

THE MEN WHO STARE AT GOATS
by
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Based on the Non-fiction book
The Men Who Stare At Goats
by
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BLACK

SUPERED TITLES READ:

More of this is true than you would believe.

FADE IN:

...CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE...

He is STARING at us with fixed concentration. He is sweating slightly in the summer heat. We hold for a moment. Silence, apart from the soft swish of an unseen ceiling fan.

WIDE SHOT - the Man, wearing military uniform, sits at his desk in his office, still staring straight ahead.

SUPERED TITLES appear, reading: *General Putkin, United States Army Intelligence SED. Arlington, Virginia. 1983.*

The General's assistant, Command Sergeant HOWELL, sits at his desk, working. After a moment Putkin seems to come to a decision.

GENERAL PUTKIN
(solemnly)
Howell?

COMMAND SERGEANT HOWELL
Yes General?

GENERAL PUTKIN
I'm going into the next office.

COMMAND SERGEANT HOWELL
Yes sir.

The General stands up, smooths down his uniform, steps out from behind his desk and begins to walk. Howell watches, with some trepidation, as the General increases his pace. He quickens to a jog, his face set with determination.

He breaks into a run...

Then he slams into the WALL of the office, rebounds and lies splayed on the floor.

He stares up at the wall balefully.

GENERAL PUTKIN
Damn it!

EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

General Putkin is being driven in a jeep through the vast military base. He has a band-aid over his injured nose.
SUPERED TITLES read: *Special Forces Command Centre, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.*

GENERAL PUTKIN (O.S.)

I have been having ideas, gentlemen.
Challenging ideas. And when I thought
about these ideas I thought about who in
the U.S Army would be most receptive to
my challenging ideas.

The Jeep pulls up at the SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE. The General gets out, a brief case in his hand and surveys the centre.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D) (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Which section of the military is always
straining to reach the peak of their
physical and mental capabilities?

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

General Putkin stands in front of a room full of seated SPECIAL FORCES OFFICERS.

GENERAL PUTKIN

You are, gentlemen. Special Forces.

The assembled Officers nod modestly.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

I want to talk to you about Mind Wars,
gentlemen. *War...With...MINDS...*

His audience stare at him. With a flourish he produces a BENT FORK from his briefcase.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

How'd you like to be able to do this?
What if you could teach soldiers to do
this? Would you be interested?

Silence.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)

(changing tack)

Or, or let's say you have a unit
operating outside the protection of
mainline units. What happens if someone
gets hurt? How do you deal with that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He surveys the blank faces.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
 Psychic healing! Protect the unit with
 hands-off healing. Using the *mind* to
 heal.

Silence. Putkin senses he is not convincing his audience.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
 Let's talk about time! What if time is
 not a *point* but a *space* and at any one
 instant we can be *anywhere* in that space!
 (Laughing) Physicists go *nuts* when I say
 that!

Silence. He is growing desperate.

GENERAL PUTKIN (CONT'D)
 Animals! Stopping the hearts of animals!
 This is the idea I'm coming to you with.
 You have access to animals right?

Special Forces look like they've had enough. A tough looking
 officer - MAJOR VOELTZ - stirs.

MAJOR VOELTZ
 No sir. We don't have access to animals.

EXT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

A dejected General Putkin climbs back into his jeep. Sergeant
 Howell, in the driving seat, looks at him with sympathy.

BOB (V.O.)
 In 1989, when Special Forces told General
 Putkin that they weren't interested in
 his ideas...that was a lie.

INT. SPECIAL FORCES COMMAND CENTRE - DAY

The BENT FORK sits on the table in the EXTREME FOREGROUND, a
 window in the background.

BOB (V.O.)
 And when they told him they didn't have
 access to animals...that was also a lie.

We FOCUS on the window - a shaky ZOOM taking us towards an
 abandoned looking HOSPITAL BUILDING half hidden by trees.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY

We TRACK forward into the shadowy interior into a large space which we now see is full of...GOATS.

BOB (V.O.)

The hundred goats in the disused hospital building had been secretly flown in from Central America so as to avoid customs. Special Forces weren't worried about the General hearing the goats because they'd been de-bleated.

The GOATS stare at us, their mouths silently opening and closing.

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is the story of those goats.

We CLOSE ON the unblinking EYES of one GOAT, then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCAL NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Bob sits typing at his desk in the modest office. He wears glasses, is attractive in a fresh-faced, enthusiastic kind of way. SUPERED TITLES read: *Anna Arbor, Michigan, January 2003.*

BOB (V.O.)

My name is Bob Wilton. Imagine me back in Michigan, where I was born and raised. I studied journalism at Western in Kalamazoo and then I got a job at the Ann Arbor News. I wrote a lot of stories about competitive food eating contests.

He looks at the photograph of his wife HELEN on his desk and up to where she stands, photocopying in DAVE the Editor's office. Dave is chatting to her. He has a PROSTHETIC ARM.

Bob watches his wife, smiling.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Look at me. So young. "The past is a different country. They...do things there."

We PAN to the next desk and Bob's over-weight colleague RON, who sits eating a hot-dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is Ron.

Ron suddenly pitches violently forward, thudding face-first into his desk.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's the man who died.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Bob is clearing Ron's desk, putting his possessions into a box.

BOB (V.O.)
My wife, Helen, told me later that Ron's death had been like a wake-up call for her - what people used to call a *memento mori*.

Bob sits down, feeling a little ghoulish, at the dead man's desk. He notices a large INDENTATION on the leather in front of him - the mark left by Ron's forehead. He touches it, fascinated.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That massive coronary had reminded her that life was too short to waste any chance of true happiness.

Bob rests his own forehead, experimentally, onto the indentation, and sits there, face down on the desk. His eyes wander over to where Dave and Helen are talking in Dave's office.

BOB'S P.O.V - Helen's hand BRUSHES against Dave's, LINGERS just a fraction too long.

Bob frowns.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A week after the funeral she left me for my editor.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bob and Helen and Dave talking. Bob is drinking. We JUMP CUT to Bob crying, smashing a lamp, Helen shouting at him.

BOB (V.O.)
(A sad chuckle)
It seemed like such a tragedy at the time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We couldn't see beyond our little lives
to the great events of history unfolding
out there in the world.

JUMP CUT to Dave holding Bob in a head-lock with his one good
arm. Helen is sitting, head in hands.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was like a child. Or a Hobbit, safe in
the Shire.

JUMP CUT to Bob alone in the trashed room, exhausted and
drunk, watching Bush's STATE OF THE UNION SPEECH on TV.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or a blonde farm boy on a distant, desert
planet, unaware that he was already
taking the first steps on the path that
will lead him inexorably towards the
heart of a conflict between the forces of
Good and Evil.

PRESIDENT BUSH

(on TV)

Americans are a resolute people, who have
risen to every test of our time.
Adversity has revealed the character of
our country, to the world, and to
ourselves...

Bob wipes his eyes, stares at the screen.

BOB (V.O.)

Had I known where that path would lead,
had a soft wind from my future brought me
the name of *Jim Chango*, I might never
have gone. But as it was, I did what so
many men have done throughout history
when a woman has broken their heart... I
went to war.

We hear the opening of *Crazy Horses* by *The Osmonds* as we...

CUT TO:

TITLES

As the titles and song continue we see U.S TV footage from
the Iraq War - a dizzying MTV montage, war made pop-video.
Shots include...

"Shock and Awe" air attack on Baghdad

Caravans of U.S troops snaking through the desert

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fighter plane video of an Iraqi fighter jet being destroyed on the ground

Oil Wells ablaze

PFC Jessica Lynch being rescued by Special Forces.

MNBC Promo - American-flag-draped photomontages with the words "Our hearts go with you".

Apache Helicopter attacks and destroys an Iraqi tank.

TV Presenters debate "Who is the Hottest Scud Stud?"

Soldiers plant an American flag with Iwo Jima-like determination

American troops pull down a huge statue of Saddam Hussein in central Baghdad. An American flag draped over the head is hastily replaced by an Iraqi flag.

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bob sits on the bed talking to Helen on the phone.

BOB

Yeah, no it's been...well, I won't lie to you Helen - it's been pretty damn hairy.

HELEN (O.S.)

(over phone, not as concerned as Bob would like)

Yeah. We've been watching it on Fox.

BOB

Yeah, it's not, uh... I've seen things that you shouldn't, you know...

He shakes his head sadly.

BOB (CONT'D)

Pretty damn hairy.

HELEN (O.S.)

Well I don't even know why you're there. You're not exactly war correspondent material are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
(stung)
Well, I think it's important people get
an accurate picture of what's...

HELEN (O.S.)
(to someone else)
What? Yeah.

BOB
(listening)
...what's, uh, happening, so...is that
Dave?

HELEN (O.S.)
Yeah. He says Hi.

Bob stares out of the window, nodding, afraid he might start
to cry.

BOB
Oh, that's, that's...

He BEATS his head off the wall for a moment.

BOB (CONT'D)
Okay. Gotta go. We're moving out -
heading up north to cover the fighting
there...

EXT. KUWAIT CITY - HOTEL - DAY

Bob walks out and puts his sunglasses on, staring around the
quiet POOL-SIDE area. He sighs, sits down on a sun-lounger,
starts to read his book. TITLES READ *"Kuwait City, Kuwait,
Spring 2003."*

JOURNALIST (O.S.)
You missed the war?

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - EVENING

Bob is drinking coffee with two gung-ho type war
correspondents.

BOB
Yeah.

They laugh.

SECOND JOURNALIST
How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

(embarrassed)

I've been stuck here. They've only just given me the green-light. So I'll probably head over there soon. I'm just working on this story about American contractors coming over for the re-build.

The Journalists look bored.

BOB (CONT'D)

Yeah, I think they didn't want me going over because I'm not an embedded.

SECOND JOURNALIST

Yeah, they don't like the unilats. The troops think the unilats'll stab 'em in the back. When you're embedded you form a bond with the soldiers. You're like one of them.

FIRST JOURNALIST

(to Second Journalist)

You see action?

SECOND JOURNALIST

Went into Baghdad with Charlie Company, Second Brigade, Third Infantry Division...

The First Journalist gives a low whistle.

FIRST JOURNALIST

The thunder run? Heard you had it pretty bad.

SECOND JOURNALIST

Could say that. Technicals all the way, RPG's, fuckers were firing anti-aircraft guns at us...

FIRST JOURNALIST

You know a Private First Class Zuchero?

SECOND MAN

Zook? I was standing next to him when he took a round from an AK-47...

Bob sits ignored, feeling inadequate as they continue to swap war stories.

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - NIGHT

Bob sits drinking more coffee.

BOB
(To Waiter)
So what's a useful phrase?

KUWAIT WAITER
La tapar, ana sahaffi.

Bob repeats this.

BOB
What's that mean?

KUWAIT WAITER
Don't shoot, I'm a reporter.

He walks off. Bob sighs, continues DOODLING in his notebook. We see he has drawn an EYE. He notices a A MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP sitting at the next table.

BOB
(shyly)
Hey.

MAN
(without looking up)
Hey.

Bob reads the logo on the baseball cap.

BOB
DeWitt Plastics. Arkansas.

MAN
(Beat)
Right. We make trash cans.

BOB
You over here for the conference? Looking for a contract right?

MAN
I guess.

BOB
What's your pitch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man considers this. He looks up and we see his face for the first time - handsome, older than Bob, tanned, a moustache, a slightly haunted expression. This is LYN WHEATON.

MAN

Well...we're real cheap.

Bob waits for more, but that's it. He holds out his hand.

BOB

Bob Wilton.

LYN WHEATON

(shaking)

Skip.

BOB

Could I bum a smoke, Skip?

Lyn shoves the packet across the table. Bob sits down across from him, pats himself down for a lighter, glances over to where the two embedded Journalists are joking with some Marines. Bob watches them jealously.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I sat there watching those reporters and realized I didn't want to be me anymore. I wanted to be *them*. I wanted to face peril and stand witness to the fall and rise of nations.

Suddenly the TERRACE LIGHT above them flickers and goes out. Lyn and Bob sit in the dark.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everyone gets everything he wants. Like the man said. I wanted a mission.

BOB (CONT'D)

(patting his pockets in the dark)

Oh crap, can't find my...

A LIGHTER ignites in Lyn's hand, eerily lighting the lower half of his face, his eyes hidden by the brim of the cap. Bob leans forward to light his cigarette and finds himself staring at the CONFERENCE I.D Lyn has pinned to his shirt. The name on the badge reads LYN S. WHEATON.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And for my sins Fate brought me one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stares at the name as he puffs on the cigarette, vaguely troubled by a memory.

BOB (CONT'D)
(suddenly)
Lyn Wheaton...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - DAY - THE PAST

Bob drives through the snowy Michigan landscape, listening to a RADIO TALK SHOW INTERVIEW playing on tape. SUPERED TITLES
READ: *Monroe, Michigan, 1997*

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
So, for listeners new to the show, you have these special powers, right, Ed?

ED DACEY (O.S.)
RV, *remote viewing*, that's right.

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Like a psychic.

ED DACEY (O.S.)
That is correct.

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
So what can your psychic powers tell us?

ED DACEY (O.S.)
Well, there are some pretty big climactic changes coming, for one.

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Like what?

ED DACEY (O.S.)
Within our children's lifetime we will start entering a Mad Max-type scenario. It's pretty clear that civilization will have to hunker down, go into shelters.

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Underground shelters?

ED DACEY (O.S.)
That is correct. Of course a lot of the population will already be dead as a result of the Bovine AIDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALK SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Oh God, this is *horrible* news.

INT. ED DACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob is interviewing Ed Dacey at Dacey's kitchen table, writing in a notebook. Ed Dacey has a sun-bed tan and odd hair. His nervous looking WIFE sits beside them. Ed is holding up a VIDEO CASE for Bob to see - the cover, illustrated with a picture of Ed, reads "Free To Roam - Learn E.S.P from the master!"

ED DACEY
This is the home learning course we're putting out, which is very popular. Then there's the seminars. When I'm not teaching I spend a lotta time, right here, remote viewing.

BOB
Right here?

ED DACEY
The kitchen table. That is correct. That's where my *body* is. But my mind...that's, you know...

He gestures to the horizon.

BOB
Wandering?

ED DACEY
Wandering. *Roaming*. Yeah.

BOB
So what have you seen lately?

ED DACEY
Lately I've been watching the Loch Ness Monster in Scotland, England - which it turns out, is the ghost of a dinosaur. That's an exclusive for you.

BOB
Okay. Wow.

E.C.U of Bob's notebook - on which he has written *You are Crazy*.

BOB (CONT'D)
So...when did this all start for you Ed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED DACEY

It started when I was a kid. I used to lie on my bed and RV my cousin undressing at night. Then, when I was in the army I joined Jim Chango's unit. He trained me and the rest, as they say...

BOB

Right. I don't know who that is.

Ed gives a dreamy smile.

ED DACEY

I can't really talk about Jim.

BOB

So what did you do in the army?

ED DACEY

We were Psychic Spies mainly. That was our initial tasking but...once they realized what they were sitting on, the forces at work...

He stops, his face darkening.

ED DACEY (CONT'D)

We were trained to kill animals.

BOB

(Beat)

You mean, what...with your...?

ED DACEY

With our minds. That is correct. Just by staring at them.

BOB

(Beat)

Huh. What kind of animals?

ED DACEY

One of our unit stopped the heart of a goat.

BOB

Wow.(Beat) I don't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED DACEY

The power they unlocked in us... (Beat, sorrowfully) Last week I killed my hamster. (Beat) You wanna see?

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - LATER

TV SCREEN - playing a home video of TWO HAMSTERS in a cage.

Bob and Ed sit watching the TV. Ed's wife hovers in the background.

ED DACEY

You ever seen a hamster do that before?

BOB

Well, I've never owned a hamster Ed, so I don't know what...

ED DACEY

Look at the way it's glaring at its wheel. Usually that hamster *loves* its wheel.

BOB

Maybe some of the readers have hamsters so...

ED DACEY

Good. Then they'll know how rare that is.

BOB

Yeah, I guess any hamster-owning readers will know what's aberrant behavior and, uh, what's...Oh, shit, he's down!

ON TV one of the hamster's has fallen over.

ED DACEY

Yeah, he's down. At this point I'd been staring at him for about three hours.

The other hamster falls over.

BOB

Oh my God! You've dropped *both* hamsters!

ED DACEY

No, the other one's just fallen over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They watch in silence. Then the hamsters get up and start eating.

ED DACEY (CONT'D)
(switching off the TV)
Bizarre. Right?

BOB
Well...it didn't die. I thought you said you killed it?

ED DACEY
(sheepish)
Yeah well...(He gestures to his wife)
Gloria said no. She said you might be a bleeding-heart liberal. She said "Don't show him the hamster dying. Show him the tape where the hamster acts bizarre instead."

Bob looks to Gloria who manages to look nervous and defiant at the same time. Ed stares at the blank TV, sips his coffee.

ED DACEY (CONT'D)
This was nothing. You should have seen the Skipper at work.

BOB
Who's the Skipper?

ED DACEY
Lyn Wheaton. After Jim he was the most psi-gifted guy I ever met. He was like an Occultic force. (Beat) I think he runs a dance studio now.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - AS BEFORE

Bob straightens from lighting his cigarette, stares at Lyn.

BOB
Do you...do you know an Ed Dacey?

Beat. Lyn gets up and walks away.

BOB (CONT'D)
Lyn? (Beat) Skip? (Beat) Lyn?

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bob hurries to catch up with Lyn. He follows him around a corner and skids to a halt. Lyn is facing him, standing on one leg, hands raised above his head in an odd martial arts stance. He emits a threatening croon. Bob raises his hands nervously.

