

# Hulk

Story by

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Based on the Marvel Comic Book character  
created by

Stan Lee and Jack Kirby

Shooting Script

"Oh soul, to be changed to little water drops  
And fall into the ocean, never be found."

-Marlowe, Dr. Faustus

1965

INT. DESERT BASE - DAVID BANNER'S LAB - DAY

CREDIT SEQUENCE

Close-up: Cells, magnified under the lens of a microscope.

Dr. David Banner, thirties, looks up from the microscope, impassive.

Later: A baboon, inside a glass containment cage, is gassed, as David Banner, his hands inserted into sealed gloves, cradles its dying face.

1966: AMBITION

INT. DESERT BASE - ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

DAVID BANNER

There is simply no practical way to shield  
against every weaponized agent. My approach  
will create super-immune systems - by  
strengthening the human cellular response -  
giving each cell its own chemical shield-

ROSS

Banner, I know where you're going - but  
manipulating the immune system, it's  
dangerous and stupid. I've told you a  
hundred times, and the president's science  
advisor has made it absolutely clear - no  
human subjects.

1967: SECRET KNOWLEDGE

INT. DESERT BASE - DAVID BANNER'S LAB - NIGHT

David Banner injects mutagenic agents into himself.

Later, alone in the lab, he studies his blood cells under a microscope.

1968: PATERNITY

INT. DESERT BASE - BANNER HOUSE - NIGHT

EDITH BANNER

David, I have wonderful news. I'm going to  
have a baby!

David Banner, trembling, stares back at her.

1969: AN ANIMAL CRY

INT. DESERT BASE - HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

The cries of Edith Banner, then the small cry of a baby - Bruce Banner  
is born.

1970: WATCHING

INT. PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The baby crawls, lifts himself up.

David Banner watches, takes the pacifier from its mouth.

The baby starts to scream, falls back, its joints distending oddly.

Banner studies him.

INT. DESERT BASE - BANNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Christmas. David Banner leans over his son, gives him two floppy cloth  
dolls.

Edith Banner watches in the background.

The boy takes them, laughs.

INT. DESERT BASE - BANNER HOUSE - DAY

David Banner draws blood into a syringe from the arm of his screaming  
son.

Edith surprises him in the doorway.

INT. DESERT BASE - LAB - NIGHT

David Banner smears the blood onto a glass plate, studies it under a microscope.

Close on: the cells.

Title:

MUTAGENIC TRACES - BUT OF WHAT?

INT. DESERT BASE - BANNER HOUSE - DAY

Mother at the kitchen table, sitting with a friend. Little Bruce runs in, expressionless, blood on the side of his face.

Title:

1973: INSTINCT

EDITH BANNER

Bruce, you're hurt.

Davey, another boy, runs in behind.

DAVEY

Jack hit him with a stick, but Bruce wouldn't even hit him back. He just stood there, shaking and-

Bruce starts to shake again, his body distending. Then, with enormous effort, he calms, stops.

BRUCE BANNER

It's OK.

INT. DESERT BASE - BANNER HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A band-aid applied to little Bruce's face. He runs off.

FRIEND

Strange, he hardly made a peep. Any other kid would've wailed his head off.

EDITH BANNER

(concerned)

That's Bruce. He's just like that. He's just so - bottled up.

INT. DESERT BASE - ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

ROSS

The samples we found in your lab, they were human blood. You've ignored protocol.

DAVID BANNER

You had no right, snooping around in my lab. That's my business!

ROSS

Wrong Banner. It's government business. And you're off the project.

SABOTAGE

INT. DESERT BASE - CYCLOTRON ROOM - DAY

David Banner, shaking with rage, flips a series of switches.

INT. DESERT BASE - CYCLOTRON ROOM - DAY - LATER

Banner strides down the hallway, as alarms begin to sound.

INT. DESERT BASE - LAB - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alarm sounds continue.

TECHNICIAN

Attention all personnel, fail-safe has been initiated. Gamma decontamination will occur in thirty minutes. Evacuate immediately. I repeat, evacuate immediately.

INT. DESERT BASE - BANNER HOUSE - DAY

Little Bruce plays with his floppy dolls. Alarms in the background.

We hear his father enter the house, his mother's voice rising.

We can't make out their words, but we can feel the heat of their argument in the boy's eyes.

His dolls: They morph into fighting monsters.

A flash: he looks up, amazed.

A scream.

INT. BRUCE'S ADOLESCENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

She flips on the light. Fourteen-year-old Bruce stares blankly.

MRS. KRENZLER

Bruce, Bruce. Wake up, son. Bruce. Bruce.

BRUCE

I'm OK.

MRS. KRENZLER

Another nightmare.

BRUCE

I don't know. I don't remember.

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

High School Bruce is on the floor, stacks of books spread around him, reading. He looks up as Mrs. Krenzler enters and sits beside him.

BRUCE

Hey, Mom.

MRS. KRENZLER

Already off to college. I'm going to miss you terribly.

BRUCE

I'll miss you, too.

MRS. KRENZLER

Please. Come here. Look at you, soon to be a great scientist.

BRUCE

I guess, I mean, who knows?

MRS. KRENZLER

I do. There's something inside you - so special - some kind of greatness, I am sure. Someday you're going to share it with the whole world.

EXT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BERKELEY - MORNING

To establish. Pleasant, residential.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Bruce Banner, early thirties, handsome, intense, in front of the mirror, shaving. (He knows himself by the name of Bruce Krenzler - his adoptive name - but he'll soon learn his real one.)

The scrape of the razor.

Watching himself, in the mirror.

Scraping. Slow. The sound.

From inside the mirror, watching him - the eyes - do they seem different from his own?

He stops. Leans closer into the mirror, studying.

CLOSE UP

EXT. BERKELEY LAB

Bruce rides up on his bicycle, parks it in the bike rack and walks toward the entrance of the building. Two security guards pass by Bruce as he enters the building.

SECURITY GUARD

Morning, Dr. Krenzler.

INT. BANNER'S LAB - HALLWAY

Bruce enters, hears:

HARPER (O.S.)

Bruce!

He is accosted at once by Harper. They move as they talk:

HARPER (CONT'D)

Big day. Did you sleep? I didn't sleep.

BRUCE BANNER

I slept OK. Is Betty here yet?

HARPER

She's around. I really gotta say, seeing you in that stylin' headwear...

BRUCE BANNER

(deadpan)

You're implying something about my helmet.

HARPER

You look like a massive nerd. Even around other scientists...

(pause/reaction from Banner)

Can I just ask - were you wearing the helmet *while* she dumped you?

BRUCE BANNER

It protects my very important brain. Go prep the samples.

BETTY ROSS (O.S.)

Found you!

Bruce turns to see Betty. She has a report in her hand, is upset about something.

BRUCE BANNER

Betty. Hey.

He suddenly remembers his helmet, scrambles subtly to get it off while she fumes.

BETTY ROSS

I hate them!

BRUCE BANNER

I just got here. Who do we hate?

BETTY ROSS

The review board

(holds the paper)

We've gotta make a presentation on  
Tuesday... and you're gonna make it with  
me.

BRUCE BANNER

You think I should?

BETTY ROSS

Yeah, you're great with that stuff... Start  
talking about microbes and nanomed, you  
sound almost... passionate.

He tries not to look hurt.

BRUCE BANNER

(tries...)

Nobody expects this to be easy. Working  
together, after we were... so close...

BETTY ROSS

We were close?

BRUCE BANNER

(so bad at this talk)

If I could... be different, open up or  
whatever, I...

BETTY ROSS

Don't it's not your fault. You're just a  
by-product of my inexplicable obsession  
with emotionally distant men. I'll get over  
us.

BRUCE BANNER

(very softly)

Good for you.

It's clear he doesn't want her to get over them, but not clear to her.

BETTY ROSS

Anyway, I'm just really stressed about this  
review. If we don't get impressive results

today, we're gonna have a hard sell come  
Tuesday.

He smiles, reassuringly - brave face to bury their talk.

BRUCE BANNER

Then let's go be impressive.

INT. BANNER'S LAB - GAMMA ROOM - DAY

The frog sits inside a transparent chamber of thick glass, surrounded  
by the glittering panels of a gammasphere.

BRUCE BANNER (V.O.)

Harper, release the nanomeds.

A hissing sound, the chamber fills with gas.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

OK, let's hit Freddie with the gamma  
radiation.

Harper, slightly seedy lab assistant, punches instructions into a  
keyboard.

A pinpoint of gamma radiation hits a focal lens above the pedestal. In  
a flash, it zaps the frog across its chest.

The ugly gash.

For a moment, nothing.

Bruce Banner, watching.

Slowly, the wound begins, miraculously, to close up. As it closes, it  
leaves a zone of throbbing, almost fluorescent green in its wake, the  
freshly-produced tissue saturated with color.

Next to Banner, Betty Ross, late twenties/early thirties, beautiful,  
smart.

BETTY ROSS

(under breath)

Yes.

But suddenly: Splat! The frog explodes, splashing its innards all over the inside of the container.

Disappointment. Banner, tense.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S LAB - NIGHT

Bruce and Betty are in the lab, working the problem but also kicking back and celebrating their failure. They've got a couple of beers, are fairly casual.

BRUCE BANNER

(looking up)

You wanna go to the review board on Monday and tell them we've developed a new method for exploding frogs?

BETTY ROSS

(playful)

Yeah, I think maybe there's a market for it. What if there's a plague?

BRUCE BANNER

(smiling)

What have you had, like one beer?

BETTY ROSS

I'm just saying... frogs start falling from the sky... who do they come to? We'd be world renowned.

BRUCE BANNER

Make any parent proud.

Her smile becomes a contemplation of him. After a beat:

BETTY ROSS

I bet they would be.

BRUCE BANNER

They wanted me to be a pilot.

BETTY ROSS

I mean your birth parents.

BRUCE BANNER

I guess we'll never know.

BETTY ROSS

I don't understand why you don't want to find out about them.

BRUCE BANNER

They're dead. They died before I remember anything and why do you always come back to this?

BETTY ROSS

I guess I figure there's more to you than you like to show. I guess there couldn't be any less.

BRUCE BANNER

And, we come full circle back to that...  
Nice work, Betty.

EXT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - DAY

As Betty enters, she hears a voice calling from behind her.

TALBOT

Betty!

BETTY ROSS

Glenn?

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S LAB - DAY

BETTY ROSS

What happened to your uniform?

TALBOT

I switched over. Still work with your dad, but, you know, the military's subcontracting out all the most interesting work, and I can't argue with the paycheck. I basically run all the labs on the base now.(He gives her a quick look-over.) Hey, you're looking good.

Talbot and Betty enter lab.

Ah, the good 'ole college days.

(pause)

So how's business?

BETTY

What do you want?

He smiles, ingratiatingly.

TALBOT

OK, I'll cut to the chase. I've been hearing interesting things about what you guys are doing here. This could have some significant applications. How'd you like to come work for Atheon, get paid ten times as much as you now earn, and own a piece of the patents?

She rises.

BETTY ROSS

(pointing)

Glenn, two words: the door.

At which moment, the door opens, and Banner enters. He stops, sizing up the situation.

INT. DESERT BASE - ROSS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ross sits at his desk. An aide comes in with a folder.

AIDE

General, Talbot wanted you to see this. It's about a lab Atheon is targeting for acquisition and removal to desert base.

ROSS

Why isn't he going through NSC?

AIDE

It concerns your daughter, sir.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The slow, almost unsteady movement of a janitor's cart, being pushed tiredly.

It stops. A bucket, dirty water, a mop.

Powerful hands slowly mop the floor, back and forth.

The Janitor's eyes, distant.

We'll call him, simply, "The Father."

We don't see The Father's face in its entirety, but it's vaguely familiar.

He stops, leans against the mop, listens - he's standing in front of the door to Banner's lab.

Muffled voices.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Betty passes by the janitor.

She feels his gaze on her back as she walks down the hall, stops, turns around.

BETTY ROSS

Hey, um, what happened to Benny? Is he still working the night shift?

FATHER

Benny's dead. I'm the new guy.

BETTY ROSS

Oh. Glad to meet you.

FATHER

Same.

