

THAT MOMENT:

DIRECT HIT!

The rocket plunges into the jet fighter's viscera.
Obliteration.

The fighter detonates into a million pieces, over and over
again, explosions within explosions.

EDDIE

Takes his hands off the wheel, laughs in euphoric
astonishment.

Debris rains down across the lake bed.

The truck skids to a wild juddering halt.

The sky is filled with falling wreckage. Burning shards
scatter as far as the eye can see.

ELLEN

(opening her eyes,
squeezed shut since
she pulled the
trigger)

Did I hit it?

EDDIE

I'd say so.

The black rain rattles on the truck's hood. Larger pieces
crump and thump fifty yards distant. A particularly large
piece whams down nearby, topples over, sizzling.

ELLEN

So now what?

Eddie looks at her. She looks back.

EDDIE

Let's get out of here.

CUT TO BLACK: