

Grampa Was A Superhero

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v6.6

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Winter. Snow on the ground, gray skies. Kids arriving.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The bell RINGS. JESSE, good-looking, twelve-ish with a mischievous air, hangs behind while the hallway empties. He approaches a locker, looks around suspiciously, pulls a stethoscope from his backpack.

He expertly cracks the lock, POPS the locker open, quickly transfers aerosol cans and gizmos from his backpack to the locker. He's assembling something inside.

He slams the locker, spins the lock. He squirts some POWER GLUE on the latch, stashes it in his backpack, runs off.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

The BELL RINGS. Kids flow into the hallway. An obvious BULLY (13) strides down the hall. Smaller kids shy away as he passes. He SHOVES one, FLICKS another in the head.

BULLY

Outta my way, panty-head.

He arrives at his locker, spins the lock. Jesse stands conspiratorially down the hall with CARISSA (13), a cute bookish brunette, and three smaller NERDY KIDS. They watch the bully with bated breath.

The bully spins to his last number, grabs the latch and YANKS the door open. Inside, an elaborate mechanism of strings and springs is activated. A stack of books FALLS, landing on carefully placed KETCHUP and MUSTARD PACKS.

SPLAT! The packets SQUIRT across his shirt! He fumes.

BULLY (CONT'D)

You're dead, Webster!

WHUMP! A wall of WHITE FOAM and SILLY STRING SPRAYS OUT, covering the bully's face and chest.

He jumps back, but his fingers are GLUED to the handle. Kids LAUGH and POINT as the foam SPRAYS a ridiculous amount, peters out, pauses, sputters one last glob on his face.

POP POP POP! Party poppers POP, stringy confetti sticking to the whole mess. He turns from the locker, wipes his face clear, GLARES around the hallway, seething.

BULLY (CONT'D)

You're double dead, ass-munch!

A wisp of smoke from the poppers. WHOOSH! The ceiling sprinkler above him lets loose, DRENCHING him. He struggles mightily against the glue, gyrating wildly as the foam and string drain off him in the deluge.

SLOSH! His baggy pants FALL to his ankles, leaving him standing soaked in Hello Kitty underwear. Kids ROAR with UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER, ROLLING on the floor.

Jesse turns to the smaller kids, claps their shoulders.

JESSE

That'll teach 'im to steal our lunches.

They turn, running right into the PRINCIPAL, who clearly heard them. She leads Jesse and Carissa away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Jesse and Carissa walking home. Carissa holds up a pink slip.

CARISSA

Oh my gosh. How am I gonna explain this to my parents?

JESSE

How about if I --

CARISSA

Haven't you done enough, Mister "I'll never get caught?"

JESSE

What's the worst they can do? Kick us out of school for a while? Who needs it anyways?

CARISSA

People who wanna go to college need it.

JESSE

Yeah, well, that's you, not me. My parents are takin' me to Florida this weekend anyways. Clear skies, blue water, skim boards and bikini babes.

Carissa is stewing. Jesse relents.

JESSE (CONT'D)

He deserved it.

CARISSA

I know.

JESSE

And it was fun.

CARISSA

I know. (beat) Why do I let you talk me into these things?

They're passing a comic book store. Jesse heads inside.

JESSE

Gotta make a stop.

Carissa sighs big... she clearly doesn't want to stop. She considers, then reluctantly follows.

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

Jesse and Carissa enter. COMIC BOOK GUY (33), a heavy, bespectacled nerd in a Jedi costume, responds immediately.

COMIC BOOK GUY

The Dark Guardian issue 134: Guardian's Revenge is not yet in, and I happen to know that you already possess a copy of Dark Guardian issue 133: Guardian's Downfall...

He waves his hand as though casting a spell.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

...so there is no need for you to peruse.

JESSE

(as though hypnotized)

"There is no need for me to peruse." NOT! Once again, Master Puff'n'Stuff, your Jedi powers have failed you. I am here in search of Killing Fields II: Zombie Patrol.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Eh. Very well. Aisle Two.

Comic Book Guy stares as they cruise the aisles. Carissa looks at a comic with a blonde woman superhero on the cover. She fingers her own brunette hair, casts a look at Jesse.

