

## Universal Soldier Script

Look at me.  
Calm down. Calm down!

What happened to  
the others? Look at me.

Fucking dead!  
The whole fucking platoon!

- The Sarge totally lost it,  
went nuts. Killed everyone!  
- What?

Get off me!  
Let me go!

They're all dead!  
All fucking gone!

Ah, you son-of-a-bitch!

Let's get the fuck  
outta here!

Come on, man, let's move.  
Move! Come on, man. Come on!

Sarge?

What the hell  
happened here?

They wouldn't listen.

The village was cleared.

These people are innocent.

They're all  
fucking traitors.

You turn around and they  
stab ya in the back.

Hey, Sarge?

My tour's up. I just  
want to go home.

Come on. Let's go home.

Let's go.

Just like the others.  
You just want to leave.

Like none of this shit  
ever happened?

It happened! And it  
doesn't just go away.

You just can't walk away,  
d'you hear me?

Do you hear me?

You're a traitor, too.  
aren't you, farm boy?

No.

Prove it.

Kill her! Kill that  
motherfuckin' traitor.

That's an order!

Get up. Come on!

Come on!

Come on.

Run!

No!

You got four minutes!  
Four minutes!

- Okay, next.
- Four more.

- I mean, I can't find his tags.
- Excuse me, sir.

All right, here we go.  
What the-

Oh, Jesus Christ!

Nice touch. I'd hate to be  
the poor schmuck...

who has to explain this shit  
back home to Ma and Pa, huh?

Sir, how do we write  
this one up?

I mean, what do we say  
happened here?

Nothin'. Nothin' happened  
here at all.

MIA. We didn't find anyone.  
d'you understand me?

What. they're gonna  
call this MIA?

Lincoln, this is Eagle.  
Come in. I've got  
a code zebra. Can you copy?

Only a few hours ago.  
At least ten bodies.

- Yes, sir. Pack 'em in ice.  
- We're movin' out.

Great.

Ice.

Let's move it, move it, move it!  
Let's go, go, go!

All right.  
How's the picture?

- Pretty ugly.
- Very funny. Very funny.

I need a ladder.

Can you see me?  
How's my hair?

Let's go.

- Somebody my size. Yeah.
- Systems check.

Next.

- How's the focus?
- Next.

Good. Let's go.

Okay, brother, go.

All right, so  
we got 'em all.

We don't have much time.

- Position seven, status.
- They're bringing  
the next one out.

Excuse me. Excuse me, please.  
I'll have a statement for you  
later on, okay? Thank you.

Colonel, they just  
killed another hostage.

- Current status.
- We can't even take  
one of them down.

They're all linked  
to an intercom system.

They're in the water.

Colonel. where'd  
you drop 'em off?

- About a mile and a half away.  
- Mile and a half?  
We got minutes.

- Ah, yo!  
- Hold on a minute. Hold on.

Hi. I'm with the press, CNA.  
Uh. they're waiting for me  
right there.

Right through there.

- I'm cancelling the remote.  
- Aw, Charles, will you relax?

- We're supposed to go  
live here in one minute.  
- He's gonna kill me.

- He's absolutely gonna kill me.

- Look out.

- Hey, where you goin'?

- See? There she is.

I know. I'm running  
a little late.

- A little?

- Well, you know that  
traffic killed me.

- Veronica, we're live in .

- Twenty?

- Where the hell were you?

- I've been phoning  
your hotel for hours.

- Your mark?

- I got my mark.

- Come on, come on, come on.

- We're on the satellite.

- Glasses.

- Glasses.

- Mike.
- Mike. Okay.

- Ten. nine. eight, seven-
- Nice shoes.

- No feet.
- Hey, stop screwin' around.  
Come on.

- Three, and live.
- Cigarette!

With nearly 100 hostages held  
inside the power station at  
the base of the structure.

the gunmen claim that  
they will not release  
any of their prisoners...

until various of their comrades  
are released from federal  
penitentiaries...

- across the United States.
- Checkpoint two, all clear.

Checkpoint three,  
all clear.

Keep your eyes open.

Shut up!

I said shut up!

Hey, do as you're told  
and you won't get hurt.

Quiet down.

Checkpoint three,  
all clear.

- Colonel, they're at the tower.
- We need a unit.
- A mile and a half...

under four minutes?

They're eight seconds  
behind schedule.

This is Veronica Roberts  
reporting live for CNA.

- And we're out.  
- See? What'd I tell ya?  
No problem.

No problem? This network  
does not revolve around you.

Well, what are you saying,  
Charles, I'm not the center  
of the universe? Is that it?

- Don't crack wise with me.  
- Come on, lighten up, Charles.

I mean, okay, I don't play  
the game by your rules, but  
I always get you the story.

