

The Manchurian Candidate

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH KOREA - NIGHT

Darkness. A superimposed TITLE reads:

KOREA
1952

Headlights in the dark. A U.S. Army troop truck emerges from the woods on a muddy dirt road and pulls up outside a decidedly non-Army, nondescript wooden building.

At the wheel is stern, stolid, spoiled Staff Sergeant RAYMOND SHAW -- as young and handsome as he is wooden and priggish. Beside him, reading a book, is an older man, Captain BENNET MARCO, an easy-going but intelligent officer. Career army man Marco and rich kid Raymond aren't exactly friends -- for Raymond is constitutionally unable to make friends with anyone -- but war, like politics, makes strange bedfellows, and they have achieved an uneasy mutual respect.

After he watches Raymond anxiously jump out of the truck and hustle into the building, Marco smokes his cigarette and shakes his head a little sadly -- as if to say, "Poor Raymond" -- and resumes his reading.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Raymond makes his way unsteadily down a HALLWAY lit by a few bare light bulbs in the ceiling. This is not a place he visits often and he rather dislikes being here. Laughter and loud JAZZ music drift in from some unseen source. A laughing soldier in an undershirt blunders out of a curtained bedroom and into the hall with a half-dressed Korean prostitute wrapped around him. He kisses her as Raymond sidles past them with distaste.

Raymond crosses to some sliding doors and slides them open to reveal the source of the laughter and music: a large, SMOKY ROOM full of American GIs and Korean hookers. The GIs are the members of Raymond's patrol. A few of them play poker. The rest sit/kiss/fondle/chat with their hired women. Most everyone drinks beer and smokes cigarettes. A portrait of General MacArthur (saluting, no less) hangs on the wall behind Raymond as he looks the place over in disgust. In one corner of the room, an ugly dragon wearing an army helmet is labeled "Sarge" in honor of the much-despised Raymond. Phrases like "Home Sweet Home" and "God Bless America" are written in chalk on the walls.

One of the girls approaches Raymond and takes his arm but he shrugs her off while pulling a whistle from his pocket. Raymond BLOWS the whistle and everyone looks up. One KOREAN GIRL panics and tries to jump out of the lap of Corporal ALAN MELVIN, the patrol's only African-American.

KOREAN GIRL

Joint raided!?

MELVIN

No, no.

ED MAVOLE, standing at the bar between two ladies, twists his undershirt

in frustration.

ED MAVOLE

It's just our Raymond. Our
lovable Sergeant Shaw.

RAYMOND SHAW

All right, let's go, you men! Come
on!

Universal GROANS and GRUMBLES greet the bad news. The men reluctantly
make ready to leave.

RAYMOND SHAW

Let's go!

Madame GERTRUDE, sensing the imminent loss of clientele, approaches
Raymond.

GERTRUDE

Come on, Sarge. Gertrude buy you
beer.

Raymond brushes her off and exits.

HOOKER #2

What's a matter him?

ONE OF THE MEN

I'm afraid our Saint Raymond, he
don't approve.

BOBBY LEMBECK, the patrol's youngest member at age sixteen, just got
laid for the first time tonight and is in a sympathetic mood.

LEMBECK

Well, maybe he's got a girl back
home or somethin'.

Melvin puts on his boots. His woman moves at once to lace them.

MELVIN

Him? Our Raymond? Are you kidding?

One of the hookers reads an old issue of Movie Life magazine as SILVER,
in a bathrobe, starts to leave.

ONE OF THE MEN

Hey, Silver, how 'bout the robe?

SILVER

What do you mean my robe? Get out
of here.

The room slowly begins to empty out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEAR ENEMY LINES - NIGHT

An almost moonless night. The patrol picks its way through the jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BY A SHALLOW STREAM - NIGHT

Later that night, CHUNJIN -- the tough-looking young Korean man who acts as the patrol's guide and interpreter -- worriedly peers ahead into the darkness. He hears the far-off sounds of machine gun FIRE. After a moment, he motions to some person or persons unknown in the woods behind him.

Three uniformed figures saunter from out of those woods and SPLASH through the stream to join Chunjin: Captain Marco, Sergeant Shaw, and Corporal Melvin. All four men huddle low to the ground and keep careful watch for signs of the enemy while they quietly confer. Machine gun FIRE and the ROAR of low-flying planes punctuate their conversation.

CHUNJIN

Bad here.

MARCO

How do you know?

CHUNJIN

Chunjin born two miles from here,
Captain.

MELVIN

So far, every place we've been in
Korea, this joker was born two miles
from it.

MARCO

(to Chunjin, off the terrain)

What's so bad about it?

CHUNJIN

Tricky. Swamp all around, thirty
yards up. May be quicksand.

MARCO

Nobody said anything about
quicksand.

RAYMOND SHAW

Can't we go 'round it?

CHUNJIN

(to Raymond)

No, Sergeant.

MARCO

(to Chunjin)

What's your personal advice?

CHUNJIN

All walk in single line next two
hundred yards.

MARCO

Rejected. Not tactical to travel
forward in a single line.

CHUNJIN

(protests)

Patrol sink.

RAYMOND SHAW

Can't we go 'round it?

CHUNJIN

No, Sergeant.

MARCO

(to Chunjin)

Never mind.

(to Raymond)

Okay. Pass the word.

Raymond rushes back to warn the others while Marco waves the patrol on.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

Moments later, the patrol travels forward in a single line, led by Chunjin. As they cross a ridge -- silhouetted against the night sky -- two human forms rise up behind and in front of each man on the line. The forward form hits its man in the pit of the stomach with a rifle butt, while the rear man brings his down hard on the back of each man's head when the bodies double forward. The entire line of men is knocked unconscious in one swift, silent action -- a model of its kind. Without pause, each two-man team of attackers builds a litter out of their two rifles and carries the unconscious men away. The attackers talk amongst themselves -- in Russian.

A Soviet Army officer greets Chunjin and shakes his hand. Chunjin clasps the officer's shoulder warmly and, grimly satisfied, watches as the Russians depart with the patrol.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEMPORARY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Not far away, a crack Russian Airborne unit awaits. Marco, Raymond, Melvin and the other men are strapped aboard Soviet helicopters. At the signal of a Russian officer, the choppers lift off and fly north, their thrashing blades a mere blur in the black night.

FADE OUT

A mournful THEME plays over MAIN TITLES dominated by an image from a playing card: the Queen of Diamonds.

FADE OUT

EXT. AIRSTRIP - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

FADE IN, to the majestic beat of military MARCH MUSIC, on the surface of a big bass drum -- decorated by the Great Seal of the United States of America: an eagle with an olive branch in one claw, arrows in the

other, etc.

We PULL BACK from this emblem -- which takes a pounding at the hands of the drummer -- to reveal a military band greeting the arrival of a United States Air Force plane as it taxis to a stop on a runway. Military policemen hold back a throng of onlookers who cheer, wave the American flag, and carry signs that read things like "WELCOME HOME, HERO!" Newsreel cameras record it all. A deep-voiced, omniscient NARRATOR sets the scene.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

This nation jealously guards its highest award for valor, the Congressional Medal of Honor. In the Korean War, with five million, seven hundred and twenty thousand personnel engaged, only seventy-seven men were so honored. One of these seventy-seven men was Staff Sergeant Raymond Shaw.

Raymond, in dress uniform, appears in the doorway of the plane and surveys the mob that greets him. He doesn't like this any more than he enjoys clearing out Korean brothels.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

Raymond Shaw was returned from combat and flown directly to Washington to be decorated personally by the President of the United States. This is why his presence, or the presence of any Medal of Honor winner, is sufficient to bring generals to their feet saluting.

Raymond watches with little enthusiasm as a handful of generals salute him. He returns the salute, steps down to the runway, and is greeted by the most decorated GENERAL.

GENERAL

Congratulations, son. How do you feel?

RAYMOND SHAW

Like Captain Idiot in Astounding Science comics.

The general laughs and shakes Raymond's hand. From behind a color guard carrying a huge American flag comes Raymond's obnoxious, image-conscious, power-hungry mother, MRS. ELEANOR ISELIN. She's in a fur coat with a string of pearls and carrying an enormous purse but she might well be wearing track shoes given the speed at which she rushes to her son.

MRS. ISELIN

Hold it, General! Hold it, General!
Please! [?]

Mrs. Iselin drags her husband along behind her -- United States Senator JOHN YERKES ISELIN. He's a demagogic, McCarthy-like, windbag senator from a state that shall remain nameless. Also in tow are two aides who

carry a large banner reading: JOHNNY ISELIN'S BOY! They all rush over to Raymond and pose with him and the general for the benefit of the photographers and newsreel cameramen. The aides hold the banner over Raymond's head, much to his annoyance.

RAYMOND SHAW

Mother, what is this? What are you doing here?

Mrs. Iselin pulls a particular photographer into place to make sure he gets a good shot. The photographer takes his picture and the reporters quickly move in to ask questions as the Senator and Mrs. Iselin lead Raymond off the runway. Mrs. Iselin grins at the General as they leave him in their dust.

MRS. ISELIN

Thank you, General!

REPORTER

Senator Iselin, how about a statement? How does it feel to be the father of a Medal of Honor winner?

RAYMOND SHAW

(indignant)

He's not my father!

MRS. ISELIN

(politely, to the reporters)

The senator's Raymond's stepfather. However, Raymond has always...

Senator Iselin quickly goes into his hypnotic, overly pompous spiel.

SENATOR ISELIN

I can only say that as one who has devoted his life to the service of his country...

As he rambles on, skillfully hogging the spotlight with his overblown oratory, Raymond and his mother quietly confer.

RAYMOND SHAW

You did this, Mother. You organized this disgusting three ring circus.

MRS. ISELIN

Darling! You're a Medal of Honor winner! Incidentally, congratulations. I was going to write you but we've been in the most frightful mess the last few months. I can't tell you.

SENATOR ISELIN

(to the reporters)

...this moment above all others will stand out as the proudest and most prideful moment...

MRS. ISELIN

(to the reporters)
Let him through! That's enough now!
That's enough, I said! Let him
through!

They've reached a limousine just off the runway. Senator Iselin puts his arm around the ever-unsmiling Raymond to allow the photographers a few parting shots.

SENATOR ISELIN
(pleads, to Raymond)
Say cheese.

The photographers CLICK away.

MRS. ISELIN
All right! That's enough now!
That's enough! Let the poor boy
through! Please, let him through!

Mrs. Iselin hustles Raymond and the senator into the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

Raymond, Mrs. Iselin and Senator Iselin squeeze into the back seat of the limo as the crowd mills around outside.

MRS. ISELIN
What is the matter with you, Raymond?
We've gone to a good deal of trouble
to...

SENATOR ISELIN
Arranged the parade for you and so
forth.

A reporter shoves a microphone through the limo's open window.

RAYMOND SHAW
A parade!

SENATOR ISELIN
(to the mike-wielding reporter)
Get that... get that out...

The mike is withdrawn.

RAYMOND SHAW
(to Senator Iselin)
Why, you publicity-seeking,
flag-simple boob.

MRS. ISELIN
Raymond, just because your parents,
and the entire country for that
matter, happens to be proud of
you...

The limo starts up and pulls away from the crowd.

RAYMOND SHAW

Who's kidding who, Mother? Johnny's up for re-election in November. You've got it all figured out, haven't you? Johnny Iselin's boy, Medal of Honor winner. That should get you another fifty thousand votes.

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond, I'm your mother. How can you talk to me this way? You know I want nothing for myself, you know that my entire life is devoted to helping you...

RAYMOND SHAW

Mother.

MRS. ISELIN

...and to helping Johnny...

RAYMOND SHAW

Mother. Mother.

Raymond lowers his head and puts his hands over his ears.

MRS. ISELIN

... My boys. My two little boys...

RAYMOND SHAW

Stop it. Stop it.

MRS. ISELIN

... That is all I have...

Raymond seems to melt under his mother's barrage of bullshit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISELIN'S AIRPLANE - DAY

Later that same day. A private plane owned by Senator Iselin sits on an airfield. Raymond, Mrs. Iselin and the senator, having just come from the White House, emerge from a nearby helicopter and slowly cross to the plane. As they do, the deep-voiced narrator fills us in on some details.

NARRATOR (v.o.)

On the afternoon of his arrival in Washington, Raymond Shaw was decorated at the White House by the President of the United States. His citation -- attested to by his commanding officer, Captain Bennet Marco and the nine surviving members of his patrol -- read in part: "Displaying valor above and beyond the call of duty, did singlehandedly save the lives of nine members of his patrol, capturing an enemy

machine gun nest, and taking out in the process, a full company of enemy infantry. He then proceeded to lead his patrol, which had been listed as Missing in Action for three days, back through the enemy lines to safety."

The helicopter takes off as the trio reach the plane and walk inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ISELIN'S AIRPLANE - DAY

Senator Iselin, enters, drops his coat and hat, grabs a pilot's cap from the wall and happily puts it on. Mrs. Iselin and Raymond follow him aboard. Raymond looks confused.

MRS. ISELIN

(off the plane)

A gift. From the Citizens for Iselin Committee for his last birthday. It absolutely saved our lives during the campaign. You see, this opens up into a double bed...

In ANOTHER SECTION of the plane, the Iselins continue to give Raymond the five cent tour.

MRS. ISELIN

This is the press room.

SENATOR ISELIN

And this...

(slaps the bar)

This is my private office.

(turns on some lights)

Anything to take the pain out of campaigning. Ha ha ha! That's what I always say.

Raymond wears his Medal of Honor around his neck.

RAYMOND SHAW

(off his medal)

May I take this thing off now, Mother?

Raymond undoes the ribbon around his neck and pockets the medal.

MRS. ISELIN

Oh, Raymond. What is the matter with you? You look as if your head were going to come to a point in the next thirteen seconds.

(to Iselin)

Johnny, fix him a drink or something.

Senator Iselin nods obediently and starts fixing a drink or something.

MRS. ISELIN

(to Raymond)
Will you sit down, Raymond? Relax.
We'll be home in less than two and a
half hours.

RAYMOND SHAW
I'm not going home with you, Mother.
I'm going to New York.

MRS. ISELIN
What?!

RAYMOND SHAW
I've got a job on a newspaper.
Research assistant to Mr. Holborn
Gaines.

MRS. ISELIN
Holborn Gaines. That Communist?!

RAYMOND SHAW
He's not a Communist, Mother. As a
matter of fact, he-he's a Republican.

MRS. ISELIN
But the terrible things he's written
about Johnny!

RAYMOND SHAW
He came to interview me at the White
House this morning. Afterwards, I
asked him for a job. He gave it to
me. We discovered that we had a
great deal in common.

MRS. ISELIN
What could you possibly have in
common with that dreadful old man?!

RAYMOND SHAW
Well, for one thing, we discovered
that we both loathe and despise you
and Johnny. And that's a beginning.

Raymond turns and stalks out of the plane. A surprised Senator Iselin
sets down the bottle in his hand. A pissed Mrs. Iselin puts a cigarette
in her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A well-decorated Army Major's jacket is draped over a chair. Hardcover
books are strewn carelessly about: Diseases of Horses; Joyce's Ulysses;
Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls; Kafka's The Trial; Wall Street:
Men and Money; Enemies of the State, etc. On an end table, a clock
reads ten past three sits next to an ashtray full of cigarette butts.

NARRATOR (v.o)
The war in Korea was over. Captain,

now Major, Bennet Marco had been reassigned to Army Intelligence in Washington. It was, by and large, a pleasant assignment, except for one thing. Night after night, the major was plagued by the same reoccurring nightmare...

Marco lies asleep in bed, still in his day clothes. His eyes flicker. His face glistens with sweat. He fidgets and talks in his sleep.

MARCO

Stop it... Stop it...

He dreams...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SPRING LAKE, NEW JERSEY - DAY

Marco's dream begins with him yawning and putting a cigarette in his mouth as the voice of an unseen woman speaks.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Another modern discovery which we owe to the hydrangea concerns the influence of air drainage upon plant climate...

Marco wears army fatigues. We PAN RIGHT to reveal Raymond and young Bobby Lembeck also sitting beside him. The PAN continues, revealing the woman who speaks: a middle-aged lady in a flowered hat -- MRS. HENRY WHITTAKER. Notes in hand, she delivers a deadly dull speech in a deadly dull voice to a meeting of the Spring Lake garden club. The entire patrol sits -- docile, serene, and more than a little bored -- in a long line of chairs stretched across the hotel lobby, behind the centered table at which Mrs. Whittaker stands and speaks. Marco sits on the end of the line at stage right, in the Mr. Bones position (as in an old time minstrel show). Corporal Melvin is at stage left. A lot of flowers in a sort of greenhouse-like setting are visible behind them.

MRS. WHITTAKER

Many years ago, when I was traveling about the country, I noticed magnificent hydrangeas on the hills where the air drainage was, er, perfect. And very poor specimens, or perhaps none at all, in the valleys. Formerly, we used to consider sheltered valleys more favorable to plants than hilltops...

