

"HOWARD THE DUCK"
(Trapped In A World He Never Made)

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WRITER'S FIRST DRAFT

"HOWARD THE DUCK"

THE SCREEN IS BLACK

We HEAR the sound of a marble as it clacks against another marble. It is a loud clack -- powerfully amplified.

This clack sound is soon followed by a thunderous RUMBLING sound. As the rumble dies down, we...

FADE IN:

THE UNIVERSE

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES through the outer reaches of space and all its infinite splendor.

We HEAR, once again, another loud clack sound -- followed, once again, by a thunderous rumbling sound that causes a thousand stars to quiver like a heavenly Jello.

From somewhere in the vast universe, we HEAR, VOICE OVER, the devious laughter of an omniscient wacko named THOG.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THOG'S SPACE QUARTERS -- ESTABLISHING

There is something medieval about this craft. It looks more like a castle than a space ship -- as it hovers somewhere between universes. Thog's LAUGHTER CONTINUES VOICE OVER, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. THOG'S SPACE QUARTERS - HIGH ANGLE

What we notice mostly is the floor. It is a highly-polished replica of the universe. CAMERA FINDS Thog. The floor's high-finish gives off the illusion that Thog is suspended in mid-air -- when, in actuality, he is merely kneeling over a game of marbles.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THOG

reveals a somewhat ancient, somewhat adolescent little ball of a man closely resembling the human species.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thog's wardrobe suggests a certain immaturity, i.e., short pants and a Lord Faunteroy-type outfit that reveals a peek-a-boo bulging belly. On his gray head is a towering hat -- a comical, cosmical hat -- the type of hat usually worn by a sorcerer with intergalactic powers.

He has difficulty keeping the hat on his head as he peers over his marbles. His LAUGHTER subsides.

CLOSEUP OF THOG'S HAND

reveals a thumb cocked and ready to shoot a greenish-blue marble -- a marble which closely resembles, on a miniature-scale, the planet known as Earth.

CLOSEUP OF THOG'S FACE

reveals a mischievous grin; as he takes careful aim.

THOG'S P.O.V. - YELLOW MARBLE

(NOTE: Like the greenish-blue marble, the yellow marble is also a small replica of some distant world. And the effect when another marble strikes it is voodoo-like, as we will soon find out.)

From somewhere afar, we begin to HEAR a rather strange-sounding voice singing terribly off-key -- a voice that sort of sounds like Humphrey Bogart with a bad nasal condition. The first few sour notes we hear take us to the next scene, as we...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

YELLOW PLANET - ESTABLISHING

We continue to HEAR the atrocious singing VOICE OVER as CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS upon this planet. At first, it appears as if large cloud formations encircle the planet -- but, as we move closer to the planet we soon discover that they are not clouds. They are, in actuality, trillions of white duck feathers floating ever-so-lightly in the outer hemisphere.

VOICE OVER
(singing off-key)
Wauugh wauugh wauugh wauugh...

We continue to hear the singing as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOWARD'S BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON WEBBED-FOOT

as it steps into a pair of blue slacks. We continue to HEAR o.s. the off-key "wauugh-wauugh-wauughing". TITLES BEGIN.

CAMERA FOLLOWS a pair of white gloved hands as they pull the slacks up, zip up the fly and buckle the belt.

(NOTE: The camera continues to pan slowly upward keeping the shot, at all times, below the neck.)

The white gloved hands tie a somewhat sloppy-looking knot in a polka dot tie, then reach out-of-frame to pick up a Fedora hat.

CLOSE ON HOWARD THE DUCK

as he places the Fedora hat upon his feathered head. MAIN TITLE appears. The duck stops his off-key crooning to admire what he sees in the mirror. He jams a cigar in his beak and gives his reflection a wink.

HOWARD

You handsome drake you.

He blows a perfect smoke ring. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the smoke ring as it rises up, up, up toward the ceiling. As it slowly begins to disperse, we...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOL HALL - CLOSE ANGLE - CEILING

It is clouded with smoke. We HEAR o.s. a loud clack sound. Clack! CAMERA TILTS DOWN and ADJUSTS to include a pool table. The clack sound is coming from billiard balls, or at least they appear to be billiard balls -- if billiard balls were egg shaped. PULL BACK to reveal Howard leaning over the pool table, cue stick in hand, lining up his next shot. His serious expression tells us that he means business. However, he appears perturbed by the VOICE OVER pontification of his PALS.

FIRST PAL (V.O.)

You sink this, Howie... and you win.

SECOND PAL (V.O.)

He sinks it and I kiss you're sweaty webbed-feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We HEAR their prankish laughter VOICE OVER as we SEE cigar smoke jet from Howard's nostrils.

HOWARD
(annoyed by the
distraction)
Waak! Knock it off ya bozos!
Can't ya see?! I'm concentratin!

Howard once again lines up his shot -- then strokes the cue stick, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE OF SHOTS

- A) CLOSE SHOT - The cue ball spins toward the eight ball.
- B) Thog shoots the greenish-blue marble.
- C) CLOSE SHOT - The greenish-blue marble spins toward the yellow marble.
- D) CLOSE SHOT - The cue ball strikes the eight ball. We HEAR a loud clack sound.
- E) CLOSE SHOT - The greenish-blue marble strikes the yellow marble. Again we HEAR a loud clack sound.
- F) FULL SHOT - We HEAR a loud rumble sound as we SEE the pool table wobble -- which, in turn, causes the cue ball to scratch.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - HOWARD

as he suddenly disappears into thin air. Poof! All that remains behind is his cue stick... and a smoldering cigar butt.

FIRST PAL (V.O.)
Think ya scratched, Howard...
(beat)
... Howard?

CUT TO:

THE UNIVERSE

As CAMERA PANS RAPIDLY across the universe, we HEAR Howard -- his quack-like scream explodes past us like a meteor.

HOWARD (VO)
WAAAAA-AAAAAAAAAAAAA-AAAAUUUUGH!

DISSOLVE TO:

PLANET EARTH - IN THE DISTANCE - ESTABLISHING

We continue to HEAR Howard's scream -- as, once again, it approaches us -- then, like a meteor, rushes rapidly past us.

HOWARD (VO)
(continuing)
WAAAAA-AAAAAAAAAAAAA-AAAAAAAAAK!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN - A SIGN

welcomes us: "Cleveland -- City of Light, City of Magic".

We HEAR a loud splash o.s. -- CAMERA PANS OVER to reveal, first, the city dump -- then, sitting in a large puddle, surrounded by piles of junk and debris, we SEE a very dazed, very bewildered Howard the Duck. END TITLES.

MED. SHOT OF HOWARD

as he looks around, blinkingly, and wrings out his soaked tie.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - CITY DUMP

The early morning sunlight casts a gray, almost dark perspective to what we see. It is not a pretty sight. We SEE mountains of ghastly green polyethylene garbage bags spilling its guts all over the place -- blanketing the earth with the rot and stink of decaying food and other equally-disgusting debris.

BACK TO SCENE

Howard takes a whiff of the air and his sour expression tells all. Phew! Suddenly, from above o.s. we HEAR the sound of fluttering, quacking ducks in flight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOCK OF DUCKS (V.O.)
Quackquackquackquackquackquack...

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he looks up at the sky. His eyes go bug-eyed, his beak goes slack-jawed.

HOWARD
Prehistoric ducks?
(beat)
Naked prehistoric ducks!

Suddenly a GUNSHOT rings out causing the SOUND of ducks scattering and Howard's feathers to stand on end. ANOTHER GUNSHOT BLAST sprays mud in his face. A THIRD GUNSHOT barely misses him -- causing a nearby polyethylene garbage bag to explode, raining all kinds of disgusting stuff all over him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Waak! A dump that dumps on ya!

CLOSEUP - THE BONES OF SOME RECENTLY DEVoured FOWL
as it lands in a startled Howard's lap.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Waaaaaaaauuuuuugh!

And, as fast as a duck can waddle, Howard skiddaddles!

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Howard clawing over mounds and mounds of garbage bags.
- B) Howard crawling on his belly under a highway's wire fence barrier.
- C) A confused Howard scratching his feathered head as he frantically surveys his strange new surroundings.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - NEW SURROUNDINGS

In a 360 degree PAN, the CAMERA SCANS the entire area. We SEE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

nothing but highways stretching in all directions like some monstrous concrete octopus.

CAMERA PAN ENDS on the darkly silhouetted skyline of Cleveland in the distance -- looming ominously against the dawn's early smog.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he reaches into his vest pocket for a smoke, but, to his dismay, he comes up empty-handed. Frantically he searches every pocket... twice! But no cigar!

Waving an angry fist toward the heavens, Howard reveals three-foot-three-inches-worth of feathered irascibility.

HOWARD

Waak! Listen, bub -- whoever you are or whatever you are that dumped me in this furshlugginer place full of exploding garbage and naked prehistoric ducks...

(his temper tantrum
turns to tears of
sorrow)

... did it have to be without
a cigar?!

Suddenly Howard sees something that causes him to freeze in horror -- his eyes almost pop out of their sockets.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - AN ENORMOUS TRUCK

is barreling down the highway directly towards us.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he manages to leap out of the truck's way in just the nick of time -- escaping certain death by a feather!

CLOSEUP OF HOWARD

as he suddenly notices the rear of the truck.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - THE REAR OF THE TRUCK

as it barrels down the highway reveals a cargo of chickens. Hundreds of them -- in cages -- their frightened little wings flapping a trail of feathers.

BACK TO HOWARD

He is bugaboo.

HOWARD

Wauugh! Birds in bondage!

(gulps nervously)

Wherever it is I am... it ain't

Duckworld!

Howard picks up his crushed Fedora with a trembling hand and brushes off the dirt. Then, with great apprehension, the alien duck waddles off in the direction of the big city, b.g. -- while CAMERA HOLDS SHOT we SEE Howard becoming a speck waddling away into the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND/OUTSKIRTS - AN HOUR LATER - HOWARD

is one fried duck as he drags his tired webbed-feet in the hot morning sun. Suddenly, o.s., the refreshing SOUNDS of a swimming pool attracts Howard's attention.

Howard steps on top of a trash can and peers over a backyard fence.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - YELLOW RUBBER FLIPPERS

closely resembling the webbed-feet of a duck bob up and down in the pool. Also visible is one of those silly-looking plastic heads of a duck.

(NOTE: Obviously, there is somebody floating lazily in somekind of duck-like inner tube o.s. -- but all we SEE are the yellow rubber flippers on his feet.)

BACK TO HOWARD

who reacts exultantly to what he mistakenly perceives it to be -- another duck!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Howard as he climbs over the fence and waddles hurriedly over to the pool.

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
Waaaaauuuuuuuughhh!

CLOSE SHOT - BIG DOG

as he stands on his hind-legs, his paws resting triumphantly on the top of the fence. In his growling mouth we SEE lots of duck feathers and a hunk of Howard's pants.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

We HEAR, VOICE OVER, a Southern drawl devoid of warmth coming from a distant tv, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON TV

reveals THE REV. BILLY SHAM dressed in a funereal black three-piece Brooks Brothers suit and wagging a didactic forefinger. Behind the bigoted tv evangelist we SEE a banner that reveals in large circus-type letters: "The Rev. Billy Sham's Crusade For A More Decent America".

BILLY SHAM
(in the hellfire and
damnation tradition)
Excessive sex and four-letter words!
It's damaging our moral fiber! And
if we allow this filth on tv to
continue, it'll destroy the fabric
of our great nation! Bedroom scenes
do not belong in our living rooms!

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE several people seated in the living room, their backs toward us, watching the tv sermon. One appears to be a teenage girl with a pony-tail, another appears to be an older woman with a bouffant hair-do -- and a third person's identity remains totally hidden behind a high-back chair.

(NOTE: During the tv sermon, we INTERCUT now and then to get the reactions of the two women. The older woman blurts out an occasional "hallelujah" or "amen" -- while the younger one lets out a yawn or two.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY SHAM (CONT'D)

What can we do you say? We can boycott the sponsors of these immoral, decadent shows... that's what we can do! Oh, sure... we all have to brush our teeth, buy cars and use deodorants -- but we don't have to use theirs! Lately, my ministry has come under some mighty vicious attacks from liberal humanists, militant homosexuals and feminist activists -- but I leave the decision not only in the Lord's hands, but also in your hands! The hands of my Video Vigilantes! And I pray that you reach those righteous hands deep into your pockets and send whatever you can to me, Rev. Billy Sham, Box 24, Cleveland... so I may continue my crusade for a more decent America!

(beat)

Visa and other major credit cards accepted.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE a TEENAGE BOY entering the living room. What he sees on the tube causes his pimply face to cringe in disgust.

BOY

Yucko! How can you watch that bigoted crock of...

Just then, something he sees causes him to swallow his words.

BOY

(continuing
nervously)

... oops! Er... uh... hi, Dad!
Gee, you're home kinda early today.

BOY'S P.O.V. - BILLY SHAM

as he peers around the high-back chair, scowling menacingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY SHAM

Yes, son. That's because the sermon's taped... just like that scurrilous mouth of yours is going to be!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - BILLY SHAM

wipes his platter clean with a hunk of white bread, downs a heaping glass of milk, then dabs his mouth with a linen napkin.

BILLY SHAM

(addressing the heavens above)

Thank you, oh Lord! That was dee-licious!

As soon as he gets up and leaves the room, CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE his pony-tailed teenaged daughter CORDELIA and THE MISSUS. Both are finishing up their meal.

CORDELIA

(to her mother)

While father was at it, he could've at least thanked you, too. You cooked it!

