"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

FINAL
1/8/57

FORM 236

Received from Stenographic Dept.

1 SCRIPT

FINAL
1/8/57

Title "THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

Signed

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CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros. Pictures

presents

A Leland Hayward-Billy Wilder
Production

James Stewart	as	Charles A. Lindbergh

in

"THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

In CinemaScope and WarnerColor

with

Murray Hamilton	as	Bud Gurney
Patricia Smith	as	Mirror Girl
Bartlett Robinson	as	B. F. Mahoney
Marc Connelly	as	Father Hussman
Arthur Space	as	Donald Hall
Charles Watts	as	O. W. Schultz

Produced by Leland Hayward
Directed by Billy Wilder
Screen Play by Billy Wilder
and Wendell Mayes
Adaptation by Charles Lederer
Based on the book by Chas.A.Lindbergh
Directors of Photography Robert Burks,
A.S.C. & J.Peverell Marley, A.S.C.
Aerial Photography by Thomas Tutwiler
Art Director Art Loel
Film Editor Arthur P.Schmidt, A.C.E.
Sound by M. A. Merrick
Set Decorator William L. Kuehl

Production Associate Doane Harrison
Production Manager Norman Cook
Music Composed and Conducted by
Franz Waxman
Orchestrations by Leonid Raab
Special Effects by H.F.Koenekamp, ASC
and Louis Lichtenfield
Technical Advisors: Major General
Victor Bertrandias, USAF (Ret.)
Harlan A. Gurney
Montage by Charles Eames
Aerial Supervisor Paul Mantz
Assistant Director Chas.C.Coleman,Jr.

* * *

(Please Destroy Previously Issued Cast & Credits) 11-20-56

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Makeup Supervisor.....Gordon Bau, S.M.A.
Orchestrations by.....Leonid Raab
Assistant Director.....Charles C. Coleman, Jr.

HIS PICTURE MADE UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF (I.A.T.S.E. Insignia) FILIATED WITH A. F. of L.

RCA Sound Recording

APPROVED mp AA CERTIFICATE No. 17794

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FADE IN

1. PLANE IN THE SKY DAY

Fleecy clouds in the b.g. The credit titles appear over this while the tiny plane flies steadily in the distant sky. At the end of the main title credits a DISSOLVE brings in a LEGEND against the same b.g.:

In 1927
a young man, alone in a single engine airplane, flew non-stop from Roosevelt Field in New York across the entire North Atlantic Ocean to Le Bourget Field in Paris, a distance of three thousand six hundred and ten miles.

In this triumph of mind, body and spirit, Charles A. Lindbergh influenced the lives of everyone on earth -- for in the 33 hours and 30 minutes of his flight the air age became a reality.

This is the story of that flight.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. EXT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK NIGHT

The street lamps are shrouded in rain. The pavement is wet. Several autos of the 1920's stand in front of the sprawling building. A sign in the f.g. reads GARDEN CITY HOTEL, LONG ISLAND. Light gleams from the lobby door and windows. The upper stories are dotted with a few lights behind drawn shades.

DISSOLVE TO:

3. INT. HOTEL LOBBY NIGHT

A thin mist of cigarette smoke hovers over the room. Some of the easy chairs and sofas are occupied by dozing reporters. At a coffee table a sob sister is busily typing. Telephone booths are busy. The switchboard buzzes. There is the clack of many typewriters.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN to reporter on phone, speaking against sound of other reporters phoning.

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4. CLOSE SHOT REPORTER IN CHAIR

pecking at typewriter. He speaks aloud:

FIRST REPORTER:
Here at the Garden City Hotel less than a mile from Roosevelt Field -
(takes pencil and crosses out 'a mile')
-- less than three-quarters of a mile from Roosevelt Field, everyone is waiting --

During the above he has gotten up and walks out of scene.

5. SECOND REPORTER

who pulls paper from his machine and crosses lobby.

FIRST REPORTER'S VOICE:
-- as they have been now for seven days and nights waiting for the rain to stop. Rumors are flying, the planes are not. Eight days ago Captain Charles A. Lindbergh arrived here in his Spirit of St. Louis ready to take off on the big hop ..

Second reporter has crossed to third reporter at phone, gives him his copy, says:

SECOND REPORTER:
Phone that in, will yuh?

THIRD REPORTER:
"After making final inspection of his plane The Spirit of St. Louis, Lindy --
(pause)
returned to his hotel room early this evening, telling reporters he had nothing to say. The airmail pilot went directly to his room on the second floor where he went to bed. His friend, Frank Mahoney, of Ryan Aircraft is stationed outside his door, guarding against any disturbance. The whole world is waiting breathlessly to learn the outcome ---"

6. INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR NIGHT

The sound of the typewriters filters up into the dim corridor. At one end a red fire exit globe shines. A shaft of yellow comes from an open transom. Mahoney sits on a chair in front of the door to Room 106.

Suddenly from a tinny phonograph the chorus of RIO RITA blares into the corridor. Mahoney jumps up, goes quickly to the door with the lighted transom - this is the room the music is coming from. He raps on the door, opens it, sticks his head in. The phonograph stops. He closes the door, returns to his chair in front of Room 106. Then, on second thought, he gently turns the doorknob and looks into 106.

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7. INT. ROOM 106 NIGHT

Very simple, brass bed, washbasin. Wallpaper with a morning-glory motif. No light in the room except through the transom and a faint reflection from street lamps outside the half-open window. Lindbergh is lying in bed. His shirt, open at the throat, serves as a pajama jacket. He is wide-awake.

The light from the corridor cuts across his face as Mahoney cracks the door.

LINDBERGH:
Yes, Frank?

MAHONEY:
I'm sorry, Slim. Music wake you?

LINDBERGH:
No.

MAHONEY:
You're not sleeping yet?

LINDBERGH:
No, not yet.

MAHONEY:
Can I get you anything? You want anything?

LINDBERGH:
No.

MAHONEY:
It's one-thirty. You better knock it off now.

LINDBERGH:
All right, Frank.

Mahoney clicks the door shut. The room is dark again. Lindbergh lies still - staring into the darkness. "Rio Rita" is still HEARD.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Rio Rita - Life is sweeta. Sweeta. Sweeter than what? Come on now, go to sleep. Cut your motor out. Let it rest now. Maybe I should'a' spent the night in the hangar.

8. EXT. HANGAR NEW YORK NIGHT

with a large crowd of people standing in rain behind ropes.

(CONTINUED)

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8 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
(continuing)
Maybe that's what's keeping me awake. Maybe I should be with her out there on Roosevelt Field. It's raining harder than ever. Well, don't start worrying about the weather now.

9. INT. HANGAR

with mechanics working on plane, the Spirit of St. Louis.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
(continuing)
If I take off at dawn, I'll be over the ocean at night. Well, what's wrong with that? I've flown hundreds of hours at night.

10. INT. ROOM 106

Lindbergh in bed.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
(continuing)
I'm an airmail pilot. St. Louis to Springfield to Peoria to Chicago. The ocean can't be any worse than snow and sleet and fog. And I didn't have a plane like this one either. Just an old beat up DeHaviland and no gas to spare. No lights on the field.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. PEORIA AIRMAIL FIELD

It's a cow pasture, literally. Patches of snow litter the soggy ground. No buildings. A windsock on a pole - a telephone in a wooden box nailed to a telegraph phone. The dim lights of an old mail truck COME TOWARD CAMERA. Truck stops. Burt gets out.

12. CUT OF OLD DE HAVILAND

biplane landing.

13. CUT OF BURT

picking up chocks.

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14. SHOT OF PLANE

taxiing in.

15. DOLLY SHOT LINDBERGH TO CAMERA

LINDBERGH:
Burt!

BURT:
Hello, Slim. You all right?

LINDBERGH:
I'm fine. What have you got outta Peoria?

BURT:
(handing over mail sack)
This feels like three letters and a postcard.

LINDBERGH:
(taking sack and putting it in plane)
Let's have it. All right - I think we better top her off.

BURT:
Slim, don't you think you better put the mail on the train and lay over till it clears?

LINDBERGH:
No, you get me a bucket of gas.

Burt brings the gas and hands it up to Lindbergh, who pours it into the plane's tank.

BURT:
Slim, do you really think you oughta go on to Chicago.

LINDBERGH:
Sure, some of this mail has to connect with the Transcontinental.

BURT:
That's a mean looking sky. I can smell snow.

LINDBERGH:
Well, suppose you check. See if there's a red light outa Chicago.

Burt goes to phone in box on pole.

BURT:
Hello, Hochstetter? This is Burt. Slim's down here all right. Any warning from Chicago? Nothing? You sure? All right.
(hangs up -- to Lindbergh)
Nothing from Chicago, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
Well I guess it's still open then.

(CONTINUED)

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15 (Cont.)

Lindbergh finishes filling the tank, jumps down and goes to propeller.

LINDBERGH:
Handle the throttle for me, will you?

Burt climbs up on wing and reaches into cockpit.

BURT:
Yeah. How long can you fly these old wrecks and stay alive? The company oughta get you some real airplanes. Fix up the landing fields. Set beacons out along the way.

LINDBERGH:
Good idea. Wanna lend us some money? 'Cause the bankers won't. They don't believe in commercial aviation.

BURT:
What's the answer?

LINDBERGH:
(backing away from propeller)
Switch off?

BURT:
Switch off.

LINDBERGH:
Contact.

BURT:
Contact.

Lindbergh runs, jumps up and spins propeller. The motor comes to life, and Burt climbs down as Lindbergh climbs up and into cockpit.

LINDBERGH:
Get the wing, Burt.

Burt pushes on wing to help swing the plane around.

LINDBERGH:
That's good, Burt.

BURT:
Look out now, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
I will.

He taxies down the field and wheels around, ready for the take-off. The telephone rings furiously. Burt runs to the box.

BURT:
(into phone)
Peoria Airport. Burt speaking. Yeah? He's just taking off.

(CONTINUED)

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15 (Cont.1)

BURT: (Cont.)
(in alarm)
What?
(he drops the receiver)
Hold it, Slim! Hold it!

But Lindbergh can't hear him. He is gunning the engine. The mail plane is already lurching down the soggy pasture.

BURT:
(waving his arms desperately)
Hold it, Slim! There's a blizzard out of Chicago! They couldn't get through because the lines are down! Hold it!

Too late. Lindbergh's plane is rising from the field, the engine drowning out the warning. Burt stands helpless, staring after the plane until the fog and the night swallow it up. He turns slowly, walks over to the flare.

DISSOLVE:

16. SNOWSTORM NIGHT

Lindbergh is flying the mail plane in blinding snow. The engine coughs. He turns his flashlight on the gas gauge. It wavers on Empty. He slips the flashlight in his pocket, holds the stick between his knees and unbuckles the safety belt.

The engine coughs again, then spits a couple of times and dies. Now there is only the sound of the wind whining through the struts.

Lindbergh sits up on the side of the cockpit and rolls off into space. The ship glides on for a moment, then noses down, the whine rising to a scream.

Lindbergh is swinging under his parachute, his flashlight earthward, hoping to get a glimpse of what might be in store for him below. There is the faint sound of the wind screaming through the struts of the falling plane - coming nearer and nearer.

Lindbergh looks up. He sweeps his flashlight around the snowy sky. The scream of the plane is louder. Suddenly the wing lights appear. The plane comes banking out of the snow, circles past him with inches to spare. The sound recedes, then grows louder again - again it comes careening toward the parachute. Lindbergh seizes the shroud lines and pulls. The chute slips down and away just as the wild plane is about to stick its nose in the silk. The plane spirals away again - then close again - makes another pass - then crashes somewhere below.

Lindbergh floats on down, swinging in the icy wind.

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17. INT. TRAIN NIGHT

A coach rocking through the winter night. The straight-backed dark green seats are well occupied. Lindbergh, carrying the limp mail sacks, enters the car, moves down the aisle searching for a seat. Heads turn to watch him. He looks out of place in his flying suit and helmet. He slides into a seat beside a man who is reading a newspaper. The man is about fifty, wears a derby hat, a high stiff collar, a neat black suit and tie. Lindbergh, conscious of the attention he's getting, removes the helmet and fumbles it into his pocket.

The man sitting next to him - his name is Schultz - inspects him with a jaundiced eye.

SCHULTZ:
Aviator?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir.

SCHULTZ:
Oh, air mail, huh?

LINDBERGH:
That's right.

SCHULTZ:
Well, flyin' kinda low, arentcha, arentcha?

LINDBERGH:
Weather forced me down.

SCHULTZ:
Oh, so now those sacks go on the train?

LINDBERGH:
They went by mule for awhile.

SCHULTZ:
(laughing)
How much for an air-mail letter?

LINDBERGH:
Sixteen cents.

SCHULTZ:
Traveling two-cent style now. Any refund?

LINDBERGH:
Nope.

SCHULTZ:
(laughing)
Well, it's a gyp. Not practical.

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(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
We get through ninety-nine percent o' the time.

SCHULTZ:
Not the way I read it. The newspapers are full of air-o-planes falling down.
(points to a photograph in the newspaper)
Here. Crash up in New York. Couple of fellows burned up in it.

Lindbergh glances at the picture: it's the wreck of the Fonck-Sikorsky plane.

SCHULTZ:
Bound to happen, too. Those things are too heavy. They got to fall down. Nothing to hold them up.

LINDBERGH:
Oh this is the Fonck plane. Care if I look at this?

SCHULTZ:
(handing him the paper)
Oh sure. Well, now, I'm asking you, what's holding them up?

LINDBERGH:
(starting to read the article)
Air.

SCHULTZ:
Air! Oh now, I may know nothing about air-o-planes, but I do know about things that hold things up. That's my business.

He opens a sample case. There is a vast assortment of suspenders, an order book and some business cards. He hands Lindbergh one of the cards.

SCHULTZ:
Schultz is the name. O.W. Schultz. Atlas Suspender Company.

LINDBERGH:
(reading the card)
WE HOLD UP THE PANTS OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

SCHULTZ:
Have been for seventy-five years.

LINDBERGH:
Is that so?

SCHULTZ:
Now then - can you imagine any of our customers depending on air?

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(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
It's a pretty frightening thought.
(laughing)
Especially in this kind of weather.
(he offers the card back to Schultz)
Here I --

SCHULTZ:
Oh no, keep it.

LINDBERGH:
(putting the card in his wallet)
Oh, thank you - I think I ought to tell you, Mr. Schultz, I'm a belt man myself.

SCHULTZ:
Belt?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir!

SCHULTZ:
Why that's sure death. You keep strangling your gut, you'll get indigestion, you'll get appendicitis - just when you're out in the backwoods somewhere and no doctor near - so they have to fly in a doctor from the nearest town. Airplane falls, a doctor gets killed and you -- well, you die.

LINDBERGH:
Well, had my appendix out when I was in high school.

SCHULTZ:
Well, anyway - what I'm trying to say is - people nowadays are all bughouse -- belts, air-o-planes
(points to the picture in the paper)
-- those fellows wanted to fly to Paris - Paris, France, that is - all the way across the ocean!

LINDBERGH:
Why not?

SCHULTZ:
Well, bughouse! Just, just plain bughouse! They didn't even get ten feet up. How come?

LINDBERGH:
Well something just went wrong, Mr. Schultz.

SCHULTZ:
Yes. I'll tell you what. That plane needs more than just a little air to hold it up! Something like a good pair o' suspenders, that's what!

He snaps his suspenders emphatically.

DISSOLVE:

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18. LAMBERT FIELD, ST. LOUIS A GRAY WINTER DAY

Just a few hangars. No runways. A couple of U.S. Airmail DeHavilands rocking in the icy wind. Several other biplanes on the field. A sparse crew handling the shoestring operation.

A shabby Model T Ford, top up, side-curtains flapping, has driven up to Louie's Shack - a makeshift diner for the executives, mechanics and pilots on Lambert Field. Lindbergh gets out of the Ford. He is in his pilot's breeches, leather jacket with a sweater underneath.

19. INT. LOUIE'S SHACK DAY

It's all very primitive. A wooden counter, six stools. A wall phone on one of the rough pine walls. On a shelf beside the phone a fish bowl with some coins in it and a sign reading CALLS FIVE CENTS. Tacked on the other side of the phone a map of the eastern half of the United States. There are snapshots of pilots and planes. A radio with a loud-speaker horn plays BABY FACE.

Louie is pouring hot water into the coffee urn. Jesse, the colored cook, is scraping the grease off the hamburger griddle, mumbling a scat accompaniment to BABY FACE.

Lindbergh enters the shack.

LOUIE:
Hi, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
Good morning, Louie.

