

# PEARL HARBOR

26  
*An Original Screenplay*

*by*

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As in every dramatic reconstruction, actual characters and events have been combined and shaped for clarity; but the events are factual, and we have made every effort to capture the truth of what happened, drawing not only from the best historical works, but from the personal accounts of many who saw these events through their own eyes, and shaped them with their courage.

26

The sound of an airplane roaring by anticipates

A BIPLANE rushing over a field lush with young plants.

A1

It releases a trail of crop spray and climbs again, into a blue sky, where sunshine pours over family farms stretching to the horizon. It's not Heaven; it's just Tennessee. But for as long as there's been an America, men have fought and died for this place--as volunteers.

A BARN - DAY SUPERIMPOSE: TENNESSEE, 1926

1

The barn is unpainted except for hand lettering that says "McCawley Crop Dusting." Another plane noise, this one made by kids, brings us to TWO BOYS, sitting in the shell of an old plane propped on crates, scavenged of its engine, seats, and wheels.

The boys sit in its cockpit, butts crowded onto the nail keg they've replaced the seat with. They've even attached a 2x4 as propeller, as if their imaginations needed any help. They wear overalls and have bowl haircuts: RAFE and DANNY, 10 years old.

RAFE  
Bandits at 2 o'clock!

DANNY  
Power dive!

They buzz their lips in a flying noise and work the controls, Rafe's bare feet on one pedal, Danny's on the other. Danny notices Rafe has drawn chalk gauges on the rusty dashboard, and labeled one RUDDR. Danny takes the chalk from Rafe's pocket and adds a D and E, then rejoins Rafe in their game, manufacturing their own machine gun and engine sounds.

RAFE  
Good shooting, Danny!

DANNY  
Good shooting, Rafe!

RAFE  
Land of the free...

DANNY  
Home of the brave!

The boys notice the cropdusting plane pulling to a stop outside the barn. RAFE'S FATHER shuts down the engine and hops in a pickup with empty spray canisters in the back. As he drives off, the two boys look at the plane--and at their makeshift version of it.

RAFE  
Come on. I'm gonna teach you how to fly.

CLOSE - THE PLANE - The real one.

Rafe leads Danny climbing down into the cockpit seat. Danny's amazed by the controls.

DANNY

Wow. It's like we're really flyin'.

Rafe's acting cool.

RAFE

I've done it a lot... You man the guns.  
I'll give her some throttle.

Rafe hits a couple of switches and works the throttle, unknowingly pumping gas into the hot engine; suddenly the prop turns over. It surprises both of them. Rafe and Danny are speechless, then bug-eyed as the plane begins to move!

They're holding on for dear life as the PLANE rumbles down the dirt track, bumping, picking up speed; Rafe's too frozen to react at first, and Danny's stiff, as the wheels lift off! Rafe instinctively pulls on the controls; the plane rises higher, wobbles 10, then 20 feet into the air, both terror and joy beam through their faces. THEY ARE FLYING for 5 magical seconds as the plane bounces back to dusty earth.

Rafe gropes back the throttle and they come to a stop a few feet from black and white cows staring in dumb-eyed wonder. Rafe shuts down the engine; they sit for a silent moment.

DANNY

Wow. You're good.

RAFE

Yeah. I think so too.

(then)

Boy, we're gonna get a lickin'!

In sudden panic they scramble out of the real plane and run back toward the wrecked hulk. They resume playing. It's a picture of peace... But a man's hand grabs Danny by the straps of his overalls and jerks him from the cockpit.

It's Danny's FATHER and he's a fearsome sight; he has one arm, and the haunted face of a broken man. He shakes Danny.

DANNY'S FATHER

You no-count boy! Johnson come lookin', said he'd pay a dime for you to shovel his pig shed, and I can't find you no place. I done told you, you spend time playin' with this stupid boy can't even read, you ain't never gonna amount to nothin'!

DANNY

He's not stupid, Daddy--

His father slaps him off his feet. Horrified, Rafe can't get a sound out. Danny isn't surprised; his father yanks him up again, twisting the overall straps tight, choking him; he struggles. It does no good; his father starts across the field, dragging and strangling Danny.

DANNY

Da-- Daddy--

The father's anger makes him oblivious--until CRACK! The 2x4 propeller slams him across the back, knocking him to the ground and making him drop Danny. The father rolls over to see 10-year-old Rafe, holding the 2x4 like a bat.

RAFE

Let him alone!

The father's eyes bulge in rage; he staggers to his feet.

DANNY

Rafe... Daddy... No!

The man looks murderous, but Rafe draws back the board.

RAFE

I'll bust you open, you...German!

The words ring something deep in the man's booze-broken brain. He begins to cough, in sick ugly convulsions, an old soldier broken by trench warfare, stress, cigarettes and booze--ruined lungs and a ruined life. He gets enough breath to choke out--

DANNY'S FATHER

I fought the Germans.

He looks at Danny and realizes what he's just done.

DANNY'S FATHER

Danny, I...

He turns and staggers away. Danny looks at Rafe--a communication between boys joined by something deeper than blood. Then Danny runs off after his father.

DANNY

Daddy! Daddy! Wait.

Danny catches him, takes his father's hand, and walks away with him. Rafe's father has just pulled up in the truck; as he gets out--

RAFE'S FATHER

What's goin' on, son?

RAFE

Nothing. Danny's dad just come to get him.

His father looks toward Danny and his father, walking away, then looks at his own son.

RAFE'S FATHER

Hey, boy--you wanna go up?

Rafe's eyes light up in delight, and he moves to his father.

RAFE

Hey Daddy, will you take Danny up sometime?

RAFE'S FATHER

Sure will, son.

His father turns to where he left the plane; it isn't there. Then he spots it a few hundred feet down the road. As the puzzlement hits his father's face, young Rafe takes a deep breath, his mind racing to come up with an explanation...

**BLACK/WHITE IMAGES OF TIME AND EVENTS FLASH BY, LIKE BULLETS TO THE HEART OF THE WORLD'S INNOCENCE:**

2

1933 HITLER TAKES POWER IN GERMANY

1937 JAPANESE INVADE CHINA

1938 BRITAIN'S CHAMBERLAIN SAYS: "The World has nothing to fear from Adolf Hitler..."

1939 GERMANY INVADES POLAND; EUROPE AT WAR!...AMERICA REFUSES TO JOIN FIGHTING

EXT. NEW JERSEY AIRFIELD - DAY SUPERIMPOSE, JANUARY, 1941

3

American P-40s land in tight order and taxi off the runway; the pilots shut down their props, slide back the canopies and hop down. We see young pilots: ANTHONY, BILLY, RED.

TRAINING CAPTAIN

Where are McCawley and Walker?

Then he sees two planes still in the air; they've circled to opposite ends of the airfield and are now heading right at each other, like two bullets playing chicken.

IN THE COCKPITS are RAFE McCAWLEY and DANNY WALKER both grown, lean and handsome. Their Southern accents are slight now; they have Army officer polish. Rafe has lost none of his boyhood brashness, and Danny, though we can't see it yet, has developed a masculine literacy, like Hemingway.

RAFE

C'mon flyboy! Let's play some chicken.

\*

DANNY

Rafe. I'm not doing it.

\*

RAFE

I'm coming straight for you. You're doin' it.

\*

DANNY

Oh no...Right or left?

\*

\*

RAFE

Right...no, left...no no no, keep it righty tighty!

\*

\*

From Rafe and Danny's POV, the rush is awesome.

DANNY

You're going right! Right Rafe!

THE PILOTS ON THE GROUND watch in awe as the P-40's get so close they can't possibly get out of each other's way. Billy, the most boyish-faced of the pilots, yells to drown out the sound of the collision as the planes come together 20 feet above the onlookers.

At the last instant, both planes snap a quarter turn so that their wings are vertical, and they shoot past each other belly to belly, blasting the clothes of the onlookers, blowing hats off heads, in the vortex of their hurricane pass.

IN THE COCKPITS, Rafe and Danny burst out laughing; and Rafe's plane spins like a corkscrew, piercing the air, then soars upward as he feels the pure ecstasy of flight.

THE PILOTS ON THE GROUND laugh and congratulate each other. The Training Captain's hat lands on the ground at his feet.

TRAINING CAPTAIN

Dammit! Those billbillies are a menace to national security.

Anthony picks up the Captain's hat and hands it to him, smiling.

ANTHONY

You know what they say...You can take the crop-duster out of the country--but don't put him in a P-40.

INT. BASE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Danny sits nervously beside the door of Colonel Doolittle's office. Across from him is the pissed off Training Captain, glaring at him. Danny's anxious about how it's going inside.

INT. COLONEL DOOLITTLE'S OFFICE - DAY

COL. JIMMY DOOLITTLE, mid-40's, is commander of the base. Tough as he is good in the air, a legend as an air warrior, and especially imposing as he eyeballs Rafe, standing at attention before him.

DOOLITTLE

You think two years of training and a forty-five thousand dollar airplane are there for your amusement?

RAFE

Just honing skills, Colonel.

DOOLITTLE

And when you did the Outside Loop last week, was that honing skills? That's not training, McCawley, that's a stunt--and most people consider it reckless and irresponsible.

OUTSIDE, Danny makes this out, and winces. INSIDE the office, Rafe tries to maneuver.

RAFE

How could it be irresponsible, Sir, if you were the first man in the world to do it?

DOOLITTLE

Don't get smart with me, son.

RAFE

Never, Sir. I just meant it's dangerous only for the kind of pilot who wants to show off, rather than inspire the other pilots in his unit. And after all you've inspired me, Sir, I did it to say thanks. To honor you, Sir. What the French call a "homage."

DOOLITTLE

That's bullshit, son.

(quieter)

But it's really good bullshit.

RAFE

Thank you, Sir.

Doolittle's voice is now so low no one else can hear; he moves toward the window that looks out toward the flight line.

DOOLITTLE

I saw that high-speed pass. It was good. But the spin at the end... Now that...

Doolittle gives Rafe an approving look, and for the first time Rafe starts to relax a little, as Doolittle settles into a quieter, personal conversation.

DOOLITTLE

You're an okay pilot, McCawley. I look at you, I see myself, twenty years ago.

He lifts an envelope from his desk.

DOOLITTLE

That's why we have to talk about this.

OUTSIDE, Danny's trying too hard to listen; the Captain clears his throat, and Danny sits up straight again, having to miss overhearing any of the conversation.

INSIDE DOOLITTLE'S OFFICE, Rafe doesn't know what the papers are.

DOOLITTLE

The British have accepted you into the Eagle Squadron. You're on your way to England...if you still want to go.

RAFE

Well, sure...I didn't know it would happen so soon.

DOOLITTLE

The Germans are pounding the royal Air Force for all they're worth, to clear the way for a full-scale invasion. So right now a few pilots in British planes are the only thing that stand between Hitler and complete victory in Europe. I sped up your paperwork--but now that it's here, I have to ask you to reconsider.

RAFE

Reconsider, Sir?

DOOLITTLE

You've gotta understand something. The Brits may lose, and sooner or later we're gonna be in this war, whether we like it or not. I'm gonna need my best pilots--so it's my duty to ask you to stay.

Doolittle still holds Rafe's orders. Rafe studies Doolittle's chiseled face.

RAFE

Sir...what would you do, if you were me?

DOOLITTLE

Hell, if it was me, I'd go.

A slow smile plays at the corners of Doolittle's mouth, as Rafe reaches out and accepts the orders.

RAFE

When do I leave?

DOOLITTLE

Tomorrow morning. Good luck over there.

Doolittle shakes Rafe's hand...

OUTSIDE Doolittle's office, as the door opens, Danny and the Training Captain stand at attention. Doolittle, showing Rafe out, spots Danny.

DOOLITTLE

The other hot dog.

RAFE

He's the careful hot dog, Sir. He'd be the right replacement for me as squad leader.

Doolittle nods and closes the door; the Training Captain moves off, assuming Rafe has been busted. Danny looks at his friend.

DANNY

Your replacement?...he kicked you out?

RAFE

No... We have to talk.

INT. NEW JERSEY AIRFIELD - BARRACKS - AFTERNOON

6

The pilots are getting slicked up for a night on the town. Anthony and Billy are combing their hair at the sinks.

ANTHONY

Big night, man. We gotta make it with these nurses before we all get reassigned.

Billy finishes his hair and declares to his image in the mirror--

BILLY

You good-lookin' sumbitch...don't you EVER die!

ANTHONY

DIE! That's the concept you've got to work tonight. Put a drop of this clove oil under your eyes, let 'em start to sting and well up, then get your nurse alone. Take a breath and let he see your eyes glisten and say, "Baby, they're training me for war, and I don't know what'll happen. But if I die tomorrow, I wanna know that we lived all we could tonight." I've never known it to fail.

Red finishes brushing his teeth at the sink beside them.

RED

He's n-never known it to work, either.

The guys head out laughing.

EXT. NEW JERSEY BARRACKS - NIGHT

7

As the pilots are heading toward the waiting bus, they see Rafe and Danny standing out on the parade ground, talking privately.

BILLY

Come on, you guys, we've got nurses waiting!

Danny and Rafe ignore them; Danny's upset by what Rafe's saying.

DANNY

How could you do this?

RAFE

The British needed fliers and I just...they sorta assigned me. The Colonel worked it out.

DANNY

Well how the hell did you join another outfit without letting me in on it?

RAFE

I'm sorry, Danny, but they're only accepting the best pilots. It's a place where I'm going to get great combat pilot training.

DANNY

It's no joke, it's war--where the losers die, and there aren't any winners, just guys who turn into broken down wrecks like my father.

RAFE

I know that's how you feel, and that's why you should stay. But I feel different. I don't know much about politics, but I know bullies--and this Hitler guy's gotta be faced up to.

DANNY

Don't preach to me about duty, dammit! I wear the same uniform you do! If trouble wants me, I'm ready--but why go look for it?

RAFE

Because it's lookin' for us. We're all at war--we just don't know it yet.

Danny turns away sharply in anger.

BILLY

(from the bus)

The girls are waiting!

RAFE

Come on, let's go.

DANNY

You go ahead. I don't feel like a party.

Red honks the horn. Danny starts walking away but Rafe grabs him.

RAFE

It's our last night with the nurses--if I have to, I'm gonna drag you.

INT. A MOVING TRAIN - NIGHT

8

The trains of 1941 have their own beauty, with felt seats, shaded lamps, and paneled compartments. But the glow of the train is outshone by EVELYN STEWART. She's one of ten nurses, gathered at one end of the car as it rattles along the track.

The other nurses are pretty and ripe--maybe a bit too ripe, their lips painted bright red, their faces powdered, their spirits high. Unlike today's veggie-munchers, these girls are happily swigging Cokes and snacking on Moon-Pies. Evelyn listens in amusement to BETTY, a cute blonde, BARBARA, a sultry brunette with a whiskey voice, and SANDRA, a stocky redhead.

BETTY

We're finally gonna see the world.

SANDRA

Betty, we're Navy nurses, not tourists.

BARBARA

I hear we're heading for the Pacific--where all you need's a good party dress and a bathing suit.

BETTY

A teenie tiny bathing suit--I'm gonna find me an officer and a gentleman.

BARBARA

Then you better talk to Evelyn, she has both. C'mon, Evelyn, you've been dating Rafe two months. Tell us how you found him.

Just thinking about him, Evelyn has to smile. All the girlish faces turn toward her...

INT. MILITARY MEDICAL CENTER - EVELYN'S MEMORY - DAY 9

Young pilots, stripped to their underwear and holding paperwork, are being herded through the ordeal of inoculations and medical re-checks. Our pilots are already there. As Billy winces from a third stab in the ass and limps off the next station, Anthony steps up to the bored-looking Barbara.

ANTHONY

Look--do you really have to do this?

BARBARA

No. If you'd rather, she can do it.

She nods to the opposite table, where a huge nurse with massive forearms stabs Red's pale butt. \*

ANTHONY

--OW! What, you already dull that needle on every ass in the Army?

BARBARA

We're Navy nurses. We do it with a smile.

She smiles, and jabs him again hard. Anthony jerks in pain.

ANTHONY

I'm just saying I've been inoculated a thousand times already! Is this necessary?

BARBARA

Honey, the government says stick 'em... we stick 'em!

AT ANOTHER STATION, a FLIER pleads with a DOCTOR; Rafe and Danny are close enough to witness the sad drama--

FLIER

Doc, listen, I've passed a dozen medical checks! You write that, you take my wings away!

The doctor still writes, not looking up.

He grabs a stamp and slaps MEDICAL REJECTION onto the heartbroken flier's paperwork. The sound of the stamp is like a gunshot to RAFE and DANNY, in a line edging toward an eye test.

RAFE

I'm gonna fail, they're gonna take my wings.

DANNY

Just relax, you'll see 'em.

RAFE

I can see 'em from here! But I'm gonna jumble 'em.

Rafe looks at a scrap of paper in his hand, of the eye chart.

DANNY

No you're not...practicing the bottom line again. Don't worry, I'm right behind you.

Rafe, memorizing it, like a song, whispering...

RAFE

J - L - M - K - P - O...

J - L - M - K - P - O...

The man in front finishes and the nurse stamps APPROVED on his papers. She doesn't even look up as Rafe moves forward, and too quickly spouts--

RAFE

J - L - M - K - P - O! Eyes like an eagle  
ma'am.

The nurse is Evelyn. Danny and Rafe both look at her, registering how beautiful she is. She keeps her eyes on Rafe's file, but says--

EVELYN

Slow down soldier. And instead of the bottom,  
read the very top.

Rafe is frozen. He did not memorize the top line. The letters are huge on the chart. He tries to smooth-talk her.

RAFE

But...that's...they're so big, how's that  
gonna...

EVELYN

Please read to top.

RAFE

R...J - C no no J - C - Q - W. I mean W-Q.

He's reversing letters. Still Evelyn doesn't look up. But WHAT SHE SEES on RAFE'S PAPERWORK has alerted her;

his MATH and SPATIAL REASONING scores are both 99, but on the handwritten section, he's reversed letters, with confused spelling. Rafe has mild dyslexia.

EVELYN

The bottom line again, please. But read it right to left...and every other letter.

Rafe struggles with the chart.

RAFE

Uh...E...X

DANNY

(whispering)

X-E...X-E X-E.

RAFE

X-E!...

Evelyn looks up; Rafe is caught in her stare. Her gaze shifts to Danny, then back to Rafe. Then back to his paperwork.

EVELYN

Your Math and Spatial Reasoning scores are super--but you barely passed the verbal section--

RAFE

I was sick that day.

DANNY

Stuck on the can with diarrhea--

Rafe elbows Danny in the gut.

EVELYN

How about you read this for me?

She hands him the Regulations Manual on her desk.

RAFE

Okay. And while I read the manual, why don't you read this.

He jabs his finger at a SCORE IN HIS FILE. It says, FLYING SKILLS, CLASS RANK: #1. Rafe, glancing nervously at the Supervisor who's at a desk not far away, says softly but urgently to Evelyn--

RAFE

I can read, I just have trouble with it sometimes, I jumble the letters. But you don't fly by reading manuals, and you don't dogfight with gauges. It's all about feeling and speed. This manual says a guy who's a slow reader can't be a good pilot. That file says I'm the best pilot in this room.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Rafe stands frozen in front of Evelyn. He stares deep into her eyes, pleading from his soul, and says, like a prayer--

RAFE

Don't take my wings.

She looks back at him, then reaches toward the stamps on her desk: APPROVED & REJECTED. Her hand hovers, grabs one...stamps APPROVED on his paperwork. Rafe moves off; Evelyn accepts Danny's folder.

EVELYN

Okay...Lt. Daniel Walker, how about you?

DANNY

How about me?

He gives her his best flirting grin.

EVELYN

Listen Romeo, just read the chart.

The nursing Supervisor interrupts.

NURSING SUPERVISOR

Evelyn, rotate to Station Three.

EVELYN

Keep an eye on this one.

Evelyn moves, to Danny's disappointment. The Supervisor looks at Danny; she's crossed-eyed. RAFE, among the other men, watches as Evelyn moves to relieve the nurse at one of the inoculation stations. Rafe talks quickly to one of the men in her line, switches charts with him.

Evelyn giving inoculations. She pauses as Rafe appears, suddenly next in line.

EVELYN

Drop your trou.

RAFE

Be gentle.

He slips a corner of his skivvies down. Her eyes catch an innocent glance at his cute butt. He speaks hurriedly.

RAFE

Why'd you let me off?

No answer; she fills her syringe. She's all business.

RAFE

It was my charm, right?

EVELYN

Charm?

(she injects Rafe a little too hard)

RAFE

Owwwww!

EVELYN

Gosh, did I poke too deep?

RAFE

I think you hit bone. And here I just wanted to thank you for saving my career.

She gives him another long stare. Remembering her father.

EVELYN

My father was a flier. I know what it does to a pilot to take away his wings. That's all.

RAFE

That's not all. I think kinda sorta you like me, I can tell.

He's now putting the moves on and she's got a long line waiting.

EVELYN

How'd you guess?--it's all the sexy naked butts...they never taught us how to deal with this, this feeling.

RAFE

Feeling...?

She stands up close to Rafe's ear and whispers slow and sexy...

EVELYN

Tingly feeling.

(she pokes him hard with the empty needle)

Whoops, I'm still in needle training. Now beat it.

But Rafe stays; his eyes start to have a little trouble focusing.

NEXT GUY IN LINE

Let's go, I wanna get this over with!

RAFE

Hold on, hold on...

(to Evelyn)

I really, really...

She notices he doesn't look right.

RAFE

...lick you.

Now she really looks at him; then she looks at the chart he gave her. Rafe grins, too happily; feet unsteady, he grabs for support, catching only a rolling I.V. stand that makes him even wobblier. He is trying so hard to be smooth.

RAFE

I'll buy you donor... I'll donate dinner...

EVELYN  
This isn't your chart!

RAFE  
Naw, it's some guy's, he's waiting...I don't  
feel so...

She finds his chart inside the one he borrowed from another guy.

EVELYN  
Oh no, you've already had this injection!  
This is bad--

Before she can react, Rafe falls like a plank, on his face.

