

**NO RULE TO MAKE TARGET  
(OPENING SEQUENCE)**

by

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"No Rule to Make Target" is an explosive thriller written by Matt Evans. The John Target character was written for Michael Keaton, and in particular, Michael Keaton performing with his Beetlejuice voice. The pre-production of No Rule ground to a halt in 2006 when negotiations with the second lead actor, Charlie Johnson, broke down.

If you would like to see Matt Evans' and Michael Keaton's No Rule vision become a reality then please sign the petition:

<http://www.petitiononline.com/norule>

and check Matt Evans' website for updates:

<http://www.mattsplosion.com>

ACT ONE

We see the logo of whatever studio is lucky enough to be distributing the movie.

SFX. A hiss of static

The familiar graphic switches to a blurry black and white view of the company logo. A crosshair at the center of the image reminds the viewer of military videos of missile impacts. The logo explodes in a flash of light leaving us with a black screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAGHDAD SKYLINE - DAY

BAGHDAD - APRIL 2003

We see a 20 second montage depicting the suffering of the Iraqi people under the reign of Saddam. A Republican Guard shakes a CG cat vigorously in front of a young Iraqi girl, who cries. Some women cry. A toothless old man smiles at the camera, symbolizing the resilience of the Iraqi people.

CUT TO:

INT. IRAQI MILITARY BASE - DAY

A busy office. Several IRAQI SOLDIERS run around frantically carrying documents. A SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY is also there. An IRAQI COLONEL arrives and talks to an IRAQI SERGEANT.

They speak in Iraqese with English subtitles.

IRAQI COLONEL

What is happening here?

IRAQI SERGEANT

(looking up, shocked)

The Americans are coming! We must destroy all these documents before they arrive!

IRAQI COLONEL

(laughing)

Ha ha ha! The Americans are still days away from Baghdad. There is more than enough time to destroy all the evidence of our evil deeds. Then we will simply fade into the crowds and escape! There will be no justice in Iraq this time!

IRAQI SERGEANT

I know the American's main force is still in the south, but what about the sniper? John Target.

At the mention of JOHN TARGET'S name everyone in the room pauses and looks at the IRAQI COLONEL. He becomes angry.

IRAQI COLONEL

(to the room)

Get back to work you fools!

(to Iraqi Sergeant)

I've arranged a surprise for our friend John Target. I don't think he'll be giving us any more trouble.

He smiles evilly and walks towards the door. In the doorway he motions for the Sergeant to join him.

IRAQI COLONEL

(in a whisper)

The woman...

Pan across to the SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY who is bent over her desk sorting some documents.

IRAQI COLONEL (CONT'D)

(in a whisper)

She knows too much. Kill her... Slowly.

IRAQI SERGEANT

Of course... But about Target. What have you planned for him?

IRAQI COLONEL

(smiling)

Let's just say John Target's journey through Iraq is about to come to a crashing end. Ha ha ha!

IRAQI SERGEANT

Ha ha ha!

We see the SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY'S face. She is obviously worried.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD TO BAGHDAD - CONTINUOUS

A dusty road. A sign next to it reads BAGHDAD - 20 Km. A BATTERED OLD CAR speeds by. A moment later a convoy of IRAQI JEEPS follow. They are chasing the car and shooting wildly. Then an IRAQI HELICOPTER flies by, very low above the road.

INSIDE THE CAR

We see that the car is being driven by HAAFIZ, an 8 year old Iraqi boy. He is screaming because of the gunfire. The man in the passenger seat is leaning out of the window. We cannot see his face.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

The man's face is obscured by the sniper rifle he is aiming. Bullets fly all around him as he aims calmly.

AT THE CONVOY

An IRAQI GUNNER is preparing to fire a heavy machine gun mounted on the back of the lead jeep. He shouts to the DRIVER.

IRAQI GUNNER

(In Iraqese; English subtitles)

Once this gun is ready and loaded I will have the honor of killing the great John Target. Not only that, but the traitorous child Haafiz will be killed too.

DRIVER

(Subtitled Iraqese; shouting  
over the engine roar)

**Yes! Haafiz should die just like the rest  
of his family, who fought for justice and  
equality throughout Iraq! Target may have  
thought he had rescued the boy, but his  
efforts were in vain!**

The IRAQI GUNNER continues to prepare the powerful gun. He loads the cartridge and narrows his gaze.

IRAQI GUNNER

(Subtitled Iraqese)

Goodbye John Target.