JESSE:
Good morning, Tall Man.

LINDBERGH:
Jonesy, how are you?

LOUIE:
What's for you?

LINDBERGH:
(crossing to phone)
Well, a couple of eggs. Over. Toast. No butter.
(he cranks the phone)

LOUIE:
(to Jesse)
Ground loop two! Hold the grease gun!

LINDBERGH:
(into phone)
Hello. Get me the long distance operator.

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(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

LOUIE:
Somebody sick?

LINDBERGH:
(into phone)
Long distance? I want to find out what it will stand me to call New York City, New York -- Five dollars for three minutes -- well - can I buy a minute and a half - can't huh? - you sure? -- all right, I'll go for the whole three -- get me the Columbia Aircraft Corporation, Woolworth Building, New York -- Yes ma'am, I'll hold on --

LOUIE:
What you up to, Slim?

LINDBERGH:
(taking out his wallet)
Don't worry about the money. Here. Here you are.
(drops a five spot into the fish bowl)

LOUIE:
You kinda throwing it around, ain't you?

LINDBERGH:
Well, I want to impress him. People are always impressed when you call long distance. Especially in New York.

LOUIE:
Five dollars worth of impressing?

LINDBERGH:
I want them to sell me a plane.

LOUIE:
A plane?

LINDBERGH:
Yeah. It's built to fly nonstop a long ways. Like for instance from here to St. Louis to New York.

He dramatizes his point on the map tacked next to the phone: he puts his thumb on St. Louis and spans the hand until the tip of his pinky reaches New York.

LINDBERGH:
As a matter of fact, it'll fly much farther than that. If I strip it of everything, add extra tanks, I figure to fly <u>three times</u> that far!

He spans his hand again - three times - off the map by now along the pine boards. His pinky lands on a knothole.

(CONTINUED)

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19 (Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
One, two, three, all the way to that knothole.

LOUIE:
What's the knothole?

LINDBERGH:
Paris.

LOUIE:
Paris?

LINDBERGH:
(into phone)
Hello - hello -- Hello - Is this Columbia Aircraft in New York? I'd like to speak to one of your officers, please - I don't care which one, but you'd better give me an executive officer - This is very important - look, miss - I'm calling long distance --
(turns to Louie)
Shut the radio off, will you?

LOUIE:
(turns off radio, then, to Jesse who is still mumbling the tune)
Hey, shut your face. He's talking long distance!

LINDBERGH:
(into phone)
Hello? - are you an executive officer?
(gulps)
--You're the president? -- I see. Well, my name is Charles Lindbergh - I'm talking to you from St. Louis, Missouri - and I represent a group of very prominent businessmen out here - and we're organizing a New York to Paris flight. And, we've been considering your Bellanca -- Oh sure, we'd expect to buy it but could you quote us a price on it?

DISSOLVE TO:

20. EXT. STATE NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS MED. LONG SHOT DAY

CAMERA PICKS up Lindbergh entering bank.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Now all I have to do is find a group of prominent businessmen with fifteen thousand dollars, that's all. I've never been much of a talker, I guess, but for six weeks I've talked more than I ever had in my life. Some said no, some said maybe and that's about as far as I've gotten. Now, Harry Knight, he's a flying student of mine, has arranged for me to meet some people here in the State National Bank.

During this speech, CAMERA FOLLOWS Lindbergh into the bank and we

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DISSOLVE TO:

21. INT. STATE NATIONAL BANK DAY

It is bustling with activity. The marble pillars, marble floor, the Victorian grills in the tellers' windows breathe of conservatism.

Lindbergh enters the bank. He is wearing shiny blue serge pants, leather jacket, sweater, khaki shirt and dark tie. He checks his wrist watch against the big clock. It is 11:00 AM. He sits on a bench to wait. Knight comes out of a nearby room, greets him.

KNIGHT:
Slim!

Lindbergh looks around. In the open door leading to the executive office stands Harry Knight beckoning Lindbergh in. Knight is a stocky, energetic young man - not much older than Lindbergh. Lindbergh gets up apprehensively, crosses toward Knight. Knight ushers him into the executive office.

22. INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE DAY

If the business floor of the bank impressed you with its sober solidity, this office has got it in spades. Dark mahogany paneling, dignified carpeting, deep leather chairs.

Behind the broad desk sits Harold Bixby - an authoritative man in his forties, with a black moustache, penetrating brown eyes, and a carnation in the lapel of his well-cut suit.

In the chairs around the desk are: Major Lambert - a distinguished elderly man in a high stiff collar with an erect military bearing. Bill Robertson - a handsome open-faced man in his thirties with dark wavy hair. E. Lansing Ray - in his late forties - a round-faced, balding, sober-minded man wearing rimless pince-nez glasses. Earl Thompson - a dapper, blond man in his early forties, wearing a pearl in his necktie. They all smoke cigars with the exception of Thompson who chews on a pipe.

Knight ushers Lindbergh in. The padded door closes behind them. All eyes are on Lindbergh. He feels acutely uncomfortable in his leather jacket. This is so unlike the cockpits and hangars in which he feels at home.

KNIGHT:
Slim, this is Harold Bixby of the bank. Harold's also the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

LINDBERGH:
How do you do, Mr. Bixby.

BIXBY:
Nice to know you, Mr. Lindbergh.

(CONTINUED)

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22.(Cont.)

KNIGHT:
This is E. Lansing Ray, publisher of the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

LINDBERGH:
How do you do, sir.

RAY:
How do you do.

KNIGHT:
You know Earl Thompson.

LINDBERGH:
Hello.

THOMPSON:
How do you do.

KNIGHT:
Major Lambert.

LAMBERT:
How do you do.

LINDBERGH:
Major.

KNIGHT:
Bill Robertson.

LINDBERGH:
Oh, hello, Bill.

ROBERTSON:
Howdy, Slim.

BIXBY:
Sit down, sir.

LINDBERGH:
Oh, yes.
(moves toward vacant chair in group)

BIXBY:
(behind empty chair facing group)
Over here, Mr. Lindbergh. Have a cigar?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir. Thank you.

Lindbergh sits in a chair by the desk. Obviously he is not a smoker, but he is not in a position to say no to anything right now. He takes a cigar. Knight, standing beside him, hands him a box of matches.

Bixby has picked up a thin sheaf of typewritten paper from the desk.

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(CONTINUED)

22(Cont.1)

BIXBIE:
Mr. Lindbergh, we've been going over your outline of the project. Now you say here on page one, "...in order to show the potentialities of flight ... in order to dramatically demonstrate to the public the possibilities of commercial aviation ..."

Lindbergh is desperately trying to light the cigar.

BIXBY:
You say," ... aviation is no longer a new-born baby, but it is in danger of becoming a dwarfed stepchild unless capital has enough foresight to..."

Lindbergh is still struggling with the cigar. Knight leans down and whispers into his ear.

KNIGHT:
You better bite the end off, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
Oh.

He bites off the end, doesn't quite know what to do with it, finally puts it in his pocket. He lights the cigar, fighting a cough.

BIXBY:
Then you say, "....if men of means and vision in St. Louis financed this flight, it would help to establish our city as a hub of the nation's airways of the future..." This all makes good sense, Mr. Lindbergh, and we certainly admire your spirit, but is such a flight feasible ---- can it be done?

LINDBERGH:
Well --

Another puff on the cigar, another cough.

RAY:
You understand, of course, Mr. Lindbergh, that before we at the Globe-Democrat can lend our support we must make absolutely sure that we are not financing a suicide.

LINDBERGH:
(coughing)
The idea of suicide never crossed my mind - except maybe when I took this cigar. I'm sorry - gentlemen -
(he deposits the cigar in an ashtray)
- I don't smoke.

(CONTINUED)

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22(Cont.2)

THOMPSON:
Mr. Lindbergh, when you talk about this flight stimulating aviation - in about 1921 a man went over Niagara Falls in a barrel. I don't remember that this particularly stimulated barrel traffic anywhere.

LINDBERGH:
That was a stunt, Mr. Thompson. Now - I don't propose to sit on a flagpole or swallow goldfish. I'm not a stunt man. I'm a flyer.

BIXBY:
You suggest here flying over the ocean in a land plane - wouldn't a seaplane be a surer bet? If anything happened you could set it down in the water.

LINDBERGH:
Yes, but the idea is not to set it down on the water - the idea is to set it down on Le Bourget Field in Paris.

THOMPSON:
We understand you correctly - the Bellanca you want us to buy is a single wing?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir. Less drag - more lift.

RAY:
And a single engine?

LINDBERGH:
That's right, sir. And it can be purchased for fifteen thousand dollars. Now I have two thousand of my own I'd like to put in.

BIXBY:
You've got two thousand and seventy to be exact. I know your account.

LINDBERGH:
Well I figure I'd better keep the seventy for that rainy day.

BIXBY:
Good idea.

LINDBERGH:
Now I know thirteen thousand is a lot of money without any security, but if we win the Orteig prize -

(CONTINUED)

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22(Cont.3)

KNIGHT:
That's twenty-five thousand for the first non-stop flight between New York and Paris.

LINDBERGH:
So you can get your money back and then some.

LAMBERT:
Captain Lindbergh, if we should decide to finance your venture it wouldn't be to make any money -- it would be done in the same kind of - uh - spirit --- isn't that what you called it, Harold - spirit?

BIXBY:
Spirit.

LAMBERT:
The same kind of spirit that you yourself have -- Well, you know what I mean.

LINDBERGH:
Thank you, Major Lambert.

Bixby has been doodling on a blank sheet of bank stationery. Over the letterhead STATE NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS, he is now beginning to doodle the word SPIRIT.

THOMPSON:
Mr. Lindbergh, I'm in the insurance business. I'm interested in percentages. Is a single-engine plane a good idea? Wouldn't a three-engine plane be safer? I mean in case one of the engines conked out?

LINDBERGH:
Well, of course, there is always the danger of an engine quitting - but if you have three engines, you're multiplying the danger by three.

BIXBY:
You want to go it alone -- no navigator, no co-pilot?

LINDBERGH:
Absolutely.

BIXBY:
How long would the flight take?

LINDBERGH:
Well, that depends on the winds. I would say around forty hours.

BIXBY:
Forty hours? One man alone at the controls of a plane for almost two days and nights.

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(CONTINUED)

22(Cont.4)

LINDBERGH:
Well now, say I took a co-pilot or a navigator, say the man weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, that's equal to the weight of enough gasoline to go two hundred miles. I'd take the two hundred miles any day.

Bixby goes back to his doodle. The word SPIRIT is written by now. He strikes out the words STATE NATIONAL BANK. It now reads SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS.

LAMBERT:
Captain Lindbergh, I've crossed the Atlantic quite a few times - by boat, of course. Most of the time you can't see the end of your cigar. Fog, fog, fog!

LINDBERGH:
I'm used to it. In the air mail we have to fly through soup a lot of the time. Especially in winter. Gets to be thick as potato soup.

ROBERTSON:
Wouldn't worry about Slim. He can fly through any kind of soup - and a main course and dessert, too.

LINDBERGH:
(laughing)
Well, gentlemen, I think I'd better -
(laughing)
I thank you a lot for the time.

BIXBY:
Have you got a name for this plane yet?

LINDBERGH:
A name? No, sir, not yet.

BIXBY:
How would this look - gentlemen?
(he shows the doddle sheet of paper around to the men)
I mean, if we went through with it - ?

LINDBERGH:
"The Spirit of St. Louis." I like that fine. I mean, I'd like it if you went through with it. Yeah, that'd look good on 'er when we landed in Paris.

BIXBY:
Wouldn't look so good if you had to ditch her in the ocean.

LINDBERGH:
I can make it across all right.

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(CONTINUED)

22(Cont.5)

BIXBY:
What makes you so sure you can make it?

LINDBERGH:
Well, Mr. Bixby - when I was a kid and the smallest in my class I made up my mind that I was gonna be six feet three inches tall. An' I made it. With a half an inch to spare.

DISSOLVE:

23. EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK DAY

It is February, 1927. Lindbergh comes down the street carrying a Gladstone bag. He has spruced himself up to look like his idea of an affluent businessman - but the new coat is too short, the new hat too large. Lindbergh has stopped across the street from the Woolworth Building and looks up in awe at the towering structure. Finally he steps off the curb and moves toward the building.

DISSOLVE:

24. INT. OUTER OFFICE COLUMBIA AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

It is a modern suite for the period. Lindbergh walks up to the secretary's desk. She is typing away.

LINDBERGH:
I'm here to see the president of the corporation.

SECRETARY:
Well he's very busy.

LINDBERGH:
Well - he's expecting me. I come from St. Louis, Missouri.
(he has taken out his wallet and fumbles for the calling card)
I told him I'd come here directly as soon as I got into town.

SECRETARY:
Well, what is your name?

LINDBERGH:
Yes.
(fumbles through wallet)
Here's my card.

The secretary looks at the card, somewhat puzzled. He has handed her the wrong card - it is the one the suspender salesman gave him on the train.

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25. INSERT CARD

A. O. SCHULTZ
Atlas Suspender Co.
"We Hold Up the Pants
of the Middle West"
41 Cherry St.
Chicago, Ill.

26. INT. OUTER OFFICE LINDBERGH, SECRETARY

SECRETARY:
Are you sure you're in the right office?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, ma'am. I've called him several times long distance.

SECRETARY:
Wait.

Looking at the card incredulously, she goes into the inner office.

Left alone, Lindbergh looks around the outer office. On the walls there are framed photographs of various new-type planes. He walks over to a photograph of the Bellanca. Again he sees his reflection. Maybe the ascot loop is too flamboyant. He unties it again. Maybe the polka dot scarf is too flamboyant. He takes off scarf and coat and dumps them on a chair.

The secretary comes from the inner office.

SECRETARY:
This way, please.

LINDBERGH:
Thank you.

He walks into the inner office.

27. LEVINE'S OFFICE DAY

Behind the desk sits Mr. Levine - a short man in his thirties with a rapidly receding hairline. He is holding the calling card in his hand.

LINDBERGH:
How do you do, sir. I came right over from the station. I haven't checked into my hotel yet.

(CONTINUED)

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27(Cont.)
He puts the Gladstone bag down and extends his hand.

LEVINE:
(puzzled)
What is this all about?

LINDBERGH:
Well, sir, it's about the purchase of the Bellanca. You quoted us a price.

LEVINE:
I quoted you a price, Mr. Schultz?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir, you did.
(on second thought)
Who's Mr. Schultz?

LEVINE:
I guess you are. It says here --
(reading from the calling card)
"O. W. Schultz. We hold up the pants of the Middle West."

LINDBERGH:
Oh. I'm sorry, sir. I gave you the wrong card. I'm Charles Lindbergh.

He opens his wallet again and hands the right card to Levine.

LEVINE:
Oh, Mr. Lindbergh of St. Louis.

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir. This --

LEVINE:
Well, sit down.

LINDBERGH:
Thank you.

LEVINE:
Well, are we ready to do business?

LINDBERGH:
I think so. All the financing is arranged. I have a cashier's check right here. Fifteen thousand dollars.

He has opened his jacket and is digging the check out of a money-belt under his shirt. Levine watches him, a little astonished and amused.

(CONTINUED)

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27(Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
I hope we can close the deal today.

LEVINE:
I don't see why not. I'll have my lawyer draw up the papers.

LINDBERGH:
Fine. We're sort of anxious to get the airplane back to St. Louis so we can start the necessary modifications - install the tanks --

LEVINE:
We can take care of that right here in New York. As to the flight, I haven't made up my mind as yet who the pilot should be.

LINDBERGH:
Oh, well, that's all right. We have the pilot.

LEVINE:
You do?

LINDBERGH:
Oh yes. Yes, sir.

LEVINE:
Look, Mr. Lindbergh - we're perfectly willing to sell you the plane, but the choice of the pilot must be left to us, of course.

LINDBERGH:
(taken aback)
Well, you didn't mention anything about that.

LEVINE:
Well, I didn't think it needed mentioning.

LINDBERGH:
Well, I think it did.

LEVINE:
We can't just have anybody flying our plane over the ocean.

LINDBERGH:
Well, is the airplane for sale or isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

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27 (Cont.1)

LEVINE:
Only with this condition.

LINDBERGH:
(rises and picks up the check off the desk)
You could have saved me a long train trip.

LEVINE:
Just exactly who did you have in mind for the pilot

LINDBERGH:
Me.

LEVINE:
You?

He inspects Lindbergh more thoroughly, mildly amused by the ritzy outfit. Then he picks up the calling card.

