

ON WINGS OF WIND

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by

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9/19/2002

WGA 858521

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FADE IN:

EXT. WRIGHT HOME (FALL, 1878) - DUSK

WILL WRIGHT (11), slender boy with dark hair and deep blue eyes, twists the top on his toy to wind the rubber band. His brother ORV (7), angelic face, light brown curls and those same blue eyes, watches intently. Their sister, KATHARINE (4), clutches her first store bought doll. Long brown braids frame a face wise for her years.

KATHARINE

Make it fly again, Ullam.

WILL

Just a minute, Swes.

ORV

How's it work, Will?

WILL

I think the paddles push the air.

ORV

Like a boat.

Will lifts and releases the toy above his head. The children run around the yard chasing the little flying machine. SUSAN WRIGHT (47), a worn, dark-haired beauty, leans back against her husband, BISHOP MILTON WRIGHT (50) in the doorway. His salt and pepper beard contrast against his black clerical garb.

WILL

Papa, this is the best present ever.

ORV

I wonder if we could make a big one?

SUSAN

Of course you can. Make a pattern.

ORV

I'll get some paper.

WILL

Let's fly it some more, Bubbie, before we take it apart.

ORV

We'll make it big enough to take Dolly.

KATHARINE

Take me too.

The shrill CRY of a hawk pierces the air and draws everyone's attention. The hawk sails on long slender wings, motionless, on the lookout for prey.

WILL

Look at that eagle.

ORV

That's a hawk.

WILL

It's an eagle.

ORV

Nope. Redtail hawk.

The hawk dives gracefully after a ground squirrel perched in a tree. At the last possible second, the squirrel leaps. The hawk hits the branch, flails his wings and struggles to regain his balance.

WILL

How can you tell?

ORV

Shape of the wing.

Susan walks into the yard and looks up as the hawk takes off and climbs effortlessly on long golden wings.

SUSAN

Looks like a Cooper's Hawk. Beautiful.
Check your book to make sure.

Orv runs to the front door. The Bishop tousseles his curly head. Will scoops Katharine up in his arms. He twirls her around. Katharine clutches her doll, closes her eyes and giggles as she shouts.

KATHARINE

We're flying, Will.

EXT. PINE TREE - DAY

A young hawk sits atop a tree and surveys the terrain. A stately brick two-story house in the background. He extends his wings and dives after an unsuspecting prey. The hawk misses and shrieks in frustration.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (MARCH 1, 1929)

The shrill CRY of a hawk wakens Katharine (54) as the bedroom door opens. Her husband, Harry, (54) balances a tray and makes his way to her side. He sets the tray on the table and fluffs a pillow and puts it behind her for support. Her brown eyes sparkle, her cheeks flush with fever, long braids twined atop her head.

KATHARINE

Any word from Orv?

HARRY

(shakes his head no)

I sent another telegram this morning.

KATHARINE

I thought he might send a message. I had the most wonderful dream.

Harry sets the tray on her lap and hands her a napkin. He sits down and butters her a roll.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Poor Bubbie, he must be so lonely.

HARRY

That was his choice, Katharine.

KATHARINE

I miss him so much.

HARRY

Eat up, darling. You need your strength if we're going to Paris next month.

He puts the rolls on her tray as she takes sip of the soup. Katharine takes a piece of roll and dips it into the soup.

HARRY

If you hadn't come to rescue me, you wouldn't have this cold. As to your brother, well there's just no excuse.

KATHARINE

I know it's hard to understand darling but he was my best friend.

HARRY

Tell me about your dream.

KATHARINE

It was the day they fell in love with flying machines. Harry, in the closet, in my trunk, is a box of letters.

Harry walks to the closet and opens the door.

HARRY

Are you sure you're up to this?

KATHARINE

We'll never write the book now. And besides, it's good to remember.

He returns with an album and hands it to Katharine. Each page holds a treasured letter or picture. She smiles as the memories flood her mind.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

I remember everything.

EXT. HAWTHORNE STREET - DAY

Title On: Dayton, Ohio 1896

Will (31) and Katharine (24) ride bicycles down the tree-lined street. A horse-drawn carriage approaches. Will holds his arms out to the side then closes his eyes and tips back his head.

WILL

Try it, Kate. Feels like you're flying.

KATHARINE

It's hard enough to keep my balance in this dress. Be careful, Will, you'll end up in the ditch.

Will opens his eyes and grasps the handlebars.

WILL

Just when you think you've got your mind wrapped around it, there's something else to consider.

A horseless carriage HONKS as it passes. The frightened horse rears up and whinnys. The driver reassures the horse.

DRIVER

Down girl, steady there. Watch where you're going!

KATHARINE

If they can build those contraptions,
you can build a flying machine.

WILL

It'll take an army of engineers to
figure it out but it's fun to think
about. It takes Bubbie's mind off being
sick.

KATHARINE

Find anything useful at the library?

WILL

No, that bird book Father gave us is
the best so far.

KATHARINE

I read an article at school. Langley
did some experiments with models at the
Smithsonian. You should write to him.

WILL

You're going to make some man very
happy.

KATHARINE

Ha! I'd rather do something useful with
my life. There's an opening at Steele
for a Latin teacher.

WILL

How can I help?

KATHARINE

Convince father to hire a housekeeper.
I can't teach and take care of
everything else.

WILL

I'm proud of you, Kate. Your brothers
lack determination and push. None of us
makes use of the gifts we were born
with.

KATHARINE

But you and Bubbie have a good
business. And Loren and Reuch have
wonderful families.

WILL

If only I'd gone to Harvard, everything
would be different. Follow your dreams.
I'll talk to father.

KATHARINE

Thank you, Ullam.

She laughs as she pulls ahead of him.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Race you home?

WILL

You're on.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Orv (27) attaches a wheel to the frame of a bicycle and gives it a spin. Will stands at the counter and flips through a large book. Katharine looks over his shoulder as he flips pages of early flying machines, all strange looking contraptions.

WILL

They're going about this all wrong.

ORV

They think the machine should balance itself.

WILL

But how can it? The air is like the ocean. It's not stable.

ORV

I think it's more like a bicycle. The rider keeps the balance.

WILL

It's both, Bubbie, control and balance.

ORV

Now that we've got the formulas it should be easy to test.

KATHARINE

What formulas?

ORV

Lift and drag in Chanute's book.

WILL

I sure don't like this idea of hanging from the wing.

KATHARINE

Sounds like a good way to break a leg.
Watch the birds, they know the secret.

The phone RINGS. Katharine walks over and picks it up.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Good afternoon. Wright Cycles.

EXT. PINNACLE HILL - DAY

Will and Orv, dressed in business suits, lie on their backs and look up at the sky. A hawk soars twenty feet above them and remains almost stationary as it searches for prey.

WILL

Look at that eagle.

ORV

It's a hawk.

WILL

I can imagine how they soar but I wonder how they turn?

Orv studies a feather that he holds.

ORV

They bend the tips of their wings.

WILL

They do not.

ORV

Yes, they do.

WILL

No, they don't. (beat) What do you mean?

Will lies on his side, his head propped up on his hand. Orv bends his fingers to illustrate his point.

ORV

I watched them for hours when I was sick. They bend the tips of their wings and turn. Just like a pinwheel.

WILL

Let's build a kite and try it out.

ORV

How do we bend the tips?

WILL

I don't know. Let me think about that.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - NIGHT

Will waits as a middle-age man examines an inner tube. His wife tries to engage Will in conversation. He holds the empty cardboard box, nervously twists it from side to side.

CUSTOMER

You boys racin' this year?

WILL

Orv might defend his title. I prefer long, slow rides myself.

WIFE

My niece will be visitin' this summer. She's twenty-two now, you know.

WILL

That's nice, Mrs. Crocker.

WIFE

Marrying age. Something you should be thinking about, Wilbur.

WILL

(smiles and shakes his head)

I don't think we can afford a wife and a flying machine, Mam.

Will looks down at his hands and observes the movement of the empty inner tube box as he twists it side to side.

CUSTOMER

I don't know if I need the heavy duty one or not. What do you think, Wilbur?

WILL

That's it! This will work.

CUSTOMER

What's it? Give me a minute here.

WILL

Can't just now, Mr. Crocker. Got to show Orv how to build our wing.

CUSTOMER

What wing? What are you talking about? All I want is an inner tube and I'll take this one, thank you very much.

INT. WRIGHT PARLOR - NIGHT

Will paces back and forth and twists the box over and over. Orv, Katharine and HARRIET (24), Katharine's college classmate, come home.

WILL

Where have you been?

KATHARINE

We went to the concert. I told you Harriet was coming, remember?

WILL

Good to see you again, Miss Harriet. Orv, I think I've got it. Watch this.

He twists the box from side to side as the others watch.

ORV

You're right, if we rig a pulley here and here.

WILL

You know what this means?

ORV

Means we'll be up for awhile?

The boys head for the kitchen table. Katharine and Harriet start up the stairs.

HARRIET

Did you see anything?

KATHARINE

I didn't see a thing. Goodnight, boys. Don't stay up too late.

No response, engrossed in discussion, they pace the room.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Pay no attention, Harriet. Flying machines. It's all they talk about, night and day.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Katharine sits at her dressing table in her nightgown and brushes her hair. Harriet sits up in bed.

HARRIET

I haven't seen Will this excited in years. Aren't you afraid they're going to hurt themselves?

KATHARINE

(puts down the brush)

People waste their whole lives worrying about what might happen. Look at Will. Who would think a hockey game could change your life?

HARRIET

It must have been awful to get hit like that, especially in the mouth.

KATHARINE

He thinks he lost his chance to make his mark.

HARRIET

Well, this seems like a foolish way to go about it.

KATHARINE

(braids her hair)

What Will can imagine, Orv can build, but a flying machine (beat) why it would change everything.

HARRIET

Ugh, I'd be scared to death. When does Agnes get here?

KATHARINE

Saturday.

HARRIET

Think Orv's still sweet on Agnes?

KATHARINE

I told you all they talk about is flying machines.

INT. WRIGHT KITCHEN - MORNING

Will puts a bag on the kitchen table. He looks especially ruffled. He walks up to the sewing machine and removes the cover. Katharine stands at the sink and does the dishes.

WILL

Good morning darling sister. Can I use the sewing machine?

Katharine dries her hands as Will takes the gleaming white fabric from the bag and spreads it out on the table.

KATHARINE

Looks to me like you should use the iron. Tell me Will, did you sleep in those pants? What's all this?

WILL

Our first set of wings.

KATHARINE

Mother would have enjoyed this.

WILL

Mother would have done the sewing.

Katharine rubs her hand over the cloth.

KATHARINE

Beautiful fabric!

Katharine sits down at the machine and picks up the cloth.

WILL

We need a three-inch hem to leave room for the ribs.

KATHARINE

Here, if we turn it and sew on the bias, the wings will be stronger.

Katharine smiles at Will as she begins to sew the wings.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

Will flies a five-foot box kite in a field. FOUR SMALL BOYS watch. He pulls on the right string and the kite turns left. He pulls on the left and it turns right.

BOY #1

Never seen no kite like that before.

Suddenly, the kite dives straight towards the boys. They hit the ground for cover as it WHISTLES over their heads. Will runs up to them.

WILL

You all right, boys?

BOY 2

Sure Mister, ya gonna fly agin?

EXT. SOLDIER'S HOME PICNIC AREA - DAY

AGNES OSBORNE (22) holds a glass as Orv pours her lemonade from a jug. Katharine lies back on the blanket and looks up at the sky. Harriet unpacks goodies from the picnic basket. Will comes flying down the lane on his bicycle.

WILL

It works, Orv, it works!

HARRIET

What works, Will?

WILL

Our new wing, Miss Harriet.

AGNES

My lord, what are you two building now?

Orv puts the jug down and forgets to give Agnes her drink. He jumps up and runs around with his arms extended.

ORV

We're going to build great big wings
and go sail on the wind.

AGNES

You better keep an eye on these two.
People will think they're loony.

ORV

But we will fly, Miss Agnes.

KATHARINE

I really think they mean to do it.

AGNES

Don't encourage them, Katharine,
they'll break their necks.

Katharine looks up as a flock of geese fly over in tight formation.

KATHARINE

Orv tells me that learning the secret
of flying from a bird is a good deal
like learning the secret of magic from
a magician.

