

FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

MAROONED

P. 8742

Screenplay by Walter Newman
THIRD DRAFT
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Producer-Director Frank Capra

MAROONED

FADE IN:

LANGLEY FIELD, VA.

1 LONG SHOT - SPACE AT NIGHT 1
Myriads of stars...and then - slowly approaching head
on and gradually taking shape in silhouette against the
sky - a Gemini capsule. As it passes beneath us:

INT. GEMINI CAPSULE - NIGHT

2 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 2
side by side, wearing pressure suits and helmets. You
can't tell much about them right now: only their faces -
good ones and you like them at once - are visible. But
both embody that astonishing combination of superior
intelligence, vast knowledge, drive and bent for action
that is possessed by all astronauts. Hip, very alive,
DICK PRUETT is in his late thirties and behind him there's
a war in Korea, a science degree, half-a-dozen USAF service-
schools, three years as a test-pilot and two in back-
breaking training in the Gemini program. JIM DOUGHERTY,
B. Sc., M. A., Ph. D. Eng., is in his mid-twenties; less
aggressive than Pruett, to whom he stands second in the
pecking-order, he is self-composed and has a sharp but
quiet sense of humor. Unlike Pruett, who has been Air
Force since his eighteenth birthday, Dougherty's background
is scholastic, and prep-school and Ivy League at that.

PRUETT
Pruett to Gemini Control.

CAP COM VOICE
Roger.

PRUETT
Ready with the status report.

CAP COM VOICE
Roger.

PRUETT
All systems in the green.
Altitude is one-five-zero miles.

2 CONTINUED:

2

PRUETT (cont'd)

We have the Agena in sight. Estimated distance is eight hundred feet.

CAP COM VOICE

Roger. May we have your rate of closure?

PRUETT

Herman.

CAP COM VOICE

Herman? Who's Herman?

PRUETT

Do I ask you who's Roger? Rate of closure is twenty feet per second. Estimated time to rendezvous is three-zero seconds.

CAP COM VOICE

Very good.

PRUETT

Very good, hell - it's perfect.

INT. GEMINI CONTROL BOOTH

3 MEDIUM SHOT - CAP COM AND TECHNICIANS

3

CAP COM

(into head-set)

Okay, okay - it's perfect.

Putting a hand over his mouthpiece:

CAP COM

That Colonel Pruett's a cocky SOB.

FIRST TECHNICIAN

Got a right to be. They say he talks to airplanes.

SECOND TECHNICIAN

Anyway, that's the hottest team in the pool for my money.

CAP COM

His partner hasn't let it go to his head. Nice, quiet guy that Major.. what's his name?

3 CONTINUED:

3

FIRST TECHNICIAN

Jim Dougherty. He's one of the new type. He talks to computers.

SECOND TECHNICIAN

Flying medals and college degrees. Adds up to the moon team for my money.

CAP COM

Not for mine. I can't take Pruett.

4

LONG SHOT - THE AGENA - PRUETT'S POV

4

Through Pruett's window we see, about seven hundred feet ahead, the faint guide-lights of the Agena. Far below, the earth is perceptibly rolling past.

5

CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY

5

PRUETT

Watch the nose - looks a bit high.

DOUGHERTY

Adjusting now.

PRUETT

Slow to ten feet per second...slow to five...Orbit plane's a little off to the left.

DOUGHERTY

Straightening.

PRUETT

Slow to two feet per second.

DOUGHERTY

Roger. All docking equipment is Go.

6

MEDIUM SHOT - CAPSULE AND AGENA

6

They're about ten feet apart, the capsule nosing in.

7

CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY

7

PRUETT

Rendezvous path is good. Eight feet now...six...five...four...

8 MEDIUM SHOT - CAPSULE AND AGENA 8
as they meet and dock.

9 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 9

PRUETT
Pruett to Gemini Control - Bingo.

CAP COM VOICE
That does it. Very good.

PRUETT
Good, hell - it's perfect.

10 LONG SHOT - CAPSULE AND AGENA 10
as the house-lights go on and reveal that this has been a
simulated mission and that the capsule and the Agena have
been moving on cables. The capsule-hatches open and Pruett
and Dougherty start getting out. A TECHNICIAN is coming out
of the Control Booth and heading toward them.

11 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 11
standing next to the capsule, removing their helmets as
the Technician approaches.

TECHNICIAN
This TWX just came for you.

Dougherty takes the message and reads it. The Technician
leaves.

PRUETT
That was a damn good mission. I'd
like to see anyone fly it better.

DOUGHERTY
(reading)
Report at once to Cape for confidential
meeting on important mission.
George Keith.

PRUETT
Good, we'll be finished here Thursday
and -

DOUGHERTY
It says proceed at once.

Pruett snatches the TWX and reads it.

12 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 12
As Pruett and Dougherty look at each other in wild surmise.

DOUGHERTY

You don't suppose -

PRUETT

Yes - Yes, I do suppose. If it's
important enough to interrupt
training it can mean only one thing -

DOUGHERTY

My God, Dick, we've actually done it -
we've been selected for the moon-shot.
Oh, no, we couldn't be that lucky -

PRUETT

Lucky? We're the best team they have.

Throwing his head back:

DOUGHERTY

(screams)

EEEE-YAAA-HAAH.

They start running toward the exit.

SKY - DAY

13 LONG SHOT - TWO FIGHTER-JETS 13
In sheer exuberance, Pruett and Dougherty - on their way to
the Cape - are burning up the sky in a dazzling display of
aerial acrobatics. As they level off after a stunt:

14 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT IN FIGHTER-JET 14
To the tune of "Gallagher And Sheen":

PRUETT

(sings)

Oh, Mr. D -

Oh, Mr. D -

We should have told 'em all

'Go climb a tree -

If you want to know what's doin'

Way up there upon the moon,

Forget us, Jack, and send

A Chimpanzee.'

15 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY IN FIGHTER-JET 15

DOUGHERTY

(sings)

Oh, Mr. Pruett -
Oh, Mr. Pruett -
That's what I told 'em
And they said they'd do it.
But the chimp has an IQ
So much higher 'n me and you -

16 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT IN FIGHTER-JET 16

PRUETT

(sings)

Him they're saving, Mr. Dougherty?

17 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY IN FIGHTER-JET 17

DOUGHERTY

(nodding)

Us they're sending, Mr. P.

And with that, he starts another stunt.

18 LONG SHOT - TWO FIGHTER-JETS 18
as they stunt off into the distance in tandem.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. HALL AT CAPE - NIGHT

19 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 19
As they approach and enter, CAMERA MOVES ahead of them.

DOUGHERTY

Let's take old Keith out on the town
after he tells us.

PRUETT

Right - champagne party?

DOUGHERTY

The works. Obeyobeyobey.

They cut in toward a door and Pruett opens it.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

19A MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY, TWO SECRETARIES, KEITH 19A
as two men enter office, cigars tilted up. One of the
secretaries is middle-aged. The other - oh boy. The men
greet them as they enter.

DOUGHERTY
(to younger one)
Well, tell Pappy Keith we're here..
no bugles, please.

PRUETT
(leaning over her)
And what are you doing tonight?

SECRETARY
Cool it, jockey. You're late.

A side door opens and KEITH enters. Pruett and Dougherty
strike a pose and:

PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY
Pa-apy-y!

KEITH
Dick. Jim. Come on in.

A little deflated they follow Keith into conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

20 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 20
as they enter and see something off scene that stops them
cold on the threshold, their smiles fading, the cigars
dropping.

21 LONG SHOT - KEITH, MICHAELS, AIR FORCE COLONEL, PUBLIC 21
AFFAIRS OFFICERS, ASTRONAUTS - PRUETT'S POV

Behind a large desk on a slightly raised dais are GEORGE
KEITH, a Space Agency Deputy-Director, in his forties,
unflappable, enormously capable; DR. SID MICHAELS, the
Flight Surgeon, in his early fifties, alert, kindly forceful;
COLONEL SMITH, the Launch Director, two PUBLIC AFFAIRS
OFFICERS. Dr. Michaels is standing, having been interrupted
by the late entrance of Pruett and Dougherty. Seated,
helter-skelter in front of the desk are SEVENTEEN ASTRONAUTS,
the finest looking group of new-breed men one could assemble.
As George Keith goes to his seat back of desk he motions to
Pruett and Dougherty.

21 CONTINUED:

21

KEITH

Take a chair. Doc Michaels was just briefing us on the effects of Zero G on the body.

22 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY

22

They look at each other, then move into the room, CAMERA PANNING as they find seats not too close to each other and exchange greetings with the others. Michaels starts talking before new-comers are seated.

23 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS

23

MICHAELS

Well, as I was saying, this simple phenomenon on no gravity pull, poses some very sticky health problems for you astronauts.

On earth, each bone of your body is designed to support its share of your weight. Your heart pumps blood weighing many pounds through tubes conditioned to certain pressures. Your muscles work constantly to keep you walking up right.

CAMERA PANS slowly away from him and around the circle of intent faces.

MICHAELS' VOICE

But in orbit, as some of you have already experienced, the bones support no weight; the heart finds itself pumping blood that weighs nothing; and for the muscles it's siesta-time all the time.

24 CLOSE SHOTS OF PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY
as they exchange looks of disappointment.

24

MICHAELS

Well, what exactly happens to a man's innards in a prolonged state of Zero G is the sixty-four dollar question. When restless man looked up into space and said 'that's for me', he handed us medicos a handful of worms.

24 CONTINUED:

MICHAELS (cont'd)

24

Oh, yes, I know. Dozens of you astronauts have already been up in space. And you know the record. Practically all have come back with symptoms that range from the minor to the very serious.

25 MEDIUM SHOT - AN ASTRONAUT - MICHAELS' POV

25

ASTRONAUT

Aw, come on, Doc.. some pilots have been up for five, six, seven days with no lasting ill-effects.

26 CLOSE SHOTS - MICHAELS

26

MICHAELS

Yes, but what would have happened to them on the eighth, ninth, or fifteenth day? Water remains water at ninety-nine degrees centigrade. Bud add one more degree and it turns to steam. So is there a time in space at which we may expect any man to break?

(turns to Keith)

About it, George.

(he sits)

27 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND ASTRONAUTS
as Keith takes over, informally and seated.

27

KEITH

Anyway, that's the 'why' of this meeting. The hardware for the Apollo Mission will soon be checked out at 'GO'. But what about the human ware? Will it be operational? Can it ever be? As Doc said, some medicos think Zero G's no sweat. Most aren't sure. A few say it might be suicidal. So there it is. Your safety is and always will be our first consideration. As your Mission Director I have to have more answers before saying you boys are GO for the moon.

SECOND ASTRONAUT

How do we get the answers?

27 CONTINUED:

27

KEITH

By sending a man up for fourteen days. Not to the moon but in orbit around the earth, close enough to study him - and bring him down at once if it proves necessary. We've run a study on the MA-10 capsule to see if it can be modified for that long a mission and it can -

AN ASTRONAUT

MA-10 capsule? Would that make the mission part of the old Mercury program?

KEITH

This would have nothing to do with the Mercury program -

MICHAELS

We're considering the MA-10 only because of the nature of the experiment. It's only big enough for one man, as you know, and that gives us a better chance to learn the effect of prolonged sensory deprivation. That's one of the big things we're interested in -

KEITH

Anyway, the project is feasible. What are your opinions?

28

MEDIUM SHOT - THE ASTRONAUTS - KEITH'S POV

28

After a few moments of thoughts quietly but all at once:

ASTRONAUTS

As you said, we have to have the answers...Man, if I go to the moon, I want to be sure...Why talk? It has to be done, that's all...Sooner the better...I'll buy it...I say GO...I'm all for it...

29

CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

29

KEITH

I take it, then, you're all in favor of the project?

29 CONTINUED

29

VOICES

Sure...Right...Yes, indeed...

PRUETT'S VOICE

I'm against it.

30 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT
TAKING IN KEITH

30

PRUETT

Whose cockamamie idea was this?

KEITH

Well, actually, the project - both
the problem and the solution -
was inspired by a memo sent to
me last winter by Jim Dougherty.

PRUETT

Dougherty?

31 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY

31

PRUETT

How come you never mentioned it
to me?

DOUGHERTY

It just didn't seem that important
at the time. It occurred to me and
I jotted it down while we were
flying to L.A. for helmet fittings
and -

PRUETT

Skip it.

(turns to Keith)

I'm still against it.

KEITH

Go on.

PRUETT

We're in a race with the Russians
to see who gets to the moon first.

32 CONTINUED

32

PRUETT (Cont'd)

They've pulled ahead of us. And are we doing all we can to overtake and surpass them? No - we're talking about a mission in an old Mercury. It's like going back to the Tin Lizzie.

33 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY - PRUETT'S POV

33

THIRD ASTRONAUT

(leaning forward)

Dick, I don't like to point out the obvious but the object of the program is not to race the Russians or anyone else. The object is to get to the moon and back --

DOUGHERTY

(leaning forward)

To explore space, increase our knowledge of the universe - Knowledge, Dick, not headlines.

34 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT - DOUGHERTY'S POV

34

PRUETT

Is there any one of you who can tell me in all honesty he doesn't want to be first on the moon?

35 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY - PRUETT'S POV

35

DOUGHERTY

We all want to be first. But the main thing is what's good for the team.

36 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT

36

PRUETT

Well, rah-rah-rah. I know I never went to an Ivy League school like you - but I say what's good for the team is to push ahead with the moon-shot and not fritter away time, energy and money on a fourteen-day milk-run around the earth.

37 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY - PRUETT'S POV

37

THIRD ASTRONAUT

We can't push ahead until we have
the answers -

DOUGHERTY

Dick, facts are facts no matter
what our wishes are -

As Dougherty continues, the others settle back in their
chairs leaving him, still leaning forward, to carry the
ball.

DOUGHERTY

- and we're faced with a reality you
cannot push aside - fourteen days in
space might kill a crew.

38 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
starting to steam.

38

PRUETT

Doc said some experts believe
otherwise.

39 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

39

DOUGHERTY

And the effects on Cooper, Titov,
Schirra - ?

40 CLOSEUP - KEITH
as he realizes this is no longer an academic discussion.

40

PRUETT'S VOICE

Forget the effects on them -

41 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

41

PRUETT

- They said the first man to go
up in a balloon would die from it.
Twenty miles an hour in an automobile
was supposed to be sure death. The
four-minute mile was impossible.
Today, High School runners break it
every week.

42 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

42

DOUGHERTY

That proves my point.

43 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND MICHAELS
looking at each other, disturbed, as:

43

PRUETT'S VOICE

You don't understand what I'm
saying at all. I'm not talking
about theories. I'm saying that -

44 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, KEITH AND MICHAELS

44

PRUETT

- the answer lies in what you feel
in your guts you can accomplish.
When people first started riding
in planes, you were supposed to get
air-sick. You asked anybody at that
time, 'I'm going to fly in a plane,
will I get air-sick?' the answer
was, 'You bet' - and sure enough,
people in planes chucked up all over
the place. Nowadays, millions of
people ride in planes every month
and damned few throw up. Why? I'll
tell you why - because they know the
body can take it. It's what's in
your head, I tell you - nothing else.

Trying to stop it.

KEITH

Dick - Dick -

PRUETT

(plunging on)

I only wish the hardware they give
us is as tough and capable as we
are. Worry about the breaking point
of hardware, Doc, not ours.

45 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

45

DOUGHERTY

You can't mean that. We're the
weakest link in the set-up.

46 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

46

PRUETT

We're the strongest link in the set-up. If we weren't part of it there wouldn't be any set-up - nothing can take our place.

KEITH'S VOICE

Dick - boys -

47 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

47

DOUGHERTY

Computers could -

48 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

48

PRUETT

Computers could not. Nuts to computers, to hell with the little black boxes. It wasn't a black box that first flew - it was a couple of very human guys named Wright.

49 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND PRUETT

49

KEITH

Boys - Dick - you're getting off the point -

PRUETT

Then I'll get back to it. I'm against the project -

50 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY

50

DOUGHERTY

I'm for it -

51 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

51

PRUETT

I wouldn't fly it if you ordered me -

52 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY 52

PRUETT
You'd break up our team?

DOUGHERTY
Dammit, there's a bigger team. I
volunteer right now.

53 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 53

PRUETT
I think anyone prepared to volunteer
for it ought to quit the space-program.

54 MEDIUM SHOT - THE FULL CIRCLE 54

KEITH
All right - all right, now, that's
enough...Has anyone anything further
to say?...No?...Right - meeting's
over...Thank you.

The Astronauts get up and head toward the door as Keith
quietly confers with Michaels.

55 MEDIUM SHOT - THE DOOR 55
as Pruett, Dougherty and the other Astronauts are
leaving.

KEITH'S VOICE
Dick - Jim -
As Pruett and Dougherty look around -

56 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND MICHAELS - PRUETT'S POV 56

KEITH
- want a word with you.

As Pruett and Dougherty enter the shot:

KEITH (cont'd)
Sit down, won't you?

57 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY, KEITH AND MICHAELS 57
Dougherty takes a seat and, after a moment's hesitation,
Pruett takes one, too, but well away from him.

57

CONTINUED:

57

KEITH

The project was decided upon even before this meeting. Had you all voiced opposition, the brass would have reconsidered. But as it is - the project is now definitely Go.

PRUETT

(shrugs)

So it's Go. No skin off my nose.

KEITH

Also decided upon before the meeting was the man who'll fly it.

PRUETT

Now just because this memo-writer volunteered. Not him, George. I need him.

KEITH

It's not Jim, Dick. It's you.

58

CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

58

PRUETT

(stunned)

Me?...Me?...Why?

59

MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND MICHAELS

59

KEITH

There's only one answer to that ever - you're the best man for the job.

60

MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, PRUETT, MICHAELS

60

PRUETT

How the hell do you figure that? A ho-hum flight to test heartbeats would bore me to death.

MICHAELS

That's why you're the right man, Dick. You start with two strikes against you. First, there's your age. Second your ego, your ambition, your low boiling point. It's the lowest in the pool. If you can hack fourteen days in space alone, anybody can.

60 CONTINUED:

60

PRUETT

Was that in Jim's memo, too?.. Don't tell me.

KEITH

It will save a fourteen-day Gemini flight and could advance the moon try by many months.

PRUETT

But what about motivation? To me this test is for the birds. I - don't want - the - job.

KEITH

I know. But you want to win - on any assignment.

61 CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL SMITH

61

COLONEL SMITH

Dick, I don't think you enjoyed shooting down all those Migs in Korea. You didn't want to bail out of that crippled U-2 at seventy-five thousand feet.

62 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

62

PRUETT

Seventy-eight thousand feet, Colonel.

63 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, KEITH

63

KEITH

I ~~must~~ level with you, Dick...

PRUETT

I was a world's record, too, remember?

KEITH

..I know. But there'll be no world records, no ticker tape parades, no glamour in this mission. It's a mean, clutch assignment that may kill you, maim you, or reduce you to a vegetable. But the medical knowledge you produce..

64 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

64

PRUETT

Don't butter me up with its importance. How important is it to me? How will this effect my chances for the moon shot?

65 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH, MICHAELS

65

KEITH

It makes them small. If you come out whole the medicos will want to study you.

MICHAELS

The effects on your body, your emotions. It may take months, maybe longer, who knows?

66 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, KEITH, MICHAELS

66

PRUETT

My God, gentlemen, you know how hard I've worked to be the first man on the moon? And now you ask me to scrub it all to be a guinea pig?

MICHAELS

It could be just temporary.

KEITH

Jim here, will still be with you as your back-up man. When you get back, and the testing is over...

PRUETT

George... I'm thirty-nine! Competing for the moon is... is... my Autumn burst of color. I won't get a second chance. The younger ones will.

DOUGHERTY

Dick is right, George. Let me fly this mission.

This is greeted with strained silence. Pruett breaks it.

66 CONTINUED:

66

PRUETT
Step right up, little boys and girls..
the legend of Richard Pruett. Fighter
pilot to test pilot to astronaut to..
a guinea pig, stuck full of needles
and rectal thermometers. Hurrah-h!
(then quietly)
I don't have to take the job.

67 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY, KEITH, MICHAELS

67

KEITH
No, you don't.

PRUETT
And I won't. I'm leaving the space
program. I'll go back to the Air
Force. To hell with you, George..
(to Michaels)
.. and to you, too..
(to Dougherty)
.. and as for you, Mister Team Man--
Rah-Rah-Rah! What the hell did you
do to our team?

He hurls a chair aside and slams out through the door.
The rest are left in a state of mild shock, particularly
Dougherty.

68 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, MICHAELS, DOUGHERTY

68

KEITH
Damn..damn.. damn.

MICHAELS
He'll fly the mission, George.

69 CLOSE SHOT DOUGHERTY
as he looks out window.

69

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - DOUGHERTY'S POV

70 as Pruett screeches his car out of the lot and on
to highway.

70

70A MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, DOUGHERTY, MICHAELS

70A

DOUGHERTY

Boy.. it's tough to see a giant
bleed.

KEITH

Damn.

MICHAELS

He'll fly the mission.

DOUGHERTY

(to Keith)

Can I borrow your car?

KEITH

(handing him keys)

Know where he's going?

DOUGHERTY

I think so.

(he runs out)

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

71 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

71

He is sitting on the sand, his back against the front wheel of his car, looking at something off scene. Behind him is the moonlit water. In his expression is reflected all his hopes, dreams and disappointment.

72 LONG SHOT - VERTICAL ASSEMBLY BUILDING - PRUETT'S POV

72

The Vertical Assembly Building is silhouetted against the stars and a full moon. Still under construction but almost complete it looms - massive - against the horizon. When finished it will be the largest building in the world, with half again the 77,000,000 cubic-foot volume of the Pentagon. And it will one day house the Saturn-5 rocket - two-thirds as tall as the 555-foot-high Washington Monument - and, atop it, the Apollo spacecraft that will go to the moon. In the immediate foreground, on the edge of the short incline leading down to the beach, is his car. And now, headlights of another car, approaching. It stops alongside his and Dougherty gets out, coming down to the sand, approaches.

73 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY

73

Dougherty sits down alongside Pruett. Dick doesn't notice him but keeps his eyes on the Vertical Assembly Building.

73

CONTINUED:

73

PRUETT

The space-port for the moon. The
biggest building in the world.
They'll have it done soon.

DOUGHERTY

Dick.. I apologize for having that
fool argument with you.

PRUETT

Then they'll assemble the big Saturn
in there, with the moon module on its
nose. That'll be something to see.

DOUGHERTY

Let's not let anything happen to our
friendship, Dick. To me you'll always
be the greatest.

PRUETT

Then one day, fifty thousand tons of
compressed lightning will make that
mile-an-hour crawl to the launch pad.

DOUGHERTY

As God is my judge, Dick.. I didn't
know you'd been tabbed for that
Mercury flight.

PRUETT

.. then up - up - up - to the moon.

Like a spring uncoiling, Pruett leaps up, jerks Dougherty
to his feet.

PRUETT

.. and I won't be on it..

He lashes out and knocks Dougherty down.

74

MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY

74

PRUETT

..because of you I won't be part of
it. Get up - get up -

Dougherty rises.

74

CONTINUED:

74

DOUGHERTY

Dick, for God's sake, cool off...

Pruett knocks him down again.

PRUETT

Get up and fight - I gotta fight
somebody.

DOUGHERTY

(getting up slowly)

Dick, I'm not going to fight you..

(he reels from a blow)

You're crazy if you think I'll fight
with you.

75

MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY

75

They're in the surf, Pruett smashing away and Dougherty only
trying to protect himself.

76

CLOSER SHOT

76

as Pruett lands a pile-driver, sends him flying flat on his
back in the water and stands over him, sleeve ripped, shirt
torn, his fury almost spent.

PRUETT

I'll fly that what's-my-heartbeat mission..
fly it so perfect I'll prove you all
wrong.. you, the Doc and your whole schmeer
of black boxes. I'll still make it on
top of that Saturn.. but not with you, you
Ivy-league Judas.. not ever again with you.

77

MEDIUM SHOT

77

Pruett jumps in his car and screeches off, leaving Dougherty
groggy and swaying and fighting back hot, salty tears.

78

MAIN TITLE

78

H E A R T B E A T O N E

CREDIT TITLES

78

CONTINUED:

78

SUPERIMPOSED over MONTAGE of scenes of Pruett's LAUNCH in a MERCURY-ATLAS. The scenes should start with Dougherty helping Pruett suit up, the ride together in the VAN, up the ELEVATOR, into the WHITE ROOM, into the Mercury, the closing of the Hatch, the BLAST OFF.

Throughout these scenes Pruett never once looks at Dougherty. He is ice-cold. Dougherty is respectful and all business. Only after closing the hatch does he try a smile and the Okay sign with his fingers. He gets back an icy stare.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

79 CAMERA is PULLING BACK from:
EXTREME LONG SHOT OF CAPE
KENNEDY - DAY - (STILL)
Gantry Row towers against
the horizon, the steel-framed
service-stands for Atlas,
Titan and Saturn rockets
thrusting up from barren
flatland sparsely dotted
with low buildings. In the
center, a writhing cloud of
smoke and steam billows high
just after a lift-off from
one of the launch-pads and,
coming out of it, a capsule-
tipped rocket flames toward
the sky.

SUSTAINED HUBBA-HUBBA 79
of Many People talking
at once, the sound of
someone gaveling for
order and over it all:

BARNES'S VOICE
(on loudspeakers)
All right - All right -

Still pulling back and BEGINNING TO MOVE DOWN, CAMERA is NOW ON a CLOSE SHOT of DESMOND BARNES, Chief Public Relations Officer. Squinting in the glare of flood-lights, he is speaking into a battery of microphones.

BARNES (Cont'd)

- I know you've all attended livelier press conferences in your time -

The scene is expanding into a FULL SHOT - ANGLED UP - OF A STAGE at this end of the ballroom. The still of Cape Kennedy is a huge blow-up - 35 feet by 20 - in the background. In front of it is a long table. Sitting next to Barnes is his assistant, STINSON. Flanking them, a microphone in front of each, are a FLIGHT SURGEON wearing civvies, a Naval Officer and a Couple of Other Members of Barnes's staff. There are stacks of bulletins and press releases on the table and, in front of Barnes and Stinson, a couple of telephones.

BARNES

- and covered faster-breaking stories -

CAMERA LEVELS OFF at normal height, CONTINUING TO PULL BACK and bringing into view a small section of the Reporters attending this press conference. More or less facing the stage, they pay little attention to what's going on up there. One or two are standing; the others lounge on folding chairs originally set out in neat rows but now in disorder; a few are taking notes. Someone walks in and out of the shot close to the lens. There's a lot of smoke.

BARNES (Cont'd)

- but we won't get anywhere this way. A little quiet, please...That completes what I have to say about Pruett's latest status report. Are there any questions?

CAMERA PANS away from the stage to a double-door across the room, taking in another and larger section of the bored and restless audience, and STARTS TOWARD Marguerite Fancourt Lemoyne - MAGGIE - as she enters from the lobby. Seventy, an old war-horse of a newspaper woman, she wears a floppy picture-hat and a frilly, flouncy, shapeless chiffon dress, the harvest of many an hour's rummaging in the local Salvation Army thrift-shop. She shows her press pass to the Man at the door, then stands leaning on her cane and, impelled by some urgency, looks about for a friendly face.

79

CONTINUED

79

The MOVING CAMERA has noted: A Man who has dozed off...
A Man pulling open a chain of paper-dolls...A Woman
Knitting...and, just in front of Maggie:

A MAN

(getting up)

Yes, I have a question, Barnes.
Has there been any change in the
flight plan?

80

MEDIUM SHOT - BARNES
SHOOTING OVER MAGGIE'S SHOULDER

80

BARNES

I'll have the final word on that
from Mission Control any moment now.
But until then - no - Pruett's
retro-rockets will be fired fifteen
minutes from now as programmed and
he'll splash down in the Pacific
approximately twenty minutes after
that.

A VOICE

Why did Pruett take a pep-pill?

BARNES

(to Flight Surgeon)

Would you care to field that one,
Doctor?

As the Flight Surgeon reaches
for his mike, CAMERA PANS away
from the stage and MOVES behind
Maggie as she sets off at a
diagonal through the audience
toward its periphery where
half-a-dozen TV cameras, red
tally-lights on, are recording;
beyond them, the ballroom is
empty except for a few hundred
folding-chairs set out in rows
and, against the rear wall,
fifty telephones, a few being
used by Reporters. Into tape-
recorders as Maggie passes:

FLIGHT SURGEON'S VOICE

To make sure Pruett
continues to feel alert
and on top of things -
now that the critical
re-entry phase is at
hand - the flight
surgeon monitoring him
from Mission Control
advised him to take five
milligrams of dextro-
amphetamine sulfate.

