

MR. TOY

written by
Chai Hecht

based on a true story

Madhouse Entertainment
310.587.2200

CAA
424.288.2000

Santa's Workshop Was Never Like the Turbulent, Secret World Where Millionaire Marvin Glass Suffers and Bleeds, Creating His Amazing Christmas Toys

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**He's King Of
Toy Manuf**

CHICAGO (AP)—Marvin Glass is to the novelty toy business what Walt Disney is to the animated cartoon movie.

to the novelty toy
Walt Disney is to the animated
cartoon movie

mouse trap game

A colorful illustration of a mouse trap game board. A small mouse character is positioned at the start of a path. The path leads through various obstacles, including a large yellow flower, a red flag, and a wire trap. The background is a light blue sky with a white cloud. The text 'mouse trap game' is written in large, bold, blue letters across the top of the illustration. Above the title, there is a small inset image showing a box of the game. To the left of the title, there is a small text box that reads 'to the novelty toy Walt Disney is to the animated cartoon movie'.

MANUFACTURER CALLS FOR END OF TOY GUNS

Marvin Glass, who designed one of the most popular toy guns on the market yesterday that should stop production.

**LITTLE TOY PIG
SQUEALS BEFORE
SUPREME COURT**
Washington

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Amazing!

Yakity-Yak
TRADE MARK

TALKING TEETH

ROCK'EM ROBOT

MR.
MACHINE

help maintain the field. Glas pres-
enting models individually to
"con-
firming models who must sign "agree-
ments of disclosure" they will
guaranteeing they any toy similar to
any don't buy it.
for new toys
not only through
at staff meet-
through his own
of everyday living.
for example, a
equipped motorcycle cop
atches up with a speeding
car and makes it stop
out of his experience of
chased for speeding.
The reality of the toy
tributed to its overwhelming
"stance," he said.
class said he has some toys
the drawing board that the
merican public won't be ready
until the year 2,000.
But he wouldn't say anything
are about the futuristic toys.
are know.



Mystery Date

LITE-BRITE

Hands down

ALEXANDRIA
HOTEL

ants IN THE pan



ants pants

I consider myself a complete
and utter failure.

- Marvin Glass

OVER BLACK:

Christmas music from an old radio.
Melancholy and distant.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

Christmas Eve, 1920
Evanston, IL

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (1920)

A red gift-wrapped box.

Gold bow on top. Not too big, not too small. Perfect.

In the hands of a CARING HOUSEWIFE.
In her spotless, but homey, home.

Modest, spirited Christmas Tree. Fireplace crackles.

She kneels by the feet of her son, **MARVIN GLASS**, 6.
Intelligent focus. Armor in-progress. Brimming with hope.

He studies the gift-box. *Has he never seen one before?*

His Mother glances at the clock.
Whistles of wind. Branches scrape at the window.

She dabs a drop of her sweat. Pats Marvin's knee.

MARVIN'S MOTHER
(German accent)
Won't open itself.

He undoes the bow. Steady, methodical. Savors the moment.
Slides the ribbon off. The gold spirals to the floor.

His Mother's head turns fast. The front door springs opens.
Marvin's little fingers curl under the lid of the box -

Door slams, shoes stomp. All too fast -
Gift-box yanked from Marvin's hands -

Before he has a chance to see inside.

Marvin looks up, up, up -

His FATHER. Tight lips, machine-cold. Badge and gun. A cop.
Holds Marvin's gift. Peers inside. Glares at his wife.

MARVIN'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
He's a child. Please...

MARVIN'S FATHER
(German accent)
What did we say? We agreed.

Marvin's Father stokes the fireplace. Marvin cries. Quiet as he can. His father places the box in the fire. Gets it lit.

MARVIN'S FATHER (CONT'D)
No toys.

Marvin watches the box - and its unknown contents - burn.

All that's left of his gift: the GOLD RIBBON under the couch.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

- Marvin breaks branches off a tree.
- Marvin collects hair from the floor of a Barber Shop.
- The careful unwinding of string from Marvin's sweater.
- Marvin snips buttons from his father's suit.
- With extreme focus, Marvin draws with crayons...

INT. MARVIN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

A PUPPY, untamed and irresistible, leaps in through the bedroom window, lands on Marvin. Licks his face.

Marvin stares at its tail: *long and glittery and GOLD...*

The BEDROOM DOOR swings open - his father.
Grabs the Puppy. Violent. But -

The Puppy isn't real. Crayon-drawn tongue. Hair for fur.
Suit-button eyes. GOLD RIBBON tail. Marvin built him.

An impressive toy.
Marvin's Father breaks it to bits on the floor.

He raises his backhand. Marvin cowers.
His father's shadow engulfs him. Braces for impact. Instead -

MARVIN'S FATHER
Get dressed.

As his father leaves, Marvin quickly shovels the remnants of his Puppy into an empty OATMEAL TIN.

EXT. EVANSTON RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Marvin, bundled in winter clothes. Drags his feet through the snow, alongside his father. Neither one says a word.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Marvin and his father outside the stunning display of stained-glass windows that line the building's facade.

Marvin shivers. Freezing. Looks - tears in his father's eyes.

MARVIN'S FATHER

A man made this. Think about that.
A man. Nothing into something. Gave
meaning and beauty to our world.
That is the only reason to live.

Marvin faces him. A slight nod. His father's teeth CHATTER.
He pivots Marvin's chin hard, to the windows again.

MARVIN'S FATHER (CONT'D)

The world offers distractions. We
who have the foresight, stamina, and
will to forego these empty comforts,
we earn the right to be called Men.

Marvin's Father thrusts something cold and heavy into
Marvin's hand - his gun.

MARVIN'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Manhood is the burden of freedom
and power merging. Feel the power?
Do you want to be a Man?

Chatter of his father's teeth. The gun hangs limp, foreign in
Marvin's hand. Marvin's Father forces Marvin to look at him.

MARVIN'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Answer me. Say it.

YOUNG MARVIN

...I want to be a man.

MARVIN'S FATHER

(through chattering teeth)
Men... Do not play... With toys.

A pained mischievous hint-of-a-smile on Marvin's face as -

Marvin's Father begins to fade.

Fade and fade and fade until there's nothing left but his -

CHATTERING TEETH

*Click-click-clicking at rapid speed,
floating in the air beside Marvin...*

ABRUPT CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

Extreme close-ups of the painstaking, labor-intensive process building the first set of **YAKITY-YAK CHATTERING TEETH**:

- Boiling pot of melted plastic
- Individual tooth-molds carved by hand, one by one
- Vacuum pump sucks liquid from the molds
- Injection mold creates each tooth
- Pink plastic cast over the teeth as a set
- Pink plastic becomes the gums, carved and fitted
- Gears of the clockwork motor, delicately aligned
- Metal key winds the motor

Off the key being turned, building tension in the Teeth -

INT. SHABBY ART STUDIO - DAY (1940)

An awkward NAKED WOMAN, 20s, poses with a bouquet of roses in the smoke-filled classroom - a MODEL at the center of a circle of easels and young artist-hopefuls.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

Chicago, 1940

AN OLDER ARTIST gives quick appraisals, stops at the curt work-in-progress of a cigarette-smoking young painter:

MARVIN GLASS. Late-20s.

Life of the party. Saddest man you know.

A thick layer of tough Chicago grit protects spirited, fraught, ever-watchful eyes.

OLDER ARTIST

Not everyone is an artist, Marvin.

Conciliatory shoulder pat. Marvin paints, fast and hurt. Gets lost in it. When he glances up again - the Model's gone.

He looks at his unfinished painting. Then at the bouquet of ROSES the Model left behind...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Marvin catches up to the Model, gives her the stolen roses. He's attractive, in a literal sense - you're drawn to him.

MARVIN

Dorothy, right?

INT. MARVIN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Model - **DOROTHY** - plays under the covers with Marvin. Her greatest fear is a 'normal life' - at war with her persistent 1940s superego. She rolls on top of Marvin, bites his ear.

MARVIN

Click your heels for me, Dorothy.

She clicks her heels, hides her face in his chest.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

There's no place like home...

Marvin's back on top, and the sex picks up speed...

THE NEXT MORNING

Marvin paints at an easel. Classical music on the turntable. Smoking cigarette dangles from his sunlit lips.

Heaven.

The apartment's a disaster. Cigarette butts litter the floor. Half-finished paintings everywhere.

Dorothy sleeps. Stirs. Sees roses arranged in her slack hand. Then: Marvin, at his easel. Then: her naked body.

He's painting her nude portrait while she sleeps.
She flings the roses at Marvin. Direct hit.

DOROTHY

Most men try to sleep with me
because they want to sleep with me.

(beat)

I forgive you. You're an artist.

MARVIN

Artists get dispensation?

DOROTHY

You ought to. You make the world
bearable for the rest of us.

They stare at each other. Passion between them. Dorothy grins, closes her eyes. Marvin paints as the music swells...

INT. MODEST WEDDING HALL - DAY

Marvin passes a small band, bad hairdos, smiles, cake, flirty strangers - on his way to the BAR. A quick drink.

A gentle HAND cups Marvin's shoulder from behind -

JOE NUDELMAN. 30s. Easygoing everyman with a taste for magic - as a spectator only. The men hug. Best friends.

MARVIN

I fucking hate weddings.

A couple of PRETTY WOMEN wander by.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Lots of girls here. Spoken to any?

JOE

Some. A few. No. I will. I might.

MARVIN

You're an animal. Pace yourself.

Marvin signals the bartender to give Joe a drink, returns to - Dorothy. Wedding dress. Photographs. Marvin's the groom...

A drunk GROOMSMAN sidles up next to Joe, nods toward Marvin.

GROOMSMAN

How do you know Mr. Toy?

JOE

University of Chicago. Why 'Mr. Toy'?

GROOMSMAN

Oh, he built them. Toys. We went to military school together. He'd give his creations out to the sick kids at the hospital. He was the resident saint until we found out that while the kids were playing with his toys, Marvin was in the supply closet playing with the candy-striper...

The Groomsman guffaws. Joe looks: Marvin tilts Dorothy back, kisses her. The Photographer snaps a picture, FLASH -

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A one-year-old BABY cries. Bach on the turntable.

Colored-smudges on Marvin's bearded face as he paints. Turns to his crying Baby and the crib shakes. *An earthquake?* As -

The crib SPROUTS bells and stars and balloons and fireworks and confetti and the room fills with colors and magic...

EXT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - NIGHT

Marvin carries the now-calm Baby, points with her tiny finger at the starry night sky. And each time he points at a star -

It changes color.

Red, blue, yellow. Dot, dot, dot. Drawing something.

Dorothy joins them, in her nightgown. Takes the Baby. Quiet.

MARVIN

We have no money. I have to work, I
have to take a break from painting.

A blow. Dorothy summons strength from the crisp Chicago air.

DOROTHY

You're close. I can feel it.

MARVIN

Then I'll be just as close when I
get back to it.

He kisses her. She goes inside with the Baby. Marvin looks -

*Multi-colored stars dot the night sky. The stick-figures he
"drew" with the Baby's finger: man, woman, child. His family.*

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Marvin takes a last look at his bearded face in the mirror, scissors ready. He can feel it. His life drifting away...

EXT. SMALL DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Clean-shaven Marvin peers in at a STOREFRONT WINDOW DISPLAY - mechanized smiley-monkey marionettes clapping out-of-sync.

Behind the monkeys - Joe tweaks the display. His day job. He sees Marvin, rubs his cheeks to say he likes Marvin's shave.

INT. SMALL DEPARTMENT STORE - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Small, cluttered. JOE'S BOSS stands close to Marvin and Joe.

JOE'S BOSS

We need an eye-catching display for
a toy. Something commercial. Joe
tells me you're an artist...

Marvin flashes frustration, but needs the job, so -

MARVIN
What's the toy?

JOE'S BOSS
Well. I need you to make me one.

EXT. SMALL DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Marvin rushes out of the store. Joe chases. Stops Marvin.

JOE
He's desperate. Factories hardly do
toys now. All weapons. War effort...

MARVIN
Toys, guns. What's the difference?
The fuck do I know about toys, Joe?

JOE
I mean... *Mr. Toy?*

Marvin's embarrassed, starts to go, comes back -

MARVIN
The girl happened to work at a kids'
hospital. If she worked on the moon,
I'd've invented a rocket ship. But
fine. Let's make a fucking toy.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

Reminiscent of Young Marvin building his first toy -

- Marvin and Joe buy wood.
- A hand pulls a string - a ceiling bulb in a rented garage.
- Marvin measures his Baby's crib;
- Joe takes notes in a brand new LEATHER-BOUND NOTEBOOK.
- Marvin works on a schematic.
- Marvin carves wood in the rented garage. Not quite right, tosses it away. Dozens of failed attempts behind him.

EXT. SMALL DEPARTMENT STORE - DAWN

A crowd of YOUNG MOTHERS gather at the new DISPLAY WINDOW:
Baby's bedroom. Shooting out of the CRIB in all directions -

Stars and balloons and confetti. Colors and magic.
A real-life model of Marvin's earlier vision.

The TOY for sale: **THE CRADLE PAL**. A wooden bar attached to
the crib. Objects dangle from it to entertain the Baby.

INT. SMALL DEPARTMENT STORE - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Joe's Boss counts cash into Marvin's hand.

JOE'S BOSS
When can I expect the next one?

MARVIN
I'd sooner jump off a building than
make another toy.

CUT TO:

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT (1949)

On the desk, **YAKITY-YAK CHATTERING TEETH** click away.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

**H. Fishlove and Co. Novelty Goods
Seven Years Later**

IRVING FISHLOVE, the boss, a nouveau riche pit bull, behind the desk. Top-floor of a window-filled Chicago high rise. Popular toys and gags everywhere, like trophies.

FISHLOVE
Know who'd like this? Dentists.

Across the desk: Joe. In his early-40s now - it suits him.

JOE
Not dentists exclusively. We feel--

FISHLOVE
Gum surgeons. What are they called?

JOE
Advertised properly--

MARVIN (O.S.)
Periodontists.

At the back corner: Marvin. Late-30s. A high-and-mighty caged animal in a pressed suit. Slicked back. Exudes force.

MARVIN
Gum surgeon. Periodontist.

Marvin looks out at the imposing Chicago skyline. Lights a cigarette. Approaches the desk. He's gotten good at this -

Talks faster than you can think. Never backs down. Forces you to care. All bullshit and panache. The consummate salesman.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Fuck them. I'd rather my gums rot.
 Fuck all doctors. Sicker you are,
 more they make. These are the men
 we entrust with our health? That's
 what I call conflict. Of. -

Marvin sits, grabs the TEETH. Hides them under the desk.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

- Interest. Can't buy health. What
 are we buying? The *idea* of health.
 A healthy man is a good man is an
American man. Because what sells?

FISHLOVE

JOE

Product.

Gold, diamonds...

MARVIN (CONT'D)

The American dream. Sells like
 fucking scalding hot cakes. What do
 people want? What other people want.
 And what do other people want? I can
 tell you this: as long as they sat
 on your desk, you did not take your
 eyes off them. More to the point,
 what are you thinking right now?

Fishlove has to smile, and doesn't need to say a word.

Marvin holds out the TEETH. Fishlove takes them. Places them
 on his desk. He can't explain it - he's crazy about them.

FISHLOVE

I'll give you three hundred.

JOE

For how many?

FISHLOVE

Just the one. And the mold.

MARVIN

That's not how we do it. We
 manufacture, you sell--

FISHLOVE

Plastic. A new era. Welcome. Means
 it's cheaper for me to make them.
 The big-leagues boys. Congrats and
 piss off. Four-hundred. Outright.

Marvin shrugs at Joe. Hard to say no to that much money.

MARVIN
Fucking plastic. Six.

FISHLOVE
Five. And a job.

Marvin and Fishlove shake. That fast.

MARVIN
Keep the job.

Joe stifles his disappointment. Fishlove fills out a check.

FISHLOVE
Bottle your pride. The sole reason
to do what you do, what you've done
now for what, a decade? Is in the
desperate hopes that one day the
stars align and this moment occurs:
someone like me offers you a job.
There's simply no such thing as a
toy designer of any substance who
doesn't work for a toy company.

Marvin takes the check out of Fishlove's hand.

MARVIN
There is actually. And you just
bought a toy from him.

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Marvin and Joe in the elevator. Joe eyes a PRETTY SECRETARY.

MARVIN
Thing is, you have to talk to them.
She's not just going to turn around
and jump on you. Sad but true.

JOE
Please don't.

Marvin lights a fresh cigarette, taps her on the shoulder.

MARVIN
Excuse me, ma'am. This is my friend
Joe. He's a little shy.

Marvin lifts Joe's hand, shakes her hand with Joe's.

JOE
Hi. I make toys. Well, I help. And
I keep the accounts in order.

