

SALVADOR

**ORIGINAL STORY AND SCREENPLAY
BY OLIVER STONE AND RICHARD BOYLE**

APRIL 1985

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PATSA PRODUCTIONS S.A.

Film Production and Finance

Churubusco Studios, Azteca, S.A. Atlas Number 2, Mexico, 21, D.F. Tel: 549-3060

MEMO

MAY 8th. 1985

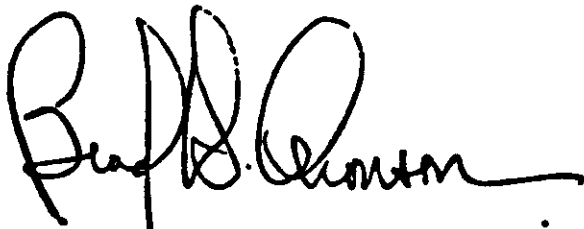
TO: WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

FROM: BRAD H. ARONSON

RE: "SALVADOR" CONTINUITY OF DAYS

THE DIRECTOR HAS LAID OUT THE FOLLOWING SCRIPT CONTINUITY.
IF THERE IS ANY QUESTION PLEASE DISCUSS IT WITH OLIVER.
IF ANY CHANGE IS TO BE MADE PLEASE NOTIFY ME SO THAT ALL
CONCERNED WILL BE INFORMED.

DAY 1	Se. 1	FIRST DAY
DAY 2	Se. 12	NEXT DAY
DAY 3	Se. 16 PART	6 DAYS LATER
DAY 4	Se. 24	NEXT DAY
DAY 5	Se. 31	1 DAY LATER
DAY 6	Se. 36	NEXT MORNING
DAY 7	Se. 44	3 DAYS LATER
DAY 8	Se. 48	1 WEEK LATER
DAY 9	Se. 61	NEXT DAY
DAY 10	Se. 67	NEXT DAY
DAY 11	Se. 83	NEXT NIGHT
DAY 12	Se. 87	2 DAYS LATER
DAY 13	Se. 89	3 DAYS LATER
DAY 14	Se. 92	NEXT NIGHT
DAY 15	Se. 93	NEXT DAY
DAY 16	Se. 96	3 DAYS LATER
DAY 17	Se. 116	NEXT DAY
DAY 18	Se. 117	NEXT DAY
DAY 19	Se. 132	WEEK LATER



Brad H. Aronson
Executive in Charge
of Production.

CC: Full distribution
Crono

PROLOGUE

This film is based on events that occurred in El Salvador in 1980-82. For narrative purposes the time frame of these events has been condensed and some events have been combined without -- the filmmakers believe -- violating the spirit of that time. Living characters have been fictionalized.

"With lies they tried
to make us lie
As if they did not know
that the mouth was
made to say -
the eye to see."

Salvadoran Peasant

REVISION 5/27/85

NOTICE: BISHOP MANGANA (page 55) has been changed to
ARCHBISHOP ROMERO

1. INTERIOR SAN FRANCISCO TENEMENT - TENDERLOIN - DAWN

1.

Richard Boyle flicks open a battered eye, the landlord is knocking on the door. CREDITS roll.

The baby starts crying. His tired, pretty Italian wife, CLAUDIA, bottle-feeding the baby to keep it quiet, makes her way to the door...

Boyle sits up. It looks like another Major Bad Day is in the works. A battered body and face, a man who has seen far better days, and obviously has hit the bottle one too many times, his body is something that would make Jack LaLanne throw up, mid-forties, he looks like the ten wars he's been in -- a survivor of countless accidents and broken dreams, the potato famines of a wiry Irish soul.

In background, the TENDERLOIN LANDLORD is arguing with Claudia, the argument moving across the flat to Boyle, putting on his clothes, one eye flicked to the morning news on the broken-down black and white portable.

NEWSMAN

In the wake of the Nicaraguan revolution, chaos has descended on tiny El Salvador... Today two more Catholic priests were found hacked to death in a ditch outside the Capital. So far in two months more than 1000 people have "disappeared," many of them found murdered in ditches and dumping grounds along roads outside the Capital and in the provinces...Government spokesmen attribute the murders to left-wing Marxist terrorists, while left-wing spokesmen point to the right-wing "death-squads." U.S. Government spokesmen will only identify these assailants as "subversives" of both the right and left... in other news, the upcoming presidential election polls show Ronald Reagan leading...

X
X
X
X
X
X

1. Cont'd

1.

Claudia handing him the crying baby as the argument continues. Boyle familiar with the child, rocks it, feeds it.

Claudia throws the Landlord's eviction papers on the floor, cursing in Italian. "Fuck you, you bloodsucker, you black shit!") The LANDLORD, who is black and particularly vicious-looking, picks it back up, waves it at Boyle. (has a fistful of cash - just collected)

X

LANDLORD

No bucks no Buck Rogers Boyle. You and this Italian bitch are out. Today!

BOYLE

Hey man. come on, give me a break.

X

As he fumbles with the hot plate and the instant coffee. . Outside on the fire escape are diapers and a flashing neon sign. His life is obviously a mess, papers and books everywhere, dirty clothes, Nikon camera, cyanide pills, cortison, war trophies, a VC flag, joints, cheap typewriter...

The Landlord exits, muttering.

LANDLORD

You'll see Boyle, you'll see
(slams the door)

Claudia suddenly can't take it any longer, snaps, crying.

CLAUDIA

No! Basta! I've had it! I can't live like this! No more! I come from a family with class. I went to college. I have a Doctorate in Literature. What am I doing living like this! I didn't come to America for this! You lied to me! You lied to me all the way through!

BOYLE (soothing her)

Look Claudia I'm going to get on the phone right now and get 200 bucks okay calm down...

CLAUDIA

Bullshit! You're drinking again. You make up any lie!

BOYLE

No. No. No. I'm all there. No drinks, you'll see...

1. Cont'd

3.

1.

CLAUDIA

Bullshit! All you do is drink out the icebox. Anything. The other night it was his baby formula you were so fucking drunk, you no good worthless bum of a bum...

BOYLE

You'll see, you'll see honey...

As he clears his allergies, scratching himself all over. He gets a quarter from the retractable piggy bank.

2. INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY

2.

He's on the pay phone with NANCY GOLDBERG at Pacific News Service.

BOYLE

Hi, Nancy, it's Richard...you know Boyle... listen it's gonna blow in El Salvador. Real soon. Can you get me a new press card? And two grand and I'll get some great stuff for you. Promise...("No way.") Okay what about a press card? Come on Nancy.

NANCY VOICE

Boyle we've had it with you. We gave you \$2500 on that Lebanon gig and you ended up in Greece fucking it away.

BOYLE

Nancy, I tried! I just can't stand Muslim night life. I got...

NANCY VOICE

Well we've had it with you. You go through money like Attila the Hun and no receipts! You lose tickets, passports, you drink too much and you're a general embarrassment in the business, Boyle.

BOYLE

Yeah but I get you the story don't I! What about that IRA piece. Tortured by the Brits. And Cambodia -- the last man out. I made Pacific News famous on that one. And don't forget freezing my nuts off for you in the Khyber Pass. And what about El Salvador hunh? Didn't I call that one right?...Nancy?

(he clicks the phone)

2. Cont'd

She's hung up, a woman in pin curlers waiting to use it. Boyle pauses, scratches his head -- one of his mannerisms. He never quite allows himself to look defeated or depressed, his mind always racing ahead to the next possible strategy. He has another idea, picks up the phone.

BOYLE

Larry...Boyle, hey thanks for fixing my camera. Look, I need another favor.

LARRY (rushed)

Look, Rich, I gotta be at the airport in an hour for Beirut.

BOYLE

Look, Larry this is serious, I need 500 bucks to get back to El Salvador. 400 if you...

LARRY

El Salvador? They'll kill you if you go back there.

BOYLE

Look what I need's the money, not a lecture

LARRY

Okay, 300 no more. Meet me at Pan Am in 40 minutes.

Boyle ("Okay!!") clicks off.

3 thru 6 omitted

3 thru 6

7.. EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY

7.

In his racing green MG (circa 1968) Boyle is hunched over the wheel, eyes like marmosets as the COP SIREN interrupts his daydream.

CUT TO:

AS. The Cop, holding Boyle's 1979 press card, has just run a computer check on him. Boyle is pleading...

AS

BOYLE

...honest officer I left my license at home

COP

Mr. Boyle, your license has been revoked... you're driving without a license, registration, insurance, you have four outstanding speeding tickets all gone to warrant, you have 43 unpaid parking tickets, nothing's legal about your car, and even your Press Card's out of date...I'm taking you in...(putting the handcuffs on)

BOYLE

I'm not that Richard Boyle! You got the wrong Richard Boyle. There's another Richard Boyle...Officer where's your humanity. I just lost my job, I just got evicted, my wife's gonna leave me, I can't even feed my kid, gimme a break, come on.

COP (putting him in the car)

...you wanna break Mister, go to MacDonald's.

8. INT. JAIL - NEXT MORNING

8.

Boyle's bleary-eyed, a growth of beard as he steps out of the jailblock to meet DOCTOR ROCK, who's come to bail him out. Doc is an out-of-work San Francisco rockandroll DJ, same age as Boyle, a whining, plaintive tone.

BOYLE

Hey Doc, thanks

ROCK (nervous, rushed)

Come on Boyle, get your car. We gotta get Bagel out. He's in Oakland. He got busted by the Nazis and he's in Dog Dachau...

BOYLE

They got my car Doc! I need \$75 to get it out.

DOC (examining pockets)

Oh shit! I just paid \$125 to get you out! That's all I got

(gives him the \$75)

Come on! They're gonna drop the pellet!

9. EXT. OAKLAND BRIDGE - DAY

9.

Boyle and Doc speed across in the MG. A magnificent sunny day. But the two gonzos got two different things on their mind. Doc passing a joint.

DOC

...faster Richie, willya, come on.

BOYLE

...hey I can't Doc, I don't even have a license man, they're gonna throw away the key, how long's he been in there...

DOC

I don't know, I left him with friends... friends, hah.

9. Cont'd

BOYLE

Don't worry Doc, they don't gas 'em
right away...

DOC

Shit, everything's gone to shit.
Miriam's thrown me out. She says I'm too
old to be an unemployed rock and roll
disc jockey anymore, she wants me to
sell computers in Silicon Valley - computers!

BOYLE (a pet peeve of his)

I can't deal with yuppie women. Fuckin'
walkmans, running shoes, they'd rather
go to aerobics jazz class than fuck.
(Doc: "They got these pussy exercises")
Now Latin women are totally different,
they're kind...like Claudia, she doesn't
give a shit what I do.

DOC

...best thing about Latin women is they
don't speak English. Can I crash at your
place Richie? I got no place to go...
I'll sleep in your shower stall, your
toilet, I need a home, I...

BOYLE

Doc, have another joint, I got bad news
for you, I got no place. We're being evicted.
We were going to stay with you and Miriam.

DOC

You mean I gave you my last 200 dollars and
I don't have a place to stay now! Oy gevalt!
I'm in deep shit. What am I gonna do now --
I should've left you in jail

10. OAKLAND DOG POUND

10.

Doc races around the cages, "Bagel! Bagel!"...no answer.
The ATTENDANT is a humane, earthy-looking woman in her 30's.
Doc looking everywhere around the cages for his beloved Bagel.
Boyle is scratching his allergies.

DOC

Where's my dog

DOG LADY

What's he look like?

Doc pulling out an 11x14 glossy of Bagel.

DOG LADY

Yes, I know him.

DOC

Where is he!

DOG LADY

I'm sorry. We put him to sleep. We kept him more than 14 days, we tried to...

DOC

Put him to sleep? Is he going to wake up? You mean you killed him! You gassed him!

DOG LADY

No, no, we don't gas them anymore. We give them an injection. It's much more humane.

DOC (freaking)

What kind of humanity is that! You murderer! I just can't believe it. My best friend. My longest relationship! Seven years. My marriage only lasted four! It's not right, it's not just

DOG LADY

I'm very sorry, there are some puppies...

DOC (waving Bagel's empty leash)

My dog's leash...

BOYLE

She can't do anything. Come on...

11. BOYLE'S TENEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

11.

Boyle runs up the stairs, Doc following.

BOYLE

...Claudia's got a few bucks in the bank, she'll help us but we gotta tell her real nice...no more monster acts Doc.

The eviction notice is on the door. Boyle rips it off. On the back is scrawled in large letters "FUCK YOU" in Italian. Doc looks at it over Boyle's shoulder.

DOC

What's it say?

BOYLE

"Fuck you" in Italian...Shit, she's gone back to Italy to her parents.

11. Cont'd

8.

As he enters the apartment. It's stripped, except for his dirty clothes. And the black and white TV and the crib. His face registers a depth of sorrow and despair.

11

DOC

Oh shit Richie, it's too bad...at least she left the TV.

Boyle paces to the crib, rocks it, a dirty diaper left behind.

BOYLE (desolate)

It was a marriage made in hell but I'm sure gonna miss my boy...maybe she'll come back

DOC (laughs)

Sure Richie

12. DESERT OUTSIDE LAS VEGAS - DAY

12.

The skyline of Vegas as Boyle and Rock speed toward it in their MG. Rock smoking joints, listening to his rock and roll radio, Boyle intent over the wheel, looking now, suddenly, in his pockets. Crumpled bills, papers, money -- a mess. He's pissed.

BOYLE

Shit, she took my phone book! All my numbers. Fuck! Losing Claudia's one thing... you really don't give a shit do you Doc...

DOC

...all you got's my old girlfriend numbers anyway. I got my own problems man. I'm really depressed about Bagel. You don't understand what our relationship was. He was my best friend. Now you're my best friend. That's very depressing to me...do you think it's easy not having any responsibility. I'm 42 years old. I have no wife, no children, no father, mother, no dog -- I'm totally fucking alone in the world, it's frightening.

(Boyle's half-listening to Doc's litany of woe)

What other 42 year-old man do you know who has absolutely no responsibilities?

(Boyle looks at him)

except you -

13. CAR DEALERSHIP - LAS VEGAS - DAY

13.

Boyle signing over his MG, handing over a crumpled postage stamp size piece of paper (title to the car) to the far car SALESMAN, who gives him \$1,000 in cash.

Boyle bustles out, to Rock. "Got it, let's go."

14. INTERIOR - CASINO

14.

Boyle bets one roll of the roulette wheel. The whole \$1000. On red.

The ball spinning. Doc tense, chewing gum. Boyle looking casual, not at all worried, a look shared between them. Red!

15. CAR LOT - DAY

15

Boyle buys his car back. With the thousand.

16. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

16

Boyle races south across the endless desert. Doc's radio blasting road songs, Doc doing an amphetamine and a joint, and drinking on a pre-made margarita bottle, Boyle intent on the road, mind scheming, 100 miles an hour of concrete rolling under them.

ROCK

Where we going now?

BOYLE

Guatemala

X

ROCK

Why?

BOYLE

Why not. No cods, no laws. Sun. Cheap. Great marijuana. There's a great whorehouse in Guatemala. Takes credit cards. Fake ones, they don't care...just like Saigon. Red Dragon...

X
X
X

ROCK

You gotta go 2000 miles for a whorehouse Boyle. I know one in Oakland for 2 1/2 bucks.

BOYLE (a beat, interested)

Where?

DOC

Your ex-wife.

DISSOLVING TO:

16. CONT'D - Day 3 (6 Days Later)

More desert rolls by. Endless cactus and brush. James Taylor blasting "Oh Mexico" now blending into a Salvadoran tune. The car's really beat to shit now, doors wired on, windshield busted, muffler's gone, speedometer reads zero, license plate fell off.

Boyle smoking a joint, an open tequilla bottle between his legs, doing 100 mph. Past a road sign saying "SANTA ANA 20 KM. SAN SALVADOR 100 KM." A Vulture is sitting on it.

Doc, who is juggling the radio antenna to get signals, sees it, pissed. So pissed he has to take another valium.

DOC

You said fucking Guatemala Boyle, you didn't say anything about El Salvador! Man I've never been out of the country. They kill people here.

X

BOYLE

You believe everything you read in the papers man? You'll love it here! Look Doc this is serious, this is my last shot. If I get some good combat shots, I can sell em to AP, I'll get some money and we'll head for La Libertad, best surfing beach in the world, good time, kick back for a few months, you can live for a year on \$300.

DOC

Boyle, you've lied to me straight through

BOYLE

Doc, let's assess your situation, face the hard cold facts of life -- you got no woman, no dog, no money, nobody loves you and you're ugly -- here you'll have a life...

X

ROCK (doesn't want to hear it)

Awright, awright, let's go

BOYLE

...but you'll love it here Doc. You can drive drunk, you can get anybody killed for fifty bucks. Best pussy in the world. Where else can you get a virgin to sit on your face for 7 bucks

X

ROCK

This pussy better be the best thing
in the world or I'm going home. You're
just lucky I'm fucked up Boyle

BOYLE

...two virgins for twelve bucks. And drugs man,
no prescriptions, they got stuff keep
you hard all night long, all they want
to do down here is fuck...

ROCK

Twelve bucks? We can talk them down
don't you think...

BOYLE

Doc, you're gonna be in pig heaven,
believe me, you'll love it here. Oh shit!

Hitting the brakes, he dumps the joint, drains the tequilla
bottle, dumps it.

X
X

Doc puzzled. A DOZEN GUYS are out in the road, blocking it, dressed in civvies, with cowboy hats. They could be bandits, rebels, anything, but definitely not nice guys.

DOC

Why are they blocking the roads man?

BOYLE

Why, why, why, stop asking why, this ain't Gringoland man...

Checking his pockets frantically now, finding his cyanide pills, gives one to Doc.

BOYLE

...hide this, be cool man, act dumb.

DOC (looking at the pill)

What is this -- some kind of tranquillizer?

BOYLE

Yeah a permanent one -- cyanide man... put it away.

DOC (throws it away)

I'm not taking this shit!

BOYLE

Boy are you gonna be sorry when they cut off your balls!

Doc obviously thinks Boyle is overdoing it. His stoned POV -- the approaching roadblock.

Boyle pulling the MG over. The Honcho comes over, peers down, a carbine slung inches from Boyle's face. The guy is now obviously dead drunk. And mean. Breathing Tic-tac fumes over Boyle.

BOYLE

Hey Hola, como va amigo. Es turista. Americano. Me gusto much el salvador. Mi amigo...

Gives him a general bullshit Spanish, all smiles.

The guy obviously doesn't get it. A blank stupid look. The sun is pissing him off. He mutters something in slang Salvo about Santa Ana. Closed. No go. Boyle says something, the guy doesn't get it, waves, two more guys come over. Pidgen Spanish...

16. Cont'd

16.

Boyle now pulling out the cheap gold watch from his pocket, treasuring it with his eyes like the diamond sapphire of India. "...es puro oro...dos mille dollars..." The guy eyes it like a python around a mouse, shakes it, sees it works, puts it in his pants as the other two guys get pissed at him. They talk among themselves.

Boyle, agitated under his smile, looks at Doc, gives him the intell.

BOYLE

Tic-tac monsters, man. Fucking trouble man.

One of them points to the "Periodista" Press Pass stuck to the front windshield. Mutters aloud "Periodista!" The honcho suddenly throws the door open. "Out! Now. Wallets! Money!"

X
X
X

JUMP CUT

Boyle and Doc are spread against the car. They're being stripped. Of all valuables, wallets, money...

BOYLE (worried now)

Whatever they do, don't get down on the ground...Kick em in the balls, fight, run, do anything, but don't get down on the ground!

DOC

Why?

BOYLE

Why! They get you on the ground, they can do what they want!

DOC (anesthetized on joints)

This is fucking scary man.

BOYLE (to himself)

Come this far...Greased by a fucking Tic-tac monster in Salvoland, they won't believe this one...aw who'll give a shit anyway!

The drunk Honcho pulls back the bolt on his carbine. Just as a jeep drives up. In it is SMILING DEATH, a Lieutenant in the National Guard. A young, thin, ascetic man with fixed eyes and the aforesaid smile.

SMILING DEATH

Que pasa!

DRUNKEN HONCHO

Subversivo!

16. Cont'd

Boyle seizes the opportunity, jumps out, waving his papers at Smiling Death.

16.

BOYLE

No! Periodistas! Es amigo Colonel
Figueras! Periodistas!

Death looking at him. He's obviously brainier than the Tic-tac Monster that almost offed Boyle and Company.

16. Cont'd

16

SMILING DEATH

Figueroa?

Boyle nods vigorously.

17. EXT. STREETS OF SANTA ANA - DAY

17

SMILING DEATH and his driver roar up to a PLAZA in the heart of the city, next to an ARMORED CAR.

A DOZEN PEOPLE are laying in the dirt, hands over their heads. Troops stand over them -- checking their "cedulas" (papers, internal passports). Smiling Death goes over to another OFFICER, talks with him, points to Boyle and Rock.

ROCK

What's going on? What'd he do?

X

BOYLE

Oh he's a student. That's the worst thing you can be here. They're checking his cedula.

X

ROCK

What's that?

X

BOYLE

Birth certificates, voting papers. You don't have one, you can get into deep shit.

The Sergeant yanks a YOUNG MAN up by the hair and drags him, yelling that he left his cedula at home, over to Smiling Death.

