

FALLEN EAGLE

Screenplay by

Larry Cohen

FALLEN EAGLE

FADE IN:

INT. SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM, WASHINGTON,
DC - DAY (THE TIME IS THE MID-1960'S.)

This museum traces the conquest of air and space from its very beginning, from the Wright Brothers through World War II, rocketry and modern space exploration. Any day the museum is crowded with visitors from all nations--for whom the Smithsonian is an essential part of a visit to the nation's capitol.

CAMERA SWEEPS ACROSS the great main hall of the Smithsonian, craning upward toward a tiny, silver, single-engine plane suspended on wires.

About a hundred fascinated SPECTATORS are staring upward at the plane while a TOUR GUIDE recites a prepared text.

TOUR GUIDE

On May 21, 1927, Charles Lindbergh, barnstorming flyer, son of an ex-congressman from Minnesota, set out for LeBougeut Airport in Paris in an attempt to win the Orteig prize for the first non-stop solo flight across the Atlantic. At Roosevelt Field, Long Island, the mud was so deep he had to call upon friends and spectators to push the plane to help get it started, and when the Spirit of St. Louis took off, it barely cleared the telephone lines which stretched across the end of the runway.

As the tour guide continues, CAMERA DROPS DOWN moving across the faces of the spectators. Some of them are taking flash photos, some of the students are taking notes.

GIRL

(looking up at plane;
interrupts)

It seems so small. Is that a model?

TOUR GUIDE

No, that's the actual plane. He flew at low altitudes, so close above the sea he had to remind himself to look out for the masts of passing ships. His principal concern was to conserve gasoline. And his principal fear was of falling asleep--and losing his sense of direction. This was long before radar or any form of radio communication. Lindbergh had to do it alone with charts and with his own navigational skills. He had to find Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and Ireland. And all the world waited to see if he'd make it. He was "Lucky Lindy," "The Lone Eagle." And in a jazz-age world of phony heroes, like flagpole climbers and goldfish eaters, he was the real hero that everyone had been waiting for.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN beside TWO YOUNG MEN who are of college age. One of them looks rather disinterested in all of this and has his eye on one of the pretty girls in the crowd. The other is rather enraptured with both the plane and the spiel that goes with it. He looks briefly away from the plane, catching sight of a man standing behind one of the glass display cases in the distance.

An older man , graying, slightly stooped from his 6 foot 4 stature, looking up at the plane and yet keeping far back from the crowd, keeping out of everyone's way and making himself as invisible as possible. This is CHARLES A. LINDBERGH himself.

CLOSER SHOT - LINDBERGH

There is a kind of sadness in his face, a reaching out for something lost. And also a nervousness, a fear someone will recognize him.

TOUR GUIDE'S VOICE

And then as the world held its breath, he was sighted over the French coast at Cherbourg. The twenty-five-year-old stunt pilot and mail flyer had gone from obscurity to becoming the most famous and beloved man in the world.

ANGLE ON THE TWO STUDENTS

One of them still focused on the older man behind the display case while the other tries to catch the eye of the pretty girl on the tour.

1ST STUDENT

Take a look over there.

2ND STUDENT

I'm looking at her.

1ST STUDENT

No, I'm not kidding. See the old guy?

2ND STUDENT

So what about him?

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

He realizes he's been spotted. He turns and immediately exits the museum at a steady pace, not looking back.

BACK TO THE STUDENTS

1ST STUDENT

Come on.

He grabs his friend by the arm and pulls him after him.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - DAY

The students come out on the steps of the Smithsonian, also, and catch sight of Lindbergh departing up the street.

1ST STUDENT

There he goes.

2ND STUDENT

I still don't get it.

1ST STUDENT

It's him. That's Lindbergh.

2ND STUDENT

I don't believe it. All by himself?

1ST STUDENT

That's how he usually is. Come on.

They move down the steps in haste.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

Never increasing his pace but very aware that he's being followed.

ANGLE ON THE TWO STUDENTS

pushing their way through the crowds of sightseers outside the Smithsonian.

THEIR POV

Lindbergh, conspicuous because of his great height, crosses the street. A passing bus blocks him from view.

ANGLE ON THE STUDENTS

as they jaywalk across to the opposite side of the street. The bus has passed. A long limousine is parked at the corner.

ANGLE ON THE STUDENTS

as they approach the limousine, lean over.

1ST STUDENT

I've got to talk to him. I think
maybe he got a raw deal.

He reaches over to the limousine, peers through the open window.

1ST STUDENT

Excuse me, Mr. Lin...oh, sorry.

STUDENT'S POV

Inside the back of the limo a GROUP OF PAKISTANIS. None of them resembling the lean and lanky Charles A. Lindbergh affectionately known as "Slim."

1ST STUDENT

I thought you were somebody else.

CAMERA PANS TO THE BUS moving down the street.

TIGHTER ANGLE ON BUS

Seated by a window at the rear of the bus the figure of Charles A. Lindbergh, a slight flicker of mirth in his eyes. Over the years he has become an expert at eluding pursuers.

ANGLE ON THE STUDENTS AGAIN

The bus disappearing in the distance.

2ND STUDENT

I don't get it. My parents say
he's one of the worst son's a
bitches that ever lived.

1ST STUDENT

Don't you know what he did?

2ND STUDENT

He flew the plane, like the guy
said, and somebody kidnapped his
kid. So why do so many people
hate him?

DIRECT CUT:

CLOSE-UP - A FOOT ON A LADDER

The rung of the ladder breaks.

CLOSE SHOT

A small object wrapped in a blanket falls, striking the
ground at the foot of the ladder with a deadening thud. The
SOUND OF THE CRUNCH is exaggerated on our sound track.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - A YOUTHFUL CHARLES LINDBERGH

He looks up from the dinner table at his home in Hopewell,
New Jersey. (The year is 1932)

LINDBERGH

What was that?

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Charles and his wife ANNE are dining in
the dining room. She's a lovely woman in her twenties.

ANNE

Did you hear something?

LINDBERGH

I guess not.

He continues eating. Over this we hear the ECHO OF THE VOICE
of the servant MISS GOW, coming from far away.

MISS GOW'S VOICE
Mrs. Lindbergh, is the baby with
you?

(pause)
Colonel, is the baby with you?

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - AN EMPTY CRIB

The safety pins that hold the blanket in place are still fastened, but the infant is gone. CAMERA MOVES to the inner ledge of the only open window. An ENVELOPE has been left there.

CAMERA HOLDS ON EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THAT ENVELOPE

Lindbergh's hand enters FRAME, picks up the envelope, carefully opens it and reads the ransom note. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON HIM. He controls every emotion as he reads it again. And the SOUND of a screaming crowd now intrudes on the sound track.

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. AIR SHOW - DAY

Above a sprawling meadow with a grandstand and jammed with spectators--an old biplane is doing spins and dives--as the crowd cheers. Now TWO MEN appear on opposite wings and begin a perilous wing-walk that brings the crowd to its feet.

CLOSER ON THE BIPLANE IN FLIGHT

The two devil-may-care wing-walkers are a very young Lindbergh and his pal and fellow stunt flyer, FRANK TAYLOR.

As the crowd watches in awe, the plane flips over and the wing-walkers, Lindbergh and Frank Taylor, are suspended upside down.

CUT TO:

A CROWD CHEERING--but not at the air show. It's a wedding.

INT. THE MORROW MANSION - DAY

A large wedding party is in progress. Photos are being politely snapped of the newlyweds, Charles and Anne Lindbergh. (There is nothing of the mad frenzy that is to characterize news photographers' mad assault on the Lindberghs that is to come later in our story.) Frank Taylor is a tuxedoed wedding guest. A FULL ORCHESTRA plays in the background. (The year is 1930.)

FRANK

May I have that dance with the bride now?

ANNE

Charles won't mind. He hates ballroom dancing, even if they did name "The Lindy" after him.

LINDBERGH

Watch out for her. She tries to lead.

Frank and Anne sweep out to the center of the dance floor, surrounded by nimble-footed guests.

FRANK

Slim and I pulled some crazy stunts in our time, but I never saw him look so scared as when that minister started talking.

ANNE

Who would've thought he'd pick me? I always thought he was interested in my sister. And then one day, out of a clear sky, he said he'd like to teach me to fly.

FRANK

Was he looking for a wife or a co-pilot? How does the Ambassador to Mexico feel about his daughter cloud hopping?

ANNE

He hates it. Yesterday I made what I thought were nine perfect landings at Floyd Bennet Field, but Charles wasn't satisfied.

FRANK

Well, he still went ahead with the wedding.

ANNE

I don't know what he sees in me. I've never had any confidence in myself. Yet he thinks I can do anything.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

watching proudly as his bride dances with his best friend.

WEDDING GUEST

Any plans for the newlyweds?

LINDBERGH

Nothing much. A flight to the Orient. Then South America, later this year. And then--our child. And it'll be a boy.

MISS GOW'S VOICE

(distant, echoed)

Mrs. Lindbergh--is the baby with you? Colonel--is the baby with you?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT

The tip of a pen carefully draws three intersecting circles on the ransom note. A signature.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOME OF CHARLES LINDBERGH, HOPEWELL, NJ - NIGHT

The doorbell is RINGING. Lindbergh's close friend and flying buddy, Frank Taylor opens it to allow the entrance of an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with a walrus mustache at least 72 years of age. He stands well over six feet tall with a large potbelly. He wears a straw hat. His TWO COMRADES remain in the background looking around the Lindbergh mansion as if they're staring at some museum, rather awestruck by being allowed inside the place. (It is again the year 1932.)

(DR. CONDON will be referred to as "JAFSIE," the nickname by which he became famous.)

JAFSIE

I hesitated to call at this late hour.

FRANK

That's perfectly all right. Let me see the note.

Jafsie takes out a folded letter and hands it to Frank.

CLOSE SHOT - THE NOTE

It is again signed at the bottom with those three interlocking circles.

WIDER SHOT

As Frank folds up the note.

FRANK

Will you please wait here?

CAMERA FOLLOWS Frank as he walks across the foyer, down the hallway, opens the sliding doors to the living room and den in which Lindbergh is waiting. Frank passes the note to Lindbergh.

FRANK

Looks genuine.

LINDBERGH

Why would they pick some old man in The Bronx?

FRANK

Apparently he took an advertisement in the Home News at his own expense. Offered a reward of a thousand dollars of his own money.

LINDBERGH

Doesn't that seem odd to you?

FRANK

There's no doubt that he's an eccentric. So it follows he'd be satisfactory to the kidnappers as an intermediary.

LINDBERGH

All right, ask him to come in.

The clock in the den is striking 2 A.M. as Jafsie is escorted inside by Frank.

JAFSIE

Colonel, I am very sad to meet you under such circumstances.

LINDBERGH

It was good of you and your friends to come out here. Since it's after two, it might be best if you spent the night. We have spare rooms.

JAFSIE

That's very considerate.

LINDBERGH

Seventy thousand dollars in a box
seven by six by fourteen inches.
They certainly know what they
want.

JAFSIE

I'm prepared to place the "money
is ready" ad in the "New York
American" tomorrow afternoon.
But I am concerned about the
press. I think a nom de plume
is necessary. I've been thinking
on the way out that "Jafsie" might
be appropriate.

LINDBERGH

Jafsie?

JAFSIE

My initials, J.F.C. The
kidnappers would recognize this
but no one else would understand
its meaning.

LINDBERGH

You've taken quite an interest
in our situation, doctor.

JAFSIE

I was angry. And when I'm angry,
I do something about it. We're
going to get your little boy back.

FRANK

We hope so.

JAFSIE

And now if I might, I'd like to
see Mrs. Lindbergh. I understand
she is expecting another child.

LINDBERGH

Yes, that's true. She's probably
asleep.

JAFSIE

(insistent)

I think she will sleep better
after she meets me.

LINDBERGH

Will you follow me?

CAMERA FOLLOWS CLOSE behind them as they exit the den, then RISES to follow them upstairs as Lindbergh leads the way to the second floor bedrooms.

INT. ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

as Lindbergh comes in by himself. Of course, Anne is not asleep. She's sitting on the side of the bed staring out the window into space.

ANNE

Well?

LINDBERGH

He's a strange old coot. He wants to talk to you.

ANNE

I don't mind.

She gets up and puts on a robe. Lindbergh crosses to the door and opens it.

LINDBERGH

Doctor, you can step in now.

Jafsie enters and immediately heads right for Mrs. Lindbergh.

JAFSIE

I wanted you to know I will do everything in my power to bring your child back to you.

ANNE

What can I say?

JAFSIE

Now if one of those tears drop, I shall go off the case immediately.

Anne brushes the tears away from her eyes.

ANNE

You see, doctor, I'm not crying.

JAFSIE

That's better. Much, much better, now. Off to bed with you.

LINDBERGH

The doctor and his friends are spending the night. You can see them again at breakfast.

ANNE

With my mother and Colonel Breckenridge occupying the spare beds, I suppose we can only offer you the nursery.

JAFSIE

I want to tell you that from this moment on my one purpose in life will be to serve you. Nothing you ask of me will be too much. My own life has not too long to run. It now belongs to you.

Jafsie exits. Frank stares at the Lindberghs for a long moment. Jafsie is now out of earshot.

FRANK

Jafsie! Did you ever hear the like of it. A pompous ass.

ANNE

I think he means well.

LINDBERGH

We're not in a position to choose who'll help.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE NURSERY - NIGHT

There aren't sufficient beds. Jafsie and his two friends are spread across the room, sleeping on the floor on army blankets. CAMERA PANS from them to the crib.

The very crib from which the Lindbergh baby was taken, and the window through which the kidnappers entered and removed the child.

TIGHTER SHOT ON JAFSIE

He is not asleep. His eyes are open. He slides out from beneath the army blanket soundlessly. His breath comes in wheezing grunts, but all else is silence. As he crosses to the crib, he reaches down removing the blanket.

The safety pins are still attached to the bottom sheet. He fingers them, runs his hand across the covers which once kept the Lindbergh child warm at night. Then all at once he drops to his knees beside the crib, clasps his hands, closes his eyes, and silently begins to pray.

Yes, an odd duck, a strange fellow, a bit of a fool, but a believer.

INT. LINDBERGH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just down the hall Anne Morrow Lindbergh lies in her bed--in the dark--waiting for sleep to come. Instead memories return of happier times.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD, THE GUGGENHEIM ESTATE, FALAISE, LONG
- DAY

Lindbergh has landed an aircraft and now descends through the rear door--followed by Anne in a flight suit. She hauls down the luggage and carries it herself. Lindbergh makes no effort to assist her. (It is now the year 1930.)

Millionaire HARRY GUGGENHEIM and an entourage of FRIENDS welcome him. Then they notice that the person toting the baggage is his wife.

GUGGENHEIM

Why that's Anne!

LINDBERGH

She flies as crew, otherwise she'd be taking up space.

MRS. GUGGENHEIM

Now set those bags down, Anne.
I'll call the servants.

LINDBERGH

She's fine.

ANNE

I'm fine.

MRS. GUGGENHEIM

Before she met you she attended parties and wrote poetry--in French. Now we hardly see her at all. Can't you spare her a few hours for her old friends?

LINDBERGH

Where I go, she goes.

ANNE
 (mockingly)
 Like a page following her knight
 in shining armor?
 (to Mrs. Guggenheim)
 My poetry hasn't progressed. But
 you should hear my Morse code.

They proceed across the sloping lawn--to the gigantic
 Guggenheim mansion.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST SUITE, GUGGENHEIM MANSION - NIGHT

Lindbergh and Anne alone together at last--the evening's
 festivities have mercifully ended.

ANNE
 Poor Charles. You couldn't wait
 for the party to end.

LINDBERGH
 Now you're all mine again.
 (he takes her in his
 arms)
 They all think I've deprived the
 literary world of a budding
 genius. They don't realize
 there's poetry in my soul too.

ANNE
 Is there, Charles? Recite
 something for me. Sweep me off
 my feet.

LINDBERGH
 All right, I will.

He sits her down at the foot of the bed, dims the lights and
 takes her in his arms, speaking softly as he recites--

LINDBERGH
 "The northern lights have seen
 strange sights, but the strangest
 they ever did see/ Was the night
 on the marge of Lake LaBarge/
 When they cremated Sam McGee...

ANNE
 (she's laughing now)
 Charles--stop--please.

LINDBERGH
 (holding her tighter)
 "Now Sam McGee was from
 Tennessee..."

ANNE
 Shut up--I love you.

She silences him with a kiss. They glide lovingly back on the bed--

ANNE (CONT'D)
 By the way--that boy of yours--
 Charles Jr. He's en route. He
 should land happily some time in
 late June. Maybe even on my
 birthday.

LINDBERGH
 Just for that, no more baggage
 handling. But there's no reason
 a pregnant woman can't co-pilot
 a plane.

ANNE
 I have a feeling we're off to
 China.

LINDBERGH
 No, dear. Just transcontinental.

He reaches over and switches out the remaining light.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDBERGH HOUSE, HOPEWELL, NJ - DAY

As a convertible full of curiosity seekers speeds up the driveway toward the spacious two-story house. FLAPPER TYPE GIRLS are jammed in beside YOUNG MEN in fur coats. One of the boys has a camera and is standing up in the back seat snapping pictures of the house. One of the girls honks the horn furiously.

GIRL
 C'mon--Lindy! Come on out! We
 want to see you.

EXT. THE BACK YARD - DAY

Lindbergh, Anne, and their 3-month old infant, CHARLES JR., are playing with their dog--an Aberdeen terrier named DUFFIN. The maid, VIOLET SHARP, looks on. The dog becomes agitated by the noise out front. It bolts through the open fence.

