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The Package

By John Bishop

You're makin' a big mistake!
This is Ike Pappas speaking
from the Schloss Treptow...
in the American zone of this
still-divided city of West Berlin...
the scene of what will surely be
one of the monumental moments...
in the history of mankind.
American and Soviet negotiators are said
to be quite close now to an agreement...
pulling the world back from the brink
of nuclear annihilation...
and ending the long Cold War.
But a major problem remains.
Several top Soviet and US
military leaders...
refuse to end their bitter
opposition to the treaty...
warning that it would mean
the removal of the nuclear shield...
leaving both sides
vulnerable to attack.
Nevertheless, the treaty
is expected to be finalized today.
What is this, a Zil?
- Come on, Johnny!
- Let's go, Gallagher!
- Sergeant, what do you know?
- Hey, Top.
- Hi, John.
- How you doin'?'
- Troops, troops, troops.
- Hey, Top!
- We gonna knock off?
- What the fuck is that, Michaels?
It's a candy bar, Top.
You get hungry,
you eat some weeds, some tree bark.
Some deer shit.
Knock it off.
- What kind of outfit you think this is?
- It's a good one, Top.
We're supposed to be tough, Michaels.
Ain't Top taught you that?

Was that a Baby Ruth?
All right, knock it off.
Get rid of that shit.
- All right, Sarge.
- Cheese dick.
What do you got
in your pocket, huh?
- How you doin', Gallagher?
- Good, sir.
You go half a klick from the chateau
down to the road, then you double back.
- Who's on the other side of the lake?
- Red team.
Remember, we're watchdogs.
This is the Berlin Police's
ball game.
Anything goes down,
you secure and hold for them.
Morning, sir.
- Look, do you realize...
- Did you give me an affirmative on this?
Goddamn it, Bob,
we've exhausted the option.
Tom, this is insane.
- Listen, we have total support...
- I'm out of it, Tom.
Talk to me, Bob.
- Let's move out.
- You gonna move, Michaels?
I'm cleanin' up your shit
right now, dickwad.
Look at that guy.
Walkin' around in the cold when he could
be inside with a cup of hot coffee.
- He looks pissed off.
- 'Cause he's freezing his cojones off.
That's a general, guys.
Generals do a lot of thinking.
That's why every time
I'm asked to be one I always say no.
Hello, Mr. Secretary.
How are you?
- Thank you.
- Good morning.

Lieutenant.

- I will not sanction this.
- You don't have to do anything.

In fact, I want your word
that you won't do anything.

Correct me if I'm wrong, Senator...

but I believe we can get
immediate senate approval.

- I hope so.
- We have the votes.

And we'll coordinate
with the networks.

- No need.
- Hello, General.

We have our own relationship
with the networks.

Yuri, the key word is *doverie*:
trust.

- I seen a black German girl yesterday.
- A what?
- A black German girl.
- Yeah, right.

I did, man. She offered
to buy Kitner a drink.

- Called me a *schwarze*, man.
- Hold it down.

Captain.

Moving through the woods.

- How many?
- Two.
- Who's closest?
- Tiger Papa, sir.

Get 'em.

Get me the chateau.

What better way to conclude in this
holiday season, this season of peace...
than to wish you merry *Rozhdestvo*.

- Friendship and peace.
- Thank you.
- Tiger Papa Three, sir.
- Got it.

Papa One, we got unauthorized people
about 60 yards from you.

Chateau reports

the meeting's over, sir.

Jesus Christ.

Button 'em up.

Keep those people inside until we find out what the heck we got going here.

CP wants to know what we got here.

They're holding the conference up.

All right, all right.

Tiger Papa here.

What's going on? I got both negotiating teams buttoned up, waiting on you.

- We've got a situation here.

- Hand it over to the Berlin police.

- We have no jurisdiction.

- Yes, sir.

Look in their rucksacks, will you?

Papa One, are we secure?

We're secure here, sir.

All right, let's go.

I am pleased to announce we have reached an agreement.

Mr. Foreign Minister.

From all indications, we have an agreement.

And if we stay on track, it can be signed...

at the United Nations in ten days.

What was the compromise on verification?

There'll be a formal briefing tomorrow.

Thank you very much.

No more questions.

How about a statement?

So we have a treaty...

and as we heard it will be signed by the general secretary and the president...

at the United Nations ten days from now.

But first the two leaders will take what amounts to a symbolic journey...

to herald the end of the era of the nuclear threat.