Rock and Boyle are forced out of the jeep by a pair of Soldiers and marched over to the armored car, glancing at Smiling Death as he questions the Kid. The Sergeant now hits the youth in the back of the head with his rifle butt. The kid goes to his knees, praying for them to believe him. "Por favor, senor!" Little STREET URCHINS are all around, fascinated to witness this stuff.

18. INT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

18.

Boyle and Rock are shoved into the back of the car, the metal door slamming on them. Looking out through the gunslits, they're in complete darkness.

BOYLE

Yo estoy bueno amigo de Colonel Figueroa!!

18. Cont'd

Their point of view -- Smiling Death takes out his pistol, the Kid begging. Smiling Death casually shoots him in the side of the head, stepping away fast not to get blood on himself. He walks off.

ROCK

Holy shit!! Holy Shit!! They're gonna kill us Boyle!

The Armored Car suddenly takes off, Boyle and Rock bouncing back and forth in the darkness.

ROCK

I thought you knew your way around here Boyle, they're gonna kill us now aren't they?

BOYLE (scratching his head, a grim laugh)
Well nobody ever got into trouble for shooting somebody, only for letting them go.

CUT TO:

Hours have passed.

The Tank comes to a stop. Doc, tired, scared, crouched in a corner, sweating. Boyle taking a pee in the other corner.

DOC (grimly)

This is it...you got any of that tranquillizer left?

Boyle fingering his cyanide pill. The door cranking open.

SMILING DEATH is standing there with an AIDE. A tense beat.

SMILING DEATH

Colonel Figueroa is expecting you for dinner.

19. EXT. MILITARY CUARTEL - DAY

19.

Boyle and Rock are marched out. A bugle call. Troops running in formation. The cuartel is built like an old US Cavalry compound.

As they step out of the carrier, a knot of kids and SOLDIERS are staring at the corpse of the YOUNG MAN without the cedula. He's hanging upside down from the top of the carrier, bloodied head staring at Rock, mouth agape. Boyle hurries him along. Past a giant poster with dying soldiers -- "It's Our Duty to Die for the Fatherland!"

20. INTERIOR FIGUEROA QUARTERS - NIGHT

20.

FIGUEROA

Boyle! How'd you get in here. No fuckin
periodistas are allowed!

BOYLE

Snuck in through Guatemala Colonel...

FIGUEROA

You damn bastards, you're lucky you still
got your huevos!

They hug. FIGUEROA, a handsome, US-trained Colonel who looks
like Patton, two 45s, shiny knee boots, riding crop, stars
all over the place.

FIGUEROA

Come, caballeros, join us, more wine.
Quero pollo, pescado, muy fresco...

THREE SEMI-NAKED WHORES are running around his quarters,
which is decorated with purple couch, hula girl lamps,
horrid paintings. A parrot croaks. Figueroa is obviously
a little drunk.

FIGUEROA (to the hookers)

My amigo here...write me up in the
American newspaper -- the "Patton of
El Salvador" he called me

Boyle and Rock sitting down to the feast, SERVANTS scurrying
to provide them with the food. Rock amazed and somewhat
suspicious over the sudden turn of events, is in pig heaven,
pawing a fat hooker.

X
X

BOYLE (soaking him, to the others)

You were, Julio, it was the last great
cavalry charge in history! In the Soccer
war with Honduras in '69, he went all the
way to Tegucigalpa! Not since Attila the
Hun have there been such Cavalry tactics!

X
X

Figueroa loves it, squeezing the ass on the 2nd Whore.

FIGUEROA

...and this one takes it up the cula.

BOYLE

...looks like things are heating up again Julio. I guess that's one of Major Max's roadblocks outside of town.

FIGUEROA

That puta!

(sotto voce to Boyle, eyes on servant)

There's a coup in the air. His men are everywhere. I don't even know who I can trust. Half my men are working with the "escuadron de muerte," the other half are selling their weapons to the rebels and deserting...fucking rebels got two more battalions in the north, the junta's got no power and the country's going to shit! Fuckin' Major Max talks about fighting Communism, all he fights is with his mouth.

X
X
X

(cuddling the third one)

...pussy with hands inside...squeeze you to death, no my little octopus!

(she mutters some obscenity back at him)

Boyle looking at Rock, a lot of information being given here...

BOYLE

...sounds like the rebels could take it all, Julio. If they take Santa Ana, they could split the country in two.

X
X

Figueroa chuckles, producing a cloth sack which he brings over to the table, pours out the contents.

FIGUEROA

...first they gotta get through me, and many putas have died trying...Fuck em all... Right-wing ears, left-wing ears -- nobody's coming into Santa Ana. Santa Ana is my town.

X
X

Dozens of dried ears rustle across the tablecloth -- right in front of Rock who reacts, disgusted, "Ugh!" Boyle kicks him under the table. The Whores are very impressed, the Colonel muy macho now.

BOYLE

That's real nice Colonel

FIGUEROA

Yeah we're doing good...Enough of these fucking human rights

Takes one ear, plops it in his champagne glass. It seems to come alive, listening to their conversation. A big hairy ear floating in the bubbles.

20. Cont'd

20.

BOYLE

...Say, Colonel, maybe you can let me go out with one of your recon units or something. I could sure use some good combat shots y'know...I'll make em look good.

FIGUEROA

You fuck this one Boyle, I fuck the skinny one. Your friend he can have the chubby one...Death to Communists! Death to all enemies. Let them hear me! Long live Salvador!

X
X

As he raises the champagne with the ear in it, toasts the table, drinks, gives it to the giggling whore, who drinks, passes it to Boyle...

Rock's eyes glued to the contents of the glass, about to throw up, the ears all over the table. The FAT HOOKER squeezing his balls.

FAT HOOKER

Fuckee suckee you!!!

BOYLE (in Spanish, drinks the toast)

...leave him alone! He got the clap in Guatémala and dysentary here. (laughs)
He's dripping out both ends!

She draws back. Just in time. As Doc, eyes rolling, the champagne glass with the ear in it now pressed into his hand, throws up all over the white tablecloth.

21. EXT. ROAD TO CAPITAL - THAT NIGHT

21.

There's a white flag on the broken antenna and "TV" is taped on the crack in the windshield as Boyle and Rock speed towards the capital, headlight cutting the darkness. A song on the radio - "every move you make, every breath you take, I'll be watching you..."

ROCK

Look Richie, it was fun travelling with you you know, but now I'd like to get a plane out of here, you know I got things to do in San Francisco, I got a life there, even with Miriam. I got you outta jail and you owe me a lot of money over the years, I think now is the time to part company...

21. Cont'd

BOYLE (peering ahead)

Later Doc!...give me the mace outta the glove compartment. Roads can get tricky at night here.

ROCK

Mace?

BOYLE

Don't worry Doc. Just a precaution. I'm covered...I go for the jug. Two seconds.

Eyes glinting madly as he produces a big switchblade from his safari pocket. He grins.

ROCK (more seriously)

Look Boyle...

As Boyle suddenly spins the wheel -- a man drunk in their headlights, walking right at them down the center of the highway.

Boyle just misses him, not even breaking speed. Doc catching a glimpse of this creature who has been spun around by the velocity and now walks zombie-like after them.

ROCK

What was that?

BOYLE

Fucking Tic-tac monster. Almost fucked up my car. Gimme the map.

22 & 23 omitted

22 & 23

24. EXT. STREETS - SAN SALVADOR - DAWN

24

Boyle roars into the parking lot of a MacDonald's in downtown San Salvador.

25. INT. MACDONALDS - DAWN

25.

The place is filled with ghouls -- Tic-tac Monsters, drunk Mariachi band playing out of sync, orphaned children begging, sleeping in a corner. A SECURITY GUARD with a sawed-off shotgun looks at them, goes back to sleep.

Rock gets his hamburger, menaced now by a Tic-tac Monster who starts drooling on him. Rock trying to be nice to him.

Boyle, ignoring this, goes over to JOHN CASSADY in the back, loading his three cameras and four lenses at a table -- real fast. The man is in perpetual movement, a nervous wreck, war correspondent for too long, 36 pushing 45, a handsome gaze.

BOYLE

Hi John, figured I'd find you here...

CASSADY (a little surprised)

Boyle -- I heard you were dead...

Boyle, not liking this talk too much, tries a laugh.

BOYLE

Do I look that bad?

(covered with dust and shit)

CASSADY

Yeah...I heard they got you up in Guatemala. In some prison or something. Pulling out your fingernails. Tortured you to death.

BOYLE (laughs, but not too much)
Fucking Guats. How was Beirut?

Rock coming over, sitting down, gobbling his Big Mac and fries like a ravaged man, Boyle barely introducing him, sort of ashamed about him in front of Cassady. The Tic-Tac Monster trailing Doc, sensing a soft touch.

Fucking awful CASSADY

BOYLE
Great cover for Newsweek, John.
(John nods, appreciates the compliment)

CASSADY
How come you split so fast?

BOYLE
Little beef with Major Max's boys, they didn't like the torture chamber story

DOC ROCK
What's this, you didn't say this Major Max character was after you on top of everything Boyle!

BOYLE
That was a year ago Doc, they don't have yuppie computers down here

DOC
Look I'm getting out of here Boyle. First plane. I'm not kidding. This shit's gone far enough. You give me the rest of the money now. I'm serious. No bullshit.

Doc gives the zombie one of his french fries and the Tac Monster gobbles it down, eyes begging for another, drooling over Doc.

BOYLE (annoyed now)
What money! Doc, you been on Valiums too long. The money's gone, that transmission in Guatemala, gas, border ripoffs, whores. We're down to 15 pesos and...wait a minute, that Big Mac cost 12, asshole, we're down to 3 pesos - no 2! Shit, stop giving that Tic-tac monster french fries...

25 Cont'd

Doc absent-mindedly gives the Monster another fry as he goes white now, really angry at Boyle, jumping up to shake him by the collar.

25

DOC

Three pesos! You mean to tell me we have 3 pesos left! My dog is dead, Miriam is gone, I've almost been shot and I'm in El Salvador with 3 pesos! Hey I'm REALLY PISSED OFF

The Tic-tac Monster now eating the distracted Doc's fries, drooling all over Cassady's cameras. Cassady is a professional all the way and is now getting really annoyed at this interruption by Boyle and his idiot friend who's brought the tac monster. Boyle, in a chain reaction, now getting pissed at Doc.

BOYLE

Doc, don't let this Tic-tac monster drool all over our cameras, you can't get rid of em. You know why he's drooling -- cause he drinks Tic-tac that's why

(Boyle fishes out his own bottle from his safari jacket)

...it costs 17 cents and it blows their brain cells out and if you give em anything you can't get rid of em

DOC (shaking him)

WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME!!!

BOYLE

Everything! Your liberal shit is causing this guy to drool on us for hours, they'll follow us everywhere

DOC (half out of his mind now)

Look Richie, I can't speak the language! I got 2 pesos! I gotta get OUTTA HERE!

The Tic-tac Monster's eyes lighting up when he sees Boyle's tic-tac bottle, goes for it, knocking over the coffee on the table.

BOYLE

Shit! See you can't get rid of em...so no more liberal yuppie shit with these zombies. OK!!!

(to Cassady)

Sorry John

25. CONT'D

Doc staring at Richard, suddenly grabs the two pesos on the table and yells in his face.

25.

DOC

Fuck you BOYLE. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE

And runs out into the Parking Lot. The Tic-tac Monster shuffling after him. Cassady puts some money down on the table, gathering up his stuff.

CASSADY

It's on Newsweek.

Boyle hurrying after him, not wanting to lose this chance.

BOYLE

Hey John thanks for the burgers. Sorry bout...Look, this is the truth, I got fired by PNS...I really need a string down here real bad.

Cassady is finally impressed by Boyle's honesty, feels a little sorry for him.

CASSADY

Look, Rich, there's no work here, nobody gives a shit about this stinking little war. Last week a sniper got a Mexican TV guy. They're aiming at us. Try Angola --

X
X
X

BOYLE (knows the idea is absurd, tries one more tact)

Look I can get you out with Figueroa. I just saw him and I got carte blanche with his elite unit.

X
X

Cassady listens, but keeps walking. Out of MacDonald's.

26. EXT. MACDONALD'S PARKING LOT - DAWN

26.

Cassady steps out. Boyle waiting for his answer...Rock is pacing around the lot, trying to get rid of the Tic-tac Monster.

CASSADY (noticing Boyle's MG)

Still got that green deathmobile, Boyle?

BOYLE (opening the door for him)

Yeah. Wanna go on the Dawn Patrol, John?

An old look between them. Daunting devils both. Cassady finally smiles. "Okay." Boyle -- "Let's go!"

27. OMIT

27

28. EXT. "EL PLAYON" LANDSCAPE - OUTSIDE CITY - DAWN

28.

A huge garbage dump. Rotting fruit. Flies. Stench. Wild dogs rooting around among the chickens and goats. Cassady shooting film. Three bodies, two young men, one woman, hands neatly knotted behind their backs. Lying in a ditch. Torture burns.

Rock sees it, reacts quietly this time, never having seen a dead person like this. Boyle talking to Cassady, not shooting, not wanting to cut into Cassady's gig.

CASSADY

Go on. Take some...

(moving on)

Boyle taking his cue, moves to the edge of a gulch. We move with him to discover the horrible sight of dozens of fresh bodies strewn down the side of the slope. Vultures are everywhere, pecking out eyeballs and viscera.

Doc follows Boyle. Throws away the remnants of his hamburger. A vulture unseen to him, coming up to get it behind him.

28. Cont'd

Boyle crossing down to Cassidy who is working his telephono
on the corpses, like a mechanic in some grizzle mortuary.

28.

BOYLE

Look John, you know Alvarez, you can
get me out with the rebels. He thinks
I'm a flake, some wino journalist.
I'm not. I've cleaned up my act...

DOC (interrupting)

GET OUT OF HERE!

Boyle and Cassidy look up the gulch. Doc is freaking out.
A vulture pecking at his foot. He tries to kick it away
but the bird has no fear. Doc runs down the gulch toward them.

DOC

Shit, it bit me! It bit me! It's got
rabies. Man I'm fucked. I need a
rabie shot Boyle!

BOYLE

Shut up willya. Ya big baby...Nobody's
ever got rabies from a vulture.

Turning back to Cassidy who doesn't even deign to bother
with rock. The two of them walk on.

BOYLE

Come on John, I need one more shot
at it. I'm down to three pesos.

CASSADY (between shots)

You know who was a great photographer. Capa.

BOYLE

Yeah, that was a great shot in Spain.
Guy flying through the air.

CASSADY (excited)

Capa got that point of death.

BOYLE (stroking him)

...you're right up there with him John --
right there in that league, you're the best...

CASSADY

I want to get a shot like that Rich...
someday, fuck it, I want that shot....

BOYLE

Then you'll get it man...

Doc popping a Valium, trying to calm down, moving away as another vulture seems to creep towards him, muttering "Let's get the fuck outta here man."

Boyle and Cassady heading back to the MG, Doc racing over, rubbing his leg.

DOC

You sure you can't get rabies from a vulture?

CASSADY (ignoring him)

Alvarez's people are staked out at the Cathedral these days. I'll talk to him... You might check in with the new Ambassador -- Tom Kelly, he's okay.

X
X

BOYLE

Kelly? -- from Cambodia. Sure. I know him real well. Good man.

X
X

ROCK

What about the fucking beach man?

BOYLE

Free party Doc, pretty Embassy girls, free munchies...you'll love it...
(to John, with effusive beggary)
Thanks John.

Tries to touch him in thanks but John pulls away. He's not the sort who likes to be touched.

CASSADY (eyeing Doc)

...I don't have to tell you to watch it.

DOC (chasing the vultures off with a rock, to Boyle)

Asshole. If I got rabies man...

29. INT. AP OFFICE - MORNING

Boyle races upstairs. The BUREAU CHIEF, a young man of 24, lanky, glasses, is asleep on the couch, wakes up as Boyle, impatient to get going, lays two 35 mm rolls on the desk.

29. CONT'D

29.

BUREAU CHIEF

Boyle, I heard the Brits got you in
Belfast...

BOYLE

Fucking Brits. Come on Maurey, two rolls.
ASA 800

BUREAU CHIEF

Bang bang?

BOYLE

No. Death Squad stuff. Maybe one good shot.

BUREAU CHIEF

We'll soup em. Same deal. Twenty-five
bucks on acceptance. Full rights.

BOYLE

How bout a little advance? Ten bucks?

BUREAU CHIEF (shrugs no)

You know the rules.

Boyle, pissed, fingers the film a second, then changes his mind.

BOYLE

Fuck it man, I'm not in that bad shape.

30. EXT/INT. CITY CATHEDRAL - DOWNTOWN SAN SALVADOR - DAY

30.

Boyle with Rock jumps out of the MG. A car cruising past with
loudspeakers hooked to the roof, making street announcements.

Boyle holds up his old crumpled press card, forces his way
past a surly National Guard Sergeant, past all sorts of
banners proclaiming Worker's Rights, Union Rights, Land Reform...

The grounds outside the Church are jammed with campesinos,
land reform types, farmers, students -- getting up petitions,
drawing posters.

Women -- directed by a striking, dark-featured CARMEN SANCHEZ --
are cutting up piles of vegetables into a stew for a line
of workers. Boyle taking pictures with his Nikon.

DOC

What's going on man?

BOYLE

People come here to try to find out what happened to their disappeared.

(points)

These people are in from a land coop. They got run off by the police and they're on a hunger strike.

DOC (nervous)

I saw this in "Zapata" man

Boyle leads Rock to the Human Rights Office, outdoors under a tent. RAMON ALVAREZ, a young handsome leader of a left-wing party, is passing photo albums among the women looking for their lost ones. As they leaf through the albums, we see literally thousands of pictures of mutilated death squad victims. Doc is further sickened, leaves. X

A MOTHER suddenly recognizes the face of one of the victims -- her son. She breaks down. Ramon Alvarez trying to comfort her, "lo siento, lo siento."

A Dutch TV CREW is there, led by JURGEN OLTMANS, a big pushy man, who instructs his camera crew to cover the tears.

Alvarez, annoyed at them, waves them off. Boyle slipping over to Ramon, trying to get his attention before he moves away.

BOYLE

Ramon, hi...did Cassady talk to you about my going out...with the muchachos?

CARMEN SANCHEZ comes out, hands Ramon petitions. She acknowledges Richard with a quick nod and smile, seems to remember him.

BOYLE (pressing Ramon sotto voce)

Ramon, I need a break real bad. I did a good story on you last year...

RAMON

Look Boyle, I'm not a travel agency for you guys.

BOYLE

If Major Max takes power, you people could sure use some good press.

Ramon snaps, throws the portfolio at Boyle. He points at the young mother, crying, and the dozen other women searching through the book.

30. CONT'D

30.

RAMON

Good press. There are 10,000 desaparecidos and every day the list grows and you pendejo talk about good press.

Boyle is uneasy about the dressing down. One of Ramon's bodyguards comes up to him, a machine pistol wrapped in a newspaper...Boyle eyes it.

RAMON

Llevalo afuera (get that out of here).

The Bodyguard nods, tucks away the machine pistol and hurries out.

Carmen senses Boyle's uneasiness. Boyle looks at her sheepishly, pulls out his death squad negatives.

BOYLE

...listen I got some shots for you, I was out at El Playon this morning.

CARMEN (takes them)

Thanks Richard.

Ramon sees this, nods at Carmen, "montanas, si," and then goes back to comfort the young woman who has now totally broken down.

CARMEN

Come back next week, I'll arrange it.

Boyle touches her, says "gracias."

BOYLE

Ramon should be more careful, he's number one on Major Max's shitlist.

She nods knowingly, goes, as Doc comes up, totally grossed out by the scene, the grizzly photos, the young woman sobbing uncontrollably.

BOYLE (indicating Ramon and Carmen)

People like that make me feel like I blew my life...

CUT TO:

30. CONT'D

Behind the Church, in a courtyard, is a makeshift orphanage with TWO NUNS and about forty CHILDREN, ages newborn to eight, the Nuns dishing out lunch, the children huddling around Boyle and Doc, excited by the new visitors. They're orphans of war, children of the disappeared, burn marks and scars and mutilations on them.

30.

BOYLE (to Nun)

How are you Sister?

SISTER STAN (recognizes Richard, but not his name)

Oh fine. It's good to see you back.
Cathy's around here...

(an Irish brogue)

A little boy puts a clamp on Richard's leg.

BOYLE

You look busy?

SISTER STAN (with a tolerant smile for all misfortune)

Yes. All of them within the last month. Parents missing, dead, lost -- it's getting very bad here. We even got a threat last week against the orphanage...

(points to a little girl without a leg huddling around Richard)

She's the last survivor from the massacre up at Rio Lempa...

BOYLE

I heard about that...government helicopters opened up as they were crossing the river?...

SISTER STAN

It's very bad now, very bad. Madness on both sides.

CATHY MOORE comes up with a box of medical supplies. A pretty young Irish-American girl, in her twenties, a lay worker, tired now but still energetic...

BOYLE

Cathy Moore, the prettiest coleen in all of El Salvador

Cathy smiles, distracted, setting to work to fit an artificial leg she pulls from the box onto the little girl.

CATHY (in Spanish)

Anisetta, come...Boyle, you degenerate.
Come back to visit all your old girlfriends
at the Noa Noa?

