

Solo  
by  
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FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Black and white news footage splashes across a TV screen. A news anchor's voice emerges from a tiny speaker across a livingroom, across time. A soldier firing a machine gun from the open door of a helicopter flying over a vast jungle.

TV NEWS ANCHOR #1 (V.O.)  
American casualty estimates have been released for what Pentagon officials have labeled the Tet Offensive. Estimates are that 4,324 American servicemen have died...

Two medics carry a wounded soldier on a stretcher. A blood soaked bandage is wrapped around his head and his arm dangles limply off the side.

TV NEWS ANCHOR #1 (CONT'D)  
...although some observers feel the actual numbers may be closer to 5,000.

Closeup of young Vietnamese girl's face. She's crying and huge wet tears smear down her dirty cheeks.

TV NEWS ANCHOR #1 (CONT'D)  
According to the Pentagon report, the Vietcong suffered close to 45,000 casualties in what has thus far proven to be the bloodiest period in the war.

The picture rolls as the channel changes to a different network with a different news anchor. General Nguyen Ngoc Loan executes an NLF officer using his pistol to shoot him in the head on a Saigon street..

TV NEWS ANCHOR #2  
...unrest on America's college campuses is becoming increasingly violent as militant antiwar groups like the the Student for a Democratic Society, also known as the SDS, expand their influence over America's youth.

The picture flips as the TV changes channels yet again. Another newscast, same story. You can't get away from it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's more footage from the war but now the actual sounds from the images blast from the TV's tiny speaker as the TV's B&W video becomes color, becomes the reality of war.

A formation of fighter jets swoop from the sky releasing bombs that fall into the jungle below erupting in napalm's roar and volcano orange flames. Dense black smoke chokes the TV screen.

The smoke darkens then brightens to a blue sky filled with white fluffy clouds.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -SPRING OF 1969

RAFE HADLEY, a 15 year old boy, daydreams, looking at the clouds outside the window of his high school classroom in rural Washington. His teacher's voice slowly invades his musing. MR. WINSTON, a hip young teacher with long hair, is at the blackboard.

MR. WINSTON (O.S.)

...this simplified version of this equation shows that in mathematics, as in life, even the most complicated problems are often simple ones in disguise. We begin by canceling then...

Rafe's gaze moves from the window to his doodle covered Pee-Chee folder. Mr. Winston's voice becomes a drone.

Rafe sketches an airplane, A cloud, then jots the name "Jenny". The bell rings.

MR. WINSTON (CONT'D)

(to the class)

...for the weekend, Page 188 problems 2, 4, 6, and 8... and don't forget the quiz on Monday.

INT. SCHOOL HALL WAY -- CONTINUOUS

Rafe moves through the rush of students to his locker. Turns the combo dial and pulls. It's stuck.

RAFE

Shit!

He slugs the door.

Pulls...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pulls again, harder...

It swings open wildly and...

An avalanche of books and papers tumble out. He tries to stop the flow as a tennis racket falls out and whacks him in the head.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Damn!

Rafe's best friend RICKY enters as Rafe picks up the spillage.

RICKY

(Mimicking Mr. Spock from  
Star Trek)

I find this outward display of  
emotions highly illogical, Captain!

Rafe turns his head to smile at Ricky.

RICKY (CONT'D)

You have the script for our movie  
in that mess?

Rafe pushes through the pile of papers on the floor and he finds it. Holds it up to his friend.

RAFE

Right here with my camera. Finished  
it in typing class. We still  
shooting tomorrow?

He slides the papers into his yellow Pee-Chee folder and pulls out a beat up Super 8 camera with a three lens turret.

RICKY

You bet! My dad says we can use  
the tractor all day if we want.

Rafe simultaneously stuffs the last of loose papers and books back into the locker and closes the door. The two stroll down the hallway.

RAFE

You ride today?

RICKY

Sure. I ride everyday. How come  
you don't ride your bike to school  
any more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAFE

Just seems kind of dumb, riding a bike to high school. Besides I'll have my license in a month.

RICKY

Yea, you'll have your license and you'll be walking to school with it in your wallet! Your parents aren't going to let you drive their car to school.

Rafe gives him a sock on the arm. Ricky ducks and dodges the punch. He comes up pedaling his fists cartoon style ala Foghorn Leghorn as he dodges Ricky's playful swings.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Ah say now boy, you're mess'n with the wrong chicken here, boy.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Rafe and Ricky exit the building into afternoon sunlight. The school's common area is filled with students waiting for busses. The air is filled with the excitement of Friday afternoon. Rafe comes to a halt. He sees JENNIFER ROSEN.

Rafe's vision of her is slow motion Super 8 footage The light shimmers though Jennifer's wind blown long golden hair --a young flower child.

Rafe's vision jumps back to reality. Jennifer is distributing flyers. Behind her is a table with a sign, "Students Against The War"

Jennifer extends a flyer towards two passing boys . Her charming smile comes easily. One boy takes the flyer and flashes Jennifer the peace sign. She returns the gesture.

Ricky looks at Rafe's glazed stare, follows it to Jennifer, back to Rafe.

RICKY

No way! Not Jennifer Rosen!  
That's what has you all gaga?  
She's a Junior Rafe! And...  
(pointing)  
that's her boy friend!

LOREN, a tall arrogantly handsome senior with curly black hair and long thick side burns, stands behind the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

So?

Rafe strides towards Jennifer leaving the stunned Ricky. As Rafe approaches, she repeats her earlier presentation of the flyer.

JENNIFER

Join us at the demonstration next week?

Rafe takes the flyer not taking his eyes off her. She enjoys his attention.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Well?

RAFE

(distracted)

Huh?

Jennifer passes flyers to other passing students.

JENNIFER

See you at the demonstration?

A passing student bumps into Rafe waking him from his day dream abruptly. He moves to follow Jennifer.

RAFE

Uh... Sure. What time?

JENNIFER

Monday, right after school at City Center Park.

Loren notices Jennifer is missing some of the passing students. Angered, he moves quickly to her side. Ricky watches at a safe distance.

LOREN

Come on Jenny, quit wasting your time with this farm boy. He probably doesn't know where Vietnam is!

RAFE

Yes I do. My brother's there.  
(proudly)  
He's a Marine fighter pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOREN  
 (sarcastically)  
 Oh! So, your brother's a baby  
 killer? Is he off keeping South  
 East Asia safe for capitalism?

JENNIFER  
 Loren! Be nice.

Loren turns back to other students gathering at the table.  
 Then looks back at Jennifer and Rafe. He flips Rafe the peace  
 sign.

LOREN  
 Peace!

JENNIFER  
 I'm really sorry. Sometimes he can  
 be a real creep. Hey, is that a  
 movie camera?

RAFE  
 Ah, ya.

He fumbles to show her the camera and loses grip on his books  
 and folders. He hangs on to the camera but everything else  
 tumbles to the ground and scatters.

Jennifer giggles and helps him pick up blowing papers. She  
 sees the Pee-Chee folder with her name written all over it.  
 She also reads Rafe's name off the folder.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
 Thanks.

JENNIFER  
 Here you go Hadley.

RAFE  
 It's Rafe. Rafe Hadley.

JENNIFER  
 I know.

She smiles sweetly handing him the papers and folder. Rafe  
 shrinks away, embarrassed beyond belief.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 See you Monday Hadley.

Ricky joins Rafe and they plod through the commons

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICKY

You sure can pick em. You're lucky  
he didn't pound you! She's way out  
of your league.

They round the corner to a bike rack.

RICKY (CONT'D)

What time you want me over tonight?

RAFE

(still dreaming)

uh,... Dinner time OK?

Ricky pulls his Stingray bike from the bike rack and mounts  
it. As he peddles off:

RICKY

Cool! Momma Hadley's cooking!

Rafe rearranges his papers as he walks. He sees the Pee-Chee  
folder on top. Shaking his head as he realizes Jennifer saw  
her name on the folder. He's doomed to perpetual  
embarrassment.

RAFE

Damn.

SERIES OF SHOTS -RAFE WALKS HOME FROM SCHOOL

1) Rafe is almost run over by a little girl on roller skates  
pulling a wagon full of stuffed animals. He pulls out his  
movie camera and starts filming.

2) He walks past young kids spilling from a school bus. He  
two-steps his way through them.

3) He sits his camera and books down for a moment. He throws  
a perfect pass to some the younger boys playing football.

4) Two cute older girls pass and flirt with him. He spins,  
pulls up the camera, and films. A short clip of Super 8  
footage of the girls. Rafe, walking backwards as he films,  
stumbles over trash cans. The footage shakes and goes to the  
sky. The Super 8 footage ends. The girls turn and giggle at  
Rafe as he picks himself up off the ground.

5) Walking over a freeway overpass, he stops, hangs over the  
guard rail, and films cars zoom past below.

6) Hearing music in his head, he walks into a waist high  
field of grass. He plays air-guitar using his movie camera.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He looks into the sky, drops his books, points his camera to the sky begins to turn slowly.

7) Spinning faster till he falls to the ground laughing.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. GRASSY FIELD

The sky fills his vision. He's a boy in love for the first time.

RAFE

Jenny.

EXT. RUNWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Rafe walks from the grass onto a wide expanse of dark concrete. He turns to the sound of a low pitched drone.

At the far end of the runway the sleek outline of a P-51 Mustang streaks toward Rafe. It's landing gear is up and the gray orbit of the propeller blades are only inches from the ground.

Rafe is transfixed for a moment then drops face-down to the concrete. The roar and the thrust of the propeller blast rips at his clothes and scatters his papers. He covers his ears then rolls, looking up.

The P-51 is already faraway climbing straight up and twisting slowly on the engine's torque. It disappears into a cloud.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- LATER

Rafe runs across the wide paved aircraft tie-down area. There is a collection of colorful single engine aircraft; a Piper Cub, Tri-Pacer, Beach Bonanza, Cessnas, and more.

The OLD CROWS, a group of retired pilots chortling among themselves, are perched as usual on the benches in front of the airport office. LYMAN COPPES in his 50's, is younger than the others.

RAFE

Did you see that! That Mustang tried to kill me!

LYMAN COPPES

You look fine to me... except your haircut looks a little shorter!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (O.S.)

You just got buzzed by none other than the Ivan Rickart the world aerobatics champion.

JACK HADLEY, Rafe's father, a 6'2" brick of a man is standing, arms folded leaning in the office doorway. A broad smile covers his weathered face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ivan radioed that a kid was walking across the runway. Told him it must be you walking home from school. So, he decided to give you a thrill.

RAFE

He gave me a thrill all right. I think I need to change my shorts.

JACK

(sniffing)

You smell fine to me.

The Old Crows roar with laughter. Rafe enjoys the attention.

JACK (CONT'D)

Go see your mom and get something to eat. Then, what ya say you go on fire patrol with me today? I've got to drop Ranger Jim off in Olympia, and we can get in a lesson on the fight home.

Rafe races toward the office, stops at the door and looks back to his dad.

RAFE

Thanks Dad!

INT. AIRPORT CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

The small cafe adjoins the pilot's lounge and office areas. There are two tables, mismatched chairs and six stools along the counter. Fresh-baked pies are proudly displayed on a shelf above the counter. RITA HADLEY, a fading beauty in her fifties, smiles at her son.

RITA

I hear you got a special treat! I was just telling Ivan about you and your brother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA (CONT'D)  
(proudly)  
He flew all the way down from  
Seattle for some of my pecan pie.

RAFE  
Mom, I'd fly to the moon for your  
pie.

A warm mother's smile crosses Rita's face as she picks up an empty glass from the shelf.

RITA  
What do you want to drink with your  
sandwich?

RAFE  
Milk please.

Rita scoops a grilled cheese sandwich off the grill onto a plate and serves her son. Rafe grabs the sandwich and starts to eat.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
(with a full mouth)  
I'm going on fire patrol with Dad.

Rita places a tall glass of milk on the counter and leans on her elbows looking at Rafe. She's busting to share some good news.

RITA  
Your dad's in a good mood. We just  
got a letter from your brother.  
His squadron is coming home early.

RAFE  
(swallowing)  
Really? How soon?

RITA  
We don't know yet. His letter said  
he'll surprise us.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Rafe is piloting a small Cessna trainer. His father sits beside him. Their voices have a clipped electronic sound from their headset intercoms. Rafe levels the plane completing a maneuver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (ON INTERCOM)

Good. Now, pick out a landmark below us and show me a good turn-about-a-point.

RAFE (ON INTERCOM)

Roger.

Rafe looks out his side window and puts the plane into an abrupt left bank. Jack takes the wheel and forces the plane back to level. Rafe looks at his dad startled.

JACK

Rafe! Don't manhandle the controls, be gentle with her. Easy, does it best.

Jack demonstrates effortlessly. Then lifts his hands from the controls and the plane gently returns to level flight.