BOB

Whoa!

LYN WHEATON

You working for Swann?

BOB

Swann? No. Who's Swann?

LYN WHEATON

How do you know about Dacey?

BOB

I met him a few years ago. He'd been appearing on this radio talk show.

Lyn relaxes his martial arts stance, shakes his head ruefully.

LYN WHEATON

Little prick...what'd he tell you?

BOB

He said he joined Jim Chango's unit in the army and was trained to, to, uh *remote view*. (Beat) And he said the Loch Ness Monster was the ghost of a dinosaur. Who's Jim Chango?

LYN WHEATON

(shaking his head in disgust)
Did he show you his "Home Study Course"?

BOB

Yes.

LYN WHEATON

(walking off down the corridor)
Yeah I bet he did.

BOB

(hurrying after him)
Oh my God...I can't believe this. Are you saying it was all *real*?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)

The stuff he told me? I thought...I thought he was just an idiot.

LYN WHEATON

(ruefully)

He *is* an idiot. Always yak, yak yaking. We took an oath. We don't divulge...

BOB

But you're saying there was a secret unit?

LYN WHEATON

(walking away)

We...don't...divulge.

BOB

Lyn, this could make such a great story.

Lyn stops, turns and stares at him.

LYN WHEATON

(Beat)

You're a writer?

Bob hurriedly shows him his press card.

BOB

I'm a journalist.

Lyn examines the card thoughtfully.

INT. LYN'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A drunken Bob and Lyn are talking, passing a bottle of Scotch backwards and forwards between them.

LYN WHEATON

Okay. Let me ask you something. What color were the chairs in the hotel bar?

BOB

(Beat)

Uh...?

LYN WHEATON

You were in there for hours. What color were the chairs?

BOB

Um...brown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

They were green. How many lights are there in this room?

Bob starts to look around.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

A Super Soldier wouldn't need to look. He would just *know*.

BOB

A Super Soldier?

LYN WHEATON

A Jedi Warrior. He would know where all the lights were. He could walk through a room and tell you how many *power outlets* there were. People are walking around with their eyes closed. At Level One we were trained to *instantly* absorb all details.

BOB

(Beat)

What's a Jedi Warrior?

LYN WHEATON

You're looking at one.

BOB

You're a Jedi Warrior?

LYN WHEATON

That's correct.

BOB

What does that...? I don't think I...

LYN WHEATON

(patiently)

I'm Sergeant First Class Lyn Wheaton, Special Forces, retired. In the eighties I was trained at Fort Bragg in a secret initiative code-named Project Jedi. The objective of the project was to create Super Soldiers. Soldiers with Super Powers. We were the first generation of the New World Army.

Bob stares at him, wide-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

(Beat)

Oh shit. You've got super powers?

LYN WHEATON

That's correct.

BOB

Hold on, I've gotta...

He takes out his NOTEBOOK and begins to scribble notes.

BOB (CONT'D)

So, you were a Psychic Spy, like Dacey?

LYN WHEATON

We prefer the term Remote Viewer.

BOB

(writing)

Oh, my God, this is...this is *amazing*.
What else could you do?

LYN WHEATON

Uh...Invisibility? That was Level Three.

BOB

(Taken aback)

Invisibility?

LYN WHEATON

Yup.

BOB

Actual invisibility?

LYN WHEATON

Well...yeah, that was the *goal*. But after
a while we adapted it to just finding a
way of *not being seen*.

BOB

What do you mean?

LYN WHEATON

When you understand the, the *linkage*
between observation and reality, you
learn to *dance with invisibility*.
If you're not observed, you are
invisible. That's what Guy Savarino said.

BOB

Who's Guy Savarino?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LYN WHEATON

The fella who taught us invisibility. He used to say...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - THE PAST

GUY SAVARINO - a skinny guy - stands facing a class of trainee Jedis.

GUY SAVARINO

If you have to be by a wall with horizontal brickwork, don't stand vertically. In a tree, try and look like a tree. Between buildings, look like a connecting pipe.

INT. LYN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob looks puzzled.

BOB

A connecting pipe?

LYN WHEATON

S'what he used to say. Think black. That's the nothingness.

Bob stares at him.

BOB

Huh.

LYN WHEATON

You look skeptical.

BOB

Well, I just...

LYN WHEATON

Try this on. F.B.I called Guy up one day. Said they had a problem...could Guy get into this compound and repair some bugs they'd placed, get in and out without being seen. Which is what he did.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT - THE PAST

Guy runs silently towards us, crouched low. Behind him, the large compound is spotlit by helicopters circling overhead.

LYN WHEATON (V.O.)

Compound in question was in Waco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Guy passes a sign which reads "Mount Carmel Centre. Church of Branch Davidians."

LYN WHEATON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I know a soldier who was there and saw him.

Guy almost runs into a SOLDIER standing smoking a cigarette. They stare at each other for a moment.

SOLDIER
Guy?

GUY SAVARINO
(awkward)
Hey, Dan.

INT. LYN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob hesitates.

BOB
I thought he was invisible?

LYN WHEATON
Yeah, well...I guess his power had...diminished.

BOB
How come?

LYN WHEATON
(sighs)
He'd been in prison for four years.

BOB
What for?

LYN WHEATON
Breaking and entering.

BOB
Wow.

Lyn nods solemnly.

LYN WHEATON
He'd become the best break-in guy in the country. It was a betrayal, s'what it was. With the powers we were given comes responsibility.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares into the distance, the strange haunted look in his eyes.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Terrible responsibility.

BOB
(enthralled)
You've gotta let me write about this stuff, Lyn! Anything you want off the record, it stays off the record. We can change names, whatever...

LYN WHEATON
(shrugs)
I told you. I'm going to Iraq tomorrow. There's this factory we might be partnering with in *Al Qaim*.

Bob's face falls.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(casually)
I mean, you could come along if you wanted...

Bob considers this, doubtfully. Lyn checks his reaction.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
But maybe not. It's kinda dangerous out there.

Bob flushes.

BOB
I'm a journalist, Lyn. I go where the story is.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was an American. I was Resolute. I wanted adversity to reveal my character to the world. And to my wife. And to that one-armed cunt Dave.

Lyn is staring at Bob's notebook. He takes it from Bob and examines Bob's drawing of an EYE.

LYN WHEATON
What's this?

BOB
What? Nothing. I was just doodling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lyn examines Bob through narrowed eyes. He nods smiling as if this has settled something. He reaches into the bag on his bed and pulls out a dog-eared BOOK. He hands it to Bob.

Bob examines the book - on the cover is a picture of Da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man* and the title *Pentagon Report 92245. The New World Army Manual.*

Bob stares at the book. He opens the first page and reads.

JIM CHANGO (V.O.)

The U.S Army doesn't really have any serious alternative than to be *Wonderful!*

Bob looks at the DISCLAIMER at the bottom of the page.

OFFICIAL SOUNDING MAN (V.O.)

This does not represent the official position of the United States Army at this time.

Bob looks up at Lyn who nods gravely.

LYN WHEATON

You wanted to know who Jim Chango was?
(Beat) He's the man who wrote that book.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - IRAQ - MORNING

Lyn's CAR roars down the expressway into Southern Iraq, passing A TANK which sits by the road-side.

I/E. CAR - MORNING

Lyn drives. A hung-over Bob sits reading the *New World Army Manual.*

BOB (V.O.)

(reading)

The New World Army is a banner under which the forces of good can gather. The courage and nobility of the Warrior, blended with the spirituality of the Monk.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car passes a bombed factory, beyond it the buildings thinning out into the desert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

The Jedi Warrior will follow in the footsteps of the great *Imagineers* of the past - Jesus Christ, Lao Tse Tung, Walt Disney...

I/E. CAR - DAY

Bob is still reading.

BOB (V.O.)

(reading)

The role of The New World Army is to *RESOLVE CONFLICT* world-wide. Jedis will parachute into war zones, utilizing sparkly eyes technique, carrying symbolic flowers and animals, playing indigenous music and words of peace...

INSERT: An illustration of a SOLDIER CARRYING A LAMB and some LILIES - with what appears to be some kind of loudspeaker strapped to his shoulder.

BOB (CONT'D)

What's the *sparkly eyes technique*?

Lyn raises his shades and *twinkles* his eyes at Bob for a moment.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay.

LYN WHEATON

You see it?

BOB

I think so. (Beat) Lyn?

LYN WHEATON

Yeah?

BOB

(solemnly)

I want you to tell me about Jim Chango.

Lyn draws on his cigarette thoughtfully.

LYN WHEATON

I don't know where to begin.

EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - THE PAST

LOW ANGLE - a YOUNG JIM CHANGO - military buzz cut and all - trips out of a HOVERING HELICOPTER and falls, head-first down towards us.

WE FREEZE FRAME on his YELLING FACE just before it hits the camera.

INT. CAR - AS BEFORE

Lyn exhales smoke.

LYN WHEATON

Jim always said it started for him when he fell out of a helicopter in Vietnam.

EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - THE PAST

Jim hits the ground, which is luckily mainly composed of MUD. He lies stunned as MORE HELICOPTERS lower around him and his PLATOON begin to debark. The Helicopters barely touch the ground before they take off again.

LYN WHEATON (V.O.)

This was near the Song Dong Nai River,
War Zone D.

Jim gets up onto his knees and examines his M-16 - the barrel clogged with earth. He pokes his finger into the muzzle trying to clean it, then finds he can't get it back out again.

JIM CHANGO

Oh, man...

He tries to pull his finger free, glances up and FREEZES.

Ahead of Jim and his Platoon is a WALL OF DEAD AMERICAN TROOPS - rotting in the sun.

His men stand staring at the wall aghast. A PRIVATE beside Jim snaps and opens FIRE, yelling wildly.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(over the gun-fire)

Knock-it off! Chris! Knock-it off!

Jim grabs him with his free hand and shakes him, his M-16 hanging painfully from his other hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
 Will you knock it off? (Climbing to his
 feet) *Jesus*. What do you think...?

THUNK. A SOLDIER standing next to Jim drops, the back of his
 head sprayed over nearby soldiers.

SILENCE.

Everyone stares at the dead man. Another shot rings out -
 another SOLDIER DROPS. The others flinch, scan the tree-line
 ahead of them.

SOLDIER
 (pointing)
 VC in black pyjamas! One hundred meters!
 It's a woman!

The WOMAN is jogging across the tree-line ahead, weapon in
 hand.

JIM CHANGO
 (trying to free his hand)
 Okay!

Silence. Long pause.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
Well!?

SOLDIER
What?

JIM CHANGO
 What the fu...! Why isn't anyone firing?

His men stare back at him, frightened.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
 TAKE HER OUT!

The Soldiers open fire - a deafening roar. The Woman keeps on
 running as the foliage above her head is shredded by bullets.
 NO SHOT COMES CLOSE. Jim watches amazed.

BOB (V.O.)
 Every single one of Jim's men fired high.
 They instinctively hadn't wanted to shoot
 another person. Later Jim would come
 across a study by General S.L.A Marshall,
 which revealed that only 15-20 percent of
 fresh soldiers shot to kill. The rest
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
aimed high, didn't fire at all, or
pretended to be busy doing something
else.

Bullets still flying above her head, the Woman stops running,
crouches down and RETURNS FIRE.

Jim is SHOT, stumbles backwards and falls into the mud, his
finger still stuck in his M-16. He lies there, staring up at
the sky, his expression one of puzzlement, as a huge blood
stain spreads over his chest.

JIM'S P.O.V - the edges of our vision darken down as the
sound FADES OUT. The darkness flows inwards, as if an IRIS IS
CLOSING DOWN - until only a PIN-POINT OF WHITE LIGHT remains
in the centre of the sky. We begin to move towards the light,
slowly at first and then faster and faster. Just as we are
about to reach it, a VISION OF THE FACE OF the VC WOMAN
appears, filling the white disc.

VC WOMAN
(softly)
Their gentleness is their strength.

We begin to sink back down again, faster and faster until the
circle of white light has disappeared all together and we are
in DARKNESS...

FADE IN:

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Jim lies in his bed, staring sadly at the other casualties in
the ward - amputees, spinals, burns...

BOB (V.O.)
Recovering in hospital, Jim wrote to
General W.T. Kervin, Vice Chief of Staff
for the Army, explaining that he wanted
to go on a fact-finding mission to
explore alternative combat tactics. The
Pentagon agreed to pay his salary and
expenses for the duration of the journey.

We hear the opening of Donovan's *There is a Mountain* as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

...as the track continues we see Jim in civilian dress,
driving down the Pacific Coast Highway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

What Jim hadn't told the Pentagon was that he was really looking for the answer to the riddle of his vision. How could his men's *gentleness*, their general lack of interest in *killing* people, how could this be turned into a *strength*? How could love and peace help win wars? Jim knew where to go to find out.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE BEGINS

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY

TRACKING past a row of HOT TUBS - each filled with naked people hugging. We find an uncomfortable Jim in one tub filled with EMBRACING HIPPIE MEN. Self-consciously he strokes his buzz-cut. SUPERED TITLES READ: *Naked Hot Tub Encounter Sessions, Santa Rosa.*

INT. ROOM - DAY

Jim and another MAN are arm-wrestling, SCREAMING. Other MEN stand around screaming also. TITLES READ: *Primal Arm-Wrestling, Sacramento.*

INT. HALL - DAY

A CIRCLE OF PEOPLE LIE on the floor, breathing rapidly and loudly. Jim, his buzz-cut growing out, lies amongst them, sobbing uncontrollably. TITLES READ: *Reichian Rebirthing, San Jose.*

EXT. HILL - DAY

A PLATINUM HAired WOMAN is leading a GROUP OF RUNNERS, including Jim, down the hill. They run in an odd way - prancing like horses, their eyes closed, arms raised, smiling ecstatically. TITLES READ *Beyond Jogging Movement, Stockton.*

One of the group runs into a tree.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Jim lies on his side on a gurney, his hair longer now. We can't see what is being done to him, but he is sobbing uncontrollably once again. TITLES READ *Higher Essence Colonic Irrigation Therapy, Monterey.*

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

TIMOTHY LEARY is teaching a small class of students, including Jim. On the blackboard behind them is written "*The Caterpillar cannot understand the Butterfly.*"

TITLES READ *Timothy Leary, Advanced Study of Sacramental Vegetables.*

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

LONG SHOT - A GROUP OF BARE-CHESTED MEN, including JIM, stand on the roof of the house. TITLES READ *The Whole Man Movement - Auburn.*

A LEADER gives Jim a signal and he jumps off, falls fifteen foot to the road below. He hurts himself quite badly.

INT. ESALEN INSTITUTE - DAY

Jim sits amongst a large MEDITATION GROUP, long-haired and bearded, indistinguishable now from the San-Francisco Bay area Hippies all around him. TITLES READ: *Esalen Institute for the Advancement of Human Potential, Big Sur.*

ARROWS POINT at various MEDITATORS around the hall, identifying them as BOB DYLAN, HUNTER S. THOMPSON and HENRY MILLER.

An ARROW points to the MEDITATOR sitting next to Jim... CHARLES MANSON.

BOB (V.O.)

Jim disappeared into the New Age Movement for seven years.

Jim feels Manson staring at him. He smiles nervously.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT KNOX - MAIN GATES - DAY

Jim walks down the road towards the entrance gates. His long hair is braided. He has an EYE painted on his forehead.

BOB (V.O.)

Like all Shamen before him, he had traversed the wilderness. Now he was returning to his people, a changed man.

The SENTRIES at the gate check Jim's PASS suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He brought with him his confidential
report - *The New World Army Manual*.

The Gates swing open and Jim passes through.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - EARLY EVENING

Bob sits in the shade of the car, which has pulled off the road. He is reading the Manual. Lyn crouches revolving a curious aluminium CONE towards the sun. Bob notices.

BOB
Does it direct your powers?

LYN WHEATON
What?

BOB
The cone. Does it direct your psychic powers or something?

LYN WHEATON
No.

BOB
What does it do?

LYN WHEATON
(putting raw meat into the
cone)
It cooks supper.

He examines the stove approvingly.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Solar. Utilizing the power of the universe - no pollution, totally renewable. This is like New World Army technology.

BOB
So, how do you do it? The remote viewing thing, I mean? Is there a technique?

LYN WHEATON
Different Jedi have different rituals. Mel Riley used to visualize packing all his cares and worries in a little suitcase, to clear his mind. Steve Hanson used to read Bible verse...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
What about you?

LYN WHEATON
Well, I find drinking helps. Also if I'm listening to classic rock music.

BOB
Yeah? (Beat) Like who?

LYN WHEATON
I like Boston. Boston usually works.

Bob nods. He takes out his notebook and jots this down, goes back to reading the Manual. Lyn watches him.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
Pretty mind-blowing, isn't it. First time I read it, I was like...what the *fuck*?

BOB
It's incredible. (Beat) There is one thing, though Lyn. It doesn't seem very...*military*? In the traditional sense.

LYN WHEATON
We weren't military in the traditional sense. It's like, back then a lot of people were trying to change the world through protests, pressure groups, whatever? Only Jim realized if you wanna change the world, first of all you've gotta change the *armies*.

BOB
Right. It's just...there's not much in here about actually *fighting*, is there?

LYN WHEATON
The New World Army was tasked with *preventing* conflict. We're a force of peace, not war. It was Jim that started the research into non-lethals.

BOB
Non-lethals?

LYN WHEATON
Sure. Like Sticky Foam. That was one of ours.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMALIA - DAY

A SOMALI CROWD is rioting, surging towards some US MARINES holding a strange GUN-LIKE CONTRAPTION.

