

NOBODY'S HEROES

Written by

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Inspired by actual people and events

INT. NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE POLICE BARRACKS - NIGHT

A NH STATE TROOPER approaches a holding cell. Stares at the sleeping figure stretched out on a cot. BANGS on the metal bars.

Super: Stratford, New Hampshire, May 18, 1968

TROOPER

Get up kid. The FBI wants to talk to you again.

BILLY LYONS, 19, sits up slowly, yawns, nods, stands. Billy possesses head-turning good looks. He is thin, tall. His hair is dark and fashionably long.

He is dirty, disheveled and distressed. Extends his arms in front of him. The Trooper opens the cell door, approaches and handcuffs him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

TWO FBI AGENTS seated at the table. The door opens. Billy and the Trooper ENTER. Handcuffs removed. Billy sits. Trooper EXITS. AGENT 1 hands him a soda. Billy takes a long gulp.

BILLY

Still haven't caught him, have you?

AGENT 2

We're close. Help us and it'll go easier on you both.

Billy shakes his head.

BILLY

While you were chasing me, Mike and Roger headed for the border. How and where? I have no idea.

AGENT 1

What's the deal with your brother and his friend? It doesn't add up. He's a war hero. And Roger Pitt is...is...

BILLY

An antiwar hero. They've been friends since forever. No way is he going to let you guys get him. Now, I'd like to ask you a question.

The Agents look at each other in surprise.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What's wrong with Agent Bonner?

The question makes the Agents uneasy.

AGENT 2
There's nothing wrong with Agent
Bonner.

BILLY
If you say so but it seems
something is just not right with
the man.

COMMOTION just outside the door. The door OPENS.

AGENT 3
Frank just sent us his coordinates.
He's got them!! Let's go!

The Agents jump out of their chairs, exulting in the news.

AGENT 1
Told you we'd get him.

BILLY
I'll believe it when you bring him
here in handcuffs.

AGENT 1
(annoyed)
You don't know Frank Bonner.

BILLY
And you don't know my brother.

The Agents EXIT.

EXT. WALLACE POND, VERMONT - SAME NIGHT

MIKE LYONS, 21 and ROGER PITT, 21 run through the woods attempting to reach the Canadian border. Mike, tall and muscular with a definite military bearing. Roger, shorter, heavier and in poorer physical shape forces Mike to slow down to not outdistance him. Hampered by darkness and rough terrain they have trouble making progress. A SHOT RINGS OUT behind them. Roger stops quickly when he finds he's at the edge of a steep ravine.

MIKE
Go on!

Roger hesitates. Mike pushes him. Roger stumbles down into the ravine. Mike turns, spots FRANK BONNER, 43, who has stopped and taken sure aim. Bonner FIRES. The bullet strikes a tree immediately next to Mike. Bullet fragments shatter, ricochet and strike him on his right temple. He SCREAMS, falls backward into the ravine.

INT. LYONS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Three Years Earlier.

Veterans' Day, Thursday November 11, 1965

Compact living room. Furniture is modest, sparse, clean but worn. A small, color television, sits on a TV stand.

It broadcasts a Veterans' Day tribute. Sitting on the couch are Mike Lyons, his girlfriend, MARCY ABBOTT, 17, and his younger brother, Billy.

Mike is a robust 17-year-old. Tall, trim, athletic. Billy, 16, is softer in attitude.

Marcy is petite with short dark hair and soft green eyes. She's cuddled up against Mike on the couch.

SFX: FRANTIC KNOCK ON FRONT DOOR.

The brothers look at each other. Mike leaps from the couch, opens the door. PAUL BATTLE, 17, IS REVEALED.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

If Mike is tall, Paul is a giant, looming a full head over his friend. His massive frame is covered by a football letterman's jacket.

With him are JEFF EDWARDS and GEORGE TAYLOR, both 17. Jeff is husky, wears glasses. George is short, has long, dark hair and slightly asymmetrical facial features.

PAUL

Roger's in trouble again.

Mike shakes his head in disbelief.

MIKE

Now what?

PAUL

He's part of an antiwar rally in front of the draft board.

MIKE
Who told you?

PAUL
My cousin Nancy is a police
dispatcher. She's worried because
the cops are expecting a riot.

MIKE
You guys are in on this?

George and Jeff nod.

GEORGE
We go where you go.

Paul notices Marcy seated on the couch.

PAUL
Hi Marcy. Sorry to break up the
party.

MARCY
It's OK, Paul. I'm used to it.

Mike grabs a coat from the nearby coat tree. NOTICE it is a
football letterman's jacket.

MIKE
We'll take my car.

His three friends nod, move down the porch steps

Mike looks at Marcy.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We've got to go.

MARCY
Apparently I'd see more of you if I
were a Damsel in Distress.

Mike kisses her on her forehead.

MIKE
I'd probably rescue you but I'm not
making any promises.

Marcy shakes her head, smiles.

MARCY
Sometimes you're such a jerk.
Loveable but still a jerk.

MIKE
Come on, Billy.

Billy gets up. Grabs a coat.

BILLY
Is this crap with Roger ever going
to end?

The Brothers EXIT. Close the front door behind them.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

It's a blue, 1962 Ford Falcon station wagon. Mike drives.
Paul next to him. Billy, George, Jeff crammed in the back.

Paul looks into the back seat, stares at Billy.

PAUL
Why did you decide to come along?

Billy shrugs.

BILLY
Mike stands up for you guys. I
should stand up for him.

Paul nods.

PAUL
You ever been punched in the face?

Billy shakes his head.

BILLY
What's it feel like?

Paul shrugs.

PAUL
Don't know. No one's ever tried.

A collective CHUCKLE in the car. Paul looks at Mike.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You sure he's ready for this?

MIKE
I'll keep him out of the action.
Mom made me promise I'd never let
anything happen to his pretty face.

The boys howl with LAUGHTER. Billy's face flushes bright red.

JEFF

Someday, someone will write an epic poem about us. Like "The Song of Roland" or "Beowulf".

MIKE

If it's like "Beowulf", no one will ever read it.

The car again fills with LAUGHTER.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND - DAY

City's main post office where the draft board is located. Fifteen DEMONSTRATORS, all male, march in a circle, carrying signs with anti-Vietnam War rhetoric and pro-civil rights sympathies. One Demonstrator chants slogans/messages through a megaphone.

HECKLERS gather at the edge of the demonstration. Their numbers grow minute by minute, shouting becomes louder with hints of potential violence. Police are nearby, watching.

Mike and the others ARRIVE.

MIKE

This doesn't look good.

PAUL

Won't take much to set it off.

MIKE

You see Roger?

Paul points in the general direction of the Demonstrators. NOTICE Roger Pitt, 17. Average height, pudgy, dirty blonde hair. Despite the volatile situation, he exudes self assurance.

The Demonstrators stop marching in a circle. Face the hostile crowd, drop their placards. This abrupt change in tactics momentarily silences the crowd.

MEGAPHONE GUY

In opposition to the draft and the war, we will burn our draft cards.

The crowd ROARS like a fire doused with gasoline. They edge towards the Demonstrators. The Police show no response.

Mike pushes Paul towards the crowd.

MIKE

We'll create a distraction. Billy, use the chaos to get in there and pull Roger out. We'll meet you at the car. George find a way to get the police involved.

GEORGE

Like what??

MIKE

Think of something!

Mike pushes Paul again.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go!

Like a running back following his pulling guard they charge at the hostile crowd that's enveloping the Demonstrators.

EXT. THE CROWD - DAY

The Demonstrators have been pushed back. They're being assaulted with their placards. The air is filled with CURSING and SCREAMING.

Paul and Mike CHARGE INTO the crowd. Some Hecklers are knocked to the ground, some scatter in shock and surprise, creating a momentary advantage.

Retaliation is immediate. Paul and Mike need to fight their way out of trouble.

EXT. POLICE LINE - DAY

The POLICE dressed in riot gear seem totally disinterested in the unfolding chaos. Jeff and George COME RUNNING UP.

GEORGE

Officer! The people attacking the demonstrators have guns!

The POLICE COMMANDER turns to the police line.

POLICE COMMANDER

Let's go.

The Police MOVE INTO the crowd, swinging their clubs, turning the entire event into a head-knocking brawl.

EXT. THE CROWD - DAY

Using the chaos as cover Billy leads Roger to safety. Fails to notice that Roger drags away additional Demonstrators on his own.

EXT. SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM DOWNTOWN - DAY

Billy and Roger are gathered around Mike's car parked a safe distance from the chaos. They're with two Black teenagers; CALVIN HOPKINS and GERARD BEASLEY, both 17.

Calvin is thin and wiry, possessed of unending energy and curiosity. Gerard, size-wise, is somewhere between Mike and Paul. He's more introverted, thoughtful and serious.

Mike, Paul, Jeff and George APPEAR from around the distant corner. They run until they realize they're not being chased. They show bumps and bruises from the fighting. Mike eyeballs the two new additions.

MIKE

Look who we have here, once again.

CALVIN

The Fearsome Five, arriving in the nick of time like the cavalry.

PAUL

Why did you guys get mixed up in this mess?

ROGER

Calvin and Gerard were demonstrating for civil rights.

MIKE

At an antiwar rally?

GERARD

Being against the war is part of the civil rights movement.

CALVIN

Poor black men are being drafted and killed in the war. They should be here fighting for equality.

Mike hesitates then decides to change the conversation.

MIKE

We're probably going down to the Capitol Restaurant to get something to eat. Want to join us?

Calvin and Gerard glance at each other, smile.

CALVIN

Nah. It's not time for that yet.

GERARD

Thanks for saving our asses one more time.

CALVIN

Keep it up and we might start liking white people.

Mike, Paul and the rest shake hands with Calvin and Gerard. Watch as they DISAPPEAR down the street.

INT. CAPITOL RESTAURANT - DAY

It's 60s-era establishment that seems decidedly 1950s retro with its long counter, booths and tables highlighted by garish red vinyl plastic upholstery.

The boys sit at a semi-circular corner booth. Piles of plates and glasses provide evidence of devoured hamburgers, fries, fried chicken and drinks.

Jeff loudly BELCHES, loosens his pants' belt buckle.

JEFF

I'm done.

PAUL

Nearly getting the crap beat out of you works up quite an appetite.

GEORGE

Did you hear what Calvin called us, The Fearsome Five!

BILLY

Now Plus One!

PAUL

In your case, more like one-half.

LAUGHTER around the table. Again, Billy's face goes red.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Today was not near as bad as last summer's attack by those rednecks during the civil rights march along Clay Street.

The mood around the booth turns quiet and dark

ROGER

You guys kept it from getting a lot worse.

PAUL

Seems every time we get you out of a jam, we end up in deep shit.

MIKE

That's because you don't think about what could happen. Keep your head on straight.

Roger obviously is annoyed by Mike's comment.

ROGER

Oh, such judgment from a guy who passed up football scholarships to join the Marines.

PAUL

Stop busting his balls about that!

MIKE

The truth is, I don't like school. Never have.

ROGER

Don't you have a "B" average?

MIKE

Barely. Between football and baseball I need to keep my grades up year 'round.

ROGER

What about that campus visit?

MIKE

Paul talked me into it. It was a weekend of drinking and stupid crap.

PAUL

You seemed to like that cute coed who followed you everywhere.

GEORGE

Whoa! Wait a minute! If Marcy caught you with another woman she'd cut off your nuts and jam them down your throat.

Instant outburst of loud, hysterical LAUGHTER. Mike shakes his head in disbelief.

MIKE

(smiling)

Better be careful, George.

ROGER

When did it get serious?

MIKE

Last summer. We got real close.

JEFF

"Close"? That's how you'd describe you and Marcy last summer?

MIKE

What would you call it?

Jeff looks at George who smiles and nods. Mike looks worried.

JEFF

You know I live right next door to the Abbotts. One night it was really hot so I got up to put a fan in the window.

The boys lean closer towards Jeff in anticipation.

JEFF (CONT'D)

So I'm looking out the window and suddenly the Abbott's outside basement light comes on. It's 1am and I'm wondering what's going on?

They lean in even more.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Then I see someone sneaking around the back of the Abbott house. The basement door opens. I see Marcy standing there. This mystery man gives her, from what I could tell, a really passionate kiss. They step inside and Mr. Passion Lips turns around to close the door.

PAUL

Oh no!

JEFF

Oh yes. It was none other than our own Michael Patrick Lyons.

The HOOTING, HOLLERING and LAUGHTER BUILDS.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I stayed up and he didn't come out until 4am.

PAUL

I can imagine how close they got during that three hours!

JEFF

And not just that night. I could set my watch by his amorous arrivals and departures. Always in by one and out by four.

Mike doesn't know whether to laugh or lose his temper. He turns to Billy.

MIKE

You say anything to Mom and Dad and you're dead!!

Bill obviously intimidated. Paul pats him on the back.

PAUL

Welcome to the club.

The noise is getting louder.

MIKE

You tell anyone else?

JEFF

Just George. He came up with a great nickname. Tell him!

Dead silence.

GEORGE

We should call you the Milkman. Because you delivered the goods early every morning.

Hysteria ensues.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Mike the Milkman...what I deliver
is smooth, white, creamy...and kind
of sticky.

The laughter and hysteria ramps up.

Mike attempts to seem angry but that's a fail. Tosses a french fry at George.

MIKE
George, you son-of-a-bitch. Quit
exaggerating. It was only a couple
of times.

George and Jeff give each other a look.

GEORGE
Jeff kept a running count.

Jeff holds up five fingers, flashing them as if counting by fives.

MIKE
That's just bullshit.

George shakes his head.

GEORGE
Really? By Jeff's count, you could
have made a whole set of tires from
all the rubbers you must have
flushed down the Abbott's toilet.

All restraint vanishes. The gang, including Billy, laugh beyond hysterics. RAY BOUNELIS, 45, APPROACHES. He is the restaurant owner. He is Greek, speaks with a slight accent.

RAY
Boys! Boys! I can't have you acting
this way. You're bothering my other
customers. What is going on here?

The boys go instantly silent.

RAY (CONT'D)
Why were you all laughing like a
pack of hyenas?

George stands, whispers in Rays ear. He looks shocked, then angry.

RAY (CONT'D)
If I were you, Michael, I'd walk up
to St. Mary's and go to confession.

Mike goes face down on the table. His friends begin laughing
in spite of themselves.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON.

Mike gives Roger a ride home.

ROGER
You were really a good sport today.

Mike shrugs.

MIKE
Those two sneaky bastards. They
held back on that information for
months, waiting for the right time
to spring it on me.

Roger LAUGHS softly.

ROGER
It was funny.
(BEAT)
I didn't mean to be so harsh about
you and the Marines. How's Marcy
handling this?

MIKE
Not all that well.

ROGER
That makes two of us. Damn it,
Mike....

Turns his head to stare out of the passenger window.

EXT. ROGER'S HOME - DAY

Mike car pulls up in front. Roger opens the car door, gets
out. Turns around to face Mike.

ROGER
Understand, I want to end the war
to save guys like you.

