

## Doc Dynamo

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: “*DOC DYNAMO - America’s Ace Spy-Swatter.*” Minimal credits, TRIUMPHAL MUSIC, follow by (ON A DOWN NOTE):

TITLE CARD: “*CHAPTER ONE: WHEELS OF DEATH!*”

WIPE TO:

NEWSREEL LOGO (BLACK & WHITE) - “MOVIETOWN NEWS”

The name itself in Art Deco letters. At bottom of screen, a pair of searchlights sweep the sky, amid MONTAGE of newsreel-style scenes of America at work and play. UPBEAT MUSIC behind it. This, and newsreel which follows, are in BLACK & WHITE.

TITLE CARD (WITH MOVIETOWN NEWS LOGO). It reads: *HITLER CONQUERS MAINLAND EUROPE! IS AMERICA NEXT?*

MAP OF EUROPE (AS PER EARLY 1940): Nazi Germany and conquered lands (Austria, Czechoslovakia, most of Poland) a darker color than rest of the continent. In midst of German area is a large black Swastika, in a white circle.

SUPERED at bottom: *1940.*

A husky male voice solemnly intones over DRAMATIC MARTIAL MUSIC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For the second time in this century, the European continent is ravaged by the dogs of war. One by one, nations have fallen prey to the fearsome fangs of Adolf Hitler’s Third Reich: Denmark... Norway... Holland... Belgium... France... Luxembourg...

At each name there’s a dramatic CLASH OF CYMBALS, except that for tiny Luxembourg there is only the RINGING OF A TINY, TINNY BELL. At the same time, the dark areas of map expand, as if ink had been spilled on it. (Note: Only “Vichy France” darkened, etc.)

MAP OF UNITED STATES, 1940.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While, a vast ocean away, an America still at peace begins at last to marshal its great natural resources—

MONTAGE (STOCK FOOTAGE): IMAGES in rapid succession of brawny steelworkers in busy steel mills... trains racing along tracks... assembly-line factories turning out planes and tanks... and famous rear-view pin-up of Betty Grable, all UNDER-SCORED NOW BY TRIUMPHAL MUSIC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

—so that it may in truth become what President Roosevelt has proudly proclaimed it—“The Arsenal of Democracy!”

Abruptly, the TRIUMPHANT NEWSREEL MUSIC TURNS SOUR...

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

But now, without warning, the nation's burgeoning defense industries are suddenly being crippled by an

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

astonishing series of surprising acts of startling sabotage... which nobody expected!

NEWSREEL/IRIS MONTAGE (B&W STOCK FOOTAGE): ACTS OF SABOTAGE. Again in rapid succession, images of factories being blown up... trains being derailed... more factories blowing up... cargo ships sinking at sea... more factories blowing up... trucks being hijacked... still more factories going boom.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In recent months, however, a new American champion has arisen... one man who seems to succeed where even our police forces and J. Edgar Hoover's mighty FBI have failed...

A rippling American flag replaces the exploding factories... and superimposed over the flag, the SHADOW OF DOC DYNAMO in a heroic pose. DRAMATIC MUSIC SURGES to a climax...

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

... the man of mystery known only as... Doc Dynamo, America's Ace Spy-Swatter!

CROSS-WIPE CUT TO:

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING (1940) - DAY (STOCK)

SUPERED across bottom of screen: *AND, IN A CERTAIN NAMELESS CITY...*

INT. WAITING ROOM OFFICE DOOR - DAY

On the outside of the opaque glass is printed: *DR. FRED FRANKLIN, Pediatrician*. From within, we hear a LONG, LOW DRONING "AHHHHH"...

INT. DR. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE on the gaping mouth of a gangly LITTLE GIRL (PEGGY) being invaded by a tongue depressor. She is saying "AHHHHH" in an afflicted tone of voice.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal depressor held by Dr. Fred Franklin, who wrestles Peggy to keep the depressor in place as she kicks and struggles. He never loses his cheerful good will.

