

**AMELIA**

Written by

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1

**EXT. BAR, LAE, NEW GUINEA - DAY**

RAIN.  
A Lockheed ELECTRA sits. Sleek, twin-engine, state-of-  
the-  
art, its metallic surface battered by the monsoon.  
Waiting.

PULL BACK to see...

...our VIEW down onto the landing strip is from an open-  
sided, thatched roof BAR high above the airfield. And  
peering down through the mist and rain...

gray  
her.  
...a WOMAN in grimy flight clothes gazes at the plane.  
Slender. Feminine. At first glance, fragile. Then the  
eyes change like the sea, as a stray thought transforms  
Something fierce lives there.

**SUPERIMPOSE: LAE, NEW GUINEA - 1937.**

**FRED (O.S.)**

Sure I can't talk you into  
somethin' more adventurous?  
She turns. FRED NOONAN is tall and lean, ruggedly  
handsome

dirt-  
and a

in a reckless way. His flight clothes as rumpled and  
streaked as her own. He carries his bottle of tequila,  
Coke which he sets down for her.

**AMELIA**

Adventurous? You've got the wrong  
girl, Mister. You should know that  
by now.

himself

Her eyes study him. Assessing something as he pours  
four fingers.

**FRED**

Actually. I knew that the moment I  
met ol' George.  
He sips his drink. She says nothing.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

I like how you don't talk about  
him.

**AMELIA**

That why I get so many chances to  
not do it?

**FRED**

tequila.  
her

Well. Natural curiosity.  
His charming smile. She's thinking more about the  
She reaches to take his bottle and glass. Moves them to  
side of the table.

2.

**FRED**

I mean, why would a guy who needs  
to run the show. Pick the one girl  
he knew could kick his tail?

No response. Just her clear direct gaze.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

I'll bet he knew that. First time  
he met you.

She looks out to sea.

**AMELIA**

He thought I hated him.           He never  
knew I was fascinated.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DAY**

2

2

now,  
sits  
pad.

Alone by the window, he gazes at the city. A powerfully  
built man in a perfectly-tailored suit. The face at once  
strong and elegant, capable of every emotion. Yet just  
there are none to be seen. Even as...  
...a door OPENS. A pretty SECRETARY enters soundlessly,  
respectfully. Waits, her pen suspended above her steno  
Does he know she's there?

**SUPERIMPOSE:   NEW YORK, LATER 1937.**

**GEORGE**

(without turning)

The first time I met her she sat  
in that chair.

The secretary doesn't know whether to write that down.

And

still with his back to her...

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

You may as well write it down,  
Mary. Write it all down. Even the  
parts that are confused or  
graceless or boring.

He turns with a soft smile to put her at ease.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

We'll see if I remember how to  
edit.

She smiles back. She likes him, as much as her level of  
being awed by him permits. She begins to write, as...

3.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I'd kept her waiting two hours.

**T**

She hated me on sight, but she  
thought I couldn't tell.

His gaze drifts to a bookcase crammed with volumes. And  
one  
and a  
object, oddly out of place. A stuffed CAT, with boots  
green frock coat. It wears a confident ironic smile.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

She was a person who cherished her  
privacy and was devoting her life  
to social work. And there I was...  
His smile is kind. And honestly self-mocking.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Self-obsessed. Wallowing in the  
glory of my authors and celebrity  
acquaintances. A vain, fast-  
talking, manipulator. But then I  
guess you know all that, don't you?  
She looks up reproachfully. Nothing of the kind, and  
you  
know it.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Oh, yes. And the kind of man who  
fishes for compliments.  
He's made her laugh.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

She is younger, dressed conservatively. The calm at the center of a storm. Agents, authors, couriers, peddlers come and go. But she has her legs drawn up beneath her, pouring through a small stack of volumes. As if preparing for an exam.

**SUPERIMPOSE: G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS PUBLISHING CO. 1928.**

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

The waiting made her furious.  
She undoubtedly felt I was

**E**

establishing my dominance and importance.  
She doesn't look furious at all. Thumbing through WE by CHARLES LINDBERGH. Photos of Lindy beside the Spirit of Louis in Paris.

COL.  
St.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Actually, I hadn't given her a thought. Oblivious as usual. Which, perhaps, was even worse. Now, SKYWARD by ADM. RICHARD BYRD. Photos of the explorer preparing for his flight over the North Pole. One of Byrd with George himself, displaying considerable gravitas.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

I figured he'd be pompous. Her eye travels over the stack of books. Adventurers, explorers, celebrities. On an end table, a framed photo of George with the great Lindbergh.

A pretty SECRETARY comes to summon her. Amelia rises, smooths the wrinkles from her brown suit. They head down the corridor.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I knew, of course, that he wasn't going to choose me. I had no discernible qualifications whatsoever.

They reach the door, already ajar. It says GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM on a small bronze plate. The secretary gingerly pushes it open...

...revealing George on the phone in crisp shirtsleeves and suspenders. He paces, prowls, trailing the cord behind him, negotiating non-stop even as he flips through a pile of messages. Off again, stalking the room. Dashing, electric, masterful.

**AMELIA (V.O)**

But to be rejected by this... parasite. A man who had given up any life of his own to flutter near the famous.

He glances up, realizing for the first time that she is there. Sit, please. But she doesn't.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I didn't know whether to laugh or throw something at the jerk.

He gestures again, more commandingly. Sit. She doesn't move, she doesn't smile. She doesn't take her steady gaze from him. He hangs up the phone.

They stare at each other for a frozen beat. He breaks the moment with a charming smile...

5.

**GEORGE**

Miss Earhart?

**AMELIA**

Mr. Putnam?

GEORGE (softly)

I asked you to sit.

**AMELIA**

Was that the thing you did with  
your hand? Sadly, I don't speak  
dog.

His smile now only a trace.                      But more genuine.

**GEORGE**

A                      Ah.    Well, stand if you like.  
melia sits.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I'm told you want to fly the  
Atlantic Ocean.

**AMELIA**

I do.

**GEORGE**

In the 12 months since Lindbergh,  
55 people in 18 planes have tried.  
Three planes made it. Fourteen  
people have died.

**AMELIA**

I'll make it.

**GEORGE**

Three women died trying. Two  
others escaped with their lives.  
If you do make it, you'd be the  
first. Which...is the real  
attraction for both of us, I  
suspect.

She nods.                      No smile.

**AMELIA**

Always nice to know what the real  
attraction is.

His smile.                      Beginning to enjoy this conversation.

The plane was bought from Adm. Byrd by Amy Guest, a socialite who wanted the record for herself. Her family wouldn't tolerate the danger. She has asked for a replacement...

He gestures. Perhaps you.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

...who is American, educated, well-spoken, a flyer, preferably physically attractive...

**AMELIA**

Why would that matter?

**GEORGE**

Because she wants the world to pay attention. And pretty girls command more attention.

**AMELIA**

Was that your advice?

**GEORGE**

Sure. My role is selling this event to the public. There will be a contract for the girl's story with the New York Times. Also a book to be published over her name.

Understood...? G

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

But all the money from these will go to Mrs. Guest.

**AMELIA**

Except for the part that goes to you.

**GEORGE**

Which will be as great as I can manage, I assure you.

**AMELIA**

You said she wants a flyer.

**GEORGE**

Don't get your hopes up. The celebrated Wilmer Stultz will be the pilot. There'll be a male co-pilot and navigator. The woman

will be purely a passenger.

7.

He waits for reaction. She keeps her mouth shut.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

That's good for your chances.  
Because your level of flying  
experience wouldn't place you  
anywhere near the group that would  
be considered for this. If the  
woman were to do any flying at all.  
No punches pulled. Not his style.

**AMELIA**

Why would anyone want a book from a  
passenger?

**GEORGE**

Because the hook is that we're  
making the woman the commander.  
The pilot will sign a contract  
saying he is under her direction  
and control. It's her ship, her  
flight.

**AMELIA**

Good for my chances, you said.  
What are my chan...

**GEORGE**

The job's yours.  
She blinks. Stunned speechless.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I chose you the moment you walked  
through the door.  
He smiles his charming smile. Several phones are RINGING.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Now assuming my awful manners  
haven't soured you on the  
enterprise. May I give you a lift

to the station?  
Amelia rises. Is she pissed at being toyed with?

**AMELIA**

You're a busy man, Mr. Putnam. I  
can find my way.  
The look holds. He shrugs. You probably can.

8.

4

4

**INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LATER**

Two figures on the platform. Her train is ready to  
leave.

**GEORGE**

I honestly feel an apology is in  
order.

**AMELIA**

Fine. What have I done?  
She watches his smile.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I didn't mind waiting. Caught up  
on my reading. Knitted a sweater.

**GEORGE**

I mean an apology. For what's  
coming.  
His voice softens.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I'm going to be pretty controlling  
these next few months. How you  
dress, move, cut your hair. Speak  
in public. It's all part of the  
package we're selling.

**AMELIA**

We.

**GEORGE**

That's right. If you're not in there selling with me, it won't work.

The smile turns friendly.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

You're the star. I'm no one at all.

**AMELIA**

Spoken like a gentleman.

man. She steps up onto the train. Extends her hand like a

watches

He shakes it firmly. The train begins to move. She his cheery wave as she rolls away.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Of course a gentleman. Would have paid for my ticket.

9.

5

5

**INT. TRAIN - LATER**

pages, Gazing out the window as she rattles toward Boston. She looks down now to a notebook in her lap. As she flips

thoughts. we see it is a collection of hand-written POEMS and

She writes...

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

Courage is the price that life exacts  
For granting peace  
We SUPERIMPOSE over her image the wall of a little  
girl's  
bedroom, filled with treasured NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS about  
women doctors, officials, bank presidents, women who had  
to be established themselves in positions previously thought  
available only to men.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

The soul that knows it not  
Knows no release  
From little things

**DISSOLVE**

**TO HER**

**MEMORY**

**OF...**

**6**

**6**

**EXT. FIELD, DES MOINES - DAY**

Two LITTLE GIRLS, maybe 10 years old, walking in a  
field.  
Amelia and a girlfriend. They stop, hearing...  
The DRONING of an engine, a small red plane APPEARING  
above  
the treetops. The pilot seeing two girls alone in the  
field,  
SWOOPS down to BUZZ them. Amelia's friend runs for her  
life.  
But Amelia stands still, throws her arms WIDE, and the  
plane...  
...DROPS lower, and LOWER, as it CLOSES straight in on  
the  
slender girl with her outstretched arms. LOUDER and  
FASTER,  
as if intent on winning some impulsive duel of wills.  
The  
aircraft SCREAMS past, just above her head.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

As the little red airplane passed  
by, it said something to me.

Amelia beams. She fills her lungs, transported.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I don't think I've ever stopped  
listening.

HOLD on her, hair and uniform whipping in the breeze.

**SMASH CUT TO...**

10.

7

7

**INT. AMELIA'S PLANE - DAY**

Amelia flying her little yellow Kinner. Feeling the  
freedom she thrilled to as a A  
child.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

Ten years, 28 jobs and an unspeak-  
able number of crashes later, I  
hadn't changed my mind.

She LIFTS the nose of the tiny craft. Begins to CLIMB.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I even had my own plane. Bought  
with my last dime.

At the apex of her climb, she FLIPS into a breathtaking  
LOOP  
THE LOOP, as...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Course in the early days of  
flying...

...her engine SPUTTERS. Then STALLS. The plane DIPS  
into a  
TAIL-SPIN, PLUNGING downward...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...crashing was so common, you  
almost forgot it could kill you..  
Amelia STRUGGLING to start the engine, the little plane  
HURTLING toward earth, SPINNING as it goes.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

SWOOPS  
...until it did.  
The engine COUGHS to life and at the last second she  
harrowingly above the ground to SOAR FREE.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Almost.

**EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY**

8

8

big  
up  
A small HANGAR in a lonely field. See a group of...  
...MECHANICS in their grease-stained jumpsuits. Three  
guys and one little one working on an engine that's been  
pulled from Amelia's Kinner. When the little guy comes  
for air...  
...he isn't a guy at all.

11.

**AMELIA**

Got it. I think.

**INT. DENISON HOUSE, BOSTON - DAY**

SAM CHAPMAN, a handsome young man is being led down an institutional hallway and out onto the grounds of this venerable settlement house. He finds...

...Amelia sitting cross-legged on the grass. Reading to a group of CHINESE GIRLS, who hang on her every animated word. On the periphery, ADULTS sit, taking in the story. They are of various ethnicities, homeless or handicapped or immigrant.

**A**

Two are blind. Amelia sees Sam...

**MELIA**

Girls, this is Mr. Samuel Chapman.  
Sam, say hullo to the Octopus Club.  
The Octopus Club waves to Sam. The adults wave, too.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

You're just in time. Alice has come through the Looking Glass, and things are getting, well...

**OCTOPUS CLUB**

(on cue)

**REALLY STRANGE!****AMELIA**

They are, actually.  
She pats the grass beside her. Sam has no choice but to sit.

**EXT. GROUNDS - LATER**

Amelia and Sam walk a wooded path beside the grounds. Through the chain link fence, they watch other social workers

playing with groups of children.

**SAM**

And it's a secret.

**AMELIA**

Has to be. Competition, you know.  
Millionaire heiresses, hot shot  
girl pilots. If George knew I told  
you, he'd have me publicly flogged.

She looks over.

12.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

So long as he could sell tickets.  
He's not smiling.

**SAM**

And no one else knows.

**AMELIA**

Marion. She's giving me a leave  
of absence.

**SAM**

I would think so. Your name will  
be in all the papers, and not just  
Boston. Denison House stands to  
come in for funding, national  
attention.

**AMELIA**

Specially if I don't make it.

**SAM**

Don't joke about that.  
She wasn't joking at all.

**SAM (CONT'D)**

You'll make it. And then you'll  
have opportunities to work in

aviation. Anywhere you want.  
She laughs.

**AMELIA**

Well, I'll have impressive  
credentials as a long-distance  
passenger. That's not exactly a  
career in aviation.

She looks up at his eyes.

**I                    AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'm not going anywhere, social work  
is my life. After all the years of  
false starts, I found the thing I'm  
meant to do.

Keep walking. She gives him time to say...

**SAM**

And where does that leave us?

13.

**AMELIA**

You do love to look on the dark  
side. Whatever did you see in a  
sunny character like me?

She gives him a sweet playful smile. It doesn't

reassure

him.

**SAM**

It's not as if I'd been putting  
pressure on you.

**AMELIA**

What love means to you. What it  
requires. Is the pressure.

He stops walking.

**SAM**

I love you. Is that such a  
terrible problem?

She gazes at him. Can he even hear this?

**AMELIA**

The problem is what it's always  
been. The problem is me.

**INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY**

11

11

signature

A

strips of

MOVIETONE NEWSREEL footage, accompanied by their  
fanfare theme. Hotel conference room jammed with press.  
sexy brunette in a sweater that seems to be made of  
GOLD FOIL steps to a bank of microphones. Flashes start

**POPPING.**

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

The Queen of Diamonds Mabel Boll,  
about to become the first female to  
fly the Atlantic in the wake of  
Lindbergh's historic journey,  
regales an eager world press...  
The sound switches to Mabel at the mikes...

**MABEL**

Okay, boys. I'll take any  
questions you wanna throw my way.  
Except about what's behind this  
sweater.  
The boys ROAR. Mabel keeps her smile tight.

**MABEL (CONT'D)**

The story. Behind it. Of course.

14.

As the laughter CONTINUES...

12            12    T

**INT. HANGAR, EAST BOSTON AIRPORT - NIGHT**

he heavy door rolls OPEN. George and Amelia enter the brightly-lit hangar to see two men working on the a sea-plane with golden wings. Its red-orange fuselage stands beside gigantic PONTOONS, each 29 feet long. The pontoons have been opened, and the men are attaching the plane. They turn toward us now. BILL STULTZ is short and wiry quick eyes. Only 28, he seems weathered by his and the streaks of gray through his hair. He is not necessarily happy to see us.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

George had told me Stultz was Adm. Byrd's favorite pilot, fearless, gifted. He drank. But George said it never affected his work. George waves as we approach. Bill and Amelia seem each other.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

When he said it, I must have had a funny look. So I just said, 'Yeh, I grew up around a guy like that.'

**GEORGE**

Boys, I'd like to introduce your commander, Miss Amelia Earhart.

**AMELIA**

We felt 'commander' was less grandiose than, say, 'empress.' Bill doesn't smile. The other man does...

**GEORGE**

Say hello to Slim Gordon your navigator.

She is shaking hands in that strong, direct way.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

And Bill Stultz here, simply the most talented pilot working. She takes Bill's powerful hand. The look between them yet somehow intense. As if each is establishing a tone for their relationship.

calm,  
for

15.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

We've got Byrd's pilot, we've got his plane...

**AMELIA**

**Y**

ou mean the Admiral flies on those?  
The pontoons. She does not seem admiring.

**GEORGE**

Nope, those are new, personally suggested by the old man himself. Bill nods on that. Sure were.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

This way, if you're forced down at sea, you can wait for a rescue.

**AMELIA**

Hmmn. What does that do to our fuel?

**BILL**

Costs us at least 400 gallons. Don't bother bringing clothes for Paris, we'll be lucky to hit the nearest beach in Ireland. Real lucky.

**GEORGE**

The Admiral estimates the pontoons  
only cut our range by 200 miles.  
But Amelia looks to Bill. That's not really possible is  
it?

**BILL**

The Admiral is the Admiral. He  
gets to estimate any damn thing he  
wants. All we have to do is figure  
out how to fly without petrol.  
She turns to George with challenging eyes.

**BILL (CONT'D)**

Don't go blaming the bookseller.  
He's been all through this with  
Mrs. Guest, but she worships the  
Admiral. And it's money that puts  
planes in the air.

**AMELIA**

I wonder if it can keep them up  
there. Not that I've ever had  
enough to try.

16.

Bill's small smile. Maybe the girl's all right.

13

13

**EXT. DOCK - LATER**

lights  
George and Amelia approach a waiting motorboat, as the  
of Boston glimmer across the harbor. His head is down.  
She's watching his profile.

**AMELIA**

Sorry. I'll try keeping my mouth shut.

**GEORGE**

What I ought to try. Is listening to you once in awhile.

**H**

e meant that. And she seems oddly touched.

**AMELIA**

Careful. I could get to like it. No reaction from him. He hops into the boat. Turns, out his hand. She hesitates. Clearly doesn't need his to jump into a boat. Their eyes lock. We are watching decide. And then... She reaches to clasp his hand. Hops down beside him.

holds  
help  
her

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Thank you, Simpkin. Thank you for everything.

**GEORGE**

(a smile)  
Simpkin.

**AMELIA**

It's in a book. Oh, that's right. You read the ones you publish. Her smile is friendly, not flirtatious. She goes to sit the bow. He doesn't follow. But he is watching.

in

14

14

**EXT. ROOF, COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL - DAY**

Amelia in a flying outfit. Hands on her hips as if posing.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

There's a Beatrix Potter story about a cat named Simpkin.

They

PULL BACK to see the PHOTOGRAPHER, George beside him.  
are on a hotel rooftop, precariously high above Boston.

