

Liberty

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Revisions
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Live Planet
Walt Disney Pictures

EXT. THE NORTHWEST PACIFIC -- NIGHT

A dark night. Heavy fog.

At the farthest reaches of our sight, an amorphous black SHAPE emerges, a sub-sonic GROWL tweaking our ears...

Growing in size, the growl becomes a low-frequency MOAN as a menacing spectre spans our field of vision...

...the screen is blacked out. The rumbling behemoth moves through us.

Behind it, more ominous silhouettes approach. Riders of the American apocalypse.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ALAMOS MILITARY SATELLITE INSTALLATION -- NIGHT

BANKS OF SATELLITE DISHES, patrolling the heavens...

INT. LOS ALAMOS TRACKING STATION -- CONTROL -- SAME

Two AIR FORCE TECHNICIANS pass the wee hours watching every cable feed known to God. On the many monitors before them:

INFOMERCIAL

With new technology it's so simple...

PORNO

...but if I take the monster out, you do what it wants...

CNN BROADCAST

...The President and the Secretary of State arrived in Moscow today...

THE SENIOR TECHNICIAN checks his watch.

SR. TECH

I'm gonna get a pizza. You in?

JR. TECH eyes a monitor. Doesn't respond.

SR. TECH (CONT'D)

Yo, Buckwheat. Pizza. No pineapple this time.

JR. TECH

You see this?

Senior swivels to see his colleague looking at a monitor marked 'DefSat 4.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SR. TECH

Russian fleet exercise. They do it every year this time.

JR. TECH

Ever seen 'em do it like this?

The Senior Tech leans over the control console. Types a series of commands. He goes wide-eyed as a satellite image appears revealing a V shaped wedge moving slowly toward the edge of the screen...

He knocks over his styrofoam coffee cup as he grabs at the signal phone, urgency permeating his voice.

SR. TECH

(phone)

Get me Pacific Command.

CUT TO:

AN AMERICAN FLAG...

Fluttering in the breeze, rising from the hood of a limousine. The vehicle, flanked by black sedans and police cars, works its way past the familiar onion shaped towers of Moscow's landmark architecture. A Russian crowd waves American flags from behind police barriers.

IN FRONT OF THE CROWD, CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR clutching her signature CNN microphone, speaks into a video camera.

AMANPOUR

The historic event we're witnessing would have hardly seemed possible only weeks ago. It's been less than a year since Moscow strong-man General Ivan Galkin, with the backing of the Russian Army...

ON VIDEO NEWS MONTAGE of Tanks surrounding the Offices of Parliament in Moscow. Fighting in the street. GENERAL GALKIN in dress uniform giving a fiery speech. Shades of Nuremberg as Russian Soldiers cheer.

AMANPOUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...seized control of the Kremlin, declaring martial law and disbanding the Russian Parliament. Reacting to widespread international condemnation, Galkin defended his actions, proclaiming that democracy had failed and extreme measures had to be taken to save his dying country.

Shots of MIGs launching missiles. Cluster bombs falling. Troops fighting in the streets. Women clutching their babies, running as Tanks descend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANPOUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Under his iron rule, reconstituted Russian forces unleashed brutal attacks against rebel strongholds in Chechnya and forced the ouster of democratic governments in the Ukraine, Belarus and Azerbaijan, in a campaign many have called a blatant attempt to forge a new Soviet Union. President James Crawford addressing the U.N. last month, had this to say...

VIDEO OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, JAMES CRAWFORD, silver-hair, late 50s, postures at the U.N. podium.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD (VIDEO)

There comes a time when civilized nations must draw a line in the sand. There comes a moment when history demands that we stand up to aggression and say, No more.

Back to VIDEO of American Troops loading into trucks, hugging their families.

AMANPOUR (V.O.)

But early this week, as U.S. and NATO forces prepared to deploy in Eastern Europe, General Galkin has seemingly backed down...

VIDEO of a contrite Galkin, surrounded by advisors, reading a prepared speech to the nation.

AMANPOUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... promising to withdraw his troops and hold general elections within a year. Citing the tremendous diplomatic efforts of the United States, General Galkin has invited President Crawford to the Kremlin to witness the signing of the new accord.

The screen clicks over to ESPN FOOTBALL HIGHLIGHTS.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

Christ... she's as long-winded as my wife.

We are...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

President James Crawford sits beside his Chief of Staff CHARLES MOFFET, who clicks off his cell.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

How are my numbers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOFFET

Up fifteen points in the mid-west. Eleven on the coasts. The Washington Post thinks you deserve the Nobel Peace prize.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

Last week they wanted to roast me like a Christmas pig. Not that I blame them.

MOFFET

Hard to believe Galkin folded.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

The Russian Army may be able to go head-to-head with the likes of Uzbekistan, but it's completely unprepared to face the best trained, best equipped, most sophisticated military in the world. You know it, I know it, and Galkin knows it. Anything else would've been suicide.

MOFFET

You should probably thank the man. With numbers like these, he may have just handed you a second term.

EXT. RED SQUARE - DAY

The Presidential Limo pulls to a halt in front of the Kremlin. Waiting is an Official Delegation, all decked out in Russian overcoats. Secret Service agents open the doors to the Limo and sedans as the American Delegation gets out.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Marble floors and archways, gilded with gold. The American Delegation is escorted toward the party offices by U.S. and Russian Secret Service.

Secretary of State RICHARD COLLIER, grave look on his face, finishes up a call, hands the cell phone back to his aide and pushes up to the President.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD

Something wrong, Richard.

SEC-STATE COLLIER

Mr. President, Pacific Command is tracking a fleet of some two dozen Russian ships which all left port and rendezvoused within the last 24 hours.

MOFFET

Vladivostok maneuvers.

SEC-STATE COLLIER

That's what they're claiming, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moffet notices heightened Russian security lining the hallway. All armed with automatic weapons. Strange.

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD
I take it you don't believe them.

SEC-STATE COLLIER
No, sir. I don't.

MOFFET
Why not?

SEC-STATE COLLIER
Because at this moment, the entire Russian fleet is currently heading directly toward the west coast of the United States.

The President stops and eyes Collier a beat...

PRESIDENT CRAWFORD
Jesus...

He turns to Moffet, but Moffet's watching the Russian security forces swing around behind them. The Secret Service appears very tense.

MOFFET
Sir...

The doors in front of the delegation open, revealing GENERAL IVAN GALKIN, flanked by MORE GUARDS with AKs leveled.

GENERAL GALKIN
Mr. President.

Crawford's gaze meets Galkin's.

GENERAL GALKIN (CONT'D)
Welcome to Moscow.

CUT TO:

The ear-piercing, unrelenting SCREAMS of seven-year-old girls....

The shouted ENCOURAGEMENTS from their over-eager parents....

EXT. GOSNEY FIELD -- WASHINGTON, D.C. -- MORNING

The flurry of legs as an under-sized soccer ball is kicked back and forth and back and forth until, merciful God in heaven, someone accidentally scores....

Welcome to AYSO Soccer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the center of this maelstrom stands MARGARET (MAGGIE) HEFLIN, 40; she displays as much dignity and intelligence as anyone can who wears a shirt reading "Coach."

MAGGIE
Janey, back on defense, you're a
fullback! I don't care if she's your
friend!

There's a breakaway...for the other team...a three foot-six
STRIKER speeding toward the goal...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
No...no...no....

...and a final blast sends the ball into the back of the net.
Maggie's shoulders sink.

MAN (O.S.)
Your team's not very good.

Maggie turns: it's her husband, MICHAEL, with their five-year-old, SIMON, in his arms.

MAGGIE
Coaching's lousy.

SIMON
But you're their coach, Mommy.

MAGGIE
You have to rub it in...

A WHISTLE BLOWS, and it's HALFTIME...

In the distance: a non-descript SEDAN pulls to a stop near the field, and TWO VERY SERIOUS MEN (dark suits, dark glasses) get out and start toward the game...

Meanwhile, Coach Heflin has called a huddle with her team. As her flushed players eat oranges and pull each other's hair, Maggie lays down a stratagem for the second half...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I want you to pass more. I want you to
communicate more. Janey, watch your
positioning, and everyone, spread out.
This isn't a love-in, it's soccer.

ONE PLAYER
Mom...I mean, Coach: what's a love-in?

MAGGIE
I'll tell you in about twenty years...

On the sidelines, Michael notices the Serious Men approach...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Now, Lucy, I want you to take a breather
so Anne can play.

PLAYER 2 (LUCY)

But I don't want to come out...

Two Great Figures loom over the circle of girls: the Serious Men. Maggie squints up at them...

MAGGIE

Hi...

SERIOUS MAN

Madame Secretary, I'm Agent Lindus, this
is Agent Tarr. We have orders to
transport you to a classified location.

All the girls spot the automatic weapons inside the mens'
coats. Their mouths drop...

MAGGIE

What's wrong?

AGENT LINDUS

I can't say ma'am.

MAGGIE

(to her team)

Sorry, pals, I gotta go...

(she rises)

Lucy, you're out the third quarter.

LUCY

But I don't want to come out...

Maggie looks to Agent Tarr...

AGENT TARR

Lucy, you're out the third quarter.

Lucy stops the brat act fast. Maggie smiles thanks to Agent Tarr, then heads over to her husband. She hands him her coach's whistle...

MAGGIE

Good luck, coach.

MICHAEL

Don't I get the shirt too?

MAGGIE

Later. If you win.

Michael looks worried; this is unusual to say the least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(to Agent Lindus)
Is there anything I can tell my family?

AGENT LINDUS
I'm sorry, Ma'am. We need to go.

MICHAEL
Call when you can.

MAGGIE
I'm just the Secretary of the Interior.
How bad could it be?

Maggie kisses him, and her son, waves goodbye to her daughter and heads off with Lindus and Tarr toward their sedan...

CUT TO:

AN OLD MAN'S HANDS STIRRING A GLASS OF METAMUCIL...

...we move up, tracking over strong forearms, past the faded reds and greens of a long-dulled TATTOO: the inscription "Lovely Lucille" just below the snarling countenance of a WOODPECKER.

...panning up further, we see that the tattoo, and the Metamucil, belong to one MAC BOYER; mid-seventies, resident of the PEORIA VETERANS HOME.

MAC shakes open a compartment on his days-of-the-week pill container and shakes out half-a-dozen pills. He throws the pills back and raises the putrid brown concoction to his lips and drinks it down...

MAC
Goddamn...

Mac sets the glass down and chases with a slug of Budweiser...

BEDROOM...

Carrying fishing gear, Mac eyes his sleeping WIFE and quietly tiptoes out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Mac slips out of his apartment, trying not to make a sound. His long-time buddy, BULL waits in the hallway, ridiculous fishing hat atop his head.

BULL
Look at you, sneaking out of your own place like some kind of criminal. You didn't tell her, did you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC
I left a note.

BULL
Very classy.

MAC
Classier than that idiotic hat of yours.

BULL
The gods of fishing must be appeased.

INT. NELLIE'S DINER -- DAY

Nellie's being the first available lot on private land, its patrons are almost exclusively military folk, vets like Mac and Bull or the scattered SOLDIERS and OFFICERS from the nearby Hollis base.

Mac and Bull sit at the counter, putting down sustenance for the taxing day ahead.

MAC
Where's Ernie?

BULL
(through a mouthful of
hotcakes)
Going to lunch with his kid and grandkid.
Son-of-a-bitch was up at 5:30 he was so
excited...

Mac thinks for a moment...

MAC
Why were you up at 5:30?

BULL
(shrugs)
I was excited too.

Mac's attention is diverted as several CELL PHONES and BEEPERS clamor simultaneously....

Like a synchronized routine, the scattered MILITARY OFFICERS answer their phones/check their pagers, cough up a few bucks and exit the diner. Mac watches them go with a furrowed brow.

MAC
What do you suppose that's about?

BULL
(shrugs as he eats his oatmeal)
I lost interest in '72. But they got this
thing called a TeeVee. Tells ya
everything you want to know if you watch
it long enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC

I can't for the life of me figure out why they named you Bull. Shoulda called you Jackass...

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING -- THE WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

The Secret Servicemen's SEDAN pulls up. Maggie Heflin exits with agents Lindus and Tarr.

MAGGIE

You call this a classified location?

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- SAME

The quiet exterior belies the chaos inside. Staffers racing across the lobby. The Agents escort Maggie across the rotunda where Deputy Chief of Staff, SAM DONNELLY, early-forties, greets her with a visitors badge and steers her through security without breaking stride.

SAM

Madame Secretary, we appreciate you coming in.

MAGGIE

I was under the impression I didn't have a choice.

SAM

You were right.

Maggie eyes the military presence in the White House as Sam escorts her down the corridors of power.

MAGGIE

I'm assuming from the Secret Service escort that this isn't a spotted-owl crisis.

SAM

Madame Secretary, the less I say right now, the better. I'm going to have to ask you to wait in here.

Sam opens the door to the Roosevelt Room.

MAGGIE

Come on, Sam... why am I here?

SAM

With any luck, you'll never know.

Maggie enters...

INT. ROOSEVELT ROOM - SAME

Inside, several other distinguished people wait, dressed in casual Saturday attire. Maggie recognizes them all, as well she should. They're all members of the President's Cabinet.

SECRETARY OF TRANSPORTATION
Secretary Heflin. That makes the whole cabinet.

SECRETARY OF LABOR
Everybody who's in town.

MAGGIE
Do we have any idea what's going on?

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
There's only one reason they'd assemble all of us like this...
(beat)
Something's happened to the President.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SIGNAL ROOM - DAY

WILLIAM COPLEY, late-forties, and the President's National Security Advisor, leans over a computer terminal as an ARMY OFFICER types on the keyboard.

ARMY TECH
Still no response, sir.

Sam pushes into the room.

SAM
Cabinet's assembled. How's it looking?

COPLEY
Not good. We still can't reach the delegation, the Kremlin's completely locked-down and no one's returning calls, not even on Molink.

The pair push across the room...

COPLEY (CONT'D)
At least we've managed to keep it off the news.

SAM
Do you think it's a hostage situation?

COPLEY
God help us if it is.

They enter the adjoining...

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM -- SAME

A hi-tech conference room: monitors, big-screens, laptops. Here, lives are taken and regimes toppled with keystrokes and mouse-clicks.

A large monitor at the front of the room displays a satellite-shot of the V-shaped armada...

GEN. O'CONNOR

Have we cleared their course of all commercial traffic?

MAJOR WALDEN

Yes, sir.

GENERAL PAUL O'CONNOR, late 50s, Chair of the Joint Chiefs and a natural born leader, runs the room, assisted by his deputy, MAJOR REBECCA WALDEN (early 30s, West Point with Honors). The room's twenty-or-so occupants are accoladed Officers, field-tested CIA operatives, techno-wunderkinds; our best and brightest.

COPLEY

Are we looking at first strike capability?

MAJOR WALDEN

That's the strange thing, sir. DefSat Six has radiation-detection...

Walden hits a button, the V-shaped armada now outlined in blue-and-green....

MAJOR WALDEN (CONT'D)

But they aren't radiating. So unless we're dealing with a new masking device, it's safe to assume they have minimal or no nuclear armaments.

COPLEY

So he's bluffing. Trying to provoke a fight.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Let's not be rash: "the unforgiveable sin of any Commander is to form a picture of the enemy. To assume the enemy will act in a certain way."

COPLEY

Napoleon at the battle of Marengo. I went to West Point, too. Didn't turn out so well for him though, did it.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Mr. Vice-President?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn to a video screen, where VICE-PRESIDENT MCKITTREDGE is video-conferenced in, clearly on a plane.

VICE-PRESIDENT
Still no response from our people?

COPLEY
No, sir.

VICE-PRESIDENT
What the hell is Galkin up to.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Candidly, sir?

VICE-PRESIDENT
Please.

GEN. O'CONNOR
It doesn't matter what he's up to. The Roosevelt's four hundred miles away. We have six battle groups in range. We have three nuclear submarines between them and the continental United States. They keep coming, we threaten retaliation. They keep coming after that, we've got enough fire power to wipe out their fleet and half of Russia.

VICE-PRESIDENT
And the President? If he is a hostage?

GEN. O'CONNOR
With all due respect, the Presidency is a job, not a man. The security of our country comes first.

Sacrilege, but true.

VICE-PRESIDENT
Okay, Paul. Get our people out there. See what their intentions are. But let's all be clear. As VP, I have no constitutional authority to order military action. No one fires unless fired upon. Is that understood?

GEN. O'CONNOR
Yes, sir.
(to Walden)
You heard him, Major. Instruct PacCom to put our boys in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS ROOSEVELT -- DAY

The Aircraft Carrier on maneuvers west of Pearl Harbor.

ON THE DECKS

An F-18 guns her jets, as the STICKMAN twirls...

FIRE explodes from the aircraft's jets, scorching the titanium blast shield.

The F-18 surges out of frame. The blast shield collapses into the deck with a deafening, metallic CRASH.

INT. WAYNE ELLIS' QUARTERS -- USS ROOSEVELT -- SAME

Panning over the small quarters -- photos on the wall: Chuck Yeager with a Rolex, Chuck Yeager with an AC Delco...

On the nightstand, an alarm clock and the most beloved photo: Chuck with the famed X-1: "Glamorous Glennis."

Finally we find WAYNE ELLIS. In bed. Sleeping soundly. Late-twenties, All-America handsome.

He looks quite peaceful as we hear a JET ENGINE SURGE...

Seconds later, the room is ROCKED by a massive CRASH. The Glennis photo falls over.

Ellis lives just below the carrier's deck -- just below the blast shield.

We hold on his beatific features until his alarm clock quietly chirps...

Ellis' eyes open. He calmly reaches over, turns off the alarm. Rises, stretches, re-ups the Yeager photo.

A BEAT LATER: KLAXONS ROAR. That gets Ellis' attention.

EXT. USS ROOSEVELT -- DAY

F-14s and 18s are towed onto the deck. Mechanics and flight techs work busily under a perfect sky...

COMMANDER LEEDS (V.O.)

Gentlemen. At twenty-one hundred hours yesterday, a fleet of thirty-seven Ivans left the ports of Vladivostok and Semarang on a heading of 47.45 east-by-southeast.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- USS ROOSEVELT -- SAME

COMMANDER LEEDS; a tough, tobacco-chewing Air Boss, stands before eight seated NAVY PILOTS, a wet-haired, gum-chewing Ellis and his RIO (Radar Intercept Officer), BABY RUTH, among them...

COMMANDER LEEDS

With no change of course, they'll be in Los Angeles in about seventy-eight hours. Sigmund. Jedi. Gandalf. Ennis. Your job is as follows: get up there, check it out and, if necessary, give them some serious and grave doubts about the prudence of sailing to Santa Monica.

BABY RUTH

Sir, do we know their intentions?

COMMANDER LEEDS

At the moment, son, we're Martina Navratilova: we don't know dick.

INT. PILOTS LOCKER ROOM -- USS ROOSEVELT -- MINUTES LATER

Tape is stripped and ripped, G-Suits are donned as the fighter jocks dress for the sortie. One particularly HUGE PILOT in the B.G. commands our notice.

Ellis, in his skivvies, sits too calmly before his locker, decorated with yet more Yeager photos.

Baby Ruth approaches, concerned...

BABY RUTH

What's going on? We gotta go.

ELLIS

My adrenal gland's all fouled up again.

BABY RUTH

Ellis. No.

ELLIS

What? You're in that plane with me. Last thing you should want is me up there all...lackadaisical.

BABY RUTH

Goddammit Ellis. We take off in five minutes -- we simply don't have the time.

Ellis sits still, contemplating Baby Ruth's request, before turning...

ELLIS

Hey! Gandalf!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Huge S.O.B.(Gandalf) turns...

THE SCREAMS AND SHOUTS OF A CROWD -- MOMENTS LATER

Half-dressed PILOTS encircle the beginnings of a fistfight.

Ellis and Gandalf circle each other -- they bob and weave, throw an occasional jab, but before the real shit can go down...

Commander Leeds emerges from his nearby office. He can't even see the combatants -- doesn't need to -- as he yells...

COMMANDER LEEDS
Ellis! Ellis! Goddammit Ellis!

Col. Leeds wades through the crowd...

