

“EAGLE IN THE SKY”

The unofficial sequel to *Top Gun*

“EAGLE IN THE SKY”

Screenplay by:

DENNIS F. STEVENS

From the international bestselling novel by:

Wilbur Smith

Filming Scheduled for September

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Dennis F. Stevens

122 N. 4th East

Suite 4

Rexburg, ID 83440

Ph: 208-359-9966

cinemaarts@prodigy.net

Cell (used when traveling)

(208) 757-2314

An attractive Navy TOP GUN aviator finds himself assigned to the Middle East just as things are heating up. His skill as a pilot is his passport to the love of a beautiful Israeli woman.

Yet the terror and tragedy that brought them together threatens to tear them apart.

This is International best selling author WILBUR SMITH'S breathless blend of action and tender love, as a man and a woman forge their own turbulent destinies during Israel's trying times.

Camera platform for the aerial photography will be the Lear Jet and Vector Vision system of Nettmann Systems International, 1026 Griswold Ave, San Fernando CA 91340. Tel. 818-365-4286.

This screenplay and project has been approved by the DoD/Navy for cooperation and assistance.

Most all the aerals which start in September 2000 will be filmed in Israel (with the cooperation and assistance of the IDF/AF and at NAS Fallon, Nevada, with the cooperation of the DoD/Navy.

001 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - SUPER HORNET - MORNING 001

The F/A-18F Super Hornet pops up from the cloud layer, climbs to altitude, levels off, and then begins a wide, right turn TOWARD the CAMERA.

*SUPERIMPOSE: MUCH OF THIS STORY ACTUALLY
OCCURRED ... A MERE FEW YEARS AGO.*

002 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET - DAY 002

The pilot, LT DAVID MORGAN, call sign "Eagle" occupies the front seat while the hansom, African American WSO (weapons systems officer), LT FRANK STEVENS performs his duties from the rear. The intercom system (ICS) is keyed to the open position so that the pilot and WSO (pronounced "wis-o") are in constant communication.

BEGIN CREDITS (MINIMUM ALLOWED)

DAVID (ICS)

Give me a heads-up. Unless we stay out of his kill envelope our ass-is-grass.

FRANK (ICS)

Three o'clock! Slightly higher, turning into us.

INTERCUT WITH:

003 DAVID'S POV 003

Looking over his right shoulder David spots the MiG-29 off in the distance.

DAVID (ICS)

Got him!

FRANK (ICS)

Don't give him any shooting angles.

DAVID (ICS)

Don't intend to.

004 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - FULCRUM - MORNING 004

The MiG-29 Fulcrum, partially named for its turning ability, is in a wide left turn towards the CAMERA. It's assumed that if the two aircraft continue flying the circle, their noses will soon be pointed at each other.

005 ANGLE ON MiG-29 FULCRUM

005

Painted on the Fulcrum's tail is the ubiquitous red star of Top Gun's adversary squadron, made-up mostly of instructors.

006 INT. COCKPIT - SERGEI'S FULCRUM - MORNING

006

The MiG pilot, 42 year-old ANDREW "Sergei" BONIME, wears a special targeting helmet with the eyepiece that allows him to merely point his helmet at the intended target in order to fire missiles or guns. Unlike the Super hornet, the MiG-29 has no *backseater*. Even so, "Sergei" has a penchant for talking to himself.

INTERCUT WITH:

007 SERGEI'S POV

007

"Sergei" has David's Super Hornet spotted off his nine o'clock, slightly below, in level flight, closing head-to-head in the wide circle.

"SERGEI"

(calmly, to himself)

This guy's good. Don't go head-to-head, stupid. Use your turning advantage. Get your nose on his six.

Adding power, "Sergei" suddenly reverses course by putting the MiG's nose slightly up then rolling the Russian built fighter onto its side, and into a right climbing turn, momentarily exposing his six, or tail, but not long enough and from too far a range to provide the Super Hornet with an advantage.

During the turn, "Sergei" tries to keep sight of the F/A-18 Super Hornet, but due to the MiG's high-backed seat, he temporally loses sight. All of this, of course, happens in mere seconds and is edited to the SOUND of bowel loosening MUSIC.

008 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET

007

FRANK (ICS)

He's turning away from us.

DAVID (ICS)

We're in his blind spot.

David whips the Super Hornet onto its side and into a tight left turn, reversing its original course.

DAVID (ICS)
If this baby will only turn tight enough,
he'll climb out of his turn and -

FRANK
...We won't be there.
(beat)
Keep an eye on him. *Lose sight, lose
the fight!*

009 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES: SUPER HORNET & FULCRUM 009

The two aircraft are flying in opposite directions, each in one loop of a figure eight formation, with the MiG climbing in the turn and the FA/-18 descending.

010 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 010

David's G-suit inflates as he tweaks the control stick and works the rudders, keeping an eye on the Super Hornet's "G" force indicator. The indicator climbs from 6-Gs towards 7.

He twists his head around to keep sight of the MiG, the job made easier because the Russian fighter is actually above him.

INTERCUT WITH:

011 DAVID'S POV - VISUAL EFFECT 011

David's visual on the MiG becomes bleared. Tunnel vision slowly ensues, and color starts to fade.

FRANK (ICS)
(difficulty speaking)
Don't know about you, *Eagle* ... but...I'm,
About...to lose it. ...Don't over stress--

DAVID (ICS)
(voice slurred)
She'll take it.

FRANK (ICS)
But can we?

012 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: HORNET & FULCRUM 012

The two aircraft complete their respective reverse circles, leveling off, with the MiG about 900 feet above the super Hornet and just over a mile away.

013 INT. COCKPIT: SERGEI'S FULCRUM 013

"Sergei's" targeting helmet, with the ubiquitous red star above the call sign "Sergei," printed in Russian, swings from side to side in an attempt to spot his adversary.

014 SERGEI'S POV 014

The sky where the Super Hornet should be...is empty. By the time "Sergei" figures out what has happened, it is too late.

INTERCUT WITH:

015 COCKPIT: SERGEI'S FULCRUM 015

Looking below, over his right shoulder, "Sergei" realizes that the Super Hornet has made a much tighter turn and now (with speed to spare) has its nose pointed upwards, towards the MiG's right wingtip and is closing, less than 1200 feet away.

016 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 016

On the heads up display, the radar gun sight is indicating a "lock." David keys his UHF transmitter.

DAVID (UHF)

Guns! Guns! Guns!

(beat)

Sorry Sergei. You're dead! See you at the postmortem!

017 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: HORNET & FULCRUM 017

The nose of the Super Hornet drops as David hits his burners, passing beneath the Fulcrum in an "X" formation, emphasizing the totality of the "kill."

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

018 INT. COCKPIT: SERGEI'S FULCRUM 018

The shockwave from David's "Fly-by" causes the MiG-29 to suddenly buck upward. "Sergei" unsnaps his oxygen mask. His expression is one of disbelief. He shakes his head and then smiles.

019 EXT. NAS FALLON - NEVADA - DAY 019

To establish the Naval Air Station Fallon, host to the Navy

Strike Weapons Program (Topgun), the evolution of the Navy Fighter Weapons School established in March of 1969 at NAS Miramar, in San Diego, California.

*SUPERIMPOSE: AIR-WING TRAINING BASE
 NAS FALLON, NEVADA
 HOME OF TOPGUN*

020 INT. VIRTUAL DISPLAY ROOM - TRAINING CENTER - DAY 020

On the large TV monitor, the ground radar coupled with the computer software shows the respective images and positions of David Morgan's Super Hornet to that of the MiG-29 during the recent air combat maneuvering exercise. Among the 18 Top Gun students gathered in the room are Lieutenants David Morgan and Frank Stevens.

CDR Andrew "Sergei" Bonime, one of Top Gun's senior instructors is conducting the postmortem.

"SERGEI"

Morgan...Stevens - I don't want this to go to your heads, but that was one of the finest one-on-one air combat maneuvers I've ever seen.

(beat)

I believe you're the first to get the best of me since I was a nugget.

David Morgan forces himself to maintain a sober look as a smile would be inappropriate.

Suddenly, the commander of Topgun, CAPT ROBERT K. ("Killer") MILLER enters the room. The students immediately jump to their feet and stand at attention.

CAPT. MILLER

(to the students)

As you were.

(to "Sergei")

Sorry for the interruption, commander, but I need to borrow Lieutenant Morgan.

"SERGEI"

Yes, sir.

David climbs to his feet and dutifully follows the captain from the room.

021 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VIRTUAL DISPLAY ROOM - DAY 021

Once in the hallway outside the virtual display room, with the door closed, CAPT Miller stops and turns to David, looking him in the eye.

CAPT MILLER

Son ... I want you to get a grip on yourself.
I'm afraid I've got some very bad news.

David looks at the captain, not sure what is coming.

CAPT MILLER

(continuing)

It's your parents.

022 EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY 022

After sweeping the grave site, the CAMERA comes to rest on two side-by-side caskets.

023 WIDER ANGLE 023

With more than a quorum surrounding the caskets, the RABBI is giving the Mourner's Kaddish.

RABBI (O.S.)

Yis-gad-dal v'yis-kad-dash sh'mey rab-bo,
b'ol-mo di'v-ro chir'oo-sey v'yam-lich
mal-chu-sey, b'cha-ye-chon u-v'yo-me-chon ...

SUPERIMPOSE: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

024 ANOTHER ANGLE 024

Seated together, among the more than one hundred mourners are Lt. David Morgan, his uncle, PAUL MORGAN, and CAPT Robert K "Killer" Miller.

At age 28, David Morgan possesses such good looks and penetrating eyes as to make even men stare. Wearing the same service dress blue naval uniform with the ubiquitous aviator glasses, "Killer" Miller looks even younger than his 49 years. Those who know him suspect the "killer" call sign comes more from the effect his looks and charm have on women, than his combat record. Seated next to David, on the opposite side from Miller, is the fifty-something year old Paul Morgan, decked out in a Seville Row suit. Everyone except David and CAPT Miller are wearing yarmulkes.

Looking straight ahead and whispering heatedly through the sides of their mouths, CAPT Miller and Paul Morgan ignore young David, who is literally *trapped* in the middle of their argument. David's focus is solely on the coffins of his parents. The commander and uncle obviously have other motives.

"KILLER" MILLER

He's been selected for early promotion. All he has to do is sign up for two more years. It's his *duty*!

PAUL

(heatedly)

His duty is to his parents, lying in those coffins!! ...His *duty* is to take his rightful place in the company his father and I *founded*!!

INTERCUT WITH:

025 WIDER ANGLE

025

RABBI (O.S.)

Y'hey, sh'mey rab-bo m'vor-rach. I'o-lam ul'ol'mey ol-ma-yo.

Fixated on the Rabbi's words, David fights to hold back his grief.

"KILLER" MILLER

Putting a man like David behind a desk would be like grounding an eagle. Besides, what difference would two more years make?

PAUL

I was against his joining the Navy in the first place. His father and I argued about it often.

"KILLER" MILLER

His father wanted him to join?

PAUL

My brother wanted David to do what he felt was best for David.

"KILLER" MILLER

I rest my case.

026 ANGLE ON RABBI

026

RABBI

Vis-bo-rach v'yish-tab-bach, v'yis-po-ar,
v'yis-ro-mam. V'yis-nas-sey. V'yis-
had-dor. V'yis-al-leh. V'yis-hal-lol.

027 BACK TO SCENE

027

CAPT Miller rips off his aviator sunglasses and looks David's
uncle in the eye.

"KILLER" MILLER

Before consigning Lieutenant Morgan to the
Wall Street brigade, I suggest we both back
off. Give him time to make his own decision.
He has three weeks accumulated leave. I can
hold the paperwork that long-

PAUL

At the end of which I'm confident he will
honor my wish.

For the first time, David's presence is acknowledged as CAPT
Miller directs his comments directly to David.

"KILLER" MILLER"

If you're not back at Fallon in three weeks,
I'll put through your discharge.

DAVID

That won't be necessary. I'll be back in
less than a week...after I finish wrapping
up some of my parents affairs.

028 EXT. NAS FALLON, NEVADA - DAY

028

A navy aircraft are seen touching down on the runway.

*SUPERIMPOSE: NAS FALLON, NEVADA
ONE WEEK LATER*

029 INT. TOPGUN COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

029

David Morgan is standing before CAPT Miller, who is seated
behind his desk.

"KILLER" MILLER

As you know, we participate in periodic

"KILLER MILLER" (Cont.)

joint military exercises with Turkey and Israel. These exercises are primarily simulated search and rescue operations.

(beat)

However, since Israel and Turkey seem to have some kind of issue, this time the Navy will be conducting a series of mock dogfights with the Israeli Air Force. I've been chosen as the Air Wing Commander for the exercise.

(beat)

I've recommended you and Stevens as participants. You'll take a commercial flight to Rome, where you'll have a few days R&R before catching the shuttle to Sigonella. From there you'll take the COD out to the Carrier.

(handing David an envelope)

Here are your orders.

030 EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY 030

A 747 touches down at the Paris airport.

031 INT. DE GAULLE AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 031

Now dressed in civilian clothes, David is in one of the airport's satellites in the process of changing planes for the flight to Rome. Suddenly he HEARS himself being PAGED in both FRENCH and ENGLISH.

032 ANOTHER ANGLE 032

David picks up the courtesy phone and speaks into the handset.

DAVID

Hello?

033 EXT. FOX PLAZA TOWER - CENTURY CITY - NIGHT 033

PAUL (V.O.)

David? ...That you?

034 BACK TO SCENE 034

DAVID

(into handset)

Uncle Paul? ...How the hell did you find me?!

INTERCUT WITH:

There is no doubt this is the office of a successful CEO. Seated behind his desk, Paul Morgan is on the phone.

PAUL

Captain Miller was kind enough to furnish your itinerary. He's a good man, but I see through his game plan.

(pause)

Look, David. No matter what decision you make, your place in the company will always be open.

(beat)

You're the only family I have. That's why I'm confident your good sense will eventually lead you to accept your responsibility ... the sooner the better.

DAVID

I understand. Thanks, Uncle Paul.

PAUL

By the way, the Morgana Princess is presently at Lido Di Ostia, in case you're interested. ...Do take care.

David hangs up the phone and shakes his head in amazement.

DAVID

Crafty old bastard.

David rubs his day's growth of beard as the senior flight attendant, YVETTE, checks his ticket.

YVETTE

That's 3-B, Mister Morgan. First class section.

As David moves down the aisle, he notices a striking young couple seated together in the two seats in the third row, on the right side of the aircraft. The woman, DEBRA, is about the same age as David, maybe two or three years younger. She can't help it, she's a living wet dream. It's only later we discover her mind more than matches her great looks. There's something real and natural about her.

Her companion, JOE (Joseph), is tall and straight, dark and strong looking. They lean their heads together and speak secretly.

David has the seat just across the aisle from Joe. He stuffs his carryon into the overhead and shoots a glance at the couple before strapping himself in.

He's startled to find the woman watching him. She leans on her companion's shoulder, her lips almost touching his ear as she whispers. David notes that her companion's hair style matches his own.

David buckles his seatbelt and glances over once again. He and the woman stare at each other, and then she jerks away guiltily dropping her gaze. Her companion holds David's eyes openly, smiling easily. Now it's David who looks away.

038 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - DAY 038

From a CAMERA ANGLE that does not reveal the name of the airline, the 727 climbs to altitude and turns southeast for the short flight to Rome.

039 INT. LAVATORY (FIRST CLASS SECTION) 039

David is drawing the safety razor across the last of his beard when the aircraft hits a bit of turbulence, causing him to take a nasty nick out of his chin.

Upset, he pounds his fist on the cabinet.

DAVID

Damnit!!

Suddenly, from beneath the cabinet, he HEARS a light THUD. Curious, he puts a paper towel to his chin with his left hand and reaches his right arm into the waste bin, located beneath the cabinet.

He withdraws an automatic pistol, with a strip of white tape stuck to one side. Obviously, the combination of turbulence and David's fist caused the tape to give way, allowing the automatic to fall to the bottom of the bin.

David again reaches his arm into the trash bin, feeling around to top. This time he comes up with a British Model 36 hand grenade.

040 INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN 040

There is only one lavatory in the first class section and the "in use" light is still on.

041 LAVATORY 041

David has four hand grenades and four automatics spread out on the cabinet, each with the telltale, white tape.

042 INT. COACH CLASS CABIN 042

The angle from the coach cabin shows the still lit "lavatory in use" light for the first class section. Then Yvette closes the curtains between the cabins, blocking the view.

043 LAVATORY (FIRST CLASS) 043

David removes the fulminate of mercury detonator from the grenade and re-screws the bottom.

044 FIRST CLASS CABIN 044

Yvette is serving adult beverages and other refreshments to the first class passengers.

045 LAVATORY (FIRST CLASS) 045

With his fingernail clipper, David breaks off the firing pin from the four automatics; carefully leaving the telltale white tape attached to the weapons.

046 FIRST CLASS CABIN 046

David exits the forward lavatory and heads for his seat. Again, he notices the young couple, now leaning into each other whispering and grinning. His own loneliness is accentuated by their closeness.

He takes his seat and glances over at the Matronly Woman in the window seat on his left. She smiles. He does his very best to return the smile, but his attention is divided between the young couple and the lavatory.

047 ANOTHER ANGLE 047

A passenger, wearing a lose fitting blue blazer, steps through the drawn curtains separating the small, first-class section from the larger cabin section.

Even Joe takes note as the FIRST HIJACKER enters the lavatory.

048 LAVATORY 048

The First Hijacker reaches into the disposal bin and begins extracting the four automatics and four grenades, placing them on the cabinet.

049 FIRST CLASS CABIN 049

A SECOND HIJACKER, also wearing a loose fitting blazer, steps through the curtains, into the first class cabin. He carefully makes sure the curtains are fully closed, then moves toward the forward lavatory.

David and Joe exchange looks as the Second Hijacker knocks on the lavatory door. The door is opened and he enters the cramped quarters. David gestures to Joe and they lean towards each other, head-to-head, across the aisle.

050 LAVATORY 050

Silently, the two hijackers divide the weapons. The First Hijacker keeps only one automatic and one grenade, giving the rest of the weaponry to the Second Hijacker. With the weapons tucked under cover of their loose fitting jackets, and ready for action, they open the door and exit.

051 FIRST CLASS CABIN 051

The hijackers exit the lavatory and are immediately jumped. Before they know what's happened, David and Joe have paralyzed them with choke holds. With their free hands, David and Joe remove the automatics from the two hijackers, thumb back the hammers, flip off the safety's, and place the barrels to the heads of the two interlopers.

They quickly maneuver the potential hijackers into the first-class galley.

052 ANOTHER ANGLE 052

Debra is standing in the aisle; forefinger to her lips, motioning for the passengers in the first-class section to remain quiet.

DEBRA

(above a whisper)

Please! There may be others onboard.

The two hijackers have passed out from the choke holds and are lying on the floor. Joe gathers their weapons as Yvette steps through the curtains.

In addition to the four hand guns and grenades, Joe has come up with two derringer type pistols.

DAVID

(to Yvette)

Get me some wire coat hangers, then get on the phone to the flight deck and inform the captain what's going on ... and to keep his door locked! We're gonna need his help ... and yours too. You up to it?

Yvette nods then hastens from the galley as Joe examines the derringers.

JOE

Made out of plastic and animal bone!

David accepts one of the weapons and opens the breach. He extracts one of the two bullets, and then twists the head from the casing.

DAVID

Plastic bullets. Light loads. But lethal.

JOE

These are not suicide bombers.

DAVID

No, they were out to hijack the plane.

JOE

Likely these are high up the command chain. I doubt they believe in the 72-black-eyed virgins.

DAVID

That makes sense. The French National Police were probably closing in and they figured it was time to get out of *Dodge*.

Yvette sticks her head through the galley curtains and hands

two wire coat hangers to both David and Joe, who immediately start securing the hijackers by wrapping the wire around their feet and cuffing their hands behind them.