THE MISSUS

(in a hushed voice)

Now, now, Cordelia... watch your tongue. Else you might wind up like your poor brother Matthew.

Cordelia gives her brother, o.s., a sympathetic glance. ANGLE WIDENS FURTHER TO INCLUDE her brother MATTHEW. The boy stares at a huge plateful of food with hungry, frustrated eyes -- a wide strip of adhesive tape plastered across his young "scurrilous" mouth.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT - BILLY SHAM.

is gazing out the window through a telescope, as the missus opens the door enough to reveal her plump body in a rather daring negligee.

THE MISSUS

Billy, are you coming to bed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Sham fails to notice his wife's skimpy evening attire, as he continues to peer through the telescope.

BILLY SHAM

In a bit... in a bit.

She appears somewhat hurt by her husband's lack of enamored interest.

THE MISSUS

Well... try not to stay up too late.

(beat)

Goodnight.

Billy Sham looks up from the telescope for the first time and suddenly notices his wife's rather risque Fredericks of Hollywood nightgown.

BILLY SHAM

(stunned)

My God, woman! What the hell are you dressed up as?! Some Jezebel?!

The missus turns a deep shade of pink.

THE MISSUS

(demoralized)

I thought... you might like it.

BILLY SHAM

(furious)

Are you out of your head, woman?! What if somebody saw you like that!?

THE MISSUS

The only one who's going to see me like this is my husband.

BILLY SHAM

What if suddenly the house caught fire... and you had to run outside dressed like that?! What would our neighbors think?!

THE MISSUS

Maybe they'd think you were a lucky guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billy Sham is much to infuriated to see any humor in his wife's somewhat valiant reply.

BILLY SHAM

Have you been watching too much
tv?! Your morals are decaying!

THE MISSUS

(clearly hurt and
repentant)

I'm sorry... I just thought it
might... help.

BILLY SHAM

Our marraige doesn't need any help...
especially from the devil! Now go...
and put something decent on!

Billy Sham turns his back on her, scornfully -- and goes back to the business of gazing out the window through a telescope. The missus mumbles an incoherent apology and starts to exit -- then stops.

THE MISSUS

(awkwardly)

Every night... just what is it
you look at?

Billy Sham replies without taking his eye from the telescope.

BILLY SHAM

I'm searching the heavens for
the face of the Lord!

The missus accepts this explanation, then quietly exits -- leaving Billy Sham alone with his telescope.

CLOSE SHOT - BILLY SHAM

as he squints through the telescope and licks his lips.

BILLY SHAM

Oh Lordie!

BILLY SHAM'S (TELESCOPIC) P.O.V. - BEVERLY

is unaware that somebody is peeping at her through a telescope situated a short distance away from her apartment window.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEVERLY

is seated behind a drawing board and is feverishly sketching something o.s.

BEVERLY

Winda, please! Hold still for a minute! I'm almost done.

WINDA (O.S.)

Hurwy, Beverlwy. This costume's dwiving me cwazy!

Beverly finishes up her sketch and holds it up toward WINDA, who is still o.s.

BEVERLY

Well? What do you think?

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE somebody in a ridiculous-looking costume that resembles a duck.

WINDA

I think you better help me get out of this widiculous costume before I suffocate!

Beverly goes over and, after a little struggle, manages to yank off the duck-mask -- revealing the hot, sweaty face of Winda.

BEVERLY

Can I get you something?

WINDA

Yeah... a psychiatwist! Why I ever let you talk me into modeling for you I'll never know!

BEVERLY

Because you're getting ten bucks an hour... and you're my friend.

WINDA

Well, as your fwriend, wet me give you a widdle advice...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Winda pokes her head back in and giggles coquetishly.

WINDA

Gee, Beverlwy... maybe you
just got a thing for ducks?!

Winda exits, giggling -- as Beverly returns to her drawing board, fuming.

BEVERLY

Trash?!

Angrily, she crumples up a piece of paper and tosses it into a nearby trash can. And, as CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT of the trash can, we...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON HOWARD

as he cautiously lifts his frazzled head out of a garbage can, the lid resting on top of his head like an enormous metal frisbee. With tired, frightened eyes, he checks and makes sure that the coast is clear -- then scampers out of the garbage can and out of the alley.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT - HOWARD

waddles down a busy street holding his Fedora over his face in hopes that it might hide his duckness.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - HAIRLESS APES

look at us with expressions of puzzlement, astonishment and horror.

(NOTE: CAMERA ANGLE is low to the ground and cropped below the knees. People have to lean down into our shot, which is Howard's eye-level.)

HAIRLESS APE #1

Lookit! A midget in a duck suit!

HAIRLESS APE #2

Or is it a duck in a midget's suit?!

BACK TO SCENE

Howard quickens his step as MORE HAIRLESS APES gather to get a gander at the mallard.

HAIRLESS APE #3
Must be somekind of publicity
stunt.

HAIRLESS APE #4
Stunt, hell... I tink it's
somekind of mu-tant... or freak!

BACK TO HOWARD'S P.O.V. - HAIRLESS APES

continue to poke their ugly pusses inches away from us and
sneer grotesquely.

HAIRLESS APE #5
Say, lil' fella... somebody
tar 'n feather ya?!

HAIRLESS APE #6
Hey, I get it! Maybe we're all
on Candid Camera or somethin!

HAIRLESS APE #5
Say, lil' fella... you ain't
Allen Funt, are ya?!

BACK TO SCENE

as Howard scurries through the crowd of gawking hairless apes.
Suddenly he is grabbed by a HAIRLESS APE IN DRAG.

HAIRLESS APE IN DRAG
My what a dreadfully tacky
ensemble! All those horrid
feathers! Tacky, tacky, tacky!

Howard shakes his fist in the hairless ape's face.

HOWARD
Waak! Keep your filthy fins
off the flannel, toots. Unless
you want to wind up with a
mouthful of feathers... and no
teeth!

CLOSE SHOT OF HAIRLESS APES

as CAMERA PANS their shocked faces. Slowly the reality of what they have just witnessed sinks in -- and, in unison, like a horrified glee club, they let out a shriek.

HAIRLESS APES
A talking duck!!

BACK TO HOWARD

as he tilts his Fedora nonchalantly.

HOWARD
Where I'm from... every duck
talks. A few even have somethin
to say.

He searches the crowd quizzically.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
One of ya wouldn't happen to
have a smoke... would ya?!

Once again CAMERA PANS the crowd as they react with AD LIB:
"Now I've seen everything!" "A duck that talks... and smokes
cigars!" CAMERA PAN ENDS on a frightened old hairless ape
who reaches into his pocket with a shakey hand and pulls out
a cigar.

CLOSE ON HOWARD

as he gratefully sticks the cigar in his beak, puts a match
to it -- and then takes a nice, long, overdue puff.

HOWARD
Thanks, mac. Now that I've
found me a smoke...

The crowd parts to let Howard continue on his way to nowhere
in particular.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
... all I gotta find now is a
way outta this ~~foreboding~~ ^l
place.

And, as Howard waddles away down the street, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - A POLICE CAR

cruises a downtown neighborhood. We HEAR, VOICE OVER, a police report coming from the car radio.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)
Calling all cars, calling all cars...

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - TWO COPS

are driving along and snacking on a bucketful of finger lickin chicken.

CAR RADIO (CONT'D)
... be on the lookout for a suspect about three feet tall... last seen wearing a blue Fedora with matching suit, polka dot tie and smoking a cigar.
(beat)
Suspect is rumored to be a duck.

COPS
(in unision)
A duck?!

CAR RADIO
You heard me... a duck!

COP #1
(to partner)
Must be somekind of college prank.

CAR RADIO
(continuing)
Suspect is unarmed and does not appear to be dangerous... so when you see him feel free to beat the ~~daylights~~ out of him!

HELL
COP
COP #2
(to partner)
Fasten your seat belt, buddy... we're off on a little duck hunt!

COP #1
Anything sounds better than this chicken.

And, as the cops chuckle, then speed off into the night -- the WAIL of their siren takes us to our next scene.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT - A POLICE CAR

screeches by, siren blaring -- but the cops fail to notice Howard as he waddles into the depot.

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT - HOWARD

waddles up to a ticket window and, even though he stands on his tippy webbed-toes, manages only to get his hat in the view of the CLERK.

CLERK'S P.O.V. - HOWARD'S FEDORA

HOWARD (O.S.)
Gimme a one way ticket outta
here, mac.

(NOTE: INTERCUT the clerk's reactions with Howard's o.s. conversation.)

CLERK
Any particular destination, sir?

HOWARD (O.S.)
Yeah... home.
(beat)
Wherever that is.

CLERK
Well that's kind of vague, don't
you think? Unless, of course,
home is any place you hang your
hat.

(checking schedule)
We have a bus departing in ten
minutes for Erie, Pennsylvania.

HOWARD (O.S.)
Well, it can't be any more eerier
than this place... I'll take it.

CLERK
That'll be twenty seven dollars.

We SEE Howard's gloved hand reaching over the ticket counter. He plops some weird-looking currancy in the clerk's hand, who proceeds to investigate the coins with scrutiny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK
Hmmm... I've never seen anything
like these coins before.

The clerk squints to read the tiny engraving on the coin.

INSERT - COIN

CLERK (CONT'D) (V.O.)
E pluribus quackum??

BACK TO SCENE

as the clerk returns Howard's money.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Sorry, sir... but we don't
accept foreign denominations.

At this point, the clerk leans over the counter and takes his first look at Howard.

CLERK
(continuing
flabbergasted)
My goodness... you're a duck!

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he stuffs his worthless money into his pockets.

HOWARD
No kidding... you hairless apes
keep reminding me!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Howard as he waddles grudgingly into a public restroom.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT - HOWARD

tries to cool off his temper by sticking his hot feathered head under a running faucet.

HOWARD
Waak! When I find out who did
this to me... I'll murder the
bum!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From somewhere o.s. we HEAR the muffled, somewhat garbled voice of Thog.

THOG (O.S.)
Now, now, now, Howard... mustn't
go getting yourself all roused
up in a tither. After all, it
was all an accident.

Howard spins around to find no one standing there.

HOWARD
(a bit spooked)
Waak! Who said that? Where
are you?!

THOG (O.S.)
I did, Howard... over here.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - THE RESTROOM

as CAMERA DOES A QUICK PAN revealing no one.

THOG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Over here, dummy...

CAMERA PANS OVER TO a toilet stall. From behind the stall,
we continue to HEAR Thog's slightly muted voice.

THOG (O.S.)
(continuing)
... step into my office.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he cautiously opens the toilet stall and pokes his perturbed
head in.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - INSIDE THE STALL

reveals no one. However, Thog's VOICE continues to come from
somewhere below our eye-level.

THOG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here I am...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal the toilet bowl.

THOG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... down here, Howard!

BACK TO HOWARD

who has one webbed-foot poised ready to make a run for it, as, with his other webbed-foot, he takes a nervous but vigilant step in the direction of the toilet bowl. With a trembling hand, he lifts the toilet bowl lid -- and with obvious reluctance, but with a good deal of curiosity, Howard peeks inside the toilet bowl.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - INSIDE THE TOILET BOWL

we SEE the face of Thog reflected magically on the water's surface. As he speaks, his image ripples.

(NOTE: Thog no longer sounds muffled now that the toilet lid has been raised. However, it still has a garbled gurgly sound as if he's talking under water.)

THOG
Greetings, my fine feathered
friend... greetings. I am
Thog. Overmaster of all the
universes... give or take a
universe.

(NOTE: INTERCUT Howard's reactions as he converses with a talking toilet bowl.)

HOWARD
(wide-eyed and
speechless)
Hama-hama-hama...

THOG
A thousand apologies... but it was
I, Thog, who put you here.

Howard's reaction changes from shock to anger, as he starts to slow burn.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

THOG (CONT'D)

Now, now, now, Howard... like I said, it was an accident. I was merely toying with the universes, like I always, when all of a sudden without warning you fell through the Cosmic Axis! So you mustn't lose your temper... it was just a little harmless bit of intergalactic wizardry that... uh... sort of backfired!

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

is fuming mad. A more angry duck would be real hard to find.

HOWARD

Backfired?! Waak! Well get your puss outta that toilet, mac... and fire me back!

TWO SHOT - HOWARD AND THOG

The latter smiles nervously -- like the airline employee who lost your luggage.

THOG

Well, Howard... I'm certainly working on it.

HOWARD

Working on it?!

THOG

What do you think I do? Just say a secret word and a duck comes down?! It's not that easy. Creating an eclipse is easier! You see... accidentally I was able to deposit you -- but I'm not exactly positive I can return you.

HOWARD

You mean... I'm past the point of no deposit and no return?! Waak!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOG

Having a tantrum won't accomplish anything, Howard... except maybe give you a cardiac.

(thinks for a beat)

Hmmm... I guess if you want to get off this planet bad enough, a cardiac is probably your best bet.

Howard sees little humor in his situation.

HOWARD

Waak! I gotta be dreamin! This can't be real!

THOG

You can't get any more real than Cleveland, I'm afraid.

HOWARD

Cleve... land? Ya mean...

(terrified)

I'm in the land of cleves?!

THOG

Yes, Howard. And I'm sorry to say... on a weekend.

Howard loses all control for a second or two.

HOWARD

Waaaauuuuuuughhhh!

(then calmly)

Uh... what's a cleve?

THOG

I don't know. I'm still trying to figure out what's a Cosmic Axis!

HOWARD

Just how far away is Duckworld from...

(gulps)

... Cleveland?

We HEAR the sound of an adding machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOG

Let me see... not too far.
A couple hundred million light
years... give or take a light
year.

HOWARD

WAAAAAUUUUGH!!