COMMANDER LEEDS (CONT'D)
Break it up! Break it up now!! You're supposed to be on the deck in three!!
What the hell?!

Gandalf tries to cool himself down, exhaling deeply...

GANDALF
Gandalf was a wizard. A wizard. Not a fairy.

ELLIS
So don't make fun of my plane's name.

COL. LEEDS
Everyone makes fun of your plane's name. Get used to it. Now cut this shit and get in the air.

Col. Leeds moves off...

The mob dissipates...

As Ellis and Gandalf stare their final daggers and drop their hands...

ELLIS
Fairy.

WHAM! Gandalf clocks Ellis with an uppercut to the jaw.

Ellis clutches his mouth with both hands...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Ahhwww!! Goddammit that hurts!! Wow!

Ellis shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs, turns back to Gandalf...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

...extends a hand...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Nice one. Fly safe.

GANDALF
(shakes)
You too.

His adrenal gland re-charged, Ellis turns...

ELLIS
Come on, Ruthie! What the hell you
waiting for?

FLAMES OBLITERATE THE SCREEN...

The afterburners of the Amorous Ennis ignite as the Tomcat catapults off the deck of the Carrier, screaming into the sky. And we're right along for the ride as she spears the clouds, breaking MACH.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The enemy armada plows through the waves. Thirty-seven ships strong.

A pre-Vietnam era MIG-21 descends, angling toward the deck of the lead carrier, the TRIBUTS.

The crew of the Tributs line the deck at attention, as the MiG touches down strong, grabbing the third wire for a picture perfect landing.

COMMANDER PETROV, steely-eyed, mid-fifties, crosses to the MiG with his senior staff. The Pilot climbs out, but all eyes focus on the rear seat of the cockpit.

From that seat, a stocky, jump-suited figure climbs out and removes his flight helmet...

GENERAL IVAN GALKIN

The men cheer as Galkin lowers himself to the deck and SALUTES his SENIOR COMMANDERS.

COMMANDER PETROV
(Russian w/subtitles)
The Americans have just launched, sir.

Galkin nods and turns to the assembled men.

GALKIN
Gentlemen. To your stations!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Petrov turns to his men, yelling commands. They spring into action, manning their posts, racing to their planes. Galkin strides through the chaos toward the Carrier's tower...

CUT TO:

EXT. 40,000 FEET ABOVE THE PACIFIC -- DAY

...where our FOUR state-of-the-art heavily-armed TOMCATS cruise in formation. Push in on Ellis' plane...

Written across it's nose... "Amorous Ennis."

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Ellis at the flight-stick, Baby Ruth riding RIO.

ELLIS

Can you believe the balls of that guy?
Making fun of our bird?

BABY RUTH

We are sort of semi-plagiarizing bastards. Why don't we just cop to it and go with the real deal?

ELLIS

Can't. Yeager named his plane after his wife. Glamorous Glennis is hanging from the rafters of the Smithsonian. That's like having your number retired.

BABY RUTH

All I'm saying is: Amorous Ennis, it doesn't get the same thing across. Sounds like one of those freaky pet names guys give their own johnsons.

ELLIS

You call yours Trevor, right?

BABY RUTH

Travis.

JEDI (V.O.)

Contact two-seven-zero at nine-five miles. Let's spread our wings a little bit.

The birds begin to spread out and accelerate, advancing on the Enemy Armada...

IN ELLIS' COCKPIT

BABY RUTH

I don't like this, Ellis. Take a look--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ellis looks to his radar screen -- bogies everywhere. His eyes squint just as...

JEDI (RADIO)
Can I get a confirmation of what I'm seeing on my radar?

Ellis flicks the screen, hoping to correct the obvious malfunction: it registers no change...

JEDI (RADIO) (CONT'D)
Ellis? You with me?

ELLIS
Yes, sir -- and if you've got more bandits than you can count on a bearing of two-seven-zero at eight-four miles, you're confirmed.

JEDI (RADIO)
Tighten up, boys. This may get a little hairy.

Ellis cinches his Oxygen Mask as Amorous Ennis banks hard.

EXT. SKY -- SAME

The F-14s burst through a massive nimbus -- and we see what they see...

There are nine aircraft-carriers in the enemy fleet. Each aircraft-carrier houses roughly fifty planes. All of them are in the air...

ELLIS (V.O.)
Hoooly Shit.

It's a motley assortment of planes -- 1963 M-21s coming like a hungry pack of stray dogs. The battered, rag-tag Planes litter the frame...

INT. AMOROUS ENNIS COCKPIT

Baby Ruth checks his radar and peers out the window.

BABY RUTH
This makes no sense.

ELLIS
What do you have, Ruthie?

BABY RUTH
They're flying MiG-21s.

ELLIS
They can't be 21s. Those planes are older than...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY RUTH
They're firing!

THE ENEMY OPENS FIRE: One hundred SIDEWINDERS scream for our pilots...

JEDI (V.O.)
Quicksilver, this is Overwatch. Enemy has engaged...

BABY RUTH (V.O.)
Missiles in the air!!!!

JEDI (V.O.)
... I repeat, enemy has engaged. Are we cleared to fire?

INT. ROOSEVELT TOWER - DAY

Commander Leeds peers down at his Radar Screen.

COMMANDER LEEDS
Affirmative, Overwatch. You are cleared to fire. Now, get the hell out of there.

IN ELLIS' COCKPIT -- SAME

The pilot's reaction is swift and decisive...

ELLIS
Missile one away! Missile two away!

BABY RUTH
Incoming! Incoming! Break! Break! Break!

Ellis evades: flips the Tomcat onto its side. Dives hard -- splitting two inbound sidewinders...

The others aren't as lucky as the incoming sidewinders take out TWO of the TOMCATS blowing them into a shower of golden embers.

ELLIS
Quicksilver, Jedi and Sigmund are down.

INT. ROOSEVELT TOWER - DAY

Long-range radar displays the wall of aircraft closing on our boys.

ELLIS (RADIO)
I repeat, Jedi and Sigmund are down.

COMMANDER LEEDS
(to his crew)
Get everything in the air. Now! Stand by all batteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leeds grabs the radio mic...

COMMANDER LEEDS (CONT'D)
Overwatch, this is Quicksilver. Bug Out.
I repeat. Bug Out. Reinforcements are
being launched.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Sit Room occupants listen in on the radio transmission.

BABY RUTH (V.O.)
There're too many of them.

ELLIS (V.O.)
This is Ennis... I'm hot. I got four
hostiles on my six.

CUT TO:

THE AMOROUS ENNIS...

SCREAMS BY... MiGs drop onto its tail.

ELLIS
Gandalf, you goddamn fairy, where the
hell are you?

Gandalf screams down from the clouds, descending on the MiGs.

GANDALF
Hold on, Ennis, I'm right on their...

A SIDEWINDER slams into Gandalf's Tomcat, rending it into a
double fireball.

ELLIS
Gandalf... Gandalf...

BABY RUTH
Incoming! Break! Break! Break!

The Amorous Ennis rolls out, missiles screaming over her
wings. Ellis dives her head-first for the water. The Four
grizzled MiGs pursue. Hostile TRACER FIRE SCREAMS past...

IN ELLIS' COCKPIT

The Fighter quakes like mad...

ELLIS
AAaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Amorous Ennis screams head-first for the Pacific....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOUR HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE SEALINE --

Ellis shoves the yoke; trying to assert a front flip while six Gs conspire against him... ..

TWO PURSUING MIGS

...attempt the maneuver. Hit the water -- DETONATING on impact...

Their cohorts pull up and out, leaving Ellis to his suicidal contortion...

BABY RUTH
(shutting his eyes)
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

The Gs are overwhelming; the ocean overtaking us, as Amorous Ennis' canopy licks a wave...

...then steadies.

Ellis and Baby Ruth cruise inverted; their heads just feet above the blue Pacific.

Ellis lets out a deep breath, surprised it worked.

BABY RUTH (CONT'D)
Are we alive?

ELLIS
Yeah.

BABY RUTH
Can I open my eyes?

ELLIS
I'd keep 'em shut if I were you.
(into radio)
Quicksilver, this is Ennis. Where the hell are you?

EXT. ROOSEVELT DECK - DAY

As every piece of hardware launches into the sky.

ROOSEVELT TOWER
Ennis, Quicksilver. Reinforcements are airborne and supersonic...

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The room is controlled chaos. Orders shouted and repeated.

ROOSEVELT TOWER (RADIO OVER)
... Two minutes and closing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the radar screen - Two lines of blips heading toward each other, like two armies emerging from their trenches, charging head-on.

Sam Donnelly eyes the radar and approaches the video-screen displaying Vice-President McKittredge.

SAM

Mr. Vice-President. We're on the verge of a major engagement and POTUS is off the grid. You have to take command.

Vice-President McKittredge nods, but the weight of the moment weighs heavily on his soul.

VICE-PRESIDENT

Is the Cabinet assembled?

SAM

They're right upstairs.

VICE-PRESIDENT

Okay, Sam. Tell them I'm requesting a temporary transfer of Executive Powers under the provisions of the 25th Amendment.

SAM

Yes, sir.

But as Sam turns, he's cut off by an ash-faced Copley, emerging from the Signal Room.

COPLEY

I'm afraid that won't be necessary.

(a grave beat)

Mr. Vice-President. We just got word from our Moscow Station Chief. Sir...

(beat)

The President's dead.

A hush falls over the entire room.

COPLEY (CONT'D)

The entire delegation was gunned down by Galkin's forces more than four hours ago.

VICE-PRESIDENT

Bill? Bill, are you sure?

COPLEY

Yes, sir. It's been confirmed. President Crawford, Charlie Moffet, Secretary Collier, Senator Denby. All of them dead.

A stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEN. O'CONNOR
(murmurs - realizing)
The summit was an ambush. Sir, it's a
coordinated attack. Recommend we go to
DefCon One.

McKittredge's face darkens and he nods.

VICE-PRESIDENT
Do it! And activate Eagle Alert. Lock
down all homeland targets. Get every
civilian aircraft out of the sky.

Major Walden stares at the telemetry on her screens.

MAJOR WALDEN
We're missing something here.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Major?

MAJOR WALDEN
Their ships and planes. They're pre-
historic. If we open up on them, we're
gonna wipe them out.

SAM
Then let's wipe 'em out.

We push in on the radar screen. Hundreds of planes charging
toward each other.

INT. ENEMY CONTROL ROOM -- THE CARRIER TRIBUTS

The enemy's command center. The diametric opposite of their
American counterparts -- no laptops, no servers, no plasmas --
spartan and simple.

COMMANDER PETROV
*American planes are closing, sir. More
squadrons than we can count.*

Galkin looks out the large windows of the ship's bridge. On
the horizon, the sky darkens with a line of American
fighters. An approaching shit-storm of death and destruction.

GENERAL GALKIN
*Books will be written about this day...
Our children's children will honor this
day. The eyes of history are upon us...*
(beat)
*Commander Petrov, it's time to change the
world.*

Commander Petrov nods, removes A KEY from a chain around his
neck and inserts it into a COMMAND CONSOLE. Turns it. The
console comes to life.

OVER THE PACIFIC -- AMOROUS ENNIS -- SAME

Ellis rights the plane as he gains altitude. Baby Ruth checks his screen, sees the American incomings.

BABY RUTH
Cavalry's incoming, 95 and closing.

ELLIS
Okay Ruthie. Time to show these relics
what an ass-kicking means. Enable weapons
and configure.

Ellis chokes the yoke, digging the Ennis into a angry turn.

Ruth's eyes his display as it flickers and dances. He smacks the screen...

BABY RUTH
Ellis... I just lost radar and GPS tells
me we're over the Adriatic. Big problem.

Ellis checks his gauges, the plane lurching slightly...

ELLIS
I've got a flameout in number two.
Bigger problem.

...the jet banks into a hard left...then goes completely
mad... Oh Shit!

Suddenly, inexplicably, Amorous Ennis becomes a modern-day
bucking bronco with the cinch pulled far too tight...

BACK WITH ELLIS -- IN THE COCKPIT

Ellis spars with his yoke...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Quicksilver, this is Ennis, I've got
complete systems failure...

BABY RUTH
Ellis! We're uncorking!! What's going on!

ELLIS
I don't kn... I don't...

Every valve, hinge and hydraulic acts on its own, the plane
thrashing violently, until...

...in a terrifying reprise, the plane dives straight for the
water below and begins to spin...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
Oh shit... We're going down, Ruth! We're
going down... Blow us out of here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baby Ruth tries to get a hold of the ejection ring, but the plane's spinning too hard.

BABY RUTH

I...

ELLIS

Blow us...!

Like a falling rock, the Amorous Ennis corkscrews the water!

UNDERWATER.

The Tomcat's wings SHEAR OFF from the force, but the cockpit remains intact, spinning at speed, whipping, twirling -- streaming oxygenated contrails in its wake...

IN THE COCKPIT -

We can barely make out what's going on. A rush of images. Dizzying. A hand finds a ring. PULLS and...

BOOM!

The CANOPY BLOWS OFF and...

TWO SEATS launch upward from the cockpit! Torpedoing through the water.

One seat CLEARS THE CANOPY, but the other...

SLAMS RIGHT INTO IT, SPIDER-CRACKING THE GLASS.

ABOVE THE WATER

The churning sea breaks as ELLIS shoots from the water, flying high into the air... into the flight path of...

A PAIR OF MIGs!

SCREAMING TOWARD HIM, FIFTY FEET OFF THE WATER...

SENDING TWENTY FOOT ROOSTER-TAILS into the air.

ELLIS is rocked by jet wash as the planes' wings narrowly miss him by a matter of feet.

His parachute deploys in a tangled mess as he tumbles back down into the water --

UNDERWATER.

Ellis unbuckles under the water, and before he gets his bearings, a terrible image is seared into his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Cockpit of the AMOROUS ENNIS spiraling to the floor of the Pacific followed by the plane's bloody canopy, cradling the broken body of Baby Ruth, as it too, sinks to a watery grave.

AT THE WATERLINE

Ellis emerges, gasping for breath...

... SHADOWS flick just overhead ...

The sky is filled with MIGs. And Tomcats. And Hornets.

MiGs launching missiles. Tomcats spinning into the sea. Hornets being BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY. In short... a massacre.

THE USS ROOSEVELT

ON THE DECK -- An AMERICAN PILOT frantically works to fire up his F-18. The plane is non-responsive.

A CLOUD OF HOSTILE PLANES descend like locusts.

CARRIER PILOT

Tower this is Einstein. The plane is dead. Repeat the plane is...

The Pilot tries again as the enemy horde OPENS FIRE...

CARRIER PILOT (CONT'D)

Dead.

BA-BOOM! The F-18 EXPLODES IN A CONVULSION OF FIRE...

AS THE ENEMY UNLEASHES.

And we're utterly defenseless.

F-18s sit lame on the runways. F-14s are cold-catapulted off carrier decks...

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS sit stoic...

AMERICAN A.A. MISSILES flail about like so many errant Vanguard test launches...

A complete, chaotic, one-sided disaster...

...because the enemy suffers no such malady. Their machine guns true, their missiles hammering home time and time again....

In the span of ninety seconds the Roosevelt is decimated, left in flaming ruin.

A surprise attack as one-sided and decisive as another in the Pacific many years ago...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- THE CARRIER TRIBUTS -- SAME

Over retrograded radio, we hear the pilots report back in from their destructive sorties.

Commander Petrov crosses to Galkin...

COMMANDER PETROV
Our squadrons are returning. The
American battlegroup is destroyed.

GENERAL GALKIN
Very well Commander. Target the American
Continent and put me through to the White
House.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY -- SAME

Maggie is on her cell phone, just outside the Roosevelt Room, talking with her kids...

MAGGIE
Come on, honey. It's just a game.
(a wince)
I know you're tired of losing, but we'll
get 'em next time. I promise... Did
Rachel's Mom bring snack? What do you
mean Twinkies?... Does she even know how
much sugar's in those?

A staffer runs by Maggie, tears streaming down her face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Hey buggy-bug, can you hang on a second?

Maggie looks down the hall to see solemn people gathered around a television set. She crosses to investigate.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What? Not tonight, sweetie... Well, what
did Daddy say?... Okay, one hour, but
that's all. And tell Daddy I'll be home
as soon as I...

Maggie stops cold when she finally sees the television.
PRESIDENT CRAWFORD DEAD. Images of bloody bodies being
gurneyed out of the Kremlin.

The phone drops from Maggie's ear. Her eyes are wide.

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)
... hardly believable that this massacre
could have taken place. Bystanders are
stunned, many wandering around at a
complete loss as word begins to spread.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CNN REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once again, the American President has been assassinated in Moscow.

The television clicks off. The teary-eyed White House Press Secretary steps forward and pops the tape from the VCR.

PRESS SECRETARY

CNN's gonna run this in less than five minutes. I need you...

(pulling herself together)

I need you to put your feelings aside and help me get statements ready.

We hold on Maggie's face as the news sinks in.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM -- SAME

Screens show satellite shots of the flaming Carrier, fingers fly on computer keyboards, phones ring. Orders barked. Controlled chaos. Dialog rapid-firing.

MAJOR WALDEN

Sir. The Roosevelt's not responding.

SAM

No shit, it's not responding. They just blew the damn thing up! I thought you said we'd wipe 'em out.

Walden shoots him a look: Not now.

GEN. O'CONNOR

The 115th and the 31st have launched from Pearl and are moving to intercept.

VICE-PRESIDENT (VIDEO)

Paul, they took out a battlegroup. An entire battlegroup. How is that possible?

GEN. O'CONNOR

Sir, we're working on it.

VICE-PRESIDENT (VIDEO)

Work faster. And stand by Nuclear Packages Alpha, Omega and X-Ray...

A White House Staffer tries to interrupt.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

Sir?

VICE-PRESIDENT

... they keep coming, we'll blow the sons-a-bitches into hell itself.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEN. O'CONNOR

All assets are at Defcon 1. Missiles are fueled and long range bombers are standing by. Still no word from Moscow.

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

Sir!

GEN. O'CONNOR

What!?

WHITE HOUSE STAFFER

It's General Galkin. He's on the line.

The room goes silent.

VICE-PRESIDENT

Put him on.

The Staffer presses a telecom button. A plasma screen comes to life with the image of GEN. IVAN GALKIN.

VICE-PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

General Galkin... This is Vice-President McKittredge. Are you insane? Do you have any idea what you've done?

GENERAL GALKIN (VIDEO SCREEN)

How very American of you... Preferring to see your enemy as a madman, rather than trying to understand his cause... No, I'm not insane. Yes, I know what I've done.

MAJOR WALDEN

Transmission's coming from the Pacific.

GENERAL GALKIN (VIDEO SCREEN)

Your country's choice to interfere in internal Russian politics and deploy troops against my nation was an attack on our very sovereignty. As the late President Crawford said oh so eloquently in his speech to the United Nations... "There comes a time when civilized nations must draw a line in the sand. There comes a moment when history demands that we stand up to aggression and say, No more." For me, that moment is now.

MAJOR WALDEN

He's on one of those ships.

INT. ENEMY COMMAND CENTER - CARRIER TRIBUTS

General Galkin stares into a laptop camera connected to a satellite phone. His demeanor is serious, intense. He believes every word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALKIN

For the past century, America has used its wealth and technology as her fundamental weapons of imperialist abuse. From this day forward, the United States will no longer be allowed to force its will on weaker nations and the United States will no longer be permitted to intimidate its allies and bully its rivals, because by the time I'm through, the United States will have ceased to exist.

BACK IN THE SITUATION ROOM - Galkin's image looms large.

GALKIN (VIDEO SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Gentlemen... this is a declaration of war. You now have exactly five seconds of military supremacy remaining. Four, three, two, one...

The screen goes static. A moment of stunned silence.

CUT TO:

THUNDERBOLT MONTAGE -- MOVING WEST TO EAST

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- 405 FREEWAY -- DAY

The 405 moving along at an unusually brisk clip.

When suddenly, airbags deploy, anti-lock brakes seize, transmissions lock...

The freeway is brought to a jarring standstill.

ON THE LAS VEGAS STRIP

Stoplights stop. Flashing neons die like dominoes down the Strip...

