

MONA LISA BOMBS

Written by

General Motors

FADE IN:

SUPER TITLE: ENGLAND 1943

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

An asphalt-covered runway 2000 yards long is bordered on both sides by trees. Tents, a metal hanger, several Quonset huts, and a two-story control tower are hidden amongst the trees.

A DRONE heralds an oncoming B17 BOMBER extending its landing gear. The plane is olive green on top and gray on the bottom.

PILOT (V.O.)

Pilot to navigator: Is this the right place?

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)

Theoretically. It's not on any map.

PILOT (V.O.)

Well, let's ask for directions.

The plane's wheels touch down with a LOUD SQUEAL and the plane RUMBLES as it gradually slows to a stop.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

A GROUND CREWMAN steps in front of bomber and signals for it to taxi off the asphalt onto the grass perimeter. The plane stops moving and the pilot's side window opens.

Crewman's attention is drawn to the big leaping BLACK CAT painted on the nose of the craft. When the window opens, he notices the 12 yellow bombs, in two rows of six, and the five swastikas painted on the fuselage under it.

The young pilot, LT. LEWIS RULE, sticks his head out the window and flashes a big grin at the even-younger Crewman.

PILOT

Can I get a fill-up and our windows washed?

CREWMAN

Yessir! And today we're having a special on 500-pound bombs!

## EXT. OPERATIONS SHACK - DAY

A jeep stops in front of the quonset hut and Pilot steps off, nods at the driver, then turns and salutes MAJOR DAN COOPER, who's standing in front of the hut's door. Cooper is a genial 50-year-old, starting to go bald.

PILOT  
Lt. Rule, sir.

MAJ. COOPER  
Major Cooper. Welcome to Shangri-La.

PILOT  
Shangri-La?

MAJ. COOPER  
Yeah. We don't exist.

## INT. MAJOR COOPER'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is spacious, but aside from a small desk, a few chairs, and file cabinets, the most notable feature is a big bible on a pedestal. Cooper gestures Pilot to take one of the chairs.

MAJ. COOPER  
I'm strictly a desk pilot, now. On Sundays I lead a religious service in the hanger. Pretty boring, huh?

Cooper picks up a cigarette case from the desk, offers one to Pilot, takes one for himself, and lights them both with a desk lighter.

PILOT  
Major, I've come to appreciate the value of boredom.

Cooper chuckles and both puff contentedly on their smokes.

## EXT. BLACK CAT - DAY

2nd LT WADE LAW, 22 years old, stands in front of the plane, one hand covering his face in mock disgust.

CO-PILOT  
I just hope it doesn't fall apart over the North Sea.

The Navigator, 24-year-old 2nd LT. CLARRY DARNELL, sits on a wing, studying a big map.

NAVIGATOR

It's only going to fall apart if  
you fly us into the path of a 20-  
millimeter rocket, Wade.

The Flight Engineer/Top Turret Gunner, 26-year-old SGT. JULIUS LEDERMAN, has a toolbox in front of him, laying out the tools on the ground.

TOP TURRET GUNNER

Hey, don't talk shit like that!

The Radio Operator, 21-year-old SERGEANT DORSEY BAKER, stands on a ladder propped up against the nose of the plane, painting over the image of the black cat.

RADIO OPERATOR

I'm only going to have time to do  
this side, Lt. Law.

Co-Pilot walks over to the ladder.

CO-PILOT

It's only for one mission anyway.  
No one's gonna notice.

Co-Pilot walks under the plane to the other side where the four gunners, all eighteen or nineteen, are examining metal cases of .50 Calibre ammunition.

The left waist gunner is CPL. TOM WILKINS; the right waist gunner is CPL. MAURICE "MO" WHITE; the belly gunner is CPL. BILL MATUSZEWSKI; and the tail gunner is SGT. ALAN SMALE.

Co-Pilot turns his attention to the bottom of the plane as the bombardier/nose gunner, 22-year-old MARCUS SMITH, drops out of the open bomb bay.

BOMBARDIER

Hey, lieutenant, when are we  
getting our bombs?

The radio operator looks down from his perch on the ladder.

RADIO OPERATOR

What do we need bombs for, Marc?  
You couldn't hit the ocean if we  
were floating on it.

This draws chuckles and derision from the crew.

BOMBARDIER

Fine! I will happily sit this mission out!