Although the itinerary
has not been released...
sources tell us the general secretary
will meet the president in Washington.
From there they will go
to the University of Chicago...
where the atom
was first cracked.
And fittingly, just before Christmas,
the season of peace...
they will go to the United Nations
for this historic signing.
This is Ike Pappas
reporting from West Berlin.
Well, Yuri?
It's in all our interests, Yuri.
I don't need to hear any more.
Sergeant!
Don't rub your eyes!
Michaels! Get down!
Michaels!
Here! Kitner!
Yeah, Top.
Call a medic!
Tiger Base, we need a medic.
We're two clicks from the chateau
on the main access road.
We need a medic now!
Oh, fuck.
Aw, shit.
Goddamn it!
Backpacker's not here, sir.
Who are they?
Members of a terrorist group who've
claimed responsibility for the attack.
Terrorists, sir?
They were pretty well organized, sir.
It was like a military operation.
- All right, Sergeant, you can go.
- Thank you.
I don't need to remind you that anything
about this incident is classified.
Yes, sir.
I'm curious, Sergeant,

why you didn't search their backpacks.
We tried to, sir.
The Berlin Police, they took over.
My standing orders were to hand over
the command to them in their territory.
So these terrorists dressed
as Berlin Police convinced you?
Excuse me, sir.
They were real cops.
Berlin Police has no record
of any detachment in that area...
during the time of the shooting.
If they weren't cops, sir, they had
a lot of help. They had the uniforms...
You're expert on Berlin police?
- Is that all, sir?
- For now, yes. Thank you, Sergeant.
You were with the Iran Delta
operation, correct?
The aborted rescue attempt.
Yes, sir.
Well, Sergeant, I find it interesting
that you are twice now involved...
in a situation where a degree of
negligence has resulted in a loss of...
I don't recall seeing you on that
Iranian desert that night, Colonel.
We were there, Sergeant.
We were in the city.
We were waiting.
Tehran.
Sundown Unit.
What's funny, Sergeant?
I've been doing this for 25 years, and
every time I meet one of you people...
covert ops, infiltrators...
I get this real bad feeling
in my guts.
I guess that's what you bring
to the party, though, right, sir?
What I bring to the party,
Sergeant...
is competence.
There was no negligence

in those woods today, sir.
If you'll come out of the shadows long
enough to press charges against me...
I'd be glad to defend myself.
That won't be necessary, Sergeant.
That'll be all.
Yes, sir.
He's a good soldier, Colonel, and he
lost a fine boy up on that road today.
I don't quite understand
your attitude on this.
I think he fucked up, Colonel.
I think he fucked up.
That's my attitude.
On your feet!
Sorry to have to reach out
like that for you, Sergeant.
You're gonna be a hero in your hometown.
You're going to Chicago.
I am, sir? Doing what?
We believe Soviet Intelligence is
operating within a neo-Nazi group there.
We want you in that group to find out
what the Soviets are up to.
Yes, sir.
We believe that they plan to assassinate
the president of the United States.
Jesus.
I can handle it, sir.
We know you can, Sergeant.
We know you can.
Attention!
- Hey, Gallagher!
- What do you want?
I been looking all over for you.
You got orders sending you stateside.
- What are you talking about?
- You're taking back a package.
Some sergeant keeps sluggin' officers.
They want him tomorrow.
What the hell's goin' on?
Somebody's yankin' your chain,
Top.
I've had enough of you.

You're doing good, though, Horvath.
You're tough.
Cold, ugly, tough.
You're pushin' it.
Button it up, asshole.
- What'd you do, hit an officer?
- Flyboy major in a bar.
Over a woman?
No, he kept bustin' off about
our advisor policy in Central America.
I told him I didn't wanna hear any more,
he kept talkin', I dropped him.
- Why didn't you just walk away?
- You get them stripes from walking away?
There you go, Sergeant.
His name is Henke.
Here's his papers. You got orders,
per diem and tickets in there.
You got a MAC flight out of here,
commercial out of Frankfurt.
Turn him over to the provost marshal
at Belvoir. He is all yours.
Give me the keys.
If I were you, I'd keep
the cuffs on that prick, Sarge.
- You ain't him, shithead.
- Timmons, leave it alone.
- Forget it.
- Any time.
- Hold it, hold it!
- Goddamn!
Get the fuck outta here.
Yeah, that's right, get outta here.
Your mother's callin' you.
Asshole.
Damn.
You're quick, Top.
Well, enough.
Is this your wallet?
Give me that.
Get in there.
Jesus Christ.
Man, you're somethin', pal.
You ought to be

a master sergeant by now.

- How many times you been busted?

- I don't know.

"I don't know." Shit.

Shit.

Oh, man.

How long you figure before you're
back in the shit someplace, Johnny?

Iran, maybe. Libya.

Nicaragua.

Philippines.

Mexico, maybe.

- That's what I signed up to do.

- Right. You're a patriotic individual.

I don't have a problem with that.

You're a mercenary, John.

You're a merc for the country
you were born in. You know it.

You remind me of my dad.

He had this little

body and fender business...

he ran out a shack...

and he had this little American flag

he'd run up on a pole on that shack.

Every day he runs up

the American flag...

and when he died

we had to borrow the money to bury him.

- What's the point?

