

BLUE THUNDER

A Screenplay

By

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&

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EXT. - ROOFTOP - LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

A rapid MONTAGE... Too fast to follow at first... MEN'S VOICES SHOUTING instructions... fuel being pumped through neoprene hoses into a craft... the CLATTER of helicopter BLADES... FRANK MURPHY pulling an impenetrable, black VISOR over his blue eyes... The visor is attached to a white helmet. MURPHY takes off his helmet for a moment. The wind whips his blonde hair. He is in his mid-30's, and extraordinary good looking. Tall, athletic, with affable blue eyes and clean, straight features. He SMILES -- a super smile. He begins walking toward a helicopter. He's wearing a full black leather flying suit. Murphy is a COP - a helicopter PILOT for the L.A.P.D.

Murphy LOOKS out at the skyline of Los Angeles...near sunset. He climbs into the copter with his partner.... Murphy pushes the large yellow knobs forward... then the small red adjusters... the copter lifts off and away...

EXT. SKY OVER LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

MOVE WITH THE COPTER...going up...over Los Angeles...into the L.A. air basin. The last rays of the sun turning the copter bubble pink and purple.

They go higher. Up over the city. To the north are the Hollywood Hills...colored red...and to the west - the Pacific Ocean with the sun setting on it...

Below are the shimmering sodium lights of the city Murphy hates. Los Angeles at night. This is Murphy's world of tinted plastic and humming electronics. He floats-rock steady-an angel of surveillance-high above the city.

He 4000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines carry them higher. The SOUND we hear is subjective-the sound Murphy hears from inside the chopper. Up here it's QUIET...except for the STATIC CRACKLE of POLICE CALLS.

Murphy's partner, FELIX, looks down at the array of electronic surveillance devices in the copter. Each copter carries a compliment of sensory devices-I.R, U.V., optical-with amplification and magnification capabilities.

Felix completes his check...all systems are 'GO'. Murphy finishes trimming up the aircraft. They relax a moment.

MURPHY

Look at them.

FELIX

What?

MURPHY

The patterns.

Murphy is looking down into the pink-and-yellow grid of sodium arc lights shimmering in the heat. Night is coming onto the city.

MURPHY

Figure - it's summer - it's
Saturday night - it's 8:30 P.M. - eighty-six
degrees. That means at this very
instant, there are one point one million
people fucking.

Felix looks amused, but before he can say anything:

MURPHY

(is ready to go to work) Set?

Set?

FELIX

(automatically)

Set.

Murphy takes the chopper down to patrol altitude. MOVE WITH
THEM. The dark shape of their chopper slicing across the
grid of lights beneath.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Felix is peering through the 'NIGHT BINOCULARS' connected to the
instrument panel in front of him.

FELIX

Try sunset. They move along Sunset
Blvd. 500' in the air.

MURPHY

How's it look?

FELIX

I've got a nigger in a beanie.
Selling dope out of a van.

FELIX'S P.O.V: through the 'Night Binoculars'. We see a
BLACK MAN in a wool cap selling dope to two teenage kids
from the side of his Chevy van, parked in a fast food
drive-in. The picture is magnified - bright as day.

MURPHY'S VOICE

What's the ticket?

Felix increases the magnification. We can SEE the dope in a
plastic bag-and the denominations of money changing hands!

FELIX'S VOICE

Looks like ounces. - Grass.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Is it a red beanie?

The black man is wearing a red, pull down wool cap.

FELIX'S VOICE

Yeah.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Forget him. He's one of ours.

Felix moves the binoculars off the man.
They fly on. STILL FELIX'S P.O.V.: he finds some hookers on Sunset. Zeros
in on a cute girl. Her BOOBS. Increases the magnification.
Her CLEAVAGE fills the screen.

FELIX'S VOICE

Two feet west, Murphy. The view
improves.

FELIX'S VOICE

Oh yes. It's hot down there
tonight.

The scene is tinted red by all the tail lights on Sunset.
They get a police call on the RADIO.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (FEMALE)

Ahh...800...

(their code number)

...I have a 301 in
progress...corner, Olympic and Rodeo...will
you respond?

FELIX

It's early for our "Latin Lover".
Murphy is already swinging the copter toward Olympic.

MURPHY

It's a hot night. Tell them we're
rolling. Check it with Central.

FELIX

800, rolling, Central. Give me
Bruddock.

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Roger, 800. Bruddock here.

FELIX

Is that our boy?

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Sounds like him.

FELIX

We're rolling. E.T.A.: one

The computer read-out on their instrument panel reads: 1:30 AT
200 MPH - TO OLYMPIC-RODEO.

EXT. CITY - GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of the police helicopter, with blue running lights and
Xenon flashers, racing across L.A. skyline at 200'.

INT. APARTMENT - OLYMPIC & RODEO - NIGHT

A tall, skinny CHICANO slaps a nearly-nude GIRL across the bed,
and dives out the window.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Murphy and Felix leaning forward eagerly in the bubble. Their faces
light by the city lights below. All the instrument gauges
red-lined. They're coming up on Olympic & Rodeo. Very low
over the trees now. Murphy drops the copter into a low,
tight circle.

MURPHY

Hit it.

Felix turns on the 'NIGHT Sun'...the blinding blue SPOTLIGHT carried by all LAPD helicopters.

EXT. - STREET - OLYMPIC & RODEO - NIGHT

Night turns into DAY. The street lights up surreal blue-white. The beam sweeping the buildings.

Two LAPD cruisers squeal up, and four very mean-looking cops jump out.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

Murphy has the copter in a very tight circle. His expression is grim. Felix is doing all the looking.

FELIX

I can't see shit.

Teed-off, Murphy widens his search pattern. Here and there Felix can glimpse neighbors sticking their heads out the windows, looking at the copter. No one on the street,

FELIX

He's gone, Murphy.

MURPHY

He can't be.

Murphy keeps circling. Round and round...and round...

INT. NEIGHBORING APARTMENT - NIGHT

An elderly man, an INSOMNIAC, lies in his bed, clenching his pillow to his head.

Trying to keep his eyes closed with the copter CLATTERING overhead...the BEATING OF THE ROTORS...OVER and OVER...

The copter is so close he could almost touch

it...THWACKATAWAKATA...it goes by...the room lights up DAZZLING WHITE.

His eyes finally pop open in rage. He begins SCREAMING.

INSOMNIAC

Jesus! Christ! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

Bouncing in bed, he jumps up. Paces around. Finally goes to the window and stares out with RAGE.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

FELIX

Give up, Murphy. He's gone.

MURPHY

(adamant)

Once more.

They go into another circle.

INT. PARKED CAR - OLYMPIC & RODEO - NIGHT

As the copter leaves the scene, we see-in its last sweep of the light-the CHICANO, sticking his head up from under some mats and newspaper in the back of his '62 Chevy Impala. He's been hiding all along. He grins and flips the bird to the departing chopper.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - OLYMPIC & RODEO - NIGHT

One more thing Felix & Murphy don't see: the INSOMNIAC half out of his window, frothing with rage, shaking his fist at the departing copter.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

They fly on in silence. Murphy's eyes scanning...scanning... He finds something.

Murphy sees a small GREENHOUSE, with a panel open and a small light inside. Part of the large house.

MURPHY

Now what do you suppose he's
growing in there?

FELIX

Special ferns?

MURPHY

Let's see.

Down they go. Both sets of Night Binoculars on. The copter sneaks in. It's running lights off.

MURPHY

Get the address.

Felix reads the address in the dark the Binocs.

FELIX

1801 Glenda Way.

MURPHY

Call it into CERNAC.

Felix punches the address info into the computer terminal on his board. While he does, Murphy boosts the magnification on his Binocs way up-we ZOOM in through the open panel of the greenhouse.

INSIDE the greenhouse we see PLANTS GROWING. Too dim to identify clearly.

MURPHY

Throw in the U.V. filter.

Felix flicks an ultraviolet filter into Murphy's goggles.

The scene in the greenhouse BRIGHTENS (they're seeing by the U.V. growing lights-a pale purple bulb in the ceiling.

The computer read-out on this address finally pops up on the green screen:

1801 GLENDA WAY FRASER, FRANK WHITE
MALE BORN 8/30/44 SINGLE CA DR LIC
#N2399476 MUSICIAN INTERNATL
FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS UNION CARD
#6561786 1980 FED INCOME TAX
REPORTED GROSS EARNING \$67,000 NO
STATE INCOME TAX FILED MEMBER ACLU

FELIX

It's a Fred Fraser asshole. No
wants - no warrants. He's

Murphy's still staring intently at the PLANT.

MURPHY

I can't tell. Super the Mary Jane
slide.

MURPHY'S P.O.V.: a superimposition pops up: a marijuana leaf
from a botany book. The slide and the greenhouse plant are
identical.

MURPHY

Yeah. Hydroponic marijuana. Call
West L.A. and tell them to visit
Frank baby in the morning.

They clatter away.

FELIX

(looking back)

So long asshole.

Murphy is scanning the city-always. He sees a BLACK MAN
about 40, distinguished looking, in a jogging suit. Running
in the park. After dark.

MURPHY

What's this guy up to?

Felix takes a look through the Night Binoculars.

FELIX

Jogging.

MURPHY

You're sure of that.

FELIX

(checks again)

Yeah. I'm sure.

MURPHY

You say the same thing when they're
carrying color TVs.

Felix chuckles.

MURPHY

Let's check him out.

The copter moves lower. The black man keeps up pace.

MURPHY

Let's see if I can hit a jogging
pace.

The copter paces the man...and moves lower. The black man
breaks stride. It's impossible to ignore the helicopter now.
It's only 100 feet above his head.

MURPHY

Hit him with the Night Sun.

Felix throws the spotlight on. 200,000 WATTS OF XENON-QUARTZ
LIGHT PIN THE MAN. The CLATTER is deafening. Murphy drops
the copter 10 feet lower. The man freezes. The copter just
hangs there. A war of nerves. Slowly, the man begins to walk
out of the park. Murphy follows him at a walking pace. Just
playing.

They walk him out of the park. Up the street. To his front porch. The man keeps his hands away from his pockets. He slowly opens the front door and steps inside. Safe. The neighbors have begun to look out their doors and windows. Murphy pulls the copter up and away, chuckling.

INT. MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The victim stands shaking in his jogging suit. His wife

VICTIM

Jesus, Emily. It was just like a
Close Encounter of the Third Kind.

INT. - COPTER - NIGHT

MURPHY

Where to now?

FELIX

Nude Lucy's?

MURPHY

Too late.

Murphy peels the copter away. End of a night's work.

EXT. L.A.P.D. HELIPORT - NIGHT

Murphy brings the bird down. The same landing pad he took off from earlier.

Murphy's boss, CAPTAIN BRUDDOCK, is waiting for him in the huge indoor/outdoor hangar area. Bruddock is 45, heavyset, a real fan of Murphy's and a good helicopter man.

Murphy takes a long, appraising look at the L.A. night skyline, and walks toward Bruddock. Flashes his dazzling grin.

MURPHY

(nods as he passes him)

Bruddock.

Murphy's on his way home. It's nearly 3 A.M.

INT. - UNDERGROUND POLICE GARAGE - NIGHT

Murphy chucks the container of the pint of milk he's just finished into a trash basket. Neatly. He's still wearing his flight suit and windbreaker, in spite of the heat.

He unlocks the huge blue TRANS AM-the model with the firebird emblem on the hood-gets in-and SQUEALS OFF into the night.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - NIGHT

The big Trans-Am going up and over that long hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley. It's red taillights blaze in the night. The only car on the road.

INT. TRANS-AM - NIGHT

The air conditioning on full. The STEREO pumping out WAGNERIAN OPERA.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - VAN NUYS BLVD - NIGHT

The streets are nearly empty of cars at this late hour. The Trans-Am comes to a traffic light, changing yellow to red. The car stops.

INT. TRANS-AM - NIGHT

Just as the car stops.:

MURPHY

(counting something)

--Eight.

He record the number to a little blue notebook he carries in his pocket.

INSERT: ON NOTEBOOK as he writes the number "8".

For some reason Murphy is counting traffic lights.

EXT. MURPHY'S TRACT HOUSE - VALLEY - NIGHT

A small, one-story tract home at the end of the street.

There is a driveway, and a little garage in back.

In front of the house, two PUNKS wait in a beat-up car. PUNK

#2 is restless.

PUNK #1

Hey man, be cool-this dude gets home at 2:20 sharp. Like fuckin clockwork.

PUNK #2

Well where the fuck is he?

PUNK #1

Just cool off. You can keep the fuckin wallet. I just want the fuckin car.

INT. "7-11" 24-HOUR MARKET - NIGHT

Murphy is buying two gallons of "Sweet Acidiphilus" milk. He pays and heads out to the parking lot. On the way he begins humming.

MURPHY

(stops himself)

Don't hum.

EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Trans-Am throbs past the parked car. As he passes Murphy sees the two PUNKS.

Murphy pulls into the drive and turns off the engine. He gets out of his car-carefully locks it-takes a huge plastic cover from the trunk and sheaths the car--and walks toward the house, carrying his grocery bag.

The two PUNKS are waiting on the lawn. Murphy smiles at them.

PUNK #2

Hey man! You!

PUNK #1

Let us go through you pockets, man.

PUNK #2

(pulls out a SWITCHBLADE KNIFE)

Gimme the fuckin wallet!

Murphy puts the bad on the ground.

PUNK #2

See this! I'm gonna stick you, man!
Gimme the wallet!

PUNK #1

You better give it to him, man.
We're junkies.

Murphy shakes his head slowly.

PUNK #2

Cocksucker!

PUNK #2 lunges. Murphy sidesteps him. PUNK #1 grabs Murphy's shoulders. Murphy shakes him off. Just as PUNK #2 lunges again-and is lucky.

The arc of the knife CATCHES MURPHY IN THE SIDE. Imbeds there with a THUD.

The kid grins. The last grin of his life-- for Murphy reaches out swiftly with enormous strength grabs the punk by the throat throttles him and SNAPS HIS NECK.

The kid goes limp. As the other punk scuttles away running. Jumps in the jalopy. And peels away down the street.

Murphy looks down at the knife sticking in his side. Looks at the kid at his feet. Looks around the neighborhood. No lights on. No one has heard.

He checks the throat for a pulse. None. He lifts the kid. Hefts the body over his shoulder. And walks thirty feet to the end of the block and an empty schoolyard playground.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

The chainlink fence around the yard is ten feet high. Murphy takes another look at the streets. No activity.

He gauges the fence height. Then, with a huge GROAN, tosses the body-all dead weight-over the fence. It lands in the school sandbox with a thud. Murphy puts his hand to his side gingerly. Walks back to his lawn. Picks up the grocery bag. Unlocks the kitchen door. Three locks.

INT. MURPHY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Neat. Extraordinarily neat for a single man.

Murphy opens the refrigerator. Inside: 4 one-gallon cartons of Knuden's "Sweet Acidophilus" milk. And nothing else.

Murphy puts in the 2 additional cartons of milk. Closes the fridge door. Holding his side, he goes into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nothing on the walls. Furniture: a couple of chairs. One chair, a stack of textbooks. What the subject is we can't see.

Passes through this room quickly. Goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He flicks on the light. Looks down at the switchblade sticking out of his side. Yanks the knife out and tosses it in the sink. It CLATTERS, metal against porcelain.

Feels off the windbreaker. Drops it to the floor. Peels off the blue LAPD shirt underneath. Peels off the T-shirt under that. To REVEAL-- He's wearing a flak jacket of DuPont Kevlar body armor. The punk's knife has penetrated only ¼ inch into the bullet-proof vest. Murphy always wears his DuPont body armor.

Murphy smiles as he examines the slight bruise on his rib cage. No damage.

Walks to the bathroom closet. Slides it open. Hangs the damaged flak jacket next to the four others hanging in the closet. Slides the door closed. A thin film of perspiration on his forehead.

Goes back to the sink. Stares at himself in the mirror. A small vein throbs on his forehead. He rubs his temple. Opens the medicine cabinet. Swallows four aspirin.

Walks out of the bathroom.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Walks down a short hall. Stops outside the BEDROOM.

Hesitates a moment. Goes in.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BLUE CANDLELIGHT flickers on Murphy's face, seemingly from many candles.

A birdcage hangs from the ceiling. In the cage, a blue parakeet, barely moving in the heat. Murphy refills its water tray.

There is a serene manner to Murphy...except for the slight tremor in the fingertips of his left arm, hanging at his side.

A terrible headache is coming on.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - DAY

Murphy and his girlfriend DEBBIE.

They're standing next to Debbie's beat-up MGB. The canvas top of the car is torn.

MURPHY

You ought to to fix this top. It's hot. It's summer.

Debbie looks up at the bright, white sky.

DEBBIE

(California logic)

Why? it's not going to rain until winter.

MURPHY

(gives up)

I guess you're right.

Debbie is 20; average intelligence; sexy; with an 80's beehive hairdo. She's hot to trot and considers Murphy a dream boat.

Her hand runs down his arm. The direction of her affections makes Murphy uneasy. His job is to try and keep her pure. Murphy is protective toward her.

MURPHY

How's your job?

DEBBIE

(not interested in that)

The same.

(scanning his face)

C'mon--let's go to your place and make it.

MURPHY

It's okay. You don't have to say that.

DEBBIE

(purring)

Silly. I want to. You're not shackled up with somebody, are you?

MURPHY

No.

DEBBIE

Well then. Why not?