CARISSA

What is it about blondes? Doesn't anybody like brunettes?

JESSE

Sure, brunettes can be hot. Lookit Wonder Woman. Ah! There you are!

He pulls a comic off the rack, slips it under his coat.

CARISSA

You promised your parents!

JESSE

They'll ever know! And Lord Hot Pockets over there isn't ever gonna catch me. I need a little reading material for the trip.

CARISSA

Look. I'm your friend, not your accomplice. Don't do it.

They have a brief stare-off. Jesse sighs, removes the comic from his coat just as Comic Book Guy appears in the aisle.

COMIC BOOK GUY

You have decided on this item?

Jesse puts the comic back, grins at them both.

JESSE

I'll get it next time.

Carissa huffs. She and Jesse leave.

COMIC BOOK GUY

I'll be waiting, my young Nemesis.

INT. JESSE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mom and Dad set the table. Jesse enters.

MOM

Just in time.

They all sit down, passing food.

JESSE

Won't need your duffle bag, Dad.
Everything fit in my pack. Took
your advice. Goin' warm, travel
light. Miami: High clouds, 89
degrees, 65 percent humidity!
Perfect beach weather!

DAD

About that --

MOM

Honey, your Dad and I have been
talking. We're not sure that you
should come with us to the
conference. Leaving you alone at
the beach all day makes me
uncomfortable.

JESSE

What?! You said --

Dad waves the pink slip.

DAD

You've shown us you can't be
trusted.

JESSE

I told you I'd be good! You don't
believe me!

MOM

We know you were looking forward to
it. But this behavior --

DAD

-- is unacceptable. Period. You've
lost this...

He holds up Jesse's cell phone.

DAD (CONT'D)

...and you can kiss Florida
goodbye.

JESSE

But Dad --

DAD

You'll stay with Grampa, and help
out around the house.

JESSE

I can't believe you guys don't trust me! This is so not fair!

DAD

You're right. It's not fair. It's not fair that your mother and I have to deal with your pink slips. It's not fair that I have to talk to that idiot from the Comic Book Store about your little escapades, or negotiate with your Principal to keep you from being expelled for humiliating the other kids!

JESSE

The pants weren't my fault! That was just a happy accident!

DAD

I don't want to hear it. You're going to spend some time with your Grampa and you're going to like it.

JESSE

Why don't you spend some time with him? He's your Dad.

DAD

We're done here.

Jesse throws down his utensils, leaves the table. Dad rubs his temples in silence.

MOM

I'm going out to show the Goldstein house tomorrow. I thought I'd bring Jesse along to visit your Dad since he's right next door. Shall I say hello for you?

DAD

Say anything you want. Just don't make me come along.

MOM

Maybe you should come. It's been five years...

DAD

So I can hear the same old stories? "I gave up a great career to work in a factory to make a good life for you and your Mother."

MOM

I think maybe you remember it
better than he does.

EXT. GRAMPA'S HOUSE - DAY

A large older home in need of TLC. Mom and Jesse exit the front door with GRAMPA, a tall eighty-something, still trim and obviously once-upon-a-time handsome; Eastwood meets Newman, though a bit dotty.

MOM

I'll be at the Goldstein's, Dad.
That's right next door, okay?

GRAMPA

I know where they live, for cryin'
out loud. Marge and I play bridge
over there every Thursday night,
right after Wheel. You tell Mort he
still owes me Thirty Seven Dollars
and Fifty Three Cents!

MOM

Dad. Mort and Sylvia moved to
Florida in August, remember? Now
you boys be good. I'll be back in a
bit.

GRAMPA

She never could stand the cold.
Tiny woman.

Jesse follows Mom, who stops him with a gesture. He pleads with his eyes. She waves him back into the house. He reluctantly follows Grampa inside.

INT. GOLDSTEIN HOUSE - DAY

An empty house for sale. BUZZ (47) stands in a shiny suit at the kitchen counter, straightening brochures and cards. The only furniture is a folding bridge table and two chairs.

MOM

Sorry I'm late, Buzz. Had to drop
Jesse over at his Grampa's.

BUZZ

Don't worry about it. We've had one
couple all day, and they were just
looky-loo's.