LEVINE:
"Chief Pilot - St. Louis-Chicago Air Mail." Look, Mr. Lindbergh, I don't want to belittle you--but after all, New York to Paris isn't like dropping off a mail bag in Keokuk, Iowa.

Lindbergh does not answer. He has picked up his bag and is walking toward the door, the check in his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

28. ST. LOUIS UNION STATION DAY

A New York Central train is moving into the station. Across the platform a Missouri Pacific train is boarding passengers, getting ready for departure. Passengers descend from the New York train - among them Lindbergh with his Gladstone bag.

Waiting for him are Bixby, Knight and Robertson. There is a short, sober greeting. They walk silently down the platform.

LINDBERGH:
(referring to his black coat and hat)
Well, anybody want to buy a nice outfir for funerals

BIXBY:
We're not dead yet, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
They wouldn't sell the plane - like I told you on the phone.
(he puts down his Gladstone bag and starts fishing the check out of the money-belt)
But you can go ahead with it if you want to. They'l handle all the stuff from New York, pilot an' everything. Here, I think I'd better give you this before I wear it out.
(he holds out the check)

(CONTINUED)

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28 (Cont.)

BIXBY:
(ignoring the check)
We've been mulling it over, Slim. We don't want another pilot. Let's get another plane.

LINDBERGH:
There isn't another plane - not for this job - not for our budget.

ROBERTSON:
Why not have one <u>built</u>?

LINDBERGH:
Built? You know how long that would take? There are a lot of other flyers planning for this flight- Byrd, Chamberlin, Wooster and Davis. Those two Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli. They'd all be way ahead of us.

BIXBY:
We've been checking with some aircraft factories-- there's an outfit in San Diego, California-the Ryan Company- they say they can do it in ninety days or less.

LINDBERGH:
Ryan? I never heard of them.

KNIGHT:
They talk awful big in their telegram-like they got a plant ten miles long and ten thousand workmen.

ROBERTSON:
Maybe they <u>can</u> do it.

In the b.g., the Conductor of the Missouri Pacific train calls out 'BOARD - ALL ABOARD.'

LINDBERGH:
Well - I wouldn't like to gamble with your money.

BIXBY:
Suppose you went out there and looked them over.

LINDBERGH:
Well, it seems like throwing another two hundred dollars away, though.

The Missouri Pacific train by this time is slowly starting to roll out of the station.

KNIGHT:
(produces a long, folded ticket)
Here's your ticket to San Diego.

LINDBERGH:
Well, don't you think we oughta sit down an' talk this thing out?

BIXBY:
Well, we'd better talk fast. Because there's your train.

(CONTINUED)

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28 (Cont.1)
He points to the Missouri Pacific train moving out of the station.

LINDBERGH:
I mean - this is one for the - well, I'd better get on then.

It takes Lindbergh a couple of seconds to get the idea. Then he thrusts the check and ticket into his pocket, grabs the bag, runs for the train and catches the last car. Bixby, Knight and Robertson wave after Lindbergh, a grin on their faces.

ROBERTSON:
So long, Slim.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. EXT. RYAN OUTFIT, SAN DIEGO A SUNNY DAY

A local taxi bumped up the unpaved road, draws to a halt. Lindbergh steps out with his Gladsone bag and pays the cab driver. He surveys the plant. It is not an encouraging sight- a dilapidated building on the waterfront - most of the windows broken. A sign says: RYAN AIRLINES INC. - SAN DIEGO - BUILDERS OF AIRCRAFT. Two loafers sit idly under a tired palm tree watching Lindbergh in his black hat and winter coat. The sun is hot. He takes off his heavy coat, picks up the bag and enters the plant through the open shop door.

30. INT. RYAN PLANT DAY

It's a one-horse operation. About half-a-dozen workmen in coveralls are casually overhauling a couple of old planes. Three quarters of the plant seems deserted, the machinery gathering dust. Lindbergh looks about, makes a little detour around a sleeping mongrel dog, goes up to one of the mechanics.

LINDBERGH:
I beg your pardon- where are the executive offices?

WORKMAN:
Where are the what?

LINDBERGH:
I'm looking for the boss.

WORKMAN:
Oh, Mr. Mahoney. Well, the office shack is up there.
(he indicates some wooden stairs leading to a glass-enclosed balcony)
But that's him over there with the goggles.

(CONTINUED)

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30 (Cont.)

He points to a welding table near the stairs. Standing there, shirt sleeves rolled up, wearing welder's goggles is B. F. Mahoney. He is busy manipulating an acetylene torch under a built-up steel plate. On the top of the plate two small fish are sizzling in butter.

Lindbergh puts down his Gladstone bag and stands quietly watching Mahoney fry the fish. After awhile -

LINDBERGH:
What kind o' fish are those?

MAHONEY:
Sand dabs.

LINDBERGH:
Never saw those before.

MAHONEY:
You from California?

LINDBERGH:
No sir.

MAHONEY:
It's California fish.

LINDBERGH:
Smell good.

MAHONEY:
You hungry?

LINDBERGH:
Oh, I wouldn't mind.

MAHONEY:
Well, here --

Mahoney folds back a newspaper on a small table. There are more fish there. He plops one of them on the griddle.

LINDBERGH:
You do build airplanes here, don't you?

MAHONEY:
Bet your life. High-wing monoplanes. They use them on the mail runs up and down the Coast. Perfect record, too.

LINDBERGH:
Things just a little bit quiet right now?

MAHONEY:
Well, maybe that's because we build them too good. Real tough planes - stay up forever. You looking for a job - you an airplane mechanic?

(CONTINUED)

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30 (Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
Oh, I have been.

MAHONEY:
Well, check around again. Looks like we'll be hiring pretty soon. Expect a rush order from St. Louis.

LINDBERGH:
I see.

MAHONEY:
They want a special design with a four-thousand-mile range.
(he hands Lindbergh the torch)
Oh, no. Not too close.

LINDBERGH:
(changing the angle of the torch)
Oh.

MAHONEY:
(as he pushes up his goggles and shouts up the stairs)
Hey, Don! Come and get it!

Lindbergh stands there frying the fish. Mahoney has opened a drawer and takes out some paper plates and forks.

LINDBERGH:
This special design - are you equipped to handle anything like that?

MAHONEY:
(laughing)
Bet your life. That's unless they want something fancy - like a built-in shower or a crystal chandelier.

LINDBERGH:
I suppose not.

On top of the stairs appears a slender young man with clear, piercing eyes and intent face. He wears a green visor and a vest with the pockets bulging with drafting pencils. He carries a clipboard and sketches.

MAHONEY:
Oh, that's the guy that designs them. Donald Hall. He's our Chief Engineer. He's the best in the business.

Hall has come down the stairs. He is very preoccupied.

MAHONEY:
Lemon or catsup.

(CONTINUED)

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30 (Cont.2)

HALL:
It doesn't matter. When's the bigwig from St. Louis going to show up?

MAHONEY:
Sometime today.

HALL:
I've made some rough calculations. Can't use the standard Ryan fuselage, not with that much gas. Wing will have to be ten feet longer to lift the load - we'll have to beef up the landing gear - lot of problems --

LINDBERGH:
(without looking up from the cooking)
Can you build it in ninety days - or less?

HALL:
Bet your life.

LINDBERGH:
Will it fly?

HALL:
Sure - bet your life.

LINDBERGH:
I don't exactly like the way you fellows put that. You see, I'm to be the pilot.

HALL:
You are?
(to Mahoney)
Who's he?

MAHONEY:
I don't know. Who are you?

LINDBERGH:
I'm the bigwig from St. Louis.

Hall and Mahoney look at each other - they look at Lindbergh- they look at his Gladstone bag.

HALL:
(to Mahoney)
For Pete's sake, Frank - finally we get a chance at a good order and you make him fry fish.

MAHONEY:
How was I to guess?

HALL:
(to Lindbergh)
I'm terribly sorry.

(CONTINUED)

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30 (Cont.3)

MAHONEY:
Well -- what are we going to do?

LINDBERGH:
Suppose we eat the sand dabs and get to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

31. SAN DIEGO MONTAGE ONE

A series of shots showing the dozing plant springing into action.

Under the supervision of Mahoney, a full contingent of skilled workers moving in -
machinery being oiled and readied -
building materials being assembled -
spars and struts sawed -
fuselage tubing being fitted -
sheets of wing covering cut -
gas tanks being welded.

In the balcony office Hall is drafting plans, Lindbergh laying out his navigation charts.

The connecting link through this montage is the mongrel dog we saw sleeping in the sun when Lindbergh first arrived. The dog, baffled by the sudden hubbub, is trying to find a quiet corner - growling at the workmen, at the tools and the machinery - they always seem to be in his way.

From the welter of activity, the skeleton of the fuselage slowly emerges, resting on wooden horses.

At the end of this montage - Mahoney walking up the stairs to Hall's office, a blueprint in his hand. He almost steps on the dog at the top of the stairs. The dog growls and makes his way down the stairs to find another refuge. Mahoney proceeds into Hall's office.

32. HALL'S BALCONY OFFICE DAY

Hall is drafting specifications. At another table Lindbergh is bent over navigation charts, lining out his routs and measuring off the time zones. Through the windows we can see the busy shop below.

Mahoney has come in with the blueprints.

(CONTINUED)

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32(Cont.)

MAHONEY:
(to Hall)
Fred's working on the main gas tank now. You sure you want it in front of the cockpit?

HALL:
Slim's idea. It's a good one.

LINDBERGH:
Well, if I crash land, I just don't want to be sandwiched between the engine and all that gas.

MAHONEY:
You'll be flying in a blind cockpit. You won't see where you're going.

LINDBERGH:
We got a window on each side, don't you remember?

MAHONEY:
Well, suppose you let us set this in the instrument panel. It's a sort of a periscope. It's just a couple of mirrors in a box. Old man Randolph designed it. Help you look ahead. Might even help you landing.

LINDBERGH:
How much 's it weigh?

MAHONEY:
Nothing. A couple of pounds.

LINDBERGH:
Whatta you think, Don?

HALL:
I think we can stand it.

LINDBERGH:
All right, put it in.

MAHONEY:
How about the radio?

LINDBERGH:
No, we've decided against it.

MAHONEY:
No radio?

LINDBERGH:
No.

MAHONEY:
Byrd, Chamberlin, Wooster and Davis, they're all taking radios.

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(CONTINUED)

32(Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
Yes, but they have big planes. We can't afford that weight.

MAHONEY:
Well, I suppose a sextant is all you need anyway.

LINDBERGH:
No, no, no, we can't, can't use a sextant, either. You can't operate a sextant and fly an airplane at the same time.

MAHONEY:
How you gonna navigate?

LINDBERGH:
Dead reckoning. I take up a compass heading of sixty-five degrees out of New York, keep correcting the heading every hundred miles.

MAHONEY:
What happens over the water?

LINDBERGH:
Over the water I keep watching the waves, see which direction the wind's blowing, allow for the drift --

MAHONEY:
And hope the Lord'll do the rest.

LINDBERGH:
I never bother the Lord. I'll do the rest.

MAHONEY:
Might need a little help up there, don't you think.

LINDBERGH:
No, only get in the way.

HALL:
(hands Mahoney a drawing)
Here are the details for the shock absorbers. We better get going - we're way behind. Wooster and Davis are ready for their test flights.

MAHONEY:
Maybe we started too late.

LINDBERGH:
Well, let's keep plugging anyway.

HALL:
Frank - we said we could do the job in ninety days or less. Let's do it in less.

(CONTINUED)

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32(Cont.2)

MAHONEY:
How much less?

HALL:
A lot less.

MAHONEY:
Look - we can only do so much.
(he looks at Hall, he looks at Lindbergh)
Okay. Let me talk to the men downstairs. I'll ask them to go on a twenty-four hour schedule.

DISSOLVE:

33. SAN DIEGO MONTAGE TWO

The plant at night.

Work lights hang from the ceiling, the crew swarms around the growing plane, pressing the work as hard as they can.

The wing skeleton is taking shape, the wicker seat is in place, the landing gear is being mounted, the fuselage is being covered.

Mahoney has welded some more sand dabs and is taking them up to Hall's office. Again he almost steps on the mongrel dog.

In the balcony office, Lindbergh and Hall are working under a couple of glaring lights. Mahoney puts down the fish, walks over to the window. A new morning has begun. He opens the window, shuts off the lights and walks out again. Lindbergh and Hall are too busy to have noticed Mahoney, the fish or the new day.

DISSOLVE:

34. INT. SHOP DAY

The sun is slanting through the skylights into the busy shop. The mongrel dog stretches out in the sunpatch. Maybe he can sneak a little snooze. He can't.

An enormous wooden crate is being wheeled in and unloaded on the mongrel's favorite sunpatch. He gets wearily to his feet and slinks away. The workingmen are breaking open the crate.

Lindbergh and Hall come rushing down the steps. They watch the men lift the shiny, nine-cylinder engine out of the crate with a chain block and tackle. They are all awed by its beauty as it hangs there sparkling in the sun.

LINDBERGH:
There it is.

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(CONTINUED)

34(Cont.)

HALL:
I understand they've had one of these J-50 whirlwinds on a test block for as much as one hundred and fifty consecutive hours.

LINDBERGH:
Well, just forty consecutive hours will do for me.

Mahoney has joined them, a newspaper in his hand.

MAHONEY:
Slim -

LINDBERGH:
It's a shame to put it to work right away. We oughta hang it on a Christmas tree.

HALL:
(laughing)
Yeah.

MAHONEY:
Slim - have you seen the paper?

LINDBERGH:
No. What's the matter?

MAHONEY:
Wooster and Davis. They're out of it.

LINDBERGH:
Did they crack up?

MAHONEY:
Killed. Testing with a full load of gas.

Mahoney hands him the paper. Lindbergh looks at it. Over a double column it says, WOOSTER AND DAVIS KILLED. Lindbergh lowers the paper. Silence. Then he walks slowly across the shop to the stairs, sits on one of the steps and starts reading the details. In the f.g. the workmen slide the engine on the tracks, obscuring Lindbergh.

DISSOLVE:

35. SAN DIEGO MONTAGE THREE

The plane is nearing completion.

The covered fuselage rests on its landing gear -
The engine is being hoisted into place -
The propeller is being mounted -
The dappled silver cowling is being screwed on.

(CONTINUED)

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35(Cont.)
The fabric is stretched on the wing. Workmen, standing in line, sign their names on the back of a cowling panel, for good luck.

The last in line is the mongrel dog. Mahoney picks up the dog, sticks his paw into an oil slick and presses it against the panel where the other signatures are.

The cowling panel is turned right side up and installed - and the name of the plane comes into view: SPIRIT OF ST.LOUIS.

DISSOLVE:

36. SAN DIEGO MONTAGE FOUR

This montage concerns itself with the <u>testing of the Spirit</u>.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
April twenty-eighth. Sixty-three days from the afternoon Hall traced the Spirit outline in the sand, we hauled the Spirit out to Dutch flats for her test.....

The first take-off -
a mechanic spins the propeller, the engine fires -
Lindbergh signals the chocks away -
the Spirit is off -
Hall with a clipboard making notes -
Mahoney marking the take-off point with a little white flag -
the Spirit soaring exuberantly into the lofty California sky -
she races low over a sandy beach -
she climbs -
she dives -
she spirals -
she lands again -
more gas being poured into the plane's tanks -
another take-off -
Mahoney marking the new take-off point -
Hall and a mechanic measuring and making notes -
more gas -
another take-off -
and another -
the Spirit is doing all they ask of her.

DISSOLVE:

37. EXT. RYAN PLANT SUNNY DAY

The entire Ryan crew stands in a half circle around the Spirit of St. Louis. Lindbergh, Hall at his side, is making a little speech.

(CONTINUED)

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37(Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
We're gonna shove off this afternoon. We're goin' to St. Louis, New York an' then we'll try for the big one. We, that's me, the plane, an' you, too. Because in a sense we'll be flyin' the Atlantic together, all of us. Thank you.

There's a lusty cheer.

A photographer with a large camera and tripod gets ready for a group picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER:
How about a picture? Line up alongside the plane! Short ones in front! Tall ones in back.

The workmen group themselves around Lindbergh.

While the photographer arranges the grouping, a troubled Mahoney has come out of the plant. He walks quickly over to Lindbergh.

MAHONEY:
Slim - they want you on the phone.

LINDBERGH:
Well, that's wait. Come on, get in the picture.

MAHONEY:
It's the San Diego newspaper. I think you better talk to them.

LINDBERGH:
What do they want?

MAHONEY:
They want to know if you're going to change your plans now - - - -

LINDBERGH:
Why should I change my plans now?

MAHONEY:
Because you -
(he can't break the bad news)
Look, <u>you</u> talk to them.

