Zero Tolerance
1st Draft
(version five)
ZERO TOLERANCE

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The Together Brothers
1. MOSCOW EXTERIOR NIGHT

RED SQUARE and the KREMLIN by the light of a FULL MOON.

A handful of army and police trucks on the streets. Night lights burn in the windows of the KREMLIN.

2. BACK STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

A Russian jeep filled with POLICE rumbles past.

SAM GUNDY's cigarette glows in the shadows.

SAM is 55, muscular but spreading around the waist, moustachioed and completely bald. He wears yellow aviator shades, black boots and cowboy shirt.

    SAM
    Let's go.

SAM'S MEN follow him out of the shadows. A dozen tough-looking Americans and Europeans, dressed as paratroopers, SWAT men, cowboys, South African mercs.

SAM pauses at the back door to the KREMLIN. He tries the handle. It is locked.

SAM nods to his toughest mercenaries - the German, whose nom de guerre is THORNTON, and the American BRIGGS.

THORNTON and BRIGGS throw their full weight against the door. It crashes down --

3. KREMLIN INTERIOR NIGHT

THE SOUND OF THE CRASH echoes through the marble halls.

SAM and his MEN tiptoe towards the giant stairs. THORNTON and BRIGGS silently eliminate a pair of dozing GUARDS.

They follow SAM up the huge staircase, flanked by vast portraits of STALIN, MAO, HITLER and other Communists --
4. GORBACHEV'S BEDROOM   INTERIOR   NIGHT

The handle turns softly. SAM and his MERCS tiptoe into the room of the sleeping PARTY LEADER and his WIFE. THORNTON creeps to RAISA's bed and claps a big hand over her mouth.

THORNTON
(whispered)
One word from you, and the Red Leader dies!

RAISA doesn't move or speak.

SAM tiptoes to GORBACHEV's bed. GORBACHEV snores softly. SAM grabs GORBY, drags him out of bed and slams him up against the wall. SAM's old partner AMES, a heavy-set man in his early 60s, wearing a Stetson and carrying a pearl-handled revolver, shines a bright light in GORBAY's face --

GORBACHEV
GUARDS! GUARDS! What...
what do you want?

SAM
Say "uncle", damn you.
'Fore I count to three! 1 - 2 --

GORBACHEV
(terrified)
Uncle! Uncle! Kamarad!

5. SAM GUNDY'S BEDROOM   INTERIOR   MORNING

SAM GUNDY wakes up from his dream.

Sunlight streams in through the big windows.

We hear the sound of bacon frying, vacuum cleaners, truck motors outside.

SAM stretches, rubs his eyes.

SAM
Boy, do I feel great today!
SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY

LO TAK MIMIEUX, a Vietnamese immigrant, climbs down the stairs from her passenger plane.

LO TAK is 23 years old, dressed in a French convent uniform. She wears thick bottle spectacles and an imitation Sony Walkman.

SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT INTERIOR DAY

BRIGGS and THORNTON wait in the baggage area.

They wear guayabera shirts and bolo ties and are both the worse for hangovers. They scan the PEOPLE in the immigration line, consulting a picture of LO TAK without her glasses.

BRIGGS nudges THORNTON, indicates LO TAK stalled at the Immigration booth.

BRIGGS
Think that's her?

THORNTON
Ach. I hope not.

BRIGGS and THORNTON push thru the crowd towards the booth. They elbow past the IMMIGRATION AGENT --

AGENT
(to LO TAK)
-- no tienes bastante dinero. No puedes entrar.

BRIGGS
Your name Lo Tak Meemeeeurx?

LO TAK
(lifting an earphone)
Quoi? Moi? Oui!

THORNTON slips the AGENT a pair of crisp banknotes.

THORNTON
We'll take her from here.
BRIGGS releases the electric gate. He and THORNTON guide LO TAK back through the baggage area.

BRIGGS
Got any luggage? Checkee bags?

She shakes her head, peering from one man to the other, uncertain who they are.

LO TAK
Gundy-san?

BRIGGS and THORNTON laugh and conduct her through the CUSTOMS AREA, watching her ass. They flash ID CARDS at the CUSTOMS MEN. The CUSTOMS MEN wave them on out—

8. AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY

BRIGGS and THORNTON escort LO TAK to a waiting MERCEDES BENZ.

There is no Army in this peaceful democracy. However, the Police wear steel helmets, gold braid, and carry machine guns. A COP rushes up and opens the door for LO TAK and the MEN.

9. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

BRIGGS and THORNTON sit in front. THORNTON drives. LO TAK sits in back. They are followed by a Jeep and a Landcruiser full of MEN WITH GUNS.

THORNTON
Parlez-vous français?

LO TAK
(enthusiastic)
Oui! Vous aussi, monsieur?

THORNTON
No!

THORNTON and BRIGGS laugh loudly.
10. CROSSROADS EXTERIOR DAY

The MERCEDES CONVOY hurtles through a red light, through a puddle caused by a BURST WATER MAIN.

A line of PEOPLE waiting for a bus are DRENCHED WITH MUD.

11. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

LO TAK looks back in alarm.

She sees the people shaking their fists, completely soaked.

THORNTON and BRIGGS laugh uproariously.

THORNTON
Oh... ha ha ha ha ha ha.
Why don't you say something to her, Briggs? You speak her lingo.

BRIGGS
(darkly)
I do NOT.

12. HIGHWAY EXTERIOR DAY

The CONVOY speeds past the edges of an impoverished SHANTY TOWN, heading for the JUNGLE.

A long line of MILITARY VEHICLES with U.S. Army markings rumbles past them into town.

LO TAK
So-jas?

BRIGGS
No.

THORNTON
No soldiers here.
NO ARMY!  HA HA HA!
13. **SAM GUNDY'S RANCH** EXTERIOR DAY

A heavy BACK HOE trundles past, revealing SAM'S BIG HOUSE, surrounded by lumber, shacks, idle vehicles and 3 satellite dishes.

Rickety salt-encrusted cattle graze the yellow fields. Bulldozers are tearing down a coconut plantation to provide more grazing land, and expand on the tiny LANDING FIELD where SAM's single-engined Cessna aircraft sits.

**SAM GUNDY V/O**

You have the nerve to come to my Ranch and ask me for WHAT?

14. **BIG HOUSE** INTERIOR DAY

SAM GUNDY sits with his son LITTLE SAM - 30, lacoste tennis shirt with golfing trousers tucked into plaid socks - and JOSE GUNTER, his native foreman.

Before him are HECTOR CRUZ, a bearded latin impressario, and TWO ASSOCIATES. HECTOR and CO wear dark shirts and light linen suits and sunglasses. One of the ASSOCIATES has a cold.

The big room is decked out with a Remington sculpture, stuffed blue marlin on the wall, and a BIG SCREEEN TV.

**HECTOR**

Simply, Senor Gundy, for the privilege of helping you expand your airstrip. Thanks to the success of our SHRIMP FARMING BUSINESS, we find we have an excess capital. We would like to pay for all the work you're doing, in return for CERTAIN LANDING RIGHTS...

The ASSOCIATE sneezes. **GUNTER** looks at SAM.

**LITTLE SAM**

How much would you be offering?
HECTOR
We will pay for all the work you've
done here. Plus upkeep. Plus
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS every flight.

GUNTERH
This is a handsome sum for
shipping shrimp.

HECTOR
Our shrimp is of the HIGHEST QUALITY.
It fetches a good price in United
States.
(his ASSOCIATE sneezes again)
Well, Señor Sam?

SAM
I wouldn't piss on you if
you were burning.

LITTLE SAM laughs. HECTOR turns bright red.
The ASSOCIATE sneezes again.

15. SAM GUNDY'S RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

The MERCEDES CONVOY courses down the dirt road into
a maelstrom of dust and noise.

HECTOR and CO. emerge from the BIG HOUSE,
pursued by SAM.

BRIGGS and THORNTON jump out, each opening
a door for LO TAK.

LO TAK stays put, terrified by the sight of SAM ENRAGED.

SAM
(chasing HECTOR to his Cadillac)
And if I ever see you assholes on
my property again I'll put you up
against a wall and shoot you!
One by one! And I don't aim too
fuckin' good so it'll take a WHILE!

HECTOR
Fuck you, Gundy! Nobody says no
to Hector Cruz! Tu vas a morir!
BRIGGS
Sam, this is --

SAM
Shut up, Briggs! Gunther, go get me my forty fuckin' fives!

HECTOR
Pinche gringo! Yankee bastardó de mierda!

HECTOR spits on SAM'S LAND and gets in his car. SAM grabs a MACHINE PISTOL from one of his MEN and starts pumping bullets after the retreating CADILLAC.

Everyone hits the dirt.

SAM
Come back here and say that you fuckin' drug dealin' SPIC!

SAM'S BULLETS MISS. The Cadillac speeds up the dirt road, vanishes into the dust.

SAM'S MEN rise to their feet.

BRIGGS
Sam, this is --

THORNTON
(interrupting)
Your new bride, Sam. Fresh from the Mysterious East!

16. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

THORNTON tugs at LO TAK's arm. BRIGGS beckons angrily. Terrified, LO TAK won't get out of the car.

SAM hands the weapon back to its OWNER and approaches her. He leans against the car. His anger is gone and he is soft, attentive, almost nervous.

SAM
Lo Tak? Is it you?

LO TAK nods, clutching her purse, afraid to speak. SAM extends a hand.
SAM
Sam Gundy. A votre service.

She puts out her hand and lets him shake it. He lifts it to his lips and kisses it. SAM stares at her with a face devoid of anger, like a romantic boy.

SAM
Come inside. Let me show you the house.

17. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

SAM draws LO TAK from the car.

Still holding her hand, he leads her up towards the BIG HOUSE. Some of the MEN clap. SAM silences them with a LOOK.

SAM
This is Gunther. Jose Gunther. He's my Number Two man. And this is my son, Little Sam. He's your son, now, as well.

LITTLE SAM
(ten years her senior)
I'm WHAT?

SAM
Go tend to your accounting books. I'll be inside a while.

SAM leads LO TAK into the house.

An ancient LAND ROVER pulls up. SAM's friend and neighbour WALTER AMES emerges, followed by his wife MRS AMES, a tough blonde with oversized hoop earrings, aged almost 40.

AMES
What's going on, Briggsy? Thought I saw that rodent Hector on the road just now. Looked like he had the devil biting at his ass. Who's the BROAD?
BRIGGS
Sam's new old lady. Viet Cong.

MRS AMES
He get her in the mail?

BRIGGS
That's what he did all right. Sent away for at least a thousand pictures. Still got the wrong one.

MRS AMES
I bet she's almost pretty without those absurd glasses.

18. SAM GUNDY'S BEDROOM       INTERIOR       DAY

SAM removes LO TAK'S GLASSES. She IS beautiful without the bottle lenses. Also she cannot see at all.

SAM guides her round the MASTER BEDROOM.

SAM
This will be our room. Unless you want your own room, too. In that case you can sleep IN THERE. My late wife slept there sometimes. Well, often, actually --

LO TAK stares up at two paintings on the wall. They depict a PEROUS MIDDLE AGED WOMAN who resembles SAM and a young COSTA RICAN in her late twenties, set against the background of the Ranch. The OLD WOMAN looks angry, the YOUNG WOMAN, pissed off.

SAM
That is my mother, Mother Gundy. She lived here for many years. She's back in Nebraska now. She likes the cold. That's my... late wife. The painting was done here. She loved the Ranch. I hope you'll love it too.
18A  LO TAK'S POV --

The TWO PAINTINGS blur into a single, swaying, frightening image with MAD EYES --

18. LO TAK looks hastily away. She holds her head and feels around for her glasses. What has she gotten herself into?

SAM takes her outstretched hands and leads her towards the bed.

SAM
You're just an innocent, aren't you?
A young thing. Why, you could be my daughter. I guess... I guess you've not known many men. Who knows? Am I your first? Is that why you're a little bit AFRAID?

LO TAK
Je n'ai pas de Trojans avec moi, Gundy-san. Alors voudrais mieux qu'on...
(she licks her lips suggestively)

SAM sits down on the big bed, holding both her hands and staring into her eyes. He kisses her cheeks lightly, brushes away her hair.

SAM
You are so beautiful. So young. So inexperienced. You don't know anything about the world as yet. But you will. I will teach you. This Ranch will be your home.

She puts her fingers to his lips, pushing him back against the bed.

LO TAK
Tais toi, Gundy. Et ferme tes yeux.

SAM's eyes close as LO TAK goes down on him.

We TRACK over to the window --
SAM'S EMPLOYEES and NEIGHBOURS are all gathered outside.

19.  RANCH  EXTERIOR  DAY

A BUNCH of MAIDS are gathered at the front door, gossipping. The DRIVERS of the bulldozers are smoking cigarettes. GUNTER, BRIGGS and THORNTON stare at the upper window of the Big House.

MRS AMES looks at her watch.

    MRS AMES
    Should be almost done by now.

     AMES
     How do you -- ?

From within, a MANLY GROAN is heard.

GUNTER blows a whistle.

Engines start up and everyone goes back to work.

20.  MASTER BEDROOM  INTERIOR  DAY

SAM opens his eyes as the cacophony of noise begins. LO TAK slides up his body, busses his lips and nose.

    SAM
    Oh, baby, baby, baby...

She wriggles enticingly. But SAM has had enough. He slips out from underneath her, buckling his pants.

    SAM
    If you need anything, just give a shout.

SAM adjusts his dress and hurries down the stairs.

LO TAK crosses to the sink and spits --
SAM and his INTIMATES are gathered in front of the BIG SCREEN TV watching a BASKETBALL GAME and eating STEAKS.

LO TAK sits in the corner, wearing her GLASSES again. She watches how the OTHERS eat and tries to do likewise.

SAM sits in the middle of the group, with AMES and BRIGGS on either side. Everyone shouts and screams.

BRIGGS
Bullshit! Learn to dribble
a fuckin' ball!

AMES
Can't blame the players, Briggs.
Mistake like that, it's the fault of the MANAGER.

BRIGGS
Bullshit! Look at that floor.
Four fuckin' monkeys and a fag!

AMES
I know what I know, Briggs.
And I know baseball.

SAM
You're wrong, Ames.

(he shuts the sound off by remote.
Everyone shuts up and listens to him)
O'Riley is the best manager these players ever had. You know why? Because he's a FREEMASON. And he always knows what's going on with the other teams. Because the Masons on the other teams, they have to tell him. Right?

Everyone agrees that SAM is right.
SAM turns the sound back up. The game continues.
LITTLE SAM sits down next to LO TAK. He wears a chefs hat and a plastic Lakers apron. LO TAK is having a confusing time with knife & fork. LITTLE SAM offers her a PAIR OF CHOPSTICKS. She takes them gratefully. Unable to lift her steak, she concentrates on the french fries.

GUNHER enters, whispers in SAM's ear.

SAM
(rising)
Are we taping this?

ALL
Of course!

SAM exits. LO TAK puts down her plate and follows him into the hall.

22. BIG HOUSE PORCH    EXTERIOR    NIGHT

An INDIAN COUPLE wait outside. They hold a CHILD in their arms. SAM hurries up to them, followed by GUNHER. He examines the CHILD's mangled arm. GUNHER speaks to them in their native tongue.

SAM
Who did this? Those bastards across the border?

GUNHER
No, Sam. It was an alligator.

SAM
Gators? On the Lake again? Damn it all. I'll deal with this first thing tomorrow.

He rubs the child's head. Peers into the black eyes of the INDIAN COUPLE.

SAM
See that they get a ride to town. Tell Dr Kruger to put it on my bill.

GUNHER claps his hands. MEN run from the Ranch and fire up the Landcruiser and Jeep.
The INDIAN WOMAN grabs SAM's hand and kisses it. SAM shrugs this off.

The INDIAN MAN hands SAM a wooden carving of a BIG DICK WITH TWO ENORMOUS EARS. SAM does not know what to do with it. He turns and spies LO TAK in the doorway. Tears of emotion glitter in his moonlit eyes.

SAM
Not everything is perfect here.
But it comes damned close at times.

SAM hands her the big wooden dick and goes inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. RANCH EXTERIOR DAWN

SAM raises the FLAG beside the BIG HOUSE. His men are loading yellow rubber SPEEDBOATS onto the Jeeps.

DISSOLVE TO:

24. LAKE EXTERIOR DAY

SAM and his MEN float on two silent speedboats among the jungle-covered islands of the Lake.

SAM, AMES and LO TAK are in one boat; BRIGGS, THORNTON and MRS AMES in the other. LO TAK and MRS AMES are seated in identical positions in the back, identically bored.

The MEN, armed with SHOTGUNS, scour the surface of the water. SAM nudges AMES.

AMES
Driftwood, Sam.

SAM
I don't think so.

SAM blasts the floating LOG.
THORNTON
Nearly got him, Sam!

LO TAK's eyes meet MRS AMES'. She gives MRS AMES a smile. MRS AMES give her a hard cold stare.

SAM
Fucking conservationists. They tried to make these critters a "protected species". I wish they could see that kid. One day there'll come a day when there'll be no more GATORS on this Lake. And little kids like what's-his-name...

BRIGGS
Fuchi.

SAM
Yeah, little Fuchi -- can play without fear on these river banks.

AMES
Lot of poison snakes on those banks, Sam.

SAM
They're next.

SAM'S PORTABLE PHONE rings in the prow of the boat. A NATIVE BOATMAN answers it.

SUICIDA
(into phone)
Barco de Gundy.
(listens, offers it to SAM)
Para usted, jefe.

SAM
(into phone)
Gundy here.

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
(from phone)
Dad, it's Little Sam. There's someone here from the Embassy. They want to talk to you.
SAM
Well, put 'em on.

