

**G.I. JANE**

by

David Twohy

**FIRST DRAFT**

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

Blinding in their white uniforms, naval flag officers sit in the audience, showing their support for THEODORE HAYES, a 50-year-old civilian. This is his confirmation hearing. Reading from prepared material:

**HAYES**

... last few years have brought many advances in the interests of women in naval service, particularly in

the land-based maritime specialties.  
What's more, the Navy has instituted  
special sensitivity courses with an  
eye on --

**DEHAVEN**

Whoa, whoa, whoa. "Land-based  
maritime specialties." Gimme a  
second here to de-euphemize that...

At the center of a dais, LILLIAN DEHAVEN leans back to  
ponder the ceiling of the hearing room. Her plaque card  
reads "CHAIRPERSON -- SENATE ARMS COMMITTEE." DeHaven is a  
tough-hided old Southern belle, Scarlett O'Hara at 60.  
In her arsenal she carries conversational hand-grenades --  
and she's apt to pull a pin at the slightest whim.

**DEHAVEN**

Would that be anything like  
"typing"? "Restocking the  
cupboards"? That sort of thing, Mr.  
Hayes?

CHUCKLES from the packed gallery. The flag officers go  
stone-faced. Hayes forces a smile.

**HAYES**

Hardly the case, Senator.

**DEHAVEN**

Well, I'm just an old dame without  
much time left, so you'll pardon me  
if I jump right in here before they  
discontinue my blood-type. I am  
deeply concerned over the Navy's  
seemingly incontrovertible attitude  
toward women in the military. Case  
in point...

On cue, aides begin distributing reports to other members  
of the dais. Hayes gets a copy, too. And it jars him.

**DEHAVEN**

"The Lark Report."

**HAYES**

Madam Senator... this is an internal  
document of the U.S. Navy. I must  
seriously question whether --

**DEHAVEN**

(to others on panel)

The Navy's conclusion regarding the crash of an F-14 aboard an aircraft carrier. Female aviator, it just so happens.

(to Hayes)

You're familiar with this report and its conclusion, am I right?

**HAYES**

I was one member of the investigating commission.

**DEHAVEN**

Yes, I see your signature right here -- twice the size of everyone else's. And your conclusion was "pilot error," hmm?

**HAYES**

I'm really not prepared for any kind of in-depth review of --

**DEHAVEN**

I'd like to think our next Secretary of the Navy would be prepared for anything, Mr. Hayes.

A humorless smile. She's roasting his nuts over an open fire, and everyone knows it.

**HAYES**

The commission concluded that the aviator in question failed to execute a proper approach to the carrier.

**DEHAVEN**

That aside for the moment, I'm struck by the tenor, the ill-spirit of your report... the degrading remarks by other aviators... innuendo about her performance in unrelated situations... even a reference to her sexual activity the weekend prior.

(closing report)

In my seven years on this committee, I've never seen a downed aviator treated like this. Never. I'm deeply disturbed by this report, Mr. Hayes. Not just what it bodes for women in the military -- but for

your own confirmation as well.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

Heading for her office, DeHaven is escorted by a small **PRESS RETINUE**.

**DEHAVEN**

... a full 35 percent of all jobs in the U.S. military are still, to this day, off-limits to women. And that's simply gotta change.

**PRESS #1**

What about those who say women aren't suited for all jobs? That they're physically weaker... they have less stamina...

**DEHAVEN**

Sure. And we're gonna hog the bathroom, too.

DEHAVEN'S AIDE catches up, pulls her aside.

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

White House boys want a private meeting.

**DEHAVEN**

I'll act surprised.

**INT. DEHAVEN'S OFFICE - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

Shoes dumped on her desk, DeHaven changes out knee-high stockings while devoting one ear to...

**WHITE HOUSE #1**

... to reassure you that he has every faith in the ability of Mr. Hayes to guide the Navy into the next century. The task, as the Administration sees it, is to acknowledge changing realities without losing traditional values.

A beat. DeHaven looks between the two WHITE HOUSE boys -- #1 young and eager, #2 older and cagier.

**DEHAVEN**

'Zat it? Ten minutes, nothin' on the table? Sweetcakes, you best go back to the President and tell him to open up the phone book and start lookin' for his next nominee.

White House #1 looks spanked. Taking over, #2 pops a briefcase. An inch-think report appears before DeHaven.

**WHITE HOUSE #2**

Administration's plan for 100 percent integration. If female candidates measure up in a series of test cases, the President will support full integration within three years' time.

Surprised -- maybe even startled -- DeHaven flips through the report, absorbing by osmosis.

**WHITE HOUSE #2**

It's your gender-blind Navy, Senator. Surely you're not going to balk now.

**DEHAVEN**

Well, it's just that askin' you all to integrate the Navy is like sending a man to do a woman's job.

(a beat)

How do you propose to handle the Combat Exclusion Laws?

**WHITE HOUSE #2**

Keep narrowing the definitions. Keep redefining.

**WHITE HOUSE #1**

We got around it in Saudi Arabia.

**DEHAVEN**

By calling women "Honorary Men." Ingenious.

**WHITE HOUSE #2**

C'mon, Senator, President's pitchin' right down the center of your plate. If women measure up to men, they've got the job. You going to take a swing? Or step out of the box?

DeHaven riffles the edges of the report, thinking it over.

Thinking light years ahead.

**EXT. CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

Buttoning up topcoats, the White House boys move down marble steps to reach a pair of limousines. Hayes and two FLAG OFFICERS wait.

**HAYES**

Well?

**WHITE HOUSE #2**

(shaking hand)

Congratulations, Mr. Secretary.

**INT. HAYES' LIMOUSINE - DAY**

Inside the moving car:

**HAYES**

So she picks the women, we pick the programs. Seals?

**FLAG OFFICER #1**

I'd go Special Reconnaissance. Every bit as tough -- and we have a 60 percent drop-out rate among the men.

**HAYES**

Then I suggest we start there.

**FLAG OFFICER #1**

Doesn't matter who she picks. No woman is going to last one week in a commando training course. And I don't care who it is.

**EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Winterscape: Dotted with ice floes, the Potomac winds through the capitol city, banks iridescent with snow, morning water calm. There's an almost hallowed beauty to it all. Soon we pick out...

A spot of day-glo. Coming out of the mouth of morning. Overtaking the floes.

CLOSER on JORDAN O'NEIL. She pushes her flat-water kayak

downriver, paddling hard and clean, making good time. Gliding through the graceful arches of the Arlington bridge, she passes...

Cars overhead. Grid-locked by snow conditions.

In seconds Jordan paddles clear, leaving the traffic behind as she heads toward the Washington Monument. Something BURRS from a life-vest pocket. She rips through velcro to free a cell phone.

**JORDAN**

Lieutenant O'Neil.

**ROYCE (V.O.)**

Gotta situation here. Where are you? Stuck in traffic?

**JORDAN**

(checking dive watch)  
Not due in for 22 minutes, sir.  
Watcha got?

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - N.I.C. - DAY**

**ROYCE**

All right, stand by, we're going to switch over to COMSAT...

A TACTICAL OFFICER reroutes the call via defense satellite, cryptography flashing on terminals. Lieutenant Commander ROBERT ROYCE joins other Intel officers at a conference table. They're pouring over weather charts, navigation logs, high-altitude NRO video.

**TACTICAL OFFICER**

Voice-system now secure...

**ROYCE**

(into speaker)  
Okay, fresh stuff: Lost a NATO plane over the Sea of Japan. ELB signals leads us to believe the pilot is alive and has made his way to the North Korean shore, near a fishing village, "Tamyung."

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

Do we know it's him using the beacon? Not a decoy?

**ROYCE**

Signals received only sparingly, in such a pattern that leads us to conclude it is a downed aviator trying to conserve his batteries.

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

Chances of recovery?

**ROYCE**

You're the analyst for East China, O'Neil. Analyze.

**EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Riding the current, Jordan blows a troubled sigh as she accesses the file of her brain. Drifting past the Jefferson Memorial:

**JORDAN**

North Korean beaches are the best protected, most heavily monitored in the world. The civilian population is so propagandized that it acts as an Early Warning system. Extraction team has to be small and silent -- I'd go with Seals over Delta Force. Problem is, don't want to hold a conventional sub off-shore for target practice. Where's The Polk?

**INTERCUTTING:**

**ROYCE**

Halfway 'round the world. So that's the problem -- we can get the team in, just not out.

**JORDAN**

(an inspired beat)  
Unless you Whiskey Run.

**ROYCE**

Blank faces here, O'Neil.

**JORDAN**

Quick-hit technique used by Capone. Rigged a getaway car with running boards and handles. All his guys had to do was jump on and take a ride. Check the files -- DPRK-57 --



I doped it out as a contingency plan: Seal Team infiltrates, picks up the package, links up with recovery sub. But don't waste time opening and closing hatches. They just grab the periscope and hang on for neutral waters.

A dubious beat.

**ROYCE**

You expect the extraction team to ride the sub bare-back? Is that correct, O'Neil?

**JORDAN**

Only four minutes to neutral waters, sir. Why not?

Silence on the radio: They're discussing her scenario privately. During, Jordan's kayak reaches the junction of the Potomac and the Anacostia rivers. On the far bank lies...

Naval Intel Center (N.I.C.), bristling with communication antennae.

Jordan stares at the complex, waiting for a response.

**ROYCE**

All right, sending the recommendation across the river. Royce out.

The phone goes dead.

**JORDAN**

No, thank you, sir.

**EXT. SECURITY STATION - N.I.C. - DAY**

Bundled in topcoat and scarves, military and civilian employees transit a security station on their way inside. Presently Jordan appears -- wearing a wetsuit and balancing a collapsed kayak on her head. She flashes a photo-badge and double-times inside.

**INT. CORRIDOR - N.I.C. - DAY**

Jordan exits a locker room. Smoothing out her Khaki

uniform, she heads down a broad corridor with cipher-lock doors. Falling in step:

**ROYCE**

That was good headwork, lieutenant.

**JORDAN**

Thank you, sir. We hear back from the Pentagon?

**ROYCE**

(scoffing)

Probably hear back from CNN first.

**JORDAN**

Hate this part. Just sweating it out on the sidelines.

**ROYCE**

Intel has its own glory, lieutenant -- no matter how subtle.

Now they reach...

**INT. BULLPEN - N.I.C. - DAY**

A circular chamber. Dominating the ground floor is the bullpen, a hive of cubicles and computer stations. On the second floor are executive offices, ringing the bullpen.

**ROYCE**

By the way, I'll need that option paper by 11-hundred today so I can review it with Admiral Hanover. And do we have any of that breakfast tea around here?

**JORDAN**

(with a look)

Is this my glory, sir?

On the upper walkway, a frazzled N.I.C. SECRETARY appears. She spots Royce and Jordan below.

**N.I.C. SECRETARY**

Excuse me, but I have Senator DeHaven on the line for you.

**ROYCE**

Jesus God, what now?

He bounds up the stairs toward his office.

**N.I.C. SECRETARY**

I'm sorry, sir no -- she asked to speak with Lieutenant O'Neil.

Royce turns back and gives Jordan a hall-of-fame look.  
"Oh, really?"

**INT. DEHAVEN'S OFFICE - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

**DEHAVEN**

(into phone)

So everyone I talk to says you're top drawer with silk stockings inside.

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

Thank you, ma'am. Um, may I ask what this is regarding?

**DEHAVEN**

(reading file)

High-school pentathlete... ROTC scholarship, graduated with honors... top marks in Basic Training... and, as it just so happens, a constituent of my home state of Virginia. Oh, the things I'll do for one extra vote.

**INT. BULLPEN - N.I.C. - DAY**

On the phone, Jordan glances around. Co-workers mull within earshot. Those out of earshot post E-mail memos on Jordan's computer: "Moving up in life." "I want a full report." "Don't tell her who you really voted for."

**DEHAVEN**

Lieutenant O'Neil, I am prepared to nominate you for the Navy's Special Reconnaissance program. Should you accept, you'll ship out to Coronado next week and join in the big testosterone festival. Complete the course, and you'll have a fast ticket to any assignment you want. That's my personal promise to you.

A beat as Jordan's mind catches up to her ears. Now

INTERRCUTTING the two:

**JORDAN**

"Coronado."

**DEHAVEN**

California.

**JORDAN**

I know that, sir. Ma'am. It's just that... Beggin' your pardon, Senator, but... do you understand that this involves combat training?

**DEHAVEN**

This is just a test case, O'Neil. But if it works out -- if you work out -- it could well change the Navy's official policy on women in combat. Or, actually, its official non-policy. Now who's your immediate superior there?

**JORDAN**

Captain Dwyer. Technically.

**DEHAVEN**

My office will fill him in and help expedite. Look forward to meeting you at the proper time. Jumping off now...

**JORDAN**

Uh, question, ma'am.

**DEHAVEN**

Yes, dear.

**JORDAN**

Would I be the only one? The only woman?

**DEHAVEN**

There'll be more to follow -- but yes, dear, right now you're the pick of a very large litter. And your success would mean a lot. Jumping, now...

The line goes dead. Jordan hangs up catatonically.

**JORDAN**

Well, shit-a-doodle-do...

**EXT. GUNKHOLE HARBOR - POTOMAC - NIGHT**

A small gunkhole harbor up the Potomac. Snow falls thick and silent on overturned canoes, stored for the winter. Beyond stands a clapboard rental house.

**INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

It's not so much furnished as equipped -- scuba gear and wetsuits in the mud room, life vests on coat racks, a training bag and boxing gloves hanging in the living room. In the kitchen we find...

A naked man. He's steeping tea.

**JORDAN (O.S.)**

... well, I survived Basic Training and three brothers -- so I know how to fight. What scares me are the sexual politics. I don't want to be turned into some poster girl for women's rights.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as the naked man carries a steaming mug through the house...

**INT. BATHROOM - JORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

... and sets it down beside Jordan, languishing in a tub. Snow builds on a window sill. Facing Jordan, the man slides into the tub.

**ROYCE**

So why're you even considering it?  
Are you?

**JORDAN**

Just like you would be.

**ROYCE**

Spec-Recon. Those guys are world-class warriors. And they will not want you there, Jordan.

**JORDAN**

I take it you don't either. Feet.

Dutifully, Royce massages her feet.

**ROYCE**

Well, you're doin' shit-hot at Intel.

**JORDAN**

Royce. We're the same age, we started the same time -- and now you're sitting in the upperdecks while I'm still down in the bullpen. What does that tell you about the Navy?

**ROYCE**

(shaking head)

She's haze grey and underway...

**JORDAN**

You need operational duty to really advance... you need combat training to go operational... yet combat training is off-limits to people with tits. I'm topped out at Intel. Forget the glass ceiling -- I'm beating my head on a big brass ceiling.

**ROYCE**

So dump on me.

**JORDAN**

This has nothing to do with you.

**ROYCE**

(getting out)

Well, guess I don't even need to be here...

**JORDAN**

Get your dick back here. It has everything to do with you.

**ROYCE**

You're such a ball-breaker sometimes. Especially at night.

**JORDAN**

Sorry. But after our days...

(a thoughtful sip)

So if I try this thing... if I ship out to Coronado... what happens

here?

**ROYCE**

I'll try to keep the door open. If you wash out, I make it so that --

**JORDAN**

Wai', wait. What happens if it works? Four months of training, three years of operational duty. What then?

**ROYCE**

(blowing a sigh)

I don't feel like doing an option paper on the rest of my life, Jordan. Maybe we should just let it happen.

**JORDAN**

Which is guy-speak for...

**ROYCE**

(conceding)

Sounded lame as soon as it came out of my mouth. But I'm trying to be honest, okay? Three years is a long time. Don't ask me to predict how I'll feel then, Jordan, because I don't know. And either do you.

**JORDAN**

You know, right up until you said that -- I thought I did know.

Wounded, she gets out.

**ROYCE**

Jordan...

**JORDAN**

Thank you, Royce. It was shaping up like such a tough call -- and then you go and make it so goddamn easy. Really, thank you so much.

She punches into a robe and leaves. Royce considers drowning himself in the tub.

**EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - SAN DIEGO - DAY**

Jordan drives a top-down Mustang across the sweeping Coronado Bridge, cityscape behind her, naval base ahead.

A flock of pelicans pace Jordan alongside the bridge. Suddenly two NAVY HELOS BLAST overhead, scattering the pelicans.

**EXT. THE GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

On base, Jordan carries a gunnysack across an asphalt courtyard. This is "the grinder," reminiscent of a gladiator's arena. She notices at one end...

A silver ship's bell. Hung prominently.

**INT. ADMINISTRATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

**JORDAN**

Excuse me, lieutenant. I was told this is where I check in.