INT. TRAIN - PRESENT

The nurses are laughing.

BARBARA  
Doesn't exactly seem like the start of a great  
romance.

EVELYN  
Well not until he turned up at the end of my  
shift...

She's still laughing at the thought...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Evelyn's leaving the hospital with the rest of the nurses; they're  
in overcoats--it's cold in the New Jersey winter.

RAFE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey! Hey!

She looks up to see Rafe standing there, holding a bottle of  
champagne. His nose is all bandaged, full of packing. It looks  
both painful and ridiculous.

EVELYN  
My God--you okay?

RAFE  
What, this? I'm fine. I feel great.

He acts like he looks and feels perfectly normal--which makes him  
sound even more comical, through the stopped-up nose.

RAFE  
I thought maybe you'd celebrate with me.

EVELYN  
What? Me passing my needle training?

RAFE  
My wings are safe--I can fly, thanks to you.  
It's the thing I do best in the world.

A sly, seductive smile plays over his lips, bandaged nose and all.

RAFE

Actually, second best.

EVELYN

So let's see...I drink a glass of champagne with you, you'll tell me what the first best thing is--that it?

(beat)

Well...open it up.

They sit on a nearby bench. He hands her two glasses and twists off the wire of the champagne; the cork shoots out like a bullet and hits him on the nose! Evelyn struggles to keep from laughing. Rafe's dying from the pain, but manages to compose himself.

RAFE

No problem, cork just got away from me.

He stoically pours the glasses. He hands her one; his nose starts to bleed.

EVELYN

Here...

She guides him down so his head's in her lap. There are clumps of old snow around. She scoops up a handful, holds it to his nose.

RAFE

Yow! It's swelling... That's cold!

He tries to jerk away. She holds him there.

EVELYN

It'll stop the bleeding.

RAFE

(like "I can't breed!")  
I can't breathe!

EVELYN

Lie still!

He lies there, looking up at her.

RAFE

You know something? You're so beautiful, it hurts me.

EVELYN

It's your nose.

RAFE

No, I don't think so--I think it's my heart...

She starts to snicker.

RAFE  
What's so funny?

EVELYN  
(looking down into his eyes)  
You are. But you're pretty cute, too.

INT. TRAIN - EVELYN

The other nurses are silent, mesmerized. Evelyn's smiling dreamily at the memory.

BARBARA  
...And then what?

EVELYN'S MEMORY

Slowly, she lowers her lips to his and kisses him. It's a beautiful, romantic moment, their kisses wonderful...

EXT. NEW YORK TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Rafe, Danny and our pilots, leather-jacketed and handsome, waiting on the platform. The train shudders to a stop, clouds of steam jetting onto the platform and giving the moment a dream-like haze.

The nurses start stepping out; at the door of the train, Evelyn spots Rafe--and so does Betty.

BETTY  
I'll take that one.

EVELYN  
He's taken.

They move to Rafe; he crosses to meet them, his eyes on Evelyn.

RAFE  
Hello, Lieutenant. Good to see you.

EVELYN  
You too, Lieutenant.

He holds out two clenched hands.

RAFE  
Pick a hand.

She picks one. He opens it--a white origami swan. She takes it.

EVELYN  
It's beautiful. What's in your other hand?

Another swan.

RAFE  
Mine.

Rafe picks her up and bear-hugs her. All the girls look on enviously. Betty clears her throat.

EVELYN

I want you to meet my friends. Rafe, this is Sandra, and this is Barbara--

BETTY

(jumping right in)

And I'm Betty. Would you happen to have a friend?

INT. CITY NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

19

A smoky jazz bar, with black guys on saxophone, the party in full swing; laughing, dancing, beautiful men and women in high spirits. Rafe, Evelyn and Danny are at a big table with other pilots and nurses. Anthony's with Sandra. He tries to slip an arm around her:

ANTHONY

We ever get in this war and something happens to me, I can't tell you how good it makes me feel knowing someone as sweet as you will be there to nurse me back to health.

SANDRA

(removing his arm)

Good, but we're not in the war yet.

ANTHONY

Okay, okay. That was a bad line. But give me tonight, sugar, I swear I'll take you straight to heaven.

Sandra's overwhelmed by his openness. Barbara comes to her rescue:

BARBARA

Flyboy, you wouldn't even get her off the ground.

Rafe, in Anthony's line of sight behind Sandra, makes a pantomime of a plane crashing, like Anthony's libido.

DANNY

Kaboom.

Red, shyest of the group, finds himself next to Betty.

RED

Hi, I'm R-Red. Red Strange.

BETTY

Your last name is Strange?

RED

No, it's Winkle. But you know the football player, Red G-Grange? Well, the guys called me R-Red, cause you know, I'm red...and they thought I was strange so, you know, Red G-Grange, Red Str-Strange.

BETTY

I don't get it. Was Red Grange strange?

RED

How would I know?

BETTY

You always stutter?

RED

Only when I'm n-n-n-

BETTY

Nervous?

(Red nods)

You know, I heard somewhere, people like you,  
if they sing, they stop stuttering.

She rubs his hand encouragingly.

RED

W-what should I s-s-sing?

BETTY

Well... Why don't you ask me to dance?

That makes him really nervous, but:

RED

(singing)

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

He looks amazed: no stutter. Betty smiles, accepting the invitation, getting to her feet. They head onto the floor. The band's playing a swinging number. We see Rafe and Evelyn join close together, dancing. And Danny goes on the dance floor with Sandra.

EVELYN

Rumor is they're shipping us to Pearl Harbor.

RAFE

That's good--as far from the fighting as can be.

EVELYN

Still, they're saying the Navy's worried about Japan, so they're shifting everything they can from the West Coast over to Hawaii. Maybe the Army will post you guys there too--or is that wishful thinking?

Danny's dancing close by, listening with great interest. Rafe shoots him a warning look. To avoid answering, he spins her.

Billy rubs the oil under his eyes, takes Barbara to the side. He looks deep into her eyes, but the oil stings so much his eyes start to twitch. Tears are pouring down his cheeks.

BILLY

You are a super special woman, and...well baby, they're training me to be a big bad warrior, so I might die soon, and no one knows what happens tomorrow, or any day. So we gotta make tonight extra special 'cause you're super special.

She looks at him dumbfounded; the twitching is way worse.

BARBARA

You okay? I hope so 'cause you're never gonna forget tonight.

She plants a smoldering kiss on the surprised Billy's lips.

Evelyn puts her hand against Rafe's chest. He nuzzles against her. She looks into his face.

EVELYN

I don't want to be with a crowd tonight. I just want to be alone with you.

Her comment makes him hesitate.

RAFE

How does New York Harbor by moonlight sound?

Her eyes light as bright as the stars.

EXT. FERRY LANDING - NIGHT

Rafe and Evelyn hop from a cab, and see the ferry launch closed.

RAFE

Damn!

They turn from the schedule board, disappointed... and then Evelyn spots a Harbor Patrol runabout tied at the dock, with no one around it. He looks to Evelyn, his smile mischievous.

EVELYN

I think you're a bad influence.

RAFE

What do you mean? We're officers of the U.S. Government!

EVELYN

Not for long we won't be.

But she lets him pull her toward the little boat, and is just hopping in when a HARBOR PATROLMAN still young enough to have zits comes walking up with a cup of coffee and a mouthful of doughnut.

HARBOR PATROLMAN

Hey, what are you--

RAFE  
Ssshhh-shhh--we're dealing with a national  
emergency.

The Patrolman stares at her nurse's uniform.

EVELYN  
A medical emergency.

The Harbor Patrolman stares at them. Will he swallow it?

HARBOR PATROLMAN  
...Out there?

RAFE  
Right--in the secret observation post.

EVELYN  
In the Statue of Liberty. The torch.

RAFE  
Lieutenant Stewart! Loose lips sink ships!

EVELYN  
Sorry, Sir.

RAFE  
(to the Harbor Patrolman)  
The less you know, the better. Now, toss the  
donut, and give me a hand! \*

The Harbor Patrolman scurries to help unlash his boat.

RAFE  
Where were you, anyway? What if we'd been  
spies? Everything you just heard is  
classified information--we were never here. \*  
You got that? \*

HARBOR PATROLMAN  
Yes, Sir.

Rafe pushes off, cranking the motor. The Harbor Patrolman stands  
at attention, scared to move as they buzz away.

RAFE  
GET ON THE BALL!

OUT IN THE HARBOR

EVELYN  
I take back what I said--you're a terrible  
influence.

She takes his hand as they pull out into the smooth black water.  
Towering ahead of them is the HMS QUEEN MARY. Rafe cruises below  
the ship's majestic bow, rising like a mountain, dwarfing their  
tiny boat. Evelyn looks up in awe.

EVELYN

I've always dreamed of taking a trip on a ship like this.

RAFE

Shouldn't be a problem.

He pulls up by a repair platform hanging off the side of the ship. Lashes the boat to the ship.

RAFE

All aboard.

EVELYN

You're out of your mind.

But she's loving it. Rafe lifts her onto the platform, and climbs on next to her. Inspects the pulley system...

RAFE

Let's see here.

He pulls a lever, and they slowly lift off the water.

EVELYN

Oh, my God...

When they're twenty feet high, Rafe puts on the brake. They sit gazing out at the clear sky swimming with stars.

EVELYN

So huge. Makes you feel so small.

RAFE

I've never felt small. Not when I'm with you.

Neither of them sees anything except each other. Their lips come together and their kiss says everything, smoldering; they bend backward together...pushing the brake lever.

The platform plunges into the water...and they come up screaming and laughing.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

23

Servicemen and nurses--lovers--move through the revolving door of the hotel; others are sharing steamy kisses on the sidewalk before they go in. A cab pulls up and stops at the curb, and the back windows are completely fogged from the passions inside. The door opens and Evelyn, wet and mussed up, steps out. She tugs Rafe out too. When he turns back to pay the cab driver, Evelyn pulls him around to her, and gives him another steamy kiss. He drinks in the moment, then pulls back; he still has to tell her something. Anthony is with a very motherly nurse on the balcony and Billy is being molested by Barbra.

RAFE

Evelyn...

EVELYN

Are you gonna talk all night, or show me what you do best?

She kisses him again, and it's even harder to break the kiss the second time. But when he does...

EVELYN

Whatever you've been trying to tell me can't be all good--or it wouldn't be so hard to say.

RAFE

I'm going away.

EVELYN

We're all going away.

She kisses him again--and again he must force himself to stop kissing her long enough to tell her...

RAFE

Yeah, but...I'm going to the war. I'm flying the Eagle Squadron, an outfit the British started for American pilots.

EVELYN

But...I don't understand... You're in the U.S. Army, how could they order you to go?

RAFE

They didn't. I...I volunteered. The British need help.

She looks away from him, as emotions war within her.

EVELYN

And it's all up to you?

RAFE

It's up to me to be who I am.

EVELYN

I passed you. I let you through. And now you, volunteer for the most dangerous place you could go.

RAFE

You're not responsible for that, Evelyn...any more than you're responsible for the fact that I love you.

They come together and kiss; other lovers pass them, going to rooms together. Rafe and Evelyn want each other; the longer they hold each other, the more irresistible their passion becomes. Obeying the impulse, they enter the revolving door; but instead of going inside, Rafe pushes back around; they emerge outside again.

RAFE

I can't.

She doesn't understand. He looks at the lovers passing.

RAFE

Everybody here is saying the same thing--let's make this a special night. This is already the most beautiful night of my life, and I don't want to ruin it.

EVELYN

You couldn't ruin it.

They kiss again.

RAFE

Not now. But if I don't come back, I don't want to leave you with sadness and regret.

EVELYN

I don't know if you can choose that, Rafe. And if I had just one more night to live--I'd want to spend it with you.

Kissing, their passions raging, they enter the revolving door again... and once more he pushes all the way around, back outside.

RAFE

I'm not trying to be noble. I'm just afraid. The idea of having more love than I've ever had--and knowing I might never have it again--that scares me worse than anything.

She lowers her head against his neck.

RAFE

I will come back.

They kiss again. Their hands touch a final time, then part. She moves into the revolving door, this time alone. Halfway through, he stops the door, and she turns to look at him through the glass. He mouths the words: I love you; she mouths, too: I love you. The glass fogs. He releases the door and moves inside. He looks back, waves, walks away. She still grips the swan he gave her.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAWN

24

Rafe and Danny stand on the platform. Rafe's got his gear packed in a bag slung over his shoulder.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE

All aboard!

Rafe glances once more toward the revolving doors from the station that lead onto the platform.

DANNY

Didn't you say you told her not to come?

RAFE

Yeah.

DANNY

Then why are you looking for her?

RAFE

It's a test. If I tell her not to come, and she comes...then I know she loves me.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE

ALL ABOARD!

DANNY

You're still a kid, ya know that?

RAFE

Always will be. Danny...if anything happens to me, I want you to be the one to tell her.

(beat)

And make sure she's okay when I'm gone.

DANNY

Well, you make sure nothing happens to you.

RAFE

You too.

Rafe sticks his hand out to Danny. Danny knocks it away, and hugs him. Rafe steps onto the train, and it pulls away. Rafe waves. Danny waves back and smiles, but he whispers like a prayer...

DANNY

Give 'em hell, Rafe.

INT. TRAIN - DAWN

25

Rafe finds a seat and sits down. He's the only one in the car, and he's deeply alone. The train starts to move.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAWN

26

Evelyn comes rushing through the revolving door to the station. She's told herself she wouldn't come, but couldn't help it. She asks a conductor where Rafe's train would be...he tells her it's gone...the pain of it all hits her.

She stands on the empty platform, as lonely as Rafe.

EXT. BASSINGBORNE AIRFIELD - BRITAIN - DUSK

27

In the eternal dusk of England, everything is cold and gray. British fighter planes--Spitfires and Hurricanes--are surrounded by mechanics hurriedly ripping off bullet-riddled fuselage panels and digging into overworked aircraft engines. Rafe crosses the tarmac, carrying his duffel bag. He moves up behind a slim, pale BRITISH AIR COMMANDER surveying engine damage on a Spitfire.

RAFE

Rafe McCawley, Sir.

Rafe salutes; the Air Commander turns and returns the salute.

## BRITISH AIR COMMANDER

We'll get you situated in some quarters, and then introduce you to the equipment you'll be flying.

## RAFE

If you're patching up bullet holes right here on the runway, maybe we should skip the housekeeping and get right to the planes.

The Commander leads Rafe across the tarmac.

## BRITISH AIR COMMANDER

Are all the Yanks as anxious as you to get themselves killed, Lieutenant?

## RAFE

Not anxious to die, Sir, anxious to matter.

EXT. BASSINGBORNE AIRFIELD - BRITAIN - DAY

28

The first thing Rafe sees as they round the side of the hangar is the tail of a Spitfire, adorned with the emblem of Eagle Squadron. The tail looks good; but as more and more of the plane comes into view, that changes... a chain of bullet holes moving up the fuselage, chunks ripped out of the wing skin... Most striking of all is the blood still splattered over the inside of the cockpit.

## BRITISH AIR COMMANDER

Good lad. Didn't die til he'd landed and shut down his engine. Welcome to the war.

He walks away, leaving Rafe to stare at the bloody cockpit.

EXT. ESTABLISHING THE WHITE HOUSE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

29

The White House somehow looks whiter, purer in the glow of 1941.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

30

GENERALS, ADMIRALS, and ADVISORS--and Naval Intelligence Officer CAPTAIN THURMAN--sit around the polished table. The door opens, and the men all stand. A wheelchair rolls in, carrying PRESIDENT FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT. His chair is pushed by a huge black valet, GEORGE. The President's legs are shriveled, braced with the iron supports that attach to his shoes and are apparent beneath the cloth of his pin-striped pants. Waist up, Roosevelt is heavily muscled, powerful, handsome even in spectacles. The valet rolls him to the head of the table; he's speaking before he settles in.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Please be seated, gentlemen. I'm afraid I'm in a bad mood.

They sit, as one. As Roosevelt is still being wheeled over.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Churchill and Stalin are asking me what I'm asking you: How long is America going to pretend the world is not at war?

GENERAL MARSHALL

We've increased food and oil supply shipments to them, Mr. President, and...

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

What they really need are tanks, planes, bullets, bombs--and men to fight! But our people think Hitler and his Nazi thugs are Europe's problem.

He shakes his head, swears slightly to himself.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

We have to do it again...Send the Brits and Russians more of our ships and anti-aircraft weapons.

ADMIRAL

And keep cannibalizing the Pacific Fleet?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

What choice do I have? We're building refrigerators, while our enemies build bombs.

MATCH CUT TO: ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO

31

Yamamoto stands before the Japanese WAR COUNCIL; he is a powerful figure: intense, brilliant, focused.

YAMAMOTO

War is inevitable. To hide from this fact is death. We send troops into China, the Americans cut off the oil that is our lifeline...we have no choice but war. And if we must fight the Americans, there is only one way. A massive, sudden strike, before they can prepare. Deal them a blow that will cripple them for years. In that time we can conquer all of the Pacific, and they will be forced to ask for peace.

NISHIKURA

You see us as capable of such a blow?

YAMAMOTO

The Americans themselves have made it possible. We will annihilate them in a single attack--at Pearl Harbor.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - NAVAL BASE - DAY

32

A grand sweeping shot flies over this majestic military base. More than 60 warships surround Ford island. We glide onto a ferry boat loaded with nurses. Through the sea of women we find Evelyn and her nurse friends just arriving from the States. The water is tropical blue as they sail past the massive ships. Sailors hanging from rope scaffolding painting a battleship notice the beautiful women. Sailors wave and rush to look over the rails. One sailor swan-dives from the scaffolding into the water.

BARBARA

You know the ratio of men to women on this island? Four-thousand...to one.

Barbara slides on a new pair of sunglasses with plastic palm trees glued on the sides. Yells up the sailors.

BETTY

See ya on the beach, boys!

INT. BASE HOSPITAL - DAY

33

We follow the nurses into an immaculately clean hospital, sixty beds, all empty with luminous white sheets, and white window sheers blow in the Pacific breeze. Only one guy is in a bed with his bright red naked butt in the air. A nurse is smearing cooling gel as she smiles at her new co-workers.

NURSE 1

Welcome girls. I have to deal with Sailor boy's sunburnt ass before I show you around.

The sound of an approaching fighter plane anticipates--

INT. SPITFIRE COCKPIT - ALMOST NIGHT

34

The images are shaky, violent and very tight. Rafe's Spitfire rattles. We hear the fuselage strain. Painted below the cockpit are four Swastikas, signs of his victories. Bullets whiz by his cockpit. His finger presses his gun trigger. His eyes tell us he's fighting for his life against an enemy we can't see--but we do see the second origami swan attached to his control panel.

Over this we hear his letter to Evelyn.

RAFE'S VOICE (LETTER)

Dear Evelyn... It is cold here. So cold, it goes deep into your bones. It's not easy making friends. Two nights ago I drank a beer with a couple of the R.A.F pilots--beer's the only thing here that isn't cold--and yesterday both of them got killed...

We pop out wide--two Messerschmidts rip apart and flash by camera.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

35

She sits under a palm tree, in paradise, reading his letter.

RAFE'S VOICE (LETTER)

There is one place I can go to find warmth, and that is to think of you. I just wish I could be back there with you.

EXT. OAHU BEACH - DAY

36

Evelyn is off duty, in a light cotton dress. Her hair's down, and her skin is now tan and has the sheen of light sweat in the tropical heat. She is writing back to him; she ignores the beach activity around her, like the guy disastrously trying to surf.

EVELYN'S VOICE (LETTER)

Dear Rafe... It's strange to be so far from you. But you should know this: Every night I look at the sunset, and try to draw the last ounce of heat from its long day...

She looks toward the sunset now; then she writes again...

EXT. BASSINGBORNE AIRFIELD - BRITAIN - DUSK

37

Rafe brings his battered plane in for a landing...

EXT. AIRFIELD FLIGHT OFFICE - DUSK

38

Rafe sits on a bench, reading her letter.

EVELYN'S VOICE (LETTER)

...and send it from my heart to yours.

Rafe is startled as the Commander appears.

BRITISH AIR COMMANDER

Some of us look down on the Yanks for not yet joining this war. I'd just like to say that if there are many more back home like you, God help anyone who goes to war with America.

The Commander salutes, and Rafe salutes him back.

CLOSE - A DRAWING OF A SULTRY PIN-UP ON P-40 NOSE

39

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - FORD ISLAND - DAY

Beautiful and sunny. Among the planes, young pilots with nothing to do. Joe paints nose art onto a plane; others sun themselves, listen to the radio, drink Coke--enjoying being young and alive. One pilot, bandage on his nose, GOOZ, is working on a primitive surfboard, as his buddies razz him. EARL, an abrasive mechanic, strides up angrily.

EARL

Do not paint nipples on the nose of my planes!  
...And if ya' do, don't make 'em lopsided.

GOOZ

They were lopsided, Earl.

Danny and his squadron walk up, all in their uniforms, wilted with the heat. They stand unnoticed, watching.

EARL

(to Gooz)

Gooz, what the hell are you making?

THEO

Trying to fix that surfboard-thing of his--he keeps losing pieces of his nose on the coral.

Gooz holds up his fin invention.

GOOZ

Using some good ol' American know-how and inventing the Gooz-cruise fin. I'm gonna be a rich fella--every surfboard in the nation's gonna need one.

Earl sees Danny and the fresh recruits. Looks 'em up and down.

EARL

Well, A-low-HA! And who are you?

DANNY

The terrors of the skies.

(beat)

You guys pilots?

GOOZ

Pride of the Pacific.

For a moment the two groups look at each other--one group pure military, the other acclimatized to Hawaii. Red wanders to study the nose art, picks up a brush, starts lovingly adjusting the boobs.

EARL

I don't know about the enemy, but hell, you boys are just scaring me to death.

Earl notices the now-perfect boobs.

EARL

You study painting or something?

RED

No--anatomy.

Earl stalks off, mumbling:

EARL

Youth of this country's gone to shit.

He opens a cooler and starts tossing Cokes to Danny and his buddies. The party's on!