You think just because  
you broke a few stories

that you're indispensable.

Well, I had a little chat  
with the network today,

- and you know what. Ronnie?
- No, what, Chuck?

You're fired.

They're entering  
the drain-off tunnels.

GR take aim  
and hold fire.

- Checkpoint one, all clear.
- Checkpoint two, all clear.

GR is in position.  
Take aim. Fire.

Fire.

Move in and secure  
the objective.

Clear that  
image up.

Clear it.

Got it.

Interceptors are  
secured and powered.

- Begin playback.
- Playback.

- Rolling.
- Checkpoint one, all clear.

Checkpoint two, all clear.

Checkpoint three, all clear.

They're buying it.

Who the hell  
are these guys?

- Okay, okay, here we go.  
here we go.
- Terminate objectives.

Checkpoint three, all clear.

Activate interceptors now.

I think homeboy's startin'  
to like this shit.

Don't be ridiculous.  
Continue playback.

Checkpoint three,  
all clear.

- Okay, we're inside.
- Begin phase two.

Phase two initiated.

- Look at this guy.
- How the hell did he-

- Hold it there, buddy!
- Hey! Hold it, pal!

Two gunmen, semiautomatic,

fully loaded,  
main target to rear,

loaded pistol and  
explosives detonator.

Shoot him!

You are cleared- I repeat:  
you are cleared to proceed.

GR all clear.

No injuries. Gentlemen,

I think everybody's okay.

- Arizona team.
- GR status report.

- GR do you read me?
- Problem?

- He's- He's not responding.
- Well, try another frequency.

GR status report, now.

Kill the motherfuckin'  
traitor.

That's an order!

GR respond!

Colonel Perry, how many  
of the UniSols were  
injured in the rescue?

- Who are these guys, anyway?
- I will address your questions accordingly.

As you all know, this marks the third successful mission for the universal soldiers,

again without any casualties and without any injuries.

As to the identity of the UniSols,

- that still remains classified.
- But, Colonel-

These men have families, and I will not do anything to jeopardize their lives.

- Now if you'll excuse me. I have other matters to attend to.
- But, Colonel-

- Thank you.
- Lieutenant. could I have a statement, please?

There will be a complete  
briefing this evening.

We can't shoot these guys.  
What the hell are we doin' here?  
We need pictures.

Lieutenant, please, just,  
just one statement. please.

Lieutenant!

Huey, I've got an idea.

- No, you don't.  
- Yeah, I do.

I hate when you do this.

Ronnie, what are ya doing?  
This is too close!

They're gonna see us.

We shouldn't be here.

All these guards. They must still be in there, huh?

Yeah.

- You getting this?
- Those guys got one hell of a mobile home.

They're turning blue.  
Lowering to final stage...

at sub-zero.

He just froze up. We can't figure out what happened.

- What do you mean "froze up"?
- At the end of the mission,

he became completely

unresponsive.

- Did he overheat?
- Colonel, he hardly broke a sweat.

GR .

Why did you not respond?

What happened?

- Innocent.
- Innocent?

What do you mean  
by "innocent"?

The village was cleared.

The girl was innocent,  
Sarge.

Sarge? Wh-wh-who the hell's

he talkin' about?

That could be  
an old memory.

I think we should take him out  
of the program until we can run  
some tests on him...

and find out what's  
going on in his head.

- GR stays with the program.  
- But, Colonel-

He just got a little mixed up.  
Just give him the serum.

Okay. guys, memory clearance.  
Take your positions.

Activate injection.

They're moving something  
else onto the Tarmac.

- We're not gonna get anything from out here.
- Ronnie, are you nuts?

It's a classified military operation.

You're not gonna get within ten yards of that truck.

I'll be right back.

- You were confused.
- I was confused.

You must follow orders at all times.

I must follow my orders.

- He's fine.
- Well. if you say so.

You're in charge.

Here we go.  
Oh, this looks pretty bad.

Looks pretty bad.

As soon as the  
flotation chamber is filled,  
we'll have to put him in.

Great.

I always have to do this part.  
I hate this part.

Hey, Dr. Haines! Dr. Haines!  
Can I get a little help on this?

Jesus. No casualties  
or injuries, huh?

Power up the cooling generators  
on the flotation chamber.  
He's almost ready.

You got it.

- He's ready. Yes, sir.
- Bring him in. Thank you.

Prepare for flotation  
chamber entry.

Colonel, we've spotted  
an intruder.

Who the fuck is that?  
She's takin' pictures.

- Huey!
- Oh. shit. What the hell  
has she done this time?

Start the car!

I think now would be  
a good time to leave, Huey.

- What'd you get?
- Redemption.

Let's get outta here.