He moves down the hall.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Banner, working.

Pauses, takes out a snapshot from his desk drawer: Betty and he, sitting in front of a cabin in the woods, a lake behind them.

Close on the photo: the sound of the wind in the trees, the color saturates, comes alive.

Title:

MEMORY

DESIRE

EXT. REDWOOD CABIN - DAY

The camera, on a timer, clicks. Banner gets up to reset it.

BRUCE BANNER

Let's try another.

BETTY ROSS

No, I look tired.

BRUCE BANNER

You are tired, but you look great.

He resets the camera. Then goes to sit beside her. He puts her arms around her: the camera takes the picture.

He looks at her. Brushes her hair back.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

Hey. What's the matter?

BETTY

It's the dreams, they're terrible. I keep having them.

BANNER

Then do like me - don't sleep.

BETTY

Not an option, and it shouldn't be for you either.

BANNER

Tell me about your dream.

BETTY

It starts as a memory - I think it's my first memory. An I image I have from when I was maybe two years old.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Flashback:

A little girl, laughing, being lifted and thrown from her father's arms, and caught, and thrown again. Her father, in military uniform - we see him from behind.

A jeep pulls up outside, soldiers beckon, the officer puts the girl down, she starts to cry.

The sky darkens, a low menacing rumble.

In the distance, an enormous dust cloud, some kind of bomb.

Various shots: the dusty streets of the base, as the cloud rises. A glimpse of a young boy's face, looking through the window of one of the small houses at the darkening sky - Banner?

EXT. REDWOOD CABIN - DAY

BANNER

You think it's a dream or a memory?

BETTY

I think it's something that must have happened out at Desert Base, with my father. Anyhow, the dream goes on and suddenly I'm alone.

FLASH BACK

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

The girl cries and cries.

Then:

A hand covers the girl's mouth. She looks up in terror. A man, his face obscured by the sun behind him.

Her eyes, widening.

We make out his features:

Banner, grim, determined.

EXT. REDWOOD CABIN - DAY

Back to the present. Banner is chagrined.

BANNER

But that's terrible. You know I would never hurt you.

BETTY

(affectionate, but pained)  
You already have.

BANNER

How?

BETTY

You're breaking my heart.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY - BANNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Banner puts down the photo, picks up his bag and exits.

INT, BERKELEY LAB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

He walks into the main hallway - deserted, a few lights on, some evening light drifting in.

He hears a whimper from around a corner.

He walks toward the sound.

More whimpering.

He turns a corner. A small, mangy-looking poodle sits in the middle of the hallway, alone.

BANNER

Hey there, who are you?

He goes to pet it. Suddenly, it bares its rotten teeth and growls, snapping.

BANNER (CONT'D)

OK. OK.

Banner backs away, looking for the dog's owner, nowhere to be found.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The janitor's cart.

Banner's office chair. The Father's hand, rubbing along it, finds a hair, picks it up, holds it up to the light.

EXT. BERKELEY HILLS STREETS - NIGHT

Banner speeds down the hill on his bike.

EXT. BERKELEY HILLS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Banner, now going up a hill.

His legs, straining.

His eyes.

EXT. BANNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Banner rides up on bicycle.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Banner sits at a makeshift desk. He absentmindedly tends a small Zen moss garden on the desktop.

Later: A scratchpad - figures, calculations, sketches, DNA sequences. Data sheets lying about.

The clock: 2:27 a.m.

Banner gets up from his work. Stands at the window.

Shadows from a willow tree, light from a street lamp, an intricate, dancing web.

EXT. BANNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On the sidewalk in front of the house, under the willow tree, a single figure walks. He pauses. We see him only in silhouette: tall, powerful, but slightly stooped. He stands there, sinister, looking up at the house.

The willow's shadows bend. They seem to form a pattern, subtly, like a Rorschach or a subliminal M.C. Escher engraving, two interlocked faces - the faces of a pair of distorted stuffed animals, the dolls from Banner's childhood.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside:

Later, Banner sitting up in bed, cross-referencing more data sheets, taking notes. He throws the pencil down.

BANNER

Damn.

Title:

IN DREAMS, THE KNOWLEDGE HE SEEKS

ARE MEMORIES HE CANNOT GRASP

Later: Banner sits, somnolent.

His breathing.

The clock: 4:48.

His eyes, starting to flutter closed. A haunting, echoing sound of footsteps, the sound of the whimpering dog.

Bruce's closing eyes. Beneath the eyelids, raping movements - dream state.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - NEW MEXICO - 1973 - DAY

Images sweep over the screen, as in a dream, barely coherent:

A small boy, four years old, plays with a pair of stuffed toys - long beaks, floppy ears, oversized feet.

His small hands, lifting the toys into the air, flying them down.

He makes noises - small shouts of surprise, sound effects, crashing, skids.

His POV: As he moves the toy about, they become slightly, almost indistinguishably more animated. We hear voices - adult, human voices, a man and a woman, in the background, but can't make out what they say, only that their voices rise to a fever pitch.

Yelling.

And then, an unearthly, primal scream.

It emerges from the boy's mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The same scream, muffled, coming from inside.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Banner, startled, rising from the bed.

His eyes.

Something catches his attention out the window.

The lone figure, still there, in the shadows. Obscured, but seeming to look up at him.

Banner - pulls the blinds closed, breathes in deep, then opens the blinds again - but now, only shadows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The figure walks away. Behind him trail three ill-kept dogs: a mastiff, a pit bull, and the poodle we saw earlier.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - OAKLAND - NIGHT

The small, weedy yard of a rundown row house, chain link fence.

The Father unlocks a padlock on the gate. The dogs run in ahead of him.

He throws them strips and chunks of meat and old vegetables, then unlocks and enters the house.

INT. FATHER HOUSE - NIGHT

Light from a single bulb - the place just about as you'd expect. Dirty, a mattress in a corner, not much of anything else. Except: on a long worn table, stacks of papers, books, journals, and small work area. The man clears a pile, under which is a gleaming, super thin notebook computer. He opens the screen, presses a button, and sits down.

The light from the screen illuminates his face - and now we recognize him: Dr. David Banner, thirty years older.

On the wall behind the computer screen, a bulletin board, filled with images and clippings: various scenes from Bruce Banner's career, yearbook photos, graduation, etc.

The Father's face, pensive. He raises a hand, touches one of the photos.

FATHER

Bruce. My Bruce.

From a small container, The Father pulls out the strand of hair.

He places it on a glass plate. Chops it into tiny fine pieces with a razor. Puts the pieces into a small test tube filled partway with a milky substance, then puts the test tube inside an apparatus that will culture the DNA from the hair.

Title: HIS SON'S DNA - STILL - A MYSTERY

The apparatus hums and vibrates. A wire runs to the super thing notebook computer.

From behind, we hear him tap remarkably quickly on the keypad.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S LAB - DAY

Banner enters - to discover Talbot and Betty talking.

BETTY ROSS

Morning. Glenn stopped by -

BRUCE BANNER

What's he doing here?

TALBOT

You know, Dr. Krenzler, we've never had the chance to get to know each other properly.

BRUCE BANNER

That's because I don't want to get to know you, properly or improperly. Leave.

TALBOT

(smarmy)

Hey, no worries.

He goes to the doorway, out of earshot of Betty, then turns, nose-to-nose with Banner.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

But let me give you a little heads up. There's a hair's breadth between friendly offer and hostile takeover. I've done my homework. The stuff you're doing here is dynamite. Think: GIs embedded with technology that makes them instantly repairable on the battlefield, in our sole possession. That's a hell of a business.

BRUCE BANNER

That's not what we're doing here. We're doing the basic science, for everyone -

TALBOT

You know, someday I'm going to write a book. I'm gonna call it, "When Stupid Ideals Happen to Smart Penniless Scientists." In the meantime, Bruce, you'll be hearing from me.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - GAMMA ROOM - DAY

Later. Experiment in process.

Harper, at his monitoring station: countdown in progress.

BETTY ROSS

About Glenn, I...

BRUCE BANNER

There's nothing to talk about.

Banner pauses. In the corner of his eye he watches Harper through the glass window, wedged in the center of the gammasphere, testing the interlock switch.

BETTY ROSS

OK, just wanted to say don't worry about him. I'll handle it.

BRUCE BANNER

How?

BETTY ROSS

I'll call my father. Ask him to exert some pressure.

BRUCE BANNER

Last I heard, you and your father weren't speaking.

BETTY ROSS

Now I have something to talk with him about.

Harper calls out through the intercom.

HARPER (V.O.)

(over intercom)

Um, I think the circuit kind of fried, or, I don't know, maybe you want to take a look.

BRUCE BANNER

OK. I'll be right there.

Banner goes into the experiment area, picking up a respirator mask.

He's just entering the clean room, mask in hand, when the interlock switch - Harper's still fiddling with it - shorts out. There's a few sparks.

Flashing lights and a quiet audio countdown klaxon resume in the clean room.

Inside the gammasphere, Harper tries to back out, but his mask catches on one of the protruding alignment rods. He panics. Bruce sprints over to him, reaches in, pulls the snagged mask free.

In the control room, Betty has moved to Harper's work station. The control software on his monitor is no longer paused. She tries to stop the countdown, but there's no response to the keyboard.

BETTY ROSS

Bruce! The interlock!

At the gammasphere halves, Bruce hurls the freed Harper backward. Harper secures his mask just as the countdown reaches zero. The nanomeds release, as the gamma canisters rotate into armed position.

Betty: pounding on the glass. We can't hear her from inside the chamber, as she screams for Banner to get out.

Bruce realizes that Harper and Betty are directly in the line of fire. With one second left, he makes his decision. He turns back to the sphere, raises his arms, and blocks the opening.

The gamma canisters fire. He takes the full blast. His body glows with radiant energy.

Alarms sound.

Banner lets out a hideous yell.

Close: Banner's face.

Flash: the floppy dolls, morphing.

Flash: the bomb in the desert.

Banner drops to his knees, we hear pounding on the door to the isolation chamber.

Oddly, there is a small smile on his face.

INT. INFIRMARY - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Banner is sitting alone in bed, almost gleeful.

The door pops open, Betty rushes in anxious. Closed door behind her.

BRUCE BANNER

How's Harper?

Betty pulls a chair next to the bed and sits down.

BETTY ROSS

(worried)

He's alright. You saved him. I don't think he's coming back to the lab for a while.

(Betty shaking)

I don't understand. How is this possible? You should be dead.

BRUCE BANNER

They worked. The nanomedes, they - I feel great. I feel like they, I don't know, fixed me.

BETTY ROSS

Bruce... the nanomedes have killed everything they've come in contact with. Are you sure the doctor checked you.

BRUCE BANNER

(laughs a bit)

He did the full work-up, he wants to know where he can get what I'm taking. I'm a hundred percent.

(pause)

More.

BETTY ROSS

What do you mean?

BRUCE BANNER

You remember my bad knee? Well, now it's my good knee.

BETTY ROSS

Bruce, this isn't funny.

(tears up)

I was watching! You were gonna die and I was gonna have to watch you die.

She struggles to get control of herself. He reaches out to her.

BRUCE BANNER

I'm sorry. Really... hey... I'm not going to explode.

She rolls her eyes, even through tears.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

You should get some rest... I'm fine. Really, I've never felt better.

INT. INFIRMARY - BANNER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Banner, sitting up in a hospital bed, hooked up to various monitors.

The monitors: nothing abnormal.

He picks up the phone, dials.

BRUCE BANNER

Hey.

BETTY ROSS

Hey. How are you?

BRUCE BANNER

I'm fine.

BETTY ROSS

You sure?

BRUCE BANNER

Yeah.

BETTY ROSS

What are you doing?

BRUCE BANNER

I was just sitting here, thinking, about you, about your dream.

BETTY ROSS

What dream?

BRUCE BANNER

In the desert.

BETTY ROSS

And what were you thinking about?

BRUCE BANNER

I don't know. Sometimes, when I'm not really thinking about much of anything, I remember images from it. Did I ever tell you that?

BETTY ROSS

No.

BRUCE BANNER

It's as if I dreamed it myself.

BETTY ROSS

You should get some sleep.

BRUCE BANNER

Yeah. You, too.

