

" 240-ROBERT "

"Geared For Action"

(working title)

written by-

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ROSNER
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Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess,
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The Emergency Services Detail.

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. MALIBU SHORELINE - DAY

as a roll of surf curls, breaks, smashes INTO CAMERA. But above this SOUND comes the BELLOW of an AIRCRAFT ENGINE... in trouble. CAMERA TILTS UP TO SEE a high-wing single-engine Cessna 182 arc directly AT US. It drops, SCREAMING toward the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU BEACH COTTAGE

An elderly lady, SISSIE, 63, and her MOM, 84, gasp with horror, seeing the out-of-control plane. (NOTE: they always dress in identical clothes.)

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER - THE CRASH

The plane smashes into the blue water. On impact, the door on the pilot's side pops open, catapults the male pilot out.

THE PILOT

arcs through the air TOWARD CAMERA LENS. Screams wildly.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - THE OLD LADIES

both terrified, hands flutter. Mom breaks away, hurries for the house.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - HELICOPTER (HUGHES 500 JET)

punches TOWARD CAMERA, arcs AWAY toward the ocean. It's sleek as a bullet; the fastest, sturdiest, most flexible rescue chopper in the business.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - FULL BRONCO

The four-wheel-drive black and white Ford Bronco blasts hard INTO CAMERA. ARC WITH it as it screams PAST, bumping perilously down the rugged face of the cliff toward the ocean below.

The Bronco is snub like a tank but fast. They go anywhere. Slightly larger than a jeep, it crouches on overgrown, balloonlike tires. Jam-packed with ropes, carabiners, defibrillators, scuba tanks, it sports a powerful, motor-driven winch, front mounted.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER

blasting TOWARD US. The pilot, LISA NORTH,

is 32 years old, wears sunglasses, a cap, a headset, and a trim-fitting jumpsuit. Peering out of the sleek bubble nose of the chopper, nothing can disguise her good looks: an imp with pixie eyes. She delights in putting people on -- especially Trap. The first female to be checked out in helicopter for the department, she loves flying and excitement. And though it's only her second day with the unit, she looks forward to the challenge of bringing this bird into places where it has to go under impossible conditions.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

rocketing, slipping, sliding down the cliff. Driving is Deputy THEODORE ROOSEVELT APPLGATE, III, "TRAP."

Built like a tight end; at 28 is in superb physical condition; full of energy, money-making schemes, and fun. A talented mimic, who enjoys doing accents; his "macho" streak (women do not belong in law enforcement), con man's manner, and big friendly grin are his trademarks.

Hanging on beside him is Deputy DWAYNE THIBIDEAUX.

He's 30, a splendid athlete, a marathon runner, heavily into the medical side of their work, occasionally pensive but with a fine-honed wit. He plays guitar and likes to compose simple songs, one of which became a hit by a sheer fluke of the music business. He'll probably never duplicate that success, and it doesn't trouble him.

They've been partners two years and enjoy bantering.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER - ANGLE ON FATHER

The male pilot, the FATHER, surfaces, sputters, chokes on the salty water. The ROAR of the APPROACHING CHOPPER BLASTS the air. Water spews outward under the impact from its rotors.

HIS POV - THE HELICOPTER

almost directly above and hovering. Something which looks like a big orange beach ball is released, drops to the surface, inflates on impact... a small life raft.

THE FATHER

swims toward it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - THE BRONCO

slams to a stop, geysers sand. Trap and Thibideux leap out, run to the rear of the unit, open doors, grab for scuba gear and tanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH

Helicopter drops to within three feet of the sand, sending up an abrasive shower.

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

running toward the chopper full tilt, despite the heavy tanks on their backs. They wear wetsuits, black with an orange stripe, masks with regulators dangling. They carry flippers.

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE

Sissie and Mom watch, awed. The long skirts of their old-fashioned dresses flutter in the breeze.

EXT. BEACH - THE CHOPPER

The two Deputies have slipped on their flippers. Sand blasts at them. One goes to each skid, loops an arm over it, grabs that arm with the other hand. Ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The chopper rises, rocking from the strain of two men hanging to the skids. It arcs out over the water, the two figures in black silhouetted against the sky. (See script cover.)

ANGLE FROM THE AIR

as the helicopter approaches directly INTO LENS. Lisa concentrates fiercely. The two Deputies are suspended only by their own arms, swaying precariously.

CLOSE - TRAP

in mid-air. Clings to the skid, face blasted by the air. He looks to Thibideaux.

HIS POV - CLOSE ON THIBIDEAUX

also blasted by the air. Hangs tight. Nods assurance. Both pros.

ANGLE - THE CHOPPER

CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO SEE the chopper descend carefully toward the inflated raft and the Father. It hovers ten feet from the water. Both men swing like heavy pendulums as Lisa fights to stabilize the bird.

FROM DIRECTLY ABOVE THE CHOPPER

Both men release. The chopper wobbles. SLOW MOTION. Trap and Thibideaux fall, hit the water and submerge, throwing up two geysers of water high AT THE LENS.

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

as they surface, both close to the Father. The water around them ripples from the rotors' BLAST. The Father shouts something indistinguishable over the ROTOR NOISE, points. Thibideaux immediately does a flip and makes a surface dive, disappears, headed for the plane.

UNDERWATER - THIBIDEAUX'S POV

Sudden shocking SILENCE compared to the chopper's roar. Moving through heavy kelp as he descends. His hands in immediate f.g., gently move the kelp to clear a path.

UNDERWATER - THIBIDEAUX

swims TOWARD CAMERA. Only the soft bubbles of his BREATHING break the blue-green stillness. He approaches the plane, moves along its fuselage, finds the door opening.

UNDERWATER - INT. PLANE

as he swims in, moves carefully in the water-filled close quarters. He sees something ahead.

UNDERWATER - HIS POV

CAMERA RISES WITH him, BREAKS the surface of the water within the submerged plane, REVEALS the pilot's daughter, NIKKI, who has found a pocket of air at the tail of the plane, clings there desperately. We HEAR the SOUND of the WATER SURFACE BEING BROKEN.

THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI

He removes his regulator and mask. The girl grimaces with pain. She's in shock and trying not to panic, astonished to see this man in scuba gear. Nikki is fifteen going on thirty, but right now she's a relieved girl.

THIBIDEAUX

(reassuring)

You're gonna be okay. I'll get you out of here.

NIKKI

My father?

THIBIDEAUX

He's okay.

UNDERWATER - TRAP

coming through the kelp toward the plane.

UNDERWATER - HIS POV - THE PLANE

directly ahead. CAMERA MOVES with him along the plane window, through which he can see Thibideaux and Nikki.

INT. PLANE - THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI

The girl is almost hyperventilating, although there is air still. Thibideaux is relaxed and confident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIKKI

I can't. I can't.

THIBIDEAUX

Sure, you can. Hey... do I look scared?

NIKKI

No...

THIBIDEAUX

If I can do it, you can. Once again, you breathe, then I breathe...

He shows her how to use the mouthpiece, take a breath.

THIBIDEAUX

(continuing)

Plenty of air for both of us... Try it. Put it in your mouth. Take a normal breath...

Hesitant, yet beginning to calm with his matter-of-fact tone, Nikki puts the mouthpiece in her mouth, breathes.

THIBIDEAUX

(continuing)

See?... Easy...

She nods.

There is a RAPPING SOUND at the window. Both turn toward it.

THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW - TRAP

He makes a little hand salute. OVER this:

THIBIDEAUX (O.S.)

Right on cue. My partner... the world's biggest guppy.

BACK TO THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI

The girl still winces in pain, but she's calming down, smiles at him.

THIBIDEAUX

There's some kelp... like big seaweed... don't let it worry you. It'll feel like it's hugging, but move real slow and easy and just push it out of your way. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods, smiles, tentative but trusting. He's so calm, so reassuring.

THIBIDEAUX

(continuing)

We'll be out in no time. Be a great story for all your friends.

CLOSE - THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI

She moves to put the regulator in her mouth, but hesitates.

THIBIDEAUX

(smiles his Robert Redford smile)

Hey, I only share my regulator with pretty girls... that way I get to hold their hands.

She smiles, puts the regulator in her mouth. He takes a deep breath, reaches for her hand, and they both dive underwater.

UNDERWATER - THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI

She bubbles air from the regulator. He swims without aid. They swim through the open door.

UNDERWATER - THEIR POV

Directly ahead is Trap. He makes the "okay" sign, moves ahead of them. A bright-colored fish swims curiously close. Kelp floats lazily in their path.

UNDERWATER - ANGLE ON THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI

swim into the kelp. Thibideaux taps her, shows her how to push the kelp away. She does it.

UNDERWATER - THIBIDEAUX AND NIKKI AND TRAP

as they come together. Thibideaux reaches for the regulator, smiles at her. He removes it, takes a breath, slips it back to her.

UNDERWATER - THEIR POV

The last of the kelp disappears to the sides, then they ascend:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UP, UP, the water becoming lighter as they near the surface, then BREAK THROUGH with a SPLASH. Father is close by on the raft.

THIBIDEAUX, TRAP AND NIKKI

bursting through the surface. Thibideaux takes a great gasp of air. The HELICOPTER ROARS. Trap waves a hand signal to Lisa. A-okay.

LOWER ANGLE FROM THE WATER - HELICOPTER

Almost directly above them, the chopper banks sharply and heads for shore.

THE WATER

Trap and Thibideaux help Nikki onto the raft with her Father. The girl trembles with shock and released tension.

FATHER

(tearful)

Thank God... thank God...

NIKKI

(overlaps)

There was air inside the plane...

He hugs her.

THIBIDEAUX

(aside, to Trap)

She's in shock. Left leg fracture.
Maybe the hip.

EXT. BEACH

as the helicopter drops, nests down like a duck sitting on her eggs.

THE TWO OLD LADIES

now on the beach, shield themselves from the blast of sand from the nearby chopper.