Will and Orv walk off engrossed in discussion.

AGNES

And what does Lorin and Reuch think
about all this?

KATHARINE

They're too busy with the children to think about anything.

AGNES

Good, so only two of your brothers have lost their minds.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Will makes calculations in his notebook. Orv steams wood for the struts over a barrel. MILTON (4) and IVONETTE (3) sit on the floor and play in a pile of wood shavings.

MILTON

One, two, four, eight, ten, three.

ORV

You count like your uncle, Milton.

WILL

Did you know Uncle Orv won the City math contest when he was nine just to impress a certain little girl?

ORV

And I still got my ribbon to prove it. How big do you want these?

WILL

According to the tables, for an eighteen-foot wing, the ribs should be five feet.

Will sits back and shakes his head as he turns to Orv.

WILL

Some of these numbers make no sense.

ORV

Write to Chanute. If he doesn't know, nobody does.

Orv measures and cuts another rib. Will takes a piece of paper from the shelf and begins to write.

WILL (V.O.)

For some years I have been afflicted with the belief that flight is possible. My disease has increased in severity and I feel that it will soon cost me an increased amount of money if not my life.

Will stands up and paces as he reads the letter.

WILL

It is possible to fly without motors,
but not without knowledge and skill.
This I conceive to be fortunate, for
man, by reason of his greater
intellect, can more reasonably hope to
equal birds in knowledge, than equal
nature in the perfection of her
machinery.

Orv holds up the finished rib.

ORV

Just ask him about the numbers.

LORIN WRIGHT (39), their older brother, walks in and laughs when he sees the state of the children. They run up to him and he brushes them off.

LORIN

Children, you have a new sister. Her
name is Leontine.

WILL

Congratulations, Lorin. How's Netta?

LORIN

Fine, they're both doing fine. What is
all this? What are you two up to now?

EXT. WRIGHT PORCH - DAY

Katharine walks up the front steps as she scans the mail.
Three crows sit on a fence.

KATHARINE (V.O.)

Chanute did write. He told them to
contact the Weather Bureau for places
with steady wind. One thing they knew
for sure, no bird soars in a calm.

INT. WRIGHT PARLOR

Katharine walks in and hands the letter to Will who sits by
the fire with the paper.

KATHARINE

It's here, the Weather Bureau!

He reads the letter while she takes off her coat.

WILL
Ever hear of Kitty Hawk?

KATHARINE
No. Where is it?

WILL
North Carolina. On the coast. Looks
like they have good steady wind.

KATHARINE
I'll get the atlas.

Will reads the letter while Katharine looks up Kitty Hawk.
Katharine sits on the sofa.

KATHARINE
It's on the Outer Banks. Graveyard of
the Atlantic because of shipwrecks I
suppose. Wonder how you get there?

WILL
Let me see. It can't be that difficult.

Orv joins them.

ORV
Where we going?

KATHARINE
Kitty Hawk. Don't you love that name?
You should write to the Postmaster.

WILL
We're not going anywhere. Besides,
who's going to watch the shop?

KATHARINE
Don't look at me. School starts in two
weeks.

ORV
How much wind they got, Will?

WILL
Pretty steady, between ten and twenty.

ORV
We're dead slow in the fall. We can
find someone to watch the shop.

KATHARINE
Better write to father. He won't be
home till the end of the month.

Carrie (14), a timid young maid, enters the room.

CARRIE

'Scuse me, supper's ready.

KATHARINE

Thank you, Carrie.

ORV

Look at it this way, Will, at least we'll land on something soft.

KATHARINE

Would you like to borrow my trunk?

WILL

Thanks, Kate. I guess we'll need it.

EXT. DAYTON TRAIN STATION - DAY

Orv and Will stack her trunk on a luggage cart. Katharine puts a jar into his open satchel. Will walks over to Katharine to say goodbye. She takes both his hands.

KATHARINE

Promise me you won't be reckless and that you'll take good care of yourself.

WILL

Don't worry, Swes, I promise.

ORV

I'll be down in a week or two, soon as I get the shop settled.

KATHARINE

Don't forget to write. Father and I want daily reports on your progress.

WILL

I promise to write, progress or not.

Will hugs Katharine. He starts to shake hands with Orv then pulls him close in a hug.

INT./EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Will looks out the window, deep in thought. He reaches into his satchel, discovers the jelly and smiles. He reaches in again, removes some paper and begins to write a letter.

WILL (V.O.)

Dear Father, I am headed to the coast of North Carolina for the purpose of making some experiments with a flying machine. It is my belief that flight is possible...

Will looks out the window and smiles when he sees a hawk.

WILL (V.O.)

... and while I am taking up the investigation for pleasure rather than profit, I think there is a slight possibility of achieving fame and fortune from it. My trip would be no great disappointment if I accomplish practically nothing. I look upon it as a pleasure trip pure and simple.

EXT. TRAIN STATION (OLD POINT COMFORT, VA) - DUSK

Will transfers his baggage to a Ferry Steamer to Norfolk.

WILL (V.O.)

It is almost the only great problem, which has not been pursued by a multitude of investigators, and therefore carried to a point where further progress is very difficult.

Will stands at the rail of the steamer looking out to sea.

WILL (V.O.)

I am certain I can reach a point much in advance of any previous workers in this field even if success is not attained just at the present. At any rate, I shall have an outing of several weeks and see a part of the world I have never visited before.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Will stands alone with all his luggage. CAPTAIN ISRAEL PERRY (57), a man of the sea and a rather shabby one at that, approaches.

PERRY

Hear you want to go to Kitty Hawk Mister. 'Use to live on the island. Captain Israel Perry at your service.

WILL

Thank you, Captain Perry, Wilbur Wright. You're the first person I've met who even knows where it is.

Will offers his hand and the men shake hands.

PERRY

Boat's downstream 'bout three miles. We'll load up the skiff and be on our way. Is all this yours? Boy, come load these boxes.

EXT. SKIFF

The skiff runs low in the water. Will bails as Perry and a young black deckhand, ABLE (12) row up to the schooner.

PERRY

The Curlicue, Mr. Wright.

Perry jumps on the boat.

PERRY

Welcome aboard. Let's get 'er loaded.

Will, Perry and Able load the luggage onto a decrepit schooner. Tattered sails flap in the breeze. Frayed lines draped every which way. The rotten rudderpost flaps back and forth. Cockroaches, rats, flies and silverfish compete for deck space. Will looks around and shakes his head.

EXT. SEA - SUNSET

The schooner sails into a magnificent sunset. Will stands at the rail. Able chases rats. Perry mans the helm.

WILL

Sure is beautiful.

PERRY

Let's hope the wind doesn't pick up before we round the point.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

The schooner pitches wildly. Will and Able bail with buckets. Perry hangs on to the tiller. The wind HOWLS, the water CHURNS.

WILL
 (shouts)
 Much farther, Captain?

PERRY
 A ways yet. Keep bailing.

The wind increases to near gale strength. An EXPLOSION as the wind rips the mainsail. Will struggles forward to reach the sail. Able helps him pull the sail on board.

PERRY
 Hold on! We're gonna have to jib.

Perry makes a desperate attempt to maneuver the boat to shore and put the wind on the stern. Will and Able bail frantically as the water pours over them.

EXT. COVE - NIGHT

PERRY
 We'll tie up here and make repairs in the morning. 'Gotta find me some dry clothes.

Perry goes into the cabin. Will pulls two blankets from a crate. He hands one to Able and wraps up in the other.

ABLE
 Thanks, mister.

He reaches into his satchel and takes out the jelly.

WILL
 Would you like some?

ABLE
 Don' eat nun his food. Ughhhh...

He sits down next to Able and hands him the jar.

WILL (V.O.)
 It took another day and night to reach Kitty Hawk. When we finally got there, it was midnight, so I spent another night on the boat.

EXT. KITTY HAWK WHARF - DAWN

A beautiful sunrise lights up the harbor and the small seafaring town beyond. The Curlicue, secured to the dock, rides the tide with Will fast asleep on the deck.

ELIJAH BAUM (9) walks down the dock, with a fishing pole slung over his shoulder. He stops by the boat.

ELIJAH
Hullo, anybody here?

Will staggers to his feet, unsteady on the rocking boat. He grabs his jacket and hat makes his way across the deck.

WILL
Good morning, young man.

He jumps from the boat to the dock.

WILL (CONT'D)
Can you tell me how to get to William Tate's house?

ELIJAH
Yup. Who are you?

WILL
Wilbur Wright. I'll be here for several weeks to do some experiments.

ELIJAH
What kind of 'experminents'?

WILL
I'm going to build a flying machine and test it here.

ELIJAH
A flying machine? Here? All by yourself?

WILL
No, my brother will be down next week to give me a hand.

Will and Elijah walk towards the village.

INT. TATE PARLOR

BILL TATE (37) invites Will into the parlor. His wife, ADDIE (34), stokes the fire. IRENE (6) and LENA (4) play with a doll. No creature comforts here.

BILL
Mr. Wright, my wife, Addie, our girls. I wasn't sure you got my letter but I can see now you did. Please, sit down.

The men sit down. Lena climbs up on Addie's lap.

WILL

Thank you, Mr. Tate. I'm grateful for your directions.

MRS. TATE

Have you had breakfast, Mr. Wright?

WILL

Mrs. Tate, the only thing I've eaten for the past two days was some jelly my sister made.

MRS TATE

Well, come on, girls. Breakfast it is.

Addie puts Lena down and stands up. Will stands.

WILL

I will be forever in your debt. By any chance, Mrs. Tate, is that a sewing machine?

MRS TATE

Why, yes, it is.

WILL

My prayers are answered.

INT. KITCHEN

Mrs. Tate puts a frying pan on the stove. She puts some butter in the pan and fries up some eggs.

IRENE

Why's he want your sewin' machine, Ma?

MRS. TATE

Lord knows, dad says he's an inventor.

LENA

What's an 'mventor?

MRS TATE

Somebody with big dreams. Somethin' to do with a flyin' machine. Pa's real excited. Irene, get the bacon.

INT. PARLOR

The men sit in front of the fire.

BILL

I think you ought to know something,
Mr. Wright. People 'round here pretty
set in their ways.

Bill gets up and stokes the fire.

BILL (CONT'D)

We believe in a good God, a bad Devil,
and a hot Hell, and more than anything,
most of 'em believe that the same good
God did not intend man should ever fly.
May you prove them wrong, Mr. Wright.

WILL

This may take awhile, Mr. Tate. Please,
call me Will.

BILL

All right then, Will. I go by Bill.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Will walks down the beach and sees Kill Devil Hill for the
first time. Like a pyramid, it rises one hundred and five
feet above the sand. He looks up in awe.

He climbs to the top of the hill. Birds fly all around him,
their raucous calls an invitation to fly. He puts his arms
out, closes his eyes, tips back his head and smiles. The
wind blows off his hat and it tumbles down the hill but
Will doesn't notice.

EXT. TATE FRONT YARD - DAY

Will spreads out the white sateen wing covers in the front
yard while Lena and Irene watch from the porch. TOM TATE
(9) walks up with a swagger and too-big trousers and
introduces himself.

TOM

My Uncle Bill said you could use a
hand. My name's Tom.

WILL

Well hello there, Tom, fetch me the
scissors in my bag.

Tom gets the scissors and struts past the girls.

TOM

I'm helping.

IRENE

Looks like a bunch of ol' sheets to me.
I don't see no flyin' machine. What's
he doing?

LENA

Maybe he's 'ventin', Rene.

TOM

You just wait.

Tom walks back to Will and hands him the scissors. Will
measures two feet and marks the wing with a pencil.

TOM

Watcha' doin'?

Will kneels down and cuts the wing cover.

WILL

Cutting down the wings. Supposed to be
eighteen feet. Thought I could buy wood
for the spars in Elizabeth City but all
they had was sixteen.

Will gets up, walks over to the second wing and measures to
cut off a like amount.

WILL (CONT'D)

Now if Mrs. Tate will let me use her
sewing machine, we can finish the job.

TOM

But but sewin' machines are for girls.

WILL

Faster than stitching it up by hand.
Pull that end straight, Tom.

Tom tugs at the wing cover to pull it straight.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Orv packs tools into a crate. Katharine walks in with a
letter and a bag of groceries.

ORV

I'm just about finished.

KATHARINE

Oh, no you're not. Will says bring more
food, and coffee, and sugar, and tea.

