

# THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

screenplay by

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Based on the novel by Richard Condon  
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IN BLACK:

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

MARCO'S VOICE

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

FADE IN:

2 EXT. DESERT - DUSK 2

PROWLING ACROSS undulating land dotted with BURNING OIL WELLS that give the vague impression of, well, hell.

ON THE CREST OF A DUNE

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

KUWAIT, 1991

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

MARCO (O.S.)

Why can't we go directly in ...

3 INT./EXT. THE HUMMER - DUSK 3

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

MARCO

(pointing)

... this way --?

LAURENT

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

Marco is seemingly unflappable, completely engaged by life.

MARCO

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

Laurent swings his finger on the arc of approach.

LAURENT

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

MARCO

Mines?

LAURENT

Tricky. Swedish-made.

MARCO

Dammit.

He refers to some satellite surveillance maps --

MARCO

Nobody at Command said anything about --

LAURENT

Halico and Global Omni hired private  
contractors to do the work in '86, as  
part of their asset security program.

(beat)

Hired an Iraqi firm, in fact, who, now,  
well -- only they know where the little  
Nordic fuckers are planted.

MARCO

(turns away)

Sgt. Shaw!

No response.

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

MARCO

(suddenly behind him)

Sergeant.

RAYMOND

Sir.

MARCO

Rolling in two minutes.

RAYMOND

Yes sir.

Beat.

MARCO

Everything okay?

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

4 INT. THE BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE - DUSK 4

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

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

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

RAYMOND  
We're moving out.

Beat. He shuts the door again.

5 EXT. THE BRADLEY - DUSK 5

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

He shifts his shoulders, walks away.

6-7 OMITTED 6-7

8 INT. HUMMER - NIGHT - TRAVELLING 8

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

RAYMOND  
Captain?

MARCO  
Sergeant?

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

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

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

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

RAYMOND

(worried)

Trust me, sir, I don't wish to ride in the Bradley with the others, I'm just ...

(beat)

The men don't care for me very much.

MARCO

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

RAYMOND

That's absolutely correct, Captain.

MARCO

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

LAURENT

-- Uh-oh.

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

9 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: JUST OVER A DUNE

9

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

WHIP PAN

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

MARCO

Camels. You gotta be kidding me.

10 BACK TO - HUMMER - MARCO

10

glancing to his rear-view mirror --

11 IN THE MIRROR - ON THE ROAD BEHIND THEM:

11

Two dark trucks converge suddenly out of the darkness, on either side of the Bradley Fighting Vehicle --

They SLAM together in a pincer-wedge just in front of it, and the Bradley CRASHES into them -- climbs over them, off-balance, and SMASHES DOWN onto the roof of one of the trucks and is effectively low-bridged -- an RPG EXPLODES against the exposed underbelly --

-- DARK FIGURES scurry from the trucks.

A12      INSIDE THE BRADLEY -- THE MEN reacting to the attack --      A12  
Ingram is frantically running through gears to no avail --

INGRAM

The main drive's gone! We're stuck here!

MELVIN

Everybody okay here?

12      THE HUMMER -- skids around in a tight 180, stops, facing      12  
back at the helpless Bradley. Automatic weapons fire in  
bursts, bright, and ricochet harmlessly away --

IN THE HUMMER -- MARCO scrambles up out of his seat, pops  
the roof hatch and screams at Raymond --

MARCO

Get a flare up, Sergeant!

13      EXT. HUMMER -- as Marco emerges to take the handles of the      13  
roof-mounted machine gun -- drops his NVGs back over his  
eyes and FIRES at the dispersing enemy figures around the  
Bradley --

14      INT. BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE -- as Marco's cover fire      14  
RATTLES insanely off the armor --

MELVIN

Enemy dismount at two o'clock! Unass the  
vehicle!

BAKER

Quarter million dollars of U.S. Army  
hardware rat-fucked by a coupla used  
Toyotas.

He grabs a fire extinguisher and aims it at flames flaring  
from a console of instruments.

15-16      OMITTED      15-16

17      EXT. MARCO'S NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: THE DESERT      17

TRACER BULLETS. A lone enemy SOLDIER runs forward lugging a  
personal rocket launcher -- disappears behind a dune --

18      MARCO -- the machine gun JAMS -- he ducks back in, grabbing      18  
Raymond's rifle and rolling toward the back of the Hummer --

-- MARCO'S POV -- LAURENT -- looking scared and slightly guilty --

-- as Marco kicks out of the rear door, Raymond is still searching for the flare --

MARCO

Shaw! RPG one o'clock! TAKE THE WHEEL!

19 EXT. HUMMER - CONTINUOUS 19

-- Marco is firing before his feet touch the ground.

20 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES: THE DESERT 20

Rocket Launcher man does a face-plant in the sand.

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

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

MARCO

Oh shit, Shaw --

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

24 OMITTED 24

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

A BOY'S VOICE

(amplified)

Were you scared?

THICK DARK SMOKE momentarily blankets the road. Silence.

26 FLASH FORWARD: A YOUNG BOY SCOUT - DAY 26

waiting for an answer, stares earnestly upward at:

FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR BEN MARCO - DAY

behind a podium, in his crisp dress uniform. His current self: older, tired. Lost for a moment.

MARCO

Scared?

(long beat)

You don't really have time to be scared.

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

EXT. THE KUWAITI HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MARCO

raises his head. SEES:

-- the Bradley, in flames.

-- the Hummer, on its side in the ditch, headlights aglow --

-- shadows of enemy soldiers, retreating across the dunes.

-- MILITARY HELICOPTERS materializing out of the smoke and darkness ... circling ... NO SOUND --

MARCO (V.O.)

I couldn't hear anything, as I was temporarily deaf from the explosion of the Bradley ...

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

IN SLOWING MOTION:

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

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

MARCO

I got your back, Ingram. I got ...

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

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

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

30 OMITTED 30

FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR BEN MARCO

Behind the podium. Takes a sip of water, then:

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

FLASH FORWARD: MAJOR MARCO

Behind the podium, repeating himself:

MARCO  
-- of the enemy --

32 EXT. KUWAITI TWO-LANE - NIGHT 32

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

33 RESUME: MARCO 33

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

34 EXT. KUWAITI TWO-LANE - NIGHT 34

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

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

35 RESUME: MARCO 35

Behind the podium.

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

36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 36

A Boy Scout luncheon banquet.

WASHINGTON D.C., NOW

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

MARCO  
Like Corporal Smith, like Edwards in  
Korea and Chaplain Watters in Vietnam,  
Raymond Shaw was awarded the  
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

Congressional Medal of Honor. I signed  
the recommendation myself.

A hand shoots up. Marco nods toward it.

ANOTHER SCOUT

Were you wounded?

MARCO

I was --

FLASH: MARCO ON THE KUWAITI TWO-LANE

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

RESUME - AUDITORIUM - MARCO

He blinks.

MARCO

-- injured. I was blown down by the  
explosion. I got a concussion -- lost  
focus -- Sgt. Shaw took command --

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

SCOUT DAD

Did your unit sustain any casualties?

MARCO

Yes. Two. Two of my people were killed.

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

MARCO

The Medal of Honor is the highest award  
to which any soldier can aspire. From  
the jungles of Iwo Jima to the desert of  
Kuwait, what these brave men I've talked  
about today did will never be forgotten.  
Since 1917, only 970 medals have been  
given to a total of more than 30 million  
Americans in arms. Only three have been  
awarded in the last 20 years. Who knows?  
Maybe someday one of you fine boys will  
earn one yourself in defense of this  
great nation.

A SCOUTMASTER, thin, bearded, stands up:

SCOUTMASTER

Major Marco, on behalf of Troops 484 and  
488 -- just like to thank you, for coming  
to talk to us, about the Medal of Honor,  
(MORE)

SCOUTMASTER (CONT'D)

and your interesting experiences in the  
Armed Services.

MARCO

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

(beat)

My life is in service to my country.

MELVIN

You ever wish it'd been you?

MARCO

Excuse me?

MELVIN

Won the medal. Been the hero.

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

MARCO

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

He sits down. Spattering of polite applause.

37 INT. H.S. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - LATER

37

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

MELVIN

Major Marco.

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

MELVIN

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

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

MARCO

Melvin. Jesus -- how are you --

MELVIN

(intense)

I have these dreams, Major.

MARCO

Dreams.

MELVIN

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

(beat)

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

MARCO

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

MELVIN

Do you have dreams, sir?

MARCO

Everybody has dreams, Corporal --

MELVIN

Not these.

Beat. Marco stares at him.

MARCO

No I don't.

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

MELVIN

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

MARCO

(gentle)

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

MELVIN

-- I've been to doctors!

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

MELVIN

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

MARCO

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

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

MELVIN

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

MARCO

(shaken)

You need money --?

MELVIN

No. No sir.

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

MARCO

-- here --

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

MELVIN

I don't need your money.

MARCO

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

MELVIN

Go.

MARCO

-- run, yeah. But.

(awkward)

It was great seeing you. And good luck to you.

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

38 EXT. H.S. PARKING LOT - DAY

38

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

39 INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECK-OUT COUNTER - NIGHT

39

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

CASHIER  
Paper or plastic?

40 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

40

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

WOMAN  
-- Thirty seven.

Marco stops, looks at her blankly.

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

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

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

WOMAN  
(blushes)  
What do I owe you?

MARCO  
(sad)  
A smile.

She does.

41 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

He enters, and a visible exhaustion overtakes him. He turns on the t.v., the lights, moves to the kitchen with his groceries.

BEHIND HIM - ON A BULLETIN BOARD:

yellowing newspaper clippings and wire photographs of Raymond Shaw. SENATOR'S SON SAVES UNIT IN KUWAIT. "LOST PATROL" FOUND AFTER THREE DAYS IN DESERT; ALL BUT TWO SURVIVE ORDEAL. SHAW RECEIVES NATION'S HIGHEST HONOR. GULF HERO HONORED AT WHITE HOUSE DINNER. SHAW WINS N.Y. CONGRESSIONAL SEAT; WILL BE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF HOUSE ...  
Marco's not letting anything go.

In the center of the board, amongst the clippings, a worn, yellowed photograph of Marco's patrol at their base camp in Kuwait, relaxed, casual, smiling into the camera, while Raymond stands stiffly off to one side.

TV41 ON THE TELEVISION

TV41

News coverage, the crowded floor of a political convention:

ROVING REPORTER

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

MARCO -- yawns as he moves through the flat -- his eyelids flutter -- he digs in his grocery bag for the No Doz and shakes out half a dozen. Which he swallows dry.

ROVING REPORTER

-- the worries just keep growing. Polls indicate that more than ever before, voters are concerned about family safety and economic security -- fearing that more and more jobs at home are being shipped overseas or taken by illegal immigrants. The American people are clearly seeking a new agenda -- but because this party remains deeply divided on so many issues, the choice of a vice presidential nominee may well prove the key unifying factor for the delegates of this convention ...

42 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - LATER

42

Marco sits in front of his t.v., eating instant noodles.

TV42

VOICE/JORDAN

TV42

(on the t.v.)

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

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

ON THE TELEVISION

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

JORDAN

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

43 INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

43

The same speech continues, largely ignored by Congressman RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW. Still intense and moody, the new Raymond Shaw's suit is expensive and crisp, his hair perfect. He's playing solitaire. And winning. He ignores the sound of knocking on the door.

RAYMOND

(murmurs)

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

TV43

JORDAN (T.V.)

TV43

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

RAYMOND

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

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

ELLIE

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

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

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

No.

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

(the tie)

Something a little less busy.

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

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

Now Ellie stares at him, mouth agape.

RAYMOND

What.

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Mother --

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Mother, you chased her away --

ELLIE

She wasn't even in your league, but if that's how you want to remember it.

RAYMOND  
-- you ruined everything.

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

Raymond stares at her.

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

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

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

Raymond smooths his hair back down.

RAYMOND  
I'm wearing the one I have on.

No response.

44 CLOSE - CONVENTION PODIUM - NIGHT (TELEVISED VIDEO)

44

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

TV44

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

TV44

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

45 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 45

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

TV45 RAYMOND/T.V. TV45

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

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

46 INT. CONVENTION HALL - BACK STAGE 46

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

TV46 RAYMOND TV46

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

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

47 CONVENTION CENTER CORRIDOR, BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS 47

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

ELLIE  
Bluffing?

GILLESPIE  
That was the inference.

Raymond's speech echoes incoherently through the corridor.

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

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

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

She pushes through a door, and into --

48 INT. CONVENTION BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

48

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

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

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

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

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

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

ELLIE  
My son is a war hero.

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

A cold silence. Ellie stands --

ELLIE

We didn't come here to have a discussion.

Senator --

UTLY

ELLIE

(to her posse)

Did we come here to have a discussion?

SENATOR WELLS

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

ELLIE

(ignores him)

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

(cold, hard logic:)

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

(beat)

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

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

ELLIE

You know this. Your own polls and focus groups back me up.

(beat)

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

UTLY

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

ELLIE

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

(beat)

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

SENATOR WELLS

(over her)

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

Ellie stares at them.

