

JAG

Written

by

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(PILOT)

Shooting Script

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JAG CAST BREAKDOWN

LT. HARMON RABB, JR. (HARM)
LT. CATLIN PIKE (KATE)
ADMIRAL A.Z. BROVO
LT. CMD THEODORE LINDSEY (TEDDY)

ADMIRAL TERRY
CAPT. ERIC ROSS (SKIPPER)
CAPT. THOMAS BOONE (CAG)
CDR. DEKE SNYDER (AIR BOSS)
CDR. DOOLEY
LT CASSIE PULLER (CASSIE)
LT ANGELA ARUITTI (ARUITTI/ANGELA)
LT. CARTER (RIPPER)
LT. CHARLES JENKINS (KEETER)
LT. MAX PETROSKI (PAINTER)
LT. JACK MACE (MACE)
LT. ZANE LUBIN
ENS. TOMMY ROBERTS (ROBERTS)
ENS. TOM WILLIAMS (BUSTER)
ENS. GEORGE LUCE (ZAPPER)
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER NED BANNON
LANDING OFFICER
SEAMAN
CATCC OFFICER

CHUCK DE PALMA
MARK BORINI
TALK SHOW HOST
FEMALE AIDE
PRESIDENTIAL AIDE
LOUD SPEAKER

CDR. HARMON RABB SR (HAMMER)
YOUNG HARM

SETS

INTERIORS:

USS SEAHAWK
PRIMARY FLIGHT CONTROL (PRI-FLY)
NAVIGATION BRIDGE
PLOT ROOM
COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER
SQUADRON READY ROOM
TOWER LADDER
FEMALE OFFICER'S BERTHING
FEMALE BERTHING PASSAGE WAY
MALE OFFICER'S BERTHING
CRYPTO ROOM
HANGER BAY GYM
O-2 LEVEL CORRIDOR
O-3 LEVEL CORRIDOR
O-3 LEVEL LADDER
SICK BAY
OFFICER'S WARD ROOM

AIRCRAFT

TOMCAT COCKPIT
SEA KING HELICOPTER
C-2A GREYHOUND

JAG HEADQUARTERS
NAPLES HOSPITAL
CORRIDOR
MORGUE
TALK SHOW SET

EXTERIORS:

USS SEAHAWK
FLIGHT DECK
LSO PLATFORM
O-3 LEVEL
SUPER STRUCTURE
NUMBER THREE ELEVATOR
SIGNAL BRIDGE
USS LEXINGTON
FLIGHT DECK

AIRCRAFT

F-14 TOMCAT
C-2A GREYHOUND
F-4 PHANTOM
SEA KING HELICOPTER

LUIGI'S GREEN & WHITE DORY
NAPLES NAVAL HOSPITAL
BOSNIA MOUNTAINS
SARAJEVO MOUNTAINS
WHITE HOUSE
GARDEN
OVAL OFFICE

JAG

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. THE SUNNY ADRIATIC SKY - DAY 1

Somewhere, forty thousand feet below, Claudia and Sophia stretch out on the sand and bare their breasts to the sun. Luigi slaps a squid against the worn gunnels of his green and white dory. And Milo lugs a heavy pack up a mountain trail.

Up here, a pair of F-14 Tomcats rip by in stage five afterburner.

2 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY 2

The pilot, Navy Captain Thomas Boone is an Air Group Commander and called CAG by all who serve under him. (X)

LT. ARUITTI'S VOICE
Two targets, CAG. Seventy miles.
Close rate twelve hundred knots.
Looks like MIG-21s.

CAG glances into the mirror above his head.

CAG
You have them on video?

INTERCUT WITH

3 INT. REAR COCKPIT - LT. ANGELA ARUITTI 3

The RIO (Radar Intercept Operator) in the rear cockpit looks from her radar screen to a video display. It's a bit of a shock to see the beautiful dark eyes of a woman within the helmet and oxygen mask.

ANGELA
Negative.

CAG
Then how do you know they're
Fishbeds?

ANGELA
Educated guess, CAG. Target size
is small. And previous Serb No-
Fly violators have been Fishbeds.

CAG
We don't guess in this man's
Navy, Lieutenant Aruitti.

ANGELA

No, Sir.

(beat)

Fifty miles. Phoenix are fire
and forget. You can shoot
anytime, CAG.

CAG

Did I request a Phoenix?

ANGELA

(surprised)

No, Sir.

CAG

Stand it down.

ANGELA

Sir?

CAG

Is your intercom malfunctioning,
Lieutenant?

ANGELA

No, Sir. Phoenix standing down.

Angela deactivates the Phoenix. At that moment the ECM
(Electronic Counter Measures) begins beeping.

ANGELA

We're being painted.

CAG

I have ears.

ANGELA

Twenty miles. Picking them up on
video. Two Fishbeds armed with
Atolls, Sir.

4 EXT. ON THE TOMCATS - DAY

4

CAG radios instructions to his wingman, Lieutenant Jack Mace.

CAG'S VOICE

Combat spread. I'll take them
both. Cover my six.

MACE'S VOICE

Roger that.

The wingman retards his throttle and drifts back and away
from CAG's Tomcat.

5 INT. CAG AND ANGELA'S COCKPIT - DAY

5

The CAG straps on his oxygen mask as Angela watches the retreating wingman.

(X)

ANGELA

We're taking them on alone?

CAG

You have a problem with that, Lieutenant?

Before she can answer, the J-band on the ECM beeps at a higher frequency indicating the enemy fighters have locked their targeting radar on the Tomcat. Angela pulls on her oxygen mask.

(X)

ANGELA

Ten miles. They've locked on.

CAG

Ever been in a knife fight, Aruitti?

ANGELA

No, Sir. Five miles.

(excited)

Missiles inbound!

CAG punches the chaff button on the throttle four times and rolls into a hard right bank.

6 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - DAY

6

Peeling off with vapor trailing from it's wing tips. A few seconds later a pair of missiles streak past, followed by two MIG-21 Fishbeds with Serb markings.

7 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY

7

They strain against the G-forces as CAG, in full burner, flips up and over in pursuit of the MIGs.

8 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - DAY

8

It hurtles out of the hot Mediterranean sun after the Serbs.

9 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY

9

CAG is chasing a nose-down MIG whose white hot tail is the perfect target for a Heat-Seeking Sidewinder. The target square on the HSD turns red and CAG fires.

10 EXT. ON A MIG-21 FISHBED - DAY 10

It takes the Sidewinder straight up the tailpipe and explodes.

11 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY 11

They fly through the debris and CAG checks his instruments to make sure everything is in the green.

CAG

Where's the other bogie?

Angela's neck swivels from side to side as she searches for the second MIG.

ANGELA

I lost him!

12 EXT. ON CAG'S TOMCAT - DAY 12

Hurting through the sky as the Serb MIG slides in on his tail.

MACE

Bogie on your six, CAG.

13 INT. CAG'S TOMCAT - DAY 13

Angela spins in her seat to find the MIG on their tail as the CAG slams the throttle into full afterburner and snaps over in a roll.

14 EXT. ON THE KNIFE FIGHT - DAY 14

Firing wildly, the MIG breaks over the Tomcat and dives away. CAG rolls after him and the two fighters spin through the blue, bleeding off airspeed until they are falling in a near stall ballet toward the earth below.

15 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY - ON THE HUD 15

The MIG jinks in and out of the targeting pip until CAG triggers a stream of lead from his Vulcan that the MIG falls through. Hammered by hundreds of rounds it disintegrates in a fireball.

16 EXT. ON CAG'S TOMCAT - DAY 16

He dives to regain speed and as he levels off his wingman, Mace, slides in beside him.

(X)

Together the two Tomcats streak out to sea, leaving the smoke and plummeting debris from the MIGs in their wake.

17 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY

17

The CAG lowers his oxygen mask and glances at Angela's reflection in the mirror above him.

(X)

CAG

How we doing, Lieutenant?

(beat)

Lieutenant are you with me?

ANGELA

(lowering her mask)

To hell and back, Sir.

(X)

CAG studies her in the mirror as we....

CUT TO

18 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - DAY

18

Slicing through the sparkling Adriatic, its seven story island towers over the flight deck where a pair of Intruders poise like sprinters on the forward catapults. The pilots push their throttles to max power and salute, indicating they are ready to launch. A yellow-shirted catapult officer known as the Shooter checks to assure the deck is clear, then bends forward and touches two fingers to the deck. The piston catapult man hits the FIRE buttons and the two Intruders hurtle into the air.

19 EXT. CAG'S SECTION OF TWO TOMCATS - DAY

19

Eight hundred feet off the water, the Tomcats roar past the starboard side of the carrier. They break left behind the departing Intruders and across the Seahawk's bow.

20 INT. CAG'S COCKPIT - DAY

20

He pulls both throttles to idle, thumbs out the speed brakes and switches the wing sweep to automatic. Angela reads the landing check list as they fly up the wake of the carrier. CAG lowers the gear, drops the hook and looks for the "Meatball"; an amber light in the middle of a line of green lights. Keeping this "Meatball" centered leads him down the glide path to the deck.

CAG spots the ball and calls it out, along with his aircraft number and fuel situation.

CAG
(over radio)
Five one one, Tomcat, ball, four
point one.

21 EXT. LSO (LANDING SIGNAL OFFICER) PLATFORM - DAY

21

Two white-shirted LSOs in dark Ray Bans watch the approaching Tomcat. The one holding the pickle (wave-off trigger) is a squat, muscular officer called Ripper. His lanky fellow LSO is Keeter. Ripper confirms the CAG's call.

RIPPER
Roger ball.

22 EXT. CAG'S TOMCAT - DAY

22

Descending at a 130 knots, it crosses the stern ramp and slams onto the deck. CAG rams the throttles to full power in case the tail hook doesn't catch. They trap the number three wire and are jerked to a head-snapping stop. CAG retards the throttles and taxis across the foul line, where a yellow-shirted officer directs him to a parking spot. Behind them, Mace's Tomcat is flying up the carrier wake toward the deck.

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

The instant CAG parks his Tomcat, red-shirted armorers swarm around the wings to safety the Phoenix and Sidewinder missiles. A grinning brown-shirted crew chief, Chief Petty Officer Ned Bannon, pushes a boarding ladder against the side of the Tomcat.

CAG
I take it the word's out.

CPO BANNON
Yes, Sir. Congratulations.

Climbing down, CAG sees a green-shirted sailor already painting a Serb flag next to the three Iraqi ones on the Tomcat's nose.

CAG
Chief, if I bagged a Klingon I believe you'd know what flag to paint on her.

CPO BANNON
Klingon's are easy, Sir. Now a Romulan warship might be a problem. They're invisible.

CAG slaps Bannon on the shoulder and heads for the island with the flight deck crews shouting congratulations as he passes.

ON BANNON

He turns back to watch Angela descend the boarding ladder. Even in a G-suit, her female figure is apparent and Bannon eyes it appreciatively. She knows he's been watching her ass; they always do and she's never liked or gotten used to it.

CPO BANNON
Congratulations on busting your
cherry, Lieutenant.

The instant it's out, he realizes his mistake. She stares hard at him.

CPO BANNON
Sorry, Ma'am. It's a term we use
when you get your first kill.

ANGELA
I'm familiar with the term,
Chief, and I suggest you come up
with one more appropriate for
today's Navy. (X)

CPO BANNON
Yes, Ma'am.

She walks away. We hold on CPO Bannon who winces at his stupidity.

23 INT. FLIGHT CONTROL DECK - DAY

23

The noise of the flight deck pours through the hatch with CAG and Angela. She pulls the hatch shut, reducing the noise to a muffled roar. CAG starts up the ladder to the CDC (Combat Direction Center).

ANGELA
Sir, may I have a word before
debriefing?

CAG stops and looks down at Angela.

CAG
You want to know why I didn't use
the Phoenix?

ANGELA
Yes, Sir.

CAG
What's a Phoenix missile cost,
Lieutenant?

ANGELA
A million dollars, Sir.

CAG
You think a couple of camel
jockeys are worth that kind of
money?

ANGELA
Serbs don't ride camels, Sir.

CAG
They fly like they do.

He turns to continue up the ladder, but Angela stops him.

ANGELA
Sir. That doesn't explain why we
took them on alone.

FEATURE CAG

His blue eyes lock on her as he pulls a cigar and bites the
end off. Finally....

CAG
I wanted to see if you had the
guts for a knife fight. And you
don't.

ANGELA
That's not fair, Sir!

CAG
I don't have to be fair,
Lieutenant.
(beat)
I'm the CAG.

He jams the cigar between his teeth and climbs to the next
deck.

CLOSE ON ANGELA

She's furious, but much of the anger comes from her fear that
CAG may be right. She was okay when she thought they'd use
Phoenix missiles to take out the MIGs before they became a
threat. But in the knife fight? Her deliberations are
interrupted by a sudden blast of noise as the hatch opens.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAG's wingman Mace and his RIO enter. Lt. Mace is a good-looking pilot who wears his cockiness like a white scarf. The RIO, a lanky Lieutenant called Painter, breaks into a grin.

PAINTER

Way to smoke 'em, girl! Up close
and personal! Pow! Pow!

ANGELA

I didn't smoke 'em, Painter. CAG
did.

PAINTER

(winces)
Don't be giving the chauffeur the
credit.

ANGELA

Why not. He deserves it.

Both men are surprised at Angela's humility. It's
unexpected.

PAINTER

You okay, Angela?

ANGELA

(defensive)
Why wouldn't I be okay?

PAINTER

You're not acting like someone
who just made the cover of TIME.

MACE

(acting let down)
Time? I thought it was PLAYBOY.

ANGELA

Mace. You're such an asshole.

PAINTER

(grins)
That's more like it.

Angela ices Painter with a look, then climbs up the ladder to
the next deck.

ON MACE AND PAINTER

As she disappears, Mace turns to his RIO.

MACE

You know what, Pard, I think the lady wet her panties up there.

PAINTER

Angela? No way. She's ice.

MACE

Ice melts when it gets hot.

CUT TO

24 EXT. ON THE SEAHAWK - NIGHT

24

Spewing spikes of flame, a brace of Tomcats launch into the starlit night.

25 INT. FEMALE OFFICER'S BERTHING - NIGHT

25

Angela, clad only in a West Virginia University T-shirt and panties, is seated at a small metal desk with a pair of photographs, a computer and a tape recorder. One deck above her, a catapult launch sends a tremor through the room. Angela doesn't notice as she listens to a tape she made of the mission.

CAG'S VOICE

Where's the other Bogie?

ANGELA'S VOICE

I lost him!

Angela snaps off the tape recorder and stares at it for a moment, then turns to the computer and begins to type.

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Under FILE NAME she types; LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

CUT TO

26 INT. HANGER BAY - NIGHT - RAIN

26

We drift through a stream of falling sparks from a welder working overhead, to a corner of the bay where a weight gym has been installed. A group of pilots in gym shorts are gathered around someone pressing a hell of a lot of weight. We can't see this pilot, just the bar slowly going up. For a moment it appears the presser won't make it. Then with a tremendous grunt the bar goes all the way and the muscular arms lock in place.

(X)

PILOTS
(a groan)
Awwww!

The bar is released and drops into the steel rest with a clang.

CLOSER ANGLE

We finally see the pilot who did the press...it's a woman. She's Lt. Cassie Puller, Angela's room mate. Cassie's five eight, wears her brown hair close-cropped, and has a beautiful body if you like your women ripped. She lays there for a moment to catch her breath, then she grins up at the LSO, Ripper, who's standing above her.

CASSIE
Your turn, Ripper.

Cassie rolls off the bench and bounces to the balls of her feet like a fighter. Ripper eyes the weight and then her. She winks. He snarls and drops onto the bench.

ON RIPPER

He gives the press all he's got. But even with his buddies shouting encouragement, it's not enough. After straining to the point of popping his eyeballs, Ripper shakes his head and a couple of pilots grab the weights from him.

ON CASSIE

Her soft voice makes the pain of humility hurt even more.

CASSIE
That's the third bottle of Jack
you owe me this cruise.

She wraps a towel around her neck and walks away.

FEATURE RIPPER

As the other pilots go back to working out, he lies on his back wiping the sweat from his eyes. Keeter leans against the rest above him.

KEETER
When are you going to give up?

RIPPER

Never.

(sitting up)

Cassie's ripped, but she's still
a bitch and no bitch can out
press me.

KEETER

Well this one did.

RIPPER

Gotta be a trick.

KEETER

Maybe she just wanted it more
than you, Ripper. (X)

RIPPER

She's on roids, Keeter.

KEETER

No way. They'd show up in her
flight physical.

RIPPER

(pointed)

That's right.

KEETER

(incredulous)

You saying the flight surgeon's
looking the other way?

RIPPER

Hey, the Navy'd do anything to
make these bitches look good.