- Shit. Watch out!
- Look what you're doin'.

D'you think we lost 'em?

How ya doin'?

Uh, Veronica Roberts,  
uh, uh, CNA.

You wanna help me out?

Thank you. Thank you very-  
Hey, hey, hey! Easy!

- Take it easy, man.
- Ow! Oh!

Let go of me!

- Huey. Hu-
- Okay, okay.

You all right?

Okay, they got 'em.  
Bingo.

I want to speak  
to someone in charge.

- You guys speak English?
- Awaiting instructions.

Tell them to find that film  
and bring those civilians  
back to base.

I'm sure that we can handle this  
whole situation, all right? Uh,  
if I could make a phone call.

- What's wrong with these guys?
- I don't know.
- GR .

get the film  
and return to base.

- The film.  
- Uh, fellas. look,  
I don't know where-

- Hey, hey,  
I don't know what you-  
- Hey, she didn't do anything.

Christ! GR cease fire!  
Cease fire!

Do you read me? Cease fire!  
Cease fire! I repeat:

- Fire. Fire.  
- That's an order!

GR visual.

What the fuck is he doin'?

Stop the girl.

Shoot if you have to.

GR . stop the car.

That is an order.

- Whaddya doin'? Whaddya doin'?
- He stopped the car.
- Cease fire! Cease fire!

What the hell you doing?  
Come on! Get out of here!

Hey, go! Jesus Christ,  
they're gonna kill us!

- GR turn the car around.
- Are you deaf?

You are simply confused.

- I'm confused.
- What are you talking about,  
man? Let's go. Hit it!

- Do not listen to her.
- What the hell is that thing?

- GR can you hear me?
- Will you stop fuckin'-  
Stupid piece of shit!

Shit! The bitch cut me off.

- Go!
- I must follow orders.

Bull shit.  
Hit the road!

Shit!

Woodward, do something,  
will ya?

Traitor.

He didn't do anything.

Well. they're not gonna get away  
with this shit. I swear to God,

– they're not gonna  
get away with this shit.  
– You ready?

– Just about.  
– We have to take him  
out of the loop.

– He shot a man, for God's sake.  
– Don't tell me what to do.

Right now I need  
every soldier I've got.  
We're goin' after them.

Colonel Perry.

We killed an innocent man.

What do you suggest  
we do, Woodward?

Let that reporter run off  
with one of our UniSols?

We can't just cover this up.

We have a moral obligation  
to tell the truth about this.

I thought you were more  
clever than that, Woodward.

This whole goddamn program  
is off the shelf.

Do you really think  
for one second those  
wimps at the Pentagon...

would allow the regeneration  
of dead soldiers,

American soldiers?

I don't think I can be  
a part of this anymore.

If this is uncovered now,  
we're all goin' to jail.

Do I make myself clear?

Why did you do that?

Why did you help me out  
like that?

My tour's up.  
Just want to go home.

But I can't  
until you're safe.

Wh-what do you mean?

My God! You've been shot!

Oh, Jesus. Jesus, we  
gotta stop the bleeding.

Oh, God.

Jesus Christ, it's gotta  
hurt you, man.

The bleeding has stopped.

Get in here.  
Secure your positions.

All right,  
secure and lock!

What, wh-why are we stopping  
now? What happened?

Out of gas.

We're out of gas.  
Why not?

Shit! God!

- Oh, God.
- Tracking system activated and we're in business.

We've picked 'em up moving due east seven miles ahead of us.

Estimated time of interception.

- Four minutes.
- Four minutes and marking.

How ya doin'?

You must be pretty tired after all that, that pushing and stuff.

Okay. well, I'm gonna go on the- I'll be right back, all right?

- Where you going?
- I'm gonna go make a phone call.

You mind?

Okay? Okay.

Okay.

Change.

Okay. All right.

- I need some gas.
- Oh, ran out of gas yesterday.

Uh, refuelin' truck will  
be here in the morning.

You wanna rent  
a roo- room?

Nice outfit.

Shit.

Hey, pal, you don't  
look so good.

- I need to cool down.  
- Oh, well, all our rooms...

all have air-conditioning,  
you know?

Got some with water beds.

Hey. the, uh, pay phone's out.  
Do you have a phone I can use?

All our rooms all  
have telephones, too,  
only \$ a night.

No, no, look, I don't need  
a room, I need a phone.

- What about this one?  
- Oh, uh, sorry, that's, uh,  
for employees only. Yeah.

Oh, well. since there's  
the two of you, see, that's  
called double occupancy.

That's another ten dollars.  
Yeah.

Yeah, okay. Great.

And a matter of a small  
\$ security deposit.

Of course. Twenty dollars.  
Here you are.

