"FIRST BLOOD"

Screenplay
by
Sylvester Stallone
and
David Giler
FADE IN:
1 STILL SHOTS OVER CREDITS
An old cracked photograph of young John Rambo holding up a small fish he has just caught. He is eight years old.
2 STILL SHOT
of a twelve-year-old John Rambo proudly riding a horse.
3 STILL SHOT
of teenage John Rambo at a junior high school dance.
4 STILL SHOT
of John Rambo's high school (sophomore year) year book.
5 STILL SHOT
of John Rambo and a team picture of the high school track team.
6 STILL SHOT
of John Rambo winning the shotput event.
7 STILL SHOT
of John Rambo winning the broad jump.
8 STILL SHOT
of Rambo lifted onto the shoulders of fellow football teammates after winning a game.
9 STILL SHOT
of Rambo at the final high school prom... he and his date stand beneath a banner that reads:

FROM KING AND QUEEN 1967
of Rambo wearing his high school graduation cap and gown... the photo FADES INTO a closeup photo of Rambo dressed in a military green beret special forces uniform.

of Rambo in battle gear posing in the jungles of Vietnam with several battle weary buddies... they are all wearing camouflage makeup on their faces... Rambo is now a sergeant. Next to him is a big black man named Delmar.

of Rambo under heavy fire. Screaming orders while helping the wounded into helicopters.

of Rambo and several other war buddies standing and blindfolded with their hands above their heads as several Viet Cong soldiers lead them away at gunpoint.

the type taken and released to the wire services as propaganda, of Rambo and two other men seated at a table in front of a microphone being interrogated.

of Rambo many hard months later staring blankly through the jagged opening of the prison compound barbed wire fence... His hair is long and matted like his beard. His eyes are now the eyes of a much older, harder, and angry man.

The CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on Rambo's pained expression and FADES INTO THE SUPERIMPOSITION:

NOVEMBER 1975
FIRST BLOOD - REV. 11/24/81

FADE IN:

16

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY (AUTUMN MORNING)

A single lane of parched earth, ground to dust by military truck tires -- single wheels, double axles, ROARING low geared ENGINES as the --

17

NATIONAL GUARD CONVOY

powers off the dirt onto the highway, truck after lumbering truck packed with National Guardsmen. On all sides, patchwork farmlands, overshadowed by massive mountain forests. OVERSCREEN --

NOVEMBER 1975, SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES --

18

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

within earshot of the approaching convoy, we see the solitary figure of the kid on the highway shoulder, walking TOWARD US. His jeans and Levi jacket are faded; on the back is an American flag. He wears paratrooper boots that he tucks his pants into. He carries a rolled-up sleeping bag over his shoulder -- just a nothing kid, like the freaks and burnouts one ignores in Chicago or San Francisco. This, however, is American heartland and we wonder if a kid looking like RAMBO is being reckless about his choice of geography. Reckless, too, that flat, unblinking, insolent yet faraway expression in his eyes. INTERCUT with --

19

RAMBO'S POV - BEND IN THE HIGHWAY

Glimpses of countryside with the oncoming hulks and ROAR of the convoy. The sign:

HOPE WELCOMES SAFE DRIVERS

Riddled with bullet holes. Milk cows in adjacent farmlands hung with red bunting. Fence post signs:

NO HUNTING

With it, the fallow gardens, junked front yards, chicken coops and broken fences of the sparse "colored section" clinging to edge of a white town. A black woman hurriedly pulls in her wash. A pair of mongrels race to a fence at the highway shoulder, their BARKING MUFFLED by the increasing ROAR.

19A

EXT. HOPE - MAIN STREET - DAY

The Sheriff's car complete with TEASLE cruises through town. He nods genially to people.
hesitates now and unshoulders the sleeping bag to observe truck after truck heaving by him, spewing dust and engine exhaust. Glancing back, he sees --

REAR OF NATIONAL GUARD TRUCK

as it passes. A few Guardsmen have noticed him just long enough to register resentment in their faces.

RAMBO

stares back for a time, then slowly looks ahead. We have no idea of what might be in his mind, as he re-shoulders the sleeping bag and resumes his walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Rambo walks up an uneven dirt path caused from tire treads and erosion and approaches an old wood frame house with a dilapidated front porch.

INT. BLACK FAMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

One room, perhaps two. OPEN on the BLACK WOMAN, a dish towel in her hands, staring past a young girl to --

SCREEN DOOR

the SILHOUETTE of Rambo, backlit.

RAMBO

Is he here, ma'am, or isn't he?
(no answer)
Excuse me -- if he's in town or something -- could you tell me where that might be -- I mean, where he might be at?

WOMAN

looks from Rambo to the girl.

Not here --

WOMAN

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to the girl)

Go outside.

The child worriedly moves to the screen door, easing out and around Rambo. Rambo holds the door open. He can't seem to read the Woman's problem.

RAMBO

I wonder if I might trouble you for a glass of water.

INCLUDE the Woman.

WOMAN

... Come in.

... and heads toward her sink as Rambo shyly steps inside, fishing out a pocket worn address book, thumbing it open to the appropriate page, wondering at the possibility of a mistaken address... the little girl looks through the screen door with unabashed fascination.

The Woman hands Rambo a glass of water... He holds out the address book.

RAMBO

Thanks -- You can see he wrote it down there himself. That's Delmar's writing. I'm not on the man's case.

The Woman holds the address book and stares absently at the scrawled address.

WOMAN

That's his writing.

Rambo pulls a weathered snapshot from his jacket. It is plastic coated and curled on the ends as though it has been in and out of his pocket a hundred times.

RAMBO

I told you I wasn't on his case -- He's a buddy -- we were on the same team --

(holds up picture)

See, that's me there. That's Bronson, Ortega, Jorgensen, Czak, Vanforth, Westmore, Jesus, Krakauer -- crazy bastard... Excuse that, please, and there's Delmar.

The little girl at the screen door eases her way in.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

RAMBO
(continuing; smiles)
Delmar was so big we always had
to put him behind everybody or
he'd take up the whole picture.

WOMAN
Delmar's gone --

RAMBO
... What?

WOMAN
Last summer --

RAMBO
(stunned)
... How?

WOMAN
He got cancer -- took him down to
nothin' -- could lift him off the
sheet...

Rambo sets the picture on the table and seems to be
searching for the right words, but none come. He looks
very alone at this moment.

RAMBO
(weakly)
... Sorry -- I'm sorry.

Rambo's eyes fill with pain as he turns in a defeated
fashion and leaves.

EXT. BLACK FAMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

as Rambo comes slowly out and down the porch steps,
transitting the front yard, toward the gate and the
highway shoulder, forgotten in his hand the pocket-
worn address book still thumbed open to the appropri-
ate page. He steps from the porch and drops the book
in the dust as he moves away.
as Rambo walks on along the bridge toward the town, the shock and the memories building behind his eyes. (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He stops and leans against the railing and stares into the water. With each second, the pain is building in Rambo.

SUBLIMINAL CUT (BLACK AND WHITE) - DUSK

Rambo, Delmar and two other men are under incredible ground FIRE as they try to reach the bank of a stream or small river. The Americans are running and FIRING at the same time. Two G.I.'s fall. The action is insanely fast -- Rambo RAPID FIRES his M-16 and is hit in the thigh. Still fighting, he writhes on the muddy bank as Delmar scoops him up with one powerful arm and drags him to safety.

BRIDGE - DAY

Rambo, contorting his face, reflectively pounds the thigh that was wounded with his fist, once, twice, again, again.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Teasle spies Rambo on the bridge. As the car approaches, Rambo pauses at the ENGINE'S SOUND and faces the squad car that is twenty yards away. Rambo starts to move away.

Teasle calls from his car.

TEASLE

Where's the love in? ... Stay right there.

Teasle stops the car and gets out. Rambo glances at him and seems to size up Teasle in a matter of seconds, then stares off to the other end of the bridge.

TEASLE

(continuing)

Do you know anybody around here?

Rambo, ever so slightly, shakes his head no.

TEASLE

(continuing)

Wearing that flag on your back and looking the way you do can get you into trouble around here.
CONTINUED:

Rambo remains lost in his own thoughts.

TEASLE
(continuing)
Which way you headed? North or south?

RAMBO
(softly)
... North.

TEASLE
Get in the car. I'll make sure you don't head in the wrong direction.

Rambo gets into the car.

EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SHOT of police car with Teasle and Rambo inside passing through town, past the police station, past the gas station.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Teasle and Rambo move down the highway.

TEASLE
Where are you headed?

RAMBO
... Maybe Louisville.

TEASLE
And maybe not ... Where do you sleep? In the woods?

RAMBO
Sometimes.

TEASLE
It's safe enough now ... somebody from town give you a ride in?

RAMBO
No.

Teasle veers the car to the curb. A sign reads: "You are now leaving Hope. Drive Carefully."
33A INT. TEASLE'S CAR

TEASLE
Where you headed?

RAMBO
Portland.

TEASLE
I thought you said you were headed north. Portland is south.

RAMBO
I don't know.

TEASLE
Did somebody from town give you a ride in?

RAMBO
No. Is there some place I can get something to eat?

TEASLE
Sorry. We don't have a Salvation Army soup kitchen in town.

RAMBO
I'm not looking for a handout.

TEASLE
Good. Then you'll find a diner about 30 miles up the road.

RAMBO
Is there a law against me getting something here?

TEASLE
Yeah -- me.

RAMBO
Why are you pushing?

TEASLE
What'd you say?

RAMBO
Why are you pushing? I haven't done anything to you.

TEASLE
First of all, you don't ask questions, I do. Understand? Besides, I don't want guys like (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
that's why. This
a boring town.
we like it. In
it that way.

oh you're staring
er side of town,

TEASLE
6?

RAMBO

TEASLE
said you were headed north.

RAMBO

TEASLE
try from town give you a ride in?

RAMBO

TEASLE
said I don't have a Salvation Army soup
in town.

RAMBO

TEASLE
Then you'll find a diner about 30
up the road.

RAMBO

TEASLE
are a law against me getting something

RAMBO

TEASLE
for me.

RAMBO

TEASLE
you pushing?

RAMBO

TEASLE
you say?

RAMBO

TEASLE
of all, you don't ask questions, I do.
understand? Besides, I don't want guys like

(continues)
Rambo says nothing and gets out.

TEASLE
(continuing)
I'll give you some free advice. Cut your hair, clean up and you'll see people won't bother you so much. Hope this ride helped you a bit. Good luck.

TEASLE drives off. Rambo watches the car for a moment, then starts back into town. Teasle sees him in the rear view mirror and brakes suddenly.

EXT. POLICE CAR & STREET - DAY

Teasle pulls up alongside Rambo.

TEASLE
Where do you think you're going?

Rambo just starts to walk away. Teasle moves after him and grabs his arm.

TEASLE
Where the hell are you going?!

Rambo breaks Teasle's grip off easily and stares hard into the lawman's eyes.

Teasle puts his hand on the butt of his 9mm pistol.

TEASLE
Alright, hard ass.
(takes off the cuffs)
Get against the car.

Rambo continues to stare into Teasle's eyes. (CONTINUED)
TEASLE (continuing)

I said, get against the car --
How you get there is your choice.

Rambo leans against the car... Teasle pats him down and finds a throwing knife.

TEASLE (continuing)

You've got problems now. Why're you carrying a knife this size?
(MORE)

RAMBO

Hunting.

(Continued)
TEASLE (CONT’D)

Don’t play games with me, understand? What the hell does anybody hunt with a knife?

RAMBO

Name it.

TEASLE

Alright, turn around.

They lock stares and an unspoken challenge is declared.

TEASLE

Get in.

INT. POLICE STATION - AUTUMN AFTERNOON

Four officers: SHINGLETON, the three-striper with a buzzard-like angularity, sits dispatch, reading a paper. MITCH, pockmarked and not so very long out of his teens, is monkeying around with the coffee machine. GALT, a thirty-year-old built like an upright freezer with a head on it, typing up a report. BALFORD cleans his nails with a paper clip.

On the CUT, Teasle, carrying the sleeping bag, enters with the cuffed Rambo in tow. He blasts the paint-stuck counter gate open with the heel of his hand.

TEASLE

Get over there -- move!

SUBLIMINAL CUT - O.S. TIGER CAGE

Heavy rain. We are looking through a bamboo grate into a vile cesspool that holds Rambo and several other prisoners.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rambo stands in front of the counter that divides the room.

SHINGLETON

(reacting to Rambo)

Talk about sorry-looking humanity.

Rambo quickly eyes several glass-front gun cases that surprisingly house some very powerfully scoped and unscoped automatic para-military rifles, several seven shot riot guns and assorted pistols... on the wall are many stuffed animal heads with Teasle’s picture beneath each one posing with the dead animal.

(CONTINUED)
TEASLE
(flinty sarcasm)
Take this one downstairs and book him for vagrancy, resisting arrest, and carrying a concealed weapon.

Tosses knife on the counter.

SHINGLETON
Mike, Galt -- get on it.

TEASLE
... And do something to clean him up. Smells like an animal.

MITCH
... Let's go.

He herds Rambo toward the open security door. Galt rises balefully to lend a hand. Teasle starts toward his office, staring wiltingly at Rambo.

INT. POLICE STATION CELL BLOCK - WATER HOSE - DAY

It shoots a heavy spray across the concrete floor, past three empty cells toward the drain at its far end, above it, a shower head. The man at the nozzle is PRESTON, a pensioner as much as a cop. Painter's paraphernalia disorders this place too, and as Preston works, he keeps a knowing eye on the open door at the foot of the stairs through which he can see Mitch and Galt starting to process Rambo.

PROCESSING ROOM - DAY

Filing cabinets, camera and mug shot screen, charts for fingerprint analysis, etc.

(Continued)
Two small windows, with crossed bars, are set high on the wall of the basement. Shafts of light stream through. Mitch uncuffs Rambo as Galt rolls a fresh arrest sheet into the typewriter.

GALT
Name?

Rambo does not reply. Galt and Mitch exchange a glance.

GALT (continuing)
What's the name?

