

SHOW OF FORCE

by
William C. Martell

Based on actual Department Of Defense reports.

William C. Martell
11012 VenturaBlvd #103
Studio City, CA 91604
(818) 407-2707
wcmartell@ScriptSecrets.Net

"SHOW OF FORCE"

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

Over a thousand feet long, weighing 91,487 tons, home to 3,280 sailors and 2,480 fliers, a city in the ocean.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

TWO DOZEN PILOTS AND RIOS (radar intercept officers) are briefed on their mission by CAPTAIN ELSTER. Briarwood pipe, paternal manner; Elster seems more like a high school math teacher than a Navy air wing commander.

ELSTER

We'll be patrolling the No-Fly Zone again today...

One of the RIOS, HANK "JOKER" MacKENNA, raises his hand.

ELSTER

Yes, MacKenna.

MACKENNA

Sir, should we really be patrolling a no-fly zone in airplanes? Doesn't it defeat the purpose?

Some laughs from the others.

MacKenna's pilot and partner, Lt. TOM STONE, shakes his head. Stone is a take charge career pilot, hoping to make CAG (Commander Air Group) some day.

Stone has seen the worst there is, and never lost his cool. A pair of chromed 45 automatics instead of the issued 92F.

ELSTER

Let me address that: Though there's been little recorded activity in the region, we need to stay on our toes.

(puffs his pipe)

There's nothing routine about our mission here. Stay alert and stay alive.

When MacKenna starts to raise his hand again, Stone grabs it and pulls it back down. MacKenna raises his other hand. Stone pulls that one down. This goes on until Stone and all of the pilots are laughing. Elster gives them a look. Quiet.

ELSTER

Tonight's movie is "Courage Under Fire" starring Denzel Washington...

INT. HANGER BAY -- DAY

MacKenna and Stone give their F-14 Tomcat a pre-flight inspection, a brown shirted CREW CHIEF notes any problems.

CHIEF

You want to kick the tires?

STONE

I'm flying it, not buying it.

Stone checks the nose gear, then gives the Crew Chief a nod.

STONE

I'll sign.

Crew Chief hands him a big 3 ring binder, Stone signs.

CHIEF

It's all yours.

MacKenna and Stone punch their fists together. The last time they will be able touch until the mission is over. Once in the plane, their lives depend on each other, but they can't even see one another's face.

MACKENNA

Did you get the optional liability insurance?

STONE

(laughs)

For ten bucks we can bring this thing back in pieces.

"Joker" MacKenna climbs the ladder and gets in, Stone follows.

MACKENNA

Remember, it's not just a job, it's an adventure.

OTHER PILOTS AND RIOS punch fists together before entering their planes. It's a ritual onboard the USS Stowers.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

A jet roars off the bow of the carrier, taking flight.

The elevator brings the F-14 up to the flight deck.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Behind Stone, MacKenna goes through take-off check list.

MACKENNA

Wings spread and locked. Flaps and slats in take off position.

Stone communicates with Flight Deck Control.

FD CONTROL (V.O.)

Tomcat seven one seven you're up next.
Cat number one.

STONE

Tomcat seven one seven, cat number one, copy that.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

A Yellow Shirted TAXI DIRECTOR waves Stone & MacKenna's F-14 Tomcat into position at Catapult #1. The jet blast deflector raises behind the plane, and a Green Shirted CAT CREW member connects the nose gear to the shuttle with a shear bolt.

The Yellow Shirted SHOOTER signals Stone to go full throttle.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone goes full throttle.

STONE

Full throttle.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The Shooter raises his left hand, palm out, five fingers up.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Afterburners.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The Shooter salutes Stone, touches two fingers to the deck...
The launch signal.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone salutes, and prepares for launch.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The catapult BLASTS the F-14 down the flight deck towards the bow of the ship...

But something is wrong.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Cold shot! Cold shot!

The catapult doesn't give the plane enough speed to fly, just shoves it off the deck of the carrier

The F-14 SPLASHES into the ocean.

MACKENNA
Damn!

Stone on the radio.

STONE
This is Tomcat seven zero seven. We've had a cold shot, do you copy?

MacKenna notices it's getting dark in the cockpit.

MACKENNA
Stone?

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The bow of the ship towering over them.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DARK

Stone looks through the canopy.

MACKENNA
We're gonna get run over!

STONE
Hold on!

WHAM!

The whole cockpit shakes as the carrier hits them... Then presses them 33 feet underwater!

It gets darker.
Water begins flowing into the cockpit.

MACKENNA
Tom. Tom.

STONE
It's okay. Hold on. We're under the ship. It's going right over us...

MacKenna is panicking.
Water is SPRAYING in under the canopy.

Stone looks up...

THE SHIP'S BOTTOM SKIDS OVER THE CANOPY only inches overhead.
1,040 feet of ship! Will the plexiglass break?

MACKENNA

Tom? We gotta punch out...

STONE

If we punch out, we'll splash the hull
of the ship.

The cockpit is filling rapidly with water.
Up to their waist.
MacKenna is panicking.
The underside of the ship SCRAPES over the canopy.

STONE

We aren't going to drown, Hank. We
have oxygen. Okay?

MacKenna can't see Stone, can't touch him.
Both men are only a few feet apart, but alone.
Alone in the dark.

Water level reaching their chest...
Their necks...

Stone lifts his oxygen mask to his face.

Then they hear the noise.

MACKENNA

Oh God. The screws. We're headed
right into the propellers. They'll
turn us into hamburger....

STONE

We're gonna be okay, Hank.

But Stone isn't so sure any more.
The cockpit begins to VIBRATE as the propellers get closer.
The water level continues to rise.

STONE

Just keep your head, okay?

No answer.

Stone puts the mask back on as the water covers his face.

Vibration increases.
The cockpit spins and shakes as if caught in a washing machine.
Flipping upside down and backwards.

The 22 foot diameter propeller slices off part of the plane.
Then LIGHT begins to seep into the cockpit.

The stern of the aircraft carrier moves away from them.

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat floats in the ocean, a gash in the fuselage.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Hank? Hank?

No answer. But the water in the cockpit is tinted red.

EXT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

A rescue helicopter hovers over the F-14 Tomcat, rescuing Stone, and taking MacKenna's body away in a basket.

The rescue helicopter glides over the ocean.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

A MEDIC makes Stone let go of Hank's hand so that he can zip up the body bag. Stone looks at the bag.

EXT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

The rescue helicopter disappears.

FADE OUT

INT. PILOT'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Stone, with a day's growth of beard, opens the locker labeled "Joker". Fights to maintain composure as he packs MacKenna's personal belongings into a cardboard box.

In the back of the locker, a drugstore envelope of photos.

Stone closes the locker, closes the cardboard box, opens the envelope of photos.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Ocean as far as the eye can see.

Stone stands at the railing, flipping through the photos. Snapshots from shore leave. Stone or MacKenna or the other PILOTS hamming it up. Smiling. Drinking. Living.

One photo shows Stone and MacKenna laughing, beers raised.

Stone keeps this photo, tosses all of the other photos into the ocean. The saltwater makes the colors run.

FADE OUT

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The city on the sea.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Stone is the only one in the room.
A full week's beard, out of uniform.
Captain Elster enters.

ELSTER

Stone?

STONE

Yes, sir.

ELSTER

Get yourself a shave. You're back on duty tomorrow.

STONE

Yes, sir.

ELSTER

Your new Radio Intercept Officer...

JUDY BARTON enters the ready room. She may be a beauty in civilian clothes, but in uniform: a tough, competent RIO.

ELSTER

Lt. Tom Stone, Lt. Judy Barton.

BARTON

"Thrasher" to friends...

She holds out her hand to shake, Stone nods to her instead. He has BECOME stone, closing himself off from others.

ELSTER

I wanted to get you up in the air for a test run tomorrow, but we've got new orders... Something's come up.

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT -- DAY

PAUL PRESCOTT, Global News Network's top reporter, reads the news, augmented by graphics.

PRESCOTT

Today's top story: Peace in the Middle East. After years of work by the current Secretary Of State and his predecessors, a treaty involving every country in the Middle East has finally been hammered out.

Graphic of the region, each country lights as it's mentioned.

PRESCOTT

Iran, Iraq, Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Israel, Egypt, Turkey, Lebanon, the U.E.A, Qatar, Oman and Yemen.

Back to Prescott, with file footage of Presidents.

PRESCOTT

Tuesday, the Presidents, Prime Ministers, and Rulers of over a dozen countries will sign the agreement onboard the USS Stowers Aircraft Carrier under the supervision of the President Of The United States.

File footage of the Aircraft Carrier.

PRESCOTT

This will be an historic occasion, rivaling the end of World War Two, and GNN will take you there live.

INT. PILOT'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Stone touches the locker next to his labeled "Joker". Hank's. Barton enters with her gear. Her helmet says: THRASHER.

BARTON

Empty locker?

STONE

No.

Barton nods, has to stuff her gear in a corner cubby.

EXT. MARINE CAMP -- DAY

The 24th MEU SOC Marine Base in the Middle East.

INT. MARINE CAMP -- DAY

A GROUP OF MARINES listen to Colonel RUPERT "Big Dog" CADELL, their Commanding Officer. Cadell looks like a Basset hound.

CADELL

As with any assembly of this size,
there are security concerns.

(beat)

The 24th MEU SOC has been asked to
help augment the Marine Security
Detachment assigned to the Stowers.

Among the Marines is MIKE LOGAN, a proud member of the team.
Ready to go where ever the send him and do what it takes to
get the job done. Relaxed, confident. Logan knows who he is.

CADELL

This is good duty. A front row seat
while history is being made.

(beat)

We'll be onboard the carrier for two
days, leaving at oh-six hundred hours
tomorrow morning.

(smiles)

Pack light, it's going to be crowded.

Smiles from the men.

CADELL

Let's get a move on.

Cadell and the Marines exchange salutes as they are dismissed.

Next to Logan, Lance Corporal CHARLIE NEWTON, fresh from Paris
Island and excited as a puppy.

NEWTON

Sounds boring to me, Gunny.

LOGAN

It's good duty.

NEWTON

What's bad duty?

LOGAN

Getting shot at in Mogadishu.

NEWTON

That sounds like FUN duty.

LOGAN

You don't know what you're talking
about.

NEWTON

Yeah. But I'd like to find out.

Logan is patient with the kid, explains:

LOGAN

Standing around watching history going down, something to tell the grand kids, that's the best duty there is.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

F-14 Tomcat Fighter planes rocket off the deck.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Captain Elster addresses the room.

ELSTER

Ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow the USS Stowers will be host to a large number of guests. Members of the Marine's 24th MEU SOC came onboard this morning to provide additional security for this historic occasion.

(puffs his pipe)

So let's review Security Alert Protocol.

Pilots sit next to their RIOs, except Barton and Stone. They sit across the room from each other. Stone is alone.

ELSTER

Some of our guests are elder statesmen. Possibly with health problems. Should one of them suffer a heart attack, or should any other emergency develop, we will go on Security Alert.

Barton studies Stone... he's withdrawn.

ELSTER

A member of the Marine Detachment will blow a whistle sounding the alert.

(puffs)

When you hear a whistle or a siren, everyone on the ship, no matter where you are, is required to shore up against the nearest bulkhead and clear a path for the Marines and emergency services. Does everybody understand Security Alerts? Any questions?

Smiling pilot "KRAZY KAT" KOVAC raises his hand.

KRAZY KAT

Sir, are we going to be on TV?

ELSTER

Glad you brought that up, Kovac.

(draws on his pipe)

Some of you may be chosen to put on your dress whites and represent the Navy to the press and public. I don't care how long we've been at sea, I just want you to look SHARP.

(puffs)

Be courteous to members of the press if you bump into them in a passageway. Remember: You represent America.

A little applause, as Elster steps away from the podium.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Stone walks through the passageway, bumping into a Marine...

STONE

Excuse me.

LOGAN

Sorry.

Logan and Stone trade nods, continue in opposite directions.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The Carrier sparkles in the Arabian Sea. Moving around the ship to a deck filled with uniformed SAILORS in white.

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

NEWS CAMERA FOOTAGE shows Paul Prescott with SAILORS in dress white. The GNN "bug" in the lower right corner of the picture.

PRESCOTT

This is Paul Prescott, GNN News, reporting live from the deck of the USS Stowers Aircraft Carrier in the Arabian Sea.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Mike Logan, in dress uniform, watches Prescott and his CAMERA MAN compete with REPORTERS from other countries for shots.

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

PRESCOTT

Exactly fifty years ago today, the Nation Of Israel was created, and the Middle East was thrown into turmoil.

(beat)

The ongoing wars between neighboring countries have been quelled several times, most notably the November 6th 1956 agreement and the November 11th 1973 Yom Kippur war cease fire negotiated by the United States.

INT. WARD ROOM -- DAY

Stone, Krazy Kat, Barton and other pilots sit in the ready room watching GNN News on a small color TV set atop a VCR.

Krazy Kat rips the packaging off a blank VHS tape, then blocks everybody's view of the TV when he put it in the recorder.

PILOTS (O.S.)

Out of the way!

KRAZY KAT

Anybody know how to program this thing?

PILOTS (O.S.)

Kovac, you're blocking the TV!

KRAZY KAT

Man, history's going down a hundred feet from here, and I can't even get this VCR to work.

Stone moves Krazy Kat Kovac out of the way, hits the record button, and sits back down.

KRAZY KAT

That's it? It's recording?

STONE

Yeah. Why don't you take a seat so we can watch the show.

KRAZY KAT

Stone, you're my hero.

Krazy Kat tries to give Stone a big hug, gets pushed away.

STONE

Stay away from me, Kovac.

PILOTS (O.S.)

Sit down!

Krazy Kat frowns at Stone, hurt; finally sits, they watch GNN News Live.

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

Prescott gives us the play-by-play as the events unfold.

PRESCOTT

As the Marine Corps Band plays "Hail To The Chief", the President of the United States takes the center chair.

(beat)

Behind the President is Rear Admiral Ferguson, commander of this carrier group. Our host.

ADMIRAL FERGUSON is a rugged Texan who looks like he'd be more at home on a bucking bronco than in dress whites. Looks a little like John Wayne with a bandito moustache.

PRESCOTT

Through the work of the President, Secretary Of State, and past Presidents including Jimmy Carter, we will finally see peace in the Middle East.

INT. WARD ROOM -- DAY

Stone, Krazy Kat, Barton and the Pilots watch the TV screen.

PRESCOTT (O.S.)

But none of this would have been possible without the real heroes of the day: the leaders of these neighboring nations.

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

PRESCOTT

In a strange turn of events, Iran's Ayatollah Ali Khameni pleaded for the leaders to return to the peace process. This, only a year after threatening the United States and Saudi Arabia in a radio address.

(beat)

Today, the leader of the Iran will be the first to sign the peace agreement.

(beat)

Here he comes now...

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Mike Logan tries not to be blinded by the flashbulbs as the turbaned AYATOLLAH signs the document.

The Ayatollah leaves, another DIGNITARY signs the document.

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

PRESCOTT
 Premiere of Syria, Mahmoud Al-Zubi.....

INT. WARD ROOM -- DAY

KRAZY KAT
 He was on my bowling team.

