

FADE IN

EXT. EASTERN AFGHANISTAN. MORNING

On a Beautiful Saturday afternoon, the sun is shining bright and a cool breeze blows over the rows of sand dunes covering the desert landscapes of Afghanistan.

In the air, we see a transport helicopter carrying a small team of battle hardened US ARMY Delta Force troops.

They are traveling from Bagram Air field to a hostile war zone in Afghanistan near the Pakistani border.

Their mission, is to take out a communications bunker near the southern region that is being used as a meeting place to coordinate plans of attack against American soldiers by Al Qaeda leaders.

INT. SMALL TRANSPORT HELICOPTER. MORNING

As far as the team has been informed, it is not a place that is heavily guarded. The commander of The Delta Force unit, SAINT JOHN, 39, Caucasian American male, wearing army fatigues, speaks to his unit before they hit the ground.

SAINT JOHN

Alright men, listen up. Our orders are clear. Locate, apprehend and detain the enemy while neutralizing their communications system. Our Intel confirms that there are civilians in the area so measure six times and cut once. Do not use deadly force unless it is absolutely necessary and make sure your target is the enemy... is that understood!

All of his men answer simultaneously.

DELTA FORCE UNIT

Sir, yes Sir!!

SAINT JOHN

Good. Watch your asses out there and lets make sure everyone goes home to their families tonight.

Moments later, the transport pilot alerts the rest of the team that he has spotted enemies on the ground pointing rocket launchers at their helicopter.

PILOT

(to Saint John) Sir! We got incoming!!

Saint John looks out of the window of the transport helicopter and spots two Al Qaeda enemy battalions, with several soldiers firing rocket launchers at them.

SAINT JOHN

Take her down now!!

EXT. AFGHAN WAR ZONE. MORNING

The pilot takes evasive action while their enemies open fire. The US transport helicopter is shot down and lands. When it hits the ground, the cargo doors open and the troops stand ready to move out and take their positions.

The moment the first Delta operative steps out, he is shot in the head and falls to the ground. The other troops exit the helicopter firing at any and everything that awaits them

outside.

They take cover and realize that they are surrounded and outnumbered six to one. The Al Qaeda soldiers run in, firing at The Delta Force. They return fire, killing several of the Al Qaeda.

The enemy troops press their attack, and eventually kill all of the US soldiers except one... Saint John. One of the Al Qaeda leaders tell his men that they need Saint John alive. They follow his orders and move in to take him down. Saint John is a highly decorated and lethal Delta Force operative and is hard as nails. He unsheathes his knife and goes his enemies on.

SAINT JOHN

Come on!!

They attack Saint John one by one and he wastes no time cutting them down. He blocks the first enemies blade with his own, cutting his wrist, and stabbing him in the right kidney and right eye.

Another attacker sweeps Saint John to the floor. He kicks his enemies legs from under him, impaling him on his blade.

As he rolls over the last foes body he turns and kicks the nearest threat in the knee and then in the jaw, breaking his knee cap in two places and locking his jaw shut.

He continues fighting the onslaught of adversaries, until one of them gets lucky. Saint John is struck in the head with the butt of a gun.

He drops to his knees and falls flat on his face. His vision becomes blurry and he begins to lose consciousness. He looks through blood soaked eyes and sees the bodies of his men lying on the ground dead. The Al Qaeda leader gives the order to retrieve him.

AL QAEDA LEADER

Bring him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. (THE ARL) ADVANCED WEAPONRY DIVISION. AFTERNOON

A military issued jeep roars through the parking lot of the Army base to the entrance of the Advanced Weaponry Division. FIRST LIEUTENANT AARON WEBB, 35, Caucasian American, wearing an officers uniform one silver bar, jumps out of the passenger side of the vehicle and runs inside holding sealed documents. He runs to the office of

GENERAL VINCENT HENRY, 51, Caucasian American, wearing a General's uniform with four silver stars.

There are armed guards at the door and Sergeant Webb has to give a clearance code to enter. He rushes inside of the office and gets straight to the point.

AARON

(saluting a superior officer) Sir.

VINCENT

As you were soldier.

AARON

I apologize for the interruption, but I have something here that you need to see. (Sitting the documents down on the Captain's desk) this

just came in from "The Firm".