MARVIN

He's underselling. It's soulless work, but at least the pay is bad.

The Secretary has no interest, smiles politely.
The doors open. Her floor. She pauses, intrigued by Marvin.

PRETTY SECRETARY

And you are?

Marvin points to his wedding band.
Her eyebrows say, "Your loss." She leaves. Doors close.

JOE

Marvin. It's a paycheck.

MARVIN

It's a prison sentence. You want to work for that fucker? So go. Take the job. He's not an idiot, he knows you're worth it. I'll wait outside.

The doors open. Marvin strides out, toward a side exit.
Joe hesitates. Lets the doors close. Heads back up.

EXT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

A MOUSETRAP. Marvin props a coin inside.
Leans against a brick wall, alone.

Lights a fresh cigarette off the nearly-finished one in his mouth. Urgent deep drags. Glances at the stars - defiant.

A Mouse at the trap. Gets the cheese - SNAP. But the trap's stopped by Marvin's coin. The Mouse scuttles away, safe.

EXT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - NIGHT

Time hasn't stepped lightly on Dorothy. Weary.
She holds tight to their daughter, **DIANE**, 8.

Marvin comes around from the side. Tough-guy rhythm. Shows the check. Dorothy jumps into his arms. Still very in love.

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE

AT THE WINDOW, Irving Fishlove - Yakity-Yak Teeth in the palm of his hand - looks down at Marvin hugging his family.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (INTERCOM)

Mr. Nudelman is back, sir.

EXT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - NIGHT

Marvin drapes his jacket on Dorothy's shoulders, lifts Diane.

MARVIN

What do you want for your birthday?
A new doll? A doll for my doll.

Diane wraps her arms around him as Joe exits the main doors, joins them. Dorothy pats his shoulder. Joe forces a smile.

DOROTHY

Nice going. Split two ways it's--

JOE

Three ways. I promised Eddy an equal share. He built the prototype. He deserves it.

Marvin puts up his hands. He's not going to argue right now.

JOE (CONT'D)

Fishlove said I'm no good to him without you.

MARVIN

So he is an idiot.

DOROTHY

Well, we know he's an idiot, right?
He just bought the most overpriced set of dentures in world history.

Marvin and Joe share a look - not so sure it was overpriced.

EXT./INT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE / MARVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Marvin drives, looks at Dorothy in the passenger seat staring at the water, their beautiful daughter rests on her lap.

A peaceful, happy moment. Marvin can't stand it.
Heavy on the gas. Speeds. The wind in his hair and -

DOROTHY

Slow down.

Marvin dutifully downshifts. She eyes him. Worried.

EXT. OAK STREET BEACH - DAY - HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE

Marvin looks into the lens, filming. Pans the camera. Summer. Crowded. Dorothy sunbathes, waves at the camera (Marvin).

Diane on her stomach, reads a comic book. Dorothy whispers "I love you," but Marvin tilts the Camera up from Diane's comic -

PROJECTED ON THE CLEAR BLUE SKY - *larger-than-life images beam from the pages of the comic book. (Marvin's vision.)*

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy rolls over in bed - wakes. She's alone.

EXT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - NIGHT

Marvin paces the leaf-covered driveway. Diane spies on her father out her window, unseen by Marvin, who's focused on -

His vision: Superheroes climb on their house. An infestation. Above him, the stick-figure family he drew in the stars...

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - TOY SECTION - DAY

A SALESMAN demonstrates the **TINY TOWN THEATER**, a projector that illuminates comic strips on a blank wall. Kids love it.

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"STUDS' PLACE" on TV. Marvin smokes. Diane bounds in with a drawing she did. A rush of joy. He touches her cheek. Proud.

To himself, not to her - but she hears, and it hurts -

MARVIN

Not everyone is an artist.

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sex. Marvin on top. By rote. As if compulsory. Dorothy on her back, doesn't move. Stares at the ceiling.

Finally, a suppressed grunt and he rolls off. After a beat -

DOROTHY

Tell me that was the last one.

MARVIN

At least for ten minutes. I like you, but I'm not a machine.

She eyes him. He lights a cigarette. Long deep drags.

DOROTHY

Last toy, Marvin. You're miserable.

MARVIN

Don't take it personally.

DOROTHY

I'm worried. Diane needs a father.
Not this sad chimney you've become.
She hardly eats. Never wants to go
to school. She has no social drive--

MARVIN

Not having a social drive can be a
good thing.

DOROTHY

Not when you're eight. *And she's
not eating.*

MARVIN

You're blaming me? I feed my family.

Dorothy abruptly gets out of bed.

DOROTHY

You put food on the table, it's not
the same thing as feeding us. Your
work is poison for our daughter.

She goes into the BATHROOM, slams the door.

DIANE'S BEDROOM

A sliver of light hits Diane from the slowly opening door.
She's awake. Marvin steps in, spots a RAGGEDY ANN DOLL in the
corner on the floor, scoops it up, gently hands it to Diane.

MARVIN

It's okay to sleep with her.

DIANE

I don't want to sleep.

MARVIN

Me neither. But if you don't sleep,
what can't you do?

DIANE

Wake up.

Marvin smiles. Appreciates the point.

MARVIN

I was going to say, "Dream." Are you okay, sweetheart?

She nods. It's not convincing. He kisses her forehead. Goes. Alone, she gently tosses Raggedy Ann back in the corner.

MASTER BEDROOM

Marvin paces, drinks coffee. Dorothy's in bed, curlers in, crawls toward him on her knees, coaxes -

DOROTHY

You need to paint. And it's not like you make millions from the toys...

Marvin stops pacing. She's right.

MARVIN

I'll get out. I'll find a way. I'll tell Joe after New Year's. I'm done.

She pulls him into bed, curls into him. Closes her eyes. Now it's Marvin's turn to stare at the ceiling.

EXT. DIVE BAR - DAY

A BANNER - "**WELCOME 1950!**" A worker takes it down, reveals through the storefront window:

Marvin and Joe, at the bar. Joe tilts his head - something he just heard. Marvin pays, leaves. Joe gets his bearings.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Marvin's about to get into his PARKED CAR. Joe catches up.

JOE

You can't. It's what you're good at.

MARVIN

It's not what I want to be good at.

JOE

I don't know that we get to choose. Can I show you something?

An ambulance siren approaches. Marvin and Joe have to yell over the increasing noise. Marvin lights a cigarette.

MARVIN

Fishlove is right. You can't be in the toy business and not work for the people who make the toys.

JOE

We have a chance to be great--

As the screaming ambulance speeds past, Marvin snaps -

MARVIN

Chance to be great? We make toys. We're grown men, we deal in playthings and parlor tricks. I could sell water to a drowning man and do more good for the world.

The siren fades. Marvin holds one last look at Joe. Gets in his car. Shifts into gear, about to go - SLAMS on the brakes.

Joe's standing right in front of the car.

JOE

I really have to show you something.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - TOY SECTION - DAY

Marvin and Joe stare at an EMPTY RACK.
Toys to the left. Toys to the right. Nothing in between.

JOE

The teeth sold out. We're a hit.

MARVIN

No we're not. We're patsies.

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Irving Fishlove's head almost SMASHES into a window -

Marvin stops short. Holds Fishlove by the collar.
Joe watches a few feet back. Concerned.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ. (O.S.)

You signed the contract. There's really no wiggle-room here.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ., 30s, corporate lawyer. Made his money young, promptly gained sixty pounds. Marvin lets Fishlove go.

MARVIN

And human decency?

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.
Not my area of expertise. I think
Mr. Fishlove will have to agree,
it's not his either.

Joe chuckles at the insult - it goes over Fishlove's head.

MARVIN
You're making millions off us. We
just want a cut. Consistent with--

FISHLOVE
A cut? This isn't Doubleday. Nobody
pays royalties for toys.

Marvin's distracted: an idea... A fleeting moment though as -

FISHLOVE (CONT'D)
Here's your cut. Shmuck.

He tosses something at Marvin. Marvin catches it:
The original prototype YAKITY-YAK TEETH.

EXT./INT. JOE'S BUILDING / MARVIN'S CAR - DAY

Marvin pulls the car to the side, shifts into PARK outside
Joe's downtown apartment on Ohio Street.

JOE
Eddy's in town. You could finally
pay him his share for the Teeth.
He's on his way back to L.A. soon.
Look at his new prototype -

Joe pulls a pocket-sized PLASTIC BOX perched on thin plastic
poles from his briefcase. Rests it on top of the briefcase.

He gently presses the box down over the poles. When he
releases, the box returns to its starting position, and -

The BOX spits out a little white MARBLE from a hole in the
bottom. The marble rolls across the case. Joe catches it.

Marvin eyes him - *why are you wasting my time with this?*

JOE (CONT'D)
But if we help him, work together--

MARVIN
Joe. I said, "I'm done," I think I
used English. It's over.

Joe finally accepts defeat. The end of their partnership.

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Smack in the middle of a residential mini-disaster.

MARVIN

More, more. Bring me more.

Dorothy runs in with towels. Marvin stuffs them in the kitchen sink. Water spews up from the drain. Goes everywhere.

DOROTHY

We need a plumber.

Diane scurries in. Marvin puts her in the sink on the towels.

MARVIN

Stand on these.

DOROTHY

Don't put her in there!

Water soaks Diane. She loves it. Marvin drops under the sink.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

You don't know what you're doing.

DIANE

I'm swimming, Mommy.

Dorothy yanks Diane from the sink. Water sprays on Dorothy's face. She laughs. And the water stops. Marvin slides out.

MARVIN

Who needs a plumber?

And all the lights go dead. The power's been cut.

INT. BANK - OFFICE - DAY

Marvin's across from a starched BANK MANAGER.

BANK MANAGER

A second mortgage? You're not even making payments on the first one. This is a serious situation. I understand you want money, but--

MARVIN

I need money. I don't want money, I never will. The only value to money is not having to worry about it.

BANK MANAGER

You're not listening to me. They're giving you thirty days. Bring it up-to-date. Or they will foreclose.

INT. BUSY DINER - DAY

A plate of steaming SCRAMBLED EGGS. Balanced on the back of a waitress's hand. Weaves through the crowd. Lands in front of -

Diane. Who immediately drowns the plate in ketchup. The Waitress fills Marvin's cup with coffee - all he's having.

DIANE

Where do eggs come from?

Marvin's distracted: a wealthy middle-class family at lunch. A little girl pretends to feed her FANCY PORCELAIN DOLL.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Daddy? Where do eggs come from?

Marvin turns back to look at her -

INT. BUSY DINER - KITCHEN - DAY

Marvin leads Diane through the sizzling hot chaos of the kitchen, a finger to his mouth - "Shhh." Diane tiptoes to -

A walk-in fridge marked: **FRESH EGGS - DO NOT DISTURB**

Marvin looks to the left, to the right - opens the door... But before they can look inside -

BACKAW! A LIVE CHICKEN bursts out of the fridge - Wings flap like crazy. Pots and pans knocked over. Out to -

BUSY DINER

The Chicken hops on patrons' heads. Pecks at their food. Knocks over a candle. A curtain up in flames. Waiters hurl water at the fire. People scream. Until -

Marvin puts out his hand. And the Chicken hops gently onto his palm.

MARVIN

Want to know where eggs come from?

Marvin pushes down on the Chicken's back. Its legs flatten into itself, and - out pops a perfectly white egg!

The egg shoots out, lands safely in Diane's hand. She beams, displays the egg to the horrified restaurant.

DIANE (V.O.)

Daddy?

BUSY DINER - BACK TO REALITY

The restaurant is fine. There is no chicken.

Another one of Marvin's visions.

Diane lowers her fork. Her eggs sit nearly-untouched.
The epiphany left a weight on Marvin's shoulders.

MARVIN

Chickens. Eggs come from chickens.

Marvin eyes the Happy Family again.
And their daughter, playing with her porcelain doll.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Banging on the door. Joe rushes to answer. Marvin. Wet.
Sparkles of melting snow on his shoulders and hair.

MARVIN

Get your notebook. I know what it
is. The fucking box. It's a chicken.

Joe shrugs, used to these kinds of revelations from Marvin.
He gets his LEATHER-BOUND NOTEBOOK - worn and fuller now.

JOE

So the marbles are--

MARVIN

Eggs. We should get rich.

Joe jots in the Notebook, spots the puddle at Marvin's feet.

JOE

How long were you walking around--

MARVIN

Unapologetically, offensively rich.
I can't paint as long as I'm worried
about providing for my family.
Enough money we never have to look
at another toy for the rest of our
lives. Get rich and get out.

JOE

You think it's possible?

MARVIN

Thanks to Fishlove, I know it is.
One word: royalties.

INT. EDDY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

A HAND presses Eddy's PLASTIC BOX. A marble drops, rolls off the table, caught by: **EDDY GOLDFARB**, mid-20s. Badly wants to be your friend. Mechanical genius, short on imagination.

EDDY

The game's called "Catch It" - you have to catch it.

MARVIN

Maybe you should call it *kerplunk*. For the sound the ball makes when it hits the floor since no one can catch such a tiny marble. You realize no child in his right mind would ever want to play with that fucking thing?

Joe glares at Marvin - *what are you doing?*

EDDY

Too few marbles? I've gotten it up to four, might be able to fit five--

JOE

It's great, Eddy. But first, we want to pay your share for the Teeth.

EDDY

Oh, no rush. It's just such an honor to finally meet Marvin Glass.

Eddy zips a suitcase, all packed, ready to leave.

MARVIN

The point is, we have a better idea.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

Train whistles, clanks, and grunts echo through the always-bustling hub of 1950s travel.

EDDY

No. No way. I like it how it is.

Marvin and Joe try to catch up with Eddy as he jogs toward the "City of Los Angeles" train, luggage in either hand.

MARVIN

Kerplunk is an asinine fucking idea.

EDDY

It isn't. Called. *Kerplunk*.

Eddy stops suddenly, turns around. Almost bumps into Marvin.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Do you know you were my hero? When I was stationed overseas, I read about the toys you were making--

MARVIN

Stationed? As in the war? You fought the Nazis? And I'm your hero? If that isn't the single greatest indictment of American values--

EDDY

It's not a chicken.

He turns his back on them, heads for the train.

MARVIN

You could shove every fucking marble in the northern hemisphere into that box, won't matter. You know why? A little trick I've learned when it comes to toys. Ready? Finish this sentence. If the toy is not fun...

Eddy stops. Wants to get this right.

EDDY

...No one will buy it?

MARVIN

If the toy's not fun, Eddy, it's not a toy.

Eddy's hands shake. He boards the Train. But as it pulls away, at the open door -

EDDY

Give me three weeks. I'll do it.

Marvin turns. Not the least surprised. He knew he'd get Eddy. Marvin and Joe watch the Train disappear in the distance.

JOE

Soon all major travel will be by air.

MARVIN

If Man were meant to fly, he'd eat worms. Do you know any lawyers?

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

James Coffee (Fishlove's lawyer), at his desk. Marvin bursts in, then Joe - pulling Marvin back - and Coffee's Secretary.

MARVIN

Remember us? Yeah, you do.

(to Secretary)

It's okay, he won't hurt us.

Coffee nods at her, she leaves. Marvin sits on the desk.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

We can start you at seven percent.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.

I'm sorry? Seven percent of--

MARVIN

Gross. Talk royalty contracts. We want ten cents on the dollar.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.

Are you crazy? Toy companies will never pay royalties. Why would they?

MARVIN

Because Fishlove paid royalties.

Coffee and Joe stare at him. The first Joe's hearing of this.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Everyone's scared to be first until one guy goes and now they're all just scared of being last.

JOE

But Fishlove *didn't* pay royalties. He'll expose us. It's fraud. This is your brilliant plan--

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.

He won't expose you. Not if his lawyer advises him not to. He'll be annoyed. But he won't expose you.

Marvin and Joe share a look. *Should they trust him?*

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ. (CONT'D)

Ten percent isn't realistic. Choose a number between five and six. Some decimal places. These guys love to haggle over thousandths of a cent.

JOE
Why are you helping us?

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.
In layman's terms? Taste. And *nine*
percent of gross.

EXT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - DAY

Dorothy's on the PORCH. A wreck. Under-dressed, cold. Marvin pulls the car in fast. Lights a smoke, gets out of the car.

MARVIN
She didn't finish her eggs. I quit,
Diane still didn't finish her eggs.

DOROTHY
One of the first things you said -
I fell in love with you because -
you told me you were an artist.

MARVIN
I am. But real life--

DOROTHY
An artist who never does any art?
Think about Diane.

MARVIN
I'm doing this for Diane. It's not
like I'm making millions. That's
what you said.

DOROTHY
I was giddy... I said something--

MARVIN
But what if I did? What if I could?
Make millions.

DOROTHY
On toys? You'll hate yourself.

MARVIN
I'll get over it.

DOROTHY
I won't.

