



ATLANTIS  
SUNFLIGHT

AIRWOLF

Rev. 1/31/84  
Already Shot

AIRWOLF

BITE OF THE JACKAL

#58205

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Already Shot

2

AIRWOLF

BITE OF THE JACKAL

CAST

STRINGFELLOW HAWKE  
DOMINIC SANTINI  
MICHAEL ARCHANGEL

MITCHELL BRUCK  
LAURA ARCHER  
PHOEBE DANNER  
COLONEL MARTINE ARIAS  
SOLDIER CALLAN  
JOACHIM SANTOS  
MIRIAM  
YAMATA

RICHARDS/RADAR OPERATOR  
KARL DANNER

EXTRAS:

AIRPORT MAINTENANCE MEN  
MEXICAN SOLDIERS  
FOUR RIFLEMEN  
RADIO MAN  
BRAVO ROCKETMAN  
FIVE MEN (MINERS)  
WIVES  
CHILDREN  
BRAVO CHOPPER PILOT

ANIMALS:

TET  
CHICKENS

AIRWOLF

BITE OF THE JACKAL

SETS

INTERIORS:

SMALL AIRPORT FLIGHT  
LINE  
HANGAR  
SIKORSKY S-58 HELICOPTER  
COCKPIT  
WHITE LIMOUSINE  
COLONEL ARIAS' OFFICE  
HAWKE'S CABIN  
AIRWOLF  
COCKPIT  
QUONSET HUT  
MACHINE/BLACKSMITH SHOP

VEHICLES:

HELICOPTERS  
AIRWOLF  
SIKORSKY S-58  
TWO COBRA-TYPE  
HUNTER CHOPPERS  
BRAVO  
ALPHA  
GROUND-TO-AIR  
RADAR UNIT  
WHITE HELICOPTER  
TWO RESCUE HELICOPTERS  
WHITE LIMOUSINE  
ND VEHICLES  
SANTOS' JEEP  
COLONEL ARIAS' STAFF CAR

EXTERIORS:

SMALL AIRPORT FLIGHT  
LINE  
DULLES INTERNATIONAL  
AIRPORT  
DESERT  
EDGE OF DESERT GULLY  
SIKORSKY WRECK  
FLATS & GULLY AREA  
RIDGELINE  
DIRT ROAD  
HAWKE'S LAKESIDE PIER  
SMALL MINING "TOWN"  
QUONSET HUT  
ROCKS  
AIRWOLF  
TURBINES  
BRAVO CHOPPER

STOCK:

LAKE AND MOUNTAINS  
DESERT  
SIDEWINDER RATTLESNAKE  
MILITARY AIRSTRIP  
MOUNTAIN LAKE  
PAIR OF PROP-DRIVEN  
AIRCRAFT  
MONUMENT VALLEY  
HIGH NOON/SUN  
ALPHA CHOPPER

MINIATURES:

MONUMENT VALLEY  
AIRWOLF

AIRWOLFBITE OF THE JACKALACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. SMALL AIRPORT FLIGHT LINE - NIGHT - CLOSEUP - BOOTS 1  
- TRACKING

The boots move across wet-gleaming tarmac. The right boot is equipped with an aluminum brace, extending up and under the (airport maintenance) overalls of:

2 SOLDIER CALLAN 2  
walking, with only a slight limp, towards:

3 A HELICOPTER - SIKORSKY S-58 3  
Vintage. Long range. The type used, in the beginning of the Vietnam War, to ferry troops and equipment.

4 BACK TO CALLAN 4  
Camera moving with him. He's in his forties, white, with an eternal cigar stuck in his bulldog face, and an eternal scowl wrapped around his cigar. He carries a battered toolbox.

5 THE SIKORSKY S-58 5  
as Soldier Callan arrives alongside. He sets his tools down. He wears gloves. He glances right and left, then opens the panel to the chopper's engine.

6 INSERT - SOLDIER'S TOOLBOX - SOLDIER'S HANDS 6  
lift out a tray of tools. Open false bottom. Push aside a .380 Baretta. Lift out, very carefully, a small (approximately matchbox size) explosive device with digital setting.

7 INSERT - DIGITAL SETTING 7  
Soldier's fingers pressing buttons. The digital numbers, clicking in at: 2:00:00 PM.

8

## THE DIGITAL TIME BOMB AND SOLDIER

8

as he carefully places the apparatus within the oily, metallic heart of the chopper's engine as: camera pans away, angle widening:

Across the flight line, past quonset hut offices, hangars, and maintenance men hurrying past, until we settle on a large clock above a hangar's open door. The clock reads: 10:34.

And now we hear the familiar voices of Stringfellow Hawke and Dominic Santini, in the midst of what can only be called a verbal firefight.

## DOMINIC'S VOICE

This trip'd be good for you. You're alone too much! You need other people!

## HAWKE'S VOICE

Maybe. But what I do not need is a trip to Mexico.

## DOMINIC'S VOICE

This ain't Mexico! It's Acapulco, man! Aca-Sun-In-The-Fun-Pulco!

As angle widens to include a "person" we will soon know as: Phoebe Danner, but who, right now, is fairly mysterious, inasmuch as it's difficult to tell whether this "person" is even male or female. Young -- yes. About twelve. Freckled -- sure. Cute as a button. Pugnacious -- certainly. Take a look at that jutting lower lip. But all these "clues" are buried beneath sweat shirt, field jacket, pack, baggy jeans, worn tennis shoes, and pulled down on top of everything: a vintage Dodgers baseball cap (when da bums came from Brooklyn).

The word: ACAPULCO, stops Phoebe in her tracks -- and her wide-eyed inspection of the flight line. She slides closer to the open doorway and listens. And watches:

9

## INT. HANGAR

9

Stringfellow Hawke stands at a workbench. Around him is typical hangar interior. Hawke tinkers with something below frame, concentrating. Not really listening, as Dominic steps into frame, and:

## DOMINIC

C'mon, kid. Take this shuttle job with me. We'll deliver that old bird, make the customer happy, then ---

CONTINUED

HAWKE

The 'customer,' Dom -- Would the customer happen to be Madame Queeny May Shapiro?

Dom frowns, does a mini-Wallace Beery, then:

DOMINIC

Well -- yeah. But this is strictly business, String. And, besides, Queeny knows just about everybody down there and she was sort of hoping to introduce you to a certain gorgeous young lady who ---

HAWKE

Dom, what the hell is Queeny gonna do with an antique chopper?

DOMINIC

House calls.

HAWKE

(deadpan)  
House calls?

DOMINIC

Yeah! And I don't recall stuttering the first time I said it.

He hands Dominic the Canon 35mm Camera he's just repaired.

HAWKE

Shutter ring was offset. Should work okay, now. Take a picture of Queeny's 'gorgeous young lady friend.' Show me what I missed.

DOMINIC

(serious)  
You're missing a lot, String, and I don't mean Queeny's friend.

(beat)

You can't spend your whole life sitting up in the cabin with Tet.

HAWKE

I know.

DOMINIC

(taken a  
bit aback)  
Then come with me.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED - 2

9

Hawke starts O.S., Dominic (and camera) go with him.

HAWKE

Maybe next time.

DOMINIC

There may not be a next time, ever  
think of that?

HAWKE

(smiles  
ruefully)

Yah.

10 OMITTED

10

11 EXT. FLIGHT LINE - NIGHT - DOMINIC

11

He stalks across the damp tarmac, muttering to himself as Hawke exits. Angle widens to include the vintage chopper (Sikorsky S-58). Dominic arrives at the hatch. He climbs aboard. Camera fixes on the engine panel Soldier Callan opened to sabotage the engine, as:

12 INSIDE THE SIKORSKY - DOMINIC

12

drops into the pilot seat. He hooks in, still muttering, and proceeds to fire up the engine, etc. as we rack focus past Dominic to:

13 PHOEBE DANNER

13

as her Dodger cap lifts up from beneath an oily tarp in the passenger section of the aircraft. Her eyes, below the cap's bent brim, are wide with fear.

DOMINIC'S VOICE

Van Nuys Four Tango Alpha.

CONTROLLER'S VOICE

Four Tango Alpha, Van Nuys.

13-A CLOSE ON DOMINIC

13-A

as he prepares to lift off.

DOMINIC

Four Tango Alpha at Santini Air, I'd  
like a Lockheed East departure.

CONTINUED

13-A CONTINUED

13-A

CONTROLLER'S VOICE

Four Tango Alpha. Lockheed East approval, wind two seven at five. Altimeter two niner eight five.

DOMINIC

Four Tango Alpha.

He lifts the collective.

13-B BACK ON PHOEBE

13-B

The chopper jerks, begins to lift. Camera pushes close on Phoebe, as she gulps and:

14 THE SIKORSKY

14

rises into the night sky, strobe lights flashing and we:

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

15 OMITTED

15

15-A EXT. WHITE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

15-A

Bristling with antennae, it moves through freeway traffic.

16  
and  
17 OMITTED

16  
and  
17

17-A INT. LIMO - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MITCHELL BRUCK

17-A

early thirties, suavely handsome, and deadly as he listens on the phone.

SOLDIER'S VOICE

The bird's on its way, and set for a tailspin. A very delicate job if I may ---

BRUCK

Very well. Thank you. Good night.

He hangs up. Angle widens. Across from him sits a beautiful woman we will know as: Laura Archer, twenty-five years old, and equipped with all the necessary "attributes" to be one of Archangel's aides and Archangel, staring -- with one unpatched eye -- at Bruck.

