

ZERO TOLERANCE

1ST DRAFT

(VERSION FIVE)

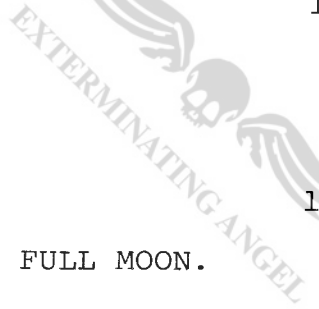


**ZERO**  
TOLERANCE

BY ALEX COX &  
RUDY WURLITZER

©1988

The Together Brothers



1. MOSCOW EXTERIOR NIGHT

1.

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

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

2. BACK STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

2.

A Russian jeep filled with POLICE rumbles past.

SAM GUNDY's cigarette glows in the shadows.

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

SAM

Let's go.

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

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

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

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

3. KREMLIN INTERIOR NIGHT

3.

THE SOUND OF THE CRASH echoes through the marble halls.

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

They follow SAM up the huge staircase, flanked  
by vast portraits of STALIN, MAO, HITLER and  
other Communists --

4. GORBACHEV'S BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

RAISA doesn't move or speak.

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

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

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

GORBACHEV  
(terrified)  
Uncle! Uncle! Kamarad!

5. SAM GUNDY'S BEDROOM INTERIOR MORNING

5.

SAM GUNDY wakes up from his dream.

Sunlight streams in through the big windows.

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

SAM stretches, rubs his eyes.

SAM  
Boy, do I feel great today!



6. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT      EXTERIOR      DAY      6.

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

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

7. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT      INTERIOR      DAY      7.

BRIGGS and THORNTON wait in the baggage area.

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

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

BRIGGS

Think that's her?

THORNTON

Ach. I hope not.

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

AGENT

(to LO TAK)

-- no tienes bastante dinero.  
No puedes entrar.

BRIGGS

Your name Lo Tak Meemeeeurx?

LO TAK

(lifting an earphone)

Quoi? Moi? Oui!

THORNTON slips the AGENT a pair of crisp banknotes.

THORNTON

We'll take her from here.

BRIGGS releases the electric gate. He and THORNTON guide LO TAK back through the baggage area.

BRIGGS  
Got any luggage? Checkee bags?

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

LO TAK  
Gundy-san?

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

8. AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY 8.

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

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

9. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY 9.

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

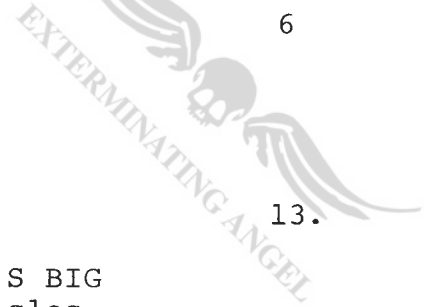
THORNTON  
Parlez-vous français?

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

THORNTON  
No!

THORNTON and BRIGGS laugh loudly.





13. SAM GUNDY'S RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 13.

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

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

SAM GUNDY V/O

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

14. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR DAY 14.

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

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

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

HECTOR

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

The ASSOCIATE sneezes. GUNTHER looks at SAM.

LITTLE SAM

How much would you be offering?





HECTOR

We will pay for all the work you've done here. Plus upkeep. Plus TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS every flight.

GUNTHER

This is a handsome sum for shipping shrimp.

HECTOR

Our shrimp is of the HIGHEST QUALITY. It fetches a good price in United States.

(his ASSOCIATE sneezes again)  
Well, Señor Sam?

SAM

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

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

15. SAM GUNDY'S RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 15.

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

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

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

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

SAM

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

HECTOR

Fuck you, Gundy! Nobody says no to Hector Cruz! Tu vas a morir!

BRIGGS  
Sam, this is --

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

HECTOR  
Pinche gringo! Yankee  
bastardo de mierda!

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

Everyone hits the dirt.

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

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

SAM'S MEN rise to their feet.

BRIGGS  
Sam, this is --

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

16. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

16.

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

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

SAM  
Lo Tak? Is it you?

LO TAK nods, clutching her purse, afraid to speak.  
SAM extends a hand.

SAM

Sam Gundy. A votre service.

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

SAM

Come inside. Let me  
show you the house.

17. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

17.

SAM draws LO TAK from the car.

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

SAM

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

LITTLE SAM

(ten years her senior)  
I'm WHAT?

SAM

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

SAM leads LO TAK into the house.

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

AMES

What's going on, Briggsy?  
Thought I saw that rodent Hector  
on the road just now. Looked  
like he had the devil biting at  
his ass. Who's the BROAD?

BRIGGS  
Sam's new old lady. Viet Cong.

MRS AMES  
He get her in the mail?

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

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

18. SAM GUNDY'S BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY 18.

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

SAM guides her round the MASTER BEDROOM.

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

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

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

18A LO TAK'S POV --

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

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

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

SAM

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

LO TAK

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

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

SAM

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

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

LO TAK

Tais toi, Gundy. Et ferme tes yeux.

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

We TRACK over to the window --



SAM'S EMPLOYEES and NEIGHBOURS are all gathered outside.

19. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 19.

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

MRS AMES looks at her watch.

MRS AMES  
Should be almost done by now.

AMES  
How do you -- ?

From within, a MANLY GROAN is heard.

GUNTHER blows a whistle.

Engines start up and everyone goes back to work.

20. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY 20.

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

SAM  
Oh, baby, baby, baby...

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

SAM  
If you need anything,  
just give a shout.

SAM adjusts his dress and hurries down the stairs.

LO TAK crosses to the sink and spits --

21. DOWNSTAIRS INTERIOR NIGHT

SAM and his INTIMATES are gathered in front of the BIG SCREEN TV watching a BASKETBALL GAME and eating STEAKS.

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

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

BRIGGS

Bullshit! Learn to dribble  
a fuckin' ball!

AMES

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

BRIGGS

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

AMES

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

SAM

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

Everyone agrees that SAM is right.  
SAM turns the sound back up. The game continues.

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

GUNTHER enters, whispers in SAM's ear.

SAM  
(rising)  
Are we taping this?

ALL  
Of course!

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

22. BIG HOUSE PORCH                      EXTERIOR                      NIGHT    22.

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

SAM  
Who did this? Those bastards  
across the border?

GUNTHER  
No, Sam. It was an alligator.

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

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

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

GUNTHER claps his hands. MEN run from the Ranch and fire up the Landcruiser and Jeep.



The INDIAN WOMAN grabs SAM's hand and kisses it.  
SAM shrugs this off.

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

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

SAM hands her the big wooden dick and goes inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

23. RANCH EXTERIOR DAWN 23.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

24. LAKE EXTERIOR DAY 24.

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

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

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

AMES  
Driftwood, Sam.

SAM  
I don't think so.

SAM blasts the floating LOG.



THORNTON

Nearly got him, Sam!

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

SAM

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

BRIGGS

Fuchi.

SAM

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

AMES

Lot of poison snakes on those banks, Sam.

SAM

They're next.

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

SUICIDA

(into phone)

Barco de Gundy.

(listens, offers it to SAM)

Para usted, jefe.

SAM

(into phone)

Gundy here.

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE

(from phone)

Dad, it's Little Sam. There's someone here from the Embassy. They want to talk to you.

SAM  
Well, put 'em on.

25. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR DAY 25.

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

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

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

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

LITTLE SAM  
My Dad is on his way.

26. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 26.

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

SAM stamps up the steps to the verandah --

27. VERANDAH EXTERIOR DAY 27.

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

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

BIGELOW  
Cultural Attache.

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

SAM

What the flyin' fuck is that GUSANO RAT doin' here?

(loudly)

Do my words mean nothing on my fuckin' RANCH?

BIGELOW

Mr Bundy --

SAM

The name's Gundy!

BIGELOW

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

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

GUNTHER

Algo a tomar, Sam?

SAM

Yeah. Bring me an ice tea and a case of shells.

(to BIGELOW)

What do you want?

BIGELOW

Iced tea will be fine --

SAM slams the SHOTGUN on the table.

SAM

I mean WANT! SPIT IT OUT!

BIGELOW clears his throat. LITTLE SAM sits down. He too has a .45 in the back of his pants. THORNTON and BRIGGS take up positions. LO TAK stays out of firing range.



BIGELOW

Sam, as you know, this country, indeed this whole region, is threatened by a Soviet-aligned regime based just across the border --

SAM

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

LITTLE SAM

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

SAM

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

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

BIGELOW

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

*DWC  
DEALING  
I AM AN  
OUR  
AGAINST  
COMMUNISM  
& TERRORISM.  
of a central  
neighboring  
state adjacent  
to this one*

SAM

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

BIGELOW

Hector Cruz is a ~~Bicaraguan~~, Sam. As such he is OUR CHOICE, I mean the ~~Bicaraguan people's~~ choice, to head the Civilian Wing of the Democratic Reconstruction JUNTA.

*from that adjoining state*

SAM

Hector? He's a fuckin' drug dealer. He has blood all over his hands. You might as well have picked that asshole down in ~~Banania~~.

PANAMA --

BIGELOW

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

BANAGAPA?

SAM

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

BIGELOW

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

SAM

And when the Reds <sup>Brigades</sup> RETALIATE? Start dropping bombs on me?

BIGELOW

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

SAM

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

BIGELOW

We'll pay you thirty grand a flight. Plus rental on additional facilities.

SAM's eyes light up. He tries hard to act humble and dirt-poor. HECTOR looks over to him, gives a friendly little wave.

LITTLE SAM

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

BIGELOW

Nothing at all.

(to SAM, extending hand)

I'm asking you to do this as a favor to Our President, Sam. This whole operation is being overseen by his personal representative Lieutenant Colonel STEELHAMMER. Lieutenant Colonel Steelhammer asked for you personally, by name.

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

SAM

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

BIGELOW

Thirty five.

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

LO TAK

(indicating HECTOR)

Bad... men?

LITTLE SAM

Bad men yesterday. Good men today.

28. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

28.

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

BRIGGS sits outside the Bunkhouse, smoking a cigarette. THORNTON studies SAM'S WINDOW with night~~sight~~ binoculars.

VISION







SAM

Tomorrow I'll send you to town  
with Briggs and Thornton. Buy  
all the clothes you need. But  
please don't wear Camilla's  
things again.

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

SAM

You can wear this tonight.

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

30. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR ~~MORNING~~ *Dawn* 30.

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

She rushes to the window.