A DUTY OFFICER looks up to find Jordan across a counter. In no particular hurry, the duty officer makes his way over to check Jordan's orders.

**DUTY OFFICER**

(looking up)

So you're the one.

Hearing, other workers look up. Among them is a female ensign, KATHY BLONDELL -- no makeup, no nail polish, no concession to her sex. Throughout, she'll watch Jordan with more than passing interest.

**JORDAN**

Still don't have my bearings yet.  
Direct me to the officer's quarters?

The duty officer stamps her paperwork, returns it with room assignment and keys.

**DUTY OFFICER**

You'll proceed directly to the infirmary for eye tests, blood tests, urinalysis, pregnancy test. Uniform issue adjacent. Then you're to report to the Base Commander. He'd like a word with you.

**JORDAN**



Fine. And the officer's quarters?

**DUTY OFFICER**

C.O.'s office can supply you with directions. Enjoy your visit, lieutenant.

It's a nasty little barb -- one that Jordan decides to let slide. Jordan turns for the door. Blondell catches up with a base map.

**BLONDELL**

B.O.Q., south side. Take a starboard tack out the door.

**JORDAN**

Thank you, ensign.

**BLONDELL**

No problem, lieutenant.

**INT. C.O.'S OFFICE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

A soft KNOCKING.

**C.O.**

Come.

A YEOMAN opens the door. Behind him is Jordan.

**YEOMAN**

Lieutenant j.g. O'Neil reporting, sir.

For a beat, COMMANDING OFFICER (C.O.) TURRENTINE takes stock of the female in his doorway, sizing her up like a fighter across the ring. Then he stubs out a perfectly good cigar, rises with an amiable face, and touches the back of a chair -- stopping just short of pulling it out for her.

**C.O.**

Yes, of course. Please, have a seat, lieutenant...

**JORDAN**

Thank you, sir.

**C.O.**

Would you care for a beverage? Tea?

**JORDAN**

I'm fine, sir.

**C.O.**

So. We're still coming to terms with the exact protocol for this -- for integrating the Spec-Recon training. It may not always be smooth, but we're trying to make it as painless as possible for you.

**JORDAN**

Thank you, sir. But I expect a certain amount of pain.

More stock-taking. Is he looking at her hair?

**JORDAN**

Barber was my next stop, sir. Would've had it regulation sooner, only --

**C.O.**

Don't worry about it. If it's off your collar and out of your eyes, that's all I'm going to ask.

**JORDAN**

Really, I have no problem with --

**C.O.**

I'm not out to change your sex, lieutenant. You'll have separate beds, separate heads. If you have specific medical needs, inform the infirmary. If a classmate or superior acts in an harassing or otherwise unbecoming manner, please inform me immediately so I can deal with it immediately. Questions?

**JORDAN**

None at this time, sir.

**C.O.**

Then that's all I have to say. Dismissed.

Another smile, another phantom gesture on the back of her chair. If Jordan was expecting a fight, the bell never sounded. She rises, salutes -- then turns back at the door.

**JORDAN**

Sir, I just want you to know... I'm not here to make a statement. I don't want to make men look foolish. All I care about is completing the training and getting operational experience -- just like everyone else, I suspect.

**C.O.**

If you were like everyone else, lieutenant, I suspect we wouldn't be making statements about not making statements, would we?

(a beat)

Take your leave.

**EXT. B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

The Spec-Recon TRAINEES loiter outside their open rooms, pumping weights, hosing down dive gear, trading Walkman tapes. This is the last day of liberty they'll have for a long time.

**MILLER**

What am I scannin' here?

Other eyes quickly lock in on...

Jordan. Across a grass courtyard, she walks the ground floor of an identical building, trying to match key number to room number. Every door is open, every room empty. Soon she feels the presence of...

The men. They're disgorging from their rooms -- ten, twenty, thirty of them -- all buffed and cut. These guys are what Hitler saw in his dreams.

Jordan picks up her pace. Where the hell is her room?

On all three levels of their building, the men shadow Jordan en masse. Not hooting. Not leering. Just assessing.

Jordan finds her room at the far corner of the building: She's got the entire floor to herself. With a last look over her shoulder, Jordan vanishes inside.

**EXT. THE GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

**C.O.**

Special Reconnaissance. Here you will be trained to infiltrate hostile territory... to be the real-time eyes on the ground... to recover assigned targets and, if need be, to fight your way out under adverse conditions.

CAMERA SURVEYS faces of the trainees: MILLER, MCCOOL, **SLUTNIK, CORTEZ, FLEA, STAMM, ENGLAND, NEWBERRY, WICKWIRE.** We'll get to know them later. Dressed in Navy greens, they stand in formation -- ten rows, ten deep, helmets in hand. Pacing before them:

**C.O.**

That is all that will be said about the special nature of this class -- by us or by you. Many of you have waited years for admission to this program. Opportunities like this are rare -- and those who seize upon them are rarer still.

He approaches Jordan. We can tell what she's thinking. "Just keep moving. Don't single me out."

**C.O.**

Other than that, there is little to be said but "Good luck, gentleman."  
(correcting)  
"Gentlepersons."

Jordan flinches.

**C.O.**

Now I turn you over to the chief training officer. He has earned six naval commendations, the purple heart, and the Navy Cross for heroism and valor. I give you Master Chief John James Urganey.

Taking over, THE CHIEF stands before the class a moment, sizing them up while giving them -- get an eyeload of him, too: His body is 30 years old, his face 40, his eyes 50. An ageless warrior. Somewhere, the blood of Ulysses runs in this guy's veins.

The Chief lifts a bullhorn to deliver his opening salvo -- and it's anything but the kick-ass rant the class is

expecting:

**THE CHIEF**

The sun and moon... the ebb and flow  
of the Pacific tides... global  
warming... the very angle of the  
Earth upon its axis... these are  
just some of the things I control in  
my world.

Trainees swap private looks.

**MCCOOL**

We're fucked.

**SLUTNIK**

Darth Vader reads poetry...

**MCCOOL**

We are so fucked.

**EXT. BEACH - CORONADO NAVAL STATION - DAY**

START on boots, crashing through shallow surf, spraying  
water. We assume this is a routine beach run -- until  
VIEW RISES to reveal...

Telephone poles on their shoulder. Working in groups of  
10, trainees labor under 300-pound poles. Jordan, six  
inches shorter than most, looks like Atlas carrying the  
weight of the world. But she's doing it.

**INSTRUCTOR**

Count down... one, two... count  
down... three, four...

**CLASS CADENCE**

One, two, three, four... One, two,  
three, four...

An ambulance shadows the class. Perched on the front  
bumper like an hood-ornament, the Chief keeps working his  
bullhorn:

**THE CHIEF**

You may think that you are the  
brightest, the best, the strongest.  
I assure you, that is a total  
delusion on your part. It is my job  
to show you just how weak human  
beings can truly be. 60 percent of

you will not finish this course.  
How do I know? Because that is an  
historical fact.

It's also intimidating shit.

**THE CHIEF**

Poles down.

The earth literally shakes as the phone poles hit the damp sand. Approaching on foot, the Chief loads fresh batteries into his bullhorn. He does it like a man thumbing rounds into a shotgun.

**THE CHIEF**

Now for the bad new: I always like to get one quitter on the first day. And until I do, the first day does not end. So look around right now -- go on, do it. I wonder who it's gonna be...

He passes right by Jordan, never meeting her eyes. INSTRUCTOR PYRO steps up. He's the Chief's bulldog.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Down to BVDs!

The guys strip down to boxers. Jordan settles for boxers and jog bra.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Now face the Pacific... link arms... and take a stroll!

The class wades in. The first wave takes Jordan's breath away: It's February, and the water is cold. When they move out of instructors' earshot:

**STAMM**

What is it with the damn phone poles? We sign up for Spec-Recon or **GTE?**

**WICKWIRE**

Just trying to thin the herd. That's all they want to do right now.

Some of the guys are glancing Jordan's way, cashing in on a cheap wet T-shirt contest. Jordan covers herself instinctively -- and hates the instinct. Modesty isn't

going to get her through this.

**SLUTNIK**

Man. Doesn't she know it's rude to point?

**NEWBERRY**

Wow. You see that girl?

**WICKWIRE**

I got eyes, Newberry.

**SLUTNIK**

One night. Just one night in my room, she'd forget all about playin' commando.

**ENGLAND**

Tone that shit down, Slutnik. You heard with they said.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Out of the water!

The class breaks for the beach.

**THE CHIEF**

Now make like sugar cookies and roll in the sand for me.

The trainees hit their bellies and roll. Indeed, they look like sugar cookies.

**THE CHIEF**

Collect those poles, gentlemen. Still a lotta beachfront you haven't seen...

Groaning, the trainees grab poles. Jordan's pole, wet slips from their collective grasp...

And bangs Stamm's ankle. He HOWLS through his teeth.

**ENGLAND**

How bad? Stamm?

**JORDAN**

We better get a medic over --

**STAMM**

No, goddamnit. No.

**INSTRUCTOR**

Up! Up! Up! Up!

Stamm swallows the pain. Poles go back on shoulders. Looking like drunk centipedes, the class staggers off down the beach.

**EXT. MUD PIT - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Wallowing in mud, the class does belly-busters, atomic sit-ups -- and the sadistic reverse push-up, where trainees lie on their backs, place hands under shoulder blades and push their crotches skyward.

**THE CHIEF**

Pain is your friend. You ally. It will keep you awake in times of emergency... it will tell you when you are seriously injured... it will keep you angry and remind you to finish the job and get the hell home. But you know the best thing about pain?

**CLASS**

No, sir!

**THE CHIEF**

It lets you know that you aren't dead yet.

Instructors roam, RASPING ORDERS, kicking students into proper position. Jordan struggles with the reverses.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Go regulation if you can't do the reverses, O'Neil.

She looks around. A lot of the guys are having trouble with the reverses, not just her.

**JORDAN**

Thank you, sir. But I like these just fine.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Not doin' them very fine, O'Neil.

**JORDAN**

I'll try anyway, sir.



**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

You'll try what we tell you to try,  
O'Neil. Go regulation.

She switches to standard push-ups, her face disappearing into the ooze with every downstroke. Soon the Chief's boots slosh into FRAME. He's still looking for his human sacrifice.

**THE CHIEF**

Who's it gonna be. I just wonder,  
who is it gonna be...

**EXT. BEACH - CORONADO NAVAL STATION - SUNSET**

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

On your belly... on your back... on  
your feet... on your belly... on  
your back... on your feet...

Whistle-drills. Silhouetted against a lowering sun, the students flop around like docked fish.

**INT. ADMINISTRATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Blondell is ending her shift. She shoulders a purse and pauses at a window, seeing...

The trainees shuffling into formation like the living dead. Jordan is still among them.

**EXT. THE GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

**THE CHIEF**

You have noticed a ship's bell hanging at the west side of this courtyard. If, at any time, you feel you cannot continue with your training -- that bell is your salvation. Strike it three times, and the ordeal is over.

Nervous eyes flick to the bell.

**THE CHIEF**

Yes, it is a long walk. So I'll make it as easy as I can.

He turns his back to the class.

**THE CHIEF**

Now you don't have to watch me  
watching you break rank. Because I  
know someone here wants to do it.

CAMERA SEARCHES their faces. There isn't one trainee here  
who hasn't thought about it. Including Jordan.

**THE CHIEF**

Now I know what you're thinking...

**SLUTNIK**

(low)

I'm thinkin' we could jump him right  
now...

**THE CHIEF**

"Can I really take 15 weeks of this  
bubonic asshole?" If you don't know  
the answer to that question, the  
answer is "No, you cannot." And  
that is another historical fact. So  
do it. Admit you don't have what it  
takes... admit you are out of your  
depth -- or we're all heading back  
to the beach right now.

(waiting a beat)

Instructors! Time hack!

Following the Chief's lead, Instructors lift their dive  
watches.

**THE CHIEF**

Six... five... four... three...  
two... one... HACK!

(to class)

The time is now 12-hundred. The sun  
is shining brightly. Plenty of  
daylight left for another phone-pole  
run...

GROANS behind him. The groans give way to the SOUND OF  
BOOTS breaking rank.

**INT. ADMINISTRATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

BLONDELL'S POV: Of a lone figure crossing to the bell.

**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

QUICK CLOSEUPS of Miller, Slutnik, Wickwire, turning to watch someone cross the grinder. At least we know who it isn't.

CLOSE on the Chief as the BELL RINGS THREE TIMES. He turns around to find...

Stamm at the bell.

For the first time, the Chief looks dead-bang at Jordan. Was he expecting her?

**THE CHIEF**

Leave your helmet there, Stamm.  
Back to the barracks.

Stamm drops his helmet and limps away.

**THE CHIEF**

The rest of you should remember one thing. The only easy day was today. Lieutenant Wickwire? Turning it over to you.

**WICKWIRE**

Cuh-lass, face right!

They march off.

**INT. MESS HALL - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Dead-ass tired, Jordan slides her tray down the line, piling on food that means nothing more than raw calories. She heads for...

A table of trainees, one spot open. Seeing her coming, the guys shift position. Suddenly the table is full.

**ENGLAND**

Better look elsewhere, O'Neil.

Jordan glares. None of them meet her eyes. She wheels around -- and now all eyes are on her, watching her ass walk away. FEATURE Slutnik, the walking sperm bank.

**SLUTNIK**

Half a night, Lord, just gimme half  
a night to set her straight...

Jordan tries another table. This one, too, becomes

abruptly full. As Jordan leaves, HOLD on Miller. He's a human eclipse -- six-three, 220, the perfect commando physique. Instructors wish they could clone him.

**MILLER**

Average woman is 25 percent body fat. That's one-quarter fat, man. Think about that.

**MCCOOL**

Nice distribution, though.

**MILLER**

No way does she makes this program.  
No way.

After wandering the mess hall like a homeless person, Jordan finds refuge at a table with female mess stewards. They look at her with blank faces. No understanding. No compassion.

**EXT. B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Jordan walks in a bathrobe, toweling her hair dry. She fishes for keys at her door.

**VOICE**

It's not so much that they hate you...

Jordan looks. Someone is sitting on an outdoor table, smoking. He leans into the light so she can see his face. It's Wickwire, the mid-30s lieutenant who doubles as class officer. He's dangerously handsome.

**WICKWIRE**

They're more afraid of you.

**JORDAN**

Well, now I feel so much better.

**WICKWIRE**

It was made clear before you came -- harassment equals career suicide. Can't say anything good, so they don't say much at all. To your face, anyway.

**JORDAN**

Whose orders were those?

**WICKWIRE**

It was made clear.

(getting up)

Anyway, stay ballsy. First week's hell, then it levels out. Until S.E.R.E. training, anyway. That's hell-and-a-half.

**JORDAN**

And how do you know that?

**WICKWIRE**

Made it to Week 10 last time.

**JORDAN**

I didn't know they let you try again. Especially at your age.

**WICKWIRE**

You're kind of a surprise yourself.

A faint grin from Wickwire before he shadows back across the courtyard that separates the two B.O.Q. buildings. Back across no-man's land.

**INT. JORDAN'S B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Two beds. Matching lockers. A desk, a chair, a mirror. All overwhelmingly dull.

Jordan drops the robe off her shoulders to take inventory of her body. Both sides of her neck are bruised from the phone-pole run. Her back and thighs are sand-burned. Mirror cuts abound. She's already a mess.

Jordan uncaps some cologne. It's a vestige of her old life she's not going to surrender. She sniffs. Savors. Dabs. Looks back in the mirror...

And breaks out laughing. It's like dropping a rose in a cesspool.

**EXT. SILVER STRAND HIGHWAY - CORONADO - DAY**

A PHOTOGRAPHER stands near a car parked just outside the base. He's peering through a 600mm lens.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S POV: FOCUSING through cyclone fencing... PANNING past the sand dunes... and finding green-clad trainees gathered at an obstacle course.

**EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

An explosion of sand: England and Wickwire belly-flop into a sand pit and speed-crawl under barbed wire. Clear, they gain their feet and blitz toward...

The rolling logs. They balance-beam their way to...

The rope climb. Racing to the top, they reach a platform and fling themselves down onto...

The high poles. They land awkwardly, losing their wind and their grip, tumbling into the sand pit below before...

Racing for the finish. The Chief thumbs a stopwatch.

**THE CHIEF**

England, 88 seconds. You're good to go for the slide-for-life. Wickwire, roll back till you get south of 90.

**WICKWIRE**

Fuck. Yes sir.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Who'd you kiss to get back in here, anyway?

Wickwire dusts off and starts back for...