Dorothy's breathless. Marvin's not sure how to comfort her.

MARVIN

I'll paint and we'll be happy and Diane could get a tutor or dance or ride horses or swim with dolphins--

DOROTHY

The future. That's all the future. What about today? Right now?

MARVIN

We don't have the luxury of "right now." We just have to be patient--

Dorothy screams at "patient" - she's heard it too many times.

DOROTHY

Did you forget what it feels like? To look forward to your life? Feel proud of what you do? Of who you are? You think we can put things on hold--

MARVIN

Just until we can afford--

DOROTHY

We are losing ourselves. And you don't even see it. You treat your life like it's just another item in your pocket, with your wallet and your keys: leave it on the dresser at night, it'll be there waiting for you in the morning. And I'm the one who has to see your face when you finally check and it's not there.

She presses her hand to his chest.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

I love you. So I'm asking you: be hasty with me now. Be rash. We tried patient. It didn't work. Let's give reckless a try.

She stares into his eyes, tries to will it into him...

MARVIN

The process is already started. It's just until we have enough--

DOROTHY

Not in this house. Not anymore. Us or the toys. Choose.

MARVIN

You. It's you. I need more time.

His eyes caught by - Diane. Face at the window. Waiting...

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marvin downs coffee, swigs vodka. Passes the vodka to Joe.

JOE

She loves you.

MARVIN

I know. She'll get over this.

If he says it enough, maybe he'll believe it.

JOE

We need a company name for the
contracts. Marvin and Joe Toys?

Neither one cares. That works. Joe starts to write - stops.

JOE (CONT'D)

Eddy. Marvin, Joe, and Eddy. Toys.

MARVIN

No good. Joe and Marvin are names
people trust. Eddy's the annoying
cousin who tags along on dates.

JOE

I don't want my name on it without
his. If not for Eddy and the Teeth--

Marvin's too tired. Grabs the form. Scribbles. Joe reads it:

JOE (CONT'D)

Marvin Glass and Associates.

Marvin waits for a fight. Hopes for one. But Joe just shrugs.

MARVIN

I need to stay here awhile.

INT. TOY COMPANY "A" - DAY

An AFFABLE CEO examines the **BUSY BIDDEE CHICKEN** prototype - a
pocket-sized plastic chicken. All red. Orange wings.

AFFABLE CEO

Irving Fishlove paid royalties?

INT. TOY COMPANY "B" - DAY

Marvin and Joe across from a BURLY CEO, with the CHICKEN.

BURLY CEO
So when someone buys a set of Teeth--

MARVIN
We get a molar. So to speak.

INT. TOY COMPANY "C" - DAY

Across from a CHILLY CEO, who balks.

CHILLY CEO
How do you fit all the eggs inside?

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Fishlove seethes. James Coffee (his lawyer) advises him.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.
You don't have to pay royalties,
just claim to. It's fake money. The
Teeth are a gold mine. Don't risk
public opinion on pride.

Fishlove punches the wall, but nods his consent.

FISHLOVE
I won't expose the upstart son of a
bitch. But let's destroy him, huh?

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Some tension between Joe and Marvin, sitting across from an ACCOUNTANT (named Dave) who digs for files at his messy desk.

JOE
No need to hurry, Dave. I thought
we'd need an accountant because I
thought we'd have money. We don't.

MARVIN	ACCOUNTANT
None of them were right.	Do you need a minute?

JOE (CONT'D)
All of those guys were right. Each took the bait about Fishlove, more than willing to sign the contract--

MARVIN

This may come as a shock to you,
but you don't marry the girl just
because she takes her shirt off.

JOE

No, find a perfect girl and ruin it.

MARVIN

Fuck you, Joe.

ACCOUNTANT

I can come back...

MARVIN

(to the Accountant)

It's your office. Tell me something,
Dave. You hate your fucking life,
don't you? Was this your dream? Do
you have savings? Rich relatives?
What do you know about toys, David?

The Accountant glances at Joe - *what's happening?*

EXT. MODEST OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The doors fly open as Marvin and Joe race out.

JOE

You convinced a total stranger to
start his own toy company. A man who
doesn't sell toys will sell our toys.
Now we really need an accountant.

INT. UPSCALE STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

A WOMAN IN A MERMAID SUIT swims behind a glass wall.
Marvin, Joe, and Eddy, dressed their best, drink a toast -

EDDY

To the Busy Biddee Chicken! To real
kids playing with our toy. Amazing.

MARVIN

Because there's nothing better they
could be doing with their time? We
have no responsibility to children.
Our responsibility is to what's next.

EDDY

I have lots of gag ideas--

JOE

Board games. I've been saying for
years. Everybody loves board games.

MARVIN

Fuck board games. Kids have enough rules, they don't want more. But I'll do anything. Except guns.

Marvin hands cash to **PAULINE**, 20s, a genial-chic waitress, easygoing confidence - a woman we'll get to know.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Deduct your tip, bring me change.

She counts the money. Marvin turns back to Joe and Eddy.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

If we're not making the world a better place, we can at least avoid making it worse. No war toys.

JOE

A toy gun's not a real gun, but okay.

EDDY

I'm with Marvin. War's war. I saw--

PAULINE

I'm sorry, how much? For the tip. There's almost twice the tab here.

MARVIN

You were here. You know the quality of service you provided. You know more about the culinary arts than I do. Deduct what you deserve.

Pauline accepts her fate, counts the money again. Shrugs.

PAULINE

Would'ya look at that? Exact change.

Not quite, but almost, a smile on Marvin's face. An idea -

MARVIN

Miss, do you have any secretarial experience? Or would you care to?

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

Droplets bounce off Buckingham Fountain. Dorothy's absorbed in the randomness. A familiar hand takes her hand - Marvin.

DOROTHY

I slept with someone.

She says it fast or won't say it at all. Lets go of his hand.

Marvin teeters. Looks for balance. It's a beautiful early-spring day. People everywhere. His attention caught -

A Young Woman tries to get her Toddler to eat his oatmeal.

The Young Woman "airplanes" the food. No luck.
Marvin notices a real airplane in the sky - *fast approaching*.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Just once. But I spoke to a lawyer.
He said it should be enough.

Marvin's knees buckle as -

*The AIRPLANE swoops down, heads right for the Toddler -
the front of the airplane is a SPOON filled with oatmeal.*

MARVIN

Enough? Enough for what?

*The Toddler turns away and at the last second,
the Airplane veers, narrowly misses a crowd of tourists.*

Dorothy removes her wedding ring.
Gently places it in Marvin's palm.

Closes his fist. Lingers on his knuckles as -

*A TRAIN bursts out of the fountain, wooden tracks
self-assemble ahead of it, on course for the Toddler -*

MARVIN (CONT'D)

You're my wife--

DOROTHY

I can't be anymore.

*At the front of the TRAIN: a big spoonful of oatmeal.
The Toddler closes his mouth, the TRAIN takes a sharp turn.*

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Go back to your art now--

MARVIN

Don't. I'm begging you.

*WILD ANIMALS storm the park from every directions.
Bears, elephants, lions, rabbits - people SCREAM, flee -*

ANIMALS stampede between Marvin and Dorothy. Separate them.

Dorothy's oblivious to the animals. Backs away from Marvin.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

You need this? I understand. You,
me, Diane - we're parts of a whole.
We don't work without each other.
We'll be together again soon and
I'll have money and we'll be free.

DOROTHY

I love you, Marvin.

The ANIMALS converge on the Toddler, surround him.

Dorothy can hardly manage one final look - turns, unsteady,
away from the park. Nearly gone as Marvin yells after her -

MARVIN

I'll always take care of my family.

*The park's destroyed. The Toddler cries. The Young Mother
can't reach her son. Marvin's dizzy. A world in ruin. Then:*

OINK. A BABY PIG passes Marvin. Waddles over to the Toddler.

*The Toddler takes one look, slides off his chair, feeds the
pig, and - takes a little for himself, too.*

*The Toddler sips his milk - and as he does, the animals
circle around him - a real-life Merry-Go-Round...*

Marvin walks away and the park returns to normal. People and
sunshine. And the Toddler still won't eat his oatmeal...

EXT. ARMSTRONG STREET - DAY

A three-story **HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLE** just past a sign at
the entrance to the Near North Side street:

**Welcome, visitors, to Armstrong street
Chicago's shortest and oldest street.**

INT. HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLE - EDDY'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Marvin holds a prototype of a new toy - **HUNGRY PIGGY 1.0** - a
small plastic pig standing on hind-limbs, attached to a bowl.

Eddy demonstrates: when food from the bowl is fed to the
Piggy, it flows through the pig and back into the bowl.

MARVIN

Make it sit. Pigs can't stand.

EDDY

Kids'll use their imaginations...

The makeshift workshop's designed for injection molding.
A place to carve molds, boil plastic, vacuum.

MARVIN

If kids had any imagination they
wouldn't need the fucking toy.

Marvin whips the Hungry Piggy prototype across the room.

Eddy's frozen. Marvin grabs another prototype out of Eddy's
hand - it's the **MERRY-GO-SIP CUP**, filled with milk.

Marvin sips. The animals on top of the cup spin around (like
a merry-go-round), powered by the sipping.

INT. DOLL STORE - DAY

Row upon row of glass eyes. All kinds of dolls.
A FLIRTY SALESWOMAN puts a dainty hand on Marvin's forearm.

FLIRTY SALESWOMAN

Does daddy want a doll?

He's about to show his wedding band - but it's not there...

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A DOLL in a box bounces on the edge of Joe's bed - up and
down to the beat of the Flirty Saleswoman's squealing moans -

Her toes curl, cries of ecstasy as her legs kick - the DOLL
goes flying across the room...

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

The Saleswoman, in Marvin's open shirt and nothing else,
struts past Marvin's unpacked boxes (he lives here now) as
she fills the prototype Merry-Go-Sip Cup with wine.

MARVIN

Wait, use a glass.

Too late. She sips wine. The animals on top spin. The sunset
hits her from behind and her shirt opens on her naked body.

An odd juxtaposition. Another light-bulb moment for Marvin...

INT. MARVIN AND DOROTHY'S HOME - DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diane's in bed, reads a "Bobbsey Twins" novel. Dorothy steps into the room, has the new doll Marvin bought.

DOROTHY
This is from Daddy.

Diane bounces up, about to run downstairs. Dorothy stops her -

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
He's not here, sweetheart. He left
it for you. He misses you a lot.

Diane nods, tosses the doll in the corner with Raggedy Ann.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marvin reads on the couch. Joe trudges out of his bedroom.

MARVIN
We should make dolls.

Joe slingshots a WOMAN'S GARTER at Marvin. Goes back to bed.

EXT. THE TOY BUILDING (200 5TH AVE.) - NEW YORK - DAY

Spring. SUITED MEN converge on the Italian Renaissance-style convention center (former hotel) near Madison Square Park.

INT. THE TOY BUILDING - BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Flies buzz, somewhere something drips. Marvin, Joe, and Eddy at the front of a line of Suited Men. An OLDER MAN at a desk, a hand-painted sign for TOY FAIR behind him.

OLDER MAN
No lewdness, no pets, no children.
Applause is prohibited. Inventors
check in here, companies over there.

MARVIN
And what if you're both?

OLDER MAN
Nobody's both...

INT. THE TOY BUILDING - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It's like a high school science fair at a funeral.

Some toys we know (Magic 8-Ball, Silly Putty). Most we don't. Marvin circles, gives a small unseen **PHOTO** to every BUYER.

MARVIN GLASS BOOTH

Eddy holds the perfected **HUNGRY PIGGY**. Joe, the **MERRY-GO-SIP** Cup. They have one of the most popular booths in the place.

EDDY

How's he getting everyone over here?

Joe smiles, shows Eddy the **PHOTO** Marvin's distributing:

The Flirty Saleswoman sips from the Merry-Go-Sip Cup. Backlit and very naked.

Eddy's horrified - as SECURITY GUARDS rush the Booth. Joe and Eddy grab Marvin - bolt out, chased by the guards...

Left behind in the chaos: the Hungry Piggy prototype. Before anyone else notices, a CLEAN-CUT MAN grabs it.

INT. 20TH CENTURY LIMITED TRAIN - CABIN - NIGHT

Marvin smokes, reads Plato. Upstate New York out the window. Joe sleeps, newspaper as eye-mask. Eddy bursts in, drunk.

EDDY

You showed no respect. None.

MARVIN

Kids don't buy toys. Men buy toys. But men don't play with toys, they play with... And you're drunk.

EDDY

I know I'm drunk, I don't need... You act like you're smarter than everyone. Kids need toys. It's noble--

MARVIN

Kids don't need toys any more than you needed that third beer. We are salesmen. In a nation built on greed. You like the illusion we're shaping minds? Fortifying young souls? So be it. But leave me out. When I'm in the mood for bullshit, there are finer and more potent ilks. And I don't act like I'm smarter than everyone. I act like I'm smarter than you. Because I am.

Long pause. This is as good a time as any -

EDDY

I lost the Hungry Piggy prototype.

Marvin growls and within seconds has Eddy pinned to a wall. Joe takes the newspaper off his eyes, not really asleep.

JOE

He has the mold. The patent is filed. Someone steals, we sue.

Eddy's about ready to strike back when there's a knock, and without waiting "SIR" ANSON ISAACSON, 40s, regal, steps in.

"SIR" ANSON

Are you Marvin Glass?

Marvin lets Eddy go, faces the dapper stranger. Nods.

"SIR" ANSON (CONT'D)

I'm Anson Isaacson. From Ideal Toys.
Here on behalf of Lionel Weintraub.

Joe jumps to his feet. Eddy fixes his hair. Even Marvin stands a bit straighter. Whoever Weintraub is, he matters.

"SIR" ANSON (CONT'D)

Mr. Weintraub heard about Toy Fair.
His word? *Beitzim*. He's impressed.

Marvin gives Eddy a look of reprimand. Back to Anson. Cool.

MARVIN

My secretary will schedule a meeting.

"SIR" ANSON

Mr. Weintraub doesn't really "meet."
I was on my way to Syracuse anyway,
he asked me to convey to you that he
would like to give your toys a home.

Joe and Eddy are ready to celebrate. Marvin's careful -

MARVIN

We deal exclusively with royalties--

"SIR" ANSON

Your reputation precedes you, and
Mr. Weintraub wants you to know he
rides with progress. We'll do six-
cents on the dollar. And an advance
against, say, ten-thousand units?

MARVIN
What does he want from us?

"SIR" ANSON
In a word? *More.*

Joe and Marvin stare at each other. Dumbfounded. And -

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Loud party in full swing. Packed with artist-types, college friends, young couples. Marvin's with a TIPSY WOMAN.

TIPSY WOMAN
What are we celebrating again?

MARVIN
Money.

AT THE FRONT DOOR - Joe lets Eddy in, followed by EDDY'S WIFE and their THREE KIDS (5, 4, and 3). Picture-perfect family.

LATER. Marvin notices an INTENSE PHOTOGRAPHER, 21, taking pictures. A DRUNK ARTIST leans in close to Marvin.

DRUNK ARTIST
I wish you'd get back to painting.
I really admired your potential.

LATER. Marvin flips through B&W 8x10 PHOTOS of 1950s Chicago -

- the chaos of the Chicago Board of Trade.
- an underwear model smoking on her break.
- wrestler Gorgeous George dragging his opponent by the ears.

Marvin looks up at the Intense Photographer beside him.

INTENSE PHOTOGRAPHER
I really want to be a filmmaker.

MARVIN
Dreams are like women: soon they
expect a commitment or they move on.

The Intense Photographer shakes Marvin's hand.

INTENSE PHOTOGRAPHER
Stan Kubrick.

Marvin looks at a PHOTO: a YOUNG GIRL displays her artwork.
(All photos from Kubrick's "City of Extremes" photo-essay.)

LATER. Marvin looks for a not-empty bottle. A NOSY WOMAN trails.

NOSY WOMAN
I love Dorothy. What happened?

MARVIN
According to the divorce papers? She
was a tramp. But I'll get her back.

Marvin finds a bottle. Drinks. The Nosy Woman moves on.
Joe joins Marvin. They watch Eddy's Wife with her children.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Eddy's wife is a fucking Betty
Crocker ad. I'm getting some air.

Marvin swigs vodka, leaves the party.
NOTE: MUSIC carries through, until noted.

EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE - NIGHT

A breezy autumn night, easy-going traffic, as -
MARVIN'S CAR speeds between vehicles. A SIREN approaches...

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Fishlove examines the stolen Hungry Piggy prototype.
The CLEAN-CUT MAN stands at attention, a loyal soldier.