Stone isn't watching TV. He's thinking about Hank's death.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
 State Of Palestine leader Yassir Arafat,
 followed by King of Jordan...

Barton looks across at Stone, worried about him.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
 Sheik Al-Maktum of the U.A.E, and the
 Sultan of Oman...

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

PRESCOTT
 The President of Egypt.

The President of EGYPT shakes hands with the PRESIDENT of the United States, prepares to sign.

When SHOTS are fired!

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The President of Egypt is hit in the chest! Blood sprays!

Screams and panic... more shots fired!

The President of the USA is shot in the shoulder.
 SERVICE agents cover him immediately.

SECRET

FERGUSON
 The President's been shot!

Logan blinks away the flash from the flashbulbs, sees the KILLER: a middle eastern photographer from the press corps.

KILLER

Death to the infidels! Burn the
Egyptians and American dogs!

FERGUSON

Get down! Get down!

Admiral Ferguson sees to the safety of the DIGNITARIES.

One of the Marines blows the Security Alert whistle.

SCREAMS and GUNFIRE as the Killer slams through the crowd,
ripping the phoney plastic camera housing away from his gun.

Mike Logan bolts for the Killer.

INT. WARD ROOM -- DAY

All of the Pilots on their feet.

Krazy Kat moves closer to the TV, blocking the view of others.

PILOTS (O.S.)

Get out of the way!

Krazy Kat moves, as all eyes are glued to the TV screen.

EXT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

The GNN camera spots the fleeing Killer... Logan only two
dozen feet behind him.

The camera swings back around to show Prescott ducking as if
in a war zone. Screams and panic all around him.

PRESCOTT

Shots were fired by an unknown gunman.
The Egyptian President has been killed.
Assassinated. The President of the
United States has also been hit, but
he appears to be alive at this time...

More shots fired, more panic.

PRESCOTT

A group of Marines have chased after
the gunman, we're going to stay on top
of the action...

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

General panic, screams, and confusion.

Prescott grabs his CAMERAMAN. They chase after the Marines.

The President of EGYPT is pronounced dead.

The PRESIDENT of the US receives medical attention from a pair of NAVY SURGEONS while Admiral Ferguson stands by.

SAILORS stand against the bulkheads as MARINES run past.

Other MARINES take charge of the situation on the deck.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

SAILORS stand against the walls as Logan chases the Killer.

A moment later, Prescott and his Cameraman run past.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

The Killer turns left, running down an empty passageway.

Logan takes a left, gun out, in pursuit.

Followed by a half dozen Marines including Newton.

A moment later, an out of breath Prescott and his Cameraman pause for a moment before making the left turn.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and the Marines turn another corner...

And are met by gunfire from the Killer!

They dive back around the corner for cover, bumping into Prescott and his Cameraman.

LOGAN

We're in a security alert situation.
Get your back against the wall NOW.

PRESCOTT

My First Amendment rights give me...

The Cameraman starts around the corner, and Newton grabs him and pulls him back, JUST AS BULLETS fly.

He drops the camera as he's yanked around the corner. Bullets ricochet.

LOGAN

This is for your own safety.

PRESCOTT

Look, my Constitutional Rights...

LOGAN
(with force)
Stay here.

Prescott finally obeys.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and the Marines carefully turn the corner...
The Passageway is empty.

They jog to the end of the hall, and around the next corner.

INT. WARD ROOM -- DAY

The TV screen shows the passageway, as Logan and the Marines
turn the corner at the end. Stone moves to his feet.

STONE
Wait a minute.

Blocking the TV screen, he fiddles with the VCR.

PILOTS (O.S.)
Stone, sit down!

Stone hits REWIND, then PLAY.

ON THE TV SCREEN

The Killer reaches the end of the hall turns right, when Logan
and the Marines give chase, they turn THE WRONG WAY.

STONE
He's coming right towards us.

Stone begins searching the Ward Room for a weapon.
Picking up a trophy from a showcase, heading to the door.

BARTON
Stone, what are you doing? It's a
Security Alert. If you go out there
you'll get written up.

STONE
He just shot the President.

BARTON
The Marines will get him. Let them do
their job.

KRAZY KAT
Jeeze Stone, listen to her. They're
gonna ground you...

PILOTS (O.S.)
It's a Security Alert!

Stone ignores everyone, hefts the trophy, and pops open the door and steps out, ready to battle the Killer.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

As Stone steps out.... WHACK!

The Killer SLAMS him in the head with his gun and takes off down the passageway. Stone shakes it off and gives chase.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan, Newton and the other Marines run down the passageway to the T at the end. Left? Or right?

LOGAN
This tub is a damned maze. Anybody know where we are?

NEWTON
Think we could get a map someplace?

LOGAN
Newton, Rutland and McGruder take the port side, the rest of us will go starboard.

They split up, searching cautiously.
Not knowing where the Killer might be hiding.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

As Stone takes off after the Killer, Barton and Krazy Kat Kovac call after him from the doorway.

BARTON
Stone! It's a Security Alert!

KRAZY KAT
Elster will throw you in the brig!

BARTON
Come back!

KRAZY KAT
He's freaking crazy. The Marines are gonna arrest him.

Krazy Kat and Barton go back in before THEY are arrested.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

As the PRESIDENT of the USA is being put on a stretcher by a pair of MEDICOS, a pair of DIGNITARIES begin yelling at each other in Arabic. Coming to the point of blows.

Admiral Ferguson puts his hand on the President's arm.

FERGUSON
I'll take care of it, sir.
(to the MEDICOS)
Get him to the sick bay.

As the Medicos tael the President away, Ferguson breaks up the impending fist fight between the two yelling Dignitaries.

FERGUSON
Gentlemen. Gentleman. Let's not be
jumping to conclusions about what
happened. This will all sort out.

The Dignitaries calm a little.

FERGUSON
If you have to fight, please don't do
it on my flight deck.

One of the Dignitaries still looks mad.

FERGUSON
Let's not throw away a chance at peace
because of one idiot with a gun. Okay?

Both Dignitaries nod, completely calm.

FERGUSON
Good.

Ferguson turns back to the melee, taking control.

FERGUSON
This ship is on full Security Alert.
Completely locked down. No one is
allowed to leave their present location
until this gunman has been captured by
the Marine Security Team.

But a helicopter takes off from the flight deck.
Onboard: One of the dignitaries and his entourage.
Which one?

FERGUSON
Who gave that helo permission to fly?

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and his Marine Team creep down a long hallway searching for the Killer.

Dozens of doorways, each with an address:
Odd numbers on the Port side, Even on the Starboard. Numbering from the front of the ship to the back, prefaced by a two digit deck code (like 03 for Third Deck).

At every doorway, a pair of Marines cover while Logan kicks open the door. Tension. Will they be met by gunfire?

Door by door they search the passageway.

At the LAST DOOR before the dead end, Logan KNOWS he has the Killer. The Marines ready their rifles.

Logan kicks down the doorway, spins inside.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM -- DAY

Logan and the Marines creep into the Machinery Room, using standard two-by-two cover formation.

Logan uses hand signals to show a Marine where to search.

Nothing. Nobody. The room is empty.

LOGAN

We lost him.

MARINE #1

What are we going to do?

LOGAN

Find him.

Logan glides out of the Machinery Room with the Marines.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Stone hears the echo of footsteps in front of him.
Close.

Stone pours on speed, turns the corner to the next passageway...

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

As Stone enters the passageway, he sees the Killer reach the end of the passage and turn right.

Stone gives chase.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Paul Prescott creeps down the passageway... fully lighted by the video camera aimed at him by his Cameraman.

PRESCOTT

Someplace within this city on the sea
an assassin roams. Possibly laying in
wait for the brave Marines sent to
capture him.

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

PRESCOTT

There are miles of hallway on the modern
aircraft carrier. Ten decks, over two
thousand rooms, a byzantine maze of
passages and compartments with millions
of places to hide.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and the Marine Team begin clearing another passageway, checking behind every door, searching for the Killer.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Stone rounds a corner into the passageway.

Where the Killer waits, gun ready!
The Killer opens fire!

Stone dives for cover: A doorway.
Bullets ricochet.

Stone looks down at the trophy, still in his hands.

STONE

Not much of a weapon.

He tosses the trophy out into the passageway, where it is
DECIMATED by gunfire from the Killer.

KILLER

Die you American dog!

THE KILLER's gun runs dry, and he pops out the magazine and
shoves in another, running backwards down the hall.

KILLER

Burn in hell, American Satan!

When Stone peeps his head out, bullets splatter at him, forcing
him back behind cover.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and the Marine Team hear the gunfire.

LOGAN
Where? That way?

He and the Team start jogging towards the sound. When they get to a corner, they spin around, following the sounds.

Bumping RIGHT into.....

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

THREE HEAVILY ARMED MEN WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS!

Guns are aimed, then Logan and the Marine Team realize they are about to kill NEWTON and the other two Marines.

NEWTON
Woah! We surrender.

LOGAN
That way.

Logan points down a passage, and the ENTIRE Marine Team take off, following the echoes of gunfire.

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

Prescott hears the echoes of gunfire (far away) and ducks. Moving back into frame, he continues his report.

PRESCOTT
You heard that... The sounds of battle.
A war rages within the bowels of this battleship, and we will take you there live. Show you the assassin's capture as it happens. Only on Global News.

Prescott gestures for his Cameraman to continue moving back, deeper into the aircraft carrier.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Stone hears footsteps echoing as the Killer runs away. Pokes his head out, when it isn't blown off, returns to the chase.

At the end of the Passageway, he spots a few spent shells, like Hansel & Gretal's crumb trail.

Stone begins following the spent shells. One every dozen feet, around a corner and down a stairway to a lower deck.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and his Marine Team jog into a long hallway, trying to chase the echoes of gunfire.

INT. STAIRWAY -- DAY

Logan kicks a spent shell, which tinkles against the stairs.

LOGAN

Stairs.

Logan and the Marine Team creep downstairs to a lower deck.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

At the base of the stairs, Logan sees more shells.

LOGAN

Wait.

Using hand signals, he gestures to the doorways.
The Team splits into two groups to search the rooms.

At every doorway, a pair of Marines cover while Logan or Newton kick open the door.

At every doorway: suspense. Will they be met by gunfire?

Door by door they search the passageway, until Logan spots ANOTHER spent shell near the bulkhead door.

He signals for the Marines to cover him as he opens the door.

Tension builds.... He gets the door open, and there is NO ONE in the next passageway. Logan relaxes.

THE KILLER SPRINGS FROM AN OPEN DOORWAY and fires on the Marines!

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

Paul Prescott hears the shooting.

PRESCOTT

More gunfire.

(beat)

Onboard this Aircraft carrier are over six thousand men and women... One of them a cold blooded killer.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

The Marines take cover, and a firefight ensues.

MARINE #1 rolls out to blast the Killer, but is shot.
Newton drags him bend a bulkhead, as bullets spark nearby.

MARINE #2 is hit by a ricochet, and goes down.

Logan and MARINE #3 move to either side of the doorway, then swing out, shooting, at the same time.

THE KILLER retreats, chased by gunfire down the passageway.
Running deeper into the ship.

Logan lifts his walkie talkie to his mouth.

LOGAN

This is Mike Logan, Marine Security
Detachment. We are in pursuit of the
killer. We have two men down, in need
of medical attention. At...

(looks around)

I don't know where we are.

NEWTON

The door address.

LOGAN

Door address is 03-124. I'll leave a
man behind, but the rest I'm going to
need to capture this guy.

Logan returns the walkie.

LOGAN

McGruder, you stay here with Rutland
and Inwood.

(to the rest)

Let's go get this guy.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Stone hears the footsteps.
Getting CLOSER.

No weapon.

No back up.

Alone against the assassin.

INT. ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

The Killer slaps a new magazine into his gun as he runs.

Fifty new shells... fifty chances to kill Stone.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Stone hears footsteps getting CLOSER, comes up with a plan. Closing the main passageway door, he opens the door to a Machinery Room... a trap.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM -- DAY

Stone looks for a weapon, finds a wrench in a tool chest.

He hides behind the door, waiting for the Killer to enter. Holding his breath. Footsteps getting closer.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

The Killer comes to the closed door, almost moves to open it, then sees the open door. An ambush?

He readies his gun and creeps into the Machinery Room.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM -- DAY

Stone swings the wrench at the Killer.

The Killer sees the movement and spins, deflecting with the gun. Clang! He slams the wrench out of Stone's hands.

Stone grabs the Killer's wrist in his hands, pushing the gun towards the ceiling.

THE KILLER PULLS THE TRIGGER.

BLAM!

Sparks from the ceiling shower the two men.

FACE TO FACE, only inches between the two struggling men. Loaded gun moving between them.

STONE

The Marines are right behind me...

The Killer twists the gun barrel around to Stone's face.

Stone grabs the gun barrel to press it away. Sizzle!

HE SCREAMS, as the hot gun barrel burns his palms.

The Killer presses the gun barrel against Stone's left cheek. His finger gets ready to pull the trigger.

Stone grabs the gun barrel, pushing it up into the air.

BLAM!

STONE AND THE KILLER struggle with the gun.

The Killer tries to twist the barrel down at Stone's face. Stone tries to keep the damned thing away from him.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and the Marine Team run to the Machinery Room.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM -- DAY

Logan and the Marine Team aim their rifles at the Killer.

LOGAN

Get out of there! We need a clear shot!

Stone would LIKE to get out of there, but the Killer will kill him before Logan's team get off any shots.

STONE

Can't. He'll kill me.

The Killer twists the gun away from Stone... and kicks him to the floor. Stone goes down HARD.

The Killer aims at Stone, laughs as he pulls the trigger.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Killer is hit five times by Logan and the Marine Team and goes down before he can get off a shot.

Newton steps on the Killer's wrist and kicks the gun from his hand... The Killer mumbles something.

That's when Paul Prescott and his Cameraman BURST into the room, camera light blazing.

PRESCOTT

The Marines have dealt swift justice to this mad dog assassin...

Logan gets ready to forcibly remove Prescott from the room.

NEWTON

Logan.

Logan turns from Prescott.
The Killer speaks his last words.

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

KILLER

It is too late American Dogs. The war has already begun.

The Killer's last words, broadcast LIVE to the world on GNN.

KILLER

Death to the Egyptians! Praise to Jordan!

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- DAY

Deep inside a missile bunker in the Zagros Mountains, Iranian war chief AQMED ZAHEDI watches the Killer die on TV.

ZAHEDI

A brilliant performance.

Zahedi is the hard edged leader of Iran's military. Promoted due to his (literally) take no prisoners attitude. A man who loves both the strategy and the blood of the battlefield. Never goes anywhere without his computer chess game.

His second in command, URIBE, enters.

URIBE

Our Supreme Leader has made it safely away from the ship.

ZAHEDI

Splendid. Begin phase two. Prepare the planes for the first bombing raid.

URIBE

Yes, sir.

Uribe scurries away, Zahedi glances at the TV as he continues winning his computer chess game.

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT - ON THE CARRIER -- DAY

The camera swishes away from the dead Killer to Prescott.

PRESCOTT

A dramatic declaration of war brings this peace conference to a close...

INT. MACHINERY ROOM -- DAY

Whatever else Prescott was going to say gets cut off as Logan and another Marine grab them and toss them against the wall.

