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# Hot Shots!

By Jim Abrahams

FLEMNER AIR FORCE BASE

20 years ago

Look out!

He singed my tail feathers.

All right, Buzz. That's enough of that.

What did I just say?

That is a good way to lose an eye, my friend.

Hold it. We've got company at two o'clock.

I got him, Mailman. Hang on.

Here we go.

- Buzz, what is goin' on up there?

- Just movin' a road hog.

- Knock it off! What kind of stunt was that?

- Just seein' what this baby can do.

This bag of bones isn't rated past Mach two.

- Mach one.

- The G-forces, Buzz! The G-forces!

Mach two. Gotta push the envelope.

Mach three!

Buzz! We're tearing apart!

I'm losin' control.

Eject, Mailman. Hit the silk!

- I can't get out!

- What are you doing?

Buzz! Get back here!

OK. I've been in tougher scrapes than this.

There's the ground. It looks hard. OK, trees.

No! Oh. Mahogany. Ow!

Squirrel's nest. Bird. Ow! Pine.

Ow! Oh, the ground.

I made it.

I made it! There is a God.

Hallelujah!

You're French, aren't you?

Yeah, just like that.

Hey, look! There's one!

Present Day

Topper Harley?

Once, perhaps.

Now I am called Tukachinchilla.

- What does it mean?

- Fluffy Bunny Feet.

It's very nice.

I'm Lieutenant Commander James Block.

I knew your father Buzz.  
Until his incident, he was  
the greatest pilot who ever lived.  
We need to talk.  
The Navy wants...  
The Navy wants you back, Harley.  
They threw me out. Why should I go back?  
I came here to get away from the Navy.  
Away from flying.  
The Navy has a top-secret mission:  
Sleepy Weasel.  
I'm giving you a second chance,  
which your father never had.  
You're the best of the best, Topper.  
Leave me to speak with the old one.  
He is wise in the ways of such things.  
The Navy really needs you.  
Great helium.  
Owatonna.  
Owatonna!  
What is it, Fluffy?  
They want me to fly in a great battle.  
What should I do?  
We knew this day would come.  
Dances With Bikers got this for you.  
Cool.  
While you're out,  
pick up some AA batteries.  
Wow!  
Ten... hut!  
Admiral. Good to see you again, sir.  
- It's been too long.  
- And so it has. Yes, yes.  
- How are ya, sir?  
- Hawaii?  
- Goddamn it, Bill, I should be in California.  
- No, sir, this is California.  
- Well, gotta run. Good luck.  
- But, sir, this is your command.  
Sleepy Weasel has been planned for  
ten months. The president hand-picked you.  
Damn right he did.  
No stoppin' us now, huh, Ted?  
- I'll show you your offices and brief you.

- You're a fine soldier, Scott. Lead the way.

Oh, good God. I gotta pee.

I had part of my bladder  
blown off at Guadalcanal.

Watch your step.

There's a lot of obstructions here.

- I had a little dreidel!

- I made it out of clay!

- And when it's dry and ready...

- My dreidel I will play!

- Here's the story...

- Of a lovely lady!

- Who was bringing up...

- Three very lovely girls!

- All of them had hair of gold!

- Like their mother!

- The youngest one...

- In curls!

- Here's the story...

- Of a man named Brady!

Gentlemen, he's back.

How ya been?

- Yeah, it's the big guy.

- Good to see ya.

- Scooter! How you doin'?

- Topper. The main man.

- Rabbi! Mazel tov.

- You should live and be well!

Hey, buddy.

Are you OK?

You don't look so hot. You need some help?

I'm OK.

You're Topper Harley, aren't you?

I hear you've got chops we only dream of.

Throwin' you out was a bum rap.

I'm Jim Pfaffenbach.

Everybody calls me Wash Out.

- You're a pilot?

- Oh, yeah. I'm gonna be flyin' with ya.

Good.

Cute.

I like to stay in shape. Thanks.

- Are these all at home?

- Yeah.

The dogs, wife and kids.

You got pictures of your family,

I'd love to see 'em.

- I am my family photo.

- But everybody needs a family to love.

I could never find time for love. It's  
too heavy. It's an anchor that drowns a man.

Besides, I got the sky,  
the smell of jet exhaust, my bike.

- A loner?

- No. I own it.

I can see I'm gonna have to work on you.

Name's Pete Thompson. But...

everybody calls me Dead Meat.

- Topper Harley.

- Just a pleasure.

Attention on deck!

Good morning, sir!

I don't care

how many missions you've flown!

I don't care how good you think you are!

You're nobody!

And for the next ten days,  
nobody takes a crap unless I say so!

- Got it?

- Yes, sir!

I said "Attention".

Now, didn't I make myself clear?