CONTINUED



17-A CONTINUED

17-A

BRUCK

Project 58205. Just some clerical details that will need my attention.

ARCHANGEL

Wait until you move into my job, Mitchell, and see how the 'details' begin to 'breed' -- all around you.

BRUCK

It'll be some time before I 'move into your job,' sir.

Archangel turns around. He smiles. Rakish. Intelligent.

ARCHANGEL

All things being equal. You're probably right. But, let's not waste time with maudlin musings on the inevitability of decline. Laura. The champagne, please.

18 OMITTED

18

19 THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE - LAURA

19

as she pops the cork and pours. Angle widens as Laura hands the drinks to Archangel and Bruck.

ARCHANGEL

Good luck in Mexico, Bruck. And may you avoid the drudgery of 'details' for at least a few years more. Salud.

20 THE CHAMPAGNE GLASSES

20

clink together between the three Firm operatives. Angle widens.

LAURA

May I include my own wishes, Mr. Bruck, for a successful -- trip.

BRUCK

Accepted.

They drink.

20-A EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

20-A

The pure white limo slides through the traffic to an unloading zone. Brucks exits, waves good-bye and hustles into the crowded terminal. The limo pulls back into the stream of traffic.

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7  
(X)

20-B INT. WHITE LIMO

20-B

Laura and Archangel sip champagne in silence for a beat, then....

LAURA

Do you really believe he'll replace you someday.

ARCHANGEL

He could. But why speculate when we have the answer.

She smiles and leans forward, touching a button on the impressive electronics console.

20-C CLOSE ON SPEAKER

20-C

set into the doors of the limo.

SOLDIER'S VOICE

The bird's on its way and set for a tailspin. A very delicate job if I may....

BRUCK'S VOICE

Very well. Thank you. Good night.

We hear the click of the phone being hung up.

20-D BACK ON ARCHANGEL AND LAURA

20-D

as he ponders the message.

ARCHANGEL

Doesn't sound like clerical details, does it?

LAURA

No, sir.

She pushes another button and checks the display screen.

LAURA

The call originated at a payphone in the 213 area...specifically at...

(waits for it  
to come up)

...Van Nuys Airport.

(puzzled)

We have nothing active in Southern California at the moment.

CONTINUED

20-D CONTINUED

20-D

ARCHANGEL  
Van Nuys is the home field for  
Santini Air.

LAURA  
(connects)  
You think it has something to do  
with Stringfellow Hawke?

ARCHANGEL  
I'd bet on it. Get Dominic Santini  
on the line and let's see if we can  
beat Bruck to the land of palm trees  
and sunshine.

As Laura reaches for the phone....

20-E EXTERIOR - ON THE LIMO

20-E

Despite the traffic it executes an immediate U-turn and  
speeds back into the airport.

CUT TO

21 OMITTED

21

22 EXT. THE SIKORSKY S-58 - IN FLIGHT - DAY

22

It plows along above another landscape of cumulus clouds.

23 INSIDE THE SIKORSKY - DOMINIC

23

eats a sandwich with one hand, operates the radio with the  
other, checks map and coordinates (strapped to his right  
knee), and flies the Sikorsky at the same time. A terrific  
juggling act as:

Dominic's bag of sandwiches.

DOMINIC'S VOICE  
Port of Entry 17. This is Four Tango  
Alpha crossing international border  
marker 42-delta-poppa. Over.

PORT CONTROLLER'S VOICE  
(Mexican accent)  
Ah, Roger, Four Tango Alpha. This  
is Port of Entry 17. We show flight  
plan to Acapulco. Clear? Over.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

The sandwiches are lying on the copilot's seat next to him. The bag's been 'hooked' by a fishing lure pulled tight into the eyehole at the tip of one of Dom's fishing poles, stacked in b.g. with the rest of his fishing gear.

DOMINIC

That's a roger, Port of Entry.  
How's the weather look? Over?

PORT CONTROLLER'S VOICE

Hot and clear all the way. Have  
a good time in Acapulco. Out.

And now the bag starts to slide off the seat and back to:

24 PHOEBE DANNER

24

She operates pole and lure, licking her lips in anticipation, but stiffening with fear as:

25 DOMINIC

25

spies the bag moving and:

DOMINIC

Hey!

He shoots a hand out, grabs it -- and the hooked lure! He bellows out indignation and pain. The chopper "reacts" to his reaction and noses down. The change in attitude sends Phoebe, like produce on a chute, down the canted deck and into the back of the copilot's seat.

Angle widens to include Dominic as Phoebe untangles herself.

PHOEBE

Terrific, man! What're ya trying to  
do, kill me! All I wanted was -- !

DOMINIC

(roars)

Hey!

Phoebe blinks, looks up at him while her hand -- as if by itself -- grabs a sandwich, unwraps and eats it during:

DOMINIC

What the hell are you doing on my  
chopper?!

CONTINUED

- 25 CONTINUED 25
- PHOEBE  
(mouth full)  
Well, I was gonna try and hijack something to Acapulco, but then I heard you were goin' there, so I decided to just sorta be a stowaway. Name's Phoebe Danner.
- 26 FAVORING DOMINIC 26
- as he stares, blinks.
- DOMINIC  
Unreal.
- 27 PHOEBE 27
- stuffing another sandwich into her mouth.
- PHOEBE  
You can say that again.
- CUT TO
- 28 INT. SIKORSKY S-58 - DAY - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 28
- She takes a fast bite out of a sandwich, Dominic is clearly bent out of shape.
- PHOEBE  
Listen, man -- I would not have picked this stupid old chopper if I'd known you had, like, weird, personal prejudices against ---
- DOMINIC  
Hey! I got no prejudices except one, Miss Donnner. I do not like freeloaders! So -- for the third time, what the flamin' hell're you doin' aboard this -- vintage aircraft.
- PHOEBE  
The name's Danner, Phoebe Danner, and if you gotta know, I'm on my way to see my father, and ---
- 29 INSERT - INSIDE THE ENGINE - CLOSEUP DIGITAL WATCH FACE ON BOMB 29
- The engine stroking and pistoling, etc. as the numbers reach 2:00 PM and bamm! A small explosion! and we:

- 30 INT. S-58 - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 30  
 Dominic reacts, attempting to control the bucking, shuddering chopper. He keys the radio-mike as Phoebe -- freaking-out -- holds on for dear sweet precious life.
- 31 OMITTED 31  
 (X)
- 31-A INT. COLONEL ARIAS' OFFICE - DAY 31-A  
 (X)  
 (X)  
 A couple of Mexican uniforms listening to the radio, but strangely taking no action.

## DOMINIC'S VOICE

(on radio speaker)

May Day! May Day! This is Four  
 Tango Alpha. Four Tango Alpha.

At approximate coordinates 520-2 --

(garbled)

-- 726! Or thereabouts! Explosion in  
 engine! Losing altitude!

(beat)

Repeating May Day! Any --

(garbled)

This is --

(garbled)

Slash 4 --

(garbled)

726! Explosion in engine!

Auto-rotating in to ---

The speakers are filled with whine and static.

- 32 EXT. THE SIKORSKY - DAY 32  
 Smoke pouring from engine housing, rotor blades turning (but much slower than usual). The chopper drops below frameline, as we:
- 33 INSIDE THE SIKORSKY - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 33  
 as the loss of altitude pulls her stomach into her throat.  
 Dominic fights the controls, as:

PHOEBE

What's happened! Are we gonna ---

DOMINIC

Yeah! We're gonna!

PHOEBE

I don't believe it!

CONTINUED

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12  
(X)

33 CONTINUED 33

DOMINIC

Believe it, kid! Believe it! Here  
comes Mother Earth!

34 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - "MOTHER EARTH" - DESERT COUNTRY -  
DAY - STOCK 34

as it rushes up to camera and we:

CUT TO

35 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 35

He drags a satin pillow (Hong Kong souvenir) out from under  
him and pushes it at Phoebe.

DOMINIC

Bury that big mouth of yours in  
this!

PHOEBE

Who's got a big mouth!!!

DOMINIC

Put it in front of your face,  
damnit! Hold on! Com'on! Baby!  
Lift your nose. Lift it!

And camera pans down to show: The radio-mike jammed in  
between the seats, the "key" button depressed and:

36 INTERCUT - COLONEL ARIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT 36

We still cannot see the Colonel, except for a part of his  
uniform as he listens to....

DOMINIC'S VOICE

(distorted; garbled)

Up! Up! Com'on sweetheart! Move  
your tail down!

A loud whump! Sound, grinding!

37 EXT. THE SIKORSKY - EDGE OF DESERT GULLY - CLOSEUP -  
LANDING GEAR 37

Dust everywhere as the Sikorsky's big balloon tires  
impact! Bounce up! The chopper tilted! Impact again!  
Much closer to the gully's edge as:





ACT TWO

FADE IN

44 EXT. DESERT - CLOSE ON SIDEWINDER RATTLESNAKE - DAY - STOCK 44  
- MOVING

leaving its distinctive S-shaped tracks behind.

45 THE DESERT - DAY - STOCK 45

stretches out forever. Desolate. Eerie. Forboding.

46 THE VERY EDGE OF THE GULLY - THE SIKORSKY 46

leaning weirdly; its wheel crumbled, and most of the weight on the delicate wheel strut.

