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AIRWOLF

AIRWOLF II

Teleplay

by

Al Martinez

Story

by

Louie Elias

#61113

AIRWOLF

AIRWOLF II

CAST

STRINGFELLOW HAWKE
DOMINIC SANTINI
MICHAEL ARCHANGEL
CAITLIN O'SHANNESSY

SOLDIER
AGENT
COLONEL
HOMER (TEX) JENKINS
COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN
ADMIRAL
SPEAKER
RAY STARKY

BINGHAM
MAL CORTRUVO
ALONZO
GIRL FRIEND
SECRETARY DUNLAP
RADIO OPERATOR
TECHNICIAN
BODYGUARD #1
AMANDA
SECURITY OFFICER

SETS

INTERIORS:

RAILROAD CAR
HAWKE'S CABIN
SANTINI HANGAR
OFFICE
BACK ROOM
THE BARRACKS
VIDEO LAB
AIRWOLF II HANGAR
RANCH HOUSE
BACK BEDROOM
ARCHANGEL'S OFFICE
AIRWOLF LAIR
HOTEL BANQUET ROOM
ELEVATOR
PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

VEHICLES:

AIRWOLF I
AIRWOLF II
SANTINI HELICOPTER
ARCHANGEL'S LIMO
HAWKE'S JEEP

EXTERIORS:

MOUNTAINS
HAWKE'S CABIN (STOCK)
SANTINI HANGAR
ABANDONED AIRFIELD
UNIVERSITY
RESORT HOTEL AND
SWIMMING POOL
POLO FIELD
AIRWOLF II HANGAR
CITY STREET
REMOTE CANYON
RANCH HOUSE AND
WAREHOUSE
MOUNTAIN ROAD
MOUNTAIN FACE
DORADO CANYON
AIRWOLF LAIR (STOCK)
HOTEL
HELIPAD

AIRWOLF

AIRWOLF II

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE 1

Open on a white beam of light against the mountain blackness that seems to hang in the emptiness...now build the sound of a diesel engine even as the beam of light becomes recognizable from a train that roars by, its olive drab coloring and white star clearly visible as military.

2 INT. RAILROAD CAR - NIGHT 2

No ordinary car, it is fully equipped with radar-scanning and video-detection devices. A Soldier sits at the monitors, half-asleep, when he is suddenly alerted by a high beeping. He comes instantly awake, glances at a radar blip, flicks a switch and, into a radio....

SOLDIER

We have aerial contact of some sort....

Without waiting for an answer, he returns to the monitoring equipment, now concentrating on a video monitor, focusing, directing, picking up a shadowy object, zeroing in as the unmistakable sound of a helicopter becomes a roar that fills the screen and we....

3 EXT. FLYBY - NIGHT - ANGEL ONE (WHITE LONG RANGER) 3

sweeps through the night sky past Century City high-rises.

4 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - STOCK 4

A lavish Century City hotel.

5 EXT. HOTEL HELIPAD - NIGHT - ANGEL ONE 5

swoops in to land...Archangel and a tall, cool, and beautiful pilot-assistant, Amanda, climb out and stride purposefully toward a stairwell even before the rotor blades have stopped spinning.

6 INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT - PANNING

6

sumptuous dinner tables -- the formally attired dinner guests have finished eating, are listening to a Speaker standing at the head table -- shot discovers Hawke, dressed in a tuxedo, seated at the end of the head table, next to an old army buddy, Ray Starky...and as the Speaker continues under, Starky tugs at his collar and whispers:

STARKY
You'd think they could
invent a comfortable tux ---

HAWKE
(whispers)
'Know what'cha mean, ol'
buddy. I feel like an over-
stuffed penguin ---

STARKY
(beat;
nervously)
...I'd rather be back in
'Nam flying a Dust Off....

HAWKE
Don't be so damn modest,
Ray.

SPEAKER
...There have been many
words written and spoken
that have attempted to
describe the meaning of
the quality: courage --
brave, bold, daring, fear-
less...If courage is the
ability to face or deal
with anything recognized
as dangerous, difficult, or
painful without withdrawing
...well, ladies and gentle-
men, I can tell you from
personal knowledge that the
man we honor here tonight
has never 'withdrawn' from
anything in his life....

7 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON HAWKE AND STARKY

7

As we hear:

SPEAKER
(continuing)
...so, it's with a great deal of
pleasure that I present to you the
Chamber of Commerce's choice for
'Man of the Year' ---

And as the Speaker looks toward the end of the table, Hawke is immediately on his feet...stepping back...but only to assist his friend, Ray Starky -- who pushes his wheelchair back from the table, and finding a smile for the standing ovation that greets him, rolls towards the podium as the Speaker continues:

SPEAKER
-- Ray Starky -- !

8 INT. BANQUET ROOM - FOYER - NIGHT - ARCHANGEL

8

appears in the doorway, searches the room, spots:

- 9 ARCHANGEL'S POINT OF VIEW - HAWKE 9
 on his feet, applauding his friend Starky, who is now at the podium, humbly accepting the accolades of the crowd. Now, camera tightens on Hawke as he senses something, and looking O.S. toward the foyer, sees:
- 10 HAWKE'S POINT OF VIEW - ARCHANGEL 10
 as he locks on Hawke and beckons him with an anxious nod.
- 11 ON HAWKE 11
 as he scowls and holds up a finger indicating for Archangel he'll have to wait until this is over.
- 12 ON ARCHANGEL 12
 as he stiffens and jerks an impatient thumb that signals: now!
- 13 WITH HAWKE 13
 as he realizes the urgency and the obvious tension in Archangel's demeanor....now grudgefully but gracefully slips away from the table and makes his way toward the:
- 14 INT. FOYER - NIGHT - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL 14
 As Hawke joins Archangel, the crowd of dinner guests settle in the b.g. as the podium is adjusted for Starky.
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>HAWKE
 This better be important, Michael, because this is an awfully important night for an old buddy of mine.
 (eyes Starky)</p> | <p>STARKY
 (into mike)
 Thank you...Thank you, ladies and gentlemen... This is a very great honor you bestow on me here tonight....</p> |
|--|---|
- Clearly, Archangel is in a visceral and mental war. He struggles to hold down his anger as he vies for Hawke's attention.
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>ARCHANGEL
 You'd best believe this is important! Where were you <u>last</u> night, 'old buddy!'</p> | <p>STARKY
 ...Not only is this award an honor for me, but it's also a reflective honor for....</p> |
|--|--|

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED

14

A little amused and a whole lot puzzled, Hawke looks back at Archangel, and half-jokingly:

HAWKE
Why? Did we have a date?

STARKY
...thirty-six million
other Americans who are
physically challenged ---

ARCHANGEL
No! Damn it! Don't get cute with me
Hawke -- I'm not in the mood!

Archangel's outburst has drawn the attention of the dinner guests and stopped Starky awkwardly in mid-sentence.

15

REACTION SHOTS - AROUND THE BANQUET ROOM

15

as dinner guests direct their attention back to:

16

THE FOYER - FAVOR ARCHANGEL

16

as he reddens under the embarrassing silence and stares...A long awkward beat, then:

HAWKE
Okay, so you've got a thorn in your
paw...Maybe you should do your
roaring someplace else ---

This last is said as Amanda moves into shot to join them, and addressing Archangel:

AMANDA
I've arranged the Presidential
suite, it's equipped to serve your
purpose, sir.

Archangel nods, then fixes Hawke with a look that orders him to follow...and as they all move toward an elevator:

17

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT - CLOSE ON THE NUMBERS

17

ascending toward the penthouse floor. Tilt down to find Archangel, Amanda and Hawke riding in silence...Finally:

HAWKE
This silent bit isn't gettin' it.
You'd better tell me what's going
on. I'm finding this considerably
less amusing than I did.

CONTINUED

ARCHANGEL

(tempered
anger)

Hawke, you know I'm not a man of rash decisions, nor do I jump to conclusions. I pride myself that I'm a man of facts and logical deduction ---

HAWKE

So we know you don't go off half-cocked. That's probably why I'm a little more confused about this bug up your pants. Get to it.

ARCHANGEL

Okay, let's pretend some of the facts don't exist. Then that way, maybe I can understand why you don't seem to know what I'm talking about. That you're as pure as a virgin queen on an April morning....

HAWKE

There's more than a hint of sarcasm in that, Michael. You better suck it back in friend, cause it ain't gonna fly.

ARCHANGEL

(feigns
sincerity)

Forgive me, 'friend.' I was only drawing the analogy that a virgin queen, of course, wouldn't know that a fully loaded military train...

