

"BLUE THUNDER"

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THE HARDWARE, WEAPONRY, AND SURVEILLANCE
SYSTEMS DEPICTED IN THIS FILM ARE REAL
AND ALREADY IN USE IN THE UNITED STATES
TODAY.

IN TWO YEARS THE DATE WILL BE 1984.

FADE IN:

1

INT. METRO ROOFTOP HELIPORT -- SUNSET

1

It is about eight o'clock on a hot July evening. We are CLOSE on a round plastic helmet such as is worn by the helicopter pilots of the Astro Division, LAPD. Reflected in its somewhat ominous looking black visor is the round orange ball of the sinking sun. We HOLD, then gradually we begin to hear the clatter of rotor blades and the voices of men shouting instructions.

Then suddenly the helmet is snatched up out of the shot. We begin PULLING BACK to reveal another identical helmet in line with the first. As that is snatched up we move to the third. Snatched up. The fourth. -- and so on, till the sixth helmet. It sits there a BEAT then:

KRESS'S VOICE (O.S.)

Where the hell's Murphy?

We have PULLED BACK FAST to reveal the helipad and Lieutenant Kress, 45, a Watch Commander of the Astro Division. He wears a name tag, helicopter wings and an LAPD shield on his jumpsuit.

Pilots and Observers, in tan flight gear, are moving toward their choppers. Only one, Lymangood, -- a rookie observer on his thirty day probationary try out -- seems hesitant. He is thin and gawky, like a young colt just learning to move. Kress spots him.

KRESS

You, Rook! Go find him.

LYMANGOOD

Yesssir.

As Lymangood moves off --

2

INT. READY ROOM -- DUSK

2

We are close on Frank Murphy, about thirty-five. He is lean, somewhat sardonic, finely drawn and wears a blue flying suit. At present his eyes are shut and he is concentrating intently. We hear -

LYMANGOOD'S VOICE

Sir?

No answer from Murphy as we pull back enough to accomodate the rookie who has come up and is craning his neck around to look into Murphy's face. Puzzled.

Lymangood moves closer.

LYMANGOOD
(tries again)

UH- Sir?

Suddenly Murphy's eyes pop open and startle Lymangood.

MURPHY
Lose something?

As Lymangood recovers:

LYMANGOOD
No sir, it's just -- you're wanted on the pad.

We see that Murphy has been timing something by the stopwatch chronometer on his wrist. He checks the watch, clicks the sweepsecond hand back into place and exits.

3 EXT HELIPAD BY OPERATIONS OFFICE — SUNSET

3

As Captain Braddock, about 50, the Commanding Officer of the Astro Division comes out of the Office, looks around. He sees Murphy coming across the pad, followed by Lymangood -- several yards back.

4 ON MURPHY

4

As he pauses, looks around, Braddock comes up.

BRADDOCK
Feeling any pressure?

MURPHY
Yes Sir. Fifteen pounds per square inch at sea level.
(looks around)
Where's Montoya?

BRADDOCK
He's on days. Didn't you check the duty board?

MURPHY

I forgot.

BRADDOCK

You're flying with the new guy --
Lymangood.

MURPHY

Who?

LYMANGOOD
(comes up)

Me. Lymangood.

Murphy looks the rookie over without expression then:

MURPHY

Outstanding.

Murphy moves off toward the remaining helicopter; Lymangood follows. We stay with Braddock as Lt. Kress comes up.

KRESS

If it was me, I'd ground him.

BRADDOCK

He'll be all right.

KRESS

Personally, I wouldn't ride with him for
a cow that pissed Jack Daniels.

5 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT — SUNSET

5

As Murphy finishes his pre-flight check in the somewhat
weary looking cockpit -

MURPHY

Set?

LYMANGOOD

Set.

As Murphy lifts the collective and applies left pedal.

6 THE HELICOPTER BEGINS LIFT OFF.

6

7 INT. METROPOLITAN FLIGHT CENTER — SUNSET

7

As Two Controllers log Murphy's Chopper out --

1ST CONTROLLER
Airship twelve. Rolling. Out at nineteen
fifty nine hours. Make that twenty
hundred. Murphy and Lymangood.

2ND CONTROLLER
What happened to Montoya?

1ST CONTROLLER
They say he put in for days after that
wingding Murphy threw last month.

8 EXT. HELICOPTER - SUNSET - (AIR TO AIR) 8

As the aircraft is climbing into the twilight blue sky. On
the side of the white and blue aircraft we see the
inscription:

TO PROTECT AND SERVE

METROPOLITAN P.D.

9 EXT. SKY OVER LOS ANGELES - SUNSET TO NIGHT 9

We MOVE with the copter, going up through the smog and into
the LA air basin. The huge plastic bubble floats past us,
going up...the last rays of the sun turning it pink-purple.

10 THEY GO HIGHER UP OVER THE CITY. 10

11 To the north are the Hollywood hills, turning red. 11

12 And to the West, The Pacific Ocean. 12

13 EXT. CITY - NIGHT 13

Now the sun is gone and the sky is apple green in the West as
the chopper flies over the shimmering sodium lights of the
city.

14 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) - NIGHT 14

As Murphy is looking over at Lymangood.

MURPHY
So what brings you to Air Support?

LYMANGOOD

I don't know. I just put in for observer.
Kind of liked the idea. No guns. No
kicking in doors. You know.

Murphy throws a look: OH JESUS!

A beat then, as Lymangood peers downward.

LYMANGOOD

All those people -- what do suppose
they're all doing down there?

MURPHY

According to statistics, exactly one
million seven hundred thousand of them
are getting it on.

Lymangood peers closer, as if to maybe catch a couple
in.

LYMANGOOD

That many?

MURPHY (nods)

The rest are waiting for Laverne and
Shirley.

(into mike)

Air twelve to Astro Control. Over
Hollywood Freeway, turning West along
Sunset -

15 EXT. SKY OVER LA - NIGHT

15

The police chopper is moving into the Hollywood area,
approaching Sunset Boulevard.

16 EXT. SUNSET - POV - NIGHT

16

Hookers are strolling. Johns are cruising. A few peddlers
are selling.

17 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

17

Lymangood is peering through the night binoculars.

LYMANGOOD

Got a Black guy in a beanie. Looks like
he's selling dope out of a van.

18 BINOCULAR SHOT

18

We see a Black man in a red wool cap selling grass to a couple of teenage kids from the back of a van parked in a fast-food drive-in.

19 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

19

MURPHY

A red beanie?

LYMANGOOD

Yeah --

MURPHY

He's ours. Undercover buy program.
(then)

Where were you during briefing?

LYMANGOOD

I guess I just forgot.

MURPHY (A beat, then dryly)

Looks like you're going to fit right in.

At this point we hear:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

(female)

Air Twelve, we have a 415G -- gang activity and gunshots reported at Jackson Park -- rear the Pico Entrance. Request you check and clear park.

MURPHY

That's a roger - 10-4.

As Lymangood starts to give Central the word that they're on their way -

20 EXT. THE CITY (GROUND LEVEL) - NIGHT

20

We are in a long shot of the police helicopter with its blue running lights and zenon flashers racing across the LA night skyline at 400 feet.

21 EXT. JACKSON PARK - NIGHT

21

Ship comes in over the trees.

22 EXT. PARK BUSHES - NIGHT

22

A couple of teenage punks diving under a rock ledge.

All speeded up on drugs...measuring a jogger in the park for a mugging. The jogger is about 40, in a \$200. jogging suit.

23 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT -- NIGHT

23

As Lymangood is checking with his binoculars.

MURPHY

What do you make it?

LYMANGOOD

A jogger.

MURPHY

You've got to wonder if some of these
Whip-Dicks ever read the morning paper.

24 INT. COPTER OVER THE MAN -- NIGHT

24

Murphy goes for the bullhorn mike.

25 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

25

His voice -- amplified a thousand times -- rings out.

MURPHY

CLEAR THE PARK. I REPEAT -- CLEAR THE PARK,

No response below. The man continues jogging. We see that the jogger has an earphone stereo headset on, blissed out.

26 INT. HELECOPTER - NIGHT

26

LYMANGOOD

He can't hear you! He's got earphones on!

Murphy edges the copter lower. The guy keeps his pace.

MURPHY

So we'll walk him home.

The copter paces the guy, and moves lower.

MURPHY

Hit him.

Lymangood turns on the "night sun".

27

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

27

The blinding blue spotlight carried by all LAPD helicopters. 200,000 Watts of Xenon-quartz light pin the man. He's so rattled, he leaves the headphones on as he turns and shakes his fist up at the chopper.

JOGGER

You son of a bitch! What the Hell's the matter with you? Jesus Christ!

28

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

28

As a black-and-white appears and also catches the Jogger in it's spotlight.

29

EXT. BUSHES IN PARK - NIGHT

29

As the punks take off, getting the hell out of the park, we pan them away then up to the Helicopter -

30

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

30

As Murphy looks down --

MURPHY

All right. Ground's got him. We --

He breaks off as we hear --

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Air Twelve. We have a 211 in progress in the market at the corner of Fountain and Vine -

(then)

The suspect is a male Caucasian in an orange shirt and a cowboy hat. He is armed and has a hostage.

MURPHY

We're on our way --

(then sharply)

Well, tell'em!

As Lymangood starts to make the call, Murphy grouches.

MURPHY

Orange shirt and a cowboy hat. What happened to inconspicuous?

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ALL NIGHT MARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

31

We are on the parking lot door as a Young Thief in an orange shirt and cowboy hat comes backing out of the door. He has a Mexican Woman by the hair and is using her as a hostage -

MEXICAN WOMAN (in Spanish)

Oh my God, don't hurt me -- please don't hurt me.

Suddenly we hear the approaching Helicopter. The young thief looks up in the direction of the sound, then turns and runs through the parking lot-

32 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

32

Lymangood is looking out, now --

LYMANGOOD

There he goes!

MURPHY

Where?

LYMANGOOD

Air twelve to ground, your guy's going down the alley!

MURPHY

Hit him!

33 EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

33

Lymangood spears the Young Thief in the spotlight -

34 CLOSER - THE YOUNG THIEF

34

As he spins, looks up and squeezes off a couple of rounds at the chopper.

35 INT. THE BUBBLE (AIR TWELVE) - NIGHT

35

As one of the bullets goes through the plexiglass, missing Lymangood by inches. Lymangood looks over at Murphy, his eyes wide.

MURPHY

Welcome to Air Support.

As Murphy throws the chopper into tight orbit over the alley, Lymangood looks down again --

36 EXT. ALLEY (POINT OF VIEW) — NIGHT

36

As we are in a tight circle above the alley we see a police car come into the alley, slam to a stop and two cops pile out.

The Young Thief throws up his hands; drops his gun. As the police come up to the Young Thief and start to pat him down,

37 ANOTHER ANGLE — ALLEY

37

We see a car parked up the alley a way. As the policemen are questioning the Young Thief, a second Thief -- obviously a crime partner -- quietly slips out of the car from the off side, and taking a pistol out of his pocket starts making his way down behind a line of garbage cans toward the unsuspecting Cops on the ground.

38 INT. COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) - NIGHT

38

As Lyman good spots the Second Thief, moving behind the garbage cans.

LYMANGOOD

Holy cow! Look at that! Behind the garbage cans -

As Murphy looks down, then grabs up bullhorn.

MURPHY (over horn)

Ground Unit! Ground unit. Man with a gun behind those garbage cans --

39 CLOSER — THE COPS IN THE ALLEY

39

As the look toward the wrong garbage cans, the Second Thief rises to fire at the Policemen's backs.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE

40

As the chopper, suddenly dropping like a rock to about twelve feet over the Second Thief's head, kicks up such a storm of dust and trash and old newspapers with it's rotor blast that the Second Thief can't see, much less fire -

41 ANOTHER ANGLE — (POINT OF VIEW-CHOPPER)

41

As the Cops now spot the second Thief, and disarm him, another black-and-white slams to a stop.

As the two cops run up to help, one of them takes time to flash his light four times toward the chopper.

42 INT. BUBBLE (AIR TWELVE) — NIGHT

42

As Murphy translates --

MURPHY

You might work out at that.

The Congressional Medal of Honor has just been awarded. Lymangood tries to remain impassive --almost succeeds.

43 EXT. SKY OVER LA — (AIR TO AIR) — NIGHT

43

We are above the Police Helicopter as -- like some kind of a giant water bug -- it travels across the lights of the city. We move past Westwood toward the residential districts in the high priced foothills.

44 INT. COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) — NIGHT

44

As Murphy looks down at the crisscross of lights, then, half to himself -

MURPHY

Look at it.

LYMANGOOD

What? Where?

MURPHY

Everywhere. The patterns.

LYMANGOOD

Yes sir.

45 EXT. BRENTWOOD — NIGHT

45

They are passing over Brentwood, quiet streets, no pedestrians.

46 EXT. LINDEN ROAD - MURPHY'S POV - NIGHT

46

A torn up Camaro, its lights out, sits quietly under a tree at the far end of a road. It looks strangely out of place.

47 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

47

MURPHY

Check that ride,

(then)

Under that tree at the end of the road.

Lymangood switches on the night binocs, focuses on the beat up Camaro. Murphy hovers. Something about the Camaro bothers him.

48 EXT. LINDEN ROAD - POINT OF VIEW

48

The car seems abandoned. There are no front plates. OVER THIS SHOT -

LYMANGOOD (V.O.)

No front plates.

As Murphy swings the helicopter around, moving away.

49 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

49

MURPHY

Call it in. Abandoned vehicle.

LYMANGOOD

(into mike)

Air Twelve to Central. Reporting an abandoned vehicle. Light tan Camaro -- no front plates -- at the top of Linden Road.

50 EXT. LINDEN ROAD - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

50

From ground, shooting upwards at chopper. We PAN it across the sky as it leaves, then continue our PAN to the abandoned Camaro. A man, who had apparently been lying flat on the front seat, now, as the sound of helicopter grows fainter, sits up. His name is GRUNDELIUS, and his age about 35, fit looking, but unremarkable except for pale grey eyes.

51 CLOSER - GRUNDELIUS - NIGHT

51

He is dressed in chinos, open-necked cotton shirt and a faded navy blue windbreaker. From the seat beside him he picks up a .357 magnum and checks the load. Now he picks up a small walkie-talkie and speaks into it. His voice is low; we cannot make out what he is saying.

52

INT. - HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

52

As the chopper moves across the city. Lymangood checks his watch, then -

LYMANGOOD

What time you make it? Almost ten thirty?

Murphy throws a dry look in the Rookie's direction.

MURPHY

You been talking to Montoya?

LYMANGOOD

He DID mention something about Encino.

MURPHY

(a beat then)

Well, you might as well get the full initiation. You've been shot at -- you may's well get your picture taken.

53

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SKY OVER LA - NIGHT

53

As the chopper climbs up over Mulholland and drops down to the Valley side.

54

EXT. SKY OVER VALLEY - NIGHT

54

Clattering throughout the low hills of Encino past the clustered hillside homes.

55

EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

As they come up over a rise -- in the dark, hovering about half way up a cul-de-sac canyon. High up, at the far end is a handsome home.

56

CLOSER - LUCY'S HILLSIDE MANSION (THROUGH BUBBLE)

56

Cutting in Murphy and Lymangood in the foreground we are holding on the large expensive hillside mansion, almost all glass, especially the living room view window.

57

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

57

Lymangood, swallowing hard, puts the binocs on his eyes.

LYMANGOOD

Montoya says he thinks she's some kind of movie actress or something -- be just my damn luck if they had her working tonight -- overtime.

(then)

Those dirty bastards. Slave drivers. Slave driver bastards. They don't care how hard they work a person as long as they get those big bucks in their oh my God she's fantastic!

Lymangood has changed direction without pause. Now as he fiddles with the focus -

57 A BINOCULAR SHOT LUCY'S HOUSE (THROUGH VIEW WINDOW)

57 A

As the scene comes into sharp focus we see a beautiful young chick as she crosses to a big stereo system and turns it on. Now she sits and begins a routine of Yoga exercises. We might notice that she is tanned all over.

58 INT. HELICOPTER

58

LYMANGOOD

Ten thirty on the dot. If there's one quality I really appreciate in a person its punctuality. If you say you're going to be at a certain place at a certain -

(then)

How does she do that?

59 EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE

59

This last as Lucy has wrapped a leg around her head or something -

60 INT. HELICOPTER FEATURING MURPHY - NIGHT

60

As he glances toward the mansion in response to Lymangood's last. Other than that we might notice that Murphy isn't particularly into peeping into windows.

MURPHY

Beats the hell out of me.

LYMANGOOD

You think she knows we're out here?

MURPHY

All she's got to do is look out the damned window --

LYMANGOOD

I think maybe she doesn't know..

61 EXT. HILLSIDE HOME. - NIGHT

61

Murphy notices a light go on in the window of a nearby hillside home. Someone, a silhouette in a bathrobe, appears briefly in the window.