Time passes.

Banner nods off.

A whimpering sound, a slight growl.

He opens his eyes. The lamplight from the parking lot spills in through the window, dreamlike. He sees:

Sitting across the room, surrounded by his dogs - The Father.

Banner sits up as the dogs lift their heads, purr.

The Father just sits, silently, almost kindly.

Banner - senses The Father's kinship, instinctive familiarity, and wary of the dogs, the intruder's presence.

FATHER

Your name is not Krenzler. It's Banner.

BRUCE BANNER

What?

FATHER

Your name. It's Banner, Bruce Banner.  
Bruce.

BRUCE BANNER

How did you get in here?

Flash: The Father, thirty years younger, handsome, holding the stuffed animals, offering them as a gift, smiling.

FATHER

I work here now, in the labs. The late shift. It keeps me close to you. You always work so late yourself, with your friend, Miss Ross.

Banner starts to sit up, but gets tangled in wires, tubes.

FATHER (CONT'D)

No, please. You're not well.

He goes to Banner, unsorts the jumble as he talks.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You've had an accident. You're wondering why you're still alive, aren't you? You're thinking: There's something inside, something different, inexplicable. I can help you understand, if you'll let me, if you'll forgive me.

BRUCE BANNER

Look, mister, I'm sure I have nothing to forgive you for. So, maybe, you'd better just go. Please, I'll be fine.

FATHER

You must know. You don't want to believe it, but I can see it in your eyes - so much like your mother's. Of course, you're my flesh and blood - but then, you're something else, too, aren't you? My physical son, but also the child of my mind, too.

BRUCE BANNER

You're lying. My parents died when I was a small boy.

FATHER

That's what they wanted you to believe. The experiments, the accident - they were top secret. They put me away, thirty years - away from you, away from our work - but they couldn't keep me forever. After all, I'm sane. They had to admit it.

The Father raises his arm. The dogs come to attention.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You see, everything your extraordinary mind has been seeking, all these years - it's been inside of you - and now we will understand it, harness it -

The phone rings. Banner looks over to it.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Miss Ross, again. Don't answer! There's something you need to know about her, Bruce, something troublesome - but I can protect you from her.

In a flash, Banner starts to tremble.

BRUCE BANNER

You're crazy! Get out!

A look of menacing hatred passes over The Father's face. The dogs crouch for an attack.

BANNER

Get. Out.

FATHER

(to the dogs)

Heel.

The dogs back off. A pregnant pause.

FATHER (CONT'D)

We're going to have to watch that temper of yours.

He goes. The dogs follow.

INT. INFIRMARY - LATER

Banner, asleep, dreaming, thrashing in bed.

Flash: the gamma explosion.

Under the sheets, his body groans, stretches. Tubes pop out.

The bed depresses.

Around his eyes, is it the reflection of a street light, or is there a tinge of green?

He bolts awake in a cold sweat.

In the darkness, he stumbles. We hear the crash of a lamp falling.

Banner, still in the darkness, makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - INFIRMARY - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A flash - Banner has turned on the mirror light. He studies himself in the mirror. Nothing.

Camera pulls back: we see - the stitching on his T-shirt and pajama legs - ripped at the seams.

His eyes: afraid.

They close. He collapses.

EXT. FATHER HOUSE - NIGHT

In the shadows, The Father's dogs circle, silent, nervous.

INT. FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Containers of various sizes, marked with various warning stickers (all stolen from Banner's lab), litter the room.

From under a table, The Father picks up a cage - a large rat scurries inside. He places the cage inside another clear container in the middle of the room, and drops one of the canisters inside. It's the same type of canister from which the nanomedes were released in the earlier experiments.

He goes into the hallway, stands around the corner, and flips a light switch.

The room is immediately alive with the hum of radiation. The rat's cage starts to spark. The canister breaks open. A cloud envelops the rat, and then, one last spark, and The Father turns off the juice.

Gingerly, he turns the corner, back into the room, looks at the cage.

Inside, the rat - open sores, burns, slimy - but now three times as big, frothing, tearing at the cage.

The Father smiles.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Betty is taking blood from Banner. She finishes taking the blood.

BETTY ROSS

You sure you're OK?

BRUCE BANNER

Sure. How are you?

BETTY ROSS

I got a message from my father. He's coming to see me.

BRUCE BANNER

Your father? When?

BETTY ROSS

He lands in an hour. Funny thing was, he called me.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S LAB - MONTAGE

The vial.

Banner tests it.

Microscope.

The day passes.

Computer.

Frustration.

Title: MUTAGENIC TRACES - BUT OF WHAT?

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCES WEST - GUARD GATE

Betty drives onto the base, shows her ID to a guard at the gate.

INT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCES WEST - OFFICERS CLUB - DAY

Betty enters the officers club. She sees her father already seated at a table, across the room. He stands as she arrives at the table.

BETTY ROSS

Hi, Dad.

ROSS

Betty.

Later:

They study their menus. A waiter comes with bread and butter.

ROSS (CONT'D)

All right. I'll get right to it.

BETTY ROSS

This is about Glenn, isn't it? He's been snooping around my lab.

ROSS

Glenn noticed some things. He asked me to make some inquiries-

BETTY ROSS

-You've been spying on me. Of course.

ROSS

-Betty, listen. We've turned up some surprising things. This Krenzler you work with - You know who he really is? How much do you actually know about him?

BETTY ROSS

I think the question is: What is it that you know about him?

ROSS

Well, right now, I'm not at liberty to-

BETTY ROSS

-Not at liberty to disclose that to me. Right. You know, I was really hoping - hoping this time that you'd honestly wanted to see me again, to - (pushing her chair back) Why do I bother?-

ROSS

-You've got this all wrong, Betty.

BETTY ROSS

Do I?

ROSS

Yes. I did want to see you. I'm genuinely concerned for you.

She gets up to leave just as the waiter returns to take their order.

BETTY ROSS

I wish I could believe you.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - BANNER'S LAB - NIGHT

Night: Banner still at work.

Headache. Flashes of pain.

As he works, we hear bits of his inner voice.

The phone rings. He doesn't notice. The machine picks up - we hear Betty's voice as Banner, distractedly, hears. As we listen, we see close-up the various items in the lab as Banner's eyes dart from object to object, increasingly paranoid.

BETTY ROSS (V.O.)

Bruce. You there?... I saw my father...  
It's like he suspects you of something. Oh,  
I don't know. I was so impatient, as  
always, I should have heard him out. I just  
think they're planning something, with the  
lab, with you. Just call me, OK?

Banner's eyes. Dilation. He jumps up to get to the phone just as we hear her hang up.

He knocks over the vial of blood. It breaks, the red liquid spilling on the floor.

He looks down, horrified, frozen.

Pounding heartbeat: Title:

WHAT

AM

I?

A sound in the hallway - the dogs? He runs out.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

No one. He starts to run through the deserted halls.  
Around corners, looking, searching.

Bumps into equipment cart. Pain.

Keeps running, trips, hits wall, bloody lip.

He lifts himself up, an animal cry emerging from within him.

The scream, echoing in the halls.

Now, we hear more than we see - the furious destruction of everything in arm's reach. Animal fury.

A few glimpses, reflections: huge green limbs, fists, muscles tightened.

A wall punched through.

The gammasphere thrown through the roof.

EXT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - CONTINUOUS

It lands, outside, atop a security cruiser.

Back inside:

Smash cut: the glowing eyes, alert, stopping.

Red alarm lights flash, but silently.

At the far end of the lab, the eyes detect: The Father, standing, watching.

Jump - the figure leaps and lands in front of The Father, who, oddly, shows no fear.

Silence. The Father reaches out, tenderly, with his hand, touching the green flesh.

The eyes - of the Hulk.

Calm for a moment, then filled again with fury.

Sirens in the background, coming closer.

Another scream. The Father steps back, afraid now, falling to the floor.

The sound of people yelling in the background, approaching.

Jump - the figure leaps and smashes through the roof.

EXT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - NIGHT

As the emergency vehicles arrive, the shadow of the figure merges into the trees of the Berkeley hillside.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BERKELEY - MORNING

A knock on the door.

Nothing.

Another knock. Then a key turning in the lock.

Betty enters.

BETTY ROSS

Bruce?

No answer.

She passes through the living room. We see, down a hall, the back door, broken, swinging on its hinges.

She goes into the bedroom.

Bruce, sound asleep, wrapped in the sheets, the room a mess.

Later:

At the dining room table.

BETTY ROSS (CONT'D)

There was some kind of explosion, they wouldn't let any of us into the building. I was worried about you.

BRUCE BANNER

Nah, it wasn't me... I...

BETTY ROSS

What happened to you last night?

BRUCE BANNER

I had the most vivid dream. (beat) It was like being born - coming up for air, the light hitting me, screaming... my heartbeat - boom... boom... boom...

Banner stops eating for a moment, a flash of something - guilt? - goes over him.

BETTY ROSS

Were you at the lab?

BRUCE BANNER

No, not me - but something... and there was that man, the one with the dogs...

BETTY ROSS

Who?

BRUCE BANNER

That janitor - he said he was my father. I could see him, he was there. (pause) Betty, what's happening to me?

BETTY ROSS

I don't know... Maybe he knows.

Pounding on the door. Loud, repeated.

Betty gets up, opens the door. Two MPs file in followed by ROSS and others. He seems taken aback by Betty's presence.

ROSS turns back to Banner; has something in his hand.

ROSS

Bruce Krenzler?

BRUCE BANNER

Yes.

ROSS

My, my. So this is Bruce Ba- Krenzler. I think you left something at your lab last night.

Ross produces Bruce's wallet.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Mitchell, escort my daughter downstairs.  
I'll join her shortly.

BETTY ROSS  
I'd rather stay here.

ROSS  
Now! Betty-

She looks to Bruce.

BRUCE BANNER  
I'll be okay.

She nods, walks out.

ROSS  
(to the MPs)  
Keep him under observation. I'll be back.

EXT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BERKELEY - MORNING

Ross catches up to Betty as she gets into her car.

BETTY ROSS  
What?

ROSS  
Your friend in there, you have my word,  
I'll make sure he's cared for. There's a  
good chance he's caught up in some very  
unfinished, very bad business, Betty. And I  
promise you I'll get the bottom of it. But  
as of right now, he's incommunicado. And  
for the next few days - at least - you're  
going to stay away from here. For your own  
good.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty on the phone, scribbling something on a pad of paper.

BETTY ROSS

Thanks, Sal. Yeah, that's him, the new guy  
on the night shift? Appreciate it.

I/E BETTY'S CAR - OAKLAND STREETS - DAY

Betty, driving, looking for an address she has scribbled on a piece of  
paper.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty drives slowly by, pulls over, gets out of her car.

I/E FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

The Father opens the door. Smiles.

FATHER

Dr. Ross. How unexpected. Please, come in.

He ushers her in.

BETTY ROSS

Thank you.

INT. FATHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BETTY ROSS

I'm sorry to show up at your house like  
this. I came to ask you something that I  
really have no business asking.

FATHER

He told you.

BETTY ROSS

He said you talked to him.

FATHER

Please, sit down.

BETTY ROSS

Bruce was at the lab last night. He said  
you were there, too, but he can't remember

much about it. I need to find out what happened.

FATHER

Yes, but first, you want to know what's wrong with him, you want to fix him, cure him. Change him.

BETTY ROSS

I- I want to help him. He seems to be in so much trouble.

FATHER

Trouble? What kind of trouble?

BETTY ROSS

My father's with the military. He thinks he's involved in some kind of threat to national security.

FATHER

(thinking, quietly)

So you've brought your father down upon his head. How little you understand, Miss Ross. And how dangerous your ignorance has become.

BETTY ROSS

I'm sorry?

FATHER

My son is... unique. Impossible for you to relate to. And because he is unique the world will not tolerate his existence will they? But you try, don't you? And a beautiful woman like you, your attention can't be completely unwanted, can they? Not with eyes like yours, watching expectantly, lovingly.

As he speaks, he moves closer to her, slowly removing the scarf from around her neck. She tries to back away but is trapped. Then, he moves away.