KEETER

There are limits, Rip.

RIPPER

(looks up)

No, there's not.

On Ripper's determined and dangerous look, we....

CUT TO

27 INT. FEMALE OFFICERS BERTHING - NIGHT

27

Angela is slipping into a clean flight suit as the hatch
opens and Cassie enters.

CASSIE

I just took Ripper for another
bottle of Jack Daniels.

ANGELA
Why do you do it? It's only
going to get you more wave-offs.

Cassie shrugs and plops into the desk chair.

CASSIE
Scuttlebutt says TV reporter's
coming on the morning COD to
interview you. (X)

ANGELA
(alarmed)
I don't want to be interviewed.

CASSIE
Everybody in Wheeling, West
Virginia will see you on the
tube, including that jerk of an
ex-boyfriend.

ANGELA
I don't care about him and my
folks worry enough about me.
They can interview CAG.

CASSIE
CNN doesn't want the ancient
mariner. They want the female
warrior who smoked two MIGs.

ANGELA
I didn't smoke them, that ancient
mariner did.

CASSIE
Damn it, Angela!

ANGELA
I can't take credit for something
I didn't do!

CLOSER ON BOTH

Angry, Cassie spins around to the computer. Angela reaches
over her shoulder and QUILTS the program. A SCREEN SAVER
depicting Navy aircraft comes on. Cassie looks up to Angela.

CASSIE
You didn't screw the pooch up
there, did you?

ANGELA
(quickly)
No.

CASSIE
Then, what's the problem?

ANGELA
I don't want to be a blurb on the
Evening News. (X)

CASSIE
Until today, the only female
aviators the Press talked to were
getting their six's grabbed at
Tailhook.

(beat)
We need blurbs like you! (X)

ANGELA
I wouldn't know what to say.

CASSIE
Oh, hell, that's easy.

Cassie grabs the computer mouse and extends it like a
microphone.

CASSIE
(being CNN)
What's it like being a woman in
combat?

(being Angela)
The same as being a man in
combat.

(being CNN)
Weren't you frightened?

(being Angela)
I didn't have time to be
frightened, Sir.

ANGELA
(cutting in)
I damn near wet my pants.

CASSIE
I wouldn't say that.

ANGELA
It's the truth.
(beat)
I was scared up there, Cassie.

CASSIE
So? Every time I make a night
trap my heart's in my throat.
Fear can be useful. It sharpens
the senses. Gives you an edge.

ANGELA
It gives me doubts.

She puts on a baseball cap and grabs a flight jacket from the top bunk.

CASSIE
Where are you going?

ANGELA
To get some air.

CASSIE
Just air?

CLOSE ON ANGELA

She flashes Cassie a look as she pulls on the flight jacket. The last thing we see as she exits, is the back of her jacket with it's painting of a SNARLING WOLF and the name LOBO. (X)

ON CASSIE (X)

She stares after her for a moment, then sighs and turns to the computer. She starts to bring up her program, then on second thought brings up Angela's instead.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Under LT. ANGELA ARUITTI the computer requests a Password. Cassie types in UWV. The computer activates the program and Cassie begins scanning the file names. She stops on one entitled: LOR.

CLOSE ON CASSIE

Staring at the unfamiliar title. She hits ENTER.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The FILE NAME types out...LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

BACK ON CASSIE

She slumps back in disappointment.

CASSIE
Aw, Angela.

CUT TO

(X)

28 INT. 0-3 LEVEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 28

Angela passes a couple of green-shirted seamen covered with grime and still wearing their Mickey Mouse head gear and goggles. She stops at a hatch leading to the exterior and after being sure no one can see her, opens it.

29 EXT. 0-3 LEVEL - NIGHT 29

Angela emerges from the hatch and hurries forward on the narrow metal walkway to a rung ladder.

30 EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT 30

This is the most dangerous place to be on a carrier during night operations at sea. The noise is deafening and there is a real danger of being sucked into the massive jet intakes or blown overboard by their exhausts.

31 EXT. CLOSE ON ANGELA - NIGHT 31

She scales the ladder and pokes her head over the edge of the wet flight deck. An Intruder explodes down the catapult, it's starboard wing ripping past a few feet over her head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Angela ducks to avoid the blast then turns to look after the launched aircraft.

ANGELA'S POV - THE INTRUDER

Climbing away into the black night.

BACK ON ANGELA

Before another fighter can launch, she hurries aft.

31A EXT. C-2A GREYHOUND - NIGHT 31A

Tied down with it's tail overhanging the ship, this aircraft is known as the COD (Carrier Onboard Delivery.) Angela appears running in a low crouch from the Island.

CLOSER ON ANGELA

It begins to rain as she ducks beneath the fuselage and enters a small open hatch.

32 INT. C-2A GREYHOUND - NIGHT - RAIN

32

Backlit by the rain-streaked cockpit windows, Angela slowly creeps past the cargo and seats of the dark rear compartment. Outside, another aircraft launches. Inside, a man in a flight jacket grabs and pulls her to the floor.

(X)

CLOSER ANGLE

Her squeal of surprise is smothered by a passionate kiss. When she returns it, we realize that instead of being assaulted, Angela is in the arms of her lover.

CLOSE ON ANGELA

She breaks from the kiss and smiles at a face we cannot see.

ANGELA

Oh, God, I need you, tonight.

He laughs and jerks her head back to his as we....

CUT TO

33 EXT. ON AN F-18 HORNET'S EXHAUSTS - NIGHT

33

Twin cones of blue and white flames step out from the tailpipes as the pilot goes to Stage Five afterburner.

ON THE HORNET

The pilot snaps a salute and a second later the Hornet is catapulted into the dark.

CUT TO

34 EXT. ON THE C-2A GREYHOUND - NIGHT

34

The rain has stopped momentarily as Angela's lover drops from the hatch to the deck. The shadows and backlight make him impossible to identify. He helps Angela out, gives her a brief kiss and disappears up the flight deck.

CLOSE ON ANGELA

Her hair is mussed and her eyes radiant. She watches her lover sneak off, then heads back for the Island.

34A EXT. NUMBER THREE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

34A

It raises an F-14 up to the flight deck.

(X)

ON RIPPER AND KEETER

Crossing the flight deck with white vests over their flight jackets. Something catches Ripper's eye and he peers into the darkness.

RIPPER'S POV - NIGHT

The F-14 is passing between him and the edge of the flight deck. It clears frame and we catch a shadow ducking behind a tractor.

BACK ON RIPPER AND KEETER

It begins to rain, again as Ripper straightens up.

KEETER

What?

RIPPER

Nothing.

FEATURE ANGELA - NIGHT - RAIN

Hiding behind the tractor, she waits until the LSOs move on, then scrambles in a crouch for the Island. She is crossing the Number 3 Elevator in a driving rain when a horn sounds.

ON THE ELEVATOR WARNING LIGHTS - RAIN

They flash red in sync with the blaring horn.

ON ANGELA - RAIN

The elevator starts down with a jerk that sends her sprawling on the deck. She slips over the edge and grabs desperately for the wet rim with her hands.

WIDE UP ANGELA - RAIN

Angela dangles from the edge as the elevator descends.

CLOSER ON ANGELA - RAIN

Seeing a ladder suspended from the main deck she lunges for it, catching the bottom rung as the elevator drops rapidly away.

DOWN ON ANGELA - RAIN

She hangs from the rung with the bow wave sliding past ninety feet below her. Then slowly, rung by rung, she scales the ladder to the glistening flight deck. Once on deck, Angela climbs to her feet and bends over to catch her breath.

CLOSE ON ANGELA'S BACK - RAIN

As she straightens up, a pair of hands lift her from behind and toss her off the deck.

ON ANGELA - RAIN

Her scream is lost in the din of the flight deck as she plunges, with arms and legs flailing, into the churning water below.

ON THE KILLER - RAIN

Peering down, in silhouette, from the edge of the flight deck.

ON THE SEA - RAIN

The spreading bow wave churns a frothing white in the moonlight. And somewhere beneath it, Angela sinks into the deep.

35
thru
36

OMITTED

35
thru
36

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

37 INT. NETWORK TALK SHOW - NIGHT

37

The talk show host sits across the mike from retired Navy Captain Paul Ford, CNN's Naval Air Tech Advisor.

HOST

What we know so far is that a Navy F-14 Tomcat, with a woman on board, downed two Russian-built Serbian MIG-21s over Bosnia this morning.

(beat)

Is this a first?

CAPTAIN FORD

It certainly is. And Tom, this female officer wasn't just 'a woman on board.' She's a RIO, that's short for Radar Intercept Officer, a vital member of the Tomcat's two-man...

(smiles)

...two person crew.

They both chuckle.

INTERCUT WITH

38 OMITTED

38

38A INT. JAG HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

38A

Even in dress whites with two stars on his collar, Rear Admiral A.Z. Brovo looks more the legal eagle than sea dog, which, if looks are important, is appropriate since he's Judge Advocate General of the United States Navy. At the moment he's watching the TALK SHOW with the knowing smile of a litigator observing a well-coached witness.

HOST

Then she was actively involved in the downing of these MIGS?

CAPTAIN FORD

Without a doubt. The Navy hasn't released names or details, but our female RIO probably received an alert from a Hummer that Serbian MIGs were violating the No-Fly Zone.

HOST

Hummer?

CAPTAIN FORD

Sorry. That's an E-2 Hawkeye with a radar dome used to track air traffic. They would have data-linked the MIGs position to her and she would have given the pilot an intercept vector.

HOST

So she directed the pilot to the MIGs and he shot them down.

CAPTAIN FORD

Not necessarily. A more likely scenario is that she painted the bogies with her search radar and targeted Phoenix missiles to take them out.

HOST

So on the Navy's first combat mission to be flown by a woman, she bagged two MIGs.

CAPTAIN FORD

Looks that way, Tom.

HOST

Amazing.

(to camera)

Retired Navy Captain Paul Ford and I will be back in a minute to take your phone calls. We want to know what you think about the Navy's latest combat hero. A woman.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Admiral's Executive Assistant, Lieutenant Commander Theodore Lindsey enters with a dispatch.

ADMIRAL BROVO

You watching this, Teddy?

COMMANDER LINDSEY

Yes, Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO

This is the first positive PR we've caught since Tail Hook. If Admiral Terry's smart he'll make that RIO more famous than Amelia Earhart.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
I'm afraid she's missing, Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO
(wry)
Has anybody told FDR?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Sir?

ADMIRAL BROVO
That Amelia Earhart's missing.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
(getting it)
Oh, no, she's not missing, Sir.
I mean she is, but that's not who
I was referring to. I meant
Lieutenant Aruitti's missing.

ADMIRAL BROVO
And who is Lieutenant Aruitti?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
The female RIO they're talking
about, Admiral. She disappeared
at sea last night.

Brovo sits up and grabs the dispatch from Commander Lindsey.

ADMIRAL BROVO
Think we can lay this off on NIS?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Not after receiving this, Sir.
(handing him a second
dispatch)
It came in from CINC-MED a few
minutes ago.

The Admiral reads the second message.

ADMIRAL BROVO
Damn.
(beat)
Who's available?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Captain Morton's our senior
officer in Naples. He can be on
the Seahawk within the hour.

ADMIRAL BROVO
And in a pissing contest with the
ship's Captain ten minutes after
that.

(more)

ADMIRAL BROVO (Cont'd)
No, I want a junior officer so
the Seahawk's Skipper isn't
intimidated by the investigation.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
You want to trust this to a
junior officer, Admiral?

ADMIRAL BROVO
You want it, Teddy?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
(back-pedaling)
I'm afraid my duties here would
preclude an immediate departure,
Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO
(smiles)
You have the survival instincts
of a politician, Teddy.
(beat)
Where's Lieutenant Rabb?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Probably at the French Embassy.
It's Bastille Day and most of our
people attend that party.

ADMIRAL BROVO
I want him on a jet to Naples in
thirty minutes.
(checks his watch)
Make that twenty.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
(exiting)
Aye, aye, Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO
(calling after him)
And Teddy....

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Yes, Admiral?

ADMIRAL BROVO
Send one of our female JGs with
him.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Anyone in particular, Sir?

ADMIRAL BROVO
Whoever's available. I want a
woman on the team if this goes
south on us. And my guess is it
will.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Yes, Sir.

Commander Lindsey exits and Admiral Brovo turns back to the
monitor.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

The Talk Show Host and Captain Ford are back from the
commercial break, answering questions.

HOST
Our first caller is from San
Jose, California. You're on the
air.

OLDER FEMALE PHONE VOICE
Thank you, Tom. I just wanted to
say I think it's wonderful that
the Navy is giving our young
women an equal opportunity to
kill. It's been a male thing for
far too long.

CLOSE ON ADMIRAL BROVO

On his reaction, we....

CUT TO

39 EXT. THE ADRIATIC SKY - DAY

39

We pan down from the beautiful puffy white clouds to pick up
a Sea King helicopter racing across the blue sea toward the
Seahawk.

40 INT. SEA KING HELICOPTER - DAY - ON LT. HARMON RABB, JR.

40

Wearing a white dress uniform with one ribbon. He's thirty-
two years old, wears his dark hair close-cropped and has
piercing blue eyes. We PULL BACK to reveal a female officer,
also in white, seated next to him. She is JAG Lieutenant JG
Catlin (Kate) Pike. An attractive blonde, in her twenties,
whose face reflects the excitement she's feeling inside.
Kate points and shouts to be heard over the slipstream.

KATE
There! There she is!

THEIR POV - THE SEAHAWK

With two frigates trailing in her wake, she makes a sweeping turn into the wind.

ON HARM AND KATE

He studies her, enjoying the excitement in her eyes. She catches him watching and is embarrassed.

KATE

My first time on a carrier! It's exciting!

Harm nods and looks back to the Seahawk, remembering the first time he set foot on a carrier.

FLASHBACK TO

41 EXT. USS LEXINGTON FLIGHT DECK - 1970

41

A Navy Commander, in a worn leather flight jacket and overseas cap, works his way through an Open House crowd with his four-year-old son straddling his shoulders. They stop beside an F-4 Phantom. (X)
(X)

CLOSE ON THE BOY

Looking up in awe at the fighter.

BOY'S POV - PHANTOM COCKPIT RAIL

(X)

Stenciled on it is the name of its pilot: COMMANDER HARMON RABB and below that his moniker...HAMMER.

ON THE FATHER AND SON

The boy points to the name which he recognizes.

YOUNG HARM

Daddy's!

HARM'S FATHER

(laughs)

That's right, Harm. Daddy's.

MOVING IN ON YOUNG HARM'S FACE

His eyes tell it all. Someday he'll fly a fighter like this.

BACK TO PRESENT

HARM
Something wrong, Ensign?

(X)
(X)

ROBERTS
(recovering)
No, Sir! The Skipper requests
you report immediately to the
Navigation Bridge. If you stick
to my six...
(to Kate)
...that's what pilots call their
tail, I'll lead the way.

(X)
(X)
(X)

KATE
You a pilot, Ensign?

ROBERTS
(caught)
Ah...well, no, Ma'am. Everyone
uses pilot jargon on a carrier.

Kate nods, suppressing the smile. At that moment, a Tomcat
slams onto the deck, misses all four wires and thunders back
into the air.

ROBERTS
Bolter!

KATE
What happened!

HARM
He didn't trap. He touched down
long and missed all four wires.

Without waiting, Harm heads for one of the many hatches in
the island.

ROBERTS
(a bit aback)
I didn't know Lieutenant Rabb
served on a carrier, Ma'am.

KATE
Neither did I.

44 INT. PRIMARY FLIGHT CONTROL - DAY

44

Through bullet-proof glass windows, the Air Boss, who's
responsible for all flight operations on the carrier, watches
the Bolter go around. Commander Deke Snyder is muscular, has
a receding hairline and wears a yellow jersey with AIR BOSS
stenciled across the back.

AIR BOSS
That bolter's Lieutenant
Arutti's roommate, CAG. You
sure she should be flying, today?

CAG
(pointed)
If Puller was a man would you
give him the day off to get it
together?

The Air Boss turns back to his status board. A Seaman hands
a red phone to the CAG.

CAG
(into phone)
Skipper.

INTERCUT WITH

45 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - DAY

45

The Skipper of the Seahawk, Captain Eric Ross, is on a red
phone peering down at Harm approaching the island.

SKIPPER
Damn, CAG, he looks like Hammer.

CAG has also been watching Harm.

CAG
Too bad he couldn't fly like him.

SKIPPER
I thought it was a night vision
problem.

CAG
(doubting)
So they say, Skipper.

The skipper hangs up the phone and mulls CAG's response over
in his mind.

ON CAG

He holds the red phone out to the seaman while he watches
Harm disappear below.

46 INT. FLIGHT CONTROL DECK - DAY

46

The three officers enter and as Roberts closes the hatch,
Harm heads for the ladder leading to the upper decks.