62 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

62

MURPHY

Well, something does --

LYMANGOOD

Hey. She's tan all over --

(then thoughtfully)

I wonder where she takes her sunbaths --

CUT TO:

63 EXT. LINDEN ROAD, BRENTWOOD - NIGHT

63

A 1979 Cadillac Seville drives up the street towards the parked Camaro. The Seville turns into the driveway as the gate opens.

64 INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

64

Grundelius picks up his walkie-talkie.

65 INT. SEVILLE - NIGHT

65

DIANA McNEELY, Black attractive, 35, she is casually well dressed. A professional look. We will discover that she's a member of the City Council. There's a large leather briefcase on the seat beside her. She drives in and pushes the button to close the gate.

66 EXT. OUTSIDE THE GATE - NIGHT

66

Grundelius runs to the gate, places a brick in its path.

The heavy iron gate starts to roll shut, moving, moving...

hits the brick. As it's programmed to do, the gate reverses and starts to slide back open.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE -- INCLUDING GARAGE/CARPORT

67

As Grundelius runs back to the Camaro, a Ford Sedan comes screaming into the driveway. It slams to a skidddding stop smacking the back of the Seville as Diana is getting out.

68 CLOSER

68

Two men jump out of the Ford, leaving the doors open. They are swarthy, could be Chicano, Arab, Cuban. Diane turns.

DIANA

What do you....?

As the two men attack her, grabbing her briefcase, she fights back.

DIANA

There's nothing in her but --

(then)

Goddamn you!

They have knocked her down.

CUT TO:

69 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

69

The police helicopter is still hovering near Nude Lucy's place when suddenly:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units in the vicinity...Rape in progress....3920 Linden Road....

Murphy reacts to the call and starts the ship moving toward Brentwood.

MURPHY

Oh, you son of a bitch!!

CUT TO:

70 INT. CARPORT/GARAGE - NIGHT

70

Diane is putting up a hell of a fight.

One of her attackers pulls a knife; the other gets an arm around her throat from behind. Even so, she kicks like a mule.

FIRST MAN

Come on, Bitch! Don't let me have to cut you.

71 EXT. 3920 LINDEN - NIGHT

71

Three Metro black-and-white cruisers converge on the house, tires SQUEALING. They stop in the driveway, SIRENS wailing. Six cops jump out of the cars. The Camaro is gone.

72 INT. GARAGE/CARPORT

72

There's absolute, moist panic in the attackers' eyes as they hear the sirens and slamming car doors. The cop cars block the driveway.

SECOND MAN

We're had! Let's go! Let's go!

In hysteria, they grab her pocketbook and briefcase and run, spilling papers and contents into the night.

73 EXT. BACKYARD LINDEN RD. - ANOTHER ANGLE

73

The two assailants race toward the large backyard, towards distant trees so huge it's almost a jungle. The first man grabs a gun from his pocket...running backwards.

74 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

74

Lit only by high spotlights. Two stumbling men...terrified.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)
(yells)

Police! Stop! Stop! Stop!

As the first man whirls to go, he trips over a rock and accidentally discharges his gun. He gets up and keeps going. Papers scatter from the briefcase. The cops now respond the only way they could in this dark area: they return the fire.

75 INT. GARAGE/CARPORT - ANOTHER ANGLE

75

Diana pulling herself together, stumbles around the corner to try to stop the escalating disaster.

76 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

76

DIANA

No! No! Please! Let them go.

The helicopter comes in low over the trees and fixes the spot on the two men, who are confused by the light.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE

77

The policemen now see the two assailants clearly and shred them. But not before the first man returns a shot which swings wide of its intended mark and hits Diana who goes down, but is not killed.

78 INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE MURPHY

78

As his face starts to glisten with a faint film of sweat.

79 SUBLIMINAL CUT - MURPHY

79

It is day. Murphy is flying a Huey over Vietnam. WE are close on him but we hear Vietnamese chatter offscene.

80 INT. COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) - NIGHT

80

Murphy's knuckles are white on the controls and the sweat shoes around his eyes. The Chopper drops a bit. Lymangood looks over, perceives that Murphy is going through something.

LYMANGOOD

You okay? Sir?

MURPHY

(catches himself)

Yeah..Fine.

(then)

You'd better call them for an ambulance and a meat wagon.

81 EXT. BACKYARD - MURPHY'S POV. - NIGHT

81

The police rush in and check the dead man. The papers from the briefcase start blowing in the chopper's rotorwash, some rise high, float off.

82 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

82

MURPHY

The woman? How is she?

Lymangood looks down as they orbit.

LYMANGOOD

She doesn't look too good.

A beat, then --

MURPHY

(softly)

God damn it to hell.

LYMANGOOD

Sir?

MURPHY

That junker -- the Camaro. It's gone.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. METRO HELIPAD - NIGHT

83

As Murphy's chopper comes in for a touch down.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE (THROUGH BUBBLE)

84

As the airship settles down and the Mechanics come up. One of the Mechanics, Simmons, appears as Murphy opens his door -

SIMMONS

The Old Man wants to see you both.
Right now.

CUT TO:

85 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE (ASTRO DIVISION) - NIGHT

85

Captain Braddock is looking at some papers on his deck as Murphy and Lymangood enter carrying their helmets and other gear.

The captain looks up, with deceptive calm.

BRADDOCK

One of the real fun things about this job is reading the citizen's complaints. For instance tonight here's a fellow who doesn't seem to appreciate us disturbing his sleep.

(then)

I just hope I won't be called on to explain to the Chief who two of my people were hovering over Encino at ten thirty while Commissioner McNeely was getting the shit kicked out of her in her own front yard in Brentwood -

MURPHY

That was her? On Linden Road? Diana McNeely?

BRADDOCK

(nods)

Of the Mayors Special Task Force on Urban Violence. Little touch of irony in there if you like that sort of thing.

MURPHY

Any word on her?

BRADDOCK

She's in Intensive Care, Queen of Angels.

(then)

She caught a slug. From one of the rapists.

MURPHY

Rapists?

BRADDOCK

Assault and battery and attempted rape. That's how they're calling it downtown.

MURPHY

That was no attempted rape.

BRADDOCK

The case is closed. We've got two assholes in the morgue to prove it.

MURPHY

That abandoned vehicle we called in? The Camaro? That was a stake out.

BRADDOCK

Not stake-out, make-out. Two kids who couldn't afford a hot-sheet motel.

MURPHY

Kids go to Mulholland -- not a dead end street in Brentwood. That's not the pattern.

BRADDOCK

Forget patterns. The Camaro doesn't figure in it. We've got a solved case here. Period.

MURPHY

Doesn't it bother you that the car had no plates? Doesn't it bother you that it was gone when we got back? Doesn't it bother you that rapists don't work in pairs?

BRADDOCK

(slams his palm on the desk)

What bothers me is that some bright-eyed son of a bitch might just ask what the hell you were doing five miles out of your assigned patrol area,

LYMANGOOD

Sir?

BRADDOCK

When I'm speaking to you Lymangood, I'll be looking at you.

LYMANGOOD

I just wanted to say it was my fault --

BRADDOCK

You're supposed to be stupid -- just don't abuse the privilege. Don't you think I've heard about that silly cunt out there in Encino? I had twenty years in this outfit when your idea of a big time was Bugs Bunny and a fudgesicle.

(Then, to Murphy)

To jog your memory, Officer Murphy, there are people in this town who do not like Policemen. Who do not like the idea of Helicopters flying over their houses --peeking in windows. You know what they'd do with this? They'd burn you, me, your idiot friend here, and the whole goddamned division.

BRADDOCK

All right. The lid is on. You're both grounded till I can figure out where the hell to hide you for the next couple of weeks.

MURPHY

Grounded?

BRADDOCK

Just for the record Murphy, I'm bending over backwards --

(then)

There were people who wanted to bring you up for psychiatric re-evaluation after that little wig-out last month. Moral: when you're walking on eggs, don't hop.

(then)

That's it.

CUT TO:

87

INT. UNDERGROUND POLICE GARAGE — NIGHT

87

As Murphy comes into the shadowy Police garage, and crossing to his car -- a big Trans Am -- gets in. He pauses for a moment, closes his eyes and pinches his temples with his thumb and middle finger. Now he opens his eyes and begins to rub the base of his left thumb -- a Chinese cure for headache.

88

ANOTHER ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

88

Murphy puts the car into gear and tires SQUEALING, takes it up to the S-shaped ramp that leads to the street and STOPS.

From this angle we see the two lanes are divided in the center by orange highway cones.

89

ANOTHER ANGLE — THE RAMP

89

Murphy takes the car slalom type up the ramp, weaving in and out between the cones. We INTERCUT between Murphy's intense expression as he drives, the car's wheels missing the cones.

90

EXT. RAMP AND STREET — NIGHT

90

Murphy's car comes onto the street, barely missing the final cone, and TURNS into the street.

91 INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

91

Murphy's LOOKS back, the final cone is standing. His expression says: well, I can still do that, anyway.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE — FEATURING MURPHY

92

He turns on the radio, goes past a couple of music stations, past heavy metal, past punk, past Billy Joel, stops finally at a late night talk show -- The Midnight Fascist.

MIDNIGHT FASCIST (V.O.)

What you people don't seem to realize is that the American Taxpayer isn't going to hold still -- or foot the bill for a lot of phony welfare programs that never worked in the first place.

93 EXT. HOLLYWOOD AREA — NIGHT

93

As Murphy's Trans Am comes up the Boulevard toward Highland at about two thirty a.m. we see knots of street kids -- swaggering Chicano gangs -- quiet, angry young blacks -- all turning flat hostile eyes on strangers. Even this late it is still hot -- in the eighties. Over this we hear, on the Midnight Fascist's talk show -

CHICANO (V.O.)

There's gonna be an explosion. You dig what I'm telling you, man. And it ain't gonna be like Watts neither -- we ain't burnin' our own place this time -- we gone trash Beverly Hills, man. Up in smoke.

94 ON MURPHY

94

As he switches off the station, gets middle-of-the-road, leaves it. The kids on the street corners are bad-eyeing him. The radio is going: "No more blue songs...only whoop-de-do songs." Murphy shuts it off. Swings off Highland and onto the Freeway.

95 ANOTHER ANGLE — THRU WINDSHIELD

95

As Murphy tools his ride over Cahuenga Pass.

96 EXT. MURPHY'S TRACT HOUSE -- VALLEY -- NIGHT

96

The Trans Am finds the last tract house on the block. Built on a small rise overlooking the Valley. Bought before the real estate boom -- it hasn't been kept up. The lawn is neglected. There's a little driveway. Murphy parks there and gets out.

97 INT. MURPHY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

97

Dark. What can be seen is neat. Murphy opens the refrigerator. Inside: 3 half gallon cartoons of "Knudsen's Sweet Acidophilus" milk -- and two cans of Coors.

Murphy takes one of the Coors.

98 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

98

He doesn't bother with the lights. The outside glow reveals an inexpensive sofa -- a lamp -- one chair. Murphy doesn't entertain many people.

He goes to the phone. Next to it is an answering machine. He puts the beer down, presses the replay button.

He's been kneading the base of his left thumb. Hard. As he does so, we hear:

KATE'S VOICE

Hey listen, it's me. I don't know whether a post card from Laguna means we're speaking again but call me when you get in, okay? Even if we're not speaking, call me -- huh? Please.

The machine cycles the next message.

KATE'S VOICE

I'm back. Is there no getting rid of this chick? The reason I'm pressing is that I've got a really big favor I need tonight. I'm desperate. In extremis. No matter what time it is, call me. Did I say that before? No matter -- it bears repeating.

The machine clicks off. Murphy makes no move to return the call. He heads back for the bedroom. There's a car door slam outside.

His ears pick up. The sound of a key in the front door and the door opens. Murphy unholsters his weapon and moves to the living room. Aiming at the shape in the front door, he reaches for the light switch. As he turns the light on:

MURPHY

FREEZE!

The light comes on revealing KATE in the doorway. She has a six year old boy TIMMY, asleep on her shoulder. She's in her early thirties, attractive, straightforward faintly sardonic. The kid is a nice consequence of a dumb marriage.

KATE

For God sake, Murphy!

MURPHY

That's a good way to get yourself killed--

KATE

You going to shoot me for a burglar?

(then)

You Bozo. How many burglars come in the front door with a key?

MURPHY

It's been a long hard damned day. If there's anything I don't need right now it's logic.

KATE

All right. All right. I came to make friends, okay?

She holds the key up.

KATE

Here it is. The key.

She puts the key on a table -- almost ceremoniously.

KATE

(continues)

That makes it official. right?

(a beat, then)

The reason I came over is we're giving a little cake and coffee thing at the boutique and we've got to borrow some knives and forks--

MURPHY

At three o'clock in the morning?

KATE

Well, you've got this problem, Murphy --
you don't return phone calls.

MURPHY

Help yourself. They're in the kitchen.

KATE

I know -

(then)

Here. Hold him will you?

99

ANOTHER ANGLE

99

As Kate hands the kid to Murphy.

KATE

By the way, you're invited.

MURPHY

To what?

KATE

Our giant first annual carrot cake
extravaganza. Annie's cooking her
little ass off. Come by, huh?

(then)

Fat chance.

She disappears into the kitchen --

100

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

100

As Kate collects the knives and forks, -- a motley collection, not two alike. Her attitude might tell us that it wasn't knives and forks that brought her calling at three a.m.

KATE

(calls in)

So how was Laguna?

There is no answer from Murphy in the other room. She tries again.

KATE

Have a nice leave?

Still no answer. She crosses to the door, looks into the living room.

101 KATE'S ANGLE

101

Timmy is asleep on the couch. Murphy is in the middle of the room, standing with his eyes closed -- as we have seen him before -- his right hand on the sweep second button of his chronometer. He clicks the button, checks the stopped sweep second hand.

KATE

That a new one?

As Murphy turns--

MURPHY

New what?

KATE

Tic. To go with the coin flipping and the Chinese headache cure --

(demonstrates)

What is it? Some sort of a little mini-trance?

MURPHY

I read someplace that when you're really starting to flip out the first thing you lose is your time-sense. Can't tell five seconds from twenty-five with your eyes shut.

KATE

There's nothing wrong with you -- except what you're doing to yourself.

Murphy looks at the sleeping child, then --

MURPHY

How'd you like to be able to sleep like that?

102 ON KATE - KITCHEN

102

As Kate looks at him, starts to say something then thinks better of it and crosses back into the kitchen. We follow. She collects the last of the mismatched silver -- rejecting a bent-out-of-shape pickle fork -- then starts looking for something to put the silverware in. As she goes through cupboards--

KATE

A box, a box, my kingdom for a --
(then)

Ahh.

She has found a suitable box in a somewhat remote cupboard. As she withdraws it she sees another box behind it. This one is a gift box from I.Magnin's or Bullocks.

Her curiosity peaked she opens the box to reveal a lovely lace tablecloth.

KATE

(calls in)

This is beautiful.

MURPHY

Beautiful?

Murphy appears in the doorway as Kate turns from the cupboard with the lace tablecloth --

KATE

May I borrow it if I promise to guard it with my --

MURPHY

(interrupts)

You can't borrow it because it's already yours. I bought it for your birthday -- which I then --

(breaks off)

When the hell am I going to do something right? You know, I thought I gave you that damn thing?

KATE

Never mind. It's beautiful and I love it.

She comes up and kisses him.

103 EXT. MURPHY'S PLACE -- NIGHT

103

Kate and Murphy are walking down to Kate's little car -- an open MGB. Murphy carries the kid. Kate has her present and the knives and forks. As they walk -

KATE

Hey, Frank?

MURPHY

Hm?

KATE

About that shouting match --

MURPHY

Which one?

KATE

The last one -- with the flying pot roast.

MURPHY

You throw a pretty good spiral -- for a girl.

KATE

Im serious.

MURPHY

That was my fault -- they all were -- you know that.

KATE

I know you've been going through some heavy changes and I'd like to help if I could --

They have reached Kate's little car. Murphy puts Timmy carefully in the back seat and then comes around to her side. She has gotten in. He closes the door for her, then -

MURPHY

If you had any sense, you'd turn me in on a surfer.

KATE

I tried that once. It didn't work. Neither did he, come to think of it.

(then)

I'm the stubborn type. Okay?

There is a beat then:

MURPHY

Okay --

She drives off. We pan with her -- over to the grid of lights stretching across the Valley.

104 ON MURPHY

104

As he looks off at the grid pattern. He feels a headache coming on, starts kneading the base of his left thumb. A faint film of perspiration is beginning to form on his face as we -

CUT TO:

105 A TELEVISION NEWSCAST — DAY

105

We are on a Television Newscaster, Tony Moyers.

MOYERS

On the local front the top story is still the assault and attempted rape of Diana McNeely --who chaired the Mayor's task force on Urban Violence. Ms. McNeely is still on the critical list. We spoke to Chief Allan this morning about the latest developments -

106 INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE — DAY

106

As the personable Metro Chief of Police speaks directly to the camera -

CHIEF

Up until now we have nothing on the two assailants. They were without identification -- probably Latin American and almost certainly Illegal Aliens - -

107 EXT. MCNEELY HOUSE (BRENTWOOD) — DAY

107

Fingerprint teams are working on the Ford sedan that the two attackers arrived in. It is still parked in the driveway.

