

Tornado Rider Rhodes

Revision 3

By

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EXT. FARM COUNTRY - EARLY MORNING

TITLE READS: INDIANA, 1908

Miles of corn as far as the eye can see. Freight train angles from the distance across the expanse. Dark clouds menace the horizon. In the foreground a farmhouse, an island in this sea of green.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Pardon me if I wax a little poetic, story like this deserves the full color of words because that was one miracle baby.

INT. NURSERY - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A **BABY** laying in its crib. Morning light filters through open window along with the sound of birds singing.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Typical farmhouse with a giant oak tree growing nearby.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Started out a morning like any other.

Discarded piece of paper flutters improvisational dance in jagged morning breeze that eddies the structure.

MASTER WU (V.O)

The five-fifteen out of Ferguson rumbling towards Rhodesburg on a rendezvous with destiny. Or maybe it was fate.

The train rides its rails, thundering across the fields.

MASTER WU (V.O)

That's the problem, there is a difference between fate and destiny.

The house, tranquil as the paper flutters about.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Fate chooses you. You choose destiny. Or is it the other way around? Anyway...

In concert, birds cease song, drowned out by a growing thunderous sound even louder than the train.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER WU (V.O)  
...what some view as good others  
view as bad. Now that's context.

Air grows still. Paper, losing accompaniment, pulls towards ground.

MASTER WU (V.O)  
Like this idyllic image...

Atmosphere sucks away, vanished to vacuum while paper dissipates without a trace.

The house vanishes, bag and baggage, completely from sight.

MASTER WU (V.O)  
...ripped asunder. Which actually  
seems mild given what happens next.

The Ferguson locomotive crashes nose first into the vacant footprint of the farmhouse. A beat later, giant oak smashes like a hammer to pound the engine further to ground.

MASTER WU (V.O)  
Creating another kind of context  
when viewed through the lens of  
destiny. Or maybe fate.

Turning from this spectacle reveals a path of destruction unlike any imagined as ground and a town are jaggedly ripped apart. In the distance the tornado can still be seen dancing havoc with its devilish wrath.

MASTER WU (V.O)  
On those rare occasions where fate  
and destiny cross paths legends can  
be born out of context.

People, like zombies, begin to appear from shelter.

EXT. CABBAGE FIELD - DAY

A young **FARM WOMAN** walks the field carrying a wicker basket of cabbage in her arms. An indistinct sound catches her attention and draws her towards a small rise in the field.

Her eyes go wide at what she sees before her.

MASTER WU (V.O)  
Now fate had it so they found that  
baby in a cabbage field unscathed.

The woman drops her basket, cabbages scattering, and stoops to pick up the baby who seems none the worse for wear.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EDGE OF CABBAGE FIELD - DAY

The woman runs up the road holding the baby tightly to her bosom. Tears trace down her countenance to meet a huge smile that lights up her soul.

FARM WOMAN

It's a miracle! Look what I found!

A **GROUP OF FARMHANDS** milling about some equipment in a staging area turn towards the commotion. The woman runs up and they rally around her, jumping for joy.

EXT. MAIN STREET - RHODESBURG - DAY

**TOWNSPEOPLE** swell into what's left of the main street and surround the farm woman, baby in arm, and her entourage of farmhands as they make their way proudly up the street.

They stop in front of a dais where the town **MAYOR** happens to be making a speech about rebuilding the town. The farm woman holds the baby up and the mayor takes the bundle.

The mayor holds the baby out, offering it back to whomever it belongs. One after another people shrug or shake no.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Yet no one claimed the baby since  
its familiars had literally been  
scattered by the four winds.

The mayor pulls the baby back, tucks it into the crook of one arm and sweeps the crowd with the other.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Then destiny made a village of  
survivors rally to lovingly raise  
this child their communal own.

The crowd raises a cheer along with many hats in the air.

MASTER WU (V.O)

From that day, forever  
rechristened, Tornado Rider Rhodes.

The mayor bangs his gavel on the lectern, sealing the deal.

An old codger, in a battered, bent, and dusty top hat, at the rear of the crowd, turns to address us. It is **MASTER WU**.

MASTER WU

And that's just the beginning of  
this legend.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

TITLE READS: "SOMEWHERE OVER SICHUAN PROVINCE, CHINA - 1938  
- 30 YEARS LATER"

Heavy clouds buffet and batter each other and the Douglas DC-2 Cargo Special that bullies its way through wind and rain. On the nose of the plane a painted logo - a figure riding a tornado with the words: "Tornado Rider Rhodes".

INT. COCKPIT - DC-2 - CONTINUOUS

We see the backs of pilot and co-pilot - their distressed leather bomber jackets sport the same tornado logo peaking above the top of the crew seats with their names embroidered above. The co-pilots' reads: Callahan - the pilot: Rhodes.

CALLAHAN

Feels like cargo shift. Gonna check.

**RHODES** gives thumbs up before taking over the controls as **CALLAHAN** climbs out of his seat, exits.

INT. CARGO BAY - DC-2 - CONTINUOUS

Cargo bay, jumble of wooden crates all seemingly stenciled with the innocuous "Machine Parts". Callahan picks his way through, righting boxes as he goes.

Towards the rear of the bay several tall crates set apart. One has its side panel partially coming off. It creaks with the sway of the plane.

The creaking catches Callahan's attention as he passes and he turns to re-affix the panel. When he does it bursts open, forcing him back with a crash.

A **JAPANESE SOLDIER** pushes his way out and clobbers Callahan on the noggin - out for the count.

More **SOLDIERS** and an **OFFICER** emerge from the other crates.

INT. COCKPIT - DC-2 - MOMENTS LATER

Rhodes flies the plane, oblivious to the goings on in the cargo bay until the cockpit door opens and a gun cocks.

JAPANESE OFFICER

You will kindly fly myself and my men where we need to go.

(CONTINUED)

Rhodes doesn't flinch, just matter-of-factly cinches two cords to the steering yoke, kicks a couple of blocks under the pedals - makeshift auto-pilot. Gets up and removes the leather and shearling flight cap while turning around. A whirlwind of fire red curls untangle from the cap.

RHODES

Who the hell are you?

JAPANESE OFFICER

So, our pilot is a woman. This will make the trip much more enjoyable.

RHODES

Enjoyable? That's your second mistake.

JAPANESE OFFICER

Second?

RHODES

First was getting on my plane without bein' on the manifest.

This is followed immediately with a right cross to the chin. The officer falls backward as Rhodes grabs for the gun arm.

Rhodes rolls into him, putting her body between the officer and the gun, pinning his arm against her body. The officer squeezes off a round that ricochets around the cockpit.

Through the open cockpit door we see the soldiers in the back of the plane all start for the front to help.

Hearing them come, Rhodes pushes backwards out the cockpit.

INT. CARGO BAY - DC-2 - CONTINUOUS

She swings the officer and gun around towards the soldiers.

The soldiers stop in their tracks, duck behind nearest crates as another shot rings off.

Callahan shakes off grogginess, picks himself up, goes after the closest soldier, BAM! Works his way forward one by one.

The officer uses his weight to swing Rhodes back the other direction as another shot fires.

This one hits one of the steering cinch cords, snapping it.

Rhodes brings a foot down on her opponents' shin, with an elbow to the gut, pushing him backwards.

(CONTINUED)

The plane lurches to one side as everyone takes a tumble.

The gun gets loose, skips about the cabin, fires again.

This bullet finds purchase in the soldier who was just about to thrust upon Rhodes with his bayonet.

Callahan has made his way through a good many of the soldiers and still he continues. He's a brute.

Rhodes scrambles back into the cockpit to right the plane.

The officer picks himself and his gun up and goes after Rhodes. He pulls the door to the cockpit open and starts in but stops short when his face meets the heel of Rhodes' boot - kickin' it Kung Fu. He falls backward into the cargo bay.

RHODES

And that's three. We don't take passengers.

He starts to get back up and Rhodes punches him hard, he goes down, but not before the gun fires, piercing the fuselage, hitting the left engine.

Rhodes dives back into the pilots' seat.

RHODES

Callahan, stop monkeying around!

Callahan, holding two soldiers by their heads, gives them the coconut treatment before heading towards the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT - DC-2 - CONTINUOUS

Callahan slips into his seat.

CALLAHAN

What's the "sitch", Skipper?

RHODES

Want the good or the bad?

CALLAHAN

Gimme the bad.

RHODES

Lost a crap load of altitude. Number one took a bullet and caught fire. Top it off, we got a mountain range somewhere in front of us.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

The good?

RHODES

It's Friday.

Callahan flips a switch for the extinguisher. Nothing.

CALLAHAN

Extinguisher's shot.

RHODES

Damn it, Callahan, told you to service that thing.

CALLAHAN

No, it's literally been shot.

A bullet hole on the panel just below the switch. Sparks spit from the instrument panel as Callahan pounds on it.

RHODES

Guess we'll have to do it the old fashioned way. Hang on to your hat.

CALLAHAN

Crap, not the Calcutta Corkscrew.

JUST THEN! A Japanese soldier, awoke from nappy time, bursts into the cockpit, goes for Rhodes - hands at throat.

Rhodes cranks the wheel hard, one way then the other, slamming the soldier's head against both walls.

RHODES

The hell am I supposed to fly this plane you let the cargo crawl all over the place?

Callahan, still seated, grabs the unconscious soldier by the nape of neck and tosses him backwards out of the cockpit.

CALLAHAN

Check. Soon as we're done here.

Rhodes scans the horizon.

RHODES

There you are.



EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The DC-2 begins corkscrewing through the air, flames trail out one engine compartment, heading towards a particularly dark looking cloud. The cloud envelops the plane.

INT. COCKPIT - DC-2 - CONTINUOUS

A murkiness invades the cockpit.

RHODES

Popping the cork on this baby.

CALLAHAN

Really hate this move.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Plane pulls through other side of the cloud - a vortex of water follows behind while lightning bolts stab after.

INT. COCKPIT - DC-2 - CONTINUOUS

Callahan bracing against the wall and ceiling of the cabin. The plane stops corkscrewing, noses upwards.

RHODES

And she's out.

CALLAHAN

Think I'm gonna be sick.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The plane pierces the clouds revealing a star encrusted sky, left engine trails smoke as they sail into the night.

INT. CARGO BAY - DC-2 - LATER

Callahan is packing the Japanese soldiers back in their crates. He holds the officer in a bear hug by the chest. Rhodes walks back from the cockpit, cups in hand.

RHODES

Java?

Callahan drops the officer like a sack of old laundry.

CALLAHAN

Oh, cup of the bean.

He grabs a cup, slurps at the liquid covetously.

(CONTINUED)

Rhodes stoops, goes through the officer's pockets, pulls a map from one. Unfolds it on top of a crate.

RHODES

See where he was headed.

The map, mainland China, red circle shows a destination.

CALLAHAN

Qinghai Province. Gateway to Tibet.  
No fighting going on there.

RHODES

Bet our boy was about to change all  
that. Pop a crate.

Callahan gets a crowbar and pries the lid off one of the smaller crates marked "Machine Parts". Inside, weapons.

CALLAHAN

Huh? Guns. Who'd a thunk?

RHODES

There ever a crate marked "Machine  
Parts" wasn't full of guns?

CALLAHAN

What's in crates marked "Guns"?

RHODES

Gonna need a new manifest.

CALLAHAN

We talking re-route?

She points out a town on the map.

RHODES

There's our spot. Lhasa.

CALLAHAN

What's there?

Rhodes heads back to the cockpit.

RHODES

Got a guy.

CALLAHAN

Yeah? Which number's this one?

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

278. Always be number one to me.

CALLAHAN

You say that about all of them.

Callahan, distracted, picks up the Japanese officer and drops him in a crate.

CALLAHAN

(to himself)

Must be where machine parts go.

EXT. SILVER MINE - GROOM LAKE, NEVADA - DAY

Rugged unquenchable earth hosts building and accoutrement standard to the industry of mining as operatives go about their trade.

TITLE: THOMPSON SILVER MINE, GROOM LAKE, NEVADA - FUTURE SITE OF AREA 51

A **CADRE OF PROFESSIONAL/MANAGEMENT TYPES**, led by mine manager **TED MATHEWS**, rush to meet the Pitcairn PCA-2 Autogyro that's landing in an open expanse of the work area.

Just as the flying contraption kisses earth **BLAZE THOMPSON** launches himself from the passenger compartment and strides purposely towards the group.

BLAZE

Better be worth my time. Price of silver ain't doing me any favors.

MATTHEWS

We found something, sir.

Thompson pushes right through them and continues towards the mine. This now puts Matthews at the rear of the group as everyone turns to follow like a hatch of ducklings. Matthews vainly tries to regain his position.

BLAZE

Unless you found the Hope Diamond, gonna be hell to pay shutting down this mine.

FREDRICKS

What we found is probably more valuable than the Hope Diamond.

This pulls Thompson up short. He turns to **FREDRICKS**, the only person not kowtowing, and the engineer in the group.

(CONTINUED)

BLAZE

Explain.

FREDRICKS

Easier to show.

Fredricks grabs a hard hat from the rack at the head of the shaft and disappears into the dark maw. The others follow.

INT. SILVER MINE - A LITTLE LATER

String of lights trail through the tunnel creating pools of illumination against the shadows. The group moves in deeper.

FREDRICKS

Following a new vein ranging to the edge of our footprint.

MATTHEWS

It's been a very lucrative vein.

FREDRICKS

Came across this.

Fredricks stops and holds a lantern up to the cave wall revealing a large curved section of dull metallic surface.

BLAZE

Chunk of metal. What'd you expect to find in a metals mine?

MATTHEWS

That's what I told him.

FREDRICKS

Not something won't dent, scratch, or cut. Weirdest metal I've ever seen. If it is metal.

BLAZE

How big is it?

FREDRICKS

Follow me.

Fredricks walks around a corner in the tunnel which opens into a cavern that exposes the rest of the hunk of metal.

BLAZE

Holly mother of... You could have just started with this.

(CONTINUED)

FREDRICKS

The dingus, for lack of a better.  
Unless you know what this is?

Thompson, mesmerized, walks up to the object. A dull metal disc shaped object about twenty feet in diameter and ten feet at its thickest. A flying saucer.

BLAZE

It's what dreams are made of.

FREDRICKS

That narrows it.

BLAZE

Legend in my family, Grand pappy was prospecting these parts when he saw a violent light in the night sky come crashing to earth. He tracked days searching until he came across a scarred earth and a mass of rock and rubble. Figuring it a sign from above, staked his first claim. Started our fortune.

Thompson notices something in the side of the craft.

BLAZE

What's this?

FREDRICKS

Only break in a seamless surface.

BLAZE

It's a slot. Maybe a keyhole.

FREDRICKS

Just need a key.

BLAZE

There's a Japanese narrative from tenth century about a flying disk.

FREDRICKS

Great. We're in Nevada.

BLAZE

Crate it up and move it to Mead.  
Been searching for this baby a long time and if it's what I think, gonna change the world or my name's not Blaze Thompson.

Thompson turns and heads back towards the entrance.

(CONTINUED)

BLAZE

Now, just got to locate the one  
person who can handle this.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - LHASA - DAY

Dusty single strip, more of a field with a smattering of out  
buildings and a couple of beat down old planes.

The DC-2 is parked off the strip. Callahan, up a ladder,  
and Rhodes, straddling the engine cowling like she's riding  
a bronc, work on the number one engine.

A **GROUP OF VILLAGE CHILDREN** watch, mesmerized.

A **CONTINGENT OF PEASANTS** offload the cargo from the plane.

A rattly model A drives towards the plane, stops and the  
driver, **FATHER CLEMENT**, a priest, gets out, waves at Rhodes.

FATHER CLEMENT

Tori!

RHODES

Bobby!

Callahan looks up from his work.

CALLAHAN

Tori?

RHODES

Short for Tornado, but you don't  
get to call me that. Ever!

Callahan ducks back to his work.

Tornado slides down the curve of the cowl, pushes off and  
somersault rolls to ground before sticking a standing stop  
in front of Clement. She plants a big kiss on his lips.

The children all giggle.

FATHER CLEMENT

Same old Tornado. How are you?

RHODES

Great. How you been, Bobby? Or  
should I call you Father Clement?

FATHER CLEMENT

Doing the lord's work.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES  
That and Uncle Sam's.

FATHER CLEMENT  
What's the great Tornado Rider  
Rhodes doing on my doorstep?

RHODES  
Got some cargo thought you'd be  
interested in. Jap soldiers tried  
to bring some guns into Qinghai.

FATHER CLEMENT  
We'll put them to good use.

RHODES  
How's he doing?

FATHER CLEMENT  
Old as sin. Some say he's a hundred  
and thirty. I'd say more at  
one-fifty. Perked up when he heard  
you were here. Wants to see you.

She turns towards the jagged peak shrouded in clouds.

RHODES  
I want to see him.

EXT. WU TANG MONASTERY - LATER

A spiritual fortress cleaved of natural rock.

INT. TEMPLE - WU TANG MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Candle lit solemn stone temple hosts more shadows than  
light. At the head of the room, seated lotus style, Master  
Wu holds court over a **GROUP OF CHANTING MONKS**.

Rhodes bursts through the heavy wooden doors at the other  
end like a tornado and runs up to Master Wu, throws her arms  
around him in a bear hug.

RHODES  
Master Wu, you old darling, it's so  
good to feel your presence again.

The chanting monks stop, aghast at this spectacle.

Master Wu beams a big smile and then turns solemn/stern as  
he pushes Tornado back to look in her face.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER WU

I am a miserable excuse for a teacher. You have still not mastered the art of entering a room as a disciple or worse, a lady.

