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THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THE TRIAL OF JACK MC GEE

by

Alan Cassidy

#55440

THE INCREDIBLE HULK
THE TRIAL OF JACK McGEE

CAST

DAVID BANNER
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
JACK McGEE

RUDY FRESCO
MR. PRUSA
EVERETT TRUNDLE
EDDIE BRISCOE
JOHNNY
FRANK
LEO DREXEL
MR. STRICKLAND
PSYCHIATRIST
JUDGE
MARK ROBERTS
MRS. TRUNDLE
SAM JORDAN
BELLHOP
COP #1
COP #2
JAILER
ANCHORMAN
BRIDGET MURPHY
RADIO NEWSMAN
BAILIFF
CAB DRIVER
POLICE OFFICER
REPORTER

SILENT

ELDERLY WOMAN
JURY
2 TRUNDLE CHILDREN
THE VAGRANT
THE DOPER
THE GALLERY

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THE TRIAL OF JACK MCGEE

SETS

INTERIORS

HOTEL LOBBY
MANAGER'S OFFICE
SHED
DAVID'S APARTMENT
TRUNDLE'S HOUSE
COUNTY JAIL
DAVID'S CELL
McGEE'S CELL
JAIL CORRIDOR
VISITORS' ROOM
COURTROOM
JURY ROOM
CAB

EXTERIORS

MIAMI BEACH (STOCK)
RESORT HOTEL (STOCK)
COTTAGES
HOTEL
HOTEL ENTRANCE
CITY NEIGHBORHOOD (STOCK)
PHONE BOOTH
TRUNDLE'S HOME
NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE
ANOTHER NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE
DRIVEWAY
COUNTY JAIL (STOCK)
THUGS' CAR
COURTHOUSE
DOWNTOWN
SEATTLE (STOCK)
SIDE STREET
DAVID'S APARTMENT
CAB

THE INCREDIBLE HULK
THE TRIAL OF JACK MC GEE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | ESTABLISHING MIAMI BEACH - DAY - (STOCK) | 1 |
| | The luxurious Gold Coast hotels mirror the Atlantic. | |
| 2 | EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY - (SERIES OF STOCK SHOTS) | 2 |
| | Bikini'd beauties baking on the hot sand. Teenagers frolicking in the surf. Kids building a sand castle, etc. | |
| 3 | EXT. RESORT HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY - (STOCK) | 3 |
| | The air of rushed relaxation epitomized by bustling bellhops, taxis, airport limos, lost luggage and jet-lagged guests. It's vacation time! | |
| 4 | EXT. COTTAGES - DAY | 4 |
| | Behind the hotel a circle of well-kept, neat little bungalows frame a flowered courtyard. A bellboy passes, shouldering a room service tray overflowing with dirty dishes, reacting to the confrontation ensuing at the far end of the courtyard. | |
| 5 | CLOSER ANGLE | 5 |
| | Rudy Fresco, the burly maintenance boss, surveys a demolished, once-ornate marble fountain laying in jagged shards around a pitiful dribble of a water outlet. Fresco's making notes on his clipboard while Jack McGee stalks him like baseball's Billy Martin attacking an umpire who has wronged him. | |

FRESCO
(building steam)
Like I said, McGee, the lawnmower
slipped into gear and took off.

MC GEE
That's not what you said on the
phone.

FRESCO
I made a mistake. Let's just
forget it.

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

5

MC GEE

Sure, if you're willing to forget ten thousand bucks. I did mention the reward, didn't I?

FRESCO

I don't want any trouble, y'understand? I retire in two weeks.

MC GEE

Yeah, I understand. You don't want to lose your precious pension.

FRESCO

You'd better leave before I call security.

MC GEE

C'mon, be reasonable. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. You can't tell me ten grand wouldn't add a couple of rungs to your rocking chair.

Fresco drops his clipboard to the ground and lifts Jack up by the lapels.

FRESCO

(before the explosion)

No, you really don't understand.

He deposits Jack into some thorny bushes. It looks like a commercial for Lipton Tea, except there's no water to cushion the backward fall. Jack grimaces and tries pulling himself out.

6

ANGLE ON FRESCO

6

who picks up his clipboard and turns his back on Jack.

FRESCO

I've got work to finish.

7

ANGLE ON JACK

7

struggling to his feet. He pursues Fresco like a crazed kamikaze.

MC GEE

...so do I. My work is catching The Hulk.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

He's right behind Fresco now, facing his back. Jack is beyond diplomacy. All the years of Hulk frustrations find their way to the surface as McGee stands his ground.

MC GEE

I don't give up that easily, pal.
I know The Hulk was here. I know
you saw him. And I'll tell you
something else, Frisco or Fresco --
whatever the hell your name is --
I'm not leaving your little oasis
until I get the truth.

8 NEW ANGLE

8

Fresco snaps around, driving his fist into Jack's glass jaw. McGee flies through the front door of a nearby cottage. He crawls out. Behind him, in a pink bathrobe, stands an angry matron, her wet, straggly hair dripping peroxide from the sink.

FRESCO

(motions to the
crowd)

Let's go -- show's over.

9 MC GEE

9

stands. Several witnesses turn away, embarrassed for him. Humiliated, Jack shuffles off, but not before a final effort to regain some dignity.

MC GEE

(nursing his jaw)

You're not going to get away with
this. I know how to deal with you.

Fresco ignores McGee, who leaves, then kicks a piece of marble, angry at himself for indulging his bad temper.

DISSOLVE TO

10 EXT. RESORT HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DUSK - (STOCK)

10

A closer shot of the same hotel as dusk descends.

11 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DUSK

11

We push to a sign on a door near the front desk which reads,
MANAGER, PRIVATE.

12 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DUSK 12

Behind his desk, the officious Mr. Prusa reviews David's employee file.

PRUSA

Is there anything I can do to change your mind, David?

13 ANGLE ADJUSTS 13

to reveal David Banner facing his employer.

DAVID

(anxious to leave)

I've got to move on -- it's personal -- but I've enjoyed it here.

PRUSA

I'll process your severance check right away. But you'll have to get your supervisor's signature first. Fresco will be sorry to lose you.

(completing
the voucher)

Now that he's retiring, there'll be room for advancement.

David smiles "no thanks". Prusa gives David the voucher.

PRUSA

Give this to the cashier after it's signed.

DAVID

Thank you,

David makes for the door.

PRUSA

Good luck, David.

David leaves.

14 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 14

David, en route to the cottages in back, passes a formally-attired couple leaving for dinner.

15 EXT. COTTAGES - NIGHT 15

David approaches groundskeeper Everett Trundle, mid-forties,

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

filling a burlap bagful of grass trimmings with all the enthusiasm of a stroke victim. He clumsily spills some grass onto the sidewalk and it's evident gardening is not second nature. He'd look more comfortable behind a desk. He brightens at the sight of David and it's apparent they are kindred spirits.

TRUNDLE

Someone said you're quitting, David.

DAVID

Something's come up -- I can't explain now.

TRUNDLE

Is there anything I can do?

David shakes his head.

TRUNDLE

You need money?

DAVID

I need Fresco.

TRUNDLE

(pointing)

In there.

Trundle looks toward a small maintenance shed housing Fresco's office, which overlooks the courtyard at the far end of the lawn. David starts for the shed.

TRUNDLE

He's in one of his moods. Had a run-in with some reporter this afternoon.

David slows momentarily, digesting that unwelcome bit of news, then moves on with greater urgency.

16 INT. SHED - NIGHT

16

David enters, as Fresco stands at his desk brooding over a stack of time cards. Behind him are sacks of fertilizer, lawnmowers, rakes and shovels, and neatly coiled garden hoses hanging from the walls.