The PAN reveals that to Melvin's left is a sign noting that the Spring Lake Hotel is hosting Mrs. Henry Whittaker's speech "Fun with Hydrangeas".

MRS. WHITTAKER

... but the avoidance of late spring and early autumn frost enjoyed by sites with good air drainage where the cold air can drain safely away

to lower levels gives the hills a
decided advantage.

In the audience sit a mass of white, middle-class, little old ladies in paisley dresses and flowered hats. The PAN continues around the lobby as the ladies listen intently, fuss over their flowers, sip tea, eat cake, smoke cigarettes through fancy holders, adjust bra straps, take notes, etc.

MRS. WHITTAKER

Thus it was the hydrangeas that gave the first pointer in another modern discovery of horticultural importance. From this, it might appear that the hydrangea is a fairly simple plant but there are more complications. The cultivation of hydrangeas was evolved from a number of varieties originally found in Japan, not all of which, of course, have the same characteristics. Two of them do not share the quality of producing blue flowers in mineral rich soils.

The PAN returns to Marco. To his right sits, of all people, Chunjin, dressed in a Chinese Army uniform, listening and taking notes. We begin to get the idea that we are not really in New Jersey at a meeting of the garden club. In fact, the entire scene is an illusion designed to disguise the true location...

INT. RESEARCH PAVILION - TUNGHWA, MANCHURIA - DAY

At the centered table, the figure of Mrs. Henry Whittaker has been replaced by a chunky, bald-headed, smartly-dressed Chinese scientist named YEN LO who sips a glass of water. In place of the hotel lobby's flowers are seven foot tall lithographs of Stalin, Mao, and other Communist heroes. Yen Lo sets his water glass on the table and addresses an unseen audience.

YEN LO

Allow me to introduce our American visitors. I must ask you to forgive their somewhat lackadaisical manners but I have conditioned them -- or 'brainwashed' them, which I understand is the new American word...

A REVERSE ANGLE reveals that Yen Lo addresses not a garden club but a tiered auditorium packed with Russian and Chinese officials.

YEN LO

-- to believe that they are waiting out a storm in the lobby of a small hotel in New Jersey where a meeting of the ladies' garden club is in progress.

From the patrol's POV, they do not see Yen Lo lecturing to the assembled officials. They see Mrs. Whittaker lecturing to a lot of little old

ladies.

MRS. WHITTAKER

You will notice that I have told them they may smoke.

(chuckles)

I've allowed my people to have a little fun in the selection of bizarre tobacco substitutes...

(to Mavole)

Are you enjoying your cigarette, Ed?

A bored Ed Mavole isn't paying attention so Corporal Melvin must elbow him to get a response.

ED MAVOLE

(politely, to Mrs. Whittaker)

Yes, ma'am.

Yen Lo turns to his audience of Russian and Chinese.

YEN LO

(to all)

Yak dung! ...Oh, tastes good -- like a cigarette should!

Lo and a few others laugh heartily. Throughout the rest of Marco's dream, we CUT BACK AND FORTH between the reality of Yen Lo in Manchuria and the illusion of Mrs. Whittaker in New Jersey. (And, occasionally, the two overlap so that Yen Lo stands in the hotel lobby or Mrs. Whittaker stands in the auditorium, etc.)

YEN LO

Now then, Comrades...

MRS. WHITTAKER

...may I present the famous Raymond Shaw...

YEN LO

...the young man you've flown eight thousand miles to this dreary spot in Manchuria to see.

(to Raymond)

Raymond, pull your chair over here by me, please.

Raymond pulls his chair next to the centered table and begins to deal an imaginary hand of solitaire on the table top.

YEN LO

I am sure you've all heard the old wives' tale that no hypnotized subject may be forced to do that which is repellent to his moral nature. Whatever that may be. Nonsense, of course. Oh, you note-takers might set down a reminder to consult Brenmen's paper...

Marco watches Raymond's hands as they mime a solitaire game.

YEN LO

... "Experiments in the Hypnotic Production of Anti-Social and Self-Injurious Behavior" or Wells' 1941 paper, which was titled, I believe, "Experiments in the Hypnotic Production of Crime"...

MRS. WHITTAKER

...or, of course, Andrew Salter's remarkable book "Conditioned Reflex Therapy" to name only three.

Marco yawns, bored out of his mind.

MRS. WHITTAKER

Or if it offends you that only the West is working to manufacture more crime and better criminals...

YEN LO

...against the modern shortages, I suggest Krasnogorski's "Primary Violence Motivation" or Serov's "The Unilateral Suggestion to Self-Destruction"...

One of the Russian officials in the audience -- a skeletal man named GOMEL who wears civilian clothes -- is as bored as Marco.

GOMEL

My dear, Yen. As you grow older, you grow more long-winded. Can't we get to the point? Has the man ever killed anyone? Or has he not?

MRS. WHITTAKER

I apologize, my dear, Dimitri. I keep forgetting that you're a young country and your attention span is limited.

(to Raymond)

Tell me, Raymond, have you ever killed anyone?

RAYMOND SHAW

No, ma'am.

MRS. WHITTAKER

Not even in combat?

RAYMOND SHAW

In combat? Yes, ma'am. I think so.

YEN LO

Of course you have, Raymond.

(to all)

Raymond has been a crack shot since childhood.

The little old ladies of the garden club smile at this.

MRS. WHITTAKER
Marvelous outlet for his aggressions.
(to an assistant)
May I have the bayonet, please?

Another Russian official -- this one a stocky man named BEREZOVO,
wearing sunglasses and with a moustache and shaved head -- interrupts.

BEREZOVO
Not with the knife. With the hands.

YEN LO
(with distaste)
With the hands?

BEREZOVO AS A LADY
Here. Have him use this.

Berezovo, as a lady, holds up a white silk scarf.

YEN LO
Ah! Da, da.

Berezovo rises, carries the scarf to Yen Lo, and returns to his seat.
Yen Lo knots the scarf as he talks to Raymond.

YEN LO
Raymond, whom do you dislike the
least in your group who are here
today?

RAYMOND SHAW
The least?

YEN LO
That's right.

RAYMOND SHAW
Well, I guess Captain Marco, ma'am.

Mrs. Whittaker, knotting the scarf, addresses the garden club ladies in
front of the portraits of Stalin and Mao.

MRS. WHITTAKER
(to all)
Notice how he is drawn always to
authority?
(to Raymond)
That won't do, Raymond. We need the
captain to get you your medal. Whom
else?

RAYMOND SHAW
Well, I guess Ed Mavole, ma'am.

YEN LO
Ah, that's better. Now, then,
Raymond. Take this scarf.

Yen Lo places the knotted scarf in Raymond's hands.

YEN LO
And strangle Ed Mavole.
(beat)
Er, to death.

RAYMOND SHAW
Yes, ma'am.

Raymond rises and casually walks past Marco.

RAYMOND SHAW
Excuse me, Ben.

MARCO
Mm hmm.

Marco politely shifts his chair to let Raymond pass. Raymond crosses behind the long line of chairs, slowly heading for Ed Mavole. None of the patrol make a move to stop him. Raymond pauses before one of the other men whose chair blocks Raymond's progress.

RAYMOND SHAW
Pardon me.

The man politely rises and lets Raymond pass. Raymond crosses to Mavole and drapes the scarf around his neck. Mavole starts to resist.

ED MAVOLE
Hey, Sarge. Cut it out.

YEN LO
(to Mavole)
Quiet, please, Ed. Now you just sit there quietly and cooperate.

Mavole does as he's told.

ED MAVOLE
Yes, ma'am.

Raymond quickly strangles Mavole who offers no resistance even as his eyes bulge out and he gasps for air. The other men do nothing. Marco opens his mouth to yawn.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Marco awakens with his mouth open -- he's screaming -- and sits upright in bed, shaking with terror. The nightmare is over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Marco and his fellow intelligence officers (a COLONEL who is Marco's immediate superior, a MEDICAL OFFICER, and a PSYCHIATRIST, among others) sit around a table.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Major, to your knowledge, have any other ex-members of your patrol had similar dreams?

MARCO

No, sir. Not to my knowledge. Doesn't it strike anyone as curious that Mavole was one of the two men lost in the action? Yet every night in my dream he's ... he's the one that Raymond...

(tries to get a grip)

I'm sorry, gentlemen.

COLONEL

Now, look, Major Marco, since you first brought this recurring dream of yours to our attention, Raymond Shaw -- his life, his background, his habits, his friends and associates have been under scrupulous examination. Now, the facts speak for themselves. His stepfather is a United States senator. His mother is head of fifteen different patriotic organizations. Raymond Shaw himself is employed as confidential assistant to Holborn Gaines, the most respected political journalist in America. Now, it's inconceivable, Major, that any--

PSYCHIATRIST

Major Marco. Major, as the consulting psychiatrist present, I'd be interested in hearing your personal feelings about Shaw.

MARCO

Raymond Shaw is the kindest, bravest, warmest, most wonderful human being I've ever known in my life.

PSYCHIATRIST

I see. And this opinion, Major, was it generally held? His fellow soldiers, did they feel the same way toward him?

MARCO

The men loved him, sir. Why shouldn't they? He saved their lives.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Well, it would seem obvious to me Major Marco is suffering a delayed

reaction to eighteen months of continuous combat in Korea. I would strongly recommend that the matter of Raymond Shaw be dropped here and now, that Major Marco be temporarily reassigned to less strenuous, and if I may say so, less sensitive duties. I think a few months detached service to, uh, well, perhaps the public relations corps should put the major right back in the pink.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS ROOM - PENTAGON - DAY

A press conference is in progress. The packed room holds journalists and other observers -- not to mention TV and newsreel cameras, monitors and other equipment. Marco, now with public relations, sits at a table with the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE who fields questions from reporters.

REPORTER

Mr. Secretary! Mr. Secretary! Can you explain the proposed cuts in budget?

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Since, sir, you have asked a simple-minded question, I'll give you an equally simple-minded answer. Since no great naval power menaces the free world today, the Navy's overwhelming preponderance of surface ships seems to be superfluous, hence the cut in budget.

(to Marco)

Major, my time is important. How much longer are we supposed to go on with this nonsense?

In the back of the room, sit Senator and Mrs. Iselin.

MARCO

(to the Defense Secretary)

Yes, sir.

(to all)

If there are no further questions for the Secretary, I think that'll about wrap things up.

Mrs. Iselin nods to Senator Iselin who quickly rises.

SENATOR ISELIN

Mr. Secretary! I have a question, sir!

The cameras swing around to focus on the senator who gears up to launch into some typically pompous rhetoric.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Who are you, sir?

SENATOR ISELIN

I am United States Senator John Yerkes Iselin and I have a question so serious that the safety of our nation may well depend on your answer.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Who?

SENATOR ISELIN

No evasions, Mr. Secretary! No evasions, if you please, sir.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Evasions? What the hell are you talking about?

(to Marco)

What kind of foolishness is this?

Marco covers the microphones with his hands.

MARCO

(quietly)

Mr. Secretary, I'm kinda new at this job but I don't think it's good public relations to talk that way to a United States Senator, even if he is an idiot.

SENATOR ISELIN

(holds up some papers)

I am United States Senator John Yerkes Iselin and I have here a list of the names of two hundred and seven persons who are known by the Secretary of Defense as being members of the Communist Party...!

DEFENSE SECRETARY

(rises angrily)

What?!

SENATOR ISELIN

...who are still nevertheless...

The entire room BUZZES as the senator and the Secretary of Defense shout each other down. Photographers scurry to snap pictures, journalists take notes, etc.

SENATOR ISELIN

...working in and shaping the policy of the Defense Department!

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Senator who?

SENATOR ISELIN

I demand an answer, Mr. Secretary!

DEFENSE SECRETARY

What the hell did you say your name was? Huh?

SENATOR ISELIN

There will be no covering up, sir!

DEFENSE SECRETARY

What?

SENATOR ISELIN

No covering up! You are not going to get your hands on this list...

DEFENSE SECRETARY

How'd you get in here in the first place?

(to Marco)

Major! Throw that lunatic out of here!

Marco sits helplessly, unsure what to do.

SENATOR ISELIN

And I deeply regret having to say in front of these ladies and gentlemen...

DEFENSE SECRETARY

You claim that you're a senator? Senator of what? I want to know!

SENATOR ISELIN

... and the television and radio audience of our great country that you longer have my confidence, sir!

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Why, you're an idiot, if [?]....!
You're out of your mind [?] Senate floor.

SENATOR ISELIN

No, sir! This is no longer a matter for investigation by the Defense Department...

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Get out of here!

SENATOR ISELIN

I'm afraid you have lost your chance, sir...

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Where is the sergeant-at-arms? Get that man out of this room!

SENATOR ISELIN

This matter is now the responsibility

of the United States Senate!

Iselin lingers a few moments to posture for the cameras and then exits. Mrs. Iselin rises and follows him -- as does Marco, who sprints across the room.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Where is the sergeant-at-arms? Throw that man out of this room! I will not have him in here, do you hear me? Not ever!

(to Iselin, who's already gone)

If I ever catch you in this room again, I'll throw you out bodily!

(to the photographers)

What do you want? Get out of here! Don't you take my picture anymore! Clear this room! Go on, get out of here!

CUT TO:

INT. COAT ROOM - DAY

A small room adjacent to the press room where the Iselins put on their coats. Marco and a platoon of reporters confront them.

MARCO

Senator! Senator Iselin... I'd like to verify that number, sir.

SENATOR ISELIN

Huh?

MARCO

How many Communists did you say?

SENATOR ISELIN

Oh, er... I said, there was, uh, exactly, uh, I have absolutely proof that there are ...

The senator looks over at Mrs. Iselin who mouths "one hundred and four."

SENATOR ISELIN

...a hundred and four card-carrying Communists in the Defense Department at this time.

MARCO

How many, sir?

Mrs. Iselin mouths "two hundred and seventy-five."

SENATOR ISELIN

Uh, ahem, two hundred and seventy-five and that's absolutely all I have to say on the subject at this time.

(to Mrs. Iselin)

Come, babe.

REPORTER

(to Marco)

Major, how many did he say?

The senator starts to lead Mrs. Iselin away but lingers for one more photo, pushing Marco out of the way.

SENATOR ISELIN

(to Marco)

Excuse me.

After this last photo, Iselin waves off the photographers.

SENATOR ISELIN

(to the photographers)

Boys, please...

Iselin departs.

REPORTER

(to Marco)

Major, how many did he say?

A frustrated Marco swats the notepad out of the reporter's hand and shoots a dirty look in Iselin's direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MELVIN'S BEDROOM - WAINWRIGHT, ALASKA - NIGHT

Two framed photographs of Corporal Melvin: one is with some of the other members of the patrol in Korea; the other is a wedding photo of Melvin and MELVIN'S WIFE. We PAN from these, past Melvin's wife who sleeps soundly in bed, to Melvin who does not sleep so soundly. He tosses and turns. And he dreams...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESEARCH PAVILION - TUNGHWA, MANCHURIA - DAY

Melvin's dream picks up where Marco's left off. Melvin sits unconcerned as Mavole is strangled right beside him. Raymond lets the white silk scarf slip through his fingers as Mavole's lifeless body falls from his chair and collapses to the floor. The audience APPLAUDS. From Mavole's body we PAN UP to reveal Mrs. Whittaker -- still wearing the same dress and hat but now -- since this is Melvin's dream -- Mrs. Whittaker is a middle-aged African-American woman. Indeed, all of the ladies applauding in the garden club are now black. The second Mrs. Whittaker holds up her hands to quiet the audience and turns with pride to Raymond.

MRS. WHITTAKER #2

Very good, Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

Thank you, ma'am.

MRS. WHITTAKER #2

Captain Marco?

Marco still sits next to Chunjin -- who is now an attractive young black woman.

MARCO

Yes, ma'am?

MRS. WHITTAKER #2

On your feet, Captain, please.

MARCO

(rises)

Sorry, ma'am.

MRS. WHITTAKER #2

Captain...

YEN LO

...when you are returned to your patrol to Korea, and you make your way to command headquarters, what will be the first duty you will undertake?

MARCO

I will make my report on the patrol, ma'am.

YEN LO

What will you report?

MARCO

I will recommend urgently that Raymond Shaw be posted for the Medal of Honor. He saved our lives and took out a complete company of Chinese infantry.

One of the ladies in the audience rises indignantly.

BEREZOVO AS A LADY

A complete company?! What the hell is this?!

GOMEL

We can spare an imaginary company of infantry for this particular plan, Mikhail [?].

BEREZOVO

All right. If we are out to humiliate our brave Chinese ally in the newspapers of the world, we might as well make it a full battalion.

Berezovo and others laugh at this.

CHINESE OFFICIAL AS A LADY

(smiles)

We don't object, Comrade. I assure you of that...

CHINESE OFFICIAL AS A MAN

...however, Comrade, we thank you for thinking of the matter in that light.

Berezovo sits, a little embarrassed at his outburst. Yen Lo impatiently CLINKS his pen against his water glass.

YEN LO

If we may proceed with the demonstration.