LO TAK'S POV --

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

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

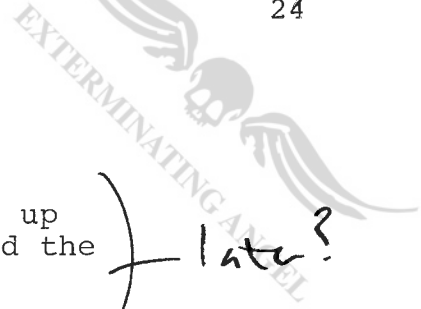
32. AIRSTRIP EXTERIOR DAY 32.

SOME TIME HAS PASSED.

The Airstrip is complete.

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

VARIOUS UNMARKED PLANES are being loaded and unloaded.



to sc 43 p034

FOUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT INSTALLATIONS have been set up at each corner of the field. The area around the Airstrip now resembles an ARMY CAMP.

A U.S. MILITARY PLANE is coming in.

33. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 33.

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

Backhoes and bulldozers surround a half-dug SWIMMING POOL.

34. KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY 34.

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

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

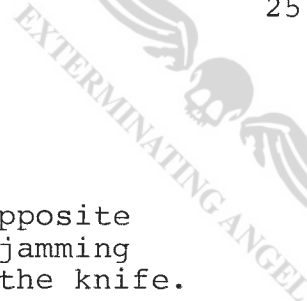
BRIGGS, dressed in a grey pinstripe morning-suit, drinks J.D. and slams a kitchen knife between his fingers.

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

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

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

BRIGGS  
The Commies did it. Cut her  
throat from ear to ear.



LO TAK breaks free of MRS AMES and sits down opposite BRIGGS at the kitchen table. BRIGGS goes on jamming the knife between his fingers. LO TAK grabs the knife.

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

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

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

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

LO TAK  
You ugly. Vely bad man.

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

THORNTON  
Briggs! Get your ARSCH out here!

Off screen the WEDDING MARCH begins.

35. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR DAY

35.

THORNTON supports the smashed BRIGGS as SAM paces,  
watched by all his GUESTS - the local LANDLORDS, COPS,  
BISHOPS and SHRIMP FARMERS - all waiting anxiously for  
the appearance of his lovely BRIDE --

-- who appears, looking radiant without her glasses, being led by MMES AMES and GUNTHER and the cortege of dancing BON-BONS.

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

AMES

The bar is closed!

The bar is closed, dipshits!

(adopts a saintly pose)

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to bear witness to the holy matrimony of Brother Sam Gundy and Sister Lo Tow Ummmm...

By the powers vested in my person by the Universal Life Church of Bozeman Montana I will shortly do the happy deed --

(SAM and LO TAK exchange an expectant glance. BRIGGS

struggles to find the RING)

-- but first a FEW WORDS.

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

AMES

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

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

AMES

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

36. AIRSTRIP EXTERIOR DAY

The MUSIC and AMES' SERMON continue off screen.

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

AMES' VOICE

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

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

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

AMES' VOICE

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

BIGELOW salutes STEELHAMMER.

STEELHAMMER salutes him back.

The TWO MEN stand quivering, staring at each other.

AMES' VOICE

-- a love for a simple land of simple people, a love for everyone, and for all things, a love of MONEY too, for sure, but basically a love of PEOPLE because when you get down to basics isn't that the AMERICAN BASIC WAY?



OFF SCREEN, scattered applause, shouts of  
"Get On With It."

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

37. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 37.

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

AMES' VOICE

I now pronounce you Man  
and Lovely Lady Wife!

APPLAUSE. A flight of hats erupts into the air.

AMES' VOICE

That's it bar's open boys!!

38. WEDDING TENT EXTERIOR DAY 38.

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

POLICE CAPTAIN

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

The CAPTAIN sticks a PACK OF CONDOMS in his hand.

SAM

Of course! Little Sam!

LITTLE SAM steps promptly forward with the MONEY BAG.

HECTOR, in a white tuxedo with a white ring round his  
nose, embraces SAM. A PINK-ROBED BISHOP with pink  
sunglasses stands nearby.

HECTOR  
(slipping CONDOMS into  
SAM's jacket pocket)  
Ah, Sam, my brother! This is the  
finest day of my entire life!  
You see the Bishop there? He wants  
me to build a church at La Punta.  
I told him you would split the cost  
with me. It is a very Christian  
place, and very flat. In case  
we need another airstrip --

BIGELOW pushes through the throng, with STEELHAMMER  
beside him.

BIGELOW  
Sam, this is Lieutenant Colonel  
Steelhammer.

SAM straightens, beckons LO TAK over --

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

SAM  
This is MY wedding.

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

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

SAM nods, ushers them into the house.

LO TAK is left alone in the middle of the crowd.

39. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

39.

SAM pauses in the doorway. HECTOR is already inside,  
pinning BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER conspiratorially.

The BAND starts up. One of HECTOR'S CRONIES leads LO TAK onto the dance floor. SAM grabs GUNTHER's arm.

SAM

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

GUNTHER

She's only dancing, Sam --

SAM

Do as I say.

40. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT 40.

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

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

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

41. BIG ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT 41.

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

SAM

This isn't going to work.

BIGELOW

Why not? Too technical?  
Or too simplistic?

LITTLE SAM

Most of the people here can't READ, Mr Bigelow. That presents a problem with a written manual of this kind.



HECTOR

(drunk)

My men can read. Nightly they  
study books. The U.S. Constitution.  
Daily they fight like lions.  
For freedom --

SAM

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

HECTOR

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

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

STEELHAMMER

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

LITTLE SAM

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

STEELHAMMER

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

MACHINE GUN FIRE off screen. STEELHAMMER smiles.

STEELHAMMER

If I'd had skilled guerilla MERCS  
like that with me at DESERT ONE,  
we would have made it to Tehran.  
And the world would be a different  
place today, let me tell you.

LITTLE SAM  
They're just drunks, Colonel.  
Shooting at the sky --

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

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

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

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

SAM  
You're going to start a War  
with ~~Bicaragua~~ BANAGUAPA.

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

SAM  
Uh huh. I see...

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

SAM nods, gravely.

SAM  
This is going to cost a lot.

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

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

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

42. RANCH                    EXTERIOR                    NIGHT                    42.

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

LO TAK  
You go make war, Gundy-san?

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

LO TAK smiles and hugs her husband.

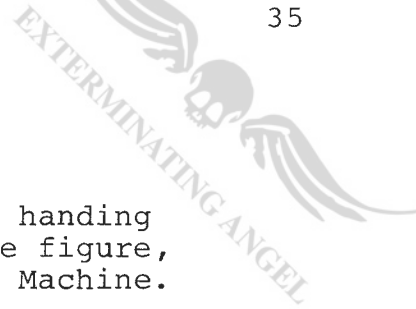
LO TAK  
You good man, Gundy-san.  
Good thing I marry you,  
not ASSHOLE.

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

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

SAM presents LO TAK with a little box.  
She pulls off the STRIPED PAPER.  
Inside are TWO CONTACT LENS CONTAINERS.





LO TAK finishes counting by hand. She rises, handing the FINAL TOTAL SUM to SAM. SAM stares at the figure, amazed. LO TAK indicates the Money Counting Machine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAM  
Too early in the day for me.

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

45. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR DAY

45.

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

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

*Pool.*

*THIS WAS  
INDEXED OF  
INTEREST  
IN 1988.  
DAN IT  
SEEMS  
MURKINA  
LOLO THIS SEEMS.*

LO TAK  
What mean, Thornton-san?

THORNTON  
Publicity for cigarettes.

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

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

THORNTON  
No.

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

THORNTON  
How's it going?

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

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

THORNTON  
Don't be too ready, Briggs.

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

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

The MEN grin and let her join the game --

46. ANGLE ON SAM

46.

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

47. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

47.

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

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

HECTOR stands with SUICIDA, watching approvingly.

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

48. BIG ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

48.

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

LO TAK is counting her WINNINGS.

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

MRS AMES

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

AMES

It's that new drug they take now. They call it "Bang". A man can have fifteen orgasms in a row - forgive me, father - but they pay a terrible price.



BISHOP

Impotentes. Fuera del Ley  
de Dios. La Justicia Santa.

POLICE CAPTAIN

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

They all shake their heads and eat.

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

PILOT

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

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

LITTLE SAM

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

LO TAK

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

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

REPORTER (ON TV)

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

LO TAK

(watching SAM)  
She very pretty.

SAM

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

On screen a Chevrolet Commercial proclaims, "USA-1 IS  
TAKING CHARGE". A foreign-made PICKUP TRUCK EXPLODES --



-- then suddenly the lights and picture die.

CONSTERNATION.

Much shuffling. Clicks of SAFETY CATCHES.

Outside a GENERATOR starts to hum.

The lights come back at reduced power.

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

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

GUNTHER  
Power failure. Disculpe, Reverencia.

BISHOP  
Tenemos que salir...

49. RANCH ROAD EXTERIOR NIGHT

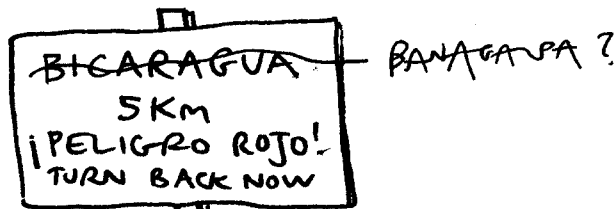
49.

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

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

BRIGGS  
Vamos, boys.

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



BRIGGS grins grimly, hacks away.

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

BRIGGS and his ARMY freeze.

SAM  
Going somewhere?

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

BRIGGS  
Just doing what I'm paid to do.

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

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

SAM  
Was this Hector's idea?

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

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

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

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

SAM  
Did Hector put you up to this?  
ANSWER THE QUESTION!

BRIGGS  
N-n-n-n-no!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAM  
The rest of you get back to Camp. From now on,  
nobody leaves my property without  
my permission. And get that shoe  
polish off you faces. You look  
like a fuckin' minstrel show.

THORNTON  
You heard the jefe! Rapido!

THORNTON drives the SQUAD back to the road.  
SAM whispers in AMES' ear.



SAM  
Stick with Briggs. Find out  
if Hector planned it.

AMES  
And if he did?

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

50. AIRSTRIP EXTERIOR DAWN 50.

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

HECTOR supervises the loading.

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

51. RANCH EXTERIOR MORNING 51.

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

52. PLANE INTERIOR MORNING 52.

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

PILOT ~~BONANZA~~<sup>BANANZA</sup>  
We're over ~~Bicaragua~~ now! When I  
tell you, open the door! Kick  
out those boxes! Then kick out  
THOSE boxes!

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

AMES  
(fucking with him)  
You want us to kick out THOSE boxes?



PILOT  
 (alarmed)  
 NO! Whatever you do, Don't!  
 Kick! Out! Those! Boxes!

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

A GIFT FROM THE EPISCOPALIAN  
 GRANDMOTHERS OF TEXAS.

53. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY 53.

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

Completely bored, she goes to the window.

HER POV --

SAM and GUNTHER leaning over the motor of a Jeep.

She turns and stares at CAMILLA'S CLOSET.

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

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

54. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 54.

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

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

GUNTHER  
 I guess to his farm.

SAM

I want to give him something.  
See that he gets a MOPED.

GUNTHER

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

SAM

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

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

SAM

Tell me what's going on.

GUNTHER

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

SAM

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

GUNTHER

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

GUNTHER stops welding, pushes up his mask.

SAM

None taken. What about with my SON?

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

HECTOR

Sam, hermano mio. Everything okay?

SAM

Everything's phenomenal with me,  
Hector.

HECTOR

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

IT WAS A HUGE,  
SPONTANEOUS UP/USING OF  
POPULAR SENTIMENT.

SAM

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

HECTOR

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

SAM

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

HECTOR

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

SAM

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

HECTOR

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



SAM  
Say hi to them for me.

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

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

SAM  
Goodbye Hector. Get us more money.

HECTOR  
I will, my brother.

55. LIMO INTERIOR DAY 55.

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

HECTOR  
Hijo de Puta.

56. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 56.

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

SAM  
Son of a Bitch.

57. IN THE AIR 57.

HECTOR'S TWIN-ENGINE PLANE flies low over the  
~~Picagua~~ jungle.

MUNITIONS CRATES with parachutes tumble towards  
the trees. BRIGGS stands in the doorway  
KICKING THEM OUT --



58. PLANE INTERIOR DAY

58.

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

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

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

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

AMES  
SCARED, SON?

BRIGGS kicks the chuteless crate out of the door.

59. IN THE AIR

59.

The CRATE hurtles earthward --

60. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY

60.

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

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

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

61. PLANE INTERIOR DAY

61.

There is one crate left to kick.  
It is jammed among the SHRIMP BOXES.  
AMES and BRIGGS try to heave it loose --



AMES

Whose idea was that expedition  
last night, Briggs? Yours  
or... someone else's?

BRIGGS

What's it to you?

AMES

Oh, nothing. Just making  
conversation.

62. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY 62.

The PLANE circles above.

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

-- the MISSILE hurtles skyward --

63. PLANE INTERIOR DAY 63.

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

AMES

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

BRIGGS

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

THE FRONT OF THE PLANE EXPLODES.

BRIGGS and AMES are thrown into the ether --

64. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY 64.

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



65. THEIR POV --

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

65.

66. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

66.

CICADAS hiss.

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

LO TAK wears one blue contact lens.

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

SAM

What happened to your other eye?

LO TAK

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

SAM

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

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

SAM

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

LO TAK

(blissful)  
LAS VEGAS...

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

LITTLE SAM

(shouting through the glass)  
OH SHIT. DAAAAAAD!!!

67. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

PANDEMONIUM.

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

LITTLE SAM

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

LO TAK

What con-tac? What going on?

68. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY

68.

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

MRS AMES

Why, Sam? Why! Why! Why!

SAM

(lying)

Adele, he asked to go. You know Ames. He loves adventure --

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

MRS AMES

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

SAM

I thought it would make things easier. You're my best friend's wife, Adele. That's something of a PROBLEM --

AMES

And what is THIS? Is she  
as good as me, Sam? Is she?

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

SAM

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

MRS AMES

WHAT?

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

SAM

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

MRS AMES

Walter can fuckin' WAIT!

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

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

He breaks away, grabbing a fresh cowboy shirt --

SAM

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

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

MRS AMES

FAGGOT!!

69. BIG HOUSE PORCH INTERIOR DAY

SAM comes down the stairs.

The CHOPPERS have landed outside.

LITTLE SAM steps up to him, a rifle in his hands.

LITTLE SAM  
Dad, I'm coming too.

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

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

THORNTON  
This kid knows the area, Sam.

LO TAK  
Fuchi? No! He only child!

FUCHI  
No! I man! American! I CAN!

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

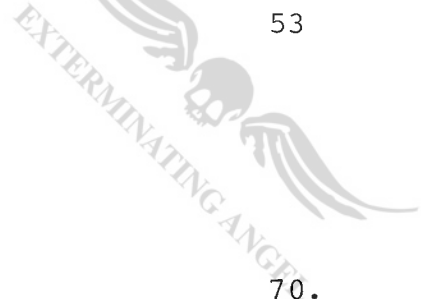
SAM  
Let's go, Little Scout.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

70. SHOT OF THREE HELICOPTERS OVER JUNGLE.

70.



DISSOLVE TO:

70. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY 70.

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

(Off in the distance) we hear SHOTS and BRIGGS' screams.  
*Far away,*

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

STORM CLOUDS gather in the south.

DISSOLVE TO:

71. RANCH KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY 71.

Dark outside. Thunder. RAINDROPS hit the window.

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

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

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

LO TAK  
 You worry me? Why?

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

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

LO TAK's blue and brown eyes widen.  
 MRS AMES snuffles. MRS GUNTHER snuffles too.



LO TAK  
 Sam KILL Camilla? When?  
 How? Por que?

MRS AMES  
 Oh, I don't want to burden you with  
 details, honey. He just got really  
 angry over some petty thing connected  
 with the Ranch. Poor woman, she  
 didn't know what he was like. She  
 offered him a flower. He started  
 beating her. And beating her.  
 Screaming obscene things.  
 He wouldn't stop.

(pretends to SOB)  
 It took five men, no, seven men,  
 to drag him off. We took her to  
 the doctor, but she died in the car.  
 Poor sweet girl. She was  
 PREGNANT, too.

LO TAK rises and heads for the door.

72. DOLLY IN ON WINDOW. 72.

Outside the POWER LINE is hit by lightning.  
 The PYLON collapses. The lights go out.

73. BIG HOUSE PORCH INTERIOR DAY 73.

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

74. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 74.

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

LITTLE SAM  
 Lo Puk --

LO TAK whirls and lands a flying foot in LITTLE SAM's  
 stomach. LITTLE SAM collapses in the mud. LO TAK  
 looks guilty and surprised.





LO TAK  
 Little Sam. So sorry.  
 Genuine mistake. Goodbye.

She turns. LITTLE SAM shout after her.

LITTLE SAM  
 Wait! Where are you going?

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

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

76. JUNGLE EXTERIOR DAY 76.

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

AMES is paralyzed with fear, refusing to come down.



LITTLE SAM'S VOICE

Camilla came from a good local family, you know, not poor or anything like that. But when the Revolution happened next door she kinda, like, flipped out...

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

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

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE

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

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

ANGLE on a RUSSIAN LAND MINE planted in the grass.

ANGLE on FUCHI, running excitedly towards it.

ANGLE on GUNTHER, running to grab him --

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE

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

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

77. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

77.

LITTLE SAM and LO TAK sit side by side in the grey-brown sea of mud.



LITTLE SAM

He was pretty crazy for a long  
time after. He's better now.  
But he sure hates those Communists.

LO TAK

Camilla one? A Commie?

LITTLE SAM

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

The rain is getting less. Sunlight is shafting through.

LITTLE SAM

Come home?

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

LO TAK

Why you stay here?  
Why you not go USA?

LITTLE SAM

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

78. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT

78.

The CHOPPERS land.

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

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

SAM

(screaming)

REVENGE!!!

79. VERANDAH EXTERIOR NIGHT

79.

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

LO TAK  
And Brigg?

THORNTON  
They got him.

LO TAK smiles.

80. RANCH EXTERIOR DAWN

80.

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

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

SAM nods, satisfied.

SAM  
Gunther. Get me my .45's.

LO TAK  
No, Gundy-san!

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

THORNTON  
You're taking this too personal --

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

AMES  
It's their countryside.



SAM

Oh yeah?

(GUNTHER hands him his pistol belt. Everyone takes three steps back)

Go down to the Airstrip. Get me five cartons of C-4 explosive and a couple of walkie-talkies.

LO TAK

What you do?

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

SAM

(ignoring her)

Loco! Get me a couple of mules!

THORNTON

(sighing, stepping forward)

Make that THREE mules.

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

AMES

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

MRS AMES

(feigning innocence)

Oh... did I?

81. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY

81.

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

LO TAK

"Only cow chew same grass twice"  
Sam. Remember you words wisdom:  
Not make war, make money.



SAM  
This is different. This is  
for a little kid called Fuchi.

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

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

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

82. KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY 82.

The BULLET hits GUNTHER in the foot.

83. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 83.

SAM emerges, followed by LO TAK.

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

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

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

SAM mounts his burro. The THREE MEN ride out.

LO TAK  
You ASSHOLE! HYPOCLIT!

SAM looks at THORNTON. THORNTON offers SAM a cigarette.

SAM  
 Women. I'll never figure 'em out.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Finally they see --

85. THE BRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY 85.

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

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

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

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

87. ABOVE THE BRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY 87.

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

LOCO hands SAM the other WALKIE-TALKIE.

THORNTON studies the length of PIANO WIRE with which he killed the GUARD.



THORNTON  
(studying wire)  
In Switzerland they use these  
for cutting CHEESE...

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

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

THORNTON looks at EL LOCO in surprise.

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

ANGLE ON SAM

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

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

ZOOM IN ON SAM'S EYES.

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

SAM  
This one's for FUCHI.

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

SAM  
God damn it to hell!

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





88. BUS INTERIOR DAY 88.  
 Glass showers everywhere.  
 The BUS is full of CHILDREN, OLD PEOPLE and NUNS.  
 They scream and cower on the floor.  
 The BUS DRIVER tries to return SAM'S FIRE.
89. ABOVE THE BRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY 89.  
 The BUS DRIVER is hit. The BUS runs off the bridge,  
 across the road into a shallow ditch.  
 SAM's guns are empty. LOCO and THORNTON reload --  
 SAM  
 That's enough. They're PAID IN FULL.
90. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT 90.  
 MORE RAIN. Blue TV light within the Big House.  
 Three MULES with RIDERS appear on the edge of frame.
91. BIG ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT 91.  
 LO TAK, LITTLE SAM and the AMESES watch the American News.  
 None of them look up as SAM & CO ride by outside.  
 Their eyes are fixed on --  
 -- BRIGGS, surrounded by microphones, giving a  
 press conference in front of Bicaraguan flags.  
 BRIGGS (ON TV)  
 I didn't know what I was doing.  
 I was just hired to do a job.  
 REPORTER OFF SCREEN  
 Who hired you?  
 BRIGGS  
 (looks guiltily around)  
 An American called Sam Gundy. He,  
 uh, he works for the CIA. But I  
 don't. I don't know anything...

LO TAK  
He even ugly on TV!