EXT. BATTLESHIP DECK, PEARL HARBOR - DAY

The sharp sound of a naval whistle and a sharp command announce the arrival of ADMIRAL KIMMEL, Commander of the American Pacific Fleet, onto the deck of the battleship West Virginia.

VOICE

Admiral Kimmel aboard!

A beautiful line of sailors in pristine whites all snap to attention, saluting as the Admiral comes aboard, returning their salute. Kimmel walks the line with the Captain; Kimmel likes what he sees, but he's troubled, and speaks quietly with the Captain.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

Sharp presentation, Captain. The repeated false alarms we've gotten from Washington could make us lose our edge; I'm determined not to let that happen.

Kimmel is interrupted by the arrival of an aide, with a message.

KIMMEL'S AIDE

Urgent, from Washington, Admiral.

Kimmel reads, and is frustrated.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

I'm supposed to cover half the globe with this fleet, and they keep pulling my ships! Now I'm ordered to transfer twelve more destroyers to the Atlantic Fleet?! Don't they know what we're facing out here?

Kimmel's STRATEGIC ANALYST speaks up.

STRATEGIC ANALYST

They've sent us war game analysis of the likely outcome of a Japanese attack against each of our major bases in the Pacific. In each case, we lose.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

They know that, and still they take my ships?

STRATEGIC ANALYST

Sir, they feel Europe is the greater danger.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

I'm assuming these risk assessments include Hawaii?

STRATEGIC ANALYST

Well, Pearl Harbor is too shallow for an aerial torpedo attack. And we're surrounded by sub nets. All we have to worry about here is sabotage, so we've bunched our planes together to make them easier to protect. But from the air Pearl's safe; it's everywhere else that we're vulnerable.

Kimmel looks out over the harbor.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

A smart enemy hits you exactly where you think you're safe.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL KIMMEL (cont'd)

Step up surveillance of Japanese communications. Make sure Washington's doing the same.

CLICK, CLICK; B&W images of Kimmel and his staff.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - SPY MONTAGE - DAY

41

Close up of a camera clicking pictures. Japanese tourist hikes through the hills above Pearl Harbor. He takes an excellent camera from his picnic basket, and shoots pictures.

CLICK CLICK CLICK... more B&W spy photos of Pearl Harbor. The last B&W shot DISSOLVES TO COLOR:

EXT. THE AMERICAN SHIPS AT ANCHOR - DAY

42

The entire U.S. fleet at anchor in Pearl Harbor. And then, amazingly, what seem to be a GIANT'S LEGS wade past them... We widen to realize that we are seeing a miniature mock-up of Pearl Harbor, and the giants wading among the ships are actually the Japanese military technicians arranging the Battleship Row display, in a pool of water.

ON A COMMAND PLATFORM NEARBY, Yamamoto, Genda, and other JAPANESE OFFICERS are gathered around a table, studying the spy photos.

GENDA

Look at the ships--all grouped. Perfect targets!

JAPANESE OFFICER

And the planes! They are--what is that American expression? Sitting geese?

YAMAMOTO

Sitting ducks.

Genda has arranged a display for the commanders, to demonstrate his explanations in the simplest, clearest way.

GENDA

We have fixed our torpedoes to allow for the shallow Pearl Harbor.

Next to the water depth illustration is an actual torpedo. Genda lifts a set of wooden fins, attached to a circular metallic band, and slides them onto the torpedo.

GENDA

We came up with wooden fins. This makes the torpedoes able to travel the shallow harbor.

EXT. BASSINGBORNE AIRFIELD - BRITAIN - DAY

43

Coming out of the blustery skies at the end of another deadly day, a squadron of Spitfires chirps in for landings. The planes are shot up and battered.

Rafe is one of the pilots; his fuselage now bears seven swastika victory symbols. He taxis to a stop, and is met by IAN, a Scottish mechanic, who is dismayed at the state of the plane.

IAN  
Leapin' Louie Jesus!

RAFE  
(climbing down)  
The struts are loose, the hydraulics are leaking, and the electrical system's shorting out in the cockpit.

IAN  
Which of those three ya want fixed?

RAFE  
All of 'em.  
Rafe starts away, and Ian calls to his back--

IAN  
If ye'd wanted a bloody Cadillac, ye should'a stayed in the bloody States!

RAFE  
And if you don't give me a plane that can handle combat, you better start learning to speak German.

IAN  
Fook ya!

RAFE  
Learn English, then!

IAN  
Fook ya dooble!

Rafe moves to the barracks; Ian keeps the fueling hose going, and moves to help the armorers reload the guns.

INT. BRITISH AIRFIELD BARRACKS - DUSK

44

Rafe reaches his cot and drops onto it, exhausted. The other pilots do the same; almost immediately they hear the SIREN. Rafe's out of his bunk, with the others, everybody running.

BRITISH PILOT  
Bloody Krauts! Night raid!

EXT. BASSINGBORNE AIRFIELD - BRITAIN - DUSK

45

They race across the runway. Rafe reaches his Spitfire, just as Ian is removing the fueling hose.

IAN  
I have'na been able ta--

RAFE

Crank her!

Ian gives the prop a spin, and the engine roars to life.

IAN

God speed ya, laddie.

EXT. SKIES OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL - DUSK

46

The squadron of Spitfires tightens up for battle. Rafe is positioned just right of the squad leader; he sees planes breaking out of the dark clouds ahead.

RAFE

Here they come.

The clouds break, revealing a huge attack formation.

BRITISH SQUAD LEADER

Alpha group, on the bombers! Beta group, take the fighters.

They peel off, into action

THE AIR BATTLE OVER THE CHANNEL - DUSK

47

We stay with Rafe as he and the Squad Leader rush side by side at the lead bomber, blasting away with their guns.

INT. RAFE, IN HIS SPITFIRE - DUSK

48

As he streaks past, Rafe sees the bomber wobble.

RAFE

We've got him hurt, stay on him!

Rafe throws his plane into an ultra-tight, high-speed turn, right between the tails of the 1st German group and the noses of the 2nd. His turn is so tight that the plane flexes with the g-force.

Rafe comes out of his turn and stitches a trail of bullets from tail to nose of the wounded lead bomber; it begins to smoke. Rafe does another hard turn to bring him around to face the bombers again, and this time the g-force pops an oil line inside Rafe's cockpit; hot, pressurized oil begins to spray everywhere--all over Rafe, his controls, and, worst of all, over the inside of his cockpit glass. He wipes at the oil with his hands and that just smears it and makes it worse.

His wingman sees him veering away from the bombers...and sees the German fighters moving up to meet him.

SQUAD LEADER

McCawley! Get to the clouds!

RAFE, IN HIS PLANE

RAFE

I'm a dead stick! Flying blind!

His problems are just beginning; the fluid is dripping down onto his cockpit's corroded electrical wiring; the fluid causes an arc...a spark...and suddenly fire is spreading through Rafe's plane. He grabs his fire extinguisher and triggers a cloud that snuffs the fire but fills the entire cockpit with choking smoke; between that and the smeared fluid on his glass, he can't see.

And the Messerschmidts are swarming over him. Rafe tries to open his cockpit cover to clear the smoke, but it's jammed; he pulls out his .45 pistol and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! blows out the glass; the smoke clears enough for him to take a breath and try to see. He fights the stick, but the plane won't respond.

The Messerschmidts rake him again, bullets riddling his engine.

SQUAD LEADER

Get out of there, McCawley! Get out of there!

Rafe's plane descends, faster, passing through clouds. The Squad Leader tries to chase and cover him, but Rafe's dropping fast. He still isn't out of the plane as Germans dive on him again, firing.

Rafe's Spitfire hits the broken fog over the water--the Squad Leader loses sight of it for a moment--and then the plane hits, splashing and ripping apart all at once.

The Squad Leader winces, as he reports on his radio...

SQUAD LEADER

McCawley down. No 'chute.

The cold water bubbles as pieces of plane skin float to the surface. But there is no Rafe...

EXT. BATTLESHIP WEST VIRGINIA - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

49

WHACK-WHACK as fists pummel a guy's face. Danny is among the sailors who are cheering wildly on deck for the ship's heavyweight championship fight, a contest made more interesting to the sailors because one of the combatants is white and the other is black. The battle is more toughness than technique. The white guy, JACK, digs a punch deep into the black guy's ribs; the black guy slams a double left hook into the white guy's belly, making him back up.

JACK THE BOXER

You hit hard--for a cook.

Jack smacks his fist into his opponent's forehead, making the black guy's knees wobble and leaving a fresh cut over his right eye. Another black sailor, a hyper little runt named TEENY MAYFIELD, winces as he says to Danny...

TEENY

Aw, man, he's gettin' busted up.

DANNY

Not a chance. I got fifty more bucks on Miller!

GOOZ

Taken!

The bell rings. The boxers go to corners; Teeny coaches the black boxer, DORIE MILLER, as yelling and betting increase around them.

TEENY

He can't hurt us, Dorie, he can't hurt us!  
Oo, he cut us...Oooo. But still, he can't hurt us!

Teeny holds up a wad of money in front of Dorie's face.

TEENY

See this? The hard-earned greenbacks of every dish-washing, pot-scrubbing black man on Battleship-Arizona. If I don't double it, Teeny here better find himself another ship, 'cause no way I'm going back to the Arizona. Now we can beat that big ugly cracker, but we gotta get mean now!

Dorie nods, and Teeny gives him a tap on the heart, as the bell rings again. The boxers meet in the center of the ring. Dorie rushes him, and throws an upper cut that drops his opponent like a sack of rocks. The sailors cheer wildly. Dorie steps back, and rubs his glove across his brow. It's really bleeding now.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

50

Evelyn is walking back from church with six of her nurse friends. It's very quiet on a Sunday morning, almost nobody at the base.

BETTY

God, church makes me horny.

SANDRA

Betty!

BETTY

It does. When I'm in there gettin' my slate wiped clean, I just can't help thinking of how I'm gonna dirty it up again.

BARBARA

And all this from a virgin? I better give you some guidance, we're going to a bar. Evelyn, you need some sinning too.

EVELYN

I've got to inventory supplies.

BARBARA

Oh kill me--Could you get any more boring?

\*

BETTY

Don't bother. Sundays she writes Rafe--ten pages instead of the usual five.

EVELYN

Happy hunting, girls.

Evelyn smiles--they all stop, and look with envy as she walks toward the base hospital, lost in her own lonely dignity.

BARBARA

Twenty thousand men on this island who would worship at her feet, and she's stuck on a guy on the other side of the planet. I wish she could forget him.

SANDRA

You don't forget love, Honey. Not ever.

BARBARA

Gosh, I wish I was in love.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

Evelyn approaches the hospital and finds the black boxer peering in the window. He's in a T-shirt and navy pants.

EVELYN

Can I help you, sailor?

As Dorie turns, she sees the cut on his head, closed only with a band-aid; it's dripped blood down his T-shirt.

DORIE

'Scuse me, 'Mam. All the ship's doctors is golfing, and I couldn't find nobody to look at this.

EVELYN

Our doctor's gone too.

DORIE

Sorry to trouble you.

EVELYN

Wait, let me look at that...

She gently looks at the cut.

EVELYN

What's your name?

DORIE

Dorie Miller, 'Mam.

EVELYN  
I'm Lieutenant Stewart. And I'm just a nurse.  
But I'm not playing golf, and that cut needs  
sewing, or else it's gonna make a big scar.  
Whatta ya say?

INT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - DAY

52

Miller is sitting on a stool. Evelyn stitches the wound; Dorie's eyes are rolled up as if he could watch from inside his skull.

EVELYN  
How'd you get this?

DORIE  
Boxing.

EVELYN  
Win?

DORIE  
Yes 'Mam.

EVELYN  
What do you get for winning?

DORIE  
Respect.

She loves his honesty. She clips the last stitch and hands him a mirror. He studies her work.

DORIE  
No doctor would have done that any better.

She walks him to the door.

DORIE  
Thank you, 'Mam.

EVELYN  
Tell me something, Dorie. A man as big as you, you still have to fight with your fists to get respect?

DORIE  
I left my mother and joined the Navy to see the world...to be a man. They made me a cook...not even that. I clean up after the other sailors eat. In two years, they've never even let me fire a gun.

EVELYN  
You take care, Dorie.

DORIE  
You too, 'Mam.

EXT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - SUNSET

54

Dorie walks away; Evelyn watches him go, and then is transfixed by someone silhouetted by the setting sun, next to a military sedan. She can't make out the face. He's wearing a pilot's dress uniform and walking towards her. She takes a few steps forward...

EVELYN

...Rafe...

She moves toward him, and he draws near her, walking slowly. And then she sees his face...It's Danny. His face as sad as death itself. And even before he tells her, she knows.

EXT. A BENCH - OVERLOOKING FORD ISLAND - SUNSET

55

Evelyn and Danny sit on the bench beside the massive Banyan tree, glorious in the sunset. Evelyn is stoic, numb; Danny is struggling.

DANNY

He taught me to fly. I never thought there was anything that could hurt him in the air. Up there he pushed me to fly better and faster. He always made me feel that life could be bigger, and better... And he wouldn't let the world make him feel small.

EVELYN

He told me you're the only one he ever saw who was better in the air than him.

DANNY

...He said that?

EVELYN

(nods)

The night he told me he'd volunteered to go to England.

DANNY

...Volunteered? He told me he'd been assigned.

EVELYN

He must have been trying to protect you--to keep you from going...

DANNY

(after a long moment)

He was always looking after me. I lived with his family after my Dad died. Whatever I faced, any trouble I ever got into, I knew he'd come after me, and I wouldn't be in it alone. That's how Rafe was.

Evelyn nods, staring away from Danny. This pierces Danny; he looks away, struggling to not let emotions pull him completely under.

DANNY

Look, uh... Rafe's dad...he wrote me with the news, and it took me a couple of hours to work up the guts to come here and tell you. But if there's anything I can ever do to help--you let me know, okay?

She stares into the distance. He stands and puts his hand on top of hers, as much for his comfort as for hers.

DANNY

I understand why Rafe loved you. You're as strong as he was.

She's still not looking at him; he starts to move away. When he reaches the turn in the path, he looks back, and sees her in the gathering darkness. She's begun to break down; he watches her whole body convulse; she doubles in grief. Danny moves back to her, puts a hand on her shoulder. He sits beside her; she turns to him and sobs upon him. Danny wraps her gently in his arms; then he breaks down, having found the first place he can truly grieve.

EXT. OAHU SURF BAR - DAY

In the pilots' corner of the bar, all of Rafe's pilot buddies have gathered around a shelf of shot glasses, one for each man in the squadron. Above is a smaller shelf, with overturned glasses on it.

Evelyn and her friends are there with the pilots; tears run down the faces of the other nurses, but Evelyn has cried herself dry. Everyone has whiskey in a shot glass. Danny lifts his glass.

DANNY

To Rafe McCawley, the best pilot and best man I ever knew, or will ever know.

ALL

To Rafe...

They toss down the liquor. Danny turns his glass upside-down on the small top of the shelf, behind a hand-lettered marker. The markers by the other glasses list names along with the explanation "Training Crash." Rafe's says, "Rafe McCawley, Killed in Action."

Danny stares at the row of down-turned glasses--and it becomes too much for him. He keeps his back to the room--and everyone else files quietly away, Evelyn the last to leave.

EXT. DECK OF JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DAY

Yamamoto and Genda watch planes being prepared for voyage.

YAMAMOTO

You've trained the pilots well--but no one has ever shot at them.

GENDA

If we achieve surprise, the Americans will offer little resistance.

57

58

YAMAMOTO

Set up teams of radio operators to send out messages the Americans will intercept, concerning every potential target in the Pacific. Include Hawaii--the clutter will be more confusing that way.

GENDA

Brilliant, Admiral.

YAMAMOTO

A brilliant man would find a way not to fight a war.

He sees the planes roaring into his practice harbor at top speed.

INT. EVELYN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

It is dead quiet in Hawaii; Betty lies with her eyes closed in the two-bunk cubicle she shares with Evelyn. But over in Evelyn's bunk, life is not beautiful, or at peace; Evelyn lies silently crying, grieving for Rafe...

EXT. ESTABLISHING. OAHU MOVIE THEATRE - DUSK

Charlie Chaplin, on the marquee.

INT. THEATRE

Alone, off to one side, sits Danny. The screen comes to life, with the pre-feature filler: a black-and-white NEWSREEL beginning with British civil defense workers putting up a billboard with Churchill's image and slogan, as an amped-up narrator says--

NEWSREEL NARRATOR

"Give us the tools and we will finish the job," Churchill declared, and in this case America has given more than supplies: the Eagle Squadron, American volunteers in the Battle of Britain!

The newsreel shows pilots running to their Spitfires and taking off. Now Danny is riveted to the screen.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR

They have fought bravely, and held back the Germans, even though half the Eagle Squadron has been shot down.

The shot of a Spitfire spinning out of the sky is too much for Danny. He has to stand and leave, as Charlie Chaplin is starting.

INT./EXT. THEATRE LOBBY - DUSK

Danny exits from one side door--and encounters Evelyn, leaving from the other.

DANNY

Evelyn...

EVELYN

Hi, Danny. Nothing like a comedy, huh?

They hesitate. There's a diner glowing across the street.

DANNY

Want a cup of coffee?

INT. DINER - DUSK TO NIGHT

\*63

A waitress pours them coffee. Through the windows beyond the booth, the theatre marquee shines, smiling couples still heading inside. They sit silently, stirring their coffee.

EVELYN

It's so strange seeing you...

(he nods in agreement)

... Can I confess something?

DANNY

You don't have to - I haven't wanted to see you, either.

(beat)

I can't tell you how many flight hours I've logged, how many RF assignments I've volunteered for, any damn thing just to try and forget.

EVELYN

I know.

DANNY

You'd think after four months, something would start to give.

EVELYN

Sometimes at night, I lie there thinking I'm gonna go mad. I keep going over and over the day I met him - if only I hadn't passed him and saved his wings, if only I'd picked up that other stamp, if only, if only...

DANNY

I keep going back to high school, all the assignments I cleaned up for him... He never would have graduated - he'd still be back in Tennessee...

He sits there - then smiles sadly, shaking his head.

DANNY

People always called him a dummy back there. That's why he had to prove himself.

(beat)

You woulda killed him the second you took away his wings. He had to fly.

They both nod. After a moment:

EVELYN

You know, I grew up in a military family, we were always moving - new towns, new schools, no attachments. It came so naturally, being a nurse--try and help the pain, just don't let yourself care too much. Now here I am - a nurse who never saw blood... or ever knew love, until I knew Rafe.

She looks down, embarrassed.

EVELYN

God, I miss him.

DANNY

I know you do. We both do.

A long beat, filled by raucousness of SOLDIERS at the counter...

DANNY

The worst part is, you know he's up there wondering when we're gonna get off our butts and quit feeling sorry for ourselves.

They laugh, more emotional release than anything else - the relief of finding someone who understands.

DANNY

So... you think we just set each other back a few months?

EVELYN

No... I feel better... I actually think I could eat something for a change.

EXT. OAHU STREET - NIGHT

64

Billy and Barbara are walking arm-in-arm down the street; behind them are Red and Betty, double-dating.

RED

I... I...

BETTY

Why are you so nervous tonight?

RED

There's something I w-wanted t-to ask y-y-y...

BETTY

Try and sing it, Red.

RED

(singing)

BETTY, WILL YOU -

Suddenly, Betty's the nervous one - happily in shock.

BETTY

Wait, wait, wait--hold on, hold on...

Barbara and Billy turn around.

BARBARA

What's going on here?

Then Billy spots Evelyn and Danny in the diner--laughing.

BILLY

Well, will you look at that...

INT. DINER - NIGHT

65

Danny's looking over the menu, helping Evelyn find something to eat. They're happy to loosen up.

DANNY

How 'bout fried chicken.?

She makes a face.

DANNY

Okay... Meat loaf?

EVELYN

Meat loaf? I really seem like the meat loaf type?

He looks her up and down, mock serious.

DANNY

More like caviar.

EVELYN

(coily)  
You're just saying that.

DANNY

No - Oysters Rockefeller, champagne...

But Evelyn's staring out the window. Billy, Barbara, Red and Betty are staring back.

They all wave to each other, trying to be casual - and the four outside move across the street to the theater. Evelyn and Danny are suddenly self-conscious.

EVELYN

You know, I've got to be at work early... I really should go.

DANNY

Why don't I walk you home?

EVELYN

No, I'll be fine. Thanks for the coffee.  
Thanks for everything.

She leaves, alone.

CLOSE - A TELETYPE MACHINE, spitting out letters in an decoding mode. Captain Thurman, an intelligence specialist, watches the process from his INTELLIGENCE OFFICE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT BASEMENT. His eyes--behind thick horn-rimmed glasses--deeply intelligent, and concerned. He says to a tired LIEUTENANT, pouring over long sheets of decryption...

66

CAPTAIN THURMAN

None of this makes sense.

LIEUTENANT

Well...of course not, Sir. It's only partially de-coded.

CAPTAIN THURMAN

I mean the part that we understand doesn't make sense. The Japanese are sending military instructions all over the Pacific, but there's no logical pattern.

LIEUTENANT

Sir, I don't...

CAPTAIN THURMAN

They're trying to confuse us. You know, I hate it when somebody tries to bullshit me.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

67

No patients around. Barbara's painting Betty's toenails. Evelyn's keeping busy, avoiding conversation, but--

BARBARA

(to Evelyn)

So you have fun last night?

Evelyn stops what she's doing.

EVELYN

It wasn't how it looked.

BARBARA

And if it was, it'd be okay. It's been months. You've got to move on.

EVELYN

I am moving on.

BETTY

Evelyn, don't lie. I hear you crying at night when you think I'm asleep.

(beat)

When my folks died and they put me with my aunt, I thought my life was over. But you don't know where it's all gonna lead--if I hadn't run away, lied about my age and enlisted, I never would've met Red. And if I hadn't met him...

BARBARA

He wouldn't have proposed to her like he did last night.

BETTY

But we're gonna wait a year or two, til I'm nineteen or so--until Red has the money for a ring.

EVELYN

Oh, Betty...

As Evelyn wraps her arms around her...