Lindbergh walks toward the plant with Mahoney. Hall, realizing something is up, follows.

Meanwhile two workmen have unfurled a banner and are stretching it across the first row of the group. The banner reads: BUILT BY RYAN - FLOWN BY LINDBERGH - FIRST ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

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38. INT. PLANT DAY

Lindbergh, followed by Mahoney and Hall, has reached the phone. He picks up the dangling receiver.

LINDBERGH:
Lindbergh speaking -- no - my plans right now are to leave for St. Louis this afternoon.

EDITOR'S VOICE:
Have you heard?

LINDBERGH:
Have I heard what?

39. SAN DIEGO EDITOR'S DESK DAY

The Editor sits with the phone in one hand and a length of ticker tape in the other. In back of him the ticker tape machine clicks away.

EDITOR:
We have an AP dispatch here from Paris - Two French flyers by the name of Nungesser and Coli took off for New York this morning - -

40. INT. PLANT DAY

Lindbergh stands numb, the receiver in his hand, Mahoney and Hall watching him.

LINDBERGH:
Nungesser and Coli?

EDITOR'S VOICE:
Did you get that?

LINDBERGH:
All right, I have that. Now go on.

41. EDITOR ON THE PHONE

EDITOR:
What is your reaction - now that Nungesser and Coli are over the Atlantic -- I mean, will you go ahead with your flight just the same -- ?

42. INT. PLANT DAY

LINDBERGH:
Well, I, I don't know. Of course things look a little different now. They are experienced flyers, and I'm sure they'll make New York on schedule.

(CONTINUED)

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42(Cont.)

EDITOR'S VOICE:
Then you plan to go ahead anyway?

LINDBERGH:
Yes.

EDITOR'S VOICE:
Thank you for the interview anyway.

LINDBERGH:
Thank you for calling.

He hangs up. Nobody says anything for a moment. Then Mahoney speaks to break the painful silence.

MAHONEY:
First time a plane loaded with that much gas actually got off the ground.

HALL:
It's a marine design. I read some place that Nungesser and Coli would drop the landing gear on the take-off. They'll set her down on the water right in New York Harbor.

MAHONEY:
Sorry, Slim - looks like school's out.

Lindbergh's eyes turn to the open shop door. He sees the crew and the photographer all set for the group picture.

LINDBERGH:
Well, let's take that graduation picture anyway.

They walk out.

43. EXT. PLANT DAY

The workmen, the photographer, the banner stretched across the group. Everybody happy, everybody grinning. Lindbergh, Mahoney and Hall join them. On the way Lindbergh has picked up the pooch. The workmen maneuver Lindbergh to the center of the group, smack behind the banner where it reads FIRST ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The photographer goes to work.

PHOTOGRAPHER:
All right, everybody ready? Now give me a big smile. Hold it. Thank you. Now once more.

DISSOLVE:

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44. SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS IN FLIGHT NIGHT

somewhere over the High Sierras. The moon is out. The silver wings of the Spirit gleam against the night sky. Lindbergh in the cockpit. Now and then he glances out the side window and at the instrument board. His mind is busy.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I shouldn't've gambled the organization's money. Well, maybe we can sell the Spirit for enough to pay them back. But I wouldn't like to sell 'er. She's not for barnstorming or taking up passengers on a dull Sunday afternoon. But we'll find something else. Across the Pacific maybe.

DISSOLVE:

45. LAMBERT FIELD SPRING MORNING

The Spirit swoops down out of the overcast sky, lands easily and taxies to the hangar line. Mechanics, other pilots, converge on the new plane.

As Lindbergh gets out of the cockpit, Harry Knight is there to greet him. He seems quite concerned. They shake hands, but there is nothing cheerful about it.

LINDBERGH:
Hello, Harry.

KNIGHT:
Welcome home, Slim. How long did it take you?

LINDBERGH:
(looking at his wrist watch)
Well - fourteen hours and twenty-five minutes.

KNIGHT:
Nice work. Nice plane, too.

LINDBERGH:
Aw, she sure loves to fly.

KNIGHT:
(after a little pause)
Bixby and the others are over in Louie's Shack - listening to the latest on Nungesser and Coli. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

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45(Cont.)
They are walking across the field toward Louie's Shack.

LINDBERGH:
They in New York now?

KNIGHT:
No.

LINDBERGH:
Haven't they landed?

KNIGHT:
No.

LINDBERGH:
Well - They're overdue - aren't they?

KNIGHT:
About eight hours.

LINDBERGH:
Well, any reports?

KNIGHT:
A couple. One that they crash-landed somewhere in Newfoundland. Another that a British ship picked 'em up at sea. Nobody really knows.

They walk on silently toward Louie's Shack.

46. LOUIE'S SHACK DAY

The men of the Spirit of St. Louis organization are grouped around the counter - Bixby, Ray, Thompson, Robertson and Lambert. Behind the counter is Louie. Everybody is very still, listening to the voice out of the loud-speaker horn.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE:
As the fortieth hour since their take-off from Paris approached it became horrifyingly certain that somewhere out over the North Atlantic a tragedy was being enacted.

During this Lindbergh and Knight have entered the shack. There is a quiet greeting between Lindbergh and the men as the radio blares on.

LOUIE:
Hi, Slim.

(CONTINUED)

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46(Cont.)

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE:
But was it a lack of gasoline which brought down the craft of the dauntless Frenchmen or some other unlooked-for mishap? Aviation experts believe that ice forming on the wings in the cold, rainy region east of Newfoundland may have plunged Nungesser and Coli into the windswept sea. Meanwhile at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, New York, Clarence Chamberlin and Commander Byrd, unshaken by the fate which has overtaken the French aces, are going ahead with their own preparations. As soon as they're ready they will launch their planes on the long mysterious air road to Paris which by now has claimed the lives of so many flyers. There is also a bulletin from San Diego, California, that an air mail pilot, Charles A. Lindbergh, has left for New York to enter his plane in the trans-Atlantic race.

Bixby shuts off the radio. Nobody says anything. Lindbergh's eyes are on the map, on the pine wall and on the knothole he had called Paris when he first talked about the idea.

LOUIE:
How about some breakfast, Slim?

LINDBERGH:
Okay.

Louie goes to work on the breakfast. There is silence again.

THOMPSON:
Why don't we drive you into town? You oughta get some rest. Then we oughta have a long talk.

LINDBERGH:
A long talk? Why, hadn't I better go on to New York? Before Chamberlin an' Byrd get away?

RAY:
Byrd's still waiting. Chamberlin's plane has been pinned down by a court injunction.

LINDBERGH:
Well, that's a break for us. I figure just about seven hours to New York. She really goes. Come on out, I'll show you the Spirit.

THOMPSON:
Sit down, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
Well, don't you want to see where your money went? What's the matter?

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(CONTINUED)

46(Cont.1)

BIXBY:
Let me ask you something, Slim. Wouldn't you like to re-examine this whole idea?

LINDBERGH:
Well, what is there to re-examine?

THOMPSON:
The odds, Slim. If somebody were to take out a policy on this flight, you know what the odds would be?

LINDBERGH:
But I like the odds. Or I never would've asked you to put up the money.

BIXBY:
Forget about the money, Slim. Four men are dead, probably six by now. We don't wanta add your name to that list.

LINDBERGH:
Of course you have the right to call it off. If you want to.

BIXBY:
It's your baby, Slim, you make the decisions. All we're trying to do is ---

LINDBERGH:
All you're trying to do is give me an easy out. Well, thank you just the same.

LAMBERT:
It just doesn't look as if it can be done. Maybe planes aren't up to it. Not yet anyway! In ten years, perhaps, but not now.

LINDBERGH:
But it's got to be tried now! Over and over again! Until it is done! Can't you understand that? Can't--
(sighing)
Naw, I guess it's hard for you to understand, isn't it? You're not professional flyers an' - Nungesser and Coli would understand.

DISSOLVE:

47. INT. ROOM 106 NIGHT

Lindbergh in bed, restless, his eyes on the window.

(CONTINUED)

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47(Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
...Only an hour left now. Try to sink in. Oh, why doesn't Frank ask them to stop typing? What are they writing now? A week ago they didn't know I was alive and now they have me born in four different states.
(again the noise of the typewriters from below)
Suddenly I'm Lucky Charlie. I'm the Lone Eagle. I'm the Flying Fool --

48. INT. HOTEL LOBBY NIGHT

The reporters, the smoke, the noise. We move in on a woman reporter working a typewriter - close enough to read what she writes:

GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND. MAY 20, 1927. THE FLYING FOOL IS ALL SET TO HOP THE BIG POND AT DAWN. DISPLAYING ICY COMPOSURE, UNWORRIED BY THE FATE OF THE SIX AVIATORS WHO HAVE ALREADY PERISHED IN THE ATTEMPT, CHARLES A. LINDBERGH RETIRED TO HIS HOTEL ROOM SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT AND IS NOW SLEEPING LIKE A BABY.

HEAVY RAINS CON - - -

49. INT. ROOM 106 NIGHT

Lindbergh in bed, his eyes open, looking at the rain-stained window. A wind squall rattles the windowpane.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I hope the weather boys know what they are talking about - maybe it will clear - Now don't start worrying about the weather again.

His eyes wander over to the washbasin. There is the soap, his shaving stuff, and his toothbrush in a glass.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
- No, I won't take a toothbrush along - I'll buy one in Paris - no razor - no extra shirt - no unnecessary weight - even though it's just a pound - it's a pound less to lift out of the mud on the runway ---

(CONTINUED)

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50. RUNWAY ON ROOSEVELT FIELD NIGHT

A narrow cinder strip cut through marsh grass. Rain whips across wide pools of water dotting the runway. About three quarters down the runway is a marker Lindbergh has put up - a white flag on a short stick (like the San Diego test markers). Now a hard gust of wind rips the white rag off the stick.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Now if the rain would stop now can we get up enough speed in that mud to go up and over? Am I asking too much of 'er? A little bit of steel and wood and canvas to hoist five thousand pounds high enough, soon enough?

51. INT. ROOM 106 NIGHT

Lindbergh in bed, staring at the ceiling.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
(continuing)
Oh, go to sleep now. Soak your wrists in warm water. Count sheep. Count the morning glories on the wall. Go to sleep.

He glances along the wallpaper, then his eyes come to rest on the night table: there is pocket change, a wrist watch, a jackknife and a little white cardboard box. He turns on the lamp. He reaches over and picks up the box, takes out a small silver medallion on a short chain. Then he takes a card out of the box and reads it:

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
"Dear Slim: You might put this St. Christopher in your flying suit. He helps wayfarers across bridgeless waters. Father Hussman."
Father Hussman. Oh, you were such a bad flyer. I gave you twenty lessons and you never

(CONTINUED)

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51(Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE: (Cont'd)
learned anything. You were the worst student I ever had.

DISSOLVE:

52. LAMBERT FIELD, ST. LOUIS DAY

Above the field a Jenny is circling. In the front cockpit of the Jenny is Lindbergh, the instructor, and in the rear cockpit is Father Hussman, the student.

Father Hussman is a plump man of about sixty-five. The flying wisps of hair about his bald head are not exactly in keeping with the serenity of the black dickey and priest's collar. Nor is his juvenile delight with being up there at the controls of the ship.

Lindbergh shouts instructions over his shoulder to Father Hussman.

LINDBERGH:
All right, Father - now let's try another landing!

Hussman jerks the plane into a left bank.

LINDBERGH:
No, no! Don't turn yet! You're too high. Just level it off. Pick the wing up. Pick this right wi -- Where yuh going? Pick the wing up.

Hussman unbanks and glides on for a moment.

LINDBERGH:
All right, now fly straight and level.

Hussman jerks the plane around again toward the field. It is obvious that the nose is pointed down too steeply.

LINDBERGH:
You're diving Father. Pick the nose up. Fly right straight and level. There we are. Pick the right wing up.

(CONTINUED)

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52(Cont.)
Hussman brings the nose up with a sharp jerk.

LINDBERGH:
Pick the right wing up, Father. No, you're diving again now.

It's the teacher who is tense - not the pupil. Hussman wobbles the controls around - grinning and unaware of danger.

LINDBERGH:
(screaming)
Pull the nose up. You see those trees? The trees, do you see them?

The landing leaves much to be desired: it's a one point, the plane bounces, tilts, bounces again, careens off the runway, finally settles. Father Hussman seems very pleased with himself.

HUSSMAN:
(the enthusiast)
Well, not so bad, eh? I guess I'm getting the hang of it.

LINDBERGH:
No, Father, you're not. And you never will. You've got no coordination, no feeling for the airplane. You're wasting your money.

HUSSMAN:
I don't want to be a stunt flyer. I just want to learn enough to be able to go up there once in awhile.

LINDBERGH:
But why? You wanna buzz your congregation?

HUSSMAN:
I got a lot of reasons. For instance, when I'm up there I feel a bit closer to God.

LINDBERGH:
I'd say you're closer to God when you're landing.

HUSSMAN:
Nonsense. I can land fine. I've got a special prayer for landings.

LINDBERGH:
Don't you think you need a little more than that?

(CONTINUED)

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52 (Cont.1)

HUSSMAN:
I also have a prayer for takeoffs, for engine trouble, for rough air, all kinds of prayers. Would you like to hear the one for landings? It's out of the Psalms.

LINDBERGH:
No, thank you, Father.

HUSSMAN:
Slim, don't you ever pray?

LINDBERGH:
Well, I don't have to. I know how to land.

HUSSMAN:
Let me ask you somethin'. How come I never see you around the church? You don't believe, h'm?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, I believe. I believe in an instrument panel, a pressure gauge, a compass, things I can see and touch. I can't touch God.

HUSSMAN:
You're not supposed to. He touches you.

LINDBERGH:
Well now, tell me, Father, now suppose you were up in this airplane all alone and you stalled it and you fell into a spin, you were dropping like a rock and you believe He'd help you out of it?

HUSSMAN:
I can't say yes or no, but He'd know I was falling.

DISSOLVE:

53. INT. GARDEN CITY HOTEL ROOM 106 NIGHT

Lindbergh in bed, still holding the St. Christopher and Father Hussman's little note. He places the medallion and card back in the box, puts the box on the night table. He gets out of bed, turns on the light, goes to the wash basin and throws cold water on his face. Mahoney enters from the hallway.

MAHONEY:
What's the matter, Slim? It's not time yet.

LINDBERGH:
Oh, it's close enough. Anything new from the field?

MAHONEY:
Nothing. We have a car downstairs to drive you.

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(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)
Lindbergh has his breeches on by now. He sits on the side of the bed and pulls on the golf stockings and the shoes.

MAHONEY:
You get any sleep?

LINDBERGH:
I'm all right.

MAHONEY:
You taking this suitcase?

LINDBERGH:
I'm not gonna take anything, Frank, not even a toothbrush. Just what I'll wear.

MAHONEY:
What about your money and the wristwatch and this St. Christopher?

LINDBERGH:
Well, you put all that stuff away and keep it for me, will yuh?

MAHONEY:
Yeah, you bet your life. Slim, suppose --

LINDBERGH:
Suppose what?

MAHONEY:
Nothing.

LINDBERGH:
(he knows what Mahoney wanted to say)
Oh. In that case send the stuff to my mother. She lives in Detroit.

Lindbergh goes on dressing. Mahoney sweeps the money, the wristwatch and the St. Christopher into Lindbergh's bag. On second thought he picks up the St. Christopher and drops it into his own pocket.

DISSOLVE:

54. INT. HOTEL LOBBY NIGHT

Lindbergh and Mahoney come swiftly down the stairs and cross to hotel desk. Mahoney in hat and raincoat. Lindbergh in the breeches, leather jacket, bareheaded. Lindbergh puts the key on the desk.

CLERK:
Oh, you checking out, Mr. Lindbergh?

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(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
Looks like.

MAHONEY:
I'll take care of the bill.

CLERK:
Was there any forwarding address if there's mail?

LINDBERGH:
Well, general delivery, Paris, I guess.
(a pause)
You better hold it for a couple of days.
(laughs)

MAHONEY:
Have you got the sandwiches ready?

CLERK:
Yes. Good luck, Mr. Lindbergh.
(hands paper bag to Mahoney)

LINDBERGH:
Thank you.

Lindbergh and Mahoney walk on toward the hotel exit. Now the reporters see him. Bedlam. The card game breaks up. Typewriters bang shut. Dozing newsmen jump to their feet.

REPORTERS:
Hey, Lindbergh!
Give us a minute, Charlie!
You really hopping off?
Wearing that wishbone?
Can I get a picture?
Hold it, Slim!
How'd you sleep?
Going to buck the weather?