(building
anger)

...property of the United States Air Force, was hijacked at exactly ---

He falters with the fight to control his rising anger. Amanda immediately picks up for him:

AMANDA

-- At precisely 2,315 hours last night at the Lassen Pass in a precise military-style assault ---

ARCHANGEL

(picking it
back up)

-- And this is the part that has me baffled, Hawke -- that the air attack was lead by none other than ---

Before he can finish, the elevator comes to an abrupt halt and the doors slide open.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE A HIGH SOCIETY WOMAN 18

in her late fifties, dressed to the 'nines' in ermine and diamonds and carrying a toy poodle. She steps aboard, studying her fellow passengers warily. Hawke nods, Amanda smiles sweetly. Archangel forces a smile, then we watch it fade as the toy poodle growls at him...and as the doors close on Archangel's distressed look....

19 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 19

The brass sign on the penthouse suite reads: "Presidential Suite." Behind the doors we hear:

HAWKE'S VOICE

Wait a minute.

(incredulous)

You're telling me you believe I was involved in the hijacking of a military train?

20 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON HAWKE 20

He's definitely hostile now. Widen to include Archangel facing him. Amanda is in the b.g., setting up a video tape into a VCR, as:

ARCHANGEL

I'm telling you facts. I'm trying to deal with logical conclusions.

HAWKE

You're not doing so hot -- not when you practically accuse me, Dom, maybe even Caitlin of having something to do with it.

ARCHANGEL

(off document)

Check the report, Hawke -- the assault on the train was led by a Santini helicopter, fifty thousand gallons of jet fuel, eighteen crates of 30 and 40mm cannon ammo, twelve crates of sidewinders, the same amount of bullpups, and twenty-two harpoon missiles -- all items that are applicable to an Airwolf mission -- were seized.

HAWKE

(tightens)

That's pointing a finger awfully close to home.

CONTINUED

They lock looks. They're on the brink of warfare.

ARCHANGEL

I'm telling you what I know. I know the where, how, the when, and that it appears to be connected with Airwolf. The thing I don't know is why. And I want that answered.

Hawke steps across the room, nose to nose with Archangel, and taking a deep breath to control his anger:

HAWKE

I'm going to tell you as calmly as I can that neither I nor anyone I know -- and that means Dom or Cait -- would hijack or steal anything from anyone.

ARCHANGEL

(proffers)

I've been telling myself that I've got to believe that.

HAWKE

The fact that you might not, sets a fire in my gut.

A tense beat, then Archangel starts to say something, but Hawke silences him with an ominous glare and:

HAWKE

Talk's over. It's proof time. Put up or shut up, Michael.

A beat between them, then Archangel nods firmly, turns to Amanda and nods a signal, and as she starts the VCR.

ARCHANGEL

See what this does for your gut. The tape is from the train's security car.

Camera tightens past to the TV screen as we hear ---

SOLDIER'S VOICE

We have aerial contact of some sort....

-- and we see something emerging from the darkness, coming closer, its engine roar growing, taking form as a helicopter, then it is unmistakably visible as Santini Air...It turns swiftly toward camera, then there is O.S. machine gun fire (not from the chopper) followed by a

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED - 2

20

deafening explosion as the screen erupts in blinding light and goes suddenly blank. The tape is silent. Hold the black screen for a moment, then widen to angle on Hawke's concerned expression. A long beat of serious contemplation, then:

HAWKE

I don't know what this is all about, Michael. But I can tell you I'm going to find out.

Off his grim expression:

21

EXT. SANTINI HANGAR - DAY

21

Hawke and Dominic checking over a Santini chopper. Dominic is climbing out from under the chopper. Hawke squats nearby.

DOMINIC

It's a cinch those holes ain't pigeon-peckin's.

(wiping his hands on his shirt)

Pigeons don't have fifty-caliber breaks.

HAWKE

Then someone did use the chopper to hit that train.

There is a half-accusing note to his tone.

DOMINIC

Yeh. Someone.

(beat)

Look, you're not sayin'...naw.

He shakes his head, as though dismissing the notion as ridiculous, thinks a moment, glares at Hawke and, roaring:

DOMINIC

You're not hinting that I....

A beat between them, then:

HAWKE

No I'm not, Dom. I'm really not. But you saw the tape. You saw the bullet holes. Apparently someone used that chopper to help hijack a train.

22

INT. HANGAR OFFICE - DAY

22

Caitlin is angrily holding a sheath of papers in the face of a brisk, businesslike government Agent.

CAITLIN

You can't just march in here and confiscate a helicopter without giving us a chance to at least check it over ourselves!

AGENT

I don't determine the time element. I simply carry out orders.

CAITLIN

(pleading)

Fifteen minutes! They're almost finished!

The Agent takes up the papers, starts for the door.

AGENT

I am assuming up to this point you don't really want to interfere with my official duties...
(placatingly)
...now, do you?

CAITLIN

Ten minutes!

He strides toward the door, ignoring her. She reaches into a desk drawer and:

23

EXT. THE HANGAR - DAY

23

Hawke is photographing every aspect of the chopper, the bullet holes, the cab, the exterior, as Dominic checks the instrument panel. Their attention is suddenly diverted by an O.S. ruckus. Caitlin's Voice rises, threatening.

CAITLIN'S VOICE

Not another cotton pickin' step.
Not unless you're going to try and go through me!

Widen to include Caitlin at the door of the Santini Air office, stepping in front of the government Agent, who now freezes, uncertain.

HAWKE

What's going on here?

He sizes up the situation then, amused, to Caitlin:

CONTINUED

HAWKE

You threatening to choke out
somebody again?

DOMINIC

(mock sadness)
It's the old cop in her.

CAITLIN

All I asked was ten minutes.

AGENT

(frustrated)
I have a federal warrant to take
possession of this aircraft.

CAITLIN

It's gonna be the toughest warrant
you've ever served, pal!
Carefully, past Caitlin the Agent hands Hawke the papers. As
Hawke examines them, he says without looking up:

HAWKE

Cut him some slack, Cait.

She grudgingly steps aside. Hawke finishes reading and hands
the papers to Dominic, and to the Agent:

HAWKE

Take the damned thing.

The Agent gestures and a huge truck and crane moves up from
the b.g.

CAITLIN

But, Hawke....

Dominic has finished reading.

DOMINIC

He's right. We've got no choice.

As a government crew fixes cables to the chopper and a
crane hoists it into the air, we angle on our crestfallen
people, the crane-lifted chopper in the b.g.

HAWKE

Come on. We've got work to do.

As he leads them away:

CAITLIN

Where to?

HAWKE

To look at some pictures.

24 EXT. AN ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY 24

This is Lonesome One, alternate emergency meeting site for the committee, a series of ramshackle buildings and hangars deserted by the old Army Air Corps long ago. Metal quonset huts, a broken-down wooden barracks, empty oil drums, etc. A gentle wind blows through dead trees.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE 25

Open on car in the distance, kicking up dust, moving toward camera and:

26 ANOTHER ANGLE 26

The car pulls up in a cloud of dust before the old wooden barracks. We see that it is being driven by Amanda, tall, cool, and beautiful, and that Archangel sits next to her.

Before the dust settles, armed security guards appear from nowhere, guns trained, as both Archangel and Amanda's credentials are carefully checked and cleared by a Colonel.

COLONEL

Very good, sir. Follow me, please.

AMANDA

(to Archangel)

Shall I come with you?

ARCHANGEL

Don't think that will be necessary,
Amanda -- Desirable, but not necessary.

She nods, gets out of the car and is stretching to the delight of the security guards as Archangel turns and almost runs into Homer (Tex) Jenkins, tall, slim, angular, about forty. The name "Tex" is stitched over his almost gaudy flight suit. His hair is carefully coiffed, and his accent pure Texan.

JENKINS

Well, now, what have we here? Ah
believe it's my old pal the Angel of
Secrecy ---

(leering at
Amanda)

-- with a delicious piece of angel
food cake.

CONTINUED

His manner is smug, his grin a sneer. Jenkins is a man of ego, excessively aware of his own presence. Archangel studies him, straining to remember who he is. Finally:

ARCHANGEL

I seem to have gone blank. You
are...?

Jenkins' grin goes sour for a flicker, but he recovers quickly.

JENKINS

Well, it sure has been a long time,
all right. Homer Jenkins.

ARCHANGEL

(remembering)

Ah, yes. One of Moffett's
assistants on the Airwolf design.

Jenkins is hard-pressed to keep grinning.

JENKINS

More likely the other way 'round.
(to Amanda)
And now that we're establishing
identities, who might you be, li'l
honey?

Amanda remains tightly silent, as cold and beautiful as a Samurai sword.

JENKINS

(irritated)
Don't you talk?

ARCHANGEL

Only if it pleases her...or if I
tell her.

(beat)

Nice seeing you, Homer.

