

H E I S T

Written by

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&

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"HEIST"

CAST

'AERO BUREAU'

Captain Montgomery "Monty" Ballard

Lieut. Bill Hammon

Sgt. Doug Trumbell

Deputy Jim Schiller

Deputy Rick Busby (paramedic)

Deputy Pat Connelly (dispatcher)

Deputy Mark Rodriguez

Deputy Freedman

Deputy Pearson

and

Nan Kapples (secretary)

Others

Ben Hastings

Mina Hastings

"HEIST"

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON SURFACE OF THE OCEAN

A heaving mass of sun-washed blue water. MATT OVER the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Badge and Aero Bureau insignia.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Founded in 1924, the Aero Bureau of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department is, today, the world's largest air-support police facility.

(beat)

We gratefully acknowledge the full cooperation of Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess and the men of Aero Bureau...

CUT TO TEASER:

"HEIST"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1. EXT. CATALINA ISLAND, PALISADES FULL SHOT DAY

There is movement at mid-point along the steep face of the cliff and, as CAMERA MOVES IN, we see a man, BEN HASTINGS (grey hair, grey moustache) and a woman, MINA HASTINGS (a blonde, in violet sunglasses in her twenties). They are trapped on a narrow shelf of rock -- obviously two amateur climbers in trouble. She is lying braced against the rock face, while he kneels close beside her. The woman is injured; her right arm is supported by a makeshift sling (torn from a man's shirt) and there is blood on the sling. Hastings raises his head to the O.S. whack-whack-whack SOUND of a helicopter, begins waving. The woman also waves, weakly, using her left arm.

2. THEIR P.O.V. THE HELICOPTER

A giant Sikorsky S-58 (the '747' of helicopters), capable of holding twenty, a massive, long-bodied, split-level aircraft bearing the black-and-white markings of the SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT. It lowers toward them, the slapping SOUND of its powerful rotors increasing in volume.

3. ON THE MAN AND WOMAN

yelling, waving in happy relief -- the wind from the craft's whirling rotors whipping the grass and brush around them.

4. INT. SIKORSKY ANGLE FROM COCKPIT

as the pilot, SGT. DOUG TRUMBELL, steadies the copter, bringing it in close along the rising cliff. Trumbell is compact, hard-muscled, in his early 40's, with a ginger mustache and "butched" hair (now covered by a regulation helmet, with attached mike). He is alone in the cockpit, the seat beside him empty. Doug looks down into the lower cabin area, where his co-pilot/observer, JIM SCHILLER, (mid-twenties, tanned, clean-shaven, a lean, six-footer-plus) controls a hoist near the open hatch. At the hatch itself, poised to exit the copter, is the third team member, crew chief/paramedic RICK BUSBY, thirty-two, round-featured, energetic, pipe-smoking (though, at the moment, of course, no pipe is in evidence).

(CONTINUED)

## 4. (Cont.)

Doug nods to them, and Busby releases the strap across the open side hatch. At the motorized hoist, Jim gives him a thumb-up "go," and Busby, seated in a webbed "rescue" harness, EXITS the copter, beginning his descent to the rock shelf.

## 5. EXT. CLIFF FULL SHOT

as Busby is lowered to the jutting rock shelf. He misses first contact, gets a foot lodged on the narrow ledge, but slips off, spins out over the water, then lands solidly on the swing-back.

## 6. HIGH ANGLE FROM COPTER HATCH

CAMERA SHOOTING OVER Jim's shoulder at scene below as he continues to operate the hoist: we see Busby wave from the ledge, indicating "all's well." He then helps the woman into the sling-harness, flashes a thumb-up signal to Schiller. Jim begins reeling her in.

## 7. FULL SHOT ANGLE UP FROM LEDGE

as the woman is taken aboard the hovering Sikorsky.

## 8. INT. COPTER ON SCHILLER

as he now reels in the man. (Mina is in b.g. lying on a metal bunk.) Jim pulls Ben Hastings into the cabin, quickly sends down the harness for Rick. The moment he's aboard Hastings moves to comfort the sobbing Mina.

## 9. INT. COCKPIT ON TRUMBELL

face impassive, cool, as he watches the action, holding the big chopper close in to the ragged face of the cliff for the final pick-up. For Doug, this 'cliff-hanger rescue' is routine; he's done it many times.

## 10. EXT. CLIFF ON BUSBY

Harness secured, he is swung into space, as the harsh, sun-shot ocean tilts and glitters far below him.

## 11. EXT. COPTER ON HATCH

as Rick Busby is pulled aboard, we see Jim secure the hatch strap -- and the massive Sikorsky veers smartly away from the cliff.

## 12. INT. CABIN

Busby has opened a medical kit, and now moves toward Mina to apply first-aid.

## 13. CLOSE ON BEN AND MINA

Before Rick can reach her, the girl's sling falls away to reveal a .45 automatic, pointed directly at him. Hastings pulls a short, wicked-looking sawed-off shotgun from a hidden leg holster and holds it on Schiller.

## 14. REACTION SHOT JIM AND RICK

as the co-pilot and crew chief stare grimly at the pointed weapons.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

15. FULL SHOT THE HELICOPTER DAY

as the Sikorsky, a giant metal dragonfly, drones across the channel, leaving Catalina Island behind in the stretching blue swell of ocean.

16. INT. COPTER ON SCHILLER AND BUSBY

facing the hijackers' drawn guns, they slowly raise their hands as Ben Hastings moves to them, quickly snaps away their weapons. Schiller, who is wearing a set of headphones, speaks to Doug via the phone-mike.

JIM

(calm, eyes on Ben  
and Mina)

Doug... we seem to have a slight  
problem down here.

17. ANGLE ON TRUMBELL

as he turns his head from the controls in the upper-level cockpit to look down at the cabin group.

18. CLOSE ON DOUG'S FACE

registering controlled shock.

19. BACK TO CABIN GROUP

as Hastings prods Schiller aside, moves up to stand just below the pilot. Holding his weapon on Trumbell (as Mina covers the other two deputies) he reaches up to unsnap Doug's holster, slipping the short-barrel .38 from Doug's right hip. Stuffing the small gun into his belt, he steps lightly back, gestures at Schiller with the shotgun.

HASTINGS

(barking out the  
order)

Okay, flyboy, climb back up there  
with your pal.

(a beat)

... and tell him no radio contact  
till I say so.

(CONTINUED)

19. (Cont.)

And Hastings grabs a set of headphones from the cabin wall.

HASTINGS  
I'll be listening!

20. ON SCHILLER

as he stares at Hastings, hesitating.

JIM  
(trying for  
lightness)  
Afraid you're in for a dis-  
appointment... hijacking a  
Sheriff's copter won't get you  
to Cuba.

HASTINGS  
(swinging up the  
sawed-off)  
You heard me... up there!

21. ANGLE PAST DOUG IN COCKPIT

on Schiller, as he climbs back into the co-pilot's seat. Doug glances at Jim, pushing his helmet swing-mike aside for direct conversation.

DOUG  
Anybody hurt?

JIM  
(a trifle nervous-  
ly; keeping his  
eyes fixed straight  
ahead)  
Nope. Not yet.  
(beat)  
He told us to keep off the radio.  
No air-to-ground.

22. CLOSE ON JIM'S RIGHT HAND

As he talks to Doug we see Jim's hand fumble down toward the sidewall of the cockpit. A Remington 308 cal. Sniper-Scope rifle is snugged onto the sidewall below Jim's right leg. As they talk we watch Jim's fingers touch the metal overclamp, close on it.

(CONTINUED)

22. (Cont.)

DOUG'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Have we got a destination?

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Negative.

DOUG'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Maybe they just want a free ride  
to Malibu.

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Could be they pulled a job on  
Catalina... a bank maybe...  
using us to clear the island.

Jim's fingers locate the clamp's catch, fumble at the  
release. It won't budge. Locked.

DOUG'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Not likely. We'd have something  
on it by now. Radio's been  
clear.

(beat)  
They have any loot with 'em?

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Didn't see anything. Just the  
hardware.

23. ANGLE ON CABIN GROUP

as Mina keeps her .45 on Busby, Hastings removes the  
Deputy's handcuffs from Rick's belt.

HASTINGS  
Sit down. Arms behind you.

24. CLOSE ON BUSBY'S WRISTS

We see Hastings slip the cuffs through a metal seat brace,  
then lock them in place around Busby's wrists.

25. BACK TO DOUG AND JIM

Doug is obviously aware of Jim's attempt to reach the  
Remington, and now gives him a small nod, indicating  
approval. Moving his right hand slowly across his waist  
to his left belt side (the seat shielding his action), Jim  
works loose a ring of keys.

## 26. CLOSE ON JIM'S HAND

as his fingers locate the smallest key. Now his hand moves slowly back to the side wall, and working blind, he awkwardly fumbles the key into the lock on the over-clamp, turns it. A metal stub snaps up; the gun can now be pulled free.

## 27. BACK TO CABIN ON HASTINGS

as he idly examines Jim's "showpiece" weapon, a special issue .38 with a short two-inch nickel-plated barrel.

HASTINGS

They don't give you pilots very  
big guns, do they?

He lifts the .38, turns it over, peers at the underside of the handle.

HASTINGS

Well, I'll be damned!

## 28. CLOSE ON THE .38

in Ben's hand. Stamped into the metal buttplate we read:

"CITY NATIONAL BANK"

## 29. ON HASTINGS

For the first time he grins.

HASTINGS

(to Jim)

Hey, flyboy!

## 30. WIDER ANGLE

to include the pair in the cockpit. We see Jim's shoulders tense. He turns his head.

JIM

Yeah?

HASTINGS

You steal this from a bank?

JIM

I... uh... it was a gift.

(CONTINUED)

30. (Cont.)

HASTINGS  
You're kidding! Since when do  
banks give away guns?

RICK  
(quickly; anxious to  
draw Hastings'  
attention)  
He won it.

31. ON JIM'S HAND

as it closes over the rifle, begins to lift the weapon  
free.

RICK'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
... the bank awards a special  
thirty-eight to the top cadet  
graduating each year...  
(beat)  
Jim got this one.

32. TIGHT ON JIM

A thin sheen of nervous sweat coats his upper lip as he  
continues the tense action. The silver barrel of the .38  
ENTERS FRAME to press Jim's neck just under his helmet.

HASTINGS' VOICE (O.S.)  
Well, he's going to get one of  
its bullets in his neck if he  
doesn't hand over that Sniper-  
Scope...  
(beat)  
... real easy...

33. ANGLE ON HASTINGS

as Schiller hands him the rifle. He weighs the weapon in  
his hand, looking it over.

HASTINGS  
(in admiration)  
Remington three-o-eight... nice  
piece a'goods.

He removes the loading bolt, tosses it out the open hatch,  
hands the rifle back to Jim.

(CONTINUED)

33. (Cont.)

HASTINGS  
 (as to a child)  
 Now, put it back where you found  
 it, lock it, then hand me the  
 keys.

34. WIDER ANGLE

as Schiller obeys the order. Doug swings his head toward  
 Hastings.

DOUG  
 I'm going to need a destination...  
 We don't have enough fuel on  
 board for an extended flight...

HASTINGS  
 Don't sweat it... You got plenty  
 for where we're goin'... I'll  
 tell you where to touch down  
 when it's time for you to know.  
 (beat)  
 Just keep headin' back to the  
 coast.

And, still chuckling, Hastings leaves them, returning to  
 Mina and Busby in the lower cabin.

35 ANGLE ON DOUG AND JIM

as they exchange glances. Jim shrugs.

JIM  
 He knew I was going after the  
 Remington.

DOUG  
 Yeah. Wonder what else he knows  
 about us?

Jim starts to reply, but in routinely checking the control  
 panel he hesitates, leans forward to flick his finger  
 against one of the gauges.

JIM  
 Omni's acting up... looks like  
 we may have a malfunction in it.

DOUG  
 Right now, I'd say that could be  
 termed the least of our worries.

## 36. SPLIT-SCREEN EFFECT

HOLD the Omni meter CLOSE at extreme right of FRAME -- while CAMERA PANS UP (through the Sikorsky's front glass) to reveal a big four-engine Loadstar cargo plane circling approximately a thousand feet above the helicopter. Increase size of Omni-meter until it again FILLS FRAME, then begin to PULL BACK.

## 37. INT. COCKPIT CARGO PLANE ON OMNI METER DAY

Now we see that CAMERA is PULLING BACK from the Omni in another control panel: that of the cargo plane. All seems routine as the PILOT and CO-PILOT go about their duties.

PILOT

(on the mike)

Long Beach tower... this is Loadstar: November nine four seven Delta Bravo requesting clearance to land...

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER'S VOICE

(filtered)

This is 'Long Beach' control... we read you nine-four-seven Delta Bravo.

## 38. INT. CONTROL TOWER ON TRAFFIC CONTROLLER DAY

Something is wrong. Tower personnel are usually super-cool, collected, in command of their emotions, yet this CONTROLLER is sweating, very nervous.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

(continuing)

... we have you on radar... Maintain omni one twenty radial, which will lead you in for landing on Long Beach runway one-two...

As he continues to give the cargo plane its instructions CAMERA BEGINS a SWEEP of the airport, beginning with a SHOT through the control tower's window to a sign which plainly contradicts the operator. It reads:

LOS ALAMITOS AIRPORT

## 39. EXT. AIRPORT OVERHEAD MOVING

Perhaps two dozen private planes are parked along the ramp: Beechcraft, Piper Cubs, Aero Commanders... they share the area with a variety of Navy Aircraft: C54's, Phantom Jets, etc. A few crew men and mechanics move about their "business-as-usual" duties below -- while we also note a dark grey U.S. Navy bus parked on a lot in back of one of the hangars.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER'S VOICE

(as he continues,  
fighting to remain  
calm)

... at your current air speed  
you'll touch down in seven  
minutes...