ELLIE

Senator, I would and will do whatever is  
necessary to protect America from anyone  
who opposes us.

(beat)

Am I the only one in this room who's  
reading the NSA reports? We are on the  
brink of another cataclysm, probably  
nuclear, on our own soil. Not from  
random terrorists, but from covert  
alliances of disaffected nations made  
bold by all these Jordan-style One  
Worlders who insist that human beings are  
essentially Good ... and that our Power  
is something shameful, and Evil. Never  
to be used.

(then)

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

49 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - NIGHT (VIDEO)

49

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

TV49

SENATOR WELLS

TV49

-- proud to offer into nomination the  
name of the next vice president of these  
United States, RAYMOND SHAAAWWWWWW --!

Happy bedlam.

50 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 50

The images on the television flicker across Marco, who stares with apparent disbelief at the coverage:

TV50 NEWSCASTER #1 TV50  
... a remarkable development --

TV50A ON THE PODIUM - RAYMOND (VIDEO) TV50A

Hands held high, linked with the presidential candidate, ROBERT ARTHUR who is clearly eclipsed by Raymond's youth, his heroic good looks, his natural charisma ...

REPORTER #1  
(from the convention floor)  
-- like a long-shot catching the favorite  
on the back stretch of the Derby ...

TV50B A STACCATO FLURRY OF IMAGES -- Raymond and his mother, newsTV50B  
clips, still photos -- appear behind a MAJOR MEDIA ICON:

MEDIA ICON  
Raymond Shaw bears the lineage of the fabled Prentiss family dynasty -- grandson of legendary industrialist and diplomat Tyler Prentiss, son of controversial Senator Eleanor Prentiss Shaw, who took over the seat vacated by her husband, the esteemed John Shaw, when he died tragically over twenty years ago.

Marco taking it all in --

MEDIA ICON  
For many, Raymond Prentiss Shaw is an enigma: millionaire Harvard honors student who enlists in the infantry --

INTERCUT: NEWS FILE FOOTAGE of Raymond's personal history:

MEDIA ICON  
-- refusing the officer's commission to which he was entitled. The Medal of Honor winner beloved by the men of the 'Lost Patrol' he saved from an enemy ambush, and then guided back across the open desert to safety --

TV50C CPL. MELVIN IN 1992 TV50C  
(Gulf War news archive, after  
the squad was rescued)  
Sgt. Shaw? Hell, he's probably the  
kindest, bravest, warmest, most selfless  
human being I've ever known.

Marco reacts to the image of Melvin from ten years ago: young, engaging, eyes alive -- Marco's lips move in sync

with words of Melvin's statement ('bravest, warmest'  
'selfless' 'ever known') -- as if he knows it by heart --  
his mind shifting --

MEDIA ICON

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

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

MEDIA ICON

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

51

PUSH IN ON THE TELEVISION: TIGHT - A RED SUPERTOMATO

51

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

-- moving through

52

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

52

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

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

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

We hear a SANDSTORM raging outside, causing LONG DRAPERIES to FLUTTER and POP! like sails ... STRONG IMPRESSIONS of PFCs ROBERT BAKER and EDDIE INGRAM ...

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

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

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

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

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

53-54 OMITTED

53-54

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

55

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

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

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

MYST. W./NOYLE'S VOICE

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

SWERVE:

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

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

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

DR. ATTICUS NOYLE

a sleek, Caucasian scientist, whose oddly accented English is flawless:

NOYLE

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

56 ON MARCO all rigged up with his wires --

56

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

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

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

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

57

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

NOYLE

Our Candidate's course of treatment will, involve sophisticated intervention over a sustained time period -- a kind of neurocellular conversion. Psychological abreaction through genomic repurposing.

(then)

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

(beat)

Hmmm. Let's see.

(then)

Sgt. Shaw. Ever killed anyone?

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

RAYMOND

No ma'am.

NOYLE

Not even in combat?

RAYMOND

I've never been in combat before, ma'am.

NOYLE

Brilliant. Casualty time.

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

RAYMOND

Captain.

MARCO

Sergeant.

NOYLE

Raymond. Suffocate Private Baker. Kill  
him.

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

BAKER

Whoawhoa -- wait -- wait a sec --

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

PFC. EDDIE INGRAM -- intent upon Raymond's killing of Baker,  
gaze unwavering, untroubled -- SOUND of the zaghareet,  
peaking --

NOYLE (O.S.)

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

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

58 INT. MARCO'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 58

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

TV58 NEWSCASTER #2 TV58  
(distant)

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

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

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

A60 EXT. WALTER REED ARMY HOSPITAL - DAY A60

Establishing, as:

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

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

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

MARCO  
Yes sir.  
(beat)  
No sir.

Beat. Howard looks up at Marco.

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

LT. COL. HOWARD  
The meds help you sleep.

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

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

MARCO  
Dreams like mine.

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

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

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

Marco shrugs.

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

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

LT. COL. HOWARD  
Fine.

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

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

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

Half a beat --

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

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

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

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

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

No reaction from Marco. The Lt. Colonel sighs.

LT. COL. HOWARD  
How's Public Affairs?

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

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

MARCO  
Yes sir. Same time, same station.

Marco starts to get up --

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

61-62 OMITTED

61-62

63 INT./EXT. D.C. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY

63

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

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

MOVING WITH - MARCO

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

GENERAL SLOAN

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

MARCO

Sir, I'm just here in case you get cornered by some Air Force guy's unhappy wife.

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

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

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

GENERAL WILSON (O.S.)

Major Marco --

MARCO AND THE GENERALS

Marco forced to pull his gaze away from Raymond:

GENERAL WILSON

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

MARCO

Right behind you, sirs.

Whereupon

SENATOR ELEANOR SHAW

powers through with Gillespie and a couple of our media  
FLAKS, giving them an earful:

ELLIE

-- billions of dollars, thousands of  
troops, sacrificed on behalf of a  
disastrous foreign policy which has only  
served to galvanize our enemies --

ELLIE

Excuse us please --

MARCO

Whoa --

FOR AN INSTANT Ellie and Marco lock eyes -- then the crowd  
swallows her again --

GENERAL WILSON

They oughta put up a crossing guard.

GENERAL SLOAN

Or rig her with an air horn.

WITH RAYMOND

-- distractedly staring at a pretty woman (JOCELYN JORDAN),  
who has just entered with Senator Jordan --

RAYMOND

(to the bankers and wives)

I mean -- that's supposed to be the whole  
point of this great country, isn't it?  
That *everybody* matters. Not just the  
people at this party -- no offense -- but  
the people who *can't* afford to be here.

ELLIE

(arriving:)

Raymond --

(to the couples)

-- sorry to interrupt --

But she's not. Slipping her arm through his and steering  
him away ...

ELLIE

You must learn not to let yourself get  
cornered by the bottom-feeders.

RAYMOND

Including you?

ELLIE

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

AT THE ENTRANCE - SENATOR JORDAN AND JOCELYN

Jordan scans the crowd, a little nervous.

JOCELYN

Are you going to be okay with this, Dad?

JORDAN

I'm fine. What's the phrase? Broken but unbowed?

JOCELYN

Nobody thinks you're broken.

JORDAN

It's times like these when I miss your mother most.

JOCELYN

Me too. You know what she'd say, though?

JORDAN

Yes. 'Imagine everyone naked.'

They both smile.

JOCELYN

Now I'm scared.

RESUME - RAYMOND AND ELLIE

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

ELLIE

Hello Mark.

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

WHITING

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

RAYMOND

Nice to see you Mark. Thanks.

The following flows, overlapping, easy:

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND  
Yes, hi --

ELLIE  
-- and David Donovan, their Managing  
Director.

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

DONOVAN  
We're strong supporters,  
Congressman.

ELLIE  
(teasing)  
And they're desperate to be  
of service to you, Raymond.

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

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

ELLIE  
The plucky idealist.

Ellie glides off, unfazed. The men banter on:

RAYMOND  
Gentlemen, how's business?

WHITING  
Not bad, Raymond. Business is not bad.

JOHNSTON  
Could always be better.

RAYMOND  
Any better, you'll have more assets than  
the European Union.

DONOVAN  
Don't we already?

JOHNSTON  
We have a better business plan.

DONOVAN  
Of course we do, because democracy is  
inefficient.

RAYMOND  
On purpose, I think. To prevent "hostile  
takeovers."

Johnston and Whiting chuckle.

DONOVAN

As long as the boat doesn't sink, does anyone really care who the captain is?

RAYMOND

Mother does.

JOHNSTON

(grinning)

That's different.

DONOVAN

People want gas in their cars and a big screen t.v. and just enough freedom to get themselves in trouble.

RAYMOND

And what does the Manchurian group want?

DONOVAN

Same thing: freedom -- to maximize the potential of a company.

WHITING

-- Or a country.

RAYMOND

Remind me, though: which are you?

Off their shared, collegial laughter --

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

REAR ADMIRAL GLICK

Every great civilization has been anchored by a great Navy.

GENERAL SLOAN

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

Marco laughs deliberately, trying to diffuse the tension.

MARCO

(low)

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

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

MARCO  
Congressman -- Sergeant Shaw --

Raymond turning, but not stopping --

MARCO  
Ben Marco.

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

MARCO  
It's Major, and --

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

But he keeps walking --

MARCO  
-- okay.

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

ELLIE AND JORDAN

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

ELLIE  
You must be heartbroken.

JORDAN  
About what? The political extortion you committed in order to destroy my vice presidential bid?

ELLIE  
-- Tom.

JORDAN  
-- I know what you're imagining Eleanor -- they're already making up the Lincoln Bedroom for President Shaw's mommy four years from now. It's not going to work. You tried to bend John to your warped vision but broke him instead. You'll have no better luck with Raymond --

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

JORDAN

You know, I have such contempt for you,  
Eleanor --

ELLIE

You didn't always.

JORDAN

-- and I fear for you. But mostly, when  
I think of you, I fear for this country.  
Raymond is ... Raymond. And now he's in  
way over his head. But you? You are the  
smiler who wraps her dagger in the cloak  
of the flag and waits for her chance to  
strike. Which I pray will never come.

He wheels away --

64 OMITTED

64

65 INT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - MARCO

65

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

JOCELYN

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

RAYMOND

I've changed too.

JOCELYN

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

RAYMOND

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

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

RAYMOND

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

JOCELYN

(overlapping)

Raymond -- people can't rewrite their  
lives --

RAYMOND

Jocie, I haven't really had a relationship of any consequence since we ... stopped seeing each other -- doesn't that say something to you?

JOCELYN

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

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

JOCELYN

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

She hurries to her father, who is impatiently waiting near the entrance -- Raymond still wants to say something, he wants to stop her, but --

MARCO (O.S.)

Sergeant Raymond Shaw --

Raymond turns --

RAYMOND

What?

Marco slides in front of him with a disarming grin.

MARCO

I want to talk to you too.

RAYMOND

-- Not now.

MARCO

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

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

MARCO

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

Raymond yanks his arm away --

RAYMOND

Don't touch me.

MARCO

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

RAYMOND  
Don't ever touch me.

Beat. Marco's eyebrows go up.

MARCO  
Sorry.

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

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

CLOSE - COLONEL GARRET

tense and unsmiling.

COLONEL GARRET  
What were you hoping he'd say?

We are:

66 INT. PENTAGON - CONFERENCE ROOM - MARCO

66

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

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

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

Marco says nothing.

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

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

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

MARCO

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

LT. COL. HOWARD

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

MARCO

LT. COL. HOWARD

No --

-- can avoid the truth.

MARCO

-- No sir. Something happened to us, in  
the desert that night, on that mission.  
Not what we thought it was. And it  
happened on my watch.

Beat.

COLONEL GARRET

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

MARCO

(from notes he's made)

Owens died of cancer in '97. Villalobos,  
a car crash. Atkins, suicide. Jamison,  
the Pentagon, 9-11. Wilson I'm still  
trying to track down.

Garret and Howard trade looks.

MARCO

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

COLONEL GARRET

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

MARCO

If you just talk to Melvin --

COLONEL GARRET  
(ignores)

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

Silence. Marco looks down at his hands.

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

MARCO  
Yes sir.

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

MARCO  
Yes sir.

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

COLONEL GARRET  
Major, do you ever take a step back and consider why you've remained at rank for so many years? While men of lesser promise and inferior talent have enjoyed the fruits of other campaigns and moved beyond you?

MARCO  
Every day, sir.

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

67

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

TV67

RAYMOND/T.V.

TV67

Somewhere, right now, an American soldier in the war on terror is worried about his family back home. Somewhere, right now, in a small American town, his grandmother is standing in her kitchen -- she's got her medicine bottle in one hand, she's opening the refrigerator with the other. And she's thinking: I can pay for my medicine, or I can pay for my dinner. I can't do both. In America --

68-69 OMITTED

68-69

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

70

RAYMOND (V.O.)  
-- In America, our mothers and  
grandmothers shouldn't have to worry  
about that. Our brave soldiers shouldn't  
have to worry about what's happening here  
-- in America.