EXT./INT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE / MARVIN'S CAR - NIGHT - RESUMING

High-speed chase. MARVIN'S CAR weaves, faster, faster...
A MOTORCYCLE COP closes in as Marvin takes a sharp turn onto -

A perfectly-circular bend - too perfect. Marvin checks his
rearview mirror: a *PLASTIC* Cop on a *PLASTIC* Motorcycle.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - TOY SECTION - DAY

A NEW TOY on display, labeled **COP-N'-CAR** - a plastic
motorcycle cop chases a sports car on a loop.

A BOY grabs a Cop-N'-Car box. His Mother tosses it in their
cart, and continues onto another shelf: the HUNGRY PIGGY.

The Mother compares a Hungry Piggy to a very similar product
called the PECKISH PUP. With logo for "H. FISHLOVE AND CO." -

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marvin rolls a joint. Eddy flosses with a toothpick. Joe sips gin. Pauline (the Waitress) takes notes - Marvin's secretary.

JOE

Let's approach this logically.

MARVIN

Fuck logic, they're toys.

JOE

But they have to be toys kids want.

MARVIN

Toys adults *think* kids want.

INT. THE TOY BUILDING - MEDIUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (1952)

Toy Fair's grown. More buyers, more sellers.
MR. POTATO HEAD is a real potato. PEZ debuts.

Marvin bursts into the monotony, in a DOCTOR'S COSTUME -

Followed by twenty BEAUTIFUL WOMEN in vibrant-colored bathing suits, each woman with a RED THERMOMETER in her mouth.

INT. DOROTHY'S NEW HOME - DIANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Diane (10 now) plays classical violin. Dorothy hands her the **FEVER DOLL** - a doll with a thermometer in her mouth.

DOROTHY

Daddy made this.

Diane nods, closes the door on Dorothy, tosses the Fever Doll in the corner - with several other neglected dolls...

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - RESUMING

Marvin passes Pauline the joint. She takes a hit.

PAULINE

And what do adults think kids want?

MARVIN

What their friends' kids want.

INT. UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, ILLINOIS - DAY

Marvin's in the witness stand with the Hungry Piggy. Joe and a lawyer at one table. Fishlove and six lawyers at the other.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - RESUMING

Joe takes a hit. Eddy works on the toothpick in his mouth.

JOE

So toys adults think their friends'
kids think *their* kids think... Wait.

MARVIN

Now we're getting somewhere.

Eddy yanks the TOOTHPICK - sells it - a TOOTH on the end of the toothpick. A gag. Pauline screams, swats it away.

INT. TOY COMPANIES - VARIOUS - DAY

The different CEOs each sign contracts with Marvin and Joe.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vodka and cigarettes. Marvin, Joe, Eddy, and Pauline - and now two more men - SCRUFFY JUD REED and SWEET BURT MEYER.

MARVIN

Kids are imitators. They only want what they've already seen. I have ideas children won't be ready for until the year 2000.

REVEAL: one more man. The CLEAN-CUT MAN. Fishlove's spy.

EXT. WRIGLEY BUILDING - NIGHT

TIME LAPSE. The world passes Marvin by. He smokes, watching time tick away on the building's large CLOCK high above as -

The CLOCK reverse-engineers itself, and the pieces of the clock - the hands, the gears - fall down toward Marvin...

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOME - BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A BOY, 6, plays with the **TIC TOY CLOCK** - a multicolored windup clock that can be taken apart and rebuilt.

INT. DOROTHY'S NEW HOME - DIANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diane (11) sleeps. Dorothy slips a **CRYBABY DOLL** - brand new - under her arms. As soon as Dorothy tiptoes out, Diane tosses the doll in the corner with the other unwanted dolls.

The pacifier in its mouth falls out and the doll CRIES.

INT. TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

An Elegant Woman spins a blindfolded Marvin - both in their underwear. Her Husband bursts in - with their DOG -

Marvin pulls off his blindfold as the LARGE DOG leaps at him, but to him - *the dog is all-yellow and PLASTIC...*

INT. EDDY'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Family meal. Eddy's Wife plays with the **MOODY MUTT**, a yellow, plastic dog that bares its fangs when she pushes on its legs.

EDDY'S WIFE

It's such a tickle. How on earth does he come up with the ideas?

EDDY

The ideas are secondary. It's the execution of the idea that counts.

INT. THE TOY BUILDING - MEDIUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (1953)

The Toy Fair is even bigger and now all the booths feature SWIMSUIT MODELS. Marvin started a trend.

Marvin erupts into the room with 30 GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPIES. Irresistibly cute. And all anyone cares about now.

INT. UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS, SEVENTH CIRCUIT - DAY

Three CIRCUIT JUDGES preside. More Lawyers on both sides.

CIRCUIT JUDGE

The fact the accused device does not work as well as the plaintiffs' Piggy doesn't avoid infringement. We rule for Marvin Glass. Appeal if you'd like, but I doubt the Supreme Court has any interest in toys.

The gavel slams. Marvin hugs Joe. Fishlove storms out.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY

Marvin and Joe in a crowded elevator. A box in Marvin's hand. Someone bumps him. It opens. PROTOTYPES spill out.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Marvin has Joe pressed against the wall. They whisper-fight.

JOE

Nobody saw anything, and if they
did I swear they didn't care.

MARVIN

JOE

One toy could mean millions-- I'm well-aware the financial--

MARVIN

Fuck. We have to focus. The end
game. Getting back to my art, back
to my family. A meaningful life...

Joe's not sure what to say. Marvin heads off, stops -

MARVIN (CONT'D)

We're not doing these fucking house
calls anymore. They can come to us.
We need an office.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA HOTEL - DAY

A 19th-century 7-story hotel at the corner of Rush and Ohio.

INT. ALEXANDRIA HOTEL - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Marvin and Joe - both in new, expensive suits - given a tour
of the ground floor by a HOTEL EXECUTIVE.

MARVIN

What's your security like here? The
walls. Are they soundproof?

Marvin taps on a wall, makes a dent in the wallpaper.

HOTEL EXECUTIVE

What exactly do you men do?

JOE

MARVIN

Toys.

That's confidential.

INT. ALEXANDRIA HOTEL - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Marvin at the head of a table. Joe beside him. Eddy, Pauline, Scruffy Jud and Sweet Burt. Clean-Cut Man. Vodka and smoke.

As Marvin talks, more people gradually appear at the table -

- James Coffee (the lawyer) - now a full-time Glass employee
- JOLLY JOSEPH CALLAN, urbane, carefree
- "ONE LEG" LEO KRIPAK, Russian vet, wooden leg
- two college-aged inventors: FEISTY KATHY and DOPEY DONALD

MARVIN

Kids are prisoners. Can't even reach the fucking doorknob. Don't give them tools. Prisoners use tools to escape. If kids escape we lose our market. We deal the drug of freedom. Give them a taste, they'll always come back for more.

A new woman now. BETTY, shy and prim. She looks at Joe, who notices just as she looks away. He likes her.

INT. DOROTHY'S NEW HOME - DIANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A PRINCESS doll. A TWO-FOOT doll. A FANCY PORCELAIN doll. Tossed on Diane's pile of dolls. It topples over. MUSIC ends.

INT. RITZY PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT (1957)

Black-tie party. Jazz and champagne. Giant Playboy logo on the wall. A long way from Joe's apartment. Near the bar -

Marvin, mid-40s. Keen, weighted gaze of a displaced genius.

Pauline's beside him, stunning in her black dress. And HUGH HEFNER. Marvin's new friend. Rich and happy.

HEFNER

Daley says to me, "Good stuff, but do you need the naked ladies?" I think he may have missed the point.

Beside Hefner, a POLITICIAN and a STARLET laugh.

HEFNER (CONT'D)

It's a scary time. I'd like to help people ignore what hurts.

MARVIN

A nation of anesthetized hedonists.
You should do what I do.

A COCKY MUSICIAN in sunglasses overhears, curious -

COCKY MUSICIAN

And what do you do?

MARVIN

Oh. Sales, mostly.

Marvin's distracted: a SICK WOMAN across the room.
Her BOYFRIEND brings her a bag. She vomits in the bag.

STARLET

How can you be ashamed of what you
do in front of Hef?

Laughter. The Sick Woman shows her Boyfriend the contents of
the vomit bag. They study it with inebriated fascination.

SHEL SILVERSTEIN joins the group. Hugs, handshakes.

HEFNER

Shel Silverstein. Doing cartoons
for us. This is Marvin Glass. And
this is his... girlfriend?

MARVIN

My secretary.

PAULINE

Friend.

PAULINE

Marvin makes toys. He's the best in
the world. He invented the business
of inventing toys.

SHEL SILVERSTEIN

Giving to children. What's better?

Marvin forces a nod. Uncomfortable.

Looks: the Musician's sunglasses have doubled in size.

MARVIN

Don't back me into some benevolent
corner. I don't add value to the
world or contribute to society.
Toys are very lucrative. Do you
know how much I earned in royalties
on the Yakity-Yak Teeth? I've
considered making my inventors wear
gags at night, so they don't spill
secrets in their sleep. One idea
can pay an entire year's salary.

The Musician's sunglasses are ten-times their original size.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

But if I can keep my ideas safe from spies and thieves, soon I'll have enough to retire. I'll focus on my art. Then I'll do some actual good.

Pauline looks at the glasses - normal size. *What does he see?*

She locks eyes with Marvin. She's exposed. Falling in love with him... Marvin looks away.

HEFNER

No one is spying on you, Marvin.

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Fishlove reads handwritten notes. The Clean-Cut Man watches with obvious guilt.

CLEAN-CUT MAN

Glass is obsessed. He made us sign contracts, we can't even discuss our work with our wives.

FISHLOVE

You're not married. What's 'V-26-A'? "A" means top priority, right?

INT. ALEXANDRIA HOTEL - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The Clean-Cut Man wanders past a DOOR with a taped sign that reads "V-26-A" - tries to listen against the door. Nothing.

Just then - the door opens. He almost falls in. Steps back, gets a brief but clear view inside the room -

A SCIENCE LAB. Havoc. Scientists. White lab coats. Beakers. A flash and an explosion of gas and -

Feisty Kathy pushes the Clean-Cut Man away, closes the door.

INT. ALEXANDRIA HOTEL - MEETING ROOM - DAY

An unwieldy ROBOTIC BOX with exposed wires and eight wheels charges hard into a wall, reverses direction -

MARVIN

Alright, alright. Turn it off.

Young hands grab the BOX. It's the builder and designer,
NERVOUS AL, 19. A good-hearted, emotionally-impaired prodigy.

He gets a round of applause from FIFTEEN WORKERS at the table
- including all the workers we've met so far. It's crowded.

UNDER THE TABLE, Joe and Betty's pinkies interlock.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

A fifty dollar toy? I know you can
build a washing machine, Al. But can
you build a washing machine that
sells for five bucks and runs on
flashlight batteries?

Al looks at his too-expensive "toy" - defeated. Marvin sees a
COCKROACH zip past. Pauline tries to stomp on it, it veers -

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Make it for a tenth of the cost and
we have something. Donald, glasses?

Dopey Donald hands Marvin **SUPER-SPECS 1.0**. Giant sunglasses.
Marvin puts them on. They slip off. He snaps them in half.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out. Go back to school,
Donald. You're fucking fired.

Donald's in shock. Feisty Kathy leads him out.
Marvin glances at Pauline. She hates him right now.

EDDY

We're all trying our best--

MARVIN

Great. We can entice kids with our
unparalleled fucking effort.

INT. ALEXANDRIA HOTEL - MARVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marvin and Pauline tape newspaper to the windows so no one
can see into the crowded hotel room office.

There's tense silence. Pauline's being cold. Marvin gives in -

MARVIN

Re-hire Donald for me, okay?

Pauline shrugs, feigns indifference, but her demeanor warms.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

What's for lunch. Did you eat yet?

PAULINE

I'll eat at home. While I sleep.
I've gotten good at it. But it's
midnight, do you mean dinner? Hey -

She shows an article in the paper: **MARVIN GLASS TOY GENIUS**

Marvin crumples it, throws it away. It takes him a moment to notice Pauline's discomfort.

MARVIN

It is essential in life when you
find yourself in an elevated
position, to now and then look down
at the people and spit on the world.

A face at the window peers in through the thin newspaper.
Marvin throws his mug. The window breaks. The person runs.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

We can't stay here. It's not safe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Apple pie. Marvin's breakfast. A CRYING GIRL nearby eyes his food. Marvin glances at his pie, whispers to a Waitress. She nods, goes. James Coffee (the lawyer) and Joe are with him.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.

It's bad news. The Supreme Court
decided to hear the Piggy case.

JOE

You said that was impossible.

MARVIN

Nation's best minds, wasted on toys.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.

Virtually impossible. The first toy
ever to go to the Supreme Court. If
we lose, we get nothing. It's very
risky to consider a new office now.

MARVIN

It's more risky not to. We're
moving. Million-dollar ideas can't
be protected with pennies. So we
better win. And I need you to write
a new contract. Something they'll
sign *before* they see the toy.

The Crying Girl suddenly stops crying. Joe turns to see -

The Waitress delivers a slice of PIE to the Girl, points to Marvin. The Parents nod their thanks. The Girl enjoys.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.
A non-disclosure agreement. On a
toy. That's a bit much, no?

JOE
Did you buy that girl a slice of pie?

MARVIN
She was interrupting our meeting.
(to Coffee)
If they like the toy, they make it
with me. If not, they keep it
secret. They should do it anyway.
It's moral, let's make it legal.

JAMES COFFEE, ESQ.
Fine. But please delay the move.

MARVIN
I already found the perfect spot.

EXT. THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE - DAY

Christian institution of higher education. Manicured campus.
Students flirt. Birds chirp. Across the street from -

EXT. MARVIN GLASS AND ASSOCIATES (MGA) BUILDING - DAY (1958)

Marvin's new headquarters. His fortress. A windowless,
unadorned, ominous box. Corner of LaSalle and Chicago Avenue.

- A twelve-foot GATED FENCE around the perimeter
- Several GUARDS roam the front of the building
- Not-so-discreet SECURITY CAMERAS dot the facade
- Guards open an IRON GATE and -

A LIMO rolls in, parks. "Sir" Anson gets out the back door.
Carries a briefcase. Stopped by two DOOR GUARDS.

"SIR" ANSON
You know who I am. This is absurd.

No response. He shows his ID. They abruptly pat him down,
open his briefcase, nod to a CLOSED-CIRCUIT CAMERA -

INT. MGA BUILDING - PAULINE'S OFFICE - DAY

A small **B&W TELEVISION** on Pauline's immaculate, modish desk shows Anson - the feed from the camera outside.

Pauline grabs a file, heads out, passes a glass bowl on her desk - her KEYS rest inside the bowl...

INT. MGA BUILDING - FRONT HALL - DAY

Pauline jogs up to a waiting Anson. Hugs him. Gives him the folder and a pen. He signs documents.

"SIR" ANSON

Is all this really necessary?

PAULINE

Absolutely not necessary. Shall we?

They trek down the long empty hall toward a SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

INT. MGA BUILDING - PAULINE'S OFFICE - DAY

A FAKE EYE peep-hole device in a red door. The EYE swivels, moves. Looks Anson up and down. The door opens: Marvin.

MARVIN

Anson. Welcome.

Marvin's about to shake his hand, stops as he sees -

ON THE B&W TV: A WOMAN in a large-brimmed sunhat approaches. Marvin, Pauline, and Anson wait. She looks up at the camera -

Under the huge hat - an adrift, if exquisite, teenage girl.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

What's Diane doing here?

DOROTHY

She had a dentist appointment in the area, said she might drop by.

ON THE B&W TV: Sunhat'd DIANE, 16 now, stares at the camera. She's charming, kinetic - in a perpetual state of escape.

INT. MGA BUILDING - MARVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

A wall mural behind Marvin's kidney-shaped desk. Anson swivels in a chair across from it, surveys the giant office -

A blizzard of books, cigarettes, records, clothes.
A king-size bed. Satin sheets. Marvin's in a walk-in closet.

MARVIN

A guy named LeRoy Neiman did the
mural. Hef introduced us.

"SIR" ANSON

I don't understand why you left the
hotel. You don't live here, do you?

MARVIN

Easy commute.

Marvin comes out with a contract and a PADLOCKED BLACK BOX.

"SIR" ANSON

The idea being, once I've seen the
box, I won't be able to resist
finding out what's inside? Give me
your damned nondisclosure pact.

MARVIN

I've been sparring with Taft for
months. He won't sign the NDA
without a peek, I sure as hell won't
give him a peek until he signs.
(beat)
It wasn't safe at the hotel.

"SIR" ANSON

Is it safe anywhere?

As Marvin answers, he unlocks the BOX, a complicated process
requiring six different keys - a show he's doing for Anson.

MARVIN

Every door in this building has
three locks which are changed every
two weeks. Only three people have
the keys. I'm one. The others are
unknown even to each other. This
office is double-walled. The only
way in is through Pauline's office,
which surrounds mine and is also
double-walled. You couldn't hear
what I'm saying right now if you
were standing six inches outside
this room and you were Superman and
I had the voice of God. So, yes,
some places are safe. Let's not get
paranoid, Anson.