Archangel starts to follow the Colonel up the barracks steps, then stops and turns back to Jenkins:

ARCHANGEL

By the way, Homer...Don't make a
move on her. She's a cobra.

Jenkins, stung, can't help himself:

CONTINUED

26

CONTINUED - 2

26

JENKINS

And a promise for you, buckaroo.

(grinning
again)

You're going to know who I am the
next time we meet.

With that, Jenkins spins and strides toward a dilapidated hangar in the b.g. Archangel watches him go, his expression perplexed and serious, finally shrugs and follows the Colonel up as we:

27

INT. THE BARRACKS - DAY

27

Not at all a barracks, but a plush, panelled meeting room in white decor, heavy with overhead artificial lighting, an almost surrealistic look to it, sound hushed by thick carpeting and muted by excessive acoustics. Armored panels cover all the windows.

At one end, a large polished table, at which sits the committee Chairman, a tall, ominous man in his middle years, shaved, bullet-domed head shining under the fluorescent lighting. On either side are four other men and a woman: One of the men, the Admiral (retired), sits across from the woman, Bingham. (Note: a red phone in front of the Chairman.)

The Admiral is elderly, white-haired, almost frail. Bingham is thin-lipped, cold-eyed. The three other men are middle-aged.

As the scene opens, Archangel is standing uncomfortably before the table, facing the Chairman, hands at first clasped before him and then behind him, uncharacteristically ill at ease before his bosses. He is in the midst of a dressing-down.

CHAIRMAN

This committee has tolerated long enough the division of your loyalties between Stringfellow Hawke and the Firm -- a division, I might add, that has never been far from treason.

ADMIRAL

Unless he's been selling vodka to the Russians, treason seems a bit strong to me.

He's a crusty old coot. The Chairman ignores him with thin tolerance.

CONTINUED

BINGHAM

Not strong enough!

ADMIRAL

(muttering)

Old hag.

CHAIRMAN

(voice rising)

Nevertheless, by protecting the man Hawke and his theft of Airwolf, you have consistently placed both this organization and the security of this country in severe jeopardy.

ARCHANGEL

(subdued anger)

There is no question of either Hawke's loyalty or my own. You know that.

CHAIRMAN

Silence! This is not a debating forum. The decision by this committee has been formulated.

ADMIRAL

Minus my vote, I'll damned well tell you!

CHAIRMAN

The attack on Train 681 by Hawke and his people, and your subsequent inability to take appropriate action, simply emphasizes the degree to which that man will go to carry out whatever future plan he might have.

An aide enters, whispers to the Chairman and leaves.

CHAIRMAN

In short, Hawke has gone too far and you, Mr. Coldsmith-Briggs III, not far enough.

(beat)

Therefore, as of this day, you have been suspended from duty with this organization until further notice. You are to have no contact with Hawke and no access to either the files or to offices of the Firm.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

ADMIRAL

(sadly)
You've been canned, son.

Archangel is obviously stunned.

ARCHANGEL

Without me, you have no Airwolf.

The Chairman almost smiles. He picks up the red phone and:

CHAIRMAN

(into phone)

Now.

The sheet of armor that has covered the front window raises to a low hum, exposing not a series of small windows, but one large window that fills an entire wall. We begin to hear the familiar sound of a helicopter, but as it grows in intensity, it becomes clear that this is no ordinary chopper.

CHAIRMAN

(over the noise)

The truth is, Mr. Coldsmith-Briggs,
we have no further need of Airwolf.

Archangel turns to face the window. As we tighten on the window, we see the hangar across from the barracks. Its doors slide back and out of the hangar, with a roar that shakes the building, its hull and rotors bristling with lights like a ship from another world, gleaming, ominous, is a helicopter which, but for its visual dramatics, is an exact duplicate of Airwolf.

We hold on the chopper hovering in the window and:

CHAIRMAN (V.O.)

Archangel...
(beat; solicitous)
Please meet Airwolf II.

The roar becomes deafening, filling the screen as we pull back to Archangel's stunned expression, hold on it and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

28 EXT. A UNIVERSITY - DAY - ESTABLISHING THE NAME ON A TWO- 28
STORY BUILDING

identifies it as The Price Institute of Film Science. We move in on the sign and:

29 INT. DARK ROOM - DAY 29

A red-lit high-tech dark room of a modern film science lab. Jammed with equipment, including computers along one wall, adjacent to glimmery stainless-steel processing facilities. Hawke works with a lab technician, a thirtyish, rough-hewn man named Mal Cortruvo. Dominic and Caitlin sit apart, watching them labor at a console to enhance and study -- frame by frame -- the video tape of the helicopter attack on the hijacked train.

They've been here all day. A sense of weariness prevails. Caitlin rests her head on her arms on a tabletop. Dominic slumps in a chair.

CAITLIN

(mumbled)

How long have we been here?

DOMINIC

(without
looking)Four hours, seventeen minutes and
thirty-six seconds.

(beat)

You sure this guy knows what he's
doing?

CAITLIN

Every move. Trust me. I used to
date him.

(teasing)

He never misses.

DOMINIC

I didn't mean that.

HAWKE

Hold it. There.

CORTRUVO

I can bring that up a bit.

as Cortruvo types at a computer keyboard and as Dominic and Caitlin move toward them we tighten on the monitor to see that they have isolated a frame of the attacking chopper at its closest proximity to the train's video security camera. Pull back to include all.

HAWKE

Look at this.

Dominic and Caitlin move toward him.

CORTRUVO

You pick out any portion of that no smaller than an ant's behind and we can enhance it another 1,200 times.

As they lean in, Caitlin glances impishly at Cortruvo.

CAITLIN

You've cleaned up your act, Mal.

CORTRUVO

Only in public.

CAITLIN

(to Dominic)

He never used to say 'behind.'

Hawke has picked up a magnifying glass.

HAWKE

That tail rotor. Look at it.

Dominic takes the magnifier and peers at the frame.

DOMINIC

I don't see nothin'.

HAWKE

Exactly. No weld seam, right?

DOMINIC

It ain't quite clear, but no...I don't think so.

HAWKE

You have those pictures we took?

Dominic grabs a large envelope off a table, pulls out eight-by-ten prints. As he and Hawke compare them to the frame on the screen, a telephone rings. Cortruvo picks it up.

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED

30

CORTRUVO

(to Hawke)

It's for you.

Hawke glances with surprise at Caitlin who shakes her head no and Dominic who responds with a puzzled shrug. Hawke takes the phone.

HAWKE

Yes?

The following phone conversation is intercut with:

31

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON THE ADMIRAL

31

A cigar in his mouth, as he is about to take a billiard shot. Hawke's voice comes over a speaker box.

ADMIRAL

(abruptly)

Hold your pants on.

He takes the shot. It's a bad one.

ADMIRAL

Blast!

He puts the cue stick down, picks up a drink, sipping.

HAWKE

Admiral?

ADMIRAL

Damn, boy, don't say my name! As a spy, you'd be a hell of a sports announcer.

Hawke smiles. He knows the crusty old coot.

HAWKE

How'd you know I was here?

ADMIRAL

(in a thick
Nazi accent)

Ve haff our vays.

(laughing
loudly)

I've always wanted to say that.

CONTINUED

ADMIRAL (Cont'd)

(beat)

Listen carefully, son. They've
canned your pal.

HAWKE

(shocked)

Archangel?

ADMIRAL

Right down the tube. And I wanna
tell you son, he's the best friend
you've ever had and the best man this
country's got working for it. Go to
him. Help him.

HAWKE

But why should....

ADMIRAL

(a brusque
interruption)

Don't ask questions, boy! Go to him!

The Admiral points and we widen to see a lovely young
Brunette behind a home bar click the speaker, cutting
Hawke off.

ADMIRAL

Now you get your body over here,
sweet one, and bring this old
barnacle another little splice of
the main brace.

As she slinks toward the old goat, drink in hand.

BRUNETTE

Anything for you...sir ---

Hawke hangs up, turns to Caitlin.

HAWKE

Stay here. Blow up that tail rotor
strut section as much as possible.
The bullet holes too. Anything that
will specifically identify that craft.

(to Dominic)

You come with me.

He strides toward the door, Dominic rushing after him.

32

CONTINUED

32

DOMINIC

Where we goin'?

HAWKE

To help a good friend.

33

EXT. HOTEL SWIMMING POOL - DAY

33

Pan past men and women swimmers and angle toward a remote corner where Jenkins, fully clothed and staring at the bikinis, is standing near a man in trunks stretched out on a chaise lounge. Soft-rock music plays under. The man is Alonzo, thirty-fivish, a Latin type, thick black hair and beard, his casual posture not diminishing the tension in his nature. He wears exceptionally dark sunglasses. Two others nearby -- bodyguard #1 and bodyguard #2, both clothed -- are obviously with him, and are strictly business.