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

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

RAYMOND (V.O.)  
-- There are gaps. Ugly chasms that we  
need to bridge. The gap between rich and  
poor, between government and the people --

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

71 INT. SKID ROW RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

71

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

TV71

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

TV71

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

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

DESK CLERK  
(about Raymond)  
Dontcha love this guy?

72 INT. SKID ROW HOTEL CORRIDOR

72

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

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

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

73 INT. FANCY HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

73

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

RAYMOND

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

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

74 INT. RAYMOND'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

74

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

RAYMOND

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

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

ANDERSON

Sir, we'll be right outside.

RAYMOND

I know. Good night.

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

RAYMOND

You have thirty seconds, Mother.

75 INTERCUT - ELLIE'S SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT

75

Ellie behind her desk.

ELLIE

Am I this predictable?

RAYMOND

You have no idea.

ELLIE

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

Raymond's second line flashes with another call.

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

RAYMOND  
I happen to believe in it.

ELLIE  
Of course you do. Now Raymond --

RAYMOND  
Goodnight, Mother.

ELLIE  
Raymond --

Raymond punches a button and puts his mother on HOLD.

76 INT. ELLIE'S SENATE OFFICE - NIGHT 76

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

ELLIE  
Raymond?

77 INT. RAYMOND'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 77

Raymond stares --

THE PHONE

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

RAYMOND

punches the line, lifts the receiver -- hears a strangely  
fluctuating low-frequency tone --

RAYMOND  
Yes?

VOICE ON THE PHONE  
(British accent)  
Sergeant Shaw?

RAYMOND  
(irritably)  
Who is this?

CLOSE on RAYMOND'S EAR --

VOICE ON THE PHONE  
Sergeant Raymond Shaw?

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

RAYMOND

Yes ...?

CLOSE on RAYMOND'S EYE --

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Raymond Prentiss Shaw?

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

RAYMOND

(eyes alight)

Yes.

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

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Listen:

(then)

Enter the bathroom, and go to the closet there.

WIDE - THE SUITE

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

THE PHONE

light flashing, Eleanor on HOLD -- stops --

78 INT. BATHROOM

78

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

79 INT. CLOSET

79

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

A MAN IN BLACK

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

The man gestures Raymond through the closet passageway --

80

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

80

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

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

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

NOYLE

Hello Raymond. Do you remember me?

RAYMOND

No sir.

NOYLE

Brilliant.

(to his group)

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

81

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

81

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

MARCO

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

(listens)

Yeah, I know. I know.

(deep breath)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

Thank you for --

Dial tone. He hangs up. Exhales. Looks at a list of names and numbers, and begins to dial another.

BLINK.

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

BLINK.

83 Another call. 83

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAYMOND  
Yes.

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

NOYLE  
Describe it.

84 INT. SKID ROW RESIDENTIAL HOTEL - NIGHT 84

Marco knocking at Melvin's door again.

MARCO  
... Al? You in there?

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

85 INT. MELVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 85

The light switch doesn't work. Click, click. Eerie shudder of neon from the sign on the building, shapes crowd the room, claustrophobic ...

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

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

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

86-87 OMITTED 86-87

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

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

FB88 FLASH: DREAMSCAPE FB88

Noyle turning toward us, eyes bright --

RESUME - MARCO

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

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

RAYMOND (V.O.)  
(fades up:)  
... we're heading back to forward command. The night is clear. Stars but no moon --

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

89 TIGHT - RAYMOND (STREAMING VIDEO) 89

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

TV89 RAYMOND (VIDEO) TV89  
-- We're engaged unexpectedly by ground forces with helicopter support. In the ensuing firefight, Eddie Ingram gets himself separated to the left. Baker goes after him ...

90 INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT 90  
Marco reading these same words, which Melvin has scrawled in his journals:

RAYMOND (V.O.)  
... An incoming mortar shell kills them both instantly, before I am able to --

FB90 FLASH CUT: A GIANT MONITOR FB90  
Marco's whole squad, staring at a digital screen animation of Raymond's one-man military fire-fight -- a CGI Hummer with a flaming tire, Raymond heroically spewing machine gun fire at the enemy, exactly as we've seen it in Marco's retelling:

THE TEAM  
(reciting together:)  
-- kills them both, instantly, before Sergeant Shaw is able to locate and eliminate the source of the ordnance ...

FB90A SHOCK CUT: REFLECTED IN A SURGICAL MIRROR - MARCO FB90A  
Strapped to a chair back in the dreamscape, head back, his mouth pried open and a hypodermic needle plunged deep up into his palette -- thin electrode wires splayed across his face and neck -- Noyle's just behind him --

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

BLINK.

91 INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - MARCO 91  
flips compulsively ahead through the notebook, lit by the harsh beam of the penlight. Endless, repetitive writing. FEVERISHLY RENDERED IMPRESSIONS of the dreamscape, medical apparatus, choppers, guns -- MORE and MORE images of Raymond Shaw -- of Raymond strangling Baker --  
  
-- and A DRAWING OF A MAN WHO MIGHT BE MARCO, unfinished, uncertain except for the eyes -- Marco with a GUN in his hand --

FB91 FLASH: EDDIE INGRAM

FB91

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

RESUME - MELVIN'S ROOM - MARCO

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

TIGHT - ON THE FLOOR - THE NOTEBOOK

-- SKETCHES of Eddie Ingram with a bullet hole in his forehead --

MARCO

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

THE BARE, OVERHEAD LIGHTBULB IN THE ROOM

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

THE WALLS OF MELVIN'S APARTMENT

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

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

92 TIGHT - NOYLE (VIDEO STREAMING)

92

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

TV92

NOYLE  
Questions?

TV92

SCREAM OF A TRAIN.

93 INT. BULLET TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY

93

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

LAURENT TOKAR

sitting down across from him. Smiling.

LAURENT  
(French accent)  
Is this seat taken?

SKIP

94 INT. BULLET TRAIN TO NEW YORK - DAY

94

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

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

THROUGH THE SEATS - A WOMAN'S FACE

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

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

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

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

MARCO  
This is Delaware.

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

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

ROSIE  
Paper or plastic.

MARCO  
What?

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

ROSIE (CONT'D)

thing.

(beat)

Romance novels, instant noodles, No-Doz  
and tomatoes.

(Marco frowns)

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

Beat.

ROSIE

You headed to New York City?

MARCO

Yeah.

ROSIE

Business?

MARCO

No. Guy I knew ... in the Army. He's in  
politics now. We've kinda lost touch.

(awkward beat, then)

What's your name?

ROSIE

Eugenie.

MARCO

'Scuse me?

ROSIE

Yeah. Crazy French pronunciation and  
all.

MARCO

It's pretty.

ROSIE

Thanks.

MARCO

I guess your friends call you Jenny.

ROSIE

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

MARCO

What do your friends call you?

ROSIE

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

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

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

Beat. Their eyes lock. Marco blinks --

FB94 FLASH: ROSIE -- A bullet hole in her forehead. Trickle of FB94  
blood. Still smiling, as if she's unaware of it.

ROSIE  
Are you okay?

BLINK.

ROSIE -- as before. No head wound. Slight look of  
puzzlement, because --

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

MARCO  
Excuse me.

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

95 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - AS BEFORE

95

-- Marco catches himself, hands against the bulkhead wall  
near the bathroom. Another PASSENGER squeezes past him,  
headed in the opposite direction. Marco tries the bathroom  
door. Locked. OCCUPIED. Marco reaches into his pocket for  
a plastic vial of medicine. Tries to shake one of the TINY  
PILLS OUT, but --

A BURLY PASSENGER in the bathroom emerges, accidentally  
brushes the bottle from Marco's hands -- THE PILLS scatter  
onto the floor --

BIG MAN MARCO  
Sorry. I didn't know you were -- It's okay. It's okay.

-- Marco's DOWN ON HIS KNEES, struggling to gather the pills  
and put them back in the plastic vial. The big man goes. The  
AUTOMATIC DOOR closes, SPIKING Marco across the shoulder --

MARCO  
OW dammit --

He rocks back, and the bathroom door HISSES shut.

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

ROSIE  
My mother would tell you to wash these.

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

ROSIE  
I didn't mean to upset you.

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

ROSIE  
It's way overrated.

They stare at each other. Then:

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

Marco ducks into the bathroom and shuts the door.

96 INT. TRAIN MEN'S ROOM - DAY 96

Marco cups water in his hands and smears it on his face, wiping it away with a paper towel. He comes up looking in the mirror, avoiding his own gaze as --

IN THE MIRROR: THE DOOR OPENS

and a man comes partway in -- now it's Dr. Noyle.

Marco pivots -- no Noyle. The door is shut, locked. He's all alone. Losing his mind.

97 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - ROSIE 97

Lost in thought. Faint smile. She puts her hand flat against the door, then turns and heads back to her seat.

98 INT. TRAIN MEN'S ROOM - MARCO 98

Turns to the mirror again ... and again SEES Dr. Noyle behind him, smiling:

NOYLE  
Hello Captain. Do you remember me?

KNOCKING at the door, a pass-key rattling in it --

99 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - MARCO

99

emerges from the bathroom to find an irritated CONDUCTOR now awkwardly trying to extract his key from the door, and Rosie waiting.

CONDUCTOR  
Are you okay, sir?

BEN  
Ben?

ROSIE

MARCO

... Yeah.

ROSIE

Jesus. You've been in here twenty minutes. I thought you'd fallen off.

Marco stares at Rosie. Twenty minutes? The train SHUDDERS to a halt --

100 INT. PENN STATION - DAY

100

Marco comes up the escalator, into a SEA OF COMMUTERS. Momentarily lost. Rosie is behind him, a moment later with her bag, and --

ROSIE

I'm gonna get a cab, you want me to drop you somewhere?

MARCO

No. I'm okay, thanks.

ROSIE

Your friend gonna meet you here?

MARCO

No.

Beat.

ROSIE

El Dorado 59970.

(off Marco's frown)

My cell phone, in case you -- you know. I like to say it the old way -- can you remember the number, or should I write it on your chest with a sharpie?

MARCO

(small smile)

I'll remember.

Beat.

ROSIE

You're sweating.

MARCO

What?

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

ROSIE

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

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Crane down as a cab pulls to the curb ... and Marco and Rosie emerge ...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Pentagon watchdogs today accused the private equity fund Manchurian Global of grossly overpricing plasma and other critical medical supplies during the recent Indonesian incursion, even as the company secured a half-billion dollar no-bid contract to provide combat support services to American soldiers preparing to mobilize in Sri Lanka ...

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

101

ROSIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's my cousin's place --

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

ROSIE

-- there's ... a view of the park ... if you go out on the fire escape and kinda ... tilt your head ...

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

ROSIE

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

MARCO

Me, I get quiet.

Another awkward beat. She stands there. Studying him.

ROSIE

You okay?

MARCO

Dreams, I've been having these --

Catches himself. That's just how Melvin said it.

ROSIE  
Is that what happened on the train?

MARCO  
Sort of.

Beat.

MARCO  
I could be dreaming you.

ROSIE  
What if you are?

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

Beat. Rosie smiles at him.

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

102 INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - MARCO

102

The water cascades down on him. He feels around on his back  
where the door on the train whacked him -- there's an old  
scar -- maybe a bullet wound -- CAMERA CURLS around as he  
twists, contorts, pushes on it and feels a tiny lump --

FB102 OMITTED

FB102

ROSIE'S VOICE  
(distant)  
Ben?

TIGHT - MARCO'S HAND

turning off the shower, hard --

103 RESUME - ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT

103

She's sitting, watching the closed bathroom door. No noise  
from the shower.

ROSIE  
Earth to Ben -- how're you doing in  
there?

104 INT. BATHROOM - MARCO

104

hyper, rummaging through the vanity, searching for -- pair  
of cuticle scissors, tweezers, anything sharp -- a little  
basket of sample perfumes CRASHES into the sink --

ROSIE (O.S.)  
(KNOCKING loudly)

Ben, what's going on -- are you okay --?

Marco moves to his clothes, finds a pocketknife in his pants. Opens it -- twists it clumsily in his fingers to reach the scar on his back he can only barely see in the mirror --

105 INTERCUT - ROSIE - OUTSIDE THE DOOR 105

-- Rosie's KNOCKING HARDER, NOW.

ROSIE

Ben, I need you to open this door. Okay?

Just for a sec.

(beat)

You're scaring me. Ben --?

106 INT. BATHROOM - MARCO 106

He SLASHES at the lump. Blood blossoms. SLASHES again, oblivious to pain.

ROSIE

BEN MARCO!?

PUSH IN as Ben presses the blade sharply down into his skin ... cutting a slit through which the blunt edge of

AN EXTREMELY TINY OBLONG THING

It slides out into Ben's bloody fingers.

107 Rosie's PUSHING against the door, trying to force it open. 107

108 MARCO 108

puts his trembling hand under the faucet, delicately holds the thing between two fingers, turns on the water --

109 THE DOOR - ROSIE 109

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

ROSIE

Oh Jesus.

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

MARCO

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

MARCO

SHIT. Oh no NO ...

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

DIVES TO

FLOOR LEVEL - UNDER THE SINK

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

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

MARCO

-- Gone. Shit.