JAPANESE REPORTER

...Uchuujin Pruett wa tsugino
sajippun kuraino uchini
yotei...

REPORTER'S VOICE

Has Pruett shaved today?

BARNES'S VOICE

Yes, he has.

GERMAN REPORTER (cont'd)

...Er hat eine Portion
aufgetauten, geduensteten
Rindfleischs gegessen und
etwas Wasser getrunken.
Vorher verschlang er...

REPORTER'S VOICE
(sarcastic)
Stop the press.

This is greeted by general
laughter.

BARNES'S VOICE
Any further questions
at this time?...No?...

Off go the floods, leaving the room lit by daylight from
windows up near the ceiling. A moment later, the red
tally-lights on all the TV cameras but one wink off.
Standing in front of this camera (on which is UBS for
United Broadcasting System) and assisted by a Cameraman
and a STAGE MANAGER, MATTHEW BRAMBLE is cutting a tape.

MEDIUM SHOT OF BRAMBLE

with Maggie approaching in the background. Bramble is
a 'name' newscaster whose mind was unsettled by early
exposure to Vincent Sheehan and Ernest Hemingway. He
wears a trench-coat with the collar turned up on all
possible occasions. Sitting nearby are PITCHER, a
benign old leg-man, and a young reporter named WILSON.

BRAMBLE

- and so, Astronaut Richard Pruett
nears the end of the longest manned
space-flight in history. As he
prepares now for his descent,
after an incredible fourteen days
in orbit, I'm sure you'll join
me in saying -

(a snappy two-
fingered salute)

'~~Oh~~, Dick, and well done.' This
is Matt Bramble saying -

(face contorts)

- saying - saying - AAACHOO -

STAGE MANAGER

Stop tape.

MEDIUM SHOT OF BRAMBLE - ANOTHER ANGLE

Whirling about to confront Maggie as she moves past to
Pitcher:

BRAMBLE

(sneezing, raging)

You - you and your damned cats -

82

CONTINUED

82

As the Stage Manager approaches and Maggie, ignoring Bramble, sits down and takes off her shoes:

BRAMBLE (Cont'd)

She's covered with cat-hair - She knows I'm allergic -

STAGE MANAGER

(takes his arm)

We can edit the sneeze out -

BRAMBLE

(wrenching loose)

I don't care how big she used to be -

STAGE MANAGER

(pulling him away)

There's some anti-histamine in the truck - go on, now, before your face swells -

83

CLOSE MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE, PITCHER AND WILSON as the Stage Manager turns to her.

83

STAGE MANAGER

Maggie, with all due respect to your silvery hairs, kindly stay the hell away from him. For your sake as well as mine. He can be nasty.

MAGGIE

(massaging a foot)

If he wants to be nasty to me, pet, there's a line of applicants stretching from here all the way back to Arthur Brisbane and he'll have to get on at the end of it.

(as Stage Manager leaves)

Tell him the fag-end, darling.

84

ANOTHER ANGLE - TAKING IN TV CAMERAS BEHIND THEM

84

MAGGIE

I'm broke, my neighbors are taking me to court for maintaining a public nuisance - and he's going to make trouble for me.

PITCHER

Taking you to court, are they?

MAGGIE

I've been ducking a process-server
for two days.

PITCHER

I warned you to stop collecting
stray cats.

MAGGIE

Ed, I'm desperate. Could you let
me have a lead on some story that
would make a good feature I could
peddle -

PITCHER

We're all having trouble finding
leads on this one, Maggie. What's
there left to write about after he's
been up there fourteen days?

(indicates stage)

Barnes was practically apologizing
for it just now.

MAGGIE

Oh, God, you were my last hope.

WILSON

If it's quick money you need, why
not play poker with us tonight?
Barnes'll be there and he -

(to Pitcher)

Okay to tell her?

(to Maggie)

When Barnes bluffs, he gives himself
away by doing this -

(tugs ear-lobe)

You see?

MAGGIE

With my luck, pet, Barnes would
shave before the game and come
like Vincent Van Gogh.

The red tally-lights on the TV cameras behind them go on.

PITCHER

(noticing it)

Here comes the call from Mission
Control.

As they turn toward the stage, CAMERA PANS to Barnes -
talking on the phone and taking notes as the flood-
lights come on - and ZOOMS past him to one of the
buildings on the still of Cape Kennedy. On its side is:

MISSION CONTROL CENTER

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM

Into this room, by telemetry - radio transmission of electronically coded information - comes a steady flow of vital technical data from the space-craft and the 18 world-wide tracking-stations along its orbital path. The data is immediately recorded on flight-monitors' consoles in the form of ink-lines on moving rolls of telemetry paper. On the basis of this information, the hard and fast decisions for Pruett's flight are being made.

On top of each console is a desk name-plate with the title of the man monitoring it. There are three rows of these consoles.

In the last row, at the rear of the room toward the center, directly in front of the glass-enclosed Viewer's Gallery, is the OPERATIONS DIRECTOR - George Keith. His is the Command Post and he's in charge of everything. Clustered about him are a Couple of Engineers from McDonnell - the firm that built the capsule - and Several Members of His Staff, including a Meteorologist - perhaps half-a-dozen men in all. He has open lines to the White House, the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston and Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland where dual IBM 7090 computers not only receive, digest, compute and spit forth information on a "real time" basis (that is, virtually as soon as things happen) but also predict constantly what will happen at any given moment. On his left is the RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR, a Rear Admiral of the U.S. Navy, and on his right is the Launch Facility Director, a USAF Major General.

In the second row, directly in front of Keith, is JOHN NOVAK, the FLIGHT DIRECTOR. His is really the hot seat. As long as the capsule is in motion, he has most of the authority for making decisions concerning it. He's the focal point for all the information coming in: he can see on the Big Board (about which more later) how things are going; in his headset he can hear what all the other flight-monitors are saying; at the smallest sign of trouble, a report is made to him immediately. Next to him is the NETWORK STATUS MONITOR.

All of the above occupy a foot-high platform.

In the first row are:

The Support Control Coordinator.

The FLIGHT SURGEON, Dr. Sid Michaels. His console constantly records Pruett's heart-rate, respiration-rate, body-temperature and blood-pressure and not only can he observe Pruett's heart-beat as it darts across a green oscilloscope screen in the form of squiggly electronic lines, he can also hear it on an amplifier. Assisting him are a Psychiatrist, DR. MARTIN REDDY, a heart specialist and a bone specialist.

The CAPSULE ENVIRONMENT MONITOR. Among the dials on his console - which inform him what the pressure is in the capsule, how its air-conditioning system is working and so on - are two which express "oxygen remaining," one in terms of pounds and ounces, the other in terms of time; the latter is a jump-clock on which hours, minutes and seconds steadily diminish.

The CAPSULE COMMUNICATOR, or Cap Com. He communicates with Pruett when the latter is in range. The Cap Com is almost always an astronaut and usually the pilot's backup man. In this case, he's Jim Dougherty.

The CAPSULE SYSTEMS MONITOR.

In the rear right-hand corner of the room are the FLIGHT DYNAMICS OFFICER and the RETROFIRE CONTROLLER.

(Note: all personnel here are backed up by alternates at all times. Further, since the consoles are manned around the clock, there are three complete shifts.)

All members of the flight team, instrumentation personnel and the team handling voice communication with the pilot in the capsule are in direct communications hookup with one another to assure immediate contact.

Visual heart of the tracking operation is a WORLD MAP 8 feet high and 26 feet long which displays the capsule's orbital path and the location of all tracking-stations. Starting at Cape Kennedy and going east, they are: Grand Bahama Island, Grand Turk Island, Bermuda, Grand Canary Island, Kano (Nigeria), Tananarive (Madagascar), Indian Ocean Ship, Muchea (Australia), Woomera (Australia), (Pacific Ocean Ship "Radar Queen"), Canton Island, Kauai (Hawaii), Guaymas (Mexico), Point Arguello (California), White Sands (New Mexico), Corpus Christi (Texas) and Eglin (Florida).

Each tracking-station is clearly labeled and circled by a green ring 12 inches in diameter to approximate its communication and tracking (or Line Of Sight - LOS) range. As long as a particular station has contact with the capsule, its ring blinks on and off to let those in the Operation Room know where the craft is in relation to the ground at any given time. The ring stops blinking as soon as a station loses contact and the next ring to acquire the capsule lights up.

The display also includes a small replica of the capsule which moves across the map at the same speed and in the same direction as the actual capsule traveling in space around the earth. A red light moves along the same course ahead of it to point out the impact area where the capsule would land if the retrorockets were fired at that particular moment.

Along the top of the map are the indicators for Greenwich Mean Time (now reading 23:21:04), Orbit Number (now reading 180), Countdown (Hold or Proceed - presently inoperative), Ground Elapsed Time (now reading 332:14:11) and Time To Retrofire (now reading 00:14:56 - and diminishing). All three clocks are jump-clocks.

To the right and left of the map are the Trend Charts, known as the Big Board. Data recorded here constantly throughout the flight include: Pruett's heart-rate, respiration-rate, body-temperature, pulse-rate, manual control fuel remaining, automatic control fuel remaining, DC volts, watt-hours remaining, oxygen quantity remaining (normal), oxygen quantity remaining (emergency), oxygen partial pressure, carbon dioxide partial pressure, coolant quantity remaining, cabin air temperature, cabin pressure, suit inlet air pressure and suit pressure.

There are 3 video-tubes on which Pruett can be seen when so desired: one on the Capsule Communicator's console, one in front of the Flight Dynamics Officer and the Retrofire Controller and one suspended from the ceiling over the center of the room.

There's a shirtsleeve atmosphere in here. The personnel are casually dressed. Each man has on his breast a plastic ID card with his name and all wear headsets: earphones and mikes. They smoke, drink coffee out of paper cups, occasionally cluster together; there's a steady hum of talk. They're fairly relaxed - they've done this too many times before to be otherwise, with never the loss of an astronaut or a capsule. But, with this flight, they've helped accomplish something tremendous and there is a rising swell of excitement as the end draws near and, with it, the final event - the safe recovery of the astronaut - that will cap their efforts.

85

CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

talking on the phone to Barnes, his head-set pushed back. The Meteorologist - MORRIE - standing next to him is rolling up his maps and weather charts. There's a reflection of the Operations Room in the window of the Viewers' Gallery.

85

KEITH

I've given Pruett the go for re-entry, Barnes, as programmed...

86

CLOSE SHOT - RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR
KEITH IN BACKGROUND

86

RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR

(into head-set)
Roger, Pigeon Three, understand
almost all set on recovery...

86 CONTINUED

86

KEITH

Weather at the impact area is perfect...

87 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN NOVAK
KEITH AND RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR IN BACKGROUND

87

KEITH

No, everything's still green across the board - Pruett, the bird, the whole ball of wax.

RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR

Recovery Operations, John. Carrier reports all ships deployed in the find pattern.

88 CLOSE SHOT OF CAPSULE ENVIRONMENT MONITOR
NOVAK AND KEITH IN THE BACKGROUND

88

KEITH

The reporters what?...So let 'em call it a ho-hum flight. Too bad about the Reporters.

CAPSULE ENVIRONMENT MONITOR

(into head-set)

All capsule systems green, John. The bird's behaving beautifully.

NOVAK

Roger, understand, all capsule systems green.

89 CLOSE SHOT - CAPSULE SYSTEMS MONITOR
NOVAK AND KEITH IN THE BACKGROUND

89

CAPSULE SYSTEMS MONITOR

(into head-set)

All systems okay. Looks good from here, John boy.

NOVAK

Looking good from here, too. Roger, Muchea, understand pre-retro-sequence check-list is now complete and green across the board...

KEITH

Well, how about this for a headline, then. Pruett has just repealed Murphy's Law...you never heard of Murphy's Law? 'If something can possibly go wrong, it will.'

90 CLOSE SHOT - DR. MICHAELS
NOVAK, KEITH AND RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR IN B.G.

90

MICHAELS
(into head-set)
Pilot's physical status still in the
green. Respiration, pulse - the whole
ball of wax.

NOVAK
How's his heart?

MICHAELS
Better than we expected. Levelled
off at about a hundred beats a
minute.

NOVAK
Roger.
(turning around
to Keith)
George, we have a go on recovery.

KEITH
Things are stacking up here, Barnes.
We'll delve into the metaphysics of
news headlines some other time.

INT. "SCULLY'S LAUNCH-PAD" -- AFTERNOON

91 MEDIUM SHOT AT BAR
filled with customers, men, as they listen to World Series
on TV screen.

91

CAMERA MOVES UP TO TV SCREEN
a batter is up and strikes out.

ANNOUNCER
Strike three. That's three down at
the end of the seventh in the world
series opener, with the score still...

A LIVE TV ANNOUNCER BREAKS IN

TV ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt
the game to bring you this special
bulletin. At the end of a man-killing
flight of fourteen days, astronaut
Lieutenant Colonel Richard Pruett is
about to splash down in the Pacific.
The Space Agency announces, etc.

91A CLOSER SHOT - BAR FLIES

91A

VOICES

Scully, get another channel.
To hell with this guy.
I didn't hear the score..

91B CLOSE SHOT - SCULLY

The owner and bartender. A gregarious character.

SCULLY

Wassa matter? It would hurt you to
hear about a brave man?

(sees a man trying to get up
to the bar)

Harry, sweetheart, where ya been?

(pushes man off
stool)

Brady, make room for my future brother-
in-law. La la la-la.. la la la-la...

92 TWO SHOT - SCULLY AND HARRY

92

Harry, his pockets baggy with photographic props, slumps
down on a stool in a state of shock. Scully drools over
him like a man who is about to marry his spinster sister.

SCULLY

Harry, you lucky stiff..after your
"I do's" at the church you sashay
right over here for the wedding party.
Drinks on me.. Terriff?

HARRY

(miserable, barely
hearing)

Terriff.

OFF STAGE CUSTOMER'S VOICE

Scully.. get the ball game.

SCULLY

(turning on him)

You wanna be ignorant all your life?

(back to Harry)

I gotta a three-piece combo.. wild..
accordeen, trumpet, bass. Music's
on me.

HARRY

Thanks, Scully.

92

CONTINUED:

92

SCULLY

For my sister Flo? My right arm.
(suggestively)
Saw her in the wedding dress.
Man-O-man..Marie Antonette.

HARRY

A double bourbon, will ya?

SCULLY

(scrutinizing him)
Hey.. you smashed?
(hardening)
'Dja buy the business today? Like
Flo said?

HARRY

What business?

SCULLY

Where you work..where you take
hokey pictures. From the bank
yesterday you took the money.

HARRY

(wishing he
were dead)
I deserve some credit. Six months
I ain't gambled. Pains all over.
Like a junkie kicking the habit.

SCULLY

(wide-eyed)
You went to the track?

HARRY

I should drop dead.. five races..
I'm like a rock.. not one bet.

SCULLY

YOU BLEW THE ROLL?

HARRY

(taking out
program)
In the sixth.. I can't believe my
eyes.. like the Red Sea opens..

92

CONTINUED:

92

SCULLY

You promised.. you kissed your
little pinkie..

HARRY

Look.. its name's Harry's Flo..
Harry's Flo..me and FLO... twenty to
one.. It's a nudge from God. I knock
people down to the window.

SCULLY

The whole Twenty-five hundred?

HARRY

She leads all the way, the first
turn.. the far turn.. into the
stretch.. fifty grand.. I can see
it...then...

(slams the
bar)

the pig jumps the fence and heads
for the barn.

SCULLY

THE WHOLE TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED?

HARRY

(takes out few bills
and pantomimes with
nervous hands)

All but fifty I drop at the window.
A nice old lady picks 'em up. She
wore glasses.

SCULLY

(livid)

Yea creep..

O.S. VOICE

Scully.. get the ball game. Come
on-n!

93

TWO SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD TV SET

93

Without taking his eyes off Harry, Scully backs up toward
TV set and gets the ball game on another channel.

93 CONTINUED:

93

SCULLY
(as he turns set to
ball game)
Five years you stall Flo.. till you
get a nice little business.. now
you blow it..
(close to tears)
She's in a wedding dress!

HARRY
Scully, lend me twenty-five hundred..
as God is my judge I'll never...

SCULLY
Drop dead, you bum. Poor Flo.. my
baby sister.. she's thirty-five already.

HARRY
(meekly)
Forty-five.. I'm thirty-five.

SCULLY
Bum.. bum.. BUM...

ANOTHER TV ANNOUNCER
breaks in on ball game with a Pruett special bulletin.
Groans and yells from customers.

O.S. VOICES
Scully.. what the hell is this..
Get the ball game.

SCULLY
(to all)
Bums.. bums.. you're all bums.

INT. "RADAR QUEEN" CONTROL ROOM

94 CLOSE SHOT - RADAR QUEEN CAP COM 94
facing us at his console, flanked by a Flight Surgeon and
a Communications Technician.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM
Heartbeat One, this is 'Radar
Queen' Cap Com. Over.

EXT. "RADAR QUEEN" - MORNING

95 MEDIUM SHOT - "RADAR QUEEN" 95
CAMERA MOVING up, up, up like a rocket as the ship slowly
cruises over the sunlit sea.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE
Heartbeat One, this is Pacific
Command Ship 'Radar Queen.' Over.

INT. CAPSULE - MORNING

96 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT'S POV - OF EARTH PATH INDICATOR 96
- a dead-reckoning device on the control panel directly
in front of the pilot: it's a small-scale model of the
globe that rotates in time with the capsule as the latter
moves along in orbit and shows the section of earth being
passed over at any given moment. Right now, Pruett is above
the Pacific, just north of the New Guinea coastline.

PRUETT'S VOICE
Roger, Radar Queen Cap Com. This
is Heartbeat One.

97 CLOSE SHOT PRUETT 97
He has a 14 day growth of beard and is very tired.

PRUETT
I'm in retro-attitude and my check
list is complete.

97A CLOSE SHOT - RADAR QUEEN CAP COM 97A

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM
Last time around, Dick. Space jockeys
should build you a monument.

BACK TO PRUETT

PRUETT
Thanks, Al.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE
Couple of messages. Doc Michaels says
to drink last of your water.. says
you're dehydrated.

PRUETT
Will do.
(reaches for plastic
bottle, lifts face plate
and starts drinking by
squeezing bottle)

97A CONTINUED:

97A

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE
Keith says tell the champ he's the
greatest.. and that you're back on
the Apollo program if you get by
ground doctors.

PRUETT
Fine. But let's get me down, first,
huh?

97B CLOSE SHOT - RADAR QUEEN CAP COM

97B

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM
Understand, Dick. You have dealer's
choice on re-entry, fly by wire or
manual.

BACK TO PRUETT

PRUETT
I will use ASCS retro-fire with my
finger standing by.
(leaves water
bottle floating)
Pulling out handle now for ASCS
retro and manual proportional
standby.
(drinks again)

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE
Roger, One. Green here. Don't forget
face plate.

PRUETT
Roger. Face plate down. Bottle
stowed.

98 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT'S POV - SATELLITE CLOCK

98

It's right next to the Earth Path Indicator and it's
actually four jump-clocks in one. One marked TIME
FROM LAUNCH shows how many hours, minutes and seconds have
elapsed since lift-off and now reads: 332:27:41. Another
is marked GREENWICH MEAN TIME and now reads: 23:35:17. But
we are primarily interested in two clocks set one above the
other. The one on top - marked RETROGRADE TIME - actually
fires the retro-rockets when the time comes and reads:
16:36:00. Below it, one marked TIME TO RETROGRADE shows how
much time remains before the retrorockets are fired; it now
reads 00:00:43 and this is diminishing as the seconds click
away.

98

CONTINUED:

98

PRUETT'S VOICE

Coming up to thirty seconds. I'll
call the light.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE

Standing by, One.

99

CLOSE SHOT PRUETT

99

PRUETT

Coming up: Five, four, three, two,
one, Light.

A light on panel goes on and, at the same moment, there is
a short buzz as the Time TO Retrograde clock jumps to 00:00:30.

BACK TO RADAR QUEEN CAP COM

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM

Confirmation here. Timing is perfect,
One. I'll count down to retro-sequence.

PRUETT'S VOICE

Understand.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM

Here we go. Five, four, three, two,
one, Sequence.

100

BACK TO PRUETT

100

PRUETT

On the money. All green here.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE

Coming up to retrofire. Have a cool
re-entry, boy, and happy landing.

PRUETT

Thanks, Al..Al?

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE

Yes?

100 CONTINUED:

100

PRUETT

Tell them to pick me up fast when
I splash. I think I've had it..

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE

Understand, Dick, understand. Hang
in there, boy. It'll soon be over.
Okay, brace yourself, Here comes Big
Casino now: five, four, three, two,
one, RETROS.

101 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

101

He braces for the sudden deceleration. And nothing happens.
His finger hits the manual retrofire control. Nothing. He
grinds his finger hard against the button, lifts it and
stabs down savagely.

PRUETT

Damn.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE

Heartbeat One, do you have retrofire?

PRUETT

Negative. Negative on retrofire. I'm
hitting the manual button, too, but
nothing is happening.

INT. "RADAR QUEEN" CONTROL ROOM

102 CLOSE SHOT - CAP COM 102
Flight Surgeon and Communications Technician, stunned,
are looking at him.

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM
RQ Cap Com to Heartbeat One. Check
your electrical system readings at
once. Over.

INT. CAPSULE

103 CONTROL PANEL - PRUETT'S POV 103
Quick shots of the gleaming instruments, the colored lights,
the numbers, the meters, fuses, dials, switches, handles,
all in a panicky blur as:

PRUETT'S VOICE
No use, Al, no use. I'm scanning
the board. Everything's in the
green. But I did not have retrofire.

104 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 104

PRUETT
Repeat. I did not have retrofire.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

105 MEDIUM SHOT - RETROFIRE CONTROLLER 105
FROM IN FRONT OF FLIGHT SURGEON'S CONSOLE
Pruett's heart - on the amplifier, going like a trip-
hammer at two hundred beats a minute - is the only sound.
Everyone has frozen, eyes on the Retrofire Controller -
in the rear right-hand corner of the room - who's looking
over his shoulder at Keith.

RETROFIRE CONTROLLER
I said negative - negative on
retro-fire.

CAMERA PANS in a flash to Keith and Novak - the initial
report caught the former with a cigarette halfway to his
lips; the latter has twisted around in his chair to look
back at him - holds a moment, then ZOOMS in on them as,
simultaneously, Novak turns back to his console and Keith
hurling away the cigarette, turns to the McDonnell Men
who are starting to unroll blueprints and wiring-diagrams.

105 CONTINUED

105

NOVAK
Cape to RQ Cap Com, tell
Pruett - yes, yes, I know,
we had the indication -

KEITH
Phone your plant from my
office. Tell them to
start opening up a
capsule -

106 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND NOVAK 106
SHOOTING TOWARD RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR'S HEAD IN
FOREGROUND
The Two McDonnell Men are scrambling to their feet and
starting to leave. There's a rising swell of hubba-hubba.

NOVAK (cont'd)
- tell him to check his retro
and pre-retro sequence
procedures immediately -

KEITH (cont'd)
- I want every inch of it
checked, every line, wire,
cable, screw, nut and bolt -

RECOVERY OPERATIONS DIRECTOR
Stand by, Pigeon Three.

107 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND CAPSULE SYSTEMS MONITOR 107
FROM BEHIND KEITH'S LEFT SHOULDER - TAKING IN NOVAK
The Two McDonnell Men are hurrying between Keith and Novak,
heading for the door. Keith stabs a button on his console.

NOVAK (cont'd)
- Novak to Capsule Systems -
(as the Monitor
looks back at him)
- get together with Dougherty
and try to figure out what
could have happened.

DOUGHERTY
(looking back -
into head set)
We're going over the blue-
prints now.

KEITH (cont'd)
- Hangar S? This is
Keith, let me talk to
Scotty - quick.
(to the McDonnell
Men)
Find that bug. Get back
to me the moment you have
an idea, a guess, a
notion, anything.
(into his head set)
Hello, Scotty?

INT. HANGAR S CAPSULE CHECK-OUT ROOM - AFTERNOON

108 CLOSE SHOT - SCOTTY 108
SCOTTY, a white-smocked Chief Engineer, is on the phone,
seated at his desk in a glass-enclosed cubicle on a
gallery high above one end of a room about the size of a
high-school gym; another Engineer, with a clip-board, is
standing next to him. Through a window behind them,
Gantry Row is visible in the distance.

SCOTTY

Yes, Keith.

(jumping to his
feet)

My God, no

CAMERA MOVES around him to his side, taking in - far below, at the other end of the room - a Team of Technicians checking out a Gemini capsule, one of several - Geminis, a couple of moth-balled Mercurys - on the floor.

SCOTTY

We'll start taking one apart right away. Yes - yes, I understand - try to duplicate the condition that caused it - right. Wait - hold on - can you give me a lead? Was there anything during the flight that was out of the ordinary?

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

109

MEDIUM SHOT - FLIGHT SURGEON

FROM BEHIND KEITH'S RIGHT SHOULDER

Michaels, Reddy and the other doctors, backs to us, are bent over their console in a tight huddle. Michaels abruptly straightens, tears off a strip of telemetry-paper and, followed by Reddy, hurries toward Keith as:

109

KEITH

I can tell you one thing that was out of the ordinary - his damned retros didn't work. How's that for a starter?

Michaels - arriving as Keith cuts the connection to Hanger S - holds up the telemetry-paper for him to see and points to a towering peak jutting up from an otherwise uniformly jagged line.

MICHAELS

Keith, look - Pruett's ECG. This is where the retros failed - see the way his heart jumped? Right now, it's pounding away at more than two hundred beats a minute -

REDDY

(joining them)

The nervous system can't tolerate that kind of stress -

109 CONTINUED:

109

MICHAELS

Especially in the condition he's in
after two weeks up there -

REDDY

We have to calm him down -

KEITH

How?

INT. "RADAR QUEEN" CONTROL ROOM

110 CLOSE SHOT - CAP COM

110

As he makes an entry in a log:

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM

You used the one-pound thrusters to
position the capsule. Roger. What
did you do next? Over.

INT. CAPSULE

111 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

111

Struggling for self-control as he reads from his flight-
log:

PRUETT

Then I checked the trusters. Roll
left auto was one-one-eight degrees.
Roll right auto was one-one-five.
Pitch up auto was nine-five. Yaw
left auto was eight-zero. Yaw right -

RADAR QUEEN CAP COM'S VOICE

Did you say yaw left auto was
eight-three?

PRUETT

Eight-zero, eight-zero, yaw left
auto was eight-zero, dammit, pay
attention.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

112 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH

112

FROM IN FRONT OF NETWORK STATUS MONITOR'S CONSOLE
As Michaels and Reddy turn away from Keith and step
over to the Network Status Monitor's console:

112 CONTINUED:

112

KEITH

Keith to Network Status - Put Doc through to Canton Island - and after that to all stations along the line.

NETWORK STATUS MONITOR

Roger.

He hands Michaels a head-set and throws a switch.

NETWORK STATUS MONITOR (cont'd)

Cape to Canton Cap Com, stand by.

He cues Michaels with a finger.

MICHAELS

Eddie, this is Dock. Dick's approaching 'Radar Queen's' LOS, you'll be acquiring him in a few seconds, so listen carefully. He's in a hell of an emotional spin, as you can imagine, and we have to try to bring him out of it.

INT. CANTON ISLAND TRACKING-STATION

113 CLOSE SHOT - CANTON CAP COM
at his console, flanked by a Flight Surgeon and a
Communications Technician.

113

CANTON CAP COM

Right - tell me what to do.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM

114 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS AND REDDY

114

MICHAELS

Talk to him, keep talking to him, and above all, make him keep talking to you. Ask him riddles, make up limericks with him, anything, so long as it keeps him in contact with us. Don't try to soothe him - he probably feels murderous enough as it is -

REDDY

No stiff upper-lip, either -

114 CONTINUED

114

MICHAELS

No soothing and no stiff upper-lip, Eddie. The attitude we want is - well, you know what you say to a test-pilot when he takes off on a real hairy mission - 'Go break a leg'?