25. **BIG HOUSE** INTERIOR DAY

LITTLE SAM talks softly into the phone. GUNTHERT stands next to him, looking worried.

Outside, on the verandah, are HECTOR CRUZ and his ASSOCIATES -- with a PAIR OF AMERICANS.

LITTLE SAM
(into phone)
He says he wants to talk to you in person. I think you'd better head back now, Dad. He's brought HECTOR CRUZ.

A FLOOD OF CURSES from the phone. LITTLE SAM hangs up, turns to the group.

LITTLE SAM
My Dad is on his way.

26. **RANCH** EXTERIOR DAY

SAM'S JEEPS come tearing up. TWO BLACK CADILLACS with "Corps Diplomatique" license plates are parked outside the Big House, attended by U.S. MARINE GUARDS.

SAM stamps up the steps to the verandah --

27. **VERANDAH** EXTERIOR DAY

-- where HECTOR and his ASSOCIATES sit drinking rum and coke at a far table. LITTLE SAM rises, introducing SAM to an American, BIGELOW -- tall, patrician, clad in a navy blue suit. A SECOND AMERICAN sits with HECTOR.

LITTLE SAM
Dad, this is Worth Bigelow, from the U.S. Embassy. He's, uh...

BIGELOW
Cultural Attache.
BIGELOW extends a hand. SAM pumps a shell into his SHOTGUN. HECTOR dives under the table.

SAM
What the flyin' fuck is that GUSANO RAT doin' here?
(loudly)
Do my words mean nothing on my fuckin' RANCH?

BIGELOW
Mr Bundy --

SAM
The name's Gundy!

BIGELOW
Gundy, of course. Please. Let's all sit down.

LITTLE SAM makes urgent signals to his DAD. HECTOR and PARTY hide under the table. Slowly, SAM sits down. GUNThER comes up with a waiter's cloth over his arm and a .45 in the back of his pants.

GUNThER
Algo a tomar, Sam?

SAM
Yeah. Bring me an ice tea and a case of shells.
(to BIGELOW)
What do you want?

BIGELOW
Iced tea will be fine --

SAM slams the SHOTGUN on the table.

SAM
I mean WANT! SPIT IT OUT!

BIGELOW clears his throat. LITTLE SAM sits down. He too has a .45 in the back of his pants. THORNTON and BRIGGS take up positions. LO TAK stays out of firing range.
BIGELOW
Sam, as you know, this country, indeed this whole region, is threatened by a Soviet-aligned regime based just across the border --

SAM
You don't have to tell me anything about the REDS. They've been fucking with me for years. Running off my stock. Poisoning my wells.

LITTLE SAM
I don't think they poisoned any wells, Dad. I think we did that ourselves with DIOXIN.

SAM
You shut up. Tend to your accounting books. Stop clicking your fingernail against your teeth.
(to BIGELOW)
Go on.

GUNTER brings them iced tea and a box of shotgun shells. BIGELOW waits till he is gone. SAM loads his shotgun.

BIGELOW
Sam, I'm going to share a little secret with you. I am not ONLY cultural attaché here. The President is most concerned that Moscow doesn't get a foothold in this area. He has charged me to arm and equip a NATIVE FIGHTING FORCE to go in there and help the BICHARAGUAN PEOPLE gain their FREEDOM.

SAM
Sounds okay to me.
(pumps shell into chamber)
Where does the DEAD MAN fit in?

BIGELOW
Hector Cruz is a Bicharaguan, Sam. As such he is OUR CHOICE, I mean the Bicharaguan people's choice, to head the Civilian Wing of the Democratic Reconstruction JUNTA.
SAM
Hector? He's a fuckin' drug dealer. He has blood all over his hands. You might as well have picked that asshole down in Panama.

BIGELOW
General Pinata HAS agreed to help us too. So have the Presidents of Israel, Pakistan, and all the little tinpot countries of the region. God Willing, Sam, we'll be in Panama by Christmas. With your help, that is. Panama?

SAM
What do you want, a contribution? Normally I'd let you have a hundred bucks, of course, but times are hard --

BIGELOW
We want to use your airstrip, Sam. To drop supplies and ferry out our wounded, nothing more.

SAM
And when the Reds RETALIATE?
Start dropping bombs on me?

BIGELOW
(Sam has no air force) Sam. In any case, we can supply you with an anti-aircraft system. This whole deal is airtight and completely safe. It's just 2 or 3 flights a week. TEN at the outside.

SAM
I don't know, Mr Bigelow. I'm just a dirt-poor rancher here. I can't afford to get involved in POLITICS --

BIGELOW
We'll pay you thirty grand a flight. Plus rental on additional facilities.
SAM's eyes light up. He tries hard to act humble and dirt-poor. HECTOR looks over to him, gives a friendly little wave.

LITTLE SAM
This has nothing to do with Hector's Shrimp Farm, does it?

BIGELOW
Nothing at all. (to SAM, extending hand)
I'm asking you to do this as a favor to Our President, Sam. This whole operation is being overseen by his personal representative Lieutenant Colonel STEELHAMMER. Lieutenant Colonel Steelhammer asked for you personally, by name.

SAM sets down his shotgun, rises. He walks up and down, stroking his chin. LO TAK watches him, puzzled.

SAM
He did, huh? Well... I guess if it's a favour to the President... I'll do it for FORTY.

BIGELOW
Thirty five.

They shake on it. HECTOR and CO. join the crowd. LITTLE SAM walks to the edge of the verandah, where LO TAK is studying her English/French phrase book.

LO TAK
(indicating HECTOR)
Bad... men?

LITTLE SAM
Bad men yesterday. Good men today.

28. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

All is quiet on the Ranch. The EMBASSY CARS are gone. Lights burn in the BUNKHOUSE and in SAM'S BEDROOM WINDOW.

BRIGGS sits outside the Bunkhouse, smoking a cigarette. THORNTON studies SAM'S WINDOW with nightvision binoculars.
MASTER BEDROOM    INTERIOR    NIGHT

SAM makes love to LO TAK. The WOODEN ARTIFACT sits by the bed.

When he comes, she clings to him.

But SAM pulls away and dons his red dressing gown. He walks round the bedroom adjusting little things.

LO TAK puts on her spectacles and consults her book.

LO TAK
You worry, Gundy-san?

SAM
Me? No. I'm not worried. Everything's fine. Made a good deal today. Pay those Commie bastards back in spades. It's just... I don't know. I got this feeling that it's... But it's too late. It's done. It's settled. And it's helping the PRESIDENT...

LO TAK shivers. She rises, naked, looking for something to wear. She goes to CAMILLA'S CLOSET, opens it.

Dresses, lingerie, female things hang there. LO TAK reaches for a satin nightgown --

SAM
NO!

SAM rushes over, pulls the NIGHTGOWN from her shoulders. LO TAK is scared. SAM holds her in his arms.

SAM
No. You must never wear her things. You must never... never be like her.

SAM pulls away, goes to his chest of drawers. LO TAK stays put beside the closet.
SAM
Tomorrow I'll send you to town
with Briggs and Thornton. Buy
all the clothes you need. But
please don't wear Camilla's
things again.

He finds a large black t-shirt, takes it to her.

SAM
You can wear this tonight.

LO TAK dons the t-shirt and admires it.
It bears the logo of a BURNING SKULL and the words,
7th AIR CAV -- DEATH FROM ABOVE.

30. MASTER BEDROOM  INTERIOR  MORNING  DAWN

LO TAK lies alone in the rumpled bed. She wears
her black t-shirt. A LOUD WHINING SOUND wakes her.
She looks around for SAM. No sign.

She rushes to the window.

LO TAK'S POV --

31. SAM raising the FLAG as a convoy of U.S. Army TRUCKS
rolls past. Following the TRUCKS are TWO VANS
labelled BONANZA SHRIMP COMPANY.

The WHINE becomes the rumble of a LARGE CARGO PLANE
coming in to land --

32. AIRSTRIP  EXTERIOR  DAY

SOME TIME HAS PASSED.

The Airstrip is complete.

Several hangars and a CONTROL TOWER surround it.
Most of the hangars bear the logo of the SHRIMP COMPANY.

VARIOUS UNMARKED PLANES are being loaded and unloaded.
FOUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT INSTALLATIONS have been set up at each corner of the field. The area around the Airstrip now resembles an ARMY CAMP.

A U.S. MILITARY PLANE is coming in.

33. **RANCH EXTERIOR DAY**

MANY VEHICLES and LOCAL TAXIS parked outside. Bunting and a gaily-coloured TENT extend past the verandah.

Backhoes and bulldozers surround a half-dug SWIMMING POOL.

34. **KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY**

MAIDS and SERVANTS bustle around LO TAK, pinning her into a RED WEDDING DRESS.

MRS AMES is grimly pinning LO TAK's hair. MRS GUNTHER bosses a flock of LITTLE GIRLS dressed up as pink bon-bons.

BRIGGS, dressed in a grey pinstripe morning-suit, drinks J.D. and slams a kitchen knife between his fingers.

    LO TAK
    Gundy-san old wife please?
    Where she?

    MRS AMES
    I'm sure I couldn't tell you,
    Lo Pook. Hold still or I might accidentally stick you in the BRAIN.

    LO TAK
    (ignoring her, to BRIGGS)
    Gundy-san old wife, why he KAPUT? Die? If so, how?

    BRIGGS
    The Commies did it. Cut her throat from ear to ear.
LO TAK breaks free of MRS AMES and sits down opposite BRIGGS at the kitchen table. BRIGGS goes on jamming the knife between his fingers. LO TAK grabs the knife.

LO TAK
You rude man, Brigg. You
tell truth now or me make
you BIG TROUBLE later.

BRIGGS
Go to hell, Lip Glop. I killed
a lot of people like you just
so you could come to this country.

LO TAK
What country, Brigg? THIS
country, or U.S.?

BRIGGS
What's the fuckin' difference?
(he tries to grab the knife.
They struggle for it)
Wise up, Mama-san. You may have
the OLD MAN by his dick-string
but you're still a dumb BAR GIRL to
me. Get it? Diggle diggie diggie die!

LO TAK
You ugly. Vely bad man.

An ORGAN swells outside.
THORNTON throws the kitchen door open.

THORNTON
Briggs! Get your ARSCH out here!

Off screen the WEDDING MARCH begins.

35. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR DAY

THORNTON supports the smashed BRIGGS as SAM paces,
watched by all his GUESTS -- the local LANDLORDS, COPS,
BISHOPS and SHRIMP FARMERS -- all waiting anxiously for the appearance of his lovely BRIDE --
-- who appears, looking radiant without her glasses, being led by MMES AMES and GUNther and the cortege of dancing BON-BONS.

AMES, dressed like BRIGGS, THORNTON, SAM and LITTLE SAM in a rented grey tail coat, drags the BOYS from the BAR --

AMES
The bar is closed!
The bar is closed, dipshits!
(adopts a saintly pose)
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to bear witness to the holy matrimony of Brother Sam Gundy and Sister Lo Tow Ummmm...
By the powers vested in my person by the Universal Life Church of Bozeman Montana I will shortly do the happy deed --
(SAM and LO TAK exchange an expectant glance. BRIGGS struggles to find the RING)
-- but first a FEW WORDS.

AMES nods to GUNther at the ORGAN. GUNther begins a reverent rendition of "Ghost Riders In The Sky."

AMES
Y'know, friends, it seems to me that Sam's marriage here today is kinda like this RANCH of his. They both took a lot of planning, and a lot of darned hard work. They're both based on faith, and on an optimistic view o' things. And most of all, they're based on LOVE.

SAM beams down at LO TAK. She stares up at him. SAM's eyes are full of tears. A SHRIMP ASSOCIATE sneezes.

AMES
Forty years ago it was when a brave man called Big Sam Gundy came down here with his wife and little son and cleared a tiny patch of land amid the WILDERNESS --
36. AIRSTRIp  EXTERIOR  DAY

The MUSIC and AMES' SERMON continue off screen.

BIGelow waits beside an EMBASSY JEEP, watching
the steps of the MILITARY PLANE descend.

AMES' VOICE
-- just like his grandfather, and
his father before him had opened
up their own frontier. Sam's father
loved this land. And Sam, and Little
Sam, they love it too, with an
unstinting, unselfish love --

Down the steps come a pair of brand new JUNGLE BOOTS.
Above this is a brand new pair of camouflage pants,
a pristine webbing belt with .45 and rambo knife,
and a FLAK JACKET bedecked with MEDALS.

Above the medals and insignia is the face of LT. COL.
STEELHAMMER. Blue-grey eyes, freckles, razor-sharp
crewcut and buck teeth like a mutant rabbit.
Five feet tall.

AMES' VOICE
-- a love that grows still deeper
as we realize the mess the States
is in, with its pollution and its
immigration problems, its AIDS
and its overall lack of decency
and balls --

BIGelow salutes STEELHAMMER.

STEELHAMMER salutes him back.

The TWO MEN stand quivering, staring at each other.

AMES' VOICE
-- a love for a simple land of simple
people, a love for everyone, and for
all things, a love of MONEY too, for
sure, but basically a love of PEOPLE
because when you get down to basics
isn't that the AMERICAN BASIC WAY?
OFF SCREEN, scattered applause, shouts of "Get On With It."

BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER embrace and kiss each other, passionately ENTWINING TONGUES.

37. **RANCH** **EXTERIOR** **DAY**

BIGELOW drives the JEEP as quickly as he can towards the WEDDING TENT. STEELHAMMER stands beside him, holding the windshield like GENERAL PATTON.

    AMES' VOICE
    I now pronounce you Man
    and Lovely Lady Wife!

APPLAUSE. A flight of hats erupts into the air.

    AMES' VOICE
    That's it bar's open boys!!

38. **WEDDING TENT** **EXTERIOR** **DAY**

SAM and LO TAK are surrounded by WELL-WISHERS, most of whom want to kiss LO TAK and hit SAM up for MONEY.

    POLICE CAPTAIN
    Congratulations, Don Sam. How happy
    we all are today. My boys have not
    been paid this week. You think - ?

The CAPTAIN sticks a PACK OF CONDOMS in his hand.

    SAM
    Of course! Little Sam!

LITTLE SAM steps promptly forward with the MONEY BAG.

HECTOR, in a white tuxedo with a white ring round his nose, embraces SAM. A PINK-ROBED BISHOP with pink sunglasses stands nearby.
HECTOR
(slipping CONDOMS into
SAM's jacket pocket)
Ah, Sam, my brother! This is the
finest day of my entire life!
You see the Bishop there? He wants
me to build a church at La Punta.
I told him you would split the cost
with me. It is a very Christian
place, and very flat. In case
we need another airstrip --

BIDGELOW pushes through the throng, with STEELHAMMER
beside him.

BIDGELOW
Sam, this is Lieutenant Colonel
Steelhammer.

SAM straightens, beckons LO TAK over --

STEELHAMMER
Pleased to meet you, Mr Gundy.
I've heard a lot about you.
(to LITTLE SAM)
Sorry to miss your wedding, son.

SAM
This is MY wedding.

BIDGELOW takes SAM's arm, steers him away from the fiesta.
HECTOR, seeing something's up, sticks close to them --

BIDGELOW
Sam, is there someplace
we can talk in private?

SAM nods, ushers them into the house.
LO TAK is left alone in the middle of the crowd.

39. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

SAM pauses in the doorway. HECTOR is already inside,
pinning BIGEGLOW and STEELHAMMER conspiratorially.
The BAND starts up. One of HECTOR'S CRONIES leads LO TAK onto the dance floor. SAM grabs GUNThER's arm.

SAM
Don't let her out of your sight.
Tell me who she talks to.
Who she dances with.

GUNThER
She's only dancing, Sam --

SAM
Do as I say.

40. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

The party continues. It has spread from the TENT to the MILITARY CAMP. Shots are fired in the air.

THORNTON and SEVERAL MEN are trying to relieve BRIGGS of a GRENADE LAUNCHER.

LO TAK dances with the POLICE CAPTAIN.
She wears her glasses, peers through the big windows into the --

41. BIG ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

-- where SAM sits with LITTLE SAM, STEELHAMMER, BIGELOW and HECTOR. Drinking bourbon and coffee and consuming cigarettes. BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER sit upright and apart. SAM, HECTOR, and LITTLE SAM study copies of a "Guerilla Warfare Manual."

SAM
This isn't going to work.

BIGELOW
Why not? Too technical?
Or too simplistic?

LITTLE SAM
Most of the people here can't READ, Mr Bigelow. That presents a problem with a written manual of this kind.
HECTOR
(drunk)
My men can read. Nightly they
study books. The U.S. Constitution.
Daily they fight like lions.
For freedom --

SAM
Can it, Hector. You're
not on Sixty Minutes now.

HECTOR
Fuck you! You're just jealous, Sam.
This book will make the people here
better warriors. It is an
excellent idea, General!

STEELHAMMER melodramatically tosses his Manual in
the trash. BIGELOW hastily does the same.

STEELHAMMER
This book is something the computer
boys dreamed up, Sam. They're not
fighting men. They don't know the
FACE OF WAR the way we do.

LITTLE SAM
We don't know the face of war
that good either, Mr, uh, Colonel.
We're, like, uh, CATTLE RANCHERS.

STEELHAMMER
Bull, son. Bull. I've seen the
scale of your operation here.
I've seen the mettle of your men.

MACHINE GUN FIRE off screen. STEELHAMMER smiles.

STEELHAMMER
If I'd had skilled guerilla MERCs
like that with me at DESERT ONE,
we would have made it to Tehran.
And the world would be a different
place today, let me tell you.
LITTLE SAM
They're just drunks, Colonel.
Shooting at the sky --

SAM
Shut up. Tend to your accounts.
(returning STEELHAMMER's icy gaze)
What can we do for you?

STEELHAMMER
The Old Man wants results, Sam.
This is his pet project. We have to take a piece of Bizaragua. And we have to take it soon.