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

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

HECTOR appears, with CAPITOL HILL in the background.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Freeze frame on BRIGGS' UNHAPPY FACE.  
The TV flickers off. POWER OUT AGAIN.

92. VERANDAH EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

SAM

There's a party at the Embassy  
on Tuesday. We have to put  
in an appearance.

(he sighs)

I'm thinking of getting rid of  
the Land Rover. Buy one of  
those New Nissans.

(sighs)

I don't know. I just don't know.

LO TAK

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

SAM

(sighs again)

Ah, shit...

LO TAK

What wrong, Gundy-san?  
Why you worry?

SAM

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

LO TAK

Want children, Sam?

SAM

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

LO TAK

Maybe you take us HONEYMOON  
as promise --

SAM

(getting pissed off)  
YOU KNOW I CAN'T LEAVE THE RANCH NOW  
DON'T BE SO DAMN STUPID!



LO TAK shuts up, rubs his feet.  
SAM feels really bad now.

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

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

93. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY 93.

Dry and still.

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

94. AIRSTRIP EXTERIOR DAY 94.

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

95. VERANDAH EXTERIOR DAY 95.

SAM rages into his portable phone.

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

It is incredibly hot.

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

SAM shuts off the phone, slams down the ariel.

SAM

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

LO TAK fans herself silently.

LITTLE SAM

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

SAM

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

LO TAK

Take me Las Vegas Honeymoon.

A FLY buzzes past. SAM flails at it.

SAM

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

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

SAM

Someone's coming.

LO TAK and LITTLE SAM peer into the heat haze.

LITTLE SAM

I don't see anyone.

SAM

Bigelow.

SAM jumps down from the verandah, starts to run --



96. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

96.

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

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

97. RANCH ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

97.

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

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

The MIDDLE LIMO slides a window down.

Inside sit BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER.

BIGELOW  
Good to see you, Sam.

SAM  
Hi, Bigelow. Colonel.

STEELHAMMER  
Have some water.

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

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

BIGELOW  
We know that, Sam.  
That's why we're here.

STEELHAMMER

Your friend Hector has pulled the dirty one on us, Sam. Built his own airstrip at La Punta. He's operating on his own. With funds from Congress.

SAM

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

BIGELOW

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

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

STEELHAMMER

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

SAM

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

BIGELOW

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

STEELHAMMER

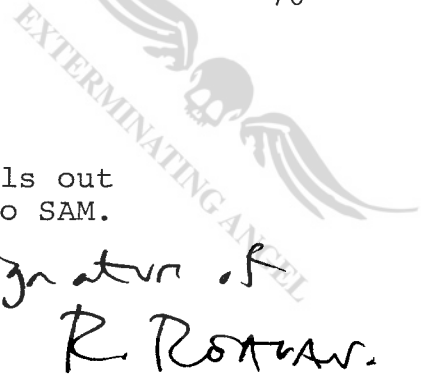
Hector's flying in on Tuesday. Giving a press conference at the Airport. We'd like it to be his last.

SAM

Does the MAN UPSTAIRS know about this?

STEELHAMMER

He knows everything. He sends you his warm regards. In fact, he asked me to give you THIS --



STEELHAMMER fishes in his shirt pocket and pulls out a little Taiwanese PENKNIFE. He gives it to SAM.

The PENKNIFE bears the PRESIDENTIAL SEAL.

SAM cannot believe his luck.

*& signature of R. Roman.*

SAM

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

BIGELOW

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

SAM

(babbling)

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

STEELHAMMER

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

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

BIGELOW

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

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

98. LIMO INTERIOR DAY

98.

Tight on the faces of BIGELOW and STEELHAMMER.

BIGELOW

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

STEELHAMMER

Why not.





BIGELOW  
We'll have to kill him after  
this, you know.

STEELHAMMER  
Kill who? The President?

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

99. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT INTERIOR DAY 99.

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

SAM'S POV --

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

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

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

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

SAM starts to rise. DUKE pushes him back down.

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

SAM  
I know you. I've seen you on TV.  
(Loud murmur below. HECTOR CRUZ  
and LIEUTENANTS mount the podium)  
You here to see, uh, Hector?

DUKE

Not really. I'm sick of the Hector thing. He's just a talking head, yesterday's news.

(TV LAMPS flicker on below.

SAM jumps, spilling his drink)  
Are you okay?

SAM

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

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

SAM wants out. DUKE WEDNESDAY holds onto his hand.

DUKE

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

SAM

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

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

DUKE

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

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

SAM

Uh, well, uh...

DUKE

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

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



SAM  
Fine. Okay.

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

THORNTON  
(urgently)  
Psst. Let's GO.

SAM looks back into the AIRPORT LOUNGE.

HECTOR CRUZ is speaking grandly to the CAMERAS.

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

HECTOR and SAM make eye contact.

SAM FLIPS HECTOR OFF.

100. AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY 100.

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

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

101. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY 101.

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

THORNTON  
Who's the chick?

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

THORNTON  
What you going to talk about?

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

SAM  
Basketball.

102. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR DAY

102.

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

DUKE lines up the next shot with her VIDEO CREW.

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

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

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

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

SAM  
Thank you.

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

ASST. CAMERA  
Gundy Ranch Int, Roll Two.

SOUND  
We have speed.

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

SAM  
Was I..? I don't recall.  
Maybe I was, uh...



LO TAK  
Buying newspaper!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DUKE  
People say that you're a killer.  
A cold-blooded killer, Sam Gundy.

SAM

Well, Duke, you know that just isn't true. Just look around you. We're just folks here, just like the folks back home...

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

DUKE

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

LO TAK

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

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

DUKE

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

103. RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

103.

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

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

SAM

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

DUKE

(breathless)  
That's my JOB, Sam. We all have our JOBS to do! Don't we!



SAM  
I GUESS WE DO!

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

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

DUKE rolls over, lays there watching him.

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

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

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

104. BIG HOUSE      EXTERIOR      NIGHT      104.

The RAIN sluices down. TV lights inside.

105. BIG ROOM      INTERIOR      NIGHT      105.

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

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

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

LITTLE SAM  
Washington?

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

SAM stares at the TV, consuming a hamburger.

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

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

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

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

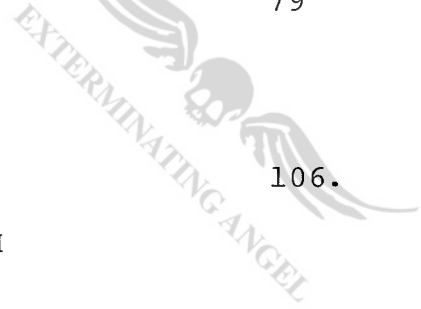
LO TAK offers SAM his tea. He declines it.  
She rubs his back. He stiffens.

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

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

No one else speaks. On screen, the FIGHT ends in a  
knockout. DOG FOOD AD.





106. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

106.

LO TAK lies in the big bed. She watches SAM packing his GARMENT BAG.

LO TAK  
"When peacock sing,  
Chicken lay egg."  
(SAM goes on packing)  
Why you don't make me love no more?

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

LO TAK  
Three Saturday ago.  
(softly)  
You tired me?

SAM  
(concentrating on which  
toothbrush to take)  
No.

LO TAK  
You tired, you say. You don't  
make lie. You say, I go. No fuss.

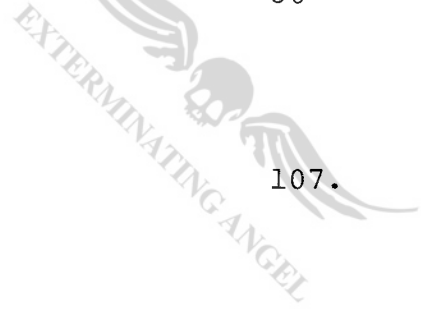
SAM  
Baby, I'm NOT tired of you, okay?  
(he kisses her forehead)  
You keep it warm for me.  
I'll be back in a few days.

LO TAK  
Make love before you go.

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

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

SAM blows her a kiss and exits hastily,  
carrying his bags --



107. AIRSTRIP EXTERIOR DAY

107.

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

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

108. AMES' RANCH EXTERIOR DAY

108.

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

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

AMES

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

MRS AMES

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

AMES

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

(he squints down the dusty  
trail into the jungle)

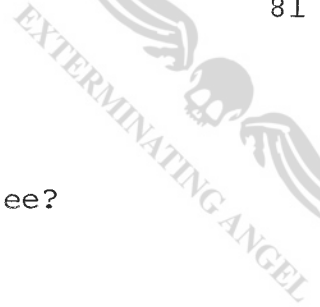
Bigelow...

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

MRS AMES

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

The POLICE CAPTAIN and SEVERAL COPS emerge.  
The POLICE CAPTAIN is in plain clothes.



AMES  
 Morning, Pepe! Want some coffee?  
 (calling his SERVANTS)  
 Maria! Jose!

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

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 Are you Walter Ames?

AMES  
 Yes. You know who I am.

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

109. WASHINGTON D.C. EXTERIOR DAY 109.

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

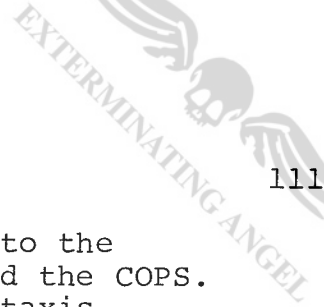
110. PAY PHONE INTERIOR DAY 110.

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

SAM  
 Hello? Gunther! Let me speak  
 to Little Sam!  
 (he waits, checking out the  
 cars, the women's asses.  
 He hasn't been to the States  
 in a long time)  
 Little Sam. It's Dad.  
 Just checking in. What?

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

SAM  
 WHAT? Who is? Why?



111. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR DAY

111.

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

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

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

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

112. PHONE BOOTH INTERIOR DAY

112.

SAM laughs and shakes his head.

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

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

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

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

RECORDED VOICE  
The minimum charge is TWENTY-FIVE  
CENTS. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PLEASE.

SAM

Fuck it!

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

SAM

(into phone)

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

113. STEELHAMMER'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY 113.

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

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

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

STEELHAMMER

(into phone)

Uh, Sam. I can't do anything for  
you now. Call me in a week.

SAM'S VOICE

A week? But I have to go to Miami --

STEELHAMMER

Fine. Call me from there.

He motions to his SECRETARY to take the phone.

114. PHONE BOOTH INTERIOR DAY 114.

SAM drops more dimes into the phone.

SAM

Listen, Steelhammer. Something's  
brewing IN COUNTRY. They've evicted  
Ames. That means SQUATTERS'll take  
possession of his FARM and it'll be

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
 (CONTINUED)  
 a hive of COMMUNISTS. You'd better  
 get in touch with Bigelow right now  
 and sort --  
 (hears a WOMAN's voice)  
 -- hello? Who's this? FUCK YOU,  
 lady. Let me speak to STEELHAMMER.  
 Hello? Hello?