OFFICER
Let 'em have it.

The Marines fire a a gushing jet of FOAM in front of the crowd, who FREEZE, watching the foam EXPAND and HARDEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Bob writes this down, impressed.

BOB
And it worked?

LYN WHEATON
(defensively)
Kinda.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMALIA - DAY

The FOAM is now a small, solid wall. The CROWD, still frozen, realize this it all that's going to happen and, as one, UNFREEZE and surge over the wall and on towards the Marines, who hastily retreat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Lyn flicks away his cigarette.

LYN WHEATON
We developed all sorts of things. Check this out.

He takes a yellow PLASTIC BLOB from his pocket with a flourish.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
The Predator.

BOB
(laughs)
The Predator?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)

(Beat) That's a plastic blob, Lyn.
(pointing at the blob) That's a...

Before he can finish Lyn has slipped the finger into a hole in the middle of the blob and twisted it.

BOB (CONT'D)

OH! OH FUCK! OH...*FUCK!*

LYN WHEATON

You see? You're mine now. The Predator is completely biodegradable. It's friendly to the earth but it can hurt you in a hundred ways.

He takes the blob off the finger and rubs it's serrated edge down Bob's temple.

BOB

(dropping to his knees)
OWWWWWW!

LYN WHEATON

It has warrior functions. (Beat) *And* it looks a bit funny. This is New World Army technology.

Lyn sticks the Predator in Bob's ear and hauls him to his feet. Bob yells with pain.

BOB

Stop it!

Lyn stares at the blob fondly.

LYN WHEATON

What's cool about it is that you could see this lying on the ground and you'd never know it had *such* lethality.

Bob holds his ear and pants for breath. Lyn's face lights up.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Eyeballs.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

An empty landscape, as Bob's shout drifts across the sands...

BOB

No!!!!!!

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

Bob watches the RED DISK of the sun dip below the horizon.

Lyn checks the meat on the stove looking pissed off. It's still raw.

BOB
I think it's officially night now.

Lyn kicks at the stove.

LYN WHEATON
(muttering)
Piece'a shit.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Bob and Lyn sit wrapped in blankets on the roof of the car. Bob is reading the Manual, eating cold beans from a can.

Bob suddenly notices Lyn has taken a small black case from his bag and is preparing an INJECTION.

LYN WHEATON
(Off Bob's look)
I've got Crohn's. The steroids help.

He packs the needle and drugs away in his back-pack, stares up at the starry sky.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(thoughtfully)
Sometimes there's a *need*, Bob. Sometimes people are calling out for something, even if they don't know it themselves. And then a man like Jim appears out of nowhere, because he heard the call....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORT KNOX - EVENING - THE PAST

A CIRCLE OF OFFICERS sit around JIM who has surrounded himself with a *pseudo-forest* of pot plants. There are candles everywhere. His face is painted.

JIM CHANGO
I'd like us to begin this with a mantra.
If we could all breathe in and then out,
holding a long "eeeeee."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The OFFICERS stare at him. There are sniggers. Jim stares them down.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
Breathe in...(they comply) and out...

OFFICERS
(embarrassed)
Eee.

They finish. Jim nods, smiling, stares around at them.

JIM CHANGO
We are a Hollow Army, gentlemen. Vietnam has crushed our *soul*. We are traumatized and melancholic. We are ashamed. That is why I have brought you to this place of Sanctuary. Here we can mend our wounds and dream our dreams. My dream is of an America that will lead the world to paradise, an America that no longer has an exploitative view of natural resources, that no longer promotes consumption at all costs. I believe this is America's destiny. But to achieve it we must become the first Superpower to develop super powers. We must create *Warrior Monks* - men and women who can fall in love with everyone, sense plant auras, pass through walls, stop saying mindless cliches and see into the future. I want you to JOIN me in this vision.
(Beat) Be ALL you can BE.

Jim finishes. We TRACK along the OFFICERS' FACES - really not sure what to do or say. We reach one officer who looks like Lee Marvin. This is GENERAL STUBENDECK. His eyes are shining with excitement.

BOB (V.O.)
Amongst Jim's audience that night was Major General Bert Stubendeck, commander of INSCOM - the US Army's Intelligence and Security Command. For some time the General had been concerned about information he had been receiving about Soviet research into psychic powers.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Wearing trunks, the General lounges by his pool, engrossed in a PAPER-BACK BOOK titled *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

According to some stories the Soviets were psychically spying on American bases and had designed "*psychotronic generators*" - machines capable of bombarding the President with negative energy.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Two DIABOLICAL-LOOKING RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS are wiring up some KITTENS to a MACHINE.

BOB (V.O.)

They were also conducting sadistic experiments to see whether animals had psychic powers.

ANOTHER LABORATORY

Another DIABOLICAL SCIENTIST is wiring up the KITTEN'S MOTHER.

BOB (V.O.)

Could they, for instance, telepathically detect that their babies were distressed?

FIRST LABORATORY

With a gloating smile one of the Scientists approaches one of the KITTENS with a lit CIGARETTE. The kitten gives a pitiful MEW as the Scientists LOOMS over it.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

General Stubendeck can't read on.

GENERAL STUBENDECK

Sick bastards...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

General Stubendeck is briefing several senior Pentagon OFFICIALS.

OFFICIAL

But why did the Soviets *begin* this type of research?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL STUBENDECK

Well sir, it looks like they heard about our attempt to telepathically communicate with one of our nuclear subs - the Nautilus - while it was under the Polar cap.

OFFICIAL

(Beat)

What attempt?

GENERAL STUBENDECK

There was no attempt, sir. It seems the story was a French hoax. But the Russians think the story about the story being a French hoax is just a story sir.

SECOND OFFICIAL

So, they've started psi research because they thought we were doing psi research, when in fact we weren't doing psi research?

GENERAL STUBENDECK

Yes sir. But now that they are doing psi research, we're going to have to do psi research, sir. We can't afford to have the Russians leading the field in the paranormal.

The Officials consider this gravely.

BOB (V.O.)

Two weeks later the Army appointed Jim Chango Commander of the first New World Army Battalion.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

Bob wakes up, stiff and cold in his sleeping bag. He looks around. He's alone,

ON LYN

...who sits , holding a LARGE BROWN ENVELOPE. The sun rises in front of him. Bob paces up behind him.

BOB

Lyn?

Lyn turns, stuffs the envelope back in his bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

Morning.

He stands up, stretches casually.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Okay. We're Oscar Mike. (Getting up)
That's "On the Move" soldier.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The car cuts across the vast landscape, the day already heating up.

INSIDE THE CAR

Bob is writing in his notebook as Lyn drives. He notices Lyn keeps looking up at the sky.

BOB

What are you doing?

LYN WHEATON

Cloud bursting. Keeps me in shape.

Bob stares up at the clouds.

BOB

Really? Which one?

LYN WHEATON

(pointing)
That one.

Bob tries to work out which cloud he means.

BOB

That one?

LYN WHEATON

No. *That* one. The big one.

BOB

Wow. Isn't that one too far away?

Lyn looks at Bob like he's crazy.

LYN WHEATON

They're *all* far away.

He concentrates on the CLOUD again. Sure enough, it thins and fades until it has DISAPPEARED. Bob GAWPS at the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
(amazed)
It's gone.

LYN WHEATON
(smiling)
It's gone.

Lyn, smiling up at the sky, doesn't notice that the car is veering off the road a little.

BANG! The two men are slammed forward as the car hits something, Bob smacking his face off the dash.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

We see the car has run straight into a large ROCK. This is pretty much the only vertical feature in the otherwise flat landscape.

The two men stand staring at the wrecked front of the car. Bob is holding a handkerchief to his bloody nose. He looks at the car, stares around him at the desert stretching out.

BOB
Jeez. We had the like the whole desert to drive in...

Lyn rubs his face ruefully.

LYN WHEATON
Yeah. I'm sorry about that Bob. Must have got a little bi-locational there, you know? But don't worry. Someone'll come along soon.

DISSOLVE TO:

MUCH LATER

A sweating Bob sits in the shadow of the car, tossing a COIN. Lyn sits smoking.

LYN WHEATON
Heads.

BOB
(checking the coin)
Right.

He tosses again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

Heads.

BOB

(checking)

Right.

He tosses again.

BOB (CONT'D)

What's your record at this?

LYN WHEATON

Two hundred and sixty four. Tails.

BOB

(checking)

Right. That's pretty...

He stops, listening. We hear the sound of an approaching ENGINE. The two men turn to see a WHITE PICK-UP TRUCK approaching.

BOB (CONT'D)

(scrambling to his feet)

Oh thank Christ.

Bob scuttles into the middle of the road, waving frantically. The pick-up slows and pulls over. A YOUNG IRAQI MAN looks out at them.

BOB (CONT'D)

Can you help us? We drove into a rock.

Could you take us to a town or someplace?

Smiling, the Iraqi gestures to the back of the pick-up.

BOB (CONT'D)

(relaxing)

Thank you! Thanks so much!

He grabs his case and climbs up onto the back of the truck. Lyn stares at the driver, then, with a sigh picks up his bag and follows Bob.

BACK OF THE TRUCK

As the Truck bumps off down the road, Bob and Lyn sit down and find themselves facing TWO YOUNG IRAQI MEN.

BOB

Hi! Hello there. Thanks so much for this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two Young Men smile in a friendly fashion.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 Don't know if we would have lasted much longer. Phew!

One of the Young Men nods, smiling. He reaches casually forward and takes Lyn's BAG from him. Lyn just sits there, resigned as the Young Man roots through the contents.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (oblivious)
 Yeah, it gets pretty hot out here, huh?

The Young Man takes out a ROCK COMPILATION CD from Lyn's bag and inspects it.

YOUNG IRAQI
 (to the other)
 Deep Purple.

They laugh.

BOB
 (laughing too)
 Oh, you speak English? Great. Deep Purple. Right. You guys like Deep Purple? You like rock or, or...

He suddenly notices the Young Iraqi is holding a HANDGUN.

The Driver leans out the window and shouts something over the roar of the engine. The Young Man next to Lyn takes off his scarf and starts to blindfold Lyn with it.

BOB (CONT'D)
 (smile fading)
 Lyn? Is this...is this...?

LYN WHEATON
 (wearily)
 Yeah.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Lyn, their hands tied, sit on a mattress in the otherwise empty room, lit by a shaft of moonlight from the small window above them. From next door comes the faint sound of Deep Purple's *Smoke On The Water* playing. Bob is losing it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

We're going to die! I'm going to be
killed by *Al Qaeda!*

From the next room we hear the Young Iraqis start to sing
along to the track, laughing. Lyn listens.

LYN WHEATON

I don't think they're *Al Qaeda*.

Bob crumples face-forward onto the mattress in despair. Lyn
watches Bob with sympathy, seems to come to a decision.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Bob, there's something I have to tell
you. When I said I was retired from the
unit, that was a lie. I'm on a mission.

BOB

(muffled)

What are you *talking* about? You work for
DeWitts Plastics.

LYN WHEATON

That was just my cover. I've been
reactivated. I couldn't tell you because
this is a Black Op. You put an operation
in a Black Box and it doesn't officially
exist. The men and women involved in the
operation don't exist. I'm a *ghost*.

Bob looks up at him, wipes his eyes.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

I *know* we don't die here, Bob because I
know I get to my mission site. I've pre-
cog'd it.

BOB

What?

LYN WHEATON

I've seen the future.

Bob drops his head into the mattress again.

BOB

(muffled)

You're an idiot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYN WHEATON

(patiently)

Have you heard of *Optimum Trajectory* before? (No answer) Your life is like a river, Bob. If you're aiming for a goal that isn't your destiny, you will always be swimming against the current. Young Ghandi wants to be a stock-car racer? Not gonna happen. Little Anne Frank wants to be a High School teacher. Tough titty Anne. That's not your destiny. But you *will* go on to move the hearts and minds of millions. Find out what your destiny is and the river will *carry* you. Now sometimes events in life give an individual clues as to where their *Destiny* lies. Like at the hotel when you "just happened" to draw something in your notebook?

He unbuttons his shirt and reveals an EYE tattooed on his chest - very similar to the one Bob had drawn. Bob looks up.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

When the Universe gives you a sign like that, it isn't wise to ignore it. You're *meant* to be here with me, Bob. The Jedi inside you sensed that.

Bob stares at the EYE.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Now listen to me. I don't think these guys are FRL's or Mehdi Army... I think we're talking standard criminals here, okay? What they're gonna do is try and sell us on to another group. We can't let that happen.

BOB

How are we gonna stop them? There's three of them! And they've got guns!

LYN WHEATON

We're Jedi, Bob. The Jedi don't fight with guns. We fight with our *minds*.

BOB

What do you mean?

LYN WHEATON

Okay. Let's say we have no choice but to fight with these men. Then we use *visual*
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

aesthetics to instill psychically in the enemy a disincentive to attack.

BOB

(beat)

Could you be more explicit?

LYN WHEATON

Okay, you lock eyes with one of them, you go into a monotone and you say "No, I'm not going to attack you." You totally relax your body and your voice. And then you rip out one of his eyeballs. Or you use a *pen*, stab him in the neck, create a fountain of blood, I mean really a *fountain*, get the blood to squirt on his buddies. That's a psychic disincentive, right there.

Bob thinks about this, a little nauseated.

BOB

We haven't got a pen.

LYN WHEATON

(sighs)

You're missing the point. (Standing up)
Here let me show you something. Stand up.

Bob stands up reluctantly.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Choke me.

BOB

Oh...I don't want to Lyn.

LYN WHEATON

Choke me. What am I gonna do? (pointing at his throat) Just here. Choke. Choke.

BOB

I don't think I...there's sharp edges around here...

LYN WHEATON

C'mon...(making quotation marks with his fingers) "Attack me."

Bob stares at him, a little annoyed by this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB

What's with the quotation fingers? That's like implying I'm you know...only capable of ironic attacking or...

LYN WHEATON

Quit jawing, Bob, and choke me.

BOB

(Beat)

Well, if I *choose* to choke you, what do you intend to do?

LYN WHEATON

I'm going to interrupt your thought pattern.

Bob thinks about this then raises his hands to choke Lyn. Lyn THROWS him - sailing through the air. He crashes down into the floor behind Lyn.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

See? I hardly moved. Physics wise there's not much going on. It's the psychic energy that's important. (Beat) You okay?

BOB

(in pain)

Sharp...edges...

LYN WHEATON

(helping him up)

You felt fear didn't you? Before hand?

Bob massages his back, impressed despite himself.

BOB

Yes. I was debilitated by fear.

LYN WHEATON

Would you say that level of fear was abnormal for you?

Bob thinks about this.

BOB

I don't know. I was pretty terrified anyway but the fear I felt on the run-up to the choking *did* seem unusual.

LYN WHEATON

(pleased)

You know why? It wasn't you. It was *me*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

I was inside your head. Fighting with the
Mind.

Suddenly the door opens and one of the Young Iraqis comes in,
smiling.

YOUNGER IRAQI

Okay. We go.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

The White Pick-Up bounces over the sand. Bob and Lyn sit in
the back with one of the Young Iraqis, who has Lyn's back-
pack.

BOB

(softly)

I'm sorry I freaked out, Lyn.

LYN WHEATON

That's okay. You learnt a lesson.
"Whatever you fear most has no power - it
is your fear that has power."

BOB

(impressed)

Huh.

LYN WHEATON

Oprah.

BOB

(Beat)

Uhuh. (Beat) I feel okay now. Calm.
(Beat) What's the mission, Lyn?

LYN WHEATON

I can't tell you that Bob. Not yet. But
don't worry. I want you to write about
it. It's important that people find out
about what I've got to do. It's important
for America.

Bob listens, eyes wide.

BOB

You know what? I think I sort of knew. I
mean, you just didn't *seem* like a trash
can salesman. (Thinking of something)
Hey, Ed Dacey said you ran a dance
studio. That was just cover too, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

(Beat)

No. I *do* run a dance school. I love dance.

BOB

Oh. Okay. (Beat) Were you just kidding me back there - about me having some Jedi in me?

LYN WHEATON

We learn to recognize our own kind after a while. You ever had things happen to you, things you can't explain?

Bob thinks about this.

BOB

No?

LYN WHEATON

Ever knew something was going to happen before it did?

BOB

(reluctantly)

Not really.

LYN WHEATON

Had particularly vivid dreams?

BOB

(excited)

Yes! When I was a kid I used to have this one where I was made out of bubbles!

LYN WHEATON

(nodding sagely)

It's in you.

BOB

Do you really think so?

LYN WHEATON

Don't you? Haven't you always really felt you were different?

Bob considers this.

BOB

You know what? Yes. Yes I have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYN WHEATON

That's the way it is for us. We're the ones who don't fit in as kids.

BOB

Did you have powers as a child?

LYN WHEATON

Kind of. They used to call me the *Jinx*.

BOB

Why?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - THE PAST

Lyn's MOTHER is using a BLENDER. SEVEN YEAR OLD LYN walks past and the blender CATCHES FIRE.

EXT. STREET - DAY - THE PAST

Some KIDS stand around a TRANSISTOR RADIO listening to a baseball game. TEN-TEAR OLD LYN cycles past and the game dissolves into a howl of feedback. They stare murderously after him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - THE PAST

Lyn's DRUNK FATHER sits watching TV. TWELVE YEAR OLD LYN walks past and the TV fizzes and dies.

BOB (V.O.)

Lyn told me it was his curious effect on electrical devices that first got him noticed by the New World Army.

The Father stares at Lyn, picks up a beer can and throws it after him.