BETTY

Rafe sent his best friend to tell you because he wanted you to be okay, to let go. You gotta go on living, Evelyn.

INT. NURSES QUARTERS - DAY

Evelyn opens the trunk at the foot of her bed. She takes out the origami swan Rafe gave her on their last night together.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - AFTERNOON

Evelyn stands at water's edge. She holds the swan. She forces herself to hold it over the water but can't let go. Then she takes it in her hand, makes a fist around it, orders her fingers to crush it. They tremble--but won't obey.

EXT. AIRFIELD - AFTERNOON

Danny sits in the cockpit of his P-40; it's up on blocks and he's calibrating its guns, using a distant wooden target to make sure their fire converges at the proper distance. He fires a short burst, the bullets hitting too far apart; Red and Anthony adjust the cannons with screwdrivers. Danny, really just needing the solitude among the planes, fires another burst both guns hit right on target. Billy walks up.

BILLY

Let's get goin' to Nick's Bar. Danny you comin'?

DANNY

Not tonight.

BILLY

You okay?

DANNY

Yeah. ...No.

He has to take a deep breath to tell his closest buddies...

DANNY

I've fallen for Rafe's woman.

68

69

70

BILLY  
I saw this coming.

DANNY  
I didn't. I tried to stop it from happening  
...but it has.

They all hesitate to give their advice; then Red speaks up.

RED  
Sooner or later she'll be with somebody,  
Danny. Rafe asked you to take care of her.  
He's probably lookin' down from Heaven right  
now, hoping you'll be the one.

ANTHONY  
Red, you tellin' me if you were dead and you  
saw some guy doin' your girl, you wouldn't  
come back from the dead and beat the livin'  
crap outta him? I'd be back so fast--

RED  
Danny's being more of a friend by taking care  
of her himself!

ANTHONY  
Save the sorry bull for somebody who ain't  
from Brooklyn!

They all realize their arguing isn't helping.

DANNY  
I know it's wrong. I just don't know what to  
do.

BILLY  
Danny--the only advice I got for you is let it  
be because of you. You stay with her, or you  
walk away, it's not about Rafe--it's about the  
two of you.

Billy leads Red and Anthony away, leaving Danny to think. Danny  
ducks under the plane wing to close the cover on the guns; he's  
bent at the waist, still lost in thought. Suddenly, behind him--

VOICE  
Danny...

Startled, Danny straightens--banging his head on the underside of  
the wing. He staggers out, holding his head, and finds Evelyn  
there waiting for him, wincing.

EVELYN  
I'm sorry, I--

DANNY  
No, it's okay, you just surprised me.

She stands there looking beautiful in the gathering dusk, smiling  
both softly and sadly.

EVELYN

You think it's a good idea, they let a guy as clumsy as you fly fighter planes?

DANNY

I'm always dropping somethin', they just hope I drop it on the enemy. What can I do for you?

EVELYN

I just... I'd like the address of Rafe's parents. I thought maybe if I could write them...

She sees Danny looking at her, his eyes gentle yet penetrating.

EVELYN

I'm...having a hard time letting go of the past.

Danny nods, and smiles with sad understanding.

DANNY

I've been trying to focus on the future, but that's not working either.

He tries to shrug it off, and takes a paper and pencil from his pocket and scribbles the address for her.

DANNY

I hope it helps. I've written three times myself--but it hasn't helped me.

EVELYN

Rafe told me he didn't want to leave me with a lifetime of regret. So we held back. And now regret is all I have.

This stabs him; it saddens them both, so neither knows what to say. Danny stares out toward the P-40's.

DANNY

Have you ever seen Pearl Harbor at night?

EVELYN

Well, sure.

DANNY

From the air?

EVELYN

In a single-seat warbird?

EXT. AUXILIARY AIR FIELD - DUSK

A P-40 takes off in a bouncy, haphazard takeoff. Evelyn sits on Danny's lap, keeping her head down so no one sees her, the cockpit open, Danny's arms slipped under hers. It's crowded.

DANNY

Stay low, stay low--I could get kicked out of the military for this.

The sky above them is startlingly clear; the brightest planets are dancing around a full moon.

DANNY

The Hawaiians call this harbor Wai Momi, means water of pearls.

EVELYN

So beautiful!

DANNY

Hang on.

He spins the plane in an easy half turn, inverting above Pearl Harbor in the moonlight, waves smashing against rocks jutting from the sea, moon reflected in the peaceful water, embracing Oahu.

EXT. QUIET AIR BASE - NIGHT

The P-40 soars easily in and settles to earth. Danny shuts down the engine. Danny carefully removes the harness around her. She looks overhead. The stars are still bright above them.

EVELYN

I didn't realize until tonight that I stopped wanting to live.

She turns in his lap, looks at him. Their eyes connect. They kiss, tentatively, almost reluctantly. The passion grows, neither is prepared enough for this moment to find the strength to resist it. When they stop and look at each other, the decision seems already made. They slip onto the tarmac beneath the shelter of the plane. She lies on her back and Danny cradles her head as if to protect her from the hardness of the surface below her and the harshness of the pains in her past. He kisses her softly, then pulls back as if some voice is whispering that he should go no further. Evelyn draws his face down, kisses him harder, then rolls on top of him.

She looks down at him; she hesitates too. And it soaks into her eyes: the mix of it all--the grief of Rafe's loss, the regret she feels at having restrained herself when she was with him, the lost opportunity; and now this opportunity so close. Deliberately, slowly, she lowers herself onto Danny...they begin to make love...

INT. EVELYN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Morning after. Betty's still asleep, but Evelyn's already dressed; she's sitting silently on her bunk, staring at the origami swan. She still can't throw it away. She places it back in the trunk.

EXT. BASE - DAY

She walks quickly, full of purpose. She rounds a corner, almost colliding with Danny, hurrying from the opposite direction. He's completely jazzed. Talking over each other:

72

73

74

DANNY  
I was just coming to -

EVELYN  
Danny, we need to -

They stop. Then:

DANNY  
I haven't slept a wink, I had to see you.

EVELYN  
Danny, last night--

DANNY  
It was crazy - I know. But I'm not sorry.  
Are you? Tell me you're not sorry.

EVELYN  
I don't know... I don't know... This is  
all too fast.

DANNY  
Evelyn... This morning, I went down to the  
beach, watched the sun come up - and I was  
actually glad to be alive.

She looks at him: he seems so sure of what he's telling her.

DANNY  
I've never felt this way before.

EVELYN  
Please--

DANNY  
I don't care what anyone thinks - how could I  
not feel this way?

He puts his arms around her.

DANNY  
(in a tender whisper)  
It's all right...Everything's going to be all  
right.

She surrenders, wrapping her arms around him.

IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT'S INTELLIGENCE SECTION, Thurman appears  
not to have slept; he pours over decoded messages, over  
reports marked TOP SECRET, over spy photos of Japanese  
carriers in port, loaded with planes, bombs, torpedoes...

ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO studies timetables, maps, strategies...

IN THE PARADISE UNDER WATER, Evelyn and Danny swim in a weightless  
world of magical beauty; rays of sun illuminate the rainbow coral  
upon the white sand bottom;

76

77

78

their bodies slide through clouds of brightly colored fish. On the sand-covered paradise Evelyn laughs, a shadow then passes behind her eyes, like clouds warning the sun not to shine too brightly.

79

We see Evelyn and Betty's room; Betty's still asleep as the morning light comes through the edges of the shades; Evelyn steps from the bathroom, feeling a touch queasy; but she shakes it off and dresses for work...

80

CAPTAIN THURMAN has a special message delivered to him. He reads quickly and grabs a phone.

81

INT. PRESIDENTIAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

82

Roosevelt's valet awakens him.

VALET

Mr. President.

Roosevelt reaches for the spectacles on his bedtable, and focuses on a PRESIDENTIAL AIDE, who has come in with the valet.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

Mr. President, we've received a message from the Peruvian ambassador to Japan. His sources tell him the Japanese are assembling their fleet to attack us.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

We've received warnings about every American base in the Pacific. Does this ambassador know the target?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

Not for sure. But he thinks it's Pearl Harbor.

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT - DAY

83

ADMIRALS and OFFICERS are lit by the flicker of a dim projector as they view black and white recon film of a Japanese harbor.

ADMIRAL

Our Naval intelligence officer in Tokyo secretly shot this, it confirms the Japanese fleet is missing. We can't find it anywhere, the fleet is under radio silence. They could be on simple maneuvers or lining up a major attack. It seem to me an attack is inevitable. The question is where? And how?

He nods to a VICE ADMIRAL and the lights are switched on; the Admiral looks to a display on the wall showing scout planes moving out in all directions from every American base in the Pacific.

ADMIRAL

We keep sending scout planes in wider vectors but they got nothing. I don't know how two whole carrier divisions just disappear.

He nods to a VICE ADMIRAL, who stands over a map covering an entire table top.

VICE ADMIRAL

Between America and the Far East are the sea lanes where the winds and the currents make the best route for shipping. Far above is the northern route, between Canada and Russia. Between these two is something they call the Vacant Sea. If I were the Japanese, I'd send a task force there. You could hide the entire land mass of Asia in the Vacant Sea, and nobody would know.

The Vice Admiral puts the Asian land mass in the Pacific. It shows how vast the sea is and we see the specks of Hawaii.

ADMIRAL

So they pop out and attack where?

VICE ADMIRAL

That's the problem, Admiral. They could hit anywhere they want. The Philippines, Borneo. Guam.

(he hesitates)

But Captain Thurman of Naval Intelligence here has an idea about that.

They look to Thurman; clearly the Vice Admiral feels he's sticking his neck out to get Thurman into this meeting.

THURMAN

My cryptology team has recently broken Japan's Wind Codes, which are for high level diplomatic traffic. This recent message from the Peruvian ambassador confirms our suspicions. I think the target is Pearl Harbor.

ADMIRAL

You have hard evidence?

THURMAN

If I had hard evidence, we'd already be at war, sir.

The Admiral's eyes snap, and the Vice Admiral's wince in pain; but Thurman has an intellect that ignores political wisdom.

ADMIRAL

Then what kind of evidence do you have, Captain?

Thurman knows he's on shaky ground; how does he explain instincts to a fact-rooted man?

THURMAN

Our decoding machines miss words and have garbled lines, so to explain the decrypts we have to interpret what we think they are trying to say.

ADMIRAL

Interpret. You mean guess.

VICE ADMIRAL

They use their informed intuition--

CAPTAIN THURMAN

We guess. Any goose bump, weird wart or spine tingle--we pay attention to, and read like a drunk gypsy, because somebody's gotta step outside to see inside. And what I see is a strike on Pearl Harbor. It's the worst thing that could happen. A blow to Pearl could devastate our Pacific Fleet's ability to make war.

ADMIRAL

So you want us to mobilize the entire fleet, at a cost of millions of dollars, on this weird little spiny gut feeling of yours?

CAPTAIN THURMAN

No Sir. I understand that my job is to gather and interpret information, and that making difficult decisions, based on incomplete information, from my shitty decoding machines, is yours. Sir.

ADMIRAL

Well, build a better machine, so I can make a better decision, Captain.

CAPTAIN THURMAN

Trying, Sir.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A huge Japanese **TASK FORCE** steams toward Hawaii. It is an AWESOME SIGHT. 6 Carriers, 2 battleships, 9 destroyers, 3 cruisers an entire battle group, their hulls powering through the waves.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - DAY

The American ships are lined up at anchor, calm, placid.

INT. SURVEILLANCE BASE - DAY

Some tired Army Intelligence types--A LISTENER, who is a Japanese-American, a TRACER, and an INTELLIGENCE SUPERVISOR, are sitting at a bank of phones. We hear the dentist's voice.

84

85

87

## LISTENER

...They're talking about searchlights, and the weather...are there a lot of sailors around ...and are flowers in bloom...

## INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Admiral Kimmel is in the middle of a haircut, but his AIDE has interrupted him, making the barber wait.

## ADMIRAL KIMMEL

Someone from Tokyo asks a local dentist how the ships are sitting...and blooming flowers. Why would a spy use a phone?

## AIDE

Sir, our listeners feel it's probably not code talk. It sounds more like someone from Japan sneaking around, asking a local citizen about the locations of our carriers.

## ADMIRAL KIMMEL

Get the FBI on this immediately. Have we found the Japanese fleet yet?

## AIDE

No sir. Still looking all over the Pacific.

## ADMIRAL KIMMEL

So the whole fleet could be rounding Diamond Head right now, and we wouldn't know a thing about it! Get on it.

## EXT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

POV of someone moving through the gathering darkness, approaching the hospital. The lights from within, and the white beds beneath those lights, make the place glow. Within, Evelyn moves alone.

Now we see the shoulder of the figure from behind, and can tell that it is a man in uniform, standing dead still, transfixed in watching Evelyn through the windows. The bright interior makes it impossible for her to see out. The man steps closer to the glass.

## INT. BASE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Evelyn moves to her desk, sits down. She turns the calendar back to October, where she wrote on the square of October 22, "Order supplies." She counts the weeks from then to today, December 6.

## EXT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

We see the full figure of the man watching her. And now we see the reflection of his face. It is Rafe. Separated by only the glass window, almost close enough to touch.

His left hand is bandaged, but he is very much alive. Seeing Evelyn has taken his breath, and seems to have robbed him of the power to move. His eyes pick up every detail--her face, her hands.

And as Rafe watches Evelyn, he has SUDDEN JOLTS OF FLASHBACKS... punctuated by fragments of the letter she wrote to him.

## EVELYN'S VOICE

Dear Rafe--

RAFE'S SPITFIRE; the crippled craft smashes into water. Rafe jolted inside the canopy filling with water. He tried to deploy his parachute on the way down, now it floats aimlessly in the water. He is barely conscious. The cold water awakens him, but he is trapped underwater inside his mangled plane cockpit as the lines of his chute entangle him.

92

IN THE PRESENT...Rafe winces with the memory, and rivets his eyes on Evelyn, as if to force himself to believe this moment is real.

93

SUBLIMINAL FLASHBACK...THE WATER IS CHOKING HIM, and the cold shock travels up his body faster than his body sinks. He's cloaked in the fog. He fights the straps, and rips at the lines... But he's still in desperate trouble; in his flying clothes, his heavy leather jacket soaking with sea-water, his body sinks down farther...

94

## EVELYN'S VOICE

...Every sunset...

IN THE PRESENT, Rafe's chest trembles--from the memory of the frozen water, from the emotion of seeing Evelyn again--or both?

95

SUBLIMINAL FLASHBACKS--Below the surface of the North Sea, desperate bubbles come from Rafe's mouth; he fights his way back up; he kicks off his shoes, sheds the jacket, strips off his pants. Then, in a CUT, he is floating in the water, on a floating on a tattered wing tip. His body shakes from the cold.

96

Then in another CUT we see him after he's been in the water for so long his body no longer trembles; he's lost consciousness. He has no strength, no will to live. His face settles into the water... his body slips from his preserver, and drifts beneath the surface.

97

## EVELYN'S VOICE

...gather its heat into my heart, and send it to you...

IN FLASHBACK, Rafe's eyes come open. From his POV beneath the water, he sees bright rays of light above the surface. It's only in his mind, but that makes it no less real...through the dancing light, Evelyn's face fades through the brightness reaching down like an angel... His limbs come to life, and he fights up, breaking the surface. The sea is dark and empty, but he grabs the floating wingtip and holds on for dear life...and for Evelyn.

98

IN THE PRESENT Rafe stares through the window, at Evelyn, but he can't go in. He wonders, does she still love him?

99

IN FLASHBACK: Rafe's body is laid out on the deck of the trawler. The crewmen think he's dead. His body is stiff, his lips white; he slowly moves.

100

INT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

101

Evelyn puts away the calendar, and leaves for the night.

EXT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL DOOR- NIGHT

102

Evelyn opens, then locks the door and turns around seeing someone ten feet away in the shadows. His form hauntingly familiar.

It's Rafe.

From Evelyn's POV, the whole world spins. She faints.

Rafe jumps to catch her before she slams to the ground. He gathers her into his arms, and she touches his face. He's real, very real.

RAFE

Evelyn.

She's trembling. He helps her to a seat on the bench.

RAFE

I should have sent a telegram, let you know... but I couldn't. I just had to see you, face to face.

EVELYN

How...? How did you...?

RAFE

Somehow I got the nose up before I hit... I don't know how long I was in the water... A freighter picked me up, dropped me in Spain, behind enemy lines. It took months for the Underground to smuggle me onto a ship...

EVELYN

Rafe, I didn't know... It's been...

RAFE

(pulling her close)

You must've been through hell.... I've seen things you can't even imagine. But it's over now--I'm here...

She collapses against him, starts to sob. Her lips touch his cheek \* and then slowly meet his lips. They passionately kiss. She pulls \* away and more tears well up. \*

RAFE

Sshhh, Evelyn, Evelyn--we're together.

She pulls away, looking into his eyes with an expression so troubled that a dreadful uneasiness creeps into his belly, even before his brain.

RAFE

We are still together, aren't we?

She's at a complete loss how to respond. Rafe dies inside.

EVELYN

Rafe...

RAFE

You don't have to try to soften it.

EVELYN

I meant everything I wrote. It's just that I thought you were dead. And now--

Danny walks up, through the darkness; he's holding a telegram he's gotten from Rafe, the message saying only: I'm alive. He's rushed to find Evelyn; now, seeing Rafe with her, Danny freezes.

DANNY

Rafe!--

Rafe and Danny stare at each other; a sea of surprise and emotion surges through Danny, and seeing Evelyn's face, he hesitates, wondering what she already told him. Rafe picks up Danny's hesitation, and looks at Evelyn. In that moment Rafe puts it all together. Danny's speechless, and for a moment Evelyn is too.

EVELYN

Rafe, please--

He puts up a hand, silencing her, and walks away. Evelyn and Danny are left frozen.

EXT. SHORE OF PEARL HARBOR - NIGHT

103

Rafe stares out at the harbor. As he stands there alone and shattered. He struggles to bury that memory of his love so far that he'll never feel it again.

EXT. NURSES QUARTERS - NIGHT

104

Danny escorts Evelyn back to her quarters.

DANNY

Don't worry. I'll find him.

He hugs her, their embrace earnest yet tinged with guilt. Danny leaves quickly. Betty, on her way out to work, steps out of the nurses' quarters and sees Evelyn.

BETTY

Evelyn, you're so pale! What's wrong..?

EVELYN

Rafe's alive.

BETTY

Oh Evelyn...

INT. FUNKY OAHU SURF BAR - NIGHT

105

Hawaiian RADIO plays. Danny enters. A pilot nods over to Rafe, who's surrounded by all the pilots. He moves up and sits across from him. There's a bottle of Jack Daniels on the table with a big dent in it, plus a half-dozen empty beer pitchers.

Rafe's enthralling the guys with war stories, using beer mugs to show air tactics. He ignores Danny.

RAFE

...Nazi's'll go under you because their planes are faster, then they run so you can't catch 'em. But then they come around and take you from behind--like some Americans will.

He finally acknowledges Danny with these last words. Red feels the tension, tries to gloss things over.

RED

G-gooz, you're loo-ooking at the best ddadaamn flier you ever saw!

Gooz leaps obliviously to his feet, whipping off the Hwaiian shirt he'd been wearing, tossing it to Rafe:

GOOZ

Here, lemme give you the shirt off my back. A-lo-ha!

(to the Waiter)

And bring one'a them Zulu warrior thing-amabobs. We're gettin' drunk with this combat pilot.

Rafe laughs, putting the shirt on. To Danny:

RAFE

Whaddya think?

DANNY

I think we should talk.

RAFE

Nothin' to talk about. Have some Jack, Tennessee-style.

He pours two shots of Jack. Raising his glass:

RAFE

To returning from the dead. Wasn't all I expected--but...

(slugging the shot down)

That's life.

He sees Danny hasn't touched his drink.

RAFE

This is my homecoming, flyboy--you celebrating or not?

Danny considers a moment, then drinks. Rafe immediately fills his and Danny's glasses again.

RAFE

And to my loyal friend, Danny.

ANTHONY

Maybe you guys wanna be left alone here--

RAFE

No, no, no--everybody drink!

They do--then he pours another round, SINGING in a twangy hillbilly voice:

RAFE

"I went out a 'walkin' to visit Mary Lou, Came upon a friend 'a mine, whose name was Jackie Blue, Found my dear sweet Mary, and said 'Meet my friend Jack,' and then this good 'ol friend 'a mine..."

(his eyes cutting into Danny)  
"...He stabbed me in the back..."

DANNY

You got something to say?

Anthony pulls Red, Gooz and Billy to the bar.

RAFE

Look at that, Danny--you came in here with your long face and wrecked my party. You got a knack for wrecking things--you know that?

DANNY

We thought you were dead.

RAFE

Ah, you didn't know, but now you know. So it's time to fuck off.

Billy, Red, and Anthony, eavesdropping from the bar, notice the rising anger. Gooz is drinking a Zulu Mai Tai.

DANNY

You asked me to take care of her.

RAFE

Yeah, but give her a shoulder to cry on--not your dick.

Danny's blood's starting to boil; he struggles to hold anger back.

DANNY

You're a lousy drinker.

RAFE

Well, you're a lousy friend.

Danny grabs Rafe's memorial picture off the wall and slams it back onto the table.

DANNY

You left her, to fight somebody else's war!  
You volunteered!

RAFE

I didn't know how much I loved her, until I was dying and her face was the last thing going through my mind.

DANNY

I stayed, things changed--and now you gotta get used to it.

Rafe stands, nodding as if in acceptance--then:

RAFE

Get used to this.

Bam! He knocks Danny out of the chair, flat on his ass. Danny backhands the blood from the corner of his mouth.

DANNY

You want it, you got it.

He kicks Rafe in the back of the knee, then mule-kicks him in the chest as he goes down, and the fight is on.

The bar's bouncer, a Samoan with knuckles big as walnuts, moves over to break them up--but Anthony steps in his way.

ANTHONY

Let 'em fight, they need it.

The bouncer tosses Anthony aside, but before he can move in to interrupt the fight, Red breaks a lava volcano of Mai-Tai over the bouncer's skull. The bartender phones the M.P.'s.

