

DEATH VALLEY

An Original Screenplay

by

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(Original title: BREAKDOWN)

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FADE IN

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN guides her motor scooter through mostly two-wheeled traffic. Many stores she passes are closed. The open ones all have lines of PEOPLE waiting. A gas station has a line of cycles, scooters and some trucks. Armed SOLDIERS verify ration coupons. The young woman parks her scooter and enters the federal building.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

She comes out of the elevator in the IRS offices and goes through the huge open office pool to her desk. She turns on her computer, inserts CD and enters a password. Then she goes to the huge coffee pot at the side of the office. As she pours coffee, her phone lights up and buzzes and trots back to her desk, spilling coffee. Cursing softly, she answers the buzz. (Button on her blouse: "NOW We Mean It!")

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes? Right now?

She hangs up and snorts impatiently, cleaning up her mess. She makes her way to the SUPERVISOR's office. He's on the phone but he covers the mouthpiece and winks at her.

SUPERVISOR

Hey, honey - how 'bout getting me a cup of coffee?

She's so mad her eyes bug out.

YOUNG WOMAN

Listen, Buster! You see an apron on me?  
I'm not your maid - I'm your assistant!  
And I'm not "Honey!"

But he doesn't hear her.

SUPERVISOR

It's doing WHAT?

The young woman stomps back to her desk but her fellow EMPLOYEES are gaping at their monitors and several gasp and exclaim. As she approaches her desk we see her screen is displaying an upside-down American flag, the dreaded symbol of the Resistance.

YOUNG WOMAN

Agent Dobbs! Agent Dobbs! Come here!

The supervisor appears next to her desk. They see the words:

"IRS employees, you may go home! You have  
all been granted a long leave of absence  
by the Resistance!"

SUPERVISOR

Jesus! Call security!

The young woman picks up her phone while the monitor reads:

"The Cray 2000 supercomputer, the central nervous system of your rotten organization, is in the process of total internal self-destruction. Death to the Junta! Long live America!

The young woman breathes in shallow gasps as she reads. Then her screen goes black, along with all the other computer screens in the office.

QUICK CUTS

IRS offices in many cities and states are in complete chaos. Computer techs and IRS supervisors are yelling, trying to stop the destruction. In each location, IRS employees quickly leave their buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON TEA SHOP - DAY

Four REBELS sit at a table, watching agitated IRS EMPLOYEES exit the federal building. Two MEN round up the employees and establish control over them.

REBEL

All right, we'd like our tea, now, please!

The four smile grimly at each other. They look back outside.

FEMALE REBEL

They're being ordered to shut up...

REBEL

We did it.

REBEL 2

But how will the news cover it?

The tea arrives. They toast each other as someone drops a quarter in the jukebox to play The Beatles' song, TAXMAN.

EXT. WASH DC IRS HQ - DAY

(TAXMAN VO)

Five MARINES in raincoats walk up the steps to the main doors.

INT. IRS LOBBY - DAY

(TAXMAN VO)

The marines enter the lobby and are stopped by SECURITY MEN, who are overpowered and cuffed. One marine locks the main doors.

INT. IRS OFFICES

(TAXMAN VO)

Dozens of TAXPAYERS wait in line for service but the CLERKS are backing away from their dead computers while trying to mask their fear. The marine LIEUTENANT enters and jumps up on the counter, to everyone's shock.

MARINE LT.

Folks, the income tax is history! Y'all  
can go home!

Everyone remains where he is. Some gasp, some chuckle. The lieutenant jumps down on the clerks' side and produces a sawed-off shotgun, covering the IRS staff. The BLASTER appears and removes his raincoat to reveal blocks of plastique taped around him. The people shout and scream.

MARINE LT. (cont'g)

All you taxpayers go on down to the  
lobby!

The taxpayers rush to the door and escape. The clerks start moving, too. The lieutenant jerks his gun and fires it.

MARINE LT. (cont'g)

Y'all stay put.

The blaster places his blocks against the storage computers. The clerks shout and protest, then scream for mercy as the two marines start to leave.

MARINE LT. (cont'g)

Aw, quit cryin'! You folks aren't  
afraid of anything - remember?

The marines exit and the doors are shut. Looking down, we see wedges jammed in from the other side. The IRSers dive under desks and over the counter.

INT. IRS COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

(TAXMAN VO)

The COMMISSIONER sits in his plush office, talking to a CID AGENT. The marine SERGEANT barges in, pistol in hand. The agent pulls his revolver and the sergeant shoots him. The commissioner is enraged.

COMMISSIONER

You son of a bitch! Do you know who I am?

MARINE SGT.

You're the taxman. C'mon.

QUICK CUTS

(TAXMAN VO)

Explosives are placed on storage computers in various rooms

LOBBY

(TAXMAN VO)

The sergeant brings the commissioner to the lieutenant, who removes his tie.

MARINE LT.

You must have known this couldn't go on  
forever.

QUICK CUTS

(TAXMAN VO)

Computers, files and equipment blow up in all the rooms.

LOBBY

(TAXMAN VO)

The commissioner sneers as his hands are tied behind him with his necktie.

COMMISSIONER

Where do you think your salaries have  
come from - the Tooth Fairy?

MARINE LT.

I know. We've seen the error of our  
ways. You never would.

He turns for the doors. The commissioner is forced outside.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING

(TAXMAN VO)

A marine throws a long manila rope with a hangman's knot at one end over the angled flagpole above the main doors. The other marines appear and one places the noose over the commissioner's head. The taxman spits and snarls and curses the marines as they hoist him up and hang him. They tie the rope to a door handle and walk down the steps as TAXMAN ends.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

Small convoy of trucks and Marine Corps Humvees trundles up a dirt road near Fresno. The vehicles bristle with machine guns. KING RYDER sits in the lead Humvee, driven by a marine CAPTAIN. The convoy approaches a farmhouse, which is surrounded by private vehicles and several sheriff's cars.

FARMHOUSE VERANDAH

The SHERIFF and his DEPUTIES conduct the farm auction. Several FARMERS watch cynically from the yard. No one cooperates. The FARM OWNER and his WIFE watch forlornly.

SHERIFF

Lessee... The next item is an International  
Harvester combine -

FARMER

Why doncha just cut it out, Sheriff! We  
know you got some big corporation set to  
buy us all out!

The sheriff looks up from his paperwork to eye the heckler and sees the rebel convoy approaching. He motions to his deputies.

SHERIFF

Boys, we got to go!

The lawmen step down and hurry to their cars and the rebels and the marines arrive. The police cars slew around and head for the highway anyway they can, driving over the lawn and off the driveway, just to avoid the rebels.

King Ryder and the captain twist in their seats and observe.

MARINE CAPTAIN

Worthless trash...

RYDER

Give 'em a send-off!

The GUNNER standing on the last truck swings his .30 caliber MG around and fires a short burst at each car, barely missing each one. The rebels regard the fleeing lawmen with contempt. The farmers cheer the rout and surround the vehicles.

FARMER 1

Well, by God - It's King Ryder!

FARMER 2

Hey, King - how'd they figure to get away with an auction around here?

King Ryder nods vaguely, wondering the same. At once, he and the captain jerk their eyes to the woods a hundred yards off.

MARINE CAPTAIN

Hey, watch the woods! Ambush!

The vehicle drivers all do an Immediate Action and accelerate toward the likely ambush. Each machine gunner swings on the woods. The REBELS hang on grimly. The marine captain spins the Humvee in a 180 and accelerates back toward the highway. A rebel pickup truck veers and follows the Humvee.

The woods erupt in gunfire. Farmers are hit on the lawn. Rebels fire back.

IN THE WOODS

U.S. Army SOLDIERS fire on the rebels from hidden positions. Several mortars are fired, TUNK! TUNK! TUNK! Bullets from the rebels slice and whine into the ambush positions. The firing vehicles speed toward the ambushers. Mortar rounds hit behind the trucks and the farmhouse sags and burns.

ON THE FARM ROAD

The captain speeds as if fleeing but finds a trail and slides to the right and into the woods from behind. Ryder and the gunner hold on and ready their weapons. The rebel truck follows and they tear into the ambush from the rear, all guns blazing.

IN THE WOODS

The ambushers are in a crossfire and some soldiers reverse their aim at the flankers. Ryder and the captain bail out with their weapons and the gunner blasts the positions with his .50 caliber MG, devastating the soldiers. Ryder and the captain pop up and engage the ambushers. They are joined by the rebels in the truck behind them. Their response overpowers the soldiers and soon it is over.

IN THE YARD

Farmers and rebels lay dead and wounded between the yard and the woods. The farmer's wife staggers around, searching for signs of life. The gunfire dies out and we hear moaning and screaming. The house and several vehicles burn and smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. NETWORK STUDIO - NIGHT

Anchorman PETER MCGEORGE sits at his anchor desk while a MAKEUP ARTIST powders his sweating upper lip.

DIRECTOR (OS)

All right, Peter. Let's do the final segment. We need sincerity and compassion! Five seconds!

The makeup artist withdraws. McGeorge stares at the prompter.

MCGEORGE

And finally tonight, we regret to report the death today of IRS Commissioner Paul Davidson, who suffered a fatal seizure in his Washington office. Commissioner Davidson was distinguished by his concern for the rights of taxpayers and civil libertarians around the country mourned his passing. Paul Davidson was 58.

The screen behind McGeorge shows a picture of Davidson. Standing just offstage are two tough-looking MEN from the Treasury Department, along with HAL ROSE, the White House liaison with the network.

The red light goes out and McGeorge wipes his sweaty face with a paper towel.

ROSE

Well done, Peter!

One of the T-men looks stonily at McGeorge and finally nods. He and his colleague turn and exit. Hal Rose approaches.

ROSE (cont'g)

I mean, what else could we do?

MCGEORGE

(sneers)

Right. Hal, if what really happened today ever gets out, we're in the -

ROSE

Shh! Anyway - who would do that? Who would be that crazy? No one, that's who. So don't worry.

INT. CONKLIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peter McGeorge and Hal Rose enter executive suite of network chairman LOU CONKLIN. Other nervous EXECUTIVES are waiting for the two. McGeorge wipes off his makeup with the paper towel.

CONKLIN

(sardonic)

"Fatal seizure," huh?

McGeorge shrugs and smiles.

ROSE

Well, he was seized and it was fatal.

CONKLIN

Yeah? Well, why couldn't we play it straight? I mean, the goddamn terrorists lynch the -

ROSE

Orders from above, Lou! The Committee felt the, ah, truth could lead to catastrophe. It would have made the terrorists appear too strong.

CONKLIN

You know, Hal, what you've got to tell your pals on the Committee is that we've been controlling information, and very effectively, I might add, just a little bit longer than they have. You know? But it's gotta be done with a fine touch! Not this Bulgarian-style baloney HE was handing out just now!

McGeorge winces slightly but nods grudgingly.

ROSE

Don't worry, Lou. The other nets reported the same story.

CONKLIN

There were witnesses!

ROSE

So? If we don't report it, it didn't happen.

Conklin shakes his head. He looks at McGeorge.

CONKLIN

You want to show me something?

McGeorge gets up and takes a DVD to the player. Soon, an image appears on the huge screen built in to a wall. Everyone watches a rough cut of a man-in-the-street interview.

REPORTER

Sir, as we near the end of the second year of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Civil War, what are your thoughts on the rise of King Ryder and the Resistance?

CITIZEN

I think the SOB is tearing our country apart. I hope the army catches him and shoots him.

REPORTER

Miss? What is your opinion of King Ryder?

CITIZEN 2

I know he doesn't want women to read his book, but I did... Actually - I can't believe I'm saying this - I think he's right. At first I didn't but now I do.

REPORTER

Ma'am? What do you think of King Ryder and the Resistance?

CITIZEN 3

I don't believe there IS a King Ryder. I think you people made him up!

REPORTER

Well, what about the Resistance?

CITIZEN 3

They're all vicious terrorists!

CITIZEN 4

... is what this country is all about!

REPORTER

Sir?

CITIZEN 4

The spirit they're showing is what made this country great, a long time ago!

REPORTER

Then sir, how does the Resistance differ from the Confederacy of the first Civil War?

CITIZEN 4

Well, I'll tell you: it's authorized by the Declaration of Independence, it's against slavery of any kind, it's not trying to split off a new country -

REPORTER

But sir, like the Confederacy, it's fighting the US Army.

CITIZEN 4

Yes, but at least some army people are defecting...

The reporter spots two MEN IN UNIFORM approaching.

REPORTER

Excuse me, soldiers! Oops! I mean, marines! Sorry, fellahs, I thought you were, uh, well - tell me, what do you think of King Ryder and the Resistance?

MARINE 1

(winks)

Who?

REPORTER

Can you tell us why the Marine Corps would, uh, defy the government and support a rebellion? Against the army and air force? Can you possibly win?

MARINE 2

Fellah wrote a book about Americans fighting overseas and how wrong it is. And after Beirut and Panama, and then Afghanistan and Iraq...

REPORTER

You're referring to King Ryder's book, of course...

Deadpan, the marine shrugs.

REPORTER (cont'g)

Are you prepared to fight your fellow Americans?

MARINE 2

There's no hurry. And, a lot of soldiers and airmen have come over to our side...

REPORTER

Hmmm. So, how does the Resistance differ from the Confederates?

MARINE 1

The Confederates lost.

The marines grin and walk away. The reporter turns to the camera.

REPORTER

Well! There you have it, Peter - some current opinion from some very unbiased people -

McGeorge kills the DVD. He looks at Conklin, who rubs his temples.

CONKLIN

Wonderful. So, what's the idea?

ROSE

You know, Peter, those people could be shot if they were identified!

MCGEORGE

Then they ought to keep their mouths shut! Lou, the junta wants to capture King Ryder...

ROSE

Peter! The "Committee for Public Safety!" Please!

MCGEORGE

Let's do a big special on the Resistance and I'll send someone out to interview him, and then Hal and his junta can grab him or whatever.

Hal Rose drops his chin dramatically and covers his face.

CONKLIN

Gee! You make it sound so easy. A special! On the Resistance! Peter, we are forbidden to mention the Resistance.

They think that over. AL SAROYAN chews his lip.

SAROYAN

Either we do a real special or forget it. If the terrorists think we're birddogging Ryder, they'll blow up this place like the IRS.

ROSE

This is crazy!

MCGEORGE

Hal, you're the liaison man. Tell the junta what we're doing and get everything they've got on King Ryder.

ROSE

Dammit, Peter! The terrorists have spies in the Committee! They have spies everywhere!

CONKLIN

Then you make it convincing, Hal. This network is going to produce an evenhanded look at the Second Civil War. Get it? Now, Peter. Which poor sap are you going to send after Ryder?

MCGEORGE

(thinks)

How about Superface?

The executives all look at McGeorge. Then they start to laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC SKYSCRAPER - DAY

LONG SHOT

Big condominium building overlooking Central Park.

INT. CELESTE ROARK'S APARTMENT - DAY

CELESTE ROARK sits in her magnificent, tasteful 30<sup>th</sup> floor town house, making notes. ALICE AVERY, her personal assistant, reads in her chair.

CELESTE

Alice -

ALICE

Yes, Dear?

CELESTE

Something odd..

Alice looks up from her book. Celeste frowns at her notes.

CELESTE (cont'g)

These heroin dealers I interviewed - all three of them - indicated they have some sort of immunity... some official protection...

ALICE

Yes, they were certainly smug!

The telephone rings. Alice answers it.

ALICE (cont'g)

Hello? Oh, Peter... hold on...

CELESTE

Hi, Peter...

INT. MCGEORGE OFFICE

MCGEORGE

Cissy! How're you coming on "Mainline Street?"

INT. CELESTE'S APARTMENT

CELESTE

Peter, is it possible the government

could, in some way, be involved in the heroin business?

