

#6788

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

by

Stephen J. Cannell

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THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

CAST

RALPH HINKLEY  
BILL MAXWELL  
TONY VILICANA  
RHONDA BLAKE  
CYLER JOHNSON  
RODRIGUEZ  
COL. SHACKELFORD  
NELSON COREY  
ADAM TAFT  
PAM DAVIDSON  
JOHN BACKE\*  
GIRL  
OTHER SHAVED HEADS  
RAY BUCK  
BROTHER MICHAEL  
SUSAN  
KEVIN  
DAVID KNIGHT  
COACH  
ACCOUNTANT  
JERRY (LITTLE BOY)  
COWAN (COP)  
NURSE  
PUNK KID  
PILOT

\* PLEASE NOTE: John D. Backe has been changed to  
John D. Macke.

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

SETS

INTERIOR:

WHITNEY HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM  
GYMNASIUM  
TOILET  
SHOWER ROOM  
RESTAURANT  
VAN  
MAXWELL'S CAR  
CAB OF POULTRY TRUCK  
BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM  
CORRIDOR  
TV STAGE  
HINKLEY'S CAR  
HINKLEY HOUSE  
LIVING ROOM  
HALLWAY  
BEDROOM  
KEVIN'S ROOM  
SERVICE STATION BATHROOM  
EMERGENCY HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM  
TREATMENT ROOM  
CORRIDOR  
PAM DAVIDSON'S BEDROOM  
JEEPSTER  
MAXWELL'S HOUSE  
MALIBU HILLS MANSION  
CORRIDOR  
LIVING ROOM  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
WAR ROOM  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
SMALL CELL-LIKE ROOM  
COCKPIT OF EXECUTIVE JET  
CONCRETE BUILDING IN DESERT  
NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS  
SHACKELFORD'S OFFICE  
SHACKELFORD HELICOPTER  
PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER COCKPIT

EXTERIOR:

DESERT  
WHITNEY HIGH SCHOOL  
PARKING LOT  
DESERT HIGHWAY  
DINER  
VARIOUS ROADS/CANYON ROADS  
HINKLEY'S HOUSE  
DRIVEWAY  
FREEWAY  
ONRAMP  
SERVICE STATION AND  
BATHROOM  
ALLEY  
MAXWELL'S HOUSE  
HOSPITAL PARKING LOT  
MALIBU HILLS MANSION  
IRON GATES  
GROUNDS  
INTERROGATION BLDG.  
SMALL PARK  
CONCRETE BUILDING IN  
DESERT  
NATIONAL GUARD  
HEADQUARTERS  
COMMAND CENTER  
HELICOPTER LANDING  
PAD

THE GREATEST AMERICAN HERO

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERT SAND DUNE - LATE AFTERNOON 1

We HOLD on this SHOT for several long beats, the sand reflecting the light of the sun. It is a peaceful, quiet shot. Then, far off in the distance, we HEAR a RUMBLING sound. It grows louder and louder. And then, with absolutely no warning, a dune buggy bursts over the rim of the sand dune, is airborne and flies over the CAMERA and is gone. The sound of the ENGINE recedes behind us as the CAMERA doesn't move but HOLDS the rim of the sand dune. Then, an even more THUNDEROUS RUMBLING sound can be heard...after several beats, four more dune buggies explode over the crest of the hill, staggered slightly, their wheels pinwheeling sand, their undercarriages flashing over. As they CLEAR FRAME, we:

CUT TO:

2 CLOSE SHOT - FIRST DUNE BUGGY 2

It is a spider-like vehicle, open, tubular construction, headlights on the roll-bar like the frozen eyes of a prehistoric insect. The whip antenna sways as the dune buggy, airborne half the time, sails over the hills and cuts grooves on the desert floor. The driver, crew-cut, thirty-five, is wearing a grey business suit and wing tips. He doesn't look like he belongs behind the wheel of this vehicle. His name is JOHN BACKE. His tie flies over his shoulder as he glances back toward the line of pursuing vehicles. He is in desperate flight.

3 ANGLE - PURSUING DUNE BUGGIES 3

There are now about ten of them giving chase. Each pursuing vehicle has two or three passengers, men and women, armed with automatic and semi-automatic weapons. They all are twenty-five or thirty, all with shaved heads, military fatigues and grim expressions. Each dune buggy has an emblem fashioned with the picture of a sword pointed down so the handle makes a cross. Under the sword are the initials: G.A.

4 HIGH SHOT - THE CHASE 4

The first dune buggy is about three hundred yards out in front, the pursuing shaved heads are in a horizontal line like a tribe of Indians chasing a Pony Express rider.

- 5 ANGLE - FIRST BUGGY - SHOOTING ACROSS BACKE 5  
He hits another gear, revs high and his buggy goes airborne, lands hard and continues on. He glances off to his right.
- 6 BACKE'S POV - FIVE MORE DUNE BUGGIES 6  
They wheel in from the south, cutting him off. They are also equipped with machine guns and their riders have military fatigues and shaved heads. They ROAR toward him.
- 7 RESUME BACKE 7  
He makes a hard left and heads off in another direction. The panic grows on his face.
- 8 BACKE'S POV - AHEAD OF HIM 8  
as, over a sand dune a quarter of a mile in front, ten or fifteen more dune buggies pull up in a line and stop.
- 9 CLOSE SHOT - THE LINE OF DUNE BUGGIES AHEAD 9  
idling on the rim of this last possible means of escape. Play them waiting there like giant insects, their UNMUFFLED, IDLING ENGINES combining to make a mighty RUMBLING noise.
- 10 ANGLE - BACKE 10  
as he gears down and comes to a stop. He looks over his shoulder as the pursuing dune buggies close in on him fast. He looks ahead at the line of menacing machine guns on the vehicles in front of him...then he throws his buggy in gear, whips a U-turn and heads back.
- 11 CLOSE SHOT - LINE OF DUNE BUGGIES ON HILL 11  
as the wheels spin forward, throwing sand out and this final phalanx ROARS off the rim in hot pursuit.
- 12 ANGLE - BACKE 12  
as, overtaken by panic, he charges the dune buggies coming at him from the right.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

As they block him, he goes into a right-hand turn and ends up spinning a donut in the sand and stalling out. His buggy comes to a jerking stop.

13 CLOSE SHOT - BACKE'S WHIP ANTENNA 13

as it waves in the desert sun and finally rests.

14 ANGLE - BACKE - TIGHT 14

He gets out of the dune buggy and looks around. The ROAR of the ENGINES surrounding him is deafening. As he turns to look around him, we will WIDEN to show that Backe is now standing in the center of a circle of, perhaps, thirty dune buggies, most of them with machine guns pointed at him, a hundred pairs of eyes stare from shaved skulls. One by one, the engines are turned off and the desert grows quiet. The hundred pursuers look silently at their cornered prey.

BACKE

(scared  
shitless)

Look...look... I just want to get back to my car. Okay? I mean... I don't wanna make any trouble...

A long silence. Finally one of the shaved heads dismounts from his dune buggy. His name is BROTHER CHRISTIAN. He looks at Backe with an expression of affection.

BROTHER CHRISTIAN

Jesus loves you, friend.

BACKE

That's terrific news.

Backe looks over his shoulder at the people behind him, all armed to the teeth.

15 CLOSE SHOT - A GIRL 15

pretty, but grotesque with her shaved head. She begins singing a cappella, her contralto voice is sweet and eerie as it is swallowed by the open desert. The lyrics are even more frightening.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

GIRL

(singing)

An army of youth flying standards  
of truth  
We are fighting for Christ the  
Lord...

The others join in, one by one, their voices carry  
across the desert with an awesome chanting precision.

ENTIRE GROUP

(singing)

Heads lifted high, action our cry  
And the cross is our only sword.  
On earth's battlefield never a  
vantage we'll yield  
As dauntlessly on we swing  
Comrades true, tried and true.  
For our flag, for our faith and  
Christ the King.

Somewhere in here, Backe makes a break for it and, as  
he tries to get past the dune buggies, three of the  
shaved-headed men jump off and cut him down in a  
vicious tackle, knocking him backwards into the center  
of the circle. As he rolls INTO LENS, we:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. WHITNEY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

16

We are in a covered corridor open to the courtyard of  
the school. Two figures exit OUT OF CAMERA. One is  
RALPH HINKLEY...thirty-two, medium build, good looking  
with a sardonic smile. He is walking away from us with  
a tall, dark-haired man of thirty-five named RAY BUCK.  
Ray wears a Whitney High School windbreaker and is  
carrying some books.

Hinkley stops walking near a classroom from which we  
can hear a noise which is close to the volume produced  
by a barroom fight.

HINKLEY

Listen to 'em, will ya. I've  
had the class two weeks and I'm  
getting nowhere. Sounds like  
cowboy night at the Palomino club.

(CONTINUED)

BUCK

Yeah. Well, that's Special Ed for you. These kids are in here 'cause they're trouble. They're disrupting the high school. They give us pencils and grammar books when we need riot guns and helmets.

Hinkley looks at him for a long beat.

BUCK

Look, I'm sorry you got the duty. I really am. I sympathize, but I had this class for eight months and my medical insurance was about to get canceled. Just sit on 'em. Keep the door closed and wear a flak vest and read 'em excerpts from the Sunday funnies. You'll make it.

HINKLEY

I just thought maybe I'd try to get these kids back into the mainstream of the school. That is the general idea, isn't it? Some of them are really bright. Like Rhonda...

BUCK

We are talking about 'love me, Rhonda'? Come on, Ralph. Get serious. You got a trash can in there. You get soft, they'll plow you under.

HINKLEY

I just think I oughta be able to do some good, turn them on. Even one. Is that so damn impossible?

Right about then, a chair comes flying out of the classroom and lands in the corridor. Ray Buck and Hinkley look at it.

BUCK

(softly)

Looks like your chair, Ralph. A good technique here is to pick it up and throw it back.

(grins)

Or there's the Clyde Beatty technique...use it to keep them at bay.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

He picks it up and demonstrates for Hinkley.

HINKLEY

I'm gonna make a difference  
with these kids.

BUCK

Sounds like yours truly eight  
months ago. But then, they  
filled my gas tank with sand  
and poured kerosene on my lawn  
and I sort of lost my spirit  
of rehabilitation and went to  
defense tactics.

There is a moment as he hands the chair to Hinkley.

BUCK

Here ya go, sport...knock 'em  
dead.

Buck turns and heads away as Hinkley moves into the  
classroom.

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. CLASSROOM - HINKLEY'S POV

18

The room is a disaster. A long, loud argument is in  
progress. Desks are turned over, etc. The kids are  
all high school age from freshmen to seniors and they  
are the troublemakers of the school separated out so  
they won't disrupt the other classes. A boy named  
TONY VILLICANA who is handsome but tough, is in the  
midst of pushing a boy named CYLER back against some  
filing cabinets. Cyler is black, well built and  
getting pissed.

19 ON HINKLEY AND CLASS

19

Hinkley is standing in the doorway with the chair in  
his hand totally unobserved by the class.

TONY

You said it! Take it back!

CYLER

I said shit, man, an' I take  
nothin' back!

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

Tony grabs him and Cyler launches a roundhouse. This all happens within seconds of Hinkley's entrance.

HINKLEY

Okay. Knock it off!

Nothing from the kids. Hinkley cannot be heard. Cyler misses and Tony kicks a chair over as the kids are cheering them on.

HINKLEY

Okay! Okay! Come to order, class.

Still nothing...so Hinkley takes the chair in his hand, looks around the room for a target and then heaves it.

20

ANGLE - THE CHAIR

20

as it goes across the room and crashes into the blackboard, making a loud crash and instantly causing the room to freeze... Tony, with his fist cocked.

21

THE CLASS

21

They turn and look at Hinkley.

HINKLEY

Good morning. What've we got here? An elimination or a main event?

\*

Cyler gets up from the floor.

TONY

We was havin' a discussion about current affairs. Sorta a recap on yesterday's class, Mistah H.

Hinkley looks at Tony for a beat.

HINKLEY

Hey Tony, my name's Ralph Hinkley, not Mister H. Okay?

Tony looks around and smiles.

TONY

Who cares? Huh? Who cares about you? You're just this month's checkered coat, 'Jim.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TONY (CONT'D)

You don't make no difference to me. Maybe today, after school, I'll show you my right hook. How'd you like that, Mista H?

The room is watching this confrontation, wondering how it is going to come out. It's like a tennis match. Now all eyes go to Hinkley.

HINKLEY

Maybe that's not a bad idea. Suppose I call Coach Freeman and tell him you and I are gonna three three-minute rounds in the gym tomorrow? Gloves and no headgear.

\*

TONY

Why not now, sucker? We don't need no headgear.

HINKLEY

I got something else planned for today. We'll do it tomorrow.

There are some hoots and cheers.

22 ANGLE - RHONDA BLAKE

22

She is about seventeen, pretty in a sexy way. She is standing off, watching, a look of faint disapproval on her face.

TONY

Oh oh oh. I like this. I like this. Oh, is this gonna be okay. How 'bout this, Rhonda?

Tony moves over to Rhonda and puts his arm around her.

RHONDA

You're a real clown, Tony.

He looks at her as she shrugs him off and moves to her desk.

HINKLEY

We're getting outta here today. We're taking a field trip.

There is a beat as they all look at him. Cyler is getting his shit back together.

(CONTINUED)

CYLER

A field trip? Come on, man...  
we never go nowhere. Didn't they  
tell you. This class ever gets  
loose in public, everybody's  
insurance premiums go up.

\*

HINKLEY

I got one provision. You wanna  
see Tony and me in the ring  
tomorrow? You behave. Otherwise  
the fight's off. It's up to you.

There is a beat.

CYLER

Okay. Okay. Yeah. I wanna see  
this. Okay.

HINKLEY

I made arrangements to get us a  
van. We're going out to the  
desert this morning. I wanna  
show you guys some stuff out  
there. We'll call it a  
geological trip. Okay?

(to Tony)

Pick up that desk, will ya?

Tony stares at him.

HINKLEY

(continuing)

You want me, Tony, you better  
do what I say.

Tony moves over and picks up the desk. He sets it down  
hard and looks at Hinkley.

Hinkley opens the classroom door and they head out.  
Hinkley looks at Tony, the last to leave.

HINKLEY

(continuing)

I'm gonna knock your socks off,  
'Jim'.

(a smile)

...I was the welterweight  
champion at Fort Bragg.

\*

TONY

Yeah. Sure you was.

He exits the room and closes the door into CAMERA as we:

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SCHOOL VAN - DAY 23

as it ROARS PAST CAMERA and we HEAR several voices raised in song, the Beach Boy hit: HELP ME RHONDA, only the lyric has been changed to LOVE ME RHONDA.

24 EXT. DINER - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 24

This is off to one side of the highway. As we watch, we SEE a man named BILL MAXWELL slam down a phone and exit the booth outside the diner. He is forty-five, wears a conservative suit. He looks angry as he enters the diner.

25 INT. DINER - DAY 25

Maxwell enters and takes a seat at a table by the window where he already has a cup of coffee. He looks out the window just in time to see the yellow van pull in with WHITNEY HIGH SCHOOL printed on its side. Hinkley and the kids pile out, squabbling as they do. Hinkley is trying to ride herd on them.

26 INT. DINER - ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY 26

The kids file in making noise and causing a ruckus. The boys are singing "LOVE ME RHONDA," and Rhonda starts to shake her well-proportioned butt as Hinkley tries to ride herd on the whole thing.

HINKLEY

Come on...the table in the back.  
Let's go. You guys can have  
anything on the menu as long  
as it's got pickles and mustard.

27 ANGLE - MAXWELL 27

He watches this circus rolling in, setting up its tent on the far side of the diner. Tony Villicana is the last one in. He looks around and yells at Rhonda.

TONY

Shake it, baby.

Maxwell is looking at him. Tony notices the look of extreme disapproval on Maxwell's face and turns on him.

TONY

(punk tough)

Hey...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Nothing from Maxwell.

TONY

Hey, you! That's right. I'm talkin' to you. You got some problem? Huh? You don't like the way I look?

Hinkley is over by the wall and he hears what's happening and moves back to Tony who is closing in on Maxwell.

TONY

Get a load a'this guy. He must'a stole Elliot Ness's wardrobe, here. See, I don't like the way you look. How 'bout that!

He reaches over and flicks Maxwell's tie out of his coat. Hinkley moves over fast.

HINKLEY

Come on, Tony. Let's give this guy the day off.

He starts to pull Tony away.