Murphy smiles, somewhat amused by his own predicament. He looks at the coffee shop. A couple of Valley rednecks are eyeing Debbie-making wicked offers through the glass window. That makes Murphy nervous.

Debbie's figured out what's wrong.

DEBBIE

Say...what's your sign?

MURPHY

(not listening)

What?

DEBBIE

What's your sun sign?

MURPHY

(distracted by the leering rednecks)

I don't know.

DEBBIE

What month were you born?

MURPHY

--November, I suppose.

DEBBIE

(the light dawns)

Ohhhh...you're a Cancer. That's why you don't want to go home.

(ratting on)

Cancers never want to go to their--

Murphy can't help interrupting - it slips -

MURPHY

That's not right. The dominant

Cancer personality is home-centered
and seated in the 4th house of
family life and security. You
Debbie, floored by how much he knows about this stuff, goes all
soft and squishy.

DEBBIE

(gurgling)

Ohhhh...you lied to Debbie, didn't
you?

She reaches up and puckers his lips with his fingers.

DEBBIE

You know all about your signs.

Don't you?

Murphy says nothing. Instead he puts an arm around her and
walks her to his car. Charming her with his dazzling smile.

INT. ASTRO DIVISION HANGAR - DUSK

The big wall cloth overlooking the city reads 7:15.

Murphy walks into the hangar at 7:15 precisely every night.

He's wearing his flight suit. He looks perfectly well.

He goes to the airship he's going to fly tonight-white with
blue stripes like all of them-and goes over the checklist with
the flight mechanic. "Rotor"... "Trim bars"... every item, in
the same order, every night. Satisfied, he walks inside to
the Ready Room. It's hot: 92 degrees at 7:45 P.M. He's
perspiring.

Felix arrives. Throws his gear in the copter and starts
filling out some paperwork. He looks around for Murphy.

Can't see him.

LYMANGOOD, the rookie pilot in the division, walks by. Lymangood
is thin and gawky, like a young colt. Felix is a settled cop
who drinks Michelob on weekends with his wife.

FELIX

Hey, Rook. See if you can find
Murphy for me.

Lymangood ambles off with a grin.

INT. READY ROOM - DUSK

Lymangood sticks his head in to look for Murphy.

Murphy is standing perfectly still, looking at the big wall
clock, with his eyes closed. Concentrating.

CLOSE SHOT of the sweep second hand on the clock. It passes "11"...just
hits "12"...and...

...MURPHY's EYES pop open. Murphy smiles: wipes perspiration
from his forehead.

LYMANGOOD

Hello? Murphy is startled.

LYMANGOOD

I'm new, sir. Lymangood's the name.

Felix is looking for you.

Murphy acknowledges that with a nod.

Lymangood is curious about something: Murphy can see it written all over his face.

MURPHY

Is something wrong, Lymangood?

LYMANGOOD

Excuse me, sir, but-I couldn't figure it out. You were doing something just then? With the clock?

MURPHY

flashes his dazzling grin) Oh-it's just a game I was playing. I read in an article once, where crazy people can't tell time intervals with their eyes closed.

LYMANGOOD

Really?

MURPHY

Yeah.

(grins, joking with Lymangood)

Every once in a while I check myself out. Try it for twelve seconds.

LYMANGOOD

Okay.

Murphy looks at the clock.

MURPHY

Start...now.

Lymangood tries the game. Closes his eyes. Nervously opens them some seconds later: 14 seconds later.

LYMANGOOD

Oops. Are they long-or short? The crazies?

MURPHY

(stares; amused at this inability) I don't remember. You weren't too bad.

LYMANGOOD

(an admiring fan)

You got it exact.

MURPHY

Yeah.

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPORT - DUSK

Murphy is on his way to the copter. Bruddock is waiting, to introduce him to two grim-faced men.

BRUDDOCK

Murphy. These are agents Miller and Fletcher. Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Murphy and the feds stare at each other.

BRUDDOCK

(nervously)

Murphy is our best pilot.

MILLER

Lieutenant Murphy, can we talk
inside.

(not a question)

MURPHY

Sure.

INT. BRUDDOCK'S OFFICE - DUSK

AGENTS MILLER & FLETCHER are the new breed. Young and mean,
in their 30's-reptiles in 3-piece suits. They make every
nervous.

FLETCHER

We've been studying your record,

Murphy. We think you're

Murphy's waiting for the other shoe to drop. He declines the cigarette.
Fletcher puts them away.

FLETCHER

You flew during the war. Stationed
near Dak-Tau.

MURPHY

Yes sir.

MILLER

Cobra gunships, wasn't it? Murphy
nods.

MILLER

You were an armaments specialist
and weapons instructor.

Murphy nods, looking to Bruddock for help. Bruddock shrugs helplessly
- he doesn't know.

FLETCHER

(sighs)

Well -- you're the logical choice.

Murphy is puzzled. Miller sidles up to him. Buddy-buddy.

MILLER

We're going into the eighties,
Murphy.

Murphy nods. No arguing with that.

FLETCHER

Domestically...things are getting
sticky. To be perfectly frank,
Frank--

(chuckles at the word play)

--we're concerned about our
counter-insurgency potential. Your
nuts and terrorists are getting
better armed each year. It suddenly

becomes clear that they're trying
to convince him to help them.

MILLER

It's a whole new ballgame, Frank.

FLETCHER

We think the place to start
re-arming is "up there".

(eyes float up toward the
ceiling)

That's why we're talking to you.

Fletcher & Miller look at him lecherously.

MILLER

We want your help on the new
helicopter.

MURPHY

The new helicopter?

MILLER

The "Police Special". We're going
to adapt a helicopter with military
specs to urban use.

Fletcher & Miller's eyes glow eagerly.

FLETCHER

We've chosen Los Angeles, Frank. We
like the attitude here. Bruddock--they
smile over at him--says you're the
man...and frankly, we agree.

BRUDDOCK

(who is euphoric with relief)

Murphy's out best pilot.

Murphy settles back. Thinks. He's not sure what a helicopter like
that means. He has some reservations.

MURPHY

Aren't the citizens-

BRUDDOCK

The Assholes don't have to know.

FLETCHER

We'll handle that, Frank.

(raises an eyebrow)

If they don't let us protect
them--who will?)

MURPHY

(the dazzling grin)

When you put it that way...

FLETCHER/MILLER

Excellent, Frank.

As pleased as two car dealers unloading a lemon.

FLETCHER

(relaxed now)

The basic frame will be flown in here this week. It's the Hughes Attack Helicopter. We'll modify it right out here.

(points to the LAPD hangers)

That way you can grow up with it.

MURPHY

Fine.

FLETCHER

Murphy, I want you to meet Roger Cochrane.

Fletcher introduces him to a FOURTH MAN who has been watching all this. This man-like Murphy-is tall, blonde, sharp-eyed, but somehow...not likable.

FLETCHER

I thought we'd kill two birds with one stone. Cochrane and you will act as understudies for each other. Cochrane's from the S.F.P.D.

They shake. Their smiles frozen. Like two rattlers meeting, they have no use for each other.

MURPHY

Cochrane-I've heard the name.

COCHRANE

(chilly)

Likewise.

MURPHY

(smiling)

Sodom and Gomorrah.

COCHRANE

Beg pardon?

MURPHY

(needling)

San Francisco.

COCHRANE

(gets drift)

Ahhh...San Francisco. Yes.

Murphy looks around the room - excuses himself.

MURPHY

I have a patrol.

BRUDDOCK

Ah! Right! You gentlemen excuse me for just a second, I gotta brief Frank. Be right back. Don't go away!

Cochrane watches, until Murphy gets to the door.

COCHRANE

Catch you later.

Cochrane has a way with a phrase. It seems directed at
Murphy. Murphy doesn't like the expression.

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPORT - SUNSET

Murphy and Bruddock walk toward the copter.

BRUDDOCK

How about that? They had me going
there for a minute! Aren't those
guys something? They scared the
shit out of me. The Police Special!
(swoops his hand like a bird)
Zap!

Felix is waiting for them, Bruddock calms down.

BRUDDOCK

You guys have a new assignment.
(clears throat, knows they're
not going to like it)
We want you to eyeball a porn loft.

MURPHY

A what?

BRUDDOCK

A porn loft. Some guys are
producing pornographic films in an 11th
story skylight. Vice doesn't like
it. They want a video record. Yucca
and Vina, 6601 Yucca.

MURPHY

Well why doesn't Vice-

BRUDDOCK

They don't have an 11-story
stepladder.

FELIX

Tell them to stand on their pricks.
Bruddock grins.

MURPHY

Are you kidding?

BRUDDOCK

It's an order. Felix ties to
de-fuse Murphy.

FELIX

C'mon, Murphy. We get to see some
free skin.

BRUDDOCK

Starting at 11 o'clock tonight
you're videotaping any time you're
not on a call. Got it?

MURPHY

While we're watching pros hump, our
Latin friend's raping half of West
L.A. That's the way you want it?

BRUDDOCK

Look, all I know is somebody in
ASTRO owes somebody in Vice a favor.
And Vice wants these guys, bad.

MURPHY

How long does this go on?

BRUDDOCK

Until further notice.

MURPHY

Jesus!

Head down, Murphy heads for his copter. Felix follows along,
wolfing down a Hostess cupcake. They both throw their gear
into the copter.

Murphy sees Felix eating that cupcake - appalled.

MURPHY

You've got to eat right, Felix.
Those things de-web your nerves,

FELIX

(licking his fingers)

I know.

They get into the copter. Last minute

MURPHY

How'd the Dodgers do?

FELIX

Lost 3 to 2 in the 9th.

MURPHY

Shit.

Murphy writes down "3-2-9", sticks it in his pocket.

MURPHY

(clicks final switches)

Set?

FELIX

Set.

They lift off.

The copter climbing up into a twilit sky. Murphy's time of
day. On the side of the white-and-blue helicopter it says:

TO PROTECT AND TO SERVE

L.A.P.D.

INT. L.A.P.D. FLIGHT CONTROL CENTER - TWILIGHT

Murphy's copter is logged out.

CONTROLLER

Airship 12...rolling...7:59...make
that eight o'clock.

EXT. SKY - TWILIGHT

As they gain altitude...MOVE WITH THEM...

Murphy's taking the copter STRAIGHT UP...higher and higher.
Felix begins to notice they're going too high.

FELIX

C'mon, Frank...

MURPHY

What?

FELIX

(looking around)

Frank, you're too high...

MURPHY

Just getting a view of the
mountains.

Murphy cranes around, looking at the Angeles mountains,
tinted rose. He commands an incredible panorama-way above
the Hollywood Hills now. Felix is looking around, his
A 727 comes in over the San Fernando Valley-at near

FELIX

We're in commercial airspace!

(genuinely alarmed)

They can't see us,

MURPHY

We can see them.

Murphy goes...higher.

FELIX

Jesus!

MURPHY

What?

Murphy is looking west, up the coast and over the mountains.
Drinking in the view of the Valley on one side of the mountains...L.A.
on the other...and the ocean, the dying sun glinting off it. Quiet,
except for the police calls on the radio.

MURPHY

(shakes his head & smiles)

An ocean of humping humanity.

Murphy finishes his little look, and abruptly DROPS THE COPTER
500 FEET - straight down.

Felix nearly loses dinner, and the Hostess cupcake.

FELIX

Aaaa!!!

MURPHY

What?

There's a trace of a smile on Murphy's face. Felix lets the
matter drop.

MURPHY

Check the Corvette. He just made
four lefts in a row.

They're at patrol altitude. Murphy's been paying attention
all along. He always surprises Felix.

FELIX

(amazed)

How do you see shit like that? I'm
not flying, and I don't see shit
like that.

MURPHY

Patterns. I'm always looking for
patterns.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

They cruise over the Hollywood Hills. Over the top of Mulholland
Drive. There's a large party going on at one of the
expensive homes.

A large, lighted swimming pool. Disco music pouring across the
hillside. Colored lights flashing in sync, couples dancing.
The copter edges closer.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

Felix and Murphy watching the party.

MURPHY

What are you beautiful people
dancing to?

Felix hits the directional mike. POUNDING DISCO MUSIC fills
the copter bubble.

FELIX

You've got to learn to boogie with
it, Murphy.

Murphy obediently starts the copter BOUNCING TO THE MUSIC.
Their BLADE CLATTER is starting to bother the people at the
party. Some of the them give the copter the fist. Some wave.
Felix and Murphy give it right back.
Music and choppers-the kind of scene that could happen only
in L.A....

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

They descend into LA.

MOVING WITH THE COPTER as it descends from the hills into
the gigantic lighted grid of Los Angeles.

INT. COPTER - OVER L.A. - NIGHT

Back to business. They're craned forward peering into the city.
The colored pink lights of the metropolitan reflect off
their visors.

MURPHY

Where's that porn loft of
Bruddock's?

FELIX

6601 Yucca.

MURPHY

Check the video.

Felix turns on the little TV camera mounted beneath the
copter. They get a crisp little day-for-night image.

FELIX

We've got time yet-let's visit Nude
Lucy.

MURPHY

Roger.

Murphy swings the copter east.

EXT. SKY OVER ECHO PARK - NIGHT

Clattering through the low hills of Echo Park, past hillside homes.
As they come up over a rise - in the dark -

MURPHY

Hit the 'Whisper Mode'.

Felix hits a switch. The attack angle of the rotor blades
changes. The helicopter becomes almost SILENT! Just a faint RUFFLE
SOUND.

Murphy creeps the copter at tree level in the hills, into position.
They hover at the end of a cul-da-sac street, hidden behind
tree lights. Peeping Toms, two of them in their black
leather suits, hunched in their floating plastic bubble.
Quiet as mice.

Felix peers at a large, lighted picture window, in an
expensive hillside home. Using the fabulous Night Binocs. Staring
intently, licking lips.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL walks into the lighted BEDROOM.

FELIX

Ten thirty. Just like Big Ben.

MURPHY

(corrects him)

Ten thirty-one.

Murphy isn't all that interested. These expeditions are
something he does for Felix-though Felix never guesses.

THEIR POINT-OF-VIEW: a lithe, well-bred, 20 year-old, rich
girl, who graduated from all the right Eastern schools,
walks nude into the bedroom. (Overlooking the Silverlake
area) And begins a routine of yoga exercises on the bed.

FELIX

(getting hot)

It's great that she keeps herself
in shape.

She wraps a leg around her head.

FELIX

How does she do that?! Murphy-how
does she do that?

MURPHY

(not particularly interested)

I don't know.

FELIX

(voice heavy)

Do you think she knows we're here?

MURPHY

You bet she does.

FELIX

(excited now) You think so?

MURPHY

Sure. She's a pervert.

FELIX

(cramming his eye tighter)

Murphy.. you're beautiful!

The bedrooms lights go out.

FELIX

Awwww...

MURPHY

Well, that's it. Another successful
night. They've done this many
times.

FELIX/MURPHY

(laughin' & scratchin', they
sing: "Ohh...We're the
Sandmen... We're the
Sandmen....")

They sing their joyous song of celebration as Murphy pulls
the copter up and away.

Halfway down the hillside to Hollywood they turn the CLATTER
OF THE BLADES back on.

EXT. SKY OVER HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The police helicopter moving across the glittering buildings and
lava-flows of traffic, and finding the address. The machine
hovers above some apartment houses a block away from the
porn loft. Whisper Mode back on.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

From their altitude, 150 feet up, they can see through the skylight.
There are a few people moving around in the loft, playing
with lights. A porno movie set.

FELIX

We got here just in time.

(starts videotape rolling)

She's undressing.

MURPHY

That's right, Felix.

Murphy's tired of looking at this stuff.

FELIX

(as excited as ever)

They're gonna do it...

Murphy's looking at the controls, trimming up the copter.

FELIX

Shit!!

Murphy looks up.

FELIX

The lights blew. Goddam clowns.
Felix is teed-off. The lights come back on quickly, however.

FELIX

Ah. Shit. Now the guy's turned off.
Inside the loft, squabbling and absolutely no action.
A CALL on the RADIO.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Ahhhh...800...we have a 301...in
progress Olympic and Robertson.
Will you respond?

MURPHY

(comes alive)

That's him! Get us off this.
Felix is already calling in to ASTRO.

FELIX

Central, this is 800. Do we have
permission to respond?

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Negative.

FELIX

(pleads)

We got nothing going on here.

BRUDDOCK

Hold your position. You're due in
twelve minutes.

FELIX

But sir-

BRUDDOCK

That's it, 800. You don't have the
fuel.

The little yellow FUEL LIGHT is BLINKING. They expression on
Murphy's face tells Felix to give it up. They're lost. Felix
clicks off communication. Murphy is pissed at the situation.

EXT. OLYMPIC BLVD - NIGHT

The CHICANO RAPIST is cruising away, tapping his fingers on
a steering wheel the size of a half dollar, to Mariachi
music.

Sticks a pair of bloody pantyhose to his nose, inhales
deeply and happily: "Ahhh."

EXT. LAPD COPTER PAD - NIGHT

Murphy lands. Hauls his gear out of the craft. A wave of the hand
to the next pilot ("All yours"). He walks past Bruddock
without saying anything.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - NIGHT

The big, blue TRANS AM going over the hill to the Valley... Wagnerian
opera...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

A dimly lit, expensive den. Exotic green plants. The late afternoon sun tones the blinds bronze.

Murphy sits in a black leather chair.

DR. ECCLES

...and how long have you felt that people's behavior forms a hidden pattern?

MURPHY

It's not hidden. It can be read like a map. Of course you have to know what you're looking for.

