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# **Invasion U.S.A.**

By James Bruner

How much further is it to Florida?  
Not too far now, just over the horizon.  
We will make it, won't we?  
God will show us the way.  
If the Americans catch us, |will they send us back to Cuba?  
What will happen to us then?  
They won't catch us.  
Try it.  
It's not going to work.  
Look! Over there! A boat!  
Over here!  
- Over here!|- Americans.  
Welcome to the United States.  
Thank you.  
Enough! Stop!  
Stop!  
Nikko.  
Oh, Madre de Dios.  
It's down there.  
Ay! Diablo!  
FBI.  
- Cassidy, FBI.|- Lieutenant, they're here.  
- You in charge?|- Lieutenant Tom Green, Homicide.  
- What happened?|- A fishing trawler found them.  
- The tugs pulled her in.|- Any witnesses?  
No, the Coastguard said she was|on a routine smuggling prevention patrol  
the last time they made radio contact.  
- Who's been on board?|- My men. Some coastguard brass.  
And a reporter.  
She got here before we did.  
- Did she touch anything?|- I don't think so.  
- Where is she?|- Over there.  
- Check her out.|- I haven't done anything wrong!  
Let me go!|Take your hands off me! Come on.  
- Take it easy.|- Press pass.  
These two bozos have been holding me|while those bastards scoop my story.  
We'll take it from here. |Who do you work for, Miss McGuire?  
I work for me. What's it to you?  
- How'd you get here before the police?|- I drive faster.  
Actually, I've got a police-band radio. |Is that illegal?  
- You had no authority to board.|- I was covering a story.  
- Did you take any photographs?|- Of course.  
That's how I make my living.  
So you'll forget about the trespassing, |but you've got to take a look at my

film.

Right?

Didn't you bastards ever hear|about the First Amendment?

This is it.

- Got him. I got him. Got his mouth.|- OK.

- Is this how your granddaddy used to do it?|- Are you kidding?

Get down.

Keep him down.

None of this Tonto kind of bullshit. |Next time, I'm doing the roping, OK?

Yeah.

OK.

Impress me.

Get out of here.

We're ready to rock and roll here.

You get that greaser on the phone.

It's all here.

You go for it, babe.

Let him have it.

It's been a pleasure|doing business with you.

The pleasure is all mine.

I don't know, John Eagle.

- He don't look too good.|- They all look like that.

- Then how come he looks so tired?|- Shit.

OK.

Matt, wanna give us a hand|loading this sucker?

What will you do when Social Security|find out you're moonlighting?

Ain't found out about my airboat|business. Been doing it for 40 years.

Probably because you haven't made|a profit for 39.

Just give us a hand|loading the damn reptile.

Matt.

You wanna come to dinner tonight?

Got some live ones. Fried, steamed,|barbecued. Your choice.

God, I'm sick of frogs.

I'm not interested.

The company really needs you|this time.

I've heard that story before. |Go to one of the regular agents.

Well, this one is special.

We believe Rostov is in the country.

You should've let me kill him when|I had the chance. Now he's your problem.

Mr Ambassador, welcome to my home.

President.

Not this time, Rostov.

Hunter.

It's time to die.

The dream again?

The nightmare.

We have to kill that bastard|before we begin the operation.

It would mean coming out|into the open, risking everything.

Forget him. It would only distract us|from our purpose here.

I want it done!

He's one man, alone.

What can he do?

You're obsessed.

You only know his reputation.

But I know his work.

They will not tolerate it.

They will just have to now, won't they?

Please, Mikhail.

Leave Hunter alone.

He's not a threat.

As long as he's breathing,|he's a threat.

Matt!

Enough! Enough! It's finished.

Tonight we make history, Nikko.

America has not been invaded by|a foreign enemy in nearly 200 years.

Look at them, Nikko.

Soft.

Spineless decadents.

They don't even understand|the nature of their own freedom  
or how we could use it against them.

They are their own worst enemy.

But they don't know it.

Hey, what the hell is that?

Who cares? Race you to the blanket.

That wasn't fair.

Whenever they operate on Liz Taylor,|I'm right outside the door.

Anything she doesn't want...