Katharine reads the letter as Orv continues to pack.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Ahhhh, says he can't do it all by himself, he needs Bubbie. My lord it took him a week to get there.

ORV

How I'm supposed to find him? Might as well be searchin' for a lost arctic explorer.

EXT. KITTY HAWK DOCK - DAY

Orv steps off the boat onto the dock. He sees Elijah sorting fishing tackle. Elijah looks up as Orv approaches.

ELIJAH

You come here to build a flying machine?

ORV

As a matter of fact, I have.

ELIJAH

Come on, I'll show you where he's stayin'. Need a hand?

Orv smiles, shakes his head, picks up one of his bags and hands it to Elijah.

ORV

Thanks. Careful, my camera's in there.

ELIJAH

You got a picture machine too?

EXT. KITTY HAWK BEACH - DAY

Fishing caps replace their bowlers as their only concession to seaside attire. Will and Orv hold the ropes and fly the sixteen-foot glider like a kite. Double-decker wings, five feet deep, offset by a small forward rudder, pull hard against the ropes.

Young Tom and his father, DAN TATE (27), a local fisherman, watch the glider soar in the strong wind. It remains almost stationary.

TOM

Ain't it just like a bird, Pa?

Will signals Orv and they pull on the ropes, which causes the glider to settle to the beach. They secure the glider to a pole buried in the sand.

ORV

Good day for testing. Wind must be close to thirty.

WILL

Got measuring to do. Get the scale, Tom.

TOM

Okay, Mr. Wilbur.

Will makes notes in his workbook as Orv loads more chains into the bucket. Tom runs back to the tent, a grand affair of canvas, twelve by twenty-two, secured to a nearby tree.

WILL

That was fifty pounds. Let's try a hundred and see how she flies.

Tom arrives with the scale. Orv weighs the bucket then secures it to the glider.

They take the ropes and run along the beach in an attempt to launch. The glider won't fly. It doesn't even lift off the ground. After fifty feet, they stop. Dan and Tom run up to join them.

WILL

Something's wrong. We ought to be able to lift a lot more than this.

ORV

In a lot less wind, too. I'm not sure it'll carry more than seventy or eighty pounds.

TOM

That's what I weigh, Mr. Wilbur. Let me go up. Can I Pa?

Will looks at Orv. Orv shrugs his shoulders, puts his hands in his pockets and looks at Dan Tate.

DAN

Looks sturdy enough. Sure you want to try it, son?

TOM

Oh, yes. Please, please, Mr. Wilbur.

ORV

Better tie him on tight.

Will and Orv fly the glider as a kite using Tom as ballast. Tom's eyes get bigger and bigger as he rises to twenty feet. He looks around and yells.

TOM

I can see forever.

DAN

Hang on, Tom.

WILL

It's half the lift I figured. Think two feet makes that much difference?

ORV

Either that or we need very small pilots.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Orv makes repairs to the glider. Will walks up from the beach with his gun, out of breath.

ORV

Get anything?

WILL

Nope. Chased a bunch of chicken hawks. Scared a few eagles.

ORV

You were supposed to be hunting, not chasing those birds.

WILL

Trying to figure out how they take off.

ORV

Be more useful if you caught one. We're just about out of food.

Will hears a SNAP in the bush. He crouches low and sneaks up to the bushes where a squirrel sits and munches a hickory nut. Will slinks to the side and takes aim, BAM. The squirrel scampers away and disappears. Orv laughs.

ORV

Some shot.

CAMP - SUNSET

Will finishes the repairs to the glider. Orv sits in front of the tent and writes a letter.

WILL

What's for dinner?

ORV

Biscuits and tomatoes?

WILL

We had that for lunch.

ORV

(indicates the dirty dishes)

I cook, you clean. That's the deal.

Will walks over to the stack of dirty dishes and cups. On his hands and knees, he cleans the dishes with sand.

WILL

Watch this, Bubbie.

ORV

Remind me to show Kate.

He goes back to writing his letter.

ORV (V.O.)

We've used up all the supplies in Kitty Hawk. Everything was nicely balanced till we showed up. We have a few cans of evaporated milk but I'm saving that for a big blow.

WILL

We should think about heading home.

ORV

We ought to fly off that hill one time.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Candlelight illuminates the tent. Orv continues his letter. Will reads a book. Outside, the wind HOWLS. Inside, it sounds like THUNDER.

ORV (V.O.)

Our nights here are interesting and while a little excitement once in a while is not undesirable, every night, especially when you are so sleepy, it becomes a little monotonous.

WILL

And you know what else? This could mean the end of war.

ORV

What are you talking about?

WILL

If you can fly over the king's castle and drop a bomb, why have an army?

ORV

I don't know, Will. But I do think it will change everything.

One of the sides of the tent starts FLAPPING violently.

WILL (CONT'D)

Not again, come on. Give me a hand.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

A gale-force wind blows sand across the ground in clouds. Will pounds the tent post with a hammer while Orv holds the canvas. After a few attempts, he manages to secure it. Orv spits out sand as he ties the front flap.

ORV

We certainly can't complain of the place. We came down here for wind and sand and we got 'em.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

Only a small portion of the glider peeks out of the sand. Will and Orv dig it out with their hands.

ORV

Maybe next time we should build a shed.

WILL

Who said anything about next time?

ORV

Come on, Will, this is fun.

WILL

Well, the wind looks promising.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Will and Orv run along the beach to launch the glider. It rises, tips up into the wind and falls backwards.

ORV

Let's try it the other way.

Will shrugs. They turn the machine around and run along the beach to launch it into the wind. The glider starts to rise then darts down to the sand. Will throws up his hands in disgust and walks away. Orv walks over to the glider and drags it home.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Will and Orv walk down the beach surrounded by soaring birds. A magnificent sunset tints the clouds with gold. Between waves, Orv skips shells off the sea.

ORV

Seems like the winds gotta' be over twenty before it works.

WILL

The center of pressure moves forward not back.

ORV

Are you sure?

WILL

Let's take it up to Big Hill.

ORV

Maybe I could give it a try.

WILL

Best I keep at it for now. Kate would never forgive me if you got hurt.

INT. WRIGHT DINING ROOM - DAY

Bishop Wright reads his newspaper while he eats breakfast. Katharine reads the letter from her brother.

KATHARINE

Orv says they tried it every which way. When they got through, Will was so mixed up he couldn't even theorize. 'It has been with considerable effort that I have succeeded in keeping him in the flying machine business at all.'

BISHOP WRIGHT

The sky is the providence of the divine. I hope they know what they're doing.

KATHARINE

Can't be too good if they're flying the thing backwards.

EXT. BIG HILL - DAY

Will and Orv, assisted by Bill Tate, drag the glider up the side of Big Hill. The wind blows twenty miles an hour.

ORV

Sure glad you showed up, Bill.

BILL

Long haul, boys, four miles from camp.

ORV

Let's move the camp.

WILL

Come on, not much farther now!

They stop about three-quarters up the hill.

ORV

High enough?

WILL

This'll do.

Will lies prone on the lower wing of the glider. Orv takes the left wing and Bill the right.

WILL (CONT'D)

Okay, let's see how she flies.

Orv and Bill start to run down the dune. The glider sails off a foot above the sand. A hundred feet out, it digs in and stops abruptly. Will climbs off the glider with a big smile as Orv and Bill rush to his side.

WILL

Let's try it again.

Orv nods and they drag the glider back up the hill with the help of the wind. At the top of the dune, Will gets in position and tests the controls. Will sails off.

WILL'S POV

Orv and Bill run along the side but can't keep up. He flies a foot above the sand. The dunes rush past him. He pulls back gently on the forward rudder and the glider lifts into the air five feet above the sand.

ORV

You're off! We did it, Will! We did it!

Four hundred feet out, the glider settles to the sand. Orv runs to his side, as Will gets off the machine.

ORV

You were flying, Will. Really flying!

WILL

Next time we need bigger wings.

Will smiles and helps Orv drag the glider back to camp.

WILL

Bill, you're welcome to salvage anything you want from this one.

BILL

Thanks, boys. Reckon Addie'll find some use for it.

EXT. 7 HAWTHORNE STREET (DAYTON, OHIO)

A beautiful summer day, the trees in full leaf and flowers blooming in every yard. A horse and carriage pass by and young men and women ride their bicycles.

INT. KITCHEN (HAWTHORNE STREET) - DAY

Carrie slices a melon while Katharine stands at the sink and washes the good china.

KATHARINE

Everything must be perfect today, Carrie. Give the best piece to Mr. Chanute.

CARRIE

Yes, Miss Katharine.

Will and Orv walk in as Katharine dries her hands.

WILL

Got a letter from Bill Tate.

ORV

Addie made dresses for the girls from our wings.

Will smiles as he sneaks a piece of melon.

KATHARINE

I bet Tom was jealous. Why didn't you bring the machine home?

WILL

Cost fifteen dollars to build it. Two hundred and fifty to ship it home.

ORV

Besides, we're making a new one, bigger wings.

Katharine removes a tray of rolls from the oven and puts them on the counter to cool. Orv sneaks a hot roll and juggles it behind her back.

KATHARINE

Okay you two, out! He'll be here any minute. Out of the kitchen.

Will and Orv walk out the back door. Carrie sets the table as Katharine puts the rolls on a serving plate.

KATHARINE

Mr. Chanute's a famous engineer. He was born in Paris. Ou, la, la. He built the first bridge across the Missouri River.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Get the boys.

Katharine walks to the front door, checks herself in the hall mirror and brushes flour from her skirt. She opens the door to greet OCTAVE CHANUTE (62). He makes quite an impression with his white hair, white beard and white suit.

KATHARINE

Good Afternoon, sir, Mr. Chanute, I presume. Please, come in.

Katharine offers her hand to introduce herself.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

I'm Katharine, the sister. A pleasure to meet you. We so enjoyed your book.

Chanute takes her hand and bows.

CHANUTE

The pleasure is all mine, my dear. You've read my book?

KATHARINE

You are to be congratulated, sir. You have produced the definitive work on aviation, as we know it today. I hope my brothers add another chapter.

INT. DINING ROOM

Will, Orv, Katharine and Mr. Chanute are seated at the table. Lunch has been served.

CHANUTE

I am very impressed with the results you boys got down at Kitty Hawk.

WILL

Thank you, Mr. Chanute. We were more surprised by the results we didn't get.

CHANUTE

I think your wing might have been the trouble there.

ORV

Will thinks there might be a problem with the lift tables.

CHANUTE

But scientists have used those formulas for a hundred years. The great Lillienthal himself created those tables.

KATHARINE

But did any of them fly, Mr. Chanute?

CHANUTE

Point taken but I would look elsewhere for your trouble.

KATHARINE

Do you follow the adventures of Santos-Dumont, Mr. Chanute?

CHANUTE

With great pleasure. The French may have given up on flying machines but they certainly excel in balloons and air ships.

KATHARINE

Is it true that he drops rose petals on the crowd from his balloon?

CHANUTE

When he's not toasting them with champagne, my dear. Courage and flair come easy to those of great wealth.

WILL

Drifting aimlessly about the sky is not my idea of air travel.

CHANUTE

Henri Deutsch put up 100,000 francs for the first person to fly from the Aero Club to the Eiffel Tower and back in thirty minutes.

ORV

How far is that, Sir?

CHANUTE

Seven miles. Santos-Dumont put a rudder on his latest airship. He's the favorite, of course.

WILL

Real progress in aviation will arrive on wings not balloons and airships.

CHANUTE

I couldn't agree more, Will. So tell me, what are your plans now?

WILL

We started work on our new glider. We hope to get back down there in June.

CHANUTE

I have an idea. I'll send a few of my assistants to lend you a hand. Might even be able to get down there myself.

WILL

We would enjoy your company, sir, but we manage all right on our own.

ORV

It's rather primitive.

CHANUTE

These men have experience. Besides, what if you get hurt? One of my men has medical training.

WILL

We really can't afford to pay anyone.

CHANUTE

Consider it my gift... to the experiments!

WILL

It's really not necessary, sir.

KATHARINE

But what if you did get hurt, Will?

CHANUTE

Thank you, my dear. I'm glad you're here to look after them. When will you go back boys?