THOG

I grant you, it is one helluva
long waddle, Howard... but let's
not lose hope.

HOWARD

WAAAAAUUUUGH!!

THOG

Well I have to go now, Howard...
my mommy's calling me! Ciao!

HOWARD

No... wait... ya can't leave
me here... ya gotta get me
outta here! Waak!

CLOSE SHOT - TOILET BOWL

as we HEAR a loud flushing sound and SEE Thog's image turn
into a whirlpool as it goes down the dumper with a dramatic
gurgle.

ANGLE - HOWARD

as he sticks his angry head in the toilet bowl and screams.

HOWARD

Thog! Come back, Thog!

CAMERA ADJUSTS to a WIDE ANGLE to include a DRUNK as he staggers
by the toilet stall. The drunk stops and observes Howard yelling
into the depths of a toilet bowl.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Please, Thog! Come back, Thog!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUNK

(sympathetically)

Thas ok, pal... I know
exshactly how ya feel. Mary
a time I had to throw away
perfectly good grog, myshelf...
hic!

And with a belch, the drunk staggers away -- leaving Howard alone in a world he never made, his beak dripping wet.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Howard as he waddles sadly over to the sink to discover another one of Earth's many horrors.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - A HOT AIR BLOW DRYER

on the wall instead of towels.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he stands under the dryer mad as hell.

HOWARD

Waak! This rotten planet don't
even have paper towels!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Hanging limply in the window by their webbed-feet we SEE several dead, plucked ducks. The BUTCHER is sweeping the sidewalk in front of his shop as the police car pulls up to the curb. One of the cops we saw earlier pokes his head out of the car window.

COP

Morning, Al... seen any
suspicious-looking ducks?

BUTCHER

Nope... but I saw a rotten-
looking veal shank!

The cops chuckle -- and the car pulls away. We FOLLOW the car until it passes a greasy spoon restaurant where we PICK UP Howard, his back to camera.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he stares into the restaurant window.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - EGG

as it is cracked open -- its contents poured onto a hot skillet and fried with a merciless sizzle.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he makes another street-wise revelation, his voice choked with anger and distress.

HOWARD
Wauugh! A world that eats
unhatched infants!

And as Howard's eyes well up with tears, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLUSH OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON SKETCH

of a cartoony-looking duck with big, sad, puddly eyes which sort of resembles a painting by Walter Keene. O.s. we HEAR the famed producer MAX MOGULSTEIN.

MAX (O.S.)
Cute... very cute.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Max Mogulstein, a man in his early fifties. He has a ton of jewelry hanging from his neck and wrists -- and a suntan that makes George Hamilton look pale in comparison. On his walls we SEE several photos of Max posing with celebrated film personalities. Also a number of movie posters displaying in large letters: "A Max Mogulstein Production". Max is holding up the sketch -- but admiring Beverly, who sits across from him and appears uncomfortable under his gaze.

MAX (CONT'D)
Cute... very, very cute.

BEVERLY
Me... or my work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Both... both.

BEVERLY

(facetiously)

Thanks, Mr. Mogulstein...
but I'm here to sell my work.

(beat)

Not myself.

MAX

(laughing
good-naturedly)

Beverly, you not only have
talent... you have brains.
A bombshell with brains!

BEVERLY

Does that mean you're interested?

MAX

(as he looks her
up and down)

Very interested.

Beverly fidgets with the length of her dress, uncomfortably.

BEVERLY

In my work, Mr. Mogulstein...
or my legs?

MAX

Both, Beverly... and please,
call me Max.

BEVERLY

Would you like to produce a
film... Max?

MAX

Let's talk about it... over
dinner.

BEVERLY

Couldn't we discuss it now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

I know a great little Chinese restaurant that serves a delicious almond duck.

BEVERLY

I don't eat duck.

MAX

So order something else.

BEVERLY

I don't eat Chinese food.

(beat)

Yes or no. Do you or don't you want to produce my film... Mr. Mogulstein?

MAX

Max... Max! Call me Max!

BEVERLY

Max!

MAX

(amused)

You're great... you know that?!
You're great!

BEVERLY

(acidulously)

Yeah... I'm great.

MAX

Producing an animated feature is a very hairy, very expensive venture. It could turn out to be a real disaster.

BEVERLY

So could dinner...

(rises to leave)

... thanks for looking at my work... Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

Look, to be honest, Beverly...
I like you.

(holds up sketch)

But I'm not too crazy about
this. Not to the tune of
a twelve million dollar
production cost. Besides...

(laughs amiably)

... ducks don't talk. Ducks
go quack quack.

(seriously)

Bring me something more...
real. You'll always find my
door open. You have lots of
talent...

(kiddingly)

... and nice legs.

Beverly gathers up her sketches and heads for the door.

BEVERLY

(manages a smile)

Thanks for the honesty... Mr.
Mogulstein.

And as Beverly walks out the door we HEAR Max o.s.

MAX (O.S.)

Max... call me Max!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - HOWARD

resembles a bum as he scrounges around in the company of
pigeons in search of an unpecked scrap of Cracker Jacks.
Suddenly something plops on his hat. He takes it off and
examines the damage. He does not look too happy.

HOWARD

Yuck... pigeon poop!

(shakes an angry
fist at the sky)

Somebody oughta have a talk
with you pigeons! You're not
only stupid... your manners
stink!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD (CONT'D)
(whinces from
the odor)
And I mean stink!

Howard makes a sour face and holds the smelly hat as far away from his beak as his short arms can reach. To a HAIRLESS APE, who happens to be passing by, it appears as if Howard is panhandling.

HAIRLESS APE
(disgustedly)
Getta job... freakface!

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY - A SIGN

on the wall says: "For your health and the health of others thank you for not smoking". This sign is clouded with smoke. CAMERA TILTS DOWN and FOLLOWS the trail of smoke to a PERSONNEL WORKER smoking a cigar. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Howard, who is hidden from the personnel worker's view by a stack of papers piled high on a desk.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he looks longingly at the cigar o.s.

PERSONNEL WORKER (O.S.)
Hmmm... here's an opening for
a short order cook.

HOWARD
Just how short do ya have to be?

ANGLE ON PERSONNEL WORKER

as he looks over the stack of papers and down at Howard. He rubs his eyes and blinks in disbelief, the cigar falling out of his mouth.

PERSONNEL WORKER
Say, aren't you a... duck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Howard picks up the cigar and jams it in his beak.

HOWARD
I was the last time I looked.

PERSONNEL WORKER
(in a quandary)
I'm sorry, sir... but we don't
hire ducks!

HOWARD
I thought this was an equal
opportunity employer.

PERSONNEL WORKER
It is... but you're a duck!
(beat)
~~And would you please refrain~~
~~from smoking!~~

Howard leaps up on the desk, incensed, knocking over the
stack of papers with an angry webbed-foot.

HOWARD
Don't a duck have rights?!
(roars)
Equal rights for ducks!

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY - HOWARD

comes flying out of the building and lands on the sidewalk
with a thud. B.g. we SEE the personnel worker shaking a
warning fist.

PERSONNEL WORKER
And don't come back!

As a dazed Howard sits there on the sidewalk, his hat in his
lap, an OLD LADY wobbles by. Mistaking Howard to be one of
the many destitute, she stuffs some money in his hat.

OLD LADY
(tsk-tsking)
You poor, poor man you.

EXT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY - HOWARD

with a fistful of dollars, waddles by a display window full of masks. Suddenly, the duck gets an idea. As he hurries into the costume shop, we...

WIPE TO:

SAME SHOT - A MINUTE LATER - HOWARD

comes waddling out of the costume shop with a paper bag under his arm. B.g., the PROPRIETOR stares out the store window.

CLOSE SHOT - PROPRIETOR

as he mutters to himself in wonderment.

PROPRIETOR
Now that's the most realistic
duck mask I ever saw!

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY - HOWARD

has his back toward us as he takes the mask out of the bag, pulls it over his head -- and waddles into the building.

CAMERA HOLDS SHOT until a moment later we SEE Howard once again come flying out of the building butt-first. And, like the situation before, we SEE b.g. the personnel worker shaking a warning fist.

PERSONNEL WORKER
And when I say don't come back...
I mean don't come back!

Howard rubs his sore tail then turns to reveal on his head a Nixon mask. No wonder he didn't get the job! Disgruntled, Howard removes the mask and tosses it into the gutter, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - SEVERAL YOUNG THUGS

hang-out on a street corner as a police car cruises by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of the thugs, noticing the cops pull up, quickly swallows whatever it was he was smoking -- then, acting like the vision of innocence, gazes off into the clouds.

COP

Hey... punk.

THUG

Who... me?

COP

Yeah... you! Get over here!

The thug swaggers over to the cop car, reluctantly.

THUG

(smart-ass)

What can I do for ya today... officer?

COP

Since you're gazing off into the clouds, tell me... seen any UFO's lately?

THUG

Whaddaya mean... UFO's?

The cop grins and gives his partner a wink.

COP

You know... UFO's!

(beat)

Unidentified feathered objects!

THUG

(slightly
paranoid)

Hey, man... I'm clean. I ain't smokin no kind of feathered objects! Identified or un-identified!

As the cops drive away laughing, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET CORNER - DAY - HOWARD

waddles wearily down the street, his head lowered to keep his duck identity somewhat concealed -- when suddenly he runs smack into a pair of shapely legs belonging to none other than Beverly!

BEVERLY

Hey, shorty... that's my kneecap
you're staring at.

Howard looks up at Beverly and tips his hat like a gentleman, or, to be more precise, a gentleduck.

HOWARD

Sorry, toots... but that's my
eye-level.

Beverly bends down to have a closer look. She can hardly believe her eyes -- a cheerful little giggle escapes her lips.

BEVERLY

I don't believe it... a talking
duck! An honest-to-goodness
talking duck! Oh my God... you're
just what I've been looking for!

*Too quick
He just has
dressed as a duck.*

HOWARD

No offense, toots... but you're
too easily impressed.

BEVERLY

No offense, ducky... but my name's
not Toots. It's Beverly.

HOWARD

And my name's not Ducky... it's
Howard.

Once again Howard tips his hat.

BEVERLY

I don't believe it! A duck that
talks... and tips his hat!
(touches his beak)
You sure you're a duck?

HOWARD

(wobbly)
Lately I'm not too sure of
anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And, with that little proclamation, Howard, weak from hunger, faints dead away in Beverly's arms.

EXT. SUSHI BAR - DAY - BEVERLY AND HOWARD

look at a large photo in the restaurant window depicting assorted raw fish concoctions. Beverly groans.

BEVERLY

You sure you want to eat here?
They don't even cook their fish!

HOWARD

(weakly)

That's what I like about it,
toots.

INT. SUSHI BAR - DAY - HOWARD

is so wobbly from lack of nourishment that he has to steady himself by holding onto one of Beverly's legs.

BEVERLY

You poor duck you... you must
be starving!

Howard looks around the room, nervously.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - HAIRLESS APES

gorge their fat faces as they sneer menacingly at us.

BACK TO BEVERLY AND HOWARD

as the latter gulps uneasily.

HOWARD

And I'm afraid I'm not the
only one.

Beverly gives the mallard a supportive tap on the tail.

BEVERLY

Don't worry, Howard... people
are going to love you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Howard puffs on his cigar, worriedly.

HOWARD

That's what I'm afraid of, toots.
They're gonna love me, alright...
with soya sauce on the side!

A JAPANESE MAITRE D' greets them with a deep bow -- and notices something a bit distressing.

JAPANESE MAITRE D'S P.O.V. - WEBBED-FEET

BACK TO SCENE

JAPANESE MAITRE D'

So sorry... but without shoes
we cannot ret you in.

However, Beverly slips a crisp bill into the maitre d's hand --
which causes him to have a swift change of heart.

JAPANESE MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

Ahh-so... on second thought, I
suppose we can make small exception.
(bows again)

Especially since exception is
so small.

With a chortle, the maitre d' leads Beverly and Howard to
a table. Almost immediately, sushi is brought to their table --
and while Howard quickly downs several wiggly-looking sea
urchins, CAMERA PANS OVER TO where several ornery HAIRLESS
APES sit, staring at the duck with malicious intentions.

HAIRLESS APE #1

Well lookit that... a walkin,
talkin feather-duster!

HAIRLESS APE #2

(laughing
obnoxiously)

That ain't no feather-duster...
that there's a duck!

HAIRLESS APE #3

Gee... I didn't know dey was
soivin duck today!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAIRLESS APE #1

I didn't even know duck was on
de menu.

And as the three brutes continue to laugh obnoxiously,
ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Beverly, who glances up from her
meal and gives them a dirty look. Howard, however, continues
to concentrate on his sushi, not wishing any trouble.

HAIRLESS APE #2

And git a load at that goilfriend
of his!

HAIRLESS APE #3

Yeah... ain't she a cutie!

HAIRLESS APE #1

Yeah... whoever winds up in her
sack is truly one lucky duck!

This rude remark causes his cohorts to once again bellow with
insipid laughter. Howard, now a bit perturbed, wipes his beak
with a napkin, then turns and addresses the three hairless apes.

HOWARD

Say... how'd ya bubs like to
be spittin feathers all day!?
Huh?!

BEVERLY

(whispers)

I think your death wish is
showing.

Hairless Ape #1 rises from his stool and comments to his pals.

HAIRLESS APE #1

The little fowl's gotta foul
mouth!

As his pals roar with laughter, Hairless Ape #1 saunters over
to where Howard sits and pokes his big, ugly puss an inch from
his beak.

HAIRLESS APE #1

(continuing)

Lookin for a beef... duck face?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

You big bully! Why don't
you go pick on somebody your
own size!