BOYLE

Come on Cathy, you've ruined that by
converting them on me.

With the help of Sister Stan she starts fitting the leg.
Boyle is obviously affected, tries to chat with the girl
in broken Spanish but she just stares at him. He takes
pictures as he talks.

BOYLE

Need a ride to Libertad Cathy, I'm going
tomorrow?

CATHY

Can't...too much to do here...

She curses. The artificial leg is too big. The little girl
seems to realize it, looks back at them blankly.

CATHY (pissed, to Sister Stan)

I told Cleveland the size! They promised me!

She throws it back in the box, frustrated.

SISTER STAN

Now come on, Cathy, these things happen.
There'll be another shipment next month.
Anisetta can wait...

A quietness in the eyes of the children that's heartbreaking.
Rock looks away. Boyle, finished, puts his camera away, affected.

(Rev. 5/27/85)

OMIT PAGES 28 and 29

31. EXT/INT. CAMINO REAL BAR - NIGHT

31.

Possibly the roof of the hotel or out by the swimming pool. Military personnel and spook types hang out there, some Press, mostly Americans. A loudspeaker announces the results of the U.S. Presidential Elections or it is covered by satellite-dish TV coverage. Everybody is festive, a little drunk. A small Salvo band plays.

Boyle in stinky clothing, Rock limping on his bandaged, vulture-bitten foot, are gorging the free hors d'oeuvres laid out on a banquet table as Reagan sweeps New England.

ROCK

...can you believe some guy who was a straight man to a chimpanzee is gonna be President of the United States -- doesn't it depress you?

Boyle spotting somebody, going over. JACK MORGAN is a handsome, Yale-educated civilian, every mother's dream.

BOYLE

Hi Jack. What are you doing here?

MORGAN

Boyle? I heard you were dead.

BOYLE

Takes more than wishing. What brings you down here Jack? Reagan planning ahead?

Morgan gives him a dirty look, introduces him to his party -- which is what Boyle wants.

MORGAN

Colonel Bentley Hyde, Milgroup, Bob Samuels, USAID, Millicent Davies from USAFL-CIO...

Brief nods all around, they're in conversations, but Boyle pushes in, to Colonel Hyde, a big, cigar-smoking assertive German of a man who stands at the bar.

X

BOYLE

You don't remember me Colonel? Pacific News Service. Vietnam? Richard Boyle?

HYDE

Yeah, I remember. Last I heard about you was when Thieu kicked you out.

X
X

Hyde sizes up Boyle, towering over him. He takes out a cigar while talking, offers one to Boyle. Boyle eagerly takes it. X

BOYLE (laughs)
Yeah, but Mr. Thieu got kicked out after me.

Boyle's joke doesn't sit well with Hyde, Boyle picks up on it and lights his cigar, a gesture to show respect. Boyle even moves to light it, Hyde smiles.

HYDE
You know, I never understand why you guys like the commies so much. If you were a vietnamese you'd be working in a re-education camp pulling up turnips.

BOYLE
Colonel, you don't find me applying for Vietnamese citizenship.

HYDE
Yeah, they don't go for that funny stuff you smoke, old buddy.
(laughs)

BOYLE
Bentley, I need a big favor, can you get out on a Cazadore op?

Hyde puffs on the cigar, again sizing up Boyle. Boyle is an opposite of everything the Colonel is, Boyle is sloppy, the Colonel correct, but there is a sort of comaraderie, as Boyle has at least seen combat and knows his shit.

HYDE
If I get you out, what's in it for me?

Boyle ponders the question, knows the implications. Hyde smiles, a sly, knowing smile and moves off. X

Morgan slipping out of earshot with Boyle.

MORGAN
You going out with the muchachos?

Trying... BOYLE (cryptic)

MORGAN (knows he will)
...there's something in the wind. They're getting weapons, lots of em, through Nicaragua and they're gonna make a move pretty soon. So any information, pictures, anything you can throw my way, Rich... we can make life easy for you down here...

BOYLE (vague)
I don't know Jack, that stuff's hard to prove. I hear they're getting most of their weapons on the black market in Miami or off Government troops.

MORGAN
Last year. This year Castro's got them organized. It's Warsaw Bloc stuff and they're not fucking around.

BOYLE
Same old Black Jack, communists fucking us in the ass everywhere right...

MORGAN
You're not going to think this is all one big joke when they take this place. Nicaragua was just the beginning. Guatemala and Honduras are targeted next, and in five years you'll be seeing Cuban tank divisions on the Rio Grande.

BOYLE (laughs)
Jack, gimme a break, Cuban tanks on the Rio Grande. I'm more worried about Major Max on the Rio Grande. I'll call you. Buy me lunch. Say Jack can you lend me fifty bucks?

MORGAN (laughs)

Yeah well from what I heard Major Max might be running this place real soon, so watch yourself old buddy...

Boyle smiling, looking at him a beat. Is he serious? Morgan, cryptic now, goes back to his table with Hyde as cheers go up. Reagan has just swept New York. An overwhelming lead. The military personnel in the room obviously pleased.

Rock, eating a giant sandwich with everything he can get from the buffet table on it, is trying to cozy up to a cleancut WAC in uniform, a chunky little tyke from Omaha.

ROCK

So what are you doing here?

WAC

Oh, I'm a doorgunner

ROCK

A what? Hey what's going on around here? I'm starting to feel like I'm on acid and it's 1967 and I'm listening to Jimi Hendryx.

WAC

Uh, what do you mean?

ROCK

Mean? You know -- Vietnam. We getting ready to invade or what?

WAC

Uh I don't know what you mean, I was kinda young during that...listen, I'm not supposed to talk to the Press okay. And you're weird. So fuck off.

DOC

Hey I'm not the Press I'm a rock and roll DJ
(she's gone)
...and what am I doing here?

BOYLE (coming over)

Everything cool.

DOC

Hey this is great Rich. I think I'm gonna get laid tonight.

31. CONT'D

Boyle leading him to a table where PETER CUNNINGHAM is just sitting down with PAULINE AXELROD and JOHN CASSADY. Cunningham is the Australian bureau chief for CNN News, Axelrod a CBS glamour puss down here to make her bones.

CUNNINGHAM

Choy oy Richard -- last I heard the Khmer Rouge put a pickax in your head...

BOYLE (a grim chuckle)

No, Peter, look I still got my head.

CUNNINGHAM

You dinky dow Boyle. You know Pauline Axelrod...Richard Boyle.

Boyle nods, 'sure'. Pauline lets her eye travel over his grungy clothes.

PAULINE

Of course I know Boyle. Who you "working" for now?

Boyle ignores the tone, pulling up a chair and squeezing himself in between her and Cunningham.

BOYLE

Oh I got a great gig going. Got a book advance from City Lights on my Salvador stories...you know Doctor Rock, the San Francisco rock and roll disc jockey?

Rock sits next to Pauline, eyeing her. She turns her attention to Cassady who doesn't socialize. Waiting for the election results, he makes logs and captions his grizzly glossies of the Dawn Patrol corpses.

CUNNINGHAM

I heard you got through the roadblock at Santa Ana

BOYLE (aside)

Yeah, you get me on as a field producer Peter and I'll get you out with Figueroa

CUNNINGHAM

Can't do that without an okay from Atlanta

BOYLE

Could you try Peter?

CUNNINGHAM

...at your age Boyle, with a broken back,
you still humping with the kids?

BOYLE

Gotta make a living somehow Peter

PAULINE (to Cassady, looking at his
pictures)

Jesus they took the fetus out

The TV announces Texas has just gone for Reagan. A roar from the crowd. Boyle and Rock are now getting bombed, both totally depressed by the apparent victory. Cunningham, Pauline, Cassady show no emotion, if they have any.

PAULINE (to Cunningham, fishing)

I got to do a standup from the roof at ten --
boiling all this down.

CUNNINGHAM (a little bombed)

Well you can't go wrong saying with
Mr. Reagan in the saddle, the left is
in "deep shit"

PAULINE (producing a newspaper clipping)

I know that but the Journal is running
with a rah-rah democracy piece, free
elections all that, the nets are asking
for the same thing, what do you think?

Cunningham glancing at the piece, Boyle reading it over his
shoulder.

Rock, who doesn't like Pauline, slips a little tab of acid
into her champagne. She doesn't notice.

BOYLE (drunk now)

Pauline, this article is totally 100
percent and unequivocally full of shit!

PAULINE

Look Boyle I resent...

BOYLE (pounding his fist on the table)

Yeah well I resent what I saw in Santa Ana.
A kid shot in the head and dragged by a
tank because he didn't have a fucking
cedula. You know what a cedula is?

PAULINE

Course I know what a cedula is...
You're a real pro Boyle

BOYLE

Yeah, well you want to analyze the situation, do it right! You don't have one of those cedula stamped election day, you're dead, what kinda democracy is it when you have to vote and if you don't vote you're a commie subversivo... these people would vote for donald duck or genghis khan, whatever the local cop tells them to do cause if they don't... this is what happens!

Pushes the pictures of the woman with the fetus ripped out in front of Pauline. She looks away, pissed at him.

CUNNINGHAM

Come on Rich, calm down -- and lay off the sauce

BOYLE

Fucking yuppies...do a standup from the roof of the Camino Real for CBS. Think they got the whole story. "My two weeks in El Salvador..." Hiding under a bed in the Camino Real. Course they get their stories published. Cause they kiss the right asses in New York...

DOC (whispering to Boyle)

Just gave that bitch 500 mikes of pure blotter. Can't wait to see her "boil down".

Boyle gives him a glazed look like "you did what asshole!" The table is already quite uneasy. Pauline is white, angry, drinks half her wine in one gulp.

DOC

Hey Pauline, you like rock and roll?

PAULINE (gets up abruptly)

No I hate it. Excuse me.

DOC

So I don't want to fuck you either

31. CONT'D

BOYLE (suddenly smiles)
Aw come on Pauline, I'm sorry OK, be
a sport...I'm an asshole.

PAULINE (coldly)
Fuck you Boyle

She leaves. Boyle shrugs, glazed.

CASSADY (pause, shrugs)
Well I guess you just blew it stringing
for CBS.

A climactic roar goes up from the crowd as Reagan takes
California. The crowd cheers. A band plays "California
Here I Come."

32. OMIT

32.

33. OMIT

33.

34. EXT. STREETS OF ESCALON DISTRICT - NIGHT

34.

Along the quiet tree-lined streets of upper class Escalon,
the MILITIAS are out in force, roaring along the avenues
in jeeps, shooting off guns. The sound of the Mano Blanco
Marching Song blaring from radios. Homeowners lean out
their windows, firing rifles off.

A car with a loudspeaker on the roof drives by, announcing
in Spanish that Reagan has now won the entire nation --
except Massachusetts -- by a Landslide!

35. INT. MAJOR MAX VILLA - NIGHT

35.

The camera moves to a GATE on the street, with civilian
armed GUARDS patrolling. The gate opens. A limousine
slides out. A brief view -- THREE NORTH AMERICAN-looking
MEN in the backseat -- jowly, politician-type men in suits.

X
X
X
X

The camera closing along a patio. Servants moving. Into
a room. The sound of a Marching Song. Men's voices.
"Tremble, Tremble, Communists" is the best English translation
for it.

X
X
X
X

A white Arana Party Flag dominates the room. Twelve men
are there -- some of them military officers, some wearing
uniforms of the Mano Blanco, some a youth guard. One of
them is SMILING DEATH, the Lieutenant at the roadblock.

35. CONT'D

35.

The camera moving over their faces, raptly turned in the direction of Major Max, who we hear now -- short staccato, nervous Spanish...a monologue filled with obscenities...the men laughing at the macho language...past the fat, wily GOMEZ, his second in command, to Max himself -- a handsome, short macho guy with wavy black hair in the eddie fisher mold and elevator heels to compensate for his five feet six inches. He is a strong man, muscular, intense, in the tradition of the Spanish caudillo, packing a .38 on his back hip, chain-smoking, swearing freely, a tough gangster guy.

OMIT PAGE 37

MAJOR MAX

...this dumbshit Duarte now has to go back and lick his puta's pussy, the shit-faced faggot everyday looks more and more like a watermelon -- Christian Democrat green on the outside and when my machete splits him open, Moscow red on the inside!...

They roar with laughter at this. He raises the magic bullet in the air for all of them to see, and now walks among the twelve men, touching each on the back of the neck...

MAJOR MAX

...Yes, the time's come now for us brothers -- former members of Orden, Patriots of the Maximilio Hernandez Brigade, brothers of the Mano Blanco --

(each subunit reacting with pride)
and these fucking priests that are poisoning the minds of our Salvadoran youth are gonna be the first to bleed... they're pig shit and this Romero is the biggest pig shit of all -- a shit-faced desecration of an Archbishop...and with this bullet he will be the first to die... For every one of our people, we will kill 100 of them. We will avenge the killers of the South African Ambassador, of Colonel Rosario, of Molina, and Gutierrez and the Mayor of El Paraiso...all these shit-faced subversives that have sold our country out to the communists will die... Duarte, Kelly, Erlich, Zaun (runs off a whole list), the pseudo-journalists sent here by the Zionist Communist conspiracy, they will all die...Now who will be the one among you to rid me of this Romero?

The TWELVE MEN come forward as one.

MAJOR MAX (proud of his boys)

Good...you...

(picks one)

You will be famous. Songs will be sung about you.

Gives him the bullet which the young SOLDIER accepts proudly. Max kisses him on the cheeks. Then they all snap out their Nazi salutes and start to sing the solemn, yet unintentionally-humorous Mano Blanco National Anthem -- Patria si, Comunismo no... etc.

Smiling Death, his arm outraised, is prouder now than he has ever been in his life. He now belongs.

36. OMIT

36

37. OMIT

37

38. OMIT

38

39. EXT. LIBERTAD VILLAGE - BY THE SEA - LATE DAY

39.

Boyle comes speeding into the town. Past the Central Square. Vultures picking at garbage. A lively tropical beach town bordering the sea. Palms and garbage side by side.

40. INT. PHARMACY - LA LIBERTAD - DAY

40.

A broken-down store with dusty pots, herbs, medicines. The toothless old crazy-looking BRUJA, 60ish, is putting together a syringe from 5 or 7 various boxes of antibiotics. Boyle adding another one. She giggles, mutters with Boyle, Rock worried, his pants down, his ass exposed.

ROCK

What's she laughing about? What about a fucking subscription man?

BOYLE

Don't need one here.

ROCK

What's she saying?

BOYLE (a chuckle)

She's saying she's putting every kind of antibiotic she's got into this one and if it don't clean you out in one shot, it'll kill you

DOC

Not funny Boyle. I think I want the cyanide back.

The Bruja approaching him with the needle.

BOYLE

Too late Doc. Listen, I gotta run. Meet you later at Roberto's. Don't pay her a thing. I got credit here. See you... (runs out)
A beer'll top it off good.

The Bruja trying to catch Boyle with her bill as she sticks Doc in the ass. He groans.

41. EXT. RIVER/BRIDGE - ADJACENT TOWN - TWILIGHT

41.

Richard roars up in his MG, on the bridge, looks down eagerly. There must be FIFTY WOMEN doing their laundry on the stones in the river. He hurries down the bank, looking.

41. Cont'd

She's there. Maria, beating the clothes dry, a simple pretty campecina, early twenties.

BOYLE

Maria!

When she sees him, she's flabbergasted. She thought he was dead. She goes white. Her son DUGLAS, 4, runs up to Boyle, barefooted, grabs him. REINA, the smaller baby, 2, is splashing in a mud puddle...

All the tension seems to drain from Richard's face now. And we might understand why up to now he has been in such a hurry. This has been his destination.

He goes up to her. She rises to meet him. Maria is a little scared. She only speaks Spanish.

MARIA

They said you were dead...

BOYLE

See for yourself...Vamos a mi casa?

She's not sure. The neighbor women continue to wash but are vastly curious, smiling among themselves. The crazy gringo is back.

MARIA

Are you still drunk (barracho)?
You still crazy?

BOYLE

No. No Maria. No mas cerveza. No mas tic-tac.

He goes up to her, runs his hands along her hair. She's not sure. Taking her by the hand, sweeping her along.

BOYLE

Come, rapido, look, my new car. I sold
my book...I have money now.

X
X42. EXT. ROADSIDE NEAR BRIDGE - DAY

CUT TO:

42.

They go up the hill to the MG. Douglas loves it, dances around the car, Richard pulling out a Hulk tee-shirt for him and doing a Hulk imitation. Reina in Maria's arms is too young to appreciate it.

The topper is Boyle's pulling out the black and white portable TV and showing it to Douglas who goes crazy. It brings a smile to Maria's face...

42. CONT'D

Boyle crosses to her, Hold her? Yes? She still hasn't committed to getting in the car.

MARIA

I know you have another woman in the north.

BOYLE

No. Terminado. Seguro. Solamente usted.
Venga...por favor. Maria.

He is incongruously docile with her, totally under her gentle control, trying to please her in every way. She is to him the apotheosis of latina beauty. She timidly gets in the car. He goes wild with happiness, puts the kids in.

43. INT. MARIA'S BEACH HOUSE - OCEAN - TWILIGHT

A palapa-type house fully open to the winds, hammocks, a stove. The sun sets.

Richard in the hammock with the naked Maria. A simple beauty, gracious and lithe, they've just made love...Reina, the little girl, crawling up Richard's belly. Douglas watching cartoons on the black and white TV. A moment of pure peace for Richard -- a sort of King with his adopted family. We dwell on his face as Maria strokes it.

A big ugly toad in the shadows croaks out a song. Douglas shrieks, points.

RICHARD

Is that you Major Max? You still watching the house?

Maria giggles like a little girl, they tickle each other, the moment interrupted as Rock and CARLOS, Maria's 15 year-old brother, bang into the house, his radio blaster playing. He's a sharp little hippie in an L.A. Rams tee-shirt and a Grateful Dead hat, he talks an outdated slang. As he gives Boyle their old handshake.

CARLOS

Hey Ricardo, you back from the dead man.
I like your friend Doctor Rock, man
he knows rock and roll
(grabbing Boyle's Nikon)
Ooooh -- look at those tits

Clicking off a picture of Maria and Richard in the hammock, he knows how to use the camera. She shrieks, innocent about her body, whipping on a towel on her pubic area but her breasts are still exposed. She runs off the hammock, into the toilet.

43. Cont'd

Carlos seeing a pile of Richard's weed on a table where Doc is rolling himself a joint.

CARLOS

Wow! Hey Ricardo can I have some?
Just a little? My main man...

BOYLE

Yeah go ahead

He scoops up some into a newspaper, as Rock lights up.

CARLOS

Hey man this guy's cool, where'd you find
him, elvis is his main man...Doctor R-O-C-K!

As Maria comes out, sees Carlos taking the grass and sharing Doc's joint. She gives Richard a dirty look, angry. He smiles back at her, shrugs.

BOYLE (to Rock)

How ya feeling Doc?

DOC (eyes rolling, joint smoke all over
his face)

Oh man I don't know anymore Richie --
place is getting weird. I can still see
that vulture man, pecking out my eyeballs,
y'know...

Loud Music as the Mano Blanco Party Theme comes on the Television. And Major Max appears -- with a watermelon and a machete. As he gives his spiel about the Christian Democrats being green on the outside and -- slash goes his machete -- red on the inside...Then back to loud music, which is so catchy that Douglas sings along merrily. Boyle joins in with Douglas, finding it pretty funny.

Carlos watches, sneers.

44. EXT. ROBERTO'S RESTAURANT - DAY (Day 7 - 3 days later)

44

They're eating lobsters outdoors on the patio -- BOYLE, MARIA, REINA and DUGLAS, their GRANDMOTHER (a feisty little monkey of a lady chewing on a cigar), CARLOS and two of his young friends, RAFAEL and JAIMIE. The rest of the place is jammed with diners. A mariachi band is playing and things are getting rowdy. Boyle is devouring lobster, Tic-tac, joints being passed around.

A DRUNKEN TIC-TAC MONSTER wanders just outside the restaurant along the beach, drops his pants and squats in the shadows.

44. Cont'd

Rock, eating, is turned off.

44.

ROBERTO, the American exile owner of the restaurant, ex-surfer, straight, married to a Salvadoran woman, in his late thirties, comes over to Boyle with a check. Boyle giving him a thumbs up salute. Dinner was great. Looking over the bill.

BOYLE (aside)

Say Roberto listen...I uh...I didn't get a chance to cash a travellers check in the capital, how's my credit around here?

ROBERTO (knew it was coming)

Your credit? Don't make me laugh, you asshole. Your tab's up to 400 colones. I run a restaurant, man not a fucking bank.

X
X

BOYLE (sympathetic)

Hey I know, Roberto have I ever stiffed you in 10 years? Look I got an NBC radio feed in the works and I got a CNN gig with Cunningham coming up, I'm hot again! I'll pay the whole tab next week, promise, scout's honor...

ROBERTO

Oh fuck, alright, just don't tell Elena about it okay, she'll kill me

BOYLE

Thanks man, you're a prince, listen throw in 100 colones cash and we'll make it an even 750. Walking around money y'know, don't want to look like a jerk in front of Maria (sotto voce) just a hundred... come on man

ROBERTO

Fuck, what she sees in a jerk like you I don't know

He laughs. Boyle laughs once he sees it's okay, and Roberto slips him a 100 from his pocket.