VINCENT

The Firm... I thought the CIA  
dismembered that branch years ago.

AARON

Apparently not Sir.

As the Captain reviews the files, he gains a great sense of  
urgency.

VINCENT

My God... who else has seen this?

AARON

The President has been notified and  
is on his way to the Air Force's  
Red Flag training facility. They  
are expecting you in one hour Sir.

We have a car waiting for you.

CUT TO

INT. AIRFORCE RED FLAG TRAINING FACILITY. EARLY AFTERNOON

The President of the United States and several secret service  
men walk through the halls of the Air Force's training  
facility for elite pilots.

They make their way to a secret war room to discuss the  
attack on the troops in Afghanistan and it's ultimate threat  
to national security. Air Force

GENERAL ROBERT GREY, 53, African American male, wearing an  
officers uniform with four silver stars as well, welcomes the  
president and Secretary of Defense to the table.

General Vincent Henry also arrives and shakes the hands of  
the other officials in the room. The final guests of honor to  
enter the war room are...

DR. MARELLA SIMONE, 35, African American female, wearing a  
grey pants suit. And

GABRIELLE, 37, Caucasian American female, wearing a dark blue  
business skirt suit.

Both are operatives that work for "THE FIRM", a covert branch  
of the CIA that funds the development of experimental weapons  
for the government. They get straight to business.

PRESIDENT

Okay people, what have we got?

GABRIELLE

(addressing the entire room) Good  
evening gentlemen, my name is  
Gabrielle. Level five operative of  
The Firm and the voice of our  
Deputy Director Arch Angel. We have  
a situation of the highest priority  
and a dangerous threat to national  
security. My colleague Dr. Marella  
will explain the specifics.

DR. MARELLA

This information is classified  
above top secret.

Dr. Marella uses a remote control device on the table to turn  
on a floating liquid plasma screen at the end of the room.

The screen holds the detailed files that will be reviewed by  
the room. While she speaks, the proper documents present

themselves on the screen.

Dr. MARELLA (CONT'D)

Twenty years ago, I began working with Dr. Charles Henry Moffet on an advanced tactical prototype for The Firm. The goal, was to outfit the US government with a weapon so powerful, it would solidify it's place as the ultimate super power for all time. Enter Airwolf... A supersonic aerial assault vehicle designed for covert intelligence missions. Airwolf has been hyper designed to be more than effective at its tasks. It can see in the dark, and operate in any weather imaginable through its sighting and navigational systems. It can identify any aircraft, ship or ground target. Pickup, block or jam hostile radars without being detected, and if detected, decoy enemy missiles through its Sunburst flares and Stealth Jammers. Now, the entire machine is armored to protect against small arms fire from shotguns to small caliber cannons. While Airwolf's defenses are strong, they are subtle and fade away in comparison to the immense power it displays offensively.

(MORE)

Machine guns and cannon fire from the wing tips are backed by an assortment of missiles that are capable of taking out anything from a single human being to an entire armada. It's even capable of nuclear delivery.

PRESIDENT

So let me get this straight. Your telling me that a private corporation, built a helicopter and turned it into a nuclear weapon right under our noses?

GABRIELLE

It was created with the intention of backing our troops with the necessary firepower.

GENERAL GREY

You expect us to believe you had no intention of selling this technology to the highest bidder.

GABRIELLE

No... not my intention. But it has

happened none the less. Two days ago at approximately 0800 hours, we discovered that Doctor Moffet had disappeared... And Airwolf along with him. There were two sets of blue prints, the one recovered was left burned beyond recognition in Moffet's office.

PRESIDENT

And the other?

GABRIELLE

Kept in a locked safe at his cabin in the mountains. We've torn the place apart... no sign of the Doctor or any of his files pertaining to Airwolf. Now our Intel puts Moffet somewhere in Libya with the prototype. We believe he stole Airwolf, and plans to sell the technology to leaders of Al Qaeda, making them a massive threat.

Dr. MARELLA (CONT'D)  
(MORE)

Mr. President with your authorization, and the help of the Army and Air Force we would like to assemble a team of your best to... neutralize Moffet and his allies.

GENERAL HENRY

What the hell does this have to do with the men I lost today?