She pulls back and bows.

RHODES

Forgive me, Master.

MASTER WU

Like your namesake you must learn to contain yourself. Otherwise, you're just a big wind.

RHODES

I forget myself, Master.

MASTER WU

I fear you remember yourself too well. Yet we must not keep such an irrepressible spirit in check.

Rhodes looks up, a big smile brightens the room.

MASTER WU

Come. Let's leave these fuddy duddies to their rigid rituals.

EXT. GARDEN - WU TANG MONASTERY - A LITTLE LATER

Rhodes and Master Wu walk along serene garden paths.

MASTER WU

As a younger man, my favorite place was the combat arena. Now that I have gained a modicum of wisdom, this garden has become my favorite.

RHODES

Wish I could stay here forever.

MASTER WU

Yours is a destiny that does not allow for staying in one place.

RHODES

Long ago you said, when the time was right you would reveal this destiny.

(CONTINUED)



MASTER WU

It was written, a child of the elements, wrought of earth, borne on wind, passion of fire, suppleness of water, an orphan raised by a multitude, would reveal itself. You are that child and you have mastery of these elements.

RHODES

How do I harness this power?

MASTER WU

That is such a western way of thinking. You must allow for the power to harness you. Defy your nature to be constantly moving and learn how to let go and be still. Only then can you achieve true harmony.

RHODES

Not helping.

MASTER WU

To gain something you must open yourself to possibility. Let down your guard.

RHODES

How come it's always a riddle? Why can't you ever explain it like, insert tab A into slot B?

MASTER WU

I wouldn't sound as sagely. Besides, where I get this it's all about abstracts. That and bad lighting.

RHODES

You got dates, places, names?

MASTER WU

If I knew I'd tell you. It does me no good to keep you in the dark.

RHODES

Since you're dealing in abstracts, is it possible I'm not the chosen one? I mean, I'm all for fate and destiny but my life is pretty sweet right now. Free spirit, do what I want, zero responsibilities.

(CONTINUED)

MASTER WU

That's all well and good, but fate and destiny chose you. So be warned, a situation may arise where the things you hold near and dear are placed in jeopardy and it will be up to you whether they survive. Free spirit or not.

RHODES

Don't candy coat it. Think I liked it better when you were doing sagely.

MASTER WU

You will have many horizon to conquer. I would not wish this fate on a dog. Yet, if anyone can succeed it is Tornado Rider Rhodes.

RHODES

Dog's life. Great destiny.

MASTER WU

Remember, if you need us, the Wu Tang is there for you. We have franchises in thirty-four cities.

She presses her hands together and bows.

EXT. THOMPSON ENTERPRISES HQ - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Modernistic sky reaching edifice as monument to a man's ego.

INT. BLAZE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cavernous space, a huge WPA style mural along one wall depicts manifold industries under Thompson control. At the center of the mural an oversize likeness of Blaze's face.

Thompson, talking into the phone, sits at an island of a desk centered on the mural. His head haloed by his face.

BLAZE

I don't care what you have to do, get that deal sealed.

**CARL HEINZ** and **GRETA FUCHS** enter the room. An old dueling scar etches Carl's face.

BLAZE

(into phone)

Up the damn offer. Clock's ticking.

(CONTINUED)

He slams the phone down as Carl comes up to the desk.

BLAZE

Well?

CARL

Is this a bad time?

BLAZE

Depends on what you have to say.

CARL

The testing in Canada is still showing lackluster results.

BLAZE

They're your scientists.

GRETA

You guaranteed success.

BLAZE

I guaranteed you facilities and resources to obtain success. You guaranteed to get me to the moon.

GRETA

We have other priorities.

Blaze gets up and stares Greta down.

BLAZE

I'm your number one priority. You need to get your rockets to fly to the moon.

Carl moves to intervene.

CARL

I think you will find all of our priorities coincide.

BLAZE

Then I suggest you get back at it or I'll shut the whole thing down and find another way.

Blaze comes around his desk and crosses to windows that expose the San Francisco skyline, his back to his guests.

BLAZE

Poppa always said, a man's reach should exceed his grasp. Or was it the other way around?

Greta becomes visibly irritated, Carl pulls her from the room as Blaze stares out the window, seemingly unaware.

INT. HALLWAY - THOMPSON SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Carl pulls Greta into the hallway, trying to calm her as they walk up the corridor.

CARL

What's wrong with you?

GRETA

What the hell does that even mean?  
I'll grasp his reach. That man infuriates me.

CARL

You're upset because he did not purchase a subscription for your feminine... well, your wiles.

GRETA

He's an idiot. Can I help that he's so wrapped up in himself?

CARL

You used to be better at this. Maybe you should cut back on the injections from Herr Doctor.

GRETA

Doctor Mitzer is a genius. He's given me back my youth.

CARL

If you say so. I need you in Hong Kong. Thompson has something brewing there. See if you can disrupt it without exposing yourself. Maybe we can gain an advantage over him. Nip this moon thing in the bud.

GRETA

I'd rather kill him and be done with it. Simple, to the point.

CARL

Seems an overreaction even for you.

GRETA

I have rejection issues. It's how I deal with them.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Better to play the long game. Find his weaknesses, exploit them. For now, he's worth more to us alive.

GRETA

So what kind of operational package am I looking at for Hong Kong?

CARL

Whatever it takes. Our Japanese friends can provide any resource you may need.

EXT. PORTICO - WU TANG MONASTERY - LATER

Rhodes walks up to Father Clement.

FATHER CLEMENT

How was he?

RHODES

Cryptic as a cat.

They walk towards the main gate.

FATHER CLEMENT

Got a radiogram that's been trying to track you down.

RHODES

Give me the highlights.

FATHER CLEMENT

Get to Hong Kong ASAP. Contact a Professor Higgins, pick up a package and get to Frisco on the Clipper. Simple.

RHODES

Nothing's ever simple with you. Who's consigning, your uncle?

FATHER CLEMENT

Friend of yours, Blaze Thompson.

RHODES

More like a bad habit. Pass. Rather make a deal with the devil.

FATHER CLEMENT

Yeah... Thought you'd say that. This might change your mind.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls a rolled up newspaper from inside his coat and hands it to Rhodes.

HEADLINE READS: Blaze Buying Rhodesburg.

RHODES

What the hell? The family. He can't do that. Who buys a town? I'm gonna kill him.

FATHER CLEMENT

It's not a done deal. There still may be time to stop it. Not going to let him mess with the hometown?

RHODES

Oh, don't you worry, I'm calling hogwash on that action. He's not getting away with this.

She starts to storm off.

FATHER CLEMENT

Wouldn't you rather do that on his nickle? Deliver the package, big payday. And Uncle would appreciate it. Likes to keep tabs on Blaze.

RHODES

Know where I'd like to deliver it. Gonna quash this deal, whatever the hell he's up to. If, in the course of that, well... I get a contact?

FATHER CLEMENT

Someone will get in touch. Call phrase, time enough to think of the future. Response, when you haven't any future to think of.

RHODES

You know, a suspicious person might think those Japanese soldiers ended up on my plane on purpose. That someone wanted me to come here. That I was being played.

FATHER CLEMENT

Good thing you're not suspicious.

RHODES

Yeah, isn't it. Well, like the man said, got horizons to conquer. And now, ass to kick.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - LHASA - LATER

Father Clement waves as the DC-2 lifts off the ground and banks hard to circle the airstrip for a final wingtip wave.

EXT. HONG KONG MUSEUM - DAY

Massive august Corinthian stone pile projects its own sense of importance. A taxi pulls up to the foot of the steps.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan, attired in more fashionable street clothes, sit in the back.

RHODES

Hold the cab while I go collect the package. Keep an eye out. Don't know what we're getting into here.

She exits the vehicle and climbs the steps.

Callahan pulls out a deck of cards and turns to **THE DRIVER**.

CALLAHAN

You play?

He deftly fans the deck.

EXT. HONG KONG - CITYSCAPE - DAY

Typical period Hong Kong skyline.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - HONG KONG MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Shadows cut through the light streaming in from upper windows and obfuscate the maze of crates and tables piled with books and curio that appear collected since the beginning of time and rise almost to the mezzanine level.

Two men huddle at a library table deep in the bowels of this labyrinth. Of the pair, **CLIVE BROOKS**, is cut from rugged cloth and sports a beaten fedora while the other, **HENRY HIGGINS**, bespectacled and bookish.

BROOKS

Wasn't easy to come by.

He holds a long object bound in a velvet sleeve.

HIGGINS

Is it the genuine article?

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS

Based on the amount of blowback I  
got getting it, I'd say, yes.

A figure walks through the maze of tables and crates.

HIGGINS

Let me see it.

BROOKS

Money first. I got expenses.

HIGGINS

You'll be paid after verification.

Higgins takes the object and starts to unwrap when...

RHODES

I'm looking for Professor Higgins.

The two men turn towards the voice.

BROOKS

The hell did you get in here?

Rhodes moves out of the shadows towards the men.

RHODES

Conventional manner.

BROOKS

You can leave the same way.

RHODES

Relax, you've proven your manhood's  
intact. Which one of you's Higgins?

BROOKS

He is. Who are you?

GLASS BREAKING! The trio turns toward the sound.

HIGGINS

What was that?

INT. MEZZANINE - RESEARCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Armed and dangerous **JAPANESE THUGS** climb through the broken  
window. Bringing up the rear, Greta Fuchs directs the gang.



INT. RESEARCH ROOM - HONG KONG MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

They hear movement from the upper level.

BROOKS  
Sounds like trouble.

HIGGINS  
Are you sure?

RHODES  
He's not, I am.

Gunfire from an automatic weapon puckers the surface of the table they are standing at. They all dive for cover.

Rhodes and Brooks find sanctuary behind a large cabinet while Higgins scurries under a table laden with books.

BROOKS  
Friends of yours?

RHODES  
My friends like me better than that.

More shots strafe the area for punctuation as the thugs on the mezzanine scurry to angle better positions.

Brooks takes a peak up over the cabinet they are behind. A bullet splinters the wood in front of him for his trouble.

RHODES  
Who the hell are they?

BROOKS  
I was a guessin' man I'd say,  
Japanese Imperial Guard.

RHODES  
You piss people off you go right to  
the top. Where's the cavalry when  
you need 'em.

CALLAHAN  
Tornado, you in here?

RHODES  
'bout time you showed.

Callahan, standing under the mezzanine at the double door entry. He holds a leather satchel which drops to reveal a Thompson Sub Machine Gun in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

Hate to break up the party, meter's  
running, really need to vamoose.  
Got a plan?

He points the gun at the mezzanine and begins firing.

Rhodes, Brooks, and Higgins still cowering in place.

RHODES

The usual, winging it.

CALLAHAN

Running and gunning, my favorite.

BROOKS

Wait, you're Tornado Rider Rhodes?

RHODES

That's what they tell me.

Rhodes moves over to where Higgins is under the table.

HIGGINS

Hi, Professor Higgins.

RHODES

Eliza Doolittle.

HIGGINS

What?

RHODES

Forget it. Got a package for me?

HIGGINS

You're looking at him.

RHODES

We don't take passengers.

HIGGINS

Gotta deliver this in person. I  
stay here, they'll kill me.

RHODES

Day just keeps getting better.  
Callahan, get ready!

Callahan responds with a volley from the machine gun.

Rhodes, Higgins, and Brooks all scramble over to Callahan.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN  
Got the package?

Rhodes pulls Higgins over to show him.

RHODES  
Right here.

CALLAHAN  
We don't do people.

RHODES  
If it helps, think of him as a  
poorly wrapped, oddly shaped box.

HIGGINS  
Hey.

CALLAHAN  
Got rules for a reason. Don't  
follow, whole system falls apart.

RHODES  
Now's not the time.

CALLAHAN  
Always time to follow the rules.

They all back out of the door and run up the corridor.

EXT. HONG KONG MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhodes and crew burst through the doors and down the steps  
to the taxi.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

They all pile in the back.

THE GROUP  
(in unison)  
Airport!

Nothing. The driver has vacated his post.

HIGGINS  
Where's the driver?

The Japanese thugs burst from the doors of the Museum and  
start down the steps after them.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Screw it. I'll drive.

CALLAHAN

No!

It's too late, she's already in the drivers seat, grinding gears and lurching forward.

EXT. HONG KONG STREET - CONTINUOUS

The taxi makes a too sharp cut into traffic and almost gets hit before lurching off down the road recklessly.

Across the road the taxi driver jumps up from his bowl of noodles at a sidewalk eatery and runs into the street.

DRIVER

Hey, come back with my taxi!

Seeing the futility in this he heads back to his noodles.

DRIVER

Uncle gonna kill me.

In front of the museum the Japanese are piling into their own vehicles and engaging pursuit.

EXT. HONG KONG ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A car and **DRIVER** waits behind the Museum. Greta runs up and gets into the vehicle.

GRETA

Get me to the clipper.

The car drives off.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Bullets zing around them as their pursuers unleash a fusillade. Callahan hangs out a window and returns fire.

Rhodes tries evasive action but the controls seem to confound her, she's not very good at driving a car.

CALLAHAN

Now that we're an airline, can we at least hire some stewardesses.

HIGGINS

Look out!

Rhodes swerves to miss a truck.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Quit busting my chops. You think I wanted this?

CALLAHAN

We only had the one rule. How hard is it to follow one rule?

BROOKS

Really, you're doing this now? Turn right, here.

Rhodes over steers and the taxi ends up on the sidewalk as pedestrians dive for safety. Callahan leans out and fires.

RHODES

Was just getting my life path set on the beam. But no time for that, you got a destiny to feed now.

Everyone stops and stares at her. Rhodes takes notice.

RHODES

What? Was that out loud?

They all sheepishly go back to what they were doing.

BROOKS

We're not going to make it in time.

Rhodes swerves back into the road as the pursuers gain.

RHODES

We'll make it, I got a girl.

Callahan pulls back into the car to reload.

CALLAHAN

Number is she?

RHODES

96. But she'll always be...

CALLAHAN

...number one to you.

He fires out the window at the pursuers.

They are heading downhill weaving through traffic. Ahead, at the next intersection, the road they're on T's into a cross street. Beyond, a steep down slope. Rhodes speeds up.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS

What are you doing?

RHODES

Short cut.

HIGGINS

I'm rethinking this whole "going with" idea.

RHODES

Trust me. Know what I'm doing.

CALLAHAN

I find that when she makes that statement it's advisable to duck.

Brooks and Higgins start to cringe down in their seats.

EXT. STREET - HONG KONG - CONTINUOUS

The car races through the intersection, blasts through the balustrade on the other side and launches into the air.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The group braces for the inevitable impact. Rhodes seems more in her element now that she is airborne.

EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The taxi touches down on the following side of a slope roofed building then goes airborne again before finally landing on the flat top level of a parking structure.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

RHODES

That's how you drive a car.

CALLAHAN

More like fly. Gonna call that move the Hong Kong Calamity.

RHODES

How 'bout, Kung Pao Carpool?

CALLAHAN

Damn it, that's so much better. Where'd we land on the stewardess issue?

EXT. STREET - HONG KONG - CONTINUOUS

The pursuers come to a stop at the break in the barrier.

EXT. STREET - THE HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

The taxi shoots out from the parking structure and blows across the road to the entrance for the Clipper terminal.

The group jump out of the cab and race inside.

INT. CLIPPER TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and crew run down the central corridor.

MARGIE

(O.S.)

Tori! This way.

The group slides to a stop and looks right.

RHODES

Margie!

Rhodes flies into her arms and they hug like there's no tomorrow. **MARGIE** wears the uniform of the airline.

MARGIE

Late as usual. No time for catch up, we got a plane waiting.

They all follow Margie as she heads towards the door to the dock. As the others start to exit Brooks pulls up.

BROOKS

Far as I go.

RHODES

What are you doing?

BROOKS

Somebody's got to keep our friends away from that plane.

CALLAHAN

Might need this.

Callahan tosses him the sub machine gun.

BROOKS

Appreciate it. Get out of here.

Callahan turns and pushes Higgins through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN  
Move it, package.

Rhodes moves closer to Brooks.

RHODES  
Don't even know your name.

BROOKS  
It's Clive. Clive Brooks.

RHODES  
Here's for luck, Clive.

She kisses him hard and then pulls away, catches herself.

RHODES  
Guess I got to add you to my fate.

She turns and disappears out the door.

BROOKS  
Now, that's what I'm talking about.

Brooks turns back towards the entrance. He looks left and then right, nods at the **FOUR MEN**, government types in trench coats, that have been blending into the scenery.

BROOKS  
Boys.

The four men move up either side of Brooks to make a wall.

Far side of the building, the Japanese thugs pour in.

Just as Brooks and the four men brace for the onslaught a distinguished looking gentleman, **COLONEL CRIPPS**, walks up behind Brooks and taps him on the shoulder. Brooks turns.

BROOKS  
Colonel Cripps?

CRIPPS  
Captain Brooks, follow me.

BROOKS  
But...

CRIPPS  
Don't worry, these fellows can  
handle the rif-raf.

Cripps guides Brooks away from the men who head into battle.

(CONTINUED)



While they walk and talk the sound of a raging battle with screaming, guns firing, and things smashing fills the air.

CRIPPS

I need you to shift focus.

A Japanese thug rushes them with samurai sword in hand. Brooks shoots him, he falls to the ground in front of them.

CRIPPS

We've identified Blaze Thompson as a nexus for a villainous plot designed by our friends in Germany.

They step over the thug without missing a beat.