(pauses)

Our three nameless entrepreneurs gave me that idea - they are fearless!

(pauses)

I don't CARE if I sound like a terrorist, it's what -

She is interrupted. Her eyes narrow. Alice watches her curiously.

CELESTE (cont'g)

A different assignment? What about -

(pauses)

When? Now?! Well, I suppose -

She flinches and slowly puts down the receiver.

ALICE

What?

CELESTE

He says he has something else for me. He says it's more important...

They look at each other blankly.

INT. MCGEORGE OFFICE

Hal Rose has heard the conversation on the speakerphone.

ROSE

What was she talking about?

MCGEORGE

A special on drug trafficking...

ROSE

--You mean, she would actually blow the whistle on - Is she NUTS?

MCGEORGE

(shrugs)

Editing would control it, naturally.

ROSE

Maybe we can kill two birds with one assignment...

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

It's still the White House but counterinsurgency protection has changed its look. Walls, barriers, chicanes and ballistic netting surround it. Several tanks and APCs are visible as well as a company of MP bodyguards who patrol.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

In the communications room, men and women talk on telephones. One woman watches a teletype machine. Behind her is a large poster:

WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE

LIVINGSTON KING RYDER

FOR  
SEDITION, TERRORISM AND SABOTAGE  
AGAINST THE GOV'T OF THE UNITED STATES

\$1,000,000

There is no photograph on the poster.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE

A dozen MEN and WOMEN sit at a conference table which has replaced the president's desk. AIDES come in, confer and leave. A heavy, unkempt woman, NAI LIVONIA, sits at the head of the table. She looks tougher than any of the men, including the two generals. She looks like Joe Stalin without the mustache. A glass of Scotch sits atop her paperwork. She is furious.

LIVONIA

All right. Clear the room.

Everyone but the seated Committee members exits. A heavy silence descends. She looks at Norman Robinson, the new IRS commissioner.

LIVONIA (cont'g)

Mr. Robinson, welcome to this committee. I'm sure you will soon be collecting taxes with the same determination as did your predecessor... Tell us, please, how soon we can expect the Internal Revenue Service to be running smoothly again?

Robinson squirms and clears his throat.

ROBINSON

Dr. Livonia, uh, Committee members, thank you for this opportunity to serve with you. Yes. The, uh, damage inflicted on both the hard and soft systems, I regret to inform you, was total...

LIVONIA

Please answer my question.

ROBINSON

Our information base is gone.

The other members just look at him, aghast. Livonia addresses Robinson with mock courtesy to hide her rage.

LIVONIA

Mr. Robinson, this committee may wish to question you further. Good day.

No one says anything. Robinson looks at her and blinks. He sighs, gets up and exits. WEBSTER CASE is also a psychiatrist.

CASE

After all, Doctor, it wasn't his fault.

Livonia glances at Case but addresses GENERAL PHIL BUTLER.

LIVONIA

General Butler. Chief of Counter-Insurgency Operations. How do you propose to counter this insurgency?

General Butler doesn't like being spoken to by this fat, female psychiatrist.

GENERAL BUTLER

I find it incredible that the head of IRS would not post a military guard around his headquarters...

LIVONIA

The point is, General, that we who understand psychology believed that voluntary tax compliance was better served without the appearance of a siege around every federal building. I asked you a question: What are you doing about the terrorists who destroyed our number one psychological weapon?

GENERAL BUTLER

We have made a number of arrests but -

LIVONIA

Fine. Execute all suspects.

Webster Case stands up.

CASE

Now, just hold on! I realize that martial law gives us the power but - this is the worst possible psychology I could -

LIVONIA

Thank you, General Butler. We will be looking to you for results. Your office should be in the field. Colonel Meyer Sagan shall act as our liaison. Good day and good hunting.

General Butler looks at Livonia and at Case, who still stands impotently. As Butler deliberately gathers his paperwork and makes to exit, Case sits quietly. Butler exits silently. NATHAN WOLFE, director of intelligence, adjusts his glasses.

WOLFE

The known leaders of the tax rebellion are dead or in prison. These five marines could be -

LIVONIA

There must be reprisals! I really don't care WHO did it, at this point! The boobs must believe there is still an IRS and they must feel our power! Your so-called intelligence agencies, Mr. Wolfe, have really let us down this time.

TERRY LANCASTER, a glib Ivy Leaguer, seeks to lighten the tension.

LANCASTER

Madam Doctor? Why don't we simply arrest all those who might claim the IRS is finished? Our policy of created shortages of food and fuel is our real method of control, after all...

Livonia nods at this truth. Except GENERAL MORRIS CLELAND douses it with more truth.

GENERAL CLELAND

Fact is, though, my forces of occupation have probably been too gentle... It has proven difficult to stop black-marketeering in the rural areas under our control... People out there are still eating quite well, unlike the urban areas.

LANCASTER

Well! This should be dealt with!

LIVONIA

Shortage is the key to control. Where there is availability, there is no control. I propose harsher measures.

Most of the other members nod obsequiously, except Case. A knock at the oval office door and in walks COL. MEYER SAGAN, as if on cue. General Cleland is startled and uneasy as Sagan sits at the other end of the table.

LIVONIA (cont'g)

Col. Sagan, we were just discussing harsher measures against the black-market. Col. Sagan is our expert in psychological warfare... What do you propose, Colonel?

SAGAN

Public executions of smugglers and hoarders -

broadcast to the nation.

Webster Case quietly gets up and excuses himself and exits. Livonia ignores Case's departure.

LIVONIA

Col. Sagan, General Butler is leaving Washington to lead counterinsurgency operations in the field. We'll want you to act as our liaison with him.

Sagan nods. He already knows.

SAGAN

I assume you've ordered him to crack down on the troublesome 6<sup>th</sup> District? He should be carrying out more reprisals against hostages.

LIVONIA

This is what we expect. Now, Mr. Wolfe - where is King Ryder?

WOLFE

We have only the usual unconfirmed sightings. But I want to discuss the reward poster: Aren't we in fact creating a cult of personality?

LIVONIA

Exactly. Colonel Sagan?

Before Sagan can begin, the Oval Office door opens and Hal Rose enters somewhat tentatively.

SAGAN

The poster is tactically sound. We should focus public attention on a leader, who can later be smeared and discredited. A leader can be killed! A movement with no leader disintegrates. Therefore, let's invest heavily in King Ryder. His eventual death will cripple the insurgency.

ROSE

Uh, as a matter of fact, WBS News wants permission to produce a special on the, uh, rebellion. It should include an interview with King Ryder.

Sagan looks at Livonia while the others murmur nervously.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

Searchlights flood a tract home.

BULLHORN (OS)  
Joseph McGuire! This is the US Army!  
Come out with your hands up!

Presently JOSEPH MCGUIRE, in pajamas and bathrobe, pads out in his slippers, hands on head. His wife and children peek out from the door and windows. McGuire is thrown down and handcuffed. His wife screams and the kids cry.

MRS. MCGUIRE  
Don't hurt him! He's done nothing wrong!

BULLHORN (OS)  
Get out here, too, lady! Bring those  
kids with you!

MRS. MCGUIRE and three CHILDREN emerge in their bedclothes. She is handcuffed and all four are led away by SOLDIERS.

MCGUIRE  
No! Where are you taking my -

SOLDIER  
Just shut up, ya damned tax dodger!

MCGUIRE  
I'm not a tax dodger! I paid -

McGuire is hoisted up and thrown in the army truck in a heap.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

McGuire finds OTHER MEN in there with him, similarly dressed, cuffed and terrified. The truck accelerates.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

The truck jerks to a halt. The tailgate bangs down. Soldiers climb in and push the prisoners out, crying out and groaning as they fall in the dark.

EXT. CHURCH YARD - NIGHT

The pajama'd men are lined up against a wall, many in pain. Army floodlights light the scene.

MCGUIRE  
What the hell are you doing!?

They hear rifle bolts clicking. The shooting starts and the men go down.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD SIDING - NIGHT

SOLDIERS stand around, waiting near two empty boxcars. Soon, three army trucks approach and jerk to a halt. The soldiers drop the tailgates and order the frightened and crying women and children to get out. The

handcuffed, half-dressed women try to comply but are afraid to jump. they are pulled out roughly and the children jump down. All the women and children are hoisted into one boxcar by the soldiers. When all are packed in, protesting piteously, the big sliding door is rolled shut and locked.

LATER

All but two soldiers have gone. These two stand guard. All we hear is the muffled crying of children.

The soldiers don't look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDING - DAY

The boxcar is collected by a switch engine, which bumps it roughly as it couples. There are screams of terror from inside. The soldiers climb in the engine, which pulls the boxcar away.

LATER

The engine pulls the boxcar through the suburbs and then the countryside.

EXT. SWITCHING YARD - DAY

The boxcar is uncoupled in an urban switching yard. Then the switch engine pulls away and leaves it alone, with just the two soldiers guarding it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

LONG SHOT

A tree in bright sunlight. A closer look at the tree reveals camouflage netting. A very close look reveals a Humvee parked and hidden under the netting and tree. A small radar dish turns slowly atop its roof.

A young man, RICK PIERCE, adjusts a microwave dish up at the sky, checking with an instrument. He looks at his watch and presses a button as he leans against the open rear of the green/brown vehicle.

QUICK CUTS

Families, workers, marines, children and rebels tune their radios and listen to the opening notes of "America, the Beautiful."

EXT. UNDER TREE - DAY

Rick twists the dial and holds the microphone.

RICK

This is Radio Free America, broadcasting via satellite from our offices somewhere in America. Rick Pierce reporting. Americans, the rumors you are hearing are

true! The IRS is dead, along with the  
junta gangster who ran it.

QUICK CUTS

Wholesome-looking PEOPLE listen intently. The narrative is accompanied now  
by a martial snare drum.

RICK (VO) (cont'g)  
Resistance technicians finally succeeded  
in planting the ultimate virus in the IRS  
computer system. The entire network of  
parasites curled up and died yesterday.  
It could, in time, be rebuilt but all our  
names and numbers have evaporated. You're  
out of the system. I'm talking to you,  
American!

The listeners flinch and blink happily. Now we hear, with the snare, the  
Marine Corps Hymn.

UNDER TREE

RICK (cont'g)  
IRS boss Davidson received some rough  
justice at the hands of our great allies,  
the US Marines. More proof that the  
networks are lying to us. Don't believe  
a word they say! Paul Davidson, the brutal  
tyrant of tax, died at the end of a rope,  
exactly where he belonged! Two can play  
this game.

QUICK CUTS

The listeners hoot with joy, whoever they are. The Marine Hymn fades back to  
the snare drum.

RICK (VO) (cont'g)  
Those vile traitors who call themselves  
"the Committee for Public Safety" now  
know that there is no safety for them  
amongst the public. They are doomed. Let's  
call them what they are: the Committee of  
Public Enemies!

The various listeners listen grimly and nod.

UNDER TREE

Rick twists the dial and continues as snare drum leads into "The Yellow Rose  
of Texas" instrumental.

RICK (cont'g)  
Americans, take courage! The tide is  
turning. Keep fighting for freedom and  
dignity! This is Rick Pierce for Radio

Free America.

Rick switches off and checks his radar screen. He begins to dismantle gear.

LATER

Rick sleeps during the day under the camouflaged Humvee, earplug wired to the radar screen, which we look at CLOSE UP.

LATER - NIGHT

Seated behind the steering wheel, Rick adjusts the fit of his night vision goggles (NVG) and starts downhill in the dark without headlights.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Rick drives downhill in perfect greenish light. He reaches a dirt path and then a desolate highway. He continues onto the highway and speeds up to 70 MPH in the dark.

LATER

Rick reads his map with the NVG and infrared lamp on.

CLOSE UP of map in very bright light, which is not visible without the NVG.

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

Rick drops little glowing Cyalumes on the road for a half-mile and parks. All we can really see, watching him, are the Cyalumes he's left behind. He consults his radar screen as he waits in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The moon has come up and we are very close to the ground, going very fast. The PILOT checks his watch and picks up a night vision monocular and squints ahead through it. Nothing.

CUT TO:

ON THE GROUND - MOONLIGHT

A jet fighter of some kind roars overhead, impossibly low.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilot squints through the monocular again. A blazing light ahead! And a faint string of lights leading to it. He pulls back on the stick, gaining altitude, and puts on the NV goggles. Now we can see the long straight road in green daylight, for the moon is climbing slowly.

ON THE GROUND - NIGHT

Rick hefts a Stinger missile and sights it at the jet as it circles and starts to land. He consults his radar screen and instinctively aims around, looking for enemy interceptors. The fighter touches down neatly and brakes hard. Rick gives the radar a quick glance and puts down the Stinger and picks up a lightweight ladder as the fighter taxis quickly toward him. He remembers to turn off the infrared light.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

In our NVG view, the bright light is extinguished. We brake to a halt near the Humvee. Rick comes alongside.

ON THE GROUND - MOONLIGHT

The jet is a camouflaged old Shooting Star trainer with the canopy pushed up. Rick places the ladder against the plane and clambers up it. The pilot, King Ryder, takes off his helmet and looks at his friend after rubbing his eyes.

RYDER

We gotta stop meeting like this.

RICK

You bring anything to eat?

RYDER

My lunch.

RICK

When are you going to dump this old pig and steal a real airplane? I'm embarrassed to be seen with you.

He helps Ryder out of his seat.

INT. HUMVEE - RED LIGHTING

Ryder opens his brown bag and produces a ham sandwich. He gives half to Rick, who looks at it and into the bag for more.

RYDER

That's it. Sorry!

RICK

Boy, you sure don't eat like a king, do you.

RYDER

Not today, especially.

RICK

How come you weren't in on that IRS job?

RYDER

At the last minute, Susan radioed that the camp we're looking for might be in California, near Fresno. I beat feet out there..

RICK

Find anything?

RYDER

We were snooping around and got into a fight... the National Guard had a small ambush set up on a farm auction. We kind of stumbled into it...

RICK

Bad?

RYDER

Four dead and a bunch wounded on our side. The Guard guys all died.

Rick nods dourly.

RICK

That's rough.

RYDER

Anyway, I'm going into Dodge City and see Susan.

RICK

Camp. You mean, like detention camp...

RYDER

This particular one's supposed to have our women and children in it. We just can't pin it down.

RICK

Sounds like the Boer War... Hard to believe.

Rick shakes his head slightly in disgust.

EXT. FIGHTER PLANE - MOONLIGHT

Rick helps King Ryder get back into the jet. Ryder peels an orange and gives half to Rick, who looks into the cockpit and pulls out Ryder's Thompson submachine gun.

RICK (cont'g)

Old planes, old guns - you've got to modernize.

Ryder pulls on his helmet. He starts the whistling engine.

RYDER

I happen to like old planes and old guns.

Rick climbs down the ladder and pulls it back.

RICK

'Cause you're an old man!

Rick watches the jet turn and accelerate up the road. The aging jet fighter roars up into the moonlight.

RICK (cont'g)  
You'll never be an old man.

LATER

RICK gets an army "Green Book" from his vehicle and thumbs through it. He shines his light on a page and reads.

RICK (cont'g)  
"300<sup>th</sup> Military Police Prisoner of War  
Command.. Inkster, Michigan..." Hmm. These  
guys'd be in charge of detention camps, I'm  
betting.

CUT TO:

NEXT MORNING

Rick goes through his collection of insignia and patches and begins sewing some on his fatigues.

LATER

Rick finishes cutting a stencil and tapes it on the bumper and sprays black paint over it.

LATER

Rick finishes a "Military Police" sign for the Humvee.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM CO-OP - DAY

King Ryder rolls up to farmers' co-op outside Dodge City on a stripped Harley Sportster. He parks and goes up the steps into the store.