INT. MGA BUILDING - FRONT HALL - DAY

Diane runs up the steep spiral staircase. Pauline ambles.

PAULINE'S OFFICE

Diane sways in, cases the office. Pauline catches up.

DIANE

I'm gonna say hi to Joe. Please tell
Mr. Glass his daughter has cavities.
Four. Don't you hate my hat?

She gives Pauline her hat as she opens a door marked -
"MUST REMAIN CLOSED - RESTRICTED ACCESS ONLY"

Pauline doesn't notice the glass bowl: her keys are gone.

INT. MGA BUILDING - PRESENTATION ROOM - DAY

Plush and mood-lit. A Bond-Girl-type Assistant brings Anson a martini. She's paid to wink at him, but he likes it.

A spotlight on the BLACK BOX. Marvin emerges from backstage.
Followed by Nervous Al - in a LADYBUG COSTUME - ill-at-ease.

NERVOUS AL

...Hello. I am a ladybug.

"SIR" ANSON

You're gorgeous.

MARVIN

Nonstop, chased and catcalled by
perverted men such as yourself. Her
only recourse is to avoid you as
best she can, using her unrivaled
intelligence. She's: The Brainy Bug.

The Bond Girl lifts the top off the Box: **THE BRAINY BUG**.
An eight inch plastic robot ladybug with long black feelers.

Marvin sets it free. It zooms around.
When the feelers hit something, the Bug changes course.

And by the look on Anson's face, it's as good as sold.

INT. MGA BUILDING - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Nervous Al, Ladybug costume half off.
Huddles in a corner alone, trembles with humiliation.

EXT. MGA BUILDING - DAY

Marvin shakes Anson's hand. The limo idles beside them.

MARVIN

Quit and come work for me.

Anson's complimented, but gets into the Limo, nods good-bye.

PAULINE'S OFFICE

Pauline holds the empty glass bowl as Marvin steps in -

PAULINE

My keys. Marvin. Somebody stole my--

MARVIN

What? Fuck. Lock down the building.
Nobody in or out. Stop Anson's limo.

Marvin's enraged. Charges through the **RESTRICTED ACCESS** door.
Pauline runs the other way, toward the front hall.

DESIGN SPACE

Expansive, futuristic, massive. Incredible.
Marvin looks down from the top of a staircase -

Milling machines, lathes, multicolored lights.
DESIGNERS crisscross - on-edge, wired, anxious.

Which one of them stole Pauline's keys?

TRACK WITH MARVIN as he leaps down, three stairs at a time,
passes his over-caffeinated staff -

MARVIN

You seen Joe? Where's Joe?

Head-shakes. Marvin eyes everyone with suspicion.
All terrified of him, duck away. Marvin rushes past -

- ARTISTS, drawing, sketching, erasing
- SCULPTORS, at work on early models
- WOODWORKERS, carving, sanding
- TESTERS, throwing toys at the wall, stomping on them

Arrives at the opposite end of the room -

A **BANK VAULT**. Huge. Diane fiddles with the locked door, as
Marvin speed-walks by, unbroken stride -

DIANE

What's in the vault? Can I look?

MARVIN

No. Nobody sees inside the vault.

She jogs along beside him, down a **HALLWAY** and into -

FEISTY KATHY'S OFFICE

Kathy and a few other workers snort cocaine. Marvin doesn't care, looks around, back to the **HALL**, and into -

MOCK CHILD'S BEDROOM

Complete with mess and clothes and unmade bed. Sweet Burt and Scruffy Jud play with Toy Robots and Soldiers on the floor.

MARVIN

We're on lock-down. Seen Joe?

Head shakes. Marvin kicks down a **BLOCK CASTLE**, back to the **HALLWAY**. Diane's mesmerized by the **MOCK BEDROOM**, catches up.

DIANE

Do kids play there, test the toys?

MARVIN

What do kids know about toys?

Marvin pushes open a glass door, into the company's -

MINI SALON

A **BARBER** reads the paper. James Coffee, Esq., gets a shoe shine. Back to the **HALL**, through a swinging metal door -

KITCHEN

Sizzle and smoke. A full staff. Marvin and Diane jog into -

DINING ROOM

Lavish. Empty. Marvin checks under the table just to be sure. Onto a new **HALLWAY**. Marvin pulls a key-ring from his pocket.

DIANE

Can't I see the vault? I'm curious.

MARVIN
It's boring. Don't be curious.

They reach a STEEL-ENFORCED DOOR. Marvin unlocks it, enters -

PLASTIC WORKSHOP

Plastic molds. Eddy and SEVERAL WORKERS. A similar set-up to the original workshop, but much larger. Top-of-the-line.

MARVIN
Code red. Lock-down. Joe here?

Eddy shakes, "No." Diane steals a tiny clump of PLASTIC, follows her father back to the **HALLWAY**.

DIANE
Two seconds. Just a peek. Come on.
Nobody sees in the vault?

MARVIN
Only me. It's precautionary--

He stops. Faces Diane. Inches away.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Why do you want to see inside the vault so much? What's that?

He points at the tiny plastic clump in her hand.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Empty your pockets.

DIANE
I don't have any pockets.

He stares at her. Pauline, out of breath, catches up to them.

PAULINE
I was too late. Anson's gone.

MARVIN
Fucking shit. Take Diane. Watch her.

He puts Diane's wrist in Pauline's hand - both uncomfortable. A BUMP down the hall. Marvin careens toward it, bursts into -

BACK OFFICE

Small, dark. TWO PEOPLE, fully dressed, roll on the floor: Joe and Betty. To their feet. Betty's demure. (**END TRACKING.**)

MARVIN

How long has this... What is this?
No. Fuck. Prep the machine. We have
a spy. It's Diane. I think. It is.

JOE

Your daughter...?

Joe looks at Betty. Marvin starts to go -

JOE (CONT'D)

We're engaged. Betty and I. You're
the first to know. After us.

Marvin turns. Floored. But won't lose focus. To Joe -

MARVIN

And all on your own, too.

MARVIN'S OFFICE

Diane does everything she can not to cry as tears build.

She's as far as she can get from the opposite corner where
Joe, sweaty with guilt, readies a POLYGRAPH MACHINE, and
Marvin, bathed in smoke, holds out an open hand -

MARVIN

Don't cry. Just tell the truth and--

DIANE

I'm not crying.

MARVIN

Sweetheart. I won't make you do it.

DIANE

Joe, you know this is crazy.

He does.

MARVIN

But if you don't take the test, how
can we know for sure if--

DIANE

I didn't steal the fucking keys.

MARVIN

Good. So nothing to worry about.

DIANE

Why are you doing this to me?

MARVIN

You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. But I can't let anyone leave the building if--

DIANE

Okay, okay. Just stop. Please.

She falls into the chair. Joe hooks her up to the machine.

EXT. MGA BUILDING - DAY

Diane, shaky and exhausted, drifts toward a TAXI by the curb. Marvin chases, catches her just as she's about to get in.

He puts a doll in her hand - **KISSY DOLL**. Demonstrates as -

MARVIN

Squeeze her arms, it makes a kissing sound. It's one-of-a-kind. A prototype. I want you to have it.

She slams the doll on the ground. Stomps on its face.

DIANE

Dolls disgust me. *Truth?* Always did. They're creepy, dead and depressing.

She opens the Taxi door. He takes her hand.

MARVIN

You'll find there's often an inverse relationship between something's inherent value and what people are willing to pay for it. You hate me right now, but--

DIANE

Do I hate you? Part of me feels bad for you. Mostly? You're a bastard.

She gets into the Taxi. It drives away. Leaves Marvin there alone with the broken pieces of the Kissy Doll.

INT. MGA BUILDING - MARVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Clean-Cut Man, hooked up to the Polygraph. Bawls. Marvin, Joe, Pauline, and Eddy watch. A pathetic sight.

CLEAN-CUT MAN

I love you, Marvin. All of you. I shouldn't have taken the keys--

MARVIN

But you did. Now. What specifically
did Fishlove have you spying on?

INT. H. FISHLOVE AND CO. - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Fishlove reads files, all calm, as a **PUDDLE OF VOMIT** plops on
his desk. He kicks away from it fast, to his feet, sees -
Glass. In the doorway. Fishlove's close to being sick.

FISHLOVE

You're disgusting.

MARVIN

Really? I am? V-26-A, you dunce.
What do you think "V" stands for?

(beat)

Lab-tested, sun-roasted, hundred-
percent homemade artificial vomit.
Plastic as a child's affection.

Fishlove's in awe. Has to take another look: **FAKE VOMIT**.
He plays with it. Pokes at it. Adores it.

FISHLOVE

So I guess you found my guy...

MARVIN

I should chop his fucking fingers
off. But the fact is, he's good at
what he does. I'll keep him. And
you'll pay his salary.

Fishlove shoots a glance at the ceiling - *of course*.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I'll sell you the vomit on one
condition. You pay royalties.

A beat. Fishlove can't help but smile.

FISHLOVE

Some fool in DC opened a store that
sells toys and nothing else. How's
he expect to lure in adults? Absurd.
Got his "R" backward, too. Point is,
idiots change the world every day.
Of course I'll pay royalties. It's
all anyone does now and you damn
well know it. But you want me to say
I was wrong? Forget it. And the
Supreme Court will vindicate me.

MARVIN

You're delusional. You stole our toy. You're going to lose.

FISHLOVE

You can't steal what can't be owned. Do you want some free advice?

MARVIN

Can't be that good if it's free.

FISHLOVE

You hate the industry, you laugh at us old guys who think a minute spent rocking a boat is a minute not rowing it. But you built a castle, I run an empire. And this interpretive dance you pawn off as business? Any shmuck with a nickel can grow a buck in time. That's just inflation. Or do you want to win? The next fortune to be made in this business will be in dolls or guns, I guarantee it. Be smart, Glass. Let's help each other.

Marvin thinks about it.

MARVIN

Too bad. I'm out of the doll business and I don't make guns. Now. Do you want the spew or not?

INT. LARGE WEDDING HALL - NIGHT

Luxurious, laid-back elegance. Betty and Joe - bride and groom - join Marvin at the BAR. He passes each a drink.

MARVIN

I fucking hate weddings.

JOE

I know you do.

Marvin's drink gets caught in his throat as -

The MAIN DOORS open - DOROTHY. Early-40s. Refined, tranquil. To Marvin the gates of Heaven may as well have opened. Until -

A HANDSOME MAN, 50s, takes Dorothy's hand. Kisses it.

Marvin's on auto-pilot. Stampedes at the man who kissed his wife - SMACK - Dorothy's fist into Marvin's chest. Hard.

DOROTHY

How the hell could you do that to Diane? It's unconscionable. It's not even human. It is not okay--

MARVIN

Dorothy. Who is this guy?

DOROTHY

My fiancé, Paul. I don't want you seeing Diane for a while.

MARVIN

You're getting married?

DOROTHY

I thought you knew. Try to be happy for me, Marvin. We loved each other once, remember.

The Fiancé extends a hand. It just sits there. Marvin fumbles to light a cigarette. Off the desperate scratch of the match -

INT. MGA BUILDING - MARVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A fork prods a partially-congealed bowl of stew. Marvin, at his desk. Not hungry. Drops his almost-finished cigarette in.

A knock. Pauline slogs in, brings Marvin a folder.

PAULINE

Here's everything I found. I better go home now. I don't want to be that woman later used by science as proof that sleep is actually not optional.

MARVIN

You read the precedent cited by the court? Associate Justice W. Douglas. The Piggy wasn't stolen because it can't be stolen, because for a thing to be stealable, it has to be "of such quality and distinction" it advances the world in some way. The Piggy, the Supreme Court has ruled, does not. We, it seems, do not. Of course I knew that...

(beat)

The money would've paid the loans. I'd get out. I could focus on my art. Find a way... You met Dorothy?

Pauline has her hand on the doorknob.

PAULINE
At Joe's wedding. I liked her.

MARVIN
Yeah. Me too. Her wedding's in
March. That gives me six months...

Pauline's not sure what to make of that, can't leave him like
this, starts toward him. He looks at the file she gave him -

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Call the guys. Get them here.

PAULINE
Now? It's two-thirty in the--

MARVIN
I am aware of the time.

INT. MGA BUILDING - BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Cacophony. Nobody wants to be here. Half asleep yelling. Joe,
Eddy, Pauline, Scruffy Jud, Sweet Burt, "One Leg" Leo -

BAM BAM BAM. Marvin pounds his fist on the table. Silence.

MARVIN
The Supreme Court fucked us on the
Piggy, so we need to recoup--

JOE
Steadily. There's no reason to--

This gets them yelling again. Marvin pounds on the table.

MARVIN
A segment of the market is primed
for exploitation. Namely war toys.

Stunned silence.

JOE
We don't make war toys.

MARVIN
Dazzle us with stats, Pauline.

PAULINE
Toy guns are sold usually for under
thirty cents each, mainly because--

MARVIN
No new shit in fifty fucking years.

PAULINE

Yes. The last meaningful innovation was the introduction of the cap in--

MARVIN

Innovate. Thrive. It's that easy.

Eddy abruptly heads for the door, spins back.

EDDY

We agreed. No war toys. Do you know what guns do? I have nightmares--

MARVIN

Yeah? Your wife's a lucky broad.

EDDY

Go to hell, Marvin. Really. You don't build, you don't draw, you wouldn't be able to mold plastic if Eisenhower asked you personally. You make our lives hell, and we make your dreams come true.

MARVIN

My dreams? You couldn't *comprehend* my dreams if you devoted your life to it. I don't do what you do, Eddy, because I don't care to. You don't do what I do because you can't.

Joe's up from his chair.

JOE

Okay. Maybe after some sleep--

MARVIN

Shut up, Joe. Nobody's sleeping.

EDDY

That's how you treat the only person alive who actually likes you?

PAULINE

Hey, come on.

JOE

Eddy, that's enough.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Oh, that's right. Nobody can talk to Mr. Toy like that. He invented an industry. You know I've still never seen a penny from the Teeth?

MARVIN

You said it was no rush.

JOE

Alright. Everyone's tired. Let's--

EDDY

Yeah. Everyone's tired. You know the rest of us don't sleep here, right, Marvin? We have lives. You remember what a life is? House. Kids. Wife...

WHACK. Joe punches Eddy across the jaw.
Eddy slams into the wall. A collective gasp.

Joe shakes off his fist. Marvin lights a cigarette.
Eddy's in a daze, charges - not at Joe - at Marvin, but -

Joe yanks Eddy from behind. Eddy spins -
Lands a punch to Joe's gut. Eddy goes for Marvin again -

Joe grabs his shirt. Tears it. Pulls his hair.
Eddy bites Joe's hand. Joe readies an uppercut as -

Marvin stares. Papers fly. Workers jeer.
And from Marvin's perspective:

*Joe and Eddy are ROBOTS. ROCK 'EM SOCK 'EM ROBOTS.
Joe's a BLUE ROBOT. Eddy's a RED ROBOT. Big and cumbersome.*

*And as Blue Joe's fist lands hard under Red Eddy's chin -
Eddy's robot head goes flying up out of his body -*

EXT. MGA BUILDING - DAY

Blinding daylight. Eddy, bruised and seething, loads a box of his stuff into his car. Slams the trunk. Drives off...

INT. MGA BUILDING - MARVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rough sketch: a GUN. Marvin draws at his desk.
Joe, bandage on his cheek, barrels into the room.

JOE

You can't give up on the one value
you held onto. I can't let you.

MARVIN

I know you can't. Which is why I
can't let you have a vote on this.
I bought you out. This morning.
You're done here, Joe. Eddy, too.

Joe steadies himself against Marvin's desk.

JOE

You shouldn't. You can't afford--

MARVIN

You're worried that the company that just stabbed you in the back can't afford the knife?

JOE

The company didn't stab me in the back. You did. I'm worried about you. The money's not there. It'll be like starting from scratch.

MARVIN

It's already done.

JOE

What happened? *Get rich and get out.* You have more than enough. To be an artist? To afford, what? Paint? More than you could ever need. Or you would, if you didn't keep throwing it away. You own two-thousand pairs of cuff links, when's the last time you got a new shirt? A house, who needs that? And now guns--

MARVIN

Always your problem. You can climb a million hills, but one mountain...

JOE

Money's this dirty word for you. I don't know what you're more ashamed of: having it or liking it. You blame Dorothy, Diane, your art--

Marvin's up from his chair -

MARVIN

Watch yourself, Joe.

JOE

Me. Maybe that one's fair and I'm sorry. Money is all I ever wanted. A little more than my father made, hopefully a little less than my children make. Betty's pregnant.

Marvin wants to say something. Holds back.