LOGAN
Security Alert means up against the
wall. EVERYBODY against the wall.

The camera slams onto the floor, shattering.

Logan turns to Stone, still on the floor.

LOGAN
You okay?

Logan grabs Stone's hand and pulls him to his feet.
This turns into a hand shake.

STONE
Sorry about breaking Security Alert
Protocol. He was close, I thought I
could get him. My mistake.

Logan studies Stone for a moment, decides not to hassle him.

LOGAN
Okay. But you owe me one.

Stone nods. Logan lifts his walkie talkie.

INT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Ferguson watches a MARINE DETAIL turn the peace signing area
into a crime scene. His aide, GILBERT, taps him.

GILBERT
Sir, they've apprehended the killer.

Gilbert: straight laced, never used profanity in his life.

FERGUSON
Have him brought to...

GILBERT
He's dead, sir.

FERGUSON
I want a full report.

Gilbert nods, salutes, gets to work.

INT. MACHINERY ROOM -- DAY

Logan turns to Newton, who is searching the Killer's body.

LOGAN
What have you got?

NEWTON

No ID, no labels in his clothes; he's still a mystery guest.

LOGAN

He had to have a press pass and documents to get on board.

STONE

Unless he wasn't a member of the press.

LOGAN

Spill it.

Stone bends over the Killer and lifts his hands.

STONE

Fresh manicure. You know any terrorists or soldiers who get manicures?

LOGAN

Hey: Don't ask, don't tell.

STONE

I think he came as an attache to one of the dignitaries...

Logan laughs and shakes his head.
That opens a can of worms.

LOGAN

I'll let you tell that theory to the Admiral. Sounds like trouble to me.

Logan and Stone leave the machinery room.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Logan and Stone head to the upper decks to report to Admiral Ferguson. When they pass Paul Prescott and his Cameraman, Logan barks an order.

LOGAN

Against the wall! Now!

Prescott and the Cameraman IMMEDIATELY put their backs against the wall, dropping whatever they were doing.

After they pass Prescott, Logan introduces himself.

LOGAN

Mike Logan.

STONE

Tom Stone.

LOGAN

You know your way out of this maze?

STONE

No, sir. I'm just a pilot. You'd have to talk to a Fireman or a Medic. They're the only ones who actually know the whole ship. The rest of us just stick to our own little section.

INT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Gilbert brings Logan and Stone to Admiral Ferguson. Salutes.

LOGAN

Sir, how are my injured men?

FERGUSON

Stable. They've got the same doctors as the President.

(beat)

The President would like to thank you personally, but he's busy trying to keep this thing from becoming a major furball.

(beat)

Declined anesthetics when they pulled the bullet out, so that he'd have a clear head. He's got those Dignitaries in the sick bay trying to keep this peace treaty incident from becoming a full scale war.

(beat)

What can you tell me about this killer?

LOGAN

No ID card, no press pass. Tell him your theory Stone.

STONE

I think the Killer may have been a member of the dignitary's...

Gilbert cuts him off, yelling at Admiral Ferguson.

GILBERT

Sir! AWACs has picked up a squadron of fighter planes heading towards Jordan! Looks like an attack!

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

The "war room" where information from the Air Traffic Control Center next door, as well radar and intelligence information is formulated into combat strategy.

Admiral Ferguson, Gilbert, Logan and Stone watch one of the display screens, where radar shows a squadron in flight.

FERGUSON

What's their time to target?

GILBERT

Minutes. No time to intercept.

(beat)

Jordan is readying their air force.

Ferguson turns to Stone and Logan.

FERGUSON

Gentlemen, we're in the middle of a war zone.

GILBERT

Should we evacuate the President, sir?

FERGUSON

He's safer on the Carrier than on a chopper in the middle of an air war.

(beat)

Keep all of the VIPs onboard, too. We don't want any accidents...

GILBERT

Sir, the King of Jordan insists on leaving. He's on the flight deck...

Ferguson looks at the radar image: Egyptian planes flying towards Jordan... Saudi planes taking off from Riyadh... A full scale war on the horizon.

FERGUSON

They'll be flying right into that.

Ferguson bolts out of the CDC, Gilbert trying to catch up.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The King of Jordan and his entourage are boarding a Lynx Mk3 transport helicopter when Ferguson catches up with him.

FERGUSON

Sir, I'm asking all the dignitaries to stay on board. There's a full scale air war out there.

The King's ATTACHE holds Ferguson back as the King boards.

ATTACHE

Our country is under attack. The King must be with his people.

The Attache hops into the chopper and it takes off. Ferguson and Gilbert cover their eyes from the prop wash.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The King's Mk3 helicopter zooms back to Jordan. Right into the air war!

Dozens of fighter planes fly towards each other, ready to mix it up. Camouflage F-16s zooms at green Tornado Mk-1s.

The King's helicopter tries to fly around them, but...

A black MiG-27 fighter zooms out of the clouds behind the Camouflage F-16s and roars at the helicopter.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

COLONEL MAHED FARQUA, dressed entirely in black, targets the Mk3 helicopter, fires a pair of AIM-9 sidewinders.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles roar away from the MiG.

The helicopter tries to out run and evade the missiles. Turning left, then right. The missiles match the moves.

Heat seekers.
Closer.
Closer.
Closer.
No escape!

BLAAAAAAM! The helicopter explodes.

The black MiG-27 disappears into the clouds.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

The radar image of the King's helicopter disappears.

Ferguson grabs the red phone, dials.

FERGUSON
Give me the President.

INT. SICKBAY -- DAY

The President, IV drip in his arm, listens to Ferguson's report. Dignitaries crowd the room, fighting for peace.

FERGUSON (V.O.)
Sir, the King of Jordan's helicopter was just shot down. We think by the Egyptians. We have a full scale air war out there. Dozens of planes.

PRESIDENT
Admiral, let's see if we can head this thing off at the pass...

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

FERGUSON
(listens)
Right, sir.

Ferguson hangs up.

FERGUSON
The President is trying to patch this thing with diplomacy. Thinks he can slick talk them into grounding their planes until this gets sorted out.

Looks from Stone to Logan.

FERGUSON
Gentlemen, your C.O.s are going to be looking for you. Looks like you're going to see some action.

Logan and Stone salute and leave the CDC.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Prescott uses his cell phone for a voice remote, while the Cameraman smokes a cigarette.

PRESCOTT
On the horizon, only a few miles away from us, the sky is black with planes..

INT. GNN NEWS REPORT -- DAY

A photo of Prescott is supered over a map of the region.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
 ...as a full scale air war breaks out
 in the Middle East...

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Elster briefs the PILOTS and RIOS.

ELSTER
 We've already got at least two countries
 flying against each other.

Barton and Stone sit near each other, but not together.

ELSTER
 So we're faced with the most difficult
 of assignments: preventing this from
 turning into full scale war.
 (points to map)
 Enforce the No Fly Zone. Try to keep
 each country's squadrons separate.

KRAZY KAT
 Sir, what if this thing's a big hairy
 furball by the time we get there?

ELSTER
 Remember: Fire only if fired upon.
 Our job is to maintain peace, here.
 That's not going to be easy, but I
 think we can handle it. Let's go.

Pilots and RIOS get ready for action.

INT. PILOT'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Overly handsome pilot BILL "HOLLYWOOD" JONES notices Barton.

HOLLYWOOD
 Who's the nugget?

BARTON
 Judy Barton. "Thrasher" to my friends.

KRAZY KAT
 Hope you took your Dramamine. The
 Stone-Man's a flying fool. Loop the
 loops, rolls, all kinds of stunts.
 Wanted to run away and join the flying
 circus, but we talked him out of it.

Krazy Kat Kovac tries to get a smile out of Stone, hugs him.

Stone goes ballistic, pushes him away. Keeps pushing until he gets Krazy Kat up against the locker, an arm at his throat.

STONE

Quit the fucking gags, Kovac. I don't see "Joker" on your helmet.

KRAZY KAT

Just trying to keep things light, man. Help you get your groove back.

Stone regains control, takes a step back.

STONE

I don't appreciate it.

KRAZY KAT

You don't seem to appreciate anything anymore.

Stone gets ready to slug him, but Barton pulls him back. Stone shakes her off and storms out.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Barton tries to catch up with Stone.

BARTON

Stone. Stone.

He doesn't even slow down.

INT. FLIGHT DECK CONTROL -- DAY

CREW MEMBERS move model airplanes with tail ID numbers across a replica of the flight deck and hangar bay.

Model planes are moved with precision and dexterity, an echo of the way the planes are being taxied and moved on deck.

A model of Stone's F-14 is moved from the Hanger Bay to Elevator #2, and a color-coded metal nut is placed on the model to note that it is preparing to take off.

INT. HANGER BAY -- DAY

Barton and Stone give their F-14 Tomcat a pre-flight inspection, a brown shirted CREW CHIEF notes any problems. Stone checks EVERYTHING... paranoid about flying.

CHIEF

You want to kick the tires?

STONE

No.

Stone checks the nose gear, then gives the Crew Chief a nod.

STONE

I'll sign.

Stone signs off for the plane.

CHIEF

It's all yours.

OTHER PILOTS AND RIOS punch fists together before entering their planes. Stone doesn't punch Barton's fist. She feels like a third wheel... Stone, MacKenna's Ghost, Judy Barton.

BARTON

We've kicked the tires, let's light the fires.

No response from Stone, so Barton climbs the ladder. Stone takes a deep breath, and follows.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

A jet roars off the bow of the carrier, taking flight.

The elevator brings the F-14 up to the flight deck.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

The photo of Stone & MacKenna on Stone's flight clip board. Behind Stone, Barton goes through take-off check list.

BARTON

Wings spread and locked. Flaps and slats in take off position.

Stone communicates with Flight Deck Control.

FD CONTROL (V.O.)

Tomcat seven one seven you're up next.
Cat number one.

STONE

Tomcat seven one seven, cat number one, copy that.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

A Yellow Shirted TAXI DIRECTOR waves Stone and Barton's F-14 Tomcat into position at Catapult #1.

The jet blast deflector raises behind the plane, and a Green Shirted CAT CREW member connects the nose gear to the shuttle with a shear bolt.

The Yellow Shirted SHOOTER signals Stone to go full throttle.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone goes full throttle. Every step brings him closer to what he fears most... another cold shot.

STONE
Full throttle.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The Shooter raises his left hand, palm out, five fingers up.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Afterburners.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The Shooter salutes Stone, then touches two fingers to the deck... the launch signal.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone salutes, and prepares for launch. The moment of truth. Glances down at the photo of Hank.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The catapult BLASTS the F-14 down the flight deck towards the bow of the ship... But something is wrong.

BARTON
Stone... Adjust the flaps. Stone?

Stone snaps out of it and makes the adjustment.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 stabilizes, and zooms away from the Carrier.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone relaxes, still alive.

INT. FLIGHT DECK CONTROL -- DAY

The Model Plane with Stone & Barton's tail number is moved off the ship, onto the playing field.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Four F-14s flying in the "Fluid four" formation.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone radios Ferguson.

STONE

Base, this is Blue Leader. Our target is still BVR, requesting bogey dope.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Ferguson studies the latest CIS Satellite photo.

FERGUSON

Blue Leader, this is base. Target heading is one zero niner at eight.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Copy that, base.

Stone talks to Barton.

STONE

Anything on the box?

BARTON

Got 'em. Radar contact at one zero niner at angels thirty. A dozen planes... Not getting any IFF readings.

STONE

Copy that. Keep playing with your dolly. This could get hairy.

Barton nods and goes back to the "Dolly", a data-link to the CDC which receives targeting information.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The planes fly.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone communicates with the other pilots.

STONE

Blue Squadron this is Blue Leader.
Time To Target: just over two minutes.
(beat)
Blue Three is eyeball. Hollywood, try
not to fall asleep this time.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Hollywood's F-14 zooms into position.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

HOLLYWOOD

(laughs)
Copy that Blue Leader.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON

Krazy Kat's your wingman, he should be
eyeball...

STONE

(ignores her)
Blue four is shooter. Remember, we're
trying to stop a war, Gremlin, not
start one.

GREMLIN (V.O.)

Blue Four copies. We come in peace.

STONE

Blue Two is shooter number two.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Krazy Kat is unhappy with his assignment.

KRAZY KAT

Blue Two copies.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Barton gets a blip on her screen.

BARTON

We've got Bandits at four o'clock
medium. A dozen cammy planes, Egyptian
markings, flying West...

STONE

Egypt's to our east..

BARTON
Flying West...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage F-16 fighter planes roar past.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Hollywood sights the planes.

HOLLYWOOD
Tally ho, twelve bandits, four O'clock.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage planes are flying towards...

TEN JORDANIAN MIRAGE 3 FIGHTER PLANES!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Barton nodes another group of blips on her radar screen, looks up to see...

BARTON
Tally ho! Second target. Ten Mirage
3s at ten o'clock, closing fast!

STONE
Base, this is Blue Leader. We're right
in the middle of a luffberry. A pair
of gorillas. Please advise.

But Stone doesn't have time to wait for an answer, he pulls up, just as the Mirages meet the Camouflage jets.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Mirages and the Camouflage jets mix it up.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The city on the sea, war on the horizon.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Ferguson watches the big board's blip-display of the air battle, when Gilbert hangs up the red phone, turns to him.

GILBERT
Sir.
(MORE)

GILBERT (CONT'D)

The Egyptian delegate has assured the President that they have no planes in the air. They have not, repeat NOT retaliated in any way....

Ferguson grabs the microphone.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14s fly over...

The clash of Mirages and Camouflage F-16 fighter planes.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

FERGUSON (V.O.)

Blue Leader, this is base. Confirm markings on Target One aircraft.

STONE

Egyptian markings... But we're getting no IFF signal, sir.

BARTON

It's like they strangled their parrot. They've shut off their transponders so we can't tell who they are.

FERGUSON (V.O.)

Copy that, Blue Leader.

(beat)

Egypt says those are NOT, I repeat NOT their planes. Some sort of spoof. Pull back until we get this whole thing sorted out.

STONE

Copy that, Base.

(beat)

Hear that Blue Team? Do not engage... Bugout and head back to base.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Two of the F-14s flying next to each other.

KRAZY KAT (V.O.)

Blue Two bugging out.

HOLLYWOOD (V.O.)

Blue Three bugging back to base.

GREMLIN (V.O.)
Blue Four copies.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

One of the Camouflage planes zips past a Mirage and pulls out of the skirmish, flying away.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
Stone, I've got a straggler Cammy,
just broke left and is flying east at
one twenty, angels forty five.

Stone spots the straggler.

STONE
Tally ho.
(on radio)
Base, I'm shadowing one of the Bandits.
Going over the fence. Breaking radio
contact.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage plane zooms through the clouds...

The F-14 zooms through the clouds behind it. Following.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
We still naked?

BARTON
No indication he knows we're here. No
spikes, no squawks.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage Fighter changes course.

The F-14 follows, maintaining cloud cover.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
Heading south at one fifty, angels
forty five.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage F-16 changes course once again.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
He's changed course again. Heading
west at ninety six...

STONE
Where the hell's he going?

BARTON
Do you think he's lost?