ROBERTS
Since you know your way, Sir,
I'll be waiting in the Officer's
Ward Room. I'm also baby sitting
the press today.

Harm stops and looks back at him. Roberts turns red.

ROBERTS
I didn't mean that I'd be baby
sitting you, Sir or....

HARM
(cutting in)
There's a reporter on board?

ROBERTS
Yes, Sir. And a cameraman. They
came to interview Lieutenant
Aruitti before we knew she was
missing. The Skipper ordered me
to sit on them until he decides
what to do.

HARM
When'd they arrive?

ROBERTS
On the morning COD.

Harm exchanges a look with Kate, then starts down the ladder
to the lower decks.

ROBERTS
(alarmed)
Sir! The Skipper's expecting you
on the bridge!

Harm disappears down the ladder and Ensign Roberts turns to
Kate.

ROBERTS
(a plea)
Ma'am....

She's following Harm down the ladder and on Robert's panicked
expression, we....

CUT TO

47 INT. OFFICER'S WARD ROOM - DAY

47

Chuck De Palma, a dedicated war correspondent type who wears
an old flight jacket and jump wings on his NBC baseball cap,
is working on a portable computer at one of the tables. His
cameraman, Mark Borini, is asleep on the floor with his cap
over his eyes. De Palma looks up as the hatch opens.

An armed Marine Sergeant stands back and Harm enters.

DE PALMA
(eyeing the whites)
Hey, Borini, wake up. The Good
Humor man's here.

Kate enters.

DE PALMA
And he's got a Good Humor lady
with him.

Borini shoves the cap up and smiles at the sight of Kate's
legs. Roberts rushes in a moment later.

DE PALMA
(to Harm)
Got any Chocolate Chip?

BORINI
Or Rocky Road.

HARM
(to Roberts)
Think you can rustle up some ice
cream, Ensign?

ROBERTS
Ah, yes, Sir. Right away, Sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Roberts hustles away for the ice cream. Harm takes a chair,
but Kate decides to stand. Borini can't take his eyes off
her legs.

DE PALMA
You catch their insignias,
Borini?

BORINI
(looking up)
Haven't looked that high.

DE PALMA
They're JAG officers. Now what
would a pair of Navy lawyers in
dress whites be doing on a
carrier in the middle of the Med?

Borini shoulders his camera and begins to film Kate from the
bottom up.

BORINI
Whatever it is, I'll tape it.

Kate moves to ruin his shot.

DE PALMA
(studying Harm)
Don't I know you?

HARM
We met once, about fifteen years
ago in Bangkok, Sir.

De Palma narrows his eyes and then connects with a snap of his fingers.

DE PALMA
You're Hammer's kid! Harm!
Harmon Rabb, Jr.
(to Borini)
His old man is an MIA. At
sixteen, he sneaked into North
Vietnam to look for him.
(to Harm)
It was a very gutsy move.

HARM
A very futile one, Sir.

DE PALMA
Doesn't make it any less gutsy.

Kate is surprised. She knew nothing of this.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Roberts enters with a mess boy laden with ice cream
containers.

ROBERTS
(apologetic)
We only have vanilla and
strawberry.

The mess boy sets the ice cream on the table.

HARM
(to Roberts)
Ensign, why don't you and
Lieutenant Pike escort Mister
Borini to the flight deck. I'm
sure he'd like to shoot some B-
roll.
(to Kate)
I'll pick you up on my way to
report.

Kate's eye flash, but she follows Ensign Roberts until she
realizes Borini is filming her butt. She turns and waits for
him to go first.

ON HARM AND DE PALMA

The newsman chuckles and dips his spoon into a container of Strawberry ice cream.

DE PALMA

You grew up.

HARM

It happens.

DE PALMA

I thought you'd be wearing wings like your old man.

Harm doesn't answer and De Palma decides to let it go.

DE PALMA

They hustle you out here from Naples?

HARM

Washington.

DE PALMA

(surprised)

Without a chance to change uniforms? The Navy must have a big problem here.

HARM

We need you to sit on a story for a while.

DE PALMA

I knew it. Bulldog Terry's so hard up for good press he jumped the gun. This female RIO didn't bag those MIGs, did she?

HARM

I don't know.

DE PALMA

Look Harm, I'm ex-Special Forces. I like the military. I won't cover this like the Navy Times, but I'll put a fair slant on it.

HARM

She's missing.

DE PALMA

(surprised)

Missing? Did her plane go down?

HARM
No. She disappeared sometime
last night.

DE PALMA
I can't sit on that!

HARM
I'll give you an exclusive.

DE PALMA
I'm the only reporter here. I
got an exclusive.

HARM
All you have is that she's
missing. Flash that to the world
and the press that doesn't share
your affection for the military
will have a field day speculating
why.

(beat)
I need time.

DE PALMA
To cover up what happened?

HARM
To find out what happened.

De Palma digs into his ice cream as he mulls it over. He
finally looks up.

DE PALMA
Get me a ride over Bosnia and I
won't file for twenty-four hours.

HARM
Forty-eight.

DE PALMA
That'll cost you two rides and an
exclusive.

HARM
I thought you had an exclusive.

De Palma smiles and extends his hand. Harm shakes it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harm stands and hands for the door. De Palma calls after
him.

DE PALMA
Any other Navy Lieutenant offered
me that deal, I'd think he
couldn't deliver.

HARM
(looks back)
I'll deliver.

DE PALMA
Yeah, Harm. I believe you will.

Harm exits and De Palma stabs another big spoonful of ice
cream as we....

CUT TO

48 OMITTED

48

48A INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - DAY

48A

Admitted by a Marine Sergeant, Harm and Kate enter and cross
smartly to the Skipper, who is watching the Air Ops monitor
with the CAG. The Skipper's back is to them as the reporting
officers salute.

HARM
Lieutenants Rabb and Pike
reporting as ordered, Sir.

Instead of returning the salute, the Skipper continues to
stare at the monitor. Both Lieutenants hold their salute.

SKIPPER
Evidently, Lieutenant Rabb, you
believe eating ice cream has
priority over reporting to the
commanding officer.

HARM
No, Sir.

The Skipper swivels his chair around and returns the salute.

SKIPPER
Then you better explain your
actions, Mister.

HARM
I was on my way to report when I
learned a news crew was on board
and being held incommunicado.

SKIPPER

By my orders. Until I know why Lieutenant Aruitti's missing, no damn reporter's going to speculate about it on TV!

(X)
(X)

HARM

I concur, Sir. That's why I was having ice cream with Mister De Palma. He's agreed to sit on the story for forty-eight hours.

The Skipper eyes him sharply, but sits back to listen.

SKIPPER

Must have been great ice cream.

HARM

It was, Sir. But he didn't agree until I promised him a pair of rides over Bosnia.

(X)
(X)

SKIPPER

You promised what!

HARM

Captain, if Mister De Palma doesn't contact his bureau desk soon they'll want to know why. We can't deny he's on board, Sir.

SKIPPER

I can deny any damn thing I want.

HARM

Yes, Sir.

SKIPPER

God damn Captain's privilege.
(turns)

CAG?

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAG levels Harm, who's still at attention, with his eyes.

CAG

My boys aren't here to make tourist flights, Skipper.

(X)

SKIPPER

I guess you made a promise you can't keep, Lieutenant.

HARM

It's in the Navy's interest to keep it, Sir.

SKIPPER

That may be, but I'm not going to over-rule the CAG, especially when I agree with him.

HARM

With all due respect, Sir. I'm in charge of a possible murder investigation which gives me the latitude to authorize those rides.

(X)

CAG

(hard)

Those are my men and machines Lieutenant, and no damn JAG lawyer is going to tell me what to do with them. Understood?

HARM

Yes, Sir. But I respectfully disagree.

SKIPPER

(intervening)

That's enough. We'll discuss the parameters of your authority in a minute.

(beat)

Mister Rabb, you said a murder investigation. You know something I don't, Lieutenant?

HARM

I'm afraid so, Sir.

(beat)

CINC-MED Naples received an encrypted message from the Seahawk at oh-nine-hundred this morning. It contained just three words.

(beat)

She was murdered.

On everyone's reaction, we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

49 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - DAY

49

Trailing a pair of frigates, the super carrier steams into the wind as a flight of Tomcats break smartly across her bow.

50 OMITTED

50

50A INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - DAY

(X)

50A

(X)

The Skipper is on a phone to the officer in charge of the crypto division.

SKIPPER

(into phone)

You have whoever sent that message to CINC-MED on my quarterdeck before sunset, Mister Lubin or you'll spend the rest of your tour sending semaphore to Eskimos!

He slams down the phone in anger.

HARM

That message could have been sent from crypto, a STU-3 or one of the aircraft. It won't be traceable, Sir.

(X)

SKIPPER

Won't isn't in my language, Lieutenant. If Lieutenant Aruitti was murdered, I'll catapult whoever did it off the deck at high noon in front of the ship's company!

HARM

Yes, Sir.

SKIPPER

Your investigation will be given full cooperation, but let me warn the two of you. This is a ship of war, engaged in an action that will most certainly grow in intensity.

(pointed)

I will not have you interfere with the ability of this ship and crew to carry out it's mission.

HARM
Understood, Sir.

SKIPPER
Dismissed.

Harm and Kate snap to attention and salute.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Harm's about to exit, the Skipper calls after him.

SKIPPER
Lieutenant Rabb.

HARM
(turns back)
Yes, Sir.

SKIPPER
How's your mother?

HARM
She's fine, Sir. Opened an art
gallery in La Jolla a few years
ago.

CAG
Still married to that used car
salesman?

HARM
(slight smile)
Yes, Sir.

SKIPPER
Give her my regards the next time
you speak to her.

HARM
I'll do that Skipper.

CLOSE ON HARM AND KATE

She whispers to him as they step through the hatch.

KATE
I thought your step-father was a
senior V.P. at Chrysler?

HARM
He is.

ON THE SKIPPER AND CAG

The Marine on guard closes the hatch and the Skipper turns to CAG.

SKIPPER
Still think Lieutenant Aruitti
committed suicide?

CAG
Yes, Sir.

SKIPPER
(sighs)
Either way, Washington's going to
be on my six.

CAG
It's not your fault, Skipper.
And maybe this will force
Washington to realize a battle
carrier's no place for women.

SKIPPER
(a friend)
CAG, for the sake of your career
keep those opinions to yourself.

CAG's surprised at the Skipper's attitude, but smart enough
to accept it with a nod.

CUT TO

51 INT. O-3 LEVEL LADDER - DAY

51

The JAG officers follow Ensign Roberts down the ladder and
through a passageway. Passing sailors give them a quick
look, surprised to see two officers in whites.

HARM
We didn't have time to grab a
toothbrush. Think you can scare
up a change of uniforms?

(X)
(X)

ROBERTS
I'll be able to find something
for you, Sir. I'm not sure about
Lieutenant Pike.
(to Kate)
Lieutenant Aruitti was about your
size.

(X)

KATE
(appalled)
You're not suggesting I take a
dead officer's uniforms!

ROBERTS
(backpedaling)
No! Of course, not!
(beat)
But, her's are the only ones
you'd fit into, Ma'am.

KATE
Look elsewhere!

ROBERTS
Yes, Ma'am.

HARM
Lieutenant Aruitti was amply
endowed?

Kate shoots Harm a look.

ROBERTS
Very, Sir.

HARM
So she turned a few heads.

ROBERTS
They all do.

KATE
She turn anyone's head in
particular?

ROBERTS
Navy Regs do not permit
fraternization, Ma'am.

HARM
Men and women at sea together for
six months and the Regs don't get
bent a little?

ROBERTS
(nervous)
Not that I'm aware of, Sir.

(X)

They reach another ladder marked FEMALE BERTHING. Roberts
stops and shouts down the ladder.

ROBERTS
(loudly)
Male personnel on deck!
(turns to them)
You have to loudly announce
yourself and wait thirty seconds
before entering.

KATE
(starting down)
Does that include me?

Roberts blinks.

52 INT. FEMALE BERTHING PASSAGEWAY - DAY

52

Kate comes down the ladder. Two female officers poke their heads out of their quarters and exchange greetings with Kate until Harm and Roberts descend the ladder. Roberts stops at the first billet on the passageway and raps on the hatch.

ROBERTS
Lieutenant Puller's flying, but
I like to knock, anyway.

Roberts opens the hatch.

53 INT. ANGELA AND CASSIE'S QUARTERS - DAY

53

The three officers enter and for a moment just take in the room.

HARM
What's Lieutenant Puller's
assignment?

ROBERTS
She flies Tomcats.

HARM
A RIO like Aruitti?

ROBERTS
No, Sir. Lieutenant Puller's a
pilot.

FEATURE HARM

That surprises him. A flicker of jealousy shows in his eyes and Kate notices it.

HARM
(indicating)
Computer.

KATE
Yep.

She sits at the computer and powers it up. Harm turns to Lt. Roberts.

HARM

Want to see what you can do about those uniforms, Ensign?

ROBERTS

Ah, yes, Sir.

He's curious and would like to stay, but puts on a PR smile and leaves.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harm leans over Kate's shoulder as her fingers fly over the keyboard. She is a whiz.

HARM

Anything?

KATE

WINDOWS four point one. Most of the more sophisticated bells and whistles.

(beat)

Here we go. There's two personal codes. She must share the computer with her roommate.

Harm looks at the two photos on the desk.

HARM

I wonder which of these is Lieutenant Aruitti's?

KATE

Mom, Dad and little sister.

HARM

How do you know?

KATE

I just do.

Harm smiles and watches her on the computer.

HARM

Can you get in?

KATE

Of course. Can you?

Harm smiles a touch lecherously and Kate instantly regrets asking the question.

(X)

FEATURE HARM

He crosses to the bunk beds and looks them over. Each has a built-in lock box for valuables. There's nothing to indicate which bunk is Angela's. Harm opts for the top one and goes to work on the combination. Kate glances over at him.

KATE

She sleeps on the bottom.

HARM

Top.

She shrugs and Harm continues to concentrate on the top lock box.

KATE

The usual bet?

HARM

On whether she likes to be on top?

Kate shoots him a dirty look and Harm acts innocently puzzled.

KATE

On who gets in first.

HARM

You've got a head start.

KATE

What a man.

HARM

Thank you, but you've still got a head start.

KATE

You want to bet or whine?

HARM

Both.

SERIES OF INTERCUT SHOTS

Harm and Kate race to see who can crack the codes first. She frantically works the computer as he runs a series of combinations on the lock.

ON THE COMPUTER

The code breaks and the screen fills with file names.

ON KATE

She jerks her hands up from the keyboard and spins around.

KATE

I'm in!

ON HARM

Leaning back against the bunk with folded arms and a big smile. Beside him, the lock box door is open.

WIDER ANGLE

Harm doesn't get any time to gloat. The hatch opens and Cassie enters. Her startled look turns to anger when she sees the open lock box.

CASSIE

What the hell is this!

HARM

A JAG investigation into your shipmate's disappearance. I'm Lieutenant Rabb and this is Lieutenant Pike.

CASSIE

(pissed)

That gives you the right to break into my lock box?

Kate gives Harm an "I told you" look as Cassie slams the lock box shut and tosses her baseball hat onto the bunk.

HARM

I'm sorry, Lieutenant. I thought this was Lieutenant Aruitti's bunk.

CASSIE

What'd you do? Flip a coin or go eenie, meanie, minie, moe?

Before Harm can reply, Cassie notices the computer's up and switches her attack to Kate.

CASSIE

That my program?

KATE

No. Lieutenant Aruitti's.

CASSIE

How'd you get her password?

KATE
I didn't.

FEATURE CASSIE

She reacts, then crosses to her clothing locker and opens it. (X)
With her back to Harm and Kate she unzips her flight suit. (X)

CASSIE
I just came off a long mission (X)
and I need a work out. (X)

HARM
I'll wait outside.

CASSIE
Why? Never seen a naked sailor
before?

Cassie drops her flight suit and flexes her back muscles. (X)

ON HARM AND KATE

They are stunned at how ripped Cassie is. After an exchange
of glances, they go back to work and Cassie puts on her gym
gear and gloves.

ON ANGELA'S LOCK BOX

Harm hits the right combination and opens the box. He
removes her wallet, a pair of gold earrings, a tape recorder
and a circular medication dispenser that surprises him
slightly.

HARM
Birth control pills?

CASSIE
They regulated her period.

Harm and Kate both give her a leery look.

CASSIE
(defensive)
That's what Angela said they were
for and I believed her.

Harm turns on the tape recorder. Nothing. He rewinds and
hits play, again. Still nothing.

CASSIE
She taped her missions and
studied them later. She was
dedicated.

HARM

There's nothing on it.

CASSIE

Guess she erased it when she was done. I have a mission to fly at oh-four hundred. So, when I get back I want you two gone so I can get some sack time.