(MORE)

BUZZ(cont'd)
I sure hope the Fed does something soon. How's the old man doing?

MOM
Oh, I don't know. He was so depressed after Mom died. The medication helped, for a while. But now, with Mort and Sylvia gone, he's... confused. Anyway, we got him a nurse, so at least he's not rattling around that old house all alone.

BUZZ
Well get ready. Once you've done that, it's not long till you just gotta move 'em into the Golden Acres. That's what I did with my Dad. He loves it.

MOM
Oh, gosh, that day may be coming sooner than we think.
(pause)
I don't remember these counters. They're lovely!

BUZZ
They're new. Granite. Appliances just went in Wednesday.

MOM
Lovely.

She sits at the bridge table.

MOM (CONT'D)
Too bad there aren't four of us. We could have had a game.

INT. GRAMPA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jesse stands in the middle of a knick-knack crowded living room. Family pictures, fake flowers, doilies show a woman's touch. Years of dust, stacks of magazines show long neglect.

Grampa enters, cheerily presents a board game.

GRAMPA
I got us the Chutes and Ladders. I'll let you go first.

Jesse plops himself on the couch, arms crossed.

JESSE

So whaddya do around here, anyways?

Grampa sets the box on the coffee table, disappointed. Then:

GRAMPA

You want a Yoo Hoo?

JESSE

A You What?

Grampa's nurse, CONSUELA (33), enters from the kitchen. She's very pretty. Jesse lights up.

CONSUELA

You must be Jesse. Hi. I'm your Grampa's nurse, Consuela. Would you like a soda?

JESSE

Sure.

GRAMPA

(to Jesse)

"Yes, Please."

JESSE

I guess he wants one too.

GRAMPA

I like crackers.

Consuela retreats. Jesse's eyes follow.

JESSE

Yeah, that's great. You got a computer?

GRAMPA

My house isn't big enough for a computer!

JESSE

Perfect. TV?

Grampa moves to a console, opens a pair of folding doors, revealing an old television screen.

GRAMPA

(announcer voice)

The VistaMax PanaMaster One Thousand. It brings the world to you in a handsome and durable simulated burlwood cabinet.

JESSE

Where's the remote?

Grampa proudly hands Jesse a large plastic box with one big dial, connected to the TV with a thick cord.

GRAMPA

It gets five channels.

Jesse rolls his eyes.

JESSE

Do you contact the Mother Ship with this?

Consuela enters, hands Jesse a soda. He smiles big. She hands a graham cracker to Grampa.

CONSUELA

Chutes and Ladders. That looks like fun.

Jesse's eyes follow Consuela out of the room.

GRAMPA

I don't know about that woman.

Jesse clicks the ON button. The TV POPS. A white dot appears in the middle of the screen, remains there.

JESSE

Great. It's broken.

GRAMPA

It's just warming up.
(announcer voice)
That's the VistaMax PanaMaster One
Thousand -- Modern Technology Worth
Waiting For!

Jesse tosses the remote on the coffee table, stands.

JESSE

Lemme know when we're done waiting.

He stamps out. Grampa stands alone in the cluttered room.

EXT. GRAMPA'S BACKYARD - DAY

Jesse pokes about, tosses a rock across the yard. Another. CRASH! Oops! He hits a window on the garage.

He peers in the broken window: nothing to see. The double doors are secured with a massive old padlock.

He peeks through a crack, sees the partially obscured chrome front end of a classic 1950's car draped in a tarp.

JESSE

Woah.

He yanks the lock. Nothing. Suddenly, a hand GRASPS his shoulder, turns him around. He's face to nose with Grampa.

GRAMPA

There's nothing in there for you. I like things just the way they are. You understand?

JESSE

Um. Okay.

GRAMPA

You want a Yoo Hoo?

Mom arrives.

MOM

There you boys are. Ready to go?

JESSE

Are you kidding?

GRAMPA

We were going to watch some television.

JESSE

The VistaBox TubeMaster is warming up. Maybe it'll be ready next time.

MOM

I talked to Consuela. You know how to reach me, Dad. I'll be back by in a couple of days. Jim says hi, by the way.

GRAMPA

I doubt that.