47 INSIDE THE SIKORSKY - CLOSEUP - SHOT IN CANTED ANGLE - 47  
DOMINIC

He's unconscious. A bad gash on his forehead. A canteen, held by Phoebe, comes into frame and pours water -- onto Dominic's face. He blinks, chokes, then eyes snapping open, grabs the canteen. He tries to sit up (everything is tilted drastically) as:

DOMINIC

What're ya, nuts. That's water. (X)  
This is the desert. What're ya  
trying to --

(holds head)

Oh, man! With a head like this I  
shoulda, at least, have gotten drunk ---

Angle widens to include Phoebe. She doesn't look much the worse for wear. She is still clasping the pillow. The pillow has a deep slit in it now, torn through the silk.

PHOEBE

How'd I know it's a desert? I had my  
'big mouth' buried in this pillow --  
(looks at it)

Which is now very radically cut and ---

A loud grinding sound stops her. The chopper shudders. Dominic turns to stare out the cockpit's side window. (The gully side). His eyes widen:

48 DOMINIC'S POINT OF VIEW DOWN AND INTO THE GULLY 48

A view from a dizzying height, packed with vertigo.

PHOEBE'S VOICE

What is it? Lemme look ---

49 BACK TO DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 49

as she starts for him. He blocks her, still staring, at:

50 CLOSEUP - THE BROKEN WHEEL AND STRUT 50

shudders as the pressure on the bent strut snaps the connector rod. The wheel flops over the edge of the gully and down it goes.

51 BACK TO SHOT 51

Dominic nods to the rear hatchway, gives Phoebe the canteen.

DOMINIC

Move. Slow and easy. Nothing sudden ---

She's only slightly impressed by his sense of urgency and danger. She starts for the hatchway. On her knees upon the canted deck. Camera pushes with her. When she reaches the hatch, she glances over to where her pack is lying. She glares back over her shoulder at Dominic, then: goes for the pack, grabs it.

52 DOMINIC 52

moving from cockpit, also crawling. He stops now, and:

DOMINIC

Forget that! You're shifting the ---

A loud grinding sound stops him. Angle widens.

DOMINIC

Out! Get out!

He goes for the hatch, gets there with Phoebe, grabs her and dives out. The Sikorsky jerks, shudders.

53 THE SIKORSKY'S WHEEL STRUT 53

The shift in weight causes it to lift up, then down, digging a rut in the sand, to the edge of the gully.

54 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 54  
on their hands and knees staring at:

55 THE SIKORSKY 55  
It's still there.

DOMINIC  
It's a damn miracle ---

56 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 56

DOMINIC  
Not to mention brilliant piloting by  
yours truly.

PHOEBE  
Dumb luck if you ask me.

He glares at her. She glares right back, as we:

DISSOLVE TO

57 OMITTED 57

57-A EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE - DAY - STOCK 57-A

The white chopper sits on the dock.

SOLDIER'S VOICE  
(filtered)  
The bird's on its way, and set for a  
tailspin. A very delicate job if I  
may ---

BRUCK'S VOICE  
Very well. Thank you. Good night.

57-B INT. HAWKE'S CABIN - DAY 57-B

Hawke stands beside Tet at the fireplace. Laura is sipping  
coffee beside him and Archangel is sitting on the sofa.

ARCHANGEL  
Mitchell Bruck's my Executive  
Officer. He's hard-working, smart  
as they come, etcetera.  
(beat)  
But for some time now I've had  
circumstantial evidence he was  
attempting to undermine my  
position. To get the committee  
to...retire me early.

CONTINUED

57-B CONTINUED

57-B

ARCHANGEL (Cont'd)

(beat)

I think Bruck realized I was on to his game plan.

HAWKE

(with distaste)

Politics.

LAURA

Facts of life, Mr. Hawke.

(beat)

Bruck knows his days are numbered at the Firm. If he can deliver Airwolf it would be worth at least an Undersecretary position in any of a dozen intelligence agencies.

He looks at her, as if seeing her for the first time. Hawke rises and:

HAWKE

So he sabotages Dom's chopper, drops him into the Sonora Desert and waits for me and Airwolf to arrive.

ARCHANGEL

(nodding)

Dom's the bait. There's no doubt about that.

(beat)

Any air search will most likely be held up -- or minimal, at best. Bruck's worked before with a Colonel Arias in the Mexican Air Force. He controls the area where Santini went down.

Hawke crosses the room and grabs his jacket.

ARCHANGEL

Where do you think you're going?

HAWKE

After Dominic.

ARCHANGEL

Not in Airwolf, you're not.

Hawke stops and stares at him.

HAWKE

Then why'd you tell me all this?

CONTINUED

57-B CONTINUED - 2

57-B

ARCHANGEL

One way or the other the information would have reached you. I do not want Bruck getting his Machiavellian hands on Airwolf.

HAWKE

(after  
a beat)

Then fly with me and make sure he doesn't.

ARCHANGEL

(dumbfounded)

You serious?

(beat)

My God, you are!

(beat)

All right...you have a copilot.

HAWKE

Engineer.

LAURA

(hopeful)

Mr. Hawke....

HAWKE

(firm)

No.

Laura turns to Archangel.

ARCHANGEL

She is a top pilot, Hawke.

57-C CLOSE ON HAWKE

57-C

He stops at the door and looks back.

HAWKE

So was Gabrielle.

Then he exits.

57-D ANGLE ON ARCHANGEL AND LAURA

57-D

Archangel's face reveals the pain of that memory.

LAURA

I'm not Gabrielle. I won't....

CONTINUED

57-D CONTINUED

57-D

ARCHANGEL

(firm)

The man said 'no'...the answer is 'no!'

(X)

He moves towards the door and we hold on a frustrated Laura.

CUT TO

58  
thru  
64

OMITTED

58  
thru  
64

65 EXT. A PAIR OF PROP-DRIVEN AIRCRAFT - DAY - STOCK

65

The planes "roar" at camera and past as we:

(X)

66 EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - MILITARY AIRSTRIP - DAY - STOCK

66

Hangars. Administration buildings. Barracks. The sound of the search planes still buzzing, in the distance, as we hear:

BRUCK'S VOICE

(X)

Our concession to propriety. Two search planes ---

67 INT. COLONEL ARIAS' OFFICE - DAY - CLOSEUP - BRUCK

67

as he stares out through a window's dusty glass. He's wearing a camouflaged desert flight suit, shoulder holster, etc.

(X)

BRUCK

Four hours since Dominic Santini sent out his May Day. I sincerely hope, Colonel Arias, that your 'efforts at rescue --'

(turns from window)

-- will not be considered too little -- too late.

68 COLONEL MARTINE ARIAS AT HIS DESK

68

Middle-aged. Good shape. A small, compact man. He wears regulation Mexican Air Force (undress) khakis. He is presently going through an inventory list, checking off each item precisely, as angle widens to include both men.

ARIAS

Mitchell. How can two search planes be not enough, if they are the only planes I have in working condition?

CONTINUED

BRUCK

(smiles)

You have a point there, Colonel ---

ARIAS

(taps list)

This is all in order. I will be able to do quite nicely with this shipment. Although cash is always a desirable alternative.

BRUCK

Perhaps the next time, provided we are all successful in this 'mission.'

ARIAS

So far it's been like clockwork. The device was set. It went off and I presume your men are waiting and ready for this Mr. Hawke.

BRUCK

Readiness is never an accomplished fact until the need for it is over -- Hawke is not the kind of man you can ever truly be 'ready' for, but ---

69 HIS POINT OF VIEW - A PAIR OF COBRA-TYPE HUNTER CHOPPERS

Deadly beasts at rest. Beneath a drooping canopy of camouflaged netting. Also beneath the netting are five crew members, and eight riflemen, all dressed and equipped as Bruck is, and once more the feeling of "war" is very strong. Improvised tarps stretch out from the side of the choppers. In this shade the men doze on cots, read, and play cards.

BRUCK'S VOICE

-- we are as close to that desired state as can be hoped for.

70  
and  
71 OMITTED

70  
and  
71

71-A EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY - DAY - STOCK

The desert is quiet and still. Over this we hear the click of a switch.

71-B INT. AIRWOLF - CLOSE ON THE TURBO ONE START BUTTON

as it's depressed.

71-C EXTERIOR - TIGHT ON THE TURBO

as it belches flame.

- 71-D EXTERIOR - ON THE ROTOR 71-D  
as it begins to turn.
- 71-E INT. AIRWOLF COCKPIT - CLOSE ON HAWKE 71-E  
as he proceeds through the start-up.
- 71-F EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY - DAY - MINIATURE 71-F  
The roar of Airwolf grows as the desert floor opens and  
with a howl....
- 71-G EXTERIOR - ON AIRWOLF 71-G  
as it rises like a banshee from the lair beneath the desert  
and streaks away.
- 71-H EXT. DESERT - DAY - ON THE WHITE HELICOPTER 71-H  
sitting in the middle of nowhere. Its rotor gently rising  
and falling on the desert wind. Archangel steps into frame  
followed by Laura.

LAURA

Maybe it was just a ruse. To get away  
without our hassling him.

ARCHANGEL

Not his style. He'll show.

LAURA

I'm not so sure.

Archangel turns and smiles.

ARCHANGEL

I am.

Laura turns to see....

- 71-J AIRWOLF 71-J  
roaring in. It fishtails on its axis and skids to a hover.
- 71-K ON LAURA AND ARCHANGEL 71-K  
braced against the blast of sand and dust whipping across  
them. It is the first time Laura has ever seen Airwolf...  
she is dumbfounded.

CONTINUED



71-K CONTINUED

71-K

LAURA  
(yelling)  
My God!

ARCHANGEL  
That seems to be everyone's reaction.  
(beat)  
Mind the store.

He hobbles toward Airwolf and we....

