

"THE CHAMPION OF REASON"

by

Jim Riva & Tom Civiletti

Based on the Novel by

Jim Riva

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "If passion drives you, let reason hold the reins." -- Benjamin Franklin

FADE IN:

Kick-ass ROCK 'N' ROLL plays as a beat-up, old van rolls along on an open road somewhere in the Midwest -- in late October. Vehicle lettering on the side of the van reads DJ JAKE'S TRAVELING ROCK 'N' ROLL SHOW. Interior drapes for the windows are open.

The driver, JAKE LEANDER (28), is wearing an old Stetson. His face has the kind of intensity that Rodin probably had in mind when he was choosing a model for The Thinker.

INT. JAKE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The kick-ass ROCK 'N' ROLL comes from the car stereo.

Jake is wearing grungy jeans, an oversized, tattered sports jacket over a T-shirt, and worn-out sneakers.

In the back, boxes line the sides. Between the boxes, there's a crumpled sleeping bag on a camping pad, a flashlight, a box of tissues, and a book: Plato's The Republic.

Up ahead, Jake sees a big sign that reads: WELCOME TO ADDLETON/HOME OF THE ORACLE OF ADDLETON/POPULATION: 60,001.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SAME

One sign after another follows the Welcome Sign -- in the following order: THE HOTEL ADDLETON, TAKE THE ROYAL DUCHY TOUR, GET HITCHED AT THE DRIVE-THRU WEDDING CHAPEL, MAYOR EUGENE YAROBOROUGH/MAN WITH A VISION, and INTELLIGENT DESIGN: TEACH THE CONTROVERSY.

Jake's van passes the last sign. Only one thing, a decal, is stuck onto the rear: the pro-evolution, right-facing fish with legs that has DARWIN written inside it.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN ADDLETON - MOMENTS LATER

People wait in line outside a building with Ionic-style architecture and a neon sign that reads ORACLE OF ADDLETON.

Moving along on Main Street, there are other, less imposing and seemingly less popular, supernaturalistic business establishments, such as: the Nostrodamus Institute, Tarot for Two, Cleopatra Bonaparte/Past-Lives Therapist, the Amulet-Talisman Shop, and Madam Leta's House of Séance.

There are also a few non-supernaturalistic places of business, such as the Drive-Thru Wedding Chapel, and the 24-Hour Topless Donut Shop.

Outside the 24-Hour Topless Donut Shop, conservatively-dressed Christians picket the place with protest signs about immorality, debauchery, and Hell fire. But there's one picketer who doesn't fit in: a hippie/activist type, whose protest sign reads BAN TRANS FAT.

BACK IN JAKE'S VAN

With his music turned off, Jake has a look in his eyes like he just landed in the Twilight Zone. He drives along Main Street behind a pickup truck that has a decal stuck onto its rear: the creationist, left-facing fish (with JESUS written inside it) that's eating the Darwin fish.

After watching the pickup speed up to beat a red light, Jake stops at the red light -- at the intersection of Main Street and Pat Robertson Street.

EXT. PAT ROBERTSON STREET - SAME

Wearing a Charlie Chaplin bowler hat, ALBERT MAVIS (67) rides a unicycle near the curb.

Up ahead, where Pat Robertson Street runs into Main Street, Jake's van is stopped and waiting.

Albert sees the traffic light go from green to yellow and picks up his pace in an effort to beat the red light.

BACK IN JAKE'S VAN

Jake sees the light turn green and takes off, and then he sees Albert HIT the front fender and sail over the hood.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Albert lies on his back; Jake stands anxiously over him.

JAKE
Are you all right?

Albert feels himself to see if he's all in one piece.

ALBERT
Yes, I believe I am.

JAKE
(relieved)
Can you get up?

Albert rolls his ankles and bends his knees.

ALBERT
Yes, I believe I can.

Jake helps Albert get up and onto his feet.

Albert does a toe touch, a deep knee bend, and a jumping jack. Then he picks up his bowler hat (which now has a bent brim), puts it back on, and extends his hand.

ALBERT
Albert Mavis.

JAKE
Jake Leander.

BACK IN JAKE'S VAN - LATER

Jake drives with Albert in the passenger seat. Albert's damaged unicycle is in the back.

ALBERT
... It started with the Oracle of
Addleton. He was featured on Inside
Edition and became an instant
celebrity. So the chamber of
commerce hyped it, and when the
tourists started pouring in, a
whole lot of others got into the
act. What brought you here?
(drolly)
Did you come to find out if you
were a famous person in a previous
life? Quasimodo perhaps?

Jake grins and shakes his head.

JAKE
I've got a gig at the Unicorn Club.
Do you know where it is?

ALBERT
On Elvis Presley Street, next to
the George Hamilton Tanning Salon.

Jake raises an eyebrow and looks at Albert.

JAKE

Let me know where to turn for your place.

EXT. OLD, TWO-STORY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

On one side of the house, a staircase leads to a second-story entrance. A driveway extends past the staircase to a garage. Jake's van pulls in and stops near the staircase.

BACK IN JAKE'S VAN

ALBERT

I rent the second story from Mrs. Knutson. She's a good woman, but she is getting a little senile. Anyway, I've got an extra room if you need a place to stay.

JAKE

I might take you up on that.

ALBERT

It's not the Hyatt Regency.

JAKE

I don't stay at Hyatt Regencys.

INT. THE OLD, TWO-STORY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

MRS. KNUTSON (83) dusts with her feather duster while GOSPEL MUSIC plays on the radio. She's wearing a pink apron in what seems to be Pink Land, for there are pink artificial flowers, pink candles, pink this and pink that.

The GOSPEL MUSIC finishes.

VOICE ON THE RADIO

Now for the local news: Roger Wagner, the incorrigible science teacher at Addleton High, was fired today by the Addleton High School Board for refusing to teach intelligent design on an equal basis with the theory of evolution. At last night's hearing, Wagner became upset and exposed his backside to the school board.

(MORE)

VOICE ON THE RADIO (cont'd)
The 36-year-old Wagner, son-in-law
of Duchess Mazur, may face charges
of indecent exposure. In other
news, the Oracle of Addleton
predicted that the Balmy Valley
Tomcats will have a winning season
if they do their best.

There's a DING, like the sound made by an oven-timer. Mrs.
Knutson heads for the

KITCHEN

which is a continuation of Pink Land. There's a pink
tablecloth on the table -- even pink covers on the toaster
and the tissue-box.

She puts on her pink oven mitts and goes to the range, at the
back of which is a big, freestanding timer. She takes a tray
of cookies out of the oven, then removes her oven mitts and
moves cookies from a cooling rack to a large cookie bowl.

There's a KNOCK on the kitchen door. In, from outside, comes
Albert -- with Jake behind him.

Albert takes in the wonderful smell of the freshly baked
cookies and zeroes in on the cookie bowl, on which Mrs.
Knutson places a pink cover.

ALBERT

Hello, Mrs. Knutson. How are you on
this fine Pink Day?

MRS. KNUTSON

Just hunky-dory, Albert.

ALBERT

This is Jake Leander. I ran into
him downtown.

Mrs. Knutson and Jake exchange hellos.

With his eyes fixed firmly on the cookie bowl, Albert licks
his chops as if he's about to salivate like Pavlov's dogs.

ALBERT

Mrs. Knutson, I think I hear
somebody at the front door.

MRS. KNUTSON

Thank you, Albert. Excuse me, boys.

As soon as Mrs. Knutson leaves the room, Albert pulls the cover off the cookie bowl, shoves a cookie into his mouth, and stuffs cookies into his pants pockets. Cookie crumbs shoot out of his mouth as he talks.

ALBERT

Rum-raisin. Heavenly. And I detect a touch of nutmeg. My oh my. I love Mrs. Knutson's cookies. Her coconut macaroons are to die for, and her chocolate-drop cookies with brandy and caramel are better than sex. Oh, here she comes.

Albert quickly puts the cover back onto the almost-empty cookie bowl and presents himself as a picture of innocence.

MRS. KNUTSON

No, Albert, there was no one there.

ALBERT

Oh, very sorry, Mrs. Knutson. It must have been the wind. Anyway, Jake's a traveling disk jockey, and he's going to work at the Unicorn Club for a week or so. I thought I'd let him stay in my spare room.
(to Jake)
Follow me, Jake.

Albert leads Jake back out the kitchen door and

OUTSIDE

to the staircase. He talks as they climb the stairs.

ALBERT

As you just observed, it's Pink Day on Mrs. Knutson's color cycle. Yesterday was Green Day; tomorrow will be Red Day.

INT. ALBERT'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

It's filled with things found in antique shops, secondhand stores, Army and Navy surplus stores, and flea markets.

Albert takes off his bent bowler hat and places it on a rack of antlers that holds many other hats. He removes a Vietnamese conical hat from the rack and puts it on.

ALBERT
I'm a collector.

JAKE
You could open this place up to the public and charge admission.

ALBERT
I may need to; I've been living mainly on Social Security since I retired from Addleton Electric.

Jake walks around and sees a pair of blue frogman's flippers and a brown World War One pilot's hat. He stops to look at an old pair of orange baseball shin guards.

ALBERT
Those go back to the dead-ball era.

Albert picks up an old catcher's mitt and puts it on.

ALBERT
So does this catcher's mitt.

He POUNDS the pocket with his fist.

ALBERT
I was a catcher myself -- semi-pro. I had a pretty good arm. Not many runners challenged me.

JAKE
I would have. I led the league in steals my senior year of high school.

ALBERT
What position did you play?

JAKE
Center field. I had a pretty good arm. Not many runners challenged me.

Jake smirks; Albert grins.

Jake resumes walking around and sees an old-style, leather football helmet, a bayonet, and a spinning wheel with a long, spiraled spindle that resembles a unicorn's horn.

JAKE
How long have you lived here?

ALBERT

Since my wife, now my ex-wife, won two-hundred million in the lottery and underwent a change even more extreme than what Doctor Jekyll went through. She bought the biggest mansion in town and turned it into the Duchy -- and assumed the title of 'Duchess': Constance 'the Duchess' Mazur.

Jake is drawn to a sword in a scabbard.

ALBERT

Royally screwed up is what she is. She uses a chamber pot to take a dump in! Her chamber-pot cleaner is just one of her servants.

Jake slides the sword out of the scabbard.

ALBERT

That's a late nineteenth-century British Cavalry Officer's sword.

Jake examines the Wilkinson blade.

ALBERT (O.S.)

You're bound to see her and her clique of condescending aristocrats around and about in their horse-drawn carriages.

Jake holds the sword straight out.

ALBERT (O.S.)

The crooked mayor, who used to run a used-car lot, is one of them.

Jake slashes an X in the air with the sword.

ALBERT (O.S.)

You should hear them speak bits and pieces of French they memorize.

Jake again examines the blade.

ALBERT (O.S.)

She wanted me to be the Duke. Can you imagine that?

Jake looks at Albert in the conical hat.

JAKE

No, I can't say that I can.

He slides the sword back into the scabbard.

ALBERT

So I walked out on her -- and the fortune. The only connection we've still got is our daughter, Jennifer. She's married to the science teacher who's in the news for mooning the school board and getting his ass fired --

Jake looks at Albert in bewilderment.

ALBERT

-- for refusing to teach intelligent design.

No longer bewildered, Jake nods.

ALBERT

Anyway, the Duchess -- I call her that with total disrespect -- tells everybody I'm mad as a hatter.

Jake glances at the many hats on the rack of antlers.

ALBERT

But you don't think I'm crazy, do you, Jake?

JAKE

(hesitates)

No.

Albert takes a cookie out of his pants pocket.

ALBERT

Want a cookie?

JAKE

No, thanks.

ALBERT

(nods)

This way to your room.

EXT. THE DUCHESS'S DUCHY - SAME

A regal fountain, surrounded by an oval-shaped driveway, is in front of a palatial estate of French Empire design.

INT. DUCHY - RECEPTION ROOM

On the wall is a portrait of the orange-haired Duchess Mazur in eighteenth-century royal French garb.

Seated on a throne is the DUCHESS (66), wearing a bathrobe and with her orange-dyed hair in curlers. Holding a cigarette in a cigarette holder in one hand and glass of champagne in the other, she receives a pedicure from a servant. She draws on the cigarette and blows out a long stream of smoke, then loudly BREAKS WIND.

Her BUTLER, dressed in eighteenth-century French 'butlery', approaches. A short Indian who speaks with a Hindi accent, he walks outside the Red Carpet on his way to Her Excellency.

BUTLER

Duchess, Mayor Yaroborough is here to see you.

DUCHESS

Well, send him in then.

The butler shakes his head sideways the way Indians do to express "okay".

MOMENTS LATER

Dressed like the eighteenth-century French monarch Louis XV, with white periwig highlighted by black, gold-embroidered, period jacket, EUGENE YAROBOROUGH (52) enters -- with an unlit, half-smoked cigar in his mouth.

He struts on the red carpet toward the Duchess and stops before her, then takes one step back while discreetly turning up his nose.

In the following dialogue, and in all subsequent French dialogue, the French is pronounced poorly.

DUCHESS

Bonjour, Mayor.

SUBTITLES

Hello, Mayor.

The mayor takes the cigar out of his mouth.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Comment allez-vous, Duchesse?

SUBTITLES

How are you, Duchess?

DUCHESS
Comme ci, comme ça. Et toi?

SUBTITLES
Okay. And You?

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Très bien. C'est un livre.

SUBTITLES
Very well. This is a book.

DUCHESS
Qui vivra verra.

SUBTITLES
Whatever will be, will be.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Acceptez vous les cartes de
crédit?

SUBTITLES
Do you accept credit cards?

DUCHESS
Le menu, s'il vous plait.

SUBTITLES
The menu, please.

DUCHESS
So, what can you tell me?

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Well, I talked the DA into dropping
charges against your son-in-law for
mooning the school board.

DUCHESS
Thank you.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
But I can't help that radical
evolutionist get his job back. I
don't want to antagonize the
fundamentalists. They're already
pissed off at me for not shutting
down the 24-Hour Topless Donut
Shop. But I've got to draw the line
somewhere.

DUCHESS
Absolutely. I don't mind them
getting their way at the library or
the schools, but I don't want them
getting in the way of tourism.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Main Street is here to stay,
Duchess. I'll see to that. How's
the Royal Duchy Tour going?

DUCHESS

Magnifique. I hired another guard to make sure the commoners don't jump the ropes and get their plebeian hands on my fine furniture. By the way, I just bought an exquisite, antique French tableclock that will be displayed at my Halloween Costume Ball. You will attend, of course.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

I'll be there with bells on -- actually, with spurs on; I'm coming as Buffalo Bill.

DUCHESS

And I as Cleopatra.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

You'll dazzle them as the Queen of the Nile, Duchess. Well, I must be on my way. Chief Verdon and I are meeting to make plans for dealing with subversive elements. After all, we've got to keep on rockin' 'n' rollin'.

DUCHESS

Oh, don't mention 'rock 'n' roll' to me. It's so bourgeois.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(nods)

And with that, I'll bid you adieu.

(bows)

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Au revoir, Duchesse.

SUBTITLES

Good-bye, Duchess.

DUCHESS

Au revoir, Mayor.

SUBTITLES

Good-bye, Mayor.

Yaroborough puts his half-smoked cigar back in his mouth and struts on the red carpet toward the door. The butler opens the door for him, and the mayor steps

OUTSIDE

where he lights his cigar.

An ostentatious carriage is hitched to two beautiful, black horses. The door to the carriage is held open for the mayor by a Mexican-looking fellow in French period garb.

Yaroborough doesn't go straight to the carriage. He draws deeply on his cigar and gazes at the fountain and the overall splendor -- and he grins sinisterly before turning serious.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 (to himself)
 Yeah, we've got to keep on rockin'
 'n' rollin'.

EXT. UNICORN CLUB - NIGHT

The marquee reads DJ JAKE/ROCK 'N' ROLL. Young people enter.

INT. UNICORN CLUB

Dancers strut their stuff to kick-ass ROCK 'N' ROLL. There's a lot of action at the bar. Pretty servers in sexy outfits bring drinks to tables.

DJ BOOTH

With his Stetson on, DJ Jake does his thing. A wholesome, lithe, natural beauty catches his eye as she moves through the crowd.

IN THE CROWD

The moving object of Jake's attention is KRISTY MCACAMS (20).

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Kristy!

Kristy turns and gives JANELLE (20) a good, long look -- but doesn't recognize her.

JANELLE
 It's me -- Janelle!

Kristy sits down next to Janelle.

KRISTY
 Janelle?!

JANELLE
 Yeah, it's me, Kristy. I had a few
 nips and tucks.
 (MORE)

JANELLE (cont'd)
 Then I qualified for the Miss
 Addleton Beauty Pageant, so I had a
 little more work done. (pause)
 Well, actually, I had a lot more
 work done. (pause) It cost a
 bundle, but it will be worth it if
 I can be Miss Addleton.

Janelle sticks her big breasts out; Kristy's eyes open wide.

JANELLE
 I had a boob job too. So, are you
 still at BVCC?

KRISTY
 Yeah, but it sure is hard to find
 courses that aren't dopey.

JANELLE
 I'm taking Astrology, Numerology,
 Feng Shui, Dream Interpretation,
 and Spiritualism. Are you still
 writing poetry?

KRISTY
 Yes.

JANELLE
 There's no money in that, Kristy.

KRISTY
 I know.

JANELLE
 Still looking for Mister Right?

KRISTY
 Not in this ridiculous town. It's
 getting more screwed up by the
 minute. I'm out of here as soon as
 I finish at BVCC.

JANELLE
 Hey, that new deejay is like really
 cute. Oh my God, he's looking this
 way -- right at me. Oh my God, if
 he's a Sagittarius on the cusp of
 Capricorn, I'll be like, "Do me
 right here on this table."

Janelle stands up.

JANELLE

I'm gettin' out there to let him
see me shake my new ass.

She turns her back to Kristy, shakes her ass, and looks back at Kristy over her shoulder.