## 40. BACK TO INT. SIKORSKY CABIN ON HASTINGS DAY

as the hijacker checks the time on his wristwatch, then steps away from Mina and Rick to stand close to the upper cockpit area. He prods Doug with the barrel of his gun to gain the Pilot's attention.

HASTINGS

Time to take our bird down...

DOUG

(turning his head)

Where to?

HASTINGS

(chuckles, savoring  
the moment)

You're not gonna believe where  
to.

DOUG

(flatly)

Try me.

Mina has moved up beside Hastings; she smiles at him.

MINA

Go ahead, babe... tell the man  
where we're goin'.

HASTINGS

(grinning at Doug)

We want you to take us...

(beat)

... right back to the barn.

(CONTINUED)

40. (Cont.)

DOUG  
I don't think I --

HASTINGS  
(sharply)  
To your home base, fella -- the  
Sheriff's Aero Bureau.

Doug and Jim exchange "he's-got-to-be-crazy" looks.

HASTINGS  
Wait another five minutes... then  
get on that radio an' tell 'em  
we're comin' in.

MINA  
And don't forget to mention your  
two guests.

JIM  
(really confused)  
You want them to know we've been  
hijacked?

HASTINGS  
(smiling)  
You got it.

41. ANGLE ON BUSBY

with the two hijackers' attention momentarily diverted to the front cockpit he is making an attempt to work the cuffs loose from the wall of the copter.

42. CLOSE ON HIS CUFFED HANDS

as he leans forward, working his hands down. Using maximum strength, he bends the metal seat support just enough at the bottom for the cuffs to slip free. His wrists are still cuffed but now, at least, Rick has gained body mobility.

43. ANGLE ON MINA

As the girl moves back to Busby. He nods toward the .45 in her hand.

RICK  
Why don't you put that away,  
unlock my cuffs?

(CONTINUED)

43. (Cont.)

MINA

Are you crazy?

RICK

No, but I'm beginning to think  
you and your friend are...  
asking us to land at Aero Bureau  
... know what's down there?

MINA

(coolly)

You tell me.

RICK

Cops. With guns. Lots of both.  
If you surrender to us, now,  
it'll make it a hell of a lot  
easier for you.

She does not reply, just smiles at him.

44. EXT. MARINELAND FROM OBSERVATION TOWER DAY

as the CAMERA RANGES over the pleasure area, past tanks,  
the whale show, etc. It PANS UP TO: the Sikorsky,  
whipping by overhead on its journey home.

45. REVERSE (DOWN) ANGLE FROM COCKPIT

as Marineland passes below. CAMERA BACK to feature Doug  
as he checks the terrain, now making contact with Aero  
Bureau.

DOUG

This is nine-five-nine Adam to  
nine-fifty David... request  
immediate landing clearance...

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

(filtered)

Roger, nine five nine... you are  
ten-four for touchdown... the pad  
is clear.

DOUG

We have a hijack situation up  
here...

## 46. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM FULL SHOT DAY

The busy area is lined with desks along both walls, many of them occupied by Deputies in standard issue 'Class B' khaki fatigue uniforms. An obvious exception is a young woman at the far end of the room, in civilian dress. She is NAN KAPPLES, pretty, full-figured, early twenties, the Bureau's only female secretary.

Near a large blackboard, on which current assignments are posted, the dispatcher, PATRICK CONNELLY, sits at the communications desk, a mike in front of him. Computer lights blink below a mounted wall speaker. A side entrance, in mid-room, leads to the shop hangar area and flight line. CAMERA CLOSES on Connelly, who registers shock at Trumbell's words, leans close to the desk mike, adjusting the sound level.

CONNELLY

Say again!

DOUG'S VOICE

(filtered)

We have two armed hostiles  
aboard... man and a woman...

(beat)

Better let me have the Captain.

Connelly waves the b.g. Deputies to silence with a raised arm as he talks to Trumbell; a sudden air of tension permeates the squadroom. Nan rises quickly from her desk, walks over to Connelly, her face strained.

CONNELLY

Negative on the Captain... Monty  
left about ten minutes ago...

DOUG'S VOICE

Then get him back... code three.

CONNELLY

Will do.

## 47. BACK TO DOUG IN HELICOPTER

as he reacts to a new order from Hastings.

HASTINGS

Tell 'em to call in all their  
patrol copters... we want every-  
thing on the ground when we come  
in.

(CONTINUED)

47. (Cont.)

DOUG  
(to Connelly)  
What have you got airborne at  
the moment?

CONNELLY'S VOICE  
(filtered)  
Argus one and two... and Bluff  
and Conrad are up in the Cessna.

DOUG  
My friend with the gun says he  
wants 'em back on the pad. And  
no more lift-offs.  
(beat)  
Now get me Captain Ballard.  
Pronto.

48. INT. BALLARD'S CAR CLOSE ON CAR RADIO MOVING DAY  
as we HEAR from the SPEAKER:

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR'S VOICE  
(filtered)  
Nine fifty Charlie... Frequency  
William with your desk...

CAMERA BACK as MONTGOMERY "MONTY" BALLARD picks up a hand  
mike. He is in his late forties, a wide-shouldered, hard-  
featured veteran whose weathered face reflects toughness  
and resolution.

BALLARD  
Ten-four...  
(he switches the  
frequency knob)  
Charlie 'bye... what's the problem?

CONNELLY'S VOICE  
(filtered)  
Nine five nine Adam's got a hijack  
in progress, Captain... two armed  
hostiles... man and a woman...  
they've taken command of the  
aircraft... we need you back here.

BALLARD  
I'm on the way.

49. EXT. LONG BEACH STREET ON BALLARD'S CAR

as the Captain wheels the dark brown unmarked Matador into  
a fast U-turn, tires SQUEALING.

50. ANGLE UP AT SIKORSKY HELICOPTER  
as it whip-saws over the Long Beach area, homing in on Aero Bureau.
51. INT. COCKPIT ON DOUG AND JIM  
as they look down, preparing to land.
52. THEIR P.O.V.  
Directly below, we see the full Aero Bureau layout -- the main hangar/squadroom, the landing area (separated from the Long Beach airport by cyclone fencing) and the many Sheriff's black and white helicopters and fixed-wing aircraft.
53. UP ANGLE AT COPTER  
as the massive Sikorsky descends directly TOWARD CAMERA, finally FILLING the FRAME.
54. ANGLE FROM GROUND ON HELICOPTER  
settling to the pad, rotor blades WHIRLING.
55. ANGLE ON AERO BUREAU GATE  
as Ballard's car, its door-mounted spotlight flaring red, ROARS past the cyclone fencing, then HARD BRAKES outside the main building. The driver's door opens.
56. SHOOTING PAST BALLARD TOWARD COPTER  
As he quickly exits the car we see that the Sikorsky is on the ground, WINDING DOWN.
57. FULL SHOT  
Deputies with weapons drawn (one with a 12-gauge shotgun) spill out of the squadroom doors as Ballard joins them on the flight line. In b.g. Nan stands tensely in the doorway.  
  
No one has emerged from the Sikorsky at the far end of the landing area.

## 58. FEATURING BALLARD

as he studies the situation.

BALLARD

(to his men)

Stay back until we know what they're up to.

(beat)

Can't risk any direct action with our men aboard.

## 59. ANGLE WIDENS

Ballard's right-hand man, big, hulking LIEUTENANT BILL HAMMON in his mid-thirties (second in command at Aero Bureau) stands next to the Captain, gripping a .38 in his ham-sized fist.

HAMMON

Why would they land the bird here? Doesn't make any sense.

BALLARD

Apparently it does to them...

(beat)

I just hope that --

His voice is over-ridden by the blast of SOUND from the Sikorsky's loudspeaker.

HANSTINGS' VOICE

(from the copter)

Put those guns away, all of 'em.

Ballard nods. His men holster their weapons; the shotgun is placed on the ground.

## 60. ON COPTER LOUDSPEAKER

as Hastings' VOICE crackles through it.

HASTINGS' VOICE

In case you're wondering about your three pals... they're alive and unhurt. But if you want 'em to stay that way, you've got to meet our terms... You have exactly one hour and a half to buy their lives...

## 61. ON NAN

emotionally concerned at hearing these words.

62. INT. COPTER ON HASTINGS

as he continues to speak into a hand mike.

HASTINGS

... and it's a package deal.

(beat)

I want a marked patrol car, a full tank of gas, Captain Ballard behind the wheel... and one hundred thousand dollars on the seat beside him!

63. ANGLE ON BALLARD'S GROUP

as they react to this demand. CAMERA SLOWLY CLOSES on Ballard as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

64. INT. HANGAR LOS ALAMITOS AIRPORT ON WALL CLOCK DAY

The clock reads: 1:00 PM, as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a uniformed NAVY GUARD standing just inside the open door of the large, empty hangar. He glances back at the clock, then o.s. to the airport control tower.

65. HIS P.O.V. EXT. CONTROL TOWER

Through the high window of the tower we see someone raise a hand to signal the guard.

66. BACK TO GUARD

as he, in turn, signals a DRIVER standing by the grey Navy bus in far b.g.

67. ANGLE ON BUS

as the driver climbs aboard, starts the engine and drives the heavy bus TOWARD CAMERA.

68. ANGLE AT HANGAR

as the bus pulls to a stop at the door of the hangar. The driver cuts the engine, sits quietly. The Navy Guard exchanges a look with the driver, then leans casually back against the bus.

69. CLOSE ON GUARD

raising his head to scan the sky.

70. INT. CAPTAIN'S AERO BUREAU OFFICE ON BALLARD DAY

as the Captain holds a phone to his ear, in the midst of a tense conversation.

(CONTINUED)

70. (Cont.)

BALLARD

... of course I know that, sir.  
(beat)

Yes, sir. But these people mean what they say... If we don't deliver the hundred thousand in small bills within their time limit, they just might...

(beat)

Yes, Inspector... I know what the Department's policy is... but we can't just let three men...

71 ON NAN

listening at her desk, her face tight with worry. As she listens she slides a drawer open, stares down at:

72 HER P.O.V. PHOTO

of Jim Schiller and Nan, arms around each other, smiling at the beach.

73. BACK TO BALLARD

as he sighs heavily.

BALLARD

... Yes, I understand... And I'll certainly keep you posted. Good-bye, Inspector.

During the last part of this conversation, the CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that several Deputies, including Bill Hammon and Pat Connelly, surround Monty Ballard's desk. The Captain stands up, slams down the phone, jamming an unlit cigar stub into one corner of his mouth.

HAMMON

Didn't go for it, huh?

BALLARD

Damn right he didn't. Rathbone says we have to stick by the book -- and the book says what we all know... that the department is not authorized to provide ransom money for captive personnel.

(CONTINUED)

73. (Cont.)

CONNELLY

How about going straight to the old man?

BALLARD

Rathbone already did that. The Sheriff says there's nothing he can do. He's very concerned about the men, but he can't shake loose the hundred thousand..

(beat; pensively)

So... gentlemen, I guess it's up to us.

CONNELLY

(sourly)

I could kick in twenty bucks.

HAMMON

Just how in hell do we scare up that kind of money in...

(checks his watch)

... an hour and fifteen minutes?

Ballard bites down hard on his cigar, scowling, then brightens suddenly, rushes from the office, the Deputies following.

74. INT. HALLWAY AND SQUADROOM ON BALLARD MOVING

as he strides rapidly down the hall into the main squad-room. Nan glances up at them from her desk.

HAMMON

(running behind him)

What'll I tell 'em, Cap?... when they ask about the money?

At the door, Monty wheels to Hammon, flicks away the dead cigar.

BALLARD

Billy... you tell 'em they've got a deal!

And he exits toward his car. HOLD on Hammon, Connelly and the others, watching him go.

## 75. INT. SIKORSKY HELICOPTER ON HASTINGS DAY

CAMERA OVER his shoulder as he peers through the open hatch, watching Ballard's car in far b.g. peel rubber as it accelerates out the gate heading toward the highway.

HASTINGS

Where's he going?  
 (to Mina)  
 Gimme that mike!

## 76. WIDER ANGLE

INCLUDING the others inside the Sikorsky, as Mina hands Ben the mike.

HASTINGS

(amplified echo  
 effect: his  
 voice booms out  
 across the flight  
 area)

What's happening out there? I  
 want some answers.

(beat)

Are we going to get that money?

## 77. EXT. SQUADROOM ON HAMMON

as he stands outside the building, a bullhorn to his lips. Behind him the other Deputies stand at the ready, hands on their holstered weapons. In b.g. two patrol cars have been creeping forward, bug-like, slowly closing on the Sikorsky.

HAMMON

Affirmative... The Captain says  
 you've got a deal.

HASTINGS' VOICE (O.S.)

(over the copter  
 speaker)

That's nice! Did you call in  
 your other birds? We want  
everything on the ground...  
 Where's that other Argus ship?

HAMMON

Argus One is still airborne, but  
 he should be in any minute now...

(CONTINUED)

77. (Cont.)

HASTINGS' VOICE (O.S.)

(from the copter)

And I want that sniper off the  
roof... now!

(beat)

And keep those cars back!

78. OVERHEAD FULL SHOT

as a Deputy with a rifle on the roof of the Aero building begins to climb down. At the same time the two patrol cars, positioned halfway to the Sikorsky, begin to roll backward.