The starting line. Stepping up next is Cortez, the human fighting cock. Jordan lines up beside him and psyches up for the first obstacle -- and eight-foot sheer wall.

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

Hang on, here...

He grabs something off a truck and positions it at the base of the wall. It's a little two-step platform.

SNICKERS, MOANS from the guys. Cortez can barely contain his disgust.

**CORTEZ**

Aw, what is this...

**JORDAN**

(mortified)

Sir...

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

Don't have to use it, O'Neil, but  
it's gotta go out.

(calling out)

Five... four... three...

**JORDAN**

I can make this wall without --

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

... two... one... MARK!

Cortez blurs away. Jordan starts a step late.

Cortez takes the wall clean. Eschewing the two-step,  
Jordan jumps right over it -- but jumps too far out  
because of it. She takes the wall awkwardly.

INTERCUT the others as they break rank to follow, eager to  
see Cortez blow her off the course.

**CLASS**

Lesgo, Cortez, LESGO, GO, GO!

Cortez belly-flops into the sand pit -- and snags going  
under the barbed wire.

**CORTEZ**

Shit of a saint...

Catching up, Jordan clears the wire without a hitch and  
leads going into...

The rolling logs. They both tight-rope across nimbly and  
bound on toward...

Rope climb. Jordan starts up at a decent clip -- but  
Cortez comes from behind like a chimp on white sugar,  
doubling her speed.

**CLASS**

Take her, take her here, Cortez...  
lookit that monkey-man go... hoo-  
yah, hoo-yah...

Cortez reaches the top platform. Now he's faced with...

The high poles. He's seen others land sideways and pay  
the price. Trying another way, Cortez takes a flying  
leap...

And WHUMPS down with legs astraddle. He tried to cushion the landing with his hands -- and failed magnificently. His balls took the brunt.

Jordan WHUMPS down beside him with legs astraddle -- and shoots Cortez a "Hey, no problem" look. She rolls off the poles...

And drops to the pit below. Cortez lands right behind. Now it's a flat-out sprint for...

The finish line. He takes her at the tape.

**THE CHIEF**

Cortez, 93 seconds. O'Neil, 94.  
Cortez, do a little rescue-recovery  
on your gonads and line up again.  
O'Neil... move ahead.

Heading back to the starting line, Jordan wheels around.

**JORDAN**

Say again, sir?

**THE CHIEF**

You heard me. Move on.

**CORTEZ**

Aw, this is such bullshit...

Others GRUMBLE in commiseration. Jordan flushes with anger.

**JORDAN**

Chief, sir, I don't understand  
why --

**THE CHIEF**

Educate her, Pyro.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Automatic five-second deduction,  
which slips you under the wire.  
It's called "gender-norming," O'Neil  
-- standard procedure for all  
females in physical training  
courses. Where you been the last  
few years?

**JORDAN**

What "all females"? If I'm the  
only --



**THE CHIEF**

Twice now, I have said the words  
"move on."

He turns his back, leaving no possibility of discussion.  
Jordan stares after.

**SLUTNIK**

Can't live with them, can't kill  
them. What's the point?

**MCCOOL**

Somebody throw a tent over this  
circus.

**WICKWIRE**

(low to Jordan)  
Just let it go. If it's in your  
favor, just shut the hell up and  
take it.

**EXT. B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Dressed in bathrobe, Jordan reaches her door. She pauses  
to check...

The outdoor table. No visitors tonight.

**INT. JORDAN'S B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Jordan pushes inside -- and stops when she sees the little  
two-step platform. That awful crutch. Someone has put it  
beside her bed.

Jordan wheels around to check...

**EXT. B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

The men' building. Slutnik and a few others loiter on a  
balcony, mirroring her stare.

**EXT. CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Hastily dressed, Jordan marches across the base. Her  
march turns into an angry run as she cuts through parking  
lots... jumps hedges... and finally reaches...

**EXT. C.O.'S HOUSE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

An on-base bungalow. Jordan bangs on the front door until the C.O.'S scowling face appears.

**JORDAN**

Pardon the hour, sir. But you told me to come to you immediately if I felt I was being mistreated in any way.

**C.O.**

Didn't take long.

He waves her inside.

**INT. C.O.'S HOUSE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

**C.O.**

All right, lieutenant, give me a name and specifics, I'll have the X.O. file an action first thing in the morning.

(waits)

A name?

**JORDAN**

It's you, sir. And it started the day I came here.

**C.O.**

(jolted)

Oh, really.

**JORDAN**

It's this double-standard, the separate quarters, the deferential treatment. It's how you pulled out my chair and nearly served high tea the first time we met.

**C.O.**

Because I was civil, now you're complaining.

**JORDAN**

I can't afford civility, sir. How am I supposed to fit in with these guys when you've got me set up as an outsider? Even if I make it under

these rules, I still lose, because there'll always be a flag in my file -- "Yeah, she made it, but..." I mean, really -- why didn't you just issue me a goddamn petticoat to wear around the base?

**C.O.**

Did you just have a brain-fart?

**JORDAN**

Pardon?

**C.O.**

Did you just barge in here and curse at your base commander? If so, I regard that as a bonafide brain-fart, and I resent it when people fart inside my home.

**JORDAN**

I think you've resented me from the start, sir.

Now, finally, her opponent steps into the ring. And he's a bare-knuckle brawler.

**C.O.**

(building)

What I resent, lieutenant, is some politician using my base as a test tube for her grand social experiment. What I resent is the sensitivity training that is now mandatory for my men... the day-care center I have to build where an officer's lounge used to be... and the OB/GYN I have to keep on staff just so someone can keep track of your personal pap smears.

(drawing close)

But most of all, lieutenant, I resent your perfume, however subtle it may be, competing with the aroma of my fine three-dollar-and-fifty-nine cent cigar, which I will happily put out this very instant if the phallic nature of it happens to offend your goddamn fragile sensibilities. DOES IT?

**JORDAN**

No, sir.

**C.O.**

No, sir, WHAT?

**JORDAN**

The shape doesn't bother me. It's just that goddamn rotten stench.

A dangerous beat -- before the C.O. disengages.

**C.O.**

Well. 'Least now we're talking the same language.

(a beat)

So one standard. Is that what you're after?

**JORDAN**

Same rules for everyone, sir.

**C.O.**

Straight up?

**JORDAN**

Across the board, sir.

**C.O.**

And if you just happen to wash out, I won't have to contend with you bitchin' to some hairy-chested female Senator? And please note I did not identify any one in particular.

**JORDAN**

Wouldn't dream of it, sir.

A deciding beat.

**C.O.**

Then good night.

**JORDAN**

So I'll get a fair shot?

**C.O.**

You'll get everything you want, O'Neil. Let's see if you want what you're gonna get.

**INT. BARBER SHOP - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Jordan gets her hair cut to regulation length. It's over in seconds.

**INT. ADMINISTRATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Jordan slaps down old room keys and new orders. Blondell scans the paperwork with deepening concern.

**BLONDELL**

This some kind of joke?

**INT. JORDAN'S B.O.Q. - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Jordan tosses her belongings into a laundry bag. She slings the bag over her shoulder, boots aside the hated two-step on her way out...

**EXT. B.O.Q. BUILDING - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

... marches across the no-man's land...

**INT. B.O.Q. ROOM - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

... and bangs open a door. Slutnik sits up on his bed.

**SLUTNIK**

Well, who the shit you think you are? Comin' in here like that?

**JORDAN**

Your new roommate.

Slutnik's face curdles. Jordan dumps her bag on an open bunk and starts unpacking.

**JORDAN**

Anybody usin' these drawers here?

**SLUTNIK**

Hey, hey, HEY. No possibility. You can't stay in here. You can't sleep right next to me.

**JORDAN**

Funny, the C.O. says I can.

She slaps orders on his chest, continues to unpack.

**SLUTNIK**

Aw, lookit this, lookit this --  
she's bringin' Tampax in here.  
C'mon, you got nothin' but rooms  
over there.

**JORDAN**

That your desk? I'll take this one.

**SLUTNIK**

**WOULD YOU JUST GET OUTTA HERE?**

**JORDAN**

(whirling on him)  
Listen, Sex Ape. I'm here to stay.  
And if you don't want me for a  
roommate or classmate, you got two  
options -- move out or ring out.  
End of file.

Slutnik stalks out. Jordan fires a look at the innocent bystander here, McCool. He was studying at his desk when the fireworks began.

**JORDAN**

What about you, McCool? Any problem  
with the room assignment?

McCool -- an imperturbable black lieutenant -- just goes back to his manuals.

**MCCOOL**

"It's not a job -- it's an  
adventure."

**EXT. OCEAN - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

START on flares igniting overhead. FOLLOW the flares as they parachute down into the surf to illuminate...

The class, standing in one long line, arms linked. As black waves knock out their legs, we're reminded of show girls kicking their way through some macabre review.

**EXT. BEACH - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Firing flare guns and working their bullhorns:

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

58 degrees this morning! That's not a bad water temp, really -- if you're standing where we are!

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

Slurred speech, lack of proper motor control, short-term amnesia -- all early signs of hypothermia! Advanced hypothermia is easy to detect in a classmate! He'll look like he's dead!

**THE CHIEF**

Body heat. In situations of extreme cold, you can always count on body heat to keep you alive -- and I do not mean your own. We will break you of the cultural barriers that dictate you should not invade another man's space. Are any of you in a situation of extreme cold right now?

INTERCUTTING trainees and instructors:

**CLASS**

Yes, sir!

**THE CHIEF**

Then why aren't you all over the man next to you?

The class pivots 90 degrees and starts to close rank. Behind Jordan, Montgomery (a.k.a. "Flea") hesitates: He's a bantam-weight from Georgia, his manners bred into the bone. He just can't find a delicate way to grab Jordan without mounting her.

**JORDAN**

Just do it, okay?

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

If you can't feel the other guy's pecker, you ain't in tight enough! I want nuts to butts!

**JORDAN**

Come on, Montgomery...

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

Flea! O'Neil! Why is there a break

in that line?

Finally Jordan grabs Flea by the neck, pushes him ahead and mounts him. The class closes down into a long human snake.

**JORDAN**

(in his ear)  
Montgomery, why do they call you  
"Flea"?

**FLEA**

It's really "F. Lee Montgomery" --  
but that gets whittled down to just  
"Flea." For short, ma'am.

**JORDAN**

So it really has nothing to do with  
actual brain size?

**FLEA**

No, ma'am.

**JORDAN**

Well, Flea, I appreciate the respect  
you just showed me. But I don't  
need it and don't want it -- not  
that kind of respect, anyway. It's  
just gonna hurt us both, okay?

**FLEA**

I'll work on it, ma'am.

**JORDAN**

Do that.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

(to the Chief)  
Time.

**THE CHIEF**

Check your watch, Pyro. Seems fast.

CAMERA POLLS the grim, blue-lipped faces in the water.  
Jordan feels Flea starting to shake. Badly.

**JORDAN**

Hey. You okay, Flea?

**FLEA**

'Snot me. It's him.



Two bodies ahead, it's the big bruiser, Miller, who's shuddering. Jordan feels him shaking through Flea.

**MILLER**

Jesus, my hands... they aren't workin' right...

**NEWBERRY**

How long i'zis for?

**WICKWIRE**

'Sposed to be 20-minute intervals, no more.

**NEWBERRY**

Swear each time's gettin' longer.

**MCCOOL**

This where you bailed last time, Wick?

**WICKWIRE**

Huh-uh -- but wasn't middla February last time, either.

**FLEA**

How you doin', Miller? Miller?

No answer. Bad sign. On shore:

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

22 minutes...

Ignoring, the Chief lifts his bullhorn:

**THE CHIEF**

Remember, all this is completely voluntary. For any of you who don't want to continue, Instructor Johns is now serving coffee and danish at the ambulance.

A portable light comes on. Indeed, an instructor is setting up coffee service.

**THE CHIEF**

Any takers?

**SLUTNIK**

He's the fuckin' Antichrist.

**MCCOOL**

Wick! They really got donuts over there? Or just some 'a last night's dinner rolls?

**FLEA**

Look like donuts to me...

**JORDAN**

(in disbelief)

What're you guys doing? Huh?

**MCCOOL**

Just askin'

**JORDAN**

What, you gonna give it all up for a maple twist? How dumb you gotta be? That's exactly what they --

Suddenly the line rips apart. It's Miller, breaking for shore.

**CLASS**

**NO!**

Soon the dyke is bursting everywhere: Four others break rank, following Miller's lead.

The deserters stagger onto the beach. MEDICS close in quick, draping them with blankets, shining flashlights in their faces, asking brain-check question.

**MEDICS**

Tell me what day this is... look at me now... what city are you from, sailor... here, look right here...

A medic nods to the Chief. No hypothermia. Not yet.

**THE CHIEF**

You want another minute to think about this? Huh?

(no response; to  
Miller directly)

Do any of you want to reconsider?

Avoiding his eyes, Miller wags his head.

**THE CHIEF**

Johnson. Get 'em out of my scan.

It's a death sentence. As the quitters slouch for the

coffee truck...

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

By my watch... which, of course  
appears to be broken... they've been  
in 27 minutes without the benefit of  
protective gear.

TIGHT on the Chief. Scanning the remaining trainees.  
Thinking about holding out for one more.

TIGHT on Jordan. Knowing who he's waiting for. Wondering  
if she can outlast him.

**THE CHIEF**

(into bullhorn)  
Everybody out.

With a SHIVERING CHEER, the trainees stampede ashore,  
grabbing blankets, trading body-bumps and high-fives.  
Jordan gets swept up in the esprit: They've conquered a  
common enemy. But when she tries to get high-fived...

The guys turn their backs. It's a cold rebuff, worse than  
any water.

HOLD TIGHT on Jordan. Shivering. Watching the guys drift  
away. Hating them.

**WICKWIRE**

Hey. Way to gut it out.

**JORDAN**

Thanks, Wick.

**INT. INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

The instructors are shuffling muster lists, reorganizing  
the class. B.G., the BELL TOLLS again and again.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

(shaking head)  
Miller. Thought the guy was made of  
depleted uranium. Really didn't  
expect to lose him.

**THE CHIEF**

Every class has its surprises, Pyro.  
This one'll be no different.

**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Blondell crosses the grinder with another female ensign, tall and striking. Passing the bell, Blondell checks on...

The helmets lined up beneath. A dozen already.

An O.S. CADENCE CALL -- then, led by Wickwire, trainees double-time into the grinder, uniforms drenched from a beach run. Among them, still, is Jordan. It brings a Mona Lisa smile to Blondell's face.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Change those clothes, be back here  
in six minutes! And I am timing  
you!

The class scatters. Slutnik hits the brakes when he sees Blondell and her friend.

**SLUTNIK**

Jesus Christ. And I only got three  
minutes apiece...

**ENGLAND**

(jerking him away)  
Barkin' up the wrong dress, Slutnik.  
You ain't their type.

Overhearing, Jordan snaps a look at Blondell, only now realizing. Their eyes meet.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

O'Neil! What're you gawking at?

**INT. C.O.'S OFFICE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

**P.R. FLAK**

(reading newspaper)  
"... last week at Coronado. The  
woman, identity unknown, is believed  
to be the first female candidate for  
the elite Special Reconnaissance  
program. Her presence could signal  
a shift in the Navy's long-standing  
policy that excludes women from  
combat positions."

The P.R. FLAK drops the newspaper on the C.O.'s desk.  
It's the San Diego Tribune. Under the headline "G.I.

JANE," a photo shows a chesty sailor running the obstacle course.

**C.O.**

(calling O.S.)

I'm asking again. Where is she?

**YEOMAN**

Inbound now, sir. Had to pull her out of the dive bell.

**P.R. FLAK**

I have interview requests from two local TV stations. And a sociologist from U.C. San Diego called, wanted to know if she could examine the interaction between "G.I. Jane" and the men.

**C.O.**

"A sociol..." Kill the interviews. I don't need civilians nosin' around in matters that are supposed to be covert in nature. Just kill 'em before this whole thing gets outta con --

**YEOMAN**

Senator DeHaven calling, sir.

The C.O. gets an instant headache.

**INT. SENATE BARBER SHOP - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

**C.O. (V.O.)**

Base Commander Turrentine speaking.

In the Senate barber shop, DeHaven is having her hair colored. She holds a fax of the Tribune article in one hand, a cell phone in the other.

**DEHAVEN**

(hitting like a Scud)

Commander, are you of the habit of letting photographers traipse around your base snappin' their fill? These were supposed to have been discreet test cases --

**INTERRCUTTING:**

**C.O.**

Senator, they stand out on the public highway with telephoto lenses --

**DEHAVEN**

-- and now I got reporters from Toadsquat, Iowa, calling my office and askin' what I know about this "G.I. Jane" thing.