- The point, John, is...

that the Soviet and American

military-industrial complex...

has the entire flag-waving,

patriotic world right by the balls.

You know that.

What'd you do,

read a book, Walter?

You think I'm full of shit,

don't you, John?

I think you're going to prison,

Walter.

- You don't know where I'm goin'.

- What's that supposed to mean?

It's a joke, Sarge.

It's just a joke.
I'll tell you what's not a joke.
For that court-martial, you better wear
those ribbons, cut your hair, shape up...
- Be somebody.
- That's right.
Be all you can be.
Oh, Jesus.
Be okay with you if I call my wife?
She lives in Arlington.
Does she know
you're coming home a prisoner?
Wouldn't surprise her any.
Yeah, it's okay.
- Got a quarter?
- Oh, Jesus.
Yeah.
Shit.
Bitch.
Says she thought I was dead,
prefers to keep thinkin' I'm dead.
- Fuck her.
- Sorry.
- We got time to go by the latrine?
- Yeah.
- There you go, sir.
- Thanks.
On guard duty, Sarge,
or just lookin' for a new roommate?
You'd better step away from that mirror.
You're gonna scare yourself to death.
- Go fuck yourself.
- Let's go, Henke.
- You piece of squid shit.
- Let's go.
Hey, buddy, you okay?
Yeah, I'm okay.
You sure?
Where is he?
Where is his papers?
- What?
- It's a big envelope.
What's he talking about?
- You mean this?

- Oh.

Yeah.

Give me a hand, will ya?

- Damn.

- You sure you're okay?

Yeah, I'm okay.

- How far is Arlington?

- About a 40-minute cab ride from here.

- Thanks a lot.

- Hey! Your envelope.

- Thanks a lot.

- You oughta get that head looked after.

Be right back.

- Are you Mrs. Walter Henke?

- Yes.

I'm John Gallagher. I was with your husband this morning at the airport.

- Walter?

- Yes.

Walter's in Germany.

Could I come in for a moment, please?

It's rather important.

Sure.

Oh, I have to apologize for the house.

I just began working nights this month, and I never find the time to clean up.

What about Walter?

He was my prisoner...

and he escaped.

I'd like to get ahold of him before he makes it worse for himself.

Walter, a prisoner?

Look, Walter and I haven't had a lot to say to each other in quite some time.

We might as well be divorced, but

he's in Germany or some damn place...

and we haven't got around to it.

You know how that is.

Who is that, please?

That's Walter.

- Colonel Gallagher?

- Yes, Nancy?

There's a Sergeant Gallagher

requesting permission to see you.

He said something about

being your ex-husband.

Ma'am?

Send him in.

Hi there.

Come in.

Well, I'll be damned.

I thought you were in Germany.

- Good to see you.

- Good to see you.

Lost some weight.

- Thank you.

- Sit down.

Notice anything different?

Dyed your hair.

You made light colonel.

Congratulations.

- How do you like this room?

- It's great.

I need your help. I want you to
pull this guy's service record for me.

- You want me to pull a record.

- I need your help, Eileen.

Yeah? What'd you do this time?

Punch out a cop?

Tell a general to fuck off?

I know. They caught you climbing out
the window of some lady's boudoir.

No. I lost my package, a prisoner

I was bringing back from Germany.

I need your help, Eileen.

Welcome to Chicago.

Transit Authority shuttle bus service
is available...

at the Illinois Street exit,
south side of the station.

Johnny, I'd like you to meet
Lieutenant Ruth Butler.

- How do you do, ma'am?

- I've heard a lot about you.

Fort Dix, basic. Jump school.

Currently 82nd Airborne.

Temporarily attached,

Berlin Brigade.
You didn't know him there?
This your prisoner?
No, this is the guy
the nurse says is her husband.
Picture on the wall.
Court-martial. Escaped.
Arrested East Berlin.
- In transit as of yesterday.
- Yeah.
- Anything about Vietnam?
- No. This man was not in Vietnam.
My package was in 'Nam,
I'm sure of that.
- Let me call the wife.
- You wanna use this phone?
- I gotta go.
- Nice to have met you.
- Sergeant, good luck.
- Thank you very much.
What the hell is goin' on here?
Let the provost marshal
figure it out.
She's not home.
You gotta report in.
I'm off.
I'll give you a ride.
- You got the number of his cab?
- I got it.
- We clean here?
- We're clean.
Make the call.
Where's your next assignment?
Bragg?
Yeah.
You still living
with that swab jockey?
"Swab jockey."
Yeah, the sailor.
I know what "swab jockey" means.
No, I'm no longer living
with Lieutenant Commander Wycross.
Good, because he was a real jerk.
So you're living alone?

Yeah, sometimes.

What does that mean?

It means that sometimes I live alone
and sometimes I don't live alone.

- For how long?

- A while.

What's a while?