EXT. THE PENTAGON/WASHINGTON, D.C. - EARLY EVENING

SUPER: October 21, 1967

Over 35,000 in attendance. Restraining line of Deputy US Marshals positioned 10 feet apart in front of the Pentagon. Roger, in front of a banner that reads "End This Immoral War: Students for a Democratic Society"

Roger wears an armband that identifies he's a protest leader.

DEMONSTRATORS yell at the Marshals. From behind the front line vegetables, water bottles, stones and bricks are hurled.

The barrage causes the Marshal's line to break. Demonstrators rush forward, charge towards the Pentagon, Roger among them.

He sees a Demonstrator tackled by a Marshal. Runs to help free him. Roger is stopped by another Marshal, pushes him. The Marshal pushes back, attempts to restrain him. Roger punches him in the chest.

More and more Demonstrators pour through the restraining line towards the Pentagon. Multiple confrontations erupt.

The Marshals are about to be overrun. Army MPs, carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, EMERGE from the Pentagon. Encounter a growing wave of Demonstrators. Several, including Roger, break through only to be repelled with tear gas.

Clashes break out all over the area. Several Demonstrators attempt to scale a wall to gain access to a Pentagon side door. Several break inside. The Marshal/MP response grows increasingly physical.

Roger pursued by several Marshals. He's tackled to the ground. Tries to fight free, overpowered and taken into custody.

EXT. MADISON, WI/NEAR THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN - NIGHT

SUPER: Madison, Wisconsin. February 3, 1968

Several FBI and police vehicles, no headlights, silently approach a single home located near the University. The home is aged and ramshackle, indicative of a rental for college-age occupants.

FBI agents EXIT the vehicles, followed by local policemen. They are led by FBI Special Agent FRANK BONNER, 43. Slightly above average height, clean cut typical of the era's agents.

Second in command is THAD RUSSEL, early 30s, Bonner's protégé. A big, burley, sandy haired Midwestern farm boy.

They move quietly up the front porch steps. Weapons drawn. House lights on. Loud rock music from inside.

A POLICEMAN with a battering ram APPROACHES. Bonner provides a silent countdown. The door is busted open. The Agents and local police RUSH INTO the home.

INT. COLLEGE-AGE HOME - NIGHT

The house is full of YOUNG PEOPLE (late teens to late 20s) who FLEE in panic as the FBI/POLICE SWARM IN.

BONNER

This is the FBI. You're all under arrest!

Some occupants raise their hands, surrender immediately. Other attempt to go out thru the back doors or side windows only to be swept up by local POLICE.

Bonner spots his intended target, RONNIE DAVIS, 25, of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Bonner pursues him.

Davis runs into one of the bedrooms, slams the door shut

BONNER (CONT'D)

Give it up, Ronnie. There's no escape.

The door knob twists and the door slowly opens.

BONNER (CONT'D)

Ronnie Davis, you're under arrest for rioting at the Pentagon, attacking Federal Marshals, conspiracy...

(BEAT).

Oh fuck, the list is too damn long. Cuff him and we'll sort it out at the station.

A local POLICEMAN puts Davis in handcuffs. Thad CALLS from the bottom of the stairs.

THAD

Frank, in the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

FBI agents and Police occupy the basement when Bonner and Thad ENTER. The area has been set up like a chemistry lab. Bonner checks the items on the lab table.

BONNER

Bomb making.

Thad nods in agreement.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Bonner and Thad stand to one side watching the arrested house occupants being led to police vans.

THAD

Great job. Putting another SDS cell out of business.

Bonner looks more worried than satisfied.

BONNER

Boston, Chicago and now Madison. Similar lab setups in each location. Can't be a coincidence.

THAD

A repeat of the Pentagon attack?

BONNER

May 1, May Day would be a likely date. Let's ship everything to Washington and keep running these bastards into the ground.

They walk towards their car.

THAD

Heard from Corey lately?

BONNER

Not since the start of Tet. His mother is worried.

THAD

And you're not?

BONNER

He knew what he was getting into when he enlisted.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON.

SUPER: February 6, 1968

Typical middle-class kitchen of the era. MOTHER, late 30ish busily prepares dinner. In the family room SON, 9 and DAUGHTER, 13, play a board game. FATHER, early 40s, ENTERS.

Portable TV sits on the divider between the kitchen and family room. Tuned to a cartoon show. Father glances at the kitchen clock. It is 6:30pm. Father turns the TV to face into the kitchen, changes channel. Son and Daughter COMPLAIN.

FATHER

Quiet down. I want to watch the evening news.

Mother sets the table. Daughter helps. Father sits at the table. Son sits next to him.

TV ANCHORMAN

The Battle for Hue grew increasingly violent and dangerous yesterday as Hotel Company of the 2/5 Marines recaptured the provincial capital building after a particularly vicious day-long battle.

EXT. HUE/NEW CITY SECTION/SOUTH VIETNAM - DAY

SUPER: February 5, 1968

Marines follow two M48 tanks up Le Loi Street towards the provincial capital building. They are subjected to intense mortar, rocket, small arms and machine gun fire from buildings on either side of the street.

They need to stop and clear every building. A major weapon is the 106mm recoilless rifle mounted on a "mule" (flat bed, self propelled platform).

Mike and RAMON HERNANDEZ, 21, operate a "mule". They roll it up in front of a NVA stronghold. They are supported by Marines laying down suppressing fire with grenade launchers, rocket launchers, mortars, BARs, M16s.

They line up the 106, Ramon pats Mike on the back. Mike pulls the lanyard and the 106 blows a sizeable hole in the building's front.

The Marines, including Mike and Ramon, move into the building, attack and eliminate the entrenched NVA occupants while suffering major casualties.

EXT. THUA THIEN PROVINCIAL CAPITAL BUILDING - SAME
DAY/AFTERNOON

Marines bombard the building with mortars, rockets and grenades. Those who will attack the building are issued gas masks.

RAMON

I don't look good in this.

MIKE

You don't look good in anything.

RAMON

(laughing)

Fuck you!

Using a specialized launcher, the Marines hurl CS gas cannisters into the building. The Marines ATTACK. They immediately encounter resistance and launch a murderous counter attack.

Mike and Ramon move to the second floor. Bust open doors but find no enemy combatants. Ramon continues down the hall while Mike pauses to wave out a window to the Marines below.

The door at the end of the hall opens slightly. A grenade rolls out, stops at Ramon's feet, EXPLODES.

Startled, Mike rushes to Ramon, severely wounded by shrapnel. Mike fires his M16 through the door, kicks it open. His blind firing wounded the NVA soldier. He finishes the job. Goes back into the hall, picks up Ramon, carries him down the stairs.

MIKE

(yelling)

Corpsman! I need a Corpsman!

RAMON

(whisper)

It's OK, man. Don't worry about it,
it's OK.

EXT. WHITE MOUNTAIN NATIONAL FOREST - NIGHT

SUPER: May 17, 1968

MIKE
 (asleep)
 It's OK man...it's OK.

He awakens quickly and in startle mode. Roger shakes him.

ROGER
 You alright? You're having that
 dream again.

Mike nods.

MIKE
 What time is it?

ROGER
 Almost 9.

MIKE
 Where's Billy?

ROGER
 Loading the car. Are you sure
 you're alright?

MIKE
 (annoyed)
 I said I'm fine. Where's the map?

They are located in a small, make-shift campsite deep in the woods. Roger hands him a map and flashlight. Mike opens the map, examines it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 It's about 60 miles to the border.
 Bonner's close. I can sense it.

ROGER
 Well, he is looking for us.

MIKE
 Yeah...and we should help him with
 that. Let's hit the road.

INT. SOUTHERN FARM KITCHEN/GEORGIA - DAY

A large AFRICAN-AMERICAN FARM FAMILY crowds around the kitchen table, enjoying dinner. All eyes riveted to the TV. Behind them, on a kitchen hutch, sits a picture of a young African-American male dressed in combat fatigues.

TV ANCHORMAN

While the fighting in Vietnam escalates so do the protests. We have two reports. First, we look at a student protest in the nation's capital. Then, from Toronto Canada; a look at efforts by American exiles to persuade draft-age men to join them.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - DAY

A large CROWD at the administration building. LEADERS of the rally speak through bullhorns. NEWSMAN 1 reports from the edge of the crowd.

NEWSMAN 1

Compared to other demonstrations this antiwar protest at Georgetown University is low key but the message is simple and direct. U.S. Forces must get out of Vietnam.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Jeff and George sit at the bottom of the steps, listening to the Speakers.

JEFF

Let's go. I need to study for my econ test.

GEORGE

I was thinking about Mike. We're here safe and he's...well....

JEFF

I feel that way too. Mike knows how to take care of himself.

(BEAT)

A prayer or two won't hurt either.

EXT. QUEEN'S SQUARE, TORONTO - DAY

A SMALL CROWD displaying antiwar placards is gathered.

NEWSMAN 2

Here in Toronto's main square, an anti-Vietnam rally draws mostly curious on-lookers.

(MORE)

NEWSMAN 2 (CONT'D)

But demonstrations like this worry the Johnson administration because it gives those who fled to avoid the draft a forum to encourage others to follow their example.

EXT. SPEAKER'S ROSTRUM - DAY

Roger addresses the gathering. His round, boyish face is covered by a patchy beard. His hair flows down to his shoulders. He wears a military-style jacket covered with peace-symbol patches. Behind him is a banner that reads,

"EXILED AMERICANS AGAINST THE WAR"

ROGER

If refusing to fight an immoral war is an act of individual conscience then, as individuals, it is our duty to persuade others to not yield to an immoral government.

EXT. PHU BAI MARINE BASE, SOUTH VIETNAM - DAY

SUPER: March 1, 1968

INT. PHU BAI FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

Mike, heavily bandaged, occupies a bed. GUNNERY SGT. TED WHITFIELD APPROACHES. He is a tall, rugged looking African American. He pulls up a chair next to Mike's bed.

WHITFIELD

How you doing Corporal?

MIKE

Fine. Thank you, Gunny.

WHITFIELD

Wanted to let you know, you're going home.

MIKE

How? I've still got a couple of months left.

WHITFIELD

Because it's your second tour, Command decided that with your record, you earned an early release.

He leans forward to talk to Mike.

WHITFIELD (CONT'D)

You fought in Hue for 30 days despite being wounded, what, six times? In 21 months you've been awarded a Bronze Star, multiple battlefield commendations and two Purple Hearts. You've earned this.

Mike doesn't respond.

WHITFIELD (CONT'D)

You have a girl back home?

MIKE

Yea...Marcy.

WHITFIELD

Go home. Marry her. Settle down, have kids. Forget this fucking place. This fucking war. Walter Cronkite has fucked us. We're done. There'll be no victory now.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND - DUSK

Identify the campus as The University of Maryland.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

A party in full swing. The house is crowded with MALE and FEMALE STUDENTS with equal measure of preps, jocks and hippies.

NOTICE Paul. He wears a University of Maryland football letterman's jacket. He mingles with the crowd while drinking a glass of beer.

Two HIPPIE MEN stand off to one side, watching Paul.

HIPPIE 1

Isn't that the jock asshole who hassled you in the library?

HIPPIE 2

Yeah, Paul Battle, big fucking football star. Got all spastic cause I was smoking a joint in the stacks. He's tighter than a frog's asshole. He needs to mellow out.

HIPPIE 1

Maybe we can help him with that,
loosen him up.

HIPPIE 2

Like how?

Hippie 1 reaches into a vest pocket, pulls out a wad of aluminum foil.

HIPPIE 1

We'll introduce him to the
wonderful world of expanded
consciousness.

He unwraps the foil to reveal an aspirin-size tablet. They approach Paul from different sides. Hippie 2 bumps into Paul.

PAUL

Watch where you're walking, you
dirty fucking hippie.

With his attention diverted, Hippie 1 drops the tablet into the glass of beer. They walk away, delighted with themselves.

EXT. ROUTE 1, UNIVERSITY PARK, MD - NIGHT

The highway runs next to the university campus. Paul; dazed, confused and frightened staggers in the middle of the highway.

BLARING CAR HORNS, BRAKES SCREECHING.

Cars swerve to avoid him. PEOPLE on both sides of the road YELL at him to run to safety.

Paul, totally disoriented, fails to respond to the multiple warnings. A car attempts to steer around him, clips his arm, sends him spinning.

He stumbles backwards right into the path of another car whose DRIVER desperately tries to miss him. Paul is hit full force.

He's hurled into the air, lands on the car's windshield with a sickening THUD.

The Driver breaks hard, crosses the lane, sideswipes another car. Paul's body is catapulted onto the road where he is run over by another car. Finally all traffic halts. Onlookers SCREAM and CRY, rush to his aid.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Aerial shot of Manhattan skyline.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER STUDIO - DAY

Spacious loft-style combination studio/offices. A modeling session in progress. Billy is the center of attention as he models collegiate fall fashions.

PHOTOGRAPHER
That's marvelous, Billy. Really
super.

Billy moves smoothly and with total ease; self assured and confident. Having escaped his brother's long shadow, he's coming into his own.

The Photographer stops.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
OK, 15-minute break. Then we're
moving to do the exteriors.

Billy heads for the dressing room. He passes by the receptionist's desk, stopped by LISA NASH, early 20s, studio receptionist. Thin, mousy, frizzy hair, ostentatious hippie garb, wire rim glasses.

LISA
How's it going?

BILLY
Couldn't be better.

LISA
Say, Billy. Later on how about
dropping by my place for some great
homemade Chinese?

BILLY
Love to but I've got plans for
tonight.

Telephone RINGS. Lisa answers.

LISA
Robert Longley Studios. Why, yes,
he's right in front of me.

BILLY
Who is it?

LISA
 (coldly)
 Apparently your "plans for
 tonight!"

Billy takes the receiver from her as she STORMS OFF. He's bewildered by Lisa's attitude.

BILLY
 Yeah?
 (BEAT)
 Marcy! Jeez, what a surprise. Did
 you hear from Mike?

Billy's face changes to a silent mask of sadness.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 Yea, I'll call George and Jeff then
 I'll catch the first train home.

INT. HQ/EXILED AMERICANS - DAY

Roger is on the phone. Only a few PEOPLE in the small office decorated with antiwar, pro-peace posters and banners.

ROGER
 Tell him to contact me when he
 arrives in Toronto. We'll help him
 get settled.

GIRL
 Roger, line 2.

ROGER
 How can I help you?
 (BEAT).
 Marcy Abbott? It's really you! It's
 great hearing your voice.

Excitement turns to grief.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 I always believed he was
 invincible. Tell everyone that
 I...I miss them very much.

Roger hangs up, tries to stay composed. He fails.

INT. MIKE'S HOTEL ROOM/HAWAII - DAY

He paces frantically. Telephone RINGS. He rushes to answer.

MIKE

Yes! Yes it is! I'll accept charges. Marcy! Hi sweetheart. I'm in Honolulu. Got here this morning. Listen, I want you to fly out... What do you mean, "It's a coincidence"?

Mike listens. He is stoic, expressionless.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll catch a flight tonight. No, I'm fine. Honest. I love you, too.