INT. GROOM LAKE, NEVADA - DAY

Two TECHNICIANS study COMPUTERS. TITLES READ "AREA 51" *Groom Lake, Top Secret Test Flight Base, Nevada.*

TECHNICIAN

(Excited. Into microphone)
Foxtrot-117 has launched. Tracking now.
Charlie-Oscar 31.8066667...

A Younger Lyn, in uniform, walks past and both computers INSTANTLY CRASH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE
(over speakers)
We just lost contact! Request status? Oh
Crap!

The TECHNICIANS turn to stare after Lyn. We hear a SIREN begin to wail.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lyn stands nervously to attention in front of a very grim looking GENERAL STUBENDECK.

GENERAL STUBENDECK
Did you crash those computers?

Lyn opens his mouth to lie, but one glance at Stubendeck's forbidding countenance changes his mind.

LYN WHEATON
(miserable)
Yes sir.

Beat. A SLOW GRIN steals over the General's face.

GENERAL STUBENDECK
(softly)
Far fucking out...

Lyn blinks. This wasn't the reaction he'd expected.

GENERAL STUBENDECK (CONT'D)
How'd you feel about a transfer son?

INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

A small group of JEDI RECRUITS, Lyn amongst them, stands facing a stern Jim Chango in the abandoned-looking building. The walls have been decorated with COSMIC MURALS.

JIM CHANGO
I am Lieutenant Colonel Jim Chango. From now on, you will speak only when spoken to, and the first and last words out of your mouth will be "Sir, yes, sir!" Do you understand?

RECRUITS
Sir, yes, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM CHANGO

If you complete this course you will be a
Psychic Weapon, an Angel of Death, our
enemies Worst Nightmare! Until then you
are *Nothing!* Less than *Nothing!* Do you
understand?

RECRUITS

SIR, YES, SIR!

JIM CHANGO

(chuckling)

Yeah, I'm only kidding with that shit.
Okay, what shall we do now?

He stares around the men, expectantly.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(clapping his hands)

Hey! Lets *dance!*

CUT TO:

INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY

The Jedis are DANCING to some rock, encouraged by Jim.

JIM CHANGO

Okay! Give it everything you've got!
That's it!

The Jedis start to dance more frenetically, eyes closed,
jumping about the room, waving their arms...

Jim notices Lyn, shuffling self-consciously from foot to
foot.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

What's your name son?

LYN WHEATON

Lyn Wheaton sir.

JIM CHANGO

You've gotta free your *feet* before you
can free your *mind*, Lyn.

LYN WHEATON

(embarrassed)

Not much of a dancer sir.

Jim examines Lyn's face through narrowed eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM CHANGO

But that isn't true is it Lyn? You can dance. It's just someone told you not to.

BEDROOM - THE PAST

A TWELVE YEAR OLD LYN - is dancing away to a track on the radio. His FATHER weaves drunkenly past the door and stops, watching.

LYN'S FATHER

Stop acting so fucking QUEER!

He throws his beer can at Lyn and walks on. Lyn stares after him, upset. The RADIO abruptly catches FIRE.

INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY

Jim watches Lyn with compassion.

JIM CHANGO

Well, I'm your commanding officer Lyn, and I'm ordering you to let the dance out!

Lyn starts to dance with a little more abandon.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

C'mon goddamit! DANCE! Let it go! Let it all go!

Lyn starts to go for it. And it's true - he CAN dance.

BOB (V.O.)

Lyn's abusive childhood environment had left him with serious self-esteem issues. Lyn told me it wasn't until he met Jim that he realized what a father could be.

JIM CHANGO

(with approval)

Welcome to the Heroes Journey Lyn.

Lyn smiles shyly.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(to the room)

Okay remember everyone, we don't officially exist as a unit so I'm afraid there's no coffee budget. Bring your own coffee. Oh, and no solid food for the first week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the track continues we...

CUT TO:

TRAINING MONTAGE

EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

UNIFORMED SOLDIERS march double time across the parade deck.

SPECIAL FORCES TROOPS
 "I don't know but I've been told
 Eskimo Pussy is mighty cold..."

JEDI WARRIORS

...marching, chanting a mantra.

JEDI WARRIORS
 Ommmm...

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Soldiers shovel in mouthfuls of creamed potato and steak.

JEDI WARRIORS

...sipping their vegetable juice.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Jedis stand watching a JEEP driving down a course marked out on the field.

INSIDE THE JEEP

Jim sits next to a nervous JEDI TRAINEE who is driving. The Jedi is BLINDFOLDED.

JIM CHANGO
 (calmly)
 Okay, you're doing very well. Now *feel*
 the next bend...

ON THE FIELD

The Jedis SCATTER as the jeep swerves erratically off the course and drives straight towards them...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

SOLDIERS examine a DIAGRAM of BATTLE TACTICS.

INT. JEDI CLASSROOM - DAY

The Jedis examine a blackboard on which Jim is writing:
"Before going into Battle the JEDI utilizes A) Yogic Cat Stretch. B) Primal scream and leap. C) Belgian waffle. D) Ginseng E) Amphetamines."

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Jedis stare doubtfully at the bed of HOT COALS in front of them. One JEDI stands ready, his feet bare.

JIM CHANGO

Okay, *only* when you're ready.

The Jedi nods nervously, hesitates, starts to WALK ON THE COALS, almost immediately starts to SCREAM.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(encouraging)

Think *cold!* Think real *cold!*

INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY

Jim is lecturing the Jedis, reading from the Manual - a picture of a NATIVE AMERICAN in feathered head-dress on the board behind him.

JIM CHANGO

(reading)

The American Indian decorated his weapons and body in order to express his individuality. The Jedi Warrior will be encouraged to decorate their uniforms in order to express themselves.
Individuality through Uniformity!

INT. BAR - EVENING

One of the JEDIS is being eyeballed by a drunk MARINE. The Jedi is wearing an EAR-RING and a T-Shirt which reads *Soul Soldier*.

DRUNK MARINE

What kind of faggot soldier are you?

The Jedi sips his tomato juice calmly.

DRUNK MARINE (CONT'D)

I just called you a faggot, boy. Whatcha gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bar-full of service-men are watching, also wanting to know what he's going to do.

JEDI WARRIOR
(suddenly singing)
I see a little silhouette of a man...

SECOND JEDI
(from across the room, joining
in)
Scaramouche, scaramouche will you do the
fandango...

BOTH JEDI
Thunderbolt and lightning- very very
frightening me...

And then, from all over the bar other JEDIS join in - singing in superb harmony. We see each Jedi's uniform has been supplemented with odd, personal touches: hats, badges, sunglasses, a poncho...

JEDI WARRIORS
...Galileo, galileo, Galileo galileo
Galileo figaro-magnifico...

The Marine stands UTTERLY DISCONCERTED. Lyn watches, and can't hold back a small, happy smile.

BOB (V.O.)
After years of feeling like an oddball
Lyn had finally found a home. At last he
was amongst men who prided themselves on
being different.

FIRST JEDI
Easy come easy go, will you let me go...

Proudly LYN joins in.

JEDI WARRIORS
Bismillah! No, we will not let you go...

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Soldiers work their way across an obstacle course - climbing nets, ropes etc. Meanwhile...

EXT. GENERAL STUBENDECK'S GARDEN - DAY

Jim leads the Jedis and General Stubendeck in a complex YOGA MOVE. We CLOSE on LYN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

These were Golden Days for Lyn. There was something so noble and pure in Jim's vision that the Jedis felt themselves inspired to be *more* than soldiers. In a world torn apart by greed and hate they would be a force for good, for peace.

A BUTTERFLY lands on Lyn's outstretched hand. He watches it with a gentle smile.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For the first time in his life Lyn felt truly happy.

The Butterfly flits away and lands on an APPLE in the tree overhead.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then into the garden a serpent did come.

INT. DINNER PARTY - EVENING

GUESTS sit eating dinner around the large table. General Stubendeck is talking to his WIFE. He turns back to find the FORK in his hand BENT DOUBLE.

He looks in amazement at the man sitting beside him - LARRY SWANN - plump, blonde, smug.

BOB (V.O.)

Larry Swann was a failed Sci-Fi writer from Colorado, recruited to the Jedis after General Stubendeck met him at a spoon-bending party.

Other guests laugh and applaud.

EXT. FUNCTION ROOM - EVENING

A WEDDING CELEBRATION is in progress. SCOTTY TOMLIN - one of the JEDI RECRUITS - is dancing, beaming with his new BRIDE. Guests - Lyn and the other Jedis amongst them - stand watching, clapping and cheering, a boisterous atmosphere of *bonhomie*. Larry watches the revellers with contempt.

BOB (V.O.)

Right from the start he had made himself unpopular with the other Jedis.

Scotty and his wife are walking off the dance floor. Larry stops him to shake his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY SWANN

Congratulations Scotty. I'm sorry it doesn't work out for you two.

Scotty's face falls. The other Jedis glare at Larry. One of them makes a move towards him but Lyn holds him back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF THE PICK-UP TRUCK - EARLY MORNING

Lyn is telling Bob and the Young Iraqi the story as they rumble on through the desert.

LYN WHEATON

He was his own worst enemy. He was always boasting about how he was the only true Jedi. He used to say he was channeling the spirit of this old nineteenth century Englishwoman called Maud. It was kinda embarrassing. And he'd always be *bending* shit - your cutlery, or your glasses, whatever he found lying around, like we were supposed to be impressed, but...it was just fucking annoying, you know?

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

The Jedis eat at one table. Larry sits alone and shunned at another table. Lyn walks over with a tray, hesitates seeing Larry alone.

BOB (V.O.)

Larry made it quite clear that he despised most of the other Jedis.

Feeling sorry for him Lyn sits beside Larry. Larry flushes red.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But Lyn - Lyn was different. (Beat) He really *hated* Lyn.

INT. PSI EXPERIMENT ROOM - DAY - THE PAST

Scotty, Larry and Lyn sit focussing on a wall of SMALL WOODEN CUPBOARDS. Each cupboard has a letter and number printed on its door.

JIM CHANGO

A-9.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The three men focus on the cupboard in question.

SCOTTY
It's...it's something cylindrical? I think it's a pencil?

JIM CHANGO
Okay. Larry?

Larry rolls his eyes up in his head, speaks in a high wavering voice with a bad cockney accent.

LARRY SWANN
Maud. I'm looking into the cupboard now and I'm seeing...I'm seeing...a tin mug?

JIM CHANGO
Lyn?

Lyn stares at his hands, focused. He looks up suddenly, puzzled.

LYN WHEATON
It's a man on a chair.

Jim unlocks the little cupboard and takes a photograph of the Lincoln Memorial. There are murmurs of admiration from the watching Jedis.

LARRY SWANN
(blustering)
Oh, no, wait. See, I thought you said K, not A!

Jim ignores him, smiles at Lyn.

JIM CHANGO
Bravo Zulu, Lyn. Outstanding.

Larry looks daggers at Lyn.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Lyn is walking calmly over the HOT COALS as the other Jedis watch, impressed.

INT. GYM - DAY

Jim is leading the Jedis in AIKIDO.

JIM CHANGO
Aikido is a vehicle for harmonizing ourselves with the Universe and the Way.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

Look upon these sessions as an opportunity to discover yourself and your training partner in a loving environment.

LATER

Larry flails violently at Lyn. Lyn FLIPS him with ease. Larry gets up and CHARGES bellowing at Lyn who FLIPS him out of the frame. Jim joins Lyn.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(addressing the watching Jedi's)

Notice how Lyn's circular motions turned Larry's aggression back upon him. Good work Lyn.

A CHAIR flies through the frame, just missing Lyn's head.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)

(without looking at him)

Larry, go outside, calm down.

INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Lyn lies on a couch drinking a beer, staring at a large BROWN ENVELOPE. Jim sits beside him with pad and paper. Lyn opens the envelope and stares at the PHOTOGRAPH of the NATO GENERAL inside.

BOB (V.O.)

After a year's training, Lyn was given his first tasking. A senior Nato General had been kidnapped by Red Brigade members in Italy. Jim was unofficially asked if his unit would be able to help find him before it was too late.

LYN WHEATON

(concentrating)

We're north of Verona. It's a little town. There's a lake nearby. I can see a Cinema. Across from the Cinema is a shop or, or...it's a cafe. He's in the apartment above. The town is called ...it's something sweet. (Beat) Dolce. It's called Dolce.

Jim looks proudly over to where an important looking OFFICIAL watches from the next room. The Official looks impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

It's true that the unit never found out whether any of their remote viewings were accurate or not. Nevertheless from that moment on Lyn's reputation soared.

CUT TO:

INT. EX-MESS HALL - DAY

Lyn stands in front of the other Jedis.

JIM CHANGO

Rank, medals...these things mean little to the Jedi. But growth in spirit, in wisdom, in psychic power, these things earn our respect.

He presents Lyn with an EAGLE FEATHER.

LYN WHEATON

Native Americans believed that when one received an Eagle feather, it was the mark of love, of gratitude and ultimate respect. Only true Human Beings may carry the Eagle feather.

He gives the feather to a deeply moved Lyn, as the other Jedis applaud. Larry watches Lyn with HATE.

CUT TO:

INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Lyn lies on the couch, drinking another beer, the Eagle Feather on a chain around his neck. Boston's *More Than A Feeling* is playing in the room.

BOB (V.O.)

The word soon got out in the intelligence community that there was a young sergeant at Fort Bragg who could find whatever you needed found. It was as if Lyn could fly anywhere in the world without leaving his room.

As we watch Lyn's GHOSTLY SPIRIT FORM rises from his body.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As Jim Chango said - the Force truly was strong with this one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lyn's SPIRIT FORM runs towards the wall. As the song breaks into the chorus he bursts out of the room, into freedom...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

As the track continues and we RACE with Lyn as he soars over the land, flying faster and faster, free as a bird, swooping up towards a huge SUN, shrinking into a tiny silhouette against the blaze of light, shrinking and shrinking until he's disappeared.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SUN - RISING

...as the Pick-up with Bob and Lyn in the back pulls up next to another TRUCK.

Two MEN dressed in black with their *kaffiyeh* covering their faces stand by it staring at them. In the back seat of the Truck sits a blindfolded IRAQI MAN.

The Driver of the Pick-Up crosses to the TWO INSURGENTS with a half-gallon bottle of WATER and passes it to them. They drink and confer briefly in Arabic. He turns and gestures to the other two Young Iraqis who push Lyn and Bob down from the back of the pick-up. Lyn stands still.

YOUNG IRAQI
(gesturing again)
Yataharrak!

BOB
Lyn?

LYN WHEATON
(gently)
It's okay, Bob. We're not getting into that truck.

The First Young Iraqi gestures more angrily at the Truck.

YOUNG IRAQI
Yadkhol!

LYN WHEATON
Don't move Bob.

BOB
(scared, whispering)
Are you going to use the Blob?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON
Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

One of the Insurgents stirs and says something softly in Arabic. The other laughs. Angrily the First Young Iraqi takes out a HANDGUN and levels it at Lyn.

YOUNG IRAQI
YADKHOL!

Lyn raises one hand towards him.

LYN WHEATON
You can put your weapon away. You're not interested in us.

The Young Iraqi points the gun at Bob who starts to walk towards the truck.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(firmly)
Stay where you are Bob.

Bob stops.

BOB
Shit...shit...

LYN WHEATON
(to the Iraqi, calmly)
We can go about our business.

Apparently having had enough one the Insurgents pulls his own GUN out and aims at Lyn. The tension builds. Suddenly Bob remembers the phrase he was taught.

BOB
(blurting)
La tapar, ana sahaffi!

Immediately everyone stares at Bob. The Insurgent OPENS FIRE at him.

Terrified Bob, dives across the sand. The Young Iraqi behind him also scrambles for cover.

Still firing, the Insurgent is suddenly aware of Lyn sprinting towards him. Before he can turn to aim at him, Lyn LEAPS into the air, spinning around, face contorted as he emits a bizarre SHRIEK.

We FREEZE-FRAME ON HIM, HUNG IN MID-AIR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Now at the time I thought Lyn was having
 some kind of *fit* here. Later I discovered
 what he was actually doing was performing
 the *Echmeyer* technique.

INT. DOJO - DAY

A man who looks like WOODY ALLEN in a jungle hat stands with
 his eyes closed in concentration. He is wearing a seventies
 tracksuit. SUPERED TITLES read: MIKE ECHMEYER.

BOB (V.O.)
 Mike Echmeyer was a Vietnam vet with
 sixty-three confirmed kills. He remains
 the only non-Korean to achieve the rank
 of Master in Kwa Ra Do. He was one of the
 Jedi teachers at Fort Bragg.

Mike produces a Samurai sword from behind him and raises it
 above his head.

We see a bare-chested, frightened SOLDIER lies on the floor
 in front of Mike. He has a CUCUMBER on his chest.

Mike brings the sword down with terrifying speed onto the
 cucumber, which is sliced in half. The Soldier lies, unhurt.
 He whimpers.

GREEN BERET

...BEING INTERVIEWED.

SUPERED TITLES read "*From Dogs of War, Documentary, 1983*"

GREEN BERET
 He was amazing. He'd have a tug of war
 with a dozen men - they couldn't move him
 an inch. He could hurt you with one
 finger. He could lift bags of sand on
hooks hung through his *scrotum*.

INTERVIEWER (O.C)

(Beat)

What was the practical application of
 that?

Beat. The Green Beret thinks about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

Later in life Mike became something of a Mercenary poster-boy, appearing on the cover of that journal of professional adventurers *Soldier of Fortune*...