JANELLE

(softly)
Liposuction.

Kristy stays seated and shakes her head. She watches Janelle go out and dance in front of the DJ booth like a stripper. Looking up at DJ Jake, she catches him looking past Janelle and straight at her, straight into her eyes.

Jake looks down, embarrassed -- but then looks back up with eyes fixed firmly.

EXT. MRS. KNUTSON'S DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Wearing a Sherlock Holmes hat, Albert is between the garage and Jake's van, repairing his unicycle. He looks up and sees Jake, in his Stetson, coming down the outside staircase.

ALBERT

Hey, sleepy head. Happy Red Day.

JAKE

(confused)
What?

ALBERT

Mrs. Knutson's color cycle.

JAKE

Oh, yeah.

ALBERT

How did you sleep on my army cot?

JAKE

Not bad. Hey, I may stay in
Addleton longer than I'd planned. I
saw an angel last night. (pause)
I've got to find out her name. The
library must have the high-school
yearbooks of the last few years.

He walks toward his van.

ALBERT

If you're back around noon, you can join us for burgers. It feels like summer, so I'm going to fire up the grill. My daughter and her family are coming over.

JAKE

Sounds good.

Jake opens his van door.

ALBERT

Hey, be careful that this angel isn't a devil in disguise. The Addleton banner waves o'er the land of the frivolous and the home of the depraved.

JAKE

What's keeping you here?

ALBERT

Mrs. Knutson's cookies.

JAKE

Catch you later.

EXT. ADDLETON PUBLIC LIBRARY - LATER

It's an old building. On the front lawn is a sculpture of Moses holding the Ten Commandments.

INT. ADDLETON PUBLIC LIBRARY - FICTION SECTION

Holding a clipboard, the HEAD LIBRARIAN stands outside an aisle near a big cart on wheels. Her ASSISTANT is somewhere in the aisle.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

Thomas Hardy, Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

... Got it.

The head librarian ducks as a book flies by her head and HITS the floor. She picks it up and tosses it into the cart.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
... Got it.

Another book comes flying out of the aisle, but this one LANDS in the cart.

Jake enters with his Stetson on.

HEAD LIBRARIAN (O.S.)
Joseph Heller, Catch-22.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
... Got it.

Another book HITS the floor.

Jake approaches the head librarian.

JAKE
What's going on?

HEAD LIBRARIAN
We're eradicating books condemned
by the Committee for Decency.
They'll be taken away and burned.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
Do you have the recent high-school
yearbooks?

HEAD LIBRARIAN
Uh-huh. Over there.
(to her assistant)
Aldous Huxley, Brave New World.

INT. ADDLETON PUBLIC LIBRARY - AT A TABLE - LATER

With a stack of yearbooks on his left and one opened in front of him, Jake moves his index finger along the senior-class photos. He comes to the last senior-class photo, closes the book, and sets it on his right.

LATER

A stack of books on Jake's right is almost as high as the stack of books on his left. His index finger still moves along senior-class photos.

LATER

The stack of books on Jake's right is now higher than the stack of books on his left. His index finger still moves along the senior-class photos -- but comes to a sudden stop.

JAKE

Bingo.

His index finger is at the bottom of particular photo -- and it's her. He reads the name that goes with the photo.

JAKE

Kristine McAdams.

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Everybody calls me Kristy.

Jake looks up and there she is, Kristy McAdams, with a book in hand. He closes the yearbook like a kid who just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

KRISTY

Well, DJ Jake, I was just going to tell you how much I enjoyed your show last night.

JAKE

Thanks.

KRISTY

I love rock 'n' roll.

Jake's still embarrassed, but he seizes the chance to say something clever -- and grins.

JAKE

Joan Jett and the Blackhearts.

Kristy looks confused, like she doesn't get it. Jake's grin fades with the assumption that his attempt failed.

JAKE

(frustrated)
Never mind.

KRISTY

(smirks)
Nirvana.

Jake CHUCKLES.

KRISTY

But since you went to such lengths to find out my name, the least you can do is to tell me yours.

Jake stands up, still somewhat embarrassed.

JAKE

Jake Leander.

KRISTY

What nights are you deejaying, Jake Leander?

JAKE

Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

KRISTY

I'll probably make it on Saturday.

JAKE

So will I.

Kristy LAUGHS as she walks away.

Jake winces at having said something so stupid.

FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

The head librarian is there. Kristy sets down the book (The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn) and hands her library card to the head librarian.

The head librarian checks her list.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

I can't let you have this.

KRISTY

Why not?

The head librarian tosses the book into the big cart.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

It's condemned.

KRISTY

(incredulous)

Condemned?! It's Huckleberry Finn.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

Sorry. It's on the list.

KRISTY
 (perturbed)
 Give me a break!

Kristy walks over to the

FICTION SECTION

and looks down into the big cart. Her jaw drops. She turns back toward the head librarian and takes a step forward.

KRISTY
 I can't wait to get out of this town. It's becoming so damn Kafkaesque!

HEAD LIBRARIAN
 Hey, watch your language!

KRISTY
 You think that's obscene?! What's going on in this library, and all over Addleton -- that's obscene.

Kristy turns around and heads for the door. (In the background, Jake watches her.)

KRISTY
 This town is self-destructing!

FRONT DESK

The head librarian shakes her head. She then looks down and absorbs herself in some matter at hand and doesn't see Jake walking nonchalantly toward the

FICTION SECTION

where he surreptitiously grabs The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn out of the big cart, slips it inside his sports jacket, and keeps on walking.

EXT. MRS. KNUTSON'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

Wearing an African safari hat, Albert grills hamburgers with a spatula in one hand and a beer in the other. There's a cooler near the grill.

Albert's daughter, JENNIFER (36), and her husband, ROGER (37), sit on folding chairs at a folding table on which there is a bag of hamburger buns, the basics needed for burgers with the 'works', and other things found at a typical cookout. Three other folding chairs are set up at the table.

Jennifer is, in a word, fat; Roger is, in two words, short and hairy. He is, in fact, so hairy that you might wonder why the creationists on the school board did not, upon seeing his bare ass, give up their argument about a missing link. Roger also has a beer in hand.

Jennifer and Roger's daughter, JOLLY (7), runs around in a Wonder Woman costume.

ROGER

Albert, I couldn't give in to them.
I'm a science teacher.

JENNIFER

(displeased)

You were a science teacher. Now
you're unemployed.

Albert flips a burger.

ALBERT

What are you going to do?

ROGER

I don't know. I'm blacklisted at
every school in the area.

JENNIFER

Mooning the school board didn't
help.

Albert presses down on a burger. A flame SHOOTs UP and sets the burger ablaze. He quickly pours beer onto the burger to put the fire out -- and the charcoals HISS.

ALBERT

I wish I'd been there to see you
give them a piece of your -- mind.
(to Jolly)
Jolly?

Jolly stops running around and faces him.

JOLLY

I told you, I'm Wonder Woman. I was
born on Paradise Island.

(MORE)

JOLLY (cont'd)
I gave up the gift of Eternal Life
when I came here to fight bad
people.

ALBERT
Okay, okay. So, Wonder Woman, do
you want cheese on your burger?

JOLLY
Yes, please.

Jake's van pulls into the driveway.

ALBERT
(to Jennifer and Roger)
Here comes Jake. He's a good guy.

Jake gets out of his van and walks toward Albert and company.

JAKE
Albert, how often do you change
your hat?

ALBERT
More often than you change yours.

JAKE
This is the only hat I've got.

He touches his hat and whispers to himself.

JAKE
And it's the only one I need.

LATER

Jennifer, Roger, Albert, and Jake sit at the table while
'Wonder Woman' runs around. They have finished eating, but
the table has not been cleared. The three guys have beers.

Jennifer BELCHES loudly.

JENNIFER
Excuse me.

ALBERT
(to Jake)
So, Sherlock Holmes, did you find
the name of that angel?

JAKE
Yes, I did. It's Kristy McAdams.

ALBERT

That rings a bell. Yeah, she's Hugh McAdams's kid. I did the wiring on their house, if you want to call it that. Hugh ran into financial problems halfway through construction and ended up putting the roof right over the basement. It looks like a bomb shelter.

The four adults hear a heroic SHOUT and turn -- and see 'Wonder Woman' jump down from the outside staircase. Recovering quickly, she stands with arms akimbo.

JOLLY

Bombs can't hurt me. Bullets can't neither -- 'cause I block 'em with these bracelets.

She moves her arms and makes noises like she's blocking bullets with her bracelets, then runs away.

Roger shakes his head and Jennifer SIGHS, but Albert nonchalantly turns back to Jake.

ALBERT

So, what else can I tell you, Don Juan -- or is it Don Quixote? Oh, her bedroom window, what little there is of it, is in the back of the house on the right side. No, that's her little brother's room. Hers is on the left side.

JAKE

I don't think I need to know that.

ALBERT

I thought maybe you'd like to show up at the damsel's window as a knight-errant. I've got a jousting lance in my room. Better yet, --

(to Roger)

-- Roger, you had a kid in your class who invented a rocket belt, didn't you?

ROGER

Yeah. Larry Atkins. He's a science whiz kid. The rocket belt is ingenious. It's made of lightweight materials and runs on hydrogen.

ALBERT

(to Jake)

So you could borrow Larry's rocket belt and whisk Kristy McAdams away, maybe fly her to Neverland.

Jake feigns exasperation while getting up from his chair.

JAKE

I need another beer.

MOMENTS LATER

Jake stands alone near the cooler. He pops open a beer.

JAKE

(sardonically)

Neverland.

He takes a big swig of beer and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Jolly pulls on Jake's tattered sports jacket.

JOLLY

Hey, I have a question.

Jake crouches down so that he's face to face with Jolly.

JAKE

(warmheartedly)

What's your question, Wonder Woman?

JOLLY

How come there are so many bad people in the world? Superman and Spider-Man and Captain Marvel and the Green Arrow and Phantom Lady and the Shadow and the Green Lantern and the Human Torch and Hawkman -- they ain't got no time to go on vacation.

JAKE

It's because society doesn't place enough importance on being good.

JOLLY

Why not?

JAKE

Because the values of society are screwed up. There's just too much foolishness.

JOLLY

Why isn't there a superhero to fight foolishness?

CLOSE UP of Jake staring off into space, deep in thought.

JOLLY (O.S.)

Jake?

EXT. MRS. KNUTSON'S HOUSE - HALLOWEEN

Jack-o'-lanterns shimmer on the front porch.

INT. MRS. KNUTSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

It's Orange Day. On the orange-covered table is a punch bowl filled with cookies that are individually wrapped and tied with pieces of orange ribbon.

The oven-timer RINGS.

Mrs. Knutson enters with her orange apron on. She puts on her orange oven mitts, takes a tray of cookies out of the oven, and sets the tray on top of the stove.

There's a KNOCK on the kitchen door. In comes Albert, wearing a French Foreign Legionnaires' hat. He closes his eyes and delightfully takes in the smell of the freshly-baked cookies.

MRS. KNUTSON

Oh, Albert, there you are. I haven't seen you all day.

ALBERT

I had to do some re-wiring at Jennifer's house. So how have you been on this fine --

(disoriented)

-- Orange Day? Wasn't yesterday Red Day? Shouldn't today be Blue Day?

MRS. KNUTSON

You know, Albert, it's the darnedest thing. This morning, I couldn't find my blue tablecloth and one of the matching napkins. I looked everywhere.

ALBERT

Hmm. Isn't that something? My, oh my, pumpkin cookies! I see you've got some individually wrapped.

MRS. KNUTSON

They're for the trick-or-treaters. They should be coming pretty soon.

She looks at the clock and sees that it's almost 5:00.

MRS. KNUTSON

Oh, it's almost time for the news. Albert, will you please bring this bowl of cookies into the living room and put it on the end-table near the front door?

Mrs. Knutson goes into the

LIVING ROOM

which is a continuation of Orange Land.

When Albert finally comes in, his mouth is stuffed, his pants pockets are bulging, and the glass bowl he carries is now only half full of cookies. He places the bowl on the end-table, then sits down on a chair near the door.

Seated in her rocking chair with her remote in hand, Mrs. Knutson turns on the TV.

ON THE TELEVISION

A middle-aged anchorman with a ridiculous comb-over (JACK JONES) and a young, gorgeous anchorwoman (LEWELLA WASHINGTON-ORTEGA-KATO) deliver the news.

JACK JONES

Good evening. I'm Jack Jones.

LEWELLA

And I'm Lewella Washington-Ortega-Kato.

JACK JONES

And you're watching Channel Seven News in Addleton.

LEWELLA

Tonight's the night when things that go bump in the night come out and go bump in the night.

JACK JONES

Yes, Lewella. It's Halloween. Our own Channel Seven News Poll shows that 92% of Addletonians believe in ghosts.

LEWELLA

Well, Jack, starting this Thursday, there will be a ghost on stage at John Wayne Theater: the ghost of King Hamlet. The Addleton Players are all set to kick off their production of Hamlet.

JACK JONES

I'm sure that the period costumes will be up to snuff, but no finer costumes will be worn anywhere than those donned this evening at the Duchy for the Duchess's very exclusive Halloween Costume Ball.

BACK TO SCENE

CHILD'S VOICE (V.O.)

Trick or Treat! Trick or Treat!

Albert and Mrs. Knutson go to the door.

EXT. MRS. KNUTSON'S FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Albert's granddaughter, Jolly, dressed in a purple body-suit and matching cowl, blue trunks with back stripes, and a black domino mask, holds a bag. Roger stands behind her.

ALBERT

Well, who do we have here?

JOLLY

The Phantom, of course.

ALBERT

Oh, yes. Of course.

Mrs. Knutson puts a pumpkin cookie into Jolly's bag.

MRS. KNUTSON

There you are, dearie.

JOLLY

Thank you. I wanna touch both of you with my 'P' ring so you'll be protected.

She presses the ring to the back of Albert's hand, then to the back of Mrs. Knutson's hand.

JOLLY

So, now you're protected. Where's Jake? I wanna touch him too.

MRS. KNUTSON

He left a little while ago, and the poor dear was limping. He must have injured his leg.

ALBERT

I saw him limping too. He told me it's from an old motorcycle accident. Funny I didn't notice it before.

EXT. THE DUCHESS'S DUCHY - SAME

A grandiose display of dazzling automobiles and magnificent horse and carriages line the oval driveway.

The Duchess's Indian butler, wearing his period French 'butlery', greets masqueraders at the door.

INT. DUCHY - BALLROOM

It's a grand occasion of gaiety, with masqueraders dressed like well-known characters or partakers in the Mardi Gras. A string quartet, wearing period French suits and powdered wigs, plays BAROQUE MUSIC. Attractive Hispanic women, dressed as French maids, carry trays of cocktails or hors d'oeuvres.

Here and there are interesting juxtapositions, such as a werewolf talking to Marilyn Monroe and Blackbeard the Pirate alongside Little Red Riding Hood.

Duchess Mazur, dressed as Cleopatra, sits on her Greeting Throne and greets LYLE VERDON (47), dressed as the Godfather.

DUCHESS

Oh, this is too much! Our Chief of Police as the Godfather!
(French pronunciation)
Splendid!

Chief Verdon bows and kisses the Duchess's hand.

CHIEF VERDON
Je t'adore.

SUBTITLES
I adore you.

DUCHESS
Mais oui, chéri.

SUBTITLES
But of course, darling.

CHIEF VERDON
Pouvez vous me faire un
paquet-cadeau?

SUBTITLES
Can you gift-wrap it for me?

DUCHESS
Tout est bien qui finit bien.

SUBTITLES
All's well that ends well.

DUCHESS
I'm so glad you could attend our
soiree. Where's your lovely wife?

CHIEF VERDON
She's staying home and not taking
any chances. Her palm reader told
her that today was inauspicious.

DUCHESS
(French pronunciation)
Miserable.

CHIEF VERDON
Ça coûte combien?

SUBTITLES
How much is it?

LATER

Count Dracula stands behind a beautiful punch bowl with Little Bo Beep. He says something she apparently doesn't like because she gives him a dirty look and walks away.

Dracula pours himself a glass of punch -- and his fangs pop out of his mouth and land in the punch bowl. He looks from side to side to make sure that nobody is watching. Then he takes off his glove, rolls up his sleeve, sticks his hand into the punch bowl, retrieves the fangs, shakes them off, and puts them back into his mouth. Turning around, he sees, staring at him, a strangely-dressed masquerader -- who will become known as the CHAMPION OF REASON.

The Champion of Reason is wearing white thermal underwear, both top and bottoms. On the top (at the chest) is a big, black **R** that looks like it was made with a Magic Marker. Over the bottoms are cut-off blue jeans, blue kneepads, and blue socks. Blue rubber gloves cover his hands, and blue frogman's flippers are strapped onto worn-out sneakers. On his head is a brown World War One pilot's hat that's tied under his chin.

Covering his face (up to his eyes) is a blue cloth tied at the nape, which perfectly matches a blue 'cape' that hangs from his shoulders and is fastened in front with a giant safety pin. Held in place by a large loop on the left side of his cut-off jeans is a sword in a scabbard.

Dracula pulls his cape up over his face and slinks away.

The Champion of Reason grabs a martini off the tray carried by one of the 'French maids', raises the bottom of his mask enough to take a swig of it, and moves through the crowd.

LATER

Chief Verdon as the Godfather and Mayor Yaroborough as Buffalo Bill (with a big cowboy hat on top of his periwig) stand together with drinks in hand. Verdon takes in the overall opulence and splendor.

CHIEF VERDON

Yeah, I wonder what the poor people are doing tonight.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

I wouldn't know. (pause) Should I care?

They let loose with diabolical LAUGHS that go on and on.

LATER

Tarzan stands with several masqueraders, a Glittery/Feathery Woman and the Lone Ranger among them, and they're all eyeing up the Champion of Reason.

Tarzan approaches the Champ.

TARZAN

Well, we've got you pegged as a new superhero, but the **R** has us stumped. I say you're Re-po Man.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Nice try.

TARZAN

Mister Reebock?