CHIEF'S VOICE

Our fingerprint teams are going over the car they drove -- which was apparently stolen from a Santa Monica Parking lot--

108 ON MOYERS

108

As he continues the newscast.

MOYERS

It is unclear just what impact this latest incident will have on the minority community and the increasing racial tensions that -

(then)

Just a moment. We have a bulletin from Queen of Angels -

109

EXT. - QUEEN OF ANGELS HOSPITAL - DAY

109

We see Lee Chung, Moyer's Assistant doing a stand-up in front of the Hospital.

CHUNG

We've just received an announcement --
(reads)

Commissioner Diana McNeely died at eight forty-seven this morning due to complications arising from a gunshot wound which penetrated her left lung and lodged in her spinal column. Miss McNeely never regained consciousness and if she had lived would have been totally paralyzed.

(looks up)

(then)

This is Lee Chung, live from the Queen of Angels Hospital-

CUT TO:

110

EXT. MCNEELY HOUSE (BRENTWOOD) - NIGHT

110

As Murphy's Trans Am comes up to the address, stops at the curb. He gets out and crosses up to the closed gate. Across it is a yellow police tape reading: "POLICE INVESTIGATION KEEP OUT" A hot Santa Ana wind is blowing -- setting the dry summer leaves on the oak trees to rubbing and clashing against each other. He carries with him a small pencil flashlight.

111

ANOTHER ANGLE

111

Murphy looks around and climbs the fence without difficulty. He drops to the inside lightly, dusts off his hands and moves toward the house.

112

ANOTHER ANGLE

112

We move with Murphy as he inspects the area flashing the light here and there. He crosses toward the back of the house, looking -- looking --

113

BACK OF HOUSE

113

As Murphy comes around the back of the house he spots something in a tree -- a piece of paper fluttering in the nerve-wracking wind.

He crosses up -- half shinning up the trunk of the tree to retrieve the paper. Holding it carefully, he inspects it in the beam of the flashlight.

114 INSERT — THE PAPER

114

It is a fragment of what apparently is a note, written in Spanish.

115 BACK TO SCENE

115

Murphy folds the paper and puts it in his wallet, then -- after a last look around -- starts around the corner of the house toward the rear. We move with him.

As he comes around the corner in the darkness, suddenly he is hit in the face with a dazzle of bright light. From behind the light we hear --

FIRST COPS' VOICE

All right! Police Officer! Put your hands in the air --

MURPHY

I'm a Police Officer.

FIRST COP

So am I, now stand still or I'll put one in your ten ring.

116 EXT. MCNEELY HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

116

A black-and-white police car is parked behind Murphy's Trans Am. A Second Cop is talking on the radio. We pan over to the McNeely house.

Murphy and the First Cop are coming around the corner of the house.

FIRST COP

He's Murphy -- Astro Division.

SECOND COP

Frank Murphy?

MURPHY

That's right.

SECOND COP

Call Captain Braddock -- and from one Cop to another -- If I was you I wouldn't take too long about it -

CUT TO:

117 INT. POLICE GARAGE (ASTRO DIVISION) - NIGHT

117

We are on the ramp as Murphy's car come in and pulls into a slot. As Murphy starts to pile out Braddock is coming up -

BRADDOCK

Why the hell don't you go home sometime?
I've been trying to get you all night --

MURPHY

I couldn't sleep -- that McNeely thing --

BRADDOCK

Forget the McNeely thing-- we've just
come up with a hot mince pie under each
arm.

(then)

You're back on flying status, assigned
to a special detail.

MURPHY

What detail?

BRADDOCK

Come on. We're on a fast track--

(then)

Gentlemen?

118 ANOTHER ANGLE

118

This last is directed toward two men who stand near the elevator doors in conversation. Their names are ICELAN and FLETCHER. They are both about thirty-five, poised, superior...take nothing at face value. Fletcher might have the faintest touch of girl in him.

Now they turn with pinned on smiles as Murphy and Braddock approach.

BRADDOCK

Frank, this is Mister Icelan and Mister
Fletcher from Washington--

(then)

Frank Murphy-- the best pilot we've got.

As they shake hands --

ICELAN

I'm glad we found you in time --

BRADDOCK

This way, gents --

As they cross to an unmarked Police care we move with them.

ICELAN

We're due out at the weapons testing range at first light -- what do they call that place?

BRADDOCK

Pinkville.

ICELAN

(to Murphy)

We're testing a new helicopter prototype -- not for public di emination yet -- We have our own pilot but Los Angeles has been chosen as Operational testing area and your Mayor is anxious that his own people participate.

FLETCHER

Ours not reason why -- ours but to submit to the vagueries of local politics.

They have reached the car. As they get in --

118A INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

118A

As it gets onto the Hollywood/Ventura Freeway at the Interchange, Braddock puts a portable red light on top of the car -- if that's the way they work it -- and floorboard's it.

Icelan and Fletcher are in the back seat. Braddock and Murphy are in the front seat -- Braddock at the wheel. After a moment Icelan leans forward with a cigarette case.

ICELAN

Smoke, Frank -- is it?

MURPHY

No. Yes.

As Icelan looks momentarily nonplussed:

MURPHY

No, smoke. Yes, Frank.

Icelan isn't too wild about the way this interview is beginning. He settles back, takes a cigarette and as he goes through the ritual -

ICELAN

I understand you flew in Viet Nam.

MURPHY

That's right.

ICELAN

Two tours.

MURPHY

One and a half.

FLETCHER

How come the foreshortened tour?

MURPHY

You know what they say. A sucking chest wound is nature's way of telling you it's time to go home.

BRADDOCK

What Frank won't tell you is he picked up a Silver Star, a couple of DFC's, a small pisspot full of Air Medals plus a couple of Purple Hearts -

MURPHY

You were going to tell me about this Special Detail --

119 ANOTHER ANGLE

119

There is a beat. Braddock shoots Murphy a glance that says: cool it. Icelan enjoys his cigarette for a moment, as -

FLETCHER

Do any running, Frank? Track in school?

MURPHY

I tried the intermediates for a while. Why?

ICELAN

The reason we ask-is a lot of people
are already looking forward to the
Olympics out here -

(then)

For a few short weeks the attention of
the world will be focused on this town
-- and every nut-case in the world,
every terrorist, every crazy with a
pipe-bomb and a cause, every wild-eyed
flake is drooling already.

(then)

That's what this special detail is all
about. It's about potential for
catastrophe. We don't want any Munich
Massacres out here.

MURPHY

Are you talking about crowd control from
the air?

ICELAN

Give the man a cigar.

MURPHY

That's been tried before and it didn't work
so hot.

FLETCHER

Where?

MURPHY

In Nam.

ICELAN

We've added a few new wrinkles.

MURPHY

Such as?

FLETCHER

You'll see.

CUT TO:

120 MOJAVE DESERT — DAWN

120

It's just before dawn as the unmarked Police car turns off
the Main highway and onto a side road. We pan with it then
continue to pan over to a sign that reads:

PINKVILLE

WEAPON EVALUATION CENTER

METROPOLITAN P.D.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. PARKING AREA — DAWN

121

In the parking area are maybe twenty different police cars, the Santa Ana Police Department, the San Diego Police Department, Santa Barbara, Oceanside, San Jose. We see the unmarked Metro Cop car come up, pull to a stop. As Murphy, Braddock, Icelan and Fletcher get out -

122 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT WEAPONS RANGE — DAY

122

Murphy, Icelan, Fletcher and Braddock are walking through the parked cars to a grandstand.

MURPHY

When you say it has anti-terrorist capabilities -- are you saying it's armed?

ICELAN

That I am and that it is.

Suddenly they start to hear something, the sound of an approaching helicopter. The sound seems to be coming from behind a nearby line of hills --

FLETCHER

That sounds like it now --

The sound is building. It has a nerve-wracking quality to it, thunderous.

MURPHY

I thought you couldn't arm a police helicopter.

FLETCHER

That would depend on the circumstances, wouldn't it?

MURPHY

A lot of people won't be too happy about that --

They are almost shouting now as the noise has become almost sky splitting although the chopper still isn't visible.

BRADDOCK

What do they call this thing, the earbuster?

ICELAN
(shouts)

The Special -- but somebody hung a
nickname on it -

MURPHY
(shouts)

What?

ICELAN
(shouts)

Blue Thunder --

123 EXT. TARGET RANGE AND SPECTATORS AREA -- DAY

123

Possibly two dozen Police officials have been assembled at a small reviewing stand where they sit or stand facing the target range, a length of desert marked off by colored markers. Inside the markers are dolls -- six foot dummies -- "killers and terrorists" -- painted red. On the perimeters of the area are other dolls -- "Innocent bystanders" -- painted white. At one end of the area is a pillbox.

124 ANOTHER ANGLE

124

Facing the aggregation of Lawmen is an Army Sergeant who lectures, describing the fine points of the ship as it passes, pauses, does it's miraculous thing.

SERGEANT

Here she comes gentlement -- hot and heavy. She don't look normal -- she don't fly normal and she ain't normal -
(then) That belly is armor -- Nordoc NATO armor --one inch thick.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE

125

As Murphy, Braddock, Icelan and Fletcher come from the "Pinkville" area to the reviewing stand where the Sergeant is holding forth, we hear -

SERGEANT

If you'll notice, just above the rotor is your mast sight -- works on the same principle as a periscope on a submarine,
(then)

You can track your target while you're safe -- hiding behind terrain.

As the Special moves off, to make it's run,

Fletcher steps up to Murphy.

FLETCHER

The red dummies represent terrorists,
the white are innocent bystanders.

SERGEANT

This aircraft is armed with twenty
millimeter electric canon -- which you
see under the belly. Its six barrels
are capable of firing four thousand
rounds of ammunition per minute -- and
that gentlemen is one hell of a shit
storm in anybody's language.

126 ANOTHER ANGLE

126

As the big blue chopper comes in for a run on the dolls sud-
denly we see the puffs of smoke and the tracer lines from the
drum-like six-barreled belly gun as the twenty millimeter
shells are fired.

127 EXT. THE FIELD OF DUMMIES -- DAY

127

As the enormous firepower erupts in the field of dolls, the
whole area seems to explode. Dolls are torn to bits, gouts
of desert sand are thrown into the air -

128 ON MURPHY

128

As he looks at the display of raw power, while the helicopter
roars over head --

MURPHY

(softly)

My God --

129 SUBLIMINAL CUT - MURPHY - DAY

129

As he flies over Vietnam. Again we hear the garbled sound of
Vietnamese offscene. The Voice is urgent, pleading.

130 ANOTHER ANGLE

130

As Icelan comes up to where Murphy and Braddock are standing, still stunned by the noise and the power of the big blue chopper.

ICELAN

Of course that kind of fire power would only be used if our worst case scenario came to pass -- armed insurrection.

(smiles)

But it's comforting to know you've got it on tap.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE

131

As the big blue chopper comes in for its next run the tracer lines from the twenty millimeters under the belly stray out of the area of red dolls, blow up several of the white "innocent bystander" dummies.

132 ON MURPHY AND THE OTHERS

132

As they look on the torn up smoking graveyard of dummies.

ICELAN

Look at that. Every red dummy blown to hell.

MURPHY

And a few white ones --

FLETCHER

One civilian dead for ten terrorists -- acceptable ratio.

MURPHY

Unless its you who gets blown away.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Last pass gentlemen--anybody want to bet on the pillbox?

133 ANOTHER ANGLE - FIRING RANGE

133

As the big blue chopper comes in for the thired and last pass.

134 ANOTHER ANGLE

134

As it starts to fire, blows the pill box to hell and gone in one tremendous explosion.

135 ANOTHER ANGLE

135

As the big blue chopper comes in for a landing in front of the reviewing stand, Icelan, Fletcher and move to it. The rotors stop spinning --

136 CLOSE -- THE BIG BLUE CHOPPER

136

As the door opens and the pilot climbs out. He is Colonel COCHRANE in his late thirties. A large, tough, cold looking man's man, the Colonel would very probably -- had he been born a hundred years earlier -- been a hired gun.

He wears a black leather flying suit and black driving gloves he strips off as he crosses up to Icelan and Fletcher.

137 BRADDOCK AND MURPHY

137

Also moving toward the machine. Now as Cochrane turns into Murphy's full view --

MURPHY

Well what do you know.

BRADDOCK

Friend of yours?

MURPHY

An old war buddy...the son of a bitch tried to court martial me once --

138 ON COCHRANE, ICELAN AND FLETCHER

138

As they stand near the chopper, Braddock and Murphy come up --

ICELAN

Colonel Cochrane, this is Captain Braddock of the Astro Division and Frank Murphy. Frank will be doing the actual testing over the city of Los Angeles--

As Murphy and Cochrane look at each other without love --

MURPHY

Finally made Colonel, hey?

COCHRANE

If you're a nice guy, nice things happen to you.

MURPHY

I'll have to remember that.

Murphy and Braddock move off to where the chopper sits.
Cochrane turns to Icelan.

COCHRANE

How did we win him?

ICELAN

He was assigned to us by the Metro P.D.
He and his observer.

(then)

I didn't realize you were acquainted.

COCHRANE

He isn't going to work out.

Icelan glances over toward Murphy who is inspecting the Special, then:

ICELAN

I'll call Mister Holmes tonight.

COCHRANE

Don't bother him -- I'll handle it.

139 ANOTHER ANGLE — BY HELICOPTER

139

As the Sergeant is pointing out the various features --

SERGEANT

This is your thirty million candlepower
nightlight -- with a heat sensitive
infrared filter -- this is your TV
camera -- zoom lens --

We are on Murphy who is looking at the ship. Cochrane comes
up --

COCHRANE

We could've used that in Nam, hey?

MURPHY

(dryly)

We could've used something.

COCHRANE

Think you can fly it?

MURPHY

You flew it didn't you?

COCHRANE

(a beat)

Yeah, well I'll check you out in one of
your own birds this afternoon.

(then)

Be on the pad at twelve sharp.

MURPHY

You got it.

Cochrane crosses to the chopper, gets in, then looking back
at Murphy he makes a little gun out of his hand and shoots
him with it.

COCHRANE

Catch you later --

CUT TO:

140 EXT. HELIPAD -- DAY

140

As Murphy comes out of the Operations Office a Police
Helicopter is just setting down nearby. The portside door
opens and FELIX MONTOYA, Murphy's previous observer, comes
out with his clipboard and log --

141 CLOSER

141

As Montoya comes up to Murphy --

MURPHY

So, how's the day shift?

MONTOYA

My little bride is very happy -- what's
happening with you, oh Man of the Sky?

MURPHY

I've got to take a flight check. But
listen Felix --

Murphy reaches into his wallet and takes out the fragment of note paper -- with Spanish writing on it -- that he found at McNeely's place. As he gives it to Montoya:

MURPHY

(continuing)

What do you make of this?

MONTOYA

What is it?

MURPHY

I don't know. I found it up at Diana McNeely's -- I think it came out of her briefcase. something to do with that task force on urban violence.

(then)

It's a little hard to make out. I guess the automatic sprinklers caught it.

142 ANOTHER ANGLE

142

As Montoya looks at the fragment of paper --

MONTOYA

Listen, I got to log in. I'll get back to you on this --

MURPHY

Yeah. Look it over and call me. We'd better meet some place and be careful -- the lid's still on the McNeely thing.

MONTOYA

Yeah. Kind of makes you wonder -- doesn't it?

143 ANOTHER ANGLE

143

As Lymangood comes out of the Operations office, he crosses Montoya who is going in. They ad lib greetings, then, as Montoya enters the ops office, Lymangood catches up with Murphy.

144 MOVING SHOT - MURPHY AND LYMANGOOD

144

As they walk down toward the end of the helipad.

LYMANGOOD

You know what he told me the other day -- Montoya -- he said that you looped one of those things, a helicopter. You didn't -- did you? He was just putting me on. Right?

MURPHY

No. he wasn't.

LYMANGOOD

You mean you actually did it? You looped a chopper?

MURPHY

(nods)

In Nam. When I was young and stupid --

145 ANOTHER ANGLE

145

As they approach the Police Helicopter we see Cochrane is nearby with a civilian crewman or two. He is showing them some notes on a check list.

LYMANGOOD

A complete three-sixty? Right over the top?

MURPHY

A full loop.

LYMANGOOD

I thought that was impossible.

Cochrane has overheard this last. He turns:

COCHRANE

It is.

(then)

It's aereodynamically impossible. And anyone who tells you otherwise is a damned liar.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE

146

Lymangood glances at at Murphy looking for a response. After a long moment ...

147 ANOTHER ANGLE

147

As Cochrane gives a little explosive laugh of contempt, shakes his head and crosses to a little Hughes Model Helicopter --

148 ON MURPHY

148

As he looks after Cochrane, his expression unbearable.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. THE SKY OVER LA — DAY

149

The Hughes is hovering a thousand feet above the Astro helipad as the Police chopper, Air Twelve, rises into view --

150 INT. COCKPIT OF HUGHES — DAY

150

Cochrane speaks into his helmet mike --

COCHRANE

Air Twelve, this is Colonel Cochrane
course two seven zero, speed one
twenty --

151 INT. COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) — DAY

151

Murphy takes the indicated course and speed.