DAVID
(to Yvette)

Thanks.

(to Joe)

Tell me, if they were successful in getting a flight out of the country, why hijack the aircraft?

JOE

They're in just as much danger from Interpol in Italy as in France. They have to get to someplace like Yemen or Somalia.

DAVID

My guess is Somalia where they could ransom the aircraft and passengers.

JOE

Does this aircraft have enough fuel to reach Somalia?

DAVID

Depends on whether it left with full tanks. But they could always refuel in the Sudan or Chad.

Joe finishes securing his potential hijacker and picks up one of the automatics and thumbs back the hammer.

JOE

That's strange. Firing pin's broken off.

(indicating the automatic)

This weapon is *useless!!*

DAVID

I disarmed the automatics earlier...all except for these plastic jobs, which they obviously carried onboard.

JOE

Thanks for letting me in on it.

055 COACH CABIN

055

Everything looks normal and relaxed in coach class. Nobody seems aware of the drama unfolding forward, in First class.

With the potential hijackers secured, David extracts the airline tickets from the inside breast pocket of their jackets, then searches for other identification.

Finding passports, he opens them and thumbs through the entry and departure stamps for the various countries in which the potential hijackers have traveled.

DAVID

Entry and departure stamps for Somalia, the Sudan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Iran and Jordon, among others.

(beat)

That alone should have put them on the *no fly list*.

JOE

What are the seat assignments on the tickets?

David checks.

DAVID

(pause)

Seats 23-C and 23-D. Aisle seats, across from one another.

As Debra and Yvette enter the galley, David studies the weapons laid out on the cabinet.

DAVID

We have to figure there's at least two more somewhere in coach. Probably armed with these.

David holds up the plastic guns.

JOE

That means they have at least four shots... That's four lives at risk if we go charging in.

DAVID

We're not going to go *charging in*.

(to Yvette)

I want you to get on the phone to the flight deck.

058 COACH CABIN 058

David slips through the curtains and starts down the aisle, apparently heading for the rear lavatories.

059 DAVID'S POV 059

It's not difficult to spot the "THIRD HIJACKER" and "FOURTH HIJACKER." They have aisle seats in row 24, are of a suspiciously dark complexion and are sweating profusely.

060 BACK TO SCENE 060

They eye David with curiosity as he passes, turning to watch him enter one of the two lavatories.

061 GALLEY 061

The first two hijackers are face down on the floor, well secured. Joe sticks one of three remaining automatics in the right hand pocket of his sports jacket, leaving two additional automatics and the four grenades on the cabinet. He then hands Debra the two plastic derringers ... fully cocked.

JOE

You have three shots. If they so much as sneeze, don't hesitate to pull the trigger.

Debra gestures towards the automatic in his jacket pocket.

DEBRA

Thought the firing pins were broken?

JOE

(indicating the coach section)

They don't know that!

062 REAR LAVATORY 062

David checks his watch, waits three seconds for the exact time, then exits.

063 COACH CABIN 063

Adjacent to the rear lavatories is the rear galley where stewardesses are preparing the beverage service, unaware of the unfolding drama.

David looks towards first class and watches Joe, looking a little wobbly, step through the curtains and start down the aisle.

064 GALLEY

064

In the first class galley, one of the securely bound hijackers SPEAKS out in rapid ARABIC.

1ST HIJACKER

(subtitled in English)

We must give a warning!!

Debra jabs the barrel of the derringers into the mouths of the hijackers. She calmly smiles, shakes her head and SPEAKS in perfect ARABIC.

DEBRA

(subtitled in English)

No ... no!

065 FIRST CLASS CABIN

065

The first class passengers are a heart flutter away from hysteria as Yvette picks up the microphone and keys the intercom.

066 COACH CABIN

066

Joe slowly continues making his way, unsteadily towards the rear.

Suddenly, the FASTEN SEAT BELT sign flashes "on" and Yvette's VOICE comes over the cabin speakers.

YVETTE (V.O.)

The Captain is expecting turbulence ahead
and has turned on the fasten seat belt sign.

*(repeats in French,
Italian and German)*

The Third "Hijacker" and the Fourth "Hijacker" eye Joe suspiciously as he continues his journey towards the approaching David, and the rear lavatories.

Both David and Joe shoot a quick glance at their wrist watches. The aisle seats in row 23 are, of course, empty. As they near row 24, the aircraft apparently hits turbulence. The left wing dips slightly, causing Joe to lose his balance.

He lands in the lap of the Third "Hijacker," seated in 240C. Before the startled Third "Hijacker" can react, Joe has the automatic jammed against his ribs.

067 ANGLE ON FOURTH "HIJACKER." 067

Suddenly alert to what has happened, the Fourth "Hijacker" starts toward the aid of his companion ... but thinks better of it when he feels the cold steel barrel against the nap of his neck.

DAVID

(almost a whisper)

Give it your best shot! Then I'll take mine.

068 BACK TO SCENE 068

Joe pats down the Third "Hijacker," but cannot come up with a weapon. He does, however, produce an Egyptian passport.

David is surprised to find that the Fourth "Hijacker" is also unarmed and also carrying an Egyptian passport.

069 ANGLE ON ROW 22 069

Under cover of his suit jacket, an older, well tanned "business man" seated on the aisle in seat 22-C slips a plastic derringer into the air sickness bag and deposits it in the pocket on the back of the seat in front of him.

This completed, BASSAM ABU JIHAD glances over at the younger man, seated across the aisle, in 22-D.

MUNIR IBEN JIHAD is also depositing a plastic weapon into an air sickness bag. Neither man looks particularly ethnic.

070 EXT. LEONARDO DA VINCI AIRPORT - ROME, ITALY - DAY 070

To establish the airport at Fiumicino, Italy, next to the Tyrrhenian Sea.

071 INT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE - DAY 071

With Debra looking on, David and Joe are being grilled by two plain clothed officials, the 1ST INTERROGATOR and the 2ND INTERROGATOR.

DAVID

I don't know ... they just looked suspicious.

1ST INTERROGATOR

(Italian accent)

Let me understand. You attacked two innocent, Arab businessmen ... because they looked *suspicious*?

2ND INTERROGATOR

(shaking his head)

Talk about racial profiling. Wait until the Arab Anti Discrimination Committee gets word of *this*!

The 1st Interrogator nods agreement with the 2nd Interrogator and the two of them shake their heads and stomp out of the office in disgust, leaving David, Debra and Joe under the watchful eye of an airport Security Officer.

After the interrogators have closed the door behind them, Debra speaks to Joe in Hebrew.

DEBRA

(subtitled in English)

So you made a mistake...there weren't four. At least they could give you credit for the two hijackers you *did* catch!

DAVID

No, there were four, all right. We just didn't happen to find the remaining two!

DEBRA

(startled)

You understood what I said??

David nods.

JOE

You speak *Ivrit*?

DAVID

Can't speak it ... but understand a little.

DEBRA

You're *Jewish*??

DAVID

Half. My mother married a sheketz. She was the one insisted I learn the language. My father eventually converted.

(MORE)

DAVID (Cont.)

(beat)

Any idea who it was giving us the third degree?

JOE

I would guess they're from Nucleo Operative Centrale di Sicurezza, better known as NOCS, Italy's special operations unit responsible for antiterrorism. Sort of like your Homeland Security.

072 ANOTHER ANGLE

072

The French pilot, CAPT. THOULOUSE, enters and smiles at the threesome.

CAPT. THOULOUSE

I'm Captain Toulouse. Hope that little maneuver was properly timed.

David and Joe break into a broad grin.

DAVID & JOE

(together)

Perfectly!

DEBRA

For all the good it did!

CAPT. THOULOUSE

No fault of yours. NOCS inspectors found two more of those plastic derringers inside air sickness bags, just two rows in front of those businessmen who were so afraid of flying.

DEBRA

(incredulously)

Afraid of flying?

DAVID

Does explain why they looked so nervous.

CAPT. THOULOUSE

One thing puzzles me.

DAVID

What's that?

CAPT. THOULOUSE

How were you so sure there were only
four hijackers, why not five ... or six?
I know you counted the automatics and
grenades, allowing one set for each. But
what if they had additional weapons
stashed in the coach lavatories??

David and Joe exchange sheepish looks. That contingency
hadn't occurred to either of them. Toulouse just chuckles and
shakes his head.

073 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ROME, ITALY - DAY

073

Debra, Joe and David walk towards the baggage claim area.

DEBRA

We're on a tour package. London, Paris
and Rome for \$3,000 each, including first
class airfare.

DAVID

Sounds like a hell of a deal.

(beat)

I'm renting a car. Can I offer you a
lift?

DEBRA

That would be great. But first, we have
to meet someone--

(checking her watch)

Damn, we're late! We'll probably miss her!

This conversation is suddenly interrupted by a SHRIEK and the
SOUND of HIGH HEELS RUNNING towards the threesome.

074 ANOTHER ANGLE

074

HANNAH, a tall, rangy young woman comes hurtling into Joe's
arms. Joe lifts and engulfs her in an enormous embrace. This
new development leaves David visually confused.

075 TIGHTER ANGLE

075

JOE

David? Meet my fiancée, Hannah.

Probably for the first time in his life, David is caught
completely off guard.

DAVID

What? I mean ... I thought -

David points at Joe, then Debra. As realization sets in, Debra points at Joe and then herself.

DEBRA

You mean... Is that what you thought?

David's shrug indicates acknowledgment of her suspicion.

DEBRA

(continuing)

He's my brother. Joseph Mordecai and Debra Mordecai. Brother and sister!

David shakes his head and smiles sheepishly.

076 EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - LEAVING FIUMICINO, ITALY - DAY 076

An expensive sports car convertible with David and Debra in the front and Joe and Hannah in the rear, travels southbound along the scenic coastal road to Lido Di Ostia. The top of the convertible is down.

077 EXT. TIGHT ON CONVERTIBLE OCCUPANTS - TOP DOWN - DAY 077

DEBRA

(to David)

I've never spent a night on a boat, before. You sure there's enough room for all of us? And you swear your friend who owns the boat won't mind us barging in on him?

DAVID

He's not aboard at the moment. And, if at any time you feel cramped or uncomfortable, I'll pay to put you up at the best hotel in Rome.

DEBRA

I'm only with you because, for some unknown reason, my brother trusts you.

DAVID

Speaking of your brother, where did he get his commando training?

DEBRA

Where did you get yours?

DAVID

U.S. Navy.

DEBRA

Seals?

DAVID

Hell, no! I'm an aviator!

Debra turns and yells at Joe, in the back seat with Hannah.

DEBRA

Guess what? David's a naval aviator.

Joe bursts out laughing, nodding his head. Now, it all makes sense.

DAVID

What's so funny?

DEBRA

My brother's also an aviator. He's in the Israel Air Force!

DAVID

(taken aback)

This has to be some kind of a plot.

DEBRA

What do you mean?

DAVID

I'm on my way to a carrier in the eastern Mediterranean to participate in a joint exercise with the *Israeli Air Force*.

Joe cuts loose with a hardy laugh.

DAVID

What's so funny?

DEBRA

Joe's participating in the same exercise.

078 EXT. BRIDGE OVER TIBER RIVER - AFTERNOON

078

The luxury sports car convertible crosses the mighty Tiber River, near its discharge into the Tyrrhenian Sea.

DAVID

So what do you and Hannah do to support yourselves?

DEBRA

I teach languages at Hebrew University. Hannah works for the Interns for Peace program.

(explains)

It's a non political program ... like your former Peace Corps. The main goal is to improve ethnic relations, worldwide.

DAVID

Just how many language courses do you teach?

DEBRA

I alternate between English, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Greek. But I also speak and write Spanish, Russian, and Arabic.

DAVID

How did you first get interested in the study of linguistics?

DEBRA

That would be my father's influence. At first I thought he wanted me to be a Mossad agent, but I later learned that he merely wanted me to have a skill that would guarantee me lifetime employment.

DAVID

Is he still alive and if so, what influence does he have over you, today?

DEBRA

He's currently Chief of Operations for the Israeli Air Force.

DAVID

(shaking his head
in amazement)

This just gets better and better.

080 MARINA - LIDO DI OSTIA - AFTERNOON

080

The convertible pulls into the marina located on the Tyrrhenian Sea. David spots an empty parking space and pulls in.

081 EXT. MOTOR LAUNCH AT SEA - AFTERNOON

081

The launch is motoring its way out to where the larger yachts are anchored. Joe stops cooing over Hannah and takes interest in his surroundings.

JOE

Anchored this far off shore; I assume
your friend's boat isn't exactly a canoe.

DAVID

A little bigger -

082 ANOTHER ANGLE

082

The motor launch is now wending its way among the anchored yachts of various sizes. Debra is obviously enjoying the beauty of the environment.

083 TIGHT ON DAVID & DEBRA

083

DEBRA

Settings like this inspire my writing.

DAVID

You're a linguists and writer?

DEBRA

(nodding)

Published!

(explaining)

A small volume of poetry. Next, I'm
going to write a novel.

DAVID

(impressed)

What's the story?

DEBRA

About being young and living in Israel.

The LAUNCH OPERATOR turns to David.

LAUNCH OPERATOR

That's the *Princess* just ahead.

084 EXT. LAUNCH POV - ANGLE ON MORGANA PRINCESS

084

As the launch approaches, the size and enormity of the Morgana Princess becomes apparent. This "boat" with its heliport, is even larger than the Nabila, featured in the James Bond film, "Never Say Never, Again."

HANNAH

(in awe)

That's my kind of canoe.

(to David)

How well did you say you knew this friend of yours?

085 EXT. FANTAIL - MORGANA PRINCESS - AFTERNOON

085

Debra, Joe, Hannah and David climb the final steps leading up from the motor lunch to the deck of the Morgana Princess, where they are greeted warmly by the head STEWARD.

STEWARD

Mister Morgan. We've been expecting you.
Welcome aboard.

086 INT. INSIDE PASSAGEWAY

086

David is pointing out the various staterooms to Debra, Joe and Hannah.

DAVID

We're the only guests aboard. So we might as well pamper ourselves and take the best staterooms.

(to Joe)

Joe, you and I will take the luxury cabin on the port side. Debra and Hannah can have the executive staterooms on the starboard side.

087 ANOTHER ANGLE

087

Hannah opens one of the stateroom doors on the starboard side.

INTERCUT WITH:

088 INT. HANNAH'S STATEROOM

088

The stateroom is as large as a suite at the Paris Ritz but even more elegantly furnished.

HANNAH

I could definitely get used to this life style.

David hands out electronic key cards for entrance to the staterooms.

DAVID

You'll find that each stateroom has an array of swim attire from which to choose.

089 EXT. FANTAIL - MORGANA PRINCESS - EARLY EVENING 089

Dressed in the latest swim attire, Debra, Joe, Hannah and David are using the ship's fantail as a diving platform for their plunges into the water below. Ascension is via the same ladder used by the motor launch.

Joe and Hannah take the feet first plunge to the clear, blue water leaving David and Debra alone on the fantail.

090 ANGLE ON DAVID & DEBRA - FANTAIL 090

Debra turns to David. She studies his face carefully, the sculptured bone of the cheek and jaw, the clear eyes and delicately fluted nose. She reaches up and touches his cheek.

DEBRA

I wonder if you're as beautiful on the inside.

Puzzled, he doesn't react. Her finger moves down his neck, onto his chest, where she twirls it slowly in the dark body hair. Figuring this is going to be easy, David leans forward and places his mouth over hers. Her arms come up around the back of his head and fold around him. They kiss while he reaches behind her and, with nimble fingers, easily unsnaps the hook of her bikini top.

She stiffens immediately and tries to pull away, but David holds her gently, but firmly, kissing her again and again. Slowly, she relaxes and returns her hands to the back of his neck. His hands are skilled and expert, masterful enough to prevent rebellion, not rough enough to panic her.

His hands then close in on the weight of her firm breasts. Suddenly, Debra steps in, grabs David and throws her hip against his pelvic bone and using a Krav Maga (Israeli martial arts) throw, flips him high in the air. He lands on his back with a loud THUD.

DEBRA

Your libido doesn't rain, it pours! I
didn't come here to get laid!

(her eyes moistening)

No, that's not why I came at all...

She grabs her bikini top and purse and walks away. He climbs to his feet and starts after her, but his macho fighter pilot pride prevents him from taking more than a few steps.

091 INT. INSIDE PASSAGEWAY - MORGANA PRINCESS - EARLY EVENING 091

A frustrated and highly agitated Debra is fumbling through her purse looking for the cardkey that will open the door to her stateroom. Unable to find it, she impatiently dumps the contents onto the carpeted floor.

Spotting the cardkey on the carpet, she picks it up and unlocks the door. Then she picks up the contents of her purse. The last item on the floor is her wallet. As she picks it up, she notices that it has fallen open to a picture, protected in the ubiquitous cellophane environment.

092 INSERT 092

The photo is of a young Israeli officer.

093 BACK TO SCENE 093

She stares at the picture then closes the wallet, dropping it into her purse.

094 INT. DEBRA'S STATEROOM - NIGHT 094

Extracting the photo from her purse, she props it up on the nightstand next to her bed. Then she begins undressing.

095 EXT. MORGANA PRINCESS - NIGHT 095

Things appear quiet aboard the huge yacht.

096 INT. HANNAH'S STATEROOM - NIGHT 096

Joe and Hannah are in the throes of lovemaking.

097 INT. DAVID'S STATEROOM - NIGHT 097

David is packing his bags.

In bed, Debra is lying on her side starring at the picture on the nightstand.

Packed bags in hand, David enters the lounge. He drops the bags near the door and then moves to the bar. He is pouring himself a snifter of brandy when the door slides open and Joe enters. Spotting the crystal carafe on the bar, Joe steps over, picks out a snifter and pours himself two fingers.

After a sip, he turns his attention to David.

JOE

Don't know what went wrong, but I can guess.

David remains silent.

JOE

(continuing)

She had a bad time. These last few days of the tour have been good for her. She has been different. ...Happy. Especially this afternoon.

Still, David remains silent.

JOE

(continuing)

She's a pretty special person and I think you should know something, so you don't think too badly of her.

(pause)

She was going to be married ... nice guy ... army officer...killed by a suicide bomber while on duty at a Gaza check point.

David looks Joe in the eye, his expression softening.

JOE

(continuing)

Sorry to give you the family history. Just thought it might help.

(beat)

She's the reason we decided to go on holiday. Family thought it would be good for her.

Joe shoots a curious look at David's luggage.

JOE
(continuing)
Going somewhere?

David pulls the rental car's keys from his pocket and hands them to Joe.

DAVID
Here are the keys to the convertible. Turn it in when you're through with it, but leave the billing on my American Express card. You can stay aboard the Princess long as you want. ...Let the head steward know what you need.
(pause)
As for me, under the circumstances I think it best that I find somewhere else to stay.

JOE
You're joking, of course.

DAVID
It's better this way.

David then offers his right hand to Joe. The Israeli clasps David's hand and shakes it warmly.

JOE
(acquiescing)
I think I understand.
(beat)
Come see us in Israel. It's your country, too. I'd like to show it to you.

100 EXT. U.S. SUPER CARRIER - AT SEA - DAY 100

Things are relatively quiet on the super carrier's giant flight deck.

*SUPERIMPOSE: (NAME OF THE SUPER CARRIER)
In the Mediterranean - South of Cyprus*

NOTE: Name of the carrier may be real or fictitious.

101 INT. CARRIER INTELLIGENCE CENTER (CVIC) - DAY 101

In the large compartment, the new Air Wing Commander (a.k.a. "CAG"), CAPT Robert K. "Killer" Miller, is conducting a brief of the forthcoming air combat maneuvering exercise between the Israeli Air Force and pilots from the carrier.

CAG is using PowerPoint on a huge flat screen to illustrate the brief. Among the pilots and WSOs are lieutenants David Morgan, Frank Stevens, and the beautiful, tall, trim, and African American aviator ... MARY ANN "Sticks" OLSON.