They swarm after Lindbergh as he and Mahoney exit into the wet night.

DISSOLVE:

55. ROOSEVELT FIELD NIGHT

Still raining. A Hupmobile coupe splashes toward the Spirit's hangar. In the car are Lindbergh and Mahoney, another friend is driving. About eight press cars are following the coupe.

The cars draw up before the hangar. There are about a hundred and fifty people by now, standing in the rain outside the roped-off doors. Casey Jones, the airport manager, signals the police to open a path for Lindbergh. The people watch Lindbergh with hushed, sober curiosity.

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56. INT. HANGAR NIGHT

Lindbergh and Mahoney come through the crowd. The reporters push in behind them. The newsmen station themselves on one side of the hangar. The rope goes up again.

Lindbergh and Mahoney have walked over to the Spirit. The crew is still fueling the plane. Boedecker, the Whirlwind specialist, is tinkering with the engine. Inside the cockpit, Goldsborough, the instrument expert, is installing the magnetic compass. He chews gum incessantly. Lane and Blythe, two other associates, are checking the accessories that will go on the trip, all spread out neatly on the cement floor: the charts and maps, the flashlights, the water canteens, the rubber raft, the flying suit, helmet, goggles, etc., etc.

LANE:
(reading the list)
Two canteens of water.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
Log book.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
Charts.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
One knife.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
One seat cushion.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
One armbrust cup.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
One hacksaw blade.

BLYTHE:
Check.

(CONTINUED)

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56 (Cont.)

LANE:
Two flashlights.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
One box of ammonia amp fuels.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
Two emergency flares.

BLYTHE:
Check.

LANE:
I wish you'd let us put in a parachute, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
Oh, it's too heavy. Twenty pounds. That's almost four gallons of gasoline. Any word from the other planes?

BLYTHE:
Not a peep from either camp. I guess they're waiting for the sun to show.

LINDBERGH:
What's the latest on the weather?

BLYTHE:
Just called the weather bureau. They think there's still a chance.

LINDBERGH:
Well, call 'em again, will yuh? I'd hate to wear my galoshes. Little too heavy.

LANE:
Check.

Lindbergh has walked over to Boedecker, who stands on a little stepladder working on the engine.

LINDBERGH:
How does she sound when you rev her up?

BOEDECKER:
Checked both mags at sixteen-fifty. Smooth as silk.

LINDBERGH:
Fine.

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(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.1)

MECHANIC:
(the one handling the gas on top of the fuselage)
Three hundred gallons, Mr. Lindbergh.

LINDBERGH:
That's good. We'll top her off when we get her out on the runway.

Goldsborough, the gum-chewing instrument expert, climbs down out of the cockpit.

GOLDSBOROUGH:
Want to see where I put the magnetic compass?

Lindbergh looks into the plane. The compass is fastened to the ceiling of the cockpit above the wicker seat.

GOLDSBOROUGH:
It's the best spot I could find for it. It'll swing less in rough air. But you'll have to read it in a mirror.

He holds a medium-sized mirror against the instrument board.

GOLDSBOROUGH:
I got this one from the office, but it's not right.

LINDBERGH:
Oh no, it's too big, too heavy. What you need's a small pocket mirror.
(turns to the crew)
Anybody got a little mirror - about two inches square?

GOLDSBOROUGH:
Who's got a little mirror around here?

GIRL'S VOICE:
(from off)
I have.

Behind the rope among the onlookers stands a girl, about college age, her coat and hat drenched by rain. She opens her handbag and takes out a little round mirror.

GIRL:
Will this do?

The policeman lets her slip under the rope. She brings the mirror to Lindbergh.

GIRL:
It's little, but it's not square.

(CONTINUED)

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56 (Cont.2)

LINDBERGH:
Oh, this'll do fine. How's this?

He takes the mirror and hands it to Goldsborough.

GOLDSBOROUGH:
Well, how am I going to attach it? I can't screw it on.

LINDBERGH:
Stick it on.

GOLDSBOROUGH:
Okay.

Goldsborough takes the wad of chewing gum from his mouth, sticks it on the panel, presses the mirror into the gum.

GIRL:
What's it for?

LINDBERGH:
Well, you see, this is a magnetic compass and we have no room to put it over there so we put it right above my head. So in order to read it, I'll look into your mirror.

GIRL:
Oh.

LINDBERGH:
Are you sure you can spare it?

GIRL:
Oh, it's nothing. Just five and dime.
(laughs)

LINDBERGH:
Well, I want to thank you anyway.

GIRL:
Would you let me sit in the driver's seat?

LINDBERGH:
Sure. Sure. Get in.

By this time Goldsborough has climbed out. Lindbergh helps the girl into the cockpit. She sits in the wicker seat.

GIRL:
It's smaller than I thought. It's awfully bare.

LINDBERGH:
I beg pardon?

GIRL:
It's so bare.

(CONTINUED)

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56 (Cont.3)

LINDBERGH:
Yes I guess it is.
(with a smile)
When I get to Paris I'll put in a rug, maybe some curtains.

GIRL:
(looking at the wall of instruments)
You can't even see where you're going. Why don't you cut a hole here?

LINDBERGH:
Oh well, you couldn't do that. The gasoline would come out. You see, there's three hundred gallons of gasoline up there.

GIRL:
Well, don't you have to look ahead?

LINDBERGH:
Well, I can look forward through this -
(he points to the periscope)
This is a periscope.

GIRL:
Like in a submarine - under water?

LINDBERGH:
That's right. Except I hope I'm not gonna have to use it that way.

GIRL:
(looking at the maze of Lunkenheimer fittings)
What're all these for?

LINDBERGH:
Well, all these lead to the five tanks. Now they're in the fuselage here and in the wing. I can turn them on and off and control the flow of gasoline and balance the airplane that way. Understand?

GIRL:
Not really. Well, I guess I'd better get out of your way.
(she climbs out of the cockpit)

LINDBERGH:
How long have you been standing out there in the rain?

GIRL:
All night.

LINDBERGH:
You live in Long Island? New York?

GIRL:
Philadelphia.

(CONTINUED)

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56 (Cont.4)

LINDBERGH:
You came all the way from Philadelphia?

GIRL:
I had to. You needed the mirror.

She turns quickly away, ducks under the rope and disappears into the crowd. Lindbergh looks after her. Blythe comes up.

BLYTHE:
Just talked to Dr. Kimball at the Weather Bureau. He sounds very cautious.

LINDBERGH:
How cautious?

BLYTHE:
Fog between the Cape and Newfoundland. Lifting slowly. Clearing all along the European Coast.

MAHONEY:
It's the weather over the Atlantic that's got him worried. He'd feel better if you waited until noon.

LINDBERGH:
Yeah.

MAHONEY:
Slim, why don't you postpone it for another twenty-four hours? You'd be sure about the weather then. Give you a chance to sleep some, too.

LINDBERGH:
Yeah.
(he thinks it over)
Except in another twenty-four hours I might be flying in Chamberlin's prop wash.

MAHONEY:
(after a little silence)
That's up to you, Slim.

DISSOLVE:

57. EXT. HANGAR DAWN

Lindbergh stands alone outside the hangar by the small rear door. It is drizzling. He is scanning the horizon - looking toward the east - where Europe lies - and Paris. The first touch of day is seeping into the dismal sky. He stands there for a while, then walks back into the hangar.

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58. INT. HANGAR DAWN

Everything at a standstill. Everybody waiting for Lindbergh's decision. Lindbergh's associates, the crew, the reporters. Beyond the rope the hushed crowd has grown to some three hundred.

All eyes are on Lindbergh as he comes in through the back door. He picks up a tarpaulin and walks to the nose of the Spirit. He casts the tarpaulin over the engine.

LINDBERGH:
Let's roll her out.

The hangar bursts into action. A truck is being backed up to the tail of the Spirit. They start hitching it up. The rope comes down. The policemen move the crowd away from the door. Slowly the truck tows the Spirit out of the hangar, crewmen walking along on both sides.

POLICEMEN:
(ad lib)
Clear it out here...
Step back...
Clear the tracks.

59. ROOSEVELT FIELD DAWN

The Spirit of St. Louis is being pulled out of the hangar and across the field toward the runway about half a mile away. The motorcycles of the policemen roar as they form an escort. Crewmen walk beside the plane. Following it the truck with the gas, then the reporters, photographers, newsreel men with tripods on their shoulders, and then the silent crowd.

Lindbergh and Mahoney get into the Hupmobile coupe. Lane, Blythe, Goldsborough, Boedecker get into a black sedan. They latch onto the procession across the rain-drenched field.

The crowd sloshing in the wake of the Spirit - men in top hats and women in evening dresses - drawn straight from Manhattan night life by this new thrill. And there is again the mirror girl, walking along almost detached from the others.

The whole thing is very slow, almost funereal - silhouettes moving against the somber, graying morning.

They reach the head of the runway. The Spirit is wheeled around to face the east. Men climb on top of the plane to complete the fueling. A tarpaulin is held above the fueling operation to keep the rain out of the gas. A rope is going up again to hold the onlookers at a distance.

The whole scene is veiled by the drizzling rain. Clouds hang ominously over the field.

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60. LINDBERGH AND MAHONEY

On foot, looking down the muddy runway.

MAHONEY:
I don't like the looks of that runway, Slim. Think you can hold it straight through this washout? Think you can lift her?

LINDBERGH:
I can if I can get up enough speed.

MAHONEY:
I wish we'd tested her with this much weight. And under these conditions.

61. ANOTHER ANGLE

They signal to the driver of the coupe, who pulls up. They get in the car.

62. INT. HUPMOBILE COUPE DAWN

LINDBERGH:
Well, Frank, let's drive down the runway to where that stick is.

63. EXT. RUNWAY DAWN

Coupe splashes down muddy runway, stops.

64. SHOT OF MARKER

The white flag has been ripped from the marker stick. Lindbergh and Mahoney come over to it.

MAHONEY:
What's the matter, Slim?

LINDBERGH:
Looks like the wind blew away my take-off marker.

MAHONEY:
This the spot?

LINDBERGH:
Yes - I measured it. Listen, do you have a handkerchief?

MAHONEY:
Yeah.

Mahoney hands handkerchief to Lindbergh, who ties it to stick.

(CONTINUED)

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MAHONEY:
Well, what happens if you don't get off the ground by here?

LINDBERGH:
I'll cut the power.

MAHONEY:
Aren't you slicing it a little thin? Can you roll her to a stop before you pile up against those trees?

LINDBERGH:
Well, she'll slow down pretty quick in this mush.

MAHONEY:
Just don't try to lift her beyond the marker. The wind's wrong. You'll never make it over those wires and trees.

LINDBERGH:
I'll watch it.

MAHONEY:
I'm not trying to tell you how to fly, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
I know that, Frank.

They get back into the coupe and drive back to the Spirit.

65. HEAD OF THE RUNWAY DAWN

The Spirit stands ready, the wheels pressing into the wet clay. The last gas has been poured into the tanks, the fueling crew jumps off the plane, the gas truck pulls off the runway.

Spectators, held back by the police, watch the Hupmobile coupe come up the runway. Lindbergh and Mahoney get out, Mahoney carrying the bag of sandwiches. Waiting are Lane, Goldsborough, Blythe and Boedecker.

LANE:
She's all topped. Four hundred and twenty-five gallons.

LINDBERGH:
Fine.

Goldsborough hands him the fur-lined flying suit. Lindbergh wriggles into the outfit.

MAHONEY:
Don't forget your sandwiches, Slim. There's five of 'em.

(CONTINUED)

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65(Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
Put them under the seat.

Mahoney takes the bag of sandwiches over to the cockpit.

MAHONEY:
One hard-boiled egg on white, two roast beef - two ham on rye.

Mahoney is about to put them under the wicker seat. He looks around to make sure that Lindbergh isn't watching. He opens the bag, quickly takes the St. Christopher medal out of his pocket and drops it into the bag. Then he puts the bag under the seat.

MAHONEY:
I tried to get you some sand dabs.

LINDBERGH:
No sand dabs, huh?

MAHONEY:
No sand dabs.

LINDBERGH:
Frank - there's something I oughta tell you -- I hope you won't get sore.

MAHONEY:
Of course not, Slim.

LINDBERGH:
Well those sand dabs of yours are just terrible - the way you weld them -- with that acetylene flavor --

MAHONEY:
Well, you ate them.

LINDBERGH:
Well, I thought I'd better. I wanted the airplane on time.

They grin at each other. Lindbergh puts on his helmet, pushes the goggles up on his forehead, and climbs into the cockpit without closing the door behind him.

LINDBERGH:
Gas is on, switch is off.

The mechanic winds the propeller.

MECHANIC:
Contact!

LINDBERGH:
Contact!

The engine fails to fire.

(CONTINUED)

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65 (Cont.1)

MECHANIC:
Off.

LINDBERGH:
Off.

Mechanic turns propeller again.

MECHANIC:
Contact.

LINDBERGH:
Contact.

Mechanic yanks prop and the engine fires. The propeller whirls. Lindbergh revs the engine, flips the magneto switches, watches the RPM dial.

Lindbergh leans out of the cockpit, shouting to Boedecker.

LINDBERGH:
Hey, it's thirty revolutions low! It's thirty revolutions low. What do you make of it - damp air?

BOEDECKER:
(shouting back)
That's all. Nothing mechanical.

Lindbergh revs the engine once more, then idles it.

Newsreel men and still photographers jump into press planes to take off after Lindbergh.

In the cockpit Lindbergh once more surveys the runway - there is the white flag - on one side of the runway an ambulance has driven up close to the telegraph poles -- on the other side of the runway a fire truck is waiting.

Men stand ready to jerk the chocks from under the wheels. Pushers, six on each side, stand behind the struts to help the plane get going in the mud.

Lindbergh fastens the safety belt. He pulls his goggles down, puts his hand on the door and looks at his friends once more.

LINDBERGH:
Well, I guess I might as well go.

He closes the door. He lifts his hand in a final salute, then pushes the throttle in. The exhausts explode with blue fire. He nods to the chock men.

LINDBERGH:
Pull the chocks!

The Spirit begins to move, the pushers leaning on the struts with all their might - it lumbers along in the mud, gathering

(CONTINUED)

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65 (Cont.2)

speed with sickening slowness. Finally its tail comes up.

One by one the pushers fall away.

Now the Spirit is by itself, lurching onward, hitting more rough spots.

Water, splashed up by the wheels, drums on the fuselage.

The crowd, the police, Lindbergh's associates look on in fearful fascination. Lindbergh, with the throttle jammed to its limit, is leaning out of the window, never taking his eyes from the white flag ahead.

The Spirit, gathering momentum, lurches through pools of water, dipping into muddy troughs.

Lindbergh pulls the stick back. The plane lifts a few feet off the ground, then hits the runway again, hard, the wing tilting. He fights her back to even keel.

He tries it again. Again the Spirit tries to lift the enormous weight, again it bounces heavily back to earth.

The white flag is but a scant ten yards ahead.

In the electrified crowd, the faces of the onlookers - Mahoney - the mirror girl.

Lindbergh sees the flag whip past the window - but instead of cutting the power, he forces the throttle in to squeeze out the last ounce of thrust - his eyes fixed on the periscope. The telegraph poles, the trees are rushing in at a frightening speed.

Mahoney - terrified - aware that Lindbergh is headed toward certain death -

MAHONEY:
Cut it, Slim!

But Lindbergh does not cut it.

The plane racks on down the field toward the telegraph poles, the trees.

Lindbergh draws the stick back in one last desperate effort.

The Spirit answers to his will - the engine hammering - it lifts off the ground and this time it stays - claws its way up and up - hurls the five thousand pounds over the poles and the trees - clearing them by inches. One wheel scrapes a wire, leaving it swinging wildly.

(CONTINUED)

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65 (Cont.3)
The people below gaze, stunned. They don't cheer. They know that this is only the beginning. The FLIGHT lies ahead.

The mirror girl stands alone, her clear eyes following the silver plane until it is swallowed up by the overcast.

66. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM (LINDBERGH'S) NEW YORK DAY

Mahoney is packing up Lindbergh's suitcase.

67. INT. LOUIE'S SHACK LAMBERT FIELD DAY

Father Hussman, Louie and the colored cook are sitting and standing around, waiting for news over the radio. The cook goes over to the map on the wall and repeats Lindbergh's routine of the three hand-spans from the edge of the map to the knot-hole.

68. INT. RAILROAD TRAIN COMPARTMENT DAY

Young girl who gave Lindbergh the mirror is staring dreamily out of the window. She reaches into her purse for her lipstick, then fishes around absently for her mirror. Realizing where it has gone, she smiles softly, then turns to the mirror on the wall between the two windows and proceeds to apply the lipstick.