79. INT. HELICOPTER ON CABIN GROUP

Doug and Jim are now down with the others in the lower cabin.

DOUG

(to Hastings)

I knew a guy like you once... the school bully back in my home town... He liked yelling at people.

Hastings glares at him.

MINA

He's just trying to get you sore, baby!...

HASTINGS

(softening)

Yeah... that's it... create a little diversion, eh?

(to Mina)

I think you'd better cuff those two... they're all through flyin'...

She puts aside the .45, moves to Doug and Jim, takes the handcuffs from their belts and begins cuffing their hands behind them.

80. ON RICK IN LOWER CABIN

seeing his chance for action, he lowers his head (as he's still seated and assumed to be cuffed to a seat support), launches himself toward Hastings, slams into the hijacker's chest. Hastings staggers back, off-balance. ZOOM TO:

81. DOUG AND JIM

about to join the action.

82. BACK TO RICK

about to charge again -- as Hastings wildly swings up the shotgun, FIRES. Part of the charge catches Rick in the shoulder.

83. EXT. LOS ALAMITOS AIRPORT ON LOADSTAR DAY

as the big cargo aircraft settles smoothly down on runway 12.

84. EXT. AERO BUREAU

as the deputies (Nan with them) surge forward, reacting to the SHOT from the Sikorsky. The VOICE from the copter's speaker freezes them.

HASTINGS' VOICE (O.S.)

(from copter)

Stay back!... We still control things... just had to tame down one of your boys!

85. INT. SIKORSKY BACK TO GROUP

as Rick slumps down, blood coating his upper shoulder. He is breathing heavily, but is not badly hit. Mina finishes cuffing the two pilots.

HASTINGS

(to Rick)

Another move like that and we kill you.

86. INT. CONTROL TOWER CLOSE ON CONTROLLER DAY

The same man, still nervous and sweating.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER

(to Loadstar pilot)

Proceed directly to hangar nine... where you will be met by security guard unit...

## 87. INT. COCKPIT OF LOADSTAR MOVING

as the pilot rolls the cargo plane toward hangar nine.

PILOT

Roger, ground control.

## 88. WIDE ANGLE AT HANGAR

as the Loadstar rolls to a final stop outside the open hangar. The pilot cuts the engines; they WHINE DOWN. The security guard seen previously is joined by three others -- who now push a portable boarding ladder up to the plane's cargo hatch.

## 89. ON CARGO HATCH

as the door slides inward, revealing a GUARD inside who casually salutes the two advancing security guards. (The other guards wait below.)

## 90. REVERSE SHOT

as the two guards abruptly unsnap their belt holsters and pull guns.

## 91. ON THE CARGO GUARD

Slowly he raises his hands.

## 92. INT. HANGAR ON FOUR GUARDS

The real security MEN are cuffed, mouths taped, against the inside wall of the hangar; they watch the o.s. action, helpless to aid the Loadstar's crew.

## 93. INT. CONTROL TOWER ON AIR CONTROLLER

as the nervous airport employee is pushed to the tower floor, tied and taped by two MEN in tan overalls. The CAMERA PANS them down the outer steps to a waiting TR open-seater sports car. They hop into the TR, roar away.

## 94. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM ON CONNELLY DAY

as the dispatcher continues to monitor incoming Bureau calls.

(CONTINUED)

94. (Cont.)

CONNELLY

Sorry, Malibu, but we are unable to respond to your request... All of our units are temporarily grounded... will get back to you...

RADIO VOICE

(filtered)

Ten-Four.

Connelly looks up at Hammon, who enters from b.g.

HAMMON

Any word from the Captain?

CONNELLY

Nope.

(beat)

But we have a brush fire in Malibu, an escaped felon in West Hollywood, and a Louisville-to-Long Beach cargo plane reported missing and presumed down.

HAMMON

(in frustrated anger)

And we can't get a damned thing into the air!

(checks his watch)

Well... ole Monty better step on it. Time's running out.

95. EXT. CITY BANK ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW DAY

Captain Ballard's Matador is parked in direct f.g. as CAMERA SHOOTS PAST the car into bank -- where we see Ballard gesturing heatedly to the bank's PRESIDENT. They argue for a moment, then two large canvas bags are brought to Ballard. He nods, grabs them, exits back TOWARD CAMERA, the President and an armed guard in b.g. watching him go.

96. ANGLE FROM STREET FRONTING BANK

as Ballard slings the canvas bags into his car, climbs behind the wheel and guns the Matador away from the curb, tires HOWLING. CAMERA watches him go, then PANS UPWARD toward o.s. SOUND of copter. A black-and-white Bell 300 Argus ship rackets past overhead, on the way back to its home base.

97. INT. BELL COPTER ON PILOT

DAY

He is MARK RODRIGUEZ, a young crewcut Spanish-American, now responding to a call. (NOTE: Due to a faulty radio hookup there is much STATIC on the line.) Beside him is his co-pilot/observer FREEDMAN.

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Argus (static)... Do you (static)  
... Repeat... Do you copy?

RODRIGUEZ

Affirmative... we've got  
interference on the line and  
I (static)...

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Imperative you (static)... ten  
nineteen.

RODRIGUEZ

Say again!

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Imperative you return at once.

He shoots a look at Freedman who shrugs.

RODRIGUEZ

Roger your return order... I'm...

And the remainder of his words are lost in STATIC.

98. INT. SIKORSKY CABIN FEATURING DOUG, JIM, RICK DAY

as, hands cuffed behind them, they wait out the ransom situation. Hastings keeps his shotgun on them. Rick is pale, blood still seeping through his shirt; he is breathing a bit heavily.

DOUG

He needs medical attention. Keep  
us here... but let him go.

HASTINGS

Nobody leaves till that money  
arrives.

(glances at Rick's  
shoulder)

He's just got a nick there...  
flesh wound.

(CONTINUED)

98. (Cont.)

JIM

And 'what if' they can't raise  
the money?

HASTINGS

Well, now... logically speaking  
that question answers itself...  
You boys could be dead -- that's  
'what if'... and that's what  
'could be'.

DOUG

Minute you shoot us they'll swarm  
all over you. We're your life  
insurance.

MINA

(cutting in)

Why don't you give your mouth a  
rest?

(beat)

We can handle things without your  
advice.

HASTINGS

That's right, flyboy...  
(he grins)

We know exactly what we're doin'.

99. INT. HANGAR LOS ALAMITOS AIRPORT DAY

The Loadstar has been taxied inside the hangar, next to the grey Navy bus. The four uniformed men and the bus driver are busily unloading the plane's cargo, wheeling it along a ramp angled between the plane's hatch and the open section of the bus. Their movements are brisk and efficient, with no words spoken.

100. EXT. AERO BUREAU WIDE ANGLE DAY

as tension mounts among the frustrated Deputies. All eyes are fixed to the waiting Sikorsky, baking under a hot sun at the far end of the field. Hammon emerges from the squadroom in b.g. A lanky, thin-boned Deputy named PEARSON moves to him.

PEARSON

Is the Captain gonna make it?

(CONTINUED)

100. (Cont.)

HAMMON

He just called in. Says he's  
headin' back now.

PEARSON

Think they'll really let our  
boys go if they get the money?

HAMMON

I think so. By then they'll have  
the Captain as their hostage.

At that moment they look upward to the o.s. SOUND of a  
chopper.

PEARSON

Our missing bird!

HAMMON

(shielding his eyes;  
squinting skyward)  
Yeah... that's Rodriguez...

101. INT. SIKORSKY ON HASTINGS

as he peers from the interior shadows upward at the  
descending copter, shotgun poised.

102. INT. BELL DOWN ANGLE PAST RODRIGUEZ

as the ground moves up TOWARD CAMERA.

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Warning! You are (static)...  
Repeat, stay clear of the S-58...

RODRIGUEZ

What's going on down there?

103. HIS P.O.V. THE SIKORSKY

as Rodriguez sees a man (Hastings) move to the open hatch  
of the copter, shotgun in hand pointed upward, directly  
INTO CAMERA.

104. BACK TO RODRIGUEZ

Shocked at this, his immediate reaction is to gain  
altitude. He pulls back sharply on the stick, whipping  
up the Bell in an abrupt vertical lift.

## 105. EXT. AERO BUREAU LANDING AREA FULL SHOT

As the copter tilts sharply upward, a shotgun BLAST from the Sikorsky ruptures the Bell's lower tank. The copter rocks with the impact, then abruptly crash-lands on the pad.

## 106. ANGLE AT COPTER

as Rodriguez and Freedman scramble out, guns drawn.

HASTINGS' VOICE  
(amplified from the  
Sikorsky)

Drop the guns, fellas! Drop 'em!

Rodriguez and Freedman hesitate, then obey the order, dropping their .38's.

HASTINGS' VOICE  
(amplified)

Now get over with your friends...  
fast!

The two pilots move away from the smoking Bell 300, toward the o.s. Deputies.

## 107. INT. HANGAR AT LOS ALAMITOS AIRPORT ON RAMP

as the cargo transfer is completed, the final crates being loaded on the bus.

## 108. EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS ON MATADOR

The underpass is located approximately a quarter-mile from Aero Bureau. Ballard's Matador, traveling fast, THUNDERS through the big concrete tunnel.

## 109. BACK TO HANGAR SCENE

as the ramp is lowered and the four uniformed men climb aboard, The driver already at the wheel. The bus doors close. As the ponderous grey vehicle rolls slowly from the hangar CAMERA PANS to the still-cuffed-and-taped security guards... watching it go.

## 110. EXT. HANGAR FULL SHOT

as the Navy bus moves across the field, making its exit through the far gate. SOUND of its engine fades.

111. ANGLE ON AERO BUREAU GATE

DAY

as Ballard's Matador, red light flashing, ROARS PAST CAMERA. PAN it to a stop outside the squad building.

112 EXT. AERO BUREAU ON BALLARD

as he exits the car and is met by Hammon, Pearson, Nan, Rodriguez, Freedman and the others.

NAN

(anxiously)

Did you get the money?

Ballard nods toward the near seat of the Matador.

113. ANGLE ON CAR

as Hammon peers inside, whistles through his teeth as he spots the two canvas bags of cash.

114. ON BALLARD

as he walks to the marked patrol car, checks it, swings to Hammon, frowning.

BALLARD

Get that shotgun outa there.  
They said no weapons!

He strips his gunbelt, hands it to Pearson, as Hammon reaches inside the patrol car to remove the shotgun.

BALLARD

(crisply)

I told Connelly to make sure a  
"Homer" was installed in the  
trunk. What about it?

HAMMON

All taken care of. The signal's  
set -- and we can track you  
anywhere within a hundred-mile  
radius.

BALLARD

Good.

(beat)

Now I want you to --

He is over-ridden by the sharp voice of Hastings from the Sikorsky.

(CONTINUED)

114. (Cont.)

HASTINGS' VOICE  
 (amplified)  
 Time's up... Do we get the money  
 or don't we?

BALLARD  
 (grabbing a bull-  
 horn)  
 You're getting it... right now.

HASTINGS' VOICE  
 (amplified)  
 And you with it, Ballard!

BALLARD  
 (through horn)  
 All right... I'm coming out there!

He puts the bull-horn aside, turns to Pearson.

BALLARD  
 Get me that peashooter you keep  
 in your locker. Better than  
 nothing... and I just might be  
 able to use it.

Pearson nods, sprints away.

115. ANGLE AT PATROL CAR

as Ballard transfers the two canvas money sacks to the  
 front seat of the marked patrol vehicle.

HAMMON  
 My curiosity's killing me... just  
how did you manage to raise a  
 hundred thousand bucks?

BALLARD  
 (grinning)  
 It's all a matter of charm and  
 personal magnetism...  
 (beat)  
 ... plus the fact that I  
 mortgaged my soul to the City  
 National... promised 'em they'd  
 have the cash back within twenty-  
 four hours.

HAMMON  
 You're that sure...?

(CONTINUED)

115. (Cont.)

BALLARD

I figure if I'm right they'll get  
back their money... if I'm  
wrong...

(he makes a throat-  
cutting gesture)

Pearson returns with a small .25, hands the gun to Ballard  
who stuffs it into his right boot.

HAMMON

Captain... seriously... I wish  
you'd let me go out there.

BALLARD

(climbing into the  
patrol car; starting  
the engine)

They didn't ask for you, Billy...  
They asked for me.

PEARSON

(pointing to the  
o.s. Sikorsky)

Hey... look at that! What the  
hell's goin' on?

116. THEIR P.O.V. THE SIKORSKY

Its blades are suddenly turning, engine SOUND winding up  
in volume.

117 CLOSE ON BALLARD

reacting, surprised.

BALLARD

I'd better get moving...

118. FULL SHOT CAR AND HELICOPTER

as Ballard's patrol car rolls forward, closing on the  
Sikorsky we see the hatch strap fall away and three men  
jump to the ground: Rick, holding his wounded shoulder,  
followed by Doug and Jim. They converge immediately on  
Ballard's car.

## 119. CLOSER ANGLE ON CAR

as Ballard reaches the men, stops. In the ROAR of the Sikorsky's engine we do not hear their animated exchange of shouted words, but we note their confusion.

## 120. ON SIKORSKY

with Hastings in the pilot's seat, the big copter rises majestically from the pad, wheels over the patrol car, whip-saws away.

## 121. BACK TO GROUP AT CAR

The door is open, the two money bags in view. Doug, Rick, and Jim look at Ballard, who looks back at the money and shakes his head in total bewilderment and disbelief.