DR. FRED (early 30's) is tall, lean, rather Gary Cooperish, wearing the white smock of a pediatrician. He exudes confidence, competence, good will and honor. A man of few words, especially around women. He is also, secretly, DOC DYNAMO.

NURSE NANCY WALLACE (middle 20's, in nurse uniform and cap) is a direct young woman in Rosalind Russell mode, always ready with a quip and a smile. Loves Doc Dynamo, not Dr. Fred; he's too woman-shy to understand the difference.

DR. FRED

Wider.

Peggy complies. As her mouth gets wider, her AHHH gets louder.

DR. FRED (cont'd)

Wider...

Peggy opens still wider, and now her voice nearly deafens Nurse Nancy. Dr. Fred remains happily immune.

DR. FRED (cont'd)

That's fine, Peggy. You may close your mouth now.

She does—biting the depressor in two with a LOUD SNAP! Without missing a beat, Dr. Fred delicately retrieves the remainder of his sundered depressor and drops it in a wastebasket.

DR. FRED (cont'd)

I'll just toss this one away.

NANCY

There, that wasn't so bad, was it?

Peggy delivers a swift kick toward Dr. Fred's shin; he narrowly avoids it and chuckles benignly. Nancy gives him an exasperated, long-suffering look.

DR. FRED

Careful, Peggy. I know you didn't mean to, but you nearly kicked me that time.

NANCY

Really, Dr. Fred—do you have to let every child that comes in here get away with murder?

DR. FRED

Oh, now, Nurse Wallace, there's no need to exaggerate...

Peggy kicks again, taking him in the shin, as she runs out of the room. Fred hops backward, still smiling.

The waiting room door opens behind Dr. Fred, and he collides with POLICE INSPECTOR ARTHUR "ACE" BURLINGTON (early 30's).

ANGLE - ACE

is a somewhat off-center and well-meaning buffoon, who tries to model himself after Dick Tracy, down to the snap-brim hat and two-way wrist radio. In his case, the radio is an unwieldy walkie-talkie strapped to his forearm. Ace carries a not-very-well-hidden torch for Nurse Nancy, who can't see him for dust.

ACE

(disentangling)

Hey, take it easy with those fancy dance-steps, Dr. Fred. Or have you changed your last name to Astaire?

Ace chuckles at his little joke. Dr. Fred stands up straight, smiling, still favoring his sore shin.

DR. FRED

Oh, hello, Police Inspector Burlington. What brings you here?

ACE

Actually, Nurse Wallace—Nancy—I'm here to see you.

NANCY

(trying to look busy)

Me?

Ace smirks at Nancy, leans against a tabletop with a debonair air... and knocks over a whole glassful of tongue depressors. Dr. Fred retrieves them with a sigh, and cheerfully dumps them in the wastebasket, as Ace tries to hit on Nancy.

DR. FRED

I'll just toss these 25 away...

ACE

(continuing over)

Here I am, all set to leave for Long Island on important police business—top secret hush hush, y'know,

ACE (cont'd)

practically government stuff—and I suddenly remembered I don't have a date for the Defense Bond Rally tonight.

NANCY

Sounds tempting, Inspector...

ACE

Call me Ace. All my first-time offenders do.

She's groping for words when, on the desk, a glass container full of lollipops begins blinking on and off. Nancy sees the blinking lollipop jar and quickly edges around to block it from Ace's view.

NANCY

...but I have to stay late tonight and help Dr. Fred with his four o'clock appointment.

(raises voice slightly)

Don't I, Dr. Fred?

DR. FRED

(looks up, puzzled)

My four o'clock appointment?

NANCY

You know. With the man from the Big White House.

A bit exasperated with Dr. Fred, Nancy winks, gestures with her chin, winks. Dr. Fred finally notices the blinking jar and raises his eyebrows, making an "oh" expression. He backs toward his inner sanctum, all smiles and apologies.