We zoom at supersonic speed to TARGET, who pulls the trigger. We follow the course of the bullet, straight towards the IRAQI GUNNER. At the last instant we can tell the bullet will miss the IRAQI GUNNER. It zips past him.

IRAQI GUNNER

(Subtitled Iraqese)

**Nice try John Target... but now it's my turn  
to fire my gun. And you wont be so lucky as  
I was when you fired at me! For you will die  
as soon as I pull this trigger!**

Zoom out to reveal the IRAQI HELICOPTER approaching from behind the GUNNER. The helicopter's windscreen is shattered and the pilot lies dead in his seat. The IRAQI GUNNER swirls around to see the helicopter blades approaching him. He screams as the blades cut straight through his body. Blood explodes in all directions! The top half of his torso falls off the back of his jeep and the camera follows as it rolls under the next jeep and his still screaming face is crushed by a tyre - his eyeballs bursting outward. The helicopter lands on top of the jeep and we see the DRIVER'S face as he is also cut in half by the blades, before being simultaneously burned and crushed to death.

We cut to a close-up of JOHN TARGET. He lowers his gun to watch the carnage behind him.

JOHN TARGET

*Slice to meet you.*

INSIDE THE CAR  
TARGET rejoins HAAFIZ inside.

HAAFIZ  
Now that's what I call a *close shave*!

JOHN TARGET  
Good call little buddy. How far are we from Baghdad?

HAAFIZ  
About 20 kilometres. Once we cross the bridge just up ahead we're on our way.

JOHN TARGET  
Bridge?...

CUT TO:

EXT. AT THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

An IRAQI DEMOLITION CREW is preparing to destroy the bridge. Next to a SMALL OFFICE, IRAQI SOLDIER #1 joins the IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE and hands him a remote. They speak Iraqese.

IRAQI SOLDIER #1  
Here is the detonator sir. Press each of these three buttons and you will destroy the bridge in stages, beginning from the far end and moving to this end.

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE  
Excellent. Soon John Target will be at the bottom of this canyon, wishing with his final breath that he had never come to fight injustice in Iraq. You've done very well. It's clear to me why they call you Iraqi Soldier #1.

IRAQI SOLDIER #1  
Thank you sir.

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE holds the detonator in his hand, running his thumb over the first red button.

ZOOM TO:

INT. TARGET'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A binocular view of the IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE and the detonator. TARGET lowers the binoculars.

JOHN TARGET

Dammit!

HAAFIZ

What's wrong?

JOHN TARGET

I'm not sure Haafiz. I can read lips but I don't know Iraqese. What does this mean?:

(Iraqese; no subtitles)

Press each of these three buttons and you will destroy the bridge in stages, beginning from the far end and moving to this end.

HAAFIZ

**Oh no!** There are three buttons and when they press them the bridge will explode in three stages, from the far end towards the close end!

JOHN TARGET

They're going to destroy the bridge? Innocent Iraqi people need to use that bridge to travel! Don't they give a damn about the citizens of this country!? Cover your ears Haafiz.

Haafiz takes his hands off the wheel and presses them tight against his head.

JOHN TARGET (CONT'D)

**Shit!**

Target sits in silence for a moment. Then reaches over and places Haafiz's hands back on the wheel.

HAAFIZ

What will we do John?

JOHN TARGET  
(looking ahead steely-eyed)  
Just keep driving Haafiz. I'll take care of  
the rest.

TARGET prepares his sniper rifle.

CUT TO:

EXT. AT THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS  
IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE emerges from the SMALL OFFICE and  
stands behind IRAQI SOLDIER #1 who is sitting in a chair outside,  
keeping lookout.

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE  
Good news number one. It seems that the  
traitor child Haafiz is travelling with  
Target. He too will perish when we destroy  
the bridge.

He places a hand on IRAQI SOLDIER #1'S shoulder.

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE (CONT'D)  
If this goes according to plan number one,  
it could mean a promotion for you. **Please!**  
Don't say anything. It goes against  
protocol for me to tell you that you are  
being considered. I thought it only fair.  
These are difficult times.

He pats IRAQI SOLDIER #1 on the shoulder gently.

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE (CONT'D)  
Difficult times indeed. But we need to  
remember never to give up. The Americans  
are powerful, but the idea that good  
overcomes evil belongs in fairy tales. We  
will prevail.

He pats IRAQI SOLDIER #1 on the shoulder again. IRAQI SOLDIER  
#1 slumps a little to one side, and then falls out of the chair.  
He lands and rolls over, revealing a bullet hole in his forehead.  
IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE is shocked. He turns and runs for  
cover in the office.