Lindbergh seems amused at a common occurrence--the invasion of his privacy.

ANNE

You better catch him before he
bites one of your fans.

LINDBERGH

Duffin! Come back here.

Lindbergh passes through the gate in pursuit of the dog. He's in no great hurry. Anne continues to play with her child, an adorable infant.

Then there's the sound of SCREECHING TIRES, a SCREAM of pain from the animal--and the sound of the car driving off at full speed.

ANNE

Violet--take the baby!

She gives the infant to Violet Sharp. Then she runs through the gate.

EXT. THE FRONT DRIVEWAY - DAY

The car is vanishing into the distance with all its occupants.

Lindbergh kneels in the driveway beside the dog--which has been hit. As Anne approaches, Lindbergh is lifting the bleeding dog in his arms tenderly, cradling the animal.

ANNE

Oh--Duffin, no!

LINDBERGH

It's all right, boy. I've got
you.

(he presses his lips
to the dog's face.

The animal goes limp.)

He's gone.

He walks up the steps into the house, the dog's blood staining his shirt and trousers. He stops to look back in the direction of which the "fans" departed. Careless sightseers who came to gawk and left tragedy in their wake. Violet Sharpe comes around the corner carrying the baby who is crying now.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

LINDBERGH

They'll never leave us alone--

The SOUND of the baby crying, drowns out all other sound.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - ANNE

In her bed, in the dark, with "Jafsie" just down the hall.
Memories will come, but sleep will not.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

CLOSE-UP - JAFSIE - IN NEW JERSEY STATE POLICE HQ.

speaking to the police.

JAFSIE

I followed the instructions and went to the last subway station on Jerome Avenue. I located the deserted frankfurter stand and lifted up the big stone in front and found the envelope. It told me to cross the road to 233rd Street, to the Woodlawn Cemetery. I saw the man. He became alarmed and started to run, then I ran after him. I said, "You are my guest, no one will hurt you," and I gripped him by the arm. I noticed at once that the man had a fleshy lump at the base of his left thumb.

CUT TO:

INSERT SHOT: CLOSE-UP THE HAND with the evident fleshy lump at the base of the thumb.

CUT BACK TO:

CLOSE-UP - JAFSIE

JAFSIE

He spoke with a marked accent.
German. No doubt. I asked if he had proof that he had the baby and he agreed that he would send
(more)

JAFSIE (Cont'd)
the baby's sleeping suit. And
true to his word, on Wednesday,
this package was delivered to my
house.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Dr. Condon reveals the contents of the
package.

OFFICER
Doctor Dentons number two sleeping
suit. Buttons and flaps.

JAFSIE
The note attached had the familiar
symbol.

CAMERA PULLS BACK now to reveal Lindbergh.

LINDBERGH
This time when you actually
deliver the ransom, doctor, I'll
be driving the car.

OFFICER
Do you think that's safe?

LINDBERGH
There'll be no discussion of it.

Lindbergh reveals he's wearing a small holster with a
revolver in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - NIGHT

As Lindbergh's car pulls to a stop. Lindbergh remains behind
the wheel as Jafsie gets out.

JAFSIE
Remain here as agreed.

LINDBERGH
Remember, if you get in trouble,
I'm ready.

JAFSIE
The two packages, please--

Lindbergh passes him the two boxes that are tied and wrapped.
One is large, the other smaller, and Condon pauses as he
hears footsteps. From the other side of the street a MAN

is coming up the block, his hat is pulled down over his eyes, he has a handkerchief over his face. He seems to be coughing and covering his face as he moves through the shadows. He flashes his eyes toward the car but keeps on walking. His FOOTSTEPS receded into the distance.

They are alone again. Now Jafsie takes the two boxes.

JAFSIE

The lookout?

LINDBERGH

Or a passerby. Don't ask questions, just give them what they want.

JAFSIE

I will find out the whereabouts of the baby first. I know what I'm doing.

Now Jafsie begins to walk forward toward the gates of the cemetery. He walks slowly and deliberately, and in plain sight.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

Watching him. His hand reaching inside of his coat and touching the gun.

ANGLE ON JAFSIE

continuing to walk. He's quite far from the car now, about 80 yards, when a VOICE calls out from the darkness:

VOICE

Hey, Doc.

LINDBERGH'S POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Jafsie carrying the boxes. A SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE steps out of the darkness by the cemetery gate, a conversation ensues, the two men cross toward a bench on the far side of the cemetery fence. They sit down on the bench. All this is seen from the distance as Lindbergh's point of view. He strains to see but it's too far off. Too dark. There's discussion. The box is exchanged. Lindbergh looks at his watch, checking the time. He looks up. Jafsie is returning. The larger box is gone and the figure on the bench has now vanished. Jafsie is still carrying the smaller box. Lindbergh starts to get out of the car.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Jafsie hands him the smaller box back.

JAFSIE

Well, I saved you twenty thousand dollars.

LINDBERGH

Where's the baby?

JAFSIE

I told him you could only give him fifty thousand and he fell for it. Here's the rest of your money.

LINDBERGH

The baby?

JAFSIE

He's being kept on a boat called the "Nelly." It's anchored off Gay Head. The precise details are in this note. He told me not to open it for six hours.

LINDBERGH

Get back in the car.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT - NIGHT

The street near St. Ramon's Cemetery as Lindbergh's car turns and drives away.

EXT. ROAD A MILE FROM CEMETERY - NIGHT

Lindbergh pulls over.

INT. CAR

Lindbergh rips open the note. He reads.

LINDBERGH

"The boy is on the boat Nelly. It is a small boat twenty eight feet long. Two persons are on the boat. They are innocent. You will find the boat between Horse Neck Beach and Gay Head near Elizabeth Island."

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. LINDBERGH IN SEAPLANE - DAWN

Flying out over the waters over Elizabeth Islands between Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod.

INT. PLANE - DAWN

Lindbergh's eyes scanning the water below. The fog begins to lift, the coastal waters are visible, but there is no sign of any boat.

It isn't there.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

His reaction. Total disappointment. He realizes he's been duped. The ransom has been paid and he has been lied to. In his head, he hears the voice calling out from across the cemetery.

VOICE OVER

"Hey, Doc. Hey, Doc. Hey, Doc.
Hey, Doc."

And it begins to echo and becomes mixed in with the sound of the engine and the propeller of the plane. "Hey, Doc. Hey, Doc. Hey, Doc."

CUT TO:

MATCHING ANGLE - LINDBERGH

Younger now--flying solo over the Atlantic--the first solo flight--passing through dense fog in the "Spirit of St. Louis." But on the SOUND TRACK mixed in with the engine we hear that same greeting, "Hey Doc, Hey Doc, Hey Doc--"

EXT. LE BOURGET AIRPORT, PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT

As the Spirit of St. Louis lands and a massive crowd surges forward to surround the plane. It is the moment of Lindbergh's greatest triumph. The cheers are deafening--as he climbs out of the cockpit smiling modestly--the crowd lifts him up--carrying him deeper and deeper into their midst. (The time is 1927.)

CUT TO:

INT. LINDBERGH HOUSE - NIGHT (1932, AGAIN)

A score of STATE TROOPERS are now camping in the place. It is bedlam. Hundreds of men are stamping in and out everywhere. They are on the stairs, sitting on the pantry sink. The telephone is ringing constantly.

CAMERA MOVES TO THE NEXT ROOM. People are sleeping all over the floor on newspapers and blankets. Mattresses are all over the dining room. ANNE'S MOTHER is with her.

MRS. MORROW

Did you hear that in Madison Square Garden last night they asked everyone to stand for three minutes and pray for the safe return of the baby? So many people care.

A WOMAN REPORTER crosses to Ann and her mother.

SOB SISTER

At last count there are 38,000 letters stacked out in your garage. How do you feel about this support you are getting from the people?

ANNE

How many of those letters are from cranks demanding money in exchange for our baby?

STATE TROOPER

There's a Mr. Garrison out here from Washington, DC.

GARRISON brushes by him.

GARRISON

I don't require introductions. My credentials.

(he flashes some ID cards)

I intend to break this case within twenty-four hours. I have to question all of your servants.

ANNE

Most of them are exhausted. They've gone to bed.

GARRISON

Well, let's get them up and have them downstairs here in ten minutes. In the meantime, I'd like to look at your basement. The furnace room.

MRS. MORROW

Whatever for?

GARRSON

I assure you I've got my good reasons.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT, LINDBERGH HOUSE

Garrson is looking through the furnace, poking around in the ashes. State Troopers stand around looking rather dumbly at him as he proceeds with such care in checking out this furnace.

TROOPER

What do you expect to find?

GARRSON

Traces of human bones-- What else?

ANNE

What are you inferring? That you'll find the remains of my child in there?

GARRSON

We can't overlook any possibility.

ANNE

That we killed our child and burned the body?

TROOPER

Let me see your identification again.

GARRSON

I came all the way from Washington.

Trooper grabs Garrson's wallet.

TROOPER

What is this? You're from the Department of Labor. What does the Department of Labor have to do with a kidnapping?

ANNE

Will you get this man out of our house?

ANGLE ON STAIRS LEADING UP FROM CELLAR

As Anne Lindbergh staggers upstairs, tears pouring down her cheeks, leaning for support on one of her maids, Violet Sharp.

ANNE

How could anyone ever think we'd hurt our own baby?

VIOLET

Never you mind. He's a crazy man. They're all crazy people.

ANNE

Thank God Charles wasn't here. You mustn't mention this to him.

CAMERA FOLLOWS up to the main floor of the house still jam-packed with State Troopers and New York & New Jersey police officials. Lindbergh himself is just entering the house carrying a newspaper in his hand, and he seems unusually disturbed. Anne tries to compose herself. Lindbergh is waving a copy of the afternoon newspaper in his hand.

LINDBERGH

Don't they realize what they've done? The fools.

ANNE

What is it?

LINDBERGH

They printed that we'd taken down the serial numbers of the ransom money and that it was all in gold certificates.

ANNE

The kidnappers will be afraid to try and pass the money.

LINDBERGH

That makes it all the harder for us to catch them. They've been warned.

Lindbergh crosses to the window and pulls back the curtain.

LINDBERGH'S POV

The entire house is ringed with cars and with newspaper and newsreel reporters. They are all held back by State Police but they are nevertheless there, and they won't go away.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH AND ANNE

as he closes the drapes once again, but is still unable to shut out the image of those prying eyes--the nation's press, unyielding and merciless.

LINDBERGH

Sometimes I think they don't want us to get the baby back. It makes a better story for them if we don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, NEAR THE HOUSE, HOPEWELL, NJ - NIGHT

Various police vehicles are pulled to the side of the road. A searchlight sweeps back and forth. A cluster of POLICE OFFICIALS surround an embankment just off the road. They are all looking down at something. Something that has been buried there and has now been unearthed. Dug up! VOICES are heard penetrating the darkness.

VOICE

The sleeping suit has been stripped off. The kidnapper must have taken it.

2ND VOICE

They must've killed the kid immediately. Soon as they got him out of the house.

3RD VOICE

They probably didn't want to take any chances of having him cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGUE AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

(Which also doubles as a funeral home.)

We don't actually see the baby, just the outline under a sheet. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lindbergh being led in. He has managed to maintain control, but he looks like a man walking through a nightmare from which he cannot awaken. The police officer in charge here is named MARSHALL.

MARSHALL

If you prefer not to see the body...the nurse, Betty Gow, has already made identification...from the overlapping toes.

LINDBERGH

What was the cause of death?

MARSHALL

We believe they dropped the baby when the ladder broke. That's just a wild guess.

LINDBERGH

Move the sheet aside.

Marshall crosses over and removes the cover.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Lindbergh so we don't see the body, only his reaction. He moves closer, reaches out, and we sense that he's touching the body, running his hands over the lifeless form of what was once his child.

MARSHALL

Colonel Lindbergh, are you certain this is the body of your child?

LINDBERGH

Yes.

MARSHALL

Arrangements have been made to take it to the crematorium in Linden. Is that satisfactory?

LINDBERGH

Thank you.

He turns to leave then looks back again and speaks softly to Marshall, but almost to himself.

LINDBERGH

Remarkable, isn't it. A man wing-walks and bails out of planes and flies the Atlantic and survives. And a small baby, lying in the safety of its own bed--dies.

(a beat)

Please cover him again.

And he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OF VIOLET SHARP, MAID FOR THE MORROW FAMILY - NIGHT

VIOLET is being harshly questioned by an INSPECTOR from the New Jersey Police Department.

VIOLET

Why must you keep asking me the same questions?

INSPECTOR

It had to be an inside job. The ladder was placed against the wall of the house to distract us from the truth. That baby was actually carried down the back stairs and delivered into the kidnapper's hands.

VIOLET

Oh, my God, not me. Not by me.

INSPECTOR

The Lindbergh's only stayed at that house on weekends. They always left on a Monday. This was the very first Tuesday that they ever stayed over because the baby was feeling ill--with a cold.

VIOLET

All right, yes!

INSPECTOR

How did the kidnappers know the child would be there? Who gave them that information?

VIOLET

You think I...?

INSPECTOR

How could they be so sure that that was the window to the baby's room--and that no one would be sleeping in the room with the child? How could they take such a chance unless they were assured of success by information from within?

VIOLET

I won't answer any more of your questions.

INSPECTOR

Yes you will. I'm coming back with a warrant for your arrest.

The Inspector exits leaving Violet visibly trembling. When she hears the door slam, she becomes hysterical.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as she crosses into the bathroom. She opens the medicine cabinet. She takes out a SMALL BOTTLE. Then she drains the contents of the bottle, swallowing it quickly and gagging. It is poison. CYANIDE. Now she staggers across the room to the window, looking out. CAMERA MOVING IN OVER HER SHOULDER. The inspector is outside with a couple of UNIFORMED POLICEMEN. They're pointing back to the house, conversing. Violet, coughing and choking, staggers back to the center of the room and collapses, writhing on the floor as the cyanide begins to take effect.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSE-UP - A CLOSET

At the top of the closet a shoe box sits on the upper shelf. A rather soiled shoe box tied shut with cord. We move in CLOSE until the SHOE BOX FILLS THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION, NEW YORK CITY

The sign; WARNER-QUINLAN GASOLINE. The station is located at Lexington Avenue and 127th Street. A GAS STATION ATTENDANT is just finishing filling up a 1931 Dodge sedan and collecting payment. The driver hands him a bill and the attendant looks at it with skepticism.

ATTENDANT

I didn't know banks were still taking gold notes. I don't want to get stuck.

HAUPTMAN

They're perfectly legal. I have a hundred of these left.

ATTENDANT

I thought the government recalled them.

HAUPTMAN

You shouldn't worry so much.

Hauptman gets into his car, starts the engine and begins to drive away. CAMERA MOVES in on the attendant. He takes out a pencil and scribbles down the license number of the car as it pulls off into the distance.

CLOSE-UP - THE BILL

License number 4U1341 being written across the bill in extreme CLOSE-UP.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SAME LICENSE NUMBER 4U1341

driving down a city street. It is another day, another section of town but it is the same Dodge, the same driver differently attired and now, as he reaches a corner, a car pulls over and blocks him. Another car pulls behind him. A third car pulls into FRAME beside the Dodge. PLAINCLOTHESMEN jump out and surround the vehicle. In a moment BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMAN has been dragged out of the car.

HAUPTMAN

What is this about? I wasn't speeding.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Frisk him.

Hauptman is searched and handcuffed at the same time.

HAUPTMAN

You have the wrong person.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

What are you doing with this twenty dollar gold certificate?

HAUPTMAN

I have been collecting them as a hedge against the inflation.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Don't you know the president ordered that all gold certificates be returned to the Federal Reserve Bank?

HAUPTMAN

Yes, but, what is twenty dollars?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Check the serial number.

The bill is handed to another DETECTIVE who walks back to his car.

Hauptman stares at the handcuffs.

HAUPTMAN

This is necessary?

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

So you're the Lindbergh kidnapper.

HAUPTMAN

What? What did you say?

The other detective returns and nods.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN #2

The numbers match.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You're going to burn.

CLOSE-UP - HAUPTMAN'S FACE

Confused and disoriented.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE THREE INTERLOCKING CIRCLES

The symbol on the kidnap ransom notes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Other detectives hover over Hauptman.

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN

We'll dictate--and you write down exactly what we say.

2ND DETECTIVE

We'll tell you how to spell certain words.

HAUPTMAN

I spell perfectly well, thank you.

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN
I said we'll spell and you'll
write. Get started.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A lineup. EIGHT DETECTIVES, all huge six-footers, and Hauptman amongst them, obviously totally out of place, a much smaller man, foreign-looking in the midst of all these Irish Micks. CAMERA PANS to Dr. Condon who is being escorted into the room.

DETECTIVE RYAN
Will you walk up in front of them
now and look at the men closely.

JAFSIE
I will.

He approaches the lineup, steps up onto the platform and pauses before each of the men in the lineup, finally stopping in front of Hauptmann.

JAFSIE
May I speak with this man?

DETECTIVE RYAN
Go ahead.

JAFSIE
Will you hold your hand out palm
toward me?

Hauptman complies.

CLOSE-UP - HAUPTMAN'S HANDS

They are quite ordinary.

TIGHT SHOT - JAFSIE

looking at the hands.

JAFSIE
You have no fleshy lump at the
base of your left thumb.

HAUPTMAN
Naturally I don't.

JAFSIE
Have you seen me before?

HAUPTMAN

Never.

Dr. Condon reaches in his pocket and takes out a folded sheet of paper. He hands it to Hauptman.

JAFSIE

Read this out loud.

HAUPTMAN

"I stayed already too long. The leader would schmack me out. Your work is perfect."

JAFSIE

I will ask your name. Answer that your name is John.