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

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

MARCO

Tell me you saw that.

Rosie just stares at him.

MARCO

(hollow)

You didn't. You didn't see it.

ROSIE

See what?

Marco closes his eyes.

MARCO

Proof.

ROSIE

Of what?

MARCO

My sanity.

110 EXT. ISOLATED WAREHOUSE - ON THE HUDSON RIVER - DAY

110

Stark building with a huge parking lot and only one car parked in it. A CAB pulls through the open gate, stops. Marco gets out.

DELP (V.O.)

Implant delusions. Number three on the paranoid top ten list.

111 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWAY - DAY

111

Ben and RICHARD DELP ascend at a good clip. Delp wears a lab coat, trappings of a medical researcher:

MARCO

This wasn't a delusion.

DELP

That's what they all say, Marco.

(then)

Some wicked shit got sprayed on you guys during Desert Storm. Besides all the depleted uranium, I mean ...

He stops, unlocks a door, and they go --

112 INT. DELP'S RESEARCH LAB - SKY BOOTH - DAY

112

A narrow, glassed-in space with a cluster of monitoring equipment against the wall of darkened windows. Fluorescent lights flicker on, revealing a CAVERNOUS SPACE BELOW, in which an intricate MAZE of CAGES contains unhappy, SCREAMING research MONKEYS with Orwellian stainless-steel hardware and antennae bolted to their bisected skulls. Strange SOUNDS and various LIGHTING EFFECTS emerge from the different sections.

DELP

... I personally know of a couple of Rangers who swear that they see only in tertiary colors now --

MARCO

-- Delp.

DELP

-- and can pick up sports talk radio in their cortical block if they get too close to a Con-Ed transformer.

MARCO

-- Delp. It's not Gulf War Syndrome.

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

DELP

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

MARCO

The Army never put one in me.

DELP

That you know of, Marco. That you know of.

(then)

How'd you find me?

MARCO (V.O.)

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

DELP

Ha ha.

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

MARCO

What are you studying here, Delp?

DELP

Fear.

MARCO

For the Agency?

DELP

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

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

MARCO

Look, Delp. The things I dream about Kuwait feel more real to me than what I remember happening there.

Delp just waits.

MARCO

I feel like somewhere along the line, I've been ... brainwashed or something. All scrambled up.

DELP

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

(MORE)

DELP (CONT'D)

(beat)

As for somebody imbedding electric probes and computer chips in your brain to make you do things -- it's horseshit, man. A little Electro-Convulsive Therapy and sleep deprivation will do the trick for a fraction of the price. Ask the Uzbeks. And you would remember it.

MARCO

What about my dreams?

DELP

(shrugs)

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

MARCO

You're not helping me.

DELP

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

113-114 OMITTED

113-114

115 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

115

A black limo snakes through gridlock, reflecting back the cacaphony of images thrown by ad screens and running l.e.d. news headlines. Tiny American flags flap on either side of the front fenders of the car; POLICE MOTORCYCLISTS provide escort.

116 INT. LIMO - RAYMOND SHAW

116

alone with his campaign handler (MIRELLA FREEMAN, who murmurs almost inaudibly into a cell phone) and his thoughts. His face goes in and out of shadow. The world blurs past.

117 EXT. TIMES SQUARE CAMPAIGN OFFICES - DAY

117

REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS poised as the limo pulls to the curb, Anderson gets out of the front seat and opens the door for Raymond. A SMALL CROWD of SUPPORTERS cheers. REPORTERS lob questions from behind a barrier:

REPORTER #2

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

RAYMOND

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

MOVING WITH - MARCO

as he keeps pace with Raymond, walking, moving behind the reporters, pushing to get to the front of the barrier --

REPORTER #2	REPORTER #3
What about your mother's latest allegation of a nuclear attack from a secret alliance of rogue states?	Do you think your mother's helping or hurting your campaign?

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

Do you ever dream about Kuwait?

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

RAYMOND

I can never remember my dreams.

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

RAYMOND

-- it's okay. I know him, it's okay.  
(to Marco)  
Why did you ask me about Kuwait?

AS THEY WALK TO THE FRONT DOOR --

MARCO

(pleasantly:)  
I didn't. I asked you about your dreams.

MIRELLA

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

RAYMOND

No.

They go --

118 INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

118

There's a reception desk, some VOLUNTEER stations, SECURITY, and lots of posters and promotional material and campaign pamphlets for walk-in public consumption. TWO ESCALATORS provide access to an upper level --

MIRELLA  
No to the interview, or no to six?

RAYMOND  
He wants to talk about my mother. No.  
(then)  
What do you want from me, Captain?

MARCO  
Forty minutes of your time.

MIRELLA  
Congressman --

MARCO  
Private time.

A SECURITY GUY passes a WAND up and down Marco, front and back, casual and comprehensive --

RAYMOND  
This is as private as it gets for me anymore.

MIRELLA  
Congressman Shaw --

Raymond holds up his hand. Waits. Anderson. Mirella, Raymond, all staring at Marco. He doesn't want to get into this right here, but --

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

RAYMOND  
Including you?

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

RAYMOND  
That's easy.  
(almost automatic)  
We're on a routine recon inside Iraqi-controlled terrain. We're ambushed. RPG incoming. Mortar fire, total chaos. You're knocked unconscious --

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

Beat. A giant SECURE TOMORROW logo looms above the escalators, flanked by beaming likenesses of Robert Arthur and Raymond Shaw.

RAYMOND  
Am I in your dreams?

MARCO  
Yeah.

Raymond stops just before the bottom of the escalators.

RAYMOND  
Saving everybody?

VOLUNTEERS pass between them, going up and down the escalator.

MARCO  
It's more complicated than that.

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

MARCO  
-- Melvin, he made drawings, and wrote down what he dreamed -- it's all in here.

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

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

MARCO  
I've been to doctors.

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

MARCO  
Okay. Okay, I'm sorry.

Marco nods again, numb, makes a vague, resigned gesture. Raymond smiles, exuding practiced, professional sympathy, and gets on the escalator.

RAYMOND  
Take care, Captain.

MARCO  
I'm not crazy, Shaw.

He jams the notebook back into his folder, starts to walk away. Raymond watches him, rising. Then:

RAYMOND  
(calls after)  
Captain --  
(then)  
-- Major.  
(walking back down, against  
the rising steps)  
Ben.

Marco stops, turns.

RAYMOND  
Are you hungry?

119 INT. RAYMOND'S PRIVATE MEETING ROOM - CAMPAIGN HQ - DUSK 119

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

RAYMOND  
I kill Baker?

MARCO  
It's a dream --

RAYMOND  
No.

MARCO  
-- could mean something else.

RAYMOND  
No.

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

RAYMOND  
-- I killed the *enemy*. I didn't know  
them, either. So it was okay. And,  
anyway, I remember what we did in Kuwait,  
I remember it perfectly.  
(frowns)  
I just don't remember actually doing it.

MARCO  
Maybe you didn't.

RAYMOND  
NO. What a thought.

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

RAYMOND

Life is so bizarre, isn't it?

MARCO

Which part?

RAYMOND

I don't know. This campaign. Politics. My whole public life and persona -- I mean, posing and grinning like a goddamn sock puppet, shaking hands with total strangers who've got to be blind if they can't see what I am, at the core, what my mother has made me. A Prentiss. Ferociously, a Prentiss -- but not a Shaw, God forbid.

MARCO

I see.

RAYMOND

No, you don't. You can't. Every detail of my existence is preordained. Case in point: I was twenty years old before I had a friend --

MARCO

Look, Raymond, what you just said --

RAYMOND

-- worse, a girlfriend -- well, from my point of view, anyway --

MARCO

-- what you said about not remembering the ambush --

RAYMOND

-- a friend outside my mother's circle of approved encounters -- God only knows what lies Mother told her to chase her away. Precipitating my sole act of rebellion, storming off and enlisting --  
(grimaces)

-- in the Army. Which, ironically, only served to gild my Prentiss resume. You know: "fluent in five languages, Phi Beta Kappa, Medal of Honor, blah blah blah."

(beat, frowns)

But after the war I came back to her. And ... this. What Mother calls my "Manifest Prentiss Destiny."

MARCO  
Why did you come back? What happened?

RAYMOND  
What?

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

RAYMOND  
Weren't you listening? Mother happened.  
(then)  
You know, the truth is, I hate it. I've always despised the medal. And the cloying adulation of the little people, your pitiful jealousy --

MARCO  
-- who said I was jealous?

RAYMOND  
I don't have the dreams, Ben.

MARCO  
How can you not remember saving the unit?

RAYMOND  
I do. I said I did.

MARCO  
You said you don't remember doing it.

RAYMOND  
When I think about that night, it's as if I know what *will* happen, Ben, but I never get to the part where I feel that it actually *did* happen. But I think that's probably perfectly normal.

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

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

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

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

Raymond. They put an implant in me. I found it this morning. Maybe they put one in you.

RAYMOND

Nobody's put anything in me.

MARCO

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

Marco moves toward him, Raymond backs away --

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

Just check your back, Raymond --

RAYMOND

-- this can wait until after the election.

MARCO

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

RAYMOND

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

MARCO

-- just check --

RAYMOND

(without checking)

There's nothing there!

Marco LUNGES at Raymond -- grabs him by the collar of his shirt and YANKS it down, buttons popping, pinning Raymond's arms against his sides -- they fall, together, over the desk, onto the floor -- Chinese food scattering.

MARCO

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

KNOCKING at the door:

ANDERSON (O.S.)  
Congressman Shaw?

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

-- Raymond struggling, helpless, as Marco checks his back,  
his shoulder -- finds a small scar just like his own --

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

ANDERSON (O.S.)  
-- are you okay?  
RAYMOND  
Ben -- MARCO  
-- there -- there's --  
something --

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

-- Raymond shakes him off, and Marco SLAMS into the wall.

The office door BANGS open --

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

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

RAYMOND  
No.

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

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

ANDERSON  
Sir --

RAYMOND  
NOTHING HAPPENED!

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

120 OMITTED 120

A121 EXT. MANHATTAN - STATUE OF LIBERTY - DAY A121

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

ELLIE (V.O.)

You want to *help* him?

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

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

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

I can't even imagine why.

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

What should we do? Make him a General?

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

What?

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

You don't actually believe his story?

RAYMOND

No. But he does. And he's a fine soldier and ... my friend. And if his slim hold on sanity requires that I tolerate his delusions until he can get  
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

help, I'll do it. It doesn't diminish me. And I'm not afraid of him.

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Yes, I think telling people you want to "round up all the towelheads and throw them in a deep pit" probably tips your hand.

ELLIE

(laughs)

That was a joke, you dreadful boy.

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

ELLIE

Carpetbag steak.

RAYMOND

Stuffed. With oysters?

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

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

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

ELLIE

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

RAYMOND

Promise me that you'll help him.

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

ELLIE

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHS - SCENE PHOTOS - AL MELVIN'S DEAD BODY

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

MARCO (V.O.)

Al Melvin ...

123 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

123

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

MARCO

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

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

AGENT WILLIAMS

Talk about what?

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

AGENT WILLIAMS

Dreams?

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

MARCO

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

AGENT JONAS

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

MARCO

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

AGENT JONAS

(talks over him)

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

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

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

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

MARCO  
Yeah. Kinda like 'special agent.'

COLONEL GARRET  
Cut it out, Major.

AGENT WILLIAMS  
What's your obsession with Raymond Shaw?

AGENT RAMIREZ  
Man of his dreams.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGENT JONAS  
-- He hit me! Fuck!

MARCO  
He said I could.

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

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

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

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

Only Agent Volk remains, unmoved by what just occurred.

CLOSE ON - MARCO, catching his breath.

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

124 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

124

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

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

RAYMOND  
-- I don't care.

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

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

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

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

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

125 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

125

Marco with Howard, who's visibly upset. He likes Marco, it breaks his heart to watch him unravelling like this. Agent Volk remains in her chair, on the other side of the room. The door opens, and Col. Garret comes in with Williams and Ramirez, who gives Marco back his personal effects:

AGENT WILLIAMS  
Goodbye.

AGENT RAMIREZ  
Get out of here.

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

AGENT RAMIREZ  
Yes. Shaw won't press charges.

AGENT WILLIAMS  
And your boy's got juice with important  
friends. It's today's daily double.

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

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

A beat as Ramirez and Williams leave the room. Marco,  
trying to process all this:

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

LT. COL. HOWARD  
There's a young neurologist at Walter  
Reed. Zahn.

MARCO  
Sir, I know all about Dr. Zahn --

LT. COL. HOWARD  
He's had considerable success with Gulf  
Syndrome --

MARCO  
-- he was that guy at Guantanamo who --

LT. COL. HOWARD  
(cuts him off)  
I want you to get your affairs in order  
and report to him for evaluation and  
treatment first thing Monday morning.

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

LT. COL. HOWARD  
Me too, Ben.

126 OMITTED 126

127 SERIES OF X-RAYS 127

micro-circuitry, neat as a pin --

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

TIGHT - THROUGH A STEREOSCOPIC MICROSCOPE - THE IMPLANT  
falls into focus, smooth and etched with integrated circuits  
as intricate and beautiful as a henna tattoo ...