69. INT. RAILROAD TRAIN COACH DAY

Schultz, the suspender salesman, is flourishing a newspaper and gesticulating at a fellow passenger seated beside him.

70. INSERT NEWSPAPER

The front page reads: DAILY MIRROR - EXTRA -
LINDY IS OFF!

71. INT. RAILROAD TRAIN COACH DAY

Schultz is wagging his head derisively and snapping his suspenders.

72. INT. ST. LOUIS BANK BIXBY'S OFFICE DAY

Bixby sits at his desk, doodling the word "Spirit" over and over again on a piece of paper.

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73. PLANE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS DAY

in flight over landscape - INTERCUT WITH

74. SHOTS OF LANDSCAPE LONG ISLAND, NEW ENGLAND DAY

as seen from plane - INTERCUT WITH

75. INT. PLANE LINDBERGH DAY

tensely at controls. After a while we are shown -

76. SHOT OF INSTRUMENT PANEL

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Two hours.

77. INSERT SPEEDOMETER

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Almost two hundred miles gone.

78. INSERT ALTIMETER

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Got a light tail wind - that helps. If we can hold this schedule, in the thirty-eighth hour we'll land in Paris.

79. PLANE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS DAY

The Spirit skims on over the New England landscape.

Lindbergh in the cockpit. He holds the clipboard log on his knee as he makes entries. The sun has come out, beating through the skylight. He slips the log back into the pouch, unzips his flying suit at the throat, squints up through the skylight as he loosens the helmet strap. He sees a housefly clinging to the glass.

LINDBERGH:
Well, where'd you come from? Where do you think you're going?

He tries to brush the fly out the window. But the fly has other ideas. It wants to stay. It buzzes down and lands on compass mirror.

(CONTINUED)

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79(Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
Go on - no - out. Go on, you know the rules. No co-pilots - no excess baggage. Now don't make any trouble. This airplane's going all the way to Paris --

Again he tries to shoo the fly out the window. Again the fly eludes him, buzzes about his head and around in the fuselage behind his seat.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Just how much extra weight would you be anyway? I suppose that depends. If you're sitting in a plane that's extra weight, but if you're flying around inside a flying plane, would that add to the load? Very interesting problem, isn't it? Where are yuh?

Lindbergh twists around looking for fly.

80. CLOSE SHOT PAPER BAG OF SANDWICHES

The fly is on the bag.

LINDBERGH:
Hey, get away from those sandwiches, we can't eat yet.

81. INT. PLANE COCKPIT

LINDBERGH:
Have to switch tanks again. I must do this every hour.

He reaches for the valves, turns one off, turns another on. Above the valves on the instrument panel is a chart of the various tanks:

NOSE TANK
LEFT WING CENTER WING RIGHT WING
FUSELAGE

He makes a mark under NOSE TANK.

82. OVER NEW ENGLAND DAY

The map on Lindbergh's lap. His pencil follows the course. The inked line runs south of Boston across the tip of Cape Cod.

Lindbergh looks out the left window. Through a smoky haze he sees Boston in the distance. He looks to the right now.

(CONTINUED)

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82 (Cont.)

The plane is over water. Now there is a lighthouse beneath and fishing boats and then the bluish hook of Cape Cod.

Lindbergh draws a circle around the tip of Cape Cod and jots down 9:52 A.M.

The plane passes over Cape Cod. Now there is just water beneath.

In the cockpit Lindbergh sees the fly dart about on the compass mirror.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
--- what's the matter - water scare you -- and this isn't the real thing yet - still plenty of land ahead --
(he has unfolded the map)
-- Nova Scotia - Newfoundland --
(he yawns)

The Spirit climbs steeply through rain and clouds.

The top of the rain clouds, a sea of white fleece, blue sky above, the sun beating down. The Spirit bursts through the clouds, levels off.

83. INT. PLANE DAY

His eyelids are heavy, his legs are stiff and cramped, his throat parched. He takes his flying helmet off, opens the canteen, pours some water into his cupped hand and douses his hair and face. He puts the canteen back.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
-- only four hours gone and I'm exhausted. No, it's not four hours, it's twenty-eight hours since I've had any sleep -- Why did I let last night go to waste in the hotel room on Long Island? -- I'd settle for an hour in that bed right now -- No, no, fifteen minutes -- well, it wouldn't have to be a bed, either -- I'd sleep on the floor -- I always could sleep any place - any time -- when I was a kid in Little Falls, Minnesota --

DISSOLVE:

84. MINNESOTA LANDSCAPE DAY

Railroad tracks running alongside a river. A ten-year-old Lindbergh is sleeping on the riverbank, his head on the rail, his fishing pole supported on a forked stick, the cork floating on the water.

(CONTINUED)

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84 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
-- I'd sleep on the railroad tracks by our farm -- waiting for the catfish to bite --

A train comes steaming down the tracks toward the little boy. The boy doesn't move. He knows this train. Some twenty feet away the main line forks off. The train swerves and rumbles away from the sleeping boy.

DISSOLVE:

85. BROOKS FIELD BARRACKS NIGHT

The cadets are sleeping in upper and lower bunks. Moonlight streams through the windows.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
-- or when I was a flying cadet at Brooks Field, Texas --- the days were too long and the bunks were too short --

The CAMERA MOVES between the rows of bunks. One upper bunk has been fixed up to fit a tall cadet; an extension board projects into the aisle - on the board Lindbergh's bare feet rest comfortably.

A tough-looking sergeant enters and walks down the aisle, inspecting. As he nears Lindbergh's bunk, we see Lindbergh's hand slip out from under the blanket and quietly work the extension board back into the bunk, while his feet pull under the blanket. As the sergeant turns on his heel and marches out, the hand works the board out again and the feet reappear to settle themselves comfortably on the extension board.

DISSOLVE:

86. KANSAS PRAIRIE SUNRISE

The first rays of sun streak across the wide prairie. Staked down by a couple of heavy stones on the tie lines, Lindbergh's Jenny stands in the f.g. Lindbergh sleeps in a hammock stretched under the top wing. In the distance a windmill turns slowly.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Or back in the barnstorming days sleeping under the wing of my old Jenny by a windmill that pumped sweet water out of a Kansas prairie --

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

87. THE SPIRIT APPROACHING NOVA SCOTIA DAY

In the cockpit a drowsy Lindbergh is not concentrating on the job at hand. The memory of sleep makes his eyelids droop.

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(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

The Spirit droning through broken clouds - without a firm hand on the controls, it flies a ragged course.

Lindbergh has closed his eyes. The fly has lighted on his face and crawls down his forehead and across an eyelid. Lindbergh brushes the fly away, his eyes wide open again. He realizes that he has almost dropped off. He sees the fly on the instrument panel.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I wasn't really asleep -- just practicing for when we get to Paris -- if we get to Paris --

He rubs his eyes, loosens his shoulders, exercises his neck. Now through the window, down through the broken clouds he sees

Land ahead: white surf breaking against a rugged coastline.

The sight of land invigorates him. He opens the throttle.

88. OVER NOVA SCOTIA

The Spirit flies in from the sea. It is not an inviting coastline: desolate and cold, dotted with myriad bleak lakes.

Lindbergh takes out the map and checks it against the contours of the coast below.

The inked line of his route runs the length of the big island labeled NOVA SCOTIA. He finds his position on the map.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Nova Scotia -- Now I won't have to turn back here. It's as clear as the sun. Open sky. Open sky to Newfoundland. Six miles off course. That's six miles after two hundred miles of water. If I held this margin of error how far off course would I be when I hit Ireland? Let's see, it's nineteen hundred miles across the Atlantic so that would, that'd be sixty miles off at Ireland. Well, I'll settle for that. Er, nothing too wrong with this dead reckoning navigation except maybe the name.

He checks the compass in the mirror, corrects the heading, checks the time on the panel clock, switches valves on the Lunkenheimer system, marks the fuel chart.

Shots of the Spirit flying over Nova Scotia.

Lindbergh in the cockpit looks through the window and sees -

- a man on a motorcycle, riding down a primitive Nova Scotian road. As he rides, he waves up to the plane.

From the cockpit Lindbergh waves back.

(CONTINUED)

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88 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
(to man)
Hey! Hey!...
(to himself)
I had a motorcyle once. Harley-Davidson, blue. Won a couple races with 'er, too. I had 'er for about a year and a half and then drove her down to Georgia. Traded her in on an airplane.

DISSOLVE:

89. FLYING FIELD IN GEORGIA A HOT, DUSTY DAY

Lindbergh in a cap, breeches, laced boots, comes bouncing down the rough airfield road on a bright blue motorcycle, a bindle tied to the rear fender, the exhaust backfiring with every bump. He rides up to a hangar with some surplus Jennies outside. On the hangar it says: CLEAN-UP SALE! SURPLUS PLANES - Ready to Fly. A man in a seersucker suit sits in a rocking chair outside the hangar fanning himself with his Panama hat. A mechanic is working on one of the Jennies.

SALESMAN:
Lookin' for somethin', son?

LINDBERGH:
You the man to see about surplus army planes?

SALESMAN:
Yeah, I sell 'em.

LINDBERGH:
Well, I'm interested.

SALESMAN:
Flyer?

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir. Pilot friend o' mine back in Nebraska he said you had some real good buys here.

SALESMAN:
Nebraska, eh?
(he gets up and leads Lindbergh to a Jenny)
Sure, we got some Jennies pretty cheap. That one's the best of the lot. Doesn't look like much, but the engine's fine - just wind her up and take her off.

LINDBERGH:
How much?

SALESMAN:
Five hundred. Cheap enough.

LINDBERGH:
Well, what would you say to four hundred and I'll throw in the motorcycle?

(CONTINUED)

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89 (Cont.)

SALESMAN:
Wouldn't think much of that, son. Four fifty and the motorcycle.

LINDBERGH:
Naw, that's too steep for me. Might go for four twenty-five.

SALESMAN:
Four forty. The gas tank's full.

LINDBERGH:
All right. All right, it's a deal.

SALESMAN:
I'll just --

Lindbergh loosens the top of his right boot. The salesman watches him take a roll of bank notes out. Lindbergh counts four hundred and forty dollars and sticks the rest back in the boot.

LINDBERGH:
Now there's four hundred. You want twenty, twenty, forty.

SALESMAN:
Ever flown a Jenny?

LINDBERGH:
Oh, a plane's a plane. You fly one you can fly 'em all.

He gets the bindle off the motorcycle.

SALESMAN:
M'm, real hot pilot, eh?

LINDBERGH:
You wanna pull 'er through for me?

SALESMAN:
(to mechanic)
Crank up, Pete. Keep her nose down on the turns. She's only got ninety horsepower.

The mechanic winds the prop.

In the cockpit Lindbergh turns the cap backwards, racing style, puts on a pair of cheap, round goggles.

LINDBERGH:
Switch is off.

MECHANIC:
Contact!

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(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:

Contact!

The engine catches. The mechanic pulls the chocks. Lindbergh taxies away. The salesman and mechanic look at the motorcycle. There is a pool of oil on the ground and more dripping from the motor. Then they look toward the field.

Lindbergh is going for a take-off. It's a miserable try. His tail goes too high - he bangs it on the ground - swerves left and right - bounces up, bumps down - almost ground-loops.

To the salesman's horror, the plane appears to be heading smack dab for the broadside of a big barn. After a futile yell, the salesman runs for the motorcycle, calling the mechanic.

SALESMAN:

Pete!

The mechanic picks up the cycle, kicks on the motor, the salesman jumps on the rear seat and they take off in pursuit of the plane which is just swerving around the barn.

SALESMAN:
(yelling over roar of motors)
Now just a danged minute, you....

In a cloud of dust, the motorcycle chases the bounding plane around the barn and somehow gets caught in front of it on the way back. Cutting away sharply to avoid getting run over, the cycle spills, while the plane rumbles to a halt a few hundred feet away. The breathless salesman limps over to Lindbergh who is sitting calmly in the cockpit.

SALESMAN:

Hey! You plumb gone nutty in the head?

LINDBERGH:

How's that?

SALESMAN:

Whattaya tryin' to do?

LINDBERGH:

I'm trying to get off the ground.

SALESMAN:

That's a real fancy take-off technique you got.

LINDBERGH:

Well, the air's pretty rough today.

The salesman and the mechanic glance at the windsock. It hangs limply against its pole. They look at each other.

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(CONTINUED)

89(Cont.2)

SALESMAN:
Yeah. Regular storm conditions.

LINDBERGH:
Well, don't worry. I'll get off this time.

SALESMAN:
Say, son, where've you been flying?

LINDBERGH:
Oh, around.

SALESMAN:
Around what?

LINDBERGH:
Around Lincoln Field, Nebraska. A very good flying instructor up there, he said I was his best student.

SALESMAN:
(laughing)
Woo hoo. I'd hate to see the rest of the class.

LINDBERGH:
Well, there wasn't any class. I was the only student.

SALESMAN:
That instructor, did he ever solo you?

LINDBERGH:
No, not exactly. You see, he just had one airplane and he was afraid I'd crack it up so now I'm gonna solo myself.

SALESMAN:
Look, son, here's your money back. You stick to riding that leaky motorcycle. It's closer to the ground, son.

LINDBERGH:
No, I bought the airplane, I'm gonna fly it.

SALESMAN:
No, no.

LINDBERGH:
(to salesman)
Don't worry. I'll practice a little more before I head West.

(CONTINUED)

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89(Cont.3)

He guns the motor and the plane moves off.

SALESMAN:
(shouting after Lindbergh)
You better practice in that direction - that's where the hospital is and an undertaker.

Lindbergh's Jenny racks and weaves down the field. The salesman and the mechanic watch the crate wobble into the air, rise over the barn and disappear behind it.

DISSOLVE BACK TO

90. SPIRIT OVER NEWFOUNDLAND DAY

The Spirit flying over foreboding, snow-capped mountains, forlorn canyons.

Lindbergh in the cockpit. He zips up his suit. He pushes out the periscope to see ahead. He maneuvers the plane around peaks, through valleys. He glances down at the grim terrain.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
No wind. Not a breath of air on those lakes. What a strange wilderness. Bad country for a forced landing. Six p.m. Eleven hours from New York. Hundred miles from St. John's. Then the North Atlantic. Nungesser and Coli might have hit one of these peaks. If they did they'll never be found, not down there.

His eyes are on the periscope. The mountains ahead blur, then dissolve in rolling fog.

Lindbergh's face tightens. He guns the engine, pulls back the stick, climbs the plane.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Fog. One hour from St. John's, fog! Well, maybe it's only a patch hanging to the mountains. This is no patch. This is the end of the flight if we can't find open sky.

The Spirit climbs into the blinding sheet of fog.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I can't start out across nineteen hundred miles of sea without a check point for the compass.

(CONTINUED)

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90(Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE: (Cont.)
St. John's is the key bearing to Ireland. Almost seven o'clock. St. John's is down there. Not too far ahead if we're on course. Now there might be a ceiling to this stuff. Do I take a chance and let down? That chart doesn't tell me how high the mountains are here. How deep can I go without wrapping us around a peak? Well, there's one way to find out.

The above speech is accompanied by SHOTS OF THE PLANE flying through dense fog, of the fly on the instrument panel, of Lindbergh peering vainly through the periscope or the windows.

The Spirit glides down through the fog. The engine is muffled. The wind sings through the struts.

Lindbergh, tense in the shrouded cockpit, watches the periscope mirror, glances out the window, checks the instruments for his rate of descent.

In the periscope mirror there is nothing but gray mist rushing at the plane. Suddenly the gray begins to lighten -- turning to white - then the fog is gone and land is close below. Lindbergh opens the throttle, levels off the plane. He is relieved, but does not relax.

The Spirit flies over desolate lakes on a high plateau - then the land falls away abruptly and below in the sun lies St. John's.

91. INT. PLANE

LINDBERGH:
St. John's!
(to fly)
Come on over here and look at this.

He takes out chart and traces course. The fly settles on the chart.

LINDBERGH:
Nineteen hundred miles to Ireland. No ships, no islands, all liquid.

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92. SHOTS OF THE PLANE

flying at low level.

93. SHOTS OF ST. JOHN

from plane at low level.

LINDBERGH:
(to fly)
You sure you don't want to get off here and find yourself a nice garbage can down in St. John's?

The fly sits there for a second, then takes off from the map. Lindbergh watches the fly buzz around the cockpit and sail out through the window. Amused, he looks after the fly.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Well, I don't blame you. So long.