– Have a nice stay.  
– Great.

Great. Maybe there's already  
something on the news.

Commence UniSol  
deployment.

B and C teams, take

supporting positions.

GR seek and destroy  
local communication lines...

in target area.

And one prays for  
the expedient, concise handling  
of the terrorist situation.

In a related story,  
only hours after the rescue  
at McKinley dam,

news reporters become  
news makers.

Reporting live from  
the scene, Chris Garfield.

In a surprising development,  
a CNA cameraman, Huey Taylor.

was shot and killed in  
a motel room in neighboring

Eagle Rock City.

Witnesses allege that Veronica Roberts, a CNA correspondent,

shot him after  
an apparent argument.

- No. I don't believe it.
- Cocaine and other narcotics were found at the scene.

No way.

No way.  
I don't believe this.

They are not gonna get  
away with this, man.  
I mean, this is crazy.

- You must return to your room.
- There isn't- I mean,  
for cryin' out loud.

Mother, come here.

There has got to be a phone that works in this godforsaken place.

- This area is not secure.
- You know, why don't you-

What are you doing?

It's not safe for you out here.

Where're your clothes?

I have to-

I have to cool down.

My God! You're burning up!

I-I-I need i-ice.

Okay, okay.

Shame on ya.

GR continue advance.

Target in center  
of structure.

What the devil's she doin'  
with all that ice?

Maybe I should  
call the police.

I've heard of cold showers  
before, but this is just  
ridiculous.

How ya doin'?

I got all the ice  
that I, I could. Uh,

you okay?

How's your-

Your wound.

It's, it's healing.

I'm- I'm, uh, gonna make  
that phone call and, uh,

I'll, uh, call a doctor...

or something.

Heat and infrared check.

Munitions and firearms  
identifier powered and working.

- Don't even start  
with me, all right?  
- Hey!

- And take this lock off.  
No, I'll take it off.  
- Hey!

Hey, lady, what are you  
doin' to the phone?

- You know how much  
these things cost me?  
- Sh-Shut up.

- Forget- You got  
a lot of nerve.  
- Will you shut up?

- This one doesn't work either.  
- Huh?

Women just don't know  
how to use phones.

You killed it!

Hey, this is coming out  
of your security deposit.

Goddamn it.  
He's got her in sight.

GR has a lock on the girl.  
What do you want me to do?

- Tell him to wait  
'til they're together.  
- GR hold your fire...

and maintain surveillance.

Now, back to "Nixon and  
the War Years, Part Seven."

We will keep America the  
strongest nation in the world,

and we will couple that  
strength with firm diplomacy.

No apologies,  
no regrets.

Uh, there was no question  
about that...

because, as you know,  
when I resigned,

uh, later, President Ford  
issued a pardon.

When I accepted the pardon.  
in that I made it very clear...

that I regretted  
what had happened.  
and to what's, in effect,

an apology for what had  
happened. There are, however-

I want that place  
completely surrounded.

GR and take positions  
at the rear of the motel.

...on the war in

Vietnam, uh, who-

How are you. uh-  
How you feeling?

The war is over.

Maybe not.

All focus to visual. Powering  
alternate scanning devices.

Motion detectors  
locked in.

You know, something really weird  
is going on around here.

None of the phones in  
this entire hotel work.

I mean, there  
hasn't been a storm.

Okay, we got 'em  
in the second room now.

You better  
duck and cover.

- Follow me.  
- Okay.

The last wall is solid concrete.  
He's not goin' anywhere.

I think we got him trapped.

Well, go ahead.  
Knock it down.

What?

Get down.

Soldiers, move in.

Where in the hell is he?

- I think we lost him.
- That's impossible.

Garth, get back to your station  
and get me some tracking,  
for Christ's sake.

- You have a car?
- Uh-huh.

- Give me the keys.
- Hurry up. Tell him to hurry.

- Hurry.
- Ya got 'em?

- Thank you.
- Oh, good.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I am so, so sorry. Believe me,  
I had nothing to do with this.  
Really. I had no idea.

- They're leavin' the motel.
- Damn it!

- Hey!
- Oh, my God!

Come on, Woodward.  
I need you out here.

Way to go, Garth.

Twenty-dollar  
security deposit, huh?

Woodward.

He's trying to cool himself.

Are you sure they're  
not following us?

No.

- You're such a comfort.
- Buckle up.

- I'm fine.
- It's for your safety.

How can you be  
so damn calm?

I mean. your buddies back there  
just shot enough ammo at us  
to destroy eastern Europe,

and you're sitting here bitching  
at me about a goddamn seat belt?

All right, all right, all right.  
here we go. All right?

I'm all buckled up. All right,  
look. Mr. Top Secret.

I want some answers, okay?

