

“Supercar  
Take Two”

By  
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From a storyline by  
Austin Tate

“Excellent!” Underneath his expensively tailored white linen suit, Masterspy’s massive bulk shook with laughter. “The remote control device is now fully operational,” the fat man croaked to his companion. “Are we ready to proceed to Phase Two, friend Zarin?”

“I have followed your instructions to the letter, Masterspy,” hissed the smaller man in his usual subservient, and rather creepy manner.

“I sincerely doubt that,” the fat man sighed, shaking his massive bald head. Masterspy knelt down to check the work for himself. The bloated lumps of solder engulfed the puny wires like a hot dog bun wrapped around a cocktail wiener, but the electrical connections themselves seemed solid enough. “This may turn out to be a red-letter day in history, friend Zarin. It would appear that you have actually managed to complete a task without bungling it—still, the night is young.”

“You are too kind, Masterspy!”

“Indeed I am, friend Zarin—a less charitable man would have long ago left you in the middle of the desert, buried up to your neck next to an anthill—but enough of this heartwarming conviviality. Let us begin.” With far more skill than their size would suggest, Masterspy’s huge doughy hands moved deftly over the miniaturized set of controls built into the tiny hand-held apparatus he had just completed. Nearby, a polished metal object about the diameter of a large pizza gently rose from its resting place on the Nevada desert sands and levitated silently into the still night air. With the flick of a switch, a tiny television monitor built into the remote control flickered to life, displaying images from a series of miniature video cameras mounted strategically about the saucer’s body. The machine rose up above their heads, flew in a circle, came to an abrupt stop, then dropped down to eye level once again and hovered motionless before their faces. “Not bad for something bought out of the classified advertisements in the back of Popular Science magazine, eh, friend Zarin?”

“Ingenious, Masterspy! It looks like lots of fun. May I try it now--?”

“Of course not, you blithering idiot! I did not go to all the trouble of constructing this device simply as a toy for our amusement! There is serious work to be done. Tonight, we shall at last rend the veil of the temple and penetrate that most holy of holies—the Supercar Laboratory!”

All was quiet as the small invader glided past Dr. Beaker’s carefully placed infrared sensors and into the open window of ten-year-old Jimmy Gibson’s bedroom. Jimmy and his pet monkey, Mitch, hardly stirred as the tiny vessel floated above their sleeping heads and through the door out into the main workshop.

Sailing right over Professor Popkiss' ingenious pressure sensors embedded in the laboratory floor, the saucer came to a halt, its unblinking television eyes focusing on the object that dominated the huge room.

"There it is, friend Zarin," Masterspy whispered reverently. "My dream, my desire, my fate, my ambition, my nemesis... Supercar!" The villain ran a sausage-like finger over the image on the television display, lovingly tracing its sleek contours. "Soon, my beauty. Very soon..."

At the touch of a control, the saucer resumed its mission, carefully maneuvering through the half-open door to Dr. Beaker's private workshop.

Masterspy smiled as the video image focused on the balding head of Dr. Horatio Beaker himself, slumped over his drawing board, fast asleep. "Observe, friend Zarin, how our considerate comrade is kind enough to leave the plans in plain view where we would have no trouble finding them." At the flick of a switch a tiny film camera noiselessly snapped off picture after picture of the diagrams on the drawing board.

Back in Jimmy Gibson's room, Mitch the monkey opened a single eye. Even if he had been granted the power speech, it is doubtful that the primate could have articulated exactly what woke him then. Nor could he have explained the animal instinct that compelled him to leave his bed and make his way across the lab to Dr. Beaker's workshop. He certainly had no idea what the object was that hovered over the sleeping scientist's head, but on some level he understood that it did not belong there.

Mitch picked up the first thing he could find, which happened to be Dr. Beaker's favorite china teacup, and hurled it at the saucer, which nimbly avoided the improvised missile. Luckily for both Mitch and Dr. Beaker, the cup had been sitting for some time and its contents had long ago turned cold; otherwise Beaker's fondness for drinking his tea scalding hot might have left both of them badly burned. The cup itself experienced more than a bit of good fortune when it sailed into the drawer of an open filing cabinet where a folder full of papers cushioned its fall.

As the intruder showed no sign of abandoning its mission, Mitch leaped onto the drawing board and began snatching up the diagrams, causing Dr. Beaker's head to slide until he fell off his chair and landed in a heap on the floor. The primate then gathered the drawings into his hairy arms and scampered up the nearest support beam towards the ceiling.

As he slowly returned to consciousness, in addition to a throbbing headache, Dr. Beaker was greeted by the sight of Mitch, swinging from the rafters, screeching at the top of his lungs, clutching the plans he had labored over so diligently for the past four years.

"Mitch!" Beaker sputtered. "Just what do you think you're doing with those? Come down at once, do you hear?" In spite of the ape's best efforts to alert his human friend to the intruder, the good doctor was far too irritated at the careless handling of his plans to even notice the strange visitor that hid in the shadows among the roof beams.