He clenches the receiver in his fist, rips it from the phone and hurls it across the room.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stares at himself in the dresser mirror. Hair is cut very short, beard is gone. An open suitcase on the bed. Opens dresser drawer, takes out shirts. Stares into the empty suitcase. Look at himself again in the mirror. Drops the shirts into the suitcase.

INT. LAX - DAY

Mike, in uniform, sits in a telephone booth.

MIKE

I'm hitching a ride on a C-130 out of El Toro. I'll land at Andrews late this afternoon. See you then.

Mike smiles as he hangs up. As he exits the booth he accidentally collides with a YOUNG GIRL, 20ish. She drops her suitcase.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Let me get that.

When she sees he's in uniform, a look of profound disgust covers her face. She spits at his feet, grabs her suitcase and rushes away.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR BASE, MARYLAND - DAY

Marcy waits outside the control tower. A C-130 military transport appears, lands and slowly taxis to the tower.

A forward passenger door opens. SOLDIERS, OFFICERS and other MILITARY PERSONNEL disembark. Those who have been waiting rush to greet them.

Marcy moves towards the aircraft, looks worried. Mike APPEARS. She breaks into a run. They embrace, kiss passionately. She hugs him tightly.

MARCY

Thank God you're back from that awful place.

Their attention is drawn to the transport's massive rear cargo bay as it opens. SOLDIERS enter then exit wheeling out the coffins of American servicemen.

EXT. ROUTE 50 EAST, MARYLAND - DAY

A car passes a road sign that says, "Annapolis, 15 miles"

MIKE (V.O.)

When's the viewing?

MARCY (V.O.)

Tomorrow night.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marcy drives.

MIKE

The funeral?

MARCY

Next morning.

She looks over at Mike. A tear rolls down his cheek.

MIKE

Seems all I've done lately is bury my friends.

EXT. LYONS' HOME/ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND - DAY

The car pulls up in front of a large, gray-shingle house. Mike gets out, stares at it.

MARCY

Look any different?

MIKE

It looks great. Is anyone home?

Marcy smiles.

MARCY

Probably.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike and Marcy ENTER. The house seems empty.

MIKE

Hey! Anybody home?

He looks around, is incredulous.

MIKE (CONT'D)

How do you like that? I come home
and...

Suddenly the house is filled with SHOUTS of SURPRISE and WELCOME HOME. His family APPEARS from the kitchen and upstairs. He is greeted by Billy, DAVE LYONS, 48, his father. Tall, reed-thin, balding, tortoise-shell glasses. EMILY LYONS, 46, his mom. She's an attractive housewife in the typical, mid-20th Century way.

PATTY LYONS, 12, his baby sister jumps into Mike's arms. She is a blossoming pre-teen with a page-boy hair cut, brown saucer eyes. She showers Mike with kisses.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The entire Lyons family seated around the kitchen table.

DAVE LYONS

I have a great welcome home idea.
How about coming to the Elks and
tell us the real reasons we're in
South Vietnam.

Mike smiles slightly. It is not a happy smile.

MIKE

The Elks wouldn't enjoy anything I
have to say. Is there a good reason
why we're there? I'm still looking
for it.

He EXITS the kitchen. Mr. Lyons is stunned.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a time capsule. High school and college pendants hang on one wall. On a shelf above a corner desk is a baseball glove and cap, a football on a kicking tee. Mike begins unpacking. Billy ENTERS.

BILLY

You know, you don't sound like yourself.

MIKE

Who do I sound like?

BILLY

Roger.

Mike CHUCKLES SOFTLY.

BILLY (CONT'D)

So what's next?

MIKE

Don't know. Maybe I'll go to college, be an engineer like Dad always wanted. Maybe I'll go live on a commune, get stoned and stay stoned.

Rubs the top of his crew cut.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll let my hair grow down to my ass. Maybe I'll go to New York and become a model. Then I'll get all the pussy I can handle.

Throws a shoe at Billy who easily avoids it. He jumps on Mike. They begin to wrestle. Mike throws Billy to the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Lyons pours herself a cup of coffee. Brings a cup to Mr. Lyons. The house vibrates with the NOISE and COMMOTION from the wrestling upstairs. Mr. Lyons watches the ceiling light fixture dance and shake. Dishes in the corner hutch rattle. Mrs. Lyons sits next to her husband, kisses him on the cheek.

MRS. LYONS

It's good to have them home.

Mr. Lyons nods, returns his wife's kiss. Several dishes fall from the hutch, shatter. They blissfully ignore the chaos.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only noise is the slow, steady TICKING of a grandfather clock. Mrs. Lyons, in housecoat and robe, DESCENDS the stairs. The clock strikes 2am. She strains to hear any sound, heads towards the rear through the kitchen.

INT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

It's a screened-in back porch. A table lamp struggles to illuminate the entire area. Mike is seated on a small couch, smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Lyons ENTERS.

MRS. LYONS

May I join you?

Mike, guiltily extinguishes the cigarette. Mrs. Lyons sits in a nearby chair.

MRS. LYONS (CONT'D)

Why are you up so late?

MIKE

Jet lag, thinking about Paul, the friends I left in country. Nothing helps. Everything seems wrong.

She notices he's avoids looking at her.

MRS. LYONS

Michael, look at me.

He does.

MRS. LYONS (CONT'D)

I understand. When your father came home from fighting in the Pacific, he was as lost as you are now. But when you're surrounded by people who love you the pain goes away eventually. We're so proud of you for being awarded the Bronze Star. You're a hero.

MIKE

I'm nobody's hero. That medal is a curse. Do you really know what I did? What really happened?

MRS. LYONS

All we know is what was on the award citation.

MIKE
It's mostly lies.

EXT. VIETNAMESE VILLAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Two Marine platoons walk in flank formation towards the huts of a village.

MIKE (V.O.)
We were ordered to move into this village named Kim Liem to intercept a VC assassination squad that promised to torture and kill the village leaders.

The Marines move within a few yards of the village. WEAPONS FIRE strikes them from the huts. Instant casualties. Everyone drops to the ground. Illumination flares go up.

The surreal artificial light reveals a chilling scene. Bound, gagged, standing in the entrance to each hut are VILLAGERS.

MIKE (V.O.)
We were ambushed and the bastards used the villagers as shields.

The Marines remain on the ground, not returning fire. OFFICERS and SGTS. SCREAM to ignore the villagers and engage the enemy.

The Marine to Mike's right is dead. On his field pack is a M79 grenade launcher. Mike takes it, loads it and charges towards the nearest hut.

Weapons FIRE rips at his feet. He prepares to launch the grenades then he locks eyes with a YOUNG VIETNAMESE GIRL standing captive in the doorway. He sees the pleading look in her eyes and hesitates momentarily.

He fires a grenade into the hut. Watches helplessly as she vanishes in the explosion. Fires more grenades into different huts.

Mike's bold action rallies his comrades. They respond with a full force attack into the village. They easily rout the Viet Cong but inflict heavy civilian casualties.

MIKE (V.O.)
She reminded me of Patty...the same age...same pretty brown eyes.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

MIKE

I think they gave me the medal so I wouldn't feel guilty. Everyone told me I did the right thing. But what I did breaks my heart every day. When I have kids of my own maybe I'll show them the medal and hope God has forgiven me and helped me forget that little girl.

Mrs. Lyons moves to the couch, sits next to Mike, puts her arm around him, pulls him close. He rests his head on her shoulder, falls asleep.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

People gathered in a private viewing room. MR. & MRS. HENRY BATTLE sit next to the open casket. Mr. Battle is a big man. Mrs. Battle is tall, severe looking.

People offer condolences but Mr. Battle hardly notices. He stares at the coffin. His gaunt, pale expression as he fights back tears testify to his grief.

The conversational BUZZ in the room ends abruptly. All eyes turn to the doorway. Roger ENTERS, the object of intense stares. Stops at the casket, kneels, crosses himself, says a quick, silent prayer. Stands, walks over to Mr. & Mrs. Battle.

ROGER

I'm so sorry for your loss. Paul meant so much to all of us. When I found out what happened I had to come and tell you how much I'm going to miss him.

Mr. Battle stands, composes himself, shakes Roger's hand.

MR. BATTLE

Thank you, Roger. I'm honored you came. I'm sure others are happy to see you.

Roger turns to face his parents. MRS. PITT embraces him, CRIES quietly. MR. PITT APPROACHES. They stare at each other for an awkward moment. Mr. Pitt hugs his son.

Others begin crowding around Roger including Billy, Jeff and George. Roger scans the crowd, spots Mike standing alone across the room. Walks straight to him. Mike doesn't move.

His expression provides no clue to what he's thinking or feeling. Roger stops. The room falls quiet again.

MIKE

About time. What took you so long?

Mike smiles. They embrace.

INT. LYONS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike, Roger, Billy, Mr. Lyons and Mr. Pitt sit around the kitchen table.

ROGER

It's been hard. I wish what I did could be undone. I never meant for it to get so out of hand, so violent.

MIKE

You're still a wanted man. You organized for the SDS, attacked the Pentagon and assaulted US Marshals! Your organization helped guys desert. That's called treason. When they find out you're back. They'll do everything possible to make an example of you. You've got to leave for Canada. Tonight!

ROGER

Not until after the funeral.

MIKE

Do what's smart for once!

ROGER

I might not be smart and I'm still going.

Mike shakes his head in exasperation.

INT. LYONS' KITCHEN - LATER THE SAME EVENING

Mike and Roger seated across from each other, drinking beer. From the number of empty bottles on the table, they've consumed quite a few.

ROGER

Tell me one thing.

MIKE

What's that?

ROGER

How come after all that's happened,
you act like nothing's happened?

MIKE

You're not the only one who wants
to erase things they've done.

ROGER

South Vietnam, what was it like?

MIKE

A deadly fucking mess. I thought
about you a lot. I wondered what
you'd think of me. What I was
doing. What I had become.

ROGER

Then we're even. I wondered what
you thought of Roger Pitt, draft
dodger, antiwar leader. Fugitive.

MIKE

Didn't surprise me you were in the
middle of all that.

ROGER

My initial involvement was low key.
Then I saw the movement's ability
to attract thousands of people. I
got more deeply involved. I
believed if we could get the
Johnson administration to wind down
the war, guys like you might be
spared.

Roger looks directly at Mike as he continues.

ROGER (CONT'D)

When I got expelled from BU I was
scared. Freaking out about being
drafted. I spoke eloquently about
how my conscience told me to fight
the war machine. My conscience! The
conscience of a coward.

Roger looks at Mike. His expression hasn't changed. Opens the
refrigerator, grabs a beer. Pops it open. Takes a long swig.

MIKE

OK, you were afraid. Big fucking deal. So was I. So is every sad motherfucker still there.

Mike exhibits signs of PTSD. His fingers nervously twirl a metal chain around his neck. He becomes aware of his actions, removes the chain revealing his military "dog tags". He stares at them.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fear drove me to kill for my country and I killed a lot.

He throws the "dog tags" in the direction of the kitchen trash can.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now I'm not sure what the fuck for.

ROGER

What happens to people like us?

MIKE

Who knows? I suspect most people won't care.

Roger raises his beer bottle.

ROGER

To us!

Mike clinks his beer bottle on Roger's.

MIKE

And to outcasts everywhere.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Funeral in progress. A MILITARY HONOR GUARD removes an American flag from a casket. They fold it with military precision while the MINISTER delivers the eulogy.

MINISTER

We now commit the body of Corey Lee Bonner to this earth. As a soldier he served his nation with honor and dedication. We pray his family finds comfort that he died in the line of duty, fearlessly discharging his duties as a Medic, attending to the wounded on the battlefield.

The BONNER FAMILY is seated under a canvas canopy. ELAINE BONNER, 45, WEEPS SOFTLY, is comforted by TWO DAUGHTERS. Frank Bonner sits to her right. While everyone around him grieves, he seems detached to the point of boredom.

A SOLDIER hands the folded flag to Mrs. Bonner. A BUGLER plays TAPS. A SECOND HONOR GUARD snaps to attention. Under the command of their MASTER SGT., raise their rifles. FIRE a 21-gun salute. The casket is lowered into the grave.

INT. DOJ BUILDING/FBI HQ/WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAYS LATER

Bonner ENTERS, met by an excited Thad Russell.

THAD

Dave wants to see you in his office. We just got some big news.

Bonner nods.

THAD (CONT'D)

You sure it's a good idea to come back so soon?

BONNER

We've got important work to do.

INT. DAVE GALLAGHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Bonner and Thad ENTER. DAVE GALLAGHER, 55, a stout Irishman, East Coast Director of Field Operations, stands as they enter. Puts on his suit jacket. Moves to the door.

GALLAGHER

Welcome back, Frank. Your task force is in the conference room. You're going to love this. We got a tip from an asset in Canada. Roger Pitt has returned.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gallagher, Bonner and Thad ENTER. Those gathered rise to shake Bonner's hand.

GALLAGHER

You all know why we're here. Let's get started.

AGENT 1

Is the asset reliable?

GALLAGHER

Absolutely. He joined Pitt's outfit posing as an Army deserter.

A collective CHUCKLE ripples across the room.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

As you all know, Pitt helped the SDS to organize the massive antiwar march and riot at the Pentagon last Fall.

Gallagher turns off the lights turns on a slide projector. The slides are photos from the Pentagon's antiwar protest and subsequent riot.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

He was arrested, posted bail then fled to Canada. He's also wanted for raiding draft boards and destroying government records.

He advances the slide projector. Roger's picture fills the screen.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

This is a recent photo but we have reason to believe he's changed his appearance. So, this is the person we're looking for.

Gallagher advances the projector to an older photo of Roger.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

This is his high school graduation picture. You'll be given a copy.

AGENT 2

Any idea why he came back?

GALLAGHER

The information and evidence compiled from our recent raids on SDS hide-outs strongly indicates that another massive antiwar protest is in the works. Potentially more violent and with greater risk to human life. For a radical like Pitt, even with all the risk involved, it's too tempting to pass up. It's the only thing that makes sense.

AGENT 2

Where do we start?

GALLAGHER

Boston. That's where he started. There are plenty of people willing to help him. We have eyes on every antiwar group and leader. He won't be able to wipe his ass without us finding out. You'll receive a complete report.

Gallagher flips on the lights. The Agents blink, rub their eyes at the sudden brightness.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

As you know, Director Hoover picked Frank to lead the operation to destroy the SDS. His task force has done a great job. Frank, this needs to be quick and clean. Ready to go?

BONNER

More than ready.

INT. BONNER BEDROOM - EVENING

He's packing a suitcase. Stops to gaze at a photo of his son dressed in military uniform. Doesn't notice his wife ENTERS.

ELAINE

When are you leaving?

BONNER

My flight leaves at 9.

ELAINE

Why didn't Dave give this assignment to someone else?

BONNER

No reason to.

ELAINE

Is it that important...?

Bonner gives her a look that stops her in mid-sentence. He only answers after a slight pause.

BONNER

Yes.

ELAINE

Through this entire ordeal, not one
tear shed for our only son.

There is a tense silence. She EXITS. He continues packing.

EXT. LYONS' HOME - DAY

The Ford Falcon station wagon sits in the driveway, hood
open. Mike leans into the engine compartment. Billy watches.