DAVID

Excuse me, Rudy. Mr. Prusa said I need your signature to check out.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

He hands the voucher to Fresco, who doesn't even look up at him.

FRESCO

Is this your gratitude?

(a tense beat)

I covered for you this morning...
after your 'little' accident with
the lawnmower.

David squirms.

FRESCO

Where'd you disappear to?

Before David can answer, Fresco's attention is turned outside, through the window which faces the courtyard. He strains to see through the darkness.

17 FRESCO'S POINT OF VIEW

17

as Trundle looks around guiltily, then dumps his trimmings behind a bush. It's obvious he's taking shortcuts....

18 ANGLE ON FRESCO

18

fuming. He storms to the door. Angle includes David.

FRESCO

I wish it was him leaving. If it
was up to me, I'd have fired the
phoney six months ago.

The door slams behind Fresco. David reacts with concern for his friend...and mounting impatience. He must wait. He looks down to Fresco's desk.

19 INSERT - HIS POINT OF VIEW

19

A crumpled business card: JACK MC GEE - THE NATIONAL REGISTER.

20 RESUME DAVID

20

who reacts edgily and peers outside.

21 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE WINDOW

21

Fresco heads for Trundle in the courtyard.

22 EXT. COTTAGES - NIGHT 22

Trundle shakes out his empty burlap bag, when he notices Fresco bearing down on him through the ominous shadows. He disappears into an enclosed patio used for outdoor barbecues (several picnic tables, barbecue pits, etc.), neatly surrounded by bushes and a white trellis.

23 ANGLE - NEARBY BUSHES 23

Blended into the mosaic of indistinct shapes, we make out something that doesn't belong. Human forms, then closer, eyes. Two thugs. Watching, waiting.

24 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - FRESCO 24

goes behind the trellis.

FRESCO (o.s.)

Trundle...?

Silence.

25 CLOSER ANGLE - THE THUGS 25

Johnny, wiry and newvous, clicks a silencer on the business end of a .38. He wants out. He looks around for possible witnesses as Frank, the older thug, puts a cautionary hand on the gun, urging quiet patience.

26 THEIR POINT OF VIEW 26

Trundle exits the patio (NOTE: We can't distinguish between Trundle and Fresco since both wear identical workclothes, are physically equal, and are obscured by the darkness.)

27 DAVID - INSIDE THE SHED 27

unable to really see much outside, paces, preoccupied.

28 JOHNNY AND FRANK 28

watching their target. Johnny's foot snaps a small twig.

29 ANGLE ON TRUNDLE 29

reacting to the noise. A helpless target.

30 JOHNNY AND FRANK 30

quickly assess the situation. Johnny lifts his gun and fires rapidly, the staccato airbursts punctuating the cool night air.

31 TRUNDLE 31

(still unidentifiable) crumbles like a ragdoll. Light from a street lamp spills onto the lifeless body.

[illegible]

at the window, sees Trundle go down. He races to the shed door, opens it and stops dead in his tracks.

33 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW 33

as the two thugs rush to the body, unaware of David.

34 CLOSER ANGLE - THE THUGS 34

Frank rolls the body over with his foot.

35 THUGS' POINT OF VIEW - THE BODY 35

It's Rudy Fresco.

36 BACK TO SCENE 36

Frank blanches.

FRANK
(a distraught
whisper)
It's not him, Johnny. We hit the
wrong guy.

They look up and around.

ANGLE ON TRUNDLE

37

standing, frozen with fear, on the side of the patio facing David's vantage point. He backs away into the protective shadows.

38 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW 38

watching Trundle fade into the darkness.

39 INT. SHED - NIGHT

39

David withdraws from the window and quickly dials the phone.

DAVID

Hello, get me the police. It's
an emergency....

40 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

40

busy with arriving guests, some leaving for the evening. A very determined Jack McGee weaves through the vacationers, sporting a bandaged jaw. He heads around the side of the hotel toward the cottages.

41 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

41

Following David's route earlier, McGee storms toward the shed. The bellhop, seen earlier carrying the room service tray, spots Jack.

BELLHOP

You must be crazy, mister. I
don't think Fresco's in the talk-
ing mood.

MC GEE

Don't you worry, he'll talk.

The bellhop shakes his head as McGee leaves...and spots the handle of a gun in Jack's waistband.

42 ANGLE ON THUGS

42

pulling the body off the sidewalk, when an intruder meets them face-to-face. The look up to:

43 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

43

as Jack McGee rounds the corner and stops with a jolt.

44 JOHNNY AND FRANK

44

Johnny impulsively coldcocks the unsuspecting reporter with his gun. McGee's lights flicker out. As he collapses, his dartgun is revealed. Frank wipes the fingerprints off the .38 and places the gun in McGee's hand. The thugs remove McGee's dartgun, position the two bodies and leave. Jack is left unconscious near the body, the incriminating murder weapon clutched limply in an outstretched hand.

DISSOLVE TO

45 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT 45

A few minutes later. A patrol car brakes to a sudden stop, two cops rush around back to the cottages.

46 CLOSE ON MC GEE 46

rising slowly to an awkward kneeling position. The cobwebs clear. His hand goes instinctively to the pain. He massages a throbbing knot on his head. His ears pick up faint approaching voices. (NOTE: Use subjective sound so audience hears' as Jack does.) A loud voice snaps him back to reality.

47 NEW ANGLE - COPS 47

Behind Jack, guns cocked and leveled at the back of his head.

COP #1
Freeze! Police. Hands up...very
...slowly.

Jack rises, his back to the cops, arms raised.

MC GEE
What's going on...?

48 ANGLE WIDENS 48

as Cop #2 removes the .38 from McGee's raised arms and frisks him. He finds Jack's wallet and gives it to Cop #1, then whips Jack's hands behind him and slaps on the cuffs.

COP #2
Why don't you tell us?

Cop #1 feels for Fresco's pulse. Nothing. A look to the other cop confirms the victim is dead.

MC GEE
...I don't know.
(feeling his
head)
I must've blacked out.

COP #1
(referring
to Fresco)
Who is he?

MC GEE
Fresco, Rudy Fresco.

CONTINUED

48

CONTINUED

48

COP #1
(to McGee)
He's dead...and you're under
arrest.

MC GEE
Arrest? What are you talking ---

COP #2
Law says we gotta give you your
rights.

MC GEE
Yeah, but I didn't do ---

COP #2
'You have the right to an attorney,
you have the right to remain silent...'

49

INT. SHED - NIGHT

49

Through the window the scene continues silently. Three
figures standing alone in the distant courtyard. A body at
their feet. Camera pans around the empty shed to an open
rear door. David has split.

50

RESUME SCENE

50

McGee can't harness his frustration. Cop #1 holds out McGee's
driver's license.

COP #1
You understand...McGee?

MC GEE
I'm a reporter -- The National
Register -- maybe you heard of
me. I know how this must look,
but ---

The bellhop turns the corner, gasps at Fresco's body and shoots
a look to McGee.

BELLHOP
(points to McGee)
That's him, officer.

MC GEE
What are you talking about?

BELLHOP
He killed Mr. Fresco.

We push to McGee's shocked reaction.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

51 EXT. CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - (STOCK) 51

We push to the second story window of a rundown apartment building.

52 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 52

David sits on his bed, packing his duffel, paying little attention to the local news on his black and white television until:

ANCHORMAN (o.s.)

...in Miami tonight, another senseless murder was added to the city's death toll. The latest victim, fifty-three year old Rudolph Fresco, a maintenance supervisor at the Coral Beach Hotel, was apparently gunned down early this evening ...investigators say he was shot twice in the chest with a .38 revolver.

David stops packing.

53 INTERCUT DAVID AND TELEVISION 53

As the anchorman continues, newsreel footage rolls of Jack McGee being brought into police headquarters. Flashbulbs pop. McGee looks confused and strangely out of place.