**T**

**A**

17.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

He wasn't happy unless he had  
several mice, each under a  
different teacup. So he could  
never become bored.

We see that Amelia's POSE looks exactly the SAME as a photo  
of CHARLES LINDBERGH in the photographer's hand. It is  
labeled `LUCKY LINDY.'

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

The illusion of activity was  
essential for him to feel at peace.  
The photographer now shows George ANOTHER PHOTO of Lindbergh  
in a different pose.

**AMELIA**

What are you boys doing over there?

**GEORGE**

Trying to make you look like a  
girl.

George studies the photo, then goes to Amelia and begins  
moving her body into the new pose. Tilting her head to  
Lindbergh's angle.

**MELIA (V.O.)**

I wondered. Was I Mr. Putnam's  
43rd mouse? Or his 307th.

Now touching her, adjusting her coat, fluffing a bit of her  
hair, pulling the collar around to frame her face...

**G**

**GEORGE**

the more we can make you look  
like a girl, the better.

**AMELIA**

Oh god, is it worth the effort?  
He cocks his head, studies her. Nah, guess not.

**GEORGE**

Wondering who should play you  
in the film of all this. I'm  
thinking Chaplin.

**AMELIA**

Valentino's not available?  
He shakes his head sadly. Adjusts her collar once more.  
This time, his hands linger.

18.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Two things. One, Chaplin can't  
play me because he's perfect for  
you. And two, you have company.

She glances to where a WOMAN, beautiful and  
aristocratic, is

her.  
being helped onto the roof. George's face lights to see  
them  
He rushes over, sweeps her into his arms, kisses her  
tenderly. Amelia smiles to see this, makes her like  
both.

**GEORGE**

Amelia Earhart, this is Dorothy  
Binney Putnam.  
The women trade smiles. They shake hands, holding eye  
contact.

**DOROTHY**

Great to meet you. George talks  
so much about you.  
(a wink)  
In fact, lately, you're all he  
does talk about.

three-  
George steps in close, and the photographer SNAPS a  
shot. And another.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Hold those smiles for one more,  
please.

**LIGHT 15**

**15**

are  
a  
plane's  
see...  
The FRIENDSHIP bobbing on its pontoons. Bill and Slim  
off-loading equipment and other gear from the plane to  
TUGBOAT filled with support crew and family. The  
engines REV in the predawn stillness. PULL BACK to

**1**

**EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCK - EARLY LIGHT**

16

6

...the yacht club dock. George and Amelia alone at the railing. She's wearing her leather flight jacket and boots. They stare out at the plane, so frail and awkward. From her bag now, she pulls three ENVELOPES... Puts them in George's hand. Straight, unblinking...

**AMELIA**

Popping off letters. For my dad, my mom, my sis. You know. In case.

19.

He stares down. Rocked by the weight of this against the simplicity of her words. The top envelope says: DEAREST

**DAD.**

**GEORGE**

I'm honored. That you'd leave these with me.

**AMELIA**

Who else? If I do pop off, it's your fault.

Said in her sunny way. But she's not kidding. It takes a beat before he can offer...

**GEORGE**

I'll call them once you're safely on your way.

**AMELIA**

Sam will handle that. They trust him.  
That registers.

**GEORGE**

I've figured out the Simpkin thing,

you know.

**AMELIA**

Have you.

**GEORGE**

Sure. There are so few books I haven't published, it was easy to find.

Well...?

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Beatrix Potter, the Tailor of Gloucester. He's a cat in a green frock coat.

**AMELIA**

But why is he you?

Oh.

**GEORGE**

He's brilliant, charismatic...

**AMELIA**

So you haven't actually read it. Do you actually read?

**H**

20.

**GEORGE**

...neurotic, compulsive, manipulative. Am I getting warmer?

She sighs.

**AMELIA**

**P**

ray I make it. Or the secret pops  
off with me.  
A held look. A friendly...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Well. See ya.  
She walks off down the dock toward the Friendship.  
e stands watching her go.

**DISSOLVE**

TO...

17

17

**INT. SMALL HOTEL, NEWFOUNDLAND - MORNING**

Amelia alone, leaving her hotel room in her flight  
jacket.

Locking the door.

**SUPERIMPOSE: FIRST STOP: CANADA**

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

Our first hop was to Canada, to  
start from as close as we could get  
to Ireland. Just in case we  
couldn't get the thing in the air  
and had to row.  
She walks briskly down the corridor.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

The fuel was going to be so close,  
every single mile counted.  
Turns a corner. Approaches the dining room door.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

George told me to keep to my room,  
just in case there was a reporter  
or two somewhere.  
She enters the hotel dining room. Stops cold. Across  
the  
room a disgruntled Bill and a sheepish Slim stare at  
her from

their breakfast, surrounded by 15 REPORTERS and  
PHOTOGRAPHERS. Holy shit. Half a dozen CAMERAS RISE as  
one.

It is a defining moment. And Amelia...  
Cocks her head. Throws an effortless golden smile.

**R**

**21.**

**AMELIA**

Hi there, boys. How are the ham  
and eggs?  
The FLASHES EXPLODE as one. They keep POPPING as  
Amelia  
makes her way to them.

**BILL**

Don't blame us, lady. I think  
somebody's starting to sell books.  
The reporters are handing her their morning editions.  
The  
FOR  
New York Times front page headline: BOSTON GIRL STARTS

**ATLANTIC HOP.**

There beneath the headline, the glamorous PHOTO we  
watched  
to  
being taken on the Copley Hotel roof, Lady Lindy. Next  
it, an earlier photo of her as a demure social worker.

**A**

melia is sifting through the other papers, grinning  
and

shaking her head.

**EPORTER**

Say, Amelia. What have you got for Mabel Boll to chew on?

**AMELIA**

Now why would a famous gal like Mabel give a thought to someone like me? I don't have a single sweater made out of gold.

cracks a The boys ROAR, Slim louder than anyone. Even Bill smile. They're shouting, teasing, YOU CAN'T KID US!

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

chair. A Hey, not even silver. The boys make room. Bill rises to hold Amelia's friendly murmur...

**BILL**

The ham's a little tough, Commander. But the bacon's swell.

18

18

**INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY**

signature MOVIE-TONE NEWSREEL footage, accompanied by their jammed fanfare theme. Once more, the hotel conference room coat, with press. Today Mabel wears a luxurious silver fox Flashes shimmies up to a bank of microphones at the podium. start POPPING.

22.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

The Queen of Diamonds Mabel Boll,  
upstaged by upstart social worker,  
seems madder than a rich wet hen.  
Hey Mabel, tell us about your  
rival!

The sound switches to Mabel leaning her sultry voice to the  
mikes...

**MABEL**

Well, how would any woman feel  
about some tart who steals her man?  
Reporters furiously writing, more flashes EXPLODE.

**MABEL (CONT'D)**

Bill Stultz and I were going to  
make history together, until this  
poor little social worker and her  
sugar daddy, oh excuse me,  
'publisher,' started throwing money  
and I don't know what else at him.

**R**

**REPORTER**

Mabel, are you implying Miss  
Earhart used her feminine charms on  
your pilot?

**MABEL**

I don't know, Charlie, I never seen  
her. Has she got any?  
LAUGHTER, they're all calling out. She shows them a smoky  
smile, but stays on message.

**MABEL (CONT'D)**

Well, she had to use something on  
somebody to get from nowhere to  
here. You figure it out, or wait  
til George Putnam feeds it to you.  
Two dozen questions at once. She's not even listening.

**MABEL (CONT'D)**

We're going to Canada, waiting for  
some good weather on the Atlantic,  
and then we'll kick Little Miss  
Whoozis in the keester.

**REPORTER**

What makes you so cocky that she  
won't leave first?

23.

**MABEL**

Rusty, we can carry enough fuel to  
go to China. That thing they're  
flying can't load enough gas to  
make Yonkers. Tell that to  
Putnam's girlie. And while you're  
at it...

She snuggles the gleaming fox fur around her.

**MABEL (CONT'D)**

Tell her I do wear silver. So I'm  
two up on her.

**EXT. HARBOR, TREPASSEY, NEWFOUNDLAND - EARLY MORNING**

19

19

bleak

unsuccessful

MOVIETONE NEWSREEL CONTINUES. We are looking at foggy,  
Trepassey Harbor as the Friendship makes an  
attempt to take off.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

Eleven days of failure for plucky  
Amelia Earhart and her crew. If it  
isn't storms over the Atlantic,  
it's the inability of the  
seaplane's pontoons to lift from  
the sea.

**S**

ERIES OF ANGLES. One failed take-off after another.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Perhaps it's for the best.  
Remember, no woman has beat the  
jinx of the Atlantic and three have  
died trying. Including a princess  
and the niece of former President  
Woodrow Wilson.

on the The plane's engine SPUTTERS and STALLS. It floats  
sea.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Maybe this one's not to be. Hey,  
Mabel! How's your weather report?

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, NEWFOUNDLAND - LATE NIGHT**

20

20

room, Amelia coming down the hotel corridor. She passes a  
the and hearing DRUNKEN LAUGHTER from a group of MEN within  
room...  
anger. She stops. Stares at the door with more concern than

**A**

24.

21  
21

**INT. ROOM - SAME MOMENT**

Bill, Slim and three of the REPORTERS are drinking up a storm.

**BILL**

**EXPLORER, MY ASS. BYRD COULDN'T**

**FIND A PUBIC HAIR IN A WHOREHOUSE**

**T RUSH HOUR!**

**INT. HOTEL ROOM, NEWFOUNDLAND - LATER**

22  
22

Amelia curled up on her bed with CHARTS of the Atlantic spread everywhere. From next door, the sound of drunken men

**CONTINUE.**

Amelia looks down from her charts. Her mind going to...

**FLASHBACK: EXT. HOUSE, ATCHISON, KANSAS - DAY**

23  
23

Seven-year-old KIDS dressed as cowboys and Indians are gathered on the front lawn of a white clapboard home.

We  
CLOSE on a clear-eyed tomboy with war paint and tousled hair,

the AMELIA at seven, looking up excitedly as a car pulls to  
curb.

**H**  
er FATHER climbs slowly from the car, WOBLES his way  
across the lawn. The kids part to let him through, the  
confusion and disappointment on every face. He ignores them all,  
even Amelia. The front door opens...  
...Amelia's MOTHER gazes at him with shame and disdain.  
As she helps him stagger inside...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

**24**  
**24**  
Amelia in her flight gear, sitting on the edge of her  
bed, an open TELEGRAM lies beside her. Her elbows rest on her  
knees.  
Her hands are locked together. Her profile is stony,  
determined. TILT DOWN to the telegram...  
It reads: WEATHER PERMITTING, MABEL FLIES THIS  
AFTERNOON.  
She grabs her flight bag, leaves the room. She only has  
to travel as far as the next door. POUNDS on it. Waits.  
Pounds LOUDER with both fists.  
Slim opens the door. Looking bad. Bill sits up  
in bed, groggy, disoriented.

**BILL**

Christ, what time is...

**25.**

**AMELIA**

Time to fly. Get up, get dressed,  
we're going now.

Slim She is calm and angry at once. A powerful combination.  
pulls his pants off a chair.

**BILL**

Where's the weather report?

blinks, She goes to his bed. Hands him a slip of paper. He  
still waking up. Reads.

**BILL (CONT'D)**

It's not good enough.

**AMELIA**

Great. Maybe Mabel will think so,  
too. Because if she doesn't, she's  
going to Paris and you're going  
home. Today.

**B**

**ILL**

It's not good enough.

**AMELIA**

It's fine, there's a tail wind all  
the way, we'll off-load to 700  
gallons, which gets us off the  
water and the wind gets us to  
Ireland.

**BILL**

We've had better than this and we  
haven't gone.

**AMELIA**

But this is the day Mabel's ready,  
so we're going now. The weather  
is going to get better and we'll  
be there to enjoy it.

**BILL**

You're serious.

**AMELIA**

Just as serious as you're hung

over.

(to Slim)

You go now, get the late weather,  
we'll meet you at the plane.

Go. Now! Slim pulls on his shoes, grabs his jacket, his  
bag. Looks to Bill, but the pilot is glaring at his  
commander.

26.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

**(QUIET)**

Slim, get out. I've got this.

A beat. Slim goes, the door shuts quietly. Amelia

sits on

the edge of Bill's bed.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I've loved one person  
unconditionally, Bill. He is the  
most caring and generous and  
charming and flat-out funny guy  
I'll ever know. He's my father.

Her eyes are burning with this. And Bill keeps

quiet.

Anyone would.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

He's a drunk. And he's let me down  
all my life.

She leans closer.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Now you get out of that bed. And  
you fly that god-damned thing to  
Ireland. Or I swear to you,  
Bill...

Just above a whisper...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I swear to you I will. Or die  
trying.

**Y**

ou got that? Do you?

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

And either way. You're going to be  
living with it.

25

25

**EXT. TREPASSEY HARBOR - LATER**

beside  
come  
steps  
It's dark and cold. Bill and Amelia stand at the dock  
their plane. He's drinking coffee as they watch Slim  
down the quay with a slip of paper in his hand. Amelia  
forward to take it. Reads with neutral eyes.

**AMELIA**

onto a  
engine  
Good. Slim, start the engines.  
She still hasn't given the paper to Bill. Slim steps  
pontoon. Starts CRANKING up the propellers. As the  
KICKS to life...

**S**

27.

Looks to  
She hands the weather report to Bill. He reads.  
her eyes.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

You signed a contract. You've got  
a direct instruction from me to go.  
That report indicates some degree  
of risk and it's a risk I'm taking.

**BILL**

Have a nice flight.

**AMELIA**

Thanks.  
She motions to Slim, get on board. The navigator grins,  
starts to climb up, looking back at Bill...

**SLIM**

Hey, I'm scared shitless of this  
dame.  
She climbs up after him. One look back...

**AMELIA**

engines  
Read tomorrow's papers, Bill.  
We'll both be in them.  
And disappears. Alone on the dock, Bill hears the  
REV. Jesus, God, she's going to do it. He takes a step  
toward the plane, but her head appears in the hatch...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

So, to take off, you pull back  
on the thing, right?  
Her perfectly straight, innocent face. He BUSTS out  
laughing. This fucking girl.

**T**

osses his coffee. Climbs aboard.

**INT. FRIENDSHIP - MOMENTS LATER**

26  
26  
we  
WITH Amelia as she locks the hatch. For the first time,

for  
everything  
pulls

can see the inside of the plane. The cabin is too small  
anyone to stand. The plane has been emptied of  
but two huge elliptical FUEL TANKS.  
he wedges herself between the gigantic tanks. Bill  
the throttle and the Fokker Tri-motor LURCHES forward,  
STRAINING against the surface of the sea in a rattling,  
throbbing desperately VIBRATING all-out attempt.

28.

as  
WHINE  
against the

Amelia crawls to the tiny window, her face to the glass  
chop and spray FLY PAST like shrapnel, and the engines  
and PULSE louder...  
...twenty seconds, thirty. Still on the surface. Forty  
seconds, fifty, her eyes shut, her forehead bangs  
glass, come on, sixty seconds, and at 67...

27  
27

**EXT. HARBOR - SAME MOMENT**

...the seaplane LIFTS, struggles, then SOARS FREE.

**INT. FRIENDSHIP - DAY/NIGHT**

28  
28

Amelia kneels at the tiny window. A kid on a rainy day.

STORM that  
explosions.  
be  
between  
seat, she  
crawls  
His face

Only outside this window is impenetrable FOG and a  
ROCKS the plane like the shock waves of endless  
As she braces herself against the hull...  
...water DRIPS onto her from a loose seam. Could this  
dangerous? She looks around. Through the opening  
the elliptical fuel tanks...  
...Bill and Slim at the controls. Bill is banging on  
something beside the instrument panel. Beneath his  
sees the TOOLBOX. The water drips on her faster. She  
forward toward the boys, arriving to see...  
...Bill POUNDING what we can now see is his RADIO.  
is red, angry. She watches for a beat.

**AMELIA**

**YOU OKAY?**

**BILL**

**BE BETTER IF OUR DAMN RADIO WOULD**

**JOIN THE PARTY!**

impaired  
beneath his  
whiskey.

He never turns to her, but she studies him. Is he  
or simply frustrated? She slips the toolbox from  
seat and crawls back to the leak. But as she opens the  
box...  
...there, among the wrench and pliers, a BOTTLE of  
She stares at it as we SNAP TO...

**29**

**29**

**DAY**

from

**FLASHBACK: EXT. AMELIA'S HOUSE, ATCHISON, KANSAS -**  
RAPID SERIES OF ANGLES. War-painted Amelia looking up  
the cowboy she's tied to a tree. The car pulling to the

curb. Out climbs...

29.

children. ...her FATHER glassy-eyed. Stumbling through the  
room Her MOTHER at the door.  
beneath ANGLE. Amelia still in war paint enters her parents'  
into She knows just where to go. Opens a drawer, digs  
him. crisply starched shirts. Finds the BOTTLE.  
ANGLE. Amelia in the bathroom, POURING the bottle out  
the sink. She looks up in the mirror to see...  
...her father in the doorway. She turns straight to  
MEETS his eyes, direct and unafraid.

30

30

**INT. FRIENDSHIP**

plane BACK to Amelia with Bill's bottle, as the battered  
the lurches every which way in the storm. She lifts it from  
plane toolbox. Hides it in the camera bag, as suddenly the  
ceiling, DROPS fifty feet, and Amelia is SLAMMED against the  
turned then crashes back to the floor. Dazed, she sees Bill  
around...

**BILL**

**HOLD ONTO SOMETHING FOR CHRISAKE!**

been  
make

She GRABS the leg of the navigation table which has bolted down. Stares out the window, wondering if she'll it.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

Dearest Dad. Hooray for the last grand adventure. I wish I had won, but it was worthwhile anyway. You know that. I have no faith we'll meet anywhere again, but I wish we might.

HOLD on the gray eyes. DISSOLVE TO...  
LATER. Amelia at the window, still opaque with fog. Suddenly, the plane SWOOPS down toward a clearing in

the  
our

clouds. There to the south, a FREIGHTER running across path. No land in sight.

**A**

flight

melia SCRAWLS a note, ties it to an ORANGE from her bag, and crawls back to the boys.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

**HOW FAR TO LAND?**

The boys are studying the freighter.

30.

**BILL**

**RADIO'S STILL OUT. NO WAY TO  
COMPUTE WINDSPEED AND DRIFT IN THE  
FOG, SO GOD ONLY KNOWS WHERE  
IRELAND IS.**

Checks his watch.

**BILL (CONT'D)**

**NINETEEN HOURS PLUS. WE'VE GOT**

**MAYBE AN HOUR OF PETROL LEFT.**

**PROBABLY LESS.**

She shows him the note and the orange.

**AMELIA**

**WESTERN UNION, SPECIAL DELIVERY.**

Bill has to smile. Are you serious? As a heart attack.

Okay, he tries to get closer to the ship, but we're jerked and buffeted as we swing past and Amelia...