(To Raymond)

Raymond.

Yen Lo gestures for Raymond to join him at stage center (he's been standing behind Mavole's chair all this time). Raymond carefully steps over Mavole's body and joins Yen Lo. Using his pen, Yen Lo points out Bobby Lembeck.

YEN LO

Who's that little fellow sitting next to the captain?

RAYMOND SHAW

That's Bobby Lembeck. Our mascot, I guess you'd call him.

Lembeck smiles a wholesome, toothy smile.

YEN LO

Doesn't look old enough to be in your army.

RAYMOND SHAW

I guess he isn't, but there he is, ma'am.

YEN LO

Captain Marco. Would you be good enough to lend Raymond your pistol, please?

MARCO

Yes, ma'am.

Raymond crosses to Marco. Marco takes his gun out of his holster and hands it to Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

Thanks, Ben.

MARCO

Sure, kid.

Raymond, pistol in hand, turns back to Yen Lo.

YEN LO

Shoot Bobby, Raymond. Through the forehead.

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, ma'am.

Raymond aims the pistol. Lembeck smiles. Raymond FIRES. The bullet hits Lembeck's head so hard it knocks him and his chair backward. Lembeck's blood spatters across the lithograph of Stalin.

CUT TO:

INT. MELVIN'S BEDROOM - WAINWRIGHT, ALASKA - NIGHT

Melvin SCREAMS. His wife awakens with a start and tries to comfort him.

MELVIN'S WIFE

Wake up, wake up, wake up. It's all right. It's all right.

He awakens and embraces her.

MELVIN'S WIFE

It's all right. It's all right. It's all right. Is it the same dream again?

Melvin nods.

MELVIN

Oh. What makes it so awful is to keep dreaming a thing like that about Sergeant Shaw. Oh, it's been going on for weeks now. I must be going crazy.

MELVIN'S WIFE

What you ought to do is to write to Sergeant Shaw...

MELVIN

[?] what's wrong with me?

MELVIN'S WIFE

...write to him and see if anyone else is having dreams like yours.

MELVIN

Yeah?

MELVIN'S WIFE

Yes.

MELVIN

Maybe I will. Maybe I'll do that. If anybody can help me, he can.

MELVIN'S WIFE

You like him a lot, don't you?

An odd look crosses Melvin's face.

MELVIN

(mechanically)

Raymond Shaw is the bravest, kindest,

warmest, most wonderful human being
I've ever known in my life.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Raymond, nattily dressed in civilian clothes, rides in the back seat of a cab through New York City streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

The cab pulls up to Raymond's apartment house. He gets out, carrying a briefcase, and enters the building. It's an ancient, old-fashioned, multi-storied structure on Riverside Drive.

WIPE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

Raymond gets off the elevator on one of the upper floors and crosses to the door of his apartment. He unlocks it and opens it -- and then notices that his mail has been left for him. He scoops it up, is puzzled to see a personal letter amid the bills and junk mail, and enters his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Raymond turns on a light, puts down his mail and briefcase, removes his coat and hat, and checks the mail. He opens an envelope, turns on a lamp, and begins to read the enclosed letter. It's from Melvin. As Raymond walks around the room turning on lamps and reading, we HEAR Melvin's voice.

MELVIN'S VOICE (v.o.)

Dear Sarge, I had to say this or write this to someone because I think I'm going nuts. And since you were my best friend in the army, here goes. Sarge, I'm in trouble. I'm afraid to go to sleep because I have terrible dreams. I dream about all the guys on the patrol where you won the medal. And the dream has a lot of Chinese people in it and a lot of big brass from the Russian Army.

Raymond, still reading, sits at a desk.

MELVIN'S VOICE (v.o.)

Well, it's pretty rough. You have to take my word for that.

The phone on Raymond's desk RINGS. He sets down the letter and picks up the receiver. A pleasant male voice with an indefinite accent speaks to him.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Raymond Shaw, please.

RAYMOND SHAW

This is he.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Raymond. Why don't you pass the time by playing a little solitaire?

Whoever it is hangs up with a loud CLICK. An odd look passes over Raymond's face. He hangs up the phone and reaches for a deck of playing cards on the desk. Raymond lays out the seven card spread known variously as solitaire, Klondike, or patience. He plays solitaire until the queen of diamonds turns up. Then he stops. And stares at the card. And waits. Eventually, the phone RINGS again. Raymond picks up.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Raymond?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir?

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Can you see the red queen?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Good. One week from next Saturday, you will be called for at 11:10 a.m. and be taken to the Timothy Swardon sanitarium 84 East 61st Street. We want you there for a check-up. Is that clear?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

You may put the cards away now.
Goodbye, Raymond.

Raymond hangs up and begins to put the cards away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLBORN GAINES' OFFICE - DAY

An Associated Press teletype begins to print out a story:

WAR HERO HIT AND RUN VICTIM
RAYMOND SHAW MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER
WAS TODAY

Gaines' secretary pulls the story from the machine and hands it to Gaines who drinks a beer at his desk.

GAINES' SECRETARY

Mr. Gaines. It's Mr. Shaw. He was run down in the street by a hit-and-run driver. It just came over the AP.

HOLBORN GAINES

Good heavens. Find out what hospital he's in and call them. See if there's anything we can do to help.

The secretary leaves to make the call while Gaines studies the story.

CUT TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DAY

At the Timothy Swardon Sanitarium on 61st Street, Raymond lies in a hospital bed. ZILKOV, head of Russian security and two aides fuss over the fake cast on Raymond's tractioned leg. A NURSE is just finishing a telephone call.

NURSE

You're welcome. Good-bye.

(to Zilkov)

That was Mr. Gaines, from his newspaper. He said to tell him to take it easy and not to worry about a thing.

The nurse places a fake head bandage on Raymond's head.

ZILKOV

Which, of course, you will not tell him, on the chance there is some sort of prearranged code.

There is a KNOCK at the door. The aides and the nurse make last minute adjustments to Raymond. Zilkov crosses to the door and opens it, revealing Yen Lo with a cane in hand and a coat draped stylishly over his shoulders.

YEN LO

Comrade Zilkov?

ZILKOV

Yes?

YEN LO

Yen Lo, Pavlov Institute.

Zilkov lets Yen Lo enter.

ZILKOV

Doctor. An honor and a pleasure.

They shake hands.

ZILKOV

(to the others)

You may go.

The nurse and the aides exit, leaving the two men alone with Raymond.

ZILKOV

(to Yen Lo)

When did you arrive?

YEN LO

I was flown in last night under
embassy quota. Revolting journey.

(to Raymond)

Ah, Raymond. It's nice to see you
again.

RAYMOND SHAW

It's nice to see you again, sir.

A puzzled Yen Lo gestures quizzically at Raymond's medical equipment.

ZILKOV

We're going through this elaborate
procedure simply out of precaution.
In case there are any visitors.
Although, I cannot imagine who will
visit Raymond.

Zilkov takes Yen Lo's coat.

YEN LO

Attractive plant you have here.

ZILKOV

Thank you, doctor. It's actually a
rest home for wealthy alcoholics.
We were able to purchase it three
years ago. Except for this floor
and the floor above it -- which we
have sealed off for security
purposes -- the rest functions quite
normally. In fact, it's one of the
few Soviet operations in America
that actually showed a profit at the
end of the last fiscal year.

YEN LO

Profit? Fiscal year? Beware, my
dear Zilkov. Virus of capitalism's
highly infectious. Soon, you'll be
lending money out at interest.

Yen Lo laughs heartily at his joke. Zilkov doesn't get it.

YEN LO

You must try, Comrade Zilkov, to
cultivate a sense of humor. There's
nothing like a good laugh now and
then to lighten the burdens of the
day.

(to Raymond)

Tell me, Raymond. Do you remember
murdering Mavole and Lembeck?

A playing card, the queen of diamonds, lies nearby.

RAYMOND SHAW

I beg your pardon, sir?

YEN LO

Mavole and Lembeck. The men who were lost on the patrol. Can you recall what happened to them?

Yen Lo's cane folds out into a small chair. He sits at Raymond's bedside.

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir. It was a very clear action for a night action. Captain Marco sent up some low flares so it was easy to see what was happening. Bobby Lembeck got separated to the left. Mavole went after him.

Yen Lo smiles.

RAYMOND SHAW

By the time he reached him, the enemy had a fix on the position. They were killed instantly by a high mortar shell. I don't think they ever knew what hit 'em.

Yen Lo takes a pen flashlight from his jacket pocket.

YEN LO

(to Zilkov)

Do you realize, comrade, the implications of the weapon that has been placed at your disposal?

(to Raymond)

You may remove your head bandage, Raymond.

Raymond removes his head bandage.

YEN LO

(to Zilkov)

Normally conditioned American who's been trained to kill. Then, to have no memory of having killed.

Yen Lo checks Raymond's eyes with the flashlight.

YEN LO

Without memory of his deed, he cannot possibly feel guilt. Nor, of course, will he have any reason to fear being caught. And having been relieved of those uniquely American symptoms, guilt and fear, he cannot possibly give himself away.

(rises)

Ah, Raymond will remain an outwardly

normal, productive, sober, and respected member of the community and, I should say, if properly used, entirely police-proof. His brain has not only been washed, as they say... It has been dry cleaned.

Lo laughs. Zilkov manages a smile.

YEN LO

(to Raymond)

Thank you, Raymond. You may replace your head bandage.

Raymond replaces his head bandage.

YEN LO

(to Zilkov)

Sealed floors or no, you will of course permit him to have visitors to avoid suspicion.

ZILKOV

Of course.

YEN LO

A team of my specialists is being flown in tonight. It will take about a week, working between visiting hours, to check the mechanism out completely. Been, after all, two years since the conditioning took place. And you want to be sure the linkages are still functioning correctly before he's turned over to his American operator.

Yen Lo checks his watch and doesn't like what he sees.

YEN LO

Eee yuck! And now, Comrade, if you will excuse me.

ZILKOV

Where are you going?

Zilkov drapes Yen Lo's coat over the Chinese man's shoulders.

YEN LO

Since there's nothing more I can do until my specialists arrive, I thought to spend the afternoon at Macy's.

Zilkov is shocked.

YEN LO

Madame Yen has given me the most appalling list.

Yen Lo laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

About a week later. Yen Lo, a master of origami (the ancient Japanese art of paperfolding), places a sample of his work atop the queen of diamonds. Raymond sits up in his hospital bed, still in bedclothes but no longer wearing his fake bandages, etc. Zilkov nervously paces the room.

YEN LO

No, no. I personally guarantee it. He's ready to be turned over to his American operator.

Yen Lo sips a drink and starts folding another piece of paper.

ZILKOV

And I, being personally responsible for Soviet security in the entire eastern seaboard of the United States, refuse to turn him over to his operator until at least one practical test has been run. You say the man has been built as an assassin. Very well then. Let him assassinate someone.

YEN LO

(scoffs)

I'm shocked. That a security officer with the responsibility you hold would risk a mechanism as valuable as Raymond out of sheer... nervousness.

ZILKOV

You yourself admit the man has not killed for over two years. I assure you, doctor, conditions offering minimum risk can be arranged.

YEN LO

All right. If you insist on this foolishness, have him kill one of your own people here on a sealed floor.

ZILKOV

I would, I would, gladly! But our table of organization happens to be under acceptable strength as it is. Why can't we be reasonable about this? Why can't he kill some non-productive person on the outside?

YEN LO

Very well, then. But for his own protection, he must be instructed that if he is ever, at any time, discovered at the scene of an assignment, this other person -- or persons -- must also be killed.

ZILKOV

All right, all right, doctor! Whom do you think he should kill?

A long pause. Finally, Yen Lo laughs.

YEN LO

With humor, my dear Zilkov. Always with a little humor. If kill we must for a better New York, why should it not be his superior at the newspaper, Mr. Holborn Gaines. With Mr. Gaines out of the way, might he not then be given that very influential job himself?

Yen Lo smiles. Raymond looks at Zilkov dispassionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAINES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door to Gaines' bedroom.

HOLBORN GAINES (o.s.)

Who's there?

RAYMOND SHAW

It's me, Mr. Gaines...

Raymond opens the door to reveal Gaines sitting up in bed reading. Raymond pauses, surprised to find Gaines wearing a shocking pink maribou bed jacket.

RAYMOND SHAW

... Raymond. I'm sorry to disturb you, sir.

HOLBORN GAINES

Don't get any silly ideas about this ridiculous looking bed jacket. It was my wife's. It's the warmest thing I have. Perfect for reading in bed at night.

RAYMOND SHAW

I didn't know you were married, sir.

HOLBORN GAINES

Oh, she died nearly six years ago. Well, what the devil are you doing here at four o'clock in the morning? Anyway, I thought you were in the hospital.

Raymond slowly moves toward Gaines.

HOLBORN GAINES

Oh, now don't tell me that you've come here at this ridiculous hour to talk something over. You're not going to pour out your heart with the details of some sordid love affair or anything like that, are you?

Raymond stands over Gaines at his bedside.

RAYMOND SHAW

No, sir. As a matter of fact, they told me you'd be asleep.

HOLBORN GAINES

Who told you I'd be asleep?

RAYMOND SHAW

They did.

HOLBORN GAINES

They? They? Who's this mysterious 'they'?

Raymond moves in for the kill.

HOLBORN GAINES

Raymond? Answer me, my boy.

The screen goes BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Marco slumps in a chair, drink in hand, surrounded by piles of books. He stares off into space. A light KNOCK at the door stirs him. He crosses to the door and opens it. It's Marco's immediate superior, the Colonel.

MARCO

Colonel!

COLONEL

Ben. Can I come in for a minute?

MARCO

Oh, please do. Of course. Come on in.

The Colonel enters and Marco shuts the door.

MARCO

Uh, may I ask the colonel (A) Is this an official visit? and (B) May I, uh, mix you a drink?

COLONEL

(A) Yes it is and (B) You certainly may.

MARCO

Scotch all right?

COLONEL

Fine.

While a nervous Marco checks to make sure his shirt's tucked in before fixing the drink, the Colonel looks over the apartment.

COLONEL

My God, where do you get all the books?

MARCO

(fixes the drink)

Oh, I, uh... I got a guy picks 'em out for me. At random.

(off the drink)

Water all right?

COLONEL

Fine.

Marco retreats to the bathroom sink and adds water.

MARCO

He's in, uh, San Francisco. A little bookstore out there and, uh, he ships 'em to me wherever I happen to be stationed.

COLONEL

You've read them all?

Marco brings the Colonel his drink.

MARCO

Yeah. They also make great insulation against an enemy attack. But the truth of the matter is that I'm just interested, you know, in, uh, principles of modern banking and history of piracy, paintings of Orozco, modern French theatre, the jurisprudential factors of Mafia administration, diseases of horses and novels of Joyce Cary and ethnic choices of the Arabs -- things like that.

Marco realizes he's rambling. The Colonel looks at him, concerned. A long pause.

COLONEL

Ben?

MARCO

Sir?

COLONEL

The Army's got a lot of things wrong with it but it does take care of its own people which is why I'm here. As a public relations officer, you're a disaster.

MARCO

I never wanted to be--

COLONEL

Apparently, among other things, you permitted the Secretary to make a number of unfortunate remarks to that idiot Iselin which started him off on a rampage.

MARCO

Mickey, listen to me, please. For the last six months I've been driven nearly out of my mind by the same recurring dream--

COLONEL

The medical officer in charge--

MARCO

What the hell does a medical corps know about intelligence work? I tell you, there something phony going on. There's something phony about me, about Raymond Shaw, about the whole Medal of Honor business. For instance. When the psychiatrist asked me how I felt about Raymond Shaw, how I personally felt about him and how the whole patrol felt about him, did you hear what I said? Did you really hear what I said? I said, Raymond Shaw is the kindest, warmest, bravest, most wonderful human being I've ever known in my life. And even now I feel that way, this minute. And yet, somewhere in the back of my mind, something tells me it's not true. It's just not true. It isn't as if Raymond's hard to like. He's impossible to like! In fact, he's probably one of the most repulsive human beings I've ever known in my whole-- all of my life.

COLONEL

Ben, what I came to tell you is Public Relations has bounced you back to me. And in your present state, there's no possible way I can use you. As of this moment,

I'm placing you on indefinite sick leave. Go away, Ben. Find yourself a girl. Lie in the sun.

MARCO

I absolutely refuse.

COLONEL

You don't seem to understand. What I've just told you is not a suggestion, Major. It is an order.

MARCO

(whispers)

Yes, sir.

COLONEL

Good night, Ben.

The Colonel heads for the door. Marco salutes him, a little defiantly. The Colonel reluctantly returns the salute and exits. Alone in the room, Marco hangs his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN - DELAWARE, EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK - DAY

A passenger train barrels down a track.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Marco, in civilian clothes, short of sleep, sits with a drink in his hand in a passenger car of the train. He blinks and unsteadily reaches for a cigarette from a nearby table. He manages to get it in his mouth but while searching for a match, the cigarette falls from his lips and into his drink. He tries to fish it out but gives up and sets his glass on the table. One of his fellow passengers, an attractive, well-dressed, blonde woman named ROSIE, watches him with concern as he tries to light a second smoke. Marco's hand shakes so badly that the match goes out before he can light the cigarette. He notices Rosie staring at him.