BIGELOW
Any village will do, Sam. Some place Hector can march into and declare a Freedom Zone. Piñata and the other top bananas will recognise him as President and we'll send in the MARINES.

LITTLE SAM stifles a laugh. SAM looks over at HECTOR, who has fallen asleep on the couch. SAM's expression doesn't change.

SAM
You're going to start a War with Bizaragua.

BIGELOW
A war that we can WIN. America is thru being pushed around.

SAM
Uh huh. I see...

STEELHAMMER
Your Ranch is Base Vector of our Southern Front, Sam. The success of Operation Eagle Claw depends on you.
SAM nods, gravely.

SAM
This is going to cost a lot.

BIGelow
The money's no object, Sam.
Whatever you need.

SAM opens his mouth to speak.
LO TAK raps on the window with her nails.

SAM
Excuse me gentlemen.
I must dance with my wife.

42. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

A local CANTOR croons Tom Jones' "The Last Dance".
SAM wheels LO TAK around the verandah.
LO TAK is worried.

LO TAK
You go make war, Gundy-san?

SAM
No, baby. Love. And lots of money.

LO TAK smiles and hugs her husband.

LO TAK
You good man, Gundy-san.
Good thing I marry you, not ASSHOLE.

They embrace warmly, dancing in a garbage of paper cups.
THORNTON and the BOYS carry BRIGGS' inert body past.

CANTOR
(singing)
But don' forget who's takin' you home
An' in whose arms you gonna be
An' darlin' --
Save the last dance for me.

SAM presents LO TAK with a little box.
She pulls off the STRIPED PAPER.
Inside are TWO CONTACT LENS CONTAINERS.
SAM
I ordered 'em up yesterday.
From an occultist in Miami.
Specially for you.

LO TAK opens the cases and extracts her new
CONTACT LENSES. THEY ARE BLUE.

BRIGGS' VOICE
(fading in)
HUP! HUP! HUP! HUP!
I WANNA GO TO I-RAN!
I WANNA KILL AN I-RANIAN!

43. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

The MILITARY CAMP has grown. GARBAGE and UNIFORMS
are everywhere.

BRIGGS, assisted by SUICIDA and EL LOCO,
marches a squad of local TROOPS on the double
through a field of mud.

TROOPS
WE WANT GO TO I-RAN!
WE WANT KILL I-RANIAN!

MEN IN SUITS carry BRIEFCASES into the --

44. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

HECTOR extracts money from the SUITCASES.
LITTLE SAM and GUNKER try to feed the money
into an electronic MONEY-COUNTING MACHINE.

LO TAK grabs the bills and rapidly counts them by hand.
She has BLUE EYES. She wears a Freida Kahlo outfit
of Mexican serapes and skirts.

SAM methodically puts DIMES in paper rolls.

HECTOR
(hammering the Money
Counting Machine)
Japanese basura --
LO TAK finishes counting by hand. She rises, handing the FINAL TOTAL SUM to SAM. SAM stares at the figure, amazed. LO TAK indicates the Money Counting Machine.

LO TAK
This thing no good. Too slow.
Waste Money. Made in U.S.A.

LITTLE SAM takes the written total from his father's hand, reads it and whistles.

LITTLE SAM
The Shrimp Business and Democracy, Hector. It's called the Alliance for Progress.

HECTOR
Oh, muchas gracias. And when's it going to PROGRESS me into into Banagua? Aren't I supposed to be freeing some town?

SAM
Your troops aren't battle-ready yet, Hector. Fix yourself a drink.

HECTOR
(heading for the wet bar)
Sounds like un buen plan.
You want one?

SAM
Too early in the day for me.

He and LITTLE SAM exchange a glance. SAM's eyes wander to LO TAK's ass as she takes a Readers Digest from the bookcase and heads outside --

45. BIG HOUSE   EXTERIOR   DAY

-- where THORNTON is supervising the pouring of the concrete for the SWIMMING POOL.

LO TAK shows THORNTON a double-page spread in her Readers Digest. It is an AD for Winston Cigarettes depicting two tough white AMERICANS offering each other cigarettes in front of a HELICOPTER labelled "Mountain Patrol".
LO TAK
What mean, Thornton-san?

THORNTON
Publicity for cigarettes.

LO TAK
Yes, but why -- ?
(can't think of word. Makes
HELICOPTER NOISE. Thornton shrugs)
You think MIND people change
by this?

THORNTON pushes back his FORAGE CAP, lights a CIGARETTE, adjusts the strap of his M-16.

THORNTON
No.

BRIGGS marches past, carrying an unidentifiable piece of MILITARY HARDWARE on his shoulder.

THORNTON
How's it going?

BRIGGS
I'm ready, man. I'm READY.

He heads on up the hill, followed by SUICIDA and EL LOCO carrying a CRATE OF SHELLS. They laugh at THORNTON, eyes staring wildly.

THORNTON
Don't be too ready, Briggs.

THORNTON looks to LO TAK. She is climbing down into the half-concreted pit, where TWO of THORNTON'S MEN are gambling for local currency.

LO TAK
(to GAMBLERS)
I play you. You big winner.

The MEN grin and let her join the game --
46. ANGLE ON SAM

Staring through the window, trying to figure out where LO TAK's gone --

47. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

The LIGHT of the Big Screen TV flickers within the Big House.

BRIGGS is still training his MEN, running them up and down the hill and setting off the odd MORTAR.

HECTOR stands with SUICIDA, watching approvingly.

THORNTON shows FUCHI, the alligator kid, fully recovered and dressed in Michael Jackson t-shirt with leather glove, how to load a BANANA CLIP.

48. BIG ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SAM and LO TAK sit, surrounded by their guests, who include the AMESES, the BISHOP and the POLICE DEPARTMENT.

LO TAK is counting her WINNINGS.

The others eat Chinese food and watch a SATELLITE TV NEWS BROADCAST from the USA. On screen, the LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT hammer the walls of a "ROCK HOUSE" -- part of a documentary about the Drug Menace.

MRS AMES
Did you see that. My God, it's awful. They look like they're a hundred years old.

AMES
It's that new drug they take now. They call it "Bang". A man can have fifteen orgasms in a row - forgive me, father - but they pay a terrible price.
BISHOP
Impotentes. Fuera del Ley
de Dios. La Justicia Santa.

POLICE CAPTAIN
I have a couple of them in my jail.
They hardly eat. They soil themselves.
Always shouting for their lawyers
and the phone. Sin vergüenza!

They all shake their heads and eat.

One of HECTOR'S PILOTS enters with GUNTER.
The PILOT looks exactly like the crack victims on TV.

PILOT
C-c-c-can't f-f-find Hector.
C-c-c-can you sign f-f-for me?

SAM signs the BILL OF LADING without looking at the MAN.

LITTLE SAM
They should make 'em legal if you
ask me. Make DRUGS LEGAL and
BAN GUNS.

LO TAK
(warding off DAD's enraged stare)
He joking! FUNNY LITTLE SAM!

ON TV, a SEXY REPORTER stands in front of the rock house,
microphone in hand, silk blouse open almost to her waist.

REPORTER (ON TV)
In spite of the Government's new
get tough policy of "ZERO TOLERANCE"
the problem remains. This is Duke
Wednesday, for Global Cable, reporting
from Venice, California, the town
they call "CRACK CITY, USA".

LO TAK
(watching SAM)
She very pretty.

SAM
(staring at DUKE's fading image)
Not as pretty as you, sweetheart.

On screen a Chevrolet Commercial proclaims, "USA-1 IS
TAKING CHARGE". A foreign-made PICKUP TRUCK EXPLODES --
-- then suddenly the lights and picture die.

CONSTERNATION.

Much shuffling. Clicks of SAFETY CATCHES.

Outside a GENERATOR starts to hum.

The lights come back at reduced power.

Everyone in the room save LO TAK has moved position and produced a gun - including the BISHOP, who has pulled an AK-47 from his cassock.

GUNThER enters, followed by the MAIDS, with FLAMING TORCHES --

GUNThER
Power failure. Disculpe, Reverencia.

BISHOP
Tenemos que salir...

49. RANCH ROAD EXTERIOR NIGHT

The BISHOP'S MERCEDES with its escort of POLICE DATSUNS flashes past.

BRIGGS leads his SQUAD out of the shadows. They are dressed for COMBAT and have SHOE POLISH on their faces.

BRIGGS
Vamos, boys.

They start to hack their way into the jungle, past a sign that warns,

```
BICARAGUA 5Km
¡PELIGRO! ROJO! TURN BACK NOW
```

BRIGGS grins grimly, hacks away.

Suddenly a match flares in front of him.
SAM GUNDY lights a cigarette.

BRIGGS and his ARMY freeze.
SAM
Going somewhere?

BRIGGS does not reply. AMES and LITTLE SAM and GUNHER and THORNTON appear around SAM. AMES shines a FLASHLIGHT in BRIGGS' FACE.

BRIGGS
Just doing what I'm paid to do.

SAM
Briggs, I was under the impression that I paid you to take care of my Ranch. Cigarette?

BRIGGS nods, reaches for the pack.
SAM SLUGS HIM IN THE FACE.
BRIGGS falls flat on his back.
SAM opens his fist. A roll of DIMES fall out.

SAM
Was this Hector's idea?

BRIGGS
Y... y... No.
(spits out several teeth)
Damn it... we're supposed to SUPPORT Hector. Our Government promised...

SAM
(sighs)
Our Government promised to support the Cubans too. And the South Vietnamese. We promised to give Indiana to the Indians. Briggs, we're Americans. We don't keep promises we make to SPICS.
(softening)
C'mon home.

SAM extends a hand. BRIGGS takes it.
SAM twists BRIGGS' arm. BRIGGS screams.

BRIGGS' SOLDIERS stare at SAM'S MEN'S GUNS.

SAM
Did Hector put you up to this?
ANSWER THE QUESTION!
BRIGGS
N-n-n-n-no!!

SAM
Repeat what I just said.
The part about the PROMISES.

BRIGGS
(in agony)
We don't keep promises we make
to SPICS! We don't keep promises we make to SPICS!

SAM
Very good. Now, what are
the last four letters of the
word, "American"?

BRIGGS
The last four letters of the
word American? I CAN! I CAN!

SAM releases him. BRIGGS curls up in a wretched heap.

SAM
Correcto. Since you love adventure
so much, Briggs, tomorrow you can
be the KICKER out of Hector's fuckin'
airplane. You know how to KICK,
don't you?

SAM kicks him. BRIGGS groans weakly.
SAM turns to BRIGGS' well-pleased SQUADRON.

SAM
The rest of you get back to Camp. From now on,
obody leaves my property without
my permission. And get that shoe
polish off you faces. You look
like a fuckin' minstrel show.

THORNTON
You heard the jefe! Rapido!

THORNTON drives the SQUAD back to the road.
SAM whispers in AMES' ear.
SAM
Stick with Briggs. Find out if Hector planned it.

AMES
And if he did?

SAM steps into AMES' flashlight beam and makes a HIDEOUS FACE. Then he is gone.

50. AIRSTRIP EXTERIOR DAWN

One of HECTOR's twin-engined PLANES is being loaded with refrigerated SHRIMP CASES and olive-drab CRATES with parachutes attached.

HECTOR supervises the loading.

A JEEP pulls up and AMES and BRIGGS get out. HECTOR freezes when he sees BRIGGS, bruised and bloody. BRIGGS does not look at HECTOR. AMES follows BRIGGS aboard the plane.

51. RANCH EXTERIOR MORNING

SAM raises the flag as HECTOR'S PLANE flies over.

52. PLANE INTERIOR MORNING

The PILOT shouts at BRIGGS and AMES, hunkering with the CARGO in the back. There is no CO-PILOT.

PILOT (screaming)
We're over Bicaragua now! When I tell you, open the door! Kick out those boxes! Then kick out THOSE boxes!

AMES points to the crates marked BONANZA SHRIMP CO - DO NOT OPEN - PERISHABLE SHRIMP.

AMES
(fucking with him)
You want us to kick out THOSE boxes?
PILOT
(alarmed)
NO! Whatever you do, Don't!
Kick! Out! Those! Boxes!

AMES cackles to himself, produces flask.
BRIGGS broods. He reads the label on a crate of
C-4 EXPLOSIVE. It says,

A GIFT FROM THE EPISCOPALIAN
GRANDMOTHERS OF TEXAS.

53. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY

LO TAK lies on the big bed, surrounded by copies
of the National Geographic.

Completely bored, she goes to the window.

HER POV --

SAM and GUNTER leaning over the motor of a Jeep.

She turns and stares at CAMILLA'S CLOSET.

The temptation is too great. Pulling off her Freida
Kahlo-wear, she rushes to the CLOSET, visions of
CAMILLA's exotic outfits in her head.

She tries the CLOSET DOOR. Frustration.
It is PADLOCKED.

54. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

SAM and GUNTER watch an OLD CAMPESINO plodding slowly
past, carrying a HEAVY BURLAP BUNDLE on his back.

SAM
That old campesino, Gunther.
He makes this long walk every
day. Where does he go?

GUNTER
I guess to his farm.
SAM
I want to give him something.
See that he gets a MOPED.

GUNTERH
I don't know if he would ever
ride a moped, Sam.

SAM
Fix his house up too. And get
his wife a washer and dryer.
Don't tell 'em it's from me.
About that other matter --

GUNTERH dons a welder's mask and starts WELDING the
motor. SPARKS FLY EVERYWHERE. SAM pulls goggles on.

SAM
Tell me what's going on.

GUNTERH
Nada. Ella habla con todos,
Sam. Es una gente muy
amable, con tanto corazon --

SAM
With Thornton? How much does
she hang around with him?

GUNTERH
Nothing is going on between them.
Don't persist in this. You will
create a problem. No offense, jefe.

GUNTERH stops welding, pushes up his mask.

SAM
None taken. What about with my SON?

GUNTERH goes back to welding. HECTOR jumps out of
his LIMO, all smiles.

HECTOR
Sam, hermano mio. Everything okay?
SAM
Everything's phenomenal with me,
Hector.

HECTOR
I wanted you to know they held a big
demonstration for me in Banagas.
Thousands were there, at great risk
to themselves, demanding that the
Communists resign and I be president.
A government mob broke it up,
with savage violence.

SAM
That's nice. I'm sure I'll see
it on TV tonight.

HECTOR
I doubt it. You know the liberal
media. They are Communists themselves.
Always they suppress the truth.
Without their lies, I would be
President today, and you Americans
would have won your war in Viet Nam.

SAM
It wasn't my war, Hector.
wasn't anything to do with me.

HECTOR
Well anyway, we are on the same
side, you and I, seguro si?
Against the Communists.
Sam, are you mad at me?

SAM
No, Hector. Why would
I be mad at you?

HECTOR
You have no reason. Good. Asi.
(studies his fingers)
Sam, I will be gone from here unos dias.
I have to visit business partners in
Columbia and then go to Washington.
Our friend Steelhammer wants me
to address your Congress.
SAM
Say hi to them for me.

HECTOR
Oh, Sam, I will. You know I always make a good report of you when I'm in Washington.

SAM and HECTOR smile at each other and embrace.
HECTOR heads for his CADILLAC.

SAM
Goodbye Hector. Get us more money.

HECTOR
I will, my brother.

55. LIMO INTERIOR DAY

HECTOR gets in and shuts the door.
His SEXY SHRIMP PARTNER offers him a fresh Gamba.

HECTOR
Hijo de Puta.

56. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

LO TAK approaches a group of card-playing LABORERS. SAM watches HECTOR drive away.

SAM
Son of a Bitch.

57. IN THE AIR

HECTOR'S TWIN-ENGINED PLANE flies low over the jungle.

MUNITIONS CRATES with parachutes tumble towards the trees. BRIGGS stands in the doorway KICKING THEM OUT --
58. **PLANE  INTERIOR  DAY**

AMES slides the crates over to BRIGGS. BRIGGS kicks them angrily into the ether.

    **BRIGGS**
    How come they got parachutes and we DON'T?

    **AMES**
    Because they're more important than we are! Ha ha ha ha ha!

BRIGGS mutters to himself. He rips the CHUTE off a crate and tries to fit his own arms into it.

    **AMES**
    SCARED, SON?

BRIGGS kicks the chuteless crate out of the door.

59. **IN THE AIR**

The CRATE hurtles earthward --

60. **JUNGLE  EXTERIOR  DAY**

    -- and lands on a trail a few feet from a PATROL OF SOLDIERS.

    It breaks apart. A STINGER MISSILE in its launching apparatus is revealed.

    The SOLDIERS look at it, then at each other. They run for the crate --

61. **PLANE  INTERIOR  DAY**

There is one crate left to kick. It is jammed among the SHRIMP BOXES. AMES and BRIGGS try to heave it loose --
AMES
Whose idea was that expedition
last night, Briggs? Yours
or... someone else's?

BRIGGS
What's it to you?

AMES
Oh, nothing. Just making
corversation.

62. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY

The PLANE circles above.
The SOLDIERS have the STINGER primed and mounted.
A fifteen-year old SOLDIER hits the firing button --

-- the MISSILE hurtles skyward --

63. PLANE INTERIOR DAY

BRIGGS and AMES have the box loose and are
pushing it towards the door --

AMES
You're a good boy, Briggs.
I'd hate to see you get in trouble
with the Old Man over a rat
like Hector.

BRIGGS
Yeah? Well the Old Man ain't
gonna be runnin' the show forever.
Things happen, see. Surprises
happen all the t --

THE FRONT OF THE PLANE EXPLODES.

BRIGGS and AMES are thrown into the ether --

64. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY

The SOLDIERS shout and rejoice, amazed at their
good luck. Then one of them points at
something in the sky.
65. THEIR POV --

BRIGGS floating downward, clinging to his makeshift PARACHUTE. AMES clinging to BRIGGS.