...DROPS the orange toward the freighter, watching the heavy winds CARRY it two hundred yards WIDE of the mark. Our three stare grimly.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

**IF WE LAND NEAR THEM, WE'VE GOT A**

**RESCUE.**

Their eyes are locked.

**BILL**

**THINK THOSE RIDICULOUS SKIS COULD**

**HOLD US UP IN THIS KIND OF SEA?**

She's been wondering the same.

**BILL (CONT'D)**

**YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO MAKE IT.**

**ARE YOU A LIAR?**

**AMELIA**

**NOT ON THIS OCCASION.**

A rare smile...

**BILL**

**WELL, THEN.**

And SWOOPS back on course. Amelia's hand squeezes his shoulder. DISSOLVE TO...

LATER. Amelia crouched behind Bill's seat. Fog starting to

break up.

**A**

**31.**

Her face drawn, she almost seems to be holding her  
breath. Something down below. As we drop, we hear the engines

**A**

**SPUTTER.**

**MELIA**

**WHEN'S THAT HOUR OF FUEL RUN OUT?**

**BILL**

**EIGHTEEN MINUTES AGO. WHY?**

She glances over to Slim, who is busy unwrapping a  
sandwich. She can't believe this. He takes a healthy bite.

**AMELIA**

**THE LONGER I OBSERVE MEN THE MORE**

**I AM AWESTRUCK. BY THEIR CAPACITY**

**FOR DENIAL.**

She crawls back to the navigation table. As she looks  
out her window, a SANDWICH SAILS past! She WHIPS  
around...Slim's arms raised in jubilation. Down below...  
Land.

**EXT. SHORE, BURRY PORT, WALES - DAY**

31

31

in for

WORKERS

hundred

WAVES

back.

workers

on

her

The little plane sputtering, shuddering, as Bill drops

a splashdown. We PAN to the shore...

...a rural railroad dock. Deserted except for THREE

who glance up as the Friendship taxis to a buoy a few

yards offshore. Amelia at the hatch, tiny in distance,

a towel...

...one friendly worker takes off his coat and WAVES

Then all three guys go back to work. SNAP TO...

REVERSE ANGLE. From the Friendship, we watch the

ignoring us. Bill and Slim HOLLER and jump up and down

the pontoons. Nobody cares. Amelia sits in the doorway,

legs swinging free.

**AMELIA**

Out of gas. May have to swim for

I

t.

LATER. Amelia alone. Six pages written by her side.

Still

working, as a rowboat pulls up. Bill stands in the bow.

Calls to her...

**BILL**

Mr. Putnam phoned. He says there's

fella coming from London. Hilton

Railey.

32.

**AMELIA**

Oh, yeh. Very important man. More  
important than any of us.  
Really? Yep.

**BILL**

He says ya mustn't come ashore til  
he gets here. No matter what.  
Great. She doesn't like it, but there it is. She waves,  
so  
long.

**BILL (CONT'D)**

Some kind of royalty, is he?  
She nods.

**AMELIA**

Public relations.  
Goes back to work. DISSOLVE TO...  
LATER. Amelia sits with her papers in her lap, dangling her  
feet from the hatch. Alone. Hear the BUZZ of...  
...a PLANE dropping slowly from the sky, gliding onto the  
water on its pontoons. She stares at it. Gathers up her  
things.  
LATER. Amelia sitting in a tiny dinghy, behind her the  
Friendship in distance. She is being rowed to shore. Our  
VIEW is over the back of the man rowing. Amelia is staring  
past him, vaguely apprehensive.  
REVERSE ANGLE. She's looking at TWO THOUSAND WELSHMEN  
swarming the docks. You can't even see the sand.  
The crowd is silent and staring. No cheers. As if they were  
staring at an alien or an animal in the zoo. Bill and Slim  
help pull the dinghy to the rocky shore. But when Amelia  
jumps out, the crowd...

..begins to soberly APPLAUD, and slowly CLOSES IN around  
her. At first she seems pleased, trying to shake every hand  
thrust toward her. She doesn't see that Bill and Slim have  
been shunted to the back. Suddenly...  
...people get BOLDER. CLAPPING her on the back, reaching to  
TOUCH her, someone SNATCHES her scarf, she looks around  
frantically for Bill and Slim as...  
...a SHERIFF and three DEPUTIES muscle their way to her

using

billy clubs to push people back. They surround Amelia, begin  
to escort her to the station...

33.

**SHERIFF**

Sorry Ma'am. Shoulda brought more men.

**AMELIA**

No, really, this is very sweet, it's an honor. I'm actually enjoying it.

**SHERIFF**

That's a good thing.  
She looks at him as they are jostled along.

**SHERIFF (CONT'D)**

standing  
cheek.

Because you're stuck with it.  
From here on.  
She is brought to a smiling avuncular HILTON RAILEY,  
beside the closest thing Burry Port has to a limo. She  
throws an affectionate arm around him, kisses his

**AMELIA**

He's

Hullo, Hilton.  
Railey stands back as FLASHBULBS catch the moment.  
brought photographers with him. And more.

**R**

**AILEY**

paper.

Amelia, say hullo to Allen Raymond  
of the New York Times.  
A hearty handshake. She holds out her sheets of

**AMELIA**

Come

I believe you've come for these.  
Both men regard the pages as if they were gold bullion.

for these indeed.

**EXT. SOUTHAMPTON - DAY**

32

32

PEOPLE  
the  
BLARES  
FLASHES  
center of  
MAYOR of  
  
she  
of the  
Sydney  
story

MOVIETONE FOOTAGE of Amelia being welcomed by a SEA OF  
on the dock at Southampton. A mob . Folks spilling into  
water. Ships circling, fireboats spray, every craft  
its horn. Police hold back the screaming throng as  
EXPLODE and NEWSREEL CAMERAS CHURN. Amelia at the  
the storm. Welcomed by AMY GUEST and the lady LORD  
Southampton.  
Throughout, we see SUPERIMPOSED IMAGES of the article  
gave Railey, displaying her byline, on the front pages  
London Times, New York Times, the Times of India,  
Morning Herald, the Toronto Star, Le Monde, as her  
echoes around the world. These IMAGES CONTINUE OVER...

34 .

the  
gallery at

QUICK SERIES OF ANGLES. Amelia cheering animatedly at  
races...watching tennis at Wimbledon...front row  
the House of Commons, as...

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

A whirlwind week for Boston's

3

Amelia Earhart, our own Lady Lindy.  
Races at Ascot on Gold Cup  
day...watching Helen Wills Moody  
play at Wimbledon...Lady Astor's  
guest at the House of Commons...

**INT. HYDE PARK HOTEL, LONDON - DAY**

3

33

gathered  
bank  
steps to

MOVIETONE NEWSREEL CONTINUES. The British press are  
in a huge Victorian parlor. Dark woods, rich leather, a  
of microphones, an electric expectancy...  
Bill and Slim stand next to a seated Amy. Amelia  
the microphones...

**AMELIA**

I was a passenger on this journey.  
Just a passenger. Everything that  
was done to bring us across was  
done by Wilmer Stultz and Slim  
Gordon. All the praise...

**REPORTER**

(calls out)

But you can fly, can't you?  
Amelia stares at the man. Conflicting agendas.

**AMELIA**

This flight was solely to the  
credit of Bill and Slim. Women  
should know, however, that I have  
had 500 hours solo flying and once  
held the women's altitude record.

**REPORTER**

So you could have done it yourself!

**AMELIA**

This particular flight, under these  
conditions, I wonder if anyone but  
Bill Stultz could have pulled it  
off. But certainly, one day a  
woman will do this. As easily, as

skillfully, as professionally as  
any man.  
Such calm self-possession.      Such confidence in that.

**Y**

**3**

**S**

**35.**

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Aviation is clear today for the  
pioneer. And if the pioneer has  
good ideas nobody will ask whether  
P            the pioneer is a man or woman.  
olite applause.      Mostly from women.      She looks

around the

room.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I hear your doubt. That doubt is our challenge. This is where our Atlantic flight, or any other good flight by a woman can help...

She nods. To them, to herself.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

It starts women thinking.

**EXT. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

34

34

streets,

Ticker tape PARADE down Broadway, crowds lining the leaning from windows to welcome Amelia home.

**UPERIMPOSE: NEW YORK CITY**

WAVING to  
the

Amelia sits in an open car between Bill and Slim, everyone. In the front seat, George and Dorothy share moment.

**EXT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY**

5

35

Amelia flanked by George and Dorothy, coming out of a reception hall. Amelia glances to George...

**AMELIA**

Guess you can burn those letters.  
Dorothy wonders. Letters?

**GEORGE**

I saved them for your book.  
One simple shake of Amelia's head. A soft...

**AMELIA**

The book's yours.           The letters are  
mine.

He smiles.                Bows in submission.

**GEORGE**

ou're the boss.

36.

**DOROTHY**

Hey, that's my job.  
(to Amelia)

Do you think there's enough of him  
to boss for the two of us?

Amelia still looking at George.    Laughs.

**AMELIA**

Barely enough for one.  
A battery of reporters and flashbulbs wait by our motorcade.

**REPORTER**

Miss Earhart, can you tell us some-  
thing about your future plans?

**S**

he likes this question.    Fixes the man with that clear,  
honest gaze.

**AMELIA**

Well, being a social worker by  
trade and passion, I'll be going  
back to work at Denison House when  
all this fun is over.

She sends the guy a smile, and a dozen FLASHES catch it.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

...if I haven't been fired.  
George holds the door of their limo. She looks up to him  
with a mischievous smile. And with no warning...  
...Amelia bypasses the limo, climbs into the SIDECAR of a  
cop's motorcycle, and SMACKS its side. The cop looks up to  
George, who...

...nods, go for it. And the cop DOES, wheeling out into traffic, opening up the SIREN, as everyone laughs or cheers or darts into the street desperate for a fleeting photo. George watching her go. Dorothy watching George.

**REPORTER**

Mr. Putnam, sir. How did a social worker like Miss Earhart become comfortable as a celebrity so quickly?

George smiles. His eyes still following Amelia.

**GEORGE**

The truth is, she was a celebrity on smaller stages all her life.

**(MORE)**

37.

GEORGE (cont'd)

This is just when the rest of us discovered her.

And Dorothy. Watches this, too.

36

36

**EXT. PUTNAM HOME, RYE, NEW YORK - DAY**

Amelia in a sunlit garden ringed by trees. She sits at a folding table, writing longhand. A large dog lies at her feet.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

So they took me home with them to Rye. And I lived there, while I wrote my book.

PULL BACK to see our view has been George's. He sits at an antique writing desk, watching her through a picture window.

He rises slowly. We see that he has been reviewing a CONTRACT, which he takes with him.

**A**

down  
ANGLE. Amelia writing, looking up to see George coming  
the back porch steps to the garden.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I thought he'd be a tyrant and that  
I would have to manage him.  
He smiles as he approaches. She goes back to work.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

it.  
Instead he was kind and generous.  
And only picked the fights he  
needed to win.  
He drops the contract on her table. She looks at

**GEORGE**

Lucky Strike endorsement. I wrote  
the copy myself.

**AMELIA**

What does it say? 'I don't smoke  
but you should?'

**GEORGE**

It says Lucky Strikes were the only  
cigarettes aboard the Friendship.  
That's true.

**AMELIA**

True and misleading. Why would I  
sign that?

**GEORGE**

So Bill and Slim get paid.

38.

Oh. His smile simple, comfortable.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

If you're too proud to take tobacco

becomes  
sign  
her.

money, donate it to Byrd's  
expedition, and we get great  
publicity.

She stares at him with hard eyes. His smile just  
more relaxed. An easy win, no big deal. She begins to  
the contract. He places a stack of letters in front of

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

This week's marriage proposals.  
The top one's the most creative.  
It's from Sing Sing.

She starts to read. Her eyes widen. Goodness.

AMELIA (reads)

`...in the prison yard, so everyone  
can watch and share in our...'

(

looks up)

Did you write the copy on this one,  
too?

DOROTHY (O.S., approaching)

Have you no shame, George? No  
sense of the scandal you create?

They look up. She has a tray of lemonade and cookies.

**DOROTHY (CONT'D)**

You make her work for nothing. At  
least you can feed her.

(to Amelia)

Are you done yet? If not, make him  
write the rest, he will anyway.

**INT. AUDITORIUM, BARNARD COLLEGE, NEW YORK - NIGHT**

37

37

A women's college. The hall is packed.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

The lecture and publicity schedule  
was fierce. I was with her pretty  
much all the time.

Amelia and George alone in the wings.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

This was the moment of opportunity.  
Could we launch her into Lindbergh  
status as a permanent icon, before  
her name fell out of the news-  
papers.

He re-ties her scarf. Checking out the effect.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

We had separate agendas. For her,  
it was the advancement of aviation  
and of women.

He very slightly rearranges her hair, as if every lock  
matters.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

As for me, I liked to tell myself  
it was about the money. Though  
there was never much of that left  
over.

She stands for inspection, with her trace of a teasing  
smile.

He holds out his hand and she gives him her note cards.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Really, it was about the chance  
to be around her.

He flips through the A

cards, frowning as he goes.

MELIA (George imitation)

This will never do, A.E., simply  
unacceptable.

He looks up. She starts pacing around, gesturing as he  
would...

AMELIA (George imitation)

You need more ammunition in these  
cards, and where's the goddamned  
humor, for Chrissake? By which I  
mean something actually funny!

He's trying to look annoyed. It isn't easy.

AMELIA (George imitation)

And please remember not to turn  
your pretty little backside to the  
crowd when you use your pointer,  
it's your face they're paying to  
see. Well, most of them.  
She WHIPS around. He's deadpan.

40.

AMELIA (George imitation)  
And another thing. Your hats.  
Are a menace.  
Staring at each other.

GEORGE (softly)  
Everything about you. Is a menace.  
The stare holds. Because this is the moment.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

I remember the first kiss.  
It is only one step. Her hand goes to his chest.  
Her eyes  
close, as...  
And deep. She brings her mouth to his. Tender and strong.  
from It is an act of decision.  
wave, A held look. No one smiles. We hear her name ANNOUNCED  
the podium. But she keeps looking at him. And as the  
APPLAUSE CONTINUES, she finally...  
...turns. STRIDES onto the stage, with one graceful  
she brings the applause to a crescendo.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Of course, I knew all the stories

**T**

hat Dorothy had been having a  
torrid affair with Fred Upton.  
Everyone did.  
She steps to the microphone. The crowd quiets.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

But I didn't kiss him because I

felt sorry for him. Or because  
it would mean the world to him.  
INTERCUT. George in the wings. His heart in his  
eyes.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I did it. Because I wanted to.  
He looks down. He's still holding her cards.

**INT. HOTEL, CHICAGO - DAY**

38  
38  
gathers

38

Hotel corridor. An elevator OPENS and ELINOR SMITH a  
striking young woman emerges. Looks at a slip of paper.  
Nervous. Heads down the hallway to a door. As she  
herself to knock, she looks scared enough to pass out.

41.

George answers the door, looking gracious and suave. They  
shake hands. Then, Amelia appears, warmly clasping the  
girl's hand, and Elinor looks as starstruck as a teenager at  
the Oscars.

**AMELIA**

It's so good to meet you. I've  
been following your career with  
a great deal of admiration.

**ELINOR**

Um. Thanks, and. You, too.

**AMELIA**

Feel like a drink?

**GEORGE**

Amelia! What would her mother  
say?

**AMELIA**

Relax, George. I meant a Coke.  
As she leads Elinor into the sitting room of their suite,  
the  
girl's eye falls on the door to the bedroom. It is slightly  
ajar, revealing an unmade double bed. Unseen by the others,  
the kid reacts. Oh, my.

**L**

ATER. Tea in the sitting room. Elinor leaning forward,  
guileless, eager...

**ELINOR**

They're saying you get \$500 a week  
on the lecture circuit.

**GEORGE**

On a bad week.

**AMELIA**

On a good week.

The girl looks from one to the other.

**AMELIA**

All depends. On whether you want  
the sell or the real.

**ELINOR**

Oh, I don't underestimate the value  
of selling. It's why I'm here.

**GEORGE**

A 16-year-old girl sets an altitude  
record, then makes headlines  
illegally flying under the four  
bridges of the East River. You  
don't seem to need much help  
selling yourself.

42.

**ELINOR**

Well, actually Mr. Putnam, I was

hoping you could do to me what  
you've done to her.  
Inadvertently, her eyes flick to the bedroom door.  
Catching  
Uh- this, our couple shares a dry smile. The kid sees that.  
oh.

**ELINOR (CONT'D)**

What I mean is. It's a good thing.  
That's why I want it.  
Now our couple is trying not to laugh.

**GEORGE**

Just so we're clear, young lady.  
What is your primary ambition?  
ELINOR (straight back)  
To take Amelia's place as the  
number one female pilot.  
The honesty, the suddenness, leave George atypically  
dumbstruck.

**AMELIA**

Well, good for you! I would have  
expected nothing less. You want  
a tip?

**ELINOR**

I do.

**AMELIA**

Keep doing what you're doing.  
The girl nods, seriously. Okay.

**A**

**MELIA (CONT'D)**

And don't let anyone turn you  
around.

**INT. PUTNAM HOUSE - CHRISTMAS DAY**

39  
39  
everywhere.

Holiday party in progress. Christmas decorations

is  
with  
the  
as

A small crowd around the living room bar where George  
telling a story.  
Now we see Dorothy standing, drinking, watching George  
hard eyes. She turns on her heels and walks OUT into  
garden. George sees this, excuses himself, follows her,  
we PAN to...

43.

seen it

...Amelia standing with a group of guests. She's  
all.

40

40

**EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER**

fuming.

Here she comes along the roses, still drinking, still  
A figure comes up behind her. Falls in step.

**GEORGE**

Lovely party, huh?

**DOROTHY**

Depends on your point of view.  
I've been listening to some idiot  
brag about his girlfriend.  
Still walking. She never looks at him.

**GEORGE**

Well, in that case, for your  
information, it is a lovely party  
indeed. Anything on your mind?

**DOROTHY**

It's not so much that my husband is having an affair with his meal ticket. It's just a pity we can't have one honest conversation about it.

**GEORGE**

What's wrong with this one? A promising start, I'd say, in the honesty department.

She finishes her drink. Throws the glass away. From our ANGLE we can now see D

Amelia in the window, watching them.

**DOROTHY**

If this is what you call an honest talk, I'd say you need some practice.

**GEORGE**

Great. Let's try one about you and Fred Upton.

She stops walking. Turns in shock, to see his easy smile.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Well, I'm waiting for our practice conversation. Hoping I'll learn something. About honesty.

**44.**

She GLARES at him, and storms off. He lets her go. Hear a car engine TURN OVER. Dorothy PEELING OUT. George reflects. As he walks back toward the party, he now sees Amelia in the window. He stops. Their look holds.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT**

**41**  
**41**  
late. A  
Followed by

George at the kitchen table in dim light. It's very  
HAND places a steaming mug of coffee before him.  
a slice of pie. A fork. He smiles. And softly...

**GEORGE**

Dorothy and I are through.  
She sits beside him. Very close.

**AMELIA**

For a long, long time.

**GEORGE**

It's different now.  
She looks at him. Squints. How?