Rambo remains silent.

GALT (continuing)
The name?

Rambo looks away.

GALT (continuing)
You want problems? You came to the right place, buddy. What's your name?

Rambo just stares out of a barred window as the shafts of sunlight cut into the room.

GALT (O.S.)
(continuing)
Last time I'm gonna ask --

MITCH
Galt -- wait!

RAMBO'S HAND

catches Mitch's hand. Mitch has noticed a section of chain at the base of Rambo's neck and tried pulling it out. The men are frozen eye-to-eye.

MITCH
Easy --! Just want to see what's on your neck.

The tip of Galt's truncheon presses into the flesh of Rambo's cheek. His look invites carnage.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GALT
You've got three seconds before I break your face in.

MITCH
He means it.

Rambo slowly relinquishes hold of Mitch's wrist. Galt tears off chain and reveals a set of dog tags.

GALT
How 'bout that? Hairy here's a soldier. John J. Rambo.

Silence.

GALT
You're going to talk to me, soldier, I promise you.

Silence.

GALT
I'm beginning to dislike you.

MITCH
I'll run a make on him -- put his name on the teletype.

GALT

PROCESSING ROOM

Galt and another large cop named WARD are trying to fingerprint Rambo. The ink is on Rambo's fingers, but he refuses to place his hand on the police print card. Ward tries to push Rambo's hand down.

(CONTINUED)
GALT
Push it!

WARD
It won't work this way. It'll only smear around.

GALT
Look, you sonofabitch -- put your hand down there or I'm gonna break it!

Rambo does not move...

GALT
(continuing; yells)
Put it down!

Galt, massive with anger, expertly brandishes the truncheon. Rambo moves three yards back. His stance is slack, his eyes cold and calm. Galt moves towards him.

TEASLE
Galt! What the hell's going on?

Galt's stained face tells it.

GALT
Nothing I can't handle.

WARD
He won't let us print him, Will.

TEASLE
(to Rambo)
Why are you doing this, huh? Right now you're looking at the ass end of a ninety-day incarceration and a two hundred and fifty dollar fine.

Rambo has taken measure of Teasle -- the crisp uniform, the special sidearm, the steely-eyed authority.

(CONTINUED)
TEASLE

(continuing)
Now you're going into court at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. We're gonna try to make you a little more presentable, so between now and then you can impress the hell out of me by doing exactly what you're told...

(to Galt)
Clean him up.

Exits room.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

Mitch, Galt and a pockmarked deputy named WARD stand outside a cell staring at Rambo.

GALT
Alright -- get those rags off.

Rambo slides his eyes toward Galt. They appear lazy and heavy-lidded, like a lounging reptile.

GALT
I said, get 'em off now!

Rambo looks away -- toward the adjacent cell block. At the precise moment Galt starts to move in, Rambo glides back, slowly taking off his jacket and letting it fall to the floor. Slower still, he goes about removing his jeans. As he steps out of them, Mitch and Galt react to --

RAMBO'S THIGH

It bears a cruel scar on a field of glazed tissues. Rambo pulls off his sweatshirt, the last of his clothes.

GALT
Hold up your arms and turn around.

Rambo does. His back is criss-crossed by dozens of small, jagged scars.

MITCH
(to Galt)
Jesus -- What the hell's he been into?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Nothing from Rambo. A beat, then --

GALT

Who cares.

MITCH

C'mon, Galt, we should report this to Teasle -- God look at that.

GALT

(to Mitch)

You stay here...

(turns to Rambo)

I owe him.

Galt wields his truncheon into Rambo's exposed kidney, and he drops in agony.

MITCH

... Damn, Galt!

GALT

Now the man said to clean him up.

INT. CELL BLOCK - RAMBO

High-powered firehoses -- spray is plastering Rambo against the cell wall. The hose is held by Preston.

MITCH AND GALT AND WARD

standing by, watching. Mitch does not like the painfull treatment being dished out to Rambo, and turns away and lights a cigarette.

GALT

Don't forget to get behind his ears.

Omitted
INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

Preston sets a chair in the middle of the room. Mitch guides Rambo towards it. Ward is in the background. Preston crosses to the sink and captures some water in the mug which he starts whipping into lather. Rambo's eyes follow his every move.

GALT
(to Preston)
Hurry up -- I wanna get home and eat...
(to Rambo)
... get your ass in that chair!
(as Rambo pauses)
Goddammit, I said -- in the chair!
-- Go on!

Out comes the truncheon, prodding, jabbing. Rambo's eyes flicker dangerously as he attempts to slide away. But then both Mitch and Galt are on him, muscling him into the chair. Galt gets his club around Rambo's neck and pulls him back.

MITCH
Let's forget this and get Teasle down here.

GALT
This guy thinks he's real tough!

MITCH
Can't you see?!

GALT
See what?

MITCH
See the guy's crazy!

GALT
I don't care what he is. Hold him down!

RAMBO

every muscle in his body tensing, his eyes on --
Rambo is pinned to the chair -- Rambo is becoming crazed.

PRESTON

Most action we had in months!

GALT

Hurry up!

Rambo's gaze travels to --

PRESTON

Hold still or you'll cut your own throat.

VERY TIGHT - RAMBO

reacting to --

PRESTON'S HANDS

as the straight razor is opened, the blade glinting. It starts towards Rambo's face.

EXT. VIETNAM

(RUBLMINAL - BLACK AND WHITE) RAMBO AND V.C. OFFICER

Rambo is hung arms spread from a pair of poles. He is (CONTINUED)
He is filthy and emaciated. The V.C. officer stands alongside Rambo, shouting and spitting on him. The officer pulls out a large knife.

straining to the maximum. Every vein in his neck is swollen as the razor moves closer.

PRESTON
Hold him tighter! Wanna get this right.

Just for kicks, the officer holds it up so Rambo can see it and slices it across his back many times — Rambo screams each time he is cut. The CAMERA MOVES IN. TIGHTER on Rambo.
The scream is erupting from his mouth. It stuns the cops as intended. And what follows happens with incredible speed -- a blurring flash of action.

An unseen crack (like snapping bone) drops Preston like a sash-weight. He goes down as Mitch rises, gasping from the kick to his balls. As he doubles up, a knee to the face snaps him erect, and back on his heels, smashing him into the wall. While Mitch is still reeling back --

Rambo is already dealing with Galt, who is furiously whipping the truncheon. So swift, so sure, so smooth are Rambo's moves one would swear he previously choreographed them in his mind. He evades two swipes and catches Galt's wrist midway through the third. He primes it and lunges back against the grain, throwing the big man ass over heels into a violent smack of cell bars. Ward is eliminated from the brawl with equal alacrity.

STAIRWAY - TEASLE

has heard the carnage and is now clambering down toward Rambo who is streaking up. Seeing Teasle, Rambo dives and lifts, catapulting him over his back. Teasle lands hard at the foot of the stairs. The inertia carries him to a sliding stop near Mitch, who is braying and retching with pain.

RAMBO'S POV

Singleton is coming in fast, his sidearm drawn. Rambo dives from f.g. hitting the scaffolding supports that surround the door.

SCAFFOLDING

tittering, twisting, disassembling, falling toward Singleton who looks up in horror. He cries out, reflexively FIRING the GUN as the scaffold disintegrates, planks, paint, cans and steel poles bouncing and rolling across the unconscious man.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - RAMBO

races across the main office. Balford is dealt with. A late-arriving cop, LESTER, is coming through the front door with an armful of supplies. He reacts to Rambo in midair, vaulting the counter. Too late.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Rambo chops the flat edge of his palm across Lester's nose. Lester drops. Rambo grabs his knife still lying on the desk and hits the door without having broken stride.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - RAMBO

Clad to the waist, he bursts out into the hot glare of the afternoon sun.

PASSERSBY, SHOPPERS, MOTORISTS, HUNTERS

reacting as they discover the presence of the furious man.

Rambo looks around for his avenue of escape, sees one and sprints toward it.

EXT. STREET - DAY - PASSING MOTORCYCLIST AND RAMBO

A large, helmeted, tough-looking cyclist has made the mistake of slowing down to look. Rambo shoves hard. The cyclist hits the pavement. The back wheel of the fallen bike is grinding angrily for purchase. Rambo muscles it up, mounts and roars off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - TEASLE

is charging out of the station house. Galt is a dozen steps behind, operating the bolt of a high-powered rifle. He stops, shoulders it, aims --

POV OF RAMBO THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

The kid slaloms traffic as if born to the bike. There are pedestrians everywhere. A smack BLURS us around to --

TEASLE

hacking the rifle down and taking charge of the weapon.

GALT

I'm gonna kill him!

Now, he sees Galt's face is wild with rage. One streaming eye presages a wicked mouse.

(CONTINUED)
TEASLE

Get in there and get some help!

Galt grits back his rage and hurries into the station house. During the above, a score of onlookers has gathered. Every eye is fixed on Teasle, as he dashes into a patrol car. Introduce the ROAR OF THE MOTORCYCLE.

MOTORCYCLE

Its wheels rip across the frame, spewing a curtain of gravel, dust and exhaust through which cars are swerving, BRAKES SCREAMING. We hear CRASHING METAL, then see the car fishtailing into our laps, cutting our vista down to a hubcap.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Rambo cycles on into the distance, leaving two wounded vehicles in his wake. A distant SIREN is WAILING and now SCREAMING as Teasle's cruiser shoots by, pursuing the cycle.

EXT. HIGHWAY & INTERSECTION #2 - DAY - RAMBO

He zooms past the YOU ARE NOW LEAVING HOPESign and hangs a breakneck turn onto a dirt road which snakes up toward the distant mountains. The SIREN persists, GROWING LOUDER.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - RAMBO

grinding the bike uphill. Far behind him, just visible through the dust, Teasle's cruiser turns off the highway to follow. Rambo glances back and spurs the bike overland through an open gate and down a narrow wagon road. This is rough, hilly meadowland, overshadowed by massive mountain forests. Sensing freedom, Rambo glimpses back and reacts to --

EXT. WAGON ROAD - OPEN GATE - DAY

The cruiser rockets through, demolishing rails with its sidespin, recovering and coming on.

EXT. CREST OF HILL - DAY - RAMBO

Less sure of escape, he powers the bike uphill.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He gains the rugged crest and posts through mid-air.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. HILLCREST - CRUISER - DAY

Its underside slowly appears and edges over.

OMITTED

EXT. MEADOW - RAMBO CYCLING - DAY

The mountain forests are very close now, and the terrain is growing increasingly rugged. At a rise, Rambo slows, stops and REVS. He surveys what is ahead, then looks back.

RAMBO'S POV - CRUISER

It is doggedly picking its way through the meadow, looking mean and battered. We can hear the CYCLE REVS stocking up full power.
ROARS off and down, leaping the bike over a narrow stream and heading into the draw between two densely brush slopes. The woodland is rising abruptly and so is the draw. The bike is gasping and slowing. It is hanging back before it falls and Rambo jumps free, letting it roll crashing back toward the stream where --

is appearing. Its front end drops with the land, skidding and braking hard to avoid the stream. The cruiser spins to a violent stop, amid rocks and brush at the water's edge.

rams his shoulder against the driver's door, but it is jammed. He scrambles across the front seat to the passenger door and out into a rats nest of foliage. He hacks through, dropping and nearly losing balance as one leg sinks knee-deep into the stream. He wades ahead, bringing into view the crashed motorcycle near the opposite bank. Teasle wades across, draws his sidearm.

wading to it, examines it cursorily, looks off toward --

TEASLE

in the fading light, an impenetrable ocean of deep green.

walks into the draw, appraising the steep slope he knows Rambo climbed. Holstering his gun, he cups his hands, calls --

TEASLE

I know you can hear me. You're over! You're going as far as you're gonna go!

Teasle's voice carries on the breeze, but there is no response, only the forest silence.
catching his breath on a craggy rise, his gaze scans through the forest and spies an abandoned quarry. He rushes over and sees an old piece of canvas. He quickly cuts a large square in the canvas and fashions a poncho ... tying a worn piece of rope around his waist to cinch the poncho tighter to his body. He flees.

Both cruisers come to a jerky stop at the hillcrest. Lester and Mitch emerge. Teasle wades back toward them, observing how both are hurting. Lester's nose is taped and stuffed with cotton. Shiners are growing under his eyes.
Teasle
He's up there, above that draw.
Radio in that I want Orval and
his damn dogs up here. Tell him
to bring his Dobermans - It's
going to rain -- we need dogs that
can hunt on sight. Lester, I want
that sawmill helicopter now. If
anyone gives you any lip, you cite 'em for obstruction on the spot.

He stares up at the mountains as the camera pushes in.

Teasle
(continuing)
We'll get him, no problem.

Various shots - Stream #2 - Day - Rambo

Thunder rumbles as Rambo hikes upstream, pushing his
stamina to the limit. The escape and increasing cold
have taken their toll. Each step is a little more
arduous, a little less sure. Soon, he misjudges the
stream bottom and trips forward into a splash landing.
He rests there, winded, trembling. He is angry with
himself too -- like a fine athlete gone to seed.
Quickly, he pushes to a half stand, trembling violently,
before he moves on, flapping himself for warmth.

Helicopter - Afternoon

seen against a cloud-impacted sky, prowling the moun-
tain, flying quite low as it skims the dense forest
regions. A voice, magnified by a bullhorn, announces --

Bullhorn voice
Attention: Anyone in this area.
Attention: Hunters. There is a
dangerous fugitive at large and a
police manhunt is in progress.
Evacuate this area immediately!

The above is repeated throughout the "copter's" changes,
of course.

Ext. Forest #2 - Day
Another angle - Helicopter - seen through branches

as it loops down to almost treetop level, shaking the
upland stretch of forest with its whapping engine roar
and bullhorn message.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

It passes overhead and circles toward another high forest mass.

Now, CAMRA ANGLES DOWN AND SLOWLY MOVES IN on the undergrowth of the forest just passed. For a moment we see nothing more than leaves and branches until they stir and a human figure materializes. He watches the helicopter diminish in the distance.