INT. CO-OP - DAY

Ryder waves to a LADY behind the counter who is talking to a CUSTOMER. He continues through a door.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

SUSAN HUNT leans against a desk and a telephone to her ear. She bends down to write something on a pad. On a wall is a huge tactical map of the US with various markings on the plastic overlay. An upside-down flag is mounted on another wall. A big single side band shortwave radio and various communications gear are behind her desk, along with a flat-screen television.

SUSAN  
Okay - got it. Now... de-scramble!

She hits a scramble switch on her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY MONITORING POST

An army eavesdropper hears the wild screeching of a scrambled conversation and then

SUSAN (VO) (cont'g)  
Thank you, bye!

The eavesdropper frowns. He missed it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE

She puts down her telephone and sees Ryder. She runs to him and hugs him, tears falling.

SUSAN (cont'g)  
I knew this would happen! I sent you  
into a trap!

Ryder holds her and shakes his head.

RYDER  
Silly. The camp may well be there. You  
didn't send us to the auction! That kind  
of thing can happen anyplace.

Susan stops crying and nods firmly, stepping back.

SUSAN  
That's right, King. I can happen anyplace.

RYDER  
Now, Susan - that's not what I meant.

SUSAN  
But it's true. I'm so sorry about those men.

Ryder goes to her again.

RYDER  
Just keep trying to pin down that camp,  
Sweetie. Those women and their kids -  
that's our top priority.

Susan nods and goes to her desk, picking up papers. She sighs.

SUSAN  
Now then, here's a crazy one. But after  
Fresno, I don't know if I should even  
tell you...

RYDER

What?

SUSAN

If you can believe this: A member of the junta is being handed to us - on a platter.

She hands him the paperwork reluctantly. He examines it and frowns.

SUSAN (cont'g)

Now, THIS is a trap..

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - DAY

The big six-lane into Washington DC is deserted. Then, engine noise is heard. A dot above the highway grows into an Apache gunship. Beneath the helicopter is a convoy of limousines led and followed by military vehicles. The convoy is running fast, much faster than convoy speed. As the lead truck begins a high-speed left hand curve, machine gun fire spatters it from the woods in front. The truck runs straight off the highway.

OVERHEAD IN HELICOPTER

The truck crashes heavily into an embankment. A few SOLDIERS stagger out from the back and they are fired on. They surrender.

The pilot banks and begins a gun run on the ambush.

INTERSTATE

Gunfire rakes the convoy. All of the limos are hit and stopped. CHAUFFEURS and PASSENGERS jump out with their hands up. The two armed trucks at the rear slide to a stop with their gunners firing into the woods. SOLDIERS scramble out and take cover. One squad's LIEUTENANT signals a charge and both squads advance under heavy fire.

The SCOUTS approach the embankment but are felled by claymore mines hidden in small bushes. Both OFFICERS recall their squads.

OVERHEAD IN THE HELICOPTER

The pilot's HUD display shows the woods in infrared green, on which appear some red blotches. He pushes the "rockets" button.

IN THE WOODS

The gunship is overhead, firing rockets through the leafy green trees. Simultaneously, an electric Gatling Gun roars and chews the tree limbs to shreds and thousands of bullets are directed at the helicopter. The rockets explode around us violently by the electric gun destroys the gunship.

OVERHEAD IN THE HELICOPTER

The windshield disintegrates and the scene goes black.

IN THE WOODS

Silence. Then a friendly Southern drawl yells at the highway.

REBEL (VO)

Y'all give up?

The OFFICIALS and CHAUFFEURS shout and wave. Soon an irregular group of MEN emerges from the woods, King Ryder in the lead.

INTERSTATE

Rebels and marines organize their civilian and military captives respectively. Ryder and a MARINE CAPTAIN lean against a shot-up limo while vehicles and luggage are inspected.

CIVILIAN

What are you going to do to us?

REBEL

Find out who we got here...

CIVILIAN

But, what will you do with us?

REBEL

Aw, shut up. Okay! Let's have all your ID! Now!

The civilians quickly produce wallets and purses and proffer them to their captors, to the scorn of the rebels.

REBEL (cont'g)

Hey, we don't want your damn money - just your ID!

He looks back at Ryder, who taps his wrist. Two other military trucks approach from the woods. The civilians extract their IDs and hand them over. Another REBEL takes each one and puts it in a plastic bag.

REBEL (cont'g)

Right! All you people get in this truck. Hurry up!

INT. TRUCK 1

The civilians bounce around in the back. They are accompanied by King Ryder, who has a .45 auto in his belt.

RYDER

Any of you in the junta?

Webster Case is frazzled and utterly dejected.

CASE

My identification is false... I am Webster Case.

Ryder's eyebrow rises slightly. Case looks out the back and considers his fate.

INT. TRUCK 2

A marine offers the captured SOLDIERS his cigarette pack. Some accept and one young soldier asks as casually as possible,

SOLDIER  
Where are you taking us?

The marine looks at him.

MARINE  
Don't worry, kid. We're takin' you back  
to school.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A black Rolls-Royce is parked in front. The CHAUFFEUR stands near it. Celeste Roark and Alice Avery come out and are ushered into the back seat.

INT. ROLLS

CELESTE  
Is Peter McGeorge crazy?

STREETS - LATER

The Rolls moves serenely through the common traffic.

INT. MCGEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Celeste Roark knocks and enters, carrying a thick file.

CELESTE (cont'g)  
Peter... this assignment -

MCGEORGE  
--is very important.

CELESTE  
Well! It's, uh - why?

MCGEORGE  
(piously)  
This network has a responsibility to show  
both sides in the... conflict. We abide by  
the Fairness Doctrine.

Celeste looks at him blankly.

CELESTE  
Since when?

McGeorge cocks his head as if challenging her.

MCGEORGE  
Getting cold feet?

CELESTE  
My whole body could get cold on this one.

McGeorge struggles to hide his anger.

MCGEORGE  
Well, hell! I thought you wanted a big  
assignment! You were sick of phonies!

CELESTE  
Peter. To these people - the rebels -  
we are not considered "press -" we are the  
enemy! They have killed media people! And  
you want me to find and interview their  
LEADER? Are you out of your mind?  
(laughs in fear)  
I mean, this is what the ARMY's trying to  
do! I just drive into rebel territory and  
say, "Take me to your leader?" Don't you  
see how crazy this is?

McGeorge is back under control.

MCGEORGE  
Cissy... as you can read there, we have quite  
a dossier on Ryder. His girlfriend...

CELESTE  
Yes, Peter. I can read. This is quite a  
dossier. But that's not the point -

MCGEORGE  
Listen! This is your assignment! Do you  
understand? If it's too tough for you, I  
can reassign you to something more in line  
with your special talent.

Celeste looks at him in shock, uncomprehending. Then she stands up, shaking  
her head, and walks out.

McGeorge regards her haughty exit with malice.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWITCHING YARD - DAY

The boxcar is shunted onto another track.

WOMEN'S VOICES (VO)

Help us! Please help us!

A soldier hangs on to the ladder.

SOLDIER

Shut up in there!

The boxcar is coupled to the rear of a freight train. The two soldiers check the coupling and head for the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLO FIELD - DAY

High goal POLO PLAYERS compete fiercely in this fast and violent game. General Butler's team includes his son, FRANK, and both are experts.

SCOREBOARD

Brandywine 8 Meadowbrook 8

BOX SEATS

CLUB MEMBERS and GUESTS sit comfortably, sipping drinks, occasionally yelling encouragement when the horses thunder by. Terry Lancaster sits with two other COUPLES and MRS. BUTLER and SALLY KIDD.

ON THE FIELD

Frank rides off his opposite number and sets sight on the ball, cocking his arm as if to swing but his father rides hard behind him.

GENERAL BUTLER

Leave it, Frank!

Frank intentionally misses and looks back as his father swings and lines the ball midfield. Other players converge but manage to ride each other off. Frank struggles and slams his polo pony into his rival's horse as they try to spoil each other's line, at forty miles per hour. Frank gets the advantage and slices the ball neatly, farther along toward the red and white goalposts. Galloping at high speed, Frank's horse pulls ahead and his rival drops back slightly and reaches forward with his mallet, hooking Frank's mallet as he attempts to knock it in.

GENERAL BUTLER (cont'g)

Calhoun! You son of a bitch!

The spectators roar in laughter at Phil Butler's antics but cheer as he rides off his opponent and drives the ball through the goalposts.

SCOREBOARD

Brandywine 8 Meadowbrook 9

LATER

General Butler's team stands abreast for photos with the PRESENTERS of the trophy. Frank laughs with his father at their victory. They wear long camel hair coats over their sweaty uniforms. The session breaks up and Frank walks off with his arm around Sally Kidd.

LATER

Members, guests and players drive through the tree-lined polo fields to the clubhouse. Frank and Sally are in his Aston-Martin, which has a half-dozen polo mallets sticking out behind the seats.

INT. CLUBHOUSE

The players and members, including WIVES and CHILDREN, crowd the men's locker room, a wonderful place with leather couches and chairs, prints on the walls of polo and fox hunting, old black & white photos of famous players and horses. WAITERS bring refreshments from the bar. The players, still in their boots and britches, relax in the comfortable chairs and sip cocktails, drying hair still plastered to their foreheads.

Frank stands up to meet Sally's FRIENDS but he eyes his father, who is cornered by Lancaster and two BANKERS. The general's earlier good mood has faded.

GENERAL BUTLER

Frankly, gents, I'm about ready to retire.

The bankers are displeased.

LANCASTER

Phil - you can't!

GENERAL BUTLER

(laughs)

I can't? I'm due!

BANKER 1

That's not what he means, General.

GENERAL BUTLER

Gents, the things I've done to... some people... in this rebellion make me sick. I'm sick and I'm tired.

LANCASTER

You've built a hell of a reputation, Phil, as a hard-charging, no nonsense -

GENERAL BUTLER

War criminal. And now, I'm supposed to go back out and "crack down!" What in hell do you think I've been doing for two years?

BANKER 1

General, we have made quite an investment in you and... your portfolio.

Butler's recklessness is checked.

BANKER 2

You have been compensated handsomely for your efforts on behalf of the new order, General. Would you want to see all this end?

The banker gestures at the social scene around them. Butler sighs.

GENERAL BUTLER

No.

LANCASTER

'Course not, Phil! Now, go take a hot shower and then we can talk about Livonia's plan.

Phil Butler winces at the name.

GENERAL BUTLER

That fat quack! Where in hell did you find her?

BANKER 1

Dr. Livonia has the mental toughness we require, General.

Butler stands wearily and takes his drink toward the showers.

GENERAL BUTLER

God help us if we lose, gents.

Frank watches his father's exit from across the room.

BALLROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Sally finish a fox trot. He guides her past other dancers to an open door.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

They wander off the terrace onto another grassy polo field on which are parked several corporate airplanes and a helicopter, dimly lit by the clubhouse lights and the moon.

SALLY

Something on your mind?

FRANK

Yeah! My dad, the war, a book, our future -

SALLY

Whoa! Sorry I asked!

FRANK

(hesitates)  
Did you ever wish you'd done things  
differently?

SALLY  
Um - yes. I wish I'd kissed you seven  
years ago instead of five...

They wander around the airplanes on the grass.

FRANK  
I'm on the wrong side.

SALLY  
What?!

FRANK  
We're on the wrong side, Sally.

Sally pulls him to a stop. She is speechless. He shakes his head sadly.

FRANK (cont'g)  
But what in the HELL can I do about it?  
I just don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD - NIGHT

The freight train speeds through the night

ENGINE CAB

The ENGINEER and the two soldiers drink beer and laugh it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST POINT - DAY

LONG SHOT of the military academy on the Hudson River.

EXT. WEST POINT CAMPUS - DAY

MALE and FEMALE CADETS hurry from class to class.

INT. CLASSROOM

CADETS take their seats. Colonel Sagan sits at his desk and studies his papers. Then he stands and goes to the lectern.

SAGAN  
Good morning. I am Colonel Sagan and this  
is Psychological Operations. It is a new  
class designed in response to the crisis  
which now threatens our government...  
Ordinarily, PSYOPS is a sub-category of  
counter-guerilla operations but the

administration now feels that your grasp  
of PSYOPS should be intensified.  
Your standard text, Field Manual 33-1, will  
be supplemented with another book...

(gestures at boxes)

... but before we get to that, I want you to  
recall the basic elements that led to the  
outbreak of the insurrection...

Sagan points at Frank Butler, who has a troubled look.

SAGAN (cont'g)

Butler, start us off...

Frank considers for a moment and looks at Sagan.

FRANK

King Ryder's book.

Sagan looks carefully at Butler and silences the fidgeting.

SAGAN

Let's try to list them in order of  
importance...

CADET 1

The War on Drugs!

CADET 2

The Mexican revolution!

CADET 3

The oil price!

Sagan holds up a hand to stop them, nodding.

SAGAN

Just a minute...

He writes those reasons on the blackboard and takes lectern.

SAGAN (cont'g)

The War on Drugs led to the suspension  
of the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Amendments... The  
Mexican revolt forced several millions  
of Mexicans across the border and this...  
invasion... led to the unauthorized  
construction of the "Mexican Fence" along  
the border, against the wishes of the  
former administration.

Of course, Mexico was our principal source  
of imported oil, and domestic production  
had been cut for environmental reasons,  
and the price skyrocketed... What's next?

FRANK

The income tax.

Sagan glances at Butler again, wondering about him.

SAGAN

(nods)

Yes, the unprecedented federal deficit led to an unbearable tax burden on the middle class...

Sagan does not write that on the blackboard, but waits.

CADET 4

Inflation?

SAGAN

(writes)

The Federal Reserve authorized a prime lending rate of 25% and lowered reserve requirements of the lending banks to zero. This resulted in a super-inflation...

CADET 5

The food shortage.

SAGAN

(cautious)

High interest rates did contribute to thousands of farm auctions and seizures of land and equipment. Most of the foreclosed land did not return to production and this resulted in widespread shortages of food.

(pauses)

And now, Butler?

The class chuckles uneasily.

FRANK

King Ryder's book.

Sagan turns and writes on the blackboard:

A Call To Arms

Sagan puts down the chalk and wipes his hands.

SAGAN

Just as Uncle Tom's Cabin did not start the first Civil War, Livingston K. Ryder's book did not start the second. But both books inflamed smoldering situations... Ryder managed to weave these complaints into his book and also managed to touch a nerve. He captured much of the public's imagination by calling for a nationalistic policy, really an isolationist policy, backed up by private arms and this was a clear violation of the Court's new ruling on the

2<sup>nd</sup> Amendment.

CADET 6

Sir, what about that Kansas shootout?

SAGAN

The name, "King Ryder," became notorious in Kansas regarding a farm auction at which a sheriff and his deputies were killed by angry farmers... led by Ryder.

CADET 7

Sir, you left out the uh, ah -

SAGAN

The what?

CADET 7

Well, uh - the coup.

Sagan turns and writes:

25<sup>th</sup> Amendment Invoked

SAGAN

The temporary assumption of power by the Committee for Public Safety occurred in a Constitutional manner! The 25<sup>th</sup> Amendment provided for removal of the president when the vice president and a majority of the principal officers of the executive departments declare the president unfit to serve. It then developed that the vice president was also unfit to serve and a national emergency was declared.

FRANK

Sir, you say it was constitutional, but the Constitution was suspended.

SAGAN

Temporarily. When order is restored, elections will be held in a constitutional manner, but of course the Constitution will probably have been modified to reflect 21<sup>st</sup> Century realities.

Frank Butler looks out a window.

SAGAN (cont'g)

Something on your mind, Butler?

FRANK

Ryder states that the Constitution was actually nullified in 1913, with the 17<sup>th</sup> Amendment.

The other cadets turn and look back at Frank, astounded. Sagan maintains his composure.

SAGAN

How so, Butler?