EXT. KILL DEVIL HILLS - DAY

TITLE ON: July 11, 1901

The rain comes down in buckets. Three big dunes and nothing but sand as far as the eye can see but for one lonely tent.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Will and Orv pound pegs in the sand to secure the tent.

ORV

Look how close we are to that hill. Aren't you glad we moved camp?

WILL

Have you thought any about water?

ORV

Don't worry, I brought a driller. We're gonna' have the finest water in all of Kitty Hawk.

EXT. TENT - LATER THAT DAY

Pans catch the rain that pours off the tent. Orv dips a glass into the pan and hands it to Will.

WILL

What's this?

ORV

The driller broke.

Will takes a long swallow then spits it out.

WILL

Ugh, tastes like soap.

ORV

I forgot. We soaped the tent.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

The rain continues as they build a wooden shed, twenty-four by twenty. Up on the ladder, Will wipes his face with a handkerchief. Orv hands him a piece of wood. Will reaches down for it.

WILL

Think it rains like this all summer?

ORV

Sure hope not. Everything we own is wet. Let's hope it stops before our company gets here.

EXT. KITTY HAWK DOCK - DAY

Will and Orv greet Octave Chanute and his assistant, EDWARD HUFFAKER (33), a big, burly man at the dock.

WILL

Welcome gentlemen, welcome. I hope your trip was uneventful.

CHANUTE

Quite fine, quite fine, so this is Kitty Hawk? Gentlemen, Edward Huffaker.

ORV

Hello, Mr. Huffaker. The rain stopped just in time for your visit.

HUFFAKER

(slaps at the bugs)

What's with the bugs?

ORV

I'm afraid they arrived this morning. Here, let me help with your bags, sir.

CHANUTE

Thank you, Orv. Glad you told me to bring those nets, Will.

INT. SHED - DAY

Will and Orv work on the machine. The twenty-two foot wingspan of the biplane fills the shed. Chanute walks around and examines details while Huffaker leans against the wall. They all slap at the bugs.

CHANUTE

Excellent workmanship, boys. First rate.

HUFFAKER

Looks heavy. Overbuilt, if you ask me.

Orv holds his tongue and looks up at Will.

WILL

We built it according to the tables.

HUFFAKER

But nobody ever built anything this big before. It's too heavy to fly.

CHANUTE

I don't like this idea of lying on the wing. You're going to plow the ground with your noses.

HUFFAKER

Why'd you put the rudder in front?

WILL

For balance.

HUFFAKER

Langley didn't do it that way.

ORV

We're not building a model.

HUFFAKER

I'm not talking about his models. I'm talking about the Aerodrone he's building for the War Department.

CHANUTE

I hear he's going to ask for more money. He's used up the \$50,000 they gave him. Excellent use of the Pratt truss, boys.

HUFFAKER

I still think it's overbuilt.

Orv stares at Huffaker for a moment then looks at Will.

ORV

I better go see about supper.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Will and Orv walk barefoot down the beach. Every now and then, they stop to pick up a shell. They slap at the bugs. Fireflies twinkle in the dunes.

WILL

It's always more difficult when you have company, Bubbs.

ORV

I don't know which is worse, Huffaker or the mosquitoes.

WILL

It's easy to criticize someone else's work. Come on, you'll feel better in the morning after a good night's sleep.

ORV

Speaking of which, I have an idea. Let's build a fort. With the nets.

WILL

Gonna to be a pretty small fort.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Chanute, Will and Orv lie in their cots under the mosquito net canopy. The dying fire lights up the beach.

CHANUTE

The wind has died down.

ORV

They chewed me clean through my underwear and socks.

WILL

It's best this way.

Orv looks pleased as Huffaker crawls in on his hands and knees.

WILL

Welcome to Fort Mosquito. Be careful, it's a little shaky.

ORV

We didn't overbuild this, Mr. Huffaker.

Huffaker crawls to his cot on his hands and knees. Just as he gets settled in his cot, he gets bit again.

HUFFAKER

Ouch! (SLAP)

Huffaker jumps up and tears down the canopy. Chaos ensues.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

The men sit by the campfire. They look miserable as they eat their breakfast and scratch their bites. Orv holds a cup in which he has mixed tooth powder and water into a paste. He applies this to his bites.

WILL

What's that, Orv?

ORV

Tooth powder. Kate says it stops the itch, want some?

WILL

Does it help?

ORV

A little, I have an idea.

WILL

Better be a good one.

ORV

Let's smoke 'em out.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Burning tree stumps surround the camp. Will and Orv drag another stump into position. Will pours gasoline on the log then sets it on fire. Chanute sits under the awning with Huffaker. Will and Orv walk up to the shed.

ORV

That should do it. The enemy won't be able to find us.

CHANUTE

George Spratt should be here soon. Let's hope he can.

HUFFAKER

How could he miss us?

EXT. BIG HILL - NEXT MORNING

A fresh wind blows off the ocean. Orv, Will, and GEORGE SPRATT (30) drag the glider up Big Hill. Chanute carries his notebook and camera. Huffaker carries the toolbox. George takes a deep breath of fresh, ocean air and exhales.

GEORGE

What a great place to test your machine.

Will smiles at him. Huffaker and Chanute lag behind.

HUFFAKER

They'll never get it off the ground.

CHANUTE

I think they are very brave.

Orv and George launch Will on the glider. The machine goes a few feet then falls back to sand.

ORV

This takes some practice.

WILL

Let's try again.

ORV

Watch that front rudder.

The glider soars off and goes higher and higher. It stops at fifty feet, banks hard to one side, and heads straight for the ground. Will tries to correct but bangs his head against a strut when the glider hits the sand. The men run to assist him. Will uses his handkerchief to wipe a cut on his forehead.

WILL

Something's wrong, Orv. I could barely control it.

ORV

Let me see that cut, Will.

CHANUTE

You might have a new record for distance.

WILL

What good is distance if we can't control it?

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Will and Orv look glum as they ride home. Will has a patch on his forehead and a black eye and a cold. He sneezes into his hankerchief.

WILL

The worst part is I don't know if it's the machine or me. I really thought we'd get hours of practice this time.

ORV

We're almost up to five minutes... in two years.

WILL

Men won't fly in our lifetime. It'll take a thousand years to figure this out.

Orv stares out the window. Will closes his eyes.

INT. WRIGHT KITCHEN - DAY

Katharine grades papers at the table. Carrie puts the kettle on for tea. The back door opens. In walk the boys.

KATHARINE

What a nice surprise! We didn't expect to see you two for weeks.

Will nods and mumbles as he walks out of the room.

WILL
Hello, Kate. Carrie.

Orv sits down at the table.

KATHARINE
What's wrong, Bubbie?

ORV
Nothing worked, Kate. That may go down
as the most miserable trip of my life.

KATHARINE
Is he all right?

ORV
No, but he will be. I think we're
pretty much through with flying
machines.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Orv sorts through a stack of mail at the kitchen table.
Katharine cuts lemons for lemonade. Will walks in.

ORV
Your mail, Will.

Will sits down and opens a letter. His cold has got the
best of him.

WILL
I can't believe this. Chanute wants me
to speak to a group of engineers next
month in Chicago.

KATHARINE
Why that's wonderful news, Will, what a
great opportunity.

WILL
What would I say to them, Kate? We
didn't prove anything at Kitty Hawk.

ORV
We proved Huffaker wrong.

WILL
The only thing we proved is that we
haven't solved the flying problem.

KATHARINE

Think about it, Will. You'll meet all kinds of interesting people. Of course, you don't have a decent thing to wear.

WILL

Forget it. I'm not going.

Will gets up and walks out the front door. Katharine picks up the letter and reads it.

KATHARINE

He could wear one of your suits if we lengthen the trousers a bit.

ORV

Don't push him, Swes.

KATHARINE

But this is just what he needs to get out of this funk. Father's right, you learn more from failure than success.

EXT. WRIGHT PORCH - DAY

Will sits on the steps and stares off into space. Katharine comes out and sits down next to him.

KATHARINE

You didn't really think this would be easy did you?

WILL

We're not getting anywhere, Kate. Nothing makes sense. It was perfect this time and it still didn't work.

KATHARINE

You checked all your numbers?

WILL

I spent hours on those numbers. The machine's not stable. There's no balance. Maybe it's the lift tables.

Orv stands at the door. Katharine looks up at the sky.

KATHARINE

You've learned so much these past two years.

WILL

Langley's got a whole team of people on the problem. He'll figure it out.

KATHARINE

You think he's uses these tables?

WILL

They all use them.

KATHARINE

Maybe the tables are wrong. If you give up now, you'll never find out.

WILL

Well if they were, we'd have to start over.

A butterfly lands on the rose bush next to the step.

KATHARINE

Look at all the different things that fly, Will. There must be more than one way to build a wing.

Orv smiles at them and walks back to the kitchen.

EXT. WRIGHT PORCH - DAY

All dressed up in Orv's clothes, Will says goodbye to Katharine and Orv. She straightens his tie then steps back to admire her handiwork.

KATHARINE

I must say, Ullam, you look smashing.

WILL

(turns to Orv)

Thanks, Bubbs.

ORV

Don't thank me. This was her idea.

WILL

Why did I let you talk me into this?

KATHARINE

These men want to hear what you have to say. You know more about the subject than most of them. So, tell me, will your speech be witty or scientific?

WILL

By the time I get done with it, Kate,
I'll be glad if it's not pathetic. Wish
me luck.

Will hugs Kate, shakes hands with Orv and walks off with
his suitcase.

ORV

I hope they don't laugh at him.

Katharine puts her arm around Orv's shoulder in a
protective way.

KATHARINE

Then help him prove his point.

EXT. CHICAGO - LECTURE HALL - DUSK

Will looks up at the building, takes a deep breath and
squares his shoulders. He bounds up the steps with
determination and resolve.

INT. LECTURE HALL

Will stands at the lectern and addresses the members of the
Western Society of Engineers. He holds a piece of paper.

WILL

If I take this piece of paper, and
place it parallel with the ground and
let it fall, it will not settle down
steadily as a sensible piece of paper
ought to do.

Will drops the paper. It falls to the ground.

WILL

Instead it behaves in a most erratic
manner, much after the style of an
untrained horse. Yet this is the style
of steed that men must learn to manage
before flying can become an everyday
sport.

Will projects a picture of the 1901 glider at rest.

WILL

There are two ways to learn how to ride
a horse: one is to get on him and learn
by actual practice how each motion and
trick may best be met.

The audience appears skeptical but a few seem excited.

WILL

The other is to sit on a fence and watch the beast for a while, and then retire to the house and at leisure figure out the best way of overcoming his jumps and kicks. The later system is the safest but the former, on the whole, turns out the larger proportion of good riders.

Will shows a picture of the 1901 machine in flight.

WILL

It is very much the same in learning to ride a flying machine. If you are looking for perfect safety, you will do well to sit on a fence and watch the birds. But if you really wish to learn, you must mount a machine and become acquainted with its tricks by actual trial. Thank you.

Polite applause greets the end of his lecture. Chanute comes to his side.

CHANUTE

Thank you, Mr. Wright. If any our esteemed members have questions, Mr. Wright will be happy to take a few.

ENGINEER #1

What about an engine? Doesn't a flying machine need an engine, Mr. Wright?

WILL

First, we need to perfect control. It's wings that lift an airplane into the sky, not engines.

ENGINEER #2

You said your wings did not give you the expected results. What do you suppose the problem was?

WILL

Our 1900 machine generated fifty percent of the lift we expected. Last years' forty percent. We think there's a problem with the lift tables.

A murmur runs through the room. One man leans towards his friend.

MAN

What does he know? He makes bicycles.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Orv pedals away with a wind tester mounted to a stationary bicycle. He calls out numbers to Katharine who writes them on small scraps of wallpaper samples.

KATHARINE

Explain to me again what we're doing?

ORV

A little wing acts just like a great big one. First we measure lift. Then we measure drag. George gave me the idea.

Orv stops pedaling and holds two tiny wing shapes for Katharine to see.

KATHARINE

So you don't need to jump off a sand dune to see if it'll fly?

ORV

Exactly. I'm gonna' send him a copy of our new lift tables as a present.

KATHARINE

Tell him I said he's wonderful.

Will walks in still dressed up from his trip.

WILL

Well, hello. What's all this?

ORV

You're on to something, Will. While you were off making speeches, we've been working this out.

WILL

Good 'cause I told them we think the lift tables are wrong.