FATHER (CONT'D)

But I'm afraid we're both too late to help him. There's nothing I can do for him, or for you. And besides, he's made it clear he wants nothing to do with me. His choice. (rising) Now, if you'll excuse me, Miss Ross, I have some work to do... and don't worry about the dogs - you'll be fine if you don't look them in the eyes.

BETTY ROSS

(spooked)

Of course.

She gets up, leaving her scarf on the chair.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - BERKELEY - EVENING

ROSS, a couple of other officers, tired, still questioning Banner.

A lamp is turned on. ROSS sighs.

ROSS

So you're just not going to tell me where he is, are you?

BRUCE BANNER

How many times do I have to tell you? I'd like to help you, but I just don't know.

ROSS

You know who I am, right Banner?

BRUCE BANNER

You're Betty's father. A high-ranking general.

ROSS

Let's cut the crap. I'm the guy who had your father tossed away, and a lot more like him. And I'll do the same to you if I feel so disposed, you understand?

BRUCE BANNER

My father. You say his name is... Banner?

ROSS

Now we're getting somewhere. But then, you say you'd never known your parents.

BRUCE BANNER

I never did.

ROSS

Don't play me. You were four years old when you saw it-

BRUCE BANNER

-Saw what?

ROSS

You were right there... How could anyone forget a thing like that?

BRUCE BANNER

What?!?

ROSS

Oh, some more repressed memories?

Bruce sinks further into his chair. He fights a rising tide of anger within him, keeps a lid on it.

BRUCE BANNER

Just... tell me.

Ross ponders him, a hint of empathy crosses his face.

ROSS

I'm sorry, son. You're an even more screwed-up mess than I thought you'd be. (rising) Until we get to the bottom of this, your lab has been declared a top secret military site, and you're never going to get security clearance to get back into it - or into any lab that's doing anything more interesting than figuring out the next generation of herbal hair gel. And one more thing, you ever come again within a thousand yards of my daughter, I'll put you away for the rest of your natural life.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Under the light of the full moon, Betty drives up the isolated road.

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE

We hear obscene, vicious growling. We see only The Father, but beside him, against the wall, huge shadows of the moving dogs who circle around him.

He waves Betty's scarf in front of them, tosses it -

We see glimpses of the dogs, but get a sense of that they are somehow transformed, rabid - we see huge teeth tear the scarf apart.

FATHER

Now - fetch! Fetch, and let nothing stand  
in your way.

Howling.

Back to Banner's house.

EXT. BANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Talbot drives up, greets the MPs.

TALBOT

How's our boy?

The MP nods towards Banner's window. The blinds - opening, closing, opening, closing, the light from the living room sending out a meaningless morse code.

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Banner's eyes.

A tiny ringing - his eyes narrow.

Banner looks around the room. Picks up the phone, but it's dead, the cord cut.

The ringing continues.

He looks for its source, finds it under the cushion on his chair, pulls out a cell phone, looks at it, presses a button, holds it to his ear.

BANNER

Hello?

The voice of The Father.

FATHER (V.O.)

Bruce.

Banner doesn't answer.

FATHER (CONT'D)

So they think they can just throw you away  
like they did me?

Banner walks to the window, checks. The guards mill about, unaware of his conversation.

BANNER

(almost a whimper)

What's wrong with me? What - did you do to  
me?

Intercut:

INT. FATHER HOUSE - NIGHT

He wears a small headset while readying another experiment.

FATHER

I got a visit today - a very unwelcome  
visit. I'm afraid my hand is being forced.

BANNER

What... did you do to me?

FATHER

You so much want to know, don't you? But I  
think no explanation will ever serve you  
half as well as experience. And in any  
case, I still don't quite understand it  
myself. If they had only let me work in

peace - but, of course, my "betters" would have none of it.

BANNER

So you experimented on yourself, didn't you? And passed on to me - what?

FATHER

A deformity, you could call it that. But an amazing strength, too. And now, unleashed, I can finally harvest it.

BANNER

You'll do no such thing. I will isolate it and treat it myself. Remove it, kill it - before it does any real harm.

FATHER

Oh I bet you and your Betty would love to destroy it. But would you really, even if it meant killing yourself? I don't think so. And as for Betty, I'm sending her a little surprise visit, from some four-legged friends of mine. You see, I've managed to culture some of your very own DNA, Bruce, and the results, while unstable, are powerful.

BRUCE BANNER

What about my DNA?

FATHER

Let's just wait and see what Betty thinks of the results!

BANNER

(throwing down the phone)

No - you're crazy - I won't let you!

INT. BANNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Banner thinks, then goes to his front door, pulls it open. Talbot stands right there, a sinister smile on his face.

TALBOT

Inside, asshole. I want to talk to you.

BANNER

Talbot, listen! It's my father. We don't have much time. I think he's going after Betty.

Talbot steps inside, kicks the door closed behind him, approaches Banner.

TALBOT

So you think you can go behind my back, get Ross to cut me out?

BANNER

What are you talking about? I'm trying to tell you, we need to get help -

With a swift maneuver, Talbot kicks Banner's legs out from under him. Banner drops on his back to the floor, and Talbot presses a shoe to his face.

TALBOT

You pathetic freak. Tomorrow, after I convince Ross, you'll be carted off to spend the rest of your life in some tiny solitary hell-hole. And I'll take over your work. But in the meantime, you're going to tell me what the hell happened to your lab - you didn't happen to steal anything important from it last night, did you?

BANNER

(Talbot's heel crushing his mouth)  
I swear to you, believe me, Betty is going to be killed.

TALBOT

(pushing down harder on Banner)  
If I can state the obvious, something tells me you aren't in much of a position to be making stupid lies to help yourself, are you?

Banner grabs onto Talbot's leg with both hands, grunts, struggles, but he can't overcome Talbot's strength and skill, as Talbot grinds his shoe into Banner's face, kicks him, then lets up.

Banner rolls over, in pain, props himself up.

BANNER

Talbot-

Pause.

Talbot raises an eyebrow.

TALBOT

(bemused)

Yes?

BANNER

-You're making me angry.

TALBOT

Oh, am I?

BANNER

(pause)

I don't think you'd like me when I'm angry.

Talbot smiles, steps forward and leans into a punch to Banner's gut.

Banner intercepts it. Holds his hand. Squeezes. Talbot's smile begins to turn to a frown.

Close on Talbot. His face starts to tremble, eyes widen - fear. He falls back onto the couch.

And now onto Banner - sweat pouring, face contorting, pain, rage, fear, his body straining against his clothing - exhilaration.

Banner's face, now very distorted, shades of green - a loud, primal, vibrant laugh - then more pain, more transformation - bigger, bigger - a deafening roar - The Hulk.

The Hulk kicks the couch, with Talbot on it, and it sails out the window onto the front lawn.

He walks - simply - through the front wall of his house, emerges outside.

EXT, BANNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The MPs draw their guns, start firing. Hulk feels the pain, like wasp stings, as the bullets hit him, bounce off.

He snarls, leaps at them, throws them aside.

Silence.

Lights start to flick on in the houses on the street.

Hulk sniffs the air. His eyes narrow. A snarl.

A sound, almost like the low rumble of an approaching earthquake, preternatural breathing.

Hulk spooks. Crouches - and leaps.

EXT. BAY AREA - NIGHT

Bird's eye view, extremely high angle:

We fall from the clouds, down over the pulsing grid of street lights, out to the edge of the developed suburbs, into the darker area north of the cityscape.

As we move in, we pick up the leaping figure of the Hulk.

With each landing, the ground shakes slightly.

He sails over houses - now more sparsely scattered - the stars and moonlight brilliantly reflected on his face - over highways, delta, railroad tracks.

Movement along the tracks - stealthy, determined.

INT. REDWOOD FOREST CABIN - NIGHT

Betty sits on the floor by the fireplace. She is drawing in her sketchbook.

A rustling sound from outside. She stirs, listens.

EXT. FOREST CABIN - NIGHT

Betty flips on the exterior lights, walks nervously out of the cabin, flashlight in hand.

She stands by her car, looks around: The dark forest edge, the black dense water of the lake in front of her.

BETTY ROSS

Hello?

She pauses, listens: The wind gently whispers.

The pale beam of the flashlight slowly arcs across the massive redwood tree trunks that surround the cabin.

Nothing.

She is about to walk back inside, but then stops, turns.

The flashlight targets: not a tree trunk, but Hulk's massive chest.

Slowly, the beam moves upward, not really strong enough to make out the Hulk's features - but strong enough to reflect the glow in his eyes.

Betty screams, stepping slightly backwards, dropping the flashlight, as the Hulk approaches.

She steps back again, slips.

He leaps, catches her, as she freezes. He lets her down, she stares, terrified, into his face, perhaps recognizing something familiar there.

The Hulk gently lifts Betty up, places her on top of her car, so they can see eye to eye.

Then, suddenly, his eyes fill with terror.

He sniffs the air, then swiftly places his hand over her mouth, and she struggles, afraid, an image reminiscent of her earlier dream. He looks around wildly, picks her up. Her muffled cries stop.

Now silence, just the sound of the wind, Hulk crouching, listening, Betty wide-eyed, staring.

Smash cut: POV, swift movement through the forest, the sound of breathing, of powerful legs pounding on the forest floor, branches breaking.

Back to Hulk and Betty. Quiet.

POV: moving in arcs, from forest ground nearly to treetops.

Crash: The Hulk-dogs, three of them, break through the tree line, leaping right for Hulk and Betty.

Hulk leaps to the other side of Betty's car. The Hulk-dogs overshoot.

Hulk opens the car door, swiftly places Betty inside, shuts it. He rises up, to face:

The three creatures, crouching, snarling, ready to jump.

Hulk crouches again, and in an instant, leaps high into the sky, over the treetops, out of sight.

The dogs, confused, circle themselves, leap, but not high enough, fall.

They regroup. Then, Hulk descends, landing on Hulk-dog #1's back. Snap! The animal lets out a hideous, dying yelp, as Hulk bounces back up into the air and away.

As the Hulk-dog expires, its flesh begins to steam and melt away.

Betty's POV from the car. Hulk-dogs #2 and #3 circle even more wildly.

Hulk descends again, but this time misses his target. Now the real fight begins.

Now dog #2 clamps onto Hulk's ankle. Hulk lets out a roar, as dog #3 recovers, leaps straight for his neck.

Hulk hears Betty's screams, but is blocked by dog #2, who menacingly advances on him. He jumps atop the cabin, then to a treetop.

The creatures sneer; Hulk is seemingly vanquished, afraid.

Betty: terrified, she screams.

The dogs hear her, turn, and circle the car.

A huge paw on the windshield. Fangs. Another paw, this time harder. The windshield begins to crack.

Then, a shadow falls over the windshield. In a blur, Hulk brings down an enormous redwood tree that he has uprooted, squashing #2, whose face smashes partially through the windshield, inches from Betty.

Meanwhile, the last dog and Hulk are locked in a deadly embrace, rolling, biting, mauling, choking.

Betty stares horrified into the dying light of dog #2's eyes, as she tries to pull herself back. Suddenly the dog's eyes pop open with one last burst of energy. His jaws widen, his fangs lift and smash through the glass, but his mouth only partially closes around Betty, as he finally expires, and begins to melt.

Dog #3 gets his fangs around Hulk's neck. Hulk freezes, tenses, drops his arms. As the dog tries to work his teeth into the Hulk, we see Hulk's neck muscles ripple, condense, and start to grow - they push out against the dog's teeth. We feel the dog begin to sense the outcome; we hear the beginnings of a whimper, as Hulk stares down into his face, and then, with one hand, grabs the dog's skull and squeezes the life out of him. The creature's body steamily melts away.

Dawn approaches, a faint light beginning to fill the sky, reflecting lightly of the surface of the lake.

Hulk stumbles to the water's edge.

He looks down, confused, fearful of his own image reflecting back at him in the water.

The image starts to break up.

Hulk looks to the sky: clouds, a light rain beginning to fall, mottling Hulk's image in the water...

He raises his face to the sky, closes his eyes.

And then, as if in a dream, Hulk begins to transform, back to Banner, as if the rain were washing him, back to himself.

Betty's POV, from the behind the smashed glass, the rain drops, she can barely see what's happening as the figure sinks to the ground.