STONE
He acts like a man with a plan. Problem
is: We don't know what the plan is.

BARTON
He's flying in circles.

STONE
To make sure no one's following him?

BARTON
Stone. He's heading towards the carrier
group.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage Fighter roars through the sky.

The F-14 Tomcat zooms through the clouds behind it.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone radios base.

STONE
Paddles this is seven zero seven, Blue
Leader, headed back to home plate.

LSO (V.O.)
We'll clear a place for you.

STONE
I have an unwanted guest preceeding
me, you might want to hide the silver
and break out the guns.

LSO (V.O.)
Copy that.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The Aircraft Carrier in the shimmering ocean, surrounded by two cruisers, four fast frigates, a three ship Marine Amphibious Ready Group (ARG), and an oiler/tender.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Ferguson turns to Gilbert

FERGUSON
Sound General Quarters.

GILBERT
Aye, Admiral. Sound General Quarters.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

The General Quarters Alarm sounds, and people start moving.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Sailors run down the passageways, grabbing helmets, getting ready for action. The speakers onboard ship announce:

SPEAKER (V.O.)
General Quarters, General Quarters.
Man your battle stations.

EXT. GUN TURRET -- DAY

A helmeted GUN CREW man one of the 4 Phalanx 20mm Gatling Guns on a turret just below the flight deck.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
Time minus two minutes.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Gilbert turns to Ferguson.

GILBERT
All stations are manned and ready.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Cammy jet zooms at top speed towards the carrier group.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Gilbert looks up from the radar.

GILBERT
Twenty miles and closing fast.

Elster gets on the radio.

ELSTER

Stone?

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat zooms through the clouds at top speed.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

In pursuit. Bandit is still BVR.

BARTON

Got him on FLIR. Five miles at our 12
O'clock. Moving fast.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage F-16 jet zooms closer to the Carrier Group.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

GILBERT

Fifteen miles and closing.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 zooms in pursuit of the Camouflage jet.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Barton watches her monitors.

BARTON

He's still five miles ahead of us.
Won't this thing go any faster?

Stone puts the pedal to the metal.
Then he notices the fuel gauge... Not looking good.

STONE

We're almost out of playtime.

BARTON

Can't bingo if this guy blasts the
ship.

STONE

I hear you.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat ROARS past at high speed.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Gilbert looks up from the radar, bad news on the doorstep.

GILBERT
Thirteen miles and closing. Twelve.
Eleven...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage jet zooms even closer to the Carrier Group.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone keeps one eye his fuel pressure and the other on his HUD screen air speed indicator and target closure rate.

BARTON
Three miles... Two... Stone?

Stone seems like he's daydreaming. Looking at the photo.

BARTON
Stone? You see him yet?

Snaps out of it and looks through the HUD display.

STONE
Still no joy.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Cammy zooms past.... Followed by the F-14 a moment later.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

GILBERT
Seven... Six... Five...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage jet zooms closer to the Carrier.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Paul Prescott and his Cameraman stand on the deck looking out over the ocean, having a smoke. Prescott hears something.

PRESCOTT
You hear that?

Looks up in the sky, shading his eyes.

PRESCOTT

It's a plane coming in.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Camouflage jet zooms past....
Followed by the F-14 a moment later.
The F-14 is gaining fast.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone sees the target closure rate decreasing rapidly, then spots the Cammy jet through the canopy.

STONE

Tally ho! I'm engaged!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 zooms after the F-16, getting closer to the Carrier.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

GILBERT

Less than a mile away... Fire SAMs?

Ferguson moves from the radar to the WINDOW!

FERGUSON

Might hit our plane. Elster? Is this air cowboy any good?

ELSTER

Used to be the best.

FERGUSON

If he can't splash that bandit in the next two minutes, I'm filling the sky with SAMs. Both planes are gonna get blown to hell.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat and the Camouflage F-16 mix it up.
The Cammy using evasive moves to shake the F-14.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone zooms right, then left, trying to line up the Camouflage fighter plane on his targeting screen.

Can't seem to get the plane lined up. Getting frustrated.

STONE
Can't get tone.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Cammy continues evading Stone's F-14 in an amazing display of Air Combat Maneuvering.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Prescott watches the two planes.

PRESCOTT
They're fighting... getting closer.
Look! Too bad the camera's broken...
This is headline news!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat chases the Cammy, unable to get any advantage.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone works the stick, trying to get the Camouflage F-16 centered on his targeting screen.

STONE
Can't get him to line up.

BARTON
Come on, Stone. You're better trained
than he is... You can do it.

Stone suddenly calms, almost zen-like. He glides the plane right, then a little left... Lining up the Camouflage F-16.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Tomcat moves in right behind the F-16... holds position.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

The target circle goes from green to red, and he gets tone.

STONE
Good tone. Good bye.

He squeezes the trigger, firing a missile.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missile fires from Stone's F-14, zooming at the Cammy.

INT. CAMOUFLAGE F-16 -- DAY

The PILOT's radar warning lights and sirens are going off.

He quickly fires a pair of missiles. They go wild.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's missile hits the Cammy F-16... BLASTING IT TO PIECES!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Splash one straggler.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Ferguson looks down at his watch.

FERGUSON

Twelve seconds to spare.

GILBERT

Sir? The Bandit had time to fire two missiles. Wild shots, but radar says they're correcting course...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The two sidewinders change direction, turning over 90 degrees.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Prescott sees the missiles zooming at the Carrier.

PRESCOTT

They're coming right at us.

EXT. GUN TURRET -- DAY

The GUN CREW uses laser targeting to aim the big 20mm Phalanx Gatling Guns at the incoming missiles. With it's six barrel, the guns can fire more than 4,500 shells a minute.

GUN CREW

Target acquired. Fire!

The guns blast away at the first incoming missile.

The stream of shells miss!

The missile gets closer.

Closer.

Closer!

The Gun Crew adjusts aim, fires again.

Three thousand shells, three quarts of an inch thick, blast at the incoming sidewinder missile.

Blasting it to pieces!
It explodes, raining debris over the side of the carrier.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

GILBERT
Missile number one trashed.

EXT. GUN TURRET -- DAY

The Gun Crew takes aim at the second sidewinder, opens fire.

Shells spray out of the guns in a stream, splashing the missile and EXPLODING it into a million pieces.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

GILBERT
Missile number two trashed.

Cheering from the CDC staff, but not Ferguson and Gilbert

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The CREW prepares for Stone and Barton's landing.

LSO (V.O.)
Seven zero seven, your charley signal.
Call the ball.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat approaches the Carrier.

The LSO on the platform ready to guide him in.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Seven Zero Seven. Hook is down. Gear
is down and locked.

EXT. F-14 TOMCAT -- DAY

Landing gear locks into place.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Seven Zero Seven approach, lining up.

BARTON
I've got the ball.

LSO (V.O.)
Deck is clear.

STONE
Seven Zero Seven, ball, one point three.

LSO (V.O.)
Roger ball. Slightly right.

STONE
Copy that.

LSO (V.O.)
All indicators green. Hold there.
Slightly left. You're in the groove.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat lands perfectly on the deck, hook grabbing the two wire and easing to a stop.

INT. HANGER BAY -- DAY

Stone and Barton take off their helmets. Stone walks away, but Barton catches him, turning him to face her.

BARTON
Is that it?

STONE
Is that what?

BARTON
You're just going to walk away?

STONE
What do you want me to do?

BARTON
When we're in that plane, we're supposed to be partners, not total strangers...

STONE
Nothing against you, Barton, you do good work. But you aren't my partner. Hank was.

BARTON

Stone...

STONE

We knew each other since Miramar.
Learned to fly together... He trusted
me. He depended on me...

BARTON

Up there, I depend on you.

STONE

Don't.

Stone turn from her, starts walking away.

BARTON

You are the most stone cold person
I've ever met.

STONE

Stone cold. I'll have it painted on
my helmet.

She shakes her head.

BARTON

Hank wasn't the only one who died in
that plane.

Stone waves her off and walks away.

STONE

I don't have time for this.

Stone exits, leaving her alone and angry.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Gilbert hangs up the phone and turns to Admiral Ferguson.

GILBERT

Sir, the plane Stone shot down appears
to be an F-16...

FERGUSON

Ours?

GILBERT

No. One of several sold to Iran fifteen
years ago... Before they began calling
us as the "American Satans".

(beat)

They'd painted on Egyptian markings.

FERGUSON

Starting a war between Egypt and Jordan.
Why?

(beat)

Get the Pentagon on the horn. I want
everything Intel has on Iran.

GILBERT

Yes, sir.

FERGUSON

Have Intel patch the CIS Spy Satellite
through to the big screen.

GILBERT

Yes, sir.

FERGUSON

And I want the 24th MEU SOC up and
ready for an amphibious invasion.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

A group of MARINES runs down the passageway.
Newton grabs Logan alone the way.

NEWTON

Come on.

LOGAN

Where we going?

NEWTON

Taking our ARG and hitting the beach.
Briefing at fourteen hundred hours.

(beat)

Looks like we're going to war.

Logan's expression changes as he runs.

INT. PILOT'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Barton shoves her gear in the corner cubby, exits with the
other PILOTS, leaving Stone alone.

CAG Elster enters.

ELSTER

What's this about, Stone? I'm supposed
to be up in the CDC.

STONE

I want to be grounded, sir.

ELSTER

Had a snafu with take off, but your flying was top drawer. Perfect two wire landing.

STONE

I shouldn't be back in the saddle, I'm just not ready.

ELSTER

Stone, I don't know anybody else on this ship who could have shot down that missile.

Stone's emotions bubble just under the surface, threatening to explode. He struggles to keep his cool.

STONE

Just take me out of the line up, sir.

ELSTER

What's the problem?

STONE

Confidence, sir.

ELSTER

You're cat shy.

STONE

More than that. I'm just going through the motions. Flying used to be instinct. But now I keep blanking out, forgetting what to do. Fumbling at the stick...

ELSTER

That's why you have a RIO.

STONE

I don't want her help. I'm going to screw up and get that girl killed.

ELSTER

Stone...

STONE

(loses control)
I'm riding the fucking edge. I don't know what I'm doing any more. There's no spark. Like I'm dead inside.

ELSTER

See the Chaplin, get drunk, I don't care how you deal with it, but DEAL WITH IT. If you're riding the edge you can go either way.

STONE

I'm going to bottom out...

ELSTER

I'm not taking you out of the game.

STONE

If you're going to force me to fly, put me in a Hornet. I'll go solo.

ELSTER

We're all team players.

STONE

And I'm bringing the team down.

ELSTER

The only way to do that is to quit. Everyone onboard is pulling for you.

STONE

Except Kovac. He's driving me up the wall with those stupid gags.

ELSTER

Since Hank's accident, you've been a ball of stress. You walk into a room: instant tension. Kovac's just trying to help.

STONE

It's not working.

ELSTER

Is that Kovac's fault or yours?

Puts a hand on Stone's shoulder.

ELSTER

We all hit lows, Stone. We all fail. But you've got to keep going, even if you're just going through the motions.

STONE

Even if I screw up again?

ELSTER

Make one mistake, two mistakes, ten mistakes. Eventually you get back on track. You get your confidence back. If you quit, you'll never get it back.

Elster pats him on the shoulder.

ELSTER

We need you, Stone. It's okay for you to need us.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Gilbert enters with a box of flash documents from Intel.

GILBERT

Everything Intel has on Iran.

FERGUSON

Find it.

GILBERT

Find what?

FERGUSON

You'll know when it you see it.

Gilbert begins reading through the huge stack of information.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- DAY

Zahedi wins his game of chess against the computer, as Uribe and COLONEL MAHED FARQUA approach.

URIBE

Sir? They shot down our scout plane.

ZAHEDI

The President and heads of state are still on the carrier?

FARQUA

The Jordanians were foolish enough to leave. I shot them down myself.

Farqua's eyes match his black flight suit. A knife scar runs across the left side of his face. Confident, aggressive, he's the best pilot in the Iranian Air Force.

ZAHEDI

Excellent. Let's begin phase four.

FARQUA

The Black Squadron awaits your command.

ZAHEDI

Sink the carrier.

EXT. AIR FIELD - IRAN -- DAY

Colonel Farqua puts on his black helmet as he crosses to his black MiG-27. He climbs into the cockpit. Before lowering the canopy, gives a thumbs up to the other PILOTS...

The air field is FILLED with black MiG-27s and black F-16s! Thirty planes piloted by the top men in Iran's Air Force.

THE BLACK SQUADRON takes off. Roaring into the sky.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Admiral Ferguson hangs up the phone and turns to Gilbert.

FERGUSON

The President has negotiated a truce.
Everyone is recalling their planes...

AIR RAID SIRENS SOUND!

Gilbert drops a file and moves to the radar console.

GILBERT

Sir, incoming aircraft on the horizon.
Looks like an entire squadron.

Ferguson studies the spy satellite image on the big screen, grabs Elster.

FERGUSON

CAG...

ELSTER

Yes, sir.

FERGUSON

Time to circle the wagons.

(beat)

Brief your pilots and RIOs on Iran's
airforce. Everything you know and
everything you think you know.

ELSTER

Yes, sir.

Elster exits the CDC.

GILBERT

Sir... We have the President and a dozen world leaders on board.

FERGUSON

We'd better make sure none of these donkey lovers makes it through...

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Elster briefs the pilots and RIOs, including Krazy Kat, Stone, and Barton. A chalkboard shows the carrier group.

ELSTER

...the perimeter is here. We can't let any of their planes break through.
(draws on his pipe)
They'll be flying MiG 27s they bought at a Soviet "Going Out Of Business" sale or F-16s they bought from us...

KRAZY KAT

From us?

ELSTER

That's right, Kovac. We'll probably be flying against our own planes. Up until 1979 they were our allies. We sold them surplus equipment.

HOLLYWOOD

Equipment is useless without training.

ELSTER

We gave some of these guys Top Gun training. Twenty years ago I flew with an Iranian named Farqua who could run circles around the Instructors. So don't underestimate their abilities.

Elster goes back to the chalk board.

ELSTER

This is an Alpha Strike. An entire squadron. Most of their air force.
(puffs his pipe)
Not a single plane gets through the perimeter to attack this ship. We're protecting the President, here.
(smiles)
Let's go get 'em.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Pilots and RIOs jog down the passage, ready for action.

Krazy Kat Kovac catches up with Stone.

KRAZY KAT

Stone.

Starts to touch his shoulder to turn around, but steps back when he sees Stone's expression.

KRAZY KAT

You want to punch me? Go ahead. One free shot, no repercussions.

STONE

Kovac, just leave me alone.

KRAZY KAT

I'm your wingman. We're supposed to be a team up there.

Stone turns to walk away, but Kovac grabs him. Forces him to listen to what he has to say.

KRAZY KAT

Look, you're hurting. We're all hurting. We all loved Hank. You don't have to be alone in this...

STONE

You weren't in that plane. It was me and Hank. Now it's just me.

KRAZY KAT

I'm trying to help you, here.

STONE

I don't need your help.

KRAZY KAT

If you ever want it, I'm here.

Krazy Kat holds out his fist. Stone almost punches it. Lowers his hand and walks away.

INT. FLIGHT DECK CONTROL -- DAY

The model of Stone's F-14 is moved from the Hanger Bay to Elevator #2, and a color-coded metal nut is placed on the model to note that it is preparing to take off.

INT. HANGER BAY -- DAY

Barton and Stone give their F-14 Tomcat a pre-flight inspection, a brown shirted CREW CHIEF notes any problems. Stone still paranoid about flying.

CHIEF
You want to kick the tires?

STONE
I'll sign.

Stone signs off for the plane in the big 3 ring binder.

CHIEF
All yours, Stone.

OTHER PILOTS AND RIOS punch fists together before entering their planes. Stone doesn't punch Barton's fist.

BARTON
Stone...

STONE
Let's go.

Barton nods and climbs the ladder. Stone follows.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The elevator brings the F-14 up to the flight deck.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

FD CONTROL (V.O.)
Tomcat seven one seven you're up next.
Cat number one.

STONE
Tomcat seven one seven, cat number
one, copy that.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The Shooter raises his left hand, palm out, five fingers up.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Afterburners.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Shooter touches two fingers to the deck... the launch signal.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone salutes, prepares for the launch...
Breathing hard.
Looking at the photo.
Thinking about Hank's death.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

The catapult BLASTS the F-14 down the flight deck...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat spirals away from the Carrier.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone relaxes, still alive.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Thirty F-14 Tomcats and F-18 Hornets create a ring around the Carrier Group. Like wagons circled against the Indians.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Prescott watches the planes circling the carrier, does a remote with his flip phone.

PRESCOTT

An amazing sight, as thirty war birds
circle the carrier, protecting the
President from intruders....

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

RADAR OPS hunched over consoles give tactical information to pilots under the supervision of Admiral Ferguson & CAG Elster.

RADAR (V.O.)

Blue Leader, Blue Leader.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Blue Leader, I copy.

RADAR (V.O.)

Blue Leader, you have two dozen bogies,
three O'clock, thirty miles out.

BARTON

Zero nine zero radar contact is thirty
miles doing six hundred knots.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14s continue circling the Carrier Group.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

No one breaks through the perimeter.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Krazy Kat and his RIO fly in formation.

KRAZY KAT

Blue Two copies that.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Tomcats continue circling the Carrier Group.

On the horizon: A swarm of angry MiGs blot the sun.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua whispers orders to his pilots in Farsi.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Tally ho, at least twenty MiGs. Contact
eight four zero, angels thirty.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

As the Black Squadron approaches, F-14s peel out to do battle.

The remaining planes continue to fly in formation, circling
the Carrier Group, protecting it against attack.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Krazy Kat and his Rio spot a pair of black MiG-27s.

KRAZY KAT

I'll take two, they're small.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Krazy Kat's F-14 Tomcat peels away to battle the MiGs.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Wood, Panther, take the next four.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

HOLLYWOOD (V.O.)
Blue three engaging.

An F-14 peels away to battle a pair of black F-16s.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Hound Dog, Gremlin, the next four.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

HOUND DOG (V.O.)
Blue seven copies that.

Another F-14 peels away, diving after a pair of MiGs.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone and Barton target a MiG, and get ready to rumble.

STONE
Blue Leader. I'm engaged.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 zooms after one of the Black MiGs.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone lines up his targeting circle on the MiG and it goes from green to red. He gets a targeting tone.

STONE
I have tone. I have tone.

Stone hits the firing trigger.

STONE
Fox one, cleared hot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missile fires from the F-14... BLASTS the MiG to pieces.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Splash one MiG. Whose next, Barton?

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Ferguson stands over a Radar Ops shoulder, listening to the flash on the radio, ready to offer guidance.

KRAZY KAT (V.O.)
Blue Two engaged.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Krazy Kat's F-14 is surrounded by MiGs...

Four of them!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

KRAZY KAT
Jeeze! I said TWO!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Krazy Kat's F-14 battles the four black MiGs.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
We've got one right on our tail!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

A black MiG chases Stone and Barton's F-14.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

The MIG PILOT watches his HUD, positioning himself right behind Stone's F-14. His target indicator gives tone.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Barton's RWR indicator lights up.

BARTON
He's got a lock on us! Break right!
Break right!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Black MiG fires a missile at the F-14.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone turns the stick, breaking right.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 breaks right, and the missile zips past.
Close.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
He's painting us! He's gonna fire....

STONE
Hold on. I'm hitting the brakes.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 lowers and slows abruptly.

The MiG shoots past.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone's targeting display shows the MiG right in front of them. He jockeys around until he lines up the MiG.

The target circle goes from green to red, Stone gets tone.

STONE
I've got tone. Fox two cleared hot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

A missile rockets from the F-14, blasting the MiG to pieces.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Another one bites the dust.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

On the perimeter of the circling F-14s, a dozen dog fights have sprung up. Tomcats, MiG-27s, and F-16s trading missiles. Explosions as some planes (either side) are BLASTED TO BITS!

Five black MiGs roar out of the clouds towards a gap in the circling F-14 Tomcats.

HOUND DOG (V.O.)
I've got five MiGs dead ahead, closure
at eight hundred miles an hour...

Five MiGs zip BETWEEN two circling F-14s, almost hitting them. The jet wash torches paint off the front of Blue Seven.

HOUND DOG (V.O.)
They're headed towards the Carrier
Group... Blue seven is giving chase!

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua leads the four black MiG-27s to the carrier.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Elster turns from a radar console.

ELSTER
Five MiGs have broken the perimeter.

FERGUSON
Range?

ELSTER
Four miles at six hundred knots.

Ferguson watches the planes approach on the big screen: real time images from the CIS Eye In The Sky satellite.

FERGUSON
We've got the Fast Frigates as our
second line of defense...

Four Fast Frigates defend four corners of the battle group, forming a second ring around the carrier.

FERGUSON
...then a pair of cruisers.

A big CG-47 class cruiser on either side of the carrier.

FERGUSON
Impossible for five planes to make it
past all that firepower.

On the big screen: Two F-14s are chasing the five MiG-27s.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Blue Leader riding shotgun, Blue Seven.
(to Barton)
Got a fix on them?

BARTON
Zero five zero, angels thirty. Heading
right at the carrier.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone & Barton's F-14 roars behind Blue Seven, chasing the five black MiG-27 fighter planes... Another F-14 joins them.

GREMLIN (V.O.)
Blue Six joining formation.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

KRAZY KAT
Hell, let's make it a foursome.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Krazy Kat BLASTS two of the MiGs, roars away from the other two. Joins Stone, Blue Six and Seven in fluid four formation.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Blue two, where are your Bandits?

KRAZY KAT (V.O.)
Splashed two of them, and I think the other two are right behind me.

BARTON
They're back there. Closing fast.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Five black MiG-27s roar past.
Followed by four F-14 Tomcats.
Followed by two more black MiG-27s.

All racing to the Carrier Group... and the President of the United States and the leaders of a dozen other countries.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Gilbert stops reading through the stack of intelligence reports to watch the drama on the big screen.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Kovac zig-zags to avoid being spiked by the trailing MiGs.

KRAZY KAT
Stone? What do I do with these guys?

STONE (V.O.)
You invited them.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The five Black Squadron planes reach the Fast Frigates.

EXT. OLIVER PERRY CLASS FRIGATE -- DAY

Four hundred fifty three feet long, over four thousand tons, the FFG-7 Fast Frigate is the best escort ship on the sea.

The frigate fires a pair of SM-1MR Surface to Air Missiles (SAMS) at the approaching MiG-27s.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Farqua gets a warning light, pops chaff, and spins out of the missile's path using amazing aerial manuevers.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The MiG rolls away from the SAM, which explodes in the sky.

INT. SICKBAY -- DAY

The President and Dignitaries hear the EXPLOSIONS.
A sudden hush in the room.
The President grabs the red phone.

PRESIDENT

Ferguson. What's going on up there?

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

FERGUSON

We're under attack, sir.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I'll be up there in a minute.

FERGUSON

Sir, safest place for you is where you're at...

INT. SICKBAY -- DAY

PRESIDENT

I am the Commander and Chief of this country. We're at war. I'm in charge.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The last black MiG-27s has trouble evading a SAM.
It hooks left, spins right.
The SAM closing in.
No escape! The SAM hits the MiG and BLOWS IT TO PIECES!

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua turns from the explosion, frowning, zooms at the frigate. Vengeance will be his.

EXT. OLIVER PERRY CLASS FRIGATE -- DAY

The Frigate begins firing its big 76mm gun at the MiGs.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Ack-Ack puffs fill the sky, but the four MiG-27s fly gracefully through the cannon fire. These guys are good!

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua gracefully guides his plane around the cannon fire, shells passing right and left.

HIS TARGETING SCREEN shows the Frigate directly beneath him.

He releases a pair of AS-30 laser guided bombs.

EXT. OLIVER PERRY CLASS FRIGATE -- DAY

The frigate continues firing at the black MiG-27...

Until the bombs hit it and BLOW IT TO PIECES!

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

The frigate explodes on the big screen satellite image.

FERGUSON

They've sunk one of the frigates.

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

Another frigate explodes on the big screen.

ELSTER

Only six planes have broken the perimeter. We've held the rest out.

One of the MiGs peels out of formation and BLASTS the Oiler.

FERGUSON

Six planes can do a shit load of damage.

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

Two frigates sinking, on fire. The
oiler spews a blanket of smoke over the carrier group.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The four F-14s continue to chase the black MiG-27s.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone and Barton race after the enemy aircraft.

BARTON

Radar contact: bogies at zero two zero,
nine thousand feet.

STONE

Tally ho. Four Bandits, twelve o'clock.

Stone looks at the target closure reading on his HUD.

BARTON

They're going to be on top of the
Cruisers before we can catch them.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

FERGUSON

The cruisers will stop them.

EXT. TICONDEROGA CLASS CRUISER -- DAY

The most effect air defense ships in the US Navy, outfitted with the Aegis System which can track hundreds of targets simultaneously and blast them from the sky with SAMs.

As the MiG-27s approach, the Cruiser locks on and fires eight SM-2 missiles. A pair at each incoming plane.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The black MiG-27s scramble, popping chaff and firing wing guns at the missiles. Amazing aerial manuevers.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua throws his plane into a spin. Missiles shooting past him on either side. When the missiles correct course, he fires his wing guns, BLASTING them from the sky.

EXT. TICONDEROGA CLASS CRUISER -- DAY

The cruiser fires another dozen SM-2 missiles at the planes.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Two of the MiGs are unable to evade the missiles.
BLAAAAM! BLAAAAM! They are blasted out of the sky.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Splash two more MiGs.

BARTON
Save some fun for us.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The four F-14s roar after the last two MiGs, avoiding the flying debris from the splashed planes.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua whispers orders to his last pilot in Farsi. Then dives at the Cruiser... making a bombing run.

EXT. TICONDEROGA CLASS CRUISER -- DAY

The big Mk 45 radar guided deck gun spins around: targeting Farqua's MiG. Firing a stream of 54 caliber shells.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua barrel rolls the plane, flying BETWEEN the shells.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Impossible.

EXT. TICONDEROGA CLASS CRUISER -- DAY

As the big gun turret follows Farqua's black MiG, spraying a stream of shells after it, the second black MiG-27 rolls in behind it... dropping a pair of AS-30 laser guided bombs.

On the deck of the Cruiser, the CREW sees the bombs coming, but have nowhere to run. The bombs float down to the ship.

BLOWING IT TO PIECES!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The two black MiGs roar away from the burning cruiser... heading towards the Carrier and the President!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone catches up with the two black MiG-27s.

STONE
Blue Leader, engaged.

BARTON
He's breaking! He's breaking!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Colonel Farqua's black MiG-27 slices right, spinning the plane around to face Stone and Barton's Tomcat.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone lines up the MiG on his targeting screen.

STONE
Good tone. Fox one cleared hot.

Stone fires a missile at the MiG.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua pops chaff, and fires a pair of missiles at Stone's F-14 Tomcat!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua's MiG spins around the sidewinder missile.

Farqua's two missiles head RIGHT AT Stone's F-14!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Hang on!

Stone pops chaff and spins between the missiles.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles rocket past the F-14....
.....Change course...
.....Roar down at the aircraft carrier!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Did you see that?

Barton looks at her monitors.

BARTON
Targeting the carrier.

STONE
Hang on. We've giving chase.

Stone slices right and chases after the missiles.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 chases the missiles to the Carrier.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

ELSTER

Incoming. Two missiles at zero nine seven. Impact in 97 seconds.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles get closer to the Carrier.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone chases the two missiles.

BARTON

Too close for missiles. We miss, we hit the ship.

STONE

Wing guns hot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The two missiles closing fast on the carrier.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON

Bearing zero zero zero. Target's yours.

Stone lines up one of the missiles and opens fire.

EXT. F-14 TOMCAT -- DAY

Vulcan 20mm wing guns blast a stream of hot lead.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missile is hit and EXPLODES!

But the second missile is still roaring at the carrier. Closer. Closer. Closer!

The stream of fire changes to intercept the missile.
BLAAAAAAM!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone smiles, then pulls up to avoid hitting the carrier.

STONE
Trash two missiles.

ROAR!

A pair of black MiGs zooms past them, making a run at the aircraft carrier.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Each of the MiGs fires a pair of missiles.
The missiles seem to home in on the center of the carrier.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

ELSTER
Incoming. Four missiles...

Gilbert glances at the big screen, then returns to the stack of intelligence reports. Reading as war rages outside.

EXT. GUN TURRET -- DAY

The GUN CREW aims at the incoming missiles.
The missile gets closer.
Closer. Closer!

GUN CREW
Target acquired. Fire!

The guns blast away at the first incoming missile. Blasting
it to pieces!

They shift aim to the second missile and fire.
Blasting it out of the sky.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The black MiGs fire more missiles.
No matter where they're aimed, they home in on the carrier.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Like they know where the ship is.

BARTON
Frequency guided.

STONE
Keep that thought.

Stone roars after one of the MiGs, chasing him.

STONE

Blue Leader, engaged with MiG two.

KRAZY KAT (V.O.)

Congratulations. You make a nice couple. I'll take the party crashers.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14s split up, chasing after the MiGs.

EXT. GUN TURRET -- DAY

The GUN CREW blasts away at the incoming missiles.
A half dozen of them!
Then they run out of shells!

GUN CREW

Reload!

The Crew quickly reloads.
Missiles get closer.
Closer.

The get the guns up an running and BLAST a missile out of the sky only SECONDS before it would have hit the ship.

Shrapnel and flames pepper the gun turret.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Ferguson and Elster watch the big screen.

Gilbert reads reports, watching the screen simultaneously.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone and Barton's F-14 chases the black MiG-27.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone lines up his targeting circle on the MiG and it goes from green to red. He gets a targeting tone.

STONE

I have tone. I have tone.

Stone hits the trigger.

STONE

Fox one, cleared hot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missile hits the black MiG.
EXPLODING IT!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
One down, three to go.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Krazy Kat chases after the two party crashing MiG-27s.
Blue Seven's F-14 joins him.

HOUND DOG (V.O.)
Blue Two, need a hand?

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

KRAZY KAT
Sure, Seven. You eyeball, I'll shoot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Krazy Kat and Hound Dog's planes mixes it up with the MiGs.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Krazy Kat's HUD targeting display locks onto the MiG.