CUT TO

72  
thru  
78

OMITTED

72  
thru  
78

79

EXT. AIRWOLF - DAY

79

coming at us, growing larger, then past.

79-A

CLOSE ON HAWKE'S HAND - STOCK

79-A

He hits the turbo button.

79-B

ON AIRWOLF'S EXHAUSTS - STOCK

79-B

It goes into turbo power and rockets away.

79-C

INSERT - CLOSE ON MACH INDICATOR

79-C

It creeps up past Mach One.

79-D

ON AIRWOLF - STOCK

79-D

It streaks down a canyon, the sonic boom echoing across the landscape.

79-E

INSIDE AIRWOLF - CLOSEUP - ARCHANGEL - STOCK

79-E

He's wearing flight suit, etc., strapped into engineer's seat and watching the ground streak past.

ARCHANGEL'S VOICE  
Do we have to fly so low!

79-F

CLOSE ON HAWKE - STOCK

79-F

concentrating on flying.

HAWKE'S VOICE  
No.

79-G HAWKE'S POINT OF VIEW - THE CANYON - STOCK 79-G  
streaking past at Mach One plus. He doesn't go any higher.

79-H CLOSE ON ARCHANGEL - STOCK 79-H  
staring ahead.

ARCHANGEL'S VOICE  
Hawke. You've made your point.  
I'd like to get there in one piece.  
(looks down)  
Besides....

79-J INSERT - CLOSE ON FUEL FLOW METER 79-J  
It's indicating a flow of 5000 pounds an hour.

ARCHANGEL'S VOICE  
(continuing)  
...If I'm reading this fuel flow  
meter correctly, we'll be on fumes  
by the time we reach the border.

80 INSIDE AIRWOLF - ANGLE PULLS TO REVEAL HAWKE 80  
in the pilot's seat.

HAWKE  
Not if that tanker you ordered is  
where it's supposed to be.

ARCHANGEL  
It'll be there.  
(to himself)  
I hope.

HAWKE  
So do I.

Archangel smiles.

ARCHANGEL  
I keep forgetting about those cars  
of yours.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED 80  
 HAWKE (X)  
 If you can arrange for tankers and support...

ARCHANGEL (X)  
 Why don't I throw all the Firm's 'resources' into the game, swarm in there with a platoon of agents?  
 (answering)  
 The committee will know I let the situation develop too far. Maybe Bruck won't replace me, but someone will. (X)

80-A CLOSE ON HAWKE 80-A  
 intent as he flies.

HAWKE (X)  
 (shakes his head)  
 Politics.

81 EXT. AIRWOLF 81  
 as it screams past camera.

82 OMITTED 82

LONG DISSOLVE TO

83 EXT. DESERT - DAY - LONG SHOT - S-58 AND GULLY 83  
 The sound of hammering, as we see the small figure (at this distance) of Dominic Santini, working on the collapsed left wheel of the Sikorsky S-58.

84 DOMINIC 84  
 His forehead is bandaged. He has rigged a tripod-affair with block and tackle, straddling the strut. Using this, and a jack (similar to the type used in garages) Dominic has raised the damaged ship and jammed a couple of logs underneath. He is now intent on straightening the bent shaft of the connector bar. His hard work -- and the accompanying noise -- blocks out, until now, the sound of rock 'n roll, coming closer each second.

Dominic winces, straightens, and turns to stare at:

85

PHOEBE

85

climbing up from the bottom of the gully, dragging the S-58's wheel (tied to a length of rope) behind her. As she reaches the edge of the gully Phoebe looks up as:

Dominic reaches down to haul her (angle widens) over the edge of the gully, then grabs the rope and pulls the wheel up alongside her. He checks the wheel out.

DOMINIC

Didn't even know you were gone!

(slaps wheel)

Thanks for this. The idea of humping down there and back was not ---

Dominic listens for a beat. Phoebe hears it, too, as Dominic turns to search the evening sky we hear the sound of helicopters.

DOMINIC

(beaming)

Choppers!

86

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - LONG SHOT - BRUCK'S TWO HUNTER-KILLER CHOPPERS

86

appearing over a low ridgeline, coming right at camera.

87

BACK TO DOMINIC AND PHOEBE

87

He grabs a signal pistol from his toolbox, then moves beyond the rotors and fires, aiming at the sky.

88

THE SIGNAL ROUND

88

arcs into the sky and pops in a burst of fiery red.

89

FROM INSIDE BRUCK'S CHOPPER

89

shooting past Bruck and his copilot, Yamata -- a Japanese-American in his late twenties. We can see Dominic and Phoebe and the S-58 -- about a thousand meters away and closing.

90

ANGLE ON BRUCK

90

He keys his throat mike.

BRUCK

Bravo, this is Alpha. Lock and load.

91 BRAVO-CHOPPER 91  
cruising alongside Alpha-Chopper.  
BRAVO COMMANDER'S VOICE  
(filtered)  
Roger, Alpha. Lock and load.  
The pilot flips his firing switch on. (X)

92 EXTERIOR - CLOSE ON BRAVO'S CHAIN GUNS 92  
deadly and poised on the skids. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

93 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 93  
grin and wave and watch:

94 THE HUNTER-KILLER CHOPPERS 94  
boring in, as we:

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

- 95 EXT. DESERT - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE - DAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION 95  
as they smile and wave and stare up at:
- 96 THE TWO RESCUE HELICOPTERS 96  
coming at them. But, as camera pushes closer on the  
choppers, and the weapons are clearly visible --- (X)
- 97 DOMINIC'S SMILE 97  
vanishes, and:
- DOMINIC  
Kid -- I got a funny feeling.
- PHOEBE  
Huh? What kind of feeling?
- 98 ANGLE ON BRAVO CHOPPER 98  
opening fire. Carefully spaced bursts, as: (X)
- 99 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 99  
reacting as the rounds plow into the dirt 100 meters away ---
- DOMINIC  
That kind.
- He pushes her under the S-58, then joins her.  
Covering her diminutive body with his own, camera pushing  
very close on Phoebe's I'm-Gonna-Be-Crushed reaction as:
- 100 ON BRAVO CHOPPER 100  
as it roars past, executing a 360 circle with its guns  
clattering. (X)  
(X)
- 101 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - S-58 101  
as a half-moon shaped "perimeter" of bullet-hits, 50 meters  
wide, is stitched into the desert floor around the S-58.
- 102 GROUND LEVEL - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 102  
The bullets strike in close f.g., then:

- 103 THE HUNTER CHOPPERS 103  
Bravo chopper ceases fire and joins Alpha-Chopper which (X)  
is about 100 meters from the S-58.
- 104 CLOSE TO THE GROUND BRAVO-CHOPPER 104  
hovering, spraying dust, disgorging its riflemen. We push (X)  
closer, as a bravo rocketman, carrying a very modern (ground  
to air) shoulder rocket-launcher, gets out. The riflemen  
spread out and take up positions behind cover, as Bravo-  
Chopper rises out of frame.
- 105 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 105  
watching with the mesmerized fascination of about-to-be  
victims as:
- 106 ALPHA-CHOPPER 106  
also hovering, dropping off its troops, packs of supplies,  
and equipment, then roaring forward and out of frame, as:
- 107 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - FAVORING BRUCK 107  
flips on the switches for outside PA system.
- 108 ALPHA-CHOPPER 108  
hovering 50 meters from the S-58, as:

## BRUCK'S VOICE

(amplified)

Mr. Santini. You are our prisoner,  
but we do not want you -- or the  
'passenger' you have mysteriously  
acquired. You are aware, I'm sure,  
what we do want.

- 109 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 109  
She is completely in the dark. He, unfortunately, is not  
as:

## BRUCK'S VOICE

You will stay inside the 'perimeter'  
'outlined' by my gunners. If you do  
not, you will be fired on.

110      INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - BRUCK      110  
 switches the PA system off, keys his mike again.

   BRUCK  
    Alpha Commander to Ground Control.      (X)  
    Eliminate the target's radio. Now.

111      GROUND CONTROL - RICHARDS      111  
    (X)

   RICHARDS  
    Roger, Alpha Commander.

He flips the radio's receiver to the radio man, then (angle widening) nods to a rifleman, who fires at:

112      THE S-58'S RADIO ANTENNA AND EXTERIOR EQUIPMENT      112  
 as the bullets destroy it.

113      DOMINIC AND PHOEBE      113  
 crouch beneath the old chopper, reacting to the hits and:

   DOMINIC  
    The radio!      (X)

114      INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - FAVORING BRUCK      114  
 as Yamata, checking his instruments, says very calmly:

   YAMATA  
    I have a marginal contact at twenty-  
    three miles, Azimuth line 140 degrees  
    -- Grid seven. Moving very fast.

Bruck stiffens, leans to look and we:

SMASH CUT TO

115      EXT. AIRWOLF IN FLIGHT - DAY      115  
 as it barrels through a patch of cloud and past camera.

116      INSIDE AIRWOLF - ARCHANGEL      116  
 is staring at Airwolf's forward-quadrant radar display.

   ARCHANGEL  
    Contact. 326. Southwest. a pair  
    in the air. One on the deck.

CONTINUED



116 CONTINUED

116

HAWKE  
(settling in)  
Choppers?

ARCHANGEL  
(staring)  
Choppers. And I'll lay ten to one I  
killed myself getting the allocations  
to pay for them.

HAWKE  
No bet.  
(all business)  
Hang on.

