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**CARROT TOP IS:
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD**

BY

ALEX ZAMM

*Carrot Top is the
Chairman of the Board*

**FOURTH DRAFT
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FADE IN:

THE TRIMARK LOGO morphs into BABY EDISON'S (aka: baby Carrot Top's) smiling face with big curious eyes and STRAIGHT RED HAIR.

Baby Edison is in some dark enclosed space. He adds some white powder to a TEST TUBE filled with blue fluid. It starts to bubble.

ADULT EDISON (V.O.)

Hi. My name is Edison. My friends say I have a hyperactive imagination, but I swear, as far back as I can remember, I always wanted to become an inventor. Some kids want to be doctors when they grow up. Others want to be lawyers or pro baseball players. Not me. Being an inventor is just something I was born to do.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

That's it. Push! Push!

We are...

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY - CIRCA 1973

A very PREGNANT red-headed woman, EDISON'S MOTHER, is in the heat of labor. DOCTORS, NURSES, and EDISON'S DAD hover over her.

DOCTOR

That's it. You're doing fine. Keep pushing.

EDISON'S FATHER

You can do it, honey. Breathe. Breathe.

INT. EDISON'S MOTHER'S WOMB

Baby Edison gleefully pours the contents of the test tube into a liquid-filled beaker. POOOOM!!! There's an EXPLOSION.

FLASH FRAME TO:

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM

Baby Edison is shot out of the womb like a cannonball. Nurses duck out of the way. The smoke clears. Edison's parents and the medical staff stare in shock at a BABY-SHAPED HOLE in the wall.

A NURSE appears on the other side of the hole holding up baby Edison who now sports WILD FRIZZY HAIR (just like Carrot Top's).

NURSE

It's a boy!

ROLL CREDITS.

EXT. BEACH/BEACH HOUSE - DAY - THE PRESENT

VARIOUS SHOTS OF VENICE BEACH LIFE: surfers, sexy sunbathers, local characters, muscle-bound steroid-heads, skateboarders, etc.

EXT. BEACH/BEACH HOUSE - DAY

PANNING past the crashing ocean waves, the camera comes to rest on an old beach house painted bright colors. It definitely stands out next to the standard issue beach houses and condos.

A tiny, jerry-rigged, turquoise 1958 METROPOLITAN NASH is parked out front. If 007 went undercover as a clown this is the car he'd be driving. We hear a ROOSTER CROW.

INT. EDISON'S ROOM - DAY

We discover that the source of the rooster call is a plastic rooster attached to an ALARM CLOCK. It's noon.

A cluttered inventor's room. It's filled with gadgets, half-baked ideas and dreams. The walls are decorated with idea sketches, pictures of inventors including one of Q from the James Bond films. Panning down we come upon adult Edison sleeping.

A FEMALE HAND comes into frame and starts stroking Edison's face.

SEXY FEMALE VOICE

E-di-son. You were incredible last night.

Edison grumbles, pushes her hand away and tries to go back to sleep, but ANOTHER FEMALE HAND enters and massages his chest.

SEXY FEMALE VOICE #2

And my whole body is still tingling. You were an animal...a sexual tornado.

SEXY FEMALE VOICE #1 & #2

We want you. We can't get enough of you.

EDISON

(groggy)

C'mon, quit it. I need my beauty sleep. Why do I put myself through this every morning?

He brushes their hands away and reaches over and hits the SNOOZE ALARM BUTTON. We now see that the hands are in fact just rubber hands attached to a mechanical arm and the voice is just a RECORDING coming from a unique homemade alarm clock device. As Edison's head hits the pillow again...

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Warning. You have five seconds to get out of bed. Failure to do so will result in a code three wake up situation. Five...Four...

Edison ignores the countdown and at "zero" a single MARBLE drops out of the alarm clock. It rolls down a spiral ramp and drops onto a SWITCH, flicking it on. Suddenly, the bed springs forward, CATAPULTING Edison out of bed.

WALL POV: WHAM! He hits the wall face first. Splat! As he slides down the wall out of frame...

EDISON

...I'm up.

CREDIT SEQUENCE ENDS.

INT. BEACH HOUSE: BATHROOM - DAY

Edison takes a shower wearing a pair of over-sized glasses with windshield wipers and a homemade plastic HAIRDRYER-LIKE DOMED CONTRAPTION over his head with the words "Insta-wash" on it. Buttons on the wall labeled "Shampoo", "Rinse", "Cycle" and "Dry" control hoses that run out of the wall and into the helmet.

He pretends he's an astronaut talking to mission control, using a bath brush as a walkie talkie.

EDISON

(astronaut)

Mission Control. I'm going to open the pod bay doors.

(mission control)

Negative Commander. We have alien readings in your vicinity.

(astronaut)

That hideous space beast may have devoured six of my men, but it's no match for Captain Asteroid.

(mission control)

Don't do it! The alien is closing in.

Just then, the bathroom door opens and MS. KRUBAVITCH, the LAND-LADY, enters with a YOUNG YUPPIE COUPLE following close behind. Ms. Krubavitch is the sweetest-looking old lady you could imagine ...until she opens her mouth. Then she becomes a spawn of Satan.

Besides, chain-smoking, she speaks through an ELECTRONIC THROAT VIBRATOR she holds to her throat. Her voice is deep and raspy like an old trucker.

MS. KRUBAVITCH

This is yer bathroom. And this is yer shower.

She yanks open the shower door, startling Edison

Edison

Ahhhh!! The alien!!!

YUPPIE MAN

Maybe we should come back later.

MS. KRUBAVITCH

Don't worry, I'll have the place fumigated after this mutant's gone. The kitchen is this way.

As Ms. Krubavitch leads the shocked couple out, Edison yanks off the Insta-Wash helmet, leaps out of the tub and follows after them...NAKED.

EDISON

(trying to cover himself up)

Hey! Ms. Krubavitch! Wait! What's going on?

INT. BEACH HOUSE: LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

The living room is a cluttered but cool surfer's hangout pad; a veritable shrine to the surfing life, dominated by a dining room table made of a long board and a large Bob's Bigboy statue riding a board with a TV resting on one of Bob's hands.

MS. KRUBAVITCH

It's hard to believe this place was in better shape when it was a crack house.

She opens the refrigerator door and reels from the stench. The inside is like a jungle, covered with mold and hanging moss. A CAT, frozen solid, falls out. Thunk!

Edison enters, covering his crotch with a rubber duck.

EDISON

I think I have a right to know...

(re: the cat)

Wow! So Mr. Fluffy didn't run away.

Just then, Edison's THREE ROOMMATES (20's) enter carrying their surfboards: JIMBO is a big overgrown kid, hyper and hefty with a wisp of a goatee, a touk hat and a headbanger t-shirt. TY is black, intense and athletic with long bleached white dreadlocks; think the George Clinton of surfing. ZAK is a volunteer lifeguard and space cadet, always listening to a walkman.

JIMBO, TY & ZAK

Hey, what's up?

EDISON

Yeah, Ms. Krubavitch! What's going on?!

MS. KRUBAVITCH

You're being evicted, that's what, turd breath.

JIMBO

Evicted?! Why?

MS. KRUBAVITCH

Because you scum-sucking, salt water clogged, lard ass, dead beat, slack-aholics owe me three months back rent!

TY

Three months late?! That's totally impossible. It's been Edison's turn to pay the rent.

He points to a wheel of chance on the wall labeled, RENT-O-RAMA WHEEL. It has all four roommates names and photos on it. The way the wheel is divided up, 75% is Edison, with the remaining 25% split between the other roommates. The arrow points to Edison.

Something dawns on Jimbo...

JIMBO

Dude, please tell me you didn't spend the rent money on your gadgets again?

They look to Edison. He shrugs innocently. The guys groan.

EDISON

But I'm on the verge of a big, big, breakthrough. Check it out. A blow-dryer for bald guys.

Edison holds up his own homemade version of a **POWER BUFFER** and a jar of car wax. The guys groan.

EDISON (CONT'D)

I call it the Michael Jordan Jet Dryer. It's a sure-fire winner. The Pet Rock of the 90's.

JIMBO

That's what you said about the Handy Helper.

He picks up a **KETCHUP BOTTLE WITH A FAKE HAND ATTACHED**. When he shakes it, the hand slaps the bottom on the bottle, causing the ketchup to come out.

TY

And Glo-Wax for night surfing.

He holds up a jar of **GLOW IN THE DARK SURFBOARD WAX**, then flicks the light off to reveal that their surfboards glow. When the lights come back on:

EDISON

A personal favorite.

TY

Bro, we love 'em too, but the fact is,
we've still got boxes of your get rich
quick schemes collecting big time dust in
the basement.

Ms. Krubavitch grabs Edison by the hair and draws him nose to
nose with her.

MS. Krubavitch

My money! Now, clown boy!

YUPPIE MAN

(slinking off)

I think we'll wait outside.

EDISON

(sucking up big time)

Ms. Krubavitch, because we go back such a
long time and have such a warm personal
relationship...May I call you mom?...I'm
gonna level with you. We're experiencing
a little negative cash flow situation
right now. Kind of a personal recession.
But if you give us a few weeks--

She shoves him.

MS. KRUBAVITCH

A few weeks?! Forget it! You moronic, twit-
brained, freeloaders can't afford this
place. You can't even afford clothes.

Reminded he's naked, Edison grabs a nearby towel to cover himself.

MS. KRUBAVITCH (CONT'D))

If I don't get my money by the end of the
week, I'll have your skanky, dingleberry
ridden asses tossed outta here! You got me?!

She holds her cancer kazoo to his throat. His answer comes out
of it.

EDISON

Yes, sir.

She blows smoke in his face and storms off.

ZAK

Whoa. Intense.

JIMBO

Yeah, she sure knows a lot of adjectives.

EDISON

(re: the bald blow dryer)

Trust me guys, this thing is a total money magnet. It took months and months, but I finally got a meeting at The Sharpest Image company. And I'm telling you, they're gonna go gonzo for my ideas.

The guys sigh. They've heard this one too many times. Zak, standing by the window, notices something.

ZAK

Hey Edison! Someone's trying to rip off your car again.

EDISON

Don't sweat it. I've got The Clubfoot on.

INT./EXT. EDISON'S CAR - DAY

A THIEF pries ~~The Clubfoot~~ off the steering wheel with a crowbar. It looks like The Club anti-theft device. But removing it releases an ILLUMINATED BUTTON on the steering wheel. He watches curiously as the button light flashes and three short beeps sound.

Then suddenly...CRUUUNNCH!! The foot-shaped gas pedal springs up and rams right into the thief's nuts. His eyes cross and he falls out of frame. Thud!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Edison exits, gadget-stuffed knapsack in hand. He is followed by Jimbo and Zak who are headed to the beach with their surfboards.

JIMBO

Good luck, Edison

ZAK

Kick ass, dude.

EDISON

Thanks guys.

Ty comes running out of the house with his surf gear. Trailing behind his surfboard is a bloody slab of beef (shark bait) tied to a long chord.

TY

Hey, wait for me!

ZAK

Watch out, dude. You've got a pot roast following you.

TY

I know. I'm trying out something new. Extreme surfing. Check it out. Shredding tubes. Dodging sharks. Edison isn't the only inventor around here.

He runs off toward the beach like a giddy idiot.

TY

Dan Cortese eat your heart out.

EDISON

He needs help.

Edison walks over to his Nash, steps over the still passed out Thief lying on the ground and hops in the car

Edison hits a button and the roof folds back into convertible mode. He dons a pair of old fashioned AVIATOR GOGGLES with attached leather cap.

The car needs no ignition key. Edison pulls down a LEVER on the steering column like it's a ONE ARM BANDIT. It is...

The odometer spins. The car engine starts to turn over, but stops...he's gotten THREE LEMONS. He tries again. This time he gets two lemons and a spark plug. The third try's a charm - THREE SPARK PLUGS. The car roars to life. As he zooms off we see that the license plate reads, "BRAIN BOY".

EST. SHOT: THE SHARPEST IMAGE HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

EDISON (V.O.)

So whattya think? It's a blow dryer for bald guys. I call it the Michael Jordan Jet Dryer.

INT. THE SHARPEST IMAGE COMPANY CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

MR. WITHERMEYER (50), a bald-headed, stone-faced man, sits uncomfortably as Edison demonstrates a homemade power buffer on his head. It kneads his forehead and eyebrows and leaves what little hair he has left looking totally disheveled.

MR. WITHERMEYER

Next!

EDISON

No prob. I know you're gonna love this one.

Edison picks up a BASEBALL BAT with a FAKE HAND attached to the base. He stands in batting position with the fake hand grabbing his nuts.

EDISON (CONT'D))

It's for pro-baseball players so they can still grab their nuts while playing.

(off Withermeyer's look)

No, huh? I could definitely see that:

"No!" look in your face.

MR. WITHERMEYER

Next!

EDISON

Okay, then how about this one?

MR. WITHERMEYER

No. I mean next, as in get out!

EDISON

But I've still got plenty more stuff.

MR. WITHERMEYER

Have I shown the slightest bit of interest in a single one of your ideas?

EDISON

No. But I just thought you were playing hard to get.

MR. WITHERMEYER

(holds up the catalogue)

Look, we take a piece of shit from K-Mart, put a black matte finish on it and charge a ridiculous price for it. And the fact is, you're just not Sharpest Image material. We cater to the family man, the business traveler... the normal, earth dwelling human being. And frankly, your inventions stink. Have a nice day...elsewhere.

EDISON

But I've been saving the best for last. Just one more, then I'll go.

Edison slips on a hat with a ~~BUG ZAPPER LAMP~~ on top. It sparks.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Check it out. The Bug Zapper hat. With this baby, no more pesky insects ruining your family picnic. Let me demonstrate.

He opens up a large Tupperware container and releases a swarm of FLYING INSECTS. While Edison moves his head about, trying to zap the bugs, they descend on Withermeyer who hightails it out of the room, screaming. Edison calls after him...

EDISON
So do we have a deal?

INT. EDISON'S CAR - DAY

Ty and Edison count a handful of crumpled bills.

TY
Well, we've got one hundred forty five
and thirty seven cents. This bites

EDISON
Well, we're not homeless yet. Zak's gotta
have some money. He's the only one of us
who actually has a job.

Jimbo appears at the window. We realize we are...

EXT. WENDY'S RESTAURANT: PARKING LOT - DAY

JIMBO
No dice. Zak's boss won't even let him
take a break.

TY
What a hard ass.

EDISON
Let me handle this.

TY
How?

Edison exits the car. He turns back before heading towards the
fast food restaurant.

EDISON
(cocky)
I've got a little pull.

INT. WENDY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

LOW ANGLE WESTERN-STYLE SHOT: The front doors swing open and
a pair of sneakers enter.

A LITTLE GIRL looks at a poster of the WENDY'S GIRL, then to
the off-screen figure and then back to the poster.

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy, it's her! It's Wendy!

Edison, with his hair now in pig-tails and his shirt out has
TRANSFORMED INTO THE WENDY'S GIRL. Amazed customers look up.

EDISON

Surprise! How you all doing today?!

The MANAGER, MR. MCKIBLE, looks up and his jaw drops. He snaps to attention and salutes.

IN THE KITCHEN: Zak does a double take at the sight of Edison. He ducks behind the counter, trying to hide.

ZAK

(low)

Oh, crap. I'm gonna get canned.

CO-WORKER

(in awe)

Wow. I worked four years at McDonald's.
Never once saw the Hamburgler.

Mr. McKible rushes up to Edison who is already busy doing a finger dust test on the tables.

MR. MCKIBLE

This is quite unexpected. The corporate office never called me about this.

EDISON

Of course not. Then it wouldn't be a surprise inspection.

MR. MCKIBLE

(whispering)

To be honest, I just thought you were a corporate logo, not actually a person.

EDISON

You doubt my existence you puny little worm?! Could a corporate logo do this?

He snaps McKible's suspenders.

MR. MCKIBLE

No, no. Of course not. I'm a believer!

EDISON

Then let the inspection begin!

INT. WENDY'S RESTAURANT - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The customers and workers watch with great anticipation as Edison takes a bite of a BURGER. He savors it like a fine wine connoisseur. Mr. McKible watches nervously.

EDISON

Mmmmmmm. Robust. Juicy. The sesame seed bun delicately balancing the flavorful hickory seasoning.

Pinky raised, He takes a sip of a FROSTY and sloshes it around his mouth.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Refreshingly cold but no brain freeze. Rich. Tasty. Nice balance of chocolate syrup to milk.

He eats a FRENCH FRY. After savoring it for a few moments...

EDISON (CONT'D)

Who made these?!!!

MR. MCKIBLE

What's wrong?

EDISON

Bring him here immediately!

MR. MCKIBLE

Zak! Get out here.

Zak reluctantly emerges from the back, expecting to get canned.

MR. MCKIBLE

Zak here is our junior assistant fry chef. He made them. Should I fire him or would you like the honor, Wendy?

EDISON

(gesturing with a french fry)
These!...are the best fries I have ever eaten in my entire life! If french fries were hooters, these would be Pamela Anderson.