JACK (CONT'D)

See how naturally she brings herself out of the turn. Put her into a turn with that same ease. Try it again.

Rafe applies pressure and the plane smoothly banks left.

JACK (CONT'D)

Better! Now, pick out your landmark and keep the wing tip on it.

Rafe pivots the plane around a mountain-top antenna site.

Suddenly the engine dies.

JACK (CONT'D)

Uh-oh, looks like your engine just quit.

Rafe scans the instruments repeating a drill he's done before.

RAFE

Oil pressure,OK. Amp meter,OK. There!

He points to the GAS GAUGES. Both the left and right tanks show below the empty marks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jack points to the instrument panel showing Rafe the fuses he pulled to disable the fuel gauges. Rafe understands the drill and plays along.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Fuel tanks are indicating empty.

JACK

Guess you should have checked your fuel levels during your pre-flight.

RAFE

I did. Checked the gages then visually checked the levels in the tanks.

JACK

Good boy. But, I don't think that matters much now. Your engine can't run on air. What are you going to do?

Rafe sits up in his seat and scans the ground. There is nothing but rugged tree covered mountains below.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well?

RAFE

I'm going to pick out a safe place to make an emergency landing, then radio my position to the flight service station.

JACK

Hmm... What is your position?

RAFE

Ah... Somewhere East of Chehalis?  
I mean South.

(confused)

No. North, closer to Olympia.

JACK

It's easy to lose track up here isn't it. Let's think about the most important thing first. Where are you going to land this aircraft?

Rafe looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAFE

There! In the meadow, there.

Rafe points out the side window.

JACK

Too small. You'd pile up in the trees.

RAFE

Where then? There's nothing but trees!

JACK

OK, Here's the priority list:  
AVIATE, NAVIGATE, COMMUNICATE.  
First priority it to fly the plane -  
AVIATE.

Jack taps the altimeter gage on instrument panel.

JACK (CONT'D)

This plane will glide pretty well.  
We can glide about 2 miles for  
every thousand feet of altitude.  
We're at six thousand feet so we've  
got about a 10 mile glide range.  
Slow it down to 65 knots to make  
the most of our altitude and  
airspeed.

Rafe gently lifts the nose of the plane.

JACK (CONT'D)

Start thinking like a glider pilot.  
Look out there and see what's ahead  
within 10 miles or less.

Rafe sits up higher in his seat and looks out over the control panel. He points out over the instrument panel.

RAFE

There! At 11 O'clock, a field and  
a road.

JACK

Good, NAVIGATE your landing site.

Rafe puts the Cessna in a gentle left bank aiming for the field.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK (CONT'D)  
Step three, COMMUNICATE. What are you going to tell the flight service station?

RAFE  
(remembering the drill)  
My situation, altitude, heading, airspeed, and where I'm trying to land.

JACK  
Good. Don't radio it in but let's play this out a little longer. See if you can make that field.

Rafe bites his lip and tightens his grip on the wheel. His father reaches over and lifts Rafe's hand off the wheel, shakes it to loosen it up and returns it to the wheel.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Relax.

RAFE  
Right, easy does it best.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CANYON

The Cessna passes over a jagged canyon wall. The plane is descending quickly.

JACK  
Think like a glider pilot. Fly along the windward side of the canyon to pickup extra lift where the air rises.

The Cessna makes a gentle bank to the right over the canyon wall.

RAFE  
I feel it! I can feel the lift.

The Cessna slows it's decent.

JACK  
That's Flying by the seat of your pants!

The Cessna is very low to the ground.

INT. AIRPLANE

JACK

Keep as much altitude as you can till you make the field. Then, make a single turn into the wind for your final approach.

The young pilot squirms in his seat eager for his father to take the controls.

RAFE

Dad...

JACK

Use full flaps to make a steep approach over the trees.

RAFE

Dad...

The Cessna banks lining up on the field only a fifty feet over the trees.

JACK

You made it! Full Flaps!

The wing flaps lower and the Cessna's approach steepens over the trees at the edge of the field. Rafe begs for his father to take control.

RAFE

DAD!

Cows graze below. The Cessna is 20 feet above the field attracting the cows casual interest.

Jack calmly lifts his hand to the controls

JACK

I've got it.

Rafe lifts his hands up off the controls.

The Cessna levels 10 feet above the field. A blast of power from the engine and it climbs, easily clearing the trees at the end of the field. The Cessna climbs skyward again

JACK (CONT'D)

OK, Rafe you did fine. Just don't panic. When you're flying solo you'll be on your own.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)  
I won't be here to take the  
controls. Take us home, Rafe

EXT. RUNWAY -- EVENING

In setting sun the Cessna makes a bumpy but acceptable landing.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Rafe and Jack walk from the Cessna. Jack rests his hand on his son's shoulder.

JACK  
Those landings need a little work  
but I'd say you'll be ready to solo  
as soon as you turn 16. You're a  
good pilot son. Maybe someday  
you'll even be as good as your big  
brother.

Rafe looks up at his dad then frowns.

INT. RAFE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rafe is sprawled across his bed. The clock radio's speaker blares rock music. On the bedroom wall is a poster of Raquel Welch. She's clad in a fur bikini from the film One Million Years BC.

Rafe holds his Super 8 movie camera. He pretends to film Raquel then places the camera on the night stand.

He lifts a framed photo of his brother in a Marine flight suit posed in front of a jet fighter. On the photo, "To my little brother, keep your gear up!"

A knock at the door startles Rafe. He replaces the photo and turns down the radio.

RAFE  
Come in.

Ricky enters, his arms loaded with a sleeping bag and a tall stack of comic books. He dumps them on the bed and plops down next to his friend.

Ricky picks up the movie camera and starts zooming around the room pretending to film.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

I'm going to be a great cinematographer and work on Star Trek. Maybe take over as producer when Gene Roddenberry quits!

He jumps on the bed and stands over Rafe straddling him with his feet, still playing cameraman.

RICKY (CONT'D)

OK, now give me a really great gruesome death scene. You've been poisoned by an Romulan death potion.

Rafe grabs his throat and gags, writhing in pain as he acts out the scene.

RAFE

Aggghh. Aggggghhh!

Ricky drops to his knees on Rafe's stomach.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Aggghhhhh! Get off!

Ricky continues to film the action.

RICKY

That's it, show me the pain. Show me misery!

Ricky kicks at him pushing him off.

RAFE

I'll show you misery and agony! You smashed my nuts.

Ricky rolls on the floor collapsing in laughter. Rafe curls up into a ball in mock agony!

RICKY

That was great man! You deserve an Academy Award for that one.

Ricky jumps up.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Hey, check this out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He slips a Playboy magazine from the middle of the stack of comics. He lets the magazine's centerfold fall open showing it to Rafe.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Reading material for tonight's  
expedition!

Rita opens the door quietly and steps behind Ricky. She tilts her head looking at the centerfold and rolls her eyes.

RITA  
Ah hum.

The boys jump at the sound of her voice, Ricky stuffs the magazine back into the stack of comics.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Dinner's ready.

She spins and leaves the room. The boys explode in laughter as they take one more look at the beautiful girl in the centerfold.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- NIGHT

Lantern light illuminates the Playboy centerfold displaying a nude woman in fireman boots with a firehose draped over her shoulder and breasts. Ricky and Rafe are on sleeping bags surrounded by waist high grass. Stars fill the sky.

RICKY  
I've never seen a fireman that  
looks like that before.

RAFE  
Where did you get this?

Ricky turns the page

RICKY  
Swiped it from under my uncle's  
bed.

RAFE  
Do you think Jennifer looks like  
that?

Ricky looks at Rafe surprised by his friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

I doubt she even has fireman boots.

Rafe slaps the back of his friend's head.

RAFE

You know what I mean... I think she looks like a centerfold.

RICKY

I think you need to face the facts my friend. She's already got a boy friend and he's going to pound you.

RAFE

Come on Ricky, you really think she likes that guy?

RICKY

Ya, she's into all that hippie protest stuff... and you're all truth, justice and the American-way. What would your brother think of her?

RAFE

I don't know. Damon's cool... I bet he would like her.

Rafe rolls onto his back and stares at the stars.

RAFE (CONT'D)

He's going to be home soon.

RICKY

Really... you don't sound too excited.

RAFE

My Dad says he's going to take over running the flying business for them.

RICKY

That's cool. Maybe he can teach us how to kill people with our bare hands.

Rafe rolls to look at his friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAFE

When Damon's around everyone treats me like a little kid. My folks are always comparing me to him and how I should do everything exactly the way he did.

RICKY

Ya, I know what you mean... sometimes they act like he's a Captain Kirk or something. You must be excited he's coming home?

RAFE

I am. I just hope things are different.

Ricky redirects the conversation.

RICKY

Hey! I can't wait to work on our movie tomorrow?

Rafe wipes at his eyes. His mood lifting.

RAFE

Yea. I've got the camera ready and two rolls of film in the fridge.

Rafe rolls to dim the light from the lantern. The moonlit sky reveals the camp site is between the runways on the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

A Playboy Magazine is shoved back in the rack of the airport newsstand by DAMON HADLEY. He's a tall buff Marine in his dress uniform.

The covers of Time, Newsweek, and other magazines on the rack all show images of the war. Damon shoulders his huge duffel bag and moves down the concourse. The eyes of several college students at the newsstand follow him. Contempt and disgust is just below the surface of their expressions.

As the Marine moves down the crowded airport concourse the passersby give him a wide berth as if he were infected with a deadly disease. He is the only person in uniform. Someone calls out his name from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOZ  
Hadley! Hey, Hadley!

He spins looking through the crowd. A man about his age sporting a short cropped military haircut wearing a "University of Washington" tee shirt and jeans approaches.

BOZ (CONT'D)  
I thought that was you! When did you get home?

The men greet each other with a handshake, hug, and three slaps on the back.

DAMON  
Hey Boz. Good to see ya. I just flew in and I'm waiting for a friend to pick me up to fly back home.

BOZ  
That's cool. It's great to see you. I heard about all the hits your squadron was taking. I was worried about ya.

DAMON  
Ya, it got pretty bad for awhile. Monkey Boy got hit it last week.

BOZ  
No shit? Tango Uniform?

DAMON  
Ya. He's gone.

The men lower their heads. Quietly remembering their dead friend.

BOZ  
We was married, wasn't he?

DAMON  
With two kids.

BOZ  
That is so screwed.

Boz puts his hand to Damon's shoulder.

BOZ (CONT'D)  
You're home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAMON

Ya.

Boz glances at his watch.

BOZ

Hey, I gotta split. Keep in touch  
let's grab a beer when you're up  
here next time.

(leaning closer)

Hey look man, you might want to  
ditch the uniform. Things haven't  
been so cool back here. Some people  
are blaming us for all the shit  
going on in country. Guys have been  
hassled when they get home. I had  
actually had a couple hippie freaks  
spit on me!

DAMON

No shit? I hope you kicked their  
asses.

Boz holds up a clinched fist in mock defiance.

BOZ

Damn straight man! Rock on!

Boz moves off down the concourse and Damon re-shoulders his  
duffle bag then slips in the door of the men's room.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

Rafe, Ricky and a two other boys look at the script around  
the camera mounted atop a spindly tripod. Rafe directs the  
scene

As Rafe films, Ricky runs out of his house wearing a trench-  
coat and hat and packing a BB Gun along with a bag of fake  
money.

INTERCUT SUPER 8 MOVIE FOOTAGE

Ricky exits the house and jumps on a tractor to make a get  
away. Cut to POLICE KID setting on a Honda 50 motor scooter.  
He takes a radio call over an obviously fake microphone and  
goes after the getaway tractor.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Damon, now in civilian clothes loads the huge duffel bag into the waiting Cessna. Lyman, the pilot, slaps his back, shakes his hand and helps to load the bag. The two climb into the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Rafe lines up the next shot kneeling on the ground next to the camera.

INTERCUT 8MM MOVIE FOOTAGE

Low angle shows the tractor race by. The scooter tries to swing close to the camera but hits it. The camera goes flying and a light-strike and overexposed footage wipes out the image on the film.

BACK TO SCENE

Rafe is holding the camera with film spooling out the side. Police Boy is in the background dusting himself off next to his crashed motor scooter. Ricky is laughing hysterically atop the tractor.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- LATER

Every thing looks normal even the Old Crows, minus Lyman, are perched on the bench.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Jack is shuffling through some papers. He looks up as the Cessna taxis up and stops. He calls to Rita. She is drying a plate as she joins him at the office window. She drops the plate and runs out the door.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE

As Damon is pulling his duffel bag out of the Cessna his mother collides into him at full speed. His father, only a step behind, joins the hug.