TONY

What am I? Spit? Huh? Am I some kinda bug? He looks at me like I'm some kinda' nothin' bug. Some cockroach!

MAXWELL

(softly)

If you're looking for some trouble, Sonny, I'm the West Coast distributor...

TONY

Oh-oh-oh... I love this. We got us a smart mouth...a fighter, here...

HINKLEY

(to Maxwell)

Take it easy, okay? I'm trying to cool it out.

MAXWELL

Yeah? If you travel with monkeys, you should always carry the cages with you.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

The kids on the other side of the room get very quiet as Tony breaks out of Hinkley's grasp and, in a fluid motion, pulls a switchblade and flicks it open in an underhanded street-wise motion. He no sooner has the knife out and pointed at Maxwell than he finds himself looking into the short end of a Smith and Wesson which is cocked and in the right hand of Bill Maxwell. It has come out even faster than the knife, if that is possible. They stand there in a frozen tableau. Tony is stunned by the sight of the gun.

TONY

But, then, like they say...clothes don't make the man. I mean, if you wanna dress like Archie Bunker goin' to church, whose business is that but yours. Right? I mean, I'm real loose on that point.

He straightens up and looks back at the other kids.

HINKLEY

Why don't you go take a look at the menu, Tony?

TONY

Yeah. Yeah. Maybe. Yeah, I think I'm gonna look at the menu.

Tony turns and moves to the kids. Hinkley stops him and takes the knife from his hand.

HINKLEY

If I keep taking these off you, I'll be able to open a shop in Tijuana.

Tony saunters slightly, but his bluff has been called.

28 ANGLE - HINKLEY AND MAXWELL

28

still at the table. Maxwell holsters the gun.

HINKLEY

I'm sorry...

MAXWELL

(pissed)

Oh, well, hey... I guess that makes it all right.

HINKLEY

I said I was sorry. What d'ya want? A trip to Europe?

MAXWELL

Just leave me alone. Okay? I got my own problems.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

Hinkley looks at him for a long beat.

HINKLEY

Yeah. Yeah. Okay.

He starts away, then moves back and leans in.

HINKLEY

We're a Special Ed class.  
We're on a field trip... and  
sometimes these kids get a  
little raunchy. Maybe I  
could buy your dinner...or  
something...

Maxwell looks up at him. There is such anger and  
malevolence in his eyes that it stops Hinkley.

HINKLEY

Then, again...maybe we should  
just exchange cards at Christmas  
and let it go at that...

He turns and moves away, back to the table of quieted-  
down kids. We stay on Bill Maxwell. He looks at his  
watch and we:

CUT TO:

29  
and  
30

OMITTED

29  
and  
30

31

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

31

as the van rolls toward us and passes.

32

INT. VAN - NIGHT

32

The Special Ed class is heading home, Hinkley at the  
wheel, Villicana in the passenger seat. One of the other  
kids, a Chicano named RODRIGUEZ, is talking. He is  
holding a rock with the outline of a sea urchin on it.

RODRIGUEZ

Man, this whole place out here  
was like under water, huh? This  
rocks with them little thingama-  
jiggies in 'em was like fishes  
millions a'years ago...?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

HINKLEY

You got it, Paco. In the Paeleozoic Age, all this was under water. And millions a'years later, in the Mesozoic Age, the dinosaurs crawled up outta the slime, here, and ruled the earth for thousands a'years.

TONY

Mesazoic, my sweet aunt. All you got out here is cactus, coyotes and rusted-out Chevy pickups!

Then, without being touched, the RADIO TURNS ON and starts PLAYING.

RODRIGUEZ

Get a load'a that!

The RADIO starts CHANGING STATIONS...then it stops and catches on fire in the middle of the dash. Tony starts swatting at it with his jacket and puts out the fire. Then the headlights on the van dim and the engine dies.

33 EXT. THE VAN

33

as it rolls PAST CAMERA, engine out, lights out...the suspension RATTLE is the only sound as it CLATTERS PAST CAMERA. It's eerie.

34 EXT. ROAD

34

as the van rolls TOWARD CAMERA and stops, the rear wheels framing the road and the setting sun, which is just now halfway on the horizon. We WATCH the sun set and the desert fall into darkness all the way. We HEAR the eerie WHISTLE of the WIND and the POPPING AND CRACKING of the cooling MUFFLER...and then it is dark.

35 EXT. VAN - DRIVER'S SIDE - NIGHT

35

The door opens and Hinkley gets out and looks at the stalled van. He kicks it on the side.

HINKLEY

Why don't they keep this stuff up?!  
The school oughta think about a  
little preventive maintenance.

\*

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

The rest of the kids get out of the van. Rhonda exits last. They stand there in silence for a beat and then, without warning, the truck ENGINE STARTS UP, the lights go on, and the truck moves forward with nobody in it ten or fifteen feet and stops, and the lights go out again.

HINKLEY

(puzzled)

What's going on here?

\*

There is a beat, then he moves over to the truck, gets in and tries to start it. Nothing. No power. There is a long beat. He looks at the kids, unsure what to do. The kids lose some of that toughness and huddle together in the night.

CYLER

I think it's just some kinda power short or something.

Hinkley gets out and slams the door.

HINKLEY

There's a gas station back there, about a mile. I'm gonna leave you guys here. Rodriguez is in charge. Stick close to the van and don't tear up the upholstery.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't wanna be in charge a' nothin'!

HINKLEY

You're in charge! Anything gets busted, it's your tail.

\*

TONY

(sarcastic)

Oh, Paco, you get to be classroom monitor...lucky-pucky.

Whistles and cat-calls from the others.

HINKLEY

I'll be back in half an hour.

Hinkley turns and moves off into the darkness as the tough students huddle close together. Play the fear and highlight it with MUSIC as we:

CUT TO:

36 EXT. HIGHWAY - ON HINKLEY - NIGHT 36

We play the wind and maybe even hit some flashes of lightning. Something is very unnatural out here and Hinkley can sense it. Play his walking for as long as possible and then:

37 NEW ANGLE 37

Way off in the distance we SEE an approaching light.

38 ANGLE - HINKLEY 38

He stops and watches the light coming closer and closer and then the single light separates into two lights and, as it nears, we SEE that they are the headlights of an approaching car. Hinkley starts walking again, and then, as the car gets very near, it veers toward him and comes straight at him.

39 SERIES OF SHOTS - QUICK CUTS - NIGHT 39

Hinkley bolts, runs into the desert, throwing himself sideways in a shoulder-roll. The car pursues, jumps a small sand-ridge that parallels the road. The headlights streak up into the sky and settle back, shining out into the desert as the car high-points on the sand ridge and stops...with the engine dies.

40 ANGLE - HINKLEY 40

He regains his feet and rushes back to the car, jerks the door open and finds himself staring into the semi-dazed eyes of Bill Maxwell, who is wearing a bump on his forehead where it just hit the steering wheel.

HINKLEY

You take yourself way too seriously, pal!

He pulls Maxwell out of the car and jams him up against the side, reaches into his belt, grabs the revolver and slings it out into the desert.

MAXWELL

(stunned)

Look...I...look, I don't...  
Don't throw it out there... I...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Maxwell tries to push Hinkley away, but he's still dazed. Hinkley bats his hand away and throws him back against the car and starts going through his pockets.

HINKLEY

You got a bad attitude, friend.

MAXWELL

Leggo of me, will ya? Leggo!

HINKLEY

Soon as I find out what institution you escaped from.

MAXWELL

This one.

He gets the wallet and flips it open. Hinkley finds himself looking at a military intelligence badge.

41 INSERT - IDENTIFICATION

41

42 RESUME HINKLEY AND MAXWELL

42

HINKLEY

(oh-oh)

...F.B.I.?

Maxwell puts his wallet back and glares at Hinkley, then touches his forehead and winces.

HINKLEY

(continuing)

You oughta get your rudder checked, you know that?

MAXWELL

What?

HINKLEY

You just tried to run me down.

MAXWELL

No. The car just veered and I couldn't control it. Maybe a steering knuckle broke. I don't know what happened.

As they speak, the car lights dim and the spinning wheels stop spinning. The car goes dead.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

43

Hinkley looks at the car with real concern. He jerks the door open just in time to see the RADIO GO ON and start CHANGING STATIONS. Then it stops.

MAXWELL

Damn government cars! No preventive maintenance. Let it bust and then fix it!

HINKLEY

Something weird is going on out here.

As he says this, two lights streak down out of the sky and hover near them.

44 ANGLE - MAXWELL AND HINKLEY

44

Frozen in terror, they look at one another.

MAXWELL

What the devil!

There is a LOUD SOUND, almost harmonic, emanating from the hovering lights which change color and lower. They appear to be about the size of basketballs. They are only about ten feet above Hinkley and Maxwell. Without saying anything, both men bolt for the car and pile in. As soon as they're in, the doors lock on their own.

45 INT. CAR - HINKLEY AND MAXWELL

45

HINKLEY

Get it outta here!

Maxwell tries to start the car but it won't run.

HINKLEY

(trying to  
get out)

Doors are jammed shut.

They sit there, the two basketball-shaped lights hovering over them. Then, without warning, the lights streak off leaving them in the silence of the desert.

46 EXT. DESERT - LONG SHOT - CAR

46

as it sits there. We hear nothing...no wind, no lightning. The desert is still.

47 INT. CAR - NIGHT

47

They try and open the doors and can't.

MAXWELL

Break a window.

Hinkley takes off his SHOE and BANGS it on the WINDOW, but the window doesn't break.

MAXWELL

Gimme that!

He grabs the SHOE and BANGS on the GLASS.

HINKLEY

Is it bullet-proof or some  
corny thing?

\*

MAXWELL

No. No. What the hell is this?

48 EXT. CAR

48

Then we SEE another light in the firmament. It comes TOWARD US and grows, grows, grows, until it appears to be several city blocks in size. It hovers perhaps a hundred yards off the desert floor.

49 INT. CAR

49

The light is blinding. Maxwell and Hinkley cannot see. They cover their eyes to keep from having them burned out of their sockets. The awesome, overpowering, burning light causes the temperature in the car to rise. Then, from the CAR SPEAKER there is the sound of CRACKLING and TONING UP AND DOWN THE HARMONIC SCALE... then a BURST OF STATIC...then the toning comes through much clearer as if the saucer is trying to set up a communications link.

50 ANOTHER ANGLE

50

The toning from the speaker stops.

MAXWELL

I hate this!

\*

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

They wait in silence for a moment. Over the SPEAKER comes THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER with FULL ORCHESTRA. It plays several bars, then we HEAR the VOICE of ROOSEVELT...and then HITLER (in German)...then it stops, followed by silence. Then we HEAR a VOICE:

BACKE'S VOICE

Bill? Hello, Bill... Bill...

Maxwell looks at the speaker in the car.

BACKE'S VOICE

Bill...hello... Bill, can you hear me? Bill...

Maxwell looks at Hinkley, puzzled.

MAXWELL

That's my partner.

BACKE'S VOICE

Bill... Hello, Bill... Bill...

Then there is some more TONING...and then the dial on the radio begins to change stations madly, making a sentence out of SNATCHES OF DIALOGUE from each station.

MANY VOICES

You...will...not...be...harmed  
... You...will...listen... You  
...will...decide...

There is a long moment, then over the RADIO SPEAKER:

BACKE'S VOICE

Bill... Hello, Bill...

MAXWELL

John? Is that you?

BACKE'S VOICE

Listen...they want you to do something for them. I'm supposed to tell you. Okay?

MAXWELL

(panicked)  
Yeah. Yeah. Okay...what is it?

(CONTINUED)

## MACKE'S VOICE

I'm in this spaceship, Bill. The people here, they aren't from this planet. They want you and Ralph Hinkley to work for them. They say that you can change the course of this planet. That...without somebody to fight what's happening, this world will be destroyed within a hundred years.

## MAXWELL

You're in that thing?

## MACKE'S VOICE

Listen to me...they want Mr. Hinkley to accept a gift. The gift is in a package...which contains unearthly powers. They say you are supposed to work with him...to tell him what problems need to be solved.

## HINKLEY

Unearthly powers...

## MACKE'S VOICE

It's a suit. It will work on Mr. Hinkley...nobody else. There are instructions. It is up to you whether you accept...that's what they said to say. If you don't accept, then in two weeks, the suit will disintegrate.

## HINKLEY

(sotto voce)

A suit...? I don't need a suit. I got plenty of suits.

## MACKE'S VOICE

I'm coming down. Okay?

There is a long beat. Then the sounds of the SPACESHIP increase, and then there is more TONING and the bottom part of the spaceship lowers and we SEE a figure walk out onto the desert floor.

(CONTINUED)

As he approaches the car, we SEE that it is John Backe and that he has been badly shot up with bullet holes and dried blood on his chest. He is pale-white, obviously dead. He is carrying a package. When he gets to the car, he knocks on the window.

BACKE

(yelling)

Hey, Bill... I'm gonna put it in the trunk. Okay?

(louder)

Okay?

Maxwell looks at his partner and shrinks away in horror. The sand swirls around the car.

BACKE

Okay?

Maxwell is speechless with terror.

HINKLEY

Yeah. In the trunk...whatever...

Backe moves to the back of the car and opens the trunk, puts the package in and closes it and returns to them.

BACKE

Mr. Hinkley...they say it's up to you and Bill now. But you gotta do this...you gotta take this on. You can change things, save this planet from destruction.

MAXWELL

Who shot you? Who did that to you? Are you okay?

BACKE

I'm dead...ain't that a laugh? Been dead since six o'clock. This ship picked me up out there, afterwards. I'm leaving with them...it's a new life for me.

(waves to Maxwell)

Gotta go. Nice working with you, Bill. Tell my brother good-bye, okay? Will ya?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

50

He moves back to the spacecraft and in a moment he's gone, the way he came.

51 ANGLE - HINKLEY AND MAXWELL

51

as the RPMs of the spaceship increase, the car rocks dangerously...with the dust and debris, it seems to be anchored solidly. And then, as the mother ship starts to rise, the SPEAKERS in the CAR EXPLODE inward and then the HEADLIGHTS EXPLODE. The interior DOME LIGHT EXPLODES showering glass on them and the mother ship pulls up, hovers for a long beat and then streaks away, up into the sky. Without warning the CAR ENGINE STARTS and both Hinkley and Maxwell bail out.

51A EXT. DESERT

51A

MAXWELL

(flat)

He was dead...

HINKLEY

I noticed.

52 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

52

Hinkley opens the car door, shuts off the engine, takes the key and goes to the trunk. He opens the trunk inside which is a small package and a looseleaf book. Hinkley takes them out of the trunk. Maxwell moves over and looks on. They stand there for a moment. Finally Hinkley pulls the package out.

MAXWELL

I'll see ya, kid. Enjoy the package.

He takes the keys and moves to the driver's side and starts to enter.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

HINKLEY

Wait a minute. Whatta we supposed to do?

MAXWELL

You'll figure something out.

\*

HINKLEY

We gotta talk about this.

MAXWELL

You talk about it.

He STARTS the ENGINE, SLAMS the DOOR and starts it.

HINKLEY

Wait a minute, will ya! We gotta at least exchange phone numbers!

Maxwell throws it in reverse, SCREECHES back on the highway, hits forward and lays rubber, leaving Ralph Hinkley standing with the package under his arm, looking after the fading taillight.

HINKLEY

Jerk!

Hinkley moves off. As he does, the instruction book falls unnoticed to the ground.

52A ANGLE - THE BOOK

52A

It lies there as Hinkley walks away up the highway toward his van.

53 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

53

as Hinkley is walking along, then stops and looks off at something. It's a light flickering in the distance. As he moves closer, he sees it.

54 THE SCHOOL VAN

54

The hood is up and Cyler and Tony are lighting matches and dropping them when they go out.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Stop droppin' them matches  
into the carburetor intake.  
It ain't never gonna run.

CYLER

Hey, Villicana, this ain't no  
ravioli dinner, here. It's an  
engine. So why don't you go  
breathe garlic on somebody else.

TONY

How 'bout I just dropkick you  
into next year instead?

They stand up and are about to go at it again when Hinkley  
moves in.

HINKLEY

Time out. Okay?

CYLER

Hey...you see those weird lights?

\*

They react, startled, not expecting him. He looks at  
the engine.

HINKLEY

Where the hell is the carburetor.

TONY

Right there. Check it out.  
We're fixing this pig.

HINKLEY

There was nothing wrong with the  
carburetor. What'd you do that  
for?