INT. LOS ALAMOS TRACKING STATION -- CONTROL -- SAME

The AIR FORCE TECHS watch as one-by-one, all of their monitors flicker and die.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, WEST WING - DAY

Just as they light up with CNN's breaking news, the television monitors go black, one-by-one. Lights flash. Phones go silent.

INT. ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

The Television in here goes off as well. Cell phones die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie looks to her digital watch: glimpses "12:06" before it too goes black...

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SIGNAL ROOM - DAY

The monitors on the Molink phone system go black.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Monitors, plasmas, computers, telecom systems -- all flicker, flash...

ON A STROBING MONITOR - We see glimpses of chaos aboard the Vice-President's plane. Shouts. Something's wrong.

And then suddenly everything goes dead and silent.

GEN. O'CONNOR
What in God's name...?

INT. THE FLOOR OF THE NYSE -- SAME

Bodies packed shank-to-flank. Orders are barked. Cell phones clamor. Tech's getting pummeled again.

Business as usual. Until, all at once, it's not.

Cell phones go dead. Tickers go black. Lights go out. Traders look to each other in astonished bewilderment.

AND WITH A LONG SHOT OF MANHATTAN

We sense the enormity of it all.

Powerlines sparkle and snap. Lights flash and blow in towering skyscrapers...

Massive crowds emerge onto the city streets, making their way around gridlocked and abandoned vehicles...

And from this chaos we....

CUT TO:

A LURE BOBBING ON LAKE WINNETONKA

Where Bull and Mac Boyer sit in their dinghy amidst the serene beauty of Lake Winnetonka...

MAC
It just bothers me, that's all.

BULL
How long you and Luce been married?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC
Fifty-two years.

BULL
How long she been doing it?

MAC
Since I've known her.

Bull shakes his head...

MAC (CONT'D)
What?

BULL
Mac, you're seventy-five years old. Your
window for complainin' expired five
Presidents ago...
(beat)
Besides, 'lot of people piss in the
shower.

MAC
Don't make it right.

Bull starts to bait a new line...

MAC (CONT'D)
Let's go. You're not going to catch
anything...

BULL
How do you know? You haven't even been
fishing.

MAC
You have.

BULL
Fair warning, Boyer. You been an uptight
son-a-bitch all day. Keep it up at poker
tonight I'll whip your geriatric ass.

MAC
(cracking a smile)
Bring it on, old man.

BULL
Alright, alright...

Bull, acquiescing, reels in his line. Turns back to the shiny
new MOTOR. Hits 'Start.' Nothing happens...

BULL (CONT'D)
What the hell...

Hits it again. Same non-result...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BULL (CONT'D)

This is a brand new motor. Top-of-the-line Evinrude...

MAC

The old one worked just fine. Why'd you get rid of it?

BULL

Rusty! Old features, old parts. The thing was obsolete...

Mac retrieves a set of oars. Hands one to Bull...

MAC

Maybe so. But she never quit on you.

The men row for shore, as, suddenly, the tree line SHAKES!

WAWOOOSSSHHH!!!

A Cessna Twin-prop plunges from out of the sky and into Lake Winnetonka with an enormous SPLASH...

Without hesitation, Mac Boyer is in the water, swimming for the site...

Bull hangs on as the wake of the crash threatens to tip the 12-footer...

BULL

Mac! Mac!

Bull paddles madly for the scene, as Mac reaches the terrified but intact PILOT....

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SITUATION ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Dim emergency light. Bodies rush in and out. Voices are raised. An Intel Op bangs futilely at a phone. Another rips off his headset in disgust.

MAJOR WALDEN

Internet's down. Emergency Broadcast System's down. All Cable, Cellular and Network Operations down.

INTEL OP

It's not just telecom. Gas, water, electric, you name it. Our whole infrastructure is down.

SAM

This is crazy. No weapon on earth could do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR WALDEN

An Electro-Magnetic Pulse could. An EMP'd kill anything computer based. Anything that touches a server, router or chip... Dead and gone.

COPLEY

That's practically our whole strategic defense.

MAJOR WALDEN

Practically? Every plane, tank, jeep, missile, ship and sub we have is run by computer. Hell, you can't start your Lexus or make a cup of coffee without Intel inside.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Our domestic bases have rudimentary morse-code transmitters, no chips. I want them on-line now.

SAM

I thought EMP's were caused by nuclear detonations. There's no indication of anything like that.

MAJOR WALDEN

Which means we're looking at something new.

(to Navy Intel officer)

I need any and all briefings on Electronic Sabotage, E-Bombs, Fiber-optic vulnerabilities.

NAVY INTEL

Can't.

MAJOR WALDEN

Not in my dictionary.

NAVY INTEL

Then look up impossible. All reports are created and stored electronically.

MAJOR WALDEN

Jones, how many electronic, pulse, nano-tech weapons did the Russians test last year?

NSA JONES

I have no idea.

MAJOR WALDEN

Jones, you're the NSA specialist on Russian experimental weaponry. How many?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NSA JONES
Twenty. Maybe thirty...
(knows this answer sucks)
...look, it's all on my Dell.

GENERAL O'CONNOR
Someone get a message to Norad. See if
they're still running. If so, they may be
able to analyze the attack.

COPLEY
General... if all of our technology is
down, doesn't that leave us...

GEN. O'CONNOR
Defenseless... Timing on that fleet if
they continue on course?

NAVY INTEL
If we look at the last Sat shots before
we went down, take their heading and
model it forward....

On a paper printout, the Intel takes a straight-edge and
continues the fleet's course...

GEN. O'CONNOR
Los Angeles.

NAVY INTEL
In about seventy-six hours.

SAM
Jesus Christ... they're going to invade.

The Signal Officer enters the room, holding a piece of paper.

AIR FORCE SIGNAL OFFICER
Sir. We just got a shortwave from
Andrews. The Vice-President's plane was
on final approach when the pulse began.
(beat)
It didn't make it.

Copley swallows hard. Sam Donnelly blanches.

SAM
God. The Speaker was on that plane too.

Gen. O'Connor draws in a quick sharp breath. No time to
mourn. There's a country to defend.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Mr. Donnelly. America's under attack. Who
is my Commander-in-Chief?

CUT TO:

AERIAL VIEW - PUSHING IN ON THE WHITE HOUSE -

SAM (V.O.)
I don't need to tell you that this is as serious as it gets...

INT. ROOSEVELT ROOM - DAY

Sam Donnelly stands at the head of a conference table, surrounded by the President's somber cabinet.

SAM
Our military defenses are down. Most of the senior administration's been wiped out. We've got no one calling the shots.

Sam circles the conference table.

SAM (CONT'D)
The Presidential Succession Act of 1947 states that any vacancy in the office of the President is to be immediately filled by the surviving cabinet officer who is next in the line of succession. Ordinarily it would be the Secretary of Defense, but Congress has yet to confirm O'Neal...

(Sam nods at one of the suits)
... and Kendrick's Canadian by birth so constitutionally he can't hold the office. Madame Secretary...

Sam turns to Maggie Heflin caught in the gravity of history, but still wearing her coach's shirt.

SAM (CONT'D)
... that leaves you.

MAGGIE
Excuse me?

SAM
You're next in line.

Maggie becomes aware of the two Secret Service agents flanking her.

MAGGIE
For godsakes, Sam... I'm just the Secretary of the Interior.

SAM
Not anymore.

And we're now aware of a silver-haired Septuagenarian in the corner of the room. FRANKLIN DAY, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America, steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUSTICE DAY

Madame Secretary, would you please raise
your right hand and place your left hand
on the Bible.

MAGGIE

Sam...

JUSTICE DAY

I, Margaret Ellen Heflin...

Maggie suddenly becomes aware of all the eyes in the room,
half of them judging her, the other half, bearing witness to
history. Her lips quiver slightly as she repeats the words.

JUSTICE DAY (CONT'D)

(again, but more insistent)

I, Margaret Ellen Heflin...

MAGGIE

I, Margaret Ellen Heflin...

JUSTICE DAY

Do solemnly swear...

MAGGIE

Do solemnly swear...

JUSTICE DAY

That I will faithfully execute the office
of President of the United States...

MAGGIE

That I will faithfully execute the office
of President of the United States...

JUSTICE DAY

And will, to the best of my ability...

MAGGIE

And will, to the best of my ability...

JUSTICE DAY

Preserve, protect, and defend the
Constitution of the United States.

MAGGIE

Preserve, protect, and defend the
Constitution of the United States.

JUSTICE DAY

So help me God.

Maggie takes a beat. Then...

MAGGIE

So help me God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Before Maggie can process what's just happened, Sam turns to the Cabinet Members.

SAM
Gentlemen, please see to your
Departments.... Madame President, you're
needed in the Situation Room.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN PACIFIC -- DAY

Where an injured, sunburned, life-jacketed Wayne Ellis bobs in the swells, barely conscious...

Behind him, the left side of frame is consumed by a dark, vertical line, swallowing the screen...

A MASSIVE SHIP. Russian Cyrillic painted across the bow...

Ellis' squinted eyes look up to the SHIP'S DECK to see...

The SOLDIERS upon it and the twenty AK-47s trained on him.

EXT. DECK OF THE CARRIER TRIBUTS --

Two SOLDIERS drag a soaking and battered Ellis onboard.

UP IN THE CARRIER'S TOWER

General Ivan Galkin looks down on this conflict's first P.O.W. Their eyes locking ever so briefly...

COMMANDER PETROV
*It's confirmed, General. The Americans
are blind.*

Galkin eyes a map of the United States.

GALKIN
*Very well, Commander. Execute course
change... Take us to our true heading.*

The Officers make several precise compass moves on NAUTICAL MAPS.

The massive vessel begins to turn, leading the armada to its true destination...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SUB-BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam leads Maggie down the marble hallway, followed by Secret Service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

... our cities are without power or running water, and the only communication we have is short range or shortwave radio.

General O'Connor meets them in the hallway.

SAM (CONT'D)

Madame President. This is General Paul O'Connor! --

MAGGIE

(she takes it)

O'Connor. Chair of the Joint Chiefs. Oversaw military operations in Iraqi Freedom.

(extends her hand)

Margaret --

GEN. O'CONNOR

Heflin. Former Secretary of the Interior. Saved a hundred-year-old Redwood in Yosemite last September...

(beat - he holds her eye)

Looks like you might have to save it again.

O'Connor leads her into...

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

As the crew enters, all the military comes to attention, for Maggie... For President Heflin.

MAGGIE

No. Please... You don't have to...

GEN. O'CONNOR

(sotto - correcting)

Yes, they do... Major Walden...

MAJOR WALDEN

We just got word through MARS relays that Norad's up and running, but everything that feeds the mountain's off-line.

GEN. O'CONNOR

So NorthCom's as blind as we are. What about Europe?

MAJOR WALDEN

USEUCOM launched a squadron out of Incirlik to recon Russian defenses.

MAGGIE

(to Sam)

USEUCOM?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
U.S. European Command. Controls our
overseas bases...

MAJOR WALDEN
When the flight hit Russian airspace, all
the planes failed... the whole squadron
went down.

COPLEY
Well that's just great. You're telling me
that they can hit us, but we can't hit
them. How the hell are they doing it?

MAJOR WALDEN
We're working on it, sir.
(beat)
Madame President. Galkin's fleet is three
days from L.A. and we have zero
capability. NorthCom doesn't have
anything on the books for this. How do
you want us to respond?

All eyes on Maggie and boy does she feel it. Deer in the
headlights time. Her lip quivers, her eyes show abject fear
as she stammers...

MAGGIE
Well, uh, we should begin to rally our
allies and...

The room looks to one another: Allies?

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
...and ensure the safety... of our
citizens...

Silence. Oh man are we fucked. Good work, Coach.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Madame President. Perhaps you and I
could talk for a moment. Alone.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Where a shaken Maggie and O'Connor emerge...

GEN. O'CONNOR
That. Didn't go well.

MAGGIE
I know. I'm sorry.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Don't be sorry. Sorry is just an excuse
to do it again. And what just happened in
there, it can't happen again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEN. O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

I know you don't know what the hell to do, but you can't let everybody else know it too. You ask for options. You ask for consequences and when it comes time to make the call, you make the call. Half the time doesn't even matter if the decision's any good. What matters is that you make it.

Maggie looks to her shoes...

GEN. O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

We'll get through this. I'm here.

Maggie raises her eyes to O'Connor. Gives a slow nod.

MAGGIE

So what do we do?

GEN. O'CONNOR

First: we're going to figure out what the hell just happened to us. The FBI and Secret Service are going to seek out and question anyone and everyone who's ever worked in electronic warfare, fiber-optic sabotage, satellite delivery, black-box weapon systems, Microsoft, AOL, Radio Shack or got the high score on their buddy's Playstation. Second: we're going to make sure that our people have basic provisions so we stop any national panic before it starts. Third: We move every asset we can to L.A. and prepare to defend ourselves against whatever it is these sons-a-bitches think they're gonna do. In my experience, you can't respond to your enemy from two thousand miles away. You need to look 'em in the eye.

MAGGIE

Right. Okay. Let's do that.

O' Connor gives a curt nod, prepares to re-enter the room...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

General, one question... If we're knocked back to 1950, how can we possibly defend ourselves?

GEN. O'CONNOR

We're gonna pretend it's 1949.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- THE CARRIER TRIBUTS -- SAME

An ENEMY LIEUTENANT leads TWO LARGE SOLDIERS who drag Ellis down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Lieutenant opens a particular metal door. The GUARDS violently throw Wayne Ellis into his 5' x 5' cell -- a metal crapper its only amenity...

ELLIS

Hey Smokey, before you lock me away, mind telling me what the hell it was knocked my plane out of the sky?

ENEMY LIEUTENANT

I'd be more worried about yourself if I were you. You don't look so good.

ELLIS

Yeah, well... Neither do you. And I can be patched up.

The Enemy Lieutenant smirks.

ENEMY LIEUTENANT

Don't be so sure. According to the doctors, you're seriously injured. Most likely mortally.

Ellis shrugs: so?

ENEMY LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

They tell me that sea maggots have found their way into your stomach cavity. Apparently, they gnaw at your liver and stomach lining as we speak. The wound hasn't been stitched, cleaned or disinfected. You see, infection at this degree inflicts far more pain and suffering than any methodology ever concocted by man. So to torture or beat you now would be a bit like, how do you say, gilding the lily.

ELLIS

Look, before you start trying to scare me with speeches about pain and torture and shit, you should know, and I'm not saying this in the normal, figure-of-speech kind of way: you have no idea who you're dealing with.

The Lieutenant gives Ellis a confident smile...

ENEMY LIEUTENANT

And, obviously, neither do you.

...before he slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC -- BOLLING AFB -- DAY

A FLIGHT TECH walks Maggie (who carries a stack of texts under her arm), Gen. O'Connor, Major Walden, the Secret Service Agents and a coterie of Military and Intelligence Ops across the tarmac...

FLIGHT TECH

What took you so long?

AGENT LINDUS

Freeways were gridlocked. Drove out here in a '57 Chevy. Couldn't get anything else started.

FLIGHT TECH

Tell me about it. In fact, there's only one aircraft on premises we can get in the air. Should have you to Davis-Montham in about four hours.

The camera swings around -- to reveal a hulking, old Ford TriMotor, built in 1942; inscribed on the door in flaking blue paint: AIR FORCE ONE.

MAGGIE

You sure she'll make it?

FLIGHT TECH

Hasn't flown in twenty-seven years, but she never let Eisenhower down.

The team ascends the stairwell.

Maggie lingers, watching the other passengers file by -- CIA, DOD, NCOs -- trained soldiers, strategists, liars and killers -- men and women of a different world...

Maggie pauses, momentarily alone, the enormity of the task weighing on her. She looks to the gray sky for a long moment...

...and then climbs the steps of Eisenhower's Air Force One.

CUT TO:

INT. PEORIA VETERANS HOME -- HALLWAY -- SAME

Mac, wrapped in a towel, and Bull, fishing gear in hand, enter the home...

BULL

I still say he was liquored. When's the last time you saw two prop engines go out at the exact same time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC

Maybe they were top-of-the-line
Evinrudes.

BULL

And people say the elderly ain't funny.
By the way, Senior Swim's at five. You
may want to get your floaties and head
over.

Power's out, TVs on the fritz...

LUCILLE (MAC'S WIFE, O.S.)

Mackenzie Boyer?! Biggest power outage
in a decade and you decide to go fishing?
That better be you!

MAC

Aww Hell. Gotta go.

Mac sets off...

Bull goes across the hall, pushing open the door to...

ERNIE'S ROOM -- SAME

Where an elderly MAN (ERNIE), dressed in his Saturday finest,
sits forlornly on his bed....

BULL

Hey Ernie, you got any cigs?
(Ernie doesn't move)
What's wrong? How's your kid?

Ernie looks up with sad eyes...

ERNIE

They forgot... Again.

Bull looks at his shoes, nods; ouch.

BULL

Want to see if you can win back some of
that backgammon money?

Ernie's non-responsive....

BULL (CONT'D)

Regular stakes? Nickel a chip?

Bull lays out the board...

BULL (CONT'D)

How much do you owe me again? I forgot.

Sets the pieces...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BULL (CONT'D)
C'mon. How much Pops?

Ernie cracks the slightest of smiles...

ERNIE
One million, four hundred and twenty two thousand dollars.

BULL
That's right you do. Your great-grandkids are never gonna forgive you, old man.

As Bull rolls the dice...

BULL (CONT'D)
C'mon now, let's put a little excitement in our afternoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. EISENHOWER'S AFO -- 20,000 FEET

The TriMotor churns through the gray skies.

INT. EISENHOWER'S AFO -- SAME

Panning down the cabin...

Old-school Presidential Elegance. Loud. Bumpy. Shag-carpet. Faux-wood walls. Chalkboards and Men with Maps instead of Laptops and Men with Footballs.

To find a meeting in progress...

COPLEY
There were no chips on Fat Man and Little Boy. Why don't we just load a couple of nukes on an old B-29 and Hiroshima the entire fleet?

MAJOR WALDEN
Not a bad idea. Except for one small detail. We don't have access to our warheads.

COPLEY
What do you mean, don't have access?

MAJOR WALDEN
Our nuclear arsenal is guarded by the most sophisticated computerized security system in the world.

MAGGIE
Computerized... you mean...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAJOR WALDEN

When the pulse hit all the cypher locks
shut down. No one can get in.

Maggie pushes away from the conversation... she's holding
herself together, but knows she's out of her league. The
conversation continues behind her...

COPLEY

Then break down the goddamn doors.

O'Connor takes a moment to look Maggie over - Still in her
Soccer attire: Adidas tennies, Gap khakis, hooded sweatshirt.

INTEL OP

The system's designed to prevent that,
sir. Any attempt to break in by force,
the warheads are destroyed.

COPLEY

Brilliant.

INTEL OP

We thought so at the time.

He also eyes the stack of books Maggie's brought along for
the ride, as if she'd have time to read:

"We Were in Vietnam: A Comprehensive Guide"

"Art of War: Eyewitness U.S. Combat"

"Battle of Alamein: Turning Point, World War II."

The General, knowing what it takes to be a leader of men,
looks concerned.

CUT TO:

A FLASHLIGHT shines across the CONTENTS OF A CLOSET.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

What about the one in the bedroom?

MAC (O.S.)

It's dead too.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

Maybe it needs new batteries.

MAC (O.S.)

Those were new batteries.

The LIGHT ILLUMINATES an old CARDBOARD BOX. Hands push it
open to reveal... A VINTAGE TRANSISTOR RADIO.

INT. MAC'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Lucille lights candles, filling the room with a warm glow as Mac fiddles with ancient radio. Static on every channel.

MAC

I tell you it's weird. It's like no one's transmitting.

LUCILLE

Remember when we were stationed at Edwards and those storms would knock out the power. Remember how I'd light some candles while you ran a bath... Remember that, Mac.

MAC

That was a long time ago, Luce.

LUCILLE

I know. That's why I was thinking... wouldn't it be nice if...

A SQUELCH on the transistor cuts her off.

MAC

Hang on... I'm getting something.

Mac toys with the dial... Finally tuning in....

RADIO

...lines and water mains should be turned to the off position. Canned goods, bottled water and basic shelter will be made available at local high schools...