JENKINS

I've got to give you credit, amigo.
This is one fine meeting place.

(staring off)

Man, look at them, will you?

ALONZO

I doubt that the Firm will intrude
on us here, Mr. Jenkins.

JENKINS

That's a pretty safe bet, I reckon.

Jenkins preens bit for anyone who happens to be watching,
then drags up a chaise lounge and sits.

JENKINS

But you didn't ask me here to look
at bodies, Alonzo, however fetching
they might be.

ALONZO

Quite true.

Alonzo lights a rum-crook cigar. His attitude is cautious
and suspicious. He's not crazy about dealing with Jenkins.

ALONZO

My people are becoming, shall we say
eager to proceed with our arrangement.
They request a more precise time
schedule.

CONTINUED

JENKINS

(annoyed)

Well, you just tell your people that we ain't dealing with tacos here, senior. I'll be stealing a piece of equipment worth a couple billion and the U.S. Government's not about to package and mail it to a tortilla Republic, if you get my meaning. They got guards guarding the guards and it's just going to take time, that's all.

Alonzo must remain in tight control to keep from blowing up at Jenkins' obvious racial slurs.

ALONZO

(tightly)

Our mission will go much smoother, senior, without talk of tortilla Republics.

Jenkins shrugs noncommittally.

ALONZO

(continuing)

We understand your problems. We also understand you are being paid exceptionally well for your risk.

JENKINS

(turning
bitter)

Let me tell you something, amigo. That patch of flies and jungle you call a People's Republic doesn't have enough money to pay me if I were charging what the job is worth. I'm doin' it to settle an old debt.

(beat)

By the time I'm done the whole damned world is going to know the man who built Airwolf II is the same man who built Airwolf I.

ALONZO

Your vengeance is directed at a dead man. Moffet is burning in hell.

as Jenkins is about to argue back when they are both distracted by a scream. Angle to show a bully has just slapped his Girl Friend. Alonzo is on his feet in a flash and before the bully can strike again, he finds his wrist clamped in an iron grip. He writhes under the pain.

CONTINUED

34

CONTINUED

ALONZO

(continuing)

Are you all right, senorita?

GIRL FRIEND

Yes...thank you.

ALONZO

(to the bully)

Vamose!

One shove and the bully is tumbling backwards in the crowd, and ends up scampering away. The Girl Friend smiles gratefully at Alonzo, who nods and smiles gallantly and returns to Jenkins who applauds sarcastically.

JENKINS

Such gallantry for a revolutionary.

ALONZO

The business of revolution should not include violence to women.

(beat)

Now...the time schedule.

JENKINS

You just tell your people, senor, that I'll deliver when it's right to deliver. And if they seem reluctant to accept that, you might just remind them that only two people on this Earth can fly an Airwolf. And Hawke sure as hell ain't going to deliver it.

Without another word, Jenkins rises and strides off. Alonzo watches him leave in rage and frustration. Bodyguard #1 moves in close to him to watch Jenkins stride off.

ALONZO

(softly,
tightly)

God deliver us from gringo arrogance.

Off his simmering anger, we:

35

EXT. A SKYSCRAPER - DAY - STOCK

35

The Santini helicopter is roaring away from a penthouse landing pad.

36

INT. THE HELICOPTER - AIRBORNE - DAY

36

Hawke at the controls, Dominic next to him.

CONTINUED

36

CONTINUED

DOMINIC

He's not at his girl friend's pad either. That's the third place we've looked for Archangel and he's nowhere.

HAWKE

I've been thinking.

Silence. Dominic waits. Nothing.

DOMINIC

(frustrated)

Well?

HAWKE

Those bullet holes in the chopper.

DOMINIC

They didn't look like bullet holes, did they?

HAWKE

Fifty-calibers leave a ragged edge as they exit. The rims of those holes were too smooth.

DOMINIC

You're right. And you were right about that weld beam too. The chopper that hit the train wasn't ours.

HAWKE

But being right doesn't solve problems. Someone's setting us up, and I don't know why.

DOMINIC

They're doing a pretty good job at it too. I would've sworn without those closeups that the chopper on the tape was mine.

HAWKE

That's what caused all of Michael's doubts.

Abruptly and without preamble, Hawke changes course, startling Dominic.

DOMINIC

What're you doing?

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED - 2

HAWKE

I've been thinking.

DOMINIC

(pleading)

Think out loud sometimes, will ya?

HAWKE

Where would you go to work things
out if you'd just been fired?

DOMINIC

Since I'm the boss...I've never found
it necessary to fire myself ---

Off Dominic's perplexed expression:

37 EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY - ANGLE ON THE FIRST FLOOR
OF THE BARRACKS - ESTABLISHING 37

38 INT. THE BARRACKS - DAY 38

The Chairman is with Secretary Dunlap, a portly, self-important middle-aged man in a suit. They stand at a window facing toward the hangar. Both hold binoculars. Nearby, a wall of radar and flight-monitoring equipment operated by Air Force technicians.

CHAIRMAN

If you'll pardon my enthusiasm, Mr. Secretary, what you are about to see may be the finest single aircraft in the world. As good as Airwolf and perhaps better.

SECRETARY

(bruskly)

And if you'll pardon my sense of realism, Grover, a half billion dollar cost overrun and three years of development ought to buy that and two dozen angels of the Lord flying around the damned thing singing 'Amazing Grace.'

CHAIRMAN

(stiffly)

I believe my report explained that this is a prototype, the only one of its kind. To avoid duplication, its design is stored only in the on-board memory system. The cost of this alone....

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

SECRETARY

(interrupting)

All right, man. Get on with it.

The Chairman, slightly miffed, nods at a Radio Operator.

RADIO OPERATOR

(into radio)

Redwolf, this is Firearm Command,
you are cleared for takeoff.

39 ANGLE TOWARD THE HANGER

39

as the hangar doors suddenly slide back. Leaping out in an explosive burst of speed, noise and energy, to the startled surprise of the Secretary, comes Airwolf II.

CHAIRMAN

(sourly
pleasant)

Shall we begin, Mr. Secretary?

40 INT. AIRWOLF II - AIRBORNE - DAY

40

Jenkins, wearing a cowboy hat, at the controls. The hat will be his trademark every time he flies. We hear a:

RADIO VOICE

Proceed with the test at my count,
Redwolf. Three...two...one...go!

Jenkins grins with impending triumph...and:

JENKINS

(into radio)

The fires of hell, comin' right up,
buckaroos.

41 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

41

Jenkins begins the test by flicking off a safety switch, initiating the auto directional aiming sequence and firing first the chain guns and then the cannons as mock-up bunkers and gun emplacements begin exploding on the desert and hillsides below, loosening tons of earth and rocks in an avalanche and gouging out mammoth holes in the desert floor.

42 EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

42

The Secretary and Chairman, watching through binoculars, as Wolf II begins rocket fire that tears up a stationary "convoy," leaving it ablaze in its wake.

CONTINUED

42

CONTINUED

42

SECRETARY

My God....

CHAIRMAN

(smugly)

Permit me to say, Mr. Secretary, the cost overrun is money well spent.

(beat)

The last demonstration is coming up. The attacking aircraft you will see are drones.

43

EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF II - ON JENKINS

43

as he sees three jet drones peeling off in attack. He touches a button that brings a small revolving unit out of the firing panel to face him. As he lifts a safety lid and flicks a switch, an auto-firing sequence appears on a monitor. He touches a button near the switch and:

44

EXT. AIRWOLF II - DAY - INSERT

44

Sudden streaks of light dart out from the underbelly and backfiring channels of Wolf II and the drones disintegrate.

45

EXT. THE BARRACKS - DAY

45

SECRETARY

Laser!

CHAIRMAN

Better than laser. We call it, with some deference to the current excess of space movies, DBX. Death Beam Experimental.

SECRETARY

(breathlessly)

Star Wars.

CHAIRMAN

Right here on Earth.

46

INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

46

On Jenkins as the Secretary's voice comes from a speaker.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Congratulations, Mr. Jenkins. The test was superb.

JENKINS

(into radio)

For this bird, Mr. Secretary, the test was routine. The pilot was superb.