Or don't you take orders?

- When I say "Attention", I mean "Attention"!

- Yes, sir!

Now!

- You eyeballin' me, mister?

- No, sir!

The next time I see that ugly face of yours,  
I want it clean-shaven! Suck in that chest!

Pfaffenbach!

- What you lookin' at, boy?

- Nothin', sir!

Oh, I'm some lowlife that's  
not good enough for you to talk to?

Well, that attitude is short on collateral!

I'm God as far as you're concerned!

Hey, hey. Lighten up.

Cut the kid some slack.  
Who the hell are you talkin' to, son?  
Your ego's writin' cheques  
your body can't cash.  
Now you got five minutes to stow your gear.  
Get movin'!  
Yeah, I'm sure deep down he means well.  
I hope you were paying attention.  
- I don't think we've met.  
- Kent Gregory.  
Excuse me if I don't shake your hand.  
Your father killed someone very special

**to me:**

- You mean...  
- Yes.  
Dominic Farnham was my father.  
I was his love child.  
- It was a hunting accident.  
- Accident, my deep-blue eyes.  
It was reckless, irresponsible flying,  
and you know it.  
Are you OK?  
This is an incredible coincidence,  
but the hunter who mistakenly  
killed your father...  
was Henry Pfaffenbach, my father.  
I feel terrible.  
Isn't this Henry Alva Pfaffenbach?  
My mother was a Pfaffenbach.  
Not... Doreen Pfaffenbach?  
- From Minnesota?  
- Yeah.  
Then we're cousins. We used to  
spend our summers in Eagle River.  
Eagle River?  
I hope you can forgive me for this.  
If it helps, I didn't have seconds.  
That's all right. It's not your fault.  
Anyone could have made that mistake.  
But him, he's the type that could  
end up killing every man in this outfit.  
Wait a minute. Why are you mad at me?  
He's the one who ate your father.

Like father, like son.

You've already been tossed out once.

Hold it, hold it.

We can't fight among ourselves.

We're all on the same team here.

I want the two of you to shake hands.

There, now. Isn't that better?

- Yeah.

- Sure.

There. We're friends again.

Here. Have some of my lucky gum.

Look, Dead Meat. We fly together,  
we sleep next to each other, but that's all.

Don't get too close.

Let me handle my own affairs.

He's so complex.

Every aerial photo and recon report

indicate a defensive arsenal

in the D, and perhaps -C, categories.

There's also some anti-aircraft squadrons.

They can send up an ack-ack umbrella

high enough to make any attack ineffective.

I don't have a clue

what you're talkin' about, Phil.

I have a shell the size of a fist in my head.

Pork Chop Hill.

The only way I can make this toup stay on

is by magnetising the upper left  
quadrant of my skull.

You just go ahead and do what you do.

Do you have any soup?

Of course, sir. I'll have the mess  
bring something right up.

I love soup. I mean, I think I love soup.

Son-of-a-bitchin' shell. It's either  
soup or duck. Which one do you shoot?

Duck, sir.

- Are you all right, sir?

- Of course I'm all right.

Why? What have you heard?

Nothing, sir.

Send some soup up for the admiral,  
on the double.

Let's go over this Slippery Weevil

one more time.

I wanna familiarise myself with it as much as I possibly can. So, give it to me, Ben. Every word. Every detail.

Dot every comma.

Those are some long legs.

I just had them lengthened.

Now they go all the way up.

Wow.

It's nice to see you again. I was really impressed, the way you handled that stallion. When I saw you dig your heels into his sides, tighten the reins and break his spirit, I never wanted to be a horse so much in my life.

After I finish off this shrink, we can take a quick canter in the meadow. Lieutenant, I am the shrink.

- You're the psychiatrist?

- That's what the diploma says.

I've never been to a psychiatrist before. You will be gentle?

I've been ordered to review your records. You were discharged from the service 18 months ago for wilfull insubordination. You disobeyed a direct order and lost a \$13m fighter in the process. Yes, I did. But I'm payin' it off at ten bucks a week.

I should have gotten that extra collision coverage.

Wasn't your father involved in a similar incident?

- What do you mean?

- Leland "Buzz" Harley.

Three Purple Hearts, presidential commendation.

Then this incident - the Dominic Farnham death.

1971, his Visa card was cancelled.

1975, a broken man, suffocated while working the night shift in a Photomat booth.

Tell me how these events affected you.

Well, I don't think about it much.



That was a long time ago. Now if you'll excuse me, I have some guns to grease.

Lieutenant,

have you thought about seeing a psychiatrist on a regular basis?

I thought you'd never ask.

I mean professionally.

Thanks, Doctor.

Thanks for the advice.

- Be careful out there.