- A big mammal that swims in the ocean.

- Oh, come on.

- So you're alone, right?

- I said so!

No, you said sometimes you live alone
and sometimes you don't live alone.

It's like you're jumping
in and out of bed on a regular basis.

I don't wanna talk about
my personal life with you.

- I was just trying to be friendly.

- No, you weren't.

Do me a favor and keep your nose
out of my P's and Q's.

That's funny!

And some kind of friend you are. You
don't ask about my health or my career.

- How's your health?

- You just wanna talk about my sex life.

How's your career?

Madison Wabash,
transfer to Ravenswood.

Please keep away from the edge
of the platform. Watch your step.

I'll call you. Okay?

You're still a pain in the ass,
Johnny Gallagher.

Really?

Sergeant.

Oh, for Christ's sake!

Johnny!

- Tom Marth.

- How you doin', buddy?

- What are you doing here?

- I'm stationed at headquarters company.

- How about yourself?

- In transit.

I'll be a son of a gun. I still owe you
for saving my ass that time in Fort Dix.

- You can buy.

- I'm gonna buy you a gallon!

John Gallagher.

I need to see the provost marshal.

Good to see you.

- Sergeant Gallagher.

- Yes, sir?

You're under house arrest.

We have an apprehension order
on you...

for questioning regarding the murder
of a woman this morning in Arlington.

Ruth, I owe you one for this.

Be with you shortly.

Why would someone want to take the place
of a guy going to prison?

He gets into the country
without a passport.

He's here,

no one knows he's here.

Yeah, that explains
the fight at the airport.

It was like a setup.

Must be a very important guy.

What'd he talk about?

Must have been something about him
that rang true.

I don't know.

Who the hell knows
what's the truth and what's a lie?

Why does he want
to smuggle himself in?

If he isn't Walter Henke...

where's the real Henke?

- Hey, Walter.

- Karl?

- Karl Richards. How are you?

- Let's go.

Yeah, well, it ain't gonna
happen here in Chicago!

You think they're not gonna hold out
a couple hundred ICBMs...

somewhere up in Siberia?
Martin, meet Walter Henke.
Wants to be part of our effort.
Nice to meet you.
Have a seat.
Proud to be here.
And if you don't...
we got a whole lot of nuclear hell
we're gonna bring down and rain on you!
And what do you think
this governors conference is about?
I think it's about
jumpin' on the peace wagon...
which, incidentally, is the same wagon
my daddy used to haul fertilizer in...
and it's got
the same ingredients in it!
We show only one court-martial
on a Special Forces advisor...
who served in Salvador.
Let's go in here.
Come on.
Thomas Boyette. Assault, AWOL. He
got a dishonorable about ten years ago.
Look at this...
"Vietnam, Guatemala...
Thailand, Philippines, Salvador,
Silver Star, Bronze Star..."
Who is this guy, Sgt. Rock?
Operation Sundown.
What was that?
- It's too secret for our file.
- What about these reference numbers?
It means further information,
higher clearance.
Oh, damn it.
Wait, let me call in some markers
at the Pentagon...
and run this stuff through.
Are you sure? You've stuck your neck out
so far on this already.
- If you get into "need-to-know" areas...
- Don't worry about it.
Once I get something, I'll call you.

Now get out of here.

Thanks, Ruth.

So, did you sit on Santa's lap?

Did you tell him I was a good boy?

I gotta go.

I'll call you back.

Garrett here.

We got something

you ought to know about.

Yes, sir, I understand.

But it's unauthorized.

Someone's accessing

a Thomas Boyette.

Lieutenant Colonel Gallagher.

Eileen, something weird has come up

on this Boyette guy.

- We could be in over our heads on this.

- Ruthie, what's going on?

I'll meet you at your car in 10 minutes.

And don't speak to cops, MPs, anybody.

- Did you get a good look at her?

- Sure. She stuck out.

She was this stunning,

black military officer.

Then she crossed the street, they made

a U-turn and just plowed into her.

Did you get a look

at the men?

Gallagher?

Get up, Sergeant.

You got a phone call.

Ruth's dead.

What?

She found something.

She was scared,

and she told me to meet her by my car.

When I got there, she was in the street.

They're calling it a hit-and-run.

- Where are you?

- At a phone booth.

You go home.

I'll meet you there.

- But you're restricted to the base.

- Just go home.

Marth, it's John.

I got a problem.

I gotta get out of here.

Listen... No, listen to me.

Get some wheels, meet me on the road
by the gate, five minutes.

Hey, Top.

We got a release and transfer for a man
restricted here... Sgt. John Gallagher.

- I'm getting out of here.

- You're restricted!

- Eileen is in trouble.

- And you're not?

- I need to use your car.

- It's a truck.

All right, a truck!

What do you say?

In the back, under that tarp!

Colonel Gallagher?

Yes?

Ralph Burns, Arlington Police.