Rafe and Danny are exchanging punches in the middle of the room. Sailors at the bar have swung around on their stools to watch the action. (They're sailors from the Oklahoma--we'll see them later.) The pilots, wincing with the punches their friends exchange, bob and weave as if fighting themselves. A SAILOR taps Billy.

LOUIE THE SAILOR

Is this a private fight or can anybody jump in?

Billy hits him. The whole bar erupts.

Rafe and Danny are really having at it, fueled by so much emotion that nothing hurts. They're on the floor now, trying to rip each other apart. They struggle to their feet and Rafe manages to knee Danny in the balls. Danny doubles over in pain.

RAFE

That hurt? I didn't think you had any balls.

Without looking up, Danny lunges at Rafe, tackling him around the waist, driving him at the wall. They tumble through fronds of wood--and out onto the surf-covered beach. They're lying there in the debris when they see the M.P. jeeps coming. They drag each other to their feet, and run away. We hear Hawaiian radio.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

107

The Japanese task force 320 miles north, rumbles through the night, the bows of the great ships blasting through the surf.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER AKAGI - COMMAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

108

The Same Hawaiian radio plays:

YAMAMOTO

If the Americans had any suspicion of our attack, the radio would let us know.

The clock reaches midnight, and a sailor tears off a calendar page. It's now December 7, 1941.

YAMAMOTO

The rise and fall of our empire is at stake...

EXT. OAHU - ROAD - NIGHT

109

Danny's driving the Buick, Rafe riding shotgun, looking around.

RAFE

You got yourself a nice ride.

Rafe turns as if to admire the upholstery--and pukes into the backseat. Danny slams on the brakes, and the car skids to a stop.

EXT. OAHU - ROAD - ANGLE - NIGHT

110

The Buick convertible is off the road; Rafe is bent over, head out of frame, throwing up. Danny, banged up from the fight, waits beside Rafe, who chokes out between heaves--

RAFE

How come you're not pukin'?

Rafe tries to straighten up, but the waves of sickness come back over him and he bends again. Danny looks at his friend, and the pain is written on Danny's face.

DANNY

Rafe... you're the only family I've got. The only real family I've ever had. When you were gone, I was alone, the most alone I'd ever been. So was she.

RAFE

You tryin' to make me puke again?

DANNY

Don't blame Evelyn, Rafe.

Rafe stands to face Danny; this is hard for Danny to say.

DANNY

Part of what she loves in me is how much of you she sees in me. I told her that, Rafe.

RAFE

Oh, that's cute. Pillow talk, huh?

That's too much for Danny; he slams his fist into Rafe's gut. Rafe doubles over, coughing, nothing left in his belly to come up.

EXT. PACIFIC - NIGHT

111

The Japanese task force storms on.

EXT. CARRIERS - BLUE DAWN

112

The final planes being rolled into position, being armed with bombs and the menacing black torpedoes. The canopies are open.

IN THE PILOTS QUARTERS - the pilots are sitting before personal shrines, saying private prayers, writing letters. We focus on ONE SHY PILOT. He looks scared. We will remember him later.

113

PILOT'S LETTER V.O.

Revered father, I go now to fulfil my mission and my destiny. I hope it is a destiny that will bring honor to our family, and if it requires my life I will sacrifice it gladly to be a good servant of our nation, and a worthy son.

EXT. CARRIER DECK - BREAKING DAWN

114

YAMAMOTO stands staring over the wind-whipped carrier deck. The color guard raises the Japanese flag, as the deck crews stand at attention, seeing the Rising Sun flag snap potently in the wind. A moment of calm.

EXT. JAPANESE CARRIERS - BREAKING DAWN

115

The Zeros are stacked up on the deck. The world is in slow motion. The Rising Sun headbands are wrapped around foreheads. Pilots load. Propellers turn over. Chock blocks are removed. Officers watch from the bridge. Yamamoto salutes, and the deck signals the first planes. The first of the Japanese planes starts to taxi. It's a stirring sight as the seamen salute the Japanese heroes.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - RADAR STATION - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

116

INT. RADAR STATION - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

117

An OFFICER and a PRIVATE yawn over their new radar equipment.

PRIVATE

What's this? I've got a haze.

OFFICER

I've never seen anything like this.

He gets on the telephone. The Private hits the radar machine.

PRIVATE

This is a lot of blips. Maybe this thing is broken.

INT. JAPANESE BOMBER COCKPIT

118

Three-man crews. CLOSE-UP of a radio tuned into Hawaiian music. The pilots are using this as a homing beacon. They look out and see the sunrise--it's beautiful, and resembles the Japanese flag.

EXT. PACIFIC SKIES ABOVE OAHU - BREAKING SUN

119

The sun breaks beautifully over the glistening island. We keep hearing the island tunes. We pull up and back revealing five...ten...thirty...ninety...a hundred-twenty...a hundred and ninety planes swarming the paradise sky.

INT. ARMY COMMAND POST - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

120

OFFICER

The radar station has picked up a cloud of blips, moving in from the northeast.

COMMANDER

We've got a flight of B-17's coming in from the mainland.

INT. RADAR STATION - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

121

The private looks again at the cloud of blips--growing ever larger, and moving in fast. Dismayed, Ellis listens to the response from headquarters, and hangs up.

ELLIS

They say don't worry about it.

INT. BRIDGE OF YAMAMOTO'S CARRIER - DAY

122

Yamamoto is handed a message.

YAMAMOTO

We have achieved surprise. This is our moment.

EXT. GOLF COURSE ALONG THE PACIFIC - DAY

123

Adm. Kimmel smacks a huge drive down the fairway. A military jeep speeds down the fairway. Kimmel's Aide addresses the Admiral.

KIMMEL'S AIDE

Admiral, one of our destroyers reports having fired upon and sunk enemy submarine seeking to enter Pearl Harbor.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

Relay that to Washington...

Kimmel hands his club to his caddie and jumps in the vehicle.

INT. NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE IN WASHINGTON

124

An 18-year-old TYPIST struggles with a decoder. Thurman is tense.

CAPTAIN THURMAN

Son, you new at this machine?

TYPIST

Very new and nervous Sir.

CAPTAIN THURMAN

Well type friggin faster!

Thurman sees decoded words: FURTHER PEACE TALKS USELESS--he grabs the phone.

CAPTAIN THURMAN

We've picked off a Japanese message that looks like a declaration of war! I'm down here trying to save the free world and you guys have sent me a retard-decoder with pimples older than his typing skills. I need some help--NOW. Thank you!

EXT. CINPAC - OUTSIDE ADMIRAL KIMMEL'S OFFICE - DAY

125

Kimmel is handed the latest dispatches.

KIMMEL'S AIDE

Naval Intel has intercepted a transmission from Tokyo to the Japanese Embassy in Washington, instructing them to burn all secret documents and break up their decoder machines.

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

The Japanese are expecting a war. Should we? Has the War Department issued alerts?

AIDE

No, Sir.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE PACIFIC - DAY

126

The Japanese planes increase throttle and nose down, diving toward the surface, hurtling into attack mode.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - DAY

127

The harbor lies quiet. It's a sleepy Sunday morning. Christmas is coming, decorations are out. Little ballerina's with angel wings pile into mom's car for the Christmas play. Officers are stepping from their houses in their shorts to get the morning paper...

## MONTAGE - THE AMERICAN INNOCENTS

--We see a SAILOR below deck of the Arizona, writing his mother a letter..."Mother this is paradise" 128

--A young bugler is nervously rehearsing on the Pearl Harbor pier, getting ready to play for the first time in the morning flag-raising ceremony... 129

--On the West Virginia, Dorie Miller mops the floor of the galley... in the dining area, a young sailor opens a packet from his girlfriend back home; she's sent him a picture of herself, and a rabbit's foot on a chain--he hangs it around his neck... 130

--Washington, Thurman's office, his eyes grow wide as the teletype punches huge block letters that don't yet make sense...but he reads: **Broken relationship...Hostilities imminent...** Two new teletypists jump in to help. 131

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - OAHU - DAY 132

Hawaiian Boy Scouts, out of their tents taking a pee over the mountainside overlooking Pearl. Suddenly **booming over** the mountain, barely ten feet above the summit, comes a stream of planes. The boys are awed. What is this?

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - DAY

QUICK INTERCUTS - Between the approach of the Japanese planes, and sleepy Pearl Harbor... calm, at peace.

--The planes, in formation, their propellers spinning, their engines throbbing... 133

--Pearl Harbor, with the ships silent, their engines cold, their anchors steady on the harbor bottom. 134

--Another formation of Japanese bombers climbing high, into attack position. 135

--The Japanese torpedo planes dropping down to the level of the ocean, their engines beginning to scream. 136

--The American planes bunched on the airfields, like a wasteland. 137

--ON THE JAPANESE CARRIERS, Yamamoto and his staff huddle tensely, over their battle maps. The second wave of planes is being brought and loaded with munitions...the Japanese flag snaps in the wind. 138

ON THE GOLF COURSE NEAR PEARL HARBOR, American officers are laughing on the putting green near the club house, where the American flag droops from the flag pole, limply at peace. 139

--Japanese American and Caucasian children warming up for Little League baseball. They look up and see the planes flash by. They've never seen this many, flying this low...but they are not alarmed, only curious. One of the Japanese pilots signals out of his canopy for them to run away. 140

--A PHOTOGRAPHER, A naval enlisted guy on his day off, sets up a board where you can pop your head through and be photographed as the 'Fat Aloha Santa'. We see Danny's convertible Buick motionless fifty feet away.

141

The images come faster and faster, the collision of Japan's determination and America's innocence...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

142

Danny and Rafe are asleep in Danny's Buick, hung over and asleep, Danny in front, Rafe in back, and they're a miserable sight--their shirts ripped, blood dried on their faces.

The rumble of planes overhead makes them stir; the rumble grows huge; shadows of a massive formation make the sunlight flicker. Danny and Rafe squint up, and realize what they're seeing.

DANNY

Why in the hell is the Navy doing torpedo practice so early on Sunday?

EXT. SIDE HULL OF THE OKLAHOMA - DAY

143

Two sailors are hanging from rope scaffolding, painting the hull; they notice planes rushing toward them, over the quiet harbor.

Something drops from the lead plane and splashes easily into the water; the plane banks away. A white streak runs through the water at them. They watch it casually...then, a MASSIVE EXPLOSION! It throws up a fifty foot wall of water, hurling the sailors and everything else on the deck.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

144

Danny pops up in shock from the noise. Suddenly their headaches are gone! The Photographer sees more planes above! He tries to get on his bike. One of the Back Val gunners sprays bullets. The photographer with photocase in hand bolts for his only cover next to Danny's BUICK. He dives in the back seat.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I'm with Navy newsreel! Can I catch a ride?

Danny guns the Buick down the road, toward the base.

EXT. THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR - DAY

145

--The first wave of planes drop more torpedoes; they plunge BENEATH THE SURFACE, their wooden fins working perfectly, the torpedoes speeding to their targets...

--Thurman sees coming up on his teletype: **TO BE DELIVERED AT 1:00 PM EASTERN TIME.** He looks at the clock--already past 1:00.

146

CAPTAIN THURMAN

Eight a.m. in Pearl Harbor. Dawn on a Sunday morning... GET ME AN ADMIRAL!!...

--On the central pier in Pearl the bugler is playing as the Marine color guard raises the flag. Three Zeros streak in low, their cannons ripping up the pier. Men scramble, confused, and dive away from the ripping planks. A bomb explodes on a docked ship, flinging men into the water.

--30 Zero fighter planes flying 250mph, twenty feet off the water, descend on battleship row. They strafe the ships, raking the decks and killing sailors with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Rafe and Danny streaking down the road. Rafe and Danny look at each other. Their look, tells us how very bad this is going to be. The photographer loads his Bell and Howell B&W movie film.

EXT. SKIES OVER PEARL HARBOR - DAY

Dive-bombers scream in. The camera follows them down in a twisting spiral towards the ships grouped at anchor. They dive head first until they are 400 feet away, then unleash their 500 pound bombs.

EXT. DECK OF THE WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

Bombs are hitting the deck. Sailors are blown into the air and out into the oily water.

INT. BELOW DECKS OF THE WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

Dorie Miller is delivering coffee in Navy china when he feels the ship shudder. The china crashes. The intercom comes alive--

INTERCOM

Battle stations! Battle stations! This is not a drill!

Men, many just in underwear, run to the ladders; the shaking of the ship from a bomb blast tosses them off. Dorie's at the foot of the ladder when men fall back on top of him.

INT. BRIDGE OF WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

The Captain of the ship has reached the command bridge.

CAPTAIN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA

Stay calm! Alert the crew, prepare to sail.  
Medics, get the wounded to sick bay! Load and-

The Captain's moving to the map/radio room, when the windows shatter from bullets, slicing through the crew. Then--

The BRIDGE RIPS apart from a bomb blast. A big chunk of shrapnel tears into the Captain and guts his stomach open. The medics he was just directing have been blown apart.

EXT. DECK OF THE WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

Dorie Miller emerges from below decks and sees the carnage, the confusion. Bullets ripping all around, a bloody OFFICER grabs him. \*

## BLOODY OFFICER

They need stretcher bearers on the bridge!

Suddenly the bloody officer and a huge piece of the ship explode - \*  
Dorie pulls his fear together and runs up the ladder into the fire \*  
and smoke, toward the bridge.

INT. MAP ROOM/BRIDGE OF THE WEST VIRGINIA - DAY \*

Dorie arrives to see the medics crouched over the disemboweled Captain, who is still giving orders. Japanese Zeros streaking by the huge gaping hole in the wall.

## CAPTAIN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA

Radio for air cover and initiate fire control.

Dorie helps the medic. Then Dorie picks up the Captain by himself, like a child's teddy bear, to get him away from the fire. But the pain has grown too much for the Captain; he knows he's dying.

## CAPTAIN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA

Put me down here.

Dorie puts him down. He trembles in death throes...

## CAPTAIN OF THE WEST VIRGINIA

Find my Executive Officer and tell him he's in command. Tell him to fire the boilers and make sure the gunners have enough ammuni--

He's dead. Dorie runs for the ladder, and climbs out into hell.

EXT. OUTSIDE BATTLE BRIDGE OF THE WEST VIRGINIA - DAY \*

Dorie emerges into carnage and confusion. Dorie yells to the Executive Officer who is on the intercoms. \*

## DORIE

Captain said you're in charge!

Then Dorie sees it: an unmanned anti-aircraft gun. He runs to it, through the strafing. The belt of ammo loaded and the dead gunners lie beside it. Dorie swings the business end of the gun toward the Zeros coming in out of the black smoke, and fires.

INT. NURSES' BARRACKS - DAY

Evelyn has been up all night; she's dressed in the clothes she wore yesterday, and sits on her bunk with the diary open. She hears a distant rumble. A

## EVELYN

Oh my God...EVERYBODY TO THE HOSPITAL!

Barbara and Betty, grabbing for their clothes; Evelyn runs outside B in the backyard, seeing low-flying Zeros zooming past.

EXT. HOSPITAL PALM SQUARE - DAY

Evelyn, Barbara, Betty, Sandra, and others sprinting down the street, when Zeros come in dropping their bombs in the distance and bear down on the running group. The strafing rips through the trees, the women take cover from the bullets behind a fountain.

EXT. DECK OF THE WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

The Zeros keep coming and Dorie keeps firing; nothing on earth will knock him from that gun. He finally makes contact with a Zero coming right for him. He's ripping to it shreds...but it keeps coming. More bullets. The plane breaks up as it crashes onto the ship, 20 feet over Dorie's head.

INT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

Evelyn runs in and darts to the cabinet, withdrawing supplies. Barbara and Sandra appear at the far door, both terrified.

EVELYN

Get everything out! Bandages, sutures--

VOICE

Planes incoming!

The nurses all race into the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - TRACTION WARD - DAY

Four men from a jeep accident are lying in traction, their casted limbs roped in the air. Evelyn runs in and finds a veteran NAVY DOCTOR already there, grabbing razor blades from the cabinet.

NAVY DOCTOR

Cut them down! Get 'em away from the windows!

Evelyn grabs a razor blade and slices the traction ropes of a man with both legs broken; ignoring his groans, she rolls him out of the bed and drags him away from the windows. The other nurses follow her lead. Doctors and orderlies rush in to help. Bombs are coming toward the hospital ward. They shove mattresses against the windows, and are just covering the patients and themselves as bombs crater outside; huge holes punch through the walls; windows blow out. The now-empty beds jumbled and twisted with the blast.

EXT. ANOTHER JAPANESE FORMATION, OF BOMBERS - DAY

High-altitude bombers with three-man crews, 12,000 ft. above the harbor. The bombardier--we recognize him as the one gently praying before--looks through his sight.

THROUGH THE BOMBARDIER'S SIGHT, the ships look like toys, far below. The bombardier is ticking off the targets as they pass, the first two he mentions already burning.

JAPANESE BOMBARDIER

West Virginia... Oklahoma... Ah. Arizona.

He pulls his bomb lever, and a HUGE STEEL BOMB falls away.

EXT. THE FLIGHT OF THE BOMB - DAY

We stay with the bomb as it falls through the sky. The small propeller on the bomb's tail spins in the air, running the arming mechanism into the bomb's explosive core. The bomb wobbles a bit at first, but then as it gathers speed its fins stabilize it, and it falls faster and faster at a dizzying rate toward the Arizona.

The world slows to a crawl as the bomb slams through the teak wood deck, and breaks it like matchsticks. Its tremendous weight and speed carry it through the next deck, and pass through the sleeping quarters, the kitchen, right in front of Teeny, two more stories down, deep into the heart of the ship...toward the powder room, where 200,000 POUNDS of black powder are waiting.

The bomb comes to rest there. The bags of black powder and the huge brass cannon shells neatly stacked. The arming propeller on the bomb FLIT-FLIT-CLICK, the explosion is almost beyond comprehension. Over 1200 men die instantly.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - DAY

The Arizona leaps into the air; the ship's spine is broken, its guts ripped open in one explosive instant. Men on the deck are thrown into the burning oil already floating on the water from the other ruptured ships, but there are almost no survivors.

The concussion sends tons of debris down on her decks--16 inch guns fly like steel telephone poles, and pieces of the ship larger than semi-trucks crash into the water.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Rafe and Danny feel the huge blast from the harbor. They're flying down the road in the Buick. The Newsreel guy films from the back.

DANNY

So many planes... I hope there's still an airfield left.

NEWSREEL GUY

Gosh, I didn't know the Japs were sore at us.

He shoots JITTERY BLACK AND WHITE images of squadrons of planes shooting by thirty feet overhead.

INT. HICKHAM FIELD - BARRACKS - DAY

After a night of drinking and brawling, Red stirs and staggers toward the head; he bumps into the wall, backs up like a wind-up toy and lurches blindly forward again, into the urinals and unleashes his piss stream, still in his sleep. A rumble penetrates his brain; his eyes open a bit. Through the window slits above the urinals, he sees a cloud of Japanese planes rushing past.

He squeezes his eyes shut, and looks again; the planes are bombing the distant hangars.

Red pisses along the wall as he races to the barracks, trying to get his pecker back into his drawers. He shouts to the sleeping guys--

RED  
Th-th-th-th-th-

He slaps his face with both hands, and stomps his feet...

RED  
Th-th-th-th-Dammit! Th-th-th-

He still can't get it out, can't wake them; bursting with frustration, he suddenly blasts out singing--

RED  
(singing)  
The Jaaaps!! The Jaaaps!!

He's belting it like a baritone in a bizarre opera. His friends stir; what the hell? Red points outside and tries to talk, but now he can't utter a thing. The guys hear the explosions, and realize--

EXT. HICKHAM FIELD - BARRACKS - DAY

168

The Japanese low-altitude bombers, with Zero escorts, zoom in over the field, blasting the clusters of American warplanes, whole squadrons taken out with one bomb. The mechanics and pilots, caught in the open, run from the strafing. The Zeros rake them down with machine-gun fire. It's carnage.

Danny's squadron staggers out, half-drunk, half-dressed. Seeing what's happening, they race toward the flight line, where the clustered American planes are blowing up like dominos, knocking pilots to the ground.

BILLY  
Goddamn Japs! Load the anti-aircraft gun.

Billy jumps to his feet and starts to run toward the FUEL DEPOT sand bunker with the 50mm gun.

ANTHONY  
Billy!

A BOMB hits the ground...clanks and bounces past running pilots... toward the sand bunker...bangs the side of the fuel tank, knocking Billy and a soldier to the ground, inches from the dented bomb. It stops without detonating. They're bug-eyed, hearts stopped.

BILLY  
It's a dud.

They stare at the little spinning device on the back of the bomb FLIT-FLIT-FLIT--it...STOPS. The bomb detonates, blowing Billy to bloody dust. His friends look on as their friend is vaporized, and their innocence, like America's, is gone in that moment.

## EXT. AIR BASE - DAY

Danny blasts onto the tarmac; some of the planes are undamaged. Rafe is out before the car stops rolling, Danny right behind him.

They're running toward a cluster of fighters near the hangar, when it goes up with a bomb blast. Rafe and Danny dive to the ground. They see machine gun bullets thudding into the planes on the flight line, and ripping along the walls of the buildings, shredding the FLIGHT TOWER. It's as if the whole Japanese airforce is attacking this one base, and not leaving a single plane airworthy. The Newsreel Guy catches the chaos on film.

RAFE

Get me into a plane!

DANNY

Come on!

Danny sprints; Rafe follows towards the flight tower building.

INT. PILOTS' GYM - TOWER BUILDING - DAY

Danny runs to the back and grabs a phone.

RAFE

They're wiping us out!

Danny dials, as waves of bullets sweep the area outside. Rafe thinks he's lost his mind.

DANNY

(into phone)

This is Walker! Get those planes fueled and armed RIGHT NOW!...World War Two just started!

A bomb right outside blows up, sending shards of glass and three lifeless bodies through the huge windows. The big boxing bags saved Rafe and Danny. Their heads are dizzy from the huge concussion; they stagger back toward the car and duck down.