HAIRLESS APE #1

Ok, baby... you're about my
size!

Howard gallantly leaps onto the table -- his squat little
body thrust forward in a rigid, warlike stance.

HOWARD

Ya gotta big mouth, bozo...
but let's not go bitin off
more than ya can chew!

The hairless ape grabs Howard around the neck and lifts him
up in the air.

HAIRLESS APE #1

You're about to become one
very lame duck!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Howard as he suddenly finds himself airborne.
He splashes down into a bowl of soup.

HAIRLESS APE #2

(chortles)

Waiter! There's a duck in my
soup!

Howard shakes off the soup and the pain -- and leaps into the
air, striking Hairless Ape #1 on the chin with a brutal blow
from his webbed-foot. The big baboon falls like an autumn
leaf. He looks up at his cohorts with a punchy expression.

HAIRLESS APE #1

Wha happened??

HAIRLESS APE #3

Ya forgot to duck... a duck!

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY - HOWARD

looks up at Beverly with a forlorn, lopsided glance as she
applies iodine to a spot on his blowzy feathered head.

HOWARD

Ye-ouch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Gee, ducky... I'm really
impressed. What a beautiful
display of chivalry.

HOWARD
(with little
modesty)
What a beautiful display
of Quackfoo!

He whinces again in pain as Beverly applies another dab of
iodine to his battle wounds. He then glances around at her
apartment.

HOWARD
(continuing)
Nice nest ya got here, toots.

BEVERLY
You know, I'm starting to
hate being called toots...
(a beat,
smiling)
... less and less!

She sniffs the air.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
That soup you landed in sure
makes you smell delicious.

Howard darts a nervous glance her way.

BEVERLY
(continuing,
laughing)
Don't worry, Howard... I
told you, you can trust me...
I'm a vegetarian.

She gives him a playful whack on the butt.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
However, I think you better
go jump in the shower!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - HOWARD

noticing the toilet, lifts the lid and peers down into the bowl.

HOWARD
(whispers
apprehensively)
Thog... you in there? Thog?!

But alas, there is no reply -- so Howard waddles over to the shower and, as he turns on the faucets, we...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON BEVERLY

as she HEARS a very strange thump, thump, thumping sound coming from the bathroom. CAMERA FOLLOWS a curious and concerned Beverly as she enters bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON BEVERLY

reveals an expression of surprise and utter amusement.

BEVERLY
Howard!

BEVERLY'S P.O.V. - HOWARD

is jumping up and down in the shower. Thump, thump, thump! He wiggles his cigar and jiggles his eyebrows not at all unlike Groucho.

HOWARD
Well, toots... you told me to
jump in the shower!

And as Beverly giggles at her new feathered friend's cornball sense of wit, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAM'S TOWNHOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON BILLY

as he rehearses his sermon in a bubble bath. Ironically, he is addressing his fiery words to his own reflection in a hand-held mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY SHAM

Sinners! No matter how clean
your laundry... you can still
have devil-around-the-collar!
No matter how white your skin...
you can still have a soul
blackier than hell! No matter...

Suddenly, someone's entrance interrupts Billy Sham's little
rehearsal. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE his son, Matthew, who timidly
pokes his pimply face into the bathroom.

MATTHEW

Excuse me, Dad... uh, sorry
for interrupting your bath...
but I forgot my Clearasil.

Mathew hurriedly gets the tube of acne medication that he
so needs, then starts to exit -- when something he notices
causes him to stop.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Dad... how come you never...
take off your shoes?!

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Billy Sham, his feet propped up on
the faucet, taking a bath with his shoes on!

MATTHEW

(continuing)

In all respect, Dad, you
have to admit... it's pretty
peculiar!

BILLY SHAM

(curtly)

I never remove my shoes on
account of I have a powerfully
ugly war wound not fitting the
eyes of our Lord! Now get the
hell out of here so I can take
my bath!

Matthew exits hastily -- leaving Billy Sham once again alone,
his mirror in hand, to rehearse his sermon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY SHAM (CONT'D)

Now where was I? Oh yeah...
and no matter how clear your
complexion... a sinner's soul
is always blemished!

And as Billy Sham babbles on in his bubbles, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY - HOWARD

sits in front of a tv set, remote control in hand, watching
an onslaught of shows -- as, nearby, we SEE Beverly at her
drawing board sketching.

BEVERLY

(cheerfully)

Isn't this wonderful, ducky?
You can be my full-time, live-
in model!

HOWARD

Sounds okay to me, toots. I'll
much rather be sketched than
stewed.

On the tube is "The Miss Universe Pageant". Howard makes
a disgusted face.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Miss Universe?! My eye! I
don't see one broad from my
universe!

Howard changes the channel. On the tube now is a rock
guitarist closely resembling Chuck Berry. He does a bent-
knee, low-to-the-ground, squatty-looking duckwalk. Howard
makes another disgusted face and once again changes the
channel.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Waak! That guy was the ugliest
duck I ever saw!

Howard has a baffled expression of disbelief on his face,
as we HEAR a jingle coming from the tv.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JINGLE

A horse is a horse of course
of course and no one can talk
to a horse of course unless
of course the horse is the
famous Mr. Ed...

HOWARD

(incredulously)

Waak!? A talking horse?!
Now that's unbelievable!

Beverly looks up from her sketching and giggles.

BEVERLY

And that's straight from
the duck's mouth!

Howard changes the channel again. This time on the tube
we SEE a familiar face. It's Billy Sham a-rantin 'n a-ravin!

BILLY SHAM

Think! In the eyes of your
fellow man you may seem like
an alright guy -- but, in
the eyes of our Lord... you
are a dirty, no-good sinner!
And, if you should suddenly,
this very minute, drop down
dead... you will be in hell
forever!

HOWARD

Waak! This hairless ape
scares the beejeesus out
of me!

BEVERLY

And according to him... God
is on his side!

HOWARD

Yeah? Well, toots... I'm
sure God has better things
to do than watch television!

And, with that remark, Howard switches off the tube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beverly finishes up her sketch and holds it up for Howard to see.

BEVERLY
Well, Howard...

INSERT - SKETCH OF HOWARD

dressed in a space suit.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
(continuing)
... what do you think?

BACK TO SCENE

as Howard studies sketch with a critical eye, then grins.

HOWARD
I think it's the spittin image!

This remark pleases Beverly and she merrily tacks the sketch of Howard on her cork board -- alongside several dozen other similar sketches.

BEVERLY
(half-kiddingly)
Howard the Duck... soon to
be a major motion mallard!

She giggles at her own little joke, then a serious expression flickers across her face.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Thanks to you, ducky, I'm
going to come up with a great
movie.

HOWARD
Depends what you consider to
be a great movie, toots.

Beverly suddenly tosses Howard his hat and coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Come with me... I think I
know just the movie!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MARQUEE

reveals the film's title: "THE WIZARD OF OZ". CAMERA TILTS
DOWN and FINDS Beverly and Howard as they walk out of the
theater.

(NOTE: Until he is a safe distance away from the crowd,
Howard has his duckbill hidden in a box of popcorn.)

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he tosses the box into a trash can -- then, closing his eyes
and crossing his fingers, he clicks his webbed-footed heels
together three times.

HOWARD
(wishfully)
There's no place like home...
there's no place like home!

However, when he opens his eyes, he discovers, to his dismay,
that, unlike Dorothy and Toto, he is still in the wrong world.

HOWARD
(sadly)
Ya can't believe a thing ya
see in movies!

ANGLE WIDENS TO reveal a police car as it screeches up to
the curb. The car door swings open and out leaps a cop, a
gun in his hands.

COP
Stop... duck!

Everybody in the crowd nervously ducks -- as Howard and
Beverly, not liking the tone of the cop's voice, beat it
down the street. MOVE with Howard and Beverly as they
duck down an alley. B.g. we SEE the cop car go speeding
right past them down the street.

CLOSE SHOT - BEVERLY AND HOWARD

out-of-breath and panting at each other.

BEVERLY

You didn't tell me you're a wanted duck.

HOWARD

There's a difference between being wanted... and being hunted!

(pleadingly)

Ya gotta help me, toots... else I'll never get outta this nightmare alive!

BEVERLY

You haven't done anything wrong! Why don't you simply give yourself up?!

HOWARD

No way! What if they stick me in some zoo? I gotta find a way outta this place! Besides, I didn't like that cop's tone of voice... or his gun.

BEVERLY

Ok, ducky... I'll do my best. But something tells me we're not exactly inconspicuous.

Just then a jive hairless ape with a large portable stereo blasting away on his shoulder passes by -- which gives Beverly an idea.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I got an idea! Wait here... and stay out of sight!

And, as Beverly hurries out of the alley, we...

WIPE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MINUTES LATER - BEVERLY

returns with a big radio. She hands it to Howard, who looks at it dumbfoundedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Put it on your shoulder... and follow me.

The radio succeeds in concealing his identity, somewhat, as CAMERA FOLLOWS the two out of the alley and onto the busy sidewalk. However, the radio only manages to hide one side of his face. And, after awhile, people once again begin to stare and gawk at the duck. Just as a crowd begins to gather, Beverly, knowing the ways of Cleveland, comes up with another idea.

BEVERLY

(shouts frantically)

Help! Murder! Rape! Help me somebody!

Suddenly, just as she anticipated, everybody starts to look away from them, as if Beverly and Howard no longer exist.

CLOSE SHOT - BEVERLY

pleased with the results, bends over and whispers to Howard out of the corner of her mouth.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Do what I do... keep shouting. As long as we appear to be in trouble, no one's going to notice us!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT - BEVERLY AND HOWARD

run down the crowded street shouting AD LIB: "Help... I'm being mugged!" "Rape!" "Somebody help me!"

(NOTE: INTERCUT people's reactions with Beverly and Howard's screaming.)

MR. HAIRLESS APE

Uh... did you hear something, dear?

MRS. HAIRLESS APE

Nope... not me. I didn't hear a thing!

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

However, their screaming may keep civilians from noticing them, but not the cops -- as they soon find out, upon stopping for a breather.

CLOSE SHOT - GUN

as it pokes Howard in his feathered butt.

COP #1 (O.S.)
Ok, you... wings up!

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal the two cops, as Howard slowly raises his trembling arms.

COP #1 (CONT'D)
This is a pinch.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he reacts to a pinch on the butt.

HOWARD
Ouch!

CLOSE SHOT - COP #1

as he gives Howard a queer look.

COP #1
I told you it was a pinch.

This remark causes his partner to let out a howling laugh. Cop #1 gives Howard another poke with the gun.

COP #1
C'mon, duck... let's go.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Howard in handcuffs as Beverly helplessly looks on.

HOWARD
Where ya takin me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP #2

Downtown.

BEVERLY

What's the charge, officer?

COP #2

Impersonating a cartoon...

COP #1

... out of season!

And as the cops, once again in hysterics, lead Howard away -- there's a sudden FLASH from a reporter's camera o.s., and the screen...

SPINS TO:

EXT. NEWSTAND - DAY - NEWSBOY

is holding up a newspaper as he hawks the latest front page news.

NEWSBOY

Read all about it! Talking
duck found in Cleveland!
Says he's from outer space!
Read all about it!

CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a CLOSEUP of front page photo revealing Howard in handcuffs. And, as hands reach into the shot grabbing newspapers, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - HOWARD

sits under a hot overhead lamp as we HEAR o.s. several SCIENTISTS.

SCIENTIST #1 (O.S.)

Incredible.

SCIENTIST #2 (O.S.)

Unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE an interrogation room packed with scientists, cops, a GENERAL and other government types. They surround the almost-roasted duck with an authoritative air of obstinacy.

GENERAL

(impatiently)

Yes, yes... please get to the point. Is he... or isn't he!?

SCIENTIST #1

All our findings seem to confirm our initial theory.

SCIENTIST #2

This feathered specimen seated before us is positively...

SCIENTIST #1

... absolutely...

SCIENTIST #2

... indisputably...

SCIENTIST #1

... unequivocally...

SCIENTIST #2

... irrevocably...

GENERAL

(tempestuously)

Spit it out, damn it! Is he... or isn't he!?

SCIENTIST #1

He is.

SCIENTIST #2

Indubitably.

The general leans over and stares at Howard with total disbelief.

GENERAL

A... duck?

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

SCIENTIST #1
A talking duck.

SCIENTIST #2
With an intelligent brain.

HOWARD
Thank goodness... least one
of us around here has one!

SCIENTIST #1
(proudly)
As you can see... he's quite
a rare bird.

HOWARD
Yeah, mac. And if ya don't
take this hot light off me
soon... I'm gonna be a well-
done bird!

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - BEVERLY

is among the gathered crowd of press, news crews and other
assorted onlookers. A POLICE GUARD stands between her and
the door. We SEE on his helmet the words "Police Intelligence".

BEVERLY
(obviously upset)
How much longer are they going
to keep that poor, innocent,
little duck all locked up in
there?!

GUARD
Until he talks.
(chortles)
Get it?! Until he talks?!

Beverly is not in a laughing mood.

BEVERLY
If you're police intelligence...
I hate to see the stupid ones!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER/PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - BEVERLY

is on the phone as o.s. we HEAR sounds of evening traffic.

BEVERLY
(with desperation)
... so, as you can see... we
could really use your help!

INT. SWANKY PENTHOUSE - NIGHT - MAX MOGULSTEIN

has the phone cradled to his ear as he holds an empty champagne glass for someone o.s. to fill. B.g. we HEAR the tinkling clamor of a cocktail party.

(NOTE: INTERCUT Beverly's reactions with Max's conversation -- and vice versa.)