(X)

Archangel carefully steadies the switches before he starts flipping them. He, too, is tight faced, all business, as Hawke kicks in rudder and:

117 AIRWOLF

117

turns sharply and drops below frame as:

SMASH CUT TO

118 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - BRUCK AND YAMATA

118

as they react to the image on their radar, and:

YAMATA  
Gone. Headed for the deck. I've  
never seen anything like that ---

BRUCK  
It's him.  
(keys mike)  
Ground Command, this is Alpha-Chopper.  
We have ---

(X)

YAMATA  
(staring)  
My God!

Bruck snaps his head to the left, eyes widening, as:

119 AIRWOLF

119

comes howling at camera from behind a ridgeline.

120 DOMINIC

120

scrambles from under the S-58, eyes on:

- 121 SHOOTING FROM BEHIND DOMINIC - AIRWOLF 121  
banking to port, ripping across the gulley.
- 122 CLOSEUP - HAWKE 122  
He has a bare microsecond to glance down at:
- 123 HAWKE'S POINT OF VIEW - DOMINIC 123  
A crazed doll-sized figure, waving his arms maniacally, as behind him Phoebe darts out from beneath the chopper.
- 124 ARCHANGEL 124  
A quick look of shock at the monitor.
- 125 EXT. FLATS AND GULLEY AREA - AIRWOLF 125  
whips between Alpha and Bravo choppers.
- 126 ALPHA AND BRAVO CHOPPERS 126  
react violently to the impact of the roto wash as:
- 127 ON THE GROUND - ACROSS BRAVO GROUND TO AIR ROCKETMAN TO AIRWOLF 127  
as it roars past. The rocketman "tracks" his streaking target, eye against his rubber-coated sight. Camera pushes closer.
- 128 ROCKETMAN'S SIGHT-PICTURE 128  
A (reverse negative) image of Airwolf. A computer generated circle and crosshair focuses the aim (pushing on Airwolf's rotor), as:
- 129 THE ROCKETMAN 129  
fires (depresses a rubber-coated button on the launcher's pistol-grip) and flame explodes from the rear of the tube.
- 130 WIDE ANGLE - BRAVO TEAM AND AIRWOLF 130  
as the small rocket streaks at Airwolf, and:

131 AIRWOLF'S TAIL ROTOR 131

A sharp clang! and burst of flame as the rocket strikes into the rotor's blur.

132 INSIDE AIRWOLF - FAVORING ARCHANGEL 132

HAWKE

They hit the tail rotor. I'm losing rudder control.

133 AIRWOLF 133

turns, twists and wobbles over another ridgeline. Alpha-Chopper is right on Airwolf's tail. Bravo is close behind.

134 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 134

watching.

DOMINIC

He should've never come after me!

(X)

Phoebe directs her confused stare at Dominic, as:

SMASH CUT TO

135 INT. AIRWOLF - FAVORING HAWKE 135

as he fights to hold the vibrating ship on line and:

HAWKE

Disengage rotor systems. Eight count. On my mark for turbine ignition.

ARCHANGEL

You're crazy! We can't ---

HAWKE

(flips switches, etc.)

Mark: Eight -- Seven --

Six -- Five -- Four --

Three -- Two

(beat)

One.

(hits toggle)

Ignition.

ARCHANGEL

(same business)

Hawke! There's forty-five thousand pounds of thrust in those turbines! What'll happen to the tail rotor if --

(stares)

Terrific.

136 EXT. AIRWOLF'S TURBINES 136

as they explode with power, blasting out smoke and heat as:

137 INSIDE AIRWOLF - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL 137  
are slammed back into their seats as:

138 AIRWOLF 138  
erupts forward and over camera as it leaves the pursuing  
choppers in the proverbial dust.

139 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - FAVORING BRUCK 139  
as he reacts with Yamata, both staring, incredulous.

140 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 140  
stare after the departed Airwolf and we:

DISSOLVE TO

141 INT. COLONEL ARIAS' OFFICE - NIGHT - THE WALL MAP 141  
as Bruck's still-gloved hand stabs at the plastic-covered  
locations his "story" describes.

BRUCK'S VOICE

At first contact he was approximately  
-- here. Less than a minute later ---

142 BRUCK 142  
stares at the map and sees it all again. His eyes are  
wired with tightly wound anger as:

BRUCK

-- he was here. He bounced over a  
ridgeline and right into our laps.

Angle widens to include Colonel Arias. (X)

ARIAS (X)

Then why is he still not in your  
lap?

BRUCK

Because he has more guts than sense. (X)

Bruck turns back to the map.

BRUCK

Going to Mach-one like that -- put  
him into critical fuel consumption. (X)

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

142

BRUCK (Cont'd)

And his tail rotor was hit by a rocket. He couldn't have gotten very far.

ARIAS

We'll start searching at first light.

BRUCK

We could search for a week and in country like this miss him by fifty meters. While we search, he could return. The ground unit will never be enough to take him.

(at map)

No. I chose the field. I set the trap. Now, I have to wait. When he comes back, I'll get him.

ARIAS

Comes back? But, Bruck -- what if he does not come back, eh? I mean, he knows it's a trap, now, Bruck. He knows.

(X)

BRUCK

He also knows I am not wining and dining his friends out there. And there's Santini's 'passenger' --

(at Bruck)

A wrinkle I did not know about but one which will, I believe, help us.

ARIAS

But if you couldn't take him today, what makes you think you can do it tomorrow?

BRUCK

I didn't get a chance to use the Leech today ---

ARIAS

Leech. The Leech?

Bruck steps to the window, nods out at:

143 THE TWO HUNTER CHOPPERS - NIGHT

143

Camera pushes close on a missile pod attached to Alpha-Chopper, as:

BRUCK

Air-to-air missile of the Sidewinder variety ---

144 BACK TO OFFICE

144

BRUCK

It's called the Leech because it doesn't explode on contact, it -- attaches itself.

ARIAS

Madonna ---

BRUCK

After attachment it fires a shaped charge through the aircraft skin, followed by auditory or visual disrupting agent.

(beat)

Incredibly high-pitched sound or gas. Or both. The gas is not lethal with three minutes leeway before unconsciousness. Enough time for Hawke to choose between a crack-up and death or an emergency landing. It was developed by the firm to stop vehicles without destroying them.

(X)

Arias is staring at him.

(X)

ARIAS

(brisk)

Where do you think Hawke this is -- now?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Bruck sweeps his gloved hand across the upper portion of the Gran Desierdo.

BRUCK

He'll need to repair the rotor. There are mining and salt-collection camps scattered through here. I believe he'll find one that will provide what he needs to effect repairs. In here. Or, perhaps, here.

His leather-sheathed finger jabs against the map, and we:

SMASH CUT TO

145 EXT. AIRWOLF - NIGHT - LANDING AT CAMERA

145

searchlight flashing through the dust-filled rotor wash.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

146

EXT. AIRWOLF - LANDED - NIGHT - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL

146

The chopper is silent, rotors drooping. A mournful wind is the only sound as Hawke and Archangel step away from the chopper. Hawke removes his helmet. He looks around as angle widens to reveal a small mining "town." Mostly tents, but there is a quonset hut-like building that attracts Hawke's attention. He moves towards it as:

ARCHANGEL

It doesn't look deserted. Where are the people?

HAWKE

Took off. What would you do if you saw us dropping into your backyard?

ARCHANGEL

(nervously)

Probably think we're a UFO or something.

HAWKE

(reaches hut)

Yah. Good chance.

ARCHANGEL

Terrific.

Hawke opens the door to the hut. He waits a beat for Archangel, who limps up and shines a flashlight into the dark hut.

147

FROM INSIDE THE HUT - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL

147

as the flashlight beam reveals a machine/blacksmith shop.

HAWKE

This'll do. Let's get that rotor off.

He moves O.S. as we:

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

148

EXT. THE S-58 - NIGHT - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE

148

as he tries to connect something, hands and head emersed in engine, and:

CONTINUED

DOMINIC

(something in  
his mouth)

Good thing it was a -- little bomb  
-- just enough to bring 'er down --  
uhh -- but not enough damage to kill  
-- me -- us --

(trying to connect  
"something")

Think I can -- patch 'er up if --  
mmmp!

He jerks back head and hands. He's been holding pencil-light in his mouth as a work light, and now he spits it out. Phoebe grimaces with empathy at Dom's pain.

PHOEBE

Listen, Dominic, you can't fix what  
you can't see.

DOMINIC

(nursing hand)

Yeah. You have a definite point  
there, kid. A very definite point.  
(looks around)

But I would like to leave these  
premises at the first opportunity.

PHOEBE

Good luck. These creeps -- whoever  
they are -- seriously want you to be  
here, correct? Correct. So they  
are, no way, going to let you pack  
up and fly out. Know what I mean?

She takes him by the arm, very much the little woman in charge, and leads him away, camera with them. Dominic has to grin as she sits him down.

DOMINIC

I know what you mean.

She grins, too. There is a small fire burning at the bottom of a two foot hole with high, narrow sides, dig in the sand. Dominic stares at the pack, unzipped and spilling its contents as Phoebe rummages and finds her med-kit, but blinks, finally shows some little girl fright....

PHOEBE

Uh, Dominic? Do you think these  
creeps are gonna kill us -- ?

CONTINUED



148 CONTINUED - 2

148

DOMINIC

(beat softer)

Huh? Oh, them? That? Naw ---

She takes his injured hand and starts to pat it with a square of ointment-smearred gauze.

As she tends to the cut, he glances to each side, into the dark, her eyes show fear....

149 POINT OF VIEW - THE RIDGELINE

149

Just the hint of a red-tinted light, the movement of shadows in front of it. They are out there.