COVERS OF MAGAZINES

...Soldier of Fortune Cover - which features a photo of Mike lying in jungle terrain, wearing khaki and jungle hat, a knife in his teeth.

BOB (V.O.)

...*Black Belt*...

COVER OF *BLACK BELT* - Mike, still wearing his jungle hat, is throwing an opponent.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and *Knife World*.

COVER of *KNIFE WORLD* - Mike stands in a rather bizarre latex cat-suit, from which hang several sheathed knives. He is still wearing his jungle hat.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mike's face eventually became famous all over the world.

EXT. NICARAGUA - DAY

A SANDANISTA COMMANDO sights a passing HELICOPTER with the RPG on his shoulder.

BOB (V.O.)

This proved to be a drawback in the world of professional Mercenaries and many believe led to his death whilst fighting for Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza.

MERCENARY

...being interviewed. Supered Titles read "*A Man Among Men.*" *Documentary, 1987*"

MERCENARY

Mike said he loved being in Nicaragua because back home in the US it was really hard to walk down in the street and get into a fight. But here he could get into a fight, like, every day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)

Some deny that Mike was killed by the Sandinistas. One rumor is that he was killed in a helicopter but that the crash was the result of horseplay that got out of hand...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Mike and several other MERCENARIES are laughing as they toss a LIVE GRENADE back and forth.

MERCENARIES

One elephant, two elephant, three elephant...

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

OVER-HEAD SHOT -

Mike lies on the ground staring up at us. We hear the sound of an approaching engine.

Supered Titles read "*Camp Pendleton Marine Training Base, San Diego.*"

BOB (V.O.)

But others claim that it was not grenades but *hubris* that killed Mike.

MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR

...being interviewed. Supered Titles read: "*When Things Go Badly Wrong...*" *Documentary, 1990.*

MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR

He used to let jeeps run over him. That was like his party piece. It's not actually so hard. Two-thousand five hundred pound jeep, divided by four for the wheels, if it's going slow enough, the body can pretty much take it. But this time in San Diego...

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Mike stares up at us. The engine sound builds...

Next second a JEEP roars straight over Mike, going at sixty miles an hour.

MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR

...shaking his head.

MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR
No-one told the kid in the jeep about
kinetic energy so...Oops. Yeah, he died.

He snickers.

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Mike's JUNGLE HAT is blown through the dust towards us.

BOB (V.O.)
Anyway, back when he was teaching at Fort
Bragg, Mike caused quite a stir by
advocating his controversial "shock and
awe" knife attack method.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Mike leaps spastically in the air, spinning and shrieking, a
knife held in one hand.

BOB (V.O.)
The approach was hailed by some knife
aficionados as revolutionary but
criticized by others who believed that
the leaping and spinning might lead you
to accidentally stab yourself.

MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR

...teaching a class of men holding KNIVES in front of them.

MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR (V.O.)
When armed with a knife I would recommend
simple footwork.

As one, the CLASS take a single, cautious step forward.

INT. DOJO - DAY

TRACKING ALONG MIKE'S TRAINEE JEDIS - as they watch his
display.

BOB (V.O.)
Lyn Wheaton, however, became a firm
convert to the style.

We reach a YOUNGER LYN who TURNS TO CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

Mike, you're not forgotten. The knife you gave me lies next to my beret. You tempered my soul for life. God bless Mike Ehmeyer.

EXT. DESERT - EARLY MORNING

We UN-FREEZE ON LYN - as he whirls and shrieks towards the Insurgent. Bob watches amazed from where he lies on the sand.

BOB (V.O.)

Of course, Lyn didn't actually *have* a knife with him at this particular time...so I still think what he did was kinda...reckless.

The Insurgent, understandably startled, flinches backwards, trips over the water bottle and falls on his ass.

Lyn scoops up the gallon bottle of water and begins to POUND the fallen man with it. The Young Iraqi moves to intervene but Lyn smacks him in the face with the bottle.

The BLINDFOLDED IRAQI IN THE TRUCK manages to open the door and stumbles out, claws his blindfold off and races away over the sand.

The second Insurgent is distracted for a moment by his victim's flight. When he turns back Lyn has scooped up the Insurgent's GUN and is aiming it at him.

Beat. Nobody moves.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The sun is rising as the PICK-UP TRUCK roars over the sand and swerves onto the road.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Lyn drives, the gun still held in one hand. Bob is leaning out of the window, staring at the road behind them.

BOB

(pulling his head back in)
They're not coming! We're okay! Oh God,
we're gonna be okay!

The Truck crests a hill and we see the IRAQI MAN running desperately down the road ahead of us, his hands tied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

There he is.

He puts his foot down and the truck roars after the running man.

TRACKING SHOT - pulling the IRAQI MAN, running for all he's worth.

Lyn leans out of the truck window as he drives up behind him.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

(yelling over the engine)

Sir? You're okay! We're Americans. We're here to help you!

Terrified the Man sprints faster. Lyn tries to pass him, but the Man veers at the same time and the truck CLIPS him, sending him flying.

IN THE TRUCK

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Oh crap!

BOB

What happened?

LYN WHEATON

(braking)

I think I just ran him over.

ON THE ROAD

Lyn runs over to where the MAN lies moaning on the road, his head bleeding.

LYN WHEATON

Sir? Are you okay? (Beat) Bob, give me a hand here will you?

Bob gets out and the two lift the Iraqi Man and begin to carry him back towards the truck.

They stop listening to an approaching rumble.

BOB

Oh shit! Oh shit, they're coming!

They scuttle faster back towards the truck, the Iraqi Man dangling between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next second, two GLEAMING WHITE SUVs crest the hill and roar towards them. Seeing the road blocked by the truck, the SUVs screech to a halt and several MEN IN FLAK JACKETS AND SUNGLASSES tumble out in formation, aiming their M-16's at Lyn and Bob.

ARMED MEN'S P.O.V - Lyn, gun in hand, and Bob stare at them before dropping the bound Iraqi on the ground. Bob waves nervously.

We hear the opening of *Nutbush City Limits* by Ike and Tina Turner as we...

CUT TO:

INT. S.U.V - DAY

LAPTOP SCREEN

We're rushing over a CGI DESERT, between the CGI rivers Tigress and Euphrates towards a GLEAMING CITY rising from the sand.

NIXON (O.S.)

Then I say "*There it is. The Future!*"

Bob and the Iraqi Man sit beside JOSH NIXON - a suit. Lyn sits behind in between two of the PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS, who are nodding along to the music playing in the car.

Nixon, holding the LAPTOP for Bob to see, watches the screen, moved.

NIXON (CONT'D)

We play this on these big screens at the conferences, you know? This trumpet music blasting out. Every time I see it, it gets me.

He glances over at the Iraqi Man who is holding a dressing to the cut on his forehead, pale and shaken.

NIXON (CONT'D)

You a businessman, sir?

The Iraqi Man nods.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Yeah, Ali Babas have been targeting locals lately. *(Holding out his hand)* Josh Nixon, Army Small Business Office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRAQI MAN
(shaking)
Mahmud Daash.

NIXON
Ask me what business I'm in, Muhammad.

MAHMUD DAASH
(weakly)
Mahmud. What business are you in sir?

NIXON
Right now, I'm in the Quality of Life
business.

Nixon nods, smiling, pleased with the line.

NIXON (CONT'D)
(To Bob)
We've got 25 million Iraqis out here who
wanna embrace the American dream. They
wanna be independent, wanna make
something of their lives. But more
than anything else they wanna buy stuff.
Cell phones, digital cameras, leisure
suits - you name it. If it sells in
Boston, then we can damn well sell it in
Baghdad! (To Mahmud) Am I right Muhammad?
(To Bob) He knows what I'm talking about.
We've got Halliburton out here, we've got
Parsons, Perini...It's a gold rush, Bob.

Bob nods politely, notices Lyn's backpack open beside him -
the large BROWN ENVELOPE visible. Tentatively Bob pokes a
finger into the open envelope. We can just see the top of a
PHOTOGRAPH. Bob cranes his neck slightly trying to peer
inside. Lyn's HAND reaches over and lifts the back-pack over
to...

THE BACK SEAT

...where he proceeds to take out the little black case and
prepare an INJECTION for himself. Lyn feels the Security
Guard beside him watching. He notices the name of the company
on the man's badge - *Krom Security*.

LYN WHEATON
(making conversation)
Krom? What's Krom?

The Security Guard continues to watch him through his
mirrored shades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SECURITY MAN
(Texan accent)
God of War.

LYN WHEATON
(interested)
Really? Norse?

SECURITY MAN
Conan the Barbarian. S'in the movie.

Lyn injects himself.

LYN WHEATON
Right.

Lyn notices the Chilean Security Guard on his other side has a tattoo on his arm - "Viva Pinochet!"

DRIVER
(suddenly)
Okay. We're in Indian Country. Check six.

The SUV's are approaching a town and other cars have appeared on the road. The Security Men on either side instantly lean out of their windows with their M-16's - aiming them at the cars which swerve out of their way in fear.

NIXON
(To Bob)
I was pretty down for a while about not getting any trigger time in this war Bob, but you know what I've learnt? Our greatest weapon against evil is *commerce*. When these people have quality consumer items they will no longer want to kill Americans.

He turns to gaze at the TOWN they are now driving into.

NIXON (CONT'D)
We're not gonna rest until there's a satellite dish on every one of those roofs.

Behind him the sound of CARS BRAKING AND SWERVING continues.

EXT. TOWN - GAS STATION - DAY

A LONG line of cars are waiting for gas - Iraqi men, women and children, suffering in the heat. Many of them have been there for hours. The SUVs approach.

INSIDE THE SUV

The driver of the first SUV radios Nixon's car.

FIRST DRIVER (O.S.)

(Over radio)

We've got a line for the gas station here. Are we waiting?

NIXON'S DRIVER

(into radio)

Negative. We'd be way too exposed. We're taking the station. Go in fangs out.

He accelerates.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

...as the two SUV's roar up, horns blaring, M-16's bristling from the windows. The lead SUV rams the car at the head of the line and sweeps it out of its path. Nixon's SUV barrels through the gap and screeches to a halt by the pumps. The THREE SECURITY MEN roll out showily, machine guns ready.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN

Secure the perimeter!

The men fan out to the corners of the station, while the first SUV blocks the road and more SECURITY pile out, guns raised to cover the line of cars. There are howls of protest from the waiting Iraqis.

Inside the SUV Bob, Lyn and Mahmud watch in astonishment.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN (CONT'D)

Give her the go-juice, Eddy!

CHILEAN SECURITY MAN

I filled her up last time.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN

Bullshit.

NIXON

(cheerfully, out of the window)

He did fill her up last time Gary.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN

With respect sir, bull-fucking-shit. I tanked her last time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD SECURITY MAN
Every time! Can we get some sort of
fucking system so we don't...

We hear a sudden, sharp POPPING sound. Immediately the Men
drop into CROUCHES, scanning the area.

TEXAN SECURITY MAN
(yelling)
Contact! We've got contact!

He opens FIRE - IMMEDIATE CHAOS: people scream, duck down,
some cars reverse desperately and collide with the cars
behind. The other Security Men join in the shooting.

THIRD SECURITY MAN
(shooting)
Where? Where's the shooter?

ACROSS THE STREET

Another SUV - identical, but black, is passing, hemmed in by
traffic. A stray BULLET from the gas-station pings off it's
armor plating. Immediately it screeches to a halt and a NEW
DETACHMENT OF SECURITY MEN roll from the car - same flak-
jackets and Oakley sunglasses but different color uniforms.

NEW SECURITY MAN
(into radio)
Contact! We're under fire!

The New Detachment open FIRE blindly in the general direction
of the Station.

GAS STATION

...as bullets smack off the parked SUV.

FIRST SECURITY MAN
Two o'clock! Two o'clock!

All the Security Men turns and begin spraying bullets across
the road. Car windshields and windows explode.

INSIDE THE SUV

A scowling Nixon has slid low in his seat.

NIXON
(muttering to himself)
Trying to help you fucking savages.

Mahmud, Bob and Lyn are lying flat on the seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHMUD DAASH

My house is not far. We could walk from here.

Bob flinches as another bullet ricochets off the SUV.

BOB

Sounds good Muhammad.

MAHMUD DAASH

Mahmud.

GAS STATION

As machine-gun fire from across the street strafes the station and Nixon's Security men return fire blindly.

FIRST SECURITY MAN

(yelling into Radio)

Krom One this is Freedom Frontier. We are under attack. This is a FUBAR situation. Requesting Kiowa!

Behind him Lyn, Bob and Mahmud crawl across the station on their hands and knees, bullets zipping past them.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mahmud leads Bob and Lyn at a crouching run down the street, amongst the crowd of Iraqis fleeing the gunfire behind them. We hear the *whup-whup* of a helicopter as a Kiowa Warrior passes over head.

Moments later we hear an EXPLOSION as the helicopter opens fire with a MISSILE...

INT. MAHMUD'S HOUSE - EVENING

TRACKING along a wall, past a crooked WEDDING PORTRAIT - a smiling Mahmud and WIFE, the glass broken...

BOB (V.O.)

Muhammad led us to his home which it turned out had been robbed in his absence.

We TRACK past a row of BULLET HOLES in the wall, a section of smoke damaged wall paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And also accidentally set on fire by a US
 tank. Neighbors told him his wife had
 left, they weren't sure where she had
 gone.

We reach Bob, Lyn and Mahmud eating at a low table. The
 windows behind them have been partially boarded up. Mahmud is
 sunk into a profound depression. Lyn looks tired, pale. They
 eat in awkward silence.

LYN WHEATON
 What is this?

MAHMUD DAASH
Taameeyah.

LYN WHEATON
 They're really good.

Bob nods politely. Mahmud nods, sighs.

BOB (V.O.)
 I understood he was going through a lot,
 but considering we had saved him from
 kidnapers I still thought his welcome
 could have been a little warmer.

Lyn clears his throat.

LYN WHEATON
 I'm very sorry for running you over, sir.

Mahmud shrugs.

MAHMUD DAASH
 It was an accident.

LYN WHEATON
 (Beat)
 And I apologize for that security
 detachment. Please don't think all
 Americans are like that.

Mahmud nods. Beat.

MAHMUD DAASH
 I apologize for the kidnapers.

Lyn demurs softly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYN WHEATON

Not your fault sir. I mean we get
kidnappers in America too, so...you know.
There's always, uh, *bad apples*, right?

The men eat in silence for a moment. Mahmud stares blankly at his plate, looking crumpled and lost. Bob watches him, faintly irritated. Lyn tries to think of something comforting to say.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

(carefully)

Akhir il ahzan. (May this be the last of
your sorrows.)

Mahmud looks at him, startled perhaps by the unexpected Arabic phrase.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Did I say it wrong?

Mahmud shakes his head, moved but embarrassed.

MAHMUD DAASH

No...that was right.

They eat in silence.

INT. MAHMUD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lyn and Bob are sharing a bed. Bob looks out of the window and notices a CLOUD over the moon. He concentrates on it, trying to "bust" it. Nothing happens. He sighs, looks over to Lyn who is staring at a row of bullet-holes that cross the wall.

BOB

You okay?

LYN WHEATON

I don't know. Sometimes it feels like
they're always going to win.

BOB

They?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

People try to build something of their lives, something lasting, something good... but there's always the ones who want to smash it up...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

An OFFICIAL examines a REPORT.

BOB (V.O.)

Lyn was thinking about Larry Swann, but in fairness, while most people agree that the Hockstader Affair was the beginning of the end for the Jedis, their eccentricities had already brought them to the attention of the Army Chief of Staff for Intelligence, who had been alarmed by certain stories he'd heard.

INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

A JEDI - TIM KEELER - lies on the couch in a TRANCE, Jim sitting beside him with pen and paper.

BOB (V.O.)

For example, there was Tim Keeler who, on being asked to ascertain the whereabouts of General Manuel Noriega, had replied...

Tim jerks awake from his trance.

TIM KEELER

(firmly)

Ask Angela Lansbury.

JIM CHANGO

(beat)

What's that Tim?

TIM KEELER

Ask Angela Lansbury.

Jim looks up to an CIA AGENT observing from the next room. The Agent frowns.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jim waits a little anxiously. The CIA Agent walks up to him.

CIA AGENT
We asked Angela Lansbury.

JIM CHANGO
And?

CIA AGENT
She said she didn't know where General Noriega was.

INT. JIM CHANGO'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim is comforting a sobbing Jedi - GREG NANCY.

BOB (V.O.)
Or there was the time Greg Nancy was psychically spying on a Russian base and sensed the ghostly presence of a female KGB psychic spy, called Olga Michkov, who was busy spying on the Jedi Unit. Greg had claimed that the two had begun a psychic affair, meeting in a parallel dimension, despite the potential security breach this represented. His wife had taken the affair seriously enough to leave and charge him with conduct unbecoming an officer.

GREG NANCY
I can't break it off, sir! I love Olga!

INT. STAFF CAR - FORT BRAGG - DAY

MAJOR GENERAL RUSSELL is being driven through the base. As he stares out of the window his expression suddenly changes to one of amazement.

BOB (V.O.)
Or there was the time Major General Russell was visiting the base and saw Jedi trainee Clifford Kendrick...

RUSSELL'S P.O.V - we are driving past the training course. A bare-chested, long-haired KENDRICK is dancing around a wooden pole to which he is attached by two long wires and metal hooks which are stuck in his bleeding nipples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)
 ...practising the ancient Sun Dance of
 the Sioux Nation.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

A group of PENTAGON OFFICIALS sit around, listening, as a report is read out.

BOB (V.O.)
 Or, perhaps most damning of all, General
 Stubendeck's own progress report for the
 Pentagon which began...