McKible is shocked.

ZAK

Uh, thanks...Wendy.

EDISON

No, no. Thank you. There should be a statue erected in your honor outside of every Wendy's restaurant.

(to Mr. McKible)

Shame on you, keeping this man a secret. I want him promoted right away.

MR. MCKIBLE

Yes, I was planning on it.

EDISON

Kneel Sir Zak, maker of the tasty taters.

Edison wields a french fry like a sword and knights Zak.

EDISON (CONT'D)

From this day forward, you will no longer be known as junior assistant fry chef. Henceforth, you shall be called junior executive assistant fry chef, emeritus.

ZAK

Cool.

EDISON

And as a special bonus, you shall be given the rest of the day off. Now we must celebrate. McKible, get these good people some free Frosty's. And keep up the good work.

Customers hooray and charge over McKible who looks flabbergasted. Edison grabs a few hamburgers as he and Zak head for the door.

EDISON

(to the manager re: all the food he has)
I'll be taking these for further testing.

EXT. WENDY'S RESTAURANT - LATER

Ty and Jimbo look amused as Edison emerges with Zak, sent off with cheers and armfuls of free food. Edison signs autographs. To Edison's shock, a MALE WORKER slips him his phone number.

CO-WORKER

Call me.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Ty finishes counting their money, then gestures to Zak.

TY

And with moneybag over here's contribution--

ZAK

(re: his walkman)
Hey, I'm a slave to batteries.

TY (CONT'D)

...we've now got a whopping \$165.37.

JIMBO

We're going to lose the sacred beach pad.
What're we going to do?!

EDISON

Don't worry you guys. I got us into this mess, I'm going to get us out of it. I have some hot new invention ideas and--

The guys groan. They've heard this one too many times.

TY

No way, man. This is the bottom of the ninth. Drastic measures are called for.You need to get a job.

EDISON

A job?!

TY, ZAK AND JIMBO

A job!

EDISON

That's harsh.

CUT TO:

INT. TROJAN CONDOM FACTORY: HALLWAY - DAY

A SIGN on a door reads: TROJAN CONDOMS. PRODUCT INSPECTION DEPT."
The BOSS enters and shuts the door.

BOSS (O.S.)

What do you think you're doing?!

INT. TROJAN PRODUCT INSPECTION ROOM

Edison and a YOUNG WOMAN, peer up from behind a desk. They're naked.

EDISON

Testing the product, sir. The new french tickler is a real winner.

He give the thumbs up.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN

Hi, daddy.

Edison winces. He knows he's canned.

INT. CAR TESTING FACILITY - DAY

A LAB TECHNICIAN with a clipboard peers through the window at Edison, sitting in the driver's seat.

LAB TECHNICIAN

You're job is to relax

EDISON

Relax? I thought my job was to help test drive the cars. I don't understand.

LAB TECHNICIAN

You'll see. Here, wear this. It's company policy.

He slips a CRASH TEST DUMMY MASK over Edison's head.

LAB TECHNICIAN

(to other Technicians)

Okay! Let 'er rip.

They hit a button and suddenly Edison's car rockets off towards a wall about 50 feet away. We hear an OFF-SCREEN CRASH. Moments later, Edison reemerges, dizzy and disheveled.

EDISON

I'm not cut out for these entry level positions.

INT. THEATER - DAY

BACKSTAGE: a SIGN announces: "AUDITIONS FOR ANNIE." Next to it is a line of LITTLE REDHEADED GIRLS. Tracking past a row of little girls' legs we come upon a pair of adult male legs.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Next!

ON STAGE: As the PIANO PLAYER starts playing "Tomorrow", Edison waltzes out on stage singing. His voice is awful. He barely gets out a few bars before...

DIRECTOR

Next!

EXT./INT. METROPOLITAN: DRIVING - DAY

Some sad COUNTRY SONG plays on the car radio as Edison cruises down the road scanning the "Help Wanted" ads again. Up ahead, he spots an OLD BUICK along the side of the road with steam pouring out from under the hood. He pulls over.

EDISON

Need a hand?

ARMAND MCMILLAN (mid-late 60's), an eccentric-looking man, with a ZZ TOP-length beard, wire rim glasses, and rumpled clothes (think Howard Hughes), peers out from behind the hood.

ARMAND

Thanks. She's gone temperamental on me.

Edison gets out and joins him.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

I'm pretty handy, but when it comes to cars, I'm a certified nincompoop. The two greatest mysteries in life, car repair and women.

EDISON

And Cheez Whiz. Trust me, four years of chemistry and not a clue. Let me have a look.

He pokes around the engine.

EDISON (CONT'D)

I think I see the problem. I'll get my tools.

Edison pops the trunk on his car and digs around. Armand watches, amazed at all the JUNK Edison pulls out of the impossibly tiny space. Finally he finds his TOOLS.

EDISON

This shouldn't take long. But in the meantime why don't you take a load off.

He sits Armand down in the passenger seat of the Metropolitan. Just then, Armand's watch alarm goes off. He pulls out a Pez dispenser with a doctor's face on top.

ARMAND

Damn pills. The doctor's got me taking so many of them I sound like a rattle whenever I walk.

EDISON

I've got just the thing to wash 'em down with.

Edison lifts a lid, revealing an ~~ON-DASH JUICER~~. Edison shoves a few carrots in and makes Armand a glass of fresh carrot juice. He garnishes it with a little paper umbrella.

Edison turns on the radio.

EDISON

Catch some tunes. Relax.

He then drops a quarter into a slot on the dashboard. Armand's seat starts VIBRATING.

ARMAND

Magic Fingers?! Ingenious! You've certainly rigged this thing up with all the amenities. Thanks for your help. I'm Armand McMillan.

EDISON

Edison.

Edison JACKS-UP the Buick and slides underneath. His hand pushes the hood open from inside. Then his leg appears out from under one end of the car and his other leg from the other end. God knows what's going on under there.

ARMAND

What do you do, Edison?

EDISON (O.S.)

I'm unemployed. Great hours. But the pay sucks.

ARMAND

You're sure I can't give you a hand?

EDISON (O.S.)

No, no. Got everything under control.

Edison's leg accidentally kicks the jack. It COLLAPSES and the car falls on him. As Edison struggles underneath, Armand philosophizes, obliviously.

ARMAND

As far as work goes, I think the key is to never take work so seriously that it gets in the way of having fun. And to never take fun so seriously that it gets in the way of work. Unless of course you're schizophrenic and then it's possible to do both. Well anyway, the trick is finding some kind of balance. Do you know what I mean?

Edison replies with MUFFLED CRIES for help. Armand mistakes it for a "yes."

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Exactly.

EXT. ROADSIDE - A LITTLE LATER.

Edison closes the car hood. He looks a little disheveled.

ARMAND

You're sure you're okay?

EDISON

(high pitched voice)

Yeah, I think my testicles have finally dropped back into place.

(coughs, gets his voice
back to normal)

Well, there you go. Good as new.

Armand
Thanks. I sure appreciate it.

Armand takes out his wallet, but Edison stops him.

EDISON
No, that's not necessary.

ARMAND
You're a true gentleman.

He offers his hand and they shake.

ARMAND (CONT'D)
Thanks to you, I'll still be able to
shred some waves before sunset.

EDISON
(his face lights up)
You surf?!

EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

Waves arch and cascade with a resounding roar. Armand and Edison (wearing a colorful wet suit) surf away, silhouetted against the sun.

EDISON
(humming theme some from HAWAII FIVE-O)
Da na na na na na! Da na na na na!

ARMAND
What are those?

EDISON
Training boards. For the wave-challenged.
I'm still a beginner.

We now see that Edison's surfboard has two ~~WING-SURFBOARDS~~ attached to the sides like training wheels. Armand is impressed.

ARMAND
Get ready, here comes a grinder.

They both paddle after a big wave. As they're riding it in, Edison sees that he's heading straight towards some rocks.

EDISON
Uh-oh!

He grabs a handle on the side of his board labeled: ~~EMERGENCY BRAKE~~. The board stops on a dime, but Edison is CATAPULTED out of frame. From OFF-SCREEN, we hear a thud. Armand winces.

ARMAND
That had to hurt.

EXT. THE BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

Edison and Armand sit on some rocks, watching the sunset.

EDISON
Armand, you were radical out there.

ARMAND
Thanks. I've had a few centuries to practice.

Edison opens up his knapsack and pulls out a soda for each of them. A NOTEBOOK labeled, "BRIGHT IDEAS" falls out.

ARMAND
What's that?

EDISON
Oh, just some of my dumb inventions.

ARMAND
May I see?

EDISON
Suit yourself.

Armand flips through the pages of notes and drawings.

ARMAND
You've got a good head on your shoulders.

EDISON
...Whatever. I just think it would be radical to create something people everywhere on the planet need. You know, like the can opener or the toothbrush or the Weed Whacker or edible underwear. Unfortunately, everyone thinks my ideas stink.

ARMAND
Don't be so hard on yourself. Maybe the world just needs time to catch up with your ideas.

EDISON
Give or take a few thousand years.

Armand unfolds a crudely drawn schematic for one of Edison's inventions. We don't get to see the drawing; only Armand's reaction to it.

ARMAND
Well, I think this idea is great.

EDISON
You're holding it upside down.

ARMAND
Sorry.

EDISON
I've been working on that one forever. I doubt I'll ever crack it.

ARMAND
(re: the drawing)
Maybe if you connected these wires over here instead and then moved this structural support here it might solve some of your problems.

EDISON
(after mulling it over)
Good idea. Armand, you are one cool guy.

ARMAND
Just keep at it. One day you'll invent your version of the light bulb.

They look up in time to share the sun disappear below the horizon.

INT. BEACH HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pan from Ty's surfboard, now with a few big SHARK BITES taken out it to Ty, Zak and Jimbo watching "Baywatch". ON TV: PAMELA ANDERSON drags a rescued swimmer to shore and administers CPR.

JIMBO
I just love Babewatch. Check out that sexy babe-o-matic bathing suit.

TY
Check out that succulent shape!

ZAK
(mimicking Pamela's CPR technique)
Check out that technique! Pamela Anderson's really got her cardio-pulmonary resuscitation techniques down. Go Pam! Rescue that dude!

The door opens and Edison enters wearing a mangy, ketchup stained CHICKEN COSTUME with a little hat on top advertising, the "Chirpin' Chicken" restaurant.

JIMBO
Man! You look like road kill.

EDISON

I got fired.

TY

Again? What did you do this time?

EDISON

Nothing. I accidentally knocked over a soda and the boss started chewing me out in front of everybody. Well, there's only so much I'm willing to take. So I... pecked him.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CHRIPIN' CHICKEN" RESTAURANT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Recreated in pantomime, without sound, we see EDISON'S BOSS balling Edison out. Edison pecks him in the eye.

EDISON'S POV: The BOSS throws a punch at the camera.

Edison's bird head snaps back from the punch. He quickly recover and swings, sending the boss flying.

EDISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Things got pretty ugly after that. He threw a punch. Then I threw a wing. Soon there were legs and breasts everywhere.

PATRONS cheer and start betting. A MEXICAN MAN off to the side, holds a CHAMPION COCK eager to battle the winner.

INT. BEACH HOUSE DAY

EDISON (CONT'D)

It wasn't pretty.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. Edison opens it. The landlord, MS. KRUBAVITCH enters.

EDISON

(overly cheerful)

Hi, Ms. Krubavitch. You look wonderful today. Did you change embalming fluids?

MS. KRUBAVITCH

And you look like the loser of a Mexican cock fight. My money! Fork it over.

EDISON

Well, uh...you see, we don't--

MS. KRUBAVITCH

Save it!

She sticks an EVICTION NOTICE on his beak and marches out. Ty pulls it off. Edison takes off the chicken head.

TY
(reading the notice)
Great. We have to be out by the end of the month. Now we're totally screwed.

There's another KNOCK at the door. The guys freeze.

EDISON
Hide! It's her again.

MESSENGER (O.S.)
Telegram.

The guys breathe a sigh of relief and answer the door.

MESSENGER
Which one of you is Edison?

TY
That would be Big Bird.

The messenger hands Edison the telegram and waits for a tip.

EDISON
Sorry, chickens have no pockets.

As Edison reads it, his face saddens.

JIMBO
What?

EDISON
(in shock)
I can't believe it.

INT. FUNERAL HOME: SERVICE CHAPEL - DAY

Organ music plays and floral arrangements surround a portrait of Armand. Somber GUESTS listen to the service.

REVEREND HATLEY
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to pay our respects to the memory of a great man, a great man struck down in the prime of his life by an illness he fought so long. That man is Armand Maybank McMillan, humanitarian and friend to all.

Standing in back is BRADFORD McMILLAN (30's). He's Armand's nephew and a slick, spoiled, weasel. Bored, he checks his watch, then makes a jerking-off motion with his hand.

BRADFORD

Yeah, yeah. The guy was a saint. His shit smelled like cotton candy. Lets get on with it people.

NATALIE STOCKWELL (20's), beautiful and intelligent REDHEAD, comes up to Bradford. She wears a neatly tailored suit and carries herself off as tougher and more business-like than she'd probably like to have to in the corporate world

NATALIE

Bradford, I'm so sorry about your uncle.
You must be in such pain.

Bradford makes a sad face, pretending to be distraught. Natalie goes TEARY and gives him an embrace. Bradford enjoys the moment. Clearly, he has the hots for her.

NATALIE

I'm here for you.

She heads to her seat. Bradford keeps his eyes on her ass and likes what he sees.

BRADFORD

(to himself)

I love a woman in mourning.

Just then, an oily corporate raider by the name of HENRY KOSIK sidles up to Bradford, snapping him out of his lewd daydream.

KOSIK

Bradford. My condolences.

BRADFORD

Kosik, the body's still warm and you're already salivating.

KOSIK

Can't I pay my last respects?

BRADFORD

You and your team of vultures don't circle overhead unless you want something.

KOSIK

Just to bury the hatchet. I think it's a pity that McMillan Industries and Trans-Global have never gotten along.

BRADFORD

Being a takeover target has never been high on our priority list.

KOSIK

Maybe that's because, in the past the offering price wasn't high enough.

This gets Bradford's attention.

BRADFORD

Go on.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

TWO WORKERS push a coffin on wheels towards a hearse. As Edison's car screeches up to the entrance, they scurry out of the way. The coffin rolls down the street and the workers chase after it. We hear cars crashing.

As Edison races up the steps, he puts on a clip-on tie that hardly goes with the rest of his mismatched outfit.

INT. FUNERAL HOME: SERVICE CHAPEL

Bradford and Kosik continue whispering as the service goes on.

KOSIK

I'm willing to make the shareholders a generous offer of \$65 a share, plus a little five million dollar bonus to you as an incentive for helping to...facilitate things. Play your cards right, and you stand to walk away with a cool 30 million.

BRADFORD

With the 6% share I already own, plus my uncle's 45%, I won't have a problem forcing-- I mean "convincing" the board to sell.

He extends his hand and they shake.

KOSIK

Congratulations. Of course, all this is predicated on your uncle actually leaving you his stock.

BRADFORD

Hey, I'm his only living relative. It's a done deal.

Bradford smiles, smugly.

REVEREND HATLEY

Armand McMillan's memory will forever be kept alive by this eternal flame.

Just then, Edison charges in. Everyone looks up over at him.

EDISON

Sorry I'm late.

Edison notices Natalie. Her red hair makes her stand out in the crowd. Time seems slow down as he is immediately smitten. But, he doesn't look where he's going and accidentally knocks over a floral display. The water EXTINGUISHES the eternal flame. Natalie cringes.

REVEREND HATLEY

The eternal flame!

EDISON

Oops! Don't worry, I'll fix it.

Edison finds the GAS VALVE and cranks it all the way up. Then he grabs a nearby candle and re-lights the eternal flame. POOOOM! A HUGE FLAME shoots up. Mourners shriek. Edison grabs a big FLORAL ARRANGEMENT and uses it to swat out the fire, in the process knocking over vases and the speaker's podium.

BRADFORD

Who is that idiot?!

EDISON

Relax. I have everything under control.

But the flame sets off the SPRINKLER SYSTEM, spraying everyone with water. Bradford is fuming.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

SMALL PUDDLES OF WATER collect on the floor from the still sopping wet clothes of an annoyed-looking Bradford, Edison and a small group of mourners. One WOMAN, on the verge of a cold, sneezes continually.

The mourners pass the urn containing ARMAND'S ASHES to one another. Bradford passes it to Edison without even looking at it.

EDISON

(low)

What is it?

BRADFORD

Armand's ashes.

Edison makes a face, lifts the lid and looks inside.

EDISON

Armand? Is that you? Sorry I couldn't make the good-bye BBQ.

He turns to the SNEEZING WOMAN with the open urn.

EDISON
Wanna say something?

The Woman sneezes, blowing the ashes all over herself. Across the room, the LAWYER sighs, watching Edison apologize and attempt to refill the urn. He even empties ash trays to fill it back up..

LAWYER
(rises)
Let's begin then shall we?

BRADFORD
It's about time.