GABRIELLE

Among the soldiers lost were Captain Saint John Hawke, one of the only two pilots, to ever operate the air craft. He has extensive knowledge of Airwolf's inner workings so... they most likely kept him alive. The other is his brother, a former employee of The Firm... Stringfellow Hawke.

GENERAL HENRY

This is bull[filtered out]. I don't know who you people think you are but I could care less about your objective. If one of my soldiers is still alive in those jungles our priority is to get him out.

GENERAL GREY

We're not familiar with how The Firm does business, but the US military doesn't turn it's back on one of our own.

GABRIELLE

I understand that General but the

fact remains that there is an attack helicopter with nuclear capability floating around on the black market and if we don't deal with this now, we could be facing a new world war that this country can't win.

PRESIDENT

Enough! Just so we're clear Gabrielle, I make the decisions in this room not The Firm. Your companies contribution to this situation has caused us enough disruption. But your right, we need to act swiftly and with extreme prejudice.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

(MORE)

General Grey, General Henry... I'd like your branches to work in conjunction with one another. Assemble two units... one to retrieve Captain Hawke from Afghanistan, the other to accompany operatives from The CIA into Libya. If Captain Hawke's brother is the only one familiar with Airwolf's flight system, we'll need him onboard.

GABRIELLE

I'll take care of that.

Everyone look at Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

We're old friends.

CUT TO

INT. AL QAEDA HOLDING CELL. AFTERNOON

Inside an Afghan holding cell, Saint John is being held captive. He has been bruised and beaten, and is chained to a pillar in the middle of the room with his head lowered.

When the Al Qaeda leader and a few foot soldiers walk into the room, Saint John holds his head up high and shows no fear.

AL QAEDA LEADER

(speaking English) Hey, American... how you feeling?

Saint John doesn't answer.

AL QAEDA LEADER (CONT'D)

You fought well today. Claimed much honor for your fallen brothers.

(Bowing) I salute you. We are not going to kill you. We only seek information. You are a pilot, yes?

SAINT JOHN

Don't waist your time with mind games Habib, I can assure you you'll get nothing from me.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

AL QAEDA LEADER

Perhaps I have not made myself clear American. One way or another we will get the information we require. Do you not have a family? People who care for your safety? Loved ones you would like to see again? I promise you... tell us what we want to know and you will go free. Tell us about the helicopter, Airwolf.

SAINT JOHN

I have something to tell you.

AL QAEDA LEADER

Good... what is it?

SAINT JOHN

(hesitating for a moment) Hoorah.

One of the armed guards strikes Saint John in the face with the butt of his rifle. Saint John laughs.

SAINT JOHN (CONT'D)

(still laughing and spitting out blood) I see eating all that curry hasn't made you guys any stronger. Maybe I'll untie myself and return the favor... show you how it's done.

AL QAEDA LEADER

Let's see how you feel after a few weeks with no food or drink.

Perhaps you will be in the mood to talk then.

The adversaries walk out of the holding cell, leaving Saint John alone. His face turns cold as he thinks about his younger brother.

INT. SANTINI AIR HANGER. LATE AFTERNOON

DOMINIC SANTINI, 61, Italian American, wearing a mechanics jumpsuit, is fixing the electrical system on an old plane while

STRINGFELLOW HAWKE, 34, Caucasian American, shirtless and wearing grey camouflage pants, is having a friendly boxing match with

MARCUS BROOKS, 36, African American, shirtless and wearing blue jeans and black boots. Several other workers are cheering the two gladiators on. Marcus works for Dominic repairing aircraft and Stringfellow is an extremely accomplished pilot.

The two men are in an amazing shape and appear to be evenly matched. After an intense match, Stringfellow gets the upper hand and knocks Marcus down. He smiles and reaches out his hand to help Marcus up.

Suddenly, a military vehicle pulls in front of the hanger.

Dominic takes notice and walks outside to see what the situation is.

EXT. SANTINI AIR HANGER. LATE AFTERNOON

a CIA operative gets out of the front seat, and walks around

to the rear passenger door to open it. All of the men take notice as Gabrielle and Dr. Marella get out of the vehicle. Dominic immediately recognizes Gabrielle and walks up to her.

DOMINIC

Well, well. (Hugging her) didn't think I'd see you again.