MURPHY

Course two seven zero, speed one twenty.

COCHRANE (V.O.)

You want to show me that loop, Murphy?

MURPHY

Negative.

Lymangood has flashed an almost involuntary look at Murphy
as --

COCHRANE (V.O.)

I thought so --

(then)

Give me a power dive to a hundred feet
and hover --

LYMANGOOD

Did he say a hundred feet?

MURPHY

Repeat altitude.

COCHRANE (V.O.)

Pull out at hundred...one zero zero. Or
is that too close for you, Murphy?

152 INT. COCKPIT OF HUGHES DAY

152

Cochrane watches Murphy's ship go into its dive --

MURPHY (V.O.)

One hundred feet. Roger.

153 INT. COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) - DAY

153

Murphy holds the ship in its dive, then finally pulls out. Lymangood who is checking the altimeter, now looks over.

LYMANGOOD

On the button --

COCHRANE (V.O.)

Now give me a high speed climbing turn to starboard coming out a five hundred feet on course three six zero.

As Murphy starts his climbing turn we see the Watts Towers to one side.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE

154

They settle on course three six zero, Murphy, hearing a faint tick in the rotor looks up then:

MURPHY

You hear something?

LYMANGOOD

Like what?

MURPHY

I don't know. Like something is working loose, it's --

He breaks off as the tick becomes more audible.

LYMANGOOD

What the hell is that?

Suddenly the ticking sound turns into a horrible clatter. All hell is breaking loose. Big vibrations shake the aircraft. Murphy has shut off the power.

LYMANGOOD

Holy Jesus!

MURPHY

(calmly)

We're losing our rotor --

155 ON LYMANGOOD

155

As he starts clicking off the various frequencies, isolating the pilot from distracting radio chatter, he is speaking into his mike --

LYMANGOOD

This is Air Twelve. Emergency. We're going down vicinity Willowbrook and Alameda. Request ambulance, fire, police --

156 ON MURPHY

156

As the Chopper starts down, auto-rotating, drifting down between power lines, a hammerhead crane and buildings. Murphy fights to control it.

157 EXT. THE STREET (ALAMEDA AND WILLOWBROOK) -- DAY

157

We are in a ghetto area. The sound of the descending chopper is heard. Black people turn their faces upwards. Many of them register hostility.

158 EXT. A POOL HALL - DAY

158

As half a dozen teenaged Dudes come out of the pool hall with cues in hand --

159 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH BUBBLE)

159

We are gunning down toward the street as it seems to be rushing up toward us. We are headed for the intersection which is clear of traffic, then suddenly some idiot in a rattle-trap comes chugging right into the landing area --

160 ON MURPHY

160

As he slams the controls to one side and the Chopper tilts to a sixty degree angle --

MURPHY

Hang on!

161 EXT. THE INTERSECTION -- DAY

161

As the Police helicopter angles in, crashes, just missing the old rattletrap which continues on. One of the rotor blades flies off, cutting a traffic light from its overhead support.

162 ANOTHER ANGLE

162

As the traffic light housing goes catapulting across the street takes out a large storefront window which comes crashing down into the street --

163 INT. - HELICOPTER COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) - DAY 163

The cockpit is on its side, filled with dust, smashed plexiglass, bent aluminum. The Radio natters on mindlessly.

Lymangood is out, bleeding from a cut on the head. Murphy has a torn left sleeve and a bleeding gash on his left arm. he looks around --

MURPHY

Lymangood?

He checks Lymangood, then starts up out of the cockpit door which is almost directly overhead --

164 EXT. COCKPIT - DAY 164

Murphy comes partially out of the cockpit, then stops.

MURPHY

Oops.

165 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW - THE HOSTILE CROWD 165

As led by the Teenagers with pool cues, the crowd moves in on the downed chopper. Somebody throws a rock or a bottle.

166 INT. COCKPIT (AIR TWELVE) - DAY 166

As Murphy retreats to the comparative safety of the cockpit - Lymangood opens his eyes, looks out at the hostile crowd.

LYMANGOOD

Something we said?

At this point we hear the sound of approaching Police Sirens.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. POLICE GARAGE (HELIPAD BUILDING) - DAY 168

It is late afternoon. A black-and-white pulls up to the curb outside of the entrance to the underground Police garage. Murphy gets out of the back seat of the black-and-white and with a word of thanks to the Cops he goes down the ramp. We see that he wears his left arm in a sling, otherwise he is dressed as last we saw him, torn jump suit, so on.

168 CLOSER - MURPHY 168

As he walks down the slope of the ramp we see that the orange traffic cones are in place, dividing the rampway.

Now suddenly we hear the sound of a car coming down the ramp. Murphy moves out of the way as a yellow Corvette comes into view. Driving the car is Cochrane.

169 INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

169

We are on Murphy's Trans Am as he comes up to it. He strips off the sling, tries his arm somewhat gingerly, and then -- as he starts to get into his car -- Cochrane comes up from the background.

COCHRANE

Almost.

MURPHY
(turns)

Back off, Cochrane.

COCHRANE

Am I hearing right? Are you warning me?
Are you actually warning me, you pussy
bastard?

MURPHY

Just telling you. Back off.

Murphy, without further dialogue, gets into his car. Cochrane watches him, turn as starts his car, again makes the little pistol out of his hand and shoots Murphy with it. As he does so --

COCHRANE

Catch you later.

170 ON MURPHY

170

It is apparent that Cochrane's riding has affected him somewhat. He rams into gear and starts up the ramp.

171 ANOTHER ANGLE (THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

171

As Murphy starts the same kind of slalom run up the ramp that we saw earlier. As he makes the first few gates --

172 REVERSE ANGLE (ON MURPHY THROUGH WINDSHIELD)

172

As he steers, concentrating, Cochrane is seen to have crossed to the foot of the ramp. He is watching Murphy's run.

173 EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO RAMP - DAY

173

As Murphy makes the next to last turn, then on the final cone, ticks it. As the cone spins and falls --

174 ON MURPHY

174

As in the rearview mirror, he sees the cone spin and fall.

175 ON COCHRANE

175

Standing at the foot of the ramp, looking up toward the street entrance. As the cone rolls down toward him, he smiles faintly.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. A CEMETARY DAY

176

A funeral is taking place. Many Dignitaries are present. The Mayor, The Chief of Police, leading citizens of both the black and the white communities. A young black Minister speaks to the mourners at graveside. However, we don't hear him. Instead we hear --

MOYER'S VOICE

Practically the entire Official family of Los Angeles, led by his honor the Mayor and the City Council, was gathered together with close family members and members of the Black Community at the funeral of Diana McNeely who was tragically murdered in her own carport several days ago.

177 SEVERAL CUTS

177

Of the various mourners, including the Chief of Police and Lt. Kress of the Astro Division. We also, in passing, catch a glimpse of Murphy. We see Diana's mother; her brother, a Captain of Marines.

MOYER'S VOICE

Although Ms. McNeely -- who chaired the Mayors special Commission on Urban Violence -- was an outspoken critic of many of the Police Department policies, the Chief was clearly in evidence, as were many of his department heads --

178 FURTHER CUTS

178

As, the Funeral over, the Chief is seen solemnly shaking hands with members of the Black and Latino Communities.

MOYER'S VOICE

Obviously extending the olive branch to members of the minority Communities. However, as temperatures stay high and tempers continue to fray --

179 EXT. MINORITY COMMUNITIES (STOCK) - NIGHT

179

We see several different News-tape shots of fires in industrial areas and ghetto-like communities.

MOYER'S VOICE

Fires continue to break out in the Watts-Willowbrook area, the City of Industry, Pacoima and East Los Angeles ---

CUT TO:

180 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK ROAD - DAY

180

Kate is driving her little red MGB convertible. Timmy is in front with his mother. Murphy is in the back seat, leaning up between them from time to time as they talk.

MURPHY

You know where it is, don't you?

She looks back over her shoulder.

KATE

You're losing weight.

MURPHY

There's the turn-off right down here someplace.

KATE

Are you sleeping at all?

MURPHY

Why are we having different conversations? Are we out of phase or am I just quietly going nuts?

KATE

The train ride. The train ride. I'll find it.

MURPHY

Providing you don't run out of gas first.

KATE

Say what?

MURPHY

I say your gas gauge reads empty.

181 ANOTHER ANGLE

181

As Murphy leans forward and points. She gives him a look -- it says: poor man.

MURPHY

That's your gas gauge. When that little needle points to "E" that means you're out of gas.

KATE

It doesn't work. I've got plenty of gas.

MURPHY

If it doesn't work how the hell do you know you've got plenty of gas?

KATE

How do the birds know when to fly south?

They pass a sign reading "Train Ride".

MURPHY

You just blew Capistrano.

KATE

What?

MURPHY

Sign back there said Train Ride.

KATE

Hang on.

Kate executes a U-turn. She is now going the wrong way on a one-way street --

MURPHY

This is a one way street!

KATE

Keep an eye out for cops.

MURPHY

I'm a C-C-C....

182 ANOTHER ANGLE

182

Murphy breaks off as a car full of kids comes toward them, Kate veers out of the way. Close but no cigar. Murphy clears throat, tries again.

MURPHY

Cop.

KATE

It's okay, I won't tell anyone if you won't.

Kate turns off down the road toward the train ride.

CUT TO:

183 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK -- DAY

183

As the little kid's train ride comes around the corner and toward us --

184 CLOSER - THE TRAIN

184

We pick up Kate and Timmy as they ride. The Engineer stops the train and everybody piles off. Kate looks over at a bench near where some kids are playing on various apparatuses.

185 KATE'S POINT OF VIEW

185

Murphy and Montoya are on the bench. Montoya has the piece of paper that Murphy gave him in his hand.

MONTOYA

It's awful hard to read.

MURPHY

I know --

MONTOYA

It looks like part of a letter -- says something about -- strangers in the barrio -- making something -- I don't know, looks like trouble. Here's a word that isn't Spanish -- Thor. T-H-O-R. Operation Thor.

MURPHY

Thor?

MONTOYA

Mean anyting?

MURPHY

(thinks)

Strangers in the barrio...making trouble...Operation Thor --

186 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE PARK

186

As Murphy looks around we see little kids playing, but also in the background we see young teenagers in gangs, prowling, looking for a hassle.

MURPHY

Maybe I've been in the cops too long.
Paranoia city. But I've got a feeling
something bad's coming down.

187 INT. KATE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

187

The kitchen clock reads 11:00. Kate is making a cold spaghetti sandwich. Big slices of bread, lots of butter, ketchup and cold spaghetti. As she works --

KATE

The mark of the true degenerate pasta
freak beyond all redemption is your
basic cold spaghetti sandwich. Marvelous
in the middle of the night. You feel
like you've just eaten a cannon ball --

As Kate puts the sandwich on a tray, pours a glass of milk
and carries it into the living room:

KATE

But it's better than a sleeping pill
you've ever heard of, chicken soup isn't in it.

188 INT. KATE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

188

She looks around the room, then:

KATE

Murphy?

She puts down the tray, crosses to her bedroom.

189 INT. KATE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

189

As Kate crosses into her bedroom. No sign of Murphy. She
crosses to the bathroom door, knocks.

KATE

Frank? You okay?

No answer. She opens the door --

The door is open. The little bathroom is empty. She thinks,
then starting to get a little angry she crosses out --

190 INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

190

As she crosses the living room to the front door --

KATE

God damn your black Irish heart Frank
Murphy if you --

She breaks off as she opens the front door --

191 KATE'S POINT OF VIEW (THE STREET OUTSIDE HER HOUSE) 191

We see Murphy's big Trans Am parked at the curb.

192 ON KATE 192

As she turns back into the living room thoughtfully.

KATE

Murphy? Hey? Is this something kinky?
If it is, fine. Just growl or
something--

She crosses to a closet, throws the door open. Nothing. Now she turns and frowns. One place she hasn't looked. She crosses to the door of Timmy's room --

193 INT. TIMMY'S ROOM -- NIGHT 193

We are on the door as it opens. In the splice of light that falls across the bed we see Murphy asleep, squeezed in beside Timmy.

The lines on the mans face are dark ravines. Beside the dreaming boy he looks like a corpse --

194 ON KATE 194

As she looks at Murphy, moves toward him --

195 MOVING SHOT (KATE'S ANGLE) 195

As we move slowly in on Murphy his eyelids begin to twitch. He is in a nightmare. We hear what he is hearing but only faintly.

196 SUBLIMINAL CUT - MURPHY 196

He is in the Huey. Screams are being heard in the ship behind him. Pleas in Vietnamese. As Murphy turns toward the sound.

197 INT. KATE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 197

Murphy sits up into the camera - yelling as we -

CUT TO:

198 INT. BRADDOCK'S OFFICE -- DAY

198

The Mechanic that we've met before, Simmons, is standing by Braddock's desk. He and the Captain are looking at a broken helicopter part which lies on the desk blotter.

BRADDOCK

Metal fatigue?

SIMMONS

You can see where she cracked right here,
Captain--

BRADDOCK

Come in.

199 ANOTHER ANGLE

199

Braddocks last has been in response to a knock on the doors, which now opens to reveal Icelan and Fletcher. Icelan has a message in his hand. As he gives it to Braddock --

ICELAN

Thought you'd want to handle this,
Captain.

As Braddock looks at the message --

CUT TO:

200 HELIPAD -- DAY

200

The Sergeant we saw before at Pinkville is showing Murphy and Lymangood around the Special --

SERGEANT

Now here's your television monitor --
night light -- infrared filter -- and
here's your outside mikes --

MURPHY

What's their sensitivity?

SERGEANT

You can hear a mouse fart at two
thousand feet.

(reaches into cockpit)

Now this here's your Honeywell Helmet --

201 ANOTHER ANGLE

201

As the Sergeant takes the Fire Control helmet out of the ship. He demonstrates -- turning the helmet. As he does so the guns under the belly of the aircraft turn with the helmet.

SERGEANT

Wherever you look, the guns follow. You can zero in on any target you want by just putting the green tracer line on your target --

As Murphy inspects the helmet, Lymangood looks off to where a Technician, MATUSEK, comes up with several huge reels of 3/4 inch magnetic video tape. Matusek wears coveralls with a logo on the back.

LYMANGOOD

What's that? Three-quarter-inch mag sound and video?

MATUSEK

You know something about it?

LYMANGOOD

It was my rate in the Navy.

MATUSEK

What ship?

LYMANGOOD

Midway.

MATUSEK

No shit. I was on the Forrestal.

(then)

This is a hell of a set up. I'll show you --

As Matusek reaches into his overall pocket and takes out a key--

MATUSEK

It all goes in a locked memory bank in the belly --

(then)

Each reel is code numbered. This little bug wipes the reel clean at a signal from central command --

As Lymangood and Matusek have dissappeared under the aircraft, the Sergeant is explaining how the helmet works as Murphy puts it on.

SERGEANT

You adjust for your eye till the red dot
rides on the end of your tracer line --
then you press the cannon button and
zap! You never miss --

202 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH HELMET)

202

As Murphy looks around the helipad through the helmet we see Braddock coming toward us -- impaled on the green tracer lines. He is waving -

203 ANOTHER ANGLE

203

As Braddock comes up to Murphy who takes off the helmet.

MURPHY

Now what?

BRADDOCK

The Feds are a little nervous about that crack-up yesterday. You've got to go see the shrink.

MURPHY

I saw him last week --

BRADDOCK

So go see him again. He's waiting for you --

As Murphy nods and starts off -

BRADDOCK

Frank?

(Murphy turns his back)

I get a feeling the Feds are trying to knock you out of the box. Be careful.

204 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

204

As Murphy comes down the hallway, stops at a door inscribed: ERNEST KINCAID, M.D. - DEPARTMENTAL PSYCHIATRIST. Murphy knocks. No answer. He opens the door and enters.

205 INT. DOCTOR KINCAID'S OFFICE -- DAY

205

Murphy enters, looks around, the room is empty. He crosses to a window, looks out. Nothing to see.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out a coin then idly begins flipping it. As he catches it, he checks each time to see if it's heads or tails. It's always heads.

206 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

206

As DOCTOR KINCAID, 55 and DOCTOR HAYCOCK, a brisk opinionated attractive woman about 35, come down the hallway together. Haycock has a folder, obviously containing Murphy's medical records, open and is referring to it as they move down the hall.

HAYCOCK

It could be argued that this obsession with patterns could be symptomatic of paranoid or preparanoid behavior. And these other tics certainly indicate a --

They have reached the door. As Kincaid opens it, we see Murphy within the office, flipping the coin and catching it. As Murphy checks the coin --

KINCAID

Don't tell me. Heads.

MURPHY

Right. Hi Doc.

207 ANOTHER ANGLE

207

As the two Psychiatrists come into the room, Murphy reacts to the fact that Haycock is a woman.

KINCAID

Officer Murphy, this is Doctor Haycock of the Veterans Administration --

(then)

They've sent her out to run a few more tests.

Murphy favors her with his best make-out smile.