He wings over, sends the Spirit diving down through the Narrows and out toward the limitless sea.

DISSOLVE:

94. OVER THE ATLANTIC DUSK

The Spirit flying about three hundred feet above the water. Beyond the plane the last of the day is fading. Lindbergh peers down from the window - to determine the wind direction. The ocean from above - the wind whips the waves diagonally across the screen.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Wind from the northwest, blowing about thirty miles an hour. I'll angle ten degrees north to compensate for drift. This has got to be my last drift estimate until dawn.

He corrects the compass heading.

The Spirit flies on toward the boundless horizon where night is falling.

Lindbergh dons the helmet, pulls the goggles over his eyes, zips the suit up, takes out the flashlight, tests it, puts it in his pocket. Now he checks the instruments again.

(CONTINUED)

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94(Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Oil pressure fifty-nine and steady - fuel pressure three-point-five and steady - Indicated air speed ninety miles an hour - altitude three hundred feet -- No, you'd better get her up higher -- much higher -- play it safe.
(he climbs the plane)
If anything happened you could cling to the sky a little longer -- you could still turn around and -- nurse her back close to land before you ditched.
(a new thought)
-- if what happened? --
(like a barker now)
-- why, folks, this machine here is completely safe and absolutely dependable -- thousands of flights without a mishap -- wasn't that the spiel you had - barnstorming in the old Jenny --

DISSOLVE:

95. MIDWESTERN LANDSCAPE SUMMER DAY

Lindbergh's Jenny stands in a pasture. Painted on the fuselage is:

SLIM'S SPECTACULAR SKY-RIDES
10 MINUTES - 5 DOLLARS

Lindbergh stands by the plane, gives out with a spiel using a small megaphone. Some thirty local folk listen attentively farmers, their women and children, cows and dogs. Some of the farmers have come in wagons, on horses, in Model T's.

LINDBERGH:
---All right, folks, who wants to be the first one up there? Who wants to defy gravity, folks? Who wants to see his farm like a bird sees it? Who wants to kiss his girl in the clouds? How about that? I tell yuh, folks, this machine here is absolutely safe and completely dependable. It's made thousands of flights without one single mishap. Who here is gonna be the first one?
(to an old farmer sitting on a wagon seat)
Hey, Dad! You, how about you? How about ten long minutes for five dollars?

(CONTINUED)

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95(Cont.)

OLD FARMER:
No, siree Bob, not me. I ain't goin' up in no crazy windmill!

LINDBERGH:
I'll throw in a couple of loop-the-loops.

OLD FARMER:
Yeah, turn her upside down and dump me out!

LINDBERGH:
Impossible for you to fall out, the safety belt holds you in, Dad.

OLD FARMER:
What if the safety belt busted? - Then what?

LINDBERGH:
Then I'll give you my parachute and it'll float you down like a great big umbrella.

OLD FARMER:
What if she didn't open, the big umbrella? Then what?

LINDBERGH:
I'm glad you brought it up, Dad, because if anything like that happens you get double your money back!
(another boff)

DISSOLVE:

96. BARNSTORMING MONTAGE

(a) Lindbergh in the rear cockpit of the Jenny, the Old Farmer in the front cockpit. Lindbergh loops the plane. The farmer loves it.

(b) A newlywed couple - the bride clinging to her groom, her veil whipping in the wind into the rear cockpit over Lindbergh's face. He brushes it away.

(c) An old Indian chief - sitting wooden-faced in the Jenny - his elbows out, his index fingers thrust into his ears.

(d) Small airfield. Night. The Jenny stands on the line, engine running, Lindbergh in the cockpit. From another plane a couple of men rush toward the Jenny, carrying film cans. The cans are labeled DEMPSEY - FIRPO. They dump the cans into the Jenny, the chocks are pulled and Lindbergh takes off.

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97. SUMMER SKY DAY

Lindbergh flies peacefully along in the Jenny. He hasn't got a passenger, but he hasn't got a worry either. Now he notices that he is not alone in the sky. From the opposite direction another Jenny is approaching - all beaten up, too - if anything, even shaggier than Lindbergh's. On the fuselage it says:

FLY WITH BUD GURNEY
10 MINUTES - 5 DOLLARS

As the two barnstormers pass, they wave casually.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
And we didn't always travel alone. Meet another gypsy in the sky - that's the way I met Bud Gurney - give 'im a wave, invite him to dinner.

Lindbergh points down. The two planes wing over, glide down, land in a field beside a river.

DISSOLVE:

98. FIELD BY THE RIVER LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON

The two planes are parked side by side. Lindbergh and Gurney have had their bacon-and-egg dinner. The wood fire is still smouldering. Lindbergh is lying in the warm grass. Gurney, his shirt-tails out, is doing a repair job on the fabric of his plane - gluing a small square of cloth over a tear in the wing.

GURNEY:
Guy I know in Abilene, Texas, is making up a circus. How about the two of us latching on?

LINDBERGH:
Circus?

GURNEY:
Yeah, flying circus. He's looking for stunt pilots, wing walkers, parachute jumpers.

LINDBERGH:
I've done some jumping. No wing walking, though.

GURNEY:
I'll teach you. He'll guarantee us about eight weeks of county fair dates. Ought to be pretty good money.

(CONTINUED)

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98(Cont.)

LINDBERGH:
Sure could use the money. That Jenny of mine needs a new set of tires - valve job, too.

GURNEY:
Boy, will my old man ever have a fit when he finds out I've joined up with a flying circus! He keeps telling me I'm a bum.

Gurney has finished sealing the patch on the wing. Now that he turns around to walk toward Lindbergh, it becomes quite evident where that patch came from - from the tail of his shirt, a square piece is missing.

GURNEY:
My old man's in the construction business - in Wichita, Kansas. He wants me to come home and go to work for him - says I come from respectable people - that he runs a respectable business - and that his only son is a bum.

They both laugh. He lies down next to Lindbergh.

GURNEY:
So I'm a bum. You come from respectable people?

LINDBERGH:
Uh - my father's a lawyer in Minnesota -- And then he was in Congress for ten years.

GURNEY:
Congressman, huh?

LINDBERGH:
Yeah. But that's not for me. You can't do it from a plane.

GURNEY:
(a pause)
No. My old man says flying is for the birds.

LINDBERGH:
(laughing)
Is that what he says?

GURNEY:
-- and if God meant us to fly, he would have made our bones as hollow as our heads.
(a long pause)
Maybe there <u>is</u> something wrong with us.

(CONTINUED)

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98(Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
Well, maybe.

GURNEY:
What is it? What makes us go up there?

LINDBERGH:
You tell me.

The two pilots lie quietly - looking up. In the pink sky a flock of birds wheel and play.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. AIR CURCUS MONTAGE

Country fair grounds, people afoot and in stands watching two brightly painted, multi-colored airplanes stunting against a bright blue sky. One plane is lettered "DAREDEVIL LINDBERGH," the other "CAPT. GURNI...FRENCH WAR ACE." A series of spins, rolls and loops, with the planes trailing vari-colored smoke streamers; there are shots of wing walkers and a plane-to-plane transfer, climaxed by a rapid-fire series of parachute drops, each jumper releasing several brightly colored chutes in succession as he drops. These shots are INTERCUT with shots of the fascinated, applauding crowd and the whole sequence ends in an eruption of colored toy balloons soaring to the sky and filling the screen.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

100. THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS NIGHT

flying low over the ocean.

101. INT. PLANE

Lindbergh at the controls, still talking to himself, fighting to keep awake. He pulls down goggles, looks out of window, then back to instruments. As he talks, he adjusts fuel valves, etc.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Sixteenth hour. Seventeen hundred miles back into yesterday, back to New York. Here there's nothing, nothing but the sound of the engine.

102. SHOT OF ENGINE

spurting flame from the cylinder exhausts.

(CONTINUED)

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102 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
It's turning sixteen hundred and twenty-five revolutions a minute. That's more than eight hundred explosions every minute in every cylinder -- how many explosions in nine cylinders. That's seven thousand a minute -- that's almost half a million an hour --

There's twenty hours to go -- ten million explosions - ten million blasts of white hot flame against red-hot metal before I land...

How can an engine stand such torture? --

What if a cylinder cracks? Valve stuck -- a bearing burned out?

Exhausts flaming, the engine roars on. SHOTS of the Spirit over the night ocean.

Lindbergh listens to the throb of the engine, watches the instruments closely. His tired eyes scan the instruments through the goggles - the glass of the goggles reflect the luminous dials, the bobbing needles.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I - I only have to make it through this night. Tomorrow will take care of itself.

His eyes are on the periscope. He sees a tiny white something far away on the water. He sticks his head out the window to get a better look.

The Thing has the shape of an ancient windjammer, white as snow - whiter yet by contrast with the dark ocean.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
What's this? It looks like a great big white ship. A ship with sails. O-Oh, it can't be that. A windjammer in Nineteen Twenty-seven? It looks like a ghost ship.

He flies the Spirit directly toward the Thing - closer and closer. It's not a ghost ship. It's an <u>iceberg</u> thrusting out of the sea.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
It isn't though. It's there. But -- Oh, it's an iceberg! Of course, that's what it is. Why, I never thought of icebergs. I should have been looking for them, this close to the Arctic Circle.

As the Spirit passes over, Lindbergh looks down on the still, massive expanse of ice.

(CONTINUED)

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102 (Cont.1)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Look at the size of it. It's almost big enough to land on. Hey, that's an idea, icebergs for landing fields. Why, if it was flat enough I could just slip 'er right down and cut the engine and stop and go to sleep.

There is a tired smile on his face as he flies on past the icebergs. He watches them fall behind. He turns back to the instrument panel, pushes up the goggles, rubs his eyes.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
How long's it been now? Forty hours, I guess. Well, we'd never pass inspection today, not at Brooks Field.

DISSOLVE TO:

103. BROOKS FIELD DAY

Four shining army planes and twenty shining cadets are lined up smartly for inspection. Captain Coleman - the antiseptic disciplinarian - is giving the outfit a thorough going over. He walks down the line, followed by an adjutant. First he runs his white-gloved hand over the top of a wing, checking for dust. It's spotless. Next he disapproves of the angle of the propeller. All the other planes have their propellers straight up and down. This one is slightly cocked to one side. He shoots a dirty look at the Cadet in charge of the plane. The Cadet nudges the prop into line.

That's good enough for Captain Coleman. He moves on to the next plane, ducks under it, inspects the under-belly of the engine. A drop of black oil falls on his nose. He freezes - straightens up slowly - then confronts the Cadet Leader of the leaky plane - no shouting, mind you - more cat and mouse.

CAPTAIN:
See anything on my nose, Bibbs?

SECOND CADET:
Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN:
Any idea what it is?

SECOND CADET:
Oil, sir.

CAPTAIN:
Oil? That's funny. Where would the oil come from?

SECOND CADET:
From the engine, sir.

(CONTINUED)

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103 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:
Well -- what are we going to do about it?
(no answer from the Cadet)
What do you suggest, Bibbs?

SECOND CADET:
I suggest you wipe your nose, sir.

CAPTAIN:
You do, eh?
(working himself up to that stroke)
All right, men - I'll give it to you again! Some of you seem to think that these airplanes are garbage cans. When you joined this here army air service you married these planes! Now take care of them! Love 'em, scrub 'em, shine 'em, keep 'em in shape! A dirty airplane makes for a sloppy pilot! And I'm not gonna have any sloppy pilots graduating from this here field!

During this harangue the SOUND of an approaching plane has become increasingly louder. The Captain does not like to be drowned out. He looks up angrily.

Circling over the field is Lindbergh's Jenny. It's in pitiful shape. The engine knocks and spits. The fuselage cloth is patched all over - the struts held together with baling wire and splints. The lettering (SLIM'S SPECTACULAR SKY-RIDES - 15 MINUTES - 3 DOLLARS) is worn and peeling.

Lindbergh gets ready for a landing. He doesn't look much better than his plane - his greasy helmet coming apart at the seams, his goggles awry on the top of his head.

The Captain and the cadets watch the horrible crate set elegantly down on the field and taxi toward them. The Jenny comes to a stop, radiator steaming. Lindbergh climbs out. The Captain - beet-red by now - strides toward Lindbergh, his Adjutant in tow.

CAPTAIN:
You! You can't set that thing down here. Don't you know what this field is?

LINDBERGH:
This is Brooks field, isn't it, sir?

CAPTAIN:
It's an army field! So get out of here!

LINDBERGH:
I'm assigned here as a flying cadet, sir.

CAPTAIN:
Oh, no!

LINDBERGH:
I'm sorry, sir.

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(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN:
How do you think I feel!

LINDBERGH:
(handing him some papers)
I took my exams at Chanute Field, Illinois, sir.

ere is a sharp ping from the Jenny. They look around. A rut has snapped, the wing sags. The Captain eyes the crepit, steaming Jenny in disgust.

LINDBERGH:
Brittle, isn't she?

CAPTAIN:
These papers say that you assigned to this field -- okay -- but I will not tolerate this filthy crate of yours at this air field!

anwhile, the inner tube of one of the Jenny's tires is pping out and blossoming into a balloon.

LINDBERGH:
She's a fine little machine, sir -- She flies like a dream an' never let me down.

CAPTAIN:
She's filthy! Get 'er outta here!

LINDBERGH:
All she needs is a coat of paint and a few bolts -- honest --

e tube explodes. And Jenny settles on one side.

CAPTAIN:
(exploding, too)
She's -- Get 'er out! Push 'er, pull 'er, tow 'er, but get 'er outta here.

LINDBERGH:
Yes, sir!
(moves toward the Jenny - stops - turns back to the Captain)
I beg your pardon, sir, but you have a little something on your nose, sir --

CAPTAIN:
That does it! That does it! I'm a patient man, but I'll give you exactly thirty seconds to get that filthy crate of yours out of here.

dbergh runs to the Jenny, pulls the ignition wire, spins p. The engine fires, the Jenny begins to move. dbergh ducks under the wing, vaults into the cockpit cowboy-le, clanks down the field and takes off.

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DISSOLVE BACK TO:

NIGHT

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(CONTINUED)

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106 (Cont.)
He shoves the throttle to full power, draws the stick back, fights to get the plane up.

LINDBERGH:
Come on now, climb outa this stuff before we get too heavy.

Lindbergh watches the altimeter - nine hundred feet - eight hundred feet - dropping.

The ice on the wing gets thicker - obliterating the registration number.

The altimeter is on seven hundred now.

LINDBERGH:
You're stalling, you're stalling! Now turn around, get out of here. Get back to warmer air.

He banks the plane around. For the first time since he left Long Island, the Spirit now flies west - from right to left--and losing altitude all the time.

The altimeter shows five hundred feet.

Lindbergh works hard to maintain altitude.

Below he sees the raging sea whipped up by the wind -- and ahead an opening in the icy clouds.

He swings the plane, tries to get through - before it's too late - - or is it too late already - - ?

The Spirit bursts out of the ice storm into the moonlight. It looks beautiful - like a strange sleigh - all sugar-frosted - - yet it's sinking -- dropping helplessly from the weight of its beauty.

The motor begins to die.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
There it is, ice smothering the carburetor. Burn it out. Backfire it out. Blast the guts out of it.

Working furiously at the controls, Lindbergh guns the motor into a series of shattering backfires and it picks up again. But the Spirit is still dropping under its heavy load of ice. We see the altimeter needle moving inexorably down toward zero. Lindbergh rocks the plane desperately, trying to shake off the ice, but it holds.

LINDBERGH:
Well, I can't hold her any more - we're going in.

He throws the beam of the flashlight back into the fuselage to check the emergency equipment.

(CONTINUED)

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106 (Cont.1)

LINDBERGH:
Rubber raft, air pump, flares -
(they are all there)
Tank of water.
(he swings the canteen about his neck)
Where's my knife --

He draws a hunting knife from the pouch, holds on to it.

The wheels seem to be touching the crest of the waves - almost.

He pulls his goggles down, reaches for the throttle- ready to cut the power.

He does not cut it.

On top of the wing the ice splits, a big slab peels off, hurtles back against the fuselage and into the sea.

Lindbergh, hand on the throttle, eyes on the water, ready to ditch. At the crash of the ice, his head shoots up. He knows the sound. He kicks the rudder hard.

The plane rocks violently - the wings perilously close to the water.

More ice breaks off, batters against the fuselage, drops off.

Lindbergh pulls back the stick.

The altimeter begins to climb.

The Spirit, its icy shackles scaling away, rises slowly back into the sky.

In the cockpit, Lindbergh lets the plane climb to about a thousand feet - puts the knife away, pushes the goggles up, hangs the canteen on its peg, sits back in the wicker seat - exhausted.