They hug warmly. He tousles Jesse's hair. They leave. Grampa stands alone in the cold yard.

INT./EXT. MOM'S CAR - DAY

MOM

So, how was your visit with Grampa?
It looked like you guys were
getting along okay.

JESSE

He thinks I'm four.

MOM

Yeah... well, sometimes Grampa sees
things the way he remembers them.
But he knows how old you are. Did
you like Consuela?

Jesse's eyes light up.

JESSE

Oh Yeah...

MOM

Sometimes I forget how old you are.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mom and Dad juggle luggage, bustling at the door.

MOM

Oh, my, the Shuttle's early.
(to Jesse)
Now you go to Grampa's right after
school. And work on that Civil War
essay... it's due on Tuesday. We'll
call to see how you're doing.

JESSE

Why can't you just leave me my
phone?

Dad holds up Jesse's phone, drops it in his luggage, zips it.

DAD

Because it's going to be with us.
Nothing's changed.

JESSE

But what if you need to find me?

DAD

You'll be at Grampa's. Every day,
all day, unless you're in school.
Right?

JESSE

How are my friends gonna call me?

DAD

Grampa's got a phone. It's the
yellow thing with the dial on it
attached to the wall. Twelve year
olds don't need cell phones.

JESSE

Maybe not when you were twelve, but-

DAD

You listen to me --

MOM

You both listen to me. The
Shuttle's waiting. Now hug each
other, and say goodbye.

They reluctantly embrace. Mom hugs Jesse, she and Dad leave.

Jesse waves merrily from the doorway. As the Shuttle pulls
away, he pulls Dad's phone from his pocket, smiles.

JESSE

Keep my phone, Dad. Yours will do
just fine.

INT. AIRPORT SHUTTLE - DAY

Mom looks back at the house.

DAD

He'll be all right. Consuela will
keep an eye on both of 'em.

INT. GRAMPA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jesse's just arrived from school. Consuela swoops into the
room all aflutter, juggling her purse, a bag, prescriptions.

CONSUELA

Oh Jesse, you're here! Thank
goodness! My sister Ramona just had
a baby...

(MORE)

CONSUELA (cont'd)
I gotta go to Detroit for a few
days... you have to take care of
your Grampa, okay?

She hands Jesse an array of medicine bottles.

CONSUELA (CONT'D)
That one twice a day, morning and
night. The green one before his
nap... two of the long orange ones
with dinner, the round orange one
only on an empty stomach before
bed.

JESSE
The round orange ones... ?

Consuela tears a page from her day planner.

CONSUELA
Here's the number for his doctor,
and his menu.

JESSE
His menu?

CONSUELA
What he eats. No red meat. And keep
him away from salt. He likes the
salt too much.

She flips through her book.

CONSUELA (CONT'D)
I have to call your Dad so he can
get someone else in here. He left
me his number somewhere...

JESSE
Oh, ah, it's okay. I'll tell him.

CONSUELA
Here it is...

She dials her cell phone. Jesse's eyes get big as the phone
in his pocket VIBRATES. He turns his back, accepts the call
and hangs up, snaps it shut.

CONSUELA (CONT'D)
Aye! I got cut off!

JESSE
I'll tell them. I'm supposed to
call them tonight anyway.

CONSUELA

Thank you! I'm so glad you're here... When your Grampa wakes up, tell him I'll see him in three days.

She kisses Jesse's forehead, swoops out the door, brushing past Carissa who is on her way in.

CONSUELA (CONT'D)

Dessert is one scoop of ice cream... that's all he gets!

CARISSA

What was that all about?

JESSE

Hungry?

INT. GRAMPA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jesse and Carissa sit before large empty bowls, an empty ice cream container on the table. They look satisfied.

CARISSA

You said you had something really cool to show me.

Jesse smiles.

EXT. GRAMPA'S GARAGE - DAY

Jesse wears the stethoscope, spins the dial on the big padlock. He pulls it open with a smile.

JESSE

The doctor is in!

He opens the door, slips inside. Carissa stays outside.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Whaddy waitin' for?

CARISSA

Should we be doing this?

JESSE

We're just lookin'.

He unveils the massive chrome grille with a matador's swoop of the tarp.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Ole!

CARISSA

Woah!