BILLY

How's the old crate look?

MIKE

It's in great shape considering it
sat for two years. It'll make the
trip to Canada with no problem.

BILLY

Dad took good care of it.

MIKE

I missed driving. Whenever I was at
regimental headquarters I'd hang
out at the motor pool.

BILLY

Did you learn anything?

MIKE

How to hot wire a Jeep.

The front door opens, Mrs. Lyons STEPS OUT.

MRS. LYONS

Michael, you have a phone call.

Mike looks at Billy, shrugs.

INT. LYONS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike and Billy ENTER. The phone sits on a table in the
downstairs hallway. Their Mother is holding the receiver. She
seems worried.

MRS. LYONS

It's Paul's cousin Nancy. She's
calling from police headquarters.

She hands the receiver to Mike. Quickly DEPARTS.

MIKE
Hey Nancy. What's up?

INT. ANNAPOLIS POLICE HQ - DAY

NANCY DAWKINS, late 20s, a Police Department Dispatcher speaks quietly on a phone located in an empty back office.

NANCY
FBI agents were just here. They met behind closed doors with the Chief. Then they passed out photos of Roger; including one from the funeral.

MIKE
How in the hell? It was just yesterday.

NANCY
And it gets worse. You're in the picture, too.

INT. BATTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike, Billy, Mr. Battle and Mrs. Battle seated in the living room. Mike talks. Mrs. Battle listens closely. Mr. Battle seems lost in a fog. He's pale. His clothes fit poorly.

MIKE
The FBI is coordinating with the Annapolis police. They've already searched his house. Roger's got to stay out of sight until it's safe to move. Could he stay here? I'm sure they won't search because of what just happened.

MRS. BATTLE
I suppose...I mean I'm willing. Henry?

Mike sits on the floor next to Mr. Battle's chair.

MIKE
You're a lawyer. You know what I'm asking is a crime but Roger needs our help. He came back for Paul.

Mr. Battle doesn't respond. Mike stands, motions to Billy that they should leave.

MR. BATTLE

Anne, get Paul's room ready. We're going to have a guest.

Mrs. Battle kisses his cheek. He lovingly grasps her hand.

EXT. LYONS' NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - EARLY MORNING

Mike comes jogging up the street. Slows down when he notices a brown step van a half block from his home. It has the words "Acropolis Painting Company" on the side. Mike notices a set of antennas that rise from the top of the van. Jogs to his front door, ENTERS the house.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - LATER THE SAME DAY/AFTERNOON

His Marine dress blues hang from a hook on the open closet door. Mike stares at it, touches the medals and ceremonial ribbons that adorn it.

Reaches into the closet and finds a garment bag. Lays it on the bed, places the dress blues inside. Hangs the bag in the back of the closet.

Starts to close the door, spots his dress white hat on the shelf above his desk. Picks it up, rubs his finger slowly across the Marine Corps emblem. Tosses the hat unceremoniously into the closet and slams the door shut.

O.S. FRONT DOORBELL RINGS.

MIKE

Billy? Patty?

INT. PATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

She's on her bed, watching the small portable black and white TV on her dresser. Mike ENTERS.

MIKE

Where's Billy?

PATTY

Don't know.

O.S. DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

MIKE

Why didn't you answer the door?

PATTY
Not during my favorite show!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

O.S. DOORBELL

Mike ENTERS from the stairway, opens the front door. Frank Bonner is REVEALED.

BONNER
Lance Corporal Michael Lyons?

Mike nods. Bonner displays his FBI shield.

BONNER (CONT'D)
I'm Special Agent Frank Bonner. I'd like to ask you a few questions.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mike ENTERS. Bonner FOLLOWS. Mike opens the refrigerator.

MIKE
Want a beer?

BONNER
No thanks.

Mike sits, opens the beer. Bonner sits across from him.

MIKE
What can I do for you?

BONNER
I need your help to locate Roger Pitt.

MIKE
Sure, I know where he is.

Bonner looks puzzled, then hopeful.

MIKE (CONT'D)
He's in Canada.

Bonner gives Mike a cold, hard stare.

BONNER
His trail leads to Annapolis. Seems he's gone underground.

MIKE

I don't know anything about that.

Bonner reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Hands Mike a copy of the photograph from Paul's funeral.

BONNER

Isn't that him right behind you?

MIKE

How would I know? I don't have eyes in the back of my head.

Bonner is extremely angry.

BONNER

He's somewhere in the area and you know it. Why cover for him? After all you're a...a...

MIKE

A grunt? A jungle rat? So what?

BONNER

Don't you resent him for subverting the war effort?

MIKE

Mr. Bonner, do you know anyone who's served in South Vietnam?

Bonner's cool, professional demeanor vanishes. Mike's question stuns him. He stammers.

BONNER

Well...uhhh...it's...

It's Mike's turn to be surprised as he sees sorrow and confusion in Bonner's face.

MIKE

Doesn't matter. Even if I did know where he is, I wouldn't tell you.

INT. LYONS' HOUSE - DAY

Bonner EXITS. Mike FOLLOWS.

BONNER

You're making a big mistake if you think you can hide behind your war record.

Mike bristles angrily at Bonner's remark.

MIKE

I don't hide behind anything. It might pay you to remember that Mr. Bonner.

Mike's obvious contempt enrages Bonner.

BONNER

If you help Pitt, I'll make it hard on you.

Mike LAUGHS.

MIKE

I spent 21 months in hell. Believe me, I'm not afraid of anything you think you can do to me.

Bonner quickly gets into his car. DRIVES AWAY. Mike watches as the car disappears down the street. NOTICES that the brown step van hasn't moved.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Son-of-a-bitch.

INT. PATTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

She is still watching TV as Mike ENTERS.

MIKE

I need a favor.

PATTY

Sure. What?

Mike grabs her hand, drags her off the bed.

MIKE

Come with me and I'll explain.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mike leads her into the bathroom.

PATTY

What are we going to do in here?

MIKE

Talk.

PATTY
In the bathroom?

MIKE
It's got the right acoustics.

Mike closes the door.

O.S. RUNNING WATER, TOILET FLUSHING,

EXT. LYONS' HOUSE - DAY

Mike GETS INTO his car, DRIVES AWAY. The station wagon is barely out of sight when the step van's engine starts. It follows the station wagon.

Patty, on her bike, APPEARS from around the side of the house. She stops, looks in the direction of the car and van. Rides off in the opposite direction.

INT. STATION WAGON - TWILIGHT

Mike drives. Billy in front. George and Jeff in the back.

MIKE
I managed to warn him. We've got to get him back to Canada right away.

He waits for a response, is surprised when there is none.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

JEFF
We can't help you. I mean, shit, it's too risky.

GEORGE
We want to help but you're talking about going against the FBI. That's too big for us.

Mike looks at Billy.

MIKE
Do you agree?

Billy can't look at Mike. Nods.

BILLY
They'll ruin us.

They drive by a small strip mall anchored by an Acme supermarket.

JEFF

Let me out here. I need to pick up
a few things for my mom.

GEORGE

I'll go with you.

EXT. STRIP MALL/WEST ANNAPOLIS - TWILIGHT

Jeff and George watch the Falcon drive off. Shame is written
on both faces.

JEFF

What do you think?

GEORGE

That we're the world's biggest
chicken shits.

INT. STATION WAGON - TWILIGHT

Mike steers into the driveway.

MIKE

I'm going over to Marcy's.

BILLY

Why are you doing this?

MIKE

I promised myself I'm not going to
lose another friend.

EXT. STREET CORNER - EARLY EVENING

Jeff and George walk down the street. Jeff carries a small
bag of groceries. They stop at the corner.

Then, out of nowhere, a car and panel van PULL UP to the
curb, brakes SCREECHING. Before either boy can react, the
van's doors fly open. MEN EMERGE, grab and push them into the
van. The Men jump back in, they speed away.

The bag of groceries lays scattered in the street.

INT. THE VAN - EVENING

Jeff and George have been thrown to the floor. The Men pull them to a sitting position.

JEFF

Who are you guys? What do you want?

Frank Bonner, front passenger seat, turns to face them. Flashes his FBI shield.

BONNER

Frank Bonner, FBI.

Jeff's timidity turns to anger.

JEFF

What in the hell gives you the right to do this to us?

BONNER

You're harboring a federal fugitive. Where is Roger Pitt?

The boys resort to sullen silence.

BONNER (CONT'D)

You know where he's hiding. That makes you accomplices.

GEORGE

Why not arrest us?

BONNER

Help me and I'll overlook any assistance you gave him.

JEFF

You're lying.

BONNER

Cross me and you'll never outlive it.

Bonner's threat only angers them.

GEORGE

Either arrest us or let us out now.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

George and Jeff LOUDLY CURSE at Bonner and the FBI Agents. Give them the "finger" as they drive off.

They look at each other. Nod.

INT. LYONS' KITCHEN - EVENING

Billy and Patty seated at the table playing "Monopoly". It's apparent that Patty is accumulating all the cash and property. Billy rolls the dice, moves his piece.

PATTY

You landed on Atlantic Avenue. You owe me \$330.

Billy thumbs through his meager pile of money.

BILLY

Who taught you to play this game?

PATTY

I taught myself.

BILLY

You've got a great future as a real estate speculator.

O.S. DOORBELL

PATTY

(worried)

Who's that?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy turns to Patty.

BILLY

Go to your room.

Billy waits until Patty DISAPPEARS up the stairs then opens the door. Frank Bonner is REVEALED, holds up his shield.

BONNER

May I come in?

Billy doesn't answer. Bonner walks in.

BONNER (CONT'D)

Are your parents home?

BILLY

They went out to dinner.

BONNER

Too bad. I was hoping to convince them to talk some sense into your brother. He's heading for trouble because of Roger Pitt.

BILLY

Who?

Bonner's pretense at politeness vanishes. His inability to obtain information has made him angry and desperate.

BONNER

What is wrong with everyone? You're all facing federal charges. But when I get through with Mike he'll be locked away in Leavenworth for 20 years. Help him. Tell me where I can find Roger Pitt. I promise no charges will be brought against Mike or anyone else.

BILLY

I don't know anything.

B.G. NOTICE Patty SNEAKING DOWN the steps, listening closely to the argument.

BONNER

I might not prove you're directly involved but I'll make sure you're punished.

BILLY

Punished? How?

BONNER

You're a male model. Lots of queers in that business, right?

BILLY

About as many as in the FBI, I suppose.

Bonner shakes with rage.

BONNER

Be funny now. It won't be so funny when word gets around you're as queer as a three dollar bill.

Billy reacts with shock.

BILLY
That's not true.

BONNER
So what? By the time I'm through,
the whole world will believe you're
another pretty-boy cocksucker.
You'll spent the rest of your life
denying you're a fag...

Patty races down the steps.

PATTY
(screaming)
Stop it! Stop it!

She shoves Bonner, kicks at his shins.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Get out! Get out! Get out!

Bonner backs away glares at Billy who, at first, does nothing to restrain Patty. Finally, he gently pulls her close to him.

BILLY
You've done enough here.

Bonner begins to EXIT.

PATTY
I hope you die! I hope Mike kills
you!

She buries her face in Billy's chest, SOBS.

INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Marcy are in bed, just finishing lovemaking.

MIKE
That's certainly the best thing
that's happened to me today.

He closes his eyes. Marcy watches him intently.

MARCY
Mike?

MIKE
Yeah?

MARCY

Mother told me my aunt and uncle aren't using their condo in Florida. They're in Europe. She said it would be all right if we used it for a week or two. She has keys and will let them know.

She runs a finger up and down Mike's chest.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Florida is so beautiful this time of year. We could have such a good time; swimming, sunning and...

With cat-like quickness Mike pins Marcy to the mattress. Kisses her passionately.

MIKE

And we wouldn't have to worry about your mother coming home unexpectedly and catching us.

Marcy LAUGHS.

MARCY

Yeah...well, that too.

MIKE

It's a great idea.

Marcy is thrilled.

MARCY

Wonderful! I've already put in for time off from work. I'll buy a few things and we can leave...

MIKE

As soon as I get back.

Marcy is immediately deflated.

MARCY

From where?

MIKE

I'm taking Roger back to Canada.

MARCY

I don't believe you! Why would you do anything that reckless?

MIKE
If I don't, who will?

MARCY
Wasn't surviving the war enough?
Now you're going to put yourself at
risk again?!? The war is over for
you.

Mike sits on the edge of the bed getting dressed. Leans over
and kisses Marcy on the cheek.

MIKE
The fighting's over. Not the war.

EXT. ABBOTT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Mike approaches his car. A second story window opens. Marcy
APPEARS.

MARCY
Michael Lyons, you're a noble fool
but that's why I love you.

MIKE
Thanks, I think. Listen, when we go
to Florida, instead of shacking up
we could go as husband and...
(BEAT)
...wife. What do you say?

MARCY
I've wanted to marry you since we
were 11. I've had countless
fantasies about how you'd propose.
This wasn't one of them.

Mike smiles.

MIKE
It's the best I can do for now.

MARCY
Of course I'll marry you.

Mike starts to get into the car, looks up at Marcy.

MIKE
Since we were 11??

Marcy nods. Mike gets into the car. DRIVES OFF.

MARCY
 Crazy...loveable...fool.

INT. LYONS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike ENTERS. Surprised to find Billy, Jeff and George waiting for him. Jeff scribbles on a note pad. Hands it to Mike.

INSERT: The note reads, "What's the escape plan?"

Mike looks up from the note. Everyone nods in agreement.

INT. CONVERTED LIVING ROOM - DAY

What once was a living room has been converted into a reception/waiting area. Everyone that comes in and out is African American. Walls are covered with posters and signs that showcase black liberation, racial equality and the various leaders of the civil rights movement.

A sign placed in front of the RECEPTIONIST'S desk reads:
 Welcome to Black Liberation & Equality - Annapolis.

INT. CONVERTED BEDROOM - DAY

Like the reception area, this once-bedroom has been repurposed as an office. Again, the walls bear testament to the occupant's dedication to the civil rights movement.

Calvin Hopkins seated at a small, rickety wooden desk, pounding furiously on an old manual typewriter. The RECEPTIONIST ENTERS.

RECEPTIONIST
 There's a white guy outside that
 wants to see you.

CALVIN
 A white guy?!? What does he want?

RECEPTIONIST
 It was strange. He said now it's
 your turn to rescue him.

Calvin's eyes brighten in recognition.

CALVIN
 Show him in and tell Brother
 Beasley to join us.

The Receptionist EXITS, leaves the door open. Mike ENTERS.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
When I heard the FBI was in town I
knew you'd show up.

Gerard ENTERS while Calvin is speaking.

MIKE
Am I that predictable?

GERARD
Yes. Because you're as crazy as an
outhouse rat.

Calvin silently motions them to leave the office.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

They're at the far end of the yard, 20-25 yards from the rear
of the house.

MIKE
Why all the paranoia?

CALVIN
When we started, we knew everyone
who joined. And they knew us. Ever
since Dr. King's assassination and
the riots, all sorts of people been
floating in and out.

GERARD
They ask questions, most times too
many. Some urge us to take "direct
action", sounding more like Stokley
than Dr. King.