\*

TONY

Hey, don't get all lathered up.  
I mean, you ain't talkin' to no  
inexperienced guys, here. We  
all been in auto shop most our  
high school careers.

Hinkley looks around. He is still almost in shock.

HINKLEY

Where's Rhonda?

CYLER

She's lookin' at those weird  
lights with Rodriguez.

Hinkley reaches into the van and starts HONKING the HORN.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

HINKLEY

Let's go. Get the carburetor  
back on. I wanna get outta here.

After a moment, Rhonda appears, followed by Rodriguez.

RHONDA

Hey, Mr. Hinkley...you see them  
shooting lights? What's going  
on out here?

HINKLEY

Come on. Lemme give you guys a  
hand. Let's get that jug back  
on and get outta here.

They move toward the carburetor. Rhonda looks at Hinkley  
and smiles slightly.

RHONDA

Mr. Hinkley, can I talk to you,  
please?

He looks at her for a beat, then at the guys who are  
beginning to gather up the carburetor.

HINKLEY

Don't lose any parts.

RHONDA

It's really important...please.

He looks at her, then back to the boys.

RHONDA

It's private.

He looks at the boys as Cyler, Rodriguez and Tony move to  
the front of the van. Hinkley reaches in and turns on  
the headlights, giving them some light.

CYLER

How'd you do that? They didn't  
work before.

HINKLEY

They do now.

TONY

Hey, Mister H... I been thinking  
...for lunch tomorrow, you be sure  
and order some nice soft food,  
'cause you're gonna be chewin'  
with busted teeth. I'm a killer,  
baby. Check it out.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

He feigns a few right hooks and left jabs and then laughs.

CYLER

Gimme a hand, here, killer.  
You got that linkage spring?

They return to the engine and Hinkley and Rhonda are more or less alone as the rest of the kids are clustered around the front of the van. Rhonda moves Hinkley further to the rear of the school bus and looks at him for a long beat.

54A RHONDA AND HINKLEY

54A

RHONDA

Do you like me, Mr. Hinkley?

As she looks at Hinkley, we can SEE that she may have a crush on him.

HINKLEY

Of course.

RHONDA

Do you think I'm cheap?

HINKLEY

Look, Rhonda...

RHONDA

My mom says I'm cheap...but then she's cheap, so how would she know.

There is a long beat as Rhonda reaches out and takes his hand.

55  
thru OMITTED  
59

55  
thru  
59

60 ANGLE - HINKLEY

60

He looks at her and softly but firmly takes his hand back.

HINKLEY

Rhonda... I know you think there's something going on with us...but I'm just your teacher.

\*

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

\*

RHONDA  
(savagely)  
You don't care! Nobody cares!  
You know what you are? You're  
spit! I hope Tony hurts you  
bad!

She turns away from him and quickly gets into the van.

HINKLEY  
Rhonda...  
(softly)  
Good going, Hinkley.

CUT TO:

61 CLOSE SHOT - DRESSING ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

61

It opens and a tall man in a rumpled suit enters.  
We WIDEN with his entrance to SEE:

62 INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

62

The VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES is in the make-up chair having the last little bit of pancake applied. The Vice President is fifty-five, grey-haired, strong-jawed and essentially weak. The man in the rumpled suit crosses the room. Behind him, in the hall, we NOTICE Secret Service men. The tall man is NELSON COREY...perhaps sixty-five, overweight... but carries an air of absolute authority. With him is a young man with a shaved head named BROTHER MICHAEL. Brother Michael takes a position.

COREY

(to make-up  
man)

I'd like to speak to the  
Vice President. You can finish  
later.

The make-up man nods, puts his stuff together and makes a fast exit, followed by Brother Michael. The door is closed, leaving Nelson Corey and Adam Taft alone.

ADAM

I read the speech, Nelson.  
It's kind of unrelenting.

Corey continues smiling.

COREY

Come on, Adam...let's not get  
cold feet. Okay? This is your  
chance...and what we need to do  
is correct an image people have  
of you.

ADAM

It's just...the policies are  
set by the President. I think...  
I...

He stops again.

COREY

I hate to review your career  
for you at this late date, Adam...  
But I got you the vice presidential  
nomination. Bought the damn  
thing for you. Two years ago you  
were an obscure, nothing governor  
nobody ever heard of. Now I'm  
going to get you the highest  
office in this nation.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

There is a long moment between the two. Adam's eyes are the first to dart away.

ADAM

I guess it's just... I'm not a risk taker...

After a long beat, there is a KNOCK at the door.

ASST. DIRECTOR'S VOICE

...is the Vice-President ready?

COREY

(softly)

Is he, Adam?

Adam Taft looks at Corey for a long beat and finally nods his head.

COREY

(calling)

We're ready.

They get up and head out of the dressing room.

63  
thru OMITTED  
65

63  
thru  
65

66 CLOSE SHOT - TV SCREEN

66

We WIDEN to show that the TV is in Ralph Hinkley's home. We HEAR the sound of a CAR PULLING INTO the driveway and SUSAN, the babysitter, gets up and crosses to the door. (NOTE: This material will continue to play over scene with Susan and Hinkley.)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ADAM

(on TV screen)

I come to you with feelings of remorse...and with the distinct knowledge that I may be on the brink of political suicide. I have chosen to go against the party platforms and use my position to point up growing concerns that I have on several international and domestic issues facing our nation.

67 INT. HINKLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

67

Hinkley picks up the package on the seat and looks at it for a moment. He shakes his head, then puts his head in his hands. After a beat he gets out and moves up the driveway.

68 EXT. HINKLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

68

Hinkley gets to the front door and Susan opens it.

69 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

69

SUSAN

Mr. Hinkley, I was really getting worried, y'know? You said around six. It's eleven-thirty.

HINKLEY

I know. Had car trouble. Thanks for staying. Kevin okay?

SUSAN

Yeah. He's terrific. He's upstairs, sound asleep. I gotta go. Miss Davidson wants you to call...it's important.

HINKLEY

Thank you.

Hinkley reaches into his wallet and takes out some money and hands it to her. She takes it and grabs her coat.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

SUSAN

See ya.

She's gone out the door, leaving him standing in the entry, holding the package.

70 ANGLE - HINKLEY

70

The TV is on in the living room and, as Hinkley moves toward it to turn it off, we SEE that Adam Taft is on the screen:

ADAM

(on TV)

We stand on a terrible precipice and the world waits for us to make a move. We cannot underestimate the importance of our domestic problems. If our business community fails... indeed, our entire nation fails...

And Hinkley turns the set off, heaves a sigh and turns into CAMERA as we:

CUT TO:

71 INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

71

as the door opens and Hinkley moves over to Kevin's bed and kneels down quietly.

72 ANGLE - ACROSS KEVIN

72

as Hinkley looks at his son, a cute, blond, seven-year-old, his teddy bear next to him. Hinkley adjusts Kevin's covers and then leans in and kisses his son, then moves quietly out of the room, closing the door.

CUT TO:

73 CLOSE SHOT - THE PACKAGE

73

as it is set on a table. We HOLD on it for several long beats.

- 74 INT. HINKLEY'S BEDROOM - ON HINKLEY 74
- He looks at the package, almost afraid to open it. Then he paces around the room for a moment. Finally he gets a pair of scissors and opens the package.
- 75 CLOSE SHOT - A SUIT 75
- as it is shaken out INTO CAMERA. It is the traditional Superman suit. No emblem...yellow beige with a brown cape, wide belt, no markings. It's your basic long johns and a cape.
- 76 ANGLE - HINKLEY 76
- He looks at it, holding it at arm's length.
- HINKLEY  
(softly)  
Look't this thing. I don't believe it.
- He moves to the mirror and holds it up in front of him.
- HINKLEY  
(softly)  
It's a bird...it's a plane...  
it's Ralph Hinkley...
- He shakes his head in disgust and throws the suit on the floor of his closet.
- Hinkley moves back to the bed, lies down for a beat, sits up and looks at the dresser. He puts his head in his hands. Play it for several beats.
- CUT TO:
- 77 thru 79 OMITTED 77 thru 79
- 80 CLOSE SHOT - A PHONE 80
- RINGING. A slender hand reaches in and lifts the receiver. We WIDEN to REVEAL PAM DAVIDSON.

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

80

She is dark-haired, very pretty, and she wears half-glasses on the end of her nose. She is in bed reading a legal brief. INTERCUT with Hinkley.

PAM

Hello.

HINKLEY

It's me.

She takes her glasses off and, from her expression, we can SEE that he is something special to her.

PAM

So how is everything out on the desert? The little girl scorpions still carry their tails over their heads?

HINKLEY

(no laugh)

What's up?

Pam reacts to his lack of repartee.

PAM

(more sober)

You know tomorrow is about the most important day in this whole custody suit. Dress for the occasion. And remember Alicia will be pawing the ground and breathing fire on our little band of crusaders.

HINKLEY

You see her today?

PAM

I saw her attorney who told me she has a nice tan from modeling in Brazil. Apparently the bathing suit commercial was a total success. She made heaps of green and is all set to lavish the moola on Kevin.

HINKLEY

(depressed)

That's an encouraging tidbit.

(CONTINUED)

\*

PAM

You sound down.

HINKLEY

Yeah.

PAM

Look, Ralph, it's not gonna be that tough. As your attorney, I think I can say we have it nailed down. She's off all over the place on those modeling assignments. She can't be yanking him in and out of schools. I think we're gonna do fine. Just be respectful and wear matching socks. Twelve o'clock, Judge Nessen's chambers, second floor, county courthouse.

HINKLEY

Thanks, Pam.

PAM

Are you okay? You really sound wasted.

HINKLEY

Do you believe in flying saucers?

There is a long beat. Finally she smiles. This is the old Ralph.

PAM

Little green men and all that...?

HINKLEY

I'm not sure if they're green. I didn't see them.

PAM

(worried)

What is this?

HINKLEY

Just an idle question. See ya tomorrow.

He hangs up, lies on the bed. With his chin on his arm, he looks over at the dresser. Play the moment and --

CUT TO:

81 INT. HINKLEY'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TV SCREEN - 81  
MORNING

A cartoon is in progress. In it the Super Friends are in their secret laboratory on Wonder Mountain. Kevin, in his pajamas, is watching.

SUPERMAN (V.O.)

Well, Wonder Woman... I don't know whether Dr. Hazard will try to blow up the professor's ship or not. All we can do is hope that Aquaman is there on time...

(a beat)

Let's see if our Super Laser eye will tell us where he's gone...

82 INT. HINKLEY'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK 82

It is thrown and we WIDEN to SEE that Hinkley is in his underwear and black socks and has locked himself into the bedroom. He moves to the dresser and takes out the suit from where he hid it and lays it out on the bed.

83 INTERCUT - TV SCREEN - LIVING ROOM 83

as the cartoon animation Super Friends continue with their earth-shaking problem:

WONDER WOMAN (V.O.)

Well, Superman, I think we should call in Batman and Robin.

SUPERMAN (V.O.)

Good idea, Wonder Woman. I'll call them on my Super Friend Communicator.

He starts to call and we:

84 INTERCUT - HINKLEY'S BEDROOM 84

The PHONE RINGS. Hinkley is in the bathroom. He sticks his head out and yells:

HINKLEY

(yelling)

See who that is, Kevin.

And he disappears back into the bathroom.

85 INTERCUT TV SCREEN - LIVING ROOM

85

The Super Friends continue. Kevin gets up from the TV and moves over to the RINGING PHONE on his cross. In b.g.:

SUPERMAN (V.O.)

Yes, Batman, I think the Professor is in grave danger. Can you help us?

BATMAN (V.O.)

Robin and I are at your disposal, Superman. I'll take the Batjet and see if I can spot the ship.

CUT TO:

86 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

86

as Hinkley exits the bathroom in the suit. Despite the fact that it is not garish or over-designed, there is no doubt that you aren't gonna pass a bus stop in it unnoticed. He stands in front of a three-way mirror, turning this way and that, sucking in his stomach which bulges slightly. The cape billowing on each turn.

HINKLEY

(softly)

I'm nailed. It's ridiculous.

And then there is a KNOCKING on the door. Hinkley tries to get the suit off. He is now a flurry of motion.

HINKLEY

(trying to sound  
calm)

Yes...?

KEVIN

It's Pam. She says she wants to talk to you.

Hinkley trips and falls onto the bed. He is struggling with the suit trying to get it off.

HINKLEY

(voice calm)

Yeah. Okay, Kev. Why don't you get the eggs on.

He hops around, regaining his balance, trying to get the right leg off, then crashes into the dresser.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

KEVIN

What's going on? How come the door is locked? Can I come in?

HINKLEY

(nonchalant)

Locked? Is it locked? Oh. Oh, lemme unlock it.

He finally gets free, slings the Superman suit up on the top shelf of the closet. We are on a HEAD SHOT TIGHT as he goes for two deep breaths and regains his composure.

87 EXT. HALLWAY - OVER KEVIN

87

as the door opens and Hinkley stands there. What he forgot to remove is the cape. He is in his underwear, black socks and the cape as he smiles down at his son.

HINKLEY

(nonchalantly)

So. How's El Tigra Grande this morning?

Kevin stares at the cape. Hinkley follows his gaze to find to his horror, that he has it on. He yanks it off and drops it behind the door.

KEVIN

Daddy...what is that?

\*

HINKLEY

Don't ask silly questions, Kev. Come on, let's talk to Pam in the living room.

KEVIN

You have a phone in here.  
(pointing to phone)

What was that? A cape?

HINKLEY

Kevin, don't argue.

Hinkley takes Kevin by the hand and moves him out into the living room. He sits down in profile to our SHOT and, over his shoulder, we'll SEE the Super Friends and intermix their cornball dialogue. During this Hinkley will begin to eye the TV screen.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

HINKLEY  
 (still out of  
 breath)  
 Yeah? Hi. How you doing?

PAM  
 I was worried about you last night.

HINKLEY  
 (eyeing the  
 screen)  
 Yeah. Yeah. Well, I'm doing  
 much better now.

PAM  
 Good. Just be on time. Twelve  
 o'clock and don't worry. It's  
 gonna be just fine. Kiss Kevin  
 for me.

HINKLEY  
 Yeah, I will. Thanks for calling.  
 See ya.

He hangs up and looks at the TV screen.

BATMAN (V.O.)  
 Well, Robin old chum, I guess  
 it's time to fight the forces  
 of evil and protect this world  
 from those that seek to overthrow  
 it.

88 ANGLE - HINKLEY

88

That catches him. He turns into CAMERA...a devastating  
 look on his face. He puts his head in his hands and  
 we --

CUT TO:

88A EXT. HINKLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

88A

as Hinkley and Kevin exit and head to Hinkley's car.

HINKLEY  
 Listen, you didn't find a  
 loose-leaf binder in the living  
 room this morning, did you?

(CONTINUED)

88A CONTINUED:

88A

KEVIN

Is it from school?

HINKLEY

To tell the truth, I don't know where it's from.

KEVIN

I didn't see one, Dad.

HINKLEY

I must'a lost it in the desert.

\*

He shakes his head.

KEVIN

Is everything okay, Dad?

HINKLEY

A-okay. Let's go. We'll both be late for school.

KEVIN

You're gonna see Mommy today?

(a beat)

Say hi for me...okay?

There is a long beat.

HINKLEY

Listen, buddy...this thing with me and Mom...you got anything you wanna say? I mean, we both love you and want you and...I'm not asking you to choose, 'cause that's not fair...but, maybe you should have something to say about it...

There is a long moment. Kevin has a very serious look on his face.

KEVIN

I love you...and I love Mom...

HINKLEY

Yeah. Okay. Let's go.

Kevin reaches out and hugs his father. Play the moment.

89  
and  
90

OMITTED

89  
and  
90

91 EXT. WHITNEY HIGH SCHOOL

91

as Hinkley pulls the van around the corner of the school and into the parking lot. He gets out, takes the wrapped package with the Superman suit from under the seat and moves over to his car.

92 EXT. HINKLEY'S CAR

92

which is identified by the parking standard with his name on it. Hinkley lifts the trunk, puts the suit in and locks it.

93 ANGLE - HINKLEY

93

He moves rapidly into the school area as we HEAR the NATIONAL ANTHEM in the background being sung by the school assembly. He slows his gait as he approaches DAVID KNIGHT, the vice principal who is about thirty-five and an asshole. Knight looks at his watch with an exaggerated motion.

HINKLEY

(re the watch)

Still running, I hope.

KNIGHT

Oh? A little early morning humor aimed at taking the sting out of missing assembly?

