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QUANTUM LEAP

Written

by

Donald P. Bellisario

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PLEASE NOTE:

THE PART OF HANK STRATTON IS NOW TOM STRATTON

QUANTUM LEAPCAST

(X) SAM BECKETT/TOM STRATTON/TIM FOX
THE OBSERVER

PEG STRATTON
MIKEY STRATTON
CAPTAIN BILL "BIRD DOG" BIRDELL
JEANIE
DR. BURGER
DR. ERNST (WEIRD ERNIE)
CAPTAIN TONY LA MOTT
SALLY
LUCY
CAPTAIN DOUG WALKER
LUCY'S LITTLE GIRL
DR. BLAUSTEIN
(X) SALLY'S LITTLE GIRL

OLD MAN
MATT
POP
'JACK' (FOX TERRIER)
CLYDE
PEPPER
DOUG IBOLD
UMPIRE
BAT BOY
JOHN BECKETT (DAD)
YOUNG SAM

TOM STRATTON
TIM FOX
BARNES

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

SETSINTERIORS:

STRATTON HOUSE
BEDROOM
KITCHEN
BATHROOM
LIVING ROOM
BACKYARD
B-50 COCKPIT
BOMB BAY
F-86 COCKPIT
X-2 COCKPIT
'56 T-BIRD
'56 CHEVY
EDWARDS AFB
HANGAR/OFFICE/BRIEFING ROOM
HOSPITAL/CORRIDOR
HOSPITAL ROOM
CHASE PLANE COCKPIT
AMBULANCE
TEXAS BASEBALL PARK
LOCKER ROOM
TUNNEL
FARMHOUSE
KITCHEN
ATTIC

EXTERIORS:

EDWARDS AFB
STRATTON HOUSE
TARMAC
BASE HOUSING
ROADHOUSE INN
MOJAVE DESERT
HIGHWAY
MUROC DRY LAKE
MOUNTAIN TROUT STREAM
MOUNTAIN BRUSH
TEXAS BASEBALL PARK
THIRD BASE BLEACHERS
DUGOUT

VEHICLES:

'56 T-BIRD
'56 CHEVY
JEEPS
TRAILERS

MINIATURES

B-50
X-2

QUANTUM LEAPACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. CLOUDS - DAWN - AERIAL UNIT

We are rushing through their tops at incredible speed. Wisps of vapor, rose-tipped by the rising sun, tear past as we accelerate faster and faster and faster until the clouds warp into a surrealistic stream of dawning colors. It seems we're about to enter another dimension when we abruptly snap roll and plunge straight down into the streaming clouds. Our world goes gray for a moment, then a new vision bursts upon us as we spin out of the clouds over a vast desert. The spinning slows, but we continue to plummet toward a steadily growing patch of white. It becomes a great dry lake with a cluster of structures to one side. Then, with frightening swiftness, the desert rushes up at us. The last image we have is of a small house with a red swing set, barbecue and triple clothes line in the back yard. The last sound we hear is a terrifying boom.

CUT TO

2 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN - CLOSE ON SAM

He is a young man of pleasant features with an overnight stubble and sleep-tousled hair. His eyes pop open as the boom echoes away.

SAM'S VOICE

When startled to consciousness, the human mind takes a few moments to orient, especially in strange surroundings. It's a temporary dysfunction, instantly rectified by the sight of a familiar object.

His eyes focus.

3 SAM'S POV - CLOCK RADIO

It's an electron tube model with rolodex card numbers. A card flips from 4:59 to 5:00 a.m. and the radio turns on.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

As the tubes warm up so does the sound of Elvis singing "Heartbreak Hotel".

4 BACK ON SAM

He lifts his head and looks around the small room. A pair of yellow curtains and a colorful Mondrian print brighten the otherwise drab cream walls. In addition to the bleached mahogany bed, there's a matching dresser with mirror and a blue USAF trunk.

SAM'S VOICE

When nothing's familiar. You're either still dreaming or in big trouble.

Sam closes his eyes for a beat, then opens them again. No improvement.

SAM

Oh, boy.

Someone stirs in the bed beside him and he leaps out onto the tile floor as if he had been electrically shocked.

5 ON PEG

A poodle-cut blonde in baby doll pajamas, she sits up slowly on the edge of the bed with her back to us.

PEG

I'll put the coffee on, Hank.

SAM'S VOICE

I didn't know where I was. But I knew my name wasn't Hank and that I'd never seen this woman before in my life.

Peg stands and turns. She is young, pretty and 6 months pregnant. She waddles past Sam, kissing him on the cheek with her eyes still half-closed from sleep. We hold on his stunned expression.

DISSOLVE TO

6 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CLOSE ON A TOASTER

Like the clock radio, it's from the fifties. The toast pops up and as Peg removes it we....

7 WIDEN

to reveal a tiny kitchen built during the Second World War and still using the same appliances. Peg is frying eggs and sausage on a small gas range.

PEG

(calling)

Come on, Hank. Bird Dog will be picking you up in ten minutes.

8 INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON HANK

He is sitting on the toilet in his skivy shorts still wide-eyed with fear.

SAM'S VOICE

I was obviously hallucinating.
Something I'd eaten last night.
Only I couldn't remember what I'd
eaten. Or where I'd eaten.

(beat)

Hell, let's face it, I couldn't
remember last night!

PEG'S VOICE

Hank, the PX was out of your shaving
cream so I got some of that....what
do you call it? The one with those
cute little signs along the highway.

Sam looks up at the cabinet, then stands and opens it.

9 SAM'S POV - MEDICINE CABINET

It is filled with products from the '50s including a can
of Burma Shave.

10 BACK ON SAM

He slowly reaches in and removes the Burma Shave. The door
opens and Peg leans in, popping a piece of sausage into
Sam's mouth.

PEG

That's it. Burma Shave. I love
those little signs.

(looking at him)

You haven't showered.

Sam watches her turn on the shower.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

PEG
Get in there.

Sam obediently steps into the shower, still holding the Burma Shave and wearing his skivies. Peg bursts out laughing.

PEG
Hank....sometimes.

She closes the door.

11 CLOSE ON SAM

The water is pouring over his stunned face.

SAM'S VOICE
Maybe hallucinating isn't the answer. The water feels real. And so does the can of Burma Shave even if it hasn't been sold in thirty years.

Sam pours some Burma Shave on his hand, smells it, then slathers it on his face. He turns in the open shower to look at himself in the medicine cabinet mirror.

12 ON THE MIRROR

The lathered face staring back at him isn't his. It's a stranger.

13 ON SAM

He yelps and leaps back in horror. The door opens and Peg rushes in.

PEG
(alarmed)
What's wrong?

Sam is staring, wide-eyed at the mirror.

SAM
Who do you see in the mirror?

PEG
Oh, God, Hank. Cut it out. You nearly scared me into delivering!

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

SAM

(forceful)

Who do you see in the mirror?

Peg looks in the mirror, then back to him.

PEG

You.

SAM

Me?

PEG

And me.

(looking at
herself)I look awful. Most women bloom when
they get pregnant. I shrivel.Sam continues to stare at the strange face in the mirror
mimicking every move and motion he makes. It's eerie.

PEG

I've been mixing that cactus juice
Sally gave me for burns with my cold
cream, but I don't know if it's
doing any good.

(beat)

God, Hank, I look like a prune.

SAM

My name's not Hank.

PEG

You're supposed to say, "Peg, I love
prunes." What do you mean your
name's not Hank?

MIKEY'S VOICE

(calling)

Daddy....

An 8-year old boy, wearing Davy Crockett pajamas a size too
small for him, sticks his head into the crowded bathroom.

MIKEY

(continuing)

Captain Birdell's on the phone.

Sam blinks at this latest unfamiliar face. Peg looks at
his obvious confusion with growing concern.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED (2)

13

PEG
Hank, are you sick?
(beat)
You're not going to fly if you're
sick, are you?

SAM
Fly?

PEG
Mikey, tell Captain Birdell, Daddy
will call him when he gets out of
the shower.

MIKEY
(leaving)
Roger.

PEG
(loudly)
And get his number....
(to Sam)
....he never sleeps at the B.O.Q.

SAM
(suddenly)
Five-five-five...two-two-three-one!

PEG
Huh?

Sam doesn't try to explain, he rushes past a bewildered Peg
and out the door.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mikey is picking up the receiver of a rotary dial phone as
Sam rushes in and grabs it from him. He frantically clicks
the cradle until he gets a dial tone, then begins dialing.
Mikey looks to his mother for an explanation as she waddles
up holding her stomach.

SAM
(dialing)
Five-five-five....two-two-three-one.

PEG
What are you up to?

SAM
I'm calling my office.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

The phone goes crazy with a mis-dial. Sam slams the receiver down on the cradle, picks it up and starts to re-dial. The rotary system is slow and frustrating.

PEG

It's Blockfield eight-four-seven.

Sam gets another mis-dial signal.

SAM

What the hell's wrong with the phone!

PEG

You're dialing too many numbers.

SAM

Too many?

(idea)

Maybe not enough. What's the area code?

PEG

Area code?

MIKEY

You never tell us codes, Dad, that's secret stuff.

SAM

Secret? What the hell is secret about an area code?

PEG

Hank, are you testing one of your gags on us? Cause, Honey, I don't have time for it. And neither do you.

Peg turns back to the stove to serve breakfast. Mikey sits at the table and starts to drink his milk, but his eyes never leave his father. Bewildered, Sam looks down at the phone.

15 SAM'S POV - PHONE DIAL

The number is simply Blockfield 843.

16 CLOSE ON SAM

He looks back up to Peg in her baby dolls, Mikey in his Crockett pajamas and then around the room at the Formica and chrome dining room table, swag lamp and black and white TV set. He hears Doris Day singing "Que Sera, Sera" over the bedroom radio and what he begins to realize scares the shit out of him.

CUT TO

17 EXT. THE SMALL HOUSE - DAY

With water dripping from his skivy shorts and his face lathered in Burma Shave, Sam slowly walks out of the house.

18 SAM'S POV - THE STREET

A dozen identical flat roofed houses with TV antennas, evaporative coolers and heating oil tanks line the gravel road. There's a '55 Chevrolet sedan in his carport and similar GM or Ford models in his neighbors'. A mile away the air base with its small tower and hangars abuts the vast dry lake and beyond that are the purple mountains. A jet whistles overhead.

19 SAM'S POV - T-33

The Korean war vintage fighter eases down toward the runway on the lake bed.

20 MOVING IN CLOSE ON SAM'S FACE

He searches his mind for a rational explanation to this Twilight Zone and can find none.

SAM'S VOICE

I'd heard somewhere that shrinks ask three questions to check your sanity. Your name. The name of the President. And the date.

(beat)

I had a feeling I'd flunk all three.

DISSOLVE TO

21 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY - ON A '56 THUNDERBIRD

Driving through the middle of nowhere as the Platters sing "The Great Pretender" over the radio.

22 INT. '56 T-BIRD - DAY - CLOSE ON SAM

He's wearing Air Force tans with captain's bars, aviator sunglasses and a barrack's cap. From the bits of tissue paper adhering to his face, he had a nervous shave.

SAM'S VOICE

I have a new theory.

(beat)

I've been given a post-hypnotic suggestion. When I woke up this morning I was supposed to think it was nineteen fifty six and that I was an Air Force captain named Hank Stratton with a wife called Peg and one and two-thirds children.

(beat)

All I have to do to keep my sanity is play along until the yoyo who hypnotized me snaps his fingers.

Fingers reach in and snap next to Sam's ear, startling him.

23 WIDER

The snapping fingers belong to the driver, Captain Bill "Bird Dog" Birdell. He points to a cute girl in short shorts exiting a car parked in front of "The Ranch," a roadhouse and motel where the pilots hang out.

BIRD DOG

(Texas accent)

Hey. Hey. Look at this, Pard.

(squinting)

And I don't see no wedding ring.

24 EXT. MOVING WITH THE GIRL - DAY

as Bird dog pulls off the road and up to her.

BIRD DOG

Morning, Sweet Pea. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Captain Bill Birdell and my facially wounded friend here is Captain Hank Stratton.

(beat)

You may have heard of us. We're the only two pilots in the entire United States Air Force brave enough to fly the X-2.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

JEANIE

What about Tony LaMott?

BIRD DOG

(sadly)

Oh, Lord, don't tell me you have been led astray by that junior birdman. Captain LaMott may have a complicated wristwatch but he is not anywhere close to being otherwise test pilot equipped.

Jeanie's laughter is all the encouragement Bird Dog needs.

BIRD DOG

This being Friday I assume you're at the Ranch as his weekend guest.

JEANIE

(coyly)

Well....I'm staying at the Ranch.

Bird Dog breaks into a big infectious grin and Jeanie loves it.

BIRD DOG

Then I'll expect a dance tonight. And the sonic booms you hear today will be dedicated to you.

Bird Dog winks and hits the gas, leaving Jeanie laughing at the bullshit, but also glowing with anticipation.

25 INT. THUNDERBIRD - DAY

Driving away, Bird Dog watches Jeanie in his side-view mirror as Sam nervously eyes him.

SAM

Only two guys brave enough to fly the X-2?

BIRD DOG

Gotta impress the ladies, Pard, if you wanna score.

(grins)

Besides, it's true.

SAM

(cautiously)

What if I told you I couldn't fly?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

BIRD DOG

You sick?

SAM

No. But, when I woke up this morning I....I couldn't remember how to fly.

Bird Dog squints at him for a moment, then grins.

BIRD DOG

I like it. It so crazy, I like it.

(beat)

Who we gonna pull it on?

SAM

It's not a joke.

BIRD DOG

You sound like you mean it.

SAM)

(sincere)

I do.

BIRD DOG

(admiringly)

Damn, Hank, that's what makes you the best. That sincere look. If I could lie with a straight face like yours my poontang rate would double.

(idea)

Hey, what say we pull it on Weird Ernie.

CUT TO

26 OMITTED

26A EXT. ON THE T-BIRD - DAY - 2ND UNIT

In the distance we can see the hangars of Edwards as the convertible speeds toward them.

SAM'S VOICE

Weird Ernie?

CUT TO

26B INT. HANGAR BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Ernst, who the test pilots have nicknamed Weird Ernie, stands before a chalked blackboard profiling the mission, using his slide-rule as a pointer. Bird Dog is sprawled in an old lounge chair with Sam standing behind him. The other pilots, technicians and the flight surgeon are seated on a mismatched collection of chairs or standing along the walls. Through the windows ground personnel can be seen pushing one of the needle-nosed X-2s out of the hangar. Next to Sam is a strange little technician in his mid-forties with disheveled hair and an impish face. Dressed in a smock with a black tuxedo bow-tie, we will come to know him as the Observer.

WEIRD ERNIE

We believe the fire-warning light
Captain Birdell got at the speed
of Mach two-six was caused by
inadequate insulation.

(beat)

We've re-wired the system and expect
no further problems.

TONY

Hey, Dr. Ernst. What's all this
'we' stuff? You going to be up
there with me?

WEIRD ERNIE

I wish I could Captain LaMott. I
truly wish I could. But as you
know....

Weird Ernie raps his knuckles against a scar on his skull
and we hear a metallic clank.