Throw it over. Son of a gun.

- What has she got on?|- Liberace's underwear.

It fits.

- Chicago!|- Detroit!

Las Vegas!

18 hours from now,

America will be a different place.

Check.

I'll take the assignment.

But remember, I work alone.

Now, if anything goes wrong,|we don't know who you are.

- Yeah, yeah, I know.|- Hunter? Hunter!

- What are you doing?|- Gonna pay the check?  
Give me the damn thing.

- At least 20 vehicles, sir, maybe even 40.|- What kind?  
The tracks are mostly obliterated,|but we'd say trucks.

- How big?|- All sizes. Fully loaded too.

- No trace of drugs, sir.|- This isn't a drug-smuggling operation.  
What is it, sir?  
Where were they made?  
In the States. |I have the serial numbers.  
Contact the DOD surplus sales office. |Start running down the buyer.

- I wanna know where these came from.|- But, sir, these are over 40 years  
old.  
You got your work cut out for you, |don't you?  
This is big, real big.

- Did you say something, sir?|- Hey, guys, smile.  
Got any words of wisdom |for the press?  
Right. Well, let me rephrase it.  
You got any idea |what the hell's going on around here?  
Hey, cowboy.  
Oh, come on, guys. |Give me a break, will you?  
- Merry Christmas!|- Merry Christmas!  
Daddy, can I put the star up this year?  
- No, I'm putting it up.|- You put it up last year.  
- That's because I'm older.|- I'll put it up.  
- That's no fair.|- Time for dinner.  
- Oh, not now.|- Come on, we'll finish this later.  
We're coming.  
Come on.  
- I've really gotta go.|- Come on.  
Five more minutes.  
- Billy.|- Coming.  
They make it so easy, |don't they, Nikko?  
Give it to me!  
Come on.  
Oh, my God.  
- You wanna meet them?|- No.  
Come on, vamos, |I know you wanna meet them.  
Estas chicas, they wouldn't |have nothing to do with me.  
You've gotta try, man.  
Come on. |I'm gonna show you. Just relax.  
- What am I gonna say?|- Don't worry, man, that's up to me.  
- Buenas noches, ladies.|- Hola.  
- My friend here thinks you are a fox.|- Tonio, man.

How about if you guys|give us a break for once?  
It's always the same bullshit|with you dudes.  
I hope you guys are a little more|friendly than the two last week.  
Enough.  
He wants witnesses.  
- Why?|- I don't know.  
There has to be a reason.|There just has to be a reason.  
They're coming back!  
Sons of bitches! Kill them!  
Fuck you, man.  
Get the fuck out of here.  
Fuck you. I'm tired of your shit, too.  
Hey!  
What the fuck are you looking at?|Fuck you.  
- Do you want some?|- Come on, motherfucker.  
Hold it. Where are you going?  
- I don't think I know you, pal.|- Makes us even. I don't know you, either.  
You don't have to know me, asshole.|Are you buying or selling?  
- Just looking.|- No, no, you don't look here.  
This ain't no peepshow.  
You got business, do it.  
You got that, hunk?  
I'm not sure.|You wanna run that by me again?  
That's OK. I think I get it.  
Son of a bitch.  
- Hi, Matt.|- How's business?  
Just booming.  
Sorry. All sorts of amateurs these days|are willing to fight wars for  
money.  
- I'm looking for Rostov.|- Rostov?  
You think he's behind all this?|He can't be. He's in Europe.  
He's here.  
I gotta find him.  
You know,|you never had any patience, Hunter.  
I don't have time. Besides, you owe me|for saving your ass in South  
America.  
I saw some strange new faces|last night at the King Cobra.  
Looked real experienced.  
I'd say they were in the business.  
Might be some of Rostov's people.|I don't know.  
- See you in hell.|- Send me a postcard.  
Thanks.  
Trouble sure has a way|of following you around, doesn't it?  
This is going on everywhere.|Or haven't you noticed?