MURPHY

Well, how do you do, Doctor?

The Doctor has no time for the social amenities.

HAYCOCK

I do very well and so does the gentleman
I do it with. Now tell me about this
coin flipping.

KINCAID

It's a hand-eye thing, Doctor. A co-
ordination test. He tries to catch
heads.

HAYCOCK

What's your average, Murphy, about fifty
per cent?

KINCAID

I saw him catch twenty in a row --

HAYCOCK

It sounds like a nice parlor trick --
(then)
Now, let's see --

208 ANOTHER ANGLE

208

As Doctor Haycock checks Murphy's medical dossier, he turns
to Kincaid --

MURPHY

How come Doc? I thought you gave me a
clean bill last week --

The lady Doctor refers to Murphy's dossier once more, then
continuing --

HAYCOCK

I see you've just come back from special
leave --

KINCAID

He was just a little run down --

HAYCOCK

(to Murphy)

Tell me about this wild man act of yours.

KINCAID

It's all in the folder --

HAYCOCK

I know it's in the folder, Doctor. I'd like to hear it from the Officer --

(then)

Say you start at the fire.

MURPHY

Well, it was on the those old fleabags -- down around Figueroa -- firetraps. By the time we got there it was going pretty good. We spotted this old man on the roof. I thought we could pick him off but he panicked and jumped. Seven stories.

It is apparent that Murphy is making an effort to keep the telling of this story casual -- and not quite succeeding. Haycock is studying him, then --

HAYCOCK

So you went back to the division and tore up the ready room. Why?

MURPHY

Somebody said something about a splat sandwich and somebody else laughed -- and I thought about that poor old bastard falling --

(then)

I don't know. I flipped.

HAYCOCK

You find you're losing your temper more easily these days -- go into rages --

MURPHY

(a beat then)

I'm fine.

HAYCOCK

How about your sex drive? Slacking off? Do you feel a sense of impotence -- of not being able to accomplish anything --

MURPHY

I'm all right! (suddenly)

209 ANOTHER ANGLE

209

As Doctor Kincaid shoots Murphy an alarmed glance. Haycock smiles to herself, makes a note, then:

HAYCOCK

Fine.

Have you ever heard of the ten year syndrome? Delayed stress trauma?

MURPHY

I've heard of it -- you hit yourself on the thumb with a hammer and ten years later you say ouch. Is that the way it works?

HAYCOCK

That -- or tear up a ready room.

(then)

I'd like to try something here. It's a new test they're using for men in the ICBM silos.

210 ANOTHER ANGLE

210

As Dr. Haycock goes to a box-like object on Kincaid's desk. There is a TV monitor and some sort of a control device -- a joystick. She turns it on. A circle and a dot appear on the monitor.

HAYCOCK

The computer controls the ring -- You try to keep the dot inside of the ring. Understand?

Murphy takes the joystick, moves it. The dot moves with it.

MURPHY

I keep the dot inside the circle?

HAYCOCK

If you can. Ready?

211 ANOTHER ANGLE

211

Murphy nods. Haycock presses a button. The circle of light moves to the top of the screen. The word "ERRORS" and a zero appears on the lower left of the screen.

HAYCOCK

It won't start until you place the dot inside the ring.

Murphy guides the dot inside the circle, whereupon the words: "TEST BEGUN" flash on the screen. The circle begins an erratic course across the screen.

212 ON MURPHY

212

He guides the dot, keeping it inside the circle, never touching the edge.

213 ON HAYCOCK

213

She watches, disappointed as Murphy manages to keep the dot inside the ring. After a moment or two --

HAYCOCK

Possibly it's a little --

Haycock crosses to the machine, turns a dial and suddenly the circle is moving faster, more erratically. Murphy still manages to keep the dot inside the circle --

214 ON KINCAID

214

Sweating out the test, on Murphy's side.

215 ON HAYCOCK

215

As, standing near Murphy, Haycock begins to tap her fingernails on the table top.

Murphy is sweating but still keeping the dot inside the ring. Haycock continues tapping.

216 ANOTHER ANGLE

216

As Haycock crosses up to the machine and gives the dial a final twist. The ring moves almost as fast as the eye can see.

Murphy still keeps the dot inside the ring -- never touching the sides. His concentration is almost painful.

Suddenly Haycock, with pretended clumsiness, knocks a chair over. As it goes to the floor with a crash, Murphy maintains his concentration.

Now startlingly, from within the machine, a bell starts to ring.

217 ANOTHER ANGLE

217

The dot and ring disappear from the screen and the words: "TEST COMPLETE" are seen. In the lower left hand corner the words "ERRORS - 0" are flashing.

Murphy rises, drained. The Washington Psychiatrist looks over, almost angry, then --

HAYCOCK

All right, Murphy. That's all.

Murphy turns and leaves. Haycock turns off the machine, the bell stops ringing, the words stop flashing.

As Kincaid crosses out after Murphy, Haycock reaches into her handbag, takes out a coin flips and catches it. She checks the outcome. No joy.

218 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

218

As Doctor Kincaid comes out of the office, then -

KINCAID

Murph?

As Murphy stops and turns. The old Doctor gives him the high-sign and a wink.

KINCAID

A-okay.

As Murphy nods his thanks, the Doctor opens his door again and a silver quarter comes rolling out into the hallway, wobbles and tinkles to rest at Murphy's feet.

219 ANOTHER ANGLE

219

Murphy looks through the open door to where Haycock stands. She quickly busies herself, picking up Murphy's dossier again.

220 ANOTHER ANGLE ---TOWARD DOOR

220

As Murphy picks up the coin, crosses to the door, then --

MURPHY

Doctor?

As Haycock looks up from the folder, Murphy tosses the coin. It lands on the desk. Murphy exits.

Kincaid crosses in, up to the desk and looks at the coin.

KINCAID

Heads.

As Haycock burns -

CUT TO:

221 EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

221

We are on the rotor of the big blue Special. We pull back as it lifts off. We see that Murphy is at the controls, Lymangood is with him.

222 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL)- NIGHT

222

As Lymangood indicates a green light glowing on the control panel.

LYMANGOOD

(low)

Big Brother on or off?

MURPHY

Big Brother?

LYMANGOOD

Cabin mike. Records everything we say on cassette.

Can we lose it? MURPHY

Lymangood grins, following a wire under the dashboard with his hand and disconnects it.

223 ANOTHER ANGLE — HELIPAD

223

As Iceland and Fletcher are watching the lift off, Cochrane comes up --

ICELAN

It's just an orientation flight --

(then)

Holmes will be in tonight. Let him handle it.

CUT TO:

224 EXT. THE SPECIAL — NIGHT

224

As it moves above the Los Angeles --

225 INT. COCKPIT (THE SPECIAL) — NIGHT

225

As the ship is cruising over Sunset Boulevard --

MURPHY

Check the action --

Lymangood mans the binoculars, starts looking at the hookers on the street below --

226 BINOCULAR SHOT

226

We are in a normal binocular enlargement -- say 7 x 35 -- of a couple of young hookers in tube tops standing on a corner.

227 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) — NIGHT

227

The same scene is being recorded on a Television screen for Murphy's benefit.

MURPHY

Go to fifty percent magnification --

LYMANGOOD

Fifty percent --

As Lymangood adjusts to fifty percent magnification on the figures on the TV screen enlarge until they're in close.

MURPHY

Go to maximum.

As Lymangood increases the magnification --

228 BINOCULAR SHOT - THE HOOKERS

228

We zoom in and in until we are looking down the front of one of the tube tops. The whole screen is filled with cleavage.

LYMANGOOD

Talk about the Grand Canyon --

As Lymangood adjusts, pulling back to a fairly close shot, holding both girls and the corner, an open convertible with a John, 45, in it comes around the corner and stops. The John gestures to one of the girls. She crosses up --

229 INT. THE COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - NIGHT

229

As Murphy is watching the dumb-show bargaining on the TV screen --

MURPHY

Test the outside mikes --

As Lymangood switches on the outside mikes and focuses them on the Hooker and the John --

230 EXT. THE SPECIAL - NIGHT

230

We are close on the shotgun type mikes as they seek out the two on the corner --

231 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - NIGHT

231

As Lymangood gets them tuned in --

JOHN

Fifty? Are we talking American money?
Come on! I drove in clear from
Chatsworth. I mean the gas alone set me
back...

MURPHY
(to Lymangood)
Lose that asshole. He's breaking my
heart.

As Lymangood switches the mikes off --

232 EXT. SKY OVER LA - NIGHT

232

The Special is moving toward the hills of Bel Air, quiet,
curving streets, lit swimming pools glow aquamarine.

233 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - NIGHT

233

Murphy looks at a clipboard on his knee --

MURPHY
Check whisper mode --

LYMANGOOD
Whisper mode -- check.

AS Lymangood hits some kind of knob or lever. Suddenly the
noise of the chopper fades to practically nothing. As Murphy
looks at his checklist again --

MURPHY
Let's throw a little light on the sub-
ject.

As Lymangood hits the nightlight --

234 EXT. SKY OVER LA - NIGHT

234

Shooting air-to-air from above the Special we see a vast area
of Bel Air lit by 200,000 watt light --

MURPHY'S VOICE
Check focus.

We see the light focus in tight, spread out wide.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Check that place. Two o'clock -- top of the hill.

235 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

235

We see a vast hillside palace, quiet in the summer evening. No lights, no sign of life except a delivery motorcycle -- a three wheeler. No Delivery boy at the door --

MURPHY

That motorcycle doesn't look right --
(then)
Try the infrared filter on it.

As Lymangood hits the button for the infrared filter --

236 EXT. THE SPECIAL -- (AIR TO AIR)

236

As we see the infrared filter lid down over the night light.

237 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- NIGHT

237

As Lymangood turns the now invisible light on the delivery motorcycle, on the screen the motor shows up hot.

LYMANGOOD

Motor's hot.

MURPHY

He hasn't been here very long.

LYMANGOOD

Let's see if the owner's home.

Lymangood hits a couple of buttons and a blue, fluorescent grid map appears on the monitor. It is a map of Bel Air.

LYMANGOOD

Let's see -- this house -- aitch twenty-three.

As Lymangood punches in a couple of buttons --

238 INSERT -- READOUT SCREEN

238

We see on the screen; "H-23...9210 Belagio Road...Owner R.H. Aufderheide...in Palm Springs. Wife in residence.

239 ON MURPHY AND LYMANGOOD

239

As Lymangood is focusing the mike on the house:

MURPHY

How the hell does the computer get that?

LYMANGOOD

The people up here clear with their security patrol -- and they zap it right to --

Lymangood, who has been playing the outside mikes over the house, breaks off as we hear, over the mike --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes. Yes. Oh -- my god -- yes, yesss--
no, no -- not yet you stupid putz!

As Murphy reaches down and switches off the mikes --

MURPHY

Sorry Lady --

(then)

Are we recording all this?

LYMANGOOD

It all goes on tape --

(then)

It's stored in a memory bank in the belly --

MURPHY

Jesus -- this thing hears through walls -- shoots four thousand rounds a minute and looks down a hookers dress from a thousand feet -

(then)

Talk about the-spy-in-the-sky! A dozen of these babies and you could run the goddamned country.

LYMANGOOD

There's more -- this thing hooks into every data bank in the country --

MURPHY

What?

LYMANGOOD

I'm not supposed to know the entry codes
but I got a peek at the book...watch,
I'll feed it my name --

240 ANOTHER ANGLE

240

As Lymangood hits his own name and address and the following
information appears on the readout:

LYMANGOOD RICHARD
1331 FRANKLIN CIRCLE
HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028
BORN ELYRIA OH. 9/23/57
OBSERVER, ASTRO DIV, LAPD
MARITAL STATUS UNMARRIED
NO ARRESTS
U.S.N. DISCHARGE 7/22/78

The screen goes blank.

LYMANGOOD

They got your whole life in there --

MURPHY

Hit mine.

As Lymangood punches this in, the screen we see --

MURPHY, FRANK
3758 CODY DRIVE
VAN NUYS, CA
NO FILE
FILE UNDER REPAIR

241 ANOTHER ANGLE

241

As Murphy thinks this over, then -

MURPHY

File under repair --

Over this we now hear --

COCHRANE'S VOICE

Special base to Special one -- come in special.

LYMANGOOD

Special one --

242 INT. SPECIAL CONTROL - NIGHT

242

Cochrane is on the horn --

COCHRANE

That's it, Special. Wrap it up for tonight.

LYMANGOOD VOICE

Ten-four.

As the transmission ends, Cochrane looks at his watch.

COCHRANE

I'd better get my ass in gear.

ICELAN

(to Fletcher)

You better go too. I'll be along as soon as I can --

CUT TO:

243 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - NIGHT

243

As the Special is heading for home --

MURPHY

About this lady in Bel Air -- as far as I'm concerned she's entitled to a quick wiggle in privacy -- you know?

LYMANGOOD

Wild Assyrian oxen couldn't drag it out of me --

MURPHY

I'm thinking about that tape in the belly. Is there any way it can be erased?

LYMANGOOD

The memory bank is locked but I know
where Matusek keeps the key.

244 EXT. SKY OVER LA — NIGHT

244

As the Special starts in toward the Metro helipad, circles --

245 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) — NIGHT

245

As Lymangood looks down --

246 LYMANGOOD'S POINT OF VIEW

246

He looks down as Cochrane's Yellow Corvette comes out of the
underground garage, practically rains rubber as he guns out.

LYMANGOOD

Your buddy Cochrane drives a yellow
Corvette?

MURPHY

Why?

LYMANGOOD

He's in some kind of hurry --

Murphy maneuvers so that he can see what Lymangood has seen --

MURPHY

Check him out --

LYMANGOOD

Huh?

MURPHY

On the computer. Colonel F.E. Cochrane
-- U.S. Army.

As Murphy looks down, trying to keep track of the Yellow
Corvette Lymangood punches into his inboard computer. On the
read-out screen we see --

ACCESS CODE 00/ CODA/ 12+ ENTER

247 EXT. HELIPAD NIGHT

247

Icelan is standing outside Special Communications, looking up, waiting for the Special to set down. Now, as it starts away from the helipad --

ICELAN

What the Hell!

He runs back into the communications building as --

248 INT. COCKPIT (THE SPECIAL) -- NIGHT

248

As Murphy is tailing Cochrane's Corvette from a high altitude he turns the "whisper mode" on.

Lymangood types into the computer --

LYMANGOOD

(to himself as we see it on a screen)
Request personnel file. Cochrane, F.E,
Colonel. U.S. Army

249 EXT. SACRAMENTO NIGHT

249

The receiving dish antenna atop the State Building.

250 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- NIGHT

250

On the screen appears the words:

SACRAMENTO COMPUTER...COCHRANE, F.E....NO
FILE...REFER WEST BANK COMPUTER...BOULDER

Murphy looks at Lymangood. The Observer punches in --

251 EXT. BOULDER COLORADO NIGHT

251

Another microwave receiver framed against the Rockies.

252 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- NIGHT

252

As the query comes back --

WEST BANK...BOULDER...REQUEST CLEARANCE
CODE...

Lymangood checks, then as he types in --

LYMANGOOD
(to himself)
Access code thirty, slant bar, coda,
slant bar, Fifteen plus enter.

253 THE STREETS OF LA -- MURPHY'S ANGLE -- NIGHT

253

As Murphy flies, keeping the yellow Corvette in sight--

254 INT. (SPECIAL) COCKPIT -- NIGHT

254

We hear ---

ICELAN'S VOICE
(over radio)
Special One this is Special Base -- come
in Special One.

Murphy speaks into the mike --

MURPHY
You're ten-one Special Base. I cannot
read you.

Murphy and Lymangood exchange glances as on the computer
screen we see --

As the following words appear on the computer read-out screen --

WESTBANK BOULDER COMPUTER...
COCHRANE, F.E., COLONEL, U.S.
ARMY...REFER WASHINGTON...
FEDERAL DATA BANK...

Murphy and Lymangood exchange another look as we hear:

ICELAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Special One from Special Base..do you
read me?

MURPHY
(to Lymangood)
Go for it?

As Lymangood types in an inquiry --

255 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. -- NIGHT

255

It is very late. We are on a building with microwave equipment on the roof --

256 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- NIGHT

256

As Murphy and Lymangood, hanging at the other end of the transcontinental microwave link, finally get an answer. It comes in luminous green letters on the cathode ray screen.

FEDERAL DATA BANK
(prints at Lightning speed)
COCHRANE, F.E.
BORN SPOKANE WASHINGTON 6/13/70
GRADUATED USC 1960
GRADUATED US ARMY HELICOPTER SCHOOL 1961
SERVED VIETNAM 1968-69
ATTACHED US ARMY INTELLIGENCE
INVOLVED NGOC-LINH INCIDENT: SOLE SURVIVOR
INVOLVED QUON-DUC INCIDENT: SOLE SURVIVOR
RANK OF COLONEL
HONORABLE DISCHARGE
CURRENTLY ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT:
PROJECT THOR.

MURPHY
(recognizing it)

"Thor". Find out what the hell it is.

Lymangood looks at Murphy with motions for him to continue.