He flies on for a little while - then suddenly realizes the situation.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
All right now, now turn around. Get back on course.

The Spirit comes out of its turn and again flies east - left to right.

Lindbergh has taken out the ocean map, spreads it on his knees, snaps the flashlight on it. He studies the map - he looks up into the mirror to read the compass.

The compass is swinging in a wild arc.

(CONTINUED)

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106 (Cont.2)

LINDBERGH:
Something wrong with the air inductor compass. It must be frozen up.
(he raps on it with no effect - turns to another instrument)
Magnetic. Magnetic's all haywire. What's happened to everything?
(looks up at sky through skylight)
All right, let's fly by the stars. Find the Big Dipper.

107. SHOT OF NIGHT SKY

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
The stars are there. Somewhere. They've always been there. Climb up and hold onto them. The tiny fire point above the Dipper, it's Polaris. The main star of the northern pole. Now guide on that. Over my shoulder and we go south. Ride it above the left wing-tip and our direction will be east again. When it's faded I can aim at the dawn.

DISSOLVE:

108. INT. PLANE DAWN

Lindbergh checks his instruments. The compasses are working again.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
And the earth inductor compass, it's steady again. It's working again, so's the magnetic. And I'm flying east. But what does that mean? I'm flying east, what does that mean? I wonder how far I-wandered off course last night? Where am I? I've got to find land, some land, somewhere before my gas is gone. Now get busy, get to work. Sleep's crawling out of its box again, now put it back.- Keep the lid on. Force yourself to think. Now let's see now, how far might Europe be?

109. EXT. SHOT OF PLANE GRAY DAY

flying over ocean.

110. INT. PLANE

Lindbergh fighting sleep and trying to figure his position.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
It's the twenty-fifth hour and St. John's was eleven and one quarters hour from New York. Now
(CONTINUED)

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110 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE: (Cont.)
I'm twenty-five hours from New York so eleven from twenty-five -- I -- Twice eleven's twenty-two then eleven and fourteen make twenty-five. Well, whatta I want with twenty-five? What was I gonna use that for? Oh, I hafta start all over again. Now, er -- Oh, in a minute or two. After my mind's clear. I -- Now let's see.

The unrelenting pulse of the engine is pounding at his consciousness - a surf washing in and out, in and out. Under Lindbergh's eyes the instrument panel seems to catch the rhythm of sound, moves in close, the instrument dials looming large - then falls away, throbs in close again. Lindbergh shakes his head like a punch-drunk fighter. He takes cotton from his pocket, stuffs his ears, buckles his helmet tightly.

The engine's beat is muffled - but it remains - an insistent siren's song, a monotonous musical note in its measured ebb and flow.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
In the afternoon -- I'll figure it all out this afternoon.

In the cockpit Lindbergh sits immobile - a man asleep with his eyes open. His head slowly sinks forward, his eyes to the last on the compass - they close. His hand slides down the control stick, falls off to dangle between his legs. Under his feet the pedals move without aid.

The Spirit flies steadily on for awhile, the control stick bobbing a little. Very gradually the nose of the plane drops below the horizon, the wings tilt.

Lindbergh rolls slightly, does not awaken.

The drone of the engine takes on a faster tempo, wind through the struts rises to a whistle - the Spirit glides down in an ever tightening spiral, doing an odd sort of ballet in its descent - leveling for a moment sideslipping into the spiral again.

In the leaden sky a strange thing happens. From nowhere a wind pushes at the clouds - the clouds whirl - and suddenly a shaft of sunlight creeps through the opening gulf, catches the falling plane in a brilliant spotlight.

In the cockpit, as the plane turns this way and that, the sunlight touches the compass mirror, reflects a dazzling sunbeam against Lindbergh's closed eyes - snaps on and off as if a hand were opening and closing a switch.

Lindbergh, in his sleep, turns his head to avoid the burning wink of light - but there is no escaping the sunbeam - it stabs again at his eyes. He opens his eyes for a fraction of a second, closes them. The whistle of the twisting,

(CONTINUED)

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110 (Cont.1)
diving plane penetrates into the flyer's consciousness. His eyes open dully, blinking against the flashing mirror's light. Through the window he sees the uprushing sea. For an agonizing moment he does not grasp the situation. The plane is terribly close to the waiting ocean. Dizzy, groping, Lindbergh lurches upright, grasps the control stick, swings it over, kicks hard at the rudder.

The Spirit straightens into a power dive.

Lindbergh eases the stick back.

The Spirit levels, skims over the waves, banks away.

In the cockpit a grim, ashen-faced Lindbergh brings the Spirit back on an easterly course.

DISSOLVE TO:

111. OVER THE ATLANTIC AFTERNOON

The clouds have disappeared over the ocean. The Spirit flies along in a hot blue vault of sky, above a slick, still sea.

Lindbergh in the cockpit, his helmet loosened, the goggles dangling under his chin, red-eyed but alert, watching the instrument panel, occasionally scanning the emptiness about him.

Far below several sea gulls glide just above the glassy water.

Lindbergh sees the gulls.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
That's a seagull. There's another one....with... here? ... we're hours from land. How could -----

Lindbergh sees something on the ocean below, suddenly snaps alert, leans out of the window, staring intently.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
A ship's mast! Gulls follow ships. And if they get -- If I could get a --- Look there's something ahead there. Those are fishing boats!

112. SHOT OF FISHING BOATS DAY

as seen from descending plane. Three fishing yawls, riding at anchor, are coming under the Spirit's wings.

Lindbergh looks down on the vacant decks as the plane passes over. He banks around, drops lower, comes back over the boats. Lindbergh circles the little fleet. This time he

(CONTINUED)

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112 (Cont.)
sees a couple of men, staring up at him - utterly frozen.

LINDBERGH:
(screaming over noise of motor)
Which way is Ireland?

A man, immobile, stares agape. Lindbergh cuts the motor and circles again, dangerously low.

LINDBERGH:
(shouting)
Which way is Ireland?

The man stares blankly. Lindbergh guns the engine, banks the Spirit on an easterly course. He looks back at the boats, then concentrates on bringing the compass to a heading.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Why, why didn't he answer? He could hear me. I've - I've made myself heard from airplanes before. Maybe he's never seen an airplane before. Maybe he doesn't speak English. I'm, I'm not anywhere near Ireland or anywheres. I might not be any -- I'm too far south.

Lindbergh is again fighting sleep. He sees the horizon wearily. Suddenly he pulls down his goggles and stares hard. Far in the distance, lying under a canopy of clouds, he sees small islands jutting up out of the ocean.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
There's land! It is land! It is land! That's no phantom, that's earth. That's green, living earth. That's -- No, no, wait a minute. Now just a -- Wait a minute. Here that's not possible. It's only the twenty-eighth hour. But a tail wind would account for my being early, but how could I -- I've been off course. It's earth all right.

The islands draw nearer, become clear-cut and real. The Spirit wings over them. The curtain of clouds lifts. Lindbergh sees a larger island and beyond the mountains of a mainland. The long island is under the Spirit - a verdant landscape, tiny farms blocked in by stone hedges of green ivy.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
But what earth? Where? Where am I? I could be anywhere from Iceland to the coast of Africa. It could be Spain or Portugal.

He has taken out the fourth map - Ireland, England, France - studies it feverishly, comparing its lines against the contours below.

(CONTINUED)

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112. (Cont.1)
His pencil traces the western coast of Ireland - passes over Valencia Island - then comes back, hesitates as he checks the land below, an expression of disbelief on his face.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
It could be Dingle Bay. That point to the north there. The shape's right.

113. CUTS OF COASTLINE

as seen from plane.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Those islands off to the right there - that fits. That lines up right. It is -- Dingle Bay!

The Spirit comes in from the sea over the Irish mainland, flies low through a mountain pass, over the sod roof of a farmhouse, down into the valleys where sheep, feeding in the Kelly-green pastures, scamper away at the sound of the plane.

114. INT. PLANE

Lindbergh is jubilant. He waves out the window, at people below.

LINDBERGH:
It's Ireland! Hey....Hey....

The people below, on boats, docks, fields, wave up at him as he flies by.

DISSOLVE:

115. INT. PLANE AFTERNOON

Lindbergh is checking his flight map against landmarks below. The plane is now over England.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
That's Plymouth, that's the Pilgrims' town. Why, I flew over Plymouth Rock right outside Boston. When'd I do that? Why, yesterday. Well, a hundred and eighteen miles across the channel to Cherbourg. A hundred and eighteen miles. Well, what's a little channel, I've just flown across the Atlantic Ocean.

He adjusts throttle and checks gas chart.

(CONTINUED)

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115 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Add a little more power here. Now let's have some lunch.

He stows away the map and picks up bag of sandwiches, as yet untouched. With mechanical deliberation he opens the bag, reaches in for a sandwich, brings out the St. Christopher medallion on its chain. He holds it up in front of his face staring at it, smiling faintly.

LINDBERGH:
(softly)
Frank Mahoney.

With a kind of tender indulgence, he reaches forward and hooks the chain over one of the knobs of the instrument panel. It hangs there, swinging slightly. Then, with the same mechanical abstraction he slowly extracts a sandwich from the bag, unwraps it, glances at its contents, and stuffs it dryly into his mouth. As he munches with great deliberation, he crumples the wrapping paper into a ball and starts to toss it out the window, catches himself and tucks the wadded paper back into the sandwich bag.

116. SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS LATE AFTERNOON

in flight over English Channel, toward France. Below a ship is steaming toward England.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Coast of France. There's Cherbourg. Now turn northeast along the coast, find the mouth of the Seine River.

117. SHOTS OF FRENCH COAST AND SEABOARD SUNSET

as seen from plane as it banks and turns.

118. SHOTS OF THE MOUTH OF THE SEINE RIVER DUSK

119. INT. PLANE DUSK

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
There it is. All right, now fly right up the river to Paris. It's ninety-eight miles and one more hour. No, no, make it fifty-eight minutes. Fifty-eight minutes.

He fights torpor. Shaking himself, he reaches for the canteen.

(CONTINUED)

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119 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Better wash my face, clean up a little bit.
(he sloshes a handful of water over his face)
Now just hold on for one more hour, one more hour.

Suddenly the motor stops. Lindbergh, with cotton in his ears, doesn't miss the sound for a second, but he feels the difference and the altimeter shows that the plane is losing altitude. In a momentary panic, he tears the cotton from his ears and his eyes dart to the fuel gauge. It shows EMPTY. There is a moment of sickening dismay, then a snort of anger as he realizes he has forgotten to switch tanks. He turns a valve but nothing happens.

LINDBERGH:
Well, no, no, that's a wrong tank.
Switch to one with some gas in it.

He turns another valve and the gauge needle rises to FULL, the motor starts and, as Lindbergh pulls on the stick, the altimeter shows gaining altitude.

DISSOLVE TO:

120. INT. PLANE NIGHT

Lindbergh is looking below for landmarks.

121. SHOTS OF THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS NIGHT

as seen from plane, a gossamer spiderweb jeweled with glistening dewdrops. In the heart of the web is a golden glow -- the Arch of Triumph. The plane banks around it and the Eiffel Tower comes into view, half-silhouetted against a blue-black sky.

122. INT. PLANE NIGHT

Lindbergh's joy shows through his rigid mask of fatigue.

LINDBERGH:
There it is! There it is!

He looks vainly for the air-field. The ground below becomes obscure.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Le Bourget. Now where's Le Bourget. I'm right in the heart of the city. It should be to the northeast. Better check the map.

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(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)
He pulls out a map showing Le Bourget, and strains feverishly to read it.

123. INSERT OF MAP

showing Paris and Le Bourget.

124. INT. PLANE NIGHT

He can't read the map.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
What's happening to me? What's happening to me? My eyes -- I can hardly see. I've been flying this airplane for over thirty-three hours. I haven't slept for three days. Now -- I can't let it catch up to me now.

He turns the plane to the northeast and peers down desperately.

125. SHOTS OF APPROACH TO LE BOURGET NIGHT

A pattern of lights begins to appear.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
There, that must be Le Bourget. Must be. What're all those lights?

126. SHOTS OF LE BOURGET

The runway flare path becomes discernible as the plane banks and circles. In addition to the various fixed lights, search lights begin to stab upward from below, seeking the plane.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I've got to be sure. Well, there's only one way to find out. I'll drop down.

The plane circles lower.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Now careful now, careful. I'm as low as I dare go.

The searchlights begin to hit the plane, momentarily blinding Lindberg as he leans out of the window.

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(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
(a note of hysteria begins to creep into his voice)
Those lights - what are those lights? Is there a carnival or something - what are all those lights?

127. ANOTHER SHOT OF AIRPORT

at very close range. We see, in huge letters, LE BOURGET painted on a hangar roof.

128. INT. PLANE NIGHT

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
I'd better come in over the hangars. Stop 'er short of the lights and don't roll into the dark there, you don't know what's there. Now quarter turn. Quarter -- Make the approach. Now full turn. Not yet. Hold it now, hold it. No, now you're in line. Now throttle back.

He eases the throttle back, the plane goes into a glide.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Don't stall it! Now don't --

The air speed indicator blurs. He wipes his hand across his eyes - the instrument clears, blurs again. He guns the engine - shoots over the hangars - climbs.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
What's the matter? What's the matter, have you forgotten how to land a plane? You've got -- I've got no feel. I can't feel the airplane.

He throttles down. The ship goes into its glide, sounds diminishing.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
What -- No, you're diving. You're diving. Pull out. Pull out. Gun it --
(in panic)
gun it --

He throws in the throttle - the engine blasts - he throttles down again -

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Now straighten out. Straighten -- You're too high. You're too fast. Slip it, slip it.

He moves the controls, the plane cants over.

(CONTINUED)

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128 (Cont.)

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
More. More. Kick right rudder. Kick -- I'm -- I'm goin' in. I'm going to tear this up. I'm -- What was your landing prayer, Father Hussman? What, what did you say?

The Spirit slides over the hangars, wind howling in the wires

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
Oh, God help me!

The plane turns slowly to right itself - the wheels touch earth, smoothly, evenly, the plane rolls through patches of light and dark - finally halts - the propeller dies. In the cockpit Lindbergh sits hunched forward, his hand on the ignition - then he falls back into the seat, exhausted, his face bathed in sweat.

129. CLOSE SHOT INSTRUMENT PANEL

showing the St. Christopher medal.

130. INT. PLANE

Far away in his consciousness he hears the faint cry of many voices - He turns his head to look out of the window.

Thousands of people are running across the field toward the plane. They flood around the plane - tear open the cockpit door - drag Lindbergh out and carry him on their shoulders.

Lindbergh looks back toward his plane and sees part of the crowd swarming all over it. He looks around wildly for help, spots a gendarme struggling to stand upright in the swirling throng.

LINDBERGH:
(pointing back to the plane)
No! No! They're tearing up my airplane!

GENDARME:
(grinning and gesticulating reassuringly up at Lindbergh)
Non, non, non. They are taking it to the hangar.

There is nothing to be done anyway, for Lindbergh is being carried away as on a mighty tide.

DISSOLVE:

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131. INT. HANGAR LE BOURGET NIGHT

A squad of French police push the Spirit into the lofty dark hangar, and, closing the massive doors, range themselves against them. The crowd outside can be heard in a muffled roar, chanting rhythmically, "LINDBERGH-LINDBERGH-LINDBERGH--"over and over and over again.

Lindbergh enters by a side door, followed silently and respectfully by a few French officials. He has taken off his flying coverall and helmet, carrying them over his arm. He walks briskly and directly over to the Spirit, leaning his head against a wing strut for a moment as if in silent prayer.

He gently fingers the rips and tears in the fuselage, as if they were living wounds, and pats it reassuringly. Turning away from the plane, he nods to the waiting officials and walks firmly toward the exit.

LINDBERGH'S VOICE:
There were two hundred thousand people there that night. And when we came back homethere were four million waiting...

DISSOLVE TO:

132. INSERT OF AN ACTUAL OLD NEWSREEL SHOWING RECEPTION GIVEN LINDBERGH ON HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK

(a) NEW YORK STREET DAY

The street is decked with bunting - the buildings have flags and bunting draped out of the windows - the air is filled with torn paper and ticker tape. The thousands of people are milling, yelling in the street.

(b) A PARADE OF UNIFORMED MEN

is marching TOWARD THE CAMERA. Lindbergh is in an automobile. The crowd is roaring.

(c) ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STREET

CAMERA PANS DOWN, showing the buildings all festively draped with bunting, while in the street the crowd continues to roar and cheer at Lindbergh.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

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