On the TV monitors are pictures of the MLM EHUD pods, some attached to the wingtips and others to the underbelly, depending upon the aircraft.

"KILLER" MILLER

All aircraft, both ours and the Israelis will carry the EHUD datalink air-to-air and air-to-ground ACMI pods. This will enable all players in the exercise to simulate engagements and score kills. All data will be fed to a ground debriefing station in Israel, which will allow for the full reproduction of the airborne scenario in three dimensions.

(beat)

The datalink works both ways. While the ground station records the *kill* your heads-up display will simultaneously confirm what the ground is receiving.

DIALOGUE CUT TO:

102 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: SUPER HORNET NOS. 107 & 111 - DAY 102

David and Frank are in Super Hornet number 107. The single seat F/A-18 number 111, on David's wing, is flown by Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson. The MLM EHUD pods are located in the aircraft's underbelly.

"KILLER" MILLER (V.O.)

The first engagement will be held over the Negev and the EHUD will simulate guns, sidewinders and sparrows. In the last exercise, the IAF beat us badly.

(firmly)

This time I trust things will be different.

103 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES: IAF F-15 EAGLE FLIGHT - DAY 103

Over the Negev desert, two single seat Eagles, carrying Israeli Air Force markings, are at altitude in an echelon formation. They carry their EHUD pods on the wingtips. The two aircraft suddenly peel off and disappear in different directions.

104 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES: HORNETS NOS. 107 & 111 - DAY 104

Now it's the two Hornets (one a super Hornet) that peel off, disappearing in opposite directions.

105 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER - DAY 105

In Strike, the Air Ops Officer, CDR Andrew "Sergei" Bonime, and the DATA LINK OPERATOR are monitoring the exercise from a datalink feed. This feed is supported by two radio frequencies, the *guard* frequency used by both participants in the exercise, and by the *Have Quick*, super secure frequency hopping radio (time coded) channel used by the aircraft from the carrier.

The Datalink Operator comments to "Sergei."

DATA LINK OP

We're getting the first engagements now.

The Air Ops Officer turns to one of the scope operators.

"SERGEI"

Put Mustang Flight's traffic on the speaker.

106 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET - DAY 106

David dials up the Have Quick channel ("HQC"). NOTE: HQC requires everyone to have the same time code sequence in order to be understood; which codes are changed daily, if not more often. The Have Quick Channel has a different resonance SOUND than the guard frequency.

DAVID (HQF)

Mustang Sticks...Lead. ...Contact coming hard right. Start your turn. I'll see if I can lead him across your nose.

(pause)

Okay, it's working ... he's coming to me.

107 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER 107

The CDC continues monitoring the radio traffic from Mustang Flight's Have Quick and guard frequencies, the latter used by all participants for unsecured transmissions.

"STICKS" (V.O.)

(filtered)

Roger! Getting my nose on him now!

(MORE)

"STICKS" (Cont.)

(pause)

BREAK LEFT!! ...I got him! ...Coming
up on the guard frequency.

(pause)

Guns! Guns! Guns!

108 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 108

David rolls his Super Hornet into a new heading.

DAVID (HQF)

Mustang *Sticks*...Lead. Bandit closing
on your six. Standby to break left and
lead him across my nose.

109 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - DAY 109

David and Mary Ann's Hornets and the Israeli F-15 Eagle are at
altitude.

DAVID (HQF)

Ready ... BREAK!!

The attractive female lieutenant, Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson, is
followed by the Israeli F-15, the latter *sucked in* by the
possibility of an easy *kill*.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE 110

Into CAMERA FRAME comes Mustang Lead, David's Super Hornet.

111 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 111

The computer image of the F-15 Eagle is drawn into the death
dot on David's Heads-Up Display. David keys the guard
frequency.

DAVID (UHF)

Guns! Guns! Guns!

(pause)

Lead to *Sticks*. Your six is clear.

112 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER 112

Thrilled, "Sergei" comments to the Data Link Operator.

"SERGEI"

That was real teamwork.

113 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: IAF - F-16 FLIGHT - DAY 113

Two F-16s carrying Israeli Air Force markings are at altitude in a right echelon. They also carry their clearly marked Ehud ACMI pods on the Falcon's wingtips.

114 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: HORNETS NOS. 107 & 111 - DAY 114

Mustang Flight has once again joined up, also in a right echelon.

115 ANOTHER ANGLE 115

The two Hornet fighters approach head-on, signifying the start of another down and dirty (BFM) Basic Fighter Maneuvers dogfight engagement.

With "Sticks" on David's wing, Mustang Flight passes over the oncoming Falcon Flight at nearly twice the speed of sound.

116 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 116

DAVID (HQF)

Mustang Lead. Breaking left. Now!!

117 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: HORNETS NOS. 107 & 111 117

The Lead Hornet turns left while "Sticks" continues straight.

118 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: IAF - F-16 FLIGHT 118

Flying wingtip-to-wingtip, the IAF *Lead* and *Wing* begin a wide swing to their right.

119 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 119

DAVID (HQF)

Let's green 'em up.

"STICKS" (HQF)

Switches green! ...Breaking right!

120 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: OLSON'S SINGLE SEAT HORNET 120

LT. Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson breaks right.

"STICKS" (HQF)

Third Falcon coming off the deck at my five O'clock!

DAVID (HQD)
He's probably not alone. ...Keep a
lookout for a fourth bogie.

"STICKS" (HQF)
Two-to-one...should make it interesting.

121 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: THIRD FALCON 121

The Third Falcon, spotted by "Sticks," begins its climb from
the desert floor.

122 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 122

David is completing a wide, one-eighty degree turn.

123 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S POV 123

Completing the turn, David gets his nose on the approaching
F-16s.

DAVID (ICS)
Removing radar from standby.

He gets an immediate GROWL. Then the threat receiver ALARM
SOUNDS.

FRANK (ICS)
We're being painted. ...Looks to be a
standoff.

124 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 124

The afterburner kicks in and David's Super Hornet suddenly
makes a ninety degree turn to the left. He keys the Have
Quick Frequency.

DAVID (HQF)
Two ... Lead. ...These guys are good. They
won't dare go active. Suggest you stay
passive. Hide out in the sun until I can
get a better setup.

"STICKS" (HQF)
Roger.

125 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER 125

The Air Ops Officer and Data Link Operator exchange comments.

DATA LINK OP
This is getting interesting.

AIR OPS OFFICER
It's going to get even more interesting.
...I think Mustang Lead is right. There's
a fourth *bogie* out there somewhere.

126 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET & F-16 FLIGHT 126

Sensing an easy victory, the two F-16s give chase as David puts his Super Hornet into a wide, ascending turn.

127 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 127

With THREAT RECEIVERS SOUNDING, David flees the two F-16s. He manages to maneuver his two-seat Super Hornet just enough to avoid a *lock* by the "enemy's" radar weapons system.

128 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER 128

Everyone in the CDC listens intently to the *Have Quick* radio traffic between the two Navy aircraft.

"STICKS" (V.O.)
(filtered)
Lead ... Two. ...Keep the turn coming.
...He's coming across my nose. Watch your
separation. ...I need a clean lock.

We HEAR David acknowledging Mary Ann's transmission by rapidly KEYING his transmitter button TWICE.

129 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: LT OLSON'S HORNET 129

LT Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson drops out of the sun ... on the F-16's three o'clock position. We HEAR the Hornet's radar's audible GROWL become a SOLID TONE.

130 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER 130

LT Olson's calm VOICE comes over the speaker monitoring the guard frequency.

"STICKS" (V.O.)
(filtered)
Fox One on the Lead Falcon! ...I show a
kill.

There's a CHEER from everybody in the CDC.

131 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 131

David flips right, into a split "S" and drops towards the desert floor.

132 INT. COCKPIT: LT OLSON'S HORNET 132

On Mary Ann's HUD, the 'death dot' lands on the computer image of the second F-16 and blinks. Once again "Sticks" comes up on the guard frequency.

"STICKS" (UHF)

Fox Two on the Wing F-16.

The EHUD flashes the kill sign on the HUD.

"STICKS" (UHF)

I show a kill.

133 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S POV 133

Mustang Lead is now closing head-to-head on the Falcon Lead. At the last second, David throws his fighter into a ninety degree turn to the left.

134 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET & FALCON LEAD 134

The Falcon Lead alters course to his right in order to get his nose on David's elusive six.

135 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 135

The Threat Receiver is SOUNDING its WARNING.

DAVID (HQF)

Two ... Lead. Second Falcon bogie is coming out of the sun at your five o'clock. Soon as you get his partner off my six, break right so I can get my nose on him!

Mary Ann's affirmative response is a double CARRIER CLICK over David's radio.

136 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: LT OLSON'S HORNET & FALCON LEAD 136

"Sticks" is now directly on the Falcon's six. She broadcasts on the guard frequency.

"STICKS" (V.O.)

Fox Two on the Lead Falcon.

Mary Ann's VOICE is HEARD over the SPEAKER.

"STICKS" (V.O.)
(filtered)
I show a kill.

A CHEER goes up from all those gathered in Strike.

"SERGEI"
That's five zip.

But the cheers die quickly as David's VOICE is HEARD over the Have Quick channel.

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
"Sticks." Break right!! You're in my
shot!

Then another VOICE is HEARD over the guard frequency, one with a vaguely familiar accent.

JOE (V.O.)
(filtered)
I show a kill on the Hornet in my sights.

138 INT. COCKPIT: LT OLSON'S HORNET

138

LT Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson selects the guard frequency button and keys the transmitter.

"STICKS" (UHF)
Hornet ... one-eleven. ...The Ehud
confirms. ...Acknowledging my demise!

139 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S IAF FALCON

139

Now we recognize the IAF pilot. He is Joseph Mordecai, brother of Debra Mordecai. Joe checks his Heads-Up Display then whips his Falcon into a tight turn, switching the armament selector to the IAF equivalent of the Sparrow missile, a non heat seeker.

He waits a moment for the Ehud to acknowledge the switch.

140 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET

140

David's Super Hornet is on its side, also in a tight turn.

141 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 141

FRANK (ICS)

Looks like we'll be going head-to-head.
...Not a good shot for the heat seeker.
...Too far for guns. Suggest the Sparrow.

DAVID (ICS)

Sparrow it is. ...This guy's good. Don't
lose sight of him.

142 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S IAF FALCON 142

As Joe rolls out of his turn the image of the Super Hornet is
seen dancing in and out of the 'death dot' on the Falcon's
Heads-Up Display.

INTERCUT WITH:

143 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S SUPER HORNET 143

With threat ALARMS SOUNDING, David also rolls out of his turn
and the image of the IAF Falcon is seen dancing in and out of
the Super Hornet's 'death dot.' David gets a lock on the IAF
Falcon.

144 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S IAF FALCON 144

Joe gets a lock on the Super Hornet.

145 INT. COMBAT DIRECTION CENTER 145

Both David and Joe's VOICES are HEARD over the guard
frequency.

JOE (UHF)

(filtered)

Fox One! Fox One!

DAVID (UHF)

Fox One! Fox One!

"Sergei" and Data Link Operator exchange looks.

146 EXT. BEN GURION INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 146

The El Al 747 touches down.

147 EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY 147

To establish.

148 EXT. HEBREW UNIVERSITY - JERUSALEM - DAY 148

To establish.

149 INT. LAUTERMAN BUILDING - HALLWAY - HEBREW UNIV. - DAY 149

A door opens and a group of students exit, hugging the books not in their back packs to their chests. Most of the girls glance at David with quick speculative attention as they pass. There is a pause, and then Debra comes out. She carries books under her arm and a sling bag over one shoulder. She freezes as she looks up to see David standing in front of her, wearing an expensive, light weight suit.

David is surprised at how awkward he feels. He grins and makes a shrugging, self-deprecatory gesture.

DAVID

Hello, Debra.

Debra stirs and makes a panicky attempt to brush back the wisps of hair at her temples, but the books hamper her. Finally, she recovers, returning David's grin.

DEBRA

What took you so long? I had almost given up on you.

150 EXT. ENTRANCE TO MORDECAI HOME - DAY 150

David and Debra enter a large stone building built in the image of a small Scottish castle.

151 INT. MORDECAI DRAWING ROOM - DAY 151

Debra, with David following, enters the drawing room, from which the Walled City can be seen in the distance. MRS. MORDECAI is a tall, slim woman with a quiet manner. She looks more like Debra's older sister than her mother.

DEBRA

Mother, this is David. He'll be a guest for dinner.

DAVID

Please - I don't want to intrude.

MRS, MORDECAI

You don't intrude. ...We will be honored.
...This house is home for most of the boys
in Joseph's squadron.

152 INT. MORDECAI DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

152

Candlelight gleams on the polished wood of the huge refectory table, large enough to seat sixteen. While Hannah eyes David suspiciously, Debra's father, JOSHUA "The Brig" MORDECAI pours wine into David's silver goblet. Everyone, including Joe, is gathered at one end of the table. Finally, the "Brig" (so named for his call sign, Brigand, or bandit), shoots David an unimpressed frown.

"BRIG"

Navy pilot, huh? ...Any combat experience?

DAVID

Negative. ...Only training exercises.

"BRIG"

(dubious)

Training exercises! ...Such as what?!

DAVID

Well, sir, I graduated number one in my Topgun class.

"BRIG"

You were selected for Topgun?

DAVID

Yes sir.

The "Brig's" opinion of David is beginning to change. Now it's Joe who steps up in David's defense.

JOE

David's the pilot from the carrier that tagged me During our recent joint exercise.

DAVID

Actually, we *killed* each other.

Smiling, the "Brig" looks David over with renewed eyes.

"BRIG"

So this is the one?

JOE

We discovered each others identity when reviewing the ACMI tapes of the exercise.

The "Brig" carefully tops off David's wine goblet.

"BRIG"

So David. What brings you to Israel?

DAVID

On a three month tour as an intelligence officer, under the military-to-military exchange program.

"BRIG"

I see. ...Part of the 'Tis-wig' operation, I assume?

DAVID

Technical Support Working Group. ...That's affirmative, sir.

"BRIG"

Way the U.S. intelligence community's been decimated over the years, they've got a lot of catching up to do. ...About time they reactivated the program.

Once again, the "Brig" tops off David's goblet.

Hannah frowns, as she notices Debra's smile of pure delight.

153 INT. BRIG'S STUDY - NIGHT

153

The "Brig" hands Joe and David snifters filled with three fingers of brandy. Picking up his own glass, he takes a sip.

"BRIG"

As an intelligence officer, what do you know about the objectives, current status, and key players of Al-Qaeda, Hezbollah, and Hamas? ...And what's your opinion of the Palestinian situation?

DAVID

Frankly, sir. While I'm up to speed on Al-Qaeda, about all I know about Hezbollah and Hamas is that they're funded by Iran and seek nothing less than the destruction of Israel.

DAVID (Cont.)

(beat)

As for the Palestinians, I tend to be sympathetic to their plight.

The "Brig" is careful not to register any reaction to David's statement. He measures his response carefully.

"BRIG"

Much of the world is sympathetic to the plight of the Palestinians, including most Israelis. That's why we signed the Oslo Declaration of Principles, giving away territory and security in return for Palestinian commitments of peace ...and acknowledgement of Israel's right to exist.

DAVID

Well, sir. I guess I have a lot to learn.

(smiling)

But then, that's why I'm here.

154 Ext. KING DAVID HOTEL - DAWN 154

To establish.

155 INT. KING DAVID SUITE - DAWN 155

David snaps awake at the first RING of the TELEPHONE.

DAVID

(into handset)

Hello?

Debra's VOICE is unusually businesslike.

DEBRA

(filtered)

If you've no urgent plans for today, I'd like to show you around our small country.

156 EXT. WESTERN WALL - DAY 156

David and Debra stroll along the large, open area in front of the Western Wall of the Second Temple of King Solomon, destroyed by the Romans in 70 A.D.

DAVID

I don't understand how you knew I'd attempt

(MORE)

DAVID (Cont.)

to get myself transferred to Israel, when I didn't even know myself?

DEBRA

The next morning, when Joe told me that you had left your friend's boat the night before, I knew that I would see you again.

(pause)

Now that you're here, you can't continue staying at the King David.

DAVID

Why not?

DEBRA

You have a job to do. ...You cannot behave like a tourist, even if you could afford it, which is impossible on a military salary.

(beat)

We'll just have to find you an apartment.

DAVID

Who would do the housework...laundry and cooking? ...I haven't had much practice at that sort of thing.

DEBRA

I'll take care of that.

DAVID

You would do all that?

DEBRA

No, silly. I'll get you a housekeeper!

157 EXT. ROAD TO CAESAREA - DAY

157

With Debra beside him, David is driving a sports car convertible similar to the one he rented in Italy, but of a different color. They are traveling with the top down on a two-lane blacktop, heading towards the coastal ruins of the fortress built for Caesar, by King Herod.

DAVID

What's she like?

DEBRA

One of our leading artists, the rudest

(MORE)

DEBRA (Cont.)

person you'll ever meet...and a dear friend.

(beat)

The greater the impression you make, the ruder she'll be, and you're expected to retaliate in kind. ...So please don't lose your temper.

David shoots her a boyish grin.

158 EXT. CAESEREA RUINS - DAY

158

Ella's place is a two story structure, with a restaurant on top and the art gallery on the ground level, both of which rest next to the cool waters of the Mediterranean. Several establishments, mostly restaurants and novelty stores catering to tourists dot the edge of the ruins. The ruins themselves consist of tunnels and crumbling walls of what was once a fortress.

DEBRA

Park around back, next to the boathouse.

David parks next to a former boathouse recently converted into an apartment. We later learn that the drab exterior belies the stylish interior.

159 INT. ELLA'S PLACE - DAY

159

ELLA KADESH wears a tent-like dress. Her make-up seems to have been applied with a trowel and rouge with a spray gun. She removes a thin, black cheroot from her mouth and kisses Debra before turning to study David.

DEBRA

David Morgan, this is Ella Kadesh.

ELLA

I had not expected you to be so handsome. I do not like beauty. It's often deceptive, or inconsequential. It usually hides something deadly...like the glittering beauty of the cobra or the pretty wrapper of a candy bar. It contains cloying sweetness and a soft center.

(fixing David with
her shrewd eyes)

No, I prefer ugliness to beauty.

DAVID

(smiling)

Having met you, I can understand.

She lets out a crackle of raucous laughter, and claps the cheroot back in her mouth.

ELLA

Well, now, at the very least we're not dealing with a chocolate soldier. Come, we'll have lunch upstairs. Since I own the joint, the price is sure to be right!

She places a masculine arm about David's shoulder and leads him towards the staircase.

160 INT. ELLA'S RESTAURANT - LATER - DAY

160

The three are enjoying a lunch of cold fish and poultry, at Ella's private table. Ella picks up a turkey leg and turns her attention to David.

ELLA

(to David)

Your male bombast, your selfish arrogance...

(indicating Debra)

To you this woman is merely a receptacle for your seething, careless sperm. It matters not to you that she is a promise for Israel's future, that within her are the seeds of a great writing talent. No, to you she is a rubbing block, a convenient means to a ---

DEBRA

(interrupting)

Ella!!

David is beside himself with glee. He is completely captivated by Ella's rudeness. Ella turns toward Debra with the lust of battle lighting her eyes.

ELLA

Your gift for writing is held in trust for mankind. You have a duty to allow that gift to grow and blossom and give forth fruit.

She uses the turkey leg like a judge's gavel, banging the edge of her plate with it to silence Debra's protest.

ELLA

Have you written a word since meeting young 'Mars' in Rome? I think not. What of the novel we discussed a year ago, at this very table. ...Have your animal passions swamped all else? Has the screeching of your ovaries ---

DEBRA

(jumping to her feet)

Damn you, Ella!!