Now, he moves out, heading toward the peaks. But it is obvious that the camouflage and the 'copter's presence inhibits his progress.

EXT. FOREST #2 - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS - FOREST - POSSE

Three Doberman tracking dogs pull ORVAL, a young, hard-looking hunter, rapidly uphill. Teasle and Singleton are next, followed by Mitch, Ward and Balford, a young reserve officer whose jocular spirits suggest a day of sport shooting with the boys. Teasle and Singleton carry small walkie-talkies and both occasionally shoot worried looks through the treetops to the gathering storm clouds. It is obvious that these men are well acquainted with the terrain. They move quickly and surely in contrast to Rambo.

SHINGLETON

(jogging)

Won't be much longer, Will. You'll have him skinned, stuffed and hangin' on your wall.

TEASLE

Just keep moving.

Orval's dogs swerve towards Ward. He recoils.

WARD

Don't get those dogs near me, Orval. I don't trust the bastards.

ORVAL

(smiles)

Then keep moving 'cause they can eat and run at the same time.

Just then, the dogs strain against their leashes and veer off in a radical direction change.

ORVAL

(continuing)

Look at that.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WARD

What?

TEASLE

He's headed straight up to the summit.

ORVAL

Straight for it.

BALFORD

(to Mitch)

Summit. He tells us this guy's dangerous. Hell, what he is is dumb.

SHINGLETON

But he's got some stamina. I'll say that much.

MITCH

This whole thing is no good.

BALFORD

Why?

MITCH

No good -- I'm tellin' ya. There was three of us holding him down and he went through us like we weren't even there!

EXT. FOREST #3 - DAY - RAMBO

moving cautiously but steadily upgrade, hugging the trees for cover, his eyes constantly searching the sky for sight of the prowling 'copter. Rambo stands there for a moment, straining to hear, to fix the distance separating them, then removes a compass from the handle of his knife.

RAMBO

(heaving)

C'mon, get your breath -- get your breath! Which way?

(looks at the compass)

North.
Its pace is determined by the energy of the dogs who have the scent and are lunging furiously at it.

kneels at the forest edge, surveying --
ROCKS

They rise in a steep craggy wall where this stretch of forest ends. Cloven through the wall is a narrow pass not much wider than a man's shoulders.

RAMBO
Get through it -- Get through it!
Don't get tired, c'mon!

He again searches the sky for a chopper, then moves out and up through the rubble of rock toward the summit pass.

VARIABLE ANGLES - THE PASS - RAMBO

Rambo works his way up the chimney-like incline, eventually reaching --

RAMBO
... Faster!

THE SUMMIT - MEADOW OF PROMONTORY - DAY

As Rambo hoists himself up and over the final narrow niche and stands at the summit's edge, we see that it opens onto two thousand yards of exposed, boulder-strewn grassland, surrounded on all sides by a grey, fulminating sky. It is running, not hiding country, and as Rambo leaves the pass, he is doing just that, crossing the open ground at a full run.

EXT. - WOODED SLOPE - DAY

Rambo runs down a thickly wooded slope. Suddenly, he breaks out of the woods to find himself, to his horror, on the edge of a precipice looking down a deep gorge with a ROARING river at its bottom.

RAMBO
What the hell! You trap yourself!
Dumb bastard! ... Gotta get out.
Gotta get out.

His head snaps around and he starts back in the direction from which he's come. But now he's brought up short by the SOUND OF THE DOGS, closer now, and augmented by the occasional SHOUT OF SOMEONE in the posse.
Rambo realizes backtracking would take him right into the arms of the posse.

Sheedding his camouflage, he reverses his field again and races to the far edge of the promontory.

reaching the edge of the precipice. He runs along the edge looking for a way down.

dropping one hundred sheer feet to a knot of treetops and rock.

... Don't think -- move.

mulling over his options. There are none. He studies the cliff face, looking for handholds, crevices, outcroppings.

slowly works his way down, finding holds and testing them, sometimes dangling by his fingertips, his shoes scratching for purchase.

has managed to cover some forty feet...

(CONTINUED)
... and is inching slowly downward when the first WHIPPING SOUNDS OF THE HELICOPTER are heard. He looks around frantically. No sign of the chopper yet. Just the SOUND which places it somewhere in the vicinity.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

hovering above the forest edge near the pass.

HELICOPTER'S POV - POSSE

filtering into the pass. Teasle is signaling it onward toward the promontory.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - DAY - RAMBO

descends punishing inches at a time, fingers bloody, sweat running into his eyes. The DRONE OF THE HELICOPTER is gathering volume now and he looks frantically about, trying to spot it. It suddenly appears above him with a deafening CLATTER.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - PILOT AND GALT

Sunglasses only partly disguise the swollen side of Galt's face. Galt looks away, and the PILOT reacts to something he sees over his outside shoulder. He raps Galt's arm and points toward it.

PILOT

On the cliff --

HELICOPTER'S POV - RAMBO

hanging on the cliff face, looking back.

HELICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT

Galt tears off his glasses and drags out the high-powered H.K. 91 scoped rifle from behind the seat.

PILOT

What're you doing?

GALT

Just bring it around!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He's unarmed.

Galt is expertly threading his arm through the rifle sling and twisting around to keep Rambo in view.

(continuing)
I didn't come up here for that. We're just supposed to spot him.

Bring it around!

The Pilot angles the chopper away from the cliff face, rising above the embankment. He indicates the walkie-talkie --

Just get on that radio and tell Teasle we spotted him.

Just fly where I tell you!

I didn't come up here for this!

Galt grabs the Pilot by the shirt collar. The Pilot is terrified by Galt's rage.

You listen. If that sonofabitch makes it down, you've lost him and you'll answer for it! Hear!

Given time by the inexplicable behavior of the chopper, he has worked his way several body lengths down. Now, the ROAR is back and he twists around to see --
shuttling around and hovering alongside the face of the cliff. Galt is no more than twenty-five yards away, taking aim. The chopper is bouncing and jostling in the air currents of the cliff.

GALT
Hold it steady!

PILOT
I can't -- we're in a thermal draft! Jesus, Galt, he's stuck there. He can't go anyplace.

The pilot reaches over, touching Galt's forearm. Galt hacks the hand away and shoulders the rifle.

GALT'S POV - OVER RIFLE SIGHT - RAMBO

The target rises, falls and wanders with the unsteadiness of the helicopter.

GALT'S VOICE
Get closer and hold it steady!

PILOT'S VOICE
I told you -- we're in a draft. We're too close to the side of the gorge.

GALT
You fly this thing right or I swear I'll break your neck!

Intimidated, the Pilot tries steadying the chopper. Galt snaps off his seat belt to stretch for a cleaner shot. He puts his eye to the sight. He leans way out of the chopper.

CRACK. Galt FIRES.

ROCK EXPLODES near his back.
GALT

grimaces, sets for another shot as the chopper drifts.

RAMBO

Rock explodes two feet from his head.

EXT. PROMONTORY MEADOW - DAY

Teasle and the posse have halted, reacting to what they hear.

OMITTED

TEASLE

hollers into his walkie-talkie.

What the hell's going on Galt? Respond -- what the hell're you doing?

HELCOPTER - PILOT AND GALT

Through the walkie-talkie holstered on Galt's belt --

Sound off! What's going on up there? What're you people doing?

The pilot makes a vain grab for the walkie-talkie on Galt's belt, but it is holstered on the far side. Galt FIRES.

RAMBO

Rock explodes above his head. CARANG! Inches from his face, stone fragments nicking him. Rambo spits away the dust only to see the chopper sway and drift a bit, then swing in and hover closer than ever. In desperation, he looks down.
RA.1'.30' S POV

A horrifying drop to sharp rock. The closest treetop, a lush fir, is yards from the cliff and thirty feet below him.

HELICOPTER - PAST GALT AND RAMBO

As Galt FIRES, Rambo pushes off and falls, spreading like a diver.

EXT. TREETOP - DAY - RAMBO

Plunges down, crashing through top branches and cracking to a stop against a stout limb, and then falls to the ground. He bellow with the pain of impact and grabs at his arm, which is badly cut.

HELICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT

PILOT
Oh, Jesus -- he's dead?

GALT
I can't see him.

He's dead!

GALT
Swing around!

HELICOPTER

moves forward, rises, arcs around, swoops down and back toward the treetops.

RAMBO

fighting off pain, nausea, nestled against the tree trunk. Now, in b.g., the chopper approaches, skimming low. Alerted by the ONCOMING ROAR, Rambo's face contorts with a rage so great that it seems to anesthetize the pain of the gaping wound on his arm.

HELICOPTER - GALT

scanning the ground, treetops. Suddenly he points down.

GALT

There! Get in close!
PAST RAMBO - TOWARD HELICOPTER

Closing in, maneuvering for position. Rambo huddles as close to the trunk as possible. The DIN of the hovering CHOPPER is so great that Rambo does not hear the next SHOT, but bark and branches splatter around him.

HELIICOPTER - PILOT AND GALT

Galt is directing the pilot with gestures: "Back it up! -- Take it lower! -- Steady the mother!" Now he leans out of the cockpit for a closer shot.

RAMBO'S POV - THE HELICOPTER

Galt leaning out of the cockpit, setting himself.

SUBLIMINAL - EXT. VIETNAM - DAY - RAMBO (B. & W.)

Imagining he is back in 'Nam and is being fired upon by a sniper.

PAST RAMBO - TOWARD HEICOPTER

Slowly settling, steadying. Galt setting to aim it down Rambo's throat. Rambo grabs a rock as Galt leans from the incredibly close chopper. Rambo hurls the rock with all his strength.

PILOT AND GALT

The rock hits the chopper's windshield in front of the Pilot. He recoils and the chopper dips steeply to one side. Galt, already leaning from the chopper, starts to fall. The Pilot gapes in horror as Galt teeters, then lurches out --

The following occurs in RAPID SHOTS --

OMMITTED
falling end over end straight down toward him, hitting the upper branches of the tree, crashing through.

GALT'S BODY

as he falls through, hitting the earth with terrible, breaking force.

RAMBO

scrambles down the cliff towards Galt's body, enduring the stabbing pain from his badly bleeding arm.

OMITTED

OMITTED

RAMBO AND GALT

Rambo strips Galt's body of his broken rifle and jacket. The SOUND OF THE POSSE is almost directly above as Rambo frees Galt's rifle. He flicks a glance up at the cliff, then he races for the cover of the rocks behind him.

PROMONTORY EMBANKMENT AND LEDGE - DOGS, ORVAL AND TEASLE

are the first to appear at the rim of the embankment.

(CONTINUED)
They slip-slide down the slope to the ledge, the helicopter rises in front of them out of the gorge.

Rambo is huddled against a rock. His arm is stained from a constant flow of blood. He unscrews the handle of his knife and removes a length of nylon fishing line and a small fish-hook. Without a moment's hesitation, he begins to saw the wound up.

reach the edge and stare down. The dogs sniff the spot where Rambo lowered himself over, circle to see if the scent goes anywhere else, and return to the edge barking in frustration.

Jesus Christ! Look!

Teasle grabs a pair of binoculars.

Galt's body, one hundred feet below.

Seen from far below, Shingleton, Ward and Salford join the others, stand there staring down. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Rambo on his knees, his attention on the activity on the ledge. He counts the number of bullets left in the rifle's clip. Five. He returns them to the clip and looks back at the ledge.

-- What did you start? What'd you start, man? You left this! You left this! What the fuck are you doin', man?

Rambo sets the rifle down and walks out of his cover.

trying to make sense of the carnage.

Poor bastard.
I can't figure it out -- How'd he fall out?

What does it matter? He's dead.

C'mon, let's nail ass -- He can't be far.

Sheriff! Look!

Rambo steps out of the rocks. Teasle and his men look at the unarmed man.

Looks like he wants to turn himself in.

There's one man dead. It's not my fault. I don't want any more hurt.

Give yourself up. Stay where you are.

I haven't done anything.

Don't move or I'll shoot you.

(moves away)

I haven't done anything.

Teasle fires a shot.
156 CLEARING

Rambo is grazed along the temple area and spins violently to the ground ... bloodstains between his fingers as he covers his wound, and dodges for cover as a RAIN OF BULLETS falls around him. He dives out of sight.

157 THE LEDGE

All the men are FIRING at the tree line, accomplishing nothing but tearing up good timber.

TEASLE

Hold your goddamn fire!!! -- Hold it!

157A EXT. GORGE - DAY

The deputies are gathered around Galt's body which is splattered on the rocks. Teasle takes some moss off Galt's face and rises. He pulls out his walkie talkie.

TEASLE

Sheriff to base. Come in.

LESTER (V.O.)

Go ahead, Will.

TEASLE

Lester, we're down in the gorge. Galt's dead alright. Repeat. Galt's dead. We're hot on this guy's trail. Where the hell's that goddamn chopper?

LESTER (V.O.)

He won't come, Will. And anyway, it's raining like hell down here. The storm's coming your way.

(CONTINUED)
LESTER (V.O.)
Teletype, Will -- Congressional medal of honour -- Green Beret.

(static)
-- kid's a full war hero.

And right on top of this.

WARD
Jesus, that freak?

MITCH
I knew there was something about that guy.

TEASLE
Lester. Are you sure that's a correct read-out? Over.

LESTER (V.O.)
Double-checked it -- it's right -- what do you want to do? Over.

TEASLE
I want you to do what I told you to do. Get that chopper back here now. Out.
He slips the switch. Silence. Every eye is on him. The first drops of rain start to fall. Mitch regards Teasle balefully.

MITCH
A Green Beret war here! Great! That's just great!

WARD
Why don't you shut your mouth?

TEASLE
What's the matter with you guys? He's just one man who's wounded.

BALFORD
Those Green Berets are real bad asses.

MITCH
Don't you think we should get the State Police up here?

Teasle pulls Mitch towards Galt's body.

TEASLE
Look at him, boy! Goddamn it! Just open your eyes and look at him! He and I were friends when your Momma was still wiping your ass! You listen to me! He's dead now! Look at his brains! He's dead because of that Goddamned psycho out there! Now you listen to me, boy! And you listen good! I'm gonna pin that Congressional medal of honour to his liver! With you or without you!

