob's ear and hauls him to his feet. Bob yells with pain.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

BOB

Stop it! Stop hurting me!

Lyn stares at the blob fondly.

LYN CASSADY

I bought it on line. What's cool about it is that you could see this lying on the ground and you'd never know it had *such* lethality.

Bob holds his ear and pants for breath. Lyn's face lights up.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Eyeballs.

40 EXT. DESERT - DAY

40

An empty landscape, as Bob's shout drifts across the sands...

BOB

No!!!!

41 EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

41

Bob watches the RED DISK of the sun dip below the horizon.

Lyn checks the meat on the stove looking pissed off. It's still raw.

BOB

I think it's officially night now.

Lyn kicks at the stove.

LYN CASSADY

(muttering)

Piece'a shit.

42 INT. CAR - DESERT - LATER

42

Bob and Lyn sit in the car. Bob is reading the Manual, eating cold beans from a can.

Bob suddenly notices Lyn has taken a small black case from his bag and is preparing an INJECTION.

LYN CASSADY

(Off Bob's look) )

I've got Crohn's. The steroids help.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Lyn injects himself, packs everything back away in his back-pack. Bob sits, shivering. Lyn finishes, stares up at the stars thoughtfully.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Sometimes there's a *need*,  
Bob. Sometimes people are calling  
out for something, even if they  
don't know it themselves. And then  
a man like Bill appears out of  
nowhere, because he heard the  
call....

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. FORT BRAGG - NIGHT - THE PAST

43

A CIRCLE OF OFFICERS including MAJOR HOLTZ sit around BILL who has surrounded himself with a *pseudo-forest* of plants. There are candles everywhere. His face is painted. SUPERED TITLES read *Fort Bragg. 1980.*

BILL DJANGO

I'd like us to begin this with a  
mantra. If we could all breathe in  
and then out, holding a long  
"eeeeee."

The OFFICERS stare at him. There are sniggers. Bill stares them down.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

Breathe in...(they comply) and  
out...

OFFICERS

(embarrassed)

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee  
ee.

They finish. Bill nods, smiling, stares around at them.

BILL DJANGO

We are a Hollow Army, gentlemen.  
Vietnam has crushed our *soul*. We  
are traumatized and melancholic.  
We are ashamed. That is why I have  
brought you to this place of  
Sanctuary. Here we can mend our  
wounds and dream our dreams. My  
dream is of an America that  
will lead the world to paradise,  
an America that no longer has an  
exploitative view of natural  
resources, that no longer promotes  
consumption at all costs. I  
believe this is America's destiny.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

But to achieve it we must become the first Superpower to develop super powers. We must create *Warrior Monks* - men and women who can fall in love with everyone, sense plant auras, pass through walls, stop saying mindless cliches and see into the future. I want you to JOIN me in this vision. (Beat) Be ALL you can BE.

Bill finishes. We TRACK along the OFFICERS' FACES - really not sure what to do or say. We reach one officer who looks like Lee Marvin. This is BRIGADIER GENERAL DEAN HOPGOOD. His eyes are shining with excitement.

BOB (V.O.)

Amongst Bill's audience that night was Brigadier General Dean Hopgood, from the Defense Intelligence Agency. For some time the General had been concerned about information he had been receiving about Soviet research into psychic powers.

44 EXT. POOL - DAY - THE PAST

44

Wearing trunks, the Brigadier General lounges by his pool, engrossed in a PAPER-BACK BOOK titled *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*.

BOB (V.O.)

According to some stories the Soviets were psychically spying on American bases and had designed "*psychotronic generators*" - machines capable of bombarding the President with negative energy.

45 INT. LABORATORY - DAY - THE PAST

45

Two DIABOLICAL-LOOKING RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS are wiring up some KITTENS to a MACHINE.

BOB (V.O.)

They were also conducting sadistic experiments to see whether animals had psychic powers.

46 ANOTHER LABORATORY

46

Another DIABOLICAL SCIENTIST is wiring up the KITTENS' MOTHER.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

BOB (V.O.)  
Could they, for instance,  
telepathically detect that their  
babies were distressed?

47 FIRST LABORATORY

47

With a gloating smile one of the Scientists approaches one of the KITTENS with a lit CIGARETTE. The kitten gives a pitiful MEW as the Scientists LOOMS over it.

48 EXT. POOL - DAY - THE PAST

48

Brigadier General Hopgood can't read on.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD  
Sick bastards...

49 INT. OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST

49

Brigadier General Hopgood is briefing two senior Pentagon OFFICIALS.

OFFICIAL  
But why did the Soviets *begin* this  
type of research?

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD  
Well sir, it looks like they  
heard about *our* attempt to  
telepathically communicate with  
one of our nuclear subs - the  
Nautilus - while it was under the  
Polar cap.

OFFICIAL  
(Beat)  
What attempt?

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD  
There was no attempt, sir. It  
seems the story was a French hoax.  
But the Russians think the story  
about the story being a French  
hoax is just a story sir.

SECOND OFFICIAL  
So, they've started psi research  
because they thought we were doing  
psi research, when in fact we  
*weren't* doing psi research?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD

Yes sir. But now that they are doing psi research, we're going to have to do psi research, sir. We can't afford to have the Russians leading the field in the paranormal.

The Officials consider this gravely.

49A INT. FORT BRAGG OFFICERS QUARTERS - DAY

49A

Bill looks in a mirror as he admires his new insignia.

BOB (V.O.)

Two weeks later the Army adopted the slogan *Be All You Can Be* and appointed Bill Commander of the first New Earth Army Battalion.

50 INT. CAR - THE PRESENT - DAWN

50

Bob wakes, stiff and cold, in the front of the car. He sits up and looks around, trying to work out where he is. Suddenly he realizes he is ALONE. Afraid, he scans the landscape around him - featureless desert stretches to the horizon.

BOB

(Softly)  
Lyn?

51 EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

51

Bob jumps out of the car, panicking and starts to run in a random direction.

BOB

(As he runs)  
Oh God. Oh God.

He stops, staring at the immense empty landscape ahead of him.

BOB (CONT'D)

LYYYYN!

LYN CASSADY (O.S.)

What?

Bob turns and sees Lyn in a YOGA pose on the roof of the car.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

BOB

I didn't...I thought...What are you doing?

LYN CASSADY

Salute to the Sun.

He finishes and jumps down.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Okay. We're Oscar Mike. (Getting up) That's "On the Move" soldier.

52 EXT. DESERT ROAD - EARLY MORNING

52

The car cuts across the vast landscape, the day already heating up.

53 INSIDE THE CAR

53

Bob is writing in his notebook as Lyn drives. He notices Lyn keeps looking up at the sky.

BOB

What are you doing?

LYN CASSADY

Cloud bursting. Keeps me in shape.

Bob stares up at the clouds.

BOB

Really? Which one?

LYN CASSADY

(pointing)  
That one.

Bob tries to work out which cloud he means.

BOB

*That* one?

LYN CASSADY

No. *That* one. The big one.

BOB

Isn't that one too far away?

Lyn looks at Bob like he's crazy.

LYN CASSADY

They're *all* far away.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

He concentrates on the CLOUD again. Sure enough, it thins and fades until it has DISAPPEARED. Bob stares - not sure what to think.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

And it's gone.

Lyn, smiling up at the sky, doesn't notice that the car is veering off the road a little.

BANG! The two men are slammed forward as the car hits something, Bob smacking his face off the dash.

54 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

54

We see the car has run straight into a large ROCK. This is pretty much the only vertical feature in the otherwise flat landscape.

The two men stand staring at the wrecked front of the car. Bob is holding a handkerchief to his bloody nose. He looks at the car, stares around him at the desert stretching out.

BOB

Jesus Lyn. You had like the whole desert to drive in...

Lyn rubs his face ruefully.

LYN CASSADY

Yeah. I'm sorry about that Bob. Must have got a little bi-locational there, you know? But don't worry. Someone'll come along soon.

55 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - MUCH LATER

55

A sweating Bob sits in the shadow of the car, tossing a COIN. Lyn sits smoking.

LYN WHEATON

Heads.

BOB

(checking the coin)  
Right.

He tosses again.

LYN WHEATON

Heads.

(CONTINUED)

BOB  
(checking)  
Right.

He tosses again.

BOB (CONT'D)  
What's your record at this?

LYN WHEATON  
Two hundred and sixty four. Tails.

BOB  
(checking)  
Right. That's pretty...

He stops, listening. We hear the sound of an approaching ENGINE. The two men turn to see a WHITE PICK-UP TRUCK approaching.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(scrambling to his  
feet)  
Oh thank Christ.

Bob scuttles into the middle of the road, waving frantically. The pick-up slows and pulls over. A YOUNG IRAQI MAN looks out at them.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Can you help us? We drove into a  
rock. Could you take us to a town  
or someplace?

Smiling, the Iraqi gestures to the back of the pick-up.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(relaxing)  
Thank you! Thanks so much!

He grabs his case and climbs up onto the back of the truck. Lyn stares at the driver, then, with a sigh picks up his bag and follows Bob.

As the Truck bumps off down the road, Bob and Lyn sit down and find themselves facing TWO YOUNG IRAQI MEN.

BOB  
Hi! Hello there. Thanks so much  
for this.

The two Young Men smile in a friendly fashion.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Don't know if we would have lasted  
much longer. Phew!

One of the Young Men nods, smiling. He reaches casually forward and takes Lyn's BAG from him. Lyn just sits there, resigned as the Young Man roots through the contents.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(oblivious)  
Yeah, it gets pretty hot out here,  
huh?

The Young Man takes out a ROCK COMPILATION CD from Lyn's bag and inspects it.

YOUNG IRAQI  
(to the other)  
Deep Purple.

They laugh.

BOB  
(laughing too)  
Oh, you speak English? Great. Deep  
Purple. Right. You guys like Deep  
Purple? You like rock or, or...

He suddenly notices the Young Iraqi is holding a HANDGUN.

The Driver leans out the window and shouts something over the roar of the engine. The Young Man next to Lyn takes off his scarf and starts to blindfold Lyn with it.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(smile fading)  
Lyn? Is this...is this...?

LYN CASSADY  
(wearily)  
Yeah.

Bob and Lyn, their hands tied, sit on a mattress in the otherwise empty room, lit by a shaft of moonlight from the small window above them. From next door comes the faint sound of a period song playing. Bob is losing it.

BOB  
We're going to die! I'm going to  
be killed by Al Qaeda!

From the next room we hear the Young Iraqis start to sing along to the track, laughing. Lyn listens.

LYN CASSADY

I don't think they're Al Qaeda.

BOB

Oh what the hell do you know? You don't know! You don't know anything! And this is all your fault!

LYN CASSADY

Bob, there's something I have to tell you. When I said I was retired from the unit, that was a lie. I'm on a mission. DeWitts was just my cover. I've been reactivated. I couldn't tell you because this is a Black Op, but...I think you have a part to play. I think that's why you're with me.

Bob collapses face down on the mattress.

BOB

(muffled)

You're an idiot. You want to know why I'm with you? Because I got drunk. (*Starting to cry a little*) I got drunk and I just wanted to get into Iraq so I could prove to my wife I wasn't...just once that I...And now I'm going to *die*. She's right. I'm such a...

He dissolves into misery. Lyn watches with sympathy.

LYN CASSADY

Have you heard of *Optimum Trajectory* before? (*No answer*) Your life is like a river, Bob. If you're aiming for a goal that isn't your destiny, you will always be swimming against the current. Young Ghandi wants to be a stock-car racer? Not gonna happen. Little Anne Frank wants to be a High School teacher. Tough titty Anne. That's not your destiny. But you *will* go on to move the hearts and minds of millions. Find out what your destiny is and the river will *carry* you. Now sometimes events in life give an individual clues as to where their *Destiny* lies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Like those doodles you just  
"happened" to draw?