The Lawyer takes a LETTER OPENER from a collection of decorative letter openers on his desk and opens up an envelope containing a VIDEO CASSETTE

Everyone focuses their attention on a TELEVISION SET as the LAWYER slips the video into a VCR and presses the "play" button.

ON TELEVISION: Brassy MUSIC plays as CREDITS flash on screen: "VID-WILL STUDIO PRESENTS...ARMAND MCMILLAN IN...HIS VERY OWN LIVING WILL. Armand appears on television. He's in bed.

ARMAND (ON TV)
Hello everyone. If you're watching this right now, I've probably kicked the bucket. Therefore, I, Armand McMillan, being of sound mind and one hell of a body for a man my age, do hereby bequeath the following... To Chadworth and Hildegard, my faithful butler and maid, I leave you each \$150,000 and my sincere thanks.

A pretty, smiling, GAME SHOW HOSTESS-TYPE, standing next to Armand's bed, reveals a CARD showing a huge stack of cash. The Butler and Maid look thrilled. Edison turns to them.

EDISON
Majorly generous! Looking at Armand, you would never know he had that kind of money. He was definitely sporting a downwardly mobile fashion statement.

ARMAND (on TV)
To my favorite charity, Surf The Earth, I leave my house and it's entire contents, including my cars and collection of vintage 1950's hubcaps.

The Game Show Hostess reveals a card showing the house, car and hubcaps. The members of the charity organization look thrilled. Edison gives them the thumbs up.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

And to my nephew, Bradford McMillan, who has tirelessly worked day in and day out for the past year managing my company; it gives me great pleasure in leaving him my most treasured possession....my surfboard.

The Game Show Hostess reveals a card showing the surfboard.

BRADFORD

What?!?!?

EDISON

Congrats! It's a rad board.

BRADFORD

A Surfboard?!?! That's it?!

ARMAND (on TV)

Look to the board for all the answers.

BRADFORD

Screw that! What about the stock?! Rewind that tape!

ARMAND (on TV)

As for the rest of my estate...I leave my entire stock holdings, 45% of McMillan Industries...with the proviso that it can't be sold for a period of five years. And the position of C.O.T.B. to my new friend, Edison.

EDISON

(jumps up like a game show contestant)
Alright! I'm the new C.O.T.B.! I'm the new C.O.T.B.! (whispers) What's a C.O.T.B.?

LAWYER

Chairman of the Board.

EDISON

Cool!

BRADFORD

Him?!?! He left Twenty-three million dollars worth of stock to that?!?!?

EDISON

WHOOOOAAAAAAA!!!! Twenty-three million?!?!
That's a lot of Snapples.

BRADFORD

I challenge the will!

LAWYER

On what grounds?

BRADFORD

That I got the shaft!!

LAWYER

I'm sorry. A living will is legally binding.

BRADFORD

But I'm the one who's been running the company for three years. I'm the one who brought the stock up from 56 to...57 and a quarter. What the hell is he qualified for?!

He looks over to Edison, now playing with the Lawyer's antique letter openers. He has one in each hand and play swordfights, ad-libbing different voices as he plays.

EDISON

Take that, Sir Lancelot....You're no match for me, Malagant.

ARMAND (on TV)

Good luck, Edison. I know you'll do a fine job. Okay, take it away girls!

Enraged, Bradford storms out.

SINGING ANGELS descend from cables and Armand's bed sprouts big white feathered WINGS. As the Angels sing the theme song from "The Jeffersons", the bed rises up into the air and out of frame with Armand waving all the while.

ANGELS (on TV)

(singing)

Moving On Up...to the east side...
to that deluxe apartment in the sky...

EDISON

Cool!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys are celebrating. Jimbo shakes his beer and sprays it.

JIMBO

Whoooo!!! Here's to you, money man! I can't think of a better bro for it to happen to.

TY

Hey dude, we got you a little something. Maybe it'll inspire you.

They present him with a ~~MUG SHAPED LIKE A LIGHT BULB~~ with "IDEA MAN" written on it. Edison pours beer into it

EDISON

Killer! Thanks guys, it's great. Here's to my buds, to living the good life, and to paying the rent.

They toast, then start squirting each other with beer.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Edison drives past the McMillan Industries gate and pulls up alongside a row of Mercedes, Jaguars and Porsches. His tiny Metropolitan looks ridiculously out of place.

As he locks The Clubfoot onto the steering wheel, HAJI, the INDIAN GUARD runs up. He has a thick accent.

HAJI

No-no-no. Messengers cannot park here.

EDISON

But I work here.

HAJI

Still, you must park elsewhere. This is a holy parking spot. It belonged to the late Armand McMillan.

EDISON

I'm kinda taking over his job. I'm Edison.

HAJI

You are the new boss?! I'm so sorry. A curse upon my household for having insulted you. Do you wish to put can up my ass now or later?

EDISON

It's "can your ass", and no I don't want to.

HAJI

(saluting)

Thank you very much. Haji Kibaji at your service. Welcome to your new company.

He opens the door for Edison. He gets out, briefcase in hand, and takes in the Fortune 500 mega-structure that now belongs to him.

EDISON

You mean all this is mine?

HAJI

Yes, Mr. Edison.

Edison soaks in his new found wealth. Then, in a burst of unbridled enthusiasm, he spins around a few times and tosses his briefcase into the air, a la Mary Tyler Moore. We follow the briefcase in SLOW MOTION as it plummets down towards a car.

Haji makes a diving leap, but misses, and the briefcase comes down hard on the HOOD ORNAMENT of a shiny new, emerald green JAGUAR convertible and snaps it off. Whoops.

As Edison bends down to pick it up he sees that the Jag's parking space is labeled, "RESERVED FOR BRADFORD MCMILLAN". Edison tries to reattach it without success.

EDISON
You think he'll notice?

HAJI
Only if he looks directly at it.

INT. BRADFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Bradford's COMPUTER SCREEN. Kosik appears on screen via COMPUTER TELE-CONFRENCING. He rotates a pair of metal exer-balls in his hand. The TRANS-GLOBAL company logo hangs prominently behind him.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)
Correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought you said this inheritance was a sure thing.

NEW ANGLE: Golf club in hand, Bradford lines up a shot.

BRADFORD
I was up all night with my lawyers. We turned the will inside out.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)
And?

BRADFORD
Good news. We found a small proviso in the fine print of the will. It seems my uncle stipulated that if the stock ever drops below \$20 a share, then Edison forfeits his stock and it all goes to...moi.

Bradford swings. The golf ball drives a hole through a smiling PORTRAIT OF ARMAND.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Wearing his briefcase strapped onto his back like a knapsack, Edison scans the building directory. He spots an elevator with a few SUITS inside and boards it. Syrupy Muzak plays.

Just then, the elevator doors open and a SHORT, HAIRY, HEAVYSET MAN dressed as a CUPID for one of those Cupid-Gram companies gets on. He holds a heart shaped box of chocolates in one hand and a bow and arrow in the other. Surprised, Edison and Natalie look at one another.

CUPID

Hey, any of you's know accounting is?
I've gotta deliver this singing apology.

NATALIE

Accounting is on the twentieth floor.

EDISON

You mind if I check out the bow and arrow?

CUPID

Be my guest.

Edison pulls back the arrow in the bow and strikes a pose.

EDISON

How do I look?
(singing to the tune of Mighty Mouse)
Robin Hood to save the day!

NATALIE

(low)

Great. I'm stuck between cupid and stupid.

Suddenly, the arrow flies by accident. Everyone ducks as it ricochets off the metal elevator walls and finally pierces Natalie's expensive briefcase. Cupid snatches his weapon back.

NATALIE

You idiot! You could've killed someone!
Look what you've done to my briefcase.

She tries to pull the arrow out but it's stuck.

EDISON

I'm really sorry. Let me help you.

NATALIE

You want to help me? Just go away.

The elevator doors open and Natalie, Cupid and the frazzled passengers hurry off. Edison steps off the elevator into...

INT. TWENTIETH FLOOR LOBBY

Still smitten, he watches Natalie march off down the hall with the arrow still stuck in her briefcase. He stops a passing WORKER.

EDISON

Excuse me. Which way is the boardroom?

INT. BOARDROOM

The BOARD MEMBERS, ten elderly stuffy types, sit at a long table; all eyes fixed on an ELECTRONIC STOCK CHART on the wall. McMillan stock is steadily sliding. They look morose. The only sound in the icy room is the stock dropping.

Just then, the door opens and Edison enters. Everyone turns.

EDISON

Hey, how's it hanging?!

Utter silence. Then, FREEMONT, the senior board member, barks.

FREEMONT

Coffee. Black. With sugar.

Edison is barraged as the other Board Members join in. He desperately tries to write down their orders.

BOARD MEMBERS

Get me a decaf with cream....Black, no sugar and a bear claw...I want a jelly donut and a latte...Double espresso...

INT. COMPANY KITCHENETTE

Edison makes a mess as he frantically fills all their orders.

INT. BOARDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Edison distributes everyone's food and beverages.

EDISON

And for you a triple espresso. Who ordered the iced mocha mint latte? Here you go.

Edison stirs it with his finger before handing it to Freemont.

FREEMONT

(annoyed)

You're a new intern, aren't you?

EDISON

Actually, I inherited the company.

FREEMONT

You're Edison?!?!

EDISON

In the freckled flesh.

All the Board Members spit out their coffee in shock. They begin apologizing, offering him a seat, coffee, etc.

EDISON

You guys must be the Board of Directors.
Hey, since we're going to be working together, now's probably a good time for us to get to know one another. Do the old male bonding thing.

Edison takes off his briefcase knapsack and clicks open the locks. We don't see what's inside, but the Board Members look to each other, concerned.

INT. KOSIK'S OFFICE

Kosik sits at his desk, preparing to throw a DART.

KOSIK

Bradford, I don't have time to wait for the stock to drop 30 points. There are plenty of other companies I could be 'focusing' my energies on.

Kosik throws the dart. It sinks into a dart board labeled, "TAKEOVER TARGETS" and covered with various company logos.

INT. MCMILLAN HALLWAY

Bradford talks on a portable phone as he marches down the hall like Darth Vader. WORKERS scurry out of the way.

BRADFORD

Trust me. The kid knows zilch about running a company. The stock will nose-dive below \$20 a share in no time.

KOSIK (V.O.)

I hope you're right.

BRADFORD

He's meeting with the Board of Directors as we speak. They'll chew him to bits and spit him out before the meeting even begins.

INT. BOARDROOM

The doors swing open as Bradford enters. His smug expression drops at the sight of the formerly stuffy Board Members engaged in a wild game of ~~TWISTER~~; knotted together in ridiculous poses.

EDISON

Right hand yellow! Left foot green! Whoops!

They collapse into a heap on the Twister board, LAUGHING.

INT. HALLWAY/BOARDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Board Members file out, warmly patting Edison on the back.

EDGEWATER

Haven't had this much fun since Armand was running the show. You've got his spunk.

LANDERS

My back pains are gone! Thanks Edison.

EDISON

That's great, Freddie.

FREEMONT

And I'm sporting my first woody since the Carter Administration. Thank you, Edison.

(winks to female board member)

And thank you, Miss Henderson.

She blushes. Bradford approaches Edison, smiling phonily.

BRADFORD

I just wanted to say congratulations.

EDISON

Correct me if I'm wrong, but don't you hate my guts?

BRADFORD

(lying through his teeth)

Of course not. Don't be silly. The good of the company; that's what matters most to me. I want you to know that you can count on me to help you in any way I can.

EDISON

That's great. Because, I don't know if it's obvious or not, (whispering) but I've never actually run a major corporation before.

BRADFORD

(feigning surprise)

No! Really? Well, welcome to the wonderful world of business. Allow me to give you a tour.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Bradford leads Edison across the well-groomed company grounds.

BRADFORD

You'll be responsible for a lot. McMillan is a diversified company. We make every-thing from Note Stickies and Ache Away to Freezer-Loc Baggies and the Thigh-Dominator.

EDISON

Cool! Those Thigh-Dominator commercials give me a major stiffie.

BRADFORD

Thank you for sharing.

INT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - DAY

Bradford leads Edison through a maze of sparking and whirring machines. Bradford wears a PROTECTIVE HELMET AND GOGGLES. Edison doesn't.

BRADFORD

We have eight manufacturing plants. This one is where we make Note Stickies.

Edison narrowly dodges swinging robotic arms, hot steam jets and cranes carrying boxes.

EDISON

Cool! I love those little reminder pads. Hey, shouldn't I be wearing a helmet too?

BRADFORD

Not if you really want to experience manufacturing first hand.

HARLAN GRANGER, the gruff PLANT FOREMAN marches up.

HARLAN

Mr. McMillan, I need to speak with you?

BRADFORD

Excuse me.

Bradford and Harlan disappear around the corner.

Bored after a few moments of waiting, Edison peels a fresh Note Stickie off a stack. He gets an idea, takes out a MAGIC MARKER and starts drawing something on the Notes Stickies.

AROUND THE CORNER:

Harlan addresses Bradford. Natalie has joined them.

HARLAN

My men can't continue working under these conditions. Ever since you took over for your uncle, you've really been sticking it to us workers:

MEANWHILE...

Two passing WORKERS give Edison strange stares. He's drawn three eyes, a nose and mouth on Note Stickies and stuck them to his face. He looks like a cartoon mutant. And he's riding a conveyor belt like a surfboard.

EDISON

I am the great Zanbar, the man with three eyes. Feel my wrath puny mortals.

AROUND THE CORNER:

As Bradford and company talk, Edison can be seen surfing by in the background on the conveyor belt.

HARLAN

First you shortened our lunch time, then fewer breaks. Hell, now you've gone too far.

NATALIE

I agree. These production quotas are too high. Bradford, you can't keep ignoring work conditions for the sake of productivity.

BRADFORD

This isn't Club Med. Monday through Friday, Mr. Granger and his men are on my time.

Bradford spots Edison and surreptitiously reaches over to a nearby CONTROL PANEL and flicks the CONVEYOR SPEED DIAL to "FAST".

THE CONVEYOR BELT:

Suddenly, Edison finds himself being rocketed down the conveyor belt. Before he knows what hit him, his head connects with a piece of overhanging machinery. KLUNK!

He lands on his butt, whereupon, the GLUE MACHINE plops a big glob of glue onto his chest. Regaining his senses, Edison rolls off the conveyor before meeting with the sharp blades of the paper cutter.

Edison tries to pull off the glob of glue, thus passing it to both hands. He tries to wipe his hands off on a sheet of Note Stickies. The paper squares come off and get stuck all over his hands. He attempts to shake them off, but it's no use.

Whenever workers pass by, he tries to act nonchalant, as if nothing is wrong. Then he tries to wipe them off on his clothing. Now Note Stickies get stuck on his body too. A ways off, WORKERS watch curiously.

MEANWHILE, AROUND THE CORNER:

As they talk, Edison runs by, unseen by them in the BACKGROUND. He's covered and still struggling with the Note Stickies.

HARLAN

All you care about is the numbers. Well, let's see how happy your shareholders are when production just stops.

BRADFORD

Are you threatening me?

HARLAN

If things don't change around here by the end of the week my men are gonna strike.

BRADFORD

You can't strike!

(an idea hitting him)

Yet, strikes have always set change in motion. Maybe it's not a bad idea.

Harlan is confused by this change of attitude. Natalie pulls Bradford aside.

NATALIE

What are you talking about? A strike is exactly what we want to avoid here.

BRADFORD

(putting on the moves)

Natalie, you know how much I value your opinion. Perhaps we should discuss this over dinner tonight? My place. Just the two of us?

NATALIE

Bradford, we been over this before. I don't mix business and pleasure.

HARLAN

(butting in, re: Bradford)

Talking to him is a waste of time. I want to talk to the new chairman. Where the hell is he anyway?!

EDISON (O.S.)

Help! Get 'em off me! I'm being attacked.

Suddenly, Edison rounds the corner. He's now COMPLETELY COVERED WITH NOTE STICKIES, face, hands, body, the works.

He slams into the trio and lands on top of Natalie and Harlan, getting them all gooey. He peels a few Note Stickies off his face and comes face to face with Natalie, glaring.

EDISON (CONT'D)

These things really work, don't they?

NATALIE

You again?! Get the hell off of me!

BRADFORD

I'd like to introduce you both to Edison, the new head of the company.

NATALIE

(shocked)

You?!?!...I'm sorry. I had no idea you were--

EDISON

(German accent)

You were expecting someone else? Someone taller, maybe?

BRADFORD

Edison, this is Natalie Stockwell, vice president in charge of production. And Harlan Granger, our production foreman.

EDISON

Hey there!

He shakes hands with Harlan, getting Harlan's hand all gooey.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Bradford and Edison exit the building. Edison jots a note down on a Note Sticky and pastes it onto his shirt, "Remember to avoid glue."

EDISON

So you think they liked me?

BRADFORD

I think you made quite an impression.

Edison puts a GOOEY HAND on Bradford's shoulder.

EDISON

Thanks.