Debra's cheeks are flushed and her brown eyes snapping. David has one of those "who, me?" grins on his face. Ella rises to her feet.

ELLA

Damn me if you will, but you are damned yourself if you do not finish your story of what it's like growing up and living in Israel.

161 EXT. JERUSALEM - NIGHT

161

Beauty shots of the city.

162 INT. BRIG'S STUDY - NIGHT

162

David and the "Brig" are alone in the den. The "Brig" is behind his desk. David, dressed in blazer, expensive, but lightweight slacks, and a black pullover shirt, is standing respectfully before him.

"BRIG"

Spoke to your commanding officer, Captain Miller. By abusing my authority, I've managed to get you assigned to me, on a temporary duty basis.

DAVID

Why would you want to do that?

"BRIG"

I also came up through the ranks by pulling double duty as an intelligence officer. I think there's a lot I can teach you.

(beat)

Also, I might be able to get you some flight time, during your stay.

DAVID

How can you do that?

"BRIG"

Never mind how. ...It'll have to be in the front seat of an F-16 trainer, with an IAF pilot in the rear. ...But if you show proficiency, you might get one or two solo flights.

(beat)

You'll have to brush up on your Hebrew.

DAVID

Sir, I don't know what to say. Thank you.

The "Brig" opens a military jacket marked SECRET.

"BRIG"

Says here that, 'after the death of your parents at the hands of a drunk driver, you became the sole heir to the Morgan Group fortune. That you're conservatively estimated to be worth seventy-five million U.S. dollars. ...That when all the trust funds kick in, that sum could increase to several billion.' Shipping, refineries, luxury hotels. ...I had no idea you were *that* Morgan.

(pause)

Such wealth makes you a prime target for terrorist kidnapers.

DAVID

Sir, what do you suggest?

"BRIG"

All I can tell you is just be extremely careful. And refrain from letting anyone know that you are wealthy.

DAVID

That go for Debra?

"BRIG"

That goes for everyone!

Debra and Hannah are coming out of the cool, Mediterranean waters and start walking towards David and Joe.

David and Joe are seated on a nearby rock with the ruin of a Roman aqueduct FRAMED in the BACKGROUND.

JOE

My wedding is only a few weeks away. I'd be grateful if you'll stand up with me. Fly my wing while I take on the target.

DAVID

Be a great honor.

JOE

Hannah's an orphan, so we're undertaking all the arrangements.

DAVID

What about a honeymoon.

JOE

Haven't given it any thought. ...Perhaps a few days at a luxury resort in Elat.

DAVID

How ironic. My friend's yacht, the Princess, is in Elat, perhaps I can prevail upon him to take us aboard for a few days.

JOE

That would be great.

Hannah and Debra arrive. Debra settles on the rock, between the two men. She turns to David.

DEBRA

How's your Hebrew coming?

David sheepishly picks up the text book and, without missing a beat, Joe assumes the role of teacher.

JOE

What does *pilpel* refer to?

DAVID

Pilpel is pepper. ...*Afterburner!*

JOE

Beseder.

DAVID

Beseder is the equivalent of our 'roger.'

JOE

No. I mean, yes. I mean I was just
'rogering' the fact pilpel refers to
afterburner.

Hannah holds up a reflex digital camera and focuses on the
threesome.

166 OPTICAL: DIGITAL CAMERA (REFLEX) IMAGE 166

HANNAH (V.O.)

Everyone look this way and smile.

Debra half turns to laugh into David's face as the picture is
recorded on the camera's memory board.

FREEZE FRAME PICTURE (FOR A BEAT)

167 BACK TO SCENE 167

HANNAH

I'll email each of you a copy.

168 EXT. MONTEFIORE QUARTER - EARLY EVENING 168

Above the Hinnon Canyon, the Quarter was rebuilt as an
integrated whole, all of it clad in golden Jerusalem stone.
It is now a series of expensive town-houses, a favorite of
Israeli's wealthy artist community.

169 INT. MONTEFIORE HOME - EARLY EVENING 169

The interior is lavishly modernized with tall cool rooms,
mosaic bathrooms, a 50 inch LED HD television hanging on the
wall of the living room, den, and both bedrooms; together with
a spacious private terrace.

DAVID (V.O.)

I understand there was an explosion in one
of the underground hangar bays, this morning?
...Killed a maintenance worker.

DEBRA (V.O.)

How did it happen? Did you know the worker?

David, Debra, Joe and Hannah are seated around a patio table, on the terrace.

JOE

Seen him around. One of those freak accidents. Cleaning the concrete floor in one of the hanger bays with a flammable solvent. ...Spark set it off. ...Died from the burns, on the way to the hospital.

HANNAH

What a horrible way to go.

DAVID

He's better off dead.

Hannah searches David's face with curiosity, her expression transfixed.

DEBRA

That's a callous thing to say!

JOE

I think what David means is, what kind of life would he have, had he survived?

DAVID

Joe's right, death isn't the worst of it. Death is natural, the logical conclusion of things. It's the torn and broken flesh that lives, which appalls me. Death has a sort of dignity while the maimed are obscene.

HANNAH

That's cruel.

The lovers are lying in bed. Joe is on his back, staring at the ceiling, obviously in deep thought. Finally, he rolls onto his side facing Hannah.

JOE

You don't like David, do you?

HANNAH

(taken aback)

What makes you think that?

JOE

Your eyes when David was describing the plight of the maimed and disfigured. I've seen that look before.

HANNAH

How do you expect me to react? Would you consider leaving me, if I were disfigured?

JOE

Of course not.

HANNAH

That's easy to say, until you're put to the test. ...But you're right. There's something about David that disturbs me.

(beat)

I just don't want you falling under his spell ... to be like him. He walked out on Debra in Rome and I'm not convinced that he wouldn't do it again.

172 INT. MONTEFIORE BEDROOM - NIGHT

172

David and Debra are in bed.

DAVID

I suppose you think we will eventually get married?

DEBRA

Marriage is something that should not be taken lightly. And face it, you're not the finest marriage material in the world. In Rome, all you wanted was to get laid. Didn't matter who, long as she was attractive. I thought you were conceited, selfish, spoiled and arrogant.

DAVID

(feigned disbelief)

Conceited? Selfish? Spoiled? Arrogant!

DEBRA

(smiling)

We were of different mindsets. Yours was that sex may lead to love, instead of love leading to sex. Oh, you've changed somewhat. Mere fact you're here, proves that.

DAVID

You don't want to marry me?

David doesn't know whether to be happy or disappointed.

DEBRA

Let's make that decision when we're both comfortable enough with ourselves, so that there's no need to second guess each other's answer.

This is a little deep for David, who reverts to his basic instincts. He moves his hand to her breasts, kisses her on the neck, and works his way down.

DAVID

Sounds like a wise decision.

DEBRA

(her thoughts elsewhere)

David?

Her tone causes him to stop and look her in the eye.

DEBRA

(continuing)

You really mean what you said this afternoon? ...About death and the maimed?

DAVID

Of course. It's a fact of life. Take the sable antelope. Beautiful animal. They run in herds. But when one of them is hurt ... wounded by a hunter or mauled by a lion, the lead bulls turn on it and drive it from the herd. Just like our society, beauty is rewarded. The maimed and ugly are outcasts.

Under the covers, Debra rolls her naked body on top of David's and playfully plants several kisses about his neck and chest.

DEBRA

That's a terrible attitude.

BEGIN: SERIES OF SCENES, CUT TO A MUSICAL THEME.

173 EXT. MONTEFIORE PLAZA - AFTERNOON

173

An AERIAL SHOT establishes the large open area in front of

the Montefiore carriage, next to the windmill. The large plaza is filled with well over one hundred guests whose eyes are focused on the wedding chuppah, a canopy with religious and fertility symbols printed in blue and gold.

174 ANGLE FROM GROUND LEVEL - WEDDING SITE 174

The Rabbi finishes the benediction and Hannah and Joe drink from the goblet of wine, the Walled City FRAMED in the BACKGROUND. Joe turns to Hannah, her face veiled, and he places the plain gold ring upon her right forefinger.

MUSIC SOFTENS

JOE

Behold, you are consecrated unto me by
this ring, according to the law of Moses
and Israel.

Joe breaks the glass under his heel and the SHARP CRUNCH is the signal for an outburst of music, song and gaiety.

MUSIC UP

175 EXT. SUNSET OVER JERUSALEM - EVENING / NIGHT 175

SERIES OF SHOTS show the beauty of Jerusalem as the sun sets on familiar landmarks.

176 EXT. MONTEFIORE PLAZA - NIGHT 176

The chuppah has been removed and the wedding site is now one big dance floor, as young and old join in for a traditional Israeli folk dance. David has little trouble picking up the step. Soon he is doing so well as to attract the attention of numerous admirers ... all female.

177 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - HELICOPTER - DAY 177

The Morgana Princess helicopter thumps its way over water.

SUPERIMPOSE: *THE GULF OF AQABA*
 ENTERING THE RED SEA

END OF SERIES OF SCENES CUT TO A MUSICAL THEME.

178 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 178

David is at the controls in the right seat, with Joe in the left seat.

DAVID

The 'boat' is headed for Mumbai, India, with ports of call at Port Victoria in the Seychelles, and Malé in the Maldives Islands. ...However, we'll depart by helicopter before entering the Gulf of Adin.

JOE

What's in the Seychelles, the Maldives Islands, and Bombay that could possible interest your uncle?

DAVID

He owns some luxury resorts in the Seychelles and Maldives. In Mumbai, he's having the ships' electronics updated.

JOE

Does he own many luxury hotels?

DAVID

I guess that next to Sol Kerzner, he's probably the third, if not second largest luxury resort and casino owner in the world.

179 INT. REAR SECTION OF MORGANA PRINCESS HELICOPTER - DAY 179

In the rear are Debra, Hannah, the "Brig" and Mrs. Mordecai.

DAVID (V.O.)

(continuing)

If you ask me, it's a little unusual, having your parents aboard, during your honeymoon.

JOE (V.O.)

Inviting them was the only way I could get us, including you, a week's leave!

180 EXT. MORGANA PRINCESS - DAY

180

Entering the Red Sea, the huge yacht is holding a steady course as the helicopter settles onto the helipad.

181 INT. MAIN SALON OF YACHT - DAY

181

David leads the wedding party into the luxurious 30 foot by 45 foot salon.

The party is greeted by the same head Steward we met during the previous visit.

STEWARD

Mister Morgan! Welcome. Your uncle has been asleep ever since we left Elat. I'm afraid the flight from Los Angeles and the time difference has taken its toll.

(beat)

But he will meet you for dinner promptly at 8:00 p.m., local time.

182 INT. INSIDE PASSAGEWAY - DAY

182

David shows the General and Mrs. Mordecai their stateroom, handing each of them a key card to unlock their cabin door. The senior Mordecais enter the plush stateroom and close the door behind them.

The stateroom directly opposite theirs is the one previously assigned to Hannah. David hands Joe the card key and Hannah enters. Joe hangs back to commiserate with David. But Hannah grabs the front of his shirt and jerks her new husband into the stateroom, firmly closing the door.

Alone, David and Debra move down the passageway to the next stateroom.

DAVID

(raising voice)

Now, Debra. This will be your room, next to your parents. Mine will be the one opposite yours.

Debra opens and closes the stateroom door, with enough sound to be heard in her parents' cabin. Then she opens the door to the stateroom across the corridor. With suppressed laughter at their own wickedness, the two disappear inside.

183 INT. MAIN SALON - EVENING - NIGHT

183

Paul Morgan sits at the head of the main salon dining table. Under the watchful eye of the Steward, three Waiters are serving salads and pouring an expensive chardonnay wine.

PAUL

I'm going to update the Morgana's tele-communications system so that I can conduct more and more of my business onboard.

"BRIG"

What kind of updates?

PAUL

The usual. For instance, a satellite communication system based on the time code, frequency hopping technology, currently used by the U.S. military, which will allow me to conduct secure phone and e-mail transmissions with my worldwide offices.

184 INT. BRIDGE OF MORGANA PRINCESS - NIGHT

184

The CAPTAIN and FIRST OFFICER are the only ones on the fully automated, high tech bridge. Suddenly two well tanned men dressed as cabin boys storm onto the bridge and point their MAC-10 machine pistols at the heads of the two crew members. Then Bassam Abu Jihad and the younger Munir Iben Jihad enter. We recognize the latter two as the real, potential hijackers in the coach section on the flight to Rome. Abu Jihad barks a command to Munir.

ABU JIHAD

(in Arabic - subtitled)

Keep the same course.

(to the others)

Come with me. And remember, Morgan Group will pay plenty for the release of Paul Morgan! ...But we must take him alive.

The 1ST MORGANA HIJACKER and 2ND MORGANA HIJACKER follow Abu Jihad from the bridge.

185 INT. GALLEY - MORGANA PRINCESS - NIGHT

185

Known to the crew as hired cabin boys, the three kidnappers enter the galley from the service entrance, pointing their MAC-10s at the heads of the three Waiters and two Cooks.

186 SALON

186

Having finished the appetizers and salads, Paul Morgan pushes a button on the table that signals the galley.

187 GALLY

187

As the BUZZER RINGS, the three hijackers, dressed in the waiter's uniforms, plunge their knives into the throats of the tied and gagged galley staff.

188 SALON

188

The Steward is pouring another expensive Chardonnay in antici-

pation of the fish dish when three white-jacketed "waiters" enter, each carrying a large copper salver.

Filling David's glass, the Steward glances over at the approaching "waiters." Instead of being half full, with room to breathe, David's glass is filled to the brim ... and then some. David notices the puzzled expression on the Steward's brow, as the "waiters" come closer to the table.

STEWARD

(to the "waiters")

What're you doing in here?!!

David transfers his look from the Steward to the "waiters."

189 ANGLE ON ABU JIHAD

189

DAVID

(yelling)

Pilpel ! Pilpel !

David springs from his chair and lunges at Bassam Abu Jihad. Recognizing the Hebrew vernacular for "afterburner," Joe and the "Brig" instinctively follow David into action. David slams into Abu Jihad, throwing him off balance.

The First and Second Morgana Hijackers jerk the covers off their salvers and come up with the hidden MAC-10s and grenades, stopping the "Brig" and Joe in their tracks, a mere six feet from their goal.

Paul Morgan pushes the women under the table, out of the line of fire.

190 ANGLE ON DAVID

190

The momentum of David's body smashing into Abu Jihad has knocked the Salver from the kidnapper's hands, the machine pistol and grenade falling to the deck, near the feet of the Steward.

191 BACK TO SCENE

191

The "Brig" and Joe hold their positions, the barrels of the machine pistol pointed at their heads.

David and Abu Jihad are slugging it out on the deck.

Seizing the moment, the Steward quickly bends down, picks up the grenade dropped by Abu and pulls the pin. He holds it

high over his head, his fist keeping the spring-loaded lever in place.

STEWARD

(shouting)

Drop your weapons!!

The First and Second Morgana Hijackers act in unison, swinging their pistols at the Steward. The CLATTERING THUNDER of AUTOMATIC FIRE is deafening.

A stream of bullets slash through the body of the Steward and the grenade falls from his hand, hitting the deck with a THUD!

Their attention diverted, the "Brig" and Joe slam their bodies into the hijackers who are firing the weapons.

192 ANGLE ON DAVID 192

Struggling with Abu Jihad on the deck, their hands at each other's throats, David senses what has happened. Quickly, he rolls onto his side, putting the pirate between him and the grenade. The grenade EXPLODES with a DEAF-ENING SOUND!

193 EXTREME CLOSE-UP: 193

Debra starts to turns her head away from the coming explosion.

194 EFFECT 194

The SCREEN BURSTS into a kaleidoscope of COLOR, with orange and red hues, lasting from 12 to 24 frames.

195 ANGLE ON DAVID 195

The back of Abu Jihad's white jacket is blackened and torn by the grenade fragments and his hands relax their grip on David's throat. David climbs to his feet, uninjured. He shakes his head and yawns in an attempt to restore hearing.

196 ANGLE ON BRIG & JOE 196

Additional grenades hit the deck as the "Brig" and Joe struggle over the machine pistol held by the hijackers. But these grenades are safe, as their pins are still intact.

Joe is struggling to get the MAC-10 out of the fist of the Second Morgana Hijacker when pressure is inadvertently applied to the trigger. Bullets spew wildly from the barrel.

David, who has just managed to get to his feet, immediately hits the deck as bullets rip wildly into the expensive woodwork and glassware of the luxurious salon. The SOUNDS of destruction are DEVASTATING!

Finally, the "Brig" wrestles the machine pistol from the First Morgana Hijacker and fires on the Second Morgana Hijacker. Bullets slam into the Second Morgana Hijacker and he is literally dead on his feet! As the dead man sinks to the deck, with comic simplicity, Joe takes possession of his MAC-10.

The "Brig's" concentration diverted, the First Morgana Hijacker dives for the nearby grenade on the deck and pulls the pin. An alert Paul Morgan leaps for the hand holding the grenade and despite his wounds manages to close both of his hands over the hijacker's right fist, holding the spring-loaded lever in place.

Joe and the "Brig" come to the aid of Paul. "Brig" puts an arm lock on the man while Joe grabs the pin from the forefinger of the hijacker's left hand and forces it back into place on the grenade.

David is again on his feet. He moves to scoop up the pistols dropped by Joe and the "Brig" in their desperate attempt to re-pin the grenade. Just as he gets his hands on one of the MAC-10s, Munir Iben Jihad bursts into the salon, his own machine pistol ready to fire!

Spotting Munir, David rolls across the deck, trying at the same time to bring the MAC-10 to bear. Seeing David as the only immediate threat, Munir Iben Jihad opens fire.

The expensive teakwood deck erupts around David as it is ripped apart by bullets being hurtled from the machine pistol.

Rushing his shots, Munir is aiming blindly at David, his finger pressed against the trigger in a frenzy of terror and anger. Then, sensing possible danger, he turns sideways in an attempt to present a smaller target.

Although off balance, David finally gets his finger inside the trigger guard.

The target is small, but not small enough. Hot lead rips open the young kidnapper's stomach entering from the right side, but missing the spine.

Munir Iben Jihad drops his MAC-10 and clutches his stomach with both hands in an attempt to keep his guts from falling to the deck. He drops to his knees, then hits the deck face first, obviously in great pain.

At the same time, Bassam Abu Jihad manages to crawl over to where his MAC-10 is resting on the deck, next to where the grenade exploded. He manages to wrap his finger around the trigger.

David swings his weapon back towards Bassam Abu Jihad.

199 ANGLE ON DAVID AND BASSAM

199

Still flat on his back, Abu Jihad starts to bring his MAC-10 to bear when he thinks better of it. The barrel of the weapon in David's hands is pointed squarely at his forehead. Resigned to defeat, Abu lets his pistol fall to the deck. He looks David in the eye.

ABU JIHAD

Again, you interfere!

DAVID

(puzzled)

You know me??

ABU JIHAD

The flight from Paris to Rome. Because of you, two of my *brothers* are in prison!

Abu Jihad looks over at the prone figure of Munir Iben.

200 ANGLE ON MUNIR IBEN JIHAD

200

The young hijacker finally relaxes the grip on his stomach, eventually to assume room temperature.

ABU JIHAD

You have killed my only son!

Suddenly, from off stage, Joe's VOICE is HEARD crying out.

JOE

Oh, my God! ...No! ...No!!

Joe stands like a colossus, with his thick powerful legs astride, his head thrown back and his face turned to the ceiling; but his eyes are tight-closed and his mouth forming a silent cry of agony. He holds Hannah's torn and ravaged body in his arms.

Angrily, David raises the MAC-10 and prepares to follow Abu Jihad's advice when the "Brig" wraps his fist around the barrel.

"BRIG"

No, David!

David finally relaxes and lowers the weapon, surrendering it to the General, who also takes possession of Bassam's MAC-10.

Mrs. Mordecai, uninjured, is helped to her feet by Paul Morgan. She rushes into her husband's arms.