WEIRD ERNIE

(continuing)

....my war wounds physically
disqualify me.

(beat)

If you should get a red light around
Mach two-six, shut down until the
chase plane can catch up and look
you over for visible signs of fire.

BIRD DOG

A fella could be barbecued doing
that. You get a fire light, I'd
recommend punching out, Tony.

CONTINUED

26B CONTINUED

26B

WEIRD ERNIE
You didn't eject.

BIRD DOG
Yeah. But I'm a damn hero.

26C ANOTHER ANGLE

26C
(X)

As the pilots laugh, the little technician turns to Sam.

OBSERVER
I like this guy. He reminds me of
me in the old days.

CONTINUED

26C CONTINUED

Sam doesn't know quite how to respond and just gives a small, agreeing smile.

WEIRD ERNIE
If there are no further
questions....

BIRD DOG
Ah, Dr. Errest. I've got one. It's
something I've been meaning to ask
you, but it's going to sound a
little weird.

WEIRD ERNIE
(leery)
Yes?

BIRD DOG
Could there be something at the edge
of that Mach three envelope
affecting our minds?

WEIRD ERNIE
Affecting your minds? How?

BIRD DOG
Doctor, the faster I fly the less
I remember about it. -

DOUG
Hey. I've experienced that. And
I'm starting to forget things, like
my wife's birthday. I never forgot
Sally's birthday until I flew at
Mach two-five.

TONY
The last time I busted Mach two I
forgot where I parked my car.

WEIRD ERNIE
Fascinating.
(beat)
Doctor Burger could you design a
test to quantify these apparent
memory losses?

CONTINUED

26C CONTINUED (2)

26C

DR. BURGER

I should be able to come up with something.

WEIRD ERNIE

Good. This is a most interesting development. Thank you, gentlemen.

(X)

(beat)

Now. Let's mount up.

(X)

27 OMITTED

27
(X)

28 CLOSE ON ALL - FEATURE SAM

28

as the meeting breaks up, Bird Dog slaps an arm around Sam.

(X)

BIRD DOG

(gleefully)

He swallowed it hook, line and slide rule!

Bird Dog moves on and the strange technician passes Sam.

OBSERVER

Isn't this a kick in the butt!

On Sam's reaction, we....

CUT TO

29 EXT. THE STRATTON HOUSE - DAY

Over the light desert wind, rustling the dust-covered trees in the front yard, we hear....

PEG'S VOICE

Which thigh has less stretch marks....

30 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

30

Peg, wearing only a loose blouse and underpants, is standing in front of the dining room table where Sally and Lucy, the pregnant wives of two other pilots, sip coffee and contemplate her legs.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

PEG
(continuing)
....the right or the left?

SALLY
(pointing)
Gosh, Peg, I think this one has less.

LUCY
And they're not as wide, either.

PEG
(smiles)
That's the one I've been putting my cactus cream on.

LUCY
Peg, you're going to make a fortune.

SALLY
Starting with me. I'm only five months and my thighs already look like zebra stripes.

Peg and Lucy's laughter is abruptly cut short by the growing roar of a B-50 Superfortress taking off. The thundering noise builds, rattling their coffee cups as the B-50 "mother ship" with an X-2 cradled in it's belly passes overhead. It's followed a moment later by the whistling whoosh of an F-86 chase plane. Both aircraft gradually fade into the distance until the only sound is the ticking of the evaporative cooler fan against the screen. The wives, who have unconsciously been holding their breath, exhale and hide their fear with small, reassuring smiles.

31 CLOSE ON PEG

Her coffee cup rattles slightly in the saucer and she puts it down.

PEG
I've got to stop drinking coffee.
It makes me jumpy.

CUT TO

32 EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE MOJAVE DESERT - DAY - STOCK

To the west, a few small cumulus clouds are beginning to build over the mountains, precursors of the big thunder bumpers that will top forty thousand by late afternoon.

33 EXT. ON THE B-50 SUPERFORTRESS - STOCK

Slowly rising into frame with the X-2 nestled in her belly. She's followed a moment later by the trailing F-86 chase-plane.

SAM'S VOICE

I've got a new theory. Someone is pulling an elaborate hoax on me. They've recreated an Air Force base in the fifties and populated it with hundreds of actors.

(pause)

I know. I don't believe it either.

34 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Bird Dog is in the command pilot's seat with Sam in the co-pilot seat. Tony, in a silver pressure suit, is crouched between the two of them.

BIRD DOG

(to Tony)

When did you go into the import business?

TONY

(wary)

What are you talking about?

BIRD DOG

That long-legged honey staying at the ranch this weekend.

TONY

(to Sam)

What's he do, Hank, smell 'em coming?

BIRD DOG

It's a natural gift, son. A natural gift, like a bird dog flushing quail.

TONY

(shaking his head)

I gotta mount up.

Bird Dog winks at Sam as Tony exits through the narrow passage to the bomb bay.

35 INT. B-50 SUPERFORTRESS BOMB BAY - DAY

A couple of engineers assist Tony into the X-2 cockpit.

36 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Bird Dog adjusts the throttles slightly and dials in a new frequency on the radio. Watching him, Sam gets an idea.

SAM'S VOICE

You know, maybe my hoax theory isn't as crazy as it sounds.

(beat)

I mean, I could have been assigned to fly the X-2 or the chase plane. Instead, here I am in a co-pilot's seat, the only pilot who doesn't have to actually fly.

Bird Dog takes his hands off the yoke and unbuckles his harness.

BIRD DOG

She's all yours, Pard.

(beat)

Take her on up to twenty-five while I answer Mother Nature.

Sam gasps in disbelief as the Texan slips out of his harness and disappears aft.

37 CLOSE ON SAM

He stares at the yoke wobbling back and forth as we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

38 EXT. B-50 AND F-86 - DAY - STOCK

The Superfortress continues its climb with the chase plane trailing close astern. Gradually, the right wing begins to drop and the big bomber initiates a gentle turn to the right.

39 INT. F-86 COCKPIT - DAY

Flying chase, Captain Doug Walker keys his mike as he banks after the Superfortress.

DOUG
Mother Hen. Chase one. Is there
a change in the flight profile?
Over.

40 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Sam is sweating blood as he stiffly holds onto the yoke.

DOUG'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Bird Dog, you reading me?

CUT TO

41 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY

Outside the radar-equipped trailers, a dozen technicians and military personnel are scanning the sky with binoculars. Weird Ernie, seated in a radio jeep, lowers a field phone from the tracking trailer and speaks into his mike.

WEIRD ERNIE
Mother Hen. Edwards. Radar
indicates you are in a forty
degree-per-minute turn to the right.
(beat)
Are you experiencing a problem?

CUT TO

42 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY - CLOSE ON SAM 42

He quickly turns the yoke left. For a moment nothing happens, then the big Superfortress responds as the right wing lifts and lifts and lifts.

SAM

Ooooooooooh....

43 EXT. ON BOTH AIRCRAFT - DAY - STOCK 43
(X)

The Superfortress is now in a steep left bank with the F-86 on its tail.

44 INT. B-50 BOMB BAY - DAY 44

Everyone's grabbing for hand holds as the bank steepens.

45 EXT. ON BOTH AIRCRAFT - DAY - STOCK 45
(X)

The sun glints off their silver fuselages as they turn.

DOUG'S VOICE

(over the radio)

Bird Dog. Hank. Can you read me?
Over.

46 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Sam is desperately reversing the control yoke to the right. Again, there is no response for a few heart-stopping seconds, then the left wing begins to lift and keeps lifting until the Superfortress enters a steep banking turn to the right. At that moment, Bird Dog slips into the pilot's seat and locks his harness.

BIRD DOG

What's wrong?

SAM

I can't fly!

Bird Dog grabs the yoke and Sam lets go. It only takes a few seconds for him to wrest the Superfortress back into a steady climb. With the aircraft stable again, he dons his headset and looks to Sam.

47 CLOSE ON BIRD DOG 47

For a moment, he almost believes him....

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

WEIRD ERNIE'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Mother Hen. Edwards. Do you have
a problem! Over!

....then, he shakes his head and grins.

BIRD DOG
You're crazier than Weird Ernie.
(keys his mike)
Edwards. Mother Hen. We must have
had a bubble in the hydraulic system
cause for a while this bird was
flying like a Mack truck. Whatever
it was she burped it out.
(beat)
We're continuing our climb to
twenty-five thousand.

Bird Dog clicks off the mike and leans toward Sam.

BIRD DOG
Save it for Weird Ernie, Pard. You
ain't never gonna sucker me.

SAM
Just don't ask me to fly.

Bird Dog laughs, but there's doubt creeping into his mind.

CUT TO

48 INT. STRATTON HOUSE - DAY

Peg is at the dinette table watching a TV soap and mending a pair of Mikey's pants. As it spin dries, her small, portable washer vibrates across the kitchen floor until it reaches her. Without looking, she shoves it back into the corner with her foot. The washer bangs into the wall, shudders and starts vibrating back across the linoleum. Peg glances nervously at the clock.

49 ON THE CLOCK

It's ticking down to 9:30.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Edwards. Mother Hen. Level at
twenty-five thousand.

CUT TO

50 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY - ON THE RADIO JEEP

51

Weird Ernie looks up from his watch and keys the mike.

WEIRD ERNIE

Roger, Mother Hen. You are clear
to drop.

He gently taps his head with a knuckle getting a metallic
ring.

WEIRD ERNIE

(to himself)
Good luck.

CUT TO

51 EXT. B-50 AND F-86 -DAY - STOCK

51
(X)

From below the Superfortress looks like some giant bird
carrying off its prey.

52 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Bird Dog is holding it steady at altitude.

BIRD DOG

(keys his mike)

Tony, I'm tired of hauling your butt
around. I'm gonna cut you loose and
see which of us gets to that blonde
first.

TONY'S VOICE

(over the radio)

Turn around Bird Dog.

Bird Dog and Sam both turn and look back into the bomb bay.

53 THEIR POV - X-2 COCKPIT

51

Tony flashes a gloved finger at them.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE

(over the radio)

I'll take that to mean a 'roger' for
the drop.

Tony laughs and gives a thumbs up.

54 FEATURE SAM

Bird Dog turns back forward, but Sam is still looking aft where something is puzzling him.

55 SAM'S POV - BOMB BAY AND X-2

All the technicians are strapped into the canvas seats, except one; the strange guy in the smock and bow tie. He's standing behind the X-2's tail where he'll have a perfect, but highly precarious view of the drop.

56 CLOSER ON THE OBSERVER

The slipstream whips his smock open and he's actually wearing a tuxedo underneath. He sees Sam and waves.

57 BACK ON SAM

Not knowing what else to do, he waves back.

SAM

Is everyone back there okay where they're at?

BIRD DOG

(glancing back)

Looks fine to me.

(turns forward)

Two forty indicated. Here we go, ladies.

(beat)

Drop in ten.....nine.....eight.....

58 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

Tony makes a last second adjustment of his safety harness and grasps the control stick.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE

(over the radio)

.....seven.....six.....five.....

59 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY

Weird Ernie lifts his binoculars to his eyes.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE

(over the radio)

.....four.....three.....two.....

- 60 EXT. ON THE B-50 SUPERFORTRESS - DAY - STOCK AND MINIATURE
Boring straight through the deep blue desert sky.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE
(over the radio)
.....one. Bombs away!

The X-2 drops cleanly from the Superfortress. As soon as Tony is clear, he fires two of the three rockets and a stream of flame and white smoke shoots from the tail. The rocket plane accelerates away as if the B-50 and F-86 were standing still.

- 61 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Both men watch the X-2 emerge from beneath them and climb away.

BIRD DOG
(to himself)
Ride her cowboy.

- 62 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE

It streaks for the heavens breaking the sound barrier in a steep climb.

CUT TO

- 63 INT. STRATTON KITCHEN - DAY

Peg is spooning coffee into a double glass percolator when the sonic boom rattles the windows. She jumps slightly, then lights the burner with a match.

CUT TO

- 64 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

Tony continues to climb, monitoring his instrument panel.

TONY
(into mike)
Fifty thousand. Mach one-three and
accelerating. Nosing over.

He eases the stick forward.

65 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE

Her thrust continues to carry her upward even though the nose is coming down.

TONY'S VOICE
(over the radio)
One-eight. One-nine. Mach two.
(beat)
She's leveling off. Sixty five
thousand....sixty six....

66 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

No longer able to see the X-2, Bird Dog and Sam both stare at the radio.

TONY'S VOICE
Level at seventy one thousand. Mach
two point four. On profile.
(beat)
Starting my run.

67 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

Tony eases the stick forward into a shallow dive, then flips the toggle switch firing the third rocket. The sudden acceleration compresses him into his seat.

68 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE

The curvature of the earth can be clearly seen against the dark blue sky as the rocket plane streaks downward.

TONY'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Mach two five....two six. Outside
skin temperature six eight three.
(beat)
No fire warning light. I guess we
beat that gremlin.

69 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

Concentrating on his controls and instruments, he becomes aware of a sound, like coffee percolating.

TONY
(keying the mike)
Mach two seven. Skin temperature
eight hundred.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

He's listening to the perking sound grow louder, when....

70 CLOSE ON FIRE WARNING LIGHT

It blinks on and a buzzer sounds.

71 BACK ON TONY

He instantly shuts down all three rocket engines and scans his instruments.

TONY

Fire warning light. Rockets off.

(beat)

Everything looks okay. Mach two-four....two-three. I think it's another false alarm.

(beat)

Where are you, Dougie?

DOUG

Five miles behind you at thirty thousand.

TONY

Roger. Coming back to you for a look see.

71A INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

Bird Dog instantly keys his mike.

BIRD DOG

Don't turn above Mach Two!

72 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE

Into the turn, the test plane suddenly flips ass-over-tea kettle, going divergent on all three axes.

73 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

Despite the harness, Tony is being battered silly by the G forces.

TONY

(with great effort)
I....lost her!

74 INT. F-86 CHASE PLANE - DAY

Doug spots the spinning plane hurtling toward earth.

DOUG
Punch out, Tony! Punch out!

75 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

The technicians are in the cockpit behind them, peering over their shoulders for some sign of the X-2.

CUT TO

76 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY

Weird Ernie and the others watch the spinning white dot grow larger and larger.

CUT TO

77 INT. STRATTON KITCHEN - DAY - ON COFFEE POT

As Peg approaches it with her cup she hears a distant explosion. She drops the cup and runs out. We hold on the fiercely bubbling pot.

78 EXT. BASE HOUSING - DAY

All along the street wives are gathering in small clusters of fear to stare at the billowing cloud of black smoke rising from the dry lake bed. Peg joins Sally and Lucy just as a woman up the street yells and points skyward. Everyone turns and looks.

SALLY
(pointing)
There!

79 WIVES POV - PARACHUTE

White and beautiful, drifting slowly down from the blue sky.

80 BACK ON THE THREE WOMEN

They hug each other in joy and dance in a circle. We hear the "Moonglow" theme from Picnic and....