ANCHORMAN

Police arrested forty-one year old Jack McGee at the scene, reportedly with the alleged murder weapon on him. McGee, a well-known reporter for The National Register, was booked on suspicion of murder and is being held this hour without bail.

David stands in shock. This is the first time he's heard of McGee's involvement.

ANCHORMAN

Although the suspect has repeatedly

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED

53

ANCHORMAN (Cont'd)
denied implication in the murder,
witnesses say McGee and Fresco
had a violent confrontation
earlier today and the suspect
left angrily.

A still photo of Fresco flashes behind the anchorman.

ANCHORMAN
Rudolph Fresco was a twenty-year
veteran at the luxury hotel and
due to retire in two weeks. He
was married and the father of
five children. Funeral arrange-
ments are pending.

David walks to the window with a soul-searching stare out-
side for some meaning and logic to all this. The news con-
tinues o.s.

ANCHORMAN
Reaction from local authorities
has been quick. City councilman
Bob Michaud, long a spokesman for
tougher gun laws, told Channel
Three News tonight that punish-
ment for Fresco's killer should
be swift and just, reflecting
the mounting support for stiffer
sentences against convicted mur-
derers.

(beat)
In other news this evening, citrus
growers, hurt by the sudden drop
in temperatures....

David turns from his window -- looks at his packed duffel on
the bed.

54

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

54

Johnny, the thug, paces outside the phone booth while his
partner, Frank, tries to reason with his boss, long-distance
...apologizing for Johnny's mistake.

FRANK
(on the phone)
...he's a good kid. It was dark
-- coulda happened to anyone.
(listening)
We're flying back tomorrow --

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED

54

FRANK (Cont'd)

(listening)

Are you sure? What if Trundle
made us?

(listening)

You're the boss.

He hangs up. Frank exits the phone booth.

JOHNNY

(sweating it)

Am I okay?

Frank tweaks Johnny's cheek.

FRANK

He loves his nephew. You're
lucky Uncle Tony is so under-
standing.

JOHNNY

What'd he say?

FRANK

(flatly)

Kill Trundle.

JOHNNY

What's the big deal?

FRANK

Everett Trundle isn't his real
name. He's an accountant who
handled the books for a few
'family' businesses. A real
dork. When he found out who
he was really working for, he
went to the cops and some of
our guys went to jail.

JOHNNY

I won't miss twice.

They head toward their car parked at the curb.

55

EXT. TRUNDLE'S HOME - NIGHT

55

A cab stops in a quiet suburban neighborhood of modest houses.
David gets out. The cab leaves before he can stop it. The
house is dark. There is evidence of a hasty retreat: kids'
toys on the lawn, the garage door open, but no car inside.

David proceeds slowly up to the front porch.

56 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOME - NIGHT - CLOSE ON WINDOW 56
Dark inside. A curtain parts. Someone watches David.

57 RESUME DAVID 57
ringing Trundle's doorbell. He cups his hands and peeks inside. Tries the door. It's locked. He walks to the side of the house.

58 ANGLE - DRIVEWAY 58
David moves cautiously through total darkness.

59 ANGLE ON NEIGHBOR'S DOORWAY 59
cracking open a few inches. Trundle recognizes David. A nervous hand taps his shoulder. He turns around to a very confused little man, Sam Jordan, owner of the house.

JORDAN
I think you better tell me what's
going on here, Everett.

An o.s. car stops out front. Trundle shooshes him and returns his look outside. Jordan sighs.

60 RESUME DAVID 60
who reacts to the car we recognize as the thugs'. He has nowhere to go...until a reassuring voice whispers o.s.

TRUNDLE
David...here.

David turns to the voice.

61 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW - THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE 61
Trundle is barely visible inside the darkened doorway.

62 DAVID 62
moves quickly next door to the neighbor's house and slips inside. The door closes quietly.

63 ANGLE ON TRUNDLE'S HOUSE 63
as the thugs move up the sidewalk to the front door.

64 INT. TRUNDLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

64

We're looking outside through the front door window. The thugs talk in muffled voices until Frank smashes a small window frame, reaches in and unlocks the door. We follow them in -- Frank to the living room, Johnny fanning out to the kitchen and beyond. As they search for clues to Trundle's whereabouts, nothing is left untouched: cabinet drawers are upturned on the floor, bookcases tipped over, closets ransacked.

65 INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

65

David and Trundle at the kitchen window, watching. Behind them, Trundle's petrified wife. Two small children huddle nervously under each of her arms. The neighbor, Sam Jordan, feels justifiably upset. Trundle stalls.

TRUNDLE

I'll explain, Sam...it's okay.

66 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - TRUNDLE'S HOUSE

66

Shadows and silhouettes of the thugs ransacking Trundle's home.

67 RESUME SCENE - DAVID AND TRUNDLE

67

David, too, is very much troubled by unanswered questions. Trundle has a glazed look about him which almost transcends his fear. His predicament is not something new.

TRUNDLE

(a beaten man)

The last time it was in Idaho.
Different men, but they tried to
kill me, too.

David doesn't understand.

TRUNDLE

Ever heard of the Government Witness Program?

David nods.

TRUNDLE

I testified...good citizen, civic responsibility and all that. This is my reward. So much for protecting witnesses. These guys will find you under a rock.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

SAM
(subdued anger)
You should've told me, Everett.
You took advantage.

They look out across the driveway.

68 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - TRUNDLE'S HOUSE

68

The thugs have stopped searching.

69 INT. TRUNDLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

69

The thugs stand frustrated in the living room. Empty-handed.

JOHNNY
He's probably in Canada already.

FRANK
(the seasoned
veteran)
Trundle's still around. You don't
move a whole family that fast.
C'mon.

70 EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - FULLY LIT - NIGHT

70

Through a window overlooking the opposite side of the Trundle home, an elderly woman watches the thugs, a telephone to her ear. We can't hear, but she's blabbing faster than a 78 rpm record. Indignant!

71 LADY'S POINT OF VIEW

71

The thugs walk to the front door of Trundle's house.

72 EXT. OLD LADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

Again, through the window, she hangs up and promptly pulls her shade down.

73 INT. THE FIRST NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

73

David and Trundle watching the thugs leave the house.

74 THEIR POINT OF VIEW

74

as the thugs' car drives off.

75

RESUME DAVID AND TRUNDLE

75

Trundle makes sure they're gone. Jordan flips a light on.

TRUNDLE
(to his family)
It's safe now.

Mrs. Trundle sighs relief...the kids relax. But Sam Jordan is not smiling.

JORDAN
(motioning)
Everett.

Trundle comes closer.

JORDAN
(in confidence)
I want you all out of here. I'm
sorry, but I have a family, too.
Please....

Mrs. Trundle senses the mounting tension.

TRUNDLE
(to his wife)
Get the kids ready. I'll be
right there.

Jordan leads Mrs. Trundle and the kids out of the kitchen.

TRUNDLE
Why did you come here, David?

DAVID
Jack McGee didn't kill Fresco.
(beat)
You have to testify.

TRUNDLE
Are you crazy? That's suicide.
You saw Fresco's murder, too.

David concurs silently.

TRUNDLE
Why can't you testify?

DAVID
If I show my face, it'll be the
end of everything I've worked
for. Jack McGee is the one person
who can hurt me the most...and yet

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

DAVID (Cont'd)

I can't let him to to prison for
a murder he didn't commit.

TRUNDLE

It seems we have a standoff.

DAVID

...with a man's life at stake.

TRUNDLE

A man you seem to care about more
than I do.

DAVID

He's been chasing me for four
years...it's a very long story,
but I'm running, like you.