Edison attempts to remove his hand, but it's STUCK. He yanks hard, TEARING off a swatch of Bradford's suit. Bradford glares.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT BUILDING: LOBBY - DAY

Bradford and Edison enter the lobby which is filled with photos on the wall and glass cases holding various inventions.

BRADFORD

McMillan relies heavily on R&D and so this is where many of our new products come from. Before he died, Armand held over 300 patents.

EDISON

Three hundred?! He was a total god!

BRADFORD

These are just a few of the things he invented.

Bradford taps on one of the glass cases.

EDISON

He invented glass?! Wow! I see that everywhere.

BRADFORD

What's in the case.

Edison walks around in awe, stopping to look at the old photos showing McMillan when it was just an upstart company and Armand was just a young man with big dreams. What comes across is Armand's vibrant spirit and Edison's admiration for the man.

EDISON

I can't believe Armand invented all this stuff! The Smokeless Ashtray. The electric snowmobile. Odorless fertilizer.

BRADFORD

Yes. Armand was dedicated to making the world a more beautiful place.

Edison, with his nose pressed up against the glass, admires a female mannequin torso wearing the BUSTY BRA.

EDISON

He sure was.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY

Bradford and Edison enter. The lab is overflowing with gadgets and gizmos, half-made robots, you name it. LAB ASSISTANTS work away on various contraptions.

EDISON

Now this is my kinda place! I'll fit right in here.

THREE LAB ASSISTANTS jog by. Their sneakers are attached end to end, forming a TRIPLE-SNEAKERED SHOE so that they're forced to run in sync with one another.

EDISON

What was that?

BRADFORD

Team jogging sneakers. Larry, the head of R&D thinks it could be the next big sport, but I have my doubts. There's Larry now.

They approach Larry's office, but stop in their tracks at the lewd sight before them. LARRY (40's) has his back to them and a PRETTY ASSISTANT is on her knees directly in front of him.

LARRY

Yes, that's it. Good. Now work on the nuts.

She grabs a pair of PLIERS. Bradford's and Edison's eyes go wide.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Good. Now speak into the microphone.

EDISON

(to Bradford)

Maybe we should come back later.

Larry turns. He's a meek-looking scientist with thick glasses, a lab coat and pocket protector (think "Q" from James Bond).

LARRY

Bradford!? Hello! You're just in time,
I'm testing my latest prototype. Voila!
The M.B. 5000...aka the Memo Belt.

Larry presses a "RECORD" button on his large, GAUDY BELT BUCKLE, then leans down and SINGS, Elvis-like, to his crotch.

LARRY

Love me tender, love me sweet...

Larry hits another button and the device PLAYS BACK his voice.

EDISON

Excellent! A wearable memo recorder.

LARRY

Perfect for the consumer on the go. And it digitally records up to five minutes of info. Give it whirl.

BRADFORD
I'll pass. Speaking to your crotch,
Larry, has never been high on my wish
list. This is Edison, the new Chairman.

LARRY
Oh, so you're Edison. Welcome aboard. Armand
spoke very highly of you.

EDISON
Cool.

INT. EDISON'S OFFICE. - DAY

Two heavy wooden doors swing open towards camera and Bradford
ushers Edison inside.

BRADFORD
Last but not least, this is your office.
It used to be Armand's

REVERSE: A huge colorful office, complete with a stellar view
of the city and a wall of VIDEO MONITORS all forming the
image of a giant fish tank. The massive desk resembles a
surfboard. The whole place is filled with Armand's presence.

EDISON
(incredulous)
Get out of here! This is my office?!
Sweet! Wow, this would be a great spot to
bunjee from.
(re: fish tank; taps screen))
Killer! Maintenance free pets. Hey guys.

BRADFORD
(turns to leave)
Well, I'll let you get settled in.

EDISON
Bradford, this is great and all, you
still haven't told me what exactly a
Chairman of the Board does?

BRADFORD
It's sort of a personal thing. Everyone has
their own technique. But my advice to you
is, just be yourself. And I'm sure that'll
take the value of the stock right where it
needs to go.

EDISON
Thanks. By the way, when do I get paid?

BRADFORD
Pay day is every two weeks.

EDISON
(low, disappointed)
Two weeks?!

Bradford exits. Edison wanders around the office. He plops into the big leather chair behind his desk. As soon as he sits, a robotic arm reaches up and hands him a pencil. Looking up, he spots a PORTRAIT OF ARMAND on the wall.

EDISON
(to the portrait)
Don't worry Armand, I won't let you down.

Edison SPINS around in the chair. But it knocks into an ANTIQUE VASE. The vase topples over. CRAAASH! He picks up the plaque that was in front of the vase.

EDISON (CONT'D)
From the tomb of King Tu--Tutenkhama-
Tutenkhamenenen. Screw it. If I can't
pronounce it, I won't miss it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bradford talks on his PORTABLE PHONE as he exits the building and heads across the parking lot towards his car.

BRADFORD
Kosik, we have nothing to worry about. The
kid's a total bozo. Every decision he makes
will drive the stock down.

KOSIK (V.O.)
The clock is ticking. You better be right.

BRADFORD
I don't see how anything can go wrong...

His words trail off as he sees his car. The hood is dented and the hood ornament has been DUCT TAPED AND NAILED back on. Bradford is so distressed, he can't even speak.

KOSIK (V.O.)
...Bradford?...Hello?...

As his anger grows, his hand clenches and SHATTERS the phone.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE: BACKYARD - NIGHT

The guys relaxing with beers and comic books in a BLOW-UP KIDDIE POOL. Nearby, hot dogs are cooking on a BARBECUE. Edison returns.

TY
How'd it go today, Mr. Ex-ec-u-tive?

EDISON

Pretty good, but I kinda feel a little out of place there.

ZAK

Tell us something we don't already know, Mr. 'My last job was being a chicken.'

EDISON

You guys should come by. We'll do lunch.

TY

Just do dinner. We're starving.

Edison starts flipping the hot dogs with a LARGE FORK.

JIMBO

What about the rent money? Did they at least pay you?

EDISON

Not exactly. I don't get paid for two weeks.

TY

That's cutting it real close with Ms. Crusty-Bitch, man.

JIMBO

Promise me you won't screw this one up, bro.

EDISON

I'm not going to screw up. How about a little confidence once in a while?

Edison gestures with the fork. But it flies out of his hand and spears the kiddie pool, BURSTING IT. As water gushes out, Edison flashes an embarrassed smile to his glaring friends now sitting in the deflated pool.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES: PARKING LOT - MORNING

Edison drives past the entrance gate.

INT./EXT. BRADFORD'S OFFICE

Bradford watches anxiously through the window as Edison's Metropolitan tears through the parking lot. There are plenty of parking spaces, but Edison still parks right next to Bradford's Jaguar. Bradford cringes. When he sees that his car is okay, he breathes a sigh of relief and disappears from view.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Edison locks on the Clubfoot, then opens the car door quickly. It hits the side of the Jaguar, causing a small SCRATCH on the EMERALD GREEN PAINT.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Uh-oh!

He digs around in his trunk and finds some cans of SPRAY PAINT.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Let's see....lemon yellow, fire engine red.
Ahh, this shade of green should do.

EXT. MCMILLAN - MAIN ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

As Bradford exits the building talking with TWO OTHER EXECUTIVES, Edison passes him on his way in.

EDISON

Morning, Bradford.

BRADFORD

Good morning, Edi...

PUSH IN: on Bradford shocked face as he spots his Jaguar. The ENTIRE CAR IS NOW SLOPPILY PAINTED A BLINDING CHARTREUSE Paint runs down the windows.

BRADFORD

(low, beaten)

I..really..hate..him!

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Edison boards an elevator filled with SUITS. Instead of Muzak, some ROCKIN' SONG now plays.

EDISON

Morning everybody.

(listening)

Ahh, much better.

INT. TWENTIETH FLOOR LOBBY

The elevator doors ding open. Edison is wildly playing AIR GUITAR along with the music, a la Pete Townsend. Edison gets off the elevator and turns to the passengers, staring curiously.

EDISON

Rock on.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ty, Zak, and Jimbo stare up in awe at the immense McMillan Industries Headquarters.

TY

Whoa! Our boy is definitely styling.

INT. NATALIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The pounding bass of rock music can be heard from a ways off. It rattles the pictures on the walls. Natalie is trying to go over some paperwork at her desk, but can't concentrate with the noise. She puts her pencil down, annoyed.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Natalie raps on the door to Edison's office. No answer. The music is too loud.

INT. EDISON'S OFFICE

Natalie enters, only to be shocked by the sight of Jimbo, with his pants around his ankles sitting on a COPY MACHINE photocopying his butt. Nearby, is a giant mural of butt photocopies. He hands her a copy.

JIMBO

Check it out. Wanna try?

NATALIE

No thank you.

ZAK (O.S.)

Heads up!

Natalie ducks just as a BASKETBALL bounces off the wall right near her head.

TY

Sorry about that.(to Zak) Eight-seven.
You're mine Zakmeister.

Ty and Zak resume playing basketball. Natalie spots Edison sitting with his feet up on the desk and the phone cradled to his ear while playing "The Hive" video game on the former video fish tank. His desk is a mess of comic books, soda cans, candy wrappers, a six foot hoagie and pizza boxes. Edison sees her and waves her over.

EDISON

(on the phone)

Uh-huh. Should we spend 8 million dollars on a new laser die-cast system? Hold on.
Let me consult with my advisor on that.

Edison grabs a MAGIC EIGHT BALL fortune teller.

EDISON (CONT'D)
(reading the eight ball)
"Signs point to yes. It is decidedly so."
Okay, good luck.

Natalie shakes her head. She can't believe this guy. Edison hangs up the phone.

NATALIE
(sarcastic)
Settling into the busy executive life I see.

EDISON
It's only been a week, but I really think I'm getting the hang of it. (to the guys)
Hey, you guys. This is Natalie. She works here doing something. And that's Ty, Zak, and Jimbo.

The guys ad-lib greetings.

EDISON
So, what's up?

NATALIE
I wondering if you could turn the music down a little? It's hard to concentrate on work when my fillings are rattling.

EDISON
(turning down the music)
No problemo.

NATALIE
And these are the stats from the most recent focus group studies. You might want to look them over before the next meeting.

EDISON
Can I come too?

NATALIE
You lead the meeting.

EDISON
(faking it)
...I knew that. Just checking.

She hands him a file of papers. He flips through the charts and graphs, clearly at a loss how to read them.

NATALIE
Well, I need to get going.

EDISON

What's the rush. Stop and smell the pizza.

NATALIE

No thank you. Some of us have to actually work for a living.

EDISON

Well, that's no reason to be hostile to the rest of us.

NATALIE

You're responsible for the jobs of over two thousand people. It might be nice if you at least acted like you cared.

EDISON

Okay, so maybe we didn't get off on the right foot, but we're two mature adults.

Just then, Edison gets hit by the basketball. He throws a piece of hoagie at the guys

EDISON

Hey, watch it jerkweed.

(off Natalie's look)

Okay, so just one of us is. But I'm sure it's nothing we can't solve by sitting down and talking over dinner, followed by drinks back at your place and a short stack of hot cakes in the A.M. Eight o'clock sound good?

She turns over the Magic Eight Ball and pretends to read...

NATALIE

"Positively not. Hell has a better chance of freezing over."

Natalie storms out, slamming the door. He holds up the eight ball.

EDISON

Best two out of three?

Ty approaches.

TY

I think that went well.

JIMBO

We're outta here, bro.

EDISON

See you back at the pad later.

Just then, Edison's intercom beeps.

SECRETARY (V.O.)
Edison? Harlan Granger and the Board want
to see you. They say it's important.

INT. EDISON'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Harlan and the Board Members stand before Edison, Bradford,
Natalie and the Board members

EDISON
A strike?! Why?

HARLAN
Why? Have you even looked at the list of
grievances I sent you yet?

EDISON
What grievances?

Harlan spots them on Edison's desk...now folded up into a
PAPER AIRPLANE. He tosses it at Edison.

HARLAN
These grievances!

EDISON
(reading over the list)
Oh my god! You guys work from nine to
five?! No wonder you're striking.

Harlan rolls his eyes.

HARLAN
Well, what's it going to be? Are you going
to make some changes around here or not?

BRADFORD
(whispers in Edison's ear)
Ignore them. Show them who's boss.

NATALIE
(whispers in his other ear)
I strongly recommend that you give in to
their demands. We can't afford to be shut
down.

Edison doesn't have a clue what to do.

EDISON
(to Harlan)
Hold on. I'll check with my advisor.

Edison surreptitiously peaks at the MAGIC EIGHT BALL.

EDISON

"Cannot predict now. Concentrate and ask again later."

Harlan snatches away the eight ball and bangs it down on the desk.

HARLAN

Listen chucklehead, we want an answer by three o'clock tomorrow or consider us on strike.

Harlan marches off. Everyone turns to Edison.

FREEMONT

What're we going to do?

EDISON

Why's everyone looking at me? I just work here.

Bradford smiles smugly. Natalie looks frustrated.

INT. BRADFORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bradford watches the business news on TELEVISION while wearing one of those ridiculous-looking HANDS-FREE SCALP MASSAGERS on his head.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Shares of McMillan Industry stock started trading at \$55 today, but have now slipped to \$49 and continue to drop due to news of a possible strike at the company.

BRADFORD

(smiles knowingly)

Now I wonder who could have let that leak?

INT. BEACH HOUSE: BATHROOM - NIGHT

Edison sits on the back porch pondering over the list of workers' demands. The whole porch is decorated in a Hawaiian motif with a large TIKI GOD STATUE staring down at him.

EDISON

What're you staring at?....Wait a minute!
You're absolutely right. Good idea.

EXT. MCMILLAN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

HARLAN (V.O.)

I think we're entitled to an answer.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Harlan Granger and some workers carrying PROTEST SIGNS stand before Natalie and the Board Members.

FREEMONT

We're still waiting for Edison.

HARLAN

Well, where is he?

EDGEWATER

I don't know. None of us have seen him.

NATALIE

Has anyone checked the copy room. He's probably making Xeroxes of his butt.

HARLAN

If you're pulling a stall tactic it's not going to work. There will be a strike.

Just then, a FIRE ALARM BELL RINGS.

INT. BRADFORD'S OFFICE

Bradford smiles at the sound of the alarm.

BRADFORD

A fire and a strike?! This is my lucky day.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Workers and executives stream out into the parking lot.

FREEMONT

Where's the fire?

NATALIE

I don't smell any smoke.

They come upon Edison straddling the roofs of TWO LARGE TRUCKS blocking our view of the lot. He's wearing a Hawaiian shirt.

EDISON

Can I have everyone's attention please?
There's been a lot of talk of a strike.

HARLAN

What about our demands?!

WORKERS

Yeah!!

Edison takes the demand list out his pocket and uncrumples it.

EDISON

After giving them careful consideration,
I've come to the conclusion that a strike
would just be a big bummer. Everything you
guys asked for in the letter is cool and
do-able, except for #6, which has a ketchup
stain on it. Ahh, I'm sure it's fine.

Edison tears up the list. The workers cheer. Bradford fumes.
Edison leaps off the truck onto the hood of Bradford's Jag,
adding a nice sized DENT.

BRADFORD

My car! Get off my car!

EDISON

And as the C.O.T.B of this company, I decree
that from now on every Wednesday will be
known as Luau Wednesday! Take it away boys!

The trucks drive off, revealing that the parking lot has been
transformed into a festive LUAU PARTY: decorations, food, games,
a slip n' slide, pigs on spit, tiki gods, and a BAND.

Everyone cheers. Edison leaps down. Beaming, Harlan pumps his
hand. The band starts playing. Everyone joins in the
festivities...except for Bradford who is stewing.

The Board Members, Haji, and Larry pass by doing a conga-
line. They give Edison the thumbs up.

FREEMONT

Good job, Edison.

Edison approaches Natalie.

EDISON

Wanna dance?

NATALIE

Everything's a party to you isn't it?

But just then, the conga line comes by again and sweeps Edison
off with them. Edison leads the line over to the LIMBO POLE. As
he does the limbo, a FEMALE EMPLOYEE sidles up next to Natalie.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

He's a really great guy, isn't he?

NATALIE

That or certifiably insane.

Natalie watches edison. She doesn't quite know what to make of him, but there's definitely an attraction there.

FLASH FRAME TO:

A SPINNING MAGAZINE COVER.

"BUSINESS WEEKLY" shows a photo of Edison with the headline, "The Luau Method". PULL BACK to reveal that we are...

INT. BOARDROOM DAY

The magazine is being held up by Freemont for all the Board Members to see, including Bradford. Bradford smiles phonily, barely fighting back his rage.

EDGEWATER

I heard IBM is going to have a Polka
Tuesday and 3-M is doing a Fiesta Friday.

FREEMONT

Thanks to you Edison, productivity has
gone up 17% and the stock is now up to
\$75 a share! To Edison!

The Board Members toast with champagne. Bradford is so overcome with rage, his whole arm is SHAKING, causing champagne to slosh over the sides. Using his other hand, he forces his arm down.

EDISON

Thanks!