MOM

(points at chopper)

Sissie... look!

THEIR POV - THE HELICOPTER

a short distance away. The rotors are WHIRRING to a halt. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to bubble to SEE Lisa remove her head gear, shake out her hair. It cascades down: long, blonde, very feminine and becoming.

SISSIE (O.S.)

A girl? A little girl!

THE TWO LADIES

both amazed. Stare at Lisa O.S. (NOTE: The two ladies talk constantly, simultaneously, frequently overlapping; logic is not their forte.)

SISSIE

I like her hair. Isn't she cute, Mother?

MOM

Ought to put one like her in the White House! Stir things up a little!

LISA

climbing down from the chopper.

SISSIE (O.S.)

Think she wears a uniform when she goes to a party?

MOM

Wonder if she'd take us for a ride? I always wanted to go up in one of those eggbeaters.

EXT. WATER

Nikki and her Father are aboard the raft. Trap and Thibideaux at the front, drag/pull it through the water toward shore. Father is very solicitous for Nikki, who leans against him, feeling the pain now.

THIBIDEAUX

I'm Thibideaux... Sheriff's search and rescue.

TRAP

T.R. Applegate... You can call me Trap...

(a la Steve Martin)
'Just a couple a' wild an' crazy guys!'

EXT. BEACH - LISA AND OLD LADIES

Lisa wears a trim-fitting flight suit. She takes a report on a clipboard. The two ladies flutter around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mom keeps trying to sneak a look at Lisa's notes by peering over Lisa's shoulder through the pince-nez which hang on a black velvet ribbon from her neck. (The two continue to overlap and interrupt each other.)

LISA

Okay, now, first you heard the engine sputtering...

SISSIE

Planes around all hours
of the day and night.
Doing wicked things!

MOM

And boats coming in. And
flying over at all hours
of the...

LISA

(trying to sort
them out)

You've seen a plane before? Flying
low over the water?

Both nod vigorously. Lisa turns from one to the other like being caught in a tennis match where only the players can see the ball.

SISSIE

(conspiratorially)
We've called the Mayor.
Chief of police.
Governor. Even those
good-looking lifeguards...

MOM

Lots of planes. And people
on the beach, flashing
lights...

EXT. WATER

Trap and Thibideaux continue to pull the raft. They are now both facing forward and talk under their breath so that Nikki and her father cannot hear.

TRAP

I'm tellin' ya, she's a danger to
us, Thib.

THIBIDEAUX

Who? This little girl?

TRAP

No, that big girl.
(nodding toward shore)
Twelve feet up, at least, she
dropped us off.

THIBIDEAUX

Come on, Trap, it's only her second
day -- and besides, Hal's dropped
us at fifteen, twenty feet. You
never complained about him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP

You're right, she's no Hal.

THIBIDEAUX

She's a pro. She's gonna be terrific.

A pause. He considers.

TRAP

You know, you're absolutely right. She is terrific. Best pilot I've ever seen. As a matter of fact, I'm going to recommend her for Aero Bureau instructor..

THIBIDEAUX

But then she'd be transferred out of the unit.

Trap smiles.

EXT. BEACH - LISA AND THE TWO LADIES

Their nonstop bantering continues.

MOM

... it's just plain dangerous here...

SISSIE

... all these weird things happening...

Lisa has a mischievous glint in her eye.

LISA

Okay... look... if you have any more trouble... Just call our office and ask for...
(very clearly,
distinctly)
... Deputy Trap.

MOM AND SISSIE

(together)

Trap?

LISA

That's right. See him? Over there.
(points)
Tall, dark... he's our specialist. Weird things happen, day or night... just call...

SWISH PAN FROM the old ladies peering off TO:

CLOSE - TRAP ON BEACH

removing his wet suit top, revealing a powerfully muscled torso.

LISA (O.S.)

... Deputy Trap.

PICTURE ZOOMS BACK TO INCLUDE Thibideaux, Nikki, and Father also on the beach. Two ambulance attendants rush up with a stretcher.

MATTE SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - THE BEACH

As Nikki is lifted to the stretcher.

MAN WITH MEDALLIONS (O.S.)

Well...?

EXT. COVE NEAR THE BEACH - TWO MEN IN A ROWBOAT

Two MEN pretend to fish so as not to be conspicuous. The rocky cove provides cover. One observes the beach through high-powered glasses. Both seem incongruous as fishermen. The man without the glasses wears several chains and medallions around his neck. Both are very threatening. Latent violence. Cold eyes.

MAN WITH MEDALLIONS

... What do you think?

MAN WITH GLASSES

(lowers them, smiles)

They don't know a thing.

AT AN AMBULANCE

It waits near the beach. Two attendants know the routine. They carry Nikki on a stretcher. Thibideaux helps, as the stretcher is loaded.

NIKKI

I was so scared... I still don't know how you got me to do that...

THIBIDEAUX

(smiles; mock flirting)

Good ole boyish charm.

NIKKI

(smiles back)

Thanks... You're a professional diver?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX

Well, Sheriff's rescue unit.

NIKKI

Then you're a cop?

THIBIDEAUX

(conspirator)

Well... really I'm a songwriter.

NIKKI

Oh, any I know?

THIBIDEAUX

(grins)

Well, maybe one so far... Catch you at the hospital.

As Nikki looks on quizzically, an attendant moves to close the rear doors. Father enters.

FATHER

I don't know how to thank you...

THIBIDEAUX

You just did.

EXT. BEACH - LISA AND OLD LADIES

Trap walks up. He towers over the women, who look at him in awe.

TRAP

Hello, I'm...

MOM AND SISSIE

(overlapping; together)

Deputy Trap!

CLOSE - TRAP

looks from the old ladies to Lisa -- who smiles back. This match was never made in heaven.

MONTAGE - SERIES TITLE HITS

OVER a SERIES OF SHOTS. STARTS WITH Trap and Thibideaux in their scuba gear at the Bronco. Lisa in the helicopter. Then a MONTAGE of the exciting, dangerous life and death work of these Deputies. Repelling down a cliff. Hanging from a chopper. Giving CPR to a victim. Zipping up in a snowmobile. Raising a stokes litter on a winch, etc.

FADE OUT.

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RESCUE HEADQUARTERS - CLIFFSIDE BEACH

SHOW TITLES ("The Apology") BEGIN as soon as Headquarters is ESTABLISHED. SOUND OVER THE OPENING SHOT: GRUNTS, GROANS, PANTING BREATHS. Small neat building right on the beach. U.S. and County flags fly. ESTABLISH a sign reading:
 "Emergency Services Detail"
 L.A. COUNTY SHERIFF"

UNDER CREDITS:

THIBIDEAUX (V.O.)

Move it, Bird.

BIG BIRD (V.O.)

I'm in overdrive already.

FONENUMBER FEDDERSON (V.O.)

Somebody made this thing tougher!

TRAP (V.O.)

You're just getting older.

CAMERA PANS TO SHOW in b.g. a group of Deputies in shorts, all in exceptional physical shape, muscular, trim, bodies hard. They hustle through their homemade obstacle course: parallel bars; a section of conduit to duck-walk through; knotted rope to climb. To one side is the helicopter pad with the gleaming 500 Jet sitting there. Lisa works over it. Girls in bikinis go by on the beach in f.g. The Broncos are parked and ready in a parking area in b.g.
 MOVING TO THEM WE HEAR:

TRAP

You know, it's that time again...?

C.B.

When?

TRAP

Friday night.

TRAVELLING SHOT - THE DEPUTIES

as they complete the obstacle course, run down the beach. They talk between breaths from exertion of hard running. We sense the close camaraderie and sharp kidding of men who like each other and literally trust one another with their lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG BIRD
(a very tall Deputy)
My wife said one more annual party
and she splits for Vegas.

HAMILTON
Your wife? Might be worth it...

ROVERINO
... What'll it be this time?

C.B.
Costumes? Bird could come as the
Goodyear blimp.

TRAP
And you could be...
(imitates)
R-2 D-2...

THE DEPUTIES - RUNNING

They head for the building past the helicopter pad. Trap
notes Lisa, WORKING ON THE CHOPPER IN B.G. Indicates to
Thibideaux.

TRAP
Only this time it should be stag.
Trap and Thibideaux let the others go on. Trap begins some
Kung Fu moves. He knows the "Serpent" and the "Eagle" and
moves with strength and grace. Thibideaux occupies himself
with curl repetitions.

THIBIDEAUX
No dates?

TRAP
No girls.

THIBIDEAUX
(now he gets it)
No Lisa.

CAMERA RACKS BACK TO SEE TWO YOUNG LOVELIES (20-22) in
string bikinis watching Trap with proper appreciation.

LOVELY #1
You've got some great moves...

Trap pauses. Devours her with a look.

TRAP
(a la a very French
Charles Boyer)
And you, ma cher, you 'ave ze grace
of ze sea bird et ze eyes like limpid
pools the color of the ocean at
sunset...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX

(mutters)
Whoa, Big Fella...

LOVELY #2

(nudges her partner)
... Ask him...

Trap does an elaborate, deep bow.

TRAP

Your wish is my command.

LOVELY #1

You're a Sheriff, aren't you? So
you know about self-defense? I
mean like how a girl should protect
herself if she's attacked?

TRAP

(he wouldn't mind
attacking either
or both of them)
Mais oui, we learn that, uh-hum...

LOVELY #2

Well, we're supposed to have this
class at the Community Center
tonight? To learn how to defend
ourselves?

AT CHOPPER - CLOSE - LISA

makes a face at the come-on.

LOVELY #1 (O.S.)

But we lost our instructor. So
we've got a whole class just waiting
to be taught...
(suggestive)
... and no one to teach us...

BACK TO GUYS AND LOVELIES

LOVELY #2

Tonight. At the Community Center...
Please?

Trap hesitates, playing the moment, pretending to lose him-
self in his Kung Fu. Thibideaux finishes his curls, drops
the weights. The girls eye him.

LOVELY #1

Both you guys.