He unbuttons his shirt and reveals an EYE tattooed on his chest - very similar to the one Bob had drawn. Bob looks up.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

This is the *Ajna chakra* - the third eye - the symbol of the Jedi. When I saw you'd drawn it...well, the Universe gives me a sign like that, I don't ignore it. You're *meant* to be here with me, Bob. The Jedi inside you sensed that.

Bob stares at the EYE.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Now listen to me. I don't think these guys are FRL's or Mehdi Army... I think we're talking standard criminals here, okay? What they're gonna do is try and sell us on to another group. We can't let that happen.

BOB

How are we gonna stop them?  
There's three of them! And they've got guns!

LYN CASSADY

We're Jedi, Bob. The Jedi don't fight with guns. We fight with our *minds*.

BOB

What do you mean?

LYN CASSADY

Let's say we have no choice but to fight with these men. Then we use *visual aesthetics* to instill psychically in the enemy a disincentive to attack.

BOB

(beat)

What do you mean?

LYN CASSADY

Okay, you lock eyes with one of them, you go into a monotone and you say "No, I'm not going to attack you." You totally relax your body and your voice. And then you rip out one of his eyeballs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Or you use a *pen*, stab him in the neck, create a fountain of blood, I mean really a *fountain*, get the blood to squirt on his buddies. That's a psychic disincentive, right there.

Bob thinks about this, a little nauseated.

BOB

We haven't got a pen.

LYN CASSADY

(sighs)  
You're missing the point.  
(Standing up) Here let me show you something. Stand up.

Bob stands up reluctantly.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Choke me.

BOB

Oh...I don't want to Lyn.

LYN CASSADY

Choke me. What am I gonna do?  
(pointing at his throat) Just here. Choke. Choke.

BOB

I don't think I...there's sharp edges around here...

LYN CASSADY

C'mon...(making quotation marks with his fingers) "Attack me."

Bob stares at him, a little annoyed by this.

BOB

What's with the quotation fingers? That's like implying I'm you know...only capable of ironic attacking or...

LYN CASSADY

Quit jawing, Bob, and choke me.

BOB

(Beat)  
Well, if I *choose* to choke you, what are you going to do?

LYN CASSADY

I'm going to interrupt your thought pattern.

57 CONTINUED: (4)

57

Bob thinks about this then raises his hands to choke Lyn. Lyn THROWS him - sailing through the air. He crashes down into the floor behind Lyn.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

See? I hardly moved. Physics wise there's not much going on. It's the psychic energy that's important. (Beat) You okay?

BOB

(in pain)  
Sharp...edges...

LYN CASSADY

(helping him up)  
You felt fear didn't you? Before hand?

Bob massages his back, impressed despite himself.

BOB

Yes.

LYN CASSADY

Would you say that level of fear was abnormal for you?

Bob thinks about this.

BOB

I don't know. I was pretty terrified anyway but the fear I felt on the run-up to the choking *did* seem, you know, unusual.

LYN CASSADY

(pleased)  
You know why? It wasn't you. It was *me*. I was inside your head. Fighting with the *Mind*.

Suddenly the door opens and one of the Young Iraqis comes in, smiling.

YOUNGER IRAQI

Okay. We go.

58 EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

58

The White Pick-Up bounces over the sand. Bob and Lyn sit in the back with one of the Young Iraqis, who has Lyn's back-pack.

BOB

(softly)  
I'm sorry I freaked out, Lyn.

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY

That's okay. You learnt a lesson.  
"Whatever you fear most has no  
power - it is your fear that has  
power."

BOB

(impressed)  
Huh.

LYN CASSADY

Oprah.

BOB

Uhuh. (Beat) You really don't work  
for DeWitts?

LYN CASSADY

Just my cover.

BOB

(Beat)  
Gus Lacey said you ran a dance  
studio. That was just cover too,  
right?

LYN CASSADY

No. I do run a dance school. I  
love dance.

BOB

Oh. Okay. (Beat) And you're really  
on a mission out here?

LYN CASSADY

In time, Bob.

BOB

(Beat)  
Were you just kidding me back  
there - about me having some Jedi  
in me?

LYN CASSADY

We learn to recognize our own kind  
after a while. You ever dream  
about flying?

BOB

Yes.

LYN CASSADY

That's one of the signs.

BOB

Do you really think so?

LYN CASSADY

Don't you? Haven't you always  
really felt you were different?

Bob considers this.

BOB

Yes. Yes I have.

LYN CASSADY

That's the way it is for us. We're  
the ones who don't fit in as kids.

BOB

Have you always had powers?

LYN CASSADY

Kind of. They used to call me the  
*Jinx*.

BOB

Why?

59 INT. GROOM LAKE, NEVADA - DAY - THE PAST

59

Two TECHNICIANS study COMPUTERS. TITLES READ "AREA 51"  
*Groom Lake, Top Secret Test Flight Base, Nevada. 1983*

TECHNICIAN

(Excited. Into  
microphone)

Foxtrot-117 has launched. Tracking  
now. Charlie-Oscar 31.8066667...

Lyn (30's), in uniform, walks past and both computers  
INSTANTLY CRASH.

VOICE

(over speakers)

We just lost contact! Request  
status? Oh *Crap!*

The TECHNICIANS turn to stare after Lyn. We hear a SIREN  
begin to wail.

60 INT. OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST

60

Lyn stands nervously to attention in front of a very grim  
looking Brigadier General Hopgood.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD

Did you crash those computers?

Lyn opens his mouth to lie, but one glance at Hopgood's  
forbidding countenance changes his mind.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

LYN CASSADY

(miserable)

Yes sir.

Beat. A SLOW GRIN steals over the General's face.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD

(softly)

Far fucking out...

Lyn blinks. This wasn't the reaction he'd expected.

BRIGADIER GENERAL HOPGOOD

How'd you feel about a transfer  
son?

61 INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA - DAY 61

A small group of JEDI RECRUITS, Lyn amongst them, stands facing a stern Bill Django in the abandoned-looking building. The walls have been decorated with COSMIC MURALS.

BILL DJANGO

I am Lieutenant Colonel Bill  
Django. From now on, you  
will speak only when spoken to,  
and the first and last words out  
of your mouth will be "Sir, yes,  
sir!" Do you understand?

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir!

BILL DJANGO

If you complete this course you  
will be a Psychic Weapon, an Angel  
of Death, our enemies Worst  
Nightmare! Until then you are  
*Nothing!* Less than *Nothing!* Do you  
understand?

RECRUITS

SIR, YES, SIR!

BILL DJANGO

(chuckling)

Yeah, I'm only kidding with that  
shit. Okay, what shall we do now?

He stares around the men, expectantly.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

(clapping his hands)

Hey! Lets *dance!*

62 INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY 62

The Jedis are DANCING to some rock, encouraged by Bill.

BILL DJANGO  
Okay! Give it everything you've  
got! That's it!

The Jedis start to dance more frenetically, eyes closed,  
jumping about the room, waving their arms...

Bill notices Lyn, shuffling self-consciously from foot to  
foot.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)  
What's your name son?

LYN CASSADY  
Lyn Cassady sir.

BILL DJANGO  
Where you from?

LYN CASSADY  
Opelousas, Louisiana, sir.

Bill stares at Lyn, taking in his orphan air, his hunted  
look.

BILL DJANGO  
Tough place to grow up?

Lyn shrugs, embarrassed. Bill nods.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)  
You've gotta free your *feet* before  
you can free your *mind*, Lyn.

LYN CASSADY  
(embarrassed)  
Not much of a dancer sir.

Bill examines Lyn's face through narrowed eyes.

BILL DJANGO  
But that isn't true is it Lyn? You  
*can* dance. It's just someone told  
you not to.

63 BEDROOM - 1965 63

A TWELVE YEAR OLD LYN - is dancing away to a track on  
the radio. His FATHER weaves drunkenly past the door and  
stops, watching.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

LYN'S FATHER

Stop acting so fucking QUEER!

He throws his beer can at Lyn and walks on. Lyn stares after him, upset. The RADIO abruptly catches FIRE.

64 INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY

64

Bill watches Lyn with compassion.

64 CONTINUED:

64

BILL DJANGO

Well, I'm your commanding officer  
Lyn, and I'm ordering you to let  
the dance *out!*

Lyn starts to dance with a little more abandon.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

C'mon goddamit! DANCE! Let it go!  
Let it all go!

Lyn starts to go for it. And it's true - he CAN dance.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

(with approval)  
Welcome to the Heroes Journey Lyn.

Lyn smiles shyly.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

(to the room)  
Okay remember everyone, we don't  
officially exist as a unit so I'm  
afraid there's no coffee budget.  
Bring your own coffee. Oh, and no  
solid food for the first week.

As the track continues we...

CUT TO:

65 OMITTED 65

MONTAGE SEQUENCE BEGINS

66 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY 66

UNIFORMED SOLDIERS march double time across the parade  
deck.

SPECIAL FORCES TROOPS

"I don't know but I've been told  
Eskimo Pussy is mighty cold..."

67 EXT. - DAY - JEDI WARRIORS 67

...marching, chanting a mantra.

JEDI WARRIORS

Ommmm...

68 INT. MESS HALL - DAY 68

Soldiers shovel in mouthfuls of creamed potato and steak.

69 INT. MESS HALL - DAY - JEDI WARRIORS 69

...sipping their vegetable juice.

70 EXT. FIELD - DAY 70

The Jedis stand watching a JEEP driving down a course marked out on the field.

71 INT. INSIDE THE JEEP - DAY 71

Bill sits next to a nervous JEDI TRAINEE who is driving. The Jedi is BLINDFOLDED.

BILL DJANGO

(calmly)

Okay, you're doing very well. Now  
*feel* the next bend...

72 EXT. ON THE FIELD - DAY 72

The Jedis SCATTER as the jeep swerves erratically off the course and drives straight towards them...

73 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 73

SOLDIERS examine a DIAGRAM of BATTLE TACTICS.

74 INT. JEDI CLASSROOM - DAY 74

The Jedis examine a blackboard on which Bill is writing:  
*"Before going into Battle the JEDI utilizes A) Yogic Cat Stretch. B) Primal scream and leap. C) Belgian waffle. D) Ginseng E) Amphetamines."*

75 EXT. FIELD - DAY 75

The Jedis stare doubtfully at the bed of HOT COALS in front of them. One JEDI stands ready, his feet bare.

BILL DJANGO

Okay, *only* when you're ready.

The Jedi nods nervously, hesitates, starts to WALK ON THE COALS, almost immediately starts to SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)  
 (encouraging)  
 Think *cold!* Think real *cold!*

76 EXT. FORT BRAGG - ROOFTOP - SUNSET 76

Bill leads the Jedis in the EARTH PRAYER as they face the setting sun.

JEDIS  
 Mother Earth, my life support system as a soldier, I must drink your blue water. I pray my boots will always kiss your face and my footsteps match your heartbeat. I am yours and you are mine. I salute you.

77 INT. EX-MESS HALL - EVENING 77

Bill leads the Jedis in another dancing session - rock music blasting - the men dancing in a variety of nerdish and demented ways. Their uniforms have been supplemented with odd, personal touches: hats, badges, sunglasses, a poncho...

We find Lyn dancing in blissful, idiotic abandonment.

BOB (V.O.)  
 After years of feeling like an oddball Lyn had finally found a home. At last he was amongst men who prided themselves on being different.