Lyman and the other Old Crows applaud and break out a hidden "Welcome Home Damon" banner. Tiny American flags pop out of their pockets. One of the Old Crows puts on his VFW hat and gives Damon a snappy salute which he returns.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Another Old Crow hands Lyman a trombone and he plays "Halls of Montezuma".

The scene is happy but Damon's smile is uneasy.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- LATER

Rafe rides up on his bike the movie camera in hand, sees the welcoming sign. He drops his bike, and runs inside.

INT. AIRPORT CAFE

Lyman sits on a stool eating pie. Rita is behind the counter.

LYMAN

...I was surprised to get his call.  
He said he just wanted to avoid a  
big welcome home scene... but heck,  
I just couldn't keep my big mouth  
shut!

Rafe rushes in

RAFE

Mom! Damon's home?

RITA

Yes, honey. Lyman picked him up at  
the airport in Seattle and flew him  
home to surprise us.

RICKY

Where is he?

RITA

He put his things away and said he  
needed to take a run...

(looking at her watch)

He's been gone about 45 minutes.

Rafe races out the door, calling back.

RAFE

Why didn't you call me!

EXT. BEHIND THE AIRPORT OFFICE

Rafe climbs twenty feet up the ladder of the airport's beacon tower and scans the road for his brother.

Damon, in the distance, is running hard up the road toward the airport.

EXT. AIRPORT ROAD

Rafe runs toward his brother. Damon slows his run to a walk. He stops and bends catching his breath. His torn Marine tee-shirt is soaked with sweat. He's in great shape but the run has exhausted him.

An awkward moment, facing each other, both are still.

Silently, they turn and walk towards the airport. Damon's hand goes to his brother's shoulder and pulls him close. They stop. Rafe turns and gives his brother a warm hug.

They start walking again. The walk becomes a slow jog, then quickly, a flat out race home.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- THE NEXT DAY

Jack and Damon stand behind a counter covered with papers and charts. Rafe enters and Damon looks up from the papers.

DAMON

Hey Rafey, I need to get out of here. Dad's killing me with a years worth of plans on a Sunday afternoon...want'a go flying?

RAFE

Sure!

Damon glances at the schedule board on the wall.

DAMON

Four Niner Fox-trot is free.  
(to Jack)  
Dad, OK if Rafe and I take her up around the patch for awhile.

Jack looks up from the papers still focused on his planning.

JACK

Sure. Just leave the wings on it. Remember it's a Cessna not a fighter!

Damon snaps to attention and fires off a quick salute to his father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON  
Aye, aye Captain!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Damon is in the left seat piloting next to Rafe. Both wear headset intercoms. The plane rolls inverted through a barrel-roll, both are laughing.

DAMON  
That's a good move when they're in close on your six, bleeds off all your airspeed and they fly right by you.

Damon thumbs the planes control wheel like he's firing machine guns.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Then you open up on em with your guns and blow their wings off! Let me show you how we land on an aircraft carrier. You take over.

Rafe takes the wheel.

EXT. AIRPLANE

The dips, descending over trees and buildings.

EXT. FREEWAY

The Cessna crosses low over the trees lining a busy freeway. Trucks and cars swerve and lock up their brakes as they see the plane crossing so low over the roadway.

The plane approaches the runway fast and low.

INT. AIRPLANE

DAMON  
That's it, keep the power on. Fly it right on to the deck.

EXT. RUNWAY

At the last second the power cuts and the plane touches down with a screech of the tires at the very edge of the runway. A perfect aircraft carrier style landing.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE

The Cessna taxis to the fuel pumps in front of the office, Jacks walks out and leans arms folded against the building. He's already heard the news. He points to his left to the waiting Washington Patrol car with lights flashing.

RAFE

I think he wants to talk to us  
about my landing.

DAMON

(chuckling) Ya, maybe to  
congratulate you for doing such a  
great job.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rafe and Jack watch from a distance as Damon talks to the State Patrol officer. The two shake hands and Damon walks to his father and brother with a big smile.

JACK

Well?

DAMON

The guys a fellow Marine, so when I  
explained what we were doing he let  
us off with a warning.

JACK

(shaking his head) Damn lucky. You  
two are just damn lucky.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALL WAY -- DAY

Rafe slams his locker shut and there is Jennifer inches from his face.

JENNIFER

I saw my name on your paper Hadley.

RAFE

Oh, that. It's Rafe.

JENNIFER

I know, I know. It's OK. I thought  
it was cute. So are you, Hadley.

Rafe's jaw drops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

But, ah, Loren?

JENNIFER

He can be such a jerk. His real problem is that he's insecure. All the other guys in the movement are older, from college. He's trying to keep up with them and it's driving him nuts.

RAFE

Then why are the two of you...

JENNIFER

Dating?

RAFE

Ya, dating.

JENNIFER

We've kind of grown up together. My dad's a minister and Loren's father is one of the elders, and la-de-da, we're on church ski trips and camp-outs and...

(flirting now)

Gee Hadley, we're getting pretty personal here? What about you? Have a girl friend?

RAFE

No.

JENNIFER

(changing the subject)

So, what do you do for fun?

RAFE

Um, I make movies. I mean, I'm learning to make movies.

JENNIFER

Wow, that's neat.

She leans in very close, flirting.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Want to film me?

RAFE

Sure! When?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER

How about after school today? Where do you live?

RAFE

At the airport. I mean my family has a flying business there...so we live there. In a mobile home... at the airport.

The bell rings. Instantly the hall is busy, lockers bang, the noise level jumps. Jennifer greets some passing girl friends. They giggle at her talking with the younger boy.

JENNIFER

Gotta go. A pig fetus is waiting for me to cut into little pieces in Biology. I'll come by the airport this afternoon and you can make me a movie star!

She turns and leaves. Rafe is left dazed.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Rafe sits in front of the airport office camera in hand waiting for Jennifer.

Time passes.

Jennifer never comes. As afternoon fades to evening, Rafe picks up his camera and heads inside.

INT. SCHOOL HALL WAY -- DAY

Rafe waits by his locker. He sees Jennifer and several of her girlfriends approaching in the between class crowd. He tries to catch her attention.

RAFE

Hi Jennifer!

His call interrupts a discussion with her friends. She pauses next to Rafe while her friends continue past.

JENNIFER

Hi there Hadley. What's up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

I thought you were going to come by  
the airport yesterday.

JENNIFER

(remembering) )

Right. My dissection in Biology was  
awful and by the time I was done my  
stomach was doing flip-flops.

She smiles sweetly and tugs at the collar of his shirt.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Would this afternoon work for ya?

RAFE

Sure.

JENNIFER

OK then. It's a date.

She walks way down the hall. Rafe's head is spinning --a  
date! Loren watches them from down the hall.

SERIES OF SHOTS -SUPER 8 FOOTAGE IN LATE AFTERNOON SUN

Jennifer walks through the shoulder high green grass. The  
camera tracks her path.

Jennifer lying in the grass. The camera, looking down, moves  
around her.

Jennifer lying in the grass. The camera is eye level. She  
reaches out to the camera and pulls Rafe to her. The camera  
falls on its side and Rafe is pulled into the frame. She  
kisses him on the cheek and giggles as the film runs out and  
flickers to black.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. VW BUS

Loren is in the passenger seat next to a long-haired driver.  
They pull in front of the train station.

The door slides open. An student, early twenties, with long  
hair grubby jeans and a black "Power to the People" tee shirt  
tosses his backpack inside and follows.

SDS STUDENT

Drive man. Now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The driver grinds the old VW into gear and stomps the accelerator. The old bus lurches then stalls.

The driver flips the key. The starter gears grind then die.

DRIVER

Ah, hey man. The battery's dead.

SDS STUDENT

No shit.

He grabs Loren by his jacket and drags him out the door to help push. They move to the back of the bus and start pushing.

LOREN

What's wrong?

SDS STUDENT

It's the Man. Their following me. They're after my ass for the some shit that went down a few months ago. We need to find a place we can talk. Now shut up and push!

The bus lurches, sputters, and the engine fires. SDS Student looks around as the two jump back in the bus's side door.

DRIVER

Cool!

SDS STUDENT

Shut up you twit. Look you guys need to get your shit together. This protest at the train station is serious shit. I've got some important people coming and we're making sure TV cameras are there to see everything that happens.

DRIVER

(pounding the steering wheel) No shit? That's super-cool man!

SDS Student tosses the driver a dismissive glance and pulls Loren closer.

SDS STUDENT

Look man, I hope you're up to this shit high school boy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SDS STUDENT (CONT'D)

We've got to show the world that we're not going to stand by and let these morons keep marching off to war. We've got to do our part to stop the war machine and end the draft.

Loren pulls back out of his grasp. Shaken, scared.

LOREN

I know I sure as hell don't want to get my ass blown off in Vietnam. I can do it man. I can handle it.

SDS STUDENT

Cool. You got a draft card?

LOREN

Of course I do.

SDS STUDENT

Good, you should burn it at the rally so people will know this is serious shit.

LOREN

Why don't you burn yours?

SDS STUDENT

(defensive)

I can't man. It'd screw up my student deferment. I'm 2-S, a college student, man.

LOREN

I could go to jail!

SDS STUDENT

Ya, cool isn't it. Got a joint?

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR

Jennifer pulls up to a phone booth. Loren runs from the booth and jumps in the passenger door.

JENNIFER

Hey, what's up.

LOREN

Where you been? I've been calling for two hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER  
I was with a friend.

LOREN  
What friend?

JENNIFER  
Look Loren, you don't own me.

LOREN  
It's that Sophomore kid from school  
isn't it!

JENNIFER  
Hadley's sweet and we're friends.  
You do your thing, I do mine.  
That's the deal.

LOREN  
Right now OUR thing is this rally  
and protest. We don't have time for  
you screwing around with that farm  
boy.

She socks him in the arm, hard, angry.

JENNIFER  
You're so crude! I was just helping  
him with a film he's making.

LOREN  
Ya, right.

Loren leans in, changing tactics using all his charm.

LOREN (CONT'D)  
Look, this thing at the train  
station is serious. We need to stay  
focused on the Movement.

JENNIFER  
Get real! We're not going to end  
the war by waving signs and  
flashing the peace sign.

LOREN  
(angry)  
We're not just waving screwing  
signs. We're doing a sit-in. We're  
stopping the train so they'll have  
to listen to us till we stop this  
damn draft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jennifer drives on silent. She pulls up in front of his house. Loren slides over to kiss her. She turns her head away. He grabs her head and kisses her roughly. She pushes him away and he slides out. Her car screeches away. Loren stands at the curb and smiles before turning to enter his families wealthy estate.

INT. RAFE'S BEDROOM

Rafe sits at a small film editing viewer turning a crank to play film through the view. Beside him on the desk is the script for the film he and Ricky are shooting.

He stops, marks the film and makes a splice using a piece of splicing tape. He replaces the film in the view and reels it past his new splice. He pauses to consider his cut. There's a knock at his door.

RAFE

Come in.

Damon slips his head in the door.

DAMON

Hey. Want to go up flying? I need a break.

RAFE

Sure. Anytime!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Damon is in the left seat piloting next to Rafe. Both wear headset intercoms. The angle is on the two as the plane rolls through a barrel-roll, both are laughing.

DAMON

That's a good move when they're in close on your six... bleeds off your airspeed and they fly right by you.

Rafe looks out the window and points and spots another plane.

RAFE

Hey, look! There's Lyman and Dale in Three-Three-X-Ray!

Damon banks the plane left and looks to Rafe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMON

Let's fly a little combat mission.

RAFE

Ah, I don't know. Dad's still pretty hacked off about the low pass over the freeway.

DAMON

Don't worry little brother. This'll be fun.

EXT. AIRPLANE

The Cessna makes a steep left bank to overtake a red and white Cessna. They creep up from behind and below.

DAMON

Let's tuck in close and let them know we've got em.

The plane tucks up within a few feet of the other Cessna. The passenger in the other plane passively looks out his side window and reacts with a horrified expression when he sees the other plane so close. He waves his arms frantically for them to move away.

RAFE

Oh, my God! That's not Lyman and Dale!... It's three-eight X-Ray

DAMON

Oops!

Damon banks pulls the throttle off and banks hard straight away from the other plane. They both burst into nervous laughter.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Did you see the look on that guy's face!

RAFE

Dad's going to hear about this one.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- LATER

As the Cessna taxis up to the fuel pumps in front of the office, Jacks walks out and leans, arms folded, against the building. He's already heard the news.

## INT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Damon sits on the office desk. Rafe is in the chair next to him. Jack paces in front of them, fuming. He starts to speak then stops, too angry. He considers his words, paces again, then unloads.

JACK

Your last stunt wasn't bad enough? Now you've got the owner of the Olympia Flight School jumping down my throat. He wants to file a near-miss report with the FAA.

DAMON

Near-miss? That's a joke! We were completely under control and....