MAX
So... I see.
(a beat)
Will you have dinner with
me? ... my place?
(another beat)
Terrific! Then, in that
case, it will be a pleasure
to help you, Beverly... a
real pleasure!

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE ON BEVERLY

as she makes an anguished face.

BEVERLY
(sarcastically)
Sounds like you're just
bubbling over with good
intentions... Mr. Mogulstein.

And, as Beverly slowly hangs up the phone, we continue to HEAR -- before the conversation gets cut off -- the insistent voice of Max Mogulstein.

MAX (V.O.)
Max!! I told you... call
me Max!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY - A CROWD

of reporters and other media types make a mad dash toward Howard as he waddles out of the building a free duck. By his weary, wrinkled side we SEE Beverly -- who helps him push his way through a mob of microphones and tv cameras. One particularly rude REPORTER pokes a microphone so close to the duck's face that it crushes a freshly-lit cigar.

REPORTER

Say a few words... the whole world is waiting!

Howard is exhausted from his recent ordeal and his irascible side is really beginning to show -- as he angrily chomps on what is left of a cigar and blurts into the microphone.

HOWARD

Bug off... bozos!

Beverly grabs Howard and we MOVE with the two as they hurry to an awaiting limo -- the crowd close on their trail.

INT. LIMO - DAY - MAX MOGULSTEIN

is in the backseat as Howard and Beverly jump in.

EXT. LIMO - DAY - THE CROWD

is left standing in the dust as the chauffeur makes a hasty departure.

INT. LIMO - DAY - BEVERLY

introduces Howard to Max -- as the limo moves through traffic.

BEVERLY

Howard, this is Max Mogulstein... the nice man who sprung you.

The two shake hands.

HOWARD

Thanks a lot, mac!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX
Not Mac! Max! Call me
Max!

BEVERLY
(giggling)
Howard calls just about
everybody "mac"... Mr.
Mogulstein.

MAX
Max! Call me Max!

BEVERLY
(to Howard)
Max is that Hollywood big
shot I told you about.

MAX
That's right, booby...
and if I like you I can
make you the world's most
famous fowl.

Max puts a fresh cigar in Howard's beak and lights it.

MAX (CONT'D)
You'll be worth your
weight in cigars!

Max visualizes a marquee by spreading his hands.

MAX
(continuing)
I can see it now! "Dawn
of the Ducks"... "Night
of the Living Ducks"...
"Duck Throat"!

Beverly grimaces.

BEVERLY
"Duck Throat"? Oh brother.

MAX
Starring...Howard the Duck!

Max pauses a moment to consider the name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

(continuing)

Hmmm... something about that name that doesn't sound right. Howww-warrd. Hmmm... I think maybe we ought to change it.

HOWARD

(incensed)

Change it?!

BEVERLY

What's wrong with Howard?!

HOWARD

Yeah... I like it!

MAX

What kind of name is Howard for a duck?! Your name should be something cute... something catchy... something that starts with a "d".

(thinks for a moment)

Something like... Dizzy!

HOWARD

Dizzy?! Waak!

BEVERLY

Howard may be short with webbed-feet... but he's got feelings.

MAX

Ok... maybe Dizzy is wrong. Howabout Danny?!

BEVERLY

Gee... I kind of like Danny.

HOWARD

I don't!

MAX

Ok, ok... dump Danny! Howabout Davey??! Now that's cute?! Davey Duck!

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

I'll Davey Duck you...
right in the choppers, mac!

MAX

I told you... my name's
not Mac! It's Max! Max!!

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Howard, now in sunglasses, getting out of a limo and being swarmed by adoring autograph seekers.
- B) Howard doing a testimonial tv commercial for "El Quacko Cigars -- A Smoke Worth Talking About".
- C) A street corner vendor selling little wind-up Howard the Duck toys.
- D) CLOSE SHOT - Howard placing his now-famous webbed-feet into a sidewalk's fresh cement.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT OF TOM SPYDER
as he chuckles directly into the tv camera.

TOM SPYDER

Can a duck trapped in a world
he never made rise above it
all without ruffling too many
feathers? Is duck stew kosher?
Can a duck ever be able to wear
a nice pair of comfy, cozy
cordovans? Good evening... Tom
Spyder here. And tonight we
will attempt to get the answers
to some of these questions...
directly from the duck's mouth!
Because, tonight, I am very
privileged to have as my special
guest the world's only talking
duck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Howard seated beside Tom Spyder. The studio lights are so hot that Howard has to fan himself with his Fedora.

HOWARD

And if I gotta sit under these lights much longer, mac... I'm gonna be the world's only talking broiled duck! Waak!

TOM SPYDER

Heh-heh-heh... believe me, sir... I know what you're saying! See this tan of mine? Nice, huh? Well, I haven't been outside this studio in three years! Heh-heh-heh.

(a beat)

All kidding aside... isn't it disturbing as all heck to be constantly referred to as Howard the Duck?!

HOWARD

I don't mind being called Howard the Duck... if you don't mind being called Tom the Hairless Ape!

TOM SPYDER

Howard, you certainly are a wit... yes sir! Heh-heh-heh. A real wit! No wonder the whole world is talking about the talking duck from out of this world! Heh-heh-heh...

And as Tom Spyder chuckles on, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAM'S TOWNHOUSE/CORDELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON TV reveals Howard on The Tom Spyder Show. CAMERA WIDENS and we SEE Cordelia and her brother Mathew watching the tube, wide-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cordelia is wearing a Howard the Duck t-shirt. Her room is jam packed with Howard the Duck paraphernalia. Her brother is attempting to comb his greasy hair into a duck's ass, as he chomps on a cigar in emulation of his feathered hero.

MATTHEW

Wow... that duck is so heavy!

CORDELIA

Ooooo... that duck is the ginchiest! The maximum utmost!
(hugs her pillow)
I'd love to have him as my very own cuddly duck down pillow!

MATTHEW

He may be the ginchiest to you -- but to me, he's a God-send... a genius! The way he perceives things... he's so aware! So... so enlightened!

CORDELIA

(nervously)

Better not let Daddy hear you talk that way.

Mathew grabs Cordelia's pillow and gives her a playful whack over the head with it.

MATTHEW

Whadaya mean? I'm not the one who mentioned he'd like to snuggle up at night with him?!

CORDELIA

(giggling)

Oh Matthew... Daddy's right!
You have such a dirty mind!

As the two sibblings get into a friendly little pillow fight.
we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEMPLE - DAY - A BANNER

hanging above a gold-painted duck decoy proclaims: "Welcome, Howard Krishnas!" ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL a smoke-filled room packed with HOWARD KRISHNAS. They are all dressed identically like Howard. They have on baggy blue suits, Fedora hats and all smoke big cigars. They are on their knees chanting, their hands tucked under their armpits to resemble wings.

HOWARD KRISHNAS

(chanting)

Waak waak waak wauugh... waak
waak waak wauugh... waak waak
waak wauugh...

A duck-call SOUNDS and the chanting stops. Waddling on his knees to the front of the room we SEE the CULT LEADER. He is wearing a duckbill over his mouth and drake feathers jut out from his rump.

CLOSE SHOT - CULT LEADER

as he flaps his elbows like they are wings.

CULT LEADER

Welcome, fellow Howard Krishnas...
welcome!

O.s. we HEAR a burst of quacking.

CULT LEADER

(continuing)

Believers of the divine duck...
go forth to airport terminals
everywhere... and bug the
living hell out of everybody
who's not flying south for
the winter!

WIDE ANGLE reveals hundreds of Howard Krishnas going quackers as they voice their approval!

CULT LEADER (CONT'D)

And then, after you have brought
all non-believers to their knees...
go forth, or fifth, whatever suits
you, and bring them to our next
meeting!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The room once again echos with the sound of quacking. The cult leader raises a white gloved hand and the quacking dies down.

CULT LEADER

(continuing)

Before you waddle out of here,
remember our ducktra: waak
waak waak wauugh! Which means:
life is short... but so is a
duck!

And, as the room full of Howard Krishnas waddle out on their knees, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - MAGAZINE SEQUENCE

- A) CLOSE SHOT - The National Enquirer has a front page photo of Howard lighting a cigar with a hundred dollar bill. The headline screams: "Ugly Duckling Makes Handsome Fortune".
- B) CLOSE SHOT - Cover of Variety displays a similar headline: "Duck Deluxe Plucks Megabucks".
- C) CLOSE SHOT - A French newspaper carries the headline: "Parlez Vouz Francais, Monsieur Duck?"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VANDERBIRD MANSION - DAY - CLOSE ON TIME MAGAZINE

reveals a cover photo of Howard the Duck. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the old face of WILHELM VANDERBIRD THE THIRD. He is wearing very thick-lensed glasses which, along with his shavened head, makes him appear inauspicious and foreboding -- as he studies the photo of Howard with a mean-spirited, yearning expression.

VANDERBIRD III

Ach! Such a very unusual
creature you are, Herr Duck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA ANGLE CONTINUES TO WIDEN and we SEE a wall cluttered with hunting rifles, trophies -- and a number of glassy-eyed animal heads, including such taxidermic rarities as an albino lion, a saber-toothed moose and the ever-unusual, long-distinct dodo bird.

VANDERBIRD III
(continuing, as he
drools over the
magazine photo)

Such a rare, unusual oddity
deserves a coveted spot on
the magnificent wall of
Wilhelm Vanderbird the Third!

And, with that declaration, old Vanderbird violently tears out the cover photo and tacks it to his trophy wall.

CLOSE SHOT - VANDERBIRD III

as he eyes Howard, longingly.

VANDERBIRD'S P.O.V. - HE IMAGINES HOWARD'S HEAD

is stuffed and mounted to the wall. On the duck's lifeless head still sits the famed Fedora -- and in his forever-clenched bill protrudes a long cigar.

BACK TO REALITY

as a streak of LIGHTNING suddenly illuminates Vanderbird's scurrilous face -- and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - THE WALLS

are totally covered with sketches of Howard. It resembles one gigantic wall-to-wall storyboard. The CAMERA FINDS Beverly seated behind her drawing board sketching someone o.s. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE Howard -- posing on top of a mountain of cigars!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Please, ducky... try to smile.
I promised Max Mogulstein a
comedy!

HOWARD

(melancholically)

What's there to smile about,
toots? I'm a hundred million
light years from my favorite
pool hall!

BEVERLY

It's not all that bad... you
have all the cigars you'll
ever want.

HOWARD

A world filled with cigars
does not a happy duck make.

BEVERLY

You sound like a fortune cookie.

HOWARD

(sighs sadly)

A crumbled fortune cookie.

BEVERLY

(sympathetically)

Gee... you poor duck. Maybe
we ought to quit for the
night. I've never seen you
look so wretched.

HOWARD

(nobly)

But, toots... you promised
ol' Mogulpuss Max the finished
storyboard first thing in the
morning!?

BEVERLY

Yeah. And I also promised
him a comedy... but it doesn't
look like he'll get either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
(sorrowful)
Sorry... but I can't help it.
I miss my home. My family...
my friends.

Beverly puts aside her work and goes to Howard -- where she proceeds to rock him gently in her arms.

BEVERLY
(soothingly)
I'm your friend, Howard.

INT. SHAM'S TOWNHOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT - BILLY

leans over his telescope and peeks out the window. Suddenly, his mouth falls open in shock.

BILLY SHAM
Holy shee-it!

BILLY SHAM'S P.O.V. - BEVERLY

is seen through the telescope -- embracing a duck!

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - HOWARD

is nestled against Beverly's bosom, as the latter continues to rock him like a baby.

BEVERLY
Try to cheer up, ducky...
this is a won-der-ful world!
You'll see!

Just then the phone RINGS. Beverly reaches over and picks it up.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(into phone,
kiddingly)
Hello... Beverly's Home For
Wayward Ducks!
(a beat)
Oh... hi, Mr. Mogulstein...
I mean, Max!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(doesn't like
what she hears)

What? ... What?! But... but...
we had a deal?!

(listens sadly)

Uh-huh... I understand... uh-huh.

(her eyes brim
with tears)

That's very generous of you,
Mr. Mogulstein...

(a beat)

... I mean, Max! Talk to
you tomorrow. Bye...

(hangs up phone)

... Mr. Mogulstein!

Beverly buries her face in Howard's lap and sobs heavily.

HOWARD

(concerned and
confused)

What's the matter, toots?!

BEVERLY

I take it all back! This isn't
such a wonderful world!

HOWARD

I don't get it? What did he
say?!

BEVERLY

He said...

(mockingly)

... since we got a duck that
talks...

(sobs louder)

... who needs to make a
cartoon?!

HOWARD

(angrily)

Why the bum!

BEVERLY

(in between sobs)

Oh... he's still making a
picture... it just won't be
animated!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD

Ya mean??

BEVERLY

Yeah, ducky... it's going to be starring you in the flesh! Or, as ol' Mogulpuss puts it... in the feathers!

HOWARD

Well I won't do it!

BEVERLY

Yes you will... we signed a contract... sold him the rights.

(attempts a smile)

Don't worry, ducky. He's making me an Associate Producer... whatever the hell that is?!

Beverly continues to sob away in Howard's lap. Now it's the duck's turn to comfort and give solace.

BACK TO BILLY SHAM'S P.O.V. - HOWARD

is seen through the telescope as he gently strokes Beverly's lovely hair.

INT. SHAM'S TOWNHOUSE/STUDY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON BILLY

who is so enraged he's about to hit the ceiling.

BILLY SHAM

Holy shee-it... Lucifer is running wild!

He now looks up from the telescope and scowls, menacingly.