HINKLEY

The Star Spangled Banner is a killer to sing, I'm trying to slip in a little late these days. Save the strain on my voice.

He starts to push past Knight, but Knight stops him. You get the feeling there is a long-standing animosity between these two.

KNIGHT

So who's the clown in the upper school bathroom? I think he's in there throwing up. He says he's a friend of yours...

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

HINKLEY

Look, Dave...gimme a little  
air, okay?

KNIGHT

I want that drunk outta the  
john before assembly is  
over. You got it?

HINKLEY

Okay. I'll do what I can.

KNIGHT

You need any help, I'll get coach  
Haymen.

Hinkley nods and moves past him.

94 INT. UPPER SCHOOL TOILET

94

We HEAR the sound of somebody THROWING UP as Hinkley  
moves into the john and closes the door. He already  
knows who he's gonna find.

95 ANGLE - MAXWELL

95

He is washing the sink out. He bends over and takes  
some water into his mouth from the tap. When he stands  
up, he's looking into the mirror and the reflected image  
of Hinkley.

HINKLEY

Well, well, well...Lawrence of  
Palmdale...the old desert chicken.  
How ya doin', Bill?

MAXWELL

I got a perforated ulcer that  
kicks up when I'm under stress.

Hinkley moves over and reaches down and pulls an empty  
bottle of rye whiskey out of the waste basket and looks  
at it.

HINKLEY

Rye whiskey? Why don't you  
try battery acid?

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

95

Maxwell looks at the bottle in disgust.

MAXWELL

I haven't had a bottle of booze  
for ten years...but last night...  
well, I couldn't handle it.  
Those lights hovering around...  
and poor John. Dear lord...a  
walking dead man...

HINKLEY

It's real second feature stuff.

MAXWELL

All that junk out there was real.  
We really saw it, right?

HINKLEY

Yeah.

MAXWELL

One thing you gotta know about  
me is I'm by-the-book. I don't  
like it when things get into  
the margins.

HINKLEY

Into the margins? Hey, I think  
we're clear of the page.

MAXWELL

I'm not used to saucers and dead  
partners, and I got a hunch  
you're not my kinda guy. Nothing  
personal. Just a fact. All of  
this is kinda an apology for  
running out on you last night.

HINKLEY

It's high on my all-time list  
of favorites.

MAXWELL

You and I have a problem...we  
got this...this suit...or whatever...  
that we're supposed to use.

HINKLEY

I'm supposed to use.

(off Maxwell's look)

It's a small point, but I think  
a pertinent one.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

MAXWELL

(going on)

What I have that you don't have,  
Mr. Hinkley, is a dead partner...  
and that is not a small point.  
I'm gonna find out what happened  
to John, and I'm...

He stops and takes a deep breath.

MAXWELL

(continuing)

Okay. Okay. So whatta we do?  
That's the question, I think.

(a beat)

I been up half the night trying  
to work out a survey of minimal  
damages scenario...try and get  
this animal into some kinda  
proportion...

(a beat)

I think I got us a way to go.  
To start with, I'm running this  
show. You got a problem there?

HINKLEY

A little one, maybe a big one.

MAXWELL

Tough. As of this moment, you  
take your orders from me. We  
set up a best-guess scenario on  
what's going on...work from that.

HINKLEY

Look, I got a class in about two  
minutes...

MAXWELL

(checks a list)

I need to see the suit and the  
instructions on how to operate  
it. I think that's our jumping-  
off point.

HINKLEY

The suit's in my car. The  
instructions I lost.

There is a moment as Maxwell's shoulders drop in despair.

MAXWELL

Awww, come on, will ya?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

95

HINKLEY

I lost it. It's gone. I think it disappeared right after you did.

MAXWELL

You lost it? You lost the instruction book?

HINKLEY

It's gone. We'll just add that to our survey of minimal damages.

MAXWELL

I don't believe he lost the book. He lost the instruction book. I just don't believe this.

The BELL RINGS and Maxwell looks at Hinkley as he starts to leave for class.

HINKLEY

I gotta go. I'll meet you in the parking lot after school. We'll figure something out.

MAXWELL

We'll figure it out now. When I tell you something, mister, all I want out of you is 'yes sir' or 'how soon'. That's all. Nothing else!

HINKLEY

I'm the guy with the suit, Bill. Gimme any trouble and I'll turn you into a hundred and twenty pounds of dog chow. Why don't we just do it my way for now?

Hinkley smiles for a beat.

HINKLEY

(continuing)

I got a class to teach.

And he turns away from camera, leaving Maxwell standing there and we:

CUT TO:

96

INT. GYMNASIUM - CLOSE SHOT - HINKLEY

96

As a boxing glove hits him in the mouth and he staggers back...and as he does, we PULL WIDE to SEE that we are in the middle of a boxing match with Hinkley and Tony and it's a real brawl. Ray Buck is there along with some teachers. The class is there...screaming for Tony...Hinkley staggers back and Tony smacks him again, they clinch and we can SEE that both fighters are really worn down. A flurry of blows and then a coach RINGS a BELL and they separate. As Hinkley is heading back to his corner, Tony suckers him with a late blow that rocks him.

97 ANGLE - HINKLEY

97

He staggers slightly. There are some boos from the kids and Tony looks over. He is losing his audience.

98 ANGLE - HINKLEY - CORNER - DAY

98

as Ray Buck moves in.

BUCK

I thought you were Welterweight Champion at Ft. Bragg.

\*

HINKLEY

That was all psych. I never fought up there...I'da got killed.

\*

BUCK

Watch him coming outta the clinches. Stick, stick, stick...be tough. Don't give him anything. This round is ours. I want the body. Go for the body...stick, stick, move, stick...the kid's yours.

Hinkley turns and looks at him as much as to say, "What is this shit?"

There is a long beat and Hinkley shakes his head and gets up for the next round.

99 ANGLE - THE RING

99

as they wade in and continue the fight.

100 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIGHT

100

As both men hammer away play this for as long as needed, and the BELL finally RINGS. They are both wobbly and obviously spent. The COACH RINGS the BELL again and the fight is over. The Coach gets into the ring.

COACH

Good fight... One one and Even. A draw...

There's some cheering and some booing and they climb out of the ring very tired.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

TONY

Hey, Mr. Hinkley... You want  
some more just ask...

HINKLEY

Not me, Tony. You got too  
much.

There is a long beat and we can SEE that there is some respect on Tony's face, respect that wasn't there before. He shrugs and moves off. Hinkley quickly moves toward the showers. He's late. He passes under a clock that says it is almost 12:00. IN ON the clock and...

CUT TO:

101 OMITTED

101

102 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

102

Hinkley has changed into his street clothes and is getting ready to leave. Tony moves up to him.

TONY

Hey, Mr. H... Hinkley.

HINKLEY

Yeah.

TONY

I'm sorry about that late shot...  
Y'know? I mean, I ain't useta  
fightin' with rules. It was  
like a reflex.

HINKLEY

I accept your apology.

TONY

Hey, man, I ain't apologizing.  
I'm like explainin' y'know?

HINKLEY

So I accept your explanation.

He shuts his locker and he starts to leave but this is a breakthrough moment for Tony. He wants to talk and Hinkley can see it...the CLOCK on the wall is TICKING past twelve...

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

TONY

See...I mean with me it's like respect, ya know what I'm sayin' here, Mr. Hinkley? You got a guy's respect, you got everything. You know?

HINKLEY

Yeah, yeah I know...

TONY

So, O.K. You come down here, you put on the gloves with me, you take one hell of a beatin' and I'm saying O.K.... that takes a big dude. Right? So I'm tellin' ya like O.K., maybe I was wrong, but I'm also telling you, you mess around with my squeeze and I'm gonna have to pop you in the melon again...

There is a long beat.

HINKLEY

Tony, I'm not interested in Rhonda, I'm just trying to teach her, that's all. Maybe she needs some of that respect you're talking about...you ever think of that?

Hinkley grabs his jacket off the bench and starts walking with Tony.

TONY

Hey, she's just a girl, ya know what I mean?

HINKLEY

She's got feelings just like you and all you guys treat her like some kind of push over...

TONY

She likes you.

HINKLEY

What she likes is I treat her with respect. That's all. You should try that. Send her some flowers. I gotta go.

He starts moving out.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

TONY  
 (calling after)  
 Flowers. Hey, I ain't Cary  
 Grant.

The door closes and Hinkley is gone. We STAY ON Tony's face for a beat and as we do, he finally shrugs his shoulders.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. PARKING LOT - ON HINKLEY'S CAR - DAY

103

Hinkley hits reverse and pulls out. Off to the right, another car with a middle-aged man in it, pulls out and follows Hinkley at a safe distance.

104 INT. HINKLEY'S CAR - DAY

104

as it ROARS out. The ANGLE features the dash clock which shows that it is twelve-twenty...he is already twenty minutes late. Play his nervousness.

105 EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - DAY

105

Hinkley roars down the on-ramp into a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam...the following car still behind him. He throws it in reverse, powers up the ramp, bounces onto the city street and away. The following car tries the same maneuver and is trapped.

RADIO VOICE  
 It's twelve-thirty at the big  
 Kay-Jay. We're bringing you  
 top forty sounds in the valley.  
 Next up is the Governor's  
 girlfriend...

106  
 thru OMITTED  
 110

106  
 thru  
 110

111 ANGLE - HINKLEY

111

He looks at his watch. It's slow. He snaps off the radio and finds that he is again in the lunch-hour traffic jam on the surface streets. He bangs the steering wheel, backs up and tries another street.

CUT TO:

112 ANGLE - PURSUING DRIVER - DAY 112

on the on-ramp tied up in traffic. He's looking for Hinkley's car, panicking slightly himself. He hadn't expected the bizarre move on the freeway on-ramp.

113 EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY 113

Hinkley ROARS in and jerks to a stop. He looks at his watch: it is twelve-thirty. He jumps out of his car and runs to a phone.

114 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 114

Hinkley jumps in, slams the door shut. He jams a coin in and dials. Nothing. His coin falls out. He jams it in again. It falls out again. He jams it in a third time, bangs the phone with his hand, trying to get it to stick. The coin falls out.

HINKLEY

What'm I gonna do?!!!

And it hits him. He looks out at his car. ZOOM IN TO the trunk where we know the suit is.

HINKLEY

Bad idea. Stay on the ground, boy.

He tries the phone again, but the coin won't stick. He looks down on the floor and finds he's standing on an out-of-order sign that has fallen off the phone. Then, in absolute panic, he bolts out of the phone booth.

115 EXT. HINKLEY'S CAR - DAY 115

Hinkley opens the trunk and grabs the Superman suit, rolls it up under his arm and runs into the bathroom of the gas station.

116 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 116

It is empty...he checks the stalls to make sure. Then he enters one of the stalls, locks it, and we SEE his shirt, pants, coat, etc., being thrown over the stall door.

117 INT. GREG'S CAR

117

as he roams around looking for Hinkley's car.

118 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

118

Hinkley steps out of the stall in his Superman suit, carrying the cape. He is front of the mirror attaching the cape when the door opens and a slightly-built ACCOUNTANT-type with thick glasses enters with a little seven-year-old boy named JERRY in tow.

ACCOUNTANT  
(talking to little  
boy)

We have to tell Daddy when we  
have to go, and not wait until  
it's too...

He freezes as he sees this goofball in front of the mirror trying to attach his cape.

ACCOUNTANT  
Oh. I'm sorry. Didn't know  
the bathroom was in use...

HINKLEY  
Uh...yeah...uh...I...

ACCOUNTANT  
We can come back.

HINKLEY  
No. No. That's okay. I'm just  
leaving. I just need to get this  
cape attached to the...

He lets it die. This is really embarrassing.

HINKLEY  
As...see...I know this seems  
really nuts...but, well...I'm  
not...see, what I'm trying to  
do is...I'm late for a court  
appearance.

ACCOUNTANT  
It's okay. Really. It's okay.  
Look, we're all through anyway.  
Okay, Jerry, let's go back and  
see mommy.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

HINKLEY

No, wait.

He starts to back out of the bathroom and Hinkley moves with him. The Accountant freezes in terror.

ACCOUNTANT

(scared)

Don't touch us! Okay, look what do you wanna do with us? We're leaving.

Accountant grabs his son's hand and yanks him out of the bathroom. Hinkley looks after them, almost turns to put his regular clothes back on, then looks at his watch.

119 INSERT - WATCH

119

Twelve-forty.

120 RESUME - HINKLEY

120

He grabs his pants, shirt, tie and shoes and wraps them into a ball. Then, as an attempt to cover his Superman suit, he drapes his suit coat over his shoulder and sort of sneaks out of the bathroom.

121 EXT. BATHROOM - DAY

121

Hinkley exits the bathroom, glancing right and left. Off to one side, the Accountant is gesturing wildly to the gas station attendant who is looking in the direction of the bathroom as Hinkley exits in his long john Superman suit with his sport coat over his shoulders like a confused Italian film director. Hinkley waves to the two men who stare at him in amazement.

HINKLEY

(calling out)

I'm through. It's all yours.

He turns and moves around the corner of the gas station out of their view.

122 EXT. ALLEY - ON HINKLEY

122

He runs down a narrow inter-city alley, carrying his bundle of street clothes. He stops and decides to try his first Superman flight before the cops pick him up for lewd vag.

123 ANGLE - HINKLEY 123

He closes his eyes and sort of stretches up on his toes, waiting for the flight to start. Nothing.

124 ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY 124

He bends his knees and puts his arms over his head, clothes still in a bundle in his hand. He jumps slightly. Nothing.

JERRY'S VOICE

You're not doing it right.

HINKLEY

Huh?

125 ANGLE - MOUTH OF ALLEY - LITTLE BOY FROM BATHROOM 125

He has wandered away from his father and has followed Hinkley into the alley. Hinkley looks at him with a startled expression.

JERRY

You gotta run like three steps and jump with your hands out in front of you.

HINKLEY

See...I've never done it before. It's my...ah...it's my first... Ah, whatta ya call it...flight.

JERRY

My daddy's calling the police.

HINKLEY

Terrific. Three steps, huh?

JERRY

Doesn't everybody know that?

Hinkley takes three giant steps backward, and then takes three running steps and a little hop and goes nowhere.

JERRY

Superman wouldn't do it that way. You jump hard. Like off a diving board. You're not very good at this.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

## HINKLEY

Tell me about it.

He backs up again and makes three more running steps and a huge, mighty jump and, by God, he starts to fly!

126 ANGLE - HINKLEY IN FLIGHT

126

as he zooms fast as a rocket down the narrow canyon of the inter-city alley.

127 CLOSE SHOT - HINKLEY'S FACE

127

as it turns to abject terror. He is having trouble steering. He almost connects up with a fire escape, then he rolls dangerously on his right side. He drops his clothes.

128 ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY

128

He streaks out of the alley into a narrow parking area surrounded by high brick buildings. He tries to bank a turn, goes into a bad roll, loses it, begins to tumble and goes head-first into the brick wall. He's knocked cold.

129 CLOSER - HINKLEY

129

Suitcoat and wing tips sprawled out behind him, he lies, dazed, at the foot of the brick wall.

130 ANGLE - PURSUING CAR - GREG

130

He's been trying to find Hinkley since he lost him on the freeway. He spots Hinkley sprawled in the parking lot in his caped suit. He jumps out of his car, runs over and takes several pictures of him lying dazed on the ground. As this is happening, a black-and-white rolls into the parking lot and two very bored Hollywood cops get out and move over to Hinkley. Greg takes off, moving fast across the street and gets into his car and pulls away. The first cop (COWAN) leans down and looks at Hinkley. His partner stands nearby.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

COWAN

Got another trend-setter.  
Where do we get these guys?

He leans down and takes Hinkley's pulse as Hinkley begins to come around.

COWAN

How d'you feel?

HINKLEY

I don't know. I hit this brick wall...

COWAN

The first of many is my guess.  
You got a wallet tucked in your little outfit there? I'd like to get an I.D.

Hinkley struggles to a sitting position and looks at the cops who are kneeling beside him with half-smiles.

HINKLEY

I think I lost it.

131 ANGLE - HINKLEY

131

His head is beginning to clear and he looks at these guys, trying to judge the difficulty he's in.

HINKLEY

Look...I know I look kinda silly, here...and...and I know you think I'm some kinda grade-A mental case, but the fact is that I'm not. My name is Ralph Hinkley and I'm a school teacher...

COWAN

You teach modern dance or something?