150 BACK TO DOMINIC AND PHOEBE

150

He realizes she is watching him, watching them. He refers to the "junk" in her pack, trying to distract her.

DOMINIC

(at pack)

Look at this -- er -- 'gear'. Three feet of pearls, and what's that? A A Ouija Board?

She is finished with his hand, and:

PHOEBE

Ask it something and it tells you.

(looks around)

Could be a valuable item, right?

DOMINIC

(chuckles)

And -- this -- is a rabbit's foot?

PHOEBE

A jack rabbit's foot, to be exact.

DOMINIC

May I inquire why you would want a jack rabbit's foot?

PHOEBE

Twice, maybe three times the amount of of luck, that's why.

DOMINIC

(stares at her)

Where did you escape from, kid?

CONTINUED

150

CONTINUED

150

PHOEBE

(unhesitating)

From Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Morris.  
Sacramento, California. That's  
where I escaped from, and so would  
you. The foster home I was in  
wasn't even as good as --

(indicates fire, etc.)

-- 'all this.' Most of the time, any  
way.

(X)

DOMINIC

Foster home, huh? But didn't I hear  
you mention goin' to meet your old man?

PHOEBE

(looks away)

It could be him and then again, it may  
not be, you know?

DOMINIC

No. I do not know.

He picks up a photo in an old-fashioned frame from the gear  
on the tarp and holds it out of her, softening a bit as:

DOMINIC

This them? Your folks?

PHOEBE

(nods)

Mom died when I was like five. Dad  
was off to sea. A sailor. He'd been  
gone since before I was born. So  
they put me in a foster home. Last  
year I started looking for him.  
Running away ---

He nods. He can understand.

151

NEW ANGLE

151

as she moves to the tarp and picks up a red dress. She  
also grabs the string of pearls. She slips them around her  
neck and holds the dress up in front of her. The effect,  
Dodger baseball cap and all, is fairly weird, as:

PHOEBE

This is what I'm going to wear, when  
I meet him.

CONTINUED

151

CONTINUED

151

PHOEBE (Cont'd)

(dreaming)

He'll be coming off his ship, walking down the gangplank. And I'll be waiting for him on the dock and he'll recognize me right away because I look a lot like my mom and --

(returns to earth)

Well. Hey -- you know. It'll be ---

She's said enough. Maybe too much. She shivers. He doesn't know what to say, so:

PHOEBE

Dominic?

DOMINIC

Yeah, Phoebe?

PHOEBE

Why's all this happening?

DOMINIC

(beat)

It has to do with a friend of mine named Hawke and that helicopter you saw.

He puts his arm around her shivering shoulders. He is uncomfortable about doing this. So is she.

DOMINIC

(straight faced)

You got a few minutes to listen to all this bull?

She smiles, nods, relaxes against his thick shoulder and:

DOMINIC

Okay. Well. I knew this guy, Hawke's old man back in WW-Two and ---

DISSOLVE TO

152

INT. MACHINE/BLACKSMITH SHOP - MINING CAMP - NIGHT - HAWKE

152

He and Archangel stripped to the waist combating the glowing heat of the hand-bellow-pumped forge as Hawke pounds away on the rotor blade perforated that evening. Suddenly, Hawke stops hammering.

CONTINUED

152

CONTINUED

152

ARCHANGEL

What? You need a break?

HAWKE

We've got company.

He turns around to face the door. Archangel does the same. The door is open. Camera pushes past them to the mist-shrouded exterior of the shop. A half-dozen shadows -- all armed with a variety of weapons: rifles to pick-axes -- stand facing the open door.

153

HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL

153

neither takes his eyes off the O.S. door as:

ARCHANGEL

Do me a favor, Hawke. Next time that super-hearing of yours clues you in -- don't say anything. I think I'd rather be surprised ---

HAWKE

(stares at  
O.S. door)

Yah. If there is a next time.

154

THE SHADOWS

154

are moving towards the door, ominously, as we:

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

155 INT. MACHINE/BLACKSMITH SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 155

as five men and one woman move into the shop. They are dressed "roughly," but not peon or bandit style. These are blue collar guys, tough, but not stupid, nor childlike. The woman's name is Miriam, twenties, gorgeous in faded jeans, boots, etc. She is the sister of the leader, Joachim Santos, who now stops and winces as:

ARCHANGEL

('Spanish')

Buenos noches. No somas la drones.  
(Good evening. We are not thieves.)

(X)

HAWKE

(perfect Spanish)

El problema con nuestro have, pero ---  
(Trouble with our aircraft, but ---)

(X)

SANTOS

(perfect English)

Please. Please. Stop. Both of you.  
(to Archangel)

Never speak Spanish in my presence  
again. You speak horrible Spanish.

(to Hawke)

Yours is much better, but I think  
we should stick to English, since --  
along with dollars -- it's the  
closest we have to anything in  
common.

ARCHANGEL

Dollars?

HAWKE

That's what the man said.

SANTOS

My name is Joachim Esteban Santos.  
This is my sister, Miriam. And  
these are my partners.

(beat)

We are miners and salt collectors.  
Out there, on the flats. We have  
limited funds, to say the least.  
You are using our facilities. You  
frightened our burros, wives, and  
children.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

MIRIAM

The few chickens we have will probably never lay another egg thanks to the arrival of that -- 'thing' out there on our front street.

She looks at Hawke. She checks him out. He "checks" right back, and:

HAWKE

The next time I go down, Senorita Santos, I will try to be gentler.  
(to Santos)

Will you and your men help us repair the 'thing' responsible for the destruction of peace -- and the elimination of eggs from your sister's diet?

SANTOS

(smiles broadly)  
You are too close to the truth to be truly funny, sir. But I like your sense of humor.

(lowers rifle)  
We will help. But first ---

HAWKE

Of course. Dollars.  
(to Archangel)  
Dollars.

Archangel grimaces, unscrews the ornate silver head of his cane, and:

156 INSERT - THE CANE HEAD

156

lifts off and Archangel lifts out -- a narrow "belt" of fine, soft leather, about twelve inches long. He unsnaps both ends and folds back one of the layers of leather. And there, slid into individual compartments, are twelve Krugerand gold pieces.

157 THE MINERS, SANTOS AND MIRIAM

157

as they exchange looks and smile. Now, all the weapons have been lowered as:

SANTOS

We could simply take that, you know ---

CONTINUED

Angle widens to include Hawke and Archangel as:

HAWKE

Such things are impossible between men who share -- the same sense of humor.

Santos gaps, then translates. His men burst into laughter with him. Miriam stares at Hawke, until:

SANTOS

(wiping tears)

Good. That was very good. We have little intellectual stimulation in these hills, you know.

MIRIAM

Or any other kind of stimulation, for that matter.

SANTOS

(grins sagely at Hawke)

Very true. Perhaps there are other things we could do for you. Possible, no?

HAWKE

(at Miriam)

Possible, si.

And as Archangel frowns, Hawke turns to him.

HAWKE

How much longer until we have to meet that fuel tanker?

ARCHANGEL

(checks watch)

One hour and eighteen minutes. Not much time.

SANTOS

But now, we are helping! Tell us what to do!

The miners are setting aside their guns, etc., moving to Hawke and Archangel, as we:

SMASH CUT TO

A-158 EXT. BLACKSMITH SHED - NIGHT

A-158

Santos turns the centrifugal bellows as Hawke moves the tail rotor around in the flame with the tongs.

CONTINUED

A-158 CONTINUED

A-158

HAWKE

Why do you live here?

SANTOS

Why not? It is a pleasant enough  
place. We have work. Women we  
love. Children to laugh.

(smiles)

Do you have as much?

Hawke looks up sharply. Santos seems to have read who he  
is without knowing him more than a few minutes. Hawke  
looks back to the forge.

SANTOS

You are a lonely man, no?

Hawke doesn't reply.

SANTOS

Well, that is your business. But  
my sister obviously finds you  
attractive. Perhaps when this is  
over you will stay a while.

HAWKE

(bit nervous)

You come right to the point, don't  
you.

SANTOS

(laughs)

Life is too short my friend, not to.

(beat)

Did I embarrass you?

HAWKE

No. Your sister seems very nice.

SANTOS

She is a pain in the burro, but she  
is my sister.

(smiles)

And, yes, she is very nice.

ARCHANGEL'S VOICE

Who?

A-158A ANGLE - FEATURING ARCHANGEL

A-158A

He appears out of the dark and warms his hands by the fire.

HAWKE

His sister.

CONTINUED



A-158A CONTINUED .

A-158A

ARCHANGEL

Oh?

Santos frowns.

ARCHANGEL

(trying  
to recover)

Oh! Yes. Very nice.

(to Hawke)

Is that ready yet?

Hawke smiles at Archangel's awkwardness.

HAWKE

Not quite.

ARCHANGEL

(after a beat,  
to Santos)

You know we really appreciate your  
helping us.

SANTOS

(shrugs)

I wanted to keep warm.

ARCHANGEL

(puzzled)

What?

(catches on)

Oh. I see.

SANTOS

I doubt it.

ARCHANGEL

Then enlighten me. Why are you  
helping us?

HAWKE

He's doing it because he's bored.

SANTOS

Don't forget the gold.

HAWKE

The gold has nothing to do with it.

Santos smiles. Now Hawke has him pegged.

SANTOS

(to Archangel)

He flies. What do you do?

After a beat....

CONTINUED

#58205

43-C  
(X)

Rev. 1/31/84  
Already Shot

A-158A CONTINUED - 2

A-158A

ARCHANGEL

I pay...and pray.