The next morning, as he had been countless times in the past, Mitch was once again "officially banished" from Dr. Beaker's workshop and young Jimmy Gibson was given yet another stern lecture about keeping his pet under control—and just as after all those previous incidents, life ultimately settled back into its usual routine at the Supercar lab and eventually the entire affair was all but forgotten.

*Well, that's my opening.  
What do you think?*

*I agree with the other comments that if Mike and the others were aware that the plans to Supercar had been stolen, they would drop everything and go after Masterspy to retrieve them. This way, they are unaware of what is happening and Masterspy has time to build his duplicate Supercar.*

*I have a few rough ideas for fleshing out the remainder of the story:*

*It's not a particularly original idea, but why not have Masterspy first use his "Mastercar" to pull off a few robberies first? He would paint his car to match Supercar and perhaps get look-alikes for Mike, Beaker, (Jimmy and Mitch?), so that the Supercar team are blamed. We can either have them running from the law or forced to break out of jail in order to prove their innocence.*

*I was also thinking that their first clue to the existence of a duplicate Supercar is before the robberies start when the real Supercar's engines suddenly begin charging by themselves for no reason and then shut down again just as mysteriously. (Masterspy and his crew are testing the remote control functions of Mastercar and are unaware that the real thing is nearby.) Beaker is convinced that the problem is simply interference from local amateur radio enthusiasts; "Supercar's remote control systems are far too complex to be duplicated by an outsider", he stubbornly insists. "Why, for anyone to even come close, they would had to have been looking over my shoulder as I drafted the plans."*

*The robberies begin and Mike and the others are forced to flee Black Rock as the police close in. Mike must out-fly a squadron of the U.S. Air Force's best fighter pilots who have orders to either capture or destroy them. Obviously, Mike is the better pilot and Supercar the superior machine, but even so, they escape only by the skin of their teeth—and not without a bloody nose. Supercar is badly damaged.*

*For the next few days, Supercar is forced to hide during the day and fly only at night and dangerously low to the ground to avoid being detected on radar—in addition to being held together only by Dr. Beaker's makeshift repairs. One day, Beaker gets the idea for Supercar to "hide in plain sight" by pretending to be a regular car and "blend" into a traffic jam. (We can get a few jokes out of this that they missed in "Grounded").*

*Finally, they reach their goal; One of Mike's old Air Force buddies runs a "dude ranch" in Texas. He's also a trained aircraft mechanic and can get his hands on the parts they need to repair Supercar. While they carry out the repairs, the Supercar team poses as guests of the ranch. Jimmy catches the eye of Emily, the youngest daughter of Mike's buddy, while Mike has attracted the attention of his oldest girl, Lucille, a promising young pilot in her own right.*

*Supercar experiences another unexplained engine start. Beaker and Popkiss finally piece together that somehow, someone has built a duplicate Supercar and is using the same remote control frequencies as the original. They reason that if they can trace the signal back to its source, they will find their "evil twins" and prove their innocence. Dr. Beaker begins building a device to trace the signal but before it is ready, Supercar's*

*engines start up again and this time the craft begins to lift off. Mike and Lucille scramble to get into the cockpit before it gets away. Lucille manages to get into the pilot's seat but accidentally locks the canopy shut with Mike still outside. While she struggles with the controls, Mike must hang on for dear life to one of the wings to keep from being thrown off. Eventually, Beaker and Popkiss are able to override the remote signal and release Supercar's controls to manual. Lucille brings Supercar in for a spectacularly smooth landing.*

*The local Sheriff works out that the odd behaving guests of the dude ranch are really the Supercar team in disguise and prepares to arrest them—just in time for the six-o-clock news. As luck would have it, the thieves strike again and the Sheriff is witness to the fact that the “real” Supercar was right in front of him as he watched the live coverage of the robbery on television.*

*My thinking at this point is that either Lucille or Mike's Air Force buddy is really the pilot of Mastercar. Perhaps Mike's friend has been grounded because of a health problem (Diabetes? Brain tumor?) and that this is the only way he is able to indulge his need for speed.*

*If it is Lucille, perhaps she is a brilliant pilot but lacks the self-discipline needed to get into the Top Gun program. She feels that she is being denied the chance to fulfill her potential as a pilot and flying the bogus Supercar is the only way to prove herself. (Perhaps she gives herself away when Supercar lifts off by itself and Mike is locked out of the cockpit. She does something that only someone who has flown Supercar before would know to do.)*

*In the end, it comes down to Mike's skills against those of the Mastercar pilot. Mastercar eventually crashes into the cavern/laboratory in the hills where it was built, burying everything in a huge landslide. Everyone is convinced that the pilot is dead along with the technicians who built Mastercar, but someone points out that those caves reach deep into the earth and it is possible that someone could have survived and gotten out another way...*