TRUNDLE

(surprised)

David Barrett, a criminal?

DAVID

No, I'm a doctor...and I have a
unique medical problem that may
destroy me unless I find a cure.
I need time. At least you have
some hope of federal protection.
You have a better chance to save
McGee.

TRUNDLE

I won't take that risk, David.

(beat)

You're the only witness who can
save Jack McGee from a murder
conviction.

DAVID

(exploding)

I can't! Don't you understand?

TRUNDLE

I understand that if I go public,
I'm a dead man.

One of Trundle's daughters coughs o.s. Trundle reacts.

TRUNDLE

...and what about my family?

Mrs. Trundle enters the kitchen. David regains his composure.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED - 2

75

MRS. TRUNDLE
Becky needs her cough medicine.

TRUNDLE
I'll go....

Sam Jordan enters.

MRS. TRUNDLE
Please don't go into the house
again...I'm scared.

JORDAN
They're gone, Mrs. Trundle.

DAVID
I'll go.

MRS. TRUNDLE
(gratefully)
In the bathroom cabinet. Down-
stairs. Top shelf.

David slips out the door. Mrs. Trundle joins her husband at
the window.

76

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

76

David sneaks across to the Trundle house and enters.

77

TRUNDLE'S POINT OF VIEW - TRUNDLE'S HOUSE

77

David looks for the bathroom in the darkness. A light flips
on.

78

RESUME SCENE - TRUNDLE, HIS WIFE AND JORDAN

78

JORDAN
...I'm sorry. Maybe I'm not the
best neighbor.

TRUNDLE
Forget it....

Something catches his eye outside.

79

TRUNDLE'S POINT OF VIEW - OUTSIDE

79

A patrol car has stopped in front of his house. Two uniformed

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

79

cops exit their car with weapons drawn. One cop goes to the front door, his partner covers the side door where David entered.

80 RESUME SCENE

80

TRUNDLE

(to his wife)

Is the car packed?

She nods.

JORDAN

What's wrong?

Jordan looks out the window to see for himself. The kids enter, upset by the confusion.

JORDAN

(freaking out)

Oh, great -- now the police!

TRUNDLE

(to his children)

I want you kids to get into the car with your mother. I'll be there in a minute.

They run to their daddy, smothering him with big hugs and kisses, then follow their mother out through the living room. Trundle looks out the window, concerned for David.

81 TRUNDLE'S POINT OF VIEW - OUTSIDE

81

The cops lay in wait. The bathroom light goes off and we follow David's silhouette through the Trundle house.

82 RESUME SCENE - TRUNDLE AND JORDAN

82

Trundle turns away from the window. Unable to forestall the inevitable.

TRUNDLE

I'm leaving, Sam. Remember, you never saw us tonight.

Trundle leaves to join his family. Sam nods and looks outside.

83 INT. TRUNDLE HOME - NIGHT 83
David carries the cough medicine through the kitchen toward the side door.

84 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE KITCHEN DOOR 84
As he opens it, a bright flashlight blinds him, forcing David to shield his eyes -- and drop the medicine.

85 INSERT - BOTTLE 85
smashes on the sidewalk. Cherry syrup oozes through bits of broken glass.

86 RESUME DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW 86
into the blinding light.
DAVID (o.s.)
Who's there?!

87 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 87
One cop throws David up against the side of the house, face-first. We push to David's distraught face.
DAVID
Wait...I can explain.

SMASH CUT TO

88 INT. COUNTY JAIL - LATE NIGHT 88
A buzzer signals the unlocking of a thick, steel door and David Banner is pushed through the entry by a fat jailer, a typical civil servant type who treats every lawbreaker as a scumbag, innocent or guilty.
We follow David past rows of cells holding drunks, vagrants, and those awaiting trial or transfer, to the second-to-last cell on the block. David is deposited inside the cell.
DAVID
(to jailer)
What about my call?
JAILER
You know any lawyers that work the midnight shift?

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

88

JAILER (Cont'd)

(leaving)

Call in the morning.

With a look of resignation, David turns around to survey his predicament.

89

INSIDE CELL

89

Hot, stuffy and not the YMCA. Three prisoners occupy the cell. One, a fiftyish vagrant, snores loudly in his bunk. His clothes are threadbare, greasy, with mismatched shoes, etc. The slight smile on his unshaven face indicates this guy is happy just to have a clean bed.

An eighteen year old doper stands in one corner, staring blankly into space. There's no communicating with this one, he's on the moon.

The only normal prisoner sits coolly on his bunk doing card tricks. He's good-looking, well-dressed and smooth. An easy smile greets David. He looks Madison Avenue. He's Eddie Briscoe, cat burglar.

EDDIE

Let me guess, check forgery.

(no response)

I'm Eddie Briscoe.

While David checks out the other prisoners, Briscoe continues playing solitaire.

EDDIE

They asked me to excuse them.
They've had a tough day....

DAVID

My name's David. Barrett.

EDDIE

Tonight's my birthday -- you believe that? I was celebrating when someone had the bad taste to call the police.

DAVID

What were you doing?

EDDIE

Stealing...I steal. Jewels, usually. Strictly the carriage trade. My victims can afford the loss. And what are you in for?

CONTINUED

89

CONTINUED

89

DAVID

Nothing. It was a mistake. As soon as they let me explain, they'll see I didn't burglarize that home. I'm innocent.

EDDIE

You're serious, aren't you?

David nods, as if there was any doubt.

EDDIE

You and the gentleman next door should pool your stories. He claims he was framed.

MC GEE (o.s.)

(overhearing)

I don't claim anything. I was. I'll be out of here by morning.

EDDIE

(to David)

I love optimism. He's in for first degree murder and still thinks he's leaving in time for breakfast. I'll probably do five years for my harmless little indiscretion.

David walks to the bars, looking out, unable to see the prisoner in the adjacent cell, Jack McGee.

DAVID

I've got to get out of here.

Angle adjusts to include both cells, separated by a wall. Jack McGee comes to the bars of his cell. He and David are mere inches apart, but unable to see one another as they look outward.

MC GEE

Don't we all. I've got a story to do. Another twenty-four hours and I'll lose it.

DAVID

A writer?

MC GEE

Writer, journalist, reporter... but I've been called worse.

CONTINUED

89

CONTINUED - 2

89

DAVID

(growing
suspicious)
...are you...well-known?

MC GEE

As well-known as bubble gum and
razor blades. That's where you
can find my stories: at the
checkout counter. I write for
The National Register...Jack McGee.

David backs away.

MC GEE

I've been in a helluva lot of
scrapes, but jail is a first.
You?

(no response)

Hey, I understand. I don't feel
like talking either...What's
your name? I'll buy you a drink
when we get out.

90

INTERCUT CLOSER ANGLES - MC GEE AND DAVID

90

David retreats to a corner, feeling claustrophobic at McGee's
proximity. Eddie answers McGee helpfully.

EDDIE

(meaning no harm)
Barrett.
(to David)
David Barrett, wasn't it?

Something has clicked in McGee's mind.

MC GEE

Barrett. Don't you work at the
Coral Bay Hotel?

Eddie motions David to answer.

DAVID

(mumbling)
Ah...yes.

MC GEE

Briscoe, isn't it?

EDDIE

Yes.

CONTINUED

90

CONTINUED

90

MC GEE

From what I hear, you're an opportunist.

EDDIE

What have you got that I'd want?

MC GEE

A ten thousand dollar reward for that man sharing your cell.

EDDIE

I don't like games, Mr. McGee.

MC GEE

You're sharing a cell with a man I call John Doe. Now I don't know what he looks like, but I do know he's the man who turns into The Hulk.

EDDIE

You're crazy.

MC GEE

Prove me wrong. What does David Barrett look like?