(X)

HARM

At some point I'll need to interview you.

CASSIE

Angela was a good RIO, a good shipmate and that's all I know.

HARM

You knew she taped her missions and took birth control pills to regulate her period. I'm sure there's other things you know, too.

Cassie gives him a look, then crosses to the hatch.

CASSIE

Stay out of my lock box and my program on the computer.

ON HARM AND KATE

Cassie exits and they turn to each other.

KATE

Did you see the muscles on her!

HARM

I wasn't looking at her muscles.
(re: computer)
Anything?

(X)

KATE

Educational and Flight programs.
A couple of games. And one letter to her...
(taps photo)
...Dad, Mom and little sister.

Harm ignores the dig and reads the letter over her shoulder. He finishes and looks puzzled.

HARM

Notice anything odd?

KATE
(scanning)
No.

HARM
I'll bet that's the first letter
written by a sailor on a six
month cruise that doesn't mention
being lonely.

(X)
(X)

KATE
Women don't get as lonely as men.

Harm flips the birth control pills on the keyboard in front
of her.

HARM
I wonder why?

Kate looks at the pill dispenser, then back to him as we....

CUT TO

54 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - NIGHT

54

A twin-engine E-2C Hawkeye catapults off the deck.

CUT TO

55 INT. OFFICER'S MESS - NIGHT

55

Harm and Kate, still in whites, are eating alone at a corner
table. There are a number of other officers at the cloth
covered tables being served by mess boys. They make a point
of ignoring the JAG officers.

KATE
You sneaked into Hanoi at sixteen
and never told me?

HARM
My Dad was MIA for ten years and
nobody was looking for him
anymore, so I did. That's all
there is to it.

KATE
Sounds kind of heroic to me.

(X)

They are interrupted as Mace and Painter approach the table
in their flight suits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harm and Mace exchange the look of two old adversaries sizing each other up. Mace eyes Harm's dress whites.

MACE

Going to a cocktail party, Harm?

Harm smiles. It's the smile of a gunfighter who doesn't feel like drawing...yet. He turns to Kate.

HARM

Lieutenant Pike, Lieutenant Mace
and....

(X)
(X)

MACE

My RIO, Painter.

(X)

Kate smiles and Painter gives her a small one in return. He's subdued compared to when we saw him earlier. Mace, of course, gives Kate a big grin and the once over.

MACE

(to Harm)

So you're a JAG lawyer now.

HARM

That's right.

MACE

Here to investigate Lieutenant
Arutti's disappearance.

HARM

Right, again.

MACE

It's one way to serve on a
carrier.

Harm's gunfighter smile is still there, but growing a little thin.

MACE

(to Kate)

You two a team?

KATE

Not usually. But CINC-MED needed
some JAG officers out here fast,
so they stuck us together.

(X)

MACE

Is it a match made in heaven?

KATE

We're working on it.

(X)

Mace grins and Painter steps forward.

PAINTER
Any idea who murdered Angela?

HARM
Who said she was murdered? (X)

PAINTER
(nervous)
Scuttlebutt.

HARM
She could have fallen overboard
or committed suicide.

PAINTER
(firm)
Angela wouldn't do that.

HARM
Fall overboard or commit suicide?

PAINTER
(repressing anger)
She wasn't accident prone or
depressed. If she went over the
side, somebody pushed her. (X)
(to Mace) (X)
We got a briefing.

He turns and walks away.

ANGLE ON THE TABLE

Mace watches Painter for a beat, then turns back. (X)

KATE
Was he in love with her? (X)

MACE
I heard they were tight in RIO
school. But, she was an ice
queen on this cruise to everyone.
Even me.

KATE
I take it that's unusual?

MACE
(grins)
Very.

Harm does not like the direction of the conversation or the
twinkle in Kate's eyes.

HARM
Who started this murder
scuttlebutt?

MACE
Don't ask me, Harm. You're the
JAG investigator. I'm just a guy
with gold wings and an F-14 to
play with.

(to Kate)
Come up to the flight deck in an
hour and I'll show you how night
traps are supposed to be done.

He looks to Harm and then exits.

CLOSE ON KATE AND HARM

He's no longer smiling. In fact, he looks like someone gut
punched him.

KATE
He doesn't like you.

(X)

HARM
We're not here to be liked, Kate.

KATE
Oh, he likes me. It's you he has
a problem with. Where do you
know him from?

HARM
We served together a while back.

KATE
Were you a pilot, Harm?

Harm tries to bring the subject back to the investigation.

HARM
I think Lt. Painter may be the
one who sent the message to CINC-
MED.

(X)

KATE
You didn't answer my question.

HARM
That's because it's none of your
business, Kate.

(X)

He holds her surprised eyes for a beat, then exits. We hold
on Kate's reaction for a moment before we....

CUT TO

56 EXT. SEAHAWK SUPERSTRUCTURE - NIGHT

56

The wind is whipping his clothes as he watches night flight OPS on the busy deck below.

MOVING IN ON HARM'S FACE

He watches a Tomcat trap and his mind goes back five years.

(X)

DISSOLVE TO

57 INT. TOMCAT REAR COCKPIT - NIGHT

57

The tinge of concern flicks across the normally smiling blue eyes of the young RIO called Zapper.

ZAPPER

It's pizza night and my stomach's growling. What say we trap this time?

CLOSE ON HARM

In the front cockpit. His eyes squinting as he looks for the carrier in the dark.

HARM

I kinda liked going around in the moonlight.

ZAPPER

What moonlight? It's blacker than my dog's asshole out there.

A smile momentarily flickers across Harm's face, then disappears as he squints into the night.

HARM'S POV - THROUGH WINDSCREEN

He's looking into a black hole.

LANDING OFFICER'S VOICE

(over radio)

One seven three, you're at a mile and a quarter. Check ball.

Still no sign of the carrier.

BACK ON HARM

He reports his ID, that he doesn't have sight of the ball and his fuel status.

HARM
One seven three, Tomcat, Clara,
three point eight.

He dims the cockpit lights until they're almost out.

BEHIND ZAPPER

Peering around the back of Harm's ejection seat he can see the lights of the carrier.

ZAPPER
Bend left, Harm.

ON HARM

He banks left and peers into the night.

HARM'S POV - THRU WINDSCREEN

The green and yellow lights of Optical Landing System wink in and out of his vision.

HARM'S VOICE
One seven three, Tomcat, ball,
three point five.

BACK ON HARM

He keeps his eyes riveted to the flickering orange ball.

LANDING OFFICER'S VOICE
(over radio)
Roger ball.

58 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - NIGHT

58

In a wavering, unsteady descent toward the deck of the carrier.

59 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

59

The white-shirted Landing Officer is monitoring Harm's approach with the wave-off pickle in his hand.

60 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

60

Harm concentrates on centering the ball as Zapper reads out their speed and angle of attack from his instrument panel.

HARM'S POV - THRU THE WINDSCREEN

The lights of the OLS (Optical Lighting System) flicker dimly in his vision even though he's only seconds from touchdown.

61 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

61

The Landing Officer yells into his headset mike.

LANDING OFFICER
Power! Power! Power!

He hits the pickle. Red lights at the top and bottom of the OLS begin flashing.

62 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

62

Harm slams the throttles to max power. Behind him, Zapper fires both ejection seats.

63 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - NIGHT

63

The seats eject and the F-14 slams into the ramp behind the main gear and explodes. Harm's seat clears the huge fireball. Zapper's is consumed by it.

DISSOLVE BACK TO

63A CLOSE ON HARM - TODAY

63A

A Tomcat slamming down on the deck below brings him back to reality. He looks down at the Tomcat for a moment, then turns and disappears into a hatch.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

64 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE NEAR SARAJEVO - NIGHT

64

Milo is swirling black bread through the last of his rabbit stew when the breeze brings the distant drone of a plane to his ears. The big Serb pops the bread into his mouth, wipes his moustache with a wool sleeve and listens. The throaty roar of the engines grow closer. He cleans his hands on greasy trousers and uncovers the Grail missile he's lugged up the mountain on his back.

MILO'S POV - AMERICAN C-130

Almost directly overhead, it begins to descend into the valley of Sarajevo.

BACK ON MILO

He shoulders the weapon, sights and fires.

ON THE C-130

The Grail strikes a fuel cell in the starboard wing, unleashing a fireball that obliterates the aircraft. Over this we....

CUT TO

65 OMITTED

65

65A EXT. FORMAL WASHINGTON GARDEN - DAY - ON LT. CMMDR. LINDSEY

65A

He hurries down a boxwood-edged path following a trail of classical cello notes, hesitates at a fountain for a moment, then walks on, taking us to....

ADMIRAL BROVO

The musician responsible for the beautiful music as he plays a cello besides a reflecting pool. He finishes the piece, savors the moment with his eyes still closed, then without turning....

ADMIRAL BROVO
What is it, Teddy?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
(stepping forward)
You're wanted at the White House,
Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO
(surprised)
The White House? Did they say
why?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
No, Sir. But a flash just came
through that the Serbs downed one
of our C-130s over Sarajevo.

ADMIRAL BROVO
What's the President want me to
do, sue them?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Admiral Brovo hands his cello to Teddy and leads him in a
brisk walk back up the path.

ADMIRAL BROVO
It's that Seahawk incident. If
that missing RIO was male, it
wouldn't have gone beyond his
Group Commander. But lose a
woman at sea and they're calling
me to the White House.

(beat)
Anything new from Lieutenant
Rabb?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Not much, Sir. He still doesn't
know if it was an accident,
murder or suicide.

ADMIRAL BROVO
I don't want to hear suicide or
murder.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
No, Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO
Unless he has insurmountable
proof to the contrary, I want a
finding of accidental death.
Lieutenant Rabb understands that
doesn't he?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Yes, Sir. I made it quite clear.

ADMIRAL BROVO
Did that reporter break the
story?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Not yet, Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO
I wonder what that cost us?

COMMANDER LINDSEY
I don't know, Sir. If you wish,
I'll ask Lieutenant Rabb what he
negotiated.

ADMIRAL BROVO
(cutting in)
No. No. What I don't know I
can't testify to on the hill.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
(touch nervous)
You think there'll be a Senate
investigation, Admiral?

ADMIRAL BROVO
Pro-feminists aren't going to
like a finding of suicide. Anti-
feminists aren't going to like a
finding of murder. So, unless
Lieutenant Aruitti was kind
enough to accidentally fall
overboard, one faction or the
other is going to want a hearing
to attack the credibility of our
investigation.

Commander Lindsey looks uncomfortable.

ADMIRAL BROVO
Don't worry, Teddy. Junior
officers get thrown to the sharks
first. Lieutenant Rabb's the one
sailing into harm's way.

He chuckles at the pun. Lt. Commander Lindsey doesn't get
it.

ADMIRAL BROVO
Harm's way.
(beat)
Lieutenant Rabb's first name is
Harm, Teddy.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Oh. Yes, Sir.

ADMIRAL BROVO

You need a sense of humor, Teddy.
Otherwise people will think
you're a lawyer.

COMMANDER LINDSEY

I am a lawyer, Admiral.

Admiral Brovo shakes his head. They continue up the walk and
we....

CUT TO

66 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - NIGHT

66

Steaming through moderate swells up the Adriatic Coast.

CPO BANNON'S VOICE

It was in the bottom of the
safety net between the tower and
the Number Three Elevator, Sir.

67 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - DAY - CLOSE ON A BASEBALL CAP

67

The BLACK JACKS insignia is embroidered above the bill. Harm
turns the cap over to reveal Lt. Aruitti stenciled on the
inside headband.

WIDER ANGLE

Harm hands the cap to Kate, who examines it as CAG and the
Skipper look on.

HARM

Wouldn't you have to hang over
the deck to see into the bottom
of the net, Chief?

CPO BANNON

Yes, Sir. You see, I was
checking the tie-downs on my
Tomcat before hitting the rack
and when I was done, I laid on
the edge of the deck to watch the
bow wave.

(apologetic)

Been doing it for twenty-six
years, Sir. It gets me in a mood
to sleep.

(beat)

Anyway, Sir, that's how I spotted
the cap in the bottom of the net.

SKIPPER
Thank you, Chief. That'll be
all.

CPO BANNON
Yes, Sir.

The Chief turns to exit, then hesitates as if he has more to
say.

SKIPPER
Yes?

CPO BANNON
I just wanted to say, Lieutenant
Arutti was a nice girl, Skipper.
I'll miss her.

He leaves the bridge, avoiding eye contact with CAG.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The CAG watches Bannon leave, then turns to the Skipper to
explain away the Chief's remark.

CAG
He's used to losing men in
combat, not a woman in suicide.

KATE
How do you know it was a suicide,
Sir?

CAG
You don't stroll off a flight
deck, even at night, Lieutenant.
Too many safety nets. You have
to be blown off or jump.

KATE
Or be thrown off.

CAG
No member of this crew threw a
woman overboard, Lieutenant.

KATE
With all due respect to your
opinion, Sir, there are over five
thousand men on board. (X)

CAG
She committed suicide. (X)

KATE
Was she depressed, Sir? (X)

CAG
I'm not a shrink, Lieutenant.

KATE
She was your RIO and an officer
under your command, Sir. Surely
you have an opinion as to her
mental state.

CAG
(irritated)
Whatever it is, Lieutenant, I'm
not about to discuss it on an
open bridge.

KATE
Well then, where and when, Sir?

CAG
(pissed)
At my damn convenience where I
damn well please!

KATE
Sir, we have to recommend to a
Board of Inquiry what we....

HARM
(intervening)
Lieutenant Pike.

KATE
Sir?

HARM
The CAG has said he will be
interviewed at his convenience.

KATE
(hating it)
Yes, Sir.

CUT TO

68 INT. TOWER LADDER TO O-3 LEVEL - NIGHT

68

Harm comes down the ladder with a testy Kate on his tail.

KATE
We have to talk!

HARM
We do?

KATE
You're damn right we do!

HARM

Sir. Damn right we do, Sir.

Before she replies, they reach the O-3 Level where Ensign Roberts is waiting with an armful of uniforms.

ROBERTS

I found some uniforms, but I can't vouch for the fit, Sir.

KATE

You didn't give me....

(X)

ROBERTS

Oh, no, Ma'am! Lieutenant Puller gave you one of her's.

(X)

(X)

KATE

(surprised)

She did?

ROBERTS

Surprised me, too, Ma'am. She said her uniform would fit you. I guess her upper body muscle and your upper body....

He turns red and immediately takes off down the corridor.

ROBERTS

If you'll stick to my six I'll lead you to your quarters.

Kate glares at Harm who's doing a poor job of stifling his laughter as they follow Ensign Roberts.

MOVING WITH OUR TRIO

Squeezing past a line of crewmen traveling in the opposite direction, they bump into De Palma who immediately reverses to join them.

DE PALMA

So, you found her cap?

HARM

How'd you know?

DE PALMA

I'm a reporter. It's my job.

HARM

Her hat was found in a net....

DE PALMA
(finishing)
...by the Number Three Elevator,
I know. Looks like suicide, huh?

KATE
No!

DE PALMA
Pretty emphatic negative,
Lieutenant Pike. You know
something I don't?

KATE
I don't believe it was suicide.

DE PALMA
Anything to base that on other
than gender identification?

Kate shoots him a hard look.

DE PALMA
Oops. I'm being targeted.
(to Harm)
When do I get those rides?

HARM
Soon.

DE PALMA
Soon better mean tomorrow, Harm.
'Cause if I'm not in the air by
then, my story will be on it.

De Palma reverses his direction and walks away.

CUT TO

69 INT. OFFICER'S BERTHING - NIGHT

69

The hatch opens and Roberts leads them into an empty billet
with two bunks and rolled up bedding. He lays Harm's gear on
a bunk and continues to hold Kate's.

ROBERTS
I also picked up a shaving kit
for you at Ship's Stores, Sir.

HARM
Thank you, Ensign.

ROBERTS
I didn't know what you'd want in
personal toiletries, Ma'am, but
if you'll give me a list....

Kate takes the uniforms he's holding for her.

KATE
That won't be necessary. Now if
you'll excuse us.

ROBERTS
Ma'am, you're in female berthing.

KATE
I remember the way.

ROBERTS
It's a big ship, Ma'am.

KATE
I'm a big girl.

CLOSE ON BOTH

Ensign Roberts glances at Harm and, getting no encouragement, reluctantly exits. Harm unbuttons the stiff collar of his dress whites and lets out a sigh of relief. It's short lived. Kate slams the uniforms down on a bunk and unleashes at him.

KATE
I am twenty-seven years old, a
Harvard law school graduate and
a Lieutenant in the same Navy as
you. Don't treat me as anything
less!

HARM
The CAG was about to send a
Sidewinder up your six.

KATE
I can defend myself!

Harm strips to his shorts and undershirt which doesn't phase, Kate.