INT. CANTON ISLAND TRACKING-STATION

115 CLOSE SHOT - CANTON CAP COM

115

PRUETT'S VOICE

Heartbeat One to Canton Cap Com...
Come in, dammit -

CANTON CAP COM

Okay, Doc, I'll do my best.
(throwing a switch)
Canton Cap Com to Heartbeat One,
over.

INT. CAPSULE

116 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

116

PRUETT

What the hell's the delay down there?
Did I disturb your beauty-sleep,
dearie?

INT. CANTON ISLAND TRACKING-STATION

117 CLOSE SHOT - CANTON CAP COM

117

CANTON CAP COM

What's wrong, Dick?

INT. CAPSULE

118 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

118

PRUETT

What do you mean, what's wrong? My
damned retrorockets didn't go off.

INT. CANTON ISLAND TRACKING-STATION

119 CLOSE SHOT - CANTON CAP COM

119

CANTON CAP COM

That so? Have you tried hitting
them with a hammer?

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM

120 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY
SHOOTING TOWARD MICHAELS' HEAD IN THE FOREGROUND
Still at the Network Status Monitor's console:

120

MICHAELS

Hawaii? Hawaii? Come in, Hawaii...
Hello, Dave, this is Doc -

Dougherty, who has been conferring with the Capsule
Systems Monitor, hurriedly gathers the blueprints and
wiring-diagrams spread out before them and jumps to
his feet. CAMERA PANS him over to Keith.

MICHAELS (Cont'd)

- you'll be talking to Dick in a
few minutes, Dave, so listen to me
carefully -

121 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND KEITH
as Dougherty approaches, starting to unroll a blueprint.

121

DOUGHERTY

Keith - we just had a hunch about
something - look -

KEITH

(to an Aide)

Answer that.

As the Aide picks up a phone:

DOUGHERTY

Here's the attitude safety-switch -

AIDE

It's Barnes.

KEITH

Not now. Tell him to call back.

AIDE

(to phone)

Hello, Barnes?

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

122 MEDIUM SHOT - BARNES AND STINSON 122
He puts down the phone and pulls his mike toward him.

BARNES
I'm sorry, there's going to be a
few minutes delay. I'll have word
for you soon.
(to Stinson)
Kill the lights.

123 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE AND PITCHER 123
When the floods go off, Bramble's Cameraman stops recording
and walks off.

PITCHER
(yawning)
What an assignment.

MAGGIE
Ed, think of something for me to
write. Does Heartbeat One mean a
girl?

A MAN'S VOICE
Here's something you can write
about.

And slaps a writ in her hand.

124 OMITTED



125 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE
as she and Pitcher turn to the PROCESS SERVER.

125

MAGGIE

What's this?

PROCESS SERVER

Summons, lady.

He tips his hat and quickly leaves as Maggie takes a swipe at him with her cane.

MAGGIE

(reading it)

Citrus Avenue Ad Hoc Tenants'
Association versus Marguerite
Fancourt Lemoyne... Lousy cat
haters.

Patting her shoulder as he heads for one of the phones at the rear:

PITCHER

Tough break, kid. Sorry.

Maggie nods, sighing and staring off into space, old, beat and very alone. Bramble's Stage Manager approaches, taking off his head-set.

STAGE MANAGER

I have to go to the sandbox, sweetie.
If the studio calls, just say I'll
be right back.

He places the head-set in Maggie's lap and leaves. Maggie looks at the writ again, then opens her purse and drops it in. She heaves another gusty sigh and once more stares into space... And then a sound from the head-set on her lap rouses her slightly. She lifts it to her ear and grunts into the mike.

MAN'S VOICE

(excited)

Matt? Matt? Matt, listen, I've got
a lead for you - on an exclusive.

(Maggie sits up)

Pruett is secretly engaged, what do
you think of that? We don't know her
name or where she lives. Soon as you're
finished there, hop over to Pruett's
hotel and nose around, see what you
can find. We'll work on it from this
end. Okay?...Matt?

125 CONTINUED:

125

Maggie gets to her feet and puts the head-set on her chair.

MAGGIE

All the angels in heaven I
thank you.

And then she's off toward the exit.

EXT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

126 CLOSE SHOT - TELEMObILE

126

The hotel where the press conference is being held is on Highway 1A. The Telemobile is near the entrance, one of several such vehicles along the curb. The Stage Manager - standing at its rear, looking up at Matt Bramble as he takes off a head-set - turns his head to the entrance. CAMERA PANS over to pick up Maggie as she leaves the hotel and starts down the street.

127 MEDIUM SHOT - BRAMBLE AND STAGE MANAGER
FROM THE HOTEL ENTRANCE

127

Bramble has stepped down from the telemobile and, with the Stage Manager, is approaching. As they enter:

STAGE MANAGER

That was a dirty trick.

BRAMBLE

If you want to keep your job, shut
up. I had to get her out of my
hair.

STAGE MANAGER

That's what I say, you had to get
her out of your hair.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

128 CLOSE SHOT BANK OF FLOODLIGHTS 128
They light up. The hubba-hubba is higher, more intense.

VOICES

Come on, Barnes, ask 'em why the
delay. What's holding up the release?
What's happening to Pruett?

129 CLOSE SHOT BARNES AND STINSON 129
Barnes is on the phone, gesturing to the audience to calm
down.

BARNES

I've got to talk to Keith. Why
doesn't he want to talk?

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

130 CLOSE SHOT KEITH, DOUGHERTY AND AIDE 130
The Aide has his hand over the receiver. To Keith:

AIDE

He says they're starting to raise
hell with him.

KEITH

(into head-set)
Stand by, Scotty.

He pushes his head-set aside and takes the receiver

KEITH

(continuing)
Keith, Barnes. Before I start, I
want to impress on you: nothing I
say now is to be reflected in your
tone or manner, understood?...Okay,
here it is. There's been a retro-
rocket failure and he's still up
there. We haven't yet found the bug.
Stall the reporters. I want at least
one hour.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

131 CLOSE SHOT BARNES 131

BARNES

(into phone)
But there are reporters at the White
House, at the recovery area, all
the tracking-stations must know -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

132 CLOSE SHOT KEITH

132

KEITH
 (into phone)
 They're all being alerted now -

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

133 CLOSE SHOT BARNES

133

BARNES
 (into phone)
 But we can't withhold news from the
 American people -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

134 CLOSE SHOT KEITH

134

KEITH
 (into phone)
 Damn it, Barnes, why must we push
 the panic button? We might find
 the bug any minute - have him down
 on the next orbit -

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

135 CLOSE SHOT BARNES

135

BARNES
 (on the phone)
 What should I tell them?...Okay, Keith.

He hangs up and, after a fraction of a moment, reaches
 for his wife.

BARNES
 (continuing)
 May I have your attention?...Please...
 (as the noise
 simmers down)
 The weather at the primary area has
 deteriorated. It has been decided to
 take advantage of this and the
 excellent flight to grab more
 experience. So - Pruett will not
 re-enter at this time.

And with this, he begins to tug at his earlobe.

136 MEDIUM SHOT PITCHER AND WILSON 136
Wilson is taking notes. A few Reporters are moving past
them toward the phones.

PITCHER
(suddenly)
I'll be damned.

A VOICE
When will Pruett be brought down?

WILSON
(looking up)
What did you say?

PITCHER
(indicating Barnes)
Look what he's doing.

137 MEDIUM SHOT BARNES - WILSON'S POV 137
Tugging at his ear as he replies:

BARNES
I don't have confirmation on that as
yet but I imagine he'll be brought
down during his next orbit.

138 MEDIUM SHOT PITCHER AND WILSON 138

WILSON
You're right - he's bluffing.

ANOTHER VOICE
Any chance of his coming down off
this coast?

BARNES'S VOICE
Not with a hurricane building up
east of Bermuda.

A REPORTER
(to Wilson)
Who's bluffing?

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

139 CLOSE SHOT KEITH AND DOUGHERTY 139
as Keith talks to Scotty at Hangar S.

139 CONTINUED:

139

KEITH

No, Scotty, no, we're talking about the new attitude-safety switch. Is it possible there could be a snarl between it and the gyro sensors?...No, no, if the capsule is in proper attitude -

DOUGHERTY

But there's an error in the sensing system -

KEITH

But there's an error in the sensing system - is it possible that under those conditions the retros would not fire?...No, we're not certain but it's the only lead we've had so far. And if it is possible, could Pruett get to the system itself, the wiring?

DOUGHERTY

Could he by-pass the sensors -

KEITH

Could he by-pass the sensors, eliminate the safety-switching?

INT. HANGAR S CAPSULE CHECK-OUT ROOM - AFTERNOON

140 MEDIUM SHOT - SCOTTY

140

He's standing next to a Mercury over which a Team of Technicians swarms, stripping it down. In the immediate foreground, CAMERA SHOOTING through it, is a large panel of thousands of intricately arranged wires being checked by a Technician.

SCOTTY

(into head-set)

It's possible. The capsule has seven miles of wire and thirty-six thousand separate parts and anything is possible. But it's totally implausible.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

141 CLOSE SHOT KEITH AND DOUGHERTY 141
Keith cuts the connection to Hangar S, looks at Dougherty and shakes his head. Then he lets his glance travel about the room.

142 QUICK CLOSE SHOTS OF: NOVAK 142
MICHAELS
NETWORK STATUS MONITOR
CAPSULE ENVIRONMENT MONITOR
each of them looking at Keith and understanding that Pruett's retro-failure is irrevocable.

143 MEDIUM SHOT KEITH 143
As Dougherty slowly rolls up the blueprints and wiring-diagrams.

KEITH
(to Aide)
Get me Mitchell at Goddard.

He lights another cigarette as:

AIDE
(on phone)
Cape here. Keith wants to talk to Mitchell.

KEITH
(taking phone)
Keith, Mitch...No, not yet. Listen - I want to know, down to the last second, precisely how long it will be before the capsule experiences orbital decay and starts re-entry. I want the exact numbers. How long will it take your computers to get them?... Call me soon as they do.

As he hangs up, his Aide offers him another phone.

AIDE
It's Barnes, says he absolutely must talk to you.

Keith waves the phone away and stabs a button on his console.

KEITH
Keith to Johnson. Set up a communications relay to -

143 CONTINUED:

143

KEITH (cont'd)
 (a glance at the map)
 - to Guaymas, direct if possible.
 And tell the Cap Com there to have
 Pruett turn on his video when he
 comes over - I want to be able to
 see him when I talk to him.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AFTERNOON

- 144 MEDIUM SHOT BARNES 144
 He's in a rage as he furiously gavel's the table, mikes
 jumping and papers flying unnoticed to the floor. The
 uproar from the floor is tremendous.
- 145 THE AUDIENCE BARNES'S POV 145
 The batteries of floodlights are blinding, the lights
 accenting thick clouds of smoke and, in between and at the
 bottom of the smoke, a sea of faces and gesticulating arms.
- 146 CLOSE SHOT BARNES 146
 His gavel snaps in two. Flinging the handle away:
- BARNES
GODDAMNITALLTOHELL.
- 147 CLOSE SHOT TWO TV CAMERAMEN 147
 as they wince and snatch off their earphones.
- 148 MEDIUM SHOT A SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE 148
 as the hubba-hubba dwindles.
- 149 MEDIUM SHOT ANOTHER SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE 149
 - this one near the entrance - as the hubba-hubba dwindles
 further. Coming in through the door are Several Reporters,
 dispatched by their editors when word came that Barnes was
 bluffing and that something big was in the offing.
- 150 CLOSE SHOT BARNES 150
 as he fights for self-control. When he has it:

150 CONTINUED:

150

BARNES
(cold and clear)
If there's another scene such as
we've just had, this conference will
end here and now. Can't one of you
speak for all?

Uproar again, but this time directed within the audience, not
at Barnes and his staff. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Stinson
on the phone. He puts his mouth close to Barnes's ear.

STINSON
Mission Control's no help, Des.
We're to stick to the original
story.

BARNES
We can't.

STINSON
What will you do?

BARNES
Play it by ear.

151 MEDIUM SHOT PITCHER BARNES'S POV
Pitcher has advanced to the front of the audience.

151

PITCHER
I never expected to be in this
situation, Mr. Barnes, but I want
you to know that I'm speaking for
all of us when I say you - are -
a liar.

152 CLOSE SHOT BARNES
sitting in absolute, frigid silence.

152

PITCHER'S VOICE
The weather in the splash area is
perfect. It is not the reason for
continuing Pruett's flight beyond
the two hundred twenty-fourth orbit.

153 CLOSE SHOT PITCHER

153

PITCHER

Unless you level with us - right
now - we'll break the story as a
deliberate lie.

154 CLOSE SHOT BARNES

154

After a moment, as CAMERA starts MOVING BACK:

BARNES

All right. But what I say now is
off the record.

A section of the audience comes into view, greeting this
statement with an uproar. Holding up his hand:

BARNES

Dammit, I know it stinks - but this
must stay off the record until we
have confirmation from Mission
Control. But I give you my word -
if nothing happens in the next hour,
all bars are down and everything
goes. Now, what do you say - will
you honor my confidence?

155 MEDIUM SHOT RADIO NEWSCASTER

155

After a moment, he takes off his headset.

156 MEDIUM SHOT TV CAMERAMAN

156

He flips a switch and the two red talley-lights on his camera
go off. He removes his headset.

157 MEDIUM SHOT TWO RADIO NEWSCASTERS

157

~~as they take off their headsets~~ and hold them high for a
~~moment to show they are off the air.~~

158 CLOSE SHOT BRAMBLE

158

In the foreground, another TV Cameraman stops recording.
As Bramble's Cameraman is about to flip the switch on
his camera, Bramble stops him, then unscrews one of the
red tally-lights until it goes off.

158

CONTINUED:

158

STAGE MANAGER

What are you doing?

BRAMBLE

Shut up.

He starts unscrewing the other tally-light. When it goes off:

STAGE MANAGER

But we're still recording -

BRAMBLE

I said shut up.

(to Cameraman)

Get a close-up of Barnes.

159

MEDIUM SHOT PITCHER BARNES'S POV

159

As the angry shouts and murmurs subside:

PITCHER

All right, Barnes - we'll buy it.
But only for the one hour.

160

MEDIUM SHOT BARNES PITCHER'S POV

160

BARNES

(deliberately)

Coming up on the tail end of his
hundred and eightieth orbit,
Pruett set up his retro-sequence.
All telemetry readings were normal
until that point. Then -

A VOICE

Get to it, dammit -

BARNES

The retrorockets failed to fire.

161

THE AUDIENCE BARNES'S POV

161

CAMERA PANS over it. The Reporters are thunderstruck,
silent and immobile.

162 CLOSE SHOT BARNES

162

BARNES

We - we're trying to find out
exactly what the situation is.
That's - all I know at this time.

He drops back into his chair and, as he does, CAMERA PANS
to the entrance as TWO REPORTERS burst in from the
lobby.

FIRST REPORTER

(to Barnes)

Is it true?

SECOND REPORTER

(to Barnes)

Is Pruett marooned?

163 MEDIUM SHOT BARNES
FROM BEHIND THE TWO REPORTERS

163

BARNES

Who told you that?

FIRST REPORTER

You're on TV right now - live -
over UBS -

SECOND REPORTER

They say it's an exclusive from
Cocoa Beach -

CAMERA PANS to the audience as all hell breaks loose,
the furious, cursing Reporters stampeding for the
entrance, for the emergency exits, for the phones
at the rear.

164 MEDIUM SHOT BARNES

164

White with anger, he jumps down from the stage. CAMERA
PANS him past, then MOVES behind him as he stalks toward
the TV cameras. As he approaches, Cameramen and Broad-
casters hold up their headsets to indicate the dead lines.
Barnes pauses, looks around, then - because of something
in the expression on Bramble's face- suddenly snatches
up Bramble's headset and listens to the earphone.

165 CLOSE SHOT BARNES AND BRAMBLE
as Barnes lowers the headset.

165

165 CONTINUED:

165

BARNES

(incredulous)

It's live. God help us, you've
given it out.

Then he drops the headset, whirls savagely and smashes
Bramble in the jaw.

165A MOVING SHOT - LONG ROW OF PHONE BOOTHS 165A
as reporters crush into phone booths to report in. It's
all quite hectic. CAMERA MOVES along booths. Snatches of
reporter talk can be heard over the bedlam.

VOICES

Retros failed to fire..
First time in space history..
Marooned in space..
Start collecting his obit..

CAMERA ARRIVES on booth and stops.
An obvious prissy, slick magazine character is calling
his publisher.

PRISSY

Penelope? Oh, my dear, I'm right
in the middle of a scoop... I
know we're a monthly magazine...
Then why am I phoning?.. Darling,
all the reporters rushed for phones
so I rushed with them.. You wouldn't
want me to appear gauche would you?..
The story?.. Oh, yes.. It seems the
man in space had to turn around..get
himself in the proper attitude, and
fire his retros... only you know what?
They didn't go off... What are his
retres?.... Penelope!

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - AFTERNOON

166 MEDIUM SHOT WORLD MAP DOUGHERTY'S POV 166
CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Dougherty at his console
as the Hawaii ring goes dead and the Guaymas, Mexico,
ring - the capsule-replica just entering it - starts
blinking on and off.

166 CONTINUED:

166

DOUGHERTY
Roger, Guaymas, stand by.
(stabs a button)
Keith, Guaymas has Pruett now.

167 MEDIUM SHOT KEITH
FROM DOUGHERTY'S CONSOLE

167

Keith, one earphone of his headset pushed back, is talking
on the phone. CAMERA MOVES toward him as:

KEITH
I'll be on in a second. Go ahead,
Mitch - he has how long till orbital
decay? Understand. Thanks, Mitch.

Putting down the phone, he takes a long, meditative drag
at his cigarette, then pulls up his socks and gets to work.
Grinding out the cigarette, he slips his headset into place.

KEITH
(continuing)
All right, Dougherty. I'm ready.

168 MEDIUM SHOT THE VIDEO-TUBE HANGING FROM THE CEILING
KEITH'S POV
CAMERA MOVES toward it. When it's UP CLOSE, the tube
clears and Pruett's head and torso are visible. On his
face is a wary grin.

168

KEITH'S VOICE
Dick, this is George Keith on the
line.

168 CONTINUED:

168

PRUETT

Got any good words for me?

KEITH'S VOICE

Yes and no, Dick. I -

PRUETT

Spill it quick, George, it's easier that way.

KEITH'S VOICE

I mean to spill it quick, Dick.
We have as yet no lead to explain
or eliminate the retro-malfunction.
But this show isn't over, not by
a long shot -

PRUETT

Now tell me about the rabbits, George.

KEITH'S VOICE

Dick, Scotty's crew is tearing down
a bird over at Hangar S and may come
up with the answer any minute -

PRUETT

Exactly how much oxygen have I left,
George?

KEITH'S VOICE

And the people at the McDonnell
plant -

PRUETT

George, how long will my oxygen last?

KEITH'S VOICE

Forty-eight hours. That's four-
eight hours.

PRUETT

And how long before orbital decay?
...George, when will the bird
start re-entry, what do the computers
say?

KEITH'S VOICE

About eight hours after that.

PRUETT

That's what I figured.

169 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

169

KEITH

Dick, listen to me. You can stretch
out your oxygen - you can lower
your intake, reduce the pressure in
your cabin -

170 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE

170

PRUETT

Listen to this one: There was a
young woman named Harrison who
wished to make love to a Saracen -
Once on a liner she picked up a
Shriner - But really there is no
comparison.

(laughing)

How's that, George. Isn't that - ?

Abruptly, he turns away and, at the same time, puts out
his hand and covers the TV lens on his control panel,
completely blotting out his image.

PRUETT

Turn the TV off, please.

171 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

171

taking in the video-tube on his console. As in the one
hanging from the ceiling, Pruett's hand is blotting out
the image. The Capsule System Monitor is looking over
Dougherty's shoulder.

CAPSULE SYSTEMS MONITOR

Why'd he do that?

DOUGHERTY

Why do you think?

172 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS AT HIS CONSOLE
FROM BEHIND HIM
as he turns toward Keith.

172

MICHAELS
(into head-set)
Keith, I want to cut in.

CAMERA PANS to Keith. He nods assent.

173 MEDIUM SHOT - THE VIDEO-TUBE HANGING FROM THE CEILING
FROM BEHIND MICHAELS AT HIS CONSOLE

173

MICHAELS
(into head-set)
Dick, this is Doc...Dick?...Dick,
take your hand away and answer -
I haven't got all the time in the
world.

PRUETT'S VOICE
Neither have I.

MICHAELS
Say, that's very touching - this
may turn into a two-hanky matinee...

Taking his hand away from the lens:

PRUETT
(explodes)
Turn this damned thing off.

MICHAELS
That's better. Listen, Dick, would
you care to talk to someone?

PRUETT
If you're looking for nearest of
kin to notify, forget it - I have
none.

CAMERA TILTS down to the ECG on Michaels' console:

MICHAELS' VOICE (cont'd)
Your girl, maybe?

At 'girl', the stylus jumps to a peak, then falls to the
previous level.

174 CLOSE UP - PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE

174

PRUETT
No, nobody right now.
(reaching toward
control panel)
Look, you told me to save my
oxygen -

175 TWO SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND MICHAELS

175

DOUGHERTY
Let me turn him off, Doc, he's
suffering.

MICHAELS
No, you talk to him.

DOUGHERTY
He'll blow his top at me.

MICHAELS
That's the idea. We can't let
him withdraw.

176 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY
this is going to be painful.

176

DOUGHERTY
(to Pruett)
It's Jim, Dick. Jim Dougherty.

PRUETT
(hard)
What do you want, Cap Com?

DOUGHERTY
Dick, I've been your one-man fan
club..

PRUETT
Don't tell me, sell it to Life.

DOUGHERTY
.. A man to match my mountains,
I thought. But I was wrong.

PRUETT
Say again Cap Com?

176 CONTINUED:

176

DOUGHERTY

You're a fat-headed phoney. All that guff about you being better'n black boxes. When the chips are down the black boxes aren't cracking. You are.

176A CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

176A

The hand comes away from the TV lens. He is blazing mad.

PRUETT

Why you bastard. I finished my mission. I'm okay. I didn't fail. Your damned black boxes failed. That's why I'm going to die up here. Put that in your Life article, too.

BACK TO DOUGHERTY

He cuts off Pruett's TV and puts his head in his hands.

MICHAELS

(patting Dougherty
on back)

Good work. Anger'll keep him going for a while. But we must find someone he loves. Who's his girl, Jim?

DOUGHERTY

He has none. He played the field.

MICHAELS

No. There's a girl.

(shows ECG chart)

Look at the reaction when I mentioned his girl.

CAMERA PANS with Michaels to Keith.

177 MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP AROUND KEITH

177

KEITH

(snatching up a phone -
to Aide)

Get me Simpson at McDonnell.

Barnes and Stinson hurry into the Viewers' Gallery behind Keith. Barnes picks up a phone and flips a switch, trying to get Keith as:

177 CONTINUED:

177

MICHAELS

Keith, we mustn't let him withdraw,
we must keep him in contact -

KEITH

How?

(into phone)

Scotty - anything yet?

MICHAELS

There was a very strong reaction
when I mentioned his girl. Get her
- fast - let's have her talk to him -

KEITH

(into phone)

Well, keep trying, keep trying.

He slams down the phone and takes one from his Aide as
Barnes starts rapping on the glass for Keith's attention.

KEITH (cont'd)

(to Aide)

Get me Mitchell at Goddard.

(into phone)

Hello, Simpson? I don't care how
small a lead it is, follow it anyway
and call me back whichever way it
develops.

As he slams the receiver into its cradle and takes another
from his Aide:

MICHAELS

There must be an address-book in
his apartment - letters -

KEITH

(into phone)

Mitch? Keith - what have you found?

SCENES 178, 179 OMITTED

180 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS AND DOUGHERTY - KEITH
as Dougherty hurries to Keith's console.

180

MICHAELS

We should get someone over there
right away -

DOUGHERTY

Keith, listen, this is important -

181 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY, MICHAELS AND KEITH

181

KEITH

(into phone)

Hold it, Mitch -

(to Michaels)

Dammit, get off my back -

MICHAELS

You want him to hang together,
don't you? You don't want him to
suicide, do you?

KEITH

Keeping him in one piece is your
department - I'm trying to bring
him down - handle it any way you
like -

(as Doc hurries
away)

Yes, Mitch -

182 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND DOUGHERTY - ANOTHER ANGLE
taking in the Viewers' Gallery where Doc enters and
can be seen talking to Barnes.

182

KEITH

(into phone)

All right, it's worth checking out
- I'll get Scotty on it right
away -

(to Aide)

Scotty -

(into phone)

I understand - yes -

Stinson hurries out of the Viewers' Gallery. Keith
hangs up. As he takes a phone from his Aide,
Dougherty grabs his arm.

DOUGHERTY

Dammit, will you listen?

KEITH

(into phone)

Scotty? -

DOUGHERTY

The TUB - the TUB - we can get him
down with the TUB -

KEITH

What the hell are you talking
about?

183

CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND KEITH
ANOTHER ANGLE

183

DOUGHERTY

It's the only vehicle available
anywhere that could possibly do it -

KEITH

Out of the question. It's never
had a manned flight.
(into phone)

Scotty -

DOUGHERTY

The Air Force is getting it ready
for a manned flight right now -

KEITH

That's a month away. And it only
holds two men - where would you
put Pruett?

DOUGHERTY

It could be handled by one man -
there'd be room for Dick - I could
take it up alone -

KEITH

You're out of your mind. Besides
our Titan Two can't put up a five
ton TUB.

DOUGHERTY

A Titan 3-C can.

KEITH

That's Air Force.

DOUGHERTY

It's our only chance. We could fly
the Titan in from Baltimore..

KEITH

Fly it in from Baltimore? And a TUB
all the way in from Edwards? Mate
them? Go through a countdown? In
less than forty-eight hours?

183 CONTINUED:

183

DOUGHERTY

All right. But we can't just sit here.. and get him mad.. or look for dames to talk to him.

KEITH

No, no, no, no. That's final.
Go take a break.

(into phone)

Yes? Anything from Rescue Planning?
It's all on the drawing board? That's just dandy.

INT. "SCULLY'S LAUNCH-PAD" - AFTERNOON

184 CLOSEUP - TV SCREEN

184

with a COMMENTATOR and a savant named KIPPLINGER. CAMERA PULLS BACK BACK to take in Scully alongside the set, looking up at it as:

COMMENTATOR

- marooned in space. We have with us Doctor Hobart Kiplinger, author and editor of more than sixty books about space-travel. Doctor, how does an expert evaluate this tragic situation?

CUSTOMER'S VOICE

Ah, turn it off.

KIPPLINGER

Well, man's history can be summed up as a probing of the unknown. It has resulted in many casualties. Pruet is one more in our quest for knowledge.

COMMENTATOR

You're ready to write him off as a casualty? Can't they send up a rescue ship?

CAMERA PANS to HARRY, standing at the far end of the bar between two customers named BRADY and CORBIN. He's slightly fahschnootzkied now and staring sadly into his drink.

KIPPLINGER

The only viable spacecraft is the Gemini, and the next one can't be ready for two weeks. No, Pruet's chances are zero, absolutely zero.

184 CONTINUED:

184

CUSTOMER'S VOICE

Scully - enough awready.

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE

Tell me, Doctor -

Scully turns it off. In the ensuing silence, CAMERA
MOVES toward Harry.

BRADY

(to Corbin)

Shows you. A guy can be on top of
the world, the future all roses - and
next minute, box-cars, he craps out.

Still looking into his drink, Harry nods: that's the way
it is, man, that's the way it really is.

CORBIN

What do you figure the odds?

BRADY

Not a chance. When a man's luck
goes, he can be up to here in
Christopher medals and mezuzas
and it won't help.

HARRY

(to himself)

That can't be.

BRADY

What can't be?

HARRY

Can't be a man's got no chance at all.
What the hell's the use of living?
Everybody's got to have some chance.

BRADY

(to the others)

Get him.

185 MEDIUM SHOT - CUSTOMERS AT THIS END OF THE BAR 185
TAKING IN HARRY, BRADY AND CORBIN
One of the Customers - POOLEY - addresses himself to Brady.

POOLEY
What can't he believe?

BRADY
That Pruett's got no chance.

POOLEY
(to Harry)
You heard the TV, didn't you?
They don't just make it up out
of their heads.

HARRY
They can be wrong.

At this, there's a growl of exasperated impatience from some
of the Customers.

POOLEY
Oh, they can be wrong but you're
right. Excuse me, Professor
Einstein.
(to Brady)
Wuddia arguing? He's a nut.

