

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

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

Current revisions by
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IN BLACK:

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

MARCO'S VOICE

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

FADE IN:

2 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 2

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

ON THE CREST OF A DUNE

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

KUWAIT, 1991

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

MARCO (O.S.)

Why can't we go directly in ...

3 INT./EXT. THE HUMMER - NIGHT 3

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

MARCO

(pointing)

... this way --?

LAURENT

Yes, well -- I see the Captain enjoys the road less travelled.

Marco is seemingly unflappable, completely engaged by life.

MARCO

The Captain enjoys not dragging his ass down the highway for every Tom, Dick and Qadhafi to take a whack at.

Laurent swings his finger on the arc of approach.

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

MARCO
Mines?

LAURENT
Tricky. Swedish-made.

MARCO
Dammit.

He refers to some satellite surveillance maps --

MARCO
Nobody at Command said anything about --

LAURENT
Exxon and Global Petroleum hired private
contractors to do the work in '86, as
part of their asset security program.
(beat)
Hired an Iraqi firm, in fact, who, now,
well -- only they know where the little
Nordic fuckers are planted.

MARCO
(turns away)
Sgt. Shaw!

No response.

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

MARCO
(suddenly behind him)
Sergeant.

RAYMOND
Sir.

MARCO
Rolling in two minutes.

RAYMOND
Yes sir.

Beat.

MARCO
Everything okay?

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

4 INT. THE BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - NIGHT 4

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

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

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

RAYMOND
 We're moving out.

Beat. He shuts the door again.

5 EXT. THE BRADLEY - NIGHT 5

Raymond waits. Another beat. Then some LAUGHTER from inside the vehicle.

He shifts his shoulders, walks back into the darkness.

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. HUMMER - NIGHT - TRAVELLING 8

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

RAYMOND
 Captain?

MARCO
 Sergeant?

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

MARCO
(hesitates)
Maybe I enjoy your company, Sergeant.

RAYMOND
Sir, I don't want to be singled out for special treatment because of my mother's position --

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

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

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

RAYMOND
That's absolutely correct, Captain.

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

LAURENT
-- Uh-oh.

Marco follows Laurent's gaze out the side window --

9 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: JUST OVER A DUNE 9

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

WHIP PAN

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

MARCO
Camels. You gotta be kidding me.

10 BACK TO - HUMMER - MARCO 10

glancing to his rear-view mirror --

- 11 IN THE MIRROR - ON THE ROAD BEHIND THEM: 11
- Two dark trucks converge suddenly out of the darkness, on either side of the Bradley Fighting Vehicle --
- They SLAM together in a pincer-wedge just in front of it, and the Bradley CRASHES into them -- climbs over them, off-balance, and SMASHES DOWN onto the roof of one of the trucks and is effectively low-bridged -- tracks spinning, unable to move -- DARK FIGURES scurry from the trucks.
- 12 THE HUMMER -- skids around in a tight 180, stops, facing back at the helpless Bradley. Automatic weapons fire in bursts, bright, and ricochet harmlessly away -- 12
- IN THE HUMMER -- MARCO scrambles up out of his seat, pops the roof hatch and screams at Raymond --
- MARCO
Take the wheel, Sergeant!
- 13 EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT 13
- as Marco emerges to take the handles of the roof-mounted machine gun -- drops his NVGs back over his eyes and FIRES at the dispersing enemy figures around the Bradley --
- 14 INT. BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - NIGHT 14
- Marco's cover fire RATTLES insanely off the armor --
- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| MAVOLE
(screaming) | BAKER
(overlapping) |
| LOCK AND LOAD! LOCK AND
LOAD! | I CAN'T GET US OFF THIS
TRUCK! |
- MELVIN
Quarter million dollars of U.S. Army
hardware rat-fucked by a coupla used
Toyotas.
- He grabs a fire extinguisher and aims it at flames flaring from a console of instruments.
- 15 OMITTED 15
- 16 OMITTED 16
- 17 EXT. MARCO'S NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: THE DESERT 17
- TRACER BULLETS. A lone enemy SOLDIER runs forward lugging a personal rocket launcher -- disappears behind a dune --
- 18 MARCO -- coming off the machine gun, grabbing Raymond's rifle and rolling toward the back of the Hummer -- as he kicks out of the rear door -- 18

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

19 EXT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS 19
-- Marco is firing before his feet touch the ground.

20 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: THE DESERT 20
Rocket Launcher man does a face-plant in the sand.

21 THE BRADLEY -- its rear door HEAVES OPEN and our guys spill 21
out, coughing, hacking, guns ready.

22 THE HUMMER - SAME TIME -- careens suddenly away, exposing a 22
surprised Marco -- Raymond has lost control, fishtails into
a deep trough -- the Hummer lurches onto its side, engine
racing -- wheels spinning uselessly in air -- stalling --

MARCO
Oh shit, Shaw --

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

24 OMITTED 24

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

A BOY'S VOICE
(amplified)
Were you scared?

THICK DARK SMOKE momentarily blankets the road. Silence.

26 FLASH FORWARD: A YOUNG BOY SCOUT - DAY 26
waiting for an answer, stares earnestly upward at:

FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR BEN MARCO - DAY
behind a podium, in his crisp dress uniform. His current
self: older, tired. Lost for a moment.

MARCO
Scared?
(long beat)
You don't really have time to be scared.

Uneasy rustling of an o.s. audience. Somebody coughs. An
air-conditioner KICKS IN, rumbling, becoming --

27 EXT. THE KUWAITI HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MARCO 27
 raises his head. SEES:
 -- the Bradley, in flames.
 -- the Hummer, on its side in the ditch, headlights aglow --
 -- shadows of enemy soldiers, retreating across the dunes.
 -- MILITARY HELICOPTERS materializing out of the smoke and
 darkness ... circling ... NO SOUND --

MARCO (V.O.)
 I couldn't hear anything, as I was
 temporarily deaf from the explosion of
 the Bradley ...

-- SOLDIERS WITH GAS MASKS lean out of the open doors of the
 helicopters and drop GAS CANISTERS down on Marco's team.

IN SLOWING MOTION:

28 MARCO'S SQUAD -- the effect of the gas is immediate: Mavole 28
 collapses in his tracks. Melvin points a gun skyward and
 FIRES a burst that goes harmlessly wide of a helicopter.
 Then he falls on his back. HEAVY, LUMINOUS, YELLOW-ORANGE
 VAPOR swirls across the battle --

WITH MARCO -- his shirt pulled up over his mouth and nose,
 he wheels to get away from the drifting gas, feet unsteady.
 Grabs a dazed Bobby Baker by the collar --

MARCO
 I got your back, Baker. I got ...

-- and tries to pull him to safety ... knees buckling ... he
 looks up:

29 MARCO'S P.O.V. - THE HUMMER -- is no longer stalled on its 29
 side in the ditch, but improbably is righted again, back on
 four wheels and attacking. A vision of Raymond behind the
 machine gun, firing at the advancing enemy --

WITH MARCO -- trying to process this. Coughing. Fading.

30 OMITTED 30

31 FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR BEN MARCO 31
 Behind the podium. Takes a sip of water, then:

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

FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR MARCO

Behind the podium, repeating himself:

MARCO
-- of the enemy --

32 EXT. KUWAITI TWO-LANE - NIGHT 32

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

33 RESUME: MARCO 33

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

34 EXT. KUWAITI TWO-LANE - NIGHT 34

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

MARCO (V.O.)
-- neutralizing his aerial support --

35 RESUME: MARCO 35

Behind the podium.

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

36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS 36

A Boy Scout luncheon banquet.

WASHINGTON D.C., NOW

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

MARCO
Like Edmonds in Korea, Holderman in Viet Nam, Raymond Shaw was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. I signed the recommendation myself.

A hand shoots up. Marco nods toward it.

ANOTHER SCOUT
Were you wounded?

MARCO
I was --

FB36 FLASH: MARCO ON THE KUWAITI TWO-LANE

FB36

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

RESUME - AUDITORIUM - MARCO

He blinks.

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

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

SCOUT DAD
Did your unit sustain any casualties?

MARCO
Yes. Two. Two of my people were killed.

Silence. No more questions. The disheveled man (MELVIN)
coughs. Marco pointedly ignores him.

MARCO
The Medal of Honor is the highest award
to which any soldier can aspire. From
the jungles of Iwo Jima to the desert of
Kuwait, what these brave men I've talked
about today did will never be forgotten.
Since 1917, only 827 medals have been
given to a total of more than 30 million
Americans in arms. Only three have been
awarded in the last 40 years. Who knows?
Maybe someday one of you fine boys will
earn one yourself in defense of this
great nation.

A SCOUTMASTER, thin, bearded, stands up:

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

MARCO

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

(beat)

My life is in service to my country.

MELVIN

You ever wish it'd been you?

MARCO

Excuse me?

MELVIN

Won the medal. Been the hero.

Something causes Marco to hesitate. Then, as if he'd rehearsed it:

MARCO

No, I'm just proud to have been there.

He sits down. Spattering of polite applause.

37 INT. H.S. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - LATER

37

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

MELVIN

Major Marco.

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

MELVIN

It's Al Melvin, Sir. Corporal Melvin. From your unit. Desert Storm.

Marco stares hard. Melvin looks like a homeless guy, his clothes rumpled, his fingernails stained and broken, his eyes wild with fatigue and paranoia.

MARCO

Melvin. Jesus -- how are you --

MELVIN

(intense)

I have these dreams, Major.

MARCO

Dreams.

MELVIN

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

(beat)

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

MARCO

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

MELVIN

Do you have dreams, sir?

MARCO

Everybody has dreams, Corporal --

MELVIN

Not these.

Beat. Marco stares at him.

MARCO

No I don't.

Melvin's face falls, disappointed. Fumbling in his clothes, he finds a SPIRAL NOTEBOOK, dog-eared, and fat with newspaper clippings -- tries to press it into Marco's hands.

MELVIN

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

MARCO

(gentle)

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

MELVIN

-- I've been to doctors!

The notebook DROPS BETWEEN THEM, and PAGES SCATTER on the floor. Both men go down to collect them --

MELVIN

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

MARCO

Well, that's -- it's over and done.
We've got to move on --

-- Marco rocks back on his heels as he stares down at a SKETCHY PORTRAIT OF AN ARABIC WOMAN whose face is covered with intricate designs -- Marco stares curiously, as if he recognizes her --

MELVIN

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

MARCO

(shaken)
You need money --?

MELVIN

No. No sir.

Self-conscious (people are staring) Melvin shoves the notebook back inside his jacket.

MARCO

-- here --

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

MELVIN

I don't need your money.

MARCO

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

MELVIN

Go.

MARCO

-- run, yeah. But.
(awkward)
It was great seeing you. And good luck to you.

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

38 EXT. H.S. PARKING LOT - DAY

38

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

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

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

40 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 40

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

WOMAN
-- Thirty seven.

Marco stops, looks at her blankly.

WOMAN
From the landing. Every week it gets longer. I'm worried about you.

He takes the romance novels out of his grocery bag and hands them to her.

MARCO
From the landing. Every week it gets longer. I'm worried about you.

He takes the romance novels out of his grocery bag and hands them to her.

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

WOMAN
(blushes)
What do I owe you?

MARCO
(sad)
A smile.

She does.

41 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 41

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

BEHIND HIM - ON A BULLETIN BOARD:

yellowing newspaper clippings and wire photographs of Raymond Shaw. SENATOR'S SON SAVES UNIT IN KUWAIT. "LOST PATROL" FOUND AFTER THREE DAYS IN DESERT; ALL BUT TWO SURVIVE ORDEAL. SHAW RECEIVES NATION'S HIGHEST HONOR. GULF HERO HONORED AT WHITE HOUSE DINNER. SHAW WINS N.Y. CONGRESSIONAL SEAT; WILL BE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF HOUSE ...

Marco's not letting anything go.

TV41 ON THE TELEVISION TV41

News coverage, the crowded floor of a political convention:

ROVING REPORTER

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

MARCO

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

ROVING REPORTER

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

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

42 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - LATER

42

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

TV42

VOICE/JORDAN

TV42

(on the t.v.)

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

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

ON THE TELEVISION

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

JORDAN

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

43 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

43

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

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

RAYMOND

(murmurs)

... I am not a professional politician.
I am not a professional politician ...

TV43

JORDAN (T.V.)

TV43

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

RAYMOND

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

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

ELLIE

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

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

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

No.

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

(the tie)

Something a little less busy.

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

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

Now Ellie stares at him, mouth agape.

RAYMOND

What.

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Mother --

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Mother, you chased her away --

ELLIE

If that's how you want to remember it.

RAYMOND

-- you ruined everything.

ELLIE

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

Raymond stares at her.

ELLIE

After all, you're young and you have plenty of party conventions ahead of you in which to discover, as your father did, that democracy is an elusive and imperfect science, and the meek do not happily inherit the earth, but simply get eaten by the alpha dogs, chewed up, digested and deposited on the carefully mown parkways of American politics.

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

ELLIE (O.S.)

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

Raymond smooths his hair back down.