HINKLEY

I'm a Special Ed teacher. Look, I haven't done anything. What I did isn't against the law...

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

The cop helps him and he stands there, a little dizzy.

COWAN

We're gonna take a little ride, Mr. Hinkley. I think maybe you need to get your computer checked. You might have a concussion. How 'bout we run over to county hospital? Maybe do a little psychiatric profile, just for the fun of it. How does that sound?

HINKLEY

Please don't do this...

COWAN

It can go down easy or hard, Mr. Hinkley. Either way is okay with us.

Hinkley nods. The cops help him to the squad car. He staggers slightly because he's still a little dizzy. As the cops help him into the back seat and close the door, his cape gets caught in the door.

HINKLEY

My ahh...my cape is...

COWAN

Right. Sorry.

Cowan opens the door, frees the cape and closes it again. Hinkley is embarrassed beyond words as he slinks down in his seat. The cops exchange amused looks as they get into the front seat of the car. This guy is a real yo-yo. They pull away, leaving Hinkley's coat, shirt and shoes in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

132 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY - DAY

132

The doors open and Hinkley is led into the hospital emergency waiting room, his cape flowing behind him, a look of abject humiliation on his face. The waiting room is semi-filled with some tough KIDS who were in a fight. They're holding towels to their bruised faces. Hinkley is positioned somewhere in the room as Cowan moves over to the admitting NURSE and speaks to her in a low voice, out of Hinkley's earshot except for one thing:

133 CLOSEUP - HINKLEY'S EAR

133

We MOVE IN CLOSE and he can hear what's being said.

COWAN'S VOICE

...out for a little afternoon  
stroll and punched his head into  
a brick wall...for laughs I guess.

134 INTERCUT - NURSE AND COWAN WITH HINKLEY'S SUPER-EAR

134

COWAN

Dave and I would like to have  
somebody show him the square  
blocks and round holes. I think  
he's running on pure ether. May  
have a concussion as well. He  
was out when we found him.

The Nurse looks around.

NURSE

(calling)

Orderly, please...we have an  
admittance. Security station...  
room six.

She gets out from behind the desk and moves over to  
Hinkley, smiling an efficient smile.

NURSE

Well, how's that head, Mr....

HINKLEY

Hinkley. I'm Ralph Hinkley.

He leans in and whispers to her:

HINKLEY

Look...I know you think I'm nuts.  
But the fact of the matter is, I  
was on my way to a friend's house.  
This was a practical joke, and I  
fell down and these cops picked me  
up and... See, I'm not crazy. I'm  
not. Really, I'm not...

NURSE

Why don't we just come on back and  
have a look at that head, Mr. Hinkley.  
Is there somebody we can notify?

(CONTINUED)

HINKLEY

Pam Davidson. She's an attorney. She's at Judge Nessen's office at the courthouse. I missed an appointment with her. I need to talk to her.

(a beat)

I'm not crazy.

NURSE

We'll call her. Right this way.

They move through the door and two burly orderlies are standing on the other side. He passes the punk kid.

PUNK KID

It's a bad outfit 'Jim'.

They pass on through. The orderlies look him over. They've seen it all. But, even for them, this is a first.

HINKLEY

(to orderly)

I'm not crazy.

NURSE

Right this way.

HINKLEY

I'm not crazy. I was playing a practical joke!

He is beginning to panic. He leans in to the other orderly.

HINKLEY

See it was a practical joke. I'm not crazy.

NURSE

(cheerful)

Room six...here we are...

They move him into the room and help him onto a table. Hinkley tries to sit up, but one of the orderlies forces him down with a forearm and, with lightning speed, they strap him down to the table.

NURSE

(friendly)

Just a little precaution, Mr. Hinkley. Try and relax. Those straps are stress tested at five thousand pounds, so there's no use struggling.

(a smile)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

NURSE (CONT'D)

That's certainly some outfit you have on there.

HINKLEY

Why don't you gimme a break, honey?

NURSE

Doctor will be down in a minute.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

135 EXT. A SMALL HOUSE IN THE VALLEY - DAY

135

as a small four-wheel drive Jeepster Waggoner with extra headlights pulls up the street and stops in front of the house.

136 INT. JEEPSTER - DAY

136

Three young people with shaved heads and three-piece suits are in the Jeepster. They check the address against a sheet of paper and they all nod. All three check the automatic pistols they hold, sliding back the slides, thumbing off the safetys. They get out and move toward the house.

137 CLOSE SHOT - THE HOUSE

137

They stand there after RINGING the BELL. Two of them are carrying bibles. After a beat, the door opens and reveals Bill Maxwell, a little fresher after getting some sleep, but still unshaved.

MAXWELL

(suspicious)

Yeah? Whatta you want?

The spokesman is BROTHER MICHAEL. He is tall, muscular, and good-looking, despite his shaved head.

BROTHER MICHAEL

We're friends of Jesus. Could we come in? We would like to tell you about our good work.

(CONTINUED)

- 137 CONTINUED: 137
- Bill looks at them, an alarm bell beginning to ring in his head. He tries to slam the door, but they explode through it.
- 138 INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE - DAY 138
- as Bill is thrown backward and down onto the carpet, a .45 jammed into his chest.
- SMASH CUT:
- 139 INT. HOSPITAL - CLOSE ON HINKLEY 139
- as he reacts to something and looks at the wall.
- 140 HINKLEY'S POV - THE WALL 140
- He sees Maxwell, the three shaved-heads, one has a forty-five, it's almost as if the image is projected there. \*
- CUT TO:
- 141 INT. MAXWELL'S HOUSE - MAXWELL - DAY 141
- as the three shaved-heads look at him menacingly. Brother Michael pulls him to his feet.
- BROTHER MICHAEL  
You're coming with us. We have  
the Lord's work to do.
- Maxwell starts to resist and a struggle ensues.
- 142 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HINKLEY 142
- is very agitated now watching the holographic image on the wall. Without any effort he sits up easily snapping the straps which have been tested to resist 5,000 pounds.
- 143 ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY 143
- He moves to the wall and touches the image with his finger. The image comes and goes, fading in and out. He looks at it and then, as Brother Michael hits Maxwell over the head, it goes out like it was switched off.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

He reacts to the door opening behind him. Pam Davidson enters. She is dressed conservatively, a knock-out. She looks at Hinkley with an expression of grave concern.

PAM

What on God's earth are you wearing?!

Hinkley has his hand up on the wall, still touching the spot where the holograph was seconds before. He turns and looks at Pam.

PAM

Alicia hired a private detective. He showed up at the courthouse just before I left. He had photographs of you lying under a wall in that suit.

She hands a photograph to him.

143A INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

143A

of Hinkley in the suit, cops closing in.

143B RESUME

143B

PAM

He said the cops arrested you, then I got the call from the nurse and came over. I assume there's some sort of rational explanation.

Hinkley sinks down and looks at her.

HINKLEY

Yeah. Yeah. There's an explanation. I'm not sure it's all that rational.

She moves closer to him and sees the bump on his head.

PAM

Are you all right? You look ridiculous.

HINKLEY

Glad you like the suit. It's a show-stopper, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

143B CONTINUED:

143B

He looks at the wall and sees the holograph again. It is fuzzing in and out and now he can hear it as well.

144 HOLOGRAPH

144

Maxwell is tied up and in the moving jeepster. The three shaved-heads are with him. Maxwell is coming to. He looks at them.

MAXWELL

\*

(holograph)

You punks are Gabriel's Army, aren't ya? You killed John?

BROTHER MICHAEL

(holograph)

Agent Macke found salvation.

\*

Hinkley looks at the wall while Pam keeps talking, looking at his forehead.

PAM

That's quite a bump. What's happening here? You've got to tell me.

MAXWELL

(holograph)

Where are you taking me?

BROTHER MICHAEL

(holograph)

To your salvation.

HINKLEY

(softly)

Salvation?

PAM

Salvation?

He looks at her. She is really concerned.

HINKLEY

(motioning the wall)

Can't you see that?

Pam looks at the wall, nothing is there for her (only Hinkley can see it.)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

PAM

It's a wall. I see a wall.  
What do you see?

Hinkley looks at her. He knows it's the suit.

HINKLEY

It's this suit.

She looks at him with real concern. She's very fond of him, but this could get tired in a hurry.

PAM

Lie down, Ralph. Okay? I'll  
get the doctor.

145 ANGLE - PAM

145

as she watches him from across the room. Hinkley is now standing in front of what, to her, is a bare wall (only Hinkley's POV will include the holograph).

HINKLEY

It looks like the Coast Highway,  
north of Malibu.

PAM

(humoring him)  
Oh, really? Is it like a painting  
of the highway? Do you see a  
picture there, or something?

Hinkley looks back at her.

HINKLEY

Where's your car?

PAM

In the parking lot.

HINKLEY

I'd fly, but I haven't got  
the hang of it yet. I went  
into a barrel-roll.  
Aerodynamically, I'm a mess!

\*

PAM

Fly?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

He knows she thinks he's nuts, but he doesn't have time for it now. It's all happening too fast. Hinkley grabs her purse, rummages around for keys.

HINKLEY

Gotta get outta here.

Pam looks at him for a beat.

PAM

Ralph, I think you're very sick. I don't know why, or how it could have happened so quickly. Maybe it's the strain of Alicia coming back and filing for custody of Kevin, or something...but I think it's important that we get you straight in one big hurry, 'cause if the judge gets his hands on this, you can forget ever keeping Kevin or retaining custody.

\*

Hinkley looks at her for a long beat.

HINKLEY

(exploding)

You think I like this? You think I wanna wear this silly outfit! I didn't ask for this...and I don't have time to stand around debating it! I gotta get outta here. They have Bill!

PAM

(softly)

Bill...

He opens the door and, with her car keys in hand, he strides out of the hospital fast, Pam close on his heels.

146 ANGLE - PASSERS-BY

146

They stop and watch as he strides down the corridor. The two male orderlies start to close in on him and he keeps going. They grab his arms and, almost with a flick, he throws them off.

147 ANGLE - PAM

147

She is impressed. The two orderlies are airborne, hit on their asses and skid down the hall, trying to regain traction from the incredible force of Hinkley's toss.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

He moves through the hospital lobby, the two punks who are waiting for treatment stand there and watch as Hinkley heads out, followed by Pam running to keep up.

PUNK KID

(to his buddy)

No wonder we ain't got no sense of values.

And the two attendants run out of the hospital after Hinkley.

148 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

148

as Hinkley and Pam move to Pam's V.W. convertible.

PAM

Ralph, gimme those keys right now! I'm not fooling. If you think I'm gonna let you drive off in that suit...

He gets in, puts it in gear. The orderlies are closing fast. She jumps in on the other side and he pulls out.

149 INT. V.W. - DAY

149

as it drives off fast, Hinkley's cape flying in the wind.

PAM

At least sit on the cape!

Hinkley nods, tucks it under him.

PAM

(continuing)

What the hell's going on?

HINKLEY

If I told you, you'd sign my commitment form.

PAM

Try me. I have a very broad mind.

HINKLEY

It's not going to be broad enough, believe me.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

PAM

Ralph...I never told you this,  
but I dearly care about you.  
I...I guess I even may love you.

He looks at her, reacting to what she just said.

PAM

I wouldn't tell you now, but  
I think I have a heavy emotional  
stake in your future.

\*

150 ANGLE - HINKLEY

150

He reaches out and takes her hand.

HINKLEY

That's terrific. I mean I feel  
the same way about you. I really  
do. After this custody thing...  
I was gonna...

He breaks off. His whole life is different now. She  
looks at him...waiting.

PAM

Talk to me...please. Whatever  
it is, we'll deal with it together.

HINKLEY

You sure?

PAM

I'm ready. I can take anything.

HINKLEY

(here goes nothing)  
Last night I was approached by  
a flying saucer out in the desert...  
anyway, the saucer talked to us  
over the car radio and Bill's  
partner, he's a G-man, came  
out of the saucer but  
he was dead, and he had this suit  
under his arm and he gave it to me...

Her expression already depicts abject depression.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

HINKLEY  
(faltering)

...and...and there were these instructions on how to use the suit, but I lost 'em and I tried to fly to the courthouse because I was caught in this terrible traffic jam and I couldn't fly straight and I went into a wall and got hauled off and arrested.

He looks at her. She is really bummed out.

HINKLEY  
It's a twenty on the Richter scale, isn't it? You oughta try it from where I sit. I could kill the guy who designed this suit! Why couldn't it have narrow lapels and a cutaway jacket? Why did it have to be long johns and a cape? I put it on, and I feel like I'm six years old!

\*

PAM  
(deadpan)  
We need help. Boy, do we need help.

Hinkley looks at the window of the car.

151 HIS POV - HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

151

of the Jeepster as it moves up past Malibu. NOTE: The holographic image will begin to rotate slowly until it is upside down.

152 RESUME - HINKLEY

152

cocking his head to the right.

HINKLEY  
(re image)  
They're taking him up around Malibu.

The VW swerves to the right.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

PAM

(alarmed)

Ralph, what are you doing?  
Stay on the road.

(a beat)

Y'know, lots and lots of  
people get into stress  
situations and, when that  
happens, they have difficulty  
coping. It's not the end of  
the world. It's...it's...  
it's...well, it's...

HINKLEY

A bummer? Unique? Crazy?  
How 'bout crazy...

Pam is speechless.

\*

He pulls off the highway and into the canyon.

153 HIGH ANGLE - CANYON ROAD

153

as the VW winds up into the Malibu hills and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

154 OMITTED

154

155 INT. VW

155

as it pulls up in front of some huge iron gate and stops.  
Hinkley looks in the direction of the house which sits  
out of sight, away from the road.

156 HINKLEY'S POV - HOUSE AND HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE - DAY

156

(NOTE: This will almost look like it's projected in  
air) as Maxwell is being led down a narrow stone fortress-  
like corridor by the shaved heads. He is blindfolded.  
A door opens and a tall, pudgy man in his late sixties  
steps into the corridor. He is wearing a gray, rumpled  
suit. He looks at Maxwell for a beat. This is  
NELSON COREY.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

(holograph)

So, Mr. Maxwell...you seem to have an interest in my desert property.

MAXWELL

(blindfolded;  
holograph)

Who are you?

COREY

(holograph)

...for now, let's just say I'm somebody you should try hard to please... Take him to interrogation.

The shaved heads lead Maxwell off.

Hinkley is looking at the holograph which is rotating right.

He's turning his head to the right to follow it while Pam is looking at Hinkley intently.

PAM

More little green men.

He looks over at her.

HINKLEY

This place belongs to Nelson Corey.

PAM

Oh no.

HINKLEY

Why would one of the richest men in the world kidnap Bill Maxwell?

PAM

You go in there, you know what's going to happen? You're gonna be sent away for so long when you get out, that suit is gonna actually be in style.

(CONTINUED)

HINKLEY

Backe said that something terrible was about to happen. He told Bill we had to accept the responsibility.

There is a moment. Finally, Hinkley sets the hand brake and gets out of the car.

HINKLEY

Listen, Pam...drive down the road and wait for me. If I'm not back in forty-five minutes, call the cops.

PAM

You hit your head. You're not thinking straight.

HINKLEY

(strong)

Do what I'm telling you!

She looks at him for a long beat.

HINKLEY

I can't take much more of this. I'm on the level, here. I didn't ask for this, but I got it. Now, are you gonna help me or not?

She slides over in the car. He smiles at her.

HINKLEY

Look at it this way...you're already one step up on Lois Lane. She never found out who Clark Kent really was.

She pins him with a stare.

HINKLEY

Not funny?

A long beat as they look at one another.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (3)

156

PAM

My mom and dad are coming out  
from Michigan next week. They  
want to meet you.

(a beat)

Let's try the little suit and  
the Lois Lane joke on them. I'm  
sure they're going to love it.

She puts the car in gear and backs out. Hinkley stands  
there and regards the high, fortress-like gates and  
surrounding fences.

157 ANGLE - TOP WIRE

157

There is no way to climb over.

158 RESUME - HINKLEY

158

He looks at it for a beat, then takes three giant  
steps backwards and makes a running jump at the wall.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY

159

This is his second flight and not much better. He  
goes up fine, levels off, tries to come down, goes  
into a right-hand roll and lands head-first in the  
dirt on the other side of the wall.

160 ANGLE - HINKLEY

160

His head is spinning...almost unconscious.

HINKLEY

Damn...

After a beat, he shakes it off, feels a new lump rising  
and slowly gets to his feet and starts across the lawn.  
Two guards exit the house and...

