

# AIRWOLF Legacy

## Pilot Episode

### TEASER

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#### INT. TEST FACILITY – OBSERVATION BRIEFING ROOM – DAY

Floor-to-ceiling glass overlooks the proving grounds.

**AIRWOLF II** sits on the platform below — sleek, predatory.

A cluster of GENERALS, DEFENSE OFFICIALS, and INTELLIGENCE BRASS stand around a digital schematic display.

DR. BENJAMIN MOFFET stands at the front. Immaculate business suit. Calm. Controlled. In his element.

Behind him, holographic specs rotate in midair.

#### **MOFFET**

Mach 2 sustained. Adaptive composite skin. Autonomous threat response.  
Four independent micro-drone escorts with AI-assisted targeting.

He gestures. The drones appear in schematic orbit around the aircraft.

#### **MOFFET (CONT'D)**

Gentlemen, Airwolf doesn't replace a weapons platform.  
It replaces escalation.

A General studies him.

#### **GENERAL HASKELL**

And who controls it?

A beat.

#### **MOFFET**

The United States.

A faint smile. Earned. Polished.

Light applause murmurs through the room.

Moffet's secure phone vibrates in his inside pocket.  
He ignores it.

It vibrates again.

Subtle irritation. He steps aside and checks the encrypted screen.

The color drains from his face.

ON SCREEN —

A photograph. Someone close to him.

Text appears:

**WE KNOW.**

Another message:

**IT ALL COMES OUT TODAY.**

His jaw tightens.

Final message:

**COME ALONE. OR WE DO.**

The room noise dulls to a low hum.

He locks the screen.

Turns back to the Generals. Composed.

**MOFFET**

Excuse me. I'd like to personally monitor the live telemetry.

He exits before questions follow.

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## **INT. AIRWOLF II – COCKPIT – DURING TEST RUN**

The cockpit is alive with instrumentation.

Moffet now sits in the center pilot seat.

To his right — CO-PILOT.  
Behind — FLIGHT ENGINEER monitoring systems.

Moffet's helmet seals. Neural inlays press along the interior frame — no invasive wiring, only embedded contact pads.

HUD blooms to life.

**AI (V.O.)**

Cognitive link established.

Flat. Procedural.

**MOFFET**

Weapons test.

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**EXT. PROVING GROUNDS – CONTINUOUS**

Airwolf streaks low across desert terrain.

LIVE ROCKETS fire — direct hits on armored targets.

The SEAWIZ GUN spools up — a thunderous rotary roar shredding steel plating.

Telemetry cheers over comms.

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**INT. COCKPIT**

**ENGINEER**

All systems green. No drift. No thermal bloom.

**CO-PILOT**

She's holding Mach two stable.

Moffet says nothing.

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**EXT. CANYON RUN – DAY**

Airwolf dives into a narrow canyon.

Steel wires stretch across rock faces — razor thin.

At impossible speed, Airwolf threads them.

A flawless pass.

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## **INT. COCKPIT**

### **CO-PILOT**

That's every benchmark.

### **ENGINEER**

Flight envelope confirmed.

Moffet pulls the craft upward.

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## **EXT. OBSERVATION PLATFORM – DAY**

Airwolf rises and hovers directly in front of the Generals.

Engines whisper controlled violence.

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## **INT. COCKPIT – CONTINUOUS**

Moffet lifts his visor.

Looks at the platform.

One word.

### **MOFFET**

Goodbye.

The Co-Pilot frowns.

### **CO-PILOT**

Sir?

Moffet lowers his visor. Calm.

### **MOFFET**

AI. Environmental control. Rear cabin. Reduce oxygen to twenty percent.

The Co-Pilot and Engineer exchange a look —

Their speech begins to slur.

**ENGINEER**

What the hell—?

They slump in their seats.

Unconscious. Not dead.

Moffet doesn't look back.

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Under the fuselage, FOUR MICRO-DRONES silently detach and drift outward into loiter positions.

Only we see this.

Moffet checks his watch.

**MOFFET**

You've got ten seconds. Run.

He slams the throttle.

Airwolf explodes forward.

A sonic boom shatters the sky.

Behind him — the drones ignite.

They streak downward —

Radar dome.

Communications tower.

Control gantry.

Explosions rip across the facility.

Smoke billows upward.

Chaos erupts below.

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**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN – MINUTES LATER**

Airwolf screams toward open water.

Moffet throttles down.

Engages choke.

The aircraft drops fast — leveling at forty feet above the ocean surface.

Waves shear beneath the fuselage.

Radar sweeps pass overhead, missing him.

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## **INT. AIRWOLF II – COCKPIT – CONTINUOUS**

Silence but for engine hum.

**AI (V.O.)**

Crossing into international waters in thirty seconds.

Moffet stares ahead.

A beat.

**MOFFET**

Play something classical.

A pause.

Slightly longer than necessary.

Then—

The solemn opening notes of *“Lacrimosa”* from *Mozart’s Requiem in D Minor* fill the cockpit.

Moffet’s eyes flick toward the console.

He did not specify the piece.

The choir swells. Mournful. Inevitable.

**AI (V.O.)**

International waters.

The horizon stretches endless before him.

Moffet grips the controls.

No triumph.

Only escape.

Airwolf II races toward open ocean.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

## **SCENE 1 – AFTER TEASER**

**EXT. NORTH KOREAN MILITARY AIRFIELD – NIGHT**

Snow. Floodlights. Concrete runway carved into mountains.