**C.O.**

-- nothing I can do about it unless you're suggesting I infringe on their civil liberties -- which I'd happily do if you'll just trim a little fat off the Constitution.

**DEHAVEN**

Are you truly mouthin' off to a senior member of the Senate Arms Committee? I mean, I'll give you points for style -- just nothin' for smarts.

**INT. C.O.'S OFFICE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

The C.O. double-takes as Jordan enters: She's sun-burned, wind-burned, sand-burned, chapped and chaffed, bloody and soggy. Her dive suit leaks onto the floor.

**JORDAN**

See me, sir?

**C.O.**

You makin' friends with the press, lieutenant?

He tosses her the paper. Jordan scans the article as DeHaven continues over speakerphone:

**DEHAVEN**

Well, seein's how this thing is out, you let me handle the r.p.m. From this point forward, I want all press matters coordinated via my office. I'll be god-damned if I'm gonna watch Hayes pull flowers out of his ass and take credit for this one. Him or the President.

(aside to beautician)

This my shade? "Midnight Mahogany"?  
'Cuz I'm comin' dangerously close to  
lookin' like Ronald Reagan here.

**C.O.**

Your prerogative, Senator.

**DEHAVEN**

Awright. How's our girl doin',  
anyway?

**C.O.**

Standing right here in my office.

**DEHAVEN**

Jordan, dear. How are they treating  
you?

**JORDAN**

(catching C.O.'s  
eyes)

Can't complain, ma'am.

**DEHAVEN**

Hmmm. Maybe I'll ask when I see you  
in person.

**JORDAN**

Uh, ma'am.

**DEHAVEN**

Gonna be visiting that all-woman's  
America's cup team in a few weeks --  
If I were a gambler, I'd say Dennis  
O'Conner's days are numbered. But  
they're in San Diego, so I thought  
I'd take a quick promenade of the  
base.

Deafening silence. We aren't sure who dreads the idea  
more -- the C.O. or Jordan.

**C.O.**

Uh, V.I.P. security arrangements  
generally take some time, Senator.

**DEHAVEN**

"Security"? What the hell you  
talkin' about? Your base isn't  
secure?

**C.O.**

Of course, but there's more --

**DEHAVEN**

Then set out the good plates, we'll all have lunch. My office will follow up with details. Jumping off, now...

Phone goes dead. The C.O. gives Jordan a look one might reserve for a lab technician who inadvertently unleashed Ebola upon the world.

**JORDAN**

Sir, I want you to know that I had nothing to do with any of this. Not this article, not --

**C.O.**

"We'll all have lunch." Good idea. Oh, and let's be sure to invite this sociologist, too -- just in case we want to have a FUCKING BRIDGE GAME **AFTERWARDS!**

**YEOMAN**

Sir? Secretary Hayes calling.

The C.O.'s headache becomes a migraine.

**JORDAN**

(backing out)  
Permission to leave, sir?

**C.O.**

Permission to evaporate, O'Neil.

**INT. SENATE BARBER SHOP - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

DeHaven hands the phone to her aide. He's set up a portable office in the next barber chair.

**DEHAVEN**

Think I overplayed it?

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

Congress and the Pentagon share a lot of plumbing. They'll never know whose leak it is.

**EXT. BEACH - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**



150-pound rubber boats ("Zodiacs") litter the beach. The class is breaking down into six-man crews.

**THE CHIEF**

Boat Five -- Wickwire, Cozad, Vinyl, Intagliata, Ayers, and Wise. Lieutenant Wickwire is your senior officer. Follow his orders to your death.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Get it up!

Crew Five finds their Zodiac, hoists it onto their heads.

**THE CHIEF**

Boat Six -- England, O'Neil, McCool, Montgomery, Cortez, and Slutnik. Lieutenant England is your senior officer.

Jordan rolls her eyes: At least two of the guys in her crew are blue-ribbon misogynists. Cortez and Slutnik don't like it any better.

**JORDAN**

Ah, c'mon...

**CORTEZ**

Motherachrist...

**SLUTNIK**

Me? Again?

**THE CHIEF**

(looking up)

Somebody got a problem with the muster?

**JORDAN**

Fine by me, sir!

**CORTEZ**

No problem, sir!

**SLUTNIK**

Full of joy here, sir!

Exchanging looks across their Zodiac, Jordan and her new crewmates lift the boat overhead.

**THE CHIEF**

Boat Seven...

**EXT. BEACH - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

With BATTLE CRIES, 12 boat crews charge into the teeth of the POUNDING SURF. Some lose their boat to the first wave; others clear the surf and scramble aboard.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

(into bullhorn)

First crew to finish gets hot food  
and warm racks for the night! Rest  
of you are digging hide-sites and  
eating earthworms tonight!

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Beyond the breakers, the Zodiacs run parallel to shore, crews paddling furiously, racing the wind, the sun, the other crews. Instructors shadow in power boats, stopwatches running.

**EXT. BOAT SIX - OCEAN - DAY**

McCool

Don't wanna be pickin' no sandcrabs  
outta my ass tonight!

**ENGLAND**

So shutup and stroke, McCool!

**SLUTNIK**

Hoo-yah! Hoo-yah!

Flea checks on Jordan. She paddles hard, really digging in. Flea grins: On some level, he has to admire this women.

Jordan catches the grin, gives one back.

Ahead, buoys mark the finish line. And just when it seems victory is at hand...

THWUNK. Something hits Boat Six. Suddenly it's losing air. Jordan torques around to see...

The Chief on a nearby boat, speargun in hand.

**THE CHIEF**

Your boat just hit razor coral.  
What do you do now?

**ENGLAND**

Patch and pump! C'mon! Whose ass  
is on the kit?

**MCCOOL**

I say keep paddlin'! We're  
almost --

**ENGLAND**

Forget it, McCool! Pri One is to  
save the boat, not win a race! So  
let's get on it!

They flail to save their sinking boat. Boat Five noses  
past, stealing the lead. Wickwire tosses Jordan a passing  
look. "Sorry, but..."

**EXT. UPPER DUNES - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Up and down the dunes, crews are digging "hide-sites" --  
six-man holes that will be their homes tonight. Cortez  
and Slutnik are uprooting shrubs, collecting camouflage  
material.

**CORTEZ**

Four years I petition to get into  
this program. Four years. Finally  
get here, and now it's co-ed? Such  
bullshit. Now I'm gettin' hammered  
just 'cuz she's on our crew.

**SLUTNIK**

Least you don't have to sleep with  
her every goddamn night.

**CORTEZ**

Tellin' you, I'd rather be the last  
class with balls than the first one  
with chicks.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UPPER DUNES - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Jordan and Flea fill sand bags to shore up the walls of  
their hide-site. England and McCool shovel back to back.

**MCCOOL**

Had a granddaddy who wanted to be a Navy man. Wanted to fire them big guns on a big-ass battleship. But Navy said to him, "Oh, no. You can only do one thing on a battleship." "Well what's that?" granddaddy said. "Cook," they said. Now this ain't 100 years ago -- I'm talkin' United States Navy, middla World War II. And you know the reason they gave him? You know why they tol' my granddaddy he couldn't fight for his country?

**ENGLAND**

He talked too much?

**MCCOOL**

"Negroes can't see at night. Bad night vision."

**JORDAN**

You're kiddin' me.

Jordan jumps in the hole, ready to take over shoveling.

**MCCOOL**

See, you just the new nigger on the block, O'Neil. That's all. And maybe you moved in too early.

He climbs out. HOLD on Jordan, looking off down the dunes, seeing the other crews covering up and going underground for the night. How the hell did she wind up here? So far from home?

**EXT. SILVER STRAND HIGHWAY - DAY**

A Jeep speeds along the public highway, carrying the C.O. back to base. When the Jeep tops a rise:

**C.O.**

What in God's name...

Ahead, a half-dozen news crews are camped on the shoulder. All cameras are trained on the base.

**INT. BEDROOM - GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT**

CAMERA FINDS Navy dress blues laid out on a bed... topcoat draped on a chair-back... CNN on a television.

**CNN COMMENTATOR (TV)**

... is denying that it is considering changing its long-held policy of exclusion -- but it isn't denying the presence of at least one female in a heretofore all-male program. Dubbed "G.I. Jane" by the media, this woman is now undergoing commando training at the Special Warfare Command Center in San Diego...

Half-shaven, Royce leans out of the bathroom in time to catch...

Footage from Coronado: A woman in Navy greens is on a beach run, loaded down with backpack and M-16. The NEWS FOOTAGE ZOOMS IN, FREEZE FRAMES with the indelible image that will be used over and over in coming weeks: Woman cradling rifle. Madonna for the 21st century.

**ROYCE**

Goddamn. My poster girl.

**CNN COMMENTATOR (TV)**

Senator DeHaven's office still has not released the identity of the woman, but DeHaven is confirming that "G.I. Jane" has outlasted many of her male counter-parts in the program, said to be one of the most grueling anywhere. Joining us now on "Washington Tonight" for the feminist perspective is Gloria Allred, live from --

Royce snaps it off. He can't take anymore.

**INT. BEAU-ART HALL - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT**

Beneath the coffered ceiling of a great Beau-Art hall, one of Washington's power-tribes is celebrating. We find gowned women, tuxedoed men, gold-braided naval officers, a SWING BAND, and...

Secretary Hayes, newly confirmed. He beams as he dances with his wife. Compliments and friendly barbs come from all directions:

**COMPLIMENTS (O.S.)**

Congratulations, Mr. Secretary. Say hello to the President for me... Maybe now you can change that carpet in your office, Teddy... So what was the deal you made with DeHaven? Or was it the Devil? Always get them confused...

**HAYES**

Didn't you hear? Effective immediately, all navy vessels can no longer be referred to as "she."

BRAYS of laughter.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEAU-ART HALL - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT**

Royce, EXCUSING his way through the crowd, fixating on the bar, leading his DIAL-A-DATE winner by the hand. Conversations drift into earshot:

**VOICE #1**

... women are child-bearers. Life-givers. Now we're going to make them killers?

**VOICE #2**

... just don't have the upper-body strength...

**VOICE #3**

How strong do you need to be to launch a rocket? To push a button or pull a trigger?

Royce can't get away from it.

**DIAL-A-DATE**

Are we going to dance?

**ROYCE**

Not right now.

Just yards from the bar, a Pentagon E-RINGER snags Royce's elbow.

**E-RINGER**

Commander Royce. How's life across

the river?

**ROYCE**

Little slow, sir. When's the Pentagon going to send me a good crisis?

**E-RINGER**

I'll check my out-basket in the morning. Say, do you know...

The E-Ringer turns to make introductions -- but finds his CIRCLE OF FRIENDS embroiled in the topic du jour:

**CIRCLE #1**

... but men have trained as athletes for 5,000 years. Women have been at it for, what, couple of decades? Do we really know the limits of their strength?

**CIRCLE #2**

Or their endurance? You know, 30 years ago, women marathoners were 90 minutes off the pace of the men. Now, the women's time is probably only 20 minutes off.

**CIRCLE #1**

Try 15.

**CIRCLE #3**

But what do female soldiers really contribute? I mean, why is this "G.I. Jane" there instead of a man?

Eyes drift to Royce, inviting him into the fray.

**ROYCE**

(to dial-a-date)

You wait right here. I'll get the drinks.

**INT. MEZZANINE - BEAU-ART HALL - NIGHT**

Heading upstairs with an iceless rum. Royce finds a calm and secluded place to get drunk in peace and quiet.

**VOICE #1**

Take my word for it. It's just not going to happen. Not now, not

anytime soon.

**VOICE #2**

You're guaranteeing that?

Royce frowns: He thought he was alone. He tracks the voices to a forced-air vent beside the chaise.

**VOICE #1**

I have it on unorthodox but reliable authority that combat positions will remain off-limits. Despite what's happening with our Babe in Boyland.

Alarms go off in Royce's head. He moves quickly to a railing, looks down.

ROYCE'S POV: Of two naval officers on the floor below. They stand beside a matching vent. It's impossible to see faces from this angle -- but one man has a distinct bald spot.

**NAVAL OFFICER (VOICE #1)**

Well, isn't that what these test cases are supposed to decide?

(thinking)

Unless, of course, you're suggesting that "G.I. Jane" is on her way to becoming "Jane Doe"...

**BALD SPOT (VOICE #2)**

All I'm saying is that we won't be integrating -- despite the rhetoric coming off Capitol Hill, despite what's happening in Coronado. And you did not hear it from me.

**NAVAL OFFICER (VOICE #1)**

Hear what?

A conspiratorial handshake. The men split up.

**INT. BEAU-ART HALL - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT**

Royce flashes down the stairs. Hitting main floor, he looks around and then bumps into...

**DIAL-A-DATE**

There you are. Can we please dance now?



Over her shoulder, Royce spies Bald Spot heading for the cloak room. Royce commandeers the nearest J.O.

**ROYCE**

Lieutenant!

**J.O.**

Yes sir?

**ROYCE**

Take a dance!

**INT. BEAU-ART HALL - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT**

Royce bobs and weaves through the crowd, trying to keep sight of...

Bald Spot. Pushing through the exit doors.

Only steps behind, Royce shoulders through the doors...

**EXT. BEAU-ART HALL - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT**

And blasts outside, intending to shake some answers out of Bald Spot. But here Royce finds...

A dozen naval officers waiting for their cars. All of them now wear caps.

Royce tries to check faces of the quickly departing men. but it could have been anyone.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

A high-speed transport ("Seafox") is SLAMMING OVER SWELLS. Lashed to one side is a rubber life boat.

**EXT. SEAFOX - OCEAN - DAY**

**THE CHIEF**

Crew Six! Stand by!

**ENGLAND**

Flea! 'Cool! O'Neil! Cortez!  
Slutnik! In that order! Five-  
second intervals! Let's go!

England's crew lines up for cast-and-recover drills: One by one, they speed-roll off the transport...

... and drop into the life boat. After quickly stabilizing, they roll off the life boat...

... and disappear underwater like human bullets. England is last to cast off.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Jordan resurfaces. Treading water, she scans for...

Seafox. It makes a hard turn in the water and starts back. The recovery rig -- a big flexible loop -- is lowered into position.

Still hauling ass, Seafox picks up the trainees in reverse order -- England, Slutnik, Cortez. They each stab an arm through the passing loop...

**EXT. SEAFOX - OCEAN - DAY**

... and vault back aboard, slick as hell.

**CORTEZ**

Hoo-yah! Better'n sex in a car crash!

But now they're bearing down fast on...

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Jordan. She braces as best she can. As SEAFOX THUNDERS past, she stabs for the loop...

And snags it with her hand. But only her hand.

Hanging on grimly, Jordan drags face down in torrential water. Her mouth gropes for clean air but can't find it. If she doesn't let go soon, she'll drown.

**EXT. SEAFOX - OCEAN - DAY**

At the stern, the Chief spots Jordan bobbing up in the boat's wake.

**THE CHIEF**

(to pilot)  
Next recovery! Keep goin', keep  
goin'!

**EXT. OCEAN - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

COUGHING up water, Jordan watches Seafox speed on toward McCool and Flea. They make textbook recoveries. She's the only one who couldn't cut it.

**INT. WOMEN'S SHOWERS - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Head hung, Jordan showers alone.

**THE CHIEF (O.S.)**

You know, the Israelis...

Jordan recoils. Christ, how long has he been there? Just standing in the doorway?

**THE CHIEF**

... they tried women in the 1967  
War. Female soldiers.

With forced calm, Jordan squeaks off the water and finds a towel.

**JORDAN**

Permission to get dressed, sir?

**THE CHIEF**

It seems the men couldn't get used to the sight of women blown open and their viscera hanging from tree limbs. Israeli men would linger over wounded females -- often to the detriment of the mission, often endangering their own lives. They don't use women anymore.

**JORDAN**

(moving closer)

Sir, someone mentioned you received the Navy Cross. May I ask what you got it for?

**THE CHIEF**

For pulling a 210-pound man out of a burning barrack in Saudi Arabia.

**JORDAN**

I see. So when a man tries to rescue another man, he's a hero. But when he tries to rescue a woman, he's gone soft.

**THE CHIEF**

Could you have pulled that 210-pound man clear, lieutenant?

She can't say yes. She wants to but can't.

**THE CHIEF**

Females in combat situations impact unit cohesion. Men fight better without women around. And that is an historical fact.

**JORDAN**

It also seems like a problem with the men's attitude, sir. So maybe you should be sniffing around their shower room instead.