EXT. E/O CLUB - DAY

Pilot glances at his plane in the distance, before entering the Enlisted/Officer's club

INT. E/O CLUB - DAY

The room holds six round tables. Only one is occupied, by two men and a woman in civilian clothes. They look at Pilot with some interest as he enters. A radio is playing SWING MUSIC in background.

Pilot nods at the trio at the table as he crosses to the bar where an OLDER ENGLISH WOMAN greets him with a smile.

PILOT

Coffee, please.

The Woman reaches under the counter, brings up a pot and a cup and pours a cup for him.

WOMAN

There you go, lieutenant.

Pilot leaves a quarter on the counter, nods at her and crosses to a table. After setting the cup down, he closes his eyes and stretches his neck to relieve the stress.

The SOUND of a scraping chair makes him open his eyes in time to see the civilian woman crossing to his table, glass of wine in one hand.

He stands and shakes her extended hand. ELLENA is 26, tall, and has a striking face, not least because of the scar that runs from her left cheek down to her neck. She speaks with a light French accent.

ELLENA

Ellena.

PILOT

Lewis. Please join me.

They sit down.

ELLENA

You have a cat painted on your plane, instead of a girl. Why?

Apparently this is a question he's gotten before.

PILOT

Cats kill rats. That's what we do.  
Plus my wife told me if I flew a  
plane with a girl on it, we would  
stop making babies. I like making  
babies.

Ellena laughs, takes a sip of her wine.

ELLENA

Do you have a picture of your  
family?

Pilot shakes his head.

PILOT

I don't like the reminder. Thinking  
about anything but my job on a  
mission is dangerous.

ELLENA

To me, it sounds like you are  
surrendering to death before you  
are dead.

Pilot shrugs, grabs his cup and starts to lift it, but  
there's a noticeable tremor in his hand. He places his other  
hand on the cup and raises it to his lips.

Ellena indicates her glass.

ELLENA (CONT'D)

I find that wine works better than  
coffee for the..."shakes"?

Pilot puts cup down.

ELLENA (CONT'D)

So, no pictures of your wife. Do  
you dream about her, at least?

PILOT

Yes. But mostly I dream about going  
down in a burning plane. We all do.

Ellena nods, gets a faraway look in her eyes and touches her  
scar.

ELLENA

I dream about the night this  
happened.

PILOT

A German?

ELLENA

Yes. We had an argument. I wanted to blow up a bridge and he didn't want me to blow it up.

PILOT

What happened?

ELLENA

We compromised: I killed him and blew up the bridge.

Pilot laughs heartily.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - OPERATIONS SHACK - DAY

The crew of the Black Cat is slouched in folding chairs, listening to COL. BEN GATELY. Gately is a powerfully built man of 40. A map of northern Europe is behind him on the small stage.

An aerial photo of a town has been taped to the map. A red X over a big building indicates their target. Buildings on either side have been labeled as SCHOOL and HOSPITAL.

COL. GATELY

The target is supposedly a Mercedes auto plant, but the Brits think it's manufacturing V2 rocket motors.

Gately points at the buildings next to the target.

COL. GATELY (CONT'D)

Again let me emphasize the importance of precisely dropping your ordnance on the target.

BOMBARDIER

At night. On a target that will be somehow illuminated by British agents. This is a bad dream.

The crew murmur their agreement.

COL. GATELY

That's why we're sending the Black Cat. You're the best in the nineteenth.

PILOT  
 So you "volunteered" my crew for  
 this mission?

COL. GATELY  
 No, as a matter of fact General  
 Savage at 8th Bomber Group selected  
 you. He thinks yours is the best  
 plane in the 8th Air Force.

The crew agrees with this assessment but isn't any happier.

CO-PILOT  
 So this is what, a reward?

COL. GATELY  
 No. This is trying to win the war.  
 (beat)  
 I'm leading the nine-eighteenth  
 tomorrow. I plan on seeing the  
 Black Cat flying back from its  
 mission. Good luck.

PILOT  
 Ten-hut!

The men jump to their feet as Col. Gately strides out of the  
 room.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DUSK

The crew is posing for a picture in front of the nose of the  
 plane. In place of the Black Cat is now a respectable  
 likeness of the MONA LISA -- if a Mona Lisa winking lewdly  
 can be termed respectable.

Major Cooper takes the photo, then gives them a thumbs up.