- I can take care of myself.

- No. You're going to get hurt.

- I don't need your help, or anybody's.

I'll be just fine.

Are you OK?

Yeah. I'm fine.

Attention on deck.

At ease, men.

Be seated.

Many of you are wondering about my pants.

Well, they ran short of material at the knees.

So don't give me any shit.

Now, I look out there

at all of you guys and I say to myself:

What I wouldn't give

to be 20 years younger,

and a woman.

You know, I've flown over 194 missions, and I was shot down on every one.

Come to think of it, I've never landed a plane in my life. Now,

you men'll be piloting the backbone of our proud American arsenal:

The Oscar EW 5894 Phallus tactical fighter bomber.

Its lightweight swept wing design makes it extremely maneuverable and agile.

Beneath its 21st-century skin is a highly advanced avionics and weapons package.

Designed for speed and combat acrobatics, it features the latest Mrs Halver series 3800 radar-jamming Framus.

- Admiral.

- Nurse.

Sleepy Weasel's success depends on our ability to manoeuvre below enemy radar. I wanna see a major display of low-level flying. Topper, Kent, you're up first.

- Show me what you can do.
- Copy that, Purple Fluffer Nutter.

Roger that, Milli Vanilli Chilly Willy. Bring 'em down, boys. I want your bellies to scrape the sagebrush. Let's see who's best. I'm heading for the canyon floor.

- For your information, I'm at 150 feet.
- I'm at 3rd and Main.

Very pretty, but enough hot-dogging, Harley. Just checkin' the traffic.

- How'd I do, big fella?
- Don't get me started, Harley.

Cut the chatter. Topper, that was vintage Buzz Harley. You and your dad are two of a kind. Your ego's writin' cheques your body can't cash. Topper! Get back in formation. Topper, you weren't clear to detach.

- What was that all about?
- I... thought I saw Elvis.

Let it go, Topper. The King is gone. Let's head for home. Not again. I need a landing clearance for runway 30... 30 something. 30 thirty something's been cancelled. Go to runway 2-niner. Wash Out, what the hell are you doin'? Pull it up. Wash Out, where the hell are you? What is your location? You're off of radar.

**Repeat:**

- Goin' up?
- Yes.

Can I press your button?  
No, you've been slavin' over hot psychotics all day. Let me get that.

- Interesting perfume.

- It's Vicks. I have a cold.  
Lieutenant, you're staring.  
No, not really. I'm lost in your eyes.  
That is the whitest white part of the eye  
I've ever seen. Do you floss?  
You're very confident, aren't you?  
When you have 10,000 pounds of thrust  
at your command, you have to be.  
Lieutenant, please.  
I'm talking to you as a psychiatrist.  
I'm recommending that you be grounded.  
- You've got to be joking.  
- If I were joking, I'd have said:  
"What do you do with an elephant  
with three balls?"  
"You walk him and pitch to the rhino."  
- You are serious.  
- It's the best thing for you, and the mission.  
The best would be  
if you'd stop tryin' to run my life.  
I'm a pilot, and nobody's gonna  
keep me out of the sky.  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
Twelve rounds of boxing  
for the WBA WBC WPA RSVP  
Heavyweight Championship of the World!  
Introducing celebrities at ringside,  
please welcome His Holiness,  
the very popular pontiff,  
Pope John Paul II!  
Second!  
Lieutenant Commander Block.  
We meet at last.  
- Isn't this place a little public?  
- No, a crowd offers remarkable anonymity.  
How are we doing at Dudley?  
Oh, we're right on schedule.  
Can't quite get a reading on Admiral Benson,  
but Topper Harley's playing into our hands.  
Here's his evaluation. A clear-cut case  
of Paternal Conflict Syndrome.  
Ah, yes. PCS.  
I saw an After school Special on that.  
They're years away from a vaccine.

Every time I mention Buzz's name,  
Topper goes off.  
There's no way the unit will function,  
and I'll abort the mission.  
The Navy's planes will seem inferior and  
the president will beg for my super fighter.  
And, best of all, nobody gets hurt.  
Well done, Lieutenant Commander.  
America can't afford to fall behind,  
Mr. Wilson. We need your plane.  
This should be a good match.  
Both men work for Don King.  
Well, fans, that's it.  
Good night. I'm outta here!  
The Strafing Run proudly presents  
the music of Lawrence Lipps!  
And now...  
" What the world needs...  
Thank you!  
" Is love...  
Thank you so much!  
" That's the only thing  
that there's just too darn little of  
Ramada?  
- Kent!  
- Ramada!  
Qu'est-ce que je suis contente de te revoir!  
My eyes!  
Darling, I thought you were still in Brussels.  
Oh, Kent. We were only hurting each other.  
I thought that's the way you wanted it.  
Something's changed. It's not another  
woman, is it? I couldn't compete with that.  
No, of course you couldn't.  
Well, what matters is that you're here.  
We've a lot of catching up to do.  
Wonderful. Just let me  
take care of something.  
- Don't be long, mon amour.  
- Absolument.  
Wow!  
Anybody here from out of town?  
Welcome. Nice to see you.  
- Ramada...