MAC

Hey Lucille? I think something's happened.

CUT TO:

A RETRO MILITARY MOTORCADE BURNING ACROSS THE NEVADA DESERT

EXT. DAVIS-MONTHAN AIR FORCE BASE -- SONORA DESERT -- NIGHT

A rising moon is washed out as a pair of headlights wipe the screen. The doors of a Jeep open and close.

President Maggie Heflin, General O'Connor and the others join the DAVIS-MONTHAN BASE COMMANDER as he stands in a circle of indistinguishable shadows.

BASE COMMANDER

General Montgomery Dean, Commander of Davis-Monthan Air Force base. I understand you need some hardware.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEN. O'CONNOR
Yes, sir. Can you help?

BASE COMMANDER
Madame President. General. Welcome to the
Boneyard.

The BASE COMMANDER flips a switch. Rows of STADIUM LIGHTS
sequentially spark to life, revealing an unbelievable
sight...

Encrusted in rust and grime, encased in coffins of cobwebs
sit phalanx after phalanx of the time-forgotten solutions to
a century's worth of disagreements.

1944 P-51 Warbirds, 1939 Sherman Tanks, 1955 Grumman
Hellcats, WWII Amphibious Landers...they stretch for as far
as the eye can see...

BASE COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Just about every bucket of bolts we ever
put out to pasture... all right here in
Central Nevada.

MAJOR WALDEN
And not an Intel chip in the joint.

Our crew walks among these ghosts of iron and steel...

MAGGIE
Why do we keep them?

BASE COMMANDER
Spare parts... History...

GEN. O'CONNOR
A day like today.

MAGGIE
And you plan to get this up and running
and to Los Angeles...

GEN. O'CONNOR
... in three days time.

MAGGIE
(to Base Commander)
Is that even possible?

BASE COMMANDER
You kidding? You know how many men we'd
need to put these ghosts in service?

GEN. O'CONNOR
How many?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COMMANDER'S LIEUTENANT
Doesn't matter cuz even if we had 'em,
how many you think know how these old
gals work.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Let's find out.
(to Maggie)
Ready for your first Presidential
Address?

CUT TO:

BLACK. A distant, static-plagued broadcast slowly emerges...

EMERGENCY BROADCAST (V.O.)
All water should be boiled over an open
flame. An 8 o'clock National curfew will
be in place until you are otherwise
notified. Now, a special announcement
from the President of the United
States...

INT. DAVIS-MONTHAN -- MAKESHIFT COMM ROOM -- LATER

The Emergency Broadcast soldier rises from his seat. Maggie
Heflin, in vintage headphones, surrounded by Soldiers and
Engineers, sits before the old epiphone mic....

MAGGIE
(takes a deep breath)
My fellow Americans...God...My fellow
Americans, my name is Margaret Heflin.

She's unsure, nervous, a quick look to O'Connor...

GEN. O'CONNOR
You can do this. Be strong.

MAGGIE
I realize that most of you don't know who
I am...Until recently I was the United
States Secretary of the Interior.

GEN. O'CONNOR
(to engineer)
Who are we broadcasting to?

ENGINEER
Shortwave, ULF and the Military
Affiliates Radio Service. Anybody with a
transistor, a HAM, or a directional
antenna should be right as rain....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Due to the recent tragic events and the deaths of Senior Administration officials, I am now the current President of the United States and the Commander of our military, which I know probably doesn't inspire great confidence...

(this isn't going well, she collects herself)

At 1:30 pm Pacific time the United States was suddenly and deliberately attacked with an unknown weapon that has crippled much of our national defense.

(with more confidence now)

This is an unprecedented event in our Nation's History. The United States Military and Intelligence Communities believe that an invasion force is currently headed for the west coast of the continental United States.

A NEBRASKA FARMHOUSE -- DUSK

A farming family and several workers surround a shortwave on the porch...

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Tonight, we are a country faced with our darkest hour. But we will emerge from this darkness.

MAC'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Mac and Lucille hover over the radio ...

MAGGIE (V.O.)

We are currently working to restore the infrastructure of our country, to return utilities and services to our towns and communities.

A PHOENIX HOSPITAL -- SAME

Where a dedicated staff still mans their ward guided by flashlights and candles...

MAGGIE (V.O.)

Our military is working diligently to mount our defenses and assess all strategic options available.

INT. PEORIA VETERANS HOME -- ERNIE'S ROOM -- SAME

Ernie moves his backgammon pieces as Mac and Lucille enter. Mac holds the radio...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC

Fellas, you're going to want to hear this...

Mac turns it up...

MAGGIE (RADIO)

... tonight, America faces an extraordinary challenge. It is because of this extraordinary challenge that I come to you with an extraordinary and unprecedented request. To the brave men who have already served this nation so courageously in Vietnam, Korea and the Second World War...Your country needs you a second time. Anyone experienced with the maintenance or operation of pre-computerized military equipment, including planes, tanks, missiles, or bombs... Anyone with access to your own supplies, uniforms or munitions, the United States Government requests that you bring them to Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in Nevada. Should you have access to a vehicle that operates without on-board electronics the United States Government requests that you bring it as well. For those that are willing and able, further details will be provided upon your arrival.

Ernie lists the requested items on his yellow pad...

INT. DAVIS-MONTHAN -- MAKESHIFT COMM ROOM -- SAME

Maggie continues her address...

MAGGIE (CONT.)

It is critical that we maintain order in our towns and cities. A food-rationing program is being implemented through community centers and local hospitals in the next 48 hours. Although we may not have the surplus we're accustomed to, no one will go without.

(beat)

Now, I need to be honest with you people. As all of you can probably tell, I'm really not someone who's accustomed to doing this.

INT. MAGGIE HEFLIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

The Heflin family - Maggie's husband Michael and her kids, Simon and Annie, sit around the kitchen table, faces illuminated by candles, listening as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I lead a simple life and my final point is a simple one. We need to be there for each other right now, regardless of race, religion, color or creed. We are Americans first and we are Americans foremost.

INT. DAVIS-MONTHAM -- MAKESHIFT COMM ROOM

On Maggie, bringing it home...

MAGGIE

And it is because we are Americans that we will persist, we will persevere and we will prevail.

(beat)

God Bless America.

A tremulous Maggie pushes the Mic back to the Soldier who resumes his Emergency Broadcast.....

Maggie exhales, tenuously removes her headphones, slowly rises, and heads outside.

O'Connor watches, then follows....

OUTSIDE

To find Maggie retching into the desert brush.

O'Connor paternally holds her hair as the heaves subside...

GEN. O'CONNOR

You did good.

MAGGIE

I was a College Dean when I was tapped for this job -- I deal with land use, forest preservation, and resource management. I lobby, I build consensus, I have smart opinions! But this?! I can't do this! I didn't sign up for this!!

GEN. O'CONNOR

I didn't either.

(beat)

Madame President, for most situations in life, all we ever have are two fundamental choices. To rise to the occasion, or to fail. Now, whether you like it or not, whether you signed up for it or not, the millions of men, women and children of this nation are relying upon you to protect them. And you have to choose. Are you gonna rise, or are you gonna fail?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And with that, O'Connor exits, leaving Maggie alone with the endless desert sky....

CUT TO:

INT. ERNIE'S ROOM -- SAME

Bull turns off his radio. He, Mac and Ernie look at one another, thunderstruck...

BULL
(speaking very slowly)
America was attacked this morning.
They're headed for California.

A long beat...

MAC
What do you have on that list there,
Ernie?

ERNIE
(reading)
Old guns. Old Cars. Old guys.

MAC
Well...we got all that shit...

ERNIE
You aren't talking about headin' out
there, are you?

BULL
Did you hear what she said? America was
attacked.

ERNIE
Now, come on fellas -- how much help
could we be? I feel terrible half the
time -- I'd have to bring a truckload of
meds...and if there's a long drive
involved, which there is, my bladder's
gonna pose a genuine problem...

Bull nods, then looks over to Mac, the former ace, the leader
of the group, who stares solemnly at the floor.

INT. MAC'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mac stands quietly in his living room, his eyes focused on a
bureau where TWO AMERICAN FLAGS sit side-by-side, folded into
triangles. Between them...

A photo: three similar, smiling young boys (the youngest of
which looks a lot like Mac) on the porch of a modest Texas
home.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mac removes a faded garment bag labelled "USAF" from the closet. He turns round to see Lucille in the doorway. A beat.

MAC

They just need a little help with their planes is all.

Lucille pushes past Mac and opens up the dresser drawer and starts pulling out clothing.

MAC (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LUCILLE

What's it look like? I'm packing.

MAC

(surprised)

You walking out on me?

LUCILLE

Mac... I've been an Air Force wife for fifty-two years. I'm doing what I always do...

(beat)

I'm coming with you.

Mac raises an eyebrow.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Don't argue.

MAC

I wasn't going to.

INT. PEORIA VETERANS HOME LOBBY --

Mac strides down the stairs in his old Air Force Dress Blues, lovely Lucille at his side.

The buttons may be a bit taut and the sleeves a tad short but, judging from the women in this lobby on this day, they still love a man in uniform...

EXT. PEORIA VETERANS HOME ENTRANCE --

Mac, Bull and Ernie, all in Uniform, descend the building's steps; a septuagenarian Force Ten from Navarone. Lucille several steps behind.

The not-so-brave, and not-so-well members of the retirement community look on, as what's left of the greatest generation loads into Bull's '65 Thunderbird.

As Bull starts the car, he turns to Mac...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULL

We're in our seventies, driving across the country to what could well be a for-real war...and what do you do? You bring the wife.

MAC

Shut up and drive.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RUSSIAN CARRIER TRIBUTS

Leading the armada east. Airmen prep planes. Attach munition to wings. Ready for battle.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - THE CARRIER TRIBUTS

A paunchy sailor (VLAD) pants around his ankles, settles in with the latest issue of a Western gossip rag. Looks like Britney's getting married again.

Just as he gets comfortable...

A metallic SCREECH from the stall next to him...

Vlad looks over, a bit consternated...

A metallic BANG. Murky brown water creeps into the privacy of Vlad's stall...

Vlad rises, his pants down. The door opens...

WAYNE ELLIS: drenched in muck, literally pissed....

ELLIS

You have no idea the shit I've been through.

Wham! Vlad's knocked out cold.

INT. THE CARRIER TRIBUTS -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Wayne Ellis, in Vlad's uniform, emerges from the latrine. Pushing down the hallway past several other sailors. No one seems to pay him any mind.

Now that no one's watching, he winces. Our boy's fighting pain.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Goddamn seamonkeys.

EXT. THE CARRIER TRIBUTS - DECK

Ellis emerges on deck and before him he sees several old MiGs lined up as well as an Oboroten Attack Helicopter. Nothing between him and the birds.

He weighs his shot, but then looks up at the control tower of the Tributs. He turns abruptly and heads back...

INT. THE CARRIER TRIBUTS - SAME

Ellis mounts the narrow stairs.

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE RUSSIAN DESTROYER

A bee-hive of retrograded activity hums below. Engineers work with compasses and graphs. Calculations are performed on mechanical adding machines.

Several SAILORS enter the room, followed by Ellis. His keen eyes stay peeled, taking in the front wall where...

Several large, old-school magnetic maps track the fleet's position and heading. We PUSH IN on Ellis. He sees something, SOMETHING IMPORTANT, but we do not see what.

INT. HALLWAY -- THE CARRIER TRIBUTS

The Enemy Lieutenant approaches Ellis' cell with a plate of slop. The cell's manned by two armed soldiers.

INT. BRIG -- THE CARRIER TRIBUTS

The door opens. The Lieutenant enters. Freezes. The slop hits the floor. The cell is empty.

The guards appear, scanning the cell. The toilet in the corner. The loosened bolts next to it...

Guard #1 moves to the toilet. Gives it a shove. Revealing the pipe below.

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE RUSSIAN DESTROYER

In the center of the room, surrounding a triangular table, sit THREE MEN, peering over a set of blueprints.

Ellis moves closer to get a view of the blueprints. Some kind of... maybe a...

AN ALARM BLARES TO LIFE!!!!

Ellis tries to remain cool as weapons are drawn and orders are barked. Guards post by the door, sailors move to their station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Blueprints are quickly being folded into a metal briefcase and hand-cuffed to the wrist of a huge soldier: MONSTER.

Monster exits, followed by two armed Sailors.

Ellis tracks him. Tries to follow. A suspicious SOLDIER notices Ellis and shouts at him in Russian. Ellis pretends not to hear. He just keeps heading toward the door.

SOLDIER

You there. Stop. Stop now.

Ellis keeps walking. The Soldier pulls a MAKAROV and levels it and now the TWO GUARDS POSTED at the DOOR NOTICE and swing in with their AKs leveled.

And don't blink or you're gonna miss it...

Ellis grabs the FIRST GUARD's weapon arm, breaks it and redirects the barrel at the second Guard... BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! As the second guard's blown backward, the SOLDIER opens up with his Makarov. BAM! BAM! BAM! But Ellis whips the first guard around as a shield. THREE SLUGS OBLITERATE his heart.

Ellis opens up with the AK, taking out the SOLDIER and putting the rest of the room on the floor.

He drops his human shield, backs out the door and breaks into a dead run. The shit is hitting the fan.

INT. THE CARRIER TRIBUTS -- QUICK CUTS

Armed Guards spill into the hallways...

ELLIS flies down a flight of stairs...

Hits an intersection just as Monster and his two body guards round the bend.

Ellis keeps his AK leveled.

ELLIS

Give me the case.

The Soldiers go for their weapons, but a pair of bursts from Ellis put them both on the ground.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

(to Monster)

Give me the case.

Monster glares at him, all steel eyes and hate. Ellis pulls the trigger...

Click. Pulls again. Click.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monster smiles and goes for the Ruger at his waist. Ellis rushes him, body slamming into the giant. The Ruger clatters down the hall.

No matter... Monster catches Ellis with a briefcased backhand -- slamming him against the wall.

And now Monster gets relentless -- forehands, backhands, stiff jabs -- the briefcase pummels Ellis, who sinks to his knees...

Monster lifts the case high above his head with both hands. Brings it down towards Ellis' skull with all his might...

...Ellis nails Monster as hard as he can in the balls. Monster doubles over in pain, staggers back. A beaten and fucked-up Ellis crawls over to the Ruger, picks it up and staggers back toward Monster who's still trying to catch his breath.

Ellis brings the Ruger to Monster's handcuffed wrist.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
This'll give me nightmares.

And on the gunshot we...

CUT TO:

ELLIS clutching the bloody case, busting onto the MAIN DECK.

TWO SENTRIES -- see the American intruder and OPEN FIRE.

ELLIS dives for cover behind an 80mm cannon. Crouching, he moves towards the rear-deck as GUARDS pour out of the TOWER.

ELLIS can't make the MiGs: His only shot is the Oboroten Attack Helicopter. He sprints for the Bird. Diving into it as the sentinels close, firing like mad....

IN THE OBOROTEN COCKPIT

Ellis clearly has no idea how to get this bird flying...

ELLIS (CONT'D)
I can do this...

Ellis hits buttons randomly.

ON THE DECK -

The soldiers, led by the Enemy Lieutenant, pound the Helicopter with machine-gun fire. Windows shatter, bullets crush into metal as they close in.

IN THE OBOROTEN COCKPIT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ellis dodges gunfire as he tries to bring the bird to life.
Pounds a switch and...

Unexpectedly, a missile surges from the Helicopter,
scattering the guards as they dive for cover...

The Missile courses three feet off the deck, headed for the
main tower. Ellis' eyes go wide. A moment of searching, he
jams the manual ignition, yanks the yoke...

The Enemy Lieutenant's eyes go wide as the missile slams into
him just before it HITS HOME.

A CONCUSSIVE BLAST ...

SLAMS THE HELICOPTER backwards off of the rear deck, shoved
by the brute force of the explosion. Its rotors spin, but so
does the entire helicopter. Out of control.

She dips below the deck, corkscrewing toward the water.

But before she slaps whitecaps, SHE RIGHTS... and...
precariously climbs...

Gaining control, Ellis spins the bird -- and disappears in
the clouds.

CUT TO:

EXT. UTAH ROCKIES -- DAY

We track over the tops of pines and aspens, settling on a
lonely mountain route. Bull's '65 Thunderbird on the
shoulder, passenger door open...

MAC (V.O.)
Unbelievable.

Ernie emerges, jogging from the woods, fastening his fly...

IN THE CAR

Ernie enters. The car eases its way back onto the route.
Bull drives, Mac rides gun, Ernie and Lucille, crocheting a
sweater, in back...

BULL
How many times is that Ernie?

ERNIE
Sixty-two.

MAC
Sweet Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

Look, I was never the one who said this was a good idea. I mean, look at us right - we're lost and I've urinated, on average, and at the very least, every five miles. We've got a grandmother crocheting a quilt in the backseat for god's sake --

LUCILLE

It's a sweater.

ERNIE

What are they going to have us do out there in California? Answer phones? This is a goddamned war and, and I don't want to be the doomsayer here and I don't know if you guys have noticed it too but there isn't another damn car of old bags like us on this road which tells me --

MAC

That's because we aren't supposed to be on this road. You screwed the directions.

ERNIE

Which tells me -- and by the way, exactly! I screwed the directions: I-70 to I-15 and I shit the bed!! How do you do that?! My original point being, if this really was something we should be doing why isn't anyone else doing it? Why are we all alone, driving through the Rocky Mountains, pissing in National Forests every five minutes?!

BULL

Wisdom can be a valuable asset in these situations, Ernie.

ERNIE

Wisdom?! Wisdom is this bullshit notion we're sold to make us feel alright for everything we give up. The food's terrible, our best friends start to die, we're lucky if our kids call once a month much less stop by, no more (pumps his fist) -- and what do we get in return: wisdom. Sweet deal. I can't dress myself most days and now we're supposed to fix a fleet of planes. But I'm sure you're right Bull, I think with this wisdom thing we're perfectly ready to kick some...

LUCILLE

(looking in the distance)

Oh my.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The mountain route emerges from the mountains, headed for a merger with Interstate 70 which can be seen far below...

A PARADE of vintage cars and trucks pack the Westbound lanes.

WWII Vets, Fathers and Sons, Patriots of all ages and colors drive their classic Fords and Chevys. Rifle Racks and truck beds jammed. Makeshift stanchions wave American Flags...

It's an awesome sight: hundreds of vehicles, all headed west, the Eastbound lanes completely empty...

ERNIE

Lordamassey...

MAC

That's a whole lotta wisdom.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC -- DAY

A U.S. NUCLEAR SUBMARINE lists. Dead in the water. SAILORS line her deck.

One spots something and taps his buddy on the shoulder. The other sailor turns. His jaw drops. And one-by-one all the sailors stop what they're doing to stare. Because...

Two hundred yards away, framed against a burning sun, the ENEMY ARMADA... coming right at them.

Aircraft Carriers. Battleships. Destroyers. Transports.

And although we can see them only in silhouette, hundreds of ARMED SOLDIERS line the railings of the enemy fleet.

The Americans stand there, stupefied, as the Enemy Armada overtakes them... And then, it just passes them by.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVIS-MONTHAM -- PROCESSING STATION -- DAY

A barbed-wire fence sits miles away from the boneyard of decrepit birds silhouetted against endless glaring desert.

A jumbled horde of vehicles wait outside the fence. A peculiar crop of Volunteers: WWII and Vietnam Vets, Reservists, over-eager Montana Militia, L.A. Gang Members...

The mass of vehicles siphons down to five specific lines which are processed by uniformed MPs at the base gates...

Bull's T-Bird pulls up. A JARHEAD MP appears in the opened window...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JARHEAD MP
Afternoon Gentlemen. Miss. IDs please.

IDs are flashed. Inspected.

JARHEAD MP (CONT'D)
Welcome to Davis-Monthan.

The gate is raised...

INT. PROCESSING LINES -- WAREHOUSE -- DAVIS-MONTHAN AFB

The DMV on steroids. Numbered card tables line the walls.
Interminable lines snake through the warehouse.

Thousands of old men wait side-by-side with thousands of
modern-day servicemen and women....

IN A LONG LINE

Bull stands next to a square-jawed, close-cropped young
WOMAN. Waiting...

BULL
You in the service?