VOICES
Knock it off.
He's drunk.

BRADY
(holding up
his hands)
Quiet, everybody - hey, shut up -
hey -

SCENES 186, 187, 188 OMITTED

189 MEDIUM SHOT - HARRY, BRADY AND CORBIN 189
As the joint grows quiet, Brady turns to Harry.

BRADY
Let me get this straight. You
say he'll get rescued?

189 CONTINUED:

189

HARRY

(dogged)
I'd bet on it -

With a roar, the crowd closes in on him.

BRADY
For how much?

CORBIN
You want to bet? Name it -

Brady reaches across Harry and pushes Corbin back.

BRADY

I saw him first.

CORBIN

Easy, brother - you're a gentleman,
I'm a gentleman, right?

190 MEDIUM SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE
as Scully approaches.

190

SCULLY

Break it up, fellers.
(to Harry)

A bum isn't enough? You have to
be a sucker, too?

BRADY

Stay out of this, Scully.
(to Harry)

Put your money where your mouth
is -

(taking bills
from billfold)
- ten to one says you're wrong -

SCULLY

Harry - NO -

BRADY

(to Harry)
You backing down?

Harry whips out his wallet and slams his last fifty bucks
down on the bar.

HARRY

No - there's fifty says I'm right -

BRADY

(quickly)
I got half -

190 CONTINUED :

190

CORBIN

(quickly)

I got the rest -

SCULLY

Wait - ten to one - should be a
million to one -

HARRY

Shut up - just hold the bets -

(working himself up)

You guys - so quick to yell 'sucker,'
so quick to bet a man's wrong coming
out, well, I'm against you -

(taking items

from his wallet)

- here - here - pink slip on my
car - six bills in the Blue Book -

Closing in on him, struggling to get a piece of it:

CUSTOMERS

I got twenty of that -

I'm in for ten -

Twenty for me -

You're covered -

Not having paused for a moment, spiraling up to a
state of exaltation:

HARRY

For all the guys who ain't got a
chance - crap-shooters on a losing
streak - numbers players who never
hit - winos on Skid Row - sick guys
trying to beat Big C - here, five
tickets on the Irish Sweeps - the
lease on my flat - my wallet - my
change - damn each and every one
of you - they'll get him down in
spite of you -

SCULLY

(handling the bets)

How, you schmuck? How they gonna
get him down?

HARRY

(arms waving)

How do I know? I don't even
understand how the hell they got
him up. But I got faith - a man's
got to have a chance - he'll be
rescued -

190 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

By who?

HARRY

The government.

INT. PRUETT'S MOTEL APARTMENT

191 CLOSE SHOT STINSON 191
as he searches through desk-drawers. He has a group of girl
pictures in front of him as he talks into phone.

STINSON

Doc? I'm at Pruett's place now..
A girl? The joint's lousy with
Miss Americas.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK to reveal TWO LOCAL POLICEMAN taking
pictures off the walls and the HOTEL MANAGER, an uneasy
fussbudget. In the apartment are shelves and stacks of
texts and manuals, a stereo phonograph, a guitar, skis,
golf clubs, a bow, SCUBA gear, and the walls are covered
with Apollo astronauts and "Voyage to Moon" illustrations.

MANAGER

Not one of these girls was ever in
this room. This is a family type
motel...

STINSON

(still on phone)
You know what, Doc?
(looking around at
moon illustrations)
He showed them his moon shots
instead of etchings... Address book?
Yeah, here it is.. My wallet should
be as fat. Right... I'll bring
everything with me.

192 MEDIUM SHOT - STINSON AND THE MANAGER 192
Stinson bangs shut the last drawer and eyes the closet-door
next to it. On it is a large sign, entirely in Chinese, with
this in English at the bottom: THIS MEANS YOU.

STINSON

This the john?

MANAGER

No - the closet -

As Stinson reaches for the knob, the Manager tries to stop him.

192 CONTINUED:

192

MANAGER (cont'd)

(quickly)

You're wasting time - it's just his
clothes -

193 CLOSE SHOT - STINSON AND THE MANAGER

193

Stinson brushes the Manager aside, opens the door and
finds himself facing a rack with half-a-dozen nighties
and negligees.

MANAGER

Why - how'd they get in there -
heavens to Betsy -

Searching through the pockets of Pruett's jackets:

STINSON

Relax - we're all Dick's friends -

MANAGER

He's a very full-blooded man -

He has found the address-book and it's a thick one.
As he starts to shut the closet-door, he sees - on the
inside - a large photo: Pruett standing next to and
pointing at a Bunny who tops him by a head - she's
enormous and gorgeous. Under the photo is the legend:
BECAUSE IT'S THERE!

STINSON (Cont'd)

(reverently)

I'll say it's there.

(removing it)

This must be Numero Uno - we'll
start with her.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

You want this one?

194 MEDIUM SHOT - POLICEMEN

One of them is at the desk, holding up a torn picture.
As Stinson enters the shot and joins him:

POLICEMAN

It's been torn - you want it?

Stinson takes it and looks at it.

195 CLOSE UP - TORN PHOTO

195

It was taken in a penny-arcade. In it, Pruett is posing
behind the crudely painted figure of a cave man. There
was a girl in the picture but all that remains of her are
bare legs and feet.

196 MEDIUM SHOT - STINSON, MANAGER AND POLICEMEN
Tossing the torn photo by the desk:

196

STINSON

Forget it, it's no lead at all.
Come on - let's go.

They head toward the door.

EXT. PRUETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

197 CLOSE SHOT - FRONT DOOR
Stinson and the Police hurry out and lope down the hallway. Coming out, the Manager swings the door shut behind him. Before it closes, a cane is quickly inserted, holding it open. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Maggie. She enters the apartment.

197

INT. PRUETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

198 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE
as she stands on the threshold and looks around. She enters and, passing the desk, notices and picks up the torn photo. As she is about to put it down, she notices something on the reverse side. Reading and puzzling it out:

198

MAGGIE

'H - B - One'...Heartbeat One -
he named his capsule after her -
but who is she? Just the legs.
Mother of God, help old Maggie
find her -

She hurries toward the front door, putting the torn photo in her purse.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

199 CLOSE SHOT - WORLD MAP
The Eglin, Florida, ring is blinking on and off, the capsule-replica about to leave it. CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Michaels at his console - head-set

199

199 CONTINUED:

199

pushed back and talking into a phone - and Reddy next to him, eyes on the ECG. Pruett's heart is audible, a slow sixty beats per minute.

MICHAELS

Is she there with you now, Stinson?
...Good, couldn't have timed it
better, he'll be over the Cape any
second. Stand by, we're going to
try to get him to talk to her.
(into headset)
John? Stinson's ready with the girl.

200 MEDIUM SHOT NOVAK
MICHAELS IN THE FOREGROUND

200

NOVAK

We'll cut her in - just tell me
when.

Michaels looks up at the world map.

201 WORLD MAP MICHAELS' POV
The Eglin ring goes dead and the Cape Kennedy ring starts
blinking as the capsule-replica enters it.

201

202 CLOSE SHOT BACK UP CAP COM
Flipping a switch: The TV crackles, Pruett's face comes
on, his eyes are closed.

202

CAPE CAP COM

Cape Cap Com to Heartbeat One,
over...Cape Cap Com to Heartbeat
One, do you read me?...

Silence, broken only by Pruett's heartbeat.

203 MEDIUM SHOT NOVAK
MICHAELS, REDDY AND CAP COM IN FOREGROUND

203

NOVAK

I tell you he's passed out.

CAP COM

Cape Cap Com to Heartbeat One,
over.

203 CONTINUED:

203

NOVAK

- he hasn't responded to calls
for almost two hours and his heart-
rate's about fifty.

REDDY

Once he gets over it he'll be very
cooperative and very cheerful.
You'll see -

CAP COM

Cape Cap Com to Heartbeat One,
come in, One...

He looks at Michaels and shrugs.

204 CLOSE SHOT MICHAELS
Flipping a switch:

204

MICHAELS

Michaels to Pruett, come on, Dick,
for God's sake - we're on a diet
of pep pills and fingernails. You
hear me, Dick? Come on, now -
give.

Pruett opens his eyes.

PRUETT'S VOICE

(falsetto)

I'm sorry, Mr. Pruett isn't in
right now. This is his answering
service.

205 CLOSE SHOT CEILING VIDEO-TUBE
CLOSEUP of Pruett, calm and smiling.

205

205 CONTINUED:

205

PRUETT

Hi, Doc, how you?

206 CLOSE SHOT MICHAELS
Looking up at the offscene video-tube.

206

MICHAELS

Better now. But dammit, Dick -

207 CLOSE SHOT PRUETT ON VIDEO

207

PRUETT

I'm fine, Doc, relax - go home,
have a drink, take a hot bath
and play with your rubber duck.

MICHAELS' VOICE

Don't you ever pull out on us
like that again.

PRUETT

I won't. I was asleep, that's
all. Asleep and dreaming of a
bee-yoodiful girl.

MICHAELS' VOICE

She must have been a dilly - your
pulse was down to fifty.

PRUETT

I play it cool. Anyway, stop
worrying about me.

208 CLOSE SHOT MICHAELS

208

MICHAELS

Okay. Listen, Dick, I've got
something more substantial for
you than a dream, a real, live
girl, just the kind we kids go
for, and she's dying to have a
word with you.

209 CLOSE SHOT PRUETT ON VIDEO

209

PRUETT

Who is it?

210 CLOSE SHOT MICHAELS AND REDDY
as they lean forward to watch the ECG closely.

210

MICHAELS
Priscilla, Dick. Priscilla Alden.

There is no change in the heart-line.

REDDY
Nothing yet.

Michaels picks up the phone.

MICHAELS
(into phone)
Stinson? We're almost ready here.
Just give us a few seconds to make
the connection.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE OF PLAYBOY CLUB - NIGHT

211 MEDIUM SHOT STINSON AND PRISCILLA
Stinson is standing at a desk, phone in hand.
PRISCILLA, the Bunny, is standing next to him.
During the scene, the door opens for a moment -
letting in a burst of jazz, as a few curiosity-
driven Bunnies look in - and then, in response
to Stinson's gestures, is almost immediately
closed by the Manager.

211

PRISCILLA
You just tell me when and then
leave the rest to me because I
can always get a gentleman to
talk on account of that's all
they're allowed to do with us
anyway is just talk although some of
them have this misconception as to the
nature of our employment and after they
take one look at my statistics which
happen to be forty twenty-four thirty-
six the thought pops into their minds
uh-oh acres and acres and it's all for
me but the rules here are very strict
and management always impresses upon
I and the other girls keep it platonic
even though we dress to show our statistics
to best advantage so I have amassed a
large fund of conversation to draw on and you

STINSON
(into phone)
Yes....Ready now?...Hold
everything -
(to Priscilla)
He's on - here - go ahead -

name it whatever
they want to talk
about I'm ready
whether it's philosophy
or politics or civics
or -

211 CONTINUED:

211

He puts the receiver in her hand and lifts it to her mouth.

STINSON

Go ahead - he's listening -

Priscilla stares at the receiver, frozen.

STINSON

Go ahead -

Priscilla's mouth works like a beached dolphin's but not a sound comes out.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM -. NIGHT

212 CLOSE SHOT PRUETT ON VIDEO

212

PRUETT

Priscilla?...Priscilla?...Well,
it was good talking to you, Pris -
we must cross swords again some-
time.

213 CLOSE SHOT MICHAELS

213

REDDY

(studying the ECG)
Nothing at all.

MICHAELS

(into phone)
Never mind, Stinson, forget it,
she's not the one - he had no
reaction to her at all...Stop
apologizing - just get busy and
find the right one.

Slamming down the phone and throwing a quick glance at
the world map:

MICHAELS

Dick, you're almost at LOS.
Before you fade, tell me - who's
your girl? Who's Heartbeat One?

214 CLOSE SHOT PRUETT ON THE CAP COM'S VIDEO-TUBE

214

PRUETT

Grandma Moses - I like 'em mature.

214 CONTINUED:

214

The tube goes blank.

SCENES 215, 216 OMITTED

217 MEDIUM SHOT NOVAK
MICHAELS AND REDDY IN THE FOREGROUND

217

MICHAELS
So long, Dick.

217 CONTINUED:

217

Michaels throws the cut-off switch. Then he and Reddy exchange a long look.

NOVAK

Why the long faces?...He looked good to me - laughing, making jokes. He wasn't just putting it on, I could tell. He's really bounced back.

MICHAELS

Can't you guess why?

NOVAK

No. Why?

MICHAELS

He's accepted the fact that he's going to die.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

218 MEDIUM SHOT KEITH AND BARNES 218
THROUGH GLASS FRONT DOOR

Keith gets out of Barnes's car and, after a last word with Barnes, enters the building as Barnes drives off. Coming down the corridor, Keith sees something offscene.

219 FAR END OF CORRIDOR KEITH'S POV 219
About Forty Men - Operations personnel - have gathered here, smoking, conversing, pacing, leaning against the walls, sitting on the floor.

220 CLOSE SHOT KEITH 220
as he comes down the corridor, slightly puzzled by what he sees ahead. As he passes one of the glass-paneled office doors, it opens and Novak steps out.

NOVAK

George?

Keith looks back, turns and heads toward him.

221 MEDIUM SHOT KEITH AND NOVAK 221
As he approaches Novak:

221 CONTINUED:

221

KEITH

What's going on? What are the relief shifts doing there?

NOVAK

Just waiting. In case they're needed. The day shift flatly refused to be relieved.

He steps back into the office, Keith following.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

222 MEDIUM SHOT KEITH AND NOVAK as they enter. Michaels is there, approaching with a bottle of pills in his hand and shaking out a couple. 222

NOVAK

How was the interview?

KEITH

Bloody.

He slumps down in the chair behind the desk as Michaels hands Novak the two pills and Novak swallows them.

MICHAELS

(to Keith)

Here, you better have some, too.

KEITH

What are they?

MICHAELS

Just to keep you going.

After a moment's thought, he takes a couple himself as:

KEITH

(to Novak)

Anything? Scotty? McDonnell?
Goodard? Houston?

NOVAK

No, but the White House called four or five more times - 'How are we doing - how are we doing - any leads - any leads?'

KEITH

Yeah...

He sighs and kneads his temples.

222 CONTINUED:

222

KEITH (cont'd)
(to Michaels)
How's Pruett?
(into phone)
Get me General Parker at Edwards
Air Force Base.

MICHAELS
Low. Very low. I don't like it.

NOVAK
The President has summoned an
emergency conference - Cabinet,
Space Agency, majority and minority
leaders of the House and Senate -

KEITH
(to Michaels)
What did you say?

MICHAELS
I said I don't like it...He's too
depressed...He might not wait it
out.

At Keith's quick glance:

MICHAELS
You heard me. If we could only
find his girl. That would spark
him and then maybe -

KEITH
(into phone)
General Parker?

INT. GENERAL PARKER'S OFFICE - EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE -
LATE AFTERNOON

223 CLOSE SHOT
224

223
224

PARKER
(on phone)
Yes, Keith. The TUB? Well, as I
just told Dougherty, it's in the
belly of a B-52 ready for take-
off for a drop test in the morning..

223 CONTINUED:
224

223
224

PARKER (cont'd)
Yes, Jim Dougherty, called about a half hour ago. I told him we could have it at the Cape in about eight hours.. Yes it's been man-rated but never man-orbited.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

225

225

KEITH
Okay.. thank you, General. I'll get back to you.

Keith lights a cigarette, thinking.

NOVAK
George.. it's wild..it can't be done.

Keith picks up phone again.

KEITH
Why not?
(into phone)
Get me General Hudson.. he's probably at the vertical Integration Building.

NOVAK
General Hudson? What do you want from him?

KEITH
A Titan Three-C.

NOVAK
George, this is getting wackier by the minute. A Titan three-C has never put up a manned capsule...

KEITH
General Hudson?

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - VERTICAL INTEGRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

226 CLOSE SHOT

226

HUDSON
Yes, Keith. A Titan 3-C?

226 CONTINUED:

226

HUDSON (cont'd)
(with a chuckle)
George, I've just been all through that with Jim Dougherty.. He left ten minutes ago. Yes, George, it's a long shot. We'll need all my men and all yours. We'll be taking some God awful chances with safety, and it could end up in a fiery mess.. But if you get some Holy Oil from Topside.. I'm your man.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

227 MEDIUM SHOT

227

KEITH
Thanks, General.. I'll get back to you.

Keith hangs up then jiggles phone.

NOVAK
George, will you stop calling and listen?

KEITH
I'm listening.. and Pruett's waiting.

NOVAK
The TUB requires a crew of two, two men - each supporting the other. Where would you put Pruett?

KEITH
(into phone)
Get me Tom Mitchell at Goddard. If he's not there try his home.

NOVAK
But it takes two men for a launch - one error and you may have an exploding booster -

KEITH
What the hell else are all the safety systems for?

NOVAK
A booster can blow up in just one second -

227 CONTINUED:

227

KEITH

And a pilot can eject in half a second -

(into phone)

Mitch? Listen, Mitch, given a TUB mated to a Titan how long would it take you to plot a launch-window for a rendezvous with Dick Pruett?...Wait till you find your what?...You don't need your glasses to answer my question - for God's sake, Mitch, wake up... Fifteen hours? Could you do it in five?...Don't make a speech about it - yes or no?...Good boy - no, no GO on it yet, I'm going to call the White House as soon as I hang up, I just wanted to know. Thanks, Mitch - stand by.

(hangs up)

NOVAK

George -

KEITH

(slamming the desk)

It can be done.

SCENES 228, 229, 230 OMITTED

231 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND NOVAK
as Novak leans across the desk, bringing his face close
to Keith's.

231

NOVAK

No. Dammit, George, you're leaving
absolutely no margin for error.

KEITH

Screw the margin for error - it's
time we gambled on our pilots -

231 CONTINUED :

231

Stopping Keith as he reaches for the phone:

NOVAK

What pilots?

KEITH

Any of them - they'll fight for
the privilege - and you know it.

NOVAK

Are you going to ask one of our
pilots to go up in an untried TUB,
find Pruett, leave the TUB, step
out into space, float over to
Pruett, pull him out, carry him
back? We've never done anything
like that before - and none of our
pilots has even seen a TUB except
Dougherty - and he's the last man
you'd send up -

Keith takes his hand away from the phone. And then:

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Why am I the last man to send up?

232 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY - KEITH'S POV
Standing in the doorway:

232

DOUGHERTY

Well?

233 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND NOVAK - DOUGHERTY'S POV
Keith and Novak exchange glances.

233

NOVAK

(leaving -
to Keith)

I've got to get back. Let me know.

234 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY - KEITH'S POV
Dougherty comes further into the room as Novak passes
him on his way out.

234

DOUGHERTY

It was my idea in the first place,
wasn't it? Why shouldn't I be the
one?

235 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH - DOUGHERTY'S POV

235

KEITH

Because Dick Pruett hates your guts
and the man who flies the TUB can't
have any feelings that might short-
circuit his reflexes.

DOUGHERTY

Damn you, Keith - you put anyone
but me in that TUB and you do it
over my dead body.

After a moment of eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation:

KEITH

(into phone)
Get me the White House.

DOUGHERTY

There's a two-thousand mile-an-hour
job waiting to fly me to Edwards -
I'll be back with the TUB.
(he runs out)

INT. OVAL ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

236 MEDIUM SHOT - OFFICIALS AND CABINET MINISTERS -
PRESIDENT'S POV

236

The OFFICIALS and MINISTERS are seated at a long conference
table. On the table are two gray metal boxes, one a receiver
and loudspeaker, the other an audio box that picks up any
voice in the room. In the distance - through the window -
the Washington Monument is visible.

KEITH'S VOICE

(on loudspeaker)

That's where we are now, Mr.
President. At the end of our
rope. Our only chance is the TUB.
All we need is your decision for a
combined attempt.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

Thank you, Keith. You've made it
very clear. Except for one thing.
Short and sweet - what are the
chances for rescuing Pruett with
the TUB.

236 CONTINUED:

236

KEITH'S VOICE

Very small.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

And what are the chances for losing
Dougherty as well?

KEITH'S VOICE

Very large.

236 CONTINUED :

236

Silence.

Inviting discussion.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

Anybody.

A MINISTER

(after a moment)

Mr. President, I say this with reluctance. But it's my duty. Pruett's predicament has already given the space program a black eye. If we lose the backup man - Dougherty - as well, it could mean an uproar no representative on the Hill would dare ignore and -

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

All right, Merv, understood - I appreciate that.

SECOND MINISTER

Sir, the implications go even beyond domestic policy. We must also bear in mind the image we will present if we fail. Lose one man and the world will sympathize. Lose two...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

Yes.

There is a long silence. Then, with increasing force:

PRESIDENT'S VOICE (Cont'd)

It seems to me this boils down to a matter of values. If I read Americans correctly, they may possibly criticize us if we fail to save Pruett - but they will certainly damn us if we don't even try. He's up there in space, but he's still a member of our community. And just as sailors will hazard their ships, their cargoes, their very lives answering the SOS of someone in peril at sea, we will do our utmost - regardless of consequences - to rescue Pruett. We did everything

236 CONTINUED:

236

PRESIDENT'S VOICE (cont'd)
possible to get him up there and
by God we'll do everything possible
to get him down - because that's
the kind of people we are. Keith -
you start that ball rolling, hear?
Every resource we have is at your
disposal. Keep me informed of
all developments. God bless you
and good luck. And Keith - get him
down.

CAPE KENNEDY SKID STRIP - DAY

- 237 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, SCOTTY, GENERAL HUDSON AND 237
TECHNICIANS
They are standing alongside the runway watching a B-52
with the TUB slung from its belly, make its approach
offscene. The Technicians are in coveralls, ready to work;
behind them are a tractor-truck, its motor idling, a transport
bus and a limousine. Keith glances at his watch and curses
to himself.
- 238 LONG SHOT - KEITH, SCOTTY, HUDSON AND TECHNICIANS 238
watching the plane as it swoops in for a landing.
The wheels touch, it taxis toward and slightly beyond
them, then turns off the runway and onto a parking strip
as they hurry toward it.
- 239 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, SCOTTY, HUDSON AND TECHNICIANS 239
Almost before the plane has come to a full stop,
Technicians double-time past the truck and begin unloading
the TUB. Keith, meanwhile, has come to the foot of the
steps as General Parker emerges and quickly descends to him,
followed by his ADC and a stream of AF Personnel.
- 240 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND PARKER, HUDSON 240
Keith hasn't slept or shaved since early yesterday morning
and looks it. As they shake hands:

KEITH
You're six minutes late.

240 CONTINUED:

240

PARKER

I'm sorry - I know that's a hell
of a long time under the circumstances
but it couldn't be helped. We ran into
unexpected turbulence on the last leg.

HUDSON

(nodding)

That would be Ethel - hurricane
about five hundred miles off the
coast.

(at Parker's look)

KEITH

No sweat, it's headed up toward
the Carolinas.

(a glance at the
descending Personnel)

This the TUB's launch-crew?

PARKER

Yes - can you give them breakfast?
They won't have much time to eat
once they begin work.

KEITH

All arranged - there's coffee and
sandwiches waiting for them on the
bus. They can eat on the way over
to the launch-pad.

PARKER

(To ADC)

Get them started.

The ADC cuts out.

KEITH

Where's Jim Dougherty?

As they turn and start toward the tail at a fast clip:

PARKER

Practicing procedures -

241

MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, PARKER, HUDSON - CAMERA MOVING
AHEAD OF THEM

241

PARKER

- He landed at Edwards at two
this morning, got into the TUB
with hardly a hello to anyone
and hasn't come out yet.

242 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY 242
in the TUB - a Few Air Force Officers standing over
him - as the vehicle is unslung onto the trailer-truck.

243 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, PARKER, HUDSON 243
as they come to a halt and watch the TUB being unloaded.

KEITH

She's even clumsier-looking than
I remembered.

PARKER

I know. But she tests out
beautifully. How's the Iron Man
holding up?

KEITH

Doc Michaels is afraid he might
blow the hatch and end it quick.

Keith turns and gestures to the offscene limousine
to come pick him and Parker up.

KEITH (Cont'd)

We're trying to locate his girl
and get her to talk to him - Doc
thinks that would help a lot.

The limousine has pulled up. Opening the door:

KEITH (Cont'd)

(to Driver)

Mission Control - and step on it.

HUDSON

(getting in)

What's so hard about locating her?

KEITH

(getting in)

We don't know who she is. And
Pruett's not saying.

The limousine pulls away.

SCENES 244, 245, 246, 247, OMITTED

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM

248 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE 248
 KEITH'S POV

 PRUETT
You're going to what?

249 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH 249
 FROM CEILING VIDEO-TUBE

 KEITH
We are going to launch a TUB
with one pilot aboard in just.
about another fifteen orbits.

250 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON CAP COM CONSOLE
SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOOR

250

PRUETT

But you can't get a TUB ready
in only twenty-four hours.
It's impossible, there isn't
a chance.

As Dougherty and Novak come through the door and
separate, Novak heading for his console and Dougherty
for the Cap Com's:

KEITH'S VOICE

It is not impossible, we do have
a chance and we're going to take
it -

PRUETT

Who's the pilot?

KEITH'S VOICE

Jim Dougherty.

251 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH
FROM CEILING VIDEO-TUBE

251

KEITH

Dick? I said Jim Dougherty will
be the pilot.

252 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE
KEITH'S POV

252

PRUETT

I heard you.

253 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH
FROM IN FRONT OF CAP COM'S CONSOLE
As Dougherty slips on a head-set and sits down next
to the Backup Cap Com:

253

KEITH

Dick, he's right here, he wants
to talk to you.

254 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON CAP COM CONSOLE AND
DOUGHERTY

254

DOUGHERTY

Hi, Mr. P.

254

CONTINUED:

254

PRUETT

Jim - Jim, don't do it, there isn't enough time - the TUB's a two-man job - George, don't let him - he has a family - I have nobody -

DOUGHERTY

What do you mean - nobody? There are thousands of people breaking their backs working round-the-clock to get the launch ready - the wives of all the Hard Hats and technicians are keeping them going with meals, coffee, pills - town merchants have donated truck-loads of food - unions have waived all restrictions -

PRUETT

Jim - I'm not worth it -

DOUGHERTY

Just sit tight, Dick, and as a personal favor to me - breathe real slow. See you, boy.

255

CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS AND REDDY AT THEIR CONSOLE
SHOOTING TOWARD THE DOOR

255

As Keith and Novak hurry out:

MICHAELS

Dick? Dick, this is Doc Michaels again. Guess who's standing by in San Diego, just dying to have a word with you? Isabelle.

Shaking his head as he studies the ECG:

REDDY

Nothing.

MICHAELS

How about that, Dick? Will you speak to her?...

(into phone)

Stinson? Another blank...I know - five down and four to go. Keep trying. She's got to turn up somewhere.

EXT. PENNY ARCADE - DAY

256 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE 256
FROM THE SIDEWALK
as she gets out of the taxi and enters the arcade. The sign above the entrance says FUNLAND and inside are the usual peep-show movies, pinball machines and similar dreary diversions. Except for the OWNER standing just inside the entrance, the joint's deserted. He's a fish-eyed, dead-panned, squatty little carnie, veteran of a thousand midways, with a deep, hoarse voice that rasps like a dull file. He wears an apron with many pockets, all filled with coins, and he keeps shaking it to make them jingle. When he spots Maggie coming in:

257 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE AND OWNER 257
CAMERA MOVING AHEAD OF THEM
As Maggie advances into the arcade, looking around, the Owner falls into step beside her.

OWNER
Forgetcha cares, forgetcha
troubles, at Funland worries
boist like bubbles, need some
change, lady?...
(pointing)
Tes' the stren't of your grip?...
(another step
or two)
'What The French Maid Saw'?
(another step
or two)
E-electronic foot massage?...
How about it, lady.. Break the
ice, wuddia say? Since that
space guy got stuck I ain't
made penny one.

He pulls up short as Maggie stops: she has seen something offscene that makes her face light up like Saul's on the road to Damascus.

OWNER
You see somethin' you like -
Moving with her as she hurries forward:

OWNER (cont'd)
It's the Grandma Fortune-Teller -
it's the handwritin' analyzer -
so what is it, tell me--

257 CONTINUED:

257

Maggie stops again and fishes in her purse for the torn photo.