With the General's attention divided between his wife and Abu Jihad, David seeks out Debra.

He finds her under the table. Her head is turned away. She seems unhurt. He drops to his knees beside her. Then he notices the blood congealing on the temple and back of her head. He timidly touches her shoulder.

DAVID

Debra. ...Are you alright?

She turns to face David's VOICE. But her eyes fail to focus on her lover.

DEBRA

I can't see!

(groping for him)

Oh, David! ...I'm blind!!

205 INT. BRIDGE: MORGANA PRINCESS - NIGHT 205

Paul Morgan enters to find that the Captain and First Officer have been shot in the back. He takes control of the yacht and after checking the global positioning satellite (GPS) indicator, gets on the radio.

206 EXT. HELIPORT: MORGANA PRINCESS - NIGHT 206

The Morgana Princess helicopter lifts off.

207 EXT. HADASSAH HOSPITAL - DAY 207

*SUPERIMPOSE: HADASSAH HOSPITAL
JERUSALEM, ISRAEL*

208 INT. DR. EDELMAN'S OFFICE - HADASSAH - DAY 208

DR. EDELMAN is showing the "Brig" a series of back-lit X-rays.

DR. EDELMAN

The eyes were untouched and there is no damage to her facial features. ...However, the trauma is here---

He touches a hard, frosty outline in the smoky gray swirls of the X-ray plate.

"BRIG"

Look, Dr. Edelman! ...The bottom line!
...Is it permanent?

The surgeon switches off the scanner and pulls out a pad and pencil and boldly begins sketching an optical chart.

DR. EDELMAN

I'm afraid so.

209 EXTREME CLOSE-UP 209

Edelman has drawn: eyeballs, brain and optical nerves, as seen from above.

DR. EDELMAN (O.S.)

The optical nerves, one from each eye run back into this narrow tunnel of bone where they fuse, and then branch again to the opposite lobes of the brain. It's here the grenade fragment is lodged.

He slashes the point of his pencil through the point where the nerves fuse.

210 BACK TO SCENE

210

"BRIG"

Both eyes?

DR. EDELMAN

She has no recognition of shape or color, light or darkness. All indications are that the nerve is severed. There is no technique known to medical science which will restore that.

"BRIG"

Have you told her?

DR. EDELMAN

I was rather hoping you would.

211 INT. RECOVERING ROOM - HADASSAH - DAY

211

In her hospital bed, Debra's hand spasms convulsively, like a wounded animal. But then the "Brig" circles the small tense hand in his big bony fist.

DEBRA

Permanently?

"BRIG"

Afraid so.

DEBRA

Where's David?

"BRIG"

Helping Joe with the funeral arrangements for Hannah. ...Should be here shortly.

DEBRA

I must leave. I need to leave here now!

212 EXT. HADASSAH HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

212

To establish the time of day.

213 INT. HADASSAH HOSPITAL

213

The RECEPTIONIST at the desk is brusque and preoccupied.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Mordecai has been discharged.

David shoots Joe a puzzled look.

JOE

Must've taken her home.

214 INT. BRIG'S STUDY - EARLY EVENING

214

The General is behind his desk. Joe stands beside David.

"BRIG"

She's not here.

DAVID

Where, then?

"BRIG"

I promised I wouldn't tell you.

David is stunned. He looks to Joe, but Joe is equally shocked.

DAVID

I don't understand?

"BRIG"

She doesn't want your pity or sympathy. She feels that in a week, a month, maybe a year, you'll start to feel trapped. Tied to a blind woman. ...She wants it to end now ... swiftly ... mercifully.

DAVID

I'll find her.

"BRIG"

She asked me to make you promise not to.

(beat)

If you refused, I was to tell you this. ...'There is a beautiful animal called the sable antelope, and sometimes one of them is wounded by a hunter or mauled by a lion - '

The words are as painful as the cut of a whiplash.

215 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - DAY

215

High above the Negev, two F-16 Falcons are in a tight echelon, with David flying Joe's wing.

216 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S F-16

216

Joe keys his UHF transmitter,

JOE

I hereby proclaim you as proficient in the F-16, as I am. As of now, you're an honorary member of Squadron Twelve of the Israeli Air Force.

217 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16

217

A jubilant David keys his UHF transmitter.

DAVID

It's an honor.

218 INT. AIRBASE OFFICE - DAY

218

Colonel WEIZMAN enters General Mordecai's Office.

WEIZMAN

I hear our exchange intel officer qualified in the F-16 with a top score. ...Too bad he's not one of ours.

(beat)

By the way, when is his current assignment up?

"BRIG"

(disappointed)

He returns to the States in a couple weeks.

WEIZMAN

Shame ... he's turning out to be a fine intelligence officer.

"BRIG"

Speaking of intelligence, our remotely piloted drones spotted two Iranian, Shahab-2's missiles being trucked towards the Bekaa Valley's Baalbek launch site. ...As you know, the Shahab-2 can hit any target within Israel.

WEIZMAN

Baalbek?

(reflectively)

Don't they still have the Straight Flush

(MORE)

defense system intact, at Baalbek? And aren't they still embedded among civilian occupied homes?

"BRIG"

You didn't think it was going to be a picnic?

(beat)

We're waiting for the Prime Minister to give us permission to conduct a preemptive strike.

219 EXT. CAESAREA RUINS - DAY

219

David pulls in and parks behind Ella's Place, next to the converted boathouse.

220 EXT. ELLA'S PLACE - VERANDA - DAY

220

Ella sits before her easel, her vast overalls covering her like a circus tent.

ELLA

Been expecting you. ...Wondered when you'd get around to paying me a visit.

DAVID

I want to know where she is. I want to talk to her.

ELLA

She won't agree to that.

DAVID

Why?

ELLA

She isn't strong enough. If you came near her, she would cave. And she believes that would result in misery for you both.

DAVID

I had nothing before I met her, and I have nothing now.

ELLA

That will change. Young emotions heal swiftly as young flesh. She wants only happiness for you. ...She loves you so much that her gift to you is ... freedom.

Stunned, David is very near to admitting defeat.

DAVID

At least give her a message from me?

ELLA

I don't think -

DAVID

Please, Ella. Just one message. You don't know how hard this is for me. ...I'm not an emotional person. ...I need your help! ...Please?!

Slowly, she nods.

DAVID

(continuing)

Tell her that my love is big enough to rise above this thing. ...Tell her that I want a chance to try. ...We deserve that chance.

Ella is surprised. She stifles a tear.

ELLA

All right.

DAVID

And you'll give me her answer?

ELLA

How do I reach you?

He pulls out a pen and note pad, and writes a number.

DAVID

This is my cell-phone number.

221 EXT. ELLA'S PLACE 221

David fires up the convertible and heads for home.

222 ANGLE ON JETTY 222

As the SOUND of the convertible recedes, Ella walks down the steps and circles around towards the boathouse, located in back.

223 INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY 223

The boathouse interior has been stripped and repainted white. The furniture is simple and functional. The rugs on the stone

floor are for warmth. A large bed is built into a curtained alcove beside the fireplace.

The scar on Debra's temple is a glazed pinkish white against the deeply tanned skin of her face V-shaped and no bigger than a snowflake.

DEBRA

Now, you can tell me what has you fidgeting around in your seat, and drumming your fingers on the arm of the chair.

ELLA

He came. He came to see me. I didn't tell him where you were.

Debra shuts off the tape-recorder used to dictate her book.

DEBRA

(fighting emotions)

What did he want? ...What did he say?

ELLA

He had a message for you.

224 EXT. IAF UNDERGROUND HANGAR - DAY

224

David and Joe, in full flight gear, are overseeing the armament of their aircraft.

Belts of 20MM ammunition are being loaded behind the multi-barrel cannons. Both aircraft carry two Mark-83, 1,000 pound, general purpose bombs configured with Paveway III laser guidance kits and two Shrike, AGM-45s. Joe's F-16 carries one laser designator and one jamming pod. Both aircraft have replaced the Shafir IR wingtip heat seekers with Ehud ACMI pods.

DAVID

20-MM cannons; two 1,000 pound bombs; laser guidance kits; Shrike missiles; laser designators and a jamming pods? The only thing missing are the heat-seekers, which have been replaced by the Ehud pods.

(beat)

Except for the heat-seekers, we've been flying with full armament. Isn't that a little unusual for a training exercise?

JOE

Exercise or not, rarely does the IAF launch a military aircraft without a full compliment of weaponry. We cannot afford to be caught...how do you say...flatfooted.

DAVID

Couldn't your father get his head handed to him for letting me participate in these exercises?

David's cell phone RINGS. He fumbles in one of his zippered flight suite pockets and finally comes up with it.

DAVID

(into cell phone)

Morgan.

INTERCUT WITH:

225 INT. ELLA'S PLACE - VERANDA

225

Ella is on her cell phone.

ELLA

I gave her your message.

DAVID

What did she say?

ELLA

She didn't say anything.

DAVID

(angrily)

She must have said something!

ELLA

She said ... and these are her exact words, ...'The dead cannot speak with the living. ...For David, I died alongside Hannah.'

Suddenly, the KLAXON SOUNDS, and Joe shouts out!

JOE (O.S.)

Come on, Davey. ...It's *show time*!!

DAVID

(into cell phone)

I have to go. ...Thanks for trying.

ELLA

Goodbye, David.

226 EXT. GROUND-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - F-16 FLIGHT - DAY 226

Heading out to sea, two F-16 Falcons, flying in a combat spread, SCREAM over Israel's ancient Khan al-Undam site, in the old city of Acre, located on the northern extremity of Haifa Bay.

*SUPERIMPOSE: OFF THE NORTHERN
COAST OF ISRAEL*

227 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S F-16 - DAY 227

Joe keys his UHF transmitter.

JOE (UHF)
Mustang Two ... this is lead. Go covered.

INTERCUT WITH:

228 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 228

David punches button for the IAF's version of the Frequency Hoping Channel.

DAVID (FHC)
Go ahead Lead.

JOE (FHC)
Just received a datalink message. Our RPV over the Bakáa Valley indicates that the Shahabe-2 missiles are being fueled. That usually means an immediate launch. ...You're to return to base and I'm to proceed to the target.

DAVID (FHC)
By yourself?

JOE (FHC)
"Strike" is sending backup.

DAVID (FHC)
I'm still following you to the target.

JOE (FHC)
Not without specific authorization by the
(MORE)

JOE (Cont.)
Prime Minister and the President of the
United States.

DAVID (FHC)
Damit! We're both properly armed and
wasting time!

JOE (FHC)
Well ... Since you put it that way..

229 INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY 229

The "Brig" has been listening to David and Joe's secured frequency hopping radio traffic on one of the Control ATC speakers.

"BRIG"
(furious)
Damn it! ... Son or no son. I'm going
to court martial him!

230 EXT. GROUND-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - DAY 230

With the EHUD pods attached, two IAF *Strike Falcons* SCREAM across Israel's northern border and disappear into the storm clouds ahead.

231 EXT. BEKAA VALLEY MISSILE SITE - BAALBEK - DAY 231

SIRENS wind up to speed as Iranian financed "SOLDIERS" race to their SAM launchers mounted on the back of trucks, which trucks surround the two 22 wheeler, 40 ton semi trailers built specifically to launch the 12.29 meter high, 6,500 kg weight, Shahab-2 missiles.

232 SERIES OF SHOTS - ZSU-23 TRIPLE-A PODS 232

As predicted, carefully embedded among civilian homes, the deadly ZSU pods, with versions dating back to North Viet Nam defense systems, are located throughout the village.

233 COCKPIT: DAVID'S POV - DAY 233

Threat receivers are BEEPING their alarm. Despite the daylight hour, because of the overcast, tracer rounds are easily visible on the horizon, seemingly all too accurately aimed at the approaching aircraft.

234 EXT. GROUND-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - DAY 234

With two separate, THUNDEROUS CLAPS, the Falcons approach low on the southern horizon. In a single line, they PASS the CAMERA OVERHEAD, three miles apart, as they penetrate the narrow, fifty-five mile long valley.

235 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 235

The "death dot" on the HUD changes constantly according to the aircraft's speed, height, and angle-of-attack.

Suddenly the TONE of the THREAT RECEIVERS changes pitch.

DAVID (FHC)

Both SAM and ZSU towers are *radiating!*

(beat)

Arming the Shrikes! ...Start '*lighting*' the first Shahab site. ...Once the Shrikes are away, I'll arm my Mark-83 and set for automatic release.

236 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 236

From the underbelly, two Shrike missiles are launched in quick succession.

237 EXT. ANGLE ON RADAR GUIDED MISSILE ANTENNA 237

The first Shrike missile slams into the missile tower and EXPLODES; shredding the antenna. Since the Shrike warhead is relatively small, the explosion is not nearly as great as for that of the 1,000 pound, Mark-83 or GBU-16.

238 EXT. ANGLE ON RADAR GUIDED ZSU-23 ANTENNA 238

The second Shrike EXPLODES, taking out the ZSU antenna.

239 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 239

David switches the master arm selector to one of his two laser-guided Mark-83s. Then he depresses the bomb *pickle* on his control stick.

240 AIR-TO-AIR: ANGLE ON F-16 UNDERCARRIAGE 240

The aircraft jumps slightly as one of the two Mark-83, laser-guided bombs kicks away.

241 BACK TO SCENE 241

Tracers from the triple-A whip past the Falcon's windscreen.

DAVID (FHC)
She's on her way. Making my turn.

David rolls his aircraft into a tight, right turn.

242 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 242

Amidst a barrage of tracers, the aircraft begins a wide turn.

243 EXT. SHAHAB SITE #1 243

Secondary explosions indicate a direct hit!

JOE (FHC) (V.O.)
Did I ever tell you what Shahab means
in Farsi? ...It means *shooting star*.

244 AIR-TO-AIR: JOE'S F-16 244

In his turn, Joe releases his speed breaks and hits his burner. Three miles further from the first Shahab missile site than David, the absence of a concentrated barrage of tracers indicates that Joe is fairly well out of harms way.

JOE (FHC) (V.O.)
And that's what I'm looking at. A bunch
of tiny *shooting stars*.

245 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 245

Suddenly, the THREAT RECEIVERS go crazy.

246 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 246

DAVID (FHC)
Threat receivers indicate missile
launches. ...Starting counter-measurers.

David systematically keys the ECM button on his control stick.

247 EXT. FIRST SAM DEFENSE RING - DAY 247

A series of SA-6, SA-8, and SA-9 missiles lift off from the first Shahab site.

248 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 248

With the aircraft still in a right turn, chaff (little streams of tin foil) and IR flares are dispensed from one of the Falcon's ECM pods. The chaff merely floats to the ground. But tiny chutes allow the ejected flares to ignite in a bright red glow and hang in the air.

249 ANGLE ON CHAFF 249

A SA-8 missile seeks out and detonates on one of the chaff rounds.

250 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 250

DAVID (FHC)
Coming into position now. Will release
on second target soon as I get a green
light.

Joe's VOICE comes over the radio, coded by the Have Quick Frequency.

JOE'S VOICE (FHC)
Lighting the target.

251 ANGLE ON IR FLARE 251

A SA-9 missile connects with one of the floating IR flares. The detonation is spectacular.

252 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 252

Completing his turn, David's F-16 lines up on the second Shahab site.

253 COCKPIT: DAVID'S POV 253

Ahead, the target area is protected by a virtual wall of triple-A tracers.

DAVID (FHC)
Beseder. ...Got a green!

254 AIR-TO-AIR: ANGLE ON F-16 UNDERCARRIAGE 254

The remaining Mark-83, laser-guided bomb kicks away.

255 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 255

DAVID (FHC)
Bomb away. ...Breaking left.

David rolls the aircraft into a tight turn to the left.

JOE'S VOICE (FHC)
Beseder. Will start my one-eighty
after impact.

256 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 256

Threat receivers are SOUNDING as the F-16 exposes its heated tailpipe to danger.

257 EXT. SHAHAB SITE #2 257

Again, secondary explosions indicate a direct hit!

258 EXT. SECOND SAM DEFENSE RING - DAY 258

SA-6 and SA-9 missiles are launched from the second, "ringed" defense site.

259 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 259

As the aircraft rolls out of its left turn, chaff and flares are again dispensed from the underbelly pod.

260 ANGLE ON CHAFF 260

A SA-6 seeks out and detonates on one of the chaff dispersals.

261 ANGLE ON THE IR FLARE 261

A SA-9 seeks out and detonates on one of the infrared flares.

262 COCKPIT: JOE'S POV 262

Off Joe's left wingtip, David shoots past in the opposite direction.

263 AIR-TO-AIR: JOE'S F-16 263

Joe whips his Falcon into a left turn and follows David.

264 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: ABOVE THE OVERCAST - BEKAA VALLEY - DAY 264

Refraction from the sun's rays, skipping off the bellowing

carpet, adds to the cathedral like atmosphere.

Suddenly, the two F-16 Falcons emerge from the "carpet" and climb, side by side, into the clear sky. The two warriors level off at 35,000 feet, well above any threats from below, apparently heading for home.

JOE (FHC)

Clean sweep, Davey! Mighty fine job.

DAIID (FHC)

Good teamwork. But the job's only half finished. We've got to take out the control center.

JOE (FHC)

Concur.

The two aircraft break into a one-hundred-eighty degree turn.

265 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 265

Completing the one-eighty.

DAVID (FHC)

I spotted the control center, near the middle of the village, its tracers radiating a distinct signature.

266 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S F-16 266

JOE (FHC)

Problem is, our heat-seekers have been replaced by these damn ACMI pods.

267 ANGLES ON WINGTIP'S EHUD PODS 267

On the wingtips where the heat seeking missiles are usually carried are the ACMI pods used to track the aircraft's movements during practice exercises.

JOE (V.O.) (FHC)

We've only guns left. We're going to have to launch a coordinated effort.

DAVID (V.O.) (FHC)

I'm handling this myself. We lose your jamming pod, their accuracy Improves and we're both dead.

(MORE)

DAVID (Cont.)

(beat)

Maintain a CAP over the target in case
the Syrian Air Force decides to stick
its nose in.

268 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: ABOVE THE OVERCAST - MUSTANG FLIGHT 268

David breaks in a split "S" and drops toward the cloud layer below. As he disappears beneath the cloud carpet, Joe takes up his combat air patrol over the target area.

269 EXT. STRAIGHT FLUSH CONTROL CENTER - DAY 269

Tracers interspersed among the F-16's 20mm cannon shells, pound into the mobile Straight Flush control center.

270 DAVID'S POV - CONTROL CENTER 270

With the ground looming up at an alarming rate, the tracers seem to rocket from beneath the Falcon's undercarriage. It doesn't take a satellite photo to determine that the control center is toast.

271 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 271

At the last second, before plowing into the ground, David's F-16 breaks off its 20mm, dive attack, kicks in his afterburner and attempts to climb.

272 TIGHTER ANGLE: DAVID'S F-16 272

As the Falcon begins its ascent, the fuselage takes a series of triple-A hits.

273 WIDER ANGLE: DAVID'S F-16 273

The Falcon climbs into the overcast.

INTERCUT WITH:

274 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 274

Feeling the artillery impacts, and with Threat Receivers BEEPING, David attempts to pop flares and chaff by punching the ECM button located on the control stick. ...Nothing.

He pushes the ECM button once again. ...Still nothing.

DAVID (FHC)

Took some hits. ECM gear inoperative.
Threat receivers are off the scale.

As if to punctuate his words, another series of triple-A shells smash into the cockpit, barely missing David but doing serious damage to the aircraft's instrument panel. Suddenly the THREAT RECEIVERS are SILENT.

DAVID

(to himself)

Come on. Climb!! Don't let me down now!

275 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: JOE'S F-16 275

Joe is circling over the target area at 20,000 feet, well within range of the SA-8 Gecko, with it's 32,000 plus ceiling.

