

Louie Louie  
by  
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In 1964, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, at the request of Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Indiana Governor Matt Welsh, began an investigation into the allegedly obscene lyrics to the #1 hit song, "Louie Louie".

After two years and countless man-hours, FBI investigators concluded that the lyrics were "unintelligible at any speed."

This is a work of fiction. Honest.

FADE IN:

An American Flag flaps gallantly in the breeze.

The NARRATOR, not a professional speaker but a raspy well-travelled raconteur, fills us in.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was 1964. Don't 'spose most of you remember it but that was the year everything changed.

Appropriate TV images accompany his riff.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Some of you remember the Sixties or think you do. But what you remember is 1969, the year of Woodstock. Or 1967, the Summer of Love. In the summer of 1964, our hair was just getting long. We read a big fat book that said a loner named Oswald took down the President. And Ol' LBJ scared the bejeezus out of us tellin' us a guy named Goldwater was going to get us all killed. And while Dixiecrats read phone books out loud trying to stop the vote on the Civil Rights Act, down in Mississippi three kids trying to get the vote out disappeared. There were riots in Harlem. Chicago. Philadelphia. Jersey City. Newark. And Rochester. And somewhere on the other side of the planet, North Vietnamese Communists pissed off that our advisors were running around killing people, lobbed mortars at a US battleship. Sure, the Beatles invaded but the song that everyone played that summer was recorded by four kids out West in a one mike studio. And nobody could figure out what words those kids were singing. Not even the FBI.

TITLE SEQUENCE:

1) A High School dance in progress. Teenage boys and girls mingle on the hardwood. Expectation fills the room.

2) A needle drops on a 45 rpm phonograph.

MUSIC: the Kingsmen's garage band classic, "Louie Louie".

3) The dam breaks. KIDS GO WILD. In H.S. gyms, basement dens, clubs, cafes, anywhere there is a jukebox or record player or a band, kids dance with sybarite abandon.

4) A teenage couple neck and grope, take a breather, then go right back at it.

5) Several teenage boys sit around a 45 rpm player. They listen carefully and take notes.

6) A High School hallway in between class. A line of High School kids stand at their lockers.

7) A typewritten lyric sheet passes from hand to hand. A PRIM GIRL gets the sheet and reads it.

PRIM GIRL

Oh my God!

8) A Mom straightens up her son's desk. A piece of paper catches her eye. She picks it up and reads it. Whatever it says, it's shocking. She almost faints.

9) A portrait of indignant fury, the Mom, types up a letter.

10) The addressee: "Attorney General Robert Kennedy"

END TITLES. END MUSIC.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A hand comes down and stamps the Mom's letter "REC'D - DOJ".

Off-Screen, we hear a ROTARY PHONE BEING DIALED.

MAN (O.S.)

Get me the FBI.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A phone receiver pressed to an ear.

MAN (O.S.)

I'll look into it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The frosted glass door reads "Central Intelligence Agency". A hand holds an envelope marked TOP SECRET.

The door opens. We go inside.

And down a hallway...

Frosted glass reading "Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, Dir. MK-ULTRA".

We go inside...

DR. SIDNEY GOTTLIEB, 50s, a white labcoat, wiry hair and pushbroom eyebrows -- evil in all it's banality -- snatches the envelope. He opens it, scans the contents.

DR. GOTTLIEB  
Phone Hubbard.

INT. PUGET SOUND HOUSE BOAT - DAY

CAPT. HUBBARD, 40s, in an olive drab Army surplus bathrobe, a mischievous turn to his lip, stirs a pot atop a hot plate.

He cradles a phone under his ear, balances a half-ash cigarette between his lips.

HUBBARD  
(into phone)  
Hubbard.  
(listens)  
Christ on a cracker.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - EVENING

A tall athletic man, 40, with a "George Bush for Congress" button on his lapel (our 41st president as a younger man, GEORGE H. W. BUSH), jogs down the Capitol steps.

He crosses the street and walks briskly to a phone booth.

INSIDE THE BOOTH

BUSH  
(on phone)  
Bob? It's George. Bad news. Very bad.  
They're on to you. They have a plan. A  
plan to get the words.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

A pair of red hi-tops atop a dressing room table. An acoustic guitar on a lap.

It's BOB DYLAN. He's 24, at the height of his folksinger phase. As ever, a cool character.

BOB DYLAN  
They do, do they? OK. Do yourself a favor. Stay out of sight.

He hangs up and strums the opening licks to "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall".

BOB DYLAN (cont'd)  
(singing)  
*Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?*  
*Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?*

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

A brand spanking new ranch house with an impossibly green lawn and a perfectly white picket fence.

A man (LEVITT, 30s) in a loud suit that screams "salesman" extends his hand at us. He grins revealing a set of teeth to rival the picket fence.

LEVITT  
Welcome to the American dream.

EDDIE THICKE, 20s, the man on the other end of the handshake is a tough looking character: G-Man standard navy blue suit and tie; raybans over an impassive face. Then he takes his glasses off and smiles. He's just a kid.

Eddie looks around. With minor variations in color, every house is the same.

EDDIE  
Nice. Let's take a look inside.

As they walk to the front door:

LEVITT  
G-Man, huh? What an honor it must be to work for a great American like Mr. Hoover.

EDDIE  
Yeah. You could say that.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, HOOVER'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON, DC -  
DAY

The inner sanctum of the most powerful man in Washington.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, 70, a toad in a white linen suit, sits at his mahogany desk. He puffs on a fat, wet cigar.

As befits a shadow, Associate Director CLYDE TOLSON 65, stands behind Hoover. Down to the neatly folded pocket kerchief, Tolson wears the exact same outfit as Hoover.

Standing out like a spaceship in a cornfield, a portable 45 rpm RECORD PLAYER sits on Hoover's desk.

Across from Hoover: a handsome, fresh-from-the-academy AGENT.

Behind the young agent: a rack of men's clothes.

HOOVER  
(to the Young Agent)  
Take your clothes off.

YOUNG AGENT  
Sir?

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Levitt and Eddie, on a tour, walk through the empty house.

Eddie spies a wooden cabinet on the wall.

EDDIE  
What's that?

LEVITT  
Ah, you've found our integrated home entertainment system.

Eddie walks over.

LEVITT (cont'd)  
Please. Allow me.

Levitt opens the cabinet. It's filled with buttons and knobs - one for each room in the house. Levitt reaches for the knob marked "living room".

LEVITT (cont'd)  
There are speakers in every room.  
Let me demonstrate.

Levitt turns the knob. Perry Como sings the syrupy but infectious "Catch a Falling Star".

EDDIE

Is this extra? I'm not much for music.

LEVITT

It's better than music -- it's *Muzak*. No records to buy. It's 100 percent automated. The Muzak company provides new tunes every month. You can dial up the mood you like, when you like.

Levitt raises the volume. He watches as Eddie, nodding along with the gentle beat, walks to a window facing the street.

LEVITT (cont'd)

So. What do you think?

EDDIE

I'll take it.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Down to his briefs, the Young Agent stands before Hoover.

Hoover looks him over then motions to the clothes rack.

The Agent scurries to the rack and picks a pair of pegged pants and a tight fitting polo shirt. He dresses.

Hoover and Tolson don't take their eyes off the young man.

HOOVER

This country is at war. Our very way of life is at stake. Bolsheviks have infiltrated every corner of our society. The moral fabric of this country is crumbling. Our hearts and minds have softened under the onslaught of pornography, liberalism and godlessness. Kids are going crazy! Look at them with the way they dress! The way they talk and the music they listen to! It is a plot, I tell you, a plot to weaken us before the final totalitarian takeover! A plot to rob us of our God given freedoms!

The young agent zips his fly. He's done -- he looks like a typical 1964 teenager.

HOOVER (cont'd)  
 (looking the agent over)  
 Very nice.

Hoover drops the needle on the 45 rpm player.

MUSIC: "Louie Louie".

HOOVER (cont'd)  
 OK, then. Dance.

YOUNG AGENT  
 Sir?

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Well-appointed. Antiques. Wealthy, powerful people live here.

PATRICIA FELLOWES, 21, gorgeous, in a refined just out of finishing school way, is on the phone. She holds a framed photo in her free hand.

Her father, SENATOR FELLOWES (50s), hidden behind a Washington Post, sits in a wingback chair.

SEN. FELLOWES  
 (an Arkansas drawl)  
 Hurry up. The President's supposed to call.

Patricia holds the phone against her chest.

PATRICIA  
 Daddy. My calls are important, too.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, AGENT'S BULLPEN - DAY

Like the other G-men in this grim fluorescent lit room, Eddie sits at a spare metal desk. He's on the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

EDDIE  
 You're going to love it.

PATRICIA  
 When can I see it?

She looks at the photo. It's Eddie and JFK in the oval office. JFK shakes Eddie's hand. Eddie holds a plaque.

EDDIE  
Anytime. You know what this means.

PATRICIA  
Yes, my darling, I do.

EDDIE  
We can set a date.

PATRICIA  
Oh Eddie you make me so happy. I'm  
so proud of you.

Eddie looks up, sees an AGENT standing over him.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
Just the other day I was --

EDDIE  
One sec.

Eddie covers the receiver. Muffled, Patricia PRATTLES ON.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
(to the Agent)  
Yeah?

AGENT  
Mr. Hoover wants to see you.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE

Patricia hangs up the phone, kisses a finger and with it pets  
a face in the photo -- not Eddie's but JFK's.

PATRICIA  
Why? Why did you have to go?  
(to the Senator)  
Daddy! Eddie found us a house!

SEN. FELLOWES  
I am so happy for you.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, OUTSIDE HOOVERS OFFICE - DAY

Eddie stands in line with a dozen or so other young AGENTS.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, HOOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

SEQUENCE OF AGENTS IN TIGHT CLOTHES DANCING FOR HOOVER:

1) An AGENT does an awkward and tentative Swim.

HOOVER  
You call that dancing? Frug! Give  
me a Frug!

2) Another AGENT dances a vigorous Monkey.

HOOVER (cont'd)  
Faster! Faster! You're supposed to  
be a teenager!

3) Another AGENT does a passable Twist.

HOOVER (cont'd)  
Good god, man! Give me something  
besides the Twist! Any idiot can  
Twist! I can Twist for Christ's sake.

He rises, steps up onto the box at his feet, and demonstrates.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, HOOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Exhausted, and in a veritable post-coital haze, Hoover falls  
back into his chair.

Tolson emerges from a dark room behind a false bookcase.

TOLSON  
I saved the best for last.

Tolson drops a file on Hoover's desk.

TOLSON (cont'd)  
He'll do whatever you say.

Hoover opens the file and reads.

HOOVER  
The kid from the Hoffa case.

TOLSON  
Smart. Ambitious. Cute as a button.

Hoover riffles through the file. Something in it rivets his  
attention.

HOOVER  
Interesting. Very interesting.  
Bring the boy in.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER ON

Eddie sits opposite Hoover.

HOOVER  
Thicke, huh? What is that Irish?

EDDIE  
English, I believe, sir.

HOOVER  
You believe?

He looks in Eddie's file at a photocopy of a degree.

HOOVER (cont'd)  
Top of your class at OCS.

Hoover turns over the copy of Eddie's degree to reveal an envelope marked TOP SECRET.

HOOVER (cont'd)  
Talk to me about Indochina.

EDDIE  
I trained locals to combat Communist insurgents.

HOOVER  
But you resigned your commission.

EDDIE  
I felt I could better serve my country stateside.

HOOVER  
Tell me exactly what happened in Indochina, Agent Thicke.

Eddie pauses, fidgets. This isn't a happy topic.

EDDIE  
I am not free to discuss the details of my Vietnam assignment, Sir.

Just what Hoover wanted to hear. He smiles -- thinly.

HOOVER  
Two months ago a certain rocking roll record came to our attention. This record was said to have pornographic lyrics.

(MORE)

HOOVER (cont'd)

I have a photostat of one teenager's transcription here. We cannot confirm if these lyrics are accurate or not.

He pushes a sheet of paper toward Eddie. Eddie picks it up and scans it. Hoover reads aloud from his own copy.

HOOVER (cont'd)

"Tonight at ten, I'll lay her again. We'll expletive deletive your girl and by the way on that chair I'll lay her there. I felt my bone ... ah ... in her hair". Tell me Agent Thicke: are these the words of free-thinking God-fearing Americans?

EDDIE

I can't say sir.

HOOVER

After I saw this I formed a task force dedicated to determining the true lyric. But despite our best efforts the team has not been successful.

EDDIE

I am aware of the operation, sir.

HOOVER

Then you understand the importance of this mission.

EDDIE

To be honest, sir, I don't see what interest this is to the Bureau.

Hoover falls back in his chair. He ponders Eddie for a long quiet moment.

HOOVER

Agent Thicke, there's a professor in Atlanta telling his students God is dead. Papists are hearing their mass in English. Negroes are rioting in the streets. It's chaos out there! We are at war, man, and the Godless Communists are winning!

Hoover lifts "Louie Louie" off the spindle and holds it up.

HOOVER (cont'd)

"Louie Louie" isn't a record. It's a weapon. And it's only a blade of grass in a forest of deceit, deception, chicanery and manipulation.

(MORE)

HOOVER (cont'd)  
I want you to go undercover. Out to Seattle where you will find the quislings who recorded this filth. I want you to find out what's in this record once and for all.

EDDIE  
Sir, I'm assigned to Organized Crime.

HOOVER  
You did a great job nailing that pinko patsy ratdog Hoffa but as of today you are heading the "Louie Louie" task force.

Hoover stands up on his box and extends his hand. Instinctively, Eddie stands up and reaches out. They shake.

HOOVER (cont'd)  
Congratulations on your promotion.

EDDIE  
Thank you, sir. Is there anything else?

HOOVER  
I need to see you dance. To be sure you'll fit in.

EDDIE  
Sir? I don't dance. I can't.

Hoover closes the file and puts his fist atop it.

HOOVER  
Oh, you'll dance. Everyone does.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, OUTSIDE HOOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie, furious, leaves Hoover's office and heads to his desk.

The same Agent from before watches Eddie walk past him.

AGENT  
What's the scuttlebutt, Eddie?

EDDIE  
New case. Heading the task force.

AGENT  
Congrats. Who's the unsub?

EDDIE  
Louie Louie.

AGENT  
Gambinos?

Eddie shakes his head "no".

AGENT (cont'd)  
Bonnanos?

EDDIE  
Wand Records. It's a goddam 45 rpm  
record.

INT. SEN. FELLOWES' GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE, SUN PORCH - DAY

Senator Fellowes sits in a rattan chair. George Bush sits  
next him.

SEN. FELLOWES  
You're a slippery one, George. Is there  
anyone you don't know or work with?

BUSH  
Policy not partisanship. That's  
what I say.

SEN. FELLOWES  
You tell your people they can count on  
me. If this "Civil Rights" Act passes  
half the schools in Arkansas will be  
forced to close.

A PINK BLUR darts through the next room.

SEN. FELLOWES (cont'd)  
Not so fast!

PATRICIA (O.S.)  
I'm late!

Off-screen, a door slams.

BUSH  
Kids today. Always rushing. Not like my  
George. No, sirree. He's slow.

EXT. SEN. FELLOWES' GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Bush walks down the street. A LIMO pulls up along side and  
tails him. Bush senses he's being followed. He stops and  
looks at the limo. The rear window glides down.

From inside the limo, a MAN'S VOICE calls out.

MAN (O.S.)  
Get in.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Dr. Gottlieb and Bush sit opposite one another.

DR. GOTTLIEB  
Your efforts are proving futile.

BUSH  
We'll keep looking. Entire planes don't disappear without being seen.