BILLY SHAM

(continuing, with a murderous grin)

Sodom and Gomorah!! I'm gonna nail that feathered demon... if it's the last thing I ever do!

And as Billy Sham hurries angrily out of his study, we...

CUT TO:

INT. CORDELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - BILLY SHAM

storms into his daughter's room -- and, in a mad frenzy, he rampantly proceeds to yank all of her Howard the Duck posters off the walls. He then crumples them up into little paper balls and hurls them out the window. And, as young Cordelia weeps, her father staggers hurriedly out of the room like some crazed, intoxicated monster.

INT. MATTHEW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - BILLY SHAM

throws open the door with a hellion-like vehemence to discover his son waddling around the room on his knees, dressed like a Howard Krishna. Matthew looks up from his chanting and nearly swallows his cigar when he notices the callous presence of his father's shadow looming over him. Then all hell breaks loose! Billy Sham proceeds to shatter his son's altar, which consists of little rubber duckies with long burning cigars (in place of incense). Then, in an impetuous, uncontrollable explosion of anger, Billy Sham stomps up and down on the boy's Fedora hat. The room now in shambles, the still-furious Billy Sham storms out of the room.

INT. SHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE MISSUS

is a bit startled as her husband rushes into the room, running amuck, wreaking havoc. Suddenly, something Billy Sham notices pushes him totally beyond the brink.

BILLY SHAM'S P.O.V. - A FEATHER

is on the bed.

BACK TO BILLY SHAM

as he picks up the feather and holds it up to the missus' face.

BILLY SHAM

(accusingly)

What is this?!

THE MISSUS

(innocently)

A feather.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

BILLY SHAM
What kind of feather?!

THE MISSUS
(shrugs,
matter-of-factly)
I suppose it's a duck feather.

BILLY SHAM
(mimicing,
viciously)
I suppose it's a duck feather.
(blowing his
top)
A duck feather!!?

Billy Sham immediately starts searching the room. He looks in the closet, under the bed -- in the dresser drawers.

THE MISSUS
(losing her patience)
And just what is it you're
looking for... if I may ask?

BILLY SHAM
A duck!

THE MISSUS
And what in the world would
I be doing with a duck?!

BILLY SHAM
The worst sin of all... aducktry!

And as Billy Sham races out of the room in a rage of jealousy,
the missus shouts...

THE MISSUS
The only sin I'm guilty of
is sleeping on a down pillow
that leaks!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY - BILLY SHAM

slams his fist down on the pulpit -- then stares into the tv camera with a hellcat vengeance.

BILLY SHAM

Duck is a four-letter word!

(a beat)

D-U-C-K! And if ever a sinner
has set his evil webbed-foot
on Earth...

(holds up photo

of Howard)

... it is this feathered fiend
they call Howard! But think
about it...

With a magic marker, the reverend draws on the photo of Howard
a sinister-looking moustache and devilish horns.

BILLY SHAM

(continuing)

... who is he really?! Lucifer?!
Beelzebub?! ... Satan?! Hell
yes, I say... hell yes!!

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE ON TV

reveals the fanatical fire 'n brimstone sermon of Billy Sham,
as Howard and Beverly watch with horrid expressions.

BILLY SHAM (CONT'D)

And I say send the webbed-footed
demon back to whence he came!

HOWARD

This weirdo ain't all bad... he
wants to send me home.

BEVERLY

The hell he does!

BILLY SHAM

I say let's hurl his feathered
carcass into the fiery depths
of hell!

HOWARD

Waaak!

INT. TV. STUDIO - DAY - THE STUDIO AUDIENCE

which is made up of rednecked bigots react with rowdy enthusiasm.

BILLY SHAM (O.S.)

After all, if one duck that
talks can fall to earth...
what's stopping millions of
them from doing the same?!
I mean, let's face it... you
wouldn't want your daughter
to go marrying up with one,
would you?!

CLOSE SHOT - BILLY SHAM

as he continues to rant 'n. rave to the tv camera.

BILLY SHAM (CONT'D)

If we don't stop him, his kind
threatens to infiltrate our
neighborhoods, distort our
purity of soul... and mingle
perniciously with our women
and children!

(a beat)

He may be a talking duck...
but in the eyes of our Lord
he's a sitting duck! And
after we get our righteous
hands on him... he's gonna be
one very dead duck.

STUDIO AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Amen!!

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT - DAY - HOWARD

turns off the tv and gasps.

HOWARD

(with a
consummate sneer)

The Reverend Billy Sham...

(venomously)

... somebody oughta give him
a good swift reverently kick
in the butt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
(attempting to
make light of
subject)
Why? He'd probably only
turn the other cheek!

HOWARD
(obviously
worried)
Somethin tells me I better
go inducknito!

BEVERLY
(protectively)
Don't be silly, ducky.
Nothing bad is going to
happen to you... I won't
let it.

Just then something crashes through the window, striking
the duck on the head.

HOWARD
Waak!

Beverly picks it up. It's a rock with a note wrapped around it.

INSERT - NOTE

On wrinkled paper is the message: "Get lost, duck!"

BEVERLY (V.O.)
(reading)
Get lost, duck.

BACK TO SCENE

as Howard waddles over to the broken window and yells...

HOWARD
Get lost?? I'm already lost!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TARGET RANGE - DAY - CLOSE ON VANDERBIRD III

as he removes his ultra-thick glasses, wipes them clean, puts them back on, lifts the rifle sight to his eye -- and takes careful aim.

CLOSE SHOT - TARGET

displays a life-size photo of Howard.

BACK TO VANDERBIRD III

as he squeezes off a round of bullets -- then goosesteps over to the target.

CLOSE SHOT - TARGET

reveals a cluster of bullet holes in the vicinity of the duck's heart.

VANDERBIRD III

Acch! If you think you have
problems now, Herr Duck...
you have another think coming!

And as the great hunter chortles fiendishly, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EL QUACKO CIGAR COMPANY - DAY - ESTABLISH

Outside the factory building we SEE a huge outdoor billboard displaying Howard the Duck blowing spectacular smoke rings.
VOICE OVER we HEAR a letter being read.

VOICE OVER

Dear El Quacko Cigars... if
you don't stop using that
demon duck in your advertising...

INT. EL QUACKO CIGAR COMPANY/OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT - DAY

We continue to HEAR the letter being read as CAMERA DOES A PAN of the office revealing more Howard the Duck ads.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

... we will no longer patronize
your product.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA PAN STOPS on the SECRETARY who is reading aloud from a letter.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

The letter is signed: Daughters
of a More Decent Cleveland.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE the PRESIDENT of El Quacko Cigars.
He chuckles nervously, dabbing his sweaty head with a hankie.

PRESIDENT

Daughters?!!

(a beat)

Hell, they don't even use
my products!

(laughs)

Daughters of a More Decent
Cleveland??..

(waves his

secretary away)

Please don't go bothering
me with one crank letter!

Hell, you gotta expect a
few of those!

SECRETARY

Care to see more, sir?

The president makes a worried face as his secretary marches off into the next room -- then returns with several large mail bags which he dumps onto the president's desk. The mountain of letters almost conceal the president's very sick, very sweaty face.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

How's that for a few, sir?!

The president gulps.

SECRETARY

(continuing)

Care to see more... sir?!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EL QUACKO CIGAR COMPANY - NIGHT

as a team of painters work frantically to white-wash the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

outdoor billboard. All we can SEE (of what was once a photo of Howard) is a cigar.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOGULSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON HOWARD'S CIGAR
as it dangles limply in his slack-jawed beak.

MAX (O.S.)

The project's off, Howard...
things are a little too hot
right now.

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Max Mogulstein.

MAX

(continuing)

There's been too much public
outcry. That damn tv evangelist
and his so-called Video Vigilantes
sure have an awful lot of clout!

HOWARD

Ya mean... I'm ducklisted?!

MAX

Let's just say, for the time
being, that you're classified
as an undesirable webbed-footed
alien.

HOWARD

That's discrimination!

MAX

That's show biz!

(a beat)

Look, Howard... I'm really
sorry. Apologize to Beverly
for me... and let's all get
together as soon as things
cool off, ok?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
(sadly)
Okay... I understand.

The duck gets up slowly and trudges over to the door.

HOWARD
(continuing)
Well... so long, Max.

MAX
Oh, one more thing, Howard.
(a beat)
Until this thing blows over...
call me Mogulstein. Mr.
Mogulstein.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - AN ANGRY MOB

of anti-duck demonstrators surround the awaiting limo. The mood is intense when an unsuspecting Howard waddles out of the building. CAMERA PANS the mob's enraged faces as they react with AD LIB: "There he is!" "Let's molder the little devil!" "Let's break his feathers!"

When the screaming mob suddenly rushes the terrified duck, swinging placards and throwing eggs -- Howard immediately skiddaddles.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Howard as he quickly waddles down a dreary alley -- the rioting mob close on his frazzled tail.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as a bombardment of eggs sail by his frightened head, splattering everywhere.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY - HOWARD

manages to luckily escape the onrushing mob when he scampers, unnoticed, into a gas station men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - HOWARD

catches his breath -- then notices something o.s.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - A TOILET

HOWARD (V.O.)
Thog?? Are ya there... Thog?!

BACK TO HOWARD

as he literally crawls over to the toilet pleading.

HOWARD
(continuing)
Oh... puh-leez, Thog! Where
are ya?!

But, alas, the toilet gives no reply.

HOWARD
(continuing
angrily)
Thog, you incompetent
intergalactic bimbo!
(sobs
hopelessly)
Where are ya??! Thog?!!

And, as Howard breaks down in tears, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - A CROWD

has formed outside and angrily, but patiently, awaits Howard's arrival.

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT - HOWARD

sneaks in through the window, quietly, careful not to awake Beverly, who snoozes b.g. For a moment he lingers, watching her sleep -- his eyes are moist and full of loving friendship. We HEAR Howard thinking to himself VOICE OVER.

HOWARD (V.O.)
(softly,
adoringly)
I'm gonna miss ya, toots...
maybe as much as I miss
Duckworld...
(a beat)
Maybe more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With great poignancy, the duck pulls her blanket over her bare shoulders, gently -- then continues his silent farewell.

HOWARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

Thanks for bein my friend...
you're the first hairless
ape I ever went ape over.

(a bit

choked up)

S'long, toots... and forgive
me. This may be the only
world I've got... but a duck
can only waddle so low.

Then, leaving the same way he came, Howard sadly lowers himself out of the window and into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CUYAHOGA RIVER - NIGHT - CLOSE ON HOWARD

reveals one very depressed, homesick duck. The wind blows debris through the air.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - DEBRIS

resembles surreal ducks flying south.

BACK TO HOWARD

as the CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to reveal, in his arms, a large, heavy rock -- which is connected to his neck by a rope. He is about to toss the rock into the river, when suddenly, o.s., we HEAR the voice of Thog.

THOG (O.S.)

Boy, have I been looking all
over for you!

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - THE BEAMING FACE OF THOG

is reflected on the water like the moon.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he becomes so overcome with emotion that he forgets he is holding a heavy rock -- which he haphazardly lets fall -- landing painfully on his webbed-foot.

HOWARD

(hops around in pain, yet is overjoyed)

Thog! Ya ol' sonuva hairless ape ya... thank goodness it's you!!

(little angry)

Where in the world have ya been?!!

INTERCUT - HOWARD/THOG

THOG

(correcting him)

Where in the universe, you mean.

(matter-of-factly)

It's almost impossible to get through to Cleveland on a Sunday.

(a beat)

Anyway, according to my cosmic calculations, the intergalactic permeations which are the reciprocal of the minimal proximity in relation to its maximum universal flux, especially in the inner and outer regions occupied by the plus and minus factors...

HOWARD

(interrupting)

Waak! Whoa, mac... what does all that mumbo-jumbo mean?!

THOG

It means... tomorrow I send your little feathered butt back to where it came from!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Howard is ecstatic as he dances a jig, rejoicing AD LIB: "Yahoo! Hooray! Way ta go, Thoggy... way ta go!!"

THOG
(continuing
in a warning
voice)

But... heed my warning
and listen carefully!

(a beat)

Based on my assumptions,
you must be at exactly
the proper latitudinal
and longitudinal location...
at precisely the exact time!
Which just so happens to be
three thirty-three p.m.
Cleveland time...

HOWARD
(making note)
Three thirty-three p.m.

THOG
... at the corner of Fifth
and Willowick...

HOWARD
Fifth and Willowick.

THOG
... two hundred and nineteen
feet above the ground!

HOWARD
(matter-of-
factly)
Two hundred and nineteen
feet above the ground...
(alarmed)
... two hundred and nineteen
feet above the ground?!!
Waak! How am I gonna get
that high off the ground?!

THOG
Try flapping your wings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD

The gravity around here's too heavy!!

THOG

Then... take the elevator!
But, remember Howard... by
 no means should you be even
 a micro-second late! These
 same favorable conditions
 in the universe might not
 come along again for another
 hundred years!

Thog's reflection on the river slowly begins to disperse.

THOG

(continuing)

Oh dear... there I go again.

(voice fades)

Oh well... see you tomorrow!

And as Howard watches Thog's reflection disappear, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. TOWNHOUSE/SHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SHOES

as we HEAR indistinguishable muttering o.s. ANGLE WIDENS to
 reveal the Reverend Billy in pajamas -- asleep with his shoes
 on! From his facial distortions, he is obviously having a
 nightmare.

MONTAGE - NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE

- A) CLOSE SHOT - Billy Sham opens the front door and peers out.
- B) Living right next door to him is a family of ducks!
- C) FULL SHOT - reveals the entire neighborhood has been taken
 over by ducks -- thousands of them!