FRANK

He said the Constitution was a contract between the people and the states. The people elected congressmen and the states appointed senators. But the 17<sup>th</sup> Amendment did away with that. Since then, the people vote for congressmen AND senators, so the states are no longer represented in Congress. He says that Congress was not legally in session since 1913, right up to the coup - the invoking of the 25<sup>th</sup> Amendment - two years ago. And now there's no Congress at all, of course.

SAGAN

You seem familiar with Ryder's book, Butler.

FRANK

No, I just heard it around. Sir.

The cadets keep looking at Butler.

SAGAN

Come up here, please.

(to class)

Your first assignment is to read A Call To Arms and become familiar with Mr. Ryder's psychology.

Frank Butler opens a box and begins passing out Ryder's book. He looks at each cadet for some sign of understanding.

CADET 7

(whispers)

Hey, Butler - ever consider a career in the marines?

CADET 8

If I didn't know you, Butler - !

Sagan dismisses the class, which rises as one. Sagan exits.

The cadets are truly puzzled as they examine the contraband book.

CUT TO:

INT. MCGEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Hal Rose hands Peter McGeorge a piece of paper.

ROSE

Latest directive from our fearless  
leaders.

McGeorge reads it and chuckles drily.

MCGEORGE  
I'm not reading this.

ROSE  
No choice, pal. With no income tax,  
the banks must be paid - somehow!

McGeorge keeps chuckling and begins to laugh insanely.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN

MCGEORGE  
(somber)  
The government announced today a temporary  
inflation-fighting measure: "Until further  
notice, a 100% consumer tax on all goods and  
services is in effect as of tomorrow morning.  
The penalties for tax evasion by consumers  
shall be as harsh as those currently in effect  
for smuggling and hoarding."  
The government emphasizes the temporary nature  
of this measure, only for the duration of the  
present emergency.

CUT TO:

URBAN BARROOM

A beer bottle crashes into the television screen.

URBAN APARTMENTS

An OLD MAN in threadbare clothes shoots himself. An OLD LADY munching dog  
kibble gobbles a bottleful of aspirin. An ELDERLY COUPLE, holding hands,  
jumps out their window.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

An 18-wheel truck grinds up a steep grade on a rough dirt road, lead by an  
armed rebel pickup truck.

LATER

The vehicles make their way down the mountain, negotiating a tight  
switchback. This road is not for big trucks!

EXT. DISTRIBUTION CENTER - NIGHT

The big truck rolls into the rebel-controlled distribution center. Huge military tents warehouse boxes and crates and drums. A mammoth circus tent, since camouflaged, shelters a dozen 18-wheelers as food, supplies and food are off-loaded and transferred to smaller trucks, which speed off into the night. The center is heavily guarded by REBELS and MARINES.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - DAY

An 18-wheel tanker is hauling down the road.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

The TRUCKER is sweating as he watches for roadblocks. Suddenly, an army truck pulls out of the woods and blocks the road.

TRUCKER

God-almighty!

He brakes to a halt as the SOLDIERS take aim at him.

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD

An army LIEUTENANT walks to his side of the tractor and looks up at him.

TRUCKER (cont'g)

(grins)

What are you boys tryin' to do, scare  
an old man?

LIEUTENANT

Let's see your papers!

The trucker pretends to look next to him. He hands out a newspaper.

TRUCKER

I'll keep the sports pages, if you don't  
mind.

LIEUTENANT

Get down outta there! Now!

The trucker opens his door and comes out shooting. He kills the lieutenant and two soldiers before the rest riddle him with bullets.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURNPIKE - DAY

Big trucks are in line, waiting at an army roadblock. Motorcycles have a separate line. TRUCKERS hand over their travel permits to swaggering SOLDIERS. As one TRUCKER returns to his rig, a SERGEANT signals his men.

SERGEANT

Arrest that man!

The trucker is quickly captured and returned to the young sergeant.

TRUCKER

What's the matter?

SERGEANT

This permit's forged.

TRUCKER

Like hell it is!

SERGEANT

You are smuggling!

The soldiers grab the trucker and lead him off a few yards.

TRUCKER

Hey! I'm legitimate! That permit is good! Wait!

His hands are cuffed behind him as a Humvee towing a portable gibbet is driven up. A steel mast with an extended hook towers over the trailer, a steel cable swinging from the hook. A hinged steel plate is banged down and the trucker is forced to stand on it as a SOLDIER grabs the swinging cable and attaches it around his neck, laying the slack over the trucker's back. The soldier jumps off the steel plate as it and the mast are raised hydraulically, six feet up.

TRUCKER (cont'g)

For God's sake, don't do this to me!

Suddenly, the steel plate drops on its hinge and the trucker is hanged.

Behind this scene, other SOLDIERS open the doors of the cattle truck and force the steers to jump out. When they are all loose, the soldiers shoot and slaughter them all.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE

Repeat of Nai Livonia's admonition to Committee members:

LIVONIA

Shortage is the key to control. Where there is availability, there is no control I propose harsher measures.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS

Various roadblock scenes of SOLDIERS executing DRIVERS and destroying shipments of food and fuel. Cargoes of grain and vegetables burning. Gasoline and home heating oil trucks are destroyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Rick Pierce leans against his Humvee and broadcasts.

RICK

Americans, the junta gangsters are trying to starve us out! The Resistance must double its efforts to keep us supplied with food and fuel. Help our brave drivers get around the roadblocks! Support the Resistance for it is supporting us!

His rhetoric is accompanied by a snare drum.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

An army flame thrower TEAM lays waste to a rippling wheat field. An army CAPTAIN reads a paper to the captive FARMER.

CAPTAIN

This wheat was declared contraband. You are hereby ordered by the US government to keep this acreage fallow until notified to the contrary.

NEARBY

A small rebel contingent sets an ambush. Burning wheat field in the background. Soon the army vehicles are in the kill zone and are blasted by small arms fire. A SOLDIER jumps out of a truck and tries to deploy his flame-thrower. He is cut down and the flame-thrower is retrieved by a REBEL who then puts on the tank, grasps the gun and quickly engulfs one truck in flames. The captain jumps out with his hands up.

CAPTAIN (cont'g)

Don't shoot! I was just following orders!

CUT TO:

WOODS

The Radio Free America snare drum continues.

RICK

The Committee of Public Enemies is trying to create a famine to keep us from overthrowing the dictatorship! Communists have always used starvation, from Ukraine to Ethiopia. But it won't work here - we are too organized!

CUT TO:

EXT. DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

Trucks keep rumbling into the heavily guarded center.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMY ROADBLOCK - DAY

A new white Cadillac is stuck in a long line of motorcycles and trucks. Time goes by. Eventually, it is at the head of the line. A pair of SOLDIERS eyes the car suspiciously. Inside are Celeste Roark and Alice Avery.

SOLDIER

Papers.

Alice, the driver, hands over their travel documents. The soldier frowns as he examines them.

ALICE

We're going to Kansas.

SOLDIER

--Why?

CELESTE

Official business! We're with WBS News!

SOLDIER

Kansas is rebel territory. You girls rebels?

CELESTE

Of course not! Look at those papers!

SOLDIER

I am, lady. They look pretty funny to me... I think we better search this car. Pull it over there!

Alice throws her hands up and looks at Celeste, who is speechless. But Alice follows his orders.

LATER

Their entire luggage is on the ground, opened. The women are furious but restrained. Wind blows their underwear around.

SOLDIER (cont'g)

Okay, girls - pack it up and get outta here!

Celeste's mouth opens but she is hushed by Alice.

ALICE

C'mon, Cissy - Let's do what he says.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Alice drives. Celeste wakes up and stretches.

CELESTE

Where are we?

ALICE

We've been in Kansas for an hour.

CELESTE

Hmph.

ALICE

We need gas.

They think.

CELESTE

My God! We don't have any ration coupons  
for Kansas! Only Missouri!

ALICE

Oh, God! You're right!

LATER

They pull into a convenience store. Alice parks by the gas pump. They look around.

CELESTE

I don't see any soldiers.

They see the FEMALE ATTENDANT looking at them from inside the store. They wait, afraid to move. Finally, the girl comes out.

ATTENDANT

Anything wrong?

They look at her. Alice rolls down her window.

ALICE

No, nothing's wrong!

ATTENDANT

Well, this is self-serve... Pay when  
you're done.

ALICE

Oh!

The attendant turns back toward the store.

ALICE (cont'g)

Excuse me, but we don't have any ration  
coupons for Kansas!

The girl turns back.

ATTENDANT

Any what?

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGE CITY HOTEL - DAY

The white Cadillac is parked in front of an Old West hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Celeste wakes up in an old fashioned brass bed. She stretches and looks at her watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Cadillac heads into the country. It pulls up at the co-op.

INT. CADILLAC

Celeste looks at the co-op and sighs resignedly.

CELESTE

Well - here goes!

INT. CO-OP

Celeste and Alice go to the counter and see the lady behind it.

ALICE

Good morning!

LADY

'Morning.

CELESTE

Are you Susan Hunt?

LADY

Susan? Oh, no, Susan's - ah, who are you?

ALICE

I'm Alice Avery and this is Celeste Roark. We were told we might find Miss Hunt here...

LADY

Oh! You're on television, aren't you. Um, well - just a minute.

She goes to Susan's office and goes inside. Soon, they both come out and Susan shuts the door behind her.

SUSAN

Yes?

CELESTE

Miss Hunt? I'm Celeste Roark...

SUSAN

So you are!

CELESTE

Yes. And this is Alice Avery... Is there  
someplace we can talk?

SUSAN

Sure. Right here. Talk away.

ROARK

I mean, uh -

SUSAN

--What do you mean?

Celeste sighs in frustration. She looks at Alice for encouragement and sees,  
through the windows, rebel vehicles surrounding the co-op.

CELESTE

God! Who are they?

Alice looks out the windows in alarm. Susan doesn't bother to look.

SUSAN

What do you want?

CELESTE

(blurts)

I want to interview King Ryder!

Susan looks at her. Then she and the other lady start laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Celeste sits on her bed. Alice sits in an overstuffed chair.

ALICE

Well, it's a beginning...

Celeste just looks at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CO-OP - DAY

The Cadillac is parked in front again.

INT. CO-OP

Susan stands against the counter, confronted by Celeste. Alice watches out the windows.

SUSAN  
You are out of your mind.

ALICE  
Oh my God - they're back!

CELESTE  
(distracted)  
--Who are those men? Why do they keep coming here?

SUSAN  
They think you're trying to kill me. They also think you're trying to kill King Ryder. That is why you're here, after all...

CELESTE  
(gasps)  
KILL him? I want to interview him. KILL him? Is that what you think?

Susan just looks at her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Celeste is in the chair. Alice is on the bed.

ALICE  
Well, that was a cunning stunt!

CELESTE  
KILL him? What do they think I am?

ALICE  
I think THAT'S pretty clear...

CELESTE  
I'm a journalist - not an assassin!

Alice looks at her, deadpan.

ALICE  
Yes, Dear.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURNPIKE - DAY

Traffic passes flashing yellow lights and an official sign:

PREPARE TO STOP!  
COUNTER-INSURGENCY ROADBLOCK  
1 MILE AHEAD  
HAVE TRAVEL DOCUMENTS READY

ROADBLOCK - LATER

The corpse of the hanged trucker still dangles from the portable gibbet. In the motorcycle lane two SOLDIERS examine passports and documents. Both carry M-16 rifles, slung. The next rider is on a Harley-Davidson Sportster, with a full-face helmet. It turns as the rider stares inscrutably at the hanging man. He coasts up to the line and drops one foot to the road.

SOLDIER 1  
(points at him)  
Shut it off!

RIDER  
It won't start if I do!

SOLDIER 2  
Shut it off!

He hits a button and instantly kills the massive engine. He unzips his jacket and reaches in for his passport. The soldiers can't see his .45 auto. He hands over the passport.

SOLDIER 1  
Your name is... "F. P. Newton?"

RIDER  
That's right.

SOLDIER 1  
What's the "F" stand for?

RIDER  
"Figaro."

SOLDIER 1  
"Figaro P. Newton?"

RIDER  
Mother had her little sense of humor.

The soldier looks skeptically at the passport.

SOLDIER 1  
Okay, let's see your face.

The rider begins to unfasten his chin strap.

RIDER  
Why'd you hang him?

SOLDIER 1  
He was a smuggler. Maybe you're a

smuggler, too.

He gets the helmet off. It is King Ryder.

RYDER

Me? Heck no.

SOLDIER 2

No? What are ya, a terrorist? Kinda looks like one, don't he.

SOLDIER 1

Oughta see what we do to terrorists... Okay, big boy, where ya goin'?

RYDER

Next town...

SOLDIER 1

Purpose of trip?

RYDER

I want to buy some cookies.

SOLDIER 1

Yeah?

(to other soldier)

Escort Mr. Fig Newton over to the LT for questioning.

Ryder sighs resignedly and pulls on his helmet, meekly complying. As he begins to zip his jacket, he reaches in and pulls the cocked pistol and shoots the first soldier and then the second. Both are knocked down instantly. He twists on his seat and fires on the other SOLDIERS on the roadblock, hitting them as well. SOLDIERS lounging in the background freeze until two of them are hit. They curse and scramble for cover. The LIEUTENANT and two helicopter PILOTS get behind a staff car but Ryder just watches them as he calmly replaces a magazine and stuffs his pistol back in his belt. He hits the starter and the Harley blasts into life and he is away, accelerating hard and weaving up the turnpike.

The pilots stand up and watch him go.

LIEUTENANT

Goddammit! Get up and find him!

(to soldiers)

Saddle up! Go! Go!

A couple of SOLDIERS shamble to the roadblock and wave their rifles at the riders and truckers, as another examines the dead and wounded. The helicopter's turbine whines. The lieutenant grabs his car's radio mic as the big truck, loaded with grim-faced GIs, bumps onto the four-lane.

LIEUTENANT (cont'g)

Contact! Contact! This is Blue 2 at 84 mile marker! One terrorist on a bike shot six of my men! He's westbound and

we are in pursuit!

He gets in his staff car, starts it and hits the gas, sliding over the grass and dirt shoulder, onto the highway, quickly overtaking the big truck. The helicopter takes off.

INSIDE HELICOPTER

The scout helicopter quickly overtakes the truck and then the car.

PILOT

What color was his bike, you remember?

The co-pilot stares up the road.

CO-PILOT

The sonofabitch had a big gun is all I remember.

PILOT

I think he had a silver helmet.

They overtake a motorcycle tooling along at the legal limit, 45 mph. The pilot makes a low pass, startling the rider, who immediately pulls over.

CO-PILOT

Ah, that's not him.

PILOT

(to radio)

Hey, LT - the guy on the red bike is not the guy.

LIEUTENANT (VO)

Blue 2 to Bluebird, he's on a Harley and he's got a silver helmet!

PILOT

Roger.

The road below is now through heavy woods. In the distance are two motorcycles, side by side. The co-pilot squints.

CO-PILOT

Silver helmet on the right!

PILOT

Okay, LT, we see two bikes ahead, look to be obeying all laws, silver helmet on one of them.

LIEUTENANT (VO)

Identify the motorcycle!

The helicopter passes over the riders and slides sideways. The co-pilot twists and looks back and shrugs.

PILOT

This pair's pretty cool, LT, and I don't know a Harley from a French poodle.

LIEUTENANT (VO)

Order them to stop!

The helicopter holds station over the motorcycles and the pilot keys his PA loudspeaker.

PILOT

Pull over to the side, both of you!

(frowns)

This is the US Army! Pull over!

(switches)

LT, they won't pull over.

LIEUTENANT (VO)

Shoot them both, goddammit!