MAJ. COOPER  
 Okay, gentlemen, I think it's time  
 you got off my field.

The men chuckle and make for the plane's hatches. Pilot  
 crosses to Maj. Cooper, who hands him his camera.

PILOT  
 Thanks, Major.

MAJ. COOPER  
 You're welcome. Uh, a personal  
 question if you don't mind, Lt.  
 Rule?



PILOT

Shoot.

MAJ. COOPER

Do you believe in God?

Pilot is taken aback, but only for a couple of beats.

PILOT

Well, sir, anyone who's been paying attention knows God's track record isn't any too good right now. So I put my faith in Browning; machine gun; fifty calibre; thirteen of.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The Black Cat THUNDERS down the strip. As it's wheels lift off, Ellena, standing off to side, waves at it. Pilot sticks his arm out the window at his side and waves back.

EXT. OVER THE NORTH SEA - NIGHT

The sea reflects the light from the stars, outlining the moving dark shadow that's the Black Cat.

PILOT (V.O.)

Clarry, where are those Lancasters?

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)

Should be a couple miles ahead of us, Lew.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Do they even know we're here?

PILOT (V.O.)

Probably. They know they're a diversion for somebody.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Col. Gately's car moves briskly down a darkened road. The headlights have been shuttered so that they only shine on the road immediately in front of the car.

DRIVER (V.O.)

Do you think they'll make it, colonel?

COL. GATELY (V.O.)  
 A lone plane? At night? Deep in  
 German territory?  
 (beat)  
 Maybe. Those are the best boys we  
 have.

INT. COCKPIT - BLACK CAT - NIGHT

The DIM LIGHT comes from the vast array of lighted dials. The men in the plane all wear fleece suits and oxygen masks.

The DRONE of the engines is mind-numbing. The temperature is minus 40 degrees, and the machine gun hatches in the plane are all open to the sky so it's always breezy.

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)  
 Navigator to crew, we are now  
 flying over the fatherland. If you  
 spit out your window, you may hit a  
 German in the face.

BELLY GUNNER (V.O.)  
 Gopher killer to crew, look to the  
 right for a beautiful sight.

EXT. BLACK CAT

The land below is dark, except on the far horizon which is lit up a hellish red.

RIGHT WAIST GUNNER (V.O.)  
 Wow! What city is that?

TOP TURRET GUNNER (V.O.)  
 Whoever it is, the RAF is pounding  
 the hell out of 'em.

REAR TAIL GUNNER (V.O.)  
 Hooray for them. Kill all those  
 fucking krauts.

LEFT WAIST GUNNER (V.O.)  
 Even the civilians?

REAR TAIL GUNNER (V.O.)  
 Especially the civilians. Those are  
 the idiots who elected Hitler  
 chancellor, aren't they?

CO-PILOT (V.O.)  
You got that right. You make your  
choice and you pay the price. Thank  
God the US has never elected a  
total idiot as president.

INT. RADIO COMPARTMENT - LATER

Radio Operator is fiddling with the dials on one of his  
radios. He finds something interesting.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Radio to Pilot. I've got Berlin.  
Our favorite gal is on.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Well, put her on! We all need a  
good laugh.

CUT TO SHOTS of the crew at their positions, intent on the  
night outside as they listen to the sultry voice of AXIS  
SALLY.

AXIS SALLY (V.O.)  
(on radio, staticky)  
...and the enemies are precisely  
those people who are fighting  
against Germany today and, in case  
you don't know it, indirectly  
against America too, because defeat  
for Germany would mean a defeat for  
America.

EXT. BLACK CAT

Black Cat continues on its mission into the dark.

AXIS SALLY (V.O.)  
(on radio, staticky)  
Your girlfriends, your wives, are  
at home with the 4Fs, the slackers,  
and are being romanced by them. I  
love America, but I do not love  
Roosevelt and all of his kike  
boyfriends who have thrown us into  
this awful turmoil.

EXT. ARCHBURY FIELD - NIGHT

The home of the 918th Bomb Group is quiet and dark. Col. Gately's car drives through the gate and stops in front of the Operations Shack. Gately gets out and the car drives off.

INT. COLONEL GATELY'S OFFICE

The door opens and Gately is surprised to find the light is on -- and that GEN. FRANK SAVAGE is waiting for him. Savage, 42, is tall, solid, handsome.

Gately closes the door behind him and shakes hands with the general.