DISSOLVE TO

81 INT. THE RANCH - NIGHT - ON A DANCING COUPLE

81

They spin away from camera to reveal the smoke-filled roadside inn where the pilots hang out. It's Friday night and most of them are here with their wives or girlfriends dancing to music and overloading on steaks, fries and beer. Even Weird Ernie and the Flight Surgeon, Doctor Burger are here, drinking at the western style bar.

82 CLOSE ON TONY AND JEANIE

82

You'd never know he almost lost his life from the mellow way he's dancing.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE

Maybe the X-2 didn't get him, but she's sure gonna auger him in.

83 ANGLE ON A TABLE

83

In a corner, over-looking the room, where Bird Dog, Doug and Sally, Sam and Peg watch Tony dancing. Long-neck beer bottles and the remnants of their meal litter the table between them.

PEG

Think so?

BIRD DOG

He's got that sick calf look.

SALLY

Here we go, gang, Bird Dog's about to pounce.

BIRD DOG

Well, shoot, he's the only pilot left in the B.O.Q. Be awful lonesome there without him.

PEG

How would you know? You never sleep in the B.O.Q.

84 FEATURE BIRD DOG

84

He flashes her a look as the others laugh, then empties his beer and does a dance-walk in his cowboy boots across the floor toward Tony and Jeanie. He cuts in and Tony moves to the bar for a beer.

85 BACK ON SAM'S TABLE

Doug and Sally get up to dance, leaving Sam and Peg alone. For a moment they sit there saying nothing, then Peg takes his hand.

It's a natural gesture that catches Sam a bit off-guard, but he manages a smile and lets her continue to hold his hand.

SAM'S VOICE

I guess I'd accepted being here
enough to finally take a look at
....my wife.

86 CLOSE ON PEG

She has a wistful smile as she sways slightly with the music and watches the couples dancing.

SAM'S VOICE

Peg obviously loved...Hank. And
that couldn't be easy. Being
married to a test pilot she must
wonder every time he walks out the
door if he'll ever walk back in.

(beat)

I wonder where she hides that fear?

87 WIDER

Sam is studying her, although she doesn't realize it.

SAM'S VOICE

(continuing)

She's beautiful, too. Although
she'd never believe it, no pregnant
woman does. You've got to keep
telling them and words are never
enough.

SAM

Would you like to dance?

PEG

(surprised)

What?

SAM

Dance.

PEG

With this stomach?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

SAM
I can reach around it.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE

She is really touched by the gesture and shows it as they dance, leaning in to cuddle on his shoulder. They dance well despite her stomach. Finally....

PEG
I want to know who you've been dancing with Mister.

SAM
What?

PEG
Sam, you may be the best pilot in the Air Force, but you were born with two left feet. Until tonight.

SAM
Maybe I just needed a well rounded partner.

Peg laughs and for the first time, Sam does, too. She nestles in his arms and they smoothly dance away.

89 ANOTHER ANGLE

The strange technician is standing just inside the screen door taking everything in with that impish grin. He's still wearing the tux only it's a bit wrinkled and his tie is undone. No one speaks or seems to pay any attention to him as he walks with a slight list to the juke box where Sally and Doug are making their selections.

90 CLOSE ON SAM AND PEG

She doesn't even lift her head from his shoulder as "Moonglow" ends and "Friendly Persuasion" begins.

SAM
Peg.

PEG
HMMMMMMM.

SAM
Who's the guy at the juke box?

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

She half-opens her eyes to look, then lays her head back down.

PEG

Doug.

SAM

No. The guy in the tux.

PEG

(not looking)

A tux? In here?

Peg laughs and a little chill runs through Sam.

91 CLOSE ON THE OBSERVER

Watching Doug and Sally dancing away from the juke box, he spots Sam. Again, he grins and waves.

92 CLOSE ON SAM

Watching the man at the juke box as he dances with Peg.

SAM

(softly)

You don't see a man in a black tux standing by the juke box?

PEG

(eyes closed)

Oh, Hank, this is so nice. Don't spoil it.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE

Sam decides not to press it and smoothly dances Peg back to their table.

SAM'S VOICE

Either someone blocked Peg's view of the little guy in the tux or this twilight zone I was in had taken a new twist.

(beat)

Whichever it was, I was going to find out.

Reaching the table, Sam gently pulls away from Peg and pulls out a chair.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

PEG
(disappointed)
Hank....

SAM
You're six months along, Peg. At
six months you dance one and sit one
out.
(beat)
Doctor's orders.

Sam hesitates. His words tickle a memory but it flits
away before he can capture it.

PEG
(plea)
I feel fine and we haven't danced
in so long. I love this song.

SAM
I just don't want you to overdo it.
We've got all night.
(smiles)
Okay?

PEG
(reluctant)
Okay.

SAM
I'm going to feed the old juke box.
Be right back.

We hold on Peg as Sam walks back through the dancers to the
juke box. Her smile fades and she looks troubled.

94 ANGLE ON THE JUKE BOX

Sam drops a quarter into the slot and scans the selections
while watching the strange tuxedoed man out of the corner
of his eye.

OBSERVER
Isn't this great. Isn't this just
great! It really brings back the
old memories. Hey is "Be-Bop-A-
Lula" on there? It got me through
some long, cold nights at MIT.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

OBSERVER (Cont'd)

(grins)
"Be-Bop" and a little Lithuanian
girl named Danesa who worked in the
chemistry lab researching the effect
of.....

SAM

(interrupting)
Am I dead?

OBSERVER

What?

SAM

Dead. Am I dead?

(beat)

It would explain a lot. I could be
in a reverse reincarnation that's
entered in mid-life.

OBSERVER

(tentative smile)

That's good, Sam.

SAM

You know my name!

OBSERVER

I'm not that wasted.

SAM

Why do you know who I am when no one
else does?

OBSERVER

(alarmed)

Are you serious?

SAM

Dead serious. No pun intended.

The Observer studies Sam closely for a beat before
speaking.

OBSERVER

My God, you don't recognize me, do
you?

SAM

(shaking his
head)

Nope.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED (2)

OBSERVER
Or remember the experiment?

SAM
(quickly)
What experiment?

OBSERVER
What do you remember prior to waking
this morning?

SAM
Other than my name and a telephone
number, not a hell of a lot. What
experiment?
(hopeful)
If I'm part of an experiment than
all this isn't a psychotic
hallucination, is it?

OBSERVER
(stunned)
Oh, my God, that putz Ziggy was
right!

SAM
(vague
recollection)
Ziggy? I remember a Ziggy. Little
guy with bad breath.

95 FEATURE BIRD DOG

As he dances past the juke box he calls out to Sam.

BIRD DOG
You're slipping, Pard. No one's
gonna fall for the old 'talking to
someone who ain't there' gag.

96 ON SAM

He looks puzzled for a beat, then turns back to the
Observer only to find he's gone.

CUT TO

97 EXT. RANCH BAR - NIGHT

Sam bangs through the screen door and races off the end of the porch.

97A SAM'S POINT OF VIEW - THE OBSERVER

running ahead of him. The tuxedo-clad figure sprints between the parked cars and onto the deserted road where he disappears in mid-stride as if a black hole swallowed him.

98 CLOSE ON SAM

stunned, he slows to a stop. Unable to believe his eyes, he looks up and down the empty highway; there is no one to be seen. On the verge of losing his sanity, he desperately looking up to the stars.

SAM

Please God, I'd like to wake up now.

God doesn't answer as we slowly pull back and away.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

99 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT 99

The distant headlights of the '56 Chevy speeding down the desert road are all that can be seen against the vast expanse of black.

100 INT. '56 CHEVY - NIGHT 100

On the radio, Sinatra is singing "The Tender Trap". Sam is having a tough time seeing the road.

101 SAM'S POV - DESERT HIGHWAY 101

The oil-covered center stripe has almost faded into the black top. Except for an occasional yucca tree it's difficult to tell where the pavement ends and the desert begins.

102 BACK CLOSE ON BOTH 102

Peg watches Sam as he drives, concentrating on the road.

SAM

I never realized how hard it was to follow a road without striping.

PEG

Striping?

SAM

(glances at her)
I was just thinking if they painted white stripes along the sides of the road, it would be easier to see.

PEG

(thinks about it)
That's a good idea, Hank.

SAM

I got a few of them.

They smile at each other and she slides over beside him on the bench seat. She lays her head on his shoulder which makes him feel a bit awkward.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

101

PEG
Tonight was fun.

SAM
Good.

PEG
It was also....a little scary.

SAM
Why scary?

PEG
I don't know.
(beat)
Maybe because you wanted to dance.

SAM
It's not the first time we danced.

PEG
And you didn't drink more than one
or two beers. Or talk flying. I
can't remember you at a table full
of pilots not talking airplanes.

SAM
Seems to me that's all we talked
about.

PEG
That's all they talked about. You
didn't say a word.

SAM
I wasn't in a talkative mood, that's
all.

PEG
(softly)
You were at the juke box.

Sam doesn't know what to say. Then he sees something ahead
and smiles.

SAM
(reading)
Why is it....

Peg sees it too and sits up.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED (2)

102

PEG
(reading)
....when you....

103 THEIR POV - BURMA SHAVE SIGNS

103

The third sign is just coming up.

SAM'S VOICE
(reading)
....try to pass....

Fourth sign appears.

PEG'S VOICE
....the guy in front....

104 BACK ON BOTH

104

Reading the next sign.

SAM
....goes twice as fast.

BOTH
(laughing)
Burma-Shave.

105 THEIR POV - THE LAST BURMA-SHAVE SIGN

105

Whipping by in their headlights.

106 BACK ON SAM AND PEG

106

She leans over and strokes his cheek.

PEG
Feels good. How'd it work?

SAM
Better than my electric razor.

Peg's smile drops and she moves her back against the door and stares at him.

SAM
(realizing)
I don't use an electric razor, do I?

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

PEG

No.

(beat)

What is going on?

SAM

I wish I knew.

PEG

Hank, please.

SAM

(after a beat)

What if I told you my name wasn't Hank.

PEG

You said that this morning.

SAM

It's Sam. Don't ask me my last name, because I can't remember it.

107 CLOSE ON THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Sam adjusts it to see himself and sees the same face he saw in the bathroom mirror.

SAM'S VOICE

When I look in a mirror I see Hank Stratton, I guess. But he's not me. I can't fly. In fact I don't know what I can do.

108 BACK ON BOTH

Sam re-adjusts the mirror for the road. Squeezed against her door, Peg begins to cry.

SAM

(continuing)

When I woke up this morning I didn't know you or Mikey or anyone on the base.

(beat)

I know I sound like I belong in a looney bin, but it's the truth. The reason I'm acting different is I am different.

(beat)

I'm not your Hank.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

She cries harder.

SAM
Please don't....

PEG
(between sobs)
Then stop doing this!

SAM
You asked me to explain....

PEG
(sobbing hard)
Stop it! Just stop it, Hank!

Sam touches her shoulder and she jerks it away, crying hard into the window. He can't stand to see her sobbing and realizes she's never going to believe him. There's only one thing for him to do.

SAM
Peg, I'm sorry. I'm being a real
nerd.
(beat)
You were right. I'm setting up a
gag.

109 FEATURE PEG

A wave of relief sweeps through her.

PEG
Thank, God.

SAM
I...I shouldn't have tried it on
you.

PEG
(wiping her eyes)
Hank, you had me really scared. I
thought you had a brain tumor.

SAM
(to himself)
Never thought of that.

PEG
What?

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

SAM

Bird Dog and I have been dreaming up theories to explain why I can't fly. That's the gag. I tell Weird Ernie I forgot how to fly.

PEG

You forgot how to...Hank, that's the dumbest thing I ever heard.

SAM

Oh, I don't know. It sounds pretty plausible to me.

110 CLOSER ON BOTH

She blows her nose and moves back over to him, laying her head on his shoulder. They ride for a while listening to the music, then....

PEG

Hank....

SAM

Yeah.

PEG

What's a nerd?

111 CLOSE ON SAM

He can't help but smile.

112 EXT. ON THE '56 CHEVY - NIGHT

As it drives away from us down the desert highway, we....

DISSOLVE TO

113 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON THE RADIO CLOCK

The Rolodex card numbers read 4:38 AM. Beyond it, Peg and Sam lie sleeping. For a while, the only sound is their gentle breathing, then there's a soft sighing sound and room begins to glow. The numbers on the clock begin to advance, picking up speed as the glow intensifies. By the time the room is bathed in pure white light, the numbers on the clock are a whirling blur and we....

SMASH CUT TO

114 EXT. DOWN ANGLE ON THE HOUSE - NIGHT - AERIAL UNIT

We accelerate like a launched missile; our view instantly expanding from the one house to many, then to the entire air base, the dry lake and finally the vast desert. Then we slow and, as we enter the first tendrils of a cloud, hang suspended for a brief moment before we reverse and begin to plummet back to earth. The last image we see is the Stratton's house. We hear a boom and....

SMASH CUT TO

115 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SAM

His eyes pop open.

SAM

(gasps)

Ah....

Beside him Peg rolls over and half opens her eyes.

PEG

(sleepily)

What....

SAM

(recovering)

Nothing. Go back to sleep.

She doesn't need any further encouragement. Sam takes a deep breath and slowly exhales. He slides back down on the pillow and closes his eyes.

SAM'S VOICE

That's all I need; a good night's sleep.

(beat)

I'll figure it out in the morning when I milk the cows.

(beat)

Milk the cows?

His eyes pop back open and he sits up.

SAM'S VOICE

(remembering)

I was raised on a dairy farm in Indiana until I was eighteen! I went to college at...at...damn, I can't remember!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

SAM'S VOICE (Cont'd)

(beat)

Stick to the farm. I was raised on
a farm....with my sister Kate!
Katie married a naval officer. Ah,
Lieutenant John, no Jim. Jim
Bellows. Yeah. Katie and Jim
Bellows. Mom's lived with them in
Hawaii ever since dad....

(slowly)

...died in seventy four.

116 MOVING IN ON SAM'S FACE

He realizes this is 1956 and his father is alive.

CUT TO

117 LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - ON THE PHONE

Sam lifts the receive and dials the operator.

118 CLOSE ON SAM

The excited look on his face turns to panic even before the operator answers.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Operator.

SAM

Operator. I'd like long distance.

The panicked looks is growing as Sam realizes he can't remember his last name or old phone number.

LONG DISTANCE OPERATOR'S VOICE

Long Distance.

SAM

Indiana, please. Ah....Elk Ridge,
Indiana.

LONG DISTANCE OPERATOR'S VOICE

Number, please.

Sam squeezes his eyes tightly shut as he tries to remember.

LONG DISTANCE OPERATOR'S VOICE

Number, please.

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

113

SAM
I'm trying, operator. It's been a
long time.

(beat)
It was ah...Oakdell. That's it,
Oakdell...Oakdell....

He tries to get the rest, but it won't come. After a
while....

LONG DISTANCE OPERATOR'S VOICE
Sir, why don't you give me the name
of the party and I'll call Elk Ridge
information.

(beat)
Sir?

(beat)
Sir. Do you want Elk Ridge
information?

Sam slowly hangs up the phone, tears sliding from his eyes.

119 CLOSE ON MIKEY

114

Watching his father from a few feet away.