BALFORD
I'm ready when you are.

He rises.
160  CLOSE - TEASLE

staring up at the lightning and THUNDER.

161  EXT. SKY - DUSK

boiling with dark clouds. Light rain.

162  EXT. FOREST #5 - DUSK

Hours have passed. Rain splashes through leaves and branches.

163  EXT. FOREST #5 - DUSK

Rambo is seen hacking small branches into points.

164  EXT. FOREST #5 - DUSK

Teasle and the men are in hot pursuit.

165  EXT. FOREST #6 - DUSK

Rambo is shredding his clothing and tying twigs and other camouflage onto his shirt.
EXT. FOREST #6 - NIGHT - TEASLE AND THE OTHERS

The rain is coming down much more heavily now and the sky is dark. CAMERA PANS Orval and the dogs as Teasle leads the men.

BALFORD AND WARD - OTHERS IN B.G.

ORVAL
They're losing the scent.

TEASLE
Keep moving!

MITCH
Let's get out before it floods over!

BALFORD
Shut up and move!

MITCH
What if he circled back.

WARD
So what. Move, you goddamn pansy.

MITCH
Put your gun down and I'll show you who's a pansy.

WARD
(lowers his gun)
C'mon -- He thinks he's Gat now.

TEASLE
(grabs Ward)
What the hell are you doing! Just keep moving!

MITCH
The man's gone!

TEASLE
I said move!

Up ahead, in the flashing lightning, Rambo's outline is seen by Orval and the dogs.

ORVAL
There! There!

(Continued)
BALFORD
Kill him!

TEASLE
(to Orval)
Turn 'em loose!

Orval frees the dogs.

ORVAL
(to dogs)
Attack!

Balford FIRES at the outline of Rambo as Orval and the dogs charge forward. TWO SHOTS THUD into two of the dogs jolting them backwards. THREE SHOTS EXPLODE into Orval's legs, catapulting him into the mud...

ORVAL
(continuing)
I'm hit -- Oh goddamn, I'm hit!

TEASLE
Get down!

The men flatten out as the last Doberman leaps at Rambo, who is camouflaged. The other men are FIRING at Rambo. Rambo retreats into the woods with the dog snarling viciously on his heels.

ORVAL
Kill him!

stretched out, his legs blown open, rain running down his face.

ORVAL
Kill him!

Suddenly the dog's demonic GROWLS and SNARLS are cut short... The lawmen are consumed with the unnerving silence.

BALFORD
(prone position)
Where did he get a gun?
They look hard at the form of Rambo, which is nothing more than a shirt propped across a pair of sticks, their faces staring down at Balford in shocked silence as the sky unloads upon them with vengeance.

TEASLE

Teasel crawls over to Orval in a combat fashion.

ORVAL

Get him! Damn it. Get him!

TEASLE

(to the men)

Put a tourniquet around his legs. Move!

ORVAL

Look at my legs -- Kill him!

MITCH, WARD, BALFORD

hugging the ground.

WARD

Where'd he get a gun?

TEASLE

It's gotta be Gale's. But he's out of ammo!

MITCH

How do you know?

TEASLE

'Cause whatever he stopped that last dog with wasn't a bullet... I want everybody to spread out -- fifty yards apart. There's no way out of this canyon except through us.

MITCH

We're not gonna find him in this!

TEASLE

Don't tell me what you don't know -- (to Orval)

We'll be back soon.

WARD

Let's do some huntin'!
CONTINUED:

MITCH
You dumb bastard? We ain't huntin' him, he's huntin' us!!

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

171  FOREST - SERIES OF ANGLES TO COVER - NIGHT

What's happening now is this: The storm has turned into a cloudburst -- OPEN CLOSE on Mitch struggling against the downpour.

172  FOREST - NIGHT

Rambo is seen dodging through the blackness.

173  FOREST - WARD

Gripping his rifle and tense with fear, he moves deeper into the forest.

174  BALFORD

moving through the downpour, his head constantly turning left and right.

175  SHINGLETON AND TEASLE

rubbing the rain from their eyes as they scan the darkness.

176  FOREST

A flash of lightning and the image of Rambo is seen moving through the downpour.
TEASLE
gets just a glimpse of Balford moving too slowly.

TEASLE
keep moving, Balford.

BALFORD
I'm moving out -- I can't see a
damn thing.

TEASLE
Just keep moving. I'm
 gonna flank left another fifty
yards.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
A pair of muddy hands reach around Mitch's neck in
a death lock. Mitch drops his weapon and begins
to sag, eyes nearly bugging from their sockets.
Mitch screams.

FOREST
Teasle, Ward, Balford and Shingleton freeze and then
break charging forward to the WAILING of Mitch.

FOREST - RAMBO, MITCH
Rambo hits Mitch with a pair of forearm smashes on
Mitch's collarbone that leaves him writhing on the ground.
He empties Mitch's gun and hurls it away. We see a
glimpse of Rambo as he dodges away.

WARD, BALFORD, SHINGLETON AND TEASLE
The men are fifty yards apart as they charge towards
Mitch's screams.

FOREST - NIGHT
Ward is bolting full ahead when suddenly from what
appears as soaked forest ground cover, a hand rises
up and grabs the back of Ward's foot. He tumbles.
Rambo rises from the forest floor and blends into
the night.

WARD
Son of a bitch! Here! I see him!
Over here!
Balford, Singleton and Teasle freeze as Ward's screaming emanates from a different direction than Mitch's.

BALFORD
What the hell's going on!
WARD (O.S.)
Over here!

TEASLE
It's Ward! Spread out -- I'll go this way -- you get to Ward!

Teasle charges through the darkness and lightning.

Balford is closing in on Ward's yells.

Balford freezes and looks at Rambo whose form is again detected in the flashing lightning. Rambo stands as an inviting target deliberately.

Balford FIRES HIS RIFLE at Rambo who rolls and springs away.

With the skin-crawling SOUND of the wounded men's pleas filling his ears, Teasle pauses.

TEASLE
Who's firing? Who the hell's firing?!

The young cop FIRES the last of his clip in Rambo's direction and he hears a body fall... Ward cries out in pain.

WARD (O.S.)
I'm hit! Hit!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ward holds his side and collapses on the ground holding his side.

WARD
(continuing)

Get him! He's over here!

TEASLE

He heads for the gunfire.

BALFORD

I got him!

He charges forward to claim what he thinks is the fallen Rambo.

BALFORD
(continuing)

I got him!

Running towards the MOANING SOUND, Balford plunges full force into a row of eight needle sharp branches that have been fashioned into spears and embedded across the trail.

The spears are driven deeply into Balford's thighs. He is pinned into an upright position.

As he wails in agony, Rambo's face comes INTO VIEW clearly for the first time and it has an horrific effect... Rambo's face is caked with mud and so smeared that barely any white skin is showing... around his head is a headband that stems the flow of blood from his bullet wound. His body is covered with forest camouflage except for his arms that are also covered with mud... Balford grits his teeth and almost snarls at Rambo.

BALFORD
(continuing; shatteringly)

Go on -- kill me. Go on! I ain't beggin' -- kill me! Go on!!

Rambo empties Balford's gun and leaves.

FOREST - TEASLE - NIGHT

Teasle and Shingleton rush in the direction of Balford's voice. Branches cut his face.
Shingleton is hearing MOANS in three directions. He turns one way, then another. He heads toward Balford.

He follows Balford's wailing and sees him twenty yards ahead.

TEASLE
Shingleton! I've found him!
Shingleton! Over here!

Shingleton is running toward Teasle's voice. He runs past a wide tree. A make-shift garrot is suddenly around his neck and he is yanked backwards.

Teasle is lowering the agonized Balford to the ground. His moaning, plus that of Mitch, Ward, Orval and Balford is pushing his mind to the breaking point... He now hears the STRANGLED CRIES of Shingleton.

TEASLE
Shingleton! Where are you? Teasle moves away from the moaning Balford.

instinctively makes a move to go out to him; is driven back to cover by more lightning.

Rocks and trees. No life. No movement. The sky goes dark again. The THUNDER spends itself. Only the SOUND OF RAIN.
Then, adding to the nightmarish quality of the moment, a FAINT CRY -- A MOAN. It startles Teasle. Shingleton? Or Rambo -- baiting? He swiftly makes his way to the edge of the outcropping and looks. Shingleton is pinned to a tree by a carrot that holds him by the neck to the tree. His hands are fastened behind his back by a pair of handcuffs. Each pitiful moan stabs at Teasle who remains hunched, staring out at the sight of Shingleton and the many cries for help.

An almost imperceptible struggling of the body, the sporadic moans.

Finally the lightning comes. Rambo sprints INTO VIEW and disappears. Teasle springs to a half crouch and FIRES. BULLETS rain down on Rambo. Bark rips off trees near his head. The ground kicks up near his feet.

charging away from the outcropping, past Shingleton, FIRING his pistol in the direction of Rambo.
200  FOREST - TEASLE
    charging towards position closer to where he believes Rambo is.

201  OMITTED

201A OMITTED

201B OMITTED

201C OMITTED

202  FOREST - TEASLE
    The lawman stares over a narrow opening in the canyon and down a steep incline into the flow of a rather strong stream current.

203  CLOSE - TEASLE
    His face expressionless. He rushes forward and looks for the fallen Rambo.

204  THE STREAM
    The lawman scans the dark water.

205  THE FOREST EDGE - TOWARD TEASLE
    He looks in a 360 degree circle and sees no trace of Rambo.

    TEASLE
    You goddamn coward -- you're mine, understand.

    (MORE)

    (CONTINUED)
205A EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The CAMERA Pulls back to reveal Rambo kneeling in the downpour studying Teasle in darkness...
Rambo slowly fades back into the darkness.

206 OMITTED

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
EXTERIOR FIELD HEADQUARTERS — MORNING

A number of vehicles are haphazardly parked — cruisers representing both Hope and the State Police and other local police, ambulances, food wagons, army trucks and jeeps, etc. Two tents have been erected: a First Aid tent and a three-wall affair will be designated as the Communications Centre.

State Troopers in ponchos keep traffic-gawkers moving along.

National Guardsmen are in evidence, some huddled around open fires.

A helicopter bearing the dead body of Galt rides overhead, then lands on an improvised pad. TV newsmen rush up to film the scene.

Some of Teasle's deputies, lying on stretchers are located into the waiting ambulances.

A State Trooper vehicle pulls up: Captain Kern gets out and goes to the First Aid tent.

INT. FIRST AID TENT — DAY

An attendant works on Teasle's cuts and scrapes. He's changed his clothing. Kern enters.

KERN

Only good thing to come out of this mess is the business they're doin' in town. Reporters are drinkin' the place dry.

Kern studies Teasle closely, shakes his head.

KERN

(continuing)

Will, you look like you're ready to keel over. Why don't you go home — it's my problem now.

TEASLE

(looks up)

Your problem? Dave, don't give me any of that jurisdiction crap!

(CONTINUED)
Kern stifles an immediate reply, rises.

KERN
You overstepped, Will. If you'd called me in the first place --

ATTENDANT
You want me to step outside?

KERN
(snaps)
Just finish up what you're doing.

Teasle's eyes are glued grimly on the ambulances that are driving up to take his men.

KERN
Why didn't you leave the kid alone in the first place?

TEASLE
Do you think the kid waltzed into town, announced he was a congressional medal of honor winner and just for a goof I decided to lean on him? Christ man...I treated him like he was a neighbour's kid I was doing a favor for...

KERN
What did you do Will?

TEASLE
(intense suppressed anger)
I booked a man on vagrancy and resisting arrest. I did my job.

KERN
You seem pretty well motivated on this one.

TEASLE
Go look at my men and you'll see how motivated I am. If that doesn't do it, go talk to Art Galt's widow.

KERN
I hear you...listen Will, I got 25 men I could bring in from Monroe.

An appreciative look from Teasle - an amalgamation of forces. Lester unobtrusively enters the room.

(CONTINUED)
TEASLE
There's a lot of ground to cover. I want to build a net so tight he'll never get out.

EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - DAY
A Government car pulls up. The driver, TRAUTMAN, leans out and addresses a TROOPER directing traffic.

TRAUTMAN
(to a Trooper)
Where do I find the officer honchoing this operation?

TROOPER
That'd be Chief Teasle.
(indicates)
I'd try the First Aid tent.

TRAUTMAN drives across the bridge and parks the car. With no hat and with a raincoat over his uniform we have no idea who he is, although his affable manner doesn't conceal his military bearing.

As Trautman walks towards the First Aid Tent, he passes a T.V. commentator taping a news item. Other T.V. and news people are in evidence.

COMMENTATOR
-- He is hiding somewhere in this rugged, mountainous terrain. What still remains unexplained is how the former Green Beret came into possession of the weapons with which he allegedly killed one deputy and tried to kill six others. Only their skilled training in law enforcement techniques saved their lives, and word has it that the fugitive will be in custody in a matter of hours.
INT. FIRST AID TENT - DAY

The Attendant leaves.

LESTER
Sir...uh Sheriff...you should know...I heard the...I was...

TEASLE
Lester spit it out for god's sake.

LESTER
Galt and them, they were hard on the kid. Mitch told me.

KERN
Assholes.

TEASLE
That doesn't make one goddamned bit of difference. If one of my deputies gets outta line with a prisoner, the prisoner comes to me with it and if it's like he says, then I kick the deputies ass...me...the law...that's the way its done...you start fucking with the law and all hell breaks loose...

He slaps the table angrily for emphasis.

TEASLE
(continuing)
I mean whatever possessed the good lord in heaven to make a man like Rambo.

TRAUTMAN
God didn't make Rambo. I made him.

All three men are taken aback. Kern looks nervously at Teasle, who is fascinated.

TEASLE
Who the hell are you?

TRAUTMAN
Sam Trautman. Colonel Samuel Trautman.

He goes over and shakes both of their hands. Trautman hands Teasle credentials.

TEASLE
What do you want here Colonel...we're kind of busy.