(a lock of hair falls in his face)

Yah! My hair just scared the shit out of me!

Freemont hands Edison a check.

EDISON (CONT'D)

What's this?

FREEMONT

Your first paycheck. Thanks for a great
first two weeks.

CLOSE ON CHECK: All we see is \$23. Edison's thumb covers the rest.

EDISON

Twenty three dollars?!? I thought this job
paid more than minimum wage.

His expression changes as he moves his thumb. The check is for \$23,000. Edison stands.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Excuse me gentlemen. But I've gotta remove a brick from my trousers.

EXT. THE BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Edison hands a check to the landlady.

EDISON

Three months rent paid in full. Maybe now you can afford that personality implant.

MS. KRUBAVITCH

Any more problems and you balless, sub-mental surf lice are out of here!!! I'm warning you.

Ms. Krubavitch lights up a CIGARETTE and inhales the whole thing in one breath.

ZAK

(low, to Jimbo)

How does she hold that much smoke?

JIMBO

When you have no soul, you have more room inside.

She marches off. The guys hi-five and ad-lib congratulations.

EDISON

(sniffs the air)

Wait! Do you smell that?

JIMBO

Sorry, I had a boiled shrimp taco for lunch.

EDISON

No. I smell a shopping spree!

EXT. SURF SHOP - DAY

SURF MUSIC UP as we see Edison and the guys dash into the store.

INT. SURF SHOP

In a series of QUICK CUTS we see the guys trying various stuff in the store: surfboards, snorkel masks, wet suits.

A SHORT TIME LATER:

Edison hands the overjoyed OWNER a BLANK CHECK.

EDISON

This oughta cover it. And pencil in something gratuitous for yourself.

OWNER

Thank you!

EDISON

Could you gift wrap everything?

The owner's smile falls. We now see that Edison and the guys are standing next to a TEN FOOT HIGH MOUND OF MERCHANDISE. They've practically cleaned out the place.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The place is now overflowing with new purchases: arcade machines, surf stuff, clothes, enormous stereo speakers, a drum kit which Edison is wailing away on. There's hardly any room left to walk.

Zak opens up a large box. It's filled with hundreds of CD'S...the same CD.

ZAK

Dude, buying one Yanni CD is bad enough, but why would anybody remotely sane buy hundreds of "Yanni's Greatest Hits?"

Edison smiles broadly.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A beautiful blue sky. Birds chirp.

EDISON (O.S.)

Pull!

Suddenly, a Yanni classic spins into frame...only to be obliterated by buckshot. The guys cheer Edison holding a shotgun.

EDISON

See? It's important to be musically open minded.

Edison turns towards them, shotgun pointed in their direction. They duck and scatter.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES PARKING LOT - DAY

Standing next to his car, Bradford talks to a Haji, the guard.

BRADFORD

Keep your eyes peeled. I just got my car repainted, so if anyone so much as touches it, you have my permission to shoot--

Just then...CRASH! Edison's car smashes the back bumper and taillight as he parks a little too zealously. Bradford looks crestfallen. He shuffles off.

BRADFORD

Never mind.

INT. MAIN LOBBY/ELEVATOR - DAY

Edison enters and spots an elevator about to leave.

EDISON

Could you hold that please?

A foot jams the doors, forcing them to reopen. It's Natalie.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He boards the elevator. The doors close and they ride up serenaded by the song, "BLINDED BY THE LIGHT". The only other passenger is a MIDDLE-AGED SECRETARY.

EDISON

How's it going?

NATALIE

Fine. I see you've changed the elevator sound system a little.

EDISON

Yeah, I went for a more live feel.

Just then, the music stops and the elevator ceiling panel opens. A LONG-HAIRED MUSICIAN pokes his head out.

MUSICIAN

Any requests?

EDISON

(gives him the thumbs up)

Doing just fine.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

We now see that there's a four piece BAND on top of the elevator. They resume playing, "Blinded By The Light".

INT. ELEVATOR

NATALIE

So, how are you doing?

EDISON

Pretty good. Except something's bugging me.

NATALIE

What's that?

EDISON

Listen. (sings along with the song)
Blinded by the light. Wrapped up like a
douche. You know the roller in the night.
(to Natalie) Wrapped up like a douche?!
What the hell does that mean?

The Secretary gives him a funny look. Natalie laughs.

NATALIE

It's deuce. Revved up like a deuce. Listen.

They listen.

EDISON

You're right! And all this time I thought
it was a song about feminine hygiene.

Natalie laughs. The elevator doors open and she gets off.

NATALIE

This is where I get off.

EDISON

Guess I'll see you around.

She stops the doors before they close.

NATALIE

Congratulations on stopping the strike. I
owe you an apology. Luau Wednesday was
really good idea.

EDISON

No biggie. Just doing my job.

She smiles warmly at him as the doors close. Surprised and
excited, Edison turns to the Secretary.

EDISON

She doesn't think I suck!
(kisses the secretary)
You are my lucky charm!

The Secretary blushes.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Hit it boys!

The music starts up again as the elevator doors close.

INT. BRADFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: Edison's face appears on the "Business Weekly Net". Bradford uses an electronic pen and graphics tablet to deface Edison's picture....He now sports black eyes, missing teeth, horns, etc.

Suddenly, Kosik's face appears on screen...but right over where Edison's face was. Now Kosik sports black eyes, missing teeth, horns. He looks ridiculous as he talks, unaware of his appearance.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)

You want to tell me what the hell is going on?!

BRADFORD

Calm down. It's just a minor setback.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)

You call the stock going up over twenty-five points a minor setback?!

BRADFORD

The little dweeb just had beginner's luck.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)

Well, change it to bad luck. Do whatever it takes. You have till the end of the month and then I'm taking my money elsewhere.

BRADFORD

But Kosik--

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)

Call me when the stock drops below twenty.

Kosik's image disappears as he hangs up.

INT. EDISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Bradford sneaks in and snoops around. On the debris filled desk he comes across Edison's "Bright Ideas" NOTE BOOK. He thumbs through it and stops on the pages with drawings for the Handy Helper for ketchup bottles, Glo-Wax for night surfing, etc.

BRADFORD

What a freak.

Suddenly, an idea hits him. Hold on his mischievous face.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY

Larry approaches Edison. He's wearing ODD LOOKING PANTS with colorful plastic tubing running from the crotch and butt into containers attached to the legs.

LARRY

So, what do you think? The P.O.S.: Portable Outhouse Slacks? For those long road trips when you can't find a place to stop.

He depresses a FLUSHER on the button fly. We hear the sound of a TOILET FLUSHING. Larry makes a funny face.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ouuuu...tickles. And it comes with a matching C.S.S.: Car Sickness Shirt.

He displays a shirt with a VOMIT BAG attached to the front.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Here, let me demonstrate it for you.

CAMERA PANS over to Edison as Larry starts to make himself vomit.

EDISON

It's brilliant, Lar.

Bradford enters and immediately reacts to the off-screen sight and sounds of Larry hurling his guts out. It's making him nauseous.

BRADFORD

Oh, Jesuz! Edison, you busy right now?

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB: ENTRANCE - DAY

Bradford's car pulls through the gates of a fancy private club.

BRADFORD

I thought bringing you to my country club would give us a chance to bond.

EDISON

Cool. Hey, by the way, have you taken Armand's surfboard out for a spin yet?

BRADFORD

Being a "surfer dude" just isn't high enough on my wish list. Right now, it falls somewhere between a tax audit and a rectal exam.

EDISON

You don't know what you're missing.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

As we watch the ball sail back and forth across the net, we hear GRUNTS and GROANS. It sounds like someone playing up a storm. However, when the camera PULLS BACK we discover that it's Edison in ecstasy watching TWO DROP DEAD KNOCKOUTS play.

Edison groans every time a babe hits the ball. Bradford approaches and taps the dazed Edison on the shoulder.

BRADFORD

Let's get you some proper tennis clothes.

Edison reluctantly follows Bradford, looking back as he goes.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB PRO SHOP - DAY

The dressing room curtain parts and Edison emerges decked out in an oversized, ALL WHITE, PREPPY, TENNIS OUTFIT: sweater, visor hat, and a white tennis skirt. It looks ridiculous on him.

BRADFORD

You're wearing a women's' skirt!

EDISON

I am?! (beat) But you have to admit, I have the legs to pull it off.

He ducks back into the dressing room. Bradford rolls his eyes and hands the CLERK his credit card.

BRADFORD

Charge it to my account.

Edison returns, dressed in white shorts. He spots a tennis racket display rack. Instead of taking a normal-sized racket, he goes for the OVER-SIZED RACKET on top that's just for show.

EDISON

I can't miss with this. Tennis anyone?

Edison swings, accidentally sending merchandise on the counter crashing. Bradford winces. The Clerk surveys the damage and starts ringing it all up.

EXT. DIFFERENT TENNIS COURT - DAY

Edison ties his shoe while Bradford takes his position.

BRADFORD

Since this is your first time, I'll go easy on you.

EDISON

Cool! Hey, I've been meaning to ask you. You know Natale Stockwell. She is sweet! Think I have a shot with her?

Bradford winds up and serves, hard. The ball nails Edison in the shoulder. Bradford smirks.

EDISON

Owww!

BRADFORD

Sorry. Accident.

Edison gets in the ready position, bouncing around way too much.

Bradford winds up and serves again. Edison connects, sending the ball flying high over the fence. We hear an off-screen CRASH! Edison dances about in victory.

EDISON

Home run!! Yes! That's one for me!

BRADFORD

No. You're supposed to keep the ball inside the white line.

EDISON

Doesn't seem like as much fun, but alright.

Edison serves lamely and they start playing. Edison is terrible and spends most of his time running all over the court, missing balls, tripping, running into the fence, and getting tangled up in the net. Bradford, however, hardly breaks a sweat. He's taking great pleasure making Edison run all over the place. Finally...

EDISON

(dripping with sweat)

Time out!

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

Bradford fills up a CUP OF WATER from a nearby water cooler then joins Edison on the bench. Edison is busy dabbing SWEAT off himself with a towel. Bradford downs half the water and puts the cup on the ground

BRADFORD

Not bad for a beginner. So how are things going back at the company, Mr. Chairman of the Board?

EDISON

Great. I got 14,000,000 playing Doom today.

As they talk, Bradford turns away to put his racket back in his bag. Meanwhile, Edison squeezes out his towel. About a GALLON OF SWEAT comes out...refilling Bradford's cup.

BRADFORD

Edison, being the leader of a major corporation is about more than playing video games or stopping a strike. It's about taking chances.

EDISON

What do you mean?

BRADFORD

Edison, I saw your diary.

Shocked, Edison leaps up and starts pacing.

EDISON

Ignore that part about the farm animals! I was young. I was naive.

BRADFORD

No. Your idea diary.

Relieved, Edison pulls his Bright Ideas notebook from his sack. Bradford picks up the cup.

EDISON

Oh that. What about it?

BRADFORD

You're invention ideas; the handy helper, glowax, edible condoms; they're great. That's why I really brought you here today. The company's resources at your disposal. You have the opportunity to make your mark on the world and achieve a little bit of immortality.

Bradford takes a big gulp of sweaty beverage. His lips quiver....it's nasty. He quickly puts it down.

EDISON

You really think so?

BRADFORD

I know genius when I smell it. And you're positively reeking.

EDISON

Thanks! Actually, there is one idea I've been kicking around for a long time that I've always dreamed of making.

He pulls out the FOLDED UP SCHEMATIC he showed Armand and hands it to Bradford. Once again, we don't see it, only his reaction.

BRADFORD

It's brilliant.

EDISON
You're holding it upside down.

BRADFORD
Whatever. I get a good vibe from it and that's what counts. Edison, as your friend and biggest fan, I only have one thing to say to you. Make your dream come true.

PUSH IN on Edison; a look of determination on his face.

EDISON
Okay! I'm gonna do it!

For emphasis, he pounds his fist down on a nearby TENNIS BALL SERVING MACHINE and accidentally hits the "ON" button, unleashing a high velocity ball.

It hits Bradford in the NUTS. His face contorts and he drops to his knees. Edison empathizes....

EDISON
Ouuuuuu! Bradford, are you alright?!

BRADFORD
(pained high-pitched squeaks)

Just then, a SECOND BALL is unleashed. It nails Bradford right between the eyes. He falls backward, KNOCKED OUT cold. Edison quickly shuts off the machine and runs over.

EDISON
Don't worry, I'll go get help. Here, watch my racket. I'll be right back.

He places his tennis racket on Bradford's FACE and takes off.

EXT. TENNIS CLUB SERVICE COUNTER

Edison rings the service bell, but no one is there.

EDISON
Hello?! I need some help here!

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
That's what I'm here for.

Edison turns and comes face to face with a GORGEOUS TENNIS INSTRUCTOR. She's a knockout. Edison is smitten into silence.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
You did say you needed help.

EDISON
...Why, yes.

EXT. A DIFFERENT TENNIS COURT

Edison gets a lesson from the tennis instructor. She has one arm around his waist and using the other to guide his racket.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR

Good. That's it. I think you're a natural.

EDISON

You must say that to all your students.

EXT. BRADFORD'S TENNIS COURT

The hot sun bakes down on Bradford, still lying unconscious. His skin is starting to turn red.

EXT. A DIFFERENT TENNIS COURT

The tennis instructor fondles and squeezes two tennis balls in a sexual way. All the while, Edison is in heaven.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR

To master the game, you've got to get Zen about it. You must feel the balls. Caress them instead of hitting them.

Edison is breathing heavy now. She picks up the racket and starts stroking it, up and down.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Think of the racket as an extension of you; another muscle. Strong, hard, forceful. A tool to penetrate your opponent's court.

Edison is practically on the verge of orgasm. His eyes roll back and his knees go weak.

EXT. BRADFORD'S TENNIS COURT

The unconscious Bradford is red as a radish now.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PATIO

Edison and the Tennis Instructor sit having lemonades. She's smoking a classic post-coital cigarette and Edison sports a blissed-out grin.

TENNIS INSTRUCTOR

I hope you'll let me give you another lesson again soon. So, are you a member?

EDISON

No. Actually, my bud, Bradford...
(remembers) Oh my god! Bradford!

He dashes off.

INT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES: HALLWAY - DAY

Bradford gets off the elevator. We don't see his face, but the looks he gets from passing EMPLOYEES tells us everything.

BRADFORD

What are you staring at?...Get back to work!...Copy something!

We don't see Bradford's face until he passes his Natalie. He's SUNBURNED and the tennis racket has left a CHECKERBOARD PATTERN on his face where the sun was blocked out.

BRADFORD

Don't even ask.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB - DAY

Edison bursts in. Larry looks up from his lab work. His face is hugely magnified behind a large desk magnifying glass.

EDISON

Larry?! We have to get right to work.

LARRY

On what?

EDISON

This!

He holds out his crudely drawn schematic right towards the camera. We get to see it clearly for the first time, but what it is, is still unclear. MUSIC UP as we segue into a MONTAGE:

INT. LAB - DAY

Larry and Edison scrawl away on OPPOSITE SIDES of a big freestanding clear plastic marker board. They make complicated, ridiculously long calculations.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Edison and Larry work away, drawing schematics, soldering, drilling...assembling some mysterious thing together.

INT. LAB

Edison and Larry to each other. It's the big moment. Edison throws a big switch. Wires short out and there's an EXPLOSION. leaving Edison and Larry SOOT COVERED.

IN A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS we see Edison and Larry repeatedly throw the big switch followed by explosion after explosion.

They throw the switch again...but to their surprise, the device doesn't explode this time...instead, the switch explodes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bradford pulls into a parking space away from all the other cars. His spot is surrounded by ORANGE TRAFFIC CONES AND BARBED WIRE and his car is FIXED UP AGAIN.

INT. LAB

Larry looks to Edison, crosses his fingers and throws the switch.

EXT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT BUILDING/PARKING LOT

DOWN BELOW: Bradford clicks the alarm button. Just as it chirps back, an explosion sends a clunky piece of MACHINERY out the window. It SMASHES through his car WINDSHIELD. Bradford's jaw drops in shock.

Edison and Larry sheepishly peer out of the broken window.

EXT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB - NIGHT

In TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY we see the day turn into night and then back into day. The MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. LAB - DAY

Larry and Edison pace back and forth on opposite sides of the clear plastic marker board. They're frustrated. Suddenly, Edison and Larry stop and look at each other. The music builds. It could be a eureka moment....But it was just a false alarm. They resume pacing. Just then, Natalie waltzes in.

NATALIE

Hi guys. Larry, I had an idea how to make some of our products more recyclable. Could you take a look at it later?

LARRY

Sure.

NATALIE

What's wrong? You guys look fried.

EDISON

We're stuck. We've tried everything, but we can't figure out how to make this thing work.

He slaps his hand down on the initial SCHEMATIC for the mystery invention. Natalie picks it up and looks at it.

EDISON (CONT'D)

You're holding it upside down.

NATALIE

Sorry. Maybe you just need to take a break.
Clear your head, so new ideas can come in.

EDISON

Maybe you're right. Wanna grab a bite?