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Marry me.  
Oh. A breath.

**AMELIA**

I can't do that.

**GEORGE**

If you give it a chance, you'll  
learn to love me.  
He seems so sunny and strong. What can he be  
feeling?

**AMELIA**

I already love you. That's why I  
can't marry you.

**GEORGE (a murmur)**

Well, that explains it. For a  
minute there, I thought you were  
stuck for an excuse.

**S**

he comes close enough to kiss.

**AMELIA**

I know me. And you don't. Not  
really.

**GEORGE**

What if I promise not to learn?

45.

**AMELIA**

The day will come. When I will run  
away. And when it does...  
He stops her with a kiss.

**GEORGE**

If you love me. I'll take my  
chances.  
He stares in her troubled eyes. There is no answer.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Race you to bed.

**EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY - NEWSREEL**

42

42

Amelia and nearly 20 WOMEN lined up in front of planes.  
Waving, smiling, talking to each other.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

Amelia Earhart and a bevy of lovely  
competitors say hello to the press  
announcing the First Women's Air  
Derby, racing from Santa Monica to  
Cleveland. Dubbed by Will Rogers  
'the Powder Puff Derby,' these gals  
certainly know how to capture our  
attention.

The next ANGLE shows Amelia watching some of her  
colleagues  
bouncing playfully on a see-saw. She smiles tolerantly,  
but

taste. maybe there's a little too much cheesecake for her

**INT. RECEPTION AREA, PUTNAM'S - DAY**

**43**

**43**

year

poised.

The crowded waiting room. We CLOSE on a young woman we scarcely recognize. It is Elinor. Though less than a year has passed, she seems much older. Sophisticated,

ANGLE. A secretary leads Elinor down the corridor to George's office. As they enter, George is pacing on the phone.

G

GEORGE (into phone)

Because Amelia invented the Powder Puff Derby for female pilots. Then the men running the damn race suddenly decide every woman has to carry a male navigator, and start from east of the Rockies so they won't crash into the mountains!

Listens, impatient.

**46.**

GEORGE (into phone)

I'll tell you why it's a front page story. Because Amelia pulled every woman out of the race. So the organizers had to roll over and give in, or they'd have lost their shirts. You want me to write your headline?

He glances over. Elinor in the doorway.

GEORGE (into phone)

Call you back. I've got a very important guest.

He hangs up, gesturing graciously for her to sit. As she

does...

**ELINOR**

Wish I was important enough for  
you to manage.

**GEORGE**

Well, I've just got one client.  
And most days she's more than I  
can manage.

Even Elinor's smile seems older, more capable of subtlety.

**ELINOR**

Get in line behind the boys she  
smacked around on the Derby.

He grins back. You bet.

**ELINOR (CONT'D)**

Some of the gal flyers had their  
doubts about her...well, her skill  
level. But she's everyone's  
champion now.

**GEORGE**

And both of those things. Are the  
S reasons I called you.  
trange words. He has her attention.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I think it would be huge for women  
flyers if Amelia won the Derby.  
The publicity would put the race,  
and all of you, up there with the  
boys.

47.

**ELINOR**

I'm not sure she has much of a  
chance, Mr. Putnam.

**GEORGE**

Well, the one shot would be putting  
her in a far more powerful plane

than anything she's flown. We're thinking the Lockheed Vega.  
The girl's shock. He really means this.

**ELINOR**

Sir, I've test piloted the Vega. It's way more than she could ever handle. It wouldn't be safe, let alone successful.

He smiles.

**GEORGE**

That's why I'm thinking of you flying with her. You could handle the cross-country flying, the more difficult bits, and I'd pay you \$75 a week.

Elinor WHISTLES low.

**ELINOR**

Well, I think that's the most generous opportunity I've ever been offered.

He stares at her.

**GEORGE**

There's just one thing. Obviously, it has to appear that Amelia did all the flying. So when pictures are taken, you'll stand off to one side.

Her eyes narrow. He's completely serious.

**ELINOR**

In that case, I'll get my own plane and win the race myself.

**GEORGE**

You haven't changed.

**N**

o smile at all.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Unfortunately for you, neither  
have I.

The look in his eye is not to be ignored.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

You can't win if you can't get a  
plane to enter. Let me predict  
that you won't.

The voice calm and low and riveting.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

In fact. If you reject my  
generosity, you may come to regret  
it. For a long, long time.

**ELINOR**

That's a threat.

**GEORGE**

I'm an intensely loyal person,  
Elinor. And this is what my  
loyalty requires.

She's glaring. Reeling. Trapped.

**ELINOR**

She's the one who said I shouldn't  
let anybody turn me around.

**GEORGE**

She probably meant me.

So honest, the words confuse her.

**ELINOR**

Obviously, she doesn't see me as  
a threat.

**GEORGE**

Oh, sure she does.

A straight smile...

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

She just doesn't care.

...which silently fades.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

My job. Is to care for her.

**DISSOLVE TO...**

Y

S

W

49.

44

44

INT. OAK ROOM, PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK - NIGHT

tonight.

Amelia to

LONG ANGLE. Sophisticated watering hole. Crowded

PAN to find George alone, waiting. A waiter leads

the table. George stands, smiling. But the smile is not

returned. We CLOSE as they sit...

**GEORGE**

**A**

What's wrong?

MELIA (clearly furious)  
What could be wrong? I had such a lovely afternoon with Elinor Smith.

Oh.

**GEORGE**

He told you that I shut her out of the Derby. And that's true.

**AMELIA**

And when were you going to tell me?

GEORGE (calm, straight)  
Never. I knew you'd go crazy. And I felt it needed to be done.

She can scarcely believe this.

**AMELIA**

What? You think I wanted it done, but just let you do the dirty work?

**GEORGE**

I didn't say that.

**AMELIA**

Because I'm no angel. Business is competition and competition is rough, and I thank my stars that you're there making this life happen for me, but...

**GEORGE**

You're making your life hap...

**AMELIA**

But this is different.

It is.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

If women are going to stab women in the back, then women are going nowhere.

**F**

**T**

50.

Are you listening?

**GEORGE**

From here on, I'll just stab men in  
the back. A

**MELIA**

You didn't do this for business,  
anyway. G

**GEORGE**

I did it for fun?

**AMELIA**

You did it because you love me.  
That stops him.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

And when we're married, you mustn't  
ever...  
Now she stops. Because his eyes are wide.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

What's the big shock? I thought  
you wanted to get married.

Full beat.

**GEORGE**

did. I do.

**AMELIA**

Well, then.

His eyes moving over her face.

**GEORGE**

What about what you said? The day  
S will come when you run away.  
he nods. It will.

**AMELIA**

You'll be destroyed. And part of  
me will, too. And I think we both  
know it.

And yet.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Sometimes things happen that way.  
You're not better safe than sorry.  
Tears stand in his eyes. He is so happy.

51.

AMELIA (a whisper) (CONT'D)

Yes?

GEORGE (a whisper)

Hell yes.

45

45

**INT. GEORGE'S MOTHER'S HOME, NOANK, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

at Through a window, a dry, wintered garden. Snow falling,  
once soft and heavy. Beyond, Morgan Point Lighthouse,

fishing  
She is  
writing, and as she does...

Fisher's Island Sound, Long Island Sound. One lonely boat braves the cold water. PULL BACK to see...  
...Amelia at the breakfast table in a windowed room.

**S**

**UPERIMPOSE: WEDDING DAY. CONNECTICUT, 1931.**  
...her eyes are swimming with tears. She brushes at them.

Stares down at her work. Continues.  
ANGLE. The parlor. George, his MOTHER, the MINISTER, a small number of close FRIENDS. From the doorway, Amelia beckons George. The letter is in her hand.

**EXT. HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

46  
46  
into the  
him  
to

Amelia holds tight to George's hand, leading him out falling snow. She turns, fixes him with a look. Hands the letter. And steps back. As if giving him space. At first, he smiles. What is this? She gestures for him to read. As he begins, there is nothing for a few seconds. Then...

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

...I want you to understand I shall not hold you to any medieval code of faithfulness to me. Nor shall I consider myself bound to you similarly.

Snow falling. Absolute silence.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

If we can be honest I think the difficulties which may arise may best be avoided should you or I become interested deeply, or in passing, with anyone else.

looks  
She gazes intently, her heart in her eyes. He never

up.

**M**

52.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Please let us not interfere with the other's work or play, nor let the world see our private joys or disagreements.

And then...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

**I**

must exact a cruel promise. And that is you will let me go in a year if we find no happiness together.

He stops on this. His thoughts unreadable.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I will try to do my best in every way. And give you that part of me you know and seem to want.

He folds the letter carefully. Places it in his pocket.  
And smiles.

**GEORGE**

y Amelia. Brutal in her frankness. Beautiful in her honesty. He steps to her. Looks in her eyes. They kiss.

47

**INT. PARLOR - LATER**

witnesses  
George's

LONG ANGLE. The minister reading the vows. The  
standing silent. Two black cats rubbing against  
ankles.

**DISSOLVE TO...**

**INT. KITCHEN, RYE - MORNING**

48

ignored

George at the breakfast table. His eggs and toast  
for the moment, he's reading a magazine article. PAN to  
Amelia, sipping her coffee. Watching him.

GEORGE (reads aloud)

`Why I Believe Women Pilots Can't  
Fly The Atlantic. An outspoken  
warning by Lady Heath.'

**(READING)**

`...pure suicide for any woman  
today...it is madness for them to  
attempt it and...'

He looks up to her.

53.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

'...at least the first dozen will be drowned.' And we're reading

**A**

this, because...?

**MELIA**

I might fly to Paris.

Silence.

**GEORGE**

Which is actually across the Atlantic.

**AMELIA**

Hence, the article.

Ah. He nods.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'm thinking of doing it solo.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Would you mind?

He butters his toast.

**GEORGE**

Not at all. When would you like to go?

**EXT. GARDEN, RYE - DAY**

**49**

**49**

plants

CLOSE on Amelia as she kneels, carefully putting new plants into the ground. We see patience, concentration. Contentment. After a moment...

**AMELIA**

I'm surprised you're all right with this...

planting

WIDEN ANGLE. George kneeling beside her. Happily his own.

**GEORGE**

Really.

**AMELIA**

Mmm-hmmn. I was braced for the  
lecture. Five years since  
Lindbergh, no one's made it solo,  
so many of them died.

He looks at her work. Reaches over. Starts packing the  
earth HARDER around her plant. She just watches,

then...

**D**

**W**

54.

**GEORGE**

ell, they were only men. This is  
different.

She reaches to his plant and starts LOOSENING the

soil...

**AMELIA**

I was waiting to hear that I'm only  
doing this because I was just a

food  
George

passenger last time, and I'd rather  
die than go on living as a fraud..  
No one cracks a smile. It's like Laurel and Hardy in a  
fight where each lets the other take his best shot.

**A**

reaches now, starts REPACKING her soil...

**MELIA (CONT'D)**

But you don't think that, do you,  
ear?

**GEORGE**

Of course not. But if I did...  
She SMACKS his hand. He just keeps working. She finally  
grins, smacks him HARDER. He doesn't seem to notice.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

...all the more reason to say yes.

**EXT. TEETERBORO AIRPORT - DUSK**

50  
50  
crew  
not  
She

AERIAL ANGLE. In the sun's last light, two figures walk  
slowly, far below us. The Vega waits.  
CLOSE ANGLE. They stand beneath the wing. Her ground  
in far distance, giving them their moment. Her look is  
breezy and cavalier this time, but tender and intimate.  
knows the fear beneath his easy smile.  
He produces a RING, a band of black fibers.

**GEORGE**

Elephant hair, I think you wear  
it on your toe. It's good luck.  
He puts it in her hand.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Anyway. That's what the elephant  
told me.  
Amelia looks at the ring. Turns it in her fingers.

**AMELIA**

I think luck has rules. And I try  
to respect them. My favorite is...  
She glances up.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

We make our own luck, you and I.  
Remember that.  
He will remember that. And more.

**GEORGE**

Do you have money?

**AMELIA**

No.  
He pulls out a twenty dollar bill. Hands it to her.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

All this? G

**GEORGE**

Sure.

**AMELIA**

Thank god, I thought you were going  
to tear it in half.

**GEORGE**

I spent our money on ocean liner  
passage to go bring you back. It's  
non-refundable. So try to do your  
part.  
She nods. She'll try. He doesn't want to leave her yet.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

So the Simpkin thing. What was all  
that?

**AMELIA**

I put it in a letter. Which you'll  
get if I don't make it. So...mixed

emotions, huh?  
He shakes his head.

GEORGE (very soft)  
Either way, something to look  
forward to.  
She puts her hands on his face. She doesn't want to leave  
him either.

56.

AMELIA (murmurs)  
Stake up the peonies, huh? They're  
messy when they bloom on the  
ground, and...

And.

AMELIA (a whisper)  
I want to see their heads high.  
When I come home.  
She leans up to kiss him. And again. Feeling in her  
eyes  
that he will never forget.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

See ya.

**INT. VEGA - NIGHT**

51

51

Amelia alone. Starry night. 12,000 feet below are  
ICEBERGS.  
A single fishing boat.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

The weather report wasn't perfect.  
But we knew our real chance was to  
take weather that others wouldn't.  
Ahead, towering CLOUDS in moonlight. Too high to fly  
over.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I closed the deal by choosing May  
20, five years to the day from  
Lindbergh's flight. It was too  
good a sell for George to resist.  
What we didn't know...

5

**EXT. VEGA - LATER**

2

52

darts

A terrifying STORM BATTERS the plane, which bobs and  
and dips like a leaf in a gale.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

...was that my altimeter would conk  
out. Never to return.

**INT. VEGA - SAME MOMENT**

53

53

SHAKEN.

Amelia fights for control as the plane is TOSSED and

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

The only way to have any sense of  
altitude, was to keep dropping  
toward the sea.

**(MORE)**

57.

AMELIA(cont'd)

When the engines sputtered, that  
was my low-level limit.

A sudden JOLT knocks her OUT of her seat. She scrambles

back, as we see WHITECAPS A FEW FEET BELOW. She JERKS the nose UP, the engine COUGHS...  
...and CLIMBS.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I was too busy to grasp how impossible the situation had become. The joke was...

LATER. Flying in and out of cloud cover.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

All those months flying only with instruments, I should have been practicing without them.

PAN to the windshield. A small GLOW at the surface of a vibrating engine. Amelia hasn't noticed.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I started to wonder if luck was paying me back. For thinking I knew the rules.

A small BLUE FLAME LICKS out into the night.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Then I smelled burning oil.

She sees it now. The flame coming through a broken weld in the manifold ring. A

**MELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

A bad weld, already a small flame. It would be hours back to Canada, trying to find an unlit field, landing with a heavy fuel load.

She stares at the little flame. Is it growing bigger?

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I told myself, push on. After all, if it was a stupid choice...

LATER. Flying in blackness. Rising, as the engines seem sluggish.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...no one would ever know.

Suddenly, a FILM of SLUSH on the windscreen.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

With seemingly no warning, there  
was ice. The controls froze.  
And the Vega DIVES into a DIZZYING SPIN.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Through the spin I had one thought,  
it would be warmer lower, the ice  
would melt, I just had to regain  
control...

54

54

**EXT. VEGA - SAME MOMENT**

The SPINNING plane PLUNGING...

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

close

...before I hit the water.  
And ARCING at last to SWOOP above the whitecaps. Way  
for comfort. SMASH CUT TO...

**INT. VEGA - SAME MOMENT**

55

55

Amelia REELING in her seat, her fingers FUMBLING in her  
flight bag, for...

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

to

...or passed out.  
...SMELLING SALTS, she inhales, again, blinks, starts  
climb...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

The ice happened twice more, and I

began to lose heart. Then I remembered Lindbergh's book saying the same thing happened to him.

**T**

he sea DISAPPEARS below. Only cloud.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

So I figured, if he's twice as good, I just have to be twice as lucky...

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

through

HOURS LATER. Amelia seriously fatigued. She breaks cloud into DAZZLING SUNLIGHT, and blinks, blinded.

**59.**

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I'd read that part in George's reception room that first day.

Bless him for keeping me waiting.

The FUEL GAUGE reads EMPTY. She switches on the RESERVE TANK. And as she DROPS back down into opaque clouds... ..she feels something. Her fingertips go to her left shoulder, and come away...  
Wet. Slick.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

The cockpit gauge was defective.

There was a steady trickle of fuel down my neck.

She looks around helplessly for a way to stem the dripping.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Toss-up whether the bigger danger was running out of gas or going up in a fireball. I had my answer in less than an hour, when...

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

some-  
screen to  
startlingly

LATER. Amelia beyond exhaustion. Staring fixedly at  
thing we can't see. Until we PAN through the wind  
the leak in the manifold weld. The BLUE FLAME is  
LARGER, now LICKING its way along the surface of the  
fuselage...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

The manifold weld began to  
separate. I gauged the likelihood  
of explosion at somewhere between  
probable and inevitable.

**5**

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**6**

**56**  
slept  
The

Arms folded, George stares out his window. He hasn't  
or eaten. PAN to his desk. The phone is OFF the hook.  
door opens softly...

**SECRETARY (O.S.)**

he

Mr. Putnam? Line three.  
He turns and looks at her. The girl's eyes go down and  
BOLTS to the phone, SNATCHES the receiver, SLAMS the  
button...

GEORGE (into phone)

Putnam.

**60.**

A full beat.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Sir, this is Douglas McGuire of the Press Association. I'm sorry to tell you that Miss Earhart's plane has crashed in a field, short of Le Bourget airport.

**SMASH CUT**

TO...

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

57

57

SOUND

A plane swooping downward through cloud and fog. The of George's call CONTINUES...

**GEORGE (O.S.)**

Is she all right?

**MCGUIRE (O.S.)**

If the crash is as reported, sir, I'm afraid not. There were terrible flames.

LOWER, it's dropping fast, maybe too fast, WOBBLING in a crosswind, here comes the GROUND, and...

**GEORGE (O.S.)**

Are they completely sure it's her plane?

**MCGUIRE (O.S.)**

Yes sir, absolutely.

landing

rolls

engines,

...the Vega RIGHTS itself and GLIDES in for as fine a landing as a bumpy meadow could allow. COWS look up as she rolls past, toward...  
...one lone astonished FARM WORKER. She cuts her engines, leans from the hatch...

**AMELIA**

Excuse me, sir. Where am I?  
A blink. The truth...

**MAN**

In Gallagher's pasture.

O

ne more beat.

**MAN (CONT'D)**

Where are ya supposed to be?

61.

**AMELIA**

When I left, I was aiming for  
Paris.

Oh.

**MAN (very sad)**

Ya missed, y'know.

**(POINTS)**

It's over there.

**EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR- DAY**

58

58

York

MOVIETONE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE of Amelia arriving at New  
Harbor to an overwhelming reception.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

Amelia Earhart arrives to a tumultuous New York reception after her whirlwind tour of Europe, in which our Queen of the Skies danced with her royal counterpart the Prince of Wales, before meeting both Benito Mussolini and the Pope.

an

The MAYOR, the GOVERNOR, every dignitary that could get invitation is there to greet her.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

The second human to fly the Atlantic solo, she is the only one ever to fly it twice. And she set the record, man or woman, for the fastest crossing. Fourteen hours 54 minutes.