## 122. UP ANGLE

as the Sikorsky dwindles into the sun.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

123. EXT. AERO BUREAU FIELD ON BALLARD DAY

He stands near his car, tense with anger, the Deputies assembled around him. In b.g. a Deputy/medic, carrying a First-Aid kit, comes up to Rick Busby, leads him away.

BALLARD

I want every damn bird we've got  
into the air -- code three!  
They won't get far in that  
Sikorsky!  
(to the pilots)  
Wind 'em up!

124 FULL SHOT

as the men respond, moving quickly for their waiting  
copters.

125. EXT. STREET ANGLE FROM CURB DAY

as the big grey Navy bus motors PAST CAMERA, moving  
normally at a modest speed through an industrial area.

126. EXT. AERO BUREAU SERIES OF SHOTS DAY

as the choppers and fixed-wing aircraft lift from the  
flight pad like a swarm of snarling metal bees:

- A) Three of the Hughes B-Model 300's rocket skyward.
- B) Half a dozen double-tanked Bell 47's join the pursuit.
- C) A Hughes 500 blasts upward.
- D) Two fixed-wing aircraft, a Cessna 182 and a Stol Helio  
Courier roar off the flight line.

127. ON BALLARD

watching them go. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he shoves a  
stubby cigar in the corner of his mouth, enters the squad-  
room, walks immediately over to Connelly at the dispatch  
desk.

(CONTINUED)

127. (Cont.)

BALLARD

(talking rapidly)

Get me the latest on that Malibu fire... see if we're still needed... then find out if they caught that guy in West Hollywood ... and I'll need a fill-in on that cargo plane...

(turns to Nan)

Get the Inspector on the horn for me, willya Nan.

She begins to dial at her desk in b.g.

BALLARD

(turns to Connelly again)

Send out an all-points alert... Highway Patrol... Forest Department...

CONNELLY

(voice hesitant)

L.A.P.D.?

BALLARD

(a bit embarrassed)

Yeah... They'll rib hell out of us... but I want that Sikorsky nailed...

(musing)

Shouldn't take long to spot 'em... They didn't get much of a head start.

128. ANOTHER ANGLE

Behind Monty we see Rodrigues and Freedman, each with a canvas money bag. Doug and Jim follow them in, Jim moving to Nan (on the phone at her desk).

129. ANGLE AT DESK

as Nan puts her hand over the receiver, looks up at Jim, a vast relief in her eyes.

NAN

Thank God you're all right... when I heard that shot from the copter I thought...

(CONTINUED)

129. (Cont.)

JIM  
 (squeezing her  
 hand)  
 I'm fine.

NAN  
 Will Rick be okay?

JIM  
 Sure. Just got a scratch on  
 the shoulder.

NAN  
 I was so worried about you...  
 about all of you.

JIM  
 (grinning)  
 So were we.

130. BACK TO BALLARD AND DEPUTIES

BALLARD  
 (to Rodriguez)  
 You boys better run that money  
 back to the bank... I expect  
 they're a little nervous about  
 it.

Freedman blinks at the two bags of cash.

FREEDMAN  
 You mean, you've really got a  
 hundred thousand dollars in  
 there?

BALLARD  
 (nodding; straight-  
 faced)  
 I figured if they got away with  
 all of it I'd let Doug work it  
 out of his salary...  
 (he grins)  
 ... Take maybe twenty... thirty  
 years...

DOUG  
 You're all heart, Monty.

(CONTINUED)

130. (Cont.)

RODRIGUEZ

What I can't figure is why they didn't take it... What was the point of making that ransom demand if they didn't follow through with the pickup?

FREEDMAN

Maybe they hit the panic button...

DOUG

No, that wasn't it. They were totally cool when they told us to exit the aircraft. Panic doesn't figure in.

FREEDMAN

But all they had to do was grab it! Makes no sense. I mean, what sane criminals would walk away from a hundred grand?

BALLARD

Who says they have to be sane? And they didn't walk away from it, they flew away from it.

Nan beckons to him from the desk.

NAN

I've got Inspector Rathbone...

CAMERA PANS Monty over to the desk, where he takes the receiver.

BALLARD

(into receiver)

Inspector?... It's Monty... I've got good news and bad news...

(beat)

The good news is we got the boys back, no casualties... but the bad news is we lost our choctaw...

131. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET IN CERRITOS AT BUS STOP DAY

On an elderly couple waiting for a bus. They FACE AWAY FROM CAMERA, so we do not see their features. Both are white-haired, bent, apparently very old. They wait quietly in the sun.

## 132. MONTAGE SEQUENCE

depicting the full scope of a vast, all-county Aero Bureau sweep/search. SERIES OF SHOTS (music only) as various aircraft comb the L.A. area:

- A) A Bell 47 cruising the beach.
- B) A Hughes 500 over the San Gabriel mountains.
- C) A Cessna 182 drifting above a freeway interchange.
- D) A Stol sheeking out a small private airport.
- E) A Hughes 300 slanting down over an oil field.

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE.

## 133. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM ON CONNELLY DAY

on the phone at his dispatch desk, looking irritated.

CONNELLY

(defensively)

... So we've had a chopper ripped off... Look, haven't you guys ever lost one of your motor bikes?

CAMERA BACK to show Nan at her desk, also having problems.

NAN

No, I can't give any official information to the press... Yes, our helicopter is still missing...

## 134. BACK TO BUS STOP COUPLE

as they respond to o.s. SOUND of an approaching bus. We see the grey Navy bus roll up to them. The bus doors open with a hissing SOUND, and as the man and woman enter we ZOOM IN to their faces: they are MINA and BEN HASTINGS.

## 135. EXT. HUGHES 500 HELICOPTER DAY

as the fast, four-passenger copter buzzes past in the sky above Cerritos.

## 136. INT. 500 COCKPIT ON CREWMEN

We see that Bill Hammon is at the stick, Pearson beside him as observer. They are scanning the area below.

PEARSON

Ball park to the left. Let's check it.

137. BALL PARK DOWN ANGLE FROM COPTER MOVING

as they cruise over the small park; a baseball game is in progress, and the kids in the grandstand wave happily up at the chopper.

138. BACK TO HAMMON AND PEARSON

as Pearson shakes his head.

PEARSON  
Nothing down there.

HAMMON  
I'll head south...

139. RIVERSIDE FREEWAY DOWN ANGLE FROM COPTER MOVING

as the shadow of the Hughes 500 swoops over the freeway.

140. INT. 500 COCKPIT ON PEARSON

as he suddenly points down.

HAMMON  
Spot something?

PEARSON  
I think so...  
(peering intently  
downward)  
There!... See her?

HAMMON  
Yep... that's our bird, all right!

141. THEIR P.O.V.

The big Sikorsky, silent and abandoned in a patch of green park area flanked by trees. (The trees are tall enough to screen the park from surrounding residential houses.) A small crowd of spectators encircle the big chopper.

142 ON HAMMON

as he pushes the radio button on the control stick.

(CONTINUED)

142. (Cont.)

HAMMON

Nine-fifty-four Henry to nine-fifty David...

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Nine-fifty David... 'bye.

HAMMON

We have a ten-twenty on the missing aircraft... it's our baby.

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Go... What are your coordinates?

HAMMON

About three quarters of a mile south of the Riverside Freeway... three miles east of the 605...

He nods toward Pearson for specifics.

PEARSON

(checking a map  
guide in his lap)

... Township of Cerritos... at...  
Acoro Road and Vickie Avenue...

143. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM DAY

as Monty approaches the dispatch desk, takes over the mike.

BALLARD

This is Monty... What back-up is in the area?

144. INT. COCKPIT OF BELL COPTER ON DOUG DAY

as he responds to the back-up call, Jim next to him.

DOUG

Nine-fifty-three Edward... 'bye.  
We're about two minutes from your Cerritos location.

(CONTINUED)

144. (Cont.)

BALLARD'S VOICE

(filtered)

Assist nine five four Henry. But  
use caution in your landing  
procedure... they may still be  
around and armed...

DOUG

Roger... we know them well!

145. UP ANGLE FROM SIKORSKY ON COPTERS DAY

as the Bell and the Hughes 500 settle down TOWARD CAMERA,  
we HEAR the o.s. SOUND of SIRENS.

146. DOWN ANGLE AT SCENE FULL SHOT

with the crowd splitting as the two choppers land near the  
Sikorsky. At this moment of touchdown two Sheriffs'  
patrol cars, SIRENS WAILING, red lights revolving, roar  
up onto the grass. The police emerge quickly, guns drawn.

147. ON NAVY BUS DAY

moving a little faster over city streets

148. EXT. CERRITOS PARK AREA ANGLE FROM SIKORSKY DAY

as we see Doug and Jim move to check out the Sikorsky,  
Hammon begins questioning spectators.

HAMMON

(to a small boy)

Sure you didn't see anybody?

149. ON BOY

blinking up at the Deputy.

BOY

Naw... it was empty by the time  
I got here.

(beat)

Musta been a whole lotta people  
come out of a helecopper this  
big!

150. ON HAMMON AND PEARSON MOVING

as they proceed across the grass toward the street. They emerge from the park, look in both directions.

151. THEIR P.O.V.

The long street is empty, except for an ambling, heavy-set MAN, walking a dog.

152. EXT. STREET ON HAMMON, PEARSON

as they reach the man, who looks startled. His dog growls at them.

HAMMON

You see a man and a woman around here... in the last five... ten minutes.

MAN

Yep.

The two Deputies brighten.

HAMMON

What'd they look like?

MAN

White-haired. Old, both of 'em. Saw 'em waitin' for the bus.

HAMMON

(sighing)

Well... okay... thanks.

MAN

You fellas after them old folks?

Without reply, Hammon and Pearson quickly move back toward the Sikorsky. In the distance, but closing, SOUND of two more police cars, SIRENS BLARING.

153. INT. CABIN OF SIKORSKY

Doug and Jim are peering about, carefully checking the aircraft. Hammon and his partner appear at the open hatch.

DOUG

(to Hammon)

What did you find out?

HAMMON

Damn little...

(CONTINUED)

153. (Cont.)

PEARSON

Dog-walker on the street said  
he saw two white-haired old  
folks waiting for a bus.

JIM

Terrific! Hijackers don't stand  
around waiting for buses.

154. WIDER ANGLE ON CROWD

as the Sheriff's officers begin clearing back the specta-  
tors. One OFFICER walks up to Doug, who's still inside  
the Sikorsky.

OFFICER

Trumbell?

DOUG

Yes?

OFFICER

Got a radio call for you...  
Captain Ballard's on the horn.

155. ANGLE AT POLICE CAR ON DOUG

as he takes over the hand mike.

DOUG

Trumbell here, Cap'n.

BALLARD'

(filtered)

What's the situation, Doug?

DOUG

'G.P.A.'... the bird's fine...  
but otherwise it's a complete  
zip. Our friends are long gone  
... no doubt had a car waiting...

BALLARD'S VOICE

(filtered)

Get a make on it?

DOUG

Negative. Coulda been an armored  
tank for all we know. Nobody saw  
them exit the park.

(CONTINUED)

155. (Cont.)

BALLARD'S VOICE

(filtered)

They might still be in the area...  
we'll launch a house-to-house,  
just to be sure.

DOUG

Jim and I can't do any good  
staying here. We're going up  
again.

BALLARD'S VOICE

(filtered)

Where to?

156. EXT. CLIFF ON CATALINA ISLAND FULL SHOT DAY

The same cliff from which the hijackers were "rescued".  
Over the steep-rising fist of rock the black-and-gold  
Sikorsky appears, begins to lower.

157. INT. BALLARD'S AERO BUREAU OFFICE CLOSE ON ASH TRAY DAY

as the Captain mashes out a cigar on the tray at his desk.  
CAMERA BACK as he stands, frowning darkly. We see several  
Deputies in the office with him, including Hammon and  
Pearson.

BALLARD

Well... the obvious won't wash.

HAMMON

Meaning?

BALLARD

Meaning that we've got to do  
some sideways thinking on this  
thing...

(a beat)

I don't believe they ever  
intended picking up the money.

(beat)

They knew they'd never be able  
to get away in a marked patrol  
car with a hundred thousand  
in cash.

HAMMON

Then why demand money in the  
first place? Why risk a hijack  
if there was no payoff?

(CONTINUED)

157. (Cont.)

BALLARD

Maybe this wasn't a hijack...  
 maybe it wasn't a ransom; maybe  
 this whole operation was just  
 meant to keep us grounded for  
 ninety minutes.

HAMMON

(absorbing the words)

But why?

158. CAMERA CLOSE ON BALLARD

as he ponders the possible answers to the riddle.

BALLARD

Because something bigger... much  
 bigger, was happening in the  
 county of Los Angeles...

159. EXT. CLIFF IN CATALINA FULL SHOT DAY

The Sikorsky rests atop the cliff, while Doug and Jim are  
 scrambling down to the rock shelf on which the hijackers  
 were first sighted.

160. CLOSER ANGLE ON DOUG AND JIM

as they sift through the brush, separated along the ledge.

JIM

Think we'll find anything?

DOUG

Dunno. Figured it was worth a  
 shot.

JIM

So far, we have brush, pebbles,  
 leaves, tree branches...

(pauses, reaches  
 down to pick up  
 something)

Hey...

DOUG

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

160. (Cont.)

Jim brings his "find" over to Doug on the other side of the ledge.

JIM  
You tell me what it is?

161. CLOSE ON ITEM

A box, empty, with the words "Einhorn Spirit Gum" printed on it.

JIM'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What the devil is 'Einhorn Spirit Gum'?

162 WIDER ANGLE

as Doug examines the box.