MARCO

Do you mind if I smoke?

ROSIE

Not at all. Please do.

Marco strikes another match and it too goes out. Embarrassed and frustrated, he rises and bolts from his chair, knocking over the table as he goes. Rosie watches him sympathetically. Marco stumbles through the car, using the walls for support. He stops by a door -- the landscape can be seen rushing by through its window -- and leans against a wall, perspiring badly. He shuts his eyes. Rosie catches up with him. She lights a cigarette and taps Marco on the shoulder. He opens his eyes and she offers him the cigarette. He accepts reluctantly.

ROSIE

Maryland's a beautiful state.

MARCO

This is Delaware.

ROSIE

I know. I was one of the original Chinese workmen who laid the track on this stretch. But, um, nonetheless, Maryland is a beautiful state. So is Ohio, for that matter.

Rosie lights a cigarette for herself.

MARCO

I guess so. Columbus is a tremendous football town. You in the railroad business?

ROSIE

Not anymore. However, if you'll permit me to point out, when you ask that question, you really should say, "Are you in the railroad line?"

(beat)

Where's your home?

MARCO

I'm in the army. I'm a major. I've been in the army most of my life. We move a good deal. I was born in New Hampshire.

ROSIE

I went to a girls' camp once in Lake Francis.

MARCO

That's pretty far north. What's your name?

ROSIE

Eugenie.

MARCO

Pardon?

ROSIE

No kidding, I really mean it. Crazy French pronunciation and all.

MARCO

It's pretty.

ROSIE

Thank you.

MARCO

I guess your friends call you Jenny.

ROSIE

Not yet they haven't, for which I'm

deeply grateful. But you may call me Jenny.

MARCO

What do your friends call you?

ROSIE

Rosie.

MARCO

Why?

ROSIE

My full name is Eugenie Rose. Of the two names, I've always favored Rosie 'cause it smells of brown soap and beer. Eugenie is somehow more fragile.

MARCO

Still, when I asked you what your name was, you said it was Eugenie.

ROSIE

Quite possible I was feeling more or less fragile at that instant.

MARCO

I could never figure out what that phrase meant. "More or less..." You Arabic?

ROSIE

No.

MARCO

(shakes her hand)

My name is Ben. It's really Bennet. Named after Arnold Bennet.

ROSIE

The writer?

MARCO

No, a lieutenant colonel. He was my father's commanding officer at the time.

ROSIE

What's your last name?

MARCO

Marco.

ROSIE

Major Marco. Are you Arabic?

MARCO

No.

ROSIE

Let me put it another way. Are you married?

MARCO

No. You?

ROSIE

No.

MARCO

What's your last name?

ROSIE

Cheyney. I'm production assistant for a man named Justin who had two hits last season. I live on 54th Street. Few doors from the Modern Museum of Art of which I'm a 'tea privileges' member. No cream. I live at 53 West 54th Street, apartment 3-B. Can you remember that?

MARCO

Yes.

ROSIE

El Dorado-59970. Can you remember that?

MARCO

Yes.

ROSIE

Are you stationed in New York? Or is stationed the right word?

MARCO

I'm not exactly stationed in New York. I was stationed in Washington but I got sick and now I'm on leave and I'm gonna spend it in New York.

ROSIE

El Dorado-59970.

MARCO

I'm gonna look up an old friend of mine who's a newspaperman. We were in Korea together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

This used to be Holborn Gaines' office but when the old man was murdered under mysterious circumstances, Raymond took it over. Raymond rounds up some papers to pack in his briefcase for a business trip while his secretary alerts him to a visitor.

SECRETARY

Mr. Shaw, there's a gentleman outside to see you.

RAYMOND SHAW

A gentleman?

SECRETARY

An Oriental gentleman, sir. He said he was in the army with you.

RAYMOND SHAW

There were no Oriental gentlemen in the army with me.

SECRETARY

He's very insistent, sir.

RAYMOND SHAW

All right, all right. Show him in.

The secretary leaves. Moments later, Chunjin enters. He stares apprehensively at Raymond who doesn't recognize him at first.

CHUNJIN

I am Chunjin, Mr. Shaw, sir. I was interpreter attached to Charlie company. 52nd regiment.

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, I remember you. You were the guide and interpreter to the patrol.

CHUNJIN

(smiles)

Yes, sir, Mr. Shaw.

RAYMOND SHAW

What can I do for you? I mean to say, what are you doing here?

CHUNJIN

Your father did not say to you?

RAYMOND SHAW

My father?

CHUNJIN

Yes, Senator Iselin.

RAYMOND SHAW

(darkly)

Senator Iselin... is not my father. Repeat, he is not my father. If you learn nothing else on your visit to this country, memorize that fact.

CHUNJIN

I write to Senator Iselin. I tell him how I interpret your outfit. I tell him I want to come to America. He get me visa. Now, I need job.

RAYMOND SHAW

Job?

CHUNJIN

Yes, sir, Mr. Shaw.

RAYMOND SHAW

But, my dear fellow, we don't need interpreters here. We all speak the same language.

CHUNJIN

(pleads)

I am tailor and mender. I am cook. I drive car. I'm cleaner and scrubber. I fix anything. I take message. I sleep at house of my cousin. I ask for job with you because you're a great man who saved my life.

RAYMOND SHAW

I could use a valet, I think. And I would like having a cook. A good cook, I mean. Very well. You can live at your cousin's. I will pay you sixty dollars a week. You will have every Thursday and every other Sunday off.

CHUNJIN

(smiles)

Thank you, Mr. Shaw.

RAYMOND SHAW

I'm leaving for Washington in a few minutes. I'll be back here this evening by eight-thirty. I would like to have dinner waiting.

CHUNJIN

(salutes Raymond)

Yes, sir! Yes, sir, Mr. Shaw! Just like United States Army!

RAYMOND SHAW

Oh, God, I hope not.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ISELIN'S SENATE OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Senator Iselin's reflection is visible in the glass of a framed portrait of his favorite president, Abraham Lincoln. The senator, wearing a bathrobe, pours himself a drink. He seems uneasy about something.

MRS. ISELIN (o.s.)

You're gonna be perfectly marvelous in there this afternoon, hon, I just know you are.

SENATOR ISELIN

Yeah...

The senator turns to Mrs. Iselin who sits at a table smoking a cigarette and reading the newspapers. The senator's lunch is on the table.

SENATOR ISELIN

There's just one thing, babe. I'd be a lot happier if we could just settle on the number of Communists I know there are in the Defense Department.

Mrs. Iselin gives him a withering look as he sits down to his lunch of steak and baked potato.

SENATOR ISELIN

I-I mean, the way you keep changing the figures on me all the time, it-it makes look like-like some kind of a nut, like-like-like an idiot. The boys are even startin' to kid me about it. Why, just yesterday in the cloak room, they said: "Hey, Johnny!"--

MRS. ISELIN

Well, you're going to look like an even bigger idiot if you don't get in there and do exactly what you're told.

SENATOR ISELIN

Babe...

MRS. ISELIN

(off the newspapers)

Who are they writing about all over this country and what are they saying? Are they saying: "Are there any Communists in the Defense Department?" Of course not. They're saying: "How many Communists are there in the Defense Department?"

SENATOR ISELIN

Yeah...

MRS. ISELIN

(vicious)

So just stop talking like an expert all of a sudden and get out there and say what you're supposed to say!

SENATOR ISELIN

C'mon, babe, I....

MRS. ISELIN

(suddenly sweet as sugar)

I'm sorry, hon. Would it really

make it easier for you if we settled
on just one number?

SENATOR ISELIN

Yeah. Just one real simple number
that'd be easy for me to remember.

The senator unscrews a bottle of ketchup and starts glopping it on his
steak. Mrs. Iselin looks at the bottle. It's Heinz Tomato Ketchup --
you know, the brand with fifty-seven varieties.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNITED STATES SENATE - DAY

On the Senate floor, Senator Iselin makes a speech.

SENATOR ISELIN

There are exactly... fifty-seven
card-carrying members of the
Communist party in the Department
of Defense at this time!

The Senate BUZZES at this. People are yelling, running around, etc.
Raymond sits quietly with the other members of the press taking notes.

SENATOR ISELIN

Point of order, Mr. Speaker! Point
of order...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A tired-looking Marco emerges from the elevator on Raymond's floor. The
elevator operator points out Raymond's door for him. Marco crosses to
the door and presses the BUZZER. After a moment, the door is opened by
Chunjin. Marco glares at him for a split second -- recognizes him --
and promptly punches him in the jaw. Chunjin sprawls backwards into
Raymond's apartment, CRASHING through a glass door. Marco tries to hit
him again but Chunjin gives him a wicked judo chop, then puts him in a
hold. They spin wildly around the room before Chunjin flips Marco to
the floor. Marco claws at Chunjin's face.

MARCO

What was Raymond doing with his
hands?!

Marco kicks Chunjin off of him. They both scramble to their feet.

MARCO

How did the old ladies turn into
Russians?!

Marco socks Chunjin in the side. Chunjin blocks another punch and
knocks Marco backward into a chair. They face off in classic judo
poses. Marco kicks Chunjin against a wooden dining room table, then
tries to karate chop him. Chunjin dodges and Marco chops out a
section of the table. Chunjin hits Marco, knocking him to the floor,
and then kicks him while he's down. Marco manages to get to one knee
before Chunjin can move in for the kill. Marco slowly rises and then

attacks. But Chunjin throws him across the room into a small table. Chunjin puts Marco in a head lock and pounds his face. Marco flips Chunjin over.

MARCO

What was Raymond doing with his hands?!

Marco hits Chunjin with a flurry of chops sending him to the floor. Marco twists Chunjin's arm while repeatedly kicking him in the gut and screaming questions at him.

MARCO

How did the old ladies turn into Russians?! What was Raymond doing with his hands?! What were you doing there?! What was Raymond doing with his hands?! What were you doing there?!

Two uniformed police officers burst into the wrecked apartment and try to pull Marco off of Chunjin. Marco elbows one of the officers in the stomach. The elevator operator, who called the cops, watches fearfully from the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Marco sits quietly, his hand to his bruised and cut face, staring blankly into space. A plainclothes police officer points him out to Rosie who pauses nervously before crossing to him. She sits beside him and he looks up at her. She smiles. The plainclothes officer brings Marco's coat and suitcase and then goes to make a phone call.

ROSIE

(to Marco)

I must say, it was original of you to have the police department call so shyly and ask for our first date.

MARCO

Well, they asked me who would... who would I be willing to --

ROSIE

I know. And thank you. Thank you very much.

Marco rises wearily and grabs his coat. Rosie takes his suitcase and they walk out of the station, past the officer who is talking on the phone in Spanish -- contrary to Raymond, we don't ALL speak the same language here.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TAXICAB - NIGHT

It rains heavily as a cab speeds through the New York City streets.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT

Marco and Rosie sit in the back seat.

MARCO

I've got to find Raymond. Maybe
he's home by now.

Rosie lights a cigarette for Marco and puts it in his mouth.

ROSIE

All right, darling. Whatever you
want. But, first, I have something
to tell you. You know what I was
doing when you so cleverly had the
police call me? Don't bother trying
to guess, you're too tired.

Rosie starts wiping some of the dried blood off of Marco's face.

ROSIE

I'll tell you what I was doing.
After I dropped you off, I went
straight home and when I got
upstairs--

MARCO

Apartment 3-B.

Rosie is surprised at his memory.

ROSIE

That's right. Very good. Before I
even took my coat off, I telephoned
my fiance...

Now, it's Marco's turn to look surprised.

ROSIE

Well, I told you I wasn't married.
I never said I wasn't engaged. Well,
I called up my fiance -- and he came
over as soon as he could, which was
instantly -- and I told him I had
just met you and I gave him his
ring back. I tried to convey my
regrets for whatever pain I might
be causing him. And then -- just
then -- you had the police call to
invite me to meet you at the 24th
Precinct. So I grabbed my coat,
kissed my fiance on the cheek -- for
the last time in our lives we would
ever kiss -- and I ran. At the
police station, they told me you
had just beaten up a very large
Chinese gentleman.

MARCO

Not Chinese, dear. Korean. At
least, I think he was Korean.

ROSIE

A very large Korean gentleman. But that you were a pretty solid type yourself, according to Washington with whom they had apparently checked. So I figured if they were willing to go to all the trouble to get a comment on you out of George Washington, why, you must be somebody very important indeed. And I must say, it was rather sweet of the general with you only a major. I didn't even know you knew him.

She almost gets a smile out of Marco. But then she turns serious.

ROSIE

If they were the tiniest bit puzzled about you, they could've asked me. Oh, yes, indeed, my darling, Ben. They could've asked me. And I would've told them.

Rosie kisses Marco.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later that evening, Raymond opens the door to his apartment to reveal an apologetic Marco standing in the hallway. Marco wears a clean uniform and has a bandage over one eye but his face is still a mess.

MARCO

Hi, kid.

RAYMOND SHAW

What in the hell's going on? They called me in Washington to tell me that you'd broken into my apartment and beaten up my houseboy.

Raymond walks away from the door and lets Marco follow him into the wrecked apartment.

MARCO

Yeah, well, see... Chunjin... When I--

RAYMOND SHAW

(off Marco's face)

My God, you look terrible. I mean, I've never seen you look so awful.

MARCO

Yeah.

Marco starts trying to tidy up the mess he made earlier. He picks up some papers from a table and crouches down to a pile of things on the floor beside it.

MARCO

Raymond, uh, I want to tell you,
I've been having this terrible
nightmare...

Marco stops. He sees Raymond's Congressional Medal of Honor lying amid
the things on the floor. Marco picks it up and takes a long look at it.

MARCO

I've been in the army nineteen years.
First time I've ever seen one of
these.

(rises)

I've been havin' this nightmare. A
real swinger of a nightmare, too.
Has to do with, uh, all kinds of
strange people--

RAYMOND SHAW

(straightening a lamp)

Is it about a Russian general and
some Chinese and me and the men who
were on the patrol?

Stunned, Marco crosses to Raymond and grabs hold of him by the lapels.

MARCO

How did you know that? How do you
know?

RAYMOND SHAW

Take your hands off me.

Marco lets go of him and tries to calm down.

MARCO

Please, Raymond. Tell me. How did
you know?

RAYMOND SHAW

Well, I don't really know anything
about it at all.

Raymond walks away from Marco.

MARCO

But you just started to tell--

RAYMOND SHAW

It's just that-- You remember Al
Melvin, the corporal in the patrol?

MARCO

Yes, of course.

RAYMOND SHAW

Well, I had a letter from him a
couple of weeks ago. Needless to
say, I was very surprised to hear
from him.

Raymond rights a fallen statue.

RAYMOND SHAW

You know how much the guys in the outfit hated me. Well, not as much as I hated them, of course. Well, anyway, the funny thing was, he said in his letter that I was the best friend he had in the army. I was the best friend he had in the army. Why, the poor simple boob. Well, anyway, that's what he wanted to tell me about: his nightmare. He said he was going out of his mind.

Raymond crouches down to pick some things off the floor. Marco crosses to him.

MARCO

Raymond. Tell me what he said about the nightmare.

RAYMOND SHAW

Well, he keeps dreaming that the patrol is all sitting together in this hotel lobby and there are a lot of Chinese brass and Russian generals and I don't know. Anyway, what's so much of a nightmare about that?

MARCO

The letter. Have you got the letter?

RAYMOND SHAW

No, I don't. I never keep letters.

MARCO

You mean, that's all he wrote? That was the end of it?

RAYMOND SHAW

Why? Is it the same thing that you've been dreaming?

MARCO

Raymond, do something for me, will you? Call El Dorado-59970. If a young lady answers, and she will, tell her I've gone to Washington -- the town, not the general. Tell her I'll be in touch with her as quickly as I can. You'll do that won't you? El Dorado-59970.

Marco puts the Medal of Honor in Raymond's hand and rushes out. Raymond watches him go and returns to his cleaning.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Various photographs -- some sharp, some murky -- of various men are projected on a screen, two at a time. In the darkened intelligence room, a tight-lipped Marco, wearing eyeglasses, sits and stares intently at the pictures. His fellow intelligence officers sit with him: the Colonel, the medical officer, the psychiatrist, etc.

COLONEL

To take some of the mystery out of it, Major, the photographs you're looking at are shots of male models, Mexican circus performers, Czech research chemists, Japanese criminals, French headwaiters, Turkish wrestlers, pastoral psychiatrists, and, of course, various officials of the U.S.S.R., the People's Republic of China, and the Soviet Army.

A picture of Berezovo appears. Marco rises and crosses to the screen.

MARCO

Hold the one on the right, please!

The picture of Berezovo is held and Marco inspects it closely. A picture of Gomel appears on the left.