160A ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY

160A

Super-fast he turns and runs. He must be going almost  
fifty as he retreats to where he was before.

160B ANGLE - THE GUARDS 160B

They haven't seen Hinkley. As they move past the tree where Hinkley was hiding, they react to something on the ground.

160C GUARDS' POV 160C

A two-inch burn that Hinkley cut in the lawn when he made tracks. They don't know what to make of it.

160D EXT. HOUSE - ANGLE HINKLEY - DAY 160D

He is looking at the house, trying to find Maxwell and he starts to get holographic images of the different rooms in the house. They switch quickly, like channels on a TV set...bedroom, living room, bathroom, etc. Bill doesn't appear to be in the house, but Hinkley's sensation of being able to go from room to room through the holographic images is terrific.

160E ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY 160E

HINKLEY  
Now we're cookin'.

CUT TO:

161 OMITTED 161  
thru thru  
166 166

167 EXT. INTERROGATION BUILDING - DAY 167

a small block building off from the main house...no windows or doors...obviously you get in from underground passages.

168 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 168

Maxwell is tied to a chair. Several of the shaved heads are moving in the room.

BROTHER MICHAEL  
We're offering you a chance to come to grips with your eventual salvation.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

MAXWELL

You guys are as religious as  
a Vegas nightclub act.

BROTHER MICHAEL

It won't help you to antagonize  
us. It will all be over by eight  
tonight...we'll be in control.

MAXWELL

Of what?

BROTHER MICHAEL

You'll find out when the rest  
of the world does. That is, if  
you're still among the living.

MAXWELL

Boy, you make me sick. Buncha  
political terrorists hiding out...  
playing religion. People don't  
figure you're stashing grenades  
and sub-machine guns. And now  
this freak-o Nelson Corey...he's  
backing you. Why? What've you  
got sewed in your sea bags?

Brother Michael turns and nods at one of the other shaved  
heads.

BROTHER MICHAEL

What we want to know, Brother  
William, is how many people know  
the location of that desert  
property and how much information  
you've turned over to your superiors.

He moves toward him with the cattle prod.

MAXWELL

You ain't gettin' anything from me.  
Take your best shot.

BROTHER MICHAEL

The Lord works in mysterious ways,  
His wonders to perform!

MAXWELL

So does the ever-loving FBI,  
buster.

BROTHER MICHAEL

The Lord works in mysterious  
ways, His wonders to behold!

MAXWELL

So does the ever-loving FBI,  
buster.

- 169 EXT. BUILDING - ANGLE ON HINKLEY - DAY 169
- Through the walls he sees the scene going on inside. Maxwell is touched with the prod and he reacts... the SNAPPING SOUND part of Hinkley's vision.
- 170 ANGLE - HINKLEY 170
- He's not sure what to do. He has to get in but there are no doors or windows.
- HINKLEY
- Here goes nothing.
- He charges the wall at a full run. At the last moment, he covers his head with his arms like a fullback going through a line, not sure whether he's going to get cold-cocked or not.
- 171 INT. INTERROGATION CENTER - DAY 171
- as the stones explode inward and, like the Hulk going through a brick wall, Hinkley crashes into the room, leaving a gaping hole in the side of the building. Brother Michael turns in time to see a fist take him out, then the other shaved head in the room looks at Hinkley...his eyes wide with fear. He backs away, grabs for a sub machine gun, is about to turn it on. Hinkley when Hinkley takes him out with a push. that sends him more than the required distance. \*
- MAXWELL
- Untie me. Quick!
- As this is happening, ALARM BELLS start RINGING all over the place.
- CUT TO:
- 172 EXT. THE MANSION - FRONT DOOR - DAY 172
- The doors fly open and several shaved heads run out with guns and jump into a dune buggy and ROAR off. More come running around the side of the house, all with guns at port arms. They run in step...a well-trained bunch.
- 173 INT. INTERROGATION CENTER - DAY 173
- Hinkley has Maxwell untied.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

MAXWELL

\*

Jeeze-Louise, look at you.  
Long Johns and a cape through  
walls already! What else  
does it do?

HINKLEY

Lay off, okay. It's kinda  
learn-as-you go. Let's get  
outta here.

He grabs Maxwell and pulls him out through the opening  
and they take off running.

174 ANGLE - THE CHASE

174

as Gabriel's Army ROARS around the estate in jeeps.

175 OMITTED

175

176 EXT. FOOT OF PROPERTY

176

Hinkley and Maxwell run along the wall.

MAXWELL

How do we get out?

HINKLEY

Fly, I guess.

MAXWELL

Can you carry me?

HINKLEY

I don't know, I have this  
little problem...I seem to  
yaw or pitch to the right and  
then when I correct it...

The dune buggies are heading toward them.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

MAXWELL

Explain it to me later. Let's  
get outta here.

Hinkley grabs Maxwell around the waist and throws  
him up into a fireman's carry. Hinkley takes his  
three running steps and jump and sure as shit, he  
takes off.

But if he was aerodynamically fucked up before, now  
he's a disaster. He takes off straight upwards,  
carrying Maxwell and we:

177  
and  
178

OMITTED

177  
and  
178

179 INTERCUT MAXWELL'S FACE

179

Abject horror as Hinkley begins to roll sideways in  
flight. He clears the wall and they come down  
head first...only Maxwell is on the bottom and he  
literally gets his head rammed in the dirt and goes  
out like a light.

180 EXT. OUTSIDE OF WALL

180

Hinkley jumps up and tries to get Maxwell on his feet,  
but he's very woozy, coming to slowly.

MAXWELL

What the hell'd you do that  
for?

HINKLEY

I told you I got major control  
problems.

(a beat)

I can't steer.

181  
and  
182

OMITTED

181  
and  
182

183 RESUME - HINKLEY AND MAXWELL

183

as they get to their feet and run toward the V.W. Pam has had the good sense to put the convertible top up. Hinkley helps the still-dazed Maxwell into the back of the vehicle, then he jumps behind the wheel, bumping Pam over.

PAM

What's going on?

HINKLEY

We're hot. Hold on.

184 ANGLE - HINKLEY

184

He puts the V.W. in a tight U-turn and takes off back down the road, passing the main gate and away.

185 OMITTED

185

186 EXT. V.W. - RUNBY - DAY

186

as they come out of the canyon and head down the Coast Highway, blending in with the traffic.

CUT TO:

187 OMITTED

187

188 INT. MANSION - DAY

188

A huge pair of double doors open and we are somewhere underground in something like a war room in the bowels of the mansion. The double doors are held open by two shaved heads, and Nelson Corey moves into the room. The room is huge with three TV monitors on a huge wall manned by ten or fifteen shaved heads, a long conference table with high-backed chairs and a huge map of L.A.

COREY

We've been breached. Maxwell got away...a second man who was on the property managed to avert security.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

Corey moves over to the map and looks at it carefully.

COREY

Push the button on L.A. and notify the others we are in motion. Phase one. Five hours to confrontation. Find out where the President is and keep me apprised of his movements hourly. And have the Vice President brought here immediately.

Several of the shaved heads are sitting at a panel in front of the TV screens with phones in front of them.

CUT TO:

189 INT. VW - DAY

189

as they zip down the Coast Highway.

MAXWELL

My head feels like twenty pounds of Silly Putty. Next time we go flying together, try not to use me as the landing pad, please.

\*

190 ANGLE - PAM

190

She looks in the rear mirror at this guy. She starts to say something, stops. She may have two nuts on her hands.

191 ANGLE - HINKLEY

191

HINKLEY

I've got a bad rudder problem.  
Unless I get the hang of it  
fast, I'm gonna have to drop  
flying from my repertoire.

PAM

(forced nonchalance)

So...you guys went flying?  
Both of you?

Maxwell looks at her.

MAXWELL

She knows? Who is this?  
Who are you?

HINKLEY

(nods)

Pam Davidson, my attorney...  
this is Bill Maxwell. We're  
in the super hero business  
together.

MAXWELL

Hello...what attorney...you're  
too pretty.

He shakes her hand, then goes back to rubbing his head.  
They drive in silence for a moment, then:

MAXWELL

(continuing)

My son, the flyer! The magic  
suit really works! I mean,  
putting aside the barrel-roll  
problem, it really son-of-a-  
gun works. What kinda material  
is that? What if we had a  
hundred of 'em?

He looks at Hinkley.

HINKLEY

It's loaded with problems. It's  
driving me nuts. Like what'm I  
supposed to do with my street  
clothes?

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

MAXWELL

Street clothes?!

HINKLEY

That was my best herringbone  
sport coat...my favorite pair  
of earth shoes.

MAXWELL

We got us a Class-A security  
situation and you're crying  
about street clothes!

HINKLEY

(a beat)

Superman used to leave his  
stuff in phone booths and  
come back for them later...

MAXWELL

So?

HINKLEY

Try that today, it gets ripped  
off in ten seconds.

MAXWELL

(shrugs)

Well...

HINKLEY

It's gonna cost me a fortune!

MAXWELL

(to Pam)

What's your interest in this  
enterprise, Miss Davidson...  
if I may ask?

PAM

Huh? Me? Oh, I'm just here to  
do the Lois Lane jokes and try  
and keep Ralph from ruining our  
lives. Other than that, I'm an  
attorney.

Maxwell looks at her for a long beat.

MAXWELL

(suspicious)

You're a feminist, I bet.

Pam looks at Hinkley with a puzzled expression.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

191

HINKLEY

Bill likes to get his labels on secure, so he won't lose his way during any semi-complicated discussions.

MAXWELL

Joe College gets off yet another smart remark.

HINKLEY

I pulled you outta there. How 'bout a 'well done' or 'here's to you, kid' instead of this John Wayne stuff.

MAXWELL

I think these little green guys, whoever they are, made one mistake. They gave the suit to the wrong guy. Twenty years in this game... and when the chips are down, they give the pigskin to you and old Maxwell gets the shovel -- again.

(a beat)

What'm I doin' hooked up with you? We couldn't agree on how to make Kool-Aid.

HINKLEY

Don't you love this guy? This is what's been standing between us and the forces of crime for twenty years. No wonder we're in trouble.

MAXWELL

All my life all I asked for was three hots and a cot and my government pension. And for that, I was willing to eat Korean mud, K-Rations and mortar shells. Then I joined the FBI and once again, ladies and gentlemen, I ate greasy burgers and dum-dum bullets. For what? So I could end up in this wonderful gum-ball machine with you.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (3)

191

HINKLEY

All I need right now is  
another two-dollar haircut  
telling me where to go, how  
high to jump, and...

PAM

(screaming)

Shut up!

It's so loud that it takes them by surprise.

PAM

(continuing)

Pull over up there, off the  
road.

191A ANGLE - HINKLEY

191A

He pulls up the road. Everybody is seething.

192 EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY

192

off the road and secluded. Pam exits the car. Hinkley  
and Maxwell sit there like a couple of sulking kids.

PAM

Come on, both of you...out!

They look up.

PAM

(continuing)

You make me want to cry, Ralph.  
That suit is ridiculous. I'm  
standing here and my life is  
going right down the drain. My  
parents come in from Michigan  
next week. I'm struggling to  
get you a postponement on the  
custody case...and all you can  
think of is the Earth shoes  
you lost when you went flying!

(to Bill)

And you...you, Mr. Maxworth...

MAXWELL

Maxwell...

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

PAM

...you're sitting back there  
waving the flag and moaning  
about some silly pension.  
Nobody's talking to anybody.  
I've had it!

She slams the car door and moves off under a tree. They  
sit there. Finally Maxwell looks at Hinkley.

MAXWELL

Hold it! She's right. We're  
fragmented here. We lack  
organization. Parameters.  
We need command decisions,  
and we need them now. Command  
decisions happen to be my fort.  
Now...ah...

HINKLEY

That's forté.

Maxwell shoots him a stare.

HINKLEY

(continuing)  
I also teach English.

Hinkley gets out of the car and moves over to Pam.

193 ANOTHER ANGLE

193

Hinkley moves over to Pam.

HINKLEY

Look, Pam...I know you think  
I'm nuts, but I'm not. Believe  
me.

PAM

Super powers. Good God, Ralph...  
how can you be serious?

Hinkley moves over to the front of the VW in which Maxwell  
is still seated and leans over and picks it up.

MAXWELL

Hold it! No offense, kid!  
You can make some decisions!  
Whatta you doing?!

Maxwell clambers out of the car. Pam stands there, her  
jaw agape. After a moment, her knees buckle and she  
faints.

194 ANGLE - MAXWELL

194

He looks at Pam for a beat, then moves to her and takes her pulse.

195 ANGLE - HINKLEY AND MAXWELL

195

As they kneel over Pam, Hinkley fans her with his cape.

MAXWELL

(re: cape)

Will you stop that?! It lacks dignity!

She comes to and looks at Hinkley.

PAM

How did you...?

There is a long beat as he looks at her.

HINKLEY

It's the suit. It is. Don't ask me how it works, because...

MAXWELL

He lost the instruction book, your friend.

PAM

Everything you said...everything about the saucer was true. You really have super powers...

HINKLEY

(depressed)

Yeah.

PAM

Whatta ya gonna do?

MAXWELL

Okay. Finally! A straight question... What are we gonna do??

(laughs)

Y'know the Russians are stomping us all over again in the arms race. It might as well be 1964. It's true. Just the fact that we have this suit could turn the whole cold war around.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

HINKLEY

It is not 1964. There is no  
cold war. What is the matter  
with you?

PAM

You hurt his head, remember.

MAXWELL

Try this scenario...once my  
boy, here, gets the hang of  
the flying, he could swoop  
in over the Adriatic, right  
across Turkey into the  
Leningrad Missile Complex.  
Raise hell with that program  
over there...maybe take a  
weekend off and knock out a  
nuke sub...their radar center  
in Stalingrad. How 'bout  
that?! I mean, we got some  
heavy military potential  
here. Set that commie bear  
back twenty years.

HINKLEY

Are you feeling better, Pam?

PAM

I guess, except I have a  
droning in my ear.

She sits up and looks at them both.

MAXWELL

You keep makin' the jokes,  
both of you. That's terrific.  
That really helps.

PAM

It's either that or break out  
crying. This finishes us,  
Ralph. How can I marry a  
guy in long johns and a cape?  
How do we work this into a  
successful marriage?

MAXWELL

(going on)

I heard the Reds got a laser  
cannon they're workin' on.  
How 'bout we go steal that  
little sucker? Huh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

You take out a whole wall, there,  
at the Prague Naval Laser Station,  
wrap that little baby in a  
blanket and I turn it over to  
our guys in Pensacola.

(laugh)

This thing has got some truly  
fire-breathing potential here.

Hinkley turns to Pam.

HINKLEY

Pam, I'm sorry, I know it's  
a bummer, but let's not just  
say it can't work.

PAM

I stay home and plant flowers  
in window boxes while you two  
spend the weekends knocking  
out laser centers and Russian  
subs...get serious...

HINKLEY

We're not gonna do that...  
we're not.

MAXWELL

Look, boys and girls...do you  
think we can put your marriage  
plans in the old foot locker  
until we get this Nelson Corey  
thing unscrambled? Something  
very big and very scary is  
going on.

There is a long beat and after a moment Pam nods her  
head.

MAXWELL

(continuing;  
most grave)

Okay. Okay! All right! I'm  
gonna brief the both of you on  
this subject, and we'll then  
brainstorm it...together!

He takes out some cigars and lights one and, after that,  
hands one to Hinkley.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: (3)

195

MAXWELL

The smoking lamp is now lit.

HINKLEY

Jeeze-Louise.

He lights the cigar and Pam looks at him, pacing around in the suit with a cigar. She can't help a smile. While this is going on, after a long beat, Maxwell launches into a background description.

MAXWELL

Me an' my late and lamented partner, Mr. Macke, found out that this buncha fanatics called Gabriel's Army were training with heavy weapons in the desert. We also had some G-2 that said that Nelson Corey was financing them. Question mark! My partner went out to see what he could find. Well, the property they were training on is owned by Corey. He's planning something. My partner found out what it was and they nailed him... before he could tell me.

There's a long beat as Hinkley looks at Maxwell.

PAM

Can we slow down? I'm still trying to adjust to all this.

MAXWELL

You can't get off a roller-coaster just 'cause it's going too fast, sweetheart.

HINKLEY

He's right. We're in this and we have to do something.

Maxwell looks over at Hinkley.

MAXWELL

Whoa! Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't that our first mutual thought?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: (4)

195

HINKLEY

I believe it is, Bill.