DR. GOTTLIEB  
Are you certain about the location?

BUSH  
We know it's approximate whereabouts with absolute certainty. I have my best men sweeping the jungle.

Bush tosses an 8x10 glossy onto the seat.

It's a satellite photo of a dense tropical jungle.

DR. GOTTLIEB  
We have to find it. The entire operation depends on it.

BUSH  
The lyrics are somewhere on that plane. Read my lips: we will find those lyrics.

EXT. THE ARCTIC - DAY

The snow is so thick the world appears to be pure white. A LOW MECHANIZED RUMBLE mixes in with the sound of the WHISTLING WIND. The RUMBLE grows louder.

Out of the white blanket, three WIDE-TREAD SNOWCATS pull into view and come to a stop.

The cab of a snowcat pops open and a MAN hidden beneath a snow parka and goggles points into the swirling snow.

PARKA MAN  
Look! There it is! Exactly where he said it would be!

Peeking out from the snow -- the tail of an AIRPLANE!

EXT. THE ARCTIC - DAY

A dozen MEN IN PARKAS surround the cargo hold of the partially excavated plane.

One of the men pries open the cargo bay with a crowbar. The door pops open and the men venture inside.

A fierce wind PULLS the bay door off it's hinge. Tens of thousands of WHITE SHEETS OF PAPER torpedo out from the hold and fly away into the snow.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Eddie paces impatiently in front of the cookie-cutter suburban house from earlier. He checks his watch.

A cab pulls up and Patricia gets out. She could be Jackie Kennedy herself. She wears a pink Chanel outfit and a pillbox hat. In the crook of her arm is a tiny dog (NOXZEMA, pekingese).

PATRICIA

Darling!

She runs over and kisses Eddie.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Give Noxzema a kiss.

EDDIE

You know I'm allergic.

She purses her lip.

PATRICIA

Pweez.

Eddie melts. He pecks Noxzema on the nose.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

So. Which one is it?

Sniffing, Eddie motions to the house in front of them.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

It's nice.

EDDIE

Nice?

PATRICIA  
Yes. Nice and small.

EDDIE  
That's only from the outside. It's  
huge inside. C'mon.

Fighting a sneeze, Eddie takes Patricia's hand.

PATRICIA  
I just want to be clear. This is  
only a start, right? You promised me  
Camelot. Eddie: I want Camelot.

EDDIE  
You're going to love it.

He takes her hand and pulls her toward the entrance.

As they go inside:

EDDIE (cont'd)  
Oh and I have a new assignment.

Silence. HOLD ON the house.

PATRICIA (O.S.)  
(screeching)  
What?

The door flies open. Patricia storms out. Eddie follows.

EDDIE  
Darling!

PHNNNK. Eddie stifles a sneeze.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
Mr. Hoover wants me on the case!

PATRICIA  
Well, Mr. Hoover is a stupid stupid. I  
don't care if he put you in charge of the  
whole interstate pornographic lyrics  
department! You have no backbone!

She claws at her finger, pulls off her engagement ring and  
fires it into the grass. Eddie drops down on all fours in  
the grass to search for the ring.

EDDIE  
Darling, please. Don't do this.

She starts to whimper.

PATRICIA

How am I supposed to live my dreams if  
you won't try harder. Don't you love me?

EDDIE

Please don't cry. You know what  
that does to me.

Patricia pours it on. She barely breathes through her sobs.

PATRICIA

I..am...not...going...to...marry...  
just...any...stupid...FBI...agent.

She turns on a heel and marches off. Eddie finds the ring.

He gets up and runs after his fiancée. Halfway down the  
block, he catches up with her.

EDDIE

Please. Sweetheart. Take the ring back.  
Stop crying. I'm the head of the task  
force. I'll wrap it up. Then I'll talk  
to the Senator about a position on his  
staff. Please. I promise. Just don't  
cry.

She turns and gives him a petulant look.

PATRICIA

Pwomise?

EDDIE

Promise. But I will have to go to  
Seattle first. Go through the motions.

PATRICIA

And you'll come right back?

Eddie nods. Patricia takes the ring, embraces Eddie.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Oh, Eddie! Let's go inside and  
christen this house with a bang!

Eddie roars a huge pent up SNEEZE.

EXT. AIRPORT - SEATTLE, WA - DAY

Eddie walks down the gangway onto the tarmac. He pauses to take in his new surroundings.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SEATTLE, WA - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The space needle is visible in the background.

Eddie walks up to the Federal Building entrance.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

Eddie shows a slip of paper to a SECURITY GUARD. The Guard points to the rear of the building and then motions down.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, STAIRCASE - DAY

Eddie jogs down some steps.

Then more steps.

Then even more.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Checking the room numbers against the paper in his hand, Eddie walks down a windowless hallway. From a speaker system built into the walls, Perry Como sings "Catch a Falling Star".

PERRY COMO  
*Catch a falling star and put it in  
your pocket. Save it for a rainy day.*

Eerie recognition crosses Eddie's face.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, FBI SOUND LAB - CONTINUOUS

The room is a rat's nest of empty Chinese take out, pizza boxes, and state of the art (for 1964) audio equipment -- reel to reel tape players, vacuum tube amplifiers and so on.

Two 40-ish career G-Men in shirt sleeves, RIZZUTO and GAILLARD, sit, play cards and munch on doughnuts.

There's a knock at the door.

Rizzuto rises, dusts off some powdered sugar from his pants and answers the door. Eddie stands there.

RIZZUTO  
 (to Gaillard)  
 New guy's here.

INT. FBI SOUND LAB - A LITTLE LATER ON

MUSIC: "Louie Louie" at quarter speed, half speed, full speed, double speed and everything in between.

Eddie, a pair of headphones on, listens and goes through a pile of papers of attempted transcriptions.

Eddie takes the headphones off and "Louie Louie" stops. Ambient sounds return. It's not Perry Como singing on the loudspeakers but the Singing Nun warbling the unctuously chirpy "Dominique".

SINGING NUN (O.S.)  
*Dominique, a neek neek neek.*

EDDIE  
 Anyway to turn that off?

Gaillard and Rizzuto shrug.

GAILLARD  
 We kind of like it.

Eddie holds up the sheath of papers.

EDDIE  
 Is this the best you can do? None of this makes any sense.  
 (reading)  
 "I meet a rose in her hair"? What the hell does that mean?

GAILLARD  
 Could be slang.

RIZZUTO  
 Or code. For you-know.

Eddie stands up.

EDDIE

Nobody's going home until we find lyrics that make sense and every reasonable person who reads them will agree are the words sung on this record.

(beat)

You got a tape recorder I can wear?

RIZZUTO

Sure. Why?

EDDIE

So we can get out of this shithole.

GAILLARD

What are you going to do?

EDDIE

Ask the guys who recorded the song what they hell they were singing. This isn't an international conspiracy. It's rock 'n roll.

EXT. MUZAK CORPORATION HQ, OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, DC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: MUZAK CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS

A glass Philip Johnson monolith amidst tall trees.

INT. MUZAK CORPORATION HQ, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gottlieb, Bush (holding what appears to be a Geiger counter), several men in suits, one man in a Cardinal's robes and another in white tie gather at a large table.

Gottlieb hobbles to the windows and closes the blinds. He goes to the door and turns a bolt.

Bush sweeps a detector under the table.

As he goes around the table, we see who is there.

SAM WALTON (30s) brainstorms onto a legal pad. The word "Wal-Town", is crossed out. He crosses out "Wal-Shop" and writes down "Wal-Mart. Yes!!!!".

CARLO MONTOVANI (50s), leader of the Montovani strings, in his signature white tie and tails, discretely conducts a symphony only he can hear.

CARDINAL SPELLMAN (70s) in the red robes, directs his eyes heavenward and lightly hums "Where the Boys Are".

RAY KROC (50s) hangs up a phone.

RAY KROC  
Great news. We just sold our  
Billionth hamburger sandwich.

The table nods their approval and golf-applauds the news.

Bush removes his headphones.

BUSH  
We're clean.

DR. GOTTLIEB  
Let's begin.

Bush takes his seat next to Cardinal Spellman.

SPELLMAN  
How's that fine lad of yours?

BUSH  
At Yale. In New Haven already. Had to  
pull a few strings but I got him a dandy  
summer job with Dr. Milgram.

INT. YALE UNIVERSITY PSYCHOLOGY LAB - DAY

SUPER: YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN CT

GEORGE W. BUSH, just 18 but a familiar face all the same,  
sits at a set of elaborate controls and a microphone.

W  
(into microphone)  
Wrong again.

W presses and holds down a button. There's a LOUD PROLONGED  
BUZZ. A pained VOICE cries out from a speaker.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Oh God! Stop! For God's sake stop!

Clipboard in hand, DR. STANLEY MILGRAM (30s) stands behind W.

W  
(to Milgram)  
Again?

MILGRAM  
That's up to you.

W  
Okey-dokey.

VOICE (O.S.)  
For the love of God, stop! Please!  
I'll do anything!

W looks at the controls in front of him. The voltage dial is pinned at maximum, way past the point marked "Danger!"

W  
Gosh darn it. I can't raise the voltage.

MILGRAM  
That's OK. Continue asking questions until you are ready to stop.

The Voice on the speaker humbly recites the Lord's Prayer.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Our father who art in heaven.  
Hallowed be thy name...

W  
Well alrighty then.

He leans into the microphone then stops.

W (cont'd)  
(to Milgram)  
Are you sure there's no way to raise the voltage?

EXT. YALE UNIVERSITY - DAY

Chipper as ever, W traipses through campus. A pair of COMMANDOS in full-body black leotards and red sneakers jump out of the shrubbery and carry him away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie, shirtless and wearing the peglegged pants from Hoover's office, stands at a mirror and speaks into a thimble-sized microphone taped to his chest.

His back is cross-hatched with thick scars.

EDDIE

Testing. Testing. 1. 2. 3.

A wire snakes down his chest and disappears below his waist. Eddie reaches into his pant pocket and we hear the sound of a TAPEPLAYER REWIND.

EDDIE (cont'd)

(on tape)

Testing. Testing. 1. 2. 3.

Eddie puts on a tight fitting polo shirt. He checks himself out in the mirror. He's a kid again.

EXT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The legendary Spanish Castle Ballroom on Route 99 midway between Seattle and Tacoma -- a beacon of light and music along a dark highway.

TEENAGERS, COLLEGE KIDS and YOUNG ADULTS stream past a sign reading: "BATTLE OF THE BANDS! THE KINGSMEN VS. THE WAILERS"

Eddie, looking the part, heads inside.

INT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM - NIGHT

A hard driving cover of "Twist and Shout" fills the room.

The dance floor: packed with twisting, frugging, swimming and monkeying TEENS.

The bar: two deep and getting deeper.

The Stage: THE WAILERS, a four piece, two guitar, bass and drum teenage band, pour it on.

INT. MUZAK CORPORATION HQ, CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

They have been at it for hours. Everyone's down to shirtsleeves, except Spellman who is down to vestments.

Dr. Gottlieb stands in front of a slide projection of the 1964 World's Fair Unisphere (a massive steel globe).

A toaster-sized device with a parabolic antenna on top sits on the conference table.

DR. GOTTLIEB

Is everyone clear on their assignment?

BUSH  
 Let's get cracking gentleman. Just  
 68 hours to M-Day.

The meeting breaks up. People gather their things, head out.

Gottlieb pulls Bush aside.

DR. GOTTLIEB  
 Without the lyrics, this exercise  
 is futile.

BUSH  
 It's only a matter of time. Our  
 best men are on it.

INT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Hubbard wearing a stylish sharkskin suit and his perpetually mischievous smile, takes it all in.

Hubbard slides a hundred dollar bill at the BARTENDER.

HUBBARD  
 (above the din)  
 Keep it coming for whoever wants  
 any! Keep ten for yourself!

BARTENDER  
 Yes, sir!  
 (to the crowd)  
 Drinks on the Captain!

The crowd pushes toward the bartender. Hubbard wriggles away and finds a relatively quiet nook.

Eddie enters by himself, looks around unsure of what to do.

Hubbard catches sight of the new kid, watches him closely.

A teenager heading to the dance floor, bumps into Eddie. Instinctively, Eddie drops into a martial arts stance as the kid moves past.

Hubbard takes note of this and walks over to Eddie.

HUBBARD  
 You looking for someone?

EDDIE  
 Who's asking?

HUBBARD  
You here for the Kingsmen?

EDDIE  
Who are you, their manager?

HUBBARD  
Not exactly.

A portrait of youthful freedom, a young woman in pedal-pushers, flats and a ponytail (BLITHE), sees Hubbard, waves then bops over.

BLITHE  
Captain Hubbard! Who's your friend?

HUBBARD  
Just figuring that out myself.

BLITHE  
(to Eddie)  
Do you want to dance?

EDDIE  
No, thanks. Maybe later.

HUBBARD  
(to Eddie)  
Why not?

EDDIE  
Not much of a dancer.

Some guy pulls Blithe out onto the dance floor. Smiling, she looks back at Eddie and waves.

BLITHE  
I'm Blithe!

EDDIE  
Eddie!

HUBBARD  
Hey, you want to meet Ely?

EDDIE  
Jack Ely of the Kingsmen?

HUBBARD  
C'mon he's a friend of mine. They just got here.

EXT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, BEHIND THE CLUB - NIGHT

Hubbard leads Eddie down an alley behind the club.

EDDIE  
Where are we going?

Hubbard turns and grabs Eddie by the neck.

HUBBARD  
Make a sound and I'll snap it in two.

Taking Hubbard by surprise, Eddie reaches up and expertly chops Hubbard's hand away. Hubbard falls back. Dropping into martial arts crouches, the two men cage each other.

EDDIE  
What the hell is your problem?

Hubbard admires Eddie's form.

HUBBARD  
You've had training.

Feinting chops and jabs, they circle one another.

EDDIE  
I don't know what you're talking about.

HUBBARD  
I think you do.

Hubbard swipes at Eddie's foot and sends him sprawling to the ground. Hubbard falls on Eddie and overpowers him.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
Who sent you!

Hubbard reaches into Eddie's shirt and rips the microphone off his chest.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
What's this?

EDDIE  
You don't want to do this.

HUBBARD  
Who's your contact?

EDDIE  
You're getting yourself in big trouble.

HUBBARD

You don't want to fuck with me,  
Ivan. You won't be the first Red I  
send back to Moscow in a box.

EDDIE

Rear pocket.

HUBBARD

What?

EDDIE

My wallet. Rear pocket.

For a second, Hubbard ponders the possible ruse then without taking an eye off him, reaches into Eddie's back pocket and takes out Eddie's wallet. Hubbard flips it open.

Eddie's bureau credentials tumble out.

Hubbard looks closely at the creds. He is more than a bit surprised. Eddie takes the chance and turns the tables on Hubbard. He knees Hubbard in the groin, flips him over and presses a flat hand on his windpipe.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Your turn. If you like breathing  
that is.

Hubbard sighs.

HUBBARD

I'm with the agency, feebee. And don't  
ask me for creds. I'm in deep cover.

INT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, BAR AREA - NIGHT

Grimacing, Hubbard massages his neck and fidgets with his privates. Eddie nurses a soft drink. Hubbard throws back something stronger and motions the bartender for a refill.

HUBBARD

We've been after the lyrics from  
the moment Wand released "Louie  
Louie" nationwide.

EDDIE

Why?

HUBBARD

Like you don't know.

The Wailers kick in with their final number. Hubbard looks out on the dance floor.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
 Jesus, the poor bastards don't know what's happening to them. Look at them go. Hard to believe that somewhere out there are tomorrow's president and vice-president.