SANTOS

(laughs,  
in Spanish)  
Mother of God.  
(in English)  
He has a sense of humor after all.

Archangel laughs. He's pleased. Hawke pulls the rotor out of the fire.

CUT TO .

158  
thru  
162

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - NIGHT

158  
thru  
162

1) (MOS) Sparks smash into frame as Hawke slams a hammer into the red-hot rotor blade, held, with tongs, by Miriam, fascinated at Hawke's Thor-like image.

CONTINUED

158  
thru  
162

CONTINUED

158  
thru  
162

2) (MOS) Airwolf is pushed (rear first at camera) by Santos and his men. Lanterns and worklights flash into camera as:

3) (MOS) The repaired rotor is winched into place, Hawke guiding it -- sweat dripping off him, smeared with grease -- into place and bam! locks it, glances at a grinning Miriam.

4) (MOS) Santos, three of his men, and Miriam, are piling into a pair of dilapidated vehicles, kissing wives, children (and chickens) good-bye as Airwolf lifts off in b.g. in a huge cloud of dust, as:

DISSOLVE TO

163

EXTERIOR - HIGH NOON - THE SUN - DAY - STOCK

163

A blazing orb in a washout sky.

164

EXT. S-58 - DAY - DOMINIC

164

He angrily slams the engine hatch shut -- with a wrench.

165

EXTERIOR - RICHARDS IN THE ROCKS

165

The Radar Operator lowers binoculars, turns to a rifleman.

RICHARDS

So much for engine repairs ---

166

EXT S-58 - FAVORING PHOEBE

166

as Dominic stamps over, muttering to himself and sits down near her, glaring at the sand and slamming fist into palm. But then he takes a deep breath and, (sotto voice) murmurs:

DOMINIC

How'd it look?

PHOEBE

I bought it -- enough not to know whether it's fixed or ---

DOMINIC

It's fixed -- I think. Gonna have to start in one shot, though.

PHOEBE

(nods O.S.)

Those guys out there will turn us into Swiss cheese.

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

166

DOMINIC

(normal voice)

No 'us,' kid. It's me who's taking that bird up, if Hawke comes back. Besides, they won't riddle nothin,' if you do just what I said.

Phoebe turns away, moves to a spot under the S-58, next to an oil pan used to drain the engine, nearly full of oil and rags. Phoebe pushes it aside, stares at Dominic.

Camera whip pans away to:

167 ALPHA TEAM - GROUND-TO-AIR RADAR UNIT - RICHARDS

167

He is across the gully from Bravo, shaded by a makeshift tarp. He watches his portable screen, as:

BRUCK'S RADIO VOICE

(filtered)

This is Bruck. Anything?!

RICHARDS

(keys radio)

Not a thing, Mr. Bruck.

Camera whip pans from Richards and we:

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

168 EXT. THE HUNTER CHOPPERS - DAY - FAVORING BRUCK

168

He's outside Alpha-Chopper, on the radio mike that Yamata, in co-pilot's seat, has passed out to him, and now:

BRUCK

Okay, Richards. Keep your eyes open.

Bruck flips the mike back to Yamata then turns, angle adjusting, to Arias. The Colonel's staff car is parked in b.g., as is Alpha-Chopper. He is staring at Bruck.

BRUCK

He'll come.

SMASH CUT TO

169 EXT. DESERT - DAY - SANTOS, MIRIAM AND MEN - TRACKING SHOT

169

as the two vehicles bounce along the very rough trail.

- 170 CLOSER - SANTOS, DRIVER AND MIRIAM 170  
Santos is sleeping, despite the bumps. Camera pans to the rear of his Jeep and we see three wooden crates marked: FIREWORKS. (X)
- 171 EXT. AIRWOLF - DAY 171  
screams at camera; a mere ten feet, if that, off the desert floor, leaving a twenty foot high rooster tail of dust, as it howls past!
- 172 INT. AIRWOLF - HAWKE AND ARCHANGEL 172  
Archangel in the engineer's seat, looks at the scanner. (X)  
(X)  
ARCHANGEL  
We're leaving a helluva dust cloud ---  
HAWKE  
They've got radar. We stay low....  
ARCHANGEL  
(beat)  
What about this little girl we saw?  
HAWKE  
Her only chance is with us....  
CUT TO
- 173 OMITTED 173
- 174 EXT. DESERT - DAY - SANTOS AND COMPANY 174  
The pair of ragtag vehicles are stopped. Santos is unreeling a long wire from a hole, quickly being filled-in by his men.
- 175 CLOSEUP - THE HOLE - A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE STICKS 175  
lie in the hole, dirt cascading on top of them. The dynamite is attached to the wire.
- 176 EXT. SANTOS' JEEP - DAY - FAVORING MIRIAM - TRACKING SHOT 176  
The Jeep, unreeling the dynamite wire behind it, passes (bouncing and fishtailing). The other vehicle is visible, in b.g. Camera pushes, and we see that it, too, is unreeling wire.

- 177 EXT. AIRWOLF - DAY 177  
as it "bounces" up and over a small ridgeline and:
- 178 EXTERIOR - CLOSEUP ON GROUND-TO-AIR RADAR UNIT DISPLAY - DAY - A BLIP 178  
suddenly appears, then vanishes. Camera snaps back to Richards, who grabs the dials and starts adjusting.
- 179 EXT. THE GROUND-AIR RADAR OPERATOR RICHARDS 179  
thinks for a second, makes up his mind, then keys his radio.
- RICHARDS  
Contact! At ---
- 180 EXTERIOR - SANTOS AND MIRIAM - DAY 180  
He twists the plunger of the detonator and: Far away in b.g., two violent explosions rise up.  
Santos nods at Miriam, who pushes her plunger down and:
- 181 EXT. S-58 - DAY - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 181  
react to O.S. explosions.
- 182 EXT. REAR OF RIDGELINE - DAY - ALPHA AND BRAVO CHOPPERS AND CREW 182  
They react: Start for their choppers but stop now and react (X) to the two more distant explosions.
- 183 ARIAS AND BRUCK 183  
also react to O.S. explosions.
- 184 ALPHA AND BRAVO CREWS 184  
as two more explosions erupt closer. And the radios are crackling:

RICHARDS' VOICE  
Contact! At Azimuth reading ---

But the rest of his message is lost as the crews leap into their choppers. (Much ad-lib shouting, etc.)

CONTINUED

- 184 CONTINUED 184
- BRUCK  
(pointing O.S.)  
It's that way! He's coming in with  
everything he's got!
- As Arias reacts.... (X)
- 185 THE EXPLOSIONS 185
- in volcanic pairs, "march" at camera until smoke fills  
frame, and:
- 186 ALPHA AND BRAVO CHOPPERS 186
- roar up into the sky as:
- 187 INT. ALPHA-CHOPPER - DAY - BRUCK 187
- He sees something, twists to look back over his shoulder at:
- 188 AIRWOLF - LONG SHOT 188
- She boils along on a cyclone of dust.
- 189 BRUCK 189
- keys his mike and slams his boots into the pedals.
- BRUCK  
Behind us! He's coming in the  
other way! (X)
- 190 INT. DESERT - DAY - LONG SHOT - BRAVO AND ALPHA CHOPPERS 190
- as they spin around, trying to turn, as camera pans to the  
ridgeline and the downed S-58, as Airwolf strikes!
- 191 EXT. AIRWOLF - CLOSER - HEAD ON ANGLE 191
- Its 20mm cannons rattle out fire from their pods.
- 192 EXTERIOR - RIFLEMEN ON THE RIDGE 192
- run and dive for their lives as the ridge disintegrates. (X)

193

EXT. S-58 - DOMINIC AND PHOEBE

193

Dominic is running past her and:

DOMINIC

Now, kid! Now!

Heading for the chopper and dives into the S-58 as Phoebe pissed-off beyond belief, grabs the oil pan and in the same motion dumps it into the firepit. The oily rags immediately begin to belch black smoke, engulfing S-58 and:

194

PHOEBE

194

running in the smoke for the Sikorsky. She dives in as:

PHOEBE

Kid, huh?!

195

DOMINIC

195

is in the pilot seat and hitting the ignition.

196

TWO RIFLEMEN

196

dive into the dirt as Airwolf streaks past overhead, then twist around as they hear the S-58's engine starting, and begin firing at:

197

THE S-58

197

rising up through the smoke.

198

INSIDE THE S-58 - DOMINIC

198

lets loose with a rebel yell, cut off in the middle as he sees Phoebe (angle adjusting) behind him in the cargo hold.

199

THE S-58

199

powers up, coughing, and sputtering, out of frame, with riflefire crack-popping on all sides as:

200

INSIDE AIRWOLF

200

Archangel is staring out the plexi side port.

ARCHANGEL

He's up! Dom got her up!