EDDIE

(reluctantly)

Average height, brown hair and eyes. So what?

MC GEE

There's only one way to find out if David Barrett is The Hulk... and I don't want to make him angry. I've seen what that creature can do.

EDDIE

Pardon me, if I think your Hulk theory is absolute hogwash.

The vagrant stirs in his sleep, reacting to the noise level.

MC GEE

I've been chasing this man for four years. Trust me. The Hulk is very real. But I've never seen John Doe. I think I've earned the right to see the man who becomes The Hulk.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED -2

90

EDDIE

Let's talk about the reward
money, Mr. McGee.

MC GEE

If David Barrett is my John Doe,
the money's yours.

EDDIE

I can't do anything now.

McGee looks up at the wall separating them.

91 ANGLE - A SCREEN

91

A thick, wire mesh which links the two cells.

92 RESUME SCENE - INTERCUTTING

92

MC GEE

See the screen on your wall?

Eddie looks up.

MC GEE

Just show me his face.

David backpedals nervously as Eddie eyes him.

DAVID

No, I won't let you. This is
insane.

(beat)

Guard!

Eddie covers David's mouth. The yell has awakened the vagrant
who's upset his sleep has been interrupted. Even the dooper
shows minimal signs of consciousness. He blinks.

EDDIE

(to vagrant)

Wake up. I need your help.

The vagrant moans and turns over.

EDDIE

You want to make some money?

The vagrant sits up with visions of a quart of Thunderbird
dancing over him.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED

92

EDDIE
(to the doper)
You. Help me. Come here.

The doper wanders over, taking command like a dutiful robot. The vagrant joins them...both wait for direction. They have no idea what's happening.

EDDIE
It's real simple. We lift this gentleman up to that screen. Understand?

They surround David, who recoils like a trapped animal. There's no escape.

DAVID
You don't know what you're doing. Please, don't.

Eddie grabs David, the others subdue him.

DAVID
Guard!

The doper silences David with an uppercut to the mid-section. David doubles up in pain. They drag David to the screen and lift him. His limp body makes David very unwieldy.

93 MC GEE

93

standing on a chair, tries unsuccessfully to pull the grating off his side of the screen.

94 DAVID'S CELL - NEW ANGLE

94

as the prisoners hoist David even closer to the screen. David regains consciousness as he faces the screen.

95 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW

95

The screen coming into focus. And, at the other end, Jack McGee, blurred through the grating, straining to see him.

MC GEE
A little more.

96 MC GEE'S POINT OF VIEW

96

Unable as yet to make out David's face, which moves in and out of the screen frame, as David fights to break loose.

- 97 MC GEE - CLOSE 97
- frustrated, he slams the screen with the side of his fist.
He's so close he can taste it.
- MC GEE
Pull the screen off! It's the
only way.
- 98 DAVID'S CELL - ANGLE ON THE PRISONERS 98
- The doper restrains David, leaving Eddie and the vagrant
free. Eddie yanks on the screen, prying loose a corner
bolt.
- EDDIE
(to vagrant)
Give me a hand.
- The two of them unloosen the screen and pull it off. Eddie
motions to bring David back to the screen.
- EDDIE
I hate violence, David...but we
have a principle here...it's
called money. And I do confess
to mild greed.
- David pulls back, resisting as Eddie and the other two grab
David. They drag him to the screen.
- 99 MC GEE 99
- looking, straining with anticipation.
- 100 MC GEE'S POINT OF VIEW 100
- The top of David's head bobbing in and out of view. Struggling.
- 101 DAVID'S CELL 101
- David's face is about to fill the screen opening when the
frustrated doper impulsively shoves David's face into the
opening. His head smashes against the wall. David reels
with pain.
- 102 ANGLE - WHITE EYES 102

- 103 THE PRISONERS 103
step back, apprehensively. David drops to the floor, his back to them.
- 104 MC GEE 104
looks through the opening and sees nothing. He does hear familiar primal sounds o.s.
- 105 INSERT - HULKOUT 105
David's shirt expands, his pants split, both shoes pop off.
- 106 ANOTHER ANGLE - DAVID'S CELL 106
as The Hulk spins, picks up Eddie and throws him into his two stunned cohorts who reel backward into a tailspin, colliding with bunkbeds. The bunkbeds collapse on impact.
- 107 MC GEE 107
jumps off his chair, standing back with trepidation, waiting for the inevitable. He looks up to the opening.
- 108 DAVID'S CELL - THE OPENING 108
The Hulk sees the center of his frustration, raises his huge fists and steamrolls full-fury through the wall between the cells.
- 109 MC GEE 109
under a shower of debris, raises his arms in self-defense. The Hulk stops, vents his fury with an angry roar at Jack and turns to the cell door blocking his escape.
- 110 NEW ANGLE - MC GEE'S CELL DOOR 110
The Hulk plows through the door like it was straw, the bars and its frame tumbling to the floor in a maze of dust and twisted metal.
- 111 ANGLE - JAIL CORRIDOR 111
A small bulletproof glass window overlooks the hallway. A

CONTINUED

- 111 CONTINUED 111
jailer's face fills its frame. He reacts to the commotion,
quickly unlocks the door and rushes in to investigate.
- 112 ANOTHER ANGLE 112
as The Hulk erupts from McGee's cell, running straight into
the astonished jailer who puts his brakes on just in time to
see a giant green flash nearly roll over him.
- 113 ANGLE - THE CELLS 113
The three prisoners watch speechlessly. The vagrant miracu-
lously sober, the dooper suddenly lucid.
McGee steps over the rubble that used to be his cell and
watches from the corridor.
- 114 ANGLE - JAIL CORRIDOR 114
The Hulk disappears around a corner.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

115 EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY - (STOCK) 115

116 INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY 116

Close on a door leading to the Visitor's Room. A small sign on the door reads "VISITORS SUBJECT TO SEARCH. ALL PERSONAL ITEMS MUST BE CHECKED PRIOR TO ENTRY."

We push through a wired glass window to Jack McGee, separated from a pretty young reporter by a six-inch high glass partition. Other prisoners occupy McGee's side, conferring with wives, attorneys, etc.

117 NEW ANGLE - MC GEE AND REPORTER - INTERCUT 117

Jack checks the wall clock, anxious to terminate the interview. Bridget Murphy, the reporter, continues undaunted.

BRIDGET

...then it's true...this isn't
your first run-in with the law.

MC GEE

(drained)

Look, honey, I've had enough
interviews for today. I don't
want to dredge up ancient history.

BRIDGET

But you do want me to get the
facts straight.

MC GEE

(resigned)

Right.

(beat,
remembering)

I was 'Litte Jack' McGee. This
jerk picked on me every day at
school. Loved to poke me with
his index finger.

(demonstrating)

So one day I surprised him.

BRIDGET

(from her notes)

...with a concussion, it says
here.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

MC GEE

My, we are thorough. He hit his head when I knocked him down.

(proudly)

Surprised even myself that day. Sucker punch.

BRIDGET

(writing)

The boy almost died.

MC GEE

What are you concocting here, a life of crime? I decked a bully, that's all.

BRIDGET

And is that how you see this Hulk story of yours? David versus Goliath. Are you going after a story or does 'Little Jack' McGee just want to slay the giant?

MC GEE

I think you're sick, lady. I'm a reporter after a story...the best story I'll ever cover as a journalist.

(accusingly)

I don't write fiction or indulge in cheap journalistic tricks to meet deadlines.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry you feel that I do.

MC GEE

(standing, with nowhere to go)

I don't need this. What's with you people? Pushing and prying ...no sense of anything but selling papers.

BRIDGET

(coolly)

We're reporters, Mr. McGee --

(gets up to leave)

-- like you.