BOYLE

Thanks. Place looks great man, really doing business...

ROBERTO(aside)

Only weekends, surfers don't come down from the states anymore. Too much death squad stuff...

44. Cont'd

His eyes going to a certain table. Boyle following it, subtle.
A bunch of guys and chicks party in civilian clothing.

BOYLE

...don't worry, I'll put in a good word
for you when the other side takes over.

ROBERTO (not funny)

I hope not, fucking commies scare me even
more. Close me down for sure, probably shoot me.

Two other DRUNKEN MONSTERS are drooling on the edge of the
restaurant, begging for something -- anything. One of them
gets close to Doc, an obvious soft touch, drools on him.
Rock can't eat anyway, so he throws his lobster tail over
the guy's head, "go, get it."

This confuses the two drunks. One of them lurches around
looking for the lobster tail, finds it, dives down to get it.
The other guy, knowing he can't get to it in time, picks
up a giant rock off the beach, raising it high in the shadows.
We see it coming down somewhere in the vicinity of the first
beggar's head. All this seen faintly in the dark. The
wash of the waves on the beach eclipsing it.

Rock is the only one at the table to have seen it. He looks
around -- the party goes on.

Carlos and Rafael and Jaimie are a little drunk and down
doing a goose-step imitation of MAJOR MAX on TV, a toothbrush
over his nose, singing the Mano Blanco Song.. "Republicana...
patria, comunismo no..." -- catching the attention of the
nearby tables.

Boyle picks up on it, immediately nervous, his eyes flicking
to a table. They're looking over unfriendly. One of them,
RHINOCEROS, is older (in his 40's), meaner and stupider than
all of them. He is evidently the leader, a former National
Guard Sergeant cashiered out for rape and murder.

Boyle whispering to Maria to cool it out. She says something
to Carlos but he doesn't hear. Launches into another refrain
from the song.

The four guys at the table huddle among themselves. The girls
look real poisonously at Carlos.

Boyle makes his move, stands and jovially reseats Carlos and
his buddy. Looking back quickly at the four guys. "Cool it
there ol' buddy."

Grandma shakes her head. She's seen it before. A wistful tone, to Richard. 44.

GRANDMA (in Spanish)
It's a bad time, evil in the air...it's
like 1932 again. They came into the
villages one night. They killed thousands...
some say thirty thousand in one night...
it was the "matanza" -- under that
stinking tyrant Maximilian Emilio Hernandez...

The camera has moved through her eyes to a MONTAGE -- very
brief, no more than ten seconds -- of black and white newsreel
images of the 1932 massacres...

45. EXT. LIBERTAD TOWN SQUARE - LATE TEAT NIGHT

45

Boyle, Maria, the children are playing Bingo, the main social activity. A lot of people seem to know Boyle, who loses his stake.

He treats Maria and the kids to snowcones off a street-side stand. Carlos, drunk on Tic-tac, with his two friends intersect with Rock who is carrying his own Tic-tac bottle ("this stuff is wild man, white lightning") Boyle warns him "you're gonna end up living in the street here, begging for Tic-tac bottles"...

The group crosses beneath the movie marquee -- playing some Mexican wrestling film with the masked avenger -- to their MG parked on the square -- vultures pecking around.

Sitting on top of the little car are the FOUR GUYS from the restaurant -- the ex-Sergeant taking the lead.

RHINOCEROS

Hey man you and your buddies are pretty funny. Maybe you can entertain us some more...

MULE

Yeah you're even more funny without your balls...

Carlos is too drunk to be worried but not the intrepid Doc.

DOC

Who the fuck are you...Hey get off the car

BOYLE

Shut up man

(trying to defuse it)
Hey amigos how bout some beers, it's
all on me (doing his head count, center stage)
how many now...uno, dos, tres...cuatro
cervezas. Two seconds...Doc...you stay
with Carlos

(turning to go get the beers, to Maria
aside)
...look Maria, take the kids now and put them
in the car like nothing's happening...okay...

He hurries across the street to get the beers at a cantina.
An awkward moment, Maria casually putting the kids in the car.
Carlos and his buddies giggling among themselves, nervous.
The four guys looking at Boyle funny, back at Carlos, one
of them singing the popular song to the others (they're a
little drunk too) "vamos a la playa."

RHINOCEROS

Yeah, let's go for a ride to the beach.
Come on man, we'll take you guys to
the beach, we got a van.

A Cherokee Red Chief pulling up now. Trouble all right.
Carlos steps back. Doc's puzzled. The guys start to move
on the three kids, starting to surround them, yet not yet
resorting to all-out coercion. The square is still full of
people, it'd be preferable to con them into getting inside.

Boyle steps back into it, real fast now, playing it diplomatic,
giving out the beers to each of the four thugs, a little Spanish
to each one ("there you go, drink up amigo").

In the same stride, grabbing Carlos.

BOYLE

Let's go...now!

Pushing him real fast into the car. Rafael and Jaimie jump in,
overloading it. Rock wants to stay, drink with the thugs.

ROCK

I'll stay, they're not so bad. They
got a sense of humor.

BOYLE (grabs him)

Shut up asshole! Move!

He pushes him in the car. They speed out of there. The red
Cherokee Chief trying to block their way. Boyle doing a
shrieking U-turn across the square and cutting out of town.

46. EXT. BOYLE BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Maria helps the drunken Carlos out of the MG. Boyle sits in it,
with Rafael, gunning the engine.

BOYLE (to Maria)

Get him out of town a few weeks.
Get him up to Santa Ana

(to Carlos)

Mira Carlos, malo hombres! Gotta cool it now.

Maria and Rafael both muttering something at Carlos, angry at his
attitude. Carlos, still zonked, dismisses it with a laugh.

CARLOS

Don't worry, don't worry -- they're assholes.

Boyle takes off with Rafael.

47. INT. BOYLE MG - ROAD - NIGHT

47.

Boyle checking the rear view mirror, making sure they're not followed, to Rafael.

RAFAEL
You can drop me here.

BOYLE (pulling over)
Where you going?

RAFAEL
Arriba, con muchachos in the mountains
(points out there)

BOYLE (surprised)
What about your home? Where do your
parents live?

RAFAEL
It's not safe there anymore
(gets out)
I go...okay (they clasp hands)

BOYLE (surprised)
You're one of them?
(Rafael says nothing)
Vaya con Dios amigo

RAFAEL (walking off, turns back)
In my country, amigo, there is no more God...

As he goes off into the dark, silhouetted by the mountains.

48. INT. COLONEL FIGUEROA'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

X

49.

Boyle is shown in with his safari jacket, three cameras, a tape recorder, ready to go ("buenos dias Colonel").

COLONEL FIGUEROA is going over a battle map with a grizzled American mercenary, MIKE STANKOVICH -- cold, steely eyes, crew cut, bandolier of ammo, and a strange mixture of a uniform -- a cavalry cap from the Rhodesian Grey Scouts, a Montegnard charm bracelet, and a British Webley snub-nosed .38 in his belt.

FIGUEROA
Boyle, this is Mike Stankovich. He
says he doesn't want you on his recon
patrol. Maybe another one...I'm sorry...;

48.

48A
(Rev 5/21/85)

Boyle extends his hand to Stankovich who refuses to shake it.

BOYLE

Por que, amigo?

STANKOVICH (to Figueroa, ignoring Boyle)
I ain't taking this puta reporter nowhere

BOYLE

I ain't no puta, puta

Stankovich reaches for his .38 revolver. Boyle whips out his switchblade. Figueroa steps between them, smiling.

FIGUEROA

Cabaleros, come on, go down to the mess hall and have some coffee, you're both gringos, work this out between you...go on.

49. INTERIOR - MESS HALL - DAY

49.

Troops in battle gear are getting ready for patrol. Boyle and Stankovich both drink coffee, wordlessly staring at each other.

BOYLE

Come on, lemme go out with you. No shots of you and if your boys want to do a little rape and plunder I'll look the other way. How bout it?

STANKOVICH

Look, one of you cocksuckers got a shot of my stick in Mozambique. Sure we were messing with the Rafirs but that shot cost us eight men drummed out. So fuck off.

BOYLE

Come on man. I lost my hearing in this ear at Ben Het. I was with the lead counterattack of the Golanis in '73 and I was the last gringo to leave Cambodia, so give me a fucking break.

STANKOVICH (rolling up his sleeve)

Yeah, fuckface, I got this at Ia Drang

(pulls up his pants)

and this at the Iron Triangle, so fuck off with your war stories. You sleezebags lost that fucking war with your fucking lies, no fucking way, fuck you asshole...

BOYLE (desperate)
What are you afraid, I'm gonna outhump you?

STANKOVICH (tightens)
How 'bout some good clean arm wrestling,
amigo, settle this thing?

As he pops a huge bicep.

BOYLE
My pappy said never play another man's
game, Stanky -- but what about "Knuckles?"
Y'ever play? It goes like this. You punch
my knuckles with your knuckles. Then I
punch you back. First guy to quit loses.
You win I'll give you my gold wrist watch
(takes it off)
worth 2000 bucks. If I win, you take
me out...

Boyle clenches his fist, bony knuckles poised like a cobra
ready to strike. Stankovich is challenged, but not dumb.

BOYLE (taunting)
Come on, Stanky, arm wrestling is for
wimps, putas and Alice Kooper. Knuckles
is the real man's game. Or are you a
pussy, Stanky?

Stankovich is like a dog unleashed. He leaps to his feet,
as Boyle fingers the switchblade in his pocket. Stanky
whips out his razor-sharp bayonet with a Special Forces
skull and crossbones on the blade. But doesn't go for Boyle.

STANKOVICH
Let's see who the pussy is here

He cuts deep into his right forearm, blood seeping out,
grins up at Richard.

STANKOVICH
Who says I can't take pain, asshole!

Boyle at first amazed, starts to laugh.

BOYLE
That's great Mike...great game.
Listen...you win.

Stankovich now manages a triumphant laugh, as he whips out
a scarf and with his teeth ties up his bloody arm.

49 Cont'd

STANKOVICH

...yeah well just so we know who's who in the
zoo Boyle -- yeah so now give me the watch

49

X
X

50 EXT. BRUSH - PATROL - DAY

50

Stankovich, a lion stalking his prey, leads a nine-man "cazadore" (hunter) patrol in full packs in the hot searing sun, Boyle trailing obviously, at 42, hurting, his back in sheer agony. Stankovich smiles at him.

They come to a cluster of houses, CAPTAIN SANCHEZ halting the column, having a quick conference with his second in command, CORPORAL SANTOS. Everyone except Stankovich is exhausted, sweat pouring off their bodies.

SANCHEZ (to Stankovich, broken English)
My Corporal says many subversivos in
this house. We must go and see...

STANKOVICH (pissed off)
Come on Captain we both know that's
nothing but the local casa de puta.
The G camp is that way.

He points north towards the high mountain range, pulling his plastic grid map out of his back pocket. The men murmuring among themselves. No way they want to go up into those mountains chasing after the dreaded Villalobos' crack commandos.

STANKY

Let's go!

51 Omit

51

52 Omit

52

53 EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - PATROL - LATE DAY

53

Stankovich is walking point. He is reading his map. Ready to push on when a burst of automatic fire rings out. Then a second burst, from the other side.

One man is hit in the arm, yells out. Another is hit in the leg. The others freak and break. All nine men fleeing down the mountain.

53. Cont'd

Stankovich yelling at them, "Where ya going! Get your asses on Line! Lateral Fire!!" Pissed off now, he stands there like John Wayne, putting out raking fire.

Boyle clicking off shots at him. A great picture. One lone American mercenary blasting away at the Commies.

A pause. No return fire. The snipers have pulled back. Boyle moving in on Stankovich, taking pictures.

Stankovich sees Boyle, takes a fresh clip, slams it into his Uzi and aims it right at Boyle.

STANKOVICH

You take that picture you sunufabich and I'll kill you. Pop it out! Now! You heard me!...

Boyle realizes Stankovich is serious. If he can't kill a commie, Boyle's probably the second best thing. He quickly pops open the Nikon and throws the roll at Stankovich's feet. But Stankovich doesn't lower the rifle. It stays pointed right at Richard's head.

STANKOVICH

I'm in a bad fucking mood Boyle... and you contributed to it...

Boyle quickly rips his fake gold wrist watch out (his second of many) and throws it to Stankovich who picks it up and shakes it, holding the Uzi on Boyle.

STANKOVICH

I swear asshole, if this thing is a phony, I'm gonna personally track you down, cut off your balls and stuff em down your throat...

54 EXT. MARIA BEACH HOUSE - LIBERTAD - LATE DAY

54x

Boyle drives up, bone weary. As he crawls out of the car, Maria, with the baby in her arms, rushes up to him, pure terror in her eyes.

BOYLE

Que pasa mi amor?

MARIA

Policia venga y captura Carlos y Doctor Rock. Los miran la marijuana! Es furioso, mucho problema!

BOYLE

54

Donde!

MARIA

El quartel o muerte!

Boyle races to his MG.

55. INT. LIBERTAD JAIL - NIGHT

Doctor Rock is in back in one of the cells, sweating out the worst moment of his life. A .38 revolver is aimed right at his temple. A drunk POLICEMAN who looks like a bug-eyed Rodney Dangerfield, laughs and pulls the trigger. Click. The THREE OTHER POLICEMEN, some of them without shirts, waving Tic-tac bottles, all laugh.

Carlos is there, beaten around the face and chest.

CATHY MOORE and BOYLE arriving not a second too soon. Cathy well known in the community, speaking rapid and excellent Spanish. Boyle plopping down the scotch and opening it. He's carrying his car radio and speakers which he's just ripped out.

X

BOYLE

Aqui, amigos, muy suave

Boyle chugs from the bottle and passes it around.

ROCK (freaked)

Boyle, get me outta here!!

BOYLE

You wanna live Doc? Shut up.

(to Guard Sergeant)

Que pasa amigo?

The Bug-Eye proudly holds up a bag of marijuana.

BUG EYE (Spanish)

Marijuana. Subversivos smoke marijuana.

Boyle walks over to Carlos, grabs him by the collar, slaps him hard.

BOYLE

Tonto puta! You dumb shit!

Then he goes over and does the same to Rock. Cathy meanwhile whips out 100 colones and promises that if they let this asshole go, he will get the daylight's beat out of him at home.

X

X

BUG EYE

No posible. Esta subversivo. Muy malo.

Boyle and Cathy huddle. Then Cathy explains how Doctor Rock is a famous American brain surgeon and was using the marijuana as an experiment to see how it would affect Carlos' brain.

55. CONT'D

55.

Boyle going over to pick out one of Rock's joke cards strewn on the table with his other personal effects. He hands the card to the Sergeant who holds it up and tries to read it.

BUG EYE

"Doctor"...Rock? What is this?

CATHY (whipping out another 100 colones))
Oh that's short for Doctor Rockovsky,
the world famous brain surgeon, I'm sure
you know him, he won the nobel prize...
the Nobel Peace Prize!!

Bug Eye is skeptical, huddles with his second, this stupid-looking gringo doesn't look like a famous brain surgeon, but he trusts Cathy and he could get into trouble for killing a famous doctor. His eyes on Boyle's radio and speakers. Boyle slams them down on the desk, climactically.

X

BUG EYE (to Rock)

OK, you can go...

BOYLE

Y otro? Libre?

Bug Eye looks at Carlos, back at Boyle.

BUG EYE

No es posible, no esta noche...Now get out.
Go!

Boyle shares a look with Carlos, who pleads with his eyes.

CARLOS

Senor Boyle, por favor

BOYLE

Don't worry Carlos. I'll go to the
Capital first thing in the morning.
I'm going to see the Ambassador.
I'm going to get you out. I promise!

Carlos looking at him. Boyle leaves, starts to take the radio but Bug Eye puts his hand on it.

No way. Boyle looks at him, disgusted, goes.

56. & 57. OMITTED

56 & 57.

58. EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

58.

Rock, shaking, opens his rucksack and downs the whole bottle of valiums he has left, washing it down with straight Tic-tac.

ROCK

Those fucking quvs man! They had my balls stretched out to here. They said they were gonna cut em off! Holy Shit man. I'm shaking...I've really had enough of this shit!

BOYLE (ignoring him, to Cathy)

Maria's in trouble man, she doesn't even have any papers, her brother's a suspected G, they could grab her any minute. I gotta get down to the capital, Kelly can do something.

CATHY (tired now)

Look Richard, you're not helping Maria, you're nothing but trouble for her. And quit kidding yourself: she doesn't mean anything to you. She's just a nice little squeeze while you're here, instant family and all that. So why don't you leave now -- before you fuck up the rest of her life!

BOYLE

Hey I love her Cathy

CATHY

Sure. And what about your other wife and kid?

BOYLE

She left me Cathy! She took my kid.

CATHY (skeptical)

So you're going to take Maria back to the States? What's she gonna do? Sell snowcones on Fisherman's Wharf? Here she's got a function. She belongs. In Gringoland she's a fish outta water. And besides -- asshole -- you got no money to support her or the kid you already got -- so forget it! Leave her alone!

BOYLE (suddenly dejected)

Yeah...I know...

Cathy, pissed off now at Boyle's stupidity, gets in her Van and drives off.

Boyle goes over to Doctor Rock, slumped in the front seat of the MG, passed out. He checks his pulse, it works. Bone-weary, he gets in the car.

59. INT. MARIA'S BEACH HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

59.

Boyle in bed with Maria. The surf is pounding outside. She is sobbing heavily and he is gently stroking her hair. He tries to cuddle with her but she writhes free...

60. EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DOWNTOWN EL SALVADOR - NEXT DAY

60.

A CROWD is picketing outside the gates. MANO BLANCO Party flags. Placards that read "Kelly is a Communist!" "Kelly Should Go to Cuba" "Get Out of El Salvador, Communist!"

Boyle leaves his MG, negotiates the entry on foot. Accompanying him is CATHY MOORE.

61. INT. KELLY OFFICE - DAY

61.

Pictures of wife and kids on his log oak desk, autographed pictures of Carter, memorabilia from nations he has served in, AMBASSADOR THOMAS KELLY cuts an imposing figure. Young-looking, handsome, a warm smile, he shakes hands with Boyle, but reserves his real warmth for Cathy Moore, of whom he obviously is fond.

KELLY (hugs her)

Cathy, how are you? You look tired?

CATHY MOORE

I'm all right, sir. Richard Boyle sir... he did some stories on you in Cambodia?

KELLY

Good to see you again, Richard...please sit down

BOYLE (effusive beggary again)

You might remember sir...the taking of Phnom Penh...I was actually the last American journalist to leave Cambodia...

KELLY

Is that so?

BOYLE

Yeah, I got out two weeks after Shanberg got out. He got the Pulitzer and I almost got cholera but we saved 1100 refugees from the Khmer Rouge.

X
X
X
X

KELLY
That was awful what they did in Cambodia,
weren't you one of the people who wrote
them up as the good guys at one time?

X
X
X

BOYLE (flustered)
Yes sir, I was really wrong on that one.

X

KELLY
From our intelligence if those guys
up in the hills ever took power here
they'd make the Pol Pot episode look
like a picnic.

X
X
X
X

BOYLE
Are they as bad as Major Max and the
Mano Blanco, sir?

X
X

KELLY (flustered, looking at his
watch)
I know, a pathological killer on the right
and who knows what on the left and a
gutless middle...anyway Boyle, about
your problem...

X
X
X
X

Eyeing CAROL SNODGRASS, his aide, who sits in the room, taking
notes.

KELLY (sympathetic, a little
frustrated but calm)
Miss Snodgrass has crosschecked with the
National Guard, the Treasury Police,
National Police and the regular army about
the boy and they say they don't have him.
We think this could've been overlooked and
we're...

X
X
X
X

BOYLE
Ambassador, we all know they're lying...
he just didn't disappear -- they've got him

X
X

CATHY (to Carol)
Carol, have you crosschecked with the human
rights office?

X
X

CAROL
No, nothing...

X

61. CONT'D

61.

BOYLE

Fuck it sir. They fuckin' rearranged his fuckin molecules and took their time about it. The kid's dying right now as we speak! Those fucks! He didn't hurt anybody. Those fucks!

The Ambassador uneasy with Boyle's violent reaction.

CATHY (seeing it)

Richard, calm down please

BOYLE

That means his sister's gonna be on the shitlist now, sir. I gotta get a cedula for her, she's got none, they could come tonight and take her away...

KELLY

That's not up to me Richard, you know the laws here, she has to go to her hometown... where's she from?

BOYLE

Morazon sir -- she can't get close to there, the Guard'll kill her as a suspected G.

KELLY (looking to Carol for support)

I'll see what I can do but you know thousands of people have the same problem, it's not easy to...

BOYLE

What if I married her?

CATHY (embarrassed)

Richard, you're already married...I know you're very busy, sir, thank you for your time...

KELLY (rises, Carol ushering them out)

Sorry, really I'm sorry.

(to Cathy)

My wife and I are expecting you and Sister June for Thanksgiving, Cathy, all right...

62. INTERIOR LOBBY - CAMINO REAL HOTEL - DAY

MARIA, with Rock, waits at the coffee shop, fingering her rosary beads, uneasy in her peasant dress in this fancy hotel, film crews scurrying by, her eyes anxiously on Boyle as he runs in with the news. He takes her by the arms.