CHAMPION OF REASON

No. Now, if you'll please excuse me, I want to ...

(walking away)

... mingle.

Tarzan turns to the group and shrugs his shoulders.
The group watches the Champ move through the crowd.

GLITTERY/FEATHERY WOMAN
I'll bet you it's Earl 'the Earl'
Haig. He's such a clown.

LONE RANGER
No, it's not. Earl's over there.

The Lone Ranger points at a group of masqueraders, one of whom happens to be dressed as a clown.

GLITTERY/FEATHERY WOMAN
Which one?

LONE RANGER
The clown.

LATER

Mayor Yaroborough and Chief of Police Verdon stand together.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Well, I think we got everybody
figured out, except that guy in the
dipshit blue costume.

CHIEF VERDON
Looks like a weirdo to me. You
don't think maybe a commoner
crashed the party?

Yaroborough watches the Champ suspiciously and disdainfully.

MOMENTS LATER

Concerned, the Duchess walks over to her throne and pulls a braided velvet cord. The butler immediately shows up.

DUCHESS
Get me the invitation list and the
sign-in book, and do a head count.
He better not be some plebeian.

The butler gives her the Indian head shake and departs.

MOMENTS LATER

All eyes are on the Champ as he moves toward the door.

A knight in armor lowers his visor and points his lance at the Champ; a martian wiggles his antennae and draws his space gun. The Godfather, Frankenstein, Lucifer, and other formidable foes move toward the Champ -- but stop upon seeing blue smoke rise and obscure him.

MOMENTS LATER

The blue smoke dissipates and the Champ is gone.

The Lone Ranger turns to no one in particular.

THE LONE RANGER

Just who was that masked man?

On the door, there's a sheet of paper, which reads: THE CHAMPION OF REASON/FRIEND OF FACT, FOE OF FOLLY.

EXT. JAKE'S VAN - THE NEXT DAY

The right-facing Darwin fish is gone from the rear; in its place is a left-facing fish without legs that has JESUS written inside it.

Albert stares at the Jesus fish. Wearing a George Washington hat, he holds a cookie up to his chin -- perplexed.

ALBERT

Something's fishy.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE THEATER - NIGHT

The marquee reads ADDLETON PLAYERS PRESENT HAMLET.

Two lines of people enter through different doors. A doorman stands at the nicer entrance, above which is a sign that reads ARISTOCRACY ONLY. The aristocrats who enter are dressed in the style of eighteenth-century French courtiers.

A conservatively-dressed woman stands off to the side with a sign that reads TO BE OR NOT TO BE? ONLY GOD CAN DECIDE!

LATER

The woman with the sign stands alone outside the theater.

INT. JOHN WAYNE THEATER - SAME

ON STAGE

It's the first scene of Act One. Crude props portray the battlements of Elsinore Castle. Actors playing HORATIO, MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, and the GHOST are amateurish.

HORATIO

Before my God, I might not this
believe/Without the sensible and
true avouch/Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS

Is it not like the king?

The Ghost exits.

HORATIO

As thou art to thyself:/Such was
the very armour he had on/When he
the ambitious Norway combated;

THE AUDIENCE

It's a full house in what is a small, but impressive, theater equipped with ornate balcony boxes.

BALCONY BOXES

The Addleton aristocrats, twenty-five or thirty of them, are present. In the center box is none other than Duchess Mazur.

Seated on the Duchess's right is her right-hand man, Mayor Yaroborough, dressed again like Louis XV. (Seated on his right is a younger, gaudy woman with platinum-blond hair.)

HORATIO (O.S.)

So frown'd he once, when, in an
angry parle,/He smote the sledded
Polacks on the ice./'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS (O.S.)

Thus twice before, and jump at this
dead hour,/With martial stalk hath
he gone by our watch.

ON STAGE

HORATIO

In what particular thought to work
I know not;/But in the gross and
scope of my opinion,/This bodes
some strange eruption to our state.

Marcellus swings his weapon and accidentally knocks over a prop that triggers a domino effect. Turrets, walls, and towers come down as if Fortinbras had launched an attack on the castle after all. Marcellus and Horatio look at each other with mouths agape. Marcellus appears shaken.

MARCELLUS

'Tis torture, and not mercy; heaven
is here where Juliet lives --

Marcellus's eyes open wide with awareness of his mistake. Horatio explodes LAUGHING and doesn't stop. The stage lights go down, and the curtains are drawn.

MAIN FLOOR

The audience hesitates, then APPLAUDS.

ON STAGE - LATER

It's the first scene of Act Three. LORD POLONIUS, KING CLAUDIUS, and OPHLELIA are on the stage that's a comically-cheap representation of the interior of a castle.

KING CLAUDIUS

(Aside)
... O heavy burthen!

LORD POLONIUS

(to King Claudius)
I hear him coming: let's withdraw,
my lord.

King Claudius and Polonius exit, but stand off to the side to eavesdrop. HAMLET enters.

HAMLET

(vacuously)
To be, or not to be -- that is the
question.

One end of a rope drops down from the rafters and LANDS near Hamlet. The prince jumps back as the Champion of Reason slides down on the rope.

The Champ lands off balance, but he recovers and stands tall, as if he had just performed a magnificent circus act.

CHAMPION OF REASON
To be, or not to be -- indeed.

Hamlet, Ophelia, Claudius, and Polonius are dumbfounded.

The Champ unsheathes his sword to OOHs and AHHs, then holds it to his side with the tip on the floor.

CHAMPION OF REASON
But Hamlet then wonders, "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer/The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,/Or to take arms against a sea of troubles ...?"

BALCONY BOXES

Mayor Yaroborough is on his cell phone.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
The weirdo from the Halloween Ball is on stage at John Wayne Theater. Get your men here pronto.

ON STAGE

The Champ raises his sword high.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Here is my answer. Armed only with this sword and the power of reason, I will lead the charge -- for truth, justice, and the rational way.

The Champ points his sword at the Duchess.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Duchess Mazur, your reign of foolishness will soon end.

BALCONY BOXES

The Duchess is speechless, but one of the ARISTOCRATS expresses outrage.

ARISTOCRAT #1
Quelle horreur!

SUBTITLES
How horrible!

Two other outraged ARISTOCRATS go with the French flow.

ARISTOCRAT #2
J'ai eu une accident.

SUBTITLES
I've had an accident.

ARISTOCRAT #3
Où sont les toilettes?

SUBTITLES
Where are the toilets?

ON STAGE

The Champ lowers his sword until it HITS the floor, then looks out to the general audience.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Addleton is besieged by charlatans,
moralists, and ...

He waves his sword up at the aristocrats.

CHAMPION OF REASON
... these idiots in powdered wigs.

BALCONY BOXES

The Duchess and her coterie are furious.

DUCHESS
Qu'ils mangent de la brioche!

SUBTITLES
Let them eat cake!

Mayor Yaroborough stands up and points at the Champ.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Une table pour deux!

SUBTITLES
A table for two!

Two more ARISTOCRATS get caught up in the French moment.

ARISTOCRAT #4
J'ai besoin d'un médecin.

SUBTITLES
I need a doctor.

ARISTOCRAT #5
Je voudrais une tranche de
jambon.

SUBTITLES
I would like a slice of ham.

ON STAGE

The stage hands pull the curtains, but the Champ steps out in front of them, with his sword held out loosely.

CHAMPION OF REASON
To be reasonable, or not to be
reasonable -- that is the question
facing us.

MAIN FLOOR

The audience looks blankly at one another.

ON STAGE

CHAMPION OF REASON

If you choose reason, you're with
me ...

The Champ plants his sword straight up on the floor and leans
against it.

CHAMPION OF REASON

... because I am the Champion of
Reason. (pause) And if I can get
enough of you to stand with me, we
can send the fools packing.

MAIN FLOOR

Four policemen, two on each side, head down the aisles
leading to the sides of the stage.

ON STAGE

The Champ sees two police officers on one side of the stage
and two more on the other side.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Now, if you'll please excuse me ...

He sheathes his sword as he speaks.

CHAMPION OF REASON

... I see my cue ...

The tip of the sword HITS the bottom of the scabbard.

CHAMPION OF REASON

... to exit.

The Champ slips back behind the closed curtains.

The policemen on either side also dash behind the curtains.
Through the parting of the curtains, the Champ comes running
with the end of the rope in both hands. SCREAMS fill the
theater as he leaps and swings over the orchestra ... and out
to the

MAIN FLOOR

where he lets go of the rope and drops to the center aisle.

BALCONY BOXES

Mayor Yaroborough stands with his arms held out.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Stop him, you lugheads!

MAIN FLOOR

SCREAMS continue as the Champ unsheathes his sword and sprints up the aisle -- toward the door.

LOBBY

An aristocrat in period garb walks away from the concession stand with a big hotdog in hand. He stops near the door to the Main Floor.

CLOSE UP of the aristocrat as he is about to bite into the hotdog. The sound of the door being PUSHED open makes him look up, and horror makes him squeeze the bun so hard that the hotdog SHOOTs out of it.

We hear three SLASHES.

The aristocrat stands in shock with an **R** slashed in the chest of his jacket.

SCREAMS come from here and there. The back of the Champ is all we see as he dashes

OUTSIDE

and looks quickly both ways with his sword still in hand.

The woman with the sign that reads TO BE OR NOT TO BE? ONLY GOD CAN DECIDE! sees the Champ, SCREAMS, and throws her sign straight up into the air. The sign comes down, HITS her on the head, and knocks her down.

Dazed, the woman looks up and sees a cloud of blue smoke where the Champ was standing -- and when the smoke dissipates, she sees that the Champ is gone.

EXT. KRISTY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY - NIGHT

The roof is flat and just three feet off the ground. It looks like a bomb shelter, just like Albert said it did. But it has basement half-windows and a front door and stairwell that tower above the roof like a big chimney.

INT. KRISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

AUDREY MCADAMS (46) does patchwork while her husband, HUGH MCADAMS (47) slouches on the sofa and watches television.

ON THE TELEVISION

The BVCC Tomcats football team runs off the playing field in their home-team colors of blue and white.

An INTERVIEWER, who is dressed warm on what is obviously a chilly evening, waits as the Tomcats run toward him.

INTERVIEWER

I'm going to try to get a few words from Lucius Jefferson, who was virtually unstoppable in the first half, rushing for 147 yards.

He sees an African-American Tomcat running toward him.

INTERVIEWER

Here he comes now, the unstoppable Lucius Jefferson.

Lucius doesn't stop. He KNOCKS the interviewer down and keeps on running.

With his microphone still in hand, the dazed interviewer lifts his wobbly head off the ground and faces the camera.

INTERVIEWER

Unstoppable!

BACK TO SCENE

Hugh addresses Audrey sarcastically.

HUGH

I suppose you want to watch the Halftime Show.

AUDREY

Oh, absolutely.

INT. KRISTY'S BEDROOM

A computer on a desk near the window is the only thing of substantial monetary value in this poet's sanctuary, where books, lots of them, are anything but mainstream and the only fashion statement is an anti-fashion statement. An enlarged photo on the wall shows Kristy standing on a mountaintop with a backpack and a walking stick.

Propped up by her pillows, Kristy lies on her bed and reads John Kennedy Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces.

EXT. THE DUCHESS'S DUCHY - SAME

Landscape lighting illuminates the regal fountain and the oval driveway. There's a sawbuck on the driveway directly in front of the entrance.

Two beautiful, white horses, with their breath visible, pull a magnificent carriage that's even more ostentatious than Mayor Yaroborough's carriage.

The COACHMAN, African-American, fifty-ish, and dressed in period garb like Yaroborough's coachman, looks over the heads of the horses and sees a wooden sign nailed to the sawbuck, which reads: RESERVED FOR UNICORNS.

He reins in the horses and brings the carriage to a stop, then steps down and opens the door for the Duchess, who's all dolled up in her aristocratic best.

DUCHESS

(upset)

Why did you stop back here?

COACHMAN

There's a sign saying that the spot in front is reserved.

DUCHESS

Reserved?! For whom? I'm the Duchess!

COACHMAN

For unicorns, Madam.

The Duchess steps out of the carriage.

DUCHESS

Unicorns?!

(French pronunciation)

Incredible!

She waddles to the side of the horses and looks at the sign.

DUCHESS

Is this somebody's idea of a joke? Get rid of it. Take it to the dumpster. Then feed and groom Napoleon and Josephine.

COACHMAN
As you wish, Duchess.

The Duchess shakes her head condescendingly.

LATER

The coachman lugs the sawbuck the last few steps to the

GARBAGE AREA

where an industrial-size dumpster is so full that the top can't close. He sets the sawbuck down near the dumpster, looks up at a full moon, and takes a piss.

COACHMAN
Yes, as you wish, Duchess (pause)
grand, high, exalted --
(disdainfully)
-- big, fat, ugly bitch.

BACK AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Only one horse is harnessed to the carriage; the other horse is gone. The bridle and reins lie on the driveway.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME

A U-Haul drives away; a horse's NEIGH comes from inside it.

EXT. KRISTY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER

By the light of the full moon, the Champion of Reason leads the Duchess's unbridled and unsaddled white stallion with a rope tied around the horse's neck. Carrying a big plastic bag in his other hand, the Champ stops at the half-window that Albert told him (at the cookout) was Kristy's bedroom window.

INT./EXT. - KRISTY'S BEDROOM - SAME

She's still propped up on her bed, but A Confederacy of Dunces now lies across her chest and her eyes are closed.

The Champ has let go of the rope, but he still holds the big plastic bag. He reaches into the bag, takes out a cookie, and feeds it to the horse.

CHAMPION OF REASON
(petting the horse)
You sure do like Mrs. Knutson's
coconut macaroons.

He sets the bag down and reaches into it with both hands.

Behind the Champ, we're unable to see what he's doing, but he seems to be putting something on the horse's head.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Let me slip this over your head,
boy. I spiffed it up just for you.

The Champ finishes, then backs up.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Now you're looking good, Spike.

The horse bows his head and NEIGHS. His forehead is adorned with a long, spiraled, gold-colored 'horn'.

The Champ picks up the bag and grabs hold of the rope.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Even the Champion of Reason can be
a fool in love. Okay. Let's do it.

The Champ mounts the horse; at least, he tries to. He jumps up from one side and slides down the other, then does the same thing in reverse. On the third try, he successfully (but awkwardly) makes it onto the horse's back.

Towering above the rooftop, the Champ sits upon his steed, with the bag still in hand. Out of the bag, he takes a relatively flat object wrapped in a blue cloth -- a blue cloth that matches his mask and cape.

He scrunches up the bag and shoves it into his left pocket, then takes a pebble out of his right pocket and tosses it at Kristy's window.

Kristy opens her eyes a crack, but she apparently passes the sound off as the wind because she closes her eyes again.

The Champ tosses another pebble -- and the window SHATTERS.

Kristy jumps off her bed, goes to her window, pulls open the shades, and looks out and then way up.

KRISTY

What the hell (pause) is going on?

She sees the Champ, with the full moon over his shoulder, mounted on the 'unicorn'.

CHAMPION OF REASON

A gift -- for the fairest maiden in
all of Addleton.

The Champ leans forward, reaches down as far as he can, and gently tosses down the blue-cloth-covered gift.

Kristy shakes her head to make sure she isn't dreaming.

KRISTY

Are you some kind of nut?

CHAMPION OF REASON

I'm the Champion of Reason, and I'm going to stop Addleton from self-destructing.

The Champ snaps the rope that serves as the reins and kicks his frog's feet against the side of the horse.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Hi yo, Spikey! Away!

But the horse simply walks away.

Kristy grabs a stapler and punches out the rest of the glass of the broken window. She then reaches outside and grabs the gift, brings it inside, and sets it on her desk.

The blue cloth is tied by its diagonal corners, one knot above the other. Kristy undoes the knots, spreads open the napkin, and sees that the gift is a book -- the very same book that was taken away from her five days before at the Addleton Public Library: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

Kristy nods and grins a knowing-grin.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME

The horse reaches the street in front of Kristy's house and turns left, then TROTS along the residential street to an intersection.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Left, boy -- back to the U-Haul.

But the horse turns right.

MOMENTS LATER

A half-asleep GIRL (4) is carried by her FATHER to their front door. She raises her head from his shoulder and, with eyes half closed, sees the horse passing by on the street.

DAUGHTER

A unicorn, Daddy.

FATHER

(without turning)

Yes, sweetie, a unicorn.

MOMENTS LATER

The horse TROTS along on the wrong side of the street and almost gets hit by a HONKING car. Spooked, the horse rears up. The Champ slides down the back of the horse, but manages to get back on top as the horse GALLOPS up a driveway toward an opened gate leading to a back yard.

CHAMPION OF REASON

No, not that way!

EXT. LIT-UP, FENCED BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

An ELDERLY WOMAN sits on a porch swing with a little dog on her lap. She sees a blue horseman on a 'unicorn' invade her privacy and becomes frantic.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my!

The horse runs to a fence on one side, then to a fence on the other side. The Champ tugs on the rope.

CHAMPION OF REASON

No, back the way we came!

The elderly woman chases them with a broom.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Shoo! Shoo! Get out of my yard!

The horse takes off like a bat out of Hell, straight at the fence at the back of the yard ... and jumps.

THE CHAMP

Whoa!

The Champ closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

The horse COMES DOWN and the Champ GROANS.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE - CONTINUOUS

The Champ opens his eyes.

CHAMPION OF REASON
(jubilant)
Yeahhhh!

With his arms wrapped around the horse's neck, he looks back and sees the broom shaking above the top of the fence.

ELDERLY WOMAN (O.S.)
And don't come back!

BACK ON THE CITY STREETS

SHOUTS of amazement come from motorists and pedestrians.

The horse's hooves POUND the pavement as he gallops down the center of a busy street. With his cape flying behind him, the Champ looks terrified.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Hooolllly shit!