- Oh, no.

Well, if it isn't God's gift to the cockpit.

- Kent, your nostrils are flaring.

- That flying stunt today was pure madness.

If a lady wasn't present,

I'd tear you apart like a Christmas goose.

Yeah? Keep it up, you'll be carrying

your face home in a doggy bag.

What is this macho thing?

- He started it.

- Did not.

- Did too.

- Did not.

- You're behaving like children.

- He's being a jerk.

- Am not.

- Are too.

- Am not.

- Are too too too...

- Not not not...

- too too too...

Are too times ten.

- That's it.

- Stop it.

- Rumble!

- Don't push me.

Stop it! Can't you act  
like civilised human beings?

- Hey, I'm sorry.

- I love you, pal.

Listen. Kent and I have to talk, so please...

Be my guest.

Let's celebrate, honey.

Hey, everybody. Drinks are on me.

- Free beer!

- I want a gin sling!

You haven't forgotten my offer, have you?

Little house in the country,  
white picket fence, Stairmaster.

Kent, you're everything  
a woman could possibly want.

But I'm just not ready for marriage. Not yet.

Well, I have to get back to the base.

Tomorrow's an important flight.

You know how puffy my eyes get  
when I don't get enough rest.

Good night.

May I?

- Shouldn't you be getting back to the base?

- I suppose,  
if I played life by the rules,  
but you know I don't.

All right. You can walk me to my apartment.

I shouldn't have gotten mad  
in the elevator today.

But when I want something that bad,  
I get all fired up.

Maybe that's why I worry so.

Maybe more than I should.

Something terrible could happen. You must...

- But I...

- Don't worry.

Everything will be fine. I promise.

Boy, I hope so.

Well, this is it.

- It's a nice place.

- It's OK.

The only problem is I have a nosy landlady.

Well, I guess this is good night.

I don't wanna go back.

You don't have to.

I don't want to be alone.

And, by the way,

I can go all night like a lumberjack.

What about your landlady?

You can do her, too.

So, I take it you've been with a man before.

I'm a virgin.

I'm just not very good at it.

Yes. Oh, yes!

Topper!

Wash Out!

Get into your flight suit.

We're ready to go up.

I got kicked out. My flight status  
has been withdrawn. I'm through, Dead Meat.

- What happened?

- It's my eyes. I've got walleye vision.

- Can't something be done?  
- A delicate corneal inversion procedure.  
A multi-opti-pupil-optomy.  
But, to keep from damaging the eye sockets,  
they've gotta go in through the rectum.  
Ain't no man gonna take that route with me.  
Is Topper around? I'd like to say goodbye.  
He didn't come back last night. He's AWOL.  
As soon as Block finds out, he's history.  
But flying's his life. He's the best pilot in the  
world. We need him as much as he needs us.  
I can't find my lucky gum. Do you have...  
Wash Out?  
Oh, my God. I missed my flight.  
You're amazing.  
Dead Meat!  
Mary!  
- Come to watch me fly?  
- No. There was a meltdown at the plant.  
- They gave me afternoon off.  
- Terrific!  
Oh! Good news. We just closed escrow  
on our little dream house.  
- Wonderful! When do we move in?  
- Tuesday.  
The kids are stripping  
the asbestos off the pipes now.  
That's great! Things couldn't be better for us.  
I'm so blessed.  
Oh! Your life insurance forms  
came for you to sign.  
Oh, my mirror!  
- I'll get another pen.  
- No need. I'll sign it when I get back.  
Well, you know best.  
Honey, you know that global-warming  
problem? I know how we can reverse it.  
- Tell me.  
- No, not now, lovey-bumpers.  
There'll be plenty of time for that later.  
And my investigation  
into JFK's assassination?  
You found the evidence you wanted?  
Yes. It's right here in my pocket. It's big,

honey. It goes all the way to the White House.

- Do you want me to hold it for you?

- Nah. It'll be safe right here.

I'm in a jet. What could go wrong?

Oh, Dead Meat. We just couldn't be any more perfectly happy.

Where the hell is Topper?

Thanks for joinin' the party!

Hey, Topper! You seen any of my lucky gum?

No.

Freedom Squadron, start your engines.

God, that's loud. My ear canals are very sensitive. Stainless steel.

Took a bullet in Corregidor.

Passed straight through. Look at this.