She shoulders past. The Chief gives her a few steps before dropping his bomb:

**THE CHIEF**

England went out with a stress fracture. That puts you in charge, lieutenant.

**JORDAN**

(off-balance)

McCool's that same rank. We're both j.g.'s.

**THE CHIEF**

You were commissioned one month earlier, which makes you the senior officer.

(passing her on his way out)

Remember. There are no bad crews -- only bad leaders.

**INT. ARTILLERY RANGE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Trainees are getting familiar with M-60 machine guns, firing SHORT BURST at downfield targets.

**CORTEZ**

(pissed)

No operational experience, and now she's callin' the shots? Unbelievable.

**SLUTNIK**

Suppose she'll wanna eat with us now...

Jordan overhears them BITCHING. She steps up to an open slot -- and proceeds to WAIL AWAY with her M-60, tracer rounds blazing. Her target vaporized, she keeps WAILING madly, taking out Slutnik's target... then Cortez's... then...

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

O'Neil... O'Neil... O'NEIL!

Finally she stops.

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

One burst, one body, O'Neil! What the fuck you trying to do? Spell your name?

(to class)

You are not infantry! Your firepower is limited! Excessive killing only risks compromise...

Reloading, Jordan tosses a look at Slutnik and Cortez. Ain't nobody bitchin' now.

**EXT. MESS HALL - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

**BLONDELL (O.S.)**

S.E.R.E. training coming up.

Eating at a table with other women, Jordan turns to see Blondell setting down her tray.

**BLONDELL**

They take you away to San Clemente Island. Half the guys quit when they come back. Supposed to be just hell-and-a-half.

**JORDAN**

That's what I hear.

**BLONDELL**

Can I ask you somethin', lieutenant?  
How come you're doing this? I mean,  
we're kinda curious.

**JORDAN**

Who's "we"?

**BLONDELL**

Just some of the women.

**EXT. QUARTERDECK - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Walking across the base:

**JORDAN**

I don't know if there's any single  
reason. But my father was Navy.  
And he had this old-time recruiting  
poster in his den. It showed a girl  
trying on a sailor's uniform while  
saying, "Gee, I wish I were a man!  
I'd join the Navy!" Was maybe 10  
years old when I first saw it, and  
even then it felt wrong. Made me  
mad. And I don't think a month has  
gone by that I haven't thought about  
that poster. "Gee, I wish I were a  
man."

**BLONDELL**

I've been accused of that wish.

**JORDAN**

The woman I saw you with...

**BLONDELL**

Just a friend. We have friends,  
too, you know.

**JORDAN**

But are there... I mean, how many...

**BLONDELL**

More than you'd guess. It's just  
that we don't hold coffee klatches.  
If more than three of us get  
together at any one time, the guys  
think it's some kind of uprising.

They laugh.

**BLONDELL**

Sounds funny now, but it's really not. We have to be careful. The Navy still knows how to put on a witch-hunt.

Reaching the quarterdeck, they scan a message board. Jordan finds a half-dozen phone slips for her.

**JORDAN**

Royce...

**INT. GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**ROYCE**

(into phone)

I've been trying you for five days. Don't they give you messages?

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

It's hard to find time to sleep, Royce. Much less keep up with my phone life.

**ROYCE**

How hard they making it on you?

**EXT. PHONE KIOSK - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Jordan sighs and slumps against the phone kiosk. Where to start?

**ROYCE (V.O.)**

That bad?

**JORDAN**

I feel like there's men here, there's women here -- then there's men. But hey, what'd I expect?

INTERCUTTING Jordan and Royce:

**ROYCE**

Well, not this. I was doing the Pentagon scene few nights ago. Got some fresh stuff -- about you. You may be in a hostile camp. I think someone may be taking steps to ensure that you crash and burn.

**JORDAN**

Me? Why me?

**ROYCE**

Don't you know? How they're talking about you?

**JORDAN**

I saw an article...

**ROYCE**

I can't walk two blocks in Washington without hearing about "G.I. Jane." You're all over the place, and whether you wanted it or not, the feminists are sizing you up for that poster.

Jordan's face sours with an errant thought.

**JORDAN**

So why are you telling me this?

**ROYCE**

Big symbols make big targets, Jordan. I think someone's gunning for you.

**JORDAN**

You know, Royce, I got enough heat on me without you turning up the jets, too.

**ROYCE**

I'm only trying to warn you in case --

**JORDAN**

Well, let me warn you: I'm going through with this. The more everybody fucks with me, fucks with my head, the more it just makes me want to finish. So don't expect me back crying in your arms any time soon, okay?

**ROYCE**

That's not what I want, Jordan. I mean... it is and it isn't...

**JORDAN**

Still can't make up your mind, huh?



Gotta go, Royce.

**ROYCE**

Jordan. You watch your ass.

**JORDAN**

Sure. I'll join the crowd.

**EXT. AIR STATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

A HELO WARMS UP on its pad.

Crew Six approaches, garbed in black wetsuits, loaded down with weapons and rucksacks. Jordan is at the lead.

**INT. HELO - NIGHT**

The helo is airborne. Sitting on rucksacks, trainees slather their faces with green camouflage paint. Over the **HOWLING ROTORS:**

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Infiltrate... establish your hide-site... record any movement of troops, vehicles, patrols -- any activity inside your scan. If you are compromised, you have two options! Newberry!

Newberry is the new sixth man. He's young enough to still have a hyperactive Adam's apple.

**NEWBERRY**

Evasive maneuvers or radio for emergency extraction, sir!

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

If you are extracting, be damn sure to follow procedures you have learned in your classroom training! A helo cannot extract you from a wooded area! You must bring it down in a clearing! What's the minimum clearance for an MH-60 Black Hawk, McCool?

**MCCOOL**

32 feet, six inches, sir!

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

You will be penalized for early extraction, but you will be penalized more for capture -- trust me, far more! Survival! Evasion! Rescue! Evacuation! Welcome to **S.E.R.E.!**

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

The helo swoops low over the water, moon silhouetting. Black figures helo-cast into the ocean.

**INT. HELO - NIGHT**

Last out, Jordan is poised to follow when...

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Lieutenant! Don't back down!

Jordan looks back. "What the hell does that mean?" Offering no elaboration, Pyro signals "GO!" Jordan springs clear...

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

... and knives into black water.

The HELO PATTERS away.

An inky stillness overtakes the world.

Jordan activates a red-light beacon, sweeps it around, revealing her position to...

Her crew. Five black faces regroup around her.

**SLUTNIK**

Feel right at home, McCool?

They secure weapons atop their waterproof rucksacks. Jordan checks a heat-bearing compass.

**JORDAN**

(nodding direction)  
South-southeast. And I don't want to hear another word till we're underground.

Pushing rucksacks ahead of them, they start swimming

towards...

A moonlit shoreline. Half-mile ahead.

**EXT. ROCKY SHORELINE - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - NIGHT**

Jordan's crew reaches shallow water. They deflate their vests and rucksacks. Jordan trades her face mask for night-vision goggles.

NIGHT-VISION POV: Sweeping the rocks. Nothing at first. Then two "hostiles" appear, patrolling the rocks.

Jordan motions "down." Six faces sink from sight.

NIGHT-VISION/UNDERWATER POV: Of the "hostile" patrol moving on.

They resurface. On Jordan's cue, the crew sheds flippers and begins scaling rocks. They've made landfall.

**EXT. HIDE-SITE MONTAGE - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - NIGHT**

MONTAGE: Racing the coming sun, Jordan's crew builds their hide-site... digging feverishly... filling sand bags... telescoping open a roof pole, fanning out spars... laying canvas roof panels into place... camouflaging the panels... sprinkling sanitizing powder around the perimeter to ward off animals. INTERCUT WITH...

A snake slithering across the ground. As it nears the hide-site...

A knife whacks its head off.

Slutnik picks up the carcass, kicks dirt over the severed head. No trace.

**EXT. SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

CAMERA PANS the island, awash in morning light. Woodlands lie distant. A road is the only man-made feature -- until in FOREGROUND, we find a spotting scope poking from the ground.

**INT. HIDE-SITE - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

SCOPE POV: Of the road. Fast-attack vehicles approach.

**MCCOOL**

(peering into scope)  
Got two FAVs moving south. I  
make... four banditos aboard,  
carrying... H-60 machine guns...

Jordan REPEATS THE INFO into a digital tape-recorder, adds  
the time.

**JORDAN**

Newberry, get a photo. South?

**CORTEZ**

Entering my scan now...

**JORDAN**

West?

**SLUTNIK**

Clear.

**JORDAN**

North?

**FLEA**

Clear.

SCOPE POV: Of the FAVs disappearing down the road.

**CORTEZ**

FAVs clear.

Everyone relaxes -- as much as six people can in a hole  
five feet-wide. McCool opens up MREs (Meals Ready to Eat)  
Slutnik guts his snake.

**MCCOOL**

You mind? I'm trying to eat here.

**SLUTNIK**

So am I.

Cortez finishes peeing into a tin pot. He transfers the  
waste to a zip-lock baggy, offers the pot.

**CORTEZ**

Anyone?

He looks at Jordan. She eyes the pot, tempted and nettled  
at the same time.

**FLEA**

Don't wanna evacuate 'cuz someone  
came down with uric poisoning, el-  
tee.

Abruptly Jordan unzips, drops her pants, sticks the pot  
under her. It raises eyebrows: It's a far cry from when  
she was covering up in cold water.

**JORDAN**

Didn't even bitch about the seat,  
did I?

**EXT. SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

WIDE VIEW: As a lone figure appears on foot.

**INT. HIDE-SITE - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

**MCCOOL**

What the... Got an unknown here.  
100 yards north-northeast.

They pile up at McCool's scope. Jordan bulls her way  
through.

SCOPE POV: It's a women. Dressed in civilian clothes,  
she collects firewood. And she's coming this way.

**MCCOOL**

She part of the training?

**JORDAN**

I don't know...

**SLUTNIK**

"She?" There's another one?

McCool takes a second look.

SCOPE POV: Of the women drawing closer... closer... and  
finally looking dead-bang at us. She does an about-face  
and walks away. Quickly.

**MCCOOL**

Shit. Think we're had.

**CORTEZ**

Smoke her.

**MCCOOL**

I ain't gonna shoot her.

**CORTEZ**

Only blanks. Lemme do it.

**MCCOOL**

(pushing him away)

Hey. Ain't your call, man.

He looks to Jordan.

**JORDAN**

Pri One is to protect the mission.  
If she represents a real threat, we  
have to do it.

Pleased, Cortez slips his rifle under a roof panel.

**JORDAN**

(to McCool)

But did she see us? Do you know for  
a fact that we are compromised?

McCool doesn't. Not for sure.

**JORDAN**

If not, firing will only give away  
our position to hostiles in the  
area. Now how smart is that?

**MCCOOL**

(a beat)

Mighta been civilian.

**NEWBERRY**

They got regular peeps on this  
island, don't they?

**EXT. ROAD - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

The asphalt road shimmers with midday heat. Suddenly a  
TROOP CARRIER ROARS over a rise.

**INT. HIDE-SITE - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

SCOPE POV: Of the troop carrier braking hard. "Hostiles"  
spill out the rear -- and fan out all around us.

**CORTEZ**

(at scope)  
Banditos on the east perimeter! 150  
yards! Shit, she was part of it!

**MCCOOL**

Fuck me.

**FLEA**

What's the word, el-tee? We're  
about one minute from a major take-  
down here.

HOLD on Jordan, heart skipping. Did she really make the  
wrong call?

**JORDAN**

All right, fire-and-evade maneuvers.  
Drop everything but weapons and the  
PRC radio -- we're gonna be high  
speed, low drag all the way to the  
link-up site. Ready?

**SLUTNIK**

Sure. Now she wants to shoot.

**JORDAN**

**MOVE!**

**EXT. SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

They come out of the hide-site like atomic locusts,  
splintering into three groups and laying down SUPPRESSIVE  
FIRE as they blitz for...

The woodlands.

"Hostiles" FIRE and pursue.

Flea is running flat out when the ground vanishes beneath  
him. He goes down like a doped race horse. Suddenly  
exposed, another crew scrambles into daylight: Flea ran  
right over their hide-site.

Slutnik yanks Flea out, gets him back on his feet.

**EXT. WOODS - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

Breathing like asthmatics, Jordan's crew regroups at the  
link-up site just inside the woods. Flea comes in  
hobbling. Badly.

**SLUTNIK**

This ain't workin' right!

**MCCOOL**

What's our go-to-shit plan, O'Neil?

**SLUTNIK**

This ain't even workin' wrong!

A beat as Jordan deliberates. She doesn't want to go out like this.

**FLEA**

Really don't wanna be captured, el-tee. Heard some bad things.

**JORDAN**

Fuck.

(snatching the radio)

Basher-Basher, this is Ground Crew Six requesting emergency extraction. Stand by for a PRC fix...

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

As a helo pirouettes in midair.

**EXT. WOODS - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

Jordan's crew lopes through the woods, searching for a place to bring the helo down. Right on their heels...

ARTILLERY SIMULATORS THUMP-THUMP-THUMP, illumination GRENADES POP and flare. This may not be war, but it'll do until the real thing comes along.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

PILOT'S POV: Buzzing treetops, searching.

**EXT. WOODS - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

On the run:

**MCCOOL**

32 feet, six inches!



**JORDAN**

I'm lookin', I'm lookin'!

Finally they break into a clearing. Is it big enough?

**JORDAN**

'Cool?

**MCCOOL**

(doesn't care)

Smoke it!

Jordan chucks a smoke grenade.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

PILOT'S POV: Yellow smoke rises from the woods. We swoop toward it.

**EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

Whirling smoke, the helo descends. Jordan's crew breaks early, trying to get there the instant it touches down. But before they can...

An FAV crashes through the underbrush, M-60s BARKING in the helo's direction. The helo bounds away.

Jordan's crew tries to retreat -- but a second FAV cuts them off.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

PILOT'S POV: Of the action below, growing smaller and smaller: Jordan's crew. Surrounded. Laying down weapons. Captured.

**EXT. WOODS - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

JORDAN'S POV: Brush slapping her face.

Crew Six is being hauled through the woods, hands tied back, boots around their necks, pulled along by...

The captors. We assume they're instructors in camouflage paint -- but we're moving so fast it's impossible to be sure.

**EXT. P.O.W. CAMP - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

A P.O.W. camp, disturbingly authentic. A dozen trainees are already here, held in pens of bamboo and barbed-wire.

Flea, McCool, Slutnik, Cortez, Newberry -- all five get tossed into a pen. Jordan is pulled away.

**FLEA**

Where are you... HEY! Where are you taking her?

**EXT. BOXES - P.O.W. CAMP - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

Jordan is thrown to the ground. Her eyes go wide when she sees a row of steel boxes nearby. They're scarcely larger than coffins.

**INT. BOX - P.O.W. CAMP - DAY**

Hands push Jordan inside the box. She has to curl up fetally just to fit.

**JORDAN**

How long?  
(no answer)  
Please, HOW LONG?

The LID BANGS closed. A LOCK RATCHETS, FOOTSTEPS RETREAT. Daylight sheets in through ventilation slats.

When her eyes adjust, Jordan finds markings on the lid and walls. Scratchings made with a nail. The memoirs of previous tenants.

**JORDAN**

"Don't know how much I can take"..  
"A little taste of death"..  
"Save the nail"..  
(then the real kick-  
in-the-teeth)  
"It's been three days now"..  
"

**EXT. P.O.W. CAMP - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - NIGHT**

As "hostiles" pull Flea out of the pen.

**INT. BOX - P.O.W. CAMP - NIGHT**

A BANGING wakes Jordan. Are they coming for her? But FOOTSTEPS LEAVE. A GROAN from the adjacent box.

**JORDAN**

Who is it?

**WICKWIRE (O.S.)**

(a beat)

You know, I had an apartment about this size once.

**JORDAN**

Wick. They got your crew, too?

**WICKWIRE (O.S.)**

Intagliata was out chasing breakfast. They found his tracks. Well, shit.

A beat.

**JORDAN**

You really came back for more? Of this?

**WICKWIRE (O.S.)**

When I was sittin' behind a desk in Washington, it made sense, somehow. Blame it on my big brother. He was Spec-Recon. And the stories he used to tell...

**JORDAN**

If you got a good one, Wick...

Anything to get her mind off this box. Out of this box. Now INTERCUT Jordan and Wickwire, lying like fraternal twins in their wombs of steel:

**WICKWIRE**

One time he was doing a rekkie of the Libyan coastline. This is, like, right before we bombed Khadaffi into the past tense. So his crew does a nighttime infil, maps all the big artillery placements and stuff, then turns around to get the hell gone. But between them and the water are five Libyan guards, all armed to the

nuts.