MIKEY
(tentatively)
Dad....

120 WIDER ANGLE

115

Sam looks up and stares at Mikey for a moment. Then he
grabs a tissue and blows his nose.

MIKEY
What's wrong?

SAM
I'm catching a cold.

MIKEY
Want to skip the fishing trip?

SAM
What?

MIKEY
It's Saturday. You said we'd go
fishing, today. But we don't have
to if you don't feel good.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

Sam wipes the tears from his eyes and smiles.

SAM

What are you talking about? Nothing
cures a cold faster than a fishing
trip.

121 CLOSE ON MIKEY

ON his big grin, we....

CUT TO

122 EXT. MOUNTAIN TROUT STREAM - DAY

Sam casts a fly from midstream, trying to drift it through
a fast rill and into a pool. Beside him, Mikey watches.

123 ON THE FLY

It hits an eddy and whips into a tangle of driftwood.

124 BACK ON SAM AND MIKEY

The young boy looks up at Sam.

SAM

You don't want to do that. I did
it just to show you what not to do.

(beat)

I'm going to bring it back now and
show you how it should be done.

He starts to reel in the fly and it snags on the wood.
Mikey looks up to Sam, again.

SAM

Remember Mikey, even your best fly
fisherman will get his fly snagged
now and then.

(trying to work
it free)

It's the old pro who can work it
free without the line....

The line snaps. Sam stares at the fly across the stream
in the driftwood.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

MIKEY

Can I try now, Dad?

Almost before Sam can reply, Mikey has expertly flicked his dry fly across the stream and into the rill at the head of the pool.

SAM

(bit sheepish)

Why don't you work this pool. I'll fish further up stream.

MIKEY

Roger.

125 FEATURE SAM

125

He wades through the shallow stream toward the bank.

MIKEY

(calling to him)

Dad....

Sam isn't used to being called "dad" and it takes him a beat. He finally turns.

SAM

Yeah.

MIKEY

I know you're just trying to make me look good.

Sam shakes his head and walks onto the bank. We hold on Mikey, expertly retrieving and casting his fly.

CUT TO

126 EXT. THICK MOUNTAIN BRUSH - DAY

126

Sam works his way through the thick brush along the side of the fast-running stream until he can wade back into the water. As he's tying a fly....

OBSERVER'S VOICE

Is that a Ginger Quill spentwing?

Sam spins around.

127 ANOTHER ANGLE

It's the Observer. He's wearing dark glasses, a kimono, silk shirt and carrying a thin computer board.

OBSERVER
(peering at it)
Or a Blue Dun? I'm so damn hung
over it could be a Coor's pop-top.

Sam lunges for the Observer and his hand passes through the man's body.

SAM
(leaping back)
Ahhhhh!

OBSERVER
(grabbing his head)
Don't yell.
(beat)
Please.

128 FEATURE SAM

After the last two days he's close to losing it and it takes all the courage he has not to bolt.

SAM
Who are you?

OBSERVER
A man with a big headache. I should
have stayed in bed with Tina.
(beat)
You still don't remember me?

Sam shakes his head.

OBSERVER
That's sad, Pal, very sad.
(rote)
My name's Albert. Albert what, I
can't tell you. That's restricted.
Most of what you'll want to know is
restricted. It'll be easier on both
of us if you don't ask a lot of
questions.

SAM
What are you?

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

OBSERVER

That's a question, Sam.

(beat)

I'm a man just like you.

(X)

Sam, with some trepidation, passes his hand through Albert's body.

SAM

Not like me.

OBSERVER

(indicating his
body)

This isn't me. This is a
neurological hologram. An image
only you can see or hear.

(X)

SAM

(rote delivery)

Created by a sub-atomic agitation
of carbon quarks tuned to the mesons
of my optic and otic neurons.

(X)

OBSERVER

(brightens)

Right!

(X)

SAM

(puzzled)

How'd I know that?

The Observer's elation sags and he gets back to business.

OBSERVER

Ziggy's worked up five possible
scenarios to explain why we....

(X)

SAM

(trying to
recall)

Ziggy. The little guy with bad
breath.

OBSERVER

That's Gooshie. He programs Ziggy.
Ziggy's a hybrid computer.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED (2)

123

SAM
(after absorbing
that)
Hybrid computers and neurological
holograms didn't exist in nineteen
fifty six.

OBSERVER
Only in theory.

SAM
But this is fifty six.

OBSERVER
For you. Yes.

SAM
What's my last name?

OBSERVER
If you don't remember, I can't tell
you.

SAM
It's important.

OBSERVER
It's also right at the top of
Ziggy's no-no list. Double starred.

SAM
Why?

OBSERVER
I can't tell you that either.

SAM
(angrily)
What the hell can you tell me!

OBSERVER
Basically what you already know.
(beat)
That you're part of a time travel
experiment that's gone a little
kaa-kaa.

SAM
A little kaa-kaa?
(beat)
How little kaa-kaa?

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED (3)

128

OBSERVER

Well, you're here. Which is a
biggie. A first. Nobel prize time.
You can be very proud.

SAM

And....

OBSERVER

(weakly)

We're experiencing technical
difficulties retrieving you.

129 ANOTHER ANGLE

129

Sam stares at the Observer for a moment, then starts tying
another fly.

SAM

That's great, Al. I wake up in
fifty six with a memory like swiss
cheese and you're experiencing
technical difficulties.

(beat)

Whose brainchild is this, yours?

The Observer smiles at some inside humor in that.

OBSERVER

No. Not mine.

(checks his
watch)

We don't have much time. And I
have to find which of these
scenarios can explain why we
couldn't retrieve you this morning.

SAM

You tried?

OBSERVER

You wouldn't leap.

SAM

(defensive)

Oh, so it's my fault?

OBSERVER

Possibly. Did you tell anyone you
weren't Hank Stratton?

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

10

SAM
(hesitant)
Sort of.

OBSERVER
Aw, Sam! Retrieving you was
dependent upon everyone believing
you're the person you replaced.

SAM
(defensive)
They didn't believe me. How could
they? I look in a mirror and I
don't believe me.

OBSERVER
That was expected. To us Hank looks
like you.

SAM
He's with you?

OBSERVER
Of course. How do you think we
located you? When you went in he
came out. If it's any consolation
his memory's as full of holes as
yours.
(beat)
Sam, everyone here has to believe
you're Hank Stratton when we try to
get you back again on Tuesday.

SAM
Tuesday? Tuesday will be too late.
(beat)
I'm scheduled to test fly the X-2
on Monday.

OBSERVER
(after a beat)
Ever thought of taking flying
lessons?

On Sam's reaction, we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

130 EXT. STRATTON BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON 130

Smoke is rising from the barbecue where Bird Dog is teaching Jeanie how to grill trout. Two little girls swinging on the gym set watch Sam teaching Mikey how to throw a curve ball. Doug and Lucy's husband, Tim, are drinking beer at the picnic table where a portable 45 record player is spinning Little Richard's 'Tutti'frutti'.

131 ON BIRD DOG AND JEANIE 131

He shoves his cowboy hat back on his head and whispers in her ear. She laughs and punches him in the arm. Over this....

LUCY'S VOICE
How's he do it?

SALLY'S VOICE
Probably wearing his hat.

132 INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 132

Sally's leaning against the screen door, drinking a beer. Beside her, Lucy, holding a stack of plastic plates and glasses, giggles. At the table, Peg's fixing a salad.

LUCY
Sometimes Tim wears his goggles.

Peg and Sally exchange a look and burst out laughing. Lucy shrugs and pushes through the screen door.

LUCY
Well, I think it's sexy.

133 EXT. ON THE PICNIC TABLE - LATE AFTERNOON 133

As pilots have probably done since Icarus, Doug is using his hands to demonstrate as he talks. Behind him Lucy approaches with the plates.

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED

13

DOUG
(in the middle)
....then the nose snapped right, she
did a half-roll and tucked into an
inverted spin. I came off the power
and neutralized the controls but it
didn't do diddly squat. If anything
the spin got flatter.

Lucy provocatively brushes her hips against him as she sets
out the plates.

DOUG
(without looking to
her)
Hi, babe.
(to Tim)
I didn't want to punch out inverted,
but what the hell else could I do?
I was down to five thousand and
unwinding like a Green Stamp clock.

Lucy sighs and continues setting out the plates. Suddenly,
there is a rush of air followed by a whistling roar and
everyone looks up.

134 EXT. T-33 JET - LATE AFTERNOON

14

It sweeps past just above the trees, executes a slow roll
and pulls up into a climb.

135 ON SAM

15

He watches the jet climb away with an expression of awe.

136 ON BIRD DOG AND JEANIE

16

Her face is white with surprise and she's got her hands
over her ears. Bird Dog grins and pulls the brim of his
cowboy hat down to shade his eyes.

137 WIDE ON THE BACK YARD

17

Peg and Sally rush out of the house to join the others.

138 CLOSE ON THE T-33 138

It reaches the top of its climb, chandelles and comes straight back at them.

139 ON THE BACKYARD 139

The women squeal and the pilots grin as the T-33 thunders past.

140 CLOSE ON BIRD DOG AND JEANIE 140

Her eyes are so big they look ready to pop.

BIRD DOG
That's to impress you, Sweet Pea.

JEANIE
Me?

BIRD DOG
It's Tony.

141 THEIR POV - THE T-33 141

Rolling upright, Tony drops the landing gear and lets down toward the runway.

142 BACK ON BIRD DOG AND JEANIE 142

He pulls out his car keys and hands them to her.

BIRD DOG
Go get him. Tell him we got fresh trout on the grill.

Jeanie looks a bit surprised, then with a smile, takes the keys and runs to the T-bird.

143 ON SAM AND MIKEY 143

watching the T-33 slide in for a landing.

MIKEY
(in awe)
Wow! Did you see that roll? And that flip he did at the top!
(beat)
Whatta you call that, Dad?

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

141

SAM

Got me.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE

It's a chandelle, Mikey.

(X)

144 ANGLE TO INCLUDE BIRD DOG

144

He's answered Mikey, but he's looking at Sam, who's aware of it.

MIKEY

Wow! It sure was something.

(X)

SAM

Yeah. It sure was.

(X)

Sam turns to walk back to where they were playing catch and notices Peg.

145 SAM'S POV - PEG

145

Standing just outside the kitchen door with the salad fork and spoon in her hands. Her face is flushed and she's trembling slightly as she turns to go back into the kitchen.

146 BACK ON SAM

146

He tosses the ball and glove to Mikey.

SAM

I'd better help your Mom.

MIKEY

Aw....Dad.

SAM

Unless you want to set the table.

MIKEY

(turning to the other
pilots)

Wanna play catch, Captain Crawford?

Sam grins and walks past the smoking barbecue to the house.

147 INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

147

Peg is pouring a glass of water from the tap as Sam enters. He crosses to the icebox and takes out a beer.

SAM

You okay?

PEG

(turns smiling)

Fine.

SAM

You look a little pale.

PEG

It's the heat. I'll never get used to it.

SAM

Want me to help? I make a mean Caesar salad.

Peg wrinkles her brow in surprise and he instantly re-adjusts.

SAM

Just kidding.

PEG

I know.

SAM

But not about the way you look.

PEG

(pats her
stomach)

It's your fault.

SAM

That's not what I mean.

PEG

(smiles)

I really am fine, Hank. Go back out with Mikey. You haven't spent this much time with him since he was hit by the bus.

Sam absorbs that as he turns to open the screen door. Peg, feels a sudden urge and moves toward him.

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

PEG
(calling)
Hey, fly boy....

Sam turns back and Peg is there giving him a very sexy kiss. When they part, she looks confused. The kiss wasn't better or worse than she was used to, just different.

WEIRD DOG'S VOICE
Come and get it!

SAM
(recovering)
Got to eat trout while they're sizzling.

PEG
Take the salad. I'll get the rolls.

Sam picks up the salad bowl and pushes through the screen door.

148 CLOSE ON PEG

We move in on her eyes as she watches him cross the yard to the picnic table. Over this....

WEIRD ERNIE'S VOICE
Sorry, to pull you from your barbecue....

CUT TO

149 INT. EDWARDS AFB - SUNSET - HANGAR

The setting sun glints off the needle-nose of the new X-2 parked just inside the cavernous hangar as Weird Ernie and Sam enter through the open door. Beyond the sleek rocket plane technicians are off-loading the jumbled wreckage of the old X-2 from a flat bed truck.

WEIRD ERNIE
(continuing)
....but, Doctor Burger and I just finished a questionnaire to test Captain Birdell's theory that Mach three flight has a negative effect on the memory.

Sam nods gravely and sucks his cheeks to avoid laughing.

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

149

WEIRD ERNIE

Quite frankly, if this theory had come from you I would have been skeptical. We all know your penchant for practical jokes, eh.

SAM

Doctor, any memory losses I suffer won't be faked.

(X)

150 INT. HANGAR OFFICE - SUNSET

150

The Flight Surgeon, Captain Burger, is smoking a pipe as he pecks away on a manual Royal typewriter. Through the glass we see Weird Ernie and Sam approaching. As they enter....

WEIRD ERNIE

We're going to call it the Ernst-Burger Engramic Standard; two hundred questions to benchmark a person's memory.

DR. BURGER

Two hundred and seven and I thought we were going to call it the Burger-Ernst Engramic Standard.

(looks up)

Hi, Hank.

From the greeting, Sam realizes the flight surgeon and he are friends, but he doesn't know his first name.

SAM

(forced smile)

Hi.

Dr. Burger pulls the sheet from the typewriter, adds it to the others.

DR. BURGER

These questions should give us a cross section of your memory. Some, like your age and place of birth, are the usual statistics. But I think you'll find most are rather unusual.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

150

DR. BURGER (Cont'd)
(reading)
What was the coldest you've ever
been? Who was your second best
friend in college?
(hands him the
questionnaire)
Where did you first make love?

SAM
(taking the
papers)
At least you didn't ask, to who.

DR. BURGER
Dr. Ernst suggested that but 'where'
is just as meaningful and more
discreet.

(X)

Sam smiles and flips through the questionnaire.

SAM
Sort of a personal Trivial Pursuit.

DR. BURGER
(after a moment)
Not a bad name. The Burger-Ernst
Engramic Trivial Pursuit.

WEIRD ERNIE
Ernst-Burger.
(to Sam)
We need this filled out before you
take off, Monday. After you land
you'll fill it out, again.

DR. BURGER
If there are any significant changes
in your memory, we should be able
to detect them.

151 FEATURE SAM

151

He flips another page, reading the questions and smiling
slightly.

WEIRD ERNIE
Any questions, Captain?

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

SAM
(looking up)
Ah...no. Seems simple enough. I'll
have it for you Monday.

Sam rolls up the questionnaire and touches it to his
forehead in a sort of salute.

SAM
Doctors.

152 ON WEIRD ERNIE AND DR. BURGER

As Sam walks out and crosses the hangar to the X-2.

WEIRD ERNIE
Doctor, we could be on the verge of
a momentous discovery.

DR. BURGER
(amused)
Or the butt of a momentous joke.

153 INT. HANGAR - SUNSET - MOVING WITH SAM

He slowly approaches the new X-2, sliding his hand along
the needle nose and actually getting a thrill at the
thought of what it must be like to ride this rocket.