In his cruiser, POLICEMAN #1 is stopped at a red light. Looking into his rearview mirror, he sees the horse and horseman coming fast. He turns his head and sees the Champ race by on his 'unicorn' and proceed to run the red light. He starts his SIREN and takes off -- but HITS a car crossing the intersection. Stuck in the intersection, he picks up the radio mike. (The SIREN renders the voice on the other side of the conversation inaudible.)

POLICEMAN #1
Chief, there's a unicorn heading north on -- Yes, Chief, I said a unicorn -- heading north on Rush Limbaugh Street.... Yes, Chief, a unicorn -- with a rider who fits the description of the Champion of Reason.... Yes, Chief, a unicorn.... No, Chief, I'm not bullshitting you.

MOMENTS LATER

POLICEMAN #2 speeds along in his cruiser with the siren WAILING. He sees the Champ race across an intersection and takes off after him -- and gets on the radio.

POLICEMAN #2
Unit Seven reporting. I'm in
pursuit of the subject heading west
on Main Street. No plates or
inspection sticker visible.

INT./EXT. THE DRIVE-THRU WEDDING CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

A bride and groom, in formal wedding attire, sit in a convertible and face a MINISTER at the drive-through window.

MINISTER
... by virtue of authority vested
in me, I now pronounce you man and
wife, one together, in the Name of
the Lord --

The minister sees the Champ race by on the far side of the convertible.

MINISTER
-- Jesus Christ!

The bride and groom look at the minister in bewilderment.

Policeman #2 chases the Champ into the Entrance Lane, SLAMS on his brakes, and HITS the back of the convertible.

The Champ rides out the Exit Lane, turns right on

MAIN STREET

and dashes along the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians.

Two stoners sit in an parked van. One of them has a joint in his hand. He exhales smoke, sees the Champ race by on a unicorn, and turns to his friend.

STONER WITH A JOINT
Dude, what did you lace this with?

POLICEMAN #3 speeds in his cruiser alongside the Champ -- and he's on the radio.

POLICEMAN #3
Roadblock on Pat Robertson and
Maple? Got it. I'll divert him.

ROADBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Two patrol cars are parked sideways across the street.
POLICEMAN #4 and POLICEMAN #5 crouch beside the cars with
guns drawn. They see the Champ and his steed approaching.

POLICEMAN #4
Stop in the name of the law!

POLICEMAN #5
Pull over your unicorn.

The horse goes from a gallop to a canter to a trot to a stop.
The Champ looks at the roadblock.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Back around, Spike!

The horse stands motionless and SNORTS.

The Champ looks back and sees two police cars coming slowly
toward him with sirens off but light-bars flashing.

POLICEMAN #6 drives his cruiser alongside another police car.
With the roadblock in the background, they move in on the
Champion of Reason and his 'unicorn'.

POLICEMAN #6
We've got him sandwiched, Chief.
We're moving in. This unicorn is
heading for the corral.

Policeman #6 sees the 'unicorn' turn around and face them.
Then, to his surprise, he sees the horse rear up and take off
between buildings in the middle of the block.

POLICEMAN #6
(frustrated)
You slippery son-of-a-bitch! ...
(flustered)
... No, not you, Chief.

BACK ON THE CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The Champ grasps the horse's mane and rides like a bareback
jockey. Hearing a SIREN behind him, he looks back and sees a
police car in pursuit. Turning back around, he sees towering
bright lights and hears faint MARCHING BAND MUSIC.

EXT. VINCE LOMBARDI STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Over the main entrance, a big sign reads: FRIDAY/TOMCATS VS. CICC INJUNS.

The Champ rides toward the entrance.

CHAMPION OF REASON
No, Spike, no!

INT. VINCE LOMBARDI STADIUM

PLAYING FIELD

The Marching Band plays Stars and Stripes Forever.

On the surrounding wall are advertisement-plugs for various Addleton businesses. Many of them will come into background-view at one time or another during what is about to transpire. They are: THE ORACLE OF ADDLETON (SNEAK-PREVIEW YOUR LIFE), 24-HOUR TOPLESS DONUT SHOP (BOTTOMLESS CUP OF COFFEE), BALMY VALLEY CEMETERY (PLOTS WITH VIEWS), DRIVE-THRU WEDDING CHAPEL (GET YOUR MARRIAGE ON THE ROAD), FIRST BANK OF ADDLETON (WE HAVE LITTLE INTEREST), SACRED BIBLE CHURCH (BLESSED ARE THE MEEK), WBVD RADIO (HOT TUNES, COLD FACTS), CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY ("WE TAKE CARE OF THE CELEBRITIES OF THE WORLD." LRH), ADDLETON GUN SHOP (FRIENDLY FIREARMS), THE ADDLETON TIMES (ALL THE NEWS YOU NEED), TAROT FOR TWO (IT'S IN THE CARDS), and CHANNEL 7 NEWS (LOOKIN' GOOD!).

IN THE BROADCASTER'S BOOTH

The TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (30) is in front of the camera.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER
Welcome back to Vince Lombardi Stadium, named for the legendary coach who said, "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing." We're almost ready for the start of the second half of this big game between the Balmy Valley Tomcats and the Central Illinois Injuns, with the Cats leading 27 to 20.

He looks out at the BVCC Marching Band playing Stars and Stripes Forever.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER
The BVCC Marching Band is wrapping up another great performance.

He suddenly sees a blue horseman on the white horse race past the goal post and out onto the playing field.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER

It looks like the Halftime Show isn't over yet. There's a blue rider on a horse -- make that a unicorn -- storming onto the playing field. Holy cow! What in the world is going on here?!

PLAYING FIELD

The Marching Band stops marching and playing. The band members hold their instruments in astonishment.

The 'unicorn' carries his befuddled rider to mid-field and stops -- and faces the Tomcats' fans.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Come on, Spike. Let's get the hell out of here!

But the horse stays right there and SNORTS.

THE STANDS

Bundled up, like almost everyone else, is the ditsy, surgically-altered Janelle from the Unicorn Club -- and one of her friends.

JANELLE

What a beautiful unicorn!

JANELLE'S FRIEND

I thought they were extinct.

Janelle looks at her friend quizzically.

PLAYING FIELD

Still at mid-field, the Champ does his best to appear in control. He bows, draws his sword, swings it triumphantly above his head, and shouts at the top of his lungs.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Be reasonable!

THE STANDS

Among the Tomcats' fans is a kid wearing a QUESTION AUTHORITY button on his coat.

QUESTION-AUTHORITY KID
It's the dude who crashed Hamlet,
the Champion of Reason!

Several students CHEER. One of them is a female fan.

FEMALE FAN
And he's wearing our colors!

More students CHEER.

PLAYING FIELD

Six policemen run onto the field with their guns drawn. One of them FIRES a shot into the air.

The 'unicorn' rears back and takes off.

The Marching Band scurries to the sidelines.

THE STANDS

Five shirtless, team-spirited PAINTED GUYS show support for the Champ.

PAINTED GUYS
Go, Champ, go! Go Champ, go! ...

FANS join in.

FANS
Go, Champ, go! Go, Champ, go! ...

PLAYING FIELD

The policemen chase the horse and horseman. One of them FIRES another warning shot.

A HARD-ASS COP motions for the Tomcats' players to stay back on the sidelines.

HARD-ASS COP
Move back, assholes!

He turns his back to them, and two Tomcats' players dump a bucket of Gatorade on him.

SIDELINES

A trumpet player PLAYS the first phrase of the part of Rossini's William Tell Overture that is more commonly known as The Lone Ranger Theme Song.

A trombone player joins in on the second phrase. Other members join in until the entire band is playing.

PLAYING FIELD

The Champ continues racing around and eluding armed cops.

INT. KRISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Hugh and Audrey stand and watch the action on television.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Well, the Tomcats might want to change their name to the Unicorns. The crowd is going wild! What a brilliant display of unorthodox horsemanship we're seeing by the mystery mascot.

HUGH

Get him! Get that son-of-a-bitch!

Kristy comes into the room; her nine-year-old brother, STEVIE, also comes into the room.

KRISTY

What's going on?

STEVIE

Yeah, what's going on?

BACK AT VINCE LOMBARDI STADIUM - PLAYING FIELD

To The Lone Ranger Theme Song being played by the stationary Marching Band, the Champ races around and eludes the police. A policeman grabs the Champ's leg, but the horse spins and sends the cop flying.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Holy shit! Holy shit!

BACK IN KRISTY'S LIVING ROOM

All four of them -- Hugh, Audrey, Kristy, and Stevie -- stand in amazement in front of the television.

KRISTY

Holy shit!

ON THE TELEVISION

The Champ eludes another policeman.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 What a move! That cop was faked out
 of his jock! This is more amazing
 than Lucius Jefferson's 79-yard
 touchdown run in the first half!

BACK AT VINCE LOMBARDI STADIUM

PLAYING FIELD

The Champ keeps eluding the cops.

THE STANDS

QUESTION-AUTHORITY KID
 We have to help him! Let's form a
 tunnel!

PAINTED GUYS
 Tunnel! Tunnel! Tunnel! ...

Other FANS join in.

FANS
 Tunnel! Tunnel! Tunnel! ...

PLAYING FIELD

Hundreds of determined fans storm run out to form a tunnel,
 with the cheerleaders, doing cartwheels and backflips on
 their way there, heading out to join in.

BACK IN KRISTY'S LIVING ROOM

The four of them have their eyes glued to the television.

Kristy holds her hands to her face and whispers to herself.

KRISTY
 Come on, Spikey! Come on, Jake!

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 The Tomcats' cheerleaders, the
 Pussy Cats, are running onto the
 field. And here comes the entire
 Marching Band! They're all forming
 a massive tunnel!

ON THE TELEVISION

The Champ throws a blue smoke bomb down behind him -- and the 'unicorn' rears up and then takes off through a long tunnel that stretches all the way to the exit.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The police can't penetrate! What a hole! The blue horseman explodes straight up the middle. He's at the fifty ... the forty ... the thirty ... the twenty ... Unbelievable! ... He's going all the way!

HUGH

No! No!

KRISTY

Yes! Yes!

BACK ON THE PLAYING FIELD

With the Marching Band still playing The Lone Ranger Theme Song, the Champ rides into the End Zone and out the exit.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. ELVIS PRESLEY STREET - NIGHT

Wearing a loose-fitting, hooded I (HEART) ADDLETON sweatshirt, Jake walks along the sidewalk with a very noticeable limp ... past the George Hamilton Tanning Salon and into the Unicorn Club.

INT. UNICORN CLUB - LATER

IN THE CROWD

The place is rockin' 'n' rollin' with DJ Jake at the helm.

Kristy stands with two friends. Her friends head off in different directions. She glances at Jake in the DJ Booth and grins a knowing-grin. Nonchalantly, she walks up to the DJ Booth with her hands in her pockets. When she gets there, she pulls a small envelope out of her pocket, furtively drops it over the window, and walks away.

DJ BOOTH

Wearing a T-shirt that reads LONG LIVE THE DUCHESS!, Jake watches Kristy walk away. Then he opens the envelope and pulls out a Thank You Card. Inside the card, there's a note.

INSERT NOTE

"Thanks for liberating Huck Finn."

BACK IN THE CROWD - LATER

While talking to one of her friends, Kristy glances at DJ Jake and sees him discreetly holding out something small in his hand for her. She nods surreptitiously.

MOMENTS LATER

Kristy heads into the

LADIES ROOM

where the ROCK 'N' ROLL is heard a little less loudly. Several girls are in various stages of coming or going.

Kristy waits her turn at a stall. A girl comes out of the stall and SNIFFS with an index finger to her nose, as if she just finished snorting cocaine.

Kristy goes into the stall. She locks the door, pulls a folded-up bar napkin out of her pocket, unfolds it, and sees a note.

INSERT NOTE

"Sorry about the window."

BACK IN THE DJ BOOTH - LATER

Jake unfolds a bar napkin and sees a note.

INSERT NOTE

"A small price to pay for a visit
from a superhero on a unicorn."

BACK IN THE STALL IN LADIES ROOM - LATER

Kristy unfolds a bar napkin and sees a note.

INSERT NOTE

"How would you feel about a visit
from a regular guy in an old van?"

BACK IN THE DJ BOOTH - LATER

Jake unfolds a bar napkin and sees a note.

INSERT NOTE

"It depends on whether the guy is true-blue and whether the van has enough horse power. I'm free next weekend. Give me a call. 555-3806."

Jake smiles, then leans back in his chair and pushes his Stetson back, perfectly happy -- and completely unaware that the last song has ended. He finally looks out and sees the crowd staring at him. Jolted back to reality, he fumbles around to get another song going.

EXT. MAYORAL MANSION - SAME

It's stately -- and white. A man dressed as a French royal guardsman stands beside the front door with a musket in hand.

Chief Verdon is greeted at the front door by an African-American midget in a tuxedo.

INT. MAYORAL MANSION - DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ON A BIG PLASMA TELEVISION WITH AN ORNATE GILDED FRAME

JACK JONES

Good evening. I'm Jack Jones.

LEWELLA

And I'm Lewella Washington-Ortega-Kato. And you're watching the Channel Seven News at ten.

TELEVISION/FULL SCREEN

JACK JONES

We begin with what has the whole city of Addleton abuzz: last night's dramatic ride through the city's streets by the self-proclaimed Champion of Reason on what appeared to be a unicorn.

LEWELLA

That's right, Jack. The intrepid Blue Swashbuckler and his radiant, white steed eluded Addleton's finest in a high-speed chase from one end of town to the other, and then dazzled the crowd at Vince Lombardi Stadium before racing off the playing field and vanishing into thin air.

(MORE)

LEWELLA (cont'd)

But was the majestic animal he rode really a unicorn? Earlier today, we spoke with Pip Tripke, the new science teacher at Addleton High.

Switch to tape of PIP TRIPKE (46), wearing a Franciscan robe and sporting a Friar Tuck tonsure hairdo.

PIP

We need to keep an opened mind and consider the possibility that creation might not be just a thing of the past -- that God might sometimes, even today, exercise Divine Intervention and create new creatures. He may very well have created a unicorn. Why not?

Switch back to Jack and Lewella live.

JACK JONES

Why not, indeed. Nevertheless, the Duchess's white stallion, Napoleon, was found wandering around in the parking lot at Vince Lombardi Stadium just minutes after the fugitive rode off the playing field and out of the stadium.

LEWELLA

Napoleon was reported missing from the Duchess's carriage shortly before the outlaw was first seen riding a magnificent, white, horse-like creature with a golden-spiraled horn.

JACK JONES

Authorities suspect that the desperado stole Napoleon and put a horn-like device on his forehead.

LEWELLA

An abandoned U-Haul, rented in the name of Ernest Lodgick, was found in an alley near the intersection of Eleventh and Rupert Murdoch. What has been confirmed to be horse dung was found in the U-Haul, along with crumbs of what turned out to be coconut macaroons.

JACK JONES

But many people have doubts about the creature being Napoleon in disguise, Lewella. Janelle Daft, a BVCC sophomore and a contestant in the upcoming Miss Addleton Beauty Pageant, was at last night's game. She gave us her thoughts.

Switch to tape of the ditsy, surgically-altered Janelle. Wearing a parka over a tight, low-cut blouse, she does her bouncy best to get her enlarged breasts into the picture.

JANELLE

I know a unicorn when I see one,
and that was definitely a unicorn.
It was bigger than Napoleon too.
(suggestively)
And I mean bigger. What a stud! And
he ran like the wind.

In front of the television, Mayor Yaroborough (left), in his periwig and a smoking jacket, and Chief Verdon (right), in his uniform, sit across from each other at an ornate game-table with big cigars in their mouths and fancy rocks glasses in their hands. An empty Scrabble board is on the table; so is a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

The mayor angrily CLICKS off the television with his remote, throws the remote across the room, and scowls.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Unicorn, my ass!

They each draw seven upside-down tiles and put them onto their racks, and the letters on the tiles appear in the lower corner of the screen on the side on which they sit.

Mayor: T A T R H U R

Chief: L Q S A Z L J

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Did you check out all the workers
at the Unicorn Club?

They arrange and rearrange their tiles.

CHIEF VERDON

Yeah. The owner was there. So were
two of the bartenders and one of
the bouncers.

(MORE)

CHIEF VERDON (cont'd)
 The third bartender was on a date
 at the Sacred Cow Restaurant, and
 the other bouncer was with two off-
 duty cops at the 24-Hour Topless
 Donut Shop. The DJ was off, but
 he's had a bum leg for years, so he
 can't be our man.

Yaroborough places the T on the center-star square and
 follows downward with the R, the U, the other T, and the H to
 make the word TRUTH.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 One, two, three, four, two times
 four is eight, that makes twelve,
 times two is twenty-four.

Verdon jots down the score, then turns the Scrabble board,
 which is the swiveling kind.

Yaroborough draws five tiles, and his new letters appear.

Mayor: P E V I R A R

Chief: L Q S A Z L J

CHIEF VERDON
 I tell you, it's one of them BVCC
 students. You saw how they helped
 him escape. There's a damn Champion
 of Reason fan club at the college
 called the Reason Fighters. They
 even got a website.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 Those god-damned sons of bitches!
 We need to make it clear to
 everyone that they're either with
us or they're with this terrorist.

Verdon puts down the S, the A, and the two Ls to make the
 word SHALL -- and it looks like this:

T
 R
 U
 T
 SHALL

CHIEF VERDON
 One, five, six, seven, eight.

He writes down his score, turns the board for the mayor, and
 draws four tiles -- and his new letters appear.

Mayor: P E V I R A R

Chief: D D D D Q Z J

CHIEF VERDON
(disgruntled)
Damn!

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
You're aware the Oracle just predicted that the subversive slime ball will be caught soon if the police do their best? You and your men are doing your best, aren't you, Chief?

CHIEF VERDON
Sure we are, boss.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Good. Because the Duchess is breathing fire, and I don't want to go back to being a used-car dealer any more than you want to go back to being one of my salesmen.

Yaroborough lays down the P, the R, the E, the V, the A, and the I to make the word PREVAIL -- and it looks like this:

P
R
T E
R V
U A
T I
SHALL

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
So capture this Ernest Lodgick scumbag, and soon. You hear me? Soon! Or the shit's going to hit the fan!