**JORDAN**

They had to kill 'em?

**WICKWIRE**

Nah, they were dead-ass asleep. But on every guard's chest, they left one Marlboro cigarette. Just a little calling card to say they'd been there -- and could come back any time they wanted.

**JORDAN**

That's a good story.

**WICKWIRE**

So the shit you gotta go through? To get from here to there? Brother said it was worth it. Worth the training... worth the divorce... worth anything.

**JORDAN**

He was married?

**WICKWIRE**

At first.

**JORDAN**

You got anybody, Wick?

**WICKWIRE**

Not me. You?

It hurts to think about it. The Potomac. The gunkhole harbor. Royce.

**WICKWIRE**

O'Neil?

**JORDAN**

How'd you make it last time, Wick? How'd you get through this part?

**WICKWIRE**

(a beat)  
Last time I didn't.

**JORDAN**

(jarred)  
Let's keep talkin', Wick. Just keep

talkin' to me...

**EXT. NEWSSTAND - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Royce stops for a newspaper. As he pays, something else catches his eye. He picks up...

A "People" magazine. The grainy image of "G.I. Jane" fills the cover. A photo inset, much clearer, shows a beaming DeHaven. "BEHIND EVERY GREAT WOMAN..."

**ROYCE**

(shaking head)

Suitable for framing...

**INT. CORRIDOR - N.I.C. - DAY**

**ROYCE**

Got time for a brain-pick?

Reading as he walks, a former CIA spook looks up to find Royce in lockstep. It surprises him: Not many people here talk to him -- unless they're in trouble. THE SPOOK is physically unremarkable except for a face that would be right at home on Easter Island: This is a man who's seen most of the world's ills -- and forgotten none.

**THE SPOOK**

Subject?

**ROYCE**

O'Neil, Jordan.

**THE SPOOK**

Thought you two were file-closed.

**ROYCE**

You knew about us?

**THE SPOOK**

Sorry. Thought you knew I knew.

**INT. SITUATION ROOM - N.I.C. - DAY**

Royce and the Spook enter. The vault-like door closes emphatically. Ensuring their privacy:

**ROYCE**

Computer -- no transcription, no

com-link, no data-link. In fact...  
shut-down sequence 0-Niner-0-8,  
mark.

All around, screens go blank, phone lights extinguish.  
They sit at the conference table. No Computer. No files.

Just two guys doing headwork.

**THE SPOOK**

All right. So who stands to gain if  
Jordan flames out in a big way?

**ROYCE**

The E-Ringers? Full integration is  
gonna cost the services billions at  
the worst possible time -- when  
Congress is already swinging the  
axe.

**THE SPOOK**

(agreeing)

Congress cuts, military bleeds. But  
Pentagon's a big place. Let's  
narrow the sights.

**ROYCE**

The Navy? They've made it clear  
they don't want to pull missiles out  
of subs to make room for women's  
heads. What's it gonna cost to make  
a fleet of Trident's co-ed?

**THE SPOOK**

Sabotage born of economics?  
Wouldn't be a first. But is Hayes  
really going to start his watch with  
such a public failure?

**ROYCE**

Possibly. Just to spite DeHaven.

**THE SPOOK**

Hmm. Let's aim higher.

Royce blinks. "What's higher?"

**THE SPOOK**

The White House. If Jordan wins,  
DeHaven wins in spades. Why? Well,  
it's been said that the only man the  
President fears -- ain't no man.

**ROYCE**

The first female President?

**THE SPOOK**

Don't for a second think she didn't leak this story. "G.I. Jane" gives DeHaven a symbol that taps into the biggest constituency of them all.

**ROYCE**

Women.

**THE SPOOK**

If you were the President, wouldn't that put a little piss in your shoes?

**ROYCE**

I don't know. Seems...

**THE SPOOK**

This ain't about some little soldier girl sloggin' her way through commando school. The implications go way beyond.

**ROYCE**

Christ, I don't want to see her take a fall. She thinks I do, but...

**THE SPOOK**

I take it this file is still open.

**ROYCE**

(shaping his words)

Even tough I don't talk to her every day -- I still talk to her every day. Know what I mean?

**THE SPOOK**

(nodding)

Okay, so now work it from the other end. Think about California -- and how things might be handled there.

**ROYCE**

I don't...

(scoffing)

What, someone on base? A "mole"?

**THE SPOOK**

This is what you get for brain-picking an old CIA spook. but if I needed to control the outcome of this test case, that's how I'd do it. A man-in-place. Makes everything very controllable.

**INT. BOX - P.O.W. CAMP - DAY**

JORDAN'S POV: The box opening. Daylight assaulting us, blowing out our eyes. Disembodied hands pulling us out.

**EXT. P.O.W. CAMP - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

Legs hobbled, uniform soiled, Jordan is led past a row of huts. She looks like she got hit by a train -- and got back up.

JORDAN'S POV: Vision still blown out. But inside the pen, we make out 40 trainees now. One guy wrings out a sock and drinks from it.

Jordan moves past huts. VOLATILE VOICES spill out as trainees get interrogated.

JORDAN'S POV: Outside one hut, we see Flea. At least we think it's him: Strapped face-down to a table, sobbing quietly, he wears a slinky dress and whore's makeup. They broke him -- and it's an ugly, ugly sight.

**INT. INTERROGATION HUT - P.O.W. CAMP - DAY**

**THE CHIEF**

What is your father's name?

Jordan seated. Prowling the hut is her interrogator. Her tormentor. Her chaperon through Hell.

**THE CHIEF**

Simple question, lieutenant. No reason not to answer. What is your father's name?

**JORDAN**

"Dad."

**THE CHIEF**

Any brothers? Sisters?



**JORDAN**

Dick, Jane, and Spot.

**THE CHIEF**

Are you hungry? What's your favorite food? We'll try to get it for you.

**JORDAN**

Green Eggs and Ham. You're not going to get anywhere. You might as well put me in the cage.

**THE CHIEF**

You are in the cage, O'Neil. Right here, right now.

**JORDAN**

Should I be afraid?

**THE CHIEF**

Right down to your worthless womb, and I'll tell you why. This is my island. My world. And here I can get away with shit that would get me arrested anywhere else in the world. Take another scan of my little joy-boy outside. If I can do that to a Navy Seal, what's gonna happen to you? Huh?

It makes Jordan think -- and yes, it makes her afraid.  
Continuing the psychological strip-search:

**THE CHIEF**

Why didn't you shoot the woman, O'Neil?

**JORDAN**

Wasn't deemed a threat.

**THE CHIEF**

She led us right to you. That's no threat?

Jordan rubs her head. So long ago. How did the call come down?

**THE CHIEF**

Would you have shot if it was a man?

**JORDAN**

No. Yes. I mean, depends on --

**THE CHIEF**

The others already told me, O'Neil.  
They wanted to shoot, but you  
wouldn't let them. Because you went  
soft on another women --

**JORDAN**

That's not right.

**THE CHIEF**

That's what your crew said. Are  
they lying? Or are you?

**JORDAN**

I think you're the liar.

**THE CHIEF**

I'm not the one who got five good  
men thrown in a bamboo cage. You  
wear the bars, you made the call,  
and you got your whole crew --

**JORDAN**

We didn't know we were compromised.  
Firing would only've given away our  
position.

**THE CHIEF**

You think we should go easy on  
women, O'Neil?

She stares a beat, knowing it's a loaded question.

**THE CHIEF**

Do you?

**JORDAN**

No.

**THE CHIEF**

I'm so glad we agree.

With stunning ferocity, he grabs her by the neck, pushes  
her out the door...

**EXT. P.O.W. CAMP - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - DAY**

... and throws her onto a table.

In the pens, all faces turn to watch. Even instructors stop what they're doing as...

The Chief pushes Jordan's head down and jams up behind her.

**THE CHIEF**

Didn't you know you'd be raped if you were captured? Didn't you even think about that?

**JORDAN**

Sure. Just like your men do.

**THE CHIEF**

I think we oughtta practice it, just so you know what to expect.

He flips her over, rips off her belt, starts tearing open her pants.

**JORDAN**

Should I practice bleeding, too, sir? Would that make me a better soldier?

He covers her mouth -- her whole face -- with one hand.

**THE CHIEF**

(to the men)

Any of you can stop this! Just give me the location of one more hide-site, and it ends right here!

In the pen:

**SLUTNIK**

(wide-eyed)

Someone's trippin' out here...

The Chief jerks Jordan up, whirls her around like a dead dance partner, slams her face-first into the pen to give the guys a good look at what's happening to that pretty face.

**THE CHIEF**

Three crews are still on this island somewhere. Who knows where?

The men trade itchy looks. Some do know.

**JORDAN**

Don't do it, don't do it...

The Chief throws her down like garbage.

**THE CHIEF**

Who's gonna tell me? Who's gonna be  
chivalrous and stop this abuse?  
What, you want to see her get  
mauled? Is that it?

The men shift anxiously. Should they talk? Behind the  
Chief, Jordan staggers to her feet.

**JORDAN**

Don't tell him shi --

The Chief whirls, decks her a crescent-kick. Instructors  
lurch forward instinctively.

**THE CHIEF**

(waving them back)  
She's fine!  
(squatting beside)  
When I put you down, O'Neil, take  
the hint and stay down.

She licks her bloody teeth -- and considers kicking his  
balls into his brainpan. Instead she makes a move to get  
up. He grinds her back down with a crowbar forearm.

**THE CHIEF**

(for her ears only)  
I am saving your life, O'Neil. You  
may not know it, but I do. You're  
an inferior soldier, a bad officer,  
and I don't want you learning that  
inconvenient truth when you're stuck  
in a muddy bomb crater behind enemy  
lines and don't know how the fuck to  
get out. You get out now, O'Neil.  
Seek life elsewhere. And if you  
can't do it in front of me, do it  
behind my back.

Pinning her down with just his eyes, he rises -- and  
starts away.

Behind him, Jordan struggles to rise.

An ANXIOUS MURMUR races through the men: They don't want  
to see this. They don't want to see her crucified.

**MCCOOL**

Down... stay down...

Hearing, the Chief turns back to see...

Jordan wobbling to her feet.

Eye-lock.

**JORDAN**

Fuck you and the boat you rode in  
on. Sir.

TIGHT on the faces of her crewmates -- Slutnik, Cortez,  
McCool. In their eyes, a new respect. The Chief see it.  
Instructors see it. Everyone does.

**THE CHIEF**

(to instructors)

We're done here.

Beaten, he walks right out of camp.

Wordless, instructors open the pens, unlock the boxes.  
Wickwire rises like a vampire in daylight. But this time  
he made it.

A medic tries to help Jordan, but she pushes him away,  
walking drunkenly for...

Flea. She begins wiping the makeup from his face.

**JORDAN**

Make you a deal, Flea. Never tell  
me how I look -- and I'll never tell  
you.

**EXT. PIERS - SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND - SUNSET**

The Chief chucks gear onto a transport boat. FOOTSTEPS  
approach. He knows it's Pyro.

**THE CHIEF**

You don't think she'd be raped if  
she were captured? You don't think  
the threat of rape would be used to  
leverage the men?

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

You broke a dozen training rules  
back there -- before I lost count.

**THE CHIEF**

I've had it. Just because they pay me like a baby-sitter doesn't mean I'm gonna be one.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

She's a trainee, just like the others. Why are you coming down so hard?

**THE CHIEF**

She's an officer. There's a higher standard.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

She's a women, and that's why you're ridin' her bareback.

**THE CHIEF**

Of course it is. And I'm gonna stay on her until everyone realizes this is not some bullshit equal-rights thing, that real lives are gonna be lost. Maybe mine, maybe yours.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

I oughtta report you.

**THE CHIEF**

I think you probably would -- if you didn't know I was right.

**EXT. STREET - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

As a limo moves -- heads for the Capitol building.

**INT. DEHAVEN'S LIMO - DAY**

DeHaven snags a BUZZING PHONE.

**DEHAVEN**

Yes?

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE (V.O.)**

(anxious)

Did you hear?

**DEHAVEN**

She made it through S.E.R.E.

training. Got a call this morning  
from --

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE (V.O.)**

Not that. The White House just  
announced that it was sponsoring  
legislation that would, in one  
stroke, void all remaining elements  
of the 1948 Combat Exclusion Laws.

The phone suddenly weights a ton, DeHaven dumps it on the  
seat beside her. HOLD on her disbelieving face.

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE (V.O.)**

You there? Senator?

**INT. CORRIDOR - PENTAGON - DAY**

Hand-carrying a report, Flag Officer #1 hurries down a  
corridor, pushes through a door. HOLD on the door marker:  
"Secretary of the Navy."

**INT. SECNAV OFFICE - PENTAGON - DAY**

**HAYES**

Without telling us they do this?  
With absolutely no lead time?

At his desk, Hayes scans the report with a deepening  
frown.

**FLAG OFFICER #1**

(to Hayes)

Mr. Secretary, if this bill  
passes...

**FLAG OFFICER #2**

Forget our three-year plan. They're  
rushing the cadence. We'll be  
forced to reorganize the Navy from  
top to bottom -- overnight.

**HAYES**

What the hell is the President  
trying to do? Steal DeHaven's  
thunder?

**FLAG OFFICER #1**

I think it's more important, sir, to  
decide what we're going to do --

since it's apparent this issue is not going away quietly.

**HAYES**

"G.I. Jane." And which one of you told me she wouldn't last a week? Huh?

The flags squirm. Shaking his head, Hayes moves to a window that offers a stunning view of Arlington National Cemetery.

**HAYES**

20 years in the Pentagon, I finally rate an office with a window -- and it looks out over the world's largest graveyard. Think it's a sign?

**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

The bell. It reflects the moon. TILT DOWN to reveal a new batch of helmets -- the casualties of S.E.R.E. A graveyard of its own.

**EXT. THE EXCHANGE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Jordan exits with purchases. Her face is still bruised from S.E.R.E. With a minute to kill, she peruses a bulletin board casually. But a RAISED VOICE leads her eyes to...

Wickwire. At a phone kiosk, he hangs up emphatically. He looks flustered when he spots Jordan.

**JORDAN**

Sorry, didn't mean to --

**WICKWIRE**

That's okay. Just an ex-girlfriend. And know I remember why.

**JORDAN**

First big night of liberty and no date? You're pathetic, Wickwire.

**WICKWIRE**

Maybe I'll just head over to McP's with the others, have a drink or four. Don't wanna come, do you?



**JORDAN**

(touching bruises)  
I can't go out. Not like this.

**WICKWIRE**

I think you look beautiful.

**JORDAN**

Thanks for lying. But you're the class officer, Wick, and it'd just be weird if we hook up. Besides...

Catching up, Blondell exits the exchange.

**BLONDELL**

Sorry. Forgot I needed oregano and...

She sees Wickwire. An awkward beat for them all.

**JORDAN**

Do you, uh, know...

**WICKWIRE**

Sure, sure.

**JORDAN**

We're going over to her place to make salad and pasta. Just, you know, nothing special.

**WICKWIRE**

Okay. Well... thought I'd ask.

Jordan and Blondell head for the parking lot. HOLD on Wickwire, looking after them. Thinking it through.

**INT. CLASSROOM - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Charts are being passed around the room. Every trainee takes one, including Jordan.

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

... underwater detonation devices employ mechanical timers, and as such, they are subject to variances due to water temperature. That's why when clearing mines, we always use two timers. The charts now being passed out contain

calculations you must memorize  
before...

A MILITARY COP fills the classroom doorway. Frowning,  
Johns joins the cop for a private discussion.

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

O'Neil?

**JORDAN**

Sir?

**INSTRUCTOR JOHNS**

You're wanted at the C.O.'s.

**INT. C.O.'S OUTER OFFICE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Jordan enters. The yeoman's desk is unattended. Noticing  
the X.O.'s door open, Jordan peers inside to find...

Blondell. She looks scared out of her mind. Before she  
and Jordan can speak, the yeoman materializes.

**YEOMAN**

This way, lieutenant. They're  
expecting you.

**INT. C.O.'S OFFICE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

**JORDAN**

See me, sir?

The C.O. and X.O. are both here.

**C.O.**

(uncomfortable)

I don't know of any delicate way to  
say this, lieutenant, so I won't  
try. Claims have been made that you  
have engaged in fraternization -- of  
the same-sex variety. Specifically,  
that you were...

(reading)

"... seen leaving the apartment of  
another female officer at such a  
time and in such a manner as to  
suggest conduct unbecoming."

**JORDAN**

(a beat, laughing in

relief)  
Sir, if someone is suggesting that  
I'm a lesbian, they're wrong.