154 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - SUNSET

Sam peeks inside at the bewildering array of instruments,
switches and controls.

OBSERVER'S VOICE
Pretty simple, huh?

Sam startles.

155 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Observer grins across the cockpit at Sam. He looks
better than when we last saw him, not quite so hung-over.

SAM
Can't you just fade in or something!

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

OBSERVER

You tell me how to fade-in agitated carbon quarks and I'll...make The Scientific Journal.

SAM

Just don't sneak up on me.

OBSERVER

You know this isn't easy. I'm giving up a weekend with a very amenable blonde, if you get my drift.

Sam stares at him in disbelief. The Observer looks back inside the cockpit.

OBSERVER

Ziggy's spit out a new theory.

SAM

To get me back?

OBSERVER

(nods)

Actually, it's more a philosophy than a theory. Personally, I think it's a lot of crap.

SAM

You're a real confidence builder, Al.

OBSERVER

You still don't remember our project?

Sam shakes his head, no.

OBSERVER

It's bad enough I have to give Dick and Jane explanations to the President, now I've got to give one to you.

(pulls out a string)

One end of this string is your birth. The other end your death. Tie them together and your life is a loop. Ball the loop...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED (2)

155

OBSERVER (Cont'd)
(demonstrating)
...and the days of your life touch
each other out of sequence.
Therefore leaping from one point on
the string to another....

SAM
...would move you backward or
forward within your own lifetime.

OBSERVER
Which is our project...Quantum Leap.

SAM
I can't remember!

156 OMITTED

156
(X)
157

157 ANOTHER ANGLE

Angry and frustrated, Sam walks away. The Observer follows
him, short-cutting through the X-2 fuselage and is about
to walk through the wing when....

SAM
(angrily)
I wish you'd stop doing that!

OBSERVER
What?

SAM
Walking through things.

OBSERVER
You want me to walk around what's
not there?

He makes a show out of walking around the wing.

SAM
Why isn't it there?

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED

OBSERVER

(bored)

I'm a hologram to you, right. And you and everything around you is a hologram to me.

SAM

(recalling)

You're in the Imaging Chamber.

OBSERVER

Aha! You remember.

SAM

Vaguely. A cavern somewhere.

OBSERVER

New Mexico.

SAM

What year is it there?

OBSERVER

You'll find out if we get you back.

SAM

If.

OBSERVER

Well, Ziggy's theory is off the wall. I mean you've got to believe that God or Time or Something was waiting for your Quantum Leap to correct a mistake.

SAM

A mistake in time?

OBSERVER

Something that happened to Captain Hank Stratton in '56 since he's the one you bounced out.

(beat)

Once that's put right, you'll snap back like a pimp's suspenders.

SAM

Once what's put right?

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED (2)

157

OBSERVER

Hank Stratton was killed trying to break Mach Three in the X-2. If Ziggy's right, all you have to do is break Mach three...and live.

On Sam's reaction we....

SMASH CUT TO

158 EXT. X-2 HANGAR - SUNSET

158

Sam comes angrily striding out of the big hangar and across the flight line. The Observer is practically running beside him to keep up.

SAM

(emphatic)
No way. No!

OBSERVER

Hey, pal, it's not my theory.

SAM

There's got to be another way.

OBSERVER

The next one only has a fifty two percent chance of working.

SAM

I'll take it.

OBSERVER

It requires you to be at ground zero during an atomic detonation.

159 CLOSE ON BOTH

Sam stops and turns, stares hard at the Observer.

OBSERVER

(defensive)
You asked.

SAM

(irritated)
What else have you got?

CONTINUED

159 CONTINUED

159

OBSERVER

This isn't a shopping list. The odds drop into the low teens after that.

(reading)

Your best shot is freezing the brain until all electrical activity has ceased.

SAM

That's called death!

OBSERVER

I didn't say it would be easy.

Sam takes off, again, striding across the tarmac with the Observer chasing after him.

OBSERVER

Slow down, will you. I'm fighting a hangover.

(X)

Sam picks up the pace.

OBSERVER

Okay. You want sure things. I got one for you. Don't do anything. Just live.

160 CLOSE ON SAM

1.

He slows to a stop and takes a deep breath.

OBSERVER

Barring accidental death or a fatal disease, you'll be back in forty years.

(beat)

It's the safest option.

SAM

And Hank Stratton?

OBSERVER

He'll live forward from where he's at now.

(chuckles)

Technically he might end up being the oldest man alive.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED

160

SAM

What about Peg and Mikey? I don't want to hurt them, but I can't go on pretending I'm Hank.

OBSERVER

They were going to lose him on Monday, anyway.

Sam shoots him a look.

OBSERVER

Of course, if you bust Mach three and survive, they could have him around for the next forty or fifty years.

SAM

I can't fly!

OBSERVER

I'll be your copilot.

SAM

You're a hologram!

OBSERVER

I'm also an ex-astronaut.

(rapid fire)

The hardest part of flying is taking off and landing. The B-50 does the first part for you. After that you fire a couple of rockets, hang onto the stick...

(whistles)

...Mach Three.

SAM

And the second part?

OBSERVER

Landing? Oh, you could never land the X-2, not even with my help.

(beat)

So, you don't.

SAM

(catching on)

I eject.

CONTINUED

160 CONTINUED (2)

OBSERVER

The X-2 does a crash and burn while you float to earth on a bubble of silk. The minute you touch down, Hank leaps back. You leap forward. The blonde and I head for Vegas.

SAM

It might work.

OBSERVER

Of course it'll work.

SAM

A minute ago you said it was crap.

OBSERVER

That was before I thought it out.

On Sam's look, we....

DISSOLVE TO

161 INT. STRATTON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SLOW MOVE IN ON SAM

He's sitting in the dark next to the telephone, lightly tracing the receiver with his fingertips as he strives to remember his name or his old home phone number.

SAM'S VOICE

Funny...I can't remember my last name or the old home phone number, but I remember the year Dad died I didn't go home for Thanksgiving.

(beat)

Didn't even call. I was too busy working on some project or the other. And then he was gone. And I realized I'd never thanked him or told him how important he was to me.

(angry)

And now that God has given me a second chance I can't reach him because I'm too stupid to remember my own name!

PEG'S VOICE

Hank?

Sam looks up.

162 ON PEG

160

Standing in the bedroom doorway in her baby doll pajamas.

SAM'S VOICE

You should be asleep.

163 CLOSE ON BOTH

163

As she crosses to him and cuddles up in his lap.

PEG

And you shouldn't?

(beat)

You're worried about breaking the record, aren't you?

SAM

No.

PEG

You'll do it. You'll be the fastest man alive.

Sam ponders the irony of her words for a moment. Then....

PEG

Promise me something.

SAM

What?

PEG

Promise first.

SAM

That's silly. How can I promise something if I don't....

She puts her fingers to his mouth, hushing him.

PEG

Promise.

Sam looks at her eyes just inches from his and relents.

SAM

I promise.

(beat)

Now what did I promise?

Peg smiles and snuggles tighter into his arms.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

PEG
I'll tell you tomorrow night.
On that, we slowly....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

164 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY - STOCK

164
(X)

The morning heat waves are already beginning to shimmer as technicians cradle the X-2 beneath the Superfortress.

165 INT. HANGAR OFFICES - DAY

165

Dr. Burger looks up from his desk as Sam enters, wearing a silver pressure suit.

DR. BURGER

Ready to become the fastest man on earth?

SAM

Ready as I'll ever be.

Sam hands the questionnaire across the desk to the flight surgeon.

DR. BURGER

What did you think of this, Hank?

SAM

I don't know how useful it'll be to gauge a memory loss, Doc. But filling it out last night brought back a lot of old ones for me.

166 CLOSE ON DR. BURGER

166

He watches Sam exit, then looks down to the questionnaire. As he reads the answers he appears puzzled. Then he begins to chuckle. He looks back up, laughing.

167 EXT. HANGAR - DAY - CLOSE ON SAM

167

He emerges from the deep black of the hangar into the bright desert sun and stops.

168 SAM'S POV - B-50 AND X-2 - STOCK

168
(X)

They've got it winched up into the belly and are topping off the LOX.

169 BACK ON SAM

169

His face shows the reality of the situation is fully upon him.

SAM'S VOICE

When it comes to facing the
unthinkable, you only have two
choices.

(beat)

To play it like John Wayne...or
Woody Allen.

He starts forward, a bit hesitant, looking very much like
an anxiety-ridden Woody Allen. Bird Dog appears at his
side and falls into step as military men tend to do. For a
few moments they walk without speaking, then....

SAM

Bird Dog.

BIRD DOG

Yeah, Pard.

SAM

(scared)

I can't go through with this.

BIRD DOG

What?

SAM

(plea)

I can't fly the X-2. I can't fly
anything. I'm not joking. It's not
a set-up. And don't ask me to
explain why. Just believe me when
I tell you...I can't fly!

Bill studies him with real concern before answering.

BIRD DOG

I believe you, Pard.

Sam continues on for a few more steps saying nothing. Then
he turns to Bird Dog and flashes a John Wayne grin.

SAM

Gotcha, Pilgrim.

170 ON BIRD DOG

171

He stops, blinks in surprise, then bursts into laughter.

172

171 UP ANGLE ON SAM

He strides toward the Superfortress with a John Wayne list, looking every inch the heroic Air Force test pilot.

CUT TO

172 INT. STRATTON KITCHEN - DAY

Bill Haley and the Comets are doing "See you later, alligator" as Peg piles clothes in the washer. Sally wipes cereal from her daughter's face as Lucy flips through "LIFE" magazine.

173 FEATURE LUCY

Stopping at a photo of Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller, she pulls her blouse down lightly to compare her breasts to Marilyn's.

LUCY

My boobs are almost as big as Marilyn's.

PEG

You're five months pregnant.

LUCY

Maybe she is, too. Why else would a guy like Miller marry her?

SALLY

Guess.

LUCY

But he's a writer. They're interested in the finer things in life.

PEG

Honey, there is nothing finer in life.

As they laugh Peg turns on the washer and shoves it into the corner.

174
thru
175

OMITTED

174
thru
175

175A EXT. ON THE B-50 SUPERFORTRESS - DAY - STOCK

175A

It rolls down the desert runway and lifts into the air with the X-2 cradled beneath.

175B EXT. STRATTON HOUSE - DAY

175B

Mikey is bouncing the ball off the wall of the house and catching it as the B-50 roars over. He cheers and tosses the ball high in the air with childish enthusiasm.

175C INT. STRATTON KITCHEN - DAY

175C

Once again, the wives give each other reassuring smiles while inside they shiver with cold.

CUT TO

176 EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE MOJAVE DESERT - DAY - STOCK

176

The Superfortress rises into frame with the X-2 nestled in her belly and the F-86 trailing.

177 INT. F-86 COCKPIT - DAY

177

Bird Dog adjusts his helmet mike.

BIRD DOG

(singing)

'There's a yellow rose in Texas,
That I am going to see,
Nobody else could miss her,
Not half as much as me.'

177

178 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY

178

Tony's flying with Doug as his co-pilot. Sam's crouched between the seats.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE

(over the radio)

'She cried so when I left her,
It like to broke my heart.'

178

179 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY

179

Weird Ernie, in the radio jeep next to the radar trailers, picks up the mike.

WEIRD ERNIE
(over the radio)
If you don't clear this radio,
Captain Birdell, the only Yellow
Rose you'll be seeing is the one I
send to your court-martial.
(beat)
Is that clear? Over?

(X)

BIRD DOG'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Ah, that's a roger, Edwards.

(X)

Dr. Burger slides into the seat beside Weird Ernie and hands him the questionnaire.

DR. BURGER
Read this.

Weird Ernie takes the questionnaire and starts to read the answers. At first it seems normal, then he furrows his brow.

WEIRD ERNIE
Date of birth, August eighth,
nineteen...fifty three?
(looks up)
It's a typo. He must mean
twenty-three.

DR. BURGER
(bemused)
Keep reading.

WEIRD ERNIE
(reading)
What had the most positive impact
on me in high school? Answer: mini
skirts?
(beat)
What had the most negative impact
on me in high school? Answer: panty
hose?

He looks up, completely puzzled.

- 180 EXT. SUPERFORTRESS AND CHASE PLANE - DAY - STOCK 180
Climbing against a clear blue sky toward the drop altitude.
- 181 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY 181
Doug checks the altimeter and turns to Sam.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

DOUG
Time to mount up, Hank.

Sam takes a deep breath and starts to exit. Before he can, Tony reaches out and stops him.

TONY
This is going to sound a little weird, but before I got the fire warning light, I swear I smelled coffee brewing.

SAM
Maybe it was one of Weird Ernie's gremlins.

TONY
(chuckles)
Yeah, maybe.

DOUG
(thumbs up)
Good luck, Hank.

182 ON SAM

He returns the "thumbs up", then exits through the narrow passage to the bomb bay where the X-2 awaits him.

183 SAM'S POV - BOMB BAY

He fully expects to see Albert among the technicians. He's not there. His view shifts to the area behind the X-2 where he saw him standing on the last test flight. The Observer's not there, either.

184 BACK ON SAM

A little of the bravura goes out of his face.

WEIRD ERNIE'S VOICE
(reading)
When feeling lonely I rent a video
and micro-wave some popcorn.

CUT TO

185 EXT. RADIO JEEP - DAY

185

Weird Ernie looks up from the questionnaire completely baffled.

WEIRD ERNIE
This is gibberish.

DR. BURGER
Very creative gibberish.
(beat)
Captain Stratton has answered each question as if he had been born in fifty three and lived in the future.

WEIRD ERNIE
Then this loss of memory thing is another of their hoaxes.

(X)

DR. BURGER
Afraid so, Doctor.

Disgusted, Ernie tosses the questionnaire into the flight surgeon's lap.

WEIRD ERNIE
How stupid do they think I am! Pet rocks. Water beds. And what did he call what he was expelled from college for?

DR. BURGER
Streaking.

WEIRD ERNIE
He's got a sick mind, Doctor.
(looking up)
They all do.

186 CLOSE ON DR. BURGER

186

He rolls up the questionnaire and uses it like a telescope.

DR. BURGER
Maybe they have to.

CUT TO

187 INT. SUPERFORTRESS BOMB BAY - DAY - CLOSE ON SAM

187

Behind the helmet his John Wayne look is fading fast as two technicians finish strapping him into the tiny cockpit.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

SAM'S VOICE
(looking around)
Where are you Albert?

The technicians close the canopy. It seals with a whoosh.

CUT TO

188 INT. STRATTON HOUSE - DAY

Peg is sitting at the dinette table, watching her "soap", as the portable washing machine vibrates across the small kitchen. She shoves it back into the corner with her foot and glances nervously at the clock.

189 ON THE CLOCK

It's ticking down to 9:30.

TONY'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Edwards. Mother Hen. Level at
twenty-five thousand.

CUT TO

190 EXT. RADIO JEEP - DAY - CLOSE ON WEIRD ERNIE

He clicks the mike.

WEIRD ERNIE'S VOICE
Roger. Mother Hen. You are clear
to drop.