HAUPTMAN

What?

JAFSIE

Do as I ask. What is your name?

HAUPTMAN

"John."

JAFSIE

Put on your hat.

Hauptman puts the hat on. Jafsie steps back and looks at him and then walks down the steps off of the platform and back to the police. CAMERA DOLLIES with him as he walks as far as he can from the platform so he will be out of earshot of the lineup.

DETECTIVE RYAN

Well?

JAFSIE

I would not say he was the man.

DETECTIVE RYAN

You mean you won't identify him?

JAFSIE

I must be absolutely sure. I understand he has a wife and baby.
(a beat)

That isn't the man.

Condon brushes by the detectives and exits.

DETECTIVE RYAN
(turning to colleague)
Shit! Hauptman can walk out of
the court a free man. All our
work could be for nothing because
of that senile old bastard!

2ND DETECTIVE
A whole case hinging on an old
crackpot like that.
(beat)
Bring Colonel Lindbergh in.

Lindbergh is escorted in through another door.

DETECTIVE RYAN
Well, we got him for you. Jafsie
already picked him out of the
lineup.

LINDBERGH
Who is he?

DETECTIVE RYAN
A small time crook wanted back
in Germany.
(points)
That's him.

ANGLE ON THE LINEUP

Hauptman is again brought out grouped among tall Irish cops
in suits and ties.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

looking carefully at the suspect.

LINDBERGH
You say he had the ransom money?

DETECTIVE RYAN
All of it. Now will you identify
him as the man you saw in the
cemetery?

LINDBERGH
--Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL

As TWO SHADOWY POLICE OFFICERS beat Hauptman brutally, a calculated and vicious beating. CAMERA PANS AWAY to the deserted cell block as the SOUND of the blows being struck echo off the walls.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - SMALL CARDS

As a hand scribbles Hauptman's signature on each.

INT. HAUPTMAN'S PRISON CELL - DAY

Hauptman sits at a bare wooden table signing hundreds of cards, while his ATTORNEY stands looking over his shoulder.

HAUPTMAN

Always I am asked to sign things?

ATTORNEY

Selling autographs is one way to raise money for your trial and your appeal.

HAUPTMAN

You're so sure I'll be convicted!

ATTORNEY

Care to change your plea?

HAUPTMAN

Why don't you question Lindbergh? Before my arrest he said he couldn't identify the kidnapper's voice. Suddenly now it is mine and only mine.

ATTORNEY

I can't go calling Lindbergh a liar. He's a great man.

HAUPTMAN

And great men don't tell lies? They simply lie better than anyone else!

ATTORNEY

I suppose you'll want me to cross-examine the ladder, too. That's the worst piece of evidence against you.

Hauptman jumping up, tossing the autographs aside.

HAUPTMAN

I'm a professional carpenter.
Why would I tear a board out of
my own attic when I have a whole
garage full of planks and a lumber
yard a block away? The police
manufactured that evidence!

A UNIFORMED GUARD appears outside the bars having heard the disturbance.

ATTORNEY

It's all right.

Hauptman sits down in his hard back wooden chair once again. He gathers up the autographs that have fallen to the floor and places them on the table stacking them neatly. Then he begins to sign his name again and again and again. A celebrity of the first order whose signature is worth money as a historic document.

HAUPTMAN

These will be worth more after
I'm dead.

There's a long pause. The attorney moves to the bars to be released from the cell. Hauptman looks up at him.

HAUPTMAN

At least Doctor Condon will tell
the truth at the trial.

ATTORNEY

Let me assure you no one's going
to contradict Lindbergh.

HAUPTMAN

Including you!

The cell door is opened. The attorney leaves. The guard comes in and takes the pen away from Hauptman. He certainly will not be allowed to keep any sharp objects on his person.

GUARD

Hey, Bruno, how about signing one
for me? Make it out to the wife.

HAUPTMAN

Sure. Spell her name for me.
I'm accustomed to having words
spelled for me.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - DAY

A surgery theater where guests view an operation from behind a glass panel while below in the hospital amphitheater, DR. ALEXIS CAREL works over one of his patients. He's surrounded by a staff wearing black monklike gowns which reach the floor.

The surgical chamber is decorated with black walls and black hooded lights. Only Dr. Carel wears a white hood to differentiate him from everyone else.

He's performing a suture of blood vessels, a surgical procedure that has won him a Nobel Prize for medicine.

ANGLE ON THE SPECTATORS

Charles A. Lindbergh is one of those watching. There are various DOCTORS, MEDICAL STUDENTS and JOURNALISTS who specialize in the field of medicine. The doctor next to him leans over to Lindbergh.

DR. POLK

Carel is a brilliant man, but he's
a terror if he doesn't like you.

LINDBERGH

Everybody likes me.

DR. POLK

The man's not satisfied with one
Nobel Prize, now he's got to
advocate this transplant madness.
Imagine switching organs from one
person to another. Isn't that
what H.G. Wells calls
science-fiction?

LINDBERGH

Aeroplanes were science-fiction
once.

DR. POLK

I'm glad to see you with something
on your mind other than this
terrible trial. Would you like
to meet Carel?

LINDBERGH

Not yet. Can you slip me into
the lecture hall without
attracting attention?

ANGLE ON THE OPERATING THEATER

Dr. Carel removes his hood and slips off his hospital gown. He's a tiny little man with very precise features and a prim expression due to the pince-nez glasses. He waves admiring colleagues rudely aside as he exits from the surgical chamber.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Alexis Carel on the stage. In the last row of the audience is Lindbergh thinly disguised in a doctor's gown and with his doctor friend seated beside him. Carel is in the midst of his lecture.

CAREL

We cannot escape the scientific truth that men were not created equal as democracy, which was invented in the eighteenth century, would have us believe. Future generations might well consider disposing of their worst types in order to improve the race. Prisons might well be abolished.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

Listening to Carel's words.

CAREL'S VOICE

Those who have brutally robbed and murdered could be humanely and economically disposed of in small euthenistic institutions. A similar treatment might be advantageously applied to those insane who are guilty of criminal acts.

Dr. Polk leans over to Lindbergh.

DR. POLK

Does he scare you a little?
Brilliant, flamboyant, but a bit
nuts.

LINDBERGH

I'd like to meet him now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A LONELY STRIP OF BEACH, LONG ISLAND - DAY

TWO MEN walking along. One is small and wears pince-nez glasses, Dr. Carel. The other is lean and tall, Lindbergh. Two divergent types. They have not only met but have established a long, deep friendship. It is a bright sunny day.

CAREL

Shall we find a shady spot? All this sun isn't good for you.

LINDBERGH

Another revolutionary theory? You'll be burned at the stake yet!

CAREL

Isn't it obvious. The most highly civilized races, Scandinavians for example, are white and live in a country where the luminosity is weak during the great part of the year. Blacks, Italians, Indians and Asians have been burned into inferiority by generations of fierce heat grilling down on them.

LINDBERGH

Well, let's hurry and find that shade.

CAREL

That's why I'm so attracted to you, Charles. You're an example of everything I preach. A man of superior quality. Today science has to concentrate on bringing about genetic superiority. Instead of encouraging the survival of the unfit and defective, we've got to encourage the strong. What other species wallows in its weaklings?

They find themselves a bit of shade under a tree by the cliffside and watch the never ending waves crash on the shore.

LINDBERGH

You scare a lot of people, Dr. Carel.

CAREL

But not you. We understand each other because we are both men of science.

LINDBERGH

Hold on now. I never even got through high school.

CAREL

I accepted your friendship not as an aviator. There's more to you than that.

LINDBERGH

I hope so. Aviation has lost most of its challenge.

CAREL

Then work with me. I'm developing the prototype for an artificial heart and other artificial organs as well. Many people seem revolted by the idea.

LINDBERGH

Why should they be?

CAREL

America would not be a good place for us "loonies" to work. We require seclusion, distance.

LINDBERGH

Anne and I both need to get away from--people.

CAREL

There are islands off the northern coast of England. I'm looking for a house to rent where I may set up my laboratory. When I'm ready you will come and bring your family.

LINDBERGH

Just vanish? That sounds attractive.

CAREL

If we succeed, we may alter the
future of the human race. Does
that sound like too great a task?

LINDBERGH

(laughs)

Probably not.

CAREL

Not for the man who changed the
map of the world.

CAMERA PANS out to the waves smashing on the shoreline.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PALISADES - DAY

A cliff overlooking the Hudson from the Jersey side.

Jafsie, State Police Chief SCHWARZKOPF, and OTHER DETECTIVES
get out of a car and stroll toward the edge.

JAFSIE

How can I go on the stand next
week and make positive
identification? I have twice told
the police that this is not the
man.

SCHWARZKOPF

Lindbergh says it is!

JAFSIE

Lindbergh was in the car seventy
yards--maybe a hundred yards away.
I was standing next to the man.
If I say it wasn't the man, how
can Lindbergh say different?

SCHWARZKOPF

You calling him a liar?

JAFSIE

Why must we come here to talk?
Why do we walk so close to the
edge?

2ND DETECTIVE

Do heights bother you?

JAFSIE

The man I spoke with didn't even resemble Hauptman. He had a lump on his wrist.

2ND DETECTIVE

You won't be questioned about any such deformity.

JAFSIE

Stop the pushing!

Jafsie is close to being pushed over the cliffside.

SCHWARZKOPF

I'm starting to believe that you had something to do with this crime.

JAFSIE

How can you say that?

SCHWARZKOPF

Maybe you weren't just an intermediary.

JAFSIE

What do you mean? I saved Lindbergh twenty thousand dollars.

2ND DETECTIVE

Maybe that was a "come-on" to make yourself look good.

SCHWARZKOPF

If you were in with the kidnapers, naturally you wouldn't identify them.

JAFSIE

You say kidnapers. You indicate there was more than one and yet the prosecutor says Hauptman did it alone. What about the man on the street with the handkerchief over his face? Why wasn't that brought out?

They have crowded poor Jafsie against the very edge of the Palisades, a huge drop behind him.

SCHWARZKOPF

If you fail to cooperate, I'm
going to see to it that you're
indicted yourself!

2ND DETECTIVE

When you walk out of that
courtroom, you'll be arrested.

The First Detective takes Jafsie roughly by the arm and leads
him back to the car--a quite terrified old man.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dr. Condon, alias Jafsie, is on the witness stand. The
prosecutor, WOLENTZ, is questioning him. At the defense
table, Bruno Hauptman leans forward. His very life hanging
on this testimony.

WOLENTZ

And is the man you met that night
in the cemetery in this courtroom?

JAFSIE

He is.

WOLENTZ

And is it the same man to whom
you gave the fifty thousand
dollars ransom money?

JAFSIE

Yes.

WOLENTZ

Will you go now to that man and
place your hand on his shoulder?

Dr. Condon remains immobile on the stand.

CLOSE-UP - HAUPTMAN

Shaking his head imperceptibly. He can't believe it. CAMERA
PANS to Hauptman's defense attorneys. They lower their eyes,
almost acquiescing to their client's guilt.

CLOSE-UP - CONDON

Frozen. Perspiration evident on his forehead and upper lip.
He wipes it away. He is an elderly man and he's finding it
difficult to breath.

WOLENTZ

Feeling all right, Doctor Condon?

JAFSIE

Yes. I'm fine.

WOLENTZ'S VOICE

Then, will you get up from the witness stand and cross to the man to whom you gave that ransom money.

WIDER SHOT

As Jafsie rises from the witness stand and slowly crosses to Hauptman, reaching out.

CLOSE-UP - JAFSIE'S HAND

reaching closer and closer, coming to rest almost on Hauptman's shoulder. Hauptman stares at that hand, that accusing hand, as if when it touches him it will mean death.

The hand rests on the shoulder of the accused. CAMERA MOVES in past that shoulder and hand to the face of

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

Watching from the spectators section. Anne sits beside him, bravely maintaining self control. He clutches her hand tightly, reassuringly.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON STAGE OF VAUDEVILLE THEATER

The spotlight is on WILL ROGERS, a distinguished and beloved comedian of his time. Rogers is in the midst of a routine.

WILL ROGERS

The thing of being a hero, about the main thing to do is to know when to die. Prolonged life has ruined more men than it ever made.

There's laughter in the audience, and then the words hang in the air for us to remember.

ANGLE ON PRIVATE BOX IN THE AUDIENCE

Seated far back, out of sight of the rest of the audience, we see Charles Lindbergh. Seated beside him is Anne. The words have a special significance for both of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD - DAY

CLOSE-UP - COFFIN DRAPED WITH FLAG

as it is removed from aircraft Lindbergh has just flown in. He has brought Will Roger's body home.

ANNOUNCER

The body of humorist Will Rogers, who died in a plane crash with flying ace Wiley Post, has been flown back from Alaska by Charles A. Lindbergh himself.

Lindbergh stands beside the coffin watching as it is carried to a hearse.

PALLBEARER

He was a great American. He will always be remembered--and loved--

CUT TO:

INT. LINDBERGH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charles Lindbergh lying beside his wife Anne in the semi-darkness, neither of them can sleep.

ANNE

There's something bothering you.

LINDBERGH

I didn't want to tell you but I'm taking the stand tomorrow.

ANNE

You'll identify him and then it'll be over.

Lindbergh slides out of bed, crosses to the window, staring out into the night. Anne follows him.

ANNE

Charles, there isn't any doubt, is there? I mean there couldn't be--the ladder, the ransom money, the testimony that he was seen nearby. That couldn't all be lies.

(a beat)

If it isn't him, then who is it? I can't bear to believe that whoever did this to our baby has gotten away with it.

LINDBERGH

No, he hasn't gotten away with it.

She crosses the room now and we see there is another baby there--asleep in a very different crib. Their new son; JON.

ANNE

And what about 'Jon'? Suppose someone comes after him? Tries to do it to us again?

LINDBERGH

Jon will be safe. We're going to make an example of this Hauptman.

He takes her in his arms. CAMERA MOVING IN TIGHT ON HIS FACE.

LINDBERGH (CONT'D)

It's going to be all over, just like you want it to be.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE, MAIN STREET, FLEMINGTON, NJ - DAY

The place is jammed with cars and with people. The JURY is being escorted across the street under guard to their quarters in the Union Hotel past the mob of photographers and curiosity seekers.

Lindbergh's friend, Frank Taylor, is trying to elbow his way through the crowd. STREET VENDOR blocks his path.

STREET VENDOR

Bring home a replica of the Lindbergh kidnap ladder made to actual specifications.

FRANK

Get out of my way.

STREET VENDOR

It's only a buck. What more do you want?

A RADIO REPORTER is on the street broadcasting live.

RADIO REPORTER

An estimated 60,000 people in 20,000 cars have descended on the sleepy town of Flemington, choking the streets and reducing traffic to a crawl. Celebrities are here from all over the United States and Europe. Here is Miss Edna Ferber, the noted novelist. Miss Ferber, could I get a comment for our radio listeners on all of this?

EDNA FERBER

It makes me want to resign as a member of the human race.

She turns and walks away from the microphone. CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARD with Frank as he reaches the steps of the courthouse.

Another vendor, A TEENAGE BOY, grabs his elbow.

BOY VENDOR

You look like a smart cookie. I want you to see something. It'll cost you a fiver but it's worth every penny of it. In years to come it'll be a collector's item.

FRANK

Take your hands off of me.

BOY VENDOR

Don't get so hot under the collar, mister. Wait'll you see this.

From his pocket, the boy produces a small paper packet and he unfolds it, opens it and withdraws several strands of blond human hair.

CLOSE-UP - THE HUMAN HAIR

being pulled out of the package.

WIDER SHOT - THE CROWD

The boy whispering in Frank's ear.

BOY VENDOR

Certified, guaranteed, locks of baby Lindbergh's hair. You get a certificate along with it as proof.

Frank seizes the boy. He wants to strike him.

BOY VENDOR

Hey, what's the matter with you?

FRANK

Get away from me, you filth.

BOY VENDOR

Jesus Christ, I'm not the only one. We're all trying to make a buck. Ain't that what this is all about?

The boy pulls away from Frank and vanishes into the crowd. Frank feels like he wants to throw up, and then he turns to see a car pulling up bringing Charles A. Lindbergh to the trial and the crowd surges forward. The newsmen appear like rats fleeing from a burning building with their flashbulbs popping. State Police move to block them, hold them back. Frank is crushed in the crowd. He tries to catch Lindbergh's attention as the tall, lanky figure emerges from the car amongst screams, women reaching forward trying to touch him, men waving, shouting, their voices all joining together in a horrible growl, unintelligible, and he attempts to ignore them, to stare straight ahead, to keep his eyes focused only on the doorway to the courtroom.

He doesn't see his friend Frank in the crowd. He doesn't see anyone. He doesn't want to see anyone. In long strides he goes up the steps into the courthouse while the State Police fight valiantly and successfully to hold the crowd back as they attempt to surge forward and break through lines. A WOMAN faints in the crowd and is trampled. A CAMERAMAN pushes through the police line and is knocked down and shoved back behind the line again. And on the top of the steps, Walter Winchell makes his broadcast to the nation.

WINCHELL

Lindy just entered the courtroom and, if I don't miss my guess, if these eyes don't fail me, the Lone Eagle is carrying a revolver on his hip. In a few moments, Lindbergh will again be face-to-face with the brutal murderer of his baby, Bruno Richard Hauptman.

ANGLE ON FRANK

as he gives up trying to enter the courthouse. Instead he struggles across the street to the closest bar.

INT. THE BAR OFF MAIN STREET OF FLEMINGTON

The place is packed. It's not easy to find a spot from where to order a drink.

FRANK

A whiskey, straight.

Down at the other end of the bar men are SINGING in a parody of German.