SFX. fffffffFip!

A bullet strikes IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE in the back and he collapses to the ground. A moment later the car carrying TARGET and HAAFIZ zooms by. The remaining pursuers follow after a few beats.

IN THE CAR

HAAFIZ

We did it! We're gonna make it across the bridge.

JOHN TARGET

We have a phrase in the Free World Haafiz. It says, "Don't count your chickens".

HAAFIZ

What does it mean?

TARGET looks in the rear-view mirror, where we see the pursuing jeeps, and behind them - IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE struggling to his feet.

JOHN TARGET

It means some men don't die easy.

ZOOM VIA  
REAR-VIEW  
MIRROR TO:

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE presses the top button on the three-button remote. A wide-angle view shows the far third of the bridge explode into flames, and then collapse.

HAAFIZ

**AAAH!**

JOHN TARGET

**Keep driving Haafiz! Don't give up on me buddy!**

HAAFIZ

(Looking up at Target)

But the bridge is gone! There's no way across! No way!

JOHN TARGET

When you run out of road Haafiz, you've gotta make your own.

TARGET slides out of the window and climbs onto the roof. He looks through his rifle's scope. From his point of view we see a crowd of IRAQI SOLDIERS clambering around on top of the convoy. TARGET begins shooting rapidly, clearing the field of view.

HAAFIZ

**Quickly John! Quickly!**

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE is in TARGET'S scope. He fires. Close-up of the detonator remote. The bullet ricochets off the second button. The middle section of the bridge explodes just as HAAFIZ drives the car off the edge. The explosion blasts the car into the air. TARGET steadies himself and aims again. Below, the pursuing convoy comes to a rest on the remaining section of the bridge. IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE staggers forward.

IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE

(Subtitled Iraqese)

Now you die Target!

JOHN TARGET

(looking through the scope)

Time to bridge the gap between you and hell!

TARGET shoots the third button. We see IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE'S shocked expression just before... the rest of the bridge explodes. We see the convoy and IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE burning amid the crumbling rubble. IRAQI SOLDIER WITH MUSTACHE survives the explosion but is impaled on a rock outcropping at the bottom of the canyon. Then he is crushed by rocks and jeeps.

INSIDE THE CAR

HAAFIZ

**AAAAH!!**

TARGET climbs back inside.

JOHN TARGET

Hold on tight Haafiz. This is gonna be a bumpy landing.

The car comes crashing down on the road at the other side of the canyon. It grinds to a halt, completely wrecked. TARGET and HAAFIZ emerge from the crushed car.

HAAFIZ

Next time, I decide which road to take!

JOHN TARGET

Ha! Good one Haaf. Come on. Let's ride these motorbikes the rest of the way.

TARGET and HAAFIZ take the MOTORBIKES and continue on the road to Baghdad.

WIPE TO:

INT. IRAQI MILITARY BASE - LATER

IRAQI COLONEL walks through the door to find IRAQI SERGEANT and SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY loading the last of the documents into the paper shredder.

IRAQI SERGEANT

We have placed all of the documents inside this paper shredding machine. Now all we have to do is press this button to destroy those documents and with them any chance of the leaders of our regime being brought to justice.

IRAQI COLONEL

Good. Justice sickens me.

(to the SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY)

And now to dispose of the final witness.

SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY turns to run but IRAQI SERGEANT grabs her. He holds her immobile while IRAQI COLONEL moves to a nearby desk, opens a drawer and removes a HAMMER. He approaches slowly. Pausing at the shredder, his finger moves towards the button.

SFX. fffffffFip!

A sniper's bullet flies in through the window, severing IRAQI COLONEL'S finger at the base. He drops the hammer in shock. It lands on his foot and he cries out. In the confusion SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY breaks free, runs to the shredder and removes the documents. JOHN TARGET smashes through the office window and HAAFIZ runs in through the doorway.

IRAQI COLONEL (CONT'D)

(in English)

John Target! And the shol'va child Haafiz!  
Kill them, kill all of them!

IRAQI SERGEANT

(in English)

It will be my pleasure.

IRAQI SERGEANT charges at TARGET, who jukes left. TARGET catches him and forces him face first onto a photocopier. We see a close-up of IRAQI SERGEANT'S FACE, his eyes being held open by TARGET'S fingers.

JOHN TARGET

Say cheese asshole.