He gives the steel plate in his head a rap for luck.

WEIRD ERNIE
(softly)
Good luck.

CUT TO

191 EXT. SUPERFORTRESS AND F-86 - DAY - STOCK

Contrails stream from both the B-50 and the chase plane as they streak across the deep blue sky.

TONY'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Ten...nine...eight...seven....

192 INT. F-86 COCKPIT - DAY

192

Bird Dog looks up at the X-2 about to drop.

TONY'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Six...five...four...three....

193 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

193

Sam looks as terrified as he feels.

SAM
(hopeful)
Albert? Stop fooling around.

TONY'S VOICE
(over the radio)
two...one...bombs away!

SAM
(yells)
Al....

The cockpit and Sam drop out of frame.

194 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - STOCK AND MINIATURE

2
1

Falling like a bomb from the belly of the Superfortress.

SAM'S VOICE
(continuing)
...bert!

We hold on the X-2 dropping further and further away
without the rockets igniting.

195 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

2

The only sound louder than the rush of air past the cockpit
is the pounding of Sam's heart.

BIRD DOG'S VOICE
(over the radio)
X-2. Chase One. Do you have a
problem?

SAM
I can't fly!

OBSERVER'S VOICE
Relax. I can.

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED

195

SAM
(yells)
Al!
(beat)
Where the hell are you?

196 FRONT ANGLE - ON SAM

196

It's like looking at a double exposure as the Observer and Sam occupy the same seat.

OBSERVER
Right here.

He extends his arm out of Sam's body, startling him even more, if that's possible.

OBSERVER
Follow my lead.

197 CLOSE ON THE ROCKET IGNITION SWITCHES

1

The Observer's finger flicks through two of the three switches. Sam repeats the action, actually flipping the toggles.

198 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - STOCK - MINIATURE

2

A stream of flame and white smoke shoots from the tail as the rockets fire.

199 INT. COCKPIT - DAY

199

The sudden acceleration slams Sam back into the seat.

OBSERVER
Kick in the butt, ain't it?

He reaches for the control stick.

OBSERVER
Match me.

200 CLOSE ON THE STICK

200

The Observer's hand seems to grasp it, then moves back passing through the stick. Sam duplicates the action, actually grasping the control and easing it back until his hand matches the Observer's.

201 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE 201
The nose slowly rises and it streaks for the heavens.

202 INT. B-50 COCKPIT - DAY 202
Both pilots watch the X-2 shoot past on its ascent and let out a sigh of relief.

203 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY 203
Now that it appears he won't immediately die, his anger explodes.

SAM
Where the hell were you?

OBSERVER
Laker game. It went into overtime.

SAM
(incredulous)
A ball game! I nearly died because you were at a ball game!

BIRD DOG'S VOICE
(over the radio)
X-2. Chase One. You're looking good now. What was the problem, Pard?

OBSERVER
It wasn't just a ball game, it was a play-off. Tell him the starting circuit overloaded and you had to recycle.

204 EXT. ON THE F-86 CHASE PLANE - STOCK 204
Flying through the contrail left behind by the X-2.

SAM'S VOICE
(over the radio)
I had to recycle the starting circuit.
(beat)
Buffy wanted Magic's autograph!

205 INT. CHASE PLANE COCKPIT - DAY 205
His brow furrows and he keys the mike.

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

BIRD DOG
Understand the starting circuit
overloaded. Say again on the second
part.

CUT TO

206 EXT. GROUND CONTROL TRAILERS - DAY

206

Everyone is scanning the sky with their binoculars.

SAM'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Mach point eight. All readings in
the green.
(incredulous)
What victory party!

Weird Ernie and Dr. Berger lower their glasses and exchange
a puzzled look.

CUT TO

207 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY

2

Following the Observer's hands, Sam continues to fly and
bitch at the same time.

SAM
I guess I can thank God you didn't
spend the night with this...Buffy.

There's a moment of awkward silence and Sam realizes that's
exactly what happened.

OBSERVER
Coming up on Mach one.

CUT TO

208 INT. STRATTON KITCHEN - DAY

208

Peg is putting a match to the gas burner beneath the glass
percolator when the sonic boom rattles her and the windows.

CUT TO

- 209 EXT. X-2 ROCKET PLANE - DAY - MINIATURE 209
Climbing higher and faster into the deepening blue sky.
OBSERVER'S VOICE
Mach one-three. Fifty thousand.
Nosing over.
- 210 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY 210
Sam repeats and watches for Al to move the controls.
SAM
(keying mike)
Mach one-three. Fifty thousand and
nosing over.
- 211 CLOSE ON THE CONTROL STICK 211
The Observer's hand eases forward through the stick. Sam
matches it perfectly, actually moving the control.
- 212 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE 212
Her thrust continues to carry her upward even though the
nose is coming down.
SAM'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Mach one-seven. Fifty six thousand.
- 213 DOWN ANGLE - STOCK - MINIATURE 213
Muroc dry lake is merely a white splotch on the brown
desert as the X-2 seems to emerge from it and rocket past.
SAM'S VOICE
(over the radio)
Mach two. Sixty eight. Sixty nine.
- 214 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY 214
It rises into frame and levels off.
OBSERVER
Level at seventy thousand. Mach
two-four. On profile.

CONTINUED

214 CONTINUED

214

SAM
(keys mike)
Level at seventy thousand. Mach
two-four. On profile.

Sam clicks off the mike and looks in awe at the curvature
of the earth.

SAM
It's incredible.

OBSERVER
(after a beat)
Sam. Ziggy researched this flight
through Air Force records. They
never found what caused those fire
warning lights.

(X)

215 CLOSE ON FIRE WARNING LIGHT

215

Even dark it seems to be screaming danger.

OBSERVER'S VOICE
Whatever it was, it wasn't a false
alarm.

216 BACK CLOSE ON BOTH

2

For the first time the Observer actually seems to give a
damn about Sam.

OBSERVER
Hank Stratton was killed when this
bird we're flying blew up breaking
Mach three.

SAM
(after a beat)
And to 'Quantum Leap' I have to
break Mach three.

OBSERVER
That's the way Ziggy has it
computed.

SAM
What? No odds?

Al doesn't answer.

CONTINUED

216 CONTINUED

216

SAM
That bad, huh.

Al still says nothing. Sam looks out into space.

217 SAM'S POV - THE EARTH BELOW - MINIATURE AND STOCK

217

It's incredibly beautiful from this altitude.

(X)

218 MOVING IN ON SAM'S EYES ONLY

218

as he stares out the tiny windshield. Finally, he takes a deep breath and looks down at the igniter switch.

219 CLOSE ON THIRD ENGINE TOGGLE

219

This time only Sam's hand comes into frame. His finger touches the toggle switch, hesitates, then flips it.

220 EXT. ON THE X-2 - DAY - MINIATURE

220

The third engine ignites and the needle-nosed rocket plane leaps forward.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

221 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY - GROUND CONTROL TRAILERS 22

The radar antennas are swinging as they track Sam's flight.

SAM'S VOICE

(over the radio)

Mach two-five...two-six. Outside
skin temperature six eight five.

222 INT. F-86 COCKPIT - DAY 22

Bird Dog's straining to see the X-2 far above him.

SAM'S VOICE

(over the radio)

Mach two-seven. Skin temperature
seven fifty.

BIRD DOG

(softly)

Ride her cowboy.

223 EXT. X-2 ROCKET PLANE - DAY - MINIATURE 23

Like a bolt of white lightening it streaks out of the blue
and flashes past in a shallow dive.

224 INT. X-2 COCKPIT - DAY 24

Although he's concentrating on duplicating Al's subtle hand
movements, he becomes aware of a percolating sound.

OBSERVER

Mach two-eight.

SAM

You hear that?

OBSERVER

Mach two-nine. Yes.

225 CLOSE ON THE FIRE WARNING LIGHT

225

It flashes on and the alarm begins ringing.

226 BACK ON SAM AND AL

226

Both staring at the blinking red light as the perking sound grows in intensity.

SAM

(realizing)

Tony didn't smell coffee, he heard it perking!

OBSERVER

It's the fuel! The heat's boiling the fuel!

(indicating the switches)

Shut down, Sam. Shut down!

227 ON THE ROCKET SWITCHES

227

The Observer's ghostly fingers are flicking through the switches. Sam's fingers enter frame and hesitate.

OBSERVER'S VOICE

Shut 'em down!

We pan to....

228 CLOSE ON THE MACH METER

228

The needle is vibrating just beneath Mach three.

SAM'S VOICE

We've got to hit Mach three!

The perking sound grows louder and louder until it begins to drown out the sound of the engines. As the needle touches Mach three, we....

CUT TO

229 INT. STRATTON KITCHEN - DAY

229

Close on the vigorously boiling water in the glass coffee pot. Suddenly the glass shatters.

230 CLOSE ON PEG

Her head snaps up revealing terror-filled eyes.

CUT TO

231
thru
233

OMITTED

231
thru
233
(X)

234 EXT. MUROC DRY LAKE - DAY

234

Heat waves shimmer the distant mountains as smoking hunks of white hot metal smash into the desert floor, kicking up clouds of dust. The debris shower ends as suddenly as it began and the desert is once again still with only the sound of the wind and billowing smoke. Then, just when we're wondering why we are holding so long on this shot, Sam crashes into frame with his chute collapsing around him.

235 CLOSE ON SAM

235

He lays on his back, unconscious until the distant scream of a siren finally rouses him. His eyelids flutter and he slowly raises up on one elbow. For a moment, he's elated to be alive, then he sees the rescue vehicles charging toward him and remembers.

SAM
No....damn it, no!

236 SAM'S POV - RESCUE VEHICLES

236

Kicking clouds of dust, they race across the dry lake toward him.

237 ON THE LEAD JEEP

237

Weird Ernie is driving like a maniac. Dr. Burger holds on to his hat with one hand and the windscreen with the other.

238 BACK ON SAM

238

He almost cries realizing he's still in 1956.

CUT TO

239 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY - CLOSE ON SAM

239

sitting on the stretcher with a dejected look as Dr. Burger checks his eyes with a pencil light.

DR. BURGER

You know we could have been combing the desert with tweezers and glass jars looking for what was left of you, Captain.

Sam says nothing.

DR. BURGER

(shakes his head)

You guys are all alike. Losing your plane is worse than losing your wife.

OBSERVER'S VOICE

I'd trade my ex-wife for any wreck they got.

Sam looks up sharply.

240 ANOTHER ANGLE

240

The Observer is seated behind the flight surgeon on the other stretcher.

SAM

(pointed, to the Observer)

I'm still here.

DR. BURGER

It's about time you realized that.

SAM

(to Observer)

What now?

CONTINUED

240 CONTINUED

DR. BURGER

I'm going to take your blood pressure.

OBSERVER

We could try the A-bomb theory.

SAM

(to Observer)

No thank, you.

DR. BURGER

I'm sorry, but it's necessary. Lie down, please.

Sam lies back on the stretcher and Dr. Burger puts the cuff on his arm.

OBSERVER

It wasn't my theory, Sam. I never did buy into that good-deed-put-time-right bull.

(bit weak)

Not really.

SAM

(to Observer)

So, I'm stuck here.

DR. BURGER

Oh, I don't think so. A few tests at the hospital and you can go home.

OBSERVER

Maybe not.

(false cheering)

Maybe you'll leap back when you're least expecting it. Like tonight, when you're asleep.

SAM

(to Observer)

You really believe that?

DR. BURGER

Absolutely. I don't see any reason to keep you in the hospital.

OBSERVER

In the meantime, there's nothing I can do here.

241 CLOSE ON THE OBSERVER

241

He glances at his watch, then back up to Sam.

OBSERVER

And I'd really feel bad if Buffy
woke up and found that I'd gone
without even saying 'good morning.'

(X)

242 CLOSE ON SAM

242

His eyes widen in outrageous disbelief.

DR. BURGER'S VOICE

Unless your blood pressure keeps
elevating.

243 EXT. ON THE AMBULANCE - DAY

243

It speeds across the dry lake toward the base in the
distance.

(X)

CUT TO

244 INT. BASE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

244

Sam walks through the double doors with Dr. Burger and
Mikey runs up to him with his baseball and glove. He leaps
into Sam's arms.

(X)

MIKEY

Daddy!

SAM

Hey. Hey. I'm okay.

Then, Sam sees....

245 SALLY AND LUCY

245

Standing a few feet away, looking very frightened.

246 FEATURE SAM AND MIKEY

246

Dr. Burger turns from the nurse to Sam.

DR. BURGER

Peg went into premature labor when
she heard the crash.

CONTINUED

246 CONTINUED

246

The flight surgeon exits with the nurse and Sam takes Mikey aside to calm the frightened boy.

SAM

I know you want to see your Mom.
And you will. But I want you to
stay here with Sally and Lucy for
a little while.

(whisper)

They're both pregnant and very
frightened. You understand?

MIKEY

Yes, sir.

SAM

She'll be okay, son. I promise.

Sam hugs him and rushes after Dr. Burger. We hold on
Mikey, fighting back the tears.

CUT TO

247 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

2

Peg's hooked up to what by today's standards would be
rather simplistic pre-natal monitors. An obstetrician and
the nurse are talking to Dr. Burger as Sam enters the room.

PEG

Hank!

248 CLOSE ON BOTH

248

Sam moves to the bed and drops down beside her. Peg grabs
him and squeezes tight.

PEG

(joyful tears)

I knew you'd keep your promise.

SAM

(understanding)

It'll take more than a gremlin to
kill me.

She squeezes tight for another moment, then lets him up far
enough to look into his eyes.

PEG

Did you set a record?

CONTINUED

248 CONTINUED

248

SAM

I guess so.

PEG

Oh, Hank. I'm so proud of you.

Then she winces as a labor pain starts. Sam strokes her head and speaks softly.

SAM

Look at me.

(demonstrating)

Take a deep breath. Hold it. Now
let it out like this.

Sam blows out little breaths and Peg, locked onto his eyes, mimics him. When the pain eases, she catches her breath and gives him a puzzled look.

(X)

PEG

Where'd you learn that?

SAM

(without
thinking)

Pre-Med.

PEG

(thinking it's
a joke)

Oh, Hank.

249 ON THE DOCTORS

249

Sam joins them and they step out into the hall.

DR. BURGER

Sam, this is Doctor Blaustein.

DR. BLAUSTEIN

It's not good, Captain. The baby's going to arrive at least nine weeks premature. The nearest neo-natal intensive care unit is in L.A. We have a plane standing by, but considering the shock your wife's been through, I don't want to risk moving her.

CONTINUED

249 CONTINUED

24

DR. BURGER
It's your decision, Hank. I'd
recommend delivering here and flying
the baby to L.A.

SAM
The baby won't have a chance.

DR. BLAUSTEIN
Not much. But your wife will.

Sam turns and looks into the room.

250 ON PEG

25

She gives him a weak smile.

251 CLOSE ON SAM

25

He smiles and turns back to the doctors.

SAM
How far apart are her contractions?

DR. BLAUSTEIN
It's early labor. Just started.

SAM
How far dilated?

The two doctors exchange surprised glances.