VOICES SINGING

Is das nicht ein ransom box?/ Ja,
das is ein ransom box./ Is das
fisch ein clever fox?/ Ja, fisch
is ein clever fox./ Ransom box?
Clever fox!/ Is das nicht ein
signature? Ja, das is ein
signature.

The sign behind the bar lists the special meals for the day. We can read the sign. It says: "Lamb chops Jafsie, baked beans Wolentz, and Lindbergh sundaes." Everything is being merchandised, exploited, sold.

Frank swills down the drink, throws down the glass. He has to get out of there.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Filled to overflowing. Walter Winchell in the front row of the press section as the Lone Eagle himself takes the oath and Wolentz begins his questioning.

WOLENTZ

While you waited in the car, will you describe what you saw?

LINDBERGH

Dr. Condon crossed Whittemore Street to the cemetery some seventy to a hundred yards away. Then I heard a voice coming very clearly from the cemetery calling to Doctor Condon.

WOLENTZ

What were the words?

LINDBERGH

In a foreign accent, "Hey, doctor."

WOLENTZ

Since that time, have you heard that same voice.

LINDBERGH

Yes, I have.

CLOSE-UP - HAUPTMAN

Holding his breath. Then he smiles confidently at the witness as if telling him it's all right to tell the truth. That although he has suffered these indignities, these beatings, these cross-examinations for months, that he is willing to forgive. He's so certain that Lindbergh will tell the truth.

WIDER ANGLE - THE COURTROOM

WOLENTZ

Who's voice was it, Colonel, that you heard in the vicinity of that cemetery that night saying, Hey, doctor?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

As he responds.

LINDBERGH

That was Hauptman's voice.

CLOSE-UP - HAUPTMAN

His reaction.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

WOLENTZ'S VOICE

You heard that again. The second time, where?

LINDBERGH

At District Attorney Foley's office in New York in The Bronx.

CLOSE-UP - HAUPTMAN

His smile has faded and a look of disbelief has replaced it.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

He has lied and he knows it, and Hauptman knows it too.

Of all the men in the courtroom, only two of them understand the truth. They are strangely joined together at this moment. Somehow Lindbergh feels unclean because he and Hauptman share this secret.

LINDBERGH'S POV

The spectators' section. CAMERA MOVING in on the HAND of one of the spectators. A YOUNG WOMAN. Clutched in her hand is one of those toy souvenir ladders--a replica of the Lindbergh kidnap ladder which is being sold all over town. These filthy souvenirs--a symbol of the merchandising of a baby's death.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBBED COURTHOUSE - DAY

As Lindbergh gets into his car under armed guard. Police hold back thousands of spectators who mill around, and the photographers who attempt to take that last picture. It is pandemonium. The driver of Lindbergh's vehicle begins honking madly as the police attempt to clear the street. A motorcycle police escort accompanies Lindbergh's car.

INT. LINDBERGH'S CAR

Frank Taylor has been waiting in the car for Lindbergh.

LINDBERGH

What did you think?

FRANK

I couldn't get inside the courtroom. I'm lucky your driver recognized me or I'd be five blocks back trying to get a glimpse of you.

LINDBERGH

It's done.

FRANK

You identified him?

LINDBERGH

Certainly I identified him.

FRANK

It appears they falsified his work records to make it seem he was absent from the job on the day of the kidnapping.

LINDBERGH

The police were trying too hard to make a case, but that doesn't mean he didn't do it. I know he had something to do with it. Once he's convicted, he'll talk. He'll name the others to save his own rotten life.

FRANK

Suppose he doesn't? Will you change your testimony?

Lindbergh does not reply. The two friends ride in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - DAY

The crowd outside awaits a verdict. A REPORTER rushes out onto the steps shouting.

REPORTER

GUILTY! THEY FOUND HIM GUILTY!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

The convicted Bruno Hauptman is facing GENERAL RYAN, Commissioner of the New York Police, and J. EDGAR HOOVER, boss of the FBI.

HAUPTMAN

I told you a hundred times, the shoebox was given to me to hold by my friend Max Fish--before he went back to Germany.

HOOVER

And conveniently died!

HAUPTMAN

Only much later did I open it--out of curiosity.

HOOVER

You knew those gold certificates didn't belong to you. You were stealing them.

HAUPTMAN

The man owed me money.

HOOVER

Fourteen thousand dollars?

HAUPTMAN

He was dead and so I kept the money. Do I have to die for that?

HOOVER

You don't have to die at all if you name your associates.

HAUPTMAN

If I knew anything, don't you think I'd tell?

HOOVER

You have no remorse, no shame for what you did.

Hoover steps away wiping his hands on his vest as if feeling dirty somehow.

HOOVER (CONT'D)

Put this vermin back in his cell.

RYAN

We're offering you a deal. Give us somebody to take your place in that hot seat.

The guards come in and take Hauptman away. Ryan and Hoover stare at one another.

RYAN

Shit! Maybe he hasn't got
anything to tell.

HOOVER

If he doesn't...he'll have to do.
And he'll do fine.

The two famous law enforcement officers exit the cell
together.

RYAN

I know a place where they serve
up a swell plate of corned beef
and cabbage.

HOOVER

Why not? I've worked up one hell
of an appetite.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINDBERGH HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anne Morrow Lindbergh sits at her desk writing. CAMERA MOVES
in on her as she works through the night in her small precise
penmanship.

ANNE (V.O.)

I thought I would lead my child
and teach him, and now he has
gone, first into the biggest
experience in life. He's ahead
of me. Perhaps when I have to
go through it, I will think of
him--my gay and arrogant child
going into it, and it will not
seem so terrifying, so awesome
a little door. Last night I went
to his closet, opened it. A flood
of warmth. His blue coat on a
hook, his red tam. His blue Dutch
suit. A little cowboy scarf we
tied around his neck. In the
pocket of his blue coat I found
a shell and his red mittens. It
was like touching his hand.

CAMERA DROPS LOW to the floor.

MATCH CUT:

CAMERA DROPPING from the ceiling of the room below. Into the den where Lindbergh sits by himself in front of the fireplace listening to the radio.

ANNOUNCER

Today, the anniversary of Lindbergh's epic flight, Amelia Earhart flew from Newfoundland to Ireland. The first woman to cross the Atlantic alone.

CAMERA MOVES in on Lindbergh's face.

The voice on the radio newscast continues as we FLASH BACK TO:

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

Those sidewalks lined to capacity with CROWDS gathered for the ticker tape parade welcoming "Lucky Lindy" back to New York. (The years is 1927.)

VARIOUS SHOTS

Ticker tape parade. The reception is tumultuous. Millions of pieces of paper flutter in the air.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

Riding in the back seat of a town car with the top down. Awed by the crowd--the madness of the welcome. Somehow frightened by all the love directed at him.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

A SOLITARY SHEET OF PAPER FLUTTERING INTO CLOSE-UP.

That strange signature affixed at the bottom of a letter. THREE INTERLOCKING CIRCLES. The signature of the kidnappers.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. THE OFFICE OF NEW JERSEY'S GOVERNOR HOFFMAN - NIGHT

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN and his staff work late into the night.

HOFFMAN

The footprints on the ground behind Lindbergh's house didn't match Hauptman's feet. And finally this, the telephone number
(more)

HOFFMAN (Cont'd)
of Condon scribbled on the wall
of Hauptman's closet and not
rubbed out. Now who'd be stupid
enough to do that? No, that
convenient phone number was put
there by the police. We know that
now. And the attic of Hauptman's
home, why would he tear up a
floorboard to build a ladder when
there are stacks of loose boards
out in the garage?

PROSECUTOR
Even if much of the evidence was
fabricated, it doesn't mean he's
not guilty.

HOFFMAN
It means he's been railroaded.
They thought by doing it they'd
get him to talk. But what if he
is innocent? I believe the Court
of Appeals has to look at his
case.

OFFICIAL
Think about your own political
future? Lindbergh says this is
the man. He said it over and over
again.

HOFFMAN
Lindbergh couldn't see anything.

OFFICIAL
But he said he did! And he's the
Lone Eagle!

PROSECUTOR
Governor, are you willing to call
Lindbergh a liar?

HOFFMAN
So Hauptman dies?

OFFICIAL
Hauptman was dead from the time
that baby's body was found. After
all, somebody had to die so that
we can all sleep at night again.

HOFFMAN

(after a pause)

I intend to issue a stay of execution.

(gets to his feet)

And I'll make it clear that it is my decision and mine alone.

OFFICIAL

Think what you're doing to Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh! What you're going to put them through. They'll have to live this hell all over again.

HOFFMAN

We'll let the Court of Appeals decide. Now excuse me!

The others file out and Governor Hoffman is by himself. The official turns in the doorway and looks back at him.

OFFICIAL

When they bury Hauptman, they might as well stuff you in the box along with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAUDEVILLE THEATER - NIGHT

Glittering, blinking sounds announcing eight ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE, SPECIAL ATTRACTION: JAFSIE, DR. CONDON TELLS ALL ABOUT THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPPING.

INT. THE THEATER - NIGHT

A somewhat older and fatter Jafsie on the stage holding court as an audience listens enthralled. Indeed, Jafsie has become a show business figure.

JAFSIE

The kidnapper began to cough and I put my arm around him and said, "Young fellow, it's cold, you need an overcoat, take mine." But he wouldn't hear of it and I scolded him and said, "Don't be afraid, you have my word. You are my guest, you're under my protection. No harm will come and no harm must come to the Lindbergh child."

Jafsie has become the show business figure, the celebrity that he always wished to be. CAMERA PANS across the faces of the audience. One of them is Frank Taylor, Lindbergh's dear friend. Frank gets up, grabs his coat and hat and walks out on the show.

CLOSE-UP - JAFSIE

catching sight of Frank leaving. For a moment he stutters and loses his place.

JAFSIE

Oh, well, uh, where was I? I will be in the lobby after the show to sign copies of my book which will be available for purchase.

Behind Jafsie, painted on the curtain, is the symbol of the kidnapers, the THREE INTERLOCKING CIRCLES. The backdrop for Jafsie's act. What was once a symbol of terror is now become a backdrop of a vaudeville act. CAMERA MOVES IN on that symbol.

INT. THE DEATH HOUSE - NIGHT

Bruno Hauptman being led to the electric chair.

WARDEN

No more reprieves from the governor, Bruno. This is it--unless you have some information to give us.

HAUPTMAN

No word from Col. Lindbergh? I thought sure he would finally speak up.

WARDEN

You could've saved yourself.

HAUPTMAN

No. Only Lindbergh could have saved me. Now he's the murderer, not me.

The guards strap Hauptman in the chair and attach the electrodes. CAMERA PANS to the rows of witnesses who have come as audience for an execution. The switch is pulled and the lights dim for a brief moment. There is no mercy in any of those faces. One of these witnesses is columnist Walter Winchell.

CLOSE-UP - WINCHELL AT THE MICROPHONE IN A RADIO STUDIO

WINCHELL

The prayers of millions of
American mothers and fathers have
been answered tonight. Bruno
Richard Hauptman is dead. He
might've saved himself by speaking
up but he kept his silence and
for that he's eternally damned.
Good riddance to bad rubbish.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

Listening to the broadcast. Winchell's words might well
apply to Lindbergh himself. He shuts off the radio. The
ANGLE WIDENS to include Anne, sitting almost immobile by
the fireplace. She begins to cry.

ANNE

It's over. It's finally over.

He takes her in his arms and holds her tight. Whatever he's
done, it has been for her sake.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

A CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN sedan drives by.

INT. THE SEDAN - DAY

A GOVERNESS is taking the two-year-old Jon Lindbergh for a
ride. The child is restless.

GOVERNESS

Now be a good boy, Jon. We're
meeting your mommy in a few
minutes.

ELDERLY CHAUFFEUR

I don't want to alarm you, but
I think we're being followed.

GOVERNESS

Oh, My God. Please not again.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

As two cars pull alongside the sedan. One vehicle cuts the sedan off. The chauffeur pulls onto the gravel siding as men jump out of the other cars, rush over and pull open the back door.

MAN

Is that the other Lindbergh kid?

2ND MAN

That's him.

The governess begins to SCREAM. Then we realize the men all have flash cameras. They are PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS and they begin snapping away at the bewildered Lindbergh boy--blinding him with their flashes.

Then they jump in their cars and drive away, leaving the governess in tears. The elderly chauffeur stares after the departing newsman.

ELDERY CHAUFFEUR

(shouting)

Is there any decency left?

GOVERNESS

What's the poor colonel going to do when he hears about this? It's a wonder he hasn't killed somebody!

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE, COMMAND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lindbergh with GENERAL "HAP" ARNOLD of the U.S. Air Force walk past a line up of new pre-WW II fighter planes.

LINDBERGH

They still won't let us alone.
They dog us every step I take.
I need to get out of the country
"Hap." I'm a reserve officer.
Call me up for active duty.

ARNOLD

What I have in mind you can do better as a civilian.

LINDBERGH

Name it.

ARNOLD

The Olympic Games are being held in Berlin shortly, and the German government is inviting as many celebrities as they can lay their hands on as window dressing. They're turning the Games into a major propaganda ploy. I have it on good authority that an invitation is going to be offered to you.

LINDBERGH

How does this involve the Air Force?

ARNOLD

We want you to accept the invitation. You'll be meeting many World War One aviators, flying aces, as well as the designers of their new aircraft. You'll be a big hero to them, and they'll want to show off for you.

LINDBERGH

You mean play "spy"?

ARNOLD

We need to know everything we can. Don't take any undo risks.

LINDBERGH

Germany isn't our enemy.

ARNOLD

Not yet.

LINDBERGH

They're doing to the British what the British did to everybody else.
(beat)

We never seemed to mind when England seized territory all over the world, and killed anybody who tried to take it away from them.

ARNOLD

I'm no great lover of England, either, but right now...

LINDBERGH

Is Roosevelt behind this?

ARNOLD

It's all my idea, Slim, and if
it rubs you the wrong way, don't
go.

LINDBERGH

I've never been to an Olympics.
(beat)
I suppose this request is off the
record?

ARNOLD

Affirmative.

They walk a few more paces in silence, then Arnold speaks
again:

ARNOLD

If you should stop off in London,
we'd rather you didn't mention
this to Ambassador Kennedy.

LINDBERGH

Old Joe has been murder on the
British.

ARNOLD

Well, you know he's still in the
liquor importing business and he's
trying to gain a monopoly on
scotch whisky--so he's withholding
his support of British policy as
a bargaining point.

LINDBERGH

The old reprobate.

ARNOLD

I would have said, the dirty son
of a bitch, but I know you don't
swear.

(beat)

Still don't drink either?

LINDBERGH

Not even Coca Cola or coffee.
It affects my judgment.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, GERMAN WAR MINISTRY, BERLIN - DAY

A meeting of the German general staff. HERMANN GOERING is present along with other high ranking officers. Among them GENERAL MILCHE and COL. ADOLF BAUMKER of the Luftwaffe. GOEBBELS, the Minister of Information, is also present. He is the Nazi propaganda expert.

GOEBBELS

Lindbergh has accepted our invitation to the Olympic Games. He'll be arriving on the 19th.

GOERING

We must definitely arrange a tour of our aircraft factories.

MILCHE

I had so planned.

GOEBBELS

First we will dress up our shop. Place all our inventory on display. Impress him with the power of German industry.

MILCHE

Lindbergh appreciates German energy, virility, organization. He's a rabid anti-Communist.

GOEBBELS

And a perfect example of the Aryan race. Still, I wouldn't want him to realize the Luftwaffe is in no condition to fight a war. If we can bluff the West into accepting our invincibility, there will be no war necessary. The British and the French will capitulate.

GOERING

Colonel, get me the figures.

BAUMKER

I have them here. Currently Britain is producing 325 fighter planes a month. We are producing just 125.

GOERING

Therefore, we must lead Lindbergh to believe we are building eight hundred.

They all laugh as if this is an absurd joke.

UDET

I shall let a few "secrets" to slip about our bomber capability.

GOERING

I like this Lindbergh. He'll be one of our very best friends and, who knows, someday...

GOEBBELS

We have many friends in America among the powerful industrialists. Many have contributed generously to national socialism. They form the nucleus of a facist regime in America that will grow as we succeed in Europe. Lindbergh may be less enthusiastic than some, but we shall make him a happy member of the club.

GOERING

Yes, with his fame and masculine beauty, with the worship he instills in others, let him come. We'll make him ours.

CUT TO:

OLYMPIC GAMES, BERLIN, 1938

Massive cheering throngs. CAMERA ZOOMING in to the honorary box where the dignitaries watch the opening ceremonies, the carrying of the torch. There is Goering and next to him, Lindbergh, both of them flashing their famous smiles. Their photographs are taken by dozens of pressmen but, unlike the newsmen in America, these are dignified and reticent and orderly.

Lindbergh turns to Goering.

GOERING

I hope you are comfortable with the manner in which we handled your arrival.

LINDBERGH

It's different here. Even the press is kept under control. There's a few lessons we could learn from you Germans.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GERMAN AIRCRAFT FACTORY - DAY

Udet, Baumker and General Milche are taking Lindbergh on a tour. They step out onto a field.

LINDBERGH'S POV - LANDING FIELD

Lined with fighters and bombers as far as the eye can see. A massive display. SPECIAL EFFECTS SHOT (matte painting).

UDET

Of course it is crucial to our security that the other nations not realize the extent of our air power.

BAUMKER

Germany now has over ten thousand aircraft ready for war. It is our insurance that there will be no war.

LINDBERGH

If sanity prevails, there won't be.

UDET

We'd be honored if you'd take a couple of our planes up, try them out.