RAYMOND

I'm wearing the one I have on.

No response.

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

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

TV44 RAYMOND TV44

I've always said I am not a professional politician, although I hold, and have been held -- well, hugged -- in elected office --
 (a winning smile:)
 -- you all know my mother, Senator Eleanor Prentiss Shaw ...

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

45 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 45

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

TV45 RAYMOND/T.V. TV45

... and some of you no doubt remember my father ... the late Senator John Shaw.
 (he seems to want to say more, but doesn't)
 I've been honored to serve my two terms in Congress. But I also grew up on the Hill. I've seen how the game is played by professionals --

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

46 INT. CONVENTION HALL - BACK STAGE 46

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

TV46 RAYMOND TV46

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

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

47 CONVENTION CENTER CORRIDOR, BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS 47

TRACKING with Ellie and Gillespie and his two aides, and a posse of three other FORMIDABLE-LOOKING POLITICIANS through a hallway crowded with NETWORK CAMERA CREWS, STRAY DELEGATES, HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND members and a complete DRILL TEAM in red-white-and-blue sequined leotards, as:

ELLIE
 Bluffing?

GILLESPIE
 That was the inference.

Raymond's speech echoes incoherently through the corridor.

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

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

ELLIE
(glances at him)
No. I gave them one opportunity. And
that was unusually generous of me.

She pushes through a door, and into --

48 INT. CONVENTION BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

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

UTLY
The decision is final, Senator. Tom
Jordan is on the ticket. We don't need
your blessing, but we'd like it.

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

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

ELLIE
'Sits quite well' translates into how
many votes?

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

ELLIE
My son is a war hero.

CONGRESSMAN FLORES
(cheerful)
Governor Arthur has agreed to consider
Raymond for a cabinet post.

A cold silence. Ellie stands --

ELLIE

We didn't come here to have a discussion.

UTLY

Senator --

ELLIE

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

SENATOR WELLS

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

ELLIE

(ignores him)

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

(cold, hard logic:)

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

(beat)

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

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

ELLIE

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

(beat)

You're counting on Jordan to help you get
the black vote, women, college kids -- my
gut instinct says he won't -- and Arthur
holding the center -- where he's soft at
best. And who's to say the President
won't throw troops into another third-
world skirmish, pushing his sidekick's
approval ratings up into the eighties
again, and the campaign off the front
pages?

UTLY

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

ELLIE

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

(beat)

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

SENATOR WELLS

(over her)

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

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

ELLIE

America is facing the greatest test of
its history, gentlemen. Not just from
terrorist organizations both outside and
within our borders, but from covert
alliances of disaffected nations so
terrified of winding up on our shit list
they believe the only way to protect
themselves is to hit us with everything
they can find before we get around to
them. Am I the only one in this room
paying attention to the NSA reports? We
are on the brink of nuclear cataclysm, on
our own soil, while our policies remain
shackled by Jordan-style One Worlders who
insist that human beings are essentially
Good ... and that Power is something
shameful, and Evil.

(then)

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

49 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - NIGHT (VIDEO)

49

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

TV50C

*CPL. MELVIN IN 1992
(Gulf War news archive,
after the squad was
rescued)*

TV50C

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

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

MEDIA ICON

The war hero who dedicated himself to
public service after Desert Storm ...

PUSH IN on Marco. His eyes distant, glazed -- tranced:

MEDIA ICON

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

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

51

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

-- moving through

52 MARCO'S DREAMSCAPE -- where the MYSTERIOUS ARABIC WOMAN from 52
Melvin's drawings -- henna tattoos on her face, as well as
her hands -- thick, blood-red pulp of the supertomato
dripping between her fingers -- glides dreamily across
intricate, sun-bleached tile work through a gathering of
similarly clothed ARABIC WOMEN. A few OLDER, ARABIC MEN are
off to one side, expressionless, hands in pockets.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

-- strappingly resistant to parasite,
disease, over-ripening and systemic
failure -- while, at the same time,
fiercely heat and water tolerant --

IMPRESSIONS of soldiers -- MEMBERS of Marco's squad -- flak
jackets and BDUs, rifles at ease, some squatting, some
leaning against the wall ... Cpl. Al Melvin preternaturally
engrossed in the presentation ...

We hear a SANDSTORM raging outside, causing LONG DRAPERIES
to FLUTTER and POP! like sails ... STRONG IMPRESSIONS of
PFCs ED MAVOLE and BOBBY BAKER ...

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

-- yet -- note the complexity of the
frontal lobe -- nevertheless retaining a
sweet, juicy plumpness reminiscent of the
finest English Beefsteak or Italian Plum.

IMPRESSIONS of the American Flag. IMPRESSIONS of SGT.
RAYMOND SHAW -- he waits for the mysterious woman like an
obedient schoolboy, dutifully holding his SERVICE REVOLVER
in his hand.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

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

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

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Street-corner schizophrenics with tin
foil on their heads offer sad proof of
the failure of those endeavors.

She smiles, creepy, puts a hand on Raymond's shoulder --

MYST. W./NOYLE'S VOICE

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

SWERVE:

MARCO -- is here, too -- his head wrapped in a bandage, he's wearing hospital greens. WIRES AND TUBES are rigged to his head, chest, arms and legs like some HIGH-TECH MARIONETTE --

-- all coiling up into the shadows of the high ceiling, into thicker cables and tubes beneath which robotic BRACKET ARMS adjust, whirring softly, with his every movement ... he's drugged to the gills, jerking with spasms as low voltage electricity courses through his brain ...

... and the women's shrill zaghareet PEAKS --

NOYLE (O.S.)
Captain Marco --

DR. ATTICUS NOYLE

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

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

56 ON MARCO all rigged up with his wires --

56

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

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

NOYLE
Yes. Brilliant. But there were casualties?

MARCO
There are always casualties, ma'am.

... the DREAM SOUNDS (wind, fabric, women chanting) emanate from audio speakers, the sandstorm's wind caused by huge, moveable FANS ...

... IMPRESSION of an OLD MAN shaking a percussive gourd, mesmerizing ...

... IMPRESSIONS of the squad all rigged up like Marco, with tubes and wires ... Laurent glides behind them -- lab coat, SURGICAL GLOVES on his hands ...

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

NOYLE

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

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

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

(smiles)

A simple Pavlovian parlor trick.

SNAPPING of fabric, the wind gets louder.

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

PUSHING IN ON SPOOKY, HERKY-JERKY, STREAMING-VIDEO-STYLE NOYLE IMAGE:

NOYLE

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

(then)

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

(beat)

Hmmm. Let's see.

(then)

Sgt. Shaw. Ever killed anyone?

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

RAYMOND

No ma'am.

NOYLE

Not even in combat?

RAYMOND

No ma'am.

NOYLE
Brilliant. Casualty time.

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

RAYMOND
Captain.

MARCO
Sergeant.

NOYLE
Raymond. Suffocate Private Mavole.

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

MAVOLE
Whoawhoa -- wait -- wait a sec --

-- Raymond's hands twist it TIGHTLY -- Mavole's limbs in turmoil, hands fluttering, his SHROUDED FACE suffocating in the translucent fog of the plastic bag --

PFC. BOBBY BAKER -- intent upon Raymond's killing of Mavole, gaze unwavering, untroubled -- SOUND of the zaghareet, peaking --

NOYLE (O.S.)
And at the instant he completes this, or any task, Raymond has already forgotten that he has ever been involved in it.

RAYMOND SHAW -- all business -- focused and purposeful -- twists the bag even tighter -- the plastic bag steaming -- tubes break, spit liquid, blood -- wires SPARK -- while Noyle floats through the b.g., a blur --

58 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 58

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

TV58 NEWSCASTER #2 TV58

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

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

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

A60 EXT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - DAY

A60

Establishing, as:

LT. COL. HOWARD (O.S.)
Taking your meds?

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

60

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

MARCO (O.S.)
Yes sir.
(beat)
No sir.

Beat. Howard looks up at Marco.

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

LT. COL. HOWARD
The meds help you sleep.

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

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

MARCO
Dreams like mine.

LT. COL. HOWARD
(ignores)
-- and suddenly your own bad dreams come
charging back. Made worse by your
chronic fear of them. Add in all the
recent campaign news about Congressman
Shaw, which is obviously rekindling your
feelings of guilt and jealousy --

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

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

Marco shrugs.

LT. COL. HOWARD
A shrug isn't a feeling.

MARCO
I felt ... fine. No big deal.

LT. COL. HOWARD
Fine.

MARCO
Yes.
(almost angry)
Glad for him. He deserves it. Raymond
Shaw is probably the kindest, bravest,
warmest --

MARCO
-- most selfless human being I've ever ...

LT. COL. HOWARD
-- most selfless human being you've ever known.

Half a beat --

LT. COL. HOWARD
You're fucking with me, Major.

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

LT. COL. HOWARD
What other conclusion can I draw?

Marco says nothing. Holding back what he's thinking.

LT. COL. HOWARD
Look, we've been over this a million
times. Until you forgive yourself for
what happened that night in Kuwait, the
loss of your men -- for what you did, for
what you didn't do ...

No reaction from Marco. The Lt. Colonel sighs.

LT. COL. HOWARD
How's Public Affairs?

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

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

MARCO
Yes sir. Same time, same station.

Marco starts to get up --

LT. COL. HOWARD
And stay the hell away from television.

61	OMITTED	61
62	OMITTED	62
63	INT./EXT. D.C. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY	63

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

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

MOVING WITH - MARCO

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

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

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

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

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

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

GENERAL WILSON (O.S.)
Major Marco --

MARCO AND THE GENERALS

Marco forced to pull his gaze away from Raymond:

GENERAL WILSON
-- this Army of Two's gonna do some recon on the no host bar.

ELLIE

I devour everything in my path, darling,
top or bottom, you know that.

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

ELLIE

Hello Mark.

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

WHITING

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

RAYMOND

Nice to see you Mark. Thanks.

The following flows, overlapping, easy:

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Yes, hi --

ELLIE

-- and David Donovan, their Managing Director.

RAYMOND

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

DONOVAN

One and the same.

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Go away, mother. You've earned your fee.

Raymond flashes a dazzling Kennedyesque smile, as the men chuckle appreciatively.

ELLIE

The plucky idealist.

Ellie glides off, unfazed. The men banter on:

RAYMOND
Gentlemen, how's business?

WHITING
Good, Raymond. Business is good.

JOHNSTON
Could always be better.

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

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

WHITING
Or a country.

Off their shared, collegial laughter --

ACROSS THE ROOM - MARCO - MONETS LATER

watches Raymond take his leave from the Manchurian Global guys -- while, at the bar, the generals have established their beachhead of Bloody Marys with a couple of younger men in NAVY WHITES:

REAR ADMIRAL GLICK
Every great civilization has been anchored by a great Navy.

GENERAL SLOAN
Bullshit. You guys are sea chum, ripe for some raghead with a rocket launcher to put a hole in your bucket.

Marco laughs deliberately, trying to diffuse the tension.

MARCO
(low)
If you can't behave yourselves, Generals, we're gonna spend the rest of the day watching the Orioles game back at the hotel.

Whereupon Raymond parades past, with his Secret Service handlers, oblivious to Ben until he calls out.

MARCO
Congressman -- Sergeant Shaw --

Raymond turning, but not stopping --

MARCO
Ben Marco.

RAYMOND
I know.
(strange, dreamy)
Hello Captain.

MARCO
It's Major, and --

RAYMOND
(as if it surprises
him:)
I need to talk to you.

But he keeps walking --

MARCO
-- okay.

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

ELLIE AND JORDAN

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

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

ELLIE
Tom.

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

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

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

He wheels away --

64 OMITTED

64

65 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - ENTRANCE - MARCO

65

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

JOCELYN

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

RAYMOND

I've changed too.

JOCELYN

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

RAYMOND

-- But my feelings haven't. Changed, I mean ...

Jocie starts to say something, is at a loss for words --

RAYMOND

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

JOCELYN

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

RAYMOND

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

JOCELYN

That you must be just about the loneliest person on earth, and it breaks my heart.

Raymond is staggered -- doesn't know what to say --

JOCELYN

I've got to go -- good luck with the campaign.

She hurries to a waiting limo -- her father's already inside -- Raymond still wants to say something, he wants to stop her, but --

MARCO (O.S.)
Sergeant Raymond Shaw --

Raymond turns --

RAYMOND
What?

Marco slides in front of him with a disarming grin.

MARCO
I want to talk to you too.

RAYMOND
-- Not now.

MARCO
-- I know you're busy -- I just have to
ask you --

He starts to move away, but Marco grabs his arm --

MARCO
I saw Al Melvin the other day -- remember
Corporal Melvin?

Raymond yanks his arm away --

RAYMOND
Don't touch me.

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

RAYMOND
Don't ever touch me.

Beat. Marco's eyebrows go up.

MARCO
Sorry.

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

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

CLOSE - COLONEL GARRET
tense and unsmiling.

COLONEL GARRET
What were you hoping he'd say?