Then, Banner rises. Sees her.

He walks to the car, struggles, and finally pulls open the crushed door, and takes the bloodied Betty into his arms.

They lie down huddled together. Banner, naked, now cradled in her arms.

They look into each other's faces. Banner lets out a cry.

Then: he holds out his hand in front of him, makes a fist, punches the air in front of him, close to Betty's face. She winces. He laughs, almost maniacally.

BRUCE BANNER

He sent his dogs, but I killed them, right?  
I killed them!

He grabs her - comes back to his senses. A look of fear in his eyes. He shakes his head. He looks again at his hand, his fist. She takes it gently in her hands. She holds him.

INT. BETTY'S CABIN - NIGHT/EXT

It's a few minutes later as she wraps a blanket around his trembling form.

BETTY ROSS

(keyed up)

Bruce, you have to help me. I don't understand what I just saw.

BRUCE BANNER

I got mad... and then...

BETTY ROSS

It must be the nanomeds. It must be the gamma exposure. But we've never seen any effect like this before.

BRUCE BANNER

No. Deeper. The gammas just... unleashed whatever was already there.

BETTY ROSS

Unleashed what?

BRUCE BANNER

(unsure)

Me. It.

(getting upset)

I don't...

BETTY ROSS

It's OK, it's OK... what were those animals?

BRUCE BANNER

My father sent them... He is my father.

He thinks about that a moment, overwhelmed. Looks back at her.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

He wanted me to change. He wanted me to change into that mindless... Hulk.... Why would he want that?

BETTY ROSS

Can you remember anything? Is there anything from when you were changed?

BRUCE BANNER

It's like a dream.

BETTY ROSS

About what?

BRUCE BANNER

Rage. Power.

(searches)

Freedom.

(smiles wearily)

He is already drifting off. She holds him, thinking.

INT. REDWOOD CABIN - KITCHEN - DAY

Betty tiptoes into the kitchen, away from Banner.

She picks up the phone, dials a number.

Intercut:

INT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

An aide hands Ross a mobile phone as Ross strides across the hallway.

BETTY ROSS (V.O.)  
(whispering into the phone)  
Dad.

ROSS  
Betty! Are you alright?

BETTY ROSS  
-I'm scared, I need your help.

ROSS  
Where are you?

BETTY ROSS  
I need to trust you.

Bruce stirs slightly - she pauses, watches him.

ROSS  
Yes? Betty? Betty?

EXT. REDWOOD CABIN - DAY

To establish. The wind. Quiet.

INT. REDWOOD CABIN - DAY

BETTY ROSS  
How are you feeling?

BRUCE BANNER  
OK, I guess.

BETTY ROSS  
I think that somehow the anger you felt  
last night is triggering the nanomeds.

BRUCE BANNER  
How could it? We designed them to respond  
to physical damage.

BETTY ROSS

Emotional damage can manifest physically.

BRUCE BANNER

Like what?

BETTY ROSS

A serious trauma... a suppressed memory.

BRUCE BANNER

Your father grilled me about something I was supposed to remember from early childhood.

BETTY ROSS

He did?

BRUCE BANNER

Yeah. It sounded bad. But I just honestly don't remember.

BETTY ROSS

What worries me is that a physical wound is finite, but with emotions, what's to stop it from going on and on, and starting a chain reaction?

BRUCE BANNER

Maybe next time, it'll just keep going. You know what scares me the most though? When it happens, when it comes over me - when I totally lose control -

They lock glances.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

I like it.

A moment of silence.

A noise outside. Banner goes to the window to see what it was.

A popping sound - a tranquilizer dart hits Banner in the leg. He sinks to the ground.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

What?

Betty goes to him, helps him to the ground.

BETTY ROSS

It's going to be all right. I'm sorry. It's just going to make you sleep. I'm going to take you some place safe.

The door bursts open: gas-masked tactical team, weapons drawn, enters.

EXT. SKY CRANE HELICOPTER - DAY

The giant helicopter, escorted by a pair of fighter choppers, high above the clouds.

EXT. DESERT BASE - DAY

The sky crane unloads a large container onto a transport truck.

EXT. CONVOY - DAY

A convoy pulls up behind the tattered screen of an old drive-in theater.

INT. DESERT BASE - UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - DAY

The convoy stops. From the back of a truck, troops unload the tube.

INT. DESERT BASE - TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The tube moves along the track, down the tunnel - deep underground into the mountain.

INT. DESERT BASE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The tube is unloaded into the vast underground arrival hall, filled with military personnel, scientists, technicians, moving in and out of various tunnels that radiate outward from this main hub. A command and control center is perched high above the hall, windows overlooking it.

INT. DESERT BASE - CONTAINMENT CELL - DAY

Banner, still in a drug-induced sleep, inside a spherical containment cell.

INT. DESERT BASE - ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Betty and Dad are in it already, tempers high.

BETTY ROSS

We're buried out here in the middle of nowhere. How long are you going to keep Bruce sedated?

ROSS

The rest of his natural life, if I have to.

BETTY ROSS

You said I could trust you.

ROSS

I'm your father, you can trust me to do what I think is right, not what you think you want.

BETTY ROSS

He's a human being.

ROSS

He's also something else. Suppose he gets out - has one of his mood swings in a populated area?

BETTY ROSS

I'm aware of the potential danger. I'm also aware that he saved my life.

ROSS

Yeah, from a mutant French poodle. Betty, I've got three men in the hospital, Talbot barely walking - what do you want me to do?

BETTY ROSS

I want you to help him. Why isn't that simple? Why is he such a threat to you?

ROSS

Because I know what he comes from! He's his father's son, every last molecule of him. He says he doesn't know his father - he's working in the exact same goddamn field his father did. So either he's lying, or it's far worse than that, and he's...

BETTY ROSS

What? Predestined? To follow in his father's footsteps?

ROSS

I was gonna say "damned."

BETTY ROSS

Of course you were. But I'm a scientist, Dad. I believe this can be figured out. That Bruce can be helped.

ROSS

I know you do. Whether you know or care, I have a lot of pride in what you've done. I just can't shake the feeling that we're all...

BETTY ROSS

Damned?

ROSS

We shouldn't be here, Betty. Back here of all places. Too many floatin' damn ghosts. I feel like this is exactly what David Banner wanted.

She comes around, having none of his fatalistic reverie.

BETTY ROSS

Look, I know the government thinks they have a weapon on their hands or he'd be dead already. They can probe and prod all they want, but in the meanwhile, you have to let me help him. Nobody knows him better than I do.

A beat, he sizes up her offer.

BETTY ROSS (CONT'D)

What did David Banner do to him?

EXT. FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

An FBI tactical team surrounds the house.

INT. FATHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They burst down the door. The place is a deserted wreck.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The wheels of the janitor's cart. Moving slowly down a hall.

INT. LAWRENCE BERKELEY LAB - GAMMASPHERE - NIGHT

The place is still pretty much a shambles.

Swiftly, hands rig up a series of makeshift reflectors around the edge of the vacuum tubes protruding into the room.

CUT TO:

Later, The Father stands in the middle of the wrecked gammasphere, his arms outstretched, the chamber filled with light and radiation, an open canister emitting gas at his feet.

A blissful smile transforms his face.

The gammasphere shuts down. Light returns to normal. He drops to his knees.

FATHER

Yes.

He grabs the edge of a table to help him stand, looks down at his hand: It's been cut slightly from the edge of the metallic table, a tiny rip, a thin strip of blood.

He takes a handkerchief, holds it to his hand. We see the tissue around the cut begin to take on the characteristics of the cotton cloth.

The Father frowns, takes the kerchief away, looks at his hand, thinks, then presses it to the table.

His hand and wrist take on a metallic glow. He pulls his hand away, studies it again, then turns quickly and slams his hand into the wall, easily smashing through it.

He laughs.

Just then, the door opens. A security guard pokes his head in.

GUARD

What's happening here?

FATHER

Look. My hand. You see, the strength of my son's DNA, combined with the radiant energy, it's transformed my cells, allowing them, after exposure to other cellular structures, to absorb and replicate them -

The guard slowly goes for his gun.

GUARD

I'm gonna have to ask you to put your hands up, pal, OK? Nice and easy.

The guard approaches The Father, who starts again to laugh.

He brings his metallic hand down on the guard's head, a sickening metallic thud. The guard goes down.

The Father smiles, wiggles his metallic fingers.

INT. DESERT BASE - CONTAINMENT CELL - DAY

Betty smooths her hand through Banner's hair, as he wakes up.

BRUCE BANNER

Where am I?

BETTY ROSS

You're home.

EXT. DESERT BASE - COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Betty and Banner walk through the deserted ramshackle street. At a not-too-discrete distance, troops armed with various hi-tech containment weapons and lightweight attack vehicles moving slowly behind them.

BETTY ROSS

It's hard to believe we used to live here.

They keep walking.

BRUCE BANNER

I must have seen you or known you. If only  
I could remember.

Betty has no response.

Banner walks a few steps away, falls into a reverie.

The wind. Dust.

EXT. DESERT BASE - ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

They wander among the broken-down, deserted houses.

An abandoned swingset. Betty sits on it, absentmindedly swings.

On Banner: the sound of the rusty swing.

Banner notices a particular house nearby. Banner pauses, sense it might have been his.

He walks toward the house.

Betty gets off the swing, follows.

EXT./INT. DESERT BASE - OLD HOUSE - DAY

Bruce and Betty wander through the deserted backyard area, moving slowly toward the house.

BRUCE BANNER

It's my old house, isn't it?

The door opens, but no one enters. Dust... sunlight... After a beat, Bruce walks through with Betty a half step behind him.

Bruce walks into the center of the room. Looks around. The place is empty - dusty relics. NO furniture. Just architecture.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)  
(turns to the door)  
Let's go.

BETTY ROSS  
(stops him)  
Please try.

CLOSER.

They stand face to face. Bruce moves back deeper into the room. He glances to his left. Shattered window. He wanders toward a closed door leading to the back of the house.

This stops him. Banner looks at the door, then crouches.

BETTY ROSS (CONT'D)  
What is it?

BRUCE BANNER  
(cold)  
Nothing.

BETTY ROSS  
(re: his comment)  
Really.

BRUCE BANNER  
Dammit. This is just another problem that you want to solve. Well OK, Betty. What do you want to know?

BETTY ROSS  
What was in that room?

Face to face... Betty heads toward the closed door. Bruce hurries to stop her.

BETTY ROSS (CONT'D)  
What are you afraid I'll see?

She reaches up and touches the side of his face. An artery BULGES then recedes. His jaw juts forward.

A low guttural sound comes out. His arms have started to bulge.

BETTY ROSS (CONT'D)

Trust me.

The sound turns into a roar. He whirls away from her and suddenly kicks down the door.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

An explosion of light and dust. When it clears, Banner is standing there again... perfectly composed. Perfectly restored. The storm has passed - the impulse is gone.

REVERSE ANGLE - THEIR POV

The room is empty. Just a shell. There's nothing there.

BRUCE BANNER

(turns)

See. There's nothing.

(re: himself)

It's empty.

ANGLE. BETTY.

It's devastating. He looks her in the eye: collected... cold... dispassionate... composed. She steadies herself on a door. It's empty.  
INT. DESERT BASE - HALLWAY - ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Betty places her thumb on a biometric reader at the door to the control room. The door remains locked.

She tries it again. Red light on the lock.

INT. DESERT BASE - ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

Later, inside Ross's office:

ROSS

They have explicitly limited my jurisdiction and your access has been

denied. NSA has decided to hand over the study of the - the threat - to Atheon.

BETTY ROSS

But you're the head of the base, you're in charge.

ROSS

But I don't set policy and I still take orders.

For a brief moment, he loses his cool.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I can't believe Talbot would go around me like this. There are a lot of powerful people interested in what's going on here, and money to be made, lots of it. You know the worst part about all this?

He slumps in his chair. She thinks about going to him, but holds back.

He gives her a nod of appreciation.

ROSS

When I had Banner locked up and sent the boy off, I didn't give the kid a second thought. He was just collateral damage. Well, he isn't anymore, is he?

BETTY ROSS

So what can I do?