66. RANCH   EXTERIOR   DAY

CICADAS hiss.

LO TAK sits behind the Big House at an old dusty pool table. She is gambling with a group of MERCs. She has won all their money and now they are gambling for BULLETS.

LO TAK wears one blue contact lens.

SAM GUNDY comes up behind her. He kisses her, stares into one blue eye, one brown eye.

SAM
What happened to your other eye?

LO TAK
Fall out. Not need anyway. You no like him?

SAM
No, no. No, he's fine...

SAM pulls her away from the game. She gathers her money and bullets.

SAM
Babe, I've been thinking. If this dry spell holds, and the Ranch stays quiet, maybe we can take our HONEYMOON --

LO TAK
(blissful)
LAS VEGAS...

They embrace. Through the window we see LITTLE SAM, talking excitedly on the SHORTWAVE RADIO --

LITTLE SAM
(shouting through the glass)
OH SHIT. DAAAAAAD!!!
67. **BIG HOUSE**  **INTERIOR**  **DAY**

**PANDEMONIUM.**

Everybody runs about. **GUNTER,** in kakhi, hands out **GUNS.** **LITTLE SAM** tries to explain the situation to **LO TAK.** **MRS AMES** is screaming.

**LITTLE SAM**
They've come down 100 clicks in enemy territory. We've lost the pilot but Ames and Briggs are still alive and trying to avoid **CONTACT** --

**LO TAK**
What con-tac? What going on?

68. **MASTER BEDROOM**  **INTERIOR**  **DAY**

**MRS AMES** rushes in, hysterical. **SAM** is strapping on his .45's.

**MRS AMES**
Why, Sam? Why! Why! Why!

**SAM**
(lying)
Adele, he asked to go. You know Ames. He loves adventure --

**MRS AMES** pulls him around and slaps him. **SAM** reels back. She pounces on him, sticks her tongue down his throat. **SAM** kisses back, passionately, head still spinning --

**MRS AMES**
Why, Sam? Why did you leave me for that JAPANESE BITCH?

**SAM**
I thought it would make things easier. You're my best friend's wife, Adele. That's something of a PROBLEM --
AMES
And what is THIS? Is she
as good as me, Sam? Is she?

She forces SAM onto the bed, tearing the buttons off
his shirt. Orders are shouted, engines fire up
outside.

SAM
I can't compare the two of you,
Adele. You're like chalk and
... potatoes ... I mean CAVIAR.

MRS AMES
WHAT?

MRS AMES pulls off her blouse. She rubs her breasts
against his face. Her hand disappears into his pants --

SAM
Adele, I've got to go. Walter --

MRS AMES
Walter can fuckin' WAIT!

MRS AMES straddles him. SAM is very aroused.
For a moment all the sounds of turmoil ebb away --

-- and SAM almost surrenders to his passion.
Then the THWAK THWAK THWAK of HELICOPTERS fills
SAM's ears.

He breaks away, grabbing a fresh cowboy shirt --

SAM
No man should have to choose between
a boner and his oldest friend.

He stalks out. MRS AMES throws the WOODEN DICK
SCULPTURE at the door.

MRS AMES
FAGGOT!!
BIG HOUSE PORCH    INTERIOR    DAY

SAM comes down the stairs.
The CHOPPERS have landed outside.
LITTLE SAM steps up to him, a rifle in his hands.

LITTLE SAM
Dad, I'm coming too.

SAM
No, Little Sam. There's always
got to be one Gundy on this Ranch.
Do as I say.

He steps past LITTLE SAM. THORNTON stands waiting
with FUCHI, the alligator boy.

THORNTON
This kid knows the area, Sam.

LO TAK
Fuchi? No! He only child!

FUCHI
No! I man! American! I CAN!

He moonwalks like Michael Jackson.
SAM sweeps FUCHI into his arms.

SAM
Let's go, Little Scout.

Unable to look at LO TAK, SAM hurries outside.
MRS GUNThER shuts the door behind them.
LO TAK wails in LITTLE SAM's arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

SHOT OF THREE HELICOPTERS OVER JUNGLE.
DISSOLVE TO:

70. **JUNGLE** **EXTERIOR** **DAY**

AMES sitting in a tree. Unharmed, but burned by the hot sun, he clings to the upper branches.

(Off in the distance) we hear SHOTS and BRIGGS' screams.

**BRIGGS' VOICE**
Don't shoot! I surrender! AAEEE!!

STORM CLOUDS gather in the south.

DISSOLVE TO:

71. **RANCH** **KITCHEN** **INTERIOR** **DAY**

Dark outside. Thunder. RAINDROPS hit the window.

The WOMEN sit around a pot of coffee. MRS AMES makes angry snuffling sounds. LO TAK tries to comfort her.

**LO TAK**
You not worry, Mama Aim. If anyone find you marido, is husband, Gundy-san.

**MRS AMES**
(ingenuously) Oh, I'm not worried about Ames, Lo Bok. I'm worried about you.

**LO TAK**
You worry me? Why?

MRS AMES looks over at MRS GUNThER. MRS GUNThER stares at the fire. She speaks no English.

**MRS AMES**
It's just... when Sam's frustrated he does terrible things. It was in a situation very like this that he... that he KILLED his other wife.

LO TAK's blue and brown eyes widen. MRS AMES snuffles. MRS GUNThER snuffles too.
LO TAK
Sam KILL Camilla? When?
How? Por que?

MRS AMES
Oh, I don't want to burden you with
details, honey. He just got really
angry over some petty thing connected
with the Ranch. Poor woman, she
didn't know what he was like. She
offered him a flower. He started
beating her. And beating her.
Screaming obscene things.
He wouldn't stop.
(pretends to SOB)
It took five men, no, seven men,
to drag him off. We took her to
the doctor, but she died in the car.
Poor sweet girl. She was
PREGNANT, too.

LO TAK rises and heads for the door.

72. DOLLY IN ON WINDOW.
Outside the POWER LINE is hit by lightning.
The PYLON collapses. The lights go out.

73. BIG HOUSE PORCH INTERIOR DAY
LO TAK marches smartly to the front door and opens it.
Wind and rain sweep in. LITTLE SAM comes out of
his office, sees LO TAK walking out into the storm.

74. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY
LO TAK sloshes thru the mud, away from the Big House.
LITTLE SAM hurries after her.

LITTLE SAM
Lo Puk --

LO TAK whirls and lands a flying foot in LITTLE SAM's
stomach. LITTLE SAM collapses in the mud. LO TAK
looks guilty and surprised.
LO TAK
Little Sam. So sorry.
Genuine mistake. Goodbye.

She turns. LITTLE SAM shout after her.

LITTLE SAM
Wait! Where are you going?

LO TAK
Not know! But not gonna die
like old wife! Better to be
Bar Girl! Bye!

LITTLE SAM
You're fuckin' mad!
Camilla isn't dead!

LO TAK
(confused)
Where HE, alors? Tell I
ahora mismo! Or me history!

LITTLE SAM appears to struggle with his conscience.
MORE LIGHTNING. THE RAIN TORRENTS DOWN.

LITTLE SAM
Camilla... she was not at all
like you. No, that's not true.
She was, a lot, actually...

DISSOLVE TO:

75. CAMILLA'S PICTURE with rain falling in front of it. 75.

DISSOLVE TO:

76. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY 76.

SAM'S MEN, armed to the teeth, setting up a perimeter
around AMES' TREE. SAM and THORNTON try to coax AMES
down as RAIN FALLS ALL AROUND. LIGHTNING.

AMES is paralyzed with fear, refusing to come down.
LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
Camilla came from a good local family, you know, not poor or anything like that. But when the Revolution happened next door she kinda, like, flipped out...

SAM makes a lariat, throws it into the branches of the tree.

ANGLE ON FUCHI, running around the perimeter. GUNThER calls to him to stay close. RAIN.

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
She started picking on Dad about World Capitalism and the way that Gringos treat Latinos, you know. Stuff that's not Dad's fault. Anyway, one day she just... grafitti's the whole place and left. Drove to Banagua in Dad's Truck...

SAM'S LARIAT loops around AMES. SAM yanks the rope. AMES falls out of the tree. The MEN run to AMES.

ANGLE on a RUSSIAN LAND MINE planted in the grass.

ANGLE on FUCHI, running excitedly towards it.

ANGLE on GUNThER, running to grab him --

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
Dad followed her but she refused to see him. He stayed five days and then came home alone. She'd sold the pickup so he had to ride the bus.

A BRIGHT FLASH illuminates the MEN'S FACES. SAM, AMES et AL react in horror as the LAND MINE EXPLODES.

77. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

LITTLE SAM and LO TAK sit side by side in the grey-brown sea of mud.
LITTLE SAM
He was pretty crazy for a long
time after.  He's better now.
But he sure hates those Communists.

LO TAK
Camilla one?  A Commie?

LITTLE SAM
Hell, no.  She lives with the
Bicaraguan Minister of Tourism.
Got her own Mercedes and two maids
for the kids.  They send us a
postcard every Christmas.

The rain is getting less.  Sunlight is shafting through.

LITTLE SAM
Come home?

LO TAK nods.  They rise and walk towards the Big House.

LO TAK
Why you stay here?
Why you not go USA?

LITTLE SAM
I've been there.  Did a semester
at Nebraska U.  Drove me crazy.
The pressure.  The pace.  Besides,
Dad needs me.  He needs all of us.
He's just a simple, ordinary guy
with ordinary needs.

78.  RANCH  EXTERIOR  NIGHT  78.

The CHOPPERS land.

FAST TRACK IN to SAM, emerging, holding FUCHI
in his arms.  FUCHI has lost a leg in the explosion.

The TRACK ends in a tight CU of SAM'S ANGUISHED FACE.

SAM
(screaming)
REVENGE!!!
79. VERANDAH EXTERIOR NIGHT

SAM sits outside the Big House whittling a wooden stick. A tear is in his eye. LO TAK is watching him.

LO TAK
And Brigg?

THORNTON
They got him.

LO TAK smiles.

80. RANCH EXTERIOR DAWN

SAM presents a newly-made PEG LEG to FUCHI and his silent PARENTS. THORNTON helps strap it on. FUCHI takes his first steps with his new prosthetic.

LO TAK and the MEN all watch with brave expressions on their faces. AMES and MRS AMES stand nearby. AMES' arm is in a sling. GUNHER'S face is bandaged.

SAM nods, satisfied.

SAM
Gunther. Get me my .45's.

LO TAK
No, Gundy-san!

LITTLE SAM
Dad, this is mad. It's not good for the Ranch --

THORNTON
You're taking this too personal --

SAM
Too personal? A brave little kid is hopping round on a peg leg because those Commie bastards MINED THE COUNTRYSIDE and you tell me it isn't PERSONAL?

AMES
It's their countryside.
SAM
Oh yeah?
(GUNThER hands him his pistol belt. Everyone takes three steps back)
Go down to the Airstrip. Get me five cartons of C-4 explosive and a couple of walkie-talkies.

LO TAK
What you do?

SAM doesn't answer. He turns and almost bumps into MRS AMES. MRS AMES spits on his shoe.

SAM
(ignoring her)
Loco! Get me a couple of mules!

THORNTON
(sighing, stepping forward)
Make that THREE mules.

SAM heads for the house, followed by THORNTON and LO TAK. AMES remonstrates with MRS AMES.

AMES
That wasn't very smart. You just made him even Madder.

MRS AMES
(feigning innocence)
Oh... did I?

81. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY

SAM packs his kit-bag, crouching on the floor selecting various GRENADES and ARMY TOOLS. LO TAK enters, throws her arms around his neck.

LO TAK
"Only cow chew same grass twice"
Sam. Remember you words wisdom: Not make war, make money.
SAM
This is different. This is for a little kid called Fuchi.

LO TAK
Sam, million kid die this world every day. No food, work like
dog, no money, dead in park.
Like animal.

SAM
(zipping up his bag)
I can't explain this to you.
You people don't value human
life the way we do.

He slams his gun in its holster.
It goes off, blowing a hole in the floor.

82. KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY
The BULLET hits GUNThER in the foot.

83. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY
SAM emerges, followed by LO TAK.

THORNTON and EL LOCO wait with THREE BURROS
and the load of explosives.

LO TAK
What you mean, "I people"?
What kind people me?

SAM
Keep studying your English books,
baby.
(kisses her forehead)
I'll be back real soon.

SAM mounts his burro. The THREE MEN ride out.

LO TAK
You ASSHOLE! HYPOCLIT!

SAM looks at THORNTON. THORNTON offers SAM a cigarette.
SAM
Women. I'll never figure 'em out.

THORNTON
Ach. They're all crazy, Sam.
Better not to try...

SAM lights his cigarette, and THORNTON's.
They ride on in contented silence, for the hills.

DISSOLVE TO:

84. MONTAGE of SAM, HECTOR and EL LOCO riding into the
adjacent country. They pass through jungle, over hills,
via mountains. The weather changes constantly.
They wear straw hats and rain ponchos.

Finally they see --

85. THE BRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY

Guarded by TWO SOLDIERS, a wood-and-metal
bridge fording a deep GORGE.

EL LOCO slits the throat of one SOLDIER.
THORNTON strangles the OTHER with a wire.

86. Directed by SAM, they plant their C-4 EXPLOSIVE
among the bridge's struts. THORNTON sticks a
walkie-talkie in the thickest wedge of C-4.

A wooden strut breaks and THORNTON almost falls
into the GORGE. EL LOCO grins, watching him swing,
then reaches down and pulls him back --

87. ABOVE THE BRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY

LOCO and THORNTON scurry back to where SAM waits
among the trees. They carry the dead SOLDIERS' rifles.

LOCO hands SAM the other WALKIE-TALKIE.

THORNTON studies the length of PIANO WIRE
with which he killed the GUARD.
THORNTON
(studying wire)
In Switzerland they use these
for cutting CHEESE...

SAM raises a finger to his lips.
They hear the sound of a DIESEL ENGINE.
All three stare at the road.
For a moment the sound is gone, and all is silent.

EL LOCO
"Que descansada vida
La que huye del mundial ruido
Y sigue la escondida senda
Por donde los grandes sabios hanido..."

THORNTON looks at EL LOCO in surprise.

Below them, from the jungle, comes a BUS.
An old American School Bus, packed with people,
SOLDIERS sitting on top.

ANGLE ON SAM

Watching the BUS intently. Should he BLOW the Bridge
right now? Or wait till the BUS is across? Or...?

LOCO and THORNTON stare at the WALKIE-TALKIE
in SAM'S HANDS.

ZOOM IN ON SAM'S EYES.

TIGHT on the WALKIE-TALKIE. His fingers creep
towards the "SPEAK" button as the BUS nears the bridge --

SAM
This one's for FUCHI.

SAM pushes the button. NOTHING HAPPENS.
The BRIDGE does not explode.

SAM
God damn it to hell!

SAM jumps up, blasting with his .45's.
THORNTON and EL LOCO open fire with their MACHINE GUNS,
blowing the surprised SOLDIERS off the roof.
The BUS WINDOWS explode.
88. **BUS INTERIOR DAY**

Glass showers everywhere.

The **BUS** is full of **CHILDREN**, **OLD PEOPLE** and **NUNS**. They scream and cower on the floor.

**The BUS DRIVER** tries to return **SAM'S FIRE**.

89. **ABOVE THE BRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY**

**The BUS DRIVER** is hit. **The BUS** runs off the bridge, across the road into a shallow ditch.

**SAM's guns** are empty. **LOCO and THORNTON** reload --

**SAM**

That's enough. They're **PAID IN FULL**.

90. **RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT**

**MORE RAIN.** Blue TV light within the Big House.

Three **MULES with RIDERS** appear on the edge of frame.

91. **BIG ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT**

**LO TAK, LITTLE SAM** and the **AMESES** watch the American News. None of them look up as **SAM & CO** ride by outside. Their eyes are fixed on --

-- **BRIGGS**, surrounded by microphones, giving a press conference in front of Bicaraguan flags.

**BRIGGS (ON TV)**

I didn't know what I was doing.
I was just hired to do a job.

**REPORTER OFF SCREEN**

Who hired you?

**BRIGGS**

(looks guiltily around)
An American called Sam Gundy. He, uh, he works for the CIA. But I don't. I don't know anything...
LO TAK
He even ugly on TV!

AMES and LITTLE SAM groan.
We hear SAM in the hall.

NEWSREADER (ON TV)
In Washington, a leading Freedom
Fighter, Hector Cruz, was asked
for his opinion of the shot-down
aviator's claims --

HECTOR appears, with CAPITOL HILL in the background.

HECTOR (ON TV)
I represent the Bicaraguan People
in their fight for freedom.
I know nothing about this man
Briggs, nor his CIA DRUG DEALER
FRIENDS --

AMES and LITTLE SAM groan again. HECTOR raises both
hands, making victory signs.

HECTOR (ON TV)
Viva la Democracia!
Viva COMMANDANTE LIBERTAD!

The door opens. SAM and THORNTON enter.
Everyone looks at him. No one speaks.

SAM
What's the matter? It's like
a fuckin' morgue in here...

NEWSREADER (ON TV)
The Bicaraguans have protested to
the World Court about an incident
in which Freedom Fighters fired on
a busload of children and nuns.
The State Department denied the
charges and demanded the immediate
return of the DOWNED FLYER --

Freeze frame on BRIGGS' UNHAPPY FACE.
The TV flickers off. POWER OUT AGAIN.
92. **VERANDAH**  **EXTERIOR**  **NIGHT**

SAM sits in a big wicker chair surrounded by candles. LO TAK is giving him a FOOT MASSAGE.

SAM
There's a party at the Embassy on Tuesday. We have to put in an appearance.
(he sighs)
I'm thinking of getting rid of the Land Rover. Buy one of those New Nissans.
(sighs)
I don't know. I just don't know.