MARVIN

Why'd you invite him?

JOE

Is that what this is about? I asked
you if I should invite Dorothy--

MARVIN

Dorothy. Yes. But not--

JOE

What was I supposed to do--

MARVIN

She can't marry him.

JOE

Stop. Dorothy is never coming back.
You have to face that.

MARVIN

I can see why you see it that way.
You spent your life hitching onto
the back of other people's dreams,
never had one of your own. Do you
have any idea how heavy you are?

Joe's stung. Takes a breath, collects his thoughts.

JOE

I never had a dream, no. I could've
sold widgets or spigots or stocks.
Toys worked. But I never hurt anyone
for it, I never sold myself out to
get ahead. You say we're a nation
built on greed. We're also built on
dreams. And maybe it's the dreamers -
the rationalizations, sacrifice, the
"greater good" - maybe it's the
dreamers who do the real damage.

MARVIN

You can leave now, Joe.

JOE

And for what it's worth? I wasn't
hitched onto the back of anything.
I was pushing. Do you have any idea
how heavy you are? Pay Eddy for the
goddamn Teeth.

Joe starts to go.

MARVIN

I can't let you take the notebook.

Joe stops. With disbelieving hands, tosses his nearly-full
worn old NOTEBOOK to Marvin, and as Marvin catches it -

INT. HUBLEY MANUFACTURING CO. - LARGE OFFICE - DAY

War medals. Stacked gun cabinet. Shelves of toys.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

**Hubley Manufacturing Company
Lancaster, PA**

At his big desk: the HUBLEY CEO. Early-60s. Wry veteran.
On the desk, a photo of the CEO in his WWI fighter jet.

HUBLEY CEO

You want me to commit to a toy that
you're telling me nothing about?

Marvin smokes, across from the CEO. Also there: Jolly Joseph,
Sweet Burt, James Coffee, Esq., and a few HUBLEY EXECUTIVES.

MARVIN

I told you all you need. It's a gun.
And it's never been done before.

HUBLEY CEO

Nothing hasn't been done before.
We're the oldest, biggest toy gun
makers in the country. Don't you
think we've looked?

MARVIN

You looked. We found.

The CEO glances at Marvin's coworkers - their poker faces are
far less convincing than Marvin's. The CEO hesitates...

MARVIN (CONT'D)

We'll have it in time for Toy Fair.

HUBLEY CEO

By next year's Fair, who knows--

MARVIN

Not next year's. This year's. March.

Jolly Joseph chokes on his seltzer. James Coffee, Esq., and
Sweet Burt share a panicked glance.

HUBLEY CEO

I'm calling bullshit, Glass. I want
to believe you, but \$450,000 is a
hefty advance and you're not giving
me much. I have people I have to
answer to. Help me trust you. What
do we get if you don't deliver?

Marvin glances at a wall calendar: October. Deliberates. And -

MARVIN

Me. If I don't deliver, you get me.
My patents. My toys. All of it. My
company. Everything I own: yours.

(beat)

Trust me now?

Choked discomfort fills the room, like seeing someone place a terrible bet on a dying horse.

The CEO considers. Points to the WAR PHOTO on his desk.

HUBLEY CEO

Do you know what I like about guns?
They do what they claim to do.

(beat)

Six months. Or I gut you.

INT. MGA BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Pauline ushers Nervous Al and Dopey Donald down the hall, an arm around each of them, fast pace, opens the door to -

BOARD ROOM

Two empty seats - hard to ignore. Al takes Joe's old seat. Donald takes Eddy's. The regular group at the table.

MARVIN

What hasn't been done before in a
toy gun? Anything that comes to you.

DOPEY DONALD

Okay. What if it shoots bullets?

SWEET BURT

Like pellets? It's been done before--

DOPEY DONALD

No. Not pellets. Real bullets.

A hushed awkwardness...

HALLWAY - LATER

Pauline ushers Feisty Kathy down the hall. Donald passes in the opposite direction, with a box of his stuff. Fired again.

BOARD ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy's in Eddy's old seat now. Lots of food and empty drinks on the table. Thick fog of cigarette smoke. Eyes half-open.

SWEET BURT
We have nothing.

FEISTY KATHY
This is fucked.

PAULINE
It's like a gunfight in this room.

MARVIN
Wait. Is that something? Smoking gun--

"ONE LEG" LEO SCRUFFY JUD
Uh-uh. No renewable source. It's not possible.

Marvin throws a glass bottle at the wall. It shatters.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Stop fucking talking about fucking possible and fucking impossible.
Has. It. Been. Done. Before?

FEISTY KATHY
...I can look into it.

MARVIN
I decide what's possible.

Marvin goes for a cigarette. Empty box. In one fluid motion, Pauline opens a new box and has a cigarette in Marvin's hand.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
I want Burt, Jud, and Leo on body--

"ONE LEG" LEO
Body? What body? We don't know what we're making yet, we can't--

MARVIN
But we do know that whatever we're making, when we make it, will need a body, right?

SWEET BURT
How can we build the outside if we don't know what's inside...?

MARVIN
(ignoring)
The key to what's new is in what's real. Let's learn everything we can about real guns. Al, you're with me.

Everyone's jealous. Al's not sure he deserves it, but nods.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Good. Who's tired, raise your hand?
(off raised hands)
If you were tired, you couldn't
raise your hand. Get to work.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

BANG BANG BANG BANG. Marvin and Al fire at paper targets.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

A GUN STORE OWNER sets a shotgun on the counter next to a few handguns. Marvin tests their weight. Al feels the handles.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Marvin and Al examine their just-fired guns. Look for clues.

MARVIN
What's interesting is the force. A
toy with kickback...?

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

The Gun Store Owner holds the butt of a gun to his nose.

GUN STORE OWNER
Lots of ways to hurt a guy, bullet's
the tip of the iceberg. Buffaloing.
Pistol-whip. Buttstroke. Cold-cock.

The Gun Store Owner demonstrates slow-motion pistol-whipping a coworker against the bridge of the nose.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

BANGBANG BANGBANG BANGBANG - Marvin and Al try bigger guns.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

The Gun Store Owner adds a couple of new guns to the counter.

GUN STORE OWNER
Alright, what speaks to you?

MARVIN

Speaks? None speak. Just yet. Al?

NERVOUS AL

A speaking gun? Gun that talks.
That hasn't been done before...

GUN STORE OWNER

You guys aren't psychos, are you?

INT. MGA BUILDING - AL'S OFFICE - DAY

Newly-purchased guns on the desk, on the floor. Al struggles to disassemble a handgun - clumsy. Marvin paces, smokes.

MARVIN

Shit. Every idea you have is shit.
Do you not know what *new* means?

Al fumbles, flustered. Jams his finger. Drops the gun.

INT. MGA BUILDING - PRESENTATION ROOM - NIGHT

Fast flickering light of a projector reflects off Marvin's face - B&W 16mm film on an eight-foot screen -

SAVAGE IMAGES of gunshot victims - some as they get shot.
It has the feel of something underground, illegally acquired.

MARVIN

We have to open our eyes to every
avenue. Innovation takes courage.

Al beside him. Absorbs the gruesome barrage.

MARVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Marvin crumples page after page of typed notes, throws each crumpled paper at Al's face.

MARVIN

Another Eddy: can't see it unless
it's sitting right in front of you.
Have. Good. Fucking. Ideas.

EXT. CHICAGO - VARIOUS - DUSK

Marvin wanders the bright busy Chicago streets.
Hardly aware. Lost in frustrated thought.

EXT. MGA BUILDING - ROOF - DUSK

Al reassembles a HANDGUN. Loads it. Agitated. Stops a timer. Disappointed in his speed, he tosses the gun. Goes inside.

The HANDGUN tumbles, lands at rest against the far wall.

EXT. CHICAGO - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Marvin roams deeper into the city, getting suspicious - *Metal glistens. Footsteps. Sounds of a gun being cocked -*

No. Nothing. A family leaves a THEATER. But as they get close - *the parents and children pull out guns. Marvin turns -*

The whole city's armed. Point their guns at Marvin.

INT. MGA BUILDING - PRESENTATION ROOM - NIGHT

More grisly film. WWII footage. Gunshots. Quick, unemotional.

Al's alone. Pauline steps in, keeps her back to the film, avoids it. Al stays focused on the screen.

NERVOUS AL

Is this all the footage we have?

PAULINE

I think so. Maybe take a break--

NERVOUS AL

No footage of buffaloing. Pistol-whipping? I can't find any...

Pauline's worried, reaches to turn off the projector -

NERVOUS AL (CONT'D)

Don't, don't, don't...

Pauline's not sure what to do. Touches Al's hand warmly. Al looks at her. A human moment. Goes back to the screen.

EXT. MGA BUILDING - DAY

The quiet snowy street, interrupted by the RING of a phone...

INT. MGA BUILDING - PAULINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pauline's on the phone, nods as she takes rapid notes.

MARVIN'S OFFICE

Classical music blasts. Marvin smokes, refills his coffee.

Pauline steps in - SCRATCH. Pulls the needle off the record. One look at Pauline, Marvin knows something's wrong.

MARVIN

Dorothy? Is Dorothy okay?

PAULINE

Your mother, Marvin. She's sick...

The door flies open: Nervous Al. Blood sprays from his nose.

NERVOUS AL

Photograph. Fast. Take a picture...

PAULINE

Oh no. No. Oh, my God.

MARVIN

What the fuck? Al...

NERVOUS AL (CONT'D)

This is buffaloing, this is what it looks like. What we needed. This is original, Marvin. This is new...

He's woozy, stumbles. Marvin catches him, yells at Pauline -

MARVIN

Get an ambulance. Go.

(to Al)

You're okay, you're okay. Hey, look at me. You're going to be okay.

Pauline runs to the phone. Marvin's covered in blood, helps Al onto his bed, holds him...

INT. EVANSTON HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Marvin, ragged, by his Mother's hospital bed. She's in a coma. Marvin stares at a Christmas tree in the room.

MARVIN

I was just thinking... When Dad burned my Christmas present. It's okay. I don't know why. I just was curious, I guess. What was it? What was inside? I wish you'd wake up...

Marvin fixes her blanket. Holds her hand. Scared.

INT. MARVIN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

It hasn't changed. Marvin crouches at his little boy's desk, opens a drawer. Inside, the parts of a disassembled clock.

Reaches to the back of his closet, feels around, finds it: the OATMEAL TIN. Dumps the contents of the Tin on the floor.

The pieces of the Puppy his father destroyed. His first toy.

As if without choice, Marvin begins putting it back together.

EXT. MARVIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Marvin's on the snowy curb. Lit cigarette. Bottle of wine.

Beside him: a VERY OLD DOG. Weak and a little crazy. Scars everywhere. Nuzzles into Marvin. Long-lost friends, reunited.

A NEIGHBORHOOD CHILD passes, Marvin points at the Old Dog -

MARVIN
Hey. Want this?

The wary Child crosses to the opposite side of the street.

Marvin drops his cigarette in the wine, heads for a walk. The Old Dog left behind. Just a glued-and-nailed toy.

EXT. EVANSTON RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Snowing. Marvin blows into his cupped hands. Pushes forward.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Stained-glass windows. The same from his childhood. Marvin gazes at their aged ethereal power...

EXT. ARMSTRONG STREET - DAY

Pauline tries to keep up with Marvin, who rushes toward the familiar **HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLE**.

MARVIN
You brought the bolt cutters?

PAULINE
What? You didn't tell me... MARVIN
Just kidding.

Marvin has the key, opens the front door.

INT. HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLE - EDDY'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Marvin flings tarp off the dusty, outdated machines.

PAULINE

Aren't the office machines better?

MARVIN

Objectively? Yes. And yet...

Marvin flips a switch. Sparks fly. Pauline eeks.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

Similar to early toy-building sequences -

- Marvin sketches by his mother's hospital bed.
- Pauline and Marvin clean Eddy's old machines.
- Workers fill the workshop with supplies.
- A FULL-PAGE AD in the Chicago Tribune for "*Miniature Plastic Stained Glass Windows - Incredible! Order NOW!!*"
- Marvin sketches. Holds it at a distance - he likes it.

INT. HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLE

Marvin shows Pauline the sketch. Dainty design. Colorful, bright. Large shapes. A Christmas tree and a fireplace.

PAULINE

It's beautiful, Marvin.

She means it. It is. Rudimentary, but beautiful.
She looks around. Packed with supplies. Gallons of latex.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

But can I ask? There's a lot of--

MARVIN

We'll need it. This is going to be huge. It's everything people want today: meaningful but inexpensive. Elevated, yet accessible. I put a full-page ad in every major paper in the country.

Marvin tries to open the vat, can't figure it out. Kicks it. Frustrated. Trips - into Pauline. She laughs, catching him.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I hate plastic.

They're close. Against each other. Alone.

PAULINE
You have no idea how to do this.

MARVIN
Sure I do.

He leans toward her.
She closes her eyes. And...

The lid of the vat POPS OFF. Startles them. Marvin runs over.
Pauline takes a breath, fixes her hair - the moment's over.

Marvin glances back at her. She doesn't see.
He closes his eyes. Drowns everything out but the work.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The **MINIATURE STAINED-GLASS WINDOW** waved in the air. An exact and meticulous plastic representation of Marvin's sketch.

Marvin slams it on the table. Pauline's across from him.
Both dressed their best. Glow of hard work finished.

MARVIN
This is why I was born.

A WAITER slips him the check. He hands the Waiter some cash.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Deduct your tip. Bring me change.

The Waiter's unsure, heads off. Pauline smiles at the memory.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
To bring art to the world. Bring it
right into your house.

He lifts the Window. And several plastic bits fall out...

EXT. HORSE AND CARRIAGE STABLE - NIGHT

The street's lined with crates, as workers pack and load
thousands of boxes with **MINIATURE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS**...

EXT. ARMSTRONG STREET - DAWN

A SMALL U.S. POSTAL VAN bumps along the street, pulls over.
Marvin smokes. Desolate. The Van Driver sees all the crates.

POSTAL VAN DRIVER
May have overestimated demand, sir.

EXT. PALATIAL COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Someone's dream-come-true home. Complete with red shutters and weeping willows and clouds of smoke from the chimney.

Marvin kicks his way up the long snow-filled path to the front door. His limo idles by the road.

He knocks a few times. The door opens. Dorothy. She's surprised to see him. And not at all surprised.

MARVIN

Nice place. Not my style, but...

DOROTHY

It's perfect. Thank you again for it.

MARVIN

Hey, if you want another one, just let me know.

(pause)

Was there something I could've--

DOROTHY

No. Marvin. It was time. Marriage made it impossible for you to be the man I wanted to marry. Maybe you were born to be dissatisfied. That's how you keep creating.

MARVIN

Forgive me, Dorothy.

Not something she ever expected to hear him say in earnest.

DOROTHY

Artists get dispensation, right?

MARVIN

Well. Lucky for them.

Part of her wants to reach out and hold him. She resists.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Diane's not here, is she?

DOROTHY

She doesn't want to see you.

Marvin nods, hands her a Miniature Stained Glass Window.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

This is lovely. It's--

MARVIN

By far the greatest failure of my career. Careful. Almost no one bought them, but of those that did, most demanded a refund. It seems it has trouble staying in one piece.

DOROTHY

Lifelike then, isn't it?

A last look into each other's eyes.
They did have something special once.

EXT. MGA BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Marvin blankly surveys his world. The Moody Bible Institute. Gray Chicago flurries. Callous sun. Rust. People. Dirt.

Spots, a glint of metal against the wall: Al's HANDGUN.

Marvin picks it up. Leery. His finger curls against the trigger. Surprises himself as very slowly -

He sets the barrel soft against his temple.

Nothing behind, nothing ahead.
Only this... the end. And -

PAULINE (O.S.)

No.

Marvin turns. Pauline's at the HEAVY DOOR that leads to the roof. She steps out. Gingerly. Places a stopper in the door.

MARVIN

My life, my work. Pointless.

PAULINE

Not true. You're brilliant.

MARVIN

Don't patronize me because I have a gun to my head.

PAULINE

That's not why I patronize you.

Pauline hopes for a smile. Doesn't get one.

MARVIN

I don't make the world a better place. I just create distractions.
The opposite of worthwhile.

Marvin cocks the gun at his head. A deep breath...
Pauline lets the cold in, heart shivers. Just her and him.

PAULINE

Maybe distractions aren't so bad.
Maybe they're important. Life is
hard. And painful at times. And the
world is scary. And maybe, giving
children something to keep their
mind off that? I think that's
wonderful. And very worthwhile.

Marvin's at a loss. He wants to believe it, but... **BANG**

Marvin's body slithers down the wall.
Pauline bolts to his side. Kneels...

He's fine. Startled, a little scraped. But fine.

One-by-one, she helps loosen his clenched fingers.
Finally has the gun - slides it away. She can breathe again.