BACK TO REALITY

as Billy Sham, dripping with sweat, sits up in bed, breathing heavily. Quickly, he gets out of bed and hurries to a phone.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT - ESTABLISH

One window in the entire building still has a light burning, as we HEAR from afar the sound of a phone ringing. Someone picks up the phone.

VOICE OVER
... it's for you, Mayor.

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT - THE MAYOR

is apparently beat from another night of burning the midnight oil, as he puts the phone to his ear.

MAYOR
(disturbed)
Yeah, Reverend... what can
I do for you at this late
hour?

The mayor gives his assistant a look as if to say "I don't believe this guy!"

MAYOR
(continuing)
But, Billy... aren't you
over-reacting a little?
I mean... what you're
advocating is the total
extermination of an entire
species!
(a beat)
... I know all about your
Video Vigilantes... yes,
Billy, and I realize that
an election year is rapidly
approaching... but to
murder little ducks!?
(wearisome)
Look, Billy... call me
tomorrow and we can talk
about it some more.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll give it some
thought... you bet, Billy.
Goodnight.

The mayor hangs up the phone, exhausted -- then shakes his head
in disbelief.

MAYOR

(continuing
sardonically)

How come all the other
big cities get giant
gorillas or colossal,
radioactive lizards...
but we have to get stuck
with a talking duck!?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION/TROPHY ROOM - DAY - VANDERBIRD III

gives each of his cherished taxidermically-stuffed animal heads
an affectionate little pat -- then, placing his favorite hunting
rifle over his shoulder, he parades out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT/DINING ROOM - DAY - HOWARD

pecks at his breakfast of corn with little appetite -- as he
gazes cheerlessly across the table at Beverly, who is also
quite downcasted.

BEVERLY

Now eat your corn, Howard...
you're going to need all your
strength today.

Howard looks down at his corn and sighs.

HOWARD

I'll never forget ya, toots...
never!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beverly attempts to feign cheerfulness, but it doesn't fool anyone.

BEVERLY

Hey, ducky... cheer up!
Just think... in just a
couple hours you'll be on
your way back to good ol'
Duckworld! Yippee!

Howard tries to return her bouncy-like optimism, but fails miserably.

HOWARD

(half-heartedly)

Yippee.

Finally, the truth prevails. No longer can they hide their sorrow. Almost in unison, they break down and sob uncontrollably.

BEVERLY

Waaaah!

HOWARD

Wauugh!

BEVERLY

(continuing
in tears)

Oh, ducky... I'm going to
miss you so!

HOWARD

Oh, toots... me, too! Me,
too!

BEVERLY

(reminiscing
with feeling)

I'm going to miss sweeping
your little white feathers
off the furniture... vacuuming
your cigar ashes off the carpet.
... mopping away your webbed-
footmarks from the toilet seat...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(with sincerity)
Oh, Howard... it was so nice
to have a duck around the house.

Howard wipes away his sniffles -- then checks the kitchen clock.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - CLOCK

It is one-thirty.

BACK TO SCENE

as Beverly helps Howard into his coat, brushes off his Fedora
and lights his cigar.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
You sure you don't want
me to tag along... just
to make sure you get to
your rendezvous okay?

HOWARD
Nah, toots... it'll only
make it harder for me.

Beverly leans over and places a kiss on his feathered noggin,
then places a disguise on his face.

BEVERLY
Let's hope this disguise
keeps the weirdos away.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

is now wearing one of those silly-looking glasses with an attached
nose and moustache. He looks like Groucho Duck.

BACK TO BEVERLY

her eyes overflowing with tears -- manages, for his sake, to make
light of the situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
(kibbitzing)
Goodbye, ducky... don't
forget to write!

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY - HOWARD

waddles out of the building -- unnoticed by the crowd of anti-duck demonstrators. MOVE with Howard as he waddles somewhat-cheerfully toward his cosmic destination. We HEAR Thog's previous instructions VOICE OVER.

THOG (V.O.)
(slight echo)
You must be at exactly the
proper location at precisely
the exact time... three thirty-
three p.m.....corner of Fifth
and Willowick.

Howard checks a street sign.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - STREET SIGN

tells us he's got quite a ways to go. About ten blocks. CAMERA PANS OVER to outdoor clock. He has allowed himself, however, enough time to get there. It is now one forty-five.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he continues to waddle down the avenue -- oblivious to the fact that he is being followed. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to reveal a sinister-looking black 1933 Mercedes Benz moving slowly along in traffic about ten feet behind the disguised duck.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - A STREET SIGN

that tells us Howard's now only about five blocks away. PAN OVER to clock in store window. It is now two o'clock. ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Howard waddling along, munching on a cigar. Things seem to be going alright for the duck -- until suddenly he has the utter misfortune to run into a most unexpected catastrophe.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - A CROWD OF HOWARD KRISHNAS

suddenly appear from around a street corner -- and, waddling on their knees, hurriedly approach us.

BACK TO HOWARD

as he fidgets nervously with his bogus nose and moustache. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the crowd of Howard Krishnas as they surround him. They suspiciously give his wardrobe the once over. In the crowd we SEE Matthew.

MATTHEW

Say, brother... are you a believer in the divine duck?

Howard clears his throat and shakes his head no.

MATTHEW

(continuing)

Funny... you sure look like one.

(holds out handful of cigars)

Wanna buy a cigar? Every penny goes to our temple.

Howard gives Matthew a handful of change, takes the cigar and makes an attempt to move on.

HOWARD

*Scuse me, mac... I've gotta be movin on.

Just then, as the crowd parts to let Howard through, Matthew notices something that almost cause his eyes to pop out.

MATTHEW'S P.O.V. - HOWARD'S WEBBED-FEET

MATTHEW (V.O.)

Look! It's him!

BACK TO SCENE

as the Howard Krishnas gawk at their beloved mentor's webbed-feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matthew removes Howard's disguise.

MATTHEW
(continuing
ecstatically)
It's... it's... Howard!!

Immediately, the Howard Krishnas begin to chant in unison.

HOWARD KRISHNAS
Waak waak waak wauugh... waak
waak waak wauugh... waak waak
waak wauugh...

Howard struggles to control his temper.

HOWARD
Thanks for the little tune...
but I've got a very important
engagement...
(attempts to
squeeze through
crowd)
... so, if ya don't mind!

Howard suddenly finds himself being lifted up in the air -- and placed on the shoulders of the Howard Krishnas.

HOWARD
(continuing
impatiently)
Okay, okay... I think you're
swell, too... now let me down!

But instead, the worshipping throng carries Howard away.

HOWARD
(continuing
infuriated)
Waak! Put me down! I
gotta be somewhere... let
me down!!

And as the Howard Krishnas waddle away on their knees, chanting -- the divine duck on their shoulders, kicking and screaming, we...

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DAY - VANDERBIRD III

is behind the wheel, as he continues to move along in traffic -- not too far behind the abducted duck.

VANDERBIRD III

Ach! They better not harm
a feather on his head!

(a beat)

That head belongs to me!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEMPLE - DAY - MATTHEW

is on the phone. B.g. we HEAR the steady chant of Howard Krishnas.

MATTHEW

(excitedly)

That's right, sis! You
heard me! He's here! I
swear!

(a beat)

Well... okay. If ya don't
go blabbin all over town
about it! I guess it's okay...
but you better hurry!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Matthew as he hangs up the phone, then, on his knees, waddles over to where Howard is held captive, his shanks shackled to the altar.

HOWARD

Waak! Untie me! Untie
me this instant!!

MATTHEW

(with a well-
meaning grin)

Hey, Howard... we're on
your side!

HOWARD

Then untie me!!

MATTHEW

Hey... there's a lot of sicko
people out there who want to
harm you. Just think... we're
giving you sanctuary!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
You're givin me a headache...
that's what you're givin me!
Now untie me!

MATTHEW
(stubbornly)
Nope. If I untie you...
you'll run away. And if
you run away... you'll
get hurt. And I can't
let that happen!

Howard takes a wild, roundhouse swing at Matthew's pimply puss,
but misses by a foot. And, as we HEAR a vicious clap of thunder,
we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY - CLOUDS

suddenly dump a downpour of rain as CAMERA PANS DOWN to Vanderbilt
hurrying into the temple.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY - THE HOWARD KRISHNAS

are too mesmerized by their chanting to notice the entrance
of Vanderbilt.

CLOSE SHOT - VANDERBIRD III

as he raises the rifle sight to his eyeglasses.

VANDERBIRD'S P.O.V. - HOWARD

is in his rifle sights -- however, his image is slightly
foggy due to the storm drenched spectacles.

BACK TO VANDERBIRD

squinting, as he removes his thick glasses to clean them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, unaware that a Howard Krishna is waddling by on his knees, Vanderbird takes a step forward -- and tumbles to the floor. We HEAR the sound of glass shattering. Vanderbird holds up his wrecked glasses and inspects the damage with crossed eyes. Angrily, he tosses the useless glasses aside -- then, with a determined look on his covetous face, Vanderbird once again raises the rifle to his myopic eye.

VANDERBIRD'S P.O.V. - A BLUR

of little figures wearing Fedora hats.

BACK TO VANDERBIRD

who, not wishing to blow the opportunity, fires his rifle at every little cigar-smoking blur that resembles a duck.

FULL SHOT - HOWARD KRISHNAS

scatter everywhere in panic as Vanderbird fires his weapon with machine gun-like rapidity.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

has his ropes cut by a wild shot. Quickly, he dives for cover behind the altar. Also hovering for safety we SEE Matthew.

HOWARD

Say, mac... got the time?!

Matthew holds up a very shakey wrist revealing the time.

HOWARD

(continuing)

Waak! It's three o'clock!
I'm gonna really have to
hurry!!

Howard takes a handful of cigars out of Matthew's pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
(cynically)
Ya shouldn't smoke cigars
anyway, mac... it might stunt
your growth!

Howard stands up and grins, sardonically.

HOWARD
(continuing)
Look what its done to me!!

Then, displaying his combat savvy, Howard scrambles on his belly toward the door -- as bullets whistle only inches above his holey Fedora.

CLOSE SHOT - VANDERBIRD

squinting blindly into his rifle sight continues to fire away at every blur resembling Howard -- unaware that the genuine article just crawled out the back door.

VANDERBIRD
Ach my little trophy... hold
still!

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY - HOWARD

is quickly drenched by the torrent downpour as he rushes off in the direction of Fifth & Willowick. Once again as we MOVE with Howard, we HEAR in his mind Thog's VOICE OVER.

THOG (V.O.)
You must be at the proper
location at the exact time...

HOWARD
(aloud, to
himself)
Fifth and Willowick... three
thirty-three p.m. Fifth and
Willowick... three thirty-
three p.m.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOG (V.O.)

And by no means should
you be even a micro-second
late... these same favorable
conditions might not come
along again for another
hundred years!

Howard looks up at a street sign and gasps when he sees how
far a distance he has to travel.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - THE STREET SIGN

tells us he's about a mile away! (17th & Willowick)

BACK TO HOWARD

as he not only battles time, but, also, a raging storm! Suddenly,
another obstacle comes his way. Heading in his direction is none
other than Cordelia and her band of giggly GROUPIE GIRLFRIENDS.

CORDELIA

Oooo... look! My brother was
right! There he is... in person!

Like a commando raid, the groupies surround Howard -- then swarm
all over him, tearing off bits of clothing for souvenirs!

HOWARD

Waak! Leggo... hey, that
tickles!

Cordelia holds up a piece of Howard's jacket.

CORDELIA

Look! I got a piece of his
jacket!

GROUPIE #1

(waving a sleeve)

Look! I got a piece of his
shirt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly he lets out a distressing yell!

HOWARD
Yeeeeee-owch!!

CLOSE SHOT - GROUPIE #2

holding up a handful of feathers, proudly.

GROUPIE #2
Look! I got a piece of his
tail!

BACK TO HOWARD

as he angrily shakes a gloved fist in her face.

HOWARD
(mockingly)
Look!
(menacingly)
How'dcha like to have a
piece of this?!!

The groupies step aside, shocked expressions on their adolescent faces -- and as Howard hobbles away, tattered and torn, in the direction of a taxi cab; we HEAR the girls grumble o.s. assorted AD LIB: "Boy... what a creep!" "Yeah... what a crummy attitude!" "All stars are the same... a bunch of ungrateful egotists!"

INT. TAXI - DAY - HOWARD

tries to tidy-up his ragged appearance, in vain.

HOWARD
(with urgency)
Fifth and Willowick... and
step on it!

EXT. STREET - DAY - FULL SHOT - TAXI

is trapped in bumper to bumper traffic.

INT. TAXI - DAY - THE OLD CABBIE

smiles with sad perplexity.

CABBIE
(apologetically)
I'll try the best I can...
but this storm has really
messed up traffic.
(notices Howard
in rear view
mirror)
Say... you're that duck!
Howard the Duck!! Right?!

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Howard in the backseat, drumming his fingers on his bill with frantic anxiety.

HOWARD
Please... try to hurry! I'm
really dependin on ya, mac!

CABBIE
You can depend on me! Golly...
wait until I tell the kids
that Howard the Duck was in
my cab today! They worship the
ground you waddle on!!

HOWARD
(with regret)
Yeah... so I just found out!

EXT. STREET - DAY - THE TAXI

moves a couple more feet forward, as traffic remains in a standstill. Meanwhile, VOICE OVER, the cabbie babbles on.

CABBIE (V.O.)
You're not the first celebrity
I had in this cab! No sirree!
Not by a long shot! You're just
the first duck.