LO TAK
Always buy JAP, Sam. Last longer.
More for money.

SAM
(sighs again)
Ah, shit...

LO TAK
What wrong, Gundy-san?
Why you worry?

SAM
I don't know... It's just...
Things... I don't know what the use is... You try so damned hard...
And everyone's so damn SELFISH...

LO TAK
Want children, Sam?

SAM
What? Bring another kid into this God-forsaken world?
I don't think so.

LO TAK
Maybe you take us HONEYMOON as promise --

SAM
(getting pissed off)
YOU KNOW I CAN'T LEAVE THE RANCH NOW DON'T BE SO DAMN STUPID!
LO TAK shuts up, rubs his feet.  
SAM feels really bad now.

SAM  
(sighing again) 
When things get better... 
we'll go away somewhere.  
Have us a good time...

LO TAK considers answering, decides not to. 
SAM stares off into the distance.

93. RANCH  EXTERIOR  DAY

Dry and still.

Back hoes cluster silently around the still-unfinished 
POOL.  VULTURES sit on the satellite dishes.  
GUARDS patrol up and down.

94. AIRSTRI P  EXTERIOR  DAY

SAM's single-engined Cessna sits alone on the huge 
field.  No activity by the BONANZA SHRIMP SHEDS.  
The ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS stare idly at the empty sky.

95. VERANDAH  EXTERIOR  DAY

SAM rages into his portable phone.  

LO TAK and LITTLE SAM sit in their swimming suits 
in front of electric fans, playing cards for dimes.  

It is incredibly hot.

SAM  
(into phone) 
What do you mean he isn't in 
his office? He's the Cultural 
Attache! Doesn't he have any 
work to do? Yeah, well tell him 
to call me as soon as he gets in. 
Gundy. He knows the number.
SAM shuts off the phone, slams down the ariel.

SAM
Son of a bitch is hiding from me! They say they haven't seen him in a week.

LO TAK fans herself silently.

LITTLE SAM
Maybe we should forget about him, Dad. Maybe we should go back to RANCHING. Round up the stock, mend the corrals --

SAM
That's just what the DAMN REDS'd like - for me to go out there and ride a horse around. What else do you want me to do - paint a GODDAMN BULLSEYE on my chest?

LO TAK
Take me Las Vegas Honeymoon.

A FLY buzzes past. SAM flails at it.

SAM
DAMN THESE FLIES!
(the CICADA sound intensifies)
FUCKIN' INSECTS! SHUT UP!!!

The CICADAS shut up. SAM squints at a plume of dust far off down the dirt road.

SAM
Someone's coming.

LO TAK and LITTLE SAM peer into the heat haze.

LITTLE SAM
I don't see anyone.

SAM
Bigelow.

SAM jumps down from the verandah, starts to run --
96. **RANCH** EXTERIOR DAY

SAM'S GUARDS stand in the dust, dully squinting at the distant dust-devil.

SAM runs past them, sprinting towards the convoy. We TRACK fast alongside him --

97. **RANCH ROAD** EXTERIOR DAY

The THREE EMBASSY CARS halt in a row. They have little flags held up by wires. The dust hangs in the air around them.

SAM freezes, panting, in front of the LIMOS. Like a matador confronted by three bulls. The CARS have black windows. He can't see who's inside.

The MIDDLE LIMO slides a window down.

Inside sit BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER.

BIGELOW
Good to see you, Sam.

SAM
Hi, Bigelow. Colonel.

STEELHAMMER
Have some water.

STEELHAMMER pours SAM a crystal glass of Evian water. SAM reaches for it. A cool breath of air conditioning wafts over him. He notices that BIGELOW AND STEELHAMMER AREN'T WEARING ANY PANTS.

SAM
(taken aback)
Uh... Thank you...
(drinks)
About my money, Bigelow. Everyone in this whole country's hitting me up for cash. I ain't been paid in weeks. The Ranch is at a standstill.

BIGELOW
We know that, Sam. That's why we're here.
STEELHAMMER
Your friend Hector has pulled the
dirty one on us, Sam. Built his
own airstrip at La Punta. He's
operating on his own. With
funds from Congress.

SAM
WHAT? HOW? You're supposed...
to be in charge of everything...

BIGELOW
Hector's made his own friends on
the Hill. He's cut us out completely.

BIGELOW'S VOICE breaks. STEELHAMMER puts a hand
on BIGELOW'S LEG. It rests there.

STEELHAMMER
We need those flights as much as
you do, Sam. We need somebody
to take care of Hector.

SAM
(eyes narrowing)
Why don't YOU take care of him.

BIGELOW
We'd like to but we can't.
We're too HIGH PROFILE right now.
Nothing serious, but you know
the Beltway.

STEELHAMMER
Hector's flying in on Tuesday.
Giving a press conference at the
Airport. We'd like it to be
his last.

SAM
Does the MAN UPSTAIRS know about this?

STEELHAMMER
He knows everything. He sends you
his warm regards. In fact,
he asked me to give you THIS --
STEELHAMMER fishes in his shirt pocket and pulls out a little Taiwanese PENKNIFE. He gives it to SAM.

The PENKNIFE bears the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL. SAM cannot believe his luck.

SAM
I sure... I sure would like to meet him one day. Get a photograph of us together.

BIGELOW
Help us on this one, Sam, and we'll arrange it.

SAM
(babbling)
REALLY? I was thinking of coming to the States real soon. I'm taking the wife to Vegas. Thought I might swing by D.C. on the way --

STEELHAMMER
That's great, Sam. Great. Call me as soon as you hit town.

STEELHAMMER'S WINDOW starts sliding up. BIGELOW leans across STEELHAMMER.

BIGELOW
You will take care of this, now, won't you?

SAM nods. BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER disappear behind the black glass. The LIMOS pull away. SAM stares at the PENKNIFE and the CRYSTAL BEAKER.

98. LIMO INTERIOR DAY

Tight on the faces of BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER.

BIGELOW
Sam Gundy has dinner with the President of the United States. Ha ha. Can you feature it?

STEELHAMMER
Why not.
BIGELOW
We'll have to kill him after this, you know.

STEELHAMMER
Kill who? The President?

BIGELOW
No, SAM. Not the President. That would be wrong.

99. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT INTERIOR DAY

SAM sits at the Airport Bar with a glass and his PENKNIFE. He taps the KNIFE against the glass. Looks over the balcony rail. A large gathering of REPORTERS is assembling below.

SAM'S POV --

ZEROING IN on THORNTON, SUICIDA and EL LOCO, dressed in civilian garb, manhandling a large CAMERA CASE towards the empty PODIUM --

WOMAN'S VOICE
Excuse me, are you Sam Gundy?

SAM looks up at the open neckline and brown satin skin of DUKE WEDNESDAY --

SAM
Uh, yeah. Yeah, I am...

SAM starts to rise. DUKE pushes him back down.

DUKE
Please don't get up. I'm Duke Wednesday, Global Cable News. Mind if I join you?

SAM
I know you. I've seen you on TV. (Loud murmur below. HECTOR CRUZ and LIEUTENANTS mount the podium)
You here to see, uh, Hector?
DUKE
Not really. I'm sick of the
Hector thing. He's just a talking
head, yesterday's news.
(TV LAMPS flicker on below.
SAM jumps, spilling his drink)
Are you okay?

SAM
Yeah, yeah, I'm fine, look, uh...

SAM peers anxiously down at the PRESS CONFERENCE.
THORNTON and CO have positioned their CAMERA CASE
beneath HECTOR and are beating a retreat --

SAM wants out. DUKE WEDNESDAY holds onto his hand.

DUKE
What I'd really like to do, Sam,
is an exclusive interview with you.

SAM
You would..? Gee, I don't know.
I got to get back to the Ranch.

SAM heads for the escalator. DUKE tags along with
him, carrying her shoulder bag.

DUKE
We can do it there. My crew
is staying at the Presidente.
I can go right now and pick 'em up.

SAM hurries down the escalator, followed by DUKE.
THORNTON stands in the doorway, beckoning urgently --

SAM
Uh, well, uh...

DUKE
How about three this afternoon?
No, let's say four. The light
is better. 4 p.m. at your Ranch.

DUKE and SAM stand in the AIRPORT DOORWAY.
DUKE clings to his arm.
SAM
Fine. Okay.

DUKE gives him the "okay" sign and hails a TAXI.

THORNTON
(urgently)
Psst. Let's GO.

SAM looks back into the AIRPORT LOUNGE.

HECTOR CRUZ is speaking grandly to the CAMERAS.

HECTOR
-- a MAN who loves FREEDOM
more than LIFE ITSELF!

HECTOR and SAM make eye contact.

SAM FLIPS HECTOR OFF.

100. AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY

SAM and THORNTON run for the MERCEDES.
A COP leaps to open the door for them.

They jump in and EL LOCO puts his foot down.
The MERCEDES speeds away.

101. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

SAM and THORNTON sit in the back, panting.
The AIRPORT BUILDING recedes.

THORNTON
Who's the chick?

SAM
Reporter. She's going to interview
me at the Ranch this afternoon.

THORNTON
What you going to talk about?

BOOOOMM!! The sound of an EXPLOSION in the distance.
Smoke pours from the AIRPORT BUILDING.

SAM
Basketball.
102. **BIG HOUSE**  **EXTERIOR**  **DAY**

SAM and his INTIMATES are gathered on the Verandah, all dressed in their Sunday best. SAM has on a bright red cowboy shirt and alligator boots.

DUKE lines up the next shot with her VIDEO CREW.

LO TAK stands off to the side, with MRS GUNThER.
LO TAK is dressed to the nines. DUKE approaches SAM.

DUKE
Who's that woman, Sam?
The Oriental Dish?

SAM
Lo Tak?
(off-handed)
Oh, she's my wife.

DUKE
I'd love to get her in the shot with you. She's SENSATIONAL.

SAM
Thank you.

SAM beckons to LO TAK, who comes and sits proudly beside him. DUKE sits beside the CAMERA.

ASST. CAMERA
Gundy Ranch Int, Roll Two.

SOUND
We have speed.

DUKE
(earnestly)
The Free World suffered a tragic blow today, Sam, with the death of Freedom Fighter Hector Cruz, killed by an assassin's bomb at San Jose Airport. You were at the Airport just before it happened, weren't you, Sam?

SAM
Was I...? I don't recall. Maybe I was, uh...
LO TAK
Buying newspaper!

SAM
Yes! That's it. Now I remember.
(holds up MIAMI HERALD)

DUKE
Sam, would you care to speculate
who was responsible for this
Tragic Murder?

ANGLE ON THORNTON, EL LOCO and SUICIDA, who have been
selected as "background action" - drinking Lucky Lagers
from a cooler.

SAM
Well, DUKE, I'm just a simple
rancher here, but I would have to
say this looks like the work of
the TERRORIST INTERNATIONAL.
By which I mean those COMMIE
PUNKS across the border.

DUKE
(nodding earnestly)
Some people say you're more than
just a simple rancher, Sam.
Some people say you make a tidy
profit running DRUGS and WEAPONS
off this Ranch.

ALL SAM'S MEN FREEZE. Even LO TAK betrays slight
alarm. SAM looks impassively at DUKE. Finally --

SAM
That's just not true, Duke.
Fact is, Gunther here keeps a
record of every flight that
comes in and goes out of this
Ranch. And we hold that
record on hand for the National
Authorities to inspect at any time.
Are all REPORTERS as good
looking as you?

DUKE
People say that you're a killer.
A cold-blooded killer, Sam Gundy.
SAM
Well, Duke, you know that just isn't true. Just look around you. We're just folks here, just like the folks back home...

Somebody sticks a beer can in SAM's white-knuckled hand. He pops it, drinks deliberately --

DUKE
How about you, Mrs Gundy? How do you feel when people accuse your husband of being a DRUG DEALER and a HIT MAN for the CIA?

LO TAK
Always ready someone blacken reputation. People say bad thing 'bout YOU, I bet. Sam good man, and honest husband!

The RANCH HANDS agree, getting back their courage. LO TAK and DUKE exchange a long, hard stare.

DUKE
Cut. That was great.
(everybody breathes again)
Sam, I'd like to get some shots of you alone, with the Ranch as a background --

103. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

The VIDEO CAMERA sits in its box. The TRIPOD stands empty beside it.

SAM and DUKE WEDNESDAY GET IT ON on the hood of her Landcruiser.

SAM
You're a sly bitch, ain't you? Sliming your way onto a MAN'S RANCH and DEFAMING HIM in front of his FAMILY!

DUKE
(breathless)
That's my JOB, Sam. We all have our JOBS to do! Don't we!
SAM
I GUESS WE DO!

SAM comes. He pulls away.
DUKE collapses across the hood.

SAM pulls up his pants, surveys the Ranch.
The SUN is going down.

DUKE rolls over, lays there watching him.

DUKE
You're an amazing man, Sam.
Do you ever come to the States?

SAM
I been thinking of it. Been
thinking of taking the wife
to Las Vegas --

DUKE
Leave her here, Sam. I'll give
you my number in Miami. Meet
me in two nights' time --

104. BIG HOUSE  EXTERIOR  NIGHT

The RAIN sluices down. TV lights inside.

105. BIG ROOM  INTERIOR  NIGHT

SAM sits with AMES and THORNTON watching the FIGHT.
LO TAK sits behind him, making a POT OF TEA. A HUGE
GINSENG ROOT protrudes from the POT. LO TAK seems
very annoyed. MRS AMES stares out at the lightning.

AMES
Guess who came by MY Ranch today.
Your friend Bigelow. He wants
to put an Airstrip on MY property.
Says they'll pay for everything.

SAM
That little asshole. I'll cook
his goose in Washington.
LITTLE SAM
Washington?

LO TAK
We go Washiton! Then Vegas!
Right, Gundy-san?

SAM stares at the TV, consuming a hamburger.

SAM
No. This isn't the Vegas trip, hon. The Vegas trip is later in the year. This one is purely business. Washington, Miami, and straight home. Although I might stay an extra night or two at MOTHER'S.

MRS AMES turns and gives SAM a hard look, as if she knows this story. LIGHTNING OUTSIDE.

LITTLE SAM
I thought you weren't going to leave the Ranch, Dad. So soon after this Hector thing. It sounds like Bigelow is trying to pull some STUNT --

SAM
I told you I'll deal with him in Washington. Put another STRIP on Walter's land, would he?

LO TAK offers SAM his tea. He declines it. She rubs his back. He stiffens.

LO TAK
I go Washiton, Gundy-san. See Jefferson Memorial. PENTAGON. And surtout YOU MOTHER --

SAM
You wouldn't like it, Lo Tak. This is business --
(LITTLE SAM opens his mouth) -- and it's ALL ARRANGED. I'm leaving in the morning at first light.

No one else speaks. On screen, the FIGHT ends in a knockout. DOG FOOD AD.
LO TAK lies in the big bed. She watches SAM packing his GARMENT BAG.

LO TAK
"When peacock sing,
Chicken lay egg."

(SAM goes on packing)

Why you don't make me love no more?

SAM
That's just not true, baby.
We made love on Saturday.

LO TAK
Three Saturday ago.

(softly)
You tired me?

SAM
(concentrating on which toothbrush to take)

No.

LO TAK

SAM
Baby, I'm NOT tired of you, okay?

(he kisses her forehead)

You keep it warm for me.
I'll be back in a few days.

LO TAK
Make love before you go.

SAM
I can't. It's a long flight. I need my ALERTNESS --

LO TAK
NO LIE ME! YOU GO WASHITON!
FUCK REPORTER BITCH! COST YOU PLENTY! YOU SEE!! MOTHERFUCKER!!

SAM blows her a kiss and exits hastily, carrying his bags --
107. AIRSTRIP    EXTERIOR    DAY

SAM pilots his own PLANE down the runway, into the first blue light of dawn.

GUNTER watches, standing beside the Mercedes. He limps back to the car. His head is still wrapped in bandages. His foot is in a walking CAST.

108. AMES' RANCH    EXTERIOR    DAY

A homely ranch house covered with jasmine, MUCH SMALLER THAN SAM'S.

AMES and MRS AMES sit at the breakfast table by the pool. MRS AMES reads a book by Jeffrey Archer. AMES reads the New York Post.

AMES
It says here that a New York Latino woman was raped by French Border Police at Bayonne. They dragged her off the night train because she didn't have a visa.

MRS AMES
I love France. It's the most exciting country in the world.

AMES
Wild horses wouldn't drag ME there. Nor to New York, for that matter. It's BETTER here...

(he squints down the dusty trail into the jungle)

Bigelow...

AMES and MRS AMES watch as a CHEROKEE JEEP arrives. It bears the Insignia of the RURAL GUARD.

MRS AMES
That's not Bigelow. That's the Police. Walter, what have you DONE?

The POLICE CAPTAIN and SEVERAL COPS emerge. The POLICE CAPTAIN is in plain clothes.
AMES
Morning, Pepe!  Want some coffee?
(calling his SERVANTS)
Maria!  Jose!

The POLICE CAPTAIN accepts the proffered cup.
The other COPS walk around, sizing up AMES'
sprinkler system, tennis court, golf clubs.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Are you Walter Ames?

AMES
Yes.  You know who I am.

POLICE CAPTAIN
You have been declared persona
non grata.  You have six hours
to leave the country.
Good coffee.  (Columbian?)

109.  WASHINGTON D.C.  EXTERIOR  DAY

SAM GUNDY steps out of a CAB near the Capitol Building.
He carries his GARMENT BAG.  He crosses the street
to a pay phone --

110.  PAY PHONE  INTERIOR  DAY

SAM feeds HUNDREDS OF DIMES into the telephone.
He hears it ringing, far off, in a whistling whine.
Finally --

SAM
Hello?  Gunther!  Let me speak
to Little Sam!