DR. BLAUSTEIN
Two centimeters and the cervix is
partial effaced.

SAM
Then it's early enough to stop!

DR. BLAUSTEIN
Captain, once labor starts you can't
stop it.

SAM
Of course you can. Start her on a
beta sympathomimetic.

The doctors stare at him and even Sam is surprised at his
knowledge.

CONTINUED

251 CONTINUED

251

DR. BLAUSTEIN

A what?

SAM

A beta sympathomimetic. I'm not sure which one, obstetrics isn't my specialty. Probably ritodrine or terbutaline.

(realizing)

Hell, those didn't come out until the late seventies.

DR. BURGER

Excuse us a minute, Doctor.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE

252

Dr. Burger pulls Sam down the corridor so they can talk in private.

DR. BURGER

Captain, the only reason I'm not kicking you from here to the flight line is that woman across the hall needs you.

SAM

She doesn't have to deliver. I know what I'm talking about.

DR. BURGER

Now you're a doctor?

SAM

Evidently.

Sam turns away, trying to coalesce his thoughts. Dr. Burger glares at him for a moment, then pulls the questionnaire and decides to try another tack.

DR. BURGER

Hank, considering what you've been through today, I'm going to make an allowance for your behavior up to now. But if you persist in wasting our time by continuing this....

(indicating the questionnaire)

....sham that you and Captain Birdell are trying to perpetrate, I'll see you never fly again.

CONTINUED

252 CONTINUED

SAM
It isn't a sham. Those answers are true.

DR. BURGER
(after a beat)
Dr. Ernst was right. You're one sick bastard.

Dr. Burger turns to go, but Sam stops him.

SAM
(remembering)
Alcohol! A five percent solution of ethonol alcohol in dextrose and water intravenously administered will stop labor. The technique was developed in the sixties. Beta sympathomimetics replaced it in the seventies, but it'll still work!

Dr. Burger tries to pull loose, but Sam won't let him.

SAM
Use your brain, damn it! What will an intravenous five percent solution of alcohol do?

DR. BURGER
Get her instantly drunk.
(realizing)
Which will interfere with the oxytocins her brain's releasing to stimulate uterine contractions.

SAM
(with a sigh)
Thank, you.

Over Dr. Burger's startled expression, we hear....

PEG'S VOICE
(slurred singing)
Que sera, sera....

CUT TO

253 INT. PEG'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON IV BAG

We follow the line down until it reveals a very drunk Peg singing her lungs out. Sam is sitting on the bed and the two doctors are standing at the foot of it.

CONTINUED

253 CONTINUED

253

PEG
(singing)
What ever will be, will be. The
future's not ours to see. Que sera,
sera. What will be, will be.
(grins)
What do you think, guys?

DR. BURGER
We have Doris Day for a patient.

Peg smiles and launches into another verse.

(X)
(X)

254 ON THE TWO DOCTORS

254

They exit the room as Peg continues to sing.

DR. BURGER
Well?

DR. BLAUSTEIN
She's going to have one beaut of a
hangover. But she's not going to
deliver.

(beat)
Now, you want to tell me how in the
hell Captain Stratton....

DR. BURGER
Barry. Do me a favor. Don't ask.

255 ON SAM AND PEG

255

She finishes the lyric and notices that her audience has
left.

PEG
Hey, fly boy. The squares are gone.
(wicked grin)
Wanna boogie?

CONTINUED

255 CONTINUED

She pulls Sam down for a nice long kiss.

PEG

I love you.

Sam looks into her eyes and smiles.

SAM

I love you, too, Peg.

Still smiling warmly, Peg closes her eyes and falls instantly asleep. He lays her head gently onto the pillow and for a moment doesn't know how to deal with his feelings. Then he brushes a lock of hair from her forehead and gently kisses it.

256 CLOSE ON SAM

He stands and takes a deep breath.

257 SAM'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

The desert and mountains are starkly beautiful in the setting sun. His gaze shifts down to Mikey and Bird Dog who are waving their arms to get his attention from the T-bird parked below.

258 BACK ON SAM

He cranks the window open, leans out and gives them a "thumb's up".

259 EXT. ON THE T-BIRD - DAY

Not knowing how else to express his joy, Mikey yelps and tosses the baseball into the air.

260 EXT. CLOSE ON SAM - DAY

Surprised, he watches the baseball rise toward him.

261 SAM'S POV - THE BASEBALL

It soars past and arcs across the face of the sun which flares out the scene. We hear Sam catch the ball and a crowd roar as we....

MATCH CUT TO

262
thru
263

OMITTED

260
thru
261

263A EXT. BALL PARK - NIGHT - ON A BANK OF STADIUM LIGHTS

260

Sam blocks out the flare as he straightens up into frame wearing a Waco Bombers baseball uniform and holding the ball. He is too dumbfounded to move.

264 SAM'S POV - THIRD BASE BLEACHERS

264

A couple of hundred fans are spread through the bleachers of this minor league ball park. Most of the women have beehive hairdos and are wearing mini skirts. The men are either in overalls or bell bottom trousers. A few fans are still applauding Sam's catch, including an old farmer with a John Deere baseball cap and a cigar; if you can call slapping one hand against a Jax beer can applauding.

OLD MAN

Whatta you posing for, Fox? Ain't nobody gonna take your picture.

265 BACK ON SAM

265

On his stunned look, we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN

266 EXT. TEXAS BASEBALL PARK - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

266

Beneath the lights, fans fill about two-thirds of the seats in this minor league ball park. "Harper Valley PTA" booms out over the loudspeaker as the visiting Kileen Blue Devils take to the field and hometown Waco Bombers head for the dugout. The scoreboard shows it's the last of the ninth and the Bombers are trailing five-zip. (X)

267 EXT. ON SAM - NIGHT

267

Standing, as we left him, in front of the third base bleachers with the ball in his glove. The left fielder, Matt, trots past and slaps him on the ass.

MATT

Nice catch, Foxy.

OLD MAN

Yah. A couple of more like that and they'll send you up.

The old man laughs as if his words were hilarious. Slowly, as if in a dream, Sam looks around and starts to follow the other Waco players to the dugout.

SAM'S VOICE

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
come, thy will be done....

268 ON THE DUGOUT

268

Pop, the Bomber's mustachioed, tobacco-chewing manager, claps his hands in an attempt to arouse some team spirit.

POP

Let's go! Let's go! Hustle!
Hustle!

(spits)

We can take these Oakies.

CONTINUED

268 CONTINUED

A few of the players give some half-hearted grunts, but most simply slump on the bench.

269 ON JACK

A fox terrier that's the team mascot. He's possibly the least enthusiastic of all, lying on the edge of the dugout in the dirt, scratching a flea.

270 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURE SAM

As he approaches, Jack looks up and begins to growl. Some of the players notice and look mildly surprised. Sam gives the growling terrier a wide berth and enters the dugout. As he passes Pop, the manager shakes his head.

POP

Even Jack's given up.

It takes Sam a moment to realize the manager's talking about the dog. He shrugs and takes a seat between an 18-year old freckled-faced pitcher named Clyde and Pepper, the Bomber's 5'6" short stop. Jack is now on his feet, barking furiously at Sam from the edge of the dugout.

PEPPER

(to Sam)

Give it to him, Foxy.

Sam has no idea what Pepper's talking about.

CLYDE

(dejected)

Game's as good as over anyway.

MATT

Clyde's right. Give it to him.

SAM

What?

Pepper reaches into Sam's pocket, pulls out a Zero candy bar.

271 ON JACK

The candy bar drops at the terrier's feet, but he ignores it and continues barking at Sam.

272 WIDE ON DUGOUT

27

Everyone on the bench looks surprised. Jack keeps barking and the team looks to Sam for an explanation.

273 ON THE RADIO ANNOUNCER

27

Dougie Ibold is young, enthusiastic and wearing a bow tie as he does a rapid fire patter from the radio box behind home plate. A sign identifies it and him as WACO 1130 AM, "The Voice of the Waco Bombers".

IBOLD

This is it folks. Down by five. The last of the ninth. Unless the Bombers can pull a miracle and win this final game of the sixty-eight season, it's the cellar for the third year in a row. Pop's huddling the team in the dugout. Barnes, who's oh-for-three, will lead off the middle of the order.

(beat)

The bottom of the ninth is brought to you tonight as it has been all year long by Shneck and Shneck Funeral Parlors, serving Waco and the Texas Hill Country for forty-three years.

274 ON THE DUGOUT

The players have closed in around the little terrier who continues to bark at Sam as Pepper holds him by the collar.

PEPPER

(to Sam)

What the hell's got into him?

CLYDE

I think he's trying to tell us something.

The umpire pushes through to Pop.

UMPIRE

Your boys going to play with the dog or play ball?

POP

Barnes, you're up.

CONTINUED

274 CONTINUED

274

Barnes, the center fielder, walks between Sam and the barking terrier to the bat rack.

POP

(a plea)

And try not to swing at the first pitch.

BARNES

I know. I know.

Barnes heads for the plate as Jack continues to bark at Sam who's trying to appear undisturbed by the terrier's frenetic behavior.

POP

Do something, Fox.

SAM

Me? Why me?

POP

He's your dog.

275 CLOSE ON SAM

275

He looks from Pop to the terrier.

SAM'S VOICE

He knew. The little sucker knew.

(beat)

And he wasn't going to stop barking until they all knew.

Sam slowly stands, his eyes locked on Jack's.

SAM'S VOICE

Stray dogs are pretty common in the farm belt and one of the first things Dad taught me was how to face the wild ones down.

(beat)

You looked them straight in the eye and let them know who's boss.

If anything, the barking intensifies.

SAM'S VOICE

Of course, it had been a long time since I was a kid.

276 CLOSE ON JACK

Suddenly, Sam's staring seems to have an effect. The terrier stops barking, cocks his head and gives Sam the strangest stare.

SAM'S VOICE

(touch smug)

Then, again, once you've got the touch you never lose it.

277 CLOSE ON SAM AND OBSERVER - BLUE SCREEN

The Observer, wearing a Laker's jacket and cap, is double-imaged with Sam who is unaware of his presence.

278 ON JACK

The little terrier blinks, shakes his head and looks again. Then he lays down and covers his eyes with his paws.

279 ON THE DUGOUT

Sam is relieved and pleased. The other ball players are just amazed.

PEPPER

That's the damnest thing I ever saw.

CLYDE

How'd you teach him that, Foxy?

Sam turns to answer them and three things happen: He comes nose-to-nose with the Observer and jumps with a yelp. Startled by Sam's reaction, the other players jump. On the field, Barnes swings at the first pitch and cracks a line drive into right field.

280 EXT. RADIO BOX - NIGHT

Ibold's eyes pop open in surprise.

IBOLD

Barnes lines a solid shot into right. Pace is chasing it into the corner. Barnes is rounding first. Here's the throw to secondhe's safe! The Bombers get their second hit of the game and it's a double!

281 EXT. ON THE FIELD - NIGHT

281

Barnes stands and dusts himself off. The fans can hardly believe it. Their applause is slow and scattered. Some, who were leaving, stop and look back.

282 EXT. ON THE DUGOUT - NIGHT

282

Pop and his players are as surprised as the fans. They see Barnes grinning at them from second base but can't quite believe it. The only one applauding is the chubby bat boy and the Observer.

OBSERVER

No wonder these guys are in the cellar; they've got all the enthusiasm of a ten buck hooker.

Sam tries to subtly pull the Observer into the locker room tunnel before the others notice he's talking to no one. His hand, of course, comes up with a fistful of air as it passes through the hologram. Al gives him a pitiful look and shakes his head.

SAM

Come on.

OBSERVER

What and miss the game?

SAM

(frustrated
whisper)

Will you follow me!

Pepper turns at that moment and thinks Sam is speaking to him.

PEPPER

I can't. I'm up after Matt.

SAM

(recovering)
Oh...right.

POP

Something wrong, Fox?

SAM

No.

(beat)

I'll be back in a minute. Gotta....

(MORE)

CONTINUED

282 CONTINUED

282

SAM (Cont'd)
(motions toward the
tunnel)
...you know.

Pop eyes him for a moment, suspiciously, then spits a
stream of tobacco juice.

POP
Next son-of-a-gun that swings on the
first pitch I'm fining fifty bucks.

283
thru
284

OMITTED

283
thru
284
(X)

285 ON THE BATTER - MATT

285

He takes a swipe at the first pitch and misses.

286 INT. LOCKER ROOM TUNNEL - NIGHT

2

As soon as Sam is out of earshot....

SAM
How'd you get here so fast?

(...)
(...)

OBSERVER
It's been a week since you
quantum-leaped.

CONTINUED

286 CONTINUED

286

SAM

A week? A couple of minutes ago I was in the hospital with Peg.

OBSERVER

Sam, you're bouncing around in time. It may have seemed like a couple of minutes to you, but we've been popping champagne for six days.

(grins)

It was a hell of a party. Gushie got so wasted he had Ziggy printing out erotic pictures. You know Brenda, that cute little redhead in coding, she got so turned on....

SAM

(pissed)

No, I don't know Brenda or I don't remember Brenda and I don't want to know how turned on she got!

(beat)

I'm in a real identity crisis here, Al. One minute I'm Hank Stratton and the next I'm a ball player named Fox.

OBSERVER

Tim Fox. Thirty-two-year-old third baseman for the Waco Bombers. According to Ziggy you hit four-fifteen in sixty three and were called up to Chicago. You broke your leg sliding into third base and were sent back down to recover.

(beat)

That was five years ago.

Sam stares at Al for a moment, absorbing it, then he runs into the locker room.

287 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

287

Sam's cleats slide on the concrete floor as he grabs a sink and jerks to a stop in front of the mirror.

288 ON THE MIRROR

288

The rugged face staring back at him looks like a ball player.

CONTINUED

288 CONTINUED

231

SAM
(gasps)
Oh, boy.

289 ANOTHER ANGLE

232

There's a roar out on the field and the Observer looks down the tunnel; he'd obviously rather be out there.

OBSERVER
We're missing the game.

SAM
To hell with the game.

OBSERVER
It's your last one in organized ball. In a couple of minutes you're gonna fly out to center. The Bombers will finish another season in the cellar and you'll hang up the cleats.

SAM
Then what?

OBSERVER
You open a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise. Marry a girl named Sue and have two kids. Of course, you won't be around long enough to do all that. Once we figure out what needs to be set right, you'll leap out of here.

SAM
Like fly the X-2 to Mach Three and live?

OBSERVER
Ziggy blew that. He didn't research deep enough. It seems that originally not only did Hank Statton die, but his wife went into premature labor and his baby was stillborn.

SAM
(scared)
And now?

CONTINUED

289 CONTINUED

23

OBSERVER

Hank's alive and Peg delivered a healthy little girl. Seven pounds, eight ounces. Named her Samantha, of all things.

(beat)

Looks like someone wanted Hank and Samantha both to make it.

SAM

(pleased)

Yeah.

Out in the ballpark there's another roar from the crowd.

OBSERVER

Come on, Sam. Jackson's going to hit a home run with two on.

Sam's eyes widen in surprise as he discovers the Observer has no reflection in the mirror.