LYMANGOOD
(types in)
REQUEST INFORMATION THOR PROJECT

FEDERAL DATA BANK
THOR = TACTICAL HELICOPTER OFFENSIVE RESPONSE

MURPHY
"Offensive response?"

FEDERAL DATA BANK (CONT'D)
PROPOSED USE OF MILITARY COPTERS TO QUELL
DISORDER...SUB SECTION C

The printout STOPS.
A GLITCH passes across the screen.

A new typeface comes up.
Someone new is on the line.

SCREEN
(prints)
R E Q U E S T Y O U R I D E N T I T Y
A N D S E C U R I T Y C L E A R A N C E .

As Murphy reaches across Lymangood and turns the computer off, we hear --

ICELAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Special One from Special Base -- Come in --

MURPHY
Special base from Special --

Murphy breaks off, giving a high pitched whistle instead --

257 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MURPHY'S POV - NIGHT

257

Down in the street below we see Cochrane's yellow Corvette parked in front of a Federal building of some kind.

CUT TO:

258 INT. ASTRO COMMUNICATIONS - NIGHT

258

Icelan is in Astro Communications with Braddock who grabs the hand mike -- or telephone -- away from him.

BRADDOCK
Murphy, goddammit, what is this?

All we hear from the set is a skreetching whistle.

ICELAN
Lieutenant, I hold you personally responsible for that man's behavior --
(then)
Doctor Haycock strongly recommended that he be grounded but you insisted that he fly --

BRADDOCK

For your goddamn information Mister
Icelan we do not have paranoid schizo-
phrenics on active duty in the Metro P.D.

ICELAN

Do you know he checks his sanity with a
wristwatch?

BRADDOCK

How do you check yours? With a dip-stick?

ICELAN

I don't have to take this crap from you
Braddock! I'm telling you, he's
finished as of now--

(puts his finger in

Braddock's face)

And if anything happens to that aircraft,
One scratch! So are you!

As Icelan turns and exits, we

CUT TO:

259 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING — NIGHT

259

As Cochrane and Fletcher enter.

260 INT. THE COCKPIT (SPECIAL) — NIGHT

260

As Murphy looks over at Lymangood who nods, directs the out-
side mikes on the building, a garble of voices.

261 EXT. SKY OVER LA — NIGHT

261

The Special, in whisper mode, settles lower, a couple of
blocks from the building. Lymangood starts casing with the
binoculars --

262 INSERT - THE INTERIOR TV SCREEN

262

In the building we can see maintenance people mopping and
emptying trash through the open blinds.

LYMANGOOD

I'm activating the tape --

As he does so --

MURPHY

Cut in the thermograph --

AS Lymangood pushes a button marked THERMOGRAPH --

263 INSERT - ONBOARD SCREEN

263

On the screen in front of them appears a three-D hologram of the hotel, outlining all the heat sources inside. The thermograph sensors look through the walls and picks out the men inside.

They are eerie green ghosts, moving about the room -- pacing heat silhouettes, talking. One sits. Most of the conversation is directed to this one -- he is Holmes, a man from Washington.

As Lymangood tunes in the mikes we hear --

HOLME'S VOICE

I still fail to understand --

ICELAN'S VOICE

The Astro Division is autonomous. They assigned the man to us --

HOLMES' VOICE

Don't we have friends in the Los Angeles Department?

COCHRANE

Friends or not, no use burdening them with more information than they had to have --

GRUNDELIUS'S VOICE

The McNeely business complicated it.

HOLMES

McNeely. Yes.

264 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (FEDERAL BUILDING) -- NIGHT

264

In the conference room we find the mysterious Mister Holmes, sixty. Also present are Fletcher, Colonel Cochrane, Grundelius -- the grey eyed man we last saw at Diana McNeely's, and three other men -- call them ALLEN, BARKER and COOPER.

HOLMES

I can't say you people have exactly covered yourselves with glory so far --

GRUNDELIUS

If she hadn't started shouting it wouldn't have been necessary to rough her up.

HOLMES

Rough her up? Is that the latest euphemism?

FLETCHER

She had street informants and apparently had already made the connection between the trouble in the streets and our project --

GRUNDELIUS

She was going public -- on the record.

265 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - NIGHT

265

As the holograph with the green ghosts and the voices come over, Lymangood turns to Murphy.

LYMANGOOD

Have I flipped or are those turkeys saying that they killed Diana McNeely?

MURPHY

Shh. Wait a minute --

We are hearing, from the room --

HOLMES'S VOICE

What about this pilot? Is that under control?

(then)

I don't want any premature attention coming to the program. The Special might be perceived as a threat.

GRUNDELIUS

Why don't we drop the hammer on him?

HOLMES

What do you think?

COCHRANE
I'll take him out.

HOLMES
When?

COCHRANE
Immediately.

Murphy's face is wet with sweat as he holds the chopper steady, recording this -

LYMANGOOD
(softly)
Jeesus.

MURPHY
Is that all on tape?

LYMANGOOD
Every word.

Suddenly the green ghost that is Cochrane on the screen moves across the room and becomes dazzlingly clear.

Murphy looks over at the window of the building.

266 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

266

As Cochrane stands in the window, looking at the chopper.

267 INT. ROOM (FEDERAL BUILDING) - NIGHT

267

As Cochrane turns back to the room then crosses to a table and writes on a pad the words: "We're being zapped!"

As Cochrane shows it to Holmes --

CUT TO:

268 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - NIGHT

As Murphy banks the chopper in a swooping turn, away --

LYMANGOOD
You think he made us?

MURPHY (nods)
He made us.

269 EXT. SKY OVER LA - NIGHT

As the big blue Special moves across the night sky toward the helipad --

CUT TO:

270 EXT. METRO HELIPAD - NIGHT

270

As The Special sits down at the far end of the Helipad. The doors open and Murphy and Lymangood emerge.

271 ANOTHER ANGLE

271

LYMANGOOD

I'll get the keys for the tape.

The radio cuts in. It's Icelan up in the air traffic control tower.

ICELAN

(on radio)

Murphy? Lieutenant Braddock wants to see you -- right now.

As Murphy starts toward the Operations Office, Lymangood crosses to the Special hanger.

272 INT. SPECIAL HANGAR - NIGHT

272

Lymangood crosses to a bank of lockers, A couple of MECHANICS on night duty are getting ready to service the Special.

LYMANGOOD

Which is Matusek's locker? He wanted me to bring him something.

As a Tough Mechanic looks over --

TOUGH MECHANIC

You're a cop -- find out for yourself.

As the Tough Mechanic swaggers out, the Second Mechanic turns.

SECOND MECHANIC
On the far end.

273 ANOTHER ANGLE

273

As Lymangood crosses to the locker on the far end, takes the key from Matusek's overall pocket and crosses out toward the Special --

274 CLOSE -- SPECIAL

274

As the two Mechanics are working in the cockpit, Lymangood crawls under the belly of the ship, opens the memory bank with the key and takes out a video tape.

Now he rises, leaving the door hanging open and disappears into the darkness --

CUT TO:

275 INT. OPERATIONS OFFICE (ASTRO DIV.) -- NIGHT

275

We are on Braddock who is on the phone --

BRADDOCK

Yes sir. I will -- well, he -- yes sir.
I will. Yes.

He hangs up as the door opens and Murphy enters followed by Icelan.

BRADDOCK

Good of you to drift by, Frank. Have a nice flight?

MURPHY

I enjoyed it--

BRADDOCK

I sincerely hope so because it's going to be your last one for a while --

MURPHY

Listen to me, Jack --

BRADDOCK

No. You listen to me. That's the way we're going to work it from now on. You Cop, me Captain. You listen, me talk.

(then)

That was Jaws Three on the telephone and if you notice I don't have an ass when I arise from this chair there's a reason. It just got chewed off.

MURPHY

Can we make this conversation a little more private?

BRADDOCK

We have no secrets from Mister Icelan. You're grounded, Pal. Your buddy Lymangood is off the program and I'll be lucky if I'm not riding a black-and-white out in Pacoima tomorrow --

(then)

Am I coming through? You are suspended pending a hearing by the Civil Service Board.

276 ANOTHER ANGLE

276

As the phone rings. Braddock picks it up.

BRADDOCK

Captain Braddock speaking --

(then)

Yes he is, right here, Colonel.

(to Icelan)

It's for you.

As Icelan crosses and takes the phone, speaking in guarded tones, Braddock arises and comes around the desk, up to Murphy

MURPHY

Jack --?

BRADDOCK

Who did you think you were conning with that radio bullshit? That went out three days after Marconi invented the fucking thing.

MURPHY

Let me know when you get off because
I've got something --

Murphy breaks off as Icelan hangs up the phone with a bang
and crosses out of the room. The phone rings again,
Braddock picks it up.

BRADDOCK

Captain Braddock speaking...yes sir.

Murphy exits.

277 EXT. BY SPECIAL — NIGHT

277

The two mechanics are working by the tail section of the
helicopter. Icelan hurries up, checks the belly of the ship.
The door to the memory bank is hanging open.

278 REVERSE ANGLE

278

We are gunning under the belly of the aircraft as Icelan
ducks down and checks the memory bank. In the background we
can see Murphy coming from the Ops Room.

279 ANOTHER ANGLE

279

As Icelan comes up from under the belly off the aircraft and
up to the two Mechanics. The Federal Man's face is livid.

ICELAN

Who unlocked the memory bank?

TOUGH MECHANIC

It was that tall numb-nuts cop.

Icelan throws a look at Murphy who has just come up.

ICELAN

Smart son of a bitch aren't, you?

MURPHY

We try.

ICELAN

You're going to have to try harder. As
of now you're in deep shit, my friend.

Iceland hurries off to a phone in the Special's hangar. Murphy looks after him for a moment, then exits.

280 EXT. POLICE GARAGE (ASTRO DIV.) — NIGHT 280

As Murphy's Trans Am comes barrelling up the ramp and onto the street, tires squealing as he makes the turn --

281 EXT. LA STREET (SUNSET BOULEVARD) — NIGHT 281

As Murphy's Trans Am comes -- much too fast -- down sunset --

282 EXT. SIDE STREET — NIGHT 282

As a METRO black-and-white comes out of the side street and gives chase to Murphy's Trans Am --

CUT TO:

283 EXT. LYMANGOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT 283

Lyman good lives in a little duplex -- the other half has a "For Rent" sign in the window --

He parks his car, comes up to the front door, unlocks it and enters.

284 ANOTHER ANGLE 284

Parked up the street is Cochrane's Corvette. The Colonel is watching. With him is Grundelius.

285 INT. LYMANGOOD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 285

As the young cop enters, turns on his light a big man steps from behind the door and hits him with a karate chop to the back of the neck.

286 ANOTHER ANGLE 286

As Lymangood goes to his knees stunned, the first man -- the one we identified as Allen in the Federal Bldg. -- now kicks Lymangood in the small of the back, as the other two men, Barker and Cooper, appear. The third carries a roll of adhesive tape.

287 ANOTHER ANGLE

287

Working as a team they pry Lymangood's jaws open, stuff the rubber ball into his mouth, slap the adhesive over the bottom part of his face --

Lymangood looks at them with wide eyes as they frisk him with expertise.

ALLEN

(to Lymangood)

Pay attention. We don't want to hurt you -- we want the tape. Okay?

(then)

You're going to tell us where it is sooner or later because first I break your finger, then your wrist, then your arm, then I'll gouge out your eye with my thumb --

(then)

I don't expect you to believe me so--

With this Allen takes Lymangood's finger and breaks it. We can hear the bone crack as Lymangood's eyes bulge with pain.

ALLEN

All right. The tape. Is it in your car?

Lymangood shakes his head.

ALLEN

(to Barker)

Check the car.

As Barker gets up and exits, Allen turns back to Lymangood. The front door is slightly ajar as:

ALLEN

Is it back at Astro Division?

Lymangood shakes his head, then indicates that he wants to write, nodding toward a nearby desk.

ALLEN

You want to tell us where it is? You want to write? Atta boy --

As at a gesture from Allen, Cooper gets up and picks up a pencil and some paper from the desk, Allen gets careless.

288 ANOTHER ANGLE

288

As Lymangood lashes out with a foot, catches Allen in the balls. As Allen doubles in pain, Lymangood rolls to his feet dashes out the front door --

289 EXT. LYMANGOOD'S DUPLEX -- NIGHT

289

As Lymangood runs out of his front door, pell-mell toward the street. As he gets to the busy street and starts across --

290 ANOTHER ANGLE

290

As a car, coming fast on the inside lane, slams on the brakes burns two black lines of rubber -- but still slams into Lymangood at forty miles an hour.

CUT TO:

291 EXT. SKY OVER LA -- NIGHT

291

We are angled up on a hovering Metro helicopter as it illuminates the scene of the accident with its night light.

We pan down the beam of light to the street where a couple of patrol cars and an ambulance have gathered. Cops have put out flares; a small crowd has gathered --

292 INT. MURPHY'S CAR -- NIGHT

292

We are shooting through the windshield of Murphy's Trans Am as he comes over a hump in the highway to where we can see the scene of the accident near the intersection. As a Cop is waving the gawkers past --

293 CLOSE -- MURPHY

293

As he looks to see who it is in the center of the knot of paramedics and Ambulance attendants.

294 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

294

He can't see who it is they are working on -- but the passing flash of a long arm as the Paramedic tries to get a pulse gives Murphy a sick twinge in the pit of his belly.

295 EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET -- NIGHT

295

As Murphy gets out to take a closer look the thwack-thwack-thwack of the Metro helicopter is heard as it comes closer. The chopper's night light suddenly illuminates the area --

296 ANOTHER ANGLE

296

As the Helicopter passes, Murphy ducks back in.

297 INT. METRO HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

297

As the pilot and his Observer look down -- missing Murphy -- we hear:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Detain and hold for questioning Metro P.D. Officer Frank Murphy in connection with the death of Officer Richard Lymangood -- he might be driving a green seventh nine Trans Am California plates nine-oh-nine kay-ex-bee.

298 EXT. AN ALL NIGHT MARKET (HIGHLAND AND FRANKLIN) NIGHT

298

Murphy comes down the street turns into the parking lot of the All Night Market.

299 CLOSER

299

As he gets out of his car and crosses to a telephone booth.

300 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

300

As Murphy drops a coin into the phone, calls his own number. He uses the beeper that causes his messages to play back to him over the phone. First we hear --

KATE

Hey I'm taking the monster down to Hermosa tomorrow afternoon. How about it? There's a prize for the best looking cop on the beach. Prize is me.

As Kate switches off we hear --

LYMANGOOD'S VOICE

So far so good. Check Big Brother for further news.

As Lymangood's voice clicks off, we see a Cop car searchlight from Franklin as it sweeps the lot and holds on Murphy's Trans Am.

301 ANOTHER ANGLE PARKING LOT

301

As the black-and-white comes into the lot fast, slams to a stop behind Murphy's Trans Am, blocking its exit.

Two cops pile out and run up to the Trans Am. No sale. They look around.

302 A COP'S POINT OF VIEW

302

We pan with the Cop's look, including the phone booth. It is empty. The phone is neatly on the hook. Murphy is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

302A INT. KATE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

302A

The lights come on and Kate crosses to the front door as she shrugs into her bathrobe. There is knocking on the door as she comes up and opens the peephole.

KATE

Murphy, for God's sake.

As she opens the door revealing Murphy.

KATE

Come in. Come in.

(then)

What's wrong?

MURPHY

Nothing.

KATE

You come calling in the middle of the night, but nothing's wrong?

(then looking toward street)

Where's your car?

MURPHY

Listen. I've got to make a phone call, okay?

KATE
Help yourself----

302B ANOTHER ANGLE

302B

As Murphy crosses to the phone and starts thumbing through the book --

KATE
Want a cup of coffee?

MURPHY
(dialing)
No thanks, nothing...

302C INT. LYMANGOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

302C

A couple of Hollywood Division Detectives are nosing around as the phone rings. A Hollywood Detective picks it up --

DETECTIVE
Hello?

303D ON MURPHY

303D

As he speaks on the phone.

MURPHY
Dick Lymangood, please.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE
Who's calling?

MURPHY
A friend of his.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE
Well, Dick just stepped out. Why don't you give me your name and I'll have him call you when he gets back.

Murphy hangs up, troubled.

KATE
You've got to tell me what's going on Frank. It's either that or forget it ---

(then)
You can't just keep shutting me out.

MURPHY

I don't mean to shut you out -- it's just that I don't know what's going on myself.

KATE

There's got to be some way I can help, even if it's only listening.

MURPHY

It's all mixed up with Nam-- a lot of things.

KATE

Tell me. Frank, please.

Murphy looks at her, then finally --

MURPHY

During my second tour I was up at a place called Dak Tau with the First Cavalry. Charlie was kicking the shit out of our people and G-2 was trying to find out where the hell he was coming from -- Saigon was in a sweat.

(then)

They started to question every Vietnamese they could find-- farmers, friendlies, suspected Cong, everyone. How they'd work it, they'd take 'em up in a chopper, two thousand feet over the China sea -- some innocent farmer and a suspected Cong. First they'd question the farmer. When he couldn't tell them anything, they'd throw him out the door.