The pilot looks at the co-pilot, who rubs a sudden itch on his nose. He grabs the spade grips of his Belgian machine gun that sticks through the windshield. The pilot gets the chopper going sideways so the gun can be trained on the riders from the side. As the co-pilot grabs the charging handle reluctantly, the green staff car blasts over the rise at a hundred twenty mph, and smashes into the motorcycles like a bowling ball, sending them and the riders in four directions.

PILOT

Jeez, the LT got his spare.

Below them, the staff car slows and stops, and then the backup lights come on. The fliers watch the lieutenant get out and remove the silver helmet from an older man with a fine head of silver hair.

CO-PILOT

Oops.

The lieutenant straightens up and motions angrily to go on!

PILOT

Okay, babe. You're on yer own, least 'til your soldier-boys get here.

The helicopter pulls out of its hover and heads west.

ON THE TURNPIKE

The lieutenant walks over to the other body. His car engine and the other idling motorcycle engines mask the syncopated rumbling of a Harley-Davidson engine behind him. Then he hears.

RYDER

Looks like you got the wrong one.

The lieutenant jerks around, grabbing at his Italian pistol just as a .45 caliber bullet blasts through his right ear. Ryder pushes up the safety and

stuffs the pistol back in his belt. He selects first gear and rides away.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS

Americans listen to their radios and the snare drum signature.

RICK (VO)

Americans awake! The Resistance needs your help to locate the detention camps. Many of our people have disappeared. The cowardly junta is running an American gulag system! Let's find these political prisons!

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Rick Pierce's communications Humvee motors down the road.

INT. HUMVEE

Ahead, Rick spots the dreaded roadblock lights and signs. He pulls over to a halt and thinks, sweat beading his face. Then he checks his weapons and puts it in gear. As he automatically looks in the mirror he spots an army convoy approaching from behind. Startled, he waits for the lead trucks to pass and remembers to put on his helmet. Holding his breath, he pulls onto the highway in the middle of the convoy.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

The convoy, with Rick in the middle, is waved through the army roadblock. Rick's eyes are big as he passes the unpleasant-looking roadblock detail. He starts singing "You're in the Army Now" as he goes by the soldiers.

INT. HUMVEE

Still sweating, Rick drums his fingers on the wheel.

RICK

I'm just one of the boys.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESISTANCE HQ - DAY

A huge log lodge, secluded in deep woods. Various armed vehicles in front. Several REBELS patrol through the trees.

INT. RESISTANCE HQ

Inside the lodge, Webster Case is brought through a hallway by two MEN. His gray suit is soiled, his tie gone.

OFFICE

Case walks in. The door is shut behind him. King Ryder sits behind a desk, an upside-down flag on the wall behind him.

RYDER  
Dr. Case, I'm Dr. Jekyll...

Case peers at Ryder.

CASE  
No. You're King Ryder. You must be.

Ryder waits.

CASE (cont'g)  
Why am I here?

RYDER  
Treason trials, when the war's over.  
That could be a while...

Case crumples and drops onto a chair in front of the desk. Ryder scrutinizes his captive.

RYDER (cont'g)  
Any idea how we happened to catch you?

Case shakes his head numbly. Ryder keeps sizing him up.

RYDER (cont'g)  
Let's talk about detention camps.

Case looks at Ryder uncertainly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD - DAY

A freight train moves across the desert landscape.

LATER

The train is stopped by a siding in a desolate location. One boxcar is being removed from the train by two SOLDIERS. The car is shunted backward, down a spur, as a soldier decouples from the next car. It rolls slowly down a shallow grade as the other soldier waits for the train to move forward. He then handles the switch and trots after the rolling boxcar.

TOP OF BOXCAR

The soldiers ride on top, manning the brake wheel. The train connects itself in the background. The boxcar picks up speed and we round a bend and then, several hundred feet below, in the desert, we see the detention camp.

DETENTION CAMP

The boxcar bumps into a string of empty boxcars that has a small switch engine at the other end. Several SOLDIERS are waiting.

The soldiers unlock the big door and slide it open and we see a terrible mess of filthy women and children, some of whom have not survived the trip. The soldiers bark orders at the live ones, who cringe and whimper in terror.

Behind this scene is the camp, surrounded by barbed wire and guard towers, unmanned. The desert would kill any escapist.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The Committee is meeting. The members are restless, except Livonia. Hal Rose is present. Nathan Wolfe has been speaking.

WOLFE

And so, I'm afraid that Dr. Case was taken alive -

LIVONIA

They've probably hanged him by now...

WOLFE

(shakes head)

I very much doubt that, Doctor! No, the question is, how much did Dr. Case know?

LIVONIA

(snorts)

Not very damned much! Never mind, it's done. Now! The new consumer tax... Mr. Rose, the networks must develop the same psychological pressure for the consumer tax as they did for the income tax. Keep up the pressure! Be relentless!

She raises her eyebrows at him. Rose nods in understanding. She becomes, suddenly and miraculously, warm and charming.

LIVONIA (cont'g)

Mr. Rose, this committee deeply appreciates your skillful handling of the networks. Without their work, and yours, the public would not have accepted us or understood what we are doing for them..

(looks around)

We have voted unanimously to bring you onto the committee to replace Dr. Case. Congratulations!

The other members murmur their agreement. Hal Rose beams at them and looks at Livonia worshipfully.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST POINT - DAY

Frank Butler stands at the academy gates as Sally drives up in the Aston-Martin. He opens her door and helps her around to the passenger side. He gets behind the wheel and kisses her.

SALLY  
Hard day at the salt mine?

FRANK  
Nah. Just weird.

He pulls away from the gates.

INT. ASTON-MARTIN

Sally opens her purse and produces a CD.

SALLY  
Have you ever heard of "Radio Free America?"

FRANK  
Yep. Never actually heard it, though.

Sally inserts the CD in the player.

RICK (VO)  
Americans awake! The Resistance needs your help to locate the detention camps! Many of our people have disappeared. The cowardly junta is running an American gulag system! Let's find these political prisons!

Frank stops the car and stares at the dashboard. Then he stares at Sally.

EXT. POLO FIELD - DAY

Sally walks her horse around and then stops to watch Frank, on a polo pony, cantering slowly on the field by himself, casually knocking a ball around, a blank look on his face.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS

Americans, puzzled, tune their radios. No Radio Free America tonight!

CUT TO:

EXT. BIVOUAC - NIGHT

The army convoy is bivouacked for the night. Rick Pierce chats with the real MPs. He makes his play.

RICK  
Me, I wouldn't mind that women's camp

as an assignment - in California, to boot!

No one responds at first. Rick starts to sweat.

MP

Yeah, but in Death Valley? Put every  
broad in Hollywood in that heat, I  
wouldn't go...

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGE CITY HOTEL - NIGHT

The old hotel is quiet in the pale moonlight. Only a dim light in the lobby  
burns at three o'clock in the morning.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Celeste Roark lies asleep in her big bed, wearing a black sleeping mask, her  
breathing steady. From somewhere in the room a man quietly clears his  
throat. Her breathing stops.

RYDER (VO)

Ah. You're awake.

Celeste jumps at hearing the voice. Instantly, she removes the mask and  
looks into the moonlit darkness.

CELESTE

Who is it! Who's in this room!

There is no answer so she tries the table lamp. No luck.

RYDER (VO)

Lights don't work...

CELESTE

Don't come near me!

RYDER (VO)

Relax. I hear you want to meet me.

CELESTE

(hesitates)

--Are you King Ryder?

RYDER (VO)

Uh, huh...

CELESTE

Oh, good God...

She lies there for a moment and then sits up, fixing her hair.

CELESTE (cont'g)

How did you get in here?

RYDER (VO)

Listen to me. I just dropped by to tell you one thing: go home. You don't belong here.

Celeste swallows nervously, caught off guard.

CELESTE

Please... I want to interview you for my -

RYDER (VO)

I have nothing to say, except this: If you, Celeste Roark, were a man you'd be dead by now, or at least tarred and feathered, and that's no fun.

CELESTE

Now look, WBS is prepared to pay you a great deal of money for an exclusive inter -

RYDER (VO)

Who do you think you're talking to - Geronimo? I've been to college, same as you. Wampum doesn't buy much here.

Celeste stares at the voice in the darkness.

CELESTE

But... wouldn't you like to speak to... everyone in America? To spread your message?

RYDER (VO)

I'd say it's been spread pretty well already.

In the darkness, a glass is placed gently on a table.

CELESTE

Are you - drinking!?

RYDER (VO)

It's chilly outside.

CELESTE

I cannot stand being... watched this way!

RYDER (VO)

Pretend you're on television.

CELESTE

I want to see your face!

RYDER (VO)

So would a lot of people.

Celeste sits helplessly in the moonlight and finally sighs.

CELESTE  
May I please have a drink?

RYDER (VO)  
Coming right up.

His chair creaks. Presently his shadow looms over her form. She holds out her hand a glass is put in it. A bottle clicks the edge as a shot is poured. She holds it in both hands and looks up at the tall man silhouetted by moonlight.

CELESTE  
Well?

RYDER (VO)  
How much do they pay you?

CELESTE  
Why?

RYDER (VO)  
It's not enough.

Celeste is uncharacteristically self-conscious. She grips her glass.

CELESTE  
What shall we drink to?

RYDER (VO)  
"Confusion to the enemy."

Celeste sips her whiskey, keeping her eyes on the shadow.

CELESTE  
I'm reading your book, like a good little girl.

RYDER (VO)  
It's not for little girls. Or big ones, either.

CELESTE  
You said that "men have failed to protect women..."

RYDER (VO)  
Yeah. Well...  
(clears throat)  
Lucky there's one in here to protect you.

He clunks his glass on the table and heads for the door.

CELESTE  
What... are you doing?

RYDER (VO)

I almost forgot Rule 1 of the resistance..

CELESTE

What's that?

RYDER (VO)

"Keep your pants on."

Celeste slowly leans over to put her glass down, threatening her lush bosom with exposure. Ryder sighs quietly by the door.

RYDER (VO) (cont'g)

Hell of it is - I wrote it.

The door is opened and Ryder's shadow slips out.

Celeste, disconcerted, leans over to retrieve her glass, from which she sips. Then, with one hand, she picks up the phone and lies there, waiting for the clerk to answer. The door opens again and her face is lit with the dim hall light. She looks at it wide-eyed. The door is closed. Once again, the shadow looms over her figure. A hand takes the phone and hangs it up. Then the hand takes her glass and puts it down. Two hands take her shoulders and Ryder bends down and kisses Celeste's lips for a few seconds. He slowly releases her.

RYDER (cont'g)

I almost forgot...

She looks up at him expectantly.

RYDER (cont'g)

...your phone doesn't work either. I'll report it.

His shadow moves away. The door opens and closes. Her face, briefly lit, shows she is thoroughly flustered. In the moonlight she regards the phone vaguely. She shakes her head.

FROM OUTSIDE

The muffled blast and syncopated throbbing of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. It accelerates away in the night.

LATER - DAYLIGHT

Celeste lies sleeping. There is a knock at the door. She awakes with a start and pulls off her mask.

CELESTE

Who is it?

CLERK (VO)

Message, Miss Roark!

A white envelope is slid under the door. Celeste gets up and retrieves it. Her fingers shake as she tears open the letter.

CLOSE UP OF LETTER

Dear Miss Roark,

Are your intentions honorable?  
Drive your car, alone, exactly  
twelve miles on the Cimarron Road,  
and wait.

KR

Celeste drops the note and runs into the bathroom, starting the shower.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIMARRON ROAD - DAY

The white Cadillac is parked under a tree. Celeste waits. In the distance, she hears the motorcycle. Ryder coasts up next to her door and smiles.

CELESTE

You could be anybody.

RYDER

Let's go.

CELESTE

On that?

She opens the door and gets out. She's wearing pants.

CELESTE (cont'g)

Luckily, I'm wearing pants. I suppose  
you're the type who hates women in pants.

RYDER

Yep. In fact, my motto is, "Down with  
women's pants!"

She gets on the small back seat gingerly. He blips the throttle.

CELESTE

Oh, funny. Is my car safe here, unlocked?  
WHOA!

She holds on tight as he gasses it and roars away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Ryder stops the motorcycle in front of a dilapidated old hangar. They get off and he pushes open the big doors to reveal his old jet trainer.

CELESTE

Now, what?

Ryder performs a quick preflight check, hops up and gestures for her hand.

RYDER  
Okay, Miss Roark. Let's go.

She takes both his hands and climbs up on the wing.

CELESTE  
My friends call me Cissy.

He keeps hold of her hands.

RYDER  
So, what do I call you?

She takes a deep breath as he helps her in the back seat.

CUT TO:

RUNWAY

Ryder taxis, lowering the canopy, and takes off.

CUT TO:

IN THE AIR

The T-33 zooms south, flying extremely low.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN FENCE - DAY

From atop a small hill, four AMERICANS on horseback watch a group of MEXICANS digging under the rebel-built fence, then ride downhill. As the horsemen approach, the Mexicans stop digging. One American speaks into a radio. The riders approach the fence and stare through it at the Mexicans, their rifles and shotguns held ready. The horsemen spread out. Suddenly, from nearby brush, guns open up on the Americans. Two horses drop, one rider is shot. The other three return fire.

AMERICAN  
(into radio)  
Patrol 45! Contact!

His horse twisting under him, the rider drops his radio and tries to aim his rifle at the gunfire. He dismounts and keeps firing. The Americans are outnumbered and outgunned. Two more are hit. The fourth runs out of rifle ammo and shoots his pistol but the ambushers get him in a cross-fire and he, too, is shot. The two surviving horses gallop away from the noise, over the hill. The AMBUSHERS emerge and order the digging resumed.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Ryder's jet lands on a hot desert strip. Several MEN wait in a jeep and a pickup.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADOBE BUILDING - DAY

Off-road trucks and motorcycles are parked in front of resistance headquarters in southern Arizona. The REBELS arrive with Ryder and Celeste.

INT. ADOBE

Maps of the southern border cover two walls. Several REBELS and MARINES have just arrived. Ryder and Celeste enter. The RADIOMAN shakes his head and puts down the microphone.

RADIOMAN

King! One of our fence patrols just got shot up!

RYDER

Let's go!

The others go outside. Ryder goes to a closet and gets a 1942 Thompson submachine gun and a bandolier of magazines.

CELESTE

King, what's happening?

RYDER

You'd better wait here...

CELESTE

Well, then why did you bring me?

He looks at her briefly and nods his head, taking her by her elbow.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

King Ryder drives the old army jeep with Celeste in the passenger seat. An OLD REBEL stands behind the machine gun pedestal, hanging on. Two MARINES follow in a Humvee and behind them is a rebel pickup truck with a .50 caliber machine gun mounted in the bed. Despite himself, the old rebel looks down at Celeste.

OLD REBEL

Hey, King - Doncha think this might be a little dangerous for this pretty lady?

RYDER

She's wearing pants, isn't she?

Celeste gives him a dry look as they come upon the two loose horses, heading for home. The pickup stops and a REBEL gets out to remove their bridles and lets them keep going.

LATER

The three vehicles approach the fence. The wounded horse struggles to rise. The men stop a hundred yards away and get out, covered by the two machine gunners, and approach the scene, fanned out. One man kneels by the horse and strokes his head. He takes out his revolver while the others examine the dead men. He shoots the horse. The men gather the bodies. A marine searches the area for tracks.

MARINE

Hey! Over here!

CUT TO:

LATER - IN THE JEEP

The vehicles approach a rocky feature and stop. Ryder stares at it. Celeste finally recovers from her shock at the carnage.

CELESTE

That was horrible!

RYDER

Yeah, it was. When we put the fence up, most people thought it was just for the wetbacks. But it was also for the drug runners...

CELESTE

--Oh! Is that who these -

RYDER

No doubt about it. Wetbacks aren't so ornery. C'mon.

They get out and go back to the marine Humvee. The passenger is an officer.

MARINE OFFICER

Good place to get killed.