We are:

66 INT. PENTAGON - CONFERENCE ROOM - MARCO

66

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

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

COLONEL GARRET
(talks over this)
I think you hoped Congressman Shaw would say, "yes, Major, I've had those same dreams. Tomatoes and sandstorms. You're not nuts, there's some crazy shit going down here."

Marco says nothing.

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

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

LT. COL. HOWARD
Are you back on your meds?

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

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

No -- MARCO LT. COL. HOWARD
-- can avoid the truth.

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

Beat.

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

MARCO
(from notes he's made)
Owens died of cancer in '97. Villalobos, a car crash. Atkins committed suicide. Jamison was at the Pentagon, 9-11, body never recovered. Wilson I'm still trying to track down.

Garret and Howard trade looks.

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

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

MARCO
If you just talk to Melvin --

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

Silence. Marco looks down at his hands.

COLONEL GARRET
Major Marco. You will stay clear of
Congressman Shaw.

MARCO
Yes sir.

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

MARCO
Yes sir.

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

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

MARCO
Every day, sir.

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

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

TV67 V.P. OPPONENT TV67

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

T.V. MODERATOR
Congressman Shaw -- your rebuttal?

68 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 68

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

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

MARCO (CONT'D)
address on him, I think he's here in D.C.
... yeah, go ahead.

Holding, Marco studies the image of Raymond.

TV68

RAYMOND/T.V.

TV68

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

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

MARCO
(on the phone)
Yeah, yeah. I'm here ...

As he starts to write an address --

69

OMITTED

69

70

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

70

RAYMOND (V.O.)
There are gaps in this country. Ugly
chasms that we need to bridge ...

THE SIDE OF A BUS with a HUGE SKIN of Gov. Arthur and Raymond Shaw and the ARTHUR/SHAW "SECURE TOMORROW" campaign icon -- it SLIDES away, revealing:

MARCO -- crosses the street, walks along a row of dilapidated apartments --

RAYMOND (V.O.)
... the gap between rich and poor,
between government and people --

-- the area is desolate, depopulated, an economic wasteland. Under a crumbling awning and into

71

INT. SKID ROW RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

71

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

TV71

RAYMOND (T.V.)
-- between true security and the notion
of feeling safe ...

TV71

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

RAYMOND (T.V.)
... between what is real and what is not.

DESK CLERK
(about Raymond)
Dontcha love this guy?

72 INT. SKID ROW HOTEL CORRIDOR 72

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

MARCO
Al? Al Melvin, it's Marco ...

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

73 INT. FANCY HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 73

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

RAYMOND
... The enemy is among us. The wolf is
at the door ... the fox is in the
henhouse ... the weasel is ... the weasel
is ...

They take his room keycard from him, open the door --

74 INT. RAYMOND'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 74

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

RAYMOND
The weasel is a weasel. Frog and Toad
Are Friends.

-- returning to the door and handing Raymond his keycard.
The PHONE BEGINS TO RING --

ANDERSON
Sir, we'll be right outside.

RAYMOND
I know. Good night.

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

RAYMOND
You have thirty seconds, Mother.

75 INTERCUT - ELLIE'S SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

75

Ellie behind her desk.

ELLIE
Am I this predictable?

RAYMOND
You have no idea.

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

Raymond's second line flashes with another call.

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

RAYMOND
I happen to believe in it.

ELLIE
Of course you do. Now Raymond --

RAYMOND
Goodnight, Mother.

ELLIE
Raymond --

Raymond punches a button and puts his mother on HOLD.

76 INT. ELLIE'S SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

76

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

ELLIE
Raymond?

77 INT. RAYMOND'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

77

Raymond stares --

THE PHONE

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

RAYMOND

punches the line, lifts the receiver --

RAYMOND

Yes?

VOICE ON THE PHONE

(British accent)

Sergeant Shaw?

RAYMOND

(irritably)

Who is this?

CLOSE on RAYMOND'S EAR --

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Sergeant Raymond Shaw?

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

RAYMOND

Yes ...?

CLOSE on RAYMOND'S EYE --

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Raymond Prentiss Shaw?

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

RAYMOND

(eyes alight)

Yes.

-- everything is brighter, sharper, more luminous -- more etched than it was just moments ago --

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Listen:

(then)

Enter the bathroom, and go to the closet there.

WIDE - THE SUITE

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

THE PHONE

light flashing, Eleanor on HOLD -- stops --

78 INT. BATHROOM 78

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

79 INT. CLOSET 79

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

A MAN IN BLACK

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

The man gestures Raymond through the closet passageway --

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

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

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

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

NOYLE

Hello Raymond. Do you remember me?

RAYMOND

No sir.

NOYLE

Brilliant.

(to his group)

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

81 EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT 81

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

MARCO

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

(listens)

Yeah, I know. I know.

(deep breath)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

Thank you for --

Dial tone. He hangs up. Exhales.

BLINK.

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

BLINK.

83 Another call. 83

MARCO (O.S.)

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

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

Raymond sits in a chair, rigged up with wires and tubes
(much like he was ten years ago) -- a TRANSLUCENT BOX around
his face overlaid with a METRIC GRID, his head held
motionless by a semi-circular BRACE, curved calibration
offering precise positioning for a MICRO-DRILL that Noyle
moves into place -- and then a long, tiny drill bit WHIRS
DOWN through STERILE LATEX stretched very tight across
Raymond's head --

-- and plunges precisely and effortlessly through Raymond's
skull, then STOPS -- he has no reaction, feels nothing --

LCD screens -- show a VIRTUAL MAP OF RAYMOND'S BRAIN, in a
full range of primary colors -- sections morphing as
thoughts and memories race through his mind, as

MINISCULE, INTERWOVEN WIRES -- are threaded down through the
HOLLOW core of the surgical drill, deep into Raymond's
brain. Noyle plays to one of the cameras:

NOYLE
 No decay, no slippage. Everything
 appears to be in flawless working
 condition.
 (then)
 Raymond can you remember the deaths of
 Mavole and Baker?

RAYMOND
 Yes.

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

NOYLE
 Describe it.

84 INT. SKID ROW RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT 84
 Marco knocking at Melvin's door again.

MARCO
 ... Al? You in there?

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

85 INT. MELVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 85
 The light switch doesn't work. Click, click. Eerie shudder
 of neon from the sign on the building, shapes crowd the
 room, claustrophobic ...

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

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

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

86 OMITTED 86

87 OMITTED 87

88 BEAM OF THE PENLIGHT aimed down at pages filled with CRUDE 88
 DRAWINGS OF BRAINS/TOMATOES -- number-gibberish (cross-
 sections, size and weight parameters, and growth sequences)
 -- AMERICAN FLAGS --

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

FB88 FLASH: DREAMSCAPE

FB88

Noyle turning toward us, eyes bright --

RESUME - MARCO

-- under the headline WHAT HAPPENED, extremely small, cramped handwriting that goes on for pages --

"The recon ends without incident, and we are heading back to forward command..."

RAYMOND (V.O.)

(fades up:)

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

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

89 TIGHT - RAYMOND (STREAMING VIDEO)

89

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

TV89 RAYMOND (VIDEO)

TV89

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

90 INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

90

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

RAYMOND (V.O.)

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

FB90 FLASH CUT: A GIANT MONITOR

FB90

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

THE TEAM

(reciting together:)

-- instantly before Sergeant Shaw is able to locate and eliminate the source of the ordnance ...

FB90A SHOCK CUT: REFLECTED IN A MIRROR - MARCO

FB90A

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

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

BLINK.

91 INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - MARCO

91

flips compulsively ahead through the notebook, lit by the harsh beam of the penlight. Endless, repetitive writing. FEVERISHLY RENDERED IMPRESSIONS of the dreamscape, medical apparatus, choppers, guns -- MORE and MORE images of Raymond Shaw -- of Raymond strangling Mavole --

-- and A DRAWING OF A MAN WHO MIGHT BE MARCO, unfinished, uncertain except for the eyes -- Marco with a GUN in his hand --

FB91 FLASH: BOBBY BAKER

FB91

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

RESUME - MELVIN'S ROOM - MARCO

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

TIGHT - ON THE FLOOR - THE NOTEBOOK

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

MARCO

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

THE BARE, OVERHEAD LIGHTBULB IN THE ROOM

shudders to life -- dies -- glows again -- brighter -- AND NOW MARCO SEES:

THE WALLS OF MELVIN'S APARTMENT

are COVERED with DRAWINGS and SCRAWLINGS and newspaper clippings and patterns made with paper plates and empty Noodle containers -- the crazy patterns of the tiles from Noyle's dream lab -- it's as if Marco has entered the mind of a mad man -- everything from the notebooks, and more,

much more -- dominated by tormented, repeated images of Raymond Shaw --

-- Marco is stunned --

PUSHING IN -- as a painstakingly rendered DRAWING OF RAYMOND SHAW fills the screen: wild-eyed with SNAKES writhing out of his head, Medusa-like, EVOKING THE WIRES AND TUBES FROM MARCO'S NIGHTMARE DREAMSCAPE --

92 TIGHT - NOYLE (VIDEO STREAMING) 92

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

TV92 NOYLE TV92
Questions?

SCREAM OF A TRAIN.

93 INT. BULLET TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY 93

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

LAURENT TOKAR

sitting down across from him. Smiling.

LAURENT
(French accent)
Is this seat taken?

SKIP

94 INT. BULLET TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY 94

Marco opens his eyes -- head pressed to a window, the world a blur beyond him -- SEES:

Nothing. An empty seat opposite him. Laurent was a dream. Marco looks around, self-conscious, and --

THROUGH THE SEATS - A WOMAN'S FACE

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

WOMAN'S VOICE (ROSIE)
Maryland's a beautiful state.

Marco jumps -- looks. The pretty woman is sitting down opposite him, folding and pushing aside a newspaper with the headline: WHITE HOUSE INSISTS WAR ON TERROR IS STILL WINNABLE. COST OF PERUVIAN CAMPAIGN HITS \$100 BILLION.

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

MARCO
This is Delaware.

ROSIE
I know. But, Maryland, it's a beautiful
state anyway.

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

ROSIE
Paper or plastic.

MARCO
What?

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

(beat)
Romance novels, instant noodles, No-Doz
and tomatoes.

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

Beat.

ROSIE
You headed to New York City?

MARCO
Yeah.

ROSIE
Business?

MARCO
No. Guy I knew ... in the Army. He's in
politics now. We've kinda lost touch.
(awkward beat, then)
What's your name?

ROSIE
Eugenie.

MARCO
'Scuse me?

ROSIE
Yeah. Crazy French pronunciation and all.

MARCO
It's pretty.

ROSIE
Thanks.

MARCO
I guess your friends call you Jenny.

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

MARCO
What do your friends call you?

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

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

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

Beat. Their eyes lock. Marco blinks --

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

BLINK.

ROSIE -- as before. Slight look of puzzlement, because --

MARCO -- is on his feet, rattled, moving out to the aisle --

MARCO
Excuse me.

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

95 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - AS BEFORE

95

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

Marco reaches into his pocket for a plastic vial of medicine. Tries to shake one of the TINY PILLS OUT, but --

A BURLY PASSENGER in the bathroom emerges and the door SMACKS Marco hard across the back --

-- THE PILLS scatter onto the floor --

MARCO
OW dammit --

BIG MAN
Sorry. I didn't know you were --

MARCO
It's okay. It's okay.

-- Marco's DOWN ON HIS KNEES, struggling to gather the pills together and put them back in the plastic vial. The big man goes.

ROSIE

sinks down next to him. Calm. Deftly plucking the pills from the floor.

ROSIE
My mother would tell you to wash these.

Marco looks up at her blankly. She takes the vial, caps it, gives it back.

ROSIE
I didn't mean to upset you.

MARCO
It's not you, it's me. I'm not -- my head --
(gestures uselessly)
-- nothing's ...
(stares at her)
I wish I smoked.

ROSIE
It's way overrated.

They stare at each other. Then:

MARCO
Rosie, I'm gonna go in here, wash my face, take my pill, and get myself together.

Marco ducks into the bathroom and shuts the door.

MARCO
No. I'm okay, thanks.

ROSIE
Your friend gonna meet you here?

MARCO
No.

Beat.

ROSIE
El Dorado 59970.
(off Marco's frown)
My cell phone, in case you -- you know.
I like to say it the old way -- can you
remember the number, or should I write it
on your chest with a sharpie?

MARCO
(small smile)
I'll remember.

Beat.

ROSIE
You're sweating.

MARCO
What?

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

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

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

101

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

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

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

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

MARCO
Me, I get quiet.

Another awkward beat. She stands there. Studying him.

ROSIE
You okay?

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

ROSIE
Is that what happened on the train?

MARCO
Sort of.

Beat.

MARCO
I could be dreaming you.

ROSIE
What if you are?

MARCO
You'd be the best dream I've had in a
long time, Rosie.

Beat. Rosie smiles at him.

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

102 INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - MARCO

102

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

FB102 OMITTED

FB102

ROSIE'S VOICE
(distant)
Ben?