As she waves to the crowd...

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Now it's America's turn to show our girl what we think of her!

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

**NIGHT**

**INT. BACKSTAGE, CONSTITUTIONAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D.C. -**

**59**

**59**

the

we

her

We are standing in the wings. Through the curtains, we GLIMPSE the eager, packed house in an auditorium. From stage, a speaker DRONES, but backstage...  
...George peeks out at the throng. When he looks back, see Amelia, her troubled face. The folded newspaper in hand.

**G**

**W**

**W**

62.

AMELIA (reads)

`Only an average flyer, she has pushed herself to the front by following the tactics of the feminists...

She looks up to him.

**GEORGE**

Well, I'm glad someone besides me finally noticed.

His smile is light. Her eyes watching him. Then...

AMELIA (reads)

`Using a man-made perfect machine, tuned by men mechanics, trained by men flyers, on a course laid out by a man. By a lucky break she just managed to make the hop.'

She stares at the paper. His voice comes gently...

**GEORGE**

Why would you even read that garbage?

**AMELIA**

Well, it reminds me how much I owe to the men of this world. Keeps me humble.

**GEORGE**

ood. And remembering how little you owe me keeps me humble.  
And softly...

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

He's a crackpot. Let it go.  
He points to the packed hall...

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Cheer up. They're crazy about you.

AMELIA (quiet)

Well, they're crazy about something.

She looks down. Self-doubt flickers.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

What have we really done?

63.

**GEORGE**

You've made them feel like this.

**AMELIA**

That's not enough.

**GEORGE**

Most of them are women. And for them, it's very much enough.  
She shakes her head.

**AMELIA**

The World Telegram said, 'a magnificent display of useless courage.'

**GEORGE**

The question is. Can any magnificent display of courage be use-

less? A

**MELIA**

The point is. Men do it every day.  
And no one throws a parade.

Ah. Well...

**GEORGE**

One day closer, then. To the day  
when they won't think to throw one  
for you.

She doesn't turn. She doesn't smile.

**AMELIA**

Reasoning with me. A magnificent  
display of useless courage.

He nods to himself.

**GEORGE**

And. It's fun.

From the stage...

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE**

**PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**

HAIL TO THE CHIEF strikes up. We hear the deep applause.  
George begins to straighten Amelia's outfit, touching her  
hair, as he did long ago on the Copley Hotel roof.

64.

**PRESIDENT HOOVER (O.S.)**

**THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE NATIONAL GEO-  
GRAPHIC SOCIETY WAS LAST AWARDED  
FIVE YEARS AGO TO COL. CHARLES**

**LINDBERGH.**

George murmurs close to her ear...

**GEORGE**

If a bomb goes off tonight, the whole government of the United States is out there...

**PRESIDENT HOOVER (O.S.)**

**IT HAS NEVER BEEN AWARDED TO A  
WOMAN...**

**GEORGE**

Some dog catcher will have to become President.  
She smiles. Just for him.

**PRESIDENT HOOVER (O.S.)**

**UNTIL TONIGHT.**

GEORGE (a whisper)  
Boy. Imagine if you'd actually done something.

AMELIA (a whisper)  
Imagine.

**PRESIDENT HOOVER (O.S.)**

**IT IS MY HONOR TO WELCOME TO CONSTITUTION HALL, A ROLE MODEL FOR LADIES EVERYWHERE...**

**AMELIA**

Ladies.

**PRESIDENT HOOVER (O.S.)**

**MISS AMELIA EARHART.**

**M GEORGE**

iss.  
She's through the curtain, and the crowd CRACKLES with APPLAUSE as...  
...George stands in the wings. Proud. And concerned.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY**

compartment  
her.

A train rumbles through countryside. A private  
finds Amelia staring out the window. George studying

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

The irony is, I'd finally put that  
wedding day letter out of my mind.  
Stopped watching every beautiful  
accomplished man who crossed her  
path.

door, a  
their

REVERSE ANGLE. Through the glass of our compartment  
crowd stands jouncing against each other. Gazing at  
Queen of the Skies.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I had a call from the Byrds.  
They've asked us to dinner  
Thursday.

**AMELIA**

through the

Thursday, I'll be in Boston.  
Meeting Gene Vidal and Paul  
Collins.  
Said lightly. Not even looking at him. While  
glass, it's become quite a tussle.

**GEORGE**

Don't tell me Gene wants to  
resurrect Transcontinental?

**AMELIA**

No, he's starting a shuttle  
service. Washington, New York,  
Boston...

her  
One woman goes flying from view, as a younger one gets  
place.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Could be a money maker for us. Get  
me off the lecture grind.  
He stares in her eyes. Almost as if looking for  
something.

**GEORGE**

Gene's a dashing guy. He could  
talk anyone into anything.  
Their look holds.

66.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

**S**  
ounds like a great idea.

**DISSOLVE**

TO...

61  
61

**INT. RESTAURANT, BOSTON - NIGHT**

fire-  
served  
she  
PAN the dark, elegant restaurant. In a corner by the  
place, Amelia and her dinner companions are being  
lobsters. GENE VIDAL leans to Amelia as he speaks, and  
hangs on every word.

**GENE**

Transcontinental was too ambitious.  
Too many hops, too tough on the  
ladies. But the shuttle...  
A lean athlete's body, easy grace in every movement.  
Strikingly handsome features that convey not only  
intellect,  
but kindness and decency.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

Washington, New York, Boston. I  
think it's the future. Will you  
go there with us?  
She's trying to crack her lobster, but can't take her  
eyes  
off her host.

**AMELIA**

What on earth would you need me  
for?  
She's making a real mess of the lobster. Gene  
notices. PAUL  
COLLINS doesn't...

**PAUL**

Hasn't George taught you anything?  
Lady Lindy, the queen of the air,  
the best known woman in the entire  
U.S. of A?  
Gene reaches over, as if it were his own plate, and  
begins  
cracking her lobster for her. She looks in his eyes and  
tries to concentrate.

**PAUL (CONT'D)**

Gene on the poster with you.  
Legendary athlete at West Point,  
two events in the Olympics, a top  
pilot who should be running the  
skies for Roosevelt when he wins...

67.

Gene looks up at Paul, as if to say: Enough. Now he smiles  
at Amelia. She blinks, what? Don't you want your lobster?

**G**

Oh. She starts eating...

ENE (looking only at Amelia)  
Thanks, Paul. I think you've even  
talked me out of it.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

LATER. Paul has gone. Gene and Amelia are at the bar,  
huddled over his beer and her Coke.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

Gene had a terrible marriage and  
was separated from his alcoholic  
adulterous wife. But he was too  
kind to humiliate her with a  
divorce...

Gene drains the last of his beer.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

As a result, he was basically a  
single parent to their young son,  
Gore.

He glances at his watch.           Wow.

**GENE**

I'm rattling on here, and you've  
got a morning train.  
But she's just staring in his eyes.    This could be her last  
chance to ask...

**AMELIA**

How's Nina doing?

**GENE**

Oh, fine.  
Really?    He smiles, gently.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

Actually, she hasn't been feeling  
her best. She'll probably summer  
in Newport. So my kid's stuck with  
Dad again.

**AMELIA**

If you two get bored, I could tag  
along sometimes.

**GENE**

You suggesting you're less boring  
than I am?

**AMELIA**

Well, yeh.  
He smiles first. Hers is slower, but here it comes.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Any given meal, I can eat a lobster  
and have you boys in stitches.  
A full beat. He's deciding.

**GENE**

Gore would love that. He has a  
little crush, I'm afraid.

**AMELIA**

At seven?

**GENE**

He's eight.  
Well, then. He breaks the look. Fishes out some cash for  
the bar tab. G

**ENE (CONT'D)**

Listen, Paul and I would be  
thrilled to rope you into our  
shuttle.

**AMELIA**

Are you kidding, it's a godsend.  
No matter how hard George and I  
work, how many lectures we cram in,  
there's never enough money for the  
next adventure.  
He looks at her. Lets the silence sit there. His eyes  
seem to convey a depth of understanding.

**GENE**

The next adventure. What is it?  
She shrugs. No idea.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

Because we're running out of oceans.

**AMELIA**

Wish you'd do something about that.

69.

**GENE**

I'm serious, Amelia.  
Her soft smile.

**AMELIA**

I know. Always.

**GENE**

The only way you can stay where you are. And be who you are...  
Serious indeed.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

fear she  
Is to keep feeding the beast.  
She can't smile anymore. Because this is the very  
lives with.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

And the beast always needs something larger, greater, more daring...

**AMELIA (quiet)**

He costs money, too.

**GENE**

The price of fame, literally. Do you and George talk about this?  
Silence.

**AMELIA**

We don't have to.

**GENE**

With all respect.      Yes, you do.

62

62

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER**

Walking together down the hallway of her hotel. No one speaks. Their thoughts are their own. She reaches her room,  
finds her key. Opens the door, and...  
...turns to him. A brief, direct look.      She reaches one hand  
gently behind his head. Leans up.

**K**

isses his mouth.

AMELIA (a whisper)

Thank you.

His eyes question.

**T**

**T**

**H**

70.

**AMELIA**

For understanding.  
There is no smile. Without a word, she goes into her  
room.  
CLOSES the door behind her.  
e stands alone. Do I knock on that door? Then,  
smiles to  
himself, and simply...  
Walks away.

**DISSOLVE**

TO...

**INT. BANQUET HALL, WASHINGTON - NIGHT**

63

63

Crowded hall, each table ringed by diners in formal  
dress.  
At a table of honor, George sits next to Elinor Smith,  
chatting comfortably. PAN to the head table...

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

After Roosevelt won, his wife  
Eleanor brought the advancement of  
women to national attention with  
stunning success.  
CLOSE on ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, eating heartily, chatting,  
laughing with a companion we don't see until...

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

A gutsy gal who rode a bobsled in

he Winter Olympics, spent hours  
each morning on horseback, and  
carried a pistol on car trips.  
She possessed boundless energy, a  
towering intellect...  
...we reveal Amelia in a formal satin dress at her  
side,  
girlfriends.  
dishing with the First Lady like the closest of

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...and was Amelia's idol. As it  
happened, she was obsessed with  
flying, making Amelia her absolute  
heroine. A

**MELIA**

So he hasn't actually forbidden  
you.

**ELEANOR**

Franklin doesn't forbid. He just  
feels it's a waste of my valuable  
ime to learn. Since I can't  
afford to buy a plane.

**I**

**I**

**T**

o

71.

They share a look of such mutual understanding, neither has to smile.

**AMELIA**

The wrong Roosevelt got elected.

**ELEANOR**

And it will take at least four years to correct the mistake.  
Keeps eating.

**ELEANOR (CONT'D)**

I did ask about aviation, but he hasn't decided on the structure yet. It might be under the Bureau of Commerce.

**AMELIA**

I think the structure may be less important than the man chosen to run it.  
Said casually, looking at her plate.

**ELEANOR**

My hearing is failing. I missed the words 'or woman,' which you undoubtedly added after, or perhaps before, the word 'man.'

**AMELIA**

his could be one of those rare instances. When the most accomplished candidate. Turns out to be male.

Glances up for the reaction.

**ELEANOR**

How exciting. I love finding the exception that proves the rule. Is it a name I know?

Amelia's straight gaze. Her small smile.

**AMELIA**

How do you feel about flying at night?

Eleanor's eyes register the change of topic. Rolling

with

it...

**ELEANOR**

I've never done it. Franklin finds it dangerous.

72.

**AMELIA**

Outstanding.

64

64

**INT. CONDOR AIRLINER - LATER**

fueled

Raucous party in the small cabin, hosted by George and

.

by champagne. PAN slowly to...  
dress ..the cockpit. Amelia at the controls in her evening  
awestruck and formal gloves. Eleanor in the co-pilot's seat,  
moved by by the brilliant starry night. Amelia glances over,  
her friend's almost childlike wonder.  
AMELIA (softly)  
Put your hands on the wheel.  
Eleanor looks over. Are you serious?

**AMELIA**  
It's dual controls. No one will  
ever know.  
Hesitation.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**  
Don't you trust me?  
Amelia's And slowly, Eleanor's fingers close on her wheel.  
hands come away from hers.

**ELEANOR**  
Dear God.  
bobs The Condor purrs along through the night air. The moon  
with slightly off to one side. Eleanor's eyes are swimming  
the thrill of this.

**AMELIA**  
I feel like a Coke. Can I get you  
something?  
pilot's And stands up. Only the trace of her smile as the  
eyes WIDEN in absolute shock.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**  
Do try not to hit the ground.

**DISSOLVE**  
TO...

**INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY**

65

65

ANGLE

A sea of press, quiet, poised, attentive.  
to...

REVERSE

**Y**

73.

...CLOSE on a seated Roosevelt before a bank of  
microphones.

**ROOSEVELT**

Today, we proudly announce an  
appointment critical to America's  
commerce, and to its role as  
technology's leader in the  
Twentieth Century.

PAN to Gene at his side. Sober. Distinguished.  
Proud.

**ROOSEVELT (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

**G**

ene Vidal is an obvious and  
perfect choice as our first  
Director of Commerce's Aeronautics  
Branch. His extraordinary  
credentials include...

TO...

**DISSOLVE**

**EXT. PUTNAM HOME, RYE - EVENING**

66

66

yard

Amelia

his

smile

waist,

reach

as

A taxi slowly pulls up to the home we know. Warmly lit, music playing from within. Gene climbs from the cab, as

lights go ON.

As Gene starts up the path, the front door opens and

BURSTS into the night, RUNNING to Gene, JUMPING INTO

arms, HUGGING him in her delight. We PULL BACK to... George watching it all from the doorway. His easy

seems comfortably in place, as...

...Amelia walks Gene up the path, her arm around his

talking excitedly, flushed as a schoolgirl. As they

the door...

George is the picture of calm and dignity. He beams and CLASPS Gene's hand. Throws an arm around his shoulder

Amelia leads them inside.

The door closes. We hear laughter.

**EXT. GARDEN, RYE - DAY**

67

67

happy

her.

Amelia on her knees, tending to her garden. She seems

and filled with energy. George comes and kneels beside

Starts weeding.

**AMELIA**

Have I told you what a perfect job  
ou did on the peonies? They're  
miraculous.

**M**

**I**

74.

GEORGE (working)  
You have, actually. Twice.

**AMELIA**

Sorry.

**GEORGE**

It's all right. You've been  
distracted lately.  
No spin on that. If G  
anything, the tone is kind.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Listen, I've put together a month  
in Europe. Close some foreign  
licensing deals, open new  
markets...  
She doesn't look up.

**AMELIA**

When are you leaving?

**GEORGE**

Thing is. I'd like you to come.

She stiffens only slightly. Can he sense it?

**AMELIA**

I don't really see how I can.

**GEORGE**

I've talked to the promoters,  
they'll switch some lecture dates  
for us.

Now he's looking at her profile. Saddened, if not  
surprised,  
by what he sees.

**AMELIA**

Well, it's not just that. There's  
y work on the shuttle, we're at a  
critical stage, and...I've just  
started as Gene's consultant at the  
Aeronautics Branch...

She knows he's watching. Shakes her head. Keeps on  
working.

**GEORGE**

Normally, I'd be worried about  
leaving you here alone. But I  
suppose that won't be a problem,  
will it?

She stops now. Looks up at him. If he wants a direct  
conversation, he can have it.

**B**

**AMELIA**

What are you trying to say?

**GEORGE**

I think I've just said it.  
A long held look.            Neither backing away.    Sadness  
on both  
sides.

**GEORGE** (softly)

Is there anything you want to say?  
She sighs.            Her fingers reach out, rub his hand  
with  
affection.

**AMELIA**

I can't think of anything helpful.  
He nods.    Well, then.            Rises slowly...  
Walks back toward the house, his garden tools  
forgotten.            She  
stares after him.

**H**

e disappears into the house.            She's still  
staring.

**DISSOLVE TO...**

**EXT. LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY**

**68**

**68**

100,000

MOVIETONE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE introduced by its theme. A  
stadium in brilliant sunlight, filled with more than  
people.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

Los Angeles, California. The Tenth  
Olympics of the modern era kick  
off, as movie stars mingle with  
ordinary Joes.  
On the track, WOMEN RUN the 100 meter high hurdles as  
every  
throat CHEERS.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Here's the gold medal run of the

world's best woman athlete,  
abe Didrickson. Cheered on by  
the most celebrated woman of  
today...

all  
TIGHT INSERT of Amelia with Gene and 8-year-old GORE,  
applauding excitedly.

**G**

**G**

76.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

...that's right, Amelia Earhart.  
Hollywood glamor, American winners,  
and wait til our boys warm up for  
their action.

They  
The camera lingers as Amelia says something to Gore.  
look like a family.

**INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE, NEW YORK - DUSK**

69

69

door,

CLOSE on George alone in his office. He goes to the  
LOCKS it. His face is drawn, grim.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

By this time, I had a side job as  
chairman of the editorial board of  
Paramount Pictures. So Amelia and  
I bought a little place in Los  
Angeles.

He goes slowly back to his desk. On it, sits a large  
cardboard CARTON.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

She was out there, preparing for a  
flight, when our home in Rye burned  
to the ground.

objects,

We SEE that the contents of the box, papers, small  
have been SINGED or CHARRED. He stares into it.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

We both cried when I called to tell  
her. She asked to come be with me.  
But I insisted she stay there, to  
keep on schedule for her flight.

He reaches into the box...

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

So many treasures lost. Letters  
and poems she'd written. I poured  
through the rubble...

**INT. LOS ANGELES HOME - DAY**

70

70

home.

Amelia curled up on the sofa of a cozy, pleasant little

The doors are open to the patio and yard. Winter is  
different here. Tropical flowers, fruit trees in bloom.

The

George.

phone RINGS and she picks it up quickly, knowing it's

**G**

77.

AMELIA (softly)

Hi.

**(BEAT)**

Yeh. What's today been like?            You  
still okay?

window,

Like

INTERCUT George at his office. He's standing at the  
phone in one hand, single sheet of paper in the other.  
the other objects in the box, it is partially singed.

**GEORGE**

I found something you'd written.  
Draws a breath.            Reads...

**G**

GEORGE (reading)

`To touch your hand or see your  
face today is joy. Your casual  
presence in a room recalls the  
stars that watched us as we lay.

BACK to Amelia.            Tears fill her eyes.

GEORGE (reading)

I mark you in the moving crowd  
And see again those stars a warm  
night lent us long ago. We loved  
so then. We love so now.

INTERCUT George.            His eyes are dry.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Thank you for writing that.  
A beat. His voice still softer...

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Even though I'd never seen it.  
HOLD on him. The pain of what that must mean.

And...

**BACK TO LOS ANGELES**

71

71

Her lips are parted. She's searching for words.

**AMELIA**

I suppose I thought. It was too  
revealing.

WIDEN ANGLE. Gene enters the room with a drink in his  
hand  
and sits down next to her, concerned by her obvious  
distress.

AMELIA (into the phone)  
I'm so glad you have it now.

