

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH VIETNAMESE SKIES - NIGHT

Aircraft light up the sky like an unexpected meteor crash - U.S. Navy diversionary mission head northwest off the Gulf of Tonkin, toward Hanoi.

SUPER: NOVEMBER 21, 1970 "OPERATION IVORY COAST"

DESTINATION: SON TAY PRISON CAMP

MISSION: RESCUE AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR CAPTURED BY THE NORTH VIETNAMESE.

Twenty-three miles west of Hanoi, the primary mission and concurrent raid approaches Son Tay at low level flight, avoiding radar. "Angel of Death" C-130 aircraft spark the surrounding trees. JORGE CORTES, mid-30's, pilots the HH-3 aircraft, "BANANA." Strict radio silence.

CORTES

(to crew)

She's in sight. Less than two.

Army Special Forces, Sergeant JAKE THRASHER, mid-20's, anxiously awaits with a motley crew of thirteen Special Forces in full combat gear. Assault Group "BLUEBOY" are ready to kick some serious ass.

Thrasher pulls out a photo from his left vest pocket. He stares in silent reflection at his brother, JOHN THRASHER, mid-20's, standing next to his Thunderchief "THUD" F-105 aircraft with a cocky grin. Thrasher runs his thumb over the image. Thrasher's comrade, Sergeant JIM "CHIEF" TAYLOR, mid-20's, sits beside him.

CHIEF

(looking at John's  
picture)

We'll find him.

Thrasher looks to Chief and nods unknowingly. Then, puts the picture back in his pocket and pats his heart. He quickly toughens up as they prepare for a hard landing.

CORTES

(yelling to crew)

Secure all Blueboy! Not trained to  
crash.

The aircraft is aimed at a TREE, closest to the SON TAY PRISON CAMP.

CORTES (CONT'D)  
Laying it down within the trees, as planned. When it hits, Go!

TUD!-TUD!-TUD!-TUD!-TUD!-TUD!-TUD!-TUD! Rotors snap as the chopper collides into tree branches. Aircraft gyrates from the impact. Bodies are thrown throughout the cabin. A fire extinguisher dislodges and shatters Thrasher's left ankle.

THRASHER  
(screaming)  
Ayyyyy!

His body shakes from the excruciating pain. Adrenaline takes over as he exits the damaged helo. The rescue party announce their presence.

CORTES (O.S. BULLHORN)  
(to prisoners)  
We're Americans. Keep your heads down. We're Americans, this is a rescue. We're here to get you out. Keep your heads down, get on the floor. We'll be in your cells in a minute.

North Vietnamese military personnel exit the buildings in various undress. They fire their weapons against the intruders. The opposing force is out-matched and the Raiders quickly dispose of them.

Cortes exits and places a timed explosive on the crashed HH-3 helicopter. Thrasher places an explosive outside the southwest corner of the prison wall.

THRASHER  
(grunting in pain)  
Mhmmpf.

Limping Thrasher and Chief take cover.

HH-53's helicopters, APPLE ONE and APPLE TWO await the Raiders and evacuated prisoners in a nearby field.

KABOOM! A huge explosion blows a hole through the side of the enemy wall. Masonry showers the Raiders. The detonation pierces Thrasher's brain with a torturous RING. He puts his hands over his head, making sure his ears weren't blown off.

INT. JAKE THRASHER'S BEDROOM- PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

Fifty years later. The loud RING of a telephone startles Thrasher from his sleep.

He frantically sits up, covering his ears, disoriented and drenched in sweat. He gasps, then looks around the room, trying to figure out this time and place. He recognizes a large portrait of his Special Operations Unit from Vietnam hanging on the wall. Thrasher breathes a sigh of relief, he's home.

THRASHER

Jesus.

The phone RINGS again. He answers.

PHONE (O.S.)

It's time.

THRASHER

Roger.