The line is dead. SAM hangs up.  
 AN IRANIAN DIPLOMAT raps on the door.

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

115. WASHINGTON D.C. EXTERIOR DAY 115.

Shouldering his BAG, SAM steps into the street  
 and hails a CAB --

REVOLVE/WIPE TO:

116. CESSNA INTERIOR DAY 116.

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

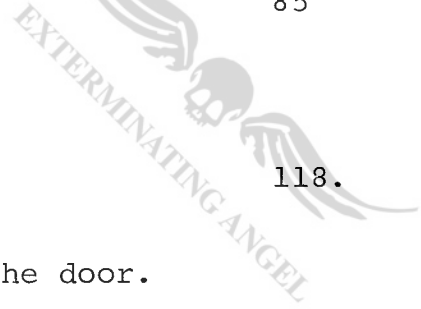
REVOLVE/WIPE TO:

117. NEBRASKA EXTERIOR DAY 117.

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

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

He knocks on the door of the one-storey home.  
 Dented Lincoln town car in the drive.



118. SAM'S MOTHER'S HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

118.

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

AGNES

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

SAM

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

AGNES stops pushing, takes another look.

AGNES

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

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

SAM

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

AGNES

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

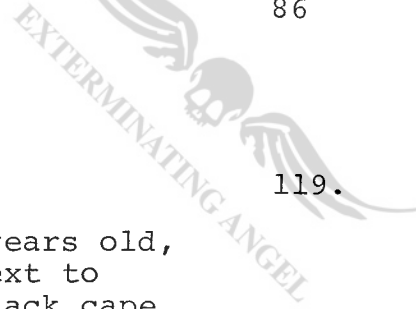
SAM

How's Mom?

AGNES

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

AGNES follows SAM into the --



119. KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY

119.

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

Newspaper clippings and MAPS adorn the kitchen walls.

SAM

Hello, Mother.

MOTHER GUNDY

Don't kiss me. You're probably carrying some awful tropical disease.

(to MR BELLVILLE)

This is my no good son. Hasn't sent me a postcard in five years.

(to SAM)

I expected you two weeks ago. This time of year there must be static on the channels.

SAM

What are you DOING, Mother?

MOTHER GUNDY

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

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

MOTHER GUNDY

Got any children yet?

SAM

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

MOTHER GUNDY

Oh, Baby Samuel. Is he a Homosexual yet?



SAM  
(exasperated)  
No, Mother, he is not.  
(lying)  
Little Sam is married to an Indian  
girl. They're expecting.

MOTHER GUNDY  
Expecting what?

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

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

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

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

MOTHER GUNDY  
Nope. Burned 'em all.

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

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

SAM  
No, of course not.

MOTHER GUNDY  
You ever dream about an ANIMAL?  
Or a small place in the FOREST?



SAM

I don't think so, Mother.  
Most of my dreams are about the  
Ranch, or Travel... About  
these DEEDS. Isn't there someone --

MOTHER GUNDY

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

SAM

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

MOTHER GUNDY

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

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

SAM

Mom, may I use the phone?

120. RANCH      EXTERIOR      DAY      120.

CICADAS chirrup loudly.

No one seems to be around.      A PHONE RINGS distantly.

121. BIG HOUSE      EXTERIOR      DAY      121.

No sign of anyone.      The PHONE rings louder.

122. MASTER BEDROOM      INTERIOR      DAY      122.

The PHONE RINGS on.      LO TAK'S BAGS are packed.

LO TAK, clad in GLASSES and CONVENT UNIFORM again, kneels before CAMILLA'S CLOSET. She attaches a block of C-4 explosive to the PADLOCK and retreats behind the big bed.

"Click". BOOM!

The LOCK DISINTEGRATES. The DOOR swings open.

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

-- SAM GUNDY'S MONEY SAFE WITHIN.

123. MIAMI FLORIDA EXTERIOR DUSK 123.

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

"THIS TIME IT'S WAR".

SOUND OF A RINGING TONE.

DUKE'S VOICE

(answering machine)

Hi, I'm not here right now. But I'll be back real soon so leave a message. Don't forget to say what day you called.

(real sexy)

CIAO!

124. HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR DUSK 124.

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

His garment bag is open. He wears tight white pants and a loud Hawaiian shirt.



SAM  
 (into phone, sexy too)  
 Hey, Duke. This is Sam;  
 I'm in Miami. Give me a call  
 when you get in. I'm at the  
 Heinz Meridian. Room 1662.

SAM hangs up the phone.

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

Muttering, SAM turns up the VOLUME --

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

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

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

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

125. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR DUSK 125.

LO TAK ignores the RINGING PHONE.

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

THE METAL DOOR SWINGS OPEN.  
 SAM'S FORTUNE LIES WITHIN.  
 BUNDLES OF DOLLARS; HUNDREDS OF ROLLS OF DIMES.





Goes back to the phone and dials. It rings.  
Then someone answers.

LITTLE SAM'S VOICE  
(drunk also)  
Hello?

SAM  
Little Sam! Where the  
Devil have you been!

128. VERANDAH EXTERIOR NIGHT

128.

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

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

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

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

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

MORE FURY from the phone.

LITTLE SAM

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

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

129. HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

129.

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

DUKE'S VOICE

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

SAM

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

The machine hangs up. Dead tone.

130. HOTEL BAR INTERIOR NIGHT

130.

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

SAM

(to BARMAN)  
 Gimme a couple of beers.

BARMAN

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

SAM

(not understanding)  
 WHAT?



BARMAN  
I said it's after two a.m.  
The bar is closed.

SAM  
JUST GIMME ANOTHER BEER!

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

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

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

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

131. HOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

131.

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

SUAVE PARTYGOERS pull up in a convertible, laughing.

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

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

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

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

SAM  
Fuck you.



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

COP 1

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

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

132. POLICE CAR INTERIOR NIGHT 132.

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

COP 2'S VOICE

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

133. POLICE STATION INTERIOR NIGHT 133.

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

COP 2

-- CONCEALED WEAPON.

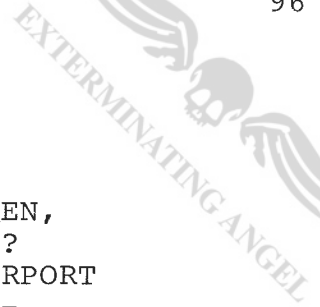
The BLACK SERGEANT takes the TINY KNIFE and looks at it. The PRESIDENTIAL SEAL has RUBBED OFF...

COP 1

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

SAM

I'm pressing charges against these IDIOTS. They beat me in front of witnesses. I'm an old man.



SERGEANT

Shut up. You shut up and LISTEN,  
punk. Know where you're going?  
You're going straight to the AIRPORT  
and you're getting on a PLANE --

SAM

I have my OWN plane.

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

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

SAM

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

The SERGEANT grabs SAM by the chin.

SERGEANT

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

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

COP 2

ZERO TOLERANCE.

COP 1

Yeah. ZERO TOLERANCE.

134. IN THE AIR NIGHT

134.

A 727 REDEYE heads south over the GULF OF MEXICO.

135. 727 INTERIOR NIGHT 135.  
 Most of the PASSENGERS on the crowded plane are asleep.  
 Only two or three reading lights still burn.  
 One of them is in the smoking section,  
 where SAM sits, drinking beer --  
 We CLOSE IN on him. He closes his eyes.
136. RANCH EXTERIOR NIGHT 136.  
 In darkness. No lights visible inside.  
 A DATSUN TAXI pulls up outside the Big House.  
 A MATCH FLARES within. SAM GUNDY lights his cigarette.  
 He stands on the porch wearing his yellow aviators,  
 black boots and cowboy shirt. Produces a large bunch  
 of KEYS and unlocks the FRONT DOOR --
137. BIG HOUSE INTERIOR NIGHT 137.  
 SAM'S POV --  
 Mounting the stairs. A LIGHT GLOWS in the MASTER  
 BEDROOM. EERIE MUSIC. SCUFFLING SOUNDS.  
 The door to the MASTER BEDROOM swings open --
138. MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT 138.  
 LO TAK, DUKE and MRS AMES stand waiting for him.  
 All are extremely tense. ANOTHER WOMAN stands in  
 the window, with her back to the room.  
 SAM sets down his GARMENT BAG. Relaxed and nonchalant.  
 SAM  
 What's up, Girls?  
 LO TAK, DUKE and MRS AMES turn towards the window.  
 The FOURTH WOMAN stands there looking out,  
 in olive drab fatigues, with short black hair --





CAMILLA  
I found out too late that  
you were right, Sam.

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

SAM nods, stubs out his cigarette.

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

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

141. STAIRCASE INTERIOR NIGHT 141.

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

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

142. BIG HOUSE EXTERIOR DAY 142.

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

SAM blasts the FLYING SAUCERS with his .45.

WEIRD CACOPHONY OF ALIEN NOISE.

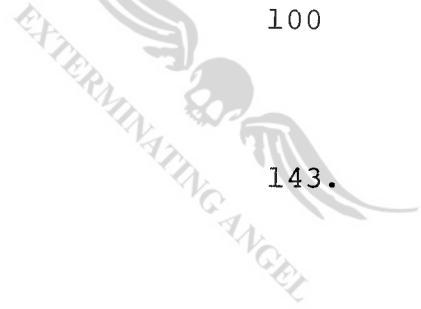
ANGLE ON THE SAUCERS --

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

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

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

SAM SCREAMS --



143. 727 INTERIOR DAY

143.

He opens his eyes.

Bright sunlight shafts into his face.

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

144. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY

144.

SAM emerges from the boarded-up airport.

He has a hangover. He looks around.

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

NO COPS spring to help this time.

THORNTON opens the door.

THORNTON

No bags, Sam?

SAM

Where's Gunther and the boys?

LITTLE SAM

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

SAM shakes his head. He gets into the car.

145. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY

145.

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

LITTLE SAM

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

SAM

First thing we're going to do is erase Bigelow. Article 45 the bastard. Then --



LITTLE SAM  
Bigelow's off the board, Dad.  
Gone to ground.

SAM  
What do you mean?

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

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

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

SILENCE. SAM stares at his SON.

LITTLE SAM  
Dad, I told you. Everybody split.

SAM  
(stunned)  
Where is she?

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

SAM  
What about that reporter, Duke?

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

SAM  
Take me there.