BAUMKER

Then we'll bring you to see Herr Messerschmidt personally and he will give you a rundown on future plans. You might even have a few suggestions. Come then, if you're not too tired.

LINDBERGH

Not tired at all.

MILCHE

Of course you are an American.
We shouldn't be talking so much,
but then we all consider America
to be one of our very best
friends.

They continue their inspection tour of the aircraft factory
as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE OF CLOSE-UPS

The kidnap ladder being built--peg by peg--rung by rung.
Hauptman's alleged creation. A ladder with which Lindbergh
himself will descend into a hell of his own making.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

INT. DIMLY LIT OVAL ROOM OF THE ROOSEVELT WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

As FDR and Lindbergh, almost surreal in the semi-darkness,
face to face. Roosevelt wheeling himself toward Lindbergh,
smiling but somehow threatening. The wheelchair almost seems
to be part of the man.

FDR

Good to have you back home,
Colonel. We need all Americans
at home in times like these.

LINDBERGH

I'm happy to return to military
service even on temporary duty.

FDR

I'm certain we'll have a task for
you in the very near future.

LINDBERGH

I'm amazed how well you get along
with the press, Mr. President.

FDR

Well, I do ask them not to
photograph me with the braces on
my legs showing. Or on crutches.
And I find them reasonable. But
I realize you haven't had the same
experience.

LINDBERGH

Reasonable? You mean the kind of men who broke in through the window of a Trenton morgue to open my baby's casket and photograph his body--those kind of men are reasonable?

FDR

Yes, there are times I feel like Clyde Beatty myself trying to keep the beasts in line.

LINDBERGH

I don't think I'll ever forgive them.

FDR

Colonel, neither of us are good at forgiveness. Keep that in mind.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

The president's threat does not escape his notice.

WIDER SHOT

FDR

Have you plans to return to Europe in the near future?

LINDBERGH

My work as consultant to the airlines takes me back and forth.

FDR

Don't stay away too long. I like being able to keep tabs on you.

LINDBERGH

I'm sure you do, Mr. President.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON - DAY

On the sidewalk in front of the embassy, a newspaper DEALER hawks his wares: the daily papers which read: CHAMBERLAIN TO MEET HITLER IN MUNICH.

NEWS HAWKER

Fuehrer threatens Czechs with war.
Chamberlain to meet Hitler in
Munich. Get your paper.

A limousine passes and the gates of the embassy open to admit Charles A. Lindbergh to the embassy grounds.

INT. EMBASSY, OFFICE OF AMBASSADOR JOSEPH P. KENNEDY - DAY

The elder KENNEDY is a jaunty multimillionaire, very much a ladies' man, tough, ruthless, but with that broad Kennedy smile and personality to spare.

LINDBERGH

I see gas masks being issued and
air raid trenches dug in Hyde
Park. It's madness.

KENNEDY

If Hitler goes into
Czechoslovakia, the Russians and
France are pledged to go to her
aid and, if France goes in, then
England goes in too.

LINDBERGH

The Luftwaffe is powerful enough
to knock the British and French
and Russian air forces out of the
sky with no effort at all.

KENNEDY

Could you make Chamberlain realize
that?

(beat)

He recognizes you're the greatest
American expert on air power.
You've been to Germany three times
and inspected their aircraft
plants.

LINDBERGH

And I've seen the Czech air force.
It's nonexistent.

KENNEDY

These British are so goddamned
hardheaded. I never could stand
them.

LINDBERGH

That's the Irish in you.

KENNEDY

Of course, you can hurry back to your secluded little island with your amazing Dr. Carel, watch the waves smash against the shore and forget about what's going on in the outside world.

LINDBERGH

Right now that sounds like an attractive choice.

KENNEDY

You know as well as I do, it's the Reds we really have to fear. Hitler can take care of them for us if we stay out of a war.

LINDBERGH

You have something specific in mind, Joe.

KENNEDY

If you could prepare a document. But there isn't much time. Chamberlain's flying to Munich tomorrow.

LINDBERGH

If I wrote it today, could you get it to him?

KENNEDY

I'll make sure he takes it on the plane. Who knows, it might influence his decision.

Lindbergh sits down at the desk.

LINDBERGH

May I? Do you think this would impress him? "I believe the German factories are capable of producing five hundred to eight hundred planes per month. Germany now has the means of destroying London, Paris and Prague."

KENNEDY

Isn't that laying it on too thick?

LINDBERGH

It's the truth.

KENNEDY

Then, of course, include it.

LINDBERGH

I'll go back to my hotel and draft the entire letter.

KENNEDY

I'll have a messenger pick it up and I'll deliver it to Chamberlain personally.

LINDBERGH

Roosevelt wouldn't be too happy to know we're doing this.

KENNEDY

Let's hope he never finds out.

DISSOLVE TO:

AERIAL SHOT--BRITISH GOVERNMENT PLANE EN ROUTE ACROSS ENGLISH
INT. THE PLANE - DAY

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, Prime Minister of England, en route to the Munich conference. Seated in the aircraft he reads Lindbergh's letter. "England and France are too weak to protect themselves."

CHAMBERLAIN

God. I hadn't realized the scope of their superiority.

AIDE

How can you be sure of Lindbergh's figures? Perhaps he's been duped by the Nazis.

CHAMBERLAIN

Not Lindbergh. I might think that of anyone else, but not him.

(beat)

We need time. To resist now when we're not ready would simply mean defeat.

AIDE

We'll be landing in Munich in one hour and twenty minutes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL, AMERICAN EMBASSY BERLIN, GERMANY - NIGHT

Among the honored guests are high-ranking German officers and members of the German Foreign Office.

TIGHT SHOT - THE DAIS

Air Marshall Goering seated next to Lindbergh. One of his AIDES brings him a small red velvet box.

CLOSE UP THE RED BOX

As Goering fondles it. CAMERA PANS TO Lindbergh, engaged in conversation with the person to his left. He's not aware of what's about to happen.

WIDER SHOT

Goering rises to his feet, there's a smattering of applause.

GOERING

It is my pleasure at this time
to honor a great friend of Germany
and a great friend of aviation.
For services to the world and
particularly for his historic 1927
solo flight across the Atlantic,
the Fuehrer has asked me to
present to Col. Charles A.
Lindbergh this...the service cross
of the German Eagle.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

He hadn't expected this. He rises uncomfortably to his feet.

ANGLE ON THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY, KILMER

Kilmer turns to one of his assistants.

KILMER

Were you aware this was to be
done? Had they given you any
warning?

ASSISTANT

I'm not certain Lindbergh knew,
but he can't very well refuse it
now, can he?

BACK TO THE DAIS

as Goering pins the medal on Lindbergh. CAMERA MOVES TO

CLOSE-UP - ANNE LINDBERGH

Watching with alarm.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BERLIN - NIGHT

Lindbergh alone with Anne.

ANNE

Honor? It's an albatross, that's what it is.

LINDBERGH

I couldn't very well throw it in his face. Besides, he's a great aviator himself.

ANNE

If they'd given you a medal years ago after the flight, it would have been a different story, but now, right after Munich...

LINDBERGH

If it wasn't this medal, they'd find some other excuse to attack me back home. As a matter of fact, it looks good on me.

He looks at himself in the mirror.

ANNE

General Milche's wife tells me that you've been asking them about finding a home in Berlin.

LINDBERGH

We'll be a lot safer living here than in London or Paris if trouble starts. Besides, I feel at home with these people. Berlin's a city of culture. It would be good for the children.

(beat)

Albert Speer, Hitler's architect, said they'd gladly build us a house anywhere we wished.

ANNE

Why build? I understood there was a very nice house near Wannsee. Well furnished with a lovely garden.

LINDBERGH

I see you wives pass all the information along.

ANNE

She said it even had a small lake with swans in it. It sounded adorable.

LINDBERGH

Yes, but there was a problem. It turned out that the house was owned by Jews. They were only trying to rent it to us in order to prevent it from being seized by the government. We don't want to be involved in anything like that.

ANNE

I certainly wouldn't want to take those people's home away from them. These racial laws provoke so much bad feeling--

LINDBERGH

They make such a messy job of their anti-Semitism here. Don't think it doesn't exist in England or in France. And what about all those Russian pogroms? You don't think America could ever have a Jewish president or vice president, do you? It's foolishness to put it all on the Germans. If only Hitler wouldn't always say what's on his mind. For a politician I guess that's admirable.

ANNE

I don't think there's anything admirable about living in Berlin with my children. I couldn't comfortably accept that idea. It would not be home to me.

LINDBERGH

Well, then we'll drop it.

ANNE

Thank you.

Lindbergh prowls around the hotel room nervously. Opens the window and looks out across the balcony at the streets of Berlin. He just can't let the issue drop.

LINDBERGH

My God, anyone knows that Germany has treated its Jews better than any country in Europe. They've had every opportunity here, and believe me, they've taken it.

ANNE

Charles, you don't mean any of this. You love the Guggenheims and our other Jewish friends.

LINDBERGH

My personal feelings have nothing to do with political realities.

ANNE

Promise me you'll never repeat that outside this room. You'd infuriate everyone. They'd call you a Nazi--and you're not.

LINDBERGH

I saw what happened when my father took on the catholics. They ran him out of congress. I'm not that stupid.

ANNE

I'd like to return to Ireland tomorrow. You have work to do on the "heart" and we'll be away from all this.

From outside the window comes the strains of German music--gay, full of grace and laughter. The kind of good Germany that Charles A. Lindbergh has grown infatuated with. A fantasy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY COAST OF IRELAND - DAY

Huge waves lash upon the shore.

INT. DR. CAREL'S LABORATORY IN IRELAND - DAY

Carel and his staff crowded around a working model of a very crude ARTIFICIAL HEART.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE LINDBERGH

Who seems to be very much a part of the team effort.

CAREL

It functions. In the months ahead
we will make it more practical.

ASSISTANT

But will the medical profession
accept it?

CAREL

They will be revolted at first.
Don't you agree, Lindbergh.

LINDBERGH

I once predicted you'd be burned
at the stake.

CAREL

And you along with me. This would
not have been possible without
you. I dreamed it. You organized
it. I should like you to put your
name on it alongside mine.

LINDBERGH

I've had enough publicity for one
lifetime.

CAREL

I need you to return to America,
to do what I cannot do. To make
them accept the artificial heart.

LINDBERGH

Anne won't like it, but it's time
I went back.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - THAT LARGE MECHANICAL HEART APPARATUS

A cold, unfeeling, functional, oversized machine. It will
never wear out. Nor will it ever feel.

CUT TO:

The screen is filled with the headline: "FRANCE DECLARES WAR ON HITLER!"

MONTAGE SHOT

CROWD IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN waving small American flags and chanting: "Lindbergh, Lindbergh, Lindbergh" over and over again.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH AT MICROPHONE

LINDBERGH

Before it is too late, we must seek new leadership in this country. It is now time for us to turn to new policies and to that new leadership!

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

Roaring with approval.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL ROOM, WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Roosevelt, Ickes and his staff, listen to the radio. J. Edgar Hoover is among them.

ICKES

What the hell does he mean, new leadership? You've still got three years left on your term.

FDR

Maybe he's out to get me impeached.

ICKES

Or something worse. A coup. I have good reason to believe he's been talking to members of the armed forces, gathering together a small but dangerous group of men who could...

FRD

(interrupts)

I don't think Mr. Hitler's knight of a German Eagle has the slightest notion that he can overthrow this government. He's playacting.

(more)

FRD (Cont'd)
Nonetheless, I'll ask Mr. Hoover
to keep an eye on him.

HOOVER
I'll put him under surveillance
for as long as you like.

ICKES
If Hitler wins this war, Lindbergh
expects to sit in the Oval Office.

FDR
Let's let the big Swede keep
talking. If he goes on long
enough, he'll put his foot in his
mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

One of the most exclusive and fashionable men's clubs. The
walls are panelled, the chairs are of old leather, men speak
in whispers as colored waiters circulate bringing cocktails.

Lindbergh has entered and has moved to a quiet, secluded
corner of the club. He looks at his watch, then at the wall
opposite.

LINDBERGH'S POV - THE WALL

There are many photographs of celebrities and one area on
the wall which is now bare. There is an outline of the
object which was removed from the wall. It has hung there
a long time and therefore the wall is slightly discolored.
Something the size of a small pennant has been taken down.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

Somewhat disturbed. He crosses to the PORTER.

LINDBERGH
What happened to the Lindbergh
banner that always hung there?

PORTER
Oh, that was taken down to be
cleaned.

LINDBERGH
And they never got around to
putting it back up?

PORTER

I think there was some sort of
vote by the members. But that's
none of my business, sir.

LINDBERGH

Nor any of mine.

He turns and looks around the room.

LINDBERGH'S POV

PANNING the rather conservative MEMBERS of the club. None
of them are looking at him. Everyone has taken pains to
avert their eyes by reading a magazine, newspaper, or to turn
their back. Gone are the days that Lindbergh would be
welcome to this club with handshakes and pats on the back.
Now he's an outcast. He starts to walk out.

But at that moment, Frank Taylor arrives to keep their
appointment.

Only Frank is now wearing the uniform of a colonel in the
United States Army. He approaches Lindbergh with a smile.

LINDBERGH

Well, does the uniform still fit?

FRANK

They had to let it out, some.

LINDBERGH

Was there some reason why we had
to meet here?

FRANK

I think so.

He puts his arm around Lindbergh and leads him to a corner
where there is no one around.

FRANK

I have good reason to believe the
FBI has got your telephones
tapped.

Lindbergh is shocked for a moment.

LINDBERGH

Do they think I'm some kind of
saboteur?

FRANK

They don't know what to make of you. But, Charlie, there's still time to turn back.

LINDBERGH

That's what everybody told me before I took off for Paris, but you advised me to follow my own hunches...remember?

FRANK

I also remember how your father fought to keep America out of World War I. If that wasn't bad enough, he had to attack the entire Catholic church. Call them subversives! And what did it get him? He lost his race for governor. He lost his seat in Congress. And you know damn well his obsession against the Catholics was irrational. Your attacking Roosevelt is irrational too.

LINDBERGH

I'm trying to keep this country from being defeated.

FRANK

For Christ's sake, Hitler's breaking every treaty, grabbing every piece of territory he can lay his hands on, murdering thousands of people.

LINDBERGH

He'd negotiate a peace if Churchill would let him.

FRANK

Charlie, I thought you hated newspapermen.

LINDBERGH

Who has a better reason to?

FRANK

So how come you keep leaking stories to them? Every time you write a letter to Roosevelt, the
(more)

FRANK (Cont'd)
newspapers get a copy of it before
he does. It's no wonder he's out
to get you.

LINDBERGH
He hasn't got me yet.

FRANK
What's the use? I better go.

LINDBERGH
Afraid you're being watched?

FRANK
I'm sure of it. If you're doing
anything you shouldn't be...no,
not you. You're a straight arrow.
No women, no booze.

LINDBERGH
What's wrong with that?

FRANK
Show me a man with no vices and
I'll show you a man who scares
me.

LINDBERGH
Did you always feel that way about
me?

FRANK
Frankly, I always thought you'd
get yourself killed. I figured
one day your chute wouldn't open.
But for Christ's sake, you're not
even wearing one anymore.

LINDBERGH
Thanks for taking the time, Frank.
I don't suppose we'll be seeing
much of each other.

FRANK
Slim, ever since...the trial...

LINDBERGH
Don't ever bring that up again.

FRANK
It's as if you went out of your
way to make everybody hate you.

LINDBERGH

Now why would anyone want that?

Frank could elaborate, but he doesn't. Instead he exits. Lindbergh watches him depart, maintaining absolute control--right down to that thin smile.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDBERGH'S HOUSE - DAY

As a GROUP OF NEWSPAPERMEN, a select few, filter in.

NEWSMAN

Well, imagine being invited into
Lindy's house.

2ND NEWSMAN

Think he's planning to poison us?

The newsmen enter the large reception area where Lindbergh awaits them, flanked by his wife Anne.

LINDBERGH

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you
for coming.

NEWSMAN

Well, it came as quite a surprise.

2ND NEWSMAN

How do you feel about FDR calling
you a copperhead?

LINDBERGH

I'm not going to answer any
questions, I'm going to read a
letter I've sent to President
Roosevelt today.

One of Lindbergh's young SECRETARIES passes out copies of the document.

NEWSMAN

A copperhead is pretty close to
being called a traitor, wouldn't
you think?

Lindbergh looks at him with icy calm and ignores the question.

LINDBERGH

(reading)

Since you in your capacity as President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Army have clearly implied that I am no longer of use to this country as a reserve officer, and in view of other implications that you, my president and superior officer, have made as to my loyalty to my country, my character and my motives, I can see no honorable alternative to tendering my resignation as colonel in the United States Army Air Corp. I am therefore forwarding my resignation to the Secretary of War.

(beat)

The Air Corp is one of the things that has meant the most to me in life. I place it second only to my right as a citizen to speak freely. Respectfully, Charles A. Lindbergh.

He puts down the document. The newsmen for once are speechless.

LINDBERGH

I think that covers it.

The newsmen grab copies of the document and race out of the house to meet their deadlines. The secretaries depart. Soon Lindbergh and Anne are alone.

ANNE

I wish you had waited.

LINDBERGH

Annie, it was the hardest thing I ever had to do.

She embraces him.

ANNE

It's not fair. They don't understand.

LINDBERGH

Oh, there'll be celebration in the White House tonight.

ANNE

Someday...in years to come,
they'll look back and realize.

LINDBERGH

By that time, this may be a
defeated country. Bombed out.
Devastated.

ANNE

You don't really believe that?
Sometimes you sound like you hope
it will happen. You don't want
this country to lose a war even
if it deserves to.

He pulls away from her, paces the room.