Hubbard looks at his watch.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
 Mm. Time for my pill.

Hubbard pulls out a vial, unscrews the top and pops a pill.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
 Doctor's orders. Vision problems. Want one?

EDDIE  
 No thanks.

HUBBARD  
 Suit yourself.

With one hand he drinks, with the other he stealthfully DROPS A PILL INTO EDDIE'S DRINK.

EDDIE  
 Never heard of a pill for eye problems.

HUBBARD  
 I didn't say eye, I said vision. Drink up. We're going to meet the band.

Eddie swallows his drink and whatever Hubbard dosed it with.

INT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The KINGSMEN (Lead Guitar JACK ELY, and 4 well-groomed just letting their hair get long, young men, all 20 years old) sit tuning their instruments.

Hubbard enters with Eddie. Ely sees Hubbard.

ELY  
 Captain Trips!

EDDIE  
 Why do they call you that?

Hubbard shrugs.

Ely takes Hubbard aside.

ELY  
(whispering)  
Got any more of those "vitamins"?

Hubbard slips a vial to Ely. Hubbard motions at Eddie.

HUBBARD  
This is my friend Eddie Thicke.  
He's with the FBI. Wants to hear  
the real lyrics.

Eddie's face goes white.

EDDIE  
He's kidding.

ELY/KINGSMEN  
Cool. Right on.

Hubbard comes over.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
The Reds got to them first. The  
kids don't remember a thing. It  
was the perfect plot. Like a chain  
with a knot in the end.

Eddie's face gets even whiter. He falls back.

EDDIE  
I need to sit down.

He finds a chair.

Ely picks up a guitar, starts strumming it.

ELY  
"Louie Louie" by Richard Berry.

Hubbard sits down next to Eddie.

EDDIE'S POV

Eddie hallucinates. While Ely sings, the neck of his guitar stretches out, loops back in on itself and forms a knot.

HUBBARD  
 (whispering to Eddie)  
 They're just kids. The Reds  
 were using them. Got them to  
 sing the lyrics they wanted  
 then used the same technology  
 to make them forget what they  
 had done. They have no idea  
 what they sang on the record.

ELY  
 (singing)  
*Louie Louie, oh baby, me  
 gotta go.  
 Louie Louie, oh baby, me  
 gotta go.  
 A fine little girl, she waits  
 for me.  
 Me catch the ship across the  
 sea.  
 I sailed the ship all alone.  
 I never think I'll make it  
 home.  
 Louie Louie, me gotta go.*

EDDIE  
 What technology?

As Ely repeats the refrain, his neck stretches out, loops  
 back in on itself and forms a knot.

HUBBARD  
 Tutti Frutti is my best guess.

EDDIE  
 Tutti Frutti. The Little Richard song?

HUBBARD  
 You don't know a thing do  
 you? It's mind control,  
 Eddie. Musical mind control.  
 The only way to turn it off  
 is to hear the true lyrics.  
 Destroys the subliminal  
 effect.

ELY  
*Three nights and days we  
 sailed the sea; me thinks of  
 girl constantly; on the ship-  
 dream she there; I smell the  
 rose in her hair*

Ely, his neck in a knot, sings the refrain. The other  
 Kingsmen join in. Eddie looks at Hubbard.

HUBBARD  
 We started the rumor that the  
 lyrics were obscene so every  
 kid in America would listen  
 and maybe someone would  
 figure it out for us. Pretty  
 clever, huh? My idea.

ELY  
*Me see Jamaica Moon above; it  
 won't be long - me see me  
 love; me take her in arms and  
 then I tell her I never leave  
 again*

Eddie looks back at the the Kingsmen -- all their necks are  
 in knots.

BACK TO SCENE

Off to the side, a curtain rustles, Hubbard hears this, turns and sees a pair of RED HI-TOPS behind the curtain.

Hubbard reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a GUN. He pulls Eddie to his feet.

HUBBARD  
C'mon, feebee. We got a live one.

Red Hi-tops darts off. Hubbard and Eddie give chase.

ELY  
Later, gators.

THE CLUB MANAGER enters.

MANAGER  
You're on.

ELY  
Let's go, Kingsmen! Let's give it  
to 'em right now!

INT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Red Hi-tops, (not Dylan but a kid, 19) forces his way through the crowded dance floor.

On the stage, the Manager grabs the microphone.

MANAGER  
Ladies and gentlemen: The Kingsmen!

The Kingsmen come out and launch into a raucous version of "Louie Louie".

Hubbard, pushes his way through the crowd. Dazed, Eddie follows.

Blithe stops dancing and turns her attention from the stage. She watches Eddie and Hubbard.

EDDIE'S POV

Everyone's looking at him. He bumps into a TEENAGER. The teenager points an accusing finger right at Eddie.

TEENAGER  
G-Man!

BACK TO SCENE

The teenager looks at Eddie.

TEENAGER (cont'd)  
Gee, man. Watch where you are going.

Hubbard senses Eddie is falling behind.

HUBBARD  
Let's go! He's getting away!

Indeed he is: Red Hi-tops slips out the front door.

EXT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Red Hi-tops hops into a convertible and zips off.

Eddie and Hubbard emerge from the club.

HUBBARD  
We'll take my car.

Hubbard sprints to a 1964 Dodge Dart Convertible. Eddie stares at the stars above.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
C'mon!

INT. HUBBARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Hubbard get in. Hubbard punches a big "R" on the dashboard push button transmission. Eddie is mesmerized by the dashboard controls. He caresses them lovingly.

HUBBARD  
Hang tight.

Hubbard guns the engine and takes off with a loud SCREECH.

EXT. ROUTE 99 - NIGHT

Hubbard's Dart flies along, moving in and out of traffic ON BOTH SIDES OF THE TWO LANE HIGHWAY.

INT. HUBBARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Eddie is frozen in fear.

HUBBARD

They call themselves the Consortium.  
Bunch of pinko Reds. Trying to stop  
us from getting the lyrics.

Hubbard wildly swerves the wheel. Outside, TIRES SCREECH,  
METAL HITS METAL, GAS ENGINES EXPLODE.

INT. HUNTINGTON INDIANA HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

Test time. Everyone's writing in little blue books.

HUBBARD (V.O.)

Two months ago, all across the country  
kids were listening to the song and  
transcribing the lyrics for us.  
Someone was bound to get it right.

Four clean cut teens in letterman's sweaters sit all in a row  
at the back of the class.

A team member (GOLF TEAM #1) slips a note to the team CAPTAIN  
(Blonde, blandly attractive, could be a teenage Dan Quayle.)

HUBBARD (V.O.) (cont'd)

We learned that four members of an  
Indiana High School Golf Team had  
figured it out.

GOLF TEAM #1

Psst, Dan.

CAPTAIN

Hey. How many "e"s in potato?

It is DAN QUAYLE.

GOLF TEAM #1

Check it out.

Quayle opens the note and reads. He can't control his glee  
and loudly guffaws.

Up front, the teacher takes notice. She points a finger at  
Quayle and motions for him to come forward.

INT. HUNTINGTON INDIANA H.S., PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Shaking his head in despair, the PRINCIPAL looks over  
Quayle's sheet of paper.

He puts it in a thick folder of handwritten and typed pages and hands the folder to a man in a labcoat.

It's Dr. Gottlieb!

DR. GOTTLIEB  
Thank you. You've done your country  
a great service.

EXT. THE SKIES OVER THE ARCTIC - DAY

An army surplus CARGO PLANE bumps along.

HUBBARD (V.O.)  
We took all the lyric sheets,  
loaded them on a plane and sent  
them to our data processing center  
for analysis.

A HUGE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE PLANE and sends it hurtling to the earth.

HUBBARD (V.O.) (cont'd)  
But the Reds downed the plane and our  
work was lost.

INT. HUBBARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Outside it's pitch dark. A lone pair of red lights are visible in the middle distance. Hubbard switches off the headlights. They drive blind.

HUBBARD  
Last week, the Golf Team went  
missing. If we can find those kids --  
just one -- we can get the lyrics and  
switch off the "Louie Louie" effect.

Focusing on the lights ahead of him, Eddie moves his head in whorls and circles.

EDDIE'S POV

The red lights of the car ahead paint a neon picture that morphs into a FIRE BREATHING DRAGON.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddie SCREAMS.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
You see the dragon?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SEATTLE, WA

Hubbard, gun drawn, and Eddie, bug-eyed and holding on somehow, peer in through a basement window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Three shadowy figures (COMMANDOS, all in body length black leotards and red Hi-tops of their own) interrogate Red Hi-tops.

COMMANDO #1  
How do you know you weren't followed?

RED HI-TOPS  
I lost him I swear.

Commandos #2 and #3 consult with each other.

COMMANDO #2  
It's not safe.

COMMANDO #3  
We're going to have to move the boy.

BACK ON HUBBARD AND EDDIE

HUBBARD  
He's here. Let's rock and roll.

MUSIC: "Wooly Bully" by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs.

Hubbard removes a tear gas cannister from a bandolier and pulls the pin. It starts to hiss. He hands a GAS MASK to Eddie, then puts one on himself.

Hubbard SMASHES the glass to the basement window and lobs the tear gas cannister into the basement.

COMMANDO #2 (O.S.)  
We're under attack!

Hubbard and Eddie get up. Hubbard tosses Eddie a gun and they run inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE, BASEMENT

Eddie and Hubbard, gas masks on, enter FIRING. The Commandos, coughing and wheezing, wildly return fire.

Red Hi-tops takes a hit and falls.

The commandos fall back into a hallway.

Hubbard motions at them.

HUBBARD  
 (to Eddie)  
 Get 'em!

Eddie chases the Commandos down the hallway. Hubbard kicks in a door and enters...

INT. BASEMENT ANTEROOM

A reel to reel tape player plays "WOOLY BULLY" by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs.

Dan Quayle, still in his letterman's sweater sits on a chair in the small room.

OFF SCREEN, SHOTS FIRE.

QUAYLE  
 Hey. Is something going on out there?

Without hesitating, Hubbard shoots the reel to reel player and the song winds down to a stop. Hubbard grabs a stunned Dan Quayle.

HUBBARD  
 What did they do to you?

QUAYLE  
 They bought me milkshakes.

HUBBARD  
 Vanilla or chocolate?

QUAYLE  
 Vanilla.

HUBBARD  
 Diabolical.

Hubbard stares at a toaster sized device with a parabolic antenna mounted on top -- just like the one we saw earlier.

Hubbard takes the device and hustles Quayle out of the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE, BASEMENT

Eddie reenters. He looks at the devastation.

EDDIE

Wow.

He trips over Red Hi-tops who moans. Eddie crouches down. The kid is hurt bad.

EDDIE (cont'd)

You're just a kid.

Hubbard, the Muzak toaster in his arm, enters with Quayle.

HUBBARD

Did you get them?

EDDIE

(to Hubbard)

He's just a kid.

HUBBARD

I wired this place to blow. We've got 2 minutes to get out of here.

EDDIE

Just a kid.

Hubbard lifts Eddie to his feet and hustles him out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie, Hubbard and Quayle run out of the building.

KABOOOOM. A massive explosion rips out of the basement window. The building collapses in a pile of rubble.

QUAYLE

I'm scared. I want to go home.

HUBBARD

Don't worry, kid. You're in safe hands now.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, FBI SOUND LAB - NIGHT

Quayle, pencil ready, stares at a blank piece of paper. Hubbard paces back and forth.

QUAYLE

I'm trying to remember. Really.

Eddie, massively stoned, focuses on the toaster sized device from the Muzak Corp. He reaches out to touch it but Hubbard slaps his hand away.

HUBBARD

Mother of God. Do you want to fry our brains? Do you know what that thing does?

(to Quayle)

What did they do to you? What did they play?

QUAYLE

Play?

HUBBARD

Music, Dan. What music did they play?

EDDIE

(a rhetorical question)

Why is music so important?

HUBBARD

It's a key, Eddie. The words are a key.

EDDIE

Word word word is there a better word for word than word? Was word the first word? How can you have words without "word", the word for words?

Hubbard flicks a switch and "Um Um Um Um Um" by Major Lance plays. Hubbard orients an OSCILLOSCOPE toward Eddie. A jaggy waveform of the song dances on the screen.

HUBBARD

We are in an arms race, Eddie. For every one of their songs, we have to combat them with one of ours. Their songs have messages designed to control us. The tune and the lyric combine to create a hidden message. One we hear but don't know we hear.

Hubbard flicks another switch and "Catch a Falling Star" mixes in with "Um Um Um Um Um". The Oscilloscope flatlines.

HUBBARD (cont'd)

"Louie Louie" is the ultimate weapon.  
It's a universal scrambler descrambler.  
None of our countermeasures will work  
after "Louie Louie".

Hubbard flicks a switch and turns off "Um Um Um Um Um". He flicks another switch. The Kingsmen's "Louie Louie" comes on. The Oscilloscope flatline becomes a jagged waveform.

EDDIE'S POV (TRIPPING)

The jaggy waveform morphs into the outline of a door key that takes on substance and then a third dimension. It floats like a parade balloon in front of Eddie.

Eddie looks down. The key is a parade balloon. A dozen tiny Hi-tops and Quayles hold ropes tied to the key.

HUBBARD (cont'd)

The message of "Louie Louie" is to ignore all of our counter measures. The only way to turn it off is to expose it. It's either the lyrics or the Reds will be in our heads and nothing we do will stop them.

The tiny marchers take the key to a door, and it inserts itself in the keyhole. The door creaks open.

Eddie flies through the open door into darkness.

Hoover's face flies by.

HOOVER

I want you to dance!

Patricia purses her lips.

PATRICIA

Camewot! I want Camewot!

Jack Ely strums his guitar and sings.

ELY

*I sailed the ship all alone.  
I never think I'll make it home.  
Louie Louie, me gotta go.*

Red Hi-tops, nailed to a cross, floats by.

RED HI-TOPS  
I'm just a kid.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddie freaks.

As he bolts out of there:

EDDIE  
Me gotta go.

QUAYLE  
I want to go home, too.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie paces back and forth. He pauses to consider his hands then starts pacing again.

He switches on a reel to reel player and "Louie Louie" plays.

Eddie taps his toe to the beat and starts dancing -- a little tentative at first. Arms flying, feet moving, unbridled at last, he really gets into it.

He grabs his jacket and flies out the door.

INT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM - NIGHT

Eddie enters. He's raring to go.

On stage, a makeshift combo of Wailers, Kingsmen and a young black man with his own amplifier(JIMI HENDRIX) jam away into the night.

Eddie moves toward the dance floor. Blithe sees him, ponies over. They shout above the noise.

BLITHE  
Hey.

EDDIE  
This is God.

BLITHE  
Yes. It's very good.

EDDIE  
Let's dance.

He pulls her out onto the dance floor and dances. And, man, does he dance.

EDDIE MONKEYS.

HE FRUGS.

HE SWIMS.

HE SOUL TWISTS.

The man is on FIRE. Metaphorically.

EDDIE'S POV

Blithe is on FIRE. So is the bar. Literally. In fact, the entire room is a vision of Hell. The dancers around him are not teens but leering, animated corpses.

Five army issue body bags lie on the floor. The corpses within sit up and start to unzip the bags.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddie gapes in horror.

BLITHE  
Eddie? Are you OK?

EDDIE  
This is Hell!

He runs out of the club.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A house boat lit by moonlight.

Hubbard and Dan Quayle walk down the pier to the boat.

QUAYLE  
Where are we?

HUBBARD  
You'll be safe here.

INT. HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Quayle sips a milkshake. Hubbard prepares a syringe.