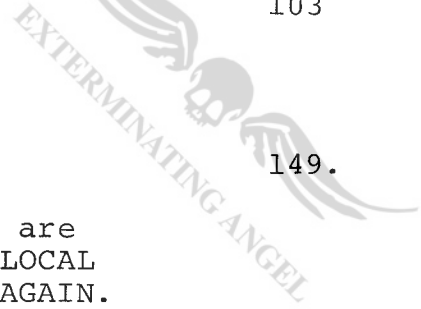
146. CROSSROADS EXTERIOR DAY

146.

THORNTON makes a U-TURN, through a puddle,  
SHOWERING A BUS LINE WITH MUD.







149. EL PRESIDENTE EXTERIOR DAY 149.

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

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

150. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY 150.

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

SAM  
Follow that car.

151. CROSSROADS EXTERIOR DAY 151.

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

152. MERCEDES INTERIOR DAY 152.

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

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

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

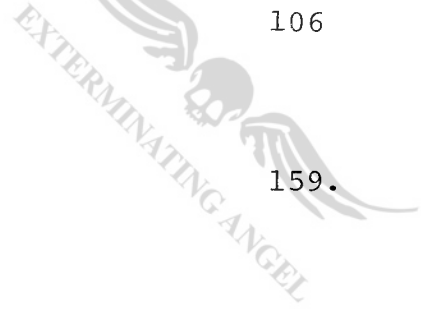
LITTLE SAM  
Oh, he's probably in school.

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

THORNTON  
Or University!







159. HIGHWAY            EXTERIOR        DAY

159.

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

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

160. CONSTRUCTION SITE            EXTERIOR        DAY

160.

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

BIGELOW  
Get me out of here!

161. MERCEDES            INTERIOR        DAY

161.

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

THORNTON  
Who's got a CIGARETTE!

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

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

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

SAM settles back, contented, in his seat.

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

ROLL END CREDITS.



What follows are media reports and a deposition relating to John Hull and other figures in the Contra support network in Costa Rica.

Sam Gundy was a fictional character, but Rudy and I based him on what we read about Hull and other American expatriates (such as the mysterious "Michaels") whose "amateur enthusiasm" for the CIA prolonged a terrorist war and aided and abetted the drug trade.





## JOHN HULL, ONCE OLIVER NORTH'S MAN IN COSTA RICA, IS NOW ACCUSED OF RUNNING GUNS AND DRUGS

By Ron Arias

Just before dawn breaks over his Costa Rican ranch 30 miles south of Nicaragua, John Hull loads the back of his pickup truck with workers, then drives past an armed sentry and an unleashed attack dog. "You don't want to be out here at night, not when that dog's patrolling," says the 68-year-old American. "He's already bit me, bit my wife, even bit my son." As the pickup rumbles out of the ranch's main compound toward the fields beyond, a woman and child appear, and Hull stops briefly to talk. "Her husband's sick, and she's come to get help," he says later. "I just told her to hang tight, I'd be right back—and to watch out for that damn dog. Believe me, I wish I didn't need him, but I do."

These are perilous times for Hull, a diehard foe of Nicaragua's Sandinista regime. His enemies in Managua have plotted to kill him, he claims, and he fears they may try again. Also, with the failure of the contra cause, he faces serious legal troubles in his adopted homeland. Prompted by accusations that his private airstrips were used to carry weapons to the contras and cocaine to the U.S.,

Hull was arrested by Costa Rican authorities in January and charged with drug trafficking and violating that country's security laws. He spent two months in jail—part of it in a hospital ward because of heart problems—before friends and neighbors raised \$37,500 for his bail. Under Costa Rican law, his case is now undergoing further investigation before a final decision is made whether to try him.

Hull's chief American ally, former National Security Council staff member Oliver North, has been of little help to the beleaguered rancher. The onetime White House

"As a patriotic American, it's my duty to inform the CIA," says Hull, with sentry Luis Cano.

champion of aid to the contras has spent the past three months in a U.S. court battling a 12-count indictment of his own. Earlier this month, while Hull awaited the outcome of North's trial, U.S. Sen. John Kerry dealt the crusty Evanston, Ill., native another blow. The Massachusetts Democrat, who chairs a subcommittee on narcotics, terrorism and international operations, released a report calling Hull "a central figure in contra operations" and



Senators John Kerry, Brock Adams and Daniel Patrick Moynihan announce a subcommittee report implicating Hull in an arms-for-drugs trade.

citing a convicted drug smuggler who claimed Hull had been present when cocaine was loaded aboard a plane returning to the U.S.

"The newspapers have already hung me just by quoting some dope dealer in a Florida prison," says Hull angrily. "Bull. I've never seen cocaine in my life."

A veteran pilot who maintains six airstrips scattered over the 10 Costa Rican ranches he owns or manages, Hull admits aiding the contras but says he used his airstrips solely to retrieve injured rebels from battle zones in Nicaragua. "Everyone knew I was helping the contras," he says. "I took out their wounded, held bleeding children in my arms, fed the fighters and gave them shelter. I also briefed the CIA on everything I knew that was going on in the war zone, but that's all I did. I wasn't





"I don't care what they accuse him of, he's an honorable man," says ranch hand José Castro, right, with his boss.

"For a few years, it was hell trying to run the farm and fly out contras," says Hull, next to his grounded Cessna 180.



running drugs. If I were, I'd have bought myself a few new tractors instead of going on with some old wrecks that belong in a museum."

After dropping his workers at various spots around his 1,640-acre cattle and citrus ranch, Hull drives his pickup back along the gravel road, waving to the sentry. "The Communists have been out to get me for years," says the tanned, balding patriarch. "Three times people were sent to kill me. Once we chased them away with gunfire, and two other times I got tips about plots to do me in. I was lucky." While in jail last January, Hull decided to send his son, Johnny, 17, into hiding in the U.S. "I couldn't take a

chance with my son," he says. "They might have gone after him the next time."

The threats didn't cause Hull any regrets for his pro-contra efforts, and "I'd do it again if had to," he says adamantly. "Only this time—speaking as an armchair general—I'd like to have some offshore naval guns break the Sandinistas' back by taking out all their refineries, bridges and ammo dumps first. Take about 30 minutes and save us a lot of lives. It's what we should have done a long time ago."

Hull is equally firm in his views about Oliver North, calling his trial a disgrace to the nation. Hull first met the former Marine lieutenant colonel in 1983, while in Washington visiting then Sen. Dan

Quayle, another vocal contra supporter. Quayle helped arrange an introduction at the White House, Hull says, and North was pleased to meet such an avid fellow anti-Communist. Charges that North mishandled contra funds or acted unpatriotically cause Hull to bristle. "There's no way you'd get me to believe he took a penny for personal use," he says in North's defense. "Now this deal about his trying to get security for his house, well, who wouldn't try to protect himself? Hell, the CIA once paid for five of my bodyguards. And I'm certainly not in the same league as Ollie North."

Those bodyguards were armed sentries posted at Hull's main ranch near Muelle de San Carlos, says Hull, and he insists that their salaries were all the money he received from the CIA. The Kerry report offers a different account, stating that for two years Hull received \$10,000 a month from contra leader Adolfo Calero, all at North's direction.

Heart troubles or not, by late morning Hull is on horseback riding among a herd of cattle. Although down on his luck, he is still clearly the *patrón* of his domain and proud of his image as last of a breed—the rugged frontier landowner. He often calls his ranch hands peons, but over the years he has saved lives and relieved suffering, he says, by flying many sick or pregnant villagers for medical treatment to the nearby city of Quesada or to the country's capital, San José.

Hull first arrived here 20 years ago, after several failed attempts to start enterprises in other Latin American countries. "It was raw paradise—miles of trees, no roads and a lot of rivers to ford. I first came with my father, who was an agronomist, and what we found was some of the richest volcanic soil in the world. So I decided to stay. In 15 years we were turning virgin forest into the country's breadbasket."

Hull's enterprises eventually did well enough for him to buy and develop more property. He later attracted other U.S. investors, who also bought land and allowed Hull to manage their interests. "Then the Sandinistas took over next door, and the devil slipped into paradise," he says. "All I was doing in helping the contras was just protecting my land and my investments."

Hull still owns a 700-acre grain farm outside Patoka, Ind., and he's still legally married to Mariella, 70, now a retired schoolteacher who manages the spread. "What can I say?—he's the Great White Hunter," says Mariella without bitter-





**"When I first met John, I was only 17 and a servant," says Hull's companion, Margarita. "But right away he won my heart."**

ness, adding that she had to remain in Indiana to raise their daughter, Mary Ana, now in her 40s, and care for Hull's and her own aging parents. "The marriage just didn't work out with so many separations. Now it looks like John's world is coming to a screeching halt. But he's still the father of my daughter. He knows he's always got a home here."

For the time being, though, Hull's home remains the spacious, airy house overlooking his main ranch. It is there that he lives with Margarita Acosta, 36, a former servant who has been his live-in companion for the past 19 years and who is the mother of their absent son, Johnny. Hull's troubles have not only cost him his son's company but have drained him of cash as well. He says his business is suffering because of his two-month absence in jail, and he has laid off half of his 100 or so workers. Local banks have closed off credit to him ("for obvious political reasons," he says), and the government has forbidden him to use his single-engine Cessna or any of his airstrips. "I feel trapped and persecuted, but at least lots of folks still come by. You see, at heart I'm just an old country boy, just wanting to live my simple life."