These bastards hit over 20 places|in Miami alone last night.  
I don't know how many today. They're|turning the people against each other.  
And, worse, against authority.  
Our people don't take it when they're|threatened. They stand up and fight  
back.  
So every incident like this|breeds ten more exactly like it.  
We don't even have the resources|to deal with half of them.  
I can't believe|this is happening here, sir.  
.. and another 20 are injured.  
The utility company says no gas leak|could cause such a string of  
explosions.  
It has also been a day of fires|throughout the south-east...  
A vodka.  
And a beer, thank you.  
.. burned to the ground|despite a seven-alarm effort to stop  
what one fire marshal called|"a wall of flame".  
The wave of violence that began|inexplicably last night  
is continuing and intensifying|all across the nation today.  
Authorities have thus far been helpless|in their efforts to prevent it.  
They've been blowing|up the world for years.  
I'm just surprised it took the bastards|this long to get here.  
- Precisely my sentiments.|- Where do the terrorists come from?  
- Merry Christmas.|- .. every American is asking today.  
You came back to see Angela, eh?  
No.  
But you'll do.  
Screw these guys.|We'll celebrate, huh?  
Screw yourself first.|We don't got time for this shit.  
Oh, yeah?|Why don't you drink the champagne?  
I'm gonna see the world.|I'll see you later.  
- Watch my hand. Watch my hand.|- Sorry.  
Beat it.  
Victor! Victor!  
- Where's Rostov?|- I don't know, man.  
Nobody knows how to find him.|He's on the move all the time.  
Rostov!  
- I only do what he tells me to.|- What's going on?  
If you come back, I'll hit you with|so many rights, you'll beg for a left.  
Oh, yeah?  
I wanna know|what's coming down next.  
Victor!  
He's gonna kill him. He has a knife.  
Arriba!  
That's all I know, man.

But it's too late. | I was supposed to be there by now.  
That place is history.  
What are you gonna do now, | tough guy?  
You're beginning to irritate me.  
You're crazy, man. You're crazy. | Watch out, bitch.  
If you live through this, tell Rostov,  
"It's time to die. "  
You little brat.  
- Thank you. Mmm, this is nice. | - I think I got that for her last year.  
She probably needs some more.  
I don't know. | Maybe I ought to get her a night gown.  
- That man left his package. | - Oh. Hey, mister.  
Hey, mister! Mister!  
You forgot your package, mister. | Hey, buddy. Hey, mister.  
Hey, your packages. Hey, pal. Hey!  
Hey!  
Hey, mister!  
Hey, you.  
Stupid son of a bitch. What in the hell...?  
Goddam it, cowboy.  
Ow!  
Bust their butt, cowboy.  
- Grab her. | - What?  
- Get ready. | - Oh!  
Come on, move up.  
Come on.  
Come on!  
Thanks for the ride, cowboy.  
- What did you tell him? | - You're crazy, man.  
Hunter is dead. He's dead.  
Your failure to go shopping with us | was most inconsiderate.  
- I got caught up with some chick. | - You talked to Hunter, now, didn't you?  
How could this be?  
- I killed him, now, didn't I? Didn't I? | - Yes.  
But he was there and you were not.  
How could this be? | There is only one way this could be.  
You talked to him.  
What did he say? What did he say?!  
He told me to tell you,  
"It's time to die. "  
Mikhail!  
I have to kill Hunter.  
We cannot be distracted | from our work.  
It will be done now.



We can't afford to divert our men|from their assignments  
to try and find just one man.

- I will do it myself.|- No, Mikhail.

They're all expendable.

But without you to hold it together,  
the operation will fall apart.

Without your leadership,  
they would be disorganised,|undisciplined petty criminals.

They're nothing without you.

What about the vehicle|this hero was driving?

Led us right back to where we started,|belonged to some Indian.

- What'd he have to say?|- Nothing. He's dead.

By the way, the truck disappeared from|the impound yard two hours ago.

- We're doing one hell of a job.|- Almost half our people called in sick.

They're staying at home|to protect their families.

The police are in even worse shape. |Armed citizens have taken to the  
streets.

They won't be lonely. The Guard|hit the street 15 minutes ago.

Do you have any ID?

Yeah.

Feel like talking?

I didn't think so.

- How about you?|- Don't shoot.

- Don't kill me.|- Where's Rostov?

I don't know.

He's in the field, leading the operations.

I'm listening.