She exits. Jack starts to leave, when Mark Roberts, his editor, enters from the visitors door across the room.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 2

117

Jack's face lights up. Roberts' concern for Jack is almost paternal.

MC GEE

(impatiently)

What'd you do, take the train
from Chicago?

ROBERTS

These things take time.

(beat)

The judge refused bail. We were
ready to go the limit for you.

MC GEE

Mark, what the hell is happening
here? I go to see a witness, next
thing I know I'm on death row.

ROBERTS

Take it easy. We got you a good
lawyer. Leo Drexel.

MC GEE

Drexel? A little flamboyant,
don't you think?

ROBERTS

But a solid track record. I
talked with him on the phone. He
thinks you won't even go to trial.

MC GEE

I hope he's right. I'm scared.
Someone's got to get me out of
here.

Roberts flashes him a look of reassurance, but it's empty.

118 EXT. TRUNDLE'S NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

118

David knocks on the front door. Sam Jordan answers. The
sight of David irritates him.

JORDAN

...oh, it's you again.

He looks beyond David to see if anyone's watching from the
street and starts to close the door. David holds his hand out
stopping the door.

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

DAVID

Just tell me where Everett went.
It's very important I find him
right away.

JORDAN

(annoyed)

He didn't say.

DAVID

Did he have any relatives or close
friends -- someone he might have
mentioned?

JORDAN

He never talked about family.
And I don't think he had any
friends around here. Spent
most of his free time with his
hobbies.

DAVID

What kind of hobbies?

JORDAN

Model airplanes, things like that.

DAVID

Thank you. You've been a big
help.

JORDAN

(as he closes door)

You think he's okay?

DAVID

I hope so, yes.

David leaves.

119 EXT. TRUNDLE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

119

David snoops around for clues. There are several small card-
board boxes near two full trash cans. David picks one up.

120 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW

120

A stenciled label on the box's side: THE HOBBY HUT, 41 Central
Street, Miami, Florida.

121 RESUME SCENE

121

David pulls the label off and walks out the driveway.

DISSOLVE TO

122 INT. THUGS' CAR - DAY

122

Outside the courthouse...there's nowhere left to go.

JOHNNY

We can't hit him here. There'll
be too many people.

FRANK

I just want to know where he is.
Then we'll decide when.

JOHNNY

What if he doesn't show?

Frank's look provides the answer.

123 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

123

buzzing with activity. People awaiting news from inside. TV
news crews setting up cameras and lights. A policeman stands
his post at the top of the steps.

124 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

124

Jack's arraignment. With him at the defendant's table is Leo
Drexel, stocky, mid-forties, impeccably dressed, confident.
There's a gallery of spectators, but no jury. The prosecuting
attorney, Mr. Strickland, faces the bench.

STRICKLAND

...and we're convinced the state
has enough evidence to convict
the defendant of first degree mur-
der. Jack McGee had the motive:
revenge for his humiliation earlier
that day in front of several wit-
nesses. He obviously had the
opportunity. At least one witness
will testify he saw McGee moments
before the killing. And the mur-
der weapon was found on the defen-
dant at the scene. We're talking
about an obsessive man, your Honor,
who has been chasing this Hulk crea-
ture around the country for four
years. He simply was pushed beyond
his endurance. He was angry and
determined. He thought about kill-
ing Fresco. He planned it. And
he carried it out. In cold blood
and with premeditation. We move
for trial.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

DREXEL

Your Honor, my colleague is not a stupid man, but he is treating us like we are stupid. My client is not presumed guilty, he is presumed innocent, at least according to the Constitution. By cleverly mixing fact, fiction and some very specious reasoning, he has contrived a very convincing argument against the defendant. There's one flaw: Jack McGee is totally and unequivocally innocent. We don't deny an argument ensued that day or that McGee returned later to the scene. But beyond that, the prosecution is indulging in very dangerous speculation and we contend further investigation will prove that Jack McGee committed nothing more than being in the wrong place at the wrong time. The defense moves to dismiss all charges against the defendant.

JUDGE

In light of the preponderance of circumstantial evidence in this case, I believe we owe it to the people of this state to determine the defendant's guilt or innocence. And only through a formal trial can that be determined. Therefore, I'm binding the case of Jack McGee versus the State of Florida over to Superior Court for trial.

Jack's face drops -- the bad dream has become a nightmare. The gallery thins out.

125 EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

125

David approaches a deserted storefront. Across the dirty front window paint peels from lettering: THE HOBBY HUT. He peeks inside and turns around, disappointed.

126 EXT. SEATTLE - DAY - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK)

126

127 EXT. SIDE STREET - SEATTLE - DAY

127

While his family waits in the car, Trundle buys a newspaper from a sidewalk vending machine and opens it anxiously.

128 INSERT - TRUNDLE'S POINT OF VIEW

128

A small page two article: REPORTER FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE, dated Miami, Florida.

129 RESUME SCENE

129

Trundle folds the paper and returns to his car. The responsibility for McGee's future has not evaded him. He enters his car and drives away.

DISSOLVE TO

130 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

130

The trial in progress. We are close on a local newspaper headline: IS MC GEE GUILTY? We pull back to reveal several newspapers spread out on the table before Jack McGee. Sensation-seeking headlines: REPORTER'S REVENGE -- WILL FRESCO DIE IN VAIN? -- WHO IS JACK MC GEE? (with a picture of and byline by Bridget Murphy, seen earlier interviewing Jack).

O.s. the bellhop on the witness stand undergoes questioning.

BELLHOP

...he was really mad. I told him
he must be crazy coming back.
That's when I saw the gun.

STRICKLAND

No further questions.

131 ANGLE ON DREXEL

131

who stands with a wooden box and crosses to the witness stand. Protruding from the top of the box are five gun handles, all different.

DREXEL

Tell the court exactly what you
saw -- identify for us the gun
you saw in the defendant's waist-
band.

He pauses, deliberates and points to one. Drexel unlatches the lid and reveals the whole gun to the court.

DREXEL

This is a .45. The victim was
killed with a .38. I don't think
you know what you saw. It was
dark, you were tired.

STRICKLAND

Objection. Witness doesn't need
to prove the gun's identity. He
merely said he saw the defendant
with the gun moments before Fresco
was killed.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

131

JUDGE

Objection sustained.

Jack reacts. Clenches his fist in silent frustration.

FLIP TO

132 THE TRIAL - LATER

132

A court-appointed psychiatrist on the witness stand.

PSYCHIATRIST

The defendant does have a proclivity toward violence, however suppressed. But when we combine the violent nature with his obsessiveness, we have a volatile mixture. His almost abnormal pursuit of this Hulk creature is a vital key to understanding McGee's psyche. When Rudy Fresco threw not only a roadblock in front of McGee by refusing to answer questions, but publicly humiliated him too, the emotional foundation was being laid for McGee's revenge.

DREXEL

Objection. That the defendant was seeking revenge is pure supposition and inadmissible.

JUDGE

Overruled.

Jack grimaces.

FLIP TO

133 THE TRIAL - STILL LATER

133

The cop who discovered McGee over Fresco's body.

COP #1

...we responded to the anonymous call and found the defendant standing over the victim's body.

DREXEL

Was he running...hiding...?

COP #1

No, sir.

DREXEL

Did he seem excited or anxious as a man who has just murdered someone would be?

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED

133

COP #1

No, sir.

DREXEL

Doesn't it seem odd, officer, that McGee was just kneeling there calmly ...almost as if he in fact had been knocked unconscious and was just coming to?

STRICKLAND

Objection. We have only the defendant's word to that preposterous alibi.

JUDGE

Sustained.

DREXEL

Your Honor, a doctor has testified that the bump on McGee's head could have been caused by a severe blow with a gun.