276 INT. COCKPIT: JOE'S F-16 276

JOE (FHC)

(checking threat receivers)

Davey. I show multiple IR launches.
What's your status?

277 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 277

Still in the overcast, David is practically on his back as the Falcon continues climbing.

DAVID (FHC)

ECM still inoperative ... Can't initiate countermeasures. ...Should be through the overcast in a few seconds.

278 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 278

As if on cue, David's Falcon shoots upward, through the "carpet" layer.

DAVID (FHC)

Eight thousand and climbing. Engine rough. ...Temp rising.

JOE (FHC)

If it's a Gaskin, you still need an additional eight thousand.

DAVID (FHC)

And another twenty-four thousand, if
it's a Gecko.

279 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: ABOVE THE CLOUD CARPET. 279

Suddenly, three SA-8 IR Gecko missiles pop through the
overcast, locked onto David's superheated tailpipe.

280 COCKPIT: JOE'S POV 280

Climbing from separate angles, the three IR high altitude
missiles are gaining and converging on David's six.

JOE (FHC)

I see 'em! They look like Geckos, Davy!
...You're not going to make it!

DAVID'S VOICE (FHC)

Killing burner. Putting my nose to the
ground.

JOE (FHC)

Negative! Hold what you have!

281 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: JOE'S F-16 081

Suddenly, Joe's Falcon does a split "S" and enters the *danger*
zone.

282 COCKPIT: JOE'S POV 282

The nose of Joe's F-16 appears headed directly for David's
Falcon. But this illusion doesn't account for the fact that
David is still climbing.

283 AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID & JOE'S F-16 AIRCRAFT 283

Passing beneath David's white hot tailpipe, Joe's ECM gear
lays down a series of IR flares, which ignite seconds after
being dispensed.

284 AIR-TO-AIR: EFFECT 284

First, one heat-seeker missile, then a second, is drawn to the
infrared flares, which at this closer range have a brighter
signature than the jet exhaust, Collisions with the IR flares
result in spectacular, but harmless explosions.

285 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 285

The Falcon engine is running erratically, as David finally reaches 20,000 feet and levels off.

286 EFFECT - AIR-TO-AIR - SA-8 GECKO MISSILE 286

Passing up a nearby flare, the third missile is not fooled. It finds itself free of the pattern laid down by Joe's flare dispenser.

287 AIR-TO-AIR: JOE'S F-16 - EFFECT 287

As Joe's F-16 fights for a safe altitude, the SA-8 missile climbs up the tailpipe and EXPLODES. Joe's fighter dies in a ball of flame!

288 COCKPIT: DAVID'S POV 288

DAVID (FHC)

Joe! No, Joe!! Oh, God, no! You shouldn't have done it! It should have been me!

289 INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY 289

David's VOICE is unusually calm as it comes over the SPEAKER.

DAVID (V.O.)

(filtered)

Mustang Two! Losing fuel. Compressor feels out of balance. Don't know how long it will hold together. Lead's been hit. Did not see a chute.

As a stunned General Mordecai looks on, COL Weizman picks up the microphone and keys the secure, Frequency Hopping (FHC) Channel.

WEIZMAN (FHC)

Mustang Two...Control. A backup flight sent to do the job you just completed should be arriving any moment. They will escort you to Ramat David.

DAVID (FHC)

Roger. I see them approaching.

290 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 290

Smoke and raw fuel spew from the crippled fighter.

291 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 291

Red warning lights are flashing and a FEMALE VOICE is repeating the manufacturers programmed CAUTIONS. Suddenly there is a major electrical short. Sparks begin spewing all over the cockpit.

292 DAVID'S POV 292

The backup flight of two IAF Falcons arrives, turn, and fall in; one on each side of David's F-16; ready to escort the Navy pilot home.

293 EFFECT: ELECTRICAL SPARKS 293

Sparks thrown off from the various electrical shorts FILL the SCREEN.

294 WHITE SCREEN - THE SOUND OF VOICES 294

NURSE FINGOLD (V.O.)

(Echo filter)

Third degree over the entire area.

FADE-IN: FROM WHITE SCREEN

295 INT. OPERATING THEATER - HADESSAH - (SURREALISTIC) 295

Scene is a washed-out, black & white shot of NURSE FINGOOD and DR. GOLDSTONE, wearing surgical gloves, gowns and masks, looking down into the CAMERA.

DR. GOLDSTONE

(echo filter)

Don't clean or touch it, until stabilized.
Spray with Epigard...and go to intramuscular
Tetracycline, four hourly, against infection.
...Fifteen milligrams of morphine, six-hourly.
We're going to have a lot of pain with this
one! ...Be weeks before we dare touch it.

296 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 - DAY 296

The sparks die down, but the red emergency lights continue flashing and the FEMALE VOICE repeats her CAUTION messages. Suddenly, there is a loud WHOOMP! Something has given way, deep inside the engine.

DAVID (FHC)

Mustang Lead...Desert Flower. Lost a blade!

WEIZMAN (FHC)
Beseder. We show you crossing the border.

297 INT. OPERATION THEATER (BLACK & WHITE) - DAY 097

The same two masked faces are staring down into the CAMERA.
Again, the VOICES are enhanced by an ECHO FILTER.

DR. GOLDSTONE
Doesn't look so good. What're we growing?

NURSE FINEGOOD
Afraid it's strep.

DR. GOLDSTONE
See if we get a better response with
Cloxacillin.

298 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 298

The SOUND of the COMPRESSOR indicates major trouble.

299 INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY 299

WEIZMAN (FHC)
(keying microphone)
Get out! That's an order.

300 INT. OPERATING THEATER (BLACK & WHITE) - DAY 300

The same surrealistic faces, looking down into the CAMERA.

DR. GOLDSTONE
(echo filter)
Our hero's looking a lot healthier. Time
to go for an abdominal pedicel. Schedule
the theater for Thursday.

301 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 301

The gear comes down, as David "dirties" the crippled,
multipurpose fighter.

WEIZMAN (FHC)
(filtered)
You're on friendly turf. ...Punch out!

302 INT. OPERATING THEATER (BLACK & WHITE) 302

Again, the masked faces MOVE INTO FRAME looking into the

CAMERA. The ECHO FILTER continues distorting the VOICES.

DR. GOLDSTONE

Saved the eye! With careful grafting,
a transplant of the eyebrows and lashes
should take.

NURSE FINGOOD

Must've had the presence of mind to suck in
his lips. They also seem to be just fine.

303 INT. COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 303

Electrical sparks continue showering the cockpit. With his left hand, David unsnaps the left latch of his oxygen mask, letting it dangle.

DAVID (FHC)

Shutting off the oxygen. Got a visual on
the field...and more than enough altitude.

David sniffs the air, smelling the raw JP-4. With his right, gloved hand on the pressure sensitive control stick, he uses his left to shut off various switches.

DAVID (FHC)

Strong fuel smell! Electrical equipment
arcing like a fireworks display. Closing all
fuel cocks. All switches off! Oxygen off!

304 EXT. GROUND-TO-AIR: DAVID'S F-16 304

With the RUNWAY FRAMED in FOREGROUND, the crippled Falcon is seen approaching in the distance, gear down, trailing black smoke.

305 DAVID'S POV 305

The runway of Israel's northern air force base approaches rapidly.

306 EXT. LANDING STRIP: RAMAT DAVID AIR BASE - DAY 306

With a dead stick, David drives the fighter onto the runway.

307 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 307

During the rollout, the fuel finally reaches its flash point and the cockpit ERUPTS in FLAMES.

308 LANDING STRIP 308

The F-16 finally rolls to a stop, with the emergency equipment alongside, pouring fire retardant onto the closed cockpit.

309 COCKPIT: DAVID'S F-16 309

Flames engulf David as he covers the left side of his face with his gloved hand. He uses his free hand to blow the canopy, then pull the eject lever.

310 LANDING STRIP 310

The ejection seat rockets David high into the air. The seat separates, the chute pops open, and David floats to the ground with smoke spewing from his scorched, fire retardant flight suit.

311 INT. SPECIAL BURNS UNIT - DAY 311

David looks up to see Dr. Goldstone and Nurse Finegood peering down at him. The faces are friendly and cheerful, proud of their achievement in saving him from death and re-fleshing his ravaged face.

312 ANOTHER ANGLE 312

THE GREATEST DAMAGE IS TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF DAVID'S FACE. UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFICALLY INDICATED, CAMERA ANGLES ARE FROM HIS LEFT SIDE, FROM BEHIND, OR HIS POINT OF VIEW (POV).

DR. GOLDSTONE

(to nurse)

You can inform the receptionist he's now allowed visitors.

As the doctor and nurse start to leave, David calls out from his hospital bed.

DAVID

I want a mirror!!

DR. GOLDSTONE

(hesitantly)

We'll find you one, though we don't have much use for them, around here.

Goldstone nods to Finegood, and the nurse leaves.

DR. GOLDSTONE

How you look now is not how you will always look. All I have been able to do is heal the left side of your face. Fortunately it only sustained first and second degree burns.

DAVID

And the right side??

DR. GOLDSTONE

The right side I've only been able to stabilize. But there's a good chance that it can be reconstructed.

(beat)

The Grossman Burn Center, in Los Angeles, has had some success with artificial skin growth.

David turns to his bedside locker, extracting his wallet, from which he with-draws a photograph. He hands the photo to the surgeon.

313 INSERT

313

The picture is the one Hannah took so long ago of Debra laughing into David's beautiful face, at the ancient Roman aqueduct.

DR. GOLDSTONE (O.S.)

This is what you looked like? I never knew.

314 BACK TO SCENE

314

DAVID

Can anybody make me look like that, again?

DR. GOLDSTONE

I couldn't even come close. We don't do that kind of work here.

The nurse enters with the mirror, handing it to the doctor.

DR. GOLDSTONE

That doesn't mean that a great deal can't be done. You're lucky...lips, nose and eyelids are most sensitive to burns, but yours are nearly restored.

With trepidation, the doctor hands the mirror over to his patient. Drawn by the anticipation of horror, David slowly brings the mirror within reflection range.

315 ANGLE ON MIRROR REFLECTION 315

We become aware of the added lines and weathered, cobweb texture of the left side of David's face. Slowly, he turns his head and we see the ghostly mask that is his right side. The damage is limited to a small area, but that area is a nightmare.

316 BACK TO SCENE 316

DAVID

(mirthfully)

Yeah! But you should've seen the other guy! ...Not a scratch on him.

317 EXT. MONTEFIORE HOME - DAY 317

The door swings open before David can fit his key to the lock.

DAVID

(calling out)

Who's there?

318 INT. MONTEFIORE HOME - DAY 318

Puzzled and alarmed, David steps into the living room. There is a familiar bellow from behind the closed bathroom door.

ELLA (O.S.)

Welcome home! Didn't expect you so soon. Caught me with my skirt up and my panties down.

`There is a SCUFFLING SOUND and the TOILET FLUSHES. The door is flung open and Ella Kadash appears, her arms wide in a gesture of welcome and her face split in a huge grin of anticipation.

319 TIGHTER ANGLE 319

As she comes toward him, the grin persists long after the horror has dawned in her eyes. Her steps slow.

ELLA

Oh, God. What have they done to my beautiful young warrior. My 'Mars.'

DAVID

If you start blubbering, I'm going to throw you on the floor and have my way with you!

She makes an effort to control her tears as she enfolds him in her arms.

ELLA

There's a case of beer in the refrigerator and I've made a pot of curry. You'll love my curry, it's effect on certain male blood vessels is truly euphoric.

320 KITCHEN

320

David eats with an enormous appetite.

ELLA

They wouldn't let me visit, but I telephoned every week. Your doctor told me you were coming home early, so I decided to make sure you had a welcome.

DAVID

If they had their way, I'd remain under their knives, for the next three years.

ELLA

(cautiously)

The doctor *did* mention a new procedure, performed by a clinic in Los Angeles. I understand it's expensive, but perhaps your uncle -

DAVID

Why should I make myself the guinea pig for every sadistic quack out to make a name for himself.

ELLA

(bewildered)

But, if there's a chance - ?

(beat)

If there were a chance for Debra, I'm sure she would take it.

DAVID

Why should I get off scot-free -

ELLA

(interrupting)

So that's it! You're blaming yourself for Joe? You've got to put that behind you.

DAVID

Couldn't face the "Brig." Not after all that's happened. But forget about me, tell me all about Debra.

ELLA

(enlightened)

Why do I have the feeling you're also holding yourself responsible for her condition, as well?

DAVID

Happened on my uncle's yacht? ...If it wasn't for me...

Davis cannot finish the sentence, the pain is too great.

ELLA

(shaking her head)

Don't carry the weight of the world on your shoulders. Everything's *bashert!*

David stares her in the eye, his patience growing short. Ella senses his mood, and adjusts.

ELLA

She's fine. Her book was published. It's doing quite well. Number fourteen on Amazon dot com, and rising.

DAVID

Every day I was in the hospital, I hoped to hear from her. A call...card...some word.

ELLA

She didn't know.

DAVID

Didn't know?!

ELLA

The true extent of your injuries wasn't divulged to the press, and the "brig" wanted to spare her any more pain. You were due to return to the states in a week.

321 EXT. ELLA'S PLACE (CAESAREA RUINS) - DAY

321

CAMERA PANS to the converted BOATHOUSE.

ELLA (V.O.)

(continuing)

At the time, I'm sure he felt it was the kindest thing to do. But in this case, I'm now convinced he was wrong.

322 INT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

322

DEBRA

What gave you the right?

ELLA

You were adjusting so nicely, working on your book. I decided to cooperate with your father, and not tell you.

DEBRA

So why tell me now?

ELLA

Yesterday, David was discharged from Hadassah!

DEBRA

Hadassah!

(puzzled)

You don't mean he's been in the hospital for nine months! That's impossible!

ELLA

It's true.

DEBRA

Papa said he was slightly injured. But nine months? He must have been terribly hurt! How is he? What happened??

Ella is silent. Debra takes a pace towards her.

DEBRA

Well?

ELLA

It's not widely known, but David's face was badly burned. He's recovered completely, now. That is, his burns have healed. But -

Ella hesitates. Debra gropes for her hand, and finds it.

DEBRA

Go on, Ella! But - ??

ELLA

David is no longer the most beautiful man
I have ever seen.

Debra's eyes mist.

ELLA

(continuing)

He's conscious of the way he looks, search-
ing for some place to hide.

(pause)

But there is one person who will never see
that damage. Someone who remembers only
the way he was.

323 EXT. BEACH - CAESAREA RUINS - DAY

323

A towel and beach jacket are spread upon the beach. An iPad
with Wi-Fi is playing iTunes over the speakers.

TILT-UP to REVEAL:

Looking fabulous, Debra comes out of the water. She adjusts
her bikini top. Suddenly the SOUND of GRAVEL being CRUNCHED
underfoot. Instantly, the lovely head turns toward the sound
and freezes in the attitude of listening.

DEBRA

David?

DAVID (O.S.)

Hello, Debra.

She RUNS TO CAMERA, arms reaching out and face lighting with
joy.

324 INT. BOATHOUSE - AFTERNOON

324

They are in bed. She runs her hands over his face, feeling
the new contours and unexpected planes and angles of the right
side.

DEBRA

My fingers tell me that you are still
beautiful -

DAVID

You have lying fingers.

DEBRA

I'm getting another, very powerful message from further south.

We can almost feel the moment when he enters.

Their love-making is a MONTAGE of pastels, synchronized to the film's MUSICAL love theme.

325 EXT. ALADDIN RESTAURANT - PORT OF JAFFA - SUNDOWN 325

David and Debra are enjoying an adult beverage on the patio of the artist colony's waterfront restaurant, watching the sun set over the Mediterranean.

DAVID

If your father hadn't stepped in, I would have been court-martialed and possibly dishonorably discharged. As a result, I was allowed to merely resign.

326 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF ALLADDIN RESTAURANT - SUNDOWN 326

David and Debra exit the restaurant. A party of tourists probably on some package-deal pilgrimage is taking pictures of the sunset over the Mediterranean.

BERT, a big red-faced tourist focuses his camera on David and Debra and snaps a picture. He nudges his wife, MAVIS.

BERT

Get a look at those two, Mavis. Beauty and the beast.

MAVIS

Cork it, Bert. They might hear you.

Debra feels David's hand, feels him begin to pull away, sensing his outrage and anger. She grips his forearm tightly and forcibly restrains him.

327 INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT 327

With Debra beside him, David is lying on his back, his arms at his sides with fists clenched. She turns and strokes his hair, not knowing what to say.

DAVID

I want to go away ... far away from people.

DEBRA

Leave Israel??

DAVID

In the Big Sky Country of Montana, there is a place I call Shangri-la.

328 SERIES OF SHOTS - ILLUSTRATING DAVID'S DESCRIPTION

328

DAVID (V.O.)

(continuing)

It's in the middle of the most beautiful landscape in the world. I was thirteen when my dad bought it as a vacation home and game reserve. Over ten thousand acres with a fourteen thousand square foot ranch house that could double for a hotel.

(beat)

Nearest neighbor is nine miles away. Came with its own airfield, hangar and single engine Cessna. Taught myself to fly in that old crate. ...We could go there.

DEBRA (V.O.)

Shangri-la. Paradise on Earth. Yes, I will go there with you. It will be a place where no one can touch us.

329 BACK TO SCENE

329

She plants a kiss on his chest.

DAVID

I better go face your father. Tell him I'm spiriting his daughter to the wilds of Montana.

330 INT. BRIG'S STUDY - MORDECAI HOME - LATE AFERNOON

330

The "Brig" is on the phone, when Mrs. Mordecai ushers David into the den.

"BRIG"

(hanging up phone)

David! Thank God you're alright. I've called everywhere looking for you.

DAVID

What's the matter?!!

"BRIG"

A week ago, Bassam Abu Jihad escaped from an Egyptian prison.

DAVID

The bastard that tried to kidnap Uncle Paul?

"BRIG"

Intelligence reports that he crossed the border to Gaza, in a tunnel. Since he's Somali, and not Palestinian, you have to ask yourself why?

DAVID

Revenge.

"BRIG"

Soon as I heard, I sent two men to Montefiore. They reported your townhouse had been broken into and that you were nowhere to be found. ...Where's Debra?

David flips open his cell phone and presses the speed dial. While waiting for an answer, he responds to the "Brig's" question.

DAVID

We are supposed to meet at Montefiore this evening.

David gives up on the cell phone call.

DAVID

She's not answering her cell phone.

331 EXT. MONTEFIORE - NEAR SUNDOWN

331

David's convertible screeches to a halt in front of the Montefiore Quarter. David and the "Brig" leap from the car and clamber down the stone steps. They make a left turn at the second row of townhouses and are greeted by a Montefiore RESIDENT, an elderly woman who greets David warmly.

RESIDENT

Oh, Mister Morgan. Did your friend find you?

DAVID

Friend?

RESIDENT

The one in charge of caring for your
uncle's yacht.

"BRIG"

Where did you say David was?

RESIDENT

Ella Kadesh's. ...At Caesarea.

David and the "Brig" rush towards David's townhouse.

332 INT. LIVING ROOM - MONTEFIORE HOME - NEAR SUNDOWN 332

David and the "Brig" have no sooner entered the house and
closed the door behind them, when the barrels of two UZI
machine guns are slammed against the backs of their necks.

They wisely raise their hands. A soldier to the end, the
"Brig" slowly turns to face the threat. The 1ST. PARATROOPER
and 2ND PARATROOPER lower their weapons.

333 ANOTHER ANGLE 333

FIRST PARATROOPER

Sorry, General. We were told not to take
any chances.

Everyone relaxes. Then the "Brig" turns to David.

"BRIG"

Try again to raise either Ella or Debra.

David is ahead of the General. He is already dialing.

334 INT. ELLA'S PLACE - NIGHT 334

Bassam Abu Jihad is behind Ella, his left hand wrapped around
her throat and his right holding the blade of a scimitar
against one of her kidneys.