MIKE
So you'll help me?

Both men look at the ground as they shake their heads.

CALVIN
We can't. We can't risk hurting our
cause by fucking with the FBI.

GERARD
Lots of people in town hate us.
Call us agitators, communists,
anarchists...and those are the nice
names. We get death threats.

CALVIN
They'd celebrate if the FBI put us
out of business.

GERARD
If the FBI rolled us all up, you
think we'd be treated the same?

CALVIN
Shit...you'd get 30 days and then
this town would hold a parade in
your honor as an apology. White
people in Annapolis love you.
Football hero...war hero...if you
wanted to, you could be mayor.

MIKE
Would you vote for me?

GERARD
Fuck yeah!

They LAUGH.

CALVIN
We're sorry, man. But we can't be
directly involved.

Mike nods.

MIKE
I get it. Thanks for hearing me
out.

He begins to walk away. Stops. Turns back towards them.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What if there's a way you can help
and not be directly involved?

Calvin and Gerard look at each other.

GERARD
I warned you the crazy bastard
would have a back-up plan.

INT. LYONS' KITCHEN - MORNING

The entire family seated around the table, silently eating
breakfast. Two duffel bags wait in the hallway.

Mr. Lyons starts to speak but stops himself, shakes his head. Mike and Billy carry their plates to the sink. Retrieve the duffel bags.

INT. LYONS' LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mike and Billy put on their jackets. The others gather around them. The atmosphere is tense, apprehensive. The boys hug and kiss the others.

DAVE LYONS

I hope like hell you know what
you're doing.

MIKE

Don't I always think I do?

DAVE LYONS

It's all too confusing. The world's
gone nuts.

EXT. BATTLE HOUSE - DAY

The blue station wagon parked at the curb, the tailgate down. Mike and Billy EXIT the house carrying paper grocery bags loaded with clothes, place them into the wagon. RETURN INTO THE house.

Up the street, in a black sedan, TWO FBI AGENTS observe the action. Another sedan PULLS UP. Bonner GETS OUT.

BONNER

What's going on?

AGENT 1 points to the boys who CARRY OUT some boxes and load them into the wagon.

Mike nudges Billy, points out that Bonner has arrived.

AGENT 1

It's just those two. Haven't seen
their friends.

BONNER

They went back to Georgetown.

Bonner stops when he spots Mike approaching.

MIKE

Since you guys aren't doing
anything, can you lend a hand? We
could use the help.

BONNER

Is that suppose to be funny?

Mike stares at Bonner. He has a hard, angry look.

MIKE

My brother has learned to handle
nasty bullies like you.

(BEAT)

You terrorize my baby sister again,
I'll fuck you up.

Bonner is so shocked he stutters before he can produce a
coherent answer.

BONNER

I'm a federal officer. You can't
threaten me.

Mike smiles.

MIKE

I just did. Obviously I don't give
a shit.

He walks away, stops after a few steps, turns back to Bonner.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I killed as many North Vietnamese
with my bare hands as I did with my
M16. You won't be a challenge.

Mike returns to Billy, who overheard everything and is just
as stunned as Bonner. Mike motions to re-enter the house.

BILLY

What the fuck did you just do?

MIKE

He's not very stable. Making him
angry will help us.

BILLY

Not stable? How do you know?

MIKE

Combat teaches you a lot.

They ENTER the house.

BONNER

The nerve of that arrogant punk.
He's the real traitor.

AGENT 2

Frank? What?

BONNER

Think about it. Guys like Pitt are uninformed, naive, brainwashed. But Lyons has been there. Been awarded medals. Yet here he is, spitting on the graves of his fallen comrades...like Corey.

Mike and Billy EXIT the house carrying a steamer trunk. Stop when they see Bonner and the Agents approach.

BONNER (CONT'D)

What have you got there?

MR. BATTLE (O.S.)

I'd say it's none of your business.

Mr. Battle approaches Bonner who holds out his shield.

BONNER

Frank Bonner....

MR. BATTLE

I know who you are.

BONNER

I'm wondering what's going on here.

MR. BATTLE

These young men are here at my request. My son died recently and they're helping remove his personal effects that I'm donating to the St. Mary's Clothing Drive.

BONNER

And you're aware these two are suspected...

MR. BATTLE

What I am aware of is that you've waged a campaign of harassment against them and their friends.

He goes nose-to-nose with Bonner.

MR. BATTLE (CONT'D)

Let me warn you, Mr. Bonner. If you persist with your questionable tactics, I'll bury you in lawsuits.

Bonner and the Agents walk back to their cars leaving Mike and Billy to continue loading the wagon.

Bonner gets into his car, grabs a map that's on the front seat. Unfolds and studies it. Takes the microphone from his two-way radio.

BONNER
Thad, come in. Over.

THAD
(from the radio)
Yeah Frank?

BONNER
I'm at the Battle home. Take a position near here and be prepared to follow a blue Ford Falcon station wagon, Maryland license Kilo Delta 1-6-4-2. Confirm.

THAD
(from the radio)
Confirmed. On my way.

BONNER
I'll be at St. Mary's Church waiting. If they stop anywhere or make a run for it, arrest them.

He replaces the radio mike.

BONNER (CONT'D)
It's the perfect hideout. The only place I didn't think to check. It had to be his idea.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND - DAY

The blue station wagon enters Church Circle. As it approaches Duke of Gloucester Street the light turns red. The shadow car driven by Thad maintains a safe distance.

INT. THAD'S FBI CAR - DAY

Talks on the two-way radio.

THAD
They're right on course, Frank.
Nothing unusual so far.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - DAY

Bonner's car parked at the head of the church driveway with an unobstructed view up and down the street. NOTICE a hanging banner that reads, "St. Mary's Charity Clothing Drive".

BONNER

When they turn down Duke of
Gloucester Street they can't turn
off without one of us picking them
up. Stay alert.

Bonner leans his head out of the open car window. Stares up the street.

BONNER (CONT'D)

I wonder what that son-of-a-bitch
has up his sleeve?

EXT. CHURCH CIRCLE/DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ST. - DAY

The light changes to green and they turn down the one-way street, followed by Thad.

Traffic light at the next intersection. Scores of African Americans gathered on the street corners. Men and women, young and old. Many hold signs. Some quote Dr. King. Some quote Biblical passages.

At the sound of a WHISTLE, they step into the street, sing the spiritual "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands."

Mike's car approaches, the crowd parts, lets him through then quickly reforms ranks to block Thad's car. He stops. They surround his vehicle, continue to sing. Some use their signs to block his vision front and back.

Thad rolls down the car window. Holds out his FBI shield

THAD

FBI! I'm pursuing federal
fugitives.

The Demonstrators sing even louder

THAD (CONT'D)

(angrily)
Get out of my way!

Mike checks the action in the rear view mirror. He's startled when there's a tap on his window. He rolls it open to REVEAL an older AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN, wearing a minister's collar.

MINISTER

Get out of here now. God bless you
and keep you safe.

Mike turns right down the side street.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - DAY

THAD

(from radio)
Frank! Frank!

BONNER

Thad? What's wrong?

INT. THAD'S FBI CAR - DAY

Thad struggles to be heard over the increasingly louder singing and chanting plus all the additional noise of an intersection being impacted by the Demonstrators.

THAD

I've driven into some sort of
protest march. I'm blocked in. The
targets turned east on Conduit
Street. Unable to pursue.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - DAY

BONNER

What the fuck are you talking
about?

THAD

(from the radio)
People have blocked the
intersection and are surrounding my
vehicle. I can't move.

BONNER

Damn it, Thad. Use the car to push
them out of the way.

INT. THAD'S FBI CAR - DAY

He's staring at the radio microphone.

THAD

Holy shit! He's losing it.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - DAY

Bonner agitated to the point of madness. Starts his car, hesitates then drives up Duke of Gloucester Street in the wrong direction. Several cars come towards him, HONK their horns, swerve to avoid him. Bonner is oblivious.

INT. THAD'S FBI CAR - DAY

Thad spots Bonner's car creating havoc.

THAD
What in the hell?

He GETS OUT of the car.

THAD (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Everyone get out of here now. Go!

The Demonstrators spot the approaching car. Scatter quickly.

Bonner makes a panic stop. His car skids, fishtails, hops the curb, slams into a telephone pole. Bonner GETS OUT of his car, runs over to Thad's car.

BONNER
Where are they? Where are they?

Thad points at the exit street. Bonner reaches into Thad's car, grabs the two-way mike.

BONNER (CONT'D)
They're turned right on Conduit
Street. Arrest them on sight.

EXT. MAIN STREET/ANNAPOLIS - DAY

AGENT 3 sits in his car, answers.

AGENT 3
They haven't come this way.

EXT. CATHEDRAL STREET/ANNAPOLIS - DAY

AGENT 4 in his car.

AGENT 4
Same here. Haven't seen them.

EXT. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ST. - DAY

Bonner, dazed and disbelieving, drops the microphone. Stunned by the abrupt turn of events. Thad takes the radio mike.

THAD

Move out. Cover every alley,
driveway, parking lot. Put up
roadblocks. Now!

EXT. MAIN STREET/ANNAPOLIS - DAY

Agent 3 begins to pull away from the curb but stops as a big U-Haul-style truck passes. He waits then DRIVES OFF.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Jeff drives. He wears a false moustache, dark sunglasses, baseball cap. LAUGHS.

EXT. DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ST. - DAY

Street totally snarled. Car horns BLARE, DRIVERS LOUDLY CURSE. Thad coordinates the other Agents via radio. Bonner in the middle of the street, staring into the distance.

EXT. BROWN'S WOODS - DAY

Marcy's car is parked at the edge of a clearing, located at the end of a long, narrow dirt road. She paces nervously, puffing on a cigarette.

B.G., O.S. CAR ENGINE.

A fire-engine red '63 Plymouth Valiant APPEARS. George driving, parks next to Marcy's car.

MARCY

What is that?

GEORGE

Our getaway car.

MARCY

Glad you picked something
inconspicuous.

B.G., O.S. TRUCK ENGINE - DAY

The big truck APPEARS, stops in the middle of the clearing. Jeff JUMPS OUT, pops the rear latch, opens the roll-up door REVEALING Mike, Billy, Roger and the Falcon wagon. They jump to the ground. Mike embraces Jeff.

MIKE

We did it! We did it!

ROGER

I'd love to get a look at Bonner's face right now.

They LAUGH, congratulate each other. Mike spots the Plymouth.

MIKE

What in the hell is that?

GEORGE

(defensively)

You told me to buy a car.

MIKE

Right, a "car". That's literally a big red flag that yells, "hey police, look at me!!"

GEORGE

OK, it has a few minor dents. It's the best I could do with the \$500 you gave me.

ROGER

Be thankful he didn't buy an Edsel.

Jeff and Billy, using improvised ramps, have slowly backed the Falcon out of the truck.

Mike hands George a small roll of bills.

MIKE

For your expenses. Be careful.

Jeff and George get into the Falcon wagon. DRIVE OFF.

ROGER

Do you think it'll work?

MIKE

(nodding)

It'll work.

B.G., O.S. ANOTHER VEHICLE APPROACHES.

Calvin and Gerard ARRIVE. They approach, shakes hands.

CALVIN

We were certain you'd end up in handcuffs.

MIKE

Still could happen.

GERARD

Here's what you asked for.

He hands Mike a couple of license plates. They're from Virginia and Pennsylvania. Shows them to Roger.

CALVIN

Quite a coincidence you remembering my uncle owns a salvage yard.

Mike smiles, shrugs.

MIKE

The demonstrators; who were they? Where did they come from?

GERARD

That was Rev. Snowden and some of his congregation from Annapolis AME Church.

MIKE

If he's not part of your organization why did he do it?

GERARD

Two reasons. One, that night on Clay Street; Paul rescued his grandson. Two, we had to promise we'd go back to church.

MIKE

The way the world is now, that's not a bad deal.

He turns to Marcy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did you bring everything?

Marcy opens her car's trunk. Inside are the duffel bags.

MARCY

Yes, plus the wigs and make-up kits you wanted.

From the bottom of the trunk Mike takes out a rifle carrying case. Removes a Winchester 30/30 rifle. He sights down the barrel, puts in back in the case. Then he takes out a holstered .45 caliber revolver.

They kiss. Roger and Billy pick up the bags, quietly load everything into the Plymouth, Roger taps Mike on the shoulder.

ROGER

We're ready.

Calvin and Gerard approach. They shake hands one final time.

CALVIN

Back on that night; the way you jumped into the fight, we couldn't decide if you were brave or crazy.

MIKE

And?

CALVIN

It's both. And because it's you, that shit is contagious.

Mike gets into the front passenger seat with Billy behind the wheel. Roger climbs into the back seat. The Plymouth DISAPPEARS down the dirt road as Marcy, Calvin and Gerard wave good-bye.

EXT. BREEZEWOOD, PA - DAY

SUPER: Breezewood, PA. Pennsylvania Turnpike Gateway

The blue Falcon prepares to enter the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Jeff receives the toll ticket. He steers the car towards the entrance that says. "Turnpike West, Pittsburgh".

EXT. DELAWARE MEMORIAL BRIDGE - DAY

SUPER: Delaware Memorial Bridge.

The Plymouth approaches the toll booth. Billy pays the toll. They cross the bridge.

INSERT SHOT OF ROAD SIGN: Welcome to New Jersey

EXT. PA TURNPIKE, NORTH MIDWAY SERVICE PLAZA - LATER/SAME DAY.

SUPER: 90 miles east of Pittsburgh

Jeff and George get food in the Plaza. They EXIT, notice a Pennsylvania State Police car. They look at each other, Jeff nods. George taps on driver side window.

GEORGE
Excuse me, officer.

The STATE TROOPER rolls down his window.

STATE TROOPER
What can I do for you?

GEORGE
My buddy and I are lost. What's the best route from here to Canada?

EXT. EDISON, NJ - LATE AFTERNOON.

SUPER: Edison, NJ, 50 miles south of New York City.

The Plymouth parked in a motel parking lot. Billy EXITS the office, dangles a set of room keys. Mike and Roger EXIT the car, follow Billy to their assigned room.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - PRE DAWN.

SUPER: Somerset Township, PA

Several police vehicles, headlights off, silently approach the motel. Park in front of one section of rooms.

Frank Bonner and other FBI Agents EXIT from the vehicles. LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS serve as back-up. Bonner checks his wrist watch. It is 5am. He silently motions everyone to follow him to one particular door.

Bonner approaches, pounds on the door.

BONNER
This is the FBI. We have a warrant for your arrest.

Bonner doesn't wait for a response. Kicks open the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PRE DAWN.

Mike opens the room door. Steps outside into the cool morning air, takes a deep breath as he closes the door behind him. The morning sun begins to break the horizon. Opens the Plymouth's trunk, takes out the Pennsylvania license plate and a screwdriver. Removes the Maryland tags.

INT. MOTEL ROOM (PA) - DAWN

Jeff and George seated on the edge of the bed, handcuffed. Bonner, surrounded by other law enforcement officers, looms over them.