(he waits, checking out the
cars, the women's asses.
He hasn't been to the States
in a long time)

Little Sam.  It's Dad.
Just checking in.  What?

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
(through static)
-- KICKING OUT AMES!

SAM
WHAT?  Who is?  Why?
111. BIG HOUSE  EXTERIOR  DAY

LITTLE SAM stands on the verandah, shouting into the portable phone. Below him are the AMESES and the COPS. AMES' possessions are crammed into two Datsun taxis. MRS AMES shouts at the POLICE. AMES stands, blinking, stunned.

LITTLE SAM
(into phone)
The Government. They've made him persona non grata. Adele, too.

SAM'S VOICE
Bullshit! Tell him to hang on! Tell him I'll take care of it!

LITTLE SAM
He's not ALLOWED to hang on, Dad. They say he has no rights, no title to his land. We're going with him to the airport. They're flying to SWITZERLAND.

112. PHONE BOOTH  INTERIOR  DAY

SAM laughs and shakes his head.

SAM
(into phone)
Ames, leave? That'll be the day. You tell 'im to sit tight and I'LL FIX IT!

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
-- LEAVING. You have to COME BACK.

SAM
Can't hear you, Little Sam. Just sit 'em down and give 'em a couple of stiff ones. I'll call you again TONIGHT.

SAM hangs up. TWO DIMES fall out of the machine. SAM puts one of them into the SLOT. He dials --

RECORDED VOICE
The minimum charge is TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PLEASE.
SAM
Fuck it!

SAM breaks open another roll. DIMES go everywhere. He jams a few in the machine. Dials again --

SAM
(into phone)
Hello? Lieutenant Colonel Steelhammer please. Sam Gundy.
Hello, Steelhammer? Gundy here. I'm in town and wondered if we could have lunch with the President. Hello?

113. STEELHAMMER'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

STEELHAMMER stands amid a sea of SHREDDED DOCUMENTS in a flourescently-lit room with no windows.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MEN are going though his drawers, sealing his files, wheeling out filing cabinets.

ONE OF THEM pulls out a BOX contining a gross of PENKNIVES with the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL...

STEELHAMMER
(into phone)
Uh, Sam. I can't do anything for you now. Call me in a week.

SAM'S VOICE
A week? But I have to go to Miami --

STEELHAMMER
Fine. Call me from there.

He motions to his SECRETARY to take the phone.

114. PHONE BOOTH INTERIOR DAY

SAM drops more dimes into the phone.

SAM
Listen, Steelhammer. Something's brewing IN COUNTRY. They've evicted Ames. That means SQUATTERS'll take possession of his FARM and it'll be (CONTINUED)
SAM (CONTINUED)  
a hive of COMMUNISTS. You'd better  
get in touch with Bigelow right now  
and sort -- 
(hears a WOMAN's voice)  
-- hello? Who's this?  
FUCK YOU, lady. Let me speak to STEELHAMMER.  
Hello? Hello? 
The line is dead.  
SAM hangs up. 
AN IRANIAN DIPLOMAT raps on the door. 

SAM  
(talking to himself)  
Shit. Lo Tak. Should have  
asked about her. Mother.  
(looks at watch)  
Call her from the Field. 

115. WASHINGTON D.C.  EXTERIOR  DAY  
Shouldering his BAG, SAM steps into the street  
and hails a CAB -- 

REVOLVE/WIPE TO: 

116. CESSNA  INTERIOR  DAY  
SAM piloting his small plane. Snow outside,  
ICE building up on the windows -- 

REVOLVE/WIPE TO: 

117. NEBRASKA  EXTERIOR  DAY  
SAM'S PLANE puts down in a snow-covered field on the  
edge of a SMALL TOWN. SAM EMERGES and walks towards  
the LAST HOUSE on a suburban street. 

He still wears his jeans and thin black cowboy shirt.  
He does not seem to notice that it is BELOW ZERO.  

He knocks on the door of the one-storey home.  
Dented Lincoln town car in the drive.
118. SAM'S MOTHER'S HOUSE  INTERIOR  DAY

AGNES, the elderly black maid, opens the door.
She sees SAM, registers shock, tries to slam the door.
SAM jams his foot in it --

AGNES
Get out!  Get out!  Oh, mercy!
Lord protect us now --

SAM
Agnes, it's me.  It's Sam.
Open the door.

AGNES stops pushing, takes another look.

AGNES
Mr Sam..?  Is that REALLY you?
I thought you was BIG SAM,
come back to raise some Hell --

She lets him in, starts brushing the snow from his clothes.

SAM
Big Sam's been dead for twenty years, Agnes.

AGNES
I know that, Mr Sam.  But the way things been going around here,
it's hard to know who's dead and who's alive...

SAM
How's Mom?

AGNES
Busy, as usual.  Too busy for her own good.  She's in a CONSULTATION right now, with one of her EXPERTS.  Man drove all the way from Lawrence, Kansas...

AGNES follows SAM into the --
KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY

SAM'S MOTHER sits at the kitchen table. 75 years old, she wears a housecoat over her nightgown. Next to her sits a THIN WHITE-HAIRED OLD MAN with a black cape and a pointed collar. DR BELLEVILLE. They stare at a CRYSTAL PYRAMID surrounded by smaller PRISMS and ARTIFACTS. Both have NOTEBOOKS and are hard at work.

Newspaper clippings and MAPS adorn the kitchen walls.

SAM
Hello, Mother.

MOTHER GUNDY
Don't kiss me. You're probably carrying some awful tropical disease.
(to MR BELLEVILLE)
This is my no good son. Hasn't sent me a postcard in five years.
(to SAM)
I expected you two weeks ago. This time of year there must be static on the channels.

SAM
What are you DOING, Mother?

MOTHER GUNDY
That's for me to know and you to find out.

DR BELLEVILLE looks at SAM and starts to pack his CRYSTALS into a LARGE BLACK LEATHER SATCHEL. AGNES makes tea with a LOUD CLATTER.

MOTHER GUNDY
Got any children yet?

SAM
You know very well I do, Mother. Little Sam --

MOTHER GUNDY
Oh, Baby Samuel. Is he a Homosexual yet?
SAM (exasperated)
No, Mother, he is not.
(lying)
Little Sam is married to an Indian girl. They're expecting.

MOTHER GUNDY
Expecting what?

DR BELLVILLE rises and kisses MOTHER GUNDY's hand. He points at the SKY and exits.

MOTHER GUNDY (to SAM)
Stop clicking your fingernail against your teeth. You have the same rotten habits as your father. You'll probably end up the same way, too. DEAD of a MASSIVE STROKE.

SAM bites his tongue. Now he remembers why he doesn't come and visit MOM more often.

SAM
Mom, do you have any of Pop's old papers? Deeds, that sort of thing?

MOTHER GUNDY
Nope. Burned 'em all.

SAM
You don't know of any deeds, do you? Deeds or papers saying we own the land the Ranch is on? That sort of thing?

MOTHER GUNDY
I told you. No. Why? They throwing you off?

SAM
No, of course not.

MOTHER GUNDY
You ever dream about an ANIMAL? Or a small place in the FOREST?
SAM
I don't think so, Mother.
Most of my dreams are about the
Ranch, or Travel... About
these DEEDS. Isn't there someone --

MOTHER GUNDY
A lot of people who were TAKEN UP
have travel dreams. Or dreams of
owls and places in the woods.
Their BRAIN can't cope with the
REALITY OF CONTACT.

SAM
Taken up WHERE, Mother?
What are you TALKING ABOUT?

MOTHER GUNDY
You know very well what I'm talking
about. More and more people are
discovering that they were SNATCHED
by ALIENS in their early life.
Some were SNATCHED REPEATEDLY
and STUDIED.

AGNES carries the clattering TEA TRAY to the table.
FIRE ENGINES wail through the street outside.

SAM
Mom, may I use the phone?

120. RANCH    EXTERIOR    DAY
CICADAS chirrup loudly.
No one seems to be around. A PHONE RINGS distantly.

121. BIG HOUSE  EXTERIOR  DAY
No sign of anyone. The PHONE rings louder.

122. MASTER BEDROOM  INTERIOR  DAY
The PHONE RINGS on. LO TAK'S BAGS are packed.
LO TAK, clad in GLASSES and CONVENT UNIFORM again, kneels before CAMILLA'S CLOSET. She attaches a block of C-4 explosive to the PADLOCK and retreats behind the big bed.

"Click". BOOM!

The LOCK DISINTEGRATES. The DOOR swings open.

LO TAK rushes to the closet, starts grabbing at the clothes. Through CAMILLA'S LINGERIE and SILKS she sees --

-- SAM GUNDY'S MONEY SAFE WITHIN.

123. MIAMI FLORIDA EXTERIOR DUSK

A HOTEL COMPLEX beside the INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. A FREEWAY curves around the hotels and heads back the way it came. Thousands of car lights follow the pointless channel. BILLBOARDS advertise the movie "ALIENS" with the tag line, "THIS TIME IT'S WAR".

SOUND OF A RINGING TONE.

DUKE'S VOICE
(answering machine)
Hi, I'm not here right now. But I'll be back real soon so leave a message. Don't forget to say what day you called.
(real sexy)
CIAO!

124. HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR DUSK

SAM sits on one of the twin beds. Phone in one hand, beer in the other. TV on with the sound down.

His garment bag is open. He wears tight white pants and a loud Hawaiian shirt.
SAM
(into phone, sexy too)
Hey, Duke. This is Sam;
I'm in Miami. Give me a call
when you get in. I'm at the
Heinz Meridian. Room 1662.

SAM hangs up the phone.

ON TV a still of BRIGGS appears -- being led by
a YOUNG SOLDIER on a rope.

Muttering, SAM turns up the VOLUME --

TV VOICE
-- sentenced to thirty years in
jail. The downed flyer, Clarence
Briggs, has offered to "tell the
whole story" in return for a free
pardon. The State Department,
reversing itself, has declined to
intervene in what it terms a
"wholly Bicaraguan affair".

SAM
ASSHOLE! QUITTER! FUCKIN'
PUNK! GOOD RIDDANCE!

He switches down the sound, starts to make another CALL.
He doesn't see STEELHAMMER, dodging reporters on the
silent screen --

SAM
(into phone)
Yeah. Can I dial Central
America direct?

125. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DUSK 125.

LO TAK ignores the RINGING PHONE.

She skilfully manipulates TWO HAIRPINS in the SAFE LOCK.
Click - click - click --

THE METAL DOOR SWINGS OPEN.
SAM'S FORTUNE LIES WITHIN.
BUNDLES OF DOLLARS; HUNDREDS OF ROLLS OF DIMES.
LO TAK scours the banknotes out into her SUITCASE. She pushes through CAMILLA'S CLOTHES and out of the CLOSET --

126. RANCH EXTERIOR SUNSET

LO TAK emerges, carrying her BAGS.

GUNther, SUICIDA and EL LOCO are waiting for her with the Land Rover. The BIG TV is tied to the roof. The MEN wear city clothes.

LO TAK hands each man $1000. They salute her sharply. LO TAK, LOCO and SUICIDA all climb into the Land Rover. MRS GUNther waits for GUNther in the front seat of a Jeep.

GUNther LOOKS AT THE RANCH AND SPITS.

He climbs into the Jeep and drives off, following LO TAK's dust trail.

ANGLE ON DUKE WEDNESDAY AND VIDEO CREW --

-- filming the whole scene from the JUNGLE.

127. HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SAM lays on one of the twin beds, drinking another beer, listening to DUKE'S ANSWERING MACHINE.

SAM
(into phone, drunk)
Hey, Duke, this is Sam Gundy again. I guess you ain't got back yet. Well, I'm still at the Hotel. Give me a call. We have a DATE TONIGHT, remember?

SAM hangs up the phone. He goes over to the MINIBAR, extracts the last beer from the refrigerator. Glances at a MONSTER MOVIE on TV - GLADIATORS VERSUS GREEN LIZARD MEN WITH SCALES.
Goes back to the phone and dials. It rings. Then someone answers.

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE
(drunk also)
Hello?

SAM
Little Sam! Where the Devil have you been!

128. VERANDAH EXTERIOR NIGHT 128.

LITTLE SAM and THORNTON stumble around the verandah, bumping into things. LITTLE SAM collapses in a wicker chair.

LITTLE SAM
(into phone)
We, ah... we took Ames and Mrs Ames to the Airport. Boy, Dad, that place has CHANGED. Metal detectors everywhere, you can't get in without a ticket.
(listens)
No, Dad. They left. They're GONE. They couldn't get on the GENEVA FLIGHT, so they went to PARAGUAY. How was the President?
(sound of SAM yelling. LITTLE SAM holds the phone away from his ear)
I missed that, Dad. What did you say?

SAM'S VOICE
I said let me speak to Lo Tak!

LITTLE SAM looks around anxiously. THORNTON appears with a bottle of RUM and TWO GLASSES. He drops the glasses.

LITTLE SAM
Lo Tak? I, uh, I haven't seen her, Dad. I guess she's, uh, sleeping...

MORE FURY from the phone.
LITTLE SAM
No, Dad. I'm sure she's fine.
Gunther? Haven't seen him either.
(brightly)
Why don't you speak to THORNTON!

LITTLE SAM thrusts the phone at THORNTON.
ANOTHER BLAST OF SHOUTING from the other end --

129. HOTEL ROOM  INTERIOR  NIGHT

SAM stares glassy-eyed at a BANKRUPTCY COMMERCIAL - "DIAL 1-800-NO-BILLS". He listens to the phone.

DUKE'S VOICE
Hi, I'm not here right now. But I'll be back real soon so leave a message. Don't forget to say what day you called.
(real sexy)
CIAO!

SAM
(very drunk)
Listen you stupid BITCH! Where the FUCK are you man! I been here all fuckin' night waiting for my DATE with you! I coulda had dinner with MY MOTHER!

The machine hangs up. Dead tone.

130. HOTEL BAR  INTERIOR  NIGHT

SAM stumbles into the bar. His shirt is incorrectly buttoned. The BAR is closing up. The BARTENDERS are trying to wake a sleeping CUSTOMER.

SAM
(to BARMAN)
Gimme a couple of beers.

BARMAN
I'm sorry, sir. It's two a.m. The bar is closing.

SAM
(not understanding)
WHAT?
BARMAN
I said it's after two a.m.
The bar is closed.

SAM
JUST GIMME ANOTHER BEER!

The BARMAN looks at the other BARTENDER.
The DRUNK begins to snore.

BARMAN
All right. But you can't
drink it here.

SAM
I don't want to drink it f --
Just gimme the BEER.

The BARMAN hands SAM a can. SAM sticks a bunch
of banknotes in his pocket.

131. HOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

SAM sits on the kerb outside the hotel,
nursing his final BEER among the plastic flamingoes.

SUAVE PARTYGOERS pull up in a convertible, laughing.

SAM
Keep it down! HAVE SOME RESPECT!
(to himself)
Fuckin'... I don't fuckin' know. How did things get to be so
fuckin'... FUCKED?

He takes a SWIG. There is a squeal of BRAKES.
A BRIGHT LIGHT shines in his FACE.

SAM shields his eyes. TWO MIAMI COPS
get out of their patrol car.

COP 1
Good evening, sir. Would
you POUR THAT OUT, please?

SAM
Fuck you.
The COPS exchange a glance. One of them whips out his CLUB and whacks SAM with it. SAM is drunk, caught by surprise. The COP clubbs him again. BOTH COPS grab his arms and throw him against the car, searching him --

COP 1
You got an open container in a PUBLIC PLACE! And you're INTOXICATED! You're in BIG TROUBLE!!

SAM struggles free and slugs the COP in the face. BOTH COPS lay into his with their NIGHTSTICKS --

132. POLICE CAR INTERIOR NIGHT

SAM, bruised and with a BLACK EYE, sits in back behind a wire mesh screen. He blinks and looks blearily around him --

COP 2'S VOICE
No driver's license, no credit cards, no social security number. All he's got is cash, a Costa Rican Passport and THIS --

133. POLICE STATION INTERIOR NIGHT

SAM sits in a florescent room with ink on his fingers and a number round his neck. One of the ARRESTING OFFICERS dangles his PRESIDENTIAL PENKNIFE --

COP 2
-- CONCEALED WEAPON.

The BLACK SERGEANT takes the TINY KNIFE and looks at it. The PRESIDENTIAL SEAL has RUBBED OFF...

COP 1
(black eye too)
You in big trouble, boy.

SAM
I'm pressing charges against these IDIOTS. They beat me in front of witnesses. I'm an old man.
SERGEANT
Shut up. You shut up and LISTEN, punk. Know where you're going? You're going straight to the AIRPORT and you're getting on a PLANE --

SAM
I have my OWN plane.

COP 2 laughs. COP 1 runs at SAM and hits him upside the head with the YELLOW PAGES.

SAM reels sideways, handcuffed to his CHAIR. He stares blearily at the grinning COP.

SAM
You're a pretty big BOY, aren't you? Why don't you just take these handcuffs off me and we'll STEP OUTSIDE --

The SERGEANT grabs SAM by the chin.

SERGEANT
Listen to me! We're gonna put you on the REDEYE and we don't EVER want to see you here AGAIN. Go back to whatever rathole you live in and STAY THERE. We got a new policy now, when it comes to the likes of you. ZERO TOLERANCE.

He looks at the ARRESTING OFFICERS. They try to join in, in unison, but don't make it.

COP 2
ZERO TOLERANCE.

COP 1
Yeah. ZERO TOLERANCE.

134. IN THE AIR NIGHT

A 727 REDEYE heads south over the GULF OF MEXICO.
135. 727    INTERIOR     NIGHT

Most of the PASSENGERS on the crowded plane are asleep. Only two or three reading lights still burn.