She enters. They circle the huge car in awe, drinking in the rocket-shaped taillights in the winglike fins, the shining jet of a hood ornament, the rich two-tone paint.

They open the doors, slip into the buttery leather seats. The dashboard seems to have a million dials and knobs.

CARISSA

It's like Flash Gordon!

Jesse flips the visor down. A set of keys falls into his palm. He smiles.

JESSE

Just like Dad.

He inserts the key, turns it to the first CLICK.

CARISSA

Hey! You said we were just looking!

JESSE

It's not like we're goin' anywhere!

He throws a switch. The top folds back with an electric WHIR.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Houston, we are opening the canopy.

Carissa watches the top recede, breaks into a big smile.

CARISSA

Roger that!

MONTAGE

The top is up, down, up, down.

Water jets splash the windshield. The wipers make mud.

The kids raise and lower on electric seats, like vampires from a coffin.

Carissa turns on the radio. BIG BAND MUSIC BLARES. Jesse lunges to shut it off, silences the radio but breaks the knob. It clatters to the floor.

JESSE
Now you've done it!

CARISSA
I've done it?

JESSE
Never mind. We can glue it or something. Hey, whaddya think this does?

He pushes a button. The trunk POPS open. He jumps out of the car, moves to the back. Carissa rolls her eyes.

JESSE (CONT'D)
What do we have here?

CARISSA
Somebody else's stuff.

JESSE
You won't believe this.

Carissa reluctantly joins him. The trunk holds a cardboard box full of stuff. Jesse holds an elaborate ray gun.

CARISSA
What's that?

JESSE
Some kinda costume?

He hands her the gun, reaches in the box, removes an aerodynamic art deco helmet, slips it on. He picks up a bulky utility belt, snaps it around his waist, takes the gun from Carissa, dramatically holsters it.

He jumps up on a bench, strikes a heroic pose, slanting afternoon light glinting off the helmet, golden dust motes swirling about him.

Carissa holds up an 8x10 photo of a man posing in the costume, a cross between Indiana Jones and Sky Captain... tailored leather bomber jacket, jodhpurs, a utility belt, the helmet. The words CAPTAIN LIBERTY emblazoned above him. Jesse's pose matches the card.

CARISSA
Captain Liberty.

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

At the counter, Comic Book Guy flips through the items.

COMIC BOOK GUY

These are promotional photographs --
8x10 glossies in industry parlance -
- signed by Captain Liberty
himself.

JESSE

Captain Liberty?

COMIC BOOK GUY

Only the greatest television hero
of his generation. Without Captain
Liberty, you would have no Indiana
Jones, no Rocketeer, no Sky
Captain.

He rummages for a VHS tape, pops it in a VCR, hits "PLAY".

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

I have here what may well be the
last remaining transfer of a
Captain Liberty episode from the
original master.

A jumpy, black and white episode of the Captain Liberty
serial. The credit sequence clearly shows the Vasquez Rocks,
a location used in Star Trek episodes. Captain Liberty
battles a green man with a fish's head who wears a glass
fishbowl full of water as a helmet.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D - VO)

Created uniquely for the burgeoning
television audience, Captain
Liberty was an inspiring
personification of the Can-Do
American spirit, a champion worthy
to represent our great Republic in
her new role as leader of the free
world.

He holds up a pair of red briefs.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

And these are his shorts.

JESSE

How come I've never heard of him?

Comic Book Guy ejects the tape.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Because you are an ignoramus? The absence of Captain Liberty from popular memory is inextricably linked to the mysterious disappearance of its lantern-jawed leading man, who abandoned the role just as the show was taking wing. His premature departure doomed this worthy hero to forfeit his rightful place in the pantheon of great American champions.

CARISSA

This stuff must be pretty rare.

JESSE

Probably worth something.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Worth something? Worth something? To you, no. But in light of our long acquaintance, I would be willing to relieve you of the burden of their ownership for the ridiculously inflated sum of... shall we say... a crisp Jackson?

He produces a twenty dollar bill.

JESSE

I don't think so.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Perhaps I've said too much. Very well. It goes against every fiber of my being, but it pains me to consider the plight of you hapless waifs bearing such a load all the way home. To my previous offer, I add the Saviour of the Union.