JEFF

It's like we said, we decided to take a road trip so we asked Mike if we could borrow his car.

BONNER

So, where is he now?

GEORGE

Probably still at home. Where could he go without his car?

BONNER

They're your problem now.

Local Police yank them off the bed.

EXT. WEST ANNAPOLIS - DAY

Marcy waits by a telephone booth just outside the Acme supermarket. The telephone RINGS. She answers.

INT. NJ TURNPIKE REST STOP - DAY

Mike, inside the rest stop, talking on a pay phone.

EXT. NJ TURNPIKE REST STOP PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike gets into the Plymouth. Billy and Roger waiting.

MIKE

We need to stay out of sight for awhile.

INT. DAVE GALLAGHER'S OFFICE - DAY.

Seated at his desk reading from a manila folder. Other folders scattered across the desk. As he reads he becomes increasingly annoyed.

KNOCK ON DOOR.

GALLAGHER

Come in.

Bonner ENTERS. Sits directly across from Gallagher who continues to examine its contents. Finally closes it, tosses it towards Bonner.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

I just finished reading your report. It's a fucking catastrophe!

BONNER

We're developing leads. We'll flush them out.

GALLAGHER

How did one of the Bureau's top agents got so easily outmaneuvered **twice** by amateurs?

BONNER

(angrily)

If you've lost confidence in my abilities then replace me.

GALLAGHER

(softly)

Frank, it was a mistake to let you return so soon after your son's funeral. You sacrificed the operation for a personal agenda.

Bonner is pale, shaken.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, you're still in charge. But the status of the operation has been altered.

BONNER

What do you mean, "altered"?

GALLAGHER

Director Hoover met with the Attorney General and some Pentagon brass.

(MORE)

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

We totally missed the mark on Roger Pitt's motivations. This operation has been downgraded. Frank, we're facing a public relations fiasco over this. The Pentagon is worried because Mike Lyons is a bona fide war hero.

BONNER

(contemptuously)

He's a bona fide traitor. We should make an example of him.

Gallagher, angered by Bonner's attitude, slams his sizeable fist on the desk. Rises out of his chair.

GALLAGHER

You don't get the big picture. The press and the antiwar crowd will turn these boys into heroes.

BONNER

They're nobody's heroes. They're criminals.

GALLAGHER

Quit being so dense. We're not dealing with a gang of sociological misfits. These boys are as American as they come.

He holds up the pile of manila folders.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

I've read every bit of information gathered about them and their families. There's no doubt in my mind they were raised to believe in this country. Yet they turned their backs on us.

He paces around the office.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

Why? Who the hell knows? It's like a contagious disease. My kids don't bring their friends to the house anymore.

He stops. Stares out his window.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
Someday I hope someone will be able
to figure out how we managed to
make such a mess of everything.

BONNER
Us? What did we do?

GALLAGHER
We ended up at war with our own
children.

EXT. DOJ BUIDLING/FBI HQ - LATER THE SAME DAY

Bonner and Russell EXIT the building. Begin walking along
Pennsylvania Ave., NW

THAD
What do we do now?

BONNER
About what?

THAD
The operation. Didn't we just get
shut down?

BONNER
Dave said the operation's
downgraded, not terminated. We'll
downsize the team to you, me and
two other agents. We're still going
after Roger Pitt. There's still an
active warrant for his arrest.

THAD
If he's not a threat anymore, why
not just send out a BOLO?

BONNER
Unless it's a murder, bank robbery
or kidnapping, local police aren't
going to pro-actively respond to a
BOLO. And he's still a threat.

THAD
I don't follow.

Their walk has taken them near The White House where there is
a small antiwar demonstration; typical for that era. They see
a YOUNG MAN handing out leaflets. He stands behind a sign
that reads: No Way Uncle Sam will I go to Vietnam!

They approach. The Young Man hands them a leaflet.

YOUNG MAN

I'm with the Anti-Imperialist Project. We protest the war because the Vietnamese people struggle to end the West's imperialist goals. First it was France and now America.

Bonner scans the leaflet, hands it to Thad.

BONNER

College student?

The Young Man nods.

YOUNG MAN

Sophomore at George Washington.

BONNER

Where you from?

YOUNG MAN

Kansas City.

BONNER

Back home, any demonstrations? Arguments about the war?

YOUNG MAN

No. Most folks believe all the government lies.

BONNER

When did you learn they were lies?

YOUNG MAN

When I got to D.C. The speakers. The rallies. Demonstrations. It all opened my eyes to the truth.

BONNER

Thank you. Very enlightening.

He walks away. Thad follows.

THAD

What was that all about?

BONNER

Why we're still going after Pitt. People like him have turned ordinary kids into anti-American radicals. As long as he's on the loose, he's a danger.

THAD

What about Corporal Lyons?

Bonner stops. Turns to face Thad.

BONNER

I will deal with him personally.

Bonner WALKS AWAY. Thad remains rooted to the spot, not quiet believing what just happened.

EXT. SLEEP IN MOTEL/ROUTE 46 WAYNE, NJ - LATE AFTERNOON.

Establish location.

Super: Wayne, NJ. 28 miles west of NYC.

INT. MOTEL ROOM/ROUTE 46 SLEEP IN MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON.

Mike, Roger and Billy seated around the room, eating Chinese take-out.

MIKE

Is it true a lot of guys join your movement just to meet women?

Roger nods.

ROGER

Sadly...yes. They come to rallies and marches. Try to sell their particular brand of bullshit, like, "I'm a brave war resister. So, you should fuck me in solidarity".

MIKE

Does it work?

ROGER

Sometimes, I'm sure.

MIKE

Amazing what guys will do for pussy.

BILLY

Did you have sex with any women in Vietnam?

Mike doesn't look at him.

MIKE

That's none of your business.

Roger looks back at Billy.

ROGER

That's a "yes".

Mike shoots both of them a dirty look.

BILLY

Mike, I didn't mean anything by it. I'm just curious about what it was like over there.

Mike moves next to Billy, puts his arm around him.

MIKE

I get it. It's OK.

Mike's eyes glaze over. Exhibits the "1,000 yard stare". His voice goes flat, emotionally detached.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She was a surgical nurse from Texas. Amy. The platoon had been out in the bush for more than two weeks on Search and Destroy. We had to evac two serious casualties. Fucking booby traps. When we got back I went to the field hospital to check on them. They both died, two more friends lost. Amy saw I was about to lose it, so she hugged me, said she'd take care of me. We spent two days in an alcohol-fueled sexual frenzy. Two damaged people....

Roger and Billy look as if they're afraid to take a breath. Mike SIGHS which seems to release him from this memory.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You guys keep this secret. OK?

They both nod frantically.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Doesn't change how I feel about
Marcy and getting married.

ROGER
You just spontaneously popped the
question?

MIKE
I thought it was spontaneous but
apparently I'm just a pawn in
Marcy's decade long marriage plan.
How are the women in Canada?

Roger shrugs.

ROGER
I've been out a few times but I'm
still too wrapped up in the antiwar
movement.

MIKE
You and Lynn Bishop? Done?

Roger laughs.

ROGER
Commodore Bishop runs the
admission's office at the Academy.

MIKE
Yea, being wanted by the FBI
disqualifies you in the son-in-law
sweepstakes.

ROGER
About the FBI, what's our next
move?

MIKE
It'll be tough fooling Bonner
again. The further north we go, the
more likely we are to get caught.
Even if we took off now and made it
to the border, they'd be there
waiting. We can't keep going from
motel to motel. Don't have the
money plus they're a primary
target. We need a place where we
can lay low and wait them out.

The boys quietly return to eating their take-out food.

BILLY
I think I know a place.

INT. LISA NASH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She lives in a small, walk-up apartment in Greenwich Village. Lisa, in a threadbare bathrobe, blow-dries her hair.

B.G., O.S. THE SECURITY/DOOR BUZZER GOES OFF.

Without her glasses, she squints, looks in the direction of her front door, straining to hear over the noise of the blow dryer.

B.G., O.S. THE BUZZER GOES OFF AGAIN.

LISA
Who in the hell...??

She turns off the dryer, finds her glasses.

INT. LISA'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

THE BUZZER GOES OFF AGAIN. She activates the building intercom.

LISA
(highly annoyed)
It's 10:30. Who are you and what in the hell do you want?!?!

BILLY (O.S.)
Lisa...it's Billy.

Her annoyance turns to breathless confusion.

LISA
Billy!? What are you doing here?

BILLY (O.S.)
Let me in and I'll tell you.

She buzzes him in. Rushes back to the bathroom, makes a hurried attempt to improve her appearance.

B.G., O.S. KNOCK ON DOOR.

Lisa unlatches the multitude of locks on her door. Opens it. Billy holds a bottle of wine.

LISA
This is such a surprise.

BILLY
I wanted to make up for what
happened just before I left. Now,
if you could cook up some Chinese.

LISA
But I look so-o-o-o terrible.

BILLY
You look fine.

Lisa smiles, overjoyed at what she's hearing.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

The Plymouth parked across the street.

INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

ROGER
What's he doing? It's been two
hours.

MIKE
He said she might not go for it.
He'd have to talk her into it.

ROGER
Two hours is a lot of talking.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Billy and Lisa are making out on her couch.

LISA
I've wanted this to happen for such
a long time.

BILLY
I had no idea.

She snuggles up to him.

LISA
Don't act surprised. I'd do
anything for you.

BILLY
Anything?

LISA

Uh huh.

BILLY

As a matter of fact, there is something I need you to do for me.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - DAY

A photo session is winding down. Lisa approaches ROBERT LONGLEY, the owner.

LISA

Bob, I need to leave a half hour early. Got to stop at the market.

LONGLEY

Damn, Lisa, you've been to the market three days straight. Who you feeding? The Marines?

She frowns.

LISA

Just about.

She returns to the receptionist's desk, begins typing. Frank Bonner and Thad Russell ENTER.

LISA (CONT'D)

May I help you?

They show their shields.

BONNER

I'm Agent Frank Bonner, this is Agent Thad Russell, FBI. We'd like to speak with Mr. Robert Longley.

Bonner waits for an answer. Notices Lisa is pale, trembling.

LISA

(voice quivers)
I'll get him.

She WALKS AWAY. Bonner looks at Russell who nods. She RETURNS with Longley.

LONGLEY

FBI!?!? What can I do for you?

BONNER

We're searching for Billy Lyons.

Lisa becomes extremely upset and agitated.

LISA

Excuse me.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Lisa BURSTS IN, runs for the toilet, vomits. Goes to the sink, splashes cold water on her face. Looks in the mirror, cleans her glasses, composes herself. Opens the door, GASPS IN SURPRISE. She finds herself face to face with Bonner.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Billy is on the telephone

BILLY

No, that's fine. It's OK, really.
Sure..yeah..we're all here...all of
us. I'm positive. See you later.

Billy hangs up, stares at the phone.

MIKE

What was that all about?

Billy stands over Mike who is on the couch.

BILLY

She wanted to know if we minded
having leftovers for dinner.

Mike looks up at Billy, notices immediately he is worried.

MIKE

So what's wrong?

BILLY

She also asked me...three
times...if all of us were here.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Marked and unmarked police cars pull up to Lisa's apartment building. Bonner, Thad GET OUT. Bonner confers with a NYPD LIEUTENANT who directs POLICEMEN to the rear of the building.

EXT. THE ROOFTOPS - DAY

The boys race along the rooftops. Stop when confronted by a sizeable gap between buildings. Mike goes to the rear side, leans over. They are within sight of the police stationed behind Lisa's building.

MIKE
We've got to jump.

Mike tosses their bags across to the other side.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go on, Billy.

BILLY
Why me?

MIKE
Get your ass over there!

Billy backs up to get a running start.

MIKE (CONT'D)
If you fall, don't scream.

Billy runs, leaps, lands on the duffel bags. Roger then Mike follow. They grab their belongings, RUN OFF.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Lisa approaches her door. Bonner and Thad take positions on either side. Lisa attempts to put her key in the lock but it has been tampered with and the key doesn't work.

LISA
Billy? Mike? Open up! It's just me.

The FBI Agents draw their weapons. Lisa freezes. Bonner pushes her aside, attempts to kick open the door.

It takes several powerful kicks to force it open. The Agents, and Police, charge in. Greeted by an empty apartment. Bonner returns to the hallway, shakes Lisa by the shoulders.

BONNER
Where are they? Where did they go?

Lisa is dazed.

LISA

I don't know. Wait! Their car. It's parked...the parking garage, three blocks from here.

EXT. THE GARAGE - DAY

The police/FBI caravan APPROACH a multi-level, above ground garage.

Bonner's car, in the lead, moves to block the exit. The Plymouth ROARS into view, sideswipes Bonner's car; forces it into blocking the other cars.

The Plymouth lurches forward, stops, reverses, rams the front driver's side of Bonner's car. The following car can't avoid a collision. The Plymouth, TIRES SQUEALING, DISAPPEARS down the street.

Bonner turns the steering wheel. The right front fender is so badly crumpled the right wheel jams. Bonner quickly GETS OUT.

BONNER

(yelling)

Go on! After them!

The police cars turn on their lights, SIRENS.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

LIEUTENANT

...a red Plymouth. Pennsylvania tag
9-Delta-9-3-8-7

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

Mike looks in the rear view mirror. Additional police cars join the chase. He accelerates.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Traffic jammed. Mike weaves in and out of traffic. Makes a hairpin left turn onto 23rd street.

The Plymouth jumps the sidewalk, knocks over trash cans, dings parked cars, scatters pedestrians. Hops back onto the street, turns right on Park Avenue.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

A roadblock at Park & 42nd. Turns left on 41st then right on Madison. Another roadblock at Madison and 42nd. Mike increases speed, smashes through the wooden barriers.

Several police cruisers move to cut him off. He drives the wrong way on Vanderbilt Avenue. Causes panic and fender benders. Turns back up Park Avenue.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

At 50th Street, a police cruiser charges from the right. Tries to force Mike to stop. Mike holds his vehicle steady as both head west on 50th St.

Mike stomps the accelerator. The Plymouth ROARS with a burst of power. Mike steers into the police cruiser. It spins out of control, crashes.

Additional police cruisers approach from the opposite direction. Mike makes a sharp right turn onto Madison Avenue.

EXT. EAST 60TH ST/MADISON AVE - DAY

The police have blocked the intersection with their cars. The red Plymouth DRIVES INTO view.

INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY

The road ahead and the intersecting streets are blocked. Police cars close in from behind.

MIKE

Hold on.

ROGER

I hope these seats are waterproof.

EXT. 60TH AT MADISON - DAY

The Plymouth leaps forward, heads right at the barricade.

POLICEMAN I

What the fuck?

The Plymouth charges faster to the disbelief and discomfort of the Policemen. Those sitting in their cars GET OUT.

At the last moment, the Plymouth turns sharply left. The rear fishtails, side swipes several police cars.

SFX: CRUNCHING METAL, SHATTERING GLASS.

The Plymouth avoids the rest of the roadblock by doubling back down 59th Street towards Central Park.

Police cars attempt to cut it off. The Plymouth barrels into Central Park at the Grand Army Plaza. PARK GOERS panic.