MARCO'S VOICE  
I found it again.

... and parts are moving. Nano-mechanics, alive --

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

Delp jerks away from the microscope, looks at Marco,  
extremely spooked.

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

-- leaves the statement hanging --

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

129

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

DELP  
You sure you want to do this?

MARCO  
Yes.

DELP  
-- because I don't.

MARCO  
I'll owe you one.

Delp rounds a corner -- monkeys scrambling around their cages as he comes to the clearing where Marco sits on one of the experimental gurneys, using a pen to write on his arm.

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

MARCO  
-- Talk to me about the implant, Delp.

DELP  
Manchurian Global. Heard of em?  
(off Marco:)  
Of course you haven't. That's how big they are. Imagine not just a corporation, Marco, but a goddamn geopolitical extension of policy for every President since Nixon. Need a coup? They'll train your freedom fighters. And later when those guys become terrorists? They build the holding cells to put 'em in. Going to war? They'll supply the staging facilities, weapon systems, hardware, software, intelligence, food, ammo, medical supplies, and officer latrines. Done fighting? They'll do the mop up, provide security, pave roads, build schools, feed survivors, drill for water, pump the oil, and polish the silver before they pack up for the next war.

MARCO  
Delp --

DELP  
-- no moral compass, man, cash is king. Hell, during Bosnia? They worked ethnic cleansing like a commodities market: Serbs for Croats, Croats for Serbs --

MARCO  
You said the Army implants were for  
medical emergency data.

DELP  
The ones they publicized were.

MARCO  
What -- there was a parallel project?

DELP  
Oh man, was there -- all kinds of scary  
implantable shit the Clinton watchdogs  
finally freaked out about, and closed down.

MARCO  
How do you know all this?

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

MARCO  
Delp, what does this implant do?

DELP  
I don't know. At the very least, GPS,  
for someone who wants to know where you  
are 24-7-365. The rest, I don't want to  
know. You don't want to know -- shit --  
it's out of you, and you're still alive.  
That's the good news.  
(off his arm)  
What are you doing?

INTERCUT - MARCO'S FOREARM -- he's scrawling words on his palm,  
with a ballpoint pen: ROSIE. RAYMOND SHAW. MANCHURIAN-GLOBAL ...

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

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

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

SERIES OF SHOTS -- he's putting thread-thin electrodes INTO  
Marco's head, just beneath the skin.

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

MARCO  
Edge off what?

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

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

MARCO  
You don't think this is going to work.

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

MARCO  
I'll get my memories back.

DELP  
Yup.

MARCO  
And if it doesn't work?

DELP  
-- if your brain's been not just washed,  
but dry-cleaned --?

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

DELP  
-- you're fucked.  
(then)  
Try to relax, okay?

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

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

MOMENTS OF TRUTH - RAPID FIRE:

FB129-FBA129	OMITTED	FB129-FBA129
FBB129	-- jetting low across sparkling, azure water as dawn breaks --	FBB129
FBC129	-- inside of a helicopter -- dawn's early light fluttering -- Laurent -- gas mask down -- confers with a pilot --	FBC129
FBD129	-- still jetting low across water, now toward an abandoned village --	FBD129
FBE129	-- beach --	FBE129
FBF129	-- ruins of an ancient caravansary --	FBF129
FBG129	-- SPIN DOWN on the upturned face of NOYLE, and --	FBG129

FBH129 -- Marco's HEAD SLAMMED DOWN, hard surface, a gun-like FBH129  
ELECTRIC IMPLANT device FIRES its package into the skin  
near Marco's shoulder-blade --  
FBI129 -- impressions of Melvin, Ingram, Baker, drugged, wired FBI129  
up --  
FBJ129 -- Raymond releasing Baker's throat -- FBJ129  
FBK129 -- A GUN FIRES -- Eddie Ingram, ten feet away, hole in his FBK129  
head, falling --  
-- REVERSE ON MARCO, reacting, all wired up --  
FBL129 -- the GUN falling to the crazy pattern of the tile -- FBL129  
FBM129 -- and Marco running, wires popping off as he RUSHES FBM129  
FORWARD -- toward daylight, past platoon members, wires and  
I.V. tubes snaking upward, watching animated Raymond Shaw  
hero footage on a plasma screen --  
FBN129 -- breaking outside, a glimpse of the azure sea waiting FBN129  
there --  
-- but DOWN, TACKLED --  
FBO129 OMITTED FBO129

... the SCREEN BLOOMS WHITE, and completely empty -- like an  
Arabian desert --

130 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 130

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

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

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

ROSIE  
Blank again?

Marco tries to say something, his mouth is dry.

ROSIE  
He said this would happen.

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

MARCO  
Who?

ROSIE  
Your friend.

MARCO  
I don't remember a friend.

Nothing.

ROSIE  
Kind of like a computer system crash --  
your brain goes down, then you boot up  
(MORE)



ELLIE (CONT'D)

think we share the same fundamental vision of what this country can be.

INTERVIEWER

Which is --?

ELLIE

Better. Better and better -- safer, braver, stronger. A beacon of freedom in a world troubled by shadows. We -- America -- must prevail. The survival of modern civilization -- freedom and democracy -- depends upon it.

INTERVIEWER

So the two of you agree to disagree.

ELLIE

(light)

No normal man ever listens to his mother, so -- what other choice do I have?

TV132 OMITTED

TV132

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

MARCO

It's Wednesday.

ROSIE

Yes.

MARCO

Central Park was Monday. I came home Friday.

ROSIE

(smiles)

That's right.

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

MARCO

How did I get here?

ROSIE

You called me.

MARCO

El Dorado 59970.

(beat)

I remembered.

(beat)

I remember, and I didn't dream.

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

MARCO  
What'd we talk about?

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

MARCO  
I remember that.

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

ROSIE  
Liar.

MARCO  
What else did we talk about?

Rosie opens her mouth --

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Two beats of silence, then --

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

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

134 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN 134

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

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

JUMP CUT: MARCO

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

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

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

RESUME - MARCO

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

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

CRASH:

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

Rosie's purse is dumped out on the floor, and Marco's tearing open her suitcase.

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

Rifling through her clothing, discovering, amidst her belongings:

FILE FOLDERS, NOTES, REPORTS

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

AUDIO TAPES

Microcassettes, neatly labelled with dates and hours ...

MARCO -- his world is caving in ...

INTERCUT - SUBJECTIVE: (B&W) - LIVING ROOM SURVEILLANCE

ROSIE

Ben?

Rosie, rolling off the bed, sleepy, looking around for Marco --

INT. ROSIE'S COUSIN'S APARTMENT DOORWAY --

Rosie swings the door open to the hallway. Her heart sinks.

ROSIE'S POV -- the deserted hallway. Her emptied suitcase and handbag -- the contents scattered in disarray ... Marco is gone.

136 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN 136

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

137 OMITTED 137

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

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

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

The utter quiet is deafening.

139 EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY 139

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

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

140 OMITTED 140

141 INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - ENTRANCE LOBBY - DAY 141

Marco enters, heads for the main desk --

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

TIGHT - I.D. PHOTO CAMERA

Marco has his picture taken -- FREEZE --

MARCO'S VOICE  
I remember.

TIGHT - AN I.D. CARD

Rolls out of the printer and drops on the main desk counter, Marco's picture staring up at us --

WHIR of rewinding audio --

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

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

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

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

INTERCUT - MICROFICHE

HEADLINES flip past ... MANCHURIAN GLOBAL TO SUPPLY PRIVATE ARMY FOR BELORUSSIAN WAR. EQUITY GROUP ANNOUNCES JOINT-TREATY WITH SPAIN. SAHARAN CONGRESS INVITES MAN-GLOBAL TO WRITE NEW CONSTITUTION ...

ROSIE'S VOICE

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

MARCO'S VOICE

You don't believe any of it.

ROSIE'S VOICE

It's crazy. It sounds crazy.

TIGHT - A COPY MACHINE

As Marco makes copies, one after another --

MARCO'S VOICE

-- maybe that's what they want. Maybe that's what they want.

TIGHT - PHOTOCOPIES

Grainy NEWS and PUBLICITY PHOTOS of: Civilian Advisors with the Mujahedin in Afghanistan, pre-fab Refugee Encampments in Chechnya, Weapons Systems Brochures, Manchurian Global Executives meeting with Saudi dignitaries in robes ... same Executives at a WTO summit ...

WHIR of the tape rewinding again, then:

INTERCUT - TAPE MACHINE

143

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

143

MARCO'S VOICE

We flew low across water. Ocean.

INTERCUT: A MAP OF THE MIDDLE EAST

... the tiny islands off Qatar. Marco circles an area in central Kuwait, then traces an arc circumscribing ocean and land forms. Possible locations of:

MARCO'S VOICE

It was like a field hospital, set up in this ... I don't know.

ROSIE'S VOICE

Military?

MARCO'S VOICE

No. Maybe. Western medicine, modern equipment. State of the art equipment. We were all hooked up to IV tubes and wires and monitors -- stuff I've never seen before.

FB143 FLASHBACK: ROSIE'S APARTMENT

FB143

Silhouettes. Marco, on the bed, numb. Rosie sits opposite, listening intently.

ROSIE

Were you tortured, Ben?

MARCO

No. Yes.

(beat)

There was pain.

(beat)

There were invasive procedures.

ROSIE

For example?

MARCO

Invasive. They went inside my head.

(beat)

-- I watched Raymond Shaw kill someone. I watched him kill Private Robert Baker. Like it was nothing.

MARCO

And I think they made me kill someone too. One of my people. Kid named Eddie Ingram.

(beat)

I remember Owens thought he could rap. Wilson had this prom picture of his wife he kept inside his helmet. Ingram was gonna go to Grad School. Philosophy. Al Melvin, he was career. Baker lied about his age ... barely eighteen when ...

Rosie tries to touch him, but he stops her --

MARCO

I remember thinking: I gotta get my men out of here. I gotta get free. I gotta help them.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

A soldier needs to know who his enemy is.  
We thought we knew. We thought we knew.

-- WHIR of audio fast-forward --

144 RESUME - LIBRARY

144

Marco takes his thumb off the shuttle button and --

-- finding, finally, an inside page of the SCIENCE &  
TECHNOLOGY section of the Times, with the headline:

MANCHURIAN HOPES NEW IMPLANTS SAVE LIVES

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

ROSIE'S VOICE

Did he have a name?

MARCO'S VOICE

Who?

Marco stares at the photograph.

PANNING TIGHT - ACROSS THE SCIENTISTS

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

It's Noyle.

ROSIE'S VOICE

The person who did this, Ben -- what was  
his name? Can you remember?

A long beat. Marco racks his memory. Distant drone of DR.  
NOYLE'S VOICE S.O., fighting its way into Marco's  
consciousness. Then --

MARCO

Noyle. They called him Dr. Noyle.

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

CRASH:

145 TIGHT - COMPUTER STATION - ANOTHER SECTION OF THE LIBRARY

145

A Google search. Marco types the name: NOYLE.

INTERCUT - COMPUTER SCREEN -- A GOVERNMENT website:

SOUTH AFRICAN TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION COMMISSION

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

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

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

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

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

146 IN STREAMING VIDEO: NOYLE

146

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

NOYLE

... we really can reinvent ourselves, you know, by the remapping of the human genome. Adjust character and personality the way we do tummy tucks and breast augmentation. Generate extraordinary abilities in math, music, athletics. Tweak the sympathy gene, boost self-confidence --

CLOSE - ON MARCO

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

NOYLE (O.S.)

(streaming audio)

-- implant memory to offset the ravages of dementia, or free an individual from the traumatic burden of his past ...

147 EXT. PENN STATION - DAY

147

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

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

FREEZE FRAME.

SERIES OF STILL SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS - SAME

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

CRASH:

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

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

149 INT. SENATOR JORDAN'S OFFICE - DUSK 149

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

AIDE

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

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

AIDE

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

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

AIDE

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

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

150 INT. JORDAN'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE TABLE - DUSK 150

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

JORDAN

Nobody will believe this.

MARCO

Nobody believed Watergate.

He sits down, opposite Jordan. A SENIOR STAFF MEMBER sits on a chair in the corner, taking notes on a laptop.

MARCO

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

JORDAN

Among the shareholders of Manchurian-Global, should they ever publish a list -- which they won't -- you would find former Presidents, deposed Kings, trust fund terrorists, fallen Communist dictators, Ayatollahs, African War-Lords, and retired Prime Ministers.

He puts the Noyle file down, pushes everything away.

MARCO

I can't touch them, I get that, I'm not stupid, sir.

JORDAN

You bring me rumors and conjecture.

MARCO

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

JORDAN

Nightmares you've interpreted, using as primary resources a) your spotty memory, b) the internet -- sacred sanctuary of idiots and nutters -- and c) a crazy man's notebook, along with evidence you chewed out of a man's back -- all neatly stitched together with the common thread of a powerful, well-connected private equity fund -- who will plead ignorance, and be shocked, *shocked*, to learn what some of their subsidiary partners are engaged in.