QUAYLE  
What's that?

HUBBARD  
Truth serum.

QUAYLE  
Oh. OK.

He jabs Quayle with the syringe.

Quayle (cont'd)  
Ow!

HUBBARD  
Let's see if you remember those lyrics now.

EXT. SPANISH CASTLE BALLROOM, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Eddie paces back and forth. Blithe stands to the side.

EDDIE  
Am I dead?

BLITHE  
Did Capt. Hubbard give you something?

EDDIE  
I am dead.

Blithe comes over, holds Eddie's arms, stops him from pacing.

BLITHE  
Eddie, you're not dead. You're having a bad trip.

EDDIE  
Death is a bad trip.

BLITHE  
That's one way to look at it. Eddie, listen to me. The Captain slipped you LSD-25. Acid. From the looks of things about 20 micrograms. You're hallucinating. It's going to stop. Promise.

(MORE)

BLITHE (cont'd)  
 (beat)  
 Where's the Captain?

EDDIE  
 With the boy. At the safe house.

Blithe's face shows she knows exactly what this means.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
 Is it killing me? Am I going to die?

BLITHE  
 No. Not anytime soon. Maybe  
 someday. Almost certainly really.  
 But that's not the point. You're  
 going to be OK. I won't leave you  
 until I am sure you are going to be  
 OK. Do you understand?

Eddie looks adoringly at her.

EDDIE  
 You're an angel.

BLITHE  
 No I am not.

EDDIE'S POV

Yes she is.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Three Commandos in red hi-tops creep down the pier toward  
 Hubbard's house boat.

INT. HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Hubbard stirs a pot on a small electric stove.

HUBBARD  
 I'm making Cream of Wheat. You  
 want some Cream of Wheat?

Dan Quayle, naked, runs SCREAMING through the room.

QUAYLE  
 I'm on fire!

He isn't.

HUBBARD  
Just stay on the boat, OK?

Off-screen: SPLASH!

Hubbard ignores this and continues cooking.

A Commando KICKS in the door to the galley. He enters followed by the other two Commandos.

Hubbard is taken by surprise. He throws the pot of Cream of Wheat at a Commando. The goopy mixture slides down the Commando's leotard.

The Commandos train their automatics on Hubbard.

COMMANDO #1  
Where is he?

HUBBARD  
In and out. He'll be back in a sec.

Quayle, naked and soaking wet, bursts in.

QUAYLE  
I'm still on fire!

Commando #1 grabs him. Commando #2 sees the Muzak toaster and takes it.

COMMANDO #2  
(to Commando #1)  
Destroy this before one of these  
idiots kills someone with it.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

The Commandos jog Dan Quayle (dressed in his letterman's sweater once again) down the pier.

As Hubbard's house boat EXPLODES in a fire ball, Hubbard dives off the deck into the water.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The opening credits to the "Outer Limits" plays on the Black and White TV.

OUTER LIMITS NARRATOR  
There is nothing wrong with your  
television set.  
(MORE)

OUTER LIMITS NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Do not attempt to adjust the  
picture. We are controlling  
transmission.

Eddie, still in a daze, sits up in bed and stares at the TV.

OUTER LIMITS NARRATOR (cont'd)  
If we wish to make it louder, we  
will bring up the volume. If we  
wish to make it softer, we will  
tune it to a whisper.

Not taking his eyes off the TV, Eddie gets out of bed.

OUTER LIMITS NARRATOR (cont'd)  
We will control the horizontal. We  
will control the vertical.

He switches off the TV, yawns and stretches.

Looking at his bed, he YELPS.

Blithe sits there. A sketchpad is in her lap.

BLITHE  
I was watching that.

EDDIE  
What are you doing here?

BLITHE  
Making sure you're OK. Sketching  
you. You're cute when you sleep.  
Like a baby.

EDDIE  
You have to go. You can't be here.

BLITHE  
I understand.

She gets up, tosses the sketchpad on his bed.

BLITHE (cont'd)  
You're going to have questions.  
I'll be in the coffee shop getting  
breakfast.

Tracing a finger across his chest as she passes, Blithe exits.

Eddie picks up the sketch pad. It's his face. He's asleep  
but smiling.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Blithe, sitting down and sipping coffee, is visible through the window.

Eddie talks on a pay phone.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE

Patricia cradles a phone while she does her nails.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

PATRICIA  
I'll have Daddy send a limo to the airport for you.

EDDIE  
That's just the thing. I can't come home just yet.

PATRICIA  
I didn't hear you. Bad connection.

She whistles into the receiver.

EDDIE  
(louder)  
I have to stay a few more days.

Patricia holds the receiver at arms length.

PATRICIA  
(shouting)  
I can't wait to see you.

EDDIE  
This is bigger than I thought.

PATRICIA  
It's settled then!

EDDIE  
No darling that's not what I said.

PATRICIA  
Love you! Bye!

She hangs up.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Eddie stares dumbfounded at the receiver.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patricia takes her engagement ring off and throws it across the room.

It whizzes past Sen Fellowes, ensconced as always in his chair and behind a newspaper.

PATRICIA

He hates me!

She runs over, throws herself on her father's lap and curls up into fetal position.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

He hates me, Daddy! There's another woman! I just know it!

SEN. FELLOWES

Does this mean you won't be moving out?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Eddie and Blithe work their way through breakfast. Through the window, a ZOMBIE-LIKE FIGURE approaches.

BLITHE

The Captain has been dropping Acid twice a day for seven years. He calls it his vitamin. I have been assigned to keep an eye on him.

EDDIE

You're agency?

BLITHE

Psy-ops. I was recruited out of Radcliffe. I worked in Dr. Leary's lab at Harvard.

EDDIE

Do you believe it? The "Louie Louie" effect?

BLITHE  
 Don't know. Don't care. I'm just  
 here for the ride.

She drops a nickel into the tableside jukebox.

MUSIC: The Dixie Cups sing "Going to the Chapel".

Blithe sings along with the Dixie Cups. Eddie observes her.  
 She's free. Unbridled. He drinks her in.

BLITHE (cont'd)  
 So. Who's the girl?

EDDIE  
 Who?

BLITHE  
 The one on the phone.

EDDIE  
 How did you know?

BLITHE  
 Psy-ops, remember?

Eddie, betraying some shame, looks away. He doesn't see the  
 zombie standing at the window -- it's Hubbard. He's a mess.

EDDIE  
 It was my fiancée. Patricia. I love her  
 but sometimes I don't know. Maybe we're  
 taking things too fast. I feel swept up.  
 Not in control. Not like she is what I  
 want but what I want to want. Do you  
 know the difference? Jesus, I don't know  
 what I want anymore.

(beat)  
 I think we killed an innocent kid  
 last night.

Eddie looks up. Blithe is gone.

Through the window, Blithe assists Hubbard over to the Motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Hubbard, holding a bag of ice to his temple, sits on the edge  
 of the bed.

HUBBARD  
They took him. I couldn't stop them.  
All I had was instant cereal.

EDDIE  
Did you get the lyrics?

HUBBARD  
Not really. The boy had some, um,  
memory difficulties.

BLITHE  
Did you give him something?

HUBBARD  
(bullshit)  
No. Of course not.

BLITHE  
What did you give him?

Hubbard tries hard to look innocent.

BLITHE (cont'd)  
Hubbard...

HUBBARD  
Just a little truth serum.

BLITHE  
BZ?

HUBBARD  
(more bullshit)  
No, I'd never.

Blithe grabs the ice bag away from Hubbard and with an open hand clocks him on the forehead.

HUBBARD (cont'd)  
Ow! I thought he was lying to me!

BLITHE  
He's just a kid!

Hubbard covers his face and head, while Blithe hits him again and again.

BLITHE (cont'd)  
You maniac!

HUBBARD  
Stop hitting me!

Eddie pulls Blithe off Hubbard.

EDDIE  
Calm down. Everyone. Calm down.

Eddie takes Blithe into a corner. He walks over to Hubbard, whallops him on the jaw.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
That was for last night. Don't do  
it again.  
(to Blithe)  
What's BZ?

BLITHE  
Take what the Captain gave you last  
night and multiply it by a hundred.  
The effects can last a lifetime.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

A Surfer's Woodie, barrels down the Pacific Coast Highway.

INT. WOODIE - DAY

In the rear of the Woodie, Dan Quayle, bug-eyed, stares at the back of the heads of the three Consortium Commandos.

COMMANDO #1  
You'll like L.A.

COMMANDO #2  
Great milkshakes.

QUAYLE'S POV

The three Commandos are giant lizards with flicking tongues and glowing red eyes. They speak an extraterrestrial language of grunts, clicks and coughs.

COMMANDO #1  
Grr. Hack. Bang.

COMMANDO #2  
Scherzo. Cuff. Mengele.

BACK TO SCENE

SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE, Quayle lunges at the driver.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

The Woodie swerves off the road, barrels through some trees, boulders down a rocky embankment, flips and lands upside down in the sand.

INT. HUBBARD'S CAR - DAY

Eddie drives. Blithe sits in the passenger seat. Hubbard, curled up in the rear, sleeps.

EDDIE  
What's in L.A.?

BLITHE  
The Captain traced the last call from the warehouse to a home in the Hollywood Hills. He says the Consortium has major ops there.

EDDIE  
Really? Forgive me if I am a bit skeptical of the Captain's sources.

BLITHE  
The Captain may have unusual methods but he knows what he's doing.

HUBBARD  
Damn straight I do.

EDDIE  
(to Hubbard)  
You don't miss much do you?

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - DAY

Hubbard's car zips along the scenic beach drive.

HUBBARD (O.S.)  
Not a thing.

The Woodie lies upside in the sand. Quayle pulls himself out of the wreck and runs straight into the ocean.

HUBBARD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Faster! Our man in Hollywood is waiting for us.

EXT. WHISKEY A GO GO IN HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The marquee reads: The Trashmen. Tonight 8pm.

A long line of club goers snakes down Sunset Blvd.

INT. WHISKEY A GO GO, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

From backstage, we see the Trashmen. They power through their proto punk hit, "Surfin' Bird".

RONALD REAGAN (50s and action star fit) listens carefully to the song and takes notes.

RONALD REAGAN  
 (reading aloud what he  
 writes)  
 Papa ooh mow mow. Papa Papa Papa  
 ooh mow mow.  
 (beat)  
 Diabolical.

He senses some movement on the other side of the stage. Reagan pockets his notepad, draws a gun and moves behind the curtains toward the other side of the stage.

Reagan moves through the darkness behind the stage. Another figure, a mere silhouette appears. The silhouette raises his hand and the outline of a gun comes crashing down on the future president.

Reagan grabs the hand before the gun hits him. Reagan and his shadowy assailant fight for their lives!

On stage, the Trashmen's Drummer is jostled and bumped by the figures fighting on the other side of the curtain.

Meanwhile, backstage, Reagan gets in close to his assailant. Mid-punch, he stops fighting.

RONALD REAGAN (cont'd)  
 You.

It's Hubbard.

HUBBARD  
 Gip, how are you?

RONALD REAGAN  
 Not bad Captain, yourself?

INT. WHISKEY A GO GO, BAR - NIGHT

Reagan and Hubbard have a drink.

RONALD REAGAN

If the Hoosier kid is anywhere he's at the home of a young man named Jan Berry.

HUBBARD

How do I find this Jan Berry?

RONALD REAGAN

Jan and his partner Dean Torrence are very cautious young men. You are going to need to gain their trust to get into their home. There's a party at Malibu Beach tonight. Jan and Dean will be there. That's your in.

Hubbard gets up from his stool.

HUBBARD

I'm on it.

RONALD REAGAN

Good to see you, old buddy.

HUBBARD

You, too.

Hubbard shakes Reagan's hand and discretely DROPS A PILL IN THE GIP'S SCOTCH AND SODA.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

A huge bonfire roars. PARTY-GOERS, mostly in skimpy bathing suits, dance like pagans around the fire.

On a makeshift stage, DICK DALE AND HIS DEL TONES, the originators of the surf sound, get ready to rock.

Nearby, Hubbard, in his shark skin suit, sips a cuba libre from a hollowed out pineapple.

DICK DALE

This one goes out to my buddy,  
Captain Trips.

Hubbard toasts Dick Dale.

DICK DALE (cont'd)  
Let's go Trippin!

The Deltones launch into the original surf guitar instrumental "Let's Go Trippin".

DOWN BY THE WATER

Several surfers and Blithe, all carrying long boards, run toward the ocean. Eddie, in a swimsuit, grabs her wrist as she runs by.

BLITHE  
Grab a board. We're going in.

EDDIE  
You can't surf at night.

BLITHE  
You don't need to see. Just listen  
for the waves and ride.

EDDIE  
You can get hurt.

She jogs to the water.

BLITHE  
The trick is not to fight the wave!  
Ride it, don't try and control it!

She disappears into the moonlit ink-dark ocean.

INT. REAGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Ronald Reagan, stares at the lights of Sunset Blvd. He moves his head in whorls and circles as Eddie did earlier.

JAN and DEAN, the blonde clown princes of surf music sit in the rear.

JAN  
So. He thinks we have the Hoosier kid.

RONALD REAGAN'S POV

The neon lights form a football diagram and instead of Xs and Os, Hammers and Sickles and Yankee Doodle Top Hats square off. The two symbols engage in a fierce battle on the windshield.

DEAN  
Are you okay, Gip?

RONALD REAGAN  
I'm just thinking. I'm thinking a lot. I'm thinking something has to be done to stop the menace.

JAN  
Gip?

RONALD REAGAN  
We can't let them try and control everything. It isn't right. We're playing God. Things happen because they happen.

DEAN  
Wow. Deep.

Ronald Reagan turns and looks at Jan and Dean.

RONALD REAGAN  
You can't let the Captain and the feebee get away. Do what you have to. But you can't let the Feds find that boy and those lyrics. Market forces must prevail.

JAN/DEAN  
OK. Sure. Cool. Got it. Later.

They leave.

Reagan caresses the windshield.

RONALD REAGAN  
Thank you, God.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Eddie stands at the shore.

EDDIE  
Blithe!

He peers out into the darkness. Something's not right. He runs into the surf.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The road is shrouded in mist. Quayle, seaweed and sand covering his letterman's sweater, walks down the shoulder.

LIGHTS appear in the distance. A massive SEMI emerges from the fog. AIR BRAKES whine. The semi stops ahead of Quayle. The door swings open.

In script on the engine hood: "Spirit of America".

INT. SPIRIT OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Quayle gets in.

The DRIVER, a cadaverous figure, his face hidden behind stubble, aviator sunglasses and a greasy John Deere cap puts his truck in gear.

DRIVER

Where you headed, kid?

QUAYLE

Home. Home to Indiana.

DRIVER

I had a home once but that was long ago. My home is the road.

The truck pulls out onto the road and slips into the night.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Eddie carries Blithe in from the ocean. A crowd has gathered. They watch Eddie lay Blithe down in the sand and administer CPR.

PARTY GOER #1

What are you doing to her, man?

Eddie ignores him. He compresses Blithe's chest again and again until she coughs up a lungful of seawater. She sits up. The crowd APPLAUDS.

Eddie lifts Blithe to her feet and assists her back toward the bonfire.

BLITHE

That was intense.

EDDIE  
 What the hell is your problem?  
 Don't make me do that again.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH, BONFIRE - NIGHT

Dick Dale finishes up his raucous version of "Hava Nagila".  
 Hubbard stands talking to Jan and Dean. In the background,  
 Eddie walks with Blithe toward the bonfire.

HUBBARD  
 So the party continues at your place  
 in the Hills?

JAN  
 Yeah.