BROOKS

The American industrialist?

CRIPPS

An operative we have placed in his organization tells us he's come across something he shouldn't have.

They come to a double door leading outside to a dock. Brooks holds it open. Cripps walks through followed by Brooks.

EXT. DOCK - CLIPPER TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

The pair walk up the dock towards a super sleek airplane.

CRIPPS

Going to need you to take an LRSFT to a place called Nevada, keep an eye on Thompson's operation.

BROOKS

What's an LRSFT?

CRIPPS

Long Range Super Fast Transport.

They come to the terminus of the dock and the LRSFT.

CRIPPS

At the International Air Police Force we have a mandate to combat villainy wherever we find it.

BROOKS

So we always get the latest toys. How cool is that?

(CONTINUED)

CRIPPS

Quite. Proper tool for the job, I like to say. This will get you across the pond in half the time of the clipper.

BROOKS

What am I looking for?

CRIPPS

Uncertain. All I know, if left to the wrong hands it could upset the balance of power. And do try to keep a lower profile on this one.

A small explosion can be heard coming from the terminal.

INT. CLIPPER - AIRBORNE - SOMEWHERE OVER THE PACIFIC - LATER

The service cart makes its way down the center aisle as Margie, now executing stewardess duties, serves up snacks and drinks to the passengers.

Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins fill a row splitting the aisle. All are in complete relax mode, deflated in their seats, recharging after earlier events. Margie rolls up.

MARGIE

What can I get for you?

RHODES

Week at a spa.

MARGIE

You and me both, sister. Try this.

She concocts a drink from her cart and hands it to Rhodes.

RHODES

What is it?

MARGIE

Week at a spa. Champagne cocktail.

Rhodes takes a sip.

RHODES

Dreamy. Let the fun and games begin.

MARGIE

Myrna Loy drinks them in the Thin Man movies.

(CONTINUED)

Margie turns to Callahan, hands him a drink.

MARGIE

You. I got Irish for you.

CALLAHAN

Mothers' milk. Perfect.

MARGIE

Damn right I am. Got a name,  
soldier?

CALLAHAN

Whiskey Callahan.

MARGIE

Fits. Margie Reynolds.

She's definitely flirting.

HIGGINS

I'll try a champagne cocktail.

This breaks the spell between Margie and Callahan. Margie gives Higgins the stink eye.

RHODES

Meet the package.

MARGIE

Stamp him, insufficient postage.

Margie hands him a drink, turns back to Rhodes.

MARGIE

What's got you all headin'  
stateside in such a rush?

RHODES

Blaze Thompson's got some  
cockamamie idea to buy Rhodesburg?

MARGIE

Rhodesburg? What's this world  
coming to when a snake in the grass  
like Blaze Thompson starts thinking  
he can mess with a person's  
hometown? It's sacrosanct. Where  
else people gonna learn to dream?

RHODES

Well, when I get through with him,  
gonna think twice about messing  
with anybody else's hometown.

(CONTINUED)

MARGIE

What I like to hear. You go girl.  
Let me know if you need any help.

She turns to Callahan.

MARGIE

I'll see you later.

Margie pushes her cart down the aisle.

Further down the rows of seating, Greta Fuchs looks up over the magazine she feigns reading to watch Rhodes and crew.

Rhodes takes another sip of her drink and turns to Higgins.

RHODES

Alright, Prof, what is that thing?

He picks up the object in the velvet sleeve and unwraps it.

HIGGINS

The Kagi Katana.

The professor is really only seeing it for the first time.

HIGGINS

Wow, it really is magnificent.

RHODES

All this has been for a sword you could get at a second hand shop?

This breaks Higgins from his reverie.

HIGGINS

Legend is, this sword passed to the first emperor from God to unite the eight provinces.

RHODES

Steal a legendary sword and you don't think the previous owners might get a tad upset?

HIGGINS

It wasn't taken because of the legend. It was taken because it's made from a metal never seen before. Metallurgy's my specialty.

Something catches Callahan's attention out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

Wonder if those previous owners  
would be angry enough to send a  
plane full of ninjas after it?

Out the window another airplane raises to level of the  
Clipper. The passenger compartment door is removed and  
**NINJAS** stand in the doorway.

Rhodes leans over to look out the window.

HIGGINS

We're perfectly safe in mid-air,  
aren't we?

RHODES

Don't count on it. Those aren't  
ninjas. They're flying ninjas.

EXT. CLIPPER - SKY - CONTINUOUS

The ninja plane raises above and forward of the Clipper. In  
position, it starts to rain ninjas in wingsuits. They sail  
towards the Clipper while executing an aerial ballet.

A ninja lands on the wing of the Clipper and attaches  
himself with the use of suction cups. Another grabs his legs  
and then another until they form a human chain dangling off  
the wing. The last one in the chain scampers over the rest  
and slides down the wing struts to the door. Others follow  
as they begin to pry open the door.

INT. CLIPPER - AIRBORNE - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes leans back in her seat.

RHODES

I was really enjoying this drink.

She gets up, drink in hand, and walks up the aisle. Callahan  
gets up, slugs his whiskey, and follows.

CALLAHAN

Fun and games my eye. Knew this  
destiny business was trouble.

The cabin door sucks open and the first ninja pulls himself  
in as Rhodes walks up. She downs the rest of her drink and  
hands the empty glass to the ninja which confuses him.

RHODES

Hold this.

(CONTINUED)

Rhodes kicks the ninja in the chest sending him back out of the plane and sailing off into the air while taking the ninja directly behind with him.

RHODES  
No late boarding.

She stoops to rip the slit in her skirt higher. Two more ninjas climb into the plane and engage Rhodes in some martial arts. She gives better than she gets.

Callahan comes up and starts fighting with a couple of more ninjas that have gotten in.

More ninjas enter. A pair of them move forward to the flight deck while the others bring out the nun chucks and throwing stars and begin to flail and sail them at the passengers.

Margie shoves her drink cart down the aisle, knocking down a ninja. She gets hit in the arm with a throwing star.

Callahan clobbers the star throwing ninja. Moves to Margie.

CALLAHAN  
You alright?

He gently removes the star.

MARGIE  
I'm good. Gotta go help passengers.  
But after this is over, gonna need  
me some whiskey.

CALLAHAN  
Bar's open.

She sees a ninja coming up behind Callahan.

MARGIE  
Look out!

Callahan turns around to a ninja with nun chucks. He punches him in the nose and knocks him out. He turns back to Margie but she is already up and looking after the others.

Rhodes is being swarmed by ninjas.

RHODES  
There's too many of them.

Callahan wades into the fray, dispatching ninjas as he goes. Working his up to where Rhodes is fighting.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

This is what comes from not  
following the rules. Total anarchy.

INT. COCKPIT - CLIPPER - CONTINUOUS

Two ninjas burst into the cockpit, subdue the pilot and co-pilot and take over the controls of the plane.

INT. PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - CLIPPER - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes takes care of the ninja she is fighting yet gets no reprieve as another takes his place. This one pulls out a samurai sword and backs Rhodes down the aisle.

Rhodes gets parallel with Higgins still in his seat, frozen in terror and holding the katana. Rhodes unsheathes the business end of the weapon and turns, sets, and begins the intricate dance of sword fighting with her opponent.

Back and forth with Rhodes gaining the upper hand when she knocks the sword from his hand and it flies out the door.

Not wanting to be run through by Rhodes, the ninja dives out the door as well. Remember, he's got a flying suit on.

Callahan finishes up with the ninja he's been fighting and he and Rhodes start for the cockpit.

GRETA

Enough!

Rhodes pulls up short, turns.

Greta, with a balaclava pulled over her face and wearing a parachute pack, holds a Luger to Higgins' head as she walks him towards the front of the plane.

GRETA

Nobody move.

The two ninjas from the cockpit exit and come up behind Rhodes and Callahan. Callahan turns to watch them.

RHODES

Let go of the package.

HIGGINS

Hey!

Greta, with Higgins, moves up in front of Rhodes, standing by the door.

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

Shut up. Hand me the sword.

RHODES

Let him go.

Rhodes holds the sword out. Greta takes the sword and shoves Higgins at Rhodes, who catches him.

GRETA

This has been fun, but I've got another plane to catch.

Greta jumps from the plane.

The rest of the ninjas scramble out of the plane as well.

EXT. CLIPPER - SKY - CONTINUOUS

Greta's parachute blooms when she pulls the cord. The ninjas all sail past and down towards an island below.

A Blohm & Voss Ha 139 German gull wing float plane zooms by. The hook trailing off the tail snags Greta's parachute and pulls her along as crew starts to reel her in to safety.

INT. CLIPPER - AIRBORNE - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan watch from the open passenger door.

CALLAHAN

OK, seriously, that was trick.

RHODES

Seemed a little over the top to me.

CALLAHAN

Jealous much?

RHODES

Yeah, alright, it was pretty cool.

A beat before Rhodes and Callahan realize their plane is unmanned and starting to dive. They race for the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT - CLIPPER - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan find their respective seats and Rhodes pulls back on the yoke - the plane still plummets.

Callahan joins in the effort, still no change.

Rhodes pushes the throttle forward, adding speed.

(CONTINUED)



RHODES

Last time we go commercial.

CALLAHAN

Eh, the food's crap anyway.

Finally the plane starts to nose up.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - PACIFIC - CONTINUOUS

The plane finds its nadir right at water's surface as it skims along before regaining some altitude.

INT. COCKPIT - CLIPPER - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan relax some as they regain normal flight.

RHODES

Is there a possibility we could ever have a normal trip?

CALLAHAN

This wasn't normal?

RHODES

Messed up our delivery record.

CALLAHAN

Still got the package. Isn't that what your fate's about?

RHODES

No idea. And it's destiny, so screw that, this is business. On the manifest, it's our liability. So, whatever it takes, gonna find that sword.

CALLAHAN

Kinda figured that was the way you were gonna go. Destiny or fate, you know I got your back, no matter.

RHODES

Only dead cert I do know.

Callahan is acting anxious, fidgety. Rhodes notices.

RHODES

Go on. See if she can rustle us up some coffee while you're at it.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

Thanks, Skip.

He jumps up out of his seat and exits.

RHODES

This counts as your stewardess. And check on the package. Least we can deliver that in proper order.

Rhodes sets the controls to fly off and conquer the horizon.

EXT. OLD GLOBE MAP - ANYTIME

Animated lines show the progress of the China Clipper as well as the IAPF LRSFT with Brooks aboard as they travel across the Pacific, with the LRSFT reaching America in lightning like fashion. It also shows the Ha 139 on its journey to Canada.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Rhodes pilots the clipper under the bridge.

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - LATER

Yellow Cab pulls to the curb amid the bustle of city life that permeates the street. Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins exit and head to the entrance of the Thompson building.

INT. LOBBY - THOMPSON BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Filled with the faculty of thirties business life and their comings and goings.

Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins start across the lobby.

RHODES

We drop the package, collect the money, put a stop to this buyout.

CALLAHAN

You make it sound so easy. On the other hand, experience tells me, nothing is ever easy with you.

HIGGINS

Excuse me.

He stops. Rhodes turns towards him.

(CONTINUED)

HIGGINS

I wish you'd stop referring to me  
as the package. It's extremely  
disconcerting.

Higgins realizes that Rhodes is not actually looking at him.

HIGGINS

Almost as disconcerting as not  
looking at me when I'm speaking...

RHODES

What the...

Rhodes pushes past Higgins and crosses to the lobby news  
stand. She grabs a newspaper hanging on the rack.

The headline reads: "BLAZE BUYS BURG!"

RHODES

That son of a...

INT. BLAZE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - THOMPSON BUILDING - LATER

The paper slams down on the desk.

RHODES

...bastard!

Thompson leans back in his chair.

BLAZE

I see that time hasn't tempered  
your torrid tongue.

RHODES

This one of your twisted jokes?

She picks up the paper and throws it at him.

Thompson gets up and strolls around his desk.

BLAZE

I assure you the press doesn't lie.

RHODES

You own the damn paper.

BLAZE

They maintain an arms length  
editorial integrity.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

We'll put a pin in that for now.  
What the hell could you possibly  
want with my hometown?

BLAZE

To be honest, I wasn't actually  
interested in that. I was trying to  
buy your air freight business. The  
only shareholders I could find was  
a trust for the town of Rhodesburg.  
So I bought the town.

RHODES

What? Why?

Across the room Callahan and Higgins are desperately trying  
to blend into the background.

HIGGINS

Who buys a town?

CALLAHAN

Somebody with a lot of money.

Blaze crosses to the bank of windows and the view.

BLAZE

Granted, Air Rhodes isn't really  
worth much, but it does have one  
very valuable asset. You. I need  
you to come work with me.

RHODES

And you couldn't just send a  
telegram? Pick up a phone?

Thompson turns to Rhodes.

BLAZE

Would you have answered?

Rhodes ponders this a moment, shrugs. Blaze moves closer.

BLAZE

Needed to get your attention. It's  
a great deal. Rhodesburg gets a  
cash infusion and I get the best  
pilot in the world.

RHODES

What the hell do I get?

Thompson moves in, grabs her arms.

(CONTINUED)

BLAZE

You get to fly the newest planes.  
Break every record. Gonna be great,  
Tori. We'll be unstoppable.

Rhodes spins out of his grasp.

RHODES

No. You don't get to call me that.

Callahan and Higgins.

CALLAHAN

I know that tone.

Rhodes steps back.

RHODES

Should have known. This is just  
another of your pathetic attempts  
at trying to get us back together.  
How much to buy back the town?

BLAZE

Not for sale. But I'll trade you.  
Make one flight for me, then listen  
to a proposition and it's yours. No  
matter what you decide.

RHODES

Why the hell do you need me?

BLAZE

You're the only one I trust to fly  
the Manzanita Mallard.

Rhodes' interest is piqued by this wild card.

RHODES

Wait. You built that stupid thing?

BLAZE

She's a beaut'. Biggest plane in  
the world and you're going to be  
the first to fly her.

Rhodes weighs the prospects. Blaze tries to close the sale.

BLAZE

Knew you wouldn't come unless I did  
something drastic.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

What the hell. Done more for less.  
I do this one job then you give  
Rhodesburg back to the people.

BLAZE

Absolutely! Flying to Mead in three  
hours, pick up the Mallard. Gonna  
be a dream come true.

The trio start for the door.

RHODES

One man's dream, another woman's  
nightmare.

Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins exit.

INT. CORRIDOR - THOMPSON BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Callahan notices Higgins following them.

CALLAHAN

Wait, why you following us?

HIGGINS

Nobody signed for me so I figured I  
should stick with you guys.

RHODES

Ah shoot. Forgot to get Blaze to  
sign off on the package.

They come to the elevator, push the call button and wait.

HIGGINS

Oh my god, your constant badgering,  
I'm starting to act like a package.

Rhodes and Callahan stare blankly at him.

RHODES

Huh... Yeah, we'll get it later.

The elevator doors open and they move inside.

CALLAHAN

So what number is he?

RHODES

Who, Blaze? He don't get a number.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

Seems harsh.

RHODES

How things work.

EXT. HANGER 17 - LAKE MEAD - DAY

Fredricks looks on as **A GANG OF WORKERS** offload a huge crate, large enough to contain the dingus, from a truck.

Brooks, blending in as a worker, sidles up to Fredricks.

FREDRICKS

You Brooks?

BROOKS

Yeah. What have you got for me?

FREDRICKS

The dingus is shipping out tonight.  
You need to get on that plane.

BROOKS

The hell is a dingus?

FREDRICKS

You figure it out, you let me know.

EXT. BOULDER DAM - NIGHT

A small sea plane flies over the face of the dam, heads further up the lake.

EXT. HANGER 17 - LAKE MEAD - NIGHT

Rhodes is piloting the plane as it splashes down and taxis to the dock. Blaze, Callahan, and Higgins as passengers.

EXT. HANGER 17 - LAKE MEAD - LATER

The massive doors pull apart to reveal the Mallard.

INT. HANGER 17 - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes, Callahan, Higgins and Blaze walk along the dock next to the fuselage of the gigantic airplane. Huge red letters reading: "AIR RHODES" adorn the fuselage.

BLAZE

Wingspan's 350. 10 Pratt-Whitney's  
with a top speed of 550 and a range  
of 4000 miles. Plane like this, we  
can conquer the world.

(CONTINUED)

Blaze turns to Rhodes who is studying the plane.

RHODES  
Can't say it's understated.

BLAZE  
Exactly. Free advertising.

RHODES  
Or an easy target.

Rhodes crosses the gang plank to get inside the craft. The others follow.

INT. CARGO HOLD - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

The group enters the fuselage at mid-point. A cargo of crates, including the dingus crate, occupy the space.

They head towards the front of the plane, Rhodes pulls up.

RHODES  
Hang on.

BLAZE  
What's the problem?

She pulls a piece of paper and a pen from her jacket.

RHODES  
Haven't signed for the package.

Blaze signs the paper, hands it back to Rhodes.

BLAZE  
Well, Prof, guess you're mine now.

HIGGINS  
This is ridiculous.

Blaze slaps him on the back and almost knocks him down.

BLAZE  
Slap a fragile sticker on him.

RHODES  
And don't worry, last thing I do, I will get that sword back.

BLAZE  
I don't. Too much money to worry.

They all start off again towards the flight deck.



INT. HANGER 17 - CONTINUOUS

Brooks watches the action from a perch in the rafters. Seeing an opening, he climbs down and sneaks aboard the Mallard.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan at the controls. The cockpit is huge. There are rows of seats. Blaze paces behind the pilots and Higgins sits in one of the observation seats.