ORV

Air pressure number's off too.

Orv gets off the bicycle and stretches his legs. Will picks up one of the test wings and examines it.

ORV (CONT'D)

We got to find another way to do this.
My legs are gettin' tired.

WILL

Bubbie, this really works?

ORV

Yep.

INT. BICYCLE WORKSHOP - DAY

Orv stands next to a wind tunnel and calls out the results to Will who records them in his notebook. Behind them, tiny wings, attached to wallpaper scraps, cover the wall. Katharine comes to the door with a basket.

KATHARINE

Time for lunch, boys.

WILL

Don't move you'll disturb the air.

KATHARINE

How many did you test?

ORV

(nods to the wall)

All of them. Won't be long now. Got anymore of those wallpaper books?

KATHARINE

There were two hundred samples. You used them all?

ORV

We're making lift tables, woman!

KATHARINE

I knew this wouldn't take a thousand years.

ORV

Nah, we'll be done by Christmas!

INT. WRIGHT PARLOR - DAY

Flying machine materials cover the room. Will runs the sewing machine as Orv marks places to sew.

WILL

Pull it towards you.

ORV
I am pulling.

WILL
Pull it harder.

ORV
It's gonna work this time.

WILL
We'll see.

ORV
We got the shape right this time.

WILL
Thirty-two feet, that's a big wing.

INT. KITCHEN

Katharine and Carrie sit at the table and peel tomatoes. Their work evident in the jars lined up in front of them.

CARRIE
Mr. Will looks thin and Mr. Orv's nervous as a cat.

KATHARINE
They'll be all right once they get down in the sand. They think life at Kitty Hawk cures all ills, you know.

The kettle WHISTLES. Carrie puts the jars in a big pan and pours boiling water over them.

ORV (O.C)
What's that noise?

INT. PARLOR

Katharine walks into the room, stepping carefully around the flying machine materials. Will continues to sew.

KATHARINE
We're making tomatoes for your trip.

WILL
We'll take all the food you can spare.

KATHARINE

There's no place in the house to live
but I'll be lonesome enough by this
time next week. I'll wish I could have
some of your racket around.

Orv gets up and follows Katharine into the kitchen.

ORV

Hey, Kate, did I ever tell you how Will
does the dishes down there?

KATHARINE

How'd you get him to do the dishes?

ORV

The secret is sand. Can I interest you
in some stock in a flying machine
little lady?

KATHARINE

How much do you need?

ORV

Can you spare a hundred?

EXT. WRIGHT PORCH - DAY

Katharine walks to the porch as she scans the mail. She
smiles when she sees the Kitty Hawk postmark and tears open
the envelope. Two elderly NEIGHBORS stop to chat.

MRS. FISHER

Dreading the start of school,
Katharine?

KATHARINE

I'm looking forward to it. I have Greek
and Latin students this year.

MRS. FISHER

Letter from the boys?

KATHARINE

Yes, Mrs. Fisher.

MRS. HAYWOOD

They fooling with that flying machine?

KATHARINE

Yes, Mrs. Haywood.

MRS. HAYWOOD

Shameful that's what it is. Who ever heard of such a thing. Flying machines.

KATHARINE

You have no idea what my brothers are up against. Why it took them thirty-six hours just to get from Elizabeth City to Kitty Hawk. They even survived a hurricane.

MRS. HAYWOOD

If they stayed home like sensible young men, no such trouble would find them.

KATHARINE

Destiny doesn't knock on the door. Good day Ladies.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Will and Orv arrive at camp in a horse-drawn wagon loaded with trunks and crates. The shed sags in the middle.

WILL

What a mess.

ORV

We can fix it, Ullam.

Will and Orv unload the wagon and stack their supplies.

EXT. SHED - DAY

The boys stand next to the repaired shed. Orv takes a long drink of water then hands a cup to Will. Great big smiles.

WILL

It's good, Bubbie.

ORV

Best in Kitty Hawk.

WILL

Can you believe this weather?

ORV

Wonder where the mosquitoes hide?

WILL

Let's just hope they stay there.

INT. SHED WITH NEW ADDITION - DAY

Will bangs nails into a carpet on the wall. A mouse sits up in the rafters and watches him.

WILL
Why, hello, little buddy.

The shed shows major improvements. A kitchen set up in the new addition with upholstered dining room chairs. Up above, canvas beds hang between the rafters. Will sits down at the table to finish his letter.

WILL (V.O.)
Everything is so much more favorable
this year, Kate. We are living in royal
luxury and having a splendid time.

Will looks out the window and see Orv peddle up with a bag of groceries. He stands at the door to greet him.

WILL
How long did it take?

ORV
Not bad, 'bout an hour. Works real good
on the sand. Saw Tom, he's growin' like
a bean sprout.

INT. SHED

Orv takes the groceries into the shed and Will follows. The thirty-two by three-foot biplane fills the shed. The machine has twin fixed rudders in the back and a small forward elevator.

WILL
Speaking of beans, when's lunch? I'm
starving.

ORV
You're always starving. I made
cornbread.

Orv stops and looks at the nearly completed glider.

ORV (CONT'D)
She's a beauty.

WILL
That she is. Looks like a seagull.

EXT. WEST HILL - MORNING

Will, Orv and Dan Tate stand next to the glider halfway up the dune. Seagulls fly by and give a raucous salute.

WILL

Well, Orv, ready to give it a try?

ORV

I've been ready for two years.

Orv gets in position. Will and Dan each take a wing. Orv turns to Will with a smile.

ORV (CONT'D)

Got any rose petals?

Will shakes his head and laughs as they run down the hill. The glider takes off.

ORV (CONT'D)

He haw!

ORV's POV as he pulls back on the forward elevator and the glider rises in response. He pushes forward and the glider goes down. He smiles as he gets a feel for the controls. About a hundred feet out, he lands. Will and Dan run to the machine as he climbs off.

ORV

That was something. Let's go again!

WILL

All right, but take it slow.

GLIDER

Orv's POV. He picks up speed and sails away from the hill. The wind blows hard and the glider soars in position. Orv looks around to see that the seagulls ride the same wave.

BEACH

DAN

Seems to handle better.

WILL

He's a pretty quick learner.

The glider settles gently to the beach. Will and Dan join him as Orv gets off the machine.

ORV

What's that make... thirty glides?

WILL

We've quadrupled our flight time. It's time we try to turn this thing. Tomorrow, let's take it up to Big Hill.

EXT. TOP OF BIG HILL - DAY

Dan helps them drag the glider up Big Hill, all hundred and five feet of it. When they reach the top, Will gets in position. They launch him straight off the top of the hill.

The glider sails off, higher and farther than ever before. Will makes his first turn. Orv and Dan run down the dune and cheer him on.

Suddenly a gust of wind upsets the balance.

The left wing rises up and Will almost falls off. He tries to correct but it's too late. The glider slips sideways and with a thudding impact and a great cloud of sand, the right wing hits the ground. The machine pivots around the wing and smashes into the sand. Orv and Dan run to the glider. Stunned by the impact, Will lies in position.

ORV

You okay?

WILL

I think so.

ORV

You turned, Will. It was beautiful!

WILL

I must have shifted the wrong way. It felt pretty good right up to that last part. Can we fix it?

ORV

I think so.

Will climbs out of the machine and brushes off the sand. Dan shakes his head as they drag the glider back to camp.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Orv puts the final touches on a homemade mousetrap. He climbs up to bed. Will lies in bed up in the rafter.

WILL

You really think you're going to catch that mouse?

ORV

He won't be able to resist my cornbread. How do you feel?

WILL

Sore all over. Night, Bubbie.

INT. COTS - NIGHT

The mouse scampers over Orv's face. Orv sits up startled.

ORV

Ugh...what was that?

WILL

What was what?

ORV

I think it was the mouse.

WILL

(rolls over)

Probably wants more bread.

Orv climbs down and checks his trap.

ORV

Maybe we'll have better luck tomorrow little fellow. Company's coming.

EXT. TOP OF BIG HILL - DAY

George Spratt helps Will and Lorin Wright, position the glider. Orv lies in position. Chanute and his assistant, AUGUSTUS HERRING (26), stand off to the side. The wind blows twenty miles an hour. Chanute holds onto his hat.

CHANUTE

I wish you boys would find a more civilized place to conduct these tests.

WILL

Quite frankly, sir, we prefer it this way. No one to interfere and all the wind we need.

ORV

Wind and gravity... cheapest engine in
the world.

Orv lies in position on the glider. Lorin and Will each
take a wing.

LORIN

You sure you know how to do this,
little brother?

ORV

You just watch!

Will and Lorin run down the hill and launch the glider. It
soars off and glides for twenty seconds. One wing starts to
lift too high.

WILL

Ugh, oh.

Orv tries to correct but descends backwards from thirty
feet and crashes. The men run down the hill to help him.

WILL

You okay, Bubbie?

Orv sits in the middle of a wrecked flying machine, without
a bruise or scratch. Lorin pulls Orv to his feet.

ORV

I think so. It was going so well.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The men drag the smashed-up glider back to camp.

WILL

(to Chanute)

Looks like we're out of business for a
few days. We can give you a hand with
your machines.

CHANUTE

Now you'll see what I mean by automatic
stability. Men cannot react quickly
enough to control these big machines,
Will.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

A triple-wing glider and a frail flapping-wing contraption sit in front of the shed. Herring makes some adjustments to the triple-wing. Chanute looks over the other.

ORV

(to Will)

That one won't make it to the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The men hold the flapping-wing machine while Herring gets in position. The wind bends the wings. He hooks his arms around the struts and starts to run down the beach. The wings move slowly up and down. Even with four men bearing the load, the machine won't fly. Parts of the machine start to fall off. They set it down and shake their heads.

HERRING

Either Lampson's a fool or he has no idea what he's doing.

WILL

Don't worry, Mr. Chanute. We'll have much better luck with your other machine.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The men run down the beach to launch the triple-wing glider with Herring at the controls. On the first attempt, the machine nose-dives into the sand.

On the second try, it takes off and glides about fifty-feet but falls apart when it hits the sand. The men drag the broken glider back to the camp.

HERRING

Langley's right. We need power.

Will looks at Orv and shrugs his shoulders.

CHANUTE

I don't know. These boys are on to something. Their wings give more lift than any I've seen.

HERRING

Langley says you can fly a barn door if you've got enough power.

WILL

Long as you don't have to turn.

EXT. CAMP - SUNSET

The men sit around the fire, the remains of dinner scattered about. Orv plays his mandolin joined by Will on the harmonica. Chanute's badly damaged gliders sit in the background with broken wings. Lorin cuts a piece of pie and hands it to Mr. Chanute. The song comes to an end.

CHANUTE

What a wonderful evening. I must write and thank Katharine for the treats.

LORIN

If school didn't start so soon she would have brought them herself.

WILL

So tell me, Mr. Chanute, what do you think of our new design?

CHANUTE

You're way ahead of everyone else, Will. Look at my machines, neither of them flew at all.

HERRING

I built that machine according to your specifications, sir. The other I can't vouch for.

CHANUTE

Better get your patents in order, boys.

HERRING

What good's a patent? Soon as somebody sees it, they'll copy it.

LORIN

Isn't that the whole point of a patent?

CHANUTE

Exactly, but there are still mysteries to be solved to ride these chariots in the sky. This problem you have with turns could get you in serious trouble.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Will and Orv walk down the beach. Will uses his arms as wings to demonstrate a turn. Orv shakes his head and demonstrates his turn. Will kicks the sand and walks off.

WILL
I'm going to bed.

EXT. CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

Orv sits alone and stares into the fire, drinking a cup of coffee. An owl hoots in the distance. He leans back and looks up. Millions of stars overhead.

ORV
It's got to be coming from the tail.

A shooting star streaks across the sky. After a moment, he smiles a nice slow smile, gets up and goes to bed.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

The men sit around the campfire and eat breakfast. Orv offers refills on the coffee. He stops at Will.

ORV
I couldn't sleep last night but for thinking. The problem's with that tail. We need to move it when we turn.

Orv fills Will's cup and hands it back to him.

ORV
Course, that'll mean something else to look after.

Will stares into his coffee cup and thinks about this for a long moment before he answers. He looks up at Orv.

WILL
I think you're right. How 'bout we connect the tail with the warping wires? Move 'em both at the same time.

ORV
That should work.