DR. ECCLES

That's what I meant. Hidden from those who don't have the map. How long?

MURPHY

Since Nam. When I saw that you could detect movements by the birth rate.

DR. ECCLES

I see. And how long have you been having the headaches?

MURPHY

Sixty three days.

ECCLES manages to be a tall but rotund man, about 40. He's not stupid-but then he's not the world's best. He's your classic fool: who tends to find most of when his patients say vaguely amusing.

DR. ECCLES

I hope you know headaches aren't physiological.

MURPHY

That's why I'm here.

DR. ECCLES

(a real ass)

Exactly. The problem lies somewhere deep inside your mind.

MURPHY

Aren't there any pills--?

Eccles looks at Murphy. He doesn't know if Murphy is a pill-head or what.

Eccles decides not to be taken in. He goes to his cabinet-Murphy can't see inside from where he's sitting. The pills come in a big, brown glass pharmaceutical jar labeled: "DEXTROSE, SUGAR PILLS". He is giving Murphy a placebo. Eccles transfers a couple dozen pills to a small plastic pill bottle, and closes the cabinet.

DR. ECCLES

Try these. They're something very
new - but good. They'll help.

MURPHY

Thanks. What are they?

DR. ECCLES

(ignoring the question)

Tell me, Mr. Brubaker--what do you
do for a living?

MURPHY

I drive a bus.

DR. ECCLES

I don't ride buses that often. Do
you enjoy that?

MURPHY

The job gives me a view.

DR. ECCLES

Of what?

MURPHY

People. I can watch people.

DR. ECCLES

(pausing)

I see. -- Tell me, Arnold, do you
have a girlfriend?

MURPHY

Yes.

DR. ECCLES

And how is that? For you?

MURPHY

I like her - except...

DR. ECCLES

(smiles; a spider in a web
feeling vibes)

-- Yes? Except -- what?

MURPHY

She's sexually perverse.

DR. ECCLES

(tonelessly) Sexually
perverse? -- How...?

Murphy hesitates...shifts in his chair...he's not going to
say..

EXT. COPTER PAD - ASTRO H.Q. - EVENING

Murphy walks toward his white, blue-striped copter.

The chief technician, SIMPSON, and his assistant KINCAID are
doing something with Murphy's copter. Kincaid is young-in
his early 20's. Both are cops turned technicians.

Fletcher, the FBI man, is overseeing their work.

MURPHY

(affable)

Hey, what are doin' to my copter?

SIMPSON

Fooling around.

FLETCHER

We want you to test a new piece of equipment for us. You don't mind?

MURPHY

What is it?

FLETCHER

There are two reasons why you can't arm these things.

(he means the copter)

SIMPSON

(adjusting a screw)

--The assholes on the ground--

FLETCHER

--And the telescopic sight on a gun vibrates too much. You can't keep a steady aim because it bounces. Right?

Murphy nods.

FLETCHER

So more. This is the new "Lock & Fire" system.

(he points out the parts)

A gyro and a laser-smooth as silk. Point this thing and you can put a 5.67 millimeter round into anywhere you're capable of aiming.

SIMPSON

Cute, huh?

MURPHY

Are you gonna let us use it?

FLETCHER

Is the Pope Jewish? All we want to know is: will it stay attached to the helicopter while you're flying?

INT. HANGAR AREA HALLWAY - EVENING

Lymangood is looking for Murphy.

He checks the window that looks into the Ready Room.

Kincaid, the junior technician, is standing there looking in at Murphy, Lymangood joins him.

Murphy, in the Ready Room, is flipping a coin, over and over. His hand snakes out-catches it-he checks "heads" or "tails"-and flips it again.

LYMANGOOD

Jesus, what's he doing?

KINCAID

He does it if something's bothering him. He'll catch the quarter heads, everytime. Watch.

Murphy flips the coin. ON HIS EYES as he watches the coin fall. His hand snakes out - grabs it lightning fast. "HEADS". Murphy smiles.

KINCAID

See. I've seen him do it twenty times running.

LYMANGOOD

What's the trick?

KINCAID

I think he "sees" faster than normal people. He's got good "hand-eye".
-- He just grabs it.

(shrugs)

I can't do it.

INT. READY ROOM - EVENING

Lymangood enters.

LYMANGOOD

(smiles)

No clock tonight.

(glances at wall clock)

MURPHY

Already did that.

LYMANGOOD

(looking at coin)

Mind if I try it?

Murphy flips the quarter to him. Lymangood flips it...catches it. "Heads".

MURPHY

That was luck. Try it again.

Lymangood does. "Tails" this time.

MURPHY

See? Lymangood grins.

MURPHY

Where's Felix?

LYMANGOOD

Felix called in sick. I'll fly shotgun if it's okay with you.

MURPHY

(hesitates momentarily)

--Okay. Let's go.

Lymangood tries the coin again. "Tails". Lymangood worries.

LYMANGOOD

(as they're walking out)

How important do you think that
exercise is? For flying?

MURPHY

It depends on how important you
think timing and coordination are.

Lymangood squirms under his stare.

INT. COPTER - SUNSET

Murphy is taking Lymangood straight up - for his view of

LYMANGOOD

Aren't we too high...?

MURPHY

No.

Murphy reaches his scenic vista altitude. The great, sweeping
panorama of mountains and sea. He drinks it in, while
Lymangood whistles a song.

LYMANGOOD

What's our altitude?

MURPHY

One thousand feet.

Murphy is ready to initiate Lymangood. He abruptly DROPS THE
COPTER 500' to patrol altitude.

Lymangood does not react. Still whistling, alert. Never
occurs to him that Murphy would do anything improper. No
vertigo.

LYMANGOOD

Five hundred feet.

(leans quickly over and looks
at the altimeter)

Hey, I got it exact!

Murphy is annoyed.

Lymangood is eager to learn how it is that Murphy's so good.
He listens carefully to Murphy.

MURPHY

Let's start out over Sunset.

(finds a pretty hooker)

Check her out.

Lymangood puts the Night Binoculars on her.

LYMANGOOD

Uh huh,

MURPHY

Try the "Lock & Fire" on her.

Lymangood looks bothered.

MURPHY

We're supposed to check it out,
aren't we?

Lymangood nods.

He swings the gyro sights onto the GIRL. LYMANGOOD'S
POINT-OF-VIEW: through the telescopic sights. The
cross-hairs on the girl JIGGLE and bounce around wildly.

MURPHY

Turn it on.

Lymangood cuts the gyro and laser feedback. The image
smooths out-becomes rock steady-the girl fills the scope. He
adjusts his aim. The crosshairs center on her cleavage.

MURPHY

(busy flying)

How is it?

LYMANGOOD

Super!

Lymangood keeps the crosshairs on her. Nervous time. Murphy
has an idea.

MURPHY

Get Bruddock.

Lymangood gets Bruddock on the radio.

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Bruddock here.

MURPHY

The Lock & Fire works, Bruddock.

(grins)

Can we shoot someone?

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Negative.

Murphy CHUCKLES and clicks off the radio. Lymangood looks
over and smiles nervously. Swings the sights off the girl.
They continue to cruise. Lymangood spots an old 914 Porsche.
They're tracking above it, over Santa Monica Blvd.

LYMANGOOD

Those are cute cars.

MURPHY

Cunt cars.

LYMANGOOD

What?

MURPHY

Those were the kind bosses used to
give their twinkies. Sporty but not
too expensive. Now they're just
pieces of shit.

(Lymangood looks at him
skeptically)

Go ahead--check out the license
plate.

Lymangood swings the Binocs onto the car's plates. It reads
"4 U VICKI". Is Murphy right, he wonders?

MURPHY

Yeah. Chicks loved 'em.

(turns his attentions to their
radio calls)

Our boy better hit soon, or it's
off to the porn loft for us.

A RADIO CALL comes in.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Ahhh...800...we have a 301 in
progress...Rancho Park area. Olympic
and Patricia Avenue...will you
respond?

MURPHY

(swinging the copter)

Tell Central we're on our way.

Tell them we have an E.T.A. of forty seconds. The digital read-out
says: 0:40 - AT 240 MPH - TO OLYMPIC-PATRICIA.

EXT. GROUND LEVEL - OLYMPIC & PATRICIA - NIGHT

The skinny Chicano RAPIST is giggling as he runs across a lawn.
He hurtles across the sidewalk and dives through the rear
window of his parked Impala. He snuggles under the
newspapers and straw mats in the back seat-

--Just as the helicopter comes clattering in over the tree-tops,
the Night Sun sweeping the area. We hear one last GIGGLE
from the back seat.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

LYMANGOOD

(looking hard)

I don't see him.

MURPHY

Look, dammit! We got here too fast
for him to be gone. He's down
there!

Murphy puts it into a circling pattern. Nothing is moving down
on the street.

INT. INSOMNIAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The OLD MAN we saw earlier. He's heard the copter coming
from a long way off-and now it's here. Clattering and
circling. Again.

He stares at the ceiling, whispering with despair and rage.
Two pieces of plaster flake off and drift down onto his
face.

He flies into the bathroom-ravages the medicine chest-flies
back to the bedroom-grasping the pillow about his ears-flies
to the window and waves his fist at the circling copter.
He screams-but we hear only THWATAWATAWATA...

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

Lymangood sees the Insomniac throw his pillow at them from the
window. He smirks and continues looking for the Chicano.

INT. PARKED IMPALA - NIGHT

The Chicano peeks out from under the mats. Sees the police lights.
Ducks back under.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

MURPHY

I've got an idea. Scan those parked
cars for a warm engine.

Lymangood inserts an I.R. (infrared) filter in his Binocs.
LYMANGOOD's POINT-OF-VIEW: the cars with warm hoods and
engines show up white hot, the cooler engines show dull
grey. We see two "hot" engines on the street.

LYMANGOOD

There are two-the Caddy at the end
of the block, and the Impala.

MURPHY

(music to his ears)

The Impala!

The copter moves down on the Impala, lighting it up.

INT. PARKED IMPALA - NIGHT

The Chicano knows instinctively that the jig is up. He leaps into
the front seat and starts the engine. Peels out with rubber
burning.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

LYMANGOOD

(whoops)

You got him!

(radios for help)

Central, we have a hot pursuit!

1962 white impala Chevrolet heading
east on Olympic!

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Driving like a madman through the scattered traffic on Olympic.
Ahead, the towers of the Century City, lit up at night.
The kid has a gun, but he can't see the helicopter to shoot
it-it's right overhead. He gives up and throws the pistol
on the front seat, and drives faster.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

MURPHY

Shit! He's headed for Century City!

LYMANGOOD

What?

MURPHY

The underground parking garages!
Fuckin' smart beaner. Tell them!

LYMANGOOD

800...continuing pursuit...where
are ground units?

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Ground units closing west on
Olympic.

EXT. CENTURY CITY - NIGHT

The 60-story Twin Towers lit up. The copter racing by at a height of 20 stories...ECHOING AND CLATTERING off the plazas and buildings. Nighttimes crowds, theater-goers, diners looking up to see what's going on.

The Impala squeals down Century Park East. The signs says:
"UNDERGROUND PARKING - ¼ MILE". Distant POLICE SIRENS.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

Murphy skimming building corners. Frustrated.

LYMANGOOD

There he goes!

MURPHY

(sees Impala is going to make
the underground garage)

We're had!

(grabs radio mike)

Central! Bruddock! Are you there?

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Bruddock here.

MURPHY

Permission to use "Lock & Fire" in
pursuit!

BRUDDOCK'S VOICE

Negative-it's counter policy to-

Murphy SNAPS OFF COMMUNICATION.

MURPHY

(to Lymangood)

You've got one shot. Make it good.

The Impala is almost at the underground ramp. Lymangood
hesitates-stares at Murphy-then grabs the rifle system.

Turns it on-sights through the telescopic scope-

LYMANGOOD'S POINT-OF-VIEW: in the sights-the CHICANO-bright as day-driving
the Impala-GRINNING-the crosshairs centered on his head-

MURPHY'S VOICE

Shoot!

Lymangood hesitates a beat-SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER. BANG!

Through the telescopic sights-at the moment he FIRES-we see
a large aluminum LIGHT POLE flash by. The bullet HITS the
top of the light housing, the light goes out; the Impala
turns down the ramp and out of sight.

LYMANGOOD

(incredulous)

Damn-we hit the light pole. Murphy looks at him. And the copter in a tight circle around the underground garage.

MURPHY

(furious)

S.O.B.! --Lucky!-

The LAPD motorcycle units appear, and flash down the ramp after the Impala.

EXT. CENTURY CITY PLAZA - NIGHT

The Chicano, mingling with the shoppers and theater goers, gives the circling copter the finger. Laughs and melts into the crowd.

INT. COPTER - NIGHT

Murphy in a rage - circling - circling. The ground units report up to the helicopter.

MOTORCYCLE COP'S VOICE

Ahhh...800...we have it official.

The suspect...entered the underground parking structure...white Impala found abandoned...

MURPHY

(sharply)

Did anybody get a look at him?

COP'S VOICE

-- They say he was a Chicano.

MURPHY

Well how about that!

(clicks off communication)

Fuming. Murphy flies away.

They fly on - in silence - both thinking.

MURPHY

(finally; coldly)

We never used the Lock & Fire system.

LYMANGOOD

What about the missing round?

Lymangood points to the fire counter. It reads "0001".

MURPHY

I'll take care of all that.

Murphy keeps flying. Waiting for Lymangood to decide. He looks over at Lymangood.

MURPHY

(that dazzling smile)

Our secret.

Lymangood is flattered. He's been asked to join the club.

It's more like a rabbit having its beak snapped by a hawk.

LYMANGOOD

Sure!

(smiles eagerly at Murphy)

MURPHY

(smiles back reassuringly)

Good.

INT. BRUDDOCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bruddock and the FBI man-Fletcher & Miller-are sitting around reading through some files. Fletcher is making notes on a yellow legal pad. Cochrane, the San Francisco flyboy, watches them.

MILLER

You've had several complaints recently from the F.A.A.-about your pilots flying into commercial airspace.

BRUDDOCK

It doesn't say that there.

MILLER

No.

BRUDDOCK

I'll talk to them.

MILLER

(grins)

Don't bother; actually it's only Murphy.

BRUDDOCK

(seems surprised)

Huh.

Now Cochrane ("San Francisco") is at the files. He's still smarting from being made to play second fiddle to Murphy.

COCHRANE

I notice here-a complaint? In 1978, Murphy was accused by some women sunbathers...on the roof of the Ambassador Hotel...of harassment...

(reading from report)

Or was it peeping?

BRUDDOCK

That was way overblown. Murphy just didn't like them up there.

FLETCHER
(reading from his legal pad)
How does this sound: "Officer
Frank Murphy has served with
the Los Angeles Astro Division
with distinction for the last
nine years. In addition,
Officer Murphy is a decorated veteran
of the Vietnam conflict during
which time he served with
distinction."

He is composing a public relations statement.

BRUDDOCK
That's good. When do we put this
thing out?

FLETCHER
Not yet. Wait until we've got the
Special in the air.

BRUDDOCK
Say something about Murphy's
medals.

MILLER
You guys are gonna end up with all
the credit for this.

COCHRANE ("SAN FRANCISCO")
You've had...how many is it? Eight?
Ground related deaths in this
division in the past years?

BRUDDOCK
What about it?

COCHRANE
Murphy's been involved in three?

BRUDDOCK
Yeah.

COCHRANE
That's a lot.

Fletcher and Miller look over at Cochrane.

FLETCHER
Is there something about Murphy
you're not happy with?

COCHRANE
I didn't say that.

Seen through the big window, Murphy's helicopter comes in
and lands.

EXT. COPTER PAD - NIGHT

Murphy disembarking. Bruddock comes up, with Fletcher and Miller,
and Cochrane.

MURPHY

Any luck on the ground with that
Impala?

BRUDDOCK

They're checking it for prints.

MURPHY

(not hopeful)

That's nice.

BRUDDOCK

Sometimes, Murphy, you forget
there's the rest of the

Murphy is keeping his eye on the copter, not letting it

BRUDDOCK

Could you have used the Lock &
Fire?

MURPHY

Yes. Lymangood's looking nervous.
Beyond the point of no return now.

MILLER

Too bad you couldn't have.

MURPHY

Let's get that "Special" built.

Miller nods. Couldn't agree more.

MURPHY

You'll excuse me. I've got to
check that copter. Rotor's a
little slow.

(starts away)

BRUDDOCK

(catching up to him)

Oh, Murphy--

Murphy stops.

BRUDDOCK

(furtively)

Don't fly so high. People notice.

(rolls his eyes toward FBI
men)

Murphy looks at Fletcher and Miller, and at Cochrane's.

Nods to Bruddock. Continues on his way.

INT. TECH-SERVICE SHOP - NIGHT

Nearly empty at this hour. Murphy is looking for something.
He sees it. A half-emptied box of 5.68 mm rounds sitting on
a bench. He swipes one--puts it in his shirt pocket.
Murphy also takes a small tube of Elmer's glue.

KINCAID

(looking up from his work)

Murphy. Something you need?

MURPHY

Do you have a wrench? I want to
check the rotor on 19.

KINCAID

What's wrong with it?

MURPHY

Rotor's a little show.

KINCAID

Hang on a minute and I'll help you.

MURPHY

(leaving)

I'll be outside.

(grabs a screwdriver)

INT. COPTER - HANGAR - NIGHT

Murphy hurries past Lymangood.