A **SMATTERING OF SECONDARY CREW** go about their function.

Rhodes and Callahan are familiarizing themselves with functions and controls.

Rhodes runs her hands along the control panel as if to make a deeper connection with the craft.

RHODES

Alright, let's go to work. Show me what you got, baby.

She pushes forward the throttles and the engines roar.

CALLAHAN

Number eight seems a little lean.

RHODES

Feather it. We're turning for our take off run.

INT. CARGO HOLD - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Brooks creates a hiding spot for himself behind some crates.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan massage the controls.

RHODES

What's the rotation speed?

BLAZE

Should be around a hundred knots.

RHODES

Should be? This is going to be fun.

BLAZE

All else fails, I got backup. My company actually built this dam.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

What's that got to do with the price of tea in England? Speed?

CALLAHAN

Seventy knots.

RHODES

Not going to make it.

The lip of the dam is looming closer.

Blaze is exceedingly calm in light of the situation.

BLAZE

Well, when I built it, I added some extra features.

Blaze turns to the **RADIO MAN** seated in front of the communications console back in a corner of the flight deck.

BLAZE

Tell them to yank the plank.

RADIO MAN

Yank the plank! Yank the plank!

Blaze turns back to Rhodes.

BLAZE

Unlike you, I like to plan ahead.

RHODES

Winging it has worked for me so far. Why you hired me.

EXT. LAKE SIDE OF THE DAM - CONTINUOUS

Mid point of the dam the lake surface starts to churn. A large ramp angles up out of the water to the lip of the dam.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

RHODES

The hell is that?

BLAZE

Ain't that a peach? Head for it.

Everyone braces as they close in on the dam.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Speed?

CALLAHAN

Eighty-five knots.

RHODES

Strap yourselves in.

Blaze doesn't move, he's going out standing tall.

CALLAHAN

Ninety.

RHODES

Hang on.

CALLAHAN

Here we go again.

EXT. LAKE SIDE OF THE DAM - CONTINUOUS

The plane hits the ramp and skis up and over the dam then drops like a rock, disappearing from sight below the lip.

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE FOREVER the Manzanita Mallard appears once more, rising above the level of the dam and attaining flight for the first time as it heads off into the night.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Things have settled down now that they are in the air, save for Blaze who is beside himself with excitement.

BLAZE

Ha, Ha! Knew this beauty could fly.  
They said it couldn't be done.

RHODES

Yeah, well, since we haven't  
crashed, burned, and gone straight  
to hell, you got a destination?

BLAZE

Northeast. We're going to Canada.  
Be in my office. Clock's ticking,  
break a record.

CALLAHAN

Crap, we're going to frozen hell.

Blaze starts to exit but pulls up, turns to Higgins.

(CONTINUED)

BLAZE

Professor, would you join me?

Higgins gets out of his seat and follows Blaze. They exit.

Rhodes and Callahan take a moment to allow their compatriots leave and the other crew members to migrate out of earshot.

RHODES

What's your read?

CALLAHAN

Hard to tell. Lot of crates labeled  
"Machine Parts" down in that hold.

RHODES

Noticed that. I'll check it out.

INT. BLAZE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

The space is an exact, as smaller in scale, version of his corporate office including the mural behind his desk.

A bank of windows in the fuselage reveal a panorama of night sky along with some mottling of light from the earth below.

Blaze is seated behind his desk as Higgins sits opposite. Higgins holds the scabbard for the Kagi Katana.

HIGGINS

Without the sword itself I cannot  
do an analysis of the metal.

BLAZE

Since I sent you after the sword  
something else has come up to  
better occupy your talents. A  
dingus that will change the world.  
May I see that?

Higgins hands the scabbard across the desk. Blaze turns it over slowly in his hands while examining the filigree.

BLAZE

Our problem's been weight to lift.  
We need a metal to combat this. You  
looked at this patterning?

HIGGINS

Ceremonial markings. Means nothing.

(CONTINUED)

BLAZE

This looks different.

He hands the scabbard back. Higgins examines it.

HIGGINS

These dots pattern like an atomic formula. This sword is a thousand... It's impossible...

BLAZE

There are more things in heaven and earth, Higgins, than are dreamt of in your science.

HIGGINS

If you say so. I'll check into this, as well as your dingus.

INT. CARGO HOLD - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes walks through the cargo hold, crowbar and mallet in hand, as she examines the markings on crates. She comes to one with markings in German. It's rather large and she uses a smaller one as step to get a good angle.

Using the crowbar and mallet she pries the crate top loose. Inside she finds a cylindrical object, a turbine.

She moves further in and comes across crates marked: LOX. She pries one open. Inside a high pressure tank.

Further in the hold a pair of eyes watches her movement.

Rhodes comes to the dingus crate and rubs her hand on it.

RHODES

What treasure do you hold?

After a moment she turns and heads back towards the front.

Clive Brooks steps from the shadows, watches her leave.

BROOKS

Focus on the job, Clive.

INT. CARL HIENZ OFFICE - THOMPSON CANADA - NIGHT

Carl studies a pull down map of North America on the wall. It shows the Thompson Canada location with missile striking radius emanating outward in red marker.

Greta enters and crosses to him. Carl turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

You've returned. I trust your mission was successful.

GRETA

The mission was not what you expected. He was only collecting a sword, which I stole. What is this?

CARL

Range calculations for our various missiles. As you can see, from this vantage point we can control most of the eastern seaboard and the great lakes.

GRETA

Excellent. And that?

She points to an 'X' on the map next to "Rhodesburg".

CARL

My sources inform me that Thompson has interest in this place called Rhodesburg. We must find out what's of strategic importance there.

GRETA

Sources? You read that in the paper.

CARL

Nevertheless, we focus our efforts on this Rhodesburg. It could be the key to controlling Thompson. And, if nothing else, we can test our targeting systems by bombing it to oblivion. We'll make it our opening salvo in the war upon the world.

GRETA

Finally get to destroy something.

INT. BLAZE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MALLARD - NIGHT

Scotch fills a cut crystal glass. Blaze picks it up and turns to see Rhodes standing in the doorway.

If he's surprised he doesn't show it. He holds his glass up.

BLAZE

Drink?

She comes all the way into the room.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

No thanks, I'm flying. So what's your play here?

BLAZE

I don't follow.

RHODES

Come on, you're always five moves ahead of everyone. What's your end game? What are you plotting?

Blaze crosses to the windows and gazes out at the full moon hanging in the sky.

BLAZE

It's simple. I'm going to the moon.

RHODES

Seems a reach, even for you.

He sets his scotch down and turns to Rhodes. He's sloppy, had too much to drink.

BLAZE

Not after what I found. Got an ace in the hole. Big surprise at the other end of this trip.

RHODES

Hate surprises. What's on the moon?

BLAZE

Something to run the future. Rare metals, extremely valuable.

He points to the luminous globe in the sky.

RHODES

It's all about money with you.

BLAZE

We're not so different. We're both in it for the money.

RHODES

We're nothing alike. I've got a moral compass. You're the poster child for self-interest.

BLAZE

Come on, Tori, together we could rule this world. Let me give you the moon.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Anybody else, that'd be a cliché.

BLAZE

We used to be so good together.  
What happened to us?

RHODES

I grew up and you grew down.

He moves in on her, grabs her arm, tries to kiss her.

She pushes back.

RHODES

No, damn it!

He tries harder.

BLAZE

I'm a man who gets what he wants.

RHODES

Prepare to be disappointed.

He tries even harder and she spins loose of his grasp and does a double pump twirl kick, landing a foot across his face. He sinks into a chair, out for the count.

RHODES

No means no.

She walks to the door and shuts off the light as she exits.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - LATER

Rhodes slips back into the pilots seat. Callahan looks up from the Esquire magazine he's reading.

CALLAHAN

How bad is it?

RHODES

Worse than you think, actually  
transporting machine parts.

CALLAHAN

What kind of monsters are we  
dealing with?

RHODES

Stay sharp.

(CONTINUED)



CALLAHAN

Do I have to feed the thing or are you going to take care of it?

RHODES

What are you talking about?

CALLAHAN

The elephant in the room.

RHODES

Up to me, that thing's dead.

CALLAHAN

Could you at least...

RHODES

When did you get all touchy-feely?

CALLAHAN

It's about situational awareness.

Rhodes stews for a moment. She slaps the plane into autopilot and turns to Callahan.

RHODES

You wanna know how I got involved with someone like Blaze.

CALLAHAN

It does go against the grain.

RHODES

He wasn't always the blustering buffoon.

She turns and stares out the windshield.

RHODES

Crossed paths with Blaze after I left the monastery. Guess you could say he was my first boyfriend

CALLAHAN

No way.

RHODES

Yeah way. Growing up in Rhodesburg I was everybody's sister. Nobody wants to go to prom with their sister. Monastery had its own set of peculiarities. I was always the outsider trying to fit in. Trying to figure out what was expected.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

Sounds to me like the only thing expected was the unexpected. How'd you get from Rhodesburg to a Chinese monastery?

RHODES

Fate, destiny. Master Wu made a deal using Chinese coolies to help rebuild Rhodesburg in exchange for allowing me to go to the monastery.

CALLAHAN

Now for the big question. When did Blaze become such an asshole?

RHODES

When his dad died he inherited all of that money. It changes people.

CALLAHAN

Yeah, you say that every time payday rolls around.

RHODES

And I stand by it.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Manzanita Mallard sails past the face of the moon.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - DAWN

The Manzanita Mallard drops down and gracefully skims the water as it slows from flight. Clive Brooks opens a side door and drops into the water and stealthily slips away.

EXT. THOMPSON INDUSTRIES - THOMPSON CANADA - LATER

A major industrial site for aircraft construction with its own airport and campus of factory buildings situated northeast of Montreal along the St. Lawrence River.

A launch gantry cradling a mid-sized test rocket grows out of an open area isolated from the main buildings.

Barbed wire fences and guard towers ring the facility and give a prison camp feel to the place.

A large dock runs into the St. Lawrence River. The Manzanita Mallard is tied up to the dock and its cargo is being offloaded and shuttled to warehouses shore side.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins gawk at the scale and activity of the place. People going purposely about their business in a very focused manner.

Blaze comes walking up. He has some bruising to the side of his face to which he holds an icepack.

BLAZE

Heard we broke that record.

RHODES

Seems a hollow victory with no one keeping track.

BLAZE

Long as we know. Come on, there's something I want to show you.

Blaze commandeers an open top jeep type vehicle parked nearby.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LAUNCH BUNKER - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

A slit of observation ports face the rocket. Behind this a bank of control and monitor equipment buzzes with life as a group of **WHITE COATED SCIENTISTS AND TECHNICIANS** hurriedly prepare for launch.

Carl Heinz stands at the back of the room observing. With him stands an imposing slab of beef, **BRUNO GANZ**. Between them, Greta. Bruno and Greta's body language suggest a more intimate relationship below the surface.

Blaze, Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins enter.

BLAZE

We're just in time.

Greta crosses to intercept them. Bruno follows.

GRETA

What are these people doing in the control room?

Blaze turns on her.

BLAZE

They're my guests.

The rest of the group stop what they are doing, turn towards the stand off. After a moment Carl moves to intercede.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Of course. Yes. We're all just excited, what with the launch.

Callahan turns to Greta, sticks out his hand.

CALLAHAN

Hi, Whiskey Callahan.

Greta takes his hand and shakes, smiles.

GRETA

Greta Fuchs.

CALLAHAN

I'm sure you do. What goes for fun around here, sister?

Rhodes sparks a flicker of recognition with Greta.

RHODES

Wait a minute. Have we met?

Greta turns towards Rhodes.

GRETA

You would know if we had.

RHODES

Been to Hong Kong lately?

**ERIC SCHNITZEL**, a lab coated tech, stands up at his console.

ERIC

Please, we can't have this kind of chaos in the control room.

Everyone stops and stares at Eric.

BLAZE

You heard the man. Back to work.

The room returns to normal. The launch countdown continues.

COUNTDOWN

Vier. Drei. Zwei. Eins. Abheben!

A massive tail of fire roars out of the rocket. All eyes watch as the rocket pulls up and away.

EXT. GANTRY - LAUNCH SITE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

The gantry falls back as the rocket lifts into the air.

When it reaches a couple thousand feet in elevation it begins to arc out across the river.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LAUNCH BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

All eyes follow the trajectory as the rocket heads to earth. It strikes the ground with a nice fireball explosion.

Thompson deflates, this was not what he expected. He turns and storms out of the bunker, leaving the others behind.

The German scientists all seem to be congratulating each other, as if the rocket performed exactly as planned.

Rhodes decides it's time to leave, grabs Higgins. Bruno steps in front of the door, blocking their exit. Rhodes looks up at this wall of flesh.

RHODES

Keep standing there you're gonna  
regret the day your mother decided  
to perpetuate the species.

Confused, Bruno stares them down.

Carl and Greta walk over.

CARL

We have protocols here...

RHODES

The name's Rhodes. Tornado Rider  
Rhodes.

CARL

The famous Tornado Rider Rhodes,  
Carl Heinz, at your service.

His heels click together.

RHODES

Answer me this, Herr Heinz, why's  
everyone happy the rocket crashed?

CARL

You are confused. Any successful  
liftoff is cause for celebration.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Seems like a low bar. Tell your  
goon to step aside.

Bruno receives a nod from Carl and he moves aside.

Rhodes starts to exit but Carl puts his arm across the door.

CARL

Be very careful, Miss Rhodes. A  
place like this holds many dangers.

He removes his arm from the doorway.

RHODES

Look, pal, I can do thinly veiled  
threats as well as the next person.  
Why don't we just cut to the chase.

CARL

Why, whatever do you mean?

RHODES

Have it your way. My, that's a  
nasty scar. Hope you don't get  
another.

Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins exit the building.

Carl watches, giving them the stink eye. He turns to Bruno.

CARL

Keep an eye on them.

Bruno wedges himself through the door.

Carl turns to Greta.

CARL

How could you leave loose ends?

GRETA

They were just couriers. How could  
I know Blaze would bring them here?

CARL

This could prove problematic if  
they figure out we were involved  
with taking the sword.

INT. CORRIDOR - LAB BUILDING - THOMPSON CANADA - LATER

Rhodes, Callahan, and Higgins walk up the center corridor that divides the building between offices and labs.

RHODES

Anybody else think it weird those rocket boys all seemed happy that thing crashed in the field?

HIGGINS

I understand German and there's a difference between crashing and hitting a target.

CALLAHAN

What was your deal with Blondie?

RHODES

Not sure. Something rang a bell. The hell were you doing, sport?

CALLAHAN

What? She's the only game in town.

They get to one lab and Higgins stops.

HIGGINS

I think this is me.

Higgins pushes into the lab, the others follow.

INT. HIGGINS LAB - LAB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with test equipment and chalkboards.

Higgins finds himself right at home. Forgets the others.

RHODES

Gonna miss him.

CALLAHAN

There'll be other packages.

Rhodes and Callahan leave the lab.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Rhodes and Callahan emerge from the lab building and walk towards the airfield.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

Gotta say, longer I'm here sooner I want to leave.

RHODES

Way I see it we got two choices. Stay around here and get caught up in whatever shenanigans Blaze is up to or hit the dusty, find ourselves some horizon to tame and track down that damn sword.

CALLAHAN

You know my vote.

A large truck passes carrying the dingus crate.

RHODES

Horizon it is. But first, gonna need to open that box.

CALLAHAN

Lead the way, Pandora.

They walk after the truck.

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

The truck has backed into the hanger and the large crate has been offloaded by a big forklift.

Rhodes and Callahan enter, cross to the crate.

CALLAHAN

What'cha think it is?

RHODES

No idea. Check the manifest.

Callahan pulls the shipping manifest off the crate.

CALLAHAN

(reading)

One dingus.

RHODES

Got ourselves a dingus.

Callahan picks up a crowbar and mallet, starts at the crate.

A side pops off, then more until the craft is revealed.

Rhodes and Callahan stand back to admire the thing.

(CONTINUED)



CALLAHAN

Yep, that's a dingus. The hell is a dingus?

They both circle it in opposite directions. Rhodes takes note of the slot.

They both return to standing back and admiring it.

CALLAHAN

'member that guy we met in Singapore? Aussie pilot, always buying drinks. Talked about seeing strange discs in the sky. Always thought he was crazy.

RHODES

He was crazy. That don't mean he didn't see something.

BLAZE

Knew you'd sniff it out. This is the surprise I was talking about. What do you think?

They turn towards the sound of Blaze walking up.

RHODES

It's just what every girl wants, a big ball of metal. What am I suppose to think?

BLAZE

Suppose to think that this is the future of flight. My ace in the hole for the moon if those jerks fail me. Want you to fly it.

Blaze runs his hand along the surface of the dingus.

RHODES

You don't even know that flying is what it does.

CALLAHAN

Could be the worlds largest paperweight.

BLAZE

Got a feeling. Gonna need you to test pilot when we reverse engineer it. Nothing else, we can duplicate the metal.

(CONTINUED)

Rhodes turns to Callahan for a sign. He rolls his eyes.

RHODES

Sorry, Blaze, gonna take a pass,  
hit the trail, find out what  
destiny's got in store for us.

CALLAHAN

Yeah, last I remember destiny was  
waiting for me in a bar.

BLAZE

But you can't, I need you. This is  
your destiny.

RHODES

Doesn't feel like it. Besides...

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - LATER

The DC-3 is being loaded with cargo. Rhodes and Callahan  
shove packages into the hold as Blaze watches.