I mean, first of all, you know,

you, uh, you push a car faster  
than my mother drives, okay?

Uh, uh, you use ice like  
other people use band-aids,

and, and, and, and then you  
just, you run through walls.

Now. I'm sorry,  
you know. but this is not  
normal human behavior.

Now just who the hell  
are you?

Where are you from, anyway? Are  
you from France or Canada or-

I mean, I figure you  
gotta be French or something  
because of your accent.

What accent?

All right, look, you. um, you

got a family? You got friends?

I mean, is there a Mrs.  
waiting for you someplace? Uh-

I mean, are you  
avoiding my questions,  
or. or don't you know?

What the hell  
did they do to you?

I don't know.

But I'm going to find out.

- Hey. lady. no smokin'  
around the pumps.  
- I'm sorry.

- Come on.  
- Hey! Hey, come on! Would you  
quit pulling on my arm?

- It hurts.  
- Park the car.

- Park the-
- Let's go.

- Park the car?
- I need some help.

You need some help?  
Oh, hey, come on. man. I can't  
help you with this thing.

- Get in.
- Hey! Come on!

What are you doing? Huh?

Oh, come on, man,  
not this again, huh?

Is this necessary? Well,  
could you at least leave  
your pants on this time?

Great. Just great.

There must be  
a tracking device on me.

Well, what do you want  
me to do about it?

Look for something unusual.

Something hard.

Okay. All right.

Stay in shape, don't ya?

- What are you doing in there?
- Nothing!

What do you mean  
park your car?

What, you never heard  
of valet parking?

Valet. Do I look like a valet?

What does this look like. Beverly Hills?

Is that supposed to be there?

Yes. Ye-yeah, it is. It's, uh, it's very- very normal.

Keep going.

Right.

Update informational computer scanning system.

They've stopped up ahead in front of a single-story structure.

I think I found something. Right here on the back of your leg.

- Cut it out.
- Cut it out?

Hey, wait a minute. I-I-I  
can't- I can't cut it out.  
I'm not gonna cut you.

Oh! Oh, God!

Oh, shit! Shit!

You best hurry up  
and get out of there.  
I got a business to run here.

- Take it.
- What?

- Take it!
- Take it?

We don't have  
too much time.

Oh, fu-  
God, this is so gross!

Oh, God,  
this is so gross.

- Are you okay?  
- Yeah.

Good.  
I gotta lie down.

I want a complete scan  
of the entire area.

Enabling infrared.

- That's his car.  
- Scanning for body heat.

- Got it.  
- Arms.

Pistol, fully loaded.  
Desert Eagle. semiautomatic.

- That's him.
- Motions and heat scan.

Follow tracking.  
Flanking advance pattern.

Three teams,  
north, east, south.

- Converge on my command.
- Team, advance.

Surround target.  
Teams east and south,

prepare for break and ram.

Prepare for break and ram.  
Full charge.

- Okay, guys, move in.
- Full charge.

No, no! He tricked us!

H-hold on!

Move out! Move out! All  
UniSols, retreat immediately!

Evacuate! Let's go!  
Get out of there!

Take cover!

- Take cover!  
- What the hell was that?

Oh, my God.  
They're on fire.

Portable coolant.  
Portable coolant, quick!

Sarge!

Get him out! Extinguishers!  
Woodward, Garth!

Garth! Get over here!  
Get this guy. Get this guy.

- Quick! Quick! Quick!  
- GR . Get GR .

Over here, Woodward!  
Get him. Get him down.

Damn you! Put him out,  
I said! All right,  
get those coolants ready!

Get that truck operating!

Woodward, get 'em over here!  
Get more-

Hurry up.

- Yes. Sarge.  
- God!

Whoa.

- Huh?
  - Get over here!
- Get over here! Get GR !

Get him out!  
Put that coolant on him!

- We need more extinguishers!
- Got it, got it. Let's go!

- Come on! Hurry!
- Huh?

Well, here I go again.  
I'm outta here.

- Come on. We're gonna lose these two, Colonel.
- \$ million apiece,

- we can't afford to lose any of 'em.
- Buckle up.

Seat belt, right.  
Okay, go. Go!

Oh, Jesus.  
He should've buckled up.

He's getting up. Go!  
Go, go, go, go, go! Go!

Shit! They're pullin' the plug.  
Pack it up. We're headin' home.

- Everybody, back into the truck.  
Come on, everybody.  
- Let's go! Let's move it!

Woodward, what the hell  
are you doin'?

Yes, it's ice!  
Get back in the truck!

Pack it up!

Get back into the truck, GR .  
The mission is cancelled.

GR .

I said it's over.

My name is Sergeant  
Andrew Scott.