MURPHY

Hang up Kincaid a minute, will you?

Murphy climbs into the unattended copter #19. With the screwdriver,
he turns back the counter from 0001 to 0000.

Then he climbs out and gets at the magazine for the Lock &
Fire rifle...careful to make sure nobody's looking. Sees
Kincaid coming out of the shop; waits until Lymangood
ambushes him with some asinine question.

Kincaid taken care of, Murphy pries the top off the magazine and
looks inside. The missing round is clearly visible, looking
at the side-by-side, spring-loaded clips.

Murphy inserts the borrowed round; carefully replaces the shiny
black metal cover; and wipes it clean of prints.

He then takes out the small tube of Elmer's glue--extracts ONE
DROP--and does something with it. But we can't see what.
Kincaid is climbing up onto the copter.

KINCAID

What's this with the rotor?

MURPHY

Thought it was a little slow.
makes the copter heavy.

Bruddock notices the activity around the hangar and comes down
from his office.

BRUDDOCK

What's going on?

KINCAID

Rotor's a little slow, sir. We're
gonna tear it down.

Murphy smiles at Bruddock.

BRUDDOCK

Good work, men.

Bruddock walks on.

Surreptitiously, Murphy takes one of Eccles' HEADACHE PILLS.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

They've got the entire rotor assembly torn down into a thousand pieces.

Lyman good comes in with some coffee. Cochrane is with him.

LYMANGOOD

(offers Cochrane a cup)

Coffee?

COCHRANE

Never drink it.

LYMANGOOD

Murphy?

MURPHY

Never drink it.

COCHRANE ("SAN FRANCISCO")

Lyman good says you told him one of these things can do

MURPHY

(working)

That's right.

"SAN FRANCISCO"

Impossible. It's aerodynamically impossible.

Murphy says nothing; keeps working.

"SAN FRANCISCO"

Have you done it?

Murphy stops working. Puts down his wrench. These are strange men. They love staying up all night working on helicopters. Half mechanics--full-time pilots.

MURPHY

(right at Cochrane)

Once. In Nam.

"SAN FRANCISCO"

(skeptically)

How?

MURPHY

I was on recon. I did a loop-the-loop. It was night.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: They are talking about a full vertical circle--which means that the copters must, at the top of the arc, be flying upside down)

"SAN FRANCISCO"

That's not possible.

LYMANGOOD

At night--are you sure?

MURPHY

(the dazzling grin)

I'm sure.

He wipes his hands.

MURPHY

If you'll excuse me, I have to
finish this.

"SAN FRANCISCO"

Catch you later.

Again, that phrase. There's an edge in it. He's sure
Murphy's fibbing--almost sure.

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Up the San Diego Freeway. Murphy checks his watch, switches
off the Wagnerian opera on the tape deck, turns on the
RADIO.

NEWS RADIO

"...Police report still no progress
in the death of a young gang member
two nights ago. The body of the
youth was found in a schoolyard in
Encino. Police are still unsure
whether the slaying was gang
related--"

Murphy writes down "1" in his little blue notebook.

NEWS RADIO

"...Meanwhile in local baseball the
Dodgers lost 4 to 3 in 10 innings.
Weather today promises to be hot
and smoggy with a high near 100 at
the civic center, 98 in
Hollywood..."

Murphy seems to be taking some of his information down.

INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Trans Am pulls up and parks. Murphy lets himself in through
the kitchen door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Murphy opens the otherwise empty fridge, and drinks a long draught
of Sweet Acidophilus, straight from the carton. Then he
makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Murphy turns on the light. He starts the cold water running
in the sink, on full, and splashes the chill water on his
face, washing away the heat. Relief. Then he turns off the
tap and shakes his hands dry.

His face beaded with cold water, he takes the tiny bottle from
his pocket and swallows another headache still.

Then he goes down the hall to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

For the first time we actually see the bedroom. Wall to wall
-- BIZARRE.

More a SHRINE than a bedroom. Blue candlelight flickers on Murphy's wet face. Hundreds of blue offertory candles--the kind Catholics light for saints--illuminate the room and fill it with hazy smoke. Thousands of glass figurines reflect back the twinkling blue flames.

On the far wall -- mercilessly watching over the room -- is a large, blue SUN with stylized sunbeams radiating out from it like daggers. In the very center of the sun is a single emotionless EYE. The guardian of the shrine.

The room is hot; 110 degrees. Stifling. Perspiration thickens the beaded water on his face.

Murphy's eyes are on the wall, below the sun. Scrawled there in vivid chalk is a single word:

PROTECT

Murphy walks across the room. he takes the notebook from the pocket of his windbreaker. Written in it is:

1 4-3-10 100-98

He goes to the wall and copies the numbers onto a blackboard. He studies the wall. We SEE a thick, white, curving line, and to the left an axis with numbers on it. The curve is at the "170" level--whatever that means. Murphy cocks his head, attaching some meaning to it.

On the blackboard, he circles "1". Then he extends the curve lower: "1" unit. The curve has gone into a new region.

Going to the next line--"4-5-10"--he circles the "10". Then he goes to where the alphabet is written, counts over 10, finds "J"--the 10th letter.

A new word is being spelled. So far, only the first letter:

J

Satisfied, he wipes the sweat from his brow, and refills the parakeet's water tray.

Murphy rubs his temple. The vein thumping. Takes the pill bottle from his pocket...opens it...changes his mind...puts it away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Murphy's Trans Am comes up the long drive and stops in front of a very large house. Old, Victorian. A PRIEST is waiting on the steps.

PRIEST

Ah, Officer Murphy! It's good to see you! They'll be fetching Teddy momentarily.

The two men shake hands. Waiting.

PRIEST

It's a shame more people like yourself don't take the trouble to be Big Brothers. We'd have fewer problems in the world.

Murphy smiles; says nothing.

PRIEST

Teddy talks about you all the time.

(a pregnant pause)

I don't mean to be forward...

(smiles delicately)

But I expect one of these days a
good looking man like yourself will
be getting married. And who
knows? Maybe you'll take Teddy
away from us, eh?

MURPHY

Who knows.

The moment is saved by the sudden appearance of red-headed TEDDY,
coming down the steps. He dives into Murphy's arms -- and
Murphy sweeps him up -- TOSSES HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR -- and
catches him. Teddy squeals with excitement. Teddy is 9
years old,

MURPHY

I'll have him back for dinner.

The two go off in Murphy's car.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Safely away from the Home, Murphy opens up the Trans Am and lays
down some rubber. Teddy shrieks with delight.
Murphy looks over and smiles. Murphy likes to drive fast,
and Teddy feels completely safe. They like each other.
Teddy is the only person with whom Murphy is totally
comfortable.

MURPHY

(over the roar)

Ice cream?

TEDDY

Yes!!

EXT. PARK - DAY

LYRICAL WALKING SEQUENCE - TELEPHOTO LENS - HIGH ANGLE -
SOFT & GAUZY. Murphy and Teddy walking in the park, eating
ice cream, laughing. Murphy throwing Teddy high and
catching him... Gentle music that tells of joy and
sadness...

EXT. PARK BENCH - AFTERNOON

Warmth, golden sunlight slanting through the trees, children playing
in the distance...

MURPHY

How'd you like to go away
someplace?

TEDDY

Oh, wow, Frank! Where?!

MURPHY

The mountains?

TEDDY

Yeah! Yeah! Which ones?

MURPHY

The Sierras...or maybe Yosemite.

TEDDY

When?!? When, Frank?!

MURPHY

When I get some time. Labor Day.

TEDDY

When's that, Frank?

MURPHY

Next week. Before school starts.

TEDDY

(is already there)

Will we drive? Is it far?

MURPHY

Not for the Trans Am.

TEDDY

What'll we do there?

MURPHY

Catch fish. When it's hot in Los Angeles it's clean up there.

(Murphy painting a picture)

The wind comes off the lake and smells like pine trees...

TEDDY

(suddenly alarmed)

What are pine trees? I don't know what those are.

MURPHY

It's okay. They're nice. Like this tree.

He points up at the tree they're under.

TEDDY

(super-excited)

Oh yeah, Frank!! I want to go!!

MURPHY

(happy)

Good.

A sudden thought flickers across Teddy's face...something he's been thinking about for some time...

TEDDY

Frank...?

MURPHY

Yeah?

TEDDY

Do you have a girlfriend?

MURPHY
(slowly)
Sure...

TEDDY
What's her name?

MURPHY
Debbie -- Why?
(getting suspicious; teddy
angling toward something)

TEDDY
Will we take her with us?

MURPHY
Debbie? Don't worry. No.

TEDDY
Oh.

Silence.

TEDDY
Why don't you at least ask her?...

MURPHY
You want me to ask her?

TEDDY
Well...yeah...

Murphy hugs him with one arm, tousles his hair.

MURPHY
Hey, we don't want girls messing up
our trip, do we?

Teddy does not respond to the rough-and-tumble. he looks at
the ground. Murphy slowly takes his arm away.

MURPHY
(thinks about this)
All right...maybe I'll ask her.

Teddy brightens like the sun coming out. Murphy sees this
and melts.

MURPHY
How 'bout a hot dog?

TEDDY
(jumping up)
Sure!

Murphy gets up and they start down the pathway--when Murphy suddenly
remembers something of crucial importance.

MURPHY
We've got to put a dime in the
meter.

TEDDY
Now now...

MURPHY
(peers down at him)
You don't want the Trans Am to get
a ticket.

TEDDY

No.

(looks sad; the hot dog)

MURPHY

We can come back for the hot dog.

That does it. They walk briskly toward the parking lot.

Murphy's holding the dime. He looks nervous. As they approach the meter, he gives the dime to Teddy. Teddy runs ahead--gets there at exactly the moment the red flag WHINES up.

Murphy looks immensely relieved. They head back to

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Plants in little plastic pots, cheap stereo, poster on the wall of her patron saint Travolta.

Debbie is sitting on the sofa, nude except for brightly-colored bikini panties, her hair up in rollers. She is rolling a joint from a lid.

The PHONE RINGS. She cradles it on her shoulders as she continues to roll the joint.

DEBBIE

Hello?

(listens)

Fraaank! You're kidding!

(listens)

I thought you'd never invite me to your place!

(listens)

Sure -- Wow!

(listens)

I finally get to see the place.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

DR. ECCLES

(over praying hands)

How is she sexually perverted, Arnold?

A long pause.

MURPHY

(finally)

She's a nymphomaniac.

DR. ECCLES

How so?

MURPHY

I've read enough. She's not normal. She wants to do it--

DR. ECCLES

--Have sex?--

MURPHY

--every time we're alone.

DR. ECCLES

So?

MURPHY

Before marriage.

DR. ECCLES

But that's not perverted.

MURPHY

You don't think so.

DR. ECCLES

No.

MURPHY

(gives up)

I see.

(changing the subject)

Do you have some more pills?

DR. ECCLES

Oh! They're working?

MURPHY

They help.

DR. ECCLES

In a minute.

(pursuing the point)

You think Debbie misbehaves...

MURPHY

She's a victim. You see a lot of them down there.

DR. ECCLES

"Down there"--curious phrase.

Anyway--

(studying Murphy)

Do you feel you have to "protect" people?

No answer.

DR. ECCLES

You don't have to protect people.

MURPHY

No?

DR. ECCLES

No. It's not your job.

Murphy says nothing.

DR. ECCLES

(insistently)

People are O.K. They can take care of themselves.

Long pause. Murphy is struggling with this. He feels it deeply. He does not agree.

MURPHY

--But they don't.

Murphy gets up from the chair and walks to the window. From the 15th floor he looks down on L.A., stifling under the weight of the August sun. His eyes sweep the city. We SEE it as he must see it: a grid of little moving dots.

MURPHY

There are fifty rapes a night.
They find six babies a week stuffed
in garbage cans. People run around
like little robots. They'll do
anything: because they don't think
anyone is watching.

DR. ECCLES

No one is.

(smirks)

God is dead.

Murphy turns around and looks at him, studies him back.

MURPHY

I watch.

DR. ECCLES

(testily)

You watch what?

MURPHY

(drawn out by anger)

I watch the patterns.

DR. ECCLES

What do the patterns do?

MURPHY

They weave themselves into greater
complexity until they reach levels.

DR. ECCLES

Levels? Levels of "what"?

MURPHY

...Numbers.

DR. ECCLES

And let me guess. The numbers are
like a "message".

Murphy nods. He wouldn't have carried it this far if he'd been less excited.

DR. ECCLES

Who sends this message?

No reply. Eccles makes a notation in Murphy's folder:

Paranoid -- dangerous?

DR. ECCLES

What kind of numbers?

MURPHY

There are positive numbers and
negative numbers that determine the
Level -- it's complicated.

(tries to clarify)

It's a little like "Dungeons and
Dragons" -- the game!

DR. ECCLES

(nods)

I know the game.

MURPHY

But it involves a lot more than
that--the closing D.J.I.A.--

DR. ECCLES

D.J.I.A.?

MURPHY

Dow-Jones Industrial Average. It's
been going down.

DR. ECCLES

(worries about that)

Yes, it has.

There is a long pause.

DR. ECCLES

Who are you?

The question hangs in the late afternoon sunlight. They both
know it's a good question. But Eccles is not prepared for
the answer.

MURPHY

Thor.

DR. ECCLES

(eyebrows arch; cranes
forward)

What about Thor?

MURPHY

(immediately)

Thor was the god of thunder and
lightning. He rode across the sky
in a chariot, drawn by two goats.
He watched over the world. He was
good and he was strong.

Eccles stares at him, trying to contain his wonder. Murphy
is the real thing -- a Full Blown...

DR. ECCLES

(clears his throat)

But not really. Thor is a myth.

EXT. L.A.P.D. HELIPORT - SUNSET

SHOCKINGLY LOUD CLATTER OF ROTORS from a helicopter coming
in to land...passing MURPHY as he walks across the rooftop
landing pad...the SETTING SUN PAINTING HIM IN BLOOD...

...Bruddock, Fletcher, Miller, and San Fransisco (Cochrane) waiting for him...

...There--hidden by a tarpaulin--stands a helicopter. The technicians finish pulling the tarp off...

...of the new HUGHES ATTACK HELICOPTER. Its silhouette is clearly different from a normal copter. It is smaller...and more malignant...a wasp...

FLETCHER

(proudly)

Bare bones--but there is it. What do you think?

Murphy walks up to it.

Walks around it.

Looking at it the way Charles Lingbergh must have looked at the finished Spirit.

MURPHY

(moved)

I like it.

INT. BRUDDOCK'S OFFICE - DUSK

Bruddock is looking out of his huge picture window--15 stories up--overlooking the darkened L.A. skyline. His hands clasped behind his back.

3 or 4 helicopters moving across the city--their Night Suns lighting up the city like London furing the Blitz--only here the light comes from above.

BRUDDOCK

(proud of his boys)

Give 'em hell.

he turns away from the window and sits at his desk. San Fransisco is in a chair in front of the desk. They've been talking. An AIDE comes in with a report for Bruddock.

BRUDDOCK

What is it?

AIDE

(bored with the report)

It's a vandalism report from the Department of Water and Power.

BRUDDOCK

What do they want from us?

AIDE

Seems somebody shot out one of their streetlights in Century City.

BRUDDOCK

What do they want from us?

AIDE

It was shot out from above. At a high angle. They want our patrols to check for snipers on the roofs of the Towers.

San Fransisco perks up. An antenna starts to quiver in his mind.

SAN FRANCISCO

Mind if I take a look at that?

Aide hands him the report.

BRUDDOCK

(irritated)

Tell them to get the County Sheriffs to do a door-to-door check--it's probably somebody in the building showing off to their girlfriend.

SAN FRANCISCO

(looking at the photos)

Looks like it was a .22. High velocity.

BRUDDOCK

Typical kid's gun.

San Fransisco hands the report back to Bruddock's Aide.

AIDE

(moving to next item)

Agents Fletcher and Miller would like a schedule from you on Murphy's free time--regarding the new helicopter.

Bruddock nods.

INT. TECH-SERVICE SHOP - NIGHT

San Fransisco approaches Kincaid.

SAN FRANCISCO

Do you know, offhand, what caliber round the Lock & Fire rifle uses?

KINCAID

Caliber? it shoots 5.67 millimeter... .22 caliber. Why?

SAN FRANCISCO

(smiles)

Just wondering.

INT. PATROL COPTER - NIGHT

Felix & Murphy over Hollywood. Porn loft duty again. Felix peering through the Binocs.

FELIX

Check out that skylight, Murphy. WHOO-EE! If they get any friendlier they'll be inside each other!

Murphy grabs the Lock & Fire...moves the crosshairs

FELIX

...Easy!...

MURPHY

Sex and perversion.

FELIX

(chuckles uneasily)

Right on.

MURPHY

Bang.

FELIX

Not funny, Murphy.

MURPHY

Relax, Felix. I couldn't hit
anything anyway. The lights just
blew.

Felix turns quickly and looks. The skylight is DARK.

FELIX

(incredulous)

Again the lights!

Murphy switches off the videotape recorder, swings the
copter west. Turns off the Whisper Mode.

FELIX

(after a silence)

Barbara and I get into some pretty
weird stuff. I wouldn't want
anybody hanging over us with a gun.

Murphy says nothing.

FELIX

Hey, no hard feelings. Okay?

MURPHY

(ice cold)

Sure.

FELIX

Hey, let me show you the new place
in Carson!

MURPHY

Where is it?

FELIX

Follow Sepulveda. Then north over
the towers.