KRAZY KAT
Good tone. Firing.

The missile zooms through the sky, hitting the MiG.

KRAZY KAT
Splash MiG number two.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Blue Six's F-14 is being chased by a MiG.

GREMLIN (V.O.)
This is Blue Six, we've been spiked!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

GREMLIN (V.O.)
He's firing! He's fi....

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

A MiG fires at Blue Six. The F-14 tries to evade, but the missile hits dead on and EXPLODES the F-14 to pieces.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Blue Two, Blue six has been hit. Tell me they punched out in time.

KRAZY KAT (V.O.)

No chutes Blue Leader.

Stone and Barton give it a moment, then Farqua's MiG zooms by on its way to the carrier!

BARTON

Last bandit going in!

Stone takes off after him.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 Tomcat chases Farqua's MiG.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone tries to line up the MiG on his targeting screen.

STONE

Can't get him to line up.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua zooms down to the aircraft carrier. Gets a warning light. Smiles. Pulls back on the stick.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The black MiG does an amazing loop the loop ending up BEHIND Stone's Tomcat. He fires his wing guns at the F-14.

EXT. F-14 TOMCAT -- DAY

Bullets splatter the side of Stone's plane.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

You okay back there?

BARTON

Just having my lunch again.

STONE

Hang on.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone spins the plane around, evading the gun fire by flying SIDEWAYS between the two streams of gunfire.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

FARQUA

He's good. But not good enough.

Farqua fires a pair of missiles at the F-14.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles rocket at Stone's plane.
No escape!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Punching out! Punching out!

BARTON

We're still naked, Stone! He doesn't
have a lock on us!

Stone DOESN'T hit the eject button.
Keeps the plane perfectly sideways.
The missiles roar RIGHT AT THEM!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles fly RIGHT PAST the F-14, missing by inches.
Heading towards the carrier!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Kovac! Two missiles. Coming your
way. Two seven zero.

KRAZY KAT (V.O.)

I've gone winchester. Used up my
ordnance splashing MiGs.

INT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The two missiles home in on the carrier. Gaining speed.

EXT. GUN TURRET -- DAY

The Gun Crew tries blasting the incoming missiles.
But the guns run dry.

GUN CREW
Dry guns! Reloading!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Krazy Kat watches the missiles approach.
They're going to hit the carrier.

KRAZY KAT
Son of a bitch.

Krazy roars the F-14 on an intercept course with the missiles.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

FERGUSON
Impact in five seconds. Four. Three.

Gilbert stands straight up: A report in his hands.

GILBERT
Bingo!

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The two missiles zoom at the carrier.
Krazy Kat's F-14 slices in front of the missiles.
Shielding the ship.
One of the missiles hits Krazy Kat's F-14 Tomcat.
BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Kovac!

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The other missile hits the carrier.
BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

The explosion rips a hole in the side of the carrier.

INT. SICKBAY -- DAY

The President, preparing to leave, is KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR!
Fires break out.

PRESIDENT

We've been hit! Get these fires out!

Dignitaries grab fire extinguishers to quench the flames.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone and Barton fly over the carrier, amazed at the damage.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua's black MiG spins away from some scattered cannon fire, goes supersonic, disappears into the clouds.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

A FIRE CREW sprays foam over the flames erupting from the damaged portion of the carrier... controlling it.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Admiral Ferguson moves to his feet, grabs the intercom.

FERGUSON

Damage report.

VOICE (V.O.)

We've taken a hit to mid-port side.
Fires under control. No damage to the
steam turbines. One cat and one
elevator down...

FERGUSON

Casualties?

VOICE (V.O.)

At least a dozen dead, sir. Fifteen
injured men taken to sick bay...

FERGUSON

The President?

VOICE (V.O.)

On his way up, sir.

GILBERT

Admiral? It's worse than we thought.

Gilbert holds up an Intelligence report.

GILBERT

Two years ago Iran bought a truckload
of Chinese anti-ship missiles...

FERGUSON

Silkworms?

GILBERT

No. The new C-805 Shipkillers. Cruise missiles with a 340 mile range and a 1,000 kiloton warhead. Three times more powerful than the Silkworm.

(beat)

A direct hit could sink a carrier.

FERGUSON

I want every reckon photo and TARP we have on that screen. The 24th MEU SOC is in route. Let's see if we can find them a target.

Gilbert nods and gets to work.

INT. PILOT'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Stone stops at Krazy Kat's locker. Touches it.

STONE

Forgive me, man. I screwed up.

Looses control and starts pounding his fist into the locker. Tears streaming, he beats on it until his fists are red. His legs turn to jello and he slides to the floor.

STONE

You were only trying to help. I didn't appreciate it. I'm sorry.

He looks at the photo of Hank.

STONE

I'm sorry.

Barton enters, sees Stone on the floor.

Hesitates.

Then goes to him.

Stone reaches out for her, allowing himself to be comforted. Barton lets him cry, lets him lose control.

BARTON

It's okay.

Stone works through it, gets his composure back. Pulls away from Barton and sits up against the wall.

STONE

Sorry. That was unprofessional.

BARTON

We all need to reach out sometimes.

Stone reaches his fist out to Barton.
She punches it.
They smile at each other.
A moment.

STONE

You did good up there, Barton.

BARTON

So did you, boss.

Barton pulls him to his feet, and Stone goes to his locker.

Hank's name still on the empty locker next to his. Stone scrapes off the label and uses it to stick the photo inside his locker, turns to Barton.

STONE

Here. You might as well use it.

BARTON

Thanks.

Barton smiles at Stone.
Completely accepted.
A team.

STONE

Let's see what Elster says about your frequency guided missile theory.

EXT. AIR FIELD - IRAN -- DAY

Colonel Farqua takes off his helmet, heads to the bunker.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- DAY

Zahedi wins another chess game against his computer when Colonel Farqua enters.

ZAHEDI

Report?

FARQUA

Twenty nine casualties... One direct hit on the carrier.

ZAHEDI

So the slaver is active? Excellent.
(to Uribe)
Time to begin phase five...

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

The President, arm in a sling, listens to Ferguson's report.

FERGUSON
Missiles. Chinese C-805 Shipkillers.
Modeled after Soviet SS-N-22s.

PRESIDENT
Ship killers?

GILBERT
A direct hit will sink us.

FERGUSON
Intel figured they bought 'em to blow
up oil tankers...

GILBERT
Satellite Reckon shows lots of activity
in this area of the Zagros Mountains.

Ferguson points to the Satellite photo on the big screen.

FERGUSON
We believe the missiles are in a bunker
cut into the top of the mountain.

PRESIDENT
How many missiles?

GILBERT
Eight to ten. Intel isn't sure.

PRESIDENT
And it only takes one to sink us.

FERGUSON
It's a big ocean, sir. Even if that
MiG pilot returned with exact co-ords,
all we have to do is move the carrier
five miles in any direction and they
have little chance of hitting us.

PRESIDENT
Little chance?

GILBERT
They can pepper the area with missiles,
but odds are against a direct hit.

PRESIDENT
Odds?

FERGUSON

Mr. President, we are at war.
Unexpected things are to be expected.

PRESIDENT

So what's our plan of action? Move
the ships and air strike the silo?

GILBERT

The 24th MEU SOC is in transit...

Stone and Barton enter, and flag Elster over.
They whisper as Ferguson continues briefing the President.

FERGUSON

We're better off using our planes to
patrol the perimeter, Mr. President.

GILBERT

The C-805s may be laser guided.

FERGUSON

If a scout plane gets close enough to
sparkle the ship, we're back in the
bull's eye.

GILBERT

Using the carrier group as a floating
fortress is the best way to protect
you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

What if they send another squadron?

FERGUSON

They don't have another squadron.

GILBERT

They lost thirty planes and scored one
hit on the carrier. Intel reports
they have no more than a half dozen
operational planes left.

FERGUSON

Most of their air force is waiting for
parts or pilots.

GILBERT

That Alpha Strike took out their best
pilots. We only lost a dozen men.

PRESIDENT

So we defend the fortress?

Elster breaks in, Stone and Barton tagging along.

ELSTER

Excuse me, sir, that may not be the best solution.

PRESIDENT

And why is that?

BARTON

Radio Intercept Officer Barton, sir. I believe the missiles which hit us today were frequency guided.

STONE

Every missile they fired made a bee line for the carrier. The only explanation for that sort of accuracy is a homing device on the ship, sir.

PRESIDENT

How would they get it onboard?

STONE

That assassin was loose for twenty minutes. Running around restricted sections of the ship. Lots of time to plant a slaver.

ELSTER

(translating)

Homing device.

Gilbert's face goes white.

GILBERT

Oh, fucking shit.

FERGUSON

Yes, Gilbert?

GILBERT

What if this is part of their plan?

FERGUSON

Explain.

GILBERT

The assassination is just a way to cover planting the homing device...

STONE

It also starts an air war, which keeps the President and the others onboard.

GILBERT

The air strike forces us to keep our planes here to defend the carrier...

STONE

Keeping us in place while they fire their missiles...

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- DAY

ZAHEDI

All of our enemies on one ship.

Uribe follows Zahedi to the wall sized window over looking the missile silo... And the ten C-805 Ship Killers.

Forty feet tall, weighing four tons each. Massive. Powerful.

ZAHEDI

Now all we have to do is sink it.

(beat)

Uribe, prepare to launch the missiles.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

The President studies the satellite image of the carrier.

PRESIDENT

Don't we have a radar jammer?

FERGUSON

ECM, sir. But if the slaver is on some wild ass frequency...

ELSTER

What's our plan of action?

PRESIDENT

Let's get offensive. The Marines take out the missile silo, with air support from the air wing.

(beat)

Meanwhile, the rest of us turn this ship upside down trying to find this homing device.

EXT. TAWARA CLASS AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP -- DAY

820 feet long, carrying helicopters, armored vehicles, a Harrier jet, landing crafts and 1,900 Marines.

Trailed by two other Marine ARG ships, it's a war-to-go.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

CO Rupert Cadell briefs the Marines, including Logan and Newton. Closed circuit TV beams it to the other ships.

CADELL

We believe the missiles are cut into a bunker here in the Zagros Mountains.

Cadell points to a detailed topographic map.

CADELL

As you can see, there's heavy SAM build up in this region, and an airfield just over the hill.

(points)

Making it impossible to take out the missile bunker with an air strike.

NEWTON

(sotto)

So they called the Marines.

CADELL

We will be making an amphibious assault in LCACs and LAV 25 armored vehicles...

(points to map)

Here. We'll have air support from the Carrier Group, but only if we can take out the SAMs along the way.

(turns to the Marines)

Once we get to the bunker, we'll take it out with explosives, SMAWs, or Javelin Fire & Forget anti-tank guns.

Newton smiles.

CADELL

We're hitting the beach at 1700 hours.

As the Marines get moving, Logan turns to Newton.

LOGAN

Now you get to find out.

NEWTON

Got any suntan lotion? We're hitting the beach, and I burn easy.

Logan shakes his head and grabs his M249 SAW 5.56 machinegun.

INT. FLIGHT DECK -- DAY

Stone punches fists with Barton, then ALL of the other pilots.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

ELSTER
(hangs up radio)
Blue Squadron is refueled and ready to
provide air support.

FERGUSON
(to Gilbert)
Tell Cadell it's a go.

Admiral Ferguson moves to the monitor displaying the CIS
satellite footage of the amphibious assault.

EXT. PERSIAN GULF -- DAY

The three Marine ships move close to shore.

EXT. TAWARA CLASS AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP -- DAY

The docking well begins to fill with water, floating the eight
L-CAC jet powered hovercrafts. Each L-CAC carries two dozen
men and sixty tons of armored vehicles.

Once the well is flooded, L-CACs zoom away at 50 mph.

EXT. BEACH ASSAULT -- DAY

The L-CACs hit the beach at 50 mph, and keep going.

An Iranian FOUR MAN PATROL in a pair of ancient Jeeps blocks
the L-CACs. One aims a rocket launcher, the others aim rifles.
Ready to capture the L-CAC....

The L-CACs zoom right over them!

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Logan, in a LAV-25 onboard the L-CAC, rotates the turret of
the 25mm Bushmaster cannon to aim at the Jeeps behind them.

EXT. BEACH ASSAULT -- DAY

The confused Four Man Patrol scrambles out of the Jeeps. One
raises his rocket launcher at the speeding L-CAC...

BLAAAM!

Logan scores a direct hit between the Jeeps.

LOGAN
Bye bye.

The L-CACs continue zooming inland at 50 mph.

EXT. PERSIAN GULF -- DAY

The Widbey Island class and Austin class ships disperse amphibious vehicles, tanks, troops, and Humvees.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

The L-CACs stop to offload the Marines and machines.

LAV-25s, Humvees, M1A1 Abrams tanks zoom across the barren landscape.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Logan and Newton ride with OTHER MARINES, ready for action.

NEWTON

Man, I expected a welcoming committee.

LOGAN

They'll find us.

NEWTON

Wake me when they do.

LOGAN

Stay alert and stay alive.

Logan keeps his gun ready.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

The column of vehicles continues cutting across the desert.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

The satellite infra-red shows the column of vehicles on one edge of the screen... and blips on the other.

FERGUSON

Gilbert, magnify that.

Gilbert hits some buttons, the infra-red image on the screen is blown up to show:

A DOZEN TANKS and other VEHICLES zooming towards the column.

Ferguson gets on the radio.

FERGUSON

Marine Team, do you copy?

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Rupert Cadell grabs the microphone.

CADELL
Team Leader copies.

FERGUSON (V.O.)
CIS Satellite recon photos show an
armored column two miles east of you.

CADELL
Copy that. Is our CAS on tap?

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

FERGUSON
Blue Squadron ETA is three minutes.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's squadron of F-14 Tomcats zooms through the clouds.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

CADELL
Those tanks are only two minutes away.

FERGUSON (V.O.)
You can hold them for two minutes.

CADELL
Just worried your planes won't have
squat to do when they get here, sir.

Ferguson's laugh comes over the mike, and Cadell hangs up.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 squadron zooms over the Marine ships.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Keep your eyes open for Bogeys.

BARTON
Checking the FLIR, the E/O and playing
with my dolly. If they're out there,
I'll see them before they see us.

STONE
I'm depending on you.

Barton smiles and nods. They are working as a team, now. Completely in sync with each other. Stone has thawed.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

The IRANIAN ARMORED COLUMN advances on the Marines. Old Soviet T-54 and Chinese 69-II tanks, ancient Jeeps.

The tanks fire and advance, BLASTING a Humvee to pieces.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Debris from an explosion sprays the Marines.

NEWTON

Shit! That was close!

Logan spins the turret to aim at a T-54 tank and blasts them.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

Tanks explode on either side.

The Iranian tanks try to circle the Marines, trapping them.

Explosions rock the landscape as tanks and LAVs are blown to pieces. A savage land battle.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

CADELL

Where's our air support?

Cadell looks through the smoke and sees...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Six plane cresting the hills, coming towards them.

Flying majestically over the barren landscape.

The cavalry!

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Elster points at the six plane-blips on the infra-red image.