It's hopeless; they have nothing to fight back with. Men on the tower rooftop hurl typewriters and paperweights at the low-flying planes, hoping to catch a prop blade. Friends lie nearby in shock.

ANTHONY

Danny...they got Billy.

DANNY

Come with us!

He and Rafe jump up into the car. Anthony, Red, Joe, Theo and the Naval Newsreel Guy reach the Buick and dive in. Danny guns the engine.

RAFE

Where are we going?

DANNY  
Mechanic row.

RAFE  
What's there?

DANNY  
Six P-40's.

The Zero pilots see the Buick; they go after it. Danny drives like mad through the strafing, zigzagging and gunning the Buick's V-8.

EXT. BATTLESHIP ROW - DAY

The black smoke makes it almost night. The number of attacking planes seems endless--and their strategy flawless.

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA - ~~STILL AT ANCHOR~~ - DAY

Our angle coming up over the bow of the listing Oklahoma, we see it take an entire barrage of torpedoes, blowing thirty foot holes along it's hull. The deck splinters.

Hundreds of sailors treading water next to the Oklahoma. UNDERWATER a mass of kicking legs, a SPEEDING TORPEDO races under their legs and makes explosive contact with the steel hull.

INT. THE OKLAHOMA ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The explosion of ripping steel and flying men as a wall of water wedges the doors shut as the ship deforms and lists. Everyone and everything is spilling upside down. There's no escape.

EXT. DECK OF OKLAHOMA - DAY

As the listing grows more severe, sailors start jumping from the deck into the water. We notice Louie the sailor and two shipmates whimper because they can't swim; they hang on the rolling ship. Marines on deck are firing back at the planes; some Marines are even using handguns. But courage does not save them...

THE OKLAHOMA ROLLS OVER

The ship, shattered, starts to roll. (The Titanic sunk in sixty minutes; the Oklahoma sunk in just six.) The men still on its deck try to run, but it's not just the fires and the water they can't escape; the massive anchor chains pop from their moorings with the capsizing of the ship and sweep through everything like massive wrecking balls. The ship is sideways, the gun turrets touching the water as another torpedo blasts on the deck surface. The turrets blow apart, leaving gaping holes. Shell shocked men pour out of the ragged smoking holes into the water, fleeing, anywhere but the hell inside the Oklahoma.

The sailors and marines, thrown into the water, struggle to get away from the suction as the giant battleship turns turtle. The bow almost upside down, now has POPPED OUT of the water as the stern goes down first. The ship's bow smashes down into the water as men get struck by the steel ship.

ON THE SURFACE the men are trying to out-swim the burning oil floating on the top of the water. The massive steel hull and a portion of the propellers protrude above the surface.

EXT. MECHANIC ROW AIR HANGARS - DAY

Mechanic row hasn't been attacked yet; it's mostly abandoned, with old hangars, six quonset huts that house planes. Grumpy Earl is out with the P-40's. The planes here have received loving care from Earl--which means lots of cursing under his breath, especially now as he's wrestling to load an ammo belt.

The Buick, bullet holes punched through the trunk, slides to a stop next to the hangar, and the pilots jump out. Earl yells for his mechanics inside the hangar getting more ammo.

DANNY  
They ready, Earl?

Earl comes running back to his truck.

EARL  
Mostly, but--oh, holy Mother...

What stops him is the 3 Zeros roaring in through the black smoke.

DANNY  
Take cover!

The guys scatter into the hangar. Earl pulls a shotgun from his Indian motorcycle as the Zeros begin the first strafing pass.

EARL  
Don't hurt my goddamn planes!

Earl's shotgun blasts into the belly of a low-flying Zero as Danny pulls him down.

RAFE  
They're coming around for another pass. You got extra weapons and ammo?

EARL  
Damn right! Inside the hangar gun lockers! We gotta grab more fuel.

DANNY  
You guys get those! Earl, Rafe, come with me!

Danny, Rafe and Earl run to the planes that got hit and strip out the 20mm cannons and ammo.

INT. OLD HANGAR - DAY

The other pilots run in, bust open the gun locker, and start grabbing weapons--aircraft machine guns, ammo belts, Tommy guns.

SANDBAG BUNKER - BY HANGAR DOOR - The pilots and 7 mechanics huddle into the sand bunker, loading weapons and forming a plan. They set up one of the P-40 cannons and load the bunker's 50 cal.

RAFE

They'll be back. We'll get 'em in a crossfire.

DANNY

Earl! You said the planes were mostly ready but. But what?

EARL

Of the four left, only one is full of fuel and two need ammo.

RAFE

This is great, will they fly!?! \*

Earl shoots a look to Rafe, then turns to Danny.

EARL

Boy, you insulting my mechanic skills? I'll cold cock you so fast... \*

Earl doesn't like this cocky flyboy. Danny keeps them focused. \*

JOE

Ease up Earl, this is not the time. \*

DANNY

Anthony, Red, stay here with the 50 cal, Gooz, you need to lay down cannon cover fire at the next bunker! Joe, Theo, we're gonna load and go fast. We're gonna fight these Japs.

JOE

How do we do it?

DANNY

Your call, Rafe.

RAFE

This is for keeps, no training can make you ready! Just keep moving, don't freeze, or you're dead. Get your planes rolling as fast as you can. Stay low around the buildings, any Zero spots you and tails you, try to separate 'em. \*

DANNY

Then we can take 'em one on one.

RAFE

I read somewhere P-40's can't outrun Zeros, so I guess we just have to outfly 'em! \*

LOUD BOMB SOUNDS come from behind them. Earl looks up and sees-- \*

## EARL

We got high level bombers. They're gonna bust this hangar open. Grab the 50, let's move.

The pilots race 150 yards toward the P-40's. Suddenly, through the dense smoke, three menacing Zeros arc in for the kill. They're all caught in a DEATH RUN. The men fire tommy guns and rifles at the Zeros as they race for safety at the next bunker.

The bullets rip the pavement and zip through two mechanics holding belts of ammo. The ground is dusty and confusing.

The hangar they just ran from EXPLODES from a bomb, sending a rippling concussion that knocks our pilots to the ground. Gooz crawls to the fallen man's ammo, peels the belts off and tears off...diving into the sand bunker with the others.

In the quonset huts, Red, and Anthony reload the machine guns on Rafe and Danny's planes.

Gooz and the grounded pilots fire a covering barrage, and Earl keeps firing the 12-gauge at the Zeros as they rush past.

Theo is just strapping himself into his plane when bullets stitch the quonset roof and rip into his fuselage and kill him.

POV from the Naval photographer's camera--B+W chaotic images... suddenly slam to the ground; the photographer falls in frame dead.

Joe doesn't bother to strap in; he hits the throttle hard and heads down the runway...

Zeros are on him as he gets 10 feet of air at 120 mph. The Zeros' bullets eat his canopy and plane skin; the plane breaks apart in mid air, spilling gouts of flame as it smashes down on the tarmac.

Rafe and Danny are revving their engines as they see Joe and Theo's fate. They throw on their radio headsets. Their way seems blocked: they've got no runway behind them, the wreckage of four P-40's scattered ahead of them, the Zeros screaming over the low hills to attack them. Now Rafe and Danny talk through the radio.

## DANNY

Don't freeze...don't freeze. It's tight Rafe!

## RAFE

It's just like dodging the barn.

They gun their engines and roll through the grass on either side of the runway, dodging the burning planes; they lift off, clearing the quonset hut by a couple of inches. They blow right through the strafing fire, and into the sky.

Eight Zeros are all over them. Tracers fly past them.

## RAFE

C'mon c'mon - get off me. Earl, get some guns to the top of that old tower!

Earl is by a sandbagged gun emplacement, on the radio and watching through binoculars. 17

Danny's swiveling in his seat, looking left, right, back. 11

DANNY

They're all over us!

RAFE

Bet these Japs don't dust crops...

Danny understands immediately, following Rafe's tactic as he breaks into a sharp turn and uses the hangars, control tower, bunker buildings, and palm trees to shake the Japs. They fly like crop dusters, skimming down a foot from the ground, flying right down a Ford Island street, just barely missing men and military trucks on the ground, then bobbing up, banking left and right. The zeros have divided into two groups to chase them, their wings clipping tree tops as they try to follow the Americans.

INT. OLD 10 STORY TOWER 18

Red, Anthony and Earl are huffing and puffing up the stairs.

EXT. FORD ISLAND AIR CHASE 18

IT FEELS LIKE A 200 M.P.H. CAR CHASE, 20 FEET OFF THE GROUND, Rafe and Danny skimming and bobbing over the terrain, but there are too many Japanese.

RAFE

Danny! Let's play some chicken with these Jap suckers! \*

Danny banks in one direction, Rafe in another...

Revealing around a hangar--the two P-40's are screaming, RUSHING AT EACH OTHER like they did at the training base back in the states, flying right at each other's propellers; the Japanese chasing them realize they're rushing toward the other group...

EXT. TOP OF AIR TOWER 18

Earl and the guys see the planes heading toward each other.

EARL

Oh shit, oh shit...

He can't even watch. The planes bear down, headed for disaster.

RAFE

Stay low... \*

At the last instant, Rafe and Danny SNAP a quarter spin so the planes flash by belly to belly. 14

FOUR OF THE ZEROS COLLIDE IN MID-AIR, exploding, as the other Zeros scatter. \*

## INT. RAFE'S COCKPIT

Rafe, still looking over his shoulder, is STILL being tailed, by a furious Zero. Rafe, sees the TOWER and says into the radio--

RAFE

Boys, you better be cocked and locked!  
Wipe this Zero off my tail!

## EXT. TOP OF THE TOWER

Rafe's P-40, followed by the Zero, rushes into a hard banking turn only 10 feet from the tower. The guys in the tower have the perfect shot as they blast away at the Zero, Red and Anthony working machine guns and Earl booming away with the 12-gauge.

## INT. ZERO COCKPIT

Bullets shatter the canopy; the world spirals down to the ground.

## EXT. BOTTOM OF THE TOWER

The Zero hits the rooftop of a bunker building and blows apart. We see the guys cheering up at the top of the tower.

## EXT. SKIES ABOVE PEARL HARBOR - DAY

Danny and Rafe rejoin each other in the open sky; they've lost the Zeros. The P-40's are flying smoothly, side by side. The two pilots look across at each other, going into battle together. They speak through their radios.

RAFE

You okay?

Danny's shaken, his first combat experience.

DANNY

Yeah. No. I should'a stayed back on the farm, it just all happens so fast.

RAFE

It's already past you before you know it nearly killed you.

DANNY

Yeah, something like that.

RAFE

How's your fuel?

DANNY

I got half a tank. You?

RAFE

Little less.

Up ahead they see a formation of Japanese planes.

RAFE

Danny 3 o'clock. Climb and let's give em a reception. Let's salt these bastards.

They look across at each other.

RAFE

Land of the free.

DANNY

Home of the brave.

Side by side the P-40's scream in.

INT. OKLAHOMA - REAR COMPARTMENT

Underwater, 2 sailors, drowned. We surface into a compartment with 12 panicked, trapped men. They've survived the roll-over, and are in a chaotic world--the floor is now the ceiling. We see Jack the boxer; water rises to his waist, still pours in. A sailor pops up.

POP-UP SAILOR

Don't panic! I found a porthole under here.  
I need help opening it.

Jack dives under with a wrench. Two guys try turning the vise lock open. Jack starts banging with the wrench. Match cut:

EXT. OKLAHOMA - UNDERWATER - STERN

Underwater, tight on the exterior steel skin, we hear the same banging echo coming from within, the image pulls out and we see the upside-down Oklahoma name. Pulling further back we see legs frantically kicking, bodies, arms, panicked faces, dead sailors. The camera bobs up out of the water and reveals hundreds of seamen, some crowded by the massive propellers, looking for cover.

A squadron of Zeros are coming back to finish off the helpless souls bobbing in the water. Fear is in every sailor's face as they see the incoming planes. They take huge breaths.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Men dive, clawing down thirty feet to find cover behind the coral rock beds as strafing fire SIZZLES through the water.

EXT. WATER LEVEL OKLAHOMA - DAY

Men out of breath struggle back up for air. Gasping, nowhere to hide, they see more Zeros bearing down. Out of the dense black smoke TWO GLORIOUS P-40's break through, their guns SPITTING FIRE, blasting the two Zeros out of the sky.

It's Rafe and Danny! The bobbing sailors feel the hand of God.

SAILOR

P-40's ! Yeah!

INT. COCKPITS

19

RAFE  
Nice takedown.

DANNY  
They're nailing those guys in the water. They  
don't even have guns!

RAFE  
It's a war, Danny. Them against us.

INT. OKLAHOMA - UNDERWATER - STERN

A2

They surface back to the others and plan the escape. The water  
keeps rising, along with their fear.

JACK THE BOXER  
The hole is small, I'll push you through.  
The last guy, knowing Jack will never make it, hesitates.

POP-UP SAILOR  
Jack.

JACK THE BOXER  
Go on, I'll be okay!

Time cut. The last guy is pushed through. Jack pops up--inches of  
air left...he takes his last breath as the water covers his mouth.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

20

Military trucks have started bringing in piles of wounded. Among  
them is the young sailor with the rabbit's foot around his neck,  
splattered with blood. Evelyn is like a frantic traffic cop.

EVELYN  
Put criticals in ward one, stabiles in two!  
Barbara! Fill every syringe you can find with  
stimulant and antibiotic!

No one seems to hear her; Sandra stands trembling and helpless  
over three horribly wounded men, not knowing which to try to help  
first; Barbara is running around frantically, grabbing at  
syringes, spilling them.

Evelyn feels overwhelmed by the screams of chaos all around her.  
Two corpsmen bring in an officer on a stretcher (JACKSON, and  
we'll get to know him later). One corpsman is holding a compress  
to the officer's neck, and when he pulls back the compress to show  
Evelyn the wound, blood spurts on her starched white apron; it's  
arterial blood, bright red. She looks at the face of the dying  
man; his eyes beg her for help. Evelyn begins to hyper-ventilate.  
In the reflection on the chrome medical cabinet she sees other  
nurses crying, frozen, shocked by the shattered bodies all around.  
She snaps back to reality and grabs the wounded officer's neck, to  
stop the flow... She looks around for help from a doctor...

EVELYN  
Doctor... Doctor!...

The doctor is young himself, and like everyone else in the hospital he's never seen battle injuries until this moment. Evelyn finds the strength to speak simply and clearly--

EVELYN  
It's an artery--responds to pressure--edges are clean.

The doctor draws focus from her clarity; he leans over the wounded man and goes to work, Evelyn keeping her finger in the wound.

EVELYN  
Barbara! Two bags of plasma! Barbara!  
Barbara has stopped close to Evelyn and is about to come undone.

EVELYN  
(steadily)  
We can do this. Just focus on one thing at a time. Get two bags of plasma, let's go.

Barbara snaps into action. Evelyn works in the center of the hurricane that has hit them all in a storm of horror and dying; and something about the way she works--about the way the wounded man she is saving looks up at her--makes her a beacon of life.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Following feet RUSHING down the marble floor into the President's office. MUSIC SWELLS: We see, but not hear. Papers float to the floor, landing by the wooden wheelchair. Roosevelt's face.

ROOSEVELT  
My God. How bad?

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE  
It's still not over.

ROOSEVELT  
An entire fleet at anchor, sitting, tied together...

INT. JAPANESE CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

Yamamoto's advisors are exultant but measured.

GENDA  
Out of 350 planes we have lost only 29. We are prepared to launch a third wave, Admiral.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER  
Admiral, scout plane reports "Tremendous victory. Many ships destroyed. Smoke making visibility difficult for Second Wave."

20

20

## YAMAMOTO

We no longer have surprise. The more we attack, the harder it is to find targets. As soon as the second wave returns, we will withdraw.

## EXT. AUXILIARY AIRFIELD - DAY

Danny and Rafe's P-40s drop out of the sky and bounce to a stop. They pull the P-40s behind the burning quonset hut. Earl comes up.

## RAFE

We downed seven Zeros before they high-tailed it.

## EARL

Boy, who the hell taught you to fly?

## DANNY

He did.

Earl looks at Rafe's plane, more abused, shot-up and smoking than Danny's. Rafe gives a two-finger salute to him.

## INT. MILITARY BASE HOSPITAL - DAY

The once-pristine hospital with its glowing white beds is now a bloody chaos. The camera catches glimpses of the horror. Every bed is full; burned and broken people are on the floor--soldiers, sailors, civilians. People are dying everywhere, screaming in pain, begging for help. Evelyn, flecks of her own blood dotting her face and arms, the blood of sailors on her surgical apron, is in the middle of the chaos. The doctor sees Sandra's hands shaking as she tries to give an injection to a badly charred man.

## NAVY DOCTOR

Don't look for a vein, just poke. And mark them somehow! We've got to keep track of who's already gotten morphine!

Sandra obeys, then tries to mark her patient with a grease pencil; it won't work. Evelyn dumps her purse out, grabs the lipstick, and marks an "M" on the patient's head. The doctors are amputating limbs right there in the hallway. The veteran Navy Doctor sees he must jump in to help with an amputation; he calls--

## NAVY DOCTOR

Evelyn! Get me a tourniquet.

She races to the cabinet; nothing left inside. Evelyn rips off the leg of her own nylon and gives it to the doctor.

## NAVY DOCTOR

You have to do the triage! They're bringing them in truckloads!

## EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Evelyn moves to the door. She is the gatekeeper of who should live and who should be passed over.

She steps out to a surreal world of white smoke, with black charred sailors emerging out of it, like walking dead coming for help. Trucks are pulling up, loaded with the wounded, young terrified soldiers bringing them inside. Evelyn doesn't know if she can handle this...she digs deep to find the courage to do the triage... With her lipstick marker in hand, and the first wounded through, she marks a 'C' on his forehead.

EVELYN

Critical--front ward!...

She sees another wounded boy, clearly dying, his shirt a mess of sucking wounds, but his eyes are open, imploring her for help. She touches his shoulder, gives him all the comfort she can.

EVELYN (cont'd)

It's going to be all right.

(she whispers to the corpsman)

He's too far gone. Give him morphine, and take him back outside.

The next body through is a pilot, wings on his uniform, his chest riddled with bullets--and his face shot off. The patches on his sleeve are just like those Rafe and Danny wear, and Evelyn, seeing this, falters; she forces herself to check his dog tags... It isn't Rafe or Danny. Evelyn sags in guilty relief.

EVELYN

Take him outside and cover him; he's dead.

She steadies herself as the next body comes through, a woman on a stretcher, in a white uniform, her stomach shot open, pale hands clutching at the open wound. Evelyn feels for a pulse.

EVELYN

She's gone too, take her--

It's Betty. Evelyn is frozen. Her composure, her training, her discipline, all tearing apart. She struggles, trying to keep herself together..and sees more horribly burned soldiers stagger out of the smoke. She lets Betty go, and grabs an ORDERLY.

EVELYN

Go to the base hardware store and get some of those canister spray things they use for killing bugs.

ORDERLY

Insecticide..?

EVELYN

No, just the sprayers. We'll fill them with tannic acid, it'll sterilize them and cool the burns! GO!

The orderly races away. As Evelyn hurries to assist the burned sailors, she shouts to the orderlies--

EVELYN

We're gonna need every bed! If they can breathe, make 'em get up and move someplace else!

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - AFTERMATH - DAY

The attack on Pearl Harbor is over--and a new human drama has begun. The harbor is a place of shattered bodies and shattered ships. Blood, body parts, debris everywhere, and all of it made more hellish by the sickening black oil fires on the water.

CLICK CLICK CLICK...the NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHER records history with his black-and-white film camera.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - BATTLESHIP ROW - DAY

Kimmel and key staff are on a Navy launch floating through the black smoke and massive twisted battleships, assessing damage. A launch comes alongside, handing Kimmel a telegram. He reads it--

KIMMEL

From Washington, "Be on alert. Attack by Japan considered imminent."

Kimmel crushes the telegram in his hand.

KIMMEL

They're only an hour late.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - AFTERNOON

Danny and Rafe arrive and see the bloody stairs into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - AFTERNOON

Rafe and Danny enter a scene from hell. Doctors do amputations in the hallway. The hospital is all red, with blood dripping through the mattresses, into the floor...

In the main ward, Evelyn and the other nurses are using the fly sprayers to spritz cooling antiseptic on the charred bodies. Evelyn looks up and sees Rafe and Danny. Her eyes register relief, but they are the only part of her that can show emotion now; the rest of her is covered in blood. Rafe and Danny move to her.

RAFE

How can we help?

INT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - AFTERNOON

Rafe and Danny sit quietly as Evelyn adjusts the tubes conducting blood from their arms into sterilized Coke bottles for transfusion. As the blood drips and through the distorted glass we see blurs of men screaming in pain. It is a powerful moment, all of them exhausted physically and emotionally, all three of them alive. Rafe, aching to take Evelyn in his arms, feels the pain of knowing he can't; Evelyn is for Danny's arms now. Rafe looks away.

An overwhelmed NAVAL OFFICER appears at the door.

NAVAL OFFICER

We've got men trapped everywhere in the harbor! We gotta have help from anybody who can move!

Rafe and Danny are ready.

EXT. UNDERWATER PEARL HARBOR - AFTERMATH - AFTERNOON

21

Thirty feet underwater, we cruise by a tattered American flag dancing weightless and come upon the steel skin of an overturned ship. Bodies of sailors float like DEAD ANGELS in the murky water. Through the rays of sunlight, a small dinghy moves on the surface.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - THE AFTERMATH - AFTERNOON

21

The noble sailor, Dorie Miller, pilots the dinghy through the floating debris. His dinghy is full of dead men retrieved from the water. He's exhausted physically and emotionally. For a moment it seems he might break down. He looks out over the harbor, a hellish place where black smoke still hangs over everything, the shattered remains of men and ships still in the water. It's devastation. The scene stirs something deep in Dorie Miller. He stops over a dangerous pile of superstructure wreckage. He reaches into the water, for something barely at the surface; he works, then pulls it up. From the stern, it's the oil-soaked flag of THE ARIZONA. Dorie taps his heart, in memory of Teeny and his shipmates.