TIGHT - MARCO'S HAND

turning off the shower, hard --

- 103 RESUME - ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT 103
 She's sitting, watching the closed bathroom door. No noise from the shower.
- ROSIE
 Earth to Ben -- how're you doing in there?
- 104 INT. BATHROOM - MARCO 104
 hyper, rummaging through the vanity, searching for -- pair of cuticle scissors, tweezers, anything sharp -- a little basket of sample perfumes CRASHES into the sink --
- ROSIE (O.S.)
 (KNOCKING loudly)
 Ben, what's going on -- are you okay --?
- Marco finds a razor blade -- twisting it clumsily in his fingers to reach the slight bump on his back he can only barely see in the mirror --
- 105 INTERCUT - ROSIE - OUTSIDE THE DOOR 105
 -- Rosie's KNOCKING HARDER, NOW.
- ROSIE
 Ben, I need you to open this door. Okay?
 Just for a sec.
 (beat)
 You're scaring me. Ben --?
- 106 INT. BATHROOM - MARCO 106
 He SLASHES at the lump. Blood blossoms. SLASHES again, oblivious to pain.
- ROSIE
 BEN MARCO!?
- PUSH IN as Ben presses the blade sharply down into his skin ... cutting a slit through which the blunt edge of
 AN EXTREMELY TINY OBLONG THING
 appears, like a grain of rice. It slides out into Ben's bloody fingers.
- 107 Rosie's PUSHING against the door, trying to force it open. 107
- 108 MARCO 108
 puts his trembling hand under the faucet, grips the thing between two fingers, turns on the water --

109 THE DOOR - ROSIE

109

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

ROSIE

Oh Jesus.

-- and the razor in his hand -- she pushes him away --

MARCO

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

MARCO

SHIT. Oh no NO ...

-- and down the drain -- Marco twists the faucet off, and

DIVES TO

FLOOR LEVEL - UNDER THE SINK

where he puts both hands on the fittings of the u-joint trap and struggles to get them loose -- succeeding finally, water spewing everywhere --

-- the trap falls to the floor, disgorging soap chips, slimy hairballs and pipe corrosion and water ... but not the thing he wants. It's --

MARCO

-- Gone. Shit.

MARCO -- rests his head on the cool tile, eyes far away. Defeated. Rosie crouches next to him. A little scared.

She blots the blood from his back with the towel, and then presses her ice pack against it.

MARCO

Tell me you saw that.

Rosie just stares at him.

MARCO

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

ROSIE

See what?

Marco closes his eyes.

MARCO

Proof.

MARCO

-- Delp. It's not GWS.

Delp has known Marco too long, and too well, not to take him seriously.

DELP

A dozen years ago, the Army did this tiny implantable I.D. thing -- you could imbed it under the skin, then scan it like a bar code for medical emergency information, blood-type, DNA. Pentagon ordered up half a million, and stuck about five thousand experimentally into high-risk soldiers and infantry. But the scanners proved skittish and field hospitals hated 'em, so the whole deal got eighty-sixed and forgotten.

MARCO

The Army never put one in me.

DELP

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

MARCO (V.O.)

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

DELP

Ha ha.

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

DELP

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

MARCO

What are you studying here, Delp?

DELP

Fear.

MARCO

For the Agency?

DELP

Nah, CIA cut me loose in '97 during the Macedonian debacle. Now I got this little grant from Wal-Mart.

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

MARCO

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

Delp just waits.

MARCO

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

DELP

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

(beat)

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

MARCO

What about my dreams?

DELP

(shrugs)

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

MARCO

You're not helping me.

DELP

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

113 OMITTED

113

114 OMITTED

114

115 NEWS FOOTAGE - AIRPORT ARRIVAL (VIDEO) 115

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

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

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

REPORTER #2
Congressman Shaw! Why do you and Gov. Arthur oppose deploying troops in Indonesia?

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

MOVING WITH - MARCO

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

REPORTER #2
What about your mother's allegation that a nuclear attack on this country from a secret alliance of rogue states is certain within two years?

REPORTER #3
Is your mother helping or hurting your campaign?

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

MARCO
Do you ever dream about Kuwait?

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

RAYMOND
I can never remember my dreams.

MORE QUESTIONS lobbed out, overlapping, but Raymond ignores them. Marco pushes through as Raymond assures Anderson:

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

117 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

117

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

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

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

RAYMOND

Why did you ask me about Kuwait?

MARCO

(pleasantly:)

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

MIRELLA

(covers the phone)

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

RAYMOND

No.

(to Marco)

What do you want from me, Captain?

MARCO

Major. Forty minutes of your time.

MIRELLA

No to the interview, or no to six?

RAYMOND

He wants to talk about my mother. No.

He looks at Marco --

MARCO

Private time.

RAYMOND

Well, we've got about five minutes, right now. And this is as private as it gets for me anymore, so ...

Beat. He waits. Anderson staring at Marco.

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

RAYMOND
Including you?

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

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

MARCO
(cuts him off)
-- Yeah, that's how I remember it, too.
(beat)
But I dream something else.

The limo pulls to a curb --

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

118

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

RAYMOND
Am I in your dreams?

MARCO
Yeah.

RAYMOND
Doing what?

MARCO
(evasive)
-- You know.

Raymond steps just outside the entrance to his office.

RAYMOND
Saving everybody?

PEDESTRIANS pass between them on the crowded sidewalk.

MARCO
It's more complicated than that.

Marco reaches into his folder, pulls out one of Melvin's notebooks --

MARCO
People just don't have the same dreams
accidentally --
(holds out the notebook)
-- Melvin made drawings, he wrote down
what he dreamed, this is one of his
notebooks -- it's all in here.

-- and Raymond's staring at the notebook without taking it,
the way Marco once did with Melvin. Anderson and Mirella --
the staffers in the office -- are all staring at Marco the
same way the Boy Scouts once stared at Melvin.

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

MARCO
I've been to doctors.

... which is exactly what Melvin said to him.

MARCO
Okay. Okay, I'm sorry.

Marco nods again, numb, makes a vague resigned gesture.

MARCO
I'm not crazy, Shaw.

He jams the notebook back into his folder, starts to walk
away.

RAYMOND
(calls after)
Captain --
(then)
-- Major.
(then)
Ben.

Marco stops, turns.

RAYMOND
Are you hungry?

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

119

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

RAYMOND
I kill Mavole?

MARCO
It's a dream --

RAYMOND
No.

MARCO
-- could mean something else.

RAYMOND
No.

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

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

MARCO
Maybe you didn't.

RAYMOND
NO. What a thought.

Now he picks up the dream book. Marco watches. Raymond flips through the pages for a moment, dismissively. Then stops at something Melvin has drawn. Frowns. Raises his eyebrows. Closes it, sets it down:

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

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 they can't see what I am, at the core.
 What my mother has made me.

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

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

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

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

MARCO
 Why did you come back, Raymond? What
 happened?

RAYMOND
 What?

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

RAYMOND
 Weren't you listening? Mother happened.
 (then)
 You know, the truth is, I hate it. I've
 always despised it.

MARCO
 (lost)
 Which?

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

MARCO
Who said I was jealous?

RAYMOND
I don't have the dreams, Ben.

MARCO
How can you not remember saving the unit?

RAYMOND
I do. I said I did.

MARCO
You said you don't remember doing it.

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

MARCO
Did you ever talk to anybody about this
little discrepancy?

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

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

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

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

RAYMOND
(horrified)
Nobody's put anything in me.

MARCO

Great. Let's prove it. We can go get an x-ray -- we can check it right now --

Marco moves toward him, Raymond backs away --

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

Just check your back, Raymond --

RAYMOND

-- this can wait until after the election.

MARCO

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

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

-- just check --

RAYMOND

(without checking)
There's nothing there!

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

MARCO

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

KNOCKING at the door:

ANDERSON (O.S.)

Congressman Shaw?

MARCO

-- you don't even know what they did! You don't -- you can't CONCEIVE what they did to you -- and you're worried about some lame-ass reporters!?

-- where Marco (stronger, better-trained) wraps Raymond in a headlock, RIPS Raymond's shirt from the shoulder --

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

ANDERSON (O.S.)
-- are you okay?

RAYMOND
Ben --

MARCO
-- there -- there's -- something --

INSISTENT KNOCKING at the door. Marco CLAWS AT THE SKIN on
RAYMOND'S BACK -- sinks his teeth in --

-- Raymond shakes him off, and MARCO slams into the wall.

The office door BANGS open --

Anderson and other agents SWARM Marco -- there's blood
smearred on Marco's mouth, his jaws are clenched --

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

RAYMOND
No.

MARCO -- shoved to the floor -- twisted -- handcuffed --
blood SMEARING across the carpet -- his eyes wild with
adrenaline and fear --

RAYMOND -- his hand goes to his back -- his eyes LOCK with
Marco's for an instant -- then Marco is hustled out the
door.

ANDERSON
Sir --

RAYMOND
NOTHING HAPPENED!

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

120 OMITTED

120

A121 EXT. MANHATTAN - STATUE OF LIBERTY - DAY

A121

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

ELLIE (V.O.)
You want to *help* him?

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

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

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

ELLIE
I can't even imagine why.

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

ELLIE
What should we do? Make him a General?

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

ELLIE
What?

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

ELLIE
You don't actually believe his story?

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

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

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

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 them in a deep pit" probably tips your
 hand.

ELLIE
 (laughs)
 That was a joke, you dreadful boy.

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

ELLIE
 Carpetbag steak.

RAYMOND
 Stuffed. With oysters?

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

ELLIE
 The steak part is mostly for you.
 Doesn't it look yummy?

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

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

RAYMOND
 Promise me that you'll help him.

Ellie stops, sighs, puts her fork down and reaches for the
 oversized-satchel that doubles as her briefcase and purse.

ELLIE
 Oh, Raymond, how much do you really know
 about your friend?

Ellie finds two thick files and plops them down, as
 punctuation, in front of Raymond.

122 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING (MANHATTAN) - DAY

122

Establishing --

PHOTOGRAPHS - SCENE PHOTOS - AL MELVIN'S DEAD BODY

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

MARCO (V.O.)
 Al Melvin ...

123 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

123

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

MARCO

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

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

AGENT GOLDRING

Talk about what?

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

AGENT GOLDRING

Dreams?

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

MARCO

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

AGENT JONAS

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

MARCO

I wanted to talk to Corporal Melvin about some unanswered questions involving our reconnaissance mission in Kuwait, back in '91 --

AGENT JONAS

(talks over him)

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

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

MARCO
(at Howard)
I know this game. Will you explain to them that I know this game?

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

MARCO
Yeah. Kinda like 'special agent.'

COLONEL GARRET
Cut it out, Major.

AGENT GOLDRING
What's your obsession with Raymond Shaw?

AGENT RAMIREZ
Man of his dreams.

MARCO
Listen, you might want to advise your ME to check for an implant in Corporal Melvin's back -- under the skin, just shy of the scapula, left side ... if he's not looking for it, he won't find it.

Implant. The Feds just stare at him. Like he's nuts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGENT JONAS
-- He hit me! Fuck!

MARCO
He said I could.

Colonel Garret shoves Marco back into a chair, stays in the middle of the fracas, while --

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

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

ELLIE (V.O.)
Evidently this has been going on for years ...

Only Agent Volk remains, unmoved by what just occurred.

CLOSE ON - MARCO, catching his breath.

ELLIE (V.O.)
... Sad little Tin Soldier.

124 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

124

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

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

RAYMOND
-- I don't care.

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

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

ELLIE
That's what the neighbors always say
about serial killers.

Raymond stares at an old PHOTOGRAPH OF MARCO: curled up in a fetal position, on a V.A. hospital bed.

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

125 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

125

Marco with Howard, who's visibly upset. He likes Marco, it breaks his heart to watch him unravelling like this. Agent Volk remains in her chair, on the other side of the room:

The door opens, and Col. Garret comes in, with Agent Goldring, who gives Marco back his personal effects, and:

AGENT GOLDRING
Goodbye.
(to Marco)
Get out of here.

LT. COL. HOWARD
He's free to go?

AGENT GOLDRING
Shaw won't press charges, and he's got
juice with important friends. It's
today's daily double.

Agent Volk closes her notebook and moves past Goldring as he picks up the tape recorder. She glances at Howard, and leaves the room.

COLONEL GARRET
Someone from Senator Eleanor Shaw's
office called and intervened on your
behalf.

A beat. Marco, trying to process all this:

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

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

LT. COL. HOWARD (CONT'D)
for evaluation and treatment first thing
Monday morning.

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

LT. COL. HOWARD
Me too, Ben.

126 OMITTED 126

127 SERIES OF X-RAYS 127

micro-circuitry, neat as a pin --

DELP'S VOICE
I thought you said you lost this.

TIGHT - THROUGH A STEREOSCOPIC MICROSCOPE - THE IMPLANT

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

MARCO'S VOICE
I found it again.

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

Delp looks up from the microscope, at Marco.

DELP
These are not supposed to exist, man.
These are only *theoretical*.

-- leaves the statement hanging --

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

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

DELP
You sure you want to do this man?