ELSTER

Sir, those planes are coming from the west. They're not ours.

FERGUSON

Cadell: Those are enemy aircraft!

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Cadell's expression changes, and he lowers the mike.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Five Camouflage F-16s and one black MiG zoom over the battle field. Then circle, and come back on a bombing run!

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

CADELL
(on radio)
We need that air support NOW.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14s Tomcats zoom over the desert.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Sorry to keep you waiting, Colonel.
Had to wait in line for gas.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14s swoop down to engage the Cammy F-16s.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone targets a Camouflage F-16 on his HUD, locks on, and presses the red launch button.

STONE
I've got tone. Fox one cleared hot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The Sidewinder missile zooms across the sky, BLASTING the Camouflage F-16 into a million pieces.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Splash one Bandit.

Barton's RWR indicates they're in a bandit's gun sights.

BARTON
They've spiked us. Break!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-16 fires a missile through the sky at Stone's F-14.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone punches the chaff button.

STONE
Popping chaff. Breaking left.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The F-14 Tomcat makes a tight roll and zooms away.

Missile hits chaff, EXPLODES a hundred feet from the F-14.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Let's see if we can take out some of
these tanks.

BARTON
Still five Bandits out there.

STONE
Keep an eye on them for me.

Barton nods. Stone throws the Tomcat into a dive.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

Stone's F-14 and two other Tomcats swoop down over the Iranian column, dropping AGM-65 Maverick laser guided bombs.

BLAAAAM! BLAAAAAM!

A third of the enemy armored division is blown to bits!

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

LOGAN
Yes!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
One more run should do it...

BARTON
We've been spiked! Bandit at nine
o'clock. Coming out of the clouds.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Colonel Farqua's black MiG-27 zooms down at Stone's F-14.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- DAY

Zahedi admires the Ship Killers through the tempered glass.

ZAHEDI

Prepare to fire missile number one.

URIBE

Yes, sir.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

Admiral Ferguson and Gilbert watch the CIS monitor, while Elster grabs a seat at a radar console, providing assistance.

On the CIS monitor, the air battle moves North, leaving the Marines to battle the Iranian armored column.

FERGUSON

(on radio)

You're on your own from here, Colonel.

Next door in the...

INT. GALLERY -- DAY

The President organizes the search for the homing device. Maps of every floor of the carrier cover the walls.

PRESIDENT

O-2-176 is clear?

The President draws a big red X through the room on the map. Only a tenth of the rooms have Xs.

PRESIDENT

Like finding a be-be in a boxcar.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

A SEARCH TEAM of sailors moves on to room 02-178. One of the sailors carries a Sentry V radio wave detector.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's Tomcat roars by, followed by the black MiG-27.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON

He's right on our six. Looks like our buddy from the carrier.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua lines up the F-14 on his targeting display and fires his wing guns.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

20 mm shells from the MiGs gunpods spray at the F-14.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone pulls the stick, twisting the plane sideways.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Shells from the MiG's wing guns spray on either side of the perpendicular Tomcat... Coming within inches, but missing.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua whispers into the radio:

FARQUA
My little American friend.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

FARQUA (V.O.)
We meet again. This time my missiles
will not turn away from you.

STONE
I'll have to turn away from them.

The ultimate dog fight. Does Stone have his confidence back?

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The black MiG-27 fires a pair of missiles at Stone's F-14.

Stone pops chaff, and hooks left... but one missile follows!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
Still on us! Gotta shake it, Stone!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

A Cammy F-16 comes after Gremlin's F-14, firing wing guns.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Gremlin tries to evade, jockeying the stick right and left.

GREMLIN

He's right on my tail! Need some help
over here!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Gremlin's F-14 and the F-16 engage in air combat maneuvers,
the F-14 evading the F-16's gunfire.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Hollywood glides into position, eyes on the targeting circle.

HOLLYWOOD (V.O.)

I've got him.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Hollywood zooms behind the F-16 following Gremlin's Tomcat.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Hollywood centers the F-16 in his target circle and fires.

HOLLYWOOD (V.O.)

Good tone. Fox one cleared hot.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missile hits the second F-16 and explodes.

Three Cammy F-16s left.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone tries to out maneuver the missile.

Left.

Right.

It follows.

BARTON

It's a heat seeker!

STONE

So let's find some fire.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Panther's F-14 has a Cammy F-16 right on his tail!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Panther's HUD screen flashes a warning...

PANTHER

Bandit on my tail! Got a lock on me!

STONE (V.O.)

Panther: Slice right on my signal.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14, chased by the missile, zooms behind the Cammy F-16 which is chasing Panther.

STONE (V.O.)

Now!

Stone rips past the F-16, breaking left 180 degrees.

Panther's Tomcat slices right, turning 180 degrees.

The Cammy F-16 is left to deal with the missile.

BLAAAAM!

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Three down, two to go.

BARTON

Bandit coming out of the clouds at three O'clock!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua's black MiG-27 zooms down at Stone's Tomcat, wing guns spewing hot lead.

Before Stone can post hole out of there, he takes a hit.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Thrasher?

BARTON

Still alive. Let's waste this sucker.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Gremlin's F-14 has a Cammy F-16 right on his tail. The F-16 fires a missile, but the F-14 pops chaff and evades.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

GREMLIN
Good try. But check this out.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Gremlin Tomcat zooms into a loop-the-loop, behind the F-16.

INT. CAMOUFLAGE F-16 COCKPIT -- DAY

The F-16 pilot looks all over for the F-14...

Then his RWR screen blasts a warning: He's targeted.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

GREMLIN
Hasta la vista.

Gremlin gets tone and launches missiles.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles hit the Cammy F-16 and blow it to pieces.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

GREMLIN
Last Cammy splashed, Blue Leader.

STONE (V.O.)
Coy that, Gremlin. Return to air
support for the Marine Team.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

GREMLIN (V.O.)
Need any help, Blue Leader?

STONE
No. I can handle this.

Confidence in his voice. He's going to need it...

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua's Black MiG-27 is right on Stone's tail.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Stone keeps bobbing and weaving.

STONE

I can't shake this guy. I'm going to try to lose him in the canyons.

BARTON

Stone...

STONE

Going to need you on the TFR, Thrasher. Keep me from slamming into the walls.

BARTON

I'm with you.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's Tomcat zooms into the narrow canyons below, Farqua's black MiG right on it's tail... And GAINING!

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

The Iranian armored column continues advancing on the Marines. A Chinese 69-II tank fires at three LAV-25s, EXPLODING them.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Debris rains over Logan and Newton. Newton isn't happy.

NEWTON

Too damned close.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Gremlin and the rest of Blue Squadron roar out of the sky, dropping AGM-65 Maverick laser guided bombs on the tanks.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

More than half of the Iranian tanks are blown to pieces!

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

Cheers from the Marines. Some wave at the Tomcats as they fly back to the Carrier.

CADELL

(on the radio)

Base, Marine Team.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

The remaining Iranian tanks retreat from the Marine Team.

One of the old Soviet T-54 tanks spins its turret, firing back at the Marine column as it retreats.

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

CADELL

We have them on the run. Time to target: ten minutes.

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM! Cadell's LAV-25 is hit!

INT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- DAY

LOGAN

(on the radio)
Colonel? Colonel?

Logan climbs out of his LAV-25 to help Cadell.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- DAY

Logan runs to Cadell's LAV-25.
No survivors.

Their commanding officer is dead, and they are DEEP behind enemy lines. Logan stands amidst the smoke and wreckage.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 roars through the narrow canyons, with Farqua's black MiG stuck on his tail.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

Barton's RWR shows they're constantly being targeted, but the black MiG can't get a lock because of the sharp corners.

STONE

I can't get rid of this guy.

BARTON

Hard left coming up.

Stone gets ready to zoom the plane around the corner.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone and Barton's F-14 continues zipping through the canyons.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- DAY

ZAHEDI

In ten minutes our enemies will be dead, and the Persian Empire of Cyrus The Great will be reunited under our Supreme Leader. Check and mate.

URIBE

Opening missile silo doors.

EXT. MISSILE BUNKER -- DAY

The silo doors open, exposing the Ship Killers...
Ready to launch!

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY

The target awaits the Ship Killers.

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- DAY

FERGUSON

Cadell? Cadell?

GILBERT

We've lost him, sir.

Next door in the...

INT. GALLERY -- DAY

The President draws another X on the maps.
Only a quarter of the rooms have been searched.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua's black MiG is right on the tail of Stone's F-14 as they zoom through the canyon.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE

Can't shake this guy.

BARTON

Hard right coming up.

Stone works the stick, roaring through the narrow canyons.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The two planes chase through the narrow canyon at 645 mph.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua makes the hard right turn with ease.

FARQUA
(on the radio)
Let us put an end to this nonsense, my
American friend. Get back in the sky
and fight like men.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
Men?
(looks at her scope)
Hard right followed by a hard left.

Stone twists the stick right, turning the plane on its side...

Heading right into the wall of the canyon!

Stone turns the stick left seconds before impact.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 takes the REALLY hairy corner in the canyon...
The tip of his wing sparks off the canyon wall.

Farqua's black MiG-27 twists and turns effortlessly.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua calmly manuevers the plane.

FARQUA
These games are beginning to bore me.

Farqua gets a lock on Stone's F-14 and fires two missiles.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
We've been spiked!

STONE
Hold on!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The missiles chase Stone's Tomcat through the canyon.

The F-14 takes a tight corner, wing brushing the wall.

The missiles miss the turn: hitting the wall and EXPLODING!

Right in front of Farqua's black MiG-27!

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Colonel Farqua pulls up as debris from the explosion sprays beneath him. He banks and takes to the sky...

Gets an alarm.
He's been targeted!

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Stone's F-14 zooms at Farqua's black MiG.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
No more games. Time to go to hell.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Farqua's black MiG evades Stone's Tomcat in an amazing display of air combat maneuvering. Like an intricate dance, the two planes spin, slice, turn and jockey for position.

Ending up flying head to head at each other.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

BARTON
Stone. We're gonna hit him.

STONE
Hold on.

Stone gets a targeting lock on the black MiG and fires.

STONE
Fox two cleared hot.

INT. MIG COCKPIT -- DAY

Farqua ignores the warning light and targets Stone's plane. Firing a pair of missiles.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

Two planes roar at each other.
Four missiles zoom at each other.

INT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT -- DAY

STONE
Punching out!

Stone pulls the ejection control lever.
The canopy blows, rockets under the seats send Stone and Barton
BLASTING out of the F-14 into the sky.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- DAY

The two planes and four missiles hit each other.
Sky turns to fire for a minute.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Three parachutes blossom in the clouds.

EXT. AERIAL FOOTAGE -- EVENING

Stone floats through the sky.
The parasail has a glide slope ratio of 40:1.
Stone notes Barton's good chute gliding to the North of him.

Then sees Farqua's black parachute gliding right at him!
Closer.
Closer.

Pulling an ugly ASKU-74 assault rifle from a side holster.
Only 16 inches, a 30 round magazine, one deadly machine gun.

Stone fumbles with his snap pockets, pulls out his matching
chrome 45 automatics. 7 rounds in each: 14 total.

The two parachutes sail closer... only 500 feet away.

The two men face each other like cowboys at high noon.

They aim at each other.
Stare each other down.
Tension.

Farqua opens fire.
Stone returns fire with both guns.
It's a para-shoot out!

They trade shots, sailing around each other.

Stone punches a couple of small holes in Farqua's parachute.
Farqua hits one of Stone's chute straps, fraying it.

Stone blasts with both guns, but can't seem to hit Farqua.

They drift closer.
Closer.

Farqua aims his assault rifle at Stone's chest.

Stone aims both 45s at Farqua's head. Pulls the triggers.
Click. Click. Click. Click. Out of shells!

Farqua laughs. Pulls the trigger on his ASKU-74. Bang!
Click! Click! Click! Click! Click!

The bullet slices into Stone's jacket, missing flesh.

Farqua ejects his spent clip, reaches into a snap pocket and pulls out another. Shoves it into the assault rifle.

Stone's two 45s are empty. He is completely defenseless!

Farqua laughs, prepares to kill Stone.

Stone drops his chrome 45s, grabs the Very signal flare gun from a snap pocket and aims it at Farqua's parachute.

BLAM! The flare hits Farqua's chute, setting it on fire. When the parachute burns through, Farqua DROPS to the ground.

SPLAT!

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- EVENING

Stone lands perfectly, unhooks his parachute, and goes to find his fallen chrome 45s... Empty, but his only defense.

Pocketing the guns, Stone stops to check on Colonel Farqua.

Farqua is dead. A big black splat in the dirt. Yech.

STONE

A good pilot, but you couldn't fly worth shit.

Stone sees Barton's chute fluttering in the distance and goes to check on her.

Barton unhooks her parachute, hears someone coming, draws her Baretta 92-F automatic.

STONE

You okay?

Barton nods, holsters the gun. Then they hear the tank motors! The retreating Iranians!

Stone and Barton hide in a rock formation. Barton sees her parachute billowing. Giving away their location.

The sounds of the tanks get closer. Closer.

Stone tries to look without being seen. Can only see that they are about to be captured.

The tanks stop at the parachute. A SOLDIER in Iranian uniform runs to the parachute, studying it. Then he sees footprints. Leading RIGHT to the rocks where Stone and Barton hide.

Stone and Barton pull out their guns, ready for action. Two against an army, not much chance of survival.

Snick! Snick!
Guns are aimed at Stone and Barton's heads from behind.

Stone lowers his weapons carefully.

LOGAN

Hey! You're going to need those.

It's NOT an enemy patrol! It's Logan and the Marine Team.

STONE

They're empty. Got any 45 rounds?

LOGAN

I think we can dig some up. Newton?

The Iranian Soldier comes over: it's Newton in enemy uniform.

LOGAN

Get this flyboy some 45 ammo.
(to Stone)
Hop on, we'll give you a ride.

BARTON

There's something you don't see
everyday. Marines offering the Navy a
ride.

EXT. ARMORED VEHICLE -- EVENING

Stone and Barton hop aboard one of the LAV-25s, and the column continues through the rugged terrain.

STONE

Where we going?

LOGAN

Up that mountain, and into the bunker.

Barton and Stone look up at the bunker.
Logan on the radio.

LOGAN

This is Marine Team, I've got a couple
of downed flyboys. Stone and Barton...
Hey, you're a girl.

BARTON

That's as far as Marines get in sex education. Identifying the sexes.

LOGAN

Can't leave them behind so I'm taking them along.

FERGUSON (V.O.)

Copy that. Take good care of them.

LOGAN

We brought along some spare SAWs, I'm sure they can take care of themselves.

FERGUSON (V.O.)

If you get into any trouble, we have an ACE Team on standby. Four AH-1W Cobra helos...

LOGAN

We don't get into trouble, we just make it. Marine Team out.

Logan hooks the radio. The Marine Team races to the mountain.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

VOICE (V.O.)

Five minutes to launch. Five minutes to launch.

Zahedi takes a final look at the ten Ship Killers before closing the blast shutters on the window.

ZAHEDI

Today we are history.

VOICE (V.O.)

T minutes two eighty five. T minus two eighty. T minus two seventy...

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- EVENING

The target. The President of the United States and a dozen Heads Of State await their death.