JACK

(interrupting)

Can it! I don't give a flying flip what you thought you were doing. You scared the crap out of those guys! Bob Erickson's a friend of mine and he says his student was so scared he dropped out of the program.

Damon and Rafe trade a quick glance.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't understand you. Don't you realize how dangerous this kind of stuff is? Your mother and I just got you back from Vietnam! We don't want to lose you and your brother in some stupid flying stunt.

Damon has heard enough. He loses it.

DAMON

I'm a fighter pilot, I know what I'm doing. If Migs and SAM missiles couldn't kill me a stupid little Cessna 150 isn't going to do the trick.

Damon walks out of the office. Jack continues to glare at Rafe. Rafe shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

Rafe is quietly reading a book, "Air War Vietnam". Jennifer and two of her friends enter. The girls spot him and creep up behind him.

Jennifer puts her arms around Rafe's neck and whispers in his ear.

JENNIFER  
We're kidnapping you.

RAFE  
Huh?

The girls grab Rafe, one taking each arm and lead him out of the Library. He looks to Jennifer.

RAFE (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

JENNIFER  
You'll see.

INT. SCHOOL GYM

Rafe is lined up with four other bewildered sophomore boys. Jennifer and her friends step out in front of the group.

JUNIOR GIRL  
OK gentleman, you're probably wondering why you're here. Well, you've been selected to be the starring attraction at today's spirit rally.

A wave of embarrassment passes through the group.

SOPHOMORE BOY  
No way!

JUNIOR GIRL  
Oh yes. In fact you've all just formed a new band. Your costumes are hanging right over there.

She points to a rack of psychedelic colored silk shirts. Jennifer and the other girls giggle.

JUNIOR GIRL (CONT'D)  
Your band is called the Smokie Soph and Miracles. Congratulations!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR GIRL (CONT'D)

You've only got 45 minutes to  
rehearse your routine so you'd  
better get busy.

Jennifer drops the needle on a record player and a 60's R&B  
tune starts to play. The boys stand in bewilderment. As the  
girls leave Jennifer turns.

JENNIFER

Come on boys, you're doing your  
routine in front of the whole  
school. You want to make it really  
hot!

She blows Rafe a kiss and exits the Gym.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM -- LATER

The grandstands are full of students. The cheer squad  
finishes a musical routine and the seniors in the crowd begin  
to chant. 69...69...69.

Jennifer walks to the center of the gym floor microphone in  
her hand. Shes wearing a cute mini dress. Whistles and good  
natured cat calls ring out. She smiles, loving the attention.

JENNIFER

OK animals, be good. Today we've  
got a real treat for ya! All the  
way from Detroit City, in their  
long awaited debut appearance, put  
your hands together and welcome  
Smokie Soph and the Miracles!

The public address system booms out the intro to the classic  
R&B tune. Rafe and the other boys dance out to the center of  
the gym floor. Each is wearing a huge Afro wig, silk shirt,  
tight black pants, and huge stack heeled shoes. The crowd  
reacts with roaring applause and laughter.

The tallest of the group holds a mock microphone and lip-  
syncs to the song. Behind him, the others attempt dance in  
unison to the music. Their dancing effort is pathetic at  
best.

Rafe steps to the lead singer and shares the microphone for  
his lip-sync of the baritone voice singing in every chorus.  
Each time he finishes he performs a pirouette as he returns  
to the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the song ends the boys join hands and take a deep bow. Jennifer and her three friends join the act by running out and ripping the shirts off the boys and they race out of the gym. The crowd begins to chant: Smokie, Smokie, Smokie.

The dancers are chased out in to the gym foyer just as the entire student body is released from the rally. The crowd crushes around them. Rafe tries to find Jennifer but it's hopeless. There are too many people in a hurry to head home at the end of the school day.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURT HOUSE STEPS -- DAY

A hundred or more young STUDENTS fill the steps of the County Court House. A hand-painted banner stretches across the steps. "Students Against The War -- Peace NOW!" Some students are seated in the grass around a guitar player. Jennifer hands out flyers from behind a table. Loren leads chants from atop the steps with a bull horn.

LOREN

End the war! Stop the killing!

STUDENTS

37

End the War! Stop the Killing!

37

Damon climbs the steps and enters the court house. The demonstration below him. The chants continue.

INT. COURT HOUSE OFFICE

Damon enters an office through an open door labeled "Marine Corp Reserve" and greets the man seated at the desk. Both men are in civilian clothes.

DAMON

Gunny Wheeler?

The man stands and extends his hands across the desk. Sounds of the protest outside filter in.

WHEELER

Lieutenant Hadley?

Damon nods

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Have a seat Sir. Sorry about the crap outside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WHEELER (CONT'D)

We wore our civvies in today so  
there wouldn't be any trouble...  
Damn spoiled kids.

Wheeler searches through some papers on his desk. Still  
looking down...

WHEELER (CONT'D)

You spend any time in country  
Lieutenant?

DAMON

Yes... just got home... 118  
Squadron off the Constellation.  
You?

WHEELER

Here we go...  
(finding his papers but  
not looking up)  
Khe Sanh... You fly boys saved our  
butts.

The sounds of the crowd outside grow louder. Their chants can  
heard in the Marine's office. "Stop the killing...end the  
war! No more soldiers... no more death!"

Wheeler slides the papers over to Damon.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

It's good to be home.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURT HOUSE STEPS

SDS Student uses the bull horn from the stairs. Rafe wanders  
through the crowd looking for Jennifer. He stops to listen  
to the guitar player. Jennifer taps him on the shoulder from  
behind. He spins, surprised.

JENNIFER

Peace.

She gives him the peace sign and hands him a flower from a  
bunch she is holding. He self-consciously returns the  
gesture.

RAFE

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

I wasn't sure if you would come ...  
but I'm glad you did. You were  
great in the spirt rally today.

RAFE

Ya, that was quite a surprise but  
it was fun.

(looking at the crowd)

Looks like you got a good turnout.

JENNIFER

Yea. The guy talking is in the  
SDS. Loren said he's wanted for  
setting fire to a government office  
or something. The FBI is  
supposedly after him.

RAFE

SDS?

JENNIFER

The Students for a Democratic  
Society. You know... the radical  
group.

RAFE

Gee, what a starring attraction.  
I'm glad I brought my camera to  
film the riot.

JENNIFER

Very funny. This is just a rally  
to build support for the real  
demonstration. We're going to stop  
a military train coming though town  
next week. You really should come  
to...

From nowhere Loren steps between them.

LOREN

Hello, farm boy. Get done milking  
the cows early today?

Rafe wipes his brow and stuffs his hands into the pockets of  
his jeans. He kicks at the ground mimicking a farm hand.

RAFE

Yes sir'ee, sure did, also got the  
pigs all slopped and the hens all  
bedded down for the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jennifer giggles, Loren gets angry.

LOREN  
Farm humor?

Loren steps up and balls Rafe's shirt in his fist.

LOREN (CONT'D)  
Listen you little shit, Jenny  
doesn't need you pestering her.

JENNIFER  
Loren! Leave him alone. He isn't  
bothering me. Hadley's a friend  
and I can talk to him whenever I  
want.

LOREN  
Jen, you've got no time to hang out  
with kids right now. We don't need  
farm boys in the movement.

RAFE  
Why don't you back off. You don't  
own her.

LOREN  
Shut up twirp.

Loren shoves Rafe hard and he falls backwards. Then, a hand  
lands hard on Loren's shoulder and spins him round. Damon is  
there.

DAMON  
That's my little brother you're  
pushing around.

Loren is shocked. They are the same height, but physically  
Damon easily intimidates him. Loren regains his composure  
quickly

LOREN  
So you must be the baby killer just  
home from the slaughter. You going  
to pull out your bayonet and defend  
your little brother?

DAMON  
Kicking your ass would be a waste  
of my time and your blood. I  
didn't see my brother bothering you  
or your girl friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAMON (CONT'D)

So how about you leave him alone  
and I'll leave you walking.

A small crowd has gathered around the group. Loren looks around and assumes his "peacenick" persona.

LOREN

Hey look soldier boy, save the  
hostility for your enemy. We're  
the ones working to bring you home.

DAMON

Really? You more worried about  
bringing me home, or keep'n your  
butt from going over?

Rafe steps between them facing his brother.

RAFE

Damon. It's OK. I can take care  
of myself. Really.

DAMON

OK. I'll see you at home.  
(to Loren)  
Don't screw with my brother,  
hippie.

Damon turns and leaves. Loren flashes a peace sign, then rolls his hand to flip Damon the bird.

LOREN

(under his breath)  
Screw off and die, asshole.

Rafe starts to walk away. Jennifer follows him tugging his sleeve.

RAFE

Look Jennifer, I need to go.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry about all this. I didn't  
think....

RAFE

It's OK. See ya later.

Rafe pushes his way through the on-lookers and leaves. Jennifer turns and walks to Loren who's looking smug. She throws the flowers in Loren's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JENNIFER

You asshole! I'm sick of this. I don't want to see ever see you again!

Loren's look changes to one of shocked surprise as Jennifer quickly departs.

LOREN

Jenny, wait!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT HANGER -- DAY

Rafe is on his back cleaning the belly of an airplane just inside the wide open doors of the hanger. Jennifer looks tentatively around the door and enters seeing Rafe at work.

JENNIFER

Hi there, Hadley.

Rafe sets up and thumps his head on the belly of the plane. Rubbing his forehead as he rolls out from under the plane.

RAFE

Ah... Hi

JENNIFER

You said I could come out and see the planes sometime.

RAFE

After this afternoon I didn't think I would see you again.

JENNIFER

Because of that thing between your brother and Loren?

RAFE

Uh huh.

JENNIFER

I'm really sorry about that. Things are over between Loren and I. Today was the last straw.

RAFE

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Sure you are. Hey, why don't you show me around. There sure are lots of planes here. Do all these belong to your family?

RAFE

Yea, we usually have five or six planes for sale and rent. We also give flying lessons and fly charter for things like air ambulance and fire patrol.

JENNIFER

Fire patrol? What's that.

RAFE

We fly a forest ranger over the mountains to spot the smoke from forest fires. They found it's cheaper than putting guys in those spotting towers all year long. When the weather is bad it's the worst. Lightning strikes actually start most of the fires.

Jennifer climbs on the step to peer into the plane Rafe was cleaning. Rafe opens the door.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Climb in

JENNIFER

Really?

RAFE

Sure.

INT. AIRPLANE

Jennifer sits in the passenger seat. Rafe slides in from the other side.

JENNIFER

Wow, you fly this one?

RAFE

Not yet, I'm only flying a smaller trainer right now but I could fly this one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

There sure are lots of gauges and stuff.

RAFE

It just looks complicated. I actually have a harder time in the Driver's Ed car.

Jenny giggles. Damon, clad in his running shorts and tee shirt, appears at the door of the plane. He's angry.

DAMON

If you and your girl friend are through playing, you need to go clean-up Five-Zero-Foxtrot. You left the filler cap off and it blew oil all over the fuselage! If you can't be responsible and do a job right, keep your hands off the planes.

Rafe is stunned by his brothers attack and sits motionless. Jennifer finally breaks the silence.

JENNIFER

I'd better go.

DAMON

Where's your boy friend? Isn't their a flag burning or riot somewhere your missing.

Jennifer slips out of the plane, grabs her bag, and strides out of the hanger. Rafe gets in his brother's face.

RAFE

Where do you come off talking to her like that? You have no right...

DAMON

(interrupting)

Yes I do! I'm sick of those little hippie pukes telling everyone that we're all baby killers and murderers! If any one of them had seen the things I've seen... then maybe... Oh screw them and you too if you believe their crap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAFE

I don't care what you've seen or done. Just because you're older and went to Vietnam doesn't give you the right to treat Jennifer like that!

Rafe pushes past Damon roughly. Damon grabs spins him and grabs his shirt. He pulls back his fist. Rafe turns his face away and clinches his eyes shut, waiting for the blow.

Slowly, Damon releases Rafe's shirt. Rafe is near tears as he pulls away and leaves.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Screw you. I wish you never came home!

DAMON

(sotto voce)

Me, too, little brother. Me, too.

CUT TO:

INT. VW BUS -- DAY

Loren and his long haired friends drink bottles of beer and pass a joint between them. The beat-up VW bus rattles down a back country road. A light rain is falling, wipers blur the windshield. SDS Student takes a long slow drag on the joint. He hands the joint to Loren, he exhales the smoke as he speaks...

SDS STUDENT

Don't sweat it man...

(cough)

She's not worth it. When you get up to the U I'll introduce you to some real hot chicks. No shit man, you'll forget that high school chick the second you drop your pants.

He passes the joint to Loren.

LOREN

Thanks man... I'm not worried, her tits aren't that big anyway.

The group laughs. Loren takes a hit and passes the joint to the driver. He draws off the joint.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Looking through the rain soaked window, he sees Damon running along the side of the road.