We have these to hold down the sound, sir.

Oh, good. Thanks.

Let's hope they do the trick.

Give me the mike, boy.

For the love of God, man, be careful.

Ever since Normandy, this is Corning Ware.

Those of you who excel

during these aerial combat exercises

will go on to make up

the greatest fighting unit ever assembled.

- Topper, keep that nose up!

- He's never done that before.

Red team leader, break off.

Prepare to engage.

Roger that.

- Blue leader, prepare for action.

- Roger that.

I'm minus six. Movin' in.

I've got tone. Got him!

Dead Meat, confirm kill.

- Mrs. Thompson?

- Yes.

- I'm Topper Harley.

- Oh! Dead Meat's talked about you!

Oh, he thinks the world of you.

But shouldn't you be up there flying with the squad?

I've got a lock. I'm closing in.

He's spotted me. He's a slippery devil.



Topper! Watch your right side! Damn!

I'm bailin' out!

Wash Out? What are you doin' here?

There's no time to go into it.

Do me a favour-don't land.

- Get outta here! We're gonna crash!

- I can't! I'm stuck!

Then I must help you, my friend!

Think well of me!

Thank you!

- Don't. Don't look.

- Oh, no!

Whoa!

Oh, man!

Wendy, I can fly!

- Hey, Topper.

- Easy, buddy.

- The darnedest thing just happened.

- Hang on, buddy.

Topper?

Swing him around this way.

Let's go. One, two.

Let's move it. Come on.

- Come on.

- Enough!

Hello!

Relax, buddy. We'll have you  
in the hospital in no time.

Good morning! Excuse me!

Wait, guys! Wait!

Let's go, let's go.

Easy. Easy, easy, easy.

- Let's move.

- What a ride!

- Wash Out. You made it.

- Why, thank you, Andr.

I'll have the veal piccata.

- Oh. Get the cardio read-out.

- Where is it?

- It's...

- Hey, fellas.

- Inside there on the left.

- I can't find it!

- Doctor!

- What happened?

Plane crash.

- We gotta work fast. I got a lunch.

- You're missing the big picture, Doc.

Nurse, check his penis isn't longer than mine.

- No, Doctor.

- Good. Now this is gonna hurt.

Nurse, give me 15cc of morphine, quickly.

- Can you save him?

- Can't be sure. I'm not a good doctor.

Thank you, Nurse. Wait here.

- You gonna be all right, buddy?

- I'm in a hospital. What could go wrong?

Mrs. Thompson, I know you must hate me  
but there's something I want you to have.

I've been puttin' a little away  
for the past ten years.

It's not much. 2500. I wish I could do more.

Why, Topper.

That's so sweet.

Why, with the three million  
I won on this Lucky Lotto ticket,  
I can take this 2500  
and just blow it all on hats.

Right, and halt!

Pete "Dead Meat" Thompson is dead.

So is Mo Green,  
Tataglia, Barzini,  
the heads of all the five families.

It is at moments like these,  
my dear friends, that we must ask ourselves:

"How can this not be part  
of some larger plan?"

Do good men like Dead Meat Thompson  
just blink out one day like a bad bulb?

One minute you're in bed  
with a knockout gal, or guy,  
and the next, you're a compost heap.

Doesn't that bother you?

Because it scares the living piss outta me!

I never thought this could happen.

Don't we have what we need now, Mr. Wilson?

This should be enough to prove  
that our planes need replacing.

No. They have to fail in combat for the world to take notice. This is a minor incident. Minor? I just lost one of my best men. Are you backing out on us, Block? I'm doing this for my country, not for you. We'll need the backup plan. Ready? Fire! Jumpin' Jesus, they're back! Take cover! Hit the deck! Cover me! Battle stations! Battle stations! Have they no respect for the dead? God, I love a good funeral. Topper, where are you going? I'm handin' in my resignation. You were right. You said I was dangerous, and I am. Topper, wait. Please, let's talk. They're right. I'm no better than my father. It seems, no matter what I do, I end up hurting someone. You've got to stop comparing yourself with your father. You're two different people.

- We both killed a man.

- That's just a coincidence.

He loved jets. So do I. He was a loner, just like me. For God's sakes, I've even got my father's eyes.

- Topper, please.

- Ah, they're just for luck. You've got to make your own luck. Get back in the sky and prove yourself. Besides, there's something else. After our first meeting in my office, I sent my evaluation to Commander Block. I recommended you be grounded. I was afraid someone might get hurt. What are you saying? I think someone wants Sleepy Weasel to fail.

- That's heavy.

- Totally.

That's the other reason why you need to fly.

This could be your only opportunity  
to save the mission  
and solve your personal problems,  
all in one fell swoop.