EXT. TOP OF BIG HILL - DAY

Orv has the camera set up. Will lies in position on the glider. Dan and Lorin each take a wing.

ORV

Don't crash this time. I'm taking pictures for Kate.

Will soars off and makes the first glide with new tail. He turns to the right under complete control. Orv snaps a picture and smiles.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Will soars off and doubles the distance to two hundred feet.
- B) Orv takes a try and tops Will's mark.
- C) Will goes again and beats Orv's distance.
- D) Orv doubles the distance to five hundred feet.
- E) Will extends the glide to six hundred feet.

BEACH

The men run up to the glider as Will gets off the machine.

CHANUTE

Congratulations, Will! You boys hold all the records. Well done, well done!

WILL

Thank you, Mr. Chanute. We still have a long way to go.

HERRING

Hope you can keep it a secret till you get there.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Herring and Chanute face each other in a private car.

CHANUTE

The wings they build hold the key.

HERRING

Maybe we should pay Langley a visit.

CHANUTE

I thought he fired you.

HERRING

He did but he'll see you.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Tom Tate runs into camp with a telegram. Will works on the glider while Orv makes lunch.

TOM

Got a telegram for you, Mr. Wilbur!

WILL

Hello, Tom. Good to see you.

Will opens the telegram and shakes his head.

WILL

Langley wants to come see us next week.

ORV

Too bad we'll be home by then. Think Herring had anything to do with this?

WILL

You don't trust him, do you?

ORV

If he's an honest man, he ought ta' sue his face. I bet he went straight to Langley when they left here.

WILL

He's harmless but I'll tell you what I am worried about, this speech Chanute plans to make in France.

TOM

What was yer best this time?

ORV

Six hundred twenty-two feet in twenty-six seconds.

TOM

Wow!

EXT. ROAD TO KITTY HAWK - MORNING

Will and Orv carry their bags in the rain on the way to Kitty Hawk to start for home.

ORV

I hope the pictures come out. I can't believe we did it, a thousand glides.

WILL

We're almost up to four hours, Bubbie. It's time we add a motor.

ORV

How big a motor?

WILL

How much you figure we need?

ORV

Well, that depends on what it weighs.

As they walk away, they begin to gesture wildly.

INT. ORV'S BEDROOM (HAWTHRONE STREET) - DAY

Katharine unpacks while Orv loads the laundry basket.

KATHARINE

I swear you bring home half the sands of Kitty Hawk in these suitcases.

She takes a dust brush and collects the sand off the floor.

ORV

There's a bag of shells in here for the children.

KATHARINE

Oh, they'll love that!

ORV

I took lots of pictures. Look at this.

Orv takes a starfish out of a bag and hands it to Kate.

ORV (CONT'D)

How did you and Charlie get on?

KATHARINE

We've come to an understanding. When I'm around he puts out that nasty cigar and he never calls me little lady.

ORV

What'd he get in return?

KATHARINE

He's still here, isn't he?

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Will makes notes in a workbook. Orv cuts ribs. Katharine looks through a stack of pictures. Parts of the machine fill the shop in various states of completion.

KATHARINE

These pictures are wonderful, Orv.

ORV

See that one where we turned? Will, how big we making these wings?

WILL

Forty feet. We need a name.

ORV

Let's call it the Great Big Whopper Flying Machine.

KATHARINE

How about the Kitty Hawk Flyer?

ORV

That sounds good. Any word on the engine?

WILL

I wrote to twelve companies. Not one wrote back.

ORV

I bet Charlie can do it.

KATHARINE

How's that patent coming, Will?

WILL

I'm just about finished. Look it over for me, Kate.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - MORNING

Orv sketches a design and tacks it up above the workbench. CHARLIE TAYLOR, 42, a bicycle mechanic, pounds a piece of metal at the workbench. A cigar dangles from his mouth. He fits the piece onto the motor.

CHARLIE

I think we're ready to run it.

ORV

Let's weigh it first. Will says it can't weigh more than two hundred pounds.

The two men lift the engine onto a scale.

CHARLIE

Looks like one-eighty.

ORV

Not bad for a couple of bicycle mechanics 'eh Charlie? You ever build an engine before?

They put the engine back on the bench.

CHARLIE

Worked on a broken one once but couldn't fix it.

ORV

Start her up. Let's see what she cranks.

Charlie turns a 2x4 attached to the front of the engine.

CHARLIE

How much you say you need?

ORV

We figure eight horsepower ought to do it, just enough to carry six hundred twenty five pounds of man and machine.

After two tries, it ROARS to life. Orv holds his ears while Charlie checks the rev counter.

CHARLIE

Looks like we got twelve, Orv.

ORV

Check again. Will won't believe us.

INT. WRIGHT PARLOR - NIGHT

Will and Orv sit by the fireplace in deep discussion.
Katharine grades papers at the table.

ORV

Find anything at the library?

WILL

Nope.

ORV

Propeller's no different than a wing.

WILL

How can you say that? It's nothing like
a wing. I was sure there'd be research
on ship propellers.

ORV

So what? We're not building a ship.

WILL

Why would they be like a wing?

ORV

Just a wing going in a circle.

WILL

You can't just say make the propeller
like a wing, that's nonsense.

Silence for a moment, as Will stares into the fire thinking
about the propeller.

WILL (CONT'D)

Well, suppose it is like a wing. Maybe
we need two.

ORV

Now why would we need two?

WILL

To balance the torque.

ORV

Spin them in opposite directions?

WILL

With bicycle chains.

ORV

That might work.

WILL

How we going to measure? Nothing stands still for a minute. The propeller goes around. The machine moves forward. The air moves back.

Katharine stands up and starts up the stairs.

KATHARINE

I read in one of your books that 'Once the idea of flight has invaded the brain it possesses it exclusively. Pity the lot of the unhappy investigator whose soul is thus possessed.'

Halfway up she stops and looks back at them.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

I say, pity the family! Goodnight, boys.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY

Orv and Will hack out a propeller blade with an axe and knife. Katharine works on the books at the desk.

KATHARINE

How big will you make them?

WILL

We need ninety pounds of thrust at three hundred thirty revolutions per minute.

KATHARINE

What's that work out to?

ORV

'Bout eight feet.

KATHARINE

That big? Did you send in the application?

WILL

Yes, but I have no idea how long it takes to get a patent.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - DAY (LATER THAT WEEK)

Will and Orv each stand next to a completed eight-foot propeller blade. Katharine loads film in the camera.

ORV

Isn't it astonishing that all these secrets have waited, for all these years, just so we could discover them?

WILL

Well, they'll either be a good deal better or a good deal worse.

KATHARINE

You'll find out soon enough. Move closer, Will. Stand still, Orv.

WILL

Hurry up, Kate, we have to pack.

KATHARINE

Smile and don't move.

Katharine presses the button and captures the moment.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

Okay, we've got it.

Will walks to the desk, picks up a French magazine and shows it to Katharine.

WILL

Chanute gave his speech in Paris. The Aero Club set up a prize of 3,000 francs for a glider competition.

KATHARINE

I hope he didn't tell them too much.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Will and Orv arrive in a horse-drawn wagon loaded down with supplies. The shed has blown off the foundation.

ORV

The shed moved.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Dan Tate helps Will and Orv drag the shed back to its foundation. Crates of supplies stacked all over the beach.

DAN

Looks like you plan to be here awhile.

ORV

Promised our sister we'd be home by Christmas.

WILL

We're staying till we're finished.

ORV

Maybe sooner than Christmas! Must have been a pretty bad storm, to do this.

DAN

It was somethin' fierce Orv, lasted nearly a week. Damaged every house in the village.

ORV

How do you people survive this place?

DAN

It grows on ya'.

WILL

Think you can get a couple fellows to help us put up a new building?

DAN

Sure thing, Will. We'll get started first thing in the morning.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Will, Orv, and a CREW of four, including Dan, work on the new building, 44'x 16'x 9'.

WORKER 1

Don't these guys ever give up?

WORKER 2

Well, ya' gotta' give 'em credit for persistence.

WORKER 3

A lot of foolishness if ya' ask me. Grown men and flying machines. Humph.

WORKER 2

I don't know, kinda' looks like fun.

INT. SHED - DAY

Will and Orv examine last years glider.

WILL

Let's get it ready anyway. We can work on the new machine when it rains and practice with this one on good days.

ORV

Want to have a contest? See who can stay up the longest?

WILL

Why, think you can beat me?

ORV

Maybe.

INT. NEW SHED - DAY

Will and Orv assemble the new machine. Forty-foot wings fill the shed. Outside the wind HOWLS.

ORV

When is Chanute's coming?

WILL

I told him we get more done when we work alone. He'll be down in a few weeks. George should be here anyday.

The tarpaper on the roof starts to FLAP in the wind.

WILL

Uh, oh. We got trouble up above.

ORV

I'll go take a look.

Orv puts on a heavy overcoat and puts the hammer and some nails in his pocket. He picks up the ladder and goes out the door. The wind blows him fifty feet in the opposite direction. Will laughs as Orv battles the wind.

ORV

Come on, Will, come hold the ladder.

EXT. NEW SHED

Will hangs onto the ladder as Orv climbs up. When he gets to the top, the overcoat blows over his head and he can't reach his tools. He backs down the ladder and Will pulls the coat down. Orv puts the nails in his mouth and goes up again. Will climbs up to hold onto the coat. He laughs so hard he can barely hold on to the ladder. Orv pounds and misses, pounds and misses, over and over.

WILL

Hurry up, Orv, it's freezing out here!

ORV

I'm trying, Will, I'm trying. Hang on.

WILL

Reminds me of Katharine's college coach. Cheer up, girls, there is no hope!

EXT. TOP OF BIG HILL - SUNSET

A panoramic view of the setting sun over the ocean. Only a few clouds dot the horizon. Will and George launch Orv and he soars off the hill and sails out high over the beach.

WILL

I'm glad we took a break. Too nice a day to work inside.

GEORGE

Seems like it's handling better.

WILL

Made some changes to the forward rudder. Our best time so far is forty-three seconds.

GEORGE

That's three times better than anyone else.

WILL

Orv thinks he's a seagull. We'll be up to a minute soon.

EXT. BEACH

Will and George arrive just after Orv lands.

ORV

That was a good one. Time?

WILL

About thirty-five seconds. Go again?

ORV

Gettin' pretty cold.

WILL
Let's head back.

The three of them drag the glider back to camp.

ORV
Sure glad you could join us, George.

GEORGE
I wouldn't miss this for the world.

WILL
What's the news with your experiments?

GEORGE
Not very good, full of unexpected errors. Thanks for those tables, Orv.

WILL
Don't be in too big a hurry to give up on an error, you're liable to give up some truth with it.

INT. SHED - DUSK

ORV
It's freezing in here. We need a fire.

Orv takes a carbide can and punches some holes in the bottom for air. He puts the can on some bricks and builds a fire inside.

ORV
This'll warm us up, boys.

Will looks over as smoke pours out of the can. George sits at the table.

WILL
If we don't die from the smoke first.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Will and George sit on the floor next to the can. Tears stream down their cheeks. Orv passes plates of food.

ORV
Well, at least we don't have to worry about mosquitoes.

GEORGE

I'll tell you what I am worried about,
how come you're not testing the new
machine?

ORV

Weighs almost six hundred pounds. Can't
fly this one like a kite.

WILL

Besides, we're almost out of time.
Langley's set to make a try any day.

GEORGE

But what if it doesn't fly?

WILL

It'll be close but it should fly.

Soot drops from above onto Will's plate.

ORV

Don't worry. I'll fix it.

GEORGE

I hope you two know what you're doing.

ORV

The patent office doesn't think so.
They told us to hire a lawyer.

WILL

We figure we'll concentrate on flying.

INT. NEW SHED - DAY

George stands off to the side as Will and Orv spin the
props to start the engine. It ROARS to life.

GEORGE

How much horsepower you figure?

ORV

We start off with sixteen but it drops
off to twelve.

A loud CRACK followed by a terrible RATTLING noise.

ORV

Shut it down. The shaft broke.

Will shuts off the engine. The men examine the shaft.

ORV

We don't have the tools to fix this.

WILL

We'll have to send it back to Charlie.

GEORGE

I can take it to Norfolk. We can put it on an express for Dayton.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Orv carries logs from the beach, as Will chops and stacks wood.

ORV

Can you believe this weather?