COL. GATELY

What brings you here at this time  
of night, General Savage?

Savage steps to Gately's desk and picks up a bottle of bourbon.

GEN. SAVAGE

Thought I'd share some of this fine  
Kentucky bourbon I happened to find  
in General Eaker's office. It was  
just lying there.

Gately laughs and hurries to his desk. He pulls two glasses out of a drawer and passes them to Savage to fill.

COL. GATELY

Good thing the Army got you first,  
instead of the Chicago mob, Frank.

GEN. SAVAGE

To the Black Cat.

They clink glasses.

COL. GATELY

The Black Cat.

They drink the whiskey in one swallow. Savage pours them another slug.

GEN. SAVAGE

The second reason I'm here, Ben, is  
to make sure you get some sleep  
tonight. Tomorrow, you and the boys  
of the nine-eighteen have to be at  
your sharpest.

COL. GATELY  
 What makes you think I won't be  
 able to sleep tonight?

GEN. SAVAGE  
 Because you'll be worrying about  
 the Black Cat all night.

Gately nurses his drink, refusing to admit Savage is right.

GEN. SAVAGE (CONT'D)  
 Go to sleep, Ben. That's an order.  
 I'll stay up all night and do the  
 worrying for the both of us.

Gately nods ruefully, finishes his second drink, bows and  
 leaves the office.

EXT. BLACK CAT - NIGHT

The plane is angling down, the ground below an unbroken  
 expanse of nothing.

PILOT (V.O.)  
 Pilot to crew, we're under 10,000  
 feet, so you can take off the  
 oxygen masks. Clarry, how far to  
 the target?

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)  
 About 50 miles. Of course, I can't  
 see any landmarks, so who the hell  
 really knows?

CO-PILOT (V.O.)  
 The Lancasters' target is going to  
 be ten miles to the left. Hope  
 we're not early to the party.

INT. COCKPIT

Pilot's attention is riveted on the gauges. Co-Pilot is  
 straining to see anything outside.

BOMBARDIER (V.O.)  
 Bombardier to pilot, do we have any  
 idea what the signal's going to be?

PILOT  
 I'm guessing the Brits are going to  
 erect a chandelier on the roof.

BOMBARDIER (V.O.)  
 Ha, ha. Did any of your mother's  
 children live?

INT. NAVIGATION

Navigator is bent over a map on his vibrating desktop,  
 working with a ruler and pencil. A blackout curtain separates  
 him from the Bombardier in the nose.

NAVIGATOR  
 How low are you taking us, Lew?

PILOT (V.O.)  
 I intend to leave skid-marks on the  
 roof of the building if I have to.

BELLY GUNNER (O.S.)  
 You do that, and I'll leave skid  
 marks in my long-johns!

NAVIGATOR  
 Well then you'd be out of brains,  
 wouldn't you gopher killer?

INT. NOSE

Bombardier looks away from the dark outside the plexiglass  
 nose and bends his head to the bombsight.

BOMBARDIER  
 I'm not seeing anything!

TOP TURRET GUNNER (V.O.)  
 They'll probably wait until they  
 hear our engines before lighting  
 it. Whatever it is.

PILOT (V.O.)  
 Alright, no more talking unless you  
 see the signal.

EXT. BLACK CAT

To the left of Black Cat, ten miles distant, the night erupts  
 in a hellish display of red and yellow EXPLOSIONS followed by  
 the ERUPTIONS of anti-aircraft guns.

PILOT (V.O.)  
 Ignore that noise. Eyes front!

Up ahead there's a TWINKLE OF LIGHT.

BELLY GUNNER (V.O.)  
Signal sighted two o'clock low!

The plane immediately corrects course.

INT. NOSE

Bombardier is molded to the bombsight.

BOMBARDIER  
Keep her level. Level!

Out the nose, in the dark, the twinkle resolves into a FLICKERING FIRE.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Auto-pilot on. Bombardier has  
control of the plane.

Bombardier pulls up on a lever on the left side of the fuselage.

BOMBARDIER  
Bomb doors open. Steady, steady.

THROUGH BOMBSIGHT

The two hairlines Bombardier is manipulating are barely visible as they meet at a right angle over image of a fire.

INT. BOMB BAY

The dim gray smudges of buildings are barely visible below the open bomb doors.

BOMBARDIER (V.O.)  
Bombs away.