DR. FRED

Sorry to rush off like this, Inspector—

ACE

Ace.

DR. FRED

Ace—but duty calls. We mustn't ignore the little things of life, must we?

Dr. Fred chuckles benignly and ducks through the door marked: *PRIVATE*. Burlington shakes his head, looks back at Nancy.

ACE

You got class, sister. I don't figure you for hanging around with a loser like Franklin. Or is it somebody else you're really stuck on?

NANCY  
(looking toward inner door)  
It's... someone else. Sort of.

INT. DOC'S INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Dr. Fred, the door shut behind him, pulls a shade down over the frosted glass. The room is furnished entirely in black and white, austere, Art Deco on the modernistic side. Dr. Fred goes to a black wardrobe and throws it open to reveal—

THE COSTUME

There, gleaming in the light, are the white aviator's helmet and goggles, the white scarf, the white flight-suit, the white leather gloves and boots, of Doc Dynamo. On the back of the flight suit is a stylized drawing of a dynamo, crossed by a lightning bolt. DRAMATIC MARTIAL MUSIC.

INT. DR. FRED'S OFFICE

Ace studies his own reflection in the glass of the door marked *PRIVATE*.

ACE

OK, OK. I can take anything but a hint. But you're making a mistake. Ace Burlington is on his way up in the police department. I'm going to be the next Dick Tracy. Lookit my two-way walkie-talkie.

Holds up his wrist.

NANCY  
You must have a strong wrist. Maybe some other time.

ACE

(grins)

It's a date. See you later, crime-stopper.

Adjusting his hat with what he thinks is a rakish gesture, Ace leaves, closing the front door behind him. Nancy, drained, gives a sigh of relief.

INT. DOC'S INNER SANCTUM - CLOSE - DOC DYNAMO'S TELE-VISOR

A large TV-like screen on one wall, with lots of buttons around, above, below it. A MILKY IMAGE takes form on screen—solidifying to show (in black-and-white, of course) FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT and his lap-terrier Fala, seated before a window through which we see the Washington Monument.

FDR

My good friend... Once again, your country needs you. I need you.

FDR is puffing at cigarette in his cigarette holder. His dog makes a YIPPING BARK. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Dr. Fred, now in his Doc Dynamo outfit, adjusting the goggles of his flight helmet.

DOC DYNAMO

stands in a dramatic pose, hands on hips, smile on his face. A breeze from nowhere blows his scarf at a horizontal angle. In this identity, Dr. Fred has a deeper voice, and moves with the pantherish grace and cockiness of the fearless masked aviator and adventurer he really is; he hardly seems the same person.

DOC  
Doc Dynamo reporting, ready for action,  
Mr. President.

FDR

Excellent. Because the mission I have for you this time is one which may decide whether the United States of America survives the next few years—or whether our nation, too, falls victim to the Nazi juggernaut.

DOC

You know which way I vote on that one, sir.

FDR

Doc, have you ever hear of—the Kepler Rocketplane?

DRAMATIC DRUMBEAT. As FDR talks, he holds several photographs in sequence up to the Tele-Visor lens, pictures of the Icarus Aircraft Company factory, of Dr. Hans Kepler and of the Rocketplane engine.

FDR (cont'd)

It seems fantastic, I know. But with the help of the good Americans over at Icarus Aircraft Company, Dr. Hans Kepler, the world-famous Swiss scientist, has developed the prototype engine for a fantastic airplane to be powered by mighty rockets...

FDR (cont'd)

With Dr. Kepler's amazing new engine, the Rocketplane will be capable of achieving far greater speeds than any current aircraft.

The last photograph is a cartoon showing the Rocketplane zooming past a slow-moving Army Air Force prop fighter.

DOC

Won't all those rockets melt the propeller?

FDR

The Rocketplane doesn't need a propeller, Doc.

DOC

(startled, thoughtful)

I... see.