WILL

Always turns nice when we're grounded.

Orv drops his armful of logs onto the pile.

ORV

I can't believe Dan quit. We should've given him a raise.

WILL

If we had any money, I'd be happy to.

ORV

Maybe Kate can send some.

WILL

We already owe her too much.

ORV

Stock in the flying machine business gettin' pretty low these days.

INT. CLASSROOM (STEELE HIGH SCHOOL) - DAY

Katharine stands at the chalkboard conjugating Latin verbs. Twenty-four fourteen-year-olds stare out the window. Katharine looks at the class. She follows their eyes and sees a hawk hover in the strong breeze.

KATHARINE

When I was little girl, my brother used to read us a story every night.

She walks to the window and looks at the hawk.

KATHARINE (CONT'D)

One of my favorites was about a boy whose father made wings from feathers fastened with wax.

STUDENT

Is that how your brothers build 'em?

KATHARINE

No, but it does involve quite a bit of calculating. Another reason to learn your sums, Mr. Frey.

STUDENT

They're never gonna' figure out to fly.

KATHARINE

That may be but the most important thing in life is to make the attempt. If you don't try, you don't learn.

INT. NEW SHED - DAY

Will and Orv each hang on a wing to test the strength.

WILL

It'll be fine, Bubbie.

ORV

Chanute doesn't think so.

WILL

I don't think he's right but we won't know for sure till we run the engine and make some more tests.

ORV

If we lose as much power as he said, we'll never get it off the ground.

WILL

Langley had fifty-two horses and he didn't make it. Let's weigh it again and go over the numbers one more time.

Will and Orv place scales under the skids.

ORV

How much fuel you figure?

WILL

Two quarts, just enough to fly to Kitty Hawk and back.

ORV

And you call me an optimist.

Bill Tate walks into the shed and hands Will a letter.

BILL

Hello, boys. Got a letter for you,
Will. My, my, this is coming along.

WILL

Hello, Bill. Thanks.

Will opens the letter and money falls out. Bill walks around the machine.

WILL

They got the shafts and are nearly ready to send them back. Father says we should have them in three or four days. Kate sent twenty.

ORV

Thank you, Charlie. Thank you, Kate.
Coffee, Bill?

BILL

Thanks. What happened to all your company? Did Mr. Chanute leave already?

Orv fixes a cup of coffee for Bill.

WILL

'Fraid so. Got here right after we broke the shaft. Didn't look too good.

ORV

He doesn't think we have enough power but he sent us some very nice gloves.

Orv brings the coffee to Bill.

WILL

What he said was that no one has ever tried to build a machine on such close margins but he has more hope of our machine going than any of the others.

Will puts the letter aside and examines a newspaper clipping.

ORV

He seems to think we are pursued by a blind fate from which we are unable to escape.

WILL

He doesn't seem to think our machines are so much superior as the manner in which we handle them. We, of course, hold the opposite opinion.

BILL

I'm no engineer but it looks like a pretty fine machine to me. Sorry about Dan. Fishing season started. Pays better.

WILL

We can manage all right but we could use a hand once we start flying.

BILL

Tell you what, I'll talk to the fellows down at the lifeguard station. When you're ready to fly, hang out a flag. They'll give you a hand.

WILL

We'd like to invite the neighbors. Everyone has been so kind.

BILL

I'll pass the word. There's a few faces I want to see that day.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Will and Orv set up a starting track, a series of 2 x 4s, laid end to end.

ORV

Chanute says Langley spent twenty thousand dollars on his launch mechanism.

WILL

Ours cost four.

The glider rests on a piece of wood attached to two bicycle hubs. The wheels roll along the starting track.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hold it while I get on.

Will climbs onto the glider, which creaks and groans as he settles into the hip cradle.

ORV

Is that you or the machine making all that noise?

WILL

The stove dried it out. Don't worry, I won't break your record today. Ready?

Will releases the restraining wire. The glider moves down the track and gains speed. Orv runs along side and balances the wing. The glider lifts off the track as it gains speed then settles back to the beach. Orv runs to meet him.

WILL

This should work as long as we have wind. Where's those gloves? I can't feel my hands.

Orv pulls a pair of gloves from his pocket as they drag the glider back to launching track.

ORV

Here you go. This thing's falling apart. We won't make any more glides on this one.

WILL

So your record stands. One minute, eleven seconds. You win the contest.

ORV

Someday they'll have all kinds of contests for flying machines.

WILL

If they have one for the longest time to build one, we might win.

ORV

Cheer up, Ullam, we'll be back in business tomorrow once that boat gets here with the shafts.

INT. NEW SHED - SUNSET

The repaired propeller shafts have been installed but the sprockets that hold the blades keep coming loose. They use a 2x4 to gain leverage to tighten them.

WILL
We did this five times. It doesn't
work.

ORV
Let's try one more time.

They start the engine. The blades start to turn but make a
terrible RATTLE that can be heard over the ENGINE.

WILL
Shut it down.

Orv cuts the engine.

ORV
I say we sleep on it before we really
break something.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Will lies in bed up in the rafters. Downstairs, Orv puts on
his hat and scarf.

WILL
Where are you going?

ORV
Nowhere, getting ready for bed.

WILL
Do we have any more blankets?

ORV
Don't think so.

Orv climbs up to bed.

WILL
Wonder how Langley's doing?

ORV
Hope he's not this cold.

WILL
I bet he makes another try before the
years' out.

ORV
I wish we knew what it looked like. I
couldn't tell a thing from that
picture. Think Manley'll fly it again?

WILL
 Something special about being first.

INT. NEW SHED - MORNING

Will stands behind the Flyer. Orv picks up a tube of Arnstein cement and squeezes it into a pan.

ORV
 I have an idea. Let's glue them on.
 Just like we do in the shop.

Orv pours the cement into shafts.

WILL
 You really think this'll work?

Will puts the blade into the shaft.

ORV
 Tire cement holds anything.

INT. SHED - DAY

Will sits at the table, dressed in his hat, scarf, coat and gloves and writes a letter.

WILL (V.O.)
 Dear Katharine, Your letter received
 some days ago but my answer was delayed
 in hope that we could report the result
 of our experiments. The result so far
 is that one of the shafts twisted off
 in the middle. Orv has gone home to
 make new ones. Before it gave way we
 made some tests and believe we have
 enough power.

EXT. DAYTON TRAIN STATION - DAY

A young boy hawks newspapers on the platform as the train pulls in.

NEWSBOY
 Paper - get yer' paper. Hear all about
 it. Langley's in the drink!

Suitcase in hand, Orv walks up to the boy.

ORV
 I'll take one of those, young man.

NEWSBOY

Thanks, mister. I was really hopin'
they'd do it this time.

The newsboy hands Orv a paper.

ORV

Don't worry, son. Somebody's going to
figure it out.

Orv pays for the paper, picks up his suitcase and walks
away. The newsboy realizes Orv has overpaid.

NEWSBOY

Hey, thanks mister!

INT. WRIGHT KITCHEN - DAY

Carrie takes a tray of cookies out of the oven. Orv walks
into the kitchen.

ORV

Those cookies for me?

CARRIE

Why, Mr. Orv! You scared the daylights
out of me! Where's Mr. Will?

ORV

I'll tell you if you feed me.

CARRIE

Well, sit down then.

Orv takes off his coat and gloves and sits at the table.
Carrie pours a glass of milk from a pitcher. She puts the
milk and cookies on the table in front of him. The front
door CLOSES as Katharine comes home from school.

KATHARINE

Bubbie! Is everything all right?

ORV

(a mouthful of cookies)

Evvethins fwine, Kwate. Wook, Wangwes
in tha' dwink!

He holds up the newspaper that shows a front-page picture
of the Aerodrone just after the crash. The headline reads,
'Flying Machine Takes a Dive! Langley's Flying Fiasco
grounds the War Department'. Orv takes a big drink of milk.

KATHARINE

I can't understand a word you're saying. Where's Will?

ORV

Still there. The shafts broke. I came home to make steel ones.

Katharine takes off her coat and sits down.

KATHARINE

And what happened to Langley?

ORV

Right into the Potomac. Look, Manley never stood a chance. Flew like a handful of mortar.

KATHARINE

Is he alright?

ORV

He almost froze to death. Went under the ice. The men in the boat saved him.

KATHARINE

What do you suppose the government will do now?

ORV

After this mess, I hope they still want airplanes.

KATHARINE

How long will you be here?

ORV

Two days. How's school going?

KATHARINE

Fine, except for the lunchroom controversy. They won't let us eat with the men. Can you imagine? They treat us like second-class citizens.

ORV

Look out, Mr. Porter.

KATHARINE

I organized a letter writing campaign. He's not heard the end of this. How are things in Kitty Hawk?

ORV

We fix one thing, another breaks. I've been studying my French.

KATHARINE

Still think you'll be home for Christmas?

ORV

One way or the other.

INT. SHED - DAY

Will writes a letter at the desk.

WILL (V.O.)

Orv got back yesterday with news from Washington. I see that Langley has had his fling and failed. It seems to be our turn to throw now. I wonder what our luck will be.

Will reads the newspaper. Orv walks in with a box of wood.

ORV

Did some figuring on the way back. So far we've sunk about a twelve hundred dollars. That includes everything, even what we borrowed from Kate.

WILL

The government should have hired us.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A red flag hangs from the side of the building. Bill Tate and six STATION MEN roll the new machine up the launch track. Two young BOYS and a DOG watch.

WILL

The Grand Junction Railroad, boys, that's what we'll call it.

ORV

Would you like to go first?

WILL

Let's flip a coin. See who takes the first whack.

Will tosses a coin. Orv calls it.

EXT. BIG HILL - DAY

The Flyer sits on the starting track a quarter way up the hill. Will lies in position.

ORV

Ready?

WILL

Let's go.

The engine ROARS to life. The props turn. The two little boys and the dog run away scared off by the noise.

The Flyer rolls down the track. Will pulls back and lifts off but climbs at too steep an angle. He tries to correct but has lost all forward speed.

The machine crashes' moving sideways as it hits the sand. The men run to the machine.

ORV

You all right, Will?

WILL

I'm okay. That front rudder needs work. We got enough power. How bad is it?

ORV

A few more adjustments...

WILL

and we'll have this thing working.

Will and Orv smile. The station men shake their heads.

INT. TATE KITCHEN - MORNING

Bill sits in his longjohns and reads a newspaper as he eats breakfast. Addie refills his coffee. The date on the newspaper is December 17, 2003.

MRS. TATE

You going down to watch them again?

BILL

Nah, they won't fly today. Even the birds aren't flying. Only a crazy person would fly on a day like this.

INT. SHED - MORNING

Orv, dressed in hat and coat, puts wood in the stove. Will walks in from outside, obviously very cold.

WILL

Blowin' pretty hard. Gusts over thirty.

ORV

Look, the basin's frozen.

WILL

Same for the puddles outside.

ORV

We only got a week till Christmas. It might get worse. Put up the flag.

Will smiles, picks up the red flag and walks out the door. Orv loads film into his camera. He picks up a tripod and walks out the door.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Orv sets up the camera and instructs JOHN DANIELS, one of the station men, how to take the picture. Will supervises FOUR other station men as they position the Flyer two hundred feet west of the new building.

Will and Orv spin the props to warm up the engine. The station men hold the uprights. The white muslin wings and the copper wires gleam in the cold morning light. Will and Orv walk away from the machine.

WILL

Well, this is it.

ORV

It's gonna work, Will.

WILL

Remember, that front rudder's real sensitive, take it easy.

ORV

Okay. Think we'll make Kitty Hawk?

WILL

Let's just try to keep it in one piece. Here, take the gloves.

They shake hands for a long moment, then walk back to the machine. The anemometer shows the wind steady at thirty miles an hour. The sand stings as it blows across the beach in clouds. The men from the station look grim.

Will walks to the back of the machine and shuts down the engine. The props come to a stop. Orv secures his cap, puts on the gloves and gets in position. He checks the controls one last time.

WILL

Don't look so sad, boys. Give him a big cheer when he starts to roll.

One of the men helps Will turn the props. The engine ROARS back to life. Will walks to the right wing and looks at his watch. Orv slips off the rope.

The machine starts down the track and picks up speed. The men cheer. Will runs along side until he can't keep up. By the time it reaches the fourth rail, it lifts off.