258 PHOTO CONCESSION - MAGGIE'S POV

258

It consists of a battered old camera on a tripe and three large, shabby canvases: headless male and female astride a rocket, headless male in SCUBA gear pinching a headless mermaid's fanny and - a headless cave man bopping a headless cave woman with a club. CAMERA ZOOMS to the last.

259 CLOSE SHOT - MAGGIE AND OWNER

259

as she shows him the torn photo.

MAGGIE

You remember taking this picture?

OWNER

No - coulda been Harry.

MAGGIE

Is Harry in?

OWNER

(pointing inside)

He's in but he's out.. out..

Don't go in there, Lady. Just breathing you'll get drunk.

Maggie lifts aside a dirty old blanket that screens off part of the concession.

260 MEDIUM SHOT - HARRY - MAGGIE'S POV

260

Harry is lying fully dressed on a cot. And he's out cold. Bottles everywhere.

261 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE, OWNER AND HARRY

261

Maggie approaches Harry.

MAGGIE

(sniffing)

Air on the rocks.

(pokes him with cane)

Wake up, Mister - wake up...

SCULLY'S VOICE

(shouting triumphantly)

Harry - Harry - where are you?

262 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE, HARRY, OWNER, SCULLY, POOLEY 262
Scully the bartender comes in with a fat, cigar-chewing
gambler, Pooley. Pooley has a low, gravel voice. Scully is
elated, carrying a newspaper.

SCULLY

Harry, you lucky stiff...
(sees Maggie over
him)

Hey.. what're you, trying to roll
him? Blow... Boy, if he's down to
broad's like you.. get lost.

MAGGIE

Why thank you, Scully.

SCULLY

(recognizing her)
Maggie... Pooley.. a famous reporter..
Maggie, you smelled a story, huh?
See this drunken schnook?

(shakes him)
Gonna marry my sister.
(shakes and slaps
him)

Wake up, you creep...you came up
roses.. they're gonna rescue the
guy. Wake up...
(looks around)

Where's some water? Pooley, what's
in that bucket?

Pooley goes to dirty sink, picks up bucket of liquid.

SCULLY

Let 'em have it.

Pooley heaves bucket full of liquid into Harry's face.

SCULLY

(shaking the
gasping Harry)
Harry.. the Red Sea opened.. wake up..
(looks at him
closely)

Hey.. he's turning yellow.

Maggie sniffs and jumps for the sink.

262 CONTINUED:

262

MAGGIE

That was film developer, you
jerk... Stand aside.

There is a short hose attached to sink faucet. She turns it
on and sprays Harry with water. He comes to, gasping.

HARRY

Hey, what the hell...

Scully pounces on him.

SCULLY

Sweetheart, you can marry Flo
now.. Look..

(shows him
headline)

They're gonna rescue the guy..you
stand to win eight G's..

Harry sees headline vaguely and starts crying.

HARRY

I knew it... Where's Flo? I
gotta tell Flo..

(he starts
up)

SCULLY

(pulling him
down)

Wait, you schiker.. They ain't got
him down yet.

HARRY

So what're you yelling?

SCULLY

Pooley, here will buy your bet now.

HARRY

He's a bookie.

SCULLY

So what? He's got twenty-five hundred
in cash.. show 'em, Pooley.

POOLEY

(pulling out
roll)

I shouldn't do it.

262 CONTINUED:

262

SCULLY

(pleading)

Take it, boy-tchka.. it's manna
from heaven...you can buy the business..
marry Flo..

HARRY

(noticing Maggie)

Who's the broad?

SCULLY

Famous newspaper lady...Maggie you
tell 'em it's true what's in the
paper.

MAGGIE

It's true if Harry'll help.

HARRY

Me?

MAGGIE

(showing him
picture)

You took this picture of the man
you're betting on.. and a girl.
Now who's the girl?

HARRY

I dunno.. A girl.. Why?

MAGGIE

Pruett might commit suicide before
they get to him. His girl may talk
him out of it, see?

POOLEY

(folding money)

She say suicide?

SCULLY

Forget her...Maggie, what the hell
is this...blow.

MAGGIE

You remember the girl?

HARRY

Coulda been French.

262 CONTINUED:

262

MAGGIE

She had a French accent?

HARRY

Or German.

MAGGIE

Which? French or German?

HARRY

Maybe Polish.

MAGGIE

Or Spanish?

HARRY

Anyway I'd know her.

SCULLY

(yelling at her)

Will you get the hell outta here,
you old...Harry.. take the twenty-
five now..

HARRY

No.

SCULLY

I'll kill you, so help me..

POOLEY

Three thou.. take it or leave it.

SCULLY

(ecstatic)

Harry!

HARRY

(saying it to
Pooley's face)

No. No. NO! I'm not copping out
on a guy with no chance. Shove
your money.

MAGGIE

(grabbing him
by the arm)

In spades.. Let's go friend.

She walks out with Harry, leaving Scully limp.

SCULLY

Poor Flo. If I tell her she'll cry
and get fatter.

INT. CAFETERIA IN VERTICAL INTEGRATION BUILDING - DAY

263 LONG SHOT 263
We can see that cafeteria tables have been pushed together to form an odd-shaped conference table. On it are charts, logs, schedules, pencils, ashtrays, and many cups of coffee. It is a progress report, everybody is standing. Together on one side of the table are Keith, General Parker, General Hudson, Novak. Around the rest of table are about Three Dozen PROJECT SUPERVISORS, civilian and military. All are in shirt-sleeves, sweaty, and needing shaves. Through the windows the activity of the Titan complex can be sensed. An Air Force Colonel is reporting:

COLONEL

In my department, George, things are going better than we even dreamed. The Titan is fully erected and leaving the building now on the rail truck as you can see.

264 EXT. TITAN COMPLEX - DAY 264
THEIR POV
Titan 3-C, erect on rail truck, is slowly being hauled to fueling area.

265 CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL 265

COLONEL

We figure it will be at the solid fuel station seven minutes ahead of schedule.

266 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH, PARKER, HUDSON, NOVAK 266

KEITH

(to Aide)

Seven minutes. Put that down.

That's tremendous, Colonel

(to General Hudson)

You've got some good men, too, I see.

HUDSON

I hope so. Haskins, what are your fueling estimates?

267 CLOSE SHOT - MAJOR HASKINS AND CIVILIAN
They are collaborators.

267

HASKINS

Sounds crazy but twice as many men
this time means almost twice as
fast. The bird will be fully fueled
and on its way to the launch pad in
three hours twenty-two minutes.

267A CLOSE SHOT - KEITH GROUP

267A

KEITH

Boys, that's wonderful. Bernucci,
how much time for powering up?

267B CLOSE SHOT - BERNUCCI AND THREE AIR FORCE COLLABORATORS

267B

BERNUCCI

Well, George...
(he winks)

By showing these Air Force monkeys
a few tricks we developed on Titan
Two, we can power up in five hours
and fifteen minutes.

267C MEDIUM SHOT

267C

KEITH

You can't do it in that time.

267D CLOSE SHOT - BERNUCCI

267D

BERNUCCI

(spitting out some
tobacco juice)

Aw, yes we can, Chief. We got the
hard hats rehearsed like a ballet.
Parts and tools laid out like for
a doctor's operation. Oh, and the
labor leaders said 'to hell with
Union rules. Get the guy down'.

268 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH

268

KEITH

Harlan?

269 MEDIUM SHOT - THIRD PROJECT SUPERVISOR

269

THIRD PROJECT SUPERVISOR

I have here the profiles we compiled with the Goddard computers. Now, we first considered setting the TUB in orbit and then having it go into a catch-up phase -

270 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH

270

KEITH

No, no, no, Pruett's oxygen runs out at nine o'clock tomorrow evening. We must slap the TUB right into the same orbital groove as the Mercury, as close to it as possible and no later than seven-thirty p.m. Seven-thirty p.m. - keep that hour in mind, gentlemen, please - it's our absolute deadline.

271 FULL SHOT - THE CONFERENCE

271

as the Meteorologist enters at a far door, charts under his arm, and hurries toward Keith.

THIRD PROJECT SUPERVISOR

That's what we finally concluded, too, George -

KEITH

Then that's all you should have reported - I'm sorry, Harlan.
- Yes?

This last was addressed to the Meteorologist who has come to his side.

272 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND METEOROLOGIST

272

as the Meteorologist speaks to him in a low tone. Keith stiffens and quickly reaches for the weather-chart. As he unrolls and studies it:

273 FLASH-CUTS

273

of Dougherty, Novak, Parker and the others looking at Keith offscene and sensing something very bad has come up.

274 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND METEOROLOGIST
Keith lets the chart fall to the table.

274

KEITH

...Tell them.

METEOROLOGIST

Hurricane Ethel has changed course.
She's now headed toward Fort Pierce
with winds of up to a hundred and
ten miles an hour. Unless she blows
out to sea again we can expect winds
here of up to seventy, eighty miles
an hour by seven or eight tomorrow
evening.

275 PAN SHOT - THE CONFEREES
as the heart goes out of them.

275

276 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH
Head lowered, like a buffalo about to charge, his gaze
travels around the table. Then:

276

276 CONTINUED:

276

KEITH

This - is - not - going to stop
us.

277 CLOSE SHOT - NOVAK

277

NOVAK

(reproving)

George, it stops us cold and you
know it.

278 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

278

KEITH

No -

279 CLOSE SHOT - NOVAK

279

NOVAK

Maximum permissible wind speed for
a launch is thirty-eight miles an
hour. Even then it's damned near
impossible - and we've never even
tried it. It's all off, George -

280 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

280

KEITH

NO -

281 CLOSE SHOT - NOVAK

281

NOVAK

George, high winds could rupture
the fuel tanks. Unless the hurricane
changes course we cannot plan on a
lift-off -

282 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

282

KEITH

I refuse to accept those alternatives.

283 CLOSE SHOT - NOVAK

283

NOVAK

What else can you do, dammit?

284 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

284

KEITH
Launch before the high winds get
here.

285 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH
as he slams his fist down on the table.

285

KEITH
Yes. We'll launch one orbit sooner -
and I don't want anyone to tell me
we can't do it. We've come this far
and we're not going to be stopped by
any damned wind that ever blew. No,
not for a second. Now get cracking.

As they all jump to their feet and stream toward the
door:

INT. GUAYMAS TRACKING STATION

286 MEDIUM SHOT - GUAYMAS CAP COM AND PRUETT ON VIDEO TUBE
CAMERA MOVES IN as:

286

GUAYMAS CAP COM
Guaymas to Heartbeat One. Come in,
Dick.

PRUETT
(on video monitor)
Still here, Guaymas.

GUAYMAS CAP COM
Listen to this. The President says
'flat out with everything we've got.
That's the kind of people we are.'
How about that...It's a combined
rescue, Dick. The Space Agency, the
Air Force, the Navy, the Army, the
Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts...
everybody. So sweat it out, Tiger.
We'll get you down...See you.

INT. BERMUDA TRACKING STATION

287 CLOSE SHOT - BERMUDA CAP COM
PRUETT ON TV TUBE
CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in all personnel as:

287

BERMUDA CAP COM
Bermuda, Dick. Get this. Congress
has recessed until you come down
and address them.

PRUETT
Holy Cow.

BERMUDA CAP COM
You're getting famous, man. Any
words for me, Dick?

PRUETT
I see a big storm spiral near the
Cape.

BERMUDA CAP COM
No sweat. Keith has personally
guaranteed he'll cuss it away.
Oh, Dick, don't talk unless you
have to. Answer with fingersnaps.
One, affirmative. Two, negative.

Pruett snaps fingers once.

CAP COM
Atta boy. Breathe slow. Save
oxygen for speech to Congress.

INT. CANARY ISLAND TRACKING STATION

288

288

CANARY CAP COM

Canary Cap Com to Pruett - just got word from the Cape - the Air Force team just checked Dougherty out on TUB procedures - they say he's learned it cold - and in record time. Keep punching, boy.

INT. MUCHEA, AUSTRALIA, TRACKING-STATION

289

289

CLOSE SHOT - MUCHEA CAP COM
PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE
CAMERA PULLS BACK as:

MUCHEA CAP COM

Muchea to Pruett - mating of TUB and booster is complete. Repeat - mating of TUB and booster is now complete. How's that, buddy, pretty good, eh?

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM

290

290

MEDIUM SHOT - BACKUP CAP COM
PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE
CAMERA MOVES IN as:

290 CONTINUED:

290

BACKUP CAP COM

Get this, Dick. All the women of the
Cape are feeding the men on the jobs.
They call themselves the Lysistrata
Club, and tell the guys: No launch,
no kiss.

INT. KAUAI, HAWAII, TRACKING-STATION

291 CLOSE SHOT - KAUAI CAP COM
PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE
CAMERA PULLS BACK as:

291

KAUAI CAP COM

Hawaii to Pruett - all Titan systems
are now green and go - I'll say again:
all systems have been checked out and
are green and go. Aloha, chum.

INT. POINT ARGUELLO, CALIFORNIA, TRACKING-STATION

292 MEDIUM SHOT - ARGUELLO CAP COM
PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE
CAMERA MOVES IN as:

292

ARGUELLO CAP COM

California to Heartbeat One -
the countdown has started. It
has started, Dick - we'll be seeing
you soon.

INT. KANO, NIGERIA, TRACKING-STATION

293 CLOSE SHOT - KANO CAP COM
PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE
CAMERA PULLS BACK as:

293

KANO CAP COM

Nigeria to Pruett - T minus one
hundred and counting - you're
almost home, space-cadet -

INT. GRAND TURK ISLAND TRACKING-STATION

294 MEDIUM SHOT - GRAND TURK CAP COM
PRUETT ON VIDEO-TUBE
CAMERA MOVES IN as:

294

294 CONTINUED:

294

GRAND TURK CAP COM
Grand Turk to Dick Pruett - The
count's at T minus seventy and
Dougherty's starting to suit up -
be with you before you know it,
buddy -

INT. HANGAR S PRESSURE-SUIT ROOM - TWILIGHT

295 CLOSE UP - DOUGHERTY - SHOOTING DOWN AT HIM 295
with his head encased in his helmet, the face-plate
down and locked. He's lying on his back on a contour
couch. There's a hissing sound in the background.
CAMERA has TILTED UP to level while PULLING BACK to
reveal Dougherty - in silvery pressure-suit, boots
and gloves - on the couch while BUETTNER, the suit-
technician, inflates the suit with five pounds per
square inch of oxygen and checks it for leaks,
Dougherty holding a thumb up to indicate OK as each
pound goes in. Michaels is sitting on a stool
alongside the couch, a telephone receiver in his
hand; the other end of the line is jacked into
Dougherty's helmet. Beyond them, in a corner of
the room, is the door. Keith enters.

296 MEDIUM SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - KEITH, MICHAELS 296
DOUGHERTY AND BUETTNER

MICHAELS
(at something in
Keith's face)
What is it, George?...How's the
count?

Keith stands silent and glowering next to the couch,
pulling a slip of paper out of his pocket. The suit
technician, Buettner helps Dougherty up to a sitting
position and starts attaching the portable air-
conditioner that will help keep him cool until he
reaches the capsule and can plug himself into the
oxygen and air-conditioning systems there.

297 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY, KEITH AND MICHAELS 297
Dougherty grins a hello at Keith but it fades at once
when he notes the restrained fury in his expression.
Keith holds his hand out for the phone and, referring
to the slip of paper:

KEITH
(into phone)
The countdown...

297 CONTINUED:

297

KEITH (cont'd)

(achieves self-control)

...is right on the nose...right on the nose...These are the final numbers. You start for the pad three minutes from now at five p.m. Insertion into the TUB at five twenty-one. By five-thirty, the hatch is sealed, the cabin purged and the last thirty minutes of countdown begins. It ends at six p.m. Eleven seconds later - not ten, not twelve, but exactly eleven seconds later if we're to get you through the launch-window - lift-off.

Abruptly, he crumples the paper and dashes it to the floor.

MICHAELS

Easy, George. It's shaving it pretty close but it still gets Jim off in time -

KEITH

(turning on him)

Does it? Does it?

(biting off every word)

The hurricane has shifted course and she's headed straight toward us.

(mounting fury)

She won't be here for a couple of hours but she's letting us know right now she's on her way. Oh, yes, the bitch is letting us know all right - wind at the pad is twenty-two miles per hour and climbing fast toward that thirty-eight mph - NO GO line.

For some moments, no one moves. Then Dougherty gets to his feet, takes the portable air-conditioner from Buettner and starts toward the door. Then Keith, Michaels and Buettner follow.

NOTE: No music under Scenes 374-394 - just the sounds.

ING. HANGAR S CHECKOUT ROOM - NIGHT

298 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY, BUETTNER, MICHAELS, KEITH as they enter through a side door. CAMPERA PANS them to the Transfer Van which - to avoid having Dougherty

298

298 CONTINUED:

298

get wet in the rain - has been waiting here. Scotty and his team stand along the line of march, grave and silent.

299 MEDIUM SHOT - SCOTTY, HIS TEAM, DOUGHERTY, BUETTNER, MICHAELS AND KEITH
As Dougherty walks past, one of the team raises a hand and tentatively pats Dougherty's back.

299

INT. TRANSFER VAN - NIGHT

300 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY, BUETTNER, MICHAELS, KEITH
Dougherty enters and sits down on a contour easy-chair. Buettner plugs in the biomedical sensors. Michaels and Keith find seats. All are preoccupied.

300

EXT. HANGAR S - NIGHT

301 MEDIUM SHOT - VEHICLE ENTRANCE
SHOOTING TOWARD REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
We are at one side of the entrance, shooting toward the other where a small group of Reporters and Photographers, under Military Escort, have been waiting in the wind and rain. The scene is lit by floodlights. The doors open and the Transfer Van, red warning-light atop its cab blinking, rolls out. It is preceded and followed by cars with Security Guards. At once, photo-bulbs start flashing. CAMERA PANS the Transfer Van past.

301

302 MEDIUM SHOT - TRANSFER VAN
FROM AMONG PHOTOGRAPHERS
as it recedes into the night and slanting rain.

302

ACCESS ROAD AND INT. TRANSFER VAN - NIGHT

303 INTERCUT SHOTS
of the cavalcade and the occupants of the van, on its way to Titan 3-C Pad, which can be seen in distance, brilliantly lighted by searchlights. A slanting rain is scurried by a rising wind.

303

GATE TO LAUNCH AREA - NIGHT

304 MEDIUM SHOT - SECURITY GUARDS
as they wave the cavalcade through.

304

TOWER - NIGHT

305 LONG SHOT FROM HIGH ON TITAN TOWER - TRANSFER VAN
as it approaches.

305

306 MEDIUM SHOT - HARD HAT AND CANVAS SLEEVE 306
To protect Dougherty from the wet, a canvas sleeve large enough to walk through has been rigged from the elevator to the deck where the Transfer Van will stop. Hard Hats stand ready to adjust the end of the sleeve to the side door of the van.

307 LONG SHOT - TRANSFER VAN - FROM THE DECK 307
as it approaches.

INT. TRANSFER VAN - NIGHT

308 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY 308
SHOOTING UP TOWARD WINDOW AT HIS SIDE
Dougherty draws aside the blind. The launch-complex comes into view, slides past, then stops - as the van brakes - with the booster framed in the window and lit by arc-lights.

TOWER - NIGHT

309 MEDIUM SHOT - HARD HATS 309
as they rig the end of the sleeve to the side door of the van.

INT. TRANSFER VAN - NIGHT

310 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND KEITH 310
at the door. They shake hands, Keith grasping Dougherty's in both of his. Then Dougherty, followed by Buettner and Michaels, goes out the door.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

311 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY, BUETTNER AND MICHAELS 311
as they approach through the sleeve and enter. The door clangs shut and the elevator starts up. As it passes each platform, Hard Hats wave. The elevator stops at the White Room and the door opens.

INT. WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

312 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY, BUETTNER AND MICHAELS 312
as they step out of the elevator into the White Room, a big, plastic-enclosed platform surrounding the TUB. It is sealed and air-conditioned and everyone here

312 CONTINUED:

312

wears white coveralls and white hats (like butcher hats.) The Insertion Crew, which has been waiting here with the Capsule Crew, cluster around Dougherty and accompany him to a cloth-covered platform next to the TUB.

313 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY

313

as he steps up onto the platform. They remove his plastic boot covers and disconnect and take from him the portable air-conditioner. That done, Dougherty grasps a support-rail, squats and lifts his feet into the hatch. They help him slip into the TUB.

314 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

314

settling back in the contour couch. Assisted by the Insertion Team, he starts connecting his communication, biomedical sensor and oxygen cables. Buettner leans in and starts strapping him down.

LAUNCH-PAD - NIGHT

315 SHOTS OF HARD HATS, TECHNICIANS AND ENGINEERS

315

as they come down in the elevator, get into busses and trucks and leave the launch area.

INT. WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

316 MEDIUM SHOT - DOUGHERTY

316

as the Team Chiefs and Buettner shake hands with him.

317 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND MICHAELS

317

as Michaels shakes hands with him and steps back. The hatch starts closing.

INT. TUB - NIGHT

318 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

318

SHOOTING TOWARD WHITE ROOM

as the hatch is closed and he locks it. At once:

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

319 CLOSE SHOT - COUNTDOWN INDICATOR

319

It has just hit T minus 00:30:00 and it shifts to 00:29:59 and continues on down as:

319 CONTINUED:

319

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus thirty minutes and counting.

320 MEDIUM SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER
at his console.

320

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Dismantle the White Room.

He glances at his wind gauge.

321 CLOSE SHOT - WIND GAUGE - LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S POV
it reads 23 miles per hour and the needle starts
trembling toward 24.

321

TOWER - NIGHT

322 MEDIUM SHOT - BANDANNA
on the beam above the now-deserted platform. It's
standing horizontal to the earth and snapping in the
wind.

322

CITY ROOFTOPS - DAY

323 FULL SHOT - TV ANTENNAS
A forest of them, stretching to the horizon.

323

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus twenty-five. All personnel
out of the launch area. All
personnel out of the launch area.

WESTERN PLAINS - DAY

324 LONG SHOT - A SHACK
in the middle of nowhere, its TV antenna against the
sky.

324

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus twenty-two. Lower the
tower.

INT. LOWER CLASS KITCHEN - NIGHT

325 CLOSE SHOT - IRONING BOARD
with a flatiron standing on end and a pile of wash.

325

325 CONTINUED:

325

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Blockhouse to TUB. Radio to ON.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Video to ON.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

INT. UPPER CLASS DEN - NIGHT

326 CLOSE SHOT - BRIDGE TABLE 326
just as the players left it: cards, drinks, ash trays.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Telemetry to ON.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus twenty minutes and counting.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

327 CLOSE SHOT - WIND GAUGE 327
OVER LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S SHOULDER
It is just moving from 29 miles per hour to 30.

INT. UNION STATION, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. - DAY

328 FULL SHOT - WAITING ROOM 328
Empty.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Blockhouse to TUB.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Spacecraft to internal power.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

329 LONG SHOT - ALONG THE BRIDGE
Empty.

329

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus sixteen minutes and
counting.

EXT. STATE STREET, CHICAGO - TWILIGHT

330 LONG SHOT - STATE STREET
Empty.

330

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus thirteen minutes and
counting. Spacecraft RCS-OAMS
static fire.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

331 CLOSE SHOT - WIND GAUGE
OVER LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S SHOULDER
The needle moves from 32 miles per hour to 33.

331

STREETS OF VARIOUS CITIES - DAY AND NIGHT

332 FLASH CUTS
Of a kiddie-car on a sidewalk.
Of a bicycle on a lawn.
Of a sport car high and dry up on a lube-rack.
Of a line of empty taxis.
Of a line of empty buses.

332

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

333 LONG SHOT - THE MOTIONLESS TRAIN
Empty.

333

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus six minutes and counting.
Man stations for launch vehicle
and spacecraft final status check.

TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

- 334 CLOSE SHOT - ALLEY CAT 334
washing itself.
- 335 MEDIUM SHOT - ALLEY CAT 335
washing itself - in the middle of the empty street.
- 336 LONG SHOT - ALLEY CAT 336
washing itself in the middle of the empty Times
Square.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Blockhouse to TUB, prepare to
update computer.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Here are the figures - prepare to
copy.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

- 337 CLOSE SHOT - COUNTDOWN INDICATOR 337
It has just hit T minus 00:02:00.
- 338 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER 338
His eyes on the indicator offscene:

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
T minus two minutes and counting...

His eyes go to the wind gauge as he runs his tongue
along dry lips.

- 339 CLOSE SHOT - WIND GAUGE 339
as the needle moves from 35 miles an hour to 36,
trembles and then edges past toward 37.
- 340 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER 340

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
T minus ninety seconds and
counting...

341 MEDIUM SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER 341
and Personnel nearest him, all frozen, their eyes on
the Indicator up front.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
T minus eighty seconds and
counting...

342 WIDER MEDIUM SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER 342
and more of the Personnel around him, all motionless.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
T minus seventy...

343 FULL SHOT - BLOCKHOUSE PERSONNEL 343
centering on the Launch Controller.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Sixty-five...

Suddenly, CAMERA ZOOMS TO A CLOSE UP of him: his hand
darts to a switch as:

LAUNCH CONTROLLER (Cont'd)
Hold.

344 CLOSE SHOT - WIND GAUGE 344
The needle is just moving past 38 miles an hour to 39.

345 CLOSE SHOT - COUNTDOWN INDICATOR 345
as it stops at 00:00:60.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Tower-crew to launch-pad - prepare
to move in Tower. Capsule team,
insertion team to White Room.
Blockhouse to TUB -

INT. TUB - NIGHT

346 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY 346

DOUGHERTY
I refuse to leave this ship. I
will not leave as long as he's
alive. I don't care what you say,
I'm staying right here.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

347 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Throwing a switch:

347

LAUNCH CONTROLLER

George? George - we just can't
make it -

(voice failing)

- w-we j-just...

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

348 CLOSE MOVING SHOT ALONG THE ROWS OF CONSOLES
The haggard, unshaven, rumped, exhausted men are
staring into space. Some are panting as though they
had just finished a cross-country run. One or two
are swaying back and forth in anguish. A man crosses
himself and silently prays. Tears course down the
cheeks of another. A third is shaking his head in
disbelief, his lips soundlessly saying no, no.
We're on a CLOSE SHOT OF KEITH now. His eyes are
wet, his face contorted and his entire body shaking
with the terrible effort to maintain control. His
gaze falls on his wrist watch.

348

KEITH

Time -

He lifts his other hand. For a moment, it trembles
in the air, then it darts like a hawk at the wrist
watch, tears it loose and hurls it to the desk to
shatter it...Silence...And then:

PRUETT'S VOICE

Heartbeat One to Cape Cap Com,
over...Heartbeat One to Cape Cap
Com, over...

349 MEDIUM SHOT - CEILING VIDEO-TUBE
as it clears and Pruett appears.

349

PRUETT

Heartbeat One to Cape Cap Com, over.

350 CLOSE SHOT - BACKUP CAP COM
staring in horror at the video-tube offscene. He tries
to talk but cannot. He whirls around in his seat to
face Keith.

350

351 MEDIUM SHOT - BACKUP CAP COM - KEITH'S POV 351
as he gestures helplessly to Keith: what do I say?
How do I tell him?

352 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH 352

PRUETT'S VOICE
This is Heartbeat One, come in,
Cape Cap Com.

Keith takes a deep breath, hesitates, then throws a
switch.

KEITH
Keith to Heartbeat One, over to
you, Dick.

353 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE 353

PRUETT
How we doing, Pappy?...Pappy, how
we doing?

354 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH 354
looking up at the video-tube offscene.

KEITH
No joy in Mudville, Dick. We've
cancelled the launch. We failed
you - by one minute.

355 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE 355

PRUETT
Failed me? Failed me? George,
you did a great job. I mean it,
George, you did a great job, all
of you. Why, I'm - I'm just so
darned proud to be a member of the
organization - I'd like to tell the
whole world how -

(breaks off - then)
George, could I go on TV? Open
circuit? Right now?

356 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH

356

KEITH
Why - yes, Dick. The TV and radio
networks have been begging for an
interview. I didn't think you...

357 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE

357

PRUETT
Let's do it, George. Set it up,
will you? And, George?

358 OMITTED
359

358
359

360 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH
TAKING IN HIS AIDE

360

KEITH
Yes, Dick?

AIDE
(into phone)
Hello, Barnes?

361 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE

361

PRUETT
George, just between you, me and
the lamp-post, before I pop up in
a zillion living rooms - I want to
say goodbye.