CONTINUED



- 200 CONTINUED 200
- Hawke is staring dead ahead, then at Archangel's dash display.
- HAWKE
- Yah. We've got other company too....
- He hits the collective, heading up and away as:
- 201 EXT. ALPHA AND BRAVO CHOPPERS - LONG SHOT 201
- coming at us.
- 202 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - BRUCK 202
- rips back on a lever.
- 203 EXT. ALPHA-CHOPPER - THE "LEECH POD" 203
- cuts loose with a half-dozen missiles (sparks, smoke, etc.) as:
- 204 INSIDE AIRWOLF - FAVORING ARCHANGEL 204
- staring at his screen, hand hovering over a row of buttons.
- ARCHANGEL
- Missiles on their way. Tracking.  
Non-heat seekers -- four -- no --  
six ---
- HAWKE
- Disperse deflector-pod-six.
- Archangel's hand slams down on the buttons and:
- 205 EXT. AIRWOLF - DEFLECTOR POD 205
- fires and false "targets" streak away in all directions as:
- 206 THE SKY - THE LEECH MISSILES AND DEFLECTOR MISSILES 206
- as four of them "make contact" and explode (we see no missiles; simply streaks of light then four explosions.) Two missiles (contrails etched against the blue) pass camera and:
- 207 INSIDE AIRWOLF - ARCHANGEL AND HAWKE 207
- Two violent concussions. Suddenly, there are two more concussions -- small explosions that blow holes through the chopper's skin and:

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51  
(X)

208 THE LEECH HOLES 208

as gas comes pouring through with an incredibly loud screeching.

209 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - BRUCK AND YAMATA 209

YAMATA

Two hits!

SMASH CUT TO

210 INT. AIRWOLF 210

Clouds of gas pour into the cockpit. Both Hawke and Archangel are wincing from the shrill sound. Hawke slams his face mask shut.

HAWKE

Go on internal oxygen and purge the cockpit.

Archangel slams his face mask shut. He hits a button.

210-A CLOSE ON AIR PURGE BUTTON 210-A

It remains red. Despite a number of punches from Archangel.

ARCHANGEL'S VOICE

She won't purge.

210-B BACK ON ARCHANGEL 210-B

as he looks back in the cockpit towards the two holes behind him spurting gas.

210-C EXTERIOR - ON AIRWOLF 210-C

as it dives towards the desert floor.

210-D BACK ON ARCHANGEL 210-D

He has no choice.

He jerks out his oxygen plug-in and stumbles for the two spurting holes, camera with him. He grabs a straight, crowbar-like tool and -- holding his breath -- "stabs" into the geyser of gas.

- 211 EXT. AIRWOLF - CLOSEUP - LEECH MISSILE 211  
as it's punched away and O.S.
- 212 EXT. AIRWOLF 212  
still diving. Alpha and Bravo choppers are closing fast as: (X)
- 213 THE S-58 213  
comes out of nowhere and rises up in front of them.
- 214 BRAVO-CHOPPER PILOT 214  
hits his pedals and banks sharply as:
- 215 INSIDE THE S-58 - PHOEBE 215  
has the flare gun and fires.
- 216 BRAVO-CHOPPER PILOT 216  
reacts as the flare whips in past him and explodes inside (X)  
the chopper. Thick smoke billows out and:
- 217 PHOEBE 217  
goes nuts, cheering as:
- 218 BRAVO-CHOPPER 218  
heads for the deck, while:
- 219 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - BRUCK AND YAMATA 219  
watch, react as:
- 220 INSIDE AIRWOLF - ARCHANGEL 220  
slams the steel rod into the second, spewing hole, just (X)  
about unconscious and:
- 221 THE SECOND LEECH MISSILE 221  
is dislodged and is flung away by the force of the  
airstream as:

- 222 HAWKE 222  
still on oxygen, twists around and hollers:  
HAWKE  
Strap in! Quick!
- 223 CLOSE - ARCHANGEL 223  
slumping into engineer's seat, buckling up and then passing  
out as:  
ARCHANGEL  
Sure -- sure -- strap in just strap ---  
As Hawke hits everything and angle shows him heading up.
- 224 EXT. AIRWOLF 224  
goes into an Immelman, a complete loop that takes it around  
and behind Alpha-Chopper as:
- 225 INSIDE ALPHA-CHOPPER - BRUCK 225  
twists around and sees what's happened, then straight ahead  
as:
- 226 A CLIFF - STOCK 226  
roars at them and:
- 227 BRUCK AND YAMATA 227  
hands over their faces, eyes wild as:
- 228 ALPHA-CHOPPER - DAY - STOCK 228  
hits the cliff wall and explodes and:
- 229 BRAVO-CHOPPER 229  
skids into the desert. Her crew abandons the smoking ship  
and she, too, blows!
- 230 INSIDE AIRWOLF - HAWKE 230  
stares through his plexi at:
- 231 DOMINIC AND PHOEBE 231  
staring back and grinning ear to ear as:

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54  
(X)

232 EXT. THE RIDGELINE - DAY - SANTOS, MIRIAM, AND COMPANY 232  
The riflemen are all accounted for but beat to hell.

233 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY - COLONEL ARIAS' STAFF CAR 233  
as it rumbles at camera then comes to a dusty halt. Camera  
pushes close on windshield, past the driver to:  
Arias, looking sick, staring at:

233-A EXT. AIRWOLF 233-A  
hovering, it's guns deployed.

233-B EXTERIOR - CLOSE ON ARIAS 233-B  
He weakly raises his arms.

233-C EXTERIOR - ON AIRWOLF 233-C  
It moves forward straight at the Jeep.

233-D EXTERIOR - CLOSE ON ARIAS 233-D  
He closes his eyes mumbling prayers to the Madonna as  
Airwolf roars over him sucking up a huge cloud of dust and  
leaving him choking, but alive.

CUT TO

233-E EXT. S-58 233-E  
as Airwolf pulls along side.

DOMINIC'S VOICE

You okay?

233-F INT. AIRWOLF COCKPIT - CLOSE ON HAWKE 233-F  
flying formation with the S-58.

HAWKE

Yah.

(beat)

Think you can fly that wreck to the  
nearest field?

Intercut with:

#58205

55  
(X)

233-G INT. S-57 COCKPIT

233-G

Phoebe has a headset on as she looks across at Airwolf.

DOMINIC

Wanna race?

HAWKE

(grins)

Only if you give me a head start.

DOMINIC

Done.

233-H EXTERIOR - ON AIRWOLF AND THE S-58

233-H

as Airwolf suddenly streaks away leaving the S-58 as if it was standing still.

233-J INT. S-58 COCKPIT

233-J

Phoebe watches it disappear with widening eyes. Then over the radio....

HAWKE'S VOICE

Hey, Dom. What's the story on that kid with you?

Phoebe's awe turns to fire and brimstone. Dominic breaks up laughing till Phoebe ices him with a look and we....

DISSOLVE TO

234  
thru  
238

OMITTED

234  
thru  
238

239 EXT. HAWKE'S LAKESIDE HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

239

as:

240 EXT. A COMPANY HELICOPTER - DAY

240

wings in over the mountain and:

241 EXT. HAWKE'S FRONT DOOR - HAWKE, DOMINIC AND TET

241

as behind them, Phoebe comes charging out the door and stops, breathless. She is wearing the dress and beads, carrying the photo of Mom and Dad. She stares O.S. at:

242 EXTERIOR - CLOSE ON THE WHITE COMPANY HELICOPTER 242  
(X)

as it lands on the dock. The hatch opens and Laura exits, followed by Archangel and finally a tall, middle-aged man... Karl Danner. (Note: Shoot so tight we can't actually see location.)

243 ON PHOEBE 243

staring at the photograph of Mom and Dad. Then up to Dominic.

PHOEBE

It's him!

DOMINIC

Yep.

Then Phoebe gets a strange look on her face and bolts into the house. Hawke and Dominic exchange looks.

243-A INT. CABIN 243-A

Phoebe is standing inside the door staring blankly at the far wall. She looks frightened as Dominic comes in.

DOMINIC

Hey...what's wrong?

PHOEBE

I'm scared.

DOMINIC

Of what?

PHOEBE

Of him. What if he doesn't like me?

DOMINIC

Hey. I liked you didn't I.

PHOEBE

Not at first.

DOMINIC

Yes, I did. I was a little taken back that's all.

PHOEBE

Sure.

DOMINIC

Yah, well. I'll tell you something, Phoebe. I'll bet he's more afraid of meeting you than you are of meeting him.

CONTINUED

243-A CONTINUED

243-A

PHOEBE  
Why would he be afraid.

DOMINIC  
Same reasons you are...he doesn't  
know if you'll like him.

Phoebe looks at Hawke, then peeks out the door.

243-B PHOEBE'S POINT OF VIEW - DANNER

243-B

approaching up the path. He does look a bit frightened.

243-C BACK ON PHOEBE

243-C

She looks up to Dominic. He smiles. Hesitantly, Phoebe  
walks out onto the porch.

244  
thru  
246

OMITTED

244  
thru  
246

247 EXTERIOR - FEATURE PHOEBE AND HER DAD

247

as they awkwardly stare at each other. Then he opens his  
arms and she runs into them. They hug and embrace.

248 ANGLE ON HAWKE AND DOMINIC

248

as Archangel and Laura join them. Phoebe turns at that  
moment and....

PHOEBE  
(to Dominic)  
Thanks, Dominic!

ARCHANGEL  
(to others)  
'Thanks, Dominic'? Does she know  
how much the it cost the firm to  
track him down?

DOMINIC  
No. But I gotta feeling I'm going to.

ARCHANGEL  
You're damn right you are. Laura.

LAURA  
Well. We started with a computer  
search of all Merchant Marine  
records over the past fifteen  
years. Computer time alone was over  
fifty thousand. When that didn't  
turn him up, we....



249 INT. CABIN - ON HAWKE

249

He crosses to the mantle where Saint John's picture is and looks at it. In the b.g., we hear Phoebe laugh. He looks at the photo, then down to Tet.

250 HAWKE'S POINT OF VIEW - TET

250

staring up at him with those knowing eyes.

251 BACK ON HAWKE AND THE PHOTO

251

Yah.

HAWKE

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

THE END