One of them is in the smoking section, where SAM sits, drinking beer --

We CLOSE IN on him. He closes his eyes.

136. RANCH    EXTERIOR    NIGHT

In darkness. No lights visible inside.

A DATSUN TAXI pulls up outside the Big House. A MATCH FLARES within. SAM GUNDY lights his cigarette.

He stands on the porch wearing his yellow aviators, black boots and cowboy shirt. Produces a large bunch of KEYS and unlocks the FRONT DOOR --

137. BIG HOUSE    INTERIOR     NIGHT

SAM'S POV --

Mounting the stairs. A LIGHT GLOWS in the MASTER BEDROOM. EERIE MUSIC. SCUFFLING SOUNDS.

The door to the MASTER BEDROOM swings open --

138. MASTER BEDROOM    INTERIOR     NIGHT

LO TAK, DUKE and MRS AMES stand waiting for him. All are extremely tense. ANOTHER WOMAN stands in the window, with her back to the room.

SAM sets down his GARMENT BAG. Relaxed and nonchalant.

SAM
What's up, Girls?

LO TAK, DUKE and MRS AMES turn towards the window.

The FOURTH WOMAN stands there looking out, in olive drab fatigues, with short black hair --
As SAM approaches the window, the WOMAN turns. It is CAMILLA.

SAM
Long time no see, Camilla.

He takes out another cigarette. CAMILLA lights it for him.

CAMILLA
Can you forgive me, Sam? I had no idea what I was doing. I was such a little fool...

SAM
We all make mistakes. Forget it, kid.

CAMILLA kisses his hand.

WEIRD SOUNDS OUTSIDE.

LO TAK, DUKE and MRS AMES start screaming. SAM raises a hand for silence.

SAM
Calm down, you women. (they shut up) What's the problem here?

CAMILLA indicates the window. SAM sticks his head outside.

139. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR NIGHT

SAM peers up into the night sky.

The RANCH is bathed in eerie radiance.

THREE FLYING SAUCERS rotate above the Ranch. They have RED HAMMERS & SICKLES on their hulls.

140. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SAM ducks back into the room.

The WOMEN, terrified, look to him for protection and a PLAN.
CAMILLA
I found out too late that
you were right, Sam.

LO TAK, DUKE & MRS AMES
(in unison)
You've always BEEN RIGHT, Sam.
Only YOU can save us NOW!

SAM nods, stubs out his cigarette.

SAM
I guess that's true.
Gunther! Get me my .45's!

GUNATHER appears, dressed as a Peruvian peasant,
with SAM'S PISTOL BELT.

141. STAIRCASE  INTERIOR  NIGHT

SAM dives down the stairs BLASTING THE HIDEOUS MONSTERS
that rise from the shadows wearing RED STARS and SOVIET
ARMY CAPS.

The MONSTERS are torn apart by SAM'S .45 SLUGS --

142. BIG HOUSE  EXTERIOR  DAY

SAM comes out the front door running.
The sky is white, the SAUCERS black, rotating faster.

SAM blasts the FLYING SAUCERS with his .45.

WEIRD CACOPHONY OF ALIEN NOISE.

ANGLE ON THE SAUCERS --

-- bursting apart, disintegrating from the IMPACT
of SAM's tracer shells --

BIG CU OF SAM, watching with grim satisfaction
as the ALIEN MENACE fades. He turns --

-- just as CAMILLA metamorphoses into an
ALIEN MONSTER, trapping him in her tentacles
and CLAWS --

SAM SCREAMS --
143. **INTERIOR** **DAY**

He opens his eyes.

Bright sunlight shafts into his face.

The STEWARDESS holds a tray with OCTOPUS IN JELLIED INK beneath his nose.

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144. **SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT** **EXTERIOR** **DAY**

SAM emerges from the boarded-up airport.

He has a hangover. He looks around.

LITTLE SAM and THORNTON are waiting for him in the Mercedes Benz.

NO COPS spring to help this time.

THORNTON opens the door.

THORNTON

No bags, Sam?

SAM

Where's Gunther and the boys?

LITTLE SAM

We don't know, Dad. Looks like everybody split on us.

SAM shakes his head. He gets into the car.

---

145. **MERCEDES** **INTERIOR** **DAY**

THORNTON drives. LITTLE SAM sits in the back with SAM.

LITTLE SAM

I spoke to the Miami authorities about the plane. We have to arrange for somebody to pick it up in fifteen days or they'll IMPOUND IT --

SAM

First thing we're going to do is erase Bigelow. Article 45 the bastard. Then --
LITTLE SAM
Bigelow's off the board, Dad.
Gone to ground.

SAM
What do you mean?

LITTLE SAM
There's a big scandal. It's all over the news.

THORNTON
Steelhammer's been indicted for selling arms to Libya or somewhere --

SAM
Thornton, you got it bass ackwards as usual. The Libyans are our ENEMIES. How's Lo Tak?

SILENCE. SAM stares at his SON.

LITTLE SAM
Dad, I told you. Everybody split.

SAM (stunned)
Where is she?

LITTLE SAM
Dad, she's gone. I have no idea where.

SAM
What about that reporter, Duke?

LITTLE SAM
Uh, I guess she's still at the Presidente.

SAM
Take me there.

146. CROSSROADS EXTERIOR DAY

THORNTON makes a U-TURN, through a puddle, SHOWERING A BUS LINE WITH MUD.
147. **EL PRESIDENTE HOTEL** **EXTERIOR** **DAY**

The MERCEDES pulls up outside the grand hotel.

BELLBOYS rush to open the CAR DOOR.

SAM steps out without hesitation, dragging on his cigarette --

148. **HOTEL LOBBY** **INTERIOR** **DAY**

SAM marches into the lobby.
DRUM BEAT on the soundtrack.
He heads for the front desk.

SAM
I'm looking for Duke Wednesday.

DESK CLERK
Si, Señor Gundy. Suite 702.

SAM
Is there - is there anybody with her? ANOTHER WOMAN? ORIENTAL GIRL?

DESK CLERK
(shrugging politely)
Want me to ring the room?

The ELEVATOR DOOR opens.

TWO VERY ATTRACTIVE LOCAL WOMEN come out.
They wear tight dresses and walk pertly towards the doors. One of them looks back at SAM and smiles. SAM stares after them --

DESK CLERK
Shall I ring the room, Señor?

SAM
No need.

SAM sticks $5 in his pocket, and heads for the door.
The LOCAL WOMEN step into the street. SAM follows --
149. EL PRESIDENTE EXTERIOR DAY

SAM steps outside. THORNTON and LITTLE SAM are waiting. SAM stares at the asses of the TWO LOCAL GIRLS. One of them looks at him and SMILES AGAIN.

The TWO WOMEN gets into a TAXI. SAM gets back into his MERC.

150. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

SAM sits watching as the TAXI pulls away. LITTLE SAM and THORNTON await orders.

SAM
Follow that car.

151. CROSSROADS EXTERIOR DAY

THORNTON chases the TAXI through the red light, showering the BUS LINE one more time --

152. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

SAM looks back and sees the PEOPLE in the bus line drenched again, shaking their fists.

He looks at THORNTON. THORNTON laughs, following the TAXI with the girls.

SAM
Wonder what happened to that kid we helped. That little peg-leg kid. Fuchi.

LITTLE SAM
Oh, he's probably in school.

LITTLE SAM laughs at the absurdity of this. THORNTON keeps on laughing.

THORNTON
Or University!
LITTLE SAM and THORNTON laugh and laugh. SAM doesn't see what's funny.

LITTLE SAM
On a FULLBRIGHT SCHOLARSHIP!

SAM
I don't see anything funny. Kids like that are what the future's all about.

(THORNTON cuts through another puddle, drenching MORE PEOPLE)

You want to watch that SPLASHING PEOPLE, Thornton! It's not nice!

LITTLE SAM and THORNTON laugh and laugh.

SUDDENLY A HUGE BONANZA SHRIMP TRUCK PULLS OUT IN FRONT OF THEM, BLOCKING THE ROAD --

153. CONSTRUCTION SITE EXTERIOR DAY

THORNTON steers the Mercedes sideways, trying to avoid the TRUCK --

The TRUCK keeps coming at them, its driver hammering his HORNS --

The MERC fishtails through the construction site, sideswiping PILES OF LUMBER --

MEN emerge from the stacks of wood, opening fire with AK-47s and M-16s.

154. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

The WINDSHIELD SHATTERS.

A bullet hits THORNTON in the shoulder.

THORNTON
AAAAAAAAAA!!!!!

He drives the MERC straight at the MEN. LITTLE SAM pushes SAM to the floor --
155. CONSTRUCTION SITE EXTERIOR DAY

The MEN dive for cover --

THORNTON hurtles down a narrow corridor of wood and concrete blocks --

A BLACK EMBASSY LIMO pulls in front of him, blocking the exit. MEN pop up behind it, firing MACHINE GUNS --

THERE IS NO WAY OUT.

156. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

Glass and timber shards shower everywhere.

THORNTON puts his foot down, speeding straight towards the EMBASSY CAR --

THORNTON
AAAAAAALAAAAARRRGGHHHH!!

157. CONSTRUCTION SITE EXTERIOR DAY

The LIMO DRIVER loses his nerve, accelerates away --

-- leaving the HIT MEN exposed on the edge of the concrete parapet.

The MERCEDES smashes them like bugs and flies on, over the parapet and into space --

158. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

THORNTON is still shouting --

SAM and LITTLE SAM cling to each other --

CRASH!!!
159. HIGHWAY  EXTERIOR  DAY

The MERCEDES flies over one lane of traffic and lands in the other.

THORNTON swings around and joins the flow of vehicles, heading on flat tires out of town --

160. CONSTRUCTION SITE  EXTERIOR  DAY

BIGELOW peers out of the back of the EMBASSY LIMO. The MERCEDES is nowhere to be seen. BIGELOW is SCARED.

BIGELOW
Get me out of here!

161. MERCEDES  INTERIOR  DAY

THORNTON drives one-handed, wounded arm hanging at his side. He looks at SAM and LITTLE SAM and starts laughing again.

THORNTON
Who's got a CIGARETTE!

LITTLE SAM jumps forward, proffers CIGARETTES. His hands shake so much that all the CIGARETTES fly everywhere.

SAM rises, calmer than we've ever seen him. He lights THORNTON's cigarette and then his own.

SAM
Well. If I can get away with that, I guess that I can get away with just about anything.

SAM settles back, contented, in his seat.

ZOOM IN ON HIS FACE, enjoying the ride back to the RANCH.

ROLL END CREDITS.
What follows are media reports and a deposition relating to John Hull and other figures in the Contra support network in Costa Rica.

Sam Gundy was a fictional character, but Rudy and I based him on what we read about Hull and other American expatriates (such as the mysterious "Michaels") whose "amateur enthusiasm" for the CIA prolonged a terrorist war and aided and abetted the drug trade.
JOHN HULL, ONCE OLIVER NORTH'S MAN IN COSTA RICA, IS NOW ACCUSED OF RUNNING GUNS AND DRUGS

By Ron Arias

Just before dawn breaks over his Costa Rican ranch 30 miles south of Nicaragua, John Hull loads the back of his pickup truck with workers, then drives past an armed sentry and an unleashed attack dog. "You don't want to be out here at night, not when that dog's patrolling," says the 68-year-old American. "He's already bit me, bit my wife, even bit my son." As the pickup rumbles out of the ranch's main compound toward the fields beyond, a woman and child appear, and Hull stops briefly to talk. "Her husband's sick, and she's come to get help," he says later. "I just told her to hang tight, I'd be right back—and to watch out for that damn dog. Believe me, I wish I didn't need him, but I do."

These are perilous times for Hull, a diehard foe of Nicaragua's Sandinista regime. His enemies in Managua have plotted to kill him, he claims, and he fears they may try again. Also, with the failure of the contra cause, he faces serious legal troubles in his adopted homeland. Prompted by accusations that his private airstrips were used to carry weapons to the contras and cocaine to the U.S., Hull was arrested by Costa Rican authorities in January and charged with drug trafficking and violating that country's security laws. He spent two months in jail—part of it in a hospital ward because of heart problems—before friends and neighbors raised $37,500 for his bail. Under Costa Rican law, his case is now undergoing further investigation before a final decision is made whether to try him.

Hull's chief American ally, former National Security Council staff member Oliver North, has been of little help to the beleaguered rancher. The onetime White House champion of aid to the contras has spent the past three months in a U.S. court battling a 12-count indictment of his own. Earlier this month, while Hull awaited the outcome of North's trial, U.S. Sen. John Kerry dealt the crusty Evanston, Ill., native another blow. The Massachusetts Democrat, who chairs a subcommittee on narcotics, terrorism and international operations, released a report calling Hull "a central figure in contra operations" and citing a convicted drug smuggler who claimed Hull had been present when cocaine was loaded aboard a plane returning to the U.S.

"The newspapers have already hung me just by quoting some dope dealer in a Florida prison," says Hull angrily. "Bull. I've never seen cocaine in my life."

A veteran pilot who maintains six airstrips scattered over the 10 Costa Rican ranches he owns or manages, Hull admits aiding the contras but says he used his airstrips solely to retrieve injured rebels from battle zones in Nicaragua. "Everyone knew I was helping the contras," he says. "I took out their wounded, held bleeding children in my arms, fed the fighters and gave them shelter. I also briefed the CIA on everything I knew that was going on in the war zone, but that's all I did. I wasn't

Photographs by Peter Serling

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Quayle, another vocal contra supporter. Quayle helped arrange an introduction at the White House, Hull says, and North was pleased to meet such an avid fellow anti-Communist. Charges that North mishandled contra funds or acted unpatriotically cause Hull to bristle. "There's no way you'd get me to believe he took a penny for personal use," he says in North's defense. "Now this deal about his trying to get security for his house, well, who wouldn't try to protect himself? Hell, the CIA once paid for five of my bodyguards. And I'm certainly not in the same league as Ollie North."

Those bodyguards were armed sentries posted at Hull's main ranch near Muelle de San Carlos, says Hull, and he insists that their salaries were all the money he received from the CIA. The Kerry report offers a different account, stating that for two years Hull received $10,000 a month from contra leader Adolfo Calero, all at North's direction.

Heart troubles or not, by late morning Hull is on horseback riding among a herd of cattle. Although down on his luck, he is still clearly the patron of his domain and proud of his image as last of a breed—the rugged frontier landowner. He often calls his ranch hands peons, but over the years he has saved lives and relieved suffering, he says, by flying many sick or ailing villagers for medical treatment to the nearby city of Quesada or to the country's capital, San José.

Hull first arrived here 20 years ago, after several failed attempts to start enterprises in other Latin American countries. "It was raw paradise—miles of trees, no roads and a lot of rivers to ford. I first came with my father, who was an agronomist, and what we found was some of the richest volcanic soil in the world. So I decided to stay. In 15 years we were turning virgin forest into the country's breadbasket."

Hull's enterprises eventually did well enough for him to buy and develop more property. He later attracted other U.S. investors, who also bought land and allowed Hull to manage their interests. "Then the Sandinistas took over next door, and the devil slipped into paradise," he says. "All I was doing in helping the contras was just protecting my land and my investments."

Hull still owns a 700-acre grain farm outside Patoka, Ind., and he's still legally married to Mariella, 70, now a retired schoolteacher who manages the spread. "What can I say?—he's the Great White Hunter," says Mariella without bitter-

"I don't care what they accuse him of, he's an honorable man," says ranch hand José Castro, right, with his boss.

"For a few years, it was hell trying to run the farm and fly out contras," says Hull, next to his grounded Cessna 180.

running drugs. If I were, I'd have bought myself a few new tractors instead of going on with some old wrecks that belong in a museum."

After dropping his workers at various spots around his 1,640-acre cattle and citrus ranch, Hull drives his pickup back along the gravel road, waving to the sentry. "The Communists have been out to get me for years," says the tanned, balding patriarch. "Three times people were sent to kill me. Once we chased them away with gunfire, and two other times I got tips about plots to do me in. I was lucky." While in jail last January, Hull decided to send his son, Johnny, 17, into hiding in the U.S. "I couldn't take a chance with my son," he says. "They might have gone after him the next time."

The threats didn't cause Hull any regrets for his pro-contra efforts, and "I'd do it again if I had to," he says adamantly. "Only this time—speaking as an armchair general—I'd like to have some offshore naval guns break the Sandinistas' back by taking out all their refineries, bridges and ammo dumps first. Take about 30 minutes and save us a lot of lives. It's what we should have done a long time ago."

Hull is equally firm in his views about Oliver North, calling his trial a disgrace to the nation. Hull first met the former Marine lieutenant colonel in 1983, while in Washington visiting then Sen. Dan
ness, adding that she had to remain in Indiana to raise their daughter, Mary Ana, now in her 40s, and care for Hull’s and her own aging parents. “The marriage just didn’t work out with so many separations. Now it looks like John’s world is coming to a screeching halt. But he’s still the father of my daughter. He knows he’s always got a home here.”

For the time being, though, Hull’s home remains the spacious, airy house overlooking his main ranch. It is there that he lives with Margarita Acosta, 36, a former servant who has been his live-in companion for the past 19 years and who is the mother of their absent son, Johnny. Hull’s troubles have not only cost him his son’s company but have drained him of cash as well. He says his business is suffering because of his two-month absence in jail, and he has laid off half of his 100 or so workers. Local banks have closed off credit to him (“for obvious political reasons,” he says), and the government has forbidden him to use his single-engine Cessna or any of his airstrips. “I feel trapped and persecuted, but at least lots of folks still come by. You see, at heart I’m just an old country boy, just wanting to live my simple life.”