362 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

362

KEITH
G -- ? Dick, now, wait, listen -

362 CONTINUED:

362

Quickly putting a hand over the mike on his head-set and calling to Michaels:

KEITH (Cont'd)

Doc - Doc -

363 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS AND PRUETT ON MICHAELS' CONSOLE

363

PRUETT

No use, George - what's the point in spinning it out to the last suffocating second? George, we had our differences and there were times when I cursed you and wanted to hit you but, my God, I have affection for you. Goodbye, friend.

KEITH'S VOICE

Doc -

Michaels doesn't turn to him - just spreads his hands and shrugs helplessly.

COCOA BEACH STREET - NIGHT

364 LONG SHOT - HARRY'S CAR
approaching along the storm-swept street.

364

INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

365 CLOSE SHOT - MAGGIE AND HARRY
Harry is peering through the windshield and fighting the wheel to keep the car steady. The radio is muttering in the background.

365

HARRY

Maggie, there's nobody on the streets -

MAGGIE

Keep going - we'll find her -

HARRY

But there's nobody -

Maggie has caught something on the radio and turns it up loud.

365 CONTINUED:

365

RADIO

- scrubbed. I'll repeat that.
Here is a flash from Mission Control -
the gallant attempt to rescue
Dick Pruett has been scrubbed
because of hurricane winds. But
stand by - there will be an
interview with the doomed astronaut -
it's due to start any minute. Stand
by -

Maggie turns off the radio as Harry pulls up to the
curb and cuts the motor.

HARRY

Oh, the poor guy - the poor, poor
guy...

MAGGIE

...Well, that's it, I guess.

After a moment.

HARRY

(working himself up)
I could have sold my bet to Pooley -
I had the cash in my hand -

MAGGIE

I'm sorry - I meant it for the best -

HARRY

Right in this hand - get out, get
out - go on, get out of my car -

Reaching across her, he opens the door.

COCOA BEACH STREET - NIGHT

366 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE

As she gets out of car and faces the battering wind and
torrents of rain.

366

MAGGIE

(it comes out as a
cry for help)
Mother of God...

CAMERA PANS with her as she struggles to the comparative
safety of a boarded doorway.

367 CLOSE SHOT - MAGGIE 367
at doorway she looks down and sees a bedraggled cat
scratching frantically at the door. Maggie leans
down and picks it up, then bangs on door. From signs
we see she's outside a PIZZA PARLOR.

368 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY 368
Feeling sorry for Maggie, he slides out of car and
rushes to her to bring her back. Maggie won't go back
to car until she gets cat inside. She pounds on door.
A green shade on the other side goes up, revealing
UNCLE BARTO standing there -- a wiry, little old
Italian, radiating benevolence; he wears slippers
and an old cardigan, his hair is creamy-white. Maggie
gestures for him to open up. He opens door.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

369 MEDIUM SHOT - MAGGIE, HARRY, UNCLE BARTO 369
CAMERA SHOOTING through open door from inside. In the
howling gale dialogue is impossible. Uncle Barto waves
them in as he holds door open against the wind. But
Maggie gestures - she just wanted to save cat. She
puts cat down.

370 FOLLOW SHOT - CAT 370
as it scampers through the little restaurant and out
into the kitchen, up to a woman's beautiful bare legs,
and rubs against them. Woman's hands reach down, pick
up cat - and CAMERA TILTING UP - we see SOPHIE BACIGALUPI,
an astonishingly beautiful peasant. She has been weeping.

371 CLOSE SHOT - HARRY AND MAGGIE 371
They are trying to pull the door shut when Harry's eyes
bug. He points and shouts at the top of his voice.

HARRY
MAGGIE -- MAGGIE -- WE FOUND HER --
WE FOUND HIS GIRL!

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

372 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND AIDE 372
Keith is in his seat, looking up at the ceiling video-
tube offscene. His Aide - phone to ear - has been
waiting. Now:

372 CONTINUED:

372

AIDE

(into phone)

All set?

(to Keith)

All set.

KEITH

(into head-set)

All right, Dick - you're on.

NOTE: Pruett's following speech to come over appropriate cuts to: Launch Room, Mission Control Room, Titan standing in hurricane, Dougherty sitting in TUB, President listening, Rescue Crews in hurricane, Hard Hats in hangars, stock shots of foreign groups listening, Union Station filled, Times Square empty, and perhaps, a beautiful woman's tear-stained face, as she stands listening in a pizza parlor kitchen.

373 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT ON CEILING VIDEO-TUBE - KEITH'S POV 373
CAMERA MOVING SLOWLY TO A CLOSE UP

PRUETT

I - don't know just where to begin.
Or exactly what I'm going to say.
But...I feel - just - wonderful.
Just think...I'm talking to the
whole world from way up here in a
tiny man-made moon. Isn't that
something?

And I'm happy this flight was a
success. The medicos tell me I've
filled their computers with new
knowledge that'll help all future
astronauts. That makes up for a lot
of things.

And then your messages from all over
the world...thousands of them,
telling me you were with me. And
all the churches, synagogues, mosques
and shrines filled with people praying
for me.

And take Australia. Last time I was
over Melbourne, all the city lights
suddenly went off -- then came on
again -- then went off again. Someone
in the central power station was
throwing a switch and sending me a
message from the whole city in Morse
code. He was saying 'God bless --
God bless'.

373 CONTINUED:

373

PRUETT (Cont'd)

I guess that's why I asked to speak to you. There's been a fountain of warm feeling welling up to me from you. Well, after I'm gone, why turn it off? Why not just sort of direct it toward each other? Every man that's been in space has told you how beautiful the earth is. And it is. But it's small, just a speck in the universe. And right now from where I'm sitting, it's so little and lonely, the way I was until these last few hours, that I can't help but feel it needs your affection as much as I did.

Well, I hope I haven't...
but just one more thing...I've just got to try to...well, make amends for some of the rotten things I've done -- in secret -- and never told anyone till now...

I became an astronaut because I wanted headlines. I was out to use space as my quick road to glory. And when I got into this jam the same people I was trying to use, the Space Agency, the Air Force, Navy, Army, and thousands of engineers and hard hats all got together in a super-human job to get me down. And it took a hurricane to stop them. I'm just so proud of these guys, I could...

And then Jim Dougherty. Jim, I know you're sitting in that TUB eating your heart out because you can't come up and get me. You've often asked me why I chose you as my Gemini space partner, and I never gave you a straight answer. Well, Jim, I didn't want you for your brains, your breeding, or your dedication and loyalty. Those qualities I resented because I didn't have them.

I asked for you because you're one of those can't-help-it-good guys, and I figured if we ever made it to the moon, you'd let me be the first out through the hatch, and that you would take my picture as the first man on the moon. How cheap can you get. But that was it, Jim. I was using you. While you were

373 CONTINUED:

373

PRUETT (Cont'd)
becoming my friend I was using you.
Just as I tried to use the whole
space program. I just want you to
know, Jim. It's your kind the world
needs...not mine.

And there's someone else I want to
apologize to...Heartbeat One...
she's Sophie Bacigalupi. Isn't
that one hell of a name? Well, it
fits her to a T - because she's one
hell of a woman...It was five months
ago, in May. I was over Cocoa Beach,
flying in to the Cape from Houston
to observe the launch of an unmanned
Titan booster. I had a date set up
for that evening with a Bunny named
Priscilla and I was feeling extra
good - so I did a real smart-alecky
thing -

SCENES 374 AND 375 OMITTED

SKY ABOVE COCOA BEACH - DAY

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 376 | CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT IN JET COCKPIT
Pruett is whistling to himself as he moves the stick
forward. | 376 |
| 377 | MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT IN JET
as the plane heads into a screaming dive. | 377 |
| 378 | LONG MOVING SHOT - JET
as it screams down, down, down and then starts to pull
out. | 378 |

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - DAY

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 379 | MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE
She has just finished squooshing the final touch of
icing-out of a pastry tube onto a magnificent wedding
cake: it's four levels high, with a tiny bride and
groom on top. Eyeing it with a craftsman's appreciation,
she puts down the tube and lifts the cake to move it
off the work-surface to a safer place. The scream of
Pruett's plane has been audible from the start
of the shot, audible and growing louder. And | 379 |
|-----|--|-----|

379 CONTINUED:

379

now, as Sophie - cake in hand - turns away from the work-surface - KA-BLAM! Startled by the sonic boom, she drops the cake. Down to the floor it goes and smash. Clenched fists to her cheeks:

SOPHIE
MANAGGIA LO DIAVOLO.

Blood in her eye, she's out of the kitchen through the back door in a flash.

PIZZA PARLOR ALLEY - DAY

380 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE 380
as she tears out of the door and leaps into her jalopy. She releases the hand brake, turns the ignition key, swats the top of the dash twice, slams her door twice, stomps on the gas twice - this is all standard operating procedure - and with a backfire like a howitzer going off, it leaps ahead from a standing start.

INT. KEITH'S OFFICE, CAPE KENNEDY - DAY

381 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH 381
standing in front of his desk, angry.

KEITH
You know it as well as I do - causing
a sonic boom over a populated area
is strictly against regulations.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND ASIDE to reveal Pruett. He's eager to have this over with as quickly as possible so he can keep his date. Because of this, he quickly nods to everything Keith says and steals an occasional glance at his watch.

KEITH (Cont'd)
It was thoughtless - brainless - you
could be busted out for it...But
I'm going to let you off with a fine.

Whipping out a checkbook and a pen:

PRUETT
Just tell me how much you want.

382 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND KEITH - ANOTHER ANGLE 382

KEITH
Two thousand -

(Pruett)

PRUETT

(rocked)
Two thousand?

KEITH

- and thirty-three dollars and sixteen cents.

PRUETT

(staring at him)
How'd you reach a cockeyed number like that?

KEITH

The two thousand's the fine -

PRUETT

Get to the thirty-three sixteen - that's the intriguing part.

KEITH

It's for a wedding cake you demolished.

Sighing and starting to write it out:

PRUETT

The fine you'll have to take out of my pay. Thirty-three sixteen - who do I make it out to?

KEITH

Sophie Bacigalupi.

PRUETT

(incredulous -
mouthing it)
Bacigalupi?

KEITH

B-a-c-i-g-a-l-u-p-i.

PRUETT

Sounds like a running jump into a pool of tomato sauce.

(gesturing)

Botchee-galoope.

(tearing out
the check)

Here, give it to her.

KEITH

Give it to her yourself. With an apology, do you understand?

382 CONTINUED:

382

PRUETT

George, no, I have a date, I'm late
as it is -

KEITH

A nice, sincere apology. You don't
want her writing to newspapers, do
you? Or complaining to her
congressman?

Going to the door and opening it:

KEITH

(to Sophie)

Please come in.

383 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT 383

He sighs, annoyed and irritated. Then his eyes go to
the door offscene as Sophie appears - and the annoyance
and irritation instantly vanish and his face lights up
at the sight of her.

384 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND KEITH - PRUETT'S POV 384

She comes in seething, eyes flashing, nostrils flaring,
breast heaving, and stands poised while Keith shuts the
door and starts back toward his desk.

385 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT AND KEITH 385

KEITH

Sorry to have kept you waiting.
Can you be patient with us just
a bit longer?

SOPHIE

I am like ice.

KEITH

Good. Now -

Starting evenly enough but then - as the enormity of
the injustice overwhelms her - working up to a fury:

SOPHIE

My wedding cake is squooshed. I
must waste my good time and my
gasoline coming here. Then I must
sit out there on that hard bench
and wait. And wait and wait and
wait. And while I wait is no one
to look after my business. And I'm
losing money every second -

385 CONTINUED:

385

KEITH

Please -

SOPHIE

(instantly reining in)

I am like ice.

KEITH

Fine. This is Mr. Pruett, the pilot
responsible for the damage.

Sophie turns to Pruett and regards him coldly as:

PRUETT

(with a winning smile)

I offer my apology - fully confident
that so charming and gracious and
understanding a lady as yourself
will readily accept it and let
bygones be bygones.

Silence, with her cold, unblinking stare continuing
until it's an effort for Pruett to maintain the smile.
And then, with utmost contempt:

SOPHIE

Blech-h.

(to Keith)

You got my money?

KEITH

Yes. If you'll just sign this
release -

SOPHIE

What sign?

KEITH

You have to sign this paper before
we can give you -

SOPHIE

I don't sign nothing. Did I squoosh
the cake?

KEITH

No -

SOPHIE

Did I make the boom?

KEITH

No, but -

385

CONTINUED:

385

SOPHIE

It was him? -
(pointing)
- this nut?

KEITH

Yes, but -

SOPHIE

So let him sign the paper. Just
give me my money and let me go.
Where is it?

Extending the check:

PRUETT

Here.

386

CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT
KEITH IN BACKGROUND

386

SOPHIE

What's this? Check? Oh, no -
no check - cash.

PRUETT

It's the same thing.

SOPHIE

Oh, shoo. How do I know she don't
bounce?

PRUETT

You can trust me.

Waving the fingers of her hand under her chin in the
classic I-couldn't-care-less gesture:

SOPHIE

Managg' I can trust you. I don't
even know you.

Whipping out his wallet and showing her:

PRUETT

Here's my driver's license.

Sophie studies the signature and compares it to the one
on the check.

SOPHIE

This is your name?

PRUETT

(to Keith)

Is this my name?

KEITH

Yes - I vouch for it.

SOPHIE

(to Keith)

Oh, you do. So lemme see your
driver's license.

As Keith goes for his wallet:

SOPHIE (Cont'd)

Never mind - no check. Cash.

PRUETT

I don't have that much on me.

SOPHIE

My wedding cake is squooshed. I
must spend my good time and my
gasoline to come here. Then I
sit out there and I wait and wait
and wait and when they finally
going to pay me they got no
cash and -

KEITH

Take it easy -

SOPHIE AND PRUETT

(simultaneously)

I am like ice.

Sophie glares at him. Then, grudgingly:

SOPHIE

Awright - I take the check.

But as she reaches for it, Pruett pulls it back.

PRUETT

Wait a minute - how do I know the
cake really went squoosh? How do
I know there's a cake at all?

SOPHIE

How do you know? I just tol' you -

Waving his fingers under his chin:

PRUETT

Managg' she just tol' me.

386 CONTINUED:

386

Steam coming out of her ears, Sophie waves a finger at him, starts to say something, then changes her mind.

SOPHIE

Come on, you - I show you the cake.

She gives him a shove toward the door and, while he recovers his balance, strides past him toward it.

387 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND KEITH
with Pruett giving Sophie's figure offscene a highly appreciative once-over.

387

388 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE - PRUETT'S POV
Her lush body swinging every whichway free, Sophie flings the door open and stalks out..

388

389 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND KEITH
Pruett dramatically clasps his hands together and rolls his eyes.

389

KEITH

(quickly)
Now, Dick -

PRUETT

(reassuringly)
I am like ice.

Then he hurries after Sophie.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, CAPE KENNEDY - DAY

390 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT
JALOPY IN THE FOREGROUND
With Pruett hurrying to catch up with her, Sophie comes out of the building and gets behind the wheel. Pruett, opening the door on the other side, pauses abruptly to admire the view.

390

391 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE - PRUETT'S POV
Sophie is half turned away, fishing for the strap of her seat belt, unaware that her dress is hiked up about her thighs. The long line and voluptuous molding of the outstretched near leg, the swell of hips, curve of belly and thrust of breast are worthy of note, even on contemplation. Belt buckled, she turns to him impatiently.

391

392 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT - SOPHIE'S POV
Tearing his eyes away, he gets in and shuts the door.

392

393 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE 393
 Pruett studies her as she turns on the ignition. Then he watches every move, fascinated, as she swats the top of the dash twice, slams her door twice, stomps on the gas twice - and BANG, the heap takes off, Pruett holding on for dear life.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - DAY

394 MEDIUM SHOT - UNCLE BARTO AND FRANKIE 394
 Uncle Barto and FRANKIE - Sophie's alert and friendly 5-year-old - have been gathering the remnants of the cake and placing them on a tray on the floor next to them. They look up as, offscene, Sophie and Pruett come in.

395 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT, UNCLE BARTO AND FRANKIE
 Smiling a tentative welcome at the stranger, Uncle Barto and Frankie get to their feet, lifting the tray and setting it down on the work-surface as Sophie tugs Pruett into the kitchen-area.

UNCLE BARTO
 (in Italian)
 What happened to the cake?

SOPHIE
 (in Italian -
 pointing to Pruett)
 This maniac destroyed it.

Uncle Barto and Frankie look at him, the smiles fading. Gently reproving:

UNCLE BARTO
 Ts-ts-ts-ts-ts -

PRUETT
 (defensive)
 I intend to pay for it -

He takes out the check. Sophie is surging on, ethnic sense of drama in full flood, miming the entire incident as she recounts it.

SOPHIE
 (in Italian - softly)
I was right here, peacefully at work -
 (fiercely)
 - and this maniac was up there in an airplane.
 (softly)
I was disturbing no one, merely decorating the cake, a rosette here, a flourish there -

SOPHIE (Cont'd)

(fiercely)

- and he was mollocking around in his stupid machine, not a thought in his head, nor concern for anyone else.

UNCLE BARTO

(to Pruett)

Ts-ts-ts-ts-ts -

PRUETT

For God's sake, it's only a cake -

SOPHIE

(in Italian)

Suddenly - suddenly - there is a sound as though the sky is being cut in two by a giant buzz-saw -
(making the sound)
- eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee -

They are all attention now, fascinated, as she shows with her hands how he dived his plane.

SOPHIE (Cont'd)

- as though the sky is cloth being ripped apart - eeeeeeeeeeee -
as though the sky is living flesh being slashed by a stiletto -
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeKA-BLAM - total catastrophe - engineered by this witless assassin.

Silence. Uncle Barto and Frankie look at Pruett. Well, it wasn't a bad performance - so, rather grudgingly, with critical reservations and no enthusiasm:

PRUETT

Brava.

(to Uncle Barto)

Brava, eh?

(starts clapping)

Brava - brava -

396

CONTINUED:

396

SOPHIE

Wise guy.
 (lifts the tray
 with the cake)
 Awright - you wanted to see it,
 now you have.

PRUETT

(putting down
 the check)
 Here's your money.

SOPHIE

(handing him
 the tray)
 And here's your cake.
 (noticing a clock
 on the shelf)
 Mamma mia, after five - the
 customers -

397

MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT, UNCLE BARTO AND FRANKIE

397

SOPHIE

(in Italian)
 (to Uncle Barto)
 Set the tables, eh?
 (to Frankie)
 You help him, eh?

Uncle Barto picks up a tray on which are tablecloths, napkins and place-settings and exits through the curtained doorway. Sophie, meanwhile, has buckled down to work, shifting from the fridge to the work-surface containers of anchovies, sliced sausage and other pizza-ingredients. Frankie has been staring at Pruett for some moments and now his face lights up. Tugging at Sophie's skirt:

FRANKIE

Mama -

Glunk - she has shoved food into his mouth, an entirely automatic gesture of hers, like scratching when there's an itch.

SOPHIE

Let me work, like a good boy.

Swallowing and tugging at her again:

397 CONTINUED:

397

FRANKIE

But, Mama -

Glunk.

SOPHIE

Just help Uncle Barto, eh?

Tugging at her again:

FRANKIE

Mama, listen -

(fends off food)

- I know who this is. He's one of
the astronauts.

(to Pruett)

Aren't you?

PRUETT

Right.

SOPHIE

He's still here, the lunatic?

FRANKIE

Oh, boy, wait till I tell my
friends. I have lots of rockets.

PRUETT

I can tell you how to make one
that really goes up.

SOPHIE

He's got work to do.

PRUETT

It only takes a second.

(to Frankie)

You know those plastic containers
for mustard?

FRANKIE

Sure - we have them.

PRUETT

Take an empty one and put in five
spoons of baking soda and one of
vinegar.

(coming forward)

Then quick put the container down,
stand back out of the way and -

397 CONTINUED:

397

Sophie screams.

PRUETT (Cont'd)

All right - I'm done -

SOPHIE

You are stepping on my foot.

Pruett quickly steps back. Glaring at Pruett:

SOPHIE (Cont'd)

(to Frankie)

Go do like Mama says, eh?

As Frankie exits through the curtained doorway:

UNCLE BARTO'S VOICE

Sophia -

398 MEDIUM SHOT - UNCLE BARTO - SOPHIE'S POV
He is looking in through the order-window:

398

UNCLE BARTO

(in Italian)

Four sausage-pizzas, medium.

399 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT

399

SOPHIE

(to herself)

Four sausage-pizzas, medium.

Deftly and quickly, she takes a mound of dough the size of a softball, flattens it with a rolling-pin and sifts flour over it. Meanwhile:

PRUETT

I'm sorry - I didn't mean to hurt you.

SOPHIE

Is awright.

PRUETT

Why don't you wear shoes?

SOPHIE

Because I don't like girdles.

399 CONTINUED:

399

PRUETT

...Makes sense to me.

SOPHIE

Look, if you wear shoes, you must wear stockings, no? Looks cheap otherwise. If you wear stockings, you must keep them up. And to keep them up -

SOPHIE AND PRUETT

- girdles.

SOPHIE

Mister, just go, eh? I got work.

Pruett takes a firm grip on the tray with the cake, lifts it and prepares to leave. Sophie, meanwhile, picks up the flattened dough and tosses it into the air.

400 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE - PRUETT'S POV

400

As she catches the flattened dough on her two fists and, stretching it and twirling it simultaneously, tosses it into the air again, repeating the process until it's the correct size. Her body-English is spectacular. Carrie Fennell, in her palmiest tassel-tossing days, was not even in the same league.

401 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

401

His eyes are on Sophie, offscene. He simply cannot tear himself away. So - coming to a decision - he firmly sets the tray down on the work-surface.

402 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT

402

She slaps the disc of dough down on a wooden baker's shovel, brushes it with tomato paste, covers it with slices of sausage, sprinkles it with grated cheese and inserts it into the oven. Turning back to the work-surface, she notices Pruett.

SOPHIE

Wha' - still here? Go - go.

PRUETT

Not so fast. I paid for this cake, didn't I? This is a restaurant, isn't it? Okay, I got a right to stay here and eat it.

Defiantly, he shoves a hunk of cake into his mouth. Sophie rolls her eyes to heaven and starts work on another.

402 CONTINUED:

402

PRUETT

You're good at that. It's always
a pleasure to watch a real pro.

Sophie shoots him a suspicious glance to see if he
means it. He does.

SOPHIE

(grudgingly)

Grazie.

UNCLE BARTO'S VOICE

Sophie -

403 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND UNCLE BARTO
Looking in through the order-window:

403

UNCLE BARTO

(in Italian)

Two small anchovy-pizzas.

SOPHIE

Two small anchovy-pizzas. Mamma mia.

She starts to work faster.

404 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT

404

PRUETT

Don't you have anyone to help you?
Where's your husband?

SOPHIE

Dead...On his thirty-fifth birthday...

PRUETT

Rough. So young.

405 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE - PRUETT'S POV
Working away:

405

SOPHIE

Yes, very young. A man who loved
to be living like him. Very young.
But it was a full life allasame.
He fathered a child. Built this
home with his own two hands. And
planted a tree...Four months ago,
he swam to save someone who was
drowning and they both...

(shrugs)

So now I look to get married again.

406 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

406

PRUETT

You don't waste much time.

407 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT

407

SOPHIE

If you mean I did not love him, you are wrong. I loved him much and I mourn him. But I am a woman who don't feel complete without a husband. If you are well-married, you will understand.

PRUETT

I'm not. Not married at all, that is.

SOPHIE

Never? How old are you?

PRUETT

(confidently)

Guess.

SOPHIE

(promptly)

Thirty-nine.

PRUETT

(not too pleased)

Very good.

SOPHIE

Ah, scusa - you wanted I should say younger, eh?

PRUETT

No-no -

SOPHIE

Tell me, for why men in this country wish always to look like kids, eh? And cut short the hair like a boy and wear clothes like Joe College, eh?

PRUETT

(self-conscious)

I told the barber not too short -

SOPHIE

So - you thirty-nine and not married ever. Wassamatter - you don't like women?

407 CONTINUED:

407

PRUETT

(indignant)

What kind of crack is that?

SOPHIE

No crack -

PRUETT

(heated)

I like women very much -

SOPHIE

Awright, awright -

PRUETT

I have girls all over the country.
You know who's waiting for me right
now? A girl who just happens to
be Miss Florida -

SOPHIE

Fine -

PRUETT

I'm crazy about women. And they
go for me, too - I do all right -

SOPHIE

You are a bull among men - can I
say more?

Pruett subsides, growling. Sophie works.

408 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE - ANOTHER ANGLE

408

PRUETT

...Only reason I don't marry is,
well, marriage is so cut-and-dried.

SOPHIE

You make me laugh.

PRUETT

Oh, I get off some good ones -

SOPHIE

(marveling)

Cut-and-dried.

PRUETT

I happen to prefer a lot of girls
to just one. Ever hear that
variety is the spice of life?

408

CONTINUED:

408

SOPHIE

'At's most interesting.

PRUETT

What is?

SOPHIE

To have such little taste for life
you must add spice.

PRUETT

Now, look - you're entitled to your
opinion and I'm entitled to mine.
You don't have to be married, you
know, to lead a full life. I travel,
I play guitar -

SOPHIE

I am not impressed.

PRUETT

- I paint, I have a sports car -

SOPHIE

I am not impressed.

PRUETT

- play golf, go bowling, meet
important people - mayors, governors,
the President -

SOPHIE

I am not impressed.

PRUETT

So tell me what'll impress you,
I'll say it.

SOPHIE

Please - go say it to Miss Florida
and leave me alone.

PRUETT

When I'm finished.

And he shoves more cake into his mouth. Sophie works.

409

MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE

409

PRUETT

...You know something? You have an
uncanny knack for making a customer
feel welcome. I'm here five minutes
and you manage to cast doubt on my

409 CONTINUED:

409

PRUETT (Cont'd)
looks, my clothes, my masculinity
and my way of life. About the only
thing you haven't jumped on is my
profession.

SOPHIE
Tell me, I been meaning to ask -
why you wanna go to the moon when
is so much unfinished business on
earth?

PRUETT
I had to open my mouth. Well, I'll
tell you why -

But she has turned her back on him. She has run out
of sifting-flour and now shifts a wobbly chair along-
side the shelves, mounts it and starts groping for a
can of flour on the topmost shelf.

410 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

410

PRUETT
I'll tell you why I want to go to
the moon -

He breaks off, eyeing Sophie offscene.

411 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE - PRUETT'S POV
Wriggling and straining to reach the flour, her skirt
tight against her body, she is extraordinarily
provocative.

411

412 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE
He comes to her side, as she turns around with the can
of flour in her hands, and steadies her by putting two
hands on her thighs.

412

PRUETT
Because I have an urge - you know
what an urge is?

SOPHIE
(nodding)
I got one, too.

PRUETT
(hands, slithering
upward)
Mine is the urge men have always had
- to go further - faster -

412 CONTINUED:

412

SOPHIE

And this is mine.

She dumps the can of flour over his head.

413

MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT

413

As he begins to cough and sneeze - almost strangling - she gets down from the chair. When he has partially recovered:

PRUETT

What the hell'd you do that for?
Look at me - and I have a date -
what was the big idea?

SOPHIE

Now get outta my kitchen - go on -
beat it -

PRUETT

You pot-walloper -

SOPHIE

Go make more booms -

PRUETT

You peasant -

SOPHIE

Go shake hands with a mayor -

PRUETT

You pot-walloper -

He raises a hand to smack her but desists when she
snatches up the rolling-pin.

SOPHIE

Get out -

PRUETT

I'm going -

He hurries to the doorway and flings aside the curtain.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

414

CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

414

as he stops short in the doorway, brought to a halt
by something he sees offscene.

415

MEDIUM SHOT - UNCLE BARTO, PETE AND CUSTOMERS
PRUETT'S POV

415

They are all staring at Pruett.

416 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT 416
as he quickly puts on a pair of dark glasses for disguise.
CAMERA PANS him toward the front door.

417 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE 417
as she stands in the curtained doorway.

SOPHIE
And don't come back -

418 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT - SOPHIE'S POV 418
Turning in the open doorway:

PRUETT
Wild horses couldn't drag me.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

419 CLOSE SHOT - FRONT DOOR 419
as Uncle Barto snaps up the shade to reveal Pruett
outside, a scrapbook under one arm and a package under
the other, scowling and unhappy about this surrender
to his desire to see Sophie again. It's a couple of
weeks later.