My partner, Tom Garcia.

What's this all about?

Sgt. John Gallagher, ma'am.

He says he was with you
for a period of time this afternoon.

Yeah?

We'd appreciate it if you'd accompany us
to the station and sign a statement.

He needs all the help
he can get.

Okay, sure.

Help! Help!

Get in there! Come on!

Get down!

Go!

Stay down!

Terez!

What in the devil
is that all about?

- One of the clowns from the airport.

- He's dead.

- I'm parked over here.

- Okay.

- Get out of here.
- What? I'm not leaving now.
- We're okay.
- Okay? There's a dead body here!
Look at this. Arlington, Virginia
Police Department ID.
Illinois driver's license
under the name Ralph Terez.
A return ticket to Chicago
under the same name.
- Our boy Ralphie gets around.
- Sure does.
Business card.
Real estate broker, Chicago.
- Henke was from Chicago.
- That's where we're gonna go.
- Johnny, we have to get some help.
- Like who?
I don't know.
Some real cops.
Yeah. I know a guy in Chicago
I can trust.
Oh, great. Chicago.
There's your rental car there.
I'll get those license plates.
How can I leave Washington?
What about Ruth?
- You're not gonna do her any good here.
- How do we know...
Goddamn it, I don't know!
I don't know anything...
except if we're gonna get out of this
alive, we'll have to do it on our own.
These people can be
anybody they want to be.
That scares the piss out of me.
All right, I'll drive.
I know the way to the interstate.
Got something for you.
- What's this?
- Records.
The reason I'm in this mess.
Remember?
Now, you know Henke.

The other is a guy named Boyette.
It could be your package.
"Thomas Boyette.
Vietnam, Salvador, Silver Star..."
Look at this.
"Court-martial
for striking an officer."
That was ten years ago.
Jesus Christ.
"Operation Sundown."
I just had a run-in with a colonel
from Operation Sundown.
Yeah? So?
Mean anything?
I don't know.
The final itinerary has been approved
by the staffs of both leaders...
which puts the arrival of the president
and the general secretary...
at 0915 hours.
Who will get out of the car first?
Protocol has the president
getting out of the car first.
Fine.
The general secretary
will take the arm of the president...
and proceed
to the wreath site.
We want the press and the cameras
to have as much access as possible.
We're asking for 60-foot throws
in all three locations.
Come on, Bob.
Billions will see these two peacemakers
give their Christmas gift to the world.
They can't be that close.
I know you want your man reelected,
but we can wait for four years for that.
We know that there are gonna be
demonstrations at the Hilton...
so we're gonna keep tight control on all
security perimeters around press areas.
Crowder, you're not such a bad guy.
I think I kinda like you.

You're patronizing me again,

Rogers.

Come on, Jack.

Come on.

- General Hopkins.

- Gentlemen.

How are you?

- Do we stand down?

- Negative, sir.

Gallagher and the woman?

They're on the police network
nationwide.

When they pick 'em up,
we'll take care of 'em.

Go to Chicago.

I assume we are entering
the third quarter.

As we speak.

You're gonna love this.

Karl, you're right.

I love it. It's me.

This way.

This is Laurie.

She'll help you get set up here.

- Get you anything you need.

- My own secretary.

Great cover. Travel agency.

People coming in and out all the time.

All your contact

will be through here.

Anything you report about our friends

at the bingo hall, do it out of here.

That's a secure phone.

Good.

Coffee.

Hey, maybe I can get one
of those name plaques?

Sure, we'll get you one.

This setup is perfect.

Really.

Yeah, it is.

Hi. Is this the Henke residence?

- Yeah.

- Is Walter home?

He's dead.

Yeah, he's been dead
for some 12 years now.

Do you have a son named Walter?

You mean Sonny?

- Yes, ma'am.

- Is Sonny home?

You a friend of Sonny's?

We keep missing each other, yeah.

Oh, well, the leaflets
are right inside here.

They are? Leaflets.

That's wonderful. Thank you.

Do you know where we can find Sonny?

I don't even know

where he sleeps at night.

I don't understand

this new job he's got.

Do you know where he is right now?

Probably at the same place
you're taking those leaflets.

Oh, yeah, over at the...

- The hall.

- Yeah, the hall.

- The one on...

- Noble.

- On Noble Street, right.

- Avenue.

You know, where Noble Avenue crosses...

Milwaukee.

Saint Stefanski's Bingo Hall

at Milwaukee.

Hi. I'm trying to locate
a Detective Milan Delich.

How are you doing, fella?

Great day to be an American, isn't it?

- Is Sonny around?

- Sonny who?

- Walter Henke.

- Are you a friend of his?

What do you think I'm doing
carrying these fuckin' things around?

You tell me.

- Where is old Walter?