78 EXT. BRIG. GENERAL HOPGOOD'S GARDEN - DAY - THE PAST 78

Bill leads the Jedis and Brigadier General Hopgood in a complex YOGA MOVE. We CLOSE on LYN.

BOB (V.O.)  
 These were Golden Days for Lyn. There was something so noble and pure in Bill's vision that the Jedis felt themselves inspired to be *more* than soldiers. In a world torn apart by greed and hate they would be a force for good, for peace.

A BUTTERFLY lands on Lyn's outstretched hand. He watches it with a gentle smile.

78 CONTINUED:

78

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 For the first time in his life Lyn  
 felt truly happy.

The Butterfly flits away and lands on an APPLE in the  
 tree overhead.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Then into the garden a serpent did  
 come.

79 INT. DINNER PARTY - NIGHT - THE PAST

79

GUESTS sit eating dinner around the large table.  
 Brigadier General Hopgood is talking to his WIFE. He  
 turns back to find the FORK in his hand BENT DOUBLE.

He looks in amazement at the man sitting beside him -  
 LARRY HOOPER.

BOB (V.O.)  
 Larry Hooper was a failed Sci-Fi  
 writer from Colorado, recruited to  
 the Jedis after Brigadier General  
 Hopgood met him at a spoon-bending  
 party.

Other guests laugh and applaud.

80 EXT. FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT - THE PAST

80

A WEDDING CELEBRATION is in progress. SCOTTY MERCER - one  
 of the JEDI RECRUITS - is dancing, beaming with his new  
 BRIDE. Guests - Lyn and the other Jedis amongst them -  
 stand watching, clapping and cheering, a boisterous  
 atmosphere of *bonhomie*. Larry watches the revellers with  
 contempt.

BOB (V.O.)  
 Right from the start he had made  
 himself unpopular with the other  
 Jedis.

Scotty and his wife are walking off the dance floor.  
 Larry stops him to shake his hand.

LARRY HOOPER  
 Congratulations Scotty. I'm sorry  
 it doesn't work out for you two.

Scotty's face falls. The other Jedis glare at Larry. One  
 of them makes a move towards him but Lyn holds him back.

81 INT. MESS HALL - DAY - THE PAST 81

The Jedis eat at one table. Larry sits alone and shunned at another table. Lyn walks over with a tray, hesitates seeing Larry alone.

BOB (V.O.)  
Larry made it quite clear that he despised most of the other Jedis.

Feeling sorry for him Lyn sits beside Larry. Larry flushes red.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But Lyn - Lyn was different.  
(Beat) He really *hated* Lyn.

82 INT. PSI EXPERIMENT ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 82

Scotty, Larry and Lyn sit focusing on a wall of SMALL WOODEN CUPBOARDS. Each cupboard has a letter and number printed on its door.

BILL DJANGO  
A-9.

The three men focus on the cupboard in question.

SCOTTY  
It's...it's something cylindrical?  
I think it's a pencil?

BILL DJANGO  
Okay. Larry?

Larry rolls his eyes up in his head, speaks in a high wavering voice with a bad cockney accent.

LARRY HOOPER  
This is Larry's Spirit Guide,  
Maud. I'm looking into  
the cupboard now and I'm  
seeing...I'm seeing...a tin mug?

BILL DJANGO  
Lyn?

Lyn stares at his hands, focused. He looks up suddenly, puzzled.

LYN CASSADY  
It's a man on a chair.

Bill unlocks the little cupboard and takes a photograph of the Lincoln Memorial. There are murmurs of admiration from the watching Jedis.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

LARRY HOOPER

(blustering)

Oh, no, wait. See, I thought you  
said K, not A!

Bill ignores him, smiles at Lyn.

BILL DJANGO

Bravo Zulu, Lyn. Outstanding.

Larry looks daggers at Lyn.

83 EXT. FIELD - DAY - THE PAST

83

Lyn is walking calmly over the HOT COALS as the other  
Jedis watch, impressed.

84 INT. GYM - DAY - THE PAST

84

Bill is leading the Jedis in AIKIDO.

BILL DJANGO

Aikido is a vehicle for  
harmonizing ourselves with the  
Universe and the Way. Look upon  
these sessions as an opportunity  
to discover yourself and your  
training partner in a loving  
environment.

LATER

Larry flails violently at Lyn. Lyn FLIPS him with ease.  
Larry gets up and CHARGES bellowing at Lyn who FLIPS him  
out of the frame. Bill joins Lyn.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

(addressing the  
watching Jedi's)

Notice how Lyn's circular motions  
turned Larry's  
aggression back upon him. Good  
work Lyn.

A CHAIR flies through the frame, just missing Lyn's head.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

(without looking at  
him)

Larry, go outside, calm down.

85 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST

85

Lyn lies on a couch drinking a beer, staring at a large  
BROWN ENVELOPE. Bill sits beside him with pad and paper.

(CONTINUED)

Lyn opens the envelope and stares at the PHOTOGRAPH of the NATO GENERAL inside.

BOB (V.O.)

After a year's training, Lyn was given his first tasking. A senior Nato General had been kidnapped by Red Brigade members in Italy. Bill was unofficially asked if his unit would be able to help find him before it was too late.

LYN CASSADY

(concentrating)

We're north of Verona. It's a little town. There's a lake nearby. I can see a Cinema. Across from the Cinema is a shop or, or...it's a cafe. He's in the apartment above. The town is called...it's something sweet. (Beat) Dolce. It's called Dolce.

Bill looks proudly over to where an important looking OFFICIAL watches from the next room. The Official looks impressed.

BOB (V.O.)

It's true that the unit never found out whether any of their remote viewings were accurate or not. Nevertheless from that moment on Lyn's reputation soared.

Lyn stands in front of the other Jedis.

BILL DJANGO

Rank, medals...these things mean little to the Jedi. But growth in spirit, in wisdom, in psychic power, these things earn our respect.

He presents Lyn with an EAGLE FEATHER.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

Native Americans believed that when one received an Eagle feather, it was the mark of love, of gratitude and ultimate respect. Only true Human Beings may carry the Eagle feather.

He gives the feather to a deeply moved Lyn, as the other Jedis applaud. Larry watches Lyn with HATE.

87 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 87

Lyn lies on the couch, drinking another beer, the Eagle Feather on a chain around his neck. A period song is playing in the room.

BOB (V.O.)  
The word soon got out in the intelligence community that there was a sergeant at Fort Bragg who could find whatever you needed found. It was as if Lyn could fly anywhere in the world without leaving his room.

We TRACK INTO LYN'S EYE - UNTIL WE ARE INSIDE HIS MIND.

LYN'S MIND P.O.V - We move towards the wall.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
As Bill Django said - the Force truly was strong with this one.

As the song breaks into the chorus we burst through the wall, into freedom...

88 EXT. THE SKY - DAY - THE PAST 88

As the track continues and we RACE over the land, flying faster and faster, free as a bird, swooping up towards a huge SUN, until the screens WHITES OUT and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

89 THE SUN - RISING - THE PRESENT 89

...as the Pick-up with Bob and Lyn in the back pulls up next to another TRUCK.

Two MEN dressed in black with their *kaffiyeh* covering their faces stand by it staring at them. In the back seat of the Truck sits a blindfolded IRAQI MAN.

The Driver of the Pick-Up crosses to the TWO INSURGENTS with a half-gallon bottle of WATER and passes it to them. They drink and confer briefly in Arabic. He turns and gestures to the other two Young Iraqis who push Lyn and Bob down from the back of the pick-up. Lyn stands still.

YOUNG IRAQI  
(gesturing again)  
*Etaharrak!*

BOB  
Lyn?

(CONTINUED)

LYN CASSADY

(gently)  
It's okay, Bob. We're not getting  
into that truck.

The First Young Iraqi gestures more angrily at the Truck.

YOUNG IRAQI

*Edkhol!*

LYN CASSADY

Don't move Bob.

BOB

(scared, whispering)  
Are you going to use the Blob?

LYN CASSADY

Let's hope it doesn't come to  
that.

One of the Insurgents stirs and says something softly in Arabic. The other laughs. Angrily the First Young Iraqi takes out a HANDGUN and levels it at Lyn.

YOUNG IRAQI

*EDKHOL!*

Lyn raises one hand towards him.

LYN CASSADY

You can put your weapon away.  
You're not interested in us.

The Young Iraqi points the gun at Bob who starts to walk towards the truck.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

(firmly)  
Stay where you are Bob.

Bob stops.

BOB

Shit...shit...

LYN CASSADY

(to the Iraqi,  
calmly)  
We can go about our business.

Apparently having had enough one the Insurgents pulls his own GUN out and aims at Lyn. The tension builds. Suddenly Bob remembers the phrase he was taught.

BOB

(blurting)  
*La termi, ana sahafi!*

(CONTINUED)

Immediately everyone stares at Bob. The Insurgent OPENS FIRE at him.

Terrified Bob, dives across the sand. The Young Iraqi behind him also scrambles for cover.

Still firing, the Insurgent is suddenly aware of Lyn sprinting towards him. Before he can turn to aim at him, Lyn LEAPS into the air, spinning around, face contorted as he emits a bizarre SHRIEK.

We FREEZE-FRAME ON HIM, HUNG IN MID-AIR.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Now at the time I thought Lyn was having some kind of *fit* here. Later I discovered what he was actually doing was performing the *Echmeyer* technique.

CLOSE on a man who looks like WOODY ALLEN in a jungle hat. He has his eyes closed in IMMENSE CONCENTRATION. A bead of sweat runs down his face. SUPERED TITLES read: BEN ECHMEYER.

BOB (V.O.)  
 Ben Echmeyer was a Vietnam vet with sixty-three confirmed kills. He remains the only non-Korean to achieve the rank of Master in Kwa Ra Do. He was one of the Jedi teachers at Fort Bragg.

REVERSE

SHOOTING from behind Ben to the rows of JEDI RECRUITS watching with expressions of mingled admiration and horror.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It was said he could have a tug of war with a dozen men and not move an inch.

We PAN DOWN the back of BEN and find he is NAKED from the waist down. A SAND BAG is somehow hanging between his legs.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 He was also able to lift bags of sand on *hooks* hung through his *scrotum*.

A RECRUIT raises a hand.

90 CONTINUED:

90

JEDI RECRUIT

Sir, what's the practical application of this?

91 EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY - THE PAST

91

OVER-HEAD SHOT - Ben lies on the ground staring up at us. We hear the sound of an approaching engine.

BOB (V.O.)

Another demonstration involved letting a recruit drive a jeep over him. This, in the end, was to be his undoing.

Next second a JEEP roars straight over Ben, going at sixty miles an hour.

We FREEZE FRAME on the JEEP.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Before his untimely death Ben caused quite a stir by advocating his controversial "shock and awe" knife attack method.

92 INT. DOJO - DAY

92

Ben leaps spastically in the air, spinning and shrieking, a knife held in one hand.

BOB (V.O.)

The approach was hailed by some knife aficionados as revolutionary but criticized by others who believed that the leaping and spinning might lead you to accidentally stab yourself.

TRACKING ALONG BEN'S TRAINEE JEDIS - as they watch his display.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lyn Cassady, however, became a firm convert to the style.

We reach LYN who TURNS TO CAMERA.

LYN CASSADY

Ben, you're not forgotten. The knife you gave me lies next to my beret. God bless Ben Echmeyer.

93 EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

93

We UN-FREEZE ON LYN - as he whirls and shrieks towards the Insurgent. Bob watches amazed from where he lies on the sand.

BOB (V.O.)  
Of course, Lyn didn't actually have a knife with him at this particular time...so I still think what he did was kinda...reckless.

The Insurgent, understandably startled, flinches backwards, trips over the water bottle and falls on his ass.