(then)

I remember there was this nice, old guy, used to sell us duck eggs. He didn't know a damned thing, but out he went, yelling -- turning over and over. Arms and legs kicking all the way down --

(then)

Then they'd turn to the Cong who was now scared shitless and would tell them anything. As soon as he was done they'd chuck him out too.

KATE

How many of these did you fly?

MURPHY

I did three before I got balls
enough to refuse --

(then)

They were going to Court Martial
me, but I lucked out -- picked up
a mortar fragment instead.

KATE

It wasn't your fault -- even if it
was-- you're not required to pay
forever --

MURPHY

That's what I keep telling myself --
(then)

I just wish I could get that old
farmer's face out of my mind --

302E Kate reaches over gently and takes Murphy's face in her
hands. She kisses him with all the love and compassion
she has for this tortured man. Murphy hesitates, then
draws her to him tightly.

302E

FADE OUT:

303 INT. SPECIAL HANGAR (METRO HELIPAD) - DAY

303

It is the following afternoon. The Special is in its
hangar being serviced by its civilian crew.

We pick up Icelan and Cochrane as they enter the hangar.

ICELAN

Why don't we just balnk the tape? Isn't
that what it's designed for?

COCHRANE

They tell me Lymango~~ad~~ changed the code
numbers. To go through all the possible
combinations would take forever --

(then)

And we don't have forever.

They stand, looking at the Special. Servicing finished,
the civilian crew comes past Cochrane and Icelan.

304 ANOTHER ANGLE

304

As Cochrane and Icelan turn and follow the crew out of the
hangar, we pull back to include the rafters which
cross-hatch the roof of the hangar.

Crouched up there in the shadows we see Murphy. He now swings down, hangs for a moment by his hands then drops lightly to the hangar floor.

305 ON MURPHY

305

As he crosses over to the Special, gets in. We move with him. Now seated in the cockpit he looks over the instrument panel, finds the lever that activates the in-cockpit recorder.

306 ANOTHER ANGLE

306

As the tough Mechanic, who has apparently left something behind, now returns to the hangar. He stops -- seeing Murphy in the cockpit of the Special.

307 ON MURPHY -- IN COCKPIT

307

As he presses 'fast wind' the cassette buzzes back to 'start'. Now he presses 'playback'. We hear --

LYMANGOOD'S VOICE
(continues)

I got the tape -- no big problem -- but
I don't want to take it home. The chances
are damn good they'll find out we
sent that last request for information
on Thor --

(then)

So, I've been trying to figure out a
place to stash the tapes -- my place
isn't safe -- but there's a market I go
to -- on the corner of Highland and
Franklin. They've got a dumpster in
back -- and they never empty it till
Monday. So that's where I'm going to
put the tapes --

(then)

Good Luck. This is Lymangood. Over and
out.

As Murphy listens the tape goes dead. The Tough Mechanic has come up to the Helicopter. Now he beats on the side of the bubble.

308 ANOTHER ANGLE

308

As Murphy, startled -- turns.

TOUGH MECHANIC

Get out of there! You're not supposed
to be in there! Get the fuck out!

Murphy reaches into his pocket, pulls out an 'off-duty' gun
and points it right at the Tough Mechanic's nose through the
plexiglass.

MURPHY

Speaking to me, Asshole?

The Tough Mechanic's jaw drops, a beat then, he turns and
runs out of the hangar with the peculiar spraddle-legged run
of a man who has just crapped in his pants.

309 FEATURING MURPHY

309

As he decides what to do. Now he leans forward and turns on
the power switch. The Special comes to life --

The Instrument panel lights up -- red and green -- all digi-
tal.

Murphy flicks all switches.

310 EXT. METRO HELIPAD -- DAY

310

Cochrane and Icelan are walking down the Helipad as they hear
a roar from behind them. They turn.

311 ANOTHER ANGLE

311

As the Spraddle legged Tough Mechanic runs past --

TOUGH MECHANIC

It's -- ah -- he's -- ah --

The Mechanic is gone. Now suddenly, the Special -- about a
foot off the helipad floor -- comes out of the hangar. As it
lifts off.

COCHRANE

The son of a bitch!

Cochrane draws his gun.

312 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

312

The Helipad. As Cochran aims at the Helicopter Murphy swerves to a position directly over him. Cochrane is firing upward. The bullets are bouncing off the Nordoc armor on the belly of the ship --

313 INT. SPECIAL COCKPIT - DAY

313

The Helipad is dropping away behind us as Murphy picks up the touch tone micro-wave phone on the helicopter. He touches a couple of numbers then --

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Operator.

MURPHY'S VOICE

Get me KLAC-TV.

OPERATOR

That number is listed in your directory, Sir.

MURPHY

This is police business. Get me the damned number, Lady.

We hear the number dialed then --

KLAC OPERATOR

KLAC-TV, Can I help you?

MURPHY

Tony Moyer please. Or the other one -- Chung.

There is a beat then -

MAN'S VOICE

Hello? I'm sorry but they're both out right now --

MURPHY

When will they be in?

MAN'S VOICE

May I ask what this is in reference to?

MURPHY

Just tell them Officer Murphy called --
That's Frank Murphy, Metro P.D., Astro
Division. Tell 'em I called.

Murphy clicks off, rings for the Mobile Operator.

MURPHY

Mobile, I need another number.

314 INT. KATE'S PLACE — DAY

314

As Kate comes in, fresh from a day at the beach with Timmy.
The phone is still ringing. She picks it up.

KATE

Hello?

MURPHY'S VOICE

Kate! Thank God you're home.

KATE

Murphy, I'm just about to give up on
you.

MURPHY

Give up on me tomorrow. Kate, I've got
to have a favor. A package somebody left
for me. You've got to pick it up for
me.

KATE

Where are you, Frank? Where are you
calling from?

315 As Murphy speaks into the phone --

315

MURPHY

It's in a dumpster behind the market on
Highland and Franklin --

KATE'S VOICE

Then what?

MURPHY

Take it to Tony Moyers -- Chanel Eight News --

(then)

And once you get that package don't stop for anyone -- anyone or anything. Got it?

KATE

Frank? Are you in trouble with the Police?

MURPHY

I'll tell you about it later --

BRADDOCK

Where is he now?

FLIGHT COP

Over the Hollywood-Ventura Freeway Interchange.

Braddock's stomach is going in 4 different directions. All the eyes in the room on him.

BRADDOCK

Get me the Mayor...Get me the City Emergency Center...get me the Commissioner...

COCHRANE

(cutting through)

We're getting the Air Force, Braddock. We're getting them -- now.

Cochrane motions for Fletcher to put through the calls. Fletcher starts dialing. Braddock nods -- agrees reluctantly.

ICELAN

We have him making two calls from the Special. One call to Channel 8...and a second call to his girlfriend.

Braddock still stunned...Turns away -- back to his men. Cochrane walks over to Icelan.

COCHRANE
(quietly)

Forget the cops. Get our own cars over to her place, and the goddamn TV station. It looks like the bastard wants to go public.

ICELAN

We'll stop him.

COCHRANE

We'd better.

Icelan coldly reaches for a phone.

CUT TO:

316 EXT. METRO HELIPAD -- DAY

316

We are close on the leader of a SWAT unit --

SWAT LEADER

Let's move it! Let's go!

317 ANOTHER ANGLE

317

As a heavily armed SWAT unit pours out onto the helipad --

LEADER

Give me a heavy weapons team in each one of these helicopters --

(then)

The rest of you set up on the perimeter!

Four members of the SWAT team move toward the two Police Helicopters we see warming up.

318 EXT. CAHUENGA AND FRANKLIN -- DAY

318

As Kate, in her red MGB comes south on Cahuenga, and makes a right on Franklin a helicopter shadow slides along the ground riding head on her.

319 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- DAY

319

As Murphy looks down at Kate --

320 INT. POLICE CAR — DAY

320

Two Policemen are riding north on Cahuenga. As One looks off and spots the red MGB going up Franklin toward Highland --

COP

There we go. Red MGB convertible --
going west on Franklin --

As the Driver starts to make a turn --

321 EXT. PARKING LOT (ALL NIGHT MARKET) — DAY

321

As Kate drives in, pulls up to the dumpster and, getting out, crosses over and starts rummaging through the junk -- nothing. She keeps looking. Nothing but crud.

322 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) — DAY

322

As Murphy looks down, sweating it out.

323 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

323

We are on Kate, then we swing with the bird as Murphy executes a full three-sixty -- at least it starts out to be a three-sixty but stops short when he spots the cop car coming west on Franklin.

324 ON KATE

324

As we hear:

MURPHY'S VOICE
(thru bullhorn)

Kate. Step on it.

Kate -- who has been rummaging, now looks up at the sound of Murphy's voice, then waves a container of video tape at him. She's found it!

325 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

325

As Kate runs to her car, jumps in and drives out the Highland exit of the lot. There is a traffic jam to her left -- she has no choice but to go north on Highland, toward the pass --

326 ANOTHER ANGLE THE PARKING LOT

326

The Cop car bounces in through the Franklin entrance to the Parking lot, drives through and out through the Highland entrance --

327 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL)-DAY

327

As Murphy watches we hear, over the radio --

MONTOKA'S VOICE

Air Seven to Special One -- Return to base or we will open fire.

Murphy looks over. We pan with his look to include two Police choppers approaching in formation.

MURPHY

Hey, Felix -- you qualified. Terrific!

MONTOKA'S VOICE

No shit, pendejo -- you got to set that thing down. We've got two choppers full of SWAT guys --

328 ANOTHER ANGLE

328

---As the SWAT Guys from both helicopters open fire on the Special --

329 ON MURPHY

329

The bullets of the SWAT Guys are bouncing off the armor plate of the Special. Murphy sighs, activates the Honeywell helmet.

330 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW (THROUGH HELMET)

330

As the tracer lines coverage on Montoya's chopper --

331 EXT. THEY SKY OVER LA -- DAY

331

As Murphy blows a hole in the side of Montoya's chopper --

taking out most of the engine. The Police chopper starts to smoke and drop --

MURPHY
Cut your power, Felix --
(then)
Ataboy --

As Felix's chopper goes down.

332 ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM ABOVE

332

As the Second Police Chopper drops behind the hill to check Montoya's downed aircraft, Montoya and the SWAT Team Guys pile out.

CUT TO:

333 EXT. STREET - DAY

333

We pick up Kate in her MGB as she is being chased by the Police car -- she is going like a bat out of hell, zooming in and out of traffic. The Cop car is staying close. Now, as it starts to catch her. She zooms up onto the freeway.

334 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

334

Kate comes to the Suicide Bridge at the Arroyo Seco and heads onto it. The Cop car follows.

335 ON KATE

335

As she drives, she spots the following Cop car - its siren is going and everything is flashing. Kate floorboards her little car --

336 THE BRIDGE

336

The Police car gains on Kate, Now just as the Cop car is about to collar Kate -

337 EXT. SUICIDE BRIDGE - DAY

337

As the Cop car is about to pull even with Kate, one of the cops has his gun out. They have come onto the bridge.

338 ON KATE

338

She's caught and she knows it. The Cop car is edging up, red light on her, siren blasting -- Dirty Harry II in the front seat aiming his goddamn gun at her --

339 FULL SHOT -- THE CARS ON THE BRIDGE

339

The jig is up for Kate, then suddenly from under the bridge where it has apparently been lurking, Special suddenly bounces up into view, its guns armed, aimed and ready. BLAM!

340 ANOTHER ANGLE

340

As the twenty-millimeters blast from under the ship the whole goddamned ass-end of the Cop car is just blown to hell. It just disintegrates --

341 ANOTHER ANGLE

341

As the Cop car is dragging along like a semi-squashed beetle, on its front wheels only. It swerves to one side, crashes into and electric message board which spans the freeway.

342 ANOTHER ANGLE

342

As the message board smashes down across the freeway, the electric lights spelling out the words: NEXT TIME TAKE THE BUS.

343 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- DAY

343

As he watches, suddenly he hears the plinking of bullets against the side of his aircraft. He looks off --

344 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW

344

The Second Police chopper has found him. As they close -- the SWAT Guys firing --

345 ANOTHER ANGLE

345

As Murphy dives into the Arroyo Seco and flies under a big single span bridge, the Police chopper follows --

346 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - DAY 346

We are shooting past Murphy, through bubble as he approaches a second bridge, this one more difficult to get under -- its double archways lower. Murphy looks back --

347 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW - (MIRROR SHOT) 347

As the following Police chopper closes, gung-ho SWAT-teamers leaning out and pouring automatic weapons fire at the Special.

348 ANOTHER ANGLE 348

As Murphy takes the Special under the second bridge -- the Police chopper still following --

349 EXT. THE LA RIVER 349

As an Orange painted Air Watch helicopter -- with the words CHANNEL 8 on the side -- hovers photographing out of it's gun door -- near the LA river.

350 ON MURPHY 350

As, seeing the Police chopper still behind him, he steers for the third bridge -- this one a triple archway bridge with much smaller openings.

351 EXT. CHANNEL 8 CAMERA SHIP 351

As it photographs --

352 CHANNEL 8 CAMERA SHIP'S POINT OF VIEW 352

As Murphy takes the Special through the narrow opening under the third bridge --

VOICE

That son of a bitch --

The Police chopper has followed -- or tried to follow -- Murphy under the bridge. There is a slight miscalculation. The chopper clips the bridge. The rotor flies off and the chopper bounces and skids down the cement riverbed -- skipping like a flat stone --

353 INT. ASTRO COMMAND -- DAY

353

We see that we have been watching Channel Eight live coverage on a television set in the Office of the Astro Division. Present are Braddock, Icelan and Cochrane -- plus several men we haven't met before including the Mayor of L.A., and an Airforce Colonel in Uniform, Colonel Coe. Over this we hear:

MOYER'S VOICE

For those of you who tuned in late,
Channel Eight is bringing you live
coverage of a helicopter hijacking --

(then)

Police spokesmen tell us that an Officer
of the Astro Division has commandeered an
armed helicopter -- a gun ship of some
sort -- and is shooting up the city. I
don't wish to alarm you but we have
received a communication from the Mayor's
Office.

(then)

Stay inside your homes. There is a
sniper over the city of Los Angeles --
we've already lost one police car and
two helicopters --

354 ANOTHER ANGLE

354

As the Mayor steps forward and turns down the sound -- then
turns to the others --

MAYOR

What now, gentlemen? I'm not losing any
more of our copters.

COCHRANE

(steps forward)

If I may, your Honor -

(then)

This is Colonel Coe of the Air Force.

MAYOR

Yes Colonel --

COE

Mister Mayor, we've got a couple of
F-16's standing by at March Field.

His Honor is a nice man but a little over his head at the
moment.

MAYOR

F-16?

COCHRANE

We can take him out right now. All
you've got to do is say the word --

BRADDOCK

You can't -- they've got rockets.
You'll trash half the damned city.

COCHRANE

The F-16 is armed with heat-seeking
missles. They can surgically remove him
from the air --

(then)

Like cutting out a tumor.

BRADDOCK

We're not talking about a tumor.

CUT TO:

355 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- DAY

355

Murphy is flying over the freeway trying to spot Kate in her
red MGB. He's having no success then over the Radio we
hear--

CONTROLLER'S VOICE

All West L.A. Units -- we've got that
red MGB convertible -- California
License plates Bravo Tango Yankee three
twenty-three. Headed west on Fountain
at Sweetzer. Code Three.

Murphy is altering course, checking the map as we --

CUT TO:

356 EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET -- DAY

356

As Kate comes along Fountain, moving at a pretty good clip,
she leans forward and taps her gas gauge. The streets are
almost deserted. Los Angeles has gone indoors.

357 ANOTHER ANGLE

357

As the gauge doesn't respond -- no bounce whatsoever. The
needle is on empty and no amount of fingernail tapping is
about to bounce it.

358 ANOTHER ANGLE 358

As the MGB comes to an intersection --

359 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- DAY 359

As Murphy comes flying over the hill -- he spots Kate at the intersection but he's too far away to reach her on the bullhorn --

MURPHY

360 EXT. INTERSECTION -- DAY 360

No, no, Kate -- left -- take a left --

As Kate takes a right, then -- sensing that she's made a wrong move, finds a little alley -- turns into it. She is going much too fast as --

361 EXT. AN ALLEY -- DAY 361

We see a man working a big piece of furniture down the let-down back ramp of a big moving van. The van is parked kind of caddy-cornered in the alley.

362 CLOSER -- THE MAN 362

He is oblivious of the disaster approaching him from dead astern. As Kate honks her horn he turns, jumps about eight feet in the air and hits running --

363 ANOTHER ANGLE 363

As Kate -- going about seventy -- heads straight for the opening between the Tail-gate and the alley wall. She ain't gonna make it. Maybe on a motorcycle but no --

364 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- DAY 364

Murphy can't look.

365 ON KATE 365

As she takes the only option open to her, floor's it.

366 ANOTHER ANGLE 366

As Kate hits the Tail-gate. The furniture on it flies in all directions. The ramp serves to flip the MGB over on its side --

367 ANOTHER ANGLE 367

As Kate's car goes sliding down the alley on its side here comes a grader up the alley, its blade riding high.