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN
Air Force.

BULL
Nurse?

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN
No.

BULL
I see. Administration.

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN
Nope.

BULL
So...what do you do?

She looks at him for the first time...

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN
I fly Stealth Bombers.

BULL
That right.

AT A PROCESSING TABLE

Ernie is interviewed by a female AIR FORCE CORPORAL, filling
out a form....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIR FORCE CORPORAL
Branch of Service and Theater of Duty?

ERNIE
U.S. Marines. Pacific.

AIR FORCE CORPORAL
Years of Service?

ERNIE
1941 to 1945.

AIR FORCE CORPORAL
(referencing papers)
You were a mechanic?

ERNIE
(doesn't like that word)
Well, Technician. But yes, ma'am.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
Take this to table twelve.

AT A MEDICAL TABLE

BULL is checked out by an attractive female NURSE.

ATTRACTIVE NURSE
(re: Bull's glasses)
Those glasses. Do you need them?

BULL
Oh no. Just to read. Walk. Eat.

ATTRACTIVE NURSE
Are you currently on any Medications?

BULL
Yes ma'am. I take Kineret for the
arthritis. Corticosteroids for the
emphysema. Nifedipine for the Blood
Pressure. And I do, on occasion and when
opportunity allows, take the Viagra.

Bull gives her a knowing wink. The nurse can't help but
smile.

MEDICAL STATION -- SAME

A medic pokes and prods, giving Mac Boyer a rudimentary
physical as a Captain approaches...

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
Captain Mackenzie Boyer.

Boyer nods...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Born in Plano, Texas. Two brothers.
Both killed in action. One at
Guadalcanal. One in North Africa.
Correct?

MAC

Yup.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
Says here you were an Air Force pilot in
the 157th Fighting Tigers from 1943
through 1945. Correct?

MAC

Yup.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
Says here you shot down thirty-seven
enemy aircraft over those two years...

MAC

Thirty-six.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
Okay. Thirty-six. And seven in Korea.

Boyer nods...

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Also says you're proficient in hand-to-
hand, were briefly captured as a German
P.O.W. and led the escape of seventeen
Americans from a Nazi Prison Camp. You
have won both the Bronze Star and the
President's Medal of Honor.

(beat)

Just one last question on the
paperwork...

(flips through some pages)

...we've got two different ages for you
Mr. Boyer. Your birth certificate says
you were born in 1929. Your military
papers say 1925. Which is correct?

MAC

1929.

The medic finishes up...

MEDIC

We're done here.

(to the Captain)

He's in perfect health.

The Captain reviews the papers again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN

So you lied when you enlisted in 1943...

Mac's silence is his confirmation. The Captain does some additional math, his brow furrows....

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You shot down sixteen Luftwaffe planes when you were fifteen years old?

Mac doesn't answer. Just looks at the incredulous Captain, who hands him a paper...

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Your orders. We'd like you to instruct some of the younger pilots...

(Mac takes this in, turns to go)

Sir... I just want to say it's an honor to meet the genuine article. You're a for-real hero.

MAC

No, Sir. My brothers are.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE OVER THE PACIFIC -- DAY

The stolen Oboroten burns in low over breaking waves.

IN THE COCKPIT

Ellis looks to his fuel gauge -- hovering on "E".

POP! POP!

Ellis' window shatters! He looks out, sighting...

...SHOTGUN-FIRING FISHERMEN on the deck of their TRAWLER, which waves an American flag. Low-rent friendly-fire...

ELLIS

Aww C'mon! I'm one of the good guys! Besides, those shotguns ain't gonna do anything...

The rotor SPUTTERS...

BLACK SMOKE starts to fill the cockpit...

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Awww dammit...

The Copter starts to twirl, losing altitude...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILL AT SPEED, Ellis, pilfered briefcase in hand, leaps from THE COPTER, falling sixty feet before knifing into the Pacific below...

THE OBOBOTEN SLAMS INTO THE OCEAN!

Ellis surfaces. Unseen by the high-fiving fishermen in the B.G., he starts swimming for shore....

EXT. BEACH -- LATER

A haggard Ellis appears amidst the incoming swells...

Still in enemy uniform, briefcase in hand, waist-deep in water he trudges towards shore...

ON THE RIDGE ABOVE, two COPS emerge, guns drawn...

COP #1

Get down! Get the hell down!!

COP #2

Hands on your head!! And I mean right now!!

Ellis can hardly summon the strength to lift his arms. Beaten to holy hell, he collapses to his knees...

ELLIS

(between breaths)

They're coming...and this is it...this is where...this is it...

The camera swirls around Ellis, framing his silhouette against the city before him...

AND IT'S NOT L.A.

The Presidio. Coit Tower. The Transamerica Building.

SAN FRANCISCO, the city by the bay looking its most picturesque in the afternoon sun. As the music swells...

CUT TO:

INT. A LARGE HANGAR -- DAVIS-MONTHAN AFB

Mac stands before a hangar-full of YOUNG PILOTS, men and women of every ethnicity, seated on folding chairs.

MAC

Now, I want all of you to take a good long look around this hangar. Take every little piece of it in and remember like your life depended on it.

(beat)

Because it's going to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC (CONT'D)

As of this moment, we are at war. There is no safe haven, nothing is predictable.

The young pilots slowly study the space, empty save for their makeshift tutorial...

MAC (CONT'D)

You aren't going to have any early warning systems anymore, aren't going to have radar. All you're going to have up there is your eyes, ears and gut. So, lesson one: no matter how exciting it gets in front of you, no matter what's happening, never forget what else might be happening around and behind you.

Mac looks at his shoes, uncharacteristically sliding into raconteur mode....

MAC (CONT'D)

Reminds me of the time I won the Medal of Honor. Back in WW Two. You mighta heard of the Jagdstaffel, the most vicious sons-a-bitches in the entire Luftwaffe. Well, it was a dark night and I'm flying a solo patrol just North of Marbeilles. The clouds like a black ceiling, can barely see twenty feet in front of me. Guess I should've known something was wrong that night...

(the pilots are captivated)

Pretty soon, I start to hear this hellish rumble and the slightest twinkling of lights...

(Mac stops)

Take a look behind you.

The pilots all turn around to see Bull standing there with two cocked revolvers aimed at them....

BULL

Boom. You're dead.

MAC

So. Lesson One. Again.

DAVIS-MONTHAN AFB -- OUT IN THE DESERT

The biggest Military rehab effort in history. Tanks, transports, planes and guns dot the desert for as far as the eye can see, surrounded by service people of all genders, ethnicities, shapes and sizes...

AT A PARTICULAR TANK

A greased-up Ernie works on the Tank's engine as his younger female counterpart tries to fire her up with no luck...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERNIE

(wincing)

Damnation. I can't hold my pecker with these dogs much less turn this damned valve....

YOUNG MECHANIC

(hopping down)

Let's switch. You talk me through it.

ERNIE

(complying)

Alright. It feels like a big metal X. It controls the fuel intake.

YOUNG MECHANIC

Next to the tranny?

ERNIE

Behind it and up a ways.

YOUNG MECHANIC

(feeling around)

Got it.

ERNIE

Turn it hard to the right.

YOUNG MECHANIC

'Kay. Turning...turned. All the way. Give her a shot.

Ernie fires her up. The Tank rumbles to life. The mechanics share a smile...

ERNIE

Damnation.

YOUNG MECHANIC

Damnation.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- SAN FRANCISCO

Maggie and Gen. O'Connor are led through the corridors by a E.R. Surgeon.

MAGGIE

What kind of shape is he in?

SURGEON

After what he's been through, I'd be impressed if he's conscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

The helicopter he came in on, it was modern?

GEN. O'CONNOR

Retrograded. They've taken out all the chips and electronics and replaced 'em with mechanics, hydraulics. That's how they can fly jets and shoot missiles and we can't. That's why we were defenseless in the Pacific.

They continue...

MAGGIE

Any word on those blueprints he stole?

GEN. O' CONNOR

Major Walden's on her way to Norad to have them analyzed.

INT. HOSPITAL TRIAGE ROOM -- DAY

The room's only patient, Ellis is on a table, his shirt off -- a human quilt of bandages and stitches.

Doctors attend to his multiple wounds. Finds the horribly infected gouge on his belly...raises his eyebrows.

The Doc picks up a big needle of industrial-strength antibiotic...

Maggie and Gen. O'Connor enter. Ellis looks up...

GEN. O'CONNOR

Captain Ellis... I'm General O'Connor.
This is President Heflin.

Ellis assesses Maggie, still in her coach's outfit.

ELLIS

President? Of what?

MAGGIE

The United States.

ELLIS

Guess I'm not the only one who had a bad day. Listen... I'm gonna need a plane.

GEN. O'CONNOR

(to the Doctor)
How's he doing?

ELLIS

100 percent, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

Two hundred twenty stitches so far. Four broken ribs. Dislocated shoulder. Mild concussion. And...

The Doc taps the side of the big-ass needle...

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

A serious infection in the abdomen...

Maggie looks away while Ellis, nonplussed, watches the needle penetrate his skin...

ELLIS

(to his belly)

Take that, you goddamn sea monkeys.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Captain, we have a lot of assets to move in very little time. We can't afford to be wrong, so I need to know... Are you absolutely sure the fleet's coming here?

ELLIS

Yes, sir. That's why I need a plane.

GEN. O'CONNOR

How far out are they?

ELLIS

A day. Maybe two.

The spinning of rotors takes us to...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY

A vintage HUEY surveys the city....

IN THE HELICOPTER

Maggie, General O'Connor, and a slew of Military Ops assess the terrain below, planning our defense.

The Chopper pilot passes back an antiquated talkie...

CHOPPER PILOT

I have Davis-Monthan for you, Sir.

GEN. O'CONNOR

(into talkie)

General. I know we had discussed a rolling start to L.A. operations, sending the planes up first and everything else after... There's been a change of plan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEN. O'CONNOR (CONT'D)
I need everything you have in San Francisco, and I need it all now.

MUSIC SWELLS as we...

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE PREPARATION OF S.F.

AT DAVIS-MONTHAN A.F.B. - The modern pride of America's air power sits silent and paralyzed, watching the planes of the greatest generation take to the air one last time.

MOTORCADES OF OLD TANKS, JEEPS, FLATBEDS W/ WARPLANES stream westward on I-280 -- headed for S.F.

Massive Civilian Evacuation headed the other way.

SFO AIRPORT

Converted into a functioning Air Force Base. Defunct United DC-10s, American Airbuses, and Southwest 727s are pushed back from their gates into the airport's nether regions.

B-29s, Grumman Hellcats and P-51s land on the runways.

Servicemen take over Air Traffic Control -- donning antique headsets, installing primitive radio equipment.

ALCATRAZ PENITENTIARY

A hybrid crew of Vets and Active Servicemen mount Anti-Aircraft Installations at Strategic Locations on the Rock.

IN FRONT OF THE V.F.W.

Soldiers cut the chains on an OLD SHERMAN TANK, sitting on a display bock in front of the Administration Building. The tank chokes to life and rolls off its pedestal, flattening the commemorative brass plaque atop a display stand.

AT THE PRESIDIO

The Shermans and M-20s arrive on the rolling hills by the bay.

HER ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL

Doctors and Nurses busily prepare. Row after row of dove white beds are made.

FORT CRONKHITE

Huge winch cranes extract decrepit, moss-covered Artillery Guns from the depths of the San Francisco Bay. (Note: these guns actually exist, pushed into the bay at the end of W.W.II)

EXT. SFO TARMAC -- DUSK

A VETERAN PILOT, stands on the wing of a Hellcat, coaching A YOUNG NAVY PILOT....

NAVY PILOT
So where're the controls for my landing gear?

VETERAN PILOT
No controls, it's a crank just beside your left knee.

NAVY PILOT
A crank.

VETERAN PILOT
Yup. A crank.

Mac, Bull (eating an apple) and Ernie walk past the battered husks of old warplanes as they are oiled, tightened, painted and willed back to life by senior-caretakers working shoulder-to-shoulder with their younger colleagues....

BULL
Where's the Missus?

MAC
Volunteered at the hospital.

BULL
(nods, to Ernie)
What'd they give ya?

ERNIE
Here at SFO. Technician.

BULL
(biting his apple)
Mechanic huh?

ERNIE
Go to hell, Bull.

Mac's eyes squint at something in the distance, he alters his direction -- starts to head for it...

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Where'd they send you?

BULL
Tower. They want some pros from Dover on hand to talk these boys through the briar patch.... Like that's gonna help.

Ernie notices Mac striding toward a hell-beaten, dirt-encased P-51 in the distance...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE
Mac. Hey Mac?
(to Bull)
He okay?

BULL
I think part of him was hoping they'd ask
him to fly.

ERNIE
Mac!

Bull looks up and SEES THE PLANE. He puts an arm across
Ernie's chest, stopping their progress.

BULL
Well, I'll be damned.

Mac continues on. Towards the ghost-like bird...

He circles it reverentially several times...approaches the
dust and grime-encrusted nose-cone.

As he raises his arm to pat the bird's nose, his shirt sleeve
rises, revealing the dulled "Lovely Lucille" Woodpecker
tattoo.

Mac rubs at the nose, first tenderly...then vigorously. As
the dirt gives way....

We see the same snarling Woodpecker, then the faded "Lovely
Lucille" just below....

....this was his plane.

CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

The opulent hotel has been converted into a fully-
functioning, retro-equipped Military facility.

GEN. O'CONNOR (V.O.)
Troops have been assigned to every motel,
hotel, apartment building and residence
in the city...

Briefing Rooms, Command Centers, Barracks, the works.

O'Connor and assorted Officers and Operatives brief Maggie in
the Lobby, the windows covered with blackout curtains...

GEN. O'CONNOR (CONT'D)
Evacuation of civilians is 80% complete.
We expect to have the remainder out by
morning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEN. O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

We're operating under the same rules as London during the Blitz. No lights after dark.

COPLEY

If we stay black, we believe we can restrict attacks to daylight hours. Air raid sirens send all non-fighting personnel into make-shift bomb shelters, basements, BART stations, whatever we can grab.

O'Connor moves to a map of the Bay...

GEN. O'CONNOR

(gesturing)

Rather than disperse the troops evenly, we've concentrated defenses in San Francisco.

COPLEY

Better to be strong somewhere than weak everywhere.

MAGGIE

What about allies.

SAM

From wire communiques, we know that the British Carriers Invincible and Illustrious, the Japanese boats Haruna and Kirishima and half the Australian fleet is holding at longitude 43. That's the boundary of the Pulse. If they cross it, they're as helpless as us.

MAGGIE

So -- it's just us and them.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Just us and them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SFO -- TARMAC -- NIGHT

The bandaged Ellis walks among the old warbirds, looking for his plane, stopping at, and then circling Lovely Lucille.

Ellis reaches out for Lucille's propeller...

MAC

Something I can help you with?

ELLIS

Just checking out my plane.

Mac just stands there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC
(quietly)
This is my plane.

ELLIS
That right? Well, they told me...

MAC
Doesn't matter what they told you. I don't think you understand what I'm saying here. I'm not using a figure of speech. This here plane is mine.

ELLIS
Maybe you don't understand what I'm saying...

Mac moves closer, points to the "Lovely Lucille" on the bird's nose...

MAC
You see this?

Mac lifts his sleeve to reveal the dulled "Lovely Lucille" tat on his forearm...

MAC (CONT'D)
You see this?
(squares off)
This is my plane. Named after my wife of fifty-two years. This was my plane when your Daddy was shitting his diapers and this is my plane now. I brought her home a dozen times when she was more enemy artillery than Air Force Steel. I've shot Luftwaffe pilots at such close range I could tell you how many teeth they were missing. And I will be damned if I'm gonna watch a cherry-green out-of-his-league video-game pilot let her get shot out of the sky.

Mac stands his ground, staring Ellis down. Ellis steps into Mac, the two men, eye-to-eye.

ELLIS
Let me tell you something, old man. Before you got up and ate your prunes this morning, I kicked the asses of ten men, stole an attack helicopter and got shot at by some pissed off fishermen, all the while with sea animals chompin' at my liver. I've been known to pull 4Gs while taking out MiGs running from me at twice the speed of sound. 50% of my confirmed kills are from at least 700 miles away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I have the highest ranking of any pilot to ever come out of Top Gun, Maverick ain't got shit on me so don't talk to me about out of my league because I never been there yet.

(beat)

Now you can sit here and relive the glories of yesteryear all you want, but when that siren wails this piece of shit flies for me.

Ellis moves on...

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL -- PORCH -- LATER THAT NIGHT

A shitty motel with a great location. The Bates motel on the shores of the Presidio.

Mac sits at the small metal table outside his room, nursing a Budweiser. He looks out over the water...

ERNIE (O.S.)

Mind if I join you?

MAC

Not at all. Bud?

Ernie sits...

ERNIE

Sure.

Mac hands Ernie a beer. They sit in silence for a long time...

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You figure there's a bunch of 'em?

Mac nods...

ERNIE (CONT'D)

When do you figure they'll come?

MAC

Don't know.

ERNIE

You figure it'll be bad when they do?

MAC

Yeah.

ERNIE

Yeah. Me too.

(beat)

It's kind of funny ain't it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Here we are, friends for fifty-some-odd years, and between me, you and Bull we've probably talked about everything in God's green creation...except the War. Fifty years and we've never spoken a word of it.

MAC

I guess there are some things better left alone,

ERNIE

(swigs his beer)

All the talk on the way out here. About my arthritis. About my bladder. That's not really it you know. The first time around Mac...I was scared. Genuinely scared.

Mac nods...

MAC

I was too.

ERNIE

I've never told anybody this. After Pearl Harbor, I just knew I was going to get drafted. So, I thought to myself, well, I'm smarter than this. So I enlisted -- in the Navy, as a mechanic, figurin' I wouldn't see any land battles that way. Four months later: I'm on the beach at Iwo Jima, tryin to fix landers and tanks. Guys bleeding, dying right and left -- worse than anything I'd ever imagined.

(beat)

When we finally came home, I was the happiest I'd ever been. I hadn't seen my kid for five years. Hadn't slept in my own bed for six. But that's not why I was happy. I was happy because I knew I would never have to go through it again.

(beat)

I'm not a brave man. I know this about myself. And here I am.

MAC

That's right. You're here, Ernie. And sometimes that's enough.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK -- HILLTOP -- SAME

Marines fortify positions.

Trenches dug.

Sand Bags stacked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Machine Guns mounted.

EXT. THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO -- SAME

Streets are empty, windows boarded.

EXT. THE TARMAC OF SFO -- NIGHT

Old birds of war, are tightened, greased and oiled by mechanics who work through the night.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM -- NIGHT

Maggie, O'Connor, Copley and team continue work through the night...

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS - SAN FRANCISCO - JUST BEFORE DAWN

A dog wanders the empty streets of San Francisco.

Waves lap the shoreline beneath the Golden Gate Bridge.
A small breeze lifts a drowsy American Flag.

Soldiers atop buildings. Marines at Golden Gate Park.
The quiet before the storm.

INT. MOTEL -- MAC BOYER'S ROOM -- SAME

Mac lays asleep on his back -- stock-still. Dead silence.

His eyes flash open.

He rises, goes to the window -- sees nothing. Hears nothing.
Doesn't matter -- after all these years, he just feels it.

MAC

Get up Lucille... It's time.

EXT. TOP OF THE TRANSAMERICA-TOWER -- SAME

Next to newly-mounted A.A. installs, TWO SOLDIERS scan the skies with binocs.

SOLDIER

Here we go.

KLAXONS WAIL waking up the entire BAY AREA as we...

INT. BARRACKS -- HUNTER'S POINT NAVAL BASE -- SAME

Young soldiers scramble from their bunks...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - SAME

Marines man both machine and anti-aircraft guns.

A MILE OFFSHORE

The enemy planes close in, as the first rays of sunlight hit the city...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK -- SAME

The first A.A. rounds flare into the sky, as the planes scream overhead...

EXT. THE ENEMY HORDE -- SAME

60 Fighters flying 350 mph, thirty feet off the water, scream over Alcatraz, descending on the city.

Surrounded by exploding A.A. FIRE, they strafe the Rock, raking the Prison Yard and blasting soldiers with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

INT. ENEMY COCKPIT -- SAME

The top pilot (SERGEI), leads the charge into the city. He blazes over the Presidio...