EXT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

420 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND UNCLE BARTO 420
Uncle Barto picks up some of the little signs, selects
one and shows it: DRINK WHOOPSY. Pruett grimaces and
knocks again. Uncle Barto tries another - WELCOME
AMERICAN LEGION - then, disappointed as usual at their
inefficiency, opens the door and Pruett enters.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

421 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND FRANKIE 421
They are at the table in the living-room area, Sophie
counting money and pinning it to unpaid bills and
Frankie, in pajamas and bathrobe, finishing a glass
of milk and a cookie. Entering:

UNCLE BARTO
(in Italian)
Ssst - Sophia - didn't I tell you
he'd come back?

SOPHIE
(in Italian)
Who? Oh -

421 CONTINUED:

421

She's pleased at this but immediately masks it as Pruett appears and pauses uncertainly just inside the curtained doorway.

FRANKIE

Hi.

PRUETT

Hi.

422 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND FRANKIE - PRUETT'S POV
Sophie looks up from her work, puzzled.

422

SOPHIE

Yes? You are the salesman from the
Kosher pickle factory?

423 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT - SOPHIE'S POV

423

PRUETT

No, I am not the salesman from the
Kosher pickle factory.

424 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT, FRANKIE AND UNCLE BARTO

424

SOPHIE

Ah, it's you -

PRUETT

(angrily mimicking)

Ah, it's you -

SOPHIE

Scusa - it's been so long. Come
in.

PRUETT

(coming in)

I happened to be at this end of
town - I had my scrapbook here
rebound and I had to pick it up
and - I had to work right through
dinner and I'm hungry so I
thought -

424 CONTINUED:

424

SOPHIE

We are closed on Sundays.

PRUETT

Oh.

(starts to go)

SOPHIE

But today is Monday so sit down.

She gets up and starts toward the kitchen-area.

PRUETT

I brought along a present for your boy. Okay to give it to him?

SOPHIE

It's got something to do with making rockets from baking soda and vinegar?

PRUETT

No. Why?

Sophie indicates the ceiling and he looks up.

425 MEDIUM SHOT - CEILING - PRUETT'S POV
The ceiling is splotched and splattered in several places, the results of Frankie's experiments.

425

426 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT, FRANKIE AND UNCLE BARTO

426

PRUETT

(to Frankie)

It works, huh?

FRANKIE

Does it ever.

PRUETT

(to Sophie)

No, this one doesn't go off.

SOPHIE

Fine. Pizza with salami?

PRUETT

It's not too much trouble?

426 CONTINUED:

426

SOPHIE

Just have to warm the dough first.

427 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND FRANKIE

427

SOPHIE IN THE BACKGROUND

As she takes a pan of dough out of the fridge and puts it in the oven:

FRANKIE

What is it, what is it?

Unwrapping and opening the package:

PRUETT

A model.

FRANKIE

Of what?

PRUETT

Guess.

FRANKIE

Give me a hint.

PRUETT

Well, it's something that can take people on a long, fast ride.

FRANKIE

Oh - another dumb rocket.

PRUETT

Nope -

It's unwrapped now and he shows it to Frankie: a locomotive and a few cars.

FRANKIE

Wow. Oboyoboyoboy...What is it?

PRUETT

I kind of thought you wouldn't know. It's called a train.

FRANKIE

How do you launch it?

427 CONTINUED:

427

PRUETT

You don't. It goes on the ground,
on tracks. It has a restaurant
on it you can eat in and a bedroom
to sleep in -

FRANKIE

Ah, g'wan.

PRUETT

Honest. You could get on it right
here, say, and go to bed and when
you woke up you'd be in South
Carolina.

FRANKIE

Is that what you're training for?
To go to South Carolina?

PRUETT

No, I'm just going to the moon.

428 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE
PRUETT AND FRANKIE IN THE BACKGROUND

428

FRANKIE

Mama, he's going to the moon.

Taking the pan of dough out of the oven:

SOPHIE

And you are going to bed, right
now.

FRANKIE

Ah, Mama - I want to talk to him.

PRUETT

(taking his hand)
Come on - sack time.
(to Sophie)
Okay to leave my scrap-book here?
I wouldn't want anything to happen
to it -

SOPHIE

Sure.

PRUETT

Because it's practically the
story of my life, all the things
I've done, things I'm proud of -

428 CONTINUED:

428

SOPHIE
Nobody will even gonna touch it.

PRUETT
(disappointed)
Oh. Well, come on, kid.

429 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, FRANKIE, SOPHIE AND UNCLE BARTO 429
Pruitt and Frankie leave the table and move toward the stairway. CAMERA PANS them past and stays on them as they go up the stairs to Frankie's bedroom at the top.

SOPHIE
Don't forget to say the prayers.

430 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND UNCLE BARTO 430
Pruett gone, Sophie goes to the scrapbook and starts leafing through, Uncle Barto joining her.

431 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT'S SCRAP-BOOK 431
as Sophie turns the pages.

- (a) A photo of Pruett as a boy standing with his Father in front of a small-town hardware store: PRUETT & SON.
- (b) A newspaper front page with pictures: 12 YEAR OLD 'BORROWS' AIR FORCE PLANE AND SOLOS - GENERAL SAYS 'CONGRATS'
- (c) Pruett as an Air Force cadet in training.
- (d) Home-town newspaper story of Lt. Pruett being decorated for bravery in Korea.
- (e) NY Times back-page story: CAPT. PRUETT SETS NEW ALTITUDE RECORD
- (f) Home-town newspaper story: Dick Pruett Rumored Top Man For First Moon-Shot.

432 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND UNCLE BARTO 432
Uncle Barto looks up from the scrap-book to Sophie, a question on his lips. But her expression as she turns the pages - she is impressed - stops him short and he studies her closely. Her gaze goes from the scrap-book to Frankie's room off scene.

INT. FRANKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

433 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND FRANKIE 433
Pruett is sitting on the bed and Frankie is kneeling
alongside, just finishing his prayers.

FRANKIE
- and bless Mamma and Uncle
Barto and my friend -
(points to Pruett)
- this one here - and please
don't let him get hurt on the moon.

He jumps into bed and Pruett covers him. As Pruett turns
out the bedside lamp:

FRANKIE (cont'd)
Why do you want to go to the moon
anyway?

CAMERA MOVING in to a CLOSE SHOT of them:

PRUETT
Well...Well, I'll level with you.
Right now, you won't understand what
I'm going to say. But the older you
get, the more meaning it will have.
I'm going to the moon to try and find
a little bit of the answers to three
big questions. The first is: where
do we come from? Say it.

FRANKIE
Where do we come from.

PRUETT
The second is: what are we?

FRANKIE
What are we.

PRUETT
And the third is: where are we
going?

FRANKIE
Where are we going.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

434 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND UNCLE BARTO 434
DOOR TO FRANKIE'S ROOM IN THE BACKGROUND
Sophie is listening to the conversation upstairs.

434 CONTINUED:

434

PRUETT'S VOICE

Good. Remember them. Good night.

FRANKIE'S VOICE

Good night.

She quickly closes the scrap-book and busies herself with the pizza-dough as Pruett comes out of Frankie's room and down the stairs.

435 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, SOPHIE AND UNCLE BARTO 435
As Pruett passes him, Uncle Barto decides on a course of action. Stretching and yawning - and overdoing it:

UNCLE BARTO

(in Italian)

I'm going to bed, Sophia. .

(to Pruett)

Good night.

PRUETT

What?

Secretly amused by this obvious ploy:

SOPHIE

He says good night.

Pruett flips a salute to Uncle Barto, who goes upstairs.

436 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 436
Uncle Barto is upstairs and, a moment later, his bedroom door is heard closing. Pruett and Sophie are alone. They look at each other.

437 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT - SOPHIE'S POV 437
as he looks at her.

438 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE - PRUETT'S POV 438
As she looks at him. Then she starts flattening a lump of dough with her rolling-pin.

439 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 439
As she works:

SOPHIE

I must apologize for what I did
with the flour when you were last here.

Coming to her side and nosching an olive:

439

CONTINUED:

439

PRUETT

Forget it.

Abruptly, Sophie laughs.

PRUETT (cont'd)

What?

SOPHIE

You look like a ghost. Oh, scusa -
I should not have laughed.

PRUETT

(nettled)

That's right - it wasn't funny.

SOPHIE

Oh, it was funny but I should not
have laughed...You had a good time
with Miss Florida?

PRUETT

I did not come to discuss Miss Florida.

SOPHIE

I know - you came for pizza.

PRUETT

I did not come for pizza.

SOPHIE

Then for why?

He spins her about to face him, crushes her to his body
and kisses her.

440

CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT

440

She responds fully and unhesitatingly, her passion matching
his. After a long moment, she comes down to earth and ends
it, firmly disengaging. It leaves them both weak and dizzy
and awed by its strength.

PRUETT

Didn't you - like it?

SOPHIE

Of course I like. I like very much.
But.

PRUETT

No but.

He reaches for her again but she fends him off.

440

CONTINUED:

440

SOPHIE

Oh, yes - but. With me is got to be a ring. Gold, tin, cigar band, I don't care. But is marriage or nothing.

PRUETT

Oh, come on, marriage - we hardly know each other -

SOPHIE

Sure - 'at's what I say.

She takes a deep breath, recovered now, and pushes him away.

441

MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE

441

Pruett considers the situation. New tactics are in order. So:

PRUETT

Sophie, I appreciate your feelings, believe me, but -

SOPHIE

Please - I know.

PRUETT

Know what?

SOPHIE

What you are going to say.

She pulls a strand of her hair across her upper lip like a moustache and, mimicking a man:

SOPHIE (cont'd)

'Sweetie pie, is not for my sake is for your sake - going without is bad for your health.' No? 'Baby doll, we do not live in the Middle Ages - this is the twentieth century.' No? 'Bed first, then we talk marriage - you don't buy a car without a trial run.' No?

PRUETT

(after a moment)

Everything.

He slams the work-surface with the flat of his hand.

PRUETT (cont'd)

Everything.

(stalking out of the kitchen area)

This lousy pot-walloper knows everything.

At the table in the living-room-area, he turns and glares at her, tugging his tie loose for air.

441 CONTINUED:

441

SOPHIE

Good - open the tie, take off the coat,
sit down and rest while I make.

PRUETT

Don't make me anything, I couldn't eat
it, it would stick in my throat.

SOPHIE

With or without cheese?

PRUETT

With.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - DAY

442 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE

442

It's a week or two later. Pruett is helping Sophie make
wine. Barefooted, pants rolled up above the knees, he is
stomping around in a large barrel as Sophie puts bunches of
grapes in it.

SOPHIE

So after you come down from the
moon, what will you do then?

PRUETT

Oh, I don't know. Haven't decided.
As long as my image is good - I'm
talking about public relations - you
know what I mean by image? As long
as my image is good, there are lots
of things I can do.

SOPHIE

Maybe you could buy a rocket and go
into business for yourself.

PRUETT

You listening or just kidding around?

SOPHIE

I'm listening.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - DAY

443 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE

443

More time has passed. Under Sophie's supervision Pruett
takes a lump of dough and rolls it flat.

PRUETT

What I'd like most of all is to stay
with the space agency. Be in charge
of the Mars Project. Give it some push.

443

CONTINUED:

443

SOPHIE

You got too much dough.

PRUETT

Don't tell me how to make a pizza -
I've watched you often enough...I'm
not a kid any more so I don't think
they'll give me many missions after
the moon-shot.

SOPHIE

Now, just throw it into the air -

PRUETT

I know what I'm doing. Just shut up.

SOPHIE

Scusa.

PRUETT

Anyhow, as I say, there are lots of
things I can do. And there's no telling
how far I can go. As long as the image
stays right and bright.

He picks up the disc of dough and tosses it into the air.
Surprisingly expert, he catches it on his fists, and simul-
taneously stretching and twirling it, tosses it again. And
again. Then:

PRUETT (cont'd)

Hey - I forget how you stop.

The pizza is rapidly getting bigger and bigger; it's about
the size of a man-hole cover already.

PRUETT (cont'd)

Sophie - how do you stop?

SOPHIE

You asking me?

It's now about the size of a throw-rug.

PRUETT

Sophie -

SOPHIE

You catch on the finger like this.

PRUETT

Like what?

He turns to look at her and the pizza comes down on his head,
enveloping him like a bed-sheet does a kid playing ghost on
Halloween. Sophie starts to laugh. Pruett does a burn for a
moment, then snatches off the pizza and glares at her. She
laughs harder, and, after a moment, he grins.

ALLEY BEHIND PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

444 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT - PRUETT IN CAR 444
as he drives up, parks and gets out. CAMERA PANS him to
the rear door.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

445 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE 445
Back to us, she has just dried the last dish for the night and
is hanging up the cloth. At the sound of the rear door opening
and closing, she turns and sees Pruett offscene. CAMERA PANS
as, delighted, she hurries to him. They embrace.

SOPHIE

Oh, I missed you. You are away so long
this time. You have lost weight, no?

PRUETT

I have lost weight, yes. They dropped
us into a jungle down in Panama for
survival training and it took us a week
to find our way out.

SOPHIE

I fatten you up again pretty quick.
Go sit down.

She hurries back to the kitchen-area as Pruett approaches the
table.

446 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE 446
PRUETT BEYOND HER
As she readies food:

SOPHIE

All the time, my Frankie is asking
when you are coming back -

447 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 447
He looks at her offscene, trying to come to a decision.

SOPHIE'S VOICE

- and Uncle Barto says he has not won
a game of bocce since you are gone -

448 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 448
as she comes to the table with bread and butter and sets it down.

SOPHIE

- here - for nibble while I cook -
but don't fill yourself up.

As she turns to go back to the stove, Pruett takes her left
hand and stops her.

448

CONTINUED:

448

PRUETT

I have something for you.

SOPHIE

What? A present?

He puts a ring on her finger.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

...En-gage-ment ring...

She looks up at him, starry-eyed, then puts her arms around him and her head on his chest.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Oh, I have been loving you so much - and giving up hope it would ever happen -

He picks her up and kisses her.

449

MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE as he carries her to the stairs.

449

SOPHIE

Dick - no listen to me - put me down - please -

Reluctantly, he puts her down.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

First - first we celebrate.

PRUETT

Celebrate?

SOPHIE

But yes - we go out somewhere and we celebrate -

PRUETT

Out?

SOPHIE

Never, never, have you taken me out, you know that? And tonight I feel like going crazy -

PRUETT

Out where?

SOPHIE

Anywhere, I don't care, we go out - and then, when we come back - Ai, Ricardo, caro mio -

PRUETT

Well...where do you want to go?

449 CONTINUED:

449

SOPHIE

Dancing? Some place grand where never
have I been? The Cape Colony Inn?

PRUETT

Well....Trouble is, most places there
are people who know me -

SOPHIE

So?

PRUETT

It's like being in a goldfish bowl -

SOPHIE

So we go some place where nobody
knows you - I don't care where.
(quick hug)

I get dressed - won't take me a minute.

She hurries up the stairs.

450 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 450
Uneasy, disturbed, he watches Sophie go up the stairs.

INT. PENNY ARCADE - NIGHT

451 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT, HARRY 451
in front of Harry's PHOTO CONCESSION. Sophie and Dick have
just had their picture taken standing behind a flat with painted
pictures of caveman conking a cave woman. Pruett's smile
is forced but Sophie, playing to an off scene gallery, is
having a good time. Harry brings out the finished picture.

HARRY

Here you are Bud. That'll be a
buck.

452 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 452
as Pruett pays Harry, Sophie takes the picture and shows it
around.

SOPHIE

Is no way to treat a lady, 'at's
all I got to say.

INSERT - THE PICTURE
453

453

SOPHIE (cont'd)
.. cave man or no cave man, right?

AN IDLER
You tell 'em, sister.

SOPHIE
Oh, I'm gonna do more than tell
him. Just wait till I get him home.

PRUETT
(slipping an arm
around her)
What do you say we go home now?

SOPHIE
First I must win something. Come.

she leads him away.

DISSOLVE TO:

PENNY ARCADE - NIGHT

454 CLOSE SHOT - STACK OF WOODEN MILK BOTTLES
as a hurled baseball knocks them all off their stand.
Cheers and laughter are heard.

454

455 MEDIUM SHOT - SOPHIE, PRUETT, OWNER AND ONLOOKERS,
AT BALL-THROWING COUNTER
Sophie, whooping and hollering, is getting ready to throw
a spitter. Alongside of her is Pruett, his arms full of
kewpie dolls and teddy bears. The OWNER is back of the
counter. A crowd has gathered round them.

455

OWNER
Hey, hey -- she's going for ten
straight and this beautiful original
Polynesian, hula-hula, mahi-mahi,
Kewpie doll.

SOPHIE
Mister.. Tonight I feel so good I'm
gonna take your shirt.. Stand back..
Richardo, watch.. I'm giving to him
my spitter...

456 CLOSE SHOT
She winds up.

456

456 CONTINUED:

456

SOPHIE

Sandy Koufax...whoopie!

She throws. Bottles all fall.

SOPHIE

Yahoo! Come on.. ten more times...

457 CLOSE SHOT - BRAMBLE AND FRIEND

457

At edge of crowd Bramble, with a friend, eases through to see the excitement.

458 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

458

as he sees Bramble. He turns his back and puts on dark glasses.

459 CLOSE SHOT - BRAMBLE

459

as almost simultaneously he spots Pruett.

BRAMBLE

Hey, there's Dick Pruett.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM through crowd and up to Pruett.

BRAMBLE

Hi, Dick.. caught youslumming, huh?
When'd you get in? Catch my show
show today? I predicted you'd be
Command Pilot of the Apollo..
Am I right?

PRUETT

(pretending not
to recognize him)
What?

SOPHIE

This time my fast ball.. my fireball..
Stand back...

BRAMBLE

Come on, Dick.. Bramble.. Who's the
aud-bray? Put shoes on her the Mets'll
sign her...

459 CONTINUED:

459

PRUETT

(annoyed)
What the hell are you talking about
fella?

460 VERY CLOSE ON SOPHIE
as she stops her windup to listen.

460

BACK TO BRAMBLE AND PRUETT

BRAMBLE

What is this? Aren't you Dick
Pruett?

PRUETT

Dick who?

461 THREE SHOT

SOPHIE

(coming to his rescue)
Luigi..what're you talking?...
Don't you wanna see your wife win
another doll? Come on.. gimme room..

PRUETT

(in dialect)
Shu, baby.. go.. go!
(to Bramble)
Get lost, willya, Mac?

Sophie winds up and whams the bottles. Cheers. Bramble has
egg on his face.

BRAMBLE

(to Pruett)
Sorry, mister.

Pruett is busy collecting dolls. Bramble leaves with his
friend.

BRAMBLE

(as he moves
away)
What do you know? I could of sworn
that was Dick Pruett.

462 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 462
as her feathers fall. She is terribly hurt as she watches
Pruett collect dolls. He comes up to congratulate her.

PRUETT
Thanks, honey. Let's go home.

463 CLOSEUP - SOPHIE 463
as she looks at him.

SOPHIE
Is all so clear now.

She sees it all now. Stifling a small cry of pain, she turns
and hurries through the crowd. Pruett follows.

PRUETT
Sophie.. wait...

SCENES 464, 465, 466, 467 OMITTED

EXT. BEACH AT EDGE OF SURF - NIGHT

468 MOVING SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 468
Sophie walking fast and looking straight ahead, bravely
trying to stifle sobs. Pruett right behind her, his arms
still full of dolls.

PRUETT
Sophie, don't be ridiculous. I'm
not ashamed of you. He's one of
those pain-in-the-neck reporters.
I told you. I just don't like having
no privacy.

Sophie keeps looking straight ahead and walking fast. Pruett
grabs her hand and stops her.

PRUETT
Sophie, now stop. I want to talk
to you.

SOPHIE
I'm not good for the image. Let me go,
please.

PRUETT
Where you going?

468 CONTINUED:

468

SOPHIE
SOME PLACE TO CRY.

PRUETT
All right.. cry here.. sit down.
(he sits and tries to
pull her down)

SOPHIE
I'm going home.. alone..
(takes ring off
finger)
Here, this you gave so I would
go to bed with you. Thank you.

He makes no move to take it so she throws it in the water.
Then she notices the PICTURE in her hand. She tears herself
out of it and throws him the rest.

SOPHIE
And there-- paste that in your
scrap book. Is one more thing for
you to be proud.

PRUETT
Sophie - wait.

But she has left him.

469 LONG SHOT - SOPHIE AND PRUETT 469
Sophie walking towards camera, Pruett sitting in distance.
She walks, then runs past, now crying freely.

SCENE 470 OMITTED

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

471 MEDIUM SHOT- PRUETT ON THE CEILING VIDEO-TUBE CAMERA 471
MOVING BACK AND DOWN FROM IT TO TAKE IN EVERYONE

471 CONTINUED:

471

PRUETT

It was true. She hit it right on the nose. I was ashamed of her. And for the reason she said: she didn't fit the image. But I'm no longer a fool. And I'm no longer ashamed of her. Only of myself. And I want the whole world to know I love her. I'll repeat that. Richard - J. - Pruett - loves - Sophie - Bacigalupi. She's beautiful, she's a real woman, she drives me crazy and she makes the best damned pizzas in the world. I want everybody who's listening to this to stop whatever you're doing right now and hurry down to Sophie's Pizza Parlor at Eleven-Eighty-Three South Atlantic Avenue, Cocoa Beach, Florida and buy all the pizzas you can eat.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

472 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE

She is weeping with grief and joy.

472

PRUETT'S VOICE

- at Eleven-Eighty-Three South Atlantic Avenue, Cocoa Beach, Florida. Just tell her Dick sent you.

CAMERA HAS BEEN PULLING BACK to include Maggie at the wall-phone in the kitchen-area and Harry in the living-room-area setting up his camera and floodlight.

MAGGIE

(into phone)

I said Desmond Barnes - quick. Tell him I found Pruett's girl.

PRUETT'S VOICE

I guess that's all. Goodbye, everybody, good luck. And God bless.

MAGGIE

Barnes?

473 CLOSE SHOT - MAGGIE
SOPHIE AND HARRY IN THE BACKGROUND

473

MAGGIE
(into phone)
Des, this is Maggie...Maggie -
Marguerite Fancourt Lemoyne... Yes,
it's true - she's right here...
(to Sophie)
Come here - they want you to talk
to Dick -
(into phone)
Des, listen - I want a favor out of
this. I want their conversation to
be on closed-circuit, I want it taped
and I want the tape for myself,
exclusive, to sell wherever I please.
Is it a deal?
(it's a deal)
Sophie - quick -

As Sophie hurries toward her:

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(to Harry)
Hurry up with that camera - the
pictures will be worth a fortune -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

474 CLOSE SHOT - BARNES
THROUGH WINDOW OF VIEWING GALLERY
CAMERA PULLS BACK quickly to include Keith and his
Aide at the console.

474

KEITH
(into head-set)
Dick - Dick, wait - before you sign
off - don't tell me no for God's
sake, just listen -

INT. MISSION CAPSULE

475 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
He has gathered himself together to blow the hatch.
Slowly, he extends a hand toward a switch on the control
panel.

475

KEITH'S VOICE
- will you please just listen another
second? There's somebody you just have
to talk to - your girl, Dick, Sophie
Bacigalupi -

Pruett freezes.

476 CLOSE SHOT - MICHAELS AND REDDY 476
at their console, eyes on the ECG. At Sophie's name,
the stylus almost jumps off the arm and Pruett's heart-
rate shoots up to almost two hundred beats per minute.

477 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND AIDE 477
BARNES IN THE BACKGROUND
Keith is twisted around to face Barnes who signals okay
with circled forefinger and thumb as the Aide answers
one of the phones. As Keith swivels around to face
front again:

AIDE
Hello?...

KEITH
(into head-set)
Here she is, Dick -

AIDE
(to Keith)
It's Mitch - Goddard says -

KEITH
(to Aide)
Not now -
(into head-set)
- go ahead, Dick -

INT. PIZZA PARLOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

478 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE 478
SOPHIE
(into phone -
soaring)
Dick? Dick?

INT. MISSION CAPSULE

479 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 479
PRUETT
Hello, you pot-walloper - I love you.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

480 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH AND AIDE 480
AIDE
George, Mitch says he must talk
to you -

480 CONTINUED:

480

KEITH

(into phone)

What is it, Mitch?

(his eyes bug)

What?INT. RADAR ROOM, GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - NIGHT

481 CLOSE SHOT - RADAR MEN

481

MITCHELL IN BACKGROUND

We are focussed on a radarscope-screen. On both sides of it and in the foreground, only their heads visible, RADAR MEN are studying it. Mitchell is in the immediate background.

MITCHELL

(into phone)

There's a Russian ship up there with
Pruett and we think he's going to
try for a rescue -

RADAR MAN

(awed)

Did you see what that Russki did?
 Did you?

MITCHELL

(into phone)

Sure? We aren't sure of anything -

RADAR MAN

Shifted completely to the Mercury
 plane - and he's right on the
 button.

MITCHELL

(into phone)

Well, what the hell else would he
 be doing up there at a time like
 this?

2ND RADAR MAN

We're getting a split on the scope -

3RD RADAR MAN

Must be the empty booster -

MITCHELL

(into phone)

Tell you before? George, I didn't
 tell you before for the same reason
 I didn't tell you the latest stock
 market quotations - we didn't know
 it had anything to do with us till
 he changed his orbital plane..That's
 right - he's as clean on the Mercury
 track as though we put him up ourself -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

482 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

482

KEITH

(into phone)

Stand by, Mitch.

Throwing a switch:

KEITH

(into head-set)

Dick? Dick? Sorry to break in on
 you like this but it's important -
 Take a look out your window and
 tell me what you see -

(to personnel offscene)

Novak - Mac - Benson, you, too -
 over here to my desk, quick -

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

483 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

483

as he takes a pair of binoculars out of the stowage-
 bag, puts them to his eyes and looks out the window.

SPACE - DAY

484 EXTREME LONG SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - VOSKHOD
 CAPSULE
 It's about a mile away.

484

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

485 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

485

as he quickly lowers the binoculars.

PRUETT

Holy Cow - I have a visitor...
See him? He's clear as a bell -
 I can make out the details of the
 ship with straight eyeballs - who
 the hell is he?...What?...Well,
 I'll be damned...

(looks through
 binoculars)

Wait - I just saw a flash...It
 looks like - I'm sure of it -

SPACE - DAY

486 EXTREME LONG SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - VOSKHOD
 CAPSULE

486

PRUETT'S VOICE

- he's using his thrusters. He's
 changing attitude now. There -

486 CONTINUED:

486

PRUETT'S VOICE (Cont'd)
he's pitched down and he's starting
to come around in yaw. He's - yes,
he's pointing his nose directly at
me -

A light in the Voskhod starts blinking on and off.

PRUETT'S VOICE
He's blinking a light, George -
I think there's a message coming
up - stand by -

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

487 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
Hurriedly, he opens the log book on his knee, finds a
pencil and puts the binoculars back to his eyes.

487

SPACE - DAY

488 EXTREME LONG SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - VOSKHOD
CAPSULE
as the light sends a message in Morse code.

488

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

489 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
Binoculars to his eyes, Pruett is taking down the
message.

489

490 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT'S LOG BOOK
as Pruett's hand jots down:

490

D-O
Y-O-U
R-E-A-D
M-E

491 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
as he lowers the binoculars, takes a flashlight out of
the stowage-bag, raises it to the window and replies.

491

SPACE - DAY

492 EXTREME LONG SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - MERCURY CAPSULE
as the single light of the flashlight blinks on and off.

492

INT. VOSKHOD - DAY

493 CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV 493
YAKOVLEV, a snub-nosed, high-cheeked cosmonaut in his mid-twenties, has binoculars to his eyes and is writing down the reply in the log-book on his knee. The co-pilot seat next to him is empty.

YAKOVLEV
(to himself)
VY-E-ASS - Yas...Horosho.

Grinning with excitement, he takes his hand away from the binoculars - leaving them suspended - and starts working his powerful hand light.

YAKOVLEV (cont'd)
(to himself)
P-R-E-

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

494 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT'S LOG BOOK 494
as Pruett's hand jots down the message:

P-R-E-P-A-R-E
F-O-R
S-H-I-P
T-R-A-N-S-F-E-R
B-O-D-Y

495 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 495
as he lowers the binoculars and re-reads the message in the log book.

PRUETT
(to himself)
Prepare for ship transfer - body?
Body?
(a light dawns)
Oh - buddy - buddy - prepare for
ship transfer, buddy.