HARM
Pissing him off isn't going to
help our investigation.

KATE
Oh, is that a strictly male
prerogative?

(X)

HARM
I know the guy, Kate. I know
when to push and when to walk
away. This was a time to walk
away.

KATE

How do you know the CAG?

HARM

He was my Dad's wingman the day
he went down.

That stops her for a moment.

HARM

You know, Kate, maybe De Palma's
right. Your gender is blinding
your objectivity. At this point
in the investigation the CAG's
suicide theory is as valid as
murder. You'd realize that if
Lieutenant Aruitti wasn't female.

KATE

If she was male, would the CAG be
talking suicide? He knows damn
well that if the first woman in
combat commits suicide, the Navy
will reevaluate the entire
program.

HARM

Okay. You're both prejudice by
your genders.

KATE

And you're not?

HARM

No.

(smiles)

I love the idea of going to sea
with women.

CLOSE ON BOTH

Harm zips up the flight suit and stretches to test the fit.
There's a pair of wings on the name tag. He looks at them.

KATE

Those wings look good on you.

HARM

You know what they say about gold
wings and dress whites.

(closing in)

They'll get you laid anywhere.

Kate and he lock eyes for a moment. They are about to kiss
when....

KATE
Except here.

ON HARM

She ducks under his arm and leaves. He looks back down to the wings on his chest.

CUT TO

69A EXT. ON THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

69A

Soaring high above the Potomac, we sweep across Pennsylvania Avenue and in toward the executive mansion.

69B EXT. WHITE HOUSE GARDEN - DAY

69B

The Military Chief of Staff, their aides and a CIA agent and the Secretary of Defense are holding a heated discussion on the brick patio. Beyond them, through the windows of the Oval Office, President Clinton is seated at his desk speaking with Senate and House leaders. Admiral Terry breaks from the group and crosses to....

ADMIRAL BROVO AND COMMANDER LINDSEY

Standing beneath one of the pillared porticos, they both snap to attention and salute the four star Admiral.

ADMIRAL TERRY
(returning salute)
I heard they dragged you over here.

ADMIRAL BROVO
You didn't send for me, Admiral?

ADMIRAL TERRY
Not me. I'm here to sell the President on an Alpha Strike as payback for that C-130 the Serbs knocked down.

ADMIRAL BROVO
An Alpha Strike! Who was on that bird?

ADMIRAL TERRY
A MASH unit on a humanitarian mission. We lost fifty medical people.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
My God.

Admiral Terry glances toward the Joint Chiefs.

ADMIRAL TERRY

Wayne's trying to weasel a Special Forces raid and Freaky's begging to launch an Air Force strike, but the Secretary likes my idea of an all Navy operation.

ADMIRAL BROVO

That would be a coup, Admiral.

ADMIRAL TERRY

Yeah, we'd finally get some decent press...

(after thought)

...if that missing female on the Seahawk doesn't ruin it. I'm surprised the press hasn't got wind of it.

ADMIRAL BROVO

Actually, there's a network news crew on the Seahawk, but my investigating officer's sitting on them.

(idea)

You know, Admiral, if you get a go on the Alpha Strike you might consider letting that news crew cover it. It could dilute any negatives created by this missing female officer.

ADMIRAL TERRY

Good idea, Al. I'll have my aide get right on it.

ON A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

He opens the door and calls to the group.

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE

The President will see you in the War Room, gentlemen.

FEATURE ADMIRAL BROVO AND LT. COMMANDER LINDSEY

as Admiral Terry steps back to join the others.

ADMIRAL BROVO

Good luck, Admiral.

ADMIRAL TERRY

(knowing)

You too, Al.

They exchange salutes and as he walks away leaving Admiral Brovo puzzled as to why he's there. A female White House Aide walks up to Admiral Brovo and Commander Lindsey.

FEMALE AIDE
Admiral Brovo?

ADMIRAL BROVO
Yes, Ma'am.

FEMALE AIDE
This way, Sir. The First Lady is anxious to hear about your investigation into this missing female officer.

She turns and looks to the Oval Office.

69C THEIR POV - OVAL OFFICE WINDOW

69C

Seated behind the desk is Hillary Clinton.

ON ADMIRAL BROVO AND LT. COMMANDER LINDSEY

On their reactions, we....

CUT TO

70 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

70

The wind has freshened to a steady breeze and the swells are heaving the deck slightly as Ripper and Keeter watch a Tomcat on final. Ripper is holding the pickle.

CASSIE'S VOICE
(over radio)
One six six, Tomcat, ball, four point eight.

RIPPER
Roger ball.

He studies the video monitor with growing irritation.

RIPPER
One six six. You're below the glide path. Below the glide path.

71 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

71

Cassie concentrates on the ball as she flies the big fighter through turbulent air.

RIPPER'S VOICE
(over radio)
One six six, do you still have
the ball?

CASSIE
(irritated)
One six six. Roger, ball.

72 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

72

Keeter shouts into Ripper's ear as he leans against the wind.

KEETER
Considering the conditions, she's
doing okay.

RIPPER
She's doing squat. That bitch
couldn't fly a weather balloon.
(hitting the pickle)
One six six. Go around! Go
around!

The red lights on the OLS begin flashing.

73 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

73

Cassie curses in frustration and shoves the throttles to max
power.

74 EXT. ON THE SEAHAWK - NIGHT

74

Cassie's Tomcat roars over the slant deck and banks away into
the dark spewing twin cones of flame from its afterburners.

75 INT. PRI-FLY BRIDGE - NIGHT

75

The Air Boss checks the status board and decides to send
Cassie to Alviano, Italy to land and refuel.

AIR BOSS
One six six. Seahawk. You're
approaching bingo fuel. I'm
going to....

The CAG's hand touches his shoulder.

AIR BOSS
One six six. Stand by one.

CASSIE'S VOICE
One six six.

CAG
Blue water rules, Deke.

AIR BOSS
Yes, Sir. But we're getting a pretty good swell and she's had two wave offs. She could refuel at Alviano and return at dawn.

CAG
One more pass. If she doesn't trap, bingo her to Alviano.

AIR BOSS
One six six, say your fuel?

CASSIE'S VOICE
One six six. Three point eight.

The Air Boss looks to the CAG.

CAG
One more pass.

AIR BOSS
One six six. Seahawk. Bring it home.

CASSIE
One six six. Roger.

A seaman hangs up a phone and turns to the CAG.

SEAMAN
CAG. The Captain requests you to the bridge, Sir.

The CAG looks to the deck.

76 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

76

A Tomcat roars in and perfectly traps the Number Three wire.

77 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

77

Mace and Painter are jerked to a stop by their harnesses.

78 INT. PRIMARY FLIGHT CONTROL BRIDGE - NIGHT

78

CAG grunts to the Air Boss as if to say, "What's so difficult?" and walks out. The Air Boss watches him leave, then turns to the monitors.

79 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - NIGHT

79

The Skipper is watching the monitors as the CAG enters.

CAG

You sent for me, Skipper?

SKIPPER

CINC-MED's ordering us to stand-
by for strike orders within the
next twenty-four hours.
Operation Payback.

(X)

CAG

Retaliation for that C-130?

(X)

SKIPPER

Looks like it.

(X)

CAG

Probably nothing more than flying
CAP for a couple of Warthogs.

SKIPPER

(smiles)

I hope you're right.

The CAG turns to leave, but the Skipper continues.

SKIPPER

CINC-MED also directed me to give
that TV reporter our full
cooperation.

(X)

(X)

The CAG doesn't even try to mask his anger.

SKIPPER

(rationalizing)

I think it's a coincidence, CAG.
If Hammer's kid had gone over our
heads, CINC-MED would have
specified rides over Bosnia.

(X)

CAG

You really believe that, Skipper?

SKIPPER

Hell, CAG. I sure would like
too.

CUT TO

80 EXT. CASSIE'S TOMCAT - NIGHT

80

It roars past and banks in on final.

81 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

81

Cassie's RIO, BUSTER, a black Lieutenant JG on his first cruise, peeks around Cassie's ejection seat.

BUSTER

You had to out-press him, didn't you?

CASSIE

He can't wave us off forever.

BUSTER

That's true. We'll be out of fuel soon.

RIPPER'S VOICE

One six six. Quarter mile. Call the ball.

CASSIE

One six six. Tomcat. Ball. Two point seven.

82 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

82

Keeter yells in Ripper's ear.

KEETER

Two-seven isn't enough fuel to bingo to Alviano!

RIPPER

Then she better trap.
(into mic)

One six six, you are below the glidepath. Again.

83 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

83

Cassie is ready to unleash a missile at Ripper.

84 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

84

Ripper shakes his head and yells.

RIPPER

She's too low!

KEETER

She's bringing it up!

RIPPER

Not enough!

Ripper hits the pickle and the red lights flash.

85 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT 85

Cassie grits her teeth and ignores the flashing red lights.

CASSIE
Not this time, asshole.

86 EXT. ON THE FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT 86

Cassie's Tomcat screams over the ramps and slams down catching the Number One wire.

87 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT 87

Cassie and Buster slam to a stop and Cassie lets out a victory yell.

88 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT 88

They watch Cassie retract the hook and taxi the Tomcat across the foul line.

KEETER
Damn! That was close!

RIPPER
Yeah.
(wistfully)
Maybe next time she won't be so lucky.

Ripper grins and turns to look for the next Tomcat in the pattern. We hold on Keeter's reaction a beat, then....

89
thru OMITTED
93

89
thru
93

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

94 EXT. ON THE SEAHAWK - DAY 94

The Super Carrier cuts a wide wake through the Adriatic as she turns into the wind.

95 OMITTED 95

95A INT. PRI-FLY - DAY - CLOSE ON VIDEO MONITOR 95A

The black and white PLATS video (deck eye-view of landings) is replaying Cassie's last approach from the night before.

RIPPER'S VOICE

The deck was rising and her approach was low. I had no choice but to wave her off, Sir.

WIDER ANGLE

The CAG, wearing a flight jacket and smoking a cigar, leans back in his chair. Before him, Ripper, Cassie and Keeter are standing at ease, watching the monitor. In the background the Air Boss and his crew conduct operations. (X)

CAG

Keeter?

KEETER

(hesitant)

She was a bit low, Sir.

CASSIE

I made the trap, Sir.

On the monitor, the F-14 lands right into the camera. CAG turns and faces the three officers.

CAG

You caught the Number One wire which means your tail cleared the ramp by three feet.

CASSIE

Sir, I was Bingo fuel and knew I could make it.

CAG

Well, hell, Lieutenant, why have LSOs at all? We may as well save the Navy the money. Put these men back in the cockpit where they'd rather be anyway.

RIPPER

(smiles)

Yes, Sir.

CAG

Lieutenant you have the worst trap record on the ship. I'm not sure you could land a Tomcat at Dulles without a wave-off.

(beat)

If you ever ignore an LSO again, your next flight will be a one-way trip on the COD to Naples.

CASSIE

Yes, Sir.

CAG

Dismissed.

All three officers snap to attention, salute and exit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Before he goes through the hatch, the CAG calls after Ripper.

CAG

Ripper.

RIPPER

Yes, Sir?

The others close the hatch. Ripper returns and stands at attention while the CAG replays the tape.

CAG

Don't like female pilots, do you, Son?

RIPPER

(relaxing)

No, CAG. I don't.

CAG

Neither do I. Don't believe they have the stomach for combat.

RIPPER

You got that right, CAG.

The CAG turns back in his chair to face Ripper.

CAG

But if one of my LSOs ever intentionally waved a pilot off because she was a female...

(more)

(X)

CAG (Cont'd)
I'd keel haul him.
(beat)
We understand each other, Mister?

Ripper pales and comes to a rigid brace.

RIPPER
Yes, Sir.

CAG
Dismissed.

Ripper salutes, does an about face and exits.

FEATURE HARM

(X)

A red-faced Ripper steps past him. Harm watches him go, then approaches the CAG who's signing papers handed to him by one of the junior officers.

(X)

(X)

HARM
Could I have a word with you,
Sir?

CAG
(glancing up)
Where'd you get the flight suit?

HARM
Ensign Roberts appropriated it.
Sir, if I could have a moment to
discuss Lieutenant Aruitti?

CAG
I've got a mission to fly.

The CAG hands the papers to the officer and exits Pri-fly with Harm following.

(X)

96 OMITTED

96
(X)

97 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER - DAY

97

They enter the Seahawk's war-fighting center, a dimly lit room filled with monitors, display screens and radar scopes. CAG looks over the displays as Harm talks to him.

(X)

HARM
How did Lieutenant Aruitti
perform on that last mission?

CAG
It's all in the debrief.

HARM

I've read it. Terse and to the point, but it doesn't tell me much about her performance.

CAG

I have nothing to say beyond the report.

HARM

The first time in combat can be confusing.

CAG

How would you know?

HARM

My father told me.

That stops the CAG. He looks sharply at Harm.

CAG

You were five when Hammer went down.

HARM

He sent Mom eighteen letter tapes from Nam. I've listened to them a hundred times.

Something about that disturbs the CAG. He grabs his mission profile packet from an officer and takes off through the hatch at the other end of the room.

98 INT. 0-3 LEVEL CORRIDOR - DAY

98

Harm's on the CAG's six as he exits the CDC.

HARM

Lieutenant Aruitti made tapes, too.

CAG

Is that how you get your kicks, Lieutenant? Listening to private tapes she sent home?

(X)

HARM

They weren't letters home, Sir. She taped her missions.

(X)

CAG

(surprised)

You have a tape of our mission?

HARM

No, Sir. She erased it.

CAG
Too bad. It would have saved me
this inquisition.

The CAG heads for a hatch marked Squadron Ready Room.

99 INT. SQUADRON READY ROOM - DAY

99

Mace and Painter are lacing up their G-Suits and a Seaman is helping De Palma into one as the CAG enters. They snap to attention and salute.

CAG
You sure you're up to this Mister
De Palma?

DE PALMA
No problem, Captain. The Air
Force gave me a ride in an F-16
and I did fine.

The CAG grunts and opens a locker to get his G-Suit and helmet.

CAG
Lieutenant Mace, take Mister De
Palma topside. Familiarize him
with the cockpit and ejection
procedures.

MACE
Aye, Aye, Sir.

CAG
Mister De Palma we will be flying
a Tomcat modified for recon and
training missions. There's a
complete set of controls in your
cockpit, but if you touch
anything other than your dick
I'll eject you over the Adriatic
and forget where I did it.

(X)

DE PALMA
(chuckles)
Yes, Sir.

Mace leads them out.

FEATURE HARM

Mace whispers to him on his way out.

MACE
You want a ride, Harm?

Mace grins and exits. De Palma passes giving Harm a 'thumbs up'. Painter just stares at Harm as he exits.

CAG
You don't seem too popular,
Lieutenant.

HARM
Your debrief says you took one
MIG with a Sidewinder and other
with 20 Mike-Mike.

CAG
That's right.

HARM
You had Phoenix missiles.

CAG
Right, again.

HARM
Why risk a thirty-five million
dollar fighter in a knife fight,
if you don't have to?

CAG
I didn't view it as a risk. Are
we through, Lieutenant?

HARM
One last question, Sir.
(beat)
Were you testing her guts or
yours?

The CAG stares at him for a moment.

CAG
Because of your old man, I didn't
hear that, Lieutenant. But, if
you care to repeat it....

(X)

The CAG stares hard at him for a moment, then grabs his
helmet and exits.

(X)

CLOSE ON HARM

He stands alone in the room. Looking around, it strikes him
just how much he misses carrier flying.

LOUD SPEAKER
Lieutenant Rabb report to Crypto
on the Oh-two level. Lieutenant
Rabb to Crypto.

CUT TO

100 INT. 0-2 LEVEL ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

100

Kate is waiting with an armed Marine and a lineman-sized Lieutenant named ZANE LUBIN outside a hatch marked: CRYPTO ROOM - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Harm appears and Kate introduces him to Lieutenant Lubin.

KATE
Lieutenant Rabb. Lieutenant
Lubin.

Harm nods, a bit bewildered, as Zane Velcros a red and blue Visitor ID tag like the one Kate's wearing, onto his flight suit.

KATE
Zane and I went to the Academy
together.

ZANE
I wouldn't have graduated without
her.

He opens the hatch and leads them inside.

CLOSE ON HARM AND KATE

He looks at her with a raised eyebrow.

KATE
I helped him get through
calculus.

She pushes him inside and the Marine closes the hatch behind them.

101 INT. CRYPTO ROOM - DAY

101

There are three other rated sailors and a Chief Warrant Officer in this area jammed full of computer and radio equipment. They glance up at Harm and go about their business. Kate leads Harm to a computer station with headsets and sits at the desk. She smiles at Zane.

KATE
Thanks, Zane.

ZANE
(smiles)
I'll collect, later.