DOUG  
It's show biz stuff. They use it to stick on false beards and moustaches...  
(a beat)  
Which tells us how our gun-toting friends disappeared!

JIM  
I don't get the connection.

DOUG  
That white-haired couple at the bus stop... man and a woman...

JIM  
Wigs! To make 'em look old.

DOUG  
He probably stuck a white beard on his chin to complete the disguise.

JIM  
So now we know how they got away but not where...

163. LOW ANGLE SHOOTING UP FROM OCEAN

as the Sikorsky rockets back toward the Coast.

164. INT. COCKPIT ON JIM

as he peers closely at the instrument panel, flicking the Omni meter with his finger.

JIM

Guess what... the Omni's working again.

DOUG

We'd still better have it checked out...

JIM

(looking down at the SuperScope rifle)

... and I'll pick up a new bolt for our Remington.

(beat)

That guy knew a lot about Sikorskys...

DOUG

Enough to fly this one... Maybe with a copter unit in Nam...

JIM

Or even with your old outfit in Korea.

DOUG

Too young for Korea.

JIM

Hell, I flew for the first time when I was fourteen... old crop-duster with patched wings.

(a beat, as he fondly remembers)

... I loved flying that ole Stearman...

DOUG

Yeah... I owned one a few years back, but my wife hated it... hated the whole idea of flying.

JIM

That's rough.

DOUG

Yeah. Ole Rosalie... She'd rag me every time I went up -- which is why I'm an ex-husband and she's an ex-wife... worried about me the way Nan worries about you.

(CONTINUED)

164. (Cont.)

JIM

Hey... don't mix up Nan with Rosalie... Nan wouldn't be working at Aero Bureau if she didn't understand pilots... Even wants to learn to fly one of these things herself.

DOUG

Well... maybe you've got the right girl.

(grins)

At least all Rosalie has to worry about these days is her alimony check.

Suddenly, female radio voice takes their full attention.

FEMALE VOICE

(filtered)

Nine-five-nine Adam... frequency William with your desk...

DOUG

Ten four.

(as he switches the radio frequency)

This is nine-five-nine Adam... what's up?

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

We have a late rundown on that Louisville-to-Long Beach missing cargo plane...

(beat)

Monty thinks it ties directly in to what happened to us here at the Bureau...

(another beat)

It wasn't your ordinary cargo ship... it was special...

(slowly, hitting each word)

... a Government treasury carrier.

DOUG

(in sudden understanding)

Uh-oh!

(CONTINUED)

164. (Cont.1)

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

The cargo was twenty million  
dollars in gold bullion!

We HOLD for a moment on the faces of Doug and Jim as they  
absorb the impact, then --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

165. EXT. URBAN STREET ANGLE AT INTERSECTION ON GIRL DAY

We FOLLOW a young girl, perhaps thirteen, as she pedals her bike along the street in heavy late-afternoon traffic. As she reaches a busy intersection, and begins across, the light turns yellow. A red Volkswagen cuts across on the yellow from the opposite direction causing the girl to swerve sharply. In order to avoid hitting her, the VW piles into the side of a Chevy Station Wagon. Coming up on all this, in b.g., is our big grey Navy bus. It jolts to a stop in the sudden jam of cars and trucks. HORNS blare.

166. INT. NAVY BUS ON HASTINGS DAY

He is crouched at the driver's shoulder, peering ahead at the traffic melee.

HASTINGS

(to the driver)

What happened out there?... Why are we stopping?

DRIVER

Accident ahead... Big pileup...

Mina comes up from the rear of the vehicle.

MINA

How long we gonna be stuck here?

HASTINGS

(angry)

Never mind... Just stay back there with those crates... make sure they're covered up.

She glares at him, goes back to the others at the rear of the bus, CAMERA FOLLOWING. We see that the other six men are all working to conceal the heavy wooden crates of gold. The seats in this area of the bus have been unbolted, moved aside; the rubber floor matting is laid back, the floor itself removed, the crates placed into a hollow area beneath.

167. ON CRATES

DAY

As most of them are now re-covered by strips of flooring, we see that three of the crates have been broken apart, and the gold bars from these are being transferred to a series of seven identical black "salesman's-type" suitcases, the stand-up variety with small wheels on the bottom. Each case holds several bars of gold. The men work silently, brisk and efficient at their job.

168 INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM

DAY

Doug and Jim have returned, and now try to analyze the situation with Captain Ballard and the other Deputies.

BALLARD

Our two hijackers... that missing cargo plane with the gold...

(beat)

They tie in together.

HAMMON

I don't see how.

BALLARD

Well, for one thing, if they were after a really big payoff it would explain why they made no real attempt to grab the hundred thousand...

DOUG

... and if they were tied into the gold heist --

HAMMON

(overriding)

-- providing there's been a gold heist... all we've got so far is a missing plane.

DOUG

Okay, providing. Let's follow out this line of thought and assume the plane was forced down and robbed and that our two friends were in on it.

JIM

Yeah... the plane sure didn't make Long Beach.

(CONTINUED)

168. (Cont.)

DOUG

By grounding all our units here at Aero Bureau they'd avoid an air search.

BALLARD

Exactly... a bogus ransom demand that gave them all the time needed to hit the cargo plane.

(to Connelly)

What was the last location you got on the Loadstar?

CONNELLY

Indio/Palm Springs...

HAMMON

Maybe it was forced down in the mountains.

CONNELLY

They'd need a proper landing strip, and none of the reports indicate a sighting in the mountains.

At that moment a MECHANIC enters from the hangar area.

MECHANIC

(to Doug)

I checked out that Omni of yours, Doug. It's a hundred percent operative. Can't dope out what your trouble was.

DOUG

Thanks...

The Mechanic exits, as Ballard looks at Doug.

BALLARD

What kind of trouble did you have?

DOUG

Oh...

(off-handedly)

Our Omni meter malfunctioned coming back from Catalina with the hijackers aboard... but it was working fine on our last trip in from the Island...

(a beat)

I wonder if...

(CONTINUED)

168. (Cont.1)

He lets his voice trail off, thinking.

BALLARD

When did you notice the malfunction?

DOUG

(shrugging)

Well... frankly, in all the confusion after we picked up the hijackers, I didn't notice it. Jim caught it.

BALLARD

(beginning to spark)

What if it wasn't a malfunction?

JIM

But it was. I double-checked. The reading was way off.

169. CLOSE ON BALLARD

very intense, his words well-chosen, deliberate.

BALLARD

The reading was off, but the meter was right on.

(beat)

What if the signal it received had been tampered with?... Who'd be the first to report an Omni malfunction?... an occasional plane or two coming into Long Beach? No... they'd figure it the way you and Jim did -- that the meter was haywire -- but...

As he talks CAMERA PICKS UP REACTION SHOT from the others, including Doug, Hammon, Jim...

BALLARD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

... if we had maybe a dozen or more choppers in the air, all noting the fact that their meters were off... we'd have been alerted to the real reason for the variant reading...

170. BACK TO BALLARD CLOSE

as he triumphantly completes his explanation.

BALLARD

(continuing)

The signal... the signal!...  
Gentlemen, I think we've found  
our link!

171 EXT. INTERSECTION FULL SHOT DAY

Traffic is totally jammed up in two directions by the VW-Chevy accident. A tow truck is just arriving. Two police units are there, lights revolving. In the b.g. the grey bus is still held fast in the bumper-to-bumper line of stalled traffic. A police OFFICER walks back along the line of cars, pausing to murmur a word or two to various drivers. He reaches the Navy bus.

172 INT. BUS AT DRIVER'S SHOULDER DAY

as the officer nods to the driver.

OFFICER

Be a little while yet.

DRIVER

We're in kind of a hurry,  
officer.

OFFICER

(annoyed; he's  
heard it before)

So's everybody else.

DRIVER

Got a tight schedule.  
(smiles; pressing)  
We really need to move.

CAMERA BACK from driver's shoulder to REVEAL HASTINGS, pressed close against the inside wall of the bus, the sawed-off cocked and ready in his hands. He shakes his head in a vigorous "cool it" to the driver.

173. ON THE OFFICER

staring hard at the driver.

OFFICER

Look, fella... you'll move when  
everybody else does.

## 174. BACK TO AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM ON BALLARD DAY

He's a hound on the scent; closing in on the truth behind the hijack attempt.

BALLARD

Just how far off was that Omni reading?

DOUG

Can't recall... Jim was the one who --

## 175 WIDER ANGLE

as Jim moves up to them.

JIM

(cutting in)

Exactly twelve degrees South.

Ballard moves to the wall map, studies it for a tense moment. Doug moves in close behind him.

BALLARD

Our jigsaw puzzle is beginning to fall into place...

(as he runs a finger over the Long Beach area)

For an aircraft homing in from the water the Omni is normally set to lead it directly into Long Beach Airport...

DOUG

... but if the signal was deliberately distorted by twelve degrees...

BALLARD

... it would divert the aircraft twelve miles South...

(taps the map in triumph)

... to Los Alamitos!

DOUG

(speaking rapidly)

Right!... Coming in from the West the runway configuration looks almost exactly the same as Long Beach -- and to a pilot, a charter pilot, who was unfamiliar with the area...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175. (Cont.)

DOUG (cont'd)  
 ... he'd naturally depend on that  
 Omni signal, and think he was  
 heading for Long Beach airport!

JIM  
 But the tower operator --

They all react, now fully aware of the situation.

BALLARD  
 (turning to Connelly)  
 Pat... see if you can contact the  
 tower at Los Alamitos...  
 (to Doug and the  
 others)  
 I think we'd better get right  
 over there.

176. EXT. INTERSECTION ON NAVY BUS DAY

as the driver continues to talk to the police officer.  
 We do not hear what they are saying, but the officer's  
 angry manner has abated; he nods, then moves away.

177. WIDE ANGLE ON THE INTERSECTION

as the officer begins directing cars to pull over to the  
 side of the street, leaving a narrow passageway for the  
 Navy bus to squeeze through. As the bus clears the  
 traffic-choked intersection we see the driver wave his  
 "thanks" from the window. The officer waves back.

178. INT. NAVY BUS ON MINA MOVING

as she looks back at the officer.

MINA  
 (contempt in her  
 voice)  
 That dummy!

HASTINGS  
 (to the driver)  
 That was a risk...

DRIVER  
 (defensive)  
 We had to get movin' didn't we?  
 And I got us movin'...

(CONTINUED)

178. (Cont.)

MINA

Cops are a cinch... you just have to know how to handle 'em.

(a beat; she grins)

I'll never forget how zonked-out they looked when we took off this morning leaving that hundred grand!

HASTINGS

(relaxing now, sharing the memory)

Yeah... like the old saying goes -- it takes money to make money!

179. INT. LOS ALAMITOS TOWER ON TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS DAY

The two men are cuffed, their mouths taped; now they react to o.s. SOUND of a helicopter circling the tower.

180. INT. COCKPIT OF HUGHES 500 MOVING

as the CAMERA SHOOTS DOWN at the tower over Doug's shoulder.

DOUG

Don't see any action down there.

JIM

Looks like Monty was right.

DOUG

Well... we're sure gonna find out.

And the tower rushes up to meet them as Doug makes his descent.

181. INT. CONTROL TOWER ANGLE TOWARD DOOR DAY

as it opens INTO CAMERA. Doug and Jim are there, guns in hand. CAMERA BACK as they holster their .38's and rush over to aid the taped and bound pair of traffic controllers. Outside the tower we hear the SOUND of a sirened patrol car as it arrives on the scene.

182. INT. HANGAR DAY

as Doug, Jim and two Sheriff's Deputies enter the hangar, encountering the helpless cargo crew: pilot, co-pilot and two guards. The tapes across their mouths are stripped away.

(CONTINUED)

182. (Cont.)

DOUG  
What happened?

GUARD #1  
They got the gold!... Held us up,  
taxied in here, unloaded the  
crates into a bus and --

DOUG  
(overriding)  
Describe the bus!

GUARD #2  
It was a Navy model. The whole  
thing was grey, windows and everything.

DOUG  
Any numbers on it?

GUARD #1  
Couldn't read the plates. Dirt-dovered.

JIM  
How long ago?

GUARD #1  
Hour... hour and a half.

DOUG  
Which is just about when our two  
hijackers had us pinned down at  
Aero Bureau.  
(to the first guard)  
How many of 'em?

GUARD #1  
A driver for the bus... an' four  
others dressed like we are... in  
security uniforms.

183. EXT. HANGAR AT PATROL CAR DAY

as a Sheriff's Deputy grabs up the mike.

DEPUTY  
One thirty Boy to Station 'B,'  
do you copy?

FEMALE VOICE  
(filtered)  
One thirty Boy.

DEPUTY  
Requesting clearance for a county-  
wide APB...

184. INT. SHERIFF'S COMMUNICATION CENTER DAY  
ON OPERATOR

The girl sits at a desk in front of a sizeable computer on which data lights flicker; screens relay coded information, etc.

FEMALE OPERATOR

Station 'B' to all units, a two-  
eleven occurred about sixty ago...  
be on the alert for a dark grey  
Navy bus last seen leaving Los  
Alamitos Airport, Long Beach area...

185. EXT. SECTION HARBOR INTERCHANGE ON BUS DAY

as a big grey Navy bus swings onto the interchange CAMERA  
PANS to a LAPD patrolman parked on his cycle at the other  
side of the freeway.

186. CLOSER ANGLE

as he listens to the APB.

FEMALE VOICE

(filtered)

... Vehicle is being used to  
transport stolen cargo...  
suspects armed and dangerous...  
approach with caution...

We see the officer react, pick up his mike to respond,  
kick his cycle into life, roar off, SIREN blasting.