CLOSE - THIBIDEAUX

delighted.

THIBIDEAUX

Sure. We'll be there.

CLOSE - TRAP

looks at Thibideaux. If looks could kill, Trap would be booked for Murder One. But he smiles at the girls.

TRAP

(like a Nazi)

Und you vill discover vat you must do ven you are... attacked.

LISA

LISA

(reacts; to herself)

... Attacked? It'll be a massacre.

EXT. REMOTE MOUNTAINSIDE - JIMMY AND SOMETIMES

JIMMY is six, wears jeans and a rumpled white T-shirt. His dog, "SOMETIMES," is a big, handsome mongrel with soulful eyes and a protective nature. Jimmy throws a stick and the dog races to retrieve it. CAMERA ZOOMS TO REVEAL MRS. KLINE loading a few picnic things into their station wagon parked up on a dirt roadway a hundred yards off. She turns, watches the boy and dog playing, smiles.

ANGLE - THE STATION WAGON

as her husband, MR. KLINE, comes around the side carrying a jack and rolling the spare tire.

MRS. KLINE

What a pain.

He bends to work the jack, raise the car.

MR. KLINE

(glances in the boy's direction)

Jimmy be all right?

MRS. KLINE

We can hear him from here.

JIMMY AND DOG

as "Sometimes" eagerly brings back the stick. Jimmy pets him.

JIMMY

Good boy...

SOUND of a NOISE in the woods. An ANIMAL MOVING THROUGH BRUSH. Jimmy reacts.

JIMMY

(continuing; listens)

Mom?... Dad?...

Moves tentatively along a path, picks up a stick to hold in front of him so that we REALIZE for the first time that he is blind. The dog whimpers, eager to give chase.

JIMMY

(continuing)

What is it, boy?...

They start off, the dog zipping ahead and darting back to his master. They move into a copse of trees, disappear.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - CLIFFSIDE BEACH - DAY

A group of Deputies doing assorted chores in front of the building: coiling ropes, checking out gear, etc. Trap and Thibideaux among them. Lisa approaches.

LISA

Hi... I don't think I've met quite everyone.

THIBIDEAUX

Right. These guys were off yesterday. Lisa North, this is Fonenumber Fedderson; that's Big Bird; C.B...

LISA

(shakes hands as introduced)

Everyone's got a nickname here... I'm afraid to ask why.

THIBIDEAUX

Well, Big Bird... you've seen Sesame Street, right? And Fonenumber... well, he's got this fetish...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA
 (to Trap)
 And what does 'Trap' stand for?

TRAP
 Theodore Roosevelt Applegate.
 T.R. Applegate... Trap.

LISA
 Theodore Roosevelt? The one who...

TRAP
 (overlap)
 ... charged up San Juan Hill...

LISA
 (the imp in her)
 I like... Teddy. It seems right
 for you... A great big... Teddy
 Bear!

All react; Thibideaux almost chokes on his laughter. Trap fumes.

TRAP
 The guys call me 'Trap.'

LISA
 (winks broadly)
 Gotcha... Teddy...
 (to the others)
 Would you tell Coleman my compass
 isn't working? I'm headed for Aero
 Bureau to get it fixed.

She starts off toward her chopper. Trap glares after her.

TRAP
 You know... maybe I'm wrong. She
should come to the stag party...

THIBIDEAUX
 Think so, huh? She's cute, isn't
 she? Full of fun.

TRAP
 Yeah... Life of the party.
 (an evil grin)
 She could jump out of a cake!

EXT. BEACH - FULL - THE CHOPPER

as Lisa starts the engine. It whines to full force, warming up.

DEPUTIES

as from a P.A. SPEAKER on the corner of the building comes:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 Applegate... phone call, line two...
 (mimicking sweetly)
 For you, 'Deputy Trap'...

Trap frowns, hustles to a phone on the wall of the building.

THE HELICOPTER

lifts off. Sand blows, the bird leaps into the sky.

TRAP - ON PHONE

He's listening, concentrating to hear over the DIN.

TRAP
 Hello?

MOM (V.O.)
 (on phone, whispers)
 Deputy Trap?

TRAP
 (puzzled)
 Uh... yes?

MOM (V.O.)
 (on phone;
 whispers)
 They're here. On the
 beach.
 (whispers)
 A whole mob of them.
 Maybe a submarine out
 there...

SISSIE (V.O.)
 (on phone;
 overlapping;
 also whispers)
 Probably spies... Tell him,
 Mom.
 (overlaps;
 whispers)
 Not the first time. Tell
 him!

Trap makes a face; these ladies are bonkers.

MOM (V.O.)
 (on phone; whispers)
 The little girl told us to call
you.

Trap reacts: little girl?

MOM (V.O.)
 (continuing; on
 phone; whispers)
 You know... the one that flies that
 thing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP

Oh, yeah... That little girl...

He looks up at the sky where the helicopter is fast disappearing.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER

wheeling PAST CAMERA in sky.

INT. HELICOPTER BUBBLE - LISA

Her RADIO CRACKLES:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

240 Robert Air, Code One...

LISA

(into mike)

240 Robert Air, bye.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Possible lost boy, Encinal Canyon.
See the woman -- Encinal at Potrero.

LISA

Ten-four, 240 Robert Air.

ANGLE - THE CHOPPER

arcs sharply AWAY FROM CAMERA under a cloud-filled sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - CLIFFSIDE BEACH

Trap is still on the phone.

TRAP

(trying to get
a word in)

Okay... Sure... come out as soon
as I can...

Thibideaux comes hustling up, C.B. and Roverino dash past and out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX

(overlaps phone
conversation)

Let's roll, partner... Lisa's got
a missing child -- Encinal Canyon.

TRAP

(into phone)

It'll be a little while, but we'll
be there.

Hangs up and scrambles after Thibideaux and out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN NEAR KLINE STATION WAGON - TRAVELLING SHOT -
LISA

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH Lisa who runs hard toward the wagon and
Mrs. Kline. The lady is near panic. She holds her head,
sobs wildly. Lisa's chopper rests on the road in the b.g.

MRS. KLINE

Find him! Find him...

LISA

(comes up, takes her
firmly by shoulders)

I'm Deputy North. Try to get control
of yourself. Tell me what happened.

MRS. KLINE

shaking, trying to control herself. Looks up. Sees a woman.

LISA

(all business)

Is anyone with you?

MRS. KLINE

(calming)

My husband went looking for Jimmy...

(points off)

That way.

LISA

How old is he...

MRS. KLINE

Only six...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

I have a son, too. My Bobbie's
seven. I know what you're feeling...

MRS. KLINE

But, you don't understand...
(starts to cry
very hard)
... He can't see!

Lisa reacts. That makes it more dangerous indeed.

LISA

Tell me what he's wearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN DIRT ROAD - THE BRONCO

rolling hard through rough terrain.

INT. BRONCO - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

concentrating on the drive which jounces them around. They
concentrate on the information coming over the RADIO.

LISA (V.O.)

Name, Jimmy Kline. Last seen one
hundred yards off the fire road
entering Encinal Canyon near the
big rocks... Note, the boy is
blind, repeat, blind.

The guys react.

DRIVE-BY SHOT - THE BRONCO

barrelling off on a turn, spraying small pebbles from the
roadway.

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

looking to left and right from the bubble. She holds the
mouthpiece of her radio mike which is suspended from her
headset.

LISA

Additional on the boy... last seen
with a large mongrel dog, brown
with black markings...

She spots something off to the right, banks.

EXT. HELICOPTER IN AIR

as it rolls sharply off to the right and descends.

ANGLE - HER POV - A VW. (MOVIE) VAN

We are MOVING SHARPLY TOWARD the van which rolls to a stop on a level stretch of road along the crest of a ridge. The van has a platform built on the roof, on which a girl wearing shorts and a tight shirt shoots film with a 16mm camera. Over her shoulder is a belt like a bandolier filled with film cartridges.

FULL - THE MOVIE VAN

Driver (VINCE) opens the door, steps out. He's young, casually dressed. Calls up to his girl friend (DONNA) the cinematographer. The ROAR of the approaching HELICOPTER forces them to look up. Lisa's VOICE comes OVER the P.A. from the chopper.

LISA (V.O.)

This is the Sheriff's Department.
We're looking for a six-year-old
boy, wearing jeans and a white
T-shirt. He's blind. Have you
seen him?

The two young people wave negative response.

ANGLE - THEIR POV - CHOPPER

LISA (V.O.)

If you see him, please contact the
Sheriff's office.

The helicopter angles off to the left, searching, moving low over the ridge and dropping down out of sight.

ANGLE - THE MOVIE VAN

VINCE

... and you could use that long
lens like a telescope...

DONNA

But we're getting great wildlife
stuff...

VINCE

Listen, he's a six-year-old kid...
And blind...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA

(eyes him, smiles)

Yeah... and if we spot him we have
a great hunk of film for the six
o'clock news, right?

VINCE

Right.

She gives him a hand slap.

CUT TO:

EXT. THICK WOODS - JIMMY AND "SOMETIMES" - DAY

The boy's clothes are torn where they've caught on thorns or
low branches. He's tired, worried, upset.

JIMMY

(calls out)

Mom...?

The dog circles around Jimmy, barks, wags his tail thinking
it's all a great lark.

JIMMY

(continuing;
plaintive)

Where are we...!

He strikes something with his stick, a large rock, reaches
out to feel it with his hand.

JIMMY

(continuing)

I gotta sit down, 'Sometimes.'

(close to tears)

... I'm lost.

He sits on the rock. CAMERA MOVES PAST him TO SEE directly
behind him a large rattlesnake, coiled not more than a foot
from his right hand.

OVER this:

JIMMY (O.S.)

(continuing; calls
out)

Mo-oom!... Please find me...

ANGLE - CANYON - HELICOPTER DANGEROUSLY LOW

as it floats along, searching, then climbs steeply to es-
cape the walls of the canyon.