RHODES

Deal's a deal. Only signed on to  
put the kibosh on your Rhodesburg  
ploy. Time to get moving, got a  
loose end to tie up. Can't have a  
lost in transit mark against me.

BLAZE

Yeah, but...

CALLAHAN

No buts, manifest needs rectifying.

BLAZE

I don't care about the sword.

RHODES

I do. Besides, sweat the details  
and the big things take care of  
themselves. Thanks for the load.

Rhodes signs her name to a paper on a clipboard, rips it off  
and hands it to Blaze.

RHODES

You've got a town to turn over.

BLAZE

Already took care of that.

Gerta, carrying a ship wrapped box, and Carl walk up.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

How fortunate! We were afraid we would miss wishing Gute Fahrt.

RHODES

Is that a thing?

GRETA

It means, good journey, good trip.

CALLAHAN

Oh. Thought I was going to have to punch someone.

GERTA

Yes, well, in honor of your maiden flight, we wanted to add this to the cargo. No hard feelings.

She offers the package. Callahan takes it. Gives it a shake.

CALLAHAN

Only about leaving you.

GRETA

That's sweet. And so is this, a fruitcake for my mother.

Rhodes marks it down on the manifest.

BLAZE

You'll always have a home here.

RHODES

Hate the long goodbyes.

CALLAHAN

Yeah, need to get wheels up.

Rhodes and Callahan climb into the plane. The engines fire and the plane starts to taxi down the runway.

CARL

One problem eliminated.

GRETA

I never did understand. What's she suppose to be famous for?

CARL

It's the 30's. Nowadays, what with newsreels, it seems like people are famous just for being famous.

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

We live in strange times.

They watch the plane start the takeoff.

EXT. SKY OVER CANADA - LATER

DC-3 flies through the air.

INT. DC-3 - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Callahan at the controls, relaxed.

CALLAHAN

Now that we got some free time  
explain the difference between this  
fate and destiny stuff.

RHODES

Not a clue. Both take away personal  
responsibility, choice, freedom.  
Seems more like just way to sell  
magazine subscriptions.

CALLAHAN

My guess, fate's the cards you're  
dealt, destiny is how you play 'em.

After a minute something begins to gnaw. She sits up.

RHODES

Damn it.

CALLAHAN

What is it?

RHODES

Something's not right. Let me see  
the manifest.

Callahan hands her the clipboard. She studies it.

RHODES

There.

She gets up and starts for the back. Callahan follows.

CALLAHAN

Have you gone batty?

Rhodes shuffles through the boxes.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

It's backwards. Mothers don't get fruitcakes, they send them.

She holds up the package that Greta handed them. She sets it on a crate and carefully opens it. Inside, a bomb.

RHODES

Ideas?

CALLAHAN

Less than a day, a new record for people wanting to kill you.

RHODES

Me? More like your girlfriend didn't like your approach, pal.

CALLAHAN

Well, maybe, but she'd love my landing. And you were the one...

RHODES

What about the bomb!?

CALLAHAN

Oh, right. Set the clock back. Think Blaze was in on it?

She does this - it seems to work.

RHODES

Don't know. Gonna find out. Jeopardize our company rep, they just made one hell of an enemy.

CALLAHAN

Wait, that's your takeaway, company rep? They tried to kill us.

RHODES

Don't be an infant. Hell, that happens all the time, but don't mess with our delivery record.

CALLAHAN

How we gonna play it?

RHODES

Close to the vest until we find out what's what. Got a feeling that sword's closer than we thought.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

We're going back.

RHODES

Have to, insufficient postage on  
this package.

CALLAHAN

Mark it, return to sender.

RHODES

Damn straight, 'cuz this thing just  
got professional.

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Higgins examines the dingus. Measuring, scraping, banging,  
drilling, to no effect. Uses a spectrometer, Geiger counter,  
and gloss meter. Heats it, freeze it, talks to it.

INT. HIGGINS LAB - LAB BUILDING - THOMPSON CANADA - NIGHT

Chalkboards filled with numbers, equations, and diagrams.

Higgins examines the scabbard under a huge magnifying glass.

Mixing and melting metals in a small stone furnace.  
Examining test samples under a microscope.

Higgins pacing back and forth. Finally, the eureka moment.

EXT. ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - NIGHT

An odd looking ship with a flattop deck steers into a  
protected harbor, hidden from normal river traffic.

Name on the stern reads: JADE. A steamer converted to  
aircraft carrier. It's small, but potent. One of Germany's  
first carriers. On its deck a squad of Messerschmidt Bf 109.

EXT. FENCE LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - NIGHT

**TWO ARMED GUARDS** patrolling the fence with a German Shepard  
on a leash come across a hole cut into the wire. They stop  
to examine and then begin to search the area.

INT. METALS FORGE BUILDING - THOMPSON CANADA - NIGHT

Eric, using tongs, pulls a chunk of metal from the process  
line and dips it into a barrel of water to cool.

Steam rises, enveloping him in a cloud.

Greta looks on, monitoring the progress. Carl enters.

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

We keep surpassing our targets.

CARL

Excellent. I have good news as well. The Jade has arrived and taken up position down river.

GRETA

I'm not familiar with this, Jade.

CARL

The latest in air warfare. A ship that can launch and land aircraft.

GRETA

The Third Reich rules!

EXT. ROOF - METALS FORGE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Clive Brooks watches the action below through an open skylight. A bullet ricochets off the frame of the skylight. Clive turns to see **GUARDS** at the other end of the roof.

BROOKS

Son of a...

INT. METALS FORGE BUILDING - THOMPSON CANADA - CONT'D

Hearing the ruckus, Greta and Carl look towards the ceiling.

GRETA

What was that?

CARL

Sounds like we have rats.

EXT. GROUNDS - THOMPSON CANADA - NIGHT

Clive hits the ground running. **MORE GUARDS** take up pursuit.

BROOKS

There goes the low profile.

Clive heads for the hole in the fence.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Another exact full scale replica of his San Francisco office with windows looking out on the airfield. Thompson sits at his desk while Carl and Greta stand in front of the windows.

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

We had an intrusion last night.  
Security here is nonexistent.

BLAZE

So, deal with it. I want to know  
about my moon launch.

Greta starts to speak, Carl cuts her off. He turns and crosses to Blaze's desk, Greta follows.

CARL

We feel more short range testing is  
in order before we try some...

BLAZE

You've done enough testing, it's  
time to put up or shut up.

CARL

Of course. You're absolutely right.

Carl and Greta leave the office.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Carl and Greta walk through the outer office. Bruno, who has been waiting in the outer office, follows behind them.

GRETA

His stupid project is interfering  
with our plans. He must be stopped.

CARL

I'm beginning to agree with you.

GRETA

Then I can shoot him?

CARL

Of course not, but...

He takes a couple of steps and then the realization strikes.

CARL

You know what? Build his rocket.

GRETA

What? You can't be serious?

CARL

It's so simple. He'll think we're  
launching to the moon but we'll aim  
him at something of value to us.

(CONTINUED)



GRETA

Know where you're going with this.

CARL

An elegant industrial accident is a perfect cover to get rid of him and destroy this Rhodesburg place at the same time. Opportunity plus ingenuity creates serendipity.

He opens the door and exits. Greta and Bruno follow.

EXT. ADMIN BUILDING - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Carl, Greta, and Bruno have their attentions sparked by the DC-3 just touching down on the runway.

GRETA

Is that...

CARL

What's she doing back?

GRETA

The bomb must have been a dud.

BRUNO

Or she delivered it to your mother.

CARL

Bomb? You tried to kill her? She was leaving. Why would you do that?

GRETA

I was tying up loose ends as you suggested. Besides, I have a real problem with female competition.

CARL

You've overplayed our hand. Best you stay out of her way for now. So much for serendipity.

Carl turns and walks off. Bruno and Greta follow after.

INT. BLAZE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - THOMPSON CANADA - LATER

Blaze, at his desk, looks up when Rhodes and Callahan enter.

BLAZE

You're back! What changed your mind?

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Fruitcake 'round here is too good  
to pass up.

Blaze gets up, comes around his desk.

BLAZE

I did not know that. But, whatever  
it takes. Let's get you set up.

RHODES

Before we get to that tell me about  
your partners. Need to know who  
we're dealing with.

BLAZE

I know they have more PHDs than I  
got airplanes. Got a lot of planes.

RHODES

Seems like they've got an agenda  
that doesn't coincide with yours.

BLAZE

In business, everyone has their own  
agenda. Nature of the beast. Long  
as I get mine, more than happy to  
let them have theirs as long as  
they don't cross me.

RHODES

You're a brilliant idiot.

BLAZE

No argument there. Now, to  
business. Callahan, putting you in  
charge of the supply run.

They exit the office together.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Carl and Greta watch as Bruno is given an injection in his  
arm by a doctor, **GERHART MITZER**.

With the injection, Bruno's muscles seem to expand.

GERHART

How do you feel?

BRUNO

Like a god.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Excellent. This pituitary serum  
seems to be working quite well.

GERHART

I'm concerned about side effects.  
I've seen increasing bouts of rage  
and violence. I'm thinking of  
canceling the program.

Greta, furious, grabs the doctor by the lapels.

GRETA

You will give me an injection!

CARL

Nothing's perfect.

The doctor quickly readies another shot.

INT. HIGGINS LAB - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Higgins stands at a chalkboard. Movement in the corridor  
catches his attention. He turns and sees Rhodes.

HIGGINS

Eliza Doolittle!

RHODES

Professor Henry Higgins.

She enters holding the fruitcake box.

HIGGINS

You know, I finally got that  
reference. Very clever.

RHODES

Got a puzzle for you.

She opens the box, shows him the bomb.

HIGGINS

Whoa, a bomb. Where'd you get it?

He dives into the innards of it, excited.

RHODES

Our German friends.

HIGGINS

Oh. Yeah, they're not good people.  
What do you want to do with this?

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Was wondering if you could make a couple of alterations.

HIGGINS

Shouldn't be a problem. You know, they talk in front of me in German. They don't think I understand. I know what they are planning.

RHODES

I'm all ears.

HIGGINS

You're gonna love this. Time enough to think of a future.

RHODES

When you haven't any future to think of. Seriously? You? But you've been helping the Germans.

HIGGINS

No. They only think I am. The metal I made for them is junk. I faked the test results. It won't withstand the reentry G-force.

RHODES

Why, Prof, you are the clever one.

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Eric, wearing welders goggles, applies the flame from an acetylene torch to the dingus to try and cut it open and making no discernible progress.

Carl, Greta, and a **CREW OF TECHNICIANS** watch the work as a **RING OF GUARDS** encircle the activities.

CARL

I don't care about the details, just make it work. We must stay ahead of Thompson. First the moon, then Rhodesburg, now this. The man is diabolical. What is he planning?

ERIC

We have no idea what we are dealing with here. What this thing is.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

This thing is a key to the future of the world. We must secure it for the Fatherland. Whoever controls this can create destiny.

ERIC

That is some profound thinking, Colonel.

CARL

Yes, well, I do fancy myself an evil genius.

GRETA

Evil genius? If anything you're more of an administrator. Odious maybe, but not evil.

CARL

I don't follow.

GRETA

Well, one's a doer and the other, well... More like you, a talker.

CARL

Seems unduly personal. Now, it occurs to me that courier was smitten with you. Develop that relationship, find out their plans.

GRETA

That may be impossible. Are you forgetting I did try to kill them?

CARL

Being a doer I'm sure you'll find a way. Let's see if we can divide and conquer.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Callahan is doing a pre-flight on a DC-3 as Rhodes comes up.

RHODES

Got the skinny from Higgins on what our friends are up to.

CALLAHAN

Can it wait 'till I get back? Pushing against a schedule here.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Fate of the world against your  
schedule, yeah, no, I get it.

CALLAHAN

Sounds like pot calling kettle,  
black. Want anything from Montreal?

RHODES

I'm good. Hey, while you're there,  
check out a place called Blue Bar.  
Gotta guy, runs the joint.

CALLAHAN

Never met a bar I didn't like.

RHODES

Seen your girlfriend around? Wanna  
talk to her and I get the feeling  
she's avoiding me.

CALLAHAN

No. And she's not my girlfriend.

Callahan finishes his inspection.

RHODES

Just because your girlfriend's a  
Nazi, don't take it out on me.

Callahan moves towards the door to board, then turns back.

CALLAHAN

OK, so we've got differing views on  
global domination and she did try  
to kill me, still, I think a couple  
of kooky kids like us got a real  
shot in this crazy mixed up world.

Callahan gives her a wink.

CALLAHAN

See yah.

He climbs aboard the plane and into the cockpit.

RHODES

Wheels up, Callahan.

Rhodes pulls the wheel chocks and the plane starts to taxi.  
Rhodes watches with a wave before turning and walking  
towards the hangers as the DC-3 lifts off the ground.

Rhodes sees Greta emerge from one of the hangers.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Hey! Hold it right there.

Greta turns and sees Rhodes. Greta immediately bolts, running towards the flight line.

Rhodes takes off after her.

Greta runs towards a plane, modeled after a Curtiss P-36, that has the engine running. **A PILOT** is readying it for takeoff.

Greta comes up behind the pilot and sucker punches him. She jumps in the plane and starts off down the runway.

Rhodes runs up to another plane, modeled after the Curtiss YP-37 with its sleeker lines and cockpit at the rear of the plane, readying for takeoff and grabs the leather flight cap from **ANOTHER PILOT** standing by, readying to fly.

PILOT

Hey! What are you doing?

Rhodes jumps in the cockpit of the plane and pulls on the flight cap, starts to say something and comes up blank.

RHODES

Ahh.

The pilot stands there defiantly waiting for a response.

PILOT

Well?

Rhodes searches her mind for a comeback. Finally...

RHODES

Yeah, I got nothing.

She throttles the engine hard, waggles the steering yoke which causes the wheels to jump their chocks and the plane catapults down the runway.

INT. HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Carl sees the planes takeoff. He turns to one of the guards.

CARL

Or, we can do it that way. Get on the radio. Warn the Jade that two planes have just... You know what? I'll do it myself.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - DAY

The two planes trace the contour of the river at treetop height as a high stakes game of cat and mouse unfolds.

INT. COCKPIT - YP-37 - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes is hot in pursuit of Greta.

INT. COCKPIT - P-36 - CONTINUOUS

Greta is a fairly adept pilot as she maneuvers her craft off Rhodes course line. Greta pushes the control stick forward .

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The P-36 followed by the YP-37 dive towards the river and pull up to fly inches above the surface of the water, prop wash and ground effect creating rooster tails of water shooting up behind the planes.

Greta pulls her plane up above the treeline and banks around. Rhodes follows suit. As the planes maneuver they cross over the hidden cove secreting the Jade carrier.

EXT. LAUNCH DECK - JADE - CONTINUOUS

A hornets nest of activity scrambles the deck as planes are readied for takeoff. A motor launch of armed sailors pulls away from the ship.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - LATER

Greta has gained altitude as she ducks her plane in and out of some billowy clouds in search of cover.

INT. COCKPIT - YP-37 - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes throttles the plane forward.

RHODES

Let's get this cat fight started.

Rhodes thumbs the cover over the gun trigger and fires off several rounds from the wing guns to get Greta's attention.

INT. COCKPIT - P-36 - CONTINUOUS

Greta looks over her shoulder, sees Rhodes.

GRETA

Scheissen!

She pushes the controls forward to make the plane dive.



EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The P-36 dives and the YP-37 follows.

Rhodes doesn't notice the first plane move up behind her, a black Messerschmidt Bf 109 with red swastikas emblazoned.

The first bullets whizzing by grab her attention. Instinct kicks in, she pulls the plane into a tight roll.

The other pilot is no slouch as he counters the move.

Greta's plane climbs into the clouds to avoid the conflict and head for cover.

Rhodes dives towards the deck. Pulls up hard and flat along the river surface. The black bastard right behind her.

She banks a tight corner on the river and slams on her air brakes. Her plane shuts down to an almost stall as the other plane shoots past her.

Rhodes releases the brake and fires the throttle.

Getting a line she lets loose a volley of bullets that find purchase in the engine compartment of her adversary. The engine bursts with flames as the plane begins to shed valuable parts until it cartwheels into the water.

Rhodes pulls her plane up to gain some altitude and catch her breath, search for Greta. It's here she crosses paths with three more Messerschmidt Bf 109s.

She gives and takes, sends one limping back to base. Another to the ground with the pilot parachuting for safety. All while her plane is becoming a poster child for Swiss cheese.

She lines up to duel with the third when a fourth Bf 109 enters the fray. This proves too much for her plane as a volley to the engine signals the end of her flight.

INT. COCKPIT - YP-37 - CONTINUOUS

Out of options, Rhodes looks around, snakes her arms through the shoulder harnesses of the parachute in the seat back. Cinches the cross belts tight.

She pulls the lever to release the canopy and jumps.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes free falls as her plane is enveloped below by the tree line above the river. She pops her chute and floats downward. A plume of black smoke rises above the trees.

EXT. FOREST - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE - CONTINUOUS

Bounced and battered between tree and branch, Rhodes' chute becomes entangled in the arboreal leaving her to dangle a good distance from ground.

She takes a moment to regain herself and weigh options. Deciding, she hits the release buckle holding her harness.

She plummets, tumbling, swinging from branches to ground. Somersaulting to rest on her back at the base of the tree.

As she lands, she looks up to the unwelcome sight of a **GROUP OF GERMAN SAILORS** surrounding and pointing rifles at her.

RHODES

That any way to treat a lady?