368 FEATURING THE GRADER

368

As the driver quickly lowers the blade, Kate's MGB slides into it -- right itself.

369 ANOTHER ANGLE -- MOUTH OF ALLEY

369

As Kate's car, worse for wear but on its wheels again comes out of the alley, hangs a right, goes over a curb, whips past a little guard station on the TV Parking Lot and slams to a stop behind the KLAC building. She pauses, rightfully pleased with herself.

370 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) -- DAY

370

Murphy can't believe what he's just seen --

371 INT. KLAC NEWS BUILDING -- DAY

371

There is much activity. They've got a chopper up there broadcasting live the biggest story in the country at this time. Phones are ringing. People are running back and forth. She crosses up to a Security Guard --

KATE

I have a package for Mister Moyers --

SECURITY GUARD

He's very busy --

KATE

I know that. But this is from Frank --
Murphy --

SECURITY GUARD

Lady, there's a crazy man up there in a helicopter -- we got no time for --

The phone at his desk is ringing.

SECURITY GUARD

Just a minute.

As the Guard crosses to the phone, Kate looks around -- hugging her videotape -- not knowing what exactly to do next.

372 ANOTHER ANGLE

372

As Icelan's buddy, Fletcher -- whom Kate has never seen before -- drifts up with a laid back smile.

FLETCHER

The most dangerous thing in the world is
a little man afraid for his job --

(then)

I'm Dick Fisher. I'll get that to Tony
if you'd like --

As Kate looks at him.

373 EXT. SKY OVER LA -- DAY

373

We are on the Special as it hovers --

374 INT. OFFICE (FEDERAL BUILDING) -- DAY

374

Grundelius is on the phone. Holmes is sitting in a chair
carefully peeling the paper from a stick of gum.

GRUNDELIUS

(from phone)

I've got Ray Icelan at Astro control --
he says they've just scrambled two
F-16's from March Field --

HOLMES

What about the tape?

GRUNDELIUS

No sign of it, Sir. But he did make
that call to KLAC. We've got Fletcher
standing by to intercept --

HOLMES

Why don't we simply erase it? Isn't
that what the bug's for?

GRUNDELIUS

We don't know the number.

HOLMES

Then erase them all --

CUT TO:

375 EXT. MARCH FIELD -- DAY

375

As a couple of F-16's take off.

CUT TO:

376 INT. KLAC NEWS BUILDING -- DAY

376

We are close on a door to the Inner Sanctum which opens
revealing Tony Moyers. We move with him as he crosses up to
Kate who is just about to give the tape to Fletcher.

MOYERS

Hi, I'm Tony Moyers --

(then)

Are you the lady with the package from Frank Murphy?

KATE

Yes. I was just about to give it to your producer.

MOYERS

Who?

KATE

(indicates Fletcher)

Dick Fisher.

MOYERS

(looks at Fletcher)

I never saw this bastard before in my life --

(takes the tapes, to Kate)

Come on.

As they start off:

FLETCHER

Not so fast. That's Government property --

377 ANOTHER ANGLE

377

As Moyers turns back, Fletcher has held out his hand for the tape he so confidently expects. Instead Moyers takes off the erasing bug and drops it into Fletcher's palm. As he does so:

MOYERS

Sue me.

Moyers and Kate now move back toward the newsroom. Fletcher looks after them, is about to say something but at this moment the bug activates in Fletcher's hand -- it buzzes loudly. Fletcher squeels and jumps back, startled as we -

CUT TO:

378 INT. - COCKPIT OF F-16 - SUNSET

378

The fighter pilot is a 25-year-old kid with icewater for blood. A Lt. Colonel -- flying a plane like this.

PILOT #1

Ahhh...we have your target -- bearing one-two-one at thirteen miles -- final clearance to engage...

This guy's cocky -- flying the hottest plane in the world. On-board computer...on-board radar...on-board fire control system...all the hardware.

379 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - SUNSET 379

As Murphy looks around, scanning the sky --

380 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW 380

As the two fighters come in --

381 ON MURPHY 381

He knows what's coming at him. Good. At least he knows what he has to do. He shoves the controls forward, goes into a dive --

382 MURPHY'S ANGLE (THROUGH BUBBLE) 382

As he takes her down to fifty feet or so, hiding in alleys -- ducking under power lines.

383 ON THE FIGHTERS 383

Coming in. At 1200 miles an hour. They explode past us in a shattering of sound.

384 THE SPECIAL 384

Hiding behind an old building as the fighter passes.

385 EXT. A NEARBY ROOFTOP - SUNSET 385

As a SWAT team -- higher than the chopper -- fires down at Murphy.

386 ON MURPHY 386

As he hears the bullets hit, afraid for his rotor he rises into the air --

387 INT. F-16 - SUNSET 387

The pilot sees Murphy's copter pop up from hiding in the alley.

388 EXT. SKY OVER LA - SUNSET 388

As the fighters make their turn over Santa Monica, come back, flap down, cutting speed.

389 EXT. METRO HELIPAD - SUNSET 389

As a modified Army Helicopter with camouflage paint sits down on the pad.

390 ANOTHER ANGLE 390

As Cochrane, in his flying suit, walks out to the helicopter putting on his gloves. The Army Pilot gets out, salutes. Cochrane flicks back a salute -- gets in.

CUT TO;

391 INT. "SPECIAL" - SUNSET 391

Murphy's slipping over rooftops, looking for a new hiding place. Can't find one.

392 INT. F-16 - SUNSET 392

The Fire Control System has Murphy -- dead on. The Sanders Associates - Loral AN/Q fire panel blinks -- GREEN.

The panel -- "MISSILE ARMED" -- blinks. As the pilot reaches for the panel.

393 EXT. FIGHTER - SUNSET 393

The stencil on the missile under the wing reads:

"SIDEWINDER AIM 9L -- RAYTHEON CO." Suddenly, flame spurts from the missile.

394 INT. "SPECIAL" - SUNSET 394

Murphy sees the missile launch. He drops the chopper to a height of just a couple of feet and brings it around a corner.

395 ANOTHER ANGLE 395

At the corner he has just turned we see a sign on a long low building. It reads:

AMOS'S OPEN PIT BARBEQUE
RIBS AND CHICKEN

Four cooks in aprons and white hats run out as the chopper comes down the street --

396 EFFECT SHOT (SLOW MOTION) 396

As the sidewinder missile loses Murphy's chopper, picks up the shimmering aluminum smokestack of the smokehouse and does a swan dive straight down the chimney.

397 INT. THE SMOKEHOUSE - SUNSET

We see rows and rows of ribs and chickens quietly getting smoked. No people.

398 EFFECT SHOT (SLOW MOTION)

As the smokehouse explodes --

399 EXT. A STREET CORNER SUNSET

Two cops are looking as the sound of the explosion continues.

COP

What the hell was that?

Suddenly it starts to rain chicken and ribs. As they look up --

CUT TO:

400 INT. ASTRO DIVISION - SUNSET

Braddock is on the horn. He turns to Colonel Coe -

BRADDOCK

One of your missiles just took out a
barbeque shack in little Tokyo.

401 EXT. SKY OVER DOWNTOWN LA - SUNSET

Murphy is racing for the tall glass towers of downtown L.A.

402 FEATURING THE FIGHTERS

As they turn over the ocean and come in for another pass --

403 ON MURPHY'S AIRCRAFT

As he positions it in front of a tall glass building which reflects the setting sun. He is hovering in place. Cold meat.

404 ON MURPHY

As he waits, sweating it out --

405 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - SUNSET

As the first pilot picks up Murphy's chopper --

PILOT

Well what do you know? He froze.

As the pilot fires --

406 ANOTHER ANGLE - AIR TO AIR

406

As missiles from both fighters streak toward the Special chopper --

407 ON THE SPECIAL

407

As suddenly Murphy's chopper moves around the corner of the building --

408 EFFECT SHOT (SLOW MOTION)

408

As the sidewinder missiles approach -- and losing Murphy's heat signature -- go for the next best thing. The reflection of the setting sun on the shimmering glass panels of the building --

409 ANOTHER ANGLE

409

As the missiles hit the building. The top of the structure explodes. Glass and debris showers down on the street --

410 INT. COCKPIT OF F-16 - SUNSET

As the young pilot registers shock.

PILOT

Oh, Jesus Christ --

As the fighter passes over the exploding building.

411 ON MURPHY'S CHOPPER

411

As he brings it out from behind the building, and as he is gaining altitude fast we see the twenty Millimeters turn toward the fighters. The F-16's are banking for another pass--

10/1/81

113

412 MURPHY'S POINT-OF-VIEW 412

Through Honeywell Helmet. Murphy brings the green tracerlines to bear on the wingtip of the lead fighter - presses the trigger.

413 ANOTHER ANGLE 413

As the wingtip blows off the lead fighter.

414 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - SUNSET 414

As the pilot yanks the zero level EJECT handle and is exploded out of the plane.

415 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - SUNSET 415

As Murphy flips up the visor of the Honeywell helmet and looks for the Fighter Pilot. Finds him.

416 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW 416

The Pilot is floating down in his parachute past skyscraper windows, sixty stories up.

417 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SKY OVER LA - SUNSET 417

As Cochrane manoeuvres the Army chopper into the path between the sinking sun and Murphy. Moves in -- target angle zero, distance, three miles.

418 INT. CONTROL ROOM (ASTRO DIVISION) - SUNSET 418

The Mayor, the Chief of Police, Colonel Coe and Icelan are standing in conference as Braddock comes up -- addresses himself to the Mayor:

BRADDOCK

All right your Honor -- we've lost an F-16 and the top of the fucking Arco Building. Is that enough?

The Mayor turns to the Chief and Coe --

MAYOR

That's it -- call it off.

ICELAN

May I respectfully remind you sir -- there's a madman loose up there with six twenty-millimeter cannons that can --

MAYOR
(interrupting)
I said call it off!

CUT TO:

419 EXT. SKY OVER DOWNTOWN LA - SUNSET 419

We see Channel Eight Telecopter photographing.

420 WHAT THEY ARE PHOTOGRAPHING 420

As the pilot nears the street level.

421 INT. KLAC BROADCASTING STUDIOS - SUNSET 421

As Moyers is ad libbing to the live coverage --

MOYERS
That's it ladies and gentlemen...you're seeing it as it happens and what you're seeing is hard to believe. This helicopter -- and all we know is that it's called the Special -- has just shot down an F-16 Fighter.

422 ANOTHER ANGLE (SHOOTING FROM CONTROL ROOM) 422

Through the glass panels we see Moyers. In the foreground we see Kate, Chung -- in earphones at a video playback machine -- the Director and whatever other Technicians would be present.

MOYERS
We have just received confirmation on the identity of pilot of the Special -- the man they've been calling the Mad Sniper. He's Frank Murphy, an Officer of the Metropolitan Police Department --

As Moyers is speaking over the air, Chung has turned from the playback -- the video tape of the Holmes meeting holograph -- and stripped off his earphones.

CHUNG (to Director)

Jesus Christ, Mort, you ought to hear this stuff! These guys -- they sound like Cops and Feds -- they were stirring up trouble in South Central so that they could prove what that goddamned Special can do -- it's all right here!

(then)

And you'd better tell Tony to go easy on that Mad Sniper shit. That Cop up there might just turn into the hottest ticket since Hortius at the Bridge --

CUT TO:

- 423 ON MURPHY 423
As he watches the pilot land Safely --
- 424 EXT. SKY OVER LA - TWILIGHT 424
As Cochrane's Army chopper moves in on Murphy, blindsiding him--
- 425 EFFECT SHOT (THROUGH COCHRANE'S GUNSIGHT) 425
Murphy's chopper is centered in Cochrane's gunsight. He presses the trigger. The guns blast.
- 426 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - TWILIGHT 426
As the plexiglass bubble stars with a couple of bullet holes and Murphy is jolted as a slug hits him in the left shoulder. Blood almost immediately starts to stain his flying suit as -- acting on instinct -- he banks his chopper, seeking the cover of a nearby building.
- 427 ON COCHRANE 427
As he fires another salvo.
- 428 ON THE BELLY OF THE SPECIAL 428
The salvo from Cochrane's gun hits the mount of Murphy's Vulcan cannons. Paint is knocked away. Sparks fly. The mount looks tilted slightly out of plumb.

429 EXT. THE SKY OVER LA - TWILIGHT 429

As Cochrane's chopper follows Murphy's around the corner of the building.

430 INT. COCKPIT (SPECIAL) - TWILIGHT 430

As Murphy tries to turn the cannon mount -- it won't function. It's stuck in a position, pointing dead ahead.

431 THROUGH COCHRANE'S GUNSIGHT 431

As Cochrane dogs Murphy's tail -- blasting away.

432 ON MURPHY 432

As the bullets from Cochrane's guns are bouncing off the armor of the Special, he puts his ship into a dive.

433 ON THE CHANNEL EIGHT TELECOPTER 433

As they photograph the chase.

434 AIR TO AIR (TELECOPTER'S POINT OF VIEW) 434

As Murphy dives for the L.A. streets, Cochrane follows.

435 CLOSE MURPHY 435

His left sleeve is drenched in blood. He is getting weak --

CUT TO:

436 THE VIET NAM FLASHBACK 436

We are on the familiar shot of Murphy, flying the Huey over Viet Nam as the pleas of the vietnamese in the rear of the ship is heard. Murphy turns --

437 MURPHY'S POINT OF VIEW (TO REAR OF CHOPPER) 437

As several men in U.S. Army fatigues throw a pleading, old Vietnamese man out of the gun door of the Huey. One of the men turns into Camera. He is Cochrane.

CUT TO:

438 EXT. SKY OVER LA - TWILIGHT 438

A SERIES OF CUTS as Murphy takes his chopper down to the deck -- flying only a few feet off the ground, Cochrane follows, guns blasting. Through the court of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Under the gallery between City Hall and City Hall East. Whatever else. Occasional SWAT teams fire at Murphy's ship.

439 ON COCHRANE

439

He smiles thinly -- it's just a matter of time. Firing.

440 ON MURPHY

440

His left arm is useless. He's at the end of his string. He looks into the mirror and hauls back on the controls. Up goes the chopper's nose --

441 ON COCHRANE

441

As he follows Murphy's climb, his own tough chopper equal to the job. The angle of climb is forty-five degrees -- now fifty. The Army ship is starting to vibrate.

442 ON MURPHY

442

As he pulls his own controls back even farther. The Special is climbing straight up -- ninety degrees. It falters momentarily --

MURPHY

Come on baby --

The machine tilts back -- it's upside down!

443 ON THE CHANNEL EIGHT TELECOPTER

443

As it photographs.

444 AIR TO AIR (ON MURPHY'S HELICOPTER)

444

As it completes a loop-the-loop.

445 ON COCHRANE

445

His chopper's nose has dropped slightly. He looks around.

COCHRANE

Where the hell -- ?

Cochrane looks around, over his shoulder. Whip pan to Murphy's chopper, right on Cochrane's ass.

446 CLOSE COCHRANE

446

As he turns back, his brow furrowed.

COCHRANE

A loop?

(then)

It can't be done.

447 ON MURPHY

447

As he brings his thumb down on the firing button --

448 ON COCHRANE'S CHOPPER

448

As the six twenty-millimeter cannons blast the Army chopper out of the air -- demolish it -- just blow it into a million spinning chunks.

449 ON MURPHY

449

As he makes a little pistol out of his hand and aims it at the cloud of falling debris.

MURPHY

Catch you later.

450 AIR TO AIR

450

As the Channel Eight Telecopter comes in close on Murphy, camera rolling.

451 WHAT THEY ARE PHOTOGRAPHING

451

We see Murphy flying the Special. Weak from the loss of blood he sets it down in the middle of the coliseum.

CUT TO: -----

452 INT. KLAC BROADCASTING STUDIO - NIGHT

452

We are on Moyers as --

MOYERS

Officer Murphy managed to set his airship down in the Los Angeles Coliseum bringing to a close one of the most unusual stories this reporter has ever covered --

We are pulling back from what we now recognize to be a television set as we hear -

KATE'S VOICE

Murphy?

453 INT. MURPHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

453

Kate has come in with a tray of food. We can still see the TV set as --

MOYERS
(continues)

And by all indications the story is far from over. On the strength of a tape which Officer Murphy had delivered to this station earlier today the Mayor has reopened the investigation into the death of Committeewoman Diana McNeely -- which may also be connected to the death of Officer Richard Lymangood of the Astro Division --

We have followed Kate into the room. As she looks around then crosses to the couch and stops, we hear --

MOYERS
Half a dozen members of the local Police Department and several Government Officials -- of both the State and the Justice Departments are being detained for questioning --

454 KATE'S POINT OF VIEW

454

As Moyers continues, Kate is looking down at Murphy and Timmy, both asleep on the couch. The man's face is unlined and he is sleeping the untroubled sleep of one who has come home after a long and difficult journey -- and managed to cream an arrogant bastard on the way.

We hold for a long while then finally --

FADE OUT:

THE END