ROSS

You can go home. I'd tell you to go and say goodbye to him, but I've been informed that for now all further contact is out of the question.

It starts to sink in.

I/E. HELICOPTER - DAY

Betty looks down from her seat in the chopper at the desolate desert floor as she flies home.

INT. DESERT BASE - CONTAINMENT CELL - DAY

A number of small openings in the walls mechanically appear; gun barrels, red laser aim dots appear all over Banner.

The door bursts open, startling Banner.

Talbot sweeps in, carrying what looks like an electrified walking stick. He's still a bit bruised from his last encounter with Banner.

TALBOT

Hiya, Bruce. How you feeling? Grub OK here for you?

BRUCE BANNER

You're looking a little worse for wear.

TALBOT

I'm fine and dandy. Might need a little reconstructive work on my left index finger. Insurance'll cover it.

BRUCE BANNER

What are you doing here?

TALBOT

Good question. See, I need your cells to trigger some chemical distress signals... You know, so you can get a little green for me again, and then I'll carve off a piece of the real you, analyse it, patent it, make a fortune. You mind?

BRUCE BANNER

I'll never let you.

TALBOT

I'm not sure you have much of a choice.

With this, Talbot takes his stick and smashes it against Banner's stomach. It's an electric stun gun, and Banner goes flying backwards against the wall.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

C'mon Bruce, aren't you feeling a little angry? After all, you have only me to play with, now that Betty's dumped you and gone back to Berkeley.

BRUCE BANNER

You're lying.

TALBOT

You know, for me this is a win-win situation. You turn green, all these guys kill you, and I perform the autopsy. You don't, I mop the floor with you, and (whispering) maybe by accident I go too far and break your neck. (beat) Bad science, maybe, but personally gratifying. Come to think of it, you are looking a little green - around the gills.

Banner, using the wall for support, gets back up. He continues to stare at him - but still no Hulk.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

C'mon. Just a love tap. Let's see what you've got.

BRUCE BANNER

(weakly)

Never.

Banner stumbles towards him. Talbot, not as afraid as before, drops the stick and pummels him, with his fists, finally planting a right hook on his chin, knocking him out.

He moves over to Banner's crumpled body, kicks it.

TALBOT

You know, consciously you might control it. But subconsciously, I bet that's another story.

INT. DESERT BASE - IMMERSION CELL - DAY

Banner, unconscious, floats in an immersion tank, wired to various instruments.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON IMMERSION LAB - DAY

Talbot, watching on the monitors, going over the read-outs.

TALBOT

Let's jump-start those brain waves, shall we?

Back on Banner: slight twitching.

EXT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

A van pulls up, Betty gets out, and goes inside. The van remains parked outside of the house.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Betty enters, senses something is wrong: In a chair, the Father sits, waiting for her.

FATHER

(rising)

My dear Miss Ross, welcome back.

BETTY ROSS

(backing toward the door)

Look, there are two MPs right outside.

FATHER

-You don't have to worry. I'm not angry with you, not anymore. Please...

BETTY ROSS

What do you want?

FATHER

It's over for me now, I know that - and it'll soon be over for him. That's why I've come to you - to ask you, Miss Ross, if you think you can persuade your father - as a man - as a father himself - if I turn myself in peacefully... then he can put me away forever... to let me see my son one last time. Could you do that for me?

BETTY ROSS

(softening)

It's out of my father's hands now.

FATHER

I understand... they turned him into a puppet. I can't blame him.

BETTY ROSS

You shouldn't. You should blame yourself for what you've done to your son.

FATHER

And what did I do to him, Miss Ross? Nothing! I tried to overcome the limits in myself - myself, not him. Can you understand? To improve on nature, my nature. Knowledge of oneself, that is the only path to the truth that gives men the power to defy God's boundaries (and operate beyond prejudice).

BETTY ROSS

You wanna know what's beyond your boundaries? Other people. Connecting with others makes you greater than you were, but you never will, and neither can Bruce. All he knows is fear, fear of life.

From The Father, resignation, a sigh.

FATHER

Fear? Perhaps Miss Ross, and loneliness, too? Yes, I've felt them both. But I have lived, lived completely, once... a taste of another, in her reality... her presence.

Betty listens as he seems to drift into a reverie. He smiles to himself.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You see, I was so in love with her... And she so wanted a child, my child.

INTERCUT:

INT. DESERT BASE - IMMERSION CELL - DAY

On Banner.

The wires.

Entering his brain.

We see a vast neural network, reticulated nets, forming floating, liquid screens of unconscious images, memories. We hear the uncharted chorus of voices and sounds inside hum, sometimes blending with his father's voice as he tells Betty their story.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON LAB - CONTINUOUS

Talbot and team work on.

FATHER (V.O.)

I could feel it, from the moment she conceived - it wasn't a son I had given her, but something else, a monster maybe, something inexplicable. I should have put a stop to it right then, but I was curious - that was my downfall. And as I watched his tiny life unfold - and I began to imagine the horror of it - my curiosity was replaced by compassion.

INT. DESERT BASE - IMMERSION CELL - CONTINUOUS

Inside Banner's unconscious, the images start to connect, take shape.

The dolls.

Young Banner, playing.

His mother, smiling.

His mother takes him in her arms.

Smiling, reassuring.

The door opens. Anxious now, she turns.

FATHER (V.O.)

But then, they took away my chance to cure him, your father threw me out and I had nothing left to give him. I remember that day so well, every sensation, walking into the house. Feeling the handle of the knife in my hand. I knew I was doing a father's work, fulfilling a father's mercy.

INT. DESERT BASE - IMMERSION CELL - CONTINUOUS

Banner's eyelids - beneath, the eyes spinning.

More memories:

A glimpse of David Banner.

Bruce's mother goes to him in the other room.

The toys.

Arguing.

A scream. She's been stabbed.

A knife, bloody, drops to the floor.

FATHER (V.O.)

But she surprised me. It was as if she and the knife merged. You can't imagine - the unbearable finality of it - her life, and mine, suspended at the end of my hand.

Young Bruce takes the knife, flies at his father.

Mother, stumbling into the desert.

FATHER (CONT'D)

And in that one moment, I took everything that was dear to me and transformed it into nothing more than a memory.

MPs swarm the house.

His father, put in an ambulance.

Young Bruce crying, pointing to the desert, as they drag him away.

The sun. The desert.

An empty swing on the playground, rocking back and forth.

Back to the immersion tank: Banner's face.

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FATHER

You see, Miss Ross, you can't step back  
from what you create. You must learn,  
simply, to embrace it, to love it, as I  
love him.

He starts to weep.

Betty regards him uneasily.

BETTY ROSS

Let me make a call.

She leaves the room.

He looks after her: a grim smile replacing his tears.

The camera punches in on his grinning mouth.

INT. DESERT BASE - IMMERSION CELL - CONTINUOUS

The Father's grinning mouth is replaced by the twisted mouth of Banner,  
in agony: a muffled, liquid scream.

Banner, his face a vision of pain, his body distending.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON IMMERSION LAB - DAY

TECHNICIAN

We're getting a lot of neural activity.

The monitors flash.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Incredible. He's generating enormous amounts of-

TALBOT

Let me see. (beat) Bingo! That must be some jumbo nightmare he's having. Do it now. Start the enzyme extraction.

TECHNICIAN TWO

Sir - negative drill penetration.

TALBOT

Dammit! Stick him harder. Give me full RPMs.

INT. DESERT BASE - IMMERSION CELL - CONTINUOUS

On Banner. The pain of recognition, as his past comes to consciousness.

In the fluid environment, his body writhes, twists.

And then - Hulk out.

We hear the muted roar of his cries from inside the tank, creating their own waves in the liquid, resonating, finally cracking the tank.

A small flood, as Hulk stands, emerges.

Intercut:

The lab control room, as Talbot and the others react.

TECH

Should I incinerate?

TALBOT

No. I can't do anything with ashes.

Talbot hits the intercom.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

All right. Put him to sleep.

Back to Hulk:

He roars. Pounds against the walls of the immersion cell.

Gas flows from the walls, enveloping him; he responds not by fainting but as if it were a nasty allergen. He flails harder; a final fist gets his arm through the wall and into the hallway.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hulk emerges into the hallway, gas flowing behind him. Various personnel are immediately overcome by the gas, as Hulk makes his way down the hall.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON IMMERSION LAB - CONTINUOUS

TALBOT

Non-lethals only. I must get a sample of him. Hit him with the foam.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A group of Atheon security round the corner, face the Hulk at the other end of the hallway.

INT. DESERT BASE - COMMAND AND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Hulk in the hallway shows up on the monitors in front of ROSS.

AIDE

Sir.

ROSS

Jesus. Get me Talbot.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

One of the techies steps forward with a large barrelled gun attached to two tanks on his back and fires. A stream of gelatinous liquid covers Hulk in sticky foam. Hulk is stuck. Struggling.

The liquid starts to congeal around him.

He flicks some of it off; it lands on one of the men who is instantly frozen in it.

Intercut ROSS:

ROSS

Talbot, this is Ross. Talk to me.

Intercut Talbot:

TALBOT

Under control, General. I'll let you know if we need you.

ROSS

Unacceptable. Unseat your asses down there, immediately. I want a full-court evacuation now. I'm shutting you down.

Talbot throws down his mike. Looks at his screen: Hulk, still struggling against the super-goo.

TALBOT

(to the tech)

Lock down.

TECHNICIAN

But, didn't you just hear the general?

Talbot gets up, pulls a sidearm.

TALBOT

I said lock down.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SOLDIER

Response force heading for South 4-11.

Huge metal doors descend, closing off the Atheon lab areas, just as ROSS's troops attempt to enter.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

C2 this is O4. Doors are down.

INT. DESERT BASE - ATHEON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Talbot moves with a contingent of Atheon security, some of them armed.

They pause as they hear Hulk around the corner.

TALBOT

Let's get a sample of him.

They take the corner, face Hulk, who is still mired in the foam.

Talbot cautiously approaches Hulk.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

Now, let's take this nice and easy.

Talbot takes a hand-held laser drill and punches it into Hulk's neck.

Hulk recoils, screaming, as, his skin tearing, he begins to free himself from the foam. Talbot steps back.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

Pull back.

The men retreat around a corner, Hulk following. With each footstep, he shakes the halls.

Another corner: at the far end of this hall, the metal doors are starting to rise, troops at the ready on the other side.

Talbot pauses, grabs a super-huge kick-ass automatic weapon from one of the other men, stands his ground.

Hulk and Talbot eye each other. Hulk snarls, and then, before Talbot's eyes, he grows again - this time from twelve to fifteen feet high, so big he fills the tunnel, crouching. Talbot, temporarily transfixed, afraid, watches in awe.

Troops rushing in the adjoining hall.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

So long, big boy.

Talbot sprays Hulk with a hail of powerful automatic fire. Hulk contorts in pain as the bullets make contact.

We hear: metallic pinging, as the bullets bounce off of him.

Talbot's face: registering his mistake.

The bullets bounce back, riddling Talbot, who crumples to the ground.

The troops: witnessing it all, turn tail and run for it.

INT. DESERT BASE - COMMAND CENTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ROSS

Lock down the entire facility immediately!

OLIVER

Target's still moving towards blue level.

ROSS

Evacuate the main hall.

INT. DESERT BASE - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hulk bursts through the main elevator shaft breaking the elevator base free. He nudges the base with his shoulder as he climbs out the shaft sending it rolling toward the military personnel. They scatter.

Intercut:

Ross watches as his team is overpowered by the Hulk. He realizes they are inadequate...

Intercut:

Hulk destroys the lower loading dock area and engages with the heavy weapons team as they run toward him from the tunnel.

Hulk kicks a large cargo cart across the deck. The cart slams into a stack of radiological contamination barrels causing an explosion of toxic gas. An electrical panel explodes in a shower of sparks. A steam line ruptures spewing high pressure steam.... The cart collides into the heavy weapons team sending the men flying like bowling pins.

Hulk steps back up on the mid-level. He sees two soldiers on the catwalk, still firing their weapons. Hulk looks for something to throw at them.... Turning, he hits his face against a stationary crane holding a suspended crate. Angered, Hulk grabs the crane and sends it flying down the track smashing through the windows.