He POUNDS his fist on the table. The lone tile on his rack RATTLES, then comes to a rest in the middle of the rack.

CLOSE UP of that solitary tile, which is an R.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP of the Champion of Reason's big, black R.

Jake is partially dressed as the Champion of Reason. He has neither the pilot's hat nor the mask on (and this is the first time we see Jake with nothing on his head). He stands before a full-length mirror in a Spartan room furnished with an army cot, a chair beside the cot (with a clock and a box of tissues on it), and an old chest of drawers, on top of which is his Stetson. (His sports jacket hangs from a hook on the wall.)

His Champion-of-Reason cape is tucked into the back of his cut-off jeans, his flippers are strapped to the back of his thighs, the sword (in the scabbard) is strapped to the outside of his left leg, and the pockets of the cut-off jeans are full -- with part of the mask sticking out of one of them and part of the pilot's hat sticking out of the other one. He stands with baggy trousers draped down around his ankles.

He pulls up the trousers and fastens them, then goes over to the chest of drawers. He opens the top drawer and takes out a partially-folded shopping bag and his loose-fitting, hooded I (HEART) ADDLETON sweatshirt, which now has a political button on it that reads VOTE YAROBOROUGH. He folds the shopping bag up a little more and pushes it halfway down the front of his pants, then puts on the sweatshirt.

He opens the second drawer and takes out a NASCAR cap and a pair of dark sunglasses. He folds the NASCAR cap and sticks it into one of his pants pockets, then puts the sunglasses into the other pants pocket.

He goes back to the mirror and checks himself from top to bottom and from front to back. Satisfied, he heads back to the chest of drawers. He grabs his Stetson with both hands, turns it over, and looks inside it.

He looks long and hard and seems to draw strength from whatever is inside the hat. Finally, he turns the hat over and gently sets it back down. Then, resolute, he heads for the door.

JAKE

Okay. Let's do it.

INT. ADDLETON HIGH - CLASSROOM - LATER

A wall of windows is opposite the door. The blackboard has THEORY = GUESS written on it. Beside the blackboard is a Charles Darwin dartboard with darts stuck into it.

About thirty students are present. Some are conservatively dressed and wearing crosses.

The teacher is Pip Tripke. Wearing his Franciscan robe and sporting his Friar Tuck tonsure hairdo, he stands before the blackboard, at a pulpit instead of a lectern, and reads from the Bible.

PIP

... God said, 'Let the waters under heaven be gathered into one place, so that dry land may appear'; and so it was. God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of waters he called the seas; and God saw that it was good. Then God said --

Several students SHRIEK.

The Champion of Reason bursts into the room, with his sword in one hand and a rope in the other. He pulls the door closed behind him and ties one end of the rope (with a noose) to the inside door handle.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Your pseudoscience class has just come to an end; your science class is about to begin.

He throws the other end of the rope (also with a noose) all the way across the room -- to a girl wearing a T-shirt that reads WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

CHAMPION OF REASON

You, put the noose over the window-latch and pull the rope tight.

The girl does as she was told, and the rope, about three feet off the ground, is strung across the room from the door to the window.

The Champ holds the sword out like a fencer does before thrusting and walks straight toward Pip Tripke.

Pip raises his hands and backs away from the point of the sword -- all the way to the far corner, where he collides with the intersecting walls and slumps, ass first, deep down into a trash can.

The Champ picks up a piece of chalk and draws a slash through the equals-sign on the blackboard, so that it now says that theory does not equal guess. He KICKS over the pulpit, then points at Pip while addressing the class.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 He's trying to re-define 'theory'
 in order to push his agenda.

PIP TRIPKE
 (trembling)
 Our Father, who art in Heaven,
 hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
 come --

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Quiet, Padre, or I'll make you
 write one hundred times I MUST FACE
 THE FACTS.

The Champ goes over to the Charles Darwin dartboard, removes the darts, and tosses them onto the floor.

An African-American kid wearing a doo rag, headphones down around his neck, and a T-shirt that reads IT'S A BLACK THING/YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, gets testy.

DOO-RAG KID
 What's your problem, man?

The Champ takes a couple of quick steps toward the Doo-Rag Kid with his sword pointed straight at the kid's neck, and then whirls the sword with a deft wrist-flick.

The Doo-Rag Kid sits up a little straighter with his eyes opened a little wider.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 My problem is that it has been
 2,500 years since the inception of
 the Scientific Method, and
 reasonable people are still
 fighting an uphill battle against
 religious fanatics who want to
 return us to the Dark Ages.

A SHRIEK comes from a girl in a pink T-shirt that reads CHASTE MAKES WASTE.

The Champ looks at what she's looking at: a hand, in an orange rubber glove, reaching inside the door and fumbling with the noose on the door handle.

The hand slips the noose off the door handle. The door is then pulled open and in bursts a strangely-dressed costumed man -- who will become known as the ORANGE MARAUDER.

The Orange Marauder is wearing blue thermal underwear, both top and bottoms. On the top (at the chest) is a big, black **OM** that looks like it was made with a Magic Marker. Over the bottoms are orange swimming trunks, an old pair of orange, baseball shin guards, and black boots with orange ribbons hanging out of them. On his head is an old-style, leather football helmet. Covering his face (up to his eyes) is an orange cloth tied at the nape, which perfectly matches an orange 'cape' that hangs from his shoulders and is fastened in front with a giant safety pin. He's got orange rubber gloves on both hands, and he's armed with a bayonet.

ORANGE MARAUDER

Have no fear! Your sidekick, the Orange Marauder, is here!

The Champ is shocked, but he recognizes the intruder. He watches his 'sidekick' put the noose back onto the door handle, pull the rope tight, and add an extra pull for good measure. Then the Blue Swashbuckler moves up close to the Orange Marauder for a private conversation.

CHAMPION OF REASON

What the hell are you doing here?

ORANGE MARAUDER

Batman needed Robin.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Yeah, but Superman didn't need Jimmy Olsen.

ORANGE MARAUDER

Hurry up. The meter's running.

CHAMPION OF REASON

You came by taxi?!

ORANGE MARAUDER

Figure of speech.

There's a CRASH and a GROAN. The trash can, with Pip still sunk deeply inside it, has fallen over. Pip lies on his side with his head on the floor.

The Champ goes back to the front of the class, takes a deep breath, and regains his composure.

CHAMPION OF REASON

I'm the Champion of Reason, and I'm leading the charge against fools. I don't have the audacity to claim that I've got God on my side.

(MORE)

CHAMPION OF REASON (cont'd)
 What I've got on my side are facts.
 I'm the friend of fact and the foe
 of folly, and I'm here to tell you
 that evolution is fact and
 creationism is folly.

A conservatively dressed girl with a cross raises her hand.

GIRL WITH A CROSS
 But the Bible says that the world
 was created in seven days.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Do you believe everything you read?

GIRL WITH A CROSS
 But the Bible is the word of God.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 How do you know that?

GIRL WITH A CROSS
 Because it says so in the Bible.

The Champ shakes his head.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Circular reasoning is invalid, or
 didn't you know that?

The Orange Marauder CLEARS HIS THROAT to get the Champ's
 attention and nods toward the door.

But the Champ isn't ready to leave quite yet.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 You've got to start thinking for
 yourselves instead of letting other
 people do your thinking for you.

The Orange Marauder CLEARS HIS THROAT again, this time louder
 and longer.

The Champ motions for the Orange Marauder to be patient. Then
 he points at Pip and addresses the class.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Don't let people like him fool you.

A girl with neon-pink hair and piercings in her lips and
 eyebrows raises her hand.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Yes?

GIRL WITH NEON-PINK HAIR
Why should we believe you?

CHAMPION OF REASON
That's a good question. The answer is, 'You shouldn't.' People will tell you to believe this or believe that. I'm not telling you to believe anything. All I'm saying is, 'Be reasonable.'

The Orange Marauder CLEARS HIS THROAT again, this time so loudly and for such a long time that it sounds like he's having an asthmatic attack.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Take it easy, Orange Marauder.

A dopey kid raises his hand.

THE CHAMPION OF REASON
Yes?

DOPEY KID
Can I go to the bathroom?

CHAMPION OF REASON
You must take me for a fool. Let me repeat myself: I'm the Champion of Reason.

DOPEY KID
I've got to go really bad.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Hold it.

The Champ shakes his head, then addresses everyone.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Get the facts and follow them, wherever they lead you. Only then can you call yourselves reasonable.

The Orange Marauder lets out a loud SIGH.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Okay, Orange Marauder, this way.

The Orange Marauder follows the Champ past the fallen Pip-in-the-can to the window-side of the room.

The Champ undoes the rope from the window latch, then singles out the Chaste-Makes-Waste girl.

CHAMPION OF REASON

You, over there near the door, undo the rope from the door handle.

The Chaste-Makes-Waste girl does as she was ordered.

The Champ pulls the rope until he's got it all together in one hand. Then he opens a window and nods at the opened window to the Orange Marauder. Again they talk furtively out of the sides of their mouths.

ORANGE MARAUDER

We're on the second floor!

CHAMPION OF REASON

I know.

ORANGE MARAUDER

Why not the door?

CHAMPION OF REASON

It's too risky, (pause) Robin.

ORANGE MARAUDER

Thanks for not calling me Jimmy Olsen.

The Champ throws down a smoke bomb and blue smoke rises. The Orange Marauder throws down a smoke bomb -- and orange smoke rises.

INT. THE WAGNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wearing boxer shorts and a sleeveless white T-shirt that reveals almost enough 'fleece' to return a sheared black sheep to its pre-shorn state, hairy Roger Wagner sits in an armchair and reads the Addleton Times -- while Jennifer, in a striped exercise outfit that accentuates her obesity, exercises on a Body Ball.

Jolly enters, wearing a black eye mask, a high-collared, black cape with green stripes, a red top, a thick, brown belt, green tights, and red boots with yellow stripes.

ROGER

Jolly, why do you keep going back and forth to your room like that?

JOLLY

You mean the Green Lantern. That's who I am -- and I have to touch my power ring to the lantern.

ROGER

I thought you told me that you have to recharge the ring only once every twenty-four hours.

As faint police SIRENS become progressively louder --

JOLLY

I keep accidentally touching wood. The ring's only weakness is wood.

Roger lets out a SIGH of exasperation.

Jennifer turns toward Roger.

JENNIFER

Anything new in the Employment Section?

ROGER

(sarcastically)

Yeah, an assistant to an alchemist.

The SIRENS keep growing louder.

ROGER

But get a load of this: You know Larry Atkins, that kid in my class who was working on a hydrogen-fueled rocket belt? His father is quoted here as saying, "If God had meant for us to fly, He would have given us wings."

The SIRENS reach their loudest -- and stop.

ROGER

Jen, this is the mentality of the crowd I'm up against.

He throws his arms up in the air in disgust.

ROGER

They're idiots!

CHIEF VERDON (V.O.)

Roger Wagner, come out with your hands up!

EXT. THE WAGNER'S HOUSE - SAME

There's a huge police presence. Police cars are all over the place. Sharpshooters are here, there, and everywhere. Chief Verdon stands behind the opened door of his car and speaks into the car's external speaker.

CHIEF VERDON

We've got you surrounded. It's all over. We're giving you a chance to give yourself up peacefully.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - SAME

Tuckered out, Jake and Albert sit on the floor, side by side, with their legs straight out and their backs against the wall. At their sides are most of the parts of their costumes that had, not long before, transformed them into the Champion of Reason and the Orange Marauder.

They've still got on their long underwear, both tops and bottoms. Jake's still got on his cut-off jeans and his kneepads, which are down around his ankles; Albert's still got on his swimming trunks and his shin guards.

They talk while looking straight ahead.

JAKE

How did you find out?

ALBERT

I noticed that my spinning wheel was missing its spindle -- and then I took inventory.

JAKE

I'll get everything back to you, but I did paint the spindle gold.

Albert turns to Jake and CHUCKLES.

ALBERT

A unicorn.

JAKE

(smirks)
Yeah.

ALBERT

Brilliant.

Jake pauses, then turns to Albert.

JAKE

Do we need to worry about Mrs.
Knutson catching on?

ALBERT

Mrs. Knutson would be concerned
about her forgetfulness -- if she
didn't keep forgetting about it.

Albert grabs the orange tablecloth and matching napkin.

ALBERT

But I'm going to put these back
before Orange Day rolls around
again.

(turns to Jake)

The blue will have to stay missing
until you retire.

Jake looks at Albert, perplexed.

ALBERT

Don't tell me you haven't looked
into a Superhero Retirement Plan.

Jake CHUCKLES.

Albert looks at the clock and sees that it's 5:00.

ALBERT

Hey, it's time for the news.

INT. ALBERT'S PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Albert sit on antique chairs in front of an old
television set. Albert is now wearing a coonskin hat.

ON THE TELEVISION

It's the Channel Seven Evening News, with Jack Jones (and his
extreme pull-over) and Lewella Washington-Ortega-Kato.

JACK JONES

... But we begin again with news
about the rogue who calls himself
the Champion of Reason. He struck
again today -- in the sixth-period
science class at Addleton High.

LEWELLA

And this time, Jack, he had an accomplice -- a bayonet-toting man in orange who called himself the Orange Marauder. Bob Shmuck, an 18-year-old junior, was there and had this to say about the thug:

Bob Shmuck looks familiar, for he was the Dopey Kid -- the kid who wanted the Champ to let him go to the bathroom.

BOB SHMUCK

He had a crazed look in his eyes, like a madman. I think he'd just as soon run you through with his bayonet as look at you.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake looks at Albert; Albert winks at him.

BACK ON THE TELEVISION

LEWELLA

The two outlaws made their escape from a second-story window.

JACK JONES

Lewella, we've just received breaking news: Roger Wagner, the disgraced former science teacher at Addleton High, has been taken into police custody under suspicion of being the Champion of Reason.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake and Albert look at each other, shocked.

BACK ON THE TELEVISION

JACK JONES

The so-called Champion of Reason appeared before the class that Wagner used to teach, assaulted the new teacher, and talked about evolution, which is what got Wagner into trouble in the first place. Chief Verdon is said to be confident that they got their man.

BACK TO SCENE

JAKE

I've got to get Roger off the hook.
What's going on in town tonight?

Albert grabs the Addleton Times, which happens to be within his reach. He unfolds it and turns a couple of pages.

ALBERT

There's a meeting of Celibate Teens
and Born Again Virgins.

JAKE

(perplexed)
What else?

ALBERT

There's a lecture called
Homosexuality: Unnatural and
Sinful.

JAKE

What time does that start?

ALBERT

Seven -- in the End of Days Lecture
Hall at Patriot Bible College.

Jake gets up, ready to go back into action.

ALBERT

Do you need the Orange Marauder?

JAKE

No, thanks.

ALBERT

The Red Crusader?

JAKE

No.

ALBERT

The Purple Daredevil? Mrs. Knutson
has all the colors of the rainbow.

JAKE

Catch you later.

THE NEXT DAY

The front page of the Addleton Times spins into view. The banner headline reads BLUE SWASHBUCKLER STRIKES AGAIN. A headline reads VILLAIN SLAMS GAY BASHERS. The sub-headline reads SAYS WE HAVE NO CHOICE ABOUT OUR SEXUAL PREFERENCE.

INT. MAYOR YAROBOROUGH'S OFFICE - DAY

It's furnished with the finest. There's even a fireplace, above which is a huge portrait of the mayor in royal French garb with a long, burgundy robe trailing behind him.

The real, live mayor, seated despondently at his desk with a cigar in his mouth, is wearing his periwig -- but, instead of his customary Louis XV garb, he's wearing a loud, plaid jacket and clothes you might find on a used-car dealer.

He stares at a Reward Poster that's on his desk, which has a drawing of the head of the Champion of Reason and the following info: REWARD: \$50,000 FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF THE TERRORIST WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE CHAMPION OF REASON; ALIAS: ERNEST LODGICK; HEIGHT: 5'10"-6'0"; WEIGHT: 170-185 LB.; BUILD: MEDIUM; RACE: CAUCASIAN.

He gets a call on his intercom from his SECRETARY.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (FILTER)

Mister Mayor, the Duchess is here to see you.

Before he can reply, the Duchess barges into his office.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Duchesse, quel plaisir de vous voir --

SUBTITLES

Duchess, what a pleasure to see --

DUCHESS

Don't humor me. I'm not in the mood.

She grabs the cigar out of his mouth and puts it out on the Wanted Poster.

DUCHESS

Or didn't you notice? You're sitting here on your ass while that terrorist is on the loose. And I see you've got on that hideous jacket you wore when you were nothing but a used-car dealer -- before I put you in power.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

We're doing all we can, Duchess.

DUCHESS

Bullshit! The Oracle predicted that he would be caught soon if your police force did their best. Well, they didn't catch him soon, did they? So they didn't do their best.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

We're making progress, Duchess.

DUCHESS

Progress?! Is that what you call hauling in my son-in-law's hairy ass? If Verdon had any brains, he'd be dangerous. I'm surprised he didn't suspect my plebeian ex-husband of being the accomplice!

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

We are making progress, Duchess. DNA analysis on urine found in the U-Haul confirms it was Napoleon.

DUCHESS

Of course it was Napoleon! I don't need it confirmed any more than I need confirmation that Ernest Lodgick is a bogus name. Tell me something I don't already know.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Chief Verdon's got a young undercover cop enrolled at BVCC, and he has infiltrated the Reason Fighters. We're closing in.

DUCHESS

You sure as hell better be, or you'll be back to selling used cars so fast your head will spin -- and Verdon will be back there with you. You two guys are quite a team. You've got your heads so far up your asses that you can't see the forest for the trees.

The Duchess storms out of the room.

The mayor looks like a deer caught in the headlights.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jake and Kristy sit beneath a tree. Jake is wearing his I (HEART) ADDLETON sweatshirt that has the VOTE YAROBOROUGH button and another button: CREATIONISM: TEACH THE CONTROVERSY. Kristy is, as always, dressed casually.