Lyn scoops up the gallon bottle of water and begins to POUND the fallen man with it. The Young Iraqi moves to intervene but Lyn smacks him in the face with the bottle.

The BLINDFOLDED IRAQI IN THE TRUCK manages to open the door and stumbles out, claws his blindfold off and races away over the sand.

The second Insurgent is distracted for a moment by his victim's flight. When he turns back Lyn has scooped up the Insurgent's GUN and is aiming it at him.

Beat. Nobody moves.

94 EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

94

The sun is rising as the PICK-UP TRUCK roars over the sand and swerves onto the road.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Lyn drives. Bob is leaning out of the window, staring at the road behind them.

BOB  
(pulling his head  
back in)  
They're not coming! We're okay! Oh  
God, we're gonna be okay!

The Truck crests a hill and we see the IRAQI MAN running desperately down the road ahead of us, his hands tied.

LYN CASSADY  
There he is.

He puts his foot down and the truck roars after the running man.

(CONTINUED)

TRACKING SHOT - pulling the IRAQI MAN, running for all he's worth.

Lyn leans out of the truck window as he drives up behind him.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)  
 (yelling over the  
 engine)  
 Sir? You're okay! We're Americans.  
 We're here to help you!

Terrified the Man sprints faster. Lyn tries to pass him, but the Man veers at the same time and the truck CLIPS him, sending him flying.

IN THE TRUCK

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)  
 Oh crap!

BOB  
 What happened?

LYN CASSADY  
 (braking)  
 I think I just ran him over.

Lyn runs over to where the MAN lies moaning on the road, his head bleeding.

LYN CASSADY  
 Sir? Are you okay? (Beat) Bob,  
 give me a hand here will you?

Bob gets out and the two lift the Iraqi Man and begin to carry him back towards the truck.

They stop listening to an approaching rumble.

BOB  
 Oh shit! Oh shit, they're coming!

They scuttle faster back towards the truck, the Iraqi Man dangling between them.

Next second, two GLEAMING WHITE SUVs crest the hill and roar towards them. Seeing the road blocked by the truck, the SUVs screech to a halt and several MEN IN FLAK JACKETS AND SUNGLASSES tumble out in formation, aiming their M-16's at Lyn and Bob.

ARMED MEN'S P.O.V - Lyn and Bob stare at them before dropping the bound Iraqi on the ground. Bob waves nervously.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

We hear the opening of a period song as we...

96 INT. S.U.V - DAY

96

LAPTOP SCREEN

We're rushing over a CGI DESERT, between the CGI rivers Tigress and Euphrates towards a GLEAMING CITY rising from the sand.

NIXON (O.S.)

Then I say "*There it is. The Future!*"

Bob and the Iraqi Man sit beside TODD NIXON - a suit. Lyn sits behind in between two of the PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS, who are nodding along to the music playing in the car.

Nixon, holding the LAPTOP for Bob to see, watches the screen, moved.

NIXON (CONT'D)

We play this on these big screens at the conferences, you know? This trumpet music blasting out. Every time I see it, it gets me.

He glances over at the Iraqi Man who is holding a dressing to the cut on his forehead, pale and shaken.

NIXON (CONT'D)

You a businessman, sir?

The Iraqi Man nods.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Yeah, Ali Babas have been targeting locals lately. ( *Holding out his hand* ) Todd Nixon, Army Small Business Office.

IRAQI MAN

(shaking)  
Mahmud Daash.

NIXON

Ask me what business I'm in, Muhammad.

MAHMUD DAASH

(weakly)  
Mahmud. What business are you in sir?

(CONTINUED)

NIXON

Right now, I'm in the Quality of Life business.

Nixon nods, smiling, pleased with the line.

NIXON (CONT'D)

(To Bob)

We've got 25 million Iraqis out here who wanna be independent, wanna make something of their lives. But more than anything else they wanna *buy* stuff. Cell phones, digital cameras, leisure suits - you name it. If it sells in Boston, then we can damn well sell it in Baghdad! (To Mahmud) Am I right Muhammad? (To Bob) He knows what I'm talking about. We've got Halliburton, Parsons, Perini...just in the *primes*. We're gonna have Macdonalds, we're gonna have Starbucks...No corporate tax. It's a gold-rush. Oh, and by the way, *fuck* the French! (Laughing) Did you hear that shit? Chirac wants to bring French contractors in? Can you *believe* that? Hey, Phil? Raise one hand if you like the French.

THE DRIVER

(their double act)

Raise both your hands if you are French!

He raises both his hands.

NIXON

(laughing)

Yeah, okay...watch the wheel Phil. (To Bob) Year Zero boys.

Bob nods politely.

THE BACK SEAT

Lyn prepares an INJECTION for himself. He feels the Security Guard beside him watching. He notices the name of the company on the man's badge - *Krom Security*.

LYN CASSADY

(making conversation)

What's *Krom*?

The Security Guard continues to watch him through his mirrored shades.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY MAN

(Texan accent)  
God of War.

LYN CASSADY

(interested)  
Really? Is that Norse?

SECURITY MAN

Conan the Barbarian. S'in the  
movie.

Lyn injects himself.

LYN CASSADY

Right.

Lyn notices the Chilean Security Guard on his other side  
has a tattoo on his arm - "*Viva Pinochet!*"

DRIVER

(suddenly)  
Okay. We're in Indian Country.  
Check six.

The SUV's are approaching a town and other cars have  
appeared on the road. The Security Men on either side  
instantly lean out of their windows with their M-16's -  
aiming them at the cars which swerve out of their way in  
fear.

NIXON

(To Bob)

I was pretty down for a while  
about not getting any trigger time  
in this war Bob, but you know what  
I've learnt? Our greatest weapon  
against evil is *commerce*. When  
these people have quality consumer  
items they will no longer want to  
kill Americans.

He turns to gaze at the TOWN they are now driving into.

NIXON (CONT'D)

We're not gonna rest until there's  
a satellite dish on every one of  
those  
roofs.

Behind him the sound of CARS BRAKING AND SWERVING  
continues.

97 EXT. TOWN - GAS STATION - DAY 97

A LONG line of cars are waiting for gas - Iraqi men, women and children, suffering in the heat. Many of them have been there for hours. The SUVs approach.

98 INSIDE THE SUV 98

The driver of the first SUV radios Nixon's car.

FIRST DRIVER (O.S.)  
(Over radio)  
We've got a line for the gas station here. Are we waiting?

NIXON'S DRIVER  
(into radio)  
Negative. We'd be way too exposed. We're taking the station. Go in fangs out.

He accelerates.

99 EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS 99

...as the two SUV's roar up, horns blaring, M-16's bristling from the windows. The lead SUV rams the car at the head of the line and sweeps it out of its path. Nixon's SUV barrels through the gap and screeches to a halt by the pumps. The THREE SECURITY MEN roll out showily, machine guns ready.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN  
Secure the perimeter!

The men fan out to the corners of the station, while the first SUV blocks the road and more SECURITY pile out, guns raised to cover the line of cars. There are howls of protest from the waiting Iraqis.

Inside the SUV Bob, Lyn and Mahmud watch in astonishment.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN (CONT'D)  
Give her the go-juice, Eddy!

CHILEAN SECURITY MAN  
I filled her up last time.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN  
Bullshit.

NIXON  
(cheerfully, out of the window)  
He did fill her up last time Gary.

(CONTINUED)

TEXAN SECURITY MAN

With respect sir, bull-fucking-shit. I tanked her last time.

THIRD SECURITY MAN

Every time! Can we get some sort of fucking system so we don't...

We hear a sudden, sharp POPPING sound. Immediately the Men drop into CROUCHES, scanning the area.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN

(yelling)

Contact! We've got contact!

He opens FIRE - IMMEDIATE CHAOS: people scream, duck down, some cars reverse desperately and collide with the cars behind. The other Security Men join in the shooting.

THIRD SECURITY MAN

(shooting)

Where? Where's the shooter?

100

ACROSS THE STREET

100

Another SUV - identical, but black, is passing, hemmed in by traffic. A stray BULLET from the gas-station pings off it's armor plating. Immediately it screeches to a halt and a NEW DETACHMENT OF SECURITY MEN roll from the car - same flak-jackets and Oakley sunglasses but different color uniforms.

NEW SECURITY MAN

(into radio)

Contact! We're under fire!

The New Detachment open FIRE blindly in the general direction of the Station.

101

GAS STATION

101

...as bullets smack off the parked SUV.

THIRD SECURITY MAN

Two o'clock! Two o'clock!

All the Security Men turns and begin spraying bullets across the road. Car windshields and windows explode.

INSIDE THE SUV

A scowling Nixon has slid low in his seat.

NIXON

(muttering to himself)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

NIXON (CONT'D)  
Trying to help you fucking  
savages.

Mahmud, Bob and Lyn are lying flat on the seats.

MAHMUD DAASH  
My house is not far. We could walk  
from here.

Bob flinches as another bullet ricochets off the SUV.

BOB  
Sounds good Muhammad.

MAHMUD DAASH  
Mahmud.

102 GAS STATION 102

As machine-gun fire from across the street strafes the station and Nixon's Security men return fire blindly.

FIRST SECURITY MAN  
(yelling into Radio)  
Krom One this is Freedom Frontier.  
We are under attack. This is a  
FUBAR situation. Requesting Kiowa!

Behind him Lyn, Bob and Mahmud crawl across the station on their hands and knees, bullets zipping past them.

103 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER 103

Mahmud leads Bob and Lyn at a crouching run down the street, amongst the crowd of Iraqis fleeing the gunfire behind them. We hear the *whup-whup* of a helicopter as a Kiowa Warrior passes over head.

Moments later we hear an EXPLOSION as the helicopter opens fire with a MISSILE...

104 INT. MAHMUD'S HOUSE - EVENING 104

TRACKING along a wall, past a crooked WEDDING PORTRAIT - a smiling Mahmud and WIFE, the glass broken...

BOB (V.O.)  
Muhammad led us to his home which  
it turned out had been robbed in  
his absence.

We TRACK past a row of BULLET HOLES in the wall, a section of smoke damaged wall paper.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And also accidentally set on fire  
by a US tank. Neighbors told him  
his wife had  
left, they weren't sure where she  
had gone.

We reach Bob, Lyn and Mahmud eating at a low table. The windows behind them have been partially boarded up. Mahmud is sunk into a profound depression. Lyn looks tired, pale. They eat in awkward silence.

LYN CASSADY  
What is this?

MAHMUD DAASH  
*Taameeyah.*

LYN CASSADY  
They're really good.

Bob nods politely. Mahmud nods, sighs.

BOB (V.O.)  
I understood he was going through  
a lot, but considering we had  
saved him from kidnappers I still  
thought his welcome could have  
been a little warmer.

Lyn clears his throat.

LYN CASSADY  
I'm very sorry for running you  
over, sir.

Mahmud shrugs.

MAHMUD DAASH  
It was an accident.

LYN CASSADY  
(Beat)  
And I apologize for that security  
detachment. Please don't think all  
Americans are like that.

Mahmud nods. Beat.

MAHMUD DAASH  
I apologize for the kidnappers.

Lyn demurs softly.

LYN CASSADY

Not your fault sir. I mean we get  
kidnappers in America too,  
so...you know. There's always, uh,  
*bad apples*, right?

The men eat in silence for a moment. Mahmud stares  
blankly at his plate, looking crumpled and lost. Bob  
watches him, faintly irritated. Lyn tries to think of  
something comforting to say.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

(carefully)  
*Akhir il ahzan.* (May this be the  
last of your sorrows.)

Mahmud looks at him, startled perhaps by the unexpected  
Arabic phrase.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

Did I say it wrong?