- You're his friend.
His mother just asked me
to drop these off.
So drop 'em.
Yeah, I'll send someone
down to talk to you.
Bye-bye. Thanks.
So, talk to me.
What happened up there?
There's just a bunch of Nazi goons.
What's going on with Milan?
Your buddy's a lieutenant in Vice.
He gets off at 7:00.
How about that other phone number?
Real estate broker.
Handles office buildings downtown.
Here you go, sir. Big rally downtown
to stop the Communists.
They're living right here in
our neighborhood. You aware of that?
Communists here in the neighborhood.
Sign up and join us.
You look like a good American.
Here you go, guys.
We're having a big rally downtown
to stop the Communists.
They're all over the place...
TV, radio.
Hey, you dropped...
Are you a Communist, pal?
Call my lawyer, man.
You got plenty of time
to call your lawyer.
Oh, yeah. Fuckin' nice weather, huh?
- Throw it right in the toilet.
- See you, Lieutenant.
- Take it easy.
- Hey, Joe.
- Milan?
- Yeah.
Johnny Gallagher. Follow me.
Yeah. Uh-huh, good.
Yeah, thanks. You get anything else,
give me a call at the house.

Thanks. Bye.
See you.
Eddie, give this guy
a glass of milk on me.
What a joker.
You're wanted for questioning
about a killing in Arlington...
and there's
a national security tag on you.
Somebody wants you real bad, Johnny.
Nothing about a Lieutenant Ruth Butler?
Not yet, but I got somebody
checking on that.
And there was nothing about
the shoot-out in the garage last night.
That seems to be going down
as between drug gangs.
I don't know what you
got yourself into, pal...
but their team's playing
with bigger hitters.
- I know it's asking a hell of a lot.
- It sure is.
I understand if you
don't want to help out.
I didn't say I don't.
I'm just thinking this...
I got 18 years invested here,
and you come walking out of my past...
saying the one year we spent in country
is all that counts.
And I agree with you.
And that's, like,
some kind of weird shit.
Thanks.
Come on.
Let's find you a place to sleep.
It'd look good with this sweater too.
Just put it on the couch, honey.
- I could sleep anywhere, Milan.
- Yeah, you probably could.
In fact, you both look like
you could fall asleep standing up.
Don't worry, he's used to it.

There we go.
I gotta stop feeding that kid.
- How do you like this?
- Listen, you want a beer?
Yeah.
Move back. Move back.
I want this corridor emptied...
sealed and posted one hour
before TSD arrives with the dogs.
Keep the kitchen staff to a minimum.
Everyone here's been cleared, right?
Yes, sir.
Rogers will want to take some pictures.
Keep the happy ones up front.
Gallagher knows too much already.
He has to be eliminated.
How much can he know? His pal,
Lieutenant Delich, would be humming.
Maybe you ought to
scrap this thing, Colonel.
Maybe we ought to scrub the whole
goddamn country. That suit you?
Suit yourself. I do.
You have thus far, otherwise
this wouldn't be necessary, would it?
- We'll follow them tomorrow.
- No.
You want somebody, don't follow them.
Wait until they come to you.
This detective friend of Gallagher's...
has been looking for information
on Terez, right?
- Yeah.
- So give him some.
Set something up. And when they
reach for it, kill 'em both.
- Where are you going?
- The opera.
- It's a toddling town.
- Season's over. Where are you going?
You want Gallagher killed, kill him.
You don't need me, sir.
You're a professional.
There's no criminal activity

going on in here, is there?

I don't know.

Mr. Henke's application seemed to indicate he was a solid citizen.

Yeah, listen.

Did he look like this?

I wouldn't know.

I never met him.

- His secretary runs the suite.

- That makes sense.

- Look at these.

- Yeah.

Some kind of connection here.

Commies go home! Commies go home!

Stop the war machine!

Peace is patriotic!

- Excuse me, Governor Thompson.

- Governor Thompson.

The guy in the black jacket, in the stocking cap.

Right there.

I think that's Walter Henke.

If we get separated, meet at my house.

I'll rip your heads off, you motherfuckers.

You want more?

Hey, Sonny! Sonny!

Come on, Henke, we're out of here.

Move it back! Move!

Break it up!

Get out of here.

It's all clear down here.

- All the exits are covered?

- Right over here, sir.

It's over here to the left.

I'll take that here, sir.

Pardon, miss.

Press credentials only.

My husband's waiting inside for me.

I'm sorry, miss.

I'm just doing my job.

They put Henke in a squad car.

They probably took him to 11th Street.

Let's get over there.