SAM

(awed)

You're a vampire.

OBSERVER

What?

(looking into the mirror)

Neurological holograms don't reflect, Sam.

(sadly)

Obviously, when it comes to quantum physics you're still a mental slug.

(beat)

Can't we talk about this later, I hate missing the game.

SAM

You know how it's going to end.

OBSERVER

I knew how it was going to end when I took Brenda into the filing room. I still went.

The roar of the crowd echoes down the tunnel.

OBSERVER

That's the home run.

CONTINUED

289 CONTINUED (2)

289

SAM

Why didn't I leap all the way?

OBSERVER

Twelve years in a blink ain't bad,
pal. A couple of more like that and
you'll be home.

(X)

SAM

If I leap forward, again. What if
I leap back?

OBSERVER

That's always possible.

SAM

In other words I could be bouncing
around like this forever?

OBSERVER

Well...nobody lives forever.

290
thru
293

OMITTED

290
thru
293
(X)
294

293A

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sam glares at the Observer for a beat before pressing on.

SAM

(sarcastic)

What does Ziggy think I have to 'put
right' to leap this time?

OBSERVER

He won't say.

SAM

What?

OBSERVER

He's depressed.

SAM

He's a computer!

OBSERVER

With a big ego.

(confidentially)

I think he knows what you've got to
do, but he's afraid to print it out
in case he's wrong.

CONTINUED

293A CONTINUED

2932

SAM
(incredulously)
Who created this...Ziggy?

OBSERVER
You did.

294 OMITTED

294

294A FEATURE SAM

2942

He looks at the Observer in shock.

OBSERVER
(softly)
Quantum Leap is your project, Sam.
You're the genius behind it. Or
were until your brain got
Magnafluxed.

SAM
No. No. I'm a medical doctor. I
found that much out.

OBSERVER
You hold six doctorates. Medicine
is only one of them. Your special
gift was quantum physics. Time
magazine called you the new
Einstein.

(beat)
Truth is, the one guy who can
probably figure out how to get you
back, is you.

SAM
(slumps)
And I can't even remember my name.

295
thru
297

OMITTED

295
thru
297

298 ON THE OBSERVER

298

Feeling compassionate, he reaches out to touch Sam and
realizes he can't. After a moment...

CONTINUED

298 CONTINUED

398

OBSERVER
It's Beckett. Sam Beckett.

299 CLOSE ON SAM

299

He slowly looks up, realizing it's his last name.

CUT TO

300
thru
304

OMITTED

300
thru
304

304A EXT. BOMBERS DUGOUT - NIGHT

304A

Jack is barking wildly and the players are cheering as Jackson crosses home plate.

304B EXT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

304B

Ibold's tie's loose and his Adam's apple is jumping up with excitement.

IBOLD
Jackson's hit a towering smash over the Schneck and Schneck billboard in center field and the Bombers have pulled within a run!

CUT TO

304C INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SAM

304C

On the phone, waiting for the long distance operator.

SAM
Long distance. I'd like to call a John Beckett in Elk Ridge, Indiana and I don't have the number.
(beat)
Yes, ma'am. Beckett.

Sam is visibly nervous as he waits for the call to go through. When someone answers the ring, he freezes.

DAD'S VOICE
Hello?

SAM
(voice breaking)
Dad....

305 INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

30

The man on the phone is a little shorter and stockier than Sam, but you can tell they are father and son.

DAD
What? Who is this?

Tears well up in Sam's eyes and he can't speak.

DAD
Hello.
(louder)
Hello!
(beat)
Whoever you are I've got no time for tomfoolery.

SAM
(quickly)
Don't hang up!
(beat)
Please.

DAD
Who is this?

SAM
I'm a...Beckett. Ah...my father and your father are related.

DAD
How?

SAM
Ah....brothers. I'm Tom's son.

DAD
Tom's son! My God, he moved to Australia when I was just a kid.
(laughs)
Listen to me, telling you, what your father did.

SAM
That's alright.

DAD
What's your name?

SAM
Sam.

CONTINUED

305 CONTINUED

DAD

Well, I'll be darn. I've named my
boy, Sam.

SAM

How about that.

DAD

You don't sound Australian, Sam.

SAM

I travel a lot.

CUT TO

306 EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - NIGHT

The young right fielder tries to hit a home run and goes
down swinging.

IBOLD'S VOICE

Seaver gets his ninth strike out for
the night and only one out stands
between the Bombers and another
winter in the cellar.

307 EXT. DUGOUT - NIGHT

The Observer is watching from the corner of the dugout.
Defeat is on every face, except the young pitcher, Clyde.
He pulls his bat from the rack.

POP

Where are you going, son?

CLYDE

To get a hit.

POP

Clyde, you're a pitcher. You've
never hit over one twenty in your
life.

CLYDE

I'm gonna get a hit.

He steps past Pop and walks toward the batter's box.

PEPPER

You gonna let Clyde bat, Pop?

CONTINUED

307 CONTINUED

POP
Why the hell not. At least he
thinks he can hit.

Pop spits another stream of juice.

CUT TO

308 INT. TUNNEL PHONE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SAM

Trying to find a way to explain to his father how he feels
about him without giving away who he is.

SAM
(in the middle)
I don't want to disappoint my dad,
but I don't think I'm going to be
able to make it home for the
holidays this year.

Intercut with:

309 INT. FARM KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DAD

listening and trying to be of help.

DAD
I'm sure he'll understand.

SAM
I hope so. It doesn't mean I don't
love him. I do. And I miss him,
a lot, too. Even if I never told
him.

DAD
He knows it.

SAM
You think so?

DAD
A son can't feel about his dad the
way you do without his knowing it.

SAM
Maybe. But when I don't show up for
Thanksgiving it's going to hurt him.

CONTINUED

309 CONTINUED

309

DAD

Sam, it's nice to have your children home for the holidays, but sometimes it can't be. You're a young man trying to make your mark in the world. How you go about doing that is going to be more important to your father than showing up for turkey.

(beat)

I know it would be to me.

The tears are freely flowing down Sam's cheeks.

SAM

Coming from you...that means a lot.

DAD

Now maybe you can't get to Australia for the holidays but we're a lot closer. Why don't you come up here. There's plenty of room and Mom's pumpkin pie has taken a blue ribbon at the Elk Ridge County Fair for ten years.

SAM

I can't promise, but I'm sure going to try.

DAD

Doesn't have to be Thanksgiving either. Any time you feel like dropping by you're welcome.

SAM

(barely able to
talk)

I'll remember. Good-bye...

(inaudibly
mouthed)

I love you, Dad.

310 CLOSE ON DAD

310

He hangs up the phone and stands for a moment lost in thought. The door opens and a young boy of thirteen sticks his head in.

YOUNG SAM

That calf's going to drop any second, Dad.

CONTINUED

310 CONTINUED

DAD

Let me grab my sweater.

(hustling)

Just got off the phone with my Uncle
Tom's boy. From Australia. He may
be coming for the holidays.

YOUNG SAM

Can he milk cows?

Dad laughs and pulls the kitchen door shut.

CUT TO

311 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SAM

He lifts his tear streaked face to heaven and smiles.

SAM

Thank you.

312 EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

Clyde takes a determined cut at the pitch and cracks a line
drive along the third baseline. It ricochets off the bag
and down the fence. The fans go nuts as Clyde races around
first and easily reaches second before the throw.

IBOLD'S VOICE

I don't believe it! Clyde's hit a
stand-up double! The tying run is
on second and the potential winning
run is coming to bat.

313 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT - MOVING WITH SAM

The cheering of the crowd reverbs off the walls as, wiping
tears from his eyes, Sam walks to the dugout.

SAM'S VOICE

You know, maybe this quantum leaping
isn't such a bad deal after all.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

313 CONTINUED

31

SAM'S VOICE (Cont'd)

(beat)

Getting a second chance to put things right. To make the world a better place. Who knows what I can accomplish before I'm done.

The Observer stands waiting at the entrance to the dugout.

SAM

Thanks, Al.

OBSERVER

Go fly out.

Sam grins and looks out at the field. The fans are going nuts.

SAM

I don't know, Al. Maybe I'm here to win this game.

Al laughs at the absurdity of the idea as Sam crosses the dugout to take his turn at bat. The Bombers are clapping and shouting words of encouragement; even Jack seems to be barking for him. As Sam climbs the steps past Pop, the manager stops him.

POP

Fox.

(beat)

This is my last year, too. I don't want to go out in the cellar.

Sam nods and steps onto the field and the crowd roars.

314 OMITTED

31-

315 ANOTHER ANGLE

31:

Sam turns to the bat boy.

SAM

Give me one with a four-bagger in it, son.

As the bat boy runs up to the bat rack, the Observer catches up to Sam.

CONTINUED

315 CONTINUED

115

OBSERVER
You're not serious.
(beat)
You know who that is on the mound?

(X)

316 SAM'S POV - OPPOSING PITCHER

316

He looks a hell of a lot like a young Tom Seaver.

SAM'S VOICE
Yeah.

317 BACK WITH SAM AND THE OBSERVER

317

The bat boy runs up and hands Sam a bat. He hefts it and nods that he's pleased.

OBSERVER
You're going to fly out to center.

(X)

SAM
Fox flied out to center.
(beat)
I'm not Fox.

Sam walks to the plate and we hold on the Observer.

OBSERVER
You're not Roy Hobbs, either.

At that moment there is a streak of lightning and a clap of thunder in the distance. The Observer blinks in open-mouthed wonder.

(NOTE: from this point on, we duplicate the shooting style of The Natural.)

318 EXT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

318

The young sportscaster is trying hard to be the old pro.

IBOLD
Fox, representing the winning run, steps to the plate. A switch hitter, Fox has twenty eight home runs this year. Twelve of them batting left handed.

319 CLOSE ON SAM

Batting from the left side, he watches the first pitch zip past him so fast he didn't get the bat off his shoulder.

IBOLD'S VOICE

He takes a fast ball down the middle for strike one.

320 ON THE OBSERVER

He winces and shakes his head.

321 ON THE DUGOUT

Pop turns to the players.

POP

At least somebody around here knows how to follow orders.

322 ON SAM

This is obviously going to be harder than he thought. He digs in for the second pitch and it, too, zips past before he can swing.

323 ON THE UMPIRE

As he signals....

UMPIRE

Strike!

324 ON THE CROWD

Groaning with disappointment. The old farmer shakes his head knowingly and pops another can of Schlitz.

325 ON THE DUGOUT

Everyone hangs their heads and Jack lays down to eat the candy bar.

326 ON SAM

He steps out of the box and re-grips the bat. The Observer walks up to him.

CONTINUED

326 CONTINUED

326

OBSERVER

That last one must have been over
a hundred.

SAM

I'll get the next one.

UMPIRE

You call time, Fox?

SAM

No. Play ball.

Sam steps back into the box with the Observer watching from
the other side of the plate.

327 ON THE RADIO BOX

327

Ibold is delivering a commercial.

IBOLD

When it comes to that final out in
life, whether you pop out, ground
out or fly out, remember Shneck and
Shneck will always be there to bring
you home.

(beat)

Fox steps back into the box. He
digs in. Behind oh-and-two on the
count, he looks determined not to
let another pitch go by.

328 CLOSE ON SAM

328

His eyes locked on the pitcher.

329 CLOSE ON SEAVER

329

Staring back at Sam.

330 ON SEAVER'S HAND

330

Adjusting his grip on the ball.

331 ON THE CATCHER

331

Indicating another fast ball down the middle.

- 332 ON SEAVER - SLOW MOTION 332
He looks over his shoulder at Clyde on second, then goes into the wind up and delivers.
- 333 ON A STORM CLOUD - SLOW MOTION 333
Lightning flashes.
- 334 ON SAM - ON SLOW MOTION 334
He gives it everything he's got. It's a mighty swing that ...misses.
- 335 ON THE UMPIRE - SLOW MOTION 335
Starting to call Sam out on strikes.
- 336 ON THE DUGOUT - SLOW MOTION 336
Everyone grimacing in defeat.
- 337 ON THE CROWD - SLOW MOTION 337
Giving up.
- 338 ON THE CATCHER'S MITT - SLOW MOTION 338
The ball glances off the glove and skips away in the dirt behind home plate.
- 339 ON SAM - SLOW MOTION 339
The Observer is screaming at Sam to run, that the catcher dropped the third strike. Sam finally sees the ball bouncing away and takes off for first.
- 340 ON THE CATCHER - SLOW MOTION 340
Chasing the ball, he one hands it and throws off-balance to first.

- 341 MOVING WITH SAM - SLOW MOTION 341
The ball flies over the first baseman's outstretched arm and into right field. Sam rounds first and heads for second.
- 342 ON CLYDE - SLOW MOTION 342
He crosses home with the tying run. Behind him the entire dugout, led by Pop and Jack, is emptying onto the field.
- 343 MOVING WITH SAM - SLOW MOTION 343
He rounds second and pounds for third.
- 344 ON THE RIGHT-FIELDER - SLOW MOTION 344
He picks up the ball and throws.
- 345 MOVING WITH SAM - SLOW MOTION 345
Driving for third, the ball comes rifling in behind him.
- 346 ON THIRD BASE - SLOW MOTION 346
Sam would be out by ten feet if the throw was on target. It's not. It bounces past the third baseman's diving stretch. Sam rounds third and heads for home.
- 347 ON THE CROWD - SLOW MOTION 347
Leaping up and down as they scream for Sam to score.
- 348 ON THE RADIO ANNOUNCER - SLOW MOTION 348
All Waco can hear him without a radio.
- 349 MOVING WITH SAM - SLOW MOTION 349
Sprinting down the third base line for home.
- 350 ON THE SHORT STOP - SLOW MOTION 350
Fielding the ball off the third base fence and firing it home.

351 ON SAM - SLOW MOTION 351
Going into a dust-raising slide.

352 ON THE OBSERVER - SLOW MOTION 352
Eyes wide, watching the ball and Sam converge on home plate.

353 ON HOME PLATE - SLOW MOTION 353
Sam, the catcher and the ball disappear in a cloud of dust.

354 ON THE UMPIRE - SLOW MOTION 354
Above the rising cloud of dust he signals...safe!

354A SAM'S POV - THE BOMBERS 354A
As the dust cloud clears, the faces of his team mates appear grinning and yelling above him. Pop reaches down to help him to his feet and unblocks a bank of lights which flares out the scene and we....

MATCH CUT TO

354B INT. ATTIC - DAY - SAM'S POV - SUNLIGHT FLARE 35
coming through a crack in the blinds of an attic window. The flare fades and we see a hobby horse, old fedora and pair of riding boots suspended from the rafters. From somewhere below comes the sound of an accordin-led band playing an Italian song. A dark-haired woman in her thirties looms above Sam, snapping her nylons to a black garter belt. When she's done, she drops her peach chiffon cocktail dress down around her legs and gives Sam a leering smile.

MARIE

Tony, you were terrific!

Then she's gone.

354C ANGLE ON SAM 354C
He's lying on a blanket in a cob-webbed attic wearing a tuxedo with the trousers down around his ankles. On his reaction, we....

355
thru
357
OMITTED

355
thru
357

FREEZE FRAME

THE END