The Plymouth passes directly under the Arch of the Grand Army memorial, DISAPPEARS in the foliage, REAPPEARS, drives out of the Park. Bounces along the sidewalk, gets on Central Park West, DRIVES AWAY.

The Police Lieutenant ARRIVES at the barricade. He GETS OUT, examines the situation.

POLICEMAN 2
Should we go after them?

LIEUTENANT
No, we've got men posted at every route out of Manhattan.

POLICEMAN 2
Who the hell was that? The guy drives like Batman.

The Lieutenant shrugs.

LIEUTENANT
Someone this FBI agent wants very badly.

POLICEMAN 1
What for?

LIEUTENANT
Wouldn't say. Maybe they want him to teach evasive driving tactics.

The Policemen and Lieutenant LAUGH.

EXT. NORTHBOUND LANES, GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

Traffic crawls. All vehicles required to pass a police checkpoint. NOTICE a brightly colored psychedelic van. "Just Married" painted on one side.

Pulls up to the checkpoint. HIPPIE MAN; moustache, dark stringy hair, ponytail, sunglasses. HIPPIE WOMAN, long blonde hair, wire rim glasses, baggy dress, floppy hat.

Two POLICEMEN stare intently at the van and occupants. POLICEMAN 3 walks to the passenger side, looks in the open window. The van's interior rear hidden by a drawn curtain.

HIPPIE MAN
What's going on, man?

POLICEMAN 4
Where you headed?

HIPPIE MAN
Back to our commune upstate. Me and my old lady came to the big city to get married, honeymoon. Right baby?

Hippie Woman manages a weak smile.

POLICEMAN 3
Who's in the back?

HIPPIE MAN
Shhh! The wedding party's crashed out. We celebrated a bit too hard last night. Right baby?

POLICEMAN 3
You brought people on your honeymoon?

HIPPIE MAN
On the commune we share everything. And I do mean everything. Ain't that right baby?

Hippie Man rubs Hippie Woman's inner thigh. Policeman 4 rolls his eyes in total disgust.

POLICEMAN 4
Get the hell out of here.

Hippie Man flashes the peace sign. The van PULLS AWAY.

POLICEMAN 3
Fucking hippies.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

Hippie Man pulls off his moustache, sunglasses then a wig. It's Roger. Hippie Woman removes the wire rim glasses, hat. Her long blonde hair also is a wig. It's Billy.

ROGER

We're clear.

Mike opens the curtain.

MIKE

Roger, you were tremendous.

ROGER

Glad the police didn't see how much I was shaking.

Billy is quietly sullen.

MIKE

What the hell is wrong with you?

BILLY

It was bad enough I had to play the girl but, Roger, if you had called me "baby" one more time I'd have punched you in your fucking mouth!

Roger and Mike respond with RIOTOUS LAUGHTER.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE, MANHATTAN - DAY

Bonner waits outside a parking garage. The area is sealed off by police cars, barricades. The Police Lieutenant APPROACHES.

LIEUTENANT

The ticket attendant remembers them entering. They probably stole a car because he doesn't remember seeing them leave. There're over 700 vehicles in this garage. No way we can get a line on them until someone reports their vehicle's been stolen.

The Lieutenant WALKS AWAY. It's apparent from his posture and expressions that Bonner seethes with rage and frustration.

A police tow truck with the battered red Plymouth attached APPEARS from the garage. Bonner watches helplessly as the getaway car DISAPPEARS down the street.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

Aerial shot of Boston skyline.

INT. LIBRARY PERIODICAL READING ROOM - DAY

GARY PARKER, 22, seated at a large reading table, leafing through a magazine. His unruly dark hair sticks out from underneath a Red Sox baseball cap. Wears a military style fatigue jacket. Roger and Mike ENTER, sit across from him.

PARKER

Roger Pitt. Can't tell you how surprised I was to hear from you.

He stares at Mike.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Who's the narc?

ROGER

He's cool.

Turns to Roger.

PARKER

What do you want?

ROGER

I need to lay low for a few days.

PARKER

Forget it. You're too hot.

ROGER

Then help me get back across the border. I need your connections.

PARKER

Too risky. There's too many informants in town.

MIKE

How do you know that?

PARKER

What?

MIKE

That Boston is crawling with informants?

PARKER
I don't like you.

Mike stares at him, making him uneasy. Mike reaches into a back pocket, takes out a road map, spreads it on the table.

MIKE
How would you rate our chances if
we went through Maine?

PARKER
Pretty good. Not a lot of people.
Lots of wild country as cover. You
might find a logging road that
crosses the border.

Roger looks at Mike, puzzled by this sudden rapport.

MIKE
(nodding)
Yes. Yes. It makes sense.

Points at the map.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We'll stay on 95 then swing west on
201, get as close to the border as
possible and hike into Canada.

PARKER
Good a plan as any.

Mike refolds the map, reaches out to shake Parker's hand

MIKE
Thanks for your help.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

ROGER
Maine? Where in the hell did that
idea come from?

MIKE
I'll explain in the car.

INT. GARY PARKER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sits on the edge of the bed, yawns, scratches his head. Walks slowly to the bathroom, ENTERS, closes the door.

Front door kicked open. Three BOSTON POLICEMEN STORM IN. Scan the area, ENTER the bedroom. Policeman kicks open the bathroom door. Parker naked, seated on the toilet. Too stunned to move.

B. POLICEMAN 1
There you are, you little shit.

Grabs Parker's hair, drags him off the toilet. YELLS in pain.

PARKER
What in the hell are you doing?

Dragged by his hair into the bedroom. B. POLICEMAN 2 holds up a plastic bag.

B. POLICEMAN 2
Found this in a dresser drawer.

B. POLICEMAN 1
Just like we were told. A big haul of marijuana.

Parker is clearly frightened.

PARKER
That shit's not mine. You guys are setting me up!

B. Policeman 1 grabs his hair even more tightly, pulls him to his feet.

B. POLICEMAN 1
We're going to send you to the Roxbury lock-up. Those big black bucks will love getting ahold of your soft white ass.

He panics.

PARKER
Wait a minute. Haven't I helped you guys before? You've made some quality busts because of me. Why you coming down on me so hard now?

B. POLICEMAN 1
The Commissioner is pissed because you hippies are selling dope openly. He's afraid you'll start selling it to school kids.

PARKER
You got it all wrong!

B. POLICEMAN 1
Get your pants on.

PARKER
Can't we make some sort of deal?

The Policemen look at each other. Smile triumphantly.

B. POLICEMAN 1
Sure. We can make a deal.

PARKER
Name it...anything.

B. POLICEMAN 1
Someone would like to ask you a few
questions about an old friend.

Frank Bonner APPEARS in the doorway.

INT. FBI OFFICE/BOSTON - DAY

Bonner and his Agents have taken over a conference room. On the wall is a large map of Maine. Thad goes over it with other Agents. Bonner sits to one side, deep in thought.

THAD
What did the state police say?

AGENT 1
They're setting up checkpoints.

THAD
Chartered a plane?

AGENT 2
Fueled and ready.

THAD
Anything you want to add, Frank?

Bonner doesn't respond

THAD (CONT'D)
Frank?

BONNER
I'm sorry. What were you saying?

THAD
The intercept plans. What do you
think?

BONNER

I think..I think it's all wrong.

Bonner's comment stuns everyone.

THAD

What did we miss?

Bonner stands, stretches, walks to the map.

BONNER

As far as Mike Lyons is concerned not a thing. He stopped in Boston planning to send us the wrong way again.

THAD

Maine? It's bullshit?

BONNER

Absolutely. Parker was an ally, probably thought he could be helpful but Lyons saw he's a rat and would sell them out.

THAD

Great! Now we have no idea where they are.

BONNER

Sure we do. Let's think like Mike Lyons. Where's the map of New England?

He locates it on another wall. Everyone crowds around him as he studies it.

BONNER (CONT'D)

You're in Boston headed for Canada. What route would you take if you were certain you had sent us in the wrong direction?

THAD

The most direct one.

Bonner puts his finger on the map next to the symbol for Interstate Highway 93 that runs from Boston to the New Hampshire-Vermont border.

EXT. INTERSTATE 93 - DAY

The boys are eating lunch outside a roadside diner.

EXT. GENERAL STORE/TWIN MOUNTAIN, N.H. - DAY

It's a small hamlet. A few buildings straddle N.H. State Route 302, just off Highway 93. A New Hampshire state police car pulls up to a combination gas station/general store.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

A STATE TROOPER ENTERS.

SFX: BELL RINGS AS HE ENTERS.

From the back, the STOREOWNER, a man in his 60s, APPEARS.

STOREOWNER

Hello Steve. What can I get you?

STATE TROOPER

Nothing today, Jake. But I've got something for you.

The Trooper hands him an FBI "WANTED" flier which has individual pictures of the boys, descriptions plus FBI and local police phone numbers.

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)

Be on the lookout for these guys. If they should come this way call us immediately.

STOREOWNER

My, my..such nice-looking young men. They dangerous?

STATE TROOPER

Don't think so.

STOREOWNER

Who can figure out kids these days?

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The State Trooper gets into his patrol car DRIVES OFF.

As the patrol car disappears, a black Chevy APPROACHES. It pulls up in front of the store. Billy GETS OUT.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Billy ENTERS. The bell over the door RINGS.

STOREOWNER (O.S.)
Be right there.

Billy leans against the counter, glances down, eyes widen in shock, grabs the FBI flier left on the counter.

INT. BACK OF STORE - DAY

The Storeowner is stocking a shelf.

SFX: RINGING BELL.

The sound catches him by surprise. He rushes to the front. Out his front window he sees Billy getting into the Chevy and SPEEDING OFF in a swirl of dust.

INT. FBI COMMAND POST/LITTLETON, N.H. - DAY

They've taken over a portion of a local sheriff's office. They're studying maps, answering phones, compiling notes and information. Thad Russell hangs up his phone.

THAD
This might be a lead.

BONNER
What?

THAD
The State Police got a call from a store owner in...

Checks his notes.

THAD (CONT'D)
...Twin Mountain, about 60 miles east of here. Seems someone came into the store then left right away. The owner only got a glimpse of the person but said he's a young, white male. He drove off in a black, late model Chevy.

BONNER
So?

THAD
He called the police because he noticed his copy of our flier which he left on the counter was gone.

Bonner smiles.

EXT. WHITE MOUNTAIN NATIONAL FOREST - TWILIGHT

The boys have set up a campsite deep in the woods. They are quiet, contemplative. Mike throws a few twigs on a fire. The .45 handgun secure around his waist. Billy is curled up in a sleeping bag.

ROGER

We're not going to make it, are we?

MIKE

The odds are getting longer by the hour.

ROGER

Maybe I should give myself up. It might not be so bad...prison.

MIKE

Prison will kill you. I'll think of something.

They fall into an awkward silence. Mike stands.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's get some more firewood.

EXT. FOREST - TWILIGHT

Mike leads Roger deeper into the forest. He un-holsters the .45, tries to hand it to Roger.

MIKE

I want to show you how to use this.

Roger recoils in horror.

ROGER

What are you doing? I won't handle a gun.

MIKE

Listen to me. Bonner will kill you if he gets the chance. To do that he knows he has to kill me first. If I'm not around to protect you, you've got to do it yourself.

Roger's knees buckle. He sits on a nearby log.

ROGER

This is insane. Kill me? I'm not John Dillinger! What makes you think he wants to kill me?

Mike sits next to him.

MIKE

A feeling. When we were face to face, there was a moment when he showed grief, some sort of deep sorrow...or guilt. He came to our home alone. Twice. That's totally outside FBI procedure. He did it so he could threaten me and Billy without another agent as a witness. Look at how he roughed up Jeff and George. It's personal. This fucking mess is about revenge. Something has his guts twisted in a knot.

ROGER

Revenge? For who?

MIKE

Been thinking about it, a lot. Not 100 percent sure yet.

Darkness settles over them. The moon rises high in the sky.

EXT. FBI COMMAND POST/NORTH STRATFORD, N.H. - NIGHT

Bonner stands outside the local state police station, staring up at the moon. Other Agents stand by. A contingent of STATE POLICEMEN and patrol cars also wait. NOTICE nearby, a state police helicopter. Bonner checks his watch. It is 10pm.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER/NORTH STRATFORD, N.H. - NIGHT

The boys seated at the counter, quietly eating. The WAITRESS and COOK watch them. Give each other knowing glances.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER/NORTH STRATFORD, N.H. - NIGHT

The boys EXIT, get into the Chevy, DRIVE OFF. The Cook RUNS OUT of the diner as the car pulls away. Watches the direction it travels, RUNS BACK INTO the diner. Talks to the Waitress who is on the telephone.

INT. FBI COMMAND POST/NORTH STRATFORD, N.H. - NIGHT

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS.

Bonner races for it but Thad beats him to it.

THAD
Got it...thanks.

Hangs up, looks at Bonner.

THAD (CONT'D)
They're on Route 3, headed right
for us.

EXT. ROUTE 3 - NIGHT

The black Chevy is alone on the road.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

It flies above Route 3. Bonner, in the passenger seat,
studies a map using a small flashlight.

INT. STATE POLICE CAR - NIGHT

TWO TROOPERS wait by the side of the road. The black Chevy
passes.

TROOPER 1 starts the car, activates lights and sirens.
TROOPER 2 takes the radio mike.

TROOPER 2
Suspect vehicle proceeding north on
Route 3. We're in pursuit.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bonner listens to the radio transmission. Gives the PILOT a
thumbs up.

EXT. ROUTE 3 NORTH - NIGHT

The state police/FBI have set up a roadblock. Car headlights
appear in the distance.

B.G. POLICE SIREN

THAD
Here they come.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

BONNER
Let's join them.

The Pilot banks the copter to the right, begins descending.

EXT. ROUTE 3 ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

The Chevy and pursuing trooper car race towards the roadblock. The Chevy SCREECHES to a rubber-burning halt, sits in the middle of the road. The trooper car stops too.

INT. STATE POLICE CAR - NIGHT

TROOPER 2
What in the hell are they up to?

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

THAD
What in the hell are they up to?

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

BONNER
Thad, what in the hell are they up to?

THAD
(from radio)
I don't know. They're just sitting there.

BONNER
Goddamn it! Go get them!

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

Suddenly, the Chevy's rear wheels spin, SQUEAL, spit smoke. The car is gunned into reverse, does a 180 degree spin, maneuvers onto the shoulder and passes the troopers' car before they can react.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bonner is furious.

BONNER
Fucking idiots!

EXT. ROUTE 3 - NIGHT

The Chevy races down the highway with the police and FBI in hot pursuit.

Overhead the copter flies in low, catches the Chevy. Then accelerates pass it, does a quick 180 and flying low to the ground heads directly at it.

The Chevy skids off the road, crashes into a roadside ditch.

The helicopter lands, pursuing cars arrive. Bonner GETS OUT, removes his service weapon, approaches the Chevy.

BONNER
This is the F-B-I. Come out slowly
with your hands in the air.

The car door opens. Billy GETS OUT. Bonner shoves him aside, looks inside the car. Stunned when he realizes Mike and Roger have eluded him again. Shaking with rage, grabs Billy by the shirt.