ABU JIHAD

I'm only going to ask you once more. Where
is David Morgan? You answer and I will
only tie you up. You don't, and I'll do
what I must do!

The PHONE RINGS!

335 INT. LIVING ROOM - MONTEFIORE HOME

335

David finally closes the cell phone and turns to the "Brig."

DAVID

No answer. ...Let's get up there!

The "Brig" flips open his own cell phone and dials a number.

"BRIG"

I'll call the Caesarea police. Have them send a car to check the place out. We'll pick up a jet 'copter. Be there in less than an hour.

336 INT. ELLA'S PLACE - NIGHT

336

Abu Jihad has Ella tied up and is ransacking the studio. Suddenly, there is a KNOCK at the door. Without waiting for an answer, Debra enters.

DEBRA

(calling out)

Ella? ...I've packed my things and am leaving for Montefiore. Wanted to say goodbye before I left.

ELLA

(shouting out)

Run, Debra. Run. Run for your life!

Debra turns and flees as Abu Jihad uncorks a fist that smashes into Ella's jaw, rendering her unconscious.

337 INT. JET HELICOPTER - NIGHT

337

The "Brig" is at the controls, with David beside him in the left seat.

DAVID

There's a flat spot atop the ruins, about one hundred-fifty yards from Ella's place. Hopefully, the surf will drown out our rotor noise.

David gets a nod of approval from the "Brig."

Reclaimed and restored walls of the ruins form weird shapes in the moonlight; shapes Debra cannot see. The tourist shops are closed and Debra is alone as she makes her way into the ruins, tripping several times and barking her shins.

Running blindly, she finally stumbles into one of the shallow holes. She tries to control her gulping, sobbing breath, and to listen. She HEARS him coming, POUNDING FOOTSTEPS that seem to be moving directly towards her. She presses her face into her arms to muffle her breathing.

Abu Jihad's footsteps pass her closely, and run on. Then abruptly, the FOOTSTEPS CEASE, so close Debra can HEAR him PANTING. Seconds pass. For Debra it seems an eternity - broken at last by his VOICE.

ABU JIHAD

Ah! ...There you are.

She jerks with shock, and then bites down on her knuckle fighting the urge to get up and run. She remains quailed in the hole, concentrating all her attention to remaining absolutely still and silent.

Seconds pass in silence. Finally, Abu Jihad speaks again.

ABU JIHAD

Alright! I'm going back to fetch a pocket lamp. We'll see how far you get then.

SOUND: He moves away, heavily, noisily. Moments pass. Finally, Abu Jihad's VOICE cuts through the darkness.

ABU JIHAD

Very clever! But it's not over. I will be back!

He turns and heads for Ellas's place.

Abu Jihad is jerking open drawers and kicking in locked cupboards. Finally he finds a sealed-cell electric lantern, in other words a flashlight. He eagerly thumbs the switch. The beam is bright white.

340 EXT. ELLAS PLACE - NIGHT 340

Abu Jihad darts from the house just as a patrol car, driven by a CAESAREA POLICEMAN, pulls up and parks. He steps into the shadows ... waiting.

341 INT. JET HELICOPTER - NIGHT 341

"BRIG"

He'll be ready for us. Not finding you at Ella's, he'll soon realize his mistake ...letting that nice, little ole neighbor of yours live.

David nods his agreement then searches the ground below.

342 DAVID'S POV 342

They pass over the golf course, next to the Dan Hotel.

DAVID (O.S.)

There's the Dan Hotel. Ruins should be two miles ahead. I think we should risk putting the helo down without lights.

"BRIG" (O.S.)

I concur.

343 EXT. THE RUINS - NIGHT 343

In the lantern beam, Debra's footsteps show clearly in the soft earth. Suddenly, the beam falls upon the prone figure. Then Abu Jihad HEARS the CHOPPER. He switches off the lantern and looks in the direction of the approaching SOUND.

ABU JIHAD

Ah, Morgan. ...You are here at last!

344 ANGLE ON JET HELICOPTER 344

The chopper lands in the flat area, adjacent to the digs.

345 INT. JET HELICOPTER 345

The "Brig" shuts down the engine.

DAVID

Flashlight and a couple Uzis would come in handy.

The General reaches behind him and grabs the chopper's flare gun. Next, he retrieves a handful of flare cartridges from the storage locker.

"BRIG"

Afraid this is all we've got.

346 ANGLE ON ABU JIHAD

346

Lying in the shadows, Abu Jihad has his left hand clasped tightly over Debra's mouth. His right hand holds the scimitar, pointed at her throat.

ABU JIHAD

(whispering)

One sound and you are dead.

347 ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

347

The two warriors exit the chopper, heading in the direction of Ella's place.

348 EXT. ELLA'S PLACE - NIGHT

348

From different sides, David and the "Brig" approach the patrol car, with its Caesarea decals on the doors. The "Brig" looks inside.

349 BRIG'S POV

349

As expected, the patrol car is empty.

DAVID (O.S.)

(calling out)

Over here!

350 ANGLE ON DAVID

350

The "Brig" joins David and looks down at the corpse of the Caesarea Policeman. David searches the body for a weapon.

DAVID

Throat slit! Gun and handcuffs gone.
Car keys still in his pocket!

"BRIG"

See if one of his keys fits the trunk.
These police cars sometimes carry riot weapons.

David comes up with the keys and moves to the rear of the automobile. He opens the trunk and grabs the sole weapon, a shotgun. He checks to make sure that it's fully loaded.

Then, with the "Brig" carrying the flare gun they approach Ella's Place.

351 EXT. THE RUINS - NIGHT 251

As Abu Jihad pulls Debra to her feet, she turns on him with a strength and ferocity he has not anticipated. She drives blindly at him with the wild terror of a hunted animal. He falls backwards, with her on top of him. He drops the scimitar in an attempt to protect his eyes, as she tears at him with her long nails. Finally, he grabs a tangle of hair, holding her off with his left hand. Then, he smashes his right fist into her temple, knocking the fight out of her. He comes to his knees, clubbing her mercilessly.

352 IN SLOW MOTION 352

Blows crack unrelenting against her skull until she is still.

353 BACK TO SCENE 353

He finally lets her drop and climbs to his feet.

354 INT. ELLA'S PLACE 354

With the "Brig" close behind him, David cautiously rounds a corner and finds the tightly bound Ella.

ELLA

(nodding towards
the back door)

Hurry, David! Debra's in danger!

David turns and heads for the door, as the "Brig" begins untying Ella.

355 THE RUINS 355

Debra is secured against one of the ruin's walls, her wrists tied to a restored, medieval ring high above her head. With the policeman's handgun tucked in his belt and the scimitar in hand, Abu Jihad adjusts the sealed lamp on the ground so that the beam floods Debra with its bright light.

ABU JIHAD

Forgive me. You are very beautiful, but
I must revenge the death of my son.

Suddenly, he hooks an iron-hard finger into the front of her blouse. With a single jerk, he rips it open. Her flat belly glistens in the light from the lantern. But he makes no move to remove the flimsy, black bra which barely covers her supple breasts. Obviously, lust is not a motivation for his actions.

356 TIGHT ON DEBRA

356

He slowly draws the razor sharp scimitar across the semi-conscious woman's belly, drawing a solid line of crimson. He repeats the motion, a few inches lower, both cuts in the same general area as the fatal wounds to his son.

ABU JIHAD

To mark the wounds of my son.

357 EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE RUINS - NIGHT

357

Cautiously making his way toward the Ruins, David stops to listen. He strains to pickup a telltale noise. Hearing nothing, he moves on.

358 ANGLE ON DEBRA

358

Blood oozing from the parallel wounds, Debra's unseeing eyes open as she slowly regains full consciousness. A handkerchief has been stuffed in her mouth with a larger scarf securing the gag. Abu Jihad is nowhere in sight.

359 ANGLE ON DAVID

359

Approaching the ruin, David suddenly stops short as he spots Debra. Carefully, he studies the surrounding area.

360 DAVID'S POV

360

CAMERA PANS. David studies the area to the right of Debra, then to the right. There is no sign of Abu Jihad.

361 BACK TO SCENE

361

David makes a decision. He cautiously moves forward, shotgun ready. He approaches Debra, unties the gag, and then removes the handkerchief from her mouth. Suddenly, from atop the wall, a figure drops...landing behind David.

Abu Jihad has the Caesarea Policeman's handgun pressed against the back of David's head.

ABU JIHAD

I'll take that.

He relieves David of the six shot, pump action shotgun.

ABU JIHAD

Hands behind your head!!

His back to Abu Jihad, David has no choice but to do as instructed.

DAVID

I'm the one who killed your son. You have no grievance against the woman. Let her go and we can work something out.

ABU JIHAD

No further harm will come to the woman.

Abu Jihad snaps the Caesarea Policeman's handcuffs on David's wrists.

ABU JIHAD

(continuing)

Now, we will move out of the light and wait for the General...whom I was certain would accompany you.

(prodding David's back
with the shotgun)

Turn around!!

David turns to the right, the bright sealed lantern slowly illuminating his face. Abu Jihad gasps. It's an apparition from Hell. Suddenly, from out of the darkness the "Brig's" VOICE CALLS OUT.

"BRIG" (O.S.)

Pilpel!!

David drops and rolls away from the startled kidnapper - pirate. Instinctively, Abu Jihad jerks the shotgun in the direction of the VOICE and fires.

362 ANOTHER ANGLE

362

Then, a bright, orange-red fireball arcs through the night.

363 BACK TO SCENE 363

Abu Jihad fires the shotgun blindly towards the approaching fireball. The fireball slams into the ancient wall, missing Abu Jihad's head by a mere foot.

364 ANGLE ON THE BRIG 364

The General yanks open the flare gun's breech, ejects the spent cartridge, loads a fresh one, adjusts his aim, and fires.

365 BACK TO SCENE 365

The second fireball draws additional fire from the shotgun. Only this time the fireball finds its mark. Abu Jihad's stomach lights up like a miniature rocket.

366 ANGLE ON DAVID 366

David jumps to his feet and rushes to Debra. He attempts to calm her as he unties the ropes securing her wrists, above her head.

DAVID

Forgive me. I never should have left you.

367 ANOTHER ANGLE 367

David stares into her deep, brown unseeing eyes. The bulk of the phosphorus, having bounced off of Abu Jihad's stomach, is now burning brightly on the ground, near Debra. It casts a pulsating hue, which is reflected in Debra's eyes.

INTERCUT WITH:

368 EXTREME CLOSE-UP: DEBRA'S EYES 368

As the shadow from David's body alternately blocks out the light from the burning flare, the PUPILS of Debra's eyes OPEN. He tests this phenomenon by moving his head back and forth, letting the flickering light reach Debra's eyes, then blocking it. The pupil of each eye responds accordingly.

369 ANGLE ON ABU JIHAD 369

The Brig" turns his attention to the prone kidnapper, whose hands are hopelessly burned from having frantically brushed the flare from his cauterized stomach.

He cradles Bassam's head in his lap. Three feet away, the remains of the flare continue to burn.

"BRIG"

Perhaps revenge should be left to Allah.

Bassam Abu Jihad's voice is strained and halting, reflecting his pain.

ABU JIHAD

(haltingly)

Perhaps. But there's a storm on the horizon, and the wind pushing it is not revenge ... or territorial disputes. No, this storm dates back to Abraham - Hagar and Ishmael. Back to the teachings of Mohammed...and the decadence of the West. ...A storm that will not be stopped.

Abu Jihad dies in the "Brig's" arms.

370 EXT. HADASSAH HOSPITAL - DAY 370

To establish.

371 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HADASSAH - DAY 371

From opposite sides of her bed, Mrs. Mordecai and Ella clasp Debra's hands.

DEBRA

Is David here?

ELLA

He and your father will be along shortly.

372 INT. DR. EDELMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 372

David and the "Brig" rise from their seats, as DR. STARK enters. Unlike Edelman, the overly efficient Stark looks like he's fresh out of medical school.

STARK

I'm Dr. Stark...filling in for Dr. Edelman.

Without shaking hands, Stark takes a seat behind the desk.

STARK

If your observation of light sensitivity
(MORE)

STARK (Cont.)

is correct, then there is at least occasionally a partial function of the optic nerve. This presupposes that the nerve was not completely divided.

(beat)

But, frankly, I've studied Edelman's plates and they seem unequivocal. And she's shown no evidence of light-sensitivity since she's been here.

(pause)

Of course, we could shoot new plates. But she should be seen by Edelman. He's the expert...and she is his patient.

DAVID

So, where is Edelman?

STARK

Teaching at the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, in Los Angeles.

DAVID

I don't want to give her false hope. Now, I can get her to the States, we were going there anyway. But how do I get her to see Edelman without telling her why?

"BRIG"

Leave that to me. Edelman is a supporter of *Friends of the IDF*. I have a standing invitation to speak at their annual fundraiser in Beverly Hills, which takes place next month. This year I'll accept. You and Debra will join me.

(beat)

Los Angeles is the movie capital of the world. It's about time she got a movie deal for her book. ...Along with Dr. Edelman, several top Hollywood agents will be at that fundraiser.

373 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

373

The *Hollywood Sign* establishes Los Angeles.

374 EXT. THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

374

SUPERIMPOSE: BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

There's a KNOCK, and the "Brig" moves to open the DOOR. David enters.

"BRIG"

Where's Debra?

DAVID

Taking a shower and getting ready.

The "Brig" pours two whiskeys and hands one to David.

"BRIG"

Edelman will arrange to run into Debra at the fund raiser. It'll give him an opportunity to persuade her to undergo a follow-up exam.

DAVID

No false promises, no hopes raised about regaining her sight. If Edelman determines surgery is necessary, it must be for some reason other than to restore her sight -

"BRIG"

(angrily)

That's not possible! She must be told. It would not be fair -

DAVID

(snapping back)

Let me determine what's fair. I know her ... know what she feels and what she's thinking. If you offer her a chance of sight, she'll be faced with the same dilemma I'm stuck with!

"BRIG"

I don't understand?

DAVID

(angrily)

Look at me !!

The "Brig" glares at him ferociously, expecting more. When nothing further comes, his expression eases and he does look. His eyes drop and he turns to replenish his whisky glass.

DAVID

Given a choice, I believe she loves me enough to turn down sight. I don't want her tortured by that decision.

"BRIG"

Your surgeon told me about the work of the Grossman Burn Center, right here in Sherman Oaks. He thought your refusal to undergo autograph surgery was because you didn't want to ask your uncle for the money.

(turning to David)

We both know that's a *crock*. You could pay for the operation out of pocket change! That's the advantage you have over other, less fortunate sons-of-bitches.

DAVID

I went through none months of pain that felt like one continuous root canal. Far as I'm concerned those witch doctors can place their genetically engineered proteins between their hemorrhoids and squeeze!

"BRIG"

(angrily)

I don't buy it! Whatever is troubling you has nothing to do with pain!

(softening)

At least not the *physical* kind.

376 INT. EDELMAN'S U.C.L.A. OFFICE - DAY

376

THE "X"- ray SCREEN is BLACK. SOUND of a SWITCH. A series of X-ray plates are back-lit. We HEAR the VOICE of Dr. Edelman. Then a *pointer* moves into FRAME.

DR. EDELMAN (O.S.)

We have a problem! Notice how the fragment is incrustated? That's expected. But here, in the channel of the chiasm, we find something that leaves itself to a number of interpretations.

Using the pointer.

DR. EDELMAN (O.S.)

It could be scarring, or some type of growth.

INTERCUT WITH:

377 ANGLE FAVORING EDELMAN, DAVID & THE "BRIG"

377

Edelman arranges another set of plates on the backlit scanner.

DR. EDELMAN

Finally, these are the tomography plates to establish the contours of the excrescence. ...It seems to conform to the shape of the bony channel of the chiasms, except here -

Pointing to a small, half-round notch, cut into the upper edge of the growth.

DR. EDELMAN

This little spot runs through the main axis of the skull, but is bent upwards in the shape of an inverted "U." It's just possible this may be the most significant discovery of our whole examination.

378 ANOTHER ANGLE

378

Edelman switches off the scanner and returns to his desk.

"BRIG"

I don't understand any of this.

DR. EDELMAN

You recall the notch in the outline of the chiasm? ...Well, I believe that's the nerve itself, twisted out of position; kinked and pinched like a garden hose, so that it is no longer capable of carrying impulses to the brain.

"BRIG"

The eyes...they are healthy?

DR. EDELMAN

Perfectly.

"BRIG"

I suppose the only way to find out if you're right, is to operate?

Edelman nods.

DAVID

Open Debra's skull? No! I won't let you
(MORE)

DAVID (Cont.)
experiment on her...cut her unnecessarily.

DR. EDELMAN
We'll go in behind the hairline. There
will be no disfigurement.

DAVID
She's suffered enough pain.

"BRIG"
(angrily)
We're talking about her sight. A little
pain is a small price to pay.

DAVID
What're the chances?

DR. EDELMAN
There is a possibility , not a probability,
that she may regain a useful part of her
sight. There is a remote possibility that
she may regain full vision, or almost full
vision.

David jumps out of his chair and crosses to the window.

379 DAVID'S POV 379

Campus life below shows attractive students rushing to and
from classes.

380 BACK TO SCENE 380

Finally, he surrenders, turning back to face the doctor.

DAVID
Alright! But on condition she not be told
there is a chance of regaining her sight -

DR. EDELMAN
How will you get her to undergo the
operation?

DAVID
She's been having headaches. We'll tell
her there is a growth ... that it has to be
removed. That's true, isn't it?

DR. EDELMAN
(shaking his head)
I can't deceive her. It's unethical.

DAVID
Then, I'll tell her ... after the operation,
when we know the results. Good or bad, I'll
be the one who tells her. Understood?

After a moment, the other two nod their acquiescence.

381 EXT. LEO CARRILLO STATE BEACH - DAY

381

In a remote cove on the beach, David and Debra sit on a rock
drinking French champagne and eating from a picnic basket.

DEBRA
I'm going to write a new novel. It will
be about you and me, but mostly you. I'll
call it 'Eagle in the Sky.'

DAVID
(quoting)
'Three things are too wonderful for me, four
I do not understand. The way of an eagle in
the sky...The way of a serpent on a rock ... The
way of a ship on the high seas ... And the way
of a man with a maiden.' ...Proverbs 30, 18
to 29.

DEBRA
I'm impressed.

DAVID
If you could, would you change anything?
...Besides making me less egotistical.

DEBRA
You're not egotistical ... well, maybe when
we first met in Italy. But you've changed
since then. No, I might change some small
things but not the one big thing...you and me.
(long pause)
It's bad, isn't it?

DAVID
(taken aback)
Why do you say that?

DEBRA

Because you brought me here...to tell me,
and because you're afraid...afraid for me.

DAVID

Little worried, that's all.

DEBRA

Tell me. Let's worry together.

DAVID

There's a small growth...not dangerous. But
they feel something should be done about it.

DEBRA

It's necessary? Absolutely necessary?

David hesitates, then answers.

DAVID

Yes.

DEBRA

Don't worry. It'll be all right. We live
in Shangri-la, where they can't touch us.

Now, it is she who is striving to comfort him.

382 INT. STUDENT'S OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

382

David and the "Brig" watch the operation on a closed-circuit
television that relays the close-up details. Edelman's VOICE
comes from the TV SPEAKER.

DR. EDELMAN (O.S.)

Can we get a better view here??

The TV camera zooms closer and the focus realigns.

DR. EDELMAN (O.S.)

Look at this. The nerve has been forced
upwards, and flattened by pressure. The
constriction is quite obvious. It has been
pinched off. But it seems intact.

383 INT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

383

The elevator doors open and two nurses trundle Debra down the
corridor towards her room. David follows alongside.

Debra is deadly pale, with dark bruised-looking eyes and lips, her head swathed in a turban of white bandages. There is a dull smear of blood on the sheets covering her.