- 47 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF II 47
As Wolf II roars off, we:
- 48 EXT. POLO FIELD - DAY 48
Archangel is working the hell out of his horse, smashing a polo ball with exaggerated enthusiasm, working out his anger and frustration, when he hears other horses stomping and whinnying in stalls off the field. He reins his horse, hears a helicopter and looks up..
- 49 EXTERIOR - SKY OVER FIELD - DAY - ARCHANGEL'S POINT OF VIEW - A SANTINI CHOPPER 49
coming in for a landing right in the middle of the field.
- 50 THE POLO FIELD 50
As Archangel dismounts, Hawke and Dominic approach. Archangel fidgets, trying to hide his embarrassment.
- HAWKE
You're harder to find than a nun in a cat house.
- ARCHANGEL
(gesturing)
Before you say anything else...I'd like to say I came down on you like a damned fool.
- HAWKE
Yeah ---
- ARCHANGEL
If I'd been thinking at all I'd have known better than to accuse people I've known for years -- friends -- of stealing anything from anyone.
- HAWKE
(to Dominic)
This kind of sounds like an apology.
- DOMINIC
Let him go.
(deliciously)
I love to see a Fed grovel.

CONTINUED

ARCHANGEL

The only excuse I can offer for my behavior is that the Committee has been on my back in a way that exceeds any kind of prior harassment. Twenty-eight hours a day...Only yesterday did I discover why.

He hesitates, thinking. Dominic, impatiently:

DOMINIC

Well all right! Why?

HAWKE

Give the man time, Dom. I think he really is hurting.

ARCHANGEL

I'm reasonably certain they can bring me up on some heavy charges for telling you this, String. But they've got another Airwolf I didn't know a damned thing about.

Hawke and Dominic react in shock and surprise.

HAWKE

You're saying the Committee has developed another Airwolf?

DOMINIC

That's impossible -- I don't believe it.

ARCHANGEL

It exists alright. I've seen it. But that's about the extent of my information.

Hawke is deep in thought. Archangel starts to speak, Dominic hushes him. As they move to the stables --

DOMINIC

Can't you hear the gears turning?

HAWKE

(mostly to
himself)

Somebody's set us up because we've got Airwolf, and that's the kind of armament and fuel Airwolf would naturally use.

51

CONTINUED

HAWKE (Cont'd)

(to Archangel)

Except that now, from what you tell us, there's one more ship that can use the same stuff. And somebody figures to have it in their possession....

ARCHANGEL

(realizing)

Wolf II! Someone's going to steal it!

DOMINIC

But who...?

HAWKE

The who comes later. Right now we've got to stop the what.

(to Archangel)

You'd better tell the Chairman.

ARCHANGEL

I won't do it for those clowns, String. This is for national security.

Hawke nods as Archangel hands a skeptical Dominic the reins to his horse and heads for his car a few feet away. Archangel uses the car telephone. Dominic and Hawke listen.

ARCHANGEL

This is Angel One...Yes, I know my code has been deleted!

(angrily)

Who is this?

(listening)

I see. I would suggest, for your sake, that you contact Zeus and inform him he has a possible Delta Code situation on his hands involving Airwolf II and he must return to the test site. Tell him I'll meet him as quickly as I can.

(hangs up)

HAWKE

Let's go.

ARCHANGEL

I'll meet you at the chopper after I put Nancy away.

He takes the reins of the horse from Dominic and heads for the stables. We follow Hawke and Dominic toward the helicopter as Dominic says incredulously ---

DOMINIC

Nancy?

52 INT. BARRACKS - DAY

52

The Wolf II flight test center. Jenkins has just hung up the phone and stands by it pondering. A Technician is cleaning up papers, about to leave. Through a window we can see airmen closing the hangar door on Wolf II. Jenkins appears to be watching.

TECHNICIAN

Will there be anything else, sir?

JENKINS

No...nothing.

The Technician exits and we tighten on Jenkins, who is deep in troubled thought, then widen as he abruptly makes a decision. Pan him out the door and toward the hangar....

53 INT. SANTINI CHOPPER - AIRBORNE - DAY

53

Hawke at the controls, Archangel shotgun, Dominic in back.

HAWKE

Who did you talk to at the site?

ARCHANGEL

Homer Jenkins, the pilot. Remember him?

HAWKE

Moffet's lackey? How could I forget him. He spent five years writing letters to everyone from the President on down taking credit for Airwolf.

DOMINIC

A Texan with an ego as big as Dallas.

ARCHANGEL

Well that ego now belongs to the Committee. He's back working for the Firm.

54 EXT. SANTINI CHOPPER - DAY - STOCK

54

As it zooms off.

55 INT. BARRACKS - DAY - AIRWOLF II - ANGLE ON JENKINS

55

as he comes in a side door, listens, sees a security officer in a glass booth lean back in a chair drinking coffee, then moves toward Wolf II.

56 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

56

Jenkins has strapped himself in and now beings the ignition sequence by opening the safety covers and touching the buttons in this order for both the main engine and the tail rotor: fuel valve, fuel prime and start.

57 INT. BARRACKS - DAY

57

As the engines roar to life, we see the security officer come alert, switch on a PA system and as the Officer's Voice blaes from a hangar speaker....

OFFICER'S VOICE

(from a
speaker)

Redwolf, this is Security. Your actions are not authoritzed. Shut down the engines. I repeat, shut down the engines.

58 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

58

Jenkins hears the security Officer's Voice from the cockpit but ignores it as he touches the pod-out buttons for both the port and starboard cannons, the arm buttons, the load buttons and fires.

59 EXT. THE BARRACKS HANGAR - DAY

59

The doors of the hangar come flying off in flame and smoke. Through the debris and chaos, Wolf II roars skyward.

60 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

60

Jenkins, at the controls, smiling as he operates the stick so that Wolf II wheels into an attack mode and:

JENKINS

(to himself)

Adios, air base.

61 EXT. THE BARRACKS HANGAR - DAY

61

Using hellfire air-to-surface missiles, Jenkins blows hell out of the hangar, the barracks and, for good measure, everything else in sight by, step by step, pressing buttons to extend the launch pod, select, arm and fire. He's having a good time blowing up the field when:

62 EXTERIOR - THE SKY - DAY 62

As the Santini chopper approaches from over a hillside.

63 INT. SANTINI CHOPPER - AIRBORNE - DAY 63

The three reacting to the chaos at test site.

DOMINIC

My God. Will you look at that!

ARCHANGEL

That sure isn't part of any demonstration.

HAWKE

Homer.

He clicks on the radio.

HAWKE

(into radio)

Jenkins, this is Stringfellow Hawke.
What the hell is going on here?

64 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY - AIRBORNE 64

Jenkins sees the Santini chopper and:

JENKINS

String old buddy. You can't imagine
how pleased I am to see you.

65 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY 65

HAWKE

Put that thing on the ground,
Jenkins.

JENKINS (V.O.)

I hardly think you're in any position
to order your old pal around seein'
as how I'm in an eagle and you're
flutterin' aroun' in a sparrow.

66 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY - JENKINS 66

To prove his point, he switches from rotor engines to turbo thrust by pushing the manual, port and starboard and turbine buttons and streaking circles around Santini 1, before reversing the procedure and going back to rotors.

67 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY

67

DOMINIC

(whistling)

He's got us by the gondolas.

Intercut Jenkins in Airwolf II as:

HAWKE

Still trying to impress the world, Homer? They just won't listen, will they? Well, there's no doubt in my mind. Moffet built Airwolf. He may have been a clown, but he wasn't stupid.

JENKINS

(tightly)

We agree on one thing, Hawke. Moffet was a clown. But I'm not.

HAWKE

Only because you're not smart enough to learn a clown's tricks.

JENKINS

Here's one I learned.

68 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF I AND AIRWOLF II

68

Jenkins gives Santini 1 a burst of 50 calibers. Hawke, with skill equal to the occasion, darts clear.

69 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

69

HAWKE

I never did know a Texan who could shoot straight.

JENKINS' VOICE

(laughs)

You think I was really trying?

HAWKE

Let's find out, cowboy.

70 EXTERIOR - SAY - AIRWOLF I AND AIRWOLF II

70

To the surprise of both Archangel and Dominic, Hawke aims Santini 1 on a collision course with Wolf II, head on. Jenkins holds his course as long as he can but at the last minute, in fear and frustration, veers Wolf II out of harm's way. A game of chicken that Jenkins loses.

71

INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY

71

HAWKE

I didn't think you were looking for a real confrontation.

JENKINS

(contained anger)

I can blast that damned piece of garbage away any time I want, Hawke.

72

EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF II

72

Jenkins turbos more circles around Santini I to prove a point. Intercut inside both ships as:

HAWKE

But how far could you get with me, cowboy, if we were on equal terms? Airwolf to Airwolf.

JENKINS

You'd be coyote meat within the first fifteen minutes.

HAWKE

That's heavy talk. Maybe that's all you got.

JENKINS

(stung; hides it with a chuckle)

I could just take you out now and save myself the trouble.

HAWKE

I figured you bigger than that.

JENKINS

(mulls; then)

Name the time. The place.