JUDGE

...or when Fresco threw him into the door of the cottage. Objection is sustained.

DREXEL

(beaten again)

No further questions.

JUDGE

I think we've all had a long day. The court will adjourn until tomorrow morning at ten a.m.

He slams his gavel down.

134 CLOSE - MC GEE AND DREXEL

134

The look of defeat over their faces.

MC GEE

Don't say it. Whatever you're going to say, don't say it.

DREXEL

I want you to think seriously about changing your plea.

MC GEE

I'm not guilty, damn it.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

DREXEL

Guilt has nothing to do with it.
I'm talking about saving your life.
You plead guilty to second-degree
murder...we might have a chance.

MC GEE

I'm not copping to something I
didn't do. There must be another
way. I'm innocent, damn it!

DREXEL

We're in trouble, Jack. I've done
everything. We need a miracle.

135 EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATE IN THE DAY

135

A radio newsman broadcasts "live" from the steps as the court
lets out.

NEWSMAN

...and so, after five days of testi-
mony, defendant Jack McGee continues
his uphill battle for acquittal.
The prosecution expects to summarize
its case tomorrow. If found guilty,
McGee could face the gas chamber or
a life sentence.

136 INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY (THE SAME TIME)

136

David listens to the broadcast as it continues.

NEWSMAN

(filtered)

McGee has based his defense on two
men he claims were at the murder
scene when he arrived. So far those
men have not materialized. Gregg
Anderson, live from Superior Court.

David, for all his supposed freedom, is just as trapped as
McGee. He has to save McGee's life. He dials the phone.

DAVID

(on phone)

I'd like the number of Superior Court.

137 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

137

Drexel and Jack bid farewell for the night. Jack is handcuffed
and escorted away by two guards.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

137

DREXEL

Get some sleep, Jack. I've still
got some angles....

He watches a resigned Jack being taken away. The bailiff comes
looking for Drexel.

BAILIFF

Phone call, Mr. Drexel. The guy
says it's an emergency.

He points to a nearby desk phone. Drexel picks it up.

138 INTERCUT - DAVID AND DREXEL

138

DREXEL

This is Drexel.

DAVID

Mr. Drexel...I want to help Jack
McGee....

DREXEL

Who is this?

DAVID

The name's not important. I'll
be in court tomorrow. I'll testify
that Jack McGee didn't kill Rudy
Fresco.

Drexel holds the phone away from him. David has hung up.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

139 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 139

The last day of trial. Waiting it out are a TV news crew drinking coffee, curious spectators chattering about the outcome and a souvenir salesman.

140 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 140

There's a sense of desperation at the defendant's table. Jack's on the verge of a breakdown.

MC GEE

(whispering)

Where is he?

DREXEL

(whispering)

I don't know. He sounded legitimate.

141 THE JUDGE 141

waiting for Drexel.

JUDGE

(impatiently)

Well...Mr. Drexel?

142 DREXEL 142

puts up a good front.

DREXEL

We'd like to call as our next witness, Mark Roberts, editor of The National Register.

Mark approaches the stand and we:

FLIP TO

143 THE WITNESS STAND - A FEW MINUTES LATER - INTERCUT JACK'S REACTIONS 143

Mark, midway through his testimony.

DREXEL

Tell us, Mr. Roberts, have you ever known Jack McGee to be violent?

ROBERTS

He gets angry...never violent.
That's not his style.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

143

DREXEL

What about problems at work? Deadlines -- competition -- professional jealousies. How does McGee deal with such problems?

ROBERTS

Not impulsively. He's a thoughtful and careful problem-solver.

DREXEL

We've heard testimony about his obsessiveness toward this Hulk story of his.

ROBERTS

It means a great deal to him because he has been personally involved from the beginning. It's more than just another story to Jack.

DREXEL

Certainly in four years of chasing The Hulk, he must've suffered setbacks.

ROBERTS

All the time. But Jack doesn't let disappointments stop him. He understands it goes with the territory.

DREXEL

Finally, Mr. Roberts, tell us about the man.

ROBERTS

He's my friend...he can be hardheaded and stubborn, but those are the very qualities which make him a good reporter.

(beat)

I've worked closely with Jack for a long time. He's no killer, I can testify to that.

FLIP TO

STRICKLAND

Mr. Roberts, you said the defendant was not violent. To your knowledge was he ever humiliated publicly like he was that day of the murder?

ROBERTS

Not that I know of.

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED - 2

143

STRICKLAND

Then he has not heretofore had his
patience tested to such a degree?

ROBERTS

Perhaps not.

STRICKLAND

And after four years, an uncoopera-
tive witness and getting beat up
publicly, do you think it's possible
he simply broke?

ROBERTS

No, sir, I don't.

STRICKLAND

You have already testified that McGee
is a careful and thoughtful problem-
solver. Rudy Fresco was his problem.
He blocked capture of The Hulk. McGee
might have let it pass like he had
done so many times before. But...he
had never been so brutally humiliated
before. This time was different. He
planned to avenge his humiliation and
he carried out that plan. The fact
that he's a nice guy and another
Hemingway at the typewriter has no
bearing on his guilt.

DREXEL

Defense objects. Pure supposition.

JUDGE

Sustained. The jury will disregard
Mr. Strickland's remarks.

144 EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT

144

David exits into a waiting cab, duffel slung over his shoulder.
He has the look of someone making the walk to death row.

145 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

145

The defense's final witness, Jack McGee, on the stand.

DREXEL

Mr. McGee, would you tell the court
exactly what transpired on the day
of the alleged murder?

CONTINUED

145 CONTINUED

145

MC GEE

About nine-thirty that morning I got a call in my Chicago office about a Hulk sighting in Miami.

DREXEL

Who was the person who called you from Miami that morning?

MC GEE

Rudy Fresco, but he seemed a little embarrassed about calling me.

DREXEL

Did you arrange to meet him?

MC GEE

Yes. But he never showed. It happens all the time. A witness fears ridicule from family or friends, fears for his job, so he backs out. I think Mr. Fresco simply couldn't go through the publicity that would surround his coming forth....

STRICKLAND

Objection.

JUDGE

Sustained. Confine your questions to fact.

DREXEL

And after your argument, why did you return to the hotel?

MC GEE

I came back to make peace with him. I realized I was out of line earlier.

DREXEL

And the gun?

MC GEE

It's a dart gun I've used before on The Hulk. I had a hunch The Creature might still be around.

DREXEL

Instead you ran into a couple of different creatures.

The prosecutor stands.

STRICKLAND

Objection.

145 CONTINUED - 2 145

JUDGE
Overruled. Continue, Mr. McGee.

MC GEE
One of them hit me...it all happened
very fast. That's all I remember.

146 EXT. STREET - DAY 146

David's cab slows at a minor traffic jam.

147 DAVID - INSIDE CAB 147

strains to determine the problem.

148 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW 148

A "fender-bender" has blocked traffic.

149 RESUME DAVID 149

checks his watch with mounting agitation.

DAVID
How far is it to the courthouse?

DRIVER
About a mile. You late for a divorce
or something.

He laughs at his own joke. David pays him and leaves the cab.
He'll hoof it.

150 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 150

The thugs work through the small crowd, heading up the stairs
toward the entrance.

JOHNNY
How do we know he's coming?

FRANK
Drexel told the court about an anonym-
ous witness -- who else but Everett
Trundle?

151 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 151

As the prosecution winds its closing argument, Mr. Strickland
addresses the jury.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

STRICKLAND

...let's not confuse a man's reputation and intelligence with his ability to take another life. If Jack McGee pulled the trigger that night and killed Rudy Fresco in cold blood, you must find him guilty. You have been presented with convincing evidence and eyewitnesses supporting the state's case. We have seen no phantom witness. We have seen only truth. Thank you.