The eight bombs release from the two racks and plunge down into the night.

INT. COCKPIT

Pilot and Co-Pilot pull back on their control yokes, gaining altitude and speed.

CO-PILOT  
Was that a burning bush?

PILOT

Yeah. We just delivered the eleventh commandment.

BELLY GUNNER (V.O.)

Hey, no explosions!

TAIL GUNNER (V.O.)

Hope we didn't dent the roof!

EXT. BLACK CAT - LATER

The plane DRONES on into the dark. On the planes's RADIO HEAR: Vaughn Monroe's "WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN."

CO-PILOT (V.O.)

Hey, Lew, what is the eleventh commandment?

PILOT (V.O.)

Uh, don't marry a stripper?

BELLY GUNNER (V.O.)

Hey, I've got a joke. How many whores does it take to change a lightbulb?

BOMBARDIER (V.O.)

Okay, gopher killer, how many whores does it take to change a lightbulb?

BELLY GUNNER (V.O.)

It looks like one, but she's faking it.

GROANS greet the punchline.

EXT. CONTROL TOWER BALCONY - ARCHBURY FIELD - NIGHT

General Savage, looking slightly haggard, leans on the railing, watching the 918th's crews being ferried to their planes in jeeps and trucks.

LT. COL. STOVALL, a thin, bespectacled man of 45, steps out onto the balcony and joins the general.

LT. COL. STOVALL

Black Cat just reported: "Stick released over target".



Gen. Savage considers this for a few moments.

GEN. SAVAGE

Is that their way of saying they  
don't know if they hit the target?

LT. COL. STOVALL

We do precision daylight bombing.  
No one can do precision nighttime  
bombing. That's why the Brits bomb  
cities not military targets.

GEN. SAVAGE

(nods)

Is Black Cat alright?

LT. COL. STOVALL

So far.

EXT. THE NORTH SEA - DAWN

Black Cat GLEAMS brightly in the sun's rays. Then BLACK DOTS  
appear out of the rising sun.

TAIL GUNNER (V.O.)

Bandits 6 o'clock high!

RIGHT WAIST GUNNER (V.O.)

Bandits 4 o'clock high!

LEFT TURRET GUNNER (V.O.)

Bandits 9 o'clock high!

PILOT (V.O.)

(calm)

Alright, call 'em out. And no  
yelling!

INT. WAIST - BLACK CAT

The two waist gunners are POUNDING away, spent brass casings  
cascading onto the deck.

RIGHT WAIST GUNNER

3 o'clock going low.

He chases fighter down with his gun.

BELLY GUNNER (V.O.)

Got him! Got him!

EXT. BLACK CAT

An Fw 190 spirals down in FLAMES.

TAIL GUNNER (V.O.)  
Two 109s 6 o'clock level.

TOP TURRET GUNNER (V.O.)  
Three 190s 10 o'clock level.

Black Cats' GUNS are blazing away at the German fighters buzzing above, below and around it.

An Me 109 behind Black Cat EXPLODES.

INT. NOSE

Bombardier is FIRING the twin chin guns at the fighters in front. Navigator is BLASTING away with a gun in a side hatch.

INT. BELLY GUN

Swivels left to right tracking a fighter.

BELLY GUNNER  
109 5 o'clock to 10 o'clock low.

LEFT TURRET GUNNER (V.O.)  
He's mine!

Left Turret Gunner BANGS away at the Me 109 until its engine starts SMOKING and then it plummets.

INT. RADIO COMPARTMENT

Radio Operator FIRES a long burst at an approaching fighter, it's wing guns WINKING -- each wink a bullet. Radio Operator is SHREDDED.

INT. COCKPIT

Pilot concentrates on his flying, while Co-Pilot grimly monitors the gauges for any damage. The RACKET inside the plane is deafening. Both men are trying to ignore the killers circling outside.

INT. TOP TURRET

Top Turret Gunner has his guns aimed straight up, BLASTING at a diving Fw 190.

TOP TURRET GUNNER  
Fuck you! Fuck you!

The plexiglass dome SHATTERS and he tumbles down, leaving behind blood and brains.

EXT. BLACK CAT

BULLETS smash into number two engine and it bursts into FLAMES. Pilot glances out window.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Engine two on fire. Hit AFC for number two.

The fire flickers out but engine is now pouring black smoke.

BULLETS rake fuselage and Mona Lisa gets a bullet between the eyes.