Not that Hull’s life is simple these days. Though his trial is still an uncertainty, if convicted he will face an eight- to 20-year prison sentence. “I’d dearly like to go to the U.S.,” he says. “If they let me leave, my doctor wants me to check into a clinic in North Carolina to have my heart looked after.” Hull, in fact, does have friends abroad. Democratic Congress-

Hull hands the man an envelope for Rob Owen, a former Dan Quayle aide who had served Oliver North as a courier delivering money and messages to the contras.

man Lee Hamilton of Indiana and Republican Congressman David Dreier of California recently led a bipartisan effort of 19 U.S. Congressmen urging President Oscar Arias to free him.

By late afternoon, the house is quiet, and the distant shrieking of wild monkeys carries clearly through the shuttered windows. Servants have finished cleaning up after a weekend fiesta and the wedding of Hull’s stepdaughter, Sandra, 19. Of the 200 visitors who came, the few still left on the veranda include several foreign reporters, some neighbors and a taciturn, graying emissary from retired U.S. Army Maj. Gen. John K. Singlaub, a longtime pro-contra fund-raiser. The emissary and Hull confer in hushed voices out of hearing of the other guests. Later, as they part, Hull hands the man an envelope with the name ROB OWEN written on it. Owen, a former aide to Senator Quayle, had later served Oliver North as a courier delivering money and messages to the contras.

A short while later, an unabashed Hull admirer arrives from Florida for a visit. He approaches his hero with a smart salute and announces, “Commander Hull, Joe Cortina, Special Forces, demolitions—reporting for duty!” Hull smiles at the bluster of the former Vietnam Green Beret who has come armed this day with only a video camera and a gift bottle of champagne. Although Hull never served in the U.S. military, he joined Britain’s Royal Air Force before the U.S. entered World War II and rose to a captain’s rank. “At ease,” says Hull in a tired voice. “Welcome to the fight. I need all the help I can get.”
I’m a chameleon,” says Arias, right, with Hull. “I become what people want me to because I want to discover them.”

Whenever senior writer Ron Arias leaves the house, he picks up a backpack containing his passport, a change of underwear, his tape recorder and some blank tapes. That way, if a PEOPLE editor should call to ask him to cover a story in some foreign land, he can head straight for the airport. “I love nothing better than to be sent to a remote place at a moment’s notice,” says Arias, 47. “It gets my adrenaline going.”

He gets those calls fairly often. Arias came to PEOPLE in 1985, after deciding he’d had enough of teaching English in Yucaipa, Calif., and wanted to get back to journalism, the profession he had practiced in his 20s. Just a few months after his arrival, he was summoned from PEOPLE’s Star Tracks beat to interview earthquake victims in Mexico. Since then he has followed the news from Haiti to Ethiopia to Brazil, always returning with evocative, human stories. Fluent in both Spanish and Portuguese, he was the obvious reporter of choice for this week’s story on cattle rancher John Hull, the American expatriate and contra supporter whom Costa Rican officials have accused of drug trafficking. “You can’t beat Ron when it comes to parachuting into a situation and coming back with a story,” says James Kunen, the editor who first suggested that Arias profile Hull. “He can talk to anybody—left, right or center—because he knows how to listen.”

That talent proved indispensable during the week Arias spent at Hull’s ranch near the Costa Rica-Nicaragua border. “Here was a guy who has been interviewed by everybody,” says Arias, a second-generation Mexican-American who has worked as a Peace Corps volunteer in Peru and a newspaper reporter in Argentina. “I went horseback riding with him, attended his daughter’s wedding. I was looking for his character. Every night I would ask myself, ‘Who is he?’”

Coming up with answers wasn’t easy under the circumstances. “The border area was full of mercenary types, spies, who knows what else,” Arias says. “It was a bizarre, clandestine atmosphere. People would pull you into the bushes and talk in low tones. It was like being part of a James Bond movie.” But Hull, an avid pro-military type, “warmed up,” Arias says, “when he found out I’d been an Army brat.”

Costa Rica, Hull’s adopted homeland, has in the past year begun to feel like something of a second home to Arias as well—last summer (PEOPLE, July 11, 1988) he spent five weeks there interviewing a group of fishermen who had been adrift at sea for five months. (His book on the subject, Five Against the Sea, will be published by New American Library in October.) For the time being, however, he is based at his real home in Stamford, Conn., where he lives with his wife, Joan. (Their son, Michael, 21, has left the nest to work as a special-effects technician in Hollywood.) “It’s good to catch your breath now and then,” says Arias. But his backpack is ready to go.
CERTIFICATE OF NOTARY PUBLIC

BEFORE ME, personally appeared ROBERT HAYES, who after first being duly sworn on oath, deposes and says that he is the person who executed the statement to which this certificate is attached, that he has read the statement and the facts and matters contained therein, that they were freely given and are true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

WITNESS my hand and official seal, this 7th day of January, 1988.

[Signature]
NOTARY PUBLIC

My commission expires:
May 12, 1988
AFFIDAVIT OF
Robert M. Hayes

Although I will reveal the full details of my intelligence background and activities only before a grand jury, trial jury or congressional committee, I will say that during and after my military service in the United States Army (RA11312792) I worked for or with the Army Security Service, the National Security Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency and the Army's Criminal Investigative Division.

This affidavit is limited to my activities from approximately 1971 through 1977 in Lakeland, Florida; Sao Paulo, Brazil and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

I moved to Lakeland in 1971 to accept a position as chief engineer of Davy Powergas, now known as Davy McKee. Subsequent to my arrival in Lakeland, I was approached in Lakeland by a man who identified himself only as 'Erickson' of Army CID in Pensacola. He asked me to assist in an investigation of an alleged conspiracy to steal a military payroll from Fort Stewart, Ga. The investigation was halted after the chief suspect, Military Police Sgt. Robert Earl Ward, was severely wounded Nov. 23, 1971 in a gun battle with Punta Gorda, Florida police officers. Ward was charged with two counts of attempted murder for wounding two policemen.

Early in 1972, I learned that all civil and military charges against Ward had been mysteriously dropped. The suspicious circumstances surrounding the lack of prosecution prompted me to telephone the Lakeland Police Department on March 5, 1972 and arrange to surrender two Browning .38 automatic pistols and a modified .30 military carbine that Ward had stored at my apartment. I subsequently learned from a source in the Federal Bureau of Investigation that ballistics tests of the two pistols confirmed the weapons had been used in at least one murder in Long Island, New York.

On March 6, 1972, I received a call from Erickson asking me to meet him the following day at Roberts Flying Service at Lakeland Municipal Airport. On the morning of the 7th, I met in Lakeland with Richard Barest, Ward's Lakeland attorney, who suggested I leave Lakeland.

Following the meeting with Barest, I met Erickson, who arrived at Lakeland airport in a U.S. Air Force plane. He informed me that my participation in the investigation could not be acknowledged nor my safety guaranteed. He also recommended that I leave Lakeland.

Acting on that advice, I traveled to Sao Paulo, Brazil, arriving on July 12, 1972. I lived at first with a Lebanese family. Through the family, I was introduced on July 25 to Ferris Dubakues, an agent of Al Fatah, a radical Palestinian terrorist organization affiliated with the Palestinian Liberation Organization. Dubakues attempted to recruit me as an Al Fatah terrorist, but I refused to participate in any way in terrorist activities.
I subsequently was contacted by Max Schoener, an Israeli intelligence agent, or and Seymour Malkin, who frequently worked for Schoener. At their request, I agreed to work for Mossad. I later met and worked for Frederick Mayer and Franz Jank, agents for West German intelligence. I continued accepting assignments from Mossad and sometimes sold information developed for one intelligence agency to the other agency.

During this and subsequent periods, I used the aliases of Roberto Reis in Brazil and Roberto Reyes in Argentina. My passports and other credentials in those names and that of Al Assal have since been destroyed.

On Jan. 9, 1973, I was granted resident alien status in Brazil. I subsequently applied for and was granted Brazilian gun permit 745123 for a .22 Astra automatic and permit 741426 for a .38 Taurus revolver.

After working for a Brazilian engineering company, I eventually formed Hayes-Bosworth, a Brazilian company engaged in heavy engineering and construction projects for Brazilian and foreign clients. Between 1972 and 1976, the company's success provided me with the funds, contacts and time to indulge my lifelong interest in Latin American politics.

While building Hayes/Bosworth, I continued my affiliation with Israeli and West German intelligence and eventually was recruited by the United States Central Intelligence Agency. My first contact with the CIA came on June 19, 1973 when I was introduced to Joe Sibley. Our initial meeting occurred at the Sao Paulo apartment of a mutual friend, who introduced Sibley as an engineer engaged in consulting work for Anaconda Copper Co. in Chile.

This and subsequent conversations with Sibley established him as an American expatriate extremely knowledgeable in Chilean politics and reasonably familiar with Latin America in general. These conversations also established Sibley's strong anti-communist attitude, an attitude I shared both then and now.

I next met Siblery on Feb. 14, 1974 at my office at Hayes/Bosworth. We met again on Feb 22.

In March or April of that year, I received a call from Frank Ryan, an official at the U.S. consulate in Sao Paulo. He asked me to come to the consulate to update some paperwork. When I arrived at the consulate, Ryan escorted me to an office within the consulate, where Sibley was seated at a desk.

After Ryan left the room, Sibley informed me that his "real" name was John Joseph Michaels and produced corroborating identification that I recognized from previous experience as genuine CIA credentials. He then recited in great detail and accuracy my previous connections with and service for various U.S. intelligence organizations, including the agency. He also recited details of my work for Israeli and West German intelligence.

Michaels then requested my assistance in illegal clandestine operations that he referred to as "projects." He said these operations were targeted against communist agents in Latin America, primarily those working for or under the control of Cuban intelligence operatives.
I agreed to work for Michaels and subsequently accepted several operations in which the identity and loyalty of the targets was established to my satisfaction. These operations occurred between 1974 and 1976 and ranged from routine intelligence gathering to kidnapping, interrogation and assassination.

I accepted these operations in the belief that I was serving the best interests of the American government and was operating with the sanction of that government. I received no payment for conducting these operations and frequently spent large sums of my personal funds to accomplish them.

My relationship with Michaels ended abruptly 1976 after Michaels proposed an operation that I considered not only absurd, but also contrary to the best interest of the U.S. government.

In the spring of 1976, Michaels proposed that I arrange to "simulate terrorism." I responded that there is no way to "simulate" terrorism. I insisted that an act is either terrorist or not, and anyone knowingly engaging in a violent act against civilians is in fact a terrorist and beyond sanction.

Despite my objection, Michaels continued to endorse the concept, explaining that evidence would be planted in such a manner to ensure that the operation would be blamed on Cuban agents.

When I asked what the target of this "simulated" act was to be, he proposed three: A large Catholic cathedral in Sao Paulo, a twin theatre complex near the U.S. consulate in Sao Paulo and the U.S. consulate itself.

Although I refused the operation in unmistakable terms, Michaels insisted that I reconsider and said two of his agents would contact me for further discussions.

In late June or early July of 1976, I was approached at my office by two Americans I knew to be subordinates of Michaels. They once again proposed a bombing attack of one of three targets originally proposed by Michaels.

The meeting resulted in two other meetings. The third and final meeting ended in an angry exchanges in which I rejected both the operation and the concept and told Michael's subordinates I never wanted to see him or them again.

The following week, the two Americans were found dead in a downtown Sao Paulo park with their hands and feet bound by wire. Each had been shot in the back of the head. No arrests were made in connection with the death.

The deaths of the two Americans were followed by the violent deaths on the same day of four of my associates. No arrests were made in connection with their deaths.

Reliable contacts in the Brazilian government and military and contacts in other circles warned me that that my own death was imminent if I did not flee Brazil.

Before I could arrange a departure, I was visited at my office by heavily-armed members of the Brazilian Air Force security branch. The officer in charge of the detachment had orders to transport me to Cumbica, a facility widely known in Brazil as a military concentration camp. Through threats of
violence and the timely intervention of Brazilian friends, I postponed my arrest.

Although I remain unaware of the precise connection between Michaels and the Brazilian Air Force, I am convinced this visit and a subsequent incident with the security force were ordered and orchestrated by Michaels.

After the incident at my office and warnings from friends, I prepared to flee Brazil with my pregnant American wife. Accompanied by several heavily-armed employees, my wife and I arrived at the airport to return to the U.S. We were met by the same Brazilian officer who had attempted to arrest me at my office.

The officer said that both I and my wife were wanted for questioning at Cumbica. I informed the officer that I would accompany him if my wife were allowed to continue to the U.S. I also informed him that should he refuse, my men would engage his men in a gun battle in the airport lobby. Under those conditions, he permitted my wife to depart and delayed my arrest until her plane had sufficient time to clear Brazilian air space.

Once I was convinced my wife was safely out of the country, I accompanied the officer to the airport parking lot, where there was an explosive diversion that permitted me to escape under cover of gunfire.

After hiding with friends for a day, I drove across Brazil with a friend, crossed the border into Paraguay and made my way to Asuncion. The following day, after an attempt on my life that left me wounded, I flew from there via Braniff Airlines to Miami. I traveled under my own passport.

I was met at the Miami airport by agents from the local CIA office. Although they denied any specific knowledge of me or my activities, they asked what my plans were. Upon telling them that I planned to fly to Albuquerque, New Mexico to join my wife, who was staying there with her parents, they asked me to call the Denver CIA office after my arrival.

I contacted the Denver office and later was contacted by the CIA office in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which dispatched an agent known to me as Carl Tollonin to debrief me. Tollonin later was joined by a second agent known to me as Roy Clarkson. Over a period of several months, first Tollonin and then Clarkson attempted to convince me that I had been duped by Michaels and had never in fact worked for U.S. intelligence. They also convinced me that Michaels had been killed smuggling weapons in the Middle East.

Throughout this debriefing I considered Michaels the source of my problems — which included the premature birth of my first daughter, a birth that I believe was accelerated by the strains the situation in Brazil had placed on my wife. And I blamed Michael's wrath on my refusal to 'simulate terrorism'.

Once Clarkson persuaded me that Michaels was dead, I was prepared to forget the incident and rebuild my life. I remained in Albuquerque for several years. During that period I was asked by contacts I knew to be CIA agents to assist in an effort to compromise certain Arabic students attending universities in the Southwest. Once compromised, the students were to be manipulated
by the CIA after they returned home and rose to prominence within their countries. I refused to participate.

While still in New Mexico, I was recruited by a statewide task force to become an undercover informant in an investigation of organized crime. The task force was created by then New Mexico Attorney General Jeff Bingamen, who now is a U.S. Senator from New Mexico, and his assistant Roy Anescowicz. The task force's chief investigator was former CIA agent Sam Papich. My primary contact with the task force was an investigator named Pete Donahue.

My value as an informant arose from my social contacts with alleged organized crime figures George Demuksian, Gerry Tevisanno and Billy Marchiando. I agreed to provide the task force with information on their activities, and ultimately testified before a statewide grand jury in 1978. Despite the evidence presented by the task force, no indictment was returned, a fact I attribute to deliberate prosecutorial mismanagement by Bingamen.

I eventually returned to Lakeland in 1981 and buried the Brazilian incident and my other intelligence activities in my past. But Michaels returned to haunt me late last year when I read a November 16, 1987 Time magazine article titled 'The Misadventures of el Patron.' The article detailed the activities of John Hull, an American expatriate operating a farm on Costa Rica's northern border with Nicaragua. Hull was identified in the article and in previous testimony by himself and others as a CIA agent whose farm was used to transship weapons and other supplies to the Contra rebels opposing the Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

Although he has consistently denied it, Hull also has been accused in court testimony and published accounts of participation with others in an aborted plot to bomb the U.S. embassy in San Juan, Costa Rica and to blame the bombing on agents of the Sandinista government.

The article was accompanied by a color photograph of Hull, which I immediately identified as John Joseph Michaels. After subsequent research and further examination of the photograph, I remain convinced that John Joseph Michaels and John Hull are the same individual, and that Michaels' activities in Brazil are part of a continuing pattern of operations that led to the plot to bomb the U.S. embassy in Costa Rica, as he had asked me to bomb the U.S. consulate in Sao Paulo.

[Signature]

January 1988
COSTA RICA PANEL URGES BAN ON NORTH, POINDEXTER

SAN JOSE, Costa Rica, Reuter - A parliamentary committee has recommended an immigration ban on former U.S. ambassador Lewis A. Tambs and several Iran-Contra arms scandal figures including former White House aide Oliver North and ex-National Security Council chief John Poindexter.

The proposal, made public Thursday, was issued by a lower house committee set up a year ago to investigate drug smuggling in Costa Rica.

Under the proposal, which is not binding and has yet to be approved by the full legislature, North, Poindexter, Tambs and arms dealer Richard Secord would be forbidden entry to Costa Rica.

The committee said its proposal was based on the belief that they were in some way involved in arms and drug smuggling in Costa Rican territory.

The Iranarms-Contra affair, which rocked the presidency of Ronald Reagan, involved a scheme to divert millions of dollars in profits from U.S. arms sales to Iran to the Nicaraguan Contra rebels at a time when Congress had banned official U.S. aid.

North, who was fired by Reagan for his role in the affair, was convicted on three felony charges and was sentenced July 5 to perform 1,200 hours of community service and fined $150,000. He was acquitted of nine other charges.

Poindexter, a retired admiral who resigned as national security adviser when the scandal was disclosed on Nov. 25, 1986, faces charges of conspiracy to divert funds, theft of government property, fraud, lying to Congress and obstruction of a congressional investigation.

The panel also recommended cancelation of the Costa Rican citizenship of U.S.-born farmer John Hull who has been indicted by a local court for arms and drug trafficking.

Five representatives made up the commission, chaired by deputy Alberto Fait of the government National Liberation Party.

The panel also recommended removal of bank secrecy provisions on deposits larger than $5,000 to avoid money laundering of drug profits.

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