- Where's Eileen?
- She went into the hotel.
If you wanna get this guy Henke alone,
I gotta pull him quick.
Eileen can take care of herself.
She'll get in touch through Betty.
Good to see you, Lieutenant.
You don't need a partner, do you?
Lucky to be in here. There's a bunch
of fuckin' wackos out there.
Albert, come on, man.
We ain't got all day.
Come on, Albert.
All right, everybody up.
I need to see everybody here.
- Is this everybody you brought in?
- They were all brought here.
The guy you're lookin' for
must have got away.
Shit.
He should've been here.
Maybe they took him somewhere else.
- You'll get him, Lieutenant.
- Listen, thanks.
No problem. Adis.
- Lieutenant Delich?
- Yeah.
I'm Richards from Intelligence.
One of our undercover guys,
Tony Maruss, says you know him.
He asked me to tell you he's got
something for you on a guy named Terez.
He wants to meet you tonight, 11:00,
some joint called...
the New Yankee Grill
over on Wilson Avenue.
- You know where it's at?
- No, but I'll find it. Thanks.
Hello, Tony.
Who's this?
He's with the state's attorney.
Let's get a booth.
Hey, I don't know the man.
You know me, don't you?

The fuckin' guy's with me. Come on.

You think I'm bringin'

fuckin' Al Capone in here?

I wanna see some identification.

- Coffee, gentlemen?

- Yeah.

He's undercover.

He's not carrying identification.

- Drugs?

- Rackets.

Don't he talk?

Okay. What do you got for me?

- You were told I got something for you?

- Yeah.

- We've been set up.

- Let's get out of here.

- How many were there?

- I counted three. What do you think?

Yeah.

All right, police.

It's all over with.

- Is he dead?

- Yeah.

You crazy son of a bitch!

- You all right?

- Get him, John.

Up!

- Back, back.

- Anything you want, buddy.

Call an ambulance! Now!

Go on!

You okay, pal?

Hey, Johnny, walk away, man.

- I can't do that.

- Go on, get out of here.

No, no.

Just hold on. Hold on.

- I'll come and see you.

- Be careful.

I will.

That's him.

I'll see you at the hospital.

- Come on, folks. Show's over.

- Okay, let's go!

Don't move, you son of a bitch.
Hey, wait a minute.
I want to talk to you.
Yeah, sure.
You can talk to everybody.
- Come on!
- The army wants to talk to you.
Arlington, Virginia Police
want to talk to you.
A lot of people looking for you, pal.
Sergeant John Gallagher,
you're coming with us.
- Wait a minute.
- You're coming with us!
- Who the hell are these guys?
- Let's go!
- Get in the car!
- I wanna talk to you a second.
In the car!
We're gonna have two cars
on Michigan and Balbo...
two on 8th and Michigan,
and five more outside the arrival car.
The Secret Service is gonna have
sharpshooters on the roof.
I want a man up there with a radio.
All days off are cancelled,
and no time due.
Tell Crededio to get healthy.
Merryweather.
Take 'em around the corner
and show 'em the side.
Hey, Chicago, are you ready
for treaty-lock?
If you're traveling in the downtown area
tomorrow, traffic is gonna be murder...
from O'Hare all the way into the Loop.
The president and Soviet premier are
gonna make Christmas shopping harder.
- The president.
- Blind him.
So what do you think of the treaty?
All lines are open for your calls.
Let's hear whether

you're for or against the treaty.
- I've got a caller on line one.
- Hello, Ira? This is Nick from Cicero.
- Did he talk to you?
- No, they've got him sedated.
- But he's okay?
- So they say.
- Do they know anything?
- Nobody knows anything.
Milan was in a gunfight...
some narcotic thing.
A lot of men were hurt.
Detectives are waiting to talk to Milan.
- But Johnny?
- I don't know, Eileen.
He'll call you here, won't he?
The only question, I think,
remaining now...
is what gamble he has made here with...
...the strongest force in the Soviet
Union after the Communist Party.
First-class accommodations, Sarge.
Hug the post.
Hit the ground.
Right hand.
Nothing but the best for you, Sarge.
Have a good night.
What you got to eat around here?
Why'd you bring him here?
Where the fuck else we gonna take him?
We keep him here until
they tell us what they want done.
Brilliant.
Clear.
- Is there plating behind the podium?
- Yes, sir. That came in last night.
Put a man in the booth
behind that follow spot.
The field office
will provide another agent.
They're airborne.
- Better get to O'Hare.
- Agent Clark.
Target acquisition photos.

Right, Tom?
Who are you working for?
Johnny, that information
is privileged and confidential.
I can tell you it pays very well.
Who? Who pays you?
Everybody pays me.
I'm a public servant.
You're a walking zero.
You're a walking fucking zero!
The president and general secretary
have arrived here...
at the University of Chicago
on the second leg...
of their historic journey meant
to signal the end of the nuclear threat.
The two leaders are placing a wreath
at the memorial here on the campus...
near the spot where Enrico Fermi
and a team of dedicated scientists...
first cracked the atom,
opening the way...
not only for the use of nuclear energy
for peaceful purposes...
but for the creation of the horrible
weapons of mass destruction...
that the Soviet and American treaty
now aims to eliminate.
Accompanying the president
and his Soviet counterpart...
is the secretary of state
and members of...
the Soviet and American
negotiating teams.
From here, the leaders will ride
together to the Hilton Hotel...
on the Chicago lakefront
to tell a meeting...
of the National Governor's Conference
that the signing of the treaty...
will launch a new era
of political, economic...
and cultural cooperation
between the superpowers...

and a new era of peace
for the world.