CLOSE ON HARM AND KATE

Zane grabs a stack of messages and moves to his desk. Harm gives Kate a suspicious eye.

HARM
Collect what?

Instead of answering, Kate hands Harm a headset and puts one on herself.

KATE
Listen.

Kate hits the PLAY button on a tape deck. The voices are faint, with gaps in the conversation.

ANGELA'S VOICE
Two targets...
(unintelligible)
...looks like MIG-21s.

CAG'S VOICE
You have them on video?

HARM
(stunned)
It was erased.

KATE
But not recorded over.

ANGELA'S VOICE
(unintelligible)
...violators have been Fishbeds.

CAG'S VOICE
We don't guess in this man's
Navy.

KATE
Zane helped me restore it.

CAG'S VOICE
Did I request a Phoenix?
(unintelligible)
Stand it down.

ANGELA'S VOICE
(unintelligible)
We're taking them both on?

CAG'S VOICE
You have a problem with that,
Lieutenant?

ANGELA'S VOICE
I lost them!

CAG'S VOICE
(unintelligible)
...are you with me?

ANGELA'S VOICE
To hell and back, Sir.

Kate snaps off the recorder, removes the headset and looks up to Harm.

KATE
He was busting her butt, Harm.

HARM
She was questioning his decisions, Kate.

KATE
Maybe the questions were valid...
(a dig)
...like the ones I ask you. (X)

HARM
That's fine in an investigation.
Not in combat. She sounds shaky.
Hesitant.
(beat)
Scared.

Harm puts the headset down and walks away.

CUT TO

102 OMITTED

102A INT. O-2 LEVEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Harm exits the Crypto room with Kate on his heels.

KATE
So, she was scared. It was her first time in combat, why shouldn't she be scared?

Harm continues walking without answering.

KATE
Hello? Are you receiving me?

HARM
(theorizing)
She probably wanted this since she was a kid. Put her entire life into becoming a Naval aviator. Then on her first combat mission, she finds she doesn't have the right stuff. (X)

KATE
According to the CAG.

102
(X)
102A
(X)

(X)

HARM
Who better to know?

KATE
(incredulous)
So a few harsh words and she
commits suicide?

HARM
People have done it for less.

KATE
(pissed)
You mean women, don't you.

HARM
Come on, Kate. I'm not a
chauvinist.

KATE
Yes, you are. You just don't
know it.
(beat)
Harm, if you write this up as a
suicide I'll submit a dissenting
position.

HARM
You can't. We're not a Board of
Inquiry, we're a two-man team and
the senior member writes the
finding.

(X)
(X)

KATE
Two-man?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harm stops and lets out a sigh.

HARM
Okay So, I'm a little
chauvinistic.
(smiles)
I thought you found that sexy.

KATE
(not buying in)
Not in an investigation.

HARM
Kate, I'm like a hung jury. I
need something solid to swing me
one way or the other.

KATE

Zane believes that message to CINC-MED was sent from one of the aircraft. I checked the logs and guess who was flying at the time CINC-PAC received it?

HARM

Mace and Painter.

(X)

KATE

Right.

HARM

That doesn't prove she was murdered. Lt. Painter was in love with her. He wouldn't want her death to look like suicide anymore than Lt. Puller, who also could have sent that message from a STU-3.

(X)

KATE

Zane didn't think it originated from a STU-3.

HARM

(irritated)

When did Zane join our investigation?

KATE

I'm looking for answers.

HARM

What else did Zane, who's going to collect later, tell you?

CLOSER ON BOTH

Kate stares at him for a beat, then leans in and whispers.

KATE

He said he knew a secure area in the fantail where he and I could do it.

She stares coldly into his eyes for a moment before walking off very pissed. Realizing how stupidly he behaved, Harm softly bangs his head against the bulkhead as we....

CUT TO

103 EXT. CLEAR BLUE ADRIATIC SKY - DAY 103

Tomcats slide past at 30,000 feet headed for the rugged Dalmatian Coast.

104 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY 104

Sweating, De Palma films with a small video camera and narrates into a tiny mike he's slipped over the edge of his oxygen mask.

DE PALMA

The altimeter reads thirty thousand feet. Not a foot above or a foot below. This pilot is precise.

CAG

(radio)

Seahawk. CAG. Feet Dry. (X)

DE PALMA

(into recorder)

The CAG has just called Feet Dry. Meaning we have crossed the Dalmatian Coast and are entering the No Fly Zone.

CAG

Mister De Palma. How are you doing?

DE PALMA

A little warm. Other than that, just fine.

CAG

I'm afraid you're in for a dull ride. AWACS says it doesn't look like the Serbs want to play, today.

DE PALMA

Too bad. I was looking forward to a dog fight.

CAG

How about if I simulate what happened last time?

DE PALMA

That would be great!

CAG

(radio)

Combat Spread. Cover my six.

MACE'S VOICE
(radio)
Roger.

De Palma looks out his left side to see Mace's Tomcat slide wide and away.

CAG
Harness locked?

DE PALMA
(checking)
Locked.

CAG
At five miles we picked up their
missiles inbound. I release
Chaff and....

105 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - DAY 105

The big fighter snap rolls and dives away.

CAG'S VOICE
...broke hard right.

106 INT. TOMCAT REAR COCKPIT - DAY 106

De Palma's nearly knocked silly, his helmet slamming from one side of the cockpit to the other as the CAG puts the Tomcat through a series of snap rolls.

CAG'S VOICE
Full afterburner. Nine G turn.
And we're on his six.

107 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - DAY 107

Spinning, rolling and looping through the sky.

CAG'S VOICE
Whoever breaks first goes to
hell. (X)

108 INT. TOMCAT REAR COCKPIT - DAY 108

De Palma doesn't have any idea which way is up and neither does his stomach.

109 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - DAY 109

Watching from the sidelines, Mace is in hysterics and even Painter's eyes twinkle.

110 EXT. WIDE ON THE TOMCAT - DAY 110

Barrel rolling through the sky.

CAG'S VOICE
Steady. Steady. We get a shot!

CUT TO

111 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER - DAY 111

Harm and Kate enter the blacked out room and he checks the illuminated Lucite Status Board, behind which enlisted men write backwards the disposition of all aircraft in the air. Harm turns to the Officer behind the center console.

HARM
What's Lieutenant Mace's ETA?

CATCC OFFICER
Fifteen minutes. CAG's returning their section early.

Harm and Kate exchange a look.

CUT TO

112 INT. TOMCAT FRONT COCKPIT - DAY 112

The CAG checks the mirror above his head.

CAG
A hundred percent oxygen usually helps.

113 INT. REAR COCKPIT - DAY 113

De Palma looks green as he takes another suck of oxygen, then pulls his mask away and pukes into the plastic bag.

114 EXT. ON CAG'S FLIGHT OF TWO FIGHTERS - DAY 114

They streak across the mountains and out to sea.

CUT TO

115 EXT. LUIGI'S GREEN AND WHITE DORY - DAY 115

The Italian fisherman is squinting up into the sky as the fighters thunder past high in the blue. Luigi looks back to the net he is pulling in. He blinks and looks closer.

LUIGI'S POV - FISHING NET

Caught in the net with the fish is a body.

CLOSER ON THE BODY

It rolls in the net revealing a **SNARLING WOLF** on the back of the water-logged flight jacket.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

116 EXT. NAPLES, ITALY - DAY

116

A few high-rises have sprung up from the crumbling red brick ruins, but for the most part this ancient city has stubbornly resisted the intrusion of modern glass and steel.

117 EXT. MED-COM NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY

117

Surrounded by date palms taller than it's third story red tile roof, this yellow building with green shutters was once a palazzo of the Borghese's. Harm, in dress whites, is walking through the gardens with CINC-MED's forensic pathologist, Commander Dooley. They pass a Marine drill squad in BDUs executing a Queen Anne Salute. A number of patients and doctors are in the background.

(X)

CMD. DOOLEY

I doubt we'll be able to determine if it was an accident, suicide or murder. I can't even tell you the time of death.

HARM

You've done an autopsy?

CMD. DOOLEY

Oh, yes. Lieutenant Aruitti suffered a pelvic fracture and ruptured spleen, which are impact traumas consistent with high falls. But the cause of death was a wet drowning.

HARM

There are dry drownings?

CMD. DOOLEY

Occasionally. The victim suffers a sudden laryngospasm caused by water in the throat. But, this victim died from aspirating large volumes of sea water into her lungs.

Commander Dooley leads Harm inside through French doors.

(X)

118 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

118

The Commander and Harm enter. Their shoes click across the tile floor as they pass a Nurse's Station to an alcove guarded by a Marine in a khaki shirt and dress blue trousers. The Marine snaps to attention.

CMD. DOOLEY

The spleen injury might have been fatal if not immediately treated.

HARM

So it contributed to her death.

CMD. DOOLEY

In so far as it inhibited her ability to swim. She probably sank and held her breath as long as possible. Then, fighting for air, she swallowed sea water until her respiration stopped.

The Commander opens a door marked MORGUE.

(X)

119 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

119

The open door reveals a spartan room equipped with body lockers, an autopsy table, scale, fluid tank and an instrument tray. In the center of the room a body lies under a green sheet. Harm is momentarily stunned by the Kafkaesque scene.

(X)

FEATURE HARM

He follows Commander Dooley to the table. The Pathologist lifts the sheet to reveal Angela's remains. Harm stares at her naked body for a moment, then nods. The Commander covers the body and closes the locker.

(X)

HARM

Do you have her personal affects?

The Commander opens a box on the desk and pulls out her flight jacket, uniform, one shoe and dog tags.

CMD. DOOLEY

One shoe was missing. There were no rings, bracelets or wallet. Just dog tags, panties, her tans and this flight jacket.

Harm picks up the jacket.

ON THE FLIGHT JACKET

The SNARLING WOLF and LOBO are cracked from exposure to sea water, but still quite visible.

ON HARM AND CMD. DOOLEY

Harm puts the jacket back on the desk.

HARM
Anything else you can tell me,
Commander?

CMD. DOOLEY
Just that she suffered a slow,
agonizing death.

On Harm's expression, we....

CUT TO

120 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SEAHAWK - DAY

120

The setting sun glints off the massive carrier as it turns
into the wind to launch aircraft.

121 EXT. SEAHAWK SIGNAL BRIDGE - DAY

121

Painter, wearing a flight jacket, is watching the activity on
the deck below when Kate steps through the hatch and joins
him. The wind nearly blows her over and he gives her a hand
until she can grip the rail. (X)

KATE
Wow! It wasn't blowing this hard
below.

PAINTER
We just turned into the wind to
launch.

KATE
(watching)
Intruders?

PAINTER
Yes, Ma'am.

They watch another Intruder fire off the catapult and climb
away. (X)

KATE
Painter. What's Lieutenant Mace
got against my partner?

Painter doesn't speak for a moment, then....

PAINTER
He thinks Lt. Rabb screwed the
pooch on a night trap and got his
RIO killed.

KATE
Did he screw the pooch?

PAINTER

Board of Inquiry didn't think so. They said an eye infection impaired his night vision and his RIO panicked. Punched them both out over the ramp. Of course, as Mace says, the RIO wasn't around to tell it different.

ANOTHER ANGLE

(X)

A Signalman joins them and begins to hoist pennants. They move slightly down the superstructure and out of his earshot.

PAINTER

You're a lawyer, Lieutenant. If I tell you something, would it stay between us?

KATE

I'm not your lawyer. I'm the Navy's. If you have something to tell me about Lieutenant Aruitti it won't be privileged. But, I'll do what I can to keep it confidential.

Painter considers that for a moment before speaking.

PAINTER

Angela wrote a letter of resignation after her last mission. Felt she didn't have the guts for combat.

KATE

(stunned)

She resigned her commission?

PAINTER

I talked her out of it. Hell, at times we're all scared up there. Guys just hide it.

(intense)

That's why I know she didn't commit suicide. Angela wasn't going to quit. She was going back to her quarters to erase that letter from her computer.

KATE

Back from where?

PAINTER
The COD. It's tied-down at night
aft of the Number Three Elevator.
We'd meet there to be alone.

(X)

KATE
(shocked)
You were her lover!

PAINTER
No, Ma'am. I was her husband.

On Kate's reaction, we....

CUT TO

122 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - DAY

122

The twin-engined C-2A Greyhound crosses over the ramp and
traps a wire.

HARM'S VOICE
She and Painter? Married!

(X)

MOVING WITH HARM AND KATE

Wearing tans, he carries a small flight bag and a package
across the flight deck from the Greyhound to the tower.

KATE
The Navy would never allow them
to serve on the same ship, so
they kept their marriage secret.

HARM
But, there wasn't any letter of
resignation in her computer.

KATE
Yes, there was. We missed it the
first time because the file had
been deleted. But, all that does
is erase the file name so the
data can't be accessed. The data
itself is still in the memory
bank. It took a while, but I dug
it out.

HARM
You're never going to use my
computer, again.

(X)
(X)
(X)

KATE
Angela changed her mind, Harm.
She erased her letter of
resignation. You don't do that
and commit suicide!

As Harm mulls that over he hands her the package.

HARM
Here's the uniforms you wanted.

KATE
(taking the package)
Thanks. I'll pay you when we get
back.

HARM
I couldn't remember if you said
a B or a D cup.

KATE
(ignores that)
Are we in agreement that
Lieutenant Aruitti didn't commit
suicide?

HARM
Looks that way.

KATE
Good. Then, we're dealing with
a murder and I'd like to nominate
the CAG.

HARM
Based on what? Giving you a hard
time? You've got to come up with
a better argument than that,
Counselor.

KATE
He doesn't want women playing
with his boy's toys. So, he puts
Angela into a very tricky
dogfight hoping she'll screw the
pooch. Whether she does or
doesn't, it fills her with enough
doubt to decide to resign. Then
Painter changes her mind. She
deletes the letter and decides to
stick it out. Realizing she's
not going to resign, CAG....

HARM
(sudden)
Wait a minute. When did she
delete the letter?

KATE
Obviously after Painter talked
her out of....

(X)

She realizes the point Harm's making.

HARM
She never made it back to her
quarters. She went overboard.
(beat)
Someone else had to delete that
letter, Kate.

(X)

On Kate's reaction, we....

CUT TO

123 INT. HANGER BAY GYM - DAY - CLOSE ON CASSIE

123

Sneaking up on Ripper, who's pressing weights alone.

CLOSE ON RIPPER

His face is red and the cords on his neck stand out as he
tries to press a huge stack of weights. He's surprised when
the bar is suddenly lifted from him.

RIPPER'S POV - CASSIE

Standing over him, holding the weights. Her eyes are cold.
Suddenly she releases the bar.

BACK ON RIPPER

He catches the bar, but the sudden drop drives it to within
a few inches of his neck. Cassie leans over and adds down
pressure to the bar. Ripper's muscles strain as he fights to
keep the bar from crushing his larynx.

CASSIE
(slowly)
Next time you wave me off for no
reason....

She exerts a little more down pressure until the bar is
choking Ripper. Then she jerks the weights up onto the rest
with a deck-shuddering thud. Ripper gasps and sucks for air
as Cassie walks away.

ON HARM AND KATE

(X)

Converging on Cassie, having witnessed what just went down.

HARM
What was that about?

CASSIE
Ripper's been giving me
unnecessary wave-offs.
(looks back)
He won't do it, again.

HARM
You're a tough lady, Lieutenant.
You'd do just about anything to
prove women belong out here.

CASSIE
(wary)
Just about.

HARM
Maybe even toss one overboard to
have a dead hero instead of a
live quitter.

CASSIE
Angela wasn't a quitter.

KATE
We found her letter of
resignation.

CASSIE
(surprised)
I deleted it.

KATE
You deleted the file name, not
the file. I dug it out of the
computer.

Cassie shakes her head in disbelief, then turns to Harm.

CASSIE
And you think I threw her
overboard?

HARM
You're strong enough.

CASSIE
If I was bent like that there's
a couple of guys who'd have gone
over long ago.

HARM
I'm convening a Board of Inquiry
in Naples at thirteen hundred
tomorrow. You'll have to be
there.

CASSIE

I didn't murder Angela, so I'm not afraid to face a Board of Inquiry, but it will have to wait. Scuttlebutt says there's a mission coming up.

HARM

I can't delay an inquiry based on scuttlebutt.

CASSIE

Damn it, you were a pilot. You know what flying the real thing means to me.

HARM

I'm sorry.

CASSIE

(to Kate)

This is our chance to prove we belong here.

(X)
(X)

Kate lowers her eyes. Cassie looks back to Harm.

(X)

CASSIE

I guess Mace was right about you.

(X)

She walks off, clucking softly.

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kate feels for Harm, but before she can say anything Ripper swaggers up to them wiping the sweat off with a towel.

(X)

RIPPER

So Angela's body was recovered.

HARM

A fisherman found it, yesterday.