**(LISTENS)**

**(MORE)**

**S**

78.

AMELIA (cont'd)  
Of course. Me, too. I'll call  
you later.

looks at She hangs up slowly. The tears begin to fall. She  
Gene helplessly. Then stands without a word.  
Walks out into the yard.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

72

72

**EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE - NIGHT**

as Spectators at Newark Airport. A plane CIRCLES the field  
Arcing FLOOD LIGHTS FLASH ON, and the crowd begins to CHEER.

**A**

in now for a landing. Smooth trajectory.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

The odyssey began in Honolulu when  
he became the first person, man  
or woman, to fly solo over half the  
Pacific to California.

As Touching down, the cheering CROWD held back by police.

police Amelia taxis to a stop, the crowd BREAKS THROUGH  
lines and SURGES toward the plane.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Then, the first human to solo from  
California to Mexico City. Followed  
by her daring solo across the Gulf.  
As she passed over Washington,  
D.C., she eclipsed the time of a  
certain previous flight, from 27  
hours to 13 hours.

She is Amelia hops down from the plane, grinning and waving.  
surrounded by adoring fans.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

The pilot of that previous flight?  
Some guy named Lindbergh.

police  
beaming,

The JOSTLING of the crowd gets out of control, the  
can't protect her as she is SWEPT ALONG by the mob,  
laughing, enjoying it all.

**INT. MAYFLOWER HOTEL BAR, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT**

73

73

her  
in

Dark little piano bar. They sit in a quiet corner, com-  
fortable in silence. Gene with his martini, Amelia with  
Coke. She's shelling peanuts from a bowl, popping some  
her mouth, passing a few over to him.

**T**

79.

**GENE**

If you don't drink, why do you come  
o bars?

**AMELIA**

Must be the ambience. And the  
nuts.

**GENE**

What worries me is, in some of these bars the nuts are the ambience. Specially when they make a pass at you.

**S**  
he chews, staring at him.

**AMELIA**

Any guy would have to be nuts to do that. I'm considerable trouble, if you haven't noticed.

**GENE**

You keep advertising that, but I'm still waiting to see it.  
She looks down at her fingers as they shell. Barely audible...

**AMELIA**

You'll see it.

**GENE**

Well, here's your chance. I'm taking Gore to the conference in Bermuda. He wants you to come.

**AMELIA**

Gore, huh?

**GENE**

Sure. I'm completely indifferent.

**AMELIA**

I wish.  
Do you?

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Would make life simpler.  
She throws a peanut which BOINKS off his face. He smiles  
a suddenly goofy, very non-elegant smile.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Actually, I'll be in Indiana. Edward Elliot of Purdue wants

**(MORE)**

**A**

AMELIA (cont'd)  
 me to build a women's careers  
 department there.  
 Really? He likes that.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**  
 I'll be back and forth. When I'm  
 there, I've asked to stay in the  
 dorm with the girls.

**GENE**  
 That's a wonderful idea.  
 Especially now.  
 Something in the way he said that.

**AMELIA**  
 What's special about now?

**GENE**  
 A good time for some positive press  
 about you as a role model.  
 Her eyes harden. Whatever do you mean?

**GENE (CONT'D)**  
 You don't read the papers?

**AMELIA**  
 Not unless someone makes me.

**GENE**  
 Well, someone should. Because  
 they're all saying you took  
 recklessly dangerous solo flights  
 for no earthly purpose except  
 publicity. Meaning, money.  
 Dead. Silence. G

**ENE (CONT'D)**  
 They also harp on a growing list  
 of products that you commercially  
 endorse.

**AMELIA**

How thoughtless of me to be doing  
ll this in a society where no one  
else is interested in making money.  
Present company included.  
He's not afraid of her.

**I**

**I**

**O**

**G**

**H**

**I**

**A**

**S**

**F**

81.

**GENE**

Look, George had you taking money from the sugar cartel for the Hawaii flight, the Mexican Government for theirs, he's selling commemorative stamps which you carried on the flights...

**AMELIA**

If this is about George, just say so. Because we made those calls, and we includes me.

**GENE**

I'm sorry I said it that way. This is actually about you, because I'm picking a fight, apparently a useless one, for the benefit of someone I care about.

**AMELIA**

And what's your point? Women are held to some higher standard? Bankers and industrialists are admired for succeeding, but women are just considered selfish and grasping?

ENE (quietly)

Of course they are.

**AMELIA**

Well, let's change that, shall we? Or would you just prefer to adopt it, since groveling would be easier.

Staring at each other.

**GENE**

If you want to make money, my guess is that people viewing you as Lady Lindy, America's Sweetheart of the Skies, the wife/mother/daughter they all wished they had. Would be helpful.

**AMELIA**

Thanks for the tip.

**GENE**

Thanks for not being defensive.

Full beat.

**T**

**AMELIA**

Well, I'm an open-minded girl. And  
o prove it, I'm hereby resigning  
as your consultant at the  
S Aeronautics Branch.  
he throws some money on the table for the drinks.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

The public linking of our names  
does more harm to that image of  
mine than everything else put  
together.  
She stands up.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Next time you read the papers. Try  
reading between the lines.  
Walks out. Gene makes no move to follow. He's  
said his  
piece.

**DISSOLVE TO...**

**EXT. ROSE GARDEN, WHITE HOUSE - DAY**

74

74

Against  
WOMEN

MOVIETONE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE introduced by its theme.  
a backdrop of flowerbeds, Amelia is flanked by four  
with conservative hats and middle-aged gravitas. The  
photographers edge closer.

**AMELIA**

I came to Washington today with the  
National Women's Party, to ask the  
President for his aid in passing  
the Lucretia Mott Amendment for  
equal rights.  
She waits for the press to quiet.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

And that's because I haven't needed

it.  
The winsome smile.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'm the lucky one. Our Department  
of Commerce shows no prejudice in  
issuing licenses to fly. A pilot  
is a pilot.  
And now it fades.

83.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

How about giving the rest of our  
women. The ones who can be  
productive for their families and  
for our nation an equal break?  
She is not defiant. Gentle and strong.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

They are your sisters and your  
daughters. They are your wives.  
And fellas...  
The smallest shake of her head.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

You've no excuse. And you know it.

75      75      C  
75

**INT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY, PURDUE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

o-Eds gathered in the common room in robes and  
nightgowns.  
They fill the old couches, the mismatched easy chairs,  
curl  
up in blankets on the floor. PAN TO...

piano,  
hands.

...Amelia in flannel pajamas, sitting on the grand  
pointing to the next question among the many raised

**CO-ED**

Okay, it's all well and good to  
tell us to study whatever we want,  
and work at whatever we want, and  
not give a darn about what the  
world of men think...

**AMELIA**

...including them wanting us to say  
darn instead of damn.

crucial

Laughter. The girl flushes a little, her point is a  
one...

**CO-ED**

But what about those of us who are  
getting married when we graduate?  
What advice do you have for us?

**AMELIA**

Don't.  
She meant that. And no one is laughing now.

**W**

**W**

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Build your career first. And, surprisingly, that's the best thing you can do for your eventual marriage.

So many eager faces, so many disturbed ones.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Look. It starts with a strong sexual attraction, that the woman assumes must be love.

Some heads are nodding. Some eyes suspicious.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Everything works until the first financial crisis jars the man's confidence and threatens the woman's security. Why...?

She looks from one to the next.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Because she can't help. All she can be is dependent. Because that

**I**

is what she's been trained to be. A phone RINGS. One of the girls snatches it up to cut off the interruption.

CO-ED #2 (hushed)

Common room. Oh. Sure.

(hand over phone, to

**AMELIA)**

He says he's the man in your life. Amelia hops off the piano. There are plenty of curious faces.

**AMELIA**

Trust me. Only a husband talks like that.

In their laughter, she goes to the phone. EVERYBODY

hangs on

every word of...

AMELIA (into the phone)

Yes? Yes. Yes...

(hand over phone, to the

**GIRLS)**

They love when we say `yes.'  
Laughter.

(

85.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'm flying in Tuesday. Yes, of course, I'll make time.

**BEAT)**

Me, too.

**(BEAT)**

Me, too. Thanks for the roses. She hangs up. Turns to her adoring pupils, and drops a curtsy. Ta-da! They APPLAUD. She stares at them. As if deciding whether to say...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Can you women keep a secret?  
They can. And boy, do they want to hear one.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Well, it's no secret that I'm a bit driven, some might say obsessive, about my little flying adventures...  
They are nodding, wide-eyed, go on.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I've decided to embark on easily  
the most exciting, possibly cra-  
ziest, ever...  
They hold their breath.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

into  
I'm going to fly. Around the  
world.  
A frozen beat for them to even absorb this. They BURST  
WILD APPLAUSE, Amelia beaming, as we DISSOLVE TO...

7

**EXT. PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK - NIGHT**

76  
6  
Park  
lights.  
Amelia and George, bundled against the cold, walking  
Avenue hand in hand. Christmas decorations, bright  
A good mood prevails.

**AMELIA**

Are you going to tell me your  
surprise, or do I have to get  
physical?

**GEORGE**

Boy, that is the last thing I'd  
want.  
Well, then?

86.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I only thought that if you're  
serious about this around-the-world  
nonsense. It might be handy to

have a plane to fly in.

**AMELIA**

Except it would have to be an Electra, and they cost...

**GEORGE**

...\$36,000. After a generous discount from Lockheed.

**AMELIA**

May as well be a billion.

**GEORGE**

...not to mention at least another 36 to get it modified and ready.  
She glances at him. He looks awfully smug.

**AMELIA**

And your surprise is, you robbed a bank.

**GEORGE**

Actually. A university.  
They stop. What on earth...?

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

I've sort of persuaded Ed Elliot to create an Amelia Earhart Fund for Aeronautical Research at Purdue. And suggested a budget item of...  
He shrugs.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

...oh, eighty grand. For a suitable `flying laboratory.'  
Her eyes just bug out. No! He nods, slowly. Uh-huh.

And

she...  
...THROWS her arms around his neck, KISSING him hard enough

**G**

to startle passersby. It only makes him chuckle.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

As I said, I've sort of persuaded Ed. There are a bunch of trustees and donors, tho. We have to get them on board.

87.

**AMELIA**

Think I could help?  
He looks in her eyes.

**GEORGE**

Nah.  
She grins.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

By the way. That's not the  
surprise.  
It's not? Uh-uh. And he glances to...  
...the window of the GALLERY they've stopped at. She  
sees a  
magnificently carved CHEST. On a crest in the front:  
AE.  
We PAN the surface, to see planes, oceans, a shamrock  
for the  
Londonderry landing, dozens more symbols of her  
triumphs, and  
in a bottom corner, looking up at all of this in  
wonder...  
...a small cat. In a long frock coat.  
GEORGE (a whisper)  
Merry Christmas.  
Her tears just come. She's standing on Park Avenue and  
she  
can't do anything about it. He reaches a tender hand...  
...and strokes her hair. He is her hero. See it  
in her  
eyes.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Can't wait to see what you got me.  
She sniffles.

**AMELIA**

Cat food. A whole case.

**INT. HOME, RYE - DAY**

77  
77

She begins

Amelia at her writing desk. Determined, focused.  
to write...

**AMELIA (O.S.)**

Dear Mr. President: Some time ago  
I told you and Mrs. Roosevelt about  
my confidential plans for a world  
flight. The chief problem is the  
jump westward from Honolulu...

**A**

s she writes, DISSOLVE TO...

88.

78  
78

and  
risen

**INT. DINING ROOM, PURDUE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT**

A glittering table surrounded by high rollers. George  
President Elliot sit on either side of Amelia, who has  
to speak.

**AMELIA**

As President Elliot has said, it  
would be a shining adventure,  
beckoning with new experiences.  
Making me more useful to the  
program here at Purdue.  
She looks into the eyes of each in turn...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

It is much more. I believe that women should do for themselves what men have done - and occasionally what men have not.

Yes?

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

This might encourage other women toward greater independence of thought and action. And I know how deeply you gentlemen desire that. There is gentle laughter. Amelia reacts in mock surprise.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I know, of course, from my chats earlier in the evening. With each of your wives. More laughter. Applause from a wife, then the others, then all.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

In that spirit, I want each of you to reach for your checkbooks... She regards their amusement. And losing none of the warmth of her own smile...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I mean that quite literally. This is an opportunity for me to exhibit the quality my husband admires most.

**G**  
eorge and Amelia gaze at each other.

**Y**

**A**

**F**

**A**

**Y**

**89.**

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

The capacity. To be relentless.

**79**

**79**

**INT. HANGAR - DAY**

with  
a

The LOCKHEED ELECTRA, a sleek state-of-the-art aircraft  
its gleaming metallic surface, nose up in the center of

by a

huge space. Its engines are on hoists, being worked on  
team of MECHANICS.

grease-

Eight-year-old Gore gazes up, as if he has never seen  
anything quite so wondrous. Amelia and Gene watch, with  
barely suppressed smiles. He's in a suit. She's in  
stained overalls from working with the mechanics.

**GORE**

So you'd be the first one, right?  
You always like that.

First one?

**GORE (CONT'D)**

To fly around the world.

**AMELIA**

Well, there's Magellan, 400 years  
ago. Actually, he didn't make it.  
And he died. And he used a boat.

**GORE**

So it's almost the same, except  
it's completely different.

**AMELIA**

Pretty much.  
He glowers at her. She glowers back.

**GENE**

There are men who say they flew  
around the world, but they didn't  
fly around all of it.

**GORE**

Because at higher latitudes, it's  
short trip. At the North Pole,  
you just spin in a circle and  
you've gone around the world.

**AMELIA**

So why are you asking? Just to  
show how smart you are?

**GORE**

Pretty much.

**T**

90.

Now he's grinning.            She just glowers harder.

**G**

**GORE (CONT'D)**

The only way to really fly around  
the world is to fly the entire  
circumference of 27,000 miles.  
Like at the equator.

**AMELIA**

No one's tried it.    You think I  
should?

No answer.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Dare me.

**GORE**

Okay.

**AMELIA**

Okay.

Is she serious?            She seems to be.

**GENE**

Ask her about the Pacific. The

maximum range of the Electra is  
4000 miles. And the closest land  
east of Honolulu is farther than  
that.

Gore looks to her. Well?

**AMELIA**

I'll have to refuel.

**GORE**

Where?

**AMELIA**

In the air. One plane to another.  
The boy is staring at her now. Staring.

**GORE**

You're really going to do all this,  
aren't you?

**AMELIA**

Well, don't you think I can?

A beat.

**GORE**

I guess we'll find out.

**F**

**D**

**I**

Another.

**AMELIA**

Pretty much.  
HOLD on Gene. He smiles at his kid...

**GENE**

Go out to the car and get Sara.  
Ask if she'll take you for an ice  
cream. Okay?  
The boy knows he's being dismissed. Looks from his dad to  
Amelia, who steps forward to give him a hug and a kiss.

**AMELIA**

We'll play some cards before you  
leave.  
Okay, then. He waves. One more glance at dad, and Gore  
goes. Gene gestures for Amelia to come with him, away from  
the mechanics. What's up? But he's already walking to...  
...a little folding table, off in a corner. She follows.  
Sits. Well...? G

**ENE**

You can't refuel in the air.  
Just like that.

**AMELIA**

s that an opinion or an order?  
His rueful smile.

**GENE**

The only good thing about losing  
our former relationship is I feel a  
little freer to tell you when  
you're being completely crazy.

**AMELIA**

Oh, I bet there are more advantages  
than just that.  
No one's backing down on this.

**GENE**

You're not a good enough pilot to  
o mid-air refueling. You will

not be able to control the Electra  
or that docking maneuver for that  
amount of time.

**O**

**I**

**T**

92.

**AMELIA**

I've taken bigger risks.

**GENE**

I've noticed. Don't be so proud  
of it.

He reaches into a pocket. Pulls out a folded sheet of paper.  
It opens to reveal a MAP of the Pacific. A dot is CIRCLED in  
red.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

This is Howland Island. It's half-  
way between Honolulu and New  
Guinea. It has no elevation, no  
trees, it's a mile wide and a mile  
and a half long. Hardly anyone

knows or cares that it exists.

**AMELIA**

It's your vacation home.

**GENE**

We're colonizing it, because when the Japanese make their move, we're going to need a refueling strip there.

She blinks. The Japanese.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

Try reading the newspapers between the lines. We haven't started building the runways yet. Maybe if someone I knew could get the President's attention...

She stares at the map. The dot.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

It's really tiny, a grain of sand in the middle of a thousand miles of nowhere.

Her eyes are clicking through a calculus of their own.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

**F**

You'd need a first-class navigator or that leg. Which means the trip can't be entirely solo.

And softly...

**GENE (CONT'D)**

Can you handle that?

**T**

**2**



could depend on it.  
Silence between them. Comfortable smiles.

**FRED**

Are we sizing me up?  
And, of course, this is exactly what she's doing.

**AMELIA**

I'm told that mid-air refueling  
would be beyond my abilities.

**FRED**

Maybe, maybe not. 20% it works.  
0% you crash. 60% you don't get  
the fuel, so you're cooked anyway.

**E**

**P**

94.

**AMELIA**

Better odds of hitting that island?

**F**

**RED**

How do you feel about 100%?  
Watching his eyes as he says that. Evaluating.

**AMELIA**

Even with cloud cover?

**FRED**

I've crossed the Pacific by air 18 times. Pan Am told you I'm the best celestial navigator they've ever seen.

**AMELIA**

They did.

**FRED**

Someone else told you I have a drinking problem. Which is a big art of why we're here, yes?

No answer.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Pan Am will tell you. Everyone I ever worked for will tell you. Nothing's interfered with my performance. Not once.

**AMELIA**

My dad drank. He lied all the time. Rest his soul.

**FRED**

You trusted Bill Stultz. That worked out. Rest his soul.

**AMELIA**

Bill just had to find Europe. We're looking for something less than two miles long, with nothing higher on it than 18 feet.

He shakes his head.

**FRED**

That's what you're looking for. I'm looking for coordinates on a map. And if it doesn't work...

He spreads his large hands...

**T**

I

95.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Money-back guarantee.  
She holds the look.

AMELIA (softly)  
Hey. How can I lose?

81

81

**INT. BARCLAY HOTEL, NEW YORK - DAY**

Amelia at a bank of microphones, smiling, modest, comfortable. George and Fred stand back to one side. FLASHBULBS go crazy, NEWSREEL cameras churn.

**AMELIA**

Did I pressure the navy to build a  
landing strip at Howland Island?  
How exactly would I do that?  
L Threaten not to enlist?  
daughter in the room. More flashes.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

The airstrip has been planned for a  
long time. I was thrilled to learn  
it will be ready in time for my  
flight. The navy has been  
wonderful, as always.

**REPORTER #1**

Amelia, what do you say to the charges that your husband is pulling the strings, pressuring you into this around-the-world flight to make a financial killing?

wife

George BOLTS forward to the microphones, looks at his wife with astonishment...

**GEORGE**

Wait a minute, you're flying around the world? Don't you know a woman's place is in the home??

The press ROARS with laughter.

**REPORTER #2**

George, why don't you go along this time? Watch over the little woman.