384 INT. EDELMANS - U.C.L.A. - MEDICAL CENTER OFFICE - DAY 384

Edelman greets David and the "Brig" with a big smile.

DR. EDELMAN

Something like this makes you feel that if you never do another thing in your career, your life was still worthwhile.

DAVID

She'll be able to see ... soon as she comes around from the anesthetic?

DR. EDELMAN

Lord no! That nerve has been pinched off for over a year. It's going to take time to recover.

DAVID

How long?

DR. EDELMAN

When she wakes, the nerve is going to start going crazy, sending all sorts of wild messages to the brain. She's going to see colors and shapes as though she's on a drug binge, and it's going to take time to settle down.

DAVID

How long?

DR. EDELMAN

Two weeks, I would guess.

"BRIG"

You'll tell her the good news, of course.

There is no response from David. He just stares ahead, his mind spinning.

385 EFFECT 385

Out of the darkness, a tiny light glows from far off. It splits like breeding amoeba and becomes two; each of these split and split again until they fill the SCREEN in a great

shimmering field of stars. Then it turns to the blue sunlight on a tropical ocean; to the forest greens and desert gold; an endless cavalcade of colors, changing, blending, fading, flaring in splendor.

DEBRA (O.S.)
(crying out)

David!!

DAVID (O.S.)
Easy. You must rest.

386 INT. DEBRA'S ROOM - U.C.L.A Medical Center - DAY 386

DEBRA
What's happening to me? Colors. Filling my head.

DAVID
The result of the operation. It shows that it was a success. They removed the growth.

David sits on the bed and slips his arm around her.

DEBRA
It's beautiful. I'm not frightened any more, not with you holding me.

387 EXT. STREET - WESTWOOD VILLAGE - DAWN 387

David has picked early morning for his walk, because of the fewer people he will have to encounter. Once they see the right side of his face, those he does encounter either shoot him a curious glance, stare, or gasp out loud.

388 INT. DEBRA'S ROOM - MEDICAL CENTER - DAY 388

DEBRA
When are they going to let me out? They've had me locked up here ten days, now. ...I'm not used to convent life, and to be honest, I'm climbing the wall -

DAVID
We could lock the door?

DEBRA
You're a genius. ...Please hurry?

Edelman and the "Brig" come swiftly to the reason for their visit with David.

"BRIG"

(to David)

You've already left it too long. She should have been told, days ago.

DR. EDELMAN

He's right, David. ...She could regain sight much sooner than expected and she needs time to come to terms -

DAVID

(angrily)

I'll tell her when I think she's ready.

"BRIG"

You've got until noon tomorrow. You haven't told her by then, I'm going to.

390 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAWN

390

Beauty shot of the city to establish the next day.

391 INT. MORGAN SUITE - MORNING

391

David steps out of the shower and pauses to look at himself in the mirror. He speaks to his reflection.

DAVID

Try as I may, I still don't feel comfortable with you. Let's hope somebody loves you more than I do.

392 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING

392

The elevator door opens. David emerges and walks slowly towards Debra's room; his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING along the empty corridor.

393 INT. DEBRA'S ROOM

390

David finds Debra sitting in a deep chair with her legs curled sideways under her and her face side-lit by the reflected sunlight from the window. The turban of white bandages is fresh; the dark bruises below her eyes cleared.

He moves to her right side and with infinite tenderness leans forward and lays his open hand against her cheek. She stirs drowsily. Her eyes open. They are beautiful, and vague, misty and sightless.

394 VISUAL EFFECT 394

Darkness gives way to soft golden clouds. Then, suddenly, like the morning wind slashing away the sea mist, the clouds roll open.

395 BACK TO SCENE 395

David sees the eyes change, the look of them becomes sharp and aware. Her gaze focuses, and steadies. She is looking at him, and seeing him.

396 DEBRA'S POV - VISUAL EFFECT 396

As the clouds roll open, she looks beyond to the monster's face that swims toward her; a colossal disembodied face that surely must arise from hell itself; a face riven with livid lines and set with the bestial, crudely worked features of one of the dark hosts. She cringes away from the terror of it.

397 BACK TO SCENE 397

She lifts her hands to her face and SCREAMS! David turns and runs.

398 HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 398

David's feet POUND down the corridor. Before he reaches the elevator, the door opens and the "brig" steps out. Seeing David's agitated state, the "Brig" reaches out to stop him, his body blocking the elevator door.

"BRIG"

David?!

David veers off to the stairwell opens the door and is gone. "Brig" starts after him but then HEARS the hysterical SOBS.

399 DEBRA'S ROOM 399

As "Brig" enters the room, Debra looks up from her cupped hands and wonder dawns through the terror in her eyes.

DEBRA

I can see you. I can see!

He quickly moves to her and takes her in the protective circle of his arms.

"BRIG"

It's all right. It's going to be all right.

She clings to him, stifling the last of her sobs.

DEBRA

I had a dream ... a terrible dream.

She shudders against him. Then, suddenly, she pulls away.

DEBRA

(continuing)

David! Where is David? I must see him.

"Brig" stiffens, realizing she had not recognized reality.

"BRIG"

You have already seen him.

At first, she doesn't understand, then it slowly comes to her.

DEBRA

David? That was David?

"Brig" nods, watching her face for the revulsion and horror.

DEBRA

Oh, dear God. What have I done?

"BRIG"

You want to see him again?

DEBRA

(blazing at him)

How can you say that? More than anything on this earth. ...You must know that!

"BRIG"

Even the way he is now?

DEBRA

If you think that would make any difference, you don't know me very well.

(suddenly concerned)

Find him. Quickly, before he has a chance to do something stupid.

400 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR SEQUENCES - CESSNA - DAY 400

A Cessna 172 is clipping along over the Pacific Ocean, at full throttle.

401 INT. CESSNA - DAY 401

David takes note of the fuel gauge.

402 INSERT 402

The gauge is hovering around the halfway mark.

403 INT. AIR ROUTE TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - PALMDALE - DAY 403

Seated at a terminal, the ATCC SUPERVISOR studies the computer screen then picks up the phone's handset and punches in a number.

INTERCUT WITH:

404 INT / EXT THE BRIG'S SUV RENTAL - DAY 404

*SUPERIMPOSE: CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY 14
NEAR PALMDALE*

The "Brig's" cell phone RINGS. He snaps it open and puts it to his ear.

"BRIG"

Mordecai !

ATCC SUPERVISOR

General. This is the Air Route Traffic Control Center in Palmdale. I think I've found what you're looking for. A David Morgan rented a Cessna 172 at the Santa Monica airport and was assigned a transponder frequency.

"BRIG"

My daughter said he would take to the sky.

(beat)

According to my GPS, I'm about 20 minutes from you. I'm going to need to talk to him.

405 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: CESSNA - DAY 405

The Cessna bores for height, climbing steadily. Then it levels off.

406 INT. CESSNA

406

FROM THIS POINT, WE SEE THE DAMAGED SIDE OF DAVID'S FACE, WHEN-EVER APPROPRIATE.

The instrument panel shows that the transponder is "squawking," and the fuel gauge now reads significantly below the halfway mark.

407 EXT. AIR ROUTE TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - PALMDALE - DAY

407

To establish.

408 INT. CONTROL ROOM - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - DAY

408

The ATCC Supervisor escorts the "Brig" into the flight control room and introduces him to an AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER.

ATCC SUPERVISOR

This is General Joshua Mordecai, of the Israeli Air Force.

CONTROLLER

Yes, General. Glad to meet you. An E-2 Hawkeye from a Navy aircraft carrier undergoing CarQuals has your boy about three hundred miles off shore. Now that you're here, I'll try to raise him.

409 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: CESSNA

409

The RADIO CRACKLES as the Palmdale Center Controller continually tries to raise the Cessna.

410 INT. CESSNA

410

David reaches for the switch to kill the radio. But the next VOICE stays his hand.

"BRIG" (VHF)

David, this is Mordecai! have just spoken to Debra. ...She wants you ... wants you desperately.

Again, David reaches for the switch to kill the set.

"BRIG" (VHF)

For her sake, don't do anything stupid.

David blinks, tears scalding his eyes once more. His determination wavers.

411 INT. CONTROL ROOM - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER 411

All ears are turned to the SPEAKER. Suddenly, there is SOUND of an OPEN CARRIER lasting approximately four seconds before going dead.

"BRIG"

(frustrated)

I know he hears me. If I could only get through to him...get him to respond.

Then a calm comes over the general as he again keys the radio transmitter.

412 INT. CESSNA 412

"BRIG" (VHF)

(the old warrior)

Mustang Two, this is the "Brig." You mistakenly blame yourself for Debra...for Joe for Hannah. But your biggest mistake is worrying how Debra will react to your disfigurement. Well, my daughter is no sable antelope!

(a direct order)

Now, return to base, *immediately* !!

After several seconds, David slowly lifts the microphone and thumbs the transmit button.

DAVID

(hesitantly)

Bandit! ...This is Mustang Two.

(long pause)

Beseder !

413 AIR-TO-AIR: CESSNA 413

The Cessna swings around in a 180 degree turn.

414 INT. CONTROL ROOM - AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER 414

Loud CHEERS erupt from the Control Room. Suddenly the SPEAKER CRACKLES.

DAVID (VHF)

Sorry, General. ...My fuel state is not going to hack it!

The "Brig" picks up and keys the hand microphone.

"BRIG"

Give me the bottom line?

DAVID (VHF)

If I nurse it, I'll be about 75 miles short of land when I become a glider.

"BRIG"

Standby, Mustang.

(to Supervisor)

That aircraft carrier you mentioned. Can we determine its position?

ATCC SUPERVISOR

I could declare an emergency and contact the Navy. But standard procedure is to scramble a Coast Guard helo, which I can do right now.

"BRIG"

A Cessna '72 doesn't have a retractable gear. He tries ditching and she'll cartwheel. His chances of getting out would be extremely slim.

ATCC SUPERVISOR

Granted, but he's got to put 'er down somewhere! Can't very well do it on the carrier!

"BRIG"

Oh, but he *can*! He's a carrier qualified naval aviator with over seven hundred *traps*.

ATCC SUPERVISOR

Navy would never allow it. Risk to assets is too great! Besides, without a tailhook, how's he going to stop in less than seven hundred feet.

415 EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER AT SEA - DAY

415

As is often the case during the initial stages of carrier qualifications (CARQUALS), only the Alert 5 (a Hornet fighter capable of launching in under 5 minutes), the COD, and a few other aircraft are spotted on the flight deck.

416 INT. BRIDGE

416

The Executive Officer, Andrew "Sergei" Bonime hands a dispatch

to the ship's captain. CAPT Robert K. "Killer" Miller whips off his ubiquitous aviator sunglasses, glances at the dispatch and explodes.

"KILLER" MILLER

I don't care what some FAA controller says, this is no civilian landing strip! Their boy will have to ditch at sea. Our plane guard helo can pick him up!

"SERGEI"

But, sir ...you're gonna love this.

"KILLER" MILLER

What do you mean?

"SERGEI"

Wait until you see who the pilot is?

The Commander points to the appropriate section of the message. "Killer" Miller's eyebrows rise as he reads the rest of the dispatch.

"KILLER" MILLER

David Morgan!

(Looking up at the XO)

Think it's the same Morgan?

"SERGEI"

Who else would have the gonads to make such a request?

"Killer" clears the decks for action.

"KILLER" MILLER

How long before we start receiving our next CARQUAL aircraft?

"SEQUEI"

Eight Hornets from Lemoore are due in a little over two hours.

"KILLER" MILLER

Good! That'll give us plenty of time should we develop a fouled deck.

(beat)

Meanwhile, get all the aircraft currently spotted on the deck, below in the hangar bay. And launch the Alert Five. I want an escort for that *gunslinger* !!

"SERGEI"

What about the barricade?

"KILLER" MILLER

With 30 knots down the deck, if he's still the Topgun pilot we trained, he won't need it. Just make sure the Alert Five has his VHF frequency.

Miller notices that the XO seems to have something else on his mind.

"KILLER" MILLER

What is it, "Sergei?" Spit it out!

"SERGEI"

Sir, you may be bringing aboard a former Navy pilot, and the key word is former, but he's flying a civilian aircraft. Navy regulations say --

"KILLER" MILLER

(interrupting)

I know what naval regulations says --

"SERGEI"

Could mean a court martial...especially if anything goes wrong.

417 INT. CESSNA

417

David is studying his gauges when he suddenly becomes aware of the FA-18 Hornet falling in alongside.

418 EXT. AIR-TO-AIR: HORNET & CESSNA - DAY

418

The single seat Hornet, with "111" painted on its nose, is "dirty," its gear down. The pilot, LT Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson (her name painted on the rails) dials up the civilian VHF guard frequency.

"STICKS" (VHF)

Mustang Lead...this is 'sticks.' Good afternoon, Lieutenant Morgan. Cap'n Robert Miller sends his respects and wishes for you to dine with him tonight, aboard his nearby carrier!

DAVID (VHF)

Olson? ...That you?

"STICKS" (VHF)
Affirmative, Davey.

DAVID (VHF)
Tell the Captain, 'I accept!'

419 SERIES OF SHOTS: CESSNA RECOVERY - DAY 419

BEGIN: SERIES OF SCENES CUT TO AN ANCILLARY MUSICAL VIDEO.

A. SUPER CARRIER: RECOVERY MODE

The plane guard helicopter lifts off.

B. BRIDGE

Captain Miller is on the 1-MC microphone giving orders.

C. PRI-FLY

The Air Boss barks an order into his 5-MC microphone.

D. VULTURE'S TOW

Sailors scramble onto the catwalk, to watch the recovery.

E. COMBAT DIRECTIONAL CENTER

Radar operators monitor the flight path of the inbound Cessna.

F. FLIGHT DECK

Instead of working the *ball*, the LSO is using flags to communicate with David.

G. DAVID'S POV

David forces his Cessna to respond to the corrections indicated by the LSO's two flags.

H. VULTURE'S ROW

All eyes are focused on the approaching Cessna.

J. BRIDGE

Having done all he can, CAPT Miller surveys the flight deck, anxiously.

K. VULTURE'S ROW

Sailors' eyes follow the Cessna as it settles to the deck.

L. CESSNA LANDING GEAR

The wheels hit the deck and stick; a perfect landing by a skilled naval aviator.

M. COCKPIT OF CESSNA

David kills all switches and presses his feet hard against the top of the rudders, practically locking up the brakes.

N. BRIDGE

"Killer" Miller lets loose with a broad grin and with a tight fist pumps his right arm in triumph.

O. FLIGHT DECK

The LSO shoots the Cessna a "thumbs up."

P. VULTURE'S ROW

High up on the catwalks, sailors clasp their hands over their heads and CHEER.

Q. FLIGHT DECK

David's landing has used a little over seventy-five percent of the 750 foot angled flight deck.

CROSS-FADE MUSIC

420 EXT. TERRACE OF PAUL MORGAN'S ESTATE - NEAR SUNDOWN 420

*SUPERIMPOSE: THREE YEARS LATER
 PAUL MORGAN ESTATE
 PALOS VERDES, CALIFORNIA*

The multimillion dollar home is located on the ocean side of Rocky Point Road, the western most cape in the Palos Verdes Estates. The estates' backyard, on a cliff overlooking the Pacific, has been outfitted to handle the catered, luxurious wedding. The same Rabbi who presided over the funeral of David's parents is conducting. Paul Morgan is the best man. The bride and groom have their backs to the CAMERA. The groom is wearing a tuxedo and the bride a stunning, off-white gown.

Newly promoted Admiral Robert K. "Killer" Miller (in dress whites) and General Joshua Mordecai are seated together. The general leans towards the admiral.

"BRIG"

Montana must be a magical place. Just Imagine. Thirty-five operations. The pain must have been incredible! Commuting to Sherman Oaks. ...Frankly, I'm somewhat surprised he went through it.

"KILLER" MILLER

But look at the results.

The bride and groom turn to face each other.

At this point, we see only the left side of David's face.

DEBRA

(exaggerated whisper)

You're absolutely the finest marriage material in the world. Of course, you realize I'm only marrying you for your money?

David slips the ring onto Debra's finger.

DAVID

Wise decision!

Their kiss is indeed a new beginning; emotional, filled with passion.

INTERCUT WITH:

As the SOUNDTRACK reprises the film's MUSICAL THEME, the PHOTOGRAPHER moves in to capture a picture.

After the kiss, David smashes the cloth covered wine goblet under his heel, and then he and Debra turn to face the guests.

Smiling at the couple are numerous officers from David's old IAF and Navy squadrons, including newly promoted: LCDR Mary Ann "Sticks" Olson; CDR Frank Stevens, and CAPT Andrew "Sergei" Bonime.

426 ANGLE ON DAVID & DEBRA - IN SLOW MOTION

426

His left side to CAMERA, David slowly turns, exposing the much dreaded right side of his face to the guests.

The Photographer triggers his Hassalblad H4D-40 digital camera shutter. The flash goes off. For a fraction of a second, the SCREEN IS WASHED WHITE by the Strobe of the photographer's Hassalblad. Then, like a speeded up version of an old fashion Polaroid picture, the color returns.

FREEZE FRAME

427 PHOTOGRAPHER'S TWO-SHOT PORTRAIT

427

The CAMERA slowly MOVES-IN on the still photograph, focusing on a tight headshot of the newlyweds.

David may not be the Adonis he once was, but the money, pain and commuting have paid off. Far from quackery, the Grossman Burn Center has done a miraculous job. The added lines and weathered, cobweb texture of David's right profile, while aging him somewhat, provide even a more virile quality.

428 EXT. ANGLE OVERLOOKING OCEAN - SUNDOWN

428

From the terrace, overlooking the ocean, the CAMERA'S LONG LENS greatly exaggerates the size of the setting sun's giant orange sphere over the Pacific, filling the SCREEN. An eagle, enlarged to approximately half the size of the setting sun is seen flying into the center of the orange sphere and we FREEZE FRAME on this image.

Technical advisors:

RADM Paul T. Gillcrist, USN (Ret.)
Founder and former head of Topgun

CAPT Dale W. Cox, USN (Ret.)
Author of the new book **TOP SECRET FLIGHT** and former Navy test pilot who set two transcontinental speed records in 1957 in a Douglas A#D aircraft ... LAX – NY – LAX. In 1959 he was one of 32 to be tested for Project Mercury, the first astronaut program.

MAJOR Louis “Lou” Lenart, USMC (Ret.)
Co-founder of the Israeli Air Force and leader of its first mission in May of 1948 against the Egyptian tanks approaching Tel Aviv. The four plane squadron successfully turned back the Egyptian army, saving the day for Tel Aviv. Only two members of the flight survived the War of Independence, Lou Lenart and Ezra Weitzman; the latter the future commander of the IAF and president of Israel. One of the pilots, Eddie Cohn, was killed during the flight when his plane was shot down. A second pilot, Modi Alon, survived, although his aircraft was damaged beyond repair, only to be killed on a subsequent mission.

CAPT William S. “Bill” Graves, USN (Ret.)
Former director of the West Coast office of the Navy Office of Information.

It is anticipated that the majority of this project’s aerial sequences will be filmed at NAS Fallon, Nevada, with the cooperation and assistance of the Navy and Department of Defense. Additional Air Force cooperation and assistance will be sought after approval by the DoD/Navy, to include aircraft from Nellis Air Force Base, Nevada, as a substitute for the Israeli Air Force. In this case, it would be TOP GUN verses RED FLAG.

SUPERIMPOSE: Listed in a series of short paragraphs are highlights of Navy Strike Weapons (Topgun) Program, since its establishment in 1969 at NAS Miramar, California and ending With its current training exercises at NAS Fallon, Nevada. Also included is a list of IAF accomplishments Including, should it happen before this film is released, the preemptive raid on Iran's nuclear facilities.

**MUCH OF THIS STORY ACTUALLY
OCCURRED ... A MERE FEW YEARS AGO**

END