Ross weighs his options. Stay and fight or release Hulk towards the open ground to better utilize his assets.

Intercut:

Back on the upper level...

Hulk grabs the discarded elevator base and looks towards the command and control center windows.

Intercut:

Everyone's face as they realize...

ROSS

Incoming!

Everyone scrambles and hits the floor taking cover as Hulk throws the base through the window. The base flies across the room and imbeds into a wall of video monitors.

The power flickers... sparks fly...

ROSS

Shut down all power to the main hall.

ORTEGO

Sir?

ROSS

Show him the way out! We'll fight him outside.

INT. DESERT BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The main hallway goes dark... a bright light floods the shaft revealing the way out.

Hulk follows the illuminated pathway and heads up the tunnel.

EXT. DESERT BASE - OLD DRIVE-IN THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The ground shakes, the screen collapses. Hulk pauses and then leaps.

INT. DESERT BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

ROSS

Javelin 6, this is C2. He has breached green level.

EXT. DESERT BASE - ABANDONED NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Hulk lands in the deserted, quiet neighborhood. He sees his old house.

Close: Hulk's eyes.

Through a window:

The dusty interior of Banner's childhood home.

The sound of the vehicles rises, then recedes for a moment. A ghostly glimpse of the past sweeps through the house - Christmas, 1973 - then disappears in the wind.

Then, the whole place erupts in flames, as the missile fire lets loose on the entire neighborhood.

A glimpse of Hulk - blasted back by the force of the bombs.

EXT. DESERT DUNES

He lands hard in the dunes, sending up a plume of sand. As he gets up, a group of LAVs, fast-moving desert attack vehicles, close in on him.

He jumps in front of one of them, grabs the chain attached to its bumper. He swings the vehicle around in the air, as a machine gunner fires down in circles around him.

Hulk flings the buggy as the soldiers drop out of it.

The buggy lands on one of the Abrams tanks that are fast approaching, blasting huge amounts of firepower.

Hulk gets to the tank. Lifts the gun turret.

Twists off the entire top of the tank.

Pounds it.

Picks up the tank. Soldiers fall out, run away.

Ground troops moving up behind the tanks.

SERGEANT

Pull back!

Back to ROSS:

INT. DESERT COMMAND CENTER - DAY

ROSS

(on a Satellite phone)

Be advised this is T-Bolt at Desert Lab.  
Requesting a flash override for POTUS  
(President of the United States) and the  
National Security Advisor.

SATCOMM OPERATOR (V.O.)

Ohio.

ROSS

Sandusky. I repeat, Sandusky. Authenticate  
Alpha Whiskey, Sierra Five Five Zero Three.

SATCOMM OPERATOR (V.O.)

I copy, Alpha Whiskey Sierra Five Five  
Zero, wait one.

ROSS

Roger, standing by.

SATCOMM OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is a secure line. Go ahead, please.

ROSS

Mr. President. I have some bad news.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The President on a phone as he stands in the river flyfishing:

PRESIDENT

Let's have it, General.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The National Security Advisor on a phone:

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

I have briefed the President on Angry Man.  
I assume that's what this is about.

Back to Ross:

ROSS

It is, ma'am. I'm requesting National  
Command Authority override - Angry Man is  
unsecure, and I need everything we have at  
my disposal to stop his movement.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR

General, you expecting civilian casualties?

ROSS

Not if I can help it.

PRESIDENT

Consider it done. Keep us posted.

GENERAL ROSS

Yes, sir. T-bolt out.

EXT. DESERT BASE - CONTINUOUS

Ross boards a waiting Command and Control Blackhawk.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Hulk begins to run into the desert.

INT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

Ross looks down as Hulk takes a running jump. Catches glimpses of  
green, leaping away.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Hulk runs: picks up speed.

Faster.

INT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

ROSS watches on a monitor in amazement as the green figure disappears off the screen.

The BLACKHAWK arches across the sky racing towards Hulk's direction.

ROSS

(to Technician #3)

Contact Goodman control.

(to Technician #2)

Patch data to the assets.

(to Technician #1)

Contact HQ... have them initiate an immediate evacuation. In the vicinity of grid coordinate 653-216.

TECHNICIAN #1 (O.S.)

3-D Battle space coming up on line now.  
Target is heading west, bearing 280 degrees.

EXT. DESERT

Four Comanche helicopters in flight.

EXT. DESERT - SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE

We move with the Hulk.

His breathing.

The landscape swimming by.

Frantic, determined movement, but also a momentary feeling of calm.

INTERCUT TO ROSS:

ROSS

Gentleman, it's time to dig in. I want this target stopped in his tracks.

EXT. SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

A landscape of steep cliffs and rock formations. Hulk leaps to the top of a formation, looks out over the rocky expanse.

Momentary, eerie silence.

As he stands there, the four choppers instantly rise from the valley below, hover directly in front of him.

Hulk swiftly reaches out, grabs one of the moving propellers on the closest chopper. As it swings into him, he wrestles its tail. Together, the chopper and Hulk roll down the side of the cliff.

The other choppers dash about, regroup, as Hulk picks himself up and starts climbing.

Hulk dashes across various embankments, cliffs, ravines.

EXT. SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Hulk clambers up a canyon wall, as the Comanches blast away on his tail.

ROSS witnesses the battle. Hulk destroys two of the Comanche helicopters. The remaining two turn and empty all of their available weapons at the Hulk in a huge hail of gunfire. Hulk disappears under a gigantic pile of rock and debris.

The three helicopters hover over the pile of lifeless rubble as the dust clears.

TANGO-ONE

T-Bolt, this is Tango-one. We're bingo for fuel and ammo. RTB.

EXT. DESERT SKY - DAY

Ross's Blackhawk departs the area, in the distance the High Bird C-130 can be seen descending over the target area.

EXT. DESERT FLOOR - DAY

The dust continues to settle on the pile... a small rock tumbles down the mountain of debris causing a small avalanche. Green skin can be seen... as we zoom in we see it is pulsing, breathing, suddenly... BOOM... the rock pile explodes sending rock and debris sailing through the air like a meteor shower.

EXT. VARIOUS SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPES - CONTINUOUS

Hulk breaks out of the landscape and begins a series of enormous leaps.

HIGH BIRD (V.O.)

Be advised target not destroyed... he's on the move again.

ROSS

(looking at his monitor)

I've got it!... It appears he's heading home.

(to Technician #3)

Contact Goodman control... launch fast movers... have them intercept and engage.

(pause)

Inform them we'll be on station after we refuel.

More Hulk leaps. Again, a brief moment of peace, high in the clouds, then down again.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - FRONT GATE - DAY

Betty gets a call on her cell phone.

BETTY ROSS

Yes.

Intercut Ross:

ROSS

Betty. Bruce got out. He's coming your way, probably right to you. How far from base are you?

BETTY ROSS

I'm already here. They're taking his father in right now.

ROSS

That's all good news. Stay there, Betty.

The small convoy enters the gate.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - JAIL - DAY

The convoy comes to a stop outside the Brig. MPs lead The Father inside. He smiles, turns, and holds his manacled hands up to Betty in a gesture of farewell.

EXT. SIERRA NEVADAS - CONTINUOUS

Hulk moving. Now, three top-secret Raptor F-22 jets rise up on Hulk's tail.

F-22 PILOT

Dash 2 rolling in hot lock and Fox 3.  
Breaking off left.

ROSS

Check fire, check fire. The area's too populated now. We've got to get him out to sea, and terminate him there, over.

EXT. MARIN HEADLANDS - CONTINUOUS

Hulk lands on the Marin headlands, overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge and the city.

The jets buzz him.

INT./EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - CAPTAIN'S NEST - CONTINUOUS

Betty witnesses the scene from the island.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Hulk jumps atop one of the arches of the Golden Gate Bridge. He looks down.

As the planes circle back, one of them flies in low. Ahead of it: a helicopter.

The pilot veers in order to avoid the helicopter, and heads straight into the bridge.

Hulk sees the impending disaster.

Hulk jumps onto the plane, which now dips and swoops just below the bridge, Hulk clinging onto it. Hulk's back scrapes the bottom of the bridge, creasing it, as it passes under.

ROSS

OK, you've got him - now take him on a ride to the top of the world. Let's see what some thin air will do to him.

The plane goes vertical, flies straight up.

I/E. F-22 - CONTINUOUS

Hulk clings to the plane as it rises. Up through the clouds. Ice. Hulk begins to lose consciousness.

Hulk's face, staring into the eyes of the pilot through the cockpit windshield.

His eyes close.

As the plane tilts back, he slides off.

He falls and falls.

A kaleidoscope of images - Hulk's unconscious.

A dreamscape: We cut back to images we saw near the beginning of the film, now weirdly uncanny:

Banner, in front of a mirror, shaving.

The scrape of the razor.

Watching himself, in the mirror.

Scraping. Slow. The sound.

From inside the mirror, different eyes, watching him.

He stops. Leans closer into the mirror, studying.

Suddenly, the glass flies apart. Hulk's hand reaches out and takes him by the neck, smashing his face back into the mirror.

Banner, bloodied but unbowed, staring back into Hulk's furious face now, the two of them nose to nose.

They regard each other.

Slowly, Banner raises his hand, gently untwines Hulk's fingers from around his neck.

But just as we think Hulk has calmed, his fingers form a fist: with a quick blow to the face, he snaps Banner's neck back - broken.

On the sound of the break, back to the action:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - CONTINUOUS

Hulk crashes into the bay.

He swiftly drops to the floor of the bay, half his body lodged in the muddy bottom, half-conscious.

Betty watches the water.

ROSS's helicopter flies over the bay; he also surveys the huge perturbations across the water.

On the water's surface: nothing.

But then, Hulk is up for air.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Hulk drops, deep.

Hits the floor of the bay, bullets flying around him, kicks into gear.

He's on the edge of the city, spots underwater drains, flowing into the bay. He swims into them.

INT. BLACKHAWK

Back to Ross:

F-22 PILOT (V.O.)

T-Bolt, be advised we're gonna cause a lot of damage if we have to start shooting in downtown San Francisco....

ROSS

Roger.

(beat)

You are still cleared to fire on the target, Legend.

F-22 PILOT (V.O.)

All units are weapons hot....

Ross's face: grim.

Intercut: Betty, who has been listening in on the radio exchanges:

BETTY

Dad.

ROSS

Betty, I don't know what choice I have. I have to destroy him.

BETTY

You can't. It will only fuel his rage and make him stronger....

ROSS

He's coming for you, Betty.

BETTY ROSS

Then let me go to him, please. Give him the chance to calm down.

Ross ponders.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A cable car rings its bell, moves toward Market Street.

We track behind it, following what starts out as a small crack in the street, flowing as a kind of wake in its path.

The cracks become bigger, heaving upward.

Pedestrians start to notice, jump out of the way.

Water mains begin to break. At each fire hydrant, the caps fly off, water begins to spout.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - CONTINUOUS

Ross's chopper on the tarmac. Betty runs toward it, enters.

It takes off.

INT. WATER DRAINS - CONTINUOUS

With each step, Hulk pushes up with his elbows, punching his way through. Finally, he pokes his head through a manhole cover into the light of day.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A steep intersection, with steps leading down to it from the hill above. Hulk climbs out of the sewer into the middle of the street.

Panic as he stands, momentarily stunned, people tearing away from him in all directions, military and police running towards him, and taking up positions. Hulk roars at them. In the sky, a fleet of Apaches; on the ground, National Guard, hundreds of soldiers and police; on nearby buildings, Swat teams and snipers: No one is nearer than 200 feet.

But then: Down the steps, Betty slowly walks.

EXT. BLACKHAWK - SAN FRANCISCO STREET

Ross stands by his chopper, now landed, speaking into his radio.

ROSS

All units. Hold your fire.

(beat)

Let's set her down over there.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

Betty approaches.

Hulk sees her, drops to his knees, lets out a cry of pain and shame.

She comes closer.

Hulk winces, but she comes to him, touches him.

She touches him.

Hulk's body begins to contract. Moisture, fluids emerge from every pore as he returns back to Banner.