MARCO
Yes.

DELP
-- because I don't.

MARCO
I'll owe you one.

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

MARCO

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

DELP

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

MARCO

-- Talk to me about the implant.

DELP

Manchurian Global. Heard of 'em?

(off Marco:)

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

MARCO

You said the Army implants were for medical emergency data.

DELP

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

MARCO

How do you know all this?

DELP

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

MARCO

What does it do?

DELP

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

(off his arm)

What are you doing?

INTERCUT - MARCO'S FOREARM

He's scrawling words on his palm, with a ballpoint pen:
ROSIE. RAYMOND SHAW. MANCHURIAN-GLOBAL ...

MARCO

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

DELP

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

DELP

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

SERIES OF SHOTS

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

DELP

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

MARCO

Edge off what?

DELP

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

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

MARCO

You don't think this is going to work.

DELP

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

MARCO

-- But?

DELP

But the legions of naysayers will tell you that if the initial work's done correctly -- if the brain's been not just washed, but dry-cleaned --

Takes out a bite-guard and puts it in Marco's mouth:

DEL P
 -- fuhgetaboutit. No sale.
 (then)
 Try to relax, okay?

He throws the switch, sending electric current through Marco's head --

-- Marco's body ARCHES off the table and he goes into seizure --

IMAGES FADE IN AND OUT:

FBI129 -- a man in a gas mask JAMS his rifle butt down. FADE OUT. FBI129
 FBA129-- black-clad soldiers swarm Marco's team. FADE OUT. FBA129
 FBB129-- inside of a helicopter, grey light fluttering -- FBB129
 Laurent, gas mask down, confers with a pilot. FADE OUT.
 FBC129-- jetting low across dark water as dawn breaks. FADE OUT. FBC129
 FBD129-- impression of an abandoned village -- FBD129
 FBE129-- an abandoned beach -- FBE129
 FBF129-- ruins of an ancient caravansary -- FBF129
 FBG129-- float DOWN on the upturned face of NOYLE. FADE OUT. FBG129
 FBH129-- Marco's HEAD SLAMMED DOWN, hard surface, a gun-like ELECTRIC IMPLANT device FIRES its package into the skin near Marco's shoulder-blade. FADE OUT. FBH129
 FBI129-- impressions of Melvin, Baker, Mavole, drugged, wired up. FADE OUT. FBI129
 FBJ129-- Raymond releasing Mavole's throat -- FBJ129
 FBK129-- Bobby Baker, bloody hole in his forehead, falling away -- FBK129
 FBL129-- the crazy pattern of the tile -- FBL129
 FBM129-- and Marco running, RUSHING FORWARD -- toward daylight, past other platoon members, wires and I.V. tubes snaking upward, watching animated Raymond Shaw hero footage on a plasma screen, patriotic music BLARING. FBM129
 FBN129-- breaking outside, a glimpse of the azure sea waiting there -- FBN129
 -- but DOWN, TACKLED ... FADE OUT.
 FBO129-- stumbling from helicopters into a rotor-torn sandstorm -- the dust clearing to reveal ... weary, dazed, exhausted soldiers in the middle of nowhere, under an angry sun ... FBO129
 ... the SCREEN BLOOMS WHITE, and completely empty -- like an Arabian desert --

130 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

130

Marco opens his eyes to the glare of a crisp autumn sun, surreal colors: blue sky, shimmering green, the skyline. His head is in Rosie's lap, he lies curled in the grass.

A banana-yellow motorized model plane buzzes in tight circles overhead.

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

ROSIE
Blank again?

Marco tries to say something, his mouth is dry.

ROSIE
He said this would happen.

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

MARCO
Who?

ROSIE
Your friend.

MARCO
I don't remember a friend.

Nothing.

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

MARCO
(after a beat)
Eugenie Rose.

Rosie smiles. Marco closes his eyes again and --

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Silence. Two beats.

Then the SOUND OF A TELEVISION fades up:

TV130	NEWSCASTER #3	TV130
	U.S. planes bombed selected sites in Guinea today, acting on intelligence that the African nation's military regime had secretly resumed its chemical weapons program ...	
131	TIGHT - A TELEVISION (VIDEO)	131
131A	Campaign footage of Raymond Shaw visiting schools in the	131A
131B	inner city, Arthur riding horses in Wyoming, the two men	131B
131C	meeting with business leaders in Chicago.	131C

TV131 NEWSCASTER #4 TV131

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

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

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

TV132 OMITTED TV132

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

MARCO
It's Wednesday.

ROSIE
Yes.

MARCO
Central Park was Monday. I came home Friday.

ROSIE
(smiles)
That's right.

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

MARCO
How did I get here?

ROSIE
You called me.

MARCO
El Dorado 59970.
(beat)
I remembered.
(beat)
I remember, and I didn't dream.

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

MARCO
What'd we talk about?

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

MARCO
I remember that.

Beat. She smiles. She leans in, kisses him lightly.

ROSIE
Liar.

MARCO
What else did we talk about?

Rosie opens her mouth --

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Two beats of silence, then --

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

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

134 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN 134

Marco drinks water from the faucet, wipes his mouth. Stares
at himself in the mirror -- he looks like death warmed over.
Starts to smile ...

... but his eyes stray up to the half-open mirror of the
vanity -- reflecting, behind him, the bathroom wall: towel
racks, wall paper, a high VENT ... with a FAINT RED LED
glowing INSIDE.

JUMP CUT: MARCO

Standing on the edge of the tub, stretched out, face pressed
up to the vent, trying to see inside --

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

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

RESUME - MARCO

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

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

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

135

Marco taping newspapers over all the heating vents --

INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - DAWN

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

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

INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - DAWN

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

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

Pulling out her clothing, discovering, at the bottom:

FILE FOLDERS, NOTES, REPORTS

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

AUDIO TAPES

Microcassettes, neatly labelled with dates and hours ...

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

ROSIE

Ben?

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

ROSIE

What are you ... oh God.

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

MARCO

You're part of it.

-- then he's moving, out the door --

ROSIE

Don't --

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

Now she's between him and the door.

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

MARCO
How can you know what I think?

He tries to get past her again --

THEY FIGHT

Rosie can't beat him, but she's extremely skilled -- Marco gets stung twice by hard rights -- but whirls, all-defense, an improvised rope-a-dope that gives him the opening he needs --

-- he SMACKS Rosie sharply, stunning her -- and as she rocks backward he flies out the door --

ROSIE
BEN!

136 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN 136

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

137 OMITTED 137

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

A CARETAKER rattling keys impatiently behind him, Marco stands looking down into the pit of the abandoned lab.

Delp and the monkeys are gone. Empty cages and unplugged equipment are all that remain of Delp and his fear project.

The utter quiet is deafening.

139 EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY 139

Marco moving, head down, eyes everywhere -- anybody could be following him. Anybody could be watching him. Anybody could be part of this.

PRELAP sound of a tape fast-forwarding and:

ROSIE'S VOICE
 (audio surveillance tape)
 You said you "loved" me ...

140 EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - ESTABLISHING 140

141 TIGHT - A MICROFICHE SCREEN 141

scrolling old newspapers in a BLUR.

ROSIE'S VOICE
 ... Not to scare you. Out of nowhere,
 but more than once.

MARCO'S VOICE
 I remember.

WHIR of rewinding audio --

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

Marco deep in research, at a small table covered with books
 and paper -- a crazy man's kind of chaos.

The file he stole from Rosie's is disemboweled across the
 desktop. A library tape machine plays one of the
 surveillance tapes he's stolen from Rosie's:

MARCO'S VOICE
 (bleeding through earphones)
 What else did we talk about?

INTERCUT - MICROFICHE

stories flip past ...

ROSIE'S VOICE
 Raymond Shaw. And about what happened to
 you, after you were captured. Black
 helicopters, secret laboratories, mind
 drugs, mad scientists, shock-torture ...

MARCO'S VOICE
 You don't believe any of it.

ROSIE'S VOICE
 It's crazy. It sounds crazy.

MARCO'S VOICE
 -- maybe that's what they want. Maybe
 that's what they want.

INTERCUT - TAPE MACHINE

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

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

FB143 FLASHBACK: ROSIE'S APARTMENT

FB143

Marco, on the bed, numb.

MARCO
And I think they made me kill someone
too. One of my people. Kid named Bobby
Baker.

Rosie puts her arms around him --

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

144 RESUME - LIBRARY

144

Marco takes his thumb off the shuttle button and --

MARCO'S VOICE
... We were all hooked up to IV tubes and
wires and equipment -- heart monitors,
head monitors, electroshock -- and a lot
of stuff I've never seen before ...

... Finding, finally, an inside page of the SCIENCE &
TECHNOLOGY section of the Times, with the headline:

MANCHURIAN HOPES NEW IMPLANTS SAVE LIVES

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

ROSIE'S VOICE
Did he have a name?

MARCO'S VOICE
What?

Marco stares at the photograph.

PANNING TIGHT - ACROSS THE SCIENTISTS

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

It's Noyle.

ROSIE'S VOICE

The doctor, Ben -- what was his name?
Can you remember?

A long beat. Marco racks his memory. Then --

MARCO

Noyle. They called him Dr. Noyle.

PUSH in until Noyle is just a mass of pixels --

CRASH:

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

A Google search. Marco types the name: NOYLE.

INTERCUT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A GOVERNMENT website:

SOUTH AFRICAN TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMITTEE

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

SCROLLING DOWN ... UNTIL a photo of Atticus Noyle is center-
screen. Smiling out at us.

CLICK: HEADLINES -- "Capetown U. Scientist Expelled: Alleged
CIA Ties" -- "Genome Researcher Sought for Questioning by
The Hague" --

ON MARCO -- energized by what he's seeing --

CLICK: SLIDE OVER NOYLE'S FACE -- key words like "genetic
memory enhancement," "behavioral modification" ... a
QUICKTIME VIDEO that Marco activates, and --

146 IN STREAMING VIDEO: NOYLE 146

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

NOYLE

... we really can reinvent ourselves, you
know, by the remapping of the human
genome. Strengthen character, enhance
personality, not unlike tummy tucks and
breast augmentation. Generate
extraordinary abilities in math, music,
athletics. Tweak the sympathy gene,
boost self-confidence --

CLOSE - ON MARCO

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

NOYLE (O.S.)

(streaming audio)

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

147 EXT. PENN STATION - DAY

147

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

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

FREEZE FRAME.

SERIES OF STILL SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS - SAME

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

CRASH:

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

148

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

149 INT. SENATOR JORDAN'S OFFICE - DUSK

149

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

AIDE

I called the Pentagon. They told me he's
on medical leave.

The calling card is Marco's, from Army Intelligence. Jordan
flips it over. Marco has scrawled "DO YOU STILL WANT TO BE
VICE PRESIDENT?"

AIDE

Secret Service, they've got him on a
couple of their watch and observe lists.

Through a gap in the doorway, Jordan can SEE Marco sitting
in his outer office, bag of evidence at his feet, hunched
forward, staring at the floor.

AIDE

I guess there's been some trouble with this guy, involving Congressman Shaw.

At the mention of the Shaw name, Jordan looks up --

150 INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DUSK

150

Jordan sits behind the table, all of Marco's documents and evidence arranged tidily in front of him in meager piles, Marco pacing, watching as Jordan finishes examining a thick Atticus Noyle computer print out.

JORDAN

Nobody will believe this.

MARCO

Nobody believed Watergate.

He sits down, opposite Jordan.

MARCO

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

JORDAN

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

He puts the Noyle file down, pushes everything away.

JORDAN

You bring me rumors and conjecture.

MARCO

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

JORDAN

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

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 some of their subsidiary partners are
 engaged in.

MARCO
 Sir, I don't give a rat's ass about
 Manchurian Global! That's not why I'm
 here!
 (beat)
 I can't touch them, I get that, I'm not
 stupid, sir.

A cold silence. Marco stares at Jordan.

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

Jordan nods again, slightly. Lost in thought.

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

CRASH:

151	OMITTED	151
A152	OMITTED	A152
152	EXT. ELEANOR'S VIRGINIA MANSION - NIGHT	152
	A limousine pulls up in front, followed by a car full of Secret Service. Anderson floats out and opens the door for Raymond ...	
153	INT. PRENTISS MANSION - NIGHT	153

An argument in progress as Raymond shrugs off his overcoat
 into the hands of a SERVANT.

The low murmur of Jordan's voice, then INCREDULOUS LAUGHTER:

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

JORDAN (O.S.)
 No, I'll wait until Raymond gets here and
 we can all --

ELLIE (O.S.)
 Get out of my house.

Raymond proceeds down the hallway to --

154 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

154

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

ELLIE
The man is insane, Tom -- full-blown
schizophrenia -- he's been *stalking*
Raymond -- if you dare to use this --

Now they see Raymond, under the imposing Andrew Wyeth painting of Tyler Prentiss that dominates one whole wall of the study, and Ellie stops.

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

JORDAN
Hello Raymond.

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

RAYMOND
Hello Senator. How's Jocie?