DRIVER

Hey, man! There's that the Marine faggot that hassled you at the protest.

Loren spins in his seat looking out his window.

LOREN

Yea, that's the asshole. I'd like to kick his ass.

DRIVER

Why don't ya?

SDS STUDENT

(stoned, laughing) )  
Cause he's a screwing coward man.

LOREN

Screw you! Turn around man. I'm going to drop a bomb on that asshole.

EXT. RAINY COUNTRY ROAD

The van pulls to a stop, U-turns and speeds back towards the runner.

INT. WV BUS

Loren grabs a full beer bottle and slides open a window.

DRIVER

Nail the faggot Loren!

EXT. RAINY COUNTRY ROAD

Damon is running. The Van speeds towards him. Loren's arm pops out the side window and...

LOREN

Peace mother!

Damon looks up as Loren hurls the bottle. No time to react. The bottle smashes into Damon's face.

He staggers, starts to raise his hands to his face. His knees buckle and he crumples to the roadside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rain falls on his motionless body washing rivers of blood onto the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT HANGER

Rafe is cleaning the spilt oil from the fuselage of Five-Zero-Foxtrot. The intensity of his work shows his anger has not yet subsided. Jack calls his son from the office door.

JACK (O.S.)

Rafe!

RAFE

Over here Dad.

Jack's expression is urgent as he joins Rafe at the plane.

JACK

Pull Nine-Five-Zulu out and get the right-side seats out. We have an ambulance flight in 10 minutes.

RAFE

What's wrong dad?

JACK

It's your brother. He was hurt. He needs surgery. I'm flying him to a hospital in Seattle.

Rafe is frozen looking at his dad.

JACK (CONT'D)

OK son, move quickly, I need your help. I have to file a quick emergency flight plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- NIGHT

The ambulance's flashing lights blend with plane's tail beacon dancing across on the wet asphalt. Rafe helps load the stretcher into the plane. AS Rafe checks the safety belts, Damon takes hold of his arm. He'S bandaged and groggy.

INT. AIRPLANE -- NIGHT

DAMON

Hey little bother. I'm sorry about that stuff earlier.

RAFE

It's OK. I want you to be alright.

DAMON

Don't worry, I'm flying with the best pilot in Washington tonight. You take care of Mom. She must be worried sick.

RAFE

She is. Dad was in such a hurry, he didn't tell her what happened. Lyman calmed her down. What happened? Dad said you won't let him call the police?

DAMON

Someone threw something at me. All I saw was a flash of light. Next thing I remember is being stuffed in an ambulance.

Jack climbs in the pilots seat. He looks up from a chart on his lap.

JACK

Close the door Rafe, we've got to get going.

EXT. AIRPLANE -- NIGHT

Rafe pushes the door closed and locks the handle shut. He taps the window and gives his dad the thumbs-up. The plane's engine blasts to full power and makes a short takeoff roll down the taxiway lifting off quickly, then into a steep banking turn as it climbs.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM -- DAY

Rafe and Ricky sit eating silently. Rafe nibbles his sandwich.

RICKY

Is he going to be alright?

Looking up from the sandwich, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

Huh?

RICKY

Is Damon going to be alright?

RAFE

They think so. They operated on his eye. It was messed up pretty bad.

RICKY

So? Everything will be OK?

RAFE

No. He can't fly.

RICKY

Till his eye gets better right?

RAFE

If, his eye gets better. We won't know for weeks... maybe longer.

Ricky tries to lighten his friend's mood.

RICKY

Are you going to the donkey basketball game tonight?

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM -- NIGHT

The crowd roars with laughter a teacher, Mr. Winston, tugs at the reigns of the stubborn donkey he is trying to drag towards the basket. Rafe and Ricky enter the gym and find a seat in the crowd.

RAFE

Hey Ricky, let's camp out Saturday night.

RICKY

Sure! We can finish writing our movie... and check out Miss June if I can borrow my Uncle's Playboy.

RAFE

Sure. There's also a party at this Junior guy's house in town. We can go check it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky looks at his friend with suspicion.

RICKY

I didn't know you had any Junior friends. Is maybe... a particular Junior girl going to be at this party?

RAFE

Maybe.

Their conversation is cut short as the crowd around them jumps to its feet. The two boys stand to see what's happening. Mr. Winston has re-mounted on his donkey and attempts a lay-up. He falls on his face while making the basket. The crowd roars with laughter. The boys cup their hands and yell...

RAFE (CONT'D)

I've seen people falling on there ass before.

RICKY

Nice baaassssket, Mr. Winston

Jennifer slips next to Rafe on the bleachers.

JENNIFER

Is this spot taken, Hadley?

RAFE

Actually, I was saving it for you.

JENNIFER

Sure you were.

Jennifer sides closer. She is not interested in the game.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Enjoying the game?

RAFE

I don't think the faculty has to worry about winning the donkey basketball championship.

JENNIFER

Want to go for a drive?

RAFE

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER

I don't know, somewhere quiet,  
where we can talk.

Rafe looks to Ricky who is totally into the game. The two stand and Ricky looks up surprised to see Jennifer with his friend.

RAFE

I'm going to catch a ride home with  
Jennifer. See you tomorrow.

Ricky's only response is a look of stunned hurt.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR

Rock music plays on the radio. Jennifer drives. Through the windshield wipers, the road is a narrow strip of wet blackness between the evergreens. She pulls into a small roadside park and shuts off the engine leaving on the dash lights and radio.

RAFE

Nice night.

JENNIFER

I love the rain. I love how it  
smells on the trees, so clean and  
new.

RAFE

It smells like life.

JENNIFER

Very profound.

She giggles the quiets becoming serious.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

How's your brother doing? I felt  
so bad when I heard what happened.  
I felt like somehow it was my  
fault.

RAFE

Your fault? No. How could you think  
that?

JENNIFER

I don't know. It was just that he  
was so mad about the thing with  
Loren at the protest rally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rafe takes her hand.

RAFE

What happened to Damon was no one's fault, except the asshole that threw that bottle. Damon wasn't mad at you. He's just been different since he's come home.

Jennifer looks down at their hands and smiles up at Rafe. He pulls it back embarrassed.

JENNIFER

It's OK. I liked it.

Jennifer slides closer and kisses him sweetly.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I liked that too.

They look into each other's eyes. He kisses her back, longer and deeper.

EXT. ROADSIDE PARK

The sound of the falling rain mixes with the music from the radio. The dashboard and parking lights glow in mist. The shapes of the teenagers move behind fogged windows. Time passes. The car's lights grow dimmer.

INT. JENNIFER'S CAR -- LATER

The kissing is deeper, more passionate. The two slide down on the seat. Rafe is on top of Jennifer.

The kiss breaks. Rafe pulls back. Breathing hard, his face flushed. Jennifer's hair is disheveled, long strands fall over her face. Catching her breath, she smiles up at the Rafe.

JENNIFER

You're pretty good at that. I'm going to have to thank the girl that taught you how to kiss like that.

RAFE

James Bond.

JENNIFER

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

James Bond movies. That's where I learned to kiss -- I mean, I watched him in the movies.

JENNIFER

Well, thank you, Mr. Bond.

Jennifer's hand moves behind Rafe's head and pulls him back to her lips. The song on the radio ends and a station jingle plays.

DISCJOCKEY (ON RADIO)

Your listening to KJR Seattle, channel 95. It's One A.M. on another rainy morning in KJR country. We continue our morning music sweep with the rocking sounds of...

Rafe Jumps up hitting his head on the roof of the car.

RAFE

One AM.! I'm dead.

Jennifer slides from under him, her back against the driver's side door. She spins her watch on her wrist tilting it to the dash light.

JENNIFER

No. It can't be. How time flies when your having fun.

RAFE

My folks are going to kill me.

JENNIFER

It's OK. Let's get going.

Jennifer spins in her seat arranges her open blouse and turns the key. The dash lights dim and the radio fades. The starter makes only a slow low groan. The battery is dead.

Jennifer turns to Rafe and shrugs with humorous surprise. He disappears, sliding down the seat surrendering to his doom.

RAFE

Shit.



## EXT. RAINY COUNTRY ROAD

Rafe and Jennifer walk down the dark wet road. Rafe's jacket is pulled over their heads, protection from the rain.

JENNIFER

We can call my friend JoAnne, she can come out and jump start the car.

RAFE

I hope there's a pay phone somewhere out here.

## EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Jennifer's car pulls up in front of the small mobile home next to the office. The lights are on inside. The early morning rain pounds Rafe as he runs for the door.

## INT. RAFE'S LIVING ROOM

Rafe looks like a drowned rat. His father and mother are waiting in their bathrobes. His father's anger overshadows his mother's worry.

JACK

Where the hell have you been? It's almost 2 AM on a school night!

RITA

We've been worried sick. We called Ricky and he said you were getting a ride home with the Rosen girl. We called Pastor Rosen and he hadn't heard from his daughter either. I wanted your father to call the police.

RAFE

It's OK. We had car trouble and had to walk to a pay-phone to call for a ride home.

JACK

You couldn't bother to call us at the same time? Car trouble? Where were you that you?

RAFE

I didn't want to wake you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

That's bull, Rafe. You didn't want to get caught! This kind of crap is the last thing we need from you right now with your brother in the hospital.

Rafe throws his jacket to the couch and stomps towards his bedroom

RAFE

Of course you don't have time for my crap! You never have time for my crap. If it's not Damon in the hospital, it's Damon in the war or Damon working in the business! There's never going to be time for my crap!

Rafe's mother starts to follow her son but Jack stops her. He wraps his arms around her and they stand quietly together.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREN'S BEDROOM

Blacklight posters cover the walls and an expensive looking stereo with huge speakers wails psychedelic rock. Incense sticks burn in a dish on the bedside table. Loren, lying on the bed, drags on the butt of a joint held in a roach-clip.

A loud knock at the door startles him and he jumps smashing out the butt in a the incense dish.

LOREN'S MOM (O.S.)

Loren? Loren honey, you've got some mail. You need to come look.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFE'S BEDROOM

Rafe and Ricky are packing up their sleeping bags for an other Friday night sleep out. Rafe slips a comic book from under the pillow on his bed. He looks at the comic book as though he's saying goodbye to an old friend. He hands it to Ricky who's busy stuffing candy bars into his rolled sleeping bag.

RAFE

Here, I've got something for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricky takes the comic book with surprise. He can't take his eyes off the book.

RICKY  
Batman number three. You're giving  
this to me?

RAFE  
Yeah.

RICKY  
This has got to be worth a hundred  
bucks!

RAFE  
I know you have issues one and two.

RICKY  
Thanks man! This is too cool.

RAFE  
Come on, lets go set up our camp so  
we can go to the party.

RICKY  
Rafe, I'm not so sure we should  
sneak out to that party. If my  
folks find out we went into town so  
late they'll kill me.

Rafe puts his hands on Ricky's shoulders and puts his forehead against Ricky's.

RAFE  
If we don't sneak out to this  
party, I'll kill you.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

Rafe and Ricky walk along a dark street. Ricky's apprehensiveness has passed. He mimics a Star Trek character, phaser in hand moving through an alien landscape. Rafe follows along with his hands shoved in his pockets. Ricky flips open his wallet like a communicator and brings it to his mouth.

RICKY  
(in Scottish accent)  
Captain, no alien life-forms  
detected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY (CONT'D)

We are moving in a tactical formation, alert to avoid any... and all contact. Scotty clear.

He makes a "bee-boop" sound as he flips the wallet closed and stuffs it in his back pocket. Rafe laughs.

RICKY (CONT'D)

What's the matter Rafe, you used to love playing Star Trek?

RAFE

Yeah, and I used to poop my pants, but I out grew out of that too.

Ricky presses his palms together and bows oriental style.

RICKY

(Ala Charlie Khan)

So sorry, honorable Rafe-san. Your humble servant forgets you have Junior girl friend now. You are adult.

Rafe swings his foot to kick Ricky's butt. They turn a corner exchanging kicks to the seat of the pants.

RAFE

Grow up retard!

EXT. PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

DOORWAY

Loud rock music from inside. Rafe steadies himself then knocks loudly. The door is yanked open by a big FOOTBALL GUY in a lettermen's jacket. He is holding a giant beer glass spilling over with every move.

FOOTBALL GUY

Huh?

RAFE

Hi.

Rafe tries to walk past but the big guy blocks his way.

FOOTBALL PARTY GUEST

Yeah?

Rafe looks past the hulk to see Jennifer talking to several other party goers. He calls to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

Jennifer!

Jennifer see him and smiles. Moving in slow motion, a bit spaced-out she puts her arm around the football player's waist charming him.

JENNIFER

(slurring slightly) It's OK. These two are friends of mine.

FOOTBALL GUY

OK Jenny, if you say so.