DEAN  
 It will be cool. We have a great view.

JAN  
 Frank Sinatra Jr. will be there.

The music stops.

JAN (cont'd)  
 We're on.

DEAN  
 Catch you later, man.

Jan and Dean join the Deltones on stage.

DICK DALE  
 (into microphone)  
 Ladies and gentlemen my good friends,  
 Jan and Dean!

Blithe and Eddie join Hubbard.

HUBBARD  
 They're on to us. It's a trap.

BLITHE  
 What about the kid?

HUBBARD  
 Could be anywhere.

The Deltones, with Jan and Dean providing vocals, launch into  
 the excessively poppy "King of the Surf Guitar".

JAN/DEAN

(singing)

*Listen to the king of the surf guitar.  
Listen. Listen to the king.*

EDDIE

Is the kid safe?

Hubbard hushes Eddie. He listens to the song intently. Horror sweeps over his face.

HUBBARD

Jesus-Fried Chicken. They've  
gotten to Dick Dale.

Hubbard reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a gun.

EDDIE

What are you doing?

HUBBARD

We've got to stop this.

Hubbard runs toward the stage.

On stage, Jan and Dean catch sight of Hubbard and the gun. They bolt. Hubbard races across the stage after them. Dick Dale, unsure what next to do, launches into his cover of "Ghost Riders".

Blithe takes Eddie's hand, pulls him along.

BLITHE

Lets go.

EDDIE

This is insane.

BLITHE

Just ride the wave, Eddie.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

Hubbard chases after Jan and Dean. He stops to catch his breath. Blithe and Eddie catch up.

HUBBARD

They're getting away.

Blithe takes Hubbard's gun. She and Eddie give chase.

Up ahead, Jan and Dean split up. They run up different sets of steps toward the Pacific Coast Highway.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH, TOP OF THE STEPS

Eddie and Blithe run to the top of the steps. A pair of MOTORCYCLES zip off in opposite directions on the highway.

BLITHE

Damn!

Eddie bends over, catches his breath.

EDDIE

This better all be worth it.

BLITHE

Why do you do this, Eddie?

EDDIE

Because.

He stands up. Blithe pecks him on the cheek.

BLITHE

That's for before. Thank you.

EDDIE

Don't do it again.

BLITHE

Do what exactly? Kiss you?

She plants a big wet one on his lips. He kisses back.

Framed by the moonlit beach and ocean, they are just two kids necking.

INT. HUBBARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Hubbard sits up front and sleeps. Blithe and Eddie share the back seat and nestle against either side of the car.

As he shifts to get comfortable, Eddie's shirt lifts up and reveals the scars on his back. Blithe sees this.

BLITHE

You can talk to me if you like.

EDDIE

Maybe later.

He pulls his shirt down and closes his eyes.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Spirit of America moves through the mist past a sign pointing to "Interstate 90".

INT. SPIRIT OF AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Quayle watches the truck pass the entrance to the recently completed interstate 90.

QUAYLE

Why don't we take the new interstate?

DRIVER

That road doesn't exist for me.

QUAYLE

Oh.

DRIVER

I've been jammin' these gears a long, long time. Seen this country change. There was a time when time itself was different everywhere. Every town had their own clock. Now it's all standardized. Controlled. The same. This new highway doesn't connect us so much as takes us all to the same damned place. Catch my drift, kid?

The kid is fast asleep.

EXT. ROAD SOMEWHERE IN IDAHO - DAWN

The not yet risen sun paints the horizon orange. The Spirit of America pulls up past a sign reading "Welcome to Atomic City, ID. Home to America's first commercial nuclear reactor".

Quayle steps out of the cab and looks up at the Driver.

QUAYLE

Thanks for the lift.

DRIVER

Good luck getting home, kid.

The Driver closes the door, puts the truck in gear and takes off.

The Spirit of America disappears in the mist and the glow of the rising sun.

Quayle walks into town.

INT. CAFE ATOMIC CITY, ID - MORNING

Quayle sits in a phone booth. He makes a phone call.

QUAYLE  
Mom? It's Danny.

INT. QUAYLE HOUSE HUNTINGTON, INDIANA - LIVING ROOM

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MRS. QUAYLE holds a phone in her hand. MR. QUAYLE sits in a chair behind a newspaper.

Several MEN in dark suits sip coffee and mill about.

MRS. QUAYLE  
(covers receiver first)  
It's our son. He's alive.

Mr. Quayle peeks out from behind his newspaper.

MRS. QUAYLE (cont'd)  
(uncovers receiver)  
Darling. Are you OK?

QUAYLE  
Mom. I was kidnapped. They gave me milkshakes and made me listen to music. I was rescued by Government Agents but one of them set me on fire. Then Lizards from another planet took me and put me in the back of a Woodie.

MRS. QUAYLE  
(covers receiver first)  
Our son is insane.

MAN IN DARK SUIT  
Find out where he is. And make sure he stays put.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - MORNING

Hubbard's Dart is the only car in the lot.

Hubbard stands at a phone booth. He cradles the phone and writes something down on a small notepad.

INT. HUBBARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Asleep, Eddie and Blithe hold each other. The sun peeks in and wakes Eddie up. He lets go of Blithe and sits up.

Hubbard gets in and starts the car.

HUBBARD  
We got the kid's twenty.

EDDIE  
Where is he? Is he OK?

Blithe stirs. She sits up, yawns and stretches.

BLITHE  
Morning.

Hubbard steers the car out onto the road.

HUBBARD  
He's fine. In Idaho. Apparently on his way home.  
(beat)  
We have a plane to catch. Got to get to him before the Reds do.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Bush walks along the boardwalk. He walks up to a booth, hands a CARNY some change.

Through the mouth of a clown painted over the entrance, George Bush enters the FUNHOUSE.

INT. CONEY ISLAND FUNHOUSE

Bush walks through a maze of funny mirrors.

He slides down a balloon filled ramp.

Seated in a giant tea cup, he twirls across a room.

Looking around furtively to make sure no one sees him, he stands at a door whose outline is only barely visible in the darkness. He opens the door and goes ...

INT. FUNHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Bob Dylan sits at a table with three other people we can't quite make out.

BOB  
You must be George. I'm Bob. Nice  
to finally meetcha.

Leaning in from the shadows and showing their faces are ELVIS PRESLEY, HUGH HEFNER and FRANK SINATRA.

BOB (cont'd)  
I believe you know my partners.

They are pretty much as we remember them. Elvis is dressed for a motorcycle ride down Waikiki Beach, Hef, in a smoking jacket, puffs on a pipe and Sinatra wears a swank suit and a pork pie hat.

INT. FUNHOUSE OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER ON

Bush leans back in a chair. Bob leans forward.

BOB  
The World's Fair, huh? Have to admit  
there's a certain poetry to it.

BUSH  
If we're going to stop this thing  
we're going to need a cover story.

BOB  
(to Hef)  
Get Stokely on the phone. Tell him  
we're going to move up the Brooklyn  
CORE protest. That'll bring the  
feds to town.

Hef gets up, goes to a desk in the corner and makes a call.

SINATRA  
I like it. A protest.  
(to Bob)  
You can write one of your songs about it.

BOB  
For the last freakin' time, Frank.  
I ain't no protest singer.

ELVIS  
What do you call those songs you write?

BOB  
Music. I'm a musician.

SINATRA  
Musician, sure. And I got some  
wind for you to blow right here.

Bob Dylan lunges at Frank Sinatra. They tussle.

BOB  
Greaser!

SINATRA  
Hop head!

Elvis pulls Sinatra and Dylan apart.

HEF  
Gentlemen! Can we stick to business?

Sinatra composes himself, then places a portable tape  
recorder on the table.

SINATRA  
There's something we need you to do for  
us. Hoover's boys are after the kid. We  
can't afford to have him captured.

BUSH  
You can't ask me to stop the most  
powerful man in Washington from doing  
what he wants to do.

SINATRA  
You don't understand. We ain't asking.

Frank starts the tape player.

W (O.S.)  
(on tape)  
Hi Dad. I'm fine. How are you?

Long pause. Another voice comes on the tape.

OTHER VOICE (O.S.)  
It's a tape recorder not a telephone,  
you monkey.

W (O.S.)

Right. Anyway, they're being real good to me. Milkshakes and everything. Look. I think I'm going to end up missing some classes. Do you think you could make some calls, maybe pull a --

Sinatra shuts off the tape player.

BUSH

You bastards.

BOB

Big boss man said hold on to him for safe keeping.

SINATRA

(to Bush)

There's something we want you to show Mr. Hoover. I think he'll find your argument to end the investigation very persuasive.

Sinatra slides a manila envelope over to Bush.

SINATRA (cont'd)

*Capisce?*

INT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

The lights of the nation's capital twinkle through the observation deck window.

Hoover, stares in disbelief and growing anger at a 8X10 photo he holds in his hand.

Bush steps out of the shadows.

BUSH

I am only the messenger.

HOOVER

Don't think that gets you off the hook. I may have you shot just for sport.

(beat)

What do your people want?

BUSH

They want the kid. Call off the dogs.

HOOVER

Only one of those dogs is mine. The other two are agency.

BUSH

Were. They've been off payroll for a year now.

HOOVER

Who's paying them?

BUSH

I'm not at liberty--

HOOVER

You listen to me you snot-nosed Ivy league ass-wipe. No one's at liberty here. You want me to play fetch for you I will. But you're going to give me what I want in return. You understand me? Now who are we dealing with here? Reds?

BUSH

It's private.

HOOVER

Don't stonewall me boy!

BUSH

No, it's *private*. They work for an agency op that went private.

Hoover chews this one over.

HOOVER

Roques. Interesting. I'm afraid I have no choice.

(beat)

We're going to have to put the dogs down.

In the photo, Hoover stands in front of a mirror admiring his outfit -- open toe pumps and a Mrs. Bates paisley dress.

EXT. CRATERS OF THE MOON NATIONAL PARK, IDAHO - SUNSET

A late model sedan containing the dogs in question, zips through a barren, alien landscape made even stranger by the orange light of the setting sun.

INT. CAFE - ATOMIC CITY, ID - EVENING

Quayle, several emptied glasses of milkshake in front of him, sits patiently and stares into space.

It's closing time. Chairs are turned up on the table. A janitor mops the floor.

At the door, a matronly WAITRESS flips the open sign around and locks the door.

WAITRESS

(to Quayle)

Closing time. Don't you have a home to go to?

QUAYLE

I was told to wait here.

WAITRESS

Sorry, sweetie. No can do.

She points to a poster on the wall advertising a Christian Revival meeting featuring the music and "inspirational words" of the Louvin Brothers.

WAITRESS (cont'd)

Everyone in town's going to the revival meeting. Why don't you come? Anyone looking for you will probably end up there.

EXT. ATOMIC CITY, IDAHO - NIGHT

A tent is set up in a field. Rhythmic clapping and music mix in with the chirps and buzzing of a summer night.

The sedan pulls up. Blithe and Hubbard, get out. Eddie follows.

INT. REVIVAL TENT - NIGHT

CHARLEY and IRA LOUVIN, the Louvin Brothers, stand on stage. Charley plays the guitar. Ira, the mandolin.

Amidst a heartland tableau of farmers, matrons and kids with slicked down hair, Quayle sits fidgeting and furtively looking around.

CHARLEY LOUVIN

For to be carnally minded is death;  
but to be spiritually minded is  
life and peace. The Carnal mind is  
enmity against God for it is not  
subject to the law of God, neither  
indeed can be.

Shouts of "Amen".

IRA LOUVIN

This next number is especially for  
you fine folk of Atomic City. It's  
called "The Great Atomic Power".

MUSIC: The evangelical Cold War relic sung in high lonesome  
fraternal harmony.

Eddie, Blithe and Hubbard enter. They look around.

Quayle spots Hubbard first. He jumps up and runs to an exit.

EDDIE

There he is!

Eddie, Blithe and Hubbard chase.

EXT. OUTSIDE REVIVAL TENT - NIGHT

Quayle heads for a brightly lit industrial area -- the  
Nuclear Reactor.

EXT. NUCLEAR REACTOR - NIGHT

Quayle climbs the fence and heads for a huge steel cylinder --  
the main core.

Eddie, Blithe and Hubbard reach the fence. Eddie boosts  
Hubbard and Blithe over the top.

EXT. NUCLEAR REACTOR, MAIN CORE - NIGHT

Quayle climbs up the metal steps circling the main core. He  
looks down and sees the three agents closing in. He scurries  
toward the top.

Atop the core, and high above the ground, Quayle calls out.

QUAYLE

I'll jump! Don't come any closer!

HUBBARD

No! Don't! Your government needs you!

BLITHE

You have everything to live for!

EDDIE

(to Hubbard and Blithe)

Let me.

(shouts up at Quayle)

I've been where you're at Dan!

You're afraid! I understand!

QUAYLE

You want to kill me.

EDDIE

No, we don't! Nobody does! We want you to live!

QUAYLE

Everything is so crazy!

EDDIE

Yes. Yes it is.

Eddie moves toward the steps.

QUAYLE

I'll jump. I swear!

EDDIE

No you won't. I'm coming up. We're going to talk. After we've talked then you can jump if you still want to. OK?

Eddie waits for Quayle to reply. He doesn't.

EDDIE (cont'd)

You want to go home don't you, Dan?

QUAYLE

Yeah.

EDDIE

But you've seen too much. You don't know if you can trust what you see. Trust who you know. Too much has changed.

QUAYLE

Everything's different.

EDDIE

I need you to believe me, Dan.  
Nothing's changed. You're safe. Your  
parents just want you home again.

QUAYLE

You won't give me anymore truth serum?

Blithe smashes her foot down on Hubbard's toe.

HUBBARD

Ow.

BLITHE

I told you.

EDDIE

No. No more truth serum. C'mon.  
Let's get a milkshake and continue  
this conversation inside.

INT. SEN. FELLOWES GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Patricia, in a cocktail dress, adjusts her earrings in a  
hallway mirror.

Senator Fellowes, also dressed for a soiree, sits in his  
chair and hides behind a newspaper.

PATRICIA

Daddy. Guesties will be coming any  
minute.

He grumbles. Patricia walks over. She crouches down at his  
feet and takes his hand.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Thank you so much for letting me have  
this party, Daddy. I really feel I  
need to meet someone new.

SEN. FELLOWES

Did he in fact call it off?

PATRICIA

Not in so many words. Actually,  
not in any words at all. But I  
know. I just know. I haven't heard  
from him in almost a day!

SEN. FELLOWES

Well if he hears you're stepping  
out I am sure he will call it off.

PATRICIA

Oh Daddy. I thought you were a politician. Haven't you ever heard of leverage?

EXT. MOTEL COURT, SOMEWHERE IN IDAHO - NIGHT

Eddie closes the door to his motel room and walks out into the courtyard.

Across the courtyard, Blithe closes the door to her room, walks out and admires the night sky.

EDDIE

Hey.

The walk toward one another.

BLITHE

How's the kid?

EDDIE

Sleeping. Please keep the maniac away from him.

Behind them a PAIR of SHADOWY FIGURES sneak up toward Eddie's motel room door.

BLITHE

Will do.

(beat)

That was pretty great what you did back there.

EDDIE

It was nothing.

BLITHE

No, really. You really had me convinced you knew what he was feeling.

EDDIE

Yeah, I almost convinced myself, too.

BLITHE

You want to tell me what happened?

EDDIE

What are you talking about?

BLITHE

Vietnam.

Eddie takes a step back.

EDDIE  
You first. What's a girl like you doing  
in this business? What the hell were  
doing going in the water like that?

BLITHE  
It was there. I felt like it.