Not that Hull's life *is* simple these days. Though his trial is still an uncertainty, if convicted he will face an eight- to 20-year prison sentence. "I'd dearly like to go to the U.S.," he says. "If they let me leave, my doctor wants me to check into a clinic in North Carolina to have my heart looked after." Hull, in fact, does have friends abroad. Democratic Congress-

---

**Hull hands the man an envelope for Rob Owen, a former Dan Quayle aide who had served Oliver North as a courier delivering money and messages to the contras.**

---

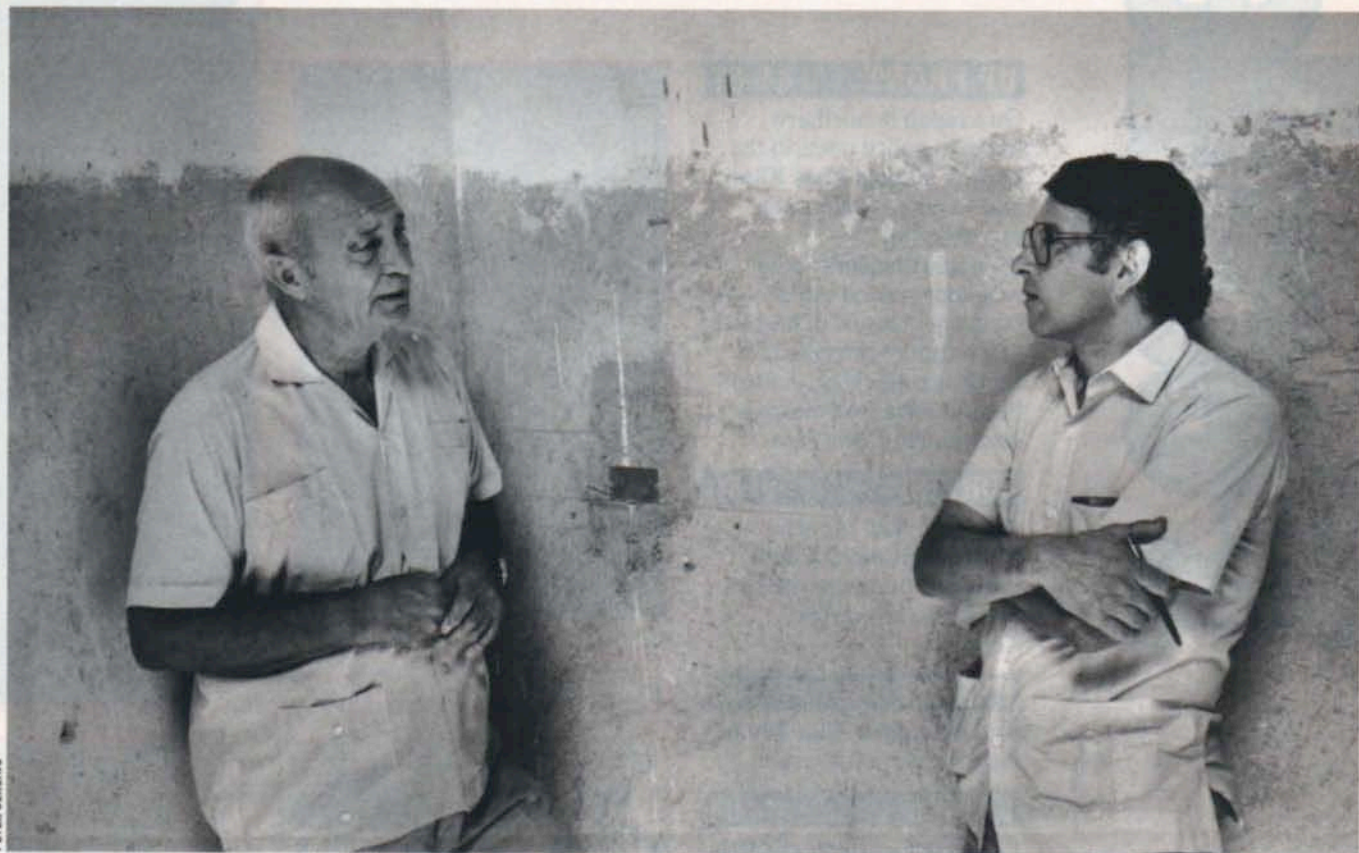
man Lee Hamilton of Indiana and Republican Congressman David Dreier of California recently led a bipartisan effort of 19 U.S. Congressmen urging President Oscar Arias to free him.

By late afternoon, the house is quiet, and the distant shrieking of wild monkeys carries clearly through the shuttered windows. Servants have finished cleaning up after a weekend fiesta and the wed-

ding of Hull's stepdaughter, Sandra, 19. Of the 200 visitors who came, the few still left on the veranda include several foreign reporters, some neighbors and a taciturn, graying emissary from retired U.S. Army Maj. Gen. John K. Singlaub, a longtime pro-contra fund-raiser. The emissary and Hull confer in hushed voices out of hearing of the other guests. Later, as they part, Hull hands the man an envelope with the name ROB OWEN written on it. Owen, a former aide to Senator Quayle, had later served Oliver North as a courier delivering money and messages to the contras.

A short while later, an unabashed Hull admirer arrives from Florida for a visit. He approaches his hero with a smart salute and announces, "Commander Hull, Joe Cortina, Special Forces, demolitions—reporting for duty!" Hull smiles at the bluster of the former Vietnam Green Beret who has come armed this day with only a video camera and a gift bottle of champagne. Although Hull never served in the U.S. military, he joined Britain's Royal Air Force before the U.S. entered World War II and rose to a captain's rank. "At ease," says Hull in a tired voice. "Welcome to the fight. I need all the help I can get." □





"I'm a chameleon," says Arias, right, with Hull. "I become what people want me to because I want to discover them."

**W**henever senior writer Ron Arias leaves the house, he picks up a backpack containing his passport, a change of underwear, his tape recorder and some blank tapes. That way, if a PEOPLE editor should call to ask him to cover a story in some foreign land, he can head straight for the airport. "I love nothing better than to be sent to a remote place at a moment's notice," says Arias, 47. "It gets my adrenaline going."

He gets those calls fairly often. Arias came to PEOPLE in 1985, after deciding he'd had enough of teaching English in Yucaipa, Calif., and wanted to get back to journalism, the profession he had practiced in his 20s. Just a few months after his arrival, he was summoned from PEOPLE's Star Tracks beat to interview earthquake victims in Mexico. Since then he has followed the news from Haiti to Ethiopia to Brazil, always returning with evocative, human stories. Fluent in both Spanish and Portuguese, he was the obvious reporter of choice for this week's story on cattle rancher John Hull, the American expatriate and contra supporter whom Costa

Rican officials have accused of drug trafficking. "You can't beat Ron when it comes to parachuting into a situation and coming back with a story," says James Kunen, the editor who first suggested that Arias profile Hull. "He can talk to anybody—left, right or center—because he knows how to listen."

That talent proved indispensable during the week Arias spent at Hull's ranch near the Costa Rica-Nicaragua border. "Here was a guy who has been interviewed by everybody," says Arias, a second-generation Mexican-American who has worked as a Peace Corps volunteer in Peru and a newspaper reporter in Argentina. "I went horseback riding with him, attended his daughter's wedding. I was looking for his character. Every night I would ask myself, 'Who is he?'"

Coming up with answers wasn't easy under the circumstances. "The border area was full of mercenary types, spies, who knows what else," Arias says. "It was a bizarre, clandestine atmosphere. People would pull you into the bushes and talk in low tones. It was like being part of a James Bond movie." But Hull,

an avid pro-military type, "warmed up," Arias says, "when he found out I'd been an Army brat."

Costa Rica, Hull's adopted homeland, has in the past year begun to feel like something of a second home to Arias as well—last summer (PEOPLE, July 11, 1988) he spent five weeks there interviewing a group of fishermen who had been adrift at sea for five months. (His book on the subject, *Five Against the Sea*, will be published by New American Library in October.) For the time being, however, he is based at his real home in Stamford, Conn., where he lives with his wife, Joan. (Their son, Michael, 21, has left the nest to work as a special-effects technician in Hollywood.) "It's good to catch your breath now and then," says Arias.

But his backpack is ready to go.

*Richard P. Vaick*

Publisher



**CERTIFICATE OF NOTARY PUBLIC**

BEFORE ME, personally appeared ROBERT HAYES, who after first being duly sworn on oath, deposes and says that he is the person who executed the statement to which this certificate is attached, that he has read the statement and the facts and matters contained therein, that they were freely given and are true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief

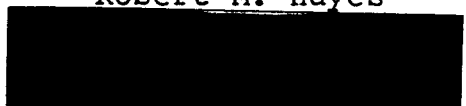
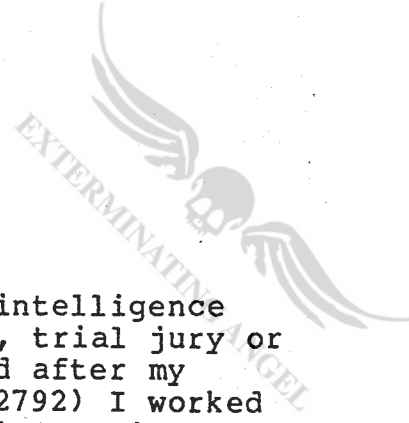
WITNESS my hand and official seal, this 7th day of January, 1988.

Elijah B. Jones  
NOTARY PUBLIC

My commission expires:

May 12, 1988

AFFIDAVIT OF  
Robert M. Hayes



Although I will reveal the full details of my intelligence background and activities only before a grand jury, trial jury or congressional committee, I will say that during and after my military service in the United States Army (RA11312792) I worked for or with the Army Security Service, the National Security Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency and the Army's Criminal Investigative Division.

This affidavit is limited to my activities from approximately 1971 through 1977 in Lakeland, Florida; Sao Paulo, Brazil and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

I moved to Lakeland in 1971 to accept a position as chief engineer of Davy Powergas, now known ~~and~~ Davy McKee. Subsequent to my arrival in Lakeland, I was approached in Lakeland by a man who identified himself only as "Erickson" of Army CID in Pensacola. He asked me to assist in an investigation of an alleged conspiracy to steal a military payroll from Fort Stewart, Ga. The investigation was halted after the chief suspect, Military Police Sgt. Robert Earl Ward, was severely wounded Nov. 23, 1971 in a gun battle with Punta Gorda, Florida police officers. Ward was charged with two counts of attempted murder for wounding two policemen.

Early in 1972, I learned that all civil and military charges against Ward had been mysteriously dropped. The suspicious circumstances surrounding the lack of prosecution prompted me to telephone the Lakeland Police Department on March 5, 1972 and arrange to surrender two Browning .38 automatic pistols and a modified .30 military carbine that Ward had stored at my apartment. I subsequently learned from a source in the Federal Bureau of Investigation that ballistics test of the two pistols confirmed the weapons had been used in at least one murder in Long Island, New York.

On March 6, 1972, I received a call from Erickson asking me to meet him the following day at Roberts Flying Service at Lakeland Municipal Airport. On the morning of the 7th, I met in Lakeland with Richard Barest, Ward's Lakeland attorney, who suggested I leave Lakeland.

Following the meeting with Barest, I met Erickson, who arrived at Lakeland airport in a U.S. Air Force plane. He informed me that my participation in the investigation could not be acknowledged nor my safety guaranteed. He also recommended that I leave Lakeland.

Acting on that advice, I traveled to Sao Paulo, Brazil, arriving on July 12, 1972. I lived at first with a Lebanese family. Through the family, I was introduced on July 25 to Ferris Dubakues, an agent of Al Fatah, a radical Palestinian terrorist organization affiliated with the Palestinian Liberation Organization. Dubakues attempted to recruit me as an Al Fatah terrorist, but I refused to participate in any way in terrorist activities.



I subsequently was contacted by Max Schoener, an Israeli intelligence agent, or and Seymour Malkin, who frequently worked for Schoener. At their request, I agreed to work for Mossad.

I later met and worked for Frederick Mayer and Franz Jank, agents for West German intelligence. I continued accepting assignments from Mossad and sometimes sold information developed for one intelligence agency to the other agency.