Kristy reaches into her pocket.

KRISTY

In light of the Champ's last appearance, here's a new button to help you keep up the act.

She pins it onto Jake's sweatshirt; it reads QUEERS ARE SINNERS.

JAKE

Thank you.

KRISTY

You're welcome. (pause) Do you find yourself limping even when you're all alone?

JAKE

All the time, and the limp seems to be getting progressively worse.

KRISTY

You should see a faith healer.

JAKE

I'll add that to my list. In the past week, I've been to the Oracle of Addleton, Madam Leta's House of Séance, the Amulet-Talisman Shop, and Cleopatra Bonaparte, the past-lives therapist. Playing the fool has been keeping me pretty busy.

KRISTY

There's nothing pretty about it.

She playfully grabs his hat.

KRISTY

Let me try this hat on for size.

She puts the hat on and looks at Jake.

KRISTY
How do I look?

JAKE
Pretty.

She takes the hat off and casually looks inside it -- and sees a photo pinned to the top.

INSERT PHOTO

It's a family photo of a man and a woman in their late-thirties, a boy about ten, and a girl about five.

KRISTY (O.S.)
Is this your family?

JAKE (O.S.)
It is.

BACK TO SCENE

KRISTY
So that little boy is you. (pause)
Your father is wearing this hat.

JAKE
Yes.

Jake stares straight ahead somberly; Kristy is sympathetic.

KRISTY
Do you want to tell me about it?

JAKE
They were all killed by a drunken driver. I was playing baseball.

KRISTY
I'm so sorry, Jake.

JAKE
The guy had nine drunken-driving convictions. (pause) That was ten years ago. I've been on the road ever since. But since I landed in Addleton, --
(facetiously)
-- and since Cleopatra Bonaparte told me I was a eunuch in a previous life, --

KRISTY

A eunuch?!

JAKE

Not just any old eunuch. She said that I was a harem-guard for some big Ottoman sultan. Anyway, since she laid that on me, I've been thinking a lot about what my dad used to tell me.

KRISTY

What's that?

JAKE

That I should have the balls to stand up --

Kristy LAUGHS; Jake CHUCKLES, then turns serious.

JAKE

-- to stand up and fight for what's right, and try to make the world a better place.

He pauses, then raises his eyebrows and grins.

JAKE

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

Kristy nods perceptively. She hands the hat back to him.

KRISTY

Whew! (pause) I learned a lot more about you than I thought I would. The only reason I took off your hat was to see if you were bald.

Jake smiles and puts his hat back on.

JAKE

Would it make a difference if I were?

KRISTY

I don't know. I guess not. I mean, as long as you didn't have a pull-over like Jack Jones on Channel Seven.

JAKE
He's going to be the MC at the Miss
Addleton Contest tomorrow night.

KRISTY
(joking)
Have you got a ticket?

JAKE
(smirking)
I'm not going to need one.

Kristy is aware that the Champion of Reason is going to crash
the beauty pageant.

KRISTY
You're not --?

JAKE
(nods)
Have I mentioned that Albert is an
electrician?

KRISTY
(inquisitively)
No.

JAKE
He snuck into John Wayne Theater
last night and performed a little
electrical wizardry.

KRISTY
Is there anything I can do to help?

JAKE
You can start by holding my hand.

Kristy holds Jake's hand and moves closer to him. Jake looks
straight into Kristy's eyes and remembers the final note she
passed to him at the Unicorn Club.

JAKE
I am true-blue, Kristy, and my van
has plenty of horse power.

KRISTY
That's good enough for me, Jake.

The magic moment happens. They kiss, tentatively at first,
then go passionately from sitting up to lying down.

EXT. ELVIS PRESLEY STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

We follow a yuppie-couple closely as they walk arm-in-arm. They turn and kiss. When their lips part, we see (between and above them) the John Wayne Theater marquee, which reads TONIGHT/MISS ADDLETON BEAUTY PAGEANT.

INT. JOHN WAYNE THEATER - ON STAGE - LATER

A bevy of beautiful, young ladies in swimsuits stand abreast and pose uniformly with frozen smiles that display sparkling, white teeth. Their first names appear on ribbons that, in major beauty pageants, provide names of states or countries. One of these titillating contestants is the ditsy Janelle.

JACK JONES (O.S.)
 Have I died and gone to heaven?!
 What a gathering of goddesses!

Jack Jones, with his outrageous pullover, struts from the side of the stage with microphone in hand and positions himself in front of the lineup of lovelies.

JACK JONES
 But only one of these stunning beauties will be crowned this year's Miss Addleton. (pause) You know, seeing these gorgeous creatures makes me feel like singing my heart out.

He lowers the microphone and waits for the music to begin. When it begins, he raises the mike and sings his rendition of Joe Cocker's You Are So Beautiful.

He butchers the song atrociously as he moves down the line from one contestant to another, singing to each of them individually. He croons like a man possessed, at one point going down onto one knee and kissing the hand of Janelle.

His emotionally-charged swinging and swaying causes his pullover to become 'unpulled', and the hair on that side of his bald head falls down to his shoulder. But he's too caught up in the moment to be aware that he looks like a freak.

Nevertheless, the contestants maintain their poise and congeniality -- and continue to flash frozen smiles with sparkling, white teeth.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Jack (with dreamy eyes) closing in on one contestant.

LATER - TALENT SEGMENT - SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) A contestant PLAYS the Kankan poorly on the piano, and her piano-playing continues throughout the following shots:
- 2) A contestant jumps on a trampoline, showcasing her big, bouncy boobs.
- 3) A ballerina pirouettes and falls -- and slides across the floor.
- 4) A juggler loses control of the balls.
- 5) A baton-twirler tosses the baton up and out of sight ... and it doesn't come down. She points up at where it is evidently caught in the lighting grid.
- 6) A contestant (Janelle) does the hula hoop with suggestive, pelvic hip-thrusts.
- 7) A contestant balances a plate on a pole -- and breaks it.
- 8) Another trampolinist gives a 'mammorable' performance, but also gets 'crotchety' with a leg-lifting leg-spread.

LATER - THE FINAL TWO

With his hair back in place and an envelope in hand, Jack Jones shares the spotlight with two sparkle-toothed contestants in evening gowns. One of them is Janelle. (Another contestant, carrying a bouquet, is being led away.)

JACK JONES

... But one, and only one, of these living dolls will be crowned this year's Miss Addleton.

He looks at the two finalists and gets carried away.

JACK JONES

What visions of loveliness! Oh, to be a strapping, young man again --
(lecherously)
-- and to know what I know now.

He makes the change from Lecher of Ceremonies back to Master of Ceremonies and opens the envelope.

JACK JONES

And this year's Miss Addleton is --

The lights go out. There is silence, then MURMURS.

The sparkling, white teeth of the two final contestants shine in the dimness like stars before fading away.

With his mike still in hand, Jack Jones tries to assure the crowd that there is nothing to worry about, but his voice is no longer amplified.

JACK JONES (O.S.)
 Ladies and gentlemen, please remain seated.
 (to himself)
 The damn mike's not working.
 (raising his voice)
 Ladies and gentlemen, please remain seated. I'm sure the power will be back on shortly, and then we'll get on with the show.

MAIN FLOOR

While the shadowy audience fidgets in their seats, a voice comes through loudly and clearly on the PA System.

CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)
 You're in the dark in more ways than one. You really need to get wised up, and I'm trying to help. In case you haven't guessed, this is the Champion of Reason.

GASPS and SHRIEKS come from here and there.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - SAME

A guy is inside the booth, talking on the phone. Wearing a NASCAR cap, sunglasses, and a hooded sweatshirt turned inside-out, he gestures with his free hand.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

He's our man, Jake -- but he talks as the Champion of Reason. Among the graffiti is one that reads ERNEST LODGICK WAS HERE.

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Aristotle defined humans as rational animals, but he should have added, 'most of the time', or 'some of the time', or 'every now and then' -- because human beings sure can be foolish.

BACK ON THE MAIN FLOOR AT JOHN WAYNE THEATER

There's nervous movement. Some people stand; others head for
THE DOOR

where an emergency light illuminates a POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN

Everybody, return to your seats!
Nobody's getting out! We've got him
trapped in here!

BACK IN THE CROWD

The mood ranges from tense to frantic -- while the voice in
dimness keeps coming through loudly and clearly.

CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)

Society places too much emphasis on
how we look. More emphasis needs to
be placed on how we think.

BACK IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH

Jake still gestures with his free hand while talking.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Being reasonable involves keeping
an opened mind and drawing
conclusions solely on the basis of
the evidence.

There's a KNOCK, followed by a guy's voice.

GUY (O.S.)

Hey!

Frightened that he has been caught, Jake turns apprehensively
-- and sees (on the other side of the phone booth) a punk
with spiked hair, extensive piercings, and multiple tattoos.

GUY

Hurry up, man. I gotta make a call.

Relieved, Jake nods to the punk while holding up one finger
to convey that he'll be finished in just a minute. Then he
turns back around and continues speaking, more softly than
before, with his free hand cupping the speaker.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Your minds are being manipulated by
powerful entities.

(MORE)

CHAMPION OF REASON (cont'd)
 They don't want you to get wised
 up; they want you to stay dumbed
 down. The more superficial you are,
 the better for them -- and being
 obsessed with physical appearances
 is about as superficial as you can
 get.

BACK ON THE MAIN FLOOR AT JOHN WAYNE THEATER

Lights from flashlights move around in the frenzy as the
 search is on for the Champion of Reason.

AUTHORITATIVE MAN'S VOICE #1 (O.S.)
 He's not in the balcony!

AUTHORITATIVE MAN'S VOICE #2 (O.S.)
 Where the hell is he?

BACK IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH

CHAMPION OF REASON
 You need to rise above the
 manipulation and concern yourselves
 more with flaws in your beliefs
 than with flaws in your bodies.

BACK ON THE MAIN FLOOR AT JOHN WAYNE THEATER

Flashlights shine here, there, and everywhere. Tension is
 thick. Some pushing and shoving is going on. SCREAMS come
 from violated women. All the while, the Champ's voice comes
 through loudly and clearly.

CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)
 You need to cut through the
 bullshit and get to the truth. You
 need to find your way out of the
 darkness and into the light.

The lights come back on. The Champ's tirade is over.
 Policemen stand here and there with flashlights. The audience
 readjusts their eyes to the lights and look out

ON STAGE

where Jack Jones is caught standing behind Janelle with his
 hands firmly (and squeezingly) on her breasts.

With her eyes closed, Janelle continues to have a false
 belief about who is fondling her boobs.

JANELLE

Oh, Champ, yes. I want you, Champ --
and your studly unicorn.

Jack the Groper finally becomes aware that he is the center of attention, and he freezes.

Janelle finally opens her eyes, looks back and sees the truth, and is filled with revulsion.

JANELLE

Eeewwww!

She slaps Jack in the face and jars him enough to cause his pullover to again become unpulled.

JANELLE

How dare you!

Janelle faces the audience and goes right back into her beauty-pageant pose and right back into Frozen-Smile Mode.

EXT. ELVIS PRESLEY STREET - THE NEXT NIGHT

Wearing his I (HEART) ADDLETON sweatshirt with the VOTE YAROBOROUGH button, the CREATIONISM: TEACH THE CONTROVERSY button, the QUEERS ARE SINNERS button, and a new button that reads BEAUTY IS BEST, Jake walks along the sidewalk with a limp that is even more noticeable than before ... past the George Hamilton Tanning Salon and into the Unicorn Club.

INT. UNICORN CLUB - LATER

Paparazzi and star-stricken people gravitate toward someone. The center of attention is none other than Janelle. Wearing a crown and a MISS ADDLETON ribbon, Queen Janelle swaggers with her entourage, giving vain waves and impersonal hellos.

Away from that fanfare stands Kristy. Wearing a T-shirt that reads THE BIG BANG THEORY: GOD SPOKE AND BANG IT HAPPENED, she talks to a college-aged girl wearing a T-shirt that shows a tombstone with DARWIN written inside it -- with the caption NOW, EVEN DARWIN IS CONVINCED.

ANTI-DARWINIAN GIRL

The scientism establishment is discriminating against us because they don't want to hear an alternative to their pet theory, even though it's absurd to think that this great, grand, glorious design happened by pure chance.

KRISTY

Yes, of course. Well, I'm going to get a drink. See you at the next meeting.

Kristy turns and rolls up her eyes. While walking away, she catches Jake's eye in the DJ Booth and winks at him.

IN THE DJ BOOTH

Wearing a T-shirt that reads HOW RIGHT CAN YOU BE?, Jake plays a SONG with a theme about appearances being bogus.

The SONG continues through a

SERIES OF SHOTS - JAKE BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

1) Day at the Atlas Gym. Jake is among several narcissistic, muscle-bound body-builders. Wearing an Atlas Gym T-shirt, he stands before a mirror and admires his bulging biceps while doing dumbbell curls.

2) Night at the Addleton Library. The Champion of Reason's sword CARVES an **R** into the door at the entrance.

3) Day at an anti-abortion rally. Jake and Kristy hold a sign that reads ABORTION IS MURDER. Jake is wearing his I (HEART) ADDLETON sweatshirt with the same four buttons. Kristy is wearing an I WENT ON THE ROYAL DUCHY TOUR sweatshirt.

4) Night at the Oracle of Addleton's. The Champ's sword CARVES an **R** into the front door.

5) Day at an anti-gay march. Dressed as before, Jake and Kristy hold a sign that reads STRAIGHT FOR JESUS.

6) Night at Addleton High. The Champ's sword CARVES an **R** into the front door.

7) Day at a Yaroborough rally. Jake and Kristy are among a small number of people present, which punctuates the mayor's dwindling support. Jake holds a sign that reads EUGENE THE GREAT. Kristy holds a sign that reads YAROBOROUGH RULES! There is now a fifth button on Jake's sweatshirt, which reads THE CHAMP IS A CHUMP.

8) Night, actually dawn, at the Mayoral Mansion. The African-American midget in the tuxedo opens the front door, walks down the steps, and picks up a newspaper. Upon turning around, he sees an **R** carved into the front door. Looking down and off to the side, he sees the French royal guardsman slouched down and sound asleep -- with his musket in hand.

Exasperated, the midget kicks the guardsman, and the disoriented guardsman accidentally FIRES his musket while struggling to present himself as being dutifully on duty.

INT. CITY HALL - PRESS ROOM - DAY

Members of the local press are seated before a raised platform, on which there's a podium bearing the Mayor of Addleton seal. A big American flag is behind the podium. The Channel Seven News camera is in the aisle.

The city council clerk comes out.

CITY COUNCIL CLERK
Here ye, hear ye, all rise for His
Highness, the Mayor of Addleton.

The members of the press rise.

Wearing his periwig and the long, trailing, burgundy robe worn in the portrait in his office, Mayor Yaroborough promenades to the podium with Chief of Police Verdon, in uniform, walking closely behind.

Yaroborough motions for the members of the press to be seated. As Verdon stands behind him (and off to one side), the mayor delivers a prepared statement.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Tomorrow, we will celebrate the special American holiday of Thanksgiving by coming together with family and friends. Each and every day, my administration strives to bring the people of Addleton together. But now, my fellow Addletonians, our great city is besieged by a terrorist, and a vandal, who wants to tear us apart. This evil-doer calls himself the Champion of Reason, but he is, in fact, the Champion of Treason. His goal is clear: to strip away our moral fabric and turn this city under God into a city under Satan. But he underestimates our resolve, he underestimates our faith, and he underestimates our courage to unite against this terrible threat. This coward will not succeed on my watch. Rest assured, he will be captured and brought to justice.

(MORE)

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH (cont'd)
Today, we are increasing the reward for his capture, alive, to one-hundred thousand dollars. I'll now take a few questions. Jack.

Jack Jones stands up.

JACK JONES
Mister Mayor, as you know, the Oracle of Addleton predicted that the self-proclaimed Champion of Reason would be caught soon if the police did their best. Almost a month has passed since the esteemed Oracle made that prediction. Our latest Channel Seven News poll shows that eighty-seven percent of Addletonians favor a shake-up at the highest levels of the police force. Does Chief Verdon still have your vote of confidence?

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
When I became Mayor of Addleton, the police force was in total disarray. I appointed Lyle Verdon as my chief of police because I knew he was the man for the job, and he has done a heck of a job. Rest assured, the evil-doer will be caught soon. How soon is soon? Soon. Next question. Lewella.

Lewella Washington-Ortega-Kato stands up.

LEWELLA
Mister Mayor, is there any truth to the rumor that your inability to capture the scoundrel has strained your relations with the Duchess?

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
The Duchess remains a loyal friend and a trusted advisor. Regarding the terrorist, she and I are on the same page. She wants him captured, I want him captured, and he will be captured -- soon. Dennis.

The fellow called DENNIS stands up, note pad and pen in hand.

DENNIS

Mister Mayor, a new poll conducted by the Addleton Times shows that your plummeting approval-rating is now at an all-time low of just --

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(unsettled)

I am not guided by public-opinion polls; I am guided by what is best for the citizens of Addleton. Last question.

Only one hand goes up. Yaroborough reluctantly calls on a young lady.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Okay, the girl from BVCC.

A STUDENT REPORTER stands with a portable recorder in hand.

STUDENT REPORTER

(assertively)

Once again, my name is Heather.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(indifferently)

Whatever.

STUDENT REPORTER

(pause) Support for the Champion of Reason among young people, particularly at Balmy Valley Community College, is growing stronger and stronger. A group called the Reason Fighters is --

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(angry)

Young people are often swayed by foolish radicals who oppose the established order. They will soon find out that rebellion hurts the rebellers (sic) more than anyone else. Thank you everyone, and may God bless Addleton.

The mayor turns to leave, but the Student Reporter persists.

STUDENT REPORTER

Hasn't this man, the Champion of Reason, aka Ernest Lodgick, simply outsmarted you and your police?