187. ON CYCLE MOVING

As he cuts across to the Harbor Freeway two patrol cars  
approach and join the chase.

188. SHOOTING OVER CYCLE COP'S SHOULDER MOVING

as he closes on the slower-moving bus.

189. DOWN ANGLE FROM ABOVE

as the cycle and the two patrol cars reach the bus. One  
of the black-and-whites moves ahead of it, the other closes  
in behind as the cycle officer rides alongside, gesturing  
the driver to pull over. He does so, grinding to a stop  
on the shoulder of the highway.

190. ANGLE FROM HIGHWAY

as the patrol officers surround the bus, weapons drawn. The door opens and the DRIVER steps out, hands raised.

191. ON DRIVER

A black Navy boy -- young, skinny, totally unnerved at the display of guns surrounding him.

DRIVER

(his hands spread)

Hey... fellas... the war's over...

(beat)

Aint' it?

192. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM ON CONNELLY DAY

He looks harried; his collar is pulled open, his face strained. It is obvious that he has been monitoring a vast number of calls.

CONNELLY

(on the mike)

That's ten-four... I'll tell the Captain.

CAMERA BACK as Ballard approaches the desk, followed by Hammon.

BALLARD

What have you got, Pat?

CONNELLY

L.A.P.D. says they just stopped a dark grey Navy bus on the Harbor Freeway.

(a beat)

And guess what they found?

(flatly)

They found it was a dark grey Navy bus.

BALLARD

Uh-huh... We found one. Highway patrol found one. Now the L.A.P.D. finds one. And they are all real one hundred percent genuine dark grey Navy buses.

(CONTINUED)

192. (Cont.)

CONNELLY

L.A.P.D. is also running down a call from a traffic cop who says he cleared a bus fitting our description through an intersection at Bellflower and Alondra. Said the driver seemed in a big hurry.

BALLARD

Let's get a chopper out there...

HAMMON

(elated)

That could be our chariot. We could really nail 'em now!

BALLARD

(thoughtfully)

Maybe... but these characters are pros.

(slow and deliberate)

... and they've been one step ahead of us... all the way.

193. EXT. DESERTED WAREHOUSE ANGLE TOWARD STREET DAY

as the heavy grey Navy bus sways around the far corner of the street and heads toward a large, rundown warehouse in CAMERA f.g.

194. ANGLE INSIDE WAREHOUSE ON BUS DAY

as the vehicle wheels into the building, pulls to a stop. The same two men in tan coveralls we saw leave the control tower now approach the silent bus, carrying fat canvas fire hoses. They twist a small handle on each hose and a powerful jet of water streams forth, aimed at the bus. Immediately the drab grey paint begins to wash down the metal side of the vehicle -- to reveal the shining red, white and gold of your average everyday Los Angeles RTD bus.

195. CLOSE ON THE TWO MEN

smiling, pleased at the transformation they are effecting, the hoses roaring INTO CAMERA.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

196. EXT. WAREHOUSE ON BUS DAY

as the phony RTD bus rolls out of the warehouse. We see the word "CHARTER" in the "destination" slot above the front window. The number painted on the vehicle, front and back and top, is 8481.

197. INT. BUS MOVING

We see that the heist team is now dressed in casual sports attire. They sit at various window, functioning as "passengers." The rear seats have been re-installed -- and the seven wheeled cases are stacked on top of these seats.

198. ANGLE IN FRONT SECTION OF BUS MOVING

as Hastings drives, wearing the standard RTD bus driver's uniform. Mina is in the seat directly behind him. Hastings slows the bus down, pulls over to the side of a street in a quiet, residential area, nods to one of the men behind him.

HASTINGS

Okay... first man out.

He presses the rear door-release.

199. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET CORNER BUS STOP DAY

as the gang member steps out, lifting down his gold-heavy salesman's suitcase. The bus grinds away, leaving him. He stands for a moment watching it go, then begins to wheel his suitcase along the walk.

200. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM CLOSE ON CAT DAY

The Bureau mascot "Izzy", a large black cat, is perched high on a computer, YOWLING. ANGLE WIDENS to include Connelly, a dish of cat food in his hand, trying to coax the animal into eating.

(CONTINUED)

200. (Cont.)

CONNELLY

Aw, c'mon now, Izzy, this stuff  
is really good!... Yum-yum.

(makes a "smacking"  
sound with his lips)

Yum-yum-yum!

Rick Busby, one arm in a sling, comes INTO SHOT to stand behind the dispatcher, grinning broadly as the cat HISSES at Connelly.

RICK

Maybe she wants to be addressed  
properly... treated like a lady...  
Her full name is Isobel.

CONNELLY

I know what her full name is,  
chuckle brain!... I always call  
her 'Izzy.'

RICK

That's your trouble, Connelly...  
the crude approach!

Rick takes the plate away from Connelly, lowers his voice to a soft, soothing cat-purr.

RICK

(eyeing the cat)

Isobel... I have here something  
superb in the way of cuisine...  
dish fit for a queen: fish heads  
ala Busby.

201. ON CAT

looking steadily at Rick. Suddenly she lashes her black tail, sidles down to rub against Busby's pantsleg. CAMERA BACK as he puts the dish on the floor -- and the cat begins to eat delicately. Connelly is amazed, and a bit miffed.

RICK

(smugly)

You see, Pat... class over  
crudity...

CONNELLY

Okay, from now on you can feed  
her!

(mutters darkly to  
himself)

Fish heads ala Busby!...

(CONTINUED)

201. (Cont.)

Ballard comes out of his office, walks to the dispatcher.

BALLARD

Anything on that bus the traffic  
cop reported?

CONNELLY

Not a blessed thing... We've got  
two choppers working the area.  
Plus back-up ground units.  
Nobody's seen the bus...

Ballard growls something, turns back for his office.

202. MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

SERIES OF SHOTS (no sound: MUSIC only) in which we show  
the "passengers", each with a suitcase of gold, leaving  
the Hastings RTD bus in various areas: in front of a  
supermarket... in a business district... at a Greyhound  
bus station... ending with the last man being let off the  
bus ironically just behind a parked Brink's truck. These  
SHOTS are INTERCUT with search scenes of: a Bell copter  
buzzing downtown L.A. -- a 500 dipping low between the  
cliffs of Malibu Canyon...

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE

203. INT. BUS SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD MOVING DAY

as Hastings wheels along Wilshire in the Westwood/Beverly  
Hills area. Mina, directly behind him, looks around.

MINA

That lousy traffic accident cost  
us a lot of time.

HASTINGS

Too much... which is why we're  
switching to Plan Two.

MINA

Hey... we can still make it into  
the mountains!

HASTINGS

No, we can't.

MINA

Look... we're rolling... let's  
keep rolling... I don't like  
the idea of --

(CONTINUED)

203. (Cont.)

HASTINGS

(sharply; cutting  
her off)

I said we switch to Plan Two.  
It's too late -- and I don't  
want this bus missed. Now,  
quit complaining and get ready.

He strips away his moustache, removes his cap, pulls off the grey wig -- as Mina discards her blonde one. She also removes her sunglasses, puts them away in her purse. For the first time we see them without disguise: She has dark brown hair, blue eyes; he's much younger looking, with a scar on his upper lip.

An Aero Bureau chopper rackets past overhead, keeps moving south.

204. ON HASTINGS

looking up at it, smiling. (CHOPPER SOUND O.S.) Mina moves to his shoulder, also watching the helicopter.

MINA

We really got 'em spooked!  
(beat)  
Needle in a haystack.

HASTINGS

(chuckles)  
Only they're lookin' in the  
wrong haystack!  
(beat)  
An' for the wrong needle!

MINA

And the beauty of it is, nobody's  
got a real make on us. We could  
walk into the Sheriff's office  
tomorrow and ask the time of day!

HASTINGS

By tomorrow we'll be up in the  
San Gabriels.

MINA

And by next week... Monte Carlo!  
(she nudges him  
playfully)  
Not bad for a bus-driver's wife!

(CONTINUED)

204. (Cont.)

They laugh together, as he pulls to the curb, reaches down to lever open the front door.

HASTINGS

Lady... I think this is your stop.

205. ANGLE FROM STREET

DAY

as Mina steps out onto the walk, looking back at him with a smile.

MINA

(throwing him a  
kiss)

See you later...

The door closes. She stands, watching the bus motor away down the boulevard.

206. EXT. AERO BUREAU UP AT BELL COPTER

DAY

as a Bell 300 descends TOWARD CAMERA for a touchdown on the pad.

207. WIDER ANGLE

As the rotors wind down, Doug and Jim exit the chopper, walk toward the Bureau's squadroom. We see that a KFVB NEWSRADIO station wagon is parked next to the building.

208. INT. SQUADROOM

DAY

As Doug and Jim enter, the Captain is engaged in heated conversation with a pair of KFVB radio REPORTERS (who carry portable tape recorders).

BALLARD

(sharply)

No... I don't have an explanation...

REPORTER #1

But a Navy bus can't just vanish, Captain... why not check with the Navy depots, see if one of their buses is missing?

Ballard gives him a long, hard glare as Doug and Jim move up in b.g. They are grinning, enjoying the byplay.

(CONTINUED)

208. (Cont.)

BALLARD  
 (sourly; to the  
 young reporter)  
 It may come as a surprise to you,  
 Sonny... but we already thought  
 of that.

REPORTER #2  
 And?

BALLARD  
 (with a sigh)  
 And there are no buses missing.  
 Everyone's accounted for.

He starts down the hall toward his office, Doug with him.

209. ON JIM

as he moves to Nan at her desk.

NAN  
 Boy, he's really steamed today!

JIM  
 Yeah...  
 (grins)  
 I don't think Monty likes  
 reporters.

210. BACK TO BALLARD AND DOUG MOVING

The two pressmen dog them along the hallway. At his  
 office, Ballard turns, eyes steely.

BALLARD  
 (to the reporters)  
 This interview is terminated.  
 Good day, gentlemen!

And he wheels abruptly into his office.

211. INT. BALLARD'S OFFICE ANGLE FROM DESK

as Monty crosses to it, slumps down wearily in his chair.  
 Doug enters behind him.

(CONTINUED)

211. (Cont.)

BALLARD

If we don't find that damn bus soon...

Doug shakes his head.

DOUG

Obviously, they're staying under cover. If they were moving we'd have them by now.

(beat)

Do you think it's possible this was an inside job -- involving Navy personnel?

BALLARD

That angle's being checked, but it's unlikely...

DOUG

Anything from the border?

BALLARD

Negative. We've got every border town bottled up tight. I don't think they'll try for Mexico.

A beat, as CAMERA CLOSES.

BALLARD

(continuing)

... they're still here, somewhere in the area... maybe right under our noses...

DISSOLVE TO:

212. EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD SHERIFF'S STATION ON SIGN DUSK

It reads:

LOS ANGELES COUNTY  
SHERIFF'S STATION  
WEST HOLLYWOOD DIVISION

We PAN from this sign to an RTD bus moving up San Vicente TOWARD CAMERA. The bus slows, pulls into the lot next door, past another sign reading:

RTD BUS DEPOT -  
WEST HOLLYWOOD

The driver of the bus is Ben Hastings.

213. BUS YARD FULL SHOT DUSK

The depot is jammed with buses, dozens of them, lined up shoulder-to-shoulder in the wide concrete parking area, separated from the Sheriff's station by a high metal-link cyclone fence. We see Hastings drive his bus down one of the "aisles" between the other identical RTD vehicles, pull to a stop in one of the parking slots.

214. INT. BUS ON HASTINGS

as he sets the brake, gets up and walks back to the rear, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He checks the seats a final time, making sure they are securely bolted -- and that nothing has been left behind by any of the heist team. Satisfied, he walks back to the front of the bus and exits.

215. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DEPOT DUSK

as Hastings walks out of the depot. He waves a "good night" to the depot guard. CAMERA PANS past him to Sheriff's Station, HOLDS on door, then slowly CLOSSES ON IT.

216. INT. W. HOLLYWOOD SHERIFF'S STATION NIGHT

as the various men and women go about their duties, we HEAR the o.s. SOUND of the loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Briefing in ten minutes...

(beat)

Repeat: Briefing in ten minutes.

217. MONTAGE SEQUENCE: NIGHT

as we CUT TO various Aero choppers and fixed-wings conducting a night search for the Navy bus, their strong searchlights probing various residential and business areas...

218. INT. W. HOLLYWOOD SHERIFF'S STATION NIGHT

as the CAMERA FOLLOWS a husky, thick-necked officer (SGT. WALSH) as he moves down a corridor into the briefing room, faces them.

WALSH

All right, settle down...

(beat)

We've got a top priority item tonight...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

218. (Cont.)

WALSH (cont'd)  
 ... that County-wide search on  
 that Navy bus... I've passed out  
 composites of the suspects  
 involved...

219. CLOSE ON SHEET IN OFFICER'S HAND

showing police drawings of Hastings and Mina (in wigs and  
 glasses). Also drawings of the others as described by the  
 guards.

WALSH'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 ... the suspects are armed and  
 must be considered extremely  
 dangerous...

220. EXT. THE "HASTINGS" RTD BUS

NIGHT

It has now been moved into the wash/cleanup area, and we  
 see that a large black "accordian-type" suction chamber  
 has been fitted over the entire front door of the bus.  
 This WHIRRING, ROARING device is actually a gigantic  
 vacuum cleaner which sucks out all debris within the  
 vehicle. Through the bus window we see a clean-up man  
 (wearing a face mask to protect his lungs) moving toward  
 the rear of the bus with a WHIRRING hose.