EXT. HULL OF OKLAHOMA - SUNSET

217

Men working side by side to save the sailors trapped in the hull. Rafe, Danny and many other soldiers are tapping with metal bars on the hull listening for signs of life inside.

INT. OKLAHOMA - TRAPPED SAILORS

218

In total darkness we hear GASPING. A flashlight comes on and sweeps the faces. The water chest-high, but it's stopped rising. The flashlight switches off again, as the sailors keep knocking.

EXT. HULL OF OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

219

Rafe and Danny, among the other rescue workers, notice a banging below. The sailors listen--

SPARKS FLY. NEW URGENCY. The welders are cutting away, the torches sending showers of sparks everywhere.

INT. OKLAHOMA - THE TRAPPED SAILORS

216

Something stirs in the ship; a noise...from where? Then a point of light; sparks fly into the room; somebody's cutting through! And the sparks illuminate faces suddenly filled with hope.

## EXT. HULL OF OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

The trapped sailors emerge, some naked, all cold; they can barely take in the devastation. Destroyed ships everywhere, the smoking wreckage... The rescued sailors gaze around them in shock. Yet that group of men--the rescued and the rescuers, including Rafe and Danny--look out over it all and know somewhere in their bones that the seeds of America's victory will spring from these ashes.

## INT. JAPANESE CARRIER - BRIDGE

The young officers are exultant...but Yamamoto is pensive.

## YAMAMOTO

I fear all we have done is to awaken a sleeping giant, and fill him with a terrible resolve.

## INT. THE CONGRESS ROTUNDA - DAY

The Washington press corps is waiting. The President is wheeled out. Not a single photographer takes a picture...not yet. Aides help Roosevelt from the chair; the President struggles, on legs that have no strength, to the podium. His aides lock the steel clasps at the knees of his braces into place; the President stands at the microphone. Roosevelt looks powerful, even majestic. Now all the bulbs pop and flash. He looks into the cameras.

## ROOSEVELT

Yesterday, December 7, 1941--a date which will live in infamy--the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

OVER THIS, stirring images in black and white and color of the aftermath, the bodies being fished from the oil-soaked harbor.

## ROOSEVELT

It is obvious that planning for the attack began many weeks ago. During the intervening time the Japanese Government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace...Now they have destroyed eight of our most powerful battleships, ten other top line warships, 590 of our planes... and over 3,000 American lives. No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory. Because of this unprovoked, dastardly attack by Japan I ask that the Congress declare a state of war--

The word echoes out across America--

## ROOSEVELT'S VOICE

War...war...war...

## INSIDE THE HOSPITAL AT PEARL HARBOR

Evelyn, Rafe and Danny hear this as the work of saving the wounded has stopped for a moment. Danny quietly takes Evelyn's hand. Rafe notices their touch. He feels so alone.

## INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Roosevelt meets with his advisors.

## ROOSEVELT

We're facing a crisis greater than any of us could have imagined. We've been trained to think that we're invincible, and now our proudest ships, the heart of our fleet, has been destroyed by an enemy we considered inferior. ~~We're on the ropes, gentlemen.~~ That's exactly why we have to strike back now-- hit the heart of Japan, the way they have hit us.

## ADMIRAL

Strike back, Sir? With all respect, Mr. President, ~~we're still pulling corpses and wreckage off the bottom of Pearl Harbor.~~

## GENERAL MARSHALL

Mr. President, Pearl Harbor caught us because we didn't face facts. This isn't a time for ignoring them again. The Army Air Corps has long range bombers, but no place to launch them from. Midway's too far, China is overrun by Japanese forces, and Russia refuses to go to war with Japan and won't allow us to launch a raid from there.

Roosevelt glares from the head of the Army to the head of the Navy--who isn't enthusiastic either.

## ADMIRAL

The Navy's planes are small, carry light loads, and have short range. We would have to get them within a few hundred miles of Japan, and therefore risk our carriers. And if we lose our carriers, we have no shield against invasion.

## ROOSEVELT

Does anyone in this room think victory is possible without facing danger? WE ARE AT WAR! Of course there's a risk!

## GENERAL MARSHALL

But consider the risk, Mr. President! By our best estimate, if the Japanese invade us right now, they would penetrate as far as Chicago before we could stop them.

ROOSEVELT

Gentlemen...most of you did not know me when I had the use of my legs. I was strong, and proud, and arrogant. Now I wonder, every hour of my life, why God put me into this chair. But when I see defeat in the eyes of my countrymen--in your eyes, right now!--I start to think that maybe he brought me down for times like these, when we all need to be reminded who we truly are. That we will not give up--or give in!

ADMIRAL

Mr. President, with all respect... what you are asking can't be done.

Roosevelt places his hands on the arms of his wheelchair, and struggles to lift himself. Aides jump to help, but he waves them off. With inhuman physical effort, his neck veins bulging and sweat popping on his face, Roosevelt stands on his withered legs.

ROOSEVELT

Do not tell me...it can't be done.

NEWSREEL Footage: Young Americans bid goodbye to their parents. 2

NEWSREEL VOICE

In the dark days of war, this has become a Christmas of good-byes. America has never known defeat, and yet in this war, she has yet to taste victory...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL SIDE OFFICE - DAY 2

The Admiral and Four Star General from the War Department meeting enter, with Captain Low hanging back in the doorway.

ADMIRAL

Mr. President I think we have an idea about how to bomb the Japanese.

The President looks at the odd man hanging back.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Who are you?

Captain Low is shocked; the President is talking to him.

CAPTAIN LOW

I sir...I'm Submarine Captain Low, Mr. President.

ADMIRAL

He came up with this idea.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

I like Sub Commanders; they don't have time for bullshit, and neither do I. Fire away Captain.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - HICKHAM BASE - DAY

27

On a tarmac, ready to be shipped home, is a massive sea of caskets draped in flags. There are also coffins covered in Japanese flags, their dead now being treated with respect. Mourners, including wives and children among the military personnel, gather in clusters among the mass of coffins, looking for loved ones' tags. Many small memorial services are going on, by individual caskets.

MINISTER

...Where is God in this? Our enemies believe a divine wind protects them. We see our friends laid out before us, and find it hard to believe in anything at all.

Everyone is in their best uniforms. The pilots--Rafe, Danny, and the other guys--are looking at Billy's coffin. Evelyn, next to Danny, is looking at Betty's; so is Red. And Dorie is there, paying his last respects to the Captain of the West Virginia.

Rafe and Evelyn exchange a glance, past Danny.

MINISTER

Though we cannot understand why our friends should die while we live...

The minister's voice fades out as Evelyn puts a lei on Betty's casket; Red does the same, then breaks down. Dorie Miller salutes his dead Captain, then starts to move away; but seeing Evelyn, he locks eyes with her--it's a frozen moment--and then salutes her.

An Army Air Corps MAJOR steps up to Rafe and Danny.

MAJOR

Lieutenants Rafe McCawley and Daniel Walker.

RAFE

Yes, Major?

MAJOR

You're both going Stateside. We fly out in two hours.

He hands them both orders.

RAFE

What for, Sir?

MAJOR

Ask Colonel Doolittle.

The Major departs. Danny looks at Evelyn, over Betty's casket.

DANNY

Let's go pack. I'll tell her later.

INT. OAHU HOTEL - DAY

Rafe is packing. There is a knock at his door. He opens it. Evelyn, alone. It's a jolt to see her. He closes the door behind her, and for a moment he can only stare at her beauty.

EVELYN

Packing?

RAFE

Orders.

EVELYN

What kind of orders?

RAFE

The top-secret kind.

EVELYN

The dangerous kind.

Involuntarily, her hand touches her belly.

EVELYN

I can't find Danny. Did he get them too?

RAFE

(nods)

He's probably saying goodbye to his squadron.

EVELYN

I couldn't have you go away without you understanding something.

She moves closer; for a moment he thinks--prays--that she might kiss him. The tension--her beauty, his longing for her--is painful for him, for both. His hands want to reach for her; he must force himself to turn away, and try to force his memories down so far that he never has to feel them again.

RAFE

You don't need to explain.

EVELYN

Yes I do. Because you're acting like I didn't love you. You've gotta get over that.

RAFE

Get over that? Loving you kept me alive--don't you understand?!

EVELYN

Don't say that...

RAFE

That's what you don't want to hear! You and Danny want to forget that ever happened, but it's not so easy for me. I believed your letters, I believed you loved me, and that gave me a reason to go on, to come back!

His voice has risen to a shout, and he sees the pain on her face; he stops, and in that crazy moment he wants so badly to snatch her into his arms, and kiss her.

RAFE

And now you've killed me. And I just don't understand. Why, Evelyn? Why?

EVELYN

Rafe...I'm pregnant.

Blood drains from Rafe's heart. He moves to her. She turns away.

EVELYN

I wasn't really sure until the day you turned up alive...and then all this happened. I don't want to tell him, I don't want him to know. All he needs to think about right now is how to do this mission and get back alive.

Now he understands the whole wrenching truth.

EVELYN

Rafe...all my life I've wanted one home, one place to call mine. But life has never asked me what I wanted. Now I'm going to give Danny my whole heart. But I'll never write a letter, or look at a sunset, without thinking of you. I'll love you my whole life.

Her eyes are bright with tears; yet she refuses to cry. If they touched, they'd never let go. So she walks past, out of the room.

EXT. HICKHAM FIELD - DAY

27

A DC-3 transport plane is fueling, and Rafe and Danny wait in the shade of a shelter.

DANNY

I told her not to come.

The ground crew motions to Rafe and Danny that they're ready. They pick up their duffel bags--and then Evelyn comes around the corner. Rafe sees her first...and after a moment when his eyes hold hers, he walks to the plane. Danny moves to Evelyn.

EVELYN

Take care. Don't be scared.

She kisses him tenderly, and hugs him.

DANNY

The only thing I'm scared of...is that you might love him more than me.

For a moment she can't raise her face to look at him; but then she does, and give him the best she can give him.

EVELYN

I do love you, Danny. And I'll be here waiting for you, when you come back.

He smiles, kisses her tenderly but briefly, a final time. Then he hurries to the plane and runs up the steps. Inside, Danny turns and waves to her; Rafe, standing beside Danny, doesn't wave, but his eyes find Evelyn as the plane door closes.

INT. U.S. MILITARY INSTALLATION - NIGHT

A dark bunker. The Major leads Rafe and Danny inside, following a Major down a Spartan corridor; the whole place reeks of secrecy.

INT. BUNKER - SECRECY ROOM - NIGHT

The Major admits Rafe and Danny, then leaves. Doolittle's alone at a desk. Rafe and Danny salute. Doolittle motions to the chairs in front of the desk, without looking up from his papers.

DOOLITTLE

I heard what you did.

RAFE

We can explain, Colonel.

DOOLITTLE

Explain what?

DANNY

Whatever bad it was you heard about us.

DOOLITTLE

You mean the hula shirts you were flying in? Or the nine planes you shot down? You're both being awarded the Silver Star, and promoted to Captain.

RAFE

Is that the good news, Sir, or--

DOOLITTLE

You're just about the only pilots in the Army with combat experience, I need you for a mission I've been ordered to put together. Do you know what top secret is?

RAFE

Yes Sir... You mean the kind of mission where you win medals - but they send 'em to your relatives.

DOOLITTLE

Top secret means you help me pick the other pilots, train for something never done before in aviation history, and go without knowing where you're going. And you have to go on that basis, or not at all.

RAFE

I'll go, Sir.

DANNY

So will I.

DOOLITTLE

There's only one other thing I can tell you.

Eyes fierce, Doolittle looks up from his papers for the 1st time.

DOOLITTLE

You won't need any goddamn hula shirts.

Rafe and Danny glance at each other, a bit sheepishly.

DOOLITTLE

By the way, McCawley. The Brits sent me this box...it's your personal effects, from the barracks in England.

Rafe's eyes meet Doolittle's for an instant; Rafe takes the box.

EXT. EGLIN FIELD - BEACH - NIGHT

230

Rafe is out alone on the beach. He's built a tiny fire of driftwood, and he holds what was the box--his letters from Evelyn. He knows he must burn them; knows now, for sure, that he must let her go. He lets the letters touch the flames, they slowly blacken her beautiful words. Danny comes out of the darkness.

DANNY

You can't sleep either?

Rafe just stares into the fire, as Danny sits down beside him.

RAFE

This ain't no time to leave things unsaid.

DANNY

You got that right.

RAFE

Gotta face facts. And the fact is, we both love the same woman.

DANNY

She's the first woman I ever felt this way about--I couldn't have stopped what happened, any more than you could'a quit loving her.

RAFE

You don't have to prove yourself, Danny-- you're a good man already. And you'll be a good husband. And a great father...someday. Don't go on this mission.

DANNY

Rafe, you've been protecting me since we were kids--

RAFE

This is different. Evelyn lost the man she loved once--she couldn't take it again.

DANNY

I have to go. Just like you do.

RAFE

Well, then you gotta make sure you come back alive. If it comes down to a choice between one of us or both of us, you make the choice to come back. Okay?

Danny looks at him, dead serious...and then smiles.

DANNY

Ain't no Jap ever born, can kill us.

RAFE

You got that right, country boy.

INT. BRIEFING HANGAR - EGLIN FIELD - DAY

21

A hangar full of fliers; Rafe, Danny, Red, Anthony and Gooz among them. They stand lined up as -- Colonel Doolittle strides into the room. Looking into each man's eyes.

DOOLITTLE

The mission I'm asking you to volunteer for is exceptionally dangerous. Take a look at the man beside you. It's a good bet that six weeks from now, either you or he will be dead. Everyone brave enough to accept this, step forward.

All 79 men step forward with little hesitation--except one pilot. The fear keeps him back. Slowly the others look at him. The peer pressure makes him step forward. Doolittle looks him in the eye.

DOOLITTLE

Son, please turn around and walk out that door.

The pilot turns and walks away. The moment is chilling.

EXT. EGLIN FIELD - MILE-LONG RUNWAY - DAY

23

DOOLITTLE

Pussies take B-25's off on mile-long runways, well I'm going to train you to do it in 467 feet--cause at 468 feet you're dead. Once you make it up you are then going to learn how to fly it like a fighter, 30' off the ground.

Doolittle turns and looks into the boys' eyes. He then nods toward JACK RICHARDS, the Navy's aviation specialist.

DOOLITTLE (cont'd)

Say hello to Jack Richards, Navy aviation.

(he looks at the bombers)

He's gonna help lighten these fat ladies.

MONTAGE - THE TRAINING - EGLIN FIELD - DAY

24

ON THE RUNWAY, pilots practice take-offs. Red is Rafe's copilot; Anthony is Danny's. Nobody can get airborne before the redline. Doolittle looks discouraged, maybe this plan is a real bad idea.

IN THE HANGAR, Richards attacks the planes, trying to lighten them, help them get airborne: stuff piles outside the plane door. Next plane gets up just ten feet past the redline. There is hope.

25

EXT. AMERICAN NAVAL BATTLE GROUP - AT SEA - DAY

26

Battle group USS Hornet and support vessels at sea.

EXT. DECK OF THE CARRIER HORNET

27

Rafe, Danny and the crews of 16 bombers gathered with their B-25s tied to the deck of the carrier. Doolittle stands before them.

DOOLITTLE

Well gentlemen. I can now tell you that we're going to Tokyo--and we're gonna bomb it.

The pilots love this; but Rafe, Danny, Anthony, and Red are more serious, savoring the prospect of revenge.

DOOLITTLE

The Navy will sneak us to within 400 miles of the Japanese coast. We'll launch off the carriers from there.

The pilots don't like the sound of this..

ANTHONY

Sir, we all thought you were just transporting these to some small airfield.

GOOZ

Has this ever been done, launching army bombers off navy carriers?

DOOLITTLE

I told you no, the first time. Any other questions?

RED

Colonel, we been practicing t-t-take-off's, but--

RAFE

Red's nervous because he doesn't know if any of us can land on this carrier deck.

DOOLITTLE

We won't have the fuel to get back to the carriers; they'll run back to Hawaii the minute we're airborne.

ANTHONY

But if the carriers head home, where do we land?

DOOLITTLE

I have a phrase I want you all to memorize: "Lushu hoo megwa fugi." It means "I am an American." In Chinese.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK OF THE HORNET - DAY

Rafe and Danny are standing alone at the end of the flight deck, far over the surging sea.

RAFE

It's shorter than our practice runway. And we'll be loaded with 2000 pounds of bombs and 1200 pounds of fuel.

DANNY

I got another Chinese phrase for Doolittle. "Mug wump rickshaw chop suey." It means "who thought up this shit?"

They see Doolittle moving up. He hands them several metal disks.

DOOLITTLE

Secretary of the Navy gave me these.

DANNY

What are they?

DOOLITTLE

Friendship medals the Japanese gave us when they were pretending to want peace.

RAFE

What do you want us to do with them?

DOOLITTLE

Wire 'em to your bombs - we're giving 'em back.

21

\*  
\*  
\*

Doolittle sees that something else clouds their faces.

DOOLITTLE  
Got a problem? Say it.

RAFE  
Well, sir -- we've only got sixteen planes...

DOOLITTLE  
So...?

RAFE  
So how much difference are we really gonna make?

DANNY  
We're not backing down, Sir. It's just something we'd like to know since we might die doing it.

DOOLITTLE  
(nods, understanding)  
At Pearl they hit us with a sledge hammer. On this raid, ~~even if we get through~~, we only hit them with a needle - but it'll be right to their little chicken-shit, sneak-attacking brains. Victory belongs to those who believe in it the most, and believe in it the longest. We're gonna believe - and we're gonna make America believe too.

They realize that much more is at stake with this mission, something much greater for all of America.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - OFFICERS' HOUSES - DAY

238

An air of wartime alert around the base. We see JACKSON, an intelligence officer...the left side of his throat wounds have almost healed. Jackson is moving toward his jeep when Evelyn steps out; she's been waiting for him.

EVELYN  
Excuse me, Major Jackson. Do you remember me?

He touches the scars on his neck.

JACKSON  
I meant to thank you--

EVELYN  
I know a way. You can let me listen.

JACKSON  
Excuse me?

EVELYN  
When the news starts coming in, about the mission those pilots are on.

JACKSON

I'm sorry, I don't know what you're talking about. I can have you arrested.

EVELYN

For what, proving that the guys in intelligence aren't the only ones who have any?

He starts toward his jeep. She moves in front, cutting him off.

EVELYN

Major! I don't want to know any more than I already do--that two men I care about very deeply are going into great danger, and I'm useless as a nurse and as a human being, worrying about what's going to become of them.

She reflexively touches her belly, where the baby grows secretly.

EVELYN

Pearl will be the listening point, in that windowless building you go to, with the twenty foot antennas on the roof.

He's surprised at how much she realizes.

EVELYN

I worked in the War Department infirmary, I have security clearance--

He hops into the jeep but she grabs his hand on the starter.

EVELYN

All I want is to be there, when the news comes in to tell you if they've lived or died.

JACKSON

Most officers would have you thrown in the brig.

EVELYN

Most nurses would've gone on to somebody else instead of keeping their fingers plugged in your artery.

She takes her hand from his. He looks at her for a moment, then starts the jeep and drives away.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK, THE HORNET - DAY

Preparations begin. Deck crews untether the B-25s. Ordnancemen hoist bombs into each aircraft, and the army gunners load ammunition for the machine guns.

Doolittle and Richards oversee preparations from the Observation Deck. Richards fidgets over a battered sheet of calculations.

RICHARDS

Colonel, I've just about worn out my sliderule and--

DOOLITTLE

That what that thing is? I thought it was an extendable butt scratcher.

RICHARDS

Even if everything goes right, I can't promise you they'll make it.

Doolittle looks out over the decks.

DOOLITTLE

I know. We might lose this battle. But we're gonna win this war. Know how I know?

Doolittle nods outside, to where Rafe and Danny are checking the mechanical and hydraulic systems of their bombers.

DOOLITTLE

Them. They seem rare, cause they don't stand out in times when people are looking for the next hairstyle or the newest dance. But in times like these, you see 'em stepping forward. There's just nothing stronger than the heart of a volunteer.

Doolittle and Richards look back out at Rafe and Danny. And in that moment, Doolittle makes a decision.

INT. HORNET - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

24

Doolittle has assembled the fliers.

DOOLITTLE

Gentlemen, when I was ordered to organize this mission, I asked to lead it myself. The War Department refused, they said I was too valuable to lose. Now we're in the middle of the Pacific, and if they wanna stop me, they know where to find me.

And suddenly the nervous young faces in that room take on new confidence and determination, inspired by Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE

We'll take off late this afternoon. Drop our fire. Then it's on to China.

A YOUNG FLIER raises his hand.

YOUNG FLIER

Colonel, you've given us the homing beacons, but you've also told us that China is overrun with Japanese troops. What do we do if the beacons aren't switched on?

DOOLITTLE

If that happens, you get down any way you can, and do your best to avoid capture. The Chinese will help any way they can.

ANTHONY

Colonel? What do we do if our planes are damaged over Japan and have to be abandoned there?

DOOLITTLE

I wasn't built to be a prisoner. I have enough trouble taking orders from the War Department, I don't figure the Japanese and me would be too tickled with each other's company. If my plane gets crippled, I'm gonna have my crew bail out, and then I'm gonna drive it into any military target I can find. But that's just me. Hell, I'm an old man, I'm 45. You boys are just startin' out in life, so what you do is up to you.

But the young faces in that room are committed to doing exactly what Doolittle intends, he's the man they wish to be.

INT. PILOT'S WARD ROOMS - SERIES OF DISSOLVES

Rafe, Danny, and the other pilots are alone at their bunks, taking advantage of the lull before the mission. Rafe has paper and pen to write a letter. Evelyn's name is scratched out. He's trying to find someone to write to comfort his soul, but he can't think of anything to write. Danny holds a picture of Evelyn and the nurses.

INT. HALLWAY OF HORNET - DAY

Doolittle, followed by Richards, moves down the hallway where his young pilots are quartered, and his appearance lifts their spirits; in a moment, they go from nervous boys, fidgeting, to confident young men, grinning as Doolittle stirs them up.

DOOLITTLE

Hey, Red, you write your Mom and thank her for the brownies?