MARCO

Hold this one, too, please.

Marco, standing in front of the two photos, turns to the Colonel.

COLONEL

Exactly one hour ago, your friend, Mr. Alan Melvin in Wainwright, Alaska made the same two photographs.

MARCO

(off Berezovo's photo)

This one here wore sunglasses, smelled like a goat. His moustache was a little thinner then. He had a loud voice and it grated. 'S'bout five eleven, on the heavy side, uniformed as a lieutenant general. His staff was dressed in civilian clothes, looked a little like FBI men.

ONE OF THE OFFICERS

His name, incidentally, is Berezovo. He's a member of the Central Committee.

MARCO

(off Gomel's photo)

This one was dressed in civilian

clothes but his staff was uniformed
-- varying from a full colonel to a
first lieutenant. They wore
political markings.

OFFICER

Lights.

The lights come on. The medical officer exchanges glances with the
psychiatrist. The Colonel addresses Marco.

COLONEL

All right, Ben. I'm going to
recommend setting up a joint
intelligence CIA-FBI unit based out
of New York. You'll work with them
representing the Army. Your
assignment's Raymond Shaw.

MARCO

Very good, Colonel.

PSYCHIATRIST

Should be a very pleasant assignment,
Major, considering that Raymond Shaw
is the kindest, bravest, warmest,
most wonderful human being you've
ever met in your life.

For the first time in a long time, Marco grins, a broad happy smile of
relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Some weeks later, Christmas Eve. Raymond sits at a table downing a drink
while Marco puts a record on the phonograph. They both appear to be
inebriated, Raymond particularly so.

RAYMOND SHAW

My mother, Ben, is a terrible woman.
A terrible, terrible woman.

Raymond tries to pour himself another but the bottle's nearly empty.

RAYMOND SHAW

(yells)

Chunjin! Chunjin! We would like
some more wine!

As a lame version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas" emerges from the
phonograph (What? No Sinatra?), Marco pulls a fresh bottle of wine
from a paper bag and joins Raymond at the table.

RAYMOND SHAW

Chunjin! Oh, I forgot. [?] I gave
Chunjin the night off. Because it
was Christmas Eve, I told him. He
was very reluctant to go.

MARCO

That's probably because he's a Buddhist and he doesn't celebrate Christmas.

RAYMOND SHAW

Ah... I don't think that Chunjin is a Buddhist. He smiles all the time.

MARCO

Oh. What a shame. I thought he was a Buddhist or I would've sent him a Christmas card. But I figured that if I sent him a card...

Marco POPS the cork on the wine bottle.

MARCO

...at this time of the year...

Marco pours.

MARCO

...then he would have to send me a card on the Buddha's birthday. To save face, right?

RAYMOND SHAW

Oh, right.

MARCO

And that would've started a whole big magilla.

RAYMOND SHAW

Exactly.

MARCO

Right.

RAYMOND SHAW

That's-- You did exactly the right thing.

Marco watches Raymond stare at the phonograph.

RAYMOND SHAW

(rises)

Twelve days of Christmas.

Raymond crosses to the phonograph.

RAYMOND SHAW

One day of Christmas is loathsome enough.

Raymond switches off the phonograph and makes his way back to the table.

RAYMOND SHAW

What were we saying? Oh, yes. My mother. Oh, but you don't want to

sit there listening to me talking
about--

Raymond sits.

MARCO

Of course, I do. I'm interested.
It's rather like listening to
Orestes gripe about Clytemnestra.

RAYMOND SHAW

Who?

MARCO

Greeks. Couple o' Greeks in a play.

RAYMOND SHAW

Oh. Well, you know, Ben, it's a
terrible thing to hate your mother.
But I didn't always hate her. When I
was a child, I only kind of disliked
her. But after what she did to
Jocie and me... That's when I began
to hate her.

MARCO

Jocie?

RAYMOND SHAW

Jocie Jordan. Senator Jordan's
daughter. That's pretty funny,
isn't it?

Raymond rises and crosses to a bookcase where he digs out an old photo.

RAYMOND SHAW

Thomas Jordan's daughter and Johnny
Iselin's stepson.

Raymond returns to the table, sits, and shows the photo to Marco.

RAYMOND SHAW

That's her. Jocie.

MARCO

She's lovely.

RAYMOND SHAW

I always keep her picture. Years
later, I realized, Ben, that I'm not
very lovable-- No, no, don't
contradict me. I'm not lovable.
Some people are lovable and other
people are not lovable. I am not
lovable. Oh, but I was very lovable
with Jocie. Ben, you cannot believe
how lovable I was. In a way. And,
of course, my mother fixed all that.

Raymond polishes off his drink.

RAYMOND SHAW

Ben, you don't blame me, for hating my mother, do you? I'm not making excuses. 'Cause I have been even less lovable than I was since... It was the summer just before I went into the army. And I was bitten by this snake. Are you following me?

MARCO

I am.

RAYMOND SHAW

Well, while I was lying there, absolutely helpless, afraid to move -- because you're not supposed to move, uh, it-it makes the poison circulate --

We begin a SLOW DISSOLVE to a FLASHBACK.

RAYMOND SHAW

... when, unexpectedly, there she was with a razor blade in her hand...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESHORE ROAD - LONG ISLAND, N.Y. - DAY

We PAN ACROSS a lake to find Raymond wearing nothing but swim trunks, lying in the grass. A stunningly attractive blonde woman, about Raymond's age, kneels beside him, tending to his snakebitten ankle. This is JOCIE JORDAN. She talks breathlessly, pleased and excited by the situation.

JOCIE

My daddy's gonna be so pleased about this. I mean, he's just absolutely scared tiddly about snakes in this part of the country. I know that sounds terribly Freudian and everything but, in this case, I don't think it is. I mean, I think he's just simply uncomplicatedly afraid of snakes, period...

Jocie rises and rushes over to her nearby bicycle to fetch a bottle.

JOCIE

...which is why I happen to be riding around with a razor blade and a bottle of potassium permanganate solution.

Jocie rushes back to Raymond.

JOCIE

You don't happen to have a handkerchief, do you?

(laughs breathlessly)

No, of course, you don't. Well, I

don't either. I-I do have a Kleenex
but... Oh, well.

Jocie unbuttons and removes her blouse, revealing her nicely-filled
strapless bra. Raymond tries not to show his pleasure at this.

JOCIE
Seriously, Daddy is going to be just
thrilled about this.

Jocie uses the blouse as a tourniquet on Raymond's leg.

JOCIE
All summer long he's been raving
about snakes and nobody's ever seen
one and now this. I promise you one
thing, it may be a little
uncomfortable for you but it's
going to absolutely make his summer.
Now, you just lie very still. Don't
move. That's very important.

Jocie rises, crosses to her bike, and pedals away.

JOCIE
I'll be right back with the car in a
minute.

Raymond, thoroughly entranced, watches her go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JORDAN'S SUMMER HOME - DAY

Raymond -- now wearing a borrowed jacket and with a thermometer in his
mouth -- lies on his back on a table in the living room of SENATOR
THOMAS JORDAN, a short, round, balding man who is everything Senator
Iselin is not: classy, thoughtful, intelligent. Senator Jordan checks
Raymond's eyes and seems satisfied.

SENATOR JORDAN
You're lucky, young man, very lucky.
If I were to tell you the statistics
on death by snakebite every year...

Jocie, standing over Raymond like a mother hen, smiles at her father's
snake mania.

SENATOR JORDAN
But in this case, I think...
(inspecting the ankle)
Hmm, there's no swelling above or
below.
(checks the thermometer)
Hmm... Normal. Well, I must say,
there's a good chance you're going
to live.

Raymond continues to stare at Jocie.

SENATOR JORDAN

You're not by any chance a mute,
are you?

Jocie laughs at her father.

RAYMOND SHAW

No, sir.

They help Raymond to sit up on the table.

RAYMOND SHAW

(to Jocie)

I want to thank you very much,
Miss...? Miss...?

JOCIE

Jordan.

SENATOR JORDAN

Miss Jocelyn Jordan.

RAYMOND SHAW

How do you do?

JOCIE

Fine.

They help Raymond off the table to a chair.

SENATOR JORDAN

And now, according to the quaint
local custom, it's your turn to tell
us what your name is.

RAYMOND SHAW

My name is Raymond Shaw, sir.

SENATOR JORDAN

How do you do, Raymond? Is your
place near here, Raymond?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes. It's that red house just across
the lake.

JOCIE

The Iselin house?

RAYMOND SHAW

(through clenched teeth)

My house. It was my father's. My
father's dead. He left it to me.

A giant artwork of an eagle with outstretched wings hangs over Jordan's
fireplace. Senator Jordan stands in front of it in such a way that the
wings appear to be coming out of his back as if he were an angel.

SENATOR JORDAN

We were told that that was the summer
camp of Senator Iselin.

RAYMOND SHAW

Johnny stays there sometimes, sir,
when he gets too drunk for my mother
to allow him to be seen in
Washington.

SENATOR JORDAN

(to Jocie)

My dear, although we've done
everything that modern science
recommends, there is still the
traditional folk remedy against
snakebite which we haven't applied.
So, to be on the safe side...

Jocie grins and goes to fetch some drinks.

SENATOR JORDAN

(to Raymond)

Mrs. Iselin is your mother?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir.

SENATOR JORDAN

(sits)

I once found it necessary to sue
your mother for defamation of
character and slander. My name is
Thomas Jordan. Senator Thomas
Jordan.

RAYMOND SHAW

(incredulous)

The Communist?

Jocie returns with the drinks and sits with her father.

SENATOR JORDAN

Well... One of your mother's more
endearing traits is a tendency to
refer to anyone who disagrees with
her about anything as a Communist.
Last time she so referred to me on a
network radio program, it cost her
sixty-five thousand dollars in court
costs. What hurt her more than the
money, I think, was the fact that I
donated all of it to an organization
called the American Civil Liberties
Union.

RAYMOND SHAW

Senator Jordan.

SENATOR JORDAN

Yes, Raymond?

RAYMOND SHAW

I would very much like to ask your
permission, sir, to marry Jocelyn.

Jocie and the senator stare at Raymond. Then at each other. Then they explode with laughter. After a long moment, Raymond joins them. It is the first time we see him smile, let alone laugh. Over this happy scene appears a SUPERIMPOSED IMAGE of a drunken Raymond as he continues to tell his story to Marco.

RAYMOND SHAW

(to Marco)

We were together every minute after that.

Still laughing, Raymond, Jocie and the senator toast one another and drink their drinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. / EXT. SUMMERTIME MONTAGE

The superimposed image of Raymond continues over a MONTAGE of the events of that summer: Raymond and Jocie walking hand in hand through the countryside; running by the lakeshore in swimsuits and collapsing to the grass in an embrace; Raymond, Jocie and the senator enjoying a hearty laugh at the Jordans' dinner table.

RAYMOND SHAW

(to Marco)

You just cannot believe, Ben, how... lovable the whole damn thing was. All summer long, we were together. I was lovable. Jocie was lovable. The senator was lovable. The days were lovable. The nights were lovable. And everybody was lovable. Except, of course, my mother.

Raymond takes a drink. The montage ends on a DISSOLVE TO the final scene of the FLASHBACK:

INT. RAYMOND'S SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT

A door SLAMS and Raymond enters. Mrs. Iselin sits and smokes a cigarette. A painting of Abraham Lincoln hangs on the wall over the fireplace. A lampshade shaped like a stovepipe hat is mounted over a lamp base shaped like a bust of Lincoln.

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

(sharply)

What is it, mother?

MRS. ISELIN

What sort of a greeting is that at three-thirty in the morning?

RAYMOND SHAW

It's a quarter to three and what do you want?

MRS. ISELIN

I want to talk to you, Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

About what?

MRS. ISELIN

I want to talk to you about that Communist tart.

RAYMOND SHAW

Shut up with that, mother! Shut up!

MRS. ISELIN

You know what Jordan is? Are you out to crucify me? Are you [?]

RAYMOND SHAW

I don't know what you're talking about and I don't want to know. I'm going to bed.

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond. Sit down.

Raymond sits reluctantly and his mother rises and crosses to him.

MRS. ISELIN

How would you see her? They live in New York.

RAYMOND SHAW

I'm getting a job in New York.

MRS. ISELIN

You have your army service.

RAYMOND SHAW

Next spring. I might be dead by next spring.

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond, if we were at war, and you were suddenly to become infatuated with the daughter of a Russian agent, wouldn't you expect me to come to you and object? And beg you to stop the entire thing before it was too late? Well, we are at war. It's a cold war. But it will get worse and worse until every man, woman and child in this country will have to stand up and be counted to say whether they are on the side of right and freedom or on the side of the Thomas Jordan's of this country.

Raymond claps his hands to ears and grimaces -- just as we saw him do earlier in the limousine. Mrs. Iselin begins to work her will on him,

wearing him down. We begin another SLOW DISSOLVE out of the FLASHBACK.

MRS. ISELIN

I will go to you to Washington, tomorrow if you like, and I will show you documented proof that this man stands for evil, that he is evil, and that his whole life is devoted to undermining everything that you and I and Johnny and every freedom-minded American...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Dawn is breaking on Christmas morning as Raymond finishes telling Marco his story.

RAYMOND SHAW

She won, of course. She always does. I could never beat her. I still can't. I wrote a letter. Or she wrote it and I signed it, I-I can't even remember which. It was a terrible, vile, disgusting letter. The next day, I enlisted in the Army. I never saw her again.

(begins to cry)

God knows, Ben, I'm not lovable. But I loved her. I did love her. I do love her.

Raymond puts his head down on the table. Marco rises.

MARCO

Come on, kid. Time for you to call it a night. Come on.

Marco helps Raymond to his feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JILLY'S BAR - DAY

A few days later. Raymond enters a popular New York City watering hole, Jilly's. Throughout the scene, the BARTENDER -- Jilly himself? -- keeps up a running conversation with two patrons at the bar.

BARTENDER

So, this lousy brother-in-law of mine, I say to him, you think you're a poker player? Well, I've got a flash for you...

RAYMOND SHAW

(to the bartender)

Beer, please.

BARTENDER

... you ain't no poker player.

(gets the beer)
So I says to him, my advice to you
from the bottom of the heart: don't
play poker.

(gives beer to Raymond)
If I was you, I'd get myself another
line of action. Why don't you pass
the time by playing a little
solitaire? So, he says to me--

RAYMOND SHAW
(to the bartender)
Give me a deck of cards, please.

The bartender slides a deck of cards down the bar to Raymond who
immediately starts passing the time by playing a little solitaire.

BARTENDER
When I get married to my old lady, I
got no idea that this guy comes in
the same package. That it's a
package deal and for eleven long
years, I got this grump tied around
my neck. And believe me it's no
bargain. You've got no idea what
kind of a problem I got with this
guy...

Marco enters and joins Raymond at the bar.

MARCO
(to the bartender)
Beer, please.
(to Raymond)
Sorry, I'm late, kid. Got held up
in traffic.

The bartender, still talking to the two patrons, gives Marco a beer.
Raymond ignores Marco and keeps playing. Marco watches as the queen of
diamonds turns up. Raymond stops.

BARTENDER
...so I says to him, please do me a
favor, will you? Why don't you go
take yourself a cab and go up to
Central Park and go jump in the
lake?

The bartender and the two patrons laugh. Raymond immediately leaves the
bar and walks out into the street, much to Marco's surprise.

MARCO
Hey! Raymond! Hey!

Marco throws some bills on the bar and rushes out after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. JILLY'S - DAY

Marco emerges from Jilly's just as a cab pulls away from the curb with

Raymond in it.

MARCO

Raymond!

Marco watches the cab take off, then hails a cab of his own.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Minutes later, Raymond gets out of his cab at Central Park and starts walking briskly down a long flight of steps to the lake. After a few moments, Marco's cab arrives. He jumps out and follows Raymond.

Raymond threads his way through dozens of rowboats that have been stacked up for the winter. Marco follows.

Raymond strides across the wooden boardwalk that runs along the side of the lake. Marco follows.

Raymond walks the entire length of a pier that juts out into the lake and, without stopping, jumps into the icy water. Marco can't believe what he's seeing. Raymond treads water, looking puzzled as to where he is. Marco runs down the pier and helps Raymond out of the water.

MARCO

Get out of there! What are ya doin'?

Raymond, shivering from the cold, stands on the pier with Marco.

RAYMOND SHAW

Hi, Ben.

MARCO

What the hell are you doing? What's the matter with you?

RAYMOND SHAW

I don't know.

MARCO

I was standing next to you at the bar and you were playing a game of solitaire. Do you remember that?

Raymond shakes his head.

MARCO

Then you bolted out of the bar, jumped in a cab, drove up here to the park and jumped into the water.

RAYMOND SHAW

I don't remember, Ben. I just don't remember.

MARCO

Wait a minute. I do. I remember. In the dream. I remember what you

were doing with your hands...

Marco deals an imaginary hand of solitaire to a puzzled Raymond.

MARCO

You were-- Of course!