Releases his trigger-shield...

And launches the first missile of this battle...

The Missile catapults from under wing...barreling just over the peaks of downtown buildings...

EXT. TOP OF TRANSAMERICA TOWER -- SAME

As our Gunners see Sergei's squadron bearing down, they grab their double-handled guns and viciously...

RETURN FIRE... BUT...

Sergei's MISSILE clears the neighboring rooftop by mere feet, seemingly emerges from nowhere....

...BEFORE SLAMMING into the Transamerica Tower.

A CONCUSSIVE BLAST -- shakes the Tower, a ball of fire and glass exploding outwards, raining debris on the streets below...

TRANSAMERICA ROOFTOP -- The IMPACT blows one of the gunners backwards, off the Rooftop, tumbling down the angled descent of the fiery structure...

EXT. SFO -- TARMAC -- SAME

A military jeep, driven by Mac Boyer, with Bull riding shotgun, squeals up to the TOWER.

Ellis, with a stream of other pilots, races to the Lovely Lucille. Leaps in...

INT. COCKPIT - SAME

Ellis hits the starter. But nothing happens. Hits it again. Lovely Lucille is dead.

INT. SFO TOWER - SAME

A bevy of activity as military coordinators and ATC personnel man their stations.

Mac peers through binoculars at...

BINOCULAR P.O.V. - ELLIS climbing out of Lucille and rushing to a nearby HELLCAT.

MAC
That's right, dipshit. Get your own damn plane.

Mac fingers a sparkplug, slipping it back into his pocket. He takes a seat in front of a control console and pulls on an old-fashioned set of cans.

EXT. TARMAC - SAME

THE P-51s AND HELLCATS -- accelerate down the runway, lurching into the air...

EXT. THE MARAUDING HORDE -- CONTINUOUS

And now they let loose. Missiles are fired by the dozen.

Bombs drop like marbles from a child's hand.

In a single, horrific moment, San Francisco is blanketed by destruction.

EXT. THE YARD AT ALCATRAZ

Another A.A. Install lets loose as MiGs scream over and under the Golden Gate.

The Enemy retaliates -- strafing the yard, firing missiles into guard towers -- The Rock under fire...

EXT. ELLIS' SQUADRON

Hurtles Northbound into the chaos of the city. Flying eight abreast...

MAC (RADIO)

Okay. They're faster and better armed.
We're turtle slow but we're agile. Stay
low.

INT. SFO TOWER - SAME

Mac speaks calmly into his microphone.

MAC

Use the buildings as cover. And most
important: fuck these guys -- let's do
this.

INT. HELLCAT COCKPIT - SAME

Ellis, in his old beat-up Hellcat. The MiGs close at an
ungodly speed.

ELLIS

Easy to say with your ass on the ground.
HEADS UP! HERE THEY COME!

EXT. SKY - DAWN

And as the Americans hit downtown, the MiGs descend like
locusts, bringing with them a firestorm of biblical
proportions.

The Hellcats and P-51s open fire...

The oncoming MiGs scream through them at three times their
speed, weapons blazing, missiles firing...

DOZENS OF THE OLD PLANES explode mid-air in the initial
onslaught, leaving smoke trails as they fall.

The MiGs circle back for another run.

ELLIS

Get low. Low as you can.

Ellis leads his squadron down, bobbing and weaving in and out
of the City's skyline. With MiGs on their tail.

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN (RADIO)

Jesus, they're everywhere!!

ELLIS (RADIO)

Then you shouldn't have any trouble
hitting them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Americans careen through skyscrapers, bridges, overpasses -- anything to elude or gain advantage as the MiGs pursue.

Ellis dives down into the camouflage of the city. A pair of MiGs on his tail. You thought San Fran had seen every car chase there is? How about a 250 mph plane chase ten feet off the ground!

The MiGs tail Ellis' perpendicular P-51 down the vertiginous streets, shrieking through the urban obstacle course...

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Come on. Come on.

BUT UP AHEAD -- THE STREET...

DEAD ENDS at an OFFICE BUILDING!

ELLIS powers the HELLCAT at the wall of glass and steel.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You better be right about that agile shit, old man.

MiG pilot, finger on the trigger, holding Ellis in his sights. Squeezes the trigger.

On ELLIS - HE yanks back on the stick. The HELLCAT soars into a climb, right up the face of the office building.

On the MiG pilot, as Ellis disappears from his screen, replaced by A BUILDING! SHIT! He pulls back on his stick. Way too fucking late.

BOOOOOOM!

Ellis banks away from the building heading back into the fray.

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN (RADIO)

Ellis, Ellis... I need help here...

ELLIS

* Where are you?

INT. P-51 COCKPIT, STREETS OF SAN FRAN - SAME

The close-cropped woman pushes her P-51 around the corner of a building, two MiGs pursuing.

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN

... I need help. I've got two on my tail....

ELLIS (RADIO)

Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE-CROPPED WOMAN
I don't.... I don't kn....

Her canopy shatters from gunfire. And then...

EXT. CLOSE-CROPPED'S P-51 - SAME

A missile slams the bird. Blowing it to embers, sending her wings somersaulting through the air.

SFO TOWER - SAME

Worry rocks the control tower. The reports aren't good.

PILOT (RADIO)
Biggs and Hellboy are down.
We just lost Dutch.

SECOND PILOT (RADIO)
... Nero, Kansas... I'm
taking fire... shot up bad.

THIRD PILOT (RADIO)
I can't... I can't maneuver.
It's no good. Too tight.

FOURTH PILOT (RADIO)
Back off! Back off! Aaaah!

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN
We're getting slaughtered.

Mac pulls his cans off in disgust. He looks to Bull. Bull catches and holds his gaze. Mac looks out at the aircraft still parked on the runway. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

THE SPARKPLUG.

BACK TO:

ELLIS - a grim look of determination on his face. He turns his plane into the shit, targets a MiG. An airborne terminated with an agenda. The rounds fly.

He sticks and moves with remarkable efficiency. Even outgunned, he's a killing machine -- blasting one enemy fighter while simultaneously leading another into A.A. fire...

INT. SERGEI'S MIG -- COCKPIT --- CONTINUOUS

Ellis' handiwork catches the attention of Sergei, circling above. He banks his MiG and pursues his most formidable foe.

Under fire now, Ellis dives back into the city -- Sergei on Ellis' tail.

Sergei unleashes round after round of fire. As they rip down the straightaway of Buchanan, 10 feet off the ground -- Sergei looses his missile trigger -- and FIRES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MISSILE -- which rockets down this commercial street, blowing past the storefronts of The Gap, McDonalds, as it closes on Ellis...

WHO MAKES A HARD RIGHT -- eluding the missile -- which decimates a Jamba Juice.

Ellis banks down Lombard, Sergei right on his ass, twisting and weaving with the street's notorious curves...

Blasting out over the water, Ellis is exposed. Sergei's machine guns rip into Ellis' wings.

Ellis cuts for the safety of the piers -- but he's getting pelted...

ELLIS

Jesus, I'm in trouble here! I need some help! Can anybody here me!

INT. SFO TOWER - SAME

The Air Force Captain picks up Mac Boyer's abandoned headset from the console.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN

Where the hell is Boyer?

CUT TO:

THE LOVELY LUCILLE -- her pipes breathe fire as the 2000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney bellows to life...

MAC

Hold on, kid. I'm coming.

INT. SFO TOWER - SAME

The Captain peers through the tower glass to the runway.

AIR FORCE CAPTAIN

I don't believe it.

Yet there she is. Lovely Lucille in all her glory rolling down the runway, followed by a Hellcat piloted by...

INT. HELLCAT COCKPIT - DAY

Bull, clutching the Hellcat's stick.

BULL

We're too old for this shit, Boyer.

INT. LOVELY LUCILLE - SAME

Mac throttles up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC
Hell, Bull. We were too old for this shit.
in '59.

He pulls back on the stick and...

EXT. SKY - SAME

The pair of old veterans and their old veteran pilots climb into the sky once more, soaring up past the fluttering flag of America, its faded red, white and blue caught in the morning sun.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT - SAME

Ellis rolls and contorts his Hellcat, weaving and bobbing like an injured prize fighter, trying to keep one step ahead of the knockout punch.

SERGEI fingers his trigger again.

SHWOOOP. Another missile flies toward our boy.

Ellis feels it instinctively. Open air. Nowhere to hide. He banks hard but the missile follows. Mac dives toward San Francisco Bay, the fiery rocket pursuing.

The water comes at him fast and Ellis pulls up hard, leveling the old bird. His wings glide mere feet above the whitecaps. But the missile isn't fooled as it too levels skimming right with him, closing fast.

UP AHEAD, ALCATRAZ... The ROCK...

ELLIS powers toward it, willing his plane forward. The missile breathing for his pipes. He JAMS back the stick. The HELLCAT rises, clearing the desolate shore.

BAAAAAM! The missile slams rock hard.

Ellis climbs like a motherfucker, outrunning the cloud of fire and debris. He breathes a momentary sigh of relief... too soon.

Sergei's MiG tears through the ball of fire, his machine guns spitting hard, chewing into Ellis' wing.

Fuel pops from the wing, spraying metal.

Ellis swings the bucket of bolts back into the city on an arcing turn, Sergei's MiG right on his tail.

Sergei opens up. The rounds sparking off metal....

FWOOOSH! ELLIS' wings is suddenly engulfed in flame, but somehow still flying. Ellis fights the stick, trying to maneuver. She fights back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEI'S MIG -- P.O.V

He angles, sighting up Ellis for the kill, Wayne Ellis is dead-to-rights...

SERGEI
Das vadanya, Americanski.

Sergei pulls the trigger. And begins TO JERK VIOLENTLY.

What the fuck? His canopy shatters as MACHINE GUN FIRE chews him up, rounds raining down from above as...

THE LOVELY LUCILLE

Dives from the sky, loosing both barrels on Sergei's MiG until the damn thing detonates!!

INT. LOVELY LUCILLE -- COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Mac comes off of his triggers, righting his plane...

MAC
You're all clear. Now get that bitch on the ground, before you earn a different pair of wings.

Ellis, looks back wide-eyed, spotting his savior...

ELLIS
Jesus Christ, Pops. Is that you?

MAC
Don't mind me. I'm just sitting back reliving the glories of yesteryear.

ELLIS
You can relive 'em anytime, pops. Anytime.

Ellis peels off. Mac and Bull fly low through the city.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - SAME

A MARINE COLONEL SCANS the horizon with field glasses.

COLONEL'S P.O.V. -- Transports and Landers, filled with Soldiers and Tanks, push off from the Enemy Ships.

MARINE COLONEL
Oh Christ. They're landing.

The A.A. fire doesn't let up as...

The MARINE COLONEL looks to the skies. An attack formation of ENEMY BOMBERS, moving over the city, headed Southbound...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OVER SAN FRANCISCO - THE BATTLE RAGES

Anti-Aircraft rounds streak into the sky. Explosions rock the skyline.

EXT. ENEMY FORMATION -- SAME

The second wave approaches. Bombers. High above the fray.
Closing on the city, headed for SFO to the South...

We see the city passing below. The bomb doors open -- bombs fall sequentially -- CARPET BOMBING DOWNTOWN, PACIFIC HEIGHTS, THE HAIGHT....

The American planes are now under attack from every direction -- the fighters surrounding them and the cascading bombs from above. Sheer bedlam.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

A MILITARY AIDE pushes into headquarters, wades through the bedlam toward O'Connor.

MILITARY AIDE
General O'Connor, Sir!

GEN. O'CONNOR
Report.

MILITARY AIDE
They're coming onshore.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Here?

MILITARY AIDE
No. Across the bridge. Landers and transports.

INTEL OP
We only have A.A Gunners over there. No troops.

GEN. O'CONNOR
Destroy the guns and get 'em out. Give the bastards Sausalito. We make our stand here.

A 1,000 lb. Bomb detonates nearby -- rocking the building, shattering windows...

Before we even process the explosion, the Secret Service has Maggie on the ground and covered.

OVER THE CITY -- the Enemy bombers prey, destroying at will, immune from attack at their altitude...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC

Those bombers are killing us! We gotta take 'em out.

BULL

We got no chance up at that altitude!

MAC

Just follow me!!

MAC and BULL peel off, blazing through the streets of Chinatown.

WITH THE ENEMY BOMBERS -- THROUGH THE BOMBARDIERS SITE

As they blaze over the city. We look straight down on to the rooftops of skyscrapers. THEN SUDDENLY...

The bomb-site is filled with INCOMING LEAD!

Like a propeller-driven JAWS, MAC and BULL shoot directly up from the city -- firing into the underbelly of the enemy Bombers.

MAC targets and hammers...

-- ONE ENEMY BOMBER -- slammed by machine gun fire, she lurches -- repeatedly strafed -- the bomber topples, one wing twisting off, spinning off-balance -- the Hulk twists for the city below...

CRASHING INTO SAN FRANCISCO -- taking out an entire city block in a rumbling, tumbling Ball of Flame.

Other planes follow Mac and Bull's lead, shooting up into the belly of the beasts.

The fighter escorts break off and engage. An hellacious firefight breaks out. Mac and Bull right there in the shit, taking the fire, and dishing it out.

TWO MORE bombers take a hit, and flame from the sky. But a lone ENEMY BOMBER makes her way through the interference, escorted by four enemy fighters.

MAC sees her...

MAC (CONT'D)

Bull... Enemy heavy on your eight. She's getting through.

BULL

I'm on her...

Bull's Hellcat peels off, but immediately picks up a pair of enemy fighters, who close with alarming speed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAC
Back off, Bull. You got a pair of
hemorrhoids up your ass.

BULL
Goddamnit.

MAC
Now don't pop your dentures on me. Just
circle her back out and meet me at
Jackson and Buchanan in 90 seconds. I'll
do the rest.

Bull and Mac separated by a mile, both dive into different
parts of the city.

IN THE HELLCATS COCKPIT -

Bull's sweating... the fear on his face.

BULL
Goddamnit, Bull Walton, what the hell
were you thinking waltzing your goddamn
ass into a real war.

He guides the Hellcat between buildings with the MiGs
storming after him.

EXT. SFO -- TARMAC

As Ellis' flaming bird hits the runway, she's doused by fire
crews. Before you can blink, Ellis is out of the plane
running across the tarmac.

American Planes come and go in a frenetic flurry. Medics
work overtime. Ernie works hurriedly on a chewed up P-51, its
bloody pilot being carried from the cockpit.

ELLIS
I need a plane. Hey, I need a plane.

ERNIE
We got no more goddamn planes.

Ellis, not happy with the answer, pushes on.

ELLIS
I need a plane!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, STREET CORNER - DAWN

A hottie du jour poses near topless in her Diesel jeans on a
bus stop billboard. Not a care in the world.

A BEAT LATER... A HELLCAT DOPPLERS BY SO LOUD that even the
folks at DOLBY can't keep up. A moment later our hottie is
obliterated by missile fire.

INT. BULL'S COCKPIT - DAY

He feels the heat from the blast. Panic sweat on his brow.

BULL

Ah shit. MAAAAAAC! Where the hell are you! MAC!

The MiGs pull close behind Bull. Line him up. Bull knows this is it. He feels it in his old arthritic bones... When...

BOOM!! One of the MiGs ignites as Mac emerges from the blindside, guns blazing. The Lucille punches through the fireball, closing behind the second Mig. Mac sights...

MAC

Good thing I'm half-deaf. That yelling of yours almost queered my shot.

... and blasts away. His rounds pierce steel...

BLACK SMOKE pours from the MiG -- losing control, it goes inverted -- spinning into the bay.

MAC (CONT'D)

Now where's that bomber?

EXT. SFO -- TARMAC

Ernie, oil on his face, sweat on his brow, does what he can to bring a busted Hellcat to life when....

VOICES

Incoming!! Incoming!!

Ernie freezes. Looks to the sky. Sees the lone bomber and fighter escorts coming for the airport... and him. And we can tell... he's fucking afraid.

A.A. fire blazes into the sky, but the fighters still strafe the runways and terminals...

An enemy fighter is hit, exploding...

But another MiG targets, then takes out the A.A. embankment -- its gunners peppered with shells, instantly killed.

Ernie, crouched under the wing of the Hellcat, peers out to see the A.A. gun sits quiet, smoking...

The bomber, now unmolested, descends. Closing in for its run on the airport... no one else around.

Ernie looks to the terminal. Sees all those people huddle inside. Sitting ducks. His eyes find the abandoned A.A. gun. We see the fear drain away as determination floods his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs for the gun, grabs its handles, swivels...

...the Bomber's bay doors open, and...

Fire pours from the A.A. gun. Ernie shakes with the gun's force...

A shell hits the bomber. Then another. Then Ernie's locked in, pounding the bastard with everything he's got...

THE BOMBER EXPLODES!

Ernie raises his arms, hollering a triumphant battle cry.

BAM! His chest explodes with blood. An enemy fighter screams past, blowing him away...

Ernie has only a second to look down at the blood pouring from his stomach before he crumbles.

He lies on the runway face up, looking at the flaming bomber streaking across the sky. He turns his head to the terminal. It stands unmolested. All those people, still alive.

Ernie stops breathing. His eyes glaze over.

EXT. THE SKIES OF S.F. -- CONTINUOUS

And, just as suddenly as it began, the enemy fighters bank away -- returning to their carriers at sea.

EXT. BULL'S HELLCAT -- COCKPIT

Bull watches the smoking bomber in the distance descending toward earth and eyes the other fighters headed west...

BULL

They're bugging out. For now.

Mac nods his agreement, watching them go...

MAC

They made their point. Let's head home.

And the pair bank for SFO, they can't help but look at the city below.

Giant plumes of black smoke rise from the city. Buildings lie in ruin.

The Transamerica Tower a flaming skeleton of its former self -
- a tattered American flag flying at its apex.

EXT. HER ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- DAY

The first trucks ferry in the wounded and dying. The burned, the bloodied, brought in by the dozens.

The doctors, the nurses, overwhelmed by the load, the severity, the trauma of it all.

INT. HER ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- SAME

The wounded are triaged. White bunks turn red. Writhing, screaming bodies fill the facility.

One particular Corpsman -- his shirt drenched electric red, his breath staccato and shallow -- stretchered in.

A YOUNG NURSE rushes to him. Her eyes fill with panic at the sight of him -- she's never seen anything like it.

The SOLDIER looks into the Nurse's eyes -- his fear multiplying as he sees her dismay...

LUCILLE (O.S.)
(to the Nurse)
Honey, you go get me some Ringer's
Lactate, a needle and thread and come
right back now okay?

The shell-shocked Nurse looks over her shoulder to see Lucille, wearing a hospital smock.

The Young Nurse gratefully and dutifully sets off, following instructions.

Lucille turns to the Soldier, taking his hand, her features that of a maternal angel to this man...

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
Now don't worry yourself, alright.
Everything's going to be just fine. I've
been doing this for a long, long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

The silhouettes of MiGs and Bombers fly out of the rising red sun, as plumes of ink black smoke choke the sky behind them. They descend on the Carrier Tributs where...

GALKIN stands on the Observation Deck, a thin whip of a smile over the outcome of the morning's battle.

GALKIN
Commander Petrov... Prepare my launch.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Sickly shafts of sunlight cut through thick black smoke.
Fires, rubble and crumbling facades in the hardest hit areas.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

Soldiers clear debris as Maggie, O'Connor and Copley stand
around a table, looking grim. Emergency sirens can be heard
in the distance.

GEN. O' CONNOR

Casualty estimates are starting to come
in. In less than 90 minutes of combat we
lost approximately 40% of our defensive
capability. Anti-Aircraft installations
and airpower were the hardest hit.

MAGGIE

How many people?

A long beat.

GEN. O'CONNOR

SFPD estimates at least seven thousand.

COPLEY

And it'll probably be worse tomorrow.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Infrastructure damage also looks to be
severe. We should have some reports on
other losses--

Maggie calmly interrupts him...

MAGGIE

I want to see it.

GEN. O'CONNOR

~~Madame President...~~

MAGGIE

I need to see it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAR-TORN STREETS OF S.F. -- DAY

A Jeep moves through the fiery destruction of the city.