- Where the fuck are you going?
- His girlfriend.
- Think you can handle old Sarge?
- No problem.

You see, what this
is gonna look like, Sarge...
is that you were one of
the so-called conspirators.
And in trying to destroy evidence,
you messed up.

Blew yourself up with it.

Enjoy your milk and cookies?

Personally...

I think I should blow your fuckin'
brains out the back of your head.

What do you think?

Shit.

Hope you guys like your eggs scrambled.

That's all I know how to do.

- I'm not even hungry.
- Mom said you loved 'em.

I do the best I can.

I know I can't cook like her.

It's Johnny. You're in danger.

Get out of the house.

Where are you?

You get to Milan.

I'm going to the travel agency.

Come on, guys.

Get your coats on. Hurry up.

I'm taking you
over to the neighbors'.

- I feel fine. Thank you.
- You're in no condition to leave.

Steve, you got my stuff?

I want you to take Scotty to my
next-door neighbor and stay with him.

- His mother will meet him there.
- What's going on?

Give me the car keys. I want you
to listen to what I'm saying.

Don't go into the house.

I'll meet you there later.
Come on. Let's go.
Thanks. What's this?
Open it.
Well, it's not my birthday.
What did you do,
get me a Christmas present?
Oh, my.
This is Austrian, right?
What's this...
- Who are you?
- I'm Walter Henke.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the President of the United States...
and the General Secretary
of the Soviet Union.
Today we stand on the verge of history.
Our bleak and desperate past
is behind us.
What greater gift can we give
to the children of the world?
They will no longer have to live
with the terrors of nuclear holocaust.
They got a sniper up there
trying to get the president.
Get to the hotel. Get the Secret
Service. Stop the president.
What the hell are you doing?
Stay out of this!
Wait till I drop
before you send me flowers, okay?
So we'll have a great time
in the Big Apple.
This is a setup.
They never intended
to shoot the president from here.
So who's he?
That's the real Walter Henke.
He's the patsy.
It's supposed to look like
he got shot afterwards.
There's gotta be somebody else here.
Boyette's on the "L" platform.
We have a photo opportunity

outside the hotel.
Russian-Americans.
Mothers, babies.
The television networks love the idea.
We can use it worldwide.
- Delich.
- What are you doin' here?
- How do you feel? I heard about...
- I asked you, what are you doing here?
They got me assigned
for that president thing.
Hold it. Stop.
Freeze, asshole!
What's the matter with you?
Ladies, please, step back.
Watch it! Get out of the way!
I'm sorry!
Get some more men down here!
Surround the car!
He's dead.
He one of your shadow warriors?
- Get your goddamn hands off me.
- I ought to take your fuckin' head off!
This was your operation
from the beginning.
You killed General Carlson,
the whole thing.
What operation, Sergeant?
I don't see that
anything's happened here.
- There's a body in there.
- Yeah.
The body of a man you smuggled into
the country. If I were you, I'd run.
Who are you working for, the Russians?
They hire you to kill one of their own?
Or do you miss war so much
you're trying to start one by yourself?
Hasn't been a world war in 50 years.
You ever wonder why?
It's nuclear weapons.
We want 'em, the Soviets want 'em.
We? Who's we? A bunch of nutcases?
If it wasn't for nuclear weapons...

you'd be fighting Russians
in the streets of Washington.
- I'll take my chances.
- You're a fool!
We're in separate armies.
You know that, pal?
But you're out in the light now, and
you're gonna be scurrying for the dark.
And I'm gonna see
you get stepped on!
You're a dead man, Sergeant.
Worldwide joy surrounding the
Soviet-American Disarmament Treaty...
continued today, but on Capitol Hill
a more somber mood...
as Army Sergeant John Gallagher
went before a closed-door session...
of the House Intelligence Committee...
to tell what he knows
about the bizarre plot...
to assassinate
the Soviet general secretary...
and prevent the signing of the pact.
- It's over.
- Evidence to the plot...
hatched by renegade Soviet
and American military leaders...
surfaced only hours after
the treaty was finalized.
Gallagher's information has already led
to the discovery of the bodies...
of one and possibly two
of the would-be assassins.
Sergeant Gallagher has also identified
still-missing Colonel Glen Whitacre...
as one of the leaders
of the conspiracy.
Intelligence officials vowed to pursue
all possible angles in the case...
no matter where they may lead.
What now?
Why are we stopping, Sergeant?
Sorry, sir.
Just checking the map.