He produces a five dollar bill.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

And anything from the top two Pokemon shelves. That would be my final offer.

Jesse nods to Carissa, indicates the \$150 price tag on the VHS tape. She returns a disapproving look. Jesse smiles.

JESSE

Okay. The fuzzy one. Left side, top shelf.

Comic Book Guy smiles with satisfaction, turns to the wall. He stretches, tries to knock it down with his telescopic light saber. FWAP FWAP FWAP! It collapses into its handle.

COMIC BOOK GUY

Just one moment.

He grabs a folding step stool, makes a production out of setting it up and climbing onto it, fumbling with his Jedi skirts. He still has to stretch to reach the shelf.

JESSE

No. Far left.

Comic Book Guy struggles for the shelf. Jesse stealthily slips the VHS tape out of its slot, RUNS to the door.

Comic Book Guy yells after him, struggles to descend. A shocked Carissa snaps out of her stupor, frantically scoops up their photos and pins, takes off after Jesse.

Comic Book Guy falls from the stool, clammers through the shop knocking down displays, stops at the door, wheezing.

COMIC BOOK GUY

This round is yours, my young nemesis, but the pendulum will swing! Oh yes, the pendulum will swing!

He returns to the counter, finds Captain Liberty's shorts.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

Aha. The pendulum has swung. On eBay, these will easily fetch ten times what you've stolen from me. Revenge is mine.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Carissa catches up with Jesse.

JESSE

You got the stuff?

CARISSA

Of course.

JESSE

Okay. You take it home, get online, figure out what it's worth. I gotta get back. I'll watch the tape, and see what else I can find.

CARISSA

Well be careful with it. It's your Grampa's, not yours.

JESSE

I thought my parents were in Florida.

CARISSA

Just be careful.

INT. GRAMPA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Evening. A television news report with JOHN STOSSEL holds Grampa in rapt attention, as glaciers calve into the sea.

JOHN STOSSEL (ON TV)

Oh Please. My deodorant is melting the ice caps? LA will be under water by 2020? I don't think so. Legitimate scientists are confident that recent record temperatures are part of a natural cycle, and nothing to become hysterical over. Time will tell. More after this.

Jesse enters, pops the top on an old VCR, slips the tape in.

GRAMPA

I was watching that! Is it hot outside?

Jesse gives him a look, presses PLAY. The room fills with the heroic theme music of Captain Liberty.

LIBERTY LAD (ON TV)

Jiminy Christmas, Cap! Baron Mind's Magna Ray is dragging the sun closer to the Earth! It's getting hotter already.

CAPTAIN LIBERTY (ON TV)

Indeed, Liberty Lad. Our fair planet will be cooked like juicy burgers on a VistaBroil Grille.

BARON MIND (ON TV)

Precisely, Captain Liberty. And you
and all your gadgets are powerless
to stop my mad reign of terror!

Behind Jesse, Grampa runs his hands over his head, stares at
the screen intensely. He's back in 'Nam, mouthing the words.

LIBERTY LAD (ON TV)

Never underestimate Captain
Liberty, Baron Mind!

BARON MIND (ON TV)

Oh no? For even now, the block of
ice on which you are standing is
melting, and soon, very soon, you
will fall through into my pit of
deadly vipers.

CAPTAIN LIBERTY (ON TV)

Too... hot... can't... think...

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

Is the world doomed to roast like a
juicy burger? Watch next week as
the fate of America, and thus the
World, hangs in the balance.

The TV screen fills with a shot of Captain Liberty in a
heroic pose, just like the 8x10 glossy photo. THEME MUSIC.

CLICK! Jesse turns at the sound of the door. There stands
Grampa, dressed as Captain Liberty, striking an identical
pose as the THEME MUSIC from the TV crescendos.

GRAMPA

Liberty Lad! To the Liberty Mobile!

INT. GRAMPA'S CAR - NIGHT

The car cruises along the highway, top down. Grampa is
beaming, oblivious to the cold. Jesse is bundled up.

JESSE

Are you Captain Liberty?

GRAMPA

No time for jokes, Liberty Lad! Do
you have the route mapped out?

JESSE

And where exactly are we going?