Murphy turns the copter.

OVER CARSON - NIGHT

Felix spots his new house - spotlights illuminate the yard.

FELIX

There! The green one. Barbara's
in the yard--buzz her.

They buzz the house 200 feet up/ Felix's wife BARBARA realizes it must be him. She waves. Two kids and a dog running around in the back yard. Murphy stares down at them.

MURPHY

Hell of a nice lawn you got.

FELIX

That's green concrete.

MURPHY

green concrete?!

FELIX

You don't have to mow concrete.

MURPHY

(disturbed)

I should have been grass.

FELIX

(letting it pass)

Otherwise, what do you think?

MURPHY

It's nice.

FELIX

You've got to come visit us
sometime.

MURPHY

I will.

INT. ASTRO DIVISION - NIGHT

Lymangood's practicing the coin trick Murphy showed him.

The coin comes up--head. Lymangood brightens.

San Fransisco comes up to him.

SAN FRANSISCO

Lymangood--

Lymangood snaps to attention.

SAN FRANSISCO

Did you, or did you not fire the
Lock & Fire system the other night?

LYMANGOOD

What night was that, sir?

SAN FRANSISCO

The night of the chase over Century
City.

LYMANGOOD

(thinks)

Oh, yes. No, sir. We did not.

SAN FRANSISCO

You're sure.

LYMANGOOD

Positive, sir.

SAN FRANSISCO

Where's Murphy?

LYMANGOOD

I believe he's on patrol, sir.

San Fransisco walks off. Lymangood stares after him.

INT. READY ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy comes in from patrol. Lymangood has been waiting for him -- comes rattling up. Murphy can see he's alarmed.

MURPHY

What?

LYMANGOOD

San Fransisco was asking me about the Lock & Fire.

MURPHY

What did he ask?

LYMANGOOD

If we fired it. I told him no.

MURPHY

Didn't he believe you?

LYMANGOOD

I don't know. Are you sure we're okay?

MURPHY

(the reassuring grin)

There's nothing wrong.

(glances at clock - past 2

A.M.)

I've got to go.

LYMANGOOD

I just thought you'd want to know.

MURPHY

Yeah -- sure. Thanks/

Lymangood scoots off. Murphy takes out his notebook and writes: San Fransisco.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

San Fransisco is examining copter #19.

He climbs in and checks the Lock & Fire counter. It reads "0000", with no signs of tampering that he can find.

He climbs out on the side of the copter and checks the magazine. He pries off the shiny metal top and looks inside. Both clips are even: full up. No missing 5.67 round.

SAN FRANSISCO

Damn.

He puts the cover back on--snugly--and climbs down.

INT. BEDROOM/SHRINE - NIGHT

Carrying his little blue notebook, Murphy goes to the wall. Stares at it. The white dropping line is at the 140 level--below the level marked "PROTECT"--and almost through the level marked "J".

Murphy compares a number in the notebook with a calendar on the wall. The date is Wednesday, August 29.

He subtracts the "29" from the number in the notebook=="66"--and gets "37".

He lowers the curve 37 points. He then takes the "3" and the "7" in "37", multiplies them to get "21".

The alphabet is written on the wall. he counts over 21 and gets "U".

He writes the "U" after the "J" to spell:

JU

Satisfied, he smiles, wipes sweat from his brow--the vein throbbing. He takes two of Eccles' headache pills.

Then he turns and stares at the large CLOCK on the wall. he closes his eyes--counts--pops them open--just as the sweep secondhand passes "12".

Murphy smiles. He knows he's not sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MURPHY'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Murphy is hard at work on a strange-looking mechanical device.

A narrow chute angles down from a box. Murphy drops a billiard ball into the box. Then he presses a remote button on the end of the wire. An electrical relay closes, and the billiard ball rolls out of the box...down the ramp...drops off the edge of the workbench...and falls into a styrofoam coffee cup on the floor.

Debbie's MGB comes rolling up the driveway. She's wearing a noticeably expensive pair of boots and a nice shirt.

DEBBIE

(peeking into garage)

Hi!

(looks around)

So this is it. I expected a vacant lot.

(laughs)

MURPHY

What?

DEBBIE

Nothing.

MURPHY

That's a nice blouse. It's nice.

(puzzled)

I thought you were broke.

DEBBIE

I got a new job.

DEBBIE

(Murphy starts to ask)

I don't want to talk about it.

What are you working on?

MURPHY

(off guard)

Oh--a machine to create oranges.

DEBBIE

Looks more like something you'd use
to make a chicken lay eggs.

MURPHY

(looks at her nervously)

I've got to tell you something...

DEBBIE

What?

MURPHY

(worried)

I'm a cop.

DEBBIE

(surprised)

A cop? You told me you drove a
cab. Why???

MURPHY

Some people don't like cops. I was
afraid we wouldn't see each other.
is it okay?

DEBBIE

(adjusting)

Yeah. Sure. Yeah. That's quite a change.

What kind of a cop? Homicide?

Drugs?

MURPHY

(the smile)

No. Just an office cop. I do
paperwork.

DEBBIE

I guess that's far out. If I get a
ticket you can fix it.

MURPHY

(taking the plunge)

I thought maybe we'd take a trip
sometime. To the mountains.

DEBBIE

Why?

Imagine Debbie in the mountains. Her question makes sense.

EXT. MURPHY'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

Murphy is patching the tan canvas roof of Debbie's MGB. He
hauls out a piece of BRIGHT RED CANVAS.

DEBBIE

Isn't that loud for the rest of the
Roof?

MURPHY

Up on top here nobody but God's
going to see it.

DEBBIE

I'm not so sure I want him watching
me.

MURPHY

Do you want to stay dry or not?

DEBBIE

Go ahead.

Murphy sews it on...as Debbie begins to eye his house.

DEBBIE

I'm dying to see the inside of your
house.

MURPHY

(breaks the news)

Oh, we can't go in today. The
landlord's fumigating.

DEBBIE

I don't smell anything.

MURPHY

It's a new chemical. Odorless. If
I were you I wouldn't go near the
house. I'll show it to you next
time.

Debbie wrinkles her nose at the house.

DEBBIE

That's cool. Let's go to a motel.

MURPHY

(getting nervous)

No.

Debbie looks around--she's enjoying playing with him.

DEBBIE

The garage looks clean. C'mon.

She leads him by the hand into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - AFTERNOON

An old cot in there and Debbie's looking at it.

DEBBIE

(purrs)

C'mon...

Murphy resists. She suddenly looks at him. Turns serious.

DEBBIE

I like you.

MURPHY

(mystified)

Why?

DEBBIE

Because you try to be nice to me.
Nobody else does that.

She turns her hand over his chest. Suddenly she stops.

DEBBIE

What are you wearing under the shirt?

MURPHY

It's a jacket I wear when I go hunting.

DEBBIE

Silly. Take it off.

(still stroking his chest)

MURPHY

(sweating)

I can't.

DEBBIE

Don't you like me?

MURPHY

(the truth)

I do -- But we don't have to do this.

DEBBIE

(angry)

You keep saying that! Don't have to. I want to!

MURPHY

(in pain)

Don't...

Debbie suddenly draws away. A flash realization.

DEBBIE

You can't.

Murphy writhes in torment.

DEBBIE

(stunned)

Have you ever?

A flash of ANGER goes through Murphy. He almost hits her--then controls himself.

DEBBIE

(angry; crying)

Jesus Christ. Are all cops like you?

She runs to her car, screaming and sobbing.

Murphy watches her drive away. Then he turns and slams the palms of both hands down on the workbench. His contorted face is awful to see.

he rips the pill bottle out of his pocket and swallows

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPORT - SUNSET

Murphy walks toward his copter.

Braddock intercepts him--accompanied by Fletcher, Miller, and San Fransisco.

BRUDDOCK

Murphy! Go home.

MURPHY

(rattled)

Why?

BRUDDOCK

Get a night's sleep. You're
testing the Special tomorrow.

FLETCHER

(broad smile)

She's ready. We're starting at 6
A.M. sharp.

Murphy begins to light up, thinking about it.

MILLER

(laughs and slaps him on the
shoulder)

How about that?

They are all happy.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Murphy climbs up on ship #19. He checks the 5.76 mm magazine.
He slides his fingers along the edge of the magazine
lid...and finds...

INSERT: the small drop of GLUE he sealed it with is BROKEN.
Now, careful not to touch the lid with his fingers, he dusts it
for fingerprints.

INT. FORENSIC DEPT. - ASTRO DIVISION - NIGHT

Murphy walks in carrying a black card with scotch tape on it.
Imprisoned under the tape: white FINGERPRINTS.

MURPHY

(to Forensic cop)

I'd like to check a set of prints.

FORENSIC COP

What's up?

MURPHY

Someone's been swiping my Right
Guard in the locker room. I want
to know who.

FORENSIC COP

(laughs)

Sure. Go ahead.

MURPHY

(smiles)

Thanks.

Murphy goes back to the files. The cabinets hold millions
of prints--but Murphy tries--just one set. ROGER
COCHRANE--"San Fransisco".
He pulls the microfilm on Cochrane. Compares prints.
Identical.

MURPHY

...San Fransisco...

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - POLICE WEAPONS RANGE - DAY

An observation copter comes in low and fast, throwing up dust--it CLATTERS overhead.

CAMERA MOVES through a mock city. Mock alleys...mock building fronts...parked in one alley we glimpse a military tank, it's body and turret painted black & white.

A sign says:

PINKVILLE - WEAPONS EVALUATION

CENTER

L.A.P.D.

Murphy, Bruddock, San Fransisco, agents Fletcher & Miller; are standing admiring the "POLICE SPECIAL"--the Hughes Attack Helicopter, now fully armed and painted a gleaming, menacing BLUE.

Army Master Sergeant ALVIS SHORT addresses them on the merits of the helicopter. He's 26 years old and a weapons expert. His Army uniform contrasts with their LAPD uniforms.

SGT. SHORT

She don't look normal--she don't fly normal--she ain't normal.

(pounds underside of helicopter)

Nordoc--NATO--armor. One inch thick.

Sgt. Short points to the SHAFT supporting the rotor on top.

SGT. SHORT

That, gentleman, is your "mast sight". You can look through and sight while hiding behind terrain.

We see a little window on top of the rotor.

SAN FRANSISCO

Like a periscope.

SGT. SHORT

Precisely.

Sgt. Short points to a drum-like gun mounted under the copter--it has six barrels. The G.E. model 61A.

SGT. SHORT

The G.E. Vulcan 20mm electric cannon is standard armament on the most advanced fighter aircraft today. She'll fire up to 4000 rounds per minute. She's a honey.

REACTIONS: Murphy, San Fransisco. That firepower

Sgt. Short climbs up into the one-man bubble. He pulls out a HELMET. it looks like a fighter pilot's helmet, but is has wipes and tubes attached.

SGT. SHORT

But this, gentleman, is the whole
schmeer. The heart of the
system...the Honeywell Fire Control
Helmet..."Hell-Fire" for short.

He hands it to Murphy, who slips it on.

SGT. SHORT

It's the pilot's "reads up display"
system. The helmet superimposes
your gun cues on the real world.

MURPHY'S POINT-OF-VIEW: As he looks around the desert
through the helmet's visor. Murphy SEES green tracer
superimposed in front of his eyes. He can line up any
target he wants just by looking until the tracer lines rest on
the target.

[AUTHORS' NOTE: This equipment is standard on the Air Force's
new F-15 fighters. We're not making this hardware up.]

SGT. SHORT

All you have to do is set the end
of the green tracer line you
see--on your target--and press the
cannon button. Poof. You never
miss.

The 20mm General Electric cannon rotates to point in
whatever direction Murphy looks. It's eerie.

BRUDDOCK

Look and destroy.

SGT. SHORT

Precisely. But everyone's eyes are
different, so you can compensate.
You've got to "read" your eyes into
the system each time you take it
up--into the fire control
computer. The pilot does that manually,
by firing one round at any target
he chooses--a line-up target.
Instead of firing a round, the
computer puts a little pink
dot where you would have
hit...showing you how far off you
are from center. You then move the
joystick till bulls-eye rests over
the dot.

(checks to make sure they
understand)

The system is then locked to your vision. From then on--at any speed or angle--you can't miss. Where you look is where you hit...Any questions?

No questions; just stunned looks.

SGT. SHORT

Very well. Who's first?

MURPHY

I guess that's me.

(laughs)

I just hope I can fly this thing.

Murphy turns and looks over at the FBI people. Fletcher & Miller.

MURPHY

(laughing)

You're sure you want to put this thing over L.A.?

FLETCHER/MILLER

Absolutely!

Everyone's grinning.

EXT. TARGET RANGE - DAY

A length of desert, marked off by rags tied to wooden stakes. Inside the target zone: a garden of dolls, three-foot dummies--"killers and terrorists". Also, two concrete pillboxes. Just outside the area are hundreds of "innocent bystander" dolls. The Police Special races overhead on a dry run.

INT. "POLICE SPECIAL" ATTACK HELICOPTER - DAY

Murphy is getting the feel of the copter. He puts it in a hover, and lowers the Honeywell visor.

Murphy looks around for a line-up target. He SEES a distant rock. he sets the end of the tracer lines on the rock...and squeezes the little RD BUTTON on the black joystick.

MURPHY'S POINT-OF-VIEW: a pink dot of light appears, "two feet" from the rock.

Murphy edges the joystick a hair to the left...the dot moves to dead center...Murphy squeezes the button again.

The cannon fires ONE ROUND.

Dead ON. The rock EXPLODES. The system is set for Murphy's eyes.

He begins his run.

Coming in fast and low, he lines up the gun cue on the first enemy dolls. He keeps the tracer lines dead on as he presses the red button. The cannon fires: a SOUND like paper tearing.

EXT. TARGET AREA - DAY

From the bunker, Bruddock and the others see white puffs of smoke coming from the attack helicopter--still distant.

EXT. FIELD OF DOLLS - DAY

The field of dolls EXPLODES. The dolls are torn apart, shattered, along with the sand around them.

INT. COPTER - DAY

Murphy is keeping the tracer lines dead on the dolls--not even blinking--as he passes overhead. He's erasing them: airbrushing them out of existence.

EXT. FIELD OF DOLLS - DAY

Every doll has been hit. And not a single round outside the marked area: only dust and debris settle on the bystander dolls. A perfect run.

We hear VOICES commenting from the pillboxes:

"Perfect"... "Surgical precision"... Bruddock: "Next run he'll try the pillbox."

The indigo-blue copter turns and makes its second run.

We are looking at the concrete PILLBOX with its foot-thick walls. Again the cannon screeches--again the white puffs of smoke. The pillbox EXPLODES. In less than two seconds it is reduced to concrete dust by the 20mm cannon shells.

Amid the settling dust and cordite fumes, there is only a one-word comment from the observers' bunkers.

VOICE OVER

Wow.

INT. COPTER - DAY

"San Fransisco" Cochrane is making his run.

He's using the Honeywell helmet. But Cochrane BLINKS--and moves the tracer lines off the target for an instant--

EXT. FIELD OF DOLLS - DAY

Several rounds go ASTRAY--and chop a bystander doll in half. Everyone in the bunker sees it happen.

INT. OBSERVATION BUNKER - DAY

Murphy is looking on with the others. He WINCES as he sees Cochrane's miss.

The others don't seem disturbed.

FLETCHER

(evaluating Cochrane's run)

Close enough.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

The two pilots; their boss; the two federal agents; under the proud eye of the sergeant--walk slowly around the Police Special urban attack helicopter, evaluating it, nodding... It crouches on the sand: blue, beautiful, deadly.

FLETCHER

Well? What do you think?

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

The INSOMNIAC--haggard, deep purple pouches under his reddened eyes--enters, looking around uncertainly. He's never been to a gun store before.

He approaches the SALESMAN, a paunchy middle-aged man with a big automatic pistol holstered conspicuously on his belt. The Salesman takes one look at the Insomniac--scans his eyes up and down his body--and whips out the pistol! Points it straight at the old man's head in a totally business-like stance.

SALESMAN

FREEZE!

The Insomniac's tired eyes pop open wide and he throws his heads in the air.

INSOMNIAC

Don't shoot!

The Salesman comes out from behind the counter--pistol still pointed at the Insomniac's head.

SALESMAN

Mister, don't even twitch!

The Salesman frisks the Insomniac. Yanks up his shirttails. Finds nothing. Relaxes and re-holsters the pistol.

SALESMAN

Sorry about that, mister. But don't ever walk into a gun store with your shirttails out. Coffee?

(pours a cup from the percolator)

INSOMNIAC

(shaking with relief's anger)

What the hell was that about, godammit it to hell?

SALESMAN

Lost my best salesman that way. Punk came in with his shirttail out. Whipped out a pistol and blew him away.

(hands him coffee)

Here. This'll calm your nerves.

The Insomniac doesn't take the coffee. Instead, he sits down on a box and cradles his face in his vibrating hands.

INSOMNIAC

(reaction; shaking)

Jesus H. Christ Almighty Lord.

(deep sighs)

Ohhh...

The Salesman puts down the coffee, reaches under the counter, and brings up a bottle of whiskey.

SALESMAN

Try this.

The Insomniac takes it and drinks deeply.

SALESMAN

Now then. Something I can do you
for?

INSOMNIAC

I want to buy a gun.

SALESMAN

What kind? Rifle? Pistol?
Shotgun?

INSOMNIAC

Something long range. A hunting
rifle.

SALESMAN

Ah. Okay.