Mahmud shakes his head, moved but embarrassed.

MAHMUD DAASH

No...that was right.

They eat in silence.

Lyn and Bob are sharing a bed. Bob looks out of the  
window and notices a CLOUD over the moon. He concentrates  
on it, trying to "bust" it. Nothing happens. He sighs,  
looks over to Lyn who is staring at the wall, lost once  
more in dark thoughts.

BOB

Lyn?

LYN CASSADY

What?

BOB

What are you thinking?

LYN CASSADY

Just Mahmud. People try to build  
something of their lives,  
something lasting, something  
*good...* but there's always someone  
wants to smash it up...

DISSOLVE TO:

107 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 107

BOB (V.O.)  
Lyn was thinking of Larry Hooper  
and the part he had played in the  
destruction of the New earth Army.  
But, in fairness, the Jedis' own  
eccentricities hadn't exactly won  
them many allies in the Army.

A JEDI - TIM KOOTZ - lies on the couch in a TRANCE, Bill  
sitting beside him with pen and paper.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
For example, there was Tim Kootz  
who, on being asked to ascertain  
the whereabouts of General Manuel  
Noriega, had replied...

Tim jerks awake from his trance.

TIM KOOTZ  
(firmly)  
Ask Angela Lansbury.

BILL DJANGO  
(beat)  
What's that Tim?

TIM KOOTZ  
Ask Angela Lansbury.

Bill looks up to an CIA AGENT observing from the next  
room. The Agent frowns.

108 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - THE PAST 108

Bill waits a little anxiously. The CIA Agent walks up to  
him.

CIA AGENT  
We asked Angela Lansbury.

BILL DJANGO  
And?

CIA AGENT  
She said she didn't know where  
General Noriega was.

109 INT. STAFF CAR - FORT BRAGG - DAY - THE PAST 109

MAJOR GENERAL JACK GILLING is being driven through the  
base. As he stares out of the window his expression  
suddenly changes to one of amazement.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

BOB (V.O.)  
Or there was the time Major  
General Gilling was visiting the  
base and saw Jedi trainee Clifford  
Hickox...

RUSSELL'S P.O.V - we are driving past the training  
course. A bare-chested, long-haired Hickox is dancing  
around a wooden pole to which he is attached by two long  
wires and metal hooks which are stuck in his bleeding  
nipples.

BOB (CONT'D)  
...practising the ancient Sun  
Dance of the Sioux Nation.

110 INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG - DAY - THE PAST 110

Bill is introducing a young, fresh-faced recruit -  
LIEUTENANT NORM PENDLETON to the other Jedis.

BOB (V.O.)  
The Jedis survived such minor  
scandals, protected, it was  
rumored, by a President who was a  
fan of both the Star Wars films  
and the paranormal himself. But  
then, one summer,  
a young, likeable Lieutenant  
called Norman Pendleton was  
recruited to the New Earth Army...

Larry Hooper examines the new recruit with interest.

111 EXT. FIELD - MORNING - THE PAST 111

Larry and Norm are jogging together, deep in  
conversation.

BOB (V.O.)  
Larry Hooper wasted no time  
befriending the newcomer.  
Desperate to compete with Lyn,  
Larry had been doing research into  
the infamous CIA MK-ULTRA  
experiments which he believed  
could enhance his own psychic  
powers.

112 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 112

Norm sits on the couch, smiling innocently as Larry  
wheels an ELECTRONIC DEVICE on wheels over to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

BOB (V.O.)

All he needed was a lab rat to try them out on, check if they were safe.

Larry, making sure Norm can't see, is pouring a massive dose of LSD into a DRINK. He gives the glass a quick stir and turns, smiling, to Norm with it.

113 INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY - LATER 113

Norm lies tripping on the couch, rigid, wide-eyed, wearing headphones, connected to the electronic device, which emit disturbing electronic frequencies.

Larry stands at the light switch, turning the red bulb overhead on and off, eagerly watching Norm's reaction - a modern day Frankenstein.

BOB (V.O.)

It turned out they weren't.

114 CLOSE ON LARRY - LATER 114

...cowering terrified under the couch, as the sound of GUNSHOTS fill the room. Norm's NAKED LEGS stride past him.

115 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY 115

A NAKED AND DEMENTED NORM walks through the base, firing random shots at scattering soldiers with his Beretta. He finds Bill blocking his way.

BILL DJANGO

(gently)

Norm? Give me the gun, Norm.

Norm starts to cry. Then he puts the gun into his mouth...

116 INT. DISCIPLINARY HEARING - DAY 116

Norm's father - MAJOR GENERAL PENDLETON - stares fixedly to where Bill and Brigadier General Hopgood sit in the hearing - his expression filled with icy rage.

BOB (V.O.)

Norm's father, who it turned out was pretty high up in the Pentagon, wanted blood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Although the Jedis were pretty  
sure Larry was responsible,  
nothing could be proved and when  
he was called to the disciplinary  
hearing Larry made sure to smear  
Bill with everything he could...

117 LARRY TALKING BEFORE THE HEARING

117

...looking every inch the neat, professional soldier.

LARRY HOOPER  
Lieutenant Colonel Django used  
funds from the project's black  
budget to procure prostitutes...

The OFFICIALS listening register shock and dismay. Bill  
stands up, outraged.

BILL DJANGO  
That's a lie!

LARRY HOOPER  
...and also drugs for himself and  
his men.

Bill jumps to his feet again.

BILL DJANGO  
That's a...(catches himself) Well  
the hooker thing is *definitely* a  
lie!

The OFFICIALS look at him as if he were SATAN himself.

BOB (V.O.)  
Brigadier General Hopgood resigned  
and died some years later. Bill  
received a dishonorable discharge.

118 OMITTED

118

119 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

119

Bill, a broken man, is walking off the base. He reaches  
the gates and sees Lyn waiting for him.

BILL DJANGO  
Continue the work, Lyn. The World  
needs the Jedis, now more than  
ever.

Lyn can't speak. Bill hugs him and walks off, the gates  
closing after him.

120 INT. FORT BRAGG - BARBERSHOP - DAY 120

The Jedis sit having their hair shaved with electric clippers. The Jedi's NEW COMMANDER - MAJOR HOLTZ - not a shred of New Age sympathy in his regulation heart - walks down the line, examining his men coldly.

BOB (V.O.)  
After Bill left, Major Holtz of  
Special Forces took command of the  
Jedis.

Lyn stares at his reflection as his long hair falls to the floor.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And nothing was ever the same  
again.

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - THE PRESENT 121

Bob wakes up, listening to the sound of Lyn's laboured breathing.

Across the room Lyn sits, sweating with pain, preparing an injection. We see he has used the LAST OF THE MEDICINE. He injects himself, his breathing beginning to ease and sits staring at the empty VIAL. Bob watches for a moment then shuts his eyes, feigning sleep.

122 EXT. ROAD - DAY 122

Lyn and Bob are waiting on the quiet road which is studded with burnt out CARS.

Mahmud drives an old Renault out of a warehouse and over to them. He gets out the car and hands Lyn the keys.

LYN CASSADY  
I really appreciate this sir.

123 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER 123

Lyn watches Mahmud in the mirror as they drive away. He stands in the middle of the road, staring at his feet. They drive on.

124 EXT. DESERT - ROAD - DAY 124

As the car cuts across the landscape.

125 EXT. DESERT - ROAD - LATER 125

The car has pulled over at a junction.

126 INSIDE THE CAR 126

Lyn sits staring out at the emptiness, looking, perhaps for the first time, worried.

BOB  
(peevish)  
Jesus Christ. We could'a *bought* a map if you'd said.

LYN CASSADY  
Bedouins have been navigating this desert for centuries without maps. You can use a wrist-watch in conjunction with the sun.

BOB  
Well?

LYN CASSADY  
What?

BOB  
(exasperated)  
Well...use your *watch*.

LYN CASSADY  
I haven't got a watch.

BOB  
Oh for the love of...Here...

He gives Lyn his watch. Lyn looks at the watch and turns to stare at Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)  
What?

LYN CASSADY  
This is a *digital* watch, Bob.

BOB  
So? That's...

LYN CASSADY  
So you need a watch with *hands* for Christ's sake!

BOB  
Well how the hell am I supposed to know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

You're the navigation expert here.  
You *told* me you could find the  
way.

LYN CASSADY

Will, if you'd just be quiet for  
a...

BOB

Turns out you haven't even got a  
watch! Now what the hell are we...

LYN CASSADY

Will you shut up? I don't *need* a  
watch. I'm using Level Two.

BOB

(Beat)  
What?

LYN CASSADY

Level Two. Intuition. We were  
trained to make correct decisions.  
Somebody runs up to you and says  
"There's a fork in the road. Do we  
turn left or do we turn right? And  
you go...(snapping his fingers)  
"We go right!"

Bob stares at him.

BOB

Just...instant?

LYN CASSADY

Instant. (Snapping his fingers)  
Just like that.

BOB

WE'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR HALF  
AN HOUR! HOW'S THAT "INSTANT?"

Lyn abruptly starts the engine and takes the right turn.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, it's *that* way?

LYN CASSADY

(grimly)  
Yes. It's this way.

BOB

Right. Now you know.

127 CONTINUED:

127

Below us the car drives off into the empty landscape, getting smaller and smaller. Then...

BOOM. We see the flash of the explosion and the Renault is flipped like a toy car. A ribbon of black smoke rises into the blue sky. Silence.

128 EXT. DESERT - LATER

128

BOB'S P.O.V - We are stumbling forward towards a sand berm. We hear the sound of heavy breathing.

BOB (O.S.)  
(croaking)  
What...what happened?

Lyn is staggering over the sand with Bob on his back. He is holding his backpack. Bob has a gash on his forehead which is bleeding. Under the blood his face is white. In the distance, behind them, we can see the column of black smoke rising.

LYN CASSADY  
IED.

BOB  
(Beat)  
What?

LYN CASSADY  
Improvised Explosive Device.

BOB  
Oh Jesus.

LYN CASSADY  
You're okay Bob. It's gonna be okay.

BOB  
I can't believe this. Great  
fucking intuition Lyn. I  
can't...put me down. I can walk.  
Put me down.

Lyn puts Bob down. Bob keels sideways onto the sand and lies there, wheezing.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jeez. Oh, Jeez.

LYN CASSADY  
Alright, c'mon...

He hauls Bob to his feet, puts his baseball cap on him and pulls him onto his back. Bob hangs there limply as Lyn sets off again.

(CONTINUED)

Lyn reaches up and gropes at Bob's face, removing his spectacles. Bob doesn't notice.

BOB

Where are we going? We should stay with the car so the army can find us.

LYN CASSADY

Fedayeen will find us first.

BOB

Well, I disagree. I totally disagree.(Beat) The Federal what?

LYN CASSADY

Fedayeen Saddam. Paramilitary. Fellas who probably laid the IED. They could be on their way now. Hold this Bob.

He passes Bob his backpack. They stagger on in silence for a moment, Bob jogging up and down on Lyn's back. Lyn snaps the legs off Bob's glasses, uses them as improvised *divining rods* to scan the sand ahead.

BOB

What are you doing?

LYN CASSADY

Could be IED's or mines around here. I'm checking for disturbances in the telluric current.

BOB

(still dazed)  
Are they my glasses?

Lyn doesn't answer, keeps on walking, struggling a little under the weight. Beat.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jesus, it's hot. I'm so hot.  
(Beat) Aren't you hot?

LYN CASSADY

(not unkindly)  
Bob? It's pretty important you keep your mouth closed, okay? You can lose a lot of water through an open mouth.

He staggers on with him.