Jordan picks up a picture of Noyle and smooths it onto the desk for Raymond to see, as:

ELLIE
Can we please not go down that road?

JORDAN
Do you recognize this man?

RAYMOND
No.

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

ELLIE
-- In his dreams.

JORDAN
-- brainwashed you --

RAYMOND
Sir, Ben Marco is sick. Delusional.

JORDAN

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

Raymond frowns, looks from Jordan to Ellie.

JORDAN

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

ELLIE

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

Silence.

RAYMOND

I don't understand.

JORDAN

At the time of Desert Storm, Dr. Atticus Noyle was working under a research grant from Manchurian Global. Your mother's friend.

The color suddenly drains out of Ellie's face.

RAYMOND

What?

JORDAN

Rogue scientists. Mind control. Manchurian Global. Your mother. You. Connect the dots, Raymond. Possibly, your mother's blind to them, because they pay their way --

ELLIE

Possibly the Senator's motives are colored by his desperation to get himself back on the presidential ticket now that the heavy lifting is done --

RAYMOND

(unraveling)

I don't -- I don't --

JORDAN

It's not about me. As far as I'm concerned, this should never come out -- it would shred what little remains of the fabric of our public trust -- think of the nation --

RAYMOND
I don't have the dreams.

ELLIE
He can't prove anything.

JORDAN
Everything you stand for is upside down!
If this were to come out, true or no, it
would be catastrophic for the campaign.
(beat, a threat?)
And it will come out.

RAYMOND
What are you saying?

Silence. The question hangs there.

RAYMOND
What do I do?

JORDAN
You withdraw. You bow out gracefully.
Personal reasons. An obscure illness.
Yield your spot on the ticket, go into
seclusion ...

He glances coolly at Ellie --

JORDAN
... and then surrender yourself to
federal authorities who can help you
address the damage that may have been
inflicted on you.

-- and walks out. Raymond and Eleanor have hardly moved.
Sound of the front door opening, closing.

RAYMOND
I feel sick. Christ. What have you done
to me?

ELLIE
Raymond, remember when --

RAYMOND
NO, never mind -- don't bother. Don't
lie. Don't say anything. No more lies.

There are actual tears in Ellie's eyes. Raymond just stares
at her, coldly.

RAYMOND
I can promise you that whatever you've
done, I will undo it.

ELLIE
I know -- I know, baby --

RAYMOND
I never want to see you or speak to you
again --

ELLIE
Raymond --

RAYMOND
-- I mean it this time.

Raymond heads for the door --

ELLIE
Sergeant Shaw --

Raymond slows -- curious to be addressed like this -- sound
of the desert wind rises --

ELLIE
-- Sergeant Raymond Shaw --

He's turning -- the room coming alive -- light shifting,
intensifying -- that terrible vividness -- and the wall of
the zaghareet ...

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON - ELLIE

ELLIE
Raymond Prentiss Shaw --
(sad)
Listen:

CRASH:

- 155 INT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN 155
Marco jolts awake, as if from a bad dream, startled --
cramped on a bench, just another rumped, weary traveler --
early morning commuters gliding past him like a fog.
- 156 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 156
A lacy fog rising from the reeds on the shoreline as the
Senator drags his kayak from under the pilings of a
pristine, clapboard cottage to the edge of the water.
- 157 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 157
The house is beautiful, everything perfect. FLOAT through
FINDING Jocie in a back bedroom, waking slowly in a huge
bed, rolling to look out the window and watch her father, in
his kayak, paddling away ...

158 INT. UNION STATION - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN 158

Marco grabs a coffee from off a Starbucks counter, picks up his bag and heads toward the New York City line platform, to catch his train --

159 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - JORDAN'S KAYAK - DAY 159

The Senator rows with confidence, his bow cuts the glassy surface of the bay, fog ripples away from him, dreamy.

Up ahead, he can see the ghost of his house. And a figure on the shoreline.

JORDAN
Who's that?

RAYMOND
It's me, sir.

JORDAN

stops paddling, and lets the kayak drift in. He's breaking hard, sweat glistening on his face.

RAYMOND

sloshes down into the water, wades out waist-deep --

JORDAN
Wait. Oh, don't do that, I can --

RAYMOND
I came to apologize, sir.

JORDAN
-- the water must be freezing. What are you doing? Raymond. Don't bother, I can --

Raymond catches the bow of the kayak, turns it.

RAYMOND
I'm sorry.

JORDAN
I am too. But, your mother must --

With one motion, Raymond RIPS the two-blade paddle out of Jordan's hand, and FLIPS the boat over --

RAYMOND
I'm sorry, sir.

-- Jordan goes under, legs trapped in the kayak --

160 UNDER THE WATER - JORDAN 160

flailing -- trying to get out of the kayak, incapacitated by the cold water --

161 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 161

Jocie wanders, sleepy, into the main room, pulling on a hooded sweatshirt -- and SEES, THROUGH THE BAY WINDOWS:

-- her father's upended kayak.

-- a figure in the water, as if trying to save him --

162 EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 162

Jocie sprints down toward the water, screaming --

JOCELYN

DADDY!

-- Raymond turns and sees her running toward him. For a moment time stands still -- Jocie trying to process Raymond Shaw in the water with her father, and Raymond trying to process, through the curtain of his fractured consciousness, Jocelyn Jordan.

JOCELYN

leaps into the water, thinking she'll help with a rescue. The cold hits her like a sledgehammer -- followed by the realization Raymond's *trying to drown* her father --

JOCELYN

Raymond, what are you doing?! No! Stop it! Stop --!

She tries to shove Raymond away from the boat, but

RAYMOND

turns, grabs her by the hood of her sweatshirt --

-- and whipsaws her out into the deeper water, shoving her under it.

Jocelyn's hands claw at him, but he's stronger, and the water has no effect on him.

She thrashes wildly ... and he looks down at her through the water, hair flowing, utterly beautiful ... as if in a dream.

RAYMOND

(far away)
Shhhhhhhh.

Jocelyn weakens ... succumbs ... her body floats away.

163 NEWS COVERAGE - LATER - SAME DAY (VIDEO) 163

TVA163 Cold tapestry of images behind the MAJOR MEDIA ICON: TVA163
police, paramedics, bodies pulled from the water, Jordan's
empty house.

TV163 MEDIA ICON TV163

... the five-term Senator -- and recent
front-runner for his party's vice
presidential nomination -- appears to
have accidentally drowned when his kayak
overturned near his Chesapeake Bay home.
Police say his daughter, Jocelyn, 35, may
have been trying to rescue Jordan when
she was, herself, overcome by the icy
water ...

164 CAMPAIGN COVERAGE 164

an impromptu stand-up with visibly-shaken presidential
candidate Arthur outside ARTHUR-SHAW campaign headquarters:

TV164 ARTHUR TV164

Horrible, horrible thing. Senator Jordan
was a statesman of the highest integrity.
(fighting emotions)
Tom Jordan was a friend. A damn fine
man. A great American.

165 INT. PENN STATION - MANHATTAN - MARCO 165

staring numbly at the news report on a little portable t.v.
in a NEWS KIOSK --

166 INT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY 166

SLOWING MOTION: the world a blur around Raymond as he walks
a gauntlet of reporters shouting questions: about policy,
about Jordan. Expressionless, he just keeps walking, but
his lips move --

-- "tragedy" -- "senseless" -- "great loss" --

167 EXT. GROUNDS OF ELLIE'S MANSION - DAY 167

Donovan walking beside Senator Eleanor Prentiss Shaw.
Whiting just behind them.

DONOVAN

You trusted us to bring your son back to
you, and we deliver. We trusted you with
our technology -- and now you turn him
into a common hit man.

ELLIE
Oh, don't lecture me --

DONOVAN
You didn't even ask us. You needed to ask.

ELLIE
Tom Jordan was going to destroy everything we've worked toward, and every one of us along with it, and you want me to call a meeting?

WHITING
David, if Jordan had gone public --

DONOVAN
In any endeavor, there are key players and role players, and Raymond -- or you, or me, for that matter -- I'm sorry -- we are role players, with fixed values and fixed agendas, that get weighed against other factors.

Ellie stops, looks at him.

ELLIE
Bullshit.
(then)
You can tell yourself that as you go to bed tonight, David, and I hope it helps you wake up tomorrow with a clean conscience -- but we are talking about my son and the future of this country.
(beat)
My father, Tyler Prentiss, never asked. He just did what needed to be done.

168 INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

168

Rosie asleep. PUSH IN RAPIDLY ... then a HAND comes down hard and efficiently against her throat --

-- she wakes up, fighting for air --

MARCO
(a whisper)
How does the President die?

He sits on top of her, pinning her arms down. She struggles to say something. Marco shakes his head.

MARCO
When. Where. How.

He releases her throat, and she gasps for air --

MARCO
I'm gonna stop this. We'll go to the
Feds. You and me. And tell them a
story.

ROSIE
Who'll -- believe --

MARCO
I don't know. I don't care any more.
It's all I have.

Rosie bucks -- gets a hand free -- SLUGS, Marco, and they
tumble off the bed in a tangle of blankets and limbs --

ROSIE

comes up holding a 9 mm revolver to Marco's forehead.

ROSIE
I *am* the Feds.

She coughs. Marco stares at her, dumbfounded.

ROSIE
We've been watching you, trying to sort
this out. I mean, it's either you're
telling it straight and we've all got
something big-time to worry about, or
you're crazy and dangerous -- either way
we've had to keep you on a short leash,
'cuz if we lock you up we'll never know.
(beat)
And we can't tell anybody because we
don't know how deep this river runs.
(beat)
If there is a river.
(off his expression)
You got away from me.

MARCO
Raymond Shaw murdered Senator Jordan and
his daughter.

ROSIE
(shaking her head)
Oh Ben. The thing is? I want to believe
you. God help me, Ben, I do.

MARCO
-- he's a time bomb, ticking --

ROSIE
Everybody else wants you junked up on
Thorazine and just not a problem any
more.

MARCO
I am clearer on this than I've ever been.
It's rich guys, funding bad science, to
put a sleeper in the White House --

ROSIE
Listen to yourself. You're a poster boy
for paranoid fantasies.

Beat. Silence, broken only by their breathing.

MARCO
I screwed up. Jordan was my trump card,
and I screwed it up.
(then)
Either help me, or shoot me, Rosie.
There's no middle ground anymore.

He gets up -- Rosie's not going to shoot him --

SMASH CUT TO:

169 NOYLE

169

frowning --

NOYLE
Raymond -- Raymond --

TURN:

DREAMSCAPE - AS BEFORE

Raymond hands a service revolver past Noyle, to
MARCO -- who primes it, aims --

NOYLE (O.S.)
Captain Marco, would you please shoot
Private Baker so we can move on?

-- MARCO SHOOTS BAKER IN THE FOREHEAD --

170 INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING

170

RAYMOND
Aaaahhhhhh --!

Raymond awakens with a startled about, face flushed,
sweating. Terrified --

MIRELLA/ANDERSON
Aaaahhhhhh --!

-- Raymond finds himself in the back seat of his limo, his campaign aide Mirella, her assistant, and Anderson, all startled and shouting too --

MIRELLA
You okay?

RAYMOND
Yeah. Yes. Bad dream.

ANDERSON
We've arrived, Congressman.

Raymond sits up.

RAYMOND
Okay.

171 EXT. P.S. 16 - WESTCHESTER - DAY 171

Raymond emerges to cameras and fanfare -- it's election day, and he's going to vote.

Anderson and other agents clear a path up the steps into the ELEMENTARY SCHOOL VOTING SITE. Reporters shout questions that Raymond just answers with his professional smile.

172 INT. P.S. 16 - GYMNASIUM - DAY 172

A temporary polling place. Flags, tables, not too crowded. VOTERS stepping out of the way. POLL VOLUNTEERS pressing in to shake hands and wish Raymond Shaw good luck. And

ROSIE

on the edge. She badges Anderson, and talks to him. He nods, moves over and talks quietly to Raymond as Raymond signs his name in the voter registration log.

Then lets Rosie guide him to a booth on the end --

173 INT. VOTING BOOTH - RAYMOND 173

pulls the giant lever, the curtains close, finds --

A NOTE -- folded, taped to the machine.

RAYMOND -- opens it, reads it.

VOTING BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

the curtain opens and Raymond steps out, smiling again. Cameras flash, video crews wave boom mikes, expecting a sound bite:

RAYMOND

I was on the fence when I walked in there
... but then I saw my name on the ballot
and I knew what I had to do.

Laughter. He whispers to a poll volunteer, and she points him down a hallway --

174 INT. P.S. 16 - CORRIDOR

174

Raymond, Rosie and his Secret Service detail -- Rosie leads them to a doorway, holds it open for Raymond, but puts her hand lightly on Anderson's chest when he starts to go in to sweep the room --

ROSIE

It's clean.

175 INT. P.S. 16 - SPECIAL ED. ROOM - DAY

175

Small, and private. Raymond turns on the light. Marco is in the corner, waiting. His Noyle File in one hand.