INT. WARDROOM - JADE - LATER

Hearty laughter reflects from the walls as the **GROUP OF PILOTS** seated around the communal table react to a joke.

At the head of the table, **BARON VON RICHTER**. To his right, Tornado Rider Rhodes. The table is laden with steins of beer and plates of food.

VON RICHTER

"Me or your lying eyes?" Very funny.

Baron Von Richter chuckles, reaches for a bottle of liquor on the table, pours two shot glasses, offers one to Rhodes.

VON RICHTER

A friend of mine concocted this liqueur. It is called Jagermister. The Hunting Master.

He stands and lifts his glass to toast. Rhodes and the rest of the group follow.

VON RICHTER

To us, the Jagermisters. Soaring above the rest. Enemies in battle yet noble to our guests. Salute!

He downs the shot and the others do the same.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES  
Whoa. Good stuff.

She reaches for the bottle and pours another, slides the bottle to Von Richter.

RHODES  
Gentlemen, a toast.

The others fill and lift their glasses.

RHODES  
Wait.

She takes her shot glass and drops it into her beer stein then holds up the mug.

VON RICHTER  
What is this?

RHODES  
Jager Bomb.

Everyone laughs and follows suit. Lift their steins.

RHODES  
Where is this worldly gain if in  
vanquishing our foe, the dead not  
given heaven's reign. So until this  
stout flask be dry, on our courage  
we will imbibe.

They all lift mugs in toast then slam them on the table.

RHODES  
Time to hit the dusty. People gonna  
be looking for me.

She collects her stuff, turns for the door runs into...

Greta, straining the seams on her Gestapo uniform from over indulgence in the muscle soup they've been handing out. **TWO ARMED GUARDS** flank her.

GRETA  
You can't go now.

Rhodes turns to Baron Von Richter.

RHODES  
Baron?

VON RICHTER

I'm sorry, my dear. They have  
different rules than you and I.

Greta puts an arm around Rhodes and leads her from the room.

GRETA

Come, us girls should talk.

RHODES

Finally wearing your true colors.

INT. BOILER ROOM - JADE - LATER

The fist lands with a thud to the abdomen.

Rhodes, hanging from a hook by the handcuffs on her wrists,  
grimaces as she swings backwards, growling in pain.

Greta, stripped down to an A-shirt, muscles bulging, takes  
another swing at Rhodes.

RHODES

OK, that one hurt. Mighta' cracked  
a rib there.

GRETA

I expected more from you. How come  
no wisecracks to try and goad me  
into fighting one on one?

Rhodes scopes her surroundings, looking for an advantage.  
She spies some tanks marked LOX.

RHODES

Long day. Easier just hang here  
while you give me this massage.

GRETA

You're infuriating.

Greta lands two more solid blows at Rhodes. Rhodes spins  
around, checking the room for advantages as she goes. Fire  
axe on the wall, exit door, table and chair, fired boiler.

GRETA

What's Blaze's plan for Rhodesburg?

RHODES

Wait a minute. Why the hell do you  
know about Rhodesburg?

(CONTINUED)

GRETA

It is a logistical centerpoint for all train travel east to west. Why else would he purchase it?

RHODES

Now that's funny. You've been grossly misinformed and wouldn't believe the why if I told you.

GRETA

It won't matter when we blow it up.

RHODES

My advice, don't go to Rhodesburg. You wouldn't like the reception.

Greta lands another punch. Rhodes starts to turn green.

RHODES

Oh man, that Jagermister isn't sitting well with your massage routine.

Greta comes in for a closer look at Rhodes.

GRETA

You don't look so good.

Rhodes convulses and then lets fly a projectile stream of green vomit all over Greta.

This sends Greta repelling backwards covered in gooey mess.

RHODES

You don't look so good either.

Rhodes pulls her legs up and inverts herself to pull her handcuffs off the hook before dropping to the floor.

Greta is still fumbling about trying to wipe off the mess.

GRETA

You are disgusting.

Rhodes picks up the keys to the cuffs and unlocks herself. Standing, on shaky legs, she moves to one side of the room.

RHODES

Not one of my finest.

They both begin the circular sideways, bouncing on the balls of their feet as they size each other up. Greta's bounce becomes rhythmic as her step gains a dance-like quality.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

We dancing here, or fighting?

In a flash, Greta executes a loopy dance like move across the floor, kicking Rhodes in the chest - Capoeira. Rhodes flies back, slam against the wall, landing in a heap.

RHODES

Guess we're fighting.

She'd rather not, but picks herself up and resets.

Rhodes takes more hits as she tries to decipher the style.

Greta lands a harsh combination, Rhodes goes down.

Picking herself up, Rhodes resets her stance.

Greta begins her dance across the floor again.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Let go. Be still.

Rhodes stops moving, becoming very still. This causes Greta to overshoot, miss her target. As she passes, Rhodes swings around and kicks Greta in the back. Greta goes down.

Greta pulls herself up to all fours, trying to recover.

GRETA

So, you do know how to fight.

RHODES

Grew up with a bunch of brothers.

The chair crashes onto Greta's back sending her down, out.

RHODES

Learned to fight from my sisters.

Rhodes wastes no time as she races about the room, first scooping up some chunks of coal.

RHODES

Recipe for havoc. First, earth.

She feeds the coal into the firebox.

RHODES

Add fire.

Grabbing the axe. she closes the fire box door and crosses to the tanks marked LOX and knocks the release valve off of one with the axe. Gas begins to escape.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

And liberal amounts of me in the  
wind.

Rhodes races to the door and out.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - JADE - NIGHT

Rhodes bursts through an exit hatch, onto the flight deck.

**GUARDS** see her and give chase. They fire warning shots.

GUARD

Halt!

Rhodes stops, puts her hands up, turns towards the guards.

INT. BOILER ROOM - JADE - CONTINUOUS

Greta staggers out of the boiler room.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - JADE - CONTINUOUS

The guards close in on Rhodes.

An idea sparks for Rhodes, she remembers, snaps her fingers.

RHODES

Water.

JUST THEN - The explosion rocks the ship and the blast force shoves Rhodes over the side and off-balance into the water. She lands hard.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The concussion and ensuing fall into the water, not to mention the beating earlier, have more than knocked the wind from Rhodes as her semi-lifeless body drifts downstream.

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT

The semi-conscious Rhodes drags herself onto the shore.

EXT. JADE - NIGHT

The crew fight to contain the fire and repair the damage as the motor launch sets out to search for Rhodes.

EXT. SHORE - NIGHT - LATER

In the darkened chill of night a lone figure walks up to the shore. A moaning sound draws attention and the figure turns towards the brush.

A lifeless Rhodes is picked up and carried off.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - NIGHT

The whole facility is lit up like a torch. Activity is deafening as planes take off and land.

Thompson is directing operations from a makeshift open air command center.

**PILOTS AND SERVICE PEOPLE** stream back and forth obtaining commands and delivering reports.

BLAZE

I don't care how dark it is, you  
get back out there.

A chastened pilot scurries away.

Carl Heinz stands nearby watching the proceedings.

Callahan, looking haggard and spent, rushes up.

CALLAHAN

Any news?

BLAZE

Maybe you should take five, grab a  
cup of joe.

CALLAHAN

She wouldn't take five if it were  
me or you out there. I'm going up.

Callahan races off as Carl strolls over.

CARL

Very touching. I can't believe all  
of this for one pilot.

Thompson rounds on him.

BLAZE

That's not just any pilot. She's  
the best damn pilot in the world.

(CONTINUED)



CARL

Apparently not, as this circus  
reflects.

Thompson is this close to letting the smug bastard have it.

Carl starts to leave.

CARL

Oh, some friends of mine will be  
flying in soon to help deal with  
security around here. Gutten tag.

Carl starts off, putting his gloves on as he goes.

CARL

And now that I know your weakness  
the gloves can come off.

Thompson has no time to contemplate Carl at the moment as he  
turns back to his chores.

INT. LOGGER'S CABIN - DAWN

Clive Brooks slowly comes into focus as Rhodes' eyes open.

RHODES

Where am I?

BROOKS

Take it easy. Loggers cabin. How  
you feeling?

He gets up, puts soup into a cup from a pot on the fire.

RHODES

Been better. Been worse. What are  
you doing here?

He brings it over to her.

BROOKS

Heard it's a good place to pickup  
women. Here, sip on this.

RHODES

How'd you get here?

BROOKS

Hitched a ride on that big ass  
plane.

She takes a sip, ponders.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES  
What the hell?

BROOKS  
Relax, I'm a cop.

RHODES  
Hong Kong, Nevada, Canada? That's quite the beat.

BROOKS  
International Air Police Force. Got a mandate to seek out and destroy villainy wherever it may be.

RHODES  
Is everyone around here a cop?

BROOKS  
What's that mean?

RHODES  
Higgins works for the boys in Washington.

He gets up and goes to the fire, starts laughing.

BROOKS  
So we were playing each other in Hong Kong. Getting hard to tell who's on which side. Speaking of, which side are you on?

Rhodes sits up straighter in bed.

RHODES  
German bastards tried to blow me up and then they shot me down. Which side do you think I'm on?

BROOKS  
Wow, it's like the whole country of Germany has it in for you.

RHODES  
That's their first mistake. Their second is trying to build a rocket base here and blow up my hometown. Nobody messes with my hometown.

BROOKS  
That's what they're up to. Gotta get to Montreal pronto.

(CONTINUED)

Rhodes starts to get out of bed.

RHODES  
I'm coming with. Gotta guy there  
that can help.

BROOKS  
You up for it?

RHODES  
Damn straight. Just try and stop  
me. How we getting there?

BROOKS  
Take a train.

RHODES  
Oh no. No way. I...

INT. COMPARTMENT - TRAIN - CANADA - DAY

The train whistle screams and so does Rhodes.

RHODES  
...hate trains!

BROOKS  
What are you talking about? Trains  
are the safest form of transit.

They sit opposite each other in a private compartment.

RHODES  
Not where I come from.

It takes a moment for it to sink in.

BROOKS  
Wait a minute. That story's true?

RHODES  
Far as I know. Little young at the  
time. Ever since, hated trains.

BROOKS  
Always thought that was a legend.

RHODES  
Legends can be true. Guess it's why  
I live in the moment. Don't allow  
myself dreams. Never know when  
things are going to go sideways.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS

Things don't always go sideways.

EXT. FOREST - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE - DAY

Callahan and a crew of search and rescue come upon the wrecked remains of the plane that Rhodes was flying.

Callahan looks in the cockpit. Nothing. Turns to the trees.

CALLAHAN

Tornado! This isn't funny anymore.

INT. PRODUCTION FACILITY - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Carl and Greta watch as Eric and crew work on a new rocket. Greta is bandaged and has an arm in a sling.

CARL

She was our bargaining chip. How could you let her escape?

GRETA

That woman's a terrorist. She was more resilient than expected. She got the better of me.

CARL

It's no longer your problem. Bruno is out trying to rectify this.

INT. COMPARTMENT - TRAIN - CANADA - DAY

Rhodes and Brooks watch the scenery unfold out the window.

BROOKS

This guy in Montreal, trust him?

RHODES

With my life. Number 88. But he'll always be number one to me.

BROOKS

Got no frame of reference. What's that about? The numbers? I mean, it kinda comes off slutty.

She sits up and turns towards him.

RHODES

Really? That's where you went with it? Says a lot about you.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKS

I don't know, free spirited girl,  
lots of friends, do the math.

RHODES

Alright smart guy, add this up.  
When they adopted me I ended up  
with a town's worth of brothers and  
sisters. For a joke everyone took a  
number. So I swore to remember each  
and every number of the most loving  
people I've ever known.

BROOKS

You're right, I'm an idiot. So, all  
those roll models, why'd you never  
settled down?

RHODES

Rather settle up than settle down.  
'sides, do better in the sky. Fewer  
expectations. Lost my real family  
in the air. Guess I feel closest to  
them up there. Always searching.

BROOKS

Sounds like, luck wise, you got  
dealt better family than most.  
Maybe, ever stop moving, might find  
you already have more than what  
you're looking for.

Something snags Rhodes' attention from the corridor.

RHODES

Oh crap.

The door to the compartment bursts open and that wall of  
man, Bruno Ganz rushes in. He grabs Brooks and throws him  
against the opposite wall.

BROOKS

Hell is this guy?

Rhodes gets up to attack, Bruno pins her against the wall.

RHODES

One of our German friends.

BROOKS

Growing them bigger this year.

Brooks comes back at Bruno, hitting him in the head with a  
suitcase. Bruno turns his attention to Brooks.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

What's that about things not going sideways?

Rhodes kicks Bruno in the kidney. Nothing.

Brooks smashes his hands over Bruno's ears. Bruno staggers with the loss of equilibrium.

Brooks reaches for his gun and pulls it out.

Bruno swats it away and then swings wildly and connects with Brooks' face. Brooks goes down and out.

Rhodes backs out of the compartment, presses against the opposite wall.

Like a bull, Bruno charges head first at her. At the last second, Rhodes sidesteps and Bruno crashes into the wall of the train. His head punching a hole.

Rhodes moves down the corridor as Bruno extracts himself and follows after. The battle moves back and forth with many hits and kicks and slams and dunks.

The fight moves to the top of the train.

EXT. ROOF OF TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Bruno on top of the train cars. The train enters a tunnel. Rhodes and Bruno both fall to the roof avoiding the tunnel ceiling. They battle on their stomachs and backs in a weird spider like fight.

Rhodes gets knocked over the side of the train, yet clings by her fingertips on the ledge.

Bruno tries his best to pound her hands to knock her from the train. She's too quick for him as she nimbly moves to the end of the car. Bruno tries to follow and raises up only to be knocked down by the tunnel ceiling.

The train bursts from the tunnel and into the sunlight.

Rhodes swings back onto the roof, moves forward to an open woodbellie logging car filled with massive fresh cut logs that mostly run the length of the car. Rhodes jumps onto one of the top logs and moves forward.

Bruno, shaking off the hit, follows.

Rhodes has made her way almost to the front of the car when Bruno jumps on another log on the back.

(CONTINUED)

He grabs a timberjack and wedges it between the logs shifting the log that Rhodes is on.

It rolls and Rhodes loses her balance but quickly regains her footing. She turns towards Bruno.

Bruno levers the log again and this time it rolls towards the edge and off the car as Rhodes leaps and lands in a space between two logs.

The logs start to roll together and Rhodes quickly prys herself out and back on top of the logs and runs to the front of the car and grabs a timberjack of her own.

She wrenches a log which rolls towards Bruno.

Bruno leaps over it. The log bounces askew and swings perpendicular with a large portion hanging off the car.

The train passes a large tree by the side of the track which the perpendicular log smacks into and violently swings back like a baseball bat.

They both leap in the air as the log pivots back.

They are traveling on a section of track with a parallel line for a second train to pass, which does right then.

The oncoming train hits the overhanging log swinging across its path with an explosive force that shatters it, sending a large chunk of wood flying at Bruno. The other, larger section flies, spinning end to end, straight up in the air.

Bruno ducks as the first chunk of wood sails past and bounces off the roof of the car behind, starts after Rhodes.

Rhodes turns, running out of train, she leaps onto the opposing train and travels past Bruno before leaping back onto the first train further down the line of cars.

Bruno leaps onto the opposing train as well, riding past Rhodes before jumping back onto the first train.

Rhodes stops, considers her options as Bruno moves forward.

Bruno closes, readies to jump onto the car she on when... BLAM! Bruno is struck full force, pile driven by the other section of log that flew spinning into the air earlier and finally come to rest through the roof of the car he was on.

Rhodes slumps cross legged to the roof, catching her breath.

Brooks climbs onto the roof of the car in front of Rhodes and makes his way back, sits down next to her.

BROOKS

You OK?

RHODES

Really hate trains.

INT. PRODUCTION FACILITY - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Eric and crew are outfitting a space capsule. Carl watches.

ERIC

Should we put in controls?

CARL

Why not, let the fool believe he is in control of his destiny while we seal his fate.

ERIC

There's got to be easier ways to kill a guy.

CARL

You'd think, but people notice if you shoot the richest man in the world. If he dies being reckless, nobody cares. They expect it.

ERIC

Wow, thinking like that, you really are an evil genius.

CARL

Exactly. Thank you. Finally. You know, I,m looking for a protege.

EXT. STREET - MONTREAL - DUSK

Rhodes and Brooks make their way up the active boulevard.

BROOKS

We should have some backup from IAPF by morning.

RHODES

Going to need more than that.

BROOKS

Open to suggestions.

The sound of a ruckus and plate glass breaking.

(CONTINUED)



RHODES

That's a familiar song.

They walk further up the street.

Ahead, a body flies out the broken window of Blue Bar, lands in a clump in the street next to another body.

Rhodes and Brooks walk up, step over the unconscious louts and enter the bar.

INT. BLUE BAR - MONTREAL - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Brooks walk up to the bar.

Bartender, **JT**, polishing a glass. He sees Rhodes and puts the glass down, leans over the bar to give her a hug.

RHODES

Hey, JT, how you been?

JT

Smooth as silk.

RHODES

Clive Brooks, JT Washington.

JT sticks out a hand, followed with a broad smile. Noise from the back breaks the mood.

JT

Hey, Tori, got a guy in the back, been making a ruckus. Drinkin' against the grain. Trying to tell me you was dead. Told him, nothing gonna kill Tornado.

RHODES

Wasn't for lack of tryin' this week. Put a pot on.

JT

You got it.

Rhodes and Brooks head to the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - BLUE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty save for one person, Callahan, head down, hanging onto the table like it was a life raft.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

(mumbling)

Shoulda' stayed with. Always gets  
into trouble when I'm not around.