As the boys pass, the football player tilts his head back and drains the beer glass then belches loudly.

RICKY

Once more. This time with gusto!

The football player leans into Ricky's face and lets go with one twice as loud. Ricky waves his hand to disperse the smell.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh. If I was you, I'd stay away from that onion dip.

INT. PARTY HOUSE

LIVING ROOM

Jennifer takes Rafe's hand and they slice their way through the mass of dancing, drunk teens. Ricky is left standing at the door.

JENNIFER

You need a drink dear boy, follow me!

RAFE

That's OK Jenny. I'm alright.

JENNIFER

Nonsense. You need to loosen up. You're always so uptight Hadley.

The two step over a pair of jocks arm wrestling on the floor and move through a doorway.

KITCHEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jennifer leads Rafe to a kitchen counter piled with beer cans, cheap wine, and vodka bottles. Jennifer opens a can of beer and hands it to Rafe. An OLDER BOY is putting the finishing touches on a joint. He inspects his work and lights it. He takes a long slow drag. Holding in the smoke, he reaches the joint out to Rafe.

OLDER BOY

Eeeeer.

RAFE

No thanks man.

JENNIFER

Loosen up Hadley.

Jennifer expertly takes the joint between her fingers and draws in a long hit. She tilts her head back and slowly exhales. Then passes the joint to Rafe. Trying to act cool, Rafe takes the joint burning his fingers and drops it to the floor. He leans over to pick it up and dumps beer out of his can. He brings up a soggy mess that he hands back to the older boy.

OLDER BOY

You drowned my doobie.

Jennifer finds the whole scene hysterical. In an attempt to regain some dignity, Rafe tilts the beer back and downs the remains of the can. He wipes his mouth down his sleeve.

RAFE

Think I'll have an other.

LIVING ROOM

LIVING ROOM

A group of teen boys and girl sit intertwined making-out on the couch. The TV is on but rock music on the stereo drowns out the sound. The STARSHIP ENTERPRISE zooms across the screen.

RICKY

(to himself)

Cool, THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES, haven't seen this one in awhile.

Ricky sits cross legged in front of the TV and adjusts the volume up louder and louder as the music from the stereo abruptly ends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The voice of Captain Kirk blasts from the TV causing the lovers on the couch to all look up surprised. Ricky fumbles with the volume knob and looks over his shoulder at the room full of staring teens. He flashes them the Vulcan hand sign.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Ah, (beat) Live long and prosper?

EXT. PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Two football players toss Ricky out the door into a flower bed. He stands and wipes mud from his hands and knees.

Ricky moves from window to window looking in at the party searching for Rafe. In one window he sees a darkened room lit by a single candle.

THROUGH WINDOW

Rafe and Jennifer are locked together in a deep kiss. They part for moment and Jennifer brings a joint to Rafe's lips. He inhales deeply and the two slide down on the couch and Rafe moves on top of Jennifer.

BACK TO SCENE

Embarrassed and angry, Ricky shambles off into the darkness.

INT. PARTY HOUSE

Rafe is asleep on top of Jennifer his head resting on her chest. The Loud voices of two drunk party goers fighting over the last beer awaken him. He shakes Jennifer's shoulder.

RAFE

Jenny, Jenny, wake up.

Jennifer opens her eyes and pulls Rafe back towards her lips. Rafe pulls away.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Jenny, what time is it?

JENNIFER

(looking at her watch)  
Two-thirty.

Rafe sits up quickly looking around and buttoning his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

Holy shit. Where's Ricky? How are you getting home?

JENNIFER

I'm staying with my girl friend. She lives just a few doors down. What's the matter with you?

RAFE

I've got to find Ricky. Come on, let me walk you to your friend's house.

JENNIFER

I'm fine. We'll get home OK. Go find your little friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD -- NIGHT

Rafe stumbles back in the boys campsite. Ricky's sleeping bag is gone and the Batman Comic book is laying on his pillow next to his sleeping bag. Rafe tosses it aside and climbs into his bag and pulls it over his head.

INT. SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM -- DAY

Rafe pushes his tray down the serving row as unidentifiable slop is dumped onto his plate. He looks down at it and then smiles up at the lunch lady.

RAFE

Oh goody, regurgatoni again. My favorite!

LUNCH LADY

Very cute. How would you like clean up detention funny boy?

RAFE

No thank you, but could I please have some of your delicious fruit Jello?

The lunch lady sneers at Rafe and slides a green lumpy glob on a desert plate out to him. Rafe slides down the line and tosses a carton of milk on his tray.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LUNCH TABLES

Rafe looks around spotting Ricky setting next to a rather nerdish small girl in glasses. He steps up behind them and listens in on their conversation.

RICKY

I have no doubt that Spock could be a Starfleet captain. There is no such thing as racial discrimination in the future.

The girls mouth full of braces causes her to slur her words and small droplets of spit to fly.

CATHY

That's so naive! Starfleet would never allow a Vulcan to captain a starship. Everyone knows how close the Valcans are genetically to the Romulans!

Rafe shrugs his shoulders and moves on down the row of tables. He sees Jennifer setting with other Junior girls. She looks up at him and he smiles. Her face remains blank and she returns to the conversation. Rafe moves to the end of a table and sits by himself.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

Students are pouring out of the buildings heading off in all directions to their after school activities. Rafe is waiting near the bike rack as Ricky approaches.

RAFE

Hey there Ricky man!

Ricky comes to a halt and his shoulders slump

RICKY

What?

RAFE

What do you mean, what?

RICKY

I mean, what do you want?

RAFE

Come on Ricky. Don't be pissed off at me. I'm sorry about the party.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE (CONT'D)

It was a bad idea. I fell asleep  
and when I woke up you were gone.

RICKY

I wasn't just gone Rafe. I was  
thrown out on my butt by your new  
friends. They told me the party  
wasn't for little kids like me.

Rafe puts his arm on his friend's shoulder.

RAFE

Hey man, I'm sorry they hassled you  
like that.

Ricky brushes him away and steps back to face him.

RICKY

See what I mean, you're even  
starting to talk like them! Look  
Rafe, your acting all grown up for  
your new girl friend. I saw you  
guys smoking pot!

Rafe is shocked, at a loss for words.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I've gotta ride my bike home now  
and I've got some homework to get  
done so I can catch Star Trek  
tonight.

Ricky pushes past him.

RAFE

Sure, see you later?

RICKY

Yeah sure. Later.

Ricky rides off on his bike. Rafe heads off walking home.  
He sees a flyer trampled on the sidewalk. He picks it up. A  
large peace sign over the words: STOP THE TRAIN AND END THE  
WAR, Monday, MARKET STREET STATION 4 P.M.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE GENERAL HOSPITAL

Jack exits sliding glass doors of the patient's loading zone.  
Along side him an orderly pushes the wheelchair Damon is  
riding. His head is wrapped in a white bandage covering his  
injured left eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack and the orderly try to help Damon into the car but he pushes them away. He awkwardly slides inside.

INT. HADLEY FAMILY CAR -- DAY

Jack drives. Damon is slumped over against a pillow in the passenger seat.

JACK

The doctor said it would be better not to fly you home. He didn't think the altitude and pressure change would be good for you right now.

(he adds)

While you're healing.

Damon grunts his acknowledgment.

DAMON

Right.

JACK

Your mother and I can't understand why you don't want to talk to the police. You can't remember anything that would help them find the guy that did this?

Jack looks over at his son.

JACK (CONT'D)

What kinda coward would attack somebody like that. It pisses me off. I wanta see them pay.

DAMON

Leave it. I survived the war, I can handle this.

Father and son drive on in silence and the lush rural countryside flashes past their windows, green, and dense, like a jungle.

Jack swings the car off the highway onto a residential street. They see a group of three long haired boys pushing a broken VW bus. Oil smoke pukes out the open engine bay door.

JACK

Will ya lookie there. Another bunch of long-hair draft evaders on the road to Canada. They make me sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the bus passes Loren looks up from his place behind the van. Damon makes eye contact as they pass. As quickly as Loren recognizes him, he turns his head away. Damon's gaze doesn't let go.

DAMON

Yea, makes me sick, too.

INT. AIRPORT HANGER --LATER

Rafe is vacuuming out the inside of a Cessna. Damon walks up behind him on a crutch. Rafe clicks off the vacuum surprised to see his brother.

RAFE

Should you be up walking around?

DAMON

No. Not if I know what's good for me.

Rafe chuckles at the joke, then becomes serious.

RAFE

Really, are you going to be OK?

Damon sits on a work bench next to the plane.

DAMON

I don't know right now. The doctors say I might be fine. They also say I might loose sight in my left eye. So, it's 50/50 right now.

RAFE

Do you have any idea what happened?

DAMON

No. Dad already gave me the third degree on that one.

RAFE

Sorry, I just...

DAMON

It's OK, don't worry Rafe. I'll be alright.

RAFE

I'm not a kid.

Rafe sits next to his brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE (CONT'D)

I know what happened over there. We can talk.

Damon stand and teeters on the cane for a moment. Rafe starts to move to help, but stops.

DAMON

Thanks for the offer kid.

Damon starts to walk away, then pauses not looking back.

DAMON (CONT'D)

You can do me one favor though.

RAFE

Sure, what's that.

DAMON

Watch out for that hippie that hangs out with your girl friend. He seems like trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- NIGHT

Rafe stands in the lonely phone booth outside the airport office. He holds the phone trying to gather the courage to dial. He steadies himself, plugs in a dime, and dials. The phone rings. A friendly women's voice answers.

MRS. ROSEN

Hello, Pastor Rosen's residence.

RAFE

Um, hello. Is Jennifer there?

MRS. ROSEN

Yes, she is. This is her mother, may I tell her who's calling.

RAFE

Sure, it's Rafe... Rafe Hadley.

MRS. ROSEN

Hold on a moment Rafe, let me see if she can come to the phone.

Rafe waits in the booth with his forehead pressed against the booth's glass wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ROSEN (CONT'D)

Rafe, I'm sorry Jennifer can't come to the phone right now. She said she'll speak with you at school.

RAFE

(defeated)

Thank you Mrs. Rosen.

MRS. ROSEN

Rafe?

RAFE

Yes ma'am?

MRS. ROSEN

I spoke to your father the other night on the phone.

RAFE

Yes ma'am. I'm really sorry for any trouble I caused.

MRS. ROSEN

It's OK Rafe. These things happen. Pastor Rosen and I have already talked to Jennifer about her actions and I'm sure your folks have spoken with you.

RAFE

Yes ma'am.

MRS. ROSEN

Would you do me a favor Rafe?

RAFE

Yes ma'am.

MRS. ROSEN

Ask your folks if they'd like to join us at our church this Sunday. From what Jennifer has told us, you're a very nice young man. Stay around for a while after the service, we'd love to meet you and your family.

RAFE

Yes ma'am. I'll do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. ROSEN  
Thank you Rafe. Good night.

RAFE  
Good night.

Rafe hangs up the phone and slides down the wall of the phone booth.

EXT. UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Jack, Rita, Damon, and Rafe climb out of the family car in the church parking lot. Mom is beaming and proud. None of the men in the family look too happy. The suit jackets the guys are wearing are too small and out of style.

JACK  
I can't believe I let you drag me into this. I'm missing the hydroplane races on TV!

RITA  
Come on dear, it's only two hours. It was nice of Mrs. Rosen to call and invite us. It'll be nice to meet people that talk about something other than flying for a change.

She loops her arms through Damon's arm and pulls him close.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Besides, it'll be nice to show off my handsome men.

They enter the church.

INT. UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Hadley family sits together in the crowded pews. PASTOR ROSEN stands at the lectern in a long back robe with gold embroidered drapes. Wisps of long gray hair fall across his face as he preaches. He is midway through the sermon and he's really rolling.

PASTOR ROSEN  
What price do we pay for peace? As our boys continue to die in Vietnam everyday, we have to ask ourselves... what price must we pay for peace and freedom?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASTOR ROSEN (CONT'D)

Is it worth the life of a single American boy to protect our world from the on-sought of the godless communist empire? If you believe our leaders in Washington, South East Asia is a domino. Should this domino fall, all the others will fall behind it.

The pastor motions his hands like falling dominos. The church is silent.

PASTOR ROSEN (CONT'D)

But what do our leaders in Heaven say? Does our Holy Father play with dominos too? Did the Lord Jesus fight sin with cobra helicopter gunships and napalm bombs?

No. No, he didn't. He reached out with love and hope. Giving the non-believer a reason to hope. A reason to hope for a place to bring up their children and live their lives in peace.

Damon stands up and slides out of the pew moving past his parents. Rita starts to follow him. Her husband puts his hand on her arm to stop her.

JACK

Let him go.