(Continued)
I've come about my boy.

Yours?

John Rambo. I recruited him, trained him, commanded him in Vietnam for three years. I'd say that makes him mine.

Rambo is in a large tree. He is exhausted, but his eyes begin to grow wide. Voice comes over Galt's radio lying on the ground beside him.

--- access road and firebreak in the area. We have air coverage from all districts. The National Guard is on alert and ready to move -- now, no one wants to see any more bloodshed.

Rambo's attention is centered on a buck moving below.

Teasle looks at Trautman's credentials. Then back at Trautman. Teasle doesn't like him. Trautman doesn't seem to mind.

Why send a full bird Colonel to handle this?

The army thought I might be able to help out.

Well, I don't know in what way. Rambo's a civilian now. He's my problem.

You see. You don't understand. I'm not here to rescue Rambo from you. I'm here to rescue you from him.
Teasle nods. He appears to be less than overwhelmed.

TEASLE
Well, Colonel. I appreciate your concern, and I'll try to be extra careful.

EXT. FOREST #7 - DAY
Moving through the underbrush and dense forest is the buck... Still in the tree, Rambo tenses his body and almost imperceptively removes his boot knife, never removing his eyes from the buck.

EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

TRAUTMAN
You picked the wrong man to push.

TEASLE
No Trautman, he picked the wrong man.

TRAUTMAN
The boy is a heart attack. He may be the best Special Forces ever produced. Whatever you're going to throw at him here, he's been through a lot worse in a lot worse places than this.

Trautman takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to Teasle.

TRAUTMAN
You're lucky to be breathing.

TEASLE
Is that right?

TRAUTMAN
Strictly speaking, he shouldn't have slipped up... I'm amazed he let you and your posse live.

TEASLE
That's great. You want to see why your machine blew its gasket. What happens to a few stray civilians is a detail in the report.
TRAUTMAN
This is what Rambo did to a garrison of NVA regulars. By himself. This is what he got the Medal of Honor for.

Teasle reads the document.

TRAUTMAN
It's the official version so they left out the nastier details.

TEASLE
It makes you wonder how we lost the war.

TRAUTMAN
It does, doesn't it?

TEASLE
Yeah. It was probably all those ordinary soldiers. What'd you guys call 'em? Grunts.

TRAUTMAN
Only when we were in a good mood.

EXT. FOREST #7 - DAY
The intensity builds as the buck moves almost directly under Rambo...Rambo inches forward.

INT. TENT - DAY

TRAUTMAN
I'm trying to make you see but you don't want to...you've run across an expert in guerilla warfare--a man who's the best with guns, knives, bare hands. He can ignore pain - ignore weather, live off the land, eat things that would puke a billygoat.

EXT. MOUNTAIN
The buck is in perfect position and Rambo pounces on its back. A wild fight commences.

INT. FIRST AID TENT - DAY

TRAUTMAN
In Vietnam, his job was to dispose of enemy personnel. To kill. Period. Win it all by attrition. Rambo was the best.

(CONTINUED)
TEASLE
You're as sick as he is. You talk about skill at killing like it's being able to play the violin.

TRAUTMAN
Call it perspective.

TEASLE
We've got a lot to thank you for. Turn this kid into a killer, then turn him loose at home. Now this town is paying the price.

TRAUTMAN
Look, Sheriff, I'm just trying to help.

TEASLE
O.K. Now that you've got us all scared what do you and Special Forces think I ought to do with your killer out there?

TRAUTMAN
Let him go.

TEASLE
What?

TRAUTMAN
For now. Defuse the whole situation. Defuse him. Provide a little gap, let him slip through, then, put out a nationwide APB. They'll pick him up in Seattle or somewhere, washing cars. No light, nobody else gets hurt.

TEASLE
I do my own work and I don't figure the best way to do that is to close my eyes and hope this guy goes to Seattle.

TRAUTMAN
If you send people in there after him, they're going to die.

TEASLE
We may be just a small town Sheriff's department, but we're expected to do our duty just like our heroes in the Special Forces.

(CONTINUED)
TRAUTMAN
In Special Forces we teach our people to stay alive in the line of duty.

TEASLE
No shit? I never thought of that.

TRAUTMAN
You want a war you can't win?

TEASLE
You figure 200 men against your boy is a no-win situation for us.

TRAUTMAN
If you're going to send that many men, don't forget one thing.

What?

TEASLE
A good supply of body bags.

Trautman walks out. Camera holds on Teasle. He is unsettled by his loss of control and what it may have revealed to Trautman. Grasping for something to counter-attack with --

TEASLE
Trautman!

EXT. FIRST AID TENT - TRAUTMAN

turns to find Teasle coming after him, Kern follows.

TEASLE
I'm not sure just which side you're on. Maybe you're here to cover your ass. But if you're serious about taking him out clean, come with me.

He walks off, beckoning Trautman to follow.
223 EXIT. MOUNTAIN OVERHANG - DUSK

Rambo enters and drops the huge buck and from his pocket removes dry weeds and unscrews the cap of his knife and removes a metal match...He strikes the match and lights the dry weed. The bored voice of the state police radio operator is heard over the walkie-talkie laying nearby. Rambo ignores it.

RADIO OPERATOR
State police to John Rambo -- acknowledge please -- John Rambo, acknowledge please, over.

224 INT. COMMUNICATIONS TENT - DAY

RADIO OPERATOR
(tired note)
State Police calling John Rambo. Do you read? Acknowledge.

He waits for the response he knows isn't coming, then continues with the litany.

In the background, we see Trautman, Teasle and Kern approaching.

RADIO OPERATOR
(continuing)
I just want to explain your situation to you. You are surrounded. All possible exits have been blocked, every highway, every road and firebreak.

The approaching trio enter the tent.

RADIO OPERATOR
You have our word that your service to the country will be taken into consideration and that you will receive fair treatment. Just respond and we can work everything out. Over.

Leans back.

TEASLE
He took a radio off one of the deputies.

KERN
He has to be listening. If I was in his position, I'd try and pick up some information, maybe catch some cross talk.

(CONTINUED)
TRAUTMAN
Of course he's listening, but he's not going to break radio silence.

TEASLE
Not for us. But he might do it for you. He's your boy.

TRAUTMAN
I can try.

TEASLE
Maybe you can talk him into sparing all our lives by giving himself up.

TRAUTMAN
I'll do what I can.

TEASLE
We'll at least be able to get a position on him. That is if you don't mind setting him up for us.

TRAUTMAN
Setting him up for you? That's like bringing pigeons to the cat.

224A OMITTED

225 INT. MINE - DUSK

Rambo scrunches close to the flames, stretches out, cradles his head on his arm and closes his eyes. We sense him drifting into half-sleep, his face reflecting the circus of his mind. He partly mutters, partly sings the music in his head.

RAMBO
"Purple haze in my brain, 'Bout to drive me insane ..."

226 FLASHBACK - INT. NEBRASKA BAR - SAIGON - NIGHT

Jimi Hendrix' "Purple Haze" blasting from the strob-ing JUKEBOX as a dozen Saigon beauties (mini-skirts, shorts, tube and tank tops) mix it up with enlisted men in civvies -- dancing, drinking, blowing dope --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Subjective CAMERA PANNING faces, old men of nineteen,
seasoned whores of sixteen before we find the particu-
lar, uncommonly beautiful Vietnamese prostitute and --

MATCH CUT TO:

HER

slowly descending upon Rambo, her rich hair falling
forward, as his hands tenderly caress and stroke and
give love, as if he were pretending it weren't cash
and carry.
They begin to make love and he strokes her hair...
as he moves down to kiss her...

OMITTED

INT. MOUNTAIN OVERHANG - NIGHT

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Covey Leader calling Raven. Come
on, Raven --

Rambo is startled, then instantly guarded, as he pulls
his hands down from face. The code words are familiar --
even the filtered voice. Still, he throttles the im-
pulse to respond. The static-punctuated silence has an
unsettling effect.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

continuing)
This is Covey Leader to Raven.
Talk to me, Johnny.

OMITTED

RAMBO

Instinct and training at work.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Covey Leader to identify Baker team.
Rambo -- Messner -- Ortega --
Coletta -- Jorgensen --
Danforth -- Berry -- Krackauer.
(beat)
Confirm? This is Colonel Trautman.
please acknowledge.

(continued)
During this, Rambo's expression has grown reflective, his thoughts far away. He nods absently as though Trautman could see.

RAMBO
(to Trautman)
...They're all dead, Colonel.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE
Rambo! Are you alright? Over?

RAMBO
Baker team -- They're all dead, sir.

TRAUTMAN
Not Delmar Berry -- Berry made it.

RAMBO
Berry's gone.

TRAUTMAN
How?

RAMBO
Got himself killed in Nam and didn't know it. Cancer ate him down to the bone. Got defoliated with orange once too much. Delmar ate nails, man! He had muscles in his shit. After all he came thru...

TRAUTMAN
I'm sorry to hear that. It's good to hear your voice, Johnny. It's been a long time.

Rambo stands and paces. The radio stays on the ground. Rambo is deep in his own mind.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE
(continuing)
Rambo, you've done some damage here. But they don't want any more trouble. That's why I'm here. I can come up and fly you the hell outta there -- just you and me. We'll work this thing out together. Nobody's going to bother you.

(continued)
TRAUTMAN'S VOICE

Fair enough?

RAMBO

Where'd you come from?

TRAUTMAN

(off-guard)

...Fort Bragg.

RAMBO

 Tried to get in touch with you, but those guys at Bragg just never knew where to find you.

TRAUTMAN

Well, they kicked me upstairs. I'm shining a seat in Washington with my ass.

RAMBO

I really wanted to be a civilian, Colonel. I tried ... you have to take a lot of shit being a civilian. I wish I was back in Bragg.

TRAUTMAN

(trying to avoid subject)

...We'll talk about it when you come in.

RAMBO

...Can't do that.

TRAUTMAN

We aren't sending you out to waste friendly civilians.

RAMBO

Friendly civilians? Here's no such thing. Ask the sheriff if he's friendly...or the sheriffs in the last fifty towns.

TRAUTMAN

I'm your friend, Johnny. I know you. I was there, knee deep in it with you ...the piss and blood. I kept watch on your ass. Hell, Johnny, bailing you out of trouble might get to be a whole life's work for me.

(CONTINUED)
RAMBO
Wouldn't be any trouble except for that kingshit cop.

Teasle stiffens ... eyes are on him.

RAMBO
(continuing)
The man kept pushin', sir.

TRAUTMAN
You did some pushin' of your own.

RAMBO
They drew first blood, not me.

TRAUTMAN'S VOICE
Rambo, it doesn't matter who drew first blood. Let me come in and get you outta there.
(no response)
Rambo? You still reading me?

Rambo is not reading him. He sits in a dazed silence. His hand finds the walkie talkie and turns it off.
HOLD on the faraway expression in his eyes before ...

INT. COMMUNICATIONS TENT - DAY

An awkward, uneasy silence here. Furtive glances exchange.

(CONTINUED)
TRAUTMAN
(half-heartedly)
Skill Leader calling Raven -- Rambo
-- Acknowledge.

TEASLE
... Now we get him by way:

He slowly exits the tent. Trautman flicks off the
walkie-talkie and grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

CREST - MORNING

Rambo sits way above the swarming humanity below him.
He wears a headband and appears to be mentally trans-
ported back to the jungles of Vietnam. He is humming
the song, "Purple Haze".
237 CLOSE - TELEVISION COMMENTATOR - EARLY MORNING

COMMENTATOR

- units of the National Guard in conjunction with state and local police began infiltrating the rugged, mountainous terrain early this morning...

(CONTINUED)
PULL BACK to reveal the COMMENTATOR being photographed and recorded by the team of a mobile unit. The media has been granted access to an area on the opposite side of the road from the Field Headquarters. Cars, reporters and tape recorders, photographers, and the mobile TV unit. Mostly they're just milling around, waiting for developments.

COMMENTATOR

(continuing)

What still remains unexplained by local authorities is how and where the former Green Beret came into possession of the weapons with which he allegedly tried to kill six policemen. But only their skilled training in law enforcement techniques saved their lives, and word has it that the fugitive will be in custody in a matter of hours.

TRAUTMAN

His eyes are on --

TEASLE

standing alone, watching truck after truck of National Guardsmen move past. One by one the trucks swing away from Field Headquarters. Trautman comes alongside.
Teasle starts to say something about that, checks himself. Too much has already been said.

TEASLE
(continuing; turns to Trautman)
Why couldn't you guys control this bastard -- Now we gotta do your dirty work. If he was so good why the hell did he leave the service?

TRAUTMAN
Because he wanted to be an ordinary workaday civilian -- like them -- like you.

It catches Teasle off guard. Before he can respond --

TRAUTMAN
(continuing)
He's not crazy -- not in the sense you're thinking, Teasle. ... But he does have to be stopped and I want the person who does it to be someone who understands him and goes through his pain with him.

He downs the rest of his drink, pours another shot.

TEASLE
What are you covering up, Trautman? The man's insane -- I served with a lot of guys like this -- guys already on the edge when they joined up. But you took him anyway.

(Continued)
No matter what you think, he was right for what we needed.

Then you turn loose a guy that can't do anything else but kill.

Spare us the horseshit, Teasle! It was a matter of 'field expediency' -- Our job was to kill. Period. Nothing else. That's what Rambo was trained to do and did exclusively for nearly three years. He did everything we asked of him and more. Including spending the last four months as a prisoner in a V.C. tiger cage -- which occasionally doubled as a latrine. But he hung tough. He was under control. That is, until you started him up again.

Trautman hoists his coffee.

I didn't start anything.

I didn't come here without any background.

What background?

Really gave them hell in Korea didn't you?

What the hell are you doing?
TRAUTMAN
Marine Corps Master Sergeant
Wilfred Teasle -- Purple Heart,
Bronze Star, extraordinary bravery
at the Chaitin Reservoir campaign,
awarded the Distinguished Service
Medal -- only thing higher is the
Congressional Medal of Honor --
and he got it. Christ, you're as
military as he is -- that's how
this damn mess got started... And
for all your talk, I don't believe
you've got the guts to meet him
again one on one, because no matter
what has happened to his mind, he's
something you could never be,
Teasle -- the best.