OFFICIAL
 (reading)
 "I am the Mullet Man. I live with, fish
 for, and push the cause of the mullet,
 because he is a "low-class fish." He is
 simple. He is honest. He does damn near
 all the work..."

INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG - DAY

Jim is introducing a young, fresh-faced recruit - LIEUTENANT
 NORM HOCKSTADER to the other Jedis.

BOB (V.O.)
 The Jedis survived such minor scandals,
 protected, it was rumored, by a President
 who was a fan of both the Star Wars films
 and the paranormal himself. But then,
 one summer, a young, likeable Lieutenant
 called Norman Hockstader was recruited to
 the New World Army...

Larry Swann examines the new recruit with interest.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Larry and Norm are jogging together, deep in conversation.

BOB (V.O.)
 Larry Swann wasted no time befriending
 the newcomer. Desperate to compete with
 Lyn, Larry had been doing research into
 the infamous CIA MK-ULTRA experiments
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
which he believed could enhance his own
psychic powers.

INT. REMOTE VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Norm sits on the couch, smiling innocently as Larry wheels an ELECTRONIC DEVICE on wheels over to the couch.

BOB
All he needed was a lab rat to try them
out on, check if they were safe.

Larry, making sure Norm can't see, is slipping a TAB of LSD into a DRINK. He gives the glass a quick stir and turns, smiling, to Norm with it.

LATER

Norm lies tripping on the couch, rigid, wide-eyed, wearing headphones, connected to the electronic device, which emit disturbing electronic frequencies.

Larry stands at the light switch, turning the red bulb overhead on and off, eagerly watching Norm's reaction - a modern day Frankenstein.

BOB (V.O.)
It turned out they weren't.

CLOSE ON LARRY - LATER

...cowering terrified under the couch, as the sound of GUNSHOTS fill the room. Norm's NAKED LEGS stride past him.

EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

A NAKED AND DEMENTED NORM walks through the base, firing random shots at scattering soldiers with his Beretta. He finds Jim blocking his way.

JIM CHANGO
(gently)
Norm? Give me the gun, Norm.

Norm starts to cry. Then he puts the gun into his mouth...

INT. DISCIPLINARY HEARING - DAY

Norm's father - MAJOR GENERAL HOCKSTADER - stares fixedly to where Jim and General Stubendeck sit in the hearing - his expression filled with icy rage.

BOB (V.O.)

Norm's father, who it turned out was pretty high up in the Pentagon, wanted blood. Although the Jedis were pretty sure Larry was responsible, nothing could be proved and when he was called to the disciplinary hearing Larry made sure to smear Jim with everything he could...

LARRY TALKING BEFORE THE HEARING

...looking every inch the neat, professional soldier.

LARRY SWANN

Lieutenant Colonel Chango used funds from the project's black budget to procure prostitutes...

The OFFICIALS listening register shock and dismay. Jim stands up, outraged.

JIM CHANGO

That's a lie!

LARRY SWANN

...and also drugs for himself and his men.

Jim jumps to his feet again.

JIM CHANGO

That's a...(catches himself) Well the hooker thing is *definitely* a lie!

LATER

Jim is giving evidence.

JIM CHANGO

There's no question of Lieutenant Hockstader having been simply "following orders." None of my men follow orders. I always teach them to question authority.

The OFFICIALS once more register shock and dismay.

THE DISCIPLINARY OFFICER

...is reading from the Bible.

DISCIPLINARY OFFICER

(grimly)

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination...or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer..." Deuteronomy 18, 10-11.

He snaps the Bible shut. Everyone looks at Jim who thinks about this.

JIM CHANGO

Yeah...I've done pretty much all of those I think.

The OFFICIALS look at him as if he were SATAN himself.

BOB (V.O.)

General Stubendeck resigned. Jim received a dishonorable discharge.

EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

Jim, a broken man, is walking off the base. He reaches the gates and sees Lyn waiting for him.

JIM CHANGO

Continue the work, Lyn. The World needs the Jedis, now more than ever.

Lyn can't speak. Jim hugs him and walks off, the gates closing after him.

INT. FORT BRAGG - BARBERSHOP - DAY

The Jedis sit having their hair shaved with electric clippers. The Jedi's NEW COMMANDER - MAJOR VOELTZ - not a shred of New Age sympathy in his regulation heart - walks down the line, examining his men coldly.

BOB (V.O.)

After Jim left, Major Voeltz of Special Forces took command of the Jedis.

Lyn stares at his reflection as his long hair falls to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And nothing was ever the same again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bob wakes up, listening to the sound of Lyn's laboured breathing.

Across the room Lyn sits, sweating with pain, preparing an injection. We see he has used the LAST OF THE MEDICINE. He injects himself, his breathing beginning to ease and sits staring at the empty VIAL. Bob watches for a moment then shuts his eyes, feigning sleep.

EXT. TOWN - ROAD - MORNING

Lyn and Bob are waiting on the quiet road which is studded with burnt out CARS. Lyn is smoking, lost in thought. Bob stretches and sighs, sits on a mound of earth by the roadside. He squints up at the rising sun, then realizes he is sitting on a CARDBOARD SIGN and pulls it out from under him. He examines the Arabic writing, idly and without comprehension.

The sign is translated in SUBTITLES - *Adult male, small girl, in blue pick-up.*

He notices that other similar mounds of earth line the roadside, each with a cardboard sign. He stares puzzled.

Mahmud drives a HUMMER out of a warehouse and stops, staring at Bob, his face darkening with rage. He blasts the horn.

BOB
(puzzled)
What?

Mahmud jumps out of the car, runs at Bob and begins to drag him from the mound, yelling in Arabic.

BOB (CONT'D)
What the *hell*...?

Upset and angry, Mahmud shoves at Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)
(outraged)
Get off me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lyn notices a wisp of BLACK HAIR projecting from the mound, fluttering faintly on the morning breeze. He gets in between Mahmud and Bob.

LYN WHEATON
Okay! Okay!

BOB
(angry)
What's your problem Mohammad? We saved your ass you ungrateful sonofbitch!

MAHMUD DAASH
MAHMUD! MY NAME IS MAHMUD!

The two men glare at each other.

LYN WHEATON
(softly)
He didn't understand sir. He didn't understand.

Mahmud seem to crumple once more into his misery. He nods wearily, hands Lyn the car keys.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
I really appreciate this.

INT. HUMMER - MOMENTS LATER

Lyn watches Mahmud in the mirror as they drive away. He stands in the middle of the road, staring at his feet. Bob looks out of the window at the mounds of earth they are passing.

BOB
(uncomfortable)
How was I to know?

They drive on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - ROAD - DAY

As the Hummer cuts across the landscape.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - ROAD - LATER

The Hummer has pulled over at a junction.

INSIDE THE HUMMER

Lyn sits staring out at the emptiness, looking, perhaps for the first time, worried.

BOB
(peevish)
Jesus Christ. We could'a *bought* a map if you'd said.

LYN WHEATON
Bedouins have been navigating this desert for centuries without maps. You can use a wrist-watch in conjunction with the sun.

BOB
Well?

LYN WHEATON
What?

BOB
(exasperated)
Well...use your *watch*.

LYN WHEATON
I haven't got a watch.

BOB
Oh for the love of...Here...

He gives Lyn his watch. Lyn looks at the watch and turns to stare at Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)
What?

LYN WHEATON
This is a *digital* watch, Bob.

BOB
So? That's...

LYN WHEATON
So you need a watch with *hands* for Christ's sake!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Well how the hell am I supposed to know?
You're the navigation expert here. You
told me you could find the way.

LYN WHEATON

Will, if you'd just be quiet for a...

BOB

Turns out you haven't even got a watch!
Now what the hell are we...

LYN WHEATON

Will you shut up? I don't *need* a watch.
I'm using Level Two.

BOB

(Beat)
What?

LYN WHEATON

Level Two. Intuition. We were trained to
make correct decisions. Somebody runs up
to you and says "There's a fork in the
road. Do we turn left or do we turn
right? And you go...(snapping his
fingers) "We go right!"

Bob stares at him.

BOB

Just...instant?

LYN WHEATON

Instant. (Snapping his fingers) Just like
that.

BOB

WE'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR HALF AN
HOUR! HOW'S THAT "INSTANT?"

Lyn abruptly starts the engine and takes the right turn.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, it's *that* way?

LYN WHEATON

(grimly)
Yes. It's *this* way.

BOB

Right. Now you know.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

HIGH ANGLE

Below us the Hummer drives off into the empty landscape, getting smaller and smaller. Then...

BOOM. We see the flash of the explosion and the Hummer is flipped like a toy car. A ribbon of black smoke rises into the blue sky. Silence.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

BOB's P.O.V - We are stumbling forward towards a sand berm. We hear the sound of heavy breathing.

BOB (O.S.)
(croaking)
What...what happened?

Lyn is staggering over the sand with Bob on his back. He is holding his backpack. Bob has a gash on his forehead which is bleeding. Under the blood his face is white. In the distance, behind them, we can see the column of black smoke rising.

LYN WHEATON
IED.

BOB
(Beat)
What?

LYN WHEATON
Improvised Explosive Device.

BOB
Oh Jesus.

LYN WHEATON
You're okay Bob. It's gonna be okay.

BOB
I can't believe this. Great fucking intuition Lyn. I can't...put me down. I can walk. Put me down.

Lyn puts Bob down. Bob keels sideways onto the sand and lies there, wheezing.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh, Jeez. Oh, Jeez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

Alright, c'mon...

He hauls Bob to his feet, puts his baseball cap on him and pulls him onto his back. Bob hangs there limply as Lyn sets off again.

Lyn reaches up and gropes at Bob's face, removing his spectacles. Bob doesn't notice.

BOB

Where are we going? We should stay with the car so the army can find us.

LYN WHEATON

Fedayeen will find us first.

BOB

Well, I disagree. I totally disagree. (Beat) The Federal what?

LYN WHEATON

Fedayeen Saddam. Paramilitary. Fellas who probably laid the IED. They could be on their way now. Hold this Bob.

He passes Bob his backpack. They stagger on in silence for a moment, Bob jogging up and down on Lyn's back. Lyn snaps the legs off Bob's glasses, uses them as improvised *divining rods* to scan the sand ahead.

BOB

What are you doing?

LYN WHEATON

Could be IED's or mines around here. I'm checking for disturbances in the telluric current.

BOB

(still dazed)

Are they my glasses?

Lyn doesn't answer, keeps on walking, struggling a little under the weight. Beat.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jesus, it's hot. I'm so hot. (Beat)
Aren't you hot?

LYN WHEATON

(not unkindly)

Bob?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

It's pretty important you keep your mouth closed, okay? You can lose a lot of water through an open mouth.

He staggers on with him.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Bob trails after Lyn, his shirt tied around his head, breathing hard. Lyn is still scanning the sand.

BOB

I can't breathe properly. I can't...Oh boy...

He staggers, manages not to fall.

LYN WHEATON

You're okay.

BOB

I think I'm bleeding to death.

LYN WHEATON

You're not bleeding to death, Bob. It's shock, okay? It's just the shock. It'll pass. You're gonna be okay.

BOB

If we'd stayed at the road we would be safe now! Now we've got no water, no food or, or... (noticing Lyn's scanning) Will you forget about the fucking tantric currents?

LYN WHEATON

(patiently)

You're going to be okay.

BOB

Stop saying that! I just got blown up! I'm in the middle of a desert! I'M NOT GONNA BE OKAY!

LYN WHEATON

Bob, you're suffering from shock. If you start panicking now your heart's gonna stop.

Bob stares after him incredulously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

(losing it)

Is that...is that supposed to *calm me down?! (hurrying after him)* You know what color the seats were in the frigging hotel but you can't...you wanna observe something Lyn? Observe the fucking bomb in the middle of the road!

Lyn walks on without answering. Bob notices the sun is sinking.

BOB (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. That's west. Al Qaim's in that direction. We're going the wrong way.

LYN WHEATON

The mission isn't in Al Qaim. It's somewhere *near* Al Qaim.

BOB

Where?

LYN WHEATON

(Beat)

I don't know.

Bob is so staggered by this for a moment he can't speak.

BOB

Is that...is that...is that a *joke*? We've come six hundred miles and you don't know *where we're going*?

LYN WHEATON

(still walking)

I have to *find* someone, okay Bob? That's my mission. I have to find someone, *psychically*, and then...*physically*. If the exact whereabouts of the Target was known it wouldn't take a Jedi to find them, would it?

BOB

(angry)

Well, you ARE a Jedi, right Lyn? So you tell me, where IS the target?

Lyn whirls around.

LYN WHEATON

I DON'T KNOW! (Beat)OKAY?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bob stops, startled by how pale and drawn Lyn looks, clearly struggling with pain and something new - fear.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

I don't know where he is. I know there's a secret base somewhere around here, but something...something's not right...I can't...

He staggers and falls.

BOB

Lyn!

Bob rushes to him, kneels beside him. Lyn clutches his stomach, grimaces.

LYN WHEATON

I need morphine.

BOB

What's the matter with you?

LYN WHEATON

I'm dying, Bob.

Bob stares at him, stunned.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

I've been murdered.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Lyn sits staring up at the immense MOON above them, the brown envelope CLUTCHED in his hands.

Bob sits watching, huddled against the cold, in the shelter of some rocks. Lyn gets up, stumbles back over to him and lies down, struggling for breath, white with pain.

LYN WHEATON

It's gone Bob. I can't find him. It's the curse.

BOB

What curse?(Beat) Ed Dacey told me the Jedis were trained to kill animals with their minds. (Beat) He said one man killed a goat just by staring at it. Is that true Lyn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

(Beat. With profound sadness)
 Yes. It's true. And I'll tell you something Bob. When that goat died, everything the Jedis stood for died with it. They took this... *beautiful thing* we'd been building and they corrupted it. The New World Army was destroyed.

BOB

Who destroyed it?

Lyn stares at the stars above, remembering, grief stricken.

LYN WHEATON

I did.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EX-MESS HALL - FORT BRAGG - DAY

The Jedis, now indistinguishable from other soldiers, stand white-washing over the COSMIC MURALS. Major Voeltz stands watching.

MAJOR VOELTZ

Yoga is not the business of the US Army, ladies. *Drumming circles* are not the business of the Army. And love and peace is most certainly *not* the business of the Army. So you girls better start thinking about how you CAN engage in the business of the United States Army, which, in case you have forgotten, involves *winning fucking wars!*

BOB (V.O.)

When the dust of the Hockstader Affair had settled it revealed a surprising victor.

INT. MAJOR VOELTZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry stands to attention in front of Voeltz, a REPORT held under one arm.

BOB (V.O.)

Major Voeltz regarded Larry Swann as a patriotic whistle-blower and the one sound fruit in an otherwise dubious barrel of apples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY SWANN

It's some scientific research I've done for possible *offensive* psi applications sir. (Beat) I did show the report to Lieutenant Colonel Chango, but he didn't seem interested.

Voeltz snorts angrily.

MAJOR VOELTZ

(muttering)

I bet he wasn't.

He takes the report and begins to look through it. Pause. He looks up slowly at Larry.

MAJOR VOELTZ (CONT'D)

We have men who can do this?

LARRY SWANN

(a sly smile)

I think I know one sir.

Voeltz ponders the report, tempted.

MAJOR VOELTZ

But we don't have the resources.

LARRY SWANN

Well sir...there is goat lab?

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY

The building we saw at the top of the film. A hundred GOATS stare silently at us.

BOB (V.O.)

Goat Lab was originally created as a clandestine laboratory to provide in-the-field surgical training for Special Forces soldiers.

We BOOM down to reveal that many of the goats have their legs in PLASTER.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The goats would get shot in the leg with a bolt gun and then a trainee would have to dress the wound successfully. Goat lab actually used to be called Dog Lab...

SMALL DOG STARING AT US

...with big, brown eyes.

BOB (V.O.)

But it turned out most soldiers didn't
feel good shooting dogs in the leg...

A SOLDIER stares doubtfully down at the dog, bolt-gun in
hand.

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

A LARGE BOAT crammed with GOATS floats in the ocean. TITLES
read "*South pacific, off Bikini Atoll, 1946*"

BOB (V.O.)

...whereas the army had long felt fine
about doing stuff to goats - even testing
atomic weapons on them.

We hear the drone of an AEROPLANE high, high above. Some of
the goats look up...

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY

Lyn stands facing the goats. Voeltz and Swann watch him. Lyn
STARES. One of the goats STARES BACK. Lyn STARES. The goat
STARES BACK. Lyn STARES.

And the Goat falls over.

MAJOR VOELTZ

(softly)
Holy shit.

Beat. The goat gets back up, shakes itself and walks off. Lyn
slumps.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Bob listens transfixed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

This was the real deal, Bob. I was at the Gateway. Afterwards I realized I'd got injured.

BOB

Huh?

LYN WHEATON

Sympathetic injury I guess. I was bruised all over.

BOB

So, it's not that the goat fought back?

LYN WHEATON

(sadly)

Goat didn't have a chance.

BOB

But...that was it?

LYN WHEATON

I wish it was. Swann told Voeltz we should try the experiment again. Only this time they said...kill the goat.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - DAY

Six GOATS - each wearing a NUMBERED BIB - stand in a small bare room. A SOLDIER is setting up a VIDEO CAMERA in front of them.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - SECOND ROOM -

Lyn sits in another bare room. Voeltz and Larry Swann stand watching him. Lyn is also being TAPED. A SOLDIER walks in carrying an envelope. Voeltz takes the envelope and draws from it a piece of paper. He shows it to Lyn - the number FOUR.