RIPPER

Damn shame. She was a good kid.

KATE

She wasn't a kid.

Ripper flashes a smirking smile.

RIPPER

You know I saw Lieutenant Puller by the Number Three Elevator the night Angela went overboard. She was kind of hiding in the shadows.

KATE
Hiding in the shadows or just
getting a little air?

RIPPER
Looked more like hiding to me.

KATE
You aren't saying this to get her
in trouble, are you?

RIPPER
Damn right I am. But that
doesn't change her being there.

HARM
Why would Lieutenant Puller kill
her?

RIPPER
(shrugs)
I don't know. A lover's quarrel?

On that, he walks away.

CLOSE ON HARM AND KATE

She turns to him, furious as hell.

KATE
What an asshole!

HARM
That doesn't mean he's lying.

On Kate's reaction, we....

CUT TO

124 OMITTED

124

124A INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE PLOT ROOM - NIGHT

124A

The Skipper is standing over the VTR map of the Adriatic.
Harm and Kate are at ease before him.

(X)

SKIPPER
You suspect Lieutenant Aruitti
was murdered, but you don't know
who did it?

HARM
No, Sir.

SKIPPER

(irritated)

If I ran the Seahawk the way you
two run an investigation, I'd be
skippering a submarine at
Disneyland.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

Well, what do you JAG lawyers
propose to do?

HARM

I'm convening a Board of Inquiry
to question certain officers
under oath that may be able to
shed light on Lieutenant
Aruitti's disappearance.

SKIPPER

Which officers?

HARM

Lieutenants Puller, Painter,
Carter and the CAG.

(X)

SKIPPER

You think one of them threw her
overboard!

HARM

I don't know, Sir. I do believe
they'll be able to shed light on
her disappearance.

The Skipper mulls it over for a moment.

SKIPPER

Well, your Board of Inquiry is
going to have to wait,
Lieutenant.

HARM

The scuttlebutt is true, Sir?

SKIPPER

It usually is.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The hatch opens and a number of squadron officers enter, led
by the CAG.

(X)

SKIPPER

Gentlemen, we've received our
orders. We're to launch an Alpha
strike at eighteen hundred hours.

The officers cheer and even the CAG's normal scowl breaks into a grin. The Skipper begins passing out target packets.

SKIPPER

Our targets will be twenty-eight SAM sites around Sarajevo and their command control center at Foca.

ON HARM AND KATE

They step back as the CAG and his men crowd in around the Skipper's desk.

KATE

(whispers)

What's an Alpha Strike?

HARM

Everything we've got.

We MOVE IN on Harm, whose expression reminds us of the only kid who wasn't picked to play ball.

CUT TO

125 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - LATE AFTERNOON

125

The setting sun beams the super carrier with a golden glow as it steams with it's flight deck filled with planes.

126 INT. OFFICER'S WARD ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

126

Harm looks glum as he sips coffee with Kate and De Palma. Ensign Roberts and a messboy are the only others in the room.

DE PALMA

I puked my guts out.

HARM

Was your cockpit hot?

DE PALMA

(surprised)

Yeah. It was.

HARM

He turned up your heat. A little heat, a couple of negative Gs and Captain Midnight would have puked in the back seat.

KATE

Why is he so damn abusive?

DE PALMA

I guess it's his way of telling me I don't belong up there.

KATE

He doesn't believe anyone belongs up there except his chosen few.

(X)

HARM

He's right.

KATE

He's not right. What gives that bastard the right to decide who belongs up there and who doesn't?

HARM

Twenty-five years and a thousand traps.

DE PALMA

It doesn't matter. Ensign Roberts has arranged for me to be filmed in a cockpit after the strike.

ROBERTS

(quickly)

On the deck. Not in the air.

DE PALMA

With Mark's camera angles, I'll come off looking like Tom Cruise.

Their laughter is cut short when the CAG enters in his flight suit. He pours a cup of coffee from the urn.

CAG

Ready for your second ride, Mister De Palma? I've got an ATARS mission in ten minutes.

DE PALMA

To tell you the truth, CAG, I don't think I could ride an elevator without puking.

The CAG grunts and sips his coffee.

CLOSE ON HARM

He seizes the opportunity.

HARM

I'll take it.

The others look to Harm with surprise.

CLOSE ON THE CAG

His eyes narrow as he sips the coffee, then he smiles slightly.

CAG
(a challenge)
Saddle up.

CUT TO

127 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - SUNSET

127

Swarming with sailors in color-coded shirts arming and fueling the carrier's warplanes.

MOVING WITH CAG AND HARM

They cross the busy, wind-swept deck to a F-14 Tomcat with an ATARS (Advanced Tactical Air Reconnaissance System) pod under its wings.

(X)

(X)

CAG
You're just a passenger, Mister.

HARM
Understood.

CAG
If you puke, do it with the intercom off so I don't have to hear it.

(X)

(X)

HARM
Just don't turn my cockpit heat up, Sir.

He shoots Harm a look and keeps walking.

128 INT. PRIMARY FLIGHT CONTROL - SUNSET

128

Kate and Roberts watch from beside the Air Boss as he coordinates the movement of aircraft.

KATE
What's an ATARS mission?

ROBERTS
We go in to acquire last minute recon photos of the target. The SAM-6 is a mobile missile and we want to be sure those babies are still where intelligence says they are.

AIR BOSS
(to Roberts)
We?

ROBERTS
(reddening)
I was speaking for the Navy, Sir.

The Air Boss shakes his head and keys his mic.

AIR BOSS
Spot the ATARS flight on Cats One
and Three. (X)

KATE
How will they avoid the SAMs?

ROBERTS
Well, they'll...ah, they'll....

AIR BOSS
They'll be so low the SAMs won't
come into play.

KATE
(relieved)
Oh.

AIR BOSS
But every Serb with a rock will.

CUT TO

129 EXT. F-14 TOMCAT COCKPIT - SUNSET

129

CPO Bannon is helping Harm strap in to the rear seat.

CPO BANNON
I knew your old man. He was one
of the best.

HARM
Thanks, Chief.

He gives Harm a 'thumbs up' and wishes good luck to the CAG
before climbing down and removing the ladder.

130 EXT. TOMCAT TAIL EXHAUST - SUNSET

130

The turbine spools up with a whine until the CAG cracks the
throttle. The fuel ignites and a stab of flame shoots out of
the exhaust.

131 EXT. ON CAG'S TOMCAT - SUNSET 131

Following the directions of a yellow-shirted Officer, CAG taxis to the Number One catapult.

132 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - SUNSET 132

Harm feels the old thrill in his gut. It's good to be back in the cockpit. He looks to the stick and rudder pedals.

HARM'S POV - CONTROL STICK AND RUDDER PEDALS

Moving slightly as CAG maneuvers the Tomcat across the deck.

BACK ON HARM

You can see the itch in his eyes.

CAG'S VOICE
Don't even think it, Mister.

Harm looks up.

HARM'S POV - THE CAG'S REAR VIEW MIRROR

He sees the CAG's eyes locked on him, reading his thoughts.

133 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT'S NOSEWHEEL - SUNSET 133

A yellow-shirt member of the catapult crew connects it to the sledge.

134 EXT. ON THE SNAPSHOT - SUNSET 134

He signals the CAG to push his engines to max power.

135 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - SUNSET 135

CAG looks to the Number Three Cat where another Tomcat is spotted for launch. He keys his mike.

CAG
You ready, Lobo? (X)

CASSIE'S VOICE
(over radio)
Ready, CAG. (X)

ON HARM

He snaps his head to the left and looks to the Tomcat across from him.

HARM'S POV - TOMCAT COCKPIT

Cassie's the pilot and stenciled on the cockpit railing below her is LT. C. PULLER, LOBO.

ON THE CAG

He salutes and braces his head for the launch.

136 EXT. CAT SHOOTING OFFICER - SUNSET 136

Crouched like a sprinter on the blocks, he touches two fingers to the deck.

137 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - SUNSET - CLOSE ON HARM 137

Stunned by the realization that Angela was wearing Cassie's jacket when she was thrown overboard. Then his head snaps back as the catapult fires.

138 EXT. ON THE FLIGHT DECK - SUNSET 138

The two Tomcats explode off the catapults and climb into the deepening blue of the soft Adriatic sky.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN

139 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE SEAHAWK - SUNSET 139

Climbing away from the super carrier, the CAG's section of two levels off and sprints for the Dalmatian Coast.

HARM'S VOICE

CAG are we on TAC-2?

140 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - SUNSET 140

The CAG sweeps the instruments with his eyes as they accelerate.

CAG

Why?

HARM

I have to radio Lieutenant Pike.

CAG

We're not on the Beltway, Mister.
We're on a mission. We don't
transmit until we're over the
target.

The CAG hand signals Cassie to close it up.

141 EXT. ON THE SECTION - SUNSET 141

Her Tomcat slides into a tight parade formation below and slightly aft of the CAG's.

CUT TO

142 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - SUNSET 142

Wearing a G-suit and carrying a helmet, De Palma walks past a pair of red-shirted armorers attaching a HARM missile to an Intruder. Mark parallels him with the camera, shooting from a low crouch to get a heroic up angle.

DE PALMA

(dramatic)

A short time ago I was thirty
thousand feet above Bosnia with
Captain Thomas Boone, Commander
of the Seahawk's Air Group.

(more)

DE PALMA (Cont'd)
(looks to sea)
The CAG, as he's known, is out there now on a perilous recon mission. And there's not a man or woman on board...
(looks to camera)
...including me, who doesn't wish they were with him.

CUT TO

143 EXT. LUIGI'S GREEN AND WHITE DORY - SUNSET 143

Smoking a cigarette, Luigi patiently chugs out to his fishing grounds. Behind him, two dots appear on the golden horizon, silently growing in size and until they burst past scaring the merda out of him.

144 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - SUNSET - INTERCUT CAG AND HARM 144

The CAG's eyes are focused miles ahead as he skims fifty feet above the Adriatic at Mach point seven.

CAG
You know your dad and I were on a photo recon when he went down.

HARM
Yes, Sir. I read the mission debrief.

CAG
How the hell did you get that?

HARM
Freedom of Information Act.

CAG
(disgusted)
Lawyers.

145 EXT. ON THE FIGHTER - SUNSET 145

Streaking low across the water, they pass a small island with the ruins of a castle and an instant later are crossing the Dalmatian Coast.

146 OMITTED 146
(X)

- 147 EXT. BOSNIAN MOUNTAINS - NIGHT 147
The shock wave from the low flying fighters ripples the tops of the pines as they penetrate deeper and deeper into the mountains.
- 148 INT. CASSIE'S COCKPIT - NIGHT 148
She holds a tight combat formation, her eyes locked on the CAG's Tomcat ten feet away.
- 149 INT. CAG'S COCKPIT - NIGHT 149
The CAG hand signals Cassie to take a combat spread. She slips wide to the left.
- CAG
One minute to target.
- Even though his harness is tight, Harm tugs at it, again. CAG snaps on all five electro-optical cameras and takes a breath.
- CAG
Here we go.
- He pushes the throttles to max power.
- 150 EXT. ON CAG'S TOMCAT - NIGHT 150
Spewing twin cones of fire from it's afterburners, the big fighter races over the last peak and into the valley of Sarajevo.
- 151 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE NEAR SARAJEVO - NIGHT 151
Milo is leaning against a rock, scratching his ass, when the two Tomcats flash past a hundred feet over his head. Before he can grab his machine gun, they are gone. An instant later their sonic boom shocks the ka-ka out of him.
- 152 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT 152
Not every Serb was scratching his ass. The mountains erupt with twinkling lights and streams of green tracers reach out for the Tomcat. The CAG jinks left and right as they throw everything they have at him, including rocks.
- 153 EXT. SARAJEVO MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT 153
Pumping out hundreds of rounds, a quad 23mm Shilka tracks the juking Tomcat across the valley.

154 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

154

They clear the end of the valley and join up with Cassie.

CAG

(radio)

Lobo. Go high. Radio Seahawk
that the SAM sites are ringed
with Shilkas. Re-arm the Hornets
with Rockeyes and let the
Intruders drop the heavy stuff.
I'll make another run and join
you high to transmit ATARS.

(X)

CASSIE'S VOICE

(radio)

Roger that.

155 EXT. ON CASSIE'S TOMCAT - NIGHT

155

She lifts the nose and climbs for altitude.

156 INT. CAG'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

156

He resets his cameras and prepares to make a second run.

CAG

You with me, Lieutenant?

HARM

To hell and back, Sir.

The CAG remembers Angela saying the same thing, but now's not
the time to think about that.

157 EXT. ON CAG'S TOMCAT - NIGHT

157

It flips up and over and heads back to the valley.

CUT TO

158 OMITTED

158
(X)

158A INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER - NIGHT

158A

Zane, Mace and a number of other officers are crowded around
the monitors. Abruptly, Cassie's voice breaks radio silence.

CASSIE'S VOICE

(over radio speaker)

Seahawk. Lobo. SAM sites
protected by Shilkas.

159 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - NIGHT 159

The Skipper and bridge crew are also listening to Cassie on the speaker.

CASSIE'S VOICE

Re-arm the Hornets with Rockeyes.
Keep the A-6s heavy. Repeat. Re-arm
Hornets with Rockeyes.

(beat)

CAG's making a second run.

(X)

160 OMITTED

160
(X)

CUT TO

161 EXT. ON CAG'S TOMCAT - NIGHT 161

Coming from the opposite direction it roars through the valley with the Serbs throwing up a tracer inferno.

162 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT 162

Harm feels like he's flying through the center of a Fourth of July celebration with all the skyrockets aimed at him.

HARM

Was it like this over Hanoi?

163 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - NIGHT 163

Weaving and dodging through the last few miles of tracers.

CAG'S VOICE

Hanoi made me sweat.

164 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE SARAJEVO - NIGHT 164

Milo is waiting this time. As the Tomcat screams over him, he empties his machine gun at it.

165 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT 165

The Perspex shatters, filling the cockpit with shards and bits of metal. The instrument panel sparks and billows smoke. Worst of all, the CAG is hit.

CAG

(in pain)

You got her!

CLOSE ON HARM

His reactions are automatic. He grabs the stick and slips his feet into the rudder pedals. For the first time in five years he's flying.

RIGHT ENGINE FIRE WARNING LIGHT - NIGHT

A horn blares in sync with the flashing red light.

BACK ON HARM

He instinctively chops the right throttle.

166 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - NIGHT

166

The right engine flames out as Harm noses up and climbs away from the valley of death.

167 INT. CASSIE'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

167

Flying a loop west of the action, she intercoms her RIO.

CASSIE
You painting 'em, Buster?

BUSTER
Bearing one-fiver-zero and heading this way.

168 EXT. CAG'S TOMCAT - NIGHT

168

The tracers have stopped as it climbs away from the valley.

169 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

169

The slipstream whistles through the holes in the canopy and the Tomcat buffets violently. Worst of all, the Fire Warning Light continues to flash.

Harm knows if it doesn't go out soon they'll blow.

HARM
(to himself)
Come on baby, shut off. Shut off!

CLOSE ON FIRE WARNING LIGHT

It continues flashing its count-down to doom. Then, it goes out.

CLOSE ON HARM

He lets out a sigh of relief and keys him mike.

HARM

Lobo. Harm. Where are you? (X)

CASSIE'S VOICE

At your eleven. Angels ten.

HARM

CAG's hit and we've lost an engine. I'm coming up.

170 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT - NIGHT

170

It slowly rises out of the mountains to join Cassie's Tomcat in a loose formation.

CASSIE'S VOICE

How you doing?

171 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

171

The buffeting is still quite severe.

HARM

Riding a jackhammer. I gotta slow down. Stick with me.

CASSIE'S VOICE

Like a fly on pie.

He continues retarding the left throttle until the buffeting eases.

172 EXT. ON THE TWO FIGHTERS - NIGHT

172

Cassie carefully slides in for a closer look.

CASSIE'S VOICE

I can see the CAG. He's not moving.

HARM'S VOICE

How do I transmit ATARS?

CASSIE'S VOICE

You can't from the back seat.

173 INT. CAG'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

173

His helmet is gashed and his face bloody. He's only semiconscious, but somehow he heard Cassie.

CLOSE ON CAG'S HAND

Trembling, it pushes the ATARS transmit toggle forward.

ON THE CAG

He slumps and passes out.

CUT TO

174 INT. SEAHAWK CRYPTO ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DIGITAL PRINTER

174

It comes to life and begins printing the first of the recon photos.

ZANE'S VOICE

Here they come!

WIDER

Zane rips the photo out of the printer and looks at it.

ZANE

Jesus! That valley's full of guns!

(to runner)

Get this to the CDC fast!

The runner takes off with the photo and Zane turns back to grab the next one.