He takes a huge, vicious-looking rifle from the rack.

SALESMAN

This is a .300 Weatherby Magnum.

The Insomniac rises and takes it. It is a beauty.

INSOMNIAC

How far will it shoot?

SALESMAN

Effectively? Oh, 300 yards away.

The the eye out of a fly. Farther
for a large target.

INSOMNIAC

Good.

INT. ASTRO DIVISION - AFTERNOON

Murphy walking down the hall with Bruddock.

MURPHY

We haven't heard from the Latin
Lover recently.

BRUDDOCK

You can forget about him. e got
him.

Murphy is surprised.

MURPHY

How?

BRUDDOCK

Prints off that Impala.

MURPHY

Are we going to get a conviction.

BRUDDOCK

Oh--he's dead.

MURPHY

(surprised again)

How?

BRUDDOCK

He was shot three times in the face
trying to flee from the arresting
officers.

MURPHY

(trying to understand)

He was running backwards?

BRUDDOCK

(laughs)

I told you the department would
take care of it.

Murphy seems shocked.

BRUDDOCK

In here.

Murphy follows him into a room.

INT. AUDIO-VISUAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bruddock has invited Felix, Lymangood, and about 30 other cops
to a screening of sorts.

FELIX

What are we gonna see?

BRUDDOCK

(at front of room)

A little "skin". I thought you'd
all want to see what happened at
the porn loft this morning. Roll
it!

A VIDEOTAPE starts on a large MONITOR at the front of the room.
PICTURE on the monitor shows: the 11-story porn loft in
Hollywood, seen from a copter.

BRUDDOCK

The occupants were suspected of
trafficking in drugs...section
69C...corrupting the morals of
minors...etcetera.

The LOFT is shown in daylight.

FELIX

Daylight surveillance. Whose idea
was that?

BRUDDOCK

Vice, who else?

The VIDEO shows a wide angle of the building from the
bobbing copter. There are two CARS parked in front: one of
them is an OLD RED MGB WITH A RED PATCH ON THE ROOF.
Murphy sits up straight--staring. The helicopter CAMERA pans
up the building and ZOOMS into the loft.

MURPHY

Can we see those cars again?

BRUDDOCK

Recognize something? --Keep
rolling--

FELIX

Who's flying?

BRUDDOCK

Harrison and Morse. Keep watching.

INSIDE THE LOFT: a porn movie set. Movie lights set up.

Murphy sees -- DEBBIE.

She's unbuttoning her blouse. Murphy watches her undress.

No sound on the video. ROOTS and CATCALLS fill the screening
room.

COP #1

She's not bad!

COP #2

Get it on baby!

MURPHY WATCHES as a fat, coarse man paws Debbie--giving her directions.
Watching.

FELIX

(shouts out)

I know this operation--the lights
blow and the chick never fucks!

COP #3

It's daylight, Felix! They're
gonna fuck.

BRUDDOCK

Watch.

A nude male actor starts toward Debbie. The VIDEO PICTURE
suddenly LURCHES--a violent maneuver by the camera copter.
The people in the loft begin pointing out the window.

FELIX

Harrison fucked up! He got
spotted!

BRUDDOCK

That's right--they got spotted.

The people in the loft panic. Head for the exits. The fat
director grabs Debbie. They run out a door--she's pulling
clothes on. MURPHY'S BLUE EYES.
The picture ENDS.

BRUDDOCK

(as the lights come back on)

That's it. I thought you' all like
to see how it turned out.

BOOS and shouts of disappointment.

FELIX

Fucking shit! They blew it.

BRUDDOCK

No more dirty movies in that loft.
Now we can get back to normal duty.

COP #1

Harrison is a fucking idiot.

MURPHY

What happened to the people?

BRUDDOCK

We got the director and the
cameraman.

MURPHY

What about the girl?

BRUDDOCK

(grins)

Why, Murphy? Did you want to date
with that chick?

LAUGHTER in the room. Murphy waits for his answer.

MURPHY

What about the girl?

BRUDDOCK

(shrugs)

She split.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE AUDIO-VISUAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Murphy and Felix are walking to the helicopter.

FELIX

We still didn't see them fuck.

Murphy shows nothing. Calm. Blank.

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

The locker room is empty.

Until San Fransisco enters. He goes straight to Murphy's
locker; removes a subtle little tool from his pocket; and
with obvious skill, picks the lock. He is careful to leave
no marks.

He opens the locker and looks at the contents. Not much. A
zip-up athletic bag. Soap and towel. Murphy's windbreaker.
A box of raisins.

He opens the bag. A change of underwear. White socks. A
pair of tennis shoes. Nothing there. He zips it back up
and puts it back, exactly where it was.

Looking for something--anything.

He finds it. In the pocket of Murphy's windbreaker...Murphy's

LITTLE BLUE BOOK.

He opens it and flips through it. Gazes at the pages.

Column after column of numbers and graphs. What does this mean?

He finds his own nickname written: San Fransisco. Frowns.

Then San Fransisco smiles. He's found the missing piece.
He slips the notebook into his pocket. Carefully readjusts the
windbreaker so that it is hanging exactly as it was. Then,
quietly, he relocks the locker.

He turns--and MURPHY is standing behind him.

SAN FRANSISCO

Murphy!!

Murphy seems to dwarf him.

MURPHY

Leaving?

SAN FRANSISCO

Yes. I was just on my way out.

MURPHY

(a nice smile)

I'll walk you out.

San Fransisco nods. They walk down the four flights of stairs
to the garage. As they walk:

MURPHY

Checking on something?

SAN FRANSISCO

No. Why do you ask?

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Nobody else around. Murphy walks San Fransisco to his car,
a yellow Stingray.

San Fransisco unlocks the door and puts one foot in. There
he pauses.

SAN FRANSISCO

Catch you later, Murphy.

MURPHY

When?

SAN FRANSISCO

Beg pardon?

MURPHY

When will you catch me?

SAN FRANSISCO

Oh--Monday.

MURPHY

Monday is Labor Day.

SAN FRANSISCO

Then Tuesday.

San Fransisco gets in, slams the door, and starts the engine.
Throbthrobthrob. Murphy bends down and taps on the window.
Warily, San Fransisco rolls it down.

MURPHY

Cochrane, you're paranoid.

Now San Fransisco knows Murphy is crazy. He snorts and drives
away. Looks back in his rearview mirror. Murphy waves.

INT. PATROL COPTER - OVER HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Felix & Murphy.

They look down at Hollywood Blvd., at the lava flow of bumper-to-bumper traffic, the sidewalks jammed with people, the long lines queued for movie theaters.

MURPHY

Hollywood.

FELIX

Labor Day weekend.

MURPHY

Like turkies in a row.

FELIX

(chuckling; and not hearing)

Yeah...

INT. MURPHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy is sitting on one of the chairs, watching the news

TV NEWSCASTER

"...And in local news...the Los Angeles Police Department today reported that two of its officers have shot and killed a nude, unarmed man in the Watts area. The officers reported that the victim 'appeared to be reaching for a weapon'. The incident, which occurred outside the 7-11 market on 105th Street, is the 3rd such incident since June 17th...and the Southland weather for this Labor Day weekend..."

Murphy takes his ballpoint pen from his shirt pocket, clicks the point out, and reaches for his windbreaker. He reaches in his pocket...

No blue book.

He digs deeper.

Tries the other pocket.

Alarm jumps onto his face. He gets up, searches all

He starts tearing the place apart. Not many places to look...so little furniture...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

This is where he has been living while in L.A. Modern, bright, impersonal. The window is open and outside is L.A. on a Saturday night.

San Francisco is lying on his back on the bed, fully clothes.

By the light from the bedside lamp, he is studying the little blue book.

It is incomprehensible.

INT. FELIX'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Felix and his wife asleep. Felix uncovers his head and lies there, his eyes open. Thinking.

BARBARA

(waking up)

What's wrong with you?

FELIX

That Murphy.

INT. BEDROOM/SHRINE - DAWN

Murphy opens the birdcage and removes the blue parakeet. Holding it cupped in both hands, he walks out.

EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Bloody scarlet in the light from the rising sun -- his breath a chill plume of vapor -- holding his hands cupped in front of him --

And THROWS IT HIGH into the air.

The little bird flutters toward freedom. Murphy watches it go.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Teddy is showing him he's drilled holes into all their camping utensils.

TEDDY

See, Frank? Just like you told me. Now they'll be lighter to carry. When are we going, Frank?

Murphy's got a lot on his mind.

MURPHY

That's good, Teddy.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Walking.

TEDDY

What's it like being up in a helicopter, Frank?

Frank looks up at a tall, abandoned park building.

MURPHY

I'll show you.

They climb up an old metal ladder to the roof.

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING - DAY

Three stories above the concrete pavement. From there, they can look off and see the mountains.

TEDDY

Are those the mountains, Frank?

MURPHY

No, the real ones are farther away.

Murphy goes to the edge of the road and stands with his toes sticking over. Teddy comes and stands next to him, imitating him--hanging his toes off. It makes us nervous.

MURPHY

Being in a helicopter is like this,
only much, much higher. And you're
moving.

TEDDY

Throw me up in the air, Frank.

Murphy reaches down and grabs him -- tosses him HIGH INTO
THE AIR -- catches him. Teddy loves it.

TEDDY

(yelling)

I'm flying, Frank!

Murphy tosses him--higher. They are perilously close to the
edge of the roof.

Wish each toss -- he throws Teddy HIGHER. Teddy is screaming
with joy. With one FINAL TOSS -- Murphy catches Teddy and
holds him, several beats too long. Teddy can tell something
is wrong.

TEDDY

What's wrong, Frank?

MURPHY

Nothing.

Murphy squeezes him. Murphy is in TEARS. Written on his
face is the last real emotion he will ever show. He puts
Teddy back down.

TEDDY

When are we going, Frank?

MURPHY

Tomorrow...

TEDDY

(sensing a problem)

Promise?

MURPHY

I promise.

INT. DR. ECCLES' OFFICE - EVENING

Eccles opens the door. No necktie.

DR. ECCLES

I don't normally see patients on
Sunday.

Murphy hands him the green parking ticket.

DR. ECCLES

What's this? No bus today?

MURPHY

I brought my car today.

There is a sense of finality to all this. They both know
it. Eccles validates his ticket.

MURPHY

I'm all out of pills.

Hands Eccles the little bottle.

Eccles takes it and fills it from his large bottle of useless placebos. As he does, Murphy walks to the window and stares down at Los Angeles. His back to Eccles. Eccles sets the bottle down on his desk and tries a new technique. He's been thinking about this case.

DR. ECCLES

I'd like you to finish this sentence: "People need..."

(waits)

Murphy has his back to him. A pause.

MURPHY

"...to be reminded that somebody's watching."

DR. ECCLES

Because they don't behave?

(no answer from Murphy)

How did Thor remind them?

MURPHY

He punished them.

DR. ECCLES

(smiles; he's been doing his homework)

And--who is Thor's real enemy?

MURPHY

(immediately

The Serpent of the World.

DR. ECCLES

And where is the Serpent now?

Murphy stares down at the patterns.

MURPHY

(those candid blue eyes)

The Serpent crawled west for thousands of years, until the head reached here. It likes it here.

An endless supply of victims. Los Angeles is the head of the Serpent.

Even Eccles is chilled by this image...and by Murphy's seriousness. He presses toward the point he's after.

DR. ECCLES

What did Thor do to the Serpent?

This is all known mythology.

MURPHY

Thor fought the Serpent in the final battle of the world. At Regamon.

DR. ECCLES

(leaning forward)

What happened in the final battle?

MURPHY

Thor slew the Serpent.

DR. ECCLES

(gets to his point)

Yes--but to Thor? What happened to
Thor?

Murphy turns to face Eccles.

MURPHY

Thor died.

DR. ECCLES

He died...

A long pause. Eccles waits. He's maneuvered Murphy well.

MURPHY

Thor made a mistake.

DR. ECCLES

But you are Thor...?

No response. Logical trap.

DR. ECCLES

(relaxing)

Shall I prove to you that you're
not Thor?

Murphy nods "yes".

DR. ECCLES

Thor drove a chariot across the sky
and hurled thunderbolts. What do
you drive?

(eagerly waiting)

MURPHY

(pauses)

A bus.

DR. ECCLES

Exactly. Thor wore a magic belt
around his middle to give him
strength. Yes?

It's well known.

MURPHY

Yes.

DR. ECCLES

(beside himself)

Where is your magic belt, Mr.
Brubaker?

Murphy puts his hand to his waist...wraps his fingers around his
belt...feeling the DuPont Kevlar armor around his middle.

DR. ECCLES

There are no magic belts.
(triumph)

MURPHY

True.

DR. ECCLES
(leans back; he's had his
orgasm)
So! -- You're not Thor.
Ipso-facto. See?

ECCLES STANDING ALONE -- by the window -- looking down at
the nighttime, sodium-arc lit street. Feeling good.
Just then, Murphy's blue blue Trans Am with the huge eagle emblem
on the hood SQUEALS out of the parking garage and shoots up
the street.
For just a moment, Eccles wonders.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLETCHER'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING
Fletcher, the senior FBI man, is watching sports on TV. Drinking
beer. Feet up.
KNOCK on the door. Fletcher pulls on his bathrobe and opens
it. There stands San Fransisco.

FLETCHER
Cochrane!

SAN FRANCISCO
Sorry to bother you on a holiday,
but this can't wait.

Fletcher's eyes narrow. Fletcher closes the door.

SAN FRANCISCO
I found this. it belongs to
Murphy.

(hands him the blue notebook)

Fletcher opens the blue notebook and glances at the columns
of figure and strange notations. Flips through it.

FLETCHER
What is it?

SAN FRANCISCO
Murphy's financial notebook.

FLETCHER
Where did you get it?

SAN FRANCISCO
Does it matter?

Fletcher sits down to study the notebook. Amidst the puzzling
numbers, he finds something written in English.

FLETCHER
"World Serpent"? What does that
mean?

After a moment he gets up and turns off the TV. Sits back
down again with the book. He turns the page. Finds another notation
in English.

FLETCHER
"Dow-Jones down again."

(turns page; studies columns
of numbers)
I don't understand these numbers.
Is this stock market stuff?
SAN FRANCISCO
These look more like racing odds to
me.
FLETCHER
Murphy's into the horses?
SAN FRANCISCO
Maybe he's been losing on the
market.
FLETCHER
"World Serpent"--a race horse?
Now Fletcher really burrows into the notebook.
FLETCHER
"San Francisco". Is that you?
SAN FRANCISCO
In a financial notebook?
FLETCHER
(turns page)
"Special."
SAN FRANCISCO
Guess what that means.
They look at each other.
SAN FRANCISCO
Do you know what the Special would
worth to a terrorist group?
Long pauses. Fletcher's mind is racing like a horse.
FLETCHER
World Serpent...a terrorist group?
SAN FRANCISCO
If the S.L.A. had had the Special,
instead of a few
FLETCHER
"San Francisco"...a delivery
spot...or a target?
Fletcher sees visions. He picked Murphy. He put the
Special in his hands.
FLETCHER
I'd better call Miller.
He reaches for the phone.
EXT. SPORTING GOOD STORE - DAY
Murphy is pounding on the door. Shakes his hand. Points at
the sign.
Murphy pounds harder. Doesn't look like somebody to be fooled
with. The Salesman opens the door exasperatedly.
SALESMAN
Look buddy! It's Labor Day!

Murphy pulls out his police I.D. The Salesman's manner changes.
Murphy pushes past him.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

SALESMAN

Yes?

MURPHY

I need stuff for a camping trip.

The best you've got.

The Salesman is annoyed, but he gives up.

SALESMAN

Can you make it fast?

Murphy walks to the merchandise.

MURPHY

Two of your best sleeping bags.

And a boy's hiking shoes, size

five. And...

The Salesman starts pulling stuff from the shelves.

EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A cream-colored Buick cruises to the curb. FLETCHER &
MILLER climb out. They look. Murphy's car isn't in the driveway.

They go to the door. Knock. No answer. Knock LOUDER.

The front door of the neighboring house opens, and an OLD
MAN comes out onto the porch.

MILLER

(sees him)

Got a problem, sir?

OLD MAN

I'm the landlord. I own that
property. Is something wrong?

FLETCHER

FBI. Would you mind opening up
Officer Murphy's home, please.

The Landlord hurries over with some keys.

LANDLORD

FBI?

They show him their badges.

LANDLORD

Is it okay? -- to do this?

FLETCHER

(harshly)

Just open the door, sir.

He unlocks several locks...but not all. Miller looks at Fletcher.

They break the remaining lock. The front door swings open.

They go in.

INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They stare around at the practically empty living room.

FLETCHER

Ohmigod, he does need money. He's
sold everything he owns.

MILLER

He's getting ready to cut out!

Miller goes into the kitchen. It's a very neat kitchen.
Meanwhile, Fletcher picks up one of the textbooks scattered around
the living room. Abnormal Psychology by Coleman.

MILLER

(shouts)

Murphy!

No reply. Both FBI men and the landlord prowl through the
house, looking.

They enter the bathroom and look around. Fletcher immediately
tries the light switch. It doesn't work.

MILLER

What in the world?

FLETCHER

I can't breathe in here.

Fletcher goes to the window and throws open the blackout curtains.
The sunlight streams in and strikes the wall like
They see...everything. The glass figurines...the empty
birdcage...the sun god...the numbers and words scrawled all
over the wall...

MILLER

Oh my Lord Jesus.