There's a HUSH. Yaroborough glares at the Student Reporter and steps back to the podium. He POUNDS his fist so hard on the podium that his periwig turns slightly sideways.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(sputtering)

You call him a man; I call him an un-American slime ball -- and I challenge him right here and now to meet me face to face, one on one.

Several members of the press rise and bombard the mayor with a CACOPHONY of questions asked simultaneously: Are more police recruits needed? Is it safe to go out at night? Will Chief Verdon resign? Do you think that the Champion of Reason is the Antichrist? Will the rapscaillon be caught before Christmas? Are you concerned about a recall? Do you think you can bounce back in public opinion?

Yaroborough storms toward the exit with Verdon closely behind. The police chief follows a little too closely and steps on the mayor's trailing robe.

Yaroborough's head gets jerked back, and he falls backward into Verdon's arms with his periwig turned even more sideways. The police chief feigns a smile as he hustles the off-balance mayor away.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An enraged Yaroborough, with his periwig still askew, paces back and forth while Verdon stands in one place.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

I want that scumbag! You hear me? You capture that bastard, and soon, or your ass is gonna be grass and I'm gonna be the lawn mower.

The mayor's violent gesticulations send his periwig halfway around his head. He pulls it off (revealing greasy, slicked-back hair), throws it down, and STOMPS on it.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

I will show him no mercy! I'm not feeling merciful, Lyle, and I sure as hell don't have the Thanksgiving spirit. (pause) That turkey I pardoned yesterday at the annual ceremony -- off with its head!

INT. KRISTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THANKSGIVING DAY

A mostly-eaten turkey is on the dinner table. Hugh, Audrey, Kristy, and Stevie sit at the table. Kristy and Stevie hold the wishbone between them and break it.

KRISTY
What did you wish for, Stevie?

Stevie covers the side of his mouth and whispers to Kristy.

STEVIE
For our house to get finished.

Hugh breaks in.

HUGH
I heard that. (pause) And I wish for that too. But I'll tell you what else I wish for.
(points at Kristy)
For you, young lady, to come to your senses.

KRISTY
What do you mean?

HUGH
You know what I mean. What do you see in this Jake guy?

KRISTY
He's kind, gentle, and reasonable --
(catching herself)
-- ly good-looking.

Audrey breaks in.

AUDREY
What's Jake's astrological sign?

KRISTY
I don't know; it doesn't matter.

HUGH
Count Prentice's son still has a thing for you.

Kristy gets up from the table, irritated.

AUDREY

And he's a Taurus, Kristy. That makes you two a good match.

HUGH

There, you see, you're a good match. And if you married him, you'd be set. We'd all be set.

Kristy walks away.

KRISTY

I'm not going to marry for money.

HUGH

Love doesn't pay the bills! You're living in a dream world!

KRISTY

At least I'm living.

KRISTY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kristy stands with her back to the closed door like she just escaped from a lion's den. She SIGHS, shakes her head, and slides down the length of the door to a crouch.

Her phone RINGS. She springs to her feet and answers it.

KRISTY

(half recovered)

Hello....

(fully recovered)

Hi.

It's obviously Jake, and she's obviously in love with him.

KRISTY

... Yeah. Hey, are we still on for another Addletonians for Yaroborough rally? We might be the only ones there this time, Jake!

She LAUGHS.

INT. MAYORAL MANSION - LIVING ROOM - SAME

With his periwig on the armrest, Mayor Yaroborough slouches on a sofa with eyes half-closed, psychologically battered and bruised -- and drunk. He pops some pills straight from the bottle, throws the bottle across the room, and takes a swig from the bottle of Jack Daniel's he holds by the neck.

Beside him on the sofa, under a portrait of Ronald and Nancy Reagan, is the gaudy woman who was next to him at the performance of Hamlet. In her thirties, with big platinum-blond hair, caked-on makeup, sexy clothes, unnaturally-large boobs, and jewelry galore, she looks like a hooker. But she is his wife, the MAYORESS, and she is in Consolation Mode.

MAYORESS

You can get it up again, Sweetie.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

It's half of what it was just a month ago.

MAYORESS

You can turn your approval-rating around; I know you can.

(strokes his hair)

Honey, you're Eugene Abner Yaroborough. You're the Mayor of Addleton. You're not on the way down; you're on the way up -- all the way up to President of the United States of America.

She pauses with a faraway look in her eyes.

MAYORESS

And I will be the First Lady.

A stately, echoic DING DONG brings the African-American midget, SHORTY, through the room and to the grand front door.

MOMENTS LATER

Shorty returns with a FedEx envelope and addresses the mayor.

SHORTY

It's for you, Your Highness.

The lackluster mayor doesn't answer.

MAYORESS

Who's it from, Shorty?

SHORTY

A Mister Ernest Lodgick.

The mayor's eyes go from half-closed to wide-open. He YELLS in horror, then jumps to his feet and backs away.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Get it out of here! Get it out of here! Call the bomb squad!

Carried away by the high-anxiety, the mayoress faints.

EXT. MAYORAL MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - LATER

Four members of the bomb-squad, in full gear, stand near a bomb-squad truck and trailer and take off their gear. One of them has a sniffer-dog on a leash.

Chief Verdon and five officers in uniform stand farther away from the truck and trailer.

Verdon walks to the

FRONT DOOR

where Yaroborough, with his periwig back on, peeks out.

CHIEF VERDON

Boss, the sniffer dog didn't pick up anything. They're running a fiber-optics on it now. No matter what, it's going to the crime lab for analysis.

BACK ON THE FRONT DRIVEWAY

A bomb-squad officer stands at the back of the trailer and listens to someone inside it. He then shouts to the mayor.

BOMB-SQUAD OFFICER

It's just a sheet of paper with some print.

MOMENTS LATER

Wearing Latex gloves (not blue) and holding a blue sheet of paper, Verdon walks back to the

FRONT DOOR

to talk to Yaroborough.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(sarcastic)

Blue stationery -- how quaint.

CHIEF VERDON

You need to put on gloves if you're going to handle this, Mayor.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Just hold it up for me.

The police chief holds out the letter, which is typed in a font reminiscent of the fancy writing of days of yore.

INSERT THE LETTER

"Yaroborough,
I accept your challenge. You and I
will cross swords. So get yourself
one.
The Champion of Reason"

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Snow is softly falling. A bundled-up, red-headed kid, wearing thick glasses with big, black frames, walks along the sidewalk with a daypack on his back. Seventeen, and a nerd, this is LARRY ATKINS.

He turns onto a private sidewalk and walks toward a house that has a pine tree near the entrance. Just before he gets to the door, a hand grabs him from behind by the top of his coat and pulls him off screen.

BEHIND THE PINE TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Larry is face to face with the Champion of Reason.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Are you Larry Atkins?

LARRY ATKINS

(terrified)

Yes.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Do you know who I am?

LARRY ATKINS

(nods)

The Champion of Reason. (pause) I'm on your side, sir.

CHAMPION OF REASON

You can call me 'Champ', Larry, and I'm glad you're on my side. I hear that you've invented a rocket belt.

LARRY ATKINS
That's right, Champ, sir.

The Champ puts his arm around Larry's shoulder in a friendly sort of way as they turn their backs to us.

INT. ALBERT'S PLACE - DAY

The 'Gang of Three' (Jake, Kristy, and Albert) are present.

With a piece of chalk in hand, Jake stands before a chalk board that looks like football-analyst John Madden had preceded him there.

Kristy and Albert, seated in chairs, face the chalk board. Wearing a Scottish bagpiper's hat, Albert eats cookies.

KRISTY
(incredulous)
Operation Mashed Potatoes?!

ALBERT
(proudly)
That was my idea.

KRISTY
(sarcastic)
I'm surprised you didn't name it
Operation coconut macaroons.

ALBERT
(reflective)
Jake, is it too late to change the
code-name?

JAKE
(impatient)
Yes. It's Operation Mashed
Potatoes.

Jake turns and draws a line with the chalk from a square that has WBVD written beside it.

JAKE
I'll make it from here to --

KRISTY
Are you absolutely sure you can
make it?

JAKE
I did a test flight. I can make it.

KRISTY

And are you positive they won't shoot at you?

JAKE

Kristy, I'm worth one-hundred thousand alive and not one red cent dead. There's no way they'll shoot at me. Now, as I was saying ...

He resumes drawing the line.

JAKE

... From here to here ...

He makes an X over an X that is already there.

JAKE

... will take about three minutes.

He points at WBVD, then at the X.

JAKE

The police will have only two ways of getting from here to here.

He draws with the chalk as he continues.

JAKE

They can go this way ... or this way.... Over the covered bridge will take at least nine minutes; on the turnpike will take at least eleven minutes.

He stops drawing with the chalk.

JAKE

That gives me at least a six-minute head start. It should take me only a minute or two to get to the getaway car that will be driven by Reverend Felix De La Halo.

KRISTY

Who, pray tell, is Reverend Felix De La Halo?

Jake answers Kristy with a nod toward Albert.

Kristy turns and sees that Albert is now wearing horned-rim glasses, a fake beard, and a Greek Orthodox priest's hat.

Albert makes the sign of the cross over Kristy.

ALBERT

I'm not wearing my cassock, but
don't let that stop you from
confessing your sins.

Kristy grins and shakes her head in disbelief.

ALBERT

(as a Gregorian chant)
In the name of the Father, and of
the Son, and of the Holy Moly.

KRISTY

(to Jake, chuckling)
And he's driving the getaway car?!

FADE TO BLACK.

ALBERT (V.O.)

(Gregorian chant, cont'd)
Amen.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

To The Lone Ranger Theme Song, a car approaches. As it comes closer, we that it's an unrestored, white, 1960s Ford Mustang coupe with a blue roof. As it comes closer still, we zero in on the grill ornament, which is, of course, a horse.

EXT. WBVD RADIO STATION - LATER

It's got a flat-roof and neon-lighting that reads WBVD.

INT. WBVD RADIO STATION - CONTROL ROOM

The DISC JOCKEY is at the control board with headphones on.

DISC JOCKEY

That was the Sleazy Scumbags,
coming in at twenty-eight with Sex,
Drugs, and More Sex and Drugs.
You're listening to WBVD in
Addleton. I'm Derek, counting down
on the Top Forty. At twenty-seven,
here's the Sex Maniacs, with Till
the Cows Come Home.

EXT. WBVD RADIO STATION - PARKING LOT

The Ford Mustang is parked with its motor running raggedly, and it's now plain to see that it's a real beater.

INT./EXT. FORD MUSTANG

Albert as Father Felix De La Halo is behind the wheel with Latex gloves on. The Champion of Reason is in the back seat with Kristy, who, dressed in black like a cat burglar, is also wearing Latex gloves.

ALBERT

Okay, let's put the gravy on
Operation Mashed Potatoes.

Kristy pulls up the Champ's mask and kisses him on the lips.

KRISTY

Be careful, Jake.

CHAMPION OF REASON

See you in about twenty minutes.

The Champ opens the door and scoots on the seat until he's got his frog's feet outside.

Kristy adjusts his cape, which covers something about the size of a budget-traveler's backpack.

The Champ gets himself (and the load on his back) out of the car and up onto his feet. He's wearing something that's not especially eye-catching and could easily be mistaken as a new accessory to his costume: wide, black shoulder-straps, sort of like the straps on a backpack, except these straps are thicker and have what appear to be silver buttons.

He shuts the door. He looks at Kristy, then turns and walks to the door of the radio station. Upon opening it, he gives his two accomplices the thumbs-up sign.

LATER

Albert drives the Mustang; Kristy is still in the back seat. The engine makes SOUNDS like the old car might conk out.

KRISTY

Did you have to buy such a clunker?

ALBERT

The price was right, and I always
wanted a Mustang. Besides, we're
going to ditch it in half an hour.

KRISTY

I'm not sure it's going to make it that long.

ALBERT

You seem to be forgetting who's behind the wheel: Reverend Felix De La Halo. We will not be forsaken.

KRISTY

I hope not. Turn on the radio.

Albert turns on the radio. A song suddenly stops -- and there's a disconcerting HUSH.

Albert stares straight ahead; Kristy does too.

INT. WBVD CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The disc jockey is gagged and handcuffed to the tape rack.

With the hump under his cape, the Champ sits at the control board. The flaps of his pilot's hat are turned up, and he's got headphones on (with the left headphone off his left ear).

CHAMPION OF REASON

Good evening, Addleton. Tonight's Top Forty Program is over. It's time for Reason Radio. I'm the Champion of Reason, coming to you live. Turn up the volume, tune in your minds, and listen to the Voice of Reason on WBVD.

EXT. WBVD - SAME

The Channel Seven News team is already there, broadcasting live. (Several young people, wearing stocking hats, gloves, and official Reason Fighters sweatshirts, are also there.) With a Channel Seven News microphone in hand, Jack Jones stands before a television camera.

JACK JONES

Acting on a tip from a man who identified himself as the Orange Marauder, the Channel Seven News Team arrived here at WBVD moments after the self-proclaimed Champion of Reason took over the radio station -- that is, unless he's fooling us again and is delivering his diatribe from another location.

(MORE)

JACK JONES (cont'd)
 Here outside the radio station are some of his sympathizers, who call themselves Reason Fighters. Lewella Washington-Ortega-Kato is with one of them now.

Lewella stands beside a young man in a sweatshirt that has a big, bold **R** on the front. He looks familiar, for he was the Question-Authority Kid at Vince Lombardi Stadium.

LEWELLA
 Jack, I'm here with Randy Weisman, a Drama major at Balmy Valley Community College.
 (to Randy)
 Randy, I see that you and your comrades are wearing Reason Fighters sweatshirts.

Randy points to the **R** on the front, turns his back to the camera so the viewers can see REASON FIGHTERS on the back, then turns back around.

RANDY
 They're official, and we've sold over a hundred of 'em. And guess what -- they're made in America.

LEWELLA
 Randy, what leads you to openly support the fellow Mayor Yaroborough has labeled the Champion of Treason?

RANDY
 The Champ makes a lot of sense. Fools have been running things long enough. We're getting stronger every day, and it won't be long before we throw them out.

A young, female REASON FIGHTER moves in close behind Lewella and Randy and pumps her fist in the air.

REASON FIGHTER
 Yeah! Today, Addleton; tomorrow, the world!

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM

CHAMPION OF REASON
 I don't follow public-opinion polls because I couldn't care less about the public's opinions.
 (MORE)

CHAMPION OF REASON (cont'd)

The general public is foolish and ignorant. I'm not afraid to say so because I'm not after their votes, and I'm not trying to sell them anything either. I'm not a politician, and I'm sure as hell not a Madison Avenue ad man. I'm a philosopher, a seeker of Truth.

INT. MAYOR YAROBOROUGH'S OFFICE - SAME

In his Louis XV garb, minus the periwig, a tormented Mayor Yaroborough sits at his desk before a bottle of Jack Daniel's, a half-filled rocks glass, and the periwig.

His phone RINGS. He lets his answering machine handle it.

THE DUCHESS'S VOICE (FILTER)

(angrily)

Answer it, Eugene!

He promptly pushes the button to answer it.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Duchesse, comment allez-vous
cette --

SUBTITLES

Duchess, how are you doing on
this --

DUCHESS

He's on the radio, Eugene! That
terrorist has taken over WBVD!

Yaroborough jumps out of his chair.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

That slime ball! I'm going to take
care of him myself this time. Gotta
run, Duchess.

He hangs up, then pushes another button.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

The terrorist has taken over WBVD.
Get your men there pronto and
contain him -- and wait for me.

He hangs up, puts on his periwig, takes off his period jacket, and dashes to his coat hanger, on which hangs a long, red French General's coat. He hurriedly puts on the coat, leaving it unbuttoned, then scampers to the fireplace and grabs a Samurai sword from the mantle-top.

He holds the sword out and looks at its gleaming blade.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

The end is near for that prick.
(pause) A new beginning awaits
Eugene Abner Yaroborough.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO WBVD - MOMENTS LATER

A speeding police-car cavalcade approaches with lights flashing and sirens WAILING. We move down and pass through the front windshield of the

THE CAR IN THE LEAD

in which Chief Verdon is on his police radio.

CHIEF VERDON

When we get there, surround the building. Contain him. Dispatcher, get a fire truck and an ambulance there. Hell, get everybody and the dog-catcher there.

BACK IN THE WBVD CONTROL ROOM

CHAMPION OF REASON

Don't expect to get the truth from this radio station or any other corporate-controlled media source. They're in the business of selling advertising and protecting their corporate interests -- and they know what works with a superficial, ignorant populace. They sure don't want you to hear the kind of things I've got to say. That's why they pay off politicians to hijack the public airwaves. Well, it's high time we took them back.

EXT. WBVD PARKING LOT

The police cars come to SCREECHING halts. As their SIRENS peter out, Verdon jumps out of his car and is shocked to see the Channel Seven News crew already there, broadcasting live.

Jack Jones moves in with his Channel Seven News microphone.

JACK JONES

Chief Verdon has just arrived on the scene.

(MORE)

JACK JONES (cont'd)
 (to Verdon)
 Any comment, Chief?

CHIEF VERDON
 Jones, get out of my face!

INT. THE WAGNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

ON THE TELEVISION

An angry Chief Verdon walks away from Jack Jones.

Jennifer Wagner watches the breaking news. In a polka-dotted exercise outfit that accentuates her obesity, she is at rest on a stationary bicycle that has a front tray, on which there is a bucket of fried chicken and an oversized soft-drink. Leaning forward, she drinks the soft-drink through a straw.

JACK JONES (V.O.)
 Well, you heard him. Chief Verdon sounds like he means business.

Jennifer turns away from the television and sees Jolly in an oversized Reason Fighters sweatshirt.

JENNIFER
 (exasperated)
 Where did you get that sweatshirt?

JOLLY
 From Daddy. The Champion of Reason is the superhero we need to fight foolishness.

JENNIFER
 Roger!

JOLLY
 He can't hear you. He's in the office, listening to the Champion of Reason with his headphones on.