**GEORGE**

I begged to go. But it seems that between 185 pounds of husband and

**1**

85 pounds of fuel, I lost out.

**T**

**T**

Gazes at his wife.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

At least, I think that's what all  
he laughter meant.

He gives her a kiss. Thirty FLASHES record it. As he  
steps  
back...

**REPORTER #3**

Experts are saying that this  
'flying laboratory' is a sham.  
There's nothing to be learned for  
aviation, and you're just in this  
for the money.

The place gets really quiet.

**AMELIA**

Who am I to argue with 'experts?'  
I'll just give you my plain old  
common-sense thinking on this...

Pens come up, cameras jockey for position. This is what  
they're waiting for. She holds up one finger. First...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

We may not learn much about the  
plane, but we will about the pilot.  
Endurance over a month's journey,  
flying nearly every day. Response  
o stress, crises. I think that  
will make a contribution.

Holds up a second finger. Two...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'm a working stiff like all of  
you. I don't apologize for the  
fact that I need money to live.  
And to keep financing my flying,  
which is what I love. I think  
that's a positive example for  
women.

Third finger. Three...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'm not doing this as a scientist.  
I'm a flyer, boys, pursuing my  
passion. For the fun of it. The

fun of it. Something I recommend  
as a healthy motive for women.  
A wink. A shrug...

**T**

**T**

**S**

97.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

...and maybe even some men.

8

2

82

**EXT. LUKE FIELD, HONOLULU - SUNRISE**

humming.

The Electra ready to go in first light, engines  
Amelia walking alone toward the plane.

to be  
door  
checks a

**SUPERIMPOSE: LUKE FIELD, HONOLULU. MARCH 20, 1937.**  
he waves goodbye to crew and press. Climbs the steps  
welcomed by Fred's hand gently pulling her aboard. The  
CLOSES. We see Amelia and Fred in the cockpit. He  
gauge.

**FRED**

Lovely. We've got so much fuel we  
can't possibly get off the ground.  
Much safer than flying.

**AMELIA**

Well, we need enough for a third  
pass at Howland. After you miss it  
the first couple times around.

Ah.

**FRED**

Good thinking.  
he runway lights go ON, and...

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

We were, all of us, fearful about  
hat landing. No one guessed...  
Amelia ROARS OFF, gathering SPEED.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

...it would be the take-off.  
The Electra SUDDENLY VEERS TO THE RIGHT, and we SMASH

CUT

TO...

**INT. ELECTRA**

SWINGING

Amelia THROTTLING DOWN the left engine. The plane  
WILDLY to the left, as...

**N**

98.

84

84

**EXT./INT. ELECTRA**

LEFT and

...the RIGHT WHEEL COLLAPSES, the plane SPINS TO THE  
we INTERCUT between the cockpit and the runway as the  
Electra...

THE

PROPELLERS

...CAREENS MADLY for a thousand feet, Amelia CUTTING  
SWITCHES to the engines, fighting for control,  
SMASHED by the concrete runway, SPARKS FLYING IN EVERY

waiting.

freezes,

**DIRECTION...**

INTERCUT. Oakland Airport. George and his retinue

A phone RINGING. Someone takes the call, his face

.  
he looks wildly around to...

..George, who's there, SNATCHING the receiver.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Have you heard? They crashed, the  
ship's in flames.  
SMASH CUT to the cockpit, the Electra SPINNING crazily  
on its belly, SPARKS EVERYWHERE, the plane suddenly comes...  
...to a BONE-JARRING STOP. The right MOTOR is pushed up  
INTO its wing, which itself has BUCKLED, the stabilizer  
BENT, the left wing extends UPWARD from scraping the runway, the  
landing gear no longer exists.  
SIRENS SCREAM as fire trucks and ambulances race toward  
them. Amelia is ashen, disbelieving. Next to her, a gentle...

**FRED**

Good reaction, cutting the switch.  
You saved our ass.  
She doesn't even hear, THROWING open the cockpit,  
WAVING to signal they're all right, we SMASH CUT TO...

**EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - DAY**

**85**  
George wandering numbly on the airfield, as someone  
85 RUNS LIKE CRAZY from the office, shouting...

**MAN**

**NO FIRE! NO FIRE, FALSE REPORT!**

**O ONE HURT!**

George alone on the tarmac. Stops in his tracks.  
Now he can cry.

**T**

99.

86

86

**EXT. GARDEN, LOS ANGELES HOME - ALMOST SUNRISE**

Two figures in a garden, walking in light so spare they  
are silhouettes. Her head is down. His hands are in his  
pockets. We CLOSE on them as she fingers a blossom, we  
now see she is miserable, fighting absolute despair.

**GEORGE**

Three weeks, she'll be good as new.  
It's a remarkable crew. The best

**T**

hat...  
He stops. Realizing where he was going. She never  
looks up.

**AMELIA**

...the best that money can buy. I  
just can't believe I've done this  
to us. All the money wasted that's  
never coming back.

**GEORGE**

You cut the engines. It would have cost a bundle more to replace a burned-up plane. Not to mention pilot.

She shakes her head. No.

**AMELIA**

I overreacted. The plane was too heavy, I should have used the rudder pedal instead of the throttle.

Tears stand in her eyes. She is so ashamed and remorseful.

He lets it stay silent as they walk. Then...

**GEORGE**

It's only money, we'll figure it out. We always do.

**AMELIA**

I'll make it back and more, I promise. The book sales, the lectures, this flight will keep us going another three years.

**GEORGE**

Maybe. Or...

**AMELIA**

No, it will. Our prices, our sales, are going to double.

**(MORE)**

**W**

**A**

100.

AMELIA (cont'd)

This showed them how dangerous it  
all is, they were taking it for  
granted...

(SNIFFLES)

They thought I was competent.

GEORGE (softly)

I meant. Or maybe we can quit.

She looks over. Not sure if...

AMELIA

You mean after.

GEORGE

Or. Even now.

A strong smile. He nods. We could.

AMELIA

So my exit would be a stupid crash.  
and withdrawing from a world-  
publicized attempt to finally do  
something no man had done before.

GEORGE

Yeh. That. And it would be fine  
with me.

Her eyes overwhelmed A his offer.

by

Her voice soft

with...

MELIA

But that's because you're an idiot.

GEORGE

Lucky for you.

A held beat.

AMELIA

And what if it's not something I  
have to show the world?

Hmmn?

AMELIA

What if it's something I have to  
show me.  
He has no answer for that. Takes her hand. They  
head toward the house.

**INT. HANGAR - NIGHT**

**87**  
87  
at  
mechanics.  
Massive enclosed space. The rebuilt Electra in pieces  
various work stations, being perfected by teams of

**T**

**I**

**S**

The whirr and clang of tools. Amelia and George confer with one foreman, as George sees something. He touches her arm, points in our direction. REVERSE ANGLE as she sees...  
...Gene has entered the hangar. Stands by the folding

table

we've seen before.

**GEORGE**

Have fun.

**AMELIA**

Who let you off the hook on this?  
She takes his hand firmly and together they cross the hangar toward Gene. He smiles, unfolds a third chair. As they arrive, Amelia steps forward...  
...kisses Gene on the cheek. George shakes his hand.

**GENE**

Thanks for letting me come.  
As they sit, Gene looks from one to the other.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

I guess I'm already outvoted.

**GEORGE**

She'd outvote you all by herself.  
he does it to me every day.  
Gene's smile can't mask the concern in his eyes.

**AMELIA**

I don't have a choice. I have to reverse my route and fly east. If go west now, I'm risking hurricanes in the Caribbean and monsoons in Africa...

**GENE**

But you're flying Howland last, when you're exhausted.  
She knows this. In the silence...

**G**

**GEORGE**

Gene, this way our first leg is Oakland to Miami. It's a shakedown

o make sure the plane is right.  
That's crucial.  
Gene nods, slowly. His eyes still locked on her.

102.

**GENE**

Maybe I'm obsessing on Howland  
because it was my bright idea,  
and I'd feel responsible if...

**AMELIA**

Well, if I do pop off, I'll try  
to make it somewhere that's not  
your fault.

**GENE**

I'd appreciate that.  
Draws a breath.

**GENE (CONT'D)**

You miss that island. You'll be  
out of fuel, with 2000 miles to go.

**AMELIA**

But I'll have Fred so I won't miss.  
In fact, I'm taking Fred along for  
this whole trip.  
Surprisingly, he doesn't seem to like this. She smiles.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Giving up my little arrogance about  
solo. Safety first, yes?  
But he's still unhappy. She waits for him to say.

**GENE**

You and Fred alone for a month...

**AMELIA**

If you're worried about his  
drinking, I'll deal with it.  
Straight look.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I can handle Fred.  
And now we get a sense of exactly what does worry him. He  
glances to George...

**GENE**

How do you feel?

**GEORGE**

Tip-top. Every little girl needs a  
man around. Even strong girls like  
ours, hmmn?  
A very direct gaze. Words neither said nor needed.

**G**

**T**

**A**

103.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

She can handle us. She can handle  
Fred.  
A full beat. The look holds between the men.

**G**

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

And thanks for being here. You've  
always had Amelia's best interests  
at heart.

he look still unbroken.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

And, for that. I'm grateful.

88

88

**EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE**

Amelia and George crossing the tarmac from the Electra, waving to the crowd.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.)**

The legendary Amelia Earhart lands in Miami, completing the first and easiest leg of her around-the-world equatorial flight. A feat no man has ever attempted. That's hubby George with her, he gets off here. Behind them, coat slung casually across his shoulder, Fred. Waving like he belongs.

is

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

That handsome guy behind them isn't a movie star. Nope, it's navigator Fred Noonan, who will be Amelia's sole companion on the exotic odyssey...  
CLOSE on the rugged smile.

**ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Hey, where does a guy go to apply for a job like that?

**EXT. BEACH, MIAMI - DUSK**

89

89

The pastel sky has darkened along the row of legendary hotels. At first, we can barely find them at the

water's

quite  
head.

edge. CLOSE to see her sitting where the surf can't  
reach her toes. He's lying back, hands cradling his  
Watching the stars come out. Nothing said. Then...

O

T

O

104.

**AMELIA**

I'll be flying sky no one's ever  
been in. You made that happen.  
She looks down to his easy smile.

**GEORGE**

Hate to think where you'd be  
without me.  
She smiles back.           Tenderness we don't always see.

**AMELIA**

I'll try to make you proud.

**GEORGE**

You did that long, long ago. Only  
ne person left to prove yourself  
o. Just make sure you do it.

**A**

beat. The doubt comes.

**AMELIA**

And then what?

**GEORGE**

Then the best part. The future.  
She stares in his eyes. Leans to him.

AMELIA (a whisper)

Oh yeh. That.

She brings her hands to his face. Her mouth to his.

Deep.

Longing. Her body sinks into him.

LONG ANGLE. Two alone. Only each other.

**EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY**

90

90

Amelia and

She

LONG ANGLE. From the open door of a hangar we see  
George facing reporters in front of the idling Electra.  
sits on the wing, he's just beneath her.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

The radio problems crept up on us  
ver time.

**SUPERIMPOSE: MIAMI AIRPORT. JUNE 1.**

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

The marine 500 kilocycle radio was  
left in Oakland. Amelia said she

**(MORE)**

**C**

105.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
and Fred were both amateurs at  
Morse Code, so the radio wasn't  
worth what it weighed.  
Amelia has made the boys laugh. George laughs with them.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
The 250 foot trailing auxiliary  
antenna, she would leave behind  
in Miami. Too heavy, not  
important.  
FLASHES now. And plenty of them. She reaches down to take  
George's hand and HOPS down from the wing. More FLASHES...

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
Then, suddenly our remaining radio  
ouldn't reach its designated  
frequencies. Pan Am hurriedly  
replaced the main antennae. And we  
thought all was well.  
Amelia and George coming toward us now, hand in hand,  
leaving  
the press behind. Into...  
The hangar. In shadow here. The world far away, she  
takes  
his hands. A silence.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**  
Race you to California. I'll go  
west. Five bucks?

**AMELIA**  
If you'll fly the plane. Make it  
twenty.  
And then...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**  
Simpkin keeps many mice at one  
time. Each under a different  
teacup.  
Wow. He's finally going to hear this.

**GEORGE**

We're saying he's cruel?

**AMELIA**

No.

**GEORGE**

Controlling?

**AMELIA**

Insecure.

**I**

**T**

106.

Ah. The light begins to dawn.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

He needs the illusion of activity  
o feel comfortable. That he's  
preparing for all contingencies.  
George has to grin.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

That he has more irons in the



I do love you.  
Something in her serious face makes him smile.

**GEORGE**

Well, I love you back.

**AMELIA**

slightly  
Thanks.  
Takes a step back toward the hangar door. One hand  
up, stay here. Then, the smile he's waited for.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

idling  
tarmac.  
See ya.  
He smiles back. She turns and heads out toward the  
plane. She seems small, even fragile, alone on the  
STAY with George. Watching her go.

**SLOW**

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

**EXT./INT. MONTAGE**

91

91

**SERIES OF ANGLES, CROSSFADES, DISSOLVES, INCLUDING...**

**IMAGES FROM THE ELECTRA:**

RAINFOREST.  
- VIEW down onto an endless sea of triple-canopy  
- VIEW of Brazilian CITY from ABOVE.  
VIEW onto the ocean and African coast.  
- VIEW of ANIMALS running beneath us.  
- VIEW of the SAHARA'S sands

**SUPERIMPOSE: IMAGES FROM STOPS:**

- Children surrounding Amelia at an African airfield  
- Amelia sleeping in the open desert  
- being welcomed by turbaned dignitaries  
- Amelia on a camel, suddenly kicks it into a gallop

**SUPERIMPOSE: IMAGES FROM TRAVEL MAP**

-

108.

Juan to  
West  
of  
finally to

- its RED LINE tracing our journey from Miami to San  
Venezuela, to Brazil  
The RED LINE moving across the Atlantic, to French  
Africa and North to the Sudan  
- The RED LINE moves from The Nile River across the tip  
Arabian Peninsula, through Persia, Afghanistan and  
Calcutta.

ARTICLE

**SUPERIMPOSE: IMAGES FROM AMELIA'S ARTICLES**  
- HEADLINES from various installments of her daily  
in the Herald Tribune, with her BYLINE.

**FROM**

**DISSOLVE**

**TO...**

**MONTAGE**

**EXT. AIRPORT, CALCUTTA - EVENING**

92

dry.

by the  
over

Driving RAINSTORM as Amelia carries her gear toward the Electra. Fred waits. The umbrellas aren't keeping them

**SUPERIMPOSE: DUMDUM AIRDROME, CALCUTTA**

The buildings have thatched roofs. There are oxcarts runway, abandoned to the downpour. Fred has to shout the storm...

**FRED**

**YOU'RE NOT REALLY TAKING OFF!**

**AMELIA**

**IT'S GOING TO GET HEAVIER AND**

**WE COULD BE STUCK HERE FOR DAYS.**

**EVEN WEEKS.**

He just glares at her. Rain POUNDING all around them.

**A**

**MELIA (CONT'D)**

**ONLY 700 MILES TO BANGKOK, IT'S**

**LIGHTER THERE.**

He doesn't move.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Stay if you like.

rain

And she climbs into the plane. He just stands in the and glowers.

109.

93 93

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - MOMENTS LATER**

The Electra ROARING down the runway. It's all alone, no  
one else crazy enough to be out there. At last the plane...  
...LIFTS INTO the rain. Wobbles just a beat. And  
begins to

**CLIMB.**

**EXT. ELECTRA - LATER**

94 94

A wrenching battle, plane versus monsoon. The storm is  
heavier, deafening, actually STRIPPING PAINT from the  
Electra's wings.

95 95

**INT. ELECTRA - SAME MOMENT**

Amelia beyond exhaustion, but focused, fighting it.  
We think she's flying alone. Until...  
...Fred drops into the seat beside her. No words as he  
watches her struggle. Our plane is all over the sky.  
The  
DIN is ungodly.

**AMELIA**

**YOU THINK WE SHOULD TURN BACK, HUH?**

**FRED**

**NOPE. I THINK WE SHOULDN'T HAVE**

COME.

An AIR POCKET DROPS them 200 feet.

AMELIA

HARD TO IMAGINE LANDING IN THIS.

FRED

I'VE GOT AN IDEA. LET'S NEVER COME

DOWN.

She glances over. For once, she's scared.

AMELIA

HOW COULD YOU FIND OUR WAY BACK?

FRED

SINCE I FORGOT TO DROP BREAD

CRUMBS, WE'LL HAVE TO USE DEAD

RECKONING.

Beat.

AMELIA

THAT'S IT? JUST A GUESS?

I

F

110.

**FRED**

**US NAVIGATORS PREFER THE TERM `WILD-  
ASS GUESS.'**

Held look.

**AMELIA**

That's more like it.  
She starts to TURN the plane around.

**INT. ELECTRA - DAY**

**96**

**96**

is no  
accumulated

Amelia flying down through heavy turbulence, though it  
longer raining. Her features tense. We see the  
strain of the adventure.

**F**

beside  
and the

red appears from the catwalk, slips into the seat  
her. He's worried. Points, and we see...  
...CALCUTTA below, sprawling and endless. Between us  
ground, a huge gathering of FLYING SHAPES.

**RED**

Black eagles. If one of those  
clips a propeller. Or flies into  
the engine...  
Her tired features form a smile.

**AMELIA**

've got an idea. Let's never  
land. Better safe than sorry.  
He takes her point. She turns back to work...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'll wake you when the coffee's  
ready.

THROUGH

And with cold-blooded nerve, she SWOOPS down, down,  
the flock of eagles, scattering them as we arc in for a  
perfect landing. She never turns to...

his

...Fred, who is still white-knuckling, trying to get  
heart started. He can't believe what she's just done.  
Rolling, rolling...

**FRED**

Cream, no sugar.

**A**

111.

97

97

**EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, CALCUTTA - TWILIGHT**

Night

Establishing shot of a graceful pillar of the Raj.  
falling.

**EXT. COURTYARD, GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - SAME MOMENT**

98

98

RECEPTION, as  
DIGNITARIES.

teak-  
it

A fountain in an ornate courtyard. There is a  
every evening for Amelia, attended by local  
Fred, already a little drunk, leads Amelia to a massive  
wood table. He breaks off the corner of a cracker, sets  
down in the center of the table.

**FRED**

Howland Island.  
He strikes a match. SNUFFS the flame. Puts the burned-  
out  
match head just by the scrap of cracker.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

**B**

lack smoke from the Navy ship that  
could help us get a fix.  
Points way across the marble courtyard.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Now stand over there. That's what  
it's going to look like, if the  
weather's good.

**SERVANT (O.S.)**

Mrs. Earhart?  
She glances up. He beckons respectfully.  
NGLE. Alcove still with a VIEW of Fred and the  
courtyard.  
She lifts a telephone...

**INTERCUT: INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

99

99

fol-

CLOSE on a WALL MAP. We realize that George has been  
lowing her odyssey on a map of his own. We PULL BACK to  
reveal...