They are in the lair of the monster. Sheer disgust written
all over their faces.

Fletcher is staring at the wall. At the writing:

PROTECT

JUDGE

In the merciless sunlight it is clear that the blue sun0eye is
made of plastic. In the final analysis you come down to...a
cheap plastic wall ornament that you bought in Woolworths...

MILLER

Holy shit.

LANDLORD

I had no idea.

FLETCHER

(exhales)

We'd better call Bruddock.

MILLER

I saw a phone in the front room.

He goes to the living room to call.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Murphy is standing there, bulky packages under his arms. He seems to fill the living room.

Miller stares at him. he drops the packages.

As the other two come into the living room -- Murphy -- no choice now -----

--- Takes a .38 snub-nosed revolver from inside his windbreaker

-- Fires THREE SHOTS.

Fletcher & Miller--and the Landlord--crumple to the floor.

Murphy walks to the bodies. All three have holes in their chests where he has shot them. Looks down--trembles a bit--but no tears here. Feels for a pulse. None.

Murphy puts the gun back in his belt. Goes into the bathroom.

Washes his hands -- then goes into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM/SHRINE - AFTERNOON

Murphy sees his violated shrine. The open window--the sunlight defiling it. It will never be the same.

Leisurely, he walks to the wall. Picks up the chalk.

Studies the words. Then he adds to "JUDGE"...spelling...

JUDGEMENT DAY

Murphy walks out of the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

His face set and grim. Murphy begins to dress. Ritualistically: like a matador preparing for the bull ring.

His best flak jacket. His best T-shirt. His pressed L.A.P.D. shirt. His best black leather boots. His best flying outfit.

He goes out into the hall.

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

From the hall closet, he hauls the "orange crater"...and a large wooden box full of something very heavy. Takes a big .45 automatic pistol from the closet and straps it on.

He starts to leave, by the kitchen door -- and stops. He looks at the CLOCK on the wall. The sweep secondhand. He closes his eyes...for long seconds... and pops them open. 9 seconds. He's three seconds short.

Now he knows he's gone nuts.

Murphy starts to cry -- trembles -- It lasts only a second. He swallows three pills. Full control again.

He returns to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM/SHRINE - AFTERNOON

Murphy looks around for the last time. Tips a candle over. A fire begins. He leaves the bedroom.

After a moment, we hear the kitchen door SLAM. The thousands of glass figurines in the bedroom RATTLE.

EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Murphy puts the "orange crater" and the wooden box into the Trans Am. Drives away.

Somewhere, a phone is ringing.

INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CAMERA TRAVELS slowly through the house. Camping equipment dumped on the floor... Three dead bodies... Orange light flickering in the bedroom...the crackle of flames... In the living room, the phone rings... And rings... And rings...

EXT. PAY PHONE - AFTERNOON

Debbie standing with the phone burring in her ear...waiting..

EXT. SURFACE STREET - AFTERNOON

Murphy's Trans Am in traffic. He glides through a yellow traffic signal. An LAPD black & white falls in behind him. Murphy watches them in the mirror. They seem interested in his car...a shark sniffing a leg in the water. They decide against stopping him -- turn of down a side street.

EXT. CATHOLIC BOYS' HOME - AFTERNOON

Teddy sits on the front steps, next to a pile of
The expression on his face tells us everything. He knows that Murphy isn't going to show.

INT. ASTRO DIVISION GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Murphy parks the Trans Am. Picks up the "orange crater" under one arm...the wooden crate under the other...he's not smiling.

EXT. ROOFTOP COPTER PAD - AFTERNOON

Kincaid is working on one of the copters. Looks up.

KINCAID

Murphy? You're early. No one's here yet.

MURPHY

Yes.

Kincaid looks at the boxes under his arm.

KINCAID

What's that stuff?

MURPHY

Some things. Top off the Special and roll it out. We're running some tests tonight.

KINCAID

I didn't hear anything about that
(murphy sets down the "orange crater")

What's that?

MURPHY

An orange crater.

KINCAID

(not understanding)

Oh.

MURPHY

Hurry it up.

Kincaid rolls out the "Police Special" helicopter from its hangar. He's a little suspicious.

KINCAID

Where's Bruddock?

MURPHY

Coming.

Murphy climbs up into the one-man bubble with the "orange crater". He settles it on the floor and opens a small hatch in the lower front. The chute fits--it sticks out the hole. Kincaid has climbed up and is watching.

KINCAID

I'm going to call--

But he isn't going to call. Murphy hits him a precise little jackrabbit punch in the neck. Kincaid slumps down from the copter.

Murphy seats himself and closes the door.

INT. "POLICE SPECIAL" URBAN ATTACK HELICOPTER - AFTERNOON

Murphy turns on the power switch. The instrument panel lights up...all digital...green and red. Makes the hardware seen in Sci-Fi films seem primitive by comparison.

In a hurry now. He runs through the instrument check. All "GO". Starts the rotors whirling. Lifts off.

Murphy's AIRBORNE.

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

Murphy gaining altitude.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Astro Division dropping away below him. This is his night -- at long last. He goes all the way up -- very high -- for his view of the mountains. He looks North -- up the coast -- West to the Pacific -- and East -- to the mountains. The mountains make him think of Teddy.

He pushes the joystick forward... and Thor soars off to battle the Serpent.

EXT. SKY OVER LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Murphy gets down to business. He swoops down on the city below.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Flying over a deserted industrial area. He SEES the giant advertising sign for "Carpeteria"-- A 20-foot-high plastic giant holding a roll of carpet. The plastic giant is on a warehouse roof. Its plastic eyes overlook the city--staring across rooftops. Murphy puts the copter in a hover. Picks up the Honeywell Fire Control Helmet. Puts it on. Lowers the visor. Throws the switch interlocking it with the copter. Time to sight in his cannon.

Murphy sights on the giant. Below the copter, the Vulcan cannon swivels. Murphy presses the red button on the joystick. On the front of his visor, we SEE the little red dot appear--a pinpoint of rosy light. He nudges the joystick. Click. Presses the button again--twice. BAMBAM.

The Carpenteria Giant's eyes are gone. Murphy's cannon is set. Murphy flies on, leaving the giant staring blindly at the sunset.

EXT. "SPECIAL" - OVER BEVERLY HILLS - AFTERNOON

Murphy puts the copter on hover again. Pries the lid off the wooden crate. Inside -- HAND GRENADES. He loads them into the "orange crater"--a wire looped through their pins-- Picks up the cord with the pushbutton.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - AFTERNOON

Murphy's copter at 150'. Hovering. The residents come out. They gather in a small knot. Below the copter. The copter comes -- lower.

NEIGHBOR #1

What's he trying to do?

NEIGHBOR #1

Land?

A small object falls from the copter. Drops into a green plastic trash can. The neighbors walk up and look in. It EXPLODES! SCREAMS ... yelling ... panic ...

Murphy flies on.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy's YELLING... Tears streaming down his cheeks... He's going to punish this errant city... But he's fighting himself.

EXT. SKY - HIGH ANGLE - AFTERNOON

Looking down at Murphy's indigo-blue copter from a HIGH ANGLE... MOVING WITH IT as it flies across Beverly Hills... Trailing a string of cherry-red explosions behind it on the ground... Murphy's dropping grenades like Johnny Appleseed...

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy's getting into it. Singing now. He looks up and sees a police helicopter buzzing toward him. The white-and-blue copter flies right up; to within 100 feet. They're puzzled by what's happening. Can't figure it.

POLICE COPTER VOICE (ON RADIO)

Ahhh..."Special"...what's happening?

Murphy smiles. LOOKING at them. Squeezes the little red button. The police helicopter BURSTS.

INT. ASTRO DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Braddock comes rushing into Communications Center,

BRUDDOCK

What the hell's going on?

RADIO COP ON DUTY

We have a wacko cop up there.

BRUDDOCK

(a sinking feeling)

Who?

RADIO COP

Murphy. He took the "Special".
Bruddock's stomach does a flip flop. He ages ten years.

BRUDDOCK

...What patrols do we have up
there?

RADIO COP

He just shot down our only one.

Bruddock stares. He scrambles, still stunned.
"San Fransisco" comes in, fast.

SAN FRANSISCO

Murphy's with a revolutionary group
called World Serpent.

BRUDDOCK

Are you crazy?

SAN FRANSISCO

No sir. He'll be making demands
any minute.

BRUDDOCK

We'd better send up...everything we
can...

(mind racing)

We'd better call the Mayor -- Fire
-- Civil Defence -- Where the hell
are Fletcher and Miller?

SAN FRANSISCO

They went to Murphy's house.

BRUDDOCK

Well, goddamit, get them!

SAN FRANSISCO

(starting out)

Yes sir.

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

Murphy is flying toward the San Diego Freeway. Toward the
interchange/overpass with the Santa Monica Freeway.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy looks down. SEES: a STATION WAGON on the steep "up"
approach ramp from the Santa Monica onto the San Diego
Freeway. Murphy paces the car. Presses the remote button in
his lap. A grenade rolls out of the box down the chute out
the hatch drops from the copter.

The grenade FALLING -- fuse burning --

INT. STATION WAGON - AFTERNOON

SALESMAN DRIVING. Wearing a nice business suit. He -- SEES!
-- the grenade IMBED itself in the hood. THUD. He stares.
Horried. The grenade spewing smoke. His windows rolled up
for air conditioning.

Consider the possibilities. No way to reach through the windshield; you try in a panic--jam your fingers. You can't stop in the relentlessly flowing traffic -- you try. All you can do is frantically roll down the window-- reach out with your left hand-- grope for the grenade-- and WATCH-- as it EXPLODES.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy nods as the windshield of the weaving station wagon explodes in a burst of crystal. The car goes off the ramp.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

Fast moving traffic. People see the copter overhead, but think nothing of it. A GASOLINE TANKER TRUCK tooling along.

EXT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy sees the gasoline tanker. Drops a grenade--

EXT. GASOLINE TANKER TRUCK - AFTERNOON

--right on TOP. The grenade hits the flat strip along the top of the tanker--and BOUNCES--

INT. GASOLINE TANKER - AFTERNOON

The DRIVER hears a metallic BANG on his tank -- then nothing. He looks in his side mirror. Sees a small explosion as the grenade detonates harmlessly by the roadside.

Another grenade hits the tanker top -- BANG -- and bounces off. Driver sees another muffled explosion.

EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

Other motorists see what's happening. Brake lights light up all over the road. Cars swerving and stopping. people begin noticing the helicopter. Which -- peels away..

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy gives up on the tanker. He sees a better target. The CONCRETE SUPPORT COLUMNS that hold up the freeway. He smiles -- lowers his Honeywell visor. Sights on the first concrete pillar...presses the button... Murphy--just by looking at those pillars-- turns them to dust. The entire freeway interchange starts to topple.

INT. ASTRO H.Q. - AFTERNOON

The MAYOR...and the POLICE COMMISSIONER...and an AIR FORCE GENERAL...and a COLONEL...the room is jammed. Phones ringing all over The MAYOR has just been apprised. For an interminable moment, he stares at Bruddock.

MAYOR

(incredulous)

A Hughes Attack Helicopter???! I
didn't even know there was such a thing!
What the hell did you think you
were doing? Did you lose your
mind???

The only answer from Bruddock is a lot of mortified sweat.

MAYOR

What the hell do you intend doing?

BRUDDOCK

Sir, we're sending up every airship
we've got, with a SWAT sharpshooter
on each one. LAX is clearing the
airspace over L.A.

MAYOR

Will that work?

BRUDDOCK

(sweating)

Well sir, he is in a better ship --and
he is our senior pilot--

"SAN FRANCISCO" COCHRANE

I'd like to take one of those ships
up, sir.

Bruddock nods permission. San Francisco strides out.

BRUDDOCK

(to Aide)

Where the hell are Fletcher and
Miller!

AIDE

There's no answer yet at their
hotel, sir. We're trying them at
Murphy's house, but there's
something wrong with his phone.

CIVILIAN

(to Mayor)

Just in case this doesn't work,
sir...we think you should meet Air
Force General Ames...

The Mayor is not a stupid man, nor a weak man; he's just out of
his depth here.

MAYOR

(doesn't understand)

Yes, General? ...

GENERAL AMES

(friendly confident fellow)

We've scrambled two F-15's out of
El Toro. Just in case.

(big friendly smile)

But don't keep us waiting too
long. Those babies burn fuel.

The Mayor hasn't the vaguest idea of what he's talking
about.

INT. READY ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lymangood's waiting, fully dressed in his flying suit. Someone
sticks their head in the room and yells "Ready?" Lymangood
nods "yes". He flips the quarter one more time. It comes up
-- TAILS. Wrong. Lymangood swallows. He knows Murphy is up
there. Waiting for him. Lymangood hurries out.

EXT. COPTER PAD - AFTERNOON

Three copters revving up. Cochrane flying one of them. Lymangood jumps into another -- #19.

LYMANGOOD

Where's my SWAT man?

BRUDDOCK

We can't wait for him. You've got the Lock & Fire--you'll have to take it up alone.

Bruddock gives them final words of encouragement.

BRUDDOCK

(shouting over the blade clatter)

You know what to do.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO'S COPTER - AFTERNOON

San Francisco's aching for a try at Murphy. His SWAT man has a question.

SWAT RIFLEMAN

What's the best shot?

SAN FRANCISCO

Go for Murphy. If you can't hit him, go for the engine block.

SWAT RIFLEMAN

Gotcha

(cocks his weapon)

San Francisco lifts their copter off.

EXT. SKY OVER L.A. - AFTERNOON

Three white-and-blue police helicopters -- climbing... Three black dots in the sky... they climb up above the Hollywood Hills and rendezvous.

They can see Murphy's copter: across the city. MOVE WITH THEM as they go for it.

Aerial combat over Los Angeles. Copter against copter.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy is picking his way across Carson. Along Sepulveda -- past the towers -- he follows the landmarks -- sees FELIX'S GREEN YARD coming up.

Murphy lowers the Honeywell visor.

INT. FELIX'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Felix cocks his head. He hears the sound of an approaching helicopter. Then he hears a RIPPING SOUND. Frozen for a long moment -- until he recognizes it -- CANNON FIRE. He heaves like a coil spring grabs his wife and dives under the Hammond organ.

The house SHAKES...

Just as suddenly as it began -- the firing STOPS.

BARBARA

(blubbering)

He tries to kill us!

FELIX

(stands up; realizes)

No.

He runs into the backyard.

EXT. FELIX'S BACKYARD 0 AFTERNOON

The cement back yard is shattered. Every piece of it. It looks like the surface of the moon.

FELIX

He was after the concrete!!! The
goddamn! Green! Concrete!!!

Murphy's copter is clattering away. Felix runs after it.

FELIX

(crying)

Murphyyyy! Goddamiiiiit!

He falls to the ground, overcome, weeping.

EXT. FELIX'S NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

The neighbors are running around the streets. Crazed. They can't figure out what's going on.

A MAN

(hysterically)

Someone call the police!

ANOTHER MAN

(eyes like saucers)

I think that was the police.

A big battery-powered RADIO in a kid's hand is BLARING:

RADIO

"This is the Emergency Broadcast
System. This is NOT a test. There
is a sniper in the air over Los
Angeles. We repeat: this is NOT a
test. This is the Emergency
Broadcast System. Stay inside your
homes. There is a sniper in the
air over Los Angeles..."

The radio is drowned out by approaching SIRENS.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy never stops scanning...scanning...scanning the sky for other aircraft. He SEES them approaching-- Three black dots against the yellow sky-- Resolving into white-&-blue L.A.P.D. helicopters.

Murphy does a final check on all systems.

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

The three copters approach.

MOVE with them as they box Murphy in. One on each side -- one above him. He has three targets -- they have one.

San Francisco's copter is to Murphy's right. Lymangood is above and behind him. The third copter is to his left.

The SWAT sharpshooters open the bidding. Their rounds plunking off Murphy's Nordoc armor.

Murphy LOOKS at the copter to his left. The 20mm cannon swivels in that direction. Murphy squeezes the button. RIIIIIP. The copter comes apart like a dandelion in a windstorm. One down.

San Fransisco has maneuvered around - in front and below Murphy. His SWAT man sees an OPENING in the sliding door Murphy's using to drop grenades. He fires.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

The SWAT bullet drills THROUGH MURPHY'S ARM -- unprotected by his armored vest.

Murphy checks the arm -- rotates his shoulder -- opens and closes his hand. Just a flesh wound with blood. Murphy cinches up his flight jacket and bunkers down to do some flying.

He pulls his copter away-- just as #19 matches speed. He sees it's Lymangood at the Lock & Fire.

INT. COPTER #19 - AFTERNOON

Lymangood drops the sights on Murphy -- through the bubble of the Hughes copter --

LYMANGOOD'S POINT-OF-VIEW: The crosshairs drop on MURPHY'S HEAD...steady as a rock...Murphy looking STRAIGHT BACK INTO THE GUNSIGHT...HIS HONEYWELL VISOR DOWN...

Lymangood's finger on the trigger...

Lymangood HESITATES...

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

MURPHY'S POINT-OF-VIEW: Through the VISOR -- Lymangood at the Lock & Fire -- pinned in the green tracer lines like a bug on a plate -- EYEBALL TO EYEBALL --

Murphy turns his head and looks-- --at Lymangood's TAIL ROTOR-- FIRES just ONE SHOT--

EXT. COPTER #19 - AFTERNOON

The tail rotor flies off-- The copter starts to counterrotate-- Spinning out of control--

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

MURPHY

(to himself)

Cut your engine, Lymangood.