There is a beat as Maxwell smiles at him.

MAXWELL

Well, a ray of sunshine!

HINKLEY

The way I see it, we have until eight tonight. Something big is happening at eight tonight.

MAXWELL

If there was more time, we should go back to the desert, take it from that end...but we only got...

(checks watch)

...four hours.

There is a long beat.

MAXWELL

(continuing)

Now, ahh, I think we have to go back in there under cover of darkness. We don't know what's going on, but I'm sure gonna ram a crooked stick into this hornet's nest and turn it...or die trying!

PAM

(to Maxwell)

You are really very scarey, do you know that?

MAXWELL

Nah. Just your average down-home pussy-cat.

PAM

Well, I don't know about you guys, but I'm getting very very frightened.

(to Maxwell)

Can't we go to your superiors and get some help?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: (5)

195

MAXWELL

Oh, good. That's good. Whatta you wanna tell 'em, sweetheart? We saw a space ship? Ralph has some long underwear that makes him fly...around? That's a quick trip to a padded room. You already saw that.

HINKLEY

He's right. We gotta do this ourselves. Let's regroup at my house. They probably have yours staked out, Bill.

MAXWELL

I like the way you think, kid. Sometimes.

(looks at  
his watch)

The smoking lamp is now out.

PAM

That's good. The cigar was really fighting the suit, Ralph.

She reaches out and takes the CIGAR from Ralph and throws it into a small pond nearby. It HISSES as it hits the water and as it does, we:

MATCH CUT:

195A INT. HINKLEY'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON HISSING TEAPOT - NIGHT 195A

We begin PULL BACK and find that we are in Hinkley's kitchen. Maxwell and Pam are present. Hinkley is fastening the top button of his shirt. We SEE by the slight bulge that he is wearing the suit and cape under his street clothes. (NOTE: There is MUSIC from the RADIO in b.g.)

HINKLEY

(looking at himself  
in mirror)

Kinda ruins the lines. Bulges out.

MAXWELL

You called a baby sitter, right?

(looks at watch)

We gotta get outta here.

PAM

(hearing something)

Wait a minute.

HINKLEY

They'll be here...

PAM

(overlapping)

Shhh...

She moves to the radio and turns up the volume to hear the ANNOUNCER:

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...National Guard troops are moving in fast, seeking to gain control.

(a beat)

State Militia leader Col. David L. Shackelford stated that guard troops are quickly gaining the upper hand in the strife-torn areas of Los Angeles...

195B ANGLE - HINKLEY, PAM AND MAXWELL

195B

They move quickly out of the kitchen into the living room where they dive at the TV, snapping it on.

195C INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGLE - TV

195C

A picture of riots and burning buildings appears.

(CONTINUED)

195C CONTINUED:

195C

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

\*

...tension and unrest in these  
poverty areas of Los Angeles  
has long been a concern of  
officials here.

195D INT. WAR ROOM (COREY MANSION) - NIGHT

195D

A flurry of activity as Corey watches several TV  
monitors, pacing back and forth.

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

\*

What puzzles sources close to  
this area is that there were no  
early warnings. Vice President  
Adam Taft, in Los Angeles at the  
time, has called on the President  
to tour the troubled area. The  
Vice President has been outspoken  
in his feeling that blighted urban  
areas have not received additional  
Federal monies. The President is  
reported to be arriving for a  
helicopter tour of the area this  
evening. In the meantime, National  
Guard troops, learning from mistakes  
of the past, have moved in quickly  
and are gaining an upper hand.  
Preliminary damage estimates range  
in the multi-million dollar figures.  
Updates on this station as they occur.

Play the beat and

CUT TO:

195E INT. HINKLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

195E

as Maxwell snaps off the TV set.

MAXWELL

I've got a best-guess scenario  
if anybody gives a damn.

(CONTINUED)

195E CONTINUED:

195E

PAM

What's a best-guess scenario?

HINKLEY

It's just a hunch that nobody wants to be responsible for. Let's hear it.

MAXWELL

I think maybe this thing with Gabriel's Army may be connected to the riots in L.A. Let's try and dope out their scenario of operational objectives... Gabriel's army starts a riot... They burn down parts of L.A.

\*

HINKLEY

Okay. The President is coming to Los Angeles. Could they be trying to get him out here?

MAXWELL

It's certainly gotta be put in mix. And then there's four hours. We got us a clock, here, boy. Somebody is on a tight timetable, and it ain't us.

\*

PAM

Have you noticed how much of Adam Taft we've been seeing on TV lately? It's almost as if somebody is trying to redesign his image.

MAXWELL

Corey Nelson put some money behind Taft once. Seems to me I saw that in his eyes-only file at the bureau.

\*

(CONTINUED)

195E CONTINUED: (2)

195E

PAM

Are you saying that somebody is trying to kill the President of the United States to get Adam Taft in the Oval Office?

MAXWELL

We're just scannin' the operational scenarios looking for a little radioactivity.

\*

HINKLEY

We gotta find a way to warn the President. How do we do that?

MAXWELL

We gotta get some help. Maybe this guy Shackelford...he's running the show out here. He'd have to be in touch with Washington. Maybe we could cut through a lot of red tape if we took it to him.

\*

There is a long beat, then we HEAR a CAR SCREECH to a stop outside and the OPENING and CLOSING of CAR DOORS.

HINKLEY

That's Rhonda.

Hinkley moves to the front door, opens it as Rhonda, Tony, Cyler and the whole crowd move up the steps and into the house. Maxwell, in the living room, is out of sight of the group as they stream into the entry.

(CONTINUED)

195E CONTINUED: (3)

195E

HINKLEY

Thanks for coming over.

They look at him, shifting their feet.

TONY

I mean, whatta you think you're doin' here, Mr. H.? Is this some kinda psychology do-hickey here? We're supposed to be all grateful or something 'cause we're baby sittin' your kid?

RHONDA

So you want us to baby sit? Really?

Hinkley nods.

HINKLEY

It's no big deal. I was just thinking you guys could stay with Kevin. He'll be home in about twenty minutes. I'll pay you three bucks an hour.

There is a long beat.

TONY

(looks toward  
kitchen)

You got any beer in there?

Hinkley looks at him for a beat, shakes his head...but now Tony spots Maxwell.

TONY

Hey, hey, lookee here...the guy from the whaddayacallit. I don't like this guy, Mister H.

HINKLEY

Tony Villicana, I'd like to have you meet Bill Maxwell. He's with the Federal Government.

Tony takes a step toward him and freezes and rocks there on his heels for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

195E CONTINUED: (4)

195E

MAXWELL

(savage smile)

How's your draft status, kid?  
You registered yet?

There is a beat.

TONY

(a smile)

I like him now, Mr. H. He's  
Grade-A government beef, this guy.

MAXWELL

Let's get outta here.

There is a long beat and Hinkley, Pam and Maxwell  
start to head out.

CYLER

Hey, Mr. H. You hear about  
the riots downtown? The whole  
place is going up again...  
fire, looting, the works.

HINKLEY

Yeah. We heard. We gotta go.

They exit and we STAY with Tony and Rhonda, et al.

TONY

Man, this is something...baby  
sitters. I mean, if it gets  
out, I'm ruined.

RHONDA

Doesn't it mean anything to you  
that he's trusting us with his  
own son? I mean, I'm getting  
real tired a'being trash.

TONY

You ain't trash, Rhonda.

RHONDA

But that's the way everybody  
treats me. Everybody except him.

She turns and moves into the kitchen. Tony looks at  
Cyler, who's grinning.

TONY

You say something, chump?

(CONTINUED)

195E CONTINUED: (5)

195E

CYLER

She's right, Tony.

CAMERA ANGLES on Tony. He looks after Rhonda for a long beat and then we --

CUT TO:

196  
thru  
223

OMITTED

196  
thru  
223

224 EXT. NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

224

as the VW pulls up to the guard on duty and Maxwell leans toward him.

225 OMITTED

225

226 INT. NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS - CLOSE SHOT -  
COL. SHACKELFORD

226

He is a butch-cut square-jaw who has very little humor. CAMERA WIDENS to include Maxwell, Hinkley, and Pam.

SHACKELFORD

Normally I'd say this is nuts, but it does dove-tail with some G-2 of my own. We've taken two members of Gabriel's Army and we questioned them under pentathol. We didn't get as much as we'd hoped, but we do suspect that this riot was only phase one in some larger plan.

(CONTINUED)

226 CONTINUED:

226

He looks at his watch.

SHACKELFORD

We better warn the President.  
He's already in L.A. We've  
got an hour or more. We'll  
use the staff car.

\*

He exits the office fast, Hinkley, Maxwell and Pam  
on his tail.

227 EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

227

Col. Shackelford, Hinkley, Maxwell and Pam move  
quickly out of the command center to a waiting car.  
Pam and Hinkley get in the front seat with the driver.

228 EXT. COLONEL'S STAFF CAR - DAY

228

It rolls across the pavement and out onto the highway.

228A EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - CAR - DAY

228A

as it moves along the highway.

228B INT. CAR - NIGHT

228B

Pam, Hinkley and Maxwell are seated in the back.  
Col. Shackelford is in the front with his driver.

MAXWELL

Where we headin'?

\*

SHACKELFORD

Just relax, Mr. Maxwell.

228C ANGLE -HINKLEY

228C

He looks into the rear-view mirror at the reflection  
of the driver who is wearing mirrored glasses, and  
who has a shaved head.

(CONTINUED)

228C CONTINUED:

228C

HINKLEY

Oh-oh...I think there's a piece  
we forgot to put into the  
operational objective scenario.

MAXWELL

Huh?

On that Col. Shackelford, in a lazy, fluid motion,  
aims his service revolver at them.

PAM

Oh no. Not you too.

COL. SHACKELFORD

Just sit quiet, all of you. It  
will be over in a very short while.

Maxwell looks at him for a beat, then slams his fist  
onto the armrest.

MAXWELL

Dumb. Real dumb. I shoulda seen  
that. You're in it. You'd have  
to be. You're the third spoke in  
the wheel. The whole National  
Guard is in on it.

Maxwell looks at Shackelford who smiles at him.

SHACKELFORD

Not the whole guard...just me  
and my aide.

There's a beat.

MAXWELL

You stink, mister. You know that?

Shackelford smiles at him benignly and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

228D EXT. COREY MANSION - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

228D

It swings open and the Colonel's staff car pulls up  
the drive, which is guarded by shaved heads with  
automatic weapons.

228E ANGLE - MANSION - NIGHT

228E

lit up...imposing...also guarded. This looks like a command  
post headquarters, and it is. They enter the house and we:

CUT TO:

229  
thru OMITTED  
232

229  
thru  
232

233 INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

233

The activity that we've seen here before is now heightened with shaved heads running about. The doors open and the Colonel strides in with his radioman, followed by Hinkley, Davidson and Maxwell, handcuffed and held at gunpoint by four shaved heads.

234 ANGLE - NELSON COREY

234

He turns and looks at his watch as Shackelford approaches.

COREY

You people have caused me quite a bit of concern.

HINKLEY

It's not going to work.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

COREY

You're...?

HINKLEY

Ralph Hinkley.

COREY

(to Shackelford)

A fed...what? Who is he? Who  
does he work for?

HINKLEY

I work for Whitney High School.  
I'm a special ed teacher.

Corey is nonplussed by that.

COREY

Get 'em out. I want them  
debriefed and I want a report  
in twenty minutes.He turns his back on them and they're led out of the  
war room.235  
and  
236

OMITTED

235  
and  
236

237 RESUME HINKLEY AND OTHERS

237

as they are pushed out under a huge countdown clock which  
reads: Zero hour plus twenty-three minutes, and it's  
counting down. The doors close behind them. We STAY ON  
Corey, who turns and moves through the double doors  
with Col. Shackelford.

238 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

238

Corey closes the doors as Taft gets to his feet.  
Adam Taft is nervous. He looks at Corey Nelson, then  
at the Colonel.

TAFT

Well, I certainly didn't expect  
it to end this way, I...

COREY

Relax, Adam. In an hour, you'll  
be on a plane headed for Washington  
to be sworn in as President.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

Corey stares at Taft so unrelentlessly that Taft just stops.

COREY

Make the call now, Adam. He's at the Beverly Sherwin Hotel. There's the phone.

Taft moves to the phone like a man with lead shoes. He picks up the receiver and dials a number off a slip of paper in his hand.

TAFT

Arthur...It's Adam. May I speak with the President?

There is a long pause. He looks at Corey.

TAFT

Sir, it's Adam. I'm with Corey Nelson, at his house. I'd like to go with you when you tour the area.

(a beat)

Yes sir. If you could land here and pick me up, I'd appreciate it. Yes. There's a heliport. Your pilot knows the coordinates. Thank you. Good-bye.

He hangs up the phone and looks at Nelson and smiles.

COREY

Well?

TAFT

He'll land here in twenty-five minutes to pick me up.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: (2)

238

COREY

Once he's landed, he and his party will be taken prisoners. Colonel Shackelford will fly him out over the ocean, disable the ship, bail out and we will have ourselves a new President.

He slaps Adam on the back.

COREY

Right, Adam?

Adam looks at him and manages a weak smile as we...

CUT TO:

239 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

239

Maxwell, Hinkley and Davidson are being led through an almost medieval underground passage. They pass in front of a door with a huge lock. The SHAVED HEAD who is leading them opens it. They are pushed in.

240 INT. SMALL CELL-LIKE ROOM

240

Stone walls, no windows, a single overhead bulb. The door is closed and locked behind them.

SHAVED HEAD'S VOICE

Get Brother Paul. Tell him to bring his things. We'll start with the girl.

241 ANGLE - HINKLEY, MAXWELL AND PAM

241

as they stand there and listen to the departing FOOT-  
STEPS.

PAM

'Start with the girl'?

HINKLEY

(re handcuffs)

I'll just bust out of these.

He forces his muscles to break the handcuffs, but it's no good. He can't do it.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

PAM

Is there something wrong? Try again.

He tries again. Nothing.

MAXWELL

I wish you hadn't lost that damned instruction book.

HINKLEY

Maybe it doesn't work when the super suit's covered up.

Pam looks at them.

PAM

I don't believe this. Ralph...

HINKLEY

Hey, stop acting like it's my fault!

MAXWELL

Kneel down. Come on, Pam... Let's get him undressed.

With their hands cuffed behind them, they start to take off Hinkley's civilian suit.

After a beat, they get his shirt off. As soon as it's off, he breaks the cuffs easily.

Hinkley is taking off his pants and shoes and he's down to his full Superman regalia. OVER the following:

MAXWELL

According to that clock in the war room, we've got about twenty minutes.

\*

HINKLEY

You think this guy Corey might be a Red? Maybe some kinda agent ...provocateur...?

\*

MAXWELL

He's a billionaire. Get serious. He wants to rig this government to favor his business interests. He's a megalomaniac.

\*

There is a minute.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED: (2)

241

MAXWELL

I'm in command here. Are we solid on that?

Hinkley looks at him.

HINKLEY

Let's get that light.

He's looking around, trying to figure a way to turn the light off. He jumps up to it a couple of times... can't reach it.

HINKLEY

Gimme that shoe.

PAM

Why don't you just fly up and unscrew it?

They're both looking at him.

HINKLEY

I'm not a moth! I can't just fly up there and hover...I don't think.

Hinkley is getting annoyed. He throws his wing-tips at the bulb and shatters it, throwing the room into darkness.

CUT TO:

242 ANGLE - THE CORRIDOR

242

as Brother Paul and four shaved heads carrying a cattle prod and other paraphernalia reach the door. He motions the door and they unlock it and kick it open.

243 THEIR POV - THE ROOM

243

It is dark. They move in.

244 INT. DARKENED ROOM 244

Lit only by the light from the corridor, the shaved heads move in fast.

245 INT. CORRIDOR 245

We hear a COMMOTION, fists hitting, grunts, and then one by one the shaved heads are thrown out in the corridor with Brother Paul on top. After a beat, out comes Ralph carrying the cattle prod. Pam and Maxwell follow. They quickly drag the shaved heads back into the interrogation room.

CUT TO:

246 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER - NIGHT 246

We SEE a party consisting of the President and his security people moving to the helicopter and boarding it. The PRESIDENT will be a gray-haired, distinguished man shown from the back. The helicopter will have the Presidential Seal. It lifts off of the hotel and sweeps away into the gathering darkness.