BOYLE (in Spanish)
They can't find Carlos yet but the
American Ambassador is personally involved...

She is silent, knowing. He walks her, with his arm around her.

BOYLE
You're in great danger Maria. Without
a cedula they can grab you at any time...
I've been thinking about this very
carefully. There's only one way out...
Marry me.

(she looks at him, shocked by the idea)
Look, we'll have a family, we'll take
Reina and Douglas -- and Carlos -- back
to America, you'll be happy there.

MARIA
You already have a wife.

BOYLE
No, no, that's over, that's been over
six months
(scratching his head, lying)
...we got a divorce, I just never told you.

She looks at him. Through him. CUNNINGHAM breaks it, running through the lobby, fully equipped.

CUNNINGHAM

Hey Boyle! Atlanta says they'll give you a shot. But you fuck this one up and I'll...

BOYLE

You're kidding!

CUNNINGHAM

No! They want some stuff on the G's. You sure you're set with Alvarez?

BOYLE (lying)

All set! No problem.

CUNNINGHAM

OK, you got a camera, there's an Arana press conference tomorrow, Major Max is declaring for President, I gotta go to Venezuela so cover for me, willya. I gotta run.

BOYLE

Sure. Hey Pete! How bout advancing me fifty bucks...I'm real low.

X

62. Cont'd

Cunningham reaches into his pocket, glances at Maria.

CUNNINGHAM

...my own pocket Boyle -- but no whores ok.

Boyle thanks him effusively, turns back to Maria.

BOYLE

Maria...por favor?

MARIA (shakes her head)

No

BOYLE

Porque mi amor? Please...

MARIA (determined)

I'm a catholic. I can't marry a divorced man and you Richard are a bad Catholic in all ways

BOYLE

What do you mean?

MARIA

You know what I mean. You're living in sin. You drink ("not any more!"), you sleep with may women ("no I don't!"), you smoke marijuana ("it was Rock's), you lie, you scheme and scam, what's good or decent about you? What redemption can you expect?

Boyle scratching his head, his mind racing. None, I guess.

BOYLE

Look, Maria -- it's true I haven't been to church in 30 years -- but give me a chance. We'll take communion together. We'll go to Archbishop Romero, he knows me, I'll get back in the church...si?

A63 EXTERIOR -- CATHEDRAL - SAN SALVADOR - DAY

A63

Boyle driving Maria into downtown Cathedral where he visited Ramon Alvarez earlier. Demonstrators and police are everywhere. A tumultuous atmosphere, banners, protest signs. Maria is scared. Church bells tolling.

BOYLE

...it's even possible Romero might annul my marriage cause Claudia was a commie atheist anyway. I'm going to talk to him seriously... (making conversation) You know the Archbishop? He's a great man, a man of the people. Man of God. They say he's going to win the Nobel Peace Prize

MARIA (quietly)

He's the only man that can save El Salvador...

RAMON ALVAREZ is on a megaphone arguing with some CAMPECINOS and POLICE. The air is filled with tension as a new Truckload of National Guardsmen arrives.

63. INT. CATHEDRAL - CHURCH DAY

A crowd has assembled for the sermon and communion. BISHOP MANGANA, a humble, handsome soul with a peasant's strong features. is in the pulpit.

63.

MANGANA

...The governing junta has good intentions with their promises of land reform and their desire to control the so-called paramilitary forces in the army but sadly it is a failure because the power within the junta is the army and the Army itself is an obstacle to the reign of God...they know only how to repress the people and defend the interests of the rich oligarchy...

Applause breaks from the peasant throngs. Boyle, repentent, serious-looking, steps out of the Confessional to the side of the Cathedral and joins Maria. They squeeze into a pew.

MANGANA

I have called upon the United States, repeatedly, to stop all military aid to this Army until it satisfactorially resolves the problems of the disappeared and submits itself to civilian control. Again and again, American aid instead of promoting greater justice and peace is used against the people's organizations fighting to defend their most fundamental human rights -- land, education, health, food, shelter. We are poor. You in Washington are so rich. Why are you so blind? My children, you must look to yourselves in this sad time for Salvador. Christians are not afraid of

(CONTINUED)

MANGANA (cont'd)
 combat; they know how to fight, but they prefer the language of peace. However when a dictatorship seriously violates human rights and attacks the common good of the nation, when it becomes unbearable and closes all channels of dialogue, when this happens, the Church speaks of the legitimate right of insurrectional violence. The spirit of God has led me to this...

The faces. Ramon Alvarez. Carmen Sanchez. A silence in the vast church. Plainclothes POLICE shuffling.

MANGANA

I would like to close with an appeal to the men of the army and in particular the National Guard. Brothers, you are part of our people. Yet you kill your own peasant brothers and sisters. But before a man may kill, the law of God must prevail and that law says 'Thou Shalt not Kill!'

(voice rising with emotion)
 No soldier is obliged to obey an order against the law of God. Violence on all sides is wrong. Violence is wrong. In the name of God, and in the name of this suffering people whose laments rise to heaven each day more tumultuous, I beg you, I ask you, I order you in the name of God: Stop the Repression!

More applause. Frail women in simple cotton dresses, hunched men with wrinkled faces...Maria praying silently.

CUT TO:

64.

The Bishop is celebrating Communion.

64.

Maria, kneeling at the altar, sticks out her tongue as the BISHOP, flanked by two ALTAR BOYS, presses the host onto her tongue. Then Boyle takes the host.

X

They look at each other. A faint smile. She knows he is now blessed. The body and blood of Jesus is with him. And maybe, yes maybe, she can love him.

64 Cont'd

The Bishop moves on, Maria and Richard rising to leave, Maria crossing herself, Richard remembering to do so. The Bishop moves on down the altar, gives a wafer to a young man.

The kneeling young man, whom we may now recognize as the one who took his own form of communion at Major Max's villa, spits in the Bishop's hand, curses him: "hijo de puta!" and shoots him with the silencer in his purse.

The silencer blast blows the Bishop back, his white raiments splashed red with blood. Another blast follows.

Maria turning around, screams. As do others.

The commotion spreads.

The YOUNG MAN walks away, unnoticed.

Richard grabs Maria, moves her out quickly as he can.

65 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

65

A riot developing, people running in all directions. ARMY moving in, making arrests.

X

Richard hustles Maria to the MG, waving his Press Card. The cops run by him.

He gets a glimpse of Ramon Alvarez and Carmen Sanchez being dragged protesting along with SEVERAL OTHERS. They are thrown into an army truck.

X

66 EXT. CAMINO REAL STREET - DAY

66

Boyle puts Maria into a taxi, gives the driver a big chunk of Cunningham's money.

BOYLE

To Libertad!

(to Maria)

I'll be back tonight!...

Tries to kiss her, but she can't, she's deeply upset. The cab zooms off.

67. INT. MAJOR MAX VILLA - ESCALON - DAY

67

GOMEZ, Max's Second, walks in with a suitcase which he throws open in front of MAJOR MAX. It's loaded with cash -- \$400,000. Gomez, a fat smart W.C. Fields type, with his .45 bulging out from under his shirt, is very happy. The deal is coming together.

67. Cont'd

67

GOMEZ (looking at his watch)
 ...our friends in Miami think you can be
 President. They send a little gift. \$400,000...
 in unmarked bills...

(Max laughs, in a good mood)
 ...the two Madison Avenue clowns are
 waiting and the Reagan people are coming
 at 12, then the Press Conference...

MAX

...send them in

68. EXT. MAJOR MAX COURTYARD - DAY

68.

Two yuppie Madison Avenue ADVERTISING EXECUTIVES, McMahon
 and Johnson (a man and a woman) in neat suits and aviator glasses
 the latest Gucci attache cases, are waiting to sell Max. A
 little disturbed, however, by the yelling and now screeching
 and begging coming from one of the rooms in the Villa...
 Followed by an ominous and absolute silence. The two Execs
 look at each other.

Gomez steps out, waves them in.

69. INT. MAX OFFICE - DAY

69.

They have their demographic graphs set up, a tape deck, sales
 tools, poster designs, etc. -- a professional presentation.
 Max playing with his .45, doing a roulette thing with the barrel.

McMAHON (man)

...you got to soften your image Major,
 you got to talk about positive things.
 The people want peace. In the TV campaign,
 you talk about gradual reform...

MAX (icy, reprimanded)

No. We don't want gradual reform. We
 want to wipe them out

JOHNSON (woman)

Well then I think you have to say that
 'we need military vigilance to ensure
 human rights'

Gomez does all the translating for Max, who has to stop and
 think about what that means.

McMahon rolls his eyes at Johnson. ("I think we're going to
 have a hard time selling this guy.")

MAX (via Gomez)

People expect the truth from me. When I say we must destroy the communists and the appeasers, that is what they want from me...This is why they loved Hitler, because he was a great speaker. He didn't talk a bunch of shit like that mushroom head Carter.

McMAHON

Yeah, maybe you're right Max, but Hitler lost...

JOHNSON

...and that Hitler stuff don't fly in the States...Look, you're handsome Max, you look good in clothes, you don't look like a uh killer, you wanna be President you gotta play to that image, you want to close the gender gap, you want to pull the woman vote.

GOMEZ

Listen to them, jefe

McMahon puts a tape in the deck. A new Arana jingle comes on.
(Or a videocassette). The jingle plays.

X

McMAHON

Listen to this Max

MAX & GOMEZ

That's pretty good

JOHNSON (selling him now)

Yeah, and with it we're gonna win baby!

McMAHON (preening now)

We know what we're doing Maxie. We're the best outfit in town. We sold Nixon, we had the Shah and Samoza up until last year, we still got Pinochet and he won his election. Something like 98% of the vote. And we also did a great job on "Save the Whales."

Gomez translating all this, fucking it all up in Spanish. Max, an intelligent man nonetheless, is looking at Gomez. Are these guys for real?

MAX

Whales, what are whales? These gringos think they're selling coca-cola here. They don't understand the issue here. They're soft.

X

X

X

(Gomez glossing over whales as some kind of political party, Max nods)
Samoza? You sure fucked that one up.

69. Cont'd

69.

GOMEZ

But they got Pinochet
(Max likes that, nods)

MAX

How much do they get if we lose?

GOMEZ (conspiratorial)

If we lose we don't pay them shit

McMAHON (picking up the vibes)

I'm sure we can put this is some kind
of contract form, can't we?

GOMEZ (to Max, trying to convince him)

Look, you can become President with these
jerks. They're smart Jews.

Max brings Gomez within whispering range, eyes on the execs,
back to Gomez..

MAX

You think -- if I was President -- I could
kill all of them legally?

GOMEZ

Yes of course...

Max amused by that power, nods. Gomez turning to the two suits.

GOMEZ

I think we can...how do you say, make
this "package fly"...

McMAHON (relieved)

...yeah I think so too, Gomez baby...
Thank you, Mister President!

On Max. Eyes on the future.

70. JINT. ARANA PRESS CONFERENCE - THAT DAY

70X

The Press is overflowing the room, cigarette smoke hanging heavy.
MAXIMILIANO CASANOVA, chainmoking, is answering their
questions, the party flag draped behind him. His wife, Yolanda,
and 2 children are alongside him, a friendly family.

X
X

MAX

...as you know I never agreed with the Bishop
he sometimes got carried away in politics,
he didn't understand...but in my book,
the Left killed him -- no question -- to
provoke this kind of atmosphere...no question...

Pauline Axelrod writing down his response to her question ("thank you"). Max looking around for the next question. A bunch of raised hands. His supporters all wearing Major Max tee-shirts, "Casanova Youth," etc. Boyle pushes his way up to the front, a two-man VIDEOTAPE CAMERA CREW, both Salvadorans, with him from CNN. Cassady is there also, shooting stills.

BOYLE

"Mister" Casanova -- it's widely rumored that you're the head of the Death Squads that are terrorizing the countryside and the city? Would you please comment?

Max looking at Boyle very cool. Murmurs all around the room. There is pushing and shoving and it looks like Boyle is going to get beat to shit.

CASSADY (whispering)

You're pressing your luck, Rich.

Max grinds out his cigarette in the ashtray as he responds, very calm on the outside. Gomez flicks his eyes at him.

MAX

I really resent that question, because when you accuse you've got to present proof. Why do you never ask the Communists this?
(pause)

There are no Death Squads in San Salvador. The outrage of the people against the Communist threat cannot be stopped or organized by anybody...

PAULINE

Sir, polls still show you trailing the Christian Democrats, do you really think you can get the Catholic and Woman's vote?

MAX

Yes.

71. EXT. MANO BLANCO PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

71.

The Conference is over. A table is stacked with weapons, which grim-faced PARTY REGULARS now return to their owners. Ashtrays, key chains, t-shirts, records, everything is for sale bearing Max's name. A sexy PLAYGIRL ringing up the sales.

Boyle and Cassady step out, get a filthy look from two heavy-set guys.

BOYLE

Here he comes...

As Gomez steps out of the Conference, Boyle moves, his camera crew following.

71. Cont'd

BOYLE

Mister Gomez? A question please...

Gomez muttering "Who is this piece of shit!" to his bodyguards. A Bodyguard, suited, tied, carrying an Ingram now makes the move on the camera. Sticking his hand in the lens. The other two BODYGUARDS moving on Boyle, grab him, they shove and push. A brawl develops. The camera falls off the Cameraman's shoulder.

Cassady tries to interfere. They push him off.

Gomez moves in on Boyle, jowl to jowl, sheer hatred in his eyes.

GOMEZ

You I'm going to get

BOYLE (taunting him)

Yeah, what are you going to do? Come on, come on fatso!

CASSADY

Try to be objective, will you Richard?

Two Madison Avenue EXECS come tearing out of there, before the commotion gets out of hand, pull Gomez over to the side. Quietly.

McMAHON

Hey Gomez baby, this isn't gonna fly, this isn't gonna look good. Think about our new image. You got 50 reporters here, okay...

GOMEZ (furious aside)

I don't give a shit about IMAGE. I want to cut his balls off!!!

Boyle, seeing the Madison Avenue execs, squirms free of the Bodyguard, ambles over, curious.

BOYLE

Hi, how are you...you from New York?

McMahon and Johnson quietly freak out, and vamos. Gomez mutters to his Guards, stalks off.

72. INT. PUPUSERIA - STREET

72.X

In a grungy pupseria right off the street where he likes to hang out, Peter Cunningham is furious at Boyle.

X
X

72. Cont'd

72.

CUNNINGHAM

Atlanta's really pissed off at you man.
They got some call from some Madison
Avenue outfit and State Department.
Why are you such a fucking disaster Boyle?
We sent you in there for a simple story
man, not to get into a fight with Major Max!
And you fucked up my camera. \$3500!

X

BOYLE (sheepish)

Peter, level with me -- does this mean
CNN doesn't want my services anymore?

CUNNINGHAM (throws up his hands)

I like you Richard but you're just too
"dinky dau". What can I do?...They got
the power.

73. INT. MG - ROADS - DAY

73.

Racing back to Libertad with CASSADY, BOYLE has the radio turned
on to some dinky music station playing sambas as he mutters
darkly, passing the Tic-tac bottle back and forth with Cassady.

BOYLE

...man I really screwed up with her,
I can't even go to Communion without
fucking it up. The one time in 30 years
I go to Church, they kill the Archbishop
on my, can you believe my luck?

CASSADY

...aw stop crying in your beer, the
shit's just starting. It was our war
up until today. Now the whole fucking
Press Corps is coming here.

(darkly)

I wish they'd close the fucking airport
on 'em.

A news bulletin breaks in, Boyle raising the volume.

NEWSCASTER

Six members of the Revolutionary Democratic
Front were found dead today in a ditch
outside the capital. There were signs of
mutilation and torture. Among the dead
were Kiki Alvarez and Juan Chacon...

BOYLE

Oh fuck! fuck! They got Juan and Kiki!
There's nobody left! That was the last
chance man! Now oh shit

73. Cont'd

73.

CASSADY (drinking the Tic-tac)
...night of the long knives, man, coming
down. I were you Boyle, I'd lay low...
They're not fucking around anymore.

74 . EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LIBERTAD - DAY

74.

Richard pulls the MG in as he sees ROCK drunk in the square
with three Tic-tac monsters, begging for handouts.

BOYLE
What the fuck are you doing!

ROCK
Boyle! They found Carlos man! He's all
fucked up!

Boyle's running.

75. INT. CITY HALL. - DAY

75.

Boyle, followed by Cassady, pushes his way in past the assembled,
silent crowd. On the Mayor's desk is the cleanly-severed head
of CARLOS. Several women in black saying litanies with rosary beads.

Boyle pushes his way over to MAYOR GONZALEZ, drinking out of
a Tic-tac bottle, upset, arguing with FATHER CHANDLER and
CATHY MOORE.

FATHER CHANDLER
He was my altar boy goddamit! And I
want him buried now!

MAYOR GONZALEZ (Spanish)
Father I can't. They say to leave him
here for three days. Father what can I do?

Boyle walks out, past the National Guardsmen in uniform,
indifferent.

76. INT. MARIA BEACH HOUSE - DAY

76. X

Boyle and Cassady come in, Maria cleaning out the last of Boyle's
things, the children and grandmother gone.

Cassady discreetly goes to the refrigerator, mixing a Tic-tac
screwdriver.

76. CONT'D

76.

Boyle goes to Maria. She ignores him, emptying the dresser. A photograph of her and Boyle in the hammock taken by Carlos. She tears it up. Then a bag of marijuana. She throws it in Boyle's face. leaves. X

He tries to block her, grabs her, tries to put his head on her shoulder. She recoils hard and fast, as if being touched by something evil.

BOYLE

He was acting stupid. Why are you blaming me? X

MARIA

Because you were here he changed! X

BOYLE

Maria, please don't leave me

MARIA (a cold, icy stare)

Don't touch me...I never want to see you again.

She goes. Boyle standing there -- looking miserable.

Cassady stirring out of the shadows. He can't help but find Richard funny -- even in his lowest moments.

CASSADY

You're a pathetic worm Boyle.
Have a drink (gives him a drink)

BOYLE

I love her man. She and the kids were the only decent things I had...without her
I don't really give a shit about living...

He chugs the whole drink down.

77. EXT. PANAMA CLUB - NIGHT

77.

Boyle, obviously drunk, scratches on his face, barefoot, takes a piss in the overweeded parking lot as Cassady crawls out of the MG, heading for the whorehouse, the HOOKERS out on the veranda in full strength, a juke box blaring, pigs rooting on the front door.

Boyle is really depressed as he pulls out his cyanide pill and fingers it, his bullshit barvado gone, a total desperation there until the pill drops through his fingers and lands in his puddle of urine. He picks it up, tries to wipe it off. Oh shit, he mutters.

78. INTERIOR PANAMA CLUB - NIGHT

78.

Arched sumptuous room now gone to seed, cubicles with cheap curtains, grilles on the windows bespeaking late 19th Century Spanish architecture, now lurid with red and green lighting, cheap posters, half-naked whores dancing with campeminos for a dime. Tic-tac monsters all over the place...

78 Cont'd

Doctor Rock is slow dancing to Pat Boone's "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation" with WILMA, his new girlfriend hooker, Cassady with another.

In the back cubicle, CATHY MOORE is conducting her clinic, giving penicillin shots to the hookers.

MAMA MONCHA is slapping pupusas together in her big fat hands giving Boyle a dirty look as he staggers in, asking for more credit.

BOYLE

Mama Moncha, mi amor, pocitito mas credito?

MAMA MONCHA

No. You're already 200 pesos into me, you asshole...You must be careful Boyle. Zihuanava has you in his evil grip.

BOYLE (laughs)

What does he do?

MAMA MONCHA (deadly serious)

...he scratches your face and takes your shoes.

He begs with his best little-boy look. Rock coming over, throwing his arms on Mama Moncha, trying to get another freebee, mispronouncing everything in his neo-fractured Spanish.

DOC ROCK

Mama Moncha, uno mas Tic-tac por favor, yo pago en dos meses. Promiso. Con interesso di 50%!

Even Boyle, drunk as he si, grimaces at his massacre of language, scolding Doc.

BOYLE

You said you'd pay her in two menstrual cycles, you moron!

Mama Moncha barks out a laugh, gives up, motions Wilma to give them both two more beers.

Cathy, finished with the shots, is now distributing bundles of Christmas packages to the hookers and their children. Yo-yos, powdered milk, cookies, toys, food cans, 45 records, comic books -- the center of attention.

Doc walking Rich back to a corner booth, trying to make him feel better about himself.

ROCK

Hey Rich I think this is god's way of telling us we gotta change our lives y'know -- you and me, look at us -- look at us, we're in deep shit -- mentally, morally, emotionally...every which way, we're a mess, we're disgusting!

BOYLE

Are we really?

A toothless fat whore rubbing up against Richard. "fuckee suckee you," Boyle extricating himself ("I'm afraid I don't know you miss").

Doc pulling out his last seven pills, codeine, darvon, perks, puts them on the table -- the ultimate gift.

DOC

Here Richie -- the last of my pills. We get rid of these and tomorrow we start a new life together. For you...and for me.

Dividing them, three for Boyle, four for Rock.