LINDBERGH

There's nothing else Roosevelt
can do to me. I'm free. I can
go at it and there's no way he
can stop me.

(he pauses; looks at
her strangely)

Have I lost you, too?

ANNE

No.

LINDBERGH

Your mother won't have anything
to do with me. Most of the
members of your family avoid me
like a plague.

ANNE

I defend you to them every chance
I get.

LINDBERGH

You'd never turn your back on me.
You're no copperhead.

ANNE

Now don't start in on me, Charles.
I'm all you've got left.

LINDBERGH

They used to say I was the most
loved man in America. "Some love"
that turns to hate so easily.

ANNE

They'd love you again, if you let them.

LINDBERGH

What did all that get me--but a dead child?

ANNE

I've tried to forgive, why can't you?

LINDBERGH

Because I've seen the nature of the American people. You know when I used to walk the wings or do the parachute jumps, I often thought that the crowd really wanted me to fall. They came to cheer me but at the same time it would have been so much more exciting if I fell.

ANNE

That's nonsense.

LINDBERGH

After the Paris flight, I suppose they were waiting for me to try something else. Fly the pole. Crash, or better yet, vanish like poor Amelia. Their "heroes" should just vanish--like gods.

ANNE

I really don't want to be around you if you're going to talk like this.

LINDBERGH

I'm sorry.

ANNE

I think that's about the first time you ever apologized to me for anything. Come on, all those reporters should be gone by now. Let's lock up the house and take the phone off the hook.

She crosses back to him and kisses him. He's still her hero.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDBERGH'S CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We INTERCUT between both ends of a phone conversation with Dr. Carel in New York.

LINDBERGH

(on telephone)

Hello, Carel. I'm glad you called. I've applied for the patent for the heart and I expect to...

CAREL

I desperately need your help. When the Nazis occupied France, my wife had no time to get out. She is trapped in Brittany.

LINDBERGH

There's nothing I can do--

CAREL

There is. When you speak on radio again, will you not add a few words advocating the prompt liberation of France?

LINDBERGH

How can I? You know I'm opposed to intervention. If you want to see your wife, I suggest you travel to occupied France. You'd be welcomed there.

CAREL

I would be looked upon as a collaborator.

LINDBERGH

By whom? The losing side? Nobody cares about the opinions of the loser.

CAREL

Charles, I thought you understood, so much of what I preached over the years was rhetoric. I tried to be outrageous to attract attention to myself and my work. But these things you say--you sound as if you mean them.

LINDBERGH

Don't worry. The war won't last long in any case. Go to occupied France and don't worry about what anyone says. I've had both and I find I much prefer being hated to being liked. People leave you alone. Goodbye, Doctor.

He hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CROWDED AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The "America First" banner hangs across the stage. Many speakers are seated on the podium. American flags are everywhere, including those scattered among the crowd. These are people of middle America. Farmers, workers all who have come to hear the great American hero, Lindbergh, speak against entry into the war.

SUPERIMPOSE "DES MOINES, IOWA"

SPEAKER

And now that great American,
Charles A. Lindbergh.

The crowd erupts in cheers and applause, but from certain sections of the audience come boos and catcalls.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

He speaks into microphones which carry his words over radio networks to millions of others.

LINDBERGH

I come here today to tell you that England's position is desperate. Her population is not large enough and her armies are not strong enough to invade the continent of Europe and win the war which she declared against Germany. Her geographical position is such that she cannot win the war by aviation regardless of how many planes we send her. Even if America enters the war, it is highly improbable that the Allied Armies could invade Europe and overcome the might of the Axis forces.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

Deeply troubled--

BACK TO LINDBERGH

LINDBERGH (CONT'D)

If it were not for her hope that she can make the United States responsible for the war, financially as well as militarily, I believe that England would have negotiated a peace in Europe many months ago and be better off for doing so.

ANGLE ON THE OTHER SPEAKERS ON THE PODIUM

Duly impressed by Lindbergh's power over the crowd.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

as he leans forward toward the microphone. He does not speak, he thinks.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

Hushed, not a murmur as if they anticipate something quite important is about to happen.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

LINDBERGH (CONT'D)

I can understand why the Jewish people wish to overthrow the Nazis. The persecution they have suffered in Germany would be sufficient to make bitter enemies of any race.

(pause)

No person with a sense of the dignity of mankind condones the persecution of the Jewish race in Germany. Certainly I and my friends do not.

ANGLE ON THE SPEAKERS - SEATED ON THE STAGE

There are many nods. They exchange glances. It is as if he is speaking for all of them.

BACK TO LINDBERGH

As the audience begins to applaud. Not shouting and screaming, but rather strong, polite, dignified applause. These are righteous people and he has spoken out for righteousness.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

For a moment he turns away from the microphone as if finished but then decides to go on. It's as if he can't leave well enough alone.

LINDBERGH (CONT'D)

But, though I sympathize with the Jews, let me add a word of warning. No person of honesty and vision can look on their pro-war policy here today without seeing the dangers involved in such a policy both for us--and for them.

(pause)

Instead of agitating for war, the Jewish groups in this country should be opposing it in every possible way, for they will be among the first to feel its consequence.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

There's a slight murmur, a rustling about in the seats. Their discomfort is evident.

ANGLE ON THE MEN ON THE PODIUM

They have grown tense. JAMES FOSTER is one of those who is shaking his head violently, trying to catch Lindbergh's eye, trying to signal him to stop. But the speaker goes on as if transfixed by the crowd.

LINDBERGH (CONT'D)

Tolerance is a virtue that depends upon peace and strength. History shows that it cannot survive war and devastation. A few far-sighted Jewish people realize this and stand opposed to intervention, but the majority still do not. The greatest danger
(more)

LINDBERGH (Cont'd)
 to this country lies in their
 large ownership and influence in
 our motion pictures, our press,
 our radio and our government...

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Lindbergh's friend listens to the broadcast--in
 astonishment.

FRANK
 You had to do it! Why didn't you
 just shoot yourself?

CUT TO:

INT. THE OVAL ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE

The room is rather darkened. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sits in
 his wheelchair before the fireplace listening to the radio.
 With him is ICKES and others of his TOP ADVISORS. They are
 hearing Lindbergh's words over the radio.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE ON RADIO
 We cannot blame them for looking
 out for what they believe are
 their own interests, but we must
 also look out for ours.

ICKES
 I can't believe it. His father
 blew everything by attacking
 Catholics, so he attacks Jews.

FDR
 We didn't have to do anything.
 He did it to himself. "Lucky
 Lindy" has deliberately crashed
 at sea.

CUT TO:

SPEAKERS' PLATFORM IN DES MOINES

Lindbergh at the microphone.

LINDBERGH
 We cannot allow the natural
 passions and prejudices of other
 people to lead our country to
 destruction.

There is just a smattering of applause and more murmuring in the crowd. Lindbergh realizes he has lost them and he himself is somehow lost. He looks to his left and sees Foster on his feet, several of the others, important in "America First," have also risen and are leaving the platform. Distinguished men are actually exiting the stage slowly, without fanfare.

CLOSE-UP - FOSTER

As he looks at Lindbergh with reproachfulness in his eyes.

CLOSE ON LINDBERGH

Deep inside he realizes exactly what he's done. And why!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES OF THE "AMERICA FIRST" COMMITTEE - DAY

Lindbergh facing FAIRWELL and STANDISH as well as OTHER MEMBERS of the committee.

STANDISH

We're getting resignations from every part of the country. As well as attacks from almost every major newspaper.

LINDBERGH

I might have expected as much.

STANDISH

Not just Jewish organizations. Protestants, Catholic. Everybody is down on us.

FAIRWELL

It was inadvisable to mention the Jewish problem publicly.

LINDBERGH

You feel just as strongly about it as I do.

(beat)

All of you--you belong to restricted clubs and always have.

FAIRWELL

It's not--discussed.

STANDISH

Frankly, we'd rather you didn't speak at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

LINDBERGH

I have to speak while there's still time. Roosevelt is going to put laws across that will prevent opposition from speaking out. He's going to get aside the constitutional rights...

STANDISH

(interrupts)

Just to get you?

Another of the committee steps forward. His name is ROBERT CONWELL.

CONWELL

I didn't come down here of a Sunday morning to hear a rehash of Colonel Lindbergh's lunatic speeches. I think I'd prefer to disassociate myself with this organization.

STANDISH

Now calm down, Robert.

CONWELL

The man's positively paranoid when it comes to Roosevelt.

There's a knock at the door of the office and a SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, gentlemen, but there was something just came over the radio I think you'll want to hear.

CONWELL

Not now.

SECRETARY

There's been an attack.

There is silence in the room.

LINDBERGH

What are you talking about?

SECRETARY

Listen to it yourself. Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Our fleet has been bombed. They say the Japanese.

CONWELL

Oh, my God, my son's ship is in
Pearl Harbor.

STANDISH

When did this happen?

SECRETARY

They just interrupted all
programs.

The men rush into the other room to listen to the radio broadcast. We can hear the strains of it coming over--the announcer's voice stating that the amount of casualties have not yet been released, but that many American ships had been sunk in the harbor.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on Lindbergh muttering to himself.

LINDBERGH

Well, he got us in through the
back door.

Standish, who is just leaving the office, turns and comes back.

STANDISH

I heard that, and if I were you,
I'd be thinking now of writing
to Roosevelt and eating crow.
Begging for your commission back.
Like it or not, we're in this war
now.

LINDBERGH

I won't go to Roosevelt, I'll go
around him.

STANDISH

Have it your way.

He walks to the door and looks back.

STANDISH (CONT'D)

I suppose the "America First"
committee has just ceased to exist
and, if we're lucky, in a few
years people will forget it ever
existed. But they'll never forget
you!

Standish exits the room. From a distance we continue to hear the words of the radio announcer broadcasting tragic news from Hawaii.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARTIME WASHINGTON DC - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES OF SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON, MUNITIONS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Stimson and Lindbergh face-to-face.

LINDBERGH

I appreciate your seeing me. As you know, I'm pretty good with airplanes and in this emergency...

STIMSON

I'll be straight with you, Lindy. I've heard your speeches. I couldn't put any man in a command position who had so little faith in the cause we're fighting for.

Lindbergh is rather desperate. He has trouble getting the words out.

LINDBERGH

Several years ago I did a favor for the Department of War. General Arnold asked me to go to Germany...it was his suggestion that I inspect the German aircraft industry. I went as a service to my country.

STIMSON

But you stayed to be seduced by the enemy.

LINDBERGH

We're in this war now and I want to help win it. Isn't there anything I can do?

STIMSON

There's only one man that can help you.

LINDBERGH

I can't go to Roosevelt.

STIMSON

That's what it's going to take.

CUT TO:

Over the BLACKNESS ON THE SCREEN, we HEAR, the rumble and groan of equipment at work, and then the scene FADES UP to REVEAL.

INT. FORD MOTOR PLANT, DETROIT

Which has now been converted into wartime industry. Airplanes, tanks, and jeeps are being built here.

VARIOUS ANGLES - DEFENSE PLANT IN MOTION

CAMERA DROPPING DOWN to REVEAL Lindbergh being escorted through the plant by executives of Ford. All around him weaponry is being fashioned. The battle is on and everyone is in it but himself. The SCREAM of machinery grows to an almost unbearable pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF HENRY FORD - DAY

As Lindbergh is ushered in. FORD is a small, wiry man, one of the great inventors, innovators of our century, and a man with a severely limited view of the human race.

LINDBERGH

Mr. Ford, I was pleased to receive your invitation.

FORD

I thought you were going back with Pan American.

LINDBERGH

Something happened.

FORD

What about United Aircraft and Curtiss-Wright?

LINDBERGH

Something happened there, too.

FORD

Something called Roosevelt. He's still got you where he wants you and he's going to keep you there. Care for a glass of carrot juice?

LINDBERGH

I've always been partial to your carrot juice.

FORD

You better be, I invented it.

Ford crosses to the bar and pours two sizable glasses of the juice. He crosses over and hands one to Lindbergh.

LINDBERGH

Your second greatest invention, Mr. Ford.

FORD

And maybe my finest. When I see the uses the internal combustion engine is being put to, well, we should never have let ourselves get involved in a war with Germany and Japan but now that it's happened, we'll build bigger and better machines to get it over with. I want you to be with us. I want you at our bomber plant at Willow Run. I can only give you \$666 a month, but...

LINDBERGH

Mr. Ford, I need a job and you're the only one that wants me. I'd be proud to help you build your B-24.

FORD

They're only trying to destroy you because you had the nerve to go on the air and say what I've been saying for the past twenty five years in my newspaper. They tried to shut me up. They said it was bad for sales, and now here we are in the middle of somebody else's war.

Ford crosses to his desk, opens a drawer and takes out a small booklet, brings it back to Lindbergh.

FORD

Have you read this?

INSERT THE BOOKLET

It is a privately printed book entitled: THE PROTOCOL OF THE ELDERS OF ZION.

TWO SHOT - LINDBERGH'S REACTION

He doesn't want to take the document, but it's forced upon him.

LINDBERGH

I've heard about it.

FORD

It tells the whole story right here. How they egg us into one war after another. They come into every country, wheedle their way in, get control, and the fool part of it is that we let them succeed. This Jewish conspiracy has got to be revealed and stopped someday.

LINDBERGH

I think I said my piece on that.

FORD

And the Jews are making you pay for it. The same Jews that forced this war. I wrote a whole book about it.

He goes to his bookshelf where there's a dozen copies of a book called "The International Jew." He takes one down and presents it to Lindbergh.

LINDBERGH

I'll look it over, and thanks for the job.

FORD

You should have come here first. Remember that time back in 1927 when you took me up for a ride in that plane? Well, I'll admit now, I was scared, but not as scared as I am of what this war and those Jews are doing to our white, Christian America. We can't come out of the war with them running the show. You can see that, Charles.

LINDBERGH
(after a beat)
I'll report to Willow Run on
Monday.

FORD
We're two of a kind, Charles.
You're sure you wouldn't like some
more carrot juice?

LINDBERGH
Next time.

FORD
Put those books under your coat.
No need of everybody in the outer
office seeing you with them.

He exits. Ford crosses back to his desk and opens the
drawer.

INT. THE DRAWER - POV SHOT

It's just jammed full of copies of this privately published
anti-Semitic material.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDBERGH'S STUDY - NIGHT

Colonel Frank Taylor is with him. Frank is waving the books
in his hands.

FRANK
What are you doing with this crap?

LINDBERGH
I'm not particularly fond of
carrot juice either, but the man
gave me a job.

FRANK
Ford's a great industrialist, but
he's a sick man. He spent a
fortune printing this garbage and
distributing it around the country
with the help of Father Coghlin
and the other Jew baiters. Now
they think you're one of them.

LINDBERGH
I wasn't going to read them. Tear
them up, burn them! But I'm
reporting to Willow Run.

FRANK

I came here to offer you something else. My friends at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota are setting up a series of experiments in their clinic's pressure chambers. They need a man with good lung power and low blood pressure. It's to measure capacities in altitude tests. Normally, I'd recommend a younger man.

LINDBERGH

I'm not in the position to turn down any work nowadays. I'll take both jobs.

FRANK

I'll tell them you'll be there in two weeks. It's a beginning. There'll be other offers and sooner or later you'll get your shot at fighting this war.

Frank shakes hands and leaves. Lindbergh is alone. He picks up the two books that he received from Ford, crosses to a trash basket, but then he hesitates. He hasn't yet torn the pages. He switches on the desk lamp and sits down and begins to read. He becomes more deeply engrossed as if infected--drawn against his will by these lies, fantasies of hate that he doesn't seem able to escape. It is as if Lindbergh is a perfect engine, a perfect flying machine with but one tiny flaw. The fatal flaw.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - CARPENTER'S HANDS

At work, building that crude ladder, fitting the pieces together, securing them with pegs and nails--we note the lump on the wrist at the base of the left thumb. A deformation on the carpenter's hand, the real kidnapper's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT DEFENSE PLANT AT WILLOW RUN - DAY

TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH THE PLANT

Lindbergh is with a military contingent who are inspecting the assembly line. Among them BRIG. GENERAL LEWIS E. WOOD of the Marines.

GEN. WOOD

We're still having screw-ups with
the new Corsair.

LINDBERGH

It's difficult to iron these out
when we only have hearsay
information.

GEN. WOOD

Then someone with expert knowledge
ought to hop out to the Pacific
and see what's happening. Why
not you?

LINDBERGH

I'm not in the service.

GEN. WOOD

Why can't you go as a civilian?

LINDBERGH

The White House would never allow
it.

GEN. WOOD

Does the White House have to know?

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKS BROTHERS MEN'S STORE - DAY

A New York shop which is now specializing in officer's
uniforms during time of war. Lindbergh is being outfitted.
Looking on is ADMIRAL DEWITT C. RAMSEY, Assistant Chief of
Bureau of Aeronautics, who has accompanied Lindbergh to
Brooks Brothers.

TAILOR

And which insignia will you be
wearing, sir?

LINDBERGH

No insignia.

TAILOR

I don't understand.

RAMSEY

You don't have to understand.
When can we have the uniform?

TAILOR

How about Tuesday?

RAMSEY

How about tonight? What time do you close?

TAILOR

You'll have it by six.

The tailor leaves with the jacket in his hand. Lindbergh looks at himself in the full-length mirror.

RAMSEY

You're going as a civilian technical assistant. The White House hasn't been informed. I haven't told the Secretary of the Navy either.

LINDBERGH

Once I'm over there, information is sure to leak back.

RAMSEY

Not necessarily. There's censorship on messages from combat areas. The main thing is to get you out of the country without attracting attention. Now let's get over to the hospital for those inoculations.