INT. FOYER OF CHURCH --AFTER THE SERVICE

Pastor Rosen greets his parishioners as they leave the church. Mrs. Rosen approaches Rafe and his parents. She's an older version of her daughter with her blonde hair streaked with gray. She extends her hand to Rita with a warm smile.

MRS. ROSEN

Hello, you must be the Hadley's. It's so good of you to join us today. Did you enjoy the sermon?

JACK

It was...

RITA

(interrupting to finish for him)  
...very informative.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RITA (CONT'D)

This is my husband Jack, and our youngest son Rafe.

Mrs. Rosen looks around.

MRS. ROSEN

Didn't I see your older son with you earlier?

RITA

Yes, you did. He had to leave. He's recovering from an accident and wasn't feeling well.

MRS. ROSEN

I read about that awful incident in the newspaper. It's just horrible what people can do to another human being. We'll pray he heals quickly.

RITA

Thank you. It was nice to meet you. I know Rafe is very fond of your Jennifer. We'd hope to meet her today.

Mrs. Rosen turns her attention to Rafe and he melts from embarrassment.

MRS. ROSEN

I'm sorry Jennifer couldn't be here today to see you Rafe.

The proud mother turns to Jack and Rita.

MRS. ROSEN (CONT'D)

She's working on some event for school with her friends. She's so involved with her school projects, it even interferes with her church youth group activities.

Back to Rafe.

MRS. ROSEN (CONT'D)

You really should check out our youth group Rafe. Many of your friends from school are probably involved. Do you know Jennifer's friend Loren? Pastor Rosen has a way of inspiring the young people to get involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, I bet he does.

Rita give Jack's hand a disapproving tug but the smile never leaves her face.

RITA  
Well, we should be off to check on Damon. It was so nice meeting you.

MRS. ROSEN  
Yes! We really should get together again soon. The kids seem to have become good friends. We've got the weekly Presbyterian Ladies' tea. You should come. It's on Wednesdays at three.

RITA  
I'll check my schedule at work. I'd love to come.

Rita pulls Jack towards the door.

RITA (CONT'D)  
It's been so nice meeting you. Bye.

Mrs. Rosen watches them leave. The perfect pastor's wife smile never leaves her face.

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- DAY

Young people stand gathered in small groups smoking and talking. Placards covered with anti-war slogans are distributed. An older, scholarly looking gentleman, confers with a several younger men one of whom is the SDS Speaker. He holds a bullhorn. Loren is standing nearby. They direct the crowd preparing them for the approaching train.

Police with walkie-talkies stand watching.

Rafe arrives and pulls his movie camera from his backpack. A train whistle sounds in the distance. People begin to move quickly.

The older man begins shouting instructions and motioning with his arms for the protesters to move onto the tracks. Forty or more people sit down on the tracks. The train approaches. Rafe, filming, moves to find angles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The train slows. A final screech and rumble as the train comes to a halt only yards from the closest protesters. All along the length of the train, the heads of young men pop out the windows.

Rafe moves about the crowd filming the protesters. The SDS Speaker sees him and motions to Loren.

SPEAKER

Hey man, stop that kid! Nobody needs the FEDs seeing our faces!

Loren runs up to Rafe and pushes him and tries to grab his camera.

LOREN

Hey you little mother! You working for the man now farmboy?

Rafe pulls the camera to his chest and steps back.

RAFE

What's your problem?

LOREN

You're my problem. Give me the camera!

RAFE

No way! If you want this you're going to have to take it from me.

Loren looks around and the protest leaders urging him on.

LOREN

No soldier-boy brother to help you today. He still got a headache?

RAFE

How do you know about that?

LOREN

Just heard he's been hitting the bottle.

RAFE

Well... Screw you!

Loren grabs for the camera again and Rafe spins away. Loren wraps his arms around him and wrestles him to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The commotion attracts the attention of the police officers. They have been waiting for a reason to take action. They blow their whistles and wave for other officers to move in.

The order to move in is shouted and spread on the radios. The surprised protesters look up as cops move in with their batons at the ready.

Three cops start to pick up a young girl seated on the tracks near the train. She screams and kicks at them. One of her male friends jumps up yelling at the cops. He grabs at her trying to pull her from their grip. Chaos spreads like smoke.

The cops over-react and the protesters fight back. The cops crack their batons over the head and shoulders of the man. He falls to the ground covering his head with his hands. The cops continue to beat him.

Loren and Rafe are pulled apart by the cops and Rafe is penned by his neck to the wall of the train station. Rafe turns his head and sees the pandemonium. More cops rush in. Rocks begin to fly. Screams

Through the smoke Rafe sees Jennifer. Her hands cover her face. It is her that is screaming as the cops pull a bloody young man past her. She is horrified and flees from the station.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- DAY

Rafe's father is driving. The boy sits next to him, battered and bruised with a split lip. He sits quietly, shaken, withdrawn.

JACK

I don't understand. How could you do this?

Rafe starts to answer but his father cuts him off

JACK (CONT'D)

How could you be there with those people? They spit on everything our country stands for! They burn the flag and their draft cards because they are too cowardly to fight for what is right. How could you, after what your brother has been through!

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)  
At a time like this, you get  
yourself arrested at a riot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY, THE NEXT DAY

Rafe slips away from the school. The afternoon light is drab and the wind is colder.

He stops as he passes the Public Library and looks up to its huge stone columns

INT. LIBRARY

Rafe moves through the magazine racks. The covers of the weeklies show war and protest. A LOOK MAGAZINE cover shows a girl crying over the body of a fellow student at Kent State. The headline reads "The Battlefield at Home".

NEWSWEEK shows a Vietnamese child running from her burning village, naked and screaming from her burns. Rafe picks up the magazine and sits to read.

The images of war scream from the pages. Helicopters gun ships fire their machine guns at the jungle below and return to evacuate the wounded and dead. Fighter jets drop napalm. Below that, again the photo of the burning girl.

Rafe's finger traces over the picture of the jet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAFE 'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rafe hold's the picture of his brother from next to his bed. His finger traces over it to the insignia on the tail. It reads "Vf7". He flips open the NEWSWEEK and places in on top of the photo. The insignias are the same.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- MORNING

Jack is performing a per-flight check on his plane as JIM BRIDGES pulls up in his green U.S. Forest Service truck. Jim's a big bellied ranger wearing dungarees with red logger suspenders over his green flannel Forest Service shirt. He climbs out and walks to the airplane with his arms loaded with charts, maps and a large pair of binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

Looks like its you and me today, uh  
Jack?

Jack looks up from checking the oil on the plane

JACK

That's right Jim. You're stuck  
with me till Damon gets better.

Jack replaces the dip stick and closes the engine  
compartment.

JIM

Where's my buddy Rafe today?

JACK

He got in a little trouble.  
(flatly)  
He's confined to base.

JIM

Nothing serious I hope. Rafe's a  
good kid.

JACK

He's growing up too fast.  
(changing the subject)  
How's it look for fires today?

JIM

We got a report of a couple smokers  
just North of Packwood. Fire  
dangers not too high. Humidity is  
up with this storm move'n in but  
I'd like to get down close and have  
a good look anyway.

Jack finishes his pre-flight check closing the engine  
compartment hatch and turns to Jim wiping his hands on a  
towel.

JACK

You're the boss! I'm set here  
let's go check out those smokers.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Rafe sleeps in his clothes. Magazines and books are  
scattered on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His mother enters and shakes him. She has been crying. The sun is too bright through the blinds.

The clock-radio next to Rafe's bed clicks over to 7:05 a.m. The radio pops on.

Rita begins to cry as she talks to Rafe. From the radio...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... on the local front, the authorities including the Washington Civil Air Patrol have begun a search in the rugged mountains North of Packwood for a small plane flying a fire patrol mission for the U.S. Department of Forestry. The pilot, Jack Hadley of Chehalis and Ranger Jim Bridges were reported overdue last yesterday. Search officials report that weather is becoming a major factor with more snow in the forecast for later today. In sports news, the Bearcats football team continues their dominance...

SERIES OF SHOTS

Civil Air Patrol trucks roll into airport

Uniformed airmen roll aircraft up to be fueled

Small aircraft with C.A.P insignias roll out for take-off

Phones and Radios are stacked and hooked up in the office

Maps are unrolled on a chart table

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- DAY

Damon and Civil Air Patrol Captain Davis lean over the chart table. Both are wearing military flight suits. The bandage over Damon's eye shows a dark spot from bleeding. Rita pours coffee for the airman and Rafe listens.

CAPT. DAVIS

Captain Hadley, based on your father's last reported position, and the fuel on board, I recommend a grid search.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPT. DAVIS (CONT'D)

The weather is closing in fast so  
the question is do we concentrate  
our search efforts here

(pointing to the center of  
the grid)

Or follow a standard search  
procedure.

DAMON

Weather or not, we can't afford to  
miss them. We need to stick to  
procedure. If the weather comes  
in we'll have to wait it out.

CAPT. DAVIS

I've got aircraft in the air  
already, I'll get things going on  
the grid search right away.

Captain Davis takes the chart and heads to a radio stack.  
Rafe walks up to Damon who is still studying the charts.

RAFE

Damon they'll never find Dad before  
the snow comes in. Can Dad survive  
out there until they find him?

DAMON

Rafe, I'm busy here. Go help mom.

RAFE

We need to get out there ourselves.  
We know what Dad would do. We need  
to go look for him!

Damon spins to face Rafe, he is angry.

DAMON

Look kid! I know how to do this.  
There's a procedure. Dad's best  
chance is for us to stick to the  
plan and spread our efforts over...

RAFE

But we're not doing anything to  
help!

DAMON

I can't help. Damn it. I can't  
fly. This is all I can do to help  
Dad!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

RAFE

I can fly. We can go together.

Damon raises his hand ending the conversation.

DAMON

No Rafe! No.

EXT. AIRPORT HANGER -- DAY

Rafe is on top of a ladder fueling one of the CAP Aircraft. Jennifer walks under him quietly watching for a time.

JENNIFER

Hi there Hadley.

RAFE

Hey.

Rafe climbs down the ladder and as they walk toward the hanger she takes his hand. Rafe leans against the hanger and slides down into a squat. Jenny sits cross legged next to him.

JENNIFER

Ricky came to my house and told me what happened. How are things going?

RAFE

Not to good. I can't get my brother to let me help. I know we could find my dad if we could just get up there... I know it's in my gut.

JENNIFER

Maybe it's time you stop listening to your brother and do what you think is right. I have to tell you something.

RAFE

I know. You don't want to see me anymore.

JENNIFER

Rafe listen, Loren came to see me last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

Look, I don't want to hear about it...

JENNIFER

He was really stoned. He was crying about hurting your brother... Loren's the one who threw a beer bottle at your brother.

Rage sweeps over the boy's face.

RAFE

That asshole! My brother might never be able to fly again! I'll kill him!

JENNIFER

Rafe! Forget about Loren. He got his draft notice, he's running off to Canada. He came by last night to ask me to go with him.

Rafe stands and Jennifer moves close to kiss him deeply then wipes a tear from his eye.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Right now, you need to follow to your heart. Your brother isn't always right just because he's older or because he was a Marine. All he knows is following orders. Trust Rafe. Make him listen to you.

She turns and begins to walk away.

RAFE

Jenny, are you going with Loren?

Jennifer smiles sweetly.

JENNIFER

Rafe, go find your dad.

CUT TO:

Storm clouds blow over the mountains. The sky darkens.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- DAY

Damon, Captain Davis, and Lyman confer over the chart table. Rafe enters and interrupts their conversation.

RAFE  
Any thing yet?

Both men look up. Damon's face showing the stress below the anger at the interruption. The dark spot on his bandage has grown larger.

CAPT. DAVIS  
Sorry Rafe, no news. It would be so much easier if their Emergency Locator Transmitter was working.

LYMAN  
It could of been damaged in the landing or just malfunctioned.

RAFE  
It's OK Lyman, you don't need to sugar coat it. I know the odds are that dad is dead. There's not to many places to put down up there.  
(to Damon)  
Look, we've got to get up there! We know how dad thinks. We can find him. We've got to at least try!

DAMON  
That's it Rafe! Get out of here! We don't have time to screw around with you.

Damon pushes Rafe out the office door into the hanger.

INT. AIRPORT HANGER

Rafe crumples to the floor of the hanger. He could easily cry, but he doesn't. He looks up to see the Cessna 150 he was flying with his dad earlier. A look of resolve comes over his face.

Rafe rushes over to a locker and pulls out a large military looking bag. Zips it open to check the contents of the survival bag. He does a hurried pre-flight check of the plane.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Rafe sneaks in and pulls the search map from the table. He stuffs it in his jacket and leaves.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Lyman stands at the front window of the office drinking a cup of coffee and looks up to see the Cessna taxiing toward the runway.

LYMAN

Hey, who's taking 33 X-Ray out?

DAMON

What?