During this and subsequent periods, I used the aliases of Roberto Reis in Brazil and Roberto Reyes in Argentina. My passports and other credentials in those names and that of Al Assal have since been destroyed.

On Jan. 9, 1973, I was granted resident alien status in Brazil. I subsequently applied for and was granted Brazilian gun permit 745123 for a .22 Astra automatic and permit 741426 for a .38 Taurus revolver.

After working for a Brazilian engineering company, I eventually formed Hayes-Bosworth, a Brazilian company engaged in heavy engineering and construction projects for Brazilian and foreign clients. Between 1972 and 1976, the company's success provided me with the funds, contacts and time to indulge my lifelong interest in Latin American politics.

While building Hayes/Bosworth, I continued my affiliation with Israeli and West German intelligence and eventually was recruited by the United States Central Intelligence Agency.

My first contact with the CIA came on June 19, 1973 when I was introduced to Joe Sibley. Our initial meeting occurred at the Sao Paulo apartment of a mutual friend, who introduced Sibley as an engineer engaged in consulting work for Anaconda Copper Co. in Chile.

This and subsequent conversations with Sibley established him as an American expatriate extremely knowledgeable in Chilean politics and reasonably familiar with Latin America in general. These conversations also established Sibley's strong anti-communist attitude, an attitude I shared both then and now.

I next met Sibley on Feb. 14, 1974 at my office at Hayes/Bosworth. We met again on Feb 22.

In March or April of that year, I received a call from Frank Ryan, an official at the U.S. consulate in Sao Paulo. He asked me to come to the consulate to update some paperwork. When I arrived at the consulate, Ryan escorted me to an office within the consulate, where Sibley was seated at a desk.

After Ryan left the room, Sibley informed me that his "real" name was John Joseph Michaels and produced corroborating identification that I recognized from previous experience as genuine CIA credentials. He then recited in great detail and accuracy my previous connections with and service for various U.S. intelligence organizations, including the agency. He also recited details of my work for Israeli and West German intelligence.

Michaels then requested my assistance in illegal clandestine operations that he referred to as "projects." He said these operations were targeted against communist agents in Latin America, primarily those working for or under the control of Cuban intelligence operatives.

I agreed to work for Michaels and subsequently accepted several operations in which the identity and loyalty of the targets was established to my satisfaction. These operations occurred between 1974 and 1976 and ranged from routine intelligence gathering to kidnapping, interrogation and assassination.

I accepted these operations in the belief that I was serving the best interests of the American government and was operating with the sanction of that government. I received no payment for conducting these operations and frequently spent large sums of my personal funds to accomplish them.

My relationship with Michaels ended abruptly 1976 after Michaels proposed an operation that I considered not only absurd, but also contrary to the best interest of the U.S. government.

In the spring of 1976, Michaels proposed that I arrange to "simulate terrorism." I responded that there is no way to "simulate" terrorism. I insisted that an act is either terrorist or not, and anyone knowingly engaging in a violent act against civilians is in fact a terrorist and beyond sanction.

Despite my objection, Michaels continued to endorse the concept, explaining that evidence would be planted in such a manner to ensure that the operation would be blamed on Cuban agents.

When I asked what the target of this "simulated" act was to be, he proposed three: A large Catholic cathedral in Sao Paulo, a twin theatre complex near the U.S. consulate in Sao Paulo and the U.S. consulate itself.

Although I refused the operation in unmistakable terms, Michaels insisted that I reconsider and said two of his agents would contact me for further discussions.

In late June or early July of 1976, I was approached at my office by two Americans I knew to be subordinates of Michaels. They once again proposed a bombing attack of one of three targets originally proposed by Michaels.

The meeting resulted in two other meetings. The third and final meeting ended in an angry exchanges in which I rejected both the operation and the concept and told Michael's subordinates I never wanted to see him or them again.

The following week, the two Americans were found dead in a downtown Sao Paulo park with their hands and feet bound by wire. Each had been shot in the back of the head. No arrests were made in connection with the death.

The deaths of the two Americans were followed by the violent deaths on the same day of four of my associates. No arrests were made in connection with their deaths.

Reliable contacts in the Brazilian government and military and contacts in other circles warned me that that my own death was imminent if I did not flee Brazil.

Before I could arrange a departure, I was visited at my office by heavily-armed members of the Brazilian Air Force security branch. The officer in charge of the detachment had orders to transport me to Cumbica, a facility widely known in Brazil as a military concentration camp. Through threats of

violence and the timely intervention of Brazilian friends, I postponed my arrest.

Although I remain unaware of the precise connection between Michaels and the Brazilian Air Force, I am convinced this visit and a subsequent incident with the security force were ordered and orchestrated by Michaels.

After the incident at my office and warnings from friends, I prepared to flee Brazil with my pregnant American wife. Accompanied by several heavily-armed employees, my wife and I arrived at the airport to return to the U.S. We were met by the same Brazilian officer who had attempted to arrest me at my office.

The officer said that both I and my wife were wanted for questioning at Cumbica. I informed the officer that I would accompany him if my wife were allowed to continue to the U.S. I also informed him that should he refuse, my men would engage him in a gun battle in the airport lobby. Under those conditions, he permitted my wife to depart and delayed my arrest until her plane had sufficient time to clear Brazilian air space.

Once I was convinced my wife was safely out of the country, I accompanied the officer to the airport parking lot, where there was an explosive diversion that permitted me to escape under cover of gunfire.

After hiding with friends for a day, I drove across Brazil with a friend, crossed the border into Paraguay and made my way to Asuncion. The following day, after an attempt on my life that left me wounded, I flew from there via Braniff Airlines to Miami. I traveled under my own passport.

I was met at the Miami airport by agents from the local CIA office. Although they denied any specific knowledge of me or my activities, they asked what my plans were. Upon telling them that I planned to fly to Albuquerque, New Mexico to join my wife, who was staying there with her parents, they asked me to call the Denver CIA office after my arrival.

I contacted the Denver office and later was contacted by the CIA office in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which dispatched an agent known to me as Carl Tollonin to debrief me. Tollonin later was joined by a second agent known to me as Roy Clarkson. Over a period of several months, first Tollonin and then Clarkson attempted to convince me that I had been duped by Michaels and had never in fact worked for U.S. intelligence. They also convinced me that Michaels had been killed smuggling weapons in the Middle East.

Throughout this debriefing I considered Michaels the source of my problems — which included the premature birth of my first daughter, a birth that I believe was accelerated by the strains the situation in Brazil had placed on my wife. And I blamed Michael's wrath on my refusal to "simulate terrorism."

Once Clarkson persuaded me that Michaels was dead, I was prepared to forget the incident and rebuild my life. I remained in Albuquerque for several years. During that period I was asked by contacts I knew to be CIA agents to assist in an effort to compromise certain Arabic students attending universities in the Southwest. Once compromised, the students were to be manipulated

by the CIA after they returned home and rose to prominence within their countries. I refused to participate.

While still in New Mexico, I was recruited by a statewide task force to become an undercover informant in an investigation of organized crime. The task force was created by then New Mexico Attorney General Jeff Bingamen, who now is a U.S. Senator from New Mexico, and his assistant Roy Anescowioz. The task force's chief investigator was former CIA agent Sam Papich. My primary contact with the task force was an investigator named Pete Donahue.

My value as an informant arose from my social contacts with alleged organized crime figures George Demuksian, Gerry Tevisanno and Billy Marchiando. I agreed to provide the task force with information on their activities, and ultimately testified before a statewide grand jury in 1978. Despite the evidence presented by the task force, no indictment was returned, a fact I attribute to deliberate prosecutorial mismanagement by Bingamen.

I eventually returned to Lakeland in 1981 and buried the Brazilian incident and my other intelligence activities in my past. But Michaels returned to haunt me late last year when I read a November 16, 1987 Time magazine article titled "The Misadventures of el Patron." The article detailed the activities of John Hull, an American expatriate operating a farm on Costa Rica's northern border with Nicaragua. Hull was identified in the article and in previous testimony by himself and others as a CIA agent whose farm was used to transship weapons and other supplies to the Contra rebels opposing the Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

Although he has consistently denied it, Hull also has been accused in court testimony and published accounts of participation with others in an aborted plot to bomb the U.S. embassy in San Juan, Costa Rica and to blame the bombing on agents of the Sandinista government.

The article was accompanied by a color photograph of Hull, which I immediately identified as John Joseph Michaels. After subsequent research and further examination of the photograph, I remain convinced that John Joseph Michaels and John Hull are the same individual, and that Michaels' activities in Brazil are part of a continuing pattern of operations that led to the plot to bomb the U.S. embassy in Costa Rica, as he had asked me to bomb the U.S. consulate in Sao Paulo.

*John Joseph Michaels*  
January 1988



Reuters Information Services Inc.  
All rights reserved.

PM-COSTARICA-DRUGS

COSTA RICA PANEL URGES BAN ON NORTH, POINDEXTER

SAN JOSE, Costa Rica, Reuter - A parliamentary committee has recommended an immigration ban on former U.S. ambassador Lewis A. Tambs and several Iran-Contra arms scandal figures including former White House aide Oliver North and ex-National Security Council chief John Poindexter.

The proposal, made public Thursday, was issued by a lower house committee set up a year ago to investigate drug smuggling in Costa Rica.

Under the proposal, which is not binding and has yet to be approved by the full legislature, North, Poindexter, Tambs and arms dealer Richard Secord would be forbidden entry to Costa Rica.

The committee said its proposal was based on the belief that they were in some way involved in arms and drug smuggling in Costa Rican territory.

The Iranarms-Contra affair, which rocked the presidency of Ronald Reagan, involved a scheme to divert millions of dollars in profits from U.S. arms sales to Iran to the Nicaraguan Contra rebels at a time when Congress had banned official U.S. aid.

North, who was fired by Reagan for his role in the affair, was convicted on three felony charges and was sentenced July 5 to perform 1,200 hours of community service and fined \$150,000. He was acquitted of nine other charges.

Poindexter, a retired admiral who resigned as national security adviser when the scandal was disclosed on Nov. 25, 1986, faces charges of conspiracy to divert funds, theft of government property, fraud, lying to Congress and obstruction of a congressional investigation.

The panel also recommended cancelation of the Costa Rican citizenship of U.S.-born farmer John Hull who has been indicted by a local court for arms and drug trafficking.

Five representatives made up the commission, chaired by deputy Alberto Fait of the government National Liberation Party.

The panel also recommended removal of bank secrecy provisions on deposits larger than \$5,000 to avoid money laundering of drug profits.

REUTER

Reut05:53 07-21

EXTERMINATING ANGEL