BONNER (CONT'D)
Where are they? Where are they?

BILLY
Mike didn't tell me. Said if I
didn't know, neither would you.

BONNER
Damn him! Damn him! Damn him!

Bonner tightens his grip on Billy's shirt. He's on the verge of a breakdown. Thad intervenes.

THAD
Frank, let him go.

Bonner realizes the others watch him with a mixture of nervousness and apprehension.

BONNER
Give me a map!

He spreads it open on the Chevy's hood, examines it under the beam of a flashlight.

BONNER (CONT'D)
They've gone to Vermont. That's the only way out of North Stratford.

Carrying the map, he walks back to the helicopter.

BONNER (CONT'D)
Call the Vermont State Police.
Alert them I'm pursuing two federal fugitives. Tell them to prepare to send me back up.

He climbs into the helicopter.

BONNER (CONT'D)
You link up with the local police to keep Lyons from doubling back.

The copter starts up.

THAD
Let me come with you.

BONNER
(emphatically)
No!

Turns to Pilot.

BONNER (CONT'D)
Let's go!

The helicopter VANISHES into the dark, leaving behind a perplexed and worried Thad Russell.

EXT. ROUTE 114, VERMONT - NIGHT

Mike and Roger are in an old pick-up truck. Mike slows down as the headlights reveal several road signs.

INSERT SHOT OF ROAD SIGNS.

Welcome to Norton, population 250.

Route 114E, Averill, 10 miles. Wallace Pond, 15 miles.

US-Canadian checkpoint, 5 miles.

Mike steers the truck onto 114 east.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

It flies low, following the roadways.

PILOT

We'll be above Norton in two minutes. What if we don't spot them?

Bonner consults his map.

BONNER

Follow Route 114 east.

EXT. ROUTE 114 EAST - NIGHT

The pick-up truck pulls off the road, headlights turn off.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

ROGER

What's wrong?

MIKE

Listen.

B.G., O.S. WHUP WHUP of the helicopter.

Mike steers the truck into the woods, turns off the engine. The copter, its forward spotlights illuminate the highway, passes them, DISAPPEARS.

Mike reaches into his duffel bag, pulls out a jar of lampblack. Smears the dark substance on his face. Does the same to Roger.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You look like a real soldier of fortune.

ROGER

What happens now?

Mike unfolds a map on the dashboard. Studies it under a flashlight beam.

MIKE

Just down the road is a small village, Wallace Pond. See this lake, just a bit north of it. It's right on the border, a perfect guide. That's our destination.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Stick close. Do exactly what I say
and if something happens to me,
head straight for the lake.

Mike GETS OUT. Checks his gear, including his weapons. Roger doesn't move.

ROGER

Mike, I'm scared.

Mike pats him on the shoulder.

MIKE

So am I.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter's lights continue to scan the highway. Bonner checks his watch.

BONNER

They've turned off. Double back.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Mike and Roger make their way through the woods.

B.G., O.S. SOUND of the helicopter.

Its lights cut through the trees. Mike and Roger flatten themselves on the ground as it passes overhead. When it flies past they resume their trek.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bonner points down at the woods.

BONNER

There! Over there!

The Pilot maneuvers over that area. Through the trees, the spotlights find the truck.

EXT. WALLACE POND - NIGHT

The village is a handful of commercial buildings scattered along Route 114. It's totally dark and silent. Mike and Roger EMERGE from the woods. ENTER the edge of a large open field at the back of the village.

Mike visually surveys the area, signals Roger to move back into the woods. Suddenly, the area is flooded with light.

The helicopter sits at the other end of the open field, partially hidden by trees. Mike and Roger caught in copter's searchlights. Bonner without any verbal warning opens FIRE.

Mike pushes Roger to the ground, assumes the prone firing position with his rifle.

It's Bonner's turn to hit the ground as Mike's fire eliminates the copter's lights. The Pilot bails.

Mike scrambles to his feet, grabs Roger by the coat collar, pulls him upright. They RUN INTO the woods. Bonner gets to his feet, CHARGES INTO the woods in pursuit.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Hampered by darkness and rough terrain, the boys have trouble making progress. A SHOT RINGS OUT behind them. Roger stops quickly when he finds he's at the edge of a steep ravine.

MIKE

Go on!

Roger hesitates. Mike pushes him. Roger stumbles down into the ravine. Mike turns, spots Bonner who has stopped and taken sure aim.

Before Mike can react, Bonner FIRES. The bullet strikes a tree immediately next to him. Fragments shatter, ricochet and strike Mike across his temple. He SCREAMS, falls backward into the ravine. Roger stops when he hears the shot and scream. Mike's body goes tumbling by him, ends face down at the bottom.

ROGER

Mike!

Roger slips and slides to reach Mike's body, looks for signs of life.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Dear god...please...not Mike.

Roger shudders involuntarily, holds up his hands. They are smeared in blood. He CRIES. Bonner APPROACHES. He turns over Mike's body. There is a bloody gash along his right temple. Bonner trains his weapon on Roger.

BONNER

Roger Pitt, you're under arrest.

Roger stands.

BONNER (CONT'D)
Get moving.

Roger begins the slow climb out of the ravine. Bonner follows. They leave Mike at the bottom.

EXT. WOODS/WALLACE POND - SAME NIGHT/15 MINUTES LATER

Roger and Bonner trudge slowly through dense, thick brush. Bonner trains his weapon at Roger who pauses often, struggling and out of breath.

BONNER
Get your fat ass moving!

ROGER
Or what? You'll kill me like you did Mike?

BONNER
He understood the risks.

EXT. WALLACE POND/BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE - SAME NIGHT/15 MINUTES LATER

Mike slowly opens his eyes, rises to a sitting position then gets to his feet. Disoriented, he places a hand to his head. Discovers he's bleeding.

MIKE
Fuck!
(BEAT).
Shit! Roger!

He quickly decides on a direction, takes off running.

EXT. EDGE OF A CLEARING/WALLACE POND - SAME NIGHT

Mike reaches the edge of the large clearing that separates the village from the woods. Spots the FBI helicopter. Using the edge of the woods as cover, he moves closer.

EXT. FBI HELICOPTER - SAME NIGHT

Mike circles around to the rear. Approaches slowly, overhears the Pilot on the radio.

PILOT

Our coordinates are latitude 45,
zero, 33 north. Longitude 71,37, 13
west. Signal me when you get close.

He signs off, turns, sees Mike pointing his weapon at him.

MIKE

Get out...now!

Pilot does. Raises his hands once he exits the helicopter.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Run. Run back to the highway. Don't
look back. Don't come back.

The Pilot hesitates. Mike waves his weapon in the direction
he wants the Pilot to follow. The Pilot RUNS AWAY.

Bonner and Roger COME OUT of the woods. They approach the
helicopter.

BONNER

I've got him! Did you radio our
coordinates? I need back-up ASAP.

Bonner approaches. Looks inside the copter. Has momentary
disorientation when he realizes the Pilot is gone. Goes on
full alert. Focuses his attention on Roger.

He doesn't see Mike COME UP from behind. Mike jams the muzzle
of the .45 behind Bonner's ear. Semi-dried blood cakes the
side of his face. Bloods continues to slowly ooze from the
gash on his temple.

MIKE

You so much as twitch and I'll blow
your fucking head off. Drop your
weapon and let him go.

Despite being outmaneuvered, Bonner remains calm. He does not
lower his weapon. Instead he presses it directly between
Roger's eyes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll kill you if I have to.

BONNER

What makes you think I'm not ready
to die?

MIKE

Listen to me, Bonner. I'm still not sure whether people like Roger are right or wrong about the war. But I've been there and believe me, its not worth all this. Let him go.

Bonner cocks his firearm.

MIKE (CONT'D)

If your son were here, he'd tell you to let him go.

Mike's remark hits Bonner like a thunder bolt. He turns, stares at Mike, slowly lowers his weapon. Mike reaches for it, takes it effortlessly, tosses it aside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Take off Roger, right now.

ROGER

Mike...I...

MIKE

Now!!

Roger DISAPPEARS into the woods. Bonner snaps out of his trance-like state.

BONNER

No...no...

He takes off, slowly at first, after Roger.

MIKE

Hold it!

Bonner doesn't. Mike fires several shots at his feet but Bonner continues. Mike drops his weapon, takes off after him. He quickly closes the gap and tackles Bonner to the ground. Climbs on his back, keeps him pinned to the ground.

BONNER

Let me go! He's getting away.

MIKE

Give it up. There's no way you'll catch him now.

Mike gets up, helps Bonner to his feet. Bonner spins around quickly, slaps Mike across the face with the back of his hand. Mike stumbles backward. Bonner, fist closed, slams Mike in the stomach then knocks him to the ground with a blow to the head. He locates his handgun, points it at Mike.

BONNER
 (choking with emotion)
 How dare you say my son would
 forgive a coward.

Cocks the hammer.

BONNER (CONT'D)
 I should kill you.

Mike gets to his feet.

MIKE
 Go ahead.

Bonner trembles.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 What are you waiting for? There's
 no witnesses. Avenge your son!

Mike walks right into the handgun's muzzle. He and Bonner
 literally are nose-to-nose.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Maybe you'll sleep better if you
 believe you killed someone who
 helped put him in his grave.

Bonner stops trembling. He now is eerily calm, as if he
 finally resolved a great inner conflict

BONNER
 I will.

Mike tenses then watches in horror as Bonner steps back and
 puts the handgun to his temple. Mike grabs Bonner's arm, the
 weapon FIRES.

Mike struggles for control, bends back Bonner's arm, squeezes
 his wrist, applies enough pressure to force Bonner to drop
 the weapon. Mike slams Bonner into the helicopter. They stare
 at each other.

MIKE
 Why?

BONNER
 Corey...I...I killed him. He got
 Conscientious Objector status. I
 hounded him, told him he had to do
 his part.

(MORE)

BONNER (CONT'D)

I was worried about how it would affect my career at the Bureau. I shamed him into enlisting.

Bonner begins CRYING.

BONNER (CONT'D)

It was me. All his life all he wanted to do was please me. But I never cared about what he wanted.

He CRIES uncontrollably.

BONNER (CONT'D)

My only son is dead. What am I going to do? He's gone and it's my fault. God forgive me. I failed him.

Bonner weeps with deep, unchecked emotion. Mike, moved by his pain, hugs him. Fights back his own tears.

B.G., O.S. APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS.

A phalanx of police cars ARRIVE, SQUEAL to a halt. Both men are starkly illuminated by the flood of headlights and the whirling, flashing police lights. Mike and Bonner don't notice. Bonner continues his outpouring of grief, CRIES on Mike's shoulder.

The Policemen and FBI Agents merely watch, stunned by the scene before them.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: In 1970 Mike, Billy, George and Jeff were indicted for Federal crimes. They were represented by Henry Battle.

Frank Bonner voluntarily testified as a character witness for Mike. He then resigned from the FBI.

All charges against all defendants eventually were dismissed.

SUPER: Calvin Hopkins graduated from American Methodist University. He became Pastor at Annapolis AME Church.

SUPER: Gerard Beasley graduated from Bowie State College with a degree in Political Science. In 1979 he was elected to the Annapolis City Council.

SUPER: Jeff and George graduated from Georgetown. Jeff graduated *Magna cum Laude* George in his own words graduated *Magna cum Lucky*.

Jeff went on to earn a MBA and became a successful Wall Street investment banker.

George returned to Annapolis and worked as a real estate broker and investor.

SUPER: Billy resumed modeling. He founded his own modeling and talent agency. He relocated the business to Hollywood in 1983. After college, Patty joined the business.

SUPER: Roger briefly returned to America to settle his late parents' estate after President Jimmy Carter's 1977 amnesty. He spent some time with Mike but soon returned to Toronto where he was a prominent civil rights attorney and activist.

SUPER: Mike obtained a degree in mechanical engineering and worked for a major defense contractor. Marcy taught third grade at West Annapolis Elementary. They bought a house near the school which was convenient for both sets of grandparents. They had two sons, Paul and Charlie.

Mike periodically suffered from PTSD triggered by combat memories, lingering guilt and the nation's lack of appreciation for Vietnam War veterans.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

SUPER: November 13th, 1982. Dedication of Vietnam Veterans Memorial

Aerial view of the grounds between the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial.

EXT. VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL - DAY

Thousands crowd the Memorial. Among them is Mike, now 35. Still rugged looking, his hair and beard tinged with gray. That ugly scar still creases his right temple.

He's dressed in green jungle fatigues, service ribbons and medals displayed over breast pockets.

Mike examines the wall with other MARINES. They lean on each other, awed by this tribute to their service and fallen comrades. All fight back tears.

Trailing at a short distance is Marcy who is busy with their sons, PAUL, 12 and CHARLIE, 9.

Mike is spellbound by the polished, reflective black walls and the inscribed names. He rubs his fingers across it. Paul watches his father closely, approaches.

PAUL LYONS

Dad! Dad!

Mike doesn't respond. He speaks with his comrades in hushed tones. They walk along the wall, stopping to find certain names. When they do, they transfer the names onto tracing paper using thick graphite pencils. Marcy places her hand on Paul's shoulder.

MARCY

Don't worry. He's fine.

Paul's eyes follow Mike.

PAUL LYONS

How come Dad never talks about being a soldier?

MARCY

It was hard being a soldier then.

PAUL LYONS

Pop-Pop told me Dad was brave.

Marcy kisses him.

MARCY

He was.

(BEAT)

He is.

EXT. VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL - LATER THE SAME DAY

A pair of hands quickly rub a thick pencil over tracing paper. The name "Corey Lee Bonner" APPEARS. Mike steps back. Studies the name. Marcy APPROACHES.

MARCY

Let's go, sweetheart. It's late and the boys are tired.

Mike nods. Marcy calls the boys together. The four of them begin walking away from the Memorial. They clear the bulk of the crowd. Mike stops, turns back to look.

PAUL LYONS

Dad, what are you thinking?

MIKE

Ohh..just some bad old stuff.

Paul then Charlie hug Mike which surprises him.

PAUL LYONS
I love you, Dad

CHARLIE
Me too.

MIKE
I love you guys, too. A lot!

Mike beams. For the first time since arriving at the Memorial, he seems relaxed, almost serene. He looks at Marcy.

MARCY
(smiling)
You have to ask?

MIKE
Not since we were 11.

Mike kneels, removes one of his medals, pins it on Paul. Removes another medal, pins it on Charlie. Looks lovingly at each boy, stands. A spark of recognition lights up his face.

Unbuttons the jacket's left breast pocket. Removes the Bronze Star. He stares at it. Fingers rub its polished surface.

Marcy takes it. Pins it to his jacket. They kiss. He kneels to give his sons a closer look.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Did I ever tell you guys what I had
to do to earn this medal?

The boys' faces brighten with excitement.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Well, it's quite a story.

He stands, looks at them, smiles.

PAUL LYONS
Were you a hero?

MIKE
As long as I'm a hero to you guys,
that's all that matters.

Marcy slips an arm around his waist. The boys reach for his hands. They walk away, the boys hanging on Mike's every word.

THE END