221. INT. BUS ON CLEAN-UP MAN

as he reaches the rear-seat area. The strong blast of air  
 from the hose (dislodging stray pieces of paper, gum  
 wrappers, etc.) loosens a piece of the not-quite-secured  
 rubberized flooring (over the gold). For a tense moment  
 or two it appears he may be alerted to the fact that the  
 flooring has been tampered with, but he merely kicks the  
 strip of flooring back into place, goes on with his clean-  
 up.

222. BACK TO WALSH IN BRIEFING ROOM

as he finishes addressing his men.

WALSH  
 Remember... do not, repeat, do  
not attempt to apprehend without  
 back-up. Request a Field  
 Sergeant and notify the station.  
 (a beat)  
 All right, let's do it.

223. EXT. REAR OF W. HOLLYWOOD SHERIFF'S STATION NIGHT  
FULL SHOT

The officers move to their cars parked against the metal cyclone fence, adjoining the bus depot. PAN past them to PICK UP the "Hastings" bus as it is being parked directly next to the fence, literally within a few feet of these men who are hunting it. PAN BACK to two officers, at the fence as an overhead chopper beams down its blue pencil of light, sweeping the area.

OFFICER #1  
(getting into his  
car)

Wonder where that bus is right  
now?

OFFICER #2  
Dunno, but I'd sure like to spot  
it. Maybe we'll get lucky.

OFFICER #1  
Yeah... maybe.

And they drive away. As their car clears the fence, CAMERA HOLDS on the gold-filled bus, silent and looming in the darkness.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

224. EXT. BUS STORAGE DEPOT ON HASTINGS DAY

It is early the following morning. We PICK UP Hastings in his driver's uniform as he walks down the aisle between the parked buses to the spot where he'd parked the "special" RTD bus the previous night. He sees the slot is empty. He wheels abruptly to the yard foreman, LARRY SHAIN, in b.g.

HASTINGS

(voice edged with  
tension)

Where's eighty-four eighty-one?  
I parked it here... right here!

SHAIN

(calmly)

Needed a clean-out... I had the  
night man drive it to --

HASTINGS

(grabs his shirt)

Where? Where'd he drive it?

Shain pulls away, staring hard at Hastings.

SHAIN

What the hell's wrong with you,  
Ben?

(a beat)

Eighty-four eighty-one's over by  
the fence.

Hastings attempts a smile.

HASTINGS

Sorry... Had a bad night...  
didn't sleep much. Guess I'm  
a little edgy.

SHAIN

Maybe you shouldn't drive today?

HASTINGS

No... I'll be fine once I get  
rolling. Got a mountain charter  
scheduled.

(CONTINUED)

224. (Cont.)

He begins to walk toward the fence, Shain walking with him; CAMERA FOLLOWING.

SHAIN

Heard about the big bus hunt?  
Grey Navy job full of gold.

HASTINGS

I heard about it.

SHAIN

(shaking his head)

... We beat our brains out to  
bring home a few bucks after  
taxes, and those guys knock over  
twenty million in one afternoon!

(beat)

Just a matter of time till they  
catch 'em though -- wouldn't you  
say?

Hastings has reached his bus.

HASTINGS

Well, they haven't caught 'em  
yet... Maybe they're smarter  
than the cops. It can happen,  
you know. All it takes is some  
careful planning, and a little  
nerve.

(a beat)

Hell, Larry, you could do it!

SHAIN

(laughing)

That'd be the day! Ole Larry  
Shain with twenty million in  
gold!

(turns away, still  
chuckling)

Good luck in the mountains, Ben --  
an' don't let those tourists  
throw candy wrappers in the aisle.  
We just got her cleaned out.

HASTINGS

(as he climbs in)

I'll keep 'er like new for you,  
Larry.

225. ON BUS FULL SHOT DAY

as Hastings pulls No. 8481 out of the depot onto San Vincente, heads toward Santa Monica Boulevard.

226. INT. AERO BUREAU ON BALLARD DAY

as he paces the room, dark-eyed from lack of sleep. The Deputies watch him, warily. Busby is at the dispatch desk.

BALLARD

(growling; to Busby)

Where's Pat?

RICK

Sacked out in the back room. He was up all night. Told him I'd take over for awhile.

BALLARD

(muttering)

How are we doing on warehouses... large garages... depots...

(beat; to himself)

... aircraft carriers.

(cynically)

Maybe we oughta be checking aircraft carriers? I feel like we're chasing the invisible man!

RICK

Getting a lot of flak from the press boys?

BALLARD

A lot. They keep asking the same question: how could a twelve-ton Navy bus as big as life just vanish off the lousy face of the earth? And you know what?

RICK

What?

BALLARD

That's the same damn question I keep asking myself!

227. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET ON MINA DAY

as she waits by a bus stop, seated on a bench, dressed in a headscarf, slacks. Now she stands, shades her eyes, looks down the street toward o.s. SOUND of an approaching bus.

228. LONG SHOT RTD BUS

as it grinds toward the stop.

229. BACK TO MINA

who suddenly turns her back to the bus and walks a few steps away from the stop, letting it go by. She checks her watch, moves toward the street again at SOUND of another bus.

230. ON BUS

We see the "CHARTER" sign above the window, and Hastings at the wheel. He pulls to the curb, opens the door for Mina, who enters.

231. INT. BUS ON MINA AND HASTINGS MOVING

as she sits down across the aisle from him.

MINA

You're late. What happened?

HASTINGS

(eyes on the road)

Traffic jammed up on Santa Monica... Had to take an alternate route.

(beat)

We'll be able to make up the time once we hit the freeway.

(grins)

Don't worry, baby, we're almost home!

MINA

I always worry... and I'll keep worrying until we deliver that gold.

DISSOLVE TO:

232. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY ANGLE ON CHP CYCLE PATROLMAN DAY

astride his cycle at the edge of the freeway, watching the flow of morning traffic. The Hastings RTD bus rumbles past at a normal speed, but suddenly veers sharply around a slower-moving truck, causing a small sports car to brake hard and HONK in anger. We see the patrol officer kick his cycle to life.

## 233. INT. BUS MOVING

Mina is furious at Hastings for making the erratic lane change.

MINA

You fool... there was a cop back there!

HASTINGS

Said we're late, didn't you... besides, I didn't see any cop.

At that second the o.s. cycle SIREN cuts in. Mina jerks her thumb toward the rear.

MINA

(bitterly)

Well, take a look!

## 234. HIS P.O.V. THE DRIVING MIRROR

filled with the image of the rapidly advancing CHP officer, red lights on, SIREN still wailing.

## 235. ANGLE FROM EDGE OF FREEWAY

as the RTD bus pulls to the side, stops. The CHP officer rolls up behind it, parks the cycle, walks toward the front of the bus.

## 236. ON OFFICER

as he approaches the front door of the bus, ticket book in hand. The door opens abruptly just as he reaches it. CLOSE on his face... in shock.

## 237. OFFICER'S P.O.V.

A sawed-off shotgun held by Ben Hastings aimed directly INTO CAMERA. Beside him, Mina holds the .45; she jerks a thumb in a "get inside" gesture.

## 238. INT. BUS

as the officer slowly raises his hands and steps inside. Hastings immediately removes the patrolman's holstered gun, gives it to Mina. She holds the .45 on the officer as Hastings now exits the bus. SHOOTING THROUGH BUS WINDOW we see him walk to the officer's parked cycle.

## 239. ANGLE AT CYCLE ON HASTINGS

as he waits for a break or "lull" in the line of traffic. When the freeway is momentarily clear (and there are no witnesses) he rolls the cycle over the dirt roadbank into the heavy obscuring brush. Then, moving quickly, he climbs back behind the wheel, shuts the doors, and guns the heavy bus onto the freeway.

## 240. EXT. GATE AT AERO BUREAU ON CAR DAY

as Nan drives through the gate in her Ford Mustang. The Mustang gleams with new paint; where once it was a dulled green it is now a perky yellow. CAMERA PANS her to a parking slot. We see her get out, walk toward the squadroom. Jim is standing near the door, and gives out with a long, low "wolf whistle".

NAN  
(laughing)  
Is that for me?

JIM  
Sorry...  
(he grins)  
For your Mustang... Boy, that is  
some sharp paint job!

NAN  
And all the dents are gone, too.  
I feel like I'm driving a brand  
new car.

Ballard is coming toward them from the flight line, with Bill Hammon.

BALLARD  
What's all this about new cars?

JIM  
Nan had her Mustang painted...  
(indicating the  
car)  
Neat, huh?

Ballard nods absently, his mind already occupied with the problem at hand.

BALLARD  
Jim, I want you and Doug to buzz  
down to Los Alamitos and have  
another talk with the chief  
tower operator...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

240. (Cont.)

BALLARD (cont'd)  
 ... you just might be able to  
 pick up something we missed.  
 Long shot, but worth a try.

They all enter the Aero squadroom, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

241. ON CONNELLY

now back at his dispatch desk, a phone in his hand.

CONNELLY  
 (into the phone)  
 Sure... we'll get right on it.

CAMERA BACK as he puts down the receiver, turns to Ballard.

CONNELLY  
 Just had a call from CHP... seems  
 one of their cycle boys radioed  
 in that he was going to pull over  
 an RTD bus on the San Diego  
 Freeway just north of the Ventura  
 interchange.  
 (beat)  
 Driver had made an illegal lane  
 change.

BALLARD  
 So?

CONNELLY  
 So that was thirty minutes ago  
 and they can't get a response  
 from the 'Chippie'. They want  
 us to check it out.

BALLARD  
 (ruffles through  
 some desk papers)  
 Okay... have one of the Argus  
 ships take a look...  
 (he looks up sudden-  
 ly, dropping the  
 papers)  
Wait a minute!

CONNELLY  
 Something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

241. (Cont.)

BALLARD

Get on the horn to Highway  
Patrol... that officer must have  
given them a number on the bus.  
Tell 'em to stop it.

(beat)

Set up a roadblock if they have  
to, but stop it!

As Connelly gets on the phone in b.g. to obey this order,  
Ballard spins to Nan, suddenly reaches out to crush the  
girl in a bear hug.

BALLARD

(squeezing her)

Nancy, darlin'!

JIM

(in mock-protest)

Whoa!... Hold it there, Monty!

BALLARD

(joyous)

You did it!

NAN

(totally startled  
and confused)

Did what?

Ballard steps back, smacks his hands together.

BALLARD

You painted your car!

She is even more confused by this -- as are Jim and Doug.

NAN

But I don't see...

BALLARD

(as he straps on his  
gunbelt, reaches  
for a helmet)

A green Mustang gets painted  
bright yellow and becomes a  
new car... Well, what if our  
grey Navy job got a similar  
face lift?

DOUG

We might end up with --

(CONTINUED)

241. (Cont.1)

BALLARD

-- a totally new-looking RTD bus!

JIM

And now they've probably got that missing cycle cop aboard as a hostage. For a little extra insurance.

BALLARD

Well, we're about to cancel their policy!

(to Hammon)

Billy, you and I'll take the Hughes five hundred. We can get there a lot quicker in that.

(to Doug and Jim)

You grab one of the Bells, meet us in the area.

(to the girl)

Nan, have Pat alert all ground units. Tell 'em we think this bus could be our baby. Let's get out there!

242. EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY ON BUS DAY

as it roars PAST CAMERA.

243. INT. BUS MOVING

Hastings is tight-faced, determined, as he drives; Mina, in the seat across the aisle, holds the .45 on the now-handcuffed cycle officer. We see Hastings react to:

244. HIS P.O.V. THE DRIVING MIRROR

Two CHP vehicles closing behind the bus, lights flashing. SOUND, now, of their sirens.

245. BACK TO HASTINGS

as he jams his foot down hard on the gas pedal.

## 246. PURSUIT SEQUENCE SERIES OF SHOTS DAY

as the two patrol cars pursue the RTD bus along the freeway, with speeds climbing up to 100 miles per hour, the heavy bus whipping from one lane, back to another, slamming through traffic, an awesome juggernaut of rolling steel.

## 247. INT. BUS SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD MOVING

Over Hastings' shoulder as he drives we see a sudden traffic jam forming. Ahead, a blaze of red lights revolve on three police vehicles, angle-parked to form a road barrier across the freeway. Only one lane is kept open for traffic to sift through, a car at a time. From behind the bus we HEAR the o.s. SOUND of a pursuit officer's voice.

PURSUIT OFFICER'S VOICE

(amplified)

The road ahead is completely blocked! Pull over and stop immediately.

CAMERA PANS to Mina, fear in her eyes.

MINA

They've got us, Ben!

## 248. BACK TO HASTINGS

Furious, his jaw muscles tight.

HASTINGS

The hell they have!

## 249. ANGLE AT ROAD BLOCK SHOOTING TOWARD ONCOMING BUS

as the metal monster whips up on the open shoulder of the freeway, roars past the line of halted cars, its speed still increasing... it thunders TOWARD CAMERA.

## 250. ON OFFICERS AT ROAD BLOCK

spilling backward away from their cars.

## 251. LOW ANGLE ON CARS

The bus SMASHES through the 3-car barricade, reducing the police cars to twin balls of flaming metal and shattered glass...

252. INT. 500 COPTER DOWN ANGLE FROM ABOVE THROUGH COCKPIT  
BUBBLE MOVING

As Ballard and Hammon arrive at the scene in the Hughes 500, they look down to the flaming crash below them, watching the bus accelerate up the freeway.

HAMMON

We going after them?

BALLARD

Not yet. They may need help below.