The C.O.'s face remains grim. He isn't relieved.

**JORDAN**

They're very wrong. And I'd like to  
know where you got this information.

On the C.O.'s nod, the X.O. opens an adjoining office.  
Wickwire enters. He's stiff as a groom on a wedding cake.

**WICKWIRE**

I'm sorry, O'Neil. But as class  
officer, it's my obligation to  
report all violations.

**JORDAN**

This is insane. You've got no  
proof.

**X.O.**

(from report)  
You were seen leaving Ensign  
Blondell's apartment at  
approximately 0-200, whereupon  
physical affections were exchanged  
in public.

**JORDAN**

We hugged.

**X.O.**

In addition, you have been seen  
frequenting the base exchange, the  
mess hall, the --

**JORDAN**

Because the men didn't want me  
eating with them. Jesus Christ,  
let's get this right.

**C.O.**

That's enough. Everybody.  
(to Wickwire)  
Rejoin your class, lieutenant.

**WICKWIRE**

(only to Jordan)  
I wish I didn't have to do this,  
Jordan.

**C.O.**

Dismissed, lieutenant.

Wickwire exits.

**JORDAN**

Sir, I just want you to know that this is either a gross mistake -- or someone's vindictive bullshit. In no way did anything happen between Ensign Blondell and myself. We're just friends.

**X.O.**

So you're saying the charges have no validity whatsoever?

Jordan opens her mouth to confirm -- and hesitates, realizing where this might be headed. What the collateral damage might be.

**JORDAN**

I'm saying, we're just friends.

**C.O.**

I find this as distasteful as you, lieutenant. But if it's on my desk, it's on my shoulders. There's going to be an inquiry -- it will not be quick and it will definitely not be pretty. You should prepare yourself.

**JORDAN**

Sir, please... if there's any way to do this without dragging everyone through the mud...

**C.O.**

I don't see how, O'Neil. Dismissed.

Jordan moves to the door. Again she makes eye-contact with Blondell. Now we understand why she's so scared: There's a witch-hunt brewing.

**JORDAN**

(turning back)

Sir. If tomorrow... I was not under your command... would the inquiry still go forward?

**C.O.**

I'm not sure what --

**JORDAN**

Would you have the discretion to end  
it right then and there?

She's offering her own head on a silver platter -- and the  
C.O. actually hesitates before answering.

**C.O.**

I believe so.

**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

McCool and Flea exit a classroom with other trainees.  
They spot Jordan approaching.

**MCCOOL**

So what'd he want? O'Neil?

She passes them robotically. Flea realizes where she's  
going.

**FLEA**

Oh, no... no, no, no, no...

They lurch after her, grabbing her, stepping in her way.

**THE CHIEF**

Stand fast!

McCool and Flea jerk to a stop: The Chief has emerged  
from the instructor's office. Helpless, they watch as...

Jordan mounts the stairs to the bell... takes up the  
baton... and HITS THE BELL like a tyko drummer.

RING ONE: On the pained faces of her crewmates.

RING TWO: On the Chief. Taking no joy in it. Just  
accepting it as inevitable.

**EXT. THE QUARTERDECK - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

RING THREE: On Wickwire as he walks across the base. His  
regrets are obvious.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. UPRIVER - THE POTOMAC - DAY**

The ice floes are gone. The river banks are budding green. Soon CAMERA FINDS a power boat making its way upriver. A lone figure sits on the prow.

**EXT. POWER BOAT - DAY**

It's Jordan. Dressed in civvies, gunnysack between her legs, she's back in Virginia with nothing more than what she left with. Around a river bend appears...

The gunkhole harbor. Home.

**EXT. GUNKHOLE HARBOR - POTOMAC - DAY**

The boat docks. Jordan springs clear, waves a worn-out thanks, starts up the dock. But now she comes to a stop, seeing...

Royce. Stepping out of the house.

EXTREMELY WIDE: River shimmering behind them, they meet on the dock. A charged stand-off: Where do they pick up? Can they pick up? Then Jordan drops her gunnysack and steps into his wide-spread arms. Royce wraps her up as if to never let go.

For the first time in this whole ordeal, Jordan begins crying, sobbing uncontrollably.

**ROYCE**

(in her ear)

I want to kill them... I want to  
kill the guys who made you cry like  
this...

**INT. COVERED PORCH - JORDAN'S HOUSE - SUNSET**

An hour later. Sharing a quiet moment, Jordan and Royce cradle tea mugs while sitting on the rear porch that overlooks the Potomac and a fiery sunset.

**JORDAN**

All I wanted was an honest chance.  
And If I couldn't get it, I couldn't  
stay.

**ROYCE**

And this class officer...  
"Wickwire." You think he was just  
trying to get even? Striking back  
for...

**JORDAN**

Maybe. Though it didn't seem like  
he was getting any satisfaction out  
of it. Almost like...

(a beat)

Did I say he was class officer?

**ROYCE**

Almost like someone put him up to  
it. Okay, who?

**JORDAN**

No shortage of suspects.

**ROYCE**

The Chief? Or maybe even  
Turrentine? Your C.O.?

She looks at him sidelong.

**JORDAN**

Royce. Tell me you didn't keep a  
file on me.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - JORDAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

CLOSE on multiple files being pulled out of a briefcase.  
One contains clippings -- "G.I. Jane" photos, editorials,  
political cartoons. Another holds records of Coronado  
personnel -- Jordan's crewmates, instructors, the base  
brass.

**ROYCE**

Somebody was yankin' your stings,  
Jordan -- maybe from 3,000 miles  
away. I wanted to know who. I still  
do.

She shakes her head, resisting.

**ROYCE**

C'mon, Jordan. Do the headwork with  
me.

**JORDAN**

It's done with, Royce. Let it go.

**ROYCE**

Someone screwed you over like this, left unanswered charges hanging over your head, and you're not gonna fight back?

**JORDAN**

I'm tired of fighting back. I just wanted to come home and be safe and have you here and the river there and just forget the rest of the world, okay?

**ROYCE**

Well, before you crawl off to die, Jordan, give me five minutes of good headwork.

Agitated, she walks away. B.G., a PHONE RINGS until the machine picks up.

**ROYCE**

(pulling a file)

"John James Urgayle." The Chief.

**JORDAN**

What about him.

**JORDAN**

Instructors typically pull three year assignments. This guy's in and out in one year -- your year. That sound right?

**JORDAN**

Sounds like an amazing coincidence.

**ROYCE**

Or like maybe he was baby sitting a problem child for the Navy.

**JORDAN**

I don't know, I don't care.

**ROYCE**

Well, pardon me if I do. Now who else? Who could've leveraged a class officer like that? C'mon, Jordan, keep your head in the game.



UNDER DIALOG, we hear some of the INCOMING CALL:

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE (V.O.)**

... just got word today. The Senator wants you to know that she's disturbed by the matter, and she'll be looking into it carefully to make sure you were treated fairly. If you need to reach us, we're here in Washington, 202-224-3121.

A HANG-UP. Something stirs in Jordan's memory.

**JORDAN**

"In Washington..."

**ROYCE**

What?

**JORDAN**

Wickwire said he was dry-docked in Washington between stints at Coronado...

We can see her mind gathering speed. Royce switches files quickly.

**ROYCE**

"Wickwire, Thomas Dane"... Second run at Coronado... and correct, they had him stashed in the "Appropriation Liaison Office," whatever that is.

**JORDAN**

You don't crap out of Spec-Recon and get another shot without dispensation from someone up in flag country.

(a revelation)

He's got a Sea Daddy somewhere.

**ROYCE**

I'd sure like to know who.

**JORDAN**

Yeah. Me too.

**INT. ADMINISTRATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Answering a PHONE:

**BLONDELL**

Administration, Ensign Blondell.

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

Don't say my name.

**BLONDELL**

Who's...

(brightening)

Lieuten --

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

Or rank. But can you do me a favor  
and pull a transfer order?

**BLONDELL**

Okay, but... You didn't have to do  
what you did. Not for me.

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

(appreciative)

"Wickwire, Thomas Dane." See what  
you can find.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ADMINISTRATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

File in hand, Blondell returns to the phone.

**BLONDELL**

Got it.

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

Who signed as his "sponsoring  
officer"?

**BLONDELL**

Uh... don't see it. There's no  
signature. But hang on -- there's a  
note to "See Addendum." Checking...

She finds a crisp sheet of stationary, out of place among  
the smeared government forms.

**BLONDELL**

Wow...

**JORDAN (V.O.)**

What'd you find, Kathy?

CLOSE on the stationary. It bears an image of the Capitol dome.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAPITOL BLDG. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

The real Capitol dome. A flag is being raised over the Senate Wing.

**EXT. CAPITOL BLDG. - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

A car parks at barricades. Jordan and Royce emerge, both in uniforms.

**D.C. COP**

Don't even dream about leaving that vehicle there.

**ROYCE**

Government car -- tow it if you want. Just point us to DeHaven's office first.

Not waiting for directions, Jordan takes the Capitol steps two at a time. We've seen this look on her face before -- and last time, she nearly knocked the grinder bell into orbit.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

Jordan and Royce move quickly down a corridor, eyes hunting, passing CAPITOL GUIDES and their tourists. Soon they find...

DeHaven's office. A Navy captain exits with paperwork. Hasty salutes.

**ROYCE**

Capt'n.

**NAVY CAPTAIN**

Commander.

The captain moves on. Royce holds in the doorway a beat, memory nagging him. Again he looks at...

The captain. He has a distinct bald spot.

**ROYCE**

(to Jordan)

Get started here. I'll catch up.

Picking up where he left off a few weeks ago, Royce follows Bald Spot around a corner...

**INT. PRIVATE STAIRCASE - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

... down a private staircase...

**INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

... and through a door marked "Naval Appropriation Liaison Office." It's not 30 seconds from DeHaven's door.

**INT. FOYER - DEHAVEN'S OFFICE - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

**SECRETARY**

Your name again?

**JORDAN**

Lieutenant j.g. O'Neil.

In a side office, DeHaven's aide overhears. He rises quickly and enters the foyer.

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

Ms. O'Neil. Yes, of course. I'm Douglas Champeau. Unfortunately, the Senator is in chamber right now. How can I help you?

**JORDAN**

What chamber? Which way is that?

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

I mean, she's on the floor of the Senate.

**JORDAN**

Okay, which way?

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

She really can't be disturbed. But if you care to wait, I'll find you an office with a phone. It might be several hours, but --

A TOURIST pokes in.

**TOURIST**

'Scuse me, but I'm here to pick up gallery tickets? Are you...

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

See the secretary, please.

Over the aide's shoulder, Jordan watches as...

The tourist claims tickets. HOLD on the bureau near the secretary's desk where the tickets are stored.

**INT. SENATE CHAMBER - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

On the chamber floor, SENATORS mull about, consulting aides, polling party mates. PAGES place microphones and fill the ceremonial snuff boxes, readying the room for session. Among the activity, we find...

DeHaven. Caucusing with another Democrat.

**JORDAN (O.S.)**

Senator DeHaven...

DeHaven looks behind her. Nobody.

**JORDAN**

DeHaven...

Now she looks up to behold...

Jordan standing in the gallery. Staring down on DeHaven as she is, it's hard to read anything into her expression but open disdain.

Drawn by Jordan's voice, a CAPITOL GUARD hurries down the gallery steps. Royce runs interference.

**JORDAN**

We can talk here or we can talk outside, Senator. You tell me.

On the floor, half the U.S. Senate stops what it's doing and looks up.

In the gallery, the guard is thrown off-balance by the naval uniforms: Do Royce and Jordan belong here or not? Confused, he looks for guidance from...

DeHaven. She notes C-SPAN cameras swinging Jordan's way.  
Summoning a page:

**DEHAVEN**

Cloak room. I'll meet her there.  
Just her.

**INT. CLOAK ROOM - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

Towering doors swing open. DeHaven appears, face pleasant  
but harried.

**DEHAVEN**

Jordan. I always hoped we'd get  
together -- though just now I'm  
gearing up for a child-care vote  
that --

**JORDAN**

Lieutenant Thomas Wickwire.

About to hug Jordan, DeHaven stops awkwardly.

**JORDAN**

You know him.

**DEHAVEN**

Sounds familiar.

**JORDAN**

It should. You nominated him for  
Spec-Recon just three days after you  
nominated me.

**DEHAVEN**

Jordan. Might we do this over lunch  
tomorrow? I do very much want to  
talk, but now is scarcely --

**JORDAN**

Did you set me up? Did you set me  
up just to see me fail?

**DEHAVEN**

Absolutely not.

DeHaven glances back at the doors to the Senate chamber --  
the open doors. Walking Jordan a few steps away:

**DEHAVEN**

Wickwire was there to help. To be

my eyes on the inside, to make sure you were getting a fair shot. At least that was the intent.

**JORDAN**

What changed?

**DEHAVEN**

Should probably ask him that.

**JORDAN**

If I have to ask again, Senator, I'll be asking in front of cameras.

It's a threat DeHaven doesn't appreciate. The Senate DOORKEEPER appears.

**DOORKEEPER**

Madam Senator? Your esteemed colleagues are requesting --

**DEHAVEN**

Two seconds, Walter.

(answering Jordan)

In 1981, the Supreme Court was asked to rule on the issue of women in combat positions. The Court cited the 1948 Combat Exclusion Laws as a legal foundation for keeping women ineligible. That decision held for all these years -- until the White House, 10 days ago, moved to have the Exclusion Laws voided. To demolish that legal foundation.

**JORDAN**

So? Isn't the President jumping on your bandwagon?

**DEHAVEN**

What he did was light the bandwagon on fire. Because he knows what I know -- that American families are not prepared to put their daughters in harm's way.

**JORDAN**

You don't know that.

**DEHAVEN**

In face, I do: Roper, Harris, Gallop -- they all come back the

same.

**JORDAN**

What are you saying? That a women's life is more valuable than a man's? That a women's death hurts a family more?

**DEHAVEN**

I'm saying it's not going to happen. Not when the President is set to turn this into a third-rail issue should I choose to ever campaign against him. He will fry me six ways to Sunday for sending daughters and young mothers off to war -- and, quite possibly, for bringing them back in body bags.

Jordan shakes her head in disbelief. She has met the enemy -- and she is us.

**JORDAN**

You were never going to let women serve in combat. You always had a safety net. Or thought you did.

**DEHAVEN**

Jordan. I don't expect you to fully understand this -- but sometimes there's more to be gained from the fight than the victory.

**JORDAN**

So the rhetoric gets you headlines. But the reality gets you in trouble.

**DEHAVEN**

The reality is this: We send far too many men off to war. I don't need to compound the problem with women.

(off Jordan's look)

Can you honestly tell me you wanted that life? Squat-pissing in some third-world jungle with --

**JORDAN**

I wanted the choice. The chance to prove myself, my skills, my work, me. That's how it should've been.



**DOORKEEPER**

Madam Senator, once again I must --

**DEHAVEN**

Just hold the goddamn clock, Walter.

Not happy about it, the doorkeeper reaches into an alcove, grabs a broom he keeps around for just these occasions. He enters the chamber...

**INT. SENATE CHAMBER - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

... and moves behind the rostrum. Holding the broom by the bristles, the doorkeeper stands on tip-toes...

And uses the broom handle to turn back the Senate clock by three minutes.

Senators GROAN. It's an old trick played by senior members -- and they all hate it when it happens to them.

**INT. CLOAK ROOM - CAPITOL BLDG. - DAY**

**DEHAVEN**

I once promised you a fast ticket, Jordan, and I always meant to make good on that. Come work for me. I can always use a hard-charger on my team.

**JORDAN**

You promise Wickwire a fast ticket, too?

**DEHAVEN**

I've had no direct communication with him since this whole thing began. And that's quite verifiable.

**JORDAN**

I'm sure it is.

**DEHAVEN**

You'll think about my offer?

**JORDAN**

You know, I wonder what the SecNav would think about it. If I spoke with him.

**DEHAVEN**

Well, I spoke with Mr. Hayes this morning myself -- and told him the deal was off. No more test cases. He was only too happy to oblige.

(dangerously low)

Don't play politics with me, little darlin'. You'd be up way past your bedtime.

**DOORKEEPER**

(distraught)

Madam Senator, please...

**DEHAVEN**

I'll call you in a few days.

She flashes a winning smile and turns away. As the chamber doors start to close behind her:

**JORDAN**

So I wonder what the President would think.

The last image we have of DeHaven is her whirling back, startled. The DOORS BOOM CLOSED in her face.