CUT TO:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Days later. Marco is in the midst of a real game of solitaire while the army psychiatrist looks on and kibitzes, much to Marco's annoyance.

PSYCHIATRIST

Obviously, the solitaire game acts as some sort of a trigger mechanism.

(off the game)

Black seven on the red eight.

(matter-of-fact)

I suggest we discard the various number systems and concentrate on the face cards.

(off the game)

Red six on the black seven.

MARCO

(annoyed)

Thanks a lot.

PSYCHIATRIST

Because of their symbolic identification with human beings.

Based on Raymond's psychiatric pattern, I think we can safely eliminate the jacks and kings.

(off the game)

Black six on the red seven.

MARCO

(fed up)

Why don't you try it for a while?

Marco throws down the deck. The psychiatrist eagerly takes over the game.

PSYCHIATRIST

Human fish swimming at the bottom of the great ocean of atmosphere develop psychic injuries as they collide with one another. Most mortal of all are those gotten from the parent fish.

MARCO

Queen of diamonds on the black king.

The psychiatrist lays down the queen of diamonds but Marco instantly picks it up.

PSYCHIATRIST

Hey, what are you doing? To cheat

at solitaire is a form of regression
that--

MARCO

I remember. I remember. I can see
that Chinese cat standin' there
smilin' like Fu Manchu and saying:
"The queen of diamonds is reminiscent
in many ways of Raymond's dearly
loved and hated mother and is the
second key to clear the mechanism
for any other assignment." Yeah.

Marco and the psychiatrist exchange happy grins.

CUT TO:

INT. ISELIN'S SENATE OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Senator Iselin sits in a chair practicing a speech -- he reads from
handwritten cue cards labeled "Iselin Speech #14." A bib in his collar
protects his shirt from the cosmetics that a professional make-up artist
judiciously applies to his face. Mrs. Iselin sits with the cue card
writer supervising his work.

SENATOR ISELIN

...republic, repeat, republic, until
the peril of international Communism
is driven from every dark corner of
this great nation.

(to make-up artist)

Give me a little chuckie on the chin,
you doing it right?

MRS. ISELIN

(to Senator Iselin)

You know, hon, I can't tell you how
worried I am about Raymond.

SENATOR ISELIN

Raymond? What Raymond?

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond Shaw. My son. Your stepson.
I've been thinking about him a great
deal lately and you know what I've
decided?

SENATOR ISELIN

What?

MRS. ISELIN

I've decided it's time he got
married.

The senator chuckles at this.

MRS. ISELIN

(rises)

May I ask what you find so amusing?

SENATOR ISELIN

Who could you possibly find who would marry Raymond? Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. ISELIN

I have devoted considerable thought to the problem. And it has occurred to me that Tom Jordan's daughter, Jocelyn -- you remember her, hon? That mousy little girl Raymond was so attracted to that summer at the lake?

SENATOR ISELIN

Oh, yeah. That little, uh, Communist tart?

MRS. ISELIN

All right. So I might have been a little bit hasty. Anyway, time's change. I now think she would now make Raymond an excellent wife. She's been living in Paris for the past two years. I have word she'll be coming home soon. And when she does, I think we should give a little party.

SENATOR ISELIN

But, babe, I thought that you and Senator Jordan--

MRS. ISELIN

I keep telling you not to think. You're very, very good at a great many things but thinking, hon', just simply isn't one of them. You just keep shouting "Point of order! Point of order!" into the television cameras and I will handle the rest. I think a June wedding would be nice. Right before the convention.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Mrs. Iselin stands by a whirring electric fan. Raymond sits at a typewriter, working. Chunjin sets up a table for lunch.

MRS. ISELIN

(to Raymond)

Raymond, I don't know why yours is the only apartment in New York City without an air conditioner. You know, sometimes I think you came to us from another century.

(to Chunjin)

Choo Chin Chow, or whatever your name is, the steaks are to be broiled for exactly eleven minutes,

no more, no less, from each side,
in a pre-heated grill, at four
hundred degrees.

CHUNJIN

Yes, ma'am.

Chunjin exits.

MRS. ISELIN

(sits at the table)

Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

Mother. May I ask a question?

MRS. ISELIN

Of course.

RAYMOND SHAW

What are you doing here? I mean,
why are we having our annual
meeting?

MRS. ISELIN

I don't know what you're talking about.

RAYMOND SHAW

When I got your message announcing
that you were coming to lunch, I
naturally assumed it was because you
wanted something.

MRS. ISELIN

Not at all. This is a purely social
event. However--

Raymond finishes typing, pulls the paper out of the machine with a flourish, rises and joins Mrs. Iselin at the table.

RAYMOND SHAW

Ah! The "however."

MRS. ISELIN

As you may or may not have heard,
Johnny and I are giving an enormous
party, a costume ball actually, at
the summer house on Long Island. I
wondered if you'd like to attend.

RAYMOND SHAW

(sits)

Have you gone out of your mind?

MRS. ISELIN

The reason I ask is because we're
giving it in honor of an old friend
of yours and her father.

RAYMOND SHAW

What old friend?

MRS. ISELIN

Do you remember a darling girl you met the summer before you went into the army, Jocelyn Jordan, Senator Jordan's daughter? Well, she's been living abroad for the last several years. She arrived back in New York a week or so ago. And I thought, considering the rather shabby way you treated her...

Raymond glares at his mother.

MRS. ISELIN

... it might be a rather gracious gesture if I gave her a coming home party.

RAYMOND SHAW

Jocie and her father? Coming to a party of yours?

MRS. ISELIN

Of course. Once I explain to her you will be there.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE TENT - LONG ISLAND, N.Y. - NIGHT

Inside a big tent on the grounds near the summer house. To the SOUND of a Dixieland jazz band, someone sticks a knife into some red-, white- and blue-colored caviar shaped like an American flag and spreads the caviar on a cracker, leaving an ugly hole in the flag. The man who does this is Senator Iselin. He's dressed as Abraham Lincoln -- fake beard, stovepipe hat, etc. He turns to some of the other party guests, all in gaudy costumes.

SENATOR ISELIN

It's all right. It's Polish caviar.

Everyone laughs. Mrs. Iselin, dressed as Little Bo Peep, grabs the senator's arm with her shepherd's hook and drags him across the room to get his picture taken with some V.I.P.

MRS. ISELIN

Johnny! Come over here, hon'!

The Iselins pose with the V.I.P.

MRS. ISELIN

(to the V.I.P.)

Stand in the middle.

Raymond arrives dressed rather stylishly as a gaucho. The photographer snaps a picture of the Iselins and the V.I.P.

MRS. ISELIN

Great!

THE V.I.P.

Thank you.

MRS. ISELIN

(to the V.I.P.)

You look marvelous.

THE V.I.P.

(to the Iselins)

I'll see you later.

The V.I.P. walks off. A visibly tense Raymond confronts the Iselins.

RAYMOND SHAW

Where is she? Have they come?

MRS. ISELIN

They'll be here any minute.

RAYMOND SHAW

Are you sure they're coming, mother?
Are you absolutely sure?

MRS. ISELIN

Oh, Raymond. Don't be such a jerk.
Go and get yourself a drink or a
tranquilizer or something.

(to Iselin)

Raymond can certainly be a royal pain.

SENATOR ISELIN

(to Raymond)

Ah, she's just kiddin'. Ray, you
look great! You look... just great!
What, uh, what are you supposed to
be? One of those Dutch skaters?

Iselin and some of the guests laugh at this. Raymond stalks away moodily. Mrs. Iselin pokes Iselin with her hook and chases after Raymond.

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond, darling!

Mrs. Iselin catches up to Raymond and takes him by the arm.

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond, dear, why do you always
have to look as if your head's just
about to come to a point? Now,
just be patient. She'll be here.
I guarantee it. Raymond, why don't
we just sneak away for a few minutes
and sit down somewhere quietly and
have a drink?

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT

A quiet, pleasant room where the books are real, the bust of Lincoln is

imposing, and the wall facing the yard is mostly glass. The voices of Raymond and Mrs. Iselin drift in from the hallway through a closed door.

RAYMOND SHAW (o.s.)
Are you absolutely sure she's coming,
Mother?

MRS. ISELIN (o.s.)
I told you she telephoned me twenty
minutes ago from the hotel.

The door opens. Raymond enters, followed by Mrs. Iselin, who closes and locks the door behind them.

RAYMOND SHAW
Mother... Mother, how did she sound?

MRS. ISELIN
Like a girl. Raymond. Why don't you
pass the time by playing a little
solitaire?

Uh oh.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE TENT - NIGHT

Senator Iselin spots Senator Jordan who has just arrived. Jordan wears an ordinary suit instead of a costume. Iselin greets him.

SENATOR ISELIN
Tom! Tom boy! Tom boy, so great
you could come!

Jordan reluctantly shakes Iselin's hand.

SENATOR JORDAN
(stiffly)
I am here at this fascist rally
because my daughter has assured me
that it was important to her
happiness that I come. There is no
other reason.

SENATOR ISELIN
(pats him on the back)
Good old Tom!

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Raymond, sitting at a table, turns up the queen of diamonds and stops playing solitaire. Mrs. Iselin sits across the room, watching him.

MRS. ISELIN
Raymond. The time has come for us
to have a serious discussion. We
feel--

There's a KNOCK at the door.

MRS. ISELIN

(sharply)

What is it?

SENATOR ISELIN (o.s.)

It's me, babe, Johnny. Tom Jordan's here, I need you.

MRS. ISELIN

I'll be right out.

SENATOR ISELIN (o.s.)

Who's in there with you, anyway?

MRS. ISELIN

Raymond.

SENATOR ISELIN (o.s.)

Well, hurry up, will you? We've got work to do out here.

Mrs. Iselin rises, approaches Raymond, and takes the queen of diamonds.

MRS. ISELIN

I'll take this one with me, dear. It might bring mischief if I leave it.

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, Mother.

Mrs. Iselin crosses to the door, unlocks and opens it, and turns to Raymond.

MRS. ISELIN

I'll be back as soon as I can.

Mrs. Iselin exits, leaving Raymond alone. Well, not entirely alone: a woman stands in the yard, outside a nearby door, peering in through the glass at Raymond. We see only her face. It's Jocie, as beautiful as ever. She opens the door. Raymond turns and sees her.

JOCIE

I've been watching you through the window. When I saw you, my heart almost shot out of my body. I sent Daddy around the front way. I had to see you alone.

Raymond twitches badly as he stares at her. We PAN DOWN from her face to see what Raymond sees: a gigantic queen of diamonds. By some cosmic coincidence, Jocie has chosen to attend this particular costume party as the Queen of Diamonds: she wears a cape, leotards, and a large papier-mache mock-up of a playing card depicting the queen strapped to her torso. Raymond rises and crosses to her.

RAYMOND SHAW

Jocie. Oh, Jocie.

They embrace and kiss deeply.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE TENT - NIGHT

The party's in full swing. Senator Iselin, a drink in his hand, plays limbo. Mrs. Iselin's hook is the limbo stick, held by a couple of good looking women in belly dancer outfits. Though drunk, Iselin manages to dance under the stick, tipping his stovepipe hat as he does. The guests APPLAUD. Senator Jordan grimaces in disgust at all this and looks very uncomfortable. The women lower the stick and Senator Iselin tries again but this time, he staggers to his knees. Mrs. Iselin decides he's had enough and takes the hook away from the women. Senator Jordan walks off.

MRS. ISELIN

(to the women)

Thank you.

Mrs. Iselin pulls Senator Iselin aside.

MRS. ISELIN

Come on, lover.

(off his cocktail)

Now, why don't you just take that somewhere very quietly and drink it?

SENATOR ISELIN

But, babe, I...

MRS. ISELIN

All right, dear. Run along. The grown-ups have to talk.

The senator watches as Mrs. Iselin takes off after Jordan.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMER HOUSE LAWN - NIGHT

Mrs. Iselin joins Senator Jordan outside the tent.

MRS. ISELIN

How good of you to come, Tom.

SENATOR JORDAN

I have explained to your husband why I am here.

MRS. ISELIN

Tom, I know you have very strong personal feelings about Johnny. And about me. What I would like to find out is how strong they really are. To put it as simply as possible, if Johnny's name were put forward at the convention next week, would you attempt to block him?

SENATOR JORDAN

You're joking, of course?

MRS. ISELIN

Mr. Stevenson makes jokes. I do not.

SENATOR JORDAN

You're seriously trying for the nomination for Johnny?

MRS. ISELIN

No. We couldn't make it. But I think he has a good chance for the second spot. I've answered your question but you haven't answered mine.

SENATOR JORDAN

What question?

MRS. ISELIN

Will you block us?

SENATOR JORDAN

Will I block you? I would spend every cent I own and all I could borrow to block you. There are people who think of Johnny as a clown and a buffoon. But I do not. I despise John Iselin and everything that Iselinism has come to stand for. I think if John Iselin were a paid Soviet agent he could not do more to harm this country than he's doing now. You asked me a question. Very well. I'll answer you. If you attempt to deal with the delegates or cause Johnny's name to be brought forward on the ticket or if in my canvass of the delegates tomorrow morning by telephone I find that you're so acting, I will bring impeachment proceedings against your husband on the floor of the United States Senate. And I will hit him, I promise you, with everything in my well-documented book.

Mrs. Iselin throws her shepherd's hook to the ground and stalks away angrily. Senator Jordan watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mrs. Iselin enters the library carrying the queen of diamonds. She's shocked to find that Raymond is gone. And even more shocked to find Jocie's giant papier-mache playing card of the queen of diamonds lying nearby.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

That same night, Marco sits at a dining room table, handling a deck of cards. Rosie enters from the kitchen with two glasses and a bottle of wine. Marco fans the deck and holds it out to Rosie.

MARCO

For one million bucks, pick a card.

ROSIE

Oh, Benny. Card tricks? If I'd've known that--

MARCO

(insistent)

Pick a card.

Rosie picks a card and holds it to her body without looking at it.

MARCO

Queen of diamonds.

Rosie looks at the card. It's the queen of diamonds.

ROSIE

That's pretty good. How did you do that?

Marco winks, fans the deck, and holds up the cards to her: every card in the deck is the queen of diamonds.

MARCO

This is what is known, my dear girl, as a force deck. This deck of cards is often employed by a professional magician to simplify his problem of guessing the card picked by the little old lady in the third row. Also employed by Army Intelligence officers who-- Rosie.

ROSIE

Hm?

MARCO

Let's get married.

ROSIE

We certainly are in good spirits tonight, aren't we?

Rosie retreats to the kitchen. Marco grabs the wine bottle and a glass and follows her.

MARCO

Yes, we are. Tomorrow's the big day. Lunch with Raymond. Have a nice little game of solitaire and a nice long chat about the good old days in Korea.

Marco pours himself a glass of wine while Rosie fixes two plates of pasta.

MARCO

And some old Chinese and Russian friends of ours. Then a suggestion or two that'll rip out all of the wiring.

(drinks some wine)

And then, dear girl, it's over. All over. What's the matter? Don't you want to?

ROSIE

Want to what?

MARCO

Get married. Why don't you pay attention to me when I speak to you?

ROSIE

Oh, Benny, I want to marry you more than I want to go on eating Italian food. Which'll give you some idea.

Rosie kisses Marco, then heads for the dining room with the plates. Marco follows.

MARCO

Well, then why don't we get with it, kiddo? You know, arranging for the papers, the blood test, posting the banns, figure out what we're gonna name the kids, renting the rice, buy the ring, call the folks.

ROSIE

Folks?

MARCO

You neither?

ROSIE

Mm mm.

MARCO

Orphan?

ROSIE

Uh huh. I used to be convinced that as a baby I was the sole survivor of a spaceship that overshot Mars.

MARCO

Very sexy stuff. Very, very sexy.

Marco kisses Rosie.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT - DAY

The next day. Marco, in uniform, stands and waits for Raymond. He's surprised to see Raymond enter with his arm around Jocie -- both still wear their costumes from the previous night and Raymond is a changed man -- uncharacteristically happy. Raymond and Jocie, in turn, are surprised to see Marco.

RAYMOND SHAW

Ben?

MARCO

Hello, Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

Ben, I want-- I want you to meet Jocie. Remember I told you about her?

(to Jocie)

Uh, this is my friend Major Ben Marco.

MARCO

Miss Jordan.

JOCIE

How do you do, Major? Only it's not Miss Jordan anymore, it's Mrs. Shaw. Mrs. Raymond Shaw.

RAYMOND SHAW

We flew to Maryland last night. We got married. We just got back. Well...? Aren't you going to pop champagne or dance in the streets or, well, at least kiss the bride.

MARCO

Congratulations, Mrs. Shaw.

JOCIE

Thank you, Major.

RAYMOND SHAW

My God, Ben, isn't she beautiful though? Isn't she? And am I not the luckiest guy in the world? I mean, the whole world?

JOCIE

You don't have to answer that, Major. Anyway, I'm the one who's lucky.

MARCO

Raymond...

Raymond puts an arm around Jocie and escorts her in the direction of the kitchen.