ANGLE - MARSHY AREA - CLOSE ON BRONCO WHEEL
as it rolls hard, spraying mud and water.

LISA (V.O.)
(over radio)
240 Robert Two, this is 240 Air...
I've already checked the Crystal
Lake campground.

INT. BRONCO

Both Deputies keeping a sharp lookout. Trap drives with skill, but fast.

LISA (V.O.)
I see you rolling up the left fork
of Malibu Creek. You might check
those trees to the north that I
can't penetrate.

THIBIDEAUX
(looks off)
North? She must mean over there...

TRAP
That's west... a 'pro,' huh...

EXT. MARSHY AREA

Bronco wheels off to the left, squealing and sluffing in the soft earth but rolling hard.

CUT TO:

JIMMY AND "SOMETIMES"

The dog barks a warning at his young master, who is completely unaware of the snake.

JIMMY
(sits on rock)
What's the matter, 'Sometimes'?
What is it, boy?...

FULL - THE SNAKE

Disturbed by a sudden intruder, it rises from its coil, tail RATTLES shaking.

JIMMY (O.S.)
You hear Mom... Hey, what's that?...
What's that noise?

The snake strikes, DIRECTLY AT LENS.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

peering out as she zooms along. Now she drops lower, spotting something.

ANGLE - HER POV - THE GROUND

THROUGH THE TREES, we SEE the dog running around in circles, barking wildly.

EXT. SHALLOW STREAM BED - ANGLE - BRONCO

splashing through the shallow water using the stream bed as a roadway.

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

LISA
(over radio)
240 Robert Two, this is 240 Air...
I found something...

INT. BRONCO

Both guys alerted. Lisa continues.

LISA (V.O.)
(over radio)
It's the dog... and I think I see
the boy... Location... along the
stream bed up about five hundred
yards...

FULL - "SOMETIMES"

The dog barks. It darts at the snake which has bitten the boy and moved now off the rock. "Sometimes" sets himself protectively, barks fiercely.

CAMERA PANS TO Jimmy lying back on the rock, moans with the pain of the bite.

JIMMY
(a weak groan)
Ohhh... Ohhh...

CLOSE - SNAKEBITE ON HAND

The boy's right arm just above the hand has an ugly red welt. The swelling seems to be spreading.

CLOSE - JIMMY

beginning to fade.

JIMMY
Help... me...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

JIMMY AND SOMETIMES

A moment after Act One ended. The boy has slumped off the rock, sits dazed and in pain on the ground. Sometimes runs back and forth in front of him, barking protectively.

Bronco rolls up, halts. Trap and Thibideaux leap out. Thibideaux carries the big first-aid kit. He runs forward. Trap grabs the two-way radio, glances up toward the chopper circling overhead.

TRAP

(on two-way)

We have him... seems dazed.

THIBIDEAUX, SOMETIMES AND JIMMY

The big dog stands before his master, teeth bared, growling. Jimmy rests his head against the rock.

THIBIDEAUX

Hi... Jim?... My name's Thibideaux.
I'm a Deputy Sheriff.

JIMMY

(head lolling; weak)

... Mom says... don't talk to...
strangers...

Trap runs up. Thibideaux turns to him. The big dog barks, snarls, continues to protect his master.

THIBIDEAUX

(sotto voce to Trap)

Looks like snakebite on his arm.
Decoy the dog.

The dog keeps up his vigil. Trap gradually calms the animal, kneels, holds out his hand to show he's friendly, keeps talking soothing sounds... "easy, boy"... "sniff my hand" ... "easy, dog," etc. During this:

THIBIDEAUX

(continuing; to Jimmy as
he starts to check him
over)

That's my partner, Trap, with your
dog. I know you're not sighted so
I'll tell you about him. He's very
tall, and funny looking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX (CONT'D)

-- He tells terrible jokes which only
he laughs at, does awful imitations --

Trap has the dog's confidence, pets him. Thibideaux has moved in and is checking Jimmy over for broken bones, a quick professional check. Thibideaux has a doctor's feel for healing people.

THIBIDEAUX

(continuing)

-- And thinks the girls are all crazy
about him... But he's my friend --
and I'd trust him with my life. In
fact, I have.

TRAP

Hi, Jim, what's your dog's name?

JIMMY

Sometimes...

TRAP

Funny name...

JIMMY

(faint smile)

'Cause he does what you tell him to
... sometimes.

TRAP

(laughs)

Yeah, my partner's like that, old
Thibideaux... Hard to keep him in
line, but he can make you better.

Thibideaux finds the swollen area, tries to check it out.
The boy winces.

JIMMY

That hurts!

THIBIDEAUX

Sorry, Jim. I've got to see just how
badly you're hurt...

TRAP

(a la Groucho Marx)

Thibideaux's so chicken he cries when
he gets his fingernails cut! Once he
got a mosquito bite... had to rush him
to the hospital!

JIMMY

(smiles)

You're funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thibideaux has the first-aid kit open, prepares a small scalpel and suction tube.

THIBIDEAUX

A snake bit you, Jim. How long ago?

JIMMY

... Little while... I'm seeing things in my head... colors... and... funny things.

Thibideaux glances at Trap, spreads disinfectant over the wound area as he talks.

THIBIDEAUX

That's the poison from the snake... I'm going to have to make a little cut so I can get it out.

JIMMY

Will it hurt?

THIBIDEAUX

Little bit. But not so much as when you were bitten...

TRAP

(takes his other hand)
You hang onto my hand, Jim. If it hurts, squeeze real hard, okay?... Hey, ever hear the song 'Desert Dreams?' Thibideaux wrote it.

JIMMY

The one John Denver sings?

TRAP

Yep... And he's been trying to write another one ever since!

Thibideaux is ready to make the incision...

CLOSE - TRAP AND JIMMY

JIMMY

(reacts)

Oh...

TRAP

Squeeze hard... Attaboy... What a brave kid.

ANGLE - THE THREE

Thibideaux has made a small incision, starts to use the tube to extract the poison.

JIMMY

(a little smile)

I'm not chicken... like Thibideaux.

Trap and Thibideaux exchange grins.

TRAP

(fondly)

No way!

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN MEADOW NEARBY

The chopper drops down. Mr. and Mrs. Kline jump out as Lisa closes down the engine. The parents race TOWARD US, very worried.

ANGLE - JIMMY AND DEPUTIES

They have a tourniquet applied above the bite. Jim seems relaxed. Sometimes comes barking to greet the parents who rush up.

MRS. KLINE

Jimmy, Jimmy... Oh, Jimmy, are you okay?

Hugs him to her. They both embrace and kiss the boy.

THIBIDEAUX

He's fine, ma'am. Rattlesnake bit him, but he's all taken care of. I think we should copter him to the hospital. Get him checked.

JIMMY

Hey, Mom... He knows John Denver!

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE ROAD AND VW MOVIE VAN

The driver races along. The girl on the top platform has trouble keeping her footing. But she's used to it.

EXT. THE RIDGE ROAD

A large rock has tumbled down onto the dirt roadway. As the van rounds an outcropping, the rock is directly in its path.

CLOSE - VINCE

Jamming his foot down hard on the brakes, swinging the wheel.

FULL - DONNA

Thrown off balance, but clings to the camera tripod which is secured to the platform.

EXT. THE MOVIE VAN

He loses control. The van slides toward the edge of the roadway, almost rights itself, then plunges off the road and out over the rock cliff toward a ravine two hundred feet below.

LOW ANGLE FROM RAVINE UP TOWARD THE MOVIE VAN - SLOW MOTION

The van high above, flies out into the air, crashes on an outcropping of rock twenty feet down the cliff face. Donna is catapulted off the platform onto the cliff, among some scrub brush clinging perilously to the rock wall. The van bounces once, comes end-over-end TOWARD CAMERA.

ANGLE FROM ROADWAY - NORMAL SPEED

The van slithers along the rock, bounces again, is hurled into the air far below, crashes hard onto the floor of the ravine.

EXT. THE MOVIE VAN

Vince drags himself free and collapses nearby. Then the van ignites with a tremendous EXPLOSION and a fire ball which FILLS THE SCREEN with orange and red.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRONCO

Trap and Thibideaux. Trap driving. During this:

TRAP

Even you have to admit she goofed.
'Trees to the North.'

THIBIDEAUX

But her compass was B.O. She told us, remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP

Then she shouldn't fly.

THIBIDEAUX

But she had to fly to get it fixed!

EXT. MOUNTAINS

Bronco bounces along.

TRAP (V.O.)

You make a lot of excuses for that gal.

THIBIDEAUX (V.O.)

Look Trap, this is Thib. Let's face it. You joined the Sheriff's department in the first place because it was the 'macho' thing to do.

INT. BRONCO

The two friends level with each other, squaring off.

TRAP

Come on.

THIBIDEAUX

No come on. Then they started letting women ride patrol, you couldn't hack that. A woman doing a man's job. So you fled for the Rescue unit, the last 'macho' refuge.

TRAP

Hey...

THIBIDEAUX

But now they're here, Trap.
(spooky)
And there's nowhere to flee.

TRAP

Bah, she's a danger to our...

THIBIDEAUX

(interrupts)
Trap... you're trapped.

EXT. CLIFF LEDGE - DONNA

She is bruised, dazed. She has made a sling of her belt to support a bruised or broken arm. Her face has many cuts. But she's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The scrub brush on the narrow ledge gives little room for her so she must move very carefully to keep from falling into the maw below. Donna cups her hands around her mouth, shouts down into the ravine:

DONNA

Vin... cent!...

The ECHO comes back from her voice bouncing against the solid rock walls of the ravine: "Vin-cent, Vin-cent."

HER POV - RAVINE

We can MAKE OUT the still smoldering wreck of the van and what looks like a heap of clothes (Vince) not far off. No movement.

DONNA

dejected. Huddles back against the rock. Then she shouts again:

DONNA

Heeelp!... Heelp!

But the cry dissipates into the mountain vastness.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRONCO

rockets along. Breaks out of the stream bed spewing water, veers off onto a dirt road.