Drexel, clock-watching at this point, stands before the jury. He's sweating this one. He desperately needs time.

DREXEL

Your Honor, in light of the absence of our witness, I'd like to request a short recess....

JUDGE

Unfortunately, our time has passed for surprise witnesses, Mr. Drexel. You said this morning he'd be here. I'm afraid we can't wait. We're ready now for your closing argument.

Drexel and McGee share a look of utter helplessness.

DISSOLVE TO

152 EXT. STREET - DAY

152

David approaches the courthouse, concerned he may now be too late.

153 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

153

Several small clusters of people wait out the impending verdict.

154 DAVID

154

hurries toward the courthouse entrance.

155 INT. COURTHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

155

Crowded with spectators and reporters...and the thugs, scanning faces.

156 THEIR POINT OF VIEW 156
Everett Trundle making his way secretively toward the courtroom entrance.

157 THE THUGS 157
Frank motions to Johnny to get Trundle.

158 TRUNDLE 158
sees the thugs heading for him and turns to see:

159 DAVID 159
entering the lobby, spots Everett, is about to call to him.

160 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW 160
The thugs are ready to grab Trundle when the courtroom doors open. The jury's back. People funnel back inside, thwarting the thugs. Trundle escapes down a side corridor, the thugs following.

161 DAVID 161
tries to follow Everett, but the congestion makes it impossible. He looks around for help. Nearby, a cop, his back to David. He reaches him and taps him on the shoulder.

DAVID
Officer, I need help....

162 DAVID'S POINT OF VIEW 162
The cop turns and recognizes David's face.

163 DAVID 163
instinctively backs away into the crowd.

OFFICER
Hey, come here, you. You're that guy who escaped....

The cop rushes David and nails him quickly.

DAVID
Those men are going to kill a very important witness.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED 163

OFFICER
You first, buddy...you're the one
who's wanted.

He spins David around, frisks him and slaps the cuffs on.
David and the cop are now connected.

164 TRUNDLE 164

running for his life down the corridor, ducks into an empty
room.

165 THE THUGS 165

turn a corner and have lost Trundle. They start opening doors.

166 THE OFFICER 166

with David in tow, follows down the corridor.

167 TRUNDLE 167

in the just-vacated jury room, ducks into a closet.

168 THE THUGS 168

spot David and the cop approaching and duck into the nearest
room. The jury room.

FRANK
You think the cop spotted us?

JOHNNY
I don't think so.

169 TRUNDLE - INSIDE THE CLOSET 169

his heart thumping.

FRANK (o.s.)
We're not leaving until Trundle's
dead.

170 DAVID AND THE OFFICER 170

stop in the corridor.

OFFICER
I think you made up your little
story, buddy. Let's go back.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

170

DAVID

What about this room?

David tugs the officer toward the room directly adjacent to the jury room. The officer goes along with the request. As David crosses the threshold, he slams the door on the cop's arm, which is pulled into the room. The cop recoils.

DAVID

You've got to believe me! A man's
going to die!!

The cop doesn't like being had. He yanks his arm back angrily.

171 DAVID - INSIDE ROOM - INTERCUT WITH COP

171

is pulled toward the nearly-closed door. The cop reaches for his gun.

OFFICER

I'm going to give you five before
I blow your head off. One ---

David, too, is growing angrier, ready to explode. His leverage on the cop's arm makes it a stalemate. The cop cocks his gun.

172 THE THUGS - INSIDE JURY ROOM

172

react to a noise coming from the closet. They trade looks and Frank motions for his partner to follow him to the source. They pause at the closet and Johnny whips the door open. Everett cowers in the corner, begging with his eyes to be spared.

173 RESUME DAVID AND COP - INTERCUT

173

OFFICER

(still counting)

-- five.

In a last angry flash, the cop yanks David's arm toward him. David's face smashes into the wall.

174 WHITE EYES

174

175 INSERT - HULKOUT

175

as David's body metamorphoses into The Creature.

176 THE COP

176

reacts to the force on the unseen end of his arm. Suddenly,

CONTINUED

- 176 CONTINUED 176
- the connection is broken and the cop flies backwards to the floor. Primal growls o.s.
- 177 THE JURY ROOM 177
- Frank's gun is leveled at Trundle who has been coaxed out of the closet. He's about to fire when The Hulk explodes through the wall connecting the rooms. The Creature heaves both men by their collars through the wall.
- 178 THE COP 178
- painfully unfolds from the floor when the thugs pierce the wall like human missiles and sail into the corridor, crumbling with the debris. The three men share puzzled looks as The Hulk barges through the huge gash in the wall carrying Trundle in his arms. He turns for the exit but sees:
- 179 HULK'S POINT OF VIEW 179
- Two cops, guns drawn, heading his way.
- 180 THE HULK 180
- whirls around and makes for the lobby.
- 181 THE CORRIDOR - ANOTHER ANGLE 181
- as The Hulk turns a corner, another cop blocks his escape. There's nowhere left to go but through the wall where he stands. His hands are busy cradling Everett so The Creature backs through the wall in a powerful blast of reverse energy. Broken pipes gush steam. Electric circuits crackle.
- 182 THE COURTROOM 182
- hushed silence in anticipation of the verdict.
- JUDGE
...and what is the verdict, Mr.
Foreman?
- The foreman is about to read from his notes when:
- 183 THE HULK 183
- blows through the wall carrying Everett, but he's stopped by the jury box, a self-contained short bleacher which blocks his escape. With one free hand, The Creature pushes the entire jury box forward like it was a shotput.

- 184 INSERT - THE JURY BOX 184
pulls from the floor and moves forward.
- 185 THE JURY 185
reacts. Gaping mouths. Soprano screams. The Hulk roars his reply and a blue-haired matron loses her perm to the wind from The Creature's bellow.
- 186 THE GALLERY 186
on its feet.
- 187 NEW ANGLE - THE HULK 187
deposits Everett Trundle in front of the judge's bench and storms toward the courtroom entrance. The crowd parts like the Red Sea. A bailiff raises his gun to shoot. There's too many people...and he's in a state of shock anyway.
- 188 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY 188
The huge doors come crashing down before the fury of The Hulk as he takes several steps at a time and disappears beyond the courthouse grounds.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

189 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

189

Nearly empty now. Remnants of a long trial remain: trash on the gallery floor...and what's left of one wall and a displaced jury box. Two FBI agents stand at the courtroom entrance, one motioning with his hand on his watch to Trundle in front of the judge's bench that time's up. He's talking with Jack McGee, a greatly relieved former defendant. Trundle nods to the signal.

MC GEE

I can't say much for your timing,
Mr. Trundle, but you saved my life.

TRUNDLE

I wish I could accept the compliment.
But if it wasn't for David Bennett
I'd probably still be in Seattle now
with my family.

MC GEE

You know David Bennett?

TRUNDLE

He saw Fresco's murder, too. But
he said he couldn't testify. Because
of you.

MC GEE

...but The Hulk was here obviously.

TRUNDLE

So was David. He was going to testify
for you.

The FBI men motion to Trundle again. He shakes McGee's hand.

TRUNDLE

...you're got an army of reporters
out there waiting for a story.

MC GEE

(fed up)

Let 'em wait.

Trundle walks toward the waiting agents.

190 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

190

Leo Drexel enjoys the spotlight, but very little humility.
Surrounded by newsmen and cameras he answers questions.

REPORTER

...why did you wait so long to
spring your surprise?

DREXEL

(savoring the
moment)

Timing...it's all in the timing,
boys....

He smiles broadly as flashbulbs explode around him. Behind
at a safe distance Jack McGee watches the sham and turns away.

191 EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY - (STOCK)

191

David Banner continues his journey.

FADE OUT

THE END