The crowd - reaction. Silence, and the noise of the choppers and hovering planes.

Banner's face - looking now at Betty.

BRUCE BANNER  
(exhausted half-smile)  
You found me.

BETTY ROSS  
(a quick glance around)  
You weren't that hard to find.

She starts to cry.

Wide shot: The two of them, clinging to each other, surrounded in the wreckage by troops, police, choppers, the crowd.

INT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE - BRIG - NIGHT  
Father sits in chains. A soldier unlocks his cell. He rises.

INT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - NIGHT

A makeshift prison for Banner. He sits on a cot at the end of the hangar, lit by klieg lights. Huge electromagnetic arrays face him, ready to incinerate him at a moment's notice.

His face: calm, contemplative, ready for the end.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Banner on video monitors, next to communications trucks. ROSS, Betty, others.

ROSS

Here's the deal. He stays on the base here until we get final word from C3 on how to dispose of him. Meanwhile, if he does anything but sit there in that chair - we turn up the juice and he's incinerated immediately.

COLONEL

We've established a 200-yard perimeter, sir. If we deploy the electromagnetic array, there should be no collateral damage.

ROSS

I'm doing this for you Betty... but one way or another, we're going to have to prepare for the worst.

Soldiers at the controls. Tense, hair-triggers.

A personnel transport pulls up. Guards jump down, open the back. The Father, in chains, is led out of the vehicle, escorted in front of the troops.

He passes by Betty and ROSS. Makes eye contact, but says nothing.

His escorts point him toward the open end of the hangar.

INT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Banner, half-blinded by the lights, sits up, seeing his father's figure come toward him.

Slowly, The Father walks forward, the length of the hangar. Stands before his son. Hangs his head.

Bruce, speaking almost in a whisper:

BRUCE BANNER

I should have killed you.

FATHER

As I should have killed you.

BRUCE BANNER

I wish you had.

Banner sinks down onto the cot, his head in his hands.

BRUCE BANNER (CONT'D)

I saw her last night. In my mind's eye. I saw her face. Brown hair, brown eyes. She smiled at me, she leaned down and kissed my cheek. I can almost remember a smell, like desert flowers-

FATHER

-Her favorite perfume.

BRUCE BANNER

My mother. I don't even know her name.

Banner starts to cry.

Intercut:

Betty and ROSS, watching on the monitors. The sound is low, distorted but they can just make out the conversation.

FATHER

(nervously playing with a nearby lamp cord)  
That's good. Crying will do you good.

He walks toward his son, reaches out with his manacled hands.

BRUCE BANNER

No. Please don't touch me. Maybe, once, you were my father. But you're not now - you never will be.

FATHER

(beat)  
Is that so? Well, I have news for you. I didn't come here to see you. I came for my son.

Bruce looks up at him, confused.

FATHER (CONT'D)

My real son - the one inside of you. You are merely a superficial shell, a husk of

flimsy consciousness, surrounding him,  
ready to be torn off at a moment's notice.

BRUCE BANNER

Think whatever you like. I don't care. Just  
go now.

The Father smiles, laughs. Whispers:

FATHER

But Bruce - I have found a cure - for me.  
(beat - now more menacing) You see, my  
cells too can transform - absorb enormous  
amounts of energy, but unlike you, they're  
unstable. Bruce, I need your strength. I  
gave you life, now you must give it back to  
me - only a million times more radiant,  
more powerful.

BRUCE BANNER

Stop.

FATHER

Think of it - all those men out there,  
their uniforms, barking and swallowing  
orders, inflicting their petty rule over  
the globe, think of all the harm they've  
done, to you, to me - and know we can make  
them and their flags and their anthems and  
governments disappear in a flash. You - in  
me.

BANNER

I'd rather die.

FATHER

And indeed you shall. And be reborn a hero  
of the kind that walked the earth long  
before the pale religions of civilization  
infected humanity's soul.

Bruce Banner leaps up, screaming.

BRUCE BANNER

Go!

Intercut:

ROSS, the soldiers: about to detonate.

FATHER

Stop your bawling, you weak little speck of  
human debris. I'll go.

He grabs one of the thick electrical cables lining the floor, tears it  
apart.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Just watch me go!

The live wires sputter - and then he takes them into his mouth.

The lights in the hangar begin to sputter.

Banner rises, a glimpse of green already showing in his eyes.

BRUCE BANNER

No!

He jumps toward The Father, but is bounced back by the current.

Back to Ross:

ROSS

What the hell!

The soldier at the controls, nervous, pulls the switch.

The electromagnetic arrays come to life: We feel a burst of enormous  
energy surging from them.

But instead of irradiating out, their energy flows directly into the  
outstretched arms of The Father.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

From above, we the lights on the island, then on the bridges, then  
throughout the entire Bay Area, in a wave, go out.

INT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The Father, his body coursing with electrical energy.

His shackles crackle and break open.

The arrays, in a flash, implode.

The Father flings out his arms, sending up an electromagnetic field that makes the entire hangar sizzle.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The monitors - all dark. Now even the headlights and ignitions on the vehicles sputter out.

ROSS

Hit them again!

SOLDIER

We can't, sir. There's no power, some kind of counter electromagnetic field-

ROSS

Then move in there - with everything you've got. Fire at will.

The Father, laughing, looks over at where Bruce was thrown - and is met by a huge green fist which lifts him, in a lightning flash, through the roof of the hangar and across the bay. The Hulk, with a roar, leaps after him.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

The Father and the Hulk, in a firestorm of electricity, land by the water's edge of a distant mountain lake.

They rise and face each other. The Father now stands almost as tall as the Hulk, the electricity now drained from his body, laughing.

The Hulk roars at The Father.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The sound registers on one of the monitors at Ross's command center.

TECHNICIAN

Sir, I've got them on radar. Pear Lake.

ROSS

Call up the task force.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE SUMMIT - NIGHT

Under a full moon.

Hulk, with both fists, pounds into The Father.

Father takes each blow - and with each blow, he seems to grow bigger, greener - absorbing Hulk's energy, cellular structure.

Hulk steps back, regards him, horrified, as The Father stands, as big as Hulk now.

Hulk, confused now, keeps his distance - about to strike, but holds back.

Then, he crouches down, and, scooping up an enormous boulder, lifts it and lets it crash down on The Father.

He pounds away, again and again, as the Father turns to stone.

A final blow, and The Father breaks up into a small mountain of dust and rock fragments; they fall upon Hulk, who pushes them off, but in so doing he transfers enough energy back to The Father so that he reshapes.

Now Hulk, in a fury, lashes out once again with his fists. The two of them, locked in struggle, make their way to the lake's edge, wildly pounding away at each other.

With each blow, the air around them seems to grow colder, vacant. Even the water begins to turn opaque, icy.

The two of them seem to almost merge as the lake's water begins to freeze around them.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - HANGAR - NIGHT

Ross and Betty at monitors.

OFFICER

Strange.

Satellite images: zooming in.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

We're reading... a phenomenal drop in temperatures there, but simultaneous radiological activity.

BETTY ROSS

The ambient energy - they're absorbing it all.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Fighter jets flying.

I/E. FROZEN MOUNTAIN LAKE SUMMIT - NIGHT

The two enormous figures, locked in a death grip, frozen in the lake bed.

We circle around them, then into the layers of ice, sparks of energy - neural charges - spiking through the frozen water.

Smash inside the Hulk's frozen eyes.

Through the retina, the neural pathways - back into the space of his unconscious we saw back at Desert Base.

Thousands of images, bits of memory and desire, suddenly coalescing into a moment of absolute calm and clarity.

Flashback:

The ice begins to crack.

From the melting ice, The Father rises, lifts Hulk's fist, holds it to his stomach.

Hulk - struggling - but his strength is going, he's shrinking, as The Father takes the last of him.

Hulk seems to dissolve, but we catch a brief glimpse of Banner, inside the dropping shape, as it falls into the lake.

The Father, victorious, towering above the mountains, sees in the horizon a fleet of puny stealth fighters and jet formations making their way toward him.

He laughs, his laughter resounding like thunder.

But now The Father pauses, amid his laughter, and looks down at his stomach - swirling energy, radiating into his whole body, making it bigger, bigger.

He thrashes, looking for Banner/Hulk, begins to howl.

He stumbles to the top of the mountain.

We see the fighter planes swiftly approaching in the background.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - COMMAND CENTER - CONT. - NIGHT

ROSS looks at his daughter as he gives his final order.

ROSS  
Gentlemen, release.

Back at the mountain:

A huge thermonuclear bomb takes off from one of the planes, heading straight for the Father, who continues to grow and distend in an agony of energy.

The missile strikes him. From within, a massive explosion - eerily, the gamma explosion from Banner and Betty's memories - engulfs the sky.

EXT. JOINT TACTICAL FORCE WEST - COMMAND CENTER - CONT. - NIGHT

On the monitors: the explosion.

ROSS, grim, drops his face into his hands.

A hand on his shoulder. He looks up: Betty.

I/E. PLANE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The planes pull back and away.

The winds rise to the heavens. A stillness descends on the forest valleys below: The Father is gone forever.

A glimpse of the bottom of the lake - Banner's body lying on the lake bed. Alive or dead?

INT. BETTY'S NEW LAB - DAY

Close up: twisted strands of DNA, magnified under the lens of a microscope.

Title:

ONE YEAR LATER -

MUTAGENIC TRACES - BUT OF WHAT?

Months later. Betty, contemplative, alone, looking through a microscope.

In the lens: twisted strands of DNA.

The phone rings.

ROSS (V.O.)

Betty, that you?

BETTY

Hi, Dad.

ROSS

I'm glad I caught you.

BETTY

I'm glad you called.

ROSS

Thanks... You and I, well... we both know that Bruce couldn't have survived that blast, but-

BETTY

-Dad, what is it?

ROSS

You know, the usual loonies, people seeing things, only now everything's green.

BETTY ROSS

(laughs)

Right.

ROSS

I know this goes without saying, but if, and I say if, by any chance, he should contact you, try to get in touch, you'd tell me now, wouldn't you?

BETTY

No... I wouldn't. You know as well as I do I wouldn't have to. My phones are bugged, I'm under surveillance. I can tell you, if he were alive, I'm the last person I'd want him to come to. Because as much as I miss him, I love him.

ROSS

I'm so sorry, Betty.

BETTY

I know.

She looks out her window, a couple of trees at the end of the parking lot, swaying slightly.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Palm trees thrash around in a stiff wind. Wind lashes a makeshift canvas-covered shelter. Three white-clad Red Cross workers are tending to a few rural families: kids, their parents, grandparents.

One of the Red Cross workers is a man wearing longish hair and a beard. He examines an eight-year-old boy, being held lovingly by his father, who looks feverish, glassy-eyed, and slack. The worker looks at the boy's father and pulls a pill bottle out of his pocket.

Note: All dialogue in this scene is in Spanish.

RED CROSS WORKER

You need to give him this three times a day, for ten days, OK?

BOY'S FATHER

Gracias.

RED CROSS WORKER

(to the boy)

You listen to your father, when he tells you to take this medicine, OK?

BOY

Si.

The boy smiles at his father, who smiles back at him.

The other Red Cross Worker, a pretty young local girl, looks for the next person in line, but sees a group of heavily armed men coming out of the jungle. A look of concern crosses her face. She gestures to the next child in line, and smiles reassuringly.

The armed men come into the tent, driving the locals out, laying down, and rifling through the supplies.

RED CROSS WORKER

We need these medicines for the people who live here.

PARAMILITARY

Who are you to say what is needed, foreigner? These people are helping our enemies. And maybe so are you.

He grabs the medicine kit.

PARAMILITARY (CONT'D)

We need these, too. They are now the property of the government.

The paramilitary pushes a child out into the rain and raises his AK-47. His men stand up and gather around him menacingly.

RED CROSS WORKER

You shouldn't of done that. Now say you're  
sorry and get out of here.

The paramilitaries raise their eyebrows, giggle.

PARAMILITARY

What?

RED CROSS WORKER

You're making me angry.

He looks up.

Close: Banner's eyes.

BANNER

You wouldn't like me when I'm angry.

Pull up and away, high above the jungle, an unbroken sea of green.

END.