The Flyer climbs to ten feet then dives for the sand. Then it climbs back up to ten feet and dives again. This continues for about a hundred feet when another dive sends it into the sand and where it skids about twenty feet.

The men rush up to the Flyer. Orv lies there with a great big smile on his face.

WILL

Congratulations, Orv, you did it.

ORV

We did it, Will. What was the time?

STATION MAN 1

I clocked it about twelve seconds.

ORV

You get the picture?

DANIELS

I'm not sure. I was so surprised when that dang thing took off, I don't know if I got it or not.

ORV

Much damage?

WILL

Not much. Looks like we cracked the rudder skid.

ORV

We're gonna have to do something about that rudder. This thing flies like a drunk duck.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The Flyer starts down the track with Will at the controls. The machine takes off and climbs to twenty feet. Then dives to ten feet, then climbs back and dives again. Two hundred feet out, the machine hits the beach during a dive. The men rush up to help Will get off the machine.

WILL

I see what you mean. Let's balance that front rudder.

Orv smiles and goes to work on the rudder. One of the men marks the landing spot with a rock.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The Flyer takes off. Orv get's a feel for the controls and the repaired Flyer handles better. He looks over his shoulder to see how far he beat Will's mark. At three hundred twenty five feet, he hits the beach.

ORV

That's better.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Will lies in position on the Flyer ready to launch.

WILL

Ready.

The Flyer climbs into the air. After three hundred feet of up and down motion, he begins to get a feel for the machine and the course of the flight smooths out. Will is all smiles and the flight lasts fifty-nine seconds and covers eight hundred fifty-two feet before a downdraft drives him into the sand.

The men rush up to congratulate him as Will gets off the machine.

ORV

That was something, Will. Bet that's over eight hundred feet. Maybe we can make Kitty Hawk.

All of the sudden, a gust of wind picks up the machine. Orv grabs one wing, Daniels' the other. The machine begins to tumble end over end down the beach.

Orv lets go and jumps clear. Daniels doesn't and gets caught up in the wires between the wings. The men run down the beach behind the machine.

The engine breaks lose and bounces between the wings. The struts break and the wings collapse. Finally, the machine comes to a stop and John climbs out of the tangled mess.

WILL

Are you hurt John?

DANIELS

Don't think so.

ORV

You traveled farther in that machine than the inventors.

DANIELS

I believe that will be my first and last flight, Mr. Orv.

WILL

We better send a telegram to Kate.

INT. BEDROOM (KANSAS CITY) - NIGHT

Katharine sits up in bed surrounded by stacks of letters. Harry holds the telegram dated December 17, 1903.

KATHARINE

When I got home from school, Father was waiting. One look at his face, I knew they had flown.

HARRY

It must have been incredible.

KATHARINE

It was incredible all right. No one believed us. Loren and I took the news to the Herald. They said if the flight was fifty-seven minutes, now that would be a story.

HARRY

Surely the government was interested.

KATHARINE

The government turned them down. Three times. If it hadn't been for Teddy Roosevelt, they might never have got off the ground. Selling airplanes turned out to be just as hard as inventing one. It took five years.

Katharine starts to cough and sits up to get air. Harry rubs her back gently.

HARRY

You must get well. What would we do without you?

A tear rolls down Katharine's cheek as she stares at a picture taken a few years before of she and Orv on the porch at Hawthorne Hill. Scipio, the St. Bernard, lies at Orv's feet.

INT. STAIRWAY - DUSK

Harry walks down the stairs and goes into his den.

INT. DEN

Harry pours a whiskey and stares at a picture on the wall. Katharine, Will and Orv pose with President Taft on the steps of the White House. The picture is dated 1909.

HARRY

Damn you, Orville.

INT. DEN (HAWTHORNE HILL) - DUSK

Orv (57) sits at his desk staring at Harry's telegram. He looks up to see the same two pictures on his desk. He takes a deep breath, stands up and shouts,

ORV

Carrie, where's my suitcase?

EXT. TRAIN STATION - SUNSET

Orv walks up to the ticket window carrying a small suitcase. A jovial black man sells tickets.

ORV

What's the fastest way to get to Kansas City, Joe?

TICKET SELLER

Why, I reckon an airplane would be the fastest way.

ORV

Very funny. Book me a sleeper on the next train. Katharine has pneumonia.

TICKET SELLER

Sorry to hear that, Mr. Orv. Got an express leavin' in ten minutes.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DUSK

Orv holds the telegram and stares at it. He leans back with a deep sigh and closes his eyes.

ORV'S FLASHBACK

INT. DINING ROOM - HAWTHORNE HILL - NIGHT

Orv, Katharine (52) and Harry (52) finish dessert by the glow of candlelight. An Oberlin college yearbook lies open on the table.

HARRY

Katharine told me what's been going on with the Smithsonian. The public has a right to know about this. I'd like to run a series of articles in my paper.

ORV

I appreciate your intentions, Harry, but I'm not sure it will do any good.

HARRY

But to credit Langley as the Father of Aviation? It's beyond belief.

ORV

The Science Museum in London wants the Flyer. I might just send it to them.

KATHARINE

The Flyer belongs here not in London. They're trying to rewrite history.

HARRY

Perhaps a series of speeches...

ORV

That was Will's job. Look, no one would be sorrier than me to see it go. When we write the book, Kate, the truth'll come out.

Orv smiles and gets up stiffly from the table and reaches for his cane. His glasses sit next to his cup.

ORV (CONT'D)

Well, I'll let you classmates reminisce and bid you goodnight. Harry, I hope you'll be able to join us at the island again this summer.

HARRY

I hope so too, Orv.

KATHARINE

Would you like a hot water bottle?

ORV

I'll be fine. You see to our guest. Come on, Scipio, time for bed.

Scipio, the St. Bernard, follows Orv out of the room. Harry reaches across the table and takes Katharine's hand.

HARRY

You still haven't told him.

INT. STAIRWAY

Orv starts up the stairs and reaches in his pocket.

ORV

Ah, my glasses.

Orv goes back to the dining room. Scipio waits for him.

INT. DINING ROOM

Harry comes to Katharine's side as she stands.

HARRY

I love you, Katharine, but I can not keep up this charade one minute longer.

Harry takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately. He holds her at arm length.

HARRY (CONT'D)
The wedding's in three weeks.

KATHARINE
I have to do this by myself.

Orv turns away, visibly stunned and slowly walks up the stairs. Scipio follows.

INT. PRIVATE TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Orv stares out the window, a sad and lonely man.

INT. HALL - MORNING

Harry carries a breakfast tray. The door bell rings. He puts the tray down and opens the door. Orv stands there with his hat in hand.

ORV
Hello, Harry. How is she?

HARRY
Not good. The doctor'll be here any minute.

Orv sees the breakfast tray.

ORV
May I take it up?

HARRY
Top of the stairs, on the left.

Orv takes the tray and starts up the stairs.

HARRY
We never meant to hurt you, Orv.

INT. BEDROOM

Katharine wakens to find Orv by her side holding her hand.

KATHARINE
Hello, Bubbie.

ORV
How do you feel?

KATHARINE
Thirsty.

Orv pours her a glass of water and hands it to her.

ORV
Drink up, Swes.

KATHARINE
(smiles)
It's been a long time.

ORV
I've missed you so much. Can you ever
forgive me?

KATHARINE
Forgive you? For what, for loving me?

ORV
Rest. We can talk about this later.

KATHARINE
Promise me something?

ORV
Anything, Kate.

KATHARINE
Bring the Flyer home. Don't let them
get away with this.

ORV
I'll do my best. I promise.

KATE
Do it for Will. There was no father of
aviation but there were two brothers.

She drifts off to sleep. Orv looks at her tenderly.

ORV
And a sister who believed they could
fly.

EXT. HAWTHORNE HILL - DAY

TITLE ON: November 11, 1943

A DELIVERYMAN (20) makes his way up a long driveway to the beautiful white mansion that sits on a hill. A young hawk sits atop a tall elm and shrieks a greeting to all who care to listen.

INT. PARLOR

Carrie dusts while her husband, CHARLIE GRUMBACH (52), a working man, helps Orv (71) fix on the vacuum. Music plays softly on the radio.

ORV

A few more adjustments, Carrie, we'll have this thing working.

She shakes her head and picks up a picture of Will to dust it off. Orv looks up when he hears an airplane fly over.

CHARLIE

You miss flying, Mr. Orv?

ORV

Not really, Charlie. We had more fun lying in bed just imaging what it would be like to fly. I can still do that.

Carrie puts the picture back on the shelf.

ORV (CONT'D)

I miss Will. You know we only ever flew together one time. We promised Kate. After he died, it just wasn't fun anymore.

The music is interrupted by an announcer with an update on the day's war activity.

ANNOUNCER

Congress released the final report on the destruction caused by the unprecedented aerial attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor. Two thousand three hundred ninety deaths and one thousand one hundred seventy eight wounded. Twenty one ships and three hundred twenty three aircraft were damaged or destroyed.

ORV

Shut it off, Carrie. What a terrible waste.

CHARLIE

Ever wonder, maybe we'd be better off without airplanes?

ORV

A young reporter asked me that. I told him that I regard it as I do fire. I regret all the terrible damage caused by fire but I think it is good for Man that we discovered how to start fire and that it is possible to put fire to thousands of important uses.

A loud KNOCK at the front door.

ORV

I'll get it.

Orv gets to his feet and opens the front door. A DELIVERYMAN holds a telegram.

DELIVERY MAN

Sorry, sir, the doorbell doesn't seem to be working. Mr. Wright, it's an honor to meet you, sir.

ORV

Why, thank you, son. I thought I fixed that. What have you got there for me?

DELIVERY MAN

Something from the White House. Just sign here, please.

Orville signs the receipt. He opens the telegram, reads it, then puts it in his pocket.

ORV

Charlie, bring the car around, please.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

The big Hammond squeals to a stop sign in front of a library. The sign reads, "Katharine Wright Memorial Library".

CARRIE

Slow down. You'll get another ticket.

Carrie turns to Orv.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You did a good thing there, Mr. Orv.

EXT. WOODLAWN CEMETERY - DAY

Orv stands in front of the family graves. Carrie and Charlie stand to the side.

ORV

It took me awhile to keep this promise, Kate. Twenty years of meetings and you know how I feel about meetings. But it's done now so I want to share this with you two.

Orv takes the telegram out of his pocket and reads it.

ORV (CONT'D)

"Now that the Smithsonian has acknowledged the Wright Brothers plane, as the first airplane capable of sustained flight, do you not think it would be a good idea to announce that this plane will be brought back home?"
Signed, Franklin Roosevelt.

Orv looks up to see an Army plane fly overhead.

ORV

It's all gone beyond my dreams, Kate.

EXT. WOODLAWN CEMETERY - DAY

Carrie stands in the same place. Charlie helps the pallbearers carry Orv's coffin to his final resting place. Crowds of people surround the gravesite.

CARRIE (V.O.)

He never did get to see the Flyer come home. Mr. Orv died from a heart attack on January 30, 1948 after spending the morning at home fixing the doorbell.

The pallbearers position the coffin above the grave. Four fighters from Wright Field fly over in the missing-man formation. Carrie looks up and watches the planes fly over.

CARRIE (V.O.)

With his will there was a letter to the Science Museum asking them to send the Flyer home. I remember once when someone asked Mr. Orv if they did it for the money, he chuckled when he answered.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Will and Orv sit side-by-side in the 1909 Flyer as it soars five hundred feet over the green fields surrounding Dayton.

ORV (V.O.)

Our chief concern was always to get money to put into it, not out of it. Perhaps Milton said it best, 'So easy it seemed once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought impossible'. Maybe that was the secret. We never did think it was impossible. At least not at the same time anyway.

INT. NATIONAL AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - DAY

The Kitty Hawk Flyer hangs high above the crowd.

CARRIE (V.O.)

The Wright Family presented the Kitty Hawk Flyer to the Smithsonian on December 17, 1948 where it remains to this day. But at least part of the Flyer made one more flight.

EXT. EARTH SEEN FROM THE MOON

The Outer Bank Islands stand out like a string of pearls along the coast of North Carolina.

CARRIE (V.O.)

Sixty-six years after Will and Orv made the first flight at Kitty Hawk, Neil Armstrong carried a piece of the fabric from the wing of the Flyer to the moon.

END