TRAP (V.O.)

You know you keep siding with her,
I'm not going to let you help me
get rich.

THIBIDEAUX (V.O.)

(long suffering)
Not again.

TRAP (V.O.)

Chinchillas.

THIBIDEAUX (V.O.)

What?

INT. BRONCO

TRAP

(like a carnival barker)
Tell ya what I'm gonna do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP (CONT'D)

Gonna tell ya the secrets of chinchillas
... soft furry little creatures, ladies
love to wear on their backs. I got two
of 'em at home right now.

THIBIDEAUX

Ladies?

TRAP

No, chinchillas.

THIBIDEAUX

You're keeping rats in your apartment!

TRAP

Quiet, boy, I'm gonna make a fortune.
Retire. See the world. Little
devils have this thing for each other,
see? Couple of weeks I have not two,
but four. Couple more weeks it's
sixteen. Then sixty and a hundred
and soon I'm selling gorgeous fur
coats... Gonna clean up, boy!

CLOSE - THIBIDEAUX

His partner is weird!

THIBIDEAUX

Yeah... I know what you'll clean up!

CLOSE - TRAP

undeterred.

TRAP

(like W.C. Fields)

Ah, my poor fellow. You have no vision!

CUT TO:

INT. OLD LADIES' BEACH HOUSE - MOM - DAY

Mom peers out from behind a curtain. She drops it, scur-
ries to the middle of the room, fussing at her hair.

MOM

Sissie! Come quick! They're here.
They're here!

INT. LAUNDRY AREA BY KITCHEN - SISSIE

She has dumped clothes into the ten-year-old washer, pours detergent in as she calls back to Mom.

SISSIE

Who?

MOM (O.S.)

Two of them! In a nice little truck.
Sheriff fellows!

Sissie hurriedly closes the lid, presses the start button and dashes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO OUTSIDE BEACH HOUSE

The house is on a low bluff, with a view of the ocean partly shielded by some trees. Trap and Thibideaux have parked the Bronco, cross the patio to knock. The door opens a crack, being held by a chain. Mom's face peers out.

MOM

Thank goodness! It's Deputy Trap!

TRAP

Yes, ma'am. This is my partner,
Deputy Thibideaux.

MOM

(darkly)

Can I trust him?

TRAP

(deadpan)

Oh, yes, ma'am. I've sworn him to
secrecy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH NEARBY

A curve in the shoreline partly conceals the little cove from the bluff above. The two hard-eyed Men we saw earlier are in scuba gear. It's obvious from their lack of familiarity with the equipment that they are amateurs. The Man with Medallions is WALTER. The other is DON.

WALTER

This is risky.

DON

You want to let half a million
dollars rot out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For answer, Walter slips the regulator into his mouth, steps awkwardly to the surf line. His flippers make it hard to walk. Don follows him. The two move into the water and disappear.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER DROPPING DOWN INTO LENS

on the roadway leading to the old ladies' beach house. CAMERA TILTS TO SEE the house and the old ladies in the far b.g.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO - OLD LADIES AND TRAP

They have poured iced tea for the Deputies.

TRAP

Yes, ma'am. It's a scary thing not to feel safe in your own house...

A huge booming EXPLOSION from the beach house.

FULL - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

They race past the cowering old ladies, into the house.

THIBIDEAUX

Stay here!

LISA

runs up to the patio.

INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN

Trap and Thibideaux dash across the kitchen, yank open a louvered door to the laundry room, barrel forward, and suddenly drop OUT OF LENS.

LISA

moving across the living room into the kitchen. The two old ladies follow timidly, huddle by the front door.

INT. KITCHEN

Lisa hustles up, stops short, stares. The old ladies crowd in from behind her.

ANGLE - HER POV - LAUNDRY ROOM

Soapsuds cascade from the overloaded washing machine, down onto and across the floor. Trap lies on his back, covered head to toe with nice, white, bubbly suds: in his mouth, on his hair, his uniform soaked. Thibideaux is a similar mess.

Trap has a very sour look. He starts to rise slipping and sliding in the soap; face and body covered with bubbles. Thibideaux has difficulty keeping from laughter.

CLOSE - LISA

An impish gleam in her eye.

LISA
(a la Cary Grant)
'Teddy'... 'Teddy'... 'Teddy'... What
am I going to do with you?

CLOSE - TRAP

He blows a big bubble.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - OLD LADIES AND LISA

Mom takes Trap's uniform out of the washing machine. It's a rumpled-up ball of cloth. Shakes it out.

MOM

Sure reminds me of my late son, Alfred.

SISSIE

Wish he were still here.

MOM

It's so scary out here, alone.

LISA

Well, don't worry, the guys have to retrieve the flight instruments from the plane -- so they'll check out the beach.

SISSIE

Won't sleep right...

MOM

Feel so...

SISSIE AND MOM

(together)

... Defenseless.

CLOSE - LISA

has a fiendish idea.

LISA

Defenseless?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX.

We SEE them only from the waist up... and they are naked. The Bronco is in b.g.

THIBIDEAUX

You trust them with your uniform?

TRAP

Can't wear it like it is.

THIBIDEAUX

And of course you want to look sharp tonight.

TRAP

(innocent)

Tonight? What's tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX

Look, if you're too tired to teach that class, I'll do it alone... Anything for a buddy.

They start for the water. We now SEE they are in wet suits. Put on their tops. They carry their equipment.

TRAP

(Czechoslovakian)

Oh, that tonight... All those lucious young foxes... waiting for me to show them my moves... would not want to disappoint them...

THIBIDEAUX

What dedication... I tell you, Trap, you are an inspiration... Selfless, dedicated, willing to give up an evening just to share your knowledge with those less fortunate...

And they thrust regulators into mouths and disappear in the water.

UNDERWATER - DON AND WALTER IN THE PLANE

as they search anxiously in the plane.

UNDERWATER - THIBIDEAUX AND TRAP

moving swiftly. Trap takes a compass heading, points off to right. They move off, that direction.

UNDERWATER - DON AND WALTER

Don moves to the back of the plane, reaches under the seat. Finds something. Pulls it out. A brick-sized package wrapped in oilcloth and sealed with wax.

UNDERWATER - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

swimming easily. Ahead is the kelp bed. They slowly, enter it.

UNDERWATER - DON AND WALTER IN PLANE

Don moves to Walter, taps him, jubilantly holds out the package.

UNDERWATER - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

move through the kelp, spot the plane ahead. Trap suddenly gestures to Thibideaux to look ahead.

UNDERWATER - THEIR POV - THE PLANE - MOVING SHOT

Walter exits the plane, followed by Don who holds the package in his hand. They see the oncoming Deputies, react. Both are frightened, move quickly to escape.

UNDERWATER - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

Trap signals to Thibideaux he will go after Don: Thibideaux nods, gestures he will pursue Walter.

UNDERWATER - WALTER

as Thibideaux closes in on him, reaches him, taps him on one leg. Walter turns to see him, keeps going. Thibideaux points to the Deputy Sheriff patch on his wet suit, signals him to halt.

UNDERWATER - DON AND TRAP

Don veers off in the opposite direction, Trap in pursuit. Don reaches the kelp, barrels forward, thrashing at the floating arms of the encircling kelp. Trap comes up from behind.

UNDERWATER - DON AND KELP

Struggling to crash through the kelp (which only makes the thick stalks clutch at him the more), Don loses his grip on the package. It slips from his grasp. He lunges for it desperately. It lodges in the kelp, just beyond his reach. Don's struggles get him firmly entwined.

UNDERWATER - DON AND TRAP

as Trap carefully works his way forward in the thick kelp. He moves slowly, gently pushes the kelp away. Don sees him coming, makes a desperate effort to grab the package and escape. In so doing the regulator is wrenched from his mouth.

CLOSE - DON

He panics. He throws his head back, flails at the kelp futilely. The wild movements twist the air hose around his neck, almost strangling him.

UNDERWATER - DON AND TRAP

Trap moves closer, seeing the man gagging and groping in terror.

UNDERWATER - WALTER AND THIBIDEAUX

Thibideaux now in front of Walter, again signals him to stop. Walter reaches out to batter at Thibideaux, but Thibideaux simply catches his wrist in his hand, holds it in a powerful grip, looks him eye to eye. Walter stops struggling. Thibideaux gestures up, toward the surface. Walter nods reluctant surrender.

UNDERWATER - DON AND TRAP.

Don is in desperate panic. Trap gestures to calm himself, unwinds the hose and finds the regulator dangling to the side, brings it to Don's mouth. Don shoves it in, gratefully draws a deep breath. Trap gently unwinds the kelp, points to the surface. Don starts to rise. Trap turns toward the package, floating in the grip of some kelp nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF LEDGE - DONNA - DAY

She stands near the end of the ledge, trying to climb up toward the road. She finds a handhold, then a foothold, tests them, tries to move up.

CLOSE - HER FOOT

Barely enough room for her foot to gain a hold. Pebbles sprinkle out as she puts her weight on it. Suddenly a small shrub with shallow roots in the cliff face gives way. Her foot drops.

ANGLE - DONNA

slips, slides, almost goes off the ledge.

CLOSE - HER HAND

grabbing to stop her fall, finds a crevice, clings tight.

FULL - DONNA

gains control, steadies, finally moves carefully back onto the ledge...

CLOSE - DONNA

sinks down grateful to be alive, yet despairing of getting away from here. Then a FAINT GROAN from far below.

ANGLE - DONNA

peers down to look for Vince.

ANGLE - HER POV - THE RAVINE

Far below, the figure of Vince crawls forward.

FULL - VINCE

crawls a foot or two. He is a mess. Bruised, battered, semi-conscious.

DONNA (O.S.)

Vince... you okay?

It ECHOES hollowly. Vince collapses on the ground, then struggles to move his arm.

DONNA (O.S.)

(continuing)

Vince...?