**EXT. C.O.'S HOUSE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

Through a window, we see the C.O. with a phone pressed to his ear. He stands at attention even though wearing a bathrobe. Half-audible through the glass:

**C.O.**

Yes sir. No, I'm not saying it would be impossible, sir, just...  
Yes sir. No sir. Yes sir. I can appreciate that, sir. Good night, sir.

**INT. C.O.'S HOUSE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

The C.O. hangs up and looks to Jordan, heretofore unseen. She waits anxiously.

**C.O.**

Well, if you had to go over my head, lieutenant, that's the way to do it. Christ, nothin' like a 0-200 call from the Commander and Chief to

get the bowels movin'.

**JORDAN**

Sir? What did he say?

**C.O.**

Basically -- he asked me if I could unring a bell.

**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

START on the helmet graveyard. Hands enter FRAME to reclaim one helmet in particular. TILT UP on Jordan, back in the grinder, back in Navy greens.

The Spec-Recon class is here. Crewmates gawk like stone idiots as Jordan takes her old place in the line-up.

**C.O.**

(to class)

One of you here understands better than anyone what this is all about. Someone who has engaged in conduct unbecoming. Someone who knows, I would hope, what he must now do.

CLOSE on Wickwire. Feeling the heat. Wondering if they really know who it is. Now the C.O. parks himself right in Wickwire's face.

**C.O.**

And unless that someone takes the honorable way out in the next 10 seconds -- I will make certain he faces action under the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

Wickwire breaks rank and heads for the bell. He slows when reaching Jordan, considering an apology he knows would be inadequate.

**JORDAN**

Just walk away and never stop.

He does. As Wickwire RINGS OUT:

**C.O.**

It seems we have an opening for class officer. Any nominations?

Eyes swing to Jordan. Way ahead of them:

**C.O.**

All those in favor?

A CHORUS OF AYES. Jordan puddles up.

**C.O.**

Chief Urgayle, turning it back over to you.

On his way to the front, the Chief stops to check in with Jordan.

**THE CHIEF**

Well, I'm trying to figure out if you're stupid, unlucky, gluttonous -- or some new alloy of all three.

**JORDAN**

Good to see you again, too, sir.

**THE CHIEF**

Okay, O'Neil. So you've impressed all the others. Now try me.

**EXT. CORONADO BRIDGE - DAY**

The morning sun is an orange ball balanced on the Coronado Bridge. In silhouette, pelicans circle, some dive-bombing into the bay below. Suddenly a HELO HOWLS across the sun, scattering the birds as it heads off-shore.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

**THE CHIEF**

(setting watch)

Four... three... two... one... hack!

Flea, McCool, Slutnik, Cortez, Newberry, Jordan. Inside the airborne helo, they synchronize their dive watches.

**THE CHIEF**

Final assignment! Each crew will be dropped 12 miles out! Between you and the shore is a network of mines and underwater obstacles! You will clear the obstacles, you will tag the mines with your crew number! You have until 18-hundred to make landfall!

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

As the helo swoops down onto the ocean deck.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

The trainees double-check wet gear and survival vests. On Jordan's nod, they push an inflatable life boat ("ILB") to the helo door. It's rolled up into a rubber log.

**THE CHIEF**

Remember! The one thing you can count on in any mission is that anything mechanical will fail! If you get stuck out here, do not call me, for you will no longer be in my class! Try the Coast Guard!

The HELO PILOT slows to five knots. The Chief gives Jordan the go-ahead nod.

**JORDAN**

(to her crew)  
One-second intervals! Go!

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

The ILB splashes down into the ocean. Jordan's crew helo-casts in after it.

From the door of the circling helo, the Chief watches as...

Jordan's crew swims to the ILB, bobbing in the swells. Flea turns a handle on the CO2 tank meant to inflate the boat. Nothing happens.

**FLEA**

C'mon, c'mon...

Cortez tries to help. The handle spins in his grip.

**CORTEZ**

This tank's not gonna cut it, el-tee. Handle's stripped.

Jordan looks skyward. 100 feet overhead, the Chief gives her a parting salute as the helo lifts away.

**SLUTNIK**

I just wonder how that happened.

**JORDAN**

Cortez, see if you can dig out the tools without losing the rest of our gear. Try a wrench on that thing.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

The helo turns into the morning sun. PILOT and CO-PILOT drop visors.

PILOT'S POV: Of dots in the sun. What the hell are they?

SMACK! Something hits the windscreen, splattering red and brown.

**THE CHIEF**

What's happening?!

**PILOT**

Fucking pelicans! Hang on!

He starts to bank clear -- but not fast enough.

**EXT. HELO - DAY**

More birds pepper-shot the helo: One SHREDS through the main rotor, another through the tail rotor. Another bird gets sucked right into...

The main turbine.

**INT. HELO - DAY**

A SHARP BANG... a WICKED SHIMMY... and now the whole helo loses power.

**PILOT**

Holy... LET'S GYRATE!

As the pilot wrestles controls, the co-pilot rigs for auto-gyration. But the bank they started is working against them: The helo is coming down badly, circling like a huge steel feather.

Braced, the Chief looks out the side door -- and sees

ocean rushing up at him. Fast.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

**MCCOOL**

What the shit is...

Jordan whirls. She's just in time to witness...

The helo hitting the water. In seconds it's gone.

A stunned beat. We never knew the ocean could be this quiet. When the anesthetic of shock wears off:

**SLUTNIK**

You don't suppose this is just part of...

**JORDAN**

**FLEA! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT SPOT!**

Mark it, mark it! Cortez? What the hell you waiting for?

Cortez torques his wrench hard: CO2 flows into the ILB, inflating it. The crew scrambles aboard. Jordan digs like a dog to find a radio.

**JORDAN**

Base, this is Crew Leader Six. We have a downed helo 12 miles west-south west of base with three aboard. Repeat, we have a downed helo with three aboard...

Slutnik yanks a starter cord: Their outboard MOTOR ROARS to life. The boat does a donut in the water and blasts away.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

The ILB powers over swells. Flea is perched on the bow, nose to the wind like a hunting dog.

**FLEA**

**CUT IT! CUT IT HERE!**

Slutnik motors down.

**FLEA**

Close as I can get, el-tee!

**JORDAN**

Flea, 'Cool, Cortez, Newman -- take  
your minis, hit the water. Go, GO!

They grab masks and mini-tanks and dive in like dolphins.  
Jordan snaps up the radio.

**JORDAN**

Base, this is Crew Leader Six. What  
is your E.T.A. on that rescue helo?  
Over.

**BASE (V.O.)**

Crew Leader, we have a Medevac  
rerouting from Long Beach, but no  
other helos prepped at this time.  
Seafox One and Two are launching  
now. Over.

A beat.

**JORDAN**

Base, don't think you copied me. We  
are 12 miles out. Seafox tops out  
at 30 knots, which makes it a no-  
show for 18 minutes. Over.

**BASE (V.O.)**

You copied right, Crew Leader.  
We're looking for options ourselves.

**SLUTNIK**

Maybe we should call the Coast  
Guard.

**JORDAN**

Shut your hole, Slutnik.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

McCool surfaces.

**MCCOOL**

Visibility drops dead at 40 feet.  
If they're deeper than that...

The others surface and swim in.



**CORTEZ**

Nobody's comin' outta that crash,  
el-tee. Nobody.

A grim beat -- and then A CRACKLE on the radio. With a voice seemingly from the far side of the moon:

**THE CHIEF (V.O.)**

Base, this is Basher One. I've got  
a small problem here. Do you copy?

Jaws drop.

**JORDAN**

(into radio)

Basher One, this is O'Neil. We are  
barely reading you. What is your  
situation?

**EXT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

50 feet down, the helo lies canted on a reef shelf.

**INT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

Wedged into a tortured maze of hydraulics and equipment,  
we find the Chief, operating out of an air-pocket near the  
windscreen. The pilot is dead, impaled on his cyclic  
stick, head submerged. The co-pilot is still alive,  
barely. The Chief struggles to keep the man's head up as  
he keys a survival radio.

**THE CHIEF**

Got one other heartbeat here, looks  
touch and go. I've got a  
questionable leg.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

**THE CHIEF (V.O.)**

Managed to activate the ELB. If you  
just radio base and let them know,  
they'll fix on that. Oh, and make  
sure they send a helo with a winch  
-- door's blocked by a reef. Over.

**JORDAN**

Chief, sir -- rescue team won't be  
here for 15 minutes. What's your

air situation? Over.

**THE CHIEF (V.O.)**

Say again? How many micks?

**JORDAN**

15, sir.

**INT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

The Chief sizes up his air pocket.

**THE CHIEF**

(into radio)

That... may not be adequate.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

**FLEA**

If we could just fix on him...

**MCCOOL**

Beacon's a no-go for us.

**JORDAN**

(into radio)

Chief -- did I see a flare box  
aboard? And can you get at it?  
Over.

**EXT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

The Chief props up the co-pilot's head. Gulps air. Ducks underwater to grope through wreckage. Only now do we see that "questionable leg" he was talking about: It's snapped at mid-calf, blood rivering out.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

**THE CHIEF (V.O.)**

Got it.

**JORDAN**

(into radio)

Show us where you are, Chief.

**EXT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

Again the Chief goes below water. He finds a small breach in the fuselage... sticks the flare launcher through... and pulls the trigger.

With a MAGNESIUM FLASH, the flare launches...

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

... streaks toward the surface...

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

... and arcs into daylight 50 yards behind the ILB.

**FLEA**

Six o'clock! Marking, marking!

**JORDAN**

Spotted you, Chief. Pri One is to slip you some air, so we're coming down with a tank -- just something until the A-team shows. Over.

An ominous beat.

**JORDAN**

Chief?

**CHIEF (V.O.)**

O'Neil... there's no air in your main tanks.

**MCCOOL**

What?

They scramble to check their main dive tanks. Even through the gauges show full, they're dead empty. All of them.

**INT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

**THE CHIEF**

(into radio)

This mission wasn't about tagging mines. It was to see how you coped with mechanical failures. Pretty fuckin' ironic, huh?

He laughs. It's the bleakest laugh imaginable.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

**SLUTNIK**

He's circlin' the drain, el-tee.

Jordan surveys the equipment they do have aboard -- the stuff she can count on. Mental turbos kicking in:

**JORDAN**

So we got two full mini-tanks, three minutes each. 'Cool? How much air in yours?

**MCCOOL**

Maybe half. Not even.

**JORDAN**

Grab an oar, find a way to weight it down, we're gonna need it. Cortez, help him. Flea? You take one of the two full minis -- and just follow my lead.

**CORTEZ**

What, we're gonna pry 'em out with paddles?

**MCCOOL**

(grabbing her)

O'Neil. Our air's gonna crap out as soon as we get down there. You know that, don't you?

**JORDAN**

So I guess we get one shot at it.

**INT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

Swimming in his own blood, the Chief starts to fade away, losing consciousness. But then, through the cockpit windscreen...

A hazy orb of light above him. The orb grows and grows until it resolves into a flare carried by his would-be savior. Jordan.

**THE CHIEF**

Why'd it have to be her...

**EXT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

Reaching the downed Helo, McCool and Cortez wedge their oars under the fuselage and leverage hard until...

An opening appears.

Jordan and Flea swim into the breach...

**INT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

... and surface inside the wreckage.

**JORDAN**

Chief, sir... still with me?

**CHIEF**

(unbuckling co-pilot)

Take him first. Once he's clear, come back with --

**JORDAN**

Sir, let me suggest you stop giving orders and start doing exactly what I say, because that's the only way we're all getting out of here. Now how's your vest check out? Still good?

**EXT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

McCool's air craps out. He abandons his oar and swims for the surface. That leaves only...

Cortez, struggling mightily to keep the escape route open. He knows his mini-tank is running on empty -- and it scares the bejeezus out of him.

**INT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

**JORDAN**

Flea, take the pilot up slow, feed him air. Chief, sir, you and I are gonna take the express elevator outta here. Remember to let your air out. Ready?

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Twin transports -- Seafox One and Two -- pound across the water. Instructors sweep binoculars, trying to spot...

The ILB. Newberry POPS A FLARE skyward as Slutnik DOWNLOADS INFO over the radio.

**EXT. CRASHED HELO - UNDERWATER - DAY**

Cortez's air goes dead. He gives it three more seconds, eyes riveted on the underside of the helo, knowing they have to come out... right... fucking... absolutely...

NOW: Jordan appears with the Chief. Flea is at their heels with the co-pilot.

Cortez drops his oar as if it were radioactive and swims for the sky.

The HELO BOOMS back down onto the reef.

Jordan yanks the cord on the Chief's vest. It inflates instantly. One arm raised, Jordan streaks for the surface...

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

... and "Supermans" into daylight with the Chief. They covered 50 feet in four seconds.

Doing a 360, Jordan spots...

Seafox One coming their way.

Jordan waves like a shipwreck victim.

Not slowing, Seafox lowers a recovery rig into place: They're wasting no time on the pick-up.

Remembering the last time she tried this, Jordan gets a death-grip on the Chief's vest.

**THE CHIEF**

(growling)

O'Neil...

**JORDAN**

Shut up, sir. I'm concentrating.

The recovery loop comes at her like a big brass ring.

SEAFX THUNDERS past. Jordan plunges her free arm through the loop...

And suddenly they're gone, whisked away by the boat.

Throwing a rooster tail a mile long, Seafox pivots on the water and heads back to base.

**MCCOOL**

Hoooooooo-yah!

**NEWBERRY**

Go, go, go, go!

**SLUTNIK**

Uh-huh! That's right! Just like we always practice it!

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. GUARD HOUSE - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Limousine leading, a parade of vehicles reaches the base entrance. A man exits the limo to expedite matters with the BASE GUARD.

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

Senator DeHaven is here for the graduation ceremonies.

**BASE GUARD**

What are all these other vehicles?

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

Just a small press corps. Routine.

**BASE GUARD**

And that pickup truck at the end?

**DEHAVEN'S AIDE**

That? That would be the all-woman America's Cup team.

**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

**C.O.**

(into microphone)  
Special Reconnaissance Class 118,

you may now stand down.

All buffed and polished and wearing their dress whites, the former trainees erupt with ONE GREAT HOO-YAH. What began as a class of 100 now ends with just 40.

Sitting among the families and friends we find Royce, smiling through his fears. Not far away sits Blondell. No one claps louder.

Jordan trades high-fives and fierce hugs with crewmates. Pyro finally manages to take her aside.

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Lieutenant? I was asked to give you this.

It's a small case. Jordan opens it to find a medal of bronze and blue enamel.

**JORDAN**

The Navy Cross...

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

I believe he earned it for saving a man's life in Saudi Arabia. He wanted you to have it. He was very clear on that point.

**JORDAN**

I was looking for him earlier, but...

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

The Chief was granted early retirement as of 17-hundred yesterday. By 18-hundred he was gone. Out of the Navy.

**JORDAN**

(knowing better)  
Just a coincidence?

**INSTRUCTOR PYRO**

Maybe it's not my place to speculate on his private thoughts. But I think the Chief knew that his way -- his world -- had come and gone.

Jordan nods, understanding.

**CUT TO:**



**EXT. GRINDER - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

DeHaven. She's holding a press conference, trying to turn piss into wine -- and doing a pretty good job:

**DEHAVEN**

... of course, we always prefer peace to war. But if we're going to war, give women a piece. Give them the choice to defend their country. And if the President doesn't like that idea -- if he wants to continue to deny women their equal rights -- then I'll be happy to step out back with him any time, anywhere...

Jordan approaches. Spotting her, the PRESS PLEADS for a photo-op with both women.

**DEHAVEN**

Jordan? Jordan, dear...

Letting silence be the ultimate expression of scorn, Jordan walks right past DeHaven...

And joins Royce. Together they turn and leave.

**C.O.**

Senator, perhaps this would be a good time for that lunch. Will the America's Cup team be joining us?

**EXT. BEACH - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Jordan and Royce walk hand in hand, strolling the same beach she trained on.

**JORDAN**

So here we are again. Staring three years of operational duty in the face.

**ROYCE**

Look. It's not like you'd be completely out of reach. And maybe we could call in a few favors, get you stationed at Norfolk instead of Coronado. There are ways of dealing with these things -- I mean, if people are so inclined.

**JORDAN**

(warily)

Which is guy-speak for...

**ROYCE**

"Yes, Jordan -- I'll wait for you no matter how long."

Finally, the right answer.

**EXT. AIR STATION - CORONADO NAVAL BASE - DAY**

START TIGHT on Jordan's face. Even beneath the camouflage paint, we can see her exhilaration. PULL BACK to find her in a line of commandos boarding an IDLING C-130: She's embarking on her first mission. KEEP PULLING BACK until we've lost her completely -- until she's just one soldier among many, indistinguishable from the rest.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**