MARCO

How's your back?

RAYMOND

It hurts.

MARCO

I'm sorry.

Raymond locks the door, turns, takes in the room: tiny chairs and tables, walls covered with kids' drawings, and nearly every object in the room named and labelled with 3x5 cards.

RAYMOND

I've been having the dreams, Ben.

MARCO

That's good.

RAYMOND

Good? They're inside my head. They got inside, the way you said they would --

MARCO

We'll get 'em out.

RAYMOND

They're all ... twisted together -- and I dream things, terrible things, that can't possibly have happened. I'm gone, Ben -- I'm losing it --

MARCO

No -- you could have had me locked up -- and you didn't. That's a sign.

RAYMOND

Of what?

MARCO

That they don't control everything. We can fight it. I mean -- I'm still out here because you decided I should be -- which means there's a part they can't get to, deep inside -- the part where the truth is, and they can't touch us there. That's what we need to tap into, Raymond, that's the part where, you and me, we're gonna take them out.

RAYMOND

Jocie's dead.

MARCO

I know.

RAYMOND

-- and the Senator.

MARCO

Yeah.

Beat.

RAYMOND

Did I do it?

MARCO

I think so, yeah.

RAYMOND

I don't remember. I don't remember it.

Raymond looks up at Ben. Emotionless. Uncomprehending.

176 INTERCUT - CORRIDOR - ROSIE AND ANDERSON

176

down the hallway, standing sentinel. Anderson checks his watch, glances uncomfortably back at the door -- then at Rosie, who just stares him down.

177 RESUME - SPECIAL ED. ROOM - RAYMOND

177

Tears run down his face, but his voice is normal, he stays expressionless. He rubs his eyes with the heel of his hand.

RAYMOND
I'm all inside-out.

KNOCKING on the door.

ANDERSON (O.S.)
Mr. Shaw?

RAYMOND
Just a minute.

Raymond's cell phone RINGS.

RAYMOND
All I've ever done is what I was supposed to do. What I was told to do --

MARCO
Raymond -- *focus* --

RAYMOND
-- What others want me to do.

MARCO
Did they tell you what they want you to do, Ray? We gotta know what's gonna happen, we gotta know when's it gonna happen -- you can help me do this --

RAYMOND
You don't think they saw this coming?
You don't think they factored you in?
(matter of fact)
I need to die, Ben.

MARCO
What? No -- no, man, they've got big plans for you --

RAYMOND
I'm the enemy, Major Marco, and the only way to stop me is to kill me. I thought you were smarter than this.

MARCO
I can get the Feds, the police. Come on, Ray -- fight it --

RAYMOND
Are we friends?

MARCO

Raymond, you gotta work with me here --

Raymond takes the ringing phone from his inside pocket, and checks the number of who's calling.

RAYMOND

I want to believe we're friends.

MARCO

Raymond, stay focused. The irrefutable fact is that Jocie was a mistake, and we're gonna make 'em pay for it.

RAYMOND

I dream you, Ben. You kill Private Baker.

(into the phone, pleasant:)

Hello?

MARCO

What are you talking about?

RAYMOND

(into the phone)

Yes mother.

A class BELL RINGS --

178 INTERCUT - CORRIDOR - DAY 178

Students flood the hallway -- Laurent Tokar walks right past Rosie and Anderson, heading toward the special ed room --

179 RESUME - THE SPECIAL ED ROOM 179

MARCO

Hang up.

RAYMOND

(into the phone)

Yes, he's right here.

Raymond extends the phone to Marco.

RAYMOND

She wants you.

Marco hesitates. Me? But takes the receiver --

180 INTERCUT - ELLIE'S PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - MORNING 180

on the phone in her lavish room:

ELLIE

Is this Major Marco?

MARCO
Yes it is, Senator.

ELLIE
-- Major Bennett Marco --

Marco reacting quizzically -- sound of the distant windstorm building --

EXTREME CLOSE UP - MARCO - HIS EAR -- at the phone:

MARCO
Yeah ...?

MARCO'S EYES flicker to Raymond's eyes --

ELLIE
Bennett Ezekiel Marco --

-- Marco's senses are quickening -- the light literally changing around him -- that terrible LUMINOSITY -- as -- SOUND of fabric, in the wind -- the SANDSTORM RAGING -- Marco's eyes shining now, hyper-alert -- a warrior's eyes --

MARCO
Yes.

ELLIE
-- Listen:

CRASH:

181 INT. P.S. 16 - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 181

The happy chaos of screaming kids. Raymond emerges, smiling. Surrounded immediately by Anderson and his secret service detail, and escorted out of the building.

ROSIE

fighting through the throng of students --

-- to the office door. Now it's locked. She bangs on it -- KICKS it open --

182 INT. SPECIAL ED. OFFICE - DAY - ROSIE 182

Empty. Marco gone. The Noyle File lies open -- and empty -- on the floor. She rushes through a connecting door --

183 INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS 183

-- third-grade students loud, happy, rehearsing a patriotic "Abe Lincoln" election day skit -- no Marco here -- she's lost him --

- 184 INT. SPECIAL ED. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 184
 Rosie comes back through, out into the hallway and stands,
 in the river of children -- she's lost Ben --
- 185 EXT. P.S. 16 - FRONT STEPS - DAY (VIDEO) 185
 TVA185 News footage of Raymond emerging from voting, waving, and TVA185
 heading back to his car --
- TV185 NEWSCASTER #6 TV185
 Candidates made ritual trips to the
 voting booths today ...
- 186 EXT. ANOTHER POLLING PLACE (VIDEO) 186
 TVA186 SIMILAR footage of Arthur emerging, waving to the cameras. TVA186
 TV186 NEWSCASTER #6 TV186
 ... Governor Arthur, casting his ballot
 in North Platte, will spend election
 night in the Big Apple, with running-mate
 Raymond Shaw ...
- PULL SLOWLY BACK:
- 187 EXT. THE PLAZA - LATE AFTERNOON 187
 SWOOPING ACROSS on an entrance jammed with cabs and
 limousines ... then RISE UP --
 -- to the WINDOW of a suite high above the street, where
 sunlight still lingers on the glass, shimmering gold, and
 PUSH IN --
- 188 INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON 188
 TV188 A beautiful suit laid out on the king-size bed ... shoes TV188
 ... the television ON, but silent: network election night
 coverage ... numbers flashing. Arthur/Shaw are exit poll
 winners in Alabama, Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New
 York ...
- ELLIE (V.O.)
 The bullet will pass over your shoulder,
 just missing your head on the way to its
 target ...
- 189 INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 189
 where Raymond sits, stripped to the waist, watching the
 mirror as his mother looms over him, in a beautiful Chinese
 silk dress, combing his damp hair.
- ELLIE
 ... because, of course, the assassin --
 the deranged, obsessed, tragically
 (MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)
 paranoid, lone gunman -- is trying to
 kill you.

RAYMOND
 The Major is an excellent marksman.

She touches his bare shoulder, leaves her hand there.

RAYMOND
 But what will happen to him?

ELLIE
 (gentle)
 The assassin always dies, baby. It's
 necessary for the national healing.

She takes his shirt off a hanger, he stands up, and she
 starts to dress him --

ELLIE
 I'm sure you will never entirely
 comprehend this, darling, and I know, the
 way you are right now, this is like
 trying to have a whimpered conversation
 with someone on a distant star ... but it
 must be said, Raymond -- I did this for
 you -- so that you could have what I
 could not, what your father didn't want --
 what your grandfather dared to dream
 possible --

She runs her hands through his hair. Tears fill her eyes.

ELLIE
 -- when you ran away to join the Army,
 after that girl, after Jocie -- when you
 swore you'd never speak to me again, I
 felt your father's shadow pass across us,
 and I couldn't let him run you the way
 he ruined himself.

(beat)
 That's when Mark Whiting came to me with
 talk of extraordinary scientific
 breakthroughs ... Attitude adjustment ...
 Reconciliation ... Greatness. So I let
 them take you, and change you. Not too
 much. Not so much that you'd notice.
 Just enough to bring you back to me.

RAYMOND
 Yes, mother.

ELLIE
 And look what you have, now! Look how
 far we've come! It's working, darling --
 they think they own you, but they are
 very, very wrong. You're not something
 they can buy and sell, Raymond, not for
 (MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)
 any price -- we're one, and there'll be
 no stopping us now, will there? We're
 going to save this country in the hour of
 its greatest need.

Raymond is dazzled by Eddie's radiance.

RAYMOND
 Yes, mother.

She straightens his tie. Her hands caress her son's
 shoulders.

ELLIE
 How much you look like my father, now --
 you have his hands, and you hold your
 head in the same proud way. And when you
 smile it's like I'm a little girl again,
 and --
 (impulsively kisses him)
 When you smile -- when you smile --

Raymond moves to her -- their embrace is all consuming --

190 INT. REGENT WALL STREET - GRAND BALLROOM - DUSK 190

A DIZZYING OVERHEAD SHOT, slowly twisting: campaign
 volunteers milling through empty chairs, dozens of t.v.
 monitors glow with early election coverage, a STAGE BAND
 warming up, bass thumping, the room festooned with "SECURE
TOMORROW" banners, and --

TWO VAST FLOOR-TO-CEILING, VIRTUAL WALL-TO-WALL SCREENS,
 specially installed for the occasion, define the entire east
 and west walls of the ballroom. They glow pure blue, as if
 waiting --

191 INT. DISUSED PROJECTION BOOTH - HIGH ABOVE THE FLOOR 191

A LAMINATED ALL-ACCESS SECURITY BADGE dangles from
 Anderson's neck as he pushes the last screw back into a
 cooling vent along the wall.

192 INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR 192

Anderson emerges as another SECRET SERVICE AGENT comes down
 the hallway --

ANDERSON
 All clear.

He closes the lighting room door.

193 OMITTED 193

194 OMITTED 194

- 195 INT. GRAND BALLROOM - ON THE GIANT SCREEN, ABOVE THE STAGE 195
 remote-cam images of the empty stage and podium blink to life, enormous, finding focus, and --
 AT THE BACK OF THE BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE
 a DIRECTOR and a team of TECH GUYS murmur in headsets, commanding a matrix of monitors, control panels and mixing boards. ON ALL THE SCREENS: different views of the empty stage, from various cameras.
- 196 ANOTHER ALL-ACCESS SECURITY BADGE 196
 just like Anderson's. PAN UP:
 MARCO -- resplendent in dress uniform, hair trimmed, a man reborn. He looks so rejuvenated, for a moment even we don't recognize him.
 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - MARCO
 steps over television cables and power lines, follows their drunken path to the end of a narrow corridor --
 UNLIT CORRIDOR
 Marco slips in and out of darkness. Passing no one. NOISE echoing insanely from the ballroom.
- 197 INT. DISUSED PROJECTION BOOTH 197
 Marco enters, closes the door. Takes his coat off and folds it neatly and puts it on the floor. FOLLOW HIM as he stoops to find a HIGH-TECH METAL CASE hidden in the air vent ...
 ... he opens it, revealing a disassembled SNIPER RIFLE, stereo RANGEFINDER EYEPIECE, live rounds, sandbag, tripod and a SIDEARM ...
 ... he turns toward the back of a MASSIVE WALL-GRID of LIGHT FIXTURES facing outward to the auditorium, hot with RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE radiance.
 He walks to the grid and peers through it --
 PUSH OUT:
- 198 INT. BALLROOM - STAGE - A PROCESSION OF CAMPAIGN WORKERS 198
 walks out of the back of the stage, a VIDEO A.D. with a headset leading them, backpedaling, barking instructions lost in the general din.
 They all hold big, hand-printed NAME CARDS: Gov. Arthur's aide, TATUM (GQ dreadlocks) clowns around with his "Pres.

Arthur" placard. Other p.a.'s and assistants hold: "First Lady Arthur", "Arthur Kids", "Friends of Bob". Mirella Freeman has her "V.P. Shaw"; Gillespie, trying to look amused (but not very) his "Sen. Shaw/Veep's Mom" sign.

BACK OF THE ROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE

The Director speaks into his headset, his voice broadcast over the house speakers:

DIRECTOR
Okay. Crowd cheering. Much elation.
The president moves to his mark --

CRASH:

199	OMITTED	199
200	OMITTED	200
201	OMITTED	201
202	OMITTED	202
203	OMITTED	203
204	OMITTED	204
205	OMITTED	205
206	FLURRY OF IMAGES (VIDEO)	206

Overlapping news reports:

TV206	<p style="text-align: center;">NEWSCASTERS (#7/#8/#9) CBS/ABC/CNN/FOX project Robert Arthur and Raymond Shaw to be the next President and Vice President of/have won the presidential election/have been elected by a landslide --</p>	TV206
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207	<p>INT. REGENT WALL STREET BALLROOM - NIGHT</p> <p>Bedlam. Packed now with celebrants. CONFETTI rains down, the CHEERING overpowers even the rock and roll band as it strikes up a post-punk rendition of "Yankee Doodle."</p>	207
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208	<p>INT. SECURITY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT</p> <p>TWO DOZEN MONITORS show different angles of the entrance, corridors, security lanes, but --</p>	208
-----	--	-----

ROSIE

is off to one side with a couple other Feds and a SECURITY GUY, reviewing the entry tapes from earlier --

ON THE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

people whoosh through gates in digitized triple time --

ROSIE

Stop.