MARINE DRIVER

I reckon there's six or seven of 'em.

Ryder puts on his webbing and searches the rocks.

RYDER

Give me some grenades.

The marine driver opens a metal can and gives him three grenades, which get hooked on Ryder's web belt. Ryder puts his hand on the officer's shoulder.

RYDER (cont'g)

Why don't you drive around the other side. If you think they're in there, shoot.

The marines nod and drive off in a wide circle around the feature. Ryder takes Celeste to the pickup truck and helps her in back, making her sit down under the .50 caliber machine gun.

RYDER (cont'g)

Keep your head down and your fingers  
in your ears.

Suddenly, gunfire erupts from the rocks. Celeste ducks down. Ryder looks and then motions to the machine gunner to cover him. He moves off toward the rocks, darting from bushes to cactus. The pickup inches forward.

CUT TO:

IN THE ROCKS

Several MEXICANS watch Ryder approach. Two of them move down through the rocks to ambush him.

On the other side, a MEXICAN moves down to intercept the marine officer who is also approaching on foot, covered by the driver with the machine gun. The Mexican reveals his position and the marine rips him with a burst. The officer rushes into the rocks and out of sight.

Meanwhile, Ryder flops behind a cactus. Bullets zip and crack through the cactus. Immediately, the .50 caliber opens up into the rocks, which become hidden in great rock chips and dust. Ryder is up and running toward the rocks, freeing a grenade and ripping out the pin. He lobes the grenade in an overhand arc into the battered rocks and ducks. It explodes and he rushes the position, firing the Thompson in short bursts, killing the Mexicans. He reappears to look at the truck, which keeps inching toward the rocks. He disappears again.

AT THE HUMVEE

The driver sweeps the rocks with his .30 cal but sees neither Mexicans nor his officer.

IN THE ROCKS

The marine officer creeps up slowly, listening to his heart. He readies a grenade. There is no sound. Resting his rifle against a rock, he pulls out his .45 pistol and fires a round. Above him, a ten-round burst is fired from an AK-47. The Humvee's machine gun responds and the officer flings the grenade up into the rocks above him, ducking for cover. A Mexican screams before the explosion. The officer grabs his rifle and scoots up toward the position and runs into another Mexican, who rips his leg with a burst from his rifle. The officer falls but shoots the Mexican in the chest with his pistol. He sits heavily and pulls himself into a cranny. He frowns at the dead Mexican and shoots him again.

Ryder kneels and quietly replaces his magazine. Carefully, he peeks out and begins climbing up through the big rocks.

AT THE PICKUP

The driver stops the truck among rocks at the base of the feature. The gunner sweeps the rocks above for signs of life. Celeste is wide-eyed as she searches the sinister outcropping.

MACHINE GUNNER

Stay down, Miss.

Suddenly a MEXICAN jumps out at the truck, firing his AK-47. The gunner depresses the .50 cal but not far enough and can only fire over the Mexican's head. The windshield disintegrates and the driver ducks, pulling his pistol, and shoots through the passenger door until it is empty. The Mexican drops but then reappears at the passenger window, grinning but shot in the chest. The gunner leaps off the back and jams his fingers into the Mexican's eyes. The driver hurtles through the open side window and grabs the AK, which goes off once more. The gunner wraps his arm around the Mexican's neck and jerks it, killing him. Then he jumps back up and mans the machine gun.

Celeste is speechless with fear.

AT THE HUMVEE

The driver swings his weapon on a figure, but it is Ryder, sneaking and peeking. A Mexican comes into view and the driver fires on him. Ryder ducks away and the Mexican disappears. A small object arcs from Ryder's side to the Mexican's side. The Mexican scrambles up his side of the rock to escape just as the grenade explodes. The driver fires at him but he flops on top of the rock and tries to shoot Ryder below him. Ryder flinches from the driver's shooting but looks up instinctively and fires at the Mexican at the same time as the machine gun gets him. The Mexican falls at Ryder's feet.

LATER

Ryder and the driver help the officer to the Humvee. The rebels collect the weapons. Another one comes out of the rocks carrying six heavy backpacks and dumps them in the truck bed. The Humvee joins the other vehicles and Celeste is limp with relief at the sight of Ryder, who approaches her.

CELESTE

Is it over?

He nods and eyes the backpacks in the truck bed.

RYDER

Yes. Let's look at the loot.

He opens a backpack and produces a plastic-wrapped brick.

CELESTE

Is that -

RYDER

--Heroin. As usual.

The weapons are placed in the bed with the heroin and soon the vehicles start back.

CUT TO:

INT. ADOBE BUILDING

Celeste and Ryder drink ice water while she recovers.

CELESTE

Is that what you wanted me to see?

RYDER

Not exactly. But that's what we do.

CELESTE

When you're not killing soldiers and kidnapping officials.

Ryder sips his water and looks at her.

RYDER

Think there might be a reason the junta didn't want to close off the border?

CELESTE

Are you saying the government is behind the heroin trade?

Ryder laughs.

RYDER

Big cigar for the pretty lady.

Celeste frowns and thinks.

CELESTE

Well - maybe I stumbled on this very thing just before they assigned me to, ah - you.

RYDER

Uh, huh! Maybe they sent you here to get killed. Anyway, it's not just the junta - it was that way before the coup, too.

CELESTE

The government running drugs... Is it for money?

RYDER

Sure. The money goes in the banks and the banks run the junta. But it's also about keeping a bunch of dopers very, very stupid and harmless. Those of us they can't hook, they kill or put in the camps.

CELESTE

Oh, come on!

Ryder frowns patiently at her naiveté.

EXT. ADOBE - DAY

Ryder and Celeste come out just as the truck returns with the dead rebels. Ryder shakes hands with the survivors and puts Celeste in the jeep. He drives off toward the airstrip.

IN THE AIR

Celeste, in the second seat, speaks in her helmet microphone.

CELESTE (VO)  
King, can you tell me about Susan Hunt?  
Is she your -

RYDER (VO)  
Susan was engaged to my brother.

CELESTE (VO)  
--Oh!

RYDER (VO)  
Joe was killed by the army last year.  
Wasn't that in my file?

CELESTE (VO)  
... No, it wasn't.

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGE CITY HOTEL - DUSK

Celeste parks the Cadillac and gets out. Alice sits on the verandah, sipping a highball.

ALICE  
And how was your day?

Celeste goes up the steps, takes Alice's glass out of her hand, and downs it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Celeste talks on the telephone. Alice watches nearby.

CELESTE  
Peter? Cissy. Peter, I'd like to do a  
live hookup tomorrow night from Kansas  
City... No, King Ryder will NOT be there.  
(rolls eyes)  
Yes, I've seen him. Well, five-minute  
spot will do... You'll arrange it? KTKC,  
yes. Fine. Good bye.

She hangs up and looks at Alice.

ALICE  
Are we in the Resistance now?

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The army convoy rolls on. Rick Pierce's Humvee is still in the middle of it. Suddenly, it pulls off the highway and stops. The other trucks pass by. The last vehicle, an MP Humvee, stops next to Rick. The MILITARY COP looks at him.

MP  
Problem?

RICK  
Nah. I just gotta go!

The MP nods and drives on. Rick waits until it is out of view.

RICK (cont'g)  
I just gotta go someplace else.

He switches off the lights and puts on his NV goggles and makes a U-turn, speeding the other way, in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Nai Livonia, Hal Rose and Colonel Sagan meet privately.

ROSE  
She's persuaded McGeorge to do a  
live piece from Kansas City.

SAGAN  
So. She found him.

ROSE  
(shrugs)  
She's being mysterious...

LIVONIA  
Colonel, as leverage, I want the Hunt  
woman captured. If Roark can just walk  
in on her, then so can our marshals...

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL BUTLER'S HQ - DAY

An army truck rolls up to 10<sup>th</sup> District headquarters near Seattle. Colonel Sagan gets out and the cadets jump down from the back.

INT. GENERAL BUTLER'S OFFICE

Frank Butler presents himself to his father's CLERK. Sagan accompanies him.

FRANK

Colonel Sagan and Cadet Butler to see  
the general.

Phil Butler enters from his office and hugs his son.

GENERAL BUTLER

Good to see you, son. Field trip, eh?  
Colonel?

Colonel Sagan waits impatiently and does not salute.

SAGAN

General, are there operations for us to  
observe?

GENERAL BUTLER

Colonel, we are carrying out the Committee's  
new policies. Have been, for several days.  
Captain Ellis will escort you.

Colonel Sagan turns without saluting and exits. Frank blinks.

FRANK

Dad, what the -

GENERAL BUTLER

Never mind. He's a powerful man, Frank.  
Watch yourself. And - I'm sorry you have  
to see what we're doing out here..

General Butler squeezes his son's arm and goes to his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

CAPTAIN MARY ELLIS escorts Sagan and the cadets.

INT. WAREHOUSE

MEN and WOMEN are interrogated by ARMY and CIVILIAN INTERROGATORS.

INTERROGATOR

I'm going to ask you once more, Betty!  
Where's Don? Where's your goddamned  
husband?

Betty is tied to a chair. She sobs. The interrogator nods. Another man  
touches her face with a cattle prod. She screams.

INTERROGATOR (cont'g)

Okay. You're going to camp, Betty, and  
Don'll never know where you went. Is  
that what you want?

Betty just sobs uncontrollably.

INTERROGATOR (cont'g)  
Take her to the train.

Betty is untied and manhandled to the door and out. Captain Ellis guides the visitors to where a boy is being questioned by an ARMY INTERROGATOR.

OFFICER  
Why'd you throw the rock at our truck,  
Rusty?

RUSTY  
I don't know...

OFFICER  
Where do you live?

RUSTY  
1756 Mohawk Road..

The officer gestures to a SERGEANT, who exits. Captain Ellis signals the visitors to follow the sergeant.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

CAPTAIN ELLIS  
Sergeant, my visitors will observe your  
operation!

SERGEANT  
Yes, Ma'am!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

The sergeant's Humvee leads the visitors' truck down Mohawk Road to the boy's house. A lowboy carrying a D-9 Caterpillar bulldozer follows.

The sergeant knocks hard on the front door. A HOUSEWIFE answers the knock.

SERGEANT  
US Army! You have ten minutes to  
remove your personal effects!

HOUSEWIFE  
What?

SERGEANT  
Your son confessed to an act of terrorism  
as defined in USC 4777. Clear out!

The sergeant turns away and supervises the unloading of the bulldozer. The lady stands there, hopelessly unaware. Colonel Sagan walks up to her.

SAGAN

He's going to knock your house down.  
You've got ten minutes...

She doesn't get it. Sagan cocks his head and slaps her, hard. Staggered, she cries hysterically.

HOUSEWIFE

Where's my Rusty? What have you done  
to him?

Sagan hits her again and looks at his watch. Frank Butler can't take any more. He runs to Sagan as the lady faints.

FRANK

What the hell is this?

SAGAN

Watch your language, Butler! Get back!  
Sergeant!

The sergeant returns and hauls away the unconscious woman. Sagan gestures for the operator to begin. The big Cat jerks and squeaks toward the house. The lady wakes up and screams as it crunches through the living room wall. The cadets observe mildly, except Frank Butler, who jumps in the Humvee.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL BUTLER'S OFFICE

FRANK

What the goddamn hell are you doing  
here, Dad?

GENERAL BUTLER

Take it easy, son. I'm following orders.

FRANK

This is like goddamn Gaza! And where are  
the camps, Dad? You want to tell me that?

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGE CITY HOTEL - MORNING

Celeste and Alice get in the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC

CELESTE

I just want to say goodbye to Susan and  
then we're off to Kansas City.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM CO-OP - DAY

A dusty truck pulls up. Two US MARSHALS, dressed as farmers, get out.

INT. CO-OP

Susan Hunt comes out of her office just as the two marshals enter. Caught off guard, away from her gun, she hesitates.

MARSHAL 1  
Susan Hunt, federal marsh -

She lunges for the counter but the marshal is quicker and grabs her wrist. She struggles violently. The two marshals can't quite subdue her. They both grab an arm and pull her to the door.

EXT. CO-OP

The white Cadillac approaches.

INT. CADILLAC

As Alice swings in to park they see Susan being manhandled out the door, one marshal trying to put his handcuffs on one wrist as they walk. He gets one on but Susan jerks her arm free and reaches under her skirt and produces a small dagger. She swipes it across one marshal's throat and then stabs it in the gut of the other one.

EXT. CO-OP

Both marshals yell and scream. They drop her arms and Susan runs for the Cadillac. The marshal with the neck wound pulls his revolver and shoots her in the back and then puts his hand over his wound. Susan falls against the car as the other marshal sags to the ground with the dagger in his stomach. Celeste opens her door and begins to make her way around the car to Susan but the first marshal staggers up and points his gun at Susan, who slides off the fender and drops.

MARSHAL 2  
You bitch! You've killed us both!

He shoots Susan until his gun is empty. Celeste and Alice duck away instinctively until the marshal drops the empty revolver in the dirt. He makes his way back to his partner, who is collapsed against the steps. Alice opens her door just as Celeste reaches Susan and both women try to revive her, to no avail. The marshal stares at his dying partner and begins to wander off toward their truck, holding his bloody neck wound. Alice stands up and watches him stagger around. Halfway to the truck, he collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAY

WARNING!  
DEATH VALLEY NAT'L MONUMENT  
IS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC  
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE  
UNITED STATES ARMY

Rick Pierce pauses briefly and then enters Death Valley.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER'S OFFICE

GENERAL BUTLER

Frank, we've got detention centers on every fort in the country.

FRANK

Fine. Where do they keep the women? And the children? From what that goon in the warehouse -

Colonel Sagan bursts in. He regards Frank malevolently.

SAGAN

You are a disgrace.

FRANK

You are a communist.

General Butler watches Sagan, who boldly returns his stare.

SAGAN

General, I congratulate you for your dedication to our policies. Please be at the dock on time Wednesday. The Committee has an important new directive for you.

Sagan exits.

FRANK

What dock is he talking about?

GENERAL BUTLER

Potomac River. The Committee is taking me for a ride.

Frank regards his father thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY CAMP - DAY

Another boxcar rolls into the camp. In the far distance, Rick Pierce is watching the unloading process from a mesa.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALAMO - SUNDOWN

Rebels and marines enter the shrine.

INT. ALAMO CHAPEL

Thirty MEN enter the chapel, where a banquet table is prepared. King Ryder enters and is greeted warmly. An upside-down US flag is flanked by a Confederate and old Texas battle flag.

CUT TO:

EXT. KANSAS CITY TV STATION - NIGHT

The white Cadillac is in front.

INT. TV STUDIO

Celeste and Alice are ushered in where a monitor shows Peter McGeorge starting the special.

MCGEORGE

Good evening. Tonight we are going to look at the events which have been tearing this country apart for two years. I will be joined by Daniel Jackson in New York and by Celeste Roark in Kansas City...

Celeste sits, unsmiling, before the camera and lights.

CUT TO:

INT. ALAMO CHAPEL

The men are eating quietly. A MARINE OFFICER is at the lectern.

MARINE OFFICER

... and then King Ryder will bring us up to date on the matter of detention camps and the capture of a junta gangster...

CUT TO:

STUDIO TV MONITOR

DANIEL JACKSON conducts an interview on a New York street with a distinguished-looking MAN.

DANIEL JACKSON

And sir? What is your opinion of King Ryder and the Resistance, or the rebellion?

MAN

The man obviously suffers from paranoid schizophrenia, delusions of grandeur and acute megalomania...

DANIEL JACKSON

Excuse me, but are you qualified to make such judgments?

MAN

I believe so. I am the head of  
psychiatric medicine at Veterans'  
Hospital, here in New York...

McGeorge arches an eyebrow at the camera.