RAYMOND SHAW

(to Jocie)

Listen, darling, there must be some, uh, beer or champagne or penicillin

eye drops, or some anchovies in the icebox. Crack open whatever it is. The three of us absolutely got to have a drink. Come on, bustle. Make like a housewife.

Jocie watches as a happy Raymond crosses to his bedroom, talking to Marco as he removes his coat.

RAYMOND SHAW

(to Marco)

I'll get out of this idiot suit. Ben! Ben, you should have seen the judge's face. There we were, the Queen of Diamonds and me looking like -- oh, I don't know -- like Gaucho Marx.

(pauses)

Gaucho Marx? Ben. Ben, I just made a joke. Not a very good joke, I admit, but a joke. Ben, in all the years that you've known me, have you ever heard me make a joke? Well, I just made one. Gaucho Marx. Me! Ha! Big day. Mark that down in your book.

Raymond crosses back to Jocie.

RAYMOND SHAW

Raymond Shaw got married and he made a joke.

Raymond kisses an amused Jocie on the forehead, pats her butt, and happily crosses back into his bedroom.

RAYMOND SHAW

Gaucho Marx.

Raymond closes the bedroom door behind him, leaving a sober Marco to confront Jocie.

MARCO

Queen of diamonds? What did he mean the queen of diamonds?

JOCIE

My costume. I came to this costume party as the queen of diamonds. I couldn't think what to wear and then I saw this big playing card in a shop window on--

MARCO

Mrs. Shaw.

JOCIE

Oh, please, Major. Jocie. You call me Jocie, I'll call you Ben.

MARCO

Mrs. Shaw. Jocie. The reason I came here this morning is to ask Raymond to voluntarily put himself under arrest.

JOCIE

What?

MARCO

Well, maybe not under arrest. That's pretty strong but... To surrender himself for some questioning.

JOCIE

Questioning? What kind of questioning?

MARCO

Raymond is sick, Mrs. Shaw. In a kind of a special way. He doesn't even realize it himself.

JOCIE

Sick? He's not sick. He's the healthiest man I've ever seen in my whole life. You can-you can tell that by just looking at him.

MARCO

That's not the kind of sick I mean.

JOCIE

Well, you're wrong, Ben. You're wrong. He's tied up inside in a thousand knots, I know that, but-- You can see for yourself how he is with me.

MARCO

Oh, God.

JOCIE

Ben. We were married just six hours ago. We've been in cars and offices and airplanes ever since.

MARCO

What were your-- What are your plans?

JOCIE

Well, there's an inn. Bedford House, near Bedford Village. It's about an hour from here. There's hardly anyone there this early in the season and we've already wired for a room. Ben, you've got to believe me and trust me. I can make him well.

MARCO

I'll give you forty-eight hours.
You have him back here day after
tomorrow. I'll talk to him then.
After that, we'll see.

JOCIE

Oh, thank you, Ben.
(kisses Marco)
Thank you and God bless you.

Marco watches Jocie walk off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BEDFORD VILLAGE, CONNECTICUT - DAY

Jocie, lying in bed, gazes lovingly over at Raymond who lies beside her
with his eyes shut.

JOCIE

Darling.

After a moment, Raymond opens his eyes and looks at what he
sees.

RAYMOND SHAW

What?

JOCIE

Nothing. Just 'darling.'

They hold hands, clearly very much in love.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BEDFORD VILLAGE, CONNECTICUT - DAY

Later that morning, Raymond drinks orange juice at the breakfast table.
Jocie sneaks up from behind, puts her arms around him, and kisses him on
the cheek. She reaches over and turns on a small TV set, then nuzzles
his neck.

RAYMOND SHAW

My dear girl, have you noticed that
the human race is divided into two
distinct and irreconcilable groups?
Those who walk into rooms and
automatically turn television sets
on, and those who walk into rooms
and automatically turn them off.

Jocie laughs.

RAYMOND SHAW

You know, the problem is they
usually marry each other, which
naturally causes a great deal--

As Jocie sits at the table, the image on TV screen comes into focus:
it's a news program. The couple turn their attention to it at once.

TV NEWSMAN

...daughter of Senator Thomas Jordan
and Korean War hero Raymond Shaw,
stepson of Senator John Iselin.

Jocie and Raymond smile, first at the TV and then at each other. Jocie
sits in Raymond's lap and kisses him.

TV NEWSMAN

It appears however that this
Montague-Capulet [?] will have
little effect on the feud now raging
between the two party leaders. From
his campaign headquarters this
morning, Senator Iselin stepped up
his charges against the leader of
the group attempting to block his
nomination.

Raymond watches the TV with increasing disgust as Senator Iselin's face
appears.

SENATOR ISELIN

I now charge this man, Thomas
Jordan... with high treason! And I
assure you the moment the Senate
reconvenes, I shall move for this
man Jordan's impeachment! And after
that, a civil trial!

Iselin continues to ramble on ("The verdict of which can only be a
resounding... guilty!", etc.) but Raymond has clearly heard enough. He
and Jocie rise.

RAYMOND SHAW

(his old intense self)

Come on, get dressed. We're driving
down to New York. Go straight to your
father's house. Please convey my
personal apologies to him. I'll join
you there later.

Raymond begins to leave.

JOCIE

What are you going to do?

RAYMOND SHAW

(vicious)

Something I should have done a long
time ago. I'm going to beat that
vile, slandering, son of a numbskull
to a bloody pulp.

Raymond gives the TV set a dirty look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE LIBRARY - LONG ISLAND, N.Y. - DAY

Mrs. Iselin is on the telephone when Raymond angrily bursts in.

RAYMOND SHAW

Mother!

Mrs. Iselin hangs up and quickly crosses to the desk upon which sits the bust of Lincoln.

RAYMOND SHAW

That vile, slandering husband of yours! Where is he?

Mrs. Iselin opens a drawer in the desk revealing a deck of cards.

MRS. ISELIN

Darling, something very important has come up. There's something you have to do.

Mrs. Iselin removes the cards.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JORDAN'S CITY HOUSE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

In the middle of the night, Raymond, dressed in dark clothes, climbs up the steps to Senator Jordan's front door.

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S CITY HOUSE - NIGHT

In the kitchen, Senator Jordan, in robe and slippers, fixes himself a late night snack. He hears Raymond enter the building.

SENATOR JORDAN

Who is it?

Raymond is visible from the kitchen, standing inside the front door with a hand in his inside jacket pocket.

RAYMOND SHAW

It's me, sir.

Raymond and Jordan meet each other halfway. They stand together in the hallway.

SENATOR JORDAN

(glad to see him)

Raymond, my boy! Jocie waited up as long as she could. She turned in about a quarter to two. She told me the good news. Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir?

SENATOR JORDAN

I want to offer you my congratulations and welcome you to the family. I've been watching my

daughter's face all evening. She's a very happy girl.

RAYMOND SHAW

Thank you, sir.

Jordan heads back to the kitchen. Raymond follows and stands in the kitchen doorway as Jordan raids the icebox for some butter.

SENATOR JORDAN

Come with me. I'll pour some good whiskey on you to celebrate your wedding. Soothe you after a trying day. Any number of good reasons. Some whiskey in that cabinet beside you. Help yourself. I only hope you haven't been too upset by these idiotic attacks of Iselin.

Jordan fails to see Raymond pull a gun -- equipped with a silencer -- from his inside jacket pocket.

SENATOR JORDAN

Actually, I take the position that any attack by Iselin is a great honor. Actually, I haven't had so much supporting mail in the Senate in the last twenty-two years.

Jordan, taking a carton of milk from the icebox, suddenly sees the gun.

RAYMOND SHAW

I'm very glad to hear that, sir.

SENATOR JORDAN

What the hell is that in your hand?

RAYMOND SHAW

It's a pistol, sir.

SENATOR JORDAN

That a silencer?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir.

SENATOR JORDAN

Why are you carrying a pistol?

Some artwork of an American eagle hangs on the kitchen wall above Raymond as he points the gun at Senator Jordan.

SENATOR JORDAN

Raymond! What are you--?

The senator raises his hand as Raymond SHOTS him. The bullet passes through the milk carton and into the senator's heart. Milk pours out of the bullet hole as the senator slowly collapses to the floor. Raymond approaches the body and points the gun at the senator's head. Just then, Jocie comes running down the stairs.

JOCIE

Daddy! What is it?

Jocie reaches the bottom of the stairs just in time to see Raymond FIRE a bullet through her father's head, finishing him off.

JOCIE

Raymond! No! Raymond, don't!

Raymond turns and sees Jocie standing in the hallway. Without hesitation, he FIRES, dropping her with one shot. Raymond walks zombie-like toward the front door, stepping over Jocie's lifeless body, and exits. We hold on the two dead bodies as we hear the front door SLAM.

CUT TO:

EXT. JORDAN'S CITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Raymond walks stiffly down the front steps, putting his gun back in his jacket pocket. He continues down the sidewalk. Tears stream down his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The next day, Marco enters Rosie's apartment carrying a copy of that morning's New York Post. Rosie, lying in bed, hears him.

ROSIE

Ben?

Rosie sees that Marco, dressed in uniform, has an odd look on his face.

ROSIE

Ben. What is it?

MARCO

(matter-of-fact)

Raymond Shaw shot and killed his wife early this morning.

Rosie takes the newspaper from him and looks at a headline reading:

SENATOR JORDAN
AND DAUGHTER
FOUND DEAD

ROSIE

I-i-it doesn't say--

MARCO

I know. It wasn't Raymond that really did it. In a way, it was me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Note-taking reporters quietly crowd around an uncharacteristically

reserved Senator Iselin.

SENATOR ISELIN

As you can well understand,
gentlemen, my wife is prostrate over
the loss of this dear and wonderful
girl whom she loved as a daughter.

REPORTER

And your stepson, Senator. Where is
he?

SENATOR ISELIN

My... my son Raymond's in retreat.
Praying for strength, understanding,
to try and carry on somehow.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE / HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

In the intelligence office, the image of a massive crowd outside the
national party convention at Madison Square Garden fills a TV screen. A
telephone RINGS. Intelligence operatives chat with one another while one
takes the call.

INTELLIGENCE MAN

(calls to Marco)

Ben! It's for you.

Marco leaves the deck of cards he's playing with and grabs the phone.

MARCO

(into the phone)

Major Marco speaking.

Throughout the phone call, we CUT BACK AND FORTH between Marco at the
intelligence office and a distraught Raymond who sits in a hotel room
overlooking the crowded Eighth Avenue entrance to Madison Square Garden.
The sign on the Garden marquee reads: CONVENTION. Raymond has a
newspaper in his lap with a story about the killing.

RAYMOND SHAW

Ben?

MARCO

Hi, kid.

RAYMOND SHAW

How could anyone--? Jocie. How
could it happen?

MARCO

Where are you, Raymond?

RAYMOND SHAW

I-I-I think maybe I'm going crazy.
I-I'm having terrible dreams like
you used to have--

MARCO

Where are you, Raymond? We can't talk on the telephone. Just tell me where you are.

RAYMOND SHAW

Uh, I-I'm in a hotel room. Across from the Garden. Eighth Avenue side. Room four.

MARCO

All right. Now, listen to me. Just wait right there. I'll be there in ten minutes. Don't move. Just wait right there.

Marco hangs up and grabs his jacket. The intelligence men wait for orders.

MARCO

Okay, I'll take him now. Everything's got to move quite normally.

As Marco puts on his jacket, one of the men offers him a gun.

MARCO

No. I want him to feel like he's safe. Just give me the pack of cards.

Someone tosses the cards to Marco who starts out the door but pauses when he hears one of the men monitoring the TV coverage of the convention say to another:

MAN WITH A PIPE

What do you know? They just handed the vice-presidential nomination to that idiot Iselin.

Iselin appears on the TV screen. Marco half sighs, half groans at this and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marco KNOCKS and then opens the hotel room door to find Raymond slumped in a chair, asleep. Marco closes and locks the door.

MARCO

Hi, kid.

Raymond awakens with a start and sees Marco.

RAYMOND SHAW

Who killed... Jocie, Ben? Tell me. I-I've got to know.

Marco finds himself a chair, sets a small table in front of Raymond, and fishes the deck of cards out of his pocket. He takes them out of their box, throws the box on the nearby bed, and offers the deck to Raymond.

MARCO

How 'bout passing the time by
playing a little solitaire?

Raymond, his hands shaking, takes the cards and starts to deal. The first card he turns face up is, of course, the queen of diamonds. He stops.

MARCO

All right. Now, let's start
unlocking a few doors. Let's begin
with the patrol. You didn't save
our lives and take out an enemy
company or anything like that, did
you, Raymond? Did you?

RAYMOND SHAW

No.

MARCO

What happened?

RAYMOND SHAW

The patrol was taken by a Russian
airborne unit and flown by
helicopter across the Manchurian
border to a place called Tunghwa.
We were worked on for three days by
a team of specialists from the
Pavlov Institute in Moscow.

Raymond's face drips with sweat.

RAYMOND SHAW

They developed a technique for
descent into the unconscious mind,
part light-induced, part drug--

MARCO

Never mind all that. Not now. Tell
me what else happened at Tunghwa.

RAYMOND SHAW

We were drilled for three days. We
were made to memorize the details of
the imaginary action.

MARCO

What else?

RAYMOND SHAW

And I strangled Ed Mavole and shot
Bobby Lembeck.

Raymond's face twitches.

MARCO

One red queen works pretty good.
Let's see what we get with two of
'em. Keep playing.

Raymond deals. Another queen of diamonds.

RAYMOND SHAW

Then I killed Mr. Gaines. It was just a test. It didn't matter who I killed. They picked him to see if all the linkages still worked before they turned me over to my American operator. And that business about jumping in the lake, it really did happen. It was an accident. Something somebody said in the bar accidentally triggered it.

MARCO

Keep playing.

Another queen of diamonds.

RAYMOND SHAW

Then I killed Senator Jordan. And after that--

Raymond grimaces as he realizes what he's done.

MARCO

You are to forget everything that happened at the senator's house. Do you understand, Raymond? You'll only remember it when I tell you so. You are to forget about it. You understand?

RAYMOND SHAW

Yes, sir.

MARCO

Now, Raymond. Now the big one: why? Why is all of this being done? What have they built you to do?

RAYMOND SHAW

I don't know.

Marco shuts his eyes in frustration.

RAYMOND SHAW

I don't think anybody really knows except... Berezovo in Moscow. And my American operator here. But whatever it is, it's supposed to happen soon. Right at the convention. Maybe... I don't know. They can make me do anything, Ben. Can't they? Anything.

MARCO

We'll see, kid. We'll see what they can do and we'll see what we can do. So the red queen is our baby. Well,

take a look at this, kid...

Marco grabs the cards, fans the entire deck, and holds it up to Raymond.

MARCO

Fifty-two of them! Take a good look at 'em, Raymond. Look at 'em. And while you're looking, listen. This is me, Marco, talking. Fifty-two red queens and me are telling you-- you know what we're telling you? It's over! The links, their beautifully conditioned links are smashed. They're smashed as of now because we say so. Because we say they are to be smashed. We're bustin' up the joint, we're tearing out all the wires. We're busting it up so good all the queen's horses and all the queen's men will never put old Raymond back together again. You don't work any more. That's an order. Anybody invites you to a game of solitaire, you tell 'em: Sorry, buster, the ball game is over.

The telephone RINGS. Raymond, apparently free of the brainwashing, glances in the direction of the phone. Marco nods for him to pick it up. Raymond rises, crosses to the phone, and answers. He listens for a moment, then covers the receiver with his hand.

RAYMOND SHAW

(to Marco)

It's time for my American operator to give me the plan.

(into the phone)

Yes. Yes, I understand, Mother.

Marco, stunned, stares at Raymond as he hangs up.

RAYMOND SHAW

She wants me to go. There's a car waiting for me downstairs. The convention's adjourned. It reconvenes at nine for the acceptance speeches. I don't think anything will happen until then. I'd better go now.

Raymond starts to leave. Marco reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a pen and notepad.

MARCO

Here's a number.

Marco writes a phone number on the pad, tears out the page, and gives it to Raymond.

MARCO

I've got five hundred people at my disposal, a thousand if I need them.

You call me at that number. Try to call me by eight-thirty. Or as soon as you find out whatever it is they want you to do. I'll be waiting.

RAYMOND SHAW

(whispers)

Yes, sir.

Raymond heads for the door.

MARCO

Raymond.

Raymond pauses and turns back to Marco.

MARCO

Remember, Raymond, the wires have been pulled. They can't touch you anymore. You're free.

Raymond doesn't look convinced. He turns and exits. Marco watches him leave, wondering if he's done the right thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUMMER HOUSE LIBRARY - LONG ISLAND, N.Y. - NIGHT

The giant queen of diamonds from Jocie's costume still lies in the library. Mrs. Iselin sits, smoking a cigarette, and outlines the plan to Raymond who sits silently across from her.