He's just a mess. Lieutenant,  
could you contact Colonel Perry?

We'd like to have him  
back in here. Thank you.

You're wasting your time.

- He can't hear you.  
- Jesus!

I've relieved Colonel Perry  
of his command.

GR this mission  
has been cancelled.

I order you back  
to the cooling chamber, now!

Orders?

I'm giving the orders  
from now on.

We have a mission  
to complete.

Any questions?

Uh-oh.

- Somethin' to drink?  
- Uh. yeah. I'll just  
have coffee.

Okay. You?

Brenda?

Yes, Joe?

Hey, uh, you want  
something to drink?

- Yeah? Okay.  
He'll have a soda pop.  
- Great.

- He's not gonna make it.  
- Will you just shut up?  
He'll hear you!

- Dr. Haines-  
- Look, if he thinks  
that we failed,

he's gonna kill us both.

You just keep working. If he  
asks anything, just stall him.

What's he doing?

Overloading on muscle enhancers.  
He's making himself stronger.

Oh, great.  
That's just what we need.

You know, I feel like I'm  
back in high school again.

I can't make heads or tails  
out of any of this stuff.

But apparently, whatever  
they've done to you,

it's been done  
on a genetic level.

"The Surgeon General has warned  
that cigarettes could be  
hazardous to your health."

Yeah, well, don't believe  
everything you read.

- Hey. Hey, hey!  
That is my last pack.  
- Are you ready to order?

Uh, uh. uh, yeah.  
Just, uh-

Just bring us  
two of your specials.

N-Now look,  
they constantly refer to  
a Dr. Christopher Gregor.

Now, do you recognize  
that name?

No?

Nothing. Hmm.

I think I saw a number  
in here somewhere.

Do you think  
you can help me?

Well, it's, uh,

definitely worth a shot.

- What?
- Why are you doing all this for me?

I'm not. All right?

I'm not doing all this for you.  
I'm doing it for me.

I mean, you may not realize this yet, but...

you are one hell of a story.

I wouldn't worry, though.  
Uh, when the truth comes out,

they'll, they'll probably make you a hero.

Ah. Here we go. "CG."  
Christopher Gregor.

All right, look, I'm, uh,  
I'm gonna go check this out.  
You, uh, you stay here...

and wait for  
the specials, okay?

All right? Oh, uh,  
do you have a phone?

Out there.

- Thanks.
- Here's the special.

Sergeant Scott.

Could I have  
a word with you?

I'm all ears.

Your thermal monitor.  
It's registering hot.

Uh-oh. Nap time.

Are you nuts?

Why'd you tell him that?

Quadruple his serum.

What?

I'm going inside.

When he sits down,  
I'll give you a signal.

You increase the pressure,

and I'll engage the injection  
device on the arm of his chair.

No, no, no.

It'll look better if I go.

Is there a problem. medic?

No, I'm just checking  
the, uh, injection device.

- Was it broken?
- It's making some  
strange noises.

I just wanted to make  
an adjustment.

Well, there's only  
one way to find out.

Let's see if it still works.

Dr. Haines!

- Stop it! Stop it!
- Are you ready?

- It's memory clearance time.
- Stop it! Get up! No!

- Stop it! You're gonna kill him!
- Dr. Haines! Dr. Haines!

- Let him go!
- No!

- Don't. Stop it!
- Get off me! Get off me!

Get off of me!

Shit. A fax.

Hey. you got enough money  
to pay for all this?

You know, money? Cash?

Dollars? Dinero?

Hank!

- Yeah.
- We got ourselves a deadbeat back here.

- What?
- He can't pay.

Move it, Brenda.

Hey, punk, I been slavin' all day makin' that slop.

- The food is good.
- Fuckin' A it is.

The question is. how are you going to pay for it?

I don't know.

You don't know.  
Ain't that cute.

I'm gonna bust  
your head, punk.

I don't want to hurt you.

Me? You don't want  
to hurt Hank?

I just want to eat.

- Operator.  
- Uh, yeah. operator,  
uh, a local number:

prefix KL  
a Dr. Christopher Gregor.

Hey, look, you ugly  
son-of-a-bitch!

Hey! You better put that down,  
you son-of-a-bitch, because now  
I'm gonna make you bleed!

- May I help you?
- Uh, Veteran's Hospital?

- Yes.
- Great. Operator, can you tell me exactly where that is?

- Clinton Avenue.
- Clinton. Wonderful.

Thank you very much.

Oh, shit.

How was lunch, huh?

I'm lookin' for a deserter.

He's traveling  
with a female POW.

- Beat it, asshole.
- Hey. soldier boy.  
I'll be your POW.

Nice necklace. I got one  
just like it made out of noses.