MCGEORGE

Thanks, Dan. And there you have it.  
Now, let's join Celeste Roark in Kansas  
City, where she has been hunting the  
elusive terrorist leader...

(glances sideways)

Celeste, are you with us?

She glares balefully at the camera. Then, from a scarf, she removes Susan's  
dagger, still caked with blood. She props it with the point on the desk,  
rotating it with her thumb. Lights reflect off the bloody steel.

CELESTE

I have here... a knife which, just six hours  
ago, I pulled out of a terrorist's belly.  
My primary regret is that I had not stuck  
it IN his belly.

QUICK CUTS

Peter McGeorge is started. Lou Conklin and Hal Rose are startled. Colonel  
Sagan and Nai Livonia are startled.

STUDIO

Celeste keeps turning the dagger around slowly.

CELESTE (cont'g)

The terrorist had just kidnapped a pretty  
young woman, he and another terrorist,  
right before my eyes. God knows what they  
had in store for her. I was going to say  
goodbye to her and apologize for my  
incredible ignorance and arrogance... the  
tremendous damage I have done over the years,  
the lies I have told for this network.

QUICK CUTS

Conklin picks up the telephone. McGeorge signals his director. Alice  
watches her friend sadly.

CELESTE (cont'g)

The young woman? She was Susan Hunt,  
from Dodge City. I watched her die as  
a terrorist shot her from behind, six  
times in the back. The terrorists were  
two US marshals, agents of the criminal  
conspiracy that has taken over the White

House -

MONITOR

The screen goes split-image with McGeorge and Celeste together.

MCGEORGE

Celeste? Cissy! Why was the woman shot?

CELESTE

As you know, Peter, I have been badgering Susan Hunt for the whereabouts of King Ryder, on your orders, for several days. I now realize the purpose of this was to locate and kill Mr. Ryder -

MCGEORGE

Cissy! Have you been drinking again?

McGeorge blinks the sweat out of his eyes.

CELESTE

Not yet, but soon. I figure I'm worth about five million dollars, or so. I now publicly dedicate my dirty fortune to the removal of that filthy gang in the White House. Everything I've ever DONE on this television screen has been an obscene lie from -

The screen goes black, then snowy. Then a network notice:

PLEASE STAND BY

CUT TO:

ALAMO CHAPEL

As Ryder talks at the lectern, a MARINE enters and approaches.

RYDER

... but Case evidently wasn't trusted by the Livonia woman with the camp locations. So, we're going to have to keep digging - excuse me...

He pauses to listen to the grim-faced marine's message. His face becomes ashen. He turns back to the men but doesn't look up as he speaks.

RYDER (cont'g)

Uh...

(clears throat)

... some US marshals shot Susan Hunt this morning... I've got to go.

He steps away from the lectern and exits the chapel.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE

The short wave radio in her empty, dark office is still on.

RICK (VO)

Rick to Susan, come in Susan...

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - NIGHT

Rick Pierce turns off his transmitter, frustrated. He picks up his powerful binoculars and resumes watching the prison camp.

CUT TO:

INT. WBS OFFICES

Alice collects Celeste's effects and puts them in a box. Hal Rose enters.

ROSE

Well! Where is our suddenly-Joan-of-Arc?

(waits)

Peter's been canned, you know...

ALICE

But ol' Hal just keeps rolling along.

ROSE

She came across with the passion of a true believer...

ALICE

You had to be there.

ROSE

She's with him now, isn't she!

ALICE

Hal, why don't you drop dead!

Rose looks at Celeste's phone and then at Alice but quickly departs.

EXT. WBS BUILDING - DAY

Alice carries the cardboard box to the curb and hails a cab. A dark sedan rolls up and two MEN jump out. One takes the box and the other forces Alice into the car. It departs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAY

Rick Pierce watches the camp. He shakes his head and gets up.

RICK

Hell with it.

He gets in the Humvee and starts off.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER MANSION

Frank and the general are in their respective dress uniforms. General Butler is leaving but notices Frank.

GENERAL BUTLER  
Why are you all dressed up?

FRANK  
I'm going with you.

GENERAL BUTLER  
The HELL you are.

FRANK  
Dad, I've got to talk to them..

GENERAL BUTLER  
You going to ask them all to quit? Become good Americans? They'll never let you on the yacht, after Seattle..

FRANK  
Get me on, Dad, and I'll apologize.

GENERAL BUTLER  
This ought to be good.

Frank nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY CAMP - DAY

Rick's Humvee rolls up to the checkpoint. A sergeant steps out of the guard house to check. He spots Rick's rank: major.

SERGEANT  
(salutes)  
Sir, what's your business?

RICK  
(salutes)  
Major Ross, out of Inkster, Michigan, Sergeant.

SERGEANT  
(blinks)  
--You drove here, from Inkster, sir?

RICK  
That's correct, Sergeant, those were my

orders, which include a surprise visit with your C.O.

SERGEANT

Sir, Captain Gonzales is in Ft. Irwin today...

RICK

Hmm. Then show me to his office and I'll await his return there, after I've had a look around.

SERGEANT

Yes, sir! Go through the camp, second right, to the end.

They trade salutes as Rick drives in.

CUT TO:

EXT. POTOMAC DOCKS - DAY

The huge yacht Environment lies majestically at the former presidential dock. STEWARDS and DECKHANDS ready the craft. SECRET SERVICEMEN are everywhere, checking everyone. Four limos roll up. Out step Committee members Livonia, Wolfe, Lancaster, Cleland, Rose plus Colonel Sagan. General Butler's limo pulls up. Frank gets out with his father and glances at Sagan, who immediately approaches General Butler.

SAGAN

What is the meaning of this!? He must leave immediately!

GENERAL BUTLER

(smiles broadly)

Sagan, let's pretend you're a colonel and I'm a general and shut your goddamned mouth or I'll throw you in the river.

Sagan narrows his eyes as the general and Frank board the yacht.

ON BOARD - LATER

The yacht sails serenely on the river, with the Secret Service cutter abaft. The members and Frank are seated beneath a canopy in the stern, attended by STEWARDS. Livonia looks contemptuously at the Butlers as lunch is served.

LIVONIA

Before we discuss the main topic, there has been a breakthrough in the matter of the terrorist leader, Ryder...

She regards Hal Rose dourly.

LIVONIA (cont'g)

Rose, here, has extracted information from... someone who knows... that Celeste

Roark is taking the remains of the  
Kansas woman to California!

ROSE

(nods happily)  
Carmel, California! She and KING RYDER  
are going to scatter the ashes. At sea!

LIVONIA

And Colonel Sagan has given orders for  
the capture of Ryder.

Frank is aghast.

SAGAN

I have put the 7<sup>th</sup> Light Division on  
alert. I shall be flying to Monterey  
to supervise the capture.

Frank clears his throat and moves his chair back.

FRANK

Excuse me pleas.

No one except Colonel Sagan notices as Frank makes his way forward.

FORWARD

Franks nods to a STEWARD and goes down a ladder.

BELOW

Frank carefully makes his way below decks, looking for a hatch.

CUT TO:

TOTAL DARKNESS

The darkness is broken slightly as a hatch above is opened. Frank drops down into the bilge, closing the hatch above him. His penlight darts around the bilge as he carefully goes forward, holding onto bilge pumps, keeping his feet dry. He opens his tunic and removes a block of plastic explosive. He pushes a detonator into the block, sets the timer and places it under the water. He repeats this twice more. A pump comes on loudly and he nearly drops his light. As he makes his way back to the hatch, it suddenly opens!

Frank kills his penlight as Sagan drops down, a small pistol in one hand. Frank rushes him and grabs the pistol with both hands, bending Sagan's wrist backward. Sagan slugs Frank's head but Frank doesn't let go and finally breaks Sagan's arm.

Sagan howls as Frank twists the broken arm in a circle, flipping the colonel over and down, stunning him. Holding Sagan's broken arm one-handed, Frank fishes out his switchblade with the other and quickly kneels down, by the light of the hatch, and sticks the knife into Sagan's throat, and twists it and saws with it. He lets go of Sagan's arm and stands up, watching him bleed to death in the bilge water.

Then he remembers Sagan's pistol, and he kneels to fish around in the water for it.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE CANOPY

Frank returns to the table. He and his father trade glances.

LIVONIA

Now, to the subject at hand. Because we must acknowledge that our narcotics program has yielded an effective neutralization of less than twenty percent of the population, it is now time to implement a genuine pacification program. Terry, would you?

Frank checks his watch. His sleeve is wet and pink.

LANCASTER

Operation Tranquil will go into effect within days. A mild sedative, a tranquilizer, has been secretly tested in Pittsburgh for two months. There have been virtually no acts of aggression in some five weeks now, according to an FBI study... All municipalities under our control which currently add sodium fluoride to their water will be adding the sedative, which has been mixed with all sodium fluoride stocks...

Livonia looks around the table.

LIVONIA

Where's Sagan? He followed -  
(to Frank)  
Where's Colonel Sagan!

FRANK

He's dead.

Livonia opens her mouth. Frank looks at his father, who nods. Just then, a muffled explosion rocks the ship. Everyone is jolted and the yacht shudders with its keel broken. Various members shout and yell as the craft begins to turn lazily in the strong current of the Potomac River.

LANCASTER

We're sinking!

LIVONIA

Where are the life preservers?!

The passengers and crew crowd into the stern as the bow is rapidly sinking. The steam horn sounds repeatedly. The Secret Servicemen search for life

vests and pass them to the members. Frank and his father remain seated until the listing is too great. They get up and head for the stern, where those with vests have jumped into the water, screaming for help from the Secret Service cutter, which begins to circle ineffectually in the current. Frank and his father remove their shoes and step off into the water.

#### IN THE WATER

The CUTTER CREWMEN attempt to rescue the swimmers without hitting anyone. Frank spots Livonia and makes his way toward her. She pants and coughs and waves, trying to be rescued. Frank floats around in front of her. She is startled as he submerges from view. Within seconds, Livonia sinks, her hands thrashing briefly. Then her hands disappear. Her life vest pops up and floats along.

The vest floats by Nathan Wolfe, who does not swim well. Wolfe grabs the vest just as Frank surfaces behind him and then submerges. Wolfe sinks from sight. Frank eventually resurfaces, wiping water from his eyes. Sputtering quietly, he is soon joined by his father, who treads water effortlessly.

GENERAL BUTLER

Who's next?

FRANK

Why don't you get one?

Suddenly, overhead, six Marine Corps fighters streak by, led by an old T-33 jet trainer. Within seconds, massive explosions. General Butler turns and gets a fix on the attack.

GENERAL BUTLER

The White House?

FRANK

The Federal Reserve, I'd say!

The general treads around to face his son.

GENERAL BUTLER

I'm sorry the way things have turned out.  
You're a better man than I am.

The rescuers maneuver toward the two. Behind them, General Cleland shouts as he makes his way to the cutter.

GENERAL BUTLER (cont'g)

After you, son.

The pike is held down to Frank and he grabs it. As he is lifted up to the gunwale his father turns and breaststrokes toward Cleland, who grins at the help he is going to receive but General Butler grabs him roughly and they both sink.

The rescuers shout helplessly and the boat is maneuvered to where they were. Frank watches the spot openmouthed as the pike is fished around. He begins to sob piteously as the rescuers cover him with a gray blanket.

CUT TO:

DOCK

The survivors, in gray blankets, disembark. Secret Servicemen hold back a gaggle of REPORTERS and TV CREWS. Frank has composed himself. He sees Hal Rose and Terry Lancaster and gathers them both solemnly and guides them to a waiting limousine. When they are both in he shuts the door and then goes around to the driver's door and opens it.

FRANK

Okay, pal - I'll take it from here.

He pulls the surprised CHAUFFEUR out and gets in, slamming the door and accelerating gently away.

IN THE LIMOUSINE

Rose and Lancaster are puzzled by Frank's strange move.

ROSE

Hey, kid! What are you doing?

Frank ignores him and drives. Lancaster leans forward and slides the window open and puts his face in it. Frank hits him in the nose with his elbow and pulls Sagan's pistol out and shows it to them. Lancaster groans in pain and falls back.

FRANK

Both of you shut up for a little while.

He drives the limo to a quiet street in Georgetown and stops. Then he kneels on the seat, facing them, and aims the pistol at Rose.

FRANK (cont'g)

Who told you about Ryder?

ROSE

Why, you little -

Frank shoots him in the knee. Rose screams.

FRANK

Talk to me!

ROSE

Alice! Alice Avery! Oh! Oh!

FRANK

Where are the women kept?

ROSE

--What women?

FRANK

American women! Where's the camp!

ROSE  
It's - it's in Death Valley. Out west.

FRANK  
Okay, Hal. Where's Alice?

EXT. GEORGETOWN SIDESTREET

There are two gunshots from the limo. Then it is driven off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY CAMP - DAY

Rick steps out of an air conditioned office. Sign on door:

300<sup>th</sup> Military Police Command  
(Prisoner of War)  
Inkster, Michigan  
Captain Luis Gonzales

Sweating profusely in the oppressive heat, Rick explores the camp. He chooses a building at random and enters it.

INT. BARRACK

RICK  
Good God..

It is even hotter inside, the windows all closed. He removes his hat and mops his forehead. One woman lies on a cot. He approaches her but she cringes away.

WOMAN  
Sir, no, sir!

RICK  
Easy, easy - it's okay..

He sits on a nearby cot. The woman is bruised, skinny and sick.

RICK (cont'g)  
Where are the other ladies?

WOMAN  
Sir, it's Discipline Day, sir.

Rick frowns and stands up. He begins to open the windows.

EXT. CAMP - LATER

Rick picks another barrack at random. A CHILD'S face is in the window.

INT. CHILDREN'S BARRACK

Fifty CHILDREN, twelve and below, run to the far end of the room. Rick quickly sits down and makes himself shorter.

RICK  
Little kids! It's okay... Come on over.

The children freeze where they are. Rick again removes his soaked cap and mops his face.

RICK (cont'g)  
Let's get these windows open, whaddya say?

Several children run to the windows and throw them open.

RICK (cont'g)  
That's better. Now, children, where are your mothers?

At once, the children all start to cry.

EXT. CHILDREN'S BARRACK

Rick, tears and sweat on his face, steps out and puts on his cap. He leaves the door ajar. From somewhere, he hears a noise.

LATER

At the camp's parade square, several hundred WOMEN in dungarees are herded together by MALE and FEMALE GUARDS. A half-dozen WOMEN are tied to posts, topless. Male and female guards lash their backs with belts and rubber hoses. Rick boldly approaches the OFFICER IN CHARGE.

RICK (cont'g)  
Lieutenant!

The lieutenant is surprised. All GUARDS snap to attention. The lieutenant salutes.

LIEUTENANT  
Uh, who are you, Major?

RICK  
Ross, Inkster. Dismiss the prisoners, Lieutenant. Discipline Day is over. When do you expect Captain Gonzales to return from Ft. Irwin?  
(waits)  
Well, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT  
Dismiss! Sir, the captain may return this evening.

Rick nods and briefly observes the women being untied. He turns back for the office. The guards scowl uncertainly as they herd the women back to their barracks.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP OFFICE

Rick sits at Gonzales' desk. Finally, he picks up the telephone.

RICK

This is Major Ross. Is this line secure?  
Thank you.

He disconnects and starts to dial.

SWITCHBOARD

The lieutenant listens to Rick's call.

LADY (VO)

Co-op...

RICK (VO)

Susan? This is Rick.

LADY (VO)

Oh, Rick! Rick, I'm sorry! Susan was  
killed, Rick, by marshals, a couple of  
days ago!

RICK (VO)

I see. I'm in Death Valley, in the  
women and children's -

The lieutenant kills the call.

EXT. CAMP OFFICE

Rick bursts out of Gonzales' office, pistol drawn, heading for his Humvee. He jumps in and starts it as the lieutenant comes out of the other office, rifle in his hands.