MARCO

I don't give a rat's ass about Manchurian Global! Sir, I don't care about them! That's not why I'm here!

A cold silence. Marco stares at Jordan, pulls out one last piece of paper.

MARCO

I looked you up too, Senator.

Jordan adjusts his position, frowns back at Marco.

MARCO

You were in the Army.

JORDAN

Drafted. I didn't make much of a soldier, I'm afraid.

MARCO

That's not what I saw in the record. You know how it works, sir: wars are fought one battle at a time. And battles you win one bullet at a time.

Jordan nods again. Lost in thought.

MARCO

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

Jordan surveys the mass of paperwork spread out before him. Looks up at Marco.

CRASH:

151-A152 OMITTED

151-A152

152 EXT. ELEANOR'S VIRGINIA MANSION - NIGHT

152

A limousine pulls up in front, followed by a car full of Secret Service. Anderson floats out and opens the door for Raymond ...

153 INT. PRENTISS MANSION - NIGHT

153

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

The low murmur of Jordan's voice, then INCREDULOUS LAUGHTER from Ellie.

Raymond proceeds down the hallway to --

154 INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

154

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

ELLIE

The man is insane, Tom -- full-blown schizophrenia -- he's been *stalking* Raymond -- the FBI is already all over this, I've seen their files -- have you talked to them?

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

RAYMOND  
All over what?

ELLIE  
Your bipolar war buddy has been sharing  
his dreams with Senator Jordan.

JORDAN  
Hello Raymond.

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

RAYMOND  
Hello Senator. How's Jocie?

ELLIE  
Can we please not go down that road?  
Tom, have you fact-checked this with  
anyone?

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

JORDAN  
Do you recognize this man?

RAYMOND  
No.

JORDAN  
His name is Atticus Noyle. He is a South  
African scientist and mercenary. Someone  
our CIA turned to for covert mind warfare  
against the Soviets in Afghanistan,  
someone who has sold his technology and  
services to terrorists and rogue states.

RAYMOND  
What's he got to do with me?

JORDAN  
Major Marco claims that this man --  
ELLIE  
-- In his dreams.  
JORDAN  
-- brainwashed you --

JORDAN  
-- contrived to have you win the Medal of  
Honor -- and has you poised to become the  
first privately owned and operated Vice  
President of the United States.

RAYMOND  
Sir, I've talked to Ben Marco. He's  
sick. Delusional.

JORDAN

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

Raymond frowns, looks from Jordan to Ellie.

JORDAN

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

ELLIE

Christ, Tom. They contribute to half the Senate. Both sides of the aisle.

RAYMOND

What are you saying?

JORDAN

At the time of Desert Storm, Dr. Atticus Noyle was working under a research grant from Manchurian Global. Your mother's friend. Developing deep implant behavior modification. Genomic reconstruction.

RAYMOND

What?

JORDAN

There is reason to believe that you have become a ... marionette, Raymond. Consigned to a multi-national syndicate so that they can bend the world to their own specifications.

RAYMOND

ELLIE

What?

Tom --

JORDAN

Rogue scientists. Mind control. Manchurian Global. You. Connect the dots, Raymond.

ELLIE

My God, Tom --

JORDAN

Where was your famous "Lost Patrol" for those three "missing" days? Eluding capture in the desert, or being microwaved by this Atticus Noyle, at a secluded Manchurian Global field hospital an hour's chopper ride from your abduction point?

ELLIE  
(not unkindly)  
-- Has the loss of the nomination driven you around the bend? Seizing upon Major Marco's ravings like --

JORDAN  
If this comes out, true or no, it would be catastrophic for the campaign. For the country!  
(beat, a threat?)  
And it will come out.

Silence. The statement hangs there.

RAYMOND  
Senator, what are you suggesting I do?

JORDAN  
For now? Withdraw.

ELLIE  
He's not going to step down on the basis of a crazy man's fantasy --

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

He glances coolly at Ellie --

JORDAN  
... and then surrender yourself to federal authorities, help them trace this thing to its source, and address the damage that may have been inflicted on you. I'll be waiting for your press announcement first thing in the morning.

ELLIE  
Tom. If there's even an inkling of truth in your charges, believe me, I will get to the bottom of it.

JORDAN  
You have twelve hours, Senator.

He starts to leave --

ELLIE  
(unintimidated)  
But if it's not -- true? I will see you impeached on the floor of the Senate, and bury you.

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

RAYMOND  
If these people have somehow done  
something to me, Mother, I will undo it --

ELLIE  
-- we'll undo it together --

RAYMOND  
-- and I pray to God you're not part of  
it --

ELLIE  
-- if they've done anything --

RAYMOND  
-- Mother!  
(beat)  
I have -- I have been dreaming about --

ELLIE  
Raymond. I'll take care of this -- don't  
worry --

RAYMOND  
-- and the implant, I think the implant  
was --

ELLIE  
-- please, Raymond! Sit down.

RAYMOND  
(ignores her)  
-- I need to -- call -- Ben -- said there  
were tests I could have done, to see  
what --

ELLIE  
Raymond --

RAYMOND  
-- to see where they've --

ELLIE  
Sergeant Shaw --

Raymond slows -- curious to be addressed like this --

RAYMOND  
What?

ELLIE  
-- Sergeant Raymond Shaw --

RAYMOND  
Mother ...

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

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON - ELLIE

ELLIE  
Raymond Prentiss Shaw --  
(sad)  
Listen:

CRASH:

155 OMITTED 155

156 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 156

A lacy fog rising from the reeds on the shoreline as the Senator drags his kayak from under the pilings of a pristine, clapboard cottage to the edge of the water.

157 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 157

The house is beautiful, everything perfect. FLOAT through FINDING Jocie in a back bedroom, waking slowly in a huge bed, hearing the splash of her father's oar in the water, rolling to look out the window and watch her father, in his kayak, paddling away ...

FBA158 JETTING LOW: FBA158

across sparkling water, as dawn breaks -- just like Marco's retrieved memory -- toward a distant shore, that becomes --

A158 EXT. SOMEWHERE ON THE MID-ATLANTIC COASTLINE - DAWN A158

A BULLET TRAIN races north --

158 INT. TRAIN - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - DAWN 158

Marco jolts awake, as if from a bad dream, startled -- cramped in a seat, just another rumples, weary traveller -- a CONDUCTOR'S VOICE drones destinations: "Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newark, New York City ..."

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

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

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

JORDAN  
Who's that?

RAYMOND  
It's me, sir.

JORDAN

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

RAYMOND

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

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

RAYMOND  
I came to apologize, sir.

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

Raymond catches the bow of the kayak, turns it.

RAYMOND  
I'm sorry.

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

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

RAYMOND  
I'm sorry, sir.

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

160 UNDER THE WATER - JORDAN 160

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

161 INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 161

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

-- her father's upended kayak.

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

162 EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAWN 162

Jocie sprints down toward the water, screaming --

JOCELYN

DADDY!

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

JOCELYN

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

JOCELYN

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

She tries to shove Raymond away from the boat, but

RAYMOND

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

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

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

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

RAYMOND

(far away)

Shhhhhhhh.

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

163 NEWS COVERAGE - LATER - SAME DAY (VIDEO)

163

TVA163 Cold tapestry of images behind the MAJOR MEDIA ICON: Jordan's official Senate portrait, file photos of Jordan and Jocie together, Jordan's house.

TVA163

TV163

MEDIA ICON

TV163

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

164 CAMPAIGN COVERAGE - SAME DAY (VIDEO) 164

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

TV164 ARTHUR TV164

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

165 INT. PENN STATION - MANHATTAN - MARCO 165

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

166 INT. CAMPAIGN RALLY - DAY 166

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

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

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

Donovan walking beside Senator Eleanor Prentiss Shaw. Whiting just behind them. Further off on the grounds, a LONE FIGURE discreetly tracks with the group.

DONOVAN

You trusted us to bring you back your boy, and we delivered. We trust you with our technology -- and suddenly you turn him into a common hit man.

ELLIE

(cool as ice)  
How fucking dare you. I trusted you with my son, and you --

DONOVAN

-- you didn't even ask us.

ELLIE

Oh, don't lecture me. You swore it was failsafe: no leaks, no dreams -- not even shadows of what was done to Raymond --

DONOVAN

You needed to ask before you acted. This is not a --

ELLIE

(talks over him)  
-- Tom Jordan was going to destroy  
(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

everything we've worked toward, and every one of us along with it, and you wanted me to call a meeting?

WHITING

She's right, David, if Jordan had gone public --

DONOVAN

Look. In the larger course of history, there are key players, and role players, and -- I'm sorry -- we are all role players, with fixed values and fixed agendas, that get weighed against --

ELLIE

Bullshit.

(then)

We're talking about my son and the future of this country.

(beat)

Not just the untold billions to be made by your shareholders in pursuit of your insatiable corporate mandate to capitalize on every single destructive move currently being made by mankind.

DONOVAN

I thought we understood each other.

ELLIE

Oh, we do. Your God is money --

DONOVAN

-- and yours is?

ELLIE

-- and you'll do anything to get it, and keep it. I know.

WHITING

Ellie --

ELLIE

But I'm willing to take the big risks -- look out at destiny and jump. *Make* history, not just witness it. My God, where are all the men anymore -- yes, I made a decision, and -- *I saved your plan*. Which means that you can trust me.

(beat)

And you'll have to. Because, my father, Tyler Prentiss? He never asked. He just did what needed to be done.

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

168

Rosie asleep. PUSH IN RAPIDLY ... then a HAND comes down hard and efficiently against her throat --

-- she wakes up, fighting for air --

MARCO  
(a whisper)  
How does the President die?

He sits on top of her, pinning her arms down. She struggles to say something. Marco shakes his head.

MARCO  
What other reason would they have for putting Raymond Shaw into place? Chain of succession. The vice presidency is just a stepping stone, isn't it?

He releases her throat, and she gasps for air --

MARCO  
When. Where. How.  
(then)  
I'm gonna stop this. We'll go to the Feds. You and me. And tell them a story.

ROSIE  
Who'll -- believe --

MARCO  
Maybe they will, maybe they won't. I don't know. I don't care any more. It's all I have.

Rosie bucks -- gets a hand free -- SLUGS Marco, and they tumble off the bed in a tangle of blankets and limbs --

ROSIE

comes up holding a 9 mm revolver to Marco's forehead.

ROSIE  
I *am* the Feds.

She coughs. Marco stares at her, dumbfounded.

ROSIE  
We've been watching you, trying to sort this out. It's either you're telling it straight and we've all got something big-time to worry about, or you're crazy and dangerous -- either way we've had to keep you on a short leash, 'cuz if we lock you up we'll never know.

(beat)  
And we can't tell anybody because we don't know how deep this river runs.

(beat)  
If there is a river.  
(off his expression)  
You got away from me.

MARCO

Senator Jordan and his daughter were murdered. And Raymond Shaw is the reason.

ROSIE

(shaking her head)

Oh Ben. The thing is? I want to believe you. God help me, Ben, I do.

MARCO

-- I am clearer on this than I've ever been --

ROSIE

Everybody else wants you junked up on Thorazine and just not a problem any more.

MARCO

It's regime change, in our own country -- rich guys, funding bad science, to put a sleeper in the White House --

ROSIE

Listen to yourself. You're a poster boy for paranoid fantasies.

Beat. Silence, broken only by their breathing.

MARCO

I screwed up. Jordan was my trump card, and I screwed it up.

(then)

Either help me, or shoot me, Rosie. There's no middle ground anymore. Make a choice.

He gets up -- Rosie's not going to shoot him --

ROSIE

I made a choice when I met you, Ben.

SMASH CUT TO:

169 NOYLE

169

frowning --

NOYLE

Raymond -- Raymond --

TURN:

DREAMSCAPE - AS BEFORE

Raymond hands a service revolver past Noyle, to

MARCO -- who primes it, aims --

NOYLE (O.S.)  
Captain Marco, would you please shoot  
Private Ingram so we can move on?

-- MARCO SHOOTS INGRAM IN THE FOREHEAD --

170 INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING

170

RAYMOND  
Aaaahhhhhh --!

Raymond awakens with a startled shout, face flushed,  
sweating. Terrified --

MIRELLA/ANDERSON  
Aaaahhhhhh --!

-- Raymond finds himself in the back seat of his limo, his  
campaign aide Mirella, her assistant, and Anderson, all  
startled and shouting too --

MIRELLA  
You okay?

RAYMOND  
Yeah. Yes. Bad dream.

ANDERSON  
We've arrived, Congressman.

Raymond sits up.

RAYMOND  
Okay.

171 EXT. P.S. 16 - WESTCHESTER - DAY

171

Raymond emerges to cameras and fanfare -- it's election day,  
and he's going in to vote.

Anderson and other agents clear a path up the steps into the  
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL VOTING SITE. Reporters shout questions  
that Raymond just answers with his professional smile.

172 INT. P.S. 16 - GYMNASIUM - DAY

172

A temporary polling place. Flags, tables, not too crowded.  
VOTERS stepping out of the way. POLL VOLUNTEERS pressing in  
to shake hands and wish Raymond Shaw good luck. And

ROSIE

on the edge. She badges Anderson, and talks to him. He  
nods, moves over and talks quietly to Raymond as Raymond  
signs his name in the voter registration log.