Copter #19 stops spinning-- Starts to drop slowly... The "auto-rotation" of his rotor will let him down in one piece.

MURPHY

That's right.

That leaves San Fransisco. Whose copter is now above and behind Murphy. Swooping in like a hawk--

Murphy LOOKS back-- San Fransisco disappears from view-- Right into Murphy's blind spot. Directly behind Murphy. Murphy can see him in the mirror-- but not with the unaided eye-- The rear of the Special blocks a direct view. Not even by craning his neck. Design limitation: the Vulcan will fire only along Murphy's line-of-sight.

Murphy's doing a hundred things at once -- flying like crazy -- Using every trick he knows -- San Fransisco hangs in there.

San Fransisco's SWAT man blows a HOLE in his own bubble, to allow him to shoot forward. The rifle rounds are coming perilously close to Murphy's ROTOR-- And his ENGINE up top-- Murphy's alarmed.

Then a smile breaks out... Possibly the happiest one he's ever given...

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

Murphy pushes his copter forward, squeezing a little extra speed. San Fransisco tries top keep up. His man keeps firing.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

Murphy suddenly HAULS BACK ON THE STICK-- and takes his copter-- --UP. San Fransisco follows -- climbing also -- he's good too -- pulling an equally steep climb out of his ordinary copter--

But Murphy pulls back the stick even FARTHER-- --till the copter is VERTICAL-- --then it TILTS BACK-- --and UPSIDE DOWN--

--in a perfect loop-the-loop.

INT. SAN FRANSISCO'S COPTER - AFTERNOON

Murphy has gone up and OUT OF VIEW. Alarmed, San Fransisco peers straight up-- Still can't SEE MURPHY--

SAN FRANSISCO

Where is he?!!

He looks around -- over his shoulder -- There's Murphy -- BEHIND him.

SAN FRANSISCO

(covered with light
perspiration)

A loop-the-loop???

(still hasn't learned)

That's not possible.

INT. "SPECIAL" - AFTERNOON

San Fransisco's copter is dead ahead. Murphy's thumb comes down.

KA-WHOMP!!! San Fransisco's copter explodes -- Ten million flaming pieces of metal... As Murphy flies by--where it was--he looks down... burning debris hitting the ground...

MURPHY

Catch you later.

INT. ASTRO H.Q. - LATE AFTERNOON

The reports are coming in. Grim, red faces all around. The Mayor's head turns toward General Ames.

GENERAL AMES

"To every problem there's a
solution." Are you ready for us to
handle it?

MAYOR

How are you going to his him
without taking out half of L.A.?

The General defers to his Colonel.

COLONEL FAST

Mayor, the F-15 is the most
advanced combat plane the Air Force
has today. "Download looking
radar" can pick out a squirrel with dog
tags in Rancho Park. We'll find
him--and we'll surgically remove
him from the airspace.

MAYOR

What if you miss?

(suddenly angry)

That isn't Vietnam down there.
That's Los Angeles.

COLONEL FAST

(confidently)

They'll all be armed with
heatseeking "air-to-air".

(he forms shapes with his hand
to explain)

Those heat sensors have very narrow
cones of acceptance. They'll find
him--and they'll hit him.

GENERAL AMES

(puts the bow on the package)

If you prefer we'll even contact
him visually before we fire.

(checks out window)

There's still enough light.

MAYOR'S SIDE

(to Mayor)

Your last helicopter, sir, just
floated down in Vernon.

MAYOR

(sighs; runs his hand through
his hair)

Send in your planes, General.

INT. COCKPIT OF F-15 - TWILIGHT AT 20,000'

The sun still high up here...blazingly bright. Cloud/smog
layer below. The FIGHTER PILOT is a 20-year-old kid with
icewater in his veins. He looks out his cockpit at his
WINGMAN in the second F-15.

PILOT #1

Ahh...Rhubarb leader here...we have
your target -- Bearing one-two-two
at thirteen miles -- Have we
permission to engage?

These guys are cocky. They're flying the hottest plane in the world, and they know it. He looks down at his onboard radar...his onboard Fire Control system...listens to the voice from the ground...Nods. Clicks over radio contact to his buddy.

PILOT #1

(thumbs up to wingman)

You heard him, "Blue-Eyes". We're going in.

PILOT #2

The Vulcans.

PILOT #1

Can't use 'em. We don't want to spray. It'll have to be the heatseekers.

PILOT #2

Sparrow or Sidewinder?

PILOT #1

You heard ground. They want a visual contact.

PILOT #2

Roger... Then it's the Sidewinder.

PILOT #1

Roger... Let's go...

EXT. 20,000' - LATE AFTERNOON

They go in. Air brakes drop down -- and their speed goes from 1200 mph to 400 in a couple of seconds.

They drop altitude.

INT. "SPECIAL" - LATE AFTERNOON

Murphy's got a thousand things on his mind -- but one of them is... Scanning the high sky--just like during the War--for bogeys. Murphy SEES them. Two tiny black dots coming in at high altitude -- vapor trails behind them -- Murphy's 10/10 vision is able to follow them all the way in. He starts to sweat. He knows what these are.

Murphy drops his copter down to the floor -- 50' -- skimming roofs and wires...hiding in alleys... He hovers in an alley -- his periscope sight peeking up over a roof -- WATCHING the two F-15's come in.

An LAPD cruiser jerks up into the alley. They begin firing at him. Bullets thud off the bottom of the copter. Murphy's trying to stay down until the F-15's make their pass. But the cops' bullets could hit his rotor. He's forced up -- just as the jets ROAR overhead.

INT. F-15 COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

They see him POP UP from hiding in the alley.

PILOT #2

He's in the alley.

PILOT #1

I see him. Let's swing back.

They make their turn over Santa Monica -- and come back.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD = LATE AFTERNOON

Murphy's flushed. He's skipping over rooftops, looking for a new hiding place before the F-15's can make their turn.

INT. "SPECIAL" - LATE AFTERNOON

Murphy looks back -- West -- and sees the two dots gaining. He's desperate -- he has only 10 seconds left.

INT. F-15 COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

He has Murphy squarely in his firecontrol sights. His "Sanders Associates--Loral AN/Q" fire panel BLINKS ON-- MISSILE ARMED lights up.

PILOT #1

(warns off second plane)

My party.

The stencil on the missile under his wing says: SIDEWINDER AIM 9L RAYTHEON CO.

The pilot presses the button. FLAME SPURTS from the wing.

INT. "SPECIAL" - LATE AFTERNOON

Murphy sees the missile launch. The short rod "floating" toward him. He looks down at the street. Drops the down to two feet. Street level. Turns the corner behind a low building. Races up the next block a foot off the ground (forcing a car off the road)-- On the corner he just turned: AMOS' BBQ PIT.

CUT TO:

Moving with the Sidewinder missile -- CLOSING

CUT TO:

THE ALUMINUM CHIMNEY on top of Amos' BBQ Pit. Heat waves shimmer off it. Smoke coming out.

CUT TO:

HYPER-SLOW MOTION as the Sidewinder... ..loses Murphy as a target... ..and picks up... ..Amos' BBQ... The Sidewinder swandives straight down the CHIMNEY...
(AUTHORS' NOTE: the Sidewinder missile is known to go up the hot exhaust pipe of a truck during tests)

CUT TO:

INT. AMOS' BBQ - JUST BEFORE IT HITS

...FROZEN

...Ten or fifteen patrons sitting around the open pit barbecue with their food halfway to their mouths

CUT TO:

EXT. AMOS' BBQ
...The place -- EXPLODES --

CUT TO:

TWO BLOCKS AWAY
...Ribs and chicken shower down on the street.

INT. F-15 COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

PILOT #1
(looking back)

Jesus... A miss...

INT. ASTRO DIVISION H.Q. - LATE AFTERNOON

Reports coming in.

BRUDDOCK
(to General Ames)

One of your missiles just took out
a barbecue shack in Watts.

MAYOR
(shocked; to General)

What happened?

GENERAL AMES
(reassuring)

A fluke. Those heatseekers need a
proper target. Give them a chance.

MAYOR
(screams)

A chance! You've had a chance!
Call them off!

GENERAL AMES

When we do that, sir -- what about
Murphy?

The Mayor's face trembles and twitches.

EXT. SKY - SUNSET

Murphy is racing for the tall glass towers of downtown L.A.
The F-15's bore in after him.

Murphy just gets to a skyscraper before they can fire. He
darts around behind the building. He peeks over the roof of
the building with his PERISCOPE SIGHT.

INT. F-15 COCKPIT - SUNSET

They see him disappear before they can fire.

PILOT #1
(appreciative)

He's damn clever. That guy's good.

PILOT #2

Yeah. let's nail his ass on the
next pass.

INT. "SPECIAL" - SUNSET

Murphy watches through the periscope until they ROAR overhead. He's hovering just behind and below the roofline of a 60-story skyscraper. He looks down to the street, and sees squad cars and SWAT teams assembling below-- Starting to fire straight up. A few rounds clank off the bottom of his copter. Again the threat to the rotor. Murphy grits his teeth and holds this position-- until the jets make their turn -- and start back -- He's chosen this side of the building very carefully.

Murphy checks his compass to make sure he's on the EASTERN face of the building. As the F-15's ROAR in -- Murphy HOLDS his position -- The rifle fire from the street increases --

INT. F-15 COCKPIT - SUNSET

The copter is not visible -- it's on the far side of the building-- Murphy suddenly SHOWS HIMSELF -- as if he's made a mistake--

PILOT

(thinks he has him)

...Dumb...

The pilot fires. The other F-15 fires. Two Sidewinders head for Murphy's heat pattern at 1600 m.p.h. Murphy's copter suddenly DUCKS BACK OUT OF SIGHT.

MOVE WITH the Sidewinder. It's lost Murphy's heat signature. It goes for the next best thing the reflection of the SUN on the WEST-facing side of the skyscraper. Sunset shimmering off the glass panels.

They HIT the building. Imploding the top face.

Glass and debris hurtle to the street.

EXT. STREET BELOW - SUNSET

Falling GLASS and flaming debris take care of the ground cops that have been shooting at Murphy.

INT. F-15 COCKPIT - SUNSET

PILOT

Jesus! Christ!

They roar over the exploding building.

INT. "SPECIAL" - SUNSET

Murphy's not through with them. His gun visor is down. As the two F-15's roar into sight over the top of the building-- Murphy LOOKS at one-- --SQUEEZES the button-- --the WING shears off-- --the F-15's payload EXPLODES-- --the plane breaking apart as it falls into downtown L.A.

The remaining F-15 climbs--gaining altitude--running.

Murphy raises the visor. Overcome at the release of tension, he weeps; tears flow down his face.

He swallows three pills.

INT. ASTRO H.Q. - AFTERNOON

The REPORT in an aide's hand...MOVING with the report as it is carried to Bruddock...

...who studies it...and looks up at the Mayor.

BRUDDOCK

(with difficulty)

We just lost the top of the Arco
building. And an F-15.

They all look at each other.

MAYOR

That's it, General. Call it off.

General Ames doesn't try to disagree this time.

MAYOR

(quietly; to the room)

What now?

The Police Commissioner has not been idle through all this.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

(mapping it out)

We can try to create a kind of fire
wall...divide the city in two. he
keeps criss-crossing. We'll
concentrate all our ground units
along one major trunk street. If
he tries to cross over--with all that
firepower--we'll have a good shot
at him.

MAYOR

Where?

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Wilshire Boulevard.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT

The street is roped and barricaded off. No civilian traffic
at all. Hundreds of patrol cars and motorcycle units lining
its length. The L.A.P.D. looking like what is is: a
paramilitary organization--the leanest, meanest police force
in the world.

Cops on walkie-talkies coordinating the battle plan.

INT. MURPHY OVER SILVERLAKE - NIGHT

Murphy is limping his copter over the dark hills, looking
for one particular house. He's catching a breather. he
checks his wounded arm; his jacket is soaked with blood.
He sees the house ahead; turns the copter to 'Whisper Mode'.
He hangs there in the trees, looking through the window,
waiting.

Right on time, the light comes on and Nude Lucy appears.

Murphy watches for a long moment while she begins her
exercises; then turns on his BLADE CLATTER. Startled, she
looks out the window.

Murphy pulls the copter up, bobs his "wings" -- and away.
His way of saying goodbye.

She watches the copter leave, then slowly covers herself
with her hands.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S ECCLES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Eccles is looking out his 15th-floor picture window, across the L.A. skyline, watching sections of the city burn.

Immense columns of orange smoke gutter up into the sky and reflect off the cloud layer.

The RADIO in his office is on. He knows what's happening.

He sits down at his desk and begins to dictate notes into Murphy's file.

DR. ECCLES

(dictating)

In the case of Mr. Arnold Brubaker,
who claimed to be a bus driver...

INT. "SPECIAL" - NIGHT

Murphy is flying along the length of the empty San Diego Freeway.

One channel on his radio is tuned to police channels, the other to A.M.

A.M. RADIO

"All freeways are closed to traffic...the
L.A.P.D. requests that you stay
inside your homes...this is for your
own safety...we repeat..."

He clicks over to the police channel.

POLICE CHANNEL (VOICE #1)

"Bluebird One to Bluebird Two...are
your units in position? over."

POLICE VOICE #2

"Ahhh...Bluebird Two here...we're
all in position. Over."

POLICE VOICE #1

"Remember, let him commit himself...hold
your fire until he's too close to
pull out...and remember, he's the
only thing in the sky...if it's
flying, it's him. Over."

POLICE VOICE #2

"I read you..."

Murphy hunkers down and heads for the LIGHTED STRIP ahead--Wilshire Boulevard. Like a long, glittering snake. Murphy can see the LAPD waiting...lined up...ready.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT

They hear the CLATTERING COPTER coming in. Safety catches off-- Automatic weapons-- Pistols pointed skyward--

INT. "SPECIAL" - NIGHT

Murphy's not going to cross Wilshire-- He's going to run down its length, west to east, strafing.

MURPHY

(putting down his visor)

Well...let's do it...

He puts the Special into a wide curve, turning around over the southwest section of the city, preparing for his run.

INT. INSOMNIAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Insomniac has no radio. He's sleeping at last and doesn't know what's going on.

All he hears is the CLATTER of an approaching helicopter. His EYES FLASH OPEN -- and he grabs the RIFLE.

The old man flies to the window -- throws the rifle up to his shoulder --

INSOMNIAC

(shrieks)

Die! You BASTARD!

--and fires ONE SHOT.

EXT. "SPECIAL" - NIGHT

The single round HITS THE COPTER ENGINE. The engine spews OIL.

INT. "SPECIAL" - NIGHT

Murphy knows instantly that the copter is seriously damaged. The ENGINE SPUTTERS -- and STOPS. The worst SOUND of all -- NO SOUND BUT RUSHING AIR... oil pressures dropping as the copter loses altitude the large rotor blades auto-rotate as the air pushes up against them giving Murphy some control over the float-down--

Murphy has practiced emergency landings like this -- all pilots do He looks quickly below-- sees a half-empty USED CAR LOT at the end of an alley... he aims for the lot... drifts down like a leaf... shoots the alley... just clears the end of it without hitting an apartment house... ...TOUCH DOWN.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - NIGHT

Catching his breath. Exhausted. We hear APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS.

Three cruisers SQUEAL up at the end of the alley. 12 COPS with pistols and rifles scramble out. They brace on the hoods and trunks of the cars.

COP WITH BULLHORN

Come...OUT OF THE COPTER! With
your...HANDS UP! I repeat...COME!
OUT! With--

Murphy doesn't move. Sitting bent over.

A nervous young cop -- in settling his elbow on top of the car door -- accidentally DISCHARGES his pistol. The round hits the copter and PLINKS OFF.

INT. "SPECIAL" - NIGHT

Murphy looks up. Angry. Still wearing the Honeywell visor. He LOOKS at the cop cars. The cannon SWIVELS. The four cars--and the cops next to them--disappear in a THUNDEROUS orange ball of flame.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Smoke blows across the SCREEN...and fire. More SIRENS
APPROACHING -- tires SQUEALING -- doors SLAMMING --

The arriving SWAT teams don't ask questions -- They pump
every weapon they have into the helicopter.

The Special doesn't answer... It slowly collapses into a
mound of metal and plastic... As suddenly as it began -- the
firing STOPS.

A SWAT team walking through the wall of smoke... Toward the
copter -- carefully. They begin going through the charred
wreck. Poking around. Murphy's body is not there.

INT. ASTRO DIVISION - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

The place is packed with newsmen and photographers, and cops.
Lights. TV. Pandemonium. Bruddock, and the Mayor, and the
Commissioner are trying to answer all the screamed
questions.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

(into phone)

He's in the city somewhere! Find
him!

The front doors -- swing open. Murphy walks in. All sound
STOPS.

Every face in the room turns. Murphy walks slowly the length
of the lobby. His uniform half burned; his face sooty; one
arm hanging at his side, the other holding his flying
helmet. Every cop in the place DRAWS and sights on Murphy. 200
pistols pointing at him as he walks. Still dead silence.
Murphy walks up top the night desk. Up to Bruddock -- his
Captain -- He snaps to attention. Very tall. Very straight. Very
crazy. He salutes Bruddock crisply.

MURPHY

Lieutenant Murphy -- reporting for
debriefing -- sir.

Murphy holds the salute...waiting for an incredulous
Bruddock to return it . . .

THE END