LIEUTENANT

Stop him! Stop the terrorist!

Rick slews the Humvee around for the gate and sees the lieutenant begin firing. He ducks down and steers right and crushes him against the wall.

CAMP GATE

The sergeant is confused by the gunshots and the slowly approaching Humvee, which rolls to a stop at the guard house. Rick shoots him three times and drives out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STILLWATER COVE - DAY

King Ryder helps Celeste Roark into the gray rubber Zodiac boat. He pushes the big inflatable away from the beach and starts the outboard motor. He steers it out of the cove.

ON THE WATER

As they progress in rougher water, Ryder leans down and grasps a small white box. Celeste watches him briefly, and then looks away. Ryder opens the box and leans over the side with it. In a few seconds he is finished and empty handed. He takes control again and heads the Zodiac around the point, to a secluded beach.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOUT HELICOPTER

A helicopter patrols the coastline off Pebble Beach. Two SOLDIERS fly it.

CO-PILOT

Look, sir - if there HAS been a coup or overthrow, and if Colonel Sagan is missing, then maybe his order to find this guy is no good!

PILOT

That's just a rumor, Sarge. Keep looking!

ON THE BEACH

Ryder lands the boat on a tiny beach under the golf course. Over the beach looms a steep cliff. He jumps out and pulls it up on the sand and helps Celeste out. They get away from the water and onto dry sand and sit down.

RYDER

Susan and Joe were coming here for their honeymoon.

Celeste nods, looking out to sea.

CELESTE

If only Alice and I had gotten there earlier!

RYDER

Oh, no. They'd have shot you, too. They were the Law!

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER

Flying over the Beach Club and Stillwater Cove, the soldiers check it out.

PILOT

This is the only place you can go boating on this side of the peninsula!

ON THE BEACH

Over the sea, from behind the high cliff, it suddenly appears, scuttling sideways with a loud WHACK-WHACK-WHACK! Ryder grabs Celeste and keeps her still.

RYDER

What the hell!

INT. HELICOPTER

The Zodiac is beached on the sand. Two people sit near it.

CO-PILOT

Hey! Look there!

ON THE BEACH

Ryder puts his hand in the air.

RYDER

Wave at them!

INT. HELICOPTER

Ryder and Celeste wave at us. The co-pilot uses a pair of stabilized binoculars and views them.

CO-PILOT

I'll kiss your ass if that's not Celeste Roark! Sir.

ON THE BEACH

RYDER

Good thing no one knows what you look like.

The helicopter stays in place a hundred yards offshore. Ryder stops waving. He drags down Celeste's arm.

INT. HELICOPTER

PILOT

Red Leader, this is Blue Finder?

RADIO (VO)

This is Red Leader...

PILOT

Uh, roger, I believe we have found the man.

RADIO (VO)

Roger. What is your location?

PILOT

First beach south of Stillwater Cove.  
Copy?

RADIO (VO)

Roger.

The co-pilot reaches for an M-16, charges it and sticks it out the side window. He fires the whole magazine into the Zodiac.

ON THE BEACH

Ryder covers Celeste with his body as the boat is blasted full of holes. When the flier's gun is empty, he jumps up and pulls her to her feet.

RYDER

Come on!

He drags her back toward the cliff but the helicopter hovers in the same place. He paces and looks up the steep slope.

RYDER (cont'g)

How in the hell did they find us here?  
Nobody knew we were coming here!

Celeste thinks over the noise.

CELESTE

I only told Alice but she wouldn't have  
told a soul!

RYDER

Well, it doesn't matter now.

CELESTE

What are they doing out there?

RYDER

Waiting for the gunships.

He takes her by her hand and starts her up the slope. He follows behind her, pulling out his .45 automatic.

INT. HELICOPTER

Ryder and Celeste negotiate the steep climb. The pilot approaches the cliff and gets quite close to intimidate them from climbing up. Ryder's pistol is not visible. The couple appears pathetically vulnerable, the downdraft whips their hair and clothes but they keep climbing.

ON THE SLOPE

They climb and struggle, grasping tufts of grass and rocks, slipping back.

RYDER

I hate helicopters. I really do.

Suddenly, a short burst of rifle fire hits right above them, kicking dirt and grass in their faces from the downdraft, and Ryder turns and fires his .45 up at the transparent chin bubble under the pilot's feet. The helicopter jerks

up and dips down and falls off to one side, out of control. It is too close to the cliff and strikes it. Ryder throws himself on Celeste as it crashes. He makes Celeste continue climbing.

Then, from around the sea cliff, two Cobra gunships come crabbing into view.

INT. COBRA

The ruined scout helicopter slips down the slope.

ON THE SLOPE

Ryder looks back as they climb.

RYDER (cont'g)  
I need a bigger gun.

INT. COBRA

The gunships gain altitude and we see that Ryder and Celeste are climbing up to the edge of the Pebble Beach golf course.

Approaching the spot is an army Humvee with a .50 caliber machine gun behind the driver. It drives quickly across the golf course and stops near where the climbers must emerge. The driver, in fatigues and helmet, gets in back and charges the gun. He swings the gun to the spot and waits.

IN THE HUMVEE

The gun is pointed at the edge, the Cobras hovering over the sea just beyond.

ON THE SLOPE

Ryder and Celeste are under the top edge. Ryder pokes his head up and sees the Humvee and the gun pointed at him. He ducks back down and puts another magazine in his pistol.

IN THE HUMVEE

The big Browning machine gun is swung to the right and fired at one Cobra helicopter, which takes the full burst in its narrow fuselage.

INT. COBRA

The world spins crazily as the Cobra goes out of control.

ON THE SLOPE

The second Cobra jerks in surprise and opens up with its machine guns but they are not aimed properly. The Humvee's Browning opens up again and the second Cobra is also hit before it can bring its guns to bear. Both helicopters spin down into the water and sink.

SOLDIER (VO)  
Hey! Come on up! Hurry!

Ryder looks and then pushes Celeste over the top and follows. In the Humvee, Frank Butler waves impatiently.

IN THE HUMVEE

Celeste jumps in the passenger seat and Ryder climbs in back, behind the gun.

RYDER

Hey, my name's Ryder and this is Celeste  
Roark!

Frank gets the Humvee going back across the golf course, toward the trees. He glances at them as he drives.

FRANK

No shit.

On the Humvee's radio are heard other attack pilots calling "Red Leader." Frank turns the volume down. Then they are in the trees and Ryder quits covering the sky with the gun. Frank stops and turns to Celeste.

FRANK (cont'g)

You know Hal Rose?  
(waits)  
He got hold of your friend, Alice...

Celeste puts her hand to her mouth, afraid to ask.

FRANK (cont'g)

Well, she's not exactly okay, but she's not dead, either. She'll make it, don't worry - my girlfriend's got her at a private clinic...  
(to Ryder)  
I guess you haven't heard - there was a coup in DC. Most of the Committee is dead.

RYDER

No! Who did that?

FRANK

Matter of fact - I did.

Celeste continues to stare at him, as does Ryder.

RYDER

Exactly who are you, anyway?

FRANK

Mr. Ryder, I know where the women's prison camp is! Approximately, anyway.

Suddenly there is the noise of helicopters over the water.

RYDER

Okay, kid, I believe you. Our truck's back at the Beach Club.

Frank drives the Humvee out of the woods and onto the Seventeen Mile Drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Ryder hangs up and goes to Frank and Celeste who sit in an old Blazer

RYDER (cont'g)  
Pierce is in Death Valley! He actually  
called from the camp..  
(thinks)  
How the heck do we get -

FRANK  
Up in Seattle, they were putting the  
women on trains...

RYDER  
I'll bet it's an old Borax mine with a  
rail spur of its own...

CELESTE  
But Death Valley, it's over a hundred  
miles long!

RYDER  
They'd have to switch engines in LA -  
right?

Frank and Celeste just look at him blankly.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. SWITCHING YARD - NIGHT

On a hillside above the yard, they scan the parked trains with binoculars.

Through the glasses we see a couple of SOLDIERS near a boxcar.

FRANK  
There! Soldiers...

RYDER  
I see them.

Ryder hands Celeste the glasses. She looks. The train starts to move and the two soldiers climb on.

CELESTE  
Good God, they're leaving!

They pile into the Blazer and depart.

STREETS

The Blazer is in traffic. The train is out of sight.

FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Blazer takes the Barstow exit.

IN THE BLAZER

Up ahead can be seen the taillight of a freight train.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCOMOTIVE

The freight train speeds through the moonlit desert. Up ahead, on a level crossing, the Blazer is parked on the tracks. Horn wailing, the ENGINEER hits the brakes and brings the train to a grinding halt.

The two soldiers jump down and approach the Blazer, guns ready. They push the Blazer off the tracks and fail to see Ryder, Frank and Celeste open an unsealed boxcar and jump in.

IN THE BOXCAR

Ryder hugs Celeste as the train starts up. Frank peeks out the big door and slides it shut. He carries an M-16 and his spare mags on his belt and a portable radio on his back. Ryder has his submachine gun and spare mags and a backpack, a knife on his belt. Celeste carries some rolled-up bedding. They remove their gear. Ryder opens the blankets and a tarp.

RYDER

Let's get some sleep.

Exhausted, they go to sleep quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAWN

The freight train slows and stops at the spur. The two GIs jump down and walk back to the last car - a boxcar. One goes beyond to the switch and pulls the big lever. The other one decouples the boxcar and climbs up its ladder. He goes to the rear while the train reverses slowly and shunts the boxcar down the spur. The train stops and then resumes its trip east. The soldier on the switch doesn't see Ryder running toward him from behind. Ryder stabs him and cuts his throat.

Frank Butler runs for the slowly rolling boxcar, catches the ladder and climbs. The soldier on top mans the brake wheel and doesn't see Frank, who merely slugs him from behind and pushes him off. Ryder cuts his throat as well. Frank cranks the brake wheel and halts the boxcar. He climbs down and joins Ryder at the big, sealed door.

Celeste picks her way along the tracks, toting the radio and pack, collecting the rifles and not looking at the dead bodies.

Ryder finds a stick and twists the seal until it breaks.

RYDER (cont'g)  
Well, here goes...

He and Frank pull open the big sliding door and the WOMEN and CHILDREN start to scream and cry. Celeste cries, too, and reaches up to help them out.

LATER

As Frank and Celeste minister to the filthy, bedraggled victims, Ryder is on the radio, the antenna strung on some bushes.

RYDER (cont'g)  
Wake up, Pierce.

He waits.

RICK (VO)  
I don't believe it.

RYDER  
Look for the boxcar and bring lots of water.

Ryder puts the radio down. Frank pats a youngster's head.

LATER

Rick's Humvee approaches slowly. Ryder waves to him. He parks by the tracks and gets out, grinning.

RICK  
Where's the rest?

RYDER  
We're it, pal. Where's the water?

Rick stops grinning and sees the victims. He and Ryder fetch a half-full water cooler bottle and a cup.

RICK  
Make it last. This is it.

Ryder carries it back to Celeste, who doles it out, kids first.

RICK (cont'g)  
They're evacuating the camp!

RYDER  
They're what!?

RICK  
Yeah - I did a broadcast last night, from that peak over there. I revealed this location! They've got patrols out now, but these guys are camp guards, not Green Berets... The camp's a dead

duck. I saw 'em loading people back  
into the boxcars...

Ryder shakes his head wearily.

RYDER

How far's the camp?

RICK

About three miles, all downhill.  
They've got a switch engine to push  
the cars back up here.

Ryder thinks. He waves at the new arrivals getting water from Celeste and Frank.

RYDER

Well, why'd they bring these people here?

RICK

They're in the pipeline. My broadcast  
was just last night!

RYDER

Right... Well, we've got to get this car  
out of here. Bring your vehicle.

LATER

Rick pulls the boxcar back to the main line with his Humvee. Ryder works the switch. When it's on the main line, they let it roll down the slope and out of sight.

RYDER (cont'g)

It levels out down there. Okay, let's  
get ready.

They all gather the victims and get them out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEATH VALLEY CAMP - DAY

The hundreds of women and children are packed in the six boxcars. CAPTAIN LUIS GONZALES watches impatiently. The switch engine roughly couples all the cars together. The children scream and Gonzales signals his sergeants.

GONZALES

Seal the doors!

Soldiers slide the big doors shut and seal the fasteners. They climb up and take their positions on top, two per car. Gonzales watches warily as the train moves toward the grade.

ON THE TRAIN

The soldiers finger their triggers and watch the hot terrain.

CAMP

Gonzales and the main contingent of camp guards assemble at their trucks and Humvees and prepare to abandon the camp.

AT THE MAIN LINE

The short train slows to a halt near the switch. Gunfire erupts from both sides as Ryder, Rick, Frank and Celeste pick off the guards, who shoot back blindly. One by one, they drop off the boxcars. Finally, four throw down their rifles and surrender, as does the engine driver.

Rick confers with Ryder as the soldiers climb down and cower near a boxcar with their hands raised. Ryder inserts a loaded magazine in his Thompson and quickly shoots the five soldiers.

CELESTE

King! They surrendered!

RICK

They deserved it, Dear! Believe me -  
I was in there..

RYDER

Let's get on the main line!

Frank runs to the switch and throws it. Celeste rounds up the new victims from the bushes. Ryder and Rick throw open the sealed doors and let the people breathe, but they want to get out. Celeste runs from car to car.

CELESTE

No, no! Stay inside! We're taking  
you home!

Ryder runs to the engine and climbs up.

He figures out how to move it and the train lurches forward and onto the main line. Frank throws the switch and Ryder reverses direction. Frank jumps on as Ryder backs down the slope and couples with the empty boxcar. Then he reverses back to the spur.

IN THE CAMP

Gonzales and his soldiers are on the move, their convoy rolling out of the camp and approaching the grade.

AT THE MAIN LINE

Ryder brakes and jumps down to help load the new victims back in the empty boxcar.

RICK

What's the plan?

RYDER

We need to get the hell away from here.  
Can you rig up your radio on the train?

RICK

Well, yeah - it's 24 volt, too. We'd have to stop for me to line up on the satellite...

RYDER

Let's get it and the rest of your gear - hurry!

CAMP ROAD

Gonzales' dusty convoy rolls up the grade to the top. Gonzales is in the lead.

The convoy reaches the main line.

INT. GONZALES' HUMVEE

Gonzales' DRIVER squints into the distance. Gonzales refers to his map.

DRIVER

Sir, which way was our train goin' from here?

GONZALES

Colorado, corporal. That would be east.

DRIVER

Well, sir - why is it headin' west?

Gonzales snaps his head at the driver, who points at the disappearing freight train, heading west at a high rate of speed.

CLOSE UP

Gonzales' mouth opens but he can't speak.

Behind him, truck horns start blaring.

THE CONVOY

The truck drivers sound their horns until Gonzales and the driver get out to see soldiers jumping down and examining the dead soldiers from the train. Gonzales is paralyzed by his sudden change of fortune. He again stares at the train as it gets smaller and farther away.

DRIVER (cont'g)

Sir, we're gonna need to get us some civilian clothes... and some new ID.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARSTOW TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train rolls to a stop as hundreds of PEOPLE gather round and help the women and children down from the boxcars.

Celeste makes her way through the happy crowd to the engine. Ryder pulls her up with him and Frank. He kisses her.

RYDER

Hey, I never introduced you two. Miss Roark, this is - uh...

(frowns)

I'm serious, kid - who are you?

FRANK

I'm Frank.

Celeste and Frank shake hands cordially. Ryder stares at Frank and his mysterious nature.

CELESTE

My friends call me Cissy.

RYDER

So what do I call you?

FRANK

Why don't you call her Mrs. Ryder, and quit all this running around?

Ryder kisses her again. Frank hits the train horn.

FADE OUT