He manages to raise his right arm and wave feebly.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TRAP AND DETECTIVES - DAY

In the b.g. is the Emergency Room where a detective watches as the doctor on duty checks out Don and Walter. Trap holds the water-proofed package while giving his report to another DETECTIVE. Trap is back in uniform.

TRAP

The plane that went down was supposed to make a drop but got in trouble and crashed.

(indicates Don and
Walter)

These two have a contact in Mexico that sends a package every week. They fish it out of the water, cut the dope and distribute it...

DETECTIVE

(shakes his head)

Regular as the post office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP

(wry)
And more reliable.

DETECTIVE

What about the mules who brought it
... Father and daughter?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIKKI AND THIBIDEAUX

The girl is in traction, her thigh casted and largely im-
mobilized. Thibideaux enters the room (in uniform).

THIBIDEAUX

Hi.

NIKKI

Oh... Hi. You look great in uniform.

THIBIDEAUX

Thanks... but I'm sorry to tell you
I'm here officially, Nikki. We went
to get the flight instruments from
the plane... we do that on every
accident... and we took two men there
into custody.

(a beat)

We had to arrest your dad, too.

NIKKI

(shocked)

Daddy?

THIBIDEAUX

Did you know he was carrying a package
to drop in the cove where you crashed?

NIKKI

(nods)

Something wrapped up...

THIBIDEAUX

(a beat)

Heroin.

She reacts, grimaces in pain from attempting a sudden move-
ment. She's terribly upset. Her illusions being shattered.

NIKKI

He wouldn't do that... He didn't
know what it was!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX

(awkward)

He knew. He owed these men a lot of money. They threatened him... He told the detectives the whole story.

NIKKI

I don't believe it... My father wouldn't do that.

THIBIDEAUX

I'm sorry...

NIKKI

Why did you pretend to be so nice!

She bursts into tears. Thibideaux shifts his weight awkwardly. Feels like he just stepped on something fragile.

THIBIDEAUX

Nikki...

NIKKI

(face turned away)

Go away!

She won't look at him. She weeps. He hesitates, then turns, exits, closing the door softly behind him, leaving Nikki alone with her torment.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADQUARTERS, CLIFFSIDE BEACH - EVENING

Thibideaux moves to Trap's sleek Corvette parked nearby. Trap hustles out from the building. They are dressed in civvies, sharp, mod clothes. Big Bird and Fonenummer are on their way to their Bronco to patrol.

BIG BIRD

(calls)

Hey, Trap. Thanks for the stag party idea. My wife says if Lisa goes, she goes!

TRAP

And...

(with double meaning)

... She has got to go!... We'll talk later, guys. Got some 'government business' to take care of, right now.

Trap reaches his 'Vette, opens the door to drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FONENUMBER
 (calls out)
 And, Trap, don't forget to...

FULL - TRAP

mouthng the words in unison with Fonenumbr's VOICE,
 call over:

FONENUMBER (O.S.)
 ... Get their phone numbers!

CUT TO:

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Trap drives. Thibideaux is pensive beside him. He holds his guitar in his lap, gently strums random chords. He's glum and looks it.

TRAP
 Who died?

No answer. After a glance at his partner:

TRAP
 (continuing)
 You're gonna have to cut out this wild carrying on. I can't take the frivolity!

THIBIDEAUX
 Think it's too late to get into med school? Paramedic Training should help...

TRAP
 And give up all the fun we have?

THIBIDEAUX
 Not much 'fun' today. That kid Nikki thinks I betrayed her.

The car pulls up in a Community Center parking lot.

TRAP
 Look, partner, don't get down on yourself. You're the best at what you do. You know more emergency medicine than a lot of doctors I know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP (CONT'D)

And you care about people, know how to make them relax. You're expert at mountain climbing, scuba, rescue work. Think of the lives you save. You. Thibideaux.

THIBIDEAUX

(breaks his mood; rueful)
You know, for a macho bigot... you're not too bad a partner.

TRAP

(a la Steve Martin)
Just a wild and crazy guy!

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER, ENTRANCE - LISA - NIGHT

She wears a pretty skirt over bright-colored leotards. She comes to greet a very surprised Trap and Thibideaux.

THE GROUP

TRAP

(imitates Charles Boyer)
Ah, cheri, ma petite chou... you look ravishing!

LISA

(imitates, too)
Ah, oui, monsieur... waiting for ze star of the show!

THIBIDEAUX

(suspicious)
This is... supposed to be a class in self-defense. Just like you learned at the Academy.

LISA

But I couldn't stay away. Chance to get a brush-up from the foremost experts in the department. A girl doesn't get a chance like this every day.

Trap and Thibideaux know something's up, but just then the two foxy ladies from the beach step out from the Center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOVELY #1
Oh! You're here! Terrific!

TRAP
(so gallant)
... At your service.

They follow the Lovelies to the entrance and enter the center. Lisa follows them. CAMERA TRAVELS WITH them.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRAL HALL - NIGHT

LOVELY #2
Everyone's dying to meet you.

Thibideaux glances at a very smug Lisa. It's ambush time.

LOVELY #1
It's so kind of you to give up your evening... After a long... hard... day.

TRAP
(John Wayne)
Just doin' ma job, ma'am.

Lovely #2 takes Thibideaux by the arm, guides him off toward the left.

LOVELY #2
The class got so big, we had to divide it into two groups. Yours is this way...

She opens the classroom door. Thibideaux smiles at what greets him. Trap peers in to see. Grins appreciatively.

POV

Eight or nine young lovelies, curvaceous and lithe in leotards. CAMERA PANS their frankly appreciative looks at him.

LOVELY #2 (O.S.)
This is Deputy Thibideaux.

INT. HALL

Trap is led to the second classroom by Lovely #1. Lisa follows. Trap is all anticipation. She opens the door. He stops short, staring at the class. Lisa beams.

ANGLE - HIS POV - THE CLASS

Nine ladies. The youngest is fifty. The thinnest weighs in at 160. CAMERA PANS THEM TO END WITH: that beguiling old lady, Sissie, and then her dotty Mom. Most of the ladies bulge out of leotards and slacks. Sissie and Mom in World War II surplus olive drab fatigues, including combat boots.

LOVELY #1 (O.S.)

Here he is, the man you've all been waiting for...

CLOSE - TRAP

He looks betrayed. Ready to shrivel up and die, he turns a baleful eye on Lisa.

LOVELY #1 (O.S.)

Deputy Trap!

He manages a sickly smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEDGE - LONG SHOT - DONNA - NIGHT

She sits alone, keeping a strange kind of vigil.

DONNA

(cups hand to shout below)

Vince... I don't know if you can hear me... But don't give up. I have a great idea... as soon as it's daylight... Don't give up on me...

CAMERA STARTS TO PULL BACK. She swallows back tears, forces herself to keep control. Then to cheer herself as well as Vince, she starts to sing in a sweet thin voice, but as loud as she can into the surrounding darkness:

DONNA

(continuing; singing)

Her voice quavers, breaks...

CAMERA IS FAR BACK IN A LONG SHOT. She's a small figure, all alone as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. HEADQUARTERS, CLIFFSIDE BEACH - TRAP

dripping sweat from his long hard run... He jogs up to the shower room door, blowing air from his lungs.

ANGLE - SHOWER ROOM DOOR - HIS POV - CLOSE - SIGN

An embossed plastic sign with large letters says "SHOWERS" and underneath hanging from a thumbtack is a cardboard sign with hand lettering which says: "In Use -- Women Only."

CLOSE - TRAP

annoyed. Wipes sweat with his forearm from his forehead, pounds on the door.

TRAP

Lisa?... let's move it...

ANGLE - AT THE DOOR

Almost instantly it opens. Lisa exits wrapped in a large terrycloth robe (very attractive)... her hair tied up in a knot, protectively for the shower. She smiles sweetly at Trap.

LISA

Keep you waiting, Instructor?

TRAP

(pulling off his
soaked T-shirt)

Wouldn't want to rush you.

She nods, starts off, then turns back with an afterthought.

LISA

You may have to wait... There's no more hot water...

CAMERA PUSHES IN TO Trap. Total frustration as he grabs the "Women Only" sign.

TRAP

(through clenched teeth)

That's it... It's her or me!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - DONNA - EARLY MORNING

The sun just peeping over the ridge opposite. The girl stretches, weary and cramped... then hears the distant RUMBLE of a HELICOPTER.

ANGLE - HELICOPTER

as Lisa patrols the mountain area.

DONNA

Excited, she takes film from the camera bag, yanks the exposed film out with some regret at ruining what they had accomplished.

DONNA
(to herself)
Great footage...

She finds a match in her pocket, ignites one strip of film. It catches, sending up thick black smoke. She frantically pulls more film, making a bigger, blacker signal in the clear morning air.

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

spots the smoke far ahead, dissipating but clearly calling attention.

ANGLE - HELICOPTER

banks toward the marker smoke. Lisa wants to know what it means.

DONNA

spots the chopper approaching. Excited, she throws the last of her film to what already burns. The smoke jumps into the sky.

INT. HELICOPTER AND SMOKE

Lisa is now close to the smoke, peers down to that side to discover its cause.

ANGLE - HER POV - THE CLIFF

Donna stands on the ledge, hanging on precariously, waves a piece of her shirt at the bird. Then she points down into the ravine where Vince and the burned-out van are VISIBLE.

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

on radio mike.

LISA

This is 240 Robert Air. I have a
car over -- Cold Canyon at Nadelhorn.

EXT. BEACH, AT HEADQUARTERS - WIDE

Trap has showered, is putting on his shirt.

LISA (V.O.)

(over P.A.)

Two victims visible, one a cliff-
hanger...

At the first sound of the voice, Trap grabs the rest of his gear, and with one arm in his shirt, races toward the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT, AT HEADQUARTERS

Thibideaux has been checking the oil in the Bronco. At the first call he slams down the hood, races to the driver's seat, starts the engine. As Trap hits the vehicle and jumps in, they roll, hard. LOUDSPEAKERS hang from the corners of the building and her VOICE booms out over the beach area and lot. Another Bronco is also there and Roverino and C.B. will race up, jump in and roll, too.