HAWKE

Tell you what. Any time you work up the courage, just call me.

JENKINS

Stand by the phone, Hawke. It'll ring. Count on that.

End intercut as Jenkins kicks in full turbo power and Wolf II is gone in a twinkling.

73 INT. SANTINI AIR - DAY

73

ARCHANGEL
We'll be seeing him again.

HAWKE
Like the man said: count on it.

As Santini 1 veers away, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

74 EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY - HIGH ANGLE - ESTABLISHING ARCHANGEL'S CAR 74

in the center lane, slicing through the traffic.

75 INT. ARCHANGEL'S CAR - DAY - MOVING 75

Amanda at the wheel, Archangel next to her, radio music playing softly. She stops for a red light. As Archangel reaches over to adjust the radio, both doors suddenly fly open and Amanda and Archangel are jerked from the car. Hold on the car's empty interior, doors open and radio playing, then:

76 EXT. A REMOTE CANYON - DAY - HIGH ANGLE 76

We move in on a broken-down ranch house up against the side of a canyon wall, see Airwolf II under camouflaged netting and begin to hear Alonzo's Voice....

ALONZO'S VOICE

What reason, senor, is possibly worth jeopardizing a fee of thirty million dollars? The ship waits for us in the harbor... now!

77 INT. THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY 77

Jenkins, Alonzo and armed Alonzo countrymen in the huge living room. They sit on boxes or on the floor. Some clean their automatic weapons, some sleep. A card table is the only true furniture. Jenkins is slipping into a mechanic's jump suit. Coyotes howl O.S.

JENKINS

I have a little matter to settle first, that's all.

ALONZO

(sourly)

A little matter? The captain threatens to leave without us and the entire delivery is in danger every hour we delay. I need a better reason than 'a little matter,' senor.

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED

77

Jenkins studies him, sensing the iron in Alonzo's tone.

JENKINS

All right, I'll give you one. I'm about to spend some time checking the Redwolf over and when I'm through, I'm going to arm it. Then I'm going to make a phone call. Then I'm going to shoot Stringfellow Hawke the hell out of the sky.

ALONZO

(incredulous)

You will jeopardize everything to play cowboy?

Jenkins reaches over and taps Alonzo's head.

JENKINS

You got it, Pancho. A shoot-out -- Texas style.

Jenkins strides toward the front door as Alonzo, hands on hips, glares after him and we:

78

INT. AIRWOLF LAIR - DAY - HAWKE AND DOMINIC

78

arming Airwolf. They work together loading the missiles. As they finish up with the missiles....

DOMINIC

You sure you wanna go through with this?

HAWKE

You know any other way of stopping a nut with an ego?

DOMINIC

I guess not.

Hawke wipes his hands with a rag.

HAWKE

You load the guns. I'll relieve Cait at the office.

As Hawke heads for the door:

CONTINUED

78

CONTINUED

78

DOMINIC

Let me know when Jenkins calls!

HAWKE

I'll have to. You've got the six-shooter.

Off Dominic's nod:

79

INT. ARCHANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

79

Members of the committee are seated around the room as Archangel and Amanda are hauled struggling before them by a half dozen plainclothesmen, agents of the committee. The Chairman stands in the center of the room, his manner diffident, uncertain.

CHAIRMAN

Release them.

They gladly comply.

ARCHANGEL

What the hell's the meaning of this?

The committee members are grim faced, except for the Admiral, who can't contain his satisfaction.

ADMIRAL

Wait'll you hear this, son.

The Chairman tries hard to ignore the old man.

CHAIRMAN

I regret, first of all, the manner in which you were brought here, Michael. However, would you have come had we simply requested your presence?

ARCHANGEL

You know the answer to that.

CHAIRMAN

Precisely.

(beat)

Now to the reason we have taken extraordinary and unpleasant measures to assure your appearance before us.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ADMIRAL

Here it comes!

CHAIRMAN

(angrily)

With due respect, Admiral, if you persist in commenting during these proceedings I shall be forced to find you out of order and remove you from these premises!

ADMIRAL

All right, all right!

CHAIRMAN

Now then, Michael. We are distressed to report that Airwolf II has been stolen.

The Admiral throws his head back in a silent laugh. Archangel nods slowly.

ARCHANGEL

I know that.

CHAIRMAN

Yes, of course. Then you also know that the man who took it is Homer Jenkins. What plan he might have for such a ship is problematical. However, we have reason to suspect since this morning's violence that whatever his motives, they are decidedly less than honorable.

He clears his throat, uncomfortable with what he is about to say next.

CHAIRMAN

Therefore, Michael, we are asking you to help us retrieve the helicopter we call Redwolf...or have your friend, Mr. Hawke, shoot it down...For Airwolf II to fall into hands unfriendly toward the United States would be to place us in grave jeopardy.

(Beat)

We're asking you to help us, Michael?

Archangel says nothing at first. Silence builds. Then:

CONTINUED

ARCHANGEL

A friend said to me recently that he loved to see Feds grovel. There's nothing I'd like better at this moment than to see you on your knees. But the obvious dangers involved here forbid me that pleasure.

(beat)

I will most certainly not help you, Mr. Chairman. But I will help my country.

CHAIRMAN

We appreciate the fact that....

ARCHANGEL

(interrupting)

In exchange for which I want total access not only to our files but to the NDC alpha brackett computer, I want the Airwolf budget doubled, I want full international access classification and I want you to leave me the hell alone to do my job.

A long moment of silence, then:

CHAIRMAN

(tightly)

Granted, Michael. Whatever you need.

With that, Archangel turns and strides out. Hold on the committee as the Admiral, smiling, says:

ADMIRAL

Nice shot, son.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Under a powerful portable light, Jenkins busily arms Wolf-II, ordering two of Alonzo's countrymen around as though they're peons.

JENKINS

(shouting)

Over here, muchachos, chop-chop!

Pan away from him to the front porch of the ranch house where Alonzo and his Bodyguard #1 watch.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

ALONZO

We can't risk letting the fool fight
Airwolf.

(thinking)

But there might be a way to reason
with Senor Hawke.

Hold his cigar smoke hanging in the still air and:

81 INT. SANTINI OFFICE - NIGHT

Caitlin stretched out on a cot near the telephone, asleep. The room is in darkness but for a portable TV set going, a music video show in progress. A noise causes her to stir, but before she can come awake, two shadowy figures (Bodyguards #1 and #2) are on her, pinning her arms and shoving a pillow over her face, until her wild struggles cease and she lies still.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE - BODYGUARD #1

puts a sheet of paper carefully on the desk and they drag her out. Hold on the empty office, its front door open, as the TV plays on and a telephone begins to ring.

83 EXT. SANTINI OFFICE - DAY

as Archangel's car comes up, Amanda at the wheel. He tells her to wait there (ad-lib), then heads for the office.

84 INT. SANTINI OFFICE - DAY

as Archangel enters.

ARCHANGEL

(calling)

Hawke?

We follow him into a backroom.

85 INT. BACKROOM - DAY

as Archangel enters.

ARCHANGEL

Hawke, where the devil are you?

HAWKE'S VOICE

Here.

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Hawke has just entered the front door. Archangel enters from the backroom.

ARCHANGEL

I met with the Committee. We've got it all if we want it.

Hawke notices the TV set is on, turns it off, and worried:

HAWKE

Where's Cait?

ARCHANGEL

I don't know. Was she supposed to be here?

HAWKE

Yes, she was spelling me at the phone, waiting for Jenkins' call ---

Hawke grabs up the phone, dials her apartment, letting the phone ring several times. No answer. He hangs up.

HAWKE

Check around outside.

Archangel starts to leave but stops as Hawke spots the sheet of paper left by Bodyguard #1. As he reads:

HAWKE

'Your friend is over the mountains of the moon. She is safe as long as you do nothing.'

ARCHANGEL

What's it mean?

HAWKE

It means they're baiting me.
(reciting)

'Over the mountains of the moon,
down the valley of the shadow....'

ARCHANGEL

Edgar Allen Poe!

(reciting)

'...ride bodily ride, the Shade
replied, if you seek for El Dorado.'

HAWKE

Dorado Canyon.

87

ANOTHER ANGLE

87

as he picks up the phone, dials. Intercut with Dominic in Airwolf at lair.

HAWKE

Dom. They've got Cait.

88

INT. LAIR - DAY - DOMINIC

88

DOMINIC

No!...

HAWKE

You know Dorado Canyon?

DOMINIC

Sure.

HAWKE

Meet me there. Bring the Wolf.

DOMINIC

Gotcha.

They hang up.

ARCHANGEL

Meet us there.

HAWKE

(pleased)

Let's go.