RED

Wh-what brownies, Sir?

DOOLITTLE

Did I forget to mention she sent those? Tell her for me, they were good!

He winks at Richards, and the guys laugh at Doolittle's joke. Like a coach working his players, he moves along the corridor.

DOOLITTLE

Anthony, get some sleep, you're looking older than me.

Anthony, faking panic, leaps into his bunk, as Doolittle acts mad.

DOOLITTLE

Don't push it, Lieutenant!

He surprises a group of guys playing poker in one room. They jump to attention, embarrassed. Doolittle feigns shock, then grins--

DOOLITTLE

Jack, ante up and play a hand for me. And use those aces you keep in your pocket.

The guys smile; Doolittle's a regular guy. Reaching the room where Rafe and Danny are, he moves in and closes the door. They sit up. 2

DOOLITTLE

At ease.

He picks up and looks at the picture of Evelyn.

DOOLITTLE

You guys got your problem worked out?

RAFE

All taken care of, Sir.

DOOLITTLE

Good. 'Cause you don't want to be holding anything in when your a-holes start puckering your underwear tomorrow.

EXT. AMERICAN NAVAL BATTLE GROUP - AT SEA

A 21

Establishing shot.

INT. BRIDGE OF THE HORNET - DAY

24

OFFICER

Admiral, lookouts on the cruisers report Japanese patrol boats, two miles away!

HALSEY

Order the cruisers to open fire! We've got to sink them before they get a message away.

THROUGHOUT THE SHIP, the alarms go off and sailors start running. Curious pilots poke their heads from their rooms, wondering what the commotions about; they aren't comforted when they hear-- 25

INTERCOM

Battle Stations, Battle Stations! All hands man your battle stations!

Rafe and Danny meet in the narrow hallway as the sailors rush by.

DANNY

We're too far from Japan, is this some kinda drill?

RAFE

Something's got 'em stirred up.

EXT. PACIFIC - DAY

2

People on deck spot a Japanese fishing patrol boat. They run to the guns to fire.

INT. HORNET'S RADIO ROOM - DAY

2

The operators hear the excited voices of Japanese radio traffic.

RADIO OPERATOR  
They've reported our position! Tell the Admiral!

INT. BRIDGE OF THE HORNET - DAY

2

Doolittle finds the Admiral gathered with his staff.

DOOLITTLE  
Supposed to be 400 miles from Tokyo before launch--how far are we?

ADMIRAL  
Seven hundred miles.

Awful news; and Doolittle knows what it means.

DOOLITTLE  
This is really shitty news!

INT. CARRIER HALLWAYS

A-6

LOUDSPEAKERS  
Pilots, man your planes!

QUICK CUTS: INTERCOMS BLARE, Pilots scramble from bunks, from letter-writing, even racing out of the toilets.

INT. HOSPITAL - PEARL HARBOR - DAY

A-1

Evelyn tends a wrapped sailor's fire wound when she sees Jackson standing at the door. She understands that the mission is about to begin, and he has come for her with a security pass in hand.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

2

Jackson leads Evelyn into a bunker-like room with secretaries typing at desks. Beyond the secretaries, through heavy glass, is a separate listening room with tense men at radio receivers, decoders, teletype relays. He leads her to a desk and whispers--

JACKSON  
Don't talk to them, and they won't talk to you. Just pretend to type the information we pass you.

One of the Japanese-American LISTENERS alerts everyone outside the listening room to the bad news--

## LISTENER

We're picking up Japanese transmissions...  
They've spotted our carriers!

And already Evelyn has begun to wish she hadn't come.

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE CARRIER, the Captain is snapping orders. 25

## CAPTAIN

Left hard rudder! All ahead full!  
(to the bridge crew)  
We'll steer right into the wind.

He pleads with his ship...

## CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Come on, baby, we've gotta give these guys  
every shred of speed we can find!

EXT. FLIGHT DECK, THE HORNET - DAY 25

The pilots and Doolittle are running out onto the deck; the Naval deck crew is already there, fighting the wind, checking signals, scrambling to deal with the drama of the hurried launch.

## RICHARDS

We're too far out to make it! The planes need  
more gas, but they've gotta be lighter to get  
off!

## DOOLITTLE

(talking to flight hands)

Strip everything you don't need out of the  
planes. I mean EVERYTHING! Jack, you better  
figure something out fast.

The guys start tossing out their own gear. They aren't ruthless enough for Richards; he jumps into a plane and throws out a phonograph and records one of the fliers was bringing; another flier throws out toilet paper rolls. Richards rips out a copilot's seat and tosses it onto the deck in front of a shocked Red.

## RED

Where am I gonna sit?

Richards slaps a light crate into the seat's place.

## RED

I'm supposed to fly eight hours sittin' on  
that?!

## RICHARDS

You and your whole crew better take a piss  
before you take off, or you'll never clear the  
deck!

Richards says to the GUNNER--

RICHARDS

What's your favorite gun. Pick one!

GUNNER

Huh?

Richards scrambles to the rear of the plane and pulls the machine guns out of the tail; deck hands paint broomsticks with black tar.

RICHARDS

Go to the kitchen and get all those big soup kettles NOW!

In the distance, the Japanese patrol boat takes a hit and explodes. Rafe and Danny meet between their bombers. A GUNNER throws ammo belts and grabs the broomsticks.

DANNY

Broomsticks instead of tail guns.

RAFE

At least maybe it'll scare 'em.

They exchange looks, and climb into their bombers.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

On Evelyn's face. Just the sound of typing. She looks through the glass partition: Everyone is tense, straining for every sound.

INSIDE - They hear only static, and silence. The Washington RELAY OPERATOR suddenly says--

WASHINGTON RELAY

The War Department thinks they should scratch.

JACKSON

Then they shouldn't have picked Doolittle.

Evelyn is sitting at the desk, doing a bad job of pretending to type; she's looking through the glass partition at Jackson when he glances at her, tension showing on his face.

INT. CARRIER BRIDGE - DAY

The Captain watches the seas intently; it looks bad--his WINDSPEED GAUGES are not at the line they need to reach for a safe launch.

CAPTAIN

We need more speed!

He snaps an order--

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

All ahead flank!

He looks anxiously down at the FLIGHT MASTER, out on the deck.

EXT. HORNET - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

A-2

The flight master shows Doolittle the WAIT sign. Engines are revving, tachs showing redline. The crews are in their planes. Doolittle is first, just ahead of Rafe and Danny's B-25's. Doolittle's concentration is fierce--but out of the corner of his eye he's noticing his young co-pilot, nervously crossing himself.

DOOLITTLE

Son, I'm all for asking the Almighty to give us a little help--but if you don't quit crossing yourself I'm gonna slap the shit outta you.

Richards stands on the deck, holding a chalk board, facing Doolittle. Battle pennants whip, props blur, wheels strain against brakes. From the cockpits the flight deck looks too short...the American flag cracks in the wind. Richards takes a breath, shows Doolittle the chalked word: GO! Doolittle looks to the flight deck, and salutes Admiral Halsey. Halsey returns the salute. Then Doolittle looks back at Richards. Richards nods; let's do it.

Doolittle starts the run down the flight deck...faster... He reaches the end and his plane drops from sight! Then it rises--airborne! Rafe takes off, then Danny, both of them drop deadly close to the waves--but both of them make it! The others follow.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

253

In the listening room they strain to hear, but nothing's coming over their monitors. Everyone's sweating. Evelyn, at her desk, pretending to type, can barely breathe.

EXT. SKIMMING OVER THE WAVES - DAY

254

16 planes screaming 20 feet over the ocean. Rafe and Danny are off each other's wing; Doolittle's plane in the lead. Radio silence.

CU - PULL OUT OF OLD RADIO HEARING ROOSEVELT'S VOICE

255

ROOSEVELT V.O.

From Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo we have been described as a nation of weaklings -- and playboys--who hire British or Russian or Chinese soldiers to do our fighting for us.

EXT. SKIMMING OVER THE WAVES - DAY

258

The American planes are coming faster and faster. They reach the Japanese coastline, and skimming over tree-top level.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM - DAY

259

THE RADIO. PULL OUT - Naval Intel guys bearing down, hearing nothing. For Evelyn, it's too much; as one of the listeners leaves the listening room for coffee, Evelyn notices he's left the door slightly ajar, next to the filing cabinet where the secretaries file their top-secret briefs. Picking up a blank file, she moves to the filing cabinet beside the door, and strains to listen...

EXT. TOKYO - DAY

2

The planes reach Tokyo, and flash across the rooftops.

ROOSEVELT V.O.

Let them repeat that now! Let them tell that to General MacArthur and his men. Let them tell that to the soldiers who today are hitting hard in the far waters of the Pacific.

Danny and Rafe give each other a wave, and divert toward their separate targets. Each plane is on its own now.

2

ROOSEVELT V.O. (cont'd)

Let them tell that to the boys in the flying fortresses. Let them tell that to the Marines!

MONTAGE - THE BOMBING SEQUENCE

A-3

Rafe's bombardier works his 20-cent bombsight. Rafe holds the plane steady, bringing it up to 200 feet. He scans for fighter or anti-aircraft fire. There isn't any. In separate cuts, their bomb bay doors open. The friendship MEDALS on the tips of the bombs dangle in the wind. The bombardier hits the first switch. The bomb falls toward a factory and strikes on target, blowing up into the camera. Debris flies higher than the plane itself.

We see a wide shot of the city with FIVE BOMBERS all releasing their ordnance, sending FIVE HUGE BLASTS over the city.

INT. RAPE'S PLANE - DAY

26

NAVIGATOR

Last bomb away.

Holes rip the floor of the plane! The inside comes alive with hot lead, blasting the gunner. Red heads back, finds him dead. Panic.

RAFE

If that's Zeros, you gotta get 'em off me!

RED

Whatta ya want me to do, sweep 'em out of the sky?!

NAVIGATOR

It's not Zeros, it's flak!

Anti-aircraft FLAK bursts in the sky ahead; Rafe takes evasive action. But wherever he turns, black bursts of flak toss the plane and send shrapnel tearing through the fuselage. As Red fights his way back into the co-pilot seat, Rafe grabs at the radio handset.

RED

We're under radio silence!

RAFE

Well, Red--I think they know we're here!  
(into radio)  
Danny, get into the clouds!

IN THE LISTENING ROOM

Rafe's radioed shout--with explosions of flak in the background--leaps from the speakers, riveting everyone in the listening room. Evelyn, eavesdropping at the door, goes pale; her hands tremble, she struggles to keep control. Another hand moves on top of hers, to comfort her; it's a motherly secretary, giving her support...

IN RAFE'S COCKPIT

Rafe pushes the engine harder, and throws the plane into maneuvers that bounce his crew off the walls. But flak still chops at them.

INT. DANNY'S PLANE

Danny's buffeted too. The insides of the bombers shudder like they'll disintegrate, as Danny steers toward the clouds.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORNER OF PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Roosevelt sits in his wheelchair, anxious for any news. The weight of the world is upon his brow; his fingers toy with a small Hitler pincushion on his desk. Linger nearby is George, his valet; he sees that Roosevelt needs someone to talk to.

GEORGE

Is there anything I can get you, Mr. President?

ROOSEVELT

No, George. I'm just thinking about my sons. I'm not the first President to have sons in a war; I just wonder where the others found their strength. Every time a General comes to me with a message, I think they're about to tell me that one of my sons is dead.

GEORGE

I don't have sons in this war, Sir. But I believe if I did, I'd thank God this country has a President who feels like you do.

Roosevelt looks to his valet--two men of unequal station, and equal hearts. They see General Marshall enter. Marshall looks grave. George suddenly doesn't have enough spit to swallow; but Roosevelt doesn't flinch; he seems stronger than ever, ready.

ROOSEVELT

What is it, General?

GENERAL MARSHALL

The Chinese didn't receive our request for homing beacons until it was too late to get them set.

(MORE)

GENERAL MARSHALL (cont'd)

And the planes had to take off so early they may lack fuel to make the mainland anyway.

ROOSEVELT

So our boys are flying blind and running out of fuel.

GENERAL MARSHALL

The Chinese are sending out search parties to try to find the crews before the Japanese patrols do, if any of the planes make it.

ROOSEVELT

God help them.

EXT. SEA OF JAPAN - DUSK

The attack stops as they get covered in a total fog bank. The fliers are exhausted. The sun is beginning to set. Rafe stares, no visibility... Behind him, Red pours in the last of their fuel.

INT. DANNY'S PLANE - DUSK

Danny nervously taps the dial of his homing device--lifeless.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

The listener who moved out to the coffee pot now goes back inside, opening the door just as Doolittle's voice comes over the radio--

DOOLITTLE'S VO

I'm sorry gentlemen. You're all brave souls. We're on our own.

Evelyn, and the motherly secretary too, hear this; but it's the last they can hear as the door shuts completely.

INT. RAFA'S PLANE - NIGHT

RAFE

This really was a suicide mission. I don't know if we're over sea or land.

INT. DANNY'S PLANE - NIGHT

The engines sputter; his gunner pours the last gas into the tanks.

INT. RAFA'S PLANE - NIGHT

Through a break in the clouds, Rafe spots a rocky shoreline.

RAFE

We've got coast!

Rafe thumps his fuel gauge; they're empty.

RAFE

I'll set her on the sand--  
(into the radio)  
Danny stick close!

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

Evelyn opens her eyes and sees the listeners, hunched and fine-tuning dials, trying to catch more. Agonizing silence.

INT. RAFE'S PLANE - NIGHT

Rafe guides his bomber down toward the rocky coast; the clouds mask their view, as the altimeter winds down... At the last moment they see rocks looming out of the surf. Rafe shouts to his crew--

RAFE  
Hang on tight!

His engines are sputtering, catching, sputtering; he descends through the clouds, and sees...

JAPANESE SOLDIERS ON THE BEACH!

Rafe grabs his mike----and shouts--

RAFE  
We're in no-man's land! Jap patrols on the beach! Repeat

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

Rafe's voice comes through the static, distant yet distinct--

RAFE'S VOICE  
Jap patrols! Get outta here, Danny, get out!

Evelyn is back at her desk now. She's given up pretending to type; her energy is going into trying to keep under control. But Jackson looks at her; the bleakness on his face is unmistakable.

INT. RAFE'S PLANE - NIGHT

He can't pull out; his engines sputter out of fuel. He guides the plane onto a rice paddy. We stay INSIDE THE PLANE; the crew gets bashed in every direction; Rafe battling the controls; metal ripping, rivets popping, sand and dirt flowing through splitting seams; sounds of tearing and bashing add to the chaos. A rock the size of a house seems to fly right into the nose of the plane, and Rafe's navigator is ripped off his seat into the back.

The JAPANESE PATROL on the beach moves along the gouged earth toward the demolished plane, at some distance from them.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM - PEARL HARBOR

Evelyn and the others stare at the monitors, willing them to give them more; but there is only the awful silence. Jackson looks at her and shakes his head. There will be no more news.

INT. RAFE'S PLANE - NIGHT

Rafe and Red are bloody, but alive. Rafe frees his harness, and tears Red out. Bullets start ripping through the plane's skin.

RAFE  
We've gotta get into the hills, find the  
Chinese!

EXT. CHINA COAST - NIGHT

A-3

Rafe and Red exit through the bomber's ripped hole. The Japanese patrol, 100 yards away, start firing their weapons. Rafe and Red are pinned against the plane... DANNY'S PLANE roars back over the paddy, its turret gunner chopping down the Japanese patrol; a few grenades fall from the plane belly. The Japanese are cut down.

But as DANNY tries to add throttle, THE ENGINES SPUTTER OUT. The plane drops, disappearing behind a hill--and crashes.

EXT. DANNY'S PLANE - NIGHT

24

They find Danny's plane at the end of a trench. Danny and his crew have been thrown through the glass. Rafe finds Danny face up on the ground, bloody. Red finds Anthony on a rock, dead. But Gooz is moaning. The rest of Danny's crew are dead.

RAFE  
Danny! DANNY!

Danny's eyes flutter open; he sees Rafe and mumbles--

DANNY  
I've made better landings.

Danny's hand gropes to his throat; Rafe finds a shard of fuselage hooked into his neck. Rafe grabs it; the sharp metal cuts his hands, but he keeps straining. It won't work. He pulls his .45 from his jacket and tries to pry the metal. It works a bit; he tosses the pistol aside and grabs the shard again, and opens it.

RAFE  
You hang on, Danny! You hang on! You're  
gonna make it!

Rafe's head snaps forward, crunched with the butt of a rifle; more Japanese, four men, have arrived. They're angry, scared, hyped. They knock Red down too, yelling and brandishing their rifles at the fliers on the ground, living and dead. The Japanese officer barks orders. They find the Captain's insignia on Danny's jacket, and begin binding to a yoke, his wrists tied to the wood like a crucifixion, a wire around his neck. The others wire Rafe's ankles together...Rafe is emotionless...

Danny being half-carried, half-dragged by the neck by 2 Japanese. The officer pulls Red, hands bound behind him. Rafe starts moving, being dragged on his back, pulled by his feet along rocky sand.

His hand slides by the pistol he tossed behind the rock. The whole world slows down. He clutches it, shoots one of the men towing Danny. As the man dragging Rafe turns around, Rafe shoots him in the face. The officer spins, raising his rifle; the soldier pulling Red, shoves him onto his face and aims his rifle too. The officer is about to kill Rafe--when Danny slams him from behind.

The fourth soldier shoots Danny in the gut, then takes aim at Rafe's heart--and is shot through the chest from behind! The Japanese officer rises in surprise and is cut down by scythes carried by the Chinese peasant soldiers who are just arriving. Rafe struggles to Danny, moving the Chinese aside. Danny lies on his back, clutching his wound as if to hold onto his life.

RAFE

Danny...

DANNY

I'm not... I'm not... gonna...I'm so cold.

RAFE

Yes you are. YES YOU ARE!

DANNY

...Hold me...~~h~~hold...

But Danny is silent, his eyes drifting shut, and in that moment Rafe thinks he is gone already. Then Danny's eyes drift open.

DANNY

Do me...favor. ~~Somebody~~ else... spell my name... on the ~~tombstone~~.

The words catch Rafe off guard; for a moment he almost smiles, then fills with grief. He finds the strength to say--

RAFE

Danny... you're my only family. You can't leave me like this!

But Danny can't speak.

RAFE

Danny... Danny...you can't die. You can't. You're gonna be a father.

Did Danny hear? His eyes are closed again. But his head comes up; Rafe takes it, and Danny pulls him closer to whisper--

DANNY

No. You are.

Rafe cradles Danny in his arms. Danny's eyes are open, but Rafe sees no light there.

RAFE

Danny...Land of the free...Land of the free...

But Danny will never answer him again. Rafe hugs Danny, and weeps.

INT. MISSION MONITORING ROOM

284

They've been there for so long...they're all wasted. No one has hope. The techs are shutting down, being replaced by a skeleton shift. Jackson moves to Evelyn, and leads her from the room.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR BASE - DAY

285

They squint against the sun as they walk in different directions.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

286

The news of the raid hits Washington...and the rest of America. If it isn't wild celebration; when people see the headline: DOOLITTLE RAIDERS BOMB TOKYO, their faces change, as if finally told what they already knew--that America would prevail.

But when the HEADLINES announce: ALL PLANES LOST and only SIX SURVIVE, the mood is grim--especially with EVELYN at Pearl.

EVELYN V.O.

For an eternity of days, no one knew the fate of the downed fliers. Then little by little, they began to emerge from the Chinese countryside and make their way to help, and home...

EXT. PEARL HARBOR AIR FIELD - DAY

287

Evelyn and the civilian WIVES stand in fear as a transport plane lands and taxis to a stop. The doors open. Doolittle emerges; his wife greets him tearfully. Several other banged-up fliers emerge. One more wife, overjoyed to see her husband. Then Rafe, his arm bandaged. He sees Evelyn. Hearts leap, but he can't smile. Emerging after him are flag-draped coffins. Danny's. Rafe escorts it down, with the crewmen who carry it past a line of Army color guards. Evelyn reaches him, and weeps in his arms. Her hand slowly touches the flag-draped coffin as she clutches onto Rafe.

EVELYN V.O.

The early headlines were wrong. Five fliers died, five more were taken prisoner and held 'til the end of the war. The rest eventually made it home. When the action is over, and we look back, we understand both more and less. This much is certain: Before the Doolittle Raid, America knew nothing but defeat; after it, nothing but victory. Japan realized for the first time that they could lose, and began to pull back; America realized that she would win, and surged forward.

We see the patriotic posters of the war. Evelyn and a group of Navy nurses receive medals.

288

EVELYN V.O. (cont'd)

It was a war that changed America. Dorie Miller was the first black American to win the Navy Cross, but he would not be the last. He joined a brotherhood of heroes.

We see Dorie Miller receiving the Navy Cross. MONTAGE of heroic sailors, including the Capt. of the West Virginia...conclude with--

289

ROOSEVELT, in the Oval Office. He looks from his desk as Doolittle and Rafe are admitted into the room. They salute the President; Roosevelt wheels around the desk.

290

He hands Doolittle a medal--the Medal of Honor. Then he hands Rafe 2 medals, and salutes them. Rafe understands immediately who the second medal is for.

EVELYN V.O.  
World War II began at Pearl Harbor...

EXT. UNDERWATER SHOT

We sweep around the rusted bow of the Battleship Arizona.

EVELYN V.O.  
...and 1177 men still lie entombed in the Arizona. America suffered. But America grew stronger. It was not inevitable. The times tried our souls, and through the trial, we overcame.

EXT. TENNESSEE - DAY

By the cropdusting landing field is a memorial to Danny, with an American flag flying above it. Engraved on the stone is Danny's name. Standing at the memorial are Rafe and Evelyn.

Rafe holds a baby boy in his arms; around the child's neck is the second medal--Danny's. Rafe lets the boy down to the ground, and he takes wobbly steps, pointing to the shiny red bi-plane--Rafe's father's plane, carefully restored. Rafe kneels gently down.

RAFE  
Hey, Danny, you wanna go up?

The boy has no idea what his daddy is saying, but his smile is of wonderment, joy, and life eternal... as we FADE OUT...

THE END