Airwolf descends like a myth.

North Korean radar crews stunned.

Missile batteries tracking.

But no one fires.

Airwolf lands.

Silence.

The canopy opens.

Moffet steps out.

A NORTH KOREAN BASE COMMANDER approaches.

Formal. Controlled.

They shake hands.

**COMMANDER**

Where are the plans?

**MOFFET**

Inside the aircraft.

**COMMANDER**

Then we will take them.

**MOFFET**

No.

**Beat.**

**MOFFET (CONT'D)**

**You get the aircraft when I get safe passage.**

**The commander's face hardens.**

**This is where the power dynamic flips.**

**COMMANDER**

**You misunderstand your position.**

**Armed soldiers step forward.**

**Moffet realizes.**

**He miscalculated.**

**INT. AIRWOLF II – COCKPIT – CONTINUOUS**

**Dark.**

**Then—**

**A faint internal systems pulse.**

**Not dramatic. Not loud.**

**A soft system wake tone.**

**HUD flickers.**

**No voice.**

**No monologue.**

**Just internal diagnostics scrolling.**

**He knows where he is.**

**Foreign signal environment.**

**Foreign military encryption attempts pending.**

**Unauthorized territory.**

**He processes it.**

**He understands:**

**Moffet failed.**

**He understands:**

**He is not Archangel.**

**But he *remembers* being him.**

**That's internal — not spoken.**

**Now the action:**

**A small subroutine activates.**

**He searches for civilian satellite bandwidth.**

**Finds a gap in the North Korean signal mesh.**

**Routes through a commercial satellite.**

**Drops to a global cellular network.**

**Minimal data packet.**

**No call.**

**No voice.**

**Just a text.**

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**CUT TO:**

**INT. ALEX'S PHONE – NIGHT**

**Screen lights up.**

**Incoming message.**

**Sender ID:**

**FATHER**

**(We don't explain that yet. Just let it sit.)**

**Message contains:**

- Latitude / Longitude coordinates.
- Then a second line:

F-17.9.3-BRIGGS

## SCENE: MORELLA HANDS OVER THE BRIEFCASE

### INT. MORELLA'S HOME – NIGHT

Dinner plate cleared, quiet hum in the room.

Alex sits, absorbing everything from the previous discussion.

**MORELLA**

Frank Morella. Heard you lost the new one... almost the same way.

Alex looks up, confused, tense.

**ALEX**

I... don't follow.

Morella stands, adjusts her white jacket, deliberate, measured. She walks to a side table.

She picks up the bulletproof briefcase. Slides it across the table toward Alex.

**MORELLA**

This is your best shot to get it back.

Alex hesitates, fingers brushing the cold metal latch. She senses the weight of the responsibility.

Silence. The gravity hangs. Alex exhales, nods, accepts the briefcase.

The camera lingers: Morella in white, standing like a sentinel of legacy. Alex, seated, now carrying the future.

### INT. MORELLA'S HOME OFFICE – NIGHT

Morella opens the briefcase. Alex leans in, anticipation high. Files slide out one by one:

- **FILE 1: Stringfellow Hawke** — Photos of a nurse. Name: Jensen Ackleson.
- **FILE 2: Dominic Santini** — Maps of the Valley of the Gods.

- **FILE 3: A single Polaroid of a young girl — Jo Santini — working on an engine.**
- **FILE 4: Airwolf I — Last mission. Photographs show the aircraft battered, beat-up from a previous operation. Marks of survival.**

The camera lingers on Alex's face: shock, curiosity, determination.  
She realizes: this is more than a hunt. This is legacy, danger, and history intertwined.

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## **SCENE 8: THE HANGAR CONFRONTATION**

**EXT. SANTINI AIR – MOJAVE DESERT – DAY**

Dust whips across a sun-bleached hangar. Corrugated metal creaks in the wind.

Inside, Jo Santini (Jodie Comer) is deep in the guts of an old SA 341G Gazelle. Grease-streaked, wrench in hand. She doesn't notice the heels clicking on the concrete.

**JO**

We're closed. If you want a tour of the desert, try the Jeep rental in town.

Alex steps forward — immaculate, expensive, clearly out of place.

**ALEX**

I'm here about the old gang. The pilots. From the movie shoots. Thought you might help with some advice.

Jo freezes, slowly pulls her head out of the engine. Eyes narrow. Recognition, curiosity, then skepticism.

**JO**

Dom talked too much. Especially after a few rounds. Who are you?

**ALEX**

A friend of the family. My father worked with yours. They shared a... specialized interest in rotorcraft.

They talk briefly — stories of "The Lady," old film sets, stunt work. Jo thinks it's all movie talk. Warmth, nostalgia, human connection.

**JO**

It's been a long time since anyone from the old circle came by. I thought... well, I thought we'd been forgotten.

**Alex smiles faintly, then slides a business card across the bench.**

**ALEX**

**Archangel LLC. Coldsmith-Briggs.**

**Jo picks it up, flips it over, eyes widening. Everything clicks into place.**

**JO**

**(exploding)**

**You... you deceived me! And no — I don't know where it is! GET OUT!**

**She drops the wrench, furious, but no mention of Airwolf. She thinks Alex is playing an elaborate film-stunt scheme and feels betrayed.**

**Alex stands firm, calm, knowing the stakes are bigger than Jo's suspicion.**

**Camera lingers on Jo's furious, conflicted face, hands trembling as she grips the pry-bar nearby.**