-- there's Marco. The image slows. Marco moves herky-jerky through the security station, stop-action. Rosie pretends she's interested in somebody else -- then:

ROSIE

No ...

The tape resumes triple-time --

209 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 209

Deliberately hand-feeding live rounds of ammo into his rifle -- CLICK, CLICK, CLICK --

-- he's ready.

CRASH:

210 OMITTED 210

211 INT. REGENT WALL STREET BALLROOM - ON THE STAGE 211

Arthur and Shaw and their entourage explode victorious from the back, just like in the rehearsal. ICONIC SAMPLING of "regular Americans" in full-dress uniform accompany the winners: a soldier, a sailor, a fireman, a marine, a policeman, a fighter pilot, everybody waving, smiling.

THE CROWD -- ecstatic.

ROSIE

A tiny island of worry in a sea of celebration. The huge light grids ripple with patriotic bunting effects.

She scans the crowd, the perimeter, the balconies ...

ON THE GIANT SCREEN, BEHIND THE STAGE

an ENORMOUS close-up of Arthur --

THE TWO COLOSSAL WALL-TO-WALL SCREENS

are alive with soaring, IMAX-style postcard footage of Americana: Monument Valley, Pike's Peak, Columbia River, golden waving fields of wheat -- city skylines -- perfect beaches -- majestic off-shore oil rigs -- galloping herds of buffalo -- the breathtaking grandeur of American nature, American achievements --

INTERCUT - MONITORS

Various angles on-stage of Arthur, his wife, his family,
close and loose --

212 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - SAME TIME 212

Crosshairs finding, locking on Arthur -- who is waving, and
slowing to shake on-stage supports' hands --

213 BALLROOM FLOOR - ROSIE 213

staring up at the left-side lighting grid ... where she
thinks she saw movement. As it blinks OFF, and then ON
again in a different pattern, there's the SILHOUETTE of
something.

A figure behind the grid. Marco? She's sure of it --

-- and she's moving, pushing her way toward an exit, pulling
a tiny walkie-talkie from her pocket and yelling into it --

214 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE: 214

Rock-steady on Arthur and his hundred-watt smile, as he now
separates from the procession and moves to his center stage
mark -- just like in the rehearsal.

The crowd begins to CHANT.

215 ON THE STAGE - RAYMOND 215

Calm and focused. Smiling. His mother leans close,
whispers something --

216 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - BEHIND THE BALLROOM - NIGHT 216

Rosie joined in stride by Feds from the command center --
SOUND of the celebration booms through the building --

217 INT. STAIRWELL 217

Rosie leads the way, two steps at a time, pulling her gun
from her holster and checking the clip --

218 MARCO'S EYE 218

clear and unwavering -- his pupil tightening as --

219 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE 219

Arthur turns to Raymond and gestures --

220 ON THE STAGE - ELLIE 220
 Her eyes shining as Raymond steps forward -- the ROAR of the crowd --

221 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 221
 He slips his finger through the trigger guard --

222 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE 222
 Cross-hairs on Arthur. But a DARK BLUR suddenly passes in front of Arthur, momentarily ECLIPSING Marco's view --

223 INT. BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE - SAME TIME 223
 A few of the camera monitors have empty frames, waiting for Raymond to arrive, but --

DIRECTOR
 Dammit, Shaw missed his first position --
 (then)
 Find him -- *go with him* --

ON THE STAGE - SAME TIME
 Raymond has joined Arthur center-stage, instead of moving to the rehearsed first mark --

224 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 224
 his finger motionless inside the trigger guard --

225 THROUGH THE SCOPE: ARTHUR AND RAYMOND 225
 But Raymond is blocking Arthur now --

226 CLOSE ON - MARCO 226
 Frowning. Raymond has made Marco's shot impossible -- kill Arthur, and he kills Raymond too.

227 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 227
 coming off the eyepiece of the scope.

FB227 OMITTED FB227

228 He wipes sweat out of his eyes. Blinks. 228

229 ON STAGE - ELLIE - SAME TIME 229
 Appalled at Raymond's departure from the plan.

230 OMITTED 230

231 OMITTED 231
 FB231 OMITTED FB231
 232 OMITTED 232
 233 OMITTED 233
 234 ON THE GIANT SCREEN, ABOVE THE STAGE 234

A sprawling hero shot of MT. RUSHMORE, featuring the traditional quartet, plus stony CGI additions of PRESIDENT-ELECT ARTHUR, and RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW.

BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE

DIRECTOR

Now music --

MUSIC starts: that lush, full orchestral rendition of "Here Comes the Sun" that sweeps through the ballroom.

ABOVE THE BALLROOM - LIGHTING GRIDS

change to rippling American Flags --

235 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME 235

Music swelling, the room exploding with color and celebration, lights flaring, side walls alive with iconic American images --

The raucous crowd starting to CLAP in rhythm -- people CROONING along with the song's chorus, as --

ON STAGE - A JUBILATION TABLEAU

people waving, hugging dancing -- more super-insiders joining the throng onstage, shaking hands, high-fiving --

RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW

waving, staring up into the lights ... searching. Finds the spot he's been looking for --

A236 PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO A236

raising his gun again.

B236 RESUME - STAGE - RAYMOND B236

turns and smiles at his mother. Moves toward her --

INTERCUT - VARIOUS MONITORS - SAME TIME

-- Ellie, stunned -- *painfully aware that the eyes of the world are on her* -- and Raymond moving, taking his mother's hands -- inviting her to dance.

- C236 PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO C236
 places his eye to the scope --
- D236 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - ARTHUR D236
 Marco finds him -- adjusts the crosshairs --
- 236 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - SAME TIME 236
 Rosie and the Feds sprint toward Marco's projection booth --
- 237 ON STAGE - RAYMOND AND ELLIE 237
 as Ellie surrenders to the moment, and enters Raymond's arms -- what else can she do? -- this is her son, her dream is halfway there ... and the President can die another day. They swirl off to the music --
- 238 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - ARTHUR 238
 perfectly centered in Marco's sights, but then --
 -- Raymond and Ellie glide in front of Marco's target -- lingering in Marco's eyeline, Raymond stares up into the scope -- eyes trusting, urging, as if he's saying: now --
 -- then ARTHUR IS ALONE AGAIN, in the center of the crosshairs, waving and grinning at the ROARING CROWD like a man who's just been elected President, but --
 -- MARCO'S crosshairs SWING OVER, finding RAYMOND AND ELLIE again --
- 239 STAGE - ON ELLIE - SAME TIME 239
 looking into Raymond's eyes ... follows his gaze up into the dazzling glare of the stage lights -- first shadow of doubt crawling across her --
- 240 THROUGH THE SCOPE - ELLIE AND RAYMOND 240
 They're right in Marco's cross-hairs.
- A241 MARCO A241
 Committed. Almost serene.

241 ELLIE 241
 Eyes wide -- realizing too late --

242 INTERCUT - MARCO 242
 Pulls the trigger. BAM BAM BAM.
 Raymond and his mother are kicked back into the horrified
 celebrants on the stage --
 -- the same bullets ripping through both of them --
 -- toppling together, dead before they hit the ground --

243 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - SAME TIME 243
 The Feds KICK the door in --
 MARCO
 calmly putting a clip into the handgun from his kit --
 starting to raise it --

ROSIE
 BEN!!!

She shoots him.

244 WIDE - THE BALLROOM - NIGHT 244
 BALLOONS cascade down on a nearly black-and-white tableau of
 pandemonium and chaos, against the soaring wall-to-wall
 images of America's greatness displayed on the IMAX screens.
 Screaming and shouting. President-elect Arthur vanishing in
 a phalanx of Secret Service. VIDEO CREWS pressing in on the
 stage, morbidly curious ...
 ... and a strange clearing around the bodies of Raymond and
 Eleanor Shaw, crumpled and bloody ...
 ... still locked in their embrace.

A245 INTERCUT - IMPRESSIONS OF NEWS FOOTAGE - ON A MONITOR A245
 TVA245Crowds pressed to the Regent rear entrance -- frantic copsTVA245
 clearing the way for BODY BAGS emerging on stretchers, one,
 two ... three -- this third one guided and fiercely attended
 by Rosie through the confusion -- shoved into a waiting
 morgue truck ... WE ARE:

245 INT. A HUGE OFFICE SOMEWHERE - NIGHT 245
 TV245 Donovan stands in front of a massive flat-screen televisionTV245
 watching the mayhem at the Regent Wall Street ballroom.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a numb collection of horrified Manchurian Global executive office employees, watching in silence ... a visibly shaken Whiting, ashen-faced, head in his hands, eyes red with tears, and Johnston, stunned, pacing --

JOHNSTON

Jesus. Jesus H. Christ ... Jesus H. Christ ...

TIGHTEN ON DONOVAN. Expressionless, except for a cryptic frown. He raises his arm and uses a remote to kill the picture.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

246	OMITTED	246
247	OMITTED	247
248	<u>A VIDEO STILL FRAME MATERIALIZES</u>	248

flickering on. The SECURITY FOOTAGE of Marco entering the Regent Wall Street hotel. His face turned away.

FLIP.

ANOTHER FRAME

Marco turning toward us. His FACE becoming artificially highlighted, digitized -- MORPHED. ZOOM IN as his features BEGIN TO CHANGE. Non-descript. New features emerging. Caucasian. Not Marco. CLICKING of a keyboard, and --

ROSIE'S REFLECTION -- becomes visible across the screen of THE VIDEO MONITOR on which the security footage flickers. We are:

249	INT. VIDEO CGI BOOTH	249
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Where an ENGINEER works keyboard and mouse, digitally altering the footage of Marco is Rosie watches, intently, from just behind him.

Further back in the same room ... another senior FEDERAL AGENT, Special Agent VOLK, from Marco's interrogation ... and Colonel Garret leans against the far wall, arms folded, expressionless.

MEDIA ICON (V.O.)

(fading up)

... the FBI today released security footage of the assassin of Raymond and Eleanor Prentiss Shaw entering the hotel two hours before the fatal shooting ...

The Engineer finishes what he's doing, resets the tape and now it begins to PLAY again, IN REAL TIME -- and we watch a white man in uniform go through security, as:

250 NETWORK NEWSCAST (VIDEO) 250

The footage we've just seen playing behind:

TV250 MEDIA ICON TV250

... Authorities say that they have no further information about the identity of the gunman, except that he was a white male, perhaps 30 years of age, and not a member of the armed forces.

(then)

The tragic deaths of the incumbent vice president and his Senator mother mark the end of a family dynasty that has dominated American politics for more than fifty years. The mother and the son, polar opposites on myriad issues, nevertheless managed to promise a "one plus one equals ten" kind of equation to many Americans; the hopeful, heady notion that these two somehow comprised a united vision of stunning, almost revolutionary breadth and depth ... a combined potential far greater than its parts ...

PUSH PAST her, TIGHTEN IN on the image of the lone gunman and the image explodes into pixels accompanied by --

-- the rising SOUND of the BLADES OF A HELICOPTER, under:

MEDIA ICON

... President-elect Arthur has vowed to bring to justice whatever nation -- or nations -- are responsible. Still reeling from the recent tragic loss of Senator Thomas Jordan, Congress has already announced a fresh investigation into Jordan's death, in an effort to learn if it is in any way related to ...

251 EXT. OCEAN - DAY 251

WE ARE JETTING LOW and impossibly fast across whitecapped azure water, toward crumbled ruins of a long-abandoned village on an empty beach -- we remember it vividly from Marco's memory -- arriving to slowly SPIN and hover over the remnants of an ancient caravansary:

252 EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACHFRONT - ARABIAN SEA - DAY 252

HIGH ANGLE, DOWN on Marco, moving across the intricate, sun-bleached tile work we remember from Noyle's lab.

Dissipated trace of a scaffolding superstructure inside crumbling ruins ...

MARCO

You don't develop a technology like that and waste it on two guys.

He looks to Rosie, who stands in an archway. There are SOLDIERS here, with weapons -- could be here to guard Marco. Could be here to protect him.

ROSIE

We know that.

Marco looks past her, to the water, which stretches out from here, as if to forever.

MARCO

I remember running.

His arm is in a simple sling. He moves like a man who's been shot, and not quite recovered -- moves past Rosie, out of the broken-down ruins ...

MARCO

I had to get out where the sky was.

... Rosie motions the soldiers to stay back, follows him by herself ...

MARCO

I had to get to the water.

PULL BACK as they walk down the beach to the sea. A few tumble-down buildings are all that remains of an ancient seaside town.

MARCO

I thought: if I can just get to the water, everything will be okay.

Marco approaches the water's edge, staring out at the uncertain horizon.

Nothing but water as far as the eye can see.

PULL BACK. And back. And back ...

FADE OUT.