MRS. ISELIN

It has been decided that you will be dressed as a priest... to help you get away in the pandemonium afterwards. Chunjin will give you a two-piece Soviet Army sniper's rifle that fits nicely into a special bag. There's a spotlight booth that won't be in use. It's up under the roof on the Eighth Avenue side of the Garden. You will have absolutely clear, protected shooting.

(rises)

You are to shoot the presidential nominee through the head. And Johnny will rise gallantly to his feet and lift Ben Arthur's body in his arms, stand in front of the microphones and begin to speak. The speech is short. But it's the most rousing speech I've ever read. It's been worked on, here and in Russia, on and off, for over eight years. I shall force someone to take the body away from him and Johnny will really hit those microphones and those cameras with blood all over him, fighting off

anyone who tries to help him, defending America even if it means his own death, rallying a nation of television viewers to hysteria, to sweep us up into the White House with powers that will make martial law seem like anarchy. Now, this is very important. I want the nominee to be dead two minutes after he begins his acceptance speech -- depending on his reading time under pressure. You are to hit him right at the point that he finishes the phrase, "Nor would I ask of any fellow American in defense of his freedom that which I would not gladly give myself -- my life before my liberty." Is that absolutely clear?

Raymond nods his head. Mrs. Iselin crosses slowly to him.

MRS. ISELIN

Would you repeat it for me, Raymond?

RAYMOND SHAW

Nor would I ask of any fellow American...

MRS. ISELIN

...in defense of his freedom...

RAYMOND SHAW

...in defense of his freedom...

MRS. ISELIN

...that which I would not gladly give...

RAYMOND SHAW

...that which I would not gladly give...

MRS. ISELIN

...myself...

RAYMOND SHAW

...myself...

MRS. ISELIN

...my life...

RAYMOND SHAW

...my life...

MRS. ISELIN

...before my liberty.

RAYMOND SHAW

...before my liberty.

Mrs. Iselin touches her son's head, then sits down before him and takes his hands in hers. The giant queen of diamonds is visible in the background between them.

MRS. ISELIN

I know you will never entirely comprehend this, Raymond. But you must believe I did not know it would be you. I served them. I fought for them. I'm on the point of winning for them the greatest foothold they will ever have in this country. And they paid me back by taking your soul away from you. I told them to build me an assassin. I wanted a killer from a world filled with killers and they chose you. Because they thought it would bind me closer to them.

Mrs. Iselin pulls Raymond closer to her. She takes his face in her hands.

MRS. ISELIN

But now we have come almost to the end. One last step. And then, when I take power, they will be pulled down and ground into dirt for what they did to you. And what they did in so contemptuously underestimating me.

Mrs. Iselin kisses her son: on the forehead, the cheek, and -- most intensely -- on the lips.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A huge banner bearing the faces of Vice Presidential nominee John Yerkes Iselin and Presidential nominee Benjamin K. Arthur is hoisted into the air, above a mostly empty Madison Square Garden. Workmen ready last minute details in preparation for that evening's live telecast. They make a lot of NOISE. Raymond, wearing a black hat, dressed as a priest, and carrying a special briefcase, walks past the MAIN STAGE where workers position chairs and technicians check microphones.

TECHNICIAN

One, two, three, four, five, six...

The mikes deliver some wicked FEEDBACK.

WIPE TO Raymond strolling among the EMPTY SEATS. He walks by a woman wiping down the seats with a towel and heads up the many steps to the nosebleed section. He walks past the Garden's gigantic public address SPEAKERS as the technicians test them.

TECHNICIAN (o.s.)

Testing. One, two, three, four, five, six.

Raymond walks past cases of soda pop bottles stacked up in the VENDORS' AREA and continues up a last flight of stairs.

WIPE TO a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the Garden as Raymond makes his way up into the nosebleed section.

WIPE TO Raymond opening a door marked "NO". He crosses a metal CATWALK high up in the rafters.

TECHNICIAN (o.s.)
Hit the lights!

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN (o.s.)
Lights!

Lights positioned on the ceiling come on as Raymond crosses the catwalk above them. Finally, he enters an empty SPOTLIGHT BOOTH, looks it over, and closes the door behind him. He peers out the booth's window at the stage far below.

TECHNICIAN (o.s.)
Lights out!

ANOTHER TECHNICIAN (o.s.)
Lights!

Raymond retreats from the window and sits on a step. The briefcase is in his lap. He checks his watch.

CUT TO:

INT. INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The clock on the wall reads 8:44. Marco glares at it and starts pacing the nearly empty intelligence room. All the agents are at the convention. Only Marco and the Colonel remain. The Colonel sits, watching TV.

MARCO
Why hasn't he called?

COLONEL
It was a calculated risk, Ben. You were right to take it.

MARCO
Even if it's not true, it's nice of you to say it.

Marco looks at the TV: conventioners carry signs reading BIG JOHN, etc.

MARCO
Garden's filling up.

COLONEL
Take it easy.

MARCO
Eight forty-four.

COLONEL

I know.

Marco frowns at the screen where one of the army intelligence men, wearing a stovepipe hat and a fake Lincoln beard (like many of the Iselin supporters), dances with some women on the crowded convention floor.

MARCO

If Steinkamp doesn't take off that stupid hat and stop messin' around with those broads, I'm gonna bust him into a PFC.

COLONEL

Easy, Ben.

MARCO

Okay, Milt. I blew it.

Marco POUNDS on a table and starts to chew himself out.

MARCO

I blew it. My magic is better than your magic! I should've known better. Intelligence officer! Stupidity officer is better. Pentagon ever wants to open up a stupidity division, they know who they can get to lead it. Milt, Raymond was theirs, he is theirs, and he'll always be theirs.

COLONEL

There's time. He may still call.

MARCO

(stops pacing)

For money?

COLONEL

No.

MARCO

That's what I figured.

Marco and the Colonel stare at each other from across the room.

MARCO

Let's get the hell out of here.

COLONEL

Right, Ben. Let's go.

Marco grabs his jacket. The Colonel jumps up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Marco and the Colonel pull up in car with a WAILING SIREN. They jump out and run into the Garden.

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CLIMACTIC MONTAGE - NIGHT

The place is a madhouse. People in straw hats carry signs, posters, umbrellas, you-name-it, with the names or images of Iselin and/or Benjamin K. Arthur. They dance in a conga line. Marco and the Colonel thread their way through this massive crowd. The NOISE is incredible.

In the far quieter SPOTLIGHT BOOTH, Raymond sits silently, a blank expression on his face.

On the MAIN STAGE, the newsreel and television cameras record the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR. Gray haired, middle-aged, Arthur looks rather presidential. Right behind them: Senator and Mrs. Iselin. Both couples do a lot of handshaking, smiling, waving to the crowd, etc.

On the CONVENTION FLOOR, people wave signs with the names of their home states: WASHINGTON, OREGON, CALIFORNIA, etc.

Marco and the Colonel rush up some STEPS to survey the crowd.

In the SPOTLIGHT BOOTH, Raymond hasn't moved a muscle.

On the MAIN STAGE, policemen hold back the crowd to keep them from crushing the Iselins. Senator Iselin looks uncomfortable.

Marco and the Colonel push their way through the thick crowd.

Mrs. Iselin leads her visibly nervous husband across the MAIN STAGE.

Marco and the Colonel press through the confetti-covered crowd.

Photographers line up to take pictures of the Iselins and the Arthurs.

Raymond rises and crosses to the window of the SPOTLIGHT BOOTH.

Marco and the Colonel pause to survey the scene.

An increasingly rapid series of FLASH CUTS:

Signs reading MISSISSIPPI, ILLINOIS, TEXAS, PENNSYLVANIA, etc., intercut with various VIEWS of the teeming crowds. Uniformed police officers stand around a plainclothes intelligence man who wears a straw hat and fake Lincoln beard while holding a large walkie-talkie to his ear. Vermont cheerleaders dancing with their pompons. Marco and the Colonel scanning the crowd nervously. Arthur and Iselin shaking hands for the benefit of the cameras. A sign that reads:

AMERICA FIRST
SECOND & THIRD
ACROSS THE BOARD
WITH JOHNNY ISELIN!

A man with both arms in the air standing by a sign that sports a photo of Arthur above the words BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR. A straw-hatted woman waving. People smiling and cheering. Confetti falling on a smiling man wearing eyeglasses. The FLASH CUTS end with Marco and the Colonel in the CROWD standing by helplessly.

MARCO

Milt, I tell you, you gotta stop
this thing!

COLONEL

Stop it? How can I stop it? On
what--

A young woman who's having too much fun playfully pulls the Colonel's cap off and puts it on her head. He snatches it back and she disappears.

MARCO

If there was a bomb planted here,
'n' you got a tip that there was,
you'd stop it fast enough. You'd
empty the White House if you had to.
I tell you, there's a bomb here, a
time bomb that's just waiting to go
off.

As Raymond opens the window in the SPOTLIGHT BOOTH, a nicely-timed DRUM ROLL begins.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, our national
anthem.

A SOPRANO begins SINGING "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the entire Garden grinds to a halt. As required by custom, Marco and the Colonel stand stock still and stiffly salute but awkwardly continue to scan the crowd as best they can with their eyes.

Raymond switches on a small hanging light bulb in the dark SPOTLIGHT BOOTH.

The Iselins stand stiffly on the STAGE as the anthem continues. Senator Iselin fidgets nervously.

Raymond positions his briefcase by the SPOTLIGHT BOOTH window.

On the STAGE, Senator Iselin continues to fidget.

MRS. ISELIN

(whispers to Iselin)

Stop twitching. Raymond never
missed with a rifle in his life.

Marco stiffly salutes while his eyes roll left and right, scanning the CROWD.

Senator Iselin is developing a nervous tic.

Raymond opens the briefcase revealing the rifle within.

Senator Iselin now perspires profusely.

Marco and the Colonel don't look so good either.

Raymond takes the rifle's parts out of the briefcase.

Marco glances up in the direction of the spotlight booth but sees nothing unusual.

Raymond puts the rifle together.

Mrs. Iselin is as cool as her husband is not.

Raymond affixes a telescopic site to the rifle.

Mrs. Iselin sees her husband's still fidgeting.

MRS. ISELIN
(whispers to Iselin)
We're in like Flynn, lover.

Marco continues to peer around as the anthem nears its end.

Raymond, having assembled the rifle, peers out the window.

Mercifully, the soprano finishes the song to a round of APPLAUSE.

Immediately, Marco and the Colonel stop saluting and twist around to scan the crowd behind them.

Raymond stands stock still, the gun in his hands.

Everyone on the main stage sits down except for the CONVENTION CHAIRMAN who approaches the microphones.

Raymond works the bolt on the rifle.

The Convention Chairman stands at the podium.

CONVENTION CHAIRMAN
Ladies and gentlemen...

The Iselins sit to the right of the podium.

MRS. ISELIN
(whispers to Iselin)
Just take it easy.

CONVENTION CHAIRMAN
... I give you the next president of
the United States! Benjamin K.
Arthur!

As the Convention Chairman speaks the nominee's name, nearly all of the lights in Madison Square Garden dim. The small light bulb in Raymond's booth shines visibly from the window in the darkness.

SPOTLIGHTS, MUSIC, and CHEERS greet Benjamin K. Arthur as he rises, waves a flag, shakes the chairman's hand, and advances to the podium to begin his acceptance speech. Security guards, police officers, intelligence operatives, Marco, the Colonel, etc., all keep their eyes peeled.

Raymond prepares to load the rifle.

Marco again glances in the direction of the spotlight booth. With all

the darkness, he can now see the light shining from the window.

From MARCO'S POV, we ZOOM toward the light coming from the window of the little booth.

Marco, playing a hunch, rushes off to investigate, leaving the Colonel behind.

Arthur stands before the mikes.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
Ladies and gentlemen. Delegates...

Raymond loads a wicked looking bullet into the rifle.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
My fellow Americans...

Marco races alongside the enraptured crowd.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
It is with great humility...

Senator Iselin shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... albeit with enormous pride ...

Raymond loads another bullet.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... and with a sense of the job to
be done...

Marco runs up a flight of stairs.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... that I most humbly and most
gratefully...

Raymond loads a third bullet. Arthur addresses a forest of ARTHUR FOR PRESIDENT signs.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... accept this nomination...

Marco rockets past the Garden's gigantic public address SPEAKERS as they amplify the speech.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... for the highest office in our
land.

The crowd CHEERS. Raymond has finished loading the rifle and now removes his hat. The Iselins sit to the right of the podium, awaiting the big moment.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
It is with the full awareness that...

Raymond raises and aims the rifle.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... the four years that lie ahead
for this country...

We see Arthur from RAYMOND'S POV -- through the cross-hairs of the
gun's site.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... are, in a sense, the crucial
years, the years -- if I may borrow
Mr. Churchill's phrase -- the years
of decision.

Marco is a tiny moving figure against a huge, motionless crowd as he
races through the Garden.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
And, if I may be permitted a phrase
of my own...

Senator Iselin licks his lips.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... the years of striving ...

Arthur gestures emphatically on the word "striving." Marco huffs and
puffs up another flight of stairs. Raymond adjusts the site.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... for it is not what hasn't been
done in the past or what may be
done against the far horizons of
some distant future but what will
be done now!

The Iselins and everyone else APPLAUD. Marco barrels down an empty
hallway, rounds a corner, and CRASHES into one of Madison Square
Garden's crack team of refreshment vendors who crowd around the VENDORS'
AREA. Marco knocks the poor man over -- along with a case or two of
soda pop bottles -- then runs up the last flight of stairs.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... [?] My fellow Americans... [?]

The Iselins look expectant. Raymond looks expectant. Marco reaches the
door marked "NO," yanks it open and begins to cross the metal CATWALK.
Arthur has reached the fateful line:

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
Nor would I ask of any fellow
American ...

Raymond aims the rifle. Senator Iselin tugs at his jacket. Mrs. Iselin
reaches out and puts her hand on his arm to steady him.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
... in defense of his freedom--

Arthur pauses and COUGHS for several seconds. Senator Iselin makes a
face at this. Mrs. Iselin gives her husband a steely look. Marco runs

along the metal catwalk. Arthur slowly recovers from his coughing spell and picks up where he left off.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
...that which I would not gladly give
myself --

FLASH CUTS of Arthur speaking, Raymond aiming, Marco running.

BENJAMIN K. ARTHUR
...my life before my liberty!

Arthur raises both arms in the air as he hollers this. We see him from RAYMOND'S POV through the gun's site, lined up in the cross-hairs. Suddenly, as the crowd CHEERS, the view shifts -- fast and to the right. The cross-hairs center on Senator Iselin's head. Raymond FIRES. The bullet hits Iselin right between the eyes. Raymond rapidly works the rifle's bolt and lines up another shot. A horrified Mrs. Iselin stares up into the darkness. She knows what's coming. Raymond FIRES again. Mrs. Iselin slumps out of her chair, her hands to her face.

Marco, on the catwalk, looks down to see pandemonium breaking out. People SCREAM. The Iselins lie on the stage. The crowd panics. Marco presses on toward the spotlight booth. Raymond works the bolt and gets ready to take another shot, if necessary. But he sees that the Iselins are clearly dead.

Raymond has put the gun down and, standing by the window under the single light bulb, ties something around his neck. As he does, Marco yanks open the door to the spotlight booth.

Startled, Raymond whirls around and points the rifle at a stunned Marco. Around his neck, Raymond wears his Congressional Medal of Honor. Marco, thoroughly confused, stares at Raymond.

RAYMOND SHAW
You couldn't've stopped them. The
Army couldn't've stopped them. So I
had to. That's why I didn't call.
(beat)
Oh, God, Ben.

Raymond instantly turns the rifle on himself. Marco's eyes go wide. The loud rifle SHOT echoes and resolves into a lingering clap of THUNDER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROSIE'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The noisy THUNDER fades to the gentle SPLASH of rain on a windowpane. It is early the next morning. Marco, still in uniform, stands staring out the window as a seated Rosie watches him sympathetically.

MARCO
Poor Raymond. Poor friendless,
friendless Raymond. He was wearing
his medal when he died.

Rosie watches Marco turn away from the window.

MARCO

You should read some of the citations sometime. Just read them.

Marco picks up a book on Medal of Honor winners and opens it at random.

MARCO

(reads)

Taken, eight prisoners, killing four enemy in the process while one leg and one arm was shattered and he could only crawl because the other leg had been blown off. Edwards.

(reads another)

Wounded five times, dragged himself across the direct fire of three enemy machine guns to pull two of his wounded men to safety amid sixty-nine dead and two hundred and three casualties. Holderman.

Marco closes the book. After a pause, he decides to create a citation of his own.

MARCO

Made to commit acts too unspeakable to be cited here... by an enemy who had captured his mind and his soul... he freed himself at last... and, in the end, heroically and unhesitatingly gave his life to save his country. Raymond Shaw.

(beat)

Hell.

Marco SLAMS the book down helplessly.

MARCO

Hell.

Marco turns back to the rain-streaked window. The storm continues. One last, lingering clap of THUNDER.

FADE OUT