TEASLE
... What he is, is dead.

Teasle seems almost on the verge of striking Trautman,
but instead turns and moves away.

240
EXT. MOUNTAINS - SERIES OF CUTS - NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS
cautiously probing the mountains, forests.

DISSOLVE TO:

241
FOREST #8
in woodlands dense enough to squeeze out the sun.
CAMERA MOVES DOWNHILL across the darkness toward the
SOUND of a RUNNING STREAM. Sunlight filigrees the
heavy overgrowth lining the bank.

242
STREAM BANK - BUSHES
We see no one until leaves rustle and the camouflaged
figure of Rambo rises up from the shaggy bank. He
stands at the very point of a turn in the stream, gazing
off at several hundred yards of current flowing down-
stream. His senses are riveted there on something he
hears before we hear it, too -- bushes cracking,
unintelligible voices, the stream waters broken with
splashing.
A single Guardman materializes along the shallows, then another, then more along the opposite bank, then the phalanx of Guardsmen, guiding on the stream as they angle upland.

Rambo watches a moment longer, calculating their rate of advance, then withdraws, following the bank up to a second vantage point which looks upstream. VOICES, THRASHING and SPLASHING emanate from here, too.

The soldiers appear in the distance -- an unflankable wall of them.

With unsuspense, he maneuvers back, turns away from the stream and moves rapidly upland into the darkness of the woodlands.

Turning, Rambo comes face to face with a young boy who freezes with fright.

A fourteen-year-old kid dressed in a red hunting outfit, standing on a bluff, staring down. He is too transfixed by the sight of Rambo to run or operate his "broken" shotgun.

The knife instinctively flies to his hand, aims. Frozen target -- sure kill. But with a release of breath and a muttered oath Rambo's muscles slacken and the knife drops. He can't smack that stupid kid whose mouth is open a full second before the scream reverberates from the bluff.

Of course! Hunters with the kid.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

If he tried moving up that way he'd be an easy target even for them. Rambo's eyes dart back toward the woods and the skirmish line he knows is advancing up from the stream. He turns back towards the mine as SHOTGUN BLAST sprays the dirt above him.

BLUFFS

The ADULT HUNTERS with the boy are excitedly FIRING their SHOTGUNS at the fleeing Rambo.

FOREST - SKIRMISH LINE - SERIES OF CUTS

Guardsmen reacting to the SHOTS and the SHOUTING of the HUNTERS. Then double-timing it toward the source of the commotion.

EXT. FOREST #9 - DAY - RAMBO

He sprints through the woods trying to make it to the caves.

EXT. FOREST #9 - DAY

Guardsmen seem to gather from every direction and take up the chase. Some FIRE at the fleeing Rambo.

EXT. MINE - DAY - RAMBO

He sprints towards a dilapidated bridge that lies at the base of the mine entrance. BULLETS kick up to the right and left of Rambo as he hurdles the missing section of the bridge and rushes to the mine's entrance. The ground FIRE intensifies.

GUARDSMEN

The weekend soldiers continue to chase even though some are becoming winded and others actually try to reload their weapons while running.

INT. MINE - DAY - RAMBO

He tears into the mine's entrance and moves quickly down a long tunnel. He snatches a small makeshift torch and lights it in the low burning fire.
256  EXT. MINE - DAY

The Guardsmen begin to arrive at the entrance. They
FIRE into the blackness. Their flashlights cast long
shadows...

257  PANBO

The BULLETS spark off the wall near Pambo, who,
with his small torch rushes deeper into the center of the
mine...

257A  INT. COMMUNICATIONS TENT - DAY

Teasle and Kern are at the radio...

TEASLE (frantic): They're... they what? Whatever they do...

KERN (frantic): Just make sure... make sure they can't...

TEASLE (frantic): Before they get him! I mean don't...

KERN (frantic): Kill him! We can't let him alive!...

He turns away and addresses Kern...

TEASLE (continuing): I mean don't let him get away...

KERN (frantic): He's our only chance to save this town...

TEASLE (frantic): Come on, Kern...

They exit the tent...

257B  EXT. FIELD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

In the space between the communication tent and the
medical tent, Trautman can be seen conversing with
reporters...

Trautman reacts to the sight of Teasle and Kern rushing
out of the tent...

TEASLE (to Trautman): They're on him. I guess you deserve
to see how your boy ends up...

Trautman climbs into the helicopter and it takes off...

258  GUARDSMEN

More men gather outside the mine. The attitude is
almost recreational, bored citizens looking for action
and getting it. One Guardsman...

Guardsman (ad-lib):

C'mon, let's get him... He can't go much further. Blow his ass up!
Rambo is at the end of the tunnel. BULLETS tear away at the eroding walls and timbers. Rambo frantically searches for another outlet, but there is none.

Not me.

We've got him pinned! Now start moving inside.

I do this part-time. I ain't dying in here. How do you know he isn't just waiting for us to come inside.

Rambo -- This is Lt. Morgen, National Guard Leader. I'm giving you thirty seconds to come out.

Lt. Morgen waves to another group of Guardsmen.

Smith, Caswell, Billings, you've got the grenades. Bring them here.

This is your last chance to come out.

(to Rambo)

(to him men)

If he doesn't want to come out we'll keep him in there.

(Continued)
GUARDSMAN
Shouldn't we wait?

LT. MORGAN
He's a killer, and I'm in charge here. Cast 'em - throw the
three Guardsmen pull the pins and throw the grenades
down the tunnel.

RAMBO
He has heard this sound a thousand times before and
he curls into a tight ball as the grenades explode.
The mine collapses, sending tons of earth and debris
roaring that nearly shatters his ears. He finally looks up to see how much rock has fallen and
choke on the dust.

GUARDSMEN
They begin to gather in larger numbers and gape at the
wall of rock with almost childlike wonder. All the
men flash their lights on the cave-in.

GUARDSMAN
D'mm.

GUARDSMAN #2
He ain't going nowhere.

GUARDSMAN #3
D'you think it killed him?

INT. MINE - DAY - RAMBO

Stares at a faint beam of light that radiates through
the dust. The light leaps in through an opening of
nearly a foot between the fallen rock and the mine's roof.

GUARDSMEN VOICES
Should we start digging him out?

LT. MORGAN (O.S.)
We'll wait until the other authorities
can get here. Just keep your lights on. These rocks create the slightest movement.
Rambo looks up and in the light he notices the gust is being sucked away behind him. Spotting the glowing ember until a small flame ignites and he moves several paces back and notices the flame is being pulled downward.

He bends low and sees a fissure in the rock and slices it with his belt and squeezes it between two walls. The tip of rock under his shoes is slippery and wet and tilting downward. The orange reflection from his torch glints on the wet rock and shows Rambo where the walls taper down into a widening funnel.

The Guardsmen are in force around the rockpile. Some are taking pictures of one another with instamatic cameras while posing with their rifles.

In the near darkness Rambo drops a stone down the funnel and counts.

RAMBO

One — two — three.

It strikes bottom with a HOLLOW SOUND. He eases one foot into the hole, then the other. He supports himself on his elbows as his legs search for a ledge or a crack. He begins to lower himself down. When his arms are nearly outstretched, his foot comes to rest on the upper rung of a ladder.

The Helicopter lands nearby and Trautman, Kern and Teasle appear.

TEASLE

Those turkeys.

Kern and Teasle walk up to the new wall of rock, near Morgen.

MORGEN

I was taking no chances.

The silly man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Tone in his voice is irritating.
There's no way you can get a dozer up here so I guess somebody'll have to dig him out.

TEASLE
You made the mess, it's your clean-up.

MORGEN
(whining)
Why, my guess is it's a good two days work.

TEASLE
Well then I guess your C.O. is gonna want you to get into it right away.

KERN and TEASLE cross to TRAUTMAN.

KERN
I'm sorry, it had to happen this way, Colonel.

TEASLE
Buried by a bunch of goddamned weekend warriors. I thought he was supposed to be the best you ever turned out.

TRAUTMAN
However he may have ended up, there was a time when he was very special.

TEASLE
Bullshit, special, my ass, he was just another drifter who broke the law.

TRAUTMAN
Vacancy, rank hit? That ought to look real good on his grave stone.

Arlington. John Rambo, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, survivor of countless incursions behind enemy lines, killed for vagrancy in Jerkwater, U.S.A.

(continued)
Don't give me that, Trautman. He killed a police officer, crippled two others.

TRAUTMAN

You're goddamn lucky he didn't kill all of you.

JUST LUCKY, I GUESS. UE AND THI TRIP STONG.

SHUT UP, WILL YOU?

I'm sick of this bullshi—especially by forces. The goddamn mad huns. I mean... They're tougher than you, smarter than you, except they lose. This guy comes walking in here full of advice about how we have to let this maniac go so we can save our ass. Well, we didn't and we saved our own ass. The best man lost and he doesn't like it.

Teasle walks off. Trautman goes to the mine entrance.

INT. MINE — DAY

Rambo lowers himself gingerly on another run of the ladder. It bends, but holds. He steps on another rung, and it splits. He breaks through three more before he stops. The sound of his fall thunders through the chamber and startles him.

Touching bottom, he moves several paces and into a wider fissure. He spies a rusty pick leaning against the wall.

(CONTINUED)
The flickering torchlight casts eerie shadows on the cell. He moves around the corner and comes upon the repulsive form of a skeleton. He is revolted by the bones that are tinted orange by his torch. He steps over the perfectly arranged bones and heads of another fissure where the sound of water fills his senses. His torch burns down in the increasing dampness.

Rambo is on the verge of panic as he wades into the total unknown. He increases his speed. With the torch dimming, he arrives at another fissure and a swirling stream. He enters the moving water and hunches over, since the ceiling is only inches above his head.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN STREAM - RAMBO

In that hunched over posture, wading against a black, icy current, seeking its source, and soon finding it, a small cataract spilling down through an aperture, between massive bulwarks of rock. Dead end.

(CONTINUED)
Rambo's body sags as he stares helplessly at the impenetrable wall of stone confronting him. Then he turns and looks back at the current he fought against to get here. Suppressing a wave of claustrophobic panic, he starts wading back.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN STREAM - RAMBO

Wading with the current, duck walking low clearance and once again meeting up with the breeze which flutes its way through the caverns and now moves along with the current until --

The rock ceiling abruptly ends, and the stream roars into the echo chambering --

CATHEDRAL

Domed ceiling rises high above the channel which surges its length, foaming up over a broad shelf before vanishing into impassable rock. Above the shelf, a black hold in the cavern wall many times the width of a man and into which the breeze reeds and whistles. CAMERA PANS BACK to the stream's inlet where Rambo stands surveying the chamber and the breeze which points the way toward the hole above the shelf.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

SHELF - RAMBO

Muscles up from the rushing stream and stops to rest below the hole. Here the breeze whips at his hair and beard, and Rambo imitates the whistling. He well knows he's found the way out, and his strength renews as he begins making his way into the black hole, feeling his way when --

A black flurry explodes from the hole, squeaking soughing wings, heads, teeth -- BATS -- hundreds of them spin crazily about him. Rambo beats them away as he falls back to the ledge, flailing, swatting insanely, batting the pests away. His shirt! Something in there! He digs inside his collar, grabbing it, snapping its brittle back and violently heaving it away.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Trembling now, with total revulsion, he stares up at the hold and the bats circling the cathedral. His mouth opens long before his cry reverberates upon rock.

CUT TO:

INT. HOPE POLICE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A cruiser, with Lester behind the wheel and Teasle in the passenger seat, pulls up and parks. They get out and head into the station. A few passing pedestrians pause to cast curious glances at Teasle.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Great, Will! Heard you took care of that boy real good!

Teasle nods and enters the station.

INT. POLICE STATION - FULL SHOT

Aside from Preston, who holds down the dispatcher's spot, it is painfully empty of personnel. The scaffold-ing has been stacked to one side and the painting paraphernalia is still in evidence.

Preston looks around as Teasle and Lester enter. It is an awkward moment for both Preston and Teasle.

PRESTON

How you doin', Will?

Teasle heads into his office, closing the door behind him. Lester and Preston exchange looks.

INT. TEASLE'S OFFICE

Teasle sits reading the phone messages, leaning back and closing his eyes, succumbing to exhaustion and emotional defeat. He then sits upright and quickly exits the office.

CATHEDRAL - RAMBO

kneeling on the ledge, hands clenched, eyes closed, concentrating, fighting back the revulsion.

(CONTINUED)
A peroxysm of shivering betrays his thoughts. He looks up at the pest hole and his expression sours.

RAMBO
(a husky whisper)
Keep going -- keep going.

Anchoring his elbows in his groin, he hunkers over to squeeze back the shaking.

He is gathering himself -- like a karate-ist hyping himself to chop bricks.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL - RAMBO

His concentration intense, body rocking slightly, eyes closed --

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL - RAMBO

Scene profound feeling stirring inside him, readying him. His eyes open and he is moving -- up and into the pest hole.

PEST HOLE - SERIES OF SHOTS

Squeaking, swarming bats, beating wings. Rambo crawls, feeling his way in the blackness, swatting the pests away from his face, digging them out of his hair, beard, shirt.

Suddenly the bats swarm, as one, and lift off. Rambo stops, looks up. Realizing he can stand, he does, gazes up into --

CHIMNEY

The bats are circling upward, flitting across the craggy (very climbable) walls of the sixty-foot chimney into a cleft of pale, afternoon sky.

EXT. BLUFFS - BATS - DAY

The swarm bursts from the cleft in the rocks almost directly above --
286 THE NATIONAL GUARD ENCAMPMENT

which is being set up near the collapsed mine. Supplies are being carried into the area by Guardsmen, who are unloading trucks parked a couple miles away.

287 GUARDSMEN'S POV - BLUFFS

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS UP AND IN on the cleft. HOLD as Rambo's head rises INTO VIEW and stops at the eyes which peer down at the encampment, then off into --

288 FOREST HORIZON

The sun backlighting distant peaks.
Teasle comes in. There are murmurs of "Hello" and "Good job" from the bar.