Doc gobbles down his four with the beer, Richie his three. Cathy Moore intersects on her way out.

CATHY (disapproving)

Well I can't say I approve but...here's a Merry Christmas to you...

Pulls the last item from her bag, a small pint of Paddy's Irish Whiskey. Boyle's eyes light up as if it were the greatest gift he'd ever seen.

78. CONT'D

BOYLE

Please Cathy, help me get Maria back.
Talk to Father Paul. She'll listen to him.

CATHY

Come on Richard, you 42 years old,
you're old enough to be her father.
Forget her.

X

BOYLE

Come on Cathy, I'm in love with her...
(Cathy laughs, drinks a beer)

X

ROCK

I love you too Richie

As he keeps the Tic-tac Monsters and whores at bay, having
now learned necessary vicious moves.

CATHY (doesn't know what to say)

Father Paul has to stick to the papal
orders. You were living in sin.

(Doc: "Richard loves to live in sin")

BOYLE

I'll marry her!

CATHY

Sure you will Richard, why don't you settle
down with somebody who...fits with you

BOYLE

I need to talk to you Cathy, about my whole
life, it's such a mess...

CATHY (touching him on the arm)

Rich, what are you doing here, you're not
making it as a journalist

BOYLE (brightly)

I'll make it again

(she looks skeptical)

I love it here, I can't go back. Look
I can ask you the same question my fair
coleen, what the fuck are you doing here

(she looks upset at the word)

...sorry. The white hand's been painted on
the parish house, your altar boy's dead,
even the goddamn peace corps has pulled out...

X

X

78. CONT'D

CATHY

I don't know, I guess I love it here too...
(a smile between them)
...say that's a beautiful clonard ring, Rich
(touching it on his finger)

BOYLE

You like that? It comes from Ireland --
all the way back to my great grandfather...
Have dinner with me?
(his head dropping on her shoulder,
"in love" again)

CATHY (looks at her watch)

Can't...

(Doc: "I can")

BOYLE

Tomorrow night?

CATHY

Going to the airport. Two of the sisters
are coming back from Nicaragua.

BOYLE

Sometime?

CATHY

Sometime Richard, yes...but on one
condition. No more tic-tac Richard...
you hear me?

BOYLE

Cathy, you be careful on the road
to the airport all right?...

CATHY

Well I have to run...

Her radiant smile, she pats his hand like she was handling a gentle tic-tac monster. Behind her the entire focus of the room has shifted. Boyle notices.

SMILING DEATH, in a Lieutenant's hat, Mano Blanco Party shirt, black leather gloves, new pair of boots, sun glasses and his pistol in a purse, stands in the doorway. The campecinos drinking and talking more quietly, the little kids showing fear.

Two of his **BOYS** follow Smiling Death to the bar where they survey the scene, buy vodkas. The Hookers scurrying quietly.

BOYLE (sufficiently cognizant)

I'll walk you to your car

They cross the room, Smiling Death running his eyes up and down her body. **RHINOCEROS** is standing in the door way a t-shirt marked "Grab em by the Balls and their Hearts and Minds'll follow," leers at Cathy, as if he'd like to rape every orifice in her body.

79. EXT. PARKING LOT - PANAMA CLUB - NIGHT

79.

Cathy gets in her car, Richard closing the door. "God be with you Rich"... "God be with you Cathy"... "See you in Ireland next year"... "You got it Cathy, Abbie Street, Easter Sunday"...

She drives off. Boyle heads back to the Panama Club, but his way is blocked by Smiling Death and his Boys.

SMILING DEATH

Anglo...wanna go to the beach with us?

BOYLE (takes a deep breath)

Look, yo no Anglo, yo Irlandes, comprende!.

Smiling Death's boys surround Boyle, who whips out his nace and switchblade, still drunk and glazed. A red Cherokee drives up out of nowhere.

SMILING DEATH

Come to the beach yes?

BOYLE

If you think I'm going to the beach with you guys, you're crazy...Okay asshole, tell your wimp buddies that besides an Irishman I'm also a viking and I'd love to take as many of these creeps to Valhalla as I can

One of the boys pulls back the clip on his uzi and aims it right at Boyle's head -- about to fire.

SMILING

Alto! Yo quiero es puta viva. Intiendo! Viva...

(to Boyle in English)

Come on Boyle it's no fun shooting you. Come with us...

BOYLE

You ain't taking me alive motherfucker. Come on. Come on...

Doing his switchblade dance but the liquor has taken a toll and he backs right into an UZI, which slams across his head. He goes down hard.

A Second Guy tries to grab him before he recovers, but Richard slashes his cheek with his blade and the guy recoils. Rhinoceros takes aim but Smiling Death waves him off, and kicks Boyle right in the gut -- but not before Boyle squeezes off his mace in Smiling Death's face.

Smiling Death reels in pain. Boyle crouches in agony. A Fourth Guy cracks him in the mouth with his shotgun. Rhinoceros slams his Uzi into Boyle's side and he goes down now, and almost out but blindly slashes out with his blade, cutting into Rhinoceros' knee.

Boyle struggles to his feet fighting with all his spirit to at least take one of them with him.

Smiling Death looks at his two bleeding men, totally enraged, grabbing up his .45.

SMILING DEATH

Okay Boyle, you wanna have fun!
(raises the pistol, takes aim)
First your arms, then your kneecaps, then your balls! Does that sound like a fun game!

79. cont'd

MAMA MONCHA

79.

ALTO!

She comes running out, 220 pounds of her, with Doctor Rock and Cassidy trailing, drunk, Cassidy yelling HEY! HEY KNOCK IT OFF!! The HOOKERS follow.

SMILING DEATH (Spanish, to Mama Moncha)
Stay out of this if you know what's good for you!

MAMA MONCHA (holding her butcher knife)
I don't care what you do, just don't do it here. I have friends in town can back me up!

This gives Smiling Death pause.

As Doctor Rock takes his beer bottle and tries to smash it against the side of a tree like he saw in a Western. It doesn't break.

DOC ROCK
Okay cocksuckers, how you like these odds!

He tries again -- without success. He looks frustrated.

Smiling Death's boys break into sneers and Boyle takes the moment to scoot over closer to Mama Moncha.

Everybody is now looking at everybody. A stalemate.

SMILING DEATH (finally)
Vamos. Mas tarde.
(to Boyle)
We're not finished with you yet.

As they head for their Cherokee, Rock joins them, tic-tacked out.

ROCK
Hey I'll go for a ride with you. You got some good dope?

SMILING DEATH (to his men)
Ignore him. He's crazy...it's no fun killing crazy people

CASSADY (grabbing him)
Get the fuck over here! You dumb fuck!

The Cherokee takes off. Boyle suddenly slumps to the ground, injured and bleeding from his mouth, Wilma putting a compress on. From inside the club, the party goes on, Pat Boone crooning into the sultry night.

80 thru 82 Omitted

80 thru 8

83. EXT. SAN SALVADOR AIRPORT - NIGHT

83.

CATHY MOORE helps SISTERS MEGHAN BURKIT, CHARLOTTE WAGNER
and DOROTHY KAZEL with their belongings into the curbside van. X

Police patrol by them, watching. The van pulls out.

84. INT. NUNS' VAN - ROAD - NIGHT

84.

The Nuns are chatting about Nicaragua as Cathy looks up in
the rear view mirror. Sees the headlights of the trailing
Cherokee. She accelerates.

The lights stay right behind her. In fact get closer. Cathy
mutters something under her breath. But still thinks it's
only a form of harrassment. "Get your passports ready sisters..."

The Cherokee makes a sudden move, forcing their Van off the
road into a ditch.

Five NATIONAL GUARDSMEN in civilian clothes step over to the van and the shaken nuns. They're drinking tic-tac, muttering obscenities in Spanish among themselves, "oh buenas chicas...juela cula"(good ass...me gusta la cula) -- the leader looks like a frog.

FROG

Good evening lady, how you doing?

Cathy standing right up there to him.

CATHY

What do you want? We've done nothing. These are two sisters of the Maryknoll... I am a good friend of the American Ambassador White...you are going to be in a lot of trouble. Now get out of here.

She walks steadfastly for the van. But the Frog, laughing at her speech, grabs her by the arm, whirls her around with incredible violence -- and smiles into her face, rotten gold teeth, tic-tac fumes.

FROG

Get in the van, Sister. We go up the road. The fiesta is just beginning...

DISSOLVING TO:

A deserted brush and arroyo. The headlights of the van snap on. Cathy and the two Nuns are revealed. The Mano Blanco Song is playing loud on the radio. The Frog and his second, the SCORPION, really getting up for the rape now, finishing the tic-tac bottle.

FROG

Let's see a little striptease. Take your clothes off.

Three drunk Guardsmen are stripping their possessions in the van -- throwing passports into the ditch, taking the money. The Scorpion is lifting Cathy's skirts, giggling. She's trying to keep her skirt down. Gives her his Tic-tac bottle. She takes it now, drinks, tries to cooperate. The Scorpion laughs. The Frog comes over now, really up for it on Tic-tac.

FROG

The clothes! Off!! Rapido!

Two more of them come over. Then the Fifth.

CATHY (to the nuns)

Go along with it. It's our only chance.

She makes the first few tentative moves of undressing. Two of the others follow, but the third, in her sixties, balks.

SISTER (in Spanish)

What's the matter, don't you men have wives of your own?

This provokes a gale of coarse laughter. The men talking graphically as Cathy's body unfolds... "boco... tndn..." and more sarcastically about some of the older bodies, "oh, que horror!... que miedo etc"

JUMP CUT TO:

The Scorpion ripping the clothes off the recalcitrant older Nun...and throwing her in the ditch, staggering down to mount her.

Cathy is being fucked by two of the animals inside the van, which is rocking back and forth, the patriotic party SONGS still playing off the tape deck...She has a look of resignation, yet tolerant, hopeful.

DISSOLVE TO:

Two hours later. The men are getting dressed, tired, hung over, sick and pissed off. . . .

The Nuns are crying, gathering together their clothes.

Frog picks up his high-powered rifle, calls to his men.

FROG

Vamos!

He casually turns the rifle on Cathy lying on her knees, trying to put her bra on. She looks up, understands. She looks right into the barrel, crosses herself...and starts to pray as we cut to:

Long Shot of the Arroyo. And the shot is fired and she is dead. And the other shots follow in quick succession. As the nuns give up their souls.

87. EXT. NUNS BURIAL SITE - BRUSH - ANOTHER DAY (day 12 - 2 days later)

87.

AMBASSADOR KELLY, his SECURITY GUARDS, EMBASSY STAFF look on, stony-faced as CAMPECINOS dig out the shallow grave where the four women have been tossed. Kelly is very shaken. Cathy Moore was like a daughter to him. The stench is terrible, rotting flesh, flies, her face is blown away.

X
X

The Press is all over the place. Cassady moving like a cat with his camera. Pauline Axelrod doing a stand-up for the mike. The Dutch crew etc.

Boyle is the only Press Corps member not taking pictures. He is too shaken. His face today looks like a bad dirt road...A young peasant girl brings flowers and places them on the shallow grave...a sizable campecino population is there, reflecting Cathy's popularity.

FATHER CHANDLER and some Nuns are there, saying Mass with a prayer shawl...

Kelly walks away -- past Boyle who has tears running down his face. He notices it, puts his arm around Richard, comforting him.

KELLY

Stop it Richard...if you do that we'll all do that

Boyle blinks at him. Rock is standing there with WILMA in mourning, she's crying. He can't smoke cigarette anymore, crushes it under foot. Kelly going over to the delegation from the town, led by MAYOR GONZALEZ, the weak little mouse of a mayor, partially drunk on Tic-tac, wide guilty eyes. Kelly's PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, CAROL SNODGRASS, is talking quietly to Kelly.

X
X
X

CAROL

...the rumor is five Guards did it for 15 colones and a bottle of Tic-tac each and they got this clown to sign the death certificate.

Kelly coldly eyeing the Mayor. His Security keeping the Press at bay.

KELLY

Will he talk?

CAROL

Not if we can't keep him alive?

KELLY
What are the chances of that?

CAROL
Slim and none...and he knows it

KELLY
...well tell him he's got no business signing death certificates without an autopsy. I want one today...I want to know if these bullets were government or rebel.

(Carol translating in expert Spanish)

ROCK comes over. "Want a cigarette? Want a valium? No. Want me to leave you alone?"

X
X

Pauline intersects Boyle who shakes himself out of his state.

PAULINE
Boyle, you look like you drank too much and ran into a door?

BOYLE
Yeah, I ran into four or five of them.

PAULINE
What do you think...Rumor is they might've run the roadblock and there was an exchange of gunfire...

X
X
X

He looks at her venomously, but says nothing. She's too awful to waste words on. He walks away. She shakes her head. What a jerk.

Kelly is furious at the Mayor who squeaks out an answer to Carol.

CAROL
...he says the doctors refuse to do the autopsy.

KELLY (addressing Gonzalez directly)
Why not?

GONZALEZ (Spanish, terrified)
...because the doctors say they don't have their surgical masks...

KELLY (incredulous)
...they what? they don't have their surgical masks?

X

87. CONT'D

Furious, he walks away over to a tiny knot of U.S. Embassy people, including Colonel Hyde, Priscilla Allworthy, an older State Department woman, and others.

KELLY

Fuck it, I give up! I'm going to recommend to Washington we cut off all aid -- military and economic as of now.

Hyde and Allworthy are stunned, look at each other.

ALLWORTHY

Sir, the situation's just not that clear, I mean the nuns were not just nuns. They were political activists.

HYDE

Sir, as I see it, they were coming in from Managua, they were Communist-oriented -- maybe they got spooked at the roadblock, maybe they were packing. It just got out of control. You got a bunch of low-level barbarians here. A little drunk, Cathy was pretty. They didn't need any orders from above.

KELLY (livid now)

Pistol packing nuns my ass! I knew Cathy Moore and there's no way in hell you're going to sell me that shit Colonel.

HYDE

Sir, General Garcia has personally assured me of a complete investigation of the matter.

KELLY

Sure, have the fox investigate the chicken coop. You think I'm pretty stupid don't you Colonel. Let me tell you something. I know about you and Reagan's transition team coming down here last month without checking with me to meet with Major Max, and it's going into my report. Cause whatever they did they gave the Arana people the clear signal that resulted in this... and the price will be on your head and Mister Reagan's...

(pointing to another body being dragged up)

87. CONT'D

87.

Hyde flustered and surprised by Kelly's knowledge of this.

ALLWORTHY

Sir, I think that's a little farfetched
in view of the...

KELLY

No it isn't! It's totally irresponsible
that's what it is. You may think me a
fool but America as I see it is dedicated
to some kind of ideals, we do believe in
something and these murdering bastards
are not what we are about. And I'm not
supporting them. Not one damn day longer!

He walks away.

87. CONT'D

87.

Kelly's MILITARY ATTACHE comes running up from the Ambassador's car.

MILITARY ATTACHE

Sir all hell's breaking loose at Alvarez's funeral. The G's've taken over the Church and about 8 blocks of downtown San Salvador!

X

Kelly and Carol split for their car...

The PRESS CORPS, overhearing, scrambles for their gear. The news has shifted.

As they run like moths for their new source, we dwell a moment on the MOURNERS who don't run.

Boyle among them. One last look at Cathy's dirt-caked face. As he makes the Sign of the Cross, takes off his Irish clonard ring, and puts it on her finger.

X

88. OMITTED

88.

89. EXT. VOLCANO ROAD - DAY (3 Days Later) Day 13

89.

BOYLE, studying a map, looks at his watch. He's sweating, as are CASSADY and the DUTCH CREW when a boy, about 12, suddenly appears on a white horse.

CUT TO:

90. EXT. GUERRILLA CAMP - BASE OF THE VOLCANO - DAY

90.

The camp is in the form of a village, the old church converted to a military hospital, the schoolhouse now a Headquarters. The villagers are going about the daily business of fixing dinner, shucking corn, except they are all packing weaponry. Children are evident everywhere.

Boyle photographing a TROOP OF GUERRILLAS -- men and women -- going through a drill in the field.

X

The Dutch Crew filming, Oltmans obviously at home with the rebels, speaking with the SECURITY CHIEF.

X

X

OLTMANS (Spanish)

...we want to spend a week with you, do a real in-depth and sympathetic portrait of you are heroes of the revolution...

The Security Chief is a tough 24 year-old who's seen it before, nods with a hard smile.

90. Cont'd

76A

SECURITY CHIEF

Heroes shit, that's for the movies...

90.

CASSADY is photographing individual GUERRILLAS posing with their weapons. They look like cowboys out of the Old West.

91. INT. GUERRILLA H.Q.

91.

CAPTAIN MARTI, bearded, lean, tough, Cuba-trained -- is giving the journalists a briefing with a map on a pedestal, explaining the military situation from their point of view. The battle flag is proudly posted -- 1st Commando Company, 3rd Battalion, Acre Brigade. Several hardened PLATOON LEADERS look on.

MARTI (pointing to the map)
 ...for the first time our four armies are united. We now control the infrastructure of Morazon and Chatalengo provinces... We're calling on all Government troops to join our Final Offensive and the people to rise up. We will take all the major cities, Santa Ana, San Miguel, San Vicente... Then San Salvador will fall within 24 hours.

CASSADY
 ...when Captain?

MARTI (cryptic smile)
 ...before Reagan...

BOYLE
 You really think you're ready Captain? With 4,000 troops take El Salvador? I mean the odds are the Pentagon's not gonna let that happen.

MARTI
 ...the will of the people or the march of history cannot be changed. Even by the Norteamericanos.

92. EXT. MAIN SQUARE - NIGHT

92.

The guerrillas are holding a makeshift dance in honor of Christmas, symbolized by a tree and hangings. The radio plays some American rock tune and they jitterbug, pistols on their belts.

Van Slyk and the Dutch guys are filming. Cassady shoots stills all the way through, never seems to relax.

A GIRL studies a book by candlelight, making notes.

A COUPLE is kissing in front of an open fire.

Boyle interviews GABRIELLA, a young woman fighter, 15, with a shrapnel wound. Rafael, the friend of Carlos who escaped with Boyle's help, is cleaning her wound. Although she looks like a doe, she has a steely edge to her eyes and her words are hard. Her face warmed by the fire -- the radio in the distance. Boyle is doing an audio interview.

GABRIELLA (Spanish)
 ...it was nothing. We killed six of them for one of us...

BOYLE

...can you tell me why you're here?

GABRIELLA (proud, defiant)

Why. My family was murdered. I was raped.
That's why...and you gringo? do you
understand -- have you seen death?

BOYLE

Much yes. But only once have I see his
face. Close.

GABRIELLA

Where?

BOYLE

In Vietnam. A long time ago.

GABRIELLA

What did he look like?

BOYLE

Dark, frightening...real.

GABRIELLA (nods)

I saw Death too, that night...They took us
out of the village, made us stand in the
square. First they hacked to death my
fathers and my brothers with a machete.
Then they made the women take off their
clothes. Then they raped and killed my
mother...she was pregnant. They cut her
open. Then they raped my baby sister,
made her do terrible things. Then they
raped me. They threw the babies in the
air and caught them with bayonets.
Then they shot me...

She pulls back her hair. There's a scar along her hairline.
Richard reaches out to touch it gently.

BOYLE

I'm sorry...I'm sorry for your country.

GABRIELLA

Yes I saw him too. I have seen the face
of Death.

Rafael glances at Richard. The anger that fuels the revolution.

93. EXT. CAMP - NEXT MORNING

Boyle and Cassady are packed and getting on horseback to leave with a Campechino Girl. Oltmans and his Dutch crew shake their hands, Oltmans giving Boyle about a grand in cash.

OLTMANS

I thought it was 2 days Boyle

BOYLE

Bullshit. 450 a day -- guaranteed 3 days, come on man, I organized the parade now don't fuck me.

Oltmans gives him the money which he hungrily pockets.

OLTMANS

Sure you don't want to stay?

BOYLE

Nah I got all the photos I need. I gotta get back...don't get yourself caught okay, it won't be fun

OLTMANS (laughs)

Don't worry I've been doing this long enough...and thanks Boyle. Good luck.

94. EXT. CATHEDRAL - SAN SALVADOR - DAY

Close on a Photograph of the dead face of RAMON ALVAREZ, as we pull back to Boyle doing an audio interview with CARMEN SANCHEZ. The crowd around her is jostling, angry. A demonstration in progress.

CARMEN SANCHEZ (into mike)

...when we found his body, his fist was still clenched. They tortured him. Burned him. Poured acid on him! Cut off his balls and stuffed them in his mouth! Now I don't know what is going to happen. We cannot control this anger...the United States must understand before it is too late that the people and not the Government are the ones with the power... you must negotiate with us, not kill us like animals!...

Boyle trying to exit with Pauline Axelrod out of the crowd. She's hit in the face. Boyle shouting, "Con permiso, Periodista Irlandesa!! Irlandesa!!"

95. INT. CAMINO REAL BAR - NIGHT

95.

Boyle is huddling with Morgan and Hyde, the bar quiet tonight, a few military, no press. Morgan and Hyde are examining Boyle's photographs of the rebel weapons. Boyle's in a lousy mood, drinking too much, not liking what he's doing. Hyde buying another round.

HYDE

This doesn't show much. You know I really stuck my neck out for you, Boyle, you're not too popular around here.