All citizens are urged|to stay off the streets.

I repeat, stay off the streets. |They are not safe.

Stay in your homes. |Do not leave your homes.

All citizens are urged|to stay off the streets.

All citizens are urged|to stay off the streets.

I repeat, stay off the streets.

O Lord, our god,

help and protect thy children|in this, our time of need.

An evil stalks the land.

It pits brother against brother|and father against son.

Now may we pray together|the Lord's Prayer.

"Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed... "

Hunter killed Koyo. |And everyone with him.

- Send someone else.|- Mikhail, impossible.

Finish this quickly!

# ...double cure

# Save from wrath and make me pure...

# In my hand no prize I bring...  
# Rock of ages, cleft for me...#  
Didn't work, huh?  
Now it will.  
All right, now listen to me. Listen.  
Because of the deteriorating|situation on the highways,  
we have no fresh meat or produce|again today.  
Wait a minute.  
Hold it.  
Wait, listen.  
In order to ensure there is enough|remaining canned stock to go around,  
we're going to have to limit everyone|to 12 items again.  
Hunter, do something, you shit!  
Hunter!  
Hunter!  
Hunter!  
You stupid son of a bitch,|you could've killed me.  
- You said do something.|- Do something else. Shit.  
- What's wrong with you?|- I'd better leave before you get mad.  
Right. There.  
See you later, cowboy.  
Creep.  
Mommy, I don't wanna go. |I wanna stay with you.  
It's not safe here any more. You're better|off in the country away from  
everything.  
- Mommy.|- We'll all be together again soon.  
- I love you, precious.|- Bye, darling.  
- Say your prayers.|- We love you.  
I love you.  
A firebombing in a fire station|has touched off a small race war...  
Did you lose this?  
Congratulations on taking Nikko out.  
Didn't help these kids, did it?  
For every one I stop, a hundred succeed.  
You can't stop it all.  
Rostov can.  
If you can find him.  
I'll find him.  
Here's what I want you to do.  
Hunter, this is suicidal. I can't do this. |The Agency will never go for it.  
Do you realise what kind of cooperation|this will take?  
Think of the risks.  
Think of the stakes.  
Jamie Elliss, on assignment in Atlanta, |at the temporary headquarters

of the newly formed South-East Military Assistance Command.  
The governors of all 50 states and high-ranking military personnel  
are gathering here for a meeting  
that could well determine the future of democracy in this country.  
The purpose of the conference is to create a plan  
to turn back the tide of terror sweeping the nation,  
and to head off an impending suspension of constitutional rights  
and the imposition of total martial law in the land.

Go.

Let's go.

We got you.

I don't know who you are.

I don't know who you think you are or who you're fighting for.

But it's people like you who turned this nation upside down.

And nobody, but nobody, is beyond the law.

The three major networks issued a statement  
denying that TV coverage of terrorist activities had compounded their  
effect.

The Dow has dropped 30 points.

Analyst Winslow Roberts of Stone & Clemmer says  
that if no profit-taking adjustments are made in blue chips,  
the Dow may set a record loss...

.. people killed in a civil war among low-rider clubs.

In Miami, authorities report the arrest last night of a vigilante.

He is wanted for killing ten suspected terrorists.

The man, not yet identified, was transferred under heavy guard  
to the South-East Military Assistance Command in Atlanta,  
where the emergency governors' conference is still underway.

He is to be interrogated today by state and federal military and civilian  
agencies.

What is your name?

- Hey, cowboy. - How goes the battle?

- Maybe I should ask you. - Yeah, see you around.

Anything you'd like to say to the media?

Yeah.

Nikko was easy.

Now it's your turn.

One night you're gonna close your eyes  
and when they open, I'll be there.

It'll be time to die.

Now we can destroy the Americans.

Crush their struggling leadership.

And finish Hunter as well.

Go. Bring them all in.

I want everyone there.

Go!

- You doing all right under there, man?|- Yeah.

- Still got the sports section?|- Sure.

Here you go.

All right.

Get away!

Take it down!

That son of a bitch... It's a trap!

I told you so.

Let's go!

It's a trap!

Rostov!

Rostov!

Cease fire.

It's time...