Trautman studies his drink. Teasle appears next to him. Sits down.

TRAUTMAN
(dryly)
Have a seat.

Teasle has an utterly preoccupied, subtly agitated manner.

TEASLE
If I was abrupt before,
I'm sorry ...

But he doesn't sound sorry, it's more like a formality. Trautman knows that between the two of them, he, Trautman, did more of the harsh talking.

TRAUTMAN
None of that makes any difference now, does it?

TEASLE
(impatiently)
I guess not. I suppose ...
I just ... I feel like ...

TRAUTMAN
(completing the thought)
You got gypped. You got cheated outta your chance.

TEASLE
It's worse than that. I got this empty feeling. I'm supposed to be protecting people against ... violence ... but I would have been perfectly happy to tear that boy limb from limb.

TRAUTMAN
Doesn't sit well with the badge.

TEASLE
I don't kill. I stop men from killing. Right?

(CONTINUED)
TRAUTMAN
It can get fairly confusing sometimes. In Vietnam, you can bet Rambo and me got pretty confused. Well, we had orders. When in doubt, kill. It's all summed up in that immortal line: "I had to destroy the town in order to save it." But hell, you're a civilian. You can go back to your house and your wife and your life now. You aren't under any pressure to figure this all out...

TEASLE
What about you... what did you figure out, Colonel? If I had let you have your way with the kid, what would you have done? Wrapped him in your arms and given him a big sloppy kiss or would you have blown his head off? When a machine malfunctions, you junk it, don't you?

TRAUTMAN
I couldn't answer that till the moment I faced him!

There is a long pause.

TEASLE
Yeah... well... I read you just as well we didn't get a chance to find out. You have a ride to the airport.

TRAUTMAN
I can handle it.

TEASLE
Well, it hasn't been what I'd call a pleasure but... have a nice life, Colonel.

They shake hands.

TRAUTMAN
Good luck!
ANGLING DOWN from the cleft. Campfires are going, pup tents being erected, etc. The last of the supplies are getting hauled up from the O.S. trucks as the guardsmen are picking their way through the forest.

The tail end of it is passing us by; radios, digging equipment, tenting being packed uphill by guardsmen. CAMERA EASES past them, picks up Rambo concealed in the brush, spitting distance away, observing the chain of men advancing from a now discernible fire road with a stopped convoy of National Guard trucks.

The last of the supplies is crossing the narrow, muddy, wheel-cutted road on the backs of the last half dozen guardsmen, while four DRIVERS secure their 2 1/2 ton rigs for travel.

The fifth and LEAD DRIVER stands at the open door of his truck, impatient to get rolling. PAN from his face across counting drivers to CATHCART, who is fiddling with the tailgate of the last truck.

LEAD DRIVER

Let's move it fer Chrissakes!

He secures the gate, races around to the cab, hops in. ENGINES ROAR.

As he fires his engine, then reacts to the sudden appearance of Rambo. Terror freezes Cathcart as Rambo opens the door and maneuvers inside and puts the knife to his throat.

Cathcart seems incapable of functioning. The other trucks are already rolling.

RAMBO

Drive!

Trembling Cathcart fumbles the truck into gear. They roll.
The trucks, nearly filling the width of the narrow, muddy road, slowly snake downhill.

INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - DAY

Rambo cranes a look through the windshield, then settles back. He examines the contents of the cab, with its civilian amenities stashed about: fruit, milk, cigarettes, zippo lighter, fig newtons. Cathcart's M-60 and ammo belt sit dead in the rack, holding damp sweat-soaked socks up to dry. Rambo opens the milk carton and drinks hungrily. He finishes to find Cathcart staring at him.

FIRE ROAD - TRUCK CONVOY

The convoy continues wending its way down the road heading for a sharp curve.

OMITTED

FIRE ROAD

The third and fourth trucks are moving into the curve. The gap between them and Cathcart's truck is widening.

INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - THROUGH WINDSHIELD DAY

We see the fourth truck disappear around the bend. Eaze around to pick up Rambo as he one-hands the wheel and stretches his foot onto the brake over Cathcart's boot. The truck grinds to a stop.

RAIKO

... Go home.

Cathcart hurries out of the truck. Rambo takes the wheel.
on the road, states at the truck lurching back into control and moving away.

is reacting to the absence of Cathcart's truck.
Annoyed, he slows his rig, squints into the rear view mirror, then relaxes as the grille appears. He accelerates to convoy speed.

moves steadily ahead, the fifth truck closing the gap.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:
threading its way along the switchbacks, down the mountain. As CAMERA PANS with convoy, it PICKS UP a State Police cruiser heading up the road. The lead truck pulls over to give the cruiser as much room as possible. The other trucks follow suit.

**INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY**

duplicating the action of the other drivers now sees the cruiser slowly squeezing past the convoy, heading his way. Rambo ducks low, pretending to busy himself with some problem under the dash. The cruiser inches past. Rambo sits up, glances at its reflection in his sidview mirror.

**RAMBO**

(grimace)

_Damn!_ 

Struck! The road is much too narrow to allow him to pass the other trucks. He has no choice but to sweat it out.

**INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY**

continues down the road at its irritatingly cautious pace. Rambo stuck in the last position.

**EXT. CAVE - DAY**

As the guardsmen work below, Teasle has hiked up the hill and inspects the rock formations for possible escape routes.

**INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY**

drives, keeping one eye fastened on the rearview mirror. He reaches for Cathcart's sock- adorned M-16 and the ammo belt. With one hand, he expertly starts loading.

**EXT. FIRE ROAD - STATE POLICE CRUISER - DAY**

snaking up the rutted road in the opposite direction.
approaches a two-lane paved access road which intersects the fire road. The lead truck turns onto it.

driving, then reacting to the sight of the wider, paved road. He throws the truck out of gear, primes the engine to a ROAR. As the truck nears the intersection, Rambo double clutches and floots it! The truck shoots ahead.

Rambo's truck pulling out of line, powering along the outside, passing truck after truck. The drivers react to what they suppose is Cathcart going nuts.

OVER THE SHOULDERS of the State Police Troopers as the figure of Cathcart, heading back to the encampment, appears ahead. He turns, sees the cop car, waves his arms frantically. The cops trade a look.

Lester is brewing some coffee. Preston is dozing at the dispatcher's desk. Teasle remains in his office, behind closed doors. The RADIO COMES TO LIFE with some introductory STATIC.

S.P. car one Charlie five to Central. We still on that three-way hook-up?

Roger. Still working. What's your story, Steamboat?

Looks like somebody pulled the plug too soon. That Rambo guy's on the loose again...

CUT TO:
burning up the asphalt. The road eventually branches off onto a three-lane highway. A sign points to Mattison. FOLLOW RAMBO until he swings the truck onto the highway.

CUT TO:

A lot of frenetic activity here as a roadblock is set up. Red warning lights mounted on crates in front of the jeeps. Guardsmen with rifles being positioned on the flanks.

barreling.

catches first sight of the National Guard roadblock, still some distance away. The news is obviously out. He trots off the gas.

skidding onto it from the fire road, accelerating hard, turning on its flashers and SIREN.

crouched, rifles up. The monster hurtling down the highway toward them is moving faster than any deuce and a halfer was ever meant to -- and showing no sign of being intimidated by the roadblock.

A DOZEN BURSTS OF RIFLE FIRE tear into it but miss the vital organs as the truck plows through the crates and jeeps, heaving them aside. The truck careens, fish-tails, regains balance and ROARS ahead.
324 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - DAY (DUSK)

GUNFIRE is still clipping at the back of the rig. The
rig has been shot up, the windshield spider-webbed, and
steam pours from the hood. Rambo checks the rearview
mirror, sees nothing in pursuit, but knows it won't be
long. Darkness is falling rapidly.

325 EXT. JUNCTION OF ACCESS ROAD AND HIGHWAY - NIGHT (DUSK)

The State Police cruiser is joined by second cruiser.
They scorch the highway, SIRENS WAILING.

326 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT (DUSK)

squints through the damaged windshield toward --

327 RAMBO'S POV - ROAD SIGN

It reads: "HOPE WELCOMES SAFE DRIVERS"

The rig surges past the sign. A moment later another
sign:

"GAS -- ONE MILE"

326 EXT. HIGHWAY - CATHCART'S TRUCK - NIGHT (DUSK)

steam gushing from the hood, ROARS PAST CAMERA.

329 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT (DUSK)

With the growing darkness, he can see pinpoints of red
appearing in the mirror. They are still miles back.

330 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT (DUSK)

The station, which sits on the edge of the highway, is
closed and night lights cast pale illumination across
the canopied drive. In distant b.g. the headlights of
Cathcart's truck appear.

331 INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT

His gaze alternates between the road and rearview
mirror.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He now one-hands the wheel, stuffing the M-60 belt into his shirt and threading the M-60 over his shoulder. He peers through the windshield.

RAMBO'S POV - THE GAS STATION

as the truck closes in on it!

INT. CATHCART'S TRUCK - RAMBO - NIGHT

braces himself, floors the accelerator.

EXT. GAS STATION - CATHCART'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The massive two and a half tonner suddenly veers in from the highway, heading directly for the pumps at full speed. The first impact shears the pumps from the island. The truck then crashes hard into the canopy struts, bringing the overhang twisting and smashing down around the rig which hangs up in the fallen beams, stalling.

ANGLE AT THE WRECKAGE

Gasoline gushes from the severed pumps, coursing down the drive toward the highway.

WRECKAGE CATHCART'S TRUCK/GAS STATION - RAMBO

scrambles from the cab. He can hear the faint SOUND OF SIRENS WAILING in the distance. He snaps Cathcart's zippo lighter open, sparks the flame and tosses it.

WRECKAGE

It bursts into flame. Gasoline trails ignite into fire streams that streak across the drive onto the highway.

RAMBO

races into the sodden field that borders the highway as --
goes up in a series of THREE EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS that hurl a ball of flame and debris across the highway, turning it into an impassable inferno.

ILLUMINATED by the flames, pauses for a fleeting look, then turns and takes off across the field toward the distant lights of Mattison. HOLD until he is swallowed up by darkness.

EXT. HOPE POLICE STATION - TEASLE, LESTER AND PRESTON - NIGHT

Guardsmen and worker look at the flames boiling into the darkness of night several miles away. CAMERA MOVES IN on Teasle, who stands by himself.

TEASLE'S POV

across the forest towards town, miles away, the brilliant glow of the blaze lighting up the night sky.

EXT. GAS STATION - THE TWO STATE POLICE CRUISERS - NIGHT

are brought to a shuddering stop by the flames which continue to boil out onto the highway, liquefying the asphalt.

EXT. "THE ANTLER" - TOWARD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

where Teasle drives up and gives some hurried instructions to Lester and Preston. They scramble into Lester's cruiser, dig out and speed down the main drag, heading for the fire.

TRAUTMAN

who studies Teasle intently, waiting for some sign, some confirmation of his suspicions.

TEASLE

- turns in his eye but gives him nothing. He turns
The troopers from the first cruiser are running around the fire by way of the field, trying to get a closer look at the burning truck. The driver of the second cruiser is following in his vehicle -- or, rather, trying to, because the car almost immediately becomes mired down in the spongy earth, its wheels spinning and spewing mud.

Two fire engines are streaking down the street, BELLS CLANGING, SIRENS SCREAMING. A procession of civilian cars is already forming and heading for the fire.

Camouflaged by darkness he moves steadily across the field. In distant b.g. the fire rages.

stands at the opened gun case fitting cartridges into a clip.

ANGLE WIDENS as Teasle turns to find Trautman standing in the doorway. Ignoring the remark, Teasle continues loading the clip. Trautman observes this for a moment, then --

If I were you I'd forget what you're thinking and clear out while you can.

You clear the hell out, Trautman!

The kid isn't gunning for me.

What are you talking about? You set it up and now he's coming -- and that's the way I want it!

Finished loading the clip, he slips it into the pistol, works the action so that a bullet is in the chamber.

(CONTINUED)
What the hell is it going to take to convince you?

Teasle gives him a look, locks the gun case, flicks off the lights, moves past Trautman into the main office.

Teasle crosses to the rifle rack, unlocks it, goes through the business of selecting a piece under which --

**TRAUTMAN**

Why do you want to die here tonight -- because that's what's going to happen.

**TEASLE**

We'll see who buries who.

**TRAUTMAN**

There's only one person in this room with half a chance --

(At Teasle's look)

Not because I'm that much better than him. It's because I'm the closest thing to family that he has left.

(Beat)

That may be all the edge I need.

**TEASLE**

(revolved by the implication)

Get out of here, Trautman.

**TRAUTMAN**

What makes you so bent on doing this?

**TEASLE**

I had respect in this town.

**TRAUTMAN**

You still do.

**TEASLE**

Not like before that son of a bitch came.

(CONTINUED)
352 CONTINUED:

TRAUTHAN
You think this is going to get your respect back?

TEASLE
That and more -- now this is the last time to get the hell out.

353 EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

At the periphery of Hope, paddock and chicken coop territory marked by junked cars, HOWLING DOGS and day-old mad. Firelight illuminates the far horizon, the lights of town the near. Headlights fill the connecting highway as vehicles race out to battle or witness the blaze, and this tableau appears to be our focus until the night blackened figure explodes into f.g., FILLING THE FRAME. It is --

354 RAMBO

Running hard and low, threading his way through this maverick terrain which could ambush him with an open trench or wire fence. He is perhaps half a mile from the rear of the buildings lining MAIN STREET. FOLLOW him past a patchwork of clothes-lined yards and smoke-sheds and fellow gardens. Suddenly the loudspeaker voice jumping out of nowhere brings him to a dead stop.

TEASLE'S VOICE
Attention all pedestrians -- clear the streets immediately and remain indoors until further instructions. This is a Police Department order --

355 INT. POLICE STATION - TEASLE - NIGHT

Directs his loudspeaker message to the smattering of people who dot the main drag.