89

EXT. AIRWOLF'S LAIR - DAY - STOCK

89

as Airwolf comes roaring out of its lair, pauses, then heads off toward the mountains.

90

INT. THE RANCH HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM - DAY

90

Bodyguards #1 and #2 have just dumped a bound and gagged Caitlin on a mattress in the corner. Alonzo enters.

ALONZO

Remove the rope and gag.

As they do....

ALONZO

(continuing)

Forgive us, senorita. We are not always so ungentlemanly with ladies.

CAITLIN

Who are you and why am I here?

CONTINUED

90

CONTINUED

ALONZO

Let us say...to lure your friend,
Hawke.

CAITLIN

A trap for Hawke? You're going to
kill him ---

ALONZO

I only want to reason with him.

Jenkins enters, looks Caitlin over with a leer, and:

JENKINS

Well, now, isn't this a surprise.
Kind of like a birthday present. I
can hardly wait to unwrap it.

(to Alonzo)

Who is she?

ALONZO

Senor Hawke's lady friend.

JENKINS

(startled)

She's what?

ALONZO

We have no time for shoot-outs, senor.
He will come for her, we will -- how
do you say -- negotiate...while you
fly Airwolf II aboard our ship.

Jenkins wheels suddenly and heads out, stops as:

ALONZO

Where are you going?

JENKINS

To keep my invitation to a gunfight.

He grins and leaves and we:

91

EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE AND CANYON RIM - DAY

91

As Jenkins moves from the ranch house front porch to a Jeep,
climbs in and starts up, we pan up to the canyon rim to the
ridgeline and moves in on Hawke and Archangel, watching the
Jeep start up and drive off.

ARCHANGEL

So where's Jenkins going?

HAWKE

I doubt that he's going far.

Hawke looks back to the ranch house, nudges Archangel as
he sees something, and as they both look down to:

92 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY - HAWKE'S POINT OF VIEW - A STEEP SLOPE 92

leading generally toward the ranch house. Two of Alonzo's countrymen guard the front door, others can be seen here and there around the building. Now, as Alonzo gently leads Caitlin out the front door, holding her by one arm:

93 EXT. CANYON RIM - DAY - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL 93
react to seeing Caitlin.

94 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY - ALONZO AND CAITLIN 94

ALONZO
(looking around)
I want Hawke to see you. He's nearby.
I can sense it.

On their exchange....

95 EXT. CANYON RIM - DAY - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL 95
Hawke moves back to the Santini Jeep, grabs a climber's rope from the back, trots back to the rim.

ARCHANGEL
You're making moves like you've
got a plan -- ?

HAWKE
Nope. I'm playing this one by ear.

Archangel watches Hawke toss the rope over the side as:

ARCHANGEL
Then you won't mind if I tag along.

HAWKE
(of the steep
slope)
You can wait up here if you want.

ARCHANGEL
If I survived the trip here, I'll
survive the trip down. Let's get
to it.

As they prepare to go over the side....

96 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY - ALONZO AND CAITLIN 96
As Alonzo smiles at her, Caitlin looks off worriedly.

97 EXT. MOUNTAIN FACE - DAY

97

Hawke and Archangel make their way separately on ropes, a good distance apart, toward the ranch house below them. They descend in the protection of a ravine, but at one point rocks dislodge and tumble down. Archangel and Hawke freeze, pressing close to the cliffside.

98 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

98

We see a countryman in back of the ranch house look up, but he sees nothing and goes back to scanning the other ridgelines.

99 EXT. THE CANYON - DAY - JENKINS' JEEP

99

Parked in the far end of the canyon. Jenkins is pulling sagebrush and branches off Wolf II when he hears an overhead roar, looks up and sees Airwolf flying over. When it passes, he smiles as he continues removing the camouflage.

100 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

100

Hawke and Archangel have almost achieved their goal when they hear the chopper. As it comes closer we see it's one of the super-choppers, but shooting directly into the sun, we can't tell which one.

101 ANGLE ON HAWKE

101

and move in as he tenses, staring toward the chopper noise, waiting. And as his expression begins to change, we pull back to see Alonzo's countrymen, reacting to the chopper, scurry inside the ranch house and:

102 INT. AIRWOLF - AIRBORNE - DAY

102

It's Dominic at the controls, looking down.

103 EXT. LEDGE - DAY - POINT OF VIEW - ARCHANGEL AND HAWKE

103

on the ledge giving them the thumbs-up sign. Hawke waves him off and we:

104 INT. THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY

104

as Hawke and Archangel enter at a crouch, Alonzo's waiting countrymen leap on them. A fight follows as our heroes, back to back, hold off the men.

In one instance, Archangel manages to get two with one punch. Hawke glances at him admiringly and:

HAWKE

I didn't know you could punch like that.

ARCHANGEL

Neither did I.

Through it all, we can hear the muted roar of Airwolf O.S. as Dominic hovers nearby, waiting for orders.

105 ANOTHER ANGLE

105

The fight ends with Archangel holding up the last of Alonzo's men for the final punch and, turning him toward Hawke -- Hawke smiles and nods gratefully and takes the final punch that knocks the man out. They're regaining their breath when they hear a muffled scream....

HAWKE

Cait.

We follow them as they dash toward:

106 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

106

Archangel and Hawke come face to face with Alonzo -- who has a gun at Caitlin's head.

ALONZO

Welcome, Senor Hawke, to El Dorado.

Hold on the scene, to the growing roar of a helicopter O.S. and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

107 EXT. DORADO CANYON - DAY 107

Airwolf, manned by Santini, hovering near the ranch house. Angle off to see Airwolf II approaching in the distance.

108 INT. AIRWOLF - AIRBORNE - DAY 108

Santini at the controls, concentrating on the ranch house entrance. He is unaware of the approaching danger.

109 EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY 109

Alonzo with the gun at Caitlin's head. She is tightly held by Alonzo. His manner is regret. Hawke and Archangel stand off, hesitating. We hear the roar of Airwolf O.S.

ALONZO

Please...don't force me to harm a beautiful and gentle woman.

She struggles fruitlessly against Alonzo's grip. Archangel recognizes Alonzo.

ARCHANGEL

(to Hawke)

His name is Alonzo Del Olmo. He works for the Honduran rebels.

HAWKE

There is no way on God's Earth that doing anything to her is going to help your cause.

ARCHANGEL

We'll die before we move. You know me and you know I mean that.

ALONZO

I do not wish to kill anyone, but I will do what must be done.

After a tense beat:

HAWKE

(easily)

What we appear to have here is sort of a gringo standoff.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED 109

Alonzo half smiles.

ALONZO
Then how shall we settle this 'gringo'
standoff, Senor Hawke?

Their attention is abruptly diverted by a new roar O.S.

110 EXTERIOR - THE SCENE - DAY - FULL SHOT 110

As Airwolf II swoops in to hover beside Airwolf near the ranch house entrance.

111 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY - JENKINS 111

He smiles as he pivots the bird to face the ranch house, and pressing the PA switch.

JENKINS' VOICE
(over PA)
Stringfellow Hawke.

Intercut the others reacting:

HAWKE
I think the decision has been made
for us.

JENKINS' VOICE
This is the time, partner. This is
the place.

112 EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY - FAVOR AIRWOLF II 112

Jenkins fires a burst of machine gun fire that blows away a section of the roof.

113 CLOSER ON THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY 113

The four reacting to the machine gun fire. Dust and debris fall from the roof. Alonzo tightens his grip on Caitlin, but nevertheless shields her. Hawke stares hard at Alonzo as:

HAWKE
This isn't working out for any of
us...

CONTINUED

HAWKE (Cont'd)

(hardly a
pause)

Way I see it, Jenkins has forced all
our hands....

He moves toward Alonzo....

ALONZO

You move, senor, and the girl dies.
It is not what I planned but I accept
the turns of war.

HAWKE

I see all this as a question of honor,
senor. And I just happen to trust
your honor more than I trust Jenkins.

(beat)

I don't believe you'll harm that girl.

Hawke walks toward Alonzo as Alonzo intensifies his grip on
a now truly terrified Caitlin, the gun to her head.
Archangel tenses. A mood of high tension as Hawke closes
the distance....

JENKINS' PA VOICE

I'm tired of waitin', Hawke!

Alonzo's trigger finger tightens, Caitlin closes her eyes
...and Hawke takes the gun gently as Alonzo lowers his head.

ALONZO

(softly)

A true revolutionary would have
killed her.

HAWKE

But a true man couldn't.

Hawke tosses the gun to Archangel.

HAWKE

I think you can handle it from here.

(off
Archangel's
feigned
scowl;
proffers)

I've got to permanently deflate the
world's biggest ego.

As he turns to stride out....

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED - 2

113

ALONZO

Why is it against all my better instincts I find myself wishing you well?