Maggie and General O'Connor look on in silence...

Storefronts are aflame. Windows are broken. Wreckage
litters the streets...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Save for the occasional emergency vehicle, the small grouping of dirty Soldiers, the streets are empty.

Fire, secondary explosions, sirens the only sounds -- a city well on the way to ruin.

INT. HER ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- LATER

The wounded are attended to. The dying are not. Every bed occupied. Every resource strained.

Maggie and O'Connor enter, moving among the casualties...

The Elderly. Children. It's heart wrenching. And these are the lucky ones. The ones who survived. The others are....

INT. HER ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL -- MORGUE

Too many bodies. And more being stretchered in. Some are covered in white sheets. Some in American Flags.

LUCILLE

He's over here.

Tears wetting her cheeks, Lucille leads Mac and Bull through the Mournful maze to a gurney tucked in the corner of the morgue. A flag-draped body.

Mac lifts the corner of Old Glory. He's met by Ernie's lifeless eyes. Bull slowly raises his fist to his mouth.

MAC

He thought he was a coward.

BULL

Ain't no coward anymore.

They stand like this for a long moment, their friend's company for the last time. Mac slowly runs his fingers over Ernie's eyes, closing them for the last time.

A nurse crosses approaches.

NURSE

They've asked me to notify his family. Is there anything you'd like me to say?

BULL

(bitterly)

Yeah. Tell 'em they should've visited him when they had the chance.

Bull reaches down and removes Ernie's dog-tags.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

The rules of the London Blitz. No lights and thus no targets. The city is black.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE -- NIGHT

An enemy Jeep crosses the bridge into the city.

As it nears the S.F. side, a gaggle of American soldiers emerge on the roadway, rifles levelled.

MAJOR WALDEN (V.O)

I know it's been a long day filled with bad news. Unfortunately I have more...

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM -- SAME

Major Walden briefs the room.

MAJOR WALDEN

We know what's crippling us.

The senior Military Commanders, squadron leaders, and local authorities crowd into the converted ballroom.

MAJOR WALDEN (CONT'D)

According to our weapons analysts, Galkin is using a high-gain energy amplification refractor, also known as a Hi-GEAR. And until four days ago, we thought it was only a theory.

(beat)

This one's housed in a low-orbit satellite, and it's been pulse-charging our atmosphere with burst-energy radiation since it went operational on Saturday.

A murmur through the crowd.

INTEL OP

No wonder our systems don't work.

COPLEY

Is there any way to jam it?

MAJOR WALDEN

Footprint's too big. But we have been able to trace the satellite's position. She's here...

Walden slaps a map with a pointer.

MAJOR WALDEN (CONT'D)

Right over Omaha, Nebraska, just past the edge of space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEN. O'CONNOR

So we know where it is. How do we take it out?

MAJOR WALDEN

That's the problem, sir. Technology put her up there, and without our technology we can't take her down.

COPLEY

We could chip-strip ICBMs, blanket the quadrant.

MAJOR WALDEN

Won't be able to launch 'em much less get 'em to target.

MAGGIE

Allies?

MAJOR WALDEN

This would border on the impossible for our space program. Nobody else is even close to us.

Then, from the rear of the room...

ELLIS

Excuse me, ma'am.

The room looks back to see Wayne Ellis, as always, bandaged and bloodied...

ELLIS (CONT'D)

How far outside the envelope did you say it was?

MAJOR WALDEN

We're estimating about a mile.

ELLIS

Sounds like what you need's a missile you can steer, right? Nothing fancy. Just an engine and some fins. Something that'll push the envelope -- break the atmosphere -- but doesn't need computers to fly.

MAJOR WALDEN

Yeah. Problem is, we don't have it.

ELLIS

Begging your pardon, but yes you do.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Well now would be a good time to fill us in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLIS

The Glamorous Glennis, sir. The X-1.

GEN. O'CONNOR

The X-1. You mean Chuck Yeager's plane?

ELLIS

Yes, sir. And not a chip on her.

Mac, next to Ellis, raises an eyebrow.

MAJOR WALDEN

Just so I'm sure I heard what you just said, you want to take a forty-year-old test plane out of a museum, fly her into literal outer space to take down an orbiting satellite?

ELLIS

Yes, ma'am. That's my idea.

O'Connor and Walden trade looks. This guy's crazy.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Anybody else?

During the long silence, we notice a MILITARY AIDE slip into the room and hand Copley a note. He reads it, concerned.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Thank you, Major Walden... Given the losses we faced today, it seems we have no choice but to fall back. We think with another week, we can pull in thirty to fifty thousand more troops...

MAC

Excuse me, sir. These troops. What are they going to fight with?

GEN. O'CONNOR

Whatever we've got. We'll use the Rockies as a defensive advantage.

SAM

Uh... General? The Rockies, sir? If they take Cheyenne Mountain, they take Norad. They turn off that bird, they're gonna control our whole nuclear arsenal.

MAC

(to Ellis, under breath)
And the whole goddamn world.

GEN. O'CONNOR

We'll do every thing we can to prevent that from happening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Copley whispers in Maggie's ear. Maggie nods and rises.

CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Copley and Sam lead Maggie into the stairwell.

COPLEY

Galkin's made contact. He wants a meeting.

MAGGIE

A meeting? Why?

COPLEY

There's only one reason a head of state summons another in a time of war.

(beat)

He's going to ask you to surrender.

MAGGIE

Surrender? The United States. Can I...
Can I even do that?

COPLEY

Actually, you're the only one who can.

Maggie takes a seat of the stairs. She looks tired. Beaten.

MAGGIE

My daughter. She plays soccer. And her team is terrible. They're small, they're uncoordinated, and no matter how hard they try, they never win.

(beat)

How about us, Bill. Can we win?

COPLEY

General O'Connor can fall back all he wants... with our hands tied behind our backs, it's just a matter of time.

MAGGIE

Not just time... Lives. Tens of thousands of lives. Probably more. And whatever we do, we're still gonna lose.

(beat)

When's he want to do it?

COPLEY

Now.

SAM

I don't think you should go... You saw what he did to Crawford.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I'm the President, Sam. It's my job to go.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- MINUTES LATER

Flanked by Agent Tarr, Maggie exits, in Military attire for the first time. She approaches a vintage Presidential Limousine...

MAC (O.S.)

President Heflin...?

Maggie turns to find Mac Boyer with Ellis....

MAGGIE

(to Agent Tarr)

It's okay. I'll be right there.

Tarr moves to the limo...

MAC

I know we don't know each other and I know we don't have much time so I'm just going to say what I have to say. I've seen a lot of fighting in my time, too damn much to tell the truth. And in that time, one thing I've learned. Sometimes it's the bold stroke that wins.

MAGGIE

It's been awhile since I've slept, Captain. What exactly are you getting at?

MAC

(re: Ellis)

The boy's plan. It can work.

MAGGIE

Flying the plane into space?

ELLIS

Not that far into space, ma'am. She can make it.

Maggie looks into both men's eyes, and although they may be separated by fifty years, you wouldn't know it from the conviction in their eyes.

COPLEY

Madame President.

Maggie sees Copley by the limousine and nods. She turns back to our boys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. The military's General
O'Connor's department. You're gonna have
to talk to him.

MAC

But you're the Commander-in-Chief.

Maggie's tired. Too tired for this.

MAGGIE

It's O'Connor's call. Excuse me.

She heads for the limo, the fate of the free world on her
shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

A large white tent has been erected in the geometric center
of the Golden Gate.

SOLDIERS protect their respective sides. Southern end is
ours. Northern is theirs.

LONG SHOT DOWN THE BRIDGE -- Maggie approaches, wringing her
hands, flanked by Agent Tarr and several SOLDIERS.

OUTSIDE THE TENT -- Enemy Guards stop her, Copley and Agent
Tarr. The Americans raise their weapons...

ENEMY GUARD

(to Maggie)

Only you.

Maggie gestures for her soldiers to lower their arms. She
enters...

INT. GOLDEN GATE TENT -- SAME

Galkin sits behind a long table. His Commanders beside him.

Kalashnikov-carrying soldiers line the wall behind them...

Galkin rises, extends a hand...

GALKIN

Secretary Heflin.

Maggie just stares back, refusing the handshake...

GALKIN (CONT'D)

Your palms are sweaty. I understand.
Please. Sit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie tenuously takes her lone seat across the table...

Maggie stays silent. A long, uncomfortable beat passes as Galkin stares into her. Unblinking. Unwavering...

GALKIN (CONT'D)
Can I offer you something?

MAGGIE
(sotto)
What are your terms?

Galkin looks at her through squinted eyes...

GALKIN
Excuse me?

MAGGIE
That's why I'm here, right? To discuss your terms?

GALKIN
Terms... My terms...
(beat)
Secretary Heflin. America has tread on its favor with the modern world. It spurns its allies when they differ, cruelly punishes those who oppose it and wickedly exploits the less fortunate. It demands love and loyalty from all nations, but gives respect to none and threatens retribution against those whose convictions run counter to her own. For nations to truly be free and self-determined, this tyranny must end... My terms are as follows...

Galkin produces a single page document. Slides it across the table to Maggie...

GALKIN (CONT'D)
The complete and unconditional surrender of the United States of America.

Maggie looks down at the document. Then raises her eyes to Galkin...

MAGGIE
You can't win you know. Not in the long run. This country was founded by farmers who rose up and defeated the greatest empire in the world because they believed in an abstract ideal. America will fight back. Maybe not tomorrow. Maybe not next week. But we will. In the end, you can't win this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALKIN

It's a nice speech, but really, that's all it is. Because tonight was nothing. A taste to let you know the depth of our forethought and commitment. Tomorrow, at dawn, we will attack your city and your soil with wrath and anger. We will turn San Francisco to rubble. Then Los Angeles. Then Seattle. We will kill civilians. We will kill old people, sick people, women and children. We will not yield. We will not relent. Until you sign the paper in front of you.

(beat)

So all of the pain and all of the death that comes with tomorrow, and the next day, and the next...that blood is on your watch. By your hand, Secretary Heflin.

MAGGIE

President Heflin. President.

Maggie takes a long moment. When she answers Galkin, her eyes never waver. In fact, they don't even blink...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We have indeed had differences with our allies, as all nations have had with theirs. We have acted in difficult and complicated conflicts by pursuing the course most true to our founding charter. There is indeed a great disparity in the world and we, as a nation, recognize this and contribute where and how we can. Have we made mistakes? Of course we have. Significant ones.

(beat)

But even in our differences, we have nothing but reverence and gratitude for our allies. We respect the people, governments, societies, philosophies and religions of the world and wish for them to peacefully prosper.

(she looks eyes with Galkin)

We even respect our enemies. Their people, their civilizations and their histories.

(summoning)

Who we do not respect sir, are murderous, tyrannical despots who pervert the ambitions of their people to fulfill their personal narcissism. We do not respect those who inflict pain and suffering to further their lust for power. So, here, General Galkin is where we fundamentally differ. It is you the world does not respect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It is you the United States does not respect. And it is you who I do not respect.

Galkin pulls a 9mm and levels it at Maggie...

GALKIN

Sign the form or I'll shoot you where you stand.

Maggie looks down the barrel, then back to Galkin's eyes.

MAGGIE

Kill me if you like, but you can take your piece of paper and you can shove it up your ass.

She rises and exits. Galkin keeps his pistol leveled as she walks away. He fingers the trigger, ready to pull it. Maggie throws a backward glance at him with steely eyes, and then exits the tent.

Galkin lowers the weapon, takes a moment...

GALKIN

Tomorrow we slaughter them all.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

Maggie walks back to the Limo trying to keep her composure, keeping it together when all she wants to do is run and hide. But a man pointed a gun at her, and she stood her ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY -- FARMER'S DAUGHTER MOTEL -- NIGHT

Lucille, in her nurse's outfit, approaches with a small bag of groceries, opening the door to the room...

LUCILLE

They didn't have those potato chips you like...

...and stops dead in her tracks. Because...

INSIDE THE ROOM

Stands her husband MAC, shaved and showered, in the only suit he owns, holding a bouquet of red roses. The room is lit by the soft glow of a dozen candles. A stunning view, Tony Bennett on the turntable...

MAC

Lucille... I want to apologize for the fact that we haven't celebrated your Birthday in eight years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC (CONT'D)

I want to apologize for sneaking out before you're awake to go fishing. And I want to say I'm sorry that I don't kiss you goodnight anymore.

Tears form in Lucille's eyes...

MAC (CONT'D)

I've loved you from the moment I first saw you. Every day I've loved you the same. You are my foundation. You are the reason I live. I thank you, and I thank God for every day he's given us together.

Lucille drops the groceries. She kisses Mac fully as they embrace. They hold each other for a long time, slowly swaying back and forth. Dancing to the music... He finally pulls away.

MAC (CONT'D)

Lucille... I have to go.

She knows. And she nods. And with tears running down her eyes, she finds the strength to pull herself tall.

LUCILLE

Make me proud, Mac Boyer. Make me proud.

CUT TO:

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM -- NIGHT

The room buzzes with the planning of the Denver fallback. Maggie enters.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Madame President, your plane's standing by at the airport. The sooner you're out of town, the better.

MAGGIE

Thank you, General, but there's been a change in plans.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Excuse me.

MAGGIE

We're not falling back.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Madame President, with all due respect, it's our only choice.

MAGGIE

And with all due respect, General, you weren't in the room with Galkin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You wanted to look the enemy in the eye? Well I did and I saw a murderer, plain and simple. He is without compassion, he is without principle and he's going to kill men, women and children all the way to Denver, and when we fall back from Denver, he's gonna keep on killing. So we're not gonna concede San Francisco, and we're not gonna concede Las Vegas or Phoenix or Salt Lake or any other inch of American soil and I'll be goddamned before I give some madman a beachhead on our shores.

GEN. O'CONNOR

He's going to take the city anyway. You'll be sacrificing lives for nothing.

MAGGIE

You have kids, General O'Connor?

GEN. O'CONNOR

Yes I do.

MAGGIE

Where do they live?

GEN. O'CONNOR

Virginia and Pennsylvania.

MAGGIE

If they were in San Francisco I wonder if you'd feel the same way.

GEN. O'CONNOR

I'd rather have some of America than none of it.

MAGGIE

Someone I respect a great deal once said to me, when it comes time to make the call, make the call. So I'm making it. We're putting our soldiers back on the beach and we're taking out that satellite. We're going with the X-1.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Madame President, do you understand what you're asking? If we put our guys out there, and we don't take out that weapon, they'll be utterly defenseless...

MAGGIE

(interrupting, she knows)

General O'Connor, I wasn't asking...

(resolute)

I was giving an order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A long beat. All eyes on O'Connor. Then...

GEN. O'CONNOR

Yes, sir.

MAGGIE

And by the way, General, it's one nation under God. And he's not getting a piece of it, without a fight.

The room sits in stunned silence. The farm has just been bet.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So where's Captain Ellis? We have work to do.

Boyer and Ellis are nowhere to be found...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOVELY LUCILLE -- NIGHT

Pounding her way through the night sky.

IN THE CABIN

Mac Boyer and Ellis blast through the blackness...

ELLIS

So you think stealing a military aircraft and disobeying direct orders qualifies as one of your "bold strokes?"

MAC

What do you think?

ELLIS

Hell yes it does. By the way, where did you get "sometimes it's the bold stroke that wins" line? Churchill? Patton? That is some brilliant old-school shit.

MAC BOYER

Sam Snead. After he won the Masters in 1949.

EXT. TARMAC -- DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- NIGHT

As Lovely Lucille touches down. A gaggle of military vehicles await them on the runway...

As Lucille rolls to a stop...

ELLIS

(re: the vehicles)

Bad news, Boyer. You're ninety years old and you're about to get court-marshaled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boyer gives him a stern look....

ELLIS (CONT'D)
You're not going to get court-marshaled?

MAC
I'm not ninety.

Boyer and Ellis exit as an Air Force Sgt. approaches...

AIR FORCE SGT.
Captain Boyer? Captain Ellis?

MAC
That's us.

AIR FORCE SGT.
I have a telegram for you.

Boyer takes the envelope.

MAC
It's from the President.

ELLIS
What's it say?

He opens and reads...

MAC
(re-reading)
Godspeed.

EXT. THE STREETS OF D.C. -- DESERTED -- NIGHT

Music rises as a military convoy, sirens blaring, blasts down Avenue K.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN AIR & SPACE -- SAME

A curator stands outside in front of a dozen armed Marines...

The Jeeps jump onto the sidewalk, screeching to a stop at the foot of the exterior stairs...

Ellis and Boyer exit.

INT. SMITHSONIAN AIR & SPACE MUSEUM -- LOBBY -- SAME

Ellis leads the group into the cavernous, marble space. Their footsteps echoing throughout the chamber.

Ellis walks to the center of the room. Looks up. And there, suspended from the rafters above, the real deal...

..."Glamorous Glennis": the X-1.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIS
Take it down.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER -- ALEXANDRIA, VA. -- SAME

The make-shift community center where supplies are rationed, health-care is provided and information disseminated,

Maggie's Husband (Michael) and two children (Simon and Annie) are ushered in by two SOLDIERS.

They are taken through a particular door, to the rudimentary COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, where a TECHNICIAN mans the antiquated gear. He turns to Michael...

TECHNICIAN
I have one outside patch and one patch only. I'm afraid I can give you ninety seconds before I'll need the line back.

Like an old-school operator, the Technician plugs lines into the switchboard...

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
President Heflin? Yes ma'am.

The Technician offers the phone. Michael gestures for ANNIE to take it...

ANNIE HEFLIN
Mommy?

INT. RITZ-CARLTON CENTCOM / INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MAGGIE
(instantly choked up)
Hi Honey.

ANNIE HEFLIN
The power's out Mommy. We can't watch TV.

MAGGIE
I know. I know, sweetheart.

ANNIE HEFLIN
The microwave doesn't work and Daddy's been trying to bar-b-que and he's no good at it and--

MAGGIE
Annie honey, we don't have too much time and Mommy needs to tell you something, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE HEFLIN

Okay.

MAGGIE

Mommy may have to be gone for a while.
Maybe a long time. You know how much
Mommy loves you right?

ANNIE HEFLIN

Yeah.

MAGGIE

Good. But I'm worried about Simon. I
think he might not understand. You need
to explain to him that Mommy may be gone
for a while but that everything's going
to be okay. Can you do that for me
honey?

ANNIE HEFLIN

Yeah. I'll tell him.

MAGGIE

Okay.

ANNIE HEFLIN

Okay.

MAGGIE

Okay. I love you. I love you.

ANNIE HEFLIN

I love you too. Here's Daddy.

MICHAEL HEFLIN

Maggie.

MAGGIE

Michael.

A long moment. Too much to say, no time to say it...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You know what you mean to me.

MICHAEL HEFLIN

Me too. I'm so proud of you.

MAGGIE

See you when I see you.

MICHAEL HEFLIN

I love you, Maggie.

TECHNICIAN

Time's up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Maggie hangs up, then buries her face in her hands, collecting herself...

EXT. RUNWAY -- BOLLING AFB -- NIGHT

Glamorous Glennis is tended to.

From the shadows, Ellis approaches, reverentially circling the test plane. ,

He takes her in; cockpit, gauges, "Lt. Col. Chuck Yeager" scripted just below the canopy....

Glennis may look rickety and suspect to us, but to Ellis, she's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen...

But his solitary awe is interrupted...

MAC

What is it with you and other men's planes?

ELLIS

This isn't just a plane, pops. Time was, she was the fastest thing on earth.

MAC

So was I once.

Ellis looks over at Mac. Mac shrugs.

MAC (CONT'D)

Someone had to hold the record before Yeager. Just no one remembers who.

ELLIS

Seriously?

MAC

I was something, kid, once upon a time. Figure she makes it?

ELLIS

Oh yeah. She makes it.

They both take in Glennis for a long moment...

ELLIS (CONT'D)

I should go get dressed.

MAC

I'm the one getting dressed.

ELLIS

She's a single seater, pops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC

Yeah. And I'm in that seat.

ELLIS

And why would that happen?

MAC

Because she's closer to the birds I know than anything you've ever piloted.