LISA (V.O.)

(over P.A.)

... Possible injuries... Request
902R... Advise Malibu Emergency.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - THE BRONCO

Thibideaux drives full out. They take the curves with skill.

INT. BRONCO

Trap finishes buttoning his shirt, checks his gear.

LISA (V.O.)

(over radio)

First victim, female... located about
thirty feet below the roadway...

EXT. RAVINE AND HELICOPTER

Lisa has gone into the canyon, but she can't go very low. Wind and unstable air buffet the machine. She roars back up and out.

EXT. ROAD AT TOP OF CANYON - BRONCO

bullets up, stops in position at top where skid marks show the van went over.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SIMULTANEOUS ACTIONS ARE QUICK INTERCUTS, CHOREOGRAPHING THE TENSION AND SUSPENSE OF A DANGEROUS RESCUE, THROUGH END OF THE ACT.

THIBIDEAUX

jumps down, races to rear of Bronco, begins the ritual of preparation. Each small action is done with tight precision. An economy of motion. Exactness. Speed. He begins with belts and snapping on carabiners.

TRAP

runs to the spot on the road where Lisa is setting down the chopper, hand signals her into the landing.

THIBIDEAUX

continues with his preparations. Loads a trauma pack and drug box into a backpack, slips that on.

EXT. TOP OF THE CANYON - TRAP AND LISA

Trap calls down to Donna below. The winds begin to blow hard.

TRAP

Are you okay?

DONNA

(nods affirmative)

My arm... my shoulder.

TRAP

How many below?

EXT. AT FRONT OF BRONCO

Thibideaux has clipped a radio to his suspenders...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... Carries a red braided (200 feet) nylon rope with a peculiar "nesting" of loops which he will "shake out." Trap runs up. They speak softly, controlled, the tension underscored. They are pros.

TRAP

Girl down on the ledge. Not hurt too bad. Says her boyfriend down at the bottom can't move. Hasn't spoken since last night. No one else.

Thibideaux nods, begins to slip on his gloves while Trap continues talking and ties off one end of the now freely coiled rope to the Bronco's bumper.

TRAP

(continuing)

Give her a quick check on the way by and go on down to the boyfriend, okay? See what we've got? Winds are gonna be a problem.

THIBIDEAUX

Right.

TRAP

who now moves to the rear of the truck, begins the same process as his partner just completed. Getting into his gear.

THIBIDEAUX

has his rope tied off, is at the edge of the cliff, ready to toss his rope over. He drops it over.

TRAP AT REAR OF BRONCO

clips a carabiner onto his belt.

THIBIDEAUX

is on the rope ready to rapell. Leans back from the edge, assumes a body position perpendicular to the cliff.

ANGLE FROM LEDGE

LOOKING UP at Thibideaux. Pushes off from his perpendicular position, arcs out from the cliff, sliding down the rope DIRECTLY AT CAMERA, arcs till his boots hit the cliff.

TRAP

about ready. Grabs his rope. Moves quickly to the front of the Bronco, ties off his rope. During this we HEAR OVER his RADIO clipped to his suspenders:

THIBIDEAUX (V.O.)

Trap. The girl's got scrapes and abrasions. Left arm fracture.

ANGLE - THE LEDGE

Thibideaux on his rope. Donna staring slightly wide-eyed at the operation.

THIBIDEAUX

... Possible shoulder dislocation...

(to Donna)

You'll be okay, huh?

DONNA

Sure...

(points down)

Can you get to Vince?

THIBIDEAUX

Right now.

(on radio again)

I'm going on down... Winds are a real bear. Better advise Lisa.

TRAP

tests his rope, moves toward the edge of the cliff, same as Thibideaux.

LOW ANGLE FROM RAVINE

TO SEE Thibideaux move into position high above to rapell all the way down to the bottom. He pushes off, arcs out into space.

SPECIAL WAIST CAMERA POV

TO SEE the wild, jerky view of the cliff as he would see it. The rocks jolt, suddenly INTO LENS, then out again as his ride pulls him first close, then away and out into space.

CLOSE - THIBIDEAUX - LOW ANGLE

jolting DOWN INTO CAMERA. Controls the speed of his descent and the arc out from the cliff face.

SPECIAL WAIST CAMERA POV

of the bottom of the ravine as he sees it. Spinning, COMING UP TO MEET him hard and fast.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE - SLOW MOTION

as Thibideaux arcs out, drops, slides down CLOSE TO CAMERA, lands.

WIDE - TRAP - FROM ACROSS CANYON

in perpendicular position, pushes off. We SEE the entire arc of descent, he hits, slides, lands on the ledge.

THIBIDEAUX

unhooked from his rope which he leaves dangling from above, runs to the victim, bends down. Gently touches his face.

HIS POV - CLOSE - VINCE

opens his eyes. They flutter. He groans.

EXT. TOP OF CANYON - AT BRONCO

As 240 Robert Four rolls up with Roverino and C.B. Lisa runs over.

TRAP

has rigged a diaper harness around the girl. Ties this off to the rope he came down on. OVER his RADIO comes C.B.'S VOICE.

C.B. (V.O.)

(over radio)

Trap? C.B. You need assistance?

TRAP

(hits radio switch)

She's in good shape. I've got her on a diaper rope tied off on my line.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP (CONT'D)

You'll have to winch her up. I'm
going down.

C.B. (V.O.)

(over radio)

Ten-four. We'll winch her up and
stand by to assist you below.

During this, Trap unhooks from his rope, switches over to Thibideaux's. He's now ready to descend to help Thibideaux.

THIBIDEAUX

working over Vince. He fits a cervical collar around his neck.

EXT. TOP OF CANYON - SECOND BRONCO

Roverino has a diaper rope, attaches a carabiner at his waist to the hook of the winch cable, is ready to descend. C.B. stands by with the switch for the cable in his hand. Roverino is in position to descend. The powerful little Bronco with the special engine controlling the front-mounted winch stands ready. The winch will play out slowly, carefully, easily capable of bearing the load.

ROVERINO

On belay and climbing...

C.B.

Climb on...

ROVERINO

Down cable...

C.B.

Down cable.

And the descent begins. C.B. controlling the Bronco winch, Roverino "walking" the cliff down toward the waiting girl.

EXT. BOTTOM OF CANYON

Trap lands, unhooks from his line, moves to Thibideaux and Vince.

THIBIDEAUX

Looks like a broken neck. Lots
of bruises and contusions...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX (CONT'D)

... Dehydrated. Might be on the verge of checking out.

TRAP

Want an I.V.?

THIBIDEAUX

(nods)

Let's start a lactated Ringer's and a five percent D5W...

LISA - IN HELICOPTER

OVER her RADIO comes Trap's VOICE.

TRAP (V.O.)

240 Air...

LISA

Air By.

TRAP (V.O.)

We're going to need a litter and a backboard. Winds are wicked. Can you bring it in?

LISA

I'll try... Where do you want it?

C.B. - AT TOP

C.B.

(into radio)

Rove. Be away for five to help Lisa drop a litter.

EXT. BOTTOM OF CANYON - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

have an I.V. going, needle into his arm. Trap holds the plastic bag from which the liquid flows.

THIBIDEAUX

Slip it under his shoulder to get some pressure and keep it flowing...

ANGLE - HELICOPTER

coming down into the ravine. Suspended from a long line dangles a metal frame litter. It is being lowered to a clear spot several dozen yards away.

INT. HELICOPTER - C.B.

Lisa pilots. C.B. lowers the litter hand over hand. The winds take it, swing it out wildly.

C.B.
Better back off... I can't hold the
litter...

ANGLE - THE HELICOPTER AND LITTER

As Lisa starts to pull up, a big gust of wind tears the litter from C.B.'s hands. It is slammed end over end and lands hard on the ground below.

ANGLE - TRAP

runs to the litter, finds it okay despite the hard landing, runs it back to the victim.

ROVERINO AND DONNA ON THE LEDGE

He is hooked to Donna with two ropes. She leans back against him as he hooks himself on the winch cable.

C.B. (V.O.)
(over radio)
I'm back, Rove. Ready?

ROVERINO
Ready...
(to the girl)
Don't be afraid. Put your left
foot against the side of the
mountain... Way to go... Now the
right one in that little crevice.
We're going to walk you right up
to the top.

Which is exactly what they do, up the side of the mountain, slowly, carefully, the tension on the winch cable pulling and assisting their climb.

EXT. AT THE BOTTOM - TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

working over Vince. They have his leg splinted and him on a backboard, lift it carefully into the stokes litter which was lowered to them.

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX AND VINCE

Trap secures the straps. Thibideaux keeps a worried vigil.

THIBIDEAUX
Get a baseline?

TRAP
Not yet.

Thibideaux uses a stethoscope to check his heartbeat.

ANGLE - HELICOPTER

Lisa moves into position as if to come in again.

LISA (V.O.)
Ready to pull him out?

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

Trap waves her off.

TRAP
(over radio)
You can't come in, Lisa. The winds
are wild and getting worse.

LISA (V.O.)
(over radio)
It's only a problem getting down,...
Going up will be a snap.

TRAP
It's too dangerous. Pull up!

INT. CHOPPER - LISA

into her mike as she fights the wind.

LISA
Too dangerous for me? Or any pilot.

TRAP (V.O.)
Hal wouldn't try it; I wouldn't let
him! Don't, Lisa!

LISA
(fighting it hard)
I'll get down to forty feet... But
will not be able to hold the hover
long...

EXT. ON GROUND

Thibideaux is hunched over Vince on the litter in b.g.
Trap watches Lisa's dangerous descent with worry.

TRAP
(into his radio)
The wind's ripping down the canyon...

ANGLE - THE CHOPPER

Rope dangles from the bridle... She brings it close to them,
winds buffeting. The machine jounces, quivers, shakes.