Frustrated, Jennifer starts pedaling -- and GROWLING. She pedals faster and faster and GROWLS louder and louder.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO WBVD

A big, black Hummer speeds with its roof-top lights beaming.

INT. BIG, BLACK HUMMER

The Samurai sword is on the front-passenger seat. Wearing the long, red, French General's coat, Mayor Yaroborough drives like a speed-demon while talking on a hands-free phone.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
If you let him get away this time,
you're out of a job, Verdon.

CHIEF VERDON'S VOICE (FILTER)
Like I said, we've got him
surrounded and contained. But
Channel Seven is already here.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
What?!

CHIEF VERDON'S VOICE (FILTER)
They got tipped off. There's a
bunch of Reason Fighters here too,
and they're getting in the way.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Damn them! God-damn them! Don't do
anything till I get there. Nobody
talks to the media. Got it?

CHIEF VERDON'S VOICE (FILTER)
Got it.

Yaroborough turns on WBVD.

CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)
Plato was right. Honest and decent
people don't want to go through
what you have to go through to
succeed in politics.

BACK IN THE WBVD CONTROL ROOM

CHAMPION OF REASON
The cream doesn't rise to the top;
the sludge does. In this town, the
sludge is Eugene Yaroborough, the
puppet of Duchess Mazur.

BACK IN THE HUMMER

Yaroborough is infuriated.

CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)
 Yaroborough is the real criminal,
 he is the real traitor, and he is
 the real enemy of the people.

BACK IN THE WBVD CONTROL ROOM

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Yaroborough, you challenged me. I
 accepted the challenge and chose
 the weapons. I'll be waiting for
 you, sword in hand, on the roof.

BACK IN THE HUMMER

Yaroborough's face is a picture of determined rage.

EXT. WBVD

Police have the radio station surrounded. The Reason
 Fighters, who have grown in numbers, are between the police
 and the radio station. Holding hands and forming a human wall
 around the building, they adapt John Lennon's Give Peace a
 Chance and sing.

REASON FIGHTERS
 All we are say--ing is give reason
 a chance....

BACK IN THE WBVD CONTROL ROOM

CHAMPION OF REASON
 Yaroborough called me un-American,
 but in my corner is Thomas
 Jefferson, who said, "Reason and
 free inquiry are the only effectual
 agents against error." Electing a
 con-man like Yaroborough was one
 big error. But he's just the tip of
 the iceberg, and this town is just
 a microcosm of America. The super-
 rich are still running the show,
 the politicians are still in their
 pockets, and far too many of you
 are still sitting back, doped with
 nationalism, materialism, and
 fundamentalism. You need to get
 wised up. But I want you to get
 more than wised up; I want you to
 get revved up -- for a revolution.

INT. PARKED FORD MUSTANG

Albert and Kristy, still in their getups, are in the front seat, listening to WBVD.

CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)
I'm leading the charge of the
Reason Brigade, and I want every
reasonable man and woman behind me.

Kristy and Albert look at each other. Kristy cocks her head back and playfully stares at Albert as if she has serious doubts about whether he is a reasonable man. Then she smiles.

BACK IN THE WBVD CONTROL ROOM

CHAMPION OF REASON
To win the battle, we're going to
need a much smarter and much better-
informed electorate than the one
we've got now. That's going to take
a lot of time and effort, but we
can make it happen. Now, if you'll
please excuse me, I've got to sign
off and make sure that Yaroborough
gets the point -- of my sword.

EXT. WBVD

Flood lights are beamed at the top of the building.

Chief Verdon speaks through a bull horn.

CHIEF VERDON
All right, fella, the party's over.
There's no way out. We've got you
surrounded. Come out peacefully and
give yourself up.

ON THE ROOF

The roof hatch opens slightly, releasing light from inside. The hatch is pushed open wider, and the Champ peeks out. He sees the towering, illuminated antennae in a lit-up sky.

PARKING LOT

A fire truck, an ambulance, and a dog-catcher truck pull in.

BACK TO JACK

With the Reason Fighters SINGING to give reason a chance, Jack Jones is doing his dramatic best to dramatize the drama.

JACK JONES

We can only hope that he spared
Derek, WBVD's colorful disc
jockey.... I've received word that
the villain has challenged Mayor
Yaroborough to meet him one on one
on the roof of the radio station.

ON THE ROOF

Crouched, the Champ peaks over the edge. Through the intense glare of the searchlights, he checks out the scene below.

CHAMPION OF REASON

Wow!

He sees Yaroborough's big, black Hummer storm into the parking lot and come to a SCREECHING, rear-end-sliding stop.

PARKING LOT

In his long, red coat, Yaroborough jumps out of the Hummer, Samurai sword in hand.

Jack Jones is there to greet him.

JACK JONES

Mayor, are you going up there to
face him alone?

Yaroborough struts past Jack Jones without looking at him.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Watch me.

ON THE GROUND

A cloud of blue smoke is seen rising from the side of the roof; the Champ emerges from the smoke to a chorus of OOHs and AAHs.

The Reason Fighters CHEER exuberantly.

Chief Verdon moves to meet the strutting mayor.

CHIEF VERDON

Mayor, the insurgents --

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Disperse them!

CHIEF VERDON

Tear gas?

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
Let the bastards have it good!

Verdon raises his eyebrows.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
As soon as they're out of the way,
move in the ladder truck. I'm going
up, alone. He's all mine. Get me a
gas mask!

ON THE ROOF

Holding his cape out, the Champ stands majestic.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Be reasonable!

ON THE GROUND

The Reason Fighters CHEER more exuberantly.

Yaroborough has a gas mask in one hand and the sword in the other. He leans the sword against a police car.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
(to himself)
Tonight belongs to the Red
Musketeer.

He puts on the gas mask while tear-gas is being FIRED.

The Reason Fighters scatter as PANDEMONIUM breaks out. Tear gas envelops the radio station from the ground up -- almost to the roof. The panic-stricken Reason Fighters SCREAM and CHOKE as they flee.

The fire truck pulls up to the building.

ON THE ROOF

The Champ sees the fire-truck ladder extend above the thick gas and come to a rest slightly above the rooftop. He then watches the 'Red Musketeer' walk with the Samurai sword toward the floating gas.

ON THE GROUND

Jack Jones has clearly been living for this.

JACK JONES

In my thirty-three years in journalism, I've never seen anything like this. The beleaguered mayor, with his approval-rating at an all-time low, is apparently going to take matters into his own hands. Walking like Gary Cooper in High Noon, the man in red is heading for a showdown with the man in blue.

Mayor Yaroborough walks into the gas, fading and then coalescing with the faint redness of the fire truck.

ON THE ROOF

Facing us, the Champ reaches back over his shoulders with both hands, pulls his cape up to the back of his neck, and ties it in front.

ON THE FIRE-TRUCK LADDER

Yaroborough climbs up through the gas ... and above it.

A couple of rungs from the top, he removes the gas mask and throws it down to the ground. He then takes a small object out of his coat pocket and tosses it onto the roof in front of the ladder.

ON THE ROOF

The Champ watches red smoke rise in front of the top of the ladder ... and sees Yaroborough emerge from the smoke with the Samurai sword raised. He raises his own sword.

CHAMPION OF REASON

On guard.

Yaroborough looks at his sword, but then calmly tosses it aside. From inside his long, red coat, he pulls out a stainless steel .357 Magnum.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

Touché.

The Champ backs up.

CHAMPION OF REASON

The reward! I'm worthless dead.

Yaroborough holds the gun with both hands and points it at the Champ's chest.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 You're worthless, period. But what
 killing you will do for my approval-
 rating is priceless.

The Champ backs up to the edge of the roof.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 Au revoir, dickhead.

Yaroborough FIRES.

The Champ drops his sword and falls backward off the roof.

Yaroborough sneers triumphantly. But instead of hearing his
 adversary hit the ground, he hears a WHOOSH ... and sees the
 Champ rise head-first above the edge of the roof.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 What the -- ?

To CRIES of astonishment from the ground below, the Champ
 ZOOMS up, then angles at about forty-five degrees and flies
 over Yaroborough -- and we finally see that he's got a rocket
 belt on his back.

Yaroborough recovers from his shock and SHOOTS maniacally at
 his flying foe. One of the shots hits the rocket belt with a
 CLANG. Sparks fly.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
 Shoot the bastard!

ON THE GROUND

Police let loose with a fusillade of GUNFIRE as the Champ
 flies away from the light and out into the darkness of a
 starry sky.

INT. LARRY ATKINS'S HOUSE - LARRY'S ROOM - SAME

ON THE TELEVISION

The Champ flies away from the roof of the radio station.

JACK JONES (V.O.)
 I cannot believe what I'm seeing!
 He's flying like Superman!

In a room that's just as much a laboratory as a bedroom,
 Larry Atkins, in all of his nerdly nerdness, stands anxiously
 before the television while Jack Jones continues.

JACK JONES (V.O.)
 Gun shots are ringing out! They're
 trying to shoot him down! But he
 keeps going, going ... He's gone!

Larry jumps for joy while Jack Jones continues.

JACK JONES (V.O.)
 Incredible! Unbelievable! And you
 saw it live right here on Channel
 Seven News.

INT. THE DUCHESS'S DUCHY - MEDIA ROOM - SAME
 ON A LARGE-SCREEN TELEVISION

Jack Jones holds a Channel Seven News microphone.

JACK JONES
 Now I've seen everything! The
 elusive desperado outwitted the
 mayor and his police force in the
 most spectacular escape ever caught
 on tape!

Back up to see an enraged Duchess Mazur standing before the
 television, near a fireplace.

JACK JONES (V.O.)
 The Champion of Reason seemed to
 have about as much chance as John
 Dillinger had outside Chicago's
 Biograph Theatre, ...

The Duchess grabs a poker from the fireplace and rushes
 toward the television as Jack Jones continues.

JACK JONES (V.O.)
 ... but he reached into his bag of
 tricks and --

SCREAMING like a banshee, the Duchess violently swings the
 poker, SMASHES the television screen to smithereens, and
 embeds the poker into the screen.

BACK AT WBVD

ON THE GROUND

The Reason Fighters CHEER triumphantly.

ROOF TOP

Yaroborough leans over the edge of the building.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH
After him! I want that bastard,
dead or alive!

ON THE GROUND

Police rush to their cruisers.

MOMENTS LATER

The cruisers speed off with sirens WAILING.

EXT. THE WILD BLUE YONDER - MOMENTS LATER

In the star-lit sky, the Champ flies like Superman might fly if he were FWI (Flying While Intoxicated). Tilting this way and that way, he struggles to keep control.

White 'smoke' (actually plumes of ice crystals caused by leaking hydrogen) comes from the top of the obviously-damaged rocket belt. Unlike real smoke, it dissipates quickly.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Hoolly shit!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD AT THE FOOT OF A HILL - SAME

Albert and Kristy lean against the back of the Mustang. Kristy looks up at the stars and sees Orion, then looks at her watch.

KRISTY
(distressed)
It's been eleven minutes since he
stopped talking on the radio.

ALBERT
He'll be here any second now. Don't
worry.

CLOSE UP of Albert looking worried.

KRISTY (O.S.)
I hear something.

Kristy points at a spot in the sky. A faint WHOOSH grows louder. They see the Champ approach topsy-turvy.

KRISTY
Here he comes!

They watch the Champ fly erratically overhead toward the top of the hill, YELLING all the way.

ALBERT
And there he goes!

KRISTY
Oh, no! Something's wrong! He's
going to crash!

Kristy jumps up onto the trunk, runs up onto the roof, and watches the Champ fade from sight.

KRISTY
He's heading over the hill!

ALBERT
Maybe he'll come back this way.

Kristy glares at Albert.

EXT. ABOVE THE HILL - MOMENTS LATER

The Champ flies like an untied, blown-up balloon that has just been let go. The rocket belt SPUTTERS. The Champ drops down like a little plane hitting a big air pocket, then descends at approximately a thirty-degree angle. As he loses altitude, he desperately does the breast stroke.

Part of the rocket belt BREAKS off. The Champ spirals downward, out of control. He closes his eyes, expecting to die, and has but one final word.

CHAMPION OF REASON
Kristy.

He drops from view into

A BIG, OLD TREE

where we hear a succession of branches SNAPPING.

CHAMPION OF REASON (O.S.)
Ah! Oh! Ow! Ooh!

MOMENTS LATER

The Champ hangs horizontally from a branch that caught him by the rocket belt. It still has a charge in it and makes him swing back and forth -- and he GROANS in time to each sway.

The rocket belt finally peters out ... and the Champ comes to rest. He manages to unstrap the rocket belt and then falls several feet to the ground.

Looking like he spent far too long on the world's wildest roller coaster, the Champ gets up onto his knees and tries to regain his equilibrium. Slowly but surely, he gets up onto his feet and staggers away.

BACK ON THE COUNTRY ROAD AT THE FOOT OF A HILL

Kristy and Albert stand behind the car, anxious.

KRISTY

Okay. You head that way and then climb the hill. I'll go this way and meet you on top.

ALBERT

All right. Be careful.

KRISTY

You too, Albert.

They take off running in opposite directions. Kristy runs a short distance and hears RUSTLING in the brush on the hill.

The Champ comes SLIDING and TUMBLING and ROLLING down the hill ... and comes to a stop on the shoulder of the road. There he lies, on his back, motionless.

Kristy runs to him.

KRISTY

Jake!

She kneels beside him.

KRISTY

Oh, Jake! Are you all right?

The Champ opens one eye, then the other.

CHAMPION OF REASON

My angel.

KRISTY
 You're the one who was flying
 through the heavens, silly.

Kristy jumps up and shouts at the top of her lungs.

KRISTY
 Albert! I found him! Get the car!

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Albert STARTS up the car and puts it in reverse.

The Mustang backs up beside Kristy and the punch-drunk Champ, whom she is helping stand upright.

Albert leans across the front seat.

ALBERT
 You young folks need a ride?

Kristy opens the passenger door, tilts the passenger seat forward, and helps the Champ get into the back seat.

Albert puts the car in Drive and it stalls. He puts it back in Park and tries again and again, but it won't turn over.

KRISTY
 Oh, no!

Albert jumps outside and KICKS the car, then jumps back inside and tries again -- and it STARTS up. He puts it back in Drive and speeds off.

EXT. ANOTHER COUNTRY ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Several police cars with lights flashing are parked around the abandoned Mustang. Chief Verdon and several policemen stand somberly.

CHIEF VERDON
 (listlessly)
 Comb it for DNA.

Mayor Yaroborough's big, black Hummer pulls up and stops. Still wearing his long, red coat, Yaroborough steps out of the Hummer and lumbers toward Verdon.

Verdon dejectedly hands Yaroborough a white sheet of paper that's rolled up like a scroll and tied with a blue ribbon.

CHIEF VERDON

It was on the front seat, with a Post-it saying it's for you, from him. Do you want my resignation?

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(indignantly)

I'll tell you what I god-damn want. I want that bastard's god-damn head on a god-damn platter. And yes, I want your god-damn resignation.

Chief Verdon stands in shock.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

I'm not going down over this, Lyle.

Yaroborough turns and walks back to his Hummer.

MAYOR YAROBOROUGH

(to himself)

No way am I going down.

Yaroborough gets into

THE HUMMER

and STARTS the engine.

He SIGHS with resignation, then unties the blue ribbon and unrolls the paper. He sets it against the steering wheel and reads what we can't see.

THE CHAMPION OF REASON (V.O.)

"You haven't heard the last of the Champion of Reason. You can be sure of that. Your days are numbered, Yaroborough. We'll meet again. With Truth on my side, I shall prevail."

Yaroborough stares blankly out the windshield.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. MRS. KNUTSON'S DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Jake's van is parked front-first near the stairway. Wearing the same grungy clothes he had on when he first rolled into Addleton, Jake slides the side-door of the van closed.

He limps toward the front of the van, where Albert and Kristy wait.

(Albert is wearing the Charlie Chaplan bowler hat he had on when he 'ran into' Jake six weeks before, and it still has the bent brim; Kristy is wearing the black stocking hat she wore the night before while dressed as a cat burglar.)

ALBERT

You don't have to fake the limp anymore, Jake.

JAKE

(painfully)

I'm not faking. My landing last night was a bit rough.

Jake stands before Albert and Kristy.

JAKE

I'll be back when things cool off.

He shakes hands with Albert.

JAKE

Take good care of yourself, (pause)
Orange Marauder.

ALBERT

Thanks for not calling me Jimmy Olsen. And I'll be fine, as long as I've got Mrs. Knutson's cookies.

Jake grins, then turns to Kristy. She lunges forward and embraces him.

KRISTY

Just one more semester at BVCC, and then I'll be ready to take off with you. The first thing I want to do is raft down the Mississippi like Huckleberry Finn.

Jake pushes her back gently and holds her shoulders -- and sets up a verbal exchange like the one they had six weeks earlier at the library.

JAKE

Smile like you mean it.

KRISTY

(grinning)

The Killers.

Jake feigns puzzlement; Kristy feigns frustration.

KRISTY
Never mind.

Jake smirks.

JAKE
Nirvana.

They LAUGH, then come together and kiss.

MOMENTS LATER

Jake drives off in his beat-up, old van.

Albert and Kristy wave good-bye.

INT. MRS. KNUTSON'S KITCHEN - SAME

It's Blue Day. The blue tablecloth, which covers the table, has a bullet hole in it.

Mrs. Knutson looks out the window and watches Kristy waving a bittersweet good-bye.

MRS. KNUTSON
Don't worry, dear. He'll be back.

She watches Jake drive away.

MRS. KNUTSON
He's no fool. (pause) He's the
Champion of Reason.

INT. JAKE'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

While kick-ass ROCK 'N' ROLL comes from the car stereo, Jake drives past a sign that reads YOU ARE LEAVING ADDLETON.

EXT. JAKE'S VAN

As the song continues, we see that the JESUS fish-decal is gone from the back. In its place is the very same DARWIN decal that was there when Jake first drove into town.

Jake's beat-up, old van rolls away on an open road.

FADE OUT.