GABRIELLE

Hello Dominic. How have you been?

DOMINIC

Same as always. Planes break down, I fix em, they break down again.

So... what brings you to my humble abode?

GABRIELLE

Nothing good I'm afraid. Where's Stringfellow?

They all walk inside of the hanger and Dominic calls for Stringfellow.

DOMINIC

String! You've got visitors.

Stringfellow's face turns white when he sees Gabrielle.

CUT TO

INT. SANTINI AIR SUPPLY ROOM. SAME

Stringfellow is sitting down while Dominic stands by the door, arms folded. Gabrielle and Dr. Marella explain their purpose for being there.

STRINGFELLOW

(to Gabrielle) So... what's this all about?

GABRIELLE

Do you remember the Airwolf project?

STRINGFELLOW

Yeah, the advanced aerial prototype flown by my brother and I.

GABRIELLE

Yes... it's been stolen by Dr. Moffet and is being delivered into the hands of our enemies. This morning we received word that a group of Delta Force operatives were killed carrying out a reconnaissance mission in Eastern Afghanistan. As far as we know, only their commander survived. It was your brother.

STRINGFELLOW

What!

DR. MARELLA

We believe that he is being kept alive because of his extensive knowledge of Airwolf's flight controls.

STRINGFELLOW

Where is he?

DR. MARELLA

He was last reported in Eastern Afghanistan.

DOMINIC

(to Stringfellow) I told you it was a mistake dealing with these people.

(CONT'D)

STRINGFELLOW

It wasn't my idea... it was Saint Johns. He thought we would be contributing to something great. I guess he was wrong. (To Gabrielle) okay, how do we get him back?

GABRIELLE

Our main objective is to retrieve the weapon. Once it is back in our custody and Moffet is dead, we can focus on rescuing the captured pilot.

STRINGFELLOW

(to Gabrielle) captured pilot... is that all he is to you? I know you only give a [filtered out] about The Firm's agenda but this is low even for you.

Stringfellow walks out of the room and slams the door.

GABRIELLE

This isn't just about his brother, It's a matter of national security. (Irritated) He's being irrational.

DOMINIC

The only thing he was irrational about was ever loving you. You broke his heart and now you show up out of nowhere and tell him that his brother may be dead. Put yourself in his position and tell me how you'd feel.

Dominic steps out of the room as well, leaving Gabrielle and Dr. Marella alone.

Stringfellow stands near the broken plane in the hanger, pondering his next move. Marcus senses his discomfort and goes over to see what's bothering his friend.

MARCUS

Hey... what's up?

STRINGFELLOW

Saint John's been captured. It has something to do with Airwolf.

MARCUS

He hasn't flown that thing in years, why would it come up now?

STRINGFELLOW

I don't know. But they're going in to get it back and want us to tag along.

MARCUS

Sounds like a suicide mission to me  
brother, but if your going along...  
I'm coming with you.

STRINGFELLOW

Thanks Marcus. If there's anyone I  
need in my corner, it's you.

MARCUS

So how do we get your brother back?  
Chances are he'll be heavily  
guarded.

STRINGFELLOW

The only thing that can save him  
now... is Airwolf.

MARCUS

[filtered out] ain't gonna work bro. They'll  
never give us access to it.

STRINGFELLOW

Leave that to me. Do me a favor and  
make sure that Dominic stays here.  
I don't want him getting involved  
in this.

MARCUS

You got it.

Marcus takes off. Stringfellow turns around and sees  
Gabrielle watching him.

CUT TO

EXT. RESTRICTED BASE - LIBYA. NIGHT

There are many guards outside of the main hanger. In the  
darkness several troops dressed in black, including  
Stringfellow, Marcus, and Gabrielle slowly gliding in from  
the sky on parachutes. They make their way to the gates, take  
out the armed guards and regroup.

STRINGFELLOW

Marcus, Gabrielle, find Moffet and  
those blueprints.

(MORE)

I'll get Airwolf up and running.  
Stick close to one another and try  
not to get killed.

The one unit splits into two and silently moves in.

INT. MOFFET'S OFFICE. NIGHT

DR. CHARLES HENRY MOFFET, 57, Caucasian American, wearing a  
white lab coat over beige khakis, a button up shirt and tie  
is accompanied by a Libyan official. They discuss their next  
move.