MARVIN

The gun didn't fire. What was that?

PAULINE

Look. The door. Slammed shut.

She points. The heavy door is closed. The source of the BANG.

MARVIN

You put the stopper in wrong.

PAULINE

Are you serious? You're blaming the
stopper now? You scared me.

MARVIN

What were you scared of? It didn't
even sound like a real... Wait. How
do we know it wasn't a gunshot?

PAULINE

How do we know? You're not dead.

MARVIN

The sound... What was it missing?
Slam the door again. Do it.

She does. He listens. Nods her on. She does it again.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

What else should there be? Something.
What else would... Oh. *Of course.*

INT. MGA BUILDING - BOARD ROOM - DAY

MARVIN

The ricochet.

He attempts to mimic the sound a bullet makes ricocheting off metal. The regular group around the table.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

It's in every cowboy radio and TV show. The bullet fires and then -

He makes the sound again. The exhausted group considers.

SWEET BURT

So simple.

"ONE LEG" LEO

Genius.

FEISTY KATHY

But it's too late. Be realistic.

He stares at his staff. Deadly and rousing.

MARVIN

Reality excels at nothing but agony and regret. The last thing you should ever be is realistic. Afraid to lose is the only way to win, and six weeks is more than enough time - just don't make any mistakes, we'll be fine. Why are you still here?

Their cue - they rush out. Marvin puts a hand on Pauline's shoulder. She waits. Once the room's clear -

MARVIN (CONT'D)

What were you doing on the roof?

PAULINE

Sometimes I go up there. Look down at the people. Spit on the world.

MARVIN

Good woman.

As close to a "thank you" as she'll get.

INT. JOE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe's in a robe. A comfortably-retired married rich man. Marvin lifts display items. The place is kitschy, but warm.

MARVIN

Do you want some art for your walls?

JOE

How would we see the wallpaper?

Marvin hopes Joe's joking, lights a cigarette.

MARVIN

I need to borrow some money. I lost
a lot on these windows I made...

Joe points - forty Miniature Stained Glass Windows line the
shelves on the back wall. Marvin's complimented. Ashamed.

JOE

You promoted them wrong. How can
they be better than advertised when
"better than advertised" is the
advertisement? How much do you need?

MARVIN

Three.

Joe writes a check without hesitation. He holds no grudge,
which only intensifies Marvin's guilt.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I hated buying you out, Joe. But the
terms were in your favor and you and
Eddy would've choked me on the gun.

JOE

We would've, yeah.

(beat)

If Fishlove had paid fair for the
Teeth, do you think you really
would've walked away?

MARVIN

And never looked back.

Joe holds out a check. A beat. And as Marvin takes it -

EXT. DODGE CITY, KANSAS - DAY

*Bang! Ricochet. Bang! Ricochet. MARSHAL MATT DILLON fires at
the bank robbers - a scene from the TV show "GUNSMOKE" -*

INT. MGA BUILDING - PRESENTATION ROOM - DAY

Marvin and the team watch "GUNSMOKE" at maximum volume.

MARVIN

Louder, goddamn it.

PAULINE

It's as loud as it goes.

SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Feisty Kathy, in a lab coat, shows Marvin an OSCILLOSCOPE -

FEISTY KATHY

Registers oscillations, variations
in electrical voltage or current.

She presses play on a LARGE TAPE PLAYER. It plays the SOUND
from the "GUNSMOKE" scene. (Bang! *Ricochet*. Bang! *Ricochet*.)

FEISTY KATHY (CONT'D)

But I figure it can just as easily
register oscillations in audio. If
we match these readings precisely--

MARVIN

We have the ricochet.

Marvin pats her on the shoulder, hands her all the cash he
has in his pocket. As he leaves, she counts the money -

FEISTY KATHY

This is seven-thousand dollars...

DESIGN SPACE - DAY

Oscilloscopes at every work station. Each worker attempts to
match the precise *ricochet* variations -

Bang pots. Shatter plates. Slam drums. Boil kettles. Scream.
Dopey Donald (he's back) tries to get a crow to caw (fails).

DESIGN SPACE - LATER

A taut seven-inch BANJO STRING between metal vises.

Marvin plucks the string. It sounds *just like the ricochet*.
He plucks it again. And again. Nods to the Clean-Cut Man.

MARVIN

I'll tell Fishlove you earned your
paycheck this week.

The Clean-Cut Man smiles. That's good enough for him.

ELECTRICAL LAB

Jolly Joseph, in goggles and protective gloves, dozes - a lit
blowtorch in his hand. It slips, hits his glove. He wails...

PLASTIC WORKSHOP

Jolly Joseph, hand wrapped, despondent, shows "One Leg" Leo and Scruffy Jud an electric self-plucking seven-inch string.

SCRUFFY JUD

A five dollar part in a four dollar toy? It's a problem.

JOLLY JOSEPH

I know that, Jud.

"ONE LEG" LEO

What happened to your hand?

Jolly Joseph, very un-jolly, storms out.

MARVIN'S OFFICE

Marvin compares the large electric banjo string to the mold for a PLASTIC GUN. The device is too big for the gun.

MARVIN

Fix it. It's your fucking fault for building the body first.

"ONE LEG" LEO

You told us to--

MARVIN

Either you agreed, which means you were wrong. Or disagreed and still did it, which means you're an idiot.

"ONE LEG" LEO

And if I tell you it's impossible?

MARVIN

You survived the war, the camps, McCarthy, and me. Impossible doesn't exist, and you know it.

ELECTRICAL LAB

"One Leg" Leo, Scruffy Jud, Sweet Burt, and Jolly Joseph stare down at the electrical string beside the gun mold.

JOLLY JOSEPH

We build a new mold?

"ONE LEG" LEO

No time.

SCRUFFY JUD
Can we make the board smaller?

JOLLY JOSEPH
Only if we use a different string,
which gives the wrong--

Burt jumps, runs out with the string. The others follow.

DESIGN SPACE

Workers surround Sweet Burt's station. He's focused:

- Coils the banjo string into a tightly-wound pliable disc...
- Plucks and flicks the disc with various tools...
- Tempers a piece of wire in a flame...

MARVIN'S OFFICE

Burt demonstrates. The curved and tempered wire strikes the small brass coiled disc - the perfect *ricochet* sound.

Marvin gives Burt a big kiss on the cheek.

PLASTIC WORKSHOP

"One Leg" Leo lines the disc up against the gun handle.
It's a close fit, but there's room.

"ONE LEG" LEO
We need a way to mount it so it
won't move but can't touch anything.

SWEET BURT
And the wire needs to float exactly
one-thousandth of an inch above it.

A moment as the group takes this in...

SCRUFFY JUD
So this is never going to happen.

JOLLY JOSEPH
And who's to say it'll even sell?

SWEET BURT
Marvin.

Another beat... They jump to work, soldering and testing and -

EXT. MGA BUILDING - ROOF - NIGHT

BANG! BANG! BANG! And... *ricochet, ricochet, ricochet.*

The **RIC-O-SHAY PISTOL 1.0**. A cap gun. In Marvin's hand.
It works. As Marvin's shoulders relax -

INT. MGA BUILDING - DESIGN SPACE - NIGHT

Deafening music and screams and confetti everywhere - the other reason for the maximum security at MGA: parties.

Converted into a packed dance floor. Live band. Smoke.
Wild near-naked belly dancers. Drinks, powder, pills.

Marvin appears at the top of the stairs with the Ric-O-Shay.
A light hits him. Music stops. He looks at the crowd. And -

JUMPS from the top of the stairs.

Panic. Everyone converges.
He lands in their arms. Their leader. Safe.

Music plays and Marvin crowd-surfs, fires and fires at the ceiling until: click. Out of caps. Marvin's eyes narrow -

MARVIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Marvin's in a tight huddle with "One Leg" Leo, Sweet Burt, Scruffy Jud, and Feisty Kathy. All drunk and high.

SWEET BURT	MARVIN
Marvin, please. Four days--	Don't fucking beg. Fix.

The door to the office swings open. The PARTY sound fills the room as Jolly Joseph joins the group.

JOLLY JOSEPH
Insane. Toy Fair's in ninety hours.

Marvin slams the door shut. Silence.

MARVIN
What part of my face gives the
impression I care? No. Caps.

"ONE LEG" LEO
No cap, no smoke in the chamber, the
wire won't move, the disc isn't
struck. No cap, no ricochet. Period.

MARVIN

Period? Hold this, please.

Marvin hands his cigarette to Leo. Slaps him across the face. Takes his cigarette back.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

A cap means I have to load it. It means if I don't have caps, the gun is useless. Means if I'm a salesman and I want to demonstrate my product, what do I have to pay for?

"ONE LEG" LEO

Caps, but--

MARVIN

Fucking caps, yes. And if I'm a mother, and I have to choose between my kid playing with the toy that requires gunpowder and the toy that doesn't, which way do I lean?

"ONE LEG" LEO

I guess you might--

MARVIN

If you don't know how to do this, you better tell me who does.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GROUP AREA - DAY

A dreary, hopeless place. Patients in various states of psychiatric distress. Some watch TV. Others have visitors.

Marvin can't find a comfortable position in his chair, across from Nervous Al. Bandaged face. Overmedicated. Emotionless.

MARVIN

I spoke to the doctors. You'll make a recovery. They don't want to say "full recovery," but that's just pansy medical bullshit. And I swear to you, I'll put it in writing too, there will always be a job waiting for you at the company. Got it?

(off Al's silence)

We solved the gun. Almost. We just have one problem now.

Marvin slides a schematic across the table. Al's eyes dart down to it - first sign of awareness. Marvin hands Al a pen -

Al grabs it. Hard. Grips it like a knife. Ready to stab.
Cocks his arm back. Marvin's unafraid. Leans forward.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Do it if you want, but no matter
what these people tell you, everyone
is crazy. The only difference is
some people are good at something,
some people aren't. Sane and mad are
just the terms we use for whether
you have a skill or not. And you?
Are a very skilled man. Be that man.

Al slowly adjusts the pen in his hand...
Goes to work on the schematic.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - DAY

A METAL BRIEFCASE. Handcuffed to Marvin's wrist. On his lap.

Pauline and the regular group. Everyone drinks and smokes,
enjoys the luxury. Not Marvin. He's miserable.

MARVIN

I'll never forgive you for this.

PAULINE

There wasn't enough time to drive.

MARVIN

So an airborne deathtrap is better?

As the plane SHAKES with turbulence. Marvin reaches out and
grabs the first hand he can - a BUBBLY STEWARDESS. She stops.

BUBBLY STEWARDESS

Just a little turbulence, sir.
Nothing to fear.

MARVIN

There's always something to fear.

He holds her hand tightly... The shaking stops.
Marvin switches his hand-holding from nervous to flirtatious.

BUBBLY STEWARDESS

Our secret, sir. My lips are sealed.

MARVIN

That's a shame.

Pauline's wide-eyed. Really? But the Stewardess giggles.

EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT (JFK AIRPORT) - NEW YORK - DAY

The group waits by the curb with their luggage as Taxis and Limos pass, the BRIEFCASE still cuffed to Marvin's wrist.

SWEET BURT

Will we all fit in one car?

MARVIN

Car? Who said anything about a car?

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING / 5TH AVE. - DAY

A brief moment of calm before -

AN ARMORED TRUCK soars past. Loud and huge and fast.

EXT./INT. 5TH AVE / ARMORED TRUCK - LATER

The BRIEFCASE on Marvin's lap in the passenger seat.
A sudden stop. The TRUCK DRIVER punches the steering wheel.

TRUCK DRIVER

Traffic.

Marvin slides open a metal divider, calls into the back -

MARVIN

How many minutes 'til I'm on?

IN THE BACK of the truck, the rest of the group.
It's their turn to be terrified. They hate this truck.

PAULINE

Ten. I think we should walk.

TRUCK DRIVER

I can do it in eight.

Marvin shrugs, closes the divider.

SCRUFFY JUD (O.S.)

Let us out of here!

Traffic in all directions. Marvin gazes out the window at Manhattan. So much to see, but he's focused on:

A MOUSE. On the edge of the sidewalk. Just sitting there.
A CAR in front of them hits a POTHOLE filled with water -

The water SPLASHES a WOMAN ON A BIKE...
The WOMAN veers - hits a TREE... BIRDS disperse...

*One bird has a TWIG - drops the TWIG on a MAN...
Knocking the Man's HAT off his head...*

*The HAT flips and flips in the air
until it lands right on -*

The MOUSE on the edge of the sidewalk. Trapping it.

MARVIN

Joe. Notebook. An idea just--

But Marvin turns back to the Driver beside him.
Of course Joe's not here.

INT. THE TOY BUILDING - LARGE PRESENTATION ROOM - DAY

A standing-room-only crowd in the newly-renovated auditorium.
Marvin's influence here is evident. It's modern, wild, fun.

In the audience, familiar faces: Fishlove. The many Toy CEOs.
The Hubley CEO and his team. Eddy with some new coworkers.

EXT. THE TOY BUILDING - DAY

The ARMORED TRUCK pulls up outside. Marvin sprints out.

INT. THE TOY BUILDING - LARGE PRESENTATION ROOM - DAY

An EMCEE - in a top hat and tux - at the microphone -

EMCEE

...if Mr. Glass hasn't arrived by
the appointed time, we move to the
next presenter, Glass forfeits...

THE TOY BUILDING - CORRIDOR

Marvin and his team race around a corner...

LARGE PRESENTATION ROOM

The Emcee whispers to a YOUNG MOTHER in the WINGS -

EMCEE

If he's not here, be ready to go on.

The Young Mother manages an anxious smile.

ELEVATOR

Chaos in the elevator as 'too many cooks spoil the broth'
trying to get the handcuffs off Marvin's wrist -

"ONE LEG" LEO
Turn it like this...

PAULINE
I have the angle...

LARGE PRESENTATION ROOM

The Emcee checks his watch. In the audience -

HUBLEY CEO
Told you. Nothing new in guns. We're
about to own Marvin Glass, boys.

SUPPLY CLOSET

A flashlight hits the dials on the metal briefcase.
Marvin, alone in here, spins the dials to unlock the case as -

Pounding on the door from outside. Final dial - the latches
pop. The case opens. Inside: two silver **RIC-O-SHAY PISTOLS**.

LARGE PRESENTATION ROOM

On the stage, the Emcee at the microphone -

EMCEE
It is my duty, regretfully, to
inform you that since Mr. Glass -

But the Emcee lets out a very boyish yelp.

MARVIN (O.S.)
Stick 'em up.

The Emcee puts his hands up and steps forward to reveal:
Marvin, behind him. The gleaming **RIC-O-SHAY PISTOLS** in hand.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

March 9, 1959

Marvin steals the Emcee's top hat, takes the microphone.
The lights dim. A spotlight on Marvin.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
I should kill you. Disrespecting me
like that. Do you know who I am?
Get out of here. On second thought -

He brings the GUN close to the microphone as he fires -
BANG! *Ricochet*. BANG! *Ricochet*. No caps, perfect sound.

HUBLEY CEO
Wait. What was that?

The Emcee ducks for cover, runs off stage.

MARVIN
Sounds pretty real, huh? And isn't
that what we want? Because if it
sounds real, it is real.

Another round - BANG! *Ricochet*.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Or it may as well be. Better than
real. I'd take a good lie over the
truth any day. Wouldn't you?

Marvin runs to the opposite side of the stage, fires the guns
at the audience - it's exhilarating -

MARVIN (CONT'D)
So let's tell our children the
truth for a change. And the truth
is, truth is shit. We want lies.
But only lies we believe. Otherwise
what the hell's the point?

Marvin runs and ducks and sweats, firing at the audience -
BANG! *Ricochet*. BANG! *Ricochet*. BANG! *Ricochet*.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
In the real world, bullets don't
vanish into thin air. And life
doesn't stop until the bullet hits.
You're not afraid of a toy gun, and
neither is your child. And it's not
a gun if no one's afraid of it. But
I'll bet you're afraid of these.

Marvin holds the guns in the air, catches his breath.

In the audience - Eddy gets up and walks out.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
It's a century since there's been
any innovation in toy pistols, I
thought we were due. My first gun,
the best one on the market, and the
only one that makes that guaranteed
terrifying ricochet sound. The truly
unparalleled Ric-O-Shay Pistol.

Silence in the room. Marvin holds his position and -

The crowd ERUPTS in applause. A hollering, whooping standing ovation. Yelling over the noise, in the front row -

PAULINE

I thought you don't clap at Toy Fair?

JOLLY JOSEPH

You don't.

BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Marvin, still wearing the top hat, runs off the stage, nearly bumps into the hopeful Young Mother, waiting in the wings -

YOUNG MOTHER

That was so great. I'm such a fan.

MARVIN

Are you an inventor?

YOUNG MOTHER

Uh-huh. Ruth. I have a doll here.