Taking the flashlight and replying in code:

PRUETT (cont'd)
(to himself)
W-H-E-N?

Then he puts the binoculars to his eyes again and starts jotting down the reply in his log book.

495 CONTINUED:

495

PRUETT (cont'd)

(to himself)

I-N - in

A-B-O-U-T - about

T-H-R-E-E - three

Z-E-R-O - zero

M-I-N-U-T-E-S - minutes

Replying in code with the flashlight:

PRUETT (cont'd)

(to himself)

Okay - body.

He puts the binoculars to his eyes again.

SPACE - DAY

496 EXTREME LONG SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - VOSKHOD 496
CAPSULE
There are flashes of light from the thrusters.

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

497 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 497
With binoculars to his eyes:

PRUETT

There go his thrusters again,
George - I think he's closing in.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

498 CLOSE SHOT - RADARSCOPE TRACKING DISPLAY 498
Two glowing dots represent the Mercury and the Voskhod
capsules. CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Keith, Novak
and others, including the Meteorologist, studying the
display.

KEITH

(into head-set)

Roger, Dick - we have you both
on display down here.

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

499 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 499
with binoculars to his eyes:

PRUETT

He's operating in short bursts, George -
playing it very cautious. Taking his time
and no chances. I don't mind telling you
he looks very comforting out there.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

500 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, NOVAK AND OTHERS
AT RADARSCOPE TRACKING DISPLAY

500

KEITH
(into head-set)
Roger, Dick. What is your oxygen
supply at present? Over.

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

501 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
with binoculars to his eyes.

501

PRUETT
I estimate a maximum of forty
minutes remaining. That's four zero
minutes. I'm ready to welcome the
guy with wide-open arms. Over.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

502 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, NOVAK AND OTHERS
AT RADARSCOPE TRACKING DISPLAY

502

KEITH
(into head-set)
Roger, Dick - and I'm going to
make that a direct order. You go
with him - understood? I don't
care whether he comes from Russia,
Mars or Lower Slobbovia - he's your
only chance and you're to take it...
That is affirmative.
(hand over mike)
Damn, damn, damn - I wish Dougherty
was up there.

Hearing something in his ear-phones, he takes his hand
away from the mike.

KEITH (Cont'd)
(into head-set)
Keith to Pruett - go ahead, Dick.

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

503 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT'
Lowering the binoculars:

503

PRUETT

He just sent me a message asking whether I had portable oxygen - I told him I have a tank with a fifteen-minute supply. He is prepared to get in close, leave his ship and come over to me. I'm to hang on to his suit and then he'll take us both back and into his spacecraft. Over.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

504 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH, NOVAK AND OTHERS AT RADAR-SCOPE
TRACKING DISPLAY

504

KEITH

(into head-set)

Roger, Dick. We can now see definite closure between you and the Russian ship. Separation range is about nine hundred yards and we estimate he will be very close to you as you come up on White Sands. From that point on through Bermuda he will be in his best position to come in right next to you. Is that clear?...Affirmative and out.

He studies the radarscope again, pounding his fist into the palm of his other hand in frustration, then glares at the Meteorologist.

505 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND METEOROLOGIST

505

METEOROLOGIST

(losing his head)

Damn, you, George, you keep looking at me as though the hurricane is my fault. It's not - I don't make the weather - I just report it -

KEITH

All right, all right -

METEOROLOGIST

(to Keith)

The wind's going to blow like hell around here except when the eye passes over and I can't do a thing about it -

505 CONTINUED:

505

MICHAELS

Okay, Morrie, okay, come on, now -

METEOROLOGIST

(being led off)

He thinks it's my fault but it's not -

MICHAELS

Sure, Morrie, sure -

506 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH AND NOVAK

506

They exchange looks, shaking their heads, then watch Michaels and the Meteorologist offscene as they head for the door.

507 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

507

Suddenly, something the Meteorologist said registers. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Novak as Keith yanks off his head-set, thrusts it at Novak and lunges toward the door.

KEITH

Morrie - Morrie - wait -

508 MEDIUM SHOT - MICHAELS AND METEOROLOGIST

508

On the threshold, they turn as:

KEITH'S VOICE

Morrie - wait -

Keith runs to their side.

509 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH, METEOROLOGIST AND MICHAELS
Grabbing Morrie by the lapels:

509

KEITH

What did you say about the eye of
the hurricane?

METEOROLOGIST

I just interpret and report -

KEITH

(shaking him)

Morrie - when will the eye pass over us?

METEOROLOGIST

Any minute - and I swear it's not my -

KEITH

How long will it be over us?

509 CONTINUED:

509

METEOROLOGIST

Ten-fifteen minutes but you have to
stop thinking I'm responsible for -

Keith grabs Michaels' arm, slides back the sleeve and
looks at the watch.

KEITH

Seventeen minutes to nine - the
numbers are right - we can still
make it - we can still put Dougherty
through the launch-window -

NOVAK

Why risk Dougherty now? The
Russian's up there.

KEITH

What if he fails? You want us
caught sucking our thumbs?

510 MEDIUM SHOT - KEITH

510

as he races to his console, picks up and jams on a
head-set and throws a switch.

KEITH

(into head-set)

Keith to Dougherty - hello, Jim?
Jim, we have a chance - the eye
will be passing over us any minute -
Shut up and listen - I'm talking
about the eye of the hurricane -
have you forgotten there's no wind
inside a hurricane's eye? We'll
have fifteen minutes of calm - do
you understand what I'm driving at?

INT. TUE - NIGHT

511 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY

511

DOUGHERTY

Understand, hell, I'm way ahead of
you - just set a match to this fire-
cracker and get out of my way.

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

512 FULL SHOT - ALL PERSONNEL
KEITH IN BACKGROUND
CAMERA MOVES quickly toward Keith at his console as
Operations Personnel hurry to their places, put on
their head-sets and prepare for action.

512

KEITH
(into head-set)
Good boy, Jim, good boy -
(throws a switch)
Hello, Blockhouse - Keith here -
listen -

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

513 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER
We are directly behind the Launch Controller's head.
Beyond him, all Blockhouse Personnel suddenly turn to
him at:

513

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
(into head-set)
Got you, George, got you, understood
- how long will the calm last? Ten
to fifteen minutes? It better be
fifteen, George - because it takes
ten minutes just to back off the
Tower...Okay - right -

He throws a switch and looks at his wind-gauge. CAMERA
MOVES past him TO a CLOSE UP of the wind-gauge, the needle
hovering at 110 miles per hour.

LAUNCH-PAD - NIGHT

514 LONG SHOT - TITAN IN TOWER
standing alone in the shrieking wind and driving sheets
of rain.

514

PRESS SITE - NIGHT

515 MEDIUM SHOT - PRESS SITE
It's a wreck - bleachers in splinters and demolished,
telephones swept away - but telemobiles still parked
there, the TV cameras on their roofs battened down.
And then - as the lead-rim of the hurricane's eye
arrives - the wind and the rain quickly tail off.

515

516 MEDIUM SHOT - TELEMOBILES 516
The door of one of the telemobiles opens and a TV REPORTER sticks his head out. Beyond him, at two or three other telemobiles, OTHER TV REPORTERS do the same.

FIRST REPORTER
Hey - it's all over -

SECOND REPORTER
Damn, that was sudden -
(starts to get out)

THIRD REPORTER
Get back, you jerk -

SECOND REPORTER
It's stopped -

Over his shoulder, to someone behind him in the vehicle:

FIRST REPORTER
What did you say?

THIRD REPORTER
Stopped your Aunt Fanny - we must be in the eye - when the other edge rolls past it comes on again full force - get back -

FIRST REPORTER
(to the others)
Hey - you hear that? Flash from Barnes in Operations - the launch is on again - right now -

Jumping out of the vehicle and calling to someone still inside:

FIRST REPORTER (cont'd)
Leduc - hey - get up there on the roof and get ready to shoot -

Reporters and Cameramen come leaping out of the telemobiles and scrambling up to the roofs to ready their cameras.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

517 CLOSEUP - WIND-GAUGE 517
the needle is down to about 5 miles per hour.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Start tower-backoff. Blockhouse to Dougherty -

CAMERA quickly PULLS ASIDE AND AROUND to take in the Launch Controller as:

517 CONTINUED:

517

LAUNCH CONTROLLER (Cont'd)
- prepare to up-date computer.

LAUNCH-PAD - NIGHT

518 LONG SHOT - TOWER
Arc-lights are on and in their glare, the tower backs
off slowly.

518

TV REPORTER'S VOICE
(very excited)
- And there it goes - there goes the
tower - they've started to back it
away.

CAMERA has quickly PULLED BACK to reveal this shot is on
a large TV set. CAMERA STILL PULLING BACK:

TV REPORTER'S VOICE (Cont'd)
- Ten minutes - ten minutes is what
it takes to remove tower and there's
no telling if this calm will last
long enough -

We see now that there are perhaps Thirty Travelers,
Porters and Railroad Conductors and Engineers standing
around the set - we are in Union Station in Los Angeles
and these may be the only people in the city not at home
watching TV. As the TV Reporter's Voice continues,
CAMERA KEEPS PULLING BACK and the scene expanding until
we see them all alone in the enormous building.

TV REPORTER'S VOICE (Cont'd)
- Nine minutes now, only nine
minutes to go -

SALOON - NIGHT

519 MEDIUM SHOT - CUSTOMERS AND BARTENDER
With CAMERA MOVING toward the TV set behind the bar and
the absolutely still and silent viewers watching it.

519

SECOND TV REPORTER'S VOICE
- we just don't know that. And did
the tremendous beating the winds gave
the rocket damage it? Is it still in
a condition to be launched?

INT. DOUGHERTY LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

520 CLOSE SHOT - TV SET
with the tower slowly moving back, CAMERA PULLS BACK to

520

520 CONTINUED:

520

include Alice watching, transfixed, unknowingly tearing
a handkerchief to shreds as:

SECOND TV REPORTER'S VOICE

- Will it blow up on the pad? We
don't know that, either - less than
eight minutes to go now, nearer seven -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

521 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH
Eyes on the clock offscene:

521

KEITH

(into head-set)

What's he doing, now, Dick? Over.

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

522 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT
Binoculars to eyes:

522

PRUETT

Still approaching...still approaching...
He's handling it beautifully - damn,
he's good - I wish I knew his name...
How are they doing down there, George?

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

523 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

523

KEITH

(into head-set)

Wind at the pad is still zero to five
miles per hour. Six-and-a-half minutes
more - no, correction - only six -

PRESS SITE - NIGHT

524 MEDIUM SHOT - FIRST TV REPORTER
OTHER TV REPORTERS BEYOND HIM
They are all up on the roofs of their telemobiles, next
to their Cameramen, watching the Tower offscene.

524

FIRST TV REPORTER

(glancing at watch)

- It's uncanny - it's absolutely
uncanny - there isn't a breath of
wind -

524 CONTINUED:

524

FIRST TV REPORTER (Cont'd)

(looking up)

- and I can see stars directly overhead - it's like standing at the bottom of a well - a great, big circle of clear sky overhead and on all sides of it just blackness, the hurricane - and they're going to try and send Jim Dougherty in his TUB up through this funnel -

(glancing at watch)

- only a little more than three minutes -

CAMERA PANS from him TO a LONG SHOT of the tower moving away from Titan. Meanwhile:

FIRST TV REPORTER'S VOICE

- and after that, the countdown will resume where they left it, at T minus sixty seconds - so, in about three minutes, we should -

(breaks off)

- wait a minute -

CAMERA PANS back to him in a blur.

FIRST TV REPORTER

- I think I just felt a puff of wind -
(to Cameraman)

Charlie, did you - ?

(as Cameraman nods)

Yes - there it is again - a puff of wind - we all felt it - the other side of the hurricane's eye is approaching -
(glances at watch)

Less than three minutes to go - and there's a steady, light breeze now -

INT. DOUGHERTY LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

525 CLOSE SHOT - ALICE DOUGHERTY
in agony as she hears:

525

SECOND TV REPORTER'S VOICE

There's no doubt about it, there's a breeze and it's getting stronger - it's very noticeable - you can feel it building up - two-and-a-half minutes to go - even less -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

526 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

526

KEITH
(into head-set)
Wind's at eleven miles an hour, Dick -
repeat, one one miles per hour. Over.

INT. CAPSULE - DAY

527 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

527

PRUETT
George, promise me - promise me,
George - promise you'll scrub the
launch if the wind makes it dangerous
for Jim - he's too valuable a human
being, George -

INT. MISSION CONTROL CENTER OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

528 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

528

KEITH
(into head-set)
I can't promise anything, Dick - I
just can't - minute-and-a-half to go -

PRESS SITE - NIGHT

529 MEDIUM SHOT - FIRST TV REPORTER AND CAMERAMAN
OTHER REPORTERS AND CAMERAMEN BEYOND THEM
The wind is flicking at their hair and clothing.

529

FIRST TV REPORTER
- The wind must be about fifteen to
twenty miles an hour now - my God,
it's rising fast - but the Tower is
almost away - it's almost away.
Another half-minute will do it -

CAMERA PANS quickly from him TO a LONG SHOT of the Tower.
It's almost all the way down. Slowly, the gap is closing.

FIRST TV REPORTER
The Tower has stopped. The big
Titan is free, and ready to go.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

530 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER

530

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
And we pick up the countdown. Dougherty?

INT. TUB - NIGHT

531 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY 531

DOUGHERTY
All green - GO -

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

532 CLOSE SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER 532
CAMERA PULLING BACK

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
T minus sixty seconds and counting.
Stage One flame bucket water -

A VOICE
GO -

INT. UNION STATION, LOS ANGELES - DAY

533 MEDIUM SHOT - THE SMALL CROWD 533
FROM BEHIND TV SET

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
T minus fifty seconds - Stage One
fuel prevalves -

SECOND VOICE
GO -

A Traveler gets down on his knees and starts to pray. By twos and threes, others follow his example until all are kneeling in prayer.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Stage Two fuel prevalves -

THIRD VOICE
GO -

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

534 MEDIUM SHOT - LAUNCH CONTROLLER - TAKING IN OTHER 534
PERSONNEL
CAMERA PULLING BACK

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
T minus thirty seconds. Stage One
thrust chamber spray -

FOURTH VOICE
GO -

534 CONTINUED:

534

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Airborne pressure topping valves to close -

FIFTH VOICE

GO -

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

535 MEDIUM SHOT - CUSTOMERS AND BARTENDER 535
as they pray, cross their fingers, cross themselves.

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Destruct initiators to ARM -

SIXTH VOICE

GO -

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

536 FULL SHOT - PERSONNEL - LAUNCH CONTROLLER IN 536
BACKGROUND
CAMERA PULLING BACK TO TWO MONITORS AT PERISCOPES
IN FOREGROUND

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Launch panel to ARM -

SEVENTH VOICE

GO -

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Release Control to ARM -

EIGHTH VOICE

GO -

LAUNCH CONTROLLER
Ten - nine - eight - seven - six -
five - four -

LAUNCH-PAD - NIGHT

537 LONG SHOT - TITAN AND TUB 537
A burst of flame and smoke as:

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
- three - two - one - ZERO -

And up she starts -

PERISCOPE MEN'S VOICES

LIFT-OFF -

537 CONTINUED:

537

And up - and up -

LAUNCH CONTROLLER'S VOICE
Go - Go - Go, you beautiful bastard - GO -

SKY - NIGHT

538 LONG SHOT - CLOUDS 538
We are above the hurricane with the night-sky all around us.
We see - by star-light - the flat, slowly rotating, seemingly
solid surface of the clouds. And then - tail flaming - up
through the eye and straight up into the clear sky comes the
capsule-tipped rocket. CAMERA TILTS TO follow it. The booster
separates. And then the sustainer as the TUB curves into orbit.

SPACE - NIGHT

539 MEDIUM SHOT - TUB 539

INT. TUB - NIGHT

540 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY 540

DOUGHERTY
TUB to Pruett, TUB to Pruett - do you
read me? Over.

INT. CAPSULE - NIGHT

541 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 541

PRUETT
Jim - Jim -

INT. TUB - NIGHT

542 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY 542

DOUGHERTY
Not too much talk, Dick - save your
oxygen. On board radar shows us
five miles apart and Bermuda has just
passed Goddard confirmation on that to
me. Goddard says it can vector me for
an immediate collision course with you.
What are you and Ivan up to?

INT. CAPSULE - NIGHT

543 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT 543

543 CONTINUED:

543

PRUETT

Ivan's outside his capsule hanging on
to it... Maybe twenty feet away.

EXT. VOSKHOD

543A CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV

543A

He is outside capsule hanging on by one hand as he motions
to Pruett.

PRUETT'S VOICE

.. he is motioning me to blow my
hatch.

INT. TUB - JUST BEFORE SUNSET

544 CLOSE SHOT DOUGHERTY

544

DOUGHERTY

Roger, follow through with Ivan.
Don't wait for me. But hurry..
it'll be pitch black any minute. Oh,
Dick.. blowing hatch will move the
capsule. Be sure it moves you toward
him.

BACK TO PRUETT

PRUETT

Okay on attitude.. I think. Jim,
I'm woozy. I can't focus. Check
me out, Jim.

BACK TO DOUGHERTY - NOTE: Following technical details
to be corrected by Technical
Advisor.

DOUGHERTY

Hang in there, champ. Are you now
on body-pack oxygen?

PRUETT

(checking it out)
Roger. On pack oxygen.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Now just in front of your left hand
there's an inset red knob marked
'Cabin pressure'.

544

CONTINUED:

544

PRUETT
(following instructions)
Roger, got it.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Turn all the way to the left.

PRUETT
(does as told)
Roger. Capsule depressurizing,
suit inflating.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Atta boy. Now reach above your
right ear to the red handle that
blows the hatch.

PRUETT
Got it.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Trip safety lock.

PRUETT
Safety lock tripped.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger. Is Ivan still in good
position?

PRUETT
He's still out there waving.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Roger. Now protect yourself and
yank down hard on red handle.

Pruett pulls handle that explodes the hatch charges. Hatch
blows off.

PRUETT
Roger, hatch blown, no sweat.
(looks out window)
Here comes Ivan. He looks farther
away.

EXT. SPACE BETWEEN VOSKHOD AND MERCURY

545

Yokovlev has pushed away from his capsule and is
floating toward Pruett's capsule, his life line
floating behind him. The sunlight is changing into
a reddish glow.

545

INT. PRUETT'S CAPSULE

546

546

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Roger. Now pull out all your connections
to the capsule. There are six of them.

PRUETT

Roger. Disconnecting.
(he pulls out plugs)
Here's the radio plug. Thanks, Junior.
See you in Moscow.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Hang in there, Dick. You'll make it.

Pruett pulls last plug. Unfastens belt and raises head
up through the hatch.

LONG SHOT SPACE - VOSKHOD, MERCURY, AND TWO MEN

547

Light is reddening. Yakovlev is coming to the end of
his life line. He is about ten feet short of Pruett's
capsule.

547

SPACE TWILIGHT

548

CLOSE SHOT YAKOVLEV

His capsule in background. Yakovlev, at end of life line,
gestures to Pruett to push off to him. To emphasize
urgency, he points toward western horizon.

548

SPACE - SUNSET

549

Sun sinking below horizon in a fantastic display of
changing colors.

549

SPACE - SUNSET

550

CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT

as he looks back from setting sun to the waving Yakovlev.
He slowly comes out of hatch and hangs on to capsule with
one hand. His movements are slow and unsteady. Everything
around him is swimming.

550

BACK TO YAKOVLEV - PRUETT'S POV

The Russian is silhouetted against the wild sunset colors,
waving frantically to Pruett to come to him.

550 CONTINUED:

550

BACK TO PRUETT
as he tries to focus and gauge his push off. He pushes off.

SPACE - NEARLY DARK

551 TWO SHOT

551

Pruett's timing is off. He floats by Yakovlev as the two make frantic efforts to grab one another.

SPACE - ALMOST NIGHT

552 PRUETT IN SPACE

552

as he floats away from camera and disappears into darkness, his body limp and slowly turning.

SPACE - NIGHT

553 CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV

553

as he looks after disappearing Pruett. He talks fast into his helmet mike, then pulls on his life line and starts floating back to his ship, which is lighted from within

SPACE - NIGHT

554 MEDIUM SHOT - TUB AND LIGHTS OF VOSKHOD AND MERCURY
IN DISTANCE

554

Dougherty is standing half way out of his hatch peering ahead of him. He talks into helmet mike.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

555 GROUP AROUND CAP COM, KEITH, DOC, OTHERS
as they hang on Dougherty's every word.

555

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Can see lights of two craft now.
They are about fifty feet apart.
Pruett's hatch is open.

KEITH

Keith, Jim. Any sign of Pruett?

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Negative. Maneuvering in closer.
Wait a minute. A big light is flash-
ing around from Russian's capsule.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

556 CLOSE SHOT YAKOVLEV 556
He is out of his capsule, hanging on to the hatch as he scans the space around him with a powerful hand light attached to the inside of his capsule. (the same light used to signal Pruett earlier).

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

557 CLOSE SHOT - EMPTY MERCURY 557
as Russian's light hits it, revealing empty capsule with hatch open. As light moves away from capsule, CAMERA MOVES with light and makes circular searching movements of the dark earth below. Suddenly the light reveals Pruett's floating body. The light goes past him then comes back quickly.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

558 CLOSE SHOT YAKOVLEV 558
As he reacts to finding Pruett in space, about a hundred feet below him. Due to the movements of himself, his capsule, and Pruett, he has difficulty holding the light on Pruett. His attention is attracted off stage. He moves his light in that direction and reveals:

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

559 MEDIUM SHOT - TUB AND DOUGHERTY 559
As light sharply etches the Tub with Dougherty halfway out of hatch. Dougherty gesticulates toward Pruett's capsule.

BACK TO YAKOVLEV
as he swings light from Tub to Pruett.

BACK TO DOUGHERTY
as he sees Pruett in the light. He reports into his mike.

INT. MISSION CONTROL

560 GROUP listening to Dougherty 560

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE
Dick floating free in space, about a hundred feet below me. Ivan is holding light on him. Am leaving Tub with hand thruster.

560 CONTINUED:

560

KEITH

Jim, no. Get closer with the Tub.
Your life line's too short.

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

To hell with the life line. He's
passed out.

KEITH

Jim. You are not to leave your ship
without a life line. Do you read?

DOUGHERTY'S VOICE

Disconnecting, George. Call you later.

KEITH

Jim, that's an order! .. Jim... Jim..
Damn.. damn... damn..

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

561 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY, PRUETT IN DISTANCE 561
Dougherty on edge of hatch. Pruett shining in the dark
below him. Dougherty pushes off and maneuvers toward Pruitt
with hand thruster.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

562 CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV 562
Hanging on to his capsule and keeping light on Pruett.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

563 ~~CLOSE SHOT DOUGHERTY~~ 563
~~seen~~ us like a wraith on his way to Pruett.
~~seen~~ above him.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

564 LONG SHOT - THREE MEN AND THREE CAPSULES 564
The three capsules, lighted from inside are floating
through space. Yakovlev outside his capsule holding
light, Dougherty, now also in the light, moving toward
the limp Pruett below him. Dougherty reaches Pruett and
grabs him.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

565 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND PRUETT 565
Dougherty looks into Pruett's face, helmet to helmet.
There is no movement in Pruett's haggard, bearded, face.
Dougherty quickly detaches Pruett's oxygen line and plugs
in a fresh oxygen pack he carried with him. He sees a
movement of Pruett's eyelids. Wrapping his legs and one
arm around Pruett's body he activates hand thruster with
free hand. They begin to move upward toward Tub.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

566 CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV 566
with a smile of admiration on his face as he lights their
way back to the Tub. He describes the actions into his
mike.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

567 MEDIUM SHOT - TUB AND TWO MEN 567
Maneuvering with hand thruster, Dougherty brings Pruett
back to Tub, pushes Pruett down into hatch, clasps his
hands over his head making Victory sign to Yakovlev.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

568 CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV 568
as he smilingly acknowledges Dougherty's gesture.

SCENES 569 through 591 OMITTED.



INT. TUB - NIGHT

592 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 592
Dougherty eases his way into the TUB and closes the hatch.
Reaching across Pruett's inert form, he locks the hatch on
that side. Then he pushes hard against the handle marked
REPRESS. There is a hiss as oxygen pours into the cabin.
Dougherty connects an oxygen hose to Pruett's suit and
another to his own.

593 CLOSE SHOT - DOUGHERTY AND PRUETT 593
Dougherty straps himself into the seat. As he starts to
strap Pruett down, Pruett revives and, catching Dougherty's
eye, grins weakly. Dougherty returns the grin and then:

DOUGHERTY
TUB to Mission Control - TUB to
Mission Control -

INT. MISSION CONTROL OPERATIONS ROOM

594 CLOSE SHOT - CAP COM 594

CAP COM
Go ahead, Jim - Pruett is what?...
(his face lights up)
EEEE-YA-HAAA-AA-A - Pruett is safe
aboard -

595 FULL SHOT - ALL PERSONNEL 595
As the room explodes and there is pandemonium as the be-
whiskered, haggard, exhausted men scream and yell and throw
papers into the air and jump to their feet and pound each
other on the back and hug each other and do Indian war-dances
and jump up on the seats and consoles and break down and weep
and rip open their shirts and whistle and pound on desks with
their fists and laugh as though they would never stop.

INT. TUB - NIGHT

596 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND DOUGHERTY 596
as the light from the Voskhod outside suddenly goes off.
Dougherty looks out of the window.

SPACE - NIGHT

597 MEDIUM SHOT - THE VOSKHOD - DOUGHERTY'S POV 597
 The Voskhod's house-lights go on and off three times. Then they go on again and, in their glare, Yakovlev jet-waggles his Capsule in the airman's "so-long."

INT. VOSKHOD - NIGHT

598 CLOSE SHOT - YAKOVLEV 598
 as he looks out of the window.

SPACE - NIGHT

599 MEDIUM SHOT - THE TUB - YAKOVLEV'S POV 599
 as Dougherty waggles his Capsule: "so-long."

600 MEDIUM SHOT - TUB AND VOSKHOD 600
 With a burst of flame from his rockets, Yakovlev moves the Voskhod off into the darkness.

INT. TUB - NIGHT

601 CLOSE SHOT - PREUTT AND DOUGHERTY 601

PRUETT

Pruett to Mission Control - George,
 Jim was fantastic. Where do you want
 him to land this thing - Edwards, Houston
 - or the moon?

INT. MISSION CONTROL OPERATIONS ROOM

602 CLOSE SHOT - KEITH

KEITH

Come down anywhere, you two wonderful
 bastards - just come down.

Then Keith lights a cigarette, inhales and leans back,
 relaxed and very, very content.

BIG CITY - DAY

603 FULL SHOT - TICKERTAPE PARADE 603
 The sidewalks and windows are jammed, there's a blizzard of
 confetti and streamers and the cheers are deafening.

- 604 MEDIUM SHOT - PRUETT, DOUGHERTY, YAKOVLEV, SOPHIE, 604
MRS. YAKOVLEV, MRS. DOUGHERTY
FOLLOW WITH CAMERA. They are standing in long open car.
The Three men, with Dougherty in the middle are standing
behind front seat. Dougherty is standing on something
that makes him about a foot higher. Crowds cheer and
paper rains. Dougherty keeps trying to get down off
his higher perch, but Pruett and Yakovlev keep pushing
him up.
- 605 CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE, ALICE, MRS. YAKOVLEV 605
Behind them, seated on back of rear seat, are in order:
Sophie, Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Yakovlev. They just
couldn't be happier. Sophie's feet are killing her
in the fancy shoes. Mrs. Yakovlev's hurt, too. With
an understanding look, they all take off their shoes
and wave back at the crowd with new relief.
- 606 MEDIUM FOLLOW SHOT - MAGGIE, HARRY, FLO AND SCULLY 606
Maggie and Scully in jump seats. Maggie is dressed to
kill. The topper is a huge, flowing hat. Scully, now
a happy, happy man, is waving his derby as if the parade
is for him. Harry, in brand new clothes and smoking a
huge cigar, has had a few. In a daze he grins and cries,
and hugs FLO. Flo, well Flo is Flo. She is still
wearing her bridal veil, which does little to hide her
two hundred pound bulk.
- 607 CLOSE SHOT - PRUETT AND SOPHIE 607
as he pulls her up to him and kisses her in front of
God and Lower Broadway.

FADE OUT

THE END