Damon rushes to the radio and keys the microphone. He knows who it is.

DAMON (CONT'D)

33 X-Ray! Return to the apron!  
Rafe, get your ass back here now!

Lyman takes Damon's shoulder.

LYMAN

I think you need to listen to your brother. You guys have to give it a shot or you'll never forgive yourselves. Rafe's a good pilot. Let him take a quick look. I'll hold things down here.

Damon considers the words then bolts for the door.

EXT. RUNWAY

Rafe swings the Cessna on to the runway. He keys the microphone to his headset. He begins to run the throttle up

RAFE (ON RADIO)

33 X-Ray departing runway 15.

LYMAN (ON RADIO)

Rafe, hold it a minute. Your copilot's on his way out.

Rafe pulls the throttle back to slow the engine. He looks out the window to see Damon jogging out toward him with a handful of charts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he approaches he drops to his knees and grabs his head. Rafe sets the brake and jumps from the plane leaving the engine running. He runs to his brother, kneeling next to him.

RAFE

You OK?

DAMON

Yeah, I'm alright. Rafe you stubborn little shit. We don't have much time. We'll go, but when I say we turn back, you do it!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

Rafe pilots as Damon looks over a crumpled chart in his lap.

DAMON (ON INTERCOM)

OK, this is it. This is where Dad made his last radio transmission as he started his fire patrol sweep South toward Packwood.

RAFE (ON INTERCOM)

So, that means something happened within 15 minutes of here sometime before they reported crossing over the Packwood lookout.

Rafe looks out the window seeing only the rugged tree covered peaks of the Cascade Mountains. Rafe turns the Cessna South in a steeping banking turn. Then he abruptly pulls the throttle back cutting the engine's power.

DAMON

What are you doing?

RAFE

AVIATE, NAVIGATE, COMMUNICATE.  
What if Dad just didn't have time or couldn't communicate?

DAMON

Yeah, Rafe. I remember, Dad taught me that too... guess I forgot.

(remembering)

AVIATE, set the plane up like a sailplane, keep it flying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

Right. Then, NAVIGATE. Look in front of you to find a place to land.

The two brothers sit up in their seats straining to see any open area to land under the low ominous gray clouds. A rock ridge rises in front of them.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Nothing! If Dad went down out there we will never find him!

DAMON

No wait, you're right Rafe, Except yesterday the weather was clear and dad had more altitude. So, he could glide further. He might of been able to clear that ridge... take us up.

Rafe jams in the throttle. The Cessna barely clears the ridge. Just over the top a narrow meadow opens before them in the trees.

RAFE

There. Look!

At the end of the small meadow, the red tail section of an airplane is stuffed into the trees.

DAMON

Take us over them... low and slow.

The Cessna makes a low pass and the brothers see the crumpled wreckage of their father's plane. Someone has swept the snow off the tail and wings. Twenty feet from the plane is the lifeless body of a man, face-down in the snow. His orange jacket is spread open on the snow.

RAFE

Dad's hurt! We need to land and help him.

DAMON

Right again little brother but first COMMUNICATE. We need to radio in our location. Give us some altitude.

Once again Rafe guns the engine and puts the Cessna into a steep climb as Damon keys the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAMON (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Civil Air Patrol Base, this is 33 X-  
Ray. We have visual on the crash  
site of Cessna four seven three  
niner Hotel. We have one person  
out of the plane, condition unknown

Damon looks down at the chart in his lap.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
About 15 miles North of Packwood  
Lookout on about the 362 radial.  
They're just South of the ridge  
between Placid and Longmont peaks.  
We're firing off our ELT

He reaches up on the instrument panel and flips a switch.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Do you have our signal?

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE

Captain Davis, Lyman, and Rita stand over a stack of radios.  
A short repeated squeal sounds on one of the receivers.  
Davis turns down the signal. Lyman puts his arm around Rita.  
Davis keys the microphone

CAPT. DAVIS  
Roger 33 X-Ray. We have your  
signal but no fix on your location,  
we need someone in the air for  
that. I've got some bad news. The  
weather is closing in and the snow  
level's dropping fast. We won't be  
able to get a chopper up there till  
morning... and it's going to be  
tough for you guys to get out of  
there.

DAMON (ON RADIO)  
Get here as quickly as you can.  
We're putting down in the meadow  
to render aid. I doubt our  
transmissions will get out after  
we're on the ground, the terrain is  
too rugged.

CAPT. DAVIS  
Roger that 33 X-Ray. Godspeed  
guys...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPT. DAVIS (CONT'D)  
(he releases the  
microphone)  
Godspeed.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

For a moment the two brothers sit looking straight ahead in silence.

RAFE  
If Dad couldn't set it down in that field with out crashing, how are we supposed to do it?

DAMON  
We've got power. He was gliding... and I've landed on an aircraft carrier. Remember.

RAFE  
Yeah, but you can't see.

DAMON  
But you can.

EXT. AIRPLANE

The tiny Cessna banks hard just clearing the top of a cloud covered peak. The flaps drop 15 degrees. The wings level and the plane descends to only a few feet above the evergreen trees.

DAMON  
I want you to come in hot. You have to fly the plane right onto the deck. As soon as we touch down give it full up elevator. Be ready if we have to ground loop it at the end of the meadow. I'll tell you when to stomp the left rudder to spin us around.

INT. AIRPLANE

Damon raises his hand between them. Rafe grasps his hand.

DAMON  
Let's do it!



## EXT. AIRPLANE

The Cessna lines up on the meadow and drops closer to the trees. As it clears the trees at the edge of the clearing it noses down sharply and flairs to land in the snow covered meadow.

Snow flies as the wheels touch down. The engine comes off power. There looks to be no way the plane will stop before plowing into the approaching trees.

At the last minute the left wheel locks up and the rudder flips hard to the left. The Cessna pivots in the deep snow around the locked wheel dipping the right wing into the deep snow. The plane slides to a stop only inches from the trees.

The prop spins to a stop. The plane sits quietly for a moment.

The doors fly open and Damon and Rafe fly out. They plow through heavy snow to the body lying 50 feet from the plane. It is obvious the face down body is lifeless, frozen.

Damon rolls the body over. Jim Bridge's dead face is blue from the cold.

RAFE

Where's Dad?

Rafe stands and starts to move to the wreckage.

DAMON

Rafe! Wait, let me.

Damon stands wobbling a bit dizzy from his injury. He moves to the plane. He pulls the door open looks inside, climbs in for a moment, then pokes his head out and calls to Rafe.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Rafe, Dad's alive. He's pinned in.  
See if you can find something to  
wrap him up.

Rafe runs to the Cessna and pulls out the survival bag.

## INT. WRECKED AIRPLANE

Strips of blood soaked green flannel are wrapped around Jack head. Dried blood covers his shirt. His seat has broken loose from it's mounts and pinned him against the instrument panel. Rafe gently shakes his father's shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAFE

Dad! Dad!

DAMON

It's OK Rafe. He just lost consciousness. He was talking to me just a minute ago. His head looks worse than it is. What worries me is his leg. We need to get this seat back or he might lose it.

RAFE

What should we do?

DAMON

First thing we need to do is warm him up. Did you find anything?

Rafe unzips the bag and pulls out several tightly packaged foil space blankets.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Where did you get these?

RAFE

My survival bag.

DAMON

Way to go little brother! Got a first aid kit in there too?

RAFE

Food too.

DAMON

Good, it's going to be a long night.

The brothers wrap their father in the foil blankets and set to work breaking the pilot's seat loose. They use a piece of the broken landing gear to lever the seat.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Push!

RAFE

Aggggh!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A loud pop and the seat breaks loose. The unconscious Jack utters a painful moan. They tilt Jack back and lay him in down inside the plane.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WRECKED AIRPLANE -- NIGHT

The wind howls outside blowing snow through make shift patches in the wrecked cabin. The battery powered lantern hanging overhead provides the only illumination.

Rafe and Damon are wrapped in space blankets as is their sleeping father. They munch on crackers and k-rations from Rafe's survival bag.

RAFE

What happened to Jim?

DAMON

Looks like he had a heart attack. He might of had some internal injuries too. The only reason we found Dad is because Jim climbed out and cleaned the snow off the wings and tail.

Damon scoots over to check the dressing on his father's head.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Before Dad passed out he said Jim told him we were on our way to find them. Dad said Jim was still sitting right there next to him when we arrived.

RAFE

That's got to be Jim's shirt he used to stop Dad's bleeding. Jim saved Dad's life before he died didn't he?

Rafe looks out into the growing blackness.

RAFE (CONT'D)

But he's been dead out there in the snow for a long time. He couldn't of been here with Dad.

DAMON

Ya, funny how life works, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long moment passes. The only sound is the howling wind.

Rafe breaks the silence.

RAFE

What was it like over there?

Damon slides around in the cramped space to look at his brother. His gaze travels thousands of miles.

DAMON

Problem wasn't being over there. Mostly we drank and played basketball. The missions weren't so bad. We'd fly in high, drop our stuff on the jungle, then fly back to base and drink some more.

Damon's gaze moves to his brother.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Everybody handled it in a different way. Some went gung-ho-crackers acting like blood thirsty animals. All they talked about was killing gooks in the free fire zone. That kinda shit was going on everywhere over there. Nobody knew who the good guys were.

A heavy gust of wind rocks their shelter.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Most of us... we just pretended everything was A-OK. We didn't talk about the missions. We acted like nothing was happening.

RAFE

But bad things did happen.

Damon is quiet for a time, lost in thought.

DAMON

After a while, fighting got worse. There were more close air support missions to support the guys on the ground. Pilots were getting shot down everyday. We lost three from our squadron in one week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAMON (CONT'D)

We had to drop our stuff so low and so close to our guys, it was only a matter of time till it happened. You understand... We had to release the bombs over the heads of our guys! I could see them, Rafe.

The hard-baked Marine begins to crack. The words oozing up from a dark place in his soul.

DAMON (CONT'D)

After I let my napalm go, before I pulled up, I could see them running for their lives. Knowing that in a moment they would be incinerated. VC, villagers, nobody knew who were the good guys. I didn't care any more. I didn't care who died. I just wanted to drop my shit and come home.

His voice is wracked by regret.

DAMON (CONT'D)

But, every night I'm back there again and I see them. I still see them running and burning.

Rafe slides over close to Damon and pulls the blanket up over his brother's shoulders. Damon sobs. Rafe puts his arm around his brother. Soon both fall asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. WRECKED AIRPLANE -- MORNING

A low thud-thud-thud wakens Rafe. He looks up and sees sunlight through the snow on the shattered plexiglas. He pounds his fist against the plastic. The snow slides down the window to reveal a helicopter overhead.

EXT. WRECKED AIRPLANE

The Rescue Helicopter's blades spin whipping the snow.

A medic re-bandages Damon's head.

Jack is strapped into a stretcher, an air-splint on his leg.

Two medic's bag Jim Bridges.

Captain Davis pours Rafe hot coffee from a Thermos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPT. DAVIS

Medics say your dad's going to be OK. You know, we'd never of found your dad if it wasn't for your ELT signal. The snow completely covered your plane. You're going to be one hell of a pilot son. Let's get going.

The medics lift the stretchers and load them onto the Helicopter. Davis and Rafe join the others in the helicopter. The copter dusts off, snow flying, the chopper disappears into the sky as snow whites out the view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE -- ONE MONTH LATER

A propeller comes to life with the roar of the Cessna's engine. Rafe sits alone in the cockpit. The engine power increases and the plane taxis away.

A group watches. Rita stands next to Jack still on crutches with his leg in a cast. The "Old Crows" roll out a banner "Rafe's Time to Solo.. Go Fly". Ricky films the action through Rafe's movie camera.

Damon's bandages are gone. Only a small band-aid remains. Jennifer is there too, standing next to Damon.

EXT. RUNWAY

The Cessna's engine guns. It accelerates down the runway, wheels lift off the ground. It pulls up into the sky.

CUT TO:

SUPER 8 FOOTAGE --RICKY'S FILM FOOTAGE OF THE EVENT

Rafe pulls the plane to a stop in front of the crowd and climbs out.

Jump Cut

Jennifer runs to him and kisses his cheek.

Jump Cut

Everyone gathers around the plane. The Old Crows raise up the banner behind the Cessna's fuselage. Handshakes and hugs are given and received.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jump Cut

The family group shot; Jack, Rita, Damon, and Rafe. They are survivors.

Jump Cut

Rafe turns away and puts his hands on the Cessna's fuselage near the tail. Damon and Jack pull Rafe's shirt-tail out of his pants. Jack pulls out a big pair of scissors and shows them to the group. They ceremoniously cut-off a huge chunk of Rafe's shirt-tail in the old tradition symbolically trimming a new pilot's tail-feathers to commemorate their first solo flight.

Rafe is ready to fly his own course.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End