NATALIE

I can't. I've got a lot of work to do and--

EDISON

By the power vested in me as C.O.T.B. of
this company I hereby grant you the rest
of the day off.

NATALIE

Okay, okay.

EDISON

Great. I know just the place. You'll feel
like a queen.

CUT TO:

NATALIE AND EDISON WEARING CROWNS.

They're eating Kentucky Fried Chicken from a large bucket and
sitting on thrones.

NATALIE

I like this.

EDISON

I told you this place was killer. More
extra-crispy, m'lady.

We are...

INT. HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

They're actually sitting in a diorama of the great hall of a
medieval castle. Nearby, mannequin knights are posed mid-battle
while mannequin courtesans look on.

NATALIE

Are you sure we're allowed to do this?

EDISON

Sure. As long as we play by the rules.
Besides, Hank the security guard is my bud.

He gestures to a SECURITY GUARD who gives a "thumbs up" as he
passes. He sports GREEN GRASS FOR HAIR. Natalie is taken aback.

EDISON (CONT'D)

(low)

I revived his social life after he went bald. I call it Chia Hair.

NATALIE

You mean he actually gets dates looking like that?

EDISON

When his head's in season, he's Don Juan DeMarco with the MTV generation.

(suddenly concerned)

Freeze.

Edison and Natalie freeze in place as a TOURIST FAMILY passes by. They stop to snap a photo of the medieval locale and the red-headed king and queen, then continue on. As soon as they're gone, Edison and Natalie relax.

EDISON

Unfreeze. Now where were we?

CUT TO:

SHIMMERING STARS

twinkling in the night sky. CLOSE ON: Edison and Natalie gazing up at the them.

EDISON

Check out that star cluster. Looks kinda like a dinosaur wearing a top hat..

NATALIE

(odd look)

Yeah. I guess it does.

We see the star cluster. It could be anything.

EDISON

Sorry. Go on.

NATALIE

...Anyway, I was fresh out of college and not having any luck on the job front. So I dressed up as a messenger and pretended I had a package that had to be signed for by the president of the company. But when I got to his office, I freaked out and started crying. I told him the truth and expected to get kicked out, but he said he liked my tenacity and hired me on the spot. That man was Armand. And I've been working at McMillan ever since.

EDISON

Great story. They broke the mold when they made Armand, didn't they.

NATALIE

The only one who would take a chance on me. Kind of like the way he did with you.

They share a look, regarding each other in a different light. Then, Edison points out another star cluster.

EDISON

Hey, look at that one. Looks like Elvis riding a surfboard. And those over there look like a knight slaying a dragon with a candy cane.

NATALIE

I wish I had your kind of imagination

EDISON

Thanks. Most people think I'm on acid.

NATALIE

This was a great idea. Thanks for bringing me here.

WIDER ANGLE: We now see that they're not outside at all, but rather inside the PLANETARIUM. Edison smiles.

INT. MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

Edison and Natalie stroll past all the science exhibits.

EDISON

That's Cornelis Drebbel, Mr. submarine. And that's John Biard, If it weren't for him we wouldn't have Brady Bunch re-runs.

NATALIE

God, you know everyone in this place. Have you always been into inventions?

EDISON

Yeah. When I was a kid, we used to play a spy game. Everyone always wanted to be James Bond. But I always wanted to be Q., you know, the guy who invented all the cool weapons...except for that short stint where I wanted to be Miss Money Penny....But one day I'd love to make something that people really need. Maybe something that ends up in this place.

NATALIE

You will....Now I see why Armand left the company to you.

They share another intimate look. A bit shy, Natalie changes the subject.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's that?

She leads him over to a STATIC GLOBE: a large glass sphere enclosing a polished metal ball. Purple lightning-like electricity zig-zags inside it.

EDISON

(a la Bela Lugosi)

It's for making a monster. (back to normal) Actually, it's just to demonstrate static electricity. Watch what happens when you put your hands on it. Standing on opposite sides, they both put their hands on the glass sphere. The lightning is drawn to where their hands are.

EDISON

Look at your hair!

NATALIE

Look at yours.

The static charge is making Natalie's hair stand up...but it's making Edison hair go straight. They both laugh. Then they look at each other across the glass.

NATALIE

So, do you bring all the girls here?

EDISON

No. Actually...you're the first.

He comes around to her side of the sphere. They slowly move closer and are just about to kiss, but the static charge causes a SPARK to zap their lips before they even touch.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A GOLDFISH looks curiously towards the SOUNDS of lovemaking. A sock lies draped over its fish bowl.

The camera does the classic, tracking past the clothing on the floor shot, towards the bed. At the point of climax...

EDISON (O.S.)

Oh, happy day! The crops are saved!!!

As Natalie lets out a contented sigh, a BRANDING IRON with the letter "E" on it, hits the floor, still steaming.

CLOSE ON: Edison and Natalie, blissed-out smiles on their faces.

NATALIE

Oh, wow. I never did it this way before.
That was wonderful.

THE IMAGE FLIPS to reveal that they are in fact UPSIDE DOWN hanging from GRAVITY BOOTS!

EDISON

(playing nonchalant)

Yeah. As far as extraordinarily incredible sex goes. I mean, if that's the kind of thing you like.

NATALIE

(playfully)

Shut up.

INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Now in bed, the couple sleep blissfully in each other's arms.
MOVE IN close on Edison's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOUDS.

The camera pushes through them, rising higher and higher. Edison rides into frame riding a SURFBOARD. Finally the clouds part, revealing that we are...

EXT. HEAVEN - DREAM SEQUENCE (EFX SHOT)

The sky is bluer than blue. Angelic MUSIC plays. Edison surfs through the pearly gates, labeled, "HEAVEN". Next to the entrance is a sign, "DO NOT BACK UP. SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE."

EXT. HALO CLUB - DREAM SEQUENCE

Edison surfs towards a NIGHTCLUB sitting on a cloud.

INT. HALO CLUB - DREAM SEQUENCE

Edison surfs inside. The dark club is made up of a cluster of small free-floating clouds with ANGELS sitting at the table on each cloud. Angel SERVERS flutter between clouds carrying drinks.

On the cloud stage is ARMAND MCMILLAN singing a bad lounge version of a rock song. He's backed up by an ANGEL LOUNGE BAND.

EDISON

Armand?!

ARMAND

Edison?! It's great to see you. You're not dead, are you?

EDISON

No, it's just a dream.

ARMAND

(relieved)

That would explain these lame outfits.

EDISON

I didn't know you sang.

ARMAND

I don't. It's your dream. Remember? Let me introduce you to the band.

As each band member is introduced, they wail a few notes.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

That's the Wright Brothers on drums. Leonardo da Vinci sax. Nikola Tesla on bass. Albert Einstein on guitar. Alexander Graham Bell...on the phone.

INSERT SHOT: Alexander Graham Bell is talking on the phone.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

And Paul Schaefer on keyboards.

EDISON

But he's not dead.

ARMAND

He's just sitting in.

EDISON

Cool! Hey, maybe you guys can help me. I'm kinda stuck on this idea.

He pulls out the folded up drawing for the MYSTERY INVENTION.

ARMAND

I remember this. Interesting problem.

PAUL SCHAEFER

May I have a look?

Edison hands him the paper.

EDISON
You're holding it upside down.

PAUL SCHAEFER
Sorry.

ARMAND
Let me see that.

Armand examines the drawing upside down. The other inventors flank him, offering their two cents.

ARMAND (CONT'D)
I think Paul may have stumbled onto something. How about if you moved this over here and that back up over here?

EDISON
...Yeah. You're right! I see it now! And then if I add resistors over here and an insulator over here it should work.

ARMAND
See? Nothing's impossible. It all just comes down to finding the right angle to see the solution from.

EDISON
Thanks you guys.

ARMAND
Hey Paul, you want to plug something?

PAUL SCHAEFER
Yeah. Me and the band will be at the Reno Hilton July 12-18. Be there!

INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edison bolts awake.

EDISON
I've got it!!!

He leaps up and starts dressing. Natalie wakes up.

NATALIE
Where are you going?

EDISON
I got it!

NATALIE
(re: the sex)
Yeah. You got it and now you're getting
out of here. Typical guy.

EDISON
No. No. Not that "got it."
(a look)
I got it!

NATALIE
Ohh! You got it. Congratulations!

He dashes off without his pants.

NATALIE
Edison? You forgot something.
She holds up his pants. Moments later he returns.

EDISON
Oh, yeah.
He returns to give her a kiss and still forgets his pants.
Natalie shakes her head, amused.

INT./EXT. METROPOLITAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Edison zooms down the road.

EDISON
Oh my god, I forgot to thank Armand!
He squeezes his eyes closed.

EDISON (CONT'D)
Thanks Armand.

INT. HALO CLUB - DREAM SEQUENCE

ARMAND
Don't mention it. Watch the road!

INT./EXT. METROPOLITAN - DRIVING

Edison opens his eyes and swerves to avoid an ONCOMING CAR.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Edison drives by the large, ~~3-D LIGHT BULB SIGN~~ on Pico Blvd.
As he passes by, it flickers and lights up.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

All the Board Members, including Bradford and Natalie look towards the far end of the table with great anticipation. Edison and Larry stand by an object covered under a cloth.

EDISON

When I was yo high, I got the idea for making this thing. I can't believe it's finally a reality.

Edison winks to Natalie. She smiles back. This does not go unnoticed by Bradford.

EDISON (CONT'D)

So, without further ado. Ta-dah! The device that's gonna rock the world!

Edison whisks the cloth away revealing a simple TV DINNER with the lid still on. Everyone stares at it, perplexed.

FREEMONT

A TV Dinner?! I hate to break the news to you, but Swanson beat you to the punch by 40 years.

EDGEWATER

You spent over \$50,000 making a TV dinner?!

EDISON

Not just a TV Dinner. A real TV dinner.

He lifts the lid, revealing a flat liquid crystal display TV mounted on the underside of the lid and tuned to some game show. The Board Members examine the new invention. They buzz amongst themselves in awe.

Edison winks to Natalie. She smiles back. This does not go unnoticed by Bradford.

EDISON

The hard part was making a TV that could withstand going from the freezer to being heated. But we did it. It's self heating and uses microwave technology to cook the food and run the TV for four hours.

The awed Board Members whisper to each other excitedly.

EDISON (CONT'D)

And here's the kicker. It only costs \$2.19 more than a regular TV dinner. This way people can watch while they eat wherever they are!

Bradford thinks it sucks, but plays it differently.

BRADFORD

It takes a simple mind to think of something so...simply brilliant.

EDISON

I want to go into immediate production.

NATALIE

Edison, I don't mean to burst your bubble, but there are standard procedures to follow: months of product testing, focus groups, safety regulations. We can't just march into production.

Meanwhile, Edgewater and Landers get immersed in watching the game show and start snacking on the TV dinner food.

EDISON

You've done this a lot longer than I have. So if you think we need to--

BRADFORD

Hold on! Didn't you just tell us this product is the best thing since individually wrapped cheese slices.

EDISON

Well, I would never dare to compare it to individually wrapped cheese slices. There is nothing better or tastier than that. But it's pretty close.

BRADFORD

A few months of testing is only going to tell us what we already know...the product works. And not to worry you or anything, but I hear the Japanese are working on a similar idea.

EDISON

Get out! Really?!

BRADFORD

Timing is everything. But hey, it's up to you Mr. Chairman Of The Board?

With all eyes on him, Edison thinks. There's no turning back.

EDISON

We go into production!

Natalie shakes her head. MUSIC UP as we segue into a MONTAGE:

INT. PRODUCTION PLANT - DAY

TV dinner trays roll down a conveyor belt. Machines squirt food into the little metal compartments.

Workers pack up the TV dinners as they roll off the assembly line. Each one shows Edison wearing a chef's hat and the label reads, "THE REAL TV DINNER! BY CHEF EDISON"

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys watch Edison on TV doing a TV Dinner COMMERCIAL. We are CLOSE ON Edison.

EDISON (ON TV)

Hello. I'm Chef Edison and when I want to sink my teeth into a big, steaming plate of deliciousness, I grab a Chef Edison TV Dinner. With flavors like, Miami Rice, Beavis and Broccoli, NYPD Blueberry Pie, MASH Potatoes, and Married With Children's Meal, there's no reason to just be a couch potato at home. Now you can be one anywhere!

We now see that Edison is parachuting (via bluescreen).

EDISON (ON TV) (CONT'D)

And they're available for pets too.

Edison "lands" and places a mini-TV dinner (playing "Lassie" or some nature show) before a CHIHUAHUA. He barks excitedly.

EDISON (ON TV) (CONT'D)

So go on down to your local supermarket and tune in to a Chef Edison TV Dinner. Tell 'em, Edison sent ya.

TY, ZAK & JIMBO

Alright, Edison!

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The STORE MANAGER sets up a free-standing cardboard display for the TV dinners featuring Chef Edison while a CLERK stocks the freezer with the invention.

In TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY we see people blur by and grab the TV Dinners". In a matter of seconds, the freezer is cleaned out.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A STEWARDESS serves Chef Edison TV dinners to the PASSENGERS.

STEWARDESS
Game Show Gumbo or MTV Macaroni?

INT. SCHOOL LUNCHROOM

A row of KIDS at a table open their lunch boxes. A LONELY KID, off by himself, opens his Chef Edison TV Dinner and a cartoon flicks on. The other kids slide over towards him.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A HOMELESS PERSON and his CRONIES watch "Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous" on the TV Dinner.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Three tough as nails PRISONERS and a GUARD are bawling their eyes out while watching "Days Of Our Lives" on one of the TV Dinners. One of the prisoners hands the guard a tissue and consoles him.

CUT TO:

AN ANIMATED STOCK CHART

The stock starts shooting upwards.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

The Board Members, along with Natalie and Larry, toast Edison.

EDISON

And I couldn't have done it without the help of my bud, Bradford. He's the one who encouraged me.

BRADFORD

It was nothing. What are friends for?

Edison and the Board Members applaud. Behind Bradford's frozen, jaw-clenched smile, he's undergoing a meltdown. He calmly gets up and exits the room, still smiling broadly.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

Would you excuse me for a moment?

INT. HALLWAY

Still smiling, Bradford calmly closes the boardroom door. He then clutches one hand to his chin and the other to his forehead and PRIES HIS SMILE APART. It separates with a loud pop. He breathes a sigh of relief.

A SPINNING MAGAZINE COVER.

Edison appears on the covers of: *Forbes*, *Popular Science*, *TV Guide*, *GQ*, and finally, the TV dinner appears, all in black on the cover of THE SHARPEST IMAGE CATALOGUE.

INT. SHARPEST IMAGE COMPANY - WITHERMEYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Withermeyer sits at his desk with a Chef Edison TV Dinner. The mic of an off-screen INTERVIEWER extends into the shot.

MR. WITHERMEYER

(bragging)

That's right. I was Edison's earliest supporter. (beat) Did I mention our version comes with a stylish black matte finish?

INT. "THE TONIGHT SHOW" - NIGHT

JAY LENO

...And for those of you watching this on one of those Chef Edison TV Dinners.... Eat your vegetables!!!

CUT TO:

THE ANIMATED STOCK CHART

Edison surfs by, riding the stock line. McMillan Stock climbs higher and higher until it breaks through the ceiling of the chart and keeps going.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Edison, now wearing a fancy "power suit" checks himself out in a three-way mirror. He's way overdressed for success.

EXT. FANCY CONDO - DAY

Edison stands out front of a gaudy, post-modern structure with a REAL ESTATE AGENT.

EDISON

It's moi. I'll take it.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

A HAIRDRESSER finishes styling Edison's hair. He's somehow managed to make the usually wild mop of hair into a neat, matted down coiffure. But as soon as he turns the chair around to show Edison ...SPROING! Edison's hair SPRINGS BACK to its usual wild self.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON EDISON.

He's wearing a snazzy suit and talking on a CELLULAR PHONE.

EDISON

I don't care. The ad says, "over 30 minutes and it's free" and it's been well over 30 minutes. How hard can it be to find? It's a black limo!

We now discover that we are...

EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

As Edison's LIMO cruises down the road, a PIZZA DELIVERY CAR weaves through traffic, honking its horn, trying to catch up.

THE MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The plant is deserted, except for a lone figure slinking towards the door to the production plant. It's Bradford.

INT. MCMILLAN PRODUCTION PLANT

Bradford slips inside. He pulls a DEAD RAT out of a paper bag.

BRADFORD

Let's see how well sales do when someone finds one of these in their TV dinner. Where's the damn light switch?

He flicks a switch. Machinery whirs to life. He hits another switch. This time the lights come on.

Bradford looks up just in time to see a LARGE BOX get released from the claw of a crane-lift and drop right towards his head. Bradford gulps. There's nothing he can do. THUD!!!

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The guys return from the beach, surfboards in hand.

ZAK

Man, too bad Edison wasn't out there with us today. That boy missed some primo waves.

TY

Have any of you guys seen him lately?

JIMBO

Nah. Ever since he got his own place, he's been too busy doing the "Life-styles Of The Rich And Famous" thing.