LIBYAN OFFICIAL

What is the status of the aircraft?

MOFFET

The Airwolf prototype is  
complete... and ready for mass  
production.

LIBYAN OFFICIAL

Good. My buyers will be happy to  
hear it. They will arrive in two  
days time. I trust that my allies  
will have extracted the codes for

the nuclear weapons device from  
Captain Hawke's head by then.

MOFFET

(with a sick sense of admiration  
for Saint John) he's a Clever  
bastard for changing them without  
my knowledge.

INT. SECRET HANGER. NIGHT

Meanwhile, in the main hall. Gabrielle and Marcus move  
through the dark corridors, knocking out guards at every  
turn. Stringfellow manages to find the secret hanger that  
houses Airwolf.

It is heavily guarded. Stringfellow rushes out into the  
center of the room with his gun pointed directly at Airwolf.  
The guards take notice and point their weapons at String. The  
head guard yells at his men.

HEAD GUARD

Don't shoot, don't shoot!! We  
cannot harm the air craft!!

STRINGFELLOW (CONT'D)

The guards lower their guns and step forward. Stringfellow  
understands their gesture, and removes his weapon. The  
Libyan's surround him and attack simultaneously.

Stringfellow's mind reflects on his brother in captivity.

He shows his enemies no mercy. When the last attacker is  
unconscious, he stands alone in front of Airwolf.

STRINGFELLOW

Hello old friend.

He steps inside of the cockpit.

INT. MOFFET'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Moffet and the Libyan official continue making plans.

LIBYAN OFFICIAL

How soon can we build more of them?

MOFFET

In two weeks time.

LIBYAN OFFICIAL

Excellent. Soon the entire world  
will fear the...

Before the Libyan Official can finish his sentence, a large  
40 caliber bullet pierces the back of his head, cracking his  
skull open and sending pieces of bone into his brain killing  
him instantly.

The bullet came from Marcus's gun. He and Gabrielle run into  
Moffet's office. Moffet seems genuinely surprised to see  
them.

MOFFET

Gabrielle. You've come to your  
senses and decided to join the  
cause I presume?

GABRIELLE

No, I've come here to take back CIA  
property.

MOFFET

And what property is that? I built  
Airwolf. I am it's father.

GABRIELLE

(holding up her gun) Don't make me kill you. Where are the blueprints?

MOFFET

(smiling) They're... safe.

INT. SECRET HANGER. NIGHT

Stringfellow has been in Airwolf's cockpit, getting comfortable again with his surroundings. He turns on all of the power consoles and starts the engine.

The immense power of the engine produces a roaring sound similar to the howling of a pack of wolves.

INT. MOFFET'S OFFICE. NIGHT

The engine's roar distracts Marcus long enough for Moffet to shoot him once in the chest and twice in the head. He quickly turns and fires at Gabrielle, wounding her in the shoulder.

INT. SECRET HANGER. NIGHT

Stringfellow turns the aircraft toward the entrance of the room. As he looks out of the windshield, he is startled to see Dr. Moffet holding Gabrielle captive with a gun to her head.

MOFFET

(yelling at Stringfellow) Step out of the aircraft!!

Stringfellow looks on, but doesn't make a move. The helicopter hovers in the room, ready to strike at a moments notice. Moffet decides to push Stringfellow to the edge.

MOFFET (CONT'D)

Fine... have it your way.

He stretches out his arm, gun in hand... And shoots Gabrielle in the head, killing her. Stringfellow loses his composure.

STRINGFELLOW

Nooooo!!!!

He can't believe what he has just witnessed. Moffet grins, and steps forward. He closes his eyes and accepts his fate.

Stringfellow's pain turns to anger, as he moves his trigger finger to Airwolf's missile launcher.

STRINGFELLOW (CONT'D)

For Gabrielle.

He presses down on the firing mechanism, blasting Moffet in half and blowing a massive hole in the wall. Through the fire and smoke, Airwolf plows through the opening.

It soars into the air and jumps into hyper drive, traveling at supersonic speed. Stringfellow now has one objective and one objective alone... to rescue Saint John.

STRINGFELLOW (CONT'D)

(quietly) Hold on big brother...

I'm coming.

CUT TO BLACK

The end