MARVIN

Dolls are tough, believe me. Good luck with it. What's it called?

YOUNG MOTHER

I named it after my daughter.

That hits Marvin hard. He hadn't noticed - she has her two children with her: a DAUGHTER, 10, and a SON, 6.

MARVIN

Good of you...

YOUNG MOTHER

Shake the man's hand, Barbie.

BARBIE - her blonde, blue-eyed Daughter - shakes his hand.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

And this is Ken.

Marvin extends his hand to her son and the Ric-O-Shay pistol falls. The boy picks it up, points it at Marvin -

Marvin stares. Uneasy. Balance off. This kid pointing a gun at him, mouthing "bang bang," the world goes silent, and -

EXT. THE TOY BUILDING - DAY

Marvin bolts out of the building, still wearing the top hat, past the parked ARMORED CAR, to a waiting LIMO - stops a moment to see in the mirrored car window -

*His reflection: a red and yellow **ROBOT** with a top hat.*
A life-size version of a toy he'll create. **MR. MACHINE.**

A JINGLE slowly fades up -

COMMERCIAL JINGLE (V.O.)
"Here he comes, here he comes.
Greatest toy you've ever seen."

Marvin gets into the back seat. A mob of fans and reporters and buyers stampede out after him as the LIMO pulls away.

EXT./INT. OUTSKIRTS OF CHICAGO / LIMO - NIGHT

Marvin smokes, watches out the window -
The Chicago skyline comes into view.

Acquiescent, vibrant, and mortified - triumphant disarray.

COMMERCIAL JINGLE (V.O.)
"And his name is... Mr. Machine. He
is real, he is real, and for you,
he is ideal. And his name is..."

And for the first time since he was a child -
we see Marvin close his eyes and go to sleep.

TOY COMMERCIAL - "MR. MACHINE" (1960)

The real black-and-white commercial. Marching side-by-side, four **MR. MACHINE** robots in eerie unflappable unison.

COMMERCIAL JINGLE (V.O.)
"Mr. Machine. He is real, he is
real, and for you, he is ideal..."

EXT. JOE'S NEW HOUSE - DUSK (1963)

A folded envelope. Pressed into Joe's hand. By Marvin.

MARVIN
Was that all? Three-hundred? I
think you're remembering wrong.

Joe opens the envelope. By his reaction, a big check.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

Four Years Later

JOE

This is way too much.

MARVIN

It's not. I made over two million dollars last year. The suspender-and-suit fuckers pay me a thousand an hour just to look at a toy and tell them if it's worth building. Take the money. You deserve it.

As Joe considers the check in his hand, uncertain -

EXT. MGA BUILDING - DAY

A LIMO glides through the open gate. A DIGNIFIED MAN, 60s, powerful, gets out, approaches the guards...

INT. JOE'S NEW HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

A cluttered shelf of random knickknacks, which makes it difficult for Joe to find what he's looking for.

JOE

Eddy designed the prototype. It's called Kerplunk. For the sound--

MARVIN

- the marbles make when they hit the floor. Dipshit stole my name.

Joe finds it: **KERPLUNK**. The familiar toy tower, with marbles held in place by long toothpicks. Marvin's not unimpressed.

INT. MGA BUILDING - FRONT HALL - DAY

The Dignified Man scans the walls - now filled with art.

Works by Chagall, Picasso, Dali. Remington sculptures. Nude carvings. Antique chandeliers. Still no toys...

Pauline joins him, shakes his hand.

PAULINE

Welcome to MGA, Mr. Weintraub...

INT. JOE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A half-empty bottle of vodka. Marvin lights a fresh cigar.
That full late-night buzzed-and-tired intimacy.

MARVIN

Kennedy's just the beginning. We do
have a responsibility. To children,
to their character. I never should
have made that gun. I'll never make
another one. I came here tonight to
tell you that.

Joe has no interest in "I told you so."
Holds up his glass for a toast. Marvin nods, drinks.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

You know what else you were right
about? Motherfucking board games.

INT. MGA BUILDING - PRESENTATION ROOM - DAY

A hand turns a crank....

A tiny plastic green boot kicks a yellow bucket...
A marble runs down the hill.... A little man goes flying...
A red trap slides down the pole... Lands on -

A plastic mouse. It's **MOUSE TRAP**. Marvin's first board game.
He displays it for LIONEL WEINTRAUB (the Dignified Man).

MARVIN

What made you finally decide to
come in person?

LIONEL WEINTRAUB

Your message said you had something
good. I got on the first plane. You
never used the word "good" before.

Marvin has to think about it - *is that true?*

LIONEL WEINTRAUB (CONT'D)

This will revolutionize the way
board games are played.

MARVIN

It's inefficient and futile, the
rules are inconsequential, and,
most importantly, it's not flat.

LIONEL WEINTRAUB

I'm going to put your name on the box. I don't have to, but I'm going to. You'll be the only designer with his name on the package. You just keep doing what you can to give kids a chance to feel and think whatever they're inclined to feel and think, before anyone has a chance to tell them not to, and we're going to do lots more good together. I wish you'd been around when I was a kid.

Marvin's still stuck on the idea he might be doing good...

INT. JOE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The first early signs of morning through the window. Joe's lids are heavy, but Marvin's awake.

MARVIN

I'll retire soon, anyway. A few projects I want to see through, but I can't give my whole life to this. This cannot be the best I can do.

Joe laughs. An exhausted laugh, unfiltered, long.

JOE

I heard a joke the other day--

MARVIN

I hate jokes.

JOE

Reminded me of you. Two teens meet. She likes him, but he's not sure about her. He dates her thinking he'll figure it out. But soon--

MARVIN

She wants to go steady.

JOE

Yeah. So she says, "Let's try going steady, you'll figure out if you like me." But it's a few years, he still doesn't know and now--

MARVIN

She's thinking marriage.

JOE

So she says, "Let's get married, you'll see." They have three kids together, he still isn't sure if he likes her. So she says, "Wait until we have grandchildren, you'll see." So he waits and waits, and finally they have a grandchild, and--

MARVIN

He still has no fucking clue.

JOE

Then one day she dies, and the man is inconsolable. He's crying all day and night: "Now I'll never know if I love her."

Marvin stares at Joe. Shakes his head in disappointment.

JOE (CONT'D)

Anyway. You bought a house?

INT. MARVIN'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marvin and the DESIGNER, a spunky young woman, in the empty, echoing room. Gutted. Only the barest structure remains.

DESIGNER

The living room. Large-beam ceilings, a three-piece sofa here--

MARVIN

I want the hi-fi controls built right into the coffee table...

As they describe things: *they appear*. Music starts to play. A crowd of beautiful people. A party comes to life around them.

DESIGNER

A grand piano here...

MARVIN

Wet bar along this wall...

YOUNG ARETHA FRANKLIN performs at the now-present piano. Famous paintings on the walls, sculptures throughout.

DINING ROOM

The party continues in the adjacent living room, uninhibited and classy - but doesn't spill into this gutted room until -

DESIGNER

Panel the walls in rosewood...

*The paneling on the walls appears, and guests wander in.
Marvin turns to see a strip-poker game midway at the table.*

STAIRS

Marvin and the Designer descend the concrete steps.
The sound of the party behind them approaches...

DESIGNER	MARVIN
Inlaid teak for the floors...	A Gallo painting there...

*The Gallo and the teak floors appear, as do dozens of people
going in both directions, up and down the stairs.*

*They pass fast but we recognize some movie stars,
politicians, socialites - this party is the place to be.*

BASEMENT

Unfinished, dank, empty. Marvin points at the middle area -

MARVIN
Jacuzzi here. Big. The whole room.

And there it is, filled with bathers.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
With bubble bath. And the bubbles should float through the room. And a mood-lighting system...

*The tub and the room fill with bubbles. Soft blue light coats
the room, shifts to red, to purple - keeps changing.*

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Hef said if he likes the place he'll do a photo shoot here.

A photographer and several naked Playboy models arrive.

DEN

The Designer leads Marvin into the dark, empty room.

DESIGNER
And this one, I had a special idea. A birdie told me you paint.

Marvin turns, hesitates - but doesn't deny it.

DESIGNER (CONT'D)

Well? Why not turn this into a studio? Do your painting here.

And so: an easel. Paint supplies. Brushes. Several paintings in progress - including the old nude of Dorothy on the easel.

DESIGNER (CONT'D)

What do you think? Wouldn't that be nice? Secluded place to work...

Marvin's quiet. Just stares at the imagined easel.

The Designer gets uncomfortable. Reconsiders -

DESIGNER (CONT'D)

Or we could make it a game room?
Billiard table, ping-pong, maybe a few dartboards...?

Each one appears as mentioned. With scantily-clad people mid-games. A Woman screams as she wins ping-pong.

*Marvin turns fast to look at her.
When he looks back, the easel's gone.*

EXT. JOE'S NEW HOUSE - DAWN

Marvin's at the door. No evidence he's been drinking all night. Joe, on the other hand, will need to sleep it off.

MARVIN

Come back to work. I'll pay you so much, you'll make more money blowing your fucking nose than most people make in a decade.

JOE

Marvin. I'm happy.

MARVIN

How the fuck would you know if you're happy? I'll tell you when you're happy. Nobody's happy.

(beat)

I need you.

JOE

I'm right here.

Marvin accepts defeat. Hands Joe his old LEATHER NOTEBOOK.

Joe takes it - a missing part he'd learned to live without.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm glad we did this, it was...

Marvin abruptly turns, walks toward a LIMO across the street.
Joe smiles. In some ways, Marvin hasn't changed at all.

JOE (CONT'D)
Can I ask you a favor?

Marvin stops in the middle of the street, looks back -

JOE (CONT'D)
A friend found out I used to work
with you, he has a son with a toy--

MARVIN
Send him over. What's the idea?

Before Joe can say anything, a painfully loud BUZZZZZZZZ -

INT. MGA BUILDING - MARVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The BUZZ continues. A thin metal WAND rests in a tiny hole in
a METAL BOX - the source of the sound. A red light flashes.

MARVIN (O.S.)
Turn it the fuck off.

The wand's removed, the sound and light stop.
Marvin's across from a YOUNG INVENTOR, early-20s.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Instead of putting stuff in, would
it work as well to pull stuff out?

YOUNG INVENTOR
It should, sure. Oh, I see. So--

Marvin inserts the wand into the metal box.
The BUZZZZ-- Marvin quickly removes the wand.

MARVIN
Three-hundred. Outright.

The Young Inventor's flabbergasted... Not sure what to say.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Five-hundred. And a job.

EXT. MGA BUILDING / STREET - DAY

The Young Inventor hugs his WIFE and DAUGHTER by the curb -

EXT. MGA BUILDING - ROOF - DAY

Marvin smokes. The Metal Box prototype in his hand.
Looks down at the Young Inventor from above.

It matches Fishlove's angle with the Teeth at the window so many years ago, looking down at Marvin, Dorothy, and Diane.

Marvin watches the Inventor lift his five-year-old Daughter.
He holds her and she wraps her arms around her father.

Marvin brings his fingers to the back of his neck.
Can almost feel Diane still clinging there -

INT. MGA BUILDING - MARVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Marvin tears through files, throws papers, hectic, urgent,
looking for something. Pauline watches, upset.

PAULINE

You can't do that. You can't
promise a job and then just renege
like that. It's illegal.

MARVIN

It's not. I'm doing him a favor.
I need Diane's address.

It takes Pauline half-a-second to find the file he needs.
She slams it on his desk. He takes it, gets his coat.

PAULINE

Then I quit. How do you like that?

MARVIN

Because I won't hire the guy? I'm
sparing him. I'm saving his family--

PAULINE

It's not your decision.

Marvin has his hand caught in his coat sleeve. Pauline pulls
hard, yanks his arm in. She rushes to her office. He follows.

PAULINE'S OFFICE

Pauline throws items in a box. Marvin speeds out, tries not
to care, but comes back. She stops packing. A breath.

PAULINE

At least give him a chance.

MARVIN

That's exactly what I'm doing. And you can't leave, because in this entire business you're the only person I trust.

PAULINE

Bullshit. If that were true...

She stops herself. Goes back to packing.
Marvin takes the box out of her hand, puts it down.

MARVIN

What? If that were true, what?

Marvin waits. Doesn't say a word. Just waits.

PAULINE

Why'd you never try? With me.

MARVIN

Try?

PAULINE

You've tried, and mostly succeeded, with, and I think I'm being literal here, every other woman I've seen you interact with. Why not me?

Marvin's thrown by the question. Hesitates.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Please don't say it's because I'm like a sister or a cousin, or any other blood relative, because... Or, God - you *respect* me too much.

Marvin has to think about it. *Why is that?* A beat...

MARVIN

Are you sure we never--

PAULINE

Marvin.

He decides to be honest -

MARVIN

I'm married. When I look at you, I'm married. The night we met I was. So, in my mind, when I look at you, I still am. But I should get over that probably. Unless I'm too late?

A subtle shake of her head. A romantic pause between them.

PAULINE

What if it's his dream to work here? And you're ruining that.

MARVIN

Then he'll find a new dream. Or a dream will find him.

(beat)

I have to see Diane. It's important.

She nods. Marvin heads for the door, can't hold back -

MARVIN (CONT'D)

I could've sworn that was you.

PAULINE

Okay. Yup. Bye, Marvin.

Marvin leaves. Pauline unpacks her box.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS UNIVERSITY HOUSING - STAIRWELL - DAY

Marvin lumbers up a rotting staircase.

INT. OFF-CAMPUS UNIVERSITY HOUSING - HALLWAY - DAY

Marvin has to catch his breath. Leans against the wall. Sweat pours down his face. *A heart attack?*

He unbuttons his shirt. Peels it open. Looks down -

A hole in his chest.

A plastic heart beats inside.

He rips off his shirt. Holes cover his torso. Filled with plastic. Spare Ribs. Wishbone. Butterflies in his stomach.

Cautiously, he reaches out toward the plastic heart. But he accidentally touches the edge and -

The Young Inventor's loud BUZZZZ fills the hall. Marvin's nose glows red. He's the patient from OPERATION.

But as Marvin's about to try again, he hears -

Music. Coming from inside an apartment. Classical violin.

It pulls him out of his vision. Back to normal. Calm breaths. He listens at the door. Entranced. Proud.

It stops abruptly and the door opens: Diane.
Early-20s now. Restless, hyper-aware. Violin in her hand.

DIANE

I saw your limo out the window. I
don't know what you want. Everybody
has issues with their parents. No
one's perfect. It was a complicated
time. You tried your best. I
forgive you. Can you go away now?

MARVIN

No.

INT. MGA BUILDING - DESIGN SPACE - DAY

If it was crowded before, it's bursting now. Over eighty
people work here, on various toys at various stages.

Marvin and Diane stand at the closed **BANK VAULT**.

MARVIN

No one else has ever seen inside.

DIANE

Please don't sell.

Marvin spins the dial...

WALK-IN VAULT

From BLACKNESS, the light from outside as Marvin opens the
vault door and Marvin and Diane step inside.

Marvin hits a switch and one-by-one - pop pop pop -
Rows and rows of overhead fluorescent lights go on.

This room is massive. Thousands of shelves.
Tarp covers many items. But some toys are visible -

Diane had planned not to let this get to her.
But she's in awe. It's hard not to be.

She reaches out to a shelf, stops herself.

DIANE

Can I...

Marvin nods. She picks up early versions of what will become
ANTS IN THE PANTS, **HANDS DOWN**, and **MYSTERY DATE**.

Another prototype: a clunky box with four colored buttons -

DIANE (CONT'D)
What's this called?

MARVIN
We don't have a name yet.

DIANE
Looks like a Simon.

Marvin shrugs - **SIMON**... She puts it back.
They pass a shelf of old prototypes -

Mr. Machine. Super Specs. Fake Vomit. Rock 'Em Sock 'Em.
Merry-Go-Sip. Hungry Piggy. Busy Biddee. Yakity-Yak Teeth -
She picks up the Teeth.

DIANE (CONT'D)
Your first royalty contract, right?
That's what I read.

MARVIN
We changed the toy business.

DIANE
I read you didn't just change it,
you invented it.

Marvin picks up the Ric-O-Shay prototype. Hides it.

MARVIN
I don't know you very well. And I
think you think that's because I
don't care to know you. Because I
wasn't there, and when I was there,
I was less there. But I do care. I
do and I did. Very much.

Diane laughs off the tears in her eyes.
Continues down the aisle, touches toys as she passes.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
It wasn't that I didn't want to see
you. I didn't want you to see me.
And I couldn't figure out a way to
know who you are without you
knowing who I am.

DIANE
I'm not sure that's possible.

MARVIN
It's not.

He points to the shelves, the toys, the vault.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Living. The merciless art of slowly becoming just one thing.

(beat)

The freedom we want, we can't get.