INT. GALLERY -- EVENING

The President draws another red X through a room. But over half the ship has yet to be searched. They are doomed.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- EVENING

The tanks and LAVs stop at the base of the mountains.
A sheer cliff rises two hundred feet to the bunker.

NEWTON

No way to waste it from here.

LOGAN

We're gonna have to climb.

(to the team)

Gentlemen, and lady, here's the plan:
Fox and Echo Companies stay behind the
guard the position. Bravo Squad gets
to play mission impossible. Climb
this mountain, sneak into the missile
bunker dressed as enemy soldiers, and
plant the charges...

BARTON

Sir? I have climbing experience.

LOGAN

Grab an enemy uniform and come along.

EXT. THE CLIFF -- EVENING

Logan, Newton, the Marine Team, Stone and Barton climb, using
ropes, pitons, snap rings, and relays. All wear backpacks.

Logan leads the Team, using expansion bolts over pitons:
hammering might alert the patrols at the top of the mountain.
He pops a ring into an expansion bolt, secures the rope.

Newton climbs behind him, then Barton, then Stone, then eight
more Marines dressed in enemy army uniforms. All climb
barefoot with their shoes hooked to D-rings on their vests.

True team work. Each climber is dependent upon every other
climber on the rope. If one man falls, the others must hold
his weight until they can rescue him.

Logan finds good hand and foot holds: small crevices to wedge
his fingers and toes into.

Halfway up the cliff, Stone loses his footing and falls.

Hanging by his rope, dangling 100 feet in the air. He would
love to scream... but that would alert the guards.

Logan digs in, holding up the team as Barton scrambles down
to help Stone. The expansion bolt strains under the weight.

Barton hooks herself to an expansion bolt and reaches down to Stone. She tries to grab his wrist.

Misses.

Tries again.

The expansion bolt begins to pull from the crevice.

Stone reaches out for her. Needs her help.

Barton strains, grabs his wrist.

Stone grabs her wrist.

She pulls him back to his footing.

The expansion bolt pulls from the cliff, but Barton has her grip back. She inserts a new bolt, re clips the rope.

Stone mouths the word "thanks". She smiles. A team.

They continue climbing the side of the cliff to the Bunker.

At the top of the mountain, Logan takes a quick look over the rock outcroppings at the Bunker Entrance.

Logan uses hand signals to tell Newton and the team that there are two guards at the entrance.

Newton nods... vaults over the ledge to the bunker entrance!

EXT. BUNKER ENTRANCE -- EVENING

Newton looks over the cliff, speaks loudly in Farsi.

The TWO GUARDS notice him, confused. Where'd he come from?

Newton points down the cliff, yells something in Farsi.

The Two Guards keep their rifles aimed at Newton as they approach the edge of the cliff to see what he's yelling about.

When they look over the edge of the cliff, Stone and Logan reach up and grab them, pulling them over the edge.

GUARDS

AHHHHHHHHHH!

They yell as they fall 200 feet to the ground.

SPLAT! SPLAT!

The entire Marine Team comes over the ledge to the bunker.

LOGAN
 (to a pair of Marines)
 McGruder and Rutland stay here to set
 up the fast rappel ropes.

STONE
 How long to plant the charges?

LOGAN
 Have to get deep enough to do damage...

NEWTON
 The trick is getting out.

LOGAN
 When I start the timer, I'll yell.

STONE
 Liable to be a lot of yelling going on
 in there. We need a code word.

LOGAN
 Like what?

STONE
 Grand Slam.

LOGAN
 Got that everybody? When you hear
 "Grand Slam" it means we've got three
 minutes to clear out before the whole
 mountain top blows.

The Marine Team nods. They open the metal blast doors.

INT. MISSILE CONTROL ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

The Ship Killer missiles ready for launch.
 TECHNICIANS check their consoles, as the countdown continues.

VOICE (V.O.)
 T minus three minutes. T minus one
 seventy five. T minus one seventy...

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

The blast doors spring open and Marine Team sneaks inside.

The Missile Bunker is a maze of metal stairs and hallways.
 Guards and Patrols scattered through out.

The Marine Team moves in standard two by two cover formation,
 with Newton acting as scout: Strolling through the bunker
 like an Iranian Guard on a cigarette break.

Logan carries an M-70 electronic bomb sniffer, capable of locating large caches of explosives and missiles. He checks the readings every so often.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

Newton turns a corner to a long hallway. Halfway down the hall, a GUARD exits a doorway, heading toward Newton.

Newton whistles: signaling the others to hang back.

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

The Marine Team, Stone and Barton, hug the walls.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

The Guard gets closer.
Newton smiles and offers him a cigarette.

The Guard goes ballistic and points to a sign, yelling in Farsi. Agitated. He pulls the cigarette from Newton's mouth.

Newton slams his palm into the Guard's nose: killing him.

When the Marine Team comes around the corner, Newton translates the sign (written in Farsi).

NEWTON
(whispers)
No smoking.

They move deeper into the bunker.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

Another hallway.
Lots of doors.
Lots of chances to be caught by Guards or Patrols. They move cautiously.

Logan checks his bomb sniffer, shakes his head.

A PAIR OF GUARDS exit a doorway.

No place for the Team to hide, they have to bluff it out. Most of them don't look a bit Middle Eastern.

Newton turns to the Team, barking orders in Farsi. Taking the focus from the group to himself.

The Guards pass by the entire Team and keep going.

Close Call! Newton and the Team relax...

Then one of the Guards stops, sniffs the air. Perfume? Turns to look at the Marine Team, notices Barton's shape. Not a man's shape at all.
The Guard nudges his partner.

The Two Guards aim their rifles at the team!

BLAM! BLAM!

Stone fires his chromed 45s at the Guards, blasting them against the wall... shots echoing through the bunker.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

ZAHEDI

Sound the alarm.

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

The alarm goes off, and Logan and Stone look at each other.

STONE

Sorry about that.

LOGAN

Let's set charges and blow this joint.

Stone and Barton cover one side, Newton and a pair of Marines leads, Two Marines cover the other side, and the rest of the Marine Team brings up the rear.

A HALF DOZEN GUARDS rounds the corner ahead of them!

Newton and the TWO MARINES engage them in a firefight, while the rest of the Team runs down metal stairs to a lower level.

INT. MISSILE CONTROL ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

VOICE (V.O.)

T minus one hundred. Ninety nine.
Ninety eight. Ninety seven.....

EXT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

The Ship Killer missiles inside the missile bay.

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

At the bottom of the stairs, another group of GUARDS.

Stone and Barton exchange gunfire with them, as Logan and the rest of the Marine Team continues down the hallway.

A GUARD on an upper staircase fires down at them.

BARTON
Eleven o'clock, high.

Stone turns, fires at the GUARD, who falls from the platform.

STONE
Thanks.

BARTON
De nada.

They continue firing at the group of GUARDS.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

The Marine Team comes to a cool hallway. Logan's bomb sniffer goes right off the boards. He touches the wall... Cold.

LOGAN
Refrigerated. The missiles are close.

Each Marine passes their backpack down to Logan. Logan pulls the explosives out of the backpacks and assembles them up near the cool wall. The timer set at three minutes.

Logan starts the timer and his watch, both ticking away.

He lifts his walkie talkie and yells.

LOGAN
GRAND SLAM! I repeat GRAND SLAM!

Logan and the Marine Team fire at the Guards as they run. Speeding towards the Bunker Entrance.

The bomb begins counting down... 2:59, 2:58, 2:57, 2:56.

INT. MISSILE CONTROL ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

VOICE (V.O.)
Eighty five, eighty four, eighty three.

The bomb and the missiles, in a race to activate!
The missiles are winning!
The first missile WILL fire at the aircraft carrier!

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

As Logan and the Marine Team run past Stone and Barton, they fall into place with them, taking metal stairs two at a time.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

In the long hallway, Newton, Barton and the Marine Team race to the end of the hallway. Logan and Stone trailing.

A GUARD pops out of a doorway in front of Barton.
BANG! BANG! She wastes him.

Another door pops open in front of them.

NEWTON

Mine.

BANG! BANG! Newton wastes the Guard.

WHAM! A door opens RIGHT IN FRONT of Stone and Logan! Five GUARDS step out, cutting them off from the rest of the Team.

The FIVE GUARDS aim their rifles at Stone and Logan.

GUARD #1

Drop your weapons!

Stone and Logan look at each other... drop their guns.

Barton turns, sees Logan and Stone captured, signals Newton.

BARTON

Stone, Logan.

She turns to rescue them, Newton holds her back.

NEWTON

Not enough time.

INSERT SHOT: THE BOMB

Counting down to total destruction: 2:27, 2:26, 2:25, 2:24.

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

Barton takes a final look as the Guards lead Stone and Logan away, nods slowly. Then they run like hell to escape.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

The Guards lead Stone and Logan back to the cool hallway... Right back to the huge mega bomb, counting down. 2:00, 1:59.

But stop a dozen feet from the bomb and open a door.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

Zahedi looks up as the Guards lead Stone and Logan in.

ZAHEDI

Our guests of honor. So glad you could attend this little going away party. In less than a minute your President and the leaders of all our neighboring countries will be dead.

Logan sneaks a peek at his countdown watch: 1:42, 1:41, 1:40

VOICE (V.O.)

Thirty nine. Thirty eight...

A minute behind the missile launch!

ZAHEDI

You shall be my witnesses.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

At the top of the stairs, the Marine Team becomes pinned in place by TWENTY GUARDS firing rifles.

BARTON

Running out of time.

Newton shrugs, pulls a SMAW anti-tank gun from his pack.

NEWTON

This'll speed things up.

Shoulders the weapon, aims at the Guards blocking their exit. Pulls the trigger.

Bang!

The Guards laugh when a single 9mm paint shell hits the wall next to them, spattering them. Two of them raise combat shotguns, ready to blast the Marines to pieces.

BLAAAAM!

Newton pulls the second trigger, launching a high explosive anti-tank shell at the Twenty Guards. It hits the same spot as the paint shell, and EXPLODES! Killing all the Guards.

NEWTON

Let's go.

The Marine Team runs to the Bunker Entrance, escaping.

EXT. BUNKER ENTRANCE -- EVENING

Newton and the Marine Team grab the fast rappel ropes and prepare to zip down the face of the cliff.

Barton grabs Newton.

BARTON
What about Logan and Stone?

NEWTON
They're on their own.

ZIIIIIP! Newton fast rappels down the cliff with the Marine Team. Barton looks at the entrance, grabs her rope. Waits.

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

Stone sees Logan ready to make a move to the missile console.

STONE
I owe you one.

Stone spins and hits the Guard behind him, then races across the room to the missile control console where Uribe sits.

He SLAMS Uribe out of his chair, scans the buttons until he finds one marked "Countdown Abort" and punches it.

THE LCD COUNTDOWN freezes at 00:27.

The Guards scramble to aim their guns at Stone. Jabbing him with the gun barrels. Look to Zahedi for the kill order.

ZAHEDI
(laughs)
You Americans never know when to quit.

LOGAN
That's right.

Stone is prodded back to Logan with the Guard's gun barrels.

ZAHEDI
Are you alright Mr. Uribe?

URIBE
Yes, sir.

Uribe dusts himself off, sits back on his chair in front of the console. Zahedi looks right at Stone, presses a button.

THE LCD COUNTDOWN continues, starting at.... 00:27!

LOGAN
Shit.

Logan spins and hits a Guard. Stone grabs his Guard's gun barrel and uses it to flip him over his shoulder.

A ragged, ugly fight. They slam both Guards to the floor, notice Zahedi aiming a 9mm at them.

ZAHEDI
Drop the weapons.

STONE
Go to hell.

Stone throws the Guard's rifle at Zahedi, knocking him to the floor. Logan and Stone take off running.

LCD COUNTDOWN reads 00:24, 00:23, 00:22....

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

Stone and Logan run like madmen for the Bunker Entrance. Pushing Guards out of their way (neither is armed).

VOICE (V.O.)
Twelve. Eleven. Ten...

Racing up the stairs.

Logan would love to look at his countdown watch, but there isn't enough time. They RUN!

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

Zahedi pulls himself to his feet, notices the LCD Countdown which reads, 00:06, 00:05...

ZAHEDI
Finally, our supreme leader will reign!

INT. BUNKER ENTRANCE -- EVENING

A MASSIVE Guard blocks the exit. When he sees Stone and Logan, he shows his lack of familiarity with dental hygiene.

Stone and Logan don't slow down. They run right up to the Guard and double punch him.

STONE
I'd like to stick around and fight,
but it's time to skeedaddle!

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY -- EVENING

The timing clock on the mega-bomb counts down... 2. 1. 0.

BLAAAM!

INT. WAR ROOM - IRAN -- EVENING

The explosion incinerates Zahedi and Uribe.

The Ship Killer missile, about to launch, EXPLODES!
Setting off a chain reaction of missile EXPLOSIONS!

INT. MISSILE BUNKER -- EVENING

Flames and explosions race through the bunker, destroying everything in their path. Scientists and Guards run, the explosions catch up with them. You can't outrun an explosion.

EXT. BUNKER ENTRANCE -- EVENING

Stone and Logan race out of the bunker, grab their ropes. Barton would like to say something, but can feel the mountain shaking under her feet.

The MASSIVE GUARD runs out of the bunker, aiming his rifle at the three, ready to kill them.

Stone smiles at the Guard the three jump off the cliff!

The Guard looks over the side of the cliff, shocked.
It's the last thing he ever does.

EXT. THE CLIFF -- EVENING

Stone, Barton, and Logan fast rappel down the cliff as a massive fiery explosion rips the top of the mountain off above them. Flames SHOOT overhead, the sky turning to fire.

EXT. IRANIAN DESERT -- EVENING

The Marine Team looks up at the flying flames.
Amazed.

EXT. THE CLIFF -- EVENING

Three quarters of the way down, the ropes catch fire.

But the trio makes it to the ground SECONDS before the ropes burn through.... Safe!

INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER -- EVENING

The CIS photo shows the explosion, and everyone CHEERS!

EXT. USS STOWERS AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- NIGHT

Safe.

Helicopters with dignitaries begin taking off, sending the World Leaders back to their homes and families.

INT. PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT

Admiral Ferguson leads Stone, Barton, and Logan.

FERGUSON

The President decided to stay for dinner. Get some of that military chow he missed as a kid. We saved a couple of places at the table for you guys. Figures he owes you some thanks.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS -- NIGHT

A banquet.

The President sits at the head of the table, flanked by Admiral Ferguson and CAG Elster.

Pilots sit on one side, Marines sit on the other.

Stone takes a sip of wine, looks at Barton.

STONE

So why do they call you "Thrasher"?
You some kind of skateboard whiz?

BARTON

I'm from Georgia.

Stone gives a blank look.

BARTON

It's the state bird. Brown Thrasher.

STONE

Oh.

The President lifts his glass in a toast.

PRESIDENT

To the brave Marines, and the brave pilots, who helped bring peace back to the Middle East.

EVERYONE

Here! Here!

Glasses raised in toast. Stone moves to his feet.

STONE

And to Kovac, MacKenna, Gremlin... The real heroes, who gave their lives. Our absent friends.

THE END.