**GEORGE**

Mrs. Earhart? Mr. Earhart, here.  
He looks elegant in crisp suit and tie.  
INTERCUT: Amelia's eyes WIDE. She seems truly thrilled.  
INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM now throughout...

.

**R**

**S**

**T**

**AMELIA**

Oh, my goodness. Simpkin, is it  
really you?  
George makes a PURRING sound. A sharp MEOW.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

This is insane. It's so  
extravagant.

**GEORGE**

It gets worse, I bought a brand-new  
suit and tie. Got a date with my  
wife.

**AMELIA**

We can't possibly afford this.

**GEORGE**

ure, we can. It's Tuesday's call  
o Lae that we can't afford.

**AMELIA (delighted)**

You hang up the phone this minute.  
You'll bankrupt us and I'll have  
to walk home.

**GEORGE**

easoning with me. A magnificent  
display of useless courage.  
Her eyes remember. A soft...

**AMELIA**

..and it's fun.  
HOLD on her face. And MATCH DISSOLVE TO...

**EXT. BAR, LAE - NIGHT**

100

100

The  
studying

...Amelia's FACE, as we left it in the first scene.  
STORM PELTING all around the open-sided bar. Fred  
her across the table.

**FRED**

the

A touching love story, really.  
He's been drinking, we can hear it in his voice. SEE  
bottle now. Nearly gone.

**AMELIA**

An honest one. It's what you  
wanted.  
He nods. That's right.

**Y**

113.

**FRED**

I wonder if it's honest enough for  
George. If it's what he wanted.  
ou know.

**AMELIA**

If you mean Gene, we're not  
together anymore. In that way.  
Not for a long time.

**FRED**

Whose choice was that?  
She doesn't like his tone. Shifts in her seat.

**AMELIA**

It was mine.

**FRED**

Well, isn't it always? You choose  
in, you choose out. Makes things  
easy.

**AMELIA**

Anything but easy. Are you disapproving of the way I live?

**FRED**

Hell, no. It's just like me. In fact, it's like most guys I know.

His smile.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Actually, I'd like a piece of it myself. Right about now.

Her eyes harden. A

**MELIA**

If you have a point, Fred. Make it.

**FRED**

Oh, I believe I have.

She rises slowly. Zips her flight jacket.

Takes her

slicker

from the back of her chair.

**AMELIA**

Allow me to cut you a deal, my friend.

Steel in the spine of that.

114.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

You show up tomorrow morning. You show up sober and you get me to Howland Island.

Okay?

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

And I'll forget you ever said that.

She WHEELS around and holding her slicker over her

head, goes

OFF into the POUNDING RAIN.

Fred's smile is gone. He stares after her.

**DISSOLVE TO...**

**EXT. RADIO HUT, LAE - LATER**

**101**  
**101** hut. She Amelia down the path in her slicker toward a small  
knocks. Opens the door to reveal...

**INT. RADIO HUT - NIGHT**

**102**  
**102** operator BALFOUR ...the radio receiver and transmitter. The  
is a wiry Scot. He nods respectfully.  
BALFOUR  
Ready, Mum.  
He stands and she takes his seat. He shows her the key  
to press, then steps back toward the window. But she  
makes no move to the radio. Just stares at him. He doesn't  
understand.

AMELIA (gently)  
Feel like stepping out for a  
smoke...?

BALFOUR  
I don't smoke.

AMELIA  
...or something?  
Oh. The monsoon beats down.

BALFOUR  
If you need help, I'll be right

outside. In the rain.

**AMELIA**

Thank you. I'll only be a moment.

**I**

**G**

115.

Leaves. He puts on his slicker. OPENS an umbrella.  
She looks back to the radio. FLIPS the switch.  
E AMELIA (soft)  
arhart here.

**INTERCUT: COAST GUARD STATION, LOS ANGELES - DAY**

103

103

Pacific. George at a window, looking west. Over the  
She's there somewhere.

**GEORGE**

You should be sleeping.  
He smiles to keep his voice up. The eyes aren't  
smiling. We  
INTERCUT their conversation throughout...

**AMELIA**

You should be working.

**GEORGE**

I'm running a big adventure here,  
'm a very important fellow.

**AMELIA**

You told me I was the star. And  
you were no one at all.

**GEORGE (soft)**

I thought I was lying. Guess the  
joke's on me.

Silence.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

How's Fred?

**AMELIA**

I'm mad at him. I'll be in  
Honolulu on the 3rd, and with you  
in Oakland for Fourth of July.  
Okay?

**GEORGE**

Don't keep me waiting.

**AMELIA**

I won't dare. You're a very  
important feline. Uh, fellow.

**GEORGE**

Talk to me about Fred.

116.

**AMELIA**

Fred is fine. He's calculating  
head-wind speed versus fuel as we  
speak.  
CLOSE on his face.

**GEORGE**

You wouldn't sell a salesman would  
you?

**AMELIA**

He's fine.

**GEORGE**

So what's that I hear in your  
voice?

A beat.

**GEORGE**

Is he drinking?

**AMELIA** (soft)

I can handle it.

**GEORGE**

Call it off. Right now. I mean  
it.

**AMELIA**

I can handle it.

And then...

**AMELIA**

I love you.

Silence.

**GEORGE**

After the Fourth. We're going  
home.

**AMELIA**

Where's that?

**GEORGE**

For me? Anywhere you are.

She begins to cry. Both hands fly to her mouth and she looks  
away. She swallows hard.

**AMELIA**

I'm going to like it there.

117.

And then...

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

I'd better. Since this is my last  
flight.

A long silence.

**GEORGE**

Well. If you insist.

She nods. She does.

**AMELIA**

It's late here. Guess I'll go  
curl up under a teacup.

**GEORGE**

I'll go tell the world you're on  
your way.

Neither wants to let go. We feel it so strong.

**GEORGE (a whisper)**

Sweet dreams.

A beat.

**AMELIA (whispers back)**

See ya.

And he's gone. She stares at the radio.

**INT. AMELIA'S HUT - LATER**

104

104

tiny desk.

FLICKER of a kerosene lamp. Amelia writing at a

Thinks now. Thinks.  
Lost in it.

**EXT. AIRFIELD, LAE - DAWN**

**105**

**105**

light.

A sober, contrite Fred comes down the runway in early

As he reaches the Electra, he sees a pile of discarded  
OBJECTS on the tarmac...

...metal containers, carton of oranges, parachutes.  
Bedrolls, cold weather gear. Souvenirs from their

stops:

flags, a metal plaque, native crafts, a Welcome Miss

Amelia

Earhart banner. As he studies the pile...

...a COFFEE POT comes FLYING out of the plane to roll

at his

feet. Suddenly, a 10 pound coffee tin SAILS PAST, as

he

DUCKS. Amelia appears at the hatch, sees him.

**G**

**118.**

**FRED**

You're finding the range. But it  
might be easier to just shoot me.  
She stares at him for a moment. A subdued  
voice...

**AMELIA**

Traveling light, that's all.  
She sits on the lip of the hatch. Her legs  
dangling. Her eyes down.

**FRED**

Got room for 190 pounds of asshole?  
No answer. She's still looking down. He's  
never seen her like this.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

**M**

a'am, I am so sor...

**AMELIA**

It's fine.  
Her eyes come up.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

Everything is.  
He doesn't understand, but he's glad to be forgiven.  
She takes a LETTER from her pocket. Runs her finger over  
the envelope.

**FRED**

I can run into town before we go.  
et that in the post for you.  
She shakes her head slowly.

**AMELIA**

It's for my husband. I'm going to  
hand it to him. So I can watch his  
face as he reads it.  
She sniffles slightly.

**AMELIA (CONT'D)**

It's our tradition.

**EXT. RUNWAY, LAE AIRFIELD - MORNING**

106

106

Gulf.  
ANGLE

A RUNWAY that ends in a drop-off at the waters of Huon  
The Electra, engines REVVING. Ready to go for it. Our  
CLOSES on the belly of the plane. The ANTENNA MAST  
supporting a trailing WIRE ANTENNA.

119.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

Ten A.M., Friday July 2. They  
lined up on the thousand-yard  
runway. One thousand gallons of  
fuel, enough for 20 to 21 hours of  
flying.

STARTS its  
PUFF of  
the  
yards  
the  
to...  
surface

LONG ANGLE. Crew and onlookers watch as the plane  
run, gathering speed, BOUNCING over uneven ground...  
CLOSE now on the jouncing undercarriage, a momentary  
DUST, and as the plane moves PAST, we may notice that  
belly antenna mast seems to be GONE.  
DOWN the runway it RUMBLES, still earthbound, only 200  
to go. Then 100. Then FIFTY, then at the water's edge,  
Electra RISES and...  
.  
..DROPS out of sight below the land, as we SMASH CUT  
ANGLE. The Electra has FALLEN to SIX FEET above the  
of the Gulf. The engines THROB at max, the propellers  
THROWING SPRAY. The overloaded plane...  
...RISING. Slowly, then faster, then...  
...SOARING free.

in

PULL BACK to a VIEW from down the runway. The Electra  
distance. RACK FOCUS to see something long and slender  
GLINTING on the ground. Could it be a length of WIRE?

**INT. COAST GUARD STATION, LOS ANGELES - SUNSET**

107

107

Amelia.

We

Through the glass, the sun is disappearing toward  
PULL BACK to George, staring at a CABLE in his hands.

**HEAR...**

**BALFOUR (O.S.)**

Mr. Putnam. Their headwinds are  
stronger than they knew when they  
took off.

Then...

**BALFOUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

I recalculated their fuel. It will  
cost them 9%.

BACK

George staring off. Assessing the consequences. PULL  
to see an ENSIGN standing, waiting for instruction.

**BALFOUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

I can't raise them, sir. I tried  
voice, and Morse Code...

**W**

120.

George looks up. Calmly.

**GEORGE**

ire back. Tell him to forget the  
Morse Code. They didn't bring the  
receiver.

The young man looks concerned.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

Just tell him to stay with voice.  
He'll get them.

108            108    A

**EXT. HOWLAND ISLAND - DAY**

adrift in            AERIAL ANGLE. A tiny, flat, nearly invisible speck  
the endless Pacific. Howland Island. PAN to see just  
offshore...

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

The U.S. Coast Guard cutter Itasca  
had been anchored off Howland just  
for us.  
CLOSE on the ITASCA now...

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

slender            Its radio would be her lifeline.  
Its black plume of smoke would  
reach for miles. More visible than  
the island itself.  
DISSOLVE TO NIGHT. The island visible only by its  
LIGHTHOUSE. The ship illuminated in the darkness.  
CLOSE now on a path by the sea. A lone figure with a  
FLASHLIGHT approaches a SHACK. Enters...

**INT. RADIO HUT - NIGHT**

109  
109

CIPRIANI,  
been on ...a room filled with radio equipment. He is FRANK  
in crisp naval uniform, relieving a SEAMAN who has  
duty. As Cipriani sits at his station, he notices...

**CIPRIANI**

The direction finder. How long has  
this been on?  
The seaman turns back at the door. What?

**EXT. ITASCA**

110  
110

CLOSE on the ship, illuminated. PUSH IN...

121.

111  
111

**INT. RADIO ROOM, ITASCA - NIGHT**

The room is 9 x 20 with bare walls. At the  
transmitter, LEO  
BELLARTS the chief radio man. Short and square, an  
unflappable air of quiet expertise. With him, his  
assistant

At a  
headphones  
the

WILLIAM DALTEN, lean and young with dark serious eyes.  
typewriter sits THOMAS O'HARE, barely twenty,  
across his shock of rust-colored hair, telegraph at  
ready.

**S**

spitting  
human

**UPERIMPOSE: 2:45 A.M.**  
Dalton adjusting the receiver which is suddenly  
STATIC. Threading through the noise, what could be a  
voice. Bellarts calls to O'Hare...

**BELLARTS**

typing

That's her on 3105. She said  
'cloudy and overcast.'  
O'Hare looks at him. Are you serious? Bellarts mimes  
with his fingers. O'Hare starts typing into the log.

**DISSOLVE TO...**

**SUPERIMPOSE: 3:45 A.M.**  
Radio CRACKLES. All eyes turn.

**AMELIA (O.S.)**

Itasca from Earhart. Overcast.  
Static. Dalton leans to the mic...

DALTEN (into mic)  
We are receiving your signal.  
Please acknowledge ours. What is  
your position? When do you expect  
to arrive Howland?  
No answer. Light static.

**BELLARTS**

begins to

Commander estimated 7:00. If she's  
having trouble on voice  
transmission, stay with Morse.  
And begins to carefully pack his pipe. Dalton  
transmit Morse Code. DISSOLVE TO...

**SUPERIMPOSE: 6:45 A.M.**  
The radio. The static. The sudden voice...

**K**

122.

**AMELIA (O.S.)**

Please take bearing on us and  
report in half hour. I will make  
noise in microphone. We are about  
100 miles out.

The transmission cuts out. Dalten answers in Morse Code.  
No response.

**DALTEN**

She's got to stay on longer.  
Bellarts dictating as O'Hare types...

**BELLARTS**

Earhart signal strength 4, but on

**A**

ir so briefly bearings impossible.

**DISSOLVE**

TO...

**SUPERIMPOSE: 7:18 A.M.**

DALTEN (to Bellarts)  
Maybe her Morse receiver is out.  
(into mic)  
Can't take bearing on 3105. Please  
send on 500 or do you want to take  
bearing on us? Go ahead, please.  
Silence. O'Hare typing: NO ANSWER.

**SUPERIMPOSE: 7:30 A.M.**

DALTEN (into mic)

Please acknowledge our signals on  
ey. Please acknowledge.  
CRACKLE. O'Hare typing: UNANSWERED.

**BELLARTS**

Tommy, intercom top deck, double  
check the smoke stack...

SMOKE INTERCUT: AERIAL ANGLE high above the ship. BLACK  
PLUMES into clear sky...

**BELLARTS (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

They should be able to see it for  
twenty miles, at least.

TILT ANGLE. In far distance, thirty to forty miles, a  
gray

**STORM.**

**A**

123.

112  
112

**INT. RADIO ROOM - MORNING**

back A few others enter now. Civilians, sailors, they hang  
silently, watching as...

**SUPERIMPOSE: 7:42 A.M.**

**AMELIA (O.S.)**

KHAQQ calling Itasca. We must be on you but cannot see you...  
Glances are traded. It is the first moment of visible concern. STATIC interrupts. Then...

**AMELIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

Gas is running low. Been unable to reach you by radio. We are flying at altitude 1000 feet.

DALTEN (into mic)

You are reaching us. We are sending on 3105 and 500 constantly. Please acknowledge.

Massive BURST of static. Dalten frantically CLICKING a message in Morse Code. DISSOLVE TO...

**S**

**UPERIMPOSE: 7:58 A.M.**

The room has nearly filled. COMMANDER THOMPSON stands

at

Bellart's shoulder. All eyes fixed on the radio...

**EARHART (O.S.)**

We are circling but cannot hear you. Go ahead on 7500.

BELLARTS (into mic)

Itasca to KHAQQ. Your signal is strong. Are you receiving this?

A breathless moment. A sharp CRACKLE.

**EARHART (O.S.)**

KHAQQ calling Itasca. We received your signal, but unable to get a minimum. Please take bearing on us and answer 3105 with voice.

BELLARTS (into mic)

Your signal received okay. It is impractical to take a bearing on 3105 on your voice. Give us a longer signal, please. Go ahead.

Silence. Feet are shifting. No one speaks.

O

O

124.

BELLARTS (softly to Dalten)  
Keep us at 7500, that's her only  
acknowledgment.

**THOMPSON**

You've got her signal, dammit.  
What about the direction finder?

**BELLARTS**

Cipriani reports the battery's  
dead, sir. It was left on all  
night.

Full beat.

THOMPSON (low)  
I don't believe this is happening.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**SUPERIMPOSE: 8:12 A.M.**

BELLARTS (into mic)  
Itasca to Earhart. Did you get  
transmission on 7500? Go ahead on  
500 so that we can take a bearing  
on you, it's impossible on 3105.  
Please acknowledge.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**SUPERIMPOSE: 8:33 A.M.**

No breath in this room. No one moves.

BELLARTS (into mic)

Will you please come in and answer  
on 500? We are transmitting  
constantly on 7500 and we do not  
hear you on 500. Please answer on  
500. Go ahead.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**SUPERIMPOSE: 8:44 A.M.**

Suddenly, a thin and anxious VOICE cuts through a burst of  
static... A

**MELIA (O.S.)**

We are on the line of position 157-  
337, will repeat this message on  
6210 kilocycles. Wait, listening  
on 6210 kilocycles. We are running  
north and south.

**B**

**F**

BELLARTS (into mic)  
We hear you. We hear you. Can you  
receive this...?  
Silence. Silence. Silence.  
COMMANDER (softly)  
Mr. Bellarts. When did she say she  
was low on fuel?  
All eyes shift to Tommy. He scans the log.  
Stares.

O'HARE  
Um. An hour. And two minutes,  
sir.  
HOLD on this room. DISSOLVE TO...  
AERIAL ANGLE. The ship in clear daylight. The  
BLACK PLUME  
of smoke stretching to heaven.

DISSOLVE  
TO...  
SLOW

**INT. COAST GUARD STATION, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

113  
113  
The tiny room we've come to know. It is filled with  
people  
who stand motionless, staring somberly at one man. In  
turn,  
he stares at a telephone...  
Which RINGS. Mary reaches, but his hand goes UP and  
she  
pulls back. He lets it ring three times, four,  
gathering  
himself. Lifting it...  
GEORGE (into phone)  
Yes.  
There are no other words. His eyes tear up. He  
nods numbly  
at the phone. G

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Looking back, the questions were obvious. Why would anyone try to find such a tiny target in a vast ocean, with barely an hour's leeway in fuel?

He draws a breath.

GEORGE (into phone)

Well, we're most grateful. With such an effort, of course they'll be found.

**I**

126.

CLOSE on him now. As he listens, as he responds graciously,

**MOS...**

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

So I tortured myself. Why hadn't I killed this plan on day one? And then I realized...

**DISSOLVE SLOWLY**

**TO...**

**EXT. GARDEN, LOS ANGELES - LATER**

114

114

Alone. In a moonlit garden.

**GEORGE (V.O.)**

If I tried to count the insane and reckless chances she took from the first moment I met her. I wouldn't know where to begin.

Slowly to his knees. By the plants they had tended together.

**GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It was the most tragic of endings. The most cruel and senseless and wasteful. And yet...

And yet.

**GEORGE (CONT'D)**

It's hard to imagine another.

**SMASH**

**CUT TO...**

**EXT. BRILLIANT SKY, THE PACIFIC - DAY**

115

115

Sun and cloud. The sea below.

**AMELIA (V.O.)**

My Simpkin.  
We POINT toward the water.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I want to be married to you. The way you've been married to me.  
It begins to draw CLOSER.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

As you read this. I am watching your face.

And CLOSER.

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I am hoping to see. That you know  
how much I mean each word.

Gaining SPEED now...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

All the things I never said, for  
so very long...

HURTLING TOWARD the surface...

**AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Look up. They're in my eyes.

**SMASH CUT TO BLACK.**

Hold.

**ROLL END CREDITS.**