TEASLE
(into microphone)
-- For your own safety -- (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TEASLE (CONT'D)
-- clear the streets immediately
and remain indoors until further
instructions.

(beat)
That means everyone! Let's move
it!

The handful of hangers-back outside the Antlers, drift
back into the bar, as do the gawkers farther on down
the street.

RAMBO

The voice is unmistakably Teasle's and it confirms
and simplifies like no road map ever could. The
perverse humor of it rises into Rambo's eyes.

RAMBO'S POV - THE TOWN

over the continuing BULLHORN VOICE. Corridors of
light and activity appear between the back of build-
ings which essentially stand in darkness.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - TRAUTMAN

The Colonel, armed with an M-16, moves around the
perimeter of the jailhouse.

EXT. GAS STATION - FIRE SCENE - NIGHT

Vehicles are bottlenecked at both sides of the fire
which continues to block the highway. National Guard
trucks and State Police cruisers having tried their
hands at circling the blaze are hopelessly bogged down
in the sodden fields.

On the town side of the highway, Lester and Preston
have been unsuccessfully trying to unclog civilian
traffic which hinders the activity of the firefighters.
Lester stands at the door of his cruiser, talking into
the radio mike.

LESTER

It's a mess. Whether he's still
inside that truck or what --
INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Lester's voice filters through the radio speaker.

LESTER'S VOICE
-- we can't get anywhere close enough to find out.

CAMERA PANS FROM the radio TO the back of the main room where Teasle is methodically double-bolting the rear door. He kills the lights back there, too, then proceeds toward the desks and dispatch area where, in the manner of a man with a plan, he concentrates harsh light on the entrance. He raises the volume on the radio, enlarging Lester's voice which has continued throughout the above.

LESTER'S VOICE
(continuing)
Will, nobody knows how many reservoirs are under those gas pumps and I've got traffic jammin' up. I can't push 'em back -- No one's listening to me, Will -- if that blows again --

Teasle has started toward the left ladder, but he moves quickly to the radio and flips the switch.

Teasle flips back the switch. Lester's voice is replaced by HEAVY STATIC which is broken into by State Police CROSS-TALK, much of it coming from units trapped on the National Guard side of the fire.

Under this skirm, Teasle takes a final appraisal of the room and starts up the stairway to the loft.

LOFT - TRAPDOOR

Teasle opens the bolt and throws the hatch open to a rectangle of night sky. With his sidesarm and rifle, he starts up the ladder to the roof.

EXT. JAIL - FULL - NIGHT

Lights burn brightly from the front windows, perhaps too brightly. CAMERA PANS BACK ALONG the corridor of a nearly deserted Main Street -- PAST eerie anticipating faces behind door and window glass -- ALONG the closed shops with window and cheerful advertising lights.
A chain of overhead streetlights (the sort J.C.'s festoon for Christmas) extends the length, terminating just beyond the face of the jail. Call (the jail and surroundings) the south of town. Rambo is advancing from the north.

The globe NEARLY FILLS THE FRAME before CAMERA RAPIDLY PULLS BACK, revealing our position; a darkened walkway between buildings. Rambo's SILHOUETTE rises into fig., the M-60 at his shoulder.

ONE SHOT erases it, sending a shower of glass onto the pavement.

Terrified faces behind windows.

A brave man brandishes a shotgun, and his same wife struggles him back.

positioned behind the parapet atop the jail roof, looks north, observing the chunk of darkness in the chain of streetlights. It has truly begun and as much as his hands tremble on the rifle, Teasle won't be suckered.

From the cover of shadow, we view the closed storefronts, the bank, the grocery, the brightly lighted jail still a block or two to the south. CAMERA ANGLES AROUND TO Rambo's face, intense with calculation. He well knows Teasle is laying for him. He knows, too, that the Chief is annealing his fear, but how long -- how much can the monkey take.

One final sweep of the eyes before the M-60 comes to his shoulder and he takes aim.

A barrage of M-60 FIRE EXPLODES ITS WINDOWS and triggers the ALARM.
The sate BARRAGE DEEPLY BLASTS SERIES OF LIGHTS from their wires, pitching this end of town into near darkness.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE

reacts, sighting his rifle to the north, straining every sense for sight of him. GUNFIRE AND SHATTERING GLASS snap Teasle's head to the south. The streetlights there are gone and another ALARM is CLANGING, all of it confusing his sense of the kid's approach.

He quickly sweeps around from south to north. The street is deserted of all life save the maddening ALARMS. A game of nerves. Sweat is soaking Teasle's shirt and standing on his face. His mouth works against its dryness and his tongue traces his upper lip, savoring the taste of sweat. The vividness of his eyes describes the frighteningly delicious advance from fear to "battle high."

GUNFIRE takes the north of town, to the south, window LIGHTS SHATTER. Each spasm of fire snaps Teasle's head side to side until the definition of Main Street submerges into near darkness.

TEASLE
(to himself)
... Keep comin'.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - RAMBO

crouches in darkness one block north of the dazzling jail lights. He anticipated return fire by now and is rather puzzled by the silence. A crooked little smile works across his mouth. Perhaps the Chief is learning.

Rambo moves low across the pavement, using the cover of a parked car to get the narrow angle on the neon tubing of the Antler's Bar, nearly across the street from the jail. He FIRES a covering volley and races silently to the opposite pavement which runs flush with the jail still one block south.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE

reacts to the glass still falling from the front of the Antlers.

(CONTINUED)
He rises to one knee, sighting the rifle along the street below but seeing no one. Then he freezes as plate glass SHATTERS, setting off a third ALARM. Close -- half a block north. He scrambles along the parapet to the roof corner, sighting the rifle barrel into the sliver of pavement he can cover from this close angle. He waits.

EXT. BACK OF JAIL - NIGHT

Several decades of highway wrecks form an auto graveyard which haphazardly covers the scrubby fields of fifty yards or so behind this section of Main Street. Trautman and his weapon have been stationed here for some time, guarding Teasle's back, but ON THE CUT, Trautman is circling from south to north, repositioning on the azimuth of the third alarm to intercept Rambo.

INT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOp - NIGHT

The windows are SHATTERED and the burglar ALARM is deafening. What we see on SEVERAL CUTS is four swift and distinct pieces of action INTERCUT WITH Teasle and Trautman.

The butt of the M-60 crashes display cases loaded with hunting ammunition.

Rambo's hand is on the roll of wrapping paper, unreeled yard upon yard onto the floor.

Lamp oil and kerosene tins are upended, pouring their contents over the ammunition boxes.

The Zippo lighter ignites, putting flame to the wrapping paper.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE

sighting toward the pavement as fire glow begins spreading its halo. Sensing a shot, he edges out, craning to increase his angle.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT - TRAUTMAN

moving north, stops as the fire glow illuminates the back windows of the gunshop.
CONTINUED

His gaze instinctively snaps toward the rooftops, for some glimpse of a silhouette. The kid should be maneuvering, for the high angle, but he isn't. He's got another route in mind.

Trautman now bolts south, retracing his course through the cracks.

RAYBO (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA)

running through yards, past the backs of buildings, hurrying hedges and low fences. We have no idea of his course or geography until the lights of the jail loom up across the street and a quarter of a block north. Raybo has circled back behind the Antlers and well past it. He checks his M-60.

INT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOP - NIGHT

Fire engulfs the interior and the ammunition cabinets are white with heat. Shotgun shells are the first to heat and EXPLODE and CONTINUOUS AMMUNITION DISCHARGES will continue throughout the following.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE

disoriented at first by the BARRAGE OF SHOTGUN SHELLS suddenly understands what has been done and almost grins with rueful respect.

EXT. GUN AND TACKLE SHOP - NIGHT

Firelight streams from the crashed windows as the BARRAGE increases, discharging a lethal HAILSTORM into Main Street which comes alive with RICOCHETS. Two seconds -- four seconds -- the shop's volatile contents (kerosene, alcohol, propane, black powder -- take your pick) and the fire combine into an EXPLOSION which funnels flame out across Main Street, backlighting --

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - TEASLE

who lunges back against the parapet, shielding himself from the sudden wash of light. He has reacted fast and well except for the tip of the --
EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT
RAMBO runs and hides behind a garbage can. The explosion. TEASLE pokes his head up from the corner of the roof, to see what has happened, then ducks down again.
Rambo spots him, then runs back down the alley.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT
We are in close on the darkened front windows as they SHATTER under a rain of M-60 FIRE.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT
M-60 FIRE RIPS the light fixtures TO SHREDS, throwing the room into half-light licked by the firelight from the gun shop.

EXT. POLICE STATION
M-60 fire explodes the front doors and the window next to them. TEASLE runs across the roof, reacting to the gunfire.

INT. JAIL ENTRY - RAMBO - NIGHT
Slams a fresh ammo belt into the M-60 and hesitates for an instant, straining for some sound of movement from the roof. His eyes have already found the open trapdoor.

INT. JAIL - TEASLE - NIGHT
Rambo's form is outlined in the shadows and Teasle raises his rifle. As he positions himself, his foot makes a scraping sound.

INT. POLICE STATION
RAMBO walks from the corner to the filing cabinet and stoops down. TEASLE spots him and fires. Rambo runs. Rambo shoots up toward the skylight. Teasle falls down through the skylight.
INT. JAIL - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSEUP RAMBO raises the rifle slowly to his shoulder.

CLOSEUP - RIFLE

Rambo's finger slides deftly into place.

TEASLE

Contorts in pain, but never removes his eyes from Rambo's insane expression.

TEASLE

Go ahead. Go ahead, you crazy son of a bitch. Finish it! Finish it!

RAMBO

His body tenses. The rifle is positioned perfectly. His eyes burn with anticipation.

TRAUTMAN (O.S.)

...Rambo!!

RAMBO

He whips around with his heart in his mouth staring dead into Trautman's eyes. He turns back to Teasle.
The veins in his neck bulge, the anticipation of the sure kill starts to overwhelm him.

TRAUTMAN
Rambo...don't do it!

TRAUTMAN
If you kill him it's over. You have no chance, do you understand me. You have no chance.

TRAUTMAN
Please, I'm not asking for him, I'm asking for yourself - don't do this! Don't kill him!

Rambo lowers the gun and turns in a fury to Trautman.

RAMBO
Where the fuck were you?

TRAUTMAN moves towards Rambo...Trautman assumes an attitude of a not-so-confident father trying to regain the confidence of a disinherited son.

TRAUTMAN
I'm here now. No one's going to hurt you out there. Let's wind this up.

Rambo still remains frozen with his weapon at port arms. His eyes glaring with frightening intensity into Trautman's.

TRAUTMAN
I'll order the chopper and fly you back to Bragg.

(CONTINUED)
They're not lettin me fly anywhere!

TRAUTMAN
They will - that's why I'm here.

A spotlight shines through the window. Rambo ducks.

TRAUTMAN
Hold your fire!

The National Guard and Troopers stand outside waiting.

Rambo is pulling guns out of the cupboard.

TRAUTMAN
Think about what you're doing.

RAMBO
...How're they positioned?

TRAUTMAN
---The building perimeter's covered -- there's no exit.

RAMBO
Firepower?

TRAUTMAN
Nearly two hundred men. Maybe forty armed with M-16's. Why the hell did you have to start this?

RAMBO
I didn't.

TRAUTMAN
The hell you didn't. This cop pushed hard, but you could've walked. Let me tell you something, Rambo, you did everything you could to make this private war happen. Well now you've done enough damage. It's over. Do you understand?

He walks toward the window.

TRAUTMAN (continuing)
Take a look at them out there. Look at them Rambo. Look at them. If you don't end this now, they're gonna kill you. You are going to die here. Is that what you want?
RAMBO
Nothin is over! You just don't turn it off. It wasn't my war! They asked me, I didn't ask them!!! I killed what I had to kill to win. Come home ready to kiss the ground and see all these maggots at the airport protestin' me -- spittin' -- callin' me woman killer, baby killer -- where were you? Why didn't anybody set them straight?

TRAUTMAN
That's all in the past, Rambo.

RAMBO
Civilian life is bullshit -- genuine bullshit! In the field we had a code of honour! You watch my back - I watch yours. Back here there's nothin!
(continuing)
Man, I can drive tanks, I can fly gunship, I was in charge of million dollar equipment...and I can't even keep a job parking cars! Everytime somebody looks at me wrong, I want to wipe the ground with their face! There's just no honour on the street... nothing!

TRAUTMAN
Rambo listen to me! Everything you believed in wasn't wrong -- goddamn it, it was necessary!

Rambo sits.

RAMBO
Where the hell's Danforth? We were always talkin' about Vegas and this Chevy he wanted to buy. '58 Candyapple red...He said, 'We gonna cruise till the tires fail off!'
INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

RAMBO
We set world records for fire fights and after five months in the bush, we gotta week of R and R in Saigon... We were going into this bar, and this kid, carrying this shoeshine box runs up saying, 'Shine, please, shine.' Joey said, 'Yeah' and I went to get a couple of beers. The shine box was wired - the kid opened the box and Joey changed shape - it blew their bodies all over the bar!'

RAMBO
(continuing)
There's blood and pieces of him all over me. I tried to hold him together, but his insides kept slipping through my hands. Joey screamed, 'What about my Chevy! I wanna drive my Chevy!' I said, 'With what? I can't find your fuckin' legs!' He got quiet and died quiet. I still dream about it. Listen man, I dream this shit almost every night - sometimes I wake up and don't know where the fuck I am. I don't talk to anybody for hours... days sometimes. I try to block it out of my mind, but I can't...

Rambo begins to sob uncontrollably and Trautman guides him by his shoulder.
EXT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Rambo is escorted out of the Police Station by Trautman followed by Kern and Guard.

They reach the bottom of the stairs where Teasle is being attended to by ambulance men.

They walk down the street, where the National Guard and Police have surrounded the building.

Rambo looks at the National Guard and Troopers as he walks to the jeep.

They watch him.

Trautman and Rambo get in the jeep. They drive away.

The Troopers and ambulance leave and begin to resume order.