CUT TO:

247 INT. COREY MANSION CORRIDOR - NIGHT 247

The last of the shaved heads have been dragged into the darkened room. Maxwell and Pam are in the corridor now, armed with the weapons taken from the guards. Hinkley comes out, closes and locks the door.

MAXWELL

You set up a disturbance and Pam and I will try and get the drop on Corey and Shackelford. If we make enough noise, maybe the local cops will come.

HINKLEY

If...? Maybe...? I hate to be a critic at this late date, but isn't that plan a little sketchy?

MAXWELL

Hell yes, it's sketchy. You got a better one just hitch up your long-johns and let's hear it.

(CONTINUED)

247 CONTINUED:

247

PAM

Somebody oughta keep the President  
from landing.

HINKLEY

She may have a good point there,  
Bill.

MAXWELL

(caught flat-footed)

Exactly. Exactly. That was the  
second part of my plan. That's  
your job. You buzz him, or  
something. Anything. Just do  
it.

HINKLEY

Buzz him? You mean fly at the  
helicopter?

Hinkley is really pissed. He grabs Maxwell by the arm  
and pulls him slightly out of Pam's earshot.

HINKLEY

(continuing;  
a hiss)

I'm Captain Crash! I navigate  
like I got hit by a can of Raid.  
This suit belongs in the  
Smithsonian. How'm I gonna  
buzz that chopper?

MAXWELL

I don't know. I don't have the  
instructions. That's your job...  
take it or leave it.

They hear FOOTSTEPS and they take off running, CAMERA  
FOLLOWING, until they get to the end of the corridor  
and they split up.

248 ANGLE - PAM AND MAXWELL

248

They run down the narrow corridor, their guns at port arms.

249 LOW ANGLE - HINKLEY

249

In his Superman suit with the cape flowing behind, he  
runs toward CAMERA and right over it as we --

CUT TO:

250 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL HELICOPTER - NIGHT

250

in flight. The sun is down now and the chopper is moving  
along the coast.

- 251 INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT 251
- as the Navy PILOT behind the controls is reading an Omii signal. He picks up a telephone.
- PILOT
- Notify the President that I have Mr. Corey's landing pad in sight -- We'll be setting down in less than a minute.
- He hangs up.
- CUT TO:
- 252 SELECTED CUTS - THE GROUND 252
- The dune buggies move in.  
Play the tension.
- 253 EXT. HELICOPTER - SHOOTING UP - NIGHT 253
- It's seen over the ocean, then slowly it lowers, its landing lights flick on and we play the suspense, not knowing where Ralph Hinkley is.
- 254 ANOTHER ANGLE - HELICOPTER 254
- as it lowers. It's about a hundred feet off the deck.
- 255 ANGLE - HINKLEY 255
- He exits the tunnel under the house and runs toward the camouflaged dune buggies that surround the heliport. The shaved heads look on in wonderment... Who is this asshole in the longies and cape!
- 256 NEW ANGLE - HINKLEY 256
- He grabs one of the portable landing lights bordering the heliport.
- 257 ANGLE - HUGE PORTABLE LIGHTS 257
- He yanks one off its mounting, runs to another and rips it off and, with one in each hand, he takes his three running steps and leaps into the air just as the first of the MACHINE GUNS starts CLATTERING at him.

258 ANGLE - HINKLEY

258

He zooms up toward the helicopter. He begins another out-of-control right-hand roll, streaking off course. He has no choice but to drop the right light, which shatters to the ground. With the extra weight on his left side, he begins to right himself and now he has the control he's wanted all along.

HINKLEY  
(total glee)  
Yaaaaaaahooooooooooooo!

He's doing what man has always wanted to do: fly. He streaks up toward the helicopter with the huge light in his left hand.

259 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

259

as the Navy Pilot looks at the light coming at him.

PILOT  
(into phone)  
We've got fast-approaching unidentified object. Tell the President I'm aborting.

He veers away to the right.

260 ANGLE - HINKLEY

260

He sweeps around the helicopter and out into the night.

HINKLEY  
Yippppppppeeeee!

He's deliriously happy. He's flying. He's got the fucking thing down at last!

261 EXT. FRONT OF MANSION - NIGHT

261

The door flies open and Shackelford and Corey exit on the run followed by several shaved heads. The President's helicopter is hovering out over the water, still in sight.

COREY  
(screaming)  
Don't let him get away! Shoot it down! Shoot the helicopter down!

(CONTINUED)

- 261 CONTINUED: 261
- The shaved heads turn their fifty calibres on the hovering helicopter and cut loose.
- 262 INT. COCKPIT - MARINE PILOT - NIGHT 262
- He sees the tracers coming at him.
- PILOT  
(into intercom)  
We're taking ground fire!
- He starts to pull back but he's not going to make it as the bullets slam into the Presidential helicopter.
- 263 ANGLE - HINKLEY 263
- He sees what is happening and, still holding the light, he circles back and streaks in front of the helicopter.
- 264 QUICK CUT - THE PILOT 264
- PILOT  
What the...
- 265 ANGLE - HINKLEY 265
- He shines the light down on the dune buggies.
- 266 SHACKELFORD 266
- He sees the light, mistakes it for the helicopter.
- SHACKELFORD  
The light! Go for the light!
- They fire on the light and knock it out. It has given the pilot the time he needed to pull the Presidential chopper to safety.
- 267 ANGLE - HINKLEY IN FLIGHT 267
- as he instinctively drops the shot-out light and, of course, as soon as he does, you know what happens.
- 268 ANOTHER ANGLE - HINKLEY 268
- Horrors. He's up too high.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

He's gonna eat it this time as he begins to peel off in a right roll.

HINKLEY

Nooooooooooooo...

He spins madly to earth, indeed like a fly hit by a can of Raid!

269 ANGLE - THE GROUND

269

The fifty-calibre machine guns fall silent. All of the shaved heads, along with Shackelford, watch in disbelief as he comes gliding in, head first. He hits down on his chest which, fortunately, is now made of steel and skids to a stop, avoiding a concussion by a whisker.

270 ANGLE - SHAVED HEADS

270

They begin to panic and as Shackelford and Corey make a move to get back inside, they run right into Pam and Maxwell who hold them at gunpoint.

MAXWELL

You're under arrest.

The screen is a frozen tableau...the shaved heads, still armed, look at Corey and Shackelford being held at gunpoint. Corey looks at the shaved heads.

COREY

(screaming)

Kill 'em! Kill 'em!

They open fire and the bullets bounce off him.

271 ANGLE - HINKLEY

271

He moves up from his crash site, cape billowing. One of the dune buggies charges him and he reaches out and flips it over. He heads toward the others just as the first sound of SIRENS begin to wail down the canyon road...sounds like a lot of cops are coming.

272 ANGLE - SHAVED HEADS

272

They are frozen for a moment, unsure of what to do. Then one of them jumps in his dune buggy and tries to make it to the gate. The others take off fast, heading toward the gate, leaving Corey and Shackelford under the tired eyes of Agent Maxwell.

273 ANGLE - GATES

273

as the dune buggies come head-to-head with fifteen or twenty police cars, red lights flashing. They skid to a halt and then we HEAR a COP'S VOICE on the bullhorn.

COP

Throw down your weapons. You're under arrest.

274 ANGLE - SHAVED HEADS

274

as, one by one, they throw down their weapons.

275 RESUME HINKLEY, MAXWELL AND SHACKELFORD

275

HINKLEY

I think I better get outta here before the cops come. Can you handle it?

MAXWELL

I'll manage.

\*

There is a beat as Maxwell and Pam nod. Hinkley gathers his cape around him and, with as much dignity as the suit will permit, runs to the helicopter pad, grabs a landing light for a ballast, takes his three running steps and takes off, zipping out over the gates and out of sight toward the ocean beyond.

276 ANGLE - PAM

276

looking up at him.

PAM

Look at him.

\*

MAXWELL

(a smile)

I got a terrific scenario brewin'. In a couple a weeks them Reds are gonna wonder what hit 'em.

And then, from the distance, maybe we'll hear his voice drifting back on the night air.

HINKLEY'S VOICE

(very faint)

Yaaaahooooooooo!

And then he streaks past CAMERA and out over the water. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him out into the night and then COMES TO REST ON the moon. HOLD ON that for several moments, and:

DISSOLVE TO:

276A INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

276A

Hinkley is shooting baskets with Tony alongside carrying a newspaper.

TONY

'At still don't explain it, Mr. H. I mean, okay, I can see what they're saying here about this guy Nelson trying to kill the pres. But the thing I don't get is these reports about this, like, whaddya-call-it, this thing that was flying around and everything. I mean these shaved-headed guys say they saw a guy flying around...

HINKLEY

Do you believe that Tony?

Tony stops.

HINKLEY

I mean, really...like in the funnies? A guy flying around in a cape catching villains.

TONY

It's kinda far-fetched, isn't it? But this guy Maxwell...I mean, he's the flat top from the diner out there in the desert. Your friend. He called the cops in. I just figured maybe you had some inside dope.

HINKLEY

Not me. I'm just teaching school, that's all.

There is a beat as Tony looks at him. They start walking again.

TONY

Rhonda says she wants to get back to high school in the fall. What d'ya think?

HINKLEY

I think it's a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

276A CONTINUED:

276A

TONY

She wouldn't be with us, then.  
Y'know, she'd be some kinda  
cheer leader with them straights.

There is a long beat.

HINKLEY

There's nothing wrong with  
being straight. I'm straight.

TONY

You? You? Hey, come on, Mistah  
H...you're different. I'm diggin'  
where you're comin' from.

He extends his hand and Hinkley shakes it.

HINKLEY

Since we're digging each other,  
here, I'm missing some stuff at  
my house. You were babysitting  
Kevin, I thought maybe you'd  
seen it.

TONY

(innocent)

Like, what you missin', Mistah H?

HINKLEY

My pocket calculator...little  
transistor thing.

TONY

I think I could maybe run that  
down for you. No promises, but I  
got good connections. What else?

HINKLEY

My little transistor radio and  
gold pen and pencil set...cuff  
links...stuff like that.

Hinkley looks at him for a long beat and then Tony nods  
his head and starts up the car.

TONY

How come you don't call the  
cops on me? That's what Mr.  
Buck woulda done.

There is a long beat as Hinkley looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

276A CONTINUED: (2)

276A

HINKLEY

If I tell you, I'm gonna sound like a sucker.

TONY

Tell me, I gotta know.

HINKLEY

I think you're worth more than the stuff you took. So, turning you in is a bad deal for both of us. I'd feel guilty you end up with a record.

There is a long beat.

TONY

You're not a bad guy, Mistah H. But that don't make much sense.

There is a beat, then Tony moves away and Hinkley continues on down the corridor. Tony turns back and calls:

TONY

See ya in the funny papers, right Mistah H?

HOLD on Hinkley's face and

CUT TO:

277 EXT. DIRT ROAD - ANGLE HEADLIGHTS - NIGHT

277

The car pulls up the road and parks.

278 INT. CAR - HINKLEY AND PAM

278

They sit there for a long beat.

PAM

Why do we have to meet way up here?

\*

HINKLEY

Maxwell said to meet him up here. I gotta tell you everything this guy does is like a page from the Dick Tracy Crime Stoppers handbook.

(reacts to something)

The old flashing headlight gag.

279 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAXWELL'S CAR

279

off some distance. The headlights blink twice. Hinkley responds by blaring his horn twice. Maxwell scrambles out of his car and runs across the small deserted road and up to the car.

MAXWELL

Whatta you doing?! Don't honk your horn. This is a security hookup.

\*

HINKLEY

Look, Bill, can we knock off the cloak and dagger stuff?

MAXWELL

You know we almost blew it there. People sayin' that they saw a guy flying around. Fortunately they got written off as nutsy coo-coos. But the young lady, here, says a P.I. got a picture a you in the suit. I gotta find a nice way to clean that guy's windshield. What I'm sayin' is we gotta start doing this my way, that's all. I call it. I run it. We start running a squeaky clean operation. Okay? Some scenarios.

\*

HINKLEY

Oh boy...come on, Bill. Let's not have any scenarios.

MAXWELL

We gotta get you buckled into this full time. First off you quit your job at the school.

HINKLEY

I'm not quitting. How am I supposed to eat. Go down to the welfare office and stand in the superhero line. I need the job. I like teaching.

MAXWELL

You call sitting on an ashcan cover a job?

HINKLEY

I'm real tired, Bill...and quite frankly, I don't know that I wanna let you call the shots.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

279

MAXWELL

Son, I can understand that but, well, if I wasn't meant to run this show, why do you think those saucer people put me aboard?

PAM

Comic relief?

Maxwell glances at her for a beat.

MAXWELL

I woulda preferred to be the glory guy...the guy with the suit. But instead, I'm gonna have to be the brains.

Maxwell looks at him. There is a moment when Hinkley starts to respond.

MAXWELL

No, wait, let me finish here. I been giving this a lot of thought. More correctly, I been giving you a lot of thought, Hinkley.

(a beat)

Without getting mushy, I'd like to tell you that even though I started out thinking you were a beach boy...I gotta admit I come to kinda respect what you did on this caper...

HINKLEY

Oh. Really? Hey, thank you.

MAXWELL

Yeah. I mean you stood in there... you pulled your weight, son. You charged that helicopter. You got the job done...and, well, it kinda made me proud that you and I could maybe stand for somethin' here.

HINKLEY

Hey, Bill, that's nice...

MAXWELL

Yeah. It is. I also been thinking about my cold war scenario... I was wrong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED: (2)

279

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

\*

There's plenty trouble right here in the old USA, and maybe we oughta sweep out our own tent before we clean up somebody else's. So, for a while, we'll concentrate on local stuff...

(a beat)

I'm proud to have you on my team, son. Scenario's oh-nine-hundred tomorrow. My place.

He reaches out and Hinkley shakes his hand and we HEAR a BONE CRUNCH.

279A ANGLE - MAXWELL'S FACE

279A

It freezes, but shows no pain. He gets a glassy stare and a fixed smile.

279B ANGLE - HINKLEY

279B

as he looks down at the hand.

HINKLEY

Hey, I'm sorry. I still got the suit on under...

MAXWELL

(through his teeth)

It's okay, boy. No sweat.

PAM

I thought I heard a bone snap there, Bill. Maybe we should get it X-rayed.

MAXWELL

\*

Nothin' snapped.

He moves to the car door, tries to open it with what is obviously a busted hand, can't do it.

HINKLEY

(getting the door)

Gee, I'm sorry, Bill. I'm really sorry.

(CONTINUED)

279B CONTINUED:

279B

MAXWELL  
(frozen smile)  
Nothing. It's nothing. Well,  
I think I'll pull out.

He's really in pain as he starts toward his car. Pam closes the door, enters the driver's side and starts the engine.

280  
thru OMITTED  
282

280  
thru  
282

283 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

283

as the VW starts to move.

284 INT. VW - NIGHT

284

The radio switches itself on and the car, all of a sudden, loses power and coasts to a stop next to Maxwell.

284A INT. VW - NIGHT

284A

HINKLEY  
Any of this feel familiar to  
you, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

284A CONTINUED:

284A \*

Bill's eyes are wide. He hates this shit. Pam is looking out the window as the two basketball-sized lights stop and hover. Then, in the midst of the wind-storm, the mother ship lowers itself into view...not as close as before...it's perhaps a mile up, but you can see it.

285 INT. V.W. ANGLE - RADIO

285

It starts to switch stations. It stops on a station only long enough to pick up a word from each announcer in the middle of his speech...so that the sentence is composed of many different voices.

RADIO

(men, women,  
song fragments)

You...have...done...well...we...  
are...satisfied...you...should...  
try...power...of...

And there is a long moment as the radio searches and then finds the word in the mouth of a woman weather-caster.

RADIO

Invisible...good...luck.

And the radio shuts off.

HINKLEY

Powers of invisibility...what...  
what...

As the basketball-sized lights pull away, the mother ship is already a receding dot. Hinkley exits the car.

286 EXT. CAR - ON HINKLEY

286

HINKLEY

What powers of invisibility?  
How do you do it? I lost the  
book. Hey, come back. Come  
back!

287 INT. CAR - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW

287

PAST Maxwell and Pam toward Hinkley who is gesturing wildly.

(CONTINUED)

287 CONTINUED:

287

Maxwell looks at Pam and shakes his head. The car starts to coast slightly toward Hinkley.

MAXWELL

\*

Why don't you pull your handbrake,  
miss, and I'll go on over and  
pull his.

She does as Maxwell gets out of the car and, with all three of them IN THE SHOT, Hinkley still waving his arms at the sky, we FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END