LINDBERGH

What can I say, Admiral?

RAMSEY

We need you out there, Slim. Somebody's got to show these young pilots how to get the most out of these Corsairs. We're losing too many of them. If you save a few lives it will be worth the risks I'm taking.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANDING FIELD, GUADALCANAL, THE PACIFIC - DAY

A group of American Corsairs come in for a landing (stock footage).

ANOTHER ANGLE - LANDING STRIP

As the pilots and crew members disembark from the planes. The COMMANDING OFFICER of the station is waiting for them. He looks tense and angry.

C.O.

Lindbergh, I want to talk to you.

LINDBERGH

Yes, sir.

C.O.

Did I see you just climb out of one of those planes?

LINDBERGH

I figured the best way to find out how the Corsairs were behaving in combat was to fly one in operation.

C.O.

I see you're wearing a .45 automatic and a parachute.

LINDBERGH

There was a spare one lying around.

C.O.

You're fortunate Japanese planes didn't put in an appearance.

LINDBERGH

We strafed some Japanese installations on Rabaul.

C.O.

You didn't fire your guns, did you?

LINDBERGH

I'm afraid they just sort of went off.

C.O.

Jesus. You told me you were taking reconnaissance over Green Island and here you are flying combat missions. A civilian. That's all I need over here, a major scandal.

The C.O. stops. He looks across the field. A dozen of the other pilots are watching, grinning.

BACK TO LINDBERGH

as he grins too. That boyish innocent grin.

CLOSE-UP - C.O.

Perturbed but unable to escape the humor of the situation. The other pilots are enjoying it, Lindbergh's enjoying it, and what the hell. There's precious little pleasure a man can get out of this war.

C.O.

All right, let's wait a few days and see if anyone kicks up a fuss. And God only help me if MacArthur finds out about this. Walk with me a bit.

TRUCKING SHOT as the C.O. and Lindbergh walk together across the field.

C.O.

Well, what do you think about the way the planes are performing?

LINDBERGH

The planes are all right. It's the pilots I worry about. They're nervous. And because they're nervous, they're using too rich a mixture in their engines, cutting down on the efficiency of the fuel and limiting their range.

C.O.

Can you do anything about that?

LINDBERGH

I think so, given time.

C.O.

Get busy. You may not have much time and, before your skinny ass is run out of here by the Washington bigwigs, I'd like to see some results.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY

American Corsairs flying another combat mission, this time over New Ireland, a Pacific island occupied by the Japanese.

INT. LINDBERGH'S CORSAIR - DAY

CO-PILOT

We're approaching the Japanese installations below. They have no aerial cover. Pick your targets at will.

LINDBERGH

We're going in.

VARIOUS SHOTS

American Corsairs strafing the beach, blowing up Japanese installations.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Japanese running for their lives. More explosions. An ammunition dump is hit.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

He's at the guns, firing his machine guns and enjoying every moment of combat.

EXT. LINDBERGH'S PLANE

As it veers off and makes another turn, coming back to the beach again.

POV FROM LINDBERGH'S PLANE

The beach below. The Japanese have fled. All but one man. He stands at the edge of the beach, the surf running up to his feet, staring up at the oncoming American fighter. He doesn't run, he doesn't cower, he stands there staring straight ahead at his killer.

LOW ANGLE SHOT

The Corsair coming down toward CAMERA.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

At the machine gun. He is startled and disturbed by the failure of the man to run.

POV THROUGH LINDBERGH'S SIGHTS

The Japanese standing on the beach immobile, defiant, as seen by Lindbergh.

FLASH CUT:

For a moment, the man standing on the beach refusing to show fear is Bruno Richard Hauptman--the man Lindbergh sent to the electric chair.

MED. SHOT - COCKPIT

The co-pilot, at the controls, pulls the plane out of its dive. Lindbergh has not fired.

CO-PILOT
Why didn't you shoot?

LINDBERGH
I don't know.

CO-PILOT
You had him in your sights.

LINDBERGH
He wouldn't--run. He must've been
a very brave man.

ANGLE ON THE BEACH

The lone Japanese still standing, staring at the Corsair departing.

HIS POV

The American plane returning to formation.

CLOSE-UP - ACTUAL FACE OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER

Still defiant. A man probably much like Lindbergh--crazy, suicidal, very much an individual.

INT. CORSAIR COCKPIT

As the formation turns back toward Guadalcanal.

CO-PILOT
You could've "had" him.

LINDBERGH
Somehow his life is worth a
thousand times more to me than
his death.

CO-PILOT
Look out. Force of Zeros coming
in at ten o'clock.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Japanese Zeros closing on the formation of American planes.

MORE ANGLES

A dogfight in the sky over the Pacific Islands. Lindbergh's plane weaving to prevent being hit. The Japanese planes outnumber the Americans. Lindbergh's plane banks and comes up behind one of the Zeros. Lindbergh opens fire. The Zero bursts into flames, swerves, the pilot loses control.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Other Japanese planes converging on Lindbergh. Lindbergh tries to lose them, taking the controls away from the co-pilot.

VARIOUS SPECTACULAR AERIAL MANEUVERS

as three Japanese Zeros pursue Lindbergh's plane. He leads them away from the American formation but it looks like he's in desperate trouble.

Then the American planes come to his aid.

MORE ANGLES

Japanese planes being shot down by the American fighters.

LINDBERGH

(on radio)

Thank you, gentlemen. Nice having you around.

VOICE BACK

We wouldn't want to lose you, Colonel.

Another radio communication from the wing man. His plane is circling.

LINDBERGH

What's the matter, Collins?

COLLINS' VOICE

Running short on fuel. I won't have enough to make it back.

LINDBERGH

How much is left in your tanks?

COLLINS' VOICE

A hundred seventy five gallons.

LINDBERGH

More than enough. Pull down on your engine revs to sixteen hundred, put your mix control to lean, and open your throttle wide enough to stay in loose formation with me.

INT. COLLINS' PLANE

COLLINS

I'll try it, colonel.

INT. LINDBERGH'S PLANE

LINDBERGH

The rest of you take off. I'll stay with Collins.

FORMATION COMMANDER

Negative.

LINDBERGH

Don't be foolish. Those Zeros won't be coming back. I'll stick with him and guide him back to Owi Island. Don't worry, I won't cause you boys any embarrassment.

CO-PILOT

The old man's all right. Go on back, we'll stick with Collins.

SQUADRON COMMANDER'S VOICE

Roger, over and out.

EXT. AIR OVER THE ISLANDS

The rest of the formation takes off. The Wing Man and Lindbergh's plane remain.

INT. LINDBERGH'S PLANE

LINDBERGH

Set course for Owi Island at 185 miles per hour.

INT. COLLINS PLANE

COLLINS

I read you.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE

Don't pitch those revs too high.

COLLINS

I hear you. But suppose I stall out?

LINDBERGH'S VOICE

You won't.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TWO PLANES ALONE

Moving out over the Pacific.

INT. LINDBERGH'S PLANE

CO-PILOT

If those Zeros come back...

LINDBERGH

They've had enough of us for one day. They're probably low on fuel themselves. If they follow us, they'll crash into the sea.

CO-PILOT

I hope they see it that way. Let me know if my conversation bothers you. I guess you liked it better all by yourself out over the Atlantic on that first flight to Paris. No bullshitting.

LINDBERGH

Oh, I got lonesome for company. I tried to strike up a conversation with a fisherman but he wouldn't even give me directions. How are we doing on fuel?

CO-PILOT

It's amazing. You've got almost 275 gallons. I'd never take the chance of making the mixture so thin.

LINDBERGH

You will from now on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OWI ISLAND

As the two planes set down at the American base.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WING MAN'S PLANE

As Collins climbs out, Lindbergh joins him, as other pilots run out of the surroundings cheering.

LINDBERGH

How much fuel do you have left?

COLLINS

I don't believe it, but there's still seventy gallons in the tank.

LINDBERGH

It seems we've completed a very worthwhile experiment, gentlemen.

The C.O. elbows his way through.

C.O.

Probably your last experiment, Slim.

LINDBERGH

You don't look too happy about it.

C.O.

I just got word. MacArthur wants to see you in Brisbane.

LINDBERGH

Oh oh.

C.O.

This may be the finish of both of us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA, LANDING STRIP - DAY

A transport plane sits down bringing Lindbergh to MacArthur's headquarters.

INT. MACARTHUR'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lindbergh salutes the GENERAL.

LINDBERGH

General.

MACARTHUR

Well, Slim, imagine my surprise when I found out you were loafing about the beaches of Guadalcanal. But then it's difficult to find any place to holiday in this troubled world of ours.

LINDBERGH

I hope I haven't caused you any problems, General.

MACARTHUR

Well, if you'd gotten shot down over enemy territory without any military rank, they'd have every right to behead you.

LINDBERGH

An act like that could gain the Japanese a great deal of sympathy back in Washington.

MACARTHUR

Well, we wouldn't want that. How many Jap planes have you shot down?

LINDBERGH

One.

MACARTHUR

Where was it?

LINDBERGH

Off the south coast of Siram.

MACARTHUR

Good. I'm glad you got one. But in the future, we've got to keep you out of trouble.

LINDBERGH

I'd like to be part of the team, General. When Roosevelt steps down...

MACARTHUR

I've just come back from seeing the old man in Hawaii and there's no chance of that. He intends to run for a fourth term.

LINDBERGH

But he's a dying man. Everybody knows it.

MACARTHUR

My impression is that he'll hide in the White House during the campaign, make himself invisible. If the public saw him or was aware of his condition...

LINDBERGH

If he gets re-elected, I'll never get into this war.

MACARTHUR

I'm afraid you've done all you can. I have to send you home.

LINDBERGH

No chance, General?

MACARTHUR

No chance.

MacArthur walks over to his desk, picks up a file and looks at it.

MACARTHUR

You've taken part in fifty combat missions and flown 179 combat hours. I'd say you've done your part.

(reads on in report)

They say that fighter cover had been limited to 570 miles before you came along. Now the planes are averaging over 700 or more miles with the same gasoline. And that's directly attributable to you. In other times you should get a medal, but in this case we're going to hush it all up.

LINDBERGH

We wouldn't want anyone to change their opinion of me.

MacArthur crosses over and puts his arm around Lindbergh.

MACARTHUR

You know I've heard it said that Roosevelt believes the two most dangerous men in America are Douglas MacArthur and Charles A. Lindbergh. We ought to form a club. Have a good safe trip home. Give my love to Anne. I've read one of her books. She's quite good.

LINDBERGH

I'll tell her you said so, General.

Lindbergh exits. MacArthur buzzes for one of his aides, a CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Yes, General.

MACARTHUR

Make sure he really leaves the islands.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: MONTAGE

AERIAL SHOTS - THE DEVASTATED RUINS OF GERMAN CITIES - DAY

Germany has been defeated. STOCK FOOTAGE--the concrete swastika over the Brandenburg gate is blown to bits.

EXT. HARZ MOUNTAINS NEAR NORDHAUSEN, GERMANY - DAY

An American military convoy wending its way toward a huge tunnel leading to an underground aircraft factory and, adjoining it, virtually surrounding the tunnel's entrance, the great barbwire fences and barracks that were so recently one of Hitler's forced labor camps. Into this area comes a military convoy carrying amongst others Charles A. Lindbergh. Escorting the V.I.P.s is CAPTAIN QUINLIN.

QUINLIN

You didn't waste any time getting here, Colonel. The war's only over six days.

LINDBERGH

I'd say I'm a little late.

QUINLIN

That tunnel leads to the underground aircraft plant, but first we have to pass through Camp Dora. That's where they kept their slave labors.

LINDBERGH

Can't we avoid that?

QUINLIN

I'm afraid it's the only way in. That's the SS barracks over there. To your left you'll see the ovens. That's where they burned up the prisoners after they'd worked them to death.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

He doesn't want to hear this. He doesn't wish to see it--but there's no alternative.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CONVOY PARKED

The military contingent having disembarked from the vehicles. A SERGEANT leads Lindbergh through the camp.

SERGEANT

According to camp records, 25,000 workers were dispatched in those incinerators.

LINDBERGH'S POV

From out of what was once the SS barracks, comes a horde of the prisoners wearing those striped pajamas. They're unkempt and starved, hollow-eyed, and they stare at Lindbergh, still blond, blue-eyed, handsome.

TRUCKING SHOT - LINDBERGH

Not looking them in the eye, but rather avoiding their glance.

LINDBERGH

What are they, Russians?

SERGEANT

Some of them. Poles. Jews. Most of them are too sick to travel.

ANGLE ON THE PRISONERS

Some children appear now. Small children, seven, eight nine years old, obviously starved, force a smile.

WIDER SHOT

Lindbergh and the military observers continue toward the tunnel while the curious survivors continue to stare.

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE CHILDREN

Suddenly ducking behind an adult with fear in his eyes. The child is terrified and it is Lindbergh he's terrified of. One of the AMERICAN SOLDIERS leans down and tries to calm the small boy.

SOLDIER

What are you afraid of? Him?

The little boy nods. Lindbergh turns and sees the frightened child. He advances toward him a few steps. The child screams.

SOLDIER

Don't be afraid of him, he's one of us.

The little boy shakes his head 'no'. To him, Lindbergh is one of them. The way he walks and moves and holds himself, he seems very much like those who kept the prisoners in the camp. Those Gestapo men who were the captors and now he seems to have come back.

SOLDIER

No. He's okay. Believe me, he's an American like us.

Lindbergh is about to come closer but the soldier waves him off. Lindbergh sees the terror in the child's face and suddenly he too understands. Lindbergh turns and leaves quickly.

And the little boy continues to shake his head 'no,' 'no,' 'no.'

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEEP CONVOY - DAY

Continuing across occupied Germany. Lindbergh again riding beside Captain Quinlin. The great aviator is studying a map and then looking out of the window at the devastation.

LINDBERGH

Is it possible for us to go there?

He passes the map to Quinlin who glances at it.

QUINLIN

It'll take some time to get there.
But if that's what you want to
see.

EXT. JEEP - DAY

Moving through the ruins on either side of the road. Once this was a town, but it is carnage, the work of American and British bombers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD LEADING UP MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The Jeep carrying Lindbergh and driven by Quinlin ascends the steep mountain road moving past various military barriers and past Military Police. They pause for a moment. Quinlin leans out and speaks to an MP who examines his credentials.

The barricade is moved aside and the Jeep carrying Lindbergh continues. We still don't know where he's headed.

POV FROM FRONT OF JEEP

Going around the steep mountain turns. Suddenly up ahead a great house is visible on the very peak of the mountain.

TWO SHOT - LINDBERGH AND QUINLIN

QUINLIN

There it is, sir. Berchtesgaden.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON LINDBERGH'S FACE

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

as the Jeep draws closer and closer to Hitler's mountain retreat, Berchtesgaden.

DISSOLVE TO:

ENTRANCE TO BERCHTESGADEN - DAY

Military guards of the United States Armed Forces are everywhere. Once again Quinlin's documents are examined and then Lindbergh is allowed to enter the building.

INT. BERCHTESGADEN - DAY

The great spacious rooms are bare. Most of the furniture has been removed, but it is a striking place with huge high ceilings and great halls and staircases. A great mountain lodge redesigned by Hitler himself with huge windows looking out to Bavarian mountains that stretch into eternity.

A house built in the clouds where the Fuehrer might imagine himself to be one of the Nebelungen, the great man gods of Viking legends. Truly one of the master race.

And Lindbergh's footsteps echo in the halls of Berchtesgaden as he walks the same steps that the Fuehrer did. He crosses into the great living area where Hitler's reception room was. Here leaders of other nations came to be intimidated and cowered before the Fuehrer's might. Here treaties were signed never to be kept and decisions were made that cost the lives of millions.

Lindbergh crosses to that great window and stands where Hitler must've stood many times looking out over mountains and clouds.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH'S FACE

Somehow still haunted by the frightened face of that boy in the forced labor camp.

ANGLE ON QUINLIN

Entering Berchtesgaden, crossing the great hall and stopping.

QUINLIN'S POV

Lindbergh, far across the empty reception hall standing at the window, silhouetted against the clouds.

ANGLE ON QUINLIN

as he starts to speak, then thinks better of it. He realizes that Lindbergh wants to be alone and it sickens Quinlin for he mistakenly thinks Lindbergh has come here to pay homage to a monster. Quinlin turns to one of the MPs.

QUINLIN

When he's finished, tell him I'll be waiting out in the Jeep. This place gives me the creeps.

MP

I know what you mean.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

As he imagines he hears a voice call to him from behind in a German accent.

VOICE

Hey, Doc.

He knows it's all in his mind. That German voice from the cemetery. Still he turns, notices the bookcase behind him.

Most of the books remain where they were left, covered with dust now, but nevertheless the library is intact. Far more valuable things have been removed as collector's items but not the literature.

CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH

As he sees something he recognizes. He reaches up to the shelf.

INSERT SHOT - THE BOOKS

There are a half dozen copies of one book. It is entitled "The International Jew" by Henry Ford. One of the books that Ford wrote, distributed, and displayed proudly in his office in Detroit.

WIDER SHOT

As Lindbergh takes the book off the shelf, stares at it in silent horror. Ford gave him this very book.

INTERCUT

EXT. DARKENED CEMETERY - NIGHT

In the distant past--a silhouetted figure coming forward. It is not Hauptman. It is the other man. The real kidnapper. The man who turned Lindbergh's life into a lie. He waves his hand. We see the telltale lump on the wrist. Then he steps into the light. We see his face--in Lindbergh's mind. IT IS HITLER'S FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. BERCHTESGADEN - DAY

Lindbergh at the bookcase, holding the book in a slightly trembling hand. He notices the tremor but he can't stop it. The perfect physical specimen has lost control. An MP approaches him.