EXT. MCMILLAN PARKING LOT - DAY

Bradford, now sporting a few BANDAGES from last night's fiasco gets out of his car and hobbles off towards the entrance.

FREEMONT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Apparently wasn't feeling well.

EDISON (V.O.)

That's too bad. I was really hoping he'd be here to see this.

INT. BOARDROOM

Edison points to Larry. Larry stands, modeling a simple, ~~BLUE~~ ~~BUTTON-DOWN DRESS SHIRT~~.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Voila!

LARRY

It's a bio-thermal, electro-neuro-sensitive, cardio synchronous, mendacity meter.

LANDERS

A whosie-whatsie?!

EDISON

A lie detector shirt. I'm calling it the ~~Bull-Shirt~~. It's ideal for first dates and one day could be standard issue for all political candidates.

NATALIE

It's already got the endorsement of several police departments for it's accurate polygraph ability.

EDISON

But why don't you see for yourselves. Ask Larry a few questions.

FREEMONT

Have you ever stolen office supplies from the company?

LARRY

No.

The shirt does nothing.

EDISON

He's telling the truth.

LANDERS

Have you ever had sexual thoughts about men?

LARRY

No, of course n--

Suddenly, the shirt makes a FART SOUND and tiny red lights in the buttons start flashing. Larry turns red.

BOARD MEMBERS

It's great...It's brilliant...It's genius.

EDISON

We haven't produced a single one yet and we're already getting thousands of calls for orders just based on word of mouth. I'm telling you, I'm bigger than the Beatles!

Natalie shakes her head to herself. Just then, EDISON'S SECRETARY pokes her head in.

SECRETARY

Sorry to disturb you, Edison, but there are some people outside who want to see you. They say it's very important and--

EDISON

I'm in the middle of a meeting. Do they have an appointment?

SECRETARY

No.

EDISON

Then send them away.

SECRETARY

But they say they're friends of yours.

EDISON

What am I supposed to do? Drop everything? I'm a very busy man.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The Secretary stands before the guys.

JIMBO

He said, "Make an appointment"?! Since when is he too busy for his own friends?

ZAK

That's bogus.

TY
Totally skankular.

Incensed, they storm off.

INT. BRADFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bradford talks to Kosik via computer while lining up a golf shot.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)
Did you take care of everything?

BRADFORD
Relax. Everything is in place. By tomorrow,
the company will be mine...and then yours to
dismantle however you see fit.

KOSIK (ON COMPUTER)
Good. It's about time you did something
right.

Kosik's image disappears. Bradford MIMICS him, irritated.

BRADFORD
It's about time you did something right.

Bradford swings. The golf ball knocks a big HOLE in the crotch
of a life-size Chef Edison cardboard cutout TV Dinner display.
He looks pleased with his shot. But, just then, Edison enters.

EDISON
Bradford, you busy right now?

Edison notices the hole in the cutout and eyes it curiously.

BRADFORD
No. Why.

EDISON
Well, you're the one who's helped me the
most since I got here. And I just want to
properly thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

CLOSE ON BRADFORD (wearing a wet suit) as he emerges from
underwater, coughing and spitting.

He attempts to balance on ARMAND'S SURFBOARD, but quickly
topples off into the water. He comes up spitting water again.
Edison paddles up to him on his training board surfboard.

EDISON

Pretty good. Just try not to swallow so much water.

BRADFORD

Edison, I appreciate that you appreciate me, but I really don't want to learn how to surf. I look like an idiot.

EDISON

Lighten up. It's your first time.

Edison paddles off after a wave. Bradford tries to get up on the board again, but falls over the other side. As he gets back on and straddles the board, he notices a small RED BUTTON on the side of the surfboard.

BRADFORD

Huh?

Bradford pushes the button. To his surprise, a SECRET HATCH lifts up on top of the surfboard, revealing a SMALL TELEVISION SET. The TV pops on and Armand's face appears.

ARMAND (ON TV)

So you finally got on the surfboard, you putz. It's about time.

BRADFORD

Armand?!?!

ARMAND (ON TV)

Knowing you Bradford, you're probably still sore I didn't leave the company to you.

BRADFORD

You got that right.

ARMAND (ON TV)

The reason is simple. The company was founded on dreams. I want it to stay in the hands of a dreamer. Someone with vision and guts, like Edison

Bradford looks over at Edison, surfing away.

ARMAND (ON TV)

Face it, you're an anal retentive, bean counter...and I mean that as a compliment. You're just not a leader. Enjoy who you are. And remember, the answer is in the board

The TV screen goes blank. Bradford looks like he's had a revelation.

BRADFORD

...The answer is in the board?

Just then, Bradford notices a GIANT WAVE rising up behind him. He paddles frantically to stay ahead of it.

NEAR THE SHORE - A MINUTE LATER

Edison looks up as Bradford surfs into shore. He's actually riding the board, an expression of epiphany on his face.

BRADFORD

I did it! I did it!

EDISON

Alright!

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Bradford and Edison sit on some rocks, watching the sunset.

EDISON

You were pretty awesome for a first timer.

BRADFORD

Did you see the way I cut the cheese?

EDISON

(correcting)

Cut the tube. So, you ready to call it a day?

BRADFORD

What's the hurry. C'mon, let's hang ten and dice some more waves.

Bradford grabs his surfboard and charges back into the water.

EDISON

(correcting)

Shred some waves.....I've created a monster.

INT. KOSIK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bradford, holding Armand's surfboard, stands before Kosik.

KOSIK

You want to run that by me again?!

BRADFORD

Well, maybe we shouldn't go through with this after all. I mean, Edison's not such a bad guy. He did teach me how to surf. And maybe I'm not meant to run the company. I'm a bean counter. Armand says you've got to learn to enjoy who you are and--

Suddenly, Kosik SLAPS Bradford across the face, hard.

KOSIK

Snap out of it! You're talking about throwing away 30 million dollars. Thirty million dollars! Are you out of your mind?!

BRADFORD

(coming to his senses)

You're right. Thanks. I don't know what came over me....Whew. (re: surfboard) What the hell am I doing with this?!

He tosses Armand's surfboard out the window.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

Must've had sunstroke.

INT. FANCY FRENCH RESTAURANT: LOBBY - NIGHT

The restaurant lobby is packed. Edison, dressed in a snazzy new suit, pulls Natalie behind him as he pushes through the crowd.

NATALIE

Please, no business tonight, okay?

EDISON

Don't worry, I left my cellular in the car.

They approach the snooty MAITRE D' standing at his podium.

EDISON

Excuse me. Pardon me. Table for two please.

MAITRE D'

I'm sorry monsieur, there's an hour wait.

Edison pulls out a picture of himself on a magazine cover and holds it up next to his face.

EDISON

Recognize me? Chef Edison. Famous inventor. Loved by millions. Ring a bell?

MAITRE D'

Yes! Of course. I'm so sorry, Monsieur Edison. Come right this way.

The Maitre d' escorts them to a table.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

The best table in the house. Enjoy.

He waits for a tip. Edison reaches into his pocket and hands him a few COUPONS.

EDISON

Here you go my good man.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

(reading)

Fifty cents off your next purchase of a
Chef Edison Real TV Dinner?

EDISON

And they're recognized by supermarkets
everywhere.

The Maitre d' marches off in a huff.

INT. FANCY FRENCH RESTAURANT - LATER

Edison and Natalie sip champagne. Edison is scoping out the
power players, only half-concentrating on the conversation.

NATALIE

You've been so busy lately we've barely
seen each other. I've really missed you.

EDISON

I missed you too.

Edison spots a MAN waving to him from another table.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Hey, that's Joel Peterson. I'm negotiating a
killer deal with him. Nat, would you excuse
me? I promise, this'll only take a second.

NATALIE

(in spite of how she really feels)
No. Go right ahead.

Edison goes over and greets JOEL PETERSON who is seated with a
group of other BUSINESSMEN.

A LITTLE LATER: Bored, Natalie fiddles with her napkin.
Edison is still schmoozing over at the other table. There are
a few MORE BUSINESSMEN now. Everyone laughs overly hard at a
joke Edison makes.

STILL LATER: The WAITER arrives with their food. Natalie
looks up. Edison is still schmoozing away. Now, Edison and
the businessmen are about to smoke cigars. Everyone rushes to
light Edison's cigar.

LATER STILL: Edison returns to the table. His plate of food
is still there...now cold, but Natalie isn't.

EDISON

Did you see where my date went?

WAITER

She just left.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Edison races outside just as Natalie is about to get into a CAB.

EDISON

Natalie! Wait! Why are you leaving?

NATALIE

Why?! Because you left me sitting off by myself the whole night.

EDISON

What can I do? Now that everyone realizes I'm a genius, they all want a part of me. There's just not enough of me to go around.

NATALIE

Why?! Because you've let all this success go to your head. You know what? I liked the old Edison a whole lot better.

EDISON

The "old Edison". Come on. We both know you're way too young to have known the Thomas Alva Edison. He died in 1931.

She gets into the cab and it drives off.

EDISON

Natalie!

INT. EDISON'S LIMO - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Looking quite depressed, Edison pours himself a drink. He flicks on the TV and surfs the channels.

Suddenly, a SPECIAL NEWS REPORT with his picture catches his attention. Edison's jaw drops. He can't believe his ears.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...Not only is he the Chairman of McMillan Industries and the inventor of the popular Chef Edison line of TV Dinners, he's now also the target of a 500 million dollar class action suit. With us live in the studio is Mr. Roger Alosi, a lobbyist for the Nuclear Energy Industry.

MR. ALOSI is a conservative man who appears to be in good health.

ALOSI (ON TV)

With my busy schedule, I often have to catch my meals on the fly. So I got used to eating the Chef Edison TV Dinners 10-12 times a week. But what McMillan Industries never warned the consumer about was that their microwave powered TV screen emits 10,000 times more radiation than regular TVs.

EDISON

That's not true!

ALOSI (ON TV)

And now my career is over. I used to work as a lobbyist for the Nuclear Energy Industry. Who do you think is going to hire me now?

The LIGHTS ARE TURNED OFF revealing that he GLOWS IN THE DARK. Edison's eyes nearly bug out.

EDISON

Ho-ly shit!

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

All the panicked Board Members are there including Bradford and Natalie. She avoids eye contact with Edison. Everyone's eyes are riveted on the electronic stock chart. The stock is in a kamikaze dive and is now at \$26 a share.

FREEMONT

Jesus! It's dropped 18 points in the last hour. The stock is free falling.

EDGEWATER

What do we do?!

BRADFORD

Ask Edison. He's the one who rushed the product into production.

EDISON

Rushed? You're the one who told me to get it out there before another company--

BRADFORD

Whoa! Don't try and lay the blame on me. It was just a suggestion. You're the one in charge here.

EDISON

This accident was just a fluke. It'll blow over. Hey, maybe we can salvage things by giving people free Thigh Dominators with each purchase.

BRADFORD

Hello?! Don't you get it? The public hasn't just lost confidence in the product, they've lost confidence in McMillan Industries. And this whole thing could easily have been avoided had the product been properly tested according to protocol as Miss Stockwell initially suggested. Isn't that true Natalie?

NATALIE

(it's hard for her to say this.)

Well...Yes.

BRADFORD

Now, because of your irresponsibility, the company's future and the jobs of thousands of workers have been jeopardized.

EDISON

I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt anybody.

BRADFORD

We're way past "sorry". I think it's time to elect a new chairman. Someone competent.

EDISON

You can't do this!

Bradford holds up Armand's will.

BRADFORD

Perhaps you just overlooked it, but my uncle's will stipulates that if the stock ever drops below \$20 a share, you lose everything and it all gets turned over to moi. And I'd say that was about to happen right about...now.

Everyone looks over to the electronic stock board. The stock value drops from \$20 to \$19 dollars a share.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

I nominate me as Chairman of the Board.
All in favor say "Aye".

Only Bradford raises his hand.

FREEMONT

We're sticking by Edison.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

All those against?

BOARD MEMBERS

Nay!

BRADFORD

Gee, that's too bad. But since I now control 6% of the stock plus my uncle's 45%; giving me a nice 51% majority share, I guess your votes don't count anymore. What do you know, I guess it means I'm the new Chairman of the Board.

Everyone looks crestfallen.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)

And as the new Chairman, it is with great pleasure that I conduct this first order of business. (to Edison) You're fired! Pack up your stuff and get out. And if you ever trespass on company property I'll have your sorry ass arrested.

EDISON

Bradford, why are you doing this? What about surfing.

BRADFORD

Screw surfing.

EDISON

I thought we were friends.

BRADFORD

Welcome to the wonderful world of business. Good-bye.

As Edison heads out, he sadly looks back at Natalie, but she can't look him in the eye. Bradford shuts the door in Edison's face.

BRADFORD

Now, at this point, it's very unlikely the company can be saved from Chapter 11. I strongly urge us to put McMillan on the auction block.

EDGEWATER

Sell the company?!

BRADFORD

As quickly as possible. And lucky for us, I have a lead on an interested party.

INT. EDISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Edison finishes putting a few things in his knapsack. He looks over to the portrait of Armand.

EDISON

Sorry I let you down, bud.

Natalie enters.

NATALIE

So now you're running out? Just when our people are about to lose their jobs?

EDISON

Hey, I just got the big boot. Remember?

NATALIE

But you could fight him on this. The Board is behind you. Maybe there's a loophole in the will.

EDISON

What's the point. Bradford's right. I stink at running a company. And my inventions suck.

NATALIE

I never took you to be a quitter. A little crazy, but not a quitter. I guess I was wrong.

She marches out the door.

EDISON

Natalie! I'm sorry--

Too late. The door slams behind her.

INT. HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - DAY

WORKERS watch sadly as Edison heads down the hall and boards the elevator. Before the doors close, he looks back. Larry sadly waves good-bye to him.

INT. HALLWAY NEAR BOARDROOM - DAY

Bradford exits the Boardroom and marches down the hall. He's in full Darth Vader mode. He sees TWO WORKERS in Hawaiian shirts putting on LEIS. He tosses their leis in the trash.

BRADFORD

Luau Wednesday is canceled. And tomorrow's 'unemployment Thursday' if you don't get you asses back to work.

EXT. EDISON'S FANCY CONDO - DAY

An IRS AGENT padlocks the door, then pastes a sign out front: "ASSETS FROZEN BY BANK". Edison just watches dumbfounded as ANOTHER AGENT repossess his jewelry and even the fancy clothes off his back. Just as the agent walks off, a SKI-MASKED THIEF sticks a GUN to Edison's chest.

THIEF

Gimme your watch!

EDISON

Okay, okay. You IRS guys sure use some strong-arm tactics.

THIEF

I don't work for the IRS.

As the Thief takes off, Edison realizes he's been had.

EDISON

Hey!

Nearby, A TOW TRUCK hauls off his limo. When the dust clears we see that all Edison has left are his old clothes and his tiny Metropolitan car.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Edison drives up. He gets out and heads up the front steps.

INT. BEACH HOUSE

Edison enters but stops in his tracks. Everything familiar is gone. It's in the process of being completely redecorated by Sears

EDISON

Hello?...

He starts spotting Yuppie-ware all over the place: "Buns of Steel" videos, self-help books galore, hokey posters, etc.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Guys, this isn't funny.

The YOUNG YUPPIE COUPLE the landlord showed the house to earlier emerge from the bedroom, paintbrushes in hand.

YUPPIE MAN

Can I help you?

EDISON

What happened to my friends?

YUPPIE WOMAN

They got evicted.

EDISON

Evicted?!

YUPPIE MAN

Yeah. But they left this behind. Here.

He hands Edison the LIGHT BULB MUG the guys gave him.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Edison shuffles along the shoreline drinking beer out of the light bulb mug. After taking a swig, he looks at the inscription: "IDEA MAN".

EDISON

Yeah, right. Should be, "Mr. Clueless".

Edison sees a CAMP FIRE up ahead and heads towards it. It's his friends, camped out inside a LIFEGUARD SHACK with all their possessions piled out front. They're less than thrilled to see him.

EDISON

I've been looking all over for you guys.

ZAK

Roll out the red carpet. Look who's here.

EDISON

Okay. I know I screwed up.

JIMBO

Screwed up?! That's the understatement of the year.

EDISON

Okay, okay. I really screwed up. I'm sorry, okay? I really am. I'll make it up to you.

TY

What, more invention ideas? Forget it.

The guys groan and start heading inside the shack.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Guys? It's getting nippy out here. Can I come in too?

JIMBO

Sorry, no room. You know, four's a crowd.

EDISON

But isn't it, "three's a crowd"?

TY

Not with us. Besides, you've got a case of bad karma and we don't want to catch it.

EDISON

Guys, c'mon. Guys?!

No dice. They shut the door.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two champagne glasses clink together in a toast.

KOSIK
Congratulations Bradford...I mean Mr.
Chairman.

BRADFORD
We really should be toasting Edison. After
all, I did steal the glow cream formula
from him.

They clink glasses again.