Now, they're in this  
white and yellow Buick...

with no front or rear window.

Does that refresh your memory?

GR .

Sergeant Scott  
has issued an order.

Will you obey that order?

Yes, sir.

He would like for you  
to hold this for    seconds...

and then drop it.

One, two, three-

- I know which way they went.  
You got a pencil?  
- Yeah? Sure.

By the way, I like your belt.  
Can I have it?

-

Hey! Where's the freezer?

- Can I help you?  
- Uh, yes, we would like  
to speak with Dr. Gregor?

Do you have an appointment?

Yes. Yes, we do.

- Follow me.  
- Thank you.

- Wait in there.
- Okay. Thank you.

Oh. God.

Oh, man, I'd kill for  
a cigarette right now.

You would kill someone  
for a cigarette?

No, no. It's an expression.  
You know, a figure of speech.

I mean, I wouldn't actually  
kill someone for a cigarette.

I might hurt 'em bad  
at this point, but I  
don't think I'd kill 'em.

Dr. Gregor,  
excuse me.

- Yes? What is it?  
- There's a young couple  
here to see you.

- They say they have  
an appointment.  
- Appointment?

- No!  
- Clear!

Clear.

It's all right, Luc.

It's all right.  
It's over.

I-I saw it.

I remember h- home.

Is he all right? Let's  
get him into the bathroom.

We have to cover him  
with ice.

I said stand at attention,  
private! Stand up!

Goddamn it! The whole fuckin'  
platoon's droppin' like flies!

What the hell  
are you staring at?

Do you have any idea what  
it's like out there? Do you?

Well, I'm fighting this  
thing, man. It's like  
kick ass or kiss ass.

And I'm bustin' heads.

It's the only way  
to win this fucking war.

And these shitheads,

these yellow, traitoring  
motherfuckers,

they're everywhere.

And I,

Sergeant Andrew Scott  
of the U.S. Army,

I'm gonna teach 'em all.

- Hey. freeze!
- Get down!

Drop your weapon!

See?

They're everywhere.

How could you, a doctor,  
be a party to this?

I've been asking myself  
that question for years.

- Tell me how it worked.
- By hyper-accelerating  
the bodies,

we discovered that we could turn  
dead flesh into living tissue.

But to make the process work,

the bodies ran at  
dangerously high temperatures,

needed to be constantly cooled,

the brain sedated.  
controlled.

Otherwise, it would  
eventually stroke.

- What are you saying, Doctor?
- Dr. Gregor.

Excuse me.  
Yes? What is it?

Thanks.

Officials believe  
Colonel Perry was shot and  
killed early this morning.

Authorities are still looking  
for reporter Veronica Roberts.

believed to be linked  
to the two deaths.

- They've set you up.
- Closer to home. a robbery  
at Hayes Supermarket...

turned deadly when  
three armed men...

entered the supermarket  
earlier today.

- The leader of the gang  
was videotaped-
- Regressive traumatic recall.

- What?
- Trauma inflicted  
at the time of death.

See, in Luc's case.  
he wanted to go home.

When he awoke as a UniSol, he  
returned to that single emotion.

As for Scott. he thinks  
he's still in Vietnam  
fighting the insurgents.

He doesn't realize  
he's alive.

He's not.

He's dead. just like me.

- Be sure to write.
- Now boarding,  
Los Angeles Express.

Now boarding.

This is insane.

You heard what the doctor said.  
You need medical help.

I think that you should just  
turn yourself in...

and, and get started  
on your treatments again.

- And then?
- Well, then we expose  
everything.

I mean, Dr. Gregor

will help us.

I just want to go home.

You don't seem to understand.  
There's a chance  
you won't make it.

- I'm already dead.
- No, you're not.

Goddamn it, you are  
not dead, all right?

You're alive. And that is  
precious. You don't just  
throw that away.

Now boarding,  
Los Angeles direct line.

A bus ticket? Wh-

To Los Angeles.

Well- Wh-wh-what  
is this for?

You're safe now.

He's only coming after me.

You know, you're, you're  
making a big mistake here.

You've got your story.  
That's what you wanted.

You think-

Last call, Los Angeles  
Express. Now boarding.

Last call.

Passengers bound for  
Los Angeles, now boarding.

Last call.

You should have left me  
while you had a chance.

What,  
and miss all the fun?

Shit!

We're gonna take 'em over  
to County right now. Should  
get there just after lunch.

Oh, shit!

Get rid of 'em.

Oh, shit.

- Got you now. boy.  
- Jesus Christ, he-  
He's comin' right for us!

Hey! Driver!

Get us outta here!  
Help!

Holy shit!

Excuse me. You should check  
on your driver, pal.

He don't look too hot.

- What do we do now?
- We have to stop the bus.