TRAP (V.O.)
(over radio)
Watch your clearance on that big
tree to the south...

THIBIDEAUX AND VINCE

An airway tube has been taped in place down Vince's throat.
Thibideaux holds a metal tag suspended from a metal bracelet
around Vince's wrist.

CLOSE - THE TAG

A medic alert tag. It reads: EPILEPTIC.

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

THIBIDEAUX
I'm going to ride with him.

TRAP
(concerned)
What if he has a seizure in the air?
Starts thrashing around?

THIBIDEAUX
That's why I'm going. He'll yank
out his airway. Choke to death.

TRAP
(worried)
Those winds are wicked...

THIBIDEAUX
Coming in is the trick. Going up's
easy, like she said...

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

flying it in carefully.

TRAP (V.O.)

(over radio)

As advised, Thibideaux's gonna have to ride with him... The two of them will be about three hundred pounds.

ANGLE - TRAP AND CHOPPER

as it drops to about forty feet, Trap lifts his closed fist... the signal to hover in place.

INT. HELICOPTER

Lisa holds the hover with great difficulty.

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

carry the litter into place below the chopper, tie it on. Then Thibideaux hooks a five-foot length of cable between himself and the lowered line. He straddles the litter over the victim, hangs on to the bridle, watching Vince carefully. The rotors blast them from above.

FULL - THIBIDEAUX

He's ready. Gives a thumbs up signal to Trap.

FULL - TRAP

gives a thumbs up signal to Lisa.

LISA

starts to lift off her hover.

ANGLE - THE LITTER AND THIBIDEAUX

wobbles as she gently lifts it off the ground. It sways with the odd weight. CAMERA ZOOMS TO Thibideaux as he looks up.

ANGLE - THIBIDEAUX'S POV

The bottom of the bird above him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Forty feet of umbilical between them. The chopper lifts up, up, CAMERA ROTATES REPEATING THE MOTION OF THE SWINGING LITTER.

ANGLE - TRAP

watching with concern.

ANGLE - DONNA, ROVERINO AND C.B. ABOVE

watching the lift. The litter swings like a pendulum and rotates underneath the chopper. Lisa brings the bird up and up and moves closer toward them on the roadway.

ANGLE - THIBIDEAUX ON LITTER

rotating and swinging. Holds on carefully. Keeps the airway in place. Looks off. The wind howls. He has difficulty keeping his balance on the wildly swaying litter. Clings to the litter with one hand.

HIS POV - THE CANYON

As they approach the side of the canyon in mid-air, he can see a thin wire suspended across a draw, left from some telephone service of long ago. The wind suddenly hits them. Hard.

CLOSE - THIBIDEAUX

Thibideaux fights to keep from losing his hold and being blown off into the abyss below. The wind blasts at him. He almost falls, holds on desperately. Grabs his radio switch.

THIBIDEAUX

(shouts)

Wires!... Pull up. Pull up!

INT. HELICOPTER - LISA

reacts, pulls up sharply.

ANGLE - THIBIDEAUX AND LITTER

barely clearing the threatening wire which brushes the bottom of the stokes litter swaying them even more. The blast of wind makes it almost impossible to keep his precarious position but he does.

ON THE ROAD

C.B. and Roverino race toward the spot where the chopper will land the litter.

HELICOPTER AND LITTER

rising above the level of the cliff. The litter is now above the roadside trees, coming toward the landing site.

LISA

watching the two below. Checking Roverino's signals, dropping slowly.

C.B.

as the litter drops toward his waiting arm. He steadies its descent. A few feet from the roadway Thibideaux jumps down. They land the litter, unhook it.

ROVERINO

signalling the chopper, the litter is released.

THIBIDEAUX AND ROVERINO

transfer Vince from the litter to a "flat."

THE HELICOPTER

lands. On each side is a bubble door, adding room for feet and head of the victim. Roverino pops the bubble door so the flat can be loaded. Gets Donna ready to board.

THIBIDEAUX AND ROVERINO

carry the flat to the chopper, slide it into place in back of the pilot and Donna. Thibideaux jumps in back with his patient.

C.B.

steps back signals the helicopter to rise.

INT. HELICOPTER

In flight now, Lisa hits her radio, talks into mouthpiece.

LISA
240 Robert Air to 240 David...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
David By.

LISA
With an ETA of four minutes, advise
Malibu Emergency I have...

ANGLE - TRAP ON BOTTOM OF CANYON

He's clearing up their things, returning items to trauma
kit, coiling up rope, etc.

Smiles hearing Lisa's VOICE on his RADIO.

LISA (V.O.)
... two victims, one with possible
head and neck injuries, multiple
fractures...

TRAP

He looks up to see the chopper roaring overhead.

ANGLE - HIS POV - HELICOPTER

It arcs away FROM US.

LISA (V.O.)
... dehydration. Patient is an
epileptic. We have an I.V. on board...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY WARD

Donna is in a wheelchair. Vince lies on a gurney, about to go to surgery. Trap stands between them.

VINCE

You didn't. You didn't burn our masterpiece...

DONNA

It's okay.

(grins)

These guys are real pros. I shot some great stuff of the rescue...

TRAP

(to Vince, doing Bogart)

Here's looking at you, kid. You're a movie star.

VINCE

I'll run that film... the rest of my life...

CUT TO:

INT. NIKKI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIKKI AND THIBIDEAUX

He stands looking down at the girl whose leg and hip are newly bandaged and in traction but seems comfortable. She is shy, finds it difficult to face him. But Thibideaux is smiling at her and she tries...

NIKKI

... They said I get out in ten days.

THIBIDEAUX

Great!

NIKKI

(embarrassed)

I'm really sorry... You save my life, and... tell me the truth... and I was rude and...

THIBIDEAUX

(overlaps)

Forget it.

She stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIBIDEAUX
 (continuing; softly)
 I have.

NIKKI
 ... I thought I was so grown up...

THIBIDEAUX
 (tenderly)
 Anyone who went through what you did
 ... is no kid.
 (looks at her, grins)
 ... You're some lady!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Trap and Thibideaux walk briskly toward the electric
 entrance doors. (INTO LENS)

TRAP
 (sees something ahead)
 Oh no...

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - HIS POV

as the old lady, Sissie, and her Mom enter, assisted by an
 ambulance attendant. Sissie wears a bandage around her
 forehead, her arm hangs in a sling. Mom hobbles almost
 on one leg.

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

hurry up to them.

THIBIDEAUX
 What happened?

MOM
 Oh, here are those nice boys...

THIBIDEAUX
 I thought we took care of those men
 who were bothering you.

SISSIE
 It wasn't them... It was Mom.

The Deputies react. The older old lady did this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP

How?

Mom demonstrates.

MOM

I was just practicing what you
taught us...

(throws hands and feet
into wild Kung Fu moves)
... But Sissie got in the way!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - FULL - LISA

at helicopter pad. She sees the Deputies exit the hospital,
calls:

LISA

Hey, Teddy Roosevelt... Lieutenant
wants you to spot that wrecked car
in Mulholland creek for me...

TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

THIBIDEAUX

She's got your number, 'Teddy.'

Trap waves acknowledgement to her.

TRAP

(to Thibideaux)
Yeah, but she saved the day, huh?
Pretty gutsy... for a girl.

THIBIDEAUX

Why don't you tell her.

ACROSS LISA TO TRAP AND THIBIDEAUX

Lisa crosses to the pilot's side of the chopper. Trap
heads toward her. Thibideaux veers for the Bronco.

ANGLE - CHOPPER

Lisa in pilot's seat. Trap climbs in.

ANGLE - BRONCO

Thibideaux arrives, climbs into seat.

INT. HELICOPTER

Lisa cranks it into life. Trap looks at her.

TRAP

You know... You did a terrific job today.

LISA

Think so?

TRAP

Yeah. I have to admit it.

LISA

(eyes him)

Not just 'terrific' for a woman?

TRAP

For anybody. I didn't think you'd make it.

LISA

Trap... don't tell me you're trying to apologize.

EXT HELICOPTER

as it lifts off.

(NOTE: CREDITS BEGIN OVER)

TRAP (V.O.)

Apologize? Me?

LISA (V.O.)

Sounded like it. Sort of.

INT. HELICOPTER

TRAP

Well... since it's just you and me alone up here...

CLOSEUP - LISA'S HAND

as she surreptitiously hits her radio transmit switch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAP (O.S.)

Understand, I wouldn't say this in front of anyone... In fact, if you ever said anything, I'd deny it.

LISA (O.S.)

(innocent)

Deny what?

INT. BRONCO

Thibideaux listens as their VOICES COME OVER his RADIO. He begins to grin very broadly.

TRAP (V.O.)

Deny that I apologize for putting you down. You are one fantastic pilot. You're better than Hal. Better than anybody. Man or woman.

INT. HELICOPTER

Lisa feigns innocence, while egging him to broadcast on and on. Of course he's completely unaware.

LISA

I think that's very... decent of you, Trap. I accept your apology... if you're sure you mean it.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS, CLIFFSIDE BEACH - DAY

Roverino and Big Bird and Fonenummer, etc., are all there, roughhousing, exercising, working. The entire group. Trap's VOICE booms OVER their LOUDSPEAKER, too. And they enjoy it. A lot.

TRAP (V.O.)

I mean it, Lisa. But it's just between you and me.

LISA (V.O.)

I think you should appologize in front of Thibideaux. He's your partner.

TRAP (V.O.)

No way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (V.O.)

And the group. I mean it was very embarrassing. I heard about your plans for me at the stag party. Aren't you going to say these nice things about me to them?

TRAP (V.O.)

Nobody else is going to know a single thing about this... Not a word.

CREDITS END.

INT. CHOPPER

LISA

Well -- if you say so, Trap... Truce?

TRAP

(magnanimous; doing
W.C. Fields)

My dear girl... I think we're going to work very well together.

(No way!)

FREEZE FRAME and CUT AUDIO.

FADE OUT.

THE END