ELLIS

Could be. But that's not why you want to do it... is it?

A beat. Mac meets Ellis' eye.

MAC

Hell, it's no secret she's a one-way ticket. You're a young man, Ellis. Never married. Never had a family. You got a lot in store.

Ellis takes a long moment, looks back to Boyer...

ELLIS

It's gonna to be a rough ride getting out. Hard for any man. Lord knows I can take the worst the world's got to give and I'll be lucky to keep it together, much less...

Ellis can't find the right words, so Mac does it for him...

MAC

An old man like me?

A long beat.

ELLIS

So it's settled.

MAC

Yeah, it's settled... You're going back to San Fran and leading the assault. I'm taking Glennis up.

Mac moves toward the plane. Ellis steps in front of him, a little sad that it has to come to this.

ELLIS

You know I can't let you do that.

MAC

I'm not asking.

ELLIS

Boyer. I like you. Don't make me do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAC
You gonna hit an old man?

ELLIS
Sorry, Pops.

And lightning fast, Ellis swings at Mac.

Just as fast, Mac blocks it. A surprised Ellis doesn't even see the uppercut that knocks him out cold.

MAC
Me too, kid. Me too.

CUT TO:

PREPARATION FOR WAR / PRE-DAWN MONTAGE

ON THE SHORES OF THE PRESIDIO -- PRE-DAWN

Gen. O'Connor walks the line of defense, saluting trench after trench of sandbagged SERVICEMEN. Their guns may range from Gatling to Mortar, but all of their eyes are just the same: pure steel.

SFO -- SAME

We pan past a long row of munitions being prepared. SERVICEMEN scrawl on bombs in white chalk: "Made in the U.S.A.", "Don't Mess with Texas", "Or Ohio"...

We hold on two particular bombs: "Liberty" and "Death"...

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

Copley approaches Maggie, who reviews the battle plan...

COPLEY
President Heflin. There's something you've got to see.

Maggie rises, following Copley to the exit...

COPLEY (CONT'D)
Allies have arrived.

MAGGIE
The British? How did they get through?

COPLEY
Not the British. The Mexicans. They came up I-Five.

The doors open to the street, revealing a MEXICAN REGIMENT, flying its colors on old tanks and transports, ready to fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A General at the fore. Maggie smiles in recognition, saluting in gratitude...

EXT. BOLLING AFB -- DAWN

The Sun rises behind a four-prop B-29 -- the X-1 harnessed to her belly.

IN THE COCKPIT OF THE B-29, the Military pilots prepare for takeoff.

Across the tarmac, Mac and a young FLIGHT TECH approach...

FLIGHT TECH

She's as tuned as can be. Controls are as discussed.

MAC

Where're the missiles?

FLIGHT TECH

She wouldn't be aerodynamic with a couple of birds on her wings.

Mac understands.

MAC

She is the missile.

FLIGHT TECH

Warhead's in her nose. Trigger's the red switch on the panel.

Mac crosses to the nose of the X-1. Glamorous Glennis has been painted over. It now reads "Lovely Lucille - Capt. Mac Boyer."

FLIGHT TECH (CONT'D)

It's the least we could do.

Mac's touched. Means the world to him. As he climbs into the B-29, the Tech gives the B-29 pilots the thumbs-up...

Pop. Pop. Poppop. Poppoppopp....The B-29's props explode to life...beginning to churn...

The blocks are pulled, the plane slowly angling for the runway, accelerating...

INT. B-29 COCKPIT -- SAME

The Pilot jams the thrusters, full speed ahead. The Monster lumbers down the runway with deafening thunder...

From this deafening din we...

INT. B-29 NOSECONE -- DAY

Behind the pilots, Mac and the Navigator shout over the din...

NAVIGATOR

We'll drop you about 200 miles west of the target. Just over Lincoln. You go straight East and up from there, that satellite should be sittin' right in front of you. We'll have radio contact for a bit but once you hit the envelope I make no promises. You good to go?

Mac nods. He and the Navigator move into the hold, the wind furiously whipping through the fuselage...

Mac cinches his helmet, looking down into the waiting X-1 and the rushing landscape 30,000 feet below...

Mac descends into the bird. The men shake with gloved hands...

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

We're a go, Captain. Anything else I can do for you?!

MAC

Yeah, you got a stick of Beeman's?

NAVIGATOR

Come again?!

MAC

Forget it.

Mac pulls down the canopy, sealing himself in...

NAVIGATOR

Sir.

Mac looks up. What?

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

It's an honor, sir.

The Navigator SALUTES. He knows what this man's about to do. Mac returns it. Then... THUMBS UP.

EXT. B-29 -- DAY

The four-prop pounds through the sky...

B-29 PILOT

Dropping in 8,7,6,5,4....

INT. X-1 COCKPIT -- SAME

On Mac, steels himself. Ready for the ride.

B-29 PILOT (V.O.)
3,2,1. Drop.

MAC
Shit.

EXT. B-29 -- SAME

The X-1 free-falls from the plane's belly...

...and is then spurred to life as White Flame explodes from her tail...

INT. X-1 COCKPIT

The bird accelerates...

MAC
This is Boyer. All systems are go. I'm gonna put it to her.

Mac reaches to his dash. Flips two switches in unison, and is locked into his seat as Glennis hurtles forward...

The altimeter and the airspeed indicator frantically spin...

...BOOM! Mach 1.

MAC'S POV -- we hurtle through cloud formations at the speed of sound...

AIRSPPEED INDICATOR -- spins for Mach 2.

CUT TO:

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE -- DAWN

The Lovely Lucille touches down on the Tarmac and motors past a squadron of F-15 Eagles.

Ellis climbs out of the cockpit.

ELLIS
Gentlemen. I'm gonna need a plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- PRESIDIO BEACHHEAD -- DAWN

O'Connor scans the bay through binocs.

ACROSS THE BAY -- the enemy transports launch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ENEMY ARMADA -- the morning sun glinting off their wings, enemy planes rise into the morning sky.

GEN. O'CONNOR

Here we go.

The air raid sirens begin to wail...

EXT. SFO TARMAC -- DAWN

The squadrons mobilize. Bull blazes into the sky...

CUT TO:

BOOTS RUNNING ACROSS CONCRETE...

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE -- NEVADA DAY

Modern-day pilots -- names like MERLIN, RAPTOR, PROUDFOOT emblazoned on their helmets -- run for their stagnant F-15 Eagles -- twenty abreast.

AMONG THEM, CAPTAIN WAYNE ELLIS

A STICKMAN stands before them as the pilots scramble into their cockpits...

As the pilots cinch their helmets, the STICKMAN elevates his flags...

INT. ELLIS' COCKPIT

A gloved finger depressing a sequence of buttons...

...no-go, SILENCE.

ON THE TARMAC

The STICKMAN repeats the routine...as do the pilots...

...no jets. No action.

Just silence.

ELLIS looks dejectedly to his grounded wingman, PROUDFOOT.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- SAME

The enemy attacks. More viciously than before. No target is sacred.

The bombers unload with fury. Fighters strafe Infantry positions. Ship-launched missiles crush into the city.

Entire blocks are decimated in a matter of seconds.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

The building is rocked, plaster falls from the ceiling, fires take their hold. But Maggie stands her ground.

IN THE AIR

Bull engages. Flying bravely, but ridiculously overmatched... ,

THE PRESIDIO BEACHHEAD --

The transports approach. Artillery lands all around...

THE ENEMY CARRIER TRIBUTS -- DECK -- SAME

Immune at this distance, Galkin watches his onslaught unleash its devastation...

INT. X-1 COCKPIT

Mac screams through spectral clouds. The sky grows dark...

MAC

Ninety-two thousand feet...feeling a little sloppy. Come back.

Static. Out of range, Mac is alone... He switches off his radio.

MAC (CONT'D)

You and me, Lucille. You and me.

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE -- TARMAC -- DAY

Silence. American pilots sit stock-still. Sweating in their flightsuits. Stagnant.

INT. NELLIS TOWER -- SAME

A CAPTAIN and several TOWERMEN look to their dormant screens...

The Captain checks his watch, this is taking too long...

ON THE TARMAC

The STICKMAN gives the redundant order in vain.

THE CAPTAIN strides out, next to the STICKMAN. Addresses the waiting pilots through a BULLHORN...

NELLIS CAPTAIN

Attention all Pilots! You are ordered to exit your aircraft and stand down!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELLIS CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Return to barracks and await further
orders!

Not a mirrored visor moves...

NELLIS CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Repeat. Pilots are ordered to stand
down!!

The Captain looks across the cockpits...not a single pilot
exits his fighter.

The Captain grants himself a private grin...

NELLIS CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(to the Stickman)
Corporal. As you were.

EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE S.F. -- SAME

Bull engages over the streets of the city, always outgunned,
always outnumbered.

Outside the cockpit, he watches a sky filled with death.
Smoking planes going down. We're getting killed.

BULL
Pull back. Pull back. Use the buildings
as cover.

PILOT (RADIO)
There's just too many of them.

Bull looks out over the piers, sees the AMPHIBIOUS LANDERS
DEPLOYING THEIR TANKS AND MEN....

BULL
Get on my wing! We gotta support the
beach!!

Bull screams for the beach, unloading his Machine Guns at the
charging Infantry....

EXT. THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE -- SAME

Enemy tanks roll across the bridge, crushing the white
armistice tent of the night before....

EXT. PRESIDIO BEACH-HEAD -- SAME

As the enemy charges the beach. Americans and Mexicans fire
furiously, the enemy falls, but there are just so many...

They quickly cover ground, attacking hand-to-hand...

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

Bombs continue to rain. The building is aflame. As fighters work to extinguish the blaze....

GEN. O'CONNOR

Our air force is gone. Our men are being overtaken on the shore. They are now targeting civilian neighborhoods and hospitals. Their tanks are crossing the Golden Gate--

MAGGIE

Any word from Boyer?

SAM

No contact for the past half-hour.

MAJOR WALDEN

We're ten minutes past projected target acquisition. We have to assume...

She doesn't finish the sentence. There's no need. Maggie looks to the floor. She bet the farm... and lost.

MAGGIE

(to herself)

On my watch. By my hand.

(to Walden)

How do I talk to Galkin?

COPLEY

We have a line.

The moment hangs heavily, both of them knowing full well the decision that is being contemplated...

MAGGIE

Get him.

INT. X-1 COCKPIT --

Mac, breathing hard, fights to stay conscious.

The altimeter shatters.

The stick bobs and weaves in Mac's hands as the fuselage quakes...

...and then all goes still.

Coursing through blackness, Mac has pierced the envelope...

OUT OF THE ATMOSPHERE

Mac's head is on a swivel. Breathing hard. Looks like he's going to pass out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC
Where are you?

Below him, the curvature of the earth. Above him, nothing.
Blackness -- no satellite to be found...

His breathing becomes labored. His eyes begin to close.
Sweating now. Like he's having a heart attack.

MAC (CONT'D)
Where... are you... you sonofabitch...

FROM BEHIND, the massive SATELLITE courses just over Mac's canopy.

Mac reacts. Reaches out slowly. Struggling. His body trembling.

MAC (CONT'D)
Come... on... old... man... Just.. one...
last... time....

BUT OUTSIDE THE ENVELOPE -

The X-1's engine falters. It begins to fall.

INT. X-1 COCKPIT

Mac sees the satellite begin to drift away.

His breathing is raspy, his vision blurred, he focuses on his hand, willing it forward until it touches the red toggle on his cockpit dash.

A small thin grin crosses the old warrior's face. The look of a man at peace.

He flips the switch.

EXT. NELLIS AIR FORCE BASE

Back with our still stagnant F-15s. The pilots still stoic, waiting...

Ellis releases his canopy, pushes it up, grabbing some air.

He lifts his visor, exhaling deeply....

BRREEEPP. BREEEPPP.

Ellis' brow furrows. What the hell? He pads his flight suit -- unzips a pocket -- extracts a cell phone?

It's ringing.

STICKMAN, his eyes wide, looks to Ellis--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ellis looks up and sees a small white light high in the northern sky, glowing like the star of Bethlehem.

His eyes suddenly afire, Ellis pulls down his visor, yanks his canopy shut.

BZZTTTT. BZTT. Static crackles to life in his cockpit...

STICKMAN, seeing this, twirls his flags anew...

Ellis gets to work...as does PROUDFOOT...RAPTOR...systems are go...firing up...

HAWOOOOOHHHHH -- the unmistakable surge...

NELLIS CAPTAIN
(over radio, clipped, static)
Nellis Pilots. We have ignition. All Go
No Quit. All Go No Quit!!

The pilots share a look...it's on.

Ellis' jet leaps forward, blowing past the twirling STICKMAN...

PROUDFOOT'S JET launches past -- impatiently hurtling into the sky...

As fast as they can. Ka-BOOM!! Ka-BOOM!! Sonic BOOMS shake our foundations...All go no quit.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

The phone is handed to MAGGIE....

COMMUNICATIONS TECH
He's on the line.

Maggie takes the phone...

MAGGIE
General Galkin.

...just as the RITZ'S LIGHTS COME ON -- crystal chandeliers, table lamps...THE FIRE ALARM STARTS TO BLARE, COMPUTER MONITORS ACTIVATE---

MAJOR WALDEN
Madame President!! Wait!!

Maggie looks to her digital watch, flashing "12:06" (the time it went down) as the revelation and all that it entails hits.

Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
General Galkin, I am offering you this
final opportunity to surrender.

Major Walden looks to Maggie, who shakes her head ever so slightly as she hears his response...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
If no, is indeed your answer....
(she waits, last chance time)
Then here we come.

She hangs up.

ALONG THE BEACH - THE FIGHTING IS THICK

Bull's P-51 descends, spitting out machine gun fire on the invading troops. But as he pulls out of his straffing run, a MiG comes in fast and low, surprising him from behind.

The MiG unleashes -- round after round of Machine Gun fire...

Tears into the fuselage. Tears into the wing. Shatters his canopy.

Bull tries to shake the Russian. But can't.

The Russian lines him up. But as he presses the trigger...

BOOOOOOOOOM! The MiG bursts into a ball of flames!

Bull looks around... What the hell just happened.

A LOW RUMBLE builds then makes itself more clear. SONIC BOOMS. The Nellis Jets come screaming over the Eastern hills.

IN BULL'S COCKPIT

Bull sees the re-inforcements... A bittersweet moment. He knows.

BULL
Good man, Mac. Good man.

Bull turns his sights on a nearby MiG and opens up his guns.

INT. HER ANGEL OF MERCY HOSPITAL - DAY

The sonic boom shakes the walls and cuts through Lucille like a knife as she attends to a wounded soldier. Lights flicker. E.R. equipment struggles back to life.

And we see tears are streaming from her eyes as she works on the GI. Swallowing her grief in duty. But the sonic booms, the lights. She knows what this means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's gone. Her Mac is gone.

EXT. SKY ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO

As the line of F-15 Eagles descend, talons bared. Laser-guided missiles fly, computer-sighted machine guns engage...

IN ELLIS' COCKPIT -- we see the battle through his projected targeting screen -- multiple guided-missiles launch, countermeasures deploy, targets are identified, prioritized and eliminated...

He moves through the fray killing at will, a man on a mission, a man possessed, descending on the Presidio...

EXT. PRESIDIO BEACH-HEAD -- SAME

As the American Air Power hits, the MARINE COLONEL seizes the moment, charging ahead, bayonet forward, screaming to his troops...

MARINE COLONEL
Charge you sons-a-bitches! CHARGE!!

American and Mexican troops, their flags flying forward, surge into the enemy...

THE ENEMY CARRIER TRIBUTS -- DECK -- SAME

Galkin watches as his planes begin to retreat...

He hears the rumble again, but this time it's from a different direction...

...the west. From out at sea.

INT. ELLIS' COCKPIT -- DAY

Ellis wrecks the enemy landers, as some new voices come over his frequency...

BRITISH VOICE
This is Captain Edwards of the Royal Air Force. Request Permission to engage.

AUSTRALIAN VOICE
This is Colonel Aubrey of the Australian Air Force. Permission to Engage.

JAPANESE VOICE
Captain Katsuyama. Japan. Permission to engage.

THE ENEMY CARRIER -- TRIBUTS -- SAME

Galkin looks to the West as British, Australian and Japanese jets fill the skies, coming at Mach 3....

INT. BULL'S COCKPIT - DAY

As the enemy planes turn tail, headed back to sea, they run right into the allied re-inforcements. They are pounded from all sides...

The enemy ships now under attack...

The forces attacking the beach being driven back into the water...

Bull heads for the TRIBUTS. Galkin stands on the deck...

Bull closes in, fingering Ernie's dog-tags...

Quickly, he has an F-15 at each wing (ELLIS AND PROUDFOOT)...

ELLIS

Bug out, Bull. We got it from here.

The ship fires A.A. rounds at the approaching planes. The F-15s quickly douse the incoming fire with advanced countermeasures...

Bull sees his target, bears down...

BULL

In a minute, boys. There's one more thing I've gotta do...

ELLIS

Roger that, Bull. I got your wing.

The three planes burn in low and hot, Bull's WWII P-51 wing-to-wing with the F-15s...

A.A. fire exploding all around them...

Galkin still standing on the deck, defiant until the end...

Bull banks in, looses the first bomb "Death"...

BULL

That's for Ernie...

...then "Liberty"...

BULL (CONT'D)

... and this is for Mac.

The bombs strike. An explosion of fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Galkin is consumed by the blast...

Black Smoke devours the frame... Then slowly dissipates.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- LONG SHOT

The war is over.

The surviving enemy vessels fly the white flags of surrender.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL -- CENTCOM

Maggie accepts congratulations from a joyous room. As she surveys the cheering Military Aides and staffers, her eyes meet General O'Connor's. The Chair of the Joint Chiefs pulls himself straight and tall and raises his hand to his brow. A deep and genuine SALUTE to his Commander-in-Chief.

And President Margaret Heflin returns it.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY

The flaming, smoking city. Emergency crews trying to squelch the fires. Medics attending to wounded civilians...

MAGGIE (V.O.)

As we look back at these terrible and trying days, let us not dwell on the darkness...

Atop the Transamerica, the tattered and torn stars and stripes still fly...

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let us, rather, remember the light. Let us remember the days of neighbor helping neighbor.....

The tattered flag dissolving into A PRISTINE AMERICAN FLAG waving over the WASHINGTON MALL....

MAGGIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... and the time when the walls that divide us were not as strong as the bonds that unite us... And let us remember all those who answered duty's call...

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

Maggie stands before the large assembled crowd, surrounded by familiar faces: Sam Donnelly, William Copley, Major Walden, Generals O'Connor and Thurman as well many other members of the Cabinet that we may recognize from the opening scenes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Let us remember Mackenzie Boyer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now we see the FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN. And Lucille in the front row.

Behind her stands BULL, his hand on her shoulder. WAYNE ELLIS, in full pressed NAVY BLUES, beside them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

For there is no greater act of patriotism than to knowingly give one's life for the survival of one's country. Duty, honor, valor and courage... these are the values that America aspires to, and these are the values that Mac Boyer lived. May we always answer when we hear the call as selflessly as you did. We now commit you to eternal rest, here on the fields where valor proudly sleeps. America is forever in your debt.

As BUGLER plays TAPS, the COLOR GUARD lifts the flag from the coffin and with precise, ceremonial movements they fold the flag into a tight, stately triangle.

Maggie hands the flag to Lucille.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

With the thanks of a grateful nation.
With the thanks of a grateful world.

High overhead, a SQUADRON of F-15s roar by, one peeling off in missing man tribute. Lucille squeezes Bull's hand.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE pulls up. Waiting at the front door of the Residence: Michael Heflin, Annie and Simon. Maggie steps out of the limo and pulls them into a hug.

INT. SMITHSONIAN - DAY

Wayne Ellis watches as a construction crew hoists Mac's P-51 - THE LOVELY LUCILLE - to the rafters of the Air & Space Museum... into the space where Glamorous Glennis once hung.

Ellis gives her one last look, turns and walks out the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

As we pull back from the Mall, we leave our audience on a glory shot of Washington, D.C. Sun glints off marble. It's a beautiful day.

And though the flags may be at half-mast, the Cherry Blossoms are in bloom.

FADE TO BLACK.