EDDIE  
You always do what you feel like?

BLITHE  
When I can.

Eddie pulls up close to her.

EDDIE  
Do you feel what I'm feeling?

Blithe looks deep in his eyes. This is the moment.  
Something holds her back. She turns away.

BLITHE  
I can't know that. You can't know  
that. It's just an illusion.

EDDIE  
Happens all the time to people in love.

BLITHE  
I don't do love.

The sounds of a struggle and a muffled cry come from the  
direction of Eddie's hotel room.

Eddie turns and sees the figures dragging Quayle to a car.

EXT. IDAHO ROAD - NIGHT

Eddie, a tight grip on the wheel, races toward a pair of red  
lights.

INT. CAPTOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Quayle's captors (we don't see their faces) sit up front.  
Captor #1 sees Eddie's headlights in the rear view mirror.

CAPTOR #1  
We're being followed.

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN

Eddie turns off the headlights, drives blind.

INT. CAPTOR'S CAR

Captor #2 looks into the rear view mirror and sees nothing behind him.

CAPTOR #2  
Gone. False alarm.

EXT. IDAHO ROAD

Eddie pulls the car off the road into the scrub brush and races at a diagonal to the road.

INT. CAPTOR'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ahead in the road is Eddie, gun pointed at the car, flashing his creds.

EXT. IDAHO ROAD

Eddie watches the Captor's car come barrelling at him.

The car swerves at the last second and barely avoids crashing into Eddie.

The car comes to a dusty rest in the scrub.

Eddie runs over, points his gun at the driver's seat.

EDDIE  
FBI. Get out of the car with your  
hands up.

It's Rizzuto at the wheel.

RIZZUTO  
Hey, Eddie.

EXT. IDAHO ROAD - A LITTLE LATER ON

The two cars are pulled off the road. Quayle is off to the side, tossing rocks into the brush.

Rizzuto and Gaillard lean against their car. Eddie paces back and forth.

EDDIE  
How do you know this?

RIZZUTO  
It's exactly what Mr. Hoover said.

GAILLARD  
He called them rogues.

RIZZUTO  
Been off the payroll for over a year.

EDDIE  
I'm such an idiot.

GAILLARD  
Mr. Hoover wants us to make sure  
the kid gets home.

RIZZUTO  
And he wants you to take the rogues  
to Chicago.

EDDIE  
Why Chicago?

RIZZUTO  
Dunno. Didn't say.

GAILLARD  
You better drive. There's lots of  
roads but only a few airports.

Eddie walks over to Quayle.

EDDIE  
Hey, kid. It's OK. These guys are  
going to take you home.

QUAYLE  
Are you sure it's OK?

EDDIE  
They work with me. For the government.  
You can trust them. OK, buddy?

Rizzuto opens the door to the rear of their car. Eddie escorts Quayle over.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
You're going to be OK.

INT. SEN. FELLOWES' GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The party, a swank evening wear to-do, is in full swing.

Washington's elite, their older children and their younger aides and pages swell the Senator's home.

EXT. SEN. FELLOWES' GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE, GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The Party has spilled out into the garden.

Patricia, posing kittenishly in a garden chaise, listens to a young man (BILL CLINTON, 18) playing "Love Me Tender" on the saxophone. Clinton finishes with a flourish. Patricia applauds frenetically.

PATRICIA  
That was wonderful, Bill! What  
else do you know?

BILL CLINTON  
Oh I know a few things.

He squeezes into the chaise with her.

On the pation, BUSH confers with AL GORE SR., the Senator from Tennessee.

AL GORE SR.  
The south is changing, George. As  
you know, I can't vote for the  
Civil Rights Act and expect to get  
re-elected. But that's changing.

AL GORE JR., 18, an oddly stiff teenager, with his girlfriend TIPPER, also 18, joins them.

AL GORE JR.  
Hi, Dad. Hi, Mr. Bush.

AL GORE SR.  
(to his son)  
You tell Mr. Bush where you think  
the south is heading.

Off screen, Bill Clinton's saxophone plays the opening licks to "Louie Louie".

TIPPER

Who is playing that awful song? Have you heard the lyrics? It should be banned.

George Bush focuses on the sound of the sax, completely ignoring an emphatic but droning Al Gore Jr.

AL GORE JR.

Well Mr. Bush a close examination of the facts in the matter is, in my opinion, in order here. Less than one percent of one percent of southern --

BUSH

You'll have to excuse me.

Bush walks to the edge of the patio and peers over a hedge at Patricia and Clinton. He sees Patricia pull the saxophone out of Clinton's mouth.

PATRICIA

No! Not that stupid song.

BILL CLINTON

What's the matter?

PATRICIA

It reminds me of my stupid fiancée.

BILL CLINTON

Sorry.

(beat)

Did you say fiancée?

PATRICIA

Ex. Kind of. Maybe. Depends. Do you like me?

Clinton leans in for a peck. Patricia holds him off.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

It's not your fault. You're sweet. It's that stupid Mr. Hoover's fault. Eddie should be out making a career for himself, not finding the lyrics to some stupid song.

George Bush walks over. She sees him.

BUSH

Hello Patricia. Bill.

BILL CLINTON

Sir.

BUSH

(to Patricia)

Can we have a word?

He offers her a hand and helps her to her feet. They walk off together.

BUSH (cont'd)

I didn't know you had a friend at the FBI.

PATRICIA

He's much more than a friend.

BUSH

Interesting. Patricia, there's something I need you to do for me.

PATRICIA

Sure. What is it?

Patricia directs her gaze at a group of people on the patio. A baby-faced SENATOR TED KENNEDY, smashed, teeters with a drink in his hand.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Say, do you think you could introduce me to Senator Kennedy?

BUSH

It would be a pleasure. Now about that favor.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, SOMEWHERE IN IDAHO - NIGHT

Eddie, the receiver to his ear, waits patiently on the phone. He strains to be heard above the noise on the other end.

EDDIE

Hello? Yes. Hi. Is Patricia there?

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The Fellowes' Servant covers the receiver.

SERVANT

Miss Patricia! It's for you!

Patricia, a wrap around her shoulders and cradling Noxzema under one arm readies herself to go out with Ted Kennedy.

PATRICIA

So before I do anything. And I mean anything, I ask myself: what would Jackie do?

TED KENNEDY

(in his own world)  
We'll get there in no time. 'Ts just a short drive over the bridge.

SERVANT

Miss Patricia!

PATRICIA

(to the Servant)  
Find out who it is.

SERVANT

Sounds like Mr. Eddie!

As she heads out with Ted Kennedy:

PATRICIA

Tell him I'm on a date and can't talk!

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Dumbfounded, Eddie stares at the receiver. He hangs up and falls back onto the bed with a sigh.

INT. GEORGETOWN TOWNHOUSE

The servant hangs up the phone.

OFF-SCREEN, a car CRASHES -- TIRES SCREECH, METAL CRUNCHES, GLASS SHATTERS.

TED KENNEDY (O.S.)

Oh come on! Not again!

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Noxzema!

EXT. MOTEL, SOMEWHERE IN NEBRASKA - THE NEXT MORNING

Rizzuto and Gaillard escort Quayle into a motel room.

INT. MOTEL, SOMEWHERE IN NEBRASKA - CONTINUOUS

The other three members of the golf team (all in their letterman's sweaters) sit on the bed.

At the sight of Quayle, the golf team jumps up as one.

GOLF TEAM

It's Dan!

Hoover, drying his hands, emerges from the bathroom.

HOOVER

Hello, boys. You have something I want and no one is going home until I get it.

RIZZUTO

Believe him, gentlemen. This isn't the first time Mr. Hoover has been in a motel room with young men who have something he wants.

Hoover walks over to a reel to reel player on the dresser and presses a button. "Louie Louie" plays.

HOOVER

Let's get started.

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN - DAY

The day passes as Eddie, Blithe and Hubbard, taking turns driving, head East toward Chicago.

MUSIC: "Louie Louie" slowly cedes to "Catch a Falling Star".

A field of wheat made shining gold by the rising sun...

A ramshackle hut on an Indian reservation. A half-naked Sioux toddler stares at us as we drive by...

A small town coffee shop...

A boarded up church on a barren plain...

A farmhouse at sunset...

A stretch of empty road.

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN - NIGHT

Eddie drives. Asleep in the rear, Hubbard, mutters to himself then sits up suddenly.

HUBBARD

No! Don't!

Eddie swerves, regains control.

EDDIE

What? What is it?

Hubbard lies back down and sleeps.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Jesus. That man is a menace even when he's asleep.

BLITHE

He has nightmares.

EDDIE

No fooling.

BLITHE

From the big war.

EDDIE

Must have been some soldier.

BLITHE

He never fought.

Eddie shows some surprise.

BLITHE (cont'd)

He was one of the first Americans on the ground after Hiroshima. He was 18.

Eddie steals a glance at Hubbard. He's a twitching wreck.

BLITHE (cont'd)

I'm all ears if you want to tell me about it. What happened over there.

EDDIE

You sleep. I'm good to drive.

BLITHE

You OK?

EDDIE  
I made a mistake. Got caught up.  
Won't happen again.

He focuses on the road.

BLITHE  
Fine by me.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - THE MALL - NEXT DAY

Hoover and Tolson, matching outfits as usual, walk along  
licking cones of soft serve ice cream.

They sit down at a bench. Behind them, on a adjoining bench  
is Dr. Gottlieb. Hoover and Gottlieb conduct their  
conversation without ever looking at one another.

GOTTLIEB  
J. Edgar. Clyde.

HOOVER  
Sidney. Our friend George gave me  
something very interesting.

GOTTLIEB  
You've been in contact with George?

HOOVER  
It's something I think you've been  
looking for. We've all been looking for.

GOTTLIEB  
Jumping Jehosephat. You got it.

HOOVER  
(patting chest over jacket  
pocket)  
It's right here.

Gottlieb can barely contain his excitement.

GOTTLIEB  
What do you want? Name your price.

HOOVER  
I want George.

GOTTLIEB  
And you will have him. I know  
exactly what to do.

Hoover reaches into his pocket and hands Gottlieb an envelope.

GOTTLIEB (cont'd)  
You've done your country a great service.

HOOVER  
Cut the horseshit, Sidney. Just get me the head of that weasely back-shafting skid-mark Bush.

EXT. MUZAK CORPORATION HQ, OUTSIDE WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Three muscular men in Muzak Corporation jumpsuits get into the back of a van.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is a travelling arsenal of guns, bullets and bombs. The three men grab weapons, sit down on jump seats, and sit in bolt upright attention as the van takes off.

INT. FUNHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Elvis and Sinatra sit playing cards. W, tied to a chair, dozes.

ELVIS  
(singing idly)  
*Love me tender.*

SINATRA  
(same)  
*Love me true.  
All my dreams fulfil.*

ELVIS / SINATRA  
(together)  
*For my darling, I love you.*

ELVIS  
You're a little flat.

SINATRA  
Am not.

ELVIS  
Are too.

A tear gas cannister HISSING and SPEWING GAS rolls under the table.

Sinatra and Elvis jump up. They kick over the table, cover their faces as best they can and unholster their handguns.

The three Muzak employees burst in FIRING.

Elvis and Sinatra FIRE back but they are outmanned and outgunned. They fall back and escape through a rear exit.

EXT. FUNHOUSE - DAY

Tearing and coughing, Elvis and Sinatra watch the three Muzak employees toss W into the back of the van and take off.

INT. MUZAK CORPORATION HQ, BASEMENT LAB - DAY

Through a two way mirror, Dr. Gottlieb observes W sitting by himself at a table in the next room.

Two Muzak Employees in jumpsuits stand with Gottlieb. Gottlieb looks over a clipboard.

DR. GOTTLIEB

My God. These results are outstanding. He's an extraordinary candidate. Get him ready by M-Day.

MUZAK EMPLOYEE #1

That's too soon.

MUZAK EMPLOYEE #2

We'll only have 24 hours.

DR. GOTTLIEB

I said: I want him ready by M-day.

INT. MUZAK CORPORATION HQ, BASEMENT LAB - A LITTLE LATER ON

MUSIC: The Montovani Strings play an orchestral version of "End of the World".

The two Muzak employees stand at an elaborate electronic control center. They look in astonishment at W, strapped to a chair, a pair of headphones taped to his head.

The future president's tongue is out and his eyes are crossed as he tries hard to lick the tip of his nose.

MUZAK EMPLOYEE #1  
 This is going to be easier than we  
 thought.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - NIGHT

The Late Model Sedan pulls up to the gate of Hugh Hefner's  
 Chicago Playboy Mansion.

Not surprisingly, a party is going on. Cars fill the  
 circular driveway. Partygoers most of whom are in pajamas  
 and negligees, some of whom have stripped down to their  
 underwear, spill out into the front garden.

Hard driving rock n roll comes from somewhere within.

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Eddie, Blithe and Hubbard stare at the mansion.

BLITHE  
 This is where they took the kid?

HUBBARD  
 These guys know no limit.

EDDIE  
 We have men inside. Let's get this  
 over with.

He gets out of the car. Hubbard and Blithe follow.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Blithe watch in amazement as Hubbard takes his  
 shirt off.

HUBBARD  
 When in Rome.

Off come his pants and shoes. He marches up to the entrance  
 in his boxers.

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION - NIGHT

A party is definitely going on. A sybarite, pagan, pj and  
 negligee BASH.

A Playmate in a negligee and NOTHING else swings on a trapeze high over the living room conversation pit...

Topless bathing beauties dive into a swimming pool...

and appear in the picture window behind an underground bar

Hef, in silk pajamas and puffing a pipe, lies on a bed with a bevy of babes...

As a light show casts a psychedelic hue, Hubbard pogos in a room full of scantily clad young men and women...

On a stage in the rear garden, The Kingsmen power through "Louie Louie"...

In stark contrast to the goings on, two HAIRY HULKING MEN (MAFIA GOONS) in striped PJs and leather slippers grimly sip cocktails and peer intently at the crowd.

Eddie and Blithe, fully clothed enter. A girl in a see-through baby doll walks up to Eddie and tries to unbutton his shirt. He pushes her hand away.

EDDIE  
 (to Blithe)  
 C'mon. Our contact is upstairs.

INT. HEF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hef, enjoying the attention of his harem, lies in bed as before. The door to his room opens. He looks up and sees Eddie and Blithe in the doorway.

HEF  
 (to his harem)  
 Scoot. Uncle Hugh has business.

The girls reluctantly part as Hef rises, puts on a robe and motions for Eddie and Blithe to follow him.

INT. HEF'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - NIGHT

And what a *toilette* it is. About the size of a studio apartment. Vegas high roller suites are modest by comparison. Hef sits on the edge of a jacuzzi.

HEF  
 Where's the other one?

BLITHE  
 Downstairs.

HEF  
Find him. Bring him up here. OK,  
sweetheart?

Blithe doesn't budge.

HEF (cont'd)  
Please?

She storms off.

BLITHE  
Jerk.

Hef makes sure she's out of earshot then presses a button on an intercom in the wall.

HEF  
(into intercom)  
It's a go. Keep it clean.

EDDIE  
What's going on?

HEF  
Didn't they tell you?

EDDIE  
Oh my god.

He runs out.

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION

Eddie works his way through the crowd. On the other side of the room, the Mafia Goons march Blithe and Hubbard out the front door.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION

Guns poked in their backs, the Goons prod Blithe and Hubbard down to the street.

Eddie emerges from the mansion. He runs down the driveway.

EDDIE  
Hey!

Eddie pulls out a gun and FIRES a shot in the air.

The Goons turn around. Hubbard and Blithe take the opportunity and turn on their attackers. Hubbard grabs a Goon's gun and they struggle.