Oh. gee, that's a great idea.  
What a concept.

What are you doing now?

What the hell!

Is it working?

- Oh, God.
- Do you want to play catch?

What do I do?  
What do I do?

Oh, shit!

Can't find it. Here.  
Oh, God.

Are we having fun yet?

Oh, my God!

- You jump.
- W-W-Wait a minute.

Wh-What happened to that whole  
idea about stopping the bus?  
I mean, I liked that idea.

- You jump!
- I'm not goin' anywhere

without you.

- We'll jump together.
- Okay. Together.

Okay. Okay.

Oh, shit.

Hit him!  
Hit him hard!

Get the fuck up. soldier!  
Get the fuck up!

Fuck!

Freeze!

Now, hold it right there!

Turn around. Get down  
on your knees right now.

Put your hands  
over your head.

Put your hands  
over your head!

I had three brothers.  
Come on. Let's go.

Keys. Come on! Get up!

Money. Here. Here we go.

Thank you. Come on, here we go.  
Let's go, let's go.

Get in the car.  
I'll drive, I'll drive.

Come on. Get in the car.  
Hurry up!

I'm gonna take you home.

Buckle up.

John, there's somebody  
in the driveway. I think.

Mrs. Devreux?

John, come here!  
Oh, Luc, mon fils! Luc!

Uh, wait a minute. What do  
you mean Charles isn't there?

Well, where the hell is he?

No, look, I-I don't care  
what you've heard, all right?  
It's not true.

No, look-

- All right.
- Okay. uh, yeah, yeah.

- He's alive.
- I'll meet them there.

All right.

Um, I'm gonna  
have to get going.

A news van from  
the network is gonna meet me  
at the Sheriff's station.

They still don't believe me,  
but, uh, I think we'll be able  
to change their minds.

You okay?

So many things are missing.

So many things I remember.

So many things I, I can't.

Luc, it has been    years.

Such a long time,    years.

I'll never get  
those years back.

Look at it this way:

You look great  
for a   -year-old.

Care for a cup,  
Miss Roberts?

Oh, um.

No, no, I, uh,  
I better get going, ya know.  
They'll be waiting for me.

- Be careful. It's  
turning into a downpour.  
- Okay.

- Thank you. Thank you both.
- You're welcome.

You gonna be all right?

In time.

You know something?  
I haven't smoked a cigarette  
in almost two days.

Maybe I'll quit.

I'll see ya.

Shit.

Where's the key?

Oh, come on. Shit!

Lookin' for somethin'?

Ma?

Mom? Are you there?

Devreux!

Devreux, can you hear me?  
Nice farm.

Exactly like you  
described it back in 'Nam.

Why don't you come out here and  
join a little family reunion?

I mean, what the hell  
are you waitin' for.  
farm boy? Are you deaf?

Get your ass out here!

We have some

unfinished business. you and me.

Wow! She really  
has beautiful ears.

Sarge.

You want me? I'm here.  
Let the girl go.

Don't tell me  
what to do, soldier.

I give the orders  
around here, and you're  
gonna have to learn that.

She's a fuckin'  
gook traitor.

I gave you an order to kill her.  
Now you're gonna have to  
fulfill that order. private.

Scott, the war...

is over.

Not for me.

Not for her. Not for you.

You can't run  
from this war, soldier.

Not under my command, huh?

You've grown weak.

You should've  
taken your...

medication.

Come on. Get up and fight.

Now I'm gonna teach you about  
the chain of command, private.

When I say jump,

you say, "How high?"  
Got it? Got it?

Why can't you get it  
into your fucking head?

I gave you  
an order, soldier.

Now let me see you  
waste that gook traitor.

Now where're we gonna  
shoot her? In the stomach?

Nah. In the chest?

No. I think  
we should shoot her...

in the head!

Ready. Fire!

It's empty!

It's empty!

Luc!

Oh, God!

Oh, God, help!

Come on!

- Luc!  
- Run!

No!

Run!

Run.

No!

Well, that's  
the spirit, soldier.

I mean, this is  
a serious matter. private.

I can't believe you got your  
poor folks involved in this too.

Well, I got  
a little secret for you, boy.  
You're up for a court-martial.

- You ready to go to trial?
- Give me your best shot.

Gee, I'm awful sorry  
about this, but you're  
all sentenced to death.

Say good night, asshole.

Good night, asshole.

You're dead, soldier.

No. I'm alive.

You're discharged, Sarge.

- Luc, son.
- You okay, Dad? Mom?

Don't worry about us.

It's over, dear.

Here, let me help you.

Are you okay?

I have a- I have a little

bit of a headache, but-

- Where is he?
- Around.

How do you feel?

Like a 50-year-old.

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