HOWARD (V.O.)
Please... can't ya drive this
thing a little faster?! I
gotta be there no later than
three thirty-three!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (woefully)
 Or else I face a fate worse
 than bein stuck in traffic...
 (a beat)
 ... bein stuck in Cleveland!

INT. TAXI - DAY - THE CABBIE

nods his head, lamentably, in agreement.

CABBIE
 I know what you mean, friend...
 I've been stuck here all my life!

He takes out his pocket-watch, examines it -- then lets out a low, sorrowful whistle.

INSERT - WATCH

The time is ten minutes past three.

CABBIE (V.O.)
 (continuing)
 Uh-eh... if you have to
 be somewhere no later
 than three thirty-three,
 I'm afraid it's going to
 take more than a fast cab
 ... it's going to take a
 miracle!

BACK TO SCENE

as Howard sags in the backseat, limp with desolation.

CABBIE
 (continuing in
 an attempt to
 be optimistic)
However... I do know a
 certain little shortcut!

Howard's woeful eyes suddenly brighten with hope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
A... shortcut?!

CABBIE
(shrugs)
Well... at least there's
no traffic!

Howard leaps to his webbed-feet and assumes a noble stance similar to that of George Washington crossing the Delaware.

HOWARD
Well, captain?! What are
we waitin for?! ... onward!!

EXT. STREET - DAY - THE TAXI

suddenly swerves off the street and onto the sidewalk, its horn blasting -- and pedestrians leaping out of the way!

INT. TAXI - DAY - HOWARD

is ecstatic as he jumps up and down on the backseat like someone at a horse race -- and excitedly yells supportive AD LIB: "Now we're movin!" "You're beautiful, mac... beautiful!" As they zip by a street sign, Howard pokes his head out the window to get a look.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - STREET SIGN

tells us he's only a few blocks away. (7th & Willowick)
CAMERA SUDDENLY PANS DOWN to reveal an old nun frozen in fright as we rapidly approach.

EXT. STREET - DAY - THE TAXI

manages at the last minute to swerve, horn blaring -- as the old nun frantically dives into a mud puddle like Pete Rose sliding into third!

INT. TAXI - DAY - THE CABBIE

mutters something to himself -- then crosses himself. In the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

backseat, we SEE Howard hiding his eyes with his trembling hands.

HOWARD
Are we there yet?!

CABBIE
Just about!

EXT. STREET - DAY - THE TAXI

screeches to a stop at the corner of Fifth & Willowick.

INT. TAXI - DAY - THE CABBIE

cheerfully calls out -- like a conductor on a train.

CABBIE
(continuing)
Fifth and Willowick...
everybody out!

EXT. TAXI - DAY - HOWARD

leaps out the window, stuffs some bucks in the cabbie's hand -- not to mention several cigars!

HOWARD
(hurriedly)
Thanks, mac... thanks a lot!

CABBIE
(holds up watch)
You got yourself thirteen
minutes to spare... howabout
an autograph for the kids.

Howard quickly scratches out an autograph -- then hurries off.

HOWARD
(calling out)
If you're ever in Duckworld...
look me up!

When he gets to the building at the corner, he stops and looks up.

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - TOWERING BUILDING

that seems to climb high into the clouds.

BACK TO SCENE

as Howard gulps and scratches his head.

HOWARD
(wondering aloud)
Two hundred and nineteen feet
... how high is that?!

INT. BUILDING - DAY - HOWARD

waddles over to the elevator. A clock above it tells us it's three twenty-three. Removing his Fedora to conceal his duckness, Howard squeezes onto a crowded elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - CLOSE ON HOWARD

as he stands in a crowd of legs.

HOWARD
(continuing,
to no one in
particular)
Anybody happen to know...
uh... what floor I oughta
get off at... er... if I
wanna be two hundred and
nineteen feet above the
ground?!

CAMERA PANS UP to reveal a CROWD of astonished faces.

MAN #1
(with surprise)
Did someone say something?!

WOMAN #1
Naw... nobody ever says
anything on an elevator.

MAN #2
I think the voice came
from down there.

CROWD'S P.O.V. - HOWARD

looks up at us "from down there". The Fedora still covers his duckbill.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

It came from that little white-haired fella there.

HOWARD

Er... anybody happen to know what floor is two hundred and nineteen feet above the ground?

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the crowd, who are so overwhelmed by a chance to converse on an elevator that they all start to yakkity-yak at once. AD LIB OVERLAP: "Twelfth floor, I believe!" "No... fourteenth floor!" "You're all wrong... the sixteenth floor!"

HOWARD

Wait a minute... one at a time!

Suddenly the crowd quiets -- to allow a LITTLE GIRL to step forward.

LITTLE GIRL

(scholarly)

If the average height of each floor is ten feet... allowing another three feet for steel beams and insulation, et cetera ... my assumption would be...

CROWD AND HOWARD

(in unison)

Yes??!

CLOSE SHOT - LITTLE GIRL'S FINGER

as it pushes the button for the seventeenth floor!

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

... the seventeenth floor!

And as the crowd burst into applause and the little girl curtsies -- the elevator doors open and an appreciative Howard waddles off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
(to himself)
Gee... these hairless apes
aren't that bad. Maybe I've
been wrong about them...

Suddenly, something Howard sees makes him change his tune.

HOWARD
(continuing,
as he gulps
nervously)
... on second thought...

HOWARD'S P.O.V. - A TV STUDIO

jam-packed with red-necked, bigoted Video Vigilantes is where fate and the elevator has deposited him. Fifth & Willowick, two hundred and nineteen feet above the ground is exactly the location where the lecherous Rev. Billy Sham televises his treacherous sermon

BACK TO HOWARD

as he nearly swallows his cigar out of fear -- then quickly hides behind a water cooler. O.s. we HEAR the crazed sermon of Billy Sham.

BILLY SHAM (O.S.)
... and what is that final
solution?! I'll tell you
what it is... extermination!
The only good duck is a dead
duck!

Howard appears to be contemplating a fast exit -- but retreat he can not -- not now -- not if he wants to keep his scheduled rendezvous with Thog! Then, with a glub-glub-gurgle, we HEAR a familiar voice.

THOG
Hello, Howard...

Howard spins around, looks up and sees the face of Thog reflected inside the water cooler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
(in a hushed
but ever-so
excited voice)
Thog! ... get me outta here!

THOG
Sure thing, Howard. Get in
front of the tv camera!

HOWARD
Waak! Ya gotta be nutso?!
That lunatic over there
wants to brown me to a crisp!

THOG
Please, Howard... try not to
tremble so! You might tip
over this water cooler!
Now trust me... and do what
I say!

HOWARD
(still hesitant)
But... in front of the camera?!

Thog hurriedly tries to explain in that glub-glubby voice of his.

THOG
I need to utilize the tv
camera's electronic field
in order to beam you through
the cosmic axis and back to
your native world. Now, go
ahead... get in front of that
camera!

Howard gulps, mumbles a little prayer -- then, with great
reluctance, he waddles over to the pulpit and leaps in
front of the tv camera. Needless to say, Billy Sham is
dumbstruck -- then duckstruck!! His evil eyes see red!!

BILLY SHAM
What the... ?! It's that
blasphemous duck!!

And, also needless to say, Howard begins to shake like the
San Andreas.

HOWARD
Hurry, Thog... hurry!!

CLOSE SHOT - WATER COOLER

goes glub-glub-glub as Thog regretfully replies.

THOG

Uh... not for another three minutes!

BACK TO HOWARD

as Billy Sham lurches forward with murder in his eyes.

HOWARD

WAAK!

However, Howard manages to evade Billy Sham's clutches -- and a wild, wacky melee ensues.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Howard scrambling under chairs, the Video Vigilantes in close pursuit.
- B) Howard doing some mighty fancy side-stepping to avoid the deadly grasp of Billy Sham.
- C) A couple Video Vigilantes bump heads as Howard suddenly leaps, once again, in front of the tv camera.

CLOSE SHOT - HOWARD

as he yells frantically to Thog. . .

HOWARD

Hurry, Thog... please hurry!

And from o.s. we once again HEAR Thog's apologetic reply.

THOG (O.S.)

Er... not yet, Howard...
sorry.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Howard as Billy Sham as his cohorts continue to give chase, screaming blood-thirsty AD LIB: "Get that sinner!" "Grab that sonuva... !" "Kill that little devil!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once again, the frantic, frazzled duck leaps up on the pulpit and stands momentarily before the tv camera.

HOWARD

C'mon, Thog!! Get me outta here!

And, once again, we HEAR Thog's reply, o.s.

THOG (O.S.)

Er... it won't be long now!

However, to save his feathered neck, Howard has to, once again, skiddaddle -- as Billy Sham and his red-neck brutes continue to viciously give chase.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO FOLLOW Howard as he runs out of tv studio "A" and into tv studio "B". Standing before the camera we SEE a darling OLD WOMAN in a frilly apron as she holds up a succulent roast duck.

TV GOURMET

Now this is what I call a well-dressed duck. And, on today's program, I'm going to show you not only how to roast a beautiful duck... but also how to make a custard that could massacre the Indians!

As she chuckles, pleasantly, at her little joke -- she suddenly notices Howard running around her "tv kitchen".

TV GOURMET

(astonished)

What are you doing out here?!

(opens oven)

You're suppose to be in there!!

HOWARD

Waak! No way, sister! I got enough troubles as it is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just as Billy Sham and his bigoted hooligans crash through the studio's cardboard kitchen -- Howard manages to waddle away out of their fumbling, grappling grasp! CAMERA HOLDS on the tv gourmet's very amused, very confused face. A real pro, she attempts to act as if nothing has happened -- as she smiles rather uncomfortably into the camera.

TV GOURMET

Astounding! A talking duck!
I just love a meal that can
repeat itself...

Once again she is suddenly interrupted as Howard streaks by -- closely pursued by Billy and his boys! Before they scatter off, one of Billy's boys manages to tear a hunk of Howard's clothing off! The fabric flies off and lands on her roast duck.

TV GOURMET

(continuing,
uncomfortably)

... however, I wouldn't
recommend dressing your bird
in this exact manner.

And as she lets out a little uneasy chuckle, we...

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - PULPIT

as Howard, still being chased by Sham and his vigilantes, leaps ontop -- and stands in front of the tv camera.

HOWARD

(impatient and
irascible as
hell)

Alright already!! Get me
outta here, Thog!!

CLOSE SHOT - WATER COOLER

as Thog checks the time.

THOG'S P.O.V. - THE CLOCK

on the wall, though it appears under water, tells us it is three thirty-two -- and fifteen seconds!

THOG (V.O.)

Just another forty-five seconds, Howard, and it's goodbye Cleveland... hello Duckworld!!

BACK TO HOWARD

who suddenly has to scurry to avoid the frightening clutches of Billy Sham. However, in the interlude, the latter trips and falls -- losing one of his shoes! CAMERA PANS the horrid, revolted faces of the Video Vigilantes as they react to what they see.

CLOSE SHOT - BILLY SHAM'S NAKED FOOT

reveals that he has webbed-toes! We PAN UP TO Billy's humiliated face as we HEAR o.s. the sudden laughter of Vigilantes as they AD LIB: "Look! Our crusader against webbed-footed demons has webbed-toes!" "That's what I call putting your foot in your mouth!" Yeah... a webbed-foot!"

While everyone is laughing, Billy Sham, now more malicious than ever, ceases the moment -- and, lurching over the pulpit, surprises Howard by suddenly grabbing the duck by the throat!

BILLY SHAM

Save me from my duckness, Lord!
Cure me of my evil peculiarity!

And as Billy Sham tightens his grip around Howard's throat and squeezes until Howard turns blue in the face, we PAN UP to the clock just as the second hand approaches three thirty-three! We PAN BACK DOWN to Billy Sham just as a greenish laser beam suddenly flashes from the tv camera like a bolt of lightning -- and, with a poof, Billy Sham disappears off the face of the earth! Howard falls to the floor -- and, when he quickly realizes what happened, goes utterly berserk! He pounds his fists on the floor in a rage -- as the Vigilantes look on with bug-eyed, slack-jawed expressions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD
(wailing in sorrow)
That was meant for me!!!
Come back ya no good hairless
ape... that was meant for
me!!

And as Howard collapses on the floor and sobs, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - HOWARD

sadly waddles along his lonely way kicking a stone. The rain
has stopped -- and so has his tears.

HOWARD
(grumbles to
himself)
Trapped... trapped in a
world I never made!

But, wait! What's that we HEAR?! It's that familiar voice again!
Howard stoops down and takes a look -- and, lo and behold,
there in a puddle we SEE the face of Thog!

THOG
Now, now... mustn't lose hope,
Howard! Ol' Thog here's going
to keep on trying! And, who
knows? Maybe...

But Thog's words suddenly turn into a loud SIZZLE -- as Howard
snubs out his cigar in Thog's puddly face. Then, with new
determination, Howard continues on his way. A car pulls up
alongside him and we SEE the ravishing face of Beverly as she
smiles sweetly.

BEVERLY
Hiya, ducky... can I give you
a lift.

HOWARD
Sure, toots... if you're goin
as far as Duckworld.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

BEVERLY

Sorry, ducky... but I'm only
going as far as my place.

HOWARD

(allowing a grin)

Well, toots... for the time
bein that's gonna have to do!

Howard waddles over to the car and climbs in. And as we SEE
the car drive off into the somewhat smoggy sunset, we HEAR
Beverly and Howard VOICE OVER.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Well, ducky... now that you're
stuck in Cleveland for a little
longer... what are you going
to do?!

HOWARD (V.O.)

I don't know, toots... but I
could sure use a good cigar!

And, as the music swells dramatically, we...

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.

THE END?