Now read it back to me, Francine.

"And if you ever put your goddamn hands  
on my wife again, I will..."

- You wanted to see me, sir?

- Oh, Blank. Come in.

I've been expecting someone.

- That'll be all, Francine.

- Yes, sir.

- Pudding?

- No, thank you, sir.

I'll put this to you straight.

Thompson's death shocked us all.

And that hot shot Harley is responsible.

I want that smirking little wise-ass outta here.

Morale on this base is shot to hell.

Just look out there.

Quiet. Now, hardly a man moving.

Roy? Roy!

Huh? I even went to school with that man.

It's just not the same.

Been ignoring me all day.

Remind me to send him a note.

Sir, may I say something?

I know Harley acted irresponsibly.

But his kind lives on the edge.

Always willing to take a chance.

Now, we need Topper for this mission  
for just that reason.

I like your thinking, Colonel.

Besides, Thompson wasn't that good a pilot.

He only had a small family. The kids are  
a pain in the ass. The wife's on the sauce.

Poor bastard's better off dead.

What size shoes do you wear?

- A nine, sir.

- Good.

It's settled. We'll send Harley to the front.

By the way. Thank you for having us  
over to dinner the other night.

Cheryl and I loved the Strogonoff.

- Sir, we didn't have dinner the other night.

- Really?

Well, where the hell was I?

And who's this Cheryl?

Doesn't matter. Run along, Sid.

Cheryl?

Kent?

I came to get my chafing dish. Our orders just came. We're shipping out in one hour.

Are you comin' along this time?

- The chafing dish is not yours.

- It is.

- It isn't.

- OK, I don't want it.

- I'll take it.

- You stay out of it.

This is not the time or place.

I've got a big score

to settle with you, my friend.

Excuse me.

I've hurt him.

Topper.

Topper, you better go. I have to think.

Well, I don't.

- I've fallen for you like a blind roofer.

- I'm sorry?

My heart is fallin' down around my ankles like a wet pair of pants.

My whole life, all I've wanted to do is fly.

Bomb stuff. Shoot people down.

But we've been through so much together.

Ramada, I need you.

I want you.

Wow!

Ramada!

Topper!

Ramada!

I love you!

I love you.

It's not that easy, Ramada.

This is one night you're not turning me out.

Topper, I'm so confused. I need time alone.

Somewhere in the Mediterranean

Admiral Benson!

Really? That's my name, too.  
Yankee Doodle Floppy Disk, this is Foxtrot  
Zulu Milkshake. Request permission to land.  
Roger that. You are cleared to land.  
Welcome to the Mediterranean.  
Wash Out, is that you?  
You bet! They put me in charge of radar.  
I'm your eyes on the ground.  
All crews report to the flight deck.  
All crews report to the flight deck.  
Have you no decency?  
The open sea.  
Oh, God. I wish I could smell.  
I had my nostrils fried in Panmunjom.  
Admiral Benson!  
Meet Mr. Wilson and Mr. Rosener of Rockman  
Aviation. They'll be observing the operation.  
Yes, of course.  
It's OK. I'm all right. No problem.  
I slipped on the crab.  
Who put that crab there?  
- Crab? I didn't see any crab.  
- There were two crabs. They work in pairs.  
I went to Annapolis, for Christ's sake.  
- From the Pentagon, sir. We just decoded it.  
- Help me with this. My eyes are ceramic.  
A bazooka round at Little Bighorn. Or was it  
Okinawa? The one without the Indians.  
It's final orders. We strike tomorrow at 0600.  
Excellent. Wake me up at 0530.  
- Get outta your flight suit. You're not going.  
- What do you mean?  
This mission is too important  
to let you screw it up. You're not flying.  
- Am too.  
- Are not.  
Am too.  
- All right, mister. Let's go at it.  
- Let's do it.  
Come on, come on.  
- My face!  
- My hand!  
Attention on deck!  
Be seated.

Gentlemen, we've waited  
a long time to hear this.  
In exactly five hours and 17 minutes,  
we hit the enemy toast.  
- I think that's the enemy coast, sir.  
- Huh? Coast?  
That'll take a little more planning.  
We have to knock out the nuclear-weapons  
plant at Falafel Heights.  
The plant goes on line in 12 hours  
and is heavily defended.  
If you have trouble hitting your objective,  
your secondary targets are here and here:  
An accordion factory and a mime school.  
Good luck, gentlemen. Blink, take over.  
Oh, one more thing.  
I'll get that. It's probably for me.  
Our sortie will proceed as planned.  
And I want Topper Harley  
leading our squadron into battle.  
Lieutenant Commander, sir.  
It's nothing personal.  
I know I speak for every man here.  
We've lost all respect for Harley.  
He's poison for the morale of the unit,  
and a disaster to the success of this mission.  
You're outta line, Gregory.  
You'll obey orders and like it.  
Now get to your planes.  
- Sir?  
- What is it, Mr. Harley?  
- I hope I'm wrong about this.  
- What would that be?  
Nobody likes playing  
for a coach who throws the big game.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
My uncle told me that not playin' to win  
is like sleepin' with your sister.  
Sure, she's a great piece of tail  
with a blouse full of goodies, but it's illegal.  
- Jesus, Topper. Come on.  
- Then you get into that whole inbred thing.  
Kids with no teeth who play the banjo,  
eat apple sauce through a straw,

pork farm animals.