CUT TO

175 INT. CASSIE'S TOMCAT - NIGHT

175

Monitoring other TAC channels, the RIO breaks into a grin.

BUSTER

Seahawk says they're receiving ATARS!

CASSIE

Harm. Lobo. The CAG's alive!
He activated the ATARS' transmitter!

(X)

176 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

176

He leans to the side to look around the CAG's ejection seat.

HARM'S POV - CAG'S SHATTERED HELMET

It's slumped against his shoulder, moving only with the buffeting.

HARM'S VOICE

Can't tell much from back here.
He's not....

There's more sparks and all the cockpit lights go out.

BACK ON HARM

For an instant he thinks it's his eyes, then he realizes it's the electrical system. He fumbles for the Emergency Power switch.

HARM

(to himself)
Be cool. Emergency Power switch.
Ah...lower right panel.

CLOSE ON HARM'S HAND

Fumbling in the dark for the right switch.

HARM

Come on! Come on! You're here
somewhere!

Finally he flips the right switch.

177 EXT. TOMCAT FUSELAGE - NIGHT

177

The ram-driven turbine extends and begins spinning.

178 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

178

The panel lights up and Harm lets out a sigh of relief. A second later Cassie's voice breaks through as the radio comes back on line.

CASSIE'S VOICE

...reading me?

HARM

Lobo. I had an electrical
failure. I'm back up on
emergency power.

(X)

INTERCUT WITH

179 INT. CASSIE'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

179

Her eyes twinkle between the helmet and the oxygen mask.

CASSIE

I'm impressed, Harm. It's been
a while for you.

(X)

HARM

(weakly)

Some things you don't forget.

CASSIE

How's your night vision?

HARM

Marginal.

CASSIE

No sweat. I got the eyes of a
starving cat.

That evokes a slight smile from Harm.

180 EXT. MOUNTAINS OF BOSNIA - NIGHT

180

The two fighters emerge from the black of the pine-forested
slopes and run for the sea.

CUT TO

181 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

181

Red-shirted armorers hurriedly switch from iron bombs to CPUs
on the Tomcats.

182 OMITTED

182

182A INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER - NIGHT

182A

An officer passes through handing out copies of the ATARS
photos to the pilots who grab them and take off for their
planes.

183 EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

183

Tomcats, Tomcats and Intruders launch one after another as
the Alpha strike begins.

(X)

184 OMITTED

184

184A EXT. SEAHAWK SUPERSTRUCTURE - NIGHT

184A

Kate is standing alone, watching the launch when Ensign Roberts bursts out of a hatch.

ROBERTS

I've been searching the ship for you, Ma'am. Lieutenant Zane wants you in Crypto on the double!

Puzzled, Kate follows Ensign Roberts back into the interior of the island.

184B INT. CRYPTO ROOM - NIGHT

184B

The Marine guard admits Kate and Roberts. She is immediately grabbed by Zane and hustled to a radio phone.

KATE

What's going on?

ZANE

I've got a call for you on a discreet channel. Press the green button.

Kate presses the green button on the phone and puts it to her ear.

KATE

Lieutenant Pike.

INTERCUT WITH

185 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

185

He keys the mic on the control stick.

HARM

Kate.

KATE

Harm! What's happening?

HARM

No time to explain. Just listen. Cassie is Lobo.

KATE

No. Angela was Lobo.

HARM

Angela was wearing Cassie's jacket when she went over the side. In the rain and the dark, she was mistaken for Cassie.

(X)

KATE

Ripper!

HARM

Has to be. Kate, he's got to know we'll put it together and the last thing I need tonight is a wave-off.

(X)

KATE

(incredulous)

You're flying?

HARM

You really know how to build a guy's confidence, Kate.

KATE

I'll handle it.

HARM

I'm counting on that.

KATE

Harm....

But the signal has broken off.

FEATURE KATE

She hangs up the phone and heads for the hatch.

ROBERTS

Where are you going?

KATE

Do you have a pistol?

ROBERTS

A pistol! Why do you need a pistol?

KATE

Never mind. Just stick to my six.

She goes through the hatch with Ensign Roberts running after her.

CUT TO

186 EXT. ABOVE THE ADRIATIC - NIGHT

186

For a moment all we see is the sparkling moonlit sea, then the Tomcats slide by below on their way home.

CASSIE'S VOICE
Fifteen miles, Harm.

187 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

187

His eyes are giving him trouble as he concentrates on the instruments.

CASSIE'S VOICE
You better get ready.

HARM
I'll need you to run the checklist. It's been a long time since I trapped.

INTERCUT WITH

188 INT. CASSIE'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

188

She glances back at Harm's Tomcat, holding off her four.

CASSIE
(incredulous)
You can't trap!

HARM
I'm not punching out.

CASSIE
You've got to!

HARM
Once was enough.

Buster looks to Cassie and shakes his head.

189 INT. PRI-FLY - NIGHT

189

The last of the Intruders is catapulting off the deck below as the Air Boss shakes his head.

(X)
(X)
(X)

AIR BOSS
Negative on the trap. Once all birds are launched we'll have you eject near the ship.

(X)

HARM'S VOICE
The CAG's unconscious. He won't survive an ejection.

AIR BOSS

How long since you made a trap?
Any trap?

HARM

Five years and it was a ramp
strike. I'm due a good one.

AIR BOSS

The CAG will have to take his
chances in the water.

HARM'S VOICE

My radio's breaking up, Seahawk.
I can't read you.

SEAMAN

(holding phone)

Sir. The Skipper wants to speak
to you.

AIRBOSS

Stand by, Harm.

He grabs the phone.

190 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - NIGHT

190

He speaks softly when the Airboss answers.

SKIPPER

Let him trap.

191 INT. PRIMARY FLIGHT CONTROL - NIGHT - CLOSE ON AIRBOSS

191

He hangs up the phone and keys his mic.

AIR BOSS

Bring it home, Harm.

HARM'S VOICE

Coming home.

The Air Boss hits a RED CRASH button.

192 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

192

The fire fighters and Paramedics race into position with
their equipment.

193 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

193

He blinks his eyes and concentrates on the instruments.

CASSIE'S VOICE

I figure your only chance is to follow me in. I'll set you into the slot.

HARM

No offense, Lobo. But you have the worst trap record on the ship.

CASSIE'S VOICE

It's better than yours.

CUT TO

194 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

194

Behind Ripper and Keeter, the empty flight deck is crowding with clusters of color-shirted crewmen, who join the crash crews to watch the trap.

KEETER

(shaking his head)

Five years since he made a trap!

RIPPER

With luck, he'll take the bitch with him.

Keeter is frightened by the look in Ripper's eyes.

KATE'S VOICE

Lieutenant Carter.

Ripper turns.

FEATURE KATE

Standing behind him with Ensign Roberts.

KATE

You're relieved of duty and confined to quarters pending the convening of a Board of Inquiry into Lt. Aruitti's death.

RIPPER

By who's orders?

KATE

Mine. Under Article Seven of the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

RIPPER
(to Roberts)
Get this bitch off my platform,
before I throw her off!

KATE
Sergeant.

Two armed Marines step out from behind the windbreak.

CLOSE ON KATE

As she steps into Ripper's face.

KATE
And it's Lieutenant Pike, not
bitch. Asshole.

On Ripper's reaction, we....

CUT TO

195 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - NIGHT

195

The Tomcats sweep past a mile ahead of the carrier and turn downwind.

CASSIE'S VOICE
Lobo. Flight of two at the
break.

196 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

196

He lowers the flap and engages the automatic throttle.

HARM
Flaps down. Gear down.
Automatic throttle engaged.

CASSIE'S VOICE
Hook down?

Harm rolls his eyes and puts the hook down.

HARM
Hook down.

197 EXT. ON THE TOMCATS - NIGHT

197

Passing abeam the Seahawk, 600 feet off the water.

198 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT

198

No longer looking at Harm. She's setting up as she would to land.

CASSIE

I'm throttling back. Looking for a hundred and fifty knots.

(on intercom)

How's he doing Buster?

BUSTER

I wouldn't ride with him and I ride with you.

199 EXT. ON THE TWO FIGHTERS - NIGHT

199

Cassie's Tomcat is holding a steady rate of descent, but Harm is bobbing and weaving off it's starboard wing.

CASSIE'S VOICE

You're looking good, Harm.

200 INT. CAG'S COCKPIT - NIGHT - ON THE CAG

200

Unconscious or dead, CAG's helmet jostles with the bumps.

ON HARM

Leaning to one side to see past the CAG's ejection seat.

HARM'S POV - THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDSCREEN

Beyond Cassie's Tomcat he can barely make out the green and yellow lights of the Seahawk's Optical Landing System. The orange meatball flickers in his vision.

HARM'S VOICE

Tomcat one one six. Ball.

201 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT

201

Kate is tensely watching the approach with Keeter.

KEETER

Roger ball.

202 INT. HARM'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

202

He squints against the slipstream and the weakness of his eyes.

CASSIE'S VOICE
It's all yours. Good luck, Lobo.

203 EXT. ON THE TWO FIGHTERS - NIGHT 203

Cassie pours the power on and breaks left in a climbing turn. She is gone in an instant and Harm bores on alone.

204 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT 204

Kate's clenching the rail as she watches the big Tomcat rushing them.

KEETER
Pick up your port wing. Good.
Good. You're a little low.
Little low.

205 EXT. CLOSER ON THE TOMCAT - NIGHT 205

Weaving and rolling, it roars down toward the flight deck.

206 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - NIGHT 206

Everyone is watching the approach including the Helmsman.

207 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON HARM 207

He repeatedly blinks his eyes in an attempt to stay focused on the meatball.

KEETER'S VOICE
Pick it up. Pick it up! Power!
Power! Power!

Harm nudges the throttles forward.

208 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT 208

The Tomcat roars out of the dark and slams onto the deck.

ON THE TAILHOOK

It sparks off the metal deck and catches the Number One wire.

209 INT. TOMCAT COCKPIT - NIGHT 209

Harm and the CAG are jerked to a head snapping stop.

210 EXT. LSO PLATFORM - NIGHT 210

Kate leaps into the air with a scream and hugs Keeter.

211 INT. PRIMARY FLIGHT CONTROL - NIGHT 211

The Air Boss comes out of his seat and pumps his fist into the air with a yell.

212 INT. NAVIGATION BRIDGE - NIGHT 212

Everyone is cheering. After a few seconds, the Skipper eases back into his chair and growls out.

SKIPPER

Haven't you people ever seen a night trap!

The officers and enlisted men jump back to their stations.

213 EXT. ON THE TOMCAT'S FRONT COCKPIT - NIGHT 213

Fire Fighters and Paramedics swarm around it, pulling the CAG out and easing him onto a medical cart. As they rush him across the deck to the island, CPO Bannon moves to the rear cockpit to help Harm out.

CPO BANNON

He's breathing.

HARM

That makes one of us. (X)

CPO BANNON

(grins)

Your old man'd be proud of you, Lieutenant.

MOVING IN ON HARM'S FACE

His blue eyes sparkle with pride, as we....

CUT TO

214 EXT. USS SEAHAWK - DAY 214

Steaming through the sparkling waters of the Adriatic.

215 INT. SICK BAY HATCH - DAY 215

Harm, in dress whites, knocks on the bulkhead.

HARM
Permission to enter, Sir?

FEATURE THE CAG

His head is bandaged and his face bruised and swollen, but the eyes are bright and clear.

CAG
Granted.

Harm enters the room and walks to the CAG's bed.

HARM
How are you feeling, Sir?

CAG
How would you feel with a cracked head?

HARM
The Skipper said you wanted to see me.

The CAG nods and winces in pain.

HARM
Before this gets embarrassing for both of us, you don't have to thank me for....

CAG
(cutting in)
Thank you? For what? You're a Naval Aviator aren't you? I damn well expected you to get us back.

HARM
Yes, Sir.

CLOSER ON BOTH

CAG turns away from Harm, his eyes focusing on the overhead.

CAG
(softer)
I want to tell you something about your Dad's last mission.
(beat)
When Hammer went down I called the Sandies and flew CAP till I was Bingo fuel. He was okay when I left, but gone when the Sandies got there five minutes later.

HARM
You were Bingo fuel. You had to
leave.

(X)

CAG
I caught a tail wind and got back
to the Enterprise with eight
hundred pounds in my tanks.

(looks to Harm)
I could have stayed over Hammer
another three, maybe four
minutes.

(X)

(X)

(beat)
It might have made the
difference.

Harm thinks about it for a moment. Then....

HARM
A lot of things might have made
a difference. He might have
ducked that SAM. Or been
luckier. Or not even been there
at all.

(beat)
You have nothing to apologize
for, CAG.

CAG
I didn't say I was apologizing.
I made a judgment call and I've
lived with it.
(looks to Harm)
Your eyes aren't a judgment call,
son. You've got nothing to
second guess.

For the first time since he hit the ramp, Harm feels a weight
being lifted from him. He fights back the tears.

HARM
Thank you, Sir.

CAG
(nods)
Now get the hell out of here and
go sue someone.

The CAG slides down onto the pillow as Harm snaps to
attention and salutes.

CUT TO

216 INT. CNO PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON A TV MONITOR

216

In a flight suit, De Palma speaks to camera from the cockpit
of the damaged Tomcat.

DE PALMA

The most unlikely hero of last night's highly successful Naval air strike was Lieutenant Harmon Rabb, Jr., who saved Captain Thomas Boone's life when he safely landed this damaged Tomcat on the deck of the Seahawk...

(looks back)

...from the rear seat.

FEATURE ADMIRAL BROVO

Beaming from behind his desk. Commander Lindsey is standing to one side, holding a dispatch and trying to interrupt.

COMMANDER LINDSEY

Admiral....

Admiral Brovo holds up his hand and continues to watch.

DE PALMA

What makes this so unusual is that Lieutenant Rabb isn't an active pilot in the Navy.

(beat)

He's a member of the Judge Advocate General's staff. A lawyer!

Admiral Brovo chuckles to himself.

ADMIRAL BROVO

Did you ever think you'd see the day when a lawyer would be a hero in America, Teddy?

COMMANDER LINDSEY

No, Sir. I think you better read this Admiral. It's from Lt. Rabb.

The Admiral clicks off the TV and reads the dispatch.

ADMIRAL BROVO

She was murdered. That's too, bad.

(hands back the
dispatch)

Well, we can't have everything.

Commander Lindsey is surprised.

COMMANDER LINDSEY
Admiral, aren't you concerned
anymore about a Congressional
Hearing? I mean you said they'd
try to discredit the
investigation which could ruin
Lieutenant Rabb's career.

(X)

ADMIRAL BROVO
They won't dare go after him now.
He's a hero.

(X)

Commander Lindsey lets out a smile of relief.

(X)

ADMIRAL BROVO
No. If anyone goes it'll be you
or me, Teddy.

(X)

The Admiral smiles wryly at Commander Lindsey, who pales with
the realization of who would go.

(X)

CUT TO

217 EXT. SEAHAWK FLIGHT DECK - DAY - ON HARM

217

He cuts the interview short with De Palma and hurries across
the flight deck to where Kate, in whites, is waiting to board
the Greyhound.

MACE'S VOICE

Harm!

They both turn as Mace and a dozen other pilots join them.

MACE

You're out of uniform.

HARM

(sighs)

I've got a Board of Inquiry in
Naples in an hour.

MACE

That's not what I mean.

CLOSE ON HARM'S CHEST

Mace pins a pair of gold wings above the single ribbon.

CLOSE ON ALL

Mace steps back with a smile.

HARM

Thanks, Mace.

MACE
(to Kate)
You sure you don't need me in
Naples?

HARM
(grabbing her arm)
Let's go, Kate.

She shrugs to Mace as Harm hustles her on board.

218 INT. C-2A GREYHOUND - DAY

218

Already seated in their dress whites are Cassie, Painter and Keeter. Apart from them, a subdued Ripper sits under the watchful eye of an armed Marine Sergeant.

ON HARM AND KATE

They work past everyone toward a couple of seats in the rear.

CASSIE
This is humiliating, Harm.
Launching in the back seat.

HARM
Look at it this way, Cassie.
It's one less wave-off.

The others laugh as Harm and Kate strap in.

219 EXT. ON THE GREYHOUND - DAY

219

It taxis to the catapult and a yellow-shirted crewman hooks it to the sledge.

220 INT. GREYHOUND - DAY - ACROSS HARM TO KATE

220

The sun through the Perspex glints off Harm's gold wings. He looks down at them. Kate watches him with a smile for a moment, then leans in and whispers.

KATE
(provocative)
You know what they say about gold
wings and a white uniform.

Harm slowly looks up to her. She raises a seductive eyebrow and their heads snap back in unison as the catapult fires.

221 EXT. ON THE SEAHAWK - DAY

221

The Greyhound streaks off the deck and climbs into the blue sky of Adriatic as we....

FADE OUT

THE END