X
X
X
X
X

(looks again at the photos)

Where were these taken?

BOYLE

I can't tell you that Colonel, but you can see it's mostly old stuff -- shotguns, bolt action rifles, captured Belgian FLNs, some 50 cal's and 120 mike-mikes they ripped off government troops.

X

HYDE

Any anti-aircraft stuff? Any SAMs?

BOYLE

Nothing...now what about a cedula for my woman and her kids?

HYDE (shuffling the photos)

There's not much here Boyle or you're not telling us everything...

Boyle looks at him wearily.

MORGAN

What about recoilless rifles, RPGs?

BOYLE

Some. But not much ammo for the RPG's. Look they're in shit shape. They're getting nothing. The only modern stuff I saw was some of these...

(points to a glossy)

MORGAN

What's that? That new Czech 9 millimeter?

HYDE

Nah it's an Ingram

BOYLE

Favorite assassination weapon of our NATO allies, the Brits -- and you can buy it in Miami. I guess that blows your Warsaw Pact resupply theory Jack

MORGAN

Shit they could've got that stuff from Arafat

BOYLE

Yeah sure Jack -- when are you gonna believe what you see with your eyes, man and not what military intelligence tells you to think.

X
X

HYDE (eyes him, slams his finger on the table to make each point)

Listen Boyle, we got AWACs, infrared, statements from a defecting FARN Commandant and enough military intell to prove ten thousand percent that this ain't no civil war but outright commie aggression...

X
X
X
X
X
X

BOYLE

Oh come on, you guys been lying about that from the fucking beginning, you never presented one shred of proof to the American public that this is anything other than a legitimate peasant revolution so don't start telling me about the sanctity of military intelligence. Not after Chile and Vietnam.

X
.
.
.
X
X

HYDE

You don't know what you're talking about Boyle and I resent your...

BOYLE

Then resent it. You've been lying about the number of advisers here, you've been getting "trainers" here on TDY (Hyde: "Bullshit!") and you've lied about the switching of so-called humanitarian assistance money into the Salvadoran military coffers -- and you've lied by saying this war can be won militarily. ("Of course it can!")

MORGAN

Calm down, Boyle, I'm sorry Bentley.

HYDE

I'm not gonna listen to this wino journalist's left-wing commie crap, Jack, we know where this guy's sympathies lie and I don't see why we're even talking to him...

BOYLE (his Irish up now)
 Left wing maybe Colonel Hyde, but I ain't
 a commie, you guys never seem to see the
 difference...You trained Major Max
 at the Police Academy in Washington,
 you trained Rene Chacon and Jose Medrano
 in Vietnam, taught them how to torture
 and kill, then sent them here and what
 did Chacon give us -- the Mano Blanco.
 What are Death Squads but the CIA's
 brainchild...but you'll run with them
 because they're anti-Moscow ("Bullshit!"),
 you'll let them close the universities,
 wipe out the Catholic Church, kill whoever
 they want, wipe out the best minds in
 the country ("Bullshit!") but as long as
 they're not commies that's okay. That,
 Colonel, is bullshit! You've created
 a major frankenstein that's what.

95.
X

X

MORGAN (cool)
 We can control him

BOYLE
 Oh yeah, just like you control the Major
 Maxes in Guatemala and Chile and Argentina...

MORGAN
 You think Pol Pot and Castro are any better?

BOYLE
 I don't know man but to some campesino out
 there who can't read or feed his family
 and has to watch his kid die from
 malnutrition...well that guy doesn't really
 give a shit about Marxism or Capitalism

HYDE
 Yeah well it was that kind of crap thinking
 that lost us Vietnam, this "guilt" shit...
 Look at that place now...

BOYLE
 So that's why you guys are here, looking
 for some kind of post-Vietnam experience
 like you need a re-run or something. You
 got to turn this place into a military
 zone, pour in another 120 million dollars
 so they can get more chopper parades in

(CONTINUED)

95. CONT'D

95.

BOYLE (Cont'd)

the sky...all you're doing is bringing
misery to these people.

(turns to Morgan)

For chrissakes Jack, you gotta take care
of the people first. In the name of
human decency, something we Americans
are supposed to believe in, you at least
gotta try to have something of a just
society here.

He stops, hearing himself, knows they are only words, his string run out. He chugs his drink.

MORGAN

It's part of our national plan, Rich, we do a lot of good here...I'm often asked by people like you to examine my conscience and every so often I do examine it...

BOYLE

And what do you find Jack?

MORGAN

Whatever mistakes we make here, the alternative would be ten times worse.

BOYLE (shrugs, defeated)

Yeah...

He leaves. Hyde also gets up as if to go to the men's room. When Boyle is out of earshot of Morgan, Hyde calls to him.

HYDE

Boyle...

(Boyle waits)

...there's something you should know. My Salvo counterparts are mighty pissed about some "muy malo periodistas" going out with the "terrorists". They figure they can catch one of these guys, they're gonna make a lesson out of him...

BOYLE

Look, I'll get out of your hair, just get me a cedula for my woman and her two kids all right and I'm gone

HYDE

Getting a cedula for your whore girlfriend's the least of your problems, Boyle. I personally don't give a shit if they kill you or not, I happen to hate the species you belong to, I'm just telling you: they're serious...and if I were you I'd get my rubber shoes on. And get to the airport.

BOYLE

You know you fit right in here Hyde. You sound just like another gangster.

He goes.

96. INT. CAMINO REAL HOTEL LOBBY - DAY (3 days later - Day 16)

96

The lobby is now a scene of rioling chaos as the World Press has descended on El Salvador, vultures to the nuns. Also in the lobby is the unmistakable presence of American uniforms and guys with crew cuts, either spooks or military or USAID guys running around. The country is getting militarized.

Boyle, wearing a tee-shirt that reads "Periodista. Don't Shoot Me," coffee cup in hand, is on the telephone waiting for his call to go through long-distance. At the same time he's changing black-market money with ERNIE the Bellhop. The rate's jumping up.

CUNNINGHAM

...fucking zoo in here, every damn bleeding heart in the world's here doing nun stories, they got Dan Rather up on the roof doing an "in-depth".

BOYLE

Hey change your money, never get a better rate, Ernie thinks the G's are gonna split the country any day.

As Ernie counts out the colones for Boyle, takes his dollars. They are interrupted by a yuppie college-type, FISHER, holding a telephone book, flashing his Press Card at Ernie.

FISHER

Hi! Hustler Magazine. I can't seem to find the telephone number of the guerrilla headquarters here. I want to give them an exclusive interview, maybe you can...

96. CONT'D

Cunningham turning away, disgusted, as Ernie looks at him, wondering how stupid a human being can be. Boyle's phone suddenly comes through, taking the mouthpiece off to the side, out of earshot.

OPERATOR

Mister Boyle...NBC Radio on the line,
go ahead

VOICE (comes on, sharp)

What do you got?

BOYLE

Four Dutch journalists were found dead this morning outside Chatelanango. The government says they were caught in an ambush but the powder burns were at close range. Also got a break in the nun's story. The Mayor of Libertad's been murdered.

VOICE (cynical)

Not good enough. Today you'd need the second coming of Christ.

BOYLE

What happened.

VOICE

John Lennon just got popped.

Fisher is on the phone yelling.

FISHER

That's right amigo, get me the number of the Frente Democratico Revolutionario... I don't have all day.

CUT TO:

Boyle's in the bar area of the lobby having a beer with Rock who's gone more and more 'native'.

ROCK

Boyle, let's assess the situation, the hard cold facts of life. You got no money, no job, no hope, no possibility of redemption -- and you look like shit. But you got one thing going for you. Maria still cares about you, I don't know why but she does -- you oughta go back to that woman on your knees...

X
|
X

Later Doc BOYLE (doesn't want to talk about it)

 ROCK (proud)
Hey here's Wilma!

As she makes her way towards them with a shaggy mutt on a leash. A cute fat little chick, 16, no teeth, but a warm smile. X

 ROCK
Wilma, you know "Boy-lah"
 (the they shake hands)
and look at this Rich -- Bagel 2...isn't he cute?

Waxing sentimental as he hugs the dog.

 BOYLE
Great Doc...

Rock is busy with Wilma and the dog as another voice cuts in on Boyle's other end.

 VOICE
Hey amigo...can I buy you another one? X

Boyle looks. A lean, tall SOUTHWESTERN GUY in short sleeves seems a little drunk. A face like leather, sparse hair. A chopper pilot maybe in civvies. Boyle nods.

 SPOOK
A Chivas for me...Where you from amigo?

 BOYLE
Here and there

 SPOOK
You one of them journalists running all over the goddamn place...

 BOYLE
Nah...Parrots. I'm doing a wildlife documentary in Honduras. Jean Jacques Cousteau stuff.

 SPOOK
So what are you doing in El Salvador?

 BOYLE
Oh I got a bum steer. Not much wildlife left.

SPOOK

...must be interesting work. Me I'm just a boring old construction engineer.

BOYLE

Oh really...

A bespectacled Unitarian MISSIONARY interrupts.

UNITARIAN

Mr. Boyle, I'm Reverend Abrams from the First Church of Boston and we would like you as a journalist to join our candle-light vigil for peace and justice tonight outside Mister Casanova's headquarters?

Boyle looks at him like he has a few screws loose, "No, thanks, I'm sorry..." the Spook overhearing he is a journalist.

UNITARIAN

...you see we feel if we can show the media that we will not tolerate the abuses by the Mano Blanco Party that...

He's interrupted by a disturbance -- Fisher from "Hustler" protesting as he is hustled out of the lobby by THREE PLAIN-CLOTHESMEN with dark glasses.

Boyle turns his back on him. The tall Spook leaning close to Boyle, holding his elbow in a friendly yet menacing manner, a smile on his face, maybe a little less drunk now.

SPOOK

...you know Boyle, mi amigo, you seem like a nice fella even if you are a journalist. Let me give you a little friendly advice out there in the bush...
(not too friendly now)

BOYLE

Sure

SPOOK

Be careful... (he goes)

Cassady comes hurrying across the lobby in full gear, pulls Richard aside.

CASSADY

Boyle, the offensive's just started. G's hit Santa Ana and San Vicente an hour ago. Some Government troops went over to them Let's get going!

X
X

96. CONT'D

BOYLE (hesitant)
John, I gotta make a quick stop in Libertad.

CASSADY (amazed)
Libertad? We'll lose 2 hours, I got film

BOYLE
Then go without me man

Cassady reads his eyes, relents.

CASSADY
All right, let's go

BOYLE
Doc catch you later...

Before Doc can ask, they're gone, racing through the lobby.

97. EXT/INT. MARIA'S SHACK - DAY

Boyle, wheels screeching on his MG, kicking up a cloud of dirt, brakes in front of Maria's. He's out of the car like a bat, running.

Duglas and Reina are playing in the dirt, see him. Jump up, run to him. Shouts of "Papa!"...He picks the girl up and swings her in the air, giggling.

As we see the back of Maria's head watching through a window from inside the shack. He knocks on the door.

She opens it. He has a look on his face that she has never seen before, as if this is a matter of life and death and could be the last time...as if he needs her more than anything in his life...

He suddenly holds her, a frantic hold as if she would fly away if he let her go.

The wrinkled old GRANDMA looking on from the kitchen, slapping paupusas together.

BOYLE
Maria...I'm

She puts her hand on his lips.

CUT TO:

98. A back room in the shed, light filtering through the cracks,
they make love. 98

There is a moment of stillness as they hold each other.
Nothing to be said. Then he moves. She knows.

Vamos

BOYLE

Si...

MARIA (sadly)

There are tears in her eyes...

99. EXT. ROAD TO SANTA ANA - DAY

Cars are lined up on the road. People running under them. 99.

Pigs are squealing in the back of a truck.

BOYLE racing his MG towards the roadblock, CASSADY with telephoto
lens hanging out the side, ready for anything.

ARMED MEN, rifles ready, flag down Boyle's car. Cassady holding
up a white flag as they brake. It's apparent now the rebels
are in control of the road. Distant artillery is crashing
all over the place. Small arms fire.

CASSADY
Periodistas. No armas.

REBEL
Si. Alto aqui.

Boyle and Cassady jumping out of the car.

CASSADY (Spanish)
Can we get pictures

REBEL (Spanish)
It's your funeral.

100. EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

Boyle and Cassady move up through the streets to the Police HQ
on the central square. Inside are several trapped NATIONAL
GUARDSMEN, firing. A badly wounded man crawls into the Bunker.
Another one is cut down as he tries to get in. 100.

100. CONT'D

100

The rebels are in various pockets of landscape, not easily visible.

CASSADY

We're not getting anything good here.
Wanna try to get inside?

X

Boyle nods. Cassady sticks up his white flag. They go.

Racing across the street, we think they will be cut down any moment, but no one fires.

X

101. INT. POLICE HQ

101

Boyle and Cassady leap inside, out of breath. ELEVEN GUARDSMEN are left inside, two badly wounded, crying out without morphine, near death. They look fearfully at these two strange gringos.

CASSADY

Periodistas!

LIEUTENANT (young, terrified)

Que pais?

BOYLE

Norte Americanos

They look at him as if there were suddenly hope of salvation. Cassady whips out his Marlboros, passes them around.

LOUDSPEAKER (Spanish)

Brothers of the National Guard. You have five minutes, if you don't surrender, you'll die --

The Guardsmen choke up in terror, knowing death is near.

102. EXT. SANTA ANA STREETS - DAY

102X

COLONEL FIGUEROA is in his lead tank, infantry behind and to the side of him, binoculars to his eyes. The rebels are pinning him down with heavy fire from various concealed positions.

RADIO MAN

Colonel, the guerrilla force has penetrated the cuartel!

FIGUEROA

Shit! Get me the estadio major fast

102. CONT'D

10

As CAPTAIN MARTI scans Figueroa's position from an adjacent BELLTOWER, says something in his radio.

RPG'S, mortar fire open up with renewed intensity on Figueroa. His tank is hit, and shrapnel blows Figueroa down into his tank, wounded.

His lead armored personnel carrier goes up in flames, blocking off his street.

103. INT. POLICE HQ

103

A new volley of heavy fire and a MORTAR SHELL rips a great hole in the roof above them, indicating the attack has begun. A GUARDSMAN is hit in the head. Cassady right there with the shot, Boyle not as dedicated a photographer, looking around as he hears horses, war cries.

INTERCUT:

104. EXT. POLICE HQ

104

The REBEL CAVALRY is charging down the central square, Boyle amazed.

BOYLE
CASSADY - LOOK, CAVALRY!

Cassady exposing himself to get the shots of the oncoming rebels. The Guardsmen cowering behind the concrete, unable to fire such is the density of the incoming. Boyle finally has to grab Cassady and pull him out of the fire zone.

BOYLE
You crazy fucking fool you're not that magic.

CASSADY (crazed)
Today I am Boyle!

The CAVALRY charges right up on top of the stairs, unloading their fire. Others dismounting and racing into the HQ, yelling "HANDS UP!" in Spanish.

105. INTERIOR - SANTA ANA CUARTEL

105.

Mortar and machine gun fire. TROOPS retreating.

106. INTERIOR - FIGUEROA OFFICE

SMILING DEATH is on the radio with STAFF, barking out instructions, running to the map.

RADIO MAN
The line is dead sir!

SMILING DEATH
Dead! What the hell's happening!
Where are the Americans?

Suddenly there's a burst of fire from just outside the door and it's kicked in and several of his TROOPS burst into the office, levelling their guns at him -- followed by the REBELS. X
X

The staff throw up their hands, as the REBELS move into the room with red armbands, several of them women, one of whom recognizes Smiling Death, yells something about "let's kill the death squad pig" pointing at Smiling Death. X
X

A hardened YOUNG KID, about 15, steps forwards, levels his Uzi at his belly, looking in Smiling Death's eyes. The smile is gone, an intense martyrdom in them now.

SMILING DEATH
You can kill me but you can never destroy
El Salvador -- you commie puta, swine,
traitor...

The kid emotionlessly cuts him in half at close quarters.

107. INT. U.S. EMBASSY - MILGROUP BRIEFING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

107.

THE HALLS ARE CROWDED WITH US OFFICERS, CIVILIANS, briefcases, guns, action, cables, quick movement as KELLY walks into the briefing room over to BLACK JACK MORGAN, who rips off a report on the telex. The room is filled with computers, tracking satellite scans, the latest commo equipment.

MORGAN
Sir...there's a sighting that Sandanistas
have landed a major equipment load in
the Gulf of Fonteca...

KELLY (shocked)
Any backup on this Jack...

MORGAN (doesn't answer, under strain)
Sir, there's no time. Santa Ana has fallen,
the country is cut in half, the first
armored is getting wiped out, the situation
(CONTINUED)

MORGAN (Cont'd)
is deteriorating faster than we expected.
El Salvador will fall in the next 48 hours!

HYDE (hostile)
...24! Their air force's got no gas,
no ammo. We either restore military aid
right now or we go to Phase Three. We
got the 82nd Airborne on alert and the
Marines are in position on the Ranger.
What do you want to do Sir!

KELLY
I will not be stampeded like this, Paul.
(to Morgan)
Substantiate that Nicaragua stuff right now.

HYDE
Then sir if we don't give the order to
evacuate soon I cannot be responsible for
the safety of this Embassy or the American
community here!

Kelly wavering, Morgan going for the jugular.

MORGAN
...listen Ambassador, we all know you're
going to be out in a few days, that's not
the issue here, the issue is -- do you
want to go down in the history books
as the man who lost El Salvador?

Hold on Kelly. A man torn by his conscience, who as he says it,
regrets it.

KELLY
All right, I'm going to recommend to the
President that we resume military assistance. X
(to his aide) X
Get me Washington. Give the order to X
release the ordinance and petrol stock-
piled at Ilopango.

HYDE
Yes sir!

108. EXT. SANTA ANA STREET - DAY

108.

Figueroa on the radio, his troops pinned down, taking heavy casualties.

X
X

MARTI VOICE

Figueroa...do you hear me?...Santa Ana has fallen...further resistance is stupid, futile...Join us...we need men like you in the new government. We can build a new Salvador.

Figueroa looks back to his depleted troops. Trucks are burning, dead bodies everywhere in the street.

X
X

FIGUEROA

Chinga tu madre! (Go fuck your mother!)
(into separate radio)

Fuckit, we're not gonna sit here and be picked off! We're pushing out of here!
All units - follow me!

X
X

As he personally takes control of his tank pushing the wounded driver aside. Cursing, he rams his tank into the lead APC, pushing it out of the way. His radio man pleading with the Estado Major for air support, he churns his vehicle at top speed through withering mortar and machine gun fire.

109. OMITTED

109.

110. EXT. POLICE HQ

110X

The surviving seven NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, including the LIEUTENANT, are hogtied.

X

RAFAEL, the young medic, is treating a badly wounded rebel.

GABRIELLA, the rebel girl from the camp, is now in charge of the company, on the radio. A runner tears up to her.

X

RUNNER (points)

Figueroa's broken through. He's coming up the street.

X
X

Boyle and Cassady nearby, reloading cameras, dirt all over them, exhausted.

BOYLE

Tanks man! Panhards! Can you lay on two more rolls of TRI-X.

Cassady gives them to him wordlessly, cleaning his lens.

CASSADY

My 120's fucked up.

Boyle looks up. One of the NATIONAL GUARDSMEN is screaming, pleading for his life. Gabriella stands over him, her .45 at the back of his head. She fires. X

Boyle runs over. Cassady following. Another shot. A third. Their path is blocked by the Guerrillas.

REBEL

No pictures!

Boyle gives up his camera, gets by the man, but is grabbed before he can stop Gabriella. She is standing over the young LIEUTENANT who is begging. The others remaining are all crying or praying silently.

LIEUTENANT

I never hurt anybody. Please. In the name of the Father! I have a wife, a son!

A shot terminates his life. She moves down the line.

Boyle, disgusted, turns away, sees RAFAEL, who looks away. He goes up to him, grabs him.

BOYLE

Is this your justice! You've become just like them.

RAFAEL

It's war. You don't have the stomach for it, get out.

He packs his medical kit. The Guerrillas fanning out fast as we hear the sound of Figueroa's oncoming tanks. One last coup de grace shot rings out. Then a roar of machine gun fire and rockets as the rebels engage Figueroa's lead unit down the street. X
X

111. EXT. STREET - FIGUEROA'S ARMORED COLUMN - DAY

111X

Figueroa, driving the lead tank, is taking intense fire from Gabriella's unit. His units start appearing at various streets leading into the marketplace. X
X

From his POV, he and the radioman ram a shell into the chamber and fire a HEAT ROUND which crashes near Gabriella's command post in the Police Headquarters. X

111. CONT'D

111.

Another APC comes up alongside Figueroa's tank and fires a white phosphorus shell at the rebels.

RADIO VOICE

Congratulations Figueroa, now you must retake the cuartel immediately.

X

FIGUEROA

Tell those shitheads running this show I can't take anything without air support and I need it now!

112. EXT. GABRIELLA'S POSITION - POLICE HQ

112X

From her point of view she sees the tanks firing into her position. Her position is hopeless unless she can get more mortars and ammo. She gathers her last few fighters from the headquarters platoon to personally lead a desperate counterattack against Figueroa's tanks.