Topper, that's enough.

I think you get my point, sir.

I just hope you're playin' straight with us.

Alpha Velveeta Knuckle Underwear,

you are cleared for takeoff.

When you hit that nuclear-weapons plant,

drop a bomb for me.

Sphincter Mucous Niner Ringworm, roger.

Holy cow! My cap blew off.

Swing her round. We'll pick it up.

But, sir, we're on the mission.

Good thinking.

We'll pick it up on the way back.

We gotta mark the spot, though.

Put Rabinowitz in a life raft.

- Have him row in circles until we return.

- It could be days.

Then put some food in the life raft, man.

Do I have to think of everything?

We'll tape his favourite shows.

- Sir, there's no time.

- OK, OK!

How can I be an admiral without my cap?

It's out there all alone

and I'm powerless to do anything about it.

We're entering enemy airspace.

Sir, it appears we have

unidentified radar contacts.

- Looks like enemy aircraft at 12 o'clock.

- Really? That gives us about... 25 minutes.

Think I'll step out for a burger.

Sir, there are six of them!

Bearing 2-1-5, range 150 mi...

Oh my God-a dozen more of them.

And a blimp! A big, shiny blimp,

and it's slowly moving south!

- Block, have you got a tally on the bandits?

- Roger that. I got 'em.

All right. Resume combat spread.

Attack formation Delta-niner.

Topper in the lead.

Just like your old man, son.

Old Buzz Harley'd be proud of you, Topper.



He's the type that could end up  
killing everyman in this outfit.  
Read... my... lips.  
No... new... taxes.  
- Topper, what are you doing?  
- He's frozen! Topper's no good to us!  
Abort the mission! Abort the mission!  
Return to mother!  
We can't! They're all over us!  
- Damn it! All right, engage!  
- I've got a bogie at 12 o'clock!  
I got two on my tail! Kowalski, get 'em off me!  
Locked up! Fox two!  
- My missile didn't track!  
- My engine's cut out. I'm losing power!  
My cannons won't fire! What's going on?  
I've got two bandits on my six!  
This is insane. Wilson and Rosener.  
It was them, wasn't it?  
They said nobody was gonna get hurt.  
Block, call your men back.  
Like hell I will! I got  
the best pilot in the world up here.  
Topper! Topper, do you read me?  
I was there 20 years ago. I was there  
with your father and Mailman Farnham.  
I was an eyewitness.  
You gotta listen to me, Topper.  
What they said about your dad is wrong.  
Eject, Mailman. Eject!  
I can't! My seat's jammed!  
- Nothing works!  
- Stay calm!  
- My harness is malfunctioning!  
- I'll get it!  
Buzz! The nose! The nose!  
Whoa! Sit tight!  
Come on! Hurry!  
Get the lead out!  
It's gonna be OK!  
Wow! That was sure close!  
Buzz! Get back here!  
I'm OK!  
Buzz! The wing! The wing!

Hurry!  
What, are you on a break?  
- Hurry!  
- I'm here!  
Hey, whose gum is this?  
Oh, for God's sake! Not now!  
Got it! Hold on! We'll bring this baby down!  
Stop squirming!  
Hang on!  
Those are my socks!  
Buzz! Get back here!  
Your father did everything humanly possible  
to save Mailman's life.  
You should be proud, son.  
Buzz Harley is a true American hero.  
- I'm hit! I'm hit!  
- Block, are you all right?  
Yes! Yes!  
Give 'em hell!  
Got it! This is for you, Dad.  
- They're on my tail.  
- I'm with you, buddy.  
Hang in there.  
My guns are jammed.  
They got tone on me!  
I'm gonna have to do it the hard way.  
Anybody home?  
They fell for that one.  
- Topper! Three bandits, 12 o'clock!  
- I'm on 'em!  
Here we go, loop de loop.  
Couscous!  
Learned this one from Paula Abdul.  
Oldest trick in the book.  
Catch me if you can, guys.  
Here's an old Buzz Harley move.  
Oh, boys...  
I'm on their tails. I've got 'em now.  
Hey, buddy.  
It looks like they're buggin' out.  
Yikes!  
Saved by the clouds. Come on in, boys.  
A little hide-and-seek.  
See ya later, guys.