MAJOR VOELTZ

Take out number four.

Lyn stares at the number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)
Lyn said he had no intention of killing
the goat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Lyn flushes with indignation at the memory.

LYN WHEATON
There was no way! What had the goat ever
done to me? It was *totally* against the
way of the Jedi. I was just going to
pretend to try so they would say, "okay -
it can't be done" and forget about it.
But then, as I sat there, I felt this,
this *pulse* start inside of me and...I
couldn't *stop* it.

He turns to look at Bob, haunted.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
You know what I keep thinking?

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - LYN'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON LYN

...as he stares, concentrating.

LYN WHEATON (V.O.)
Maybe deep down inside some dark part of
me wanted to see if I *could* do it?

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - GOAT ROOM - DAY

VIDEO FOOTAGE

Grainy, flickering black and white footage of the six goats
in the room. Suddenly one of them goes down.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - LYN'S ROOM - DAY

A soldier runs into the room. Voeltz, Swann and Lyn turn to
him, the atmosphere electric with dread and anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
(solemnly)
The goat is dead.

The three men stare at him.

MAJOR VOELTZ
(hoarsely)
Goat number four?

SOLDIER
(surprised)
No. Number five.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Bob stares at Lyn aghast.

BOB
Collateral damage?

LYN WHEATON
(eyes glistening)
Collateral damage. (Beat) That was it.
I'd used my powers for evil and it was
like I brought a curse upon us all. Like
that poem where the guy kills the seagull
and they make him wear it round his neck.
Every night I'd dream of that goat in its
little bib, it's mouth opening and
closing but nothing coming out...

Bob shakes his head, stares out into the darkness.

BOB
The silence of the goats.

Lyn flicks a suspicious glance at Bob, but is reassured by
his solemn expression.

LYN WHEATON
I finished my tour and I quit. I walked
out of the unit and I never went back.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

Lyn, wearing civilian clothes and holding a suitcase, is
walking off the base. He reaches the gates and turns for one
last look at the place that has been his home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (V.O.)
But before he could leave Larry arranged
one last parting gift.

Lyn tuns back to the gates and finds Larry Swann standing in
front of him, looking WIRED.

LYN WHEATON
What do you wan...?

Before he can finish Larry CHOPS his hand down in an odd blow
onto Lyn's forehead. Lyn staggers back a little, holding his
head.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
What the *hell*?

Larry has already darted around him with a crazy laugh and is
running madly back into the base. Lyn stares after him,
stunned.

LYN WHEATON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was the *Dim Mak*.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Bob looks at Lyn, puzzled.

BOB
The *Dim Mak*?

LYN WHEATON
The *Dim Mak*. The Quivering Palm. The
Death Touch. It's like this legendary,
martial arts move. It was forbidden in
the New World Army. Larry had got it from
a mail-order book.

BOB
What does the Death Touch do?

LYN WHEATON
(Beat, patiently)
It kills you Bob. With one touch.

BOB
Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

There's a story that Wong Wifu, great Chinese martial artist, had a fight with some guy and had him beat when the guy gave him this light *tap*, and Wong looked at him and the guy just nodded. That was it. He'd given him the death touch and Wong died.

BOB

Then and there?

LYN WHEATON

No. Eighteen years later. That's the weird thing with *Dim Mak* - you never know when it's going to take effect.

BOB

But...you don't think...? You've got cancer Lyn. You told me so yourself.

LYN WHEATON

The doctors *call* it cancer Bob. But I know what it is. It's the *touch*.

EXT. ARKANSAS - TRAILER HOME - DAY

Lyn sits on the steps of the rusting trailer, bearded, smoking, drinking. A mess.

BOB (V.O.)

Nothing went well for Lyn from then on. He drifted through years of dead-end jobs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Lyn drives a beat up car down the Pacific Coast Highway.

BOB (V.O.)

When he had saved up enough money he'd head for the west coast, trying to find Jim. He heard a rumor that his former teacher had fallen on hard times, taken to drink...

INT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim, odd-looking in an ill-fitting suit, is making a pitch in front of a large illustration of four HIPPIY-LOOKING MEN holding lambs.

BOB (V.O.)
 ...had even sunk so low as to pitch a cartoon, based on the New World Army, to Hannah Barbera...

The watching EXECUTIVES look nonplussed.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But they hadn't dug it. After that Jim's trail went cold. Until one day, not long after he'd been diagnosed with cancer, Lyn found him.

INT. MONTEREY BAR - DAY

TV SCREEN

JIM CHANGO - older, bewildered, a shadow of his former self, comes out of a GYM, filmed by a NEWS CREW outside.

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.)
 In April 2001, Martial Arts instructor Jim Chango welcomed a new student to his class.

Lyn sits, a bottle half-raised to his lips as he stares at the TV in the corner of the bar.

ON TV

A SHOT OF JIM, staring uncertainly at the camera as he is interviewed.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
 What did you teach him?

JIM CHANGO
 (reluctantly)
 The choke hold. And the kamikaze spirit.

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.)
 Jim also gave his new student a copy of a knife combat manual.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We know this because the student - Ziad Jarrah - left the manual in his motel room, on September 1st, shortly before he took control of United Airlines flight 93, the plane that went down in a field in Pennsylvania on its way to Washington DC.

THE CAMERA CLOSES on JIM'S FACE.

JIM CHANGO

(faraway)

I liked him. He said he was a businessman, wanted to learn how to defend himself. He was humble, very quiet...

Lyn watches, his heart breaking.

EXT. SANTA CRUZ - GYM - DAY

Lyn gets out of his car and walks up to the Gym - the same one we saw in the news clip.

INT. GYM - DAY

Lyn is talking to a surly BODY-BUILDER.

BODYBUILDER

You a reporter?

LYN WHEATON

No. I'm an old friend of Jim's. Could you tell me where he is?

BODYBUILDER

(Beat)

He's gone, man. He's dead.

Lyn stares at him.

LYN WHEATON

What?

BODYBUILDER

Took an overdose.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Lyn is falling asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

That was it for me. Everything was over.
Until I got my mission.

His reaches out his hand for Bob's.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Bob. I'm sorry I dragged you
out here. I wanted someone to tell the
people, tell them what happened. I
just...I didn't want to breathe my last
in some shitty trailer. I wanted to die
like a Jedi.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

Lyn is asleep. Bob sits watching the sun rise. A lone CLOUD
floats in the sky. Bob STARES at the cloud, focuses,
desperate, hopeful...

Slowly, the cloud fades and DISAPPEARS.

A look of WONDER crosses Bob's face. We hear the opening of
Boston's *Foreplay*.

BOB HAULING LYN TO HIS FEET

...as the track continues. Lyn protests faintly.

BOB

C'mon Lyn! You've got a mission to
complete.

BOB, LYN ON HIS BACK

...facing the empty landscape all around him, no idea which
way to go. Bob closes his eyes.

BOB

(to himself)
Feel the way.

Abruptly he picks a direction and sets off...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

The music swells - epic, ridiculous - as Bob staggers across the endless dunes with Lyn on his back. Bob is sweating, struggling, resolute, facing adversity.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Bob staggers up a berm, Lyn still on his back. He falls, gets up, staggers on...

DISSOLVE TO:

HIGH ANGLE

...rushing over the ocean of sand towards Bob and Lyn, crawling like tiny insects below us.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Bob is on his last legs, face burnt by the sun, parched, dragging one foot in front of another. He manages one more step. Then one more. Then he falls to his knees, Lyn rolling from his back. He kneels in the sand, dazed, finished...

Then a blade of GRASS flutters past on a gentle breeze. Bob stares at the strip of VIVID GREEN - the first we have seen for a long time, feeling cool air on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

BOB DRAGGING LYN UP A BERM

...until we crest the top and see an impossible vision - the Euphrates River - immense, beautiful flowing across the desert below - belts of palm trees and long grasses edging its banks.

DISSOLVE TO:

BOB DRAGGING LYN THROUGH THE GRASS

...to where a small BOAT is tied up on the bank.

DISSOLVE TO:

OVERHEAD SHOT

...as the boat is carried by the current down the river. Bob and Lyn lie in the bottom, exhausted, staring up at us.

IN THE BOAT

Bob opens the brown envelope and takes out a smiling, head-shot of an older LARRY SWANN. The photograph is captioned - *Larry Swann, Founder of Psychic Systems International Corp.*

Lyn's eyes flicker open, watching Bob.

BOB
Larry Swann?

LYN WHEATON
It's his fault Bob. Jim's suicide. All of it.

BOB
(fearfully)
What's your mission, Lyn?

LYN WHEATON
(faintly)
Find him. (Beat) And kill him.

Bob stares at him in horror.

BOB
(beat)
Who gave you the mission?

LYN WHEATON
I did.

He closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE RIVER

...as the boat drifts on.

INSIDE THE BOAT

Bob, slipping in and out of consciousness, stares up at the burning sky. We hear a dull roaring, muffled, growing in volume. The silhouette of a HELICOPTER grows out of the immense fire of the sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A SOLDIER is using a first aid kit to treat Lyn. Bob stares down to the buildings they are flying towards - an old FACTORY COMPLEX. It could be a disused building, except for the new perimeter fence around it and the large AERIAL projecting from the roof.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE - RADIO STATION - DAY

An overweight SOLDIER is DJ'ing at the sound desk, reading from a script.

ARMY BROADCASTER
(in Arabic, subtitled)
In America if I do not like my cell-phone company I change them. I am in charge. This is consumer power. This is democracy. Let us work together for that. And please stop shooting at those who are only here to help. This is an old one from Cat Stevens.

A PRODUCER gestures frantically.

ARMY BROADCASTER (CONT'D)
(correcting himself)
Yusef Islam. That's Yusef Islam.

He presses a button. Cat Stevens *Trouble* begins to play. The DJ nods along.

INT. BASE - OFFICE - DAY

A totally, unremarkable OFFICE. MAJOR BOYNE and a younger CORPORAL are talking to Bob as he eats.

MAJOR BOYNE
Project what?

BOB
Jedi?

The Major raises an eyebrow at the Corporal who smirks.

BOB (CONT'D)
They were developing special powers for the New World Army.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR BOYNE

(dead-pan)

The New World Army. (Beat) What kind of powers?

BOB

Uh...noticing how many, you know, chairs and things were in a room...

The two men stare at him.

BOB (CONT'D)

Also how to walk through walls and be invisible. (Beat) And I saw him make a cloud disappear. (Beat) And he has this plastic *blob*...

He trails off, growing embarrassed.

BOB (CONT'D)

Well, he said there was a secret base around here, and here you are...

MAJOR BOYNE

This is a Psyops Unit, Mr Wilton.

BOB

(hopefully)

Psy for Psychic?

MAJOR BOYNE

Psy for Psychological. We broadcast radio programs, print leaflets. Nothing secret. We're always open to the press. I'll be happy to show you around before you leave. I have to tell you son, I've been with Special Operations Command for twenty years and I have never heard of Project Jedi. To my knowledge the army has never employed the Fantastic Four.

BOB

But, he said it was a Black Op. So you wouldn't know about it.

MAJOR BOYNE

People *walking through walls*, Bob?

BOB

Well, the wall is mainly space. And we are mainly space, so...(Beat) Anyway, he just said they were *trying* to do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAJOR BOYNE

(patiently)

Bob. Think about it. If we had spent decades trying to train men to walk through walls and be invisible, that would imply that there were some pretty crazy people in charge of America. Do you really think that's likely?

Beat. Bob considers this possibility.

CORPORAL

We ran a security check on Mister Wheaton, sir.

He passes the report to Bob. Bob starts to read it. He frowns.

INT. BASE - ROOM - DAY

Lyn sits up in bed, eating. He looks a lot better.

BOB

You're the Chief Salesman for DeWitt Plastics? You were in Kuwait to attend the conference?

LYN WHEATON

Yes.

BOB

But...you told me that was your cover!

LYN WHEATON

It *IS* my cover!

BOB

You've been working there *seven years* Lyn! That's pretty *deep* fucking cover!

LYN WHEATON

What I mean is - yes, I DO work for DeWitt, BUT coming to the conference was NOT my real purpose in coming to the Middle East. Okay?

BOB (CONT'D)

Have you been in a psychiatric hospital, Lyn?

LYN WHEATON

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
Well they said...

LYN WHEATON
Is that what this is now? I'm crazy? I've made everything up, right?

BOB
(unhappy)
I don't know. I don't know *what* to think.

Lyn studies Bob, disappointed.

LYN WHEATON
(Beat)
You know what a Jedi's greatest power is Bob? (Beat) *Faith.*

INT. BASE - RADIO STATION - DAY

The CORPORAL is showing Bob and a sullen Lyn around the sound booth, rattling away - the official tour.

CORPORAL
Psyops serve as force providers. When there is a requirement - a crisis requirement - we are tasked to send PsyOpers forward to support...

Bob notices a poster which reads "*Psyops: Surrender Appeals. Crowd Control. Tactical Deception. Harassment.*"

CORPORAL (CONT'D)
The senior commander or manoeuvre commander or area commander is never a Psyops officer. We are always a support force...

Bob has picked up a LEAFLET. The Corporal grins, forgetting his speech for a moment.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)
Oh, that's an Iraqi Psyops leaflet they dropped on us.

BOB
(reading)
"American Soldier - your wives are back home having sex with Bart Simpson and Bert Reynolds."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORPORAL

Yeah, hadn't 'zactly done their homework there...

He picks another leaflet.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)

That is one of our most successful products. Unfulfilled need and desired behavior.

BOB

(reading)

"Any unit that chooses to use Weapons of Mass Destruction will face swift and severe retribution by coalition forces."

CORPORAL

Their unfulfilled need was that they didn't want to face severe retribution. And our desired behavior was that we didn't want them to use weapons of mass destruction.

He looks meaningfully at Bob.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)

And weapons of mass destruction were *not* used on American forces, so...pretty effective.

BOB

You don't think, maybe...? Oh, never mind.

Lyn is inspecting a collection of CD's.

CORPORAL

Designed for battle-field speaker system deployment. Primarily deception orientated. Designed to make enemy forces think they're hearing something on the battlefield that doesn't exist.

Bob picks one entitled "*Crazy Women says "My husband's never liked you!"*" The Corporal obligingly slips it into a CD Player.

CRAZY SOUNDING WOMAN (O.S.)

(over CD Player)

My husband's never liked you!

Beat. Bob and Lyn stare at the Corporal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORPORAL
We purchased a job lot.

EXT. BASE - DAY

The Corporal and Major Boyne are leading Bob and Lyn to a waiting helicopter.

MAJOR BOYNE
(To Bob, chuckling)
Sorry we couldn't give you a more exciting story Bob.

Lyn stares at a long LOW BUILDING they are passing. He seems to hear a faint NOISE from inside the building.

LYN WHEATON
What's that?

CORPORAL
That's our printing press facility.

Lyn nods, seemingly without much interest. They reach the helicopter, its engine firing up, props spinning, clouds of dust rising into the air.

MAJOR BOYNE
(shaking hands with Bob)
Safe journey home, gentlemen. And remember to...

He turns to Lyn who is no longer there. He is SPRINTING back to the low building.

MAJOR BOYNE (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck...

BOB
Lyn?

The Corporal sprints after Lyn, grabs his arm and is instantly THROWN to the ground. Lyn runs on.

BOB (CONT'D)
(running after him)
Lyn! You idiot! What are you doing?

Lyn reaches the sliding doors of the building and drags them open and stands staring into the gloomy interior. Bob catches him up, the Corporal and Major Boyne close behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)
Have you lost your...?

He trails off, following Lyn's gaze.

INSIDE THE BUILDING

The place is full of GOATS. A large man in an expensive suit and panama hat stands in front of them. He turns slowly to reveal LARRY SWANN, smoking a cigar.

LARRY SWANN
(smiling)
Hello Wheaton.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Larry leads Bob and Lyn down the corridor to a large metal door.

LARRY SWANN
You'll have to excuse us now, Mister
Wilton.

LYN WHEATON
He's Jedi.

Larry looks at Bob and back at Lyn.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(firmly)
He's Jedi. If he doesn't go in, I don't.

LARRY SWANN
(Beat, to Bob)
Everything in this building is
classified. You breathe a word of this to
anyone, you disappear.

He opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

The large room has been divided into grey office cubicles. The place is filled with the bustle of industrious workers - MEN in CIVILIAN CLOTHES. The corporate logo on their short-sleeved shirts reads *Psychic Systems International Corporation*. Larry is breezing through the building, with Bob and Lyn following.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY SWANN
Kinda surprised to see you here, Lyn.

LYN WHEATON
(grimly)
Why? Because you thought I'd already be
dead?

LARRY SWANN
(chuckles)
Oh, *that*... You didn't really believe in
that did you? Quivering fucking hand.
How'd you know we were here?

LYN WHEATON
I remote viewed you.

LARRY SWANN
(smiling)
Scotty Tomlin told you, didn't he?

LYN WHEATON
No.

LARRY SWANN
Yeah, he did. We told Scotty we were
coming over here, asked him if wanted
some work.

LYN WHEATON
I haven't seen Scotty.

LARRY SWANN
That's funny, because he told me he'd run
into you and mentioned that there might
be some jobs going with us over here.

Ignoring this, Lyn examines the corporate PSIC logo on the
wall.

LYN WHEATON
Sick?

LARRY SWANN
It's pronounced *Psi-Ike*.

LYN WHEATON
You're working for the Army?

Larry smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
 (with distaste)
 The Agency? You're working for the
 Agency?

LARRY SWANN
 They've out-sourced experimental research
 to us.