MP

I'm sorry, but you're not allowed
to touch anything.

LINDBERGH

I should've known. I'm sorry.

Lindbergh slowly puts the volume back on the shelf, wiping the dust on his hands off on his khaki pants. But the dirt will not come off. However hard he tries, his life will be stained by his part in what happened. The seeds of hate he helped sow have reaped a tragic harvest.

LINDBERGH

(to the MP)

I'm finished now.

CUT TO:

INT. JEEP - DAY

Moving down the steep mountainside past the barricades, leaving Berchtesgaden behind. There is a long silence in the vehicle which finally vanishes into the mist.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT TESTING GROUNDS, NEW MEXICO - DAY

SCIENTISTS and MILITARY OFFICERS are gathered at a huge missile launching pad. Among them, as a civilian observer, we recognize Charles Lindbergh. MAJOR GENERAL CHIVERS accompanies him. (The year is 1949.)

LINDBERGH

Well, General, Robert Goddard's
dream is about to come true.
Rocket--not to deliver bombs--but
to reach the stars.

GENERAL CHIVERS

You'll be surprised to learn an
old acquaintance of yours is
working with us. He'd like to
say hello.

(calls out)

Baumker!

Adolf Baumker emerges from the group and crosses hesitantly to Lindbergh. He's older now but not so different from the days in which he served Hitler.

BAUMKER

Berlin seems like a century ago.
Will you shake my hand?

LINDBERGH

I don't know if I should. You
lied to me on those trips through
the aircraft factories--suckered
me in.

BAUMKER

In those days we were on opposite
sides.

COLONEL

Baumker's a deputy director of
missile research and doing a
damned fine job for us.

BAUMKER

I was de-nazified in 1947 when
the Americans got scared that the
Russians were grabbing up too many
missile experts.

LINDBERGH

It's comforting to know that
you're one of our Germans now.

BAUMKER

Don't you think it odd that so
many of us who fought openly for
Hitler can be forgiven--and
employed by your government, while
you, who made a few misguided
speeches, may only come here as
an observer?

LINDBERGH

I'll try not to think about it.

BAUMKER

If you like, I'll put in a good
word for you. I'm a big shot
around here now.

LINDBERGH

Don't waste your time.

BAUMKER

At least you fared better than
your friend Dr. Carel. I always
thought that being tried as a
collaborator was what killed him.

LINDBERGH

At least he got the benefit of
a trial.

BAUMKER

Colonel, let me say one thing.
Before others can forgive you,
you must forgive yourself.

Lindbergh stares at Baumker, then turns abruptly and walks back toward the concrete bunker that adjoins the missile site. But his once erect posture is now slightly stooped--as if he still carries a great weight upon his shoulders.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A lone figure on a bicycle appears in the distance, pedaling toward CAMERA. As he approaches we recognize a much older Charles A. Lindbergh. His blond hair now turned to gray.

CAMERA PANS with him as he guides the bike in the direction of a small New England village. (The year is 1962.)

EXT. MAIN STREET, NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE - DAY

As Lindbergh parks his bike and walks unnoticed by anyone to the tackle shop on the corner. He looks in the window at the new "lures" and the rods and reels, then prepares to go inside. A VOICE surprises him. He turns to see his old friend, Frank Taylor.

FRANK

I knew if I hung around here long
enough you'd show up.

LINDBERGH

Well, you've still got some hair
left.

FRANK

Not much.

LINDBERGH

You must know where I live. Why
didn't you call?

FRANK

Would you have talked to me?

LINDBERGH

No.

FRANK

Did you ever read any of my letters?

LINDBERGH

Never got around to it.

FRANK

Do you expect to stay in hiding for the rest of your life?

LINDBERGH

You're probably here for a reason.

FRANK

I have sort of a message from President Kennedy of all people.

LINDBERGH

(laughs)

So old Joe Kennedy bought his boy the presidency. Roosevelt is rolling over in his grave. I love it.

(a beat)

Frankly, I voted for Nixon.

FRANK

The president wants you to attend a banquet in honor of Andre Malraux at the White House a week from Tuesday. And to stop by for a chat in the Oval Office.

LINDBERGH

He's got guts.

FRANK

Some people think he's a lot like you. What they call "charisma" nowadays. But you were never a leader, Slim. You're a loner. Now and always.

LINDBERGH

Why can't they just forget me? The books keep coming out. Most of them about the kidnap. Some of them even say Hauptman was innocent.

FRANK

But none of them say that you lied!

LINDBERGH

No.

FRANK

Does she know?

LINDBERGH

No--and she never will.

FRANK

Don't you think you've kicked
yourself around long enough?
Accept the invitation, Charlie.
It's time now.

He takes out a small envelope and places it in Lindbergh's hand. Then in a moment Frank Taylor is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE (ESTABLISHING SHOT) - NIGHT

INT. CORRIDOR, KENNEDY WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

A gala reception in progress with honored guests and celebrities everywhere. Lindbergh in tuxedo is escorted to the Oval Office by presidential aides.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

JFK, his tuxedo jacket off, is signing some documents for his Chief of Staff as Lindbergh is admitted.

JFK

Come on in, Colonel. Dad sends
his regards.

LINDBERGH

(looking around the
office)

Aside from a new paint job there's
not much difference. Roosevelt
was a navy man too.

JFK

I'm glad you found the time to
come.

LINDBERGH

I've plenty of that. Being on
the board of directors of a few
companies doesn't fill up your
week. Anne writes her best
(more)

LINDBERGH (Cont'd)
sellers. I fool around with my
memoirs and devote time to the
cause of conservation. The days
pass.

JFK
The country would be grateful for
the advice you gave us on our
missile projects and the astronaut
program, if they knew about it.

LINDBERGH
I'm useful as long as I can remain
invisible.

JFK
There's still a helluva lot more
out there for a man of your
willpower and skill.

LINDBERGH
I don't suppose you have a visible
job for me? Getting invited for
dinner is taking enough of a
chance.

JFK
We've all got to outrun our
reputations. It's a big world.
Somewhere in it there are people
who've never even heard of the
"Spirit of St. Louis" or "America
First."

LINDBERGH
I suppose there are.

JFK
Then find them.
(a beat)
And let them find you.

LINDBERGH
You know, if my oldest son had
lived--Charles, Jr., he would've
been about your age now. And I
hope he would've been something
like you.

JFK puts on his dinner jacket.

JFK
Isaac Stern is going to perform
tonight. It should be quite an
evening. Shall we go in together?

LINDBERGH
Thank you, Mr. President.

They exit the Oval Office together.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lindbergh and JFK approach the reception room beyond--walking
together.

They enter. CAMERA REMAINS OUTSIDE listening to the
tumultuous applause within.

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE OF MINDANAO, THE PHILIPPINES, 1972 - DAY

A helicopter rises up over the tops of the trees, plunging
into the dense jungle where no white man has gone before.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A now elderly Charles Lindbergh, part of an expedition. With
him is ELIZALDLE, a Filipino politician and ex-playboy whose
new hobby is conservation.

ELIZALDLE
This helicopter thing is your
crazy idea.

LINDBERGH
There's no other way of getting
in, is there?

PILOT
And no way of landing this, no
clearings.

LINDBERGH
I drew you that diagram of a
platform.

PILOT
The advance party has it. It's
been built. At least I hope so.
We haven't communicated with them
in weeks.

VIEW FROM THE HELICOPTER

The jungle below. No sign of life. The chopper moves forward. We see its SHADOW on the trees below.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH AND THE OTHER PASSENGERS

LINDBERGH

Are we lost?

ELIZALDLE

It has to be here somewhere.
Look, there.

THEIR POV

Circling again and coming back, there is the platform constructed between trees a hundred feet high among the topmost branches.

ANGLE ON THE PASSENGERS

ELIZALDLE

My God, they picked tall enough trees. They must be a hundred feet off the ground. To think I gave up hanging around bordellos for this.

LINDBERGH

If you don't think you can make it...

ELIZALDLE

You're seventy years old for christsake.

LINDBERGH

But I've been jumping out of planes since I was a teenager.

PILOT

If you miss the platform...

LINDBERGH

I won't miss.

ELIZALDLE

If you get yourself killed, President Marcos is going to have my ass!

LINDBERGH

Lower me carefully on the rope.
I'll only have to jump five or
six feet.

PILOT

Let me make a trial pass.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND

A number of NATIVE GUIDES, Filipinos, are watching from below. The platform has been suspended near the treetops a hundred feet above them and beyond that the helicopter is circling. It is quite a precarious nest. One mistake and a person trying to reach the platform would plunge to his death. As the helicopter draws closer, the down draft even shakes the foliage on the ground below violently, but its effect on the platform is unexpectedly turbulent.

ANGLE ON THE PLATFORM

It is shaking madly, almost like it is the liquid surface of a lake.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

The platform appears as small as a ping-pong table and the green abyss below it is like a giant jaw of a monster just waiting to swallow up its next victim.

INT. HELICOPTER

PILOT

They haven't built the platform
sturdily enough. It's shaking
itself to pieces from the down
draft.

LINDBERGH

I can make it.

PILOT

Out of the question.

LINDBERGH

We've come this far. Get me into
the harness.

PILOT

I'm sorry, Colonel.

LINDBERGH

This was my idea. If anybody gets hurt, it had better be me. Now hook that harness.

Elizaldle helps Lindbergh get the harness on and attaches the rope.

ELIZALDLE

You pull here to release the harness. Then God be with you.

LINDBERGH

What's five feet?

ELIZALDLE

And a hundred feet beyond that. Do you think it's worth it?

LINDBERGH

To see the Tasadays? Of course it's worth it. A step back into the Stone Age. Men who swing on vines and live in caves. Could anything be more worth it?

VARIOUS SHOTS

Lindbergh getting ready for the drop.

MORE ANGLES OF THE PLATFORM

gyrating wildly. It appears as if it may be blown out of its perch. A simple wooden platform lashed to the treetops and beyond that a rope ladder leading down into the density of the jungle.

ANGLE ON THE FILIPINOS BELOW

These are experienced trackers. Men who live their lives in danger, but this is beyond their experience.

ANGLE ON THE HELICOPTER

as the winch begins to lower Lindbergh in the harness. The helicopter keeps circling.

TIGHT SHOT - LINDBERGH

The down draft blowing violently across him. His feet.

The helicopter circling again and again. Lindbergh narrowly missing, colliding with some of the huge trees of the Philippine rain forest.

LINDBERGH'S POV

His feet are in the SHOT as he makes many passes over the platform.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

as he signals upward, hand motions, he's ready.

ANGLE ON THE PILOT

as he circles once again, repeating the exact same pattern he has several times in the rehearsal, now the real thing is about to happen.

ANGLE ON MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE THE HORIZON OF TREES

CAMERA moving in on it. There in the jagged rocks, almost invisible, we see TWO HUMAN BEINGS, but not people as we know them to be. These are pygmies from the Stone Age. These are the Tasadays. They are throwbacks to the beginning of time. Men who have had no contact with the outside world and have only recently been discovered. Their existence has not been known for century upon century, and now they are to be visited.

CLOSER SHOT - FACES OF THESE CAVEMEN

They are astonished.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

This tall figure of a man, suspended in a harness from the helicopter which keeps sweeping across the treetops. It is much like the arrival of a god. A man from another world, another planet.

CLOSE-UP - THE FACES OF THE TASADAYS SCOUTS

The glimmer of recognition in their eyes. The exchange of glances. An alien is arriving in a spaceship from another world. More of them emerge out of the jungle to watch in wonderment.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

as his hand reaches to the harness release.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - LINDBERGH'S FINGERS

on the harness release.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Lindbergh hovering over the platform, sweeping back and forth, waiting for the exact moment when he can make the drop.

And then he makes his move. His hand unhitches the harness.

ANGLE ON THE PILOT

holding the helicopter steady, but the down draft from the blades makes it vibrate even more violently at this moment and then...

...THE FALL

Lindbergh drops away from the rope and the harness and lands squarely on the platform. His legs slide out from under him, he goes to his knees, begins to slip, regains his balance. He slides to the very edge, but hangs on.

ANGLE ON THE SPECTATORS BELOW

The Filipinos. They heave a sigh of relief.

ANGLE ON THE CAVEMEN, THE TASADAYS

in the distance. Their mouths gaping in wonderment. Then they run off into the jungle to spread the news.

ANGLE ON THE PASSENGERS IN THE CHOPPER

as the pilot moves the chopper into the distance.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

As the chopper circles away, the platform ceases its trembling. Lindbergh slides off one side and begins descending the rope ladder. Halfway down he stops and waves for the chopper to return.

INT. CHOPPER

PILOT

Your turn next.

Elizaldle pales but begins to strap on the gear to make his descent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNGLE - DAY

The expedition continues. Everyone seems to have made it safely. Elizaldle and Lindbergh and a few of the others who were in the chopper are now being led by the Filipino trackers who use their machetes to cut a path through the jungle.

ELIZALDLE

Is it any wonder that they have
lived since the Stone Age without
anyone discovering them? The
jungle has kept them in and
everyone else out.

VARIOUS SHOTS

The machetes chopping away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Lindbergh, Elizaldle and the trackers, and the rest of the party make a steep ascent up the sheer face of a cliff.

ELIZALDLE

They swing through the trees, and
up the cliffs into their caves,
like Tarzan.

They continue to climb.

ELIZALDLE

You know, Colonel Lindbergh, you
and Tarzan have much in common.

LINDBERGH

What's that?

ELIZALDLE

You are both fictional characters.
Neither of you could ever really
exist.

Elizaldle loses his grip and starts to fall. Lindbergh grabs him by the wrist.

LINDBERGH

Stop jabbering and keep climbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLIFFSIDE IN THE CLOUDS - DAY

A mist has covered the top of this peak. They are up quite high in the jungle and now must climb down the other side into the valley. The Filipino trackers point out something in the distance, speaking in their Filipino tongue. Elizaldle translates:

ELIZALDLE

From here you can see the caves.

LINDBERGH'S POV

There on the cliffside opposite are many caves high above the trees.

TRACKER

The caves of the Tasadays where they have lived since the dawn of time.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLOOR OF THE JUNGLE - DAY

More dense thicket. A raging river on one side. The ground is mud and Lindbergh and his party have difficulty trudging through. And then, suddenly, from around them come the PYGMIES, these small people, naked except for a small pouch covering the male genitals. But they are not armed. They do not carry spears or clubs, they simply come out of the trees, swinging down on all sides, dropping down from out of branches, hundreds of them, scurrying down, surrounding the expedition, swinging back and forth like monkeys, chattering in some strange dialect, and all of them watching Lindbergh.

ELIZALDLE

They're not armed.

GUIDE

They will not even kill for food. They eat roots. With them there is no war, no enemies. No religion, no god.

VARIOUS SHOTS

The pygmies coming closer and closer, and they are watching Lindbergh, and only Lindbergh for he towers above the rest of the party.

VARIOUS HANDS OF THE PYGMIES

Reaching out to touch him.

ANGLE ON LINDBERGH

He doesn't back away. He allows them to touch him, his white skin, to touch his shoulders so high off the ground that he's a giant to them. To touch the blond hair which is streaked with gray but still seems golden in the shimmering daylight. At first they touch him tentatively.

LINDBERGH
(to the others)
Stay back. I'm fine.

ELIZALDLE
You seem to have made an
impression.

There is chattering and laughter. Elizaldle speaks to the PHOTOGRAPHER who has accompanied him who begins to take pictures. Lindbergh stops him.

LINDBERGH
No, no pictures now.

ELIZALDLE
These photos are priceless.
They'll run everywhere.

LINDBERGH
I don't think we want the world
to know about these people. Let's
keep them for ourselves.

ELIZALDLE
Put the camera away, John.

The photographer reluctantly puts his cameras back into their cases.

The natives gather more closely around Lindbergh now. A few have touched him and have backed away, and now others come to take their place, to touch his hand, his boots, to circle him. And he flashes that great smile that has captivated millions.

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE PYGMIES

As he attempts to emulate the smile.

And now Lindbergh reaches down and lifts one of the pygmies up into his arms. The pygmy wraps his legs around Lindbergh's waist and rests his head on Lindbergh's shoulder. Now others come, nestling under Lindbergh's arm and leaning close to him, placing their heads on his back and chest, gathering around as if his touch were magic.

Elizaldle watches in wonderment as all of the expedition does.

Obviously Lindbergh's legendary leap from the sky onto the platform has been told of and magnified in the telling. And he has lived up to his advance notices. There is the same adulation as there was at the Paris landing field so long ago. The true adoration.

Once again in this place in the Stone Age, this last refuge, Lindbergh has regained his mystical powers. And now the tribe around him begin chattering madly and a CHANT begins.

GUIDE

They had no god--until you came.

CAMERA BEGINS TO CRANE UPWARD leaving him in the center of the throng of chanting pygmy natives. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until suddenly the jungle obscures our view and all has vanished, and Lindbergh has been left behind, once again loved and idolized as he was in his youth. He is once again Lucky Lindy, the Lone Eagle, the greatest hero of them all. He has traveled back into the Stone Age to find himself again and, in capturing his past, he has closed the circle. His story is complete.

CAMERA CONTINUES RISING until clouds roll in and FILL THE SCREEN.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

Emerging from the clouds and continuing over the wide Atlantic, frail, small, rickety, continuing in the face of all odds toward the dawn which is coming up over the coast of Cornwall. Over this we HEAR the continued CHANTING of the pygmy tribe of strange unintelligible words and the VOICE of his friend Elizaldle.

ELIZALDLE'S VOICE

They had no god until you came.

FADE OUT.

THE END