He presses the copy button, and IRAQI SERGEANT screams in pain as the blinding light sweeps across his face. He stands up, holding his face in pain.

JOHN TARGET (CONT'D)

Don't be so dramatic. Hasn't anyone ever told you...

He reaches inside the open side door of the photocopier and removes a large toner cartridge.

JOHN TARGET (CONT'D)

...you need to *tone* it down.

TARGET knocks IRAQI SERGEANT across the face with the cartridge, and then tears it open and begins pouring black ink into IRAQI SERGEANT'S mouth.

IRAQI SERGEANT

(unintelligible gargling)

We watch as IRAQI SERGEANT drowns in toner fluid. TARGET turns towards IRAQI COLONEL.

IRAQI COLONEL

(in English)

Wait. Please. You don't understand, I was always against my superiors!

JOHN TARGET

I know your regime is collapsing, but there's no need to go to pieces over it.

TARGET grabs hold of IRAQI COLONEL'S injured hand and forces it into the paper shredding machine. He switches it on. IRAQI COLONEL screams. Blood and hand-meat splatter everywhere. *Everywhere*. After a short while TARGET releases his arm. IRAQI COLONEL raises the limb to reveal that his hand has been removed, and the exposed arm bone has been sharpened to a point.

JOHN TARGET (CONT'D)

(Looking around the room)

You've done a great job here. Why don't you give yourself a hand?

Taking hold of IRAQI COLONEL'S arm, TARGET shoves the sharpened bone into his neck. A spray of blood jets across the wall. IRAQI COLONEL'S screams change into muffled gargling as he falls to ground twitching, half-dead.

HAAFIZ

I always knew he was a *sharp guy!*

SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY

Ha ha ha!

She smiles at TARGET.

JOHN TARGET

(Making eye contact with SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY for the first time)

Haafiz, why don't you go and park the car?

HAAFIZ

But we left the car at-

TARGET looks at HAAFIZ. HAAFIZ looks back and forth between TARGET and SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY.

HAAFIZ

-Oh! I'll go park the car.

We follow HAAFIZ out of the office and he walks out of shot. Through the doorway we see TARGET and SEXY IRAQI SECRETARY walk towards each other.

MUSIC begins to play:

Instrumental introduction of "Target My Love"

The two come together and kiss deeply.

JOHN TARGET

Welcome to the Coalition of the Willing.

As they kiss again HAAFIZ appears and closes the door. He looks at the camera.

HAAFIZ

Can't you let the man *debrief* in peace?

HAAFIZ winks at us.

FADE TO:

A sniper's rifle on a blue background. The trigger pulls back and a white star leaves the barrel trailing a red band behind it. The graphics continue, themed around sniping, the American flag and extreme violence.

MUSIC plays:

"Target My Love"

Music written by Malamar

Lyrics by Matthew M. Evans

Performed by The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Chad Kroeger

Vocals by Jessica Simpson and Busta Rhymes

# Target My Love

Busta Rhymes:

No Rule. John Target. Two thousand eight. Jess, come on in.

Jessica Simpson:

You always know which way the wind blows.  
It took you from me, that's just how it goes.  
I'm falling apart and my senses are dulled.  
My heart skips a beat when your trigger is pulled.

Target my love before the night is through.  
Target my love before they get to you.

Taking out marks, you make it an art.  
You've sniped your way into my heart.  
My dreams of you are filled with lead,  
Two in the chest and one in the head.

Target my love, I live for the thrill.  
Target my love, one shot one kill.

Right from the start our love was cursed.  
I want to be yours but your rifle comes first.  
Diazepam pills steady your aim.  
Sniping's your job, and love's just your game.

Target my love right between the eyes.  
Target my love I can't stand your goodbyes.

Busta Rhymes:

Semper fi's the code  
Barrett light's the load  
Taking my position I'm in predator mode  
Time is slowed  
You comin' down the road  
Never know what happened til your head explode

'bout to meet your fate  
Chalked on my slate  
Like Jude, I'm your enemy at the gate  
Can't none of y'all hate  
On my cyclic rate  
Cos you don't see it comin' til it's too late

Sniping elite  
Topped the score sheet  
Taking my shots between heartbeats  
Treatin' heads like skeet  
Your brain's raw meat  
About to get cooked by my bullet's heat

Jessica Simpson:

Target my love and target it fast  
Target my love, how can this last?

In the game of love the rules are set.  
Now that you're gone there's no rule to make target.  
No rule to make target.  
No rule, no rule!  
No rule to make target!