KOSIK
By the time everyone figures out that the
whole scare was a hoax, the actor we hired
will be in Costa Rica living off a fat
check. I'll own the company and you'll be
a very rich man.

BRADFORD
Ahh, music to my ears.

Bradford smiles sadistically. .

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

A wave crashes. The water rushes up to the shore and carries the
light bulb mug back out with it. A few feet away, a shivering
cold Edison tries to sleep in a BED SCULPTED OUT OF SAND. It
looks just like a bed, complete a sand pillow. And there's even
a woman sculpted out of sand sleeping next to him.

THE LIFEGUARD SHACK door opens and the guys come out, yawning
and groggy. They spot Edison a little ways off.

A CRAB crawls up onto Edison. In his sleep, Edison tries to
brush it off. But the crab clamps down onto his NOSE. Suddenly
his eyes go wide and he leaps up SCREAMING.

Spinning and hopping wildly about, Edison collides into a
VOLLEYBALL NET. The net tears free and he gets wound up in it.

TY
Pretty pathetic, huh?

JIMBO
Entertaining though. I just wish he were
easier to stay mad at.

ZAK
Yeah, he does have that effect.

ZAK

Hey, shit happens.

EDISON

But it just doesn't make sense. I designed the TV Dinner myself. I know for a fact it doesn't release enough radiation to turn someone into a night light.

JIMBO

Sorry, bud. Wish I could help you.

TY

We're gonna catch some waves. You coming?

EDISON

Nah. Not until I figure this out.

The guys head off with their boards. Edison just sits there, deep in thought with his arms crossed over his knees.

TIME LAPSE SHOT: Day turns into dusk and then into night. Edison hasn't moved an inch the whole day.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The guys return.

JIMBO

Any luck?

EDISON

Nah. I give up...Wait a minute!!!

But as he looks up, he sees the answer right in front of him. All their surfboards are GLOWING IN THE DARK. MUSIC UP. It's like the monolith in "2001".

Edison's mind starts racing. He leaps up and starts pacing.

ZAK

Uh-oh. He's thinking again.

Edison looks over and spots a jar of his homemade GLO-WAX. Then he races over to the trash can and retrieves his Bright Ideas note book. He flips to the page with the idea for Glo-Wax. Half the page is missing...the part with the formula.

Then he remembers...

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY - FLASHBACK

The image is treated to appear slower and more dream-like.

BRADFORD

I saw your diary....Your invention ideas;
the Handy Helper, Glo-Wax, edible condoms,
they're great.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Edison's mind is going at full tilt. The CAMERA arms around to the side of his head so that we see him in profile. Then DISSOLVE IN a CROSS SECTION OF EDISON'S HEAD (like in the old science text books)

INSIDE EDISON'S HEAD (STOP MOTION ANIMATION): We see a mouse on a treadmill. The spinning treadmill causes sparks which in turn light a candle. The candle burns through a rope, dropping a bowling ball into a lever which lights up a light bulb.

We hear the sound of a steam whistle as Edison leaps up, excited.

EDISON

I've got it!!!

TY

Got what?

EDISON

I'll explain on the way. C'mon, we've got to get to the company before Bradford sells it.

TY

Isn't it a little late for that?

He grabs Ty's wrist and looks at his watch. It's 6:35.

EDISON

We've still got 25 minutes. Let's go!

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Edison puts pedal to the metal and the guys zoom off in the cramped Metropolitan.

INT. EDISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Armand's portrait gazes down as Bradford shoves all the clutter off Edison's desk. He settles back in the chair, puts his feet up on the desk and starts humming, "We're In The Money". A nearby clock reads, 6:40. Just then, the intercom buzzes.

SECRETARY

Mr. McMillan? Mr. Kosik and the Board Members are all here now.

BRADFORD
Good. Good. Good.

As he gets up, glances over to the portrait of Armand staring down at him. Armand's expression is now a DISAPPROVING one.

BRADFORD
Well, I never liked you either.

INT. MCMILLAN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bradford marches towards the boardroom. But as he rounds the corner, he collides with Larry, holding a cup of COFFEE in one hand and a shirt in the other. Coffee sloshes onto Bradford, staining his shirt.

BRADFORD
You idiot! Look what you've done!

LARRY
I'm really sorry, I was just--

BRADFORD
Give me that shirt!

LARRY
Well actually, it's--

BRADFORD
I don't want to hear it.

Bradford snatches the shirt away and storms off.

CLOSE ON the shirt. We now see that it's the BULL-SHIRT PROTOTYPE.

LARRY
But...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The tiny Metropolitan races down the street. Edison suddenly slams on the brakes as he heads into a TRAFFIC JAM. He honks his horn but it's no use. Making matters worse, he's surrounded by bigger and taller vehicles so that he can't see a way out.

JIMBO
We're screwed.

EDISON
Not yet.

Edison flips on the radio. But instead of an antenna emerging from the hood, a long, thing PERISCOPE comes out and rises above the taller vehicles around them. Edison flips down the rear view mirror, revealing a VIEWFINDER and surveys the situation.

PERISCOPE POV: A narrow path between two cars lead to an alley.

Edison navigates through the maze of cars and escapes the tie-up.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

The CLOCK reads ten minutes to seven. Bradford enters, now wearing the Bull-Shirt. He takes a seat at the head of the table before all the concerned Board Members. Kosik sits next to him.

BRADFORD

Let's get down to business gentlemen.

FREEMONT

But it isn't seven yet.

Bradford moves the clock hand so that it becomes seven o'clock.

BRADFORD

It is now. I'm the chairman. I can do that...Well, I'm happy to report that in spite of recent circumstances, Mr. Kosik of Trans-Global wants to purchase McMillan.

KOSIK

I'm prepared to make a cash tender offer of \$30 dollars a share. That's quite generous considering that the stock is now down to \$18.

FREEMONT

You call that generous? It was over a hundred just a week ago.

KOSIK

But now the company is a liability. I'm buying damaged goods. You should be grateful. I'm taking this albatross off your necks.

FREEMONT

We've all put too many years into this company to let it go down without a fight.

The other Board Members chime in.

BRADFORD

Then let's put it to a vote. Those who are for the sale -- whose votes actually 'count' -- say "Aye".

Bradford is the only one who raises his hand. The Board Members look to one another frustrated.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)
Congratulations, Mr. Kosik, you just
bought yourself a company.

Smiling conspiratorially, they shake hands.

INT./EXT. METROPOLITAN - DRIVING

The guys get jostled about as Edison drives like a maniac.

CAR POV: UNDER-CRANKED SHOT - The car rockets past other cars, weaving dangerously through traffic.

Edison races towards an intersection. There are TWO DELIVERY TRUCKS up ahead of him.

Just then, the TRAFFIC LIGHT goes from green to YELLOW. The two trucks brake to a stop. Edison aims the Metropolitan between the trucks and accelerates.

EDISON
Think skinny.

The guys scream in terror as the tiny Metropolitan barely passes through the NARROW SPACE between the two trucks; sparks flying as it goes!

The light turns RED as the car barrels through the intersection. CARS slam on their brakes to avoid a collision.

TY
Red usually means stop, you know!

EDISON
I thought it was just a suggestion.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

The Board Members look to one another helplessly as Bradford places a thick contract in front of Kosik and hands him a pen.

BRADFORD
I've had both sets of lawyers draw up all the necessary paperwork. We both just need to sign here, here, here, and here and here, here, here, here and here.

KOSIK
With pleasure.

Just as Kosik is about to sign, Natalie bursts in.

NATALIE
Wait!

BRADFORD

What do you want?

NATALIE

I don't want to see this company fall into that man's hands! Trans-Global just squeezes the profit out of every company it gets its grubby hands on, then spits out the rest!

BRADFORD

Yes? So what's your point? The fact is, McMillan Industries is worth more to me dismantled than operational. I don't like competition for my company's products.

NATALIE

Bradford, please. I wish you'd reconsider selling. Think of all the people you'll be putting out of work...their families.

BRADFORD

Thank you, Joan of Arc. But if I want sentiment, I'll buy a Hallmark card. Would you please leave now?

NATALIE

This was your uncle's company!

BRADFORD

Every generation makes it's mark. His was to build the company, mine is to take it apart.

Bradford buzzes the intercom..

BRADFORD

Get security up here.

EXT. MCMILLAN INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The Metropolitan squeals past the gate and tears through the lot.

As Edison skids to a stop, the car sideswipes a LAMP POST, knocking it over. It falls onto Bradford's car, SMASHING in the roof. Edison and the guys race inside.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

TWO SECURITY GUARDS are trying to drag Natalie out, but she's not going quietly.

NATALIE

Why won't you listen to me?!

BRADFORD

Leave! (to Kosik) Let's get on with this.

But just as Kosik is about to sign, Edison and the gang burst in.

EDISON

Wait!

BRADFORD

You again?!

EDISON

Listen to me. Chef Edison TV Dinners never did any harm to anyone.

BRADFORD

Are you delusion? You saw the news report just like the rest of us.

EDISON

Maybe this'll prove it to you all.

Edison hits a button on the wall causing the lights to dim and revealing....that EDISON AND THE GUYS ARE NOW ALL GLOWING IN THE DARK! Edison holds up the jar of GLO-WAX.

EDISON

See? A dab of non-toxic Glo-Wax and anyone can claim they've been exposed to radiation. If those TV dinners were emitting that much radiation, Mr. Alosi would be a charcoal briquette.

The Board Members murmur amongst themselves. Bradford CLAPS then flicks the lights back on.

BRADFORD

Bravo! Wonderful show! Do you do kiddy parties? Now beat it! Haven't you already done enough damage to this company?

EDISON

Not as much as you have. The whole toxic TV Dinner thing was a scam, wasn't it, so that you could get control of the company?

BRADFORD

That's ridiculous!

Suddenly the Bull-Shirt makes a farting sound and the button lights flash. Bradford looks panicked. So does Kosik. Natalie and the Board Members are pleasantly surprised.

EDISON

The Bull-Shirt! He's lying.

BRADFORD
(to the security guards)
Get them out of here!

FREEMONT
(to the guards)
Hold on a second.

EDISON
So you did steal my Glo-wax formula,
didn't you.

BRADFORD
Glo-Wax? I've never even heard of it.

The shirt farts again.

EDISON
And that phoney who's suing the company;
probably some out of work actor you hire,
isn't he?

BRADFORD
He's making this all up!

The shirt farts again.

BRADFORD (CONT'D)
I didn't hire anybody.

The shirt farts again.

EDISON
You are a major slime bucket. Just
because you didn't get the inheritance
you wanted, you'd see out your uncle and
everyone who works at this company.

BRADFORD
He's lying! Can't you all see, he's lying!

The shirt farts twice.

EDISON
And while we're at it, there's a few other
things on my mind. Like where were you the
day John F. Kennedy was shot? You were up on
that grassy knoll, weren't you? Weren't you?!

BRADFORD
No!

The shirt farts.

EDISON

(rapid-fire)

And I bet you know where Hoffa's body is too? And you probably enjoy dressing up like a woman, don't you?

BRADFORD

No! I don't know what you're talking about!

The shirt farts twice.

EDISON

(to the group)

Members of the jury, my final question. (to Bradford) Bradford, ...are you the anti-Christ?

BRADFORD

No!

The shirt lets out a loud fart.

FREEMONT

Well, I'm convinced. Bradford, on behalf of myself and the rest of the board, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that you're fired!

BRADFORD

You can't fire me! I still control 51% of the stock.

Natalie steps forward, holding up ARMAND'S WILL.

NATALIE

Afraid not. I did a little research of my own. In the fine print, the will stipulates that if the stock is made to drop by illegal means, it stays with Edison. I guess Armand knew you better than you think.

Bradford lunges for Natalie, but the Security Guards hold him back.

FREEMONT

Sorry Kosik, this company is not for sale.

(to Security Guards)

Take care of these two.

SECURITY GUARD

With pleasure.

One Security Guard takes hold of Kosik and the other one Bradford.

BRADFORD
turning into a sniveling weenie)
It was all Kosik's idea. I'm just the patsy.

The shirt farts a few more times.

KOSIK
Shut up, Bradford.

Suddenly, Bradford breaks free of the guard and runs for it.
The Guard chases him.

INT. HALLWAY/ELEVATOR

Bradford races down the hall and hops into the elevator. The doors close just before the Guard reaches him.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Bradford races out of the building. Seeing his smashed-in car, he grunts in frustration.

BRADFORD
Edison!

He spots Edison's car and hops in.

INT. BOARDROOM

Everyone watches through the window.

NATALIE
He's getting away!

EDISON
I'm not so sure about that.

INT. METROPOLITAN

Bradford frantically pulls and pushes every button and lever, activating various Edison inventions.

BRADFORD
How do you start this damn thing!

He stumbles upon the one-arm bandit ignition lever and gives it a pull. Three spark plugs roll up on the odometer and the car roars to life.

BRADFORD
Finally!

But he can't drive with the Clubfoot on. Bradford yanks the club off. Big mistake. The ILLUMINATED BUTTON on the steering wheel pops up. He watches curiously as the light flashes and three short beeps sound.

Then suddenly...CRUUUNNCH!! The foot-shaped gas pedal springs up and rams right into Bradford's nuts.

BRADFORD
(high-pitched voice)
That hurt.

His eyes cross and he falls out of frame. Thud!

INT. BOARDROOM

Everyone is pleased. Edison gets pats on the back.

EDISON
(announcer's voice)
Le Clubfoot. Don't leave home without it.

NATALIE
Nice work.

She smiles at him warmly. All is forgiven.

FREEMONT
Very nice work, Mr. Chairman of the Board.

EDISON
You mean you still want me to run the company?!

EDGEWATER
We'd all like that Edison.

EDISON
I appreciate you all having confidence in me, but I'd like to go back to just being Edison. That's a job I'm good at.

FREEMONT
Then who's going to run the company?

A moment. Then, Edison turns to Natalie.

EDISON
Natalie.

NATALIE
Me?!

EDISON
I can't think of anyone more over-qualified. All in favor, say "Aye."

BOARD MEMBERS
Aye!

NATALIE
Thank you. I don't know what to say. But what about you, Edison? What're you going to do?

EDISON
If you offered me a position in R&D, inventing stuff, I wouldn't say no.

Larry and the Board Members are pleased to hear this.

NATALIE
(teasing)
I'd have to see a resume. What kind of qualifications do you have?

EDISON
Will this do?

Edison takes Natalie into his arms and KISSES her. Everyone applauds.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON: A TELEVISION SCREEN.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV.)
In business news today, McMillan Industries stock shot up to a new record high after the Chef Edison TV dinner scare was discovered to be a hoax.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: that we are watching this on a Chef Edison TV Dinner. We are...

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

A LIFEGUARD sits on his lifeguard stand, watching the TV dinner while chowing down.

A LITTLE WAY OFF:

A ceremony of sorts is taking place on the shore. Natalie and Zak, applaud as Ty and Jimbo remove the TRAINING BOARDS off Edison's surfboard. They're all wearing wetsuits.

THE GANG
Speech! Speech!

Edison takes center stage.

EDISON

Okay, okay. I just want to say how cool it is that you're all here for this totally bodascious occasion.

JIMBO

It took you long enough.

EDISON

True. But I couldn't have done it without all of you.

TY

Let's shred some waves!

Everyone grabs their surfboards. As Jimbo, Ty and Zak pass Edison...

TY

Thanks again, dude.

ZAK

It's way rad.

EDISON

Sorry it's wasn't a better presentation. I couldn't find a gift box big enough.

JIMBO

Are you kidding?! It's totally awesome, bro!

We now see what they're talking about: an incredible MANSION with a HUGE RED BOW wrapped around it.

TY

Just one thing. Since you're not the Chairman anymore, how did you afford it?

EDISON

I'm not a fool. I didn't give up the stock. Now c'mon, surfs up.

They hurry off towards the water. Edison turns back to Natalie. She looks apprehensive.

EDISON

Ready?

NATALIE

Edison, I've never gone surfing before.

EDISON

A few weeks ago, you never used one of these either.

He produces the branding iron (sex toy) from his knapsack and throws her a seductive grin.

EDISON (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll teach ya.

NATALIE
Hmmm...I think I'm going to like surfing.

Surfboards tucked under their arms, they head off into the water holding hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHROME OVERHEAD MEDICAL LAMP

A CARD is SUPERIMPOSED: "ONE YEAR LATER":

A DOCTOR enters frame looking right down at the lens.

DOCTOR
You're doing fine. Breathe. Breathe.

We are...

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

A very PREGNANT Natalie is in the heat of labor. DOCTORS and NURSES hover over her.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's it. Push! Push!

Suddenly, there's an ominous RUMBLING SOUND.

NATALIE
Oh, god!

DOCTOR
What's that sound?!

As the doctor starts to put his ear to her womb...there's suddenly an EXPLOSION!

As the smoke clears, Natalie and the medical staff stare in shock at a BABY-SHAPED HOLE in the wall.

Edison appears on the other side of the hole wearing a CATCHER'S MITT. In it is a BABY with WILD ORANGE FRIZZY HAIR just like Edison's.

EDISON
It's a boy!

THE END