Hawke waves in response and is gone as we angle on Archangel who replies:

ARCHANGEL

Class.

114 EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY - AIRWOLF

114

lands and Hawke is quickly aboard, Airwolf II hovering in the b.g.

115 INT. AIRWOLF - AIRBORNE - DAY

115

Hawke strapping himself in; Santini obviously distressed.

DOMINIC

Leave? You've got to be kidding!

HAWKE

I can handle the engineering on auto. It's just going to be the two of us, Dom, nose to nose.

DOMINIC

You'd better make that nose to nose to nose because I ain't goin' nowhere.
(beat)

Look, kid, you and me have kicked butt a lot of times together and we've had our butts kicked together. We're shipmates -- friends. I go where you go, String.

(beat)

Even if it's down in flames.

Hawke thinks for a moment, then:

HAWKE

You're right. No poker player splits a pair of aces unless he has to.

(beat)

Strap in.

Jenkins' voice, over the radio:

CONTINUED

- 115 CONTINUED 115
- JENKINS' VOICE
I'm waiting, hotshot!
- HAWKE
(into radio)
It's your funeral cowboy.
- 116 EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE - DAY 116
- Archangel and Caitlin have automatic weapons halfway trained on Alonzo and his men on the porch, but their real attention is riveted on the drama about to take place in the sky.
- 117 INT./EXT. THE DOG FIGHT - AIRBORNE - DAY 117
- A series of interior and exterior shots as Airwolf and Wolf II go at it. All the weapons and detection systems of both aircraft are in effect here as we intercut between Hawke, Dominic and Jenkins, and the group on the porch. Note that Jenkins wears his cowboy hat.
- At one point, Jenkins seems to have Hawke right where he wants him, but Hawke maneuvers into a head-on position and:
- 118 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY 118
- HAWKE
(to Dominic)
Sunburst...now!
- Dominic responds instantly by touching a sunburst button, then, puzzled, to Hawke:
- DOMINIC
There weren't any missiles to divert.
- 119 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY 119
- The burst blinds Jenkins who, for that moment, was relying on cannon fire. The projectiles go astray.
- HAWKE (V.O.)
(into radio)
Nice shot, gunfighter. You just killed a mountain.
- Jenkins, groping, eyes watering, throws the cowboy hat aside and dons his helmet, lowering the visor.
- JENKINS
Try this, chicken, Hawke.

120 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

120

Jenkins flips up a safety-hood cover, activates a switch as a laser light blinks and, using monitor directional control, fires twice.

121 EXT. AIRWOLF I - DAY

121

Two laser beams streak toward Airwolf, one missing, one damaging the hull aft. Smoke streams out as Hawke maneuvers away.

122 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY

122

Dominic scans the damage control monitor.

DOMINIC

We have hull penetration.

HAWKE

Damage.

DOMINIC

Chaff and drogue capabilities gone, but everything else okay.

JENKINS (V.O.)

Couple more of those, boy, and you'll be nothing but a desert barbecue.

HAWKE

Big talk from an over-the-hill lab assistant.

123 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY

123

JENKINS

You'll burn for that, Hawke!

Jenkins fires the laser again using a manual-stick trigger control. This time he fires too rashly.

124 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

124

The beams burn harmlessly into a hillside.

HAWKE (V.O.)

Anyone who shoots like that sure as hell didn't design an Airwolf weapons systems.

- 125 INT. AIRWOLF II - DAY 125
This sends Jenkins into a rage. The fight intensifies.
Jenkins responds with a heat-seeking missile.
- 126 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY 126
DOMINIC
A heat-seeker, point-8046 kilometers,
estimated impact thirty seconds.
HAWKE
Infrared suppress.
Dominic hits a suppress button, the missile goes astray,
Hawke fires a cannon.
- 127 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY 127
The missile is blown up.
- 128 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY 128
HAWKE
(into radio)
The rodeo's over, Jenkins. Land
that thing while I'm still in the
mood to let you. A federal prison
beats an open grave.
JENKINS (V.O.)
Not a chance.
HAWKE
Then pay the consequences.
- 129 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF I AND AIRWOLF II 129
Hawke heads into the mountains, a harrowing flight at best,
Jenkins in pursuit, shooting wildly. Through canyons, over
ridges, skimming over a dry lake bed, at one point even
zooming under a highway overpass bridge.
HAWKE (V.O.)
(to Dominic)
Full turbos. Hang on.
DOMINIC (V.O.)
(surprised)
In this place?

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

HAWKE (V.O.)

Go!

Airwolf darts ahead, momentarily vanishing far ahead of Wolf II, then abruptly cuts back to rotor power (see earlier process), slowing. Jenkins falls for the ploy and fires a radar-homing sparrow missile (see earlier process).

JENKINS (V.O.)

Vi-ya con dios, Hawke.

DOMINIC (V.O.)

Missile release. Impact, twenty-three seconds.

HAWKE (V.O.)

Identify.

130 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY

130

Dominic flicks a switch and turns a knob, activating an identification monitor. A monitor image identifies the missile as a sparrow. We see a digital readout clicking off the seconds to impact.

DOMINIC

A sparrow. Radar-directed. Sixteen seconds to impact.

He realizes suddenly Hawke has cut the air speed.

DOMINIC

My God, Hawke, don't cut air speed now! Twelve seconds....

HAWKE

Stand by on turbo and S.P. jammer.

DOMINIC

(in a sweat)

Eight seconds...six...five...four...three....

HAWKE

Turbo!

131 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF

131

Airwolf shoots suddenly upward, the missile altering course to tail him....

HAWKE (V.O.)

Jam!

- 132 INT. AIRWOLF - DAY 132
Dominic hits the advances self-protection jammer that emits a signal to foil the missile's homing device.
- 133 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY 133
as the missile wanders off course and impacts harmlessly against a hillside.
- 134 EXTERIOR - SKY - DAY - AIRWOLF I AND AIRWOLF II 134
Not until now do we realize Hawke is on a collision course with Jenkins who is caught flat-footed.
Airwolf I veers away at the last minute, but before he can recover, Hawke wheels around, fires a missile...and a violent explosion sends Jenkins down in flames.
- 135 INT. AIRWOLF I - DAY 135
DOMINIC
(whistling)
I've never seen flying like that in my life.
Hawke simply smiles and we:
- 136 EXT. HAWKE'S CABIN - DAY - ESTABLISHING 136
We hear a ringing telephone, then Archangel's voice....
ARCHANGEL'S VOICE
If it's the Chairman, tell him I'm in Bangladesh, taking the waters....
DOMINIC'S VOICE
There's no water in Bangladesh.
- 137 INT. HAWKE'S CABIN - DAY 137
Hawke pours wine as music plays under. Dominic furnishes the wineglasses, Archangel watches as Caitlin answers the phone in the b.g, her muted conversation out of earshot.
HAWKE
You're serious about quitting the Firm, aren't you?

CONTINUED

137

CONTINUED

ARCHANGEL

They dumped on me. You'd quit, too.

DOMINIC

But they apologized, right?

ARCHANGEL

It came too late. But I'm reconsidering.

Caitlin hangs up. Her expression is serious as she approaches the group.

ARCHANGEL

Did you tell him I wouldn't talk to him?

CAITLIN

That wasn't the Chairman.

HAWKE

Who was it?

CAITLIN

It was Preston, the Admiral's aide.

(beat)

Michael...the Admiral has had a heart attack.

He has begun to drink wine...and stops midway, his expression draining from self-confident anger to anguish and surprise. The others are also visibly affected.

ARCHANGEL

(softly)

Is he -- ?

CAITLIN

No. He's in intensive care.

Archangel slumps slowly into a chair...Finally.

ARCHANGEL

I like that old man.

HAWKE

We all do. He's a human being among people forced to set their humanity aside.

ARCHANGEL

They broke the mold when they made him. I'd sure hate to lose him.

CONTINUED

A silent beat, then Dominic offers:

DOMINIC

Why, that ol' buzzard is too tough
to die.

Caitlin has been standing aside, listening. Then:

CAITLIN

(softly)
He was in the sack when it hit him.

As they begin to react to what she has just said:

CAITLIN

He wasn't alone.

It comes to them all slowly: the old coot was in bed with a woman. Caitlin, despite all she can do, begins to giggle. Then the others begin to laugh one by one until the laughter, pressure-relief laughter, builds and builds until it fills the room...finally, with effort, they gain control. And as Hawke lifts his glass:

HAWKE

Gentlemen, I give you a human being
in a business of pigs.

(beat)

The Admiral.

As Archangel, Hawke and Dominic click glasses, we tighten on them, freeze frame, come up with the music and....

FADE OUT

THE END