Rhodes and Brooks walk up.

RHODES

The hell, Callahan? Snap out of it.

Callahan looks up but can't focus.

CALLAHAN

She's dead, I tell you.

RHODES

If she were dead would she do this?

Rhodes hauls off and slaps him hard.

Callahan reels then jumps up and grabs Rhodes by her jacket  
lapels. He pulls his face close to hers.

Finally Callahan realizes who is in front of him.

CALLAHAN

By all the saints... Tornado.

RHODES

Can't keep a good woman down.

He lets go of her and slumps back into his chair.

She turns a chair around, sits backwards in it. Brooks sits.

RHODES

Come on, Whiskey, need you sober.

JT walks in with a pot of coffee and some mugs.

RHODES

How's your lumberjack connections?

JT

Solid. It's Canada. Ain't nothin'  
but lumberjacks.

RHODES

We got some bad guys need a good  
ass kickin'. Need I mention they're  
targeting Rhodesburg?

(CONTINUED)

JT

Naw, had me at ass kickin'. Sounds like fun. Make a call. All these boys will have hometowns too and that's something you just naturally fight for.

JT walks out.

RHODES

We're talking really bad dudes.

JT stops and turns.

JT

Badder the better.

Rhodes pours coffee. Shoves one towards Callahan.

BROOKS

How'd you come by the name Whiskey?

Callahan looks up over his cup.

CALLAHAN

Mom liked whiskey, Dad liked Mom.

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF BLUE BAR - LATER

Rhodes, Brooks, and Callahan emerge from the bar. Callahan has sobered up quite a bit.

Something catches Rhodes' eye across the road.

RHODES

Blessed mother of synchronicity.

She points to the Wu Tang Chinese Restaurant.

BROOKS

You want Chinese food now?

RHODES

Gonna get the special. Carton of kick ass to go.

CALLAHAN

Could go for some dim sum.

They start across the street.

INT. WU TANG RESTAURANT - LATER

Rhodes, Brooks, and Callahan enter and walk up to the **MAITRE D'** at his station.

MAITRE D'  
Three for dinner?

RHODES  
We want one order of the Red Swan.

The Maitre D' puts down his menus and gestures.

MAITRE D'  
This way, please.

He leads them to the rear of the restaurant and through a door to the back.

INT. BACK ROOM - WU TANG RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A long table with **WU TANG MEMBERS** seated around it. Rhodes walks to the head of the table and addresses **WU TANG 1**.

RHODES  
I am...

WU TANG 1  
We know who you are. Your destiny  
has brought you to us.

RHODES  
We need your help.

She pulls a chair up to the table.

EXT. AIRPORT - MONTREAL - DAY

A very large futuristic looking flying wing sits on the runway. Passenger doors are open and **A CONTINGENT OF IAPF MEN** offload gear. Colonel Cripps is the last to emerge from the plane. He surveys the landscape and shakes his head.

Brooks rushes up to meet him.

CRIPPS  
I suppose this is your idea of  
keeping a low profile?

BROOKS  
Proper tool for the job, sir.

INT. HANGER - AIRPORT - MONTREAL - LATER

Rhodes stands on top of a set of crates speaking to a  
**TACTICAL TEAM MADE UP OF IAPF, WU TANG, AND LUMBERJACKS.**

RHODES

Callahan and the Wu Tang will be  
our inside detachment having been  
smuggled in shipping crates.

Cripps moves forward.

CRIPPS

If I may. The Nazis are trying to  
gain a foothold in North America  
with this missile base. So kicking  
them off the continent is a must.

Cripps turns to Rhodes, pulls her aside, sotto voce.

CRIPPS

I have a special mission for you.  
Secure the dingus at all cost. We  
must not let them retrieve it to  
Germany. It could change the very  
course of destiny.

RHODES

Destiny? Already got the fate of my  
hometown to deal with. Now you're  
throwing in the destiny of the  
world? Yeah. No. Whatever. Pile it  
on. See what I can do.

Rhodes jumps off the stage and crosses to a table filled  
with an arsenal of weapons. Other tables hold Chinese food.

She chooses a double shoulder holster with a pair of pearl  
handled .45's and straps them on.

JT comes over.

JT

You good to go?

RHODES

You ever miss Rhodesburg, JT?

JT

Thing about hometown's, you can  
move away but you can never leave.  
It's always right here.

He touches his chest.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Sometimes I think, maybe shoulda stayed there, settled down. Rhodesburg wouldn't be in those idiots' crosshairs. And all this, these people looking to me, way too much responsibility. One thing when it's just me and Callahan, knows what he signed up for. This is other people's lives. Feels like walking a tight rope, don't know if I can keep balanced.

JT

Girl, shut the hell up. Only reason these people are here is cuz of you. We'd all follow you through the gates of hell. Like it or not, fate and destiny chose you. 'sides, did fall, you'd do what you do best, turn it into flying. You'll always be that free spirit.

RHODES

Thanks, JT. Needed that.

Rhodes turns and jumps up on a crate.

RHODES

Alright everybody, let's go show 'em they can't mess with the shipping department. Oh, and if anybody comes across an ornate samurai sword, I call dibs.

She jumps down from the crate and crosses to where Callahan is sealing Wu Tang members into shipping crates.

RHODES

Hey, big fella, how's the head?

CALLAHAN

Man, that was a train wreck for the ages. Things I do in your memory. Missed a hell of a wake.

RHODES

Need a little hair of the dog?

CALLAHAN

It may be the hangover talking but if I see that dang dog, gonna take a bite out of him. Everything set?

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

Yeah, sure. Just wanted to tell you that, what you do for me, well...

CALLAHAN

Hey! When the hell did you get all touchy feely?

RHODES

Shut up and listen. Need you to know, no matter what happens today, that, well, couldn't do what I do without you. You're my north star.

CALLAHAN

You know we have an unspoken bond to not speak about this kind of stuff, but if you're feeling all sentimental you can buy drinks when this is over.

RHODES

Got a deal.

CALLAHAN

Now, can I get back to work? Nazis ain't gonna destroy themselves.

RHODES

You betcha. Wheels up, Callahan.

She turns and walks off. Callahan watches her go.

CALLAHAN

Wheels up, Tori.

JT sidles up to Callahan.

JT

You two ever stop repressing your feelings, with you acting out all drinking and womanizing while she tries every which way she can to kill you both, might have a fine romance there.

CALLAHAN

What, and ruin what we got? You just described the dynamics of most Irish marriages.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

Blaze stands at the window surveying his kingdom. A sense of melancholy prevails. Carl Heinz stands behind him.

CARL

Cancel the launch, after everything we've done to prepare?

BLAZE

Yeah, not going. With her gone, there's no reason anymore. No reason to do anything.

Carl, shakes his head.

CARL

You're pathetic. That one woman could affect you like this. This is why you can't win against me.

BLAZE

What are you talking about?

CARL

You're not the good guy or the bad guy. You're just a spoiled rich kid trying to find something to do. At least I know I'm a villain. You, you're weak and worse, you let a woman interfere with your plans.

Carl exits. Blaze turns back to the window

BLAZE

Asshole.

INT. COCKPIT - DC-3 - LATER

Callahan is flying the plane solo.

In the cargo hold, a number of large crates stenciled, "Machine Parts", secreting members of the Wu Tang.

EXT. THOMPSON INDUSTRIES - THOMPSON CANADA - DUSK

The DC-3 Callahan is flying makes a sweeping turn.

Below, we see the Jade now tied to the dock and under repair. Its planes removed to the flight line for safety.

Next to the ship is the Manzanita Mallard.



EXT. LAUNCH BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Carl and Eric walk towards the bunker.

ERIC

Do we cancel the rocket?

CARL

Launch it. Target is Rhodesburg. We can get rid of Thompson later, his body to be lost in the crash. It's time to make the first strike.

Callahan's DC-3 landing gets their attention.

CARL

What plane is that?

ERIC

Supply run from Montreal.

CARL

It's very late. You go on in. I think I will check on our supplies.

INT. WAREHOUSE - THOMPSON CANADA - LATER

Crates from the DC-3 have been offloaded. Carl Heinz stealthily makes his way through the rows of crates. A creaking noise catches Carl's attention. He turns.

A finger taps him on the shoulder. He turns and gets punched in the face by Callahan. Carl goes down and out.

CALLAHAN

And gute fahrt to you too.

EXT. RIDGE TOP - CANADIAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes, Brooks and a contingent of IAPF men go about setting up old school hang gliders made from silk and bamboo.

BROOKS

These things actually work?

RHODES

We could ask the guy who designed it, but he's dead.

BROOKS

How'd he die?

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

You don't want to know.

EXT. TREE LINE - FOREST - NEXT TO BASE - CONTINUOUS

Lumberjacks work at cutting trees, getting them ready.

INT. WAREHOUSE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Callahan still opening crates, releasing Wu Tang fighters.

Carl has slipped away unnoticed. Suddenly a klaxon sounds its urgent distress as Carl runs out of the building.

EXT. RIDGE TOP - CANADIAN WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and the others set to fly.

RHODES

So much for the element of surprise.

She launches off the ridge.

BROOKS

No, seriously, how'd he die?

Reluctantly, Brooks and the others follow.

EXT. TREE LINE - FOREST - NEXT TO BASE - CONTINUOUS

The lumberjacks make last efforts in felling huge trees.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LAUNCH BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The ground crew make ready for liftoff.

EXT. LAUNCH DECK - JADE - CONTINUOUS

The crew, hearing the klaxon, scrambles an alert as Brooks and his team swoop in and land on the deck. The crew pour from hatches and engage the flying men in a hectic battle.

Brooks scales the exterior of the superstructure to gain access to the bridge and wrest control of the ship.

EXT. TREE LINE - FOREST - NEXT TO BASE - CONTINUOUS

The lumberjacks fell the mighty trees and they drop across the fence line of the base and take out guard towers.

JT, carrying a baseball bat, leads the lumberjacks as they stream across the downed trees and engage in battle.

The German Super Troops race into the fray. Many lives are forever changed.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes tracks her own flight path as she twists and turns her glider flying towards the Manzanita Mallard.

EXT. WING - MANZANITA MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes sets her glider down on the massive surface of the wing of the plane.

EXT. LAUNCH BUNKER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Carl watches the battle unfold.

CARL

Time to introduce our friends to the party. This will turn the tide.

EXT. HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

The massive doors to the hanger open to reveal...

Black clad and seated cross legged on the floor **A LARGE BAND OF NINJAS** meditatively await their turn.

EXT. WING - MANZANITA MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

The roaring charge of the ninjas draws Rhodes' attention.

RHODES

Ninjas? Not on my watch.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Callahan and Wu Tang 1 turn towards the charging ninjas.

CALLAHAN

Knew it. Once you have ninjas, no getting rid of them.

WU TANG 1

There goes the neighborhood.

Callahan sees a group of fighter planes ready for launch.

CALLAHAN

Come on, we gotta stop those planes from taking off.

Callahan and Wu Tang 1 run off.

(CONTINUED)

JT and a group of lumberjacks are pitched in battle with the Germans when they hear the ninja's coming.

JT

Nobody said nothing about no damn ninjas. This is not cool. Not cool.

The Wu Tang take on the guards around the aircraft.

EXT. LAUNCH DECK - JADE - CONTINUOUS

Brooks, now commanding an anti-aircraft gun from the deck of the Jade, sights the charging ninjas and begins firing.

BROOKS

Lumberjacks and ninjas, doesn't get any better than this.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Explosions blossom in the midst of the attacking ninjas running cross field. Bodies flail.

A fuel truck races out onto the runway with Callahan at the wheel and Wu Tang 1 at shotgun. He strikes an airplane about to fly. The plane rolls off the runway with a crash.

Four fighters get ahead of them on the runway, get airborne.

INT FUEL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

WU TANG 1

Holly shit!

He points out the windshield. Callahan looks, his jaw drops.

CALLAHAN

What the hell is she doing now?  
That wasn't part of the plan. One time. Could she stick to the script just one time? Take over.

Callahan jumps from the moving truck, hits the road running.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Amidst the battle a significant noise directs everyone's attention towards the horizon.

The Manzanita Mallard, only a few feet off the ground, looms ominously as it hurtles towards the airfield.

Callahan runs over to a fighter plane, engine running with a **PILOT** in the cockpit. Callahan grabs him and tosses him out.

(CONTINUED)

Callahan jumps in and immediately races down the runway, strapping himself in as he goes.

In a moment he is airborne and after the other fighters who are zeroing in on the Manzanita Mallard.

INT. COCKPIT - MANZANITA MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes at the controls, lining up for the airfield as the fighters zero in through the windshield.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Four Messerschmidt Bf 109s angle in on the behemoth aircraft. In turn, they unleash their guns and strafe the fuselage of the Mallard with withering fire.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Bullets shatter glass and splinter wood as lead rains in on the cockpit. Rhodes stays steady at the controls.

RHODES

Not going to get the deposit back on this thing.

GRETA

Rhodes!

Greta, even more muscled and possibly demented, stands at the entrance to the flight deck. She has the Kagi katana set in her waistband.

RHODES

Oh, Greta. Little busy right now. Really don't have time for this.

Greta looks pissed as she takes a drink from a vile of the pituitary formula. This gives her a rush.

GRETA

You have time to die, Rhodes?

RHODES

You made a big mistake getting on this plane, Greta.

GRETA

You will learn to respect the master race before you die.

Rhodes stands up from the controls and faces Greta.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

You weren't held enough as a child  
were you, Greta. Is that my sword?

Greta pulls the katana and charges, full fury, at Rhodes.

RHODES

Screw this.

Rhodes pulls both guns and unloads on Greta.

This stops Greta in her tracks, she drops in a heap.

Rhodes walks over, stoops and retrieves the katana.

RHODES

Master race or not, nothing, and I  
feel I've been quite clear on this  
point, nothing gets on my plane  
without being on the manifest. I'll  
take that.

Rhodes jumps back in the pilots seat and grabs the controls  
just as the four Messerschmidts line up for another run.

The first plane is again zeroing in on the cockpit.

RHODES

Where's the cavalry when you need  
'em.

The plane begins to fire on the Mallard, but suddenly  
explodes in midair before it can do any damage.

RHODES

What the...

Another Messerschmidt roars past the Mallard and continues  
firing on one of the other attacking planes.

Rhodes grabs the radio headset.

RHODES

That you, Whiskey?

INT. CALLAHAN'S MESSERSCHMIDT - CONTINUOUS

CALLAHAN

Roger that. Got your six, Skipper.

He destroys another of the attacking planes.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

RHODES

'bout time you showed. Thought I was gonna have to go to the party unescorted.

INT. CALLAHAN'S MESSERSCHMIDT - CONTINUOUS

CALLAHAN

Never let that happen. Got a plan?

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

RHODES

If winging it counts as a plan then I got a dozy.

INT. CALLAHAN'S PLANE - CONTINUOUS

CALLAHAN

SOP. Running and gunning. Let's get this party started.

He turns his plane in pursuit of the other two attackers and chases them away from the Mallard.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes pushes the controls forward. The plane dives.

RHODES

Alright destiny, show me what your made of. First, a little earth.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

The plane hits the ground, dislodging a wall of dirt which moves like a wave engulfing enemy combatants as the aircraft bounces forward.

INT. COCKPIT - MANZANITA MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes guns the throttles for one wing, the engines roar.

RHODES

Give it some wind.

Rhodes cranks the wheel hard for optimum effect.

RHODES

A little fire.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

The giant plane spins circles along the runway taking out every plane on the flight line. Big explosions, fires.

INT. COCKPIT - MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

RHODES  
Or a lot of fire.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

The Mallard swings around and the tail catches a water tower and knocks it over. A wall of water floods out the invading ninjas.

INT. COCKPIT - MANZANITA MALLARD - CONTINUOUS

RHODES  
Then add water.

She gets up from the controls and exits the flight deck.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes jumps from the still moving plane, strutting like a baller. She heads cross field for the dingus hanger as explosions flare around her.

RHODES  
Calling that one, The Tornado  
Rider.

Not far away, Blaze Thompson wanders across the field heading in the general direction of the launch bunker, oblivious to the chaos that surrounds. The crashing of the Manzanita Mallard grabs his attention. He sees the pilot.

BLAZE  
Tori?

Rhodes turns towards Thompson. Life springs back into Thompson as he races over, hugs her.

BLAZE  
Oh my God. Thought you were dead.

He lets go of her to look, make sure she isn't a mirage.

RHODES  
Be a cold day in hell when that happens. Time for you to choose sides, Blaze.

(CONTINUED)



BLAZE

Whatever side you're on.

RHODES

Then go take your company back.

She hands him a .45 pistol.

RHODES

What's left of it anyway.

Blaze takes it, turns and storms back towards the action.

Rhodes turns and heads into the hanger.

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Henry Higgins, alone in the building, examines the craft.  
Rhodes walks up.

RHODES

Professor Higgins, what are you up to? Where are the guards?

HIGGINS

Took off to go fight. I'm trying to figure out how this thing works.

RHODES

Got orders to secure this thing. What do you think it is?

HIGGINS

An inter-planetary travel device. A space ship for lack of a...

RHODES

Shut the front door. Get this baby open.

Across the room, the sound of metal on concrete distracts them. They both turn to see...

Carl Heinz dragging the tip of a saber along the floor as he moves towards them. Sparks fly from the tip.

RHODES

That's no way to treat a blade. Gonna play hell on the edge.

CARL

Yes, I know. But it gives such a sense of danger. Don't you agree?