Blithe kicks the other Goon in the gut and he falls back.

Hubbard takes off down the middle of the street. A Goon shoots after him as he disappears into darkness.

Eddie falls on the other Goon. They struggle. Shots FIRE.

The Goon stops moving. Blood pools around him. The other Goon sees this and takes off.

Eddie holsters his weapon. He leans over the Goon.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Who sent you?

GOON

Get fucked, lunchmeat.

EDDIE

Tell me who sent you and maybe I'll call an ambulance.

GOON

I said: get fucked.

EDDIE

Have it your way. You're about to die in a gutter and you're wearing pink and white striped pjs.

Eddie rises.

GOON

Hoover. Mr. Giancana said we owed Hoover a favor.

Eddie goes white.

He turns. His eyes widen at what he sees. Blithe lies in her own pool of blood.

Eddie goes to her, kneels down and lifts her head up.

In the distance, the sounds of police SIRENS fill the air.

BLITHE

Hey, Eddie. You OK? I got hit.

The lights of approaching police cars paint the road.

Eddie lifts Blithe in his arms and carries her to the sedan.

INT. SEDAN - LATE NIGHT

A makeshift field dressing covering a wound in her lower abdomen, Blithe lies in the back. She's awake. Sweating and in obvious pain but awake.

They drive down a rural county road.

EDDIE

Stay with me. Just stay with me.

BLITHE

(groggy)

Where are we going?

EDDIE

Someplace safe. No one will know to look for us there.

Blithe looks up at the sky.

BLITHE

The moon is full. I don't think it's ever been so full. I've been thinking Eddie. It's just like love.

EDDIE

What's that?

BLITHE

It's a mutually assured delusion. Both sides believe the other side has a powerful weapon. This starts the escalation dance. You make your record, I'll make mine back and forth ad infinitum. Each side thinks they are cancelling out the other side but there was nothing there to begin with. See? It's just like love. There's only the unproveable belief that someone loves you. The dance ends when one lover stops believing in the other lover's love.

EXT. RURAL FARMHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Moonlight reveals a dilapidated farmhouse. Eddie carries Blithe past a rusted mailbox that reads "Gustaffson" and to the farmhouse door. Unable to knock, he kicks at the door.

A sleepy gray haired woman in her early 60s (MRS. GUSTAFFSON) opens the door. She sees Eddie holding the injured Blithe in his arms. Somehow, she stifles her surprise.

MRS. GUSTAFFSON  
Eddie. Is that you?

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Blithe, asleep, lies in bed. A sewing kit, needle, thread and a bottle of rubbing alcohol are on the nightstand.

Moonlight peers through the curtain and falls on her face. She stirs.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN

Mrs. Gustaffson pours a cup of coffee for herself and Eddie. They sit at a small kitchen table.

EDDIE  
I can't tell you why but I can't  
take her to a hospital.

MRS. GUSTAFFSON  
Will she live?

EDDIE  
(nods)  
The bullet went clean through her.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM

In pain, Blithe moves slowly out of bed and to the bedroom door. She opens the door a crack, sees Eddie sitting at the kitchen table with Mrs. Gustaffson.

Blithe quietly closes the door. She looks around the room. It's sterile. No adornments or signs of life.

Blithe drags herself over to the dresser. She cinches open the top drawer.

Inside are several photo frames. She pulls them out one at a time, holds them in the moonlight to see.

1) A grim family tableau. Standing in front of the farmhouse like Grant Wood subjects, are a slightly younger Mrs. Gustaffson, a stern MR. GUSTAFFSON, and a teenager -- Eddie.

2) A similar tableau. Only this time, it's just Mrs. Gustaffson and Eddie who is now around 17.

Blithe returns the photos to the drawer, shuts it and returns to the door.

She peers out into the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE

They dropped us in at night. Just me, my troops and five Vietnamese kids they called soldiers. They couldn't have been more than 14. Our mission was to smoke out the enemy's position. It wasn't war. It was suicide.

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A FLARE shoots up and lights the night sky.

In the flare's light, Eddie's 4 US TROOPS, one of whom carries a radio transmitter on his back, and 5 SOUTH VIETNAMESE "soldiers" -- boys with guns -- stare at Eddie. Their faces are paralyzed in fear. Their bodies tremble uncontrollably.

EDDIE

Spread out. We're bunking down for the night. If fired upon, return fire and note your position.

One of the Vietnamese kids translates Eddie's command.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Let's go.

The team spreads out.

EDDIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

We never got to sleep that night. We had accomplished our mission. The enemy found us.

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - LATER THAT NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lighting up the jungle and sending dirt high in the air, mortar shells bombard Eddie's position.

Eddie crouching and covering his head, reads a map and calls in his position over the radio transmitter.

EDDIE  
 (shouting above the din)  
 We have contact. I repeat we have  
 contact. Request immediate  
 suppression. Echo Sierra Six Five Four  
 Niner Five Two. I say again --

A mortar shell EXPLODES sending Eddie head over heels into the brush.

Eddie crawls back to the radio operator, picks up the phone but it's in pieces. So is the operator.

Eddie gets up and runs deep into the jungle.

EDDIE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I spent the night cowering in the  
 jungle. Didn't return until the  
 next morning.

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - MORNING

Eddie, his face covered in dirt and blood, watches in stone silence as a med-evac team zip up five body bags.

A crisp, clean MAJOR walks over and places his hand on Eddie's shoulder.

MAJOR  
 Good job, Lieutenant.

Eddie stares at the body bags.

EDDIE  
 Kids. Just kids.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Down the hall, Blithe watches through a crack in the bedroom door.

Eddie sobs quietly into his hands. He composes himself. Mrs. Gustaffson sits and watches apparently unmoved.

MRS. GUSTAFFSON  
I'll make more coffee.

INT. FARMHOUSE, EDDIE'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eddie takes off his shirt, gets into bed and lies atop the sheets. The moonlit scars on his back stand out in relief.

The door opens a crack and light spills in from the hallway.

Eddie turns and sees Blithe tiptoeing into the room.

She slips into bed and holds him tight.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN, NEXT DAY

Eddie and Blithe walk to the sedan.

Mrs. Gustaffson peers out from behind a curtain and watches. Tears well but do not fall.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

Blithe and Eddie sit in a booth. Eddie studies a road map of Canada.

Blithe stares at a TV set.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the Entertainment correspondent for NBC's Today Show, stands in front of the Unisphere.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN  
Peace through Understanding.  
That's the theme of the World's  
Fair scheduled to open tomorrow.  
President Lyndon Johnson...

As Maureen O'Sullivan goes on, Blithe focuses on the bottom corner of the screen:

Two men in dark suits (hard to tell but it's Rizzuto and Gaillard) stand in front of Van marked "Muzak Corporation". A huge parabolic antenna like the one on the Muzak toaster, sits atop the van.

Blithe gets up.

BLITHE  
We have to go to New York.

EDDIE

What?

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - MORNING

Blithe charges toward the sedan. Eddie catches up with her.

BLITHE

We have to stop them.

EDDIE

Why? You said it yourself: a mutually assured delusion. What does it matter?

BLITHE

It matters because people will get hurt. A quarter of a million people will be there, Eddie.

INT. SEDAN - SUNSET

Eddie, at the wheel, and Blithe drive down a newly minted Interstate 80. A sign reads: "New York 325 miles".

Eddie passes a school bus painted in psychedelic colors and the word "FURTHUR" on the side.

As they pass, Blithe looks up at the bus.

Hubbard sits by the window. He reads a paperback copy of Ken Kesey's "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest".

Blithe does a double take.

EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR - ESTABLISHING - THE NEXT MORNING

A space-age monolith rising high above the fair grounds. A man in a Muzak Corp. JUMPSUIT guards the entrance. A sign reads: "Not open to the General Public".

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR

Dr. Gottlieb at a bank of controls overlooking the fairgrounds.

Behind him, another Muzak JUMPSUIT reads what appears to be a children's book to an unconscious W.

GOTTLIEB  
 (to Jumpsuit)  
 Where are we at?

JUMPSUIT  
 (checks a few dials)  
 Nearly good to go.

GOTTLIEB  
 Excellent.

Ray Kroc, Cardinal Spellman and Sam Walton enter from the staircase.

GOTTLIEB (cont'd)  
 (to his co-conspirators)  
 Gentlemen! Come see the fruits of  
 our labors.

INT. FUNHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Bob Dylan surveys the damage. The BOSS, just a Kennedy-era suit and tie, his face lost in shadow, stands to the side.

BOB  
 We have nothing, Boss. There's no  
 stopping them now.

BOSS  
 Courage, Bob. All is not lost.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, PARKING LOT - DAY

Patricia, in full Jackie Kennedy, and Bush sit in a car.

INT. BUSH'S CAR

Patricia fixes her lipstick in the mirror. A small band-aid covers the stitches on one of her eyebrows.

Noxzema, his face in a cast, is tucked under her arm.

PATRICIA  
 How can you be sure he'll be here?

BUSH  
 If I know Hoover every feebee on  
 the planet will be here.

Outside Patricia's window, the Psychedelic Bus pulls up and Hubbard exits with a band of well-travelled and well-toasted MERRY PRANKSTERS.

Bush opens the glove compartment and pulls out a manila envelope. He hands it to Patricia.

BUSH (cont'd)  
He must'nt know where this came from.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NYC - DAY

Tolson, in a suit, lies in bed and reads Marshal Macluhan's "Understanding Media".

Hoover, in a paisley dress and red open toe pumps, chews on a cigar and barks into the Hotel phone.

HOOVER  
The Anarchists are assembling as we speak! I want every available man on site! Get me through to the NYPD! This is war!

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, ENTRANCE - DAY

The gates are open and people, families, kids, you name it, a cross section of America, streams in.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

The CORE PROTESTERS, mostly young and black, some white and scruffy, cluster together behind a police barrier.

They carry signs reading:

- 1) Jobs Now!
- 2) All Men Are Created Equal
- 3) Let Freedom Ring!

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DAY

Vans from every major network, the BBC and several other foreign broadcasters fill a press area.

Several Muzak Corporation vans with rooftop parabolic antennas all pointed at the Unisphere, sit unnoticed amidst all the TV vans.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, AMPITHEATER - DAY

Secret Service men, dark suits and sunglasses explore a stage and podium.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, PARKING LOT - DAY

A tour bus pulls up.

INT. TOUR BUS - DAY

Bob Dylan, Frank Sinatra, and Elvis don disguises -- sunglasses, hats and touristy clothes. They double check their handguns and stuff them into their pants.

BOB

This is it, boys. Ready?

SINATRA

Born ready.

ELVIS

Let's take care of business.

They turn to face the Boss. We still don't see his face.

BOSS

For obvious reasons, I have to stay out of sight. But I will be here on the bus, monitoring your activities.

BOB

(to the Boss)

Whatever happens today, it's been a pleasure and an honor. You're a great man, Jack.

He is a great man. We swing around and see that the Boss is JFK!

JFK

We've all made sacrifices in the event this day would come. The dreaded day, gentlemen, has arrived. I pray the worst of our sacrifices are behind us.

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN, NYC - DAY

Through the rear window: the NYC skyline.

Eddie drives along a spookily empty stretch of the Grand Central Parkway. NYPD officers line the road.

Blithe and Eddie take in the sight with curiosity and foreboding.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DAY

Rizzuto and Gaillard stand astride a Muzak Corporation van.

On the other side of some ropes, Bush walks past with Patricia. Rizzuto pokes Gaillard in the ribs.

RIZZUTO

Check it out.

GAILLARD

(referring to Patricia)

Nice.

RIZZUTO

No. That's the guy Mr. Hoover said to look for.

INT. HOOVER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tolson, fast asleep, a paperback copy of the Warren Commission report on his chest, lies in bed.

Hoover is on the phone again.

HOOVER

What! Make sure he doesn't leave the grounds!

He slams the phone down. Hoover goes to the closet, emerges with a vintage 1924 Tommy Gun in his hand.

HOOVER (cont'd)

Goddam it. If you want to do something right you have to do it yourself.

He cocks the gun, sticks a cigar in his mouth and wearing pumps and a paisley dress heads into the hallway.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, AMPITHEATER

The stage is set for President Johnson. An army of photographers and TV cameras await his arrival.

A large group of Fairgoers fill the stands.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, POOL OF INDUSTRY - DAY

Blithe and Eddie move briskly along. Blithe points to the media area and one of three Muzak Corp vans.

BLITHE

Look.

EDDIE

Three vans. Let's split up.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, UNITED STATES PAVILION - DAY

Bob Dylan, Frank Sinatra and Elvis move briskly along. Dylan points to the media area and one of three Muzak Corp. vans.

BOB

Look.

SINATRA

Let's split up.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

Patricia sees Eddie walking toward the Media Area.

PATRICIA

Eddie!

Eddie turns. He's more than a little surprised. Patricia, Noxzema tucked under her arm, jogs over.

She gives Eddie a big hug.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

I was so worried!

EDDIE

Now's not a good time.

PATRICIA

Where are you going? Can I come?

EDDIE  
You really shouldn't be here. It's  
dangerous.

PATRICIA  
Oh, Eddie.

Eddie snuffles then sneezes.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
My little boo had an accident.  
Noxzema's going to have to have  
facial reconstruction surgery!

EDDIE  
We'll talk later.

PATRICIA  
Pwomise?

EDDIE  
Sure.

He jogs off.

PATRICIA  
Eddie!

Annoyed, Eddie stops.

EDDIE  
What?

PATRICIA  
I have something for you. It's a picture  
of a man in a dress. Mr. Bush said  
you're going to need it later.

She holds out the envelope. Eddie walks back, takes the  
envelope.

EDDIE  
Thanks. I guess.

He jogs off again.

PATRICIA  
Don't go! I'm scared!

She starts to cry.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
 You've been away so long and I've  
 been so lonely and so much has  
 happened what with Noxzema and all.

She really starts to pour it on.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
 I...just...want...us...to...be...  
 alone...it...feels...like

She looks up. Eddie's gone.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
 Eddie?

In a hateful fury, she takes off her engagement ring and  
 throws it as hard and as far as she can.

PATRICIA (cont'd)  
 Eddie!

EXT. DISNEY'S HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

A sign reads: Will Reopen at 3pm.

Hoover, Tommy Gun in hand, expertly charges along in his  
 pumps. He enters the Hall of Great Americans.

INT. DISNEY'S HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

He sees himself in a mirror in the FDR exhibit.

HOOVER  
 Uh oh.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, PARKING LOT - DAY

Hoover, looking around, moves quickly between parked cars.

A LITTLE BOY holding his Mother's hand sees Hoover.

LITTLE BOY  
 Mommy! Mommy! It's Ma Barker!

Hoover sees the little boy and hides. He moves along trying  
 car doors but they are all locked.

He finds a bus door and it's open. He goes inside.

Off screen, two men SCREAM.

Seconds later, JFK comes rushing out of the bus.

EXT. OUTSIDE DISNEY'S HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

Crying buckets, Patricia runs inside.

INT. WORLD'S FAIR, HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

It's empty except for JFK who runs through the exhibit. He passes by an animatronic depiction of Abraham Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address.

JFK stops in front of an Exhibit of an animatronic version of himself in the oval office. He hears FOOTSTEPS and the sound of a WOMAN CRYING.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, MEDIA AREA

Eddie creeps in between parked vans toward a Muzak van.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DIFFERENT ANGLE

Bob Dylan creeps in between parked vans toward the same Muzak Corp. van.

He bumps into Eddie.

Eddie sees Dylan's gun. Dylan sees Eddie's gun. They stare at each other unsure if the other is friend or foe.