This could be the end  
of a beautiful friendship.

Topper, look out!

I got two heat-seeking missiles on my tail.

Block, Kent, Kowalski, get the hell outta here!

Get back to the ship!

I got me a nuclear-weapons plant to wax.

- You're committing suicide!

- Do as he says!

We are getting close.

Missiles? Still with me. Come on.

If I can't lose 'em, I'll use 'em.

The mother of all targets.

Sayonara, Saddam.

Come in! Are you all right?

Topper, acknowledge!

- Topper, do you read?

- Topper, are you all right?

There they are!

We're landing. Do you wanna

get out of the way?

Run for your lives!

- Where's Topper?

- Lost contact.

- There he is!

- Pyrex Pickle Blowfish.

Permission to land.

- You'll have to talk me down. I've got damage.

- Hold it, hold it!

OK, Topper. Ease her in.

- Landing gear's frozen.

- Lookin' good.

- Lost my radar.

- A little more power now.

- I'm out of fuel.

- Right for lineup.

- Lost a wing.

- Doin' fine.

- There goes the other one.

- OK, Topper. Call the ball.

Touchin' down.

Well done, Jim!

- You're quite a guy.

- So are you.

Hey! Wash Out!

Oh, Topper.

You.

You.

- I got one question for you.

- Shoot.

What is a chafing dish for?

Why, it's a traditional serving piece used at brunches to keep food warm.

- I thought that was a Crock-pot.

- No, no, no.

That's for cooking all day. A chafing dish...

Hey, Topper! Now that you've made the world safe for democracy, what will you do to cash in on your new-found fame?

I'm goin' to Disneyland!

You're very fortunate, Commander Block.

This man has your blood type.

Don't worry, sir. After this transfusion, you're gonna be just fine.

I've only seen heroism like that one other time.

Maybe you know the pilot:

Leland "Buzz" Harley.

I've been carrying this secret around for 20 years.

I never spoke up.

I wanted him to fail.

I wanted to be number one.

And I was in love with your mother.

It's not important now, sir. Please, save your strength for your court martial.

Topper, you had me pegged right.

I was throwin' the big game.

I really thought we needed that other airplane.

But now I realise that American planes will always be superior as long as there are wonderful men like you in the cockpit and German parts.

I know you think it was me, but it was Wilson and Rosener who sabotaged the jets.

They played me like a two-bit piccolo.

I can see my house from here!

Oh no, you don't.

- Admiral!

- You call yourself an American?

That gets my panties in a bunch.

It's scum like you that taint our military.

- You don't know what you're talking about.

- You risked the lives of some fine pilots.

Well, that's my job.

Is it safe?

I think I'm wearing your pants.

- Ramada!

- Kent!

- You're OK.

- Ramada.

You must put me out of your mind.

There's a certain flyboy aboard that ship  
that needs you far more than I.

- You must forget me.

- No problem. I will.

Please, not a tear.

Don't look back. That's my brave girl.

Don't worry, little one!

As long as I have me, I'll survive!

Topper!

Go, Bill, go!

Topper!

Wait!

Whoa!

Topper!

Owatonna.

I got your batteries.

It's about fucking time.

So, who won?

We did.

I fell in love with a woman,  
but she threw me a curve.

Ramada.

Once, perhaps. Now I'm called Wawatukeena.

- What does it mean?

- Little Sizzling Belly.

" Every night I hope and pray

" A dream lover will come my way

" A girl to hold in my arms  
" And know the magic of her charms  
" Because I want  
" A girl  
" To call  
" My own  
" I want a dream lover  
" I don't have to dream alone  
" Dream lover, where are you  
" With a love, oh, so true?  
" And a hand that I can hold  
" To feel you near as I grow old?  
" Because I want  
" A girl  
" To call  
" My own  
" I want a dream lover  
" I dont have to dream alone  
" Some day, I don't know how  
" I know she'll hear my plea  
" Some way, I don't know how  
" She'll bring her love to me  
" Dream lover, until then  
" I'll go to sleep, I'll dream again  
" That's the only thing to do  
" Till all my lover's dreams come true  
" Because I want  
" A girl  
" To call  
" My own  
" I want a dream lover  
" I dont have to dream alone  
" Dream lover, until then  
" I'll go to sleep, I'll dream again  
" That's the only thing to do  
" Till all my lover's dreams come true  
" Because I want  
" A girl  
" To call  
" My own  
" I want a dream lover  
" I dont have to dream alone  
" Please don't make me dream alone  
" Dont make me

" Dont make me

" Dream