129 EXT. DESERT - LATER

129

Bob trails after Lyn, his shirt tied around his head, breathing hard. Lyn is still scanning the sand.

BOB

I can't breathe properly. I can't...Oh boy...

He staggers, manages not to fall.

LYN CASSADY

You're okay.

BOB

I think I'm bleeding to death.

LYN CASSADY

You're not bleeding to death, Bob. It's shock, okay? It's just the shock. It'll pass. You're gonna be okay.

BOB

If we'd stayed at the road we would be *safe* now! Now we've got no water, no food or, or... (noticing Lyn's scanning) Will you forget about the fucking tantric currents?

LYN CASSADY

(patiently)  
You're going to be okay.

BOB

Stop saying that! I just got blown up! I'm in the middle of a *desert*! I'M NOT GONNA BE OKAY!

LYN CASSADY

Bob, you're suffering from shock. If you start panicking now your heart's gonna stop.

Bob stares after him incredulously.

BOB

(losing it)  
Is that...is that supposed to *calm me down*?! (*hurrying after him*) You know what color the seats were in the frigging hotel but you can't...you wanna observe something Lyn? Observe the fucking bomb in the middle of the road!

(CONTINUED)

Lyn walks on without answering. Bob notices the sun is sinking.

BOB (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. That's west. Al Qaim's in that direction. We're going the wrong way.

LYN CASSADY

The mission isn't in Al Qaim. It's somewhere *near* Al Qaim.

BOB

Where?

LYN CASSADY

(Beat)

I don't know.

BOB

Is that...is that...is that a *joke*? We've come six hundred miles and you don't know *where we're going*?

LYN CASSADY

If the exact whereabouts of the Target was known it wouldn't take a Jedi to find them, would it?

Bob watches Lyn stare around him, looking pale and drawn and, for the first time, afraid.

BOB

Who gave you the mission Lyn?  
(Beat) Lyn?

LYN CASSADY

Bill did.

BOB

What?

LYN CASSADY

Bill did. He appeared in my trailer two months ago. A psychic projection. I could hear him calling my name.

Bob is so staggered by this for a moment he can't speak.

BOB

(Softly)  
Oh...Oh Jesus.

LYN CASSADY

He needed me.

BOB

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus Lyn. There's no mission? We're in the middle of the desert because you heard voices? There's no one here! There's no-one fucking here.

Lyn starts to walk off but staggers and falls.

BOB (CONT'D)

Lyn!

Bob rushes to him, kneels beside him. Lyn clutches his stomach, grimaces.

BOB (CONT'D)

Is it the Crohns?

LYN CASSADY

I don't have Crohns.

BOB

What's the matter with you?

LYN CASSADY

I'm dying.

Bob stares at him, stunned.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

I've been murdered.

Lyn sits staring up at the immense MOON above them.

Bob sits watching, huddled against the cold, in the shelter of some rocks. Lyn gets up, stumbles back over to him and lies down, struggling for breath, white with pain.

LYN CASSADY

It's gone Bob. I can't find him. I've lost my power. It's the curse.

BOB

What curse?

LYN CASSADY

(With profound sadness)

They took this... *beautiful thing* we'd been building and they corrupted it. They destroyed the New Earth Army.

130 CONTINUED:

130

BOB

Who destroyed it?

Lyn stares at the stars above, remembering, grief stricken.

LYN CASSADY

I did.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG - DAY - THE PAST

131

The Jedis, now indistinguishable from other soldiers, stand white-washing over the COSMIC MURALS. Major Holtz stands watching.

MAJOR HOLTZ

*Yoga is not the business of the US Army, ladies. Drumming circles are not the business of the Army. And love and peace is most certainly not the business of the Army. So you girls better start thinking about how you CAN engage in the business of the United States Army, which, in case you have forgotten, involves winning fucking wars!*

BOB (V.O.)

When the dust of the Pendleton Affair had settled it revealed a surprising victor.

132 INT. MAJOR HOLTZ'S OFFICE - DAY - THE PAST

132

Larry stands to attention in front of Holtz, a REPORT held under one arm.

BOB (V.O.)

Major Holtz regarded Larry Hooper as a patriotic whistle-blower and the one sound fruit in an otherwise dubious barrel of apples.

LARRY HOOPER

It's some scientific research I've done for possible *offensive* psi applications sir. (Beat) I did show the report to Lieutenant Colonel Django, but he didn't seem interested.

Holtz snorts angrily.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

MAJOR HOLTZ

(muttering)

I bet he wasn't.

He takes the report and begins to look through it. Pause.  
He looks up slowly at Larry.

MAJOR HOLTZ (CONT'D)

We have men who can do this?

LARRY HOOPER

(a sly smile)

I think I know one sir.

Holtz ponders the report, tempted.

MAJOR HOLTZ

But we don't have the resources.

LARRY HOOPER

Well sir...there is goat lab?

133 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY - THE PAST

133

The building we saw at the top of the film. A hundred  
GOATS stare silently at us.

BOB (V.O.)

Goat Lab was originally created as  
a clandestine laboratory to  
provide in-the-field surgical  
training for Special Forces  
soldiers.

We BOOM down to reveal that many of the goats have their  
legs in PLASTER.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The goats would get shot in the  
leg with a bolt gun and then a  
trainee would have to dress the  
wound successfully. Goat lab  
actually used to be called Dog  
Lab...

134 SMALL DOG STARING AT US

134

...with big, brown eyes.

BOB (V.O.)

But it turned out most soldiers  
didn't feel good shooting dogs in  
the leg...

A SOLDIER stares doubtfully down at the dog, bolt-gun in  
hand.

135 EXT. NEVADA TEST SITE - DAY - THE PAST 135

A Goat stands tethered in the desert. TITLES read "*Nevada Test Site, Frenchman Flat, 1951.*"

BOB (V.O.)  
 ...whereas the army had long felt  
 fine about doing stuff to goats -  
 even testing atomic weapons on  
 them.

We hear the drone of an AEROPLANE high, high above. The goat looks up...

136 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY - THE PAST 136

Lyn stands facing the goats. Holtz and Hooper watch him. Lyn STARES. One of the goats STARES BACK. Lyn STARES. The goat STARES BACK. Lyn STARES.

And the Goat falls over.

MAJOR HOLTZ  
 (softly)  
 Holy shit.

Beat. The goat gets back up, shakes itself and walks off. Lyn slumps.

137 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT 137

Bob listens transfixed.

LYN CASSADY  
 This was the real deal, Bob. I was  
 at the Gateway. Afterwards I  
 realized I'd got injured.

BOB  
 Huh?

LYN CASSADY  
 Sympathetic injury I guess. I was  
 bruised all over.

BOB  
 So, it's not that the goat fought  
 back?

LYN CASSADY  
 (sadly)  
 Goat didn't have a chance.

BOB  
 But...that was it?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

LYN CASSADY

I wish it was. Hooper told Holtz we should try the experiment again. Only this time they said...kill the goat.

138 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY - THE PAST

138

Six GOATS - each wearing a NUMBERED BIB - stand in a small bare room. A SOLDIER is setting up a VIDEO CAMERA in front of them.

139 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - SECOND ROOM - THE PAST

139

Lyn sits in another bare room. Holtz and Larry Hooper stand watching him. Lyn is also being TAPED. A SOLDIER walks in carrying an envelope. Holtz takes the envelope and draws from it a piece of paper. He shows it to Lyn - the number FOUR.

MAJOR HOLTZ

Take out number four.

Lyn stares at the number.

BOB (V.O.)

Lyn said he had no intention of killing the goat.

140 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

140

Lyn flushes with indignation at the memory.

LYN CASSADY

There was no way! What had the goat ever done to me? It was *totally* against the way of the Jedi. I was just going to pretend to try so they would say, "okay - it can't be done" and forget about it. But then, as I sat there, I felt this, this *pulse* start inside of me and...I couldn't stop it.

He turns to look at Bob, haunted.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

You know what I keep thinking?

141 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - LYN'S ROOM - THE PAST

141

CLOSE ON LYN

...as he stares, concentrating.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

LYN CASSADY (V.O.)  
Maybe deep down inside some dark  
part of me wanted to see if I  
*could* do it?

142 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - GOAT ROOM - DAY - THE PAST 142

VIDEO FOOTAGE

Grainy, flickering black and white footage of the six  
goats in the room. Suddenly one of them goes down.

143 INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - LYN'S ROOM - THE PAST 143

A soldier runs into the room. Holtz, Hooper and Lyn turn  
to him, the atmosphere electric with dread and  
anticipation.

SOLDIER  
(solemnly)  
The goat is dead.

The three men stare at him.

MAJOR HOLTZ  
(hoarsely)  
Goat number four?

SOLDIER  
(surprised)  
No. Number five.

144 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT 144

Bob stares at Lyn aghast.

BOB  
Collateral damage?

LYN CASSADY  
(eyes glistening)  
Collateral damage. (Beat) That was  
it. I'd used my powers for evil  
and it was like I brought a curse  
upon us all. Like that poem where  
the guy kills the seagull and they  
make him wear it round his neck.  
Every night  
I'd dream of that goat in its  
little bib, it's mouth opening and  
closing but nothing coming out...

Bob shakes his head, stares out into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

BOB

The silence of the goats.

Lyn flicks a suspicious glance at Bob, but is reassured by his solemn expression.

LYN CASSADY

I finished my tour and I quit. I walked out of the unit and I never went back.

145 EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

145

Lyn, wearing civilian clothes and holding a suitcase, is walking off the base. He reaches the gates and turns for one last look at the place that has been his home.

BOB (V.O.)

But before he could leave Larry arranged one last parting gift.

Lyn turns back to the gates and finds Larry Hooper standing in front of him, looking WIRED.

LYN CASSADY

What do you wan...?

Before he can finish Larry CHOPS his hand down in an odd blow onto Lyn's forehead. Lyn staggers back a little, holding his head.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

What the *hell*?

Larry has already darted around him with a crazy laugh and is running madly back into the base. Lyn stares after him, stunned.

LYN CASSADY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was the *Dim Mak*.

146 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - THE PRESENT

146

Bob looks at Lyn, puzzled.

BOB

The *Dim Mak*?

LYN CASSADY

The *Dim Mak*. The Quivering Palm. The Death Touch. It's like this legendary, martial arts move. It was forbidden in the New Earth Army. Larry had got it from a mail-order book.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

What does the Death Touch do?

LYN CASSADY

(Beat, patiently)

It kills you Bob. With one touch.

BOB

Jesus.

LYN CASSADY

There's a story that Wong Wifu, great Chinese martial artist, had a fight with some guy and had him beat when the guy gave him this light *tap*, and Wong looked at him and the guy just nodded. That was it. He'd given him the death touch and Wong died.

BOB

Then and there?

LYN CASSADY

No. Eighteen years later. That's the weird thing with *Dim Mak* - you never know when it's going to take effect.

He flops back, too tired to talk anymore. Bob watches him as he falls asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

The same horizon, the dunes now burning under the sun. We TRACK back and find Bob and Lyn lying asleep, lips cracked, dehydrated, exhausted. Faintly we hear a sound - a tinny BELL. It gets closer. Groggily Bob opens his eyes just as a GOAT walks into the frame and walks past him, the bell tied around its neck. Bob lies, watching it pass, trying to work out if it's a hallucination. He struggles to his feet and sets off up the berm he's been lying at the foot of.

The goat walks on ahead of Bob, crests the top of the berm and disappears from sight.

Bob reaches the top of the berm and stands, swaying, staring down at something.

CLOSE ON BOB'S FACE - stunned.