Then lets Rosie guide him to a booth on the end --

173 INT. VOTING BOOTH - RAYMOND 173

pulls the giant lever, the curtains close, finds --

A NOTE -- folded, taped to the machine.

RAYMOND -- opens it, reads it.

VOTING BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER -- the curtain opens and Raymond steps out, smiling again. Cameras flash, video crews wave boom mikes, expecting a sound bite:

RAYMOND

I was on the fence when I walked in there  
... but then I saw my name on the ballot  
and I knew what I had to do.

Laughter. He whispers to a poll volunteer, and she points him down a hallway --

174 INT. P.S. 16 - CORRIDOR 174

Raymond, Rosie and his Secret Service detail -- Rosie leads them to a doorway, holds it open for Raymond, but puts her hand lightly on Anderson's chest when he starts to go in to sweep the room --

ROSIE

It's clean.

175 INT. P.S. 16 - SPECIAL ED. ROOM - DAY 175

Small, and private. Raymond turns on the light. Marco is in the corner, waiting. His Noyle File in one hand.

MARCO

How's your back?

RAYMOND

It hurts.

MARCO

I'm sorry.

Raymond closes the door, turns, takes in the room: tiny chairs and tables, walls covered with kids' drawings, and nearly every object in the room named and labelled with 3x5 cards.

RAYMOND

I've been having the dreams, Ben.

MARCO

That's good.

RAYMOND

Good? They're inside my head. They got inside, the way you said they would --

MARCO

We'll get 'em out.

Raymond is digging into his pocket.

RAYMOND

They're all ... twisted together -- and I dream things, terrible things, that can't possibly have happened. I'm gone, Ben -- I'm losing it --

From his pocket, Raymond removes something wrapped in ribbon: his MEDAL OF HONOR.

RAYMOND

I don't deserve this.

MARCO

Raymond --

RAYMOND

Jocie's dead.

MARCO

I know.

RAYMOND

-- and the Senator.

MARCO

Yeah.

RAYMOND

Did I do it?

MARCO

I think so, yeah.

Raymond presses the medal into Marco's hand. Closes Marco's fingers over it, forming a fist --

RAYMOND

I don't remember. I don't remember it.

Raymond looks up at Ben. Uncomprehending.

MARCO

Did they tell you what they want you to do, Ray? We gotta know what's gonna happen, we gotta know when's it gonna happen -- you can help me do this -- I can get the Feds, the police.

176 OMITTED 176  
177 Raymond's cell phone rings. He ignores it. 177

RAYMOND  
Are we friends, Ben? I want to believe  
we were friends.

MARCO  
We're connected -- that's something -- on  
some level nobody else can understand.  
You could have had me locked up -- but  
you didn't! That proves there's a part  
they can't get to, deep inside -- the  
part where the truth is, and they can't  
touch us there. That's what we need to  
tap into, Raymond, that's the part where,  
you and me, we're gonna take them out.

RAYMOND  
I thought you were smarter than this.

With a sad grin, Raymond takes the ringing phone from his  
inside pocket.

RAYMOND  
You don't think they saw this coming?  
You don't think they factored you in?

MARCO  
Raymond, listen to me! The fact is that  
Jocie was a mistake, and we're gonna make  
'em pay for it.

RAYMOND  
I'm the enemy, Major Marco, and the only  
way to stop me is to kill me.  
(into the phone, pleasant:)

Hello?

MARCO RAYMOND  
No! Come on, Ray -- fight (into the phone)  
it -- Yes mother.

A class BELL RINGS --

178 INTERCUT - CORRIDOR - DAY 178  
Students flood the hallway -- Laurent Tokar walks right past  
Rosie and Anderson, heading toward the special ed room --

179 RESUME - THE SPECIAL ED ROOM 179

MARCO  
Hang up.

RAYMOND  
(into the phone)  
Yes, he's right here.

Raymond extends the phone to Marco.

RAYMOND  
She wants you.

Marco hesitates. Me? But takes the receiver --

180

INTERCUT - ELLIE'S PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

180

on the phone in her lavish room:

ELLIE  
Is this Major Marco?

MARCO  
Yes it is, Senator.

ELLIE  
-- Major Bennett Marco --

Marco reacting quizzically -- sound of the distant windstorm building --

EXTREME CLOSE UP - MARCO - HIS EAR -- at the phone:

MARCO  
Yeah ...?

MARCO'S EYES flicker to Raymond's eyes --

ELLIE  
Bennett Ezekiel Marco --

-- Marco's senses are quickening -- the light literally changing around him -- that terrible LUMINOSITY -- as -- SOUND of fabric, in the wind -- the SANDSTORM RAGING -- Marco's eyes shining now, hyper-alert -- a warrior's eyes --

MARCO  
Yes.

ELLIE'S VOICE  
-- Listen:

CRASH:

181

INT. P.S. 16 - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

181

The happy chaos of screaming kids. Raymond emerges, smiling. Surrounded immediately by Anderson and his secret service detail, and escorted out of the building.

ROSIE

fights through the throng of students --

-- to the office door. She bangs on it -- PUSHES it open --

182 INT. SPECIAL ED. OFFICE - DAY - ROSIE 182

Empty. Marco gone. The Noyle File lies open -- and empty -- on the floor. She rushes through a connecting door --

183 INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS 183

-- third-grade students loud, happy, rehearsing a patriotic "Abe Lincoln" election day skit -- no Marco here -- she's lost him --

184 INT. SPECIAL ED. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 184

Rosie comes back through, out into the hallway and stands, in the river of children -- she's lost Ben --

185 EXT. P.S. 16 - FRONT STEPS - DAY (VIDEO) 185

TVA185 News footage of Raymond emerging from voting, waving, and heading back to his car -- TVA185

TV185 NEWSCASTER #6 TV185  
Candidates made ritual trips to the voting booths today ...

186 EXT. ANOTHER POLLING PLACE (VIDEO) 186

TVA186 SIMILAR footage of Arthur emerging, waving to the cameras. TVA186

TV186 NEWSCASTER #6 TV186  
... Governor Arthur, casting his ballot in North Platte, will spend election night in the Big Apple, with running-mate Raymond Shaw ...

PULL SLOWLY BACK:

187 OMITTED 187

188 INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON 188

TV188 A beautiful suit laid out on the king-size bed ... shoes ... the television ON, but silent: network election night coverage ... numbers flashing. Arthur/Shaw are exit poll winners in Alabama, Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York ... TV188

ELLIE (V.O.)

The bullet will pass over your shoulder, just missing your head on the way to its target ...

189 INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

189

where Raymond sits, stripped to the waist, watching the mirror as his mother looms over him, in a beautiful Chinese silk dress, combing his damp hair.

ELLIE

... because, of course, the assassin -- the deranged, obsessed, tragically paranoid, lone gunman -- is trying to kill you.

RAYMOND

The Major is an excellent marksman.

She touches his bare shoulder, leaves her hand there.

RAYMOND

But what will happen to him?

ELLIE

(gentle)

The assassin always dies, baby. It's necessary for the national healing.

She takes his shirt off a hanger, he stands up, and she starts to dress him --

ELLIE

I'm sure you will never entirely comprehend this, darling, and I know, the way you are right now, this is like trying to have a whispered conversation with someone on a distant star ... but it must be said, Raymond -- I did this for you -- so that you could have what I could not, what your father didn't want -- what your grandfather dared to dream possible --

She runs her hands through his hair. Tears fill her eyes.

ELLIE

-- when you ran away to join the Army, after that girl, after Jocie -- when you swore you'd never speak to me again, I felt your father's shadow pass across us, and I couldn't let him ruin you the way he ruined himself.

(beat)

That's when Mark Whiting came to me with talk of extraordinary scientific breakthroughs ... Attitude adjustment ... Reconciliation ... Greatness. So I let them take you, and change you. Not too much. Not so much that you'd notice. Just enough to bring you back to me.

RAYMOND

Yes, mother.

ELLIE

And look what you have, now! Look how far we've come! It's working, darling -- they think they own you, but they are very, very wrong. You're not something they can buy and sell, Raymond, not for any price -- we're one, and there'll be no stopping us now, will there? We're going to save this country in the hour of its greatest need.

Raymond is dazzled by Ellie's radiance.

RAYMOND

Yes, mother.

She straightens his tie. Her hands caress her son's shoulders.

ELLIE

How much you look like my father, now -- you have his hands, and you hold your head in the same proud way. And when you smile it's like I'm a little girl again, and --

(impulsively kisses him)

When you smile -- when you smile --

Raymond moves to her -- their embrace is all consuming --

190 INT. REGENT WALL STREET - GRAND BALLROOM - DUSK 190

A DIZZYING OVERHEAD SHOT, slowly twisting: campaign volunteers milling through empty chairs, dozens of t.v. monitors glow with early election coverage, a STAGE BAND warming up, bass thumping, the room festooned with "SECURE TOMORROW" banners, and --

TWO VAST FLOOR-TO-CEILING, VIRTUAL WALL-TO-WALL SCREENS, specially installed for the occasion, define the entire east and west walls of the ballroom. They glow pure blue, as if waiting --

191 INT. DISUSED PROJECTION BOOTH - HIGH ABOVE THE FLOOR 191

A LAMINATED ALL-ACCESS SECURITY BADGE dangles from Anderson's neck as he pushes the last screw back into a cooling vent along the wall.

192 INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR 192

Anderson emerges as another SECRET SERVICE AGENT comes down the hallway --

ANDERSON

All clear.

He closes the lighting room door.

193-194 OMITTED

193-194

195 INT. GRAND BALLROOM - ON THE GIANT SCREEN, ABOVE THE STAGE 195

remote-cam images of the empty stage and podium blink to life, enormous, finding focus, and --

AT THE BACK OF THE BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE

a DIRECTOR and a team of TECH GUYS murmur in headsets, commanding a matrix of monitors, control panels and mixing boards. ON ALL THE SCREENS: different views of the empty stage, from various cameras.

196 ANOTHER ALL-ACCESS SECURITY BADGE

196

just like Anderson's. PAN UP:

MARCO -- resplendent in dress uniform, hair trimmed, a man reborn. He looks so rejuvenated, for a moment even we don't recognize him.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - MARCO

steps over television cables and power lines, follows their drunken path to the end of a narrow corridor --

UNLIT CORRIDOR

Marco slips in and out of darkness. Passing no one. NOISE echoing insanely from the ballroom.

197 INT. DISUSED PROJECTION BOOTH

197

Marco enters, closes the door. Takes his coat off and folds it neatly and puts it on the floor. FOLLOW HIM as he stoops to find a HIGH-TECH METAL CASE hidden in the air vent ...

... he opens it, revealing a disassembled SNIPER RIFLE, stereo RANGEFINDER EYEPIECE, live rounds, sandbag, tripod and a SIDEARM ...

... he turns toward the back of a MASSIVE WALL-GRID of LIGHT FIXTURES facing outward to the auditorium, hot with RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE radiance.

He walks to the grid and peers through it --

PUSH OUT:

198 INT. BALLROOM - STAGE - A PROCESSION OF CAMPAIGN WORKERS 198

walks out of the back of the stage, a VIDEO A.D. with a headset leading them, backpedaling, barking instructions lost in the general din.

They all hold big, hand-printed NAME CARDS: Gov. Arthur's aide, TATUM (GQ dreadlocks) clowns around with his "Pres. Arthur" placard. Other p.a.'s and assistants hold: "First Lady Arthur", "Arthur Kids", "Friends Of Bob". Mirella Freeman has her "V.P. Shaw"; Gillespie, trying to look amused (but not very) his "Sen. Shaw/Veep's Mom" sign.  
BACK OF THE ROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE

The Director speaks into his headset, his voice broadcast over the house speakers:

DIRECTOR

Okay. Crowd cheering. Much elation.  
The president moves to his mark --

CRASH:

199-205 OMITTED 199-205

206 FLURRY OF IMAGES (VIDEO) 206

Overlapping news reports:

TV206 NEWSCASTERS (#7/#8/#9) TV206  
(garbled, overlapping)

CBS/ABC/CNN/FOX project Robert Arthur and Raymond Shaw to be the next President and Vice President of/have won the presidential election/have been elected by a landslide --

207 INT. REGENT WALL STREET BALLROOM - NIGHT 207

Bedlam. Packed now with celebrants. CONFETTI rains down, the CHEERING overpowers even the rock and roll band as it strikes up a post-punk rendition of "Yankee Doodle."

208 INT. SECURITY COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 208

TWO DOZEN MONITORS show different angles of the entrance, corridors, security lanes, but --

ROSIE

is off to one side with a couple other Feds and a SECURITY GUY, reviewing the entry tapes from earlier --

ON THE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

people whoosh through gates in digitized triple time --

ROSIE

Stop.

-- there's Marco. The image slows. Marco moves herky-jerky through the security station, stop-action. Rosie pretends she's interested in somebody else -- then:

ROSIE

No ...