He leads them past ACCOUNTANT LOOKING GUYS working at
 computers in grey cubicles.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)
 (checking some paperwork)
 So why've you come Lyn?

Behind him Lyn slips the Predator out of his pocket. Bob
 tenses.

LYN WHEATON
 (closing on him)
 We were just passing by, thought we'd
 drop in...

BOB
 (hoarse)
 Lyn...?

Lyn stares at Larry's back with hate, brings up the Predator
 to strike, struggles with himself. Can he do it? Suddenly one
 of the ACCOUNTANT LOOKING GUYS working in the room comes
 over.

PSIC WORKER
 Are you Lyn Wheaton?

Lyn stares at him, thrown.

PSIC WORKER (CONT'D)
 You're the guy that killed the goat? Wow.
 You're a legend amongst us SGJ's.

LYN WHEATON
 (frowning)
 SGJ's?

PSIC WORKER
 Second Generation Jedi.

Lyn stares at him and then around him at the rows of work
 cubicles, the SUITS busily tapping away at keyboards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LYN WHEATON
My God. This is the Dark Side.

LARRY SWANN
I know someone who'd disagree with you.

He walks over to a CURTAINED ALCOVE on the wall and pulls the curtain aside.

JIM CHANGO - worn and wasted, in a polyester leisure suit, sits whirring away, eyes closed, on an EXERCISE BIKE. He lifts his head, looks at Bob.

JIM CHANGO
I knew you were coming Ben.

BOB
Bob.

JIM CHANGO
Bob.

He turns to Lyn, who stands, struck dumb.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
Hello Lyn.

INT. BASE - ROOM - LATER

Larry and Jim are showing Lyn and Bob some computer software. Some other computer programmers are nearby. Jim is now wearing the same company logo shirt and tie as the other PSIC workers. Lyn is staring fixedly at him.

LARRY SWANN
We're looking into subliminal messaging products. For example, here's one we've designed to play to our own troops before combat.

He hits a button and we hear a burst of *Wishin' and Hopin'* by Dusty Springfield.

BOB
There's a subliminal message in this?

LARRY SWANN
(reading from the computer)
This is... "Don't get drunk before firing heavy machine guns."

Lyn is still staring sullenly at Jim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

You're going to play troops Dusty
Springfield before they go into battle?

LARRY SWANN

The point is, the current administration
are looking for...*creative solutions* for
the War on Terror. (*To Worker*) Tell them
one of our new ideas.

PSIC WORKER

(instantly)
Air bag mine.

LARRY SWANN

Air bag mine. Non-lethal mine, catapults
the fucker up into air. (*To another*)
Gimme another one.

2ND PSIC WORKER

Blast target with Pheromones and then
release Attack Bees.

LARRY SWANN

Excellent. Attack Bees. The Forces of
Nature! Another.

3RD PSIC WORKER

Project Achilles. We mutilate enemy
corpses.

LARRY SWANN

We're not *doing* that anymore! (*Throwing
an eraser at the worker*) Idiot!

Jim notices that Lyn is still staring at him.

LYN WHEATON

(bitterly)
I thought you were dead.

Jim stares blearily at him - the years of heavy drinking have
taken a terrible toll.

JIM CHANGO

That was my cover.

LARRY SWANN

To be fair, it was our idea.

Jim nods, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM CHANGO

(dreamily)

But it felt kinda right. I wanted to draw a line under...under what happened. Also the whole dying and being born again - that's a very necessary stage in any Shaman's journey.

LARRY SWANN

I'm rebuilding the New World Army here - a place to *dream* - only this time we're doing it *right*. I thought it would be fun to have old Jim with us.

He pats Jim's shoulder.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

Kinda like a team Mascot. We could have a place for you too, Wheaton.

He leans in confidentially.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

We've started Remote Viewing again.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON PLAYING CARD

...the ACE OF SPADES pinned to the wall. On the card are the words *High value Target Number One* and a picture of *SADDAM HUSSEIN*.

A semi-circle of PSIC WORKERS sit before the card, wearing futuristic sensory-deprivation HELMETS - complete with ear-phones and blacked out goggles.

LARRY SWANN

These are some of the new generation of trainee Psi-Spys. After we get Saddam, we're going after Osama.

He looks around him at the rather high-tech looking room.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)

Look at this place, Lyn. We've got the latest theories, we've got the latest equipment. We serve five flavors of ice-cream and we get fresh-cut flowers flown in. And guess what? We've even got a budget for coffee. (He laughs) Pretty different from the old days, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON
How long have you been looking for him?

LARRY SWANN
(Beat, irked)
It takes time to train the new recruits
up.

We hear a sudden SNORE. One of the PSIC WORKER's head drops forward as he falls asleep. Angrily Larry slaps the back of his helmet. The Worker jumps guiltily.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)
(to Lyn)
Maybe we could use an old timer like yourself, show the youngsters how it's done. (Softly) Think about what it means if we find him. Cut off the head and the rest of the snake will die. An end to conflict. You'd be saving thousands of lives. (Beat) A Jedi once more.

Lyn considers this, uncertainty registering on his face for the first time.

LARRY SWANN (CONT'D)
(pressing his advantage)
This is the new Golden Age for Psi research, Lyn. We've got something we've never had before.

Something about Larry's smile disturbs Larry.

LYN WHEATON
What's that?

LARRY SWANN
Permission.

INT. BASE - CELL - DAY

An IRAQI PRISONER sits in the cell, staring with odd fascination at his feet.

IN ANOTHER ROOM

Lyn, Jim, Bob and Larry stand watching the man on a MONITOR SCREEN.

LYN WHEATON
(Disgusted)
What did you give him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY SWANN

Psychotropic cocktail. Just to loosen him up. See, what we have here is a new situation. New kind of war. One that isn't going to end. The question is what do you do with prisoners caught in a war that never ends? In the past you could've killed them or kept them imprisoned for good. Hard to do that now. So there's only one option left. (Beat) Change their minds. (Into microphone) Hit it boys.

IN THE CELL

The Iraqi looks up as music begins to play in the cell. It's the I LOVE YOU SONG from the kid's TV show - BARNEY.

SONG (O.S.)

I love you, you love me, we're a happy family...

The music isn't loud - the whole scene is gentle, almost whimsical...

Then BRIGHT WHITE LIGHTS begin to STROBE above the Prisoner, who begins to look terrified, and suddenly the scene isn't so whimsical anymore...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON LYN AND BOB

...watching the bewildered, drugged prisoner on the monitor. Lyn turns to look at Jim, but he is staring at the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK CORRIDOR - LATER

Larry leads the others along the corridor lined with cells.

LYN'S P.O.V - glimpses of more IRAQI PRISONERS in each cell.

LARRY SWANN

The music is a carrier system for certain modulated frequencies that can bring about specific psychological changes in the target. We're working on twenty seven different emotional responses - embarrassment, grief, sadness, vanity...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON
What was he getting?

LARRY SWANN
(smiling)
Terror.

Ahead of them a SOLDIER stands at the door of one of the cells.

IRAQI MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(weakly, from inside the cell)
156403... 156403...

SOLDIER
I CAN'T FUCKING HEAR YOU!

IRAQI MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(from inside the cell)
156403... 156403...

SOLDIER
LOUDER! FUCKING LOUDER! (as Larry passes)
Hello sir. How are you? (Into cell) I
CAN'T FUCKING HEAR YOU! LOUDER!

We can still hear the *I Love You* song echoing eerily down the corridor.

EXT. BASE - DAY

Jim sits in the sand, smoking, watching the sky turn scarlet as the sun sets. Lyn and Bob walk over. Lyn sits beside Jim, Bob stands a respectful distance away, watching. Silence.

LYN WHEATON
Mother Earth, my life support system as a
soldier, I must drink your blue water...

JIM CHANGO
(joining in)
I pray my boots will always kiss your
face and my footsteps match your
heartbeat. I am yours and you are mine.
I salute you.

Jim stares up at the sky, moved.

JIM CHANGO (CONT'D)
The Earth Prayer. Feels good to hear it
again. (Pause) You won't stay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYN WHEATON

No, we won't stay. We're leaving in the morning. (Beat) Come away with us Jim.

Jim doesn't answer.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)

Staying here with them...this isn't the way to do penance.

Beat. Lyn sighs, stands up and starts to walk back to Bob, then changes his mind and comes back. He kneels beside Jim, takes the EAGLE FEATHER from around his neck and slips it over Jim's head. He walks away. Jim stares up at the sky. He reaches up and touches the feather, his eyes wet.

INT. BASE - ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Lyn lie sleeping. The door to the room opens and a DARK FIGURE slips into the room. Lyn starts awake. Jim stands staring down at him.

JIM CHANGO

(softly)

I just saw Timothy Leary.

LYN WHEATON

(beat)

Timothy Leary's dead.

JIM CHANGO

That's right. He's had an idea.

INT. BASE - CANTEEN - MORNING

PSIC WORKERS AND PSYOPS TROOPS are all eating breakfast together - drinking coffee, talking, laughing. The food is excellent and, yes, there are even flowers in vases down the table.

We reach Bob and Lyn eating in silence. Lyn is staring over to where Jim sits on another table, enjoying his cigarette and coffee in silence. Bob watches Lyn with sympathy.

BOB

You can't save everyone Lyn.

Lyn nods, turns to look out of the window to where Larry Swann stands outside in the early morning sun, smoking a cigar and drinking coffee. He turns and notices Lyn, raises his cup, a jeering smile on his face. Lyn raises his own cup to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Larry notices something in the sand at his feet - a small insect of some kind. He begins to watch it with strange fascination. After a moment he sinks to his knees in order to get a better look at it. One of the SOLDIERS notices and starts to laugh softly. His neighbor looks at him as if he's crazy then begins to laugh himself.

BOB (CONT'D)
(watching)
What's going on?

LYN WHEATON
We put LSD in the water.

Bob turns to stare at him.

BOB
What?

LYN WHEATON
Jim and me. We put LSD in the main water tank last night. They had like bottles of the stuff.

Bob stares at his coffee cup, aghast.

BOB
But...we've drunk the water.

LYN WHEATON
Yup.

He pours himself another coffee.

ARMY BROADCASTER (O.S.)
(Into microphone)
The weather? The weather is going to be
HOT!

Through the window we see Larry get on his belly to get a better look at the bug.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING

The DJ SOLDIER we saw earlier has gone off script. The Producer is trying ineffectually to pull him away from the desk.

ARMY BROADCASTER
(Into microphone)
I'm guessing. I mean, I haven't
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARMY BROADCASTER (CONT'D)
 looked at the, the *thing* but I'd say it's
 going to be fucking HOT! Hot. Hot. Hot.

The Producer pulls and releases the DJ's headphones so they
 slap against his head and starts giggling.

ARMY BROADCASTER (CONT'D)
 That hurt Greg, you fucking dip-shit.
 (Laughing too) You fuckity fuck dip-shit
 fuck-hole. (Remembering something) Hey!
 Music!

He hits a button.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE - MORNING

CLOSE on a LOUDSPEAKER - blasting *Bat Out Of Hell* by
 Meatloaf out over the base. We BOOM down to where two
 SOLDIERS are dancing, tripping.

ALL OVER THE BASE

Soldiers are wandering around, talking, some falling to their
 knees, weak with laughter. Some stand alone, staring with a
 beatific smile at the sky.

As the music plays on a STRYKER ARMORED VEHICLE drives around
 the corner of a building, a SOLDIER standing up, arms raised,
 in the gun turret.

The Stryker screeches into a clumsy skid, the Soldier having
 to hang on. The Stryker roars off again, heading straight for
 the GATES of the base.

SOLDIER
 (calling down into the vehicle)
 You're going to hit the gates. You're
 going to hit the gates.

The Stryker veers left and smashes through the perimeter
 fence and out into the desert.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 (calmly)
 It's okay. You missed them.

INT. RADIO STATION - MORNING

The DJ and the Producer are wrestling over the sound desk,
 laughing.

INT. BASE - CORRIDOR

Bob, Lyn and Jim walk towards the cell block. Jim is taking his TIE off.

BOB

(angry)

Don't you think it might have been more sensible if we *hadn't* drunk the fucking water?

LYN WHEATON

That might have aroused suspicion.

JIM CHANGO

Don't worry Bob. Over the years I have built up a massive tolerance to all narcotics.

INT. CELL - MORNING

An IRAQI PRISONER looks up startled as the door to the cell is flung open and Jim stands, filling the doorway, bare-chested, wild-eyed and wild-haired.

JIM CHANGO

In the name of the New World Army and loving people everywhere I'm liberating this base!

EXT. BASE - LATER

As the music continues Bob, Lyn and Jim appear leading a column of nervous IRAQI PRISONERS out of the building, towards the gates. Lyn and Jim are holding BABY GOATS in their ARMS. A tripping Bob is holding bunches of flowers - it's as close as they can get to the illustration from the New World Army Manual. Lyn holds up a hand to stop the procession.

Larry stands in front of them, a GUN in his hand, his face blank.

Lyn and Larry stare at each other. Then, unexpectedly, Larry starts to cry.

LYN WHEATON

(softly)

Give me the gun Larry.

Larry starts to raise the gun to his mouth. Pauses. Scratches his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY SWANN
Wow. I'm *hungry*.

He wanders off.

ARMY DJ (O.S.)
(Over loudspeaker, laughing)
Hey! More music! (muffled) Get off, will ya?

Over the loud-speakers we hear the opening of *Wild Mountain Thyme* by The Byrds.

LYN WHEATON
(Beat, relieved)
Okay, let's go.

FLATTENED SECTION OF FENCE

Bob and Lyn stand at one side, Jim at the other, beckoning the prisoners through, hugging the prisoners as they pass through.

LYN WHEATON
We're very sorry. *Ma'assalama*.

One by one the Iraqis walk out through the broken fence, staring around them suspiciously, expecting a trap. Nothing happens, no one shoots them.

LYN WHEATON (CONT'D)
(waving)
That's it. Keep going. *Ma'assalama*.

The Iraqis start to hurry away over the sand.

Beyond them we can the Stryker, driving in circles in the desert, a NAKED SOLDIER stands whooping on top.

EXT. BASE - LATER

Bob, tripping heavily, is staring with fascination at the sand trickling through his fingers. Suddenly we hear the building whine of the HELICOPTER engine starting up. Bob looks up, puzzled.

HELICOPTER

Jim and Lyn sit in the chopper, Jim at the controls. Lyn is holding the flowers. The helicopter begins to RISE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob appears, hurrying over.

BOB
(calling)
Wait! Wait for me!

Bob stumbles and falls, lies on the ground, staring up.

Lyn smiles sadly through the window, raises his hand.

The Helicopter RISES - HIGHER AND HIGHER.

Bob waves goodbye, watching as it becomes a tiny point in the blue sky and then disappears altogether.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At the time I was hurt that Lyn hadn't taken me with him. But now I know it was because he and Jim had already seen what was to come. Like all Shaman they knew they had to be taken back into the sky.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

LOW ANGLE - CLOSE on the sand - as a handful of PETALS drift down from the sky.

BOB (V.O.)
Their helicopter crashed in the desert four miles from the base. I never found out if they'd been hit by an RPG...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

SLOW MOTION

HIGH ANGLE - looking down at the desert far below us, as the tiny helicopter hits the ground and an explosion opens up like a flower.

BOB (V.O.)
...or if that was just what happens when you fly a helicopter while you're tripping on acid.

We see two GHOSTLY FIGURES flying up from the black cloud of smoke towards us - LYN and JIM'S SPIRIT FORMS, smiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

Lyn and Jim fly on, racing through the clouds, somehow young again, free...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHIGAN APARTMENT - EVENING

WEEKS LATER. Bob sits typing, frowning with concentration.

BOB (V.O.)

When I got back home I wrote the story up. Everything.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOB'S OLD HOUSE - EVENING

Bob sits in his car staring at his old home, across the road. Through the window we can see Bob's ex-wife HELEN, eating dinner with Bob's ex-Editor - Dave.

BOB (V.O.)

I sent it to the newspapers, the radio stations, the TV stations, because that was what Lyn wanted me to do. The people needed to know.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Bob sits watching a *Today* style show on TV.

BOB (V.O.)

I was ready for whatever they would do to me. I was ready to disappear. I was ready to go to prison. I was a Jedi and I was fighting for the New World Army. (Beat) But they didn't put me in prison. They did something much worse.

ON TV

NEWS ANCHOR

(chuckling)

And finally, US forces in Iraq are using what some are calling a cruel and unusual tool to break the resistance of Iraqi POWs, and many parents would agree! Some prisoners are being forced to listen to Barney the Purple Dinosaur sing the *I Love You* song. I think after an hour of that they'll spill the beans! Don't you? Let's go outside to Al for the weather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob watches, ashen.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Bob is working for another small town newspaper. He sits at his desk, staring fixedly ahead at the wall.

BOB (V.O.)

That was it. That was the only bit of my story that ran anywhere. And it was a joke. And if I ever needed proof of how the Dark Side have taken the beautiful dream of what a nation could be and had *twisted* it, destroyed it, that was it.

Bob stands up. He starts to walk down the office, his face set with grim determination.

BOB'S EDITOR

Bob?

BOB (V.O.)

But I won't stop. I won't give up.

Bob quickens his pace.

BOB (CONT'D) (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because when I look at what is happening in the world, I know that *now*, more than ever, we need to become ALL that we can BE.

Bob is running.

BOB (CONT'D)

Now, more than ever, we need the Supermen.

Bob rushes towards the WALL. Just as he is about to hit it we FREEZE FRAME. We hear the opening of *Break on Through* by The Doors.

BLACK

THE END