148 EXT. BERM - DAY 148

Bob is dragging a barely conscious Lyn up the berm, following the goat. He staggers, barely able to put one foot in front of the other.

At last we crest the top of the berm and find ourselves looking down on a WATER-HOLE, fringed with palms. The goat stands drinking. It stops to look up at us.

149 EXT. WATER-HOLE - DAY 149

Bob and Lyn collapse into the wet mud of the hole. Bob manages to cup some water into Lyn's mouth and then his own. He rolls onto his back, stares up at the burning sky.

We hear a dull roaring, muffled, growing in volume. A HELICOPTER is approaching...

FADE OUT.

In the BLACK we hear a VOICE.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
(in Arabic,  
subtitled)  
In America if I do not like my  
cell-phone company I change them.  
I am in charge. This is consumer  
power.

150 INT. ARMY BASE - INFIRMARY - DAY 150

OVERHEAD SHOT - Lyn and Bob lie side by side in beds, both hooked up to IV's. Sunlight slants through the shutters on the window in the cool room. The voice is coming from a SPEAKER on the wall.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
This is democracy. Let us work  
together for that. And please stop  
shooting at those who are only  
here to help.

Lyn opens his eyes, looks around him.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
This is an old one from Cat  
Stevens. (Correcting himself)  
Yusef Islam. That's Yusef Islam.

Lyn looks at the door and for a second there's a FLASH OF A FACE staring in through the glass. Then it's gone.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: 150

Over the speaker comes the sound of a period song.

Lyn sits up, staring at the door. Bob stirs in his bed.

BOB

Lyn?

151 INT. ARMY BASE - CORRIDOR - DAY 151

Lyn walks unsteadily out of the room, towing his IV drip behind him.

The door at the end of the corridor is just CLOSING. Lyn sets off down the corridor. Bob appears in the doorway behind him, towing his own IV.

BOB

(Hissing)

Lyn? Where are you going?

152 ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 152

Lyn passes doors, glances into the rooms beyond...

LYN'S P.O.V - the room seems to house a PRINTING PRESS. A SOLDIER stands with his back to us, watching LEAFLETS fire out of the press.

We pass to the next room which seems to be a RECORDING STUDIO - the walls covered in shelves of CD's. A SOLDIER sits with headphones on playing an electronic keyboard...

153 EXT. ARMY BASE BUILDING - DAY 153

Lyn emerges blinking into the light. He stares around him. The song is playing over speakers, echoing eerily around the base.

A door slides shut with a clang nearby and Lyn turns to locate the sound.

A trail of FOOTPRINTS leads across the sand to a HANGAR nearby.

Lyn heads off across the sand, dragging the IV. Bob emerges behind him.

BOB

Lyn!

Lyn reaches the sliding doors of the building and drags them open and stands staring into the gloomy interior. Bob catches him up.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (CONT'D)

I don't think we should...

He stops following Lyn's gaze...

INSIDE THE BUILDING

The place is full of GOATS.

Lyn and Bob stare at the animals. Slowly Lyn advances into the darkness, peering around him.

In the shadows at the back of the building a figure STIRS. Lyn walks slowly forward until he can make out the man - old, bearded, worn and wasted by years of heavy drinking. It's BILL DJANGO.

Lyn stares at him.

LYN CASSADY

(Choked)

Hello Bill.

Bill smiles hesitantly.

BILL DJANGO

Hello Lyn.

Lyn is too choked with emotion for a moment to answer.

LYN CASSADY

This is Bob.

BILL DJANGO

Hello Bob.

Bob is too amazed to reply.

LARRY HOOPER (O.S.)

Oh good...

Bob and Lyn turn to find Larry Hooper standing in the doorway behind them.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

...the gang's all here.

Lyn stares at Larry - shocked.

Larry and Bill are showing Bob and Lyn around. A few CIVILIAN WORKERS are working at computers behind them.

LARRY HOOPER

This is primarily a Psyops base.

BOB

Psy for psychic?

LARRY HOOPER

(Chuckling)

Psy for psychological, although  
the irony isn't wasted on me.  
Radio broadcasts, leaflets, that  
sort of thing.

Bob picks up a LEAFLET.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

Oh, that's an Iraqi Psyops leaflet  
they dropped on us.

BOB

(reading)

"American Soldier - your wives are  
back home having sex with Bart  
Simpson and Bert Reynolds."

LARRY HOOPER

Yeah, hadn't exactly done their  
homework there.

Lyn is staring at Bill who is looking a little vacantly  
at the racks of CD's. Larry notices.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

How'd you find us, Lyn?

LYN CASSADY

I remote viewed you.

Larry smiles a little mockingly.

BOB

If this is Psyops what are you  
doing here?

LARRY HOOPER

I said *primarily* Psyops. This is a  
restricted area, you understand?  
Everything you hear and see stays  
secret or you go to prison.

Bob nods a little nervously.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

There are individuals in the  
current administration who are  
looking for...*creative solutions*  
for the War on Terror.

(MORE)

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

They're far more open minded than their predecessors, and they've out-sourced experimental research to my company.

He indicates the PSIC name badge he's wearing.

BOB

"Sick?"

LARRY HOOPER

It's pronounced psi-ike. Psychic Systems International Corp. Turns out certain people had heard about the New Earth Army and were interested in some of the work we were doing back then. They got in touch with me, I got in touch with Bill.

LYN CASSADY

(To Bill)

You're working for *him*?

Bill frowns at the CDs, not seeming to hear.

LARRY HOOPER

Bill's been looking into subliminal messaging. (Selecting a disc) This is one we've designed to play to our own troops before combat.

He puts the disc in a player and presses play. We hear a burst of a period song.

BOB

There's a subliminal message in this?

LARRY HOOPER

(reading the CD)

This is..."Don't get drunk before firing heavy machine guns." We've got all sort of products in development. (To Worker) Tell them one of our new ideas.

PSIC WORKER

Air bag mine?

LARRY HOOPER

Air bag mine. Non-lethal mine, catapults the fucker up into air. (To another) Gimme another one.

2ND PSIC WORKER

Blast target with pheromones and then release Attack Bees.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY HOOPER

Excellent. Attack Bees. The Forces  
of Nature! Another.

1ST PSIC WORKER

Project Achilles. We mutilate  
enemy corpses and...

LARRY HOOPER

We're not *doing* that anymore!  
(*Throwing an eraser at the worker*)  
Idiot!

He turns back to Lyn.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

The point is we've got a budget,  
we've got supporters. I'm  
rebuilding the New Earth Army.  
Only this time without the hippy  
crap.

Bill stands up and starts walking a little unsteadily  
towards the door.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

You okay Bill?

BILL DJANGO

(Without turning)  
Gonna get some ice-cream.

Larry waits until Bill has left before turning back to  
Lyn.

LARRY HOOPER

You get the odd flash of what he  
used to be but... he's pretty  
burnt out with the booze.

Larry shakes his head in apparent sorrow. Then he notices  
some candy on a desk.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

Ooo, Twizzlers.

He picks it up and starts to eat it.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

(To Lyn)  
You want one?

Lyn shakes his head, trying not to show the emotions he  
is feeling.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

(Watching him)  
God, I love these things...

155 INT. BASE - CORRIDOR - DAY 155

Bob helps Lyn down the corridor. Lyn suddenly stops, listening. There is a faint sound of MUSIC coming from somewhere nearby.

156 INT. BASE - CELL CORRIDOR - DAY 156

Lyn walks down the corridor, Bob following. At the end of the corridor is a single door with a SPY-HOLE. The loud music is coming from there. We can hear now that it is an annoying children's show song or heavy metal.

We TRACK towards the door...

Lyn hesitates then slides back the SPY-HOLE cover and peers in.

LYN'S P.O.V -

An IRAQI PRISONER sits huddled in the cell, illuminated in the flashes of a powerful STROBE LIGHT OVERHEAD.

SONG (O.S.)  
(Lyrics from chosen song.)

The prisoner looks terrified, and despite the whimsical music the whole scene is horribly sinister.

Lyn steps away from the spy-hole.

BOB  
(Anxiously)  
What? What is it?

LYN CASSADY  
It's the Dark Side.

157 INT. ARMY BASE - TENT - DAY 157

Lyn sits on his bed, as low as we've ever seen him. Bob watches him, concerned.

BOB  
What are you going to do?

Lyn stares at the wall.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Lyn? What are you going to do?

LYN CASSADY  
It's too late...I'm dying, Bob.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Oh, you're not dying! I don't believe you can kill someone with a mail order Dim Sum. You can't...

LYN CASSADY

Dim Mak.

BOB

Whatever. I don't believe you can just...

LYN CASSADY

It's cancer.

BOB

...just tap someone and  
...it...(Beat) What?

LYN CASSADY

I mean, I know it was caused by the Dim Mak. But...it's...you know...it's cancer. That's what the doctors say. Different ways of looking at...different names for a reality or, or uh...

He lapses into silence. Bob is stunned. Lyn lies down.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have come Bob.  
Shouldn't have come.

Lyn pulls the EAGLE FEATHER from the chain around his neck.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

...Give this back to Bill...I don't deserve it.

Bob stares at him.

Bill Django sits cross-legged in the sand, drinking from a bottle of whiskey, watching the sun set.

Bob marches up to him, stands awkward but determined.

BOB

I think you should go and see Lyn, sir. (Beat) he needs you.

Bill doesn't answer.

BOB (CONT'D)

The man crossed a desert to see  
you again.

Bill takes a long drink, stares at the sky. Bob watches  
him with mounting frustration.

BOB (CONT'D)

You know, he told me all these  
stories about Bill Django, and I  
was pretty excited to meet you,  
but I've gotta tell you...you're  
one big disappointment.

Bill doesn't react. Bob starts to walk away then turns  
back, and throws the FEATHER down at Bill's feet.

BOB (CONT'D)

He told me to give you that back.  
I don't know why. Its supposed to  
be a mark of honour isn't it? I  
don't see how you deserve that.

Beat. Bill turns to look at Bob for the first time. He  
takes a long drink.

BILL DJANGO

(Beat)  
It isn't real.

BOB

What isn't?

BILL DJANGO

The feather. Twenty thousand  
dollar fine for taking an eagle  
feather. This one's off a turkey.  
You just die the tip black. (Beat)  
Don't tell Lyn.

Bill stares at the feather.

BILL DJANGO (CONT'D)

None of it was real.

BOB

(Angrily)  
That isn't true. That isn't true.

He looks around for inspiration - notices a LONE CLOUD  
floating in the sky.

Bob places his fingers on his temples and STARES at the  
cloud, focuses, desperate, hopeful...

Bill notices and watches, curious.

Slowly, the cloud fades and DISAPPEARS.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: (2)

158

Bob can't believe it. He looks at Bill who is staring at him. He has tears in his eyes.

159 INT. ARMY BASE - TENT - NIGHT

159

Lyn lies sleeping. Larry sits at the foot of his bed, smoking a cigar. He watches Lyn for a moment, then COUGHS deliberately. Nothing. He repeats the cough - louder. Lyn wakes.

LARRY HOOPER

Oh. Didn't mean to wake you.

The two men stare at each other.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

Heard you weren't feeling well?

LYN CASSADY

(Beat)  
Just tired.

LARRY HOOPER

How'd you find us?

LYN CASSADY

I told you. I remote viewed you.

LARRY HOOPER

(smiling)  
Scotty Mercer told you, didn't he?

LYN CASSADY

No.

LARRY HOOPER

Yeah, he did. We told Scotty we were coming over here, asked him if he wanted some work.

LYN CASSADY

I haven't seen Scotty.

LARRY HOOPER

That's funny, because he told me he'd run into you and mentioned that there might be some jobs going with us over here. (Beat) Isn't that why you came, really, Lyn? You want back in, don't you?