X

X

X

113. EXT. FIGUEROA'S LEAD TANK - DAY

113.

Figueroa is personally directing his few remaining tanks to fire down into the rebel position. He grabs the radio from his radio man.

FIGUEROA

Where is that air support, goddammit!

RADIO VOICE

The Americans have released the ordinance and fuel, a squadrom of fighters will be on your target in two minutes, out.

FIGUEROA

Well, it's about fucking time.

FIGUEROA raises his hand, and motions for his armored column to charge forward.

X

114. EXT. SANTA ANA STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

114X

CAPTAIN MARTI on the radio to GABRIELLA. His church towers is now besieged by Figueroa's INFANTRY. A REBEL is up in the bell tower ringing both bells furiously, trying to rally the troops.

114. CONT'D

114

MARTI

You are a great fighter compadre! You must hold the Square! At all costs! Do not retreat. The people will rise up any moment. Venceremos!

But as he looks up, THREE CHOPPERS come zooming over the church, machine guns crapping, chewing up his troops.

115. EXT. SANTA ANA SQUARE - SIMULTANEOUS

115

Civilians are dying everywhere. A FATHER runs for a doorway with his DEAD CHILD draped naked in his arms.

Another CHILD dies quietly in his MOTHER'S sobbing arms as BOYLE and CASSADY move, getting great shots but obviously they're taking heavier and heavier fire from Figueroa's tanks and infantry.

Gabriella at the Police Headquarters, in now barricaded on the steps outside, under tank fire, on the last of her ammo.

Boyle looking up into the sky with a sense of dread as he hears it. He sees four black dots off in the distance. They're coming. Reapers of his destruction.

Cassady resets his telephoto lens. Boyle tries to advance his camera but the advance lever now breaks off -- rendering his camera useless. He throws the lever away and kicks himself, frustrated, a symbol of his wasted life, missing the greatest shots of his lifetime.

The four black dots are getting closer, fighters -- pilatos -- in a tight formation, on a low strafing run.

As the rebels scatter, Cassady edges up for the shot of the plane coming right up main street, laying out death on the dime. Boyle yelling for his to get down but lost in the encroaching roar.

Cassady, in his apotheosis, shooting the plane coming right at him, bomb racks unloading. Catching that moment of death as Gabriella is hit square in the head, mortally wounded...

Boyle throwing himself into a doorway.

X

115. CONT'D

Cassady shooting.

The moment of death.

His death. The plane at 100 mph, engine roaring, right on top of him!

He finally makes his dive for safety. Too late.

As the magic bullet finally rips out his throat.

Boyle screaming -- No! No!

Then a CHOPPER appears out of nowhere. Vietnam, '67. A U.S. DOORGUNNER glimpsed in the sun, shades, helmet, with his SALVADORAN pupil. But it is the U.S. trainer who is firing -- as he rakes Boyle with machine gun fire.

Boyle, hit in the heel, crashes to the pavement, yanking his leg, making his painful way towards Cassady. The chopper mopping its way down the street.

The rebels are dead or dying, the INFANTRYMEN swarming up over the streets and marketplace to finish them off.

Rafael and the remainder of the Rebel Force, about 30-40 men, are withdrawing, putting out fire, keeping this from becoming a total rout. Rafael's face the last thing we see as he vanishes across a wall.

X
X
X
X

Boyle yelling "Periodista!" at the Infantrymen, who stop, scope him out, continue on -- gets to Cassady, his chest now a mass of blood. Boyle pulls open his mouth, but sees he can't breathe, too much blood. He takes out his pen and jabs it into Cassady's throat hole, performing a crude, emergency tracheotomy.

BOYLE

John, can you breathe now?

Cassady, gurgling, tries to talk. He reaches for his camera, for Boyle to take the film, as Boyle performs mouth to mouth, Boyle's ear right next to the poor man's mouth, now hears the painful whisper.

CASSADY

...I got it, Boyle, I got the shot.
Get it to New York man, put it in
their hands!

As he struggles to pass the filthy blood-soaked camera into Boyle's hand. Boyle quickly grabs it, presses Cassady's hand hard, close to his ear.

115. CONT'D

115

BOYLE

I promise John. You got the shot John.
You got the magic shot...You're the best!

John's blood-encrusted hand releases all its tension and slides off his camera and flops on the ground.

X

As the pilatos make another ear-splitting, death-whining turn over the town.

X

X

Boyle burying his face in his hands.

115A EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER DAY

115A ;

The VULTURES have arrived en masse.

As have the Press. Several CREWS working the battle, competing with the vultures, who are fighting for their food, not afraid of the intruders. Four Press Guys haul John Cassady back down the street, chased by Photographers.

X

X

PAULINE AXELROD doing her stand-up. CHOPPERS are landing and setting off in background. A knot of Salvadoran military brass is with Pauline -- a GENERAL being interviewed. He's incensed, hands pointed at the dead Guardsmen.

X

SALVADORAN GENERAL

Show that, periodista, show that to the American people, show what the Communists do!

Pauline on cue panning to the corpses.

Boyle going by in his litter, he tunes it all out -- on his way to the waiting Medivac chopper. A silver chopper just landing now in a cloud of dust -- MILGRP 7648 and an American flag marked on it. But the dust blurs out his vision. BLACK JACK MORGAN and a Military Man coming alongside Boyle.

MORGAN

Hey Boyle, you alright? Sorry bout Cassady. You okay?

BOYLE

Foot's fucked. Hey, who's winning the war man?

115. CONT'D

115

BOYLE

I promise John. You got the shot John.
You got the magic shot...You're the best!

John's blood-encrusted hand releases all its tension and
slides off his camera and flops on the ground.

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MORGAN

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Cassady. You okay?

BOYLE

Foot's fucked. Hey, who's winning the
war man?

115A CONT'D

115

MORGAN (laughs)
Who do you think? We got Santa Ana back
and the Indians are running for the
hills...Oh by the way, you hear about Kelly?

BOYLE
What?

MORGAN (rubbing it in)
He's been bounced. Looks like the new
boys are in.

115. Cont'd

BOYLE

Makes you wonder who the real vultures
are here. See you 'round amigo.

Morgan moving away, Boyle's eyes moving back to the silver
chopper, now lifting off in a cloud of dust. Through the
whirring blades and rotor wash, squinting, Boyle now sees
COLONEL HYDE in animated conversation with a figure wearing
shades and light jacket. It looks like MAJOR MAX -- then
the chopper is gone.

X
|
X

116

116. INT. SALVADORAN MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

The ward is crowded with wounded personnel and their families,
in some cases up to half a dozen surrounding each bed.

The DOCTOR is operating on Boyle's foot right at the bed --
a tendon is cut, some nerves severed, a messy wound, Boyle
gripping a whiskey bottle which he drinks, screams at the
doctor in Spanish.

BOYLE

FUCK, GIMME A PAINKILLER FOR CHRISAKE!!!
YOU DUMB SHIT

The Doctor, inured to pain and screams and practically everything,
simply wipes the blood off his scalpel on his filthy smock
and with the NURSE's assistance, starts sewing Boyle up
like a turkey.

FIGUEROA a few beds down, is drunk on his own whiskey,
laughing at Boyle's expressions of pain.

FIGUEROA

Ah Boyle -- you're always good for a
laugh! Listen, you're lucky. He told me
he wanted to amputate your foot. But
I told him you're a friend.

BOYLE (cursing them all out)
Chinga tu madre, you puta, you dumb shits
clean the fucking scalpel at least willya!!

DOCTOR ROCK comes bursting in with little REINA in his arms
and DUGLAS trailing...then MARIA follows, a little frightened.

DOC

Rich, you okay!

BOYLE

NO!! GIMME A VALIUM, A JOINT, ANYTHING!!

116 Cont'd

116.

Rock pulling out a packet of pills and a bottle of Tic-tac. Maria trying to comfort him. But the DOCTOR is suddenly called away as CAPTAIN MARTI, badly wounded, is brought in, a LIEUTENANT yelling that this case takes priority.

The Doctor and Nurse hurry over, leaving Boyle. Doc sotto voce, looking around.

DOC

I got some cedulas Rich. From the bruja.
For the kids and Maria. They're pretty good

Waving the fake cedulas but Boyle can't see, blurred with pain.

DOC

She tried to fake your exit visa but
she fucked up a bit but I think it'll
work.

Showing him a blurred exit visa in his crumpled passport book.

DOC

You gotta get outta here man, the
Hacienda police came by Roberto's last
night. Said you were illegally in the
country. Roberto told em he thinks you're dead.

On Boyle. He feels like he is at this point, grips Maria's hand. Maria changes expression. Rock follows. Boyle looking at what they're looking at -- now sees TWO MANO BLANCO MONSTERS burst into the ward, obviously looking for somebody and obviously packing something in their waistbands. They come right up to Boyle.

MANO BLANCO MONSTER (looks at Boyle)

Gringo?

ROCK

Uh...muy importante. Dan Rather. CBS.
Si. Ese. Amigo de Ronaldo Reagan.

They don't care about Boyle, cast their eyes around the ward.

Figueroa quietly going for his .45. One of the Arena guys yells something to the other one.

They go over to Captain Marti, rip off the top sheet, the Doctor trying to protest.

116. Cont'd

116

MANO BLANCO MONSTER (pushes him away)
I'll finish the operation for you Doc...

As he blows Marti's brains out.

They run away. Everybody is shocked but no one says anything. As the Nurse turns off the life support system and the Doctor throws up his hands, wipes them, and crosses back to work on Boyle, pulling his scalpel out.

Boyle seeing him come, takes a big swig of Tic-tac, eyes getting woozy, grips Maria's hand.

117. EXT. ROAD - NEAR SALVADORAN BORDER - DAY

117.

Boyle driving Maria and the kids, Doc in back. The car is smoking badly, actually falling apart now. As is Boyle, who is evidently very sick, stuffed with painkillers, codeine in his weaving eyes, he can barely keep his infected foot on the gas pedal. Maria is very worried.

Tensing now as they pass a sign, "Frontera -- Guatemala -- 500 metros."

BOYLE

Doc, when we get there you hang back.
Any trouble you get on the phone to Kelly.
If he's gone, Morgan'll help...

DOC

I heard you the first time Rich

BOYLE

'Least you don't ask 'why?' anymore.

DOC

Yeah, now it's 'why not?'

BOYLE

You take care of yourself, Doc, don't become a Tic-tac monster (tries a smile) and don't stay too long. They kill people here.

DOC (echoing Boyle)

You believe everything you read in the papers Boyle? I love it here in El Salvador. No cops, no laws, no yuppies. I got Wilma, I got Bagel 2, I'm going into partnership with Roberto on a nightclub, I'm gonna be a DJ again, my life is going great -- and I owe it all to you Richard. Thanks for taking me.

117. Cont'd

102.

He means it in his own sarcastic way. Boyle gives him a heartfelt look.

117.

BOYLE

I'll miss you Doc

DOC

Yeah for "dos menses". Say hello to Gringoland for me.

118. EXT. BORDER STATION - DAY

118.

TEN NATIONAL GUARDSMEN are milling around a semi-busy checkpoint. A bus trying to get through to Guatemala. The Guards are finishing breakfast, in no great hurry, coffee, beans, rice, meat. They're bored with the flies and heat, mariachi radio music blasting out, crap strewn all over, empty Tic-tac bottles; they're obviously hung over and not looking forward to another boring day of shit duty.

Boyle sits there in his MG on a line, nervous. His foot killing him.

Doc watches him from a CANTINA across the street. Smiles. Good luck. Nerves.

119. INT. CUSTOMS SHED

119.

Boyle, Maria and the kids give their cedula to a BORDER GUARD, a thin, intense man in a grubby tee-shirt, military cap, .45 pistol, he looks like a grasshopper. He studies the papers, them. The cedula seem to be all right but it's Boyle's exit visa that catches his interest.

Boyle is sweating, nervous, looking weird with his drugged eyeballs circling his head.

GRASSHOPPER (holds up exit visa)

This is phony

BOYLE (shocked, a look of dismay & hurt)

No phony. Seguro.

He calls to his bull-like BOSS who comes over, burping, chewing on a toothpick. They hold up the exit visa to the light. Smudged ink, sloppy. Boyle and Maria sharing a look of fear.

Grasshopper and the Bull share a brief monologue.

THE BULL

It's fake...

BOYLE

Look alright, it was a rush job.
I have to get back to America. I'm
a journalist. Newsweek. Time. CBS.
Big shot...

As he produces his outdated Press Card in Spanish. With it
twenty-five U.S. dollars.

The Bull sees it, takes it. Pockets the money, takes the
card, goes back into the rear office, saying nothing.

BOYLE

Where's he going?

GRASSHOPPER

Telefono. Capital...

Boyle shares a glance with Maria who is gripping Douglas --
making sure he doesn't blow it. Reina starts to cry -- the
situation getting out of hand. Boyle looks at his last fake
gold wrist watch, pulls it off his wrist.

BOYLE

Look, I just remembered I have a meeting
in the capital with Ambassador White
and Mr. Jose D-U-A-R-T-E, my friend Napoleon...

As he glances at the Bull on the phone, his phone connection
has come through.

THE BULL

Si... "Boy-lay, Rich -ard Boylay...si..."
(rattles on in Spanish)

BOYLE (to Grasshopper)

So look I gotta get going back to the
capital. I'll be back...

Leaving his gold watch behind and ushering Maria and the
kids out quickly.

120. EXT. SHED

120.

Boyle tries to get into the MG, eyes crossing immediately
with DOC across the street. A thumbs down gesture.

128. INT. AIRPORT - SIMULTANEOUS

KELLY is yelling into the phone, furious. AIDES hovering nearby, his plane to Washington ready to depart.

KELLY

You tell General Martinez I am still the Ambassador in this country for one more day. And I want Boyle and his friends out of there NOW or I am going to make that day hell for you bastards -- you got that Mister!

129. INT. CUSTOMS SHED

The Phone rings loud. Twice. THE BULL, chewing on his toothpick, reading a foto-novella, picks it up. Stiffens. His boss.

THE BULL

Colonel? Si!...Boy -lay...si...aye,
(worried)
mas tarde...pero un momento...

The voice yelling at him. The Bull padding slowly to the Death Shed.

INTERCUT TO:

130. INT. DEATH SHED

PEDRO slamming the bolt on his carbine. He's pissed at losing the argument with Grasshopper, who checks his watch.

Boyle knows this is it. And there's no way some miracle is going to happen.

BOYLE

All right, fuck -- get it over with...

Crosses himself one last time. For real. Spits out the cyanide pill.

Pedro raises the rifle.

Boyle waits.

Pedro pulls the trigger.

Nothing happens. They all look at each other.

BOYLE (pissed now)

You dumb schmuck, can't you even get the goddamn ammunition right!

130. Cont'd

Grasshopper yelling at Pedro as they slam the bolt open, check out the bullet, Laurel and Hardy joining the argument. They all seem to agree. A new bullet is put in.

13

Boyle is pissed, cursing them out. Pedro slams the bolt shut. Raises the rifle.

BOYLE

Chinga de madre!

The door opens, the Bull jovially calling to Pedro.

THE BULL

Hey Pedro! He's a good guy...Hey Boy-lay, amigo, come, big mistake...

On Boyle.

131. INT. CUSTOMS SHED

131

Boyle is drinking beer, his Major Max hat on his head as the GUARDSMEN bring him fried chicken, returning all his possessions, treating him like a major dignitary now, all smiles. Pedro drinking a beer with him, showing his dirty pictures and guffawing. Grasshopper offering him an autographed picture of Major Max.

The Bull giving him back the exposed rolls of film as if they were still good.

THE BULL

Con permiso?

Claps him on the back as MARIA and the KIDS run in. They haven't been touched, Maria so relieved to see Boyle alive -- her face says it all as she runs to embrace him.

DISSOLVE TO:

132. EXT. NOGALES, MEXICO - STREET - DAY

132.

A few days later. Boyle with a hula shirt buying Douglas an L.A. Dodgers baseball cap that goes with his Hulk t-shirt. Maria has a UCLA t-shirt on, a skirt, chewing gum, she looks like a perfect American housewife hauling Reina in a mickey mouse outfit.

133. EXT. U.S. BORDER STATION - NOGALES - DAY

133

Boyle, looking bored and hauling gifts, bottles of Kaluha, goes through the turnstiles on a crowded Sunday afternoon, Maria and the kids right behind him.

He hands his press card to the CUSTOMS OFFICER, who glances at it. It's not a particularly tight checkpoint.

OFFICER

Where you been?

BOYLE (shifting bags, busy)

Oh, just took the wife and kids to Nogales for the afternoon.

(to Maria)

Sweetie, did you remember to take the roast out for tonight?

MARIA (in perfect rehearsed English)

Sure honey, I take care of it...hold this

DUGLAS (in good English)

Daddy, when can we go to Disneyland?

OFFICER (bored, looking to next person)

Okay next.

They cross. Maria unbelieving at the ease of it.

134. INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

134.

As it zooms up an Arizona highway -- desert on both sides. "Phoenix" ahead.

Inside the bus, Maria, very content, snuggles up to Richard.

BOYLE

Es todo muy bien, mi amor?

MARIA

Si...

BOYLE (Spanish)

Gringoland. It's a wacko joint but nothing like El Salvador. You can do what you want here, be what you want -- long as you got money. I'm gonna sell some Salvador stories, maybe a story on John...things are gonna work out -- okay now -- things are gonna be okay, mi amor - okay?

(hugs her cozy)

134. Cont'd

Duglas and Reina are staring wide-eyed out the window at Gringoland.

...the shiny car wash palaces, the diners with their crazy signs, the fast cars, it's all new to him.

The bus coming to a stop, air brakes.

Boyle looking around. What the hell is it.

The door opens. An IMMIGRATION OFFICER comes on. Looking like Erik Estrada, six feet, dark sunglasses, shiny gun, radio on his hip, he struts down the aisle, checking the papers on certain Latino types -- ignoring the Anglos.

Boyle, freaking out, grips Maria's hand. She obviously knows, terrified by the uniform on the large gringo.

The OFFICER comes up to Richard, looks at Maria, the kids.

BOYLE (handing him his Press Card)
Hi...took my wife and kids to Nogales
for the day.

SUNGLASSES (to Maria)
Are you his wife?

Maria is unable to answer, frozen in terror. The Officer senses it.

BOYLE
Sure she is. What is this anyway.

SUNGLASSES (to Maria)
Papales, passaporte...carta verde

MARIA (defeated)
No, nada.

BOYLE (standing up, ready to fight)
Hey man, why don't you leave her alone,
she's with me, she's been through hell in
Salvador and I'm a journalist and she's
my researcher and assistant.

The Officer has whipped out his radio.

OFFICER
Three suspects. One Latin female adult,
two kids. Call the wagon...ten four...:

BOYLE
COME ON MAN -- YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO HER!!

OFFICER
Stay outta this buddy

Boyle is on him like a bat. Gives him a chop to the face and the ribs. Tries to get Maria out of there.

BOYLE
MARIA -- GO! -- NOW!

But it's too late. TWO MORE SUNGLASSES hit the bus, wielding handcuffs and guns.

SUNGLASSES 2
Awright buddy -- freeze!

MARIA
Richard! -- STOP! I GO.

Her voice imperial, cutting through all the chaos. Richard stops, throws up his hands. Sunglasses 1, pissed, grabs Boyle by the neck and jerks him into an empty seat -- handcuffs him to the seat.

Meanwhile the other two have handcuffed Maria -- and start pushing her towards the front of the bus -- with Douglas and Reina.

DUGLAS (calling back)
Papa! Where are they taking us?

REINA (terrified)
Papa -- come with us...

Maria gets a hold of them, talks to them. Looks back at Richard. One last heartbreaking look. Richard can't take it, starts screaming at the cops.

BOYLE
If you send her back -- they'll KILL her. They'll RAPE HER AND MUTILIATE HER -- do you HEAR ME YOU BASTARDS

SUNGLASSES 1 loses his temper now and rushes back and punches Boyle hard in the face.

SUNGLASSES
Allright, you're under arrest asshole!

BOYLE
Please -- they'll kill the kids too. --
You don't know what it's like in --
El Salvador. --

Sunglasses handcuffs Boyle's hands behind his back and moves him down the aisle. His moving POV through the bus windows of Maria being put in the first squad car.

An OLDER GUY, leathery face, squinty eyes, mutters to his OLD LADY.

OLDER GUY

He's on drugs.

Boyle being led off the bus -- across to a 2nd Squad Car just arriving.

A YUPPIE COUPLE, 30's, watches all this, the wife visibly upset, her husband reassuring her.

YUPPIE HUSBAND

...but honey somebody's got to keep
these people out or we'll be overrun
(to Driver)

Driver, we're running late as it is.
Can we get going now?

The bus doors swish closed with a hiss of air.

135. EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Boyle pushed into a Squad Car. Sunglasses on the Radio.
General cop bullshit -- "One WMA, Boyle, Richard David, 2/26/42..."

As Richard twists around, looking at the other squad car.

One last glimpse of Maria, handcuffed, and the Kids looking at him through the backseat window. They're all crying, Douglas pounding on the glass. Siren whining, Erik Estrada flashing by, their squad car now goes. Back to the South. Gone forever.

As Richard heads north. A stunned look, never so lost or alone -- tears in his eyes.

THE END