Instinctively, they decide it's friend and creep together toward the van.

BOB DYLAN

There are two men at each van.

EDDIE

You agency?

Eddie looks down at Bob's shoes -- red sneakers.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Are you Red?

Bob laughs.

BOB DYLAN  
 There ain't no communists here.  
 Left and right don't mean a thing  
 anymore. Down!

Bob hits the deck, pulls Eddie down with him. An FBI agent walks past.

BOB DYLAN (cont'd)  
 Politics ain't a line but a circle--  
 the extremes meet at every point.

Bob pulls Eddie up.

BOB DYLAN (cont'd)  
 Let's get these fascist bastards.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DIFFERENT ANGLE

Elvis jumps up high and kicks a pair of FBI agents in their chests. The agents fall to the ground unconscious.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DIFFERENT ANGLE

One in each arm, Sinatra has a pair of FBI agents in headlocks. He bangs their heads together and they crumble to the ground.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DIFFERENT ANGLE

Blithe karate fights with Rizzuto. He's no match for her.

Gaillard jumps on her back but she fends him off. Soon the FBI agents are lying on the ground.

BLITHE  
 Cuff yourselves.

They do.

Blithe gets into the back of the van.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, MEDIA AREA - DIFFERENT ANGLE

Dylan and Eddie make mince meat of a pair of FBI agents.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR

Gottlieb, Ray Kroc, Cardinal Spellman and Sam Walton look out on the crowd in front of the United States Pavilion.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, ACROSS FROM UNITED STATES PAVILION

The CORE Protesters raise their fists and their voices.

INT. MUZAK CORP. VAN - DAY

Blithe looks at an array of dials.

INT. OTHER MUZAK CORP. VAN - DAY

Bob Dylan and Eddie look at a similar array of dials.

BOB

What are we looking for?

EDDIE

This was just a little too easy.

Eddie gets out of the van.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, MEDIA AREA, OUTSIDE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Confused, Eddie looks around. A few vans down, Blithe exits a van and looks at Eddie.

Eddie sees the Unisphere. He looks at the parabolic antenna atop the van and back again at the Unisphere.

EDDIE

Oh my God.

Eddie bolts. Blithe follows.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, THE UNISPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Blithe run to the Unisphere.

BLITHE

What is it?

EDDIE  
 (pointing)  
 This. This is the antenna. The  
 vans were just a dodge.

Eddie looks around. He sees the observation deck and the  
 Muzak Jumpsuit guarding the entrance. Eddie runs over.

An FBI Agent sees Eddie and Blithe running toward the  
 Observation Deck and speaks into a walkie-talkie.

FBI AGENT  
 Code Red.

A man's voice echoes out of the Public Address system.

MAN (O.S.)  
 Ladies and Gentlemen, the President  
 of the United States.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, OBSERVATION TOWER- DAY

From a safe distance, Blithe waves at the Jumpsuit.

BLITHE  
 Fill her up with regular!

Jumpsuit looks at her. Eddie, coming up from behind clocks  
 Jumpsuit and he crumbles. Eddie carries him inside the  
 entrance to the Tower. Blithe runs over.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR PARKING LOT - DAY

Two Jumpsuits escort W who is in a trance. Jumpsuit #1 has  
 the children's book under his arm.

They see Bush leaning against the hood of his car.

JUMPSUIT #1  
 There he is.

JUMPSUIT #2  
 Target acquired.

Over the PA system, we hear loud applause.

W snaps to attention. The Jumpsuits let go of W and he  
 robotically walks toward his father.

Jumpsuit #1 holds the children's book up.

## JUMPSUIT #1

Hard to believe with this little book you can turn an ordinary guy into a lethal assassin.

## JUMPSUIT #2

This is no ordinary guy.

The book: "My Pet Goat".

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

Blithe and Eddie burst into the control room.

Kroc, Walton and Spellman turn as one. They see Eddie and Blithe with their guns drawn.

He throws his cape over his head.

## SPELLMAN

No one can see me!

He runs past Eddie and Blithe. Kroc and Walton follow.

Gottlieb slowly turns.

## GOTTLIEB

Hello, Blithe. You must be Eddie.

A Jumpsuit appears in the stairway and holds Blithe.

## GOTTLIEB (cont'd)

Drop your weapon, son.

Eddie places his gun on the floor.

Another Jumpsuit comes to the top of the stairs and grabs Eddie.

## GOTTLIEB (cont'd)

Don't try anything. There are more coming.

## PRES. JOHNSON (O.S.)

(over PA System)

One theme, I believe, is constant throughout this exhibition...a declaration of faith in the spirit of the American People.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, UNITED STATES PAVILION - DAY

The CORE protesters break through the police barriers and march past the Observation Tower, toward the Ampitheater.

In the group: Hubbard and the band of Merry Pranksters.

On the other end of the Pavilion, a group of FBI agents and Muzak Jumpsuits move toward the demonstrators.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

Gottlieb motions for the Jumpsuits to bring Eddie and Blithe over to the control table.

GOTTLIEB

I want you to see something.

Below, the CORE protesters push toward the stage.

GOTTLIEB (cont'd)

So afraid. Everyone of them. So  
so afraid.

BLITHE

What are you going to do?

Gottlieb fiddles with some knobs.

GOTTLIEB

Take the fear away.

INT. HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

Patricia, pillbox hat and all, finds the JFK exhibit. JFK, trying hard to look animatronic, sits motionless in the oval office chair.

PATRICIA

No one understands me. You were  
the only one who could have and now  
you are gone.

She sobs.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Why did they have to take you!

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, PARKING LOT - DAY

W, stone-faced, strangles his father.

PRES. JOHNSON (O.S.)

We find it here in the expression of  
today's challenges, in the vision of our  
future.

BUSH

(choked but audible)

Why, son? Why?

The Elder Bush reaches for his back pocket.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, UNITED STATES PAVILION

The FBI Agents and the Jumpsuits jog past the CORE  
demonstrators and head straight to the observation tower.

Hubbard sees this.

HUBBARD

This way!

The Merry Pranksters join Hubbard and follow the Agents and  
Jumpsuits.

Dylan, Sinatra and Elvis go away from the Media Area. They  
see Hubbard and the Merry Pranksters heading toward the  
Observation Tower.

DYLAN

Follow me!

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

The Jumpsuits hold Eddie and Blithe. Gottlieb works the  
controls.

GOTTLIEB

It's been asked: Is God Dead? But I know  
the truth. God *is* dead. We just haven't  
buried him yet. Look at them. What do  
they want more than anything else?  
Opportunity. Freedom. The American  
Dream. But so few are afforded its  
pleasures. Like God, it is a lie that is  
dead.

PRES. JOHNSON (O.S.)  
 The challenges we face are, at last,  
 challenges to the concept of greatness.

INT. HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

Patricia sobs in front of the JFK exhibit. JFK can't take it. He comes to life.

JFK  
 Miss? Are you alright?

Patricia faints.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, PARKING LOT

Bush Sr. pulls something out of his back pocket and thrusts it in W's face.

BUSH  
 Think...of...your...poor...mother.

Bush Sr. holds a photo of Barbara Bush in W's face. W stares at it.

He releases his grip on his father and sits down on the pavement.

W  
 Where. Where am I?

Bush Sr. slaps his son hard.

W (cont'd)  
 Oh. Hi, Dad.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR

GOTTLIEB  
 A world without God, without dreams, is  
 primed for Communism. Don't get me  
 wrong. There's much I admire about  
 Communism. Central planning, for  
 instance. Genius.

PRES. JOHNSON (O.S.)  
 For what, finally, do we mean by  
 Challenge to Greatness?

INT. HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS - DAY

JFK holds Patricia's head in her lap. Noxzema works his tongue through the face cast and licks her face. She stirs, looks up at JFK.

PATRICIA  
You're real.

JFK  
(enchanted)  
Call me Jack.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, PARKING LOT

George Bush Jr. and Sr. walk off together.

W  
Don't worry, Dad. No one's ever going to hurt you again. I'll make sure of that. I swear it!

BUSH  
Thank you, son.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR

GOTTLIEB  
Our work, as Blithe will tell you, started inside the Agency but we were shut down. The administration thought our methods too extreme. Too dangerous.

INT. HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS

Patricia sits in the president's chair in the Disney Oval Office. JFK sits in his rocking chair.

JFK  
They were going to get me one way or the other. I had to let them think they succeeded. That way I could continue to counter their evil plans.

PATRICIA  
You're so brave.

JFK  
You're so beautiful.

A long stare into each other's eyes then WHAM. They jump out of their seats and tear into each other.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR

GOTTLIEB

With my partners, we created a new God. A God you find not in a church but on the supermarket shelf. At the car dealership. God is about to make a comeback. But you will not go to his church to serve him. He will serve you. A better life awaits us all. Not in some afterworld but here. Now. It's just the next purchase away.

He presses a button.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, THE UNISPHERE

With a CREAK, the Unisphere turns.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, STAIRCASE

The Agents and Jumpsuits stream up the stairs.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Blithe hear the sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS.

EDDIE

It will never work. For every effort you make, there will be someone else to make a counter effort.

GOTTLIEB

Well. We'll see about that.

PRES. JOHNSON (O.S.)

Greatness is not only material might, it is also spiritual firmness in the right. Firmness for freedom, firmness for peace.

BLITHE

You can't do this. People will die.

GOTTLIEB

People die all the time. It's more important that we get our message out.

Gottlieb holds a sheet of paper -- the "Louie Louie" lyrics.

GOTTLIEB (cont'd)  
Thank you for this. This never would  
have worked without your help.

TEAR GAS seeps into the room from the stairwell.

HUBBARD (O.S.)  
Let's get em!

Gottlieb turns away from the controls.

Eddie and Blithe take their captors by surprise and in perfect synchrony sock it to them and break free.

Blithe kicks her captor in the groin.

Eddie head butts his.

Gottlieb presses a big red button on the console. The button glows RED and BEEPS.

Gottlieb and the two Jumpsuits run down the steps. Gottlieb clutches the lyrics!

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, THE UNISPHERE

The Unisphere stops turning and locks in place.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR, UNITED STATES PAVILION, THE STAGE

The lights atop the TV cameras blink as one.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, STAIRCASE

Hubbard, Dylan, Sinatra and Elvis make like swashbucklers in a titanic fight against the Agents and the Jumpsuits.

Gottlieb slips past and, as all good villains do, gets away.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER

Blithe and Eddie stare at Gottlieb's console.

BLITHE  
How do we...?

EDDIE

We have to get to the Unisphere.

They look at the staircase. There's no getting out.

There is, however, a glass case with a coiled up fire hose.

Eddie runs over, opens the case, turns a red wheel and points the hose down the stairwell.

A lone drop of water trickles out.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER, STAIRCASE

Dylan fights side by side with Hubbard.

DYLAN

Hey, ain't you the rogue?

Hubbard clocks a Jumpsuit.

HUBBARD

Goddam right I'm the rogue.

INT. OBSERVATION TOWER

The fire hose tied around his waist, Eddie stands at the window. He kicks it and it shatters.

BLITHE

I'm afraid.

EDDIE

You?

They hold each other and step out the window.

BLITHE

How do we know it will be long enough? Or strong enough?

EDDIE

You just have to believe. And not let go.

BLITHE

Don't you let go either.

EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WORLD'S FAIR

Tear gas seeps out of the entrance. CORE protesters are in full voice.

PRES. JOHNSON (O.S.)  
 As we accept responsibility to meet  
 these challenges, we carry on the  
 journey of the American spirit.  
 Our journey begins today.

Eddie and Blithe jump out of the window together.

The Fire Hose reaches an end and tightens around Eddie's waist. They bounce up and down.

Eddie undoes the hose and they hit the ground softly.

Eddie picks himself up, lifts Blithe to her feet.

EDDIE  
 C'mon!

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, THE UNISPHERE

Eddie and Blithe push the massive steel structure but it doesn't budge.

Eddie calls out to the CORE protesters.

EDDIE  
 Together we can move the world!

The protesters join Eddie and Blithe and push the Unisphere on it's axis. With a CREAK it starts to move.

Eddie looks up at the Observation Tower. The blinking red light paints the ceiling of the observation deck.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
 Keep pushing!

The world turns.

The red light in the observation tower fades.

EXT. UNITED STATES PAVILION

The red lights atop the TV Cameras go off.

EXT. WORLDS FAIR, THE UNISPHERE

Eddie looks up at the tower. Blithe hugs him.

                  BLITHE  
You did it!

                  EDDIE  
We did it.

The melee from the observation tower spills out onto the pavement.

Eddie takes Blithe's hand.

                  EDDIE (cont'd)  
Let's get out of here.

INT. HALL OF GREAT AMERICANS, JFK EXHIBIT

A group of SCHOOLKIDS and their TEACHER, their faces betraying horror, confusion, and intrigue walk past Patricia and JFK getting funky on the floor of the oval office.

The teacher ushers her students along.

                  TEACHER  
Mr. Disney will hear about this!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HQ, HOOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

MUSIC: a slow, sweet acoustic version of "Louie Louie". We hear the words as Richard Berry intended them.

Eddie places his gun and FBI credentials on Hoover's desk.

Hoover stares at the photograph of himself in a dress.

                  HOOVER  
How do I know you don't have more copies?

                  EDDIE  
You don't.

Eddie turns and walks out.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, AGENT'S BULLPEN

Eddie, walking past an Agent, heads to the exit..

AGENT  
Where you going, Eddie?

EDDIE  
Don't really know.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SUNSET

Eddie stands in front of the cookie cutter suburban home. Inside, through the picture window, Levitt demonstrates the home entertainment unit to an eager young couple.

Eddie shakes his head, turns and gets into a Dodge Dart.

INT. DODGE DART - CONTINUOUS

Blithe sits in the passenger seat.

EDDIE  
It's not for me.

BLITHE  
Not for us.

She takes his hand.

Eddie press the Forward button on the dashboard transmission.

The top down, Eddie and Blithe ride off into the sunset.

EXT. VERMONT FARMHOUSE - SEVERAL YEARS LATER

Eddie, long hair and a beard, and Blithe, both in overalls pose for the camera. They each hold a little baby.

BOB DYLAN (V.O.)  
I don't suppose you'd be surprised to  
hear that Eddie and Blithe lived  
happily ever after.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY (1970'S)

A Grateful Dead concert is starting. A Tie-dyed army streams into the stadium.

Hubbard, not quite looking the part, stands at a foldup card table. Several fruit cups and a stack of mimeographed papers sit atop the table. A sign reads: "I need a ticket. Fruit Cups and Zine for sale. This week: Is Jerry God?"

BOB DYLAN (V.O.)

I think you know what happened to me and Frank and Elvis. As for Captain Trips. He got it in his head that the Grateful Dead were sending out subliminal messages. He followed them for the rest of his life-- never missed a show. Capt Hubbard died the day Jerry Garcia died.

INT. REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION - NIGHT (1988)

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: Bush raises Dan Quayle's hand high above their heads.

BOB DYLAN (V.O.)

As for old Dan Quayle, he got payback for his troubles.

EXT. TROPICAL PARADISE - DAY (1970'S)

JFK and Patricia, both 10 years older, lie in beach chairs and soak up the sun. Noxzema, more pug than pekingese now, has a chair of his own.

BOB DYLAN (V.O.)

And as for the boss. We never heard from him again.

JFK sneezes.

EXT. INTERSTATE - SUNSET (TODAY)

Cars zoom past a dense neon forest of Walmarts and McDonalds and the like.

BOB DYLAN (V.O.)

The rest you could say is history.

FADE TO BLACK.