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

What, that suppose to be scary?

In a flash Rhodes unsheathes the katana from the shoulder blade harness and sets into first position.

CARL

You've proven a worthy adversary  
but it's time to end this.

Carl sets himself in the European stance.

RHODES

None of this woulda' happened if  
you'd let me deliver this sword.

CARL

You've got it now. Want to call it  
even, leave it at that?

RHODES

Too late, you Nazis threatened my  
hometown. We don't take kindly to  
that where I come from.

CARL

Hometown, what are you talking  
about?

RHODES

Rhodes. Rhodesburg?

CARL

Ohhhh. So silly of me not to make  
the connection. He bought it  
because of you. How weird. I  
suppose that means Rhodesburg  
really has no strategic value?

RHODES

Bingo. Unless you count making the  
greatest people in the world a  
strategic value. No place like  
home.

CARL

So ist das leben.

Carl lunges, Rhodes counters. Two different swords, two  
different styles.

Higgins backs away, shielding himself behind the dingus.

(CONTINUED)

Back and forth they go. Lots of cool moves, fancy swordplay. A curious thing happens whenever Rhodes brings her sword close to the dingus. It begins to light up, make noise.

Rhodes gets nicked on the arm, blood flows. She steps back.

CARL

I warned you it was dangerous here.  
This is no place for a pretty girl.

She looks up at him, wide eyed before narrowing into slits.

RHODES

Really, you think I'm pretty? Now  
you're just pissing me off.

She brings her hand to her mouth, tastes her blood, spits. Spends a bit of time trying to get the taste off her tongue.

RHODES

Blah, that tastes awful.

She strikes full force with a fury that overwhelms Carl. He backs up, looking for an opening to counter, finding none.

Rhodes leaps into the air and flips over Carl while making precise flicking slashes with her blade. She lands in that cool superhero kneel all the kids are doing. She looks up.

RHODES

Now they'll recognise you coming.

Carl stands, seemingly unaffected by the strike. He laughs. New gashes on his face starts to open and well with blood. The new gashes, combined with the original scar, create a large swastika on his face. Realizing he is wounded he grabs his face and runs from the building.

Higgins re-emerges from behind the dingus.

HIGGINS

That was so awesome but you just  
let him go.

RHODES

He's got no place to hide.

HIGGINS

Could you bring your sword here?

RHODES

Actually, it's your sword.

HIGGINS

Looks better on you. Keep it.

RHODES

You're alright, Henry.

HIGGINS

Thanks, Torna... Miss Rhodes.

RHODES

You can call me Tori.

She crosses to the dingus, holds the sword up. The dingus starts to glow, make noise. This sparks something and she runs her hand on the surface until she finds the slot.

RHODES

Insert tab A...

She shoves the sword blade into the slot - perfect fit.

RHODES

...into slot B.

The dingus comes to life as a portion of the surface opens to reveal a single seat cockpit.

RHODES

Something you don't see everyday.

EXT. FIELD - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Darkness has started to set in as Carl runs towards the launch bunker. What remains of the German troops have gathered around for a last stand.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LAUNCH BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Carl burst through the door. Everyone looks up. They reel at the wound on his face.

ERIC

Your face.

Carl grabs a rag off a table, blots the wound.

CARL

Never mind my face. Can we launch?

ERIC

Of course.

Carl crosses to a map on the wall. He points to a spot.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Reset the coordinates to there.

ERIC

That's the airfield.

CARL

And that's where our enemy is.

ERIC

There's just one problem. The line to the gyros has to be reconnected.

Carl turns and starts for the door.

CARL

I'll take care of that. Nobody's going to tell me I'm not a doer.

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes, now seated inside the dingus. Higgins standing.

HIGGINS

Having no reference on alien technology, I can only speculate...

RHODES

Enough with the disclaimers.

HIGGINS

Put your hand on that pad. The system should link to your brain.

The pad is hemispherical with an alien form four digit hand imprint with universal symbols that could represent earth, wind, fire, and water at the tips.

RHODES

I just think what I want it to do?

HIGGINS

Pretty much.

She fits her hand into the imprint on the pad, it starts to hum. She winces from an electrical pain, fighting the input. Wispy green electrical sparks dance between the symbols.

MASTER WU (V.O)

Let go, be still, find your harmony. The power will harness you.

(CONTINUED)

Hearing Master Wu's words in her mind, Rhodes relaxes, the pain recedes, the humming subsides, sparks dissipate.

HIGGINS

Try a command.

RHODES

Hatch close.

The ship seals itself.

INT. DINGUS - CONTINUOUS

From inside, Rhodes has a 360 degree view.

RHODES

Forward.

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Higgins jumps out of the way as the dingus moves.

INT. DINGUS - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes eyes go wide. Instinctively, she pulls her hand from the pad. The craft stops just before smashing into a wall.

EXT. ROCKET LAUNCH PAD - CONTINUOUS

Carl makes his way to the gantry and the stairs leading up. Finding the sync line he starts to reattach it when...

CARL

Want something done around here...

A shot rings out and sparks fly next to Carl's hand. He drops the cable, ducks, turns towards the bullet's origin.

CARL

Thompson? What are you doing?

Blaze Thompson, gun in hand, stomps towards Carl.

BLAZE

Taking back my company.

CARL

We had a deal.

BLAZE

I believe you've gone beyond the parameters of our agreement.

He fires another shot.

(CONTINUED)

The dirt in front of Carl plumes.

Carl jumps up the stairs and gains cover from the structure. He starts climbing towards the top to get away.

Blaze gets to the gantry and follows him up.

BLAZE

So I'm here to terminate said deal.

He fires another shot at Carl who continues upwards.

CARL

I'll sue!

BLAZE

Take it up with my new attorney,  
Mister Colt and his .45.

He fires another shot for punctuation.

Carl gets to the top of the gantry and crosses to the rocket. He turns back and sees Blaze almost at the top.

Carl climbs into the capsule and secures the door. A glass portal in the hatch allows Carl a view point.

Blaze fires a shot at the hatch. It bounces off.

Carl laughs, seemingly safe inside.

CARL

You're not mad about what I said?

Blaze grabs a large wrench from an emergency toolbox on the gantry railing and crosses to the rocket, wedges the wrench into the hatch opening mechanism.

BLAZE

You had it wrong. The difference  
between us is, I can change. You're  
just a one trick pony, so giddy-up.

CARL

Wait. What are you doing? No!

Carl pounds on the hatch as Blaze turns and walks away.

BLAZE

Nobody crosses Blaze Thompson.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

I'll blow up Rhodesburg! What will she think of you then? Thompson!

INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

Brooks and Callahan rush in.

BROOKS

The Germans have regrouped at the launch bunker for... What the hell?

RHODES

Like my new toy?

CALLAHAN

Stop playing around.

RHODES

What time is it?

CALLAHAN

Coming on eight. Why?

RHODES

Don't worry about it. Higgins took care of that. Right... About...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LAUNCH BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The launch crew are in full liftoff mode.

COUNTDOWN

Zehn. Neun. Acht. Sieben.

Something under a chair snags the attention of a **SCIENTIST**. He bends down to retrieve it. He comes up with a box with a big red label that reads: "Return To Sender".

ERIC

What is that?

SCIENTIST

That Higgins character brought it by earlier. Said it was delivered to him by mistake.

Eric pulls the Return to Sender sticker off, opens the box - it's the fruitcake bomb and the timer is almost at zero.



INT. DINGUS HANGER - THOMPSON CANADA - CONTINUOUS

RHODES

Now! No, now. ...Now.

They hear the explosion.

RHODES

Package delivered.

Callahan wags his hand judgmentally.

CALLAHAN

Eh.

Blaze comes running in, totally out of breath. He bends over trying to suck in oxygen.

BLAZE

Give me a minute. Rocket, still taking off, have to stop. Gotta. Start. Working. Out.

RHODES

What is this, Grand Central? Get a lung full there, buddy. Where's it headed?

BLAZE

Not sure. Locked Carl in capsule. May have mentioned something about Rhodesburg. Whoa, how'd I get so out of shape?

RHODES

Rhodesburg? We're going to have a conversation about this later, Blaze. Prof, do we have a problem?

HIGGINS

If he stays in the lower atmosphere he can do anything he wants. What are you going to do? This craft doesn't have any weapons.

They hear the rocket firing and begin to lift off.

RHODES

Guess that makes me the weapon de jour. Stand back, fellas.

The group moves back as the craft becomes whole again. The dingus shoots up, crashing through the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CALLAHAN

We could'a opened the hanger doors.

INT. DINGUS - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes sees the rocket streaking into the night sky.

RHODES

OK, rocket boy, get a load of mama.

Getting the hang of it she sets off after the rocket.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The dingus closes in on the rocket.

INT. CAPSULE - ROCKET - CONTINUOUS

Carl resigns himself to fate.

CARL

Hoist with my own petard. Oh well.  
For the Fatherland!

INT. DINGUS - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes closes on the rocket.

RHODES

Not on my watch, you son of a  
bastard, 'cuz destiny's a bitch.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The dingus hits the rocket in the midsections and slices  
right through it.

The rocket separates into two sections. The bottom half  
explodes, the top half, carrying Carl, falls towards a body  
of water below.

The night sky fills with a brilliant light show.

INT. DINGUS - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes makes the craft Hoover as she watches the fireworks.  
It is only then she realizes where she is, the view she has.  
She makes the craft rise higher and higher into space. She  
takes it all in. The lights from earth. The horizon.

RHODES

Yee-haw!

She steers the craft towards the horizon, gone in a flash.

EXT. FLIGHT LINE - THOMPSON CANADA - DAY

The Manzanita Mallard in a mangled lump on the runway. Prisoners are being rounded up, placed in a holding area. Callahan, JT, and Higgins look on.

CALLAHAN

I say we burn it.

JT

Fire that thing up. Got some Bar-B-Que to get cookin'.

HIGGINS

We should try and salvage it.

They both give him a "where's the fun in that" look. Brooks comes walking up.

BROOKS

Any sign of Tornado?

JT chuckles, looks around the field.

JT

Can't help but see signs of Tornado anywhere you look.

CALLAHAN

Ahh. Somebody's got a girlfriend.

JT

You might want to rethink this, Rookie. That's way too much woman even for the likes of you.

Colonel Cripps and Blaze Thompson come up to the group. Cripps turns to Blaze.

CRIPPS

Alright, Mister Thompson, I believe our little arrangement will satisfy all concerned parties. So, I will leave you to the business at hand.

BROOKS

What the what? That's it? He gets off with a slap on the wrist after all of this?

CRIPPS

He's agreed to fund our operations for a very long time.

(CONTINUED)

HIGGINS

What about justice?

CRIPPS

Justice is for poor people. Mister Thompson is way too rich for that.

JT

Ain't that the truth.

CRIPPS

Gentlemen, carry on.

Cripps struts off. The men circle around Blaze.

BLAZE

Look, fellas, I know I screwed up. What's it gonna take to make things even? Name a price.

CALLAHAN

Think you can buy us off? We got our own brand of justice.

BLAZE

So, what, a hundred grand each?

JT

I believe I speak for everyone when I say, cash is king.

Everyone nods in agreement. Blaze surveys the devastation.

BLAZE

That one woman can do all of this.

BROOKS

Certainly lives up to her name.

CALLAHAN

Wait a minute, don't think you're going to get off that easy.

BLAZE

What are you talking about?

CALLAHAN

Our boy Brooks here has got a thing for our girl and we were just explaining the pitfalls.

(CONTINUED)

BLAZE

Take a number. I can tell you a thing or two about Tori.

Rhodes appears out of nowhere, walking up behind them.

RHODES

Hey! You guys talking about me?

Everyone look down or away sheepishly.

RHODES

This is why I can never have a decent relationship. My so called friends talking trash about me.

The group shuffles off. Rhodes steps in front of Brooks.

RHODES

Wanna talk to you.

Colonel Cripps walks up.

CRIPPS

Hope I'm not interrupting. Just wondering after the whereabouts of my dingus.

RHODES

'fraid that went into the drink. Engine trouble. The interface didn't take well to laughter.

CRIPPS

Laughter? Good to know. At the very least it's preferable to being in enemy hands. Carry on.

Cripps turns and walks away.

BROOKS

Where you been?

RHODES

Couple laps 'round the planet. See the other side all those horizons.

BROOKS

What'd you find?

RHODES

Dreams.

Brooks moves in to kiss her, Rhodes pulls back.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES  
Yeah, I can't do this.

BROOKS  
Wait. What?

RHODES  
Look, I know we had an implied thing happening here, but, I don't know, think I like somebody else.

BROOKS  
You can't be serious. Thought you said we were fated to be together.

RHODES  
We're way down the road from fated. I'm a destiny girl now.

BROOKS  
Yeah, but... Who's your destiny?

RHODES  
Not going to believe this, Higgins.

BROOKS  
Higgins?

RHODES  
Yeah, go figure. Looks like opposites really do attract. Well, gotta run. You gonna be OK, pal?

BROOKS  
Yeah. Sure. Whatever.

Rhodes heads off in search of Higgins. Brooks, devastated, watches her go. Callahan, JT, and Blaze walk up.

BLAZE  
It's not you, man, she does that.

CALLAHAN  
Guess we should'a led with that.

BROOKS  
It's like a tornado ripped through my heart.

JT  
That's her. Tornado Rider Rhodes.

## \*\*\* EPILOGUE \*\*\*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Old country road leads into hardscrabble little town. Sign on side of the road reads: "Welcome to Rhodesburg"

TITLE READS: 6 MONTHS LATER

In the near distance a crane is working to place a cap on the town's water tower. The name, "Rhodesburg", painted on the side of the tank.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - RHODESBURG - CONTINUOUS

**THREE OLDER "CHURCH" LADIES** sit rocking in the shade of the porch while they needlepoint and sip iced tea. They watch the work on the water tower a block or so away.

LADY 1

'bout time they put a cap on that water tower. Been a generation since that thing had a top.

LADY 2

Hopefully the water will taste better from now on.

LADY 1

That was Tori got us that cap.

LADY 2

Heard she saved the world again.

LADY 1

Land's sake, what my little girl will get up to.

LADY 2

Good gosh, hold on now, she's my little girl.

LADY 3

Gee willikers, hush, you two. Tori's everybody's little girl.

EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The crane lowers the cap into place which, on closer inspection, turns out to be the dingus being hidden in plain sight.

EXT. MAIN STREET - RHODESBURG - CONTINUOUS

Two big swanky gangster type sedans skid to a stop in the middle of the road at the center of town. **SEVERAL BURLY GERMANS** climb out of the cars sporting machine guns and dressed in long coats and fedoras.

Carl emerges from a vehicle, arm in a sling, worse for the wear, scar on his face settling in nicely as a symbol of evil genius. He looks around - the street is empty.

CARL

Where the hell is everyone?

**HANS**, one of the burly Germans, turns to Carl.

HANS

We're not going to find her here.

CARL

Fool, I'm not looking for her, it's her family I want. We take them, I can bargain to get that dingus back. Let's get their attention.

The dingus is literally hanging right over Carl's head.

Hans raises his gun in the air fires off a few rounds.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - RHODESBURG - CONTINUOUS

The three women stop their rocking.

LADY 3

Sounds like we got company.

The trio put down their needlepoint and get up.

EXT. MAIN STREET - RHODESBURG - CONTINUOUS

**TOWNSPEOPLE** begin to emerge from their homes and shops and migrate towards the commotion.

Their mass of bodies begin to surround Carl and his crew.

Carl's men spread out to try and cover the advancing horde.

CARL

I'll make this simple. We are looking for the family of Tornado Rider Rhodes. Tell us where they are and we'll leave you in peace.

**TOBY**, a young freckle faced boy at the front of the crowd.

(CONTINUED)



TOBY

What do you want with my sister?

Carl walks up to Toby and bends face to face.

CARL

Are you her brother?

TOBY

Yeah. She give you that scar?

CARL

Where's the rest of your family.

**BOB**, a Goliath of a milkfed teenage farm boy steps forward.

BOB

I'm her brother.

CARL

Now we're getting somewhere.  
Anybody else?

From the crowd more voices raise in solidarity.

SISTER 1

I'm her sister.

MOTHER 1

I'm her mother.

DAD 1

I'm her dad.

FATHER 1

I'm her father.

MOM 1

I'm her mom.

BROTHER 1

I'm her brother.

Carl spins around, bewildered by the group response.

CARL

Alright. Fun's fun. Now, come on,  
no one has to get hurt here. Just  
tell us what we want to know.

The three church ladies push through to the front of the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

LADY 1

Mister, you was born wrong.

LADY 2

Because somebody does have to get hurt here.

LADY 3

You see, we don't take kindly to strangers coming into our town and threatening one of our own.

CARL

Who are you suppose to be?

LADY 1

I'm her mama.

Lady 1 pulls out a pair Colt .45s and points them at Carl.

LADY 2

I'm her mama.

Lady 2 pulls a Remington 12 gauge pump shotgun from behind her back and racks a shell into the chamber.

LADY 3

And I'm her big bad mama.

Lady 3 brings out a Thompson sub machine gun from behind her back and levels it on Carl.

The snarky look on Carl's face begins to fade.

The three church ladies have big get-er-done grins stretched across their faces.

Other weapons, from rifles to pitchforks to pistols to slingshots appear in the hands of the rest of the townsfolk.

CARL

Oh crap.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

"Welcome to Rhodesburg" reads the sign. In the distance the sound of gunfire and a pitched battle breaks the serenity of the day. In smaller print at the bottom the sign reads, "You come for one of us, you come for all of us."