The tape resumes triple-time --

209 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 209

Deliberately hand-feeding live rounds of ammo into his rifle -- CLICK, CLICK, CLICK --

-- he's ready.

CRASH:

210 OMITTED 210

211 INT. REGENT WALL STREET BALLROOM - ON THE STAGE 211

Arthur and Shaw and their entourage explode victorious from the back, just like in the rehearsal. ICONIC SAMPLING of "regular Americans" in full-dress uniform accompany the winners: a soldier, a sailor, a fireman, a marine, a policeman, a fighter pilot, everybody waving, smiling.

THE CROWD -- ecstatic.

ROSIE

A tiny island of worry in a sea of celebration. The huge light grids ripple with patriotic bunting effects.

She scans the crowd, the perimeter, the balconies ...

ON THE GIANT SCREEN, BEHIND THE STAGE

an ENORMOUS close-up of Arthur --

THE TWO COLOSSAL WALL-TO-WALL SCREENS

are alive with soaring, IMAX-style postcard footage of Americana: Monument Valley, Pike's Peak, Columbia River, golden waving fields of wheat -- city skylines -- perfect beaches -- majestic off-shore oil rigs -- galloping herds of buffalo -- the breathtaking grandeur of American nature, American achievements --

INTERCUT - MONITORS

Various angles on-stage of Arthur, his wife, his family, close and loose --

212 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - SAME TIME 212  
 Crosshairs finding, locking on Arthur -- who is waving, and slowing to shake on-stage supporters' hands --

213 BALLROOM FLOOR - ROSIE 213  
 staring up at the left-side lighting grid ... where she thinks she saw movement. As it blinks OFF, and then ON again in a different pattern, there's the SILHOUETTE of something.  
 A figure behind the grid. Marco? She's sure of it --  
 -- and she's moving, pushing her way toward an exit, pulling a tiny walkie-talkie from her pocket and yelling into it --

214 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE: 214  
 Rock-steady on Arthur and his hundred-watt smile, as he now separates from the procession and moves to his center stage mark -- just like in the rehearsal.  
 The crowd begins to CHANT.

215 ON THE STAGE - RAYMOND 215  
 Calm and focused. Smiling. His mother leans close, whispers something --

216 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - BEHIND THE BALLROOM - NIGHT 216  
 Rosie joined in stride by Feds from the command center -- SOUND of the celebration booms through the building --

217 INT. STAIRWELL 217  
 Rosie leads the way, two steps at a time, pulling her gun from her holster and checking the clip --

218 MARCO'S EYE 218  
 clear and unwavering -- his pupil tightening as --

219 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE 219  
 Arthur turns to Raymond and gestures --

220 ON THE STAGE - ELLIE 220  
 Her eyes shining as Raymond steps forward -- the ROAR of the crowd --

221 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 221  
 He slips his finger through the trigger guard --

222 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE 222  
 Cross-hairs on Arthur. But a DARK BLUR suddenly passes in front of Arthur, momentarily ECLIPSING Marco's view --

223 INT. BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE - SAME TIME 223  
 A few of the camera monitors have empty frames, waiting for Raymond to arrive, but --

DIRECTOR  
 Dammit, Shaw missed his first position --  
 (then)  
 Find him -- *go with him* --

ON THE STAGE - SAME TIME

Raymond has joined Arthur center-stage, instead of moving to the rehearsed first mark --

224 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 224  
 his finger motionless inside the trigger guard --

225 THROUGH THE SCOPE: ARTHUR AND RAYMOND 225  
 But Raymond is blocking Arthur now -- he's waving, staring up into the lights ... searching. Finds the spot he's been looking for --

226 CLOSE ON - MARCO 226  
 Frowning. Raymond has made Marco's shot impossible -- kill Arthur, and he kills Raymond too.

227 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO 227  
 coming off the eyepiece of the scope.

FB227 OMITTED FB227

228 He wipes sweat out of his eyes. Blinks. 228

229 ON STAGE - ELLIE - SAME TIME 229  
 Appalled at Raymond's departure from the plan.

230-233 OMITTED 230-233

234 ON THE GIANT SCREEN, ABOVE THE STAGE 234  
 A sprawling hero shot of MT. RUSHMORE, featuring the traditional quartet, plus stony CGI additions of PRESIDENT-ELECT ARTHUR, and RAYMOND PRENTISS SHAW.

BALLROOM - ENGINEERING CONSOLE

DIRECTOR

Now music --

MUSIC starts: a post-punk cover of the Kinks "Better Things," blaring.

ABOVE THE BALLROOM - LIGHTING GRIDS

change to rippling American Flags --

235 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME 235

Music pulsing, the room exploding with color and celebration, lights flaring, side walls alive with iconic American images --

The raucous crowd starting to CLAP in rhythm -- people CROONING along with the song's chorus, as --

ON STAGE - A JUBILATION TABLEAU

people waving, hugging, dancing -- more super-insiders joining the throng onstage, shaking hands, high-fiving --

A236 OMITTED A236

B236 STAGE - RAYMOND B236

turns and smiles at his mother. Moves toward her --

INTERCUT - VARIOUS MONITORS - SAME TIME

-- Ellie, stunned -- *painfully aware that the eyes of the world are on her* -- and Raymond moving, taking his mother's hands -- inviting her to dance.

C236 PROJECTION BOOTH - MARCO C236

places his eye to the scope --

D236 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - ARTHUR D236

Marco finds him -- adjusts the crosshairs --

236 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - SAME TIME 236

Rosie and the Feds sprint toward Marco's projection booth --

237 ON STAGE - RAYMOND AND ELLIE 237

as Ellie surrenders to the moment, and enters Raymond's arms -- what else can she do? -- this is her son, her dream is halfway there ... and the President can die another day. They swirl off to the music --

238 THROUGH MARCO'S SCOPE - ARTHUR 238

perfectly centered in Marco's sights, but then --

-- Raymond and Ellie glide in front of Marco's target --  
lingering in Marco's eyeline, Raymond stares up into the  
scope -- eyes trusting, urging, as if he's saying: now --

-- then ARTHUR IS ALONE AGAIN, in the center of the  
crosshairs, waving and grinning at the ROARING CROWD like a  
man who's just been elected President, but --

-- MARCO's cross-hairs SWING OVER, finding RAYMOND AND ELLIE  
again --

239 STAGE - ON ELLIE - SAME TIME 239

looking into Raymond's eyes ... follows his gaze up into the  
dazzling glare of the stage lights -- first shadow of doubt  
crawling across her --

240 THROUGH THE SCOPE - ELLIE AND RAYMOND 240

They're right in Marco's cross-hairs.

A241 MARCO A241

Committed. Almost serene.

241 ELLIE 241

Eyes wide -- realizing too late --

242 INTERCUT - MARCO 242

Pulls the trigger. BAM BAM BAM.

Raymond and his mother are kicked back into the horrified  
celebrants on the stage --

-- the same bullets ripping through both of them --

-- toppling together, dead before they hit the ground --

243 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - SAME TIME 243

The Feds KICK the door in --

MARCO

calmly putting a clip into the handgun from his kit --  
starting to raise it --

ROSIE

BEN!!!

She shoots him.

244 WIDE - THE BALLROOM - NIGHT 244

BALLOONS cascade down on a nearly black-and-white tableau of pandemonium and chaos, against the soaring wall-to-wall images of America's greatness displayed on the IMAX screens. Screaming and shouting. President-elect Arthur vanishing in a phalanx of Secret Service. VIDEO CREWS pressing in on the stage, morbidly curious ...

... and a strange clearing around the bodies of Raymond and Eleanor Shaw, crumpled, bloody ...

... still locked in their embrace.

A245 INTERCUT - IMPRESSIONS OF NEWS FOOTAGE - ON A MONITOR A245

TVA245 Crowds pressed to the Regent rear entrance -- frantic cops clearing the way for BODY BAGS emerging on stretchers, one, two ... three -- this third one guided and fiercely attended by Rosie through the confusion -- shoved into a waiting morgue truck ... WE ARE: TVA245

245 INT. A HUGE OFFICE SOMEWHERE - NIGHT 245

TV245 Donovan stands in front of a massive flat-screen television watching the mayhem at the Regent Wall Street ballroom. TV245

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a numb collection of horrified Manchurian Global executive office employees, watching in silence ... a visibly shaken Whiting, ashen-faced, head in his hands, eyes red with tears, and Johnston, stunned, pacing --

JOHNSTON

Jesus. Jesus H. Christ ... Jesus H.  
Christ ...

TIGHTEN on DONOVAN. Expressionless, except for a cryptic frown. He raises his arm and uses a remote to kill the picture.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

246-247 OMITTED 246-247

248 A VIDEO STILL FRAME MATERIALIZES 248

flickering on. The SECURITY FOOTAGE of Marco entering the Regent Wall Street hotel. His face turned away.

FLIP.

ANOTHER FRAME -- Marco turning toward us. His FACE becoming artificially highlighted, digitized -- MORPHED. ZOOM IN as his features BEGIN TO CHANGE. Non-descript. New features emerging. Caucasian. Not Marco. CLICKING of a keyboard, and --

ROSIE'S REFLECTION -- becomes visible across the screen of THE VIDEO MONITOR on which the security footage flickers. We are:

249 INT. VIDEO CGI BOOTH

249

Where an ENGINEER works keyboard and mouse, digitally altering the footage of Marco as Rosie watches, intently, from just behind him.

ROSIE'S BOSS commands the room, suit and tie, impressive. Everybody waiting for his decision, he nods his assent --

-- further back in the same room ... another senior FEDERAL AGENT, Special Agent VOLK, from Marco's interrogation ... and Colonel Garret leans against the far wall, arms folded, expressionless.

MEDIA ICON (V.O.)  
(fading up)  
... the FBI today released security footage of the assassin of Raymond and Eleanor Prentiss Shaw entering the hotel two hours before the fatal shooting ...

The Engineer finishes what he's doing, resets the tape and now it begins to PLAY again, IN REAL TIME -- and we watch a white man in uniform go through security, as:

250 NETWORK NEWSCAST (VIDEO)

250

The footage we've just seen playing behind:

TV250

MEDIA ICON  
... authorities say the gunman, a white male, 30 years of age, may be a civilian military contractor who was believed to have been killed in a car bomb explosion, four years ago. The alleged assassin was at that time a covert operations specialist employed Global Endeavours, a UK subsidiary of the equity fund Manchurian Global. A second former Manchurian Global subcontractor was taken into custody by federal agents at Chicago's O'Hare airport early this morning. Laurent Tokar made news years ago during the first Persian Gulf War for his alleged involvement in the ambush on the Lost Patrol. Authorities would neither confirm or deny a connection between the two men.

TV250

PUSH PAST her, TIGHTEN IN on the image of the lone gunman and the image explodes into pixels accompanied by --

-- the rising SOUND of the BLADES OF A HELICOPTER, under:

MEDIA ICON

... President-elect Arthur has vowed to bring to justice whatever nation -- or nations -- are responsible. Still reeling from the recent tragic loss of Senator Thomas Jordan, Congress has already announced a fresh investigation into Jordan's death, in an effort to learn if it is in any way related to the assassinations of Raymond and Eleanor Shaw ...

251 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

251

WE ARE JETTING LOW and impossibly fast across whitecapped azure water, toward crumbled ruins of a long-abandoned village on an empty beach -- we remember it vividly from Marco's memory -- arriving to slowly SPIN and hover over the remnants of an ancient caravansary:

252 EXT. DESERT ISLAND BEACHFRONT - ARABIAN SEA - DAY

252

HIGH ANGLE, DOWN on Marco and Rosie, moving across the intricate, sun-bleached tile work we remember from Noyle's lab.

Marco looks past her, to the water, which stretches out from here, as if to forever.

MARCO

I remember running.

His arm is in a simple sling. He moves like a man who's been shot, and not quite recovered -- moves past Rosie, out of the broken-down ruins ...

MARCO

I had to get out where the sky was.

... Rosie motions the soldiers to stay back, follows him by herself ...

MARCO

I had to get to the water. Escape.  
Regroup. Come back, and get my men.

PULL BACK as they walk down the beach to the sea. A few tumble-down buildings are all that remains of an ancient seaside town. Marco approaches the water's edge, slows, starts to crouch ...

MARCO

I thought: if I can just get to the water, everything will be okay.

CLOSE ON A PATCH OF SAND --

MARCO'S HAND ENTERS FRAME holding a photograph, laying it upon the sand -- it's the SNAPSHOT of the patrol that we remember from his apartment -- the men smiling, hopeful --

MARCO'S HAND reenters the frame, now placing Raymond's MEDAL OF HONOR on top of the photo -- MARCO'S HAND withdraws ... and a gentle wave of water washes over the photo and medal ... A MOMENT LATER the wave withdraws, taking the medal and the photo with it ... we are left with only the glistening sand.

NOYLE (O.S.)

Captain Marco --

Marco stands, stares out, uncertain, at the horizon --

NOYLE (O.S.)

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

MARCO (O.S.)

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

NOYLE (O.S.)

Yes. Brilliant. But there were casualties?

MARCO (O.S.)

There are always casualties in war.

BLACKOUT.