Lyn stares at him, disturbed, afraid this might be true.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)

It can happen. You've only got to say the word. Could be the new Golden Age for Psi research.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)  
 You, me and Bill, back together  
 again. Just like the old days.

Larry closes his eyes, trying to remember something.

LARRY HOOPER (CONT'D)  
 Mother Earth, my life support  
 system. As a soldier I must drink  
 your blue water, live inside your  
 red clay and eat your green skin.

Lyn listens, moved despite himself.

160 EXT. BASE - NIGHT

160

Bill and Bob stand on a picnic table, under the full moon. Bill is leading Bob through some YOGA POSITIONS. Both are drunk.

LARRY HOOPER (V.O.)  
 I pray my boots will always kiss  
 your face and my footsteps match  
 your heartbeat.

161 INT. ARMY BASE - TENT - NIGHT

161

Lyn can't help but join in the prayer.

LARRY AND LYN  
 Carry my body through space and  
 time. You are my connection to the  
 Universe...

162 EXT. BASE - NIGHT

162

Bill and Bob both stand in a difficult position - balanced on one leg.

LARRY AND LYN (V.O.)  
 ...and all that comes after. I am  
 yours and you are mine.

As we watch Bill slowly topples forward off the table and crashes out of sight below.

163 INT. ARMY BASE - ROOM - NIGHT

163

The two men finish the prayer.

LARRY AND LYN  
 I salute you.

163 CONTINUED:

163

LARRY HOOPER

(Beat)

Don't make a decision now. Tell me  
in the morning.

He pats Lyn's leg, walks out.

164 EXT. BASE - NIGHT

164

Bob is holding a concussed Bill who has a cut on his  
head.

BOB

Bill? Bill are you okay?

Bill opens his eyes suddenly.

BILL DJANGO

I just saw Timothy Leary.

BOB

(beat)

Timothy Leary's dead.

BILL DJANGO

I know. He's had an idea.

165 INT. CORRIDOR/KITCHEN - NIGHT

165

Bill and Bob head down the corridor. They pass a SOLDIER.

SOLDIER

(Saluting)

Good evening sir.

BILL DJANGO

(Mumbling)

Getting some ice-cream.

They walk on and reach the doors to the KITCHENS. The two  
men hesitate, look at each other...

Then Bob walks in.

166 INT. BASE - CANTEEN - MORNING

166

PSIC WORKERS AND PSYOPS TROOPS are all eating breakfast  
together, talking, laughing.

Bob and Bill sit drinking coffee. Lyn appears with a tray  
and sits down beside Bob.

(CONTINUED)

They eat in silence for a moment. Lyn turns to look out of the window to where Larry Hooper stands outside in the early morning sun, smoking a cigar and drinking coffee. He turns and notices Lyn, raises his cup, smiles. Lyn looks troubled. Bob suddenly leans into Lyn.

BOB  
(Softly)  
Don't eat the jello.

Lyn turns to Bob puzzled.

LYN CASSADY  
(Beat)  
What?

BOB  
Don't eat the jello.

Lyn tries to puzzle this out but is distracted by Larry outside who seems to have noticed something in the sand at his feet - a small insect of some kind. He begins to watch it with strange fascination. After a moment he sinks to his knees in order to get a better look at it. One of the SOLDIERS notices and starts to laugh softly. His neighbor looks at him as if he's crazy then begins to laugh himself. Lyn looks around him, sensing the strange atmosphere creeping through the room.

LYN CASSADY  
What's going on?

BOB  
We put LSD in the jello.

Lyn turns to stare at him.

LYN CASSADY  
What?

BOB  
Bill showed me where Larry had bottles of LSD. So we put it in the jello mix last night.

BILL DJANGO  
(Suddenly)  
And in the water.

Bob turns to stare at him.

BOB  
What?

BILL DJANGO  
I put it in the main water tank as well.

166 CONTINUED: (2)

166

Bob stares at him, aghast.

BOB

But...we've drunk the water.

BILL DJANGO

(Thoughtfully)

Yeah.

He pours himself another coffee.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)

(Into microphone)

The weather? The weather is going  
to be HOT!

Through the window we see Larry get on his belly to get a better look at the bug.

167 INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING

167

The DJ SOLDIER has gone off script. A PRODUCER is trying ineffectually to pull him away from the desk.

ARMY BROADCASTER

(Into microphone)

I'm guessing. I mean, I haven't  
looked at the, the *thing* but I'd  
say it's going to be fucking HOT!  
Hot. Hot. Hot.

The Producer pulls and releases the DJ's headphones so they slap against his head and starts giggling.

ARMY BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

That hurt Greg, you fucking dip-  
shit. (Laughing too) You fuckity  
fuck dip-shit fuck-hole.  
(Remembering something) Hey!  
Music!

He hits a button.

168 EXT. BASE - MORNING

168

CLOSE on a LOUDSPEAKER - blasting a period song out over the base. We BOOM down to where two SOLDIERS are dancing, tripping.

ALL OVER THE BASE

Soldiers are wandering around, talking, some falling to their knees, weak with laughter. Some stand alone, staring with a beatific smile at the sky.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

As the music plays on a STRYKER ARMORED VEHICLE drives around the corner of a building, a SOLDIER standing up, arms raised, in the gun turret.

The Stryker screeches into a clumsy skid, the Soldier having to hang on. The Stryker roars off again, heading straight for the GATES of the base.

SOLDIER  
(calling down into  
the vehicle)  
You're going to hit the gates.  
You're going to hit the gates.

The Stryker veers left and smashes through the perimeter fence and out into the desert.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
(calmly)  
It's okay. You missed them.

169 INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING 169

The DJ and the Producer are wrestling over the sound desk, laughing.

170 INT. BASE - CORRIDOR 170

Bob and Bill walk towards the cell block.

BOB  
(angry)  
Don't you think it might have been more sensible if we *hadn't* drunk the fucking water?

BILL DJANGO  
That might have aroused suspicion. But don't worry. Over the years I have built up a massive tolerance to all narcotics.

171 INT. CELL - MORNING 171

An IRAQI PRISONER looks up startled as the door to the cell is flung open and Bill stands, filling the doorway, bare-chested, wild-eyed and wild-haired.

BILL DJANGO  
In the name of the New Earth Army and loving people everywhere I'm liberating this base!

172 INT. GOAT SHED - MORNING 172

Lyn slides open the door to the shed and begins to shoo the goats out into the light.

173 EXT. BASE - LATER 173

As the music continues Bob, Lyn and Bill appear leading a column of nervous IRAQI PRISONERS out of the building, towards the gates. Lyn and Bill are holding BABY GOATS in their ARMS. A tripping Bob is holding bunches of flowers - it's as close as they can get to the illustration from the New Earth Army Manual. Lyn holds up a hand to stop the procession.

Larry stands in front of them, a GUN in his hand, his face blank.

Lyn and Larry stare at each other. Then, unexpectedly, Larry starts to cry.

LYN CASSADY

(softly)

Give me the gun Larry.

Larry starts to raise the gun to his mouth. Pauses. Scratches his head.

LARRY HOOPER

Wow. I'm *hungry*.

He wanders off.

ARMY DJ (O.S.)

(Over loudspeaker,  
laughing)

Hey! More music! (muffled) Get off, will ya?

Over the loud-speakers we hear the opening of a period song.

LYN CASSADY

(Beat, relieved)

Okay, let's go.

174 FLATTENED SECTION OF FENCE 174

Bob and Lyn stand at one side, Bill at the other, beckoning the prisoners through, hugging the prisoners as they pass through.

LYN CASSADY

We're very sorry. *Ma' assalama*.

(CONTINUED)

One by one the Iraqis walk out through the broken fence, staring around them suspiciously, expecting a trap. Nothing happens, no one shoots them.

LYN CASSADY (CONT'D)

(waving)  
That's it. Keep going.  
*Ma'assalama.*

The Iraqis start to hurry away over the sand.

Beyond them we can the Stryker, driving in circles in the desert, a NAKED SOLDIER stands whooping on top.

175 EXT. BASE - LATER 175

Bob, tripping heavily, is staring with fascination at the sand trickling through his fingers. Suddenly we hear the building whine of the HELICOPTER engine starting up. Bob looks up, puzzled.

176 HELICOPTER 176

Bill and Lyn sit in the chopper, Bill at the controls. Lyn is holding the flowers.

Bob appears, hurrying over.

BOB

(calling)  
Wait! Wait for me! Where are you going...what about the mission?

LYN CASSADY

(Over the sound of  
the engine)  
You are the mission Bob! You are the mission! Tell them what happened!

The helicopter begins to rise. Bob stands swaying, staring up. Lyn smiles sadly through the window, raises his hand.

The Helicopter RISES - HIGHER AND HIGHER. Bob waves goodbye.

BOB (V.O.)

At the time I was hurt that Lyn hadn't taken me with him. But now I know it was because he and Bill had already seen what was to come.

177 EXT. DESERT - DAY 177

As the helicopter flies off into the blue.

BOB (V.O.)  
Nobody knows exactly what happened. The official story is that their helicopter must have crashed, either because they were hit by an RPG or because...well, that's what happens when you fly a helicopter while you're tripping on acid. All I know is they've never been seen since. Like all Shaman they returned to the sky.

The helicopter disappears altogether.

DISSOLVE TO:

178 INT. MICHIGAN APARTMENT - EVENING 178

WEEKS LATER. Bob sits typing, frowning with concentration.

BOB (V.O.)  
When I got back home I wrote the story up. Everything.

179 EXT. OUTSIDE BOB'S OLD HOUSE - EVENING 179

Bob sits in his car staring at his old home, across the road. Through the window we can see Bob's ex-wife Debora, eating dinner with Bob's ex-Editor - Dave.

BOB (V.O.)  
I sent it to the newspapers, the radio stations, the TV stations, because that was what Lyn wanted me to do. The people needed to know.

180 INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - EVENING 180

Bob sits watching a *Today* style show on TV.

BOB (V.O.)  
I was ready for whatever they would do to me. I was ready to disappear. I was ready to go to prison. I was a Jedi and I was fighting for the New Earth Army.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (Beat) But they didn't put me in  
 prison. They did something much  
 worse.

ON TV

NEWS ANCHOR

(chuckling)  
 And finally, US forces in Iraq are  
 using what some are calling a  
 cruel and unusual tool to break  
 the resistance of Iraqi POWs, and  
 many parents would agree! Some  
 prisoners are being forced to  
 listen to Barney the Purple  
 Dinosaur sing the *I Love You* song.  
 I think after an hour of that  
 they'll spill the beans! Don't  
 you? Let's go outside to Al for  
 the weather.

Bob watches, ashen.

181 INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

181

Bob is working for another small town newspaper. He sits  
 at his desk, staring fixedly ahead at the wall.

BOB (V.O.)  
 That was it. That was the only bit  
 of my story that ran anywhere. And  
 it was a joke. And if I ever  
 needed proof of how the Dark Side  
 have taken the beautiful dream of  
 what a nation could be and had  
*twisted* it, destroyed it, that was  
 it.

Bob stands up. He starts to walk down the office, his  
 face set with grim determination.

BOB'S EDITOR

Bob?

BOB (V.O.)  
 But I won't stop. I won't give up.

Bob quickens his pace.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Because when I look at what is  
 happening in the world, I know  
 that *now*, more than ever, we need  
 to become ALL that we can BE.

Bob is running.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

BOB (CONT'D)

Now, more than ever, we need the  
Supermen.

Bob rushes towards the WALL. Just as he is about to hit  
it we FREEZE FRAME. We hear the opening of a period song.

BLACK

THE END