(bends helmet mike  
toward his mouth)

Nine Fifty Charlie requesting any  
Valley Aero Bureau unit on  
frequency William. Nine Fifty  
Charlie...

RADIO OPERATOR'S VOICE

(filtered)

Any Valley Aero unit switch to  
William.

253. EXT. CESSNA 182 FULL SHOT DAY

as it flies above the clouds.

254. CRASH SCENE FULL SHOT DAY

255. INT. CESSNA COCKPIT MOVING

The Pilot is Rodriguez; Thomas his observer.

RODRIGUEZ

Affirmative... We will cover  
pursuit...

256. CRASH SCENE FULL SHOT DAY

Two other patrol cars have arrived on the scene as the mangled police units continue to burn. The traffic has been cleared back, away from the flaming machines.

257. UP ANGLE AT 500 COPTER

as it sweeps the area in tight circles.

## 258. ANGLE AT POLICE CAR

as the radio CRACKLES with Ballard's voice.

BALLARD'S VOICE  
 (over police car  
 speaker)  
 Nine Fifty Charlie to ground...  
 please acknowledge...

A CHP Patrolman picks up a mike inside the car.

PATROLMAN  
 Ground to copter... go ahead...

BALLARD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 We're standing by for casualty  
 pickup. What's the situation?

PATROLMAN  
 No casualties. I'd call it a  
 miracle, but no one was hurt.  
 We won't be needing air  
 assistance here...

BALLARD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Glad to hear that... We're going  
 after the bus.

PATROLMAN  
 Ten-four...

And, SHOOTING UP THROUGH THE PATROL CAR'S WINDSHIELD, we see the 500 flatten out and whipsaw north, picking up speed, growing to a small dot in the sky.

## 259. EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY ON BUS DAY

as it guns over the highway, swaying with speed.

## 260. INT. COCKPIT OF 500 MOVING

as Hammon pushes to catch the fleeing bus, Ballard is on the mike to Aero Bureau.

BALLARD  
 Pat... you got a make yet on  
 the driver of RTD eighty-four  
 eighty-one?

(CONTINUED)

260. (Cont.)

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Just came through... the bus is a charter job... driver listed as male caucasian, Benjamin Leonard Hastings, age thirty-one, five-ten and a half, one-eighty pounds, brown hair, brown eyes, scar on upper lip. Been with the company since sixty-five. Truck driver before that... No stats as yet from NCIC.

BALLARD

Where was he supposed to be with his bus yesterday?

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Another charter job... in the Long Beach area.

BALLARD

(sourly)

Well, that's what he pulled -- a charter job!

(beat)

Anything on the woman?

CONNELLY'S VOICE

(filtered)

He's married to a Mina Irene Hastings, age twenty-eight. That's all I've got on her. Will try for more.

BALLARD

Ten-four.

Suddenly Hammon nods downward.

HAMMON

There it is!... and really moving!

261. THEIR P.O.V. DOWN ANGLE AT BUS

as it rockets along the freeway.

262. BACK TO COCKPIT

BALLARD

Looks like he's heading for Route  
Five -- Sylmar.

HAMMON

I'd say so.

BALLARD

(switching fre-  
quencies)

This is Nine-Fifty Charlie... to  
CHP unit headquarters... Do you  
copy?

FEMALE VOICE

(filtered)

This is CHP headquarters... to  
Nine-Fifty Charlie.

BALLARD

Put Captain Vinson on... urgent.

A HISS of static. After a pause...

VINSON'S VOICE

(filtered)

This is Captain Vinson.

BALLARD

Monty Ballard... Special request...

VINSON'S VOICE

(filtered)

Shoot.

BALLARD

I want a massive roadblock set  
up just beyond the Sylmar Over-  
pass -- and I mean massive...  
There's construction up there,  
heavy equipment... bulldozers,  
cement trucks... use anything  
you can in the area...

VINSON'S VOICE

(filtered)

Affirmative, Monty... Consider  
it done.

BALLARD

I want that bus diverted onto  
the Sylmar ramp...

(CONTINUED)

262. (Cont.)

VINSON'S VOICE

(filtered)

But that overpass isn't...

BALLARD

I know...

And he grins at Hammon.

263. EXT. FREEWAY FULL SHOT DAY

as with a GRIND of gears, a heavy cement truck backs into position directly next to a huge bulldozer. Other construction vehicles are massed together, completely blocking this stretch of freeway. (The normal flow of traffic is allowed to edge by between two of the trucks.)

PRODUCTION NOTE:

In the staging of these scenes it is important that we do not see the Sylmar Overpass.

264. ANGLE FROM ROAD ON BUS

as it HOWLS by, two more patrol cars, SIRENS BLARING, right behind it. PAN UP to SKY: where we see the Cessna and the Hughes 500 pacing the bus.

265. INT. 500 ON BALLARD

as he looks down, nodding.

BALLARD

(to Hammon)

Looks good!... That's one hell of a roadblock... They'll divert...

HAMMON

And what if they don't? What if they decide to plow on through?

BALLARD

You're a pessimist, Billy, and I'm an optimist...

(grins, chewing  
on a cigar)

That's the basic difference between us!

HAMMON

No... the basic difference between us is... I hate cigars!

266. INT. BUS SHOOTING PAST HASTINGS THROUGH WINDSHIELD

MOVING as the roadblock suddenly looms into view ahead of them.

MINA

(shocked)

God!... Look at that! We'll never get through that!

HASTINGS

(frantic)

Oh, yes we will!

MINA

Take the next off-ramp...

HASTINGS

We're going through!

The ramp (for the Sylmar Overpass) is almost upon them; Mina is angry and frightened. She grabs at the wheel.

MINA

Turn off. Ben! Turn!

267. CLOSE ON CYCLE OFFICER

his hands cuffed behind him, shaken, frustrated -- unable to intervene.

268. UP ANGLE FROM HIGHWAY

as the huge bus skids, sways dangerously, laying black rubber.

269 ANGLE FROM ROADBLOCK ON OFFICERS

with drawn guns, watching tensely as the RTD bus careens toward them.

270. BACK TO HASTINGS AND MINA

as she suddenly wrenches the steering wheel hard-right. Before Hastings can correct, the bus has roared onto the overpass ramp.

HASTINGS

Damn you!... It's what they wanted!

## 271. SHOOTING THROUGH BUS WINDSHIELD

as the road near the top suddenly seems to vanish; the uncompleted concrete ramp drops off into space! Hastings hits the brakes, giving them full pressure.

## 272. ANGLE AT RAMP ON BUS

as it slows sideways, black tire smoke erupting from its four wheels, a metal elephant gone wild.

## 273. CLOSE ON HAND BRAKE

as Hastings pulls back sharply on the floor-mounted handle. O.S. SOUND of protesting tires, CREAKING metal.

## 274. ANGLE FROM EDGE OF OVERPASS

as the bus is brought to a juddering stop inches short of the drop-off. In b.g., we see the 500 whipping downward, loudspeaker BLARING. (Additionally, we see Doug and Jim, higher up in the Bell 300, also descending.)

BALLARD'S VOICE  
(amplified over out-  
side speaker)

There's no way out!... You're  
completely surrounded... Exit  
the bus with your hands up!

## 275. ON THE 500

as it hovers at ground level just beyond the lip of the overpass.

## 276. BALLARD'S P.O.V.

as CAMERA SHOOTS PAST his shoulder at the scene.

## 277. EXT. BUS ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as it opens, and Hastings appears, holding Mina's .45 against the head of the cycle officer, using the CHP man as a shield. Mina remains in the bus, sobbing.

## 278. CLOSE ON HAND BRAKE

as it slips a notch, the handle popping back slightly.

279. WIDER ANGLE

as we see a Sheriff's car and two CHP vehicles roll up the ramp toward the bus, lights and SIRENS activated.

HASTINGS

(yelling)

Keep back, or I'll kill this  
cop!... I'll damn well kill him!

The cars stop; the officers wait, guns at the ready.

280. INT. BUS CLOSE ON HAND BRAKE

as the handle slips another notch; the bus judders slightly.

281. BACK TO HASTINGS

as he points to a patrol car.

HASTINGS

Everybody out! And leave the  
engine running!

The Officers cautiously exit the patrol car, its engine still purring, doors open.

HASTINGS

(yelling loudly)

Mina! Get out here!

He begins prodding the still-handcuffed officer toward the open-doored patrol car.

282. INT. BUS ON MINA

still sobbing, she begins to move toward the door as:

283. BACK TO BRAKE HANDLE

as it finally SNAPS loose entirely, allowing the bus to start rolling backward. Mina, o.s., SCREAMS.

284. ON HASTINGS

reacting to her scream and the o.s. SOUND of grinding metal. He swings his head to:

285. HIS P.O.V.

The heavy bulk of the RTD rolling toward him.

286. WIDE ANGLE

Hastings jumps back as the bus rushes past him to ram into the guard rail. The captive CHP Officer takes advantage of the situation and dives sideways, as an o.s. SHOT rings out.

287. ON HASTINGS

hit in the left shoulder. He staggers, drops the .45, squints upward.

ZOOM UP TO:

288. BELL 300 (DOORS REMOVED) ON JIM

sighting down the barrel of a 308 SniperScope. The weapon is aimed directly INTO CAMERA.

289. BACK TO HASTINGS

as he grunts in frustration, bending to retrieve the fallen .45.

DOUG'S VOICE  
(amplified over the  
speaker)

Touch that gun and you buy it  
with the next shot!

290. INT. BUS ON MINA

staring out, numbed, at her wounded husband.

291. BACK TO HASTINGS

as he moves back from the .45, slips wearily to the concrete, blood seeping from his bullet-torn shoulder.

292. CAMERA CLOSES ON HIS FACE

jaw muscles quivering, sweat beading his lips and forehead, the expression in his eyes that of a defeated animal.

293. OVERHEAD FULL AERIAL SHOT

as CAMERA registers the total impact of the scene:

(CONTINUED)

293. (Cont.)

The angled patrol cars, red lights revolving, the bus crushed against the guard rail, the hovering copters -- and the closing circle of police officers moving in upon the motionless, kneeling figure of Ben Hastings.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

294. INT. AERO BUREAU SQUADROOM CLOSE ON CAT DAY

It is the next morning. Izzy, the Bureau's black mascot, is perched atop Connelly's control panel, staring intently at him as he speaks into the mike.

CONNELLY

... that's ten-four.

(beat)

Nine-fifty-three David, you have a blood run -- UCLA to Palos Verdes...

WIDEN SLOWLY to include Nan at her desk. She is proofing a typed report with Jim, who sits near her, feet propped on the edge of her desk. He reads (low mumble) from a page of the report.

CONNELLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

... Argus nine-fifty-two Boy will cover Altadena child search...

CAMERA IN CLOSER on Jim as we pick up his monotone, sing-song words.

JIM

(reading from the report)

... five additional suspects in the gold robbery...

(more mumbling:  
ta ta, de, da,  
ta, da...)

... apprehended... being detained as follows: suspects three and four at LAPD, Wilshire Division... suspect five at Sheriff's Lennox Station... suspects six and seven at LAPD Hollenbeck...

He breaks off as Ballard enters from b.g. and approaches them.

(CONTINUED)

294. (Cont.)

JIM

(removing his feet  
from the desk;  
straightening)

Hi, Monty.

BALLARD

How's the report coming? The  
Inspector wants to have a look  
when you're finished.

JIM

I'm proofing it now.

BALLARD

Fine.

Jim continues to MUMBLE in b.g. as CAMERA FOLLOWS Ballard  
over to the dispatch desk. Izzy is still starrng at  
Connelly from the top of the control console. The cat's  
tail lashes fitfully.

BALLARD

(grinning)

Pat... I think Izzy is trying  
to tell you something.

CONNELLY

(doubtful)

... She keeps giving me that  
crazy look... I think she hates  
me!

BALLARD

(picking up the  
cat to cradle  
in his arms)

On the contrary... that's  
definitely a look of lust...  
she's mad about you, Pat.

CONNELLY

Aw, c'mon, Monty...

295 WIDER ANGLE

as Ballard exits, grinning still carrying the cat -- and  
Doug crosses from the door to Jim and Nan.

(CONTINUED)

295. (Cont.)

JIM

(still reading  
intently)... remaining two suspects under  
surveillance pending location of  
missing gold...

Doug puts a hand on Jim's shoulder.

DOUG

How'd you handle that...  
embarrassing detail re our being  
hijacked.(sitting down, with  
a wink toward Nan)Let's hear that part.

JIM

(shuffling pages)

Uh... okay... here it is...

(clears throat;  
reads from page)... with the victims' safety,  
first-aid and well-being of  
foremost concern... Deputies  
Trumbell, Schiller and Busby  
were 'shocked', 'mortified,'  
and 'dismayed'...(as Nan and Doug  
exchange an amused  
look)... to find that the 'victims'  
were, in fact, carrying concealed  
weapons.

DOUG

(rising)

Very effective! As I've always  
said: it's all in the way you  
write the report!

Nan bites her lip to keep from laughing.

JIM

(pleased, shifting  
to the final page)... uh... Special Units Bureau,  
Robbery Division notified and  
will handle... signed...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

295. (Cont.1)

JIM (cont'd)

(a beat)

Douglas R. Trumbell, Sergeant --  
number six-one-eight... James  
P. Schiller, Deputy -- number  
one-zero-three-two... Aero  
Bureau.

And we WIDEN and FREEZE FRAME on the three: Nan and Doug smiling, Jim proud and serious. OVER SHOT, from the flight pad outside, we HEAR the o.s. SOUND of a copter, building in volume as it comes in for a touch-down.

FADE OUT.

THE END