A section of the tail fin is BLOWN off.

INT. WAIST

A 20mm cannon round BLOWS open a hole next to Left Waist Gunner and he's sent crashing to the deck. He tries to get up, but his feet slip on the carpet of spent casings. Right Waist Gunner spins away from his gun, gives him a hand up, and spins back to his gun.

INT. TAIL GUN

Tail Gunner HAMMERS away with his twin guns at an Me 109 rising up from below.

TAIL GUNNER  
Eat this, sonofabitch!

The fighter EXPLODES.

EXT. THE NORTH SEA

The smoking, battered bomber is caught in a web of WHITE CONTRAILS that trail the fighters swarming around it.

One of the fighters bursts into FLAMES and swoons down to the waiting sea.

INT. NOSE

The plexiglass SHATTERS and Bombardier is blown backward. Navigator can't spare a glance at fallen man because he's caught up in a duel with a fighter. The fighter wins. Navigator's remains are hurled into the bulkhead behind him.

INT. COCKPIT

Pilot and Co-Pilot rear back in their seats as a FIGHTER zooms by directly in front of them. Black Cat is vibrating so badly, it's impossible to read any of the gauges.

Right side of the plane JOLTS as engine number four is mangled by a CANNON round.

Co-Pilot lurches as he's hit by a ROUND penetrating the cabin. After a stunned moment, he holds up a bloody right hand.

CO-PILOT  
Fucking bastards!

PILOT  
Hold on, Wade.

CO-PILOT  
Good advice, Lew!

PILOT  
Feathering engine four.

He reaches out to push the needed button, but has trouble hitting it because of the vibration. He looks up after pushing the button and:

PILOT (CONT'D)  
(reverently)  
Spitfires 12 o'clock high.

Ahead of them, scores of British SPITFIRES close in on the remaining German fighters.

EXT. THE NORTH SEA

The German fighters abandon the wounded bomber and flee before the superior force. The Spitfires nearest Black Cat waggle their wings as they scream past.

Behind the Spitfires appears a group of B17s. This is the 918th. The LEAD BOMBER drops down to Black Cat's level.

INT. COCKPIT - LEAD BOMBER

Col. Gately and his co-pilot stare in amazement at sight of Black Cat.

COL. GATELY  
Calling the bomber that looks like  
shit. Is that you Black Cat?

PILOT (V.O.)  
Funny meeting you here, Colonel.

INT. COCKPIT - BLACK CAT

Pilot fights the controls but spares a glance at the passing air armada.

COL. GATELY (V.O.)  
Are you going to ditch, Black Cat?

The question seems to confuse Pilot's exhausted mind.

PILOT  
Ditch? No. No. We're not going to  
ditch.

EXT. THE NORTH SEA

Black Cat continues on its way.

PILOT (V.O.)  
Black Cat is going home.

Black Cat gets smaller and smaller until it fades into a distant mist.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - DAY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

The 918th is strung out in a long line as it approaches the target. ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE is sporadic around the 918th.

Another group of American bombers is pounding the same area the RAF hit last night as a diversion. The sky around these bombers is black with ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.

INT. COCKPIT - LEAD BOMBER

Col. Gately is straining to find target. He's startled as Bombardier lets out a WHOOP on the interphone.

LEAD BOMBARDIER (V.O.)  
It's beautiful! Fantastic! Keep it  
level. Approaching IP.

Col. Gately flicks a switch.

COL. GATELY  
Bombardier, the plane is yours.

LEAD BOMBARDIER (V.O.)  
Roger. Keep 'er level.

COL. GATELY  
This is Mama Duck to all my ugly  
ducklings. Follow me to the pond.  
We're going to make a hole and all  
of you are going to plant your  
sticks in it. All of you.

INT. NOSE - LEAD BOMBARDIER

Lead Bombardier, eyes glued to bombsight, pulls a lever on left fuselage panel.

LEAD BOMBARDIER  
Start the camera. Bomb doors open.

EXT. LEAD BOMBER

Bomb doors lock open.

LEAD BOMBARDIER (V.O.)  
Bombs away.

Eight five-hundred-pound olive green bombs drop out of the plane and WHISTLE their way down to:

THE TARGET

Roof of the huge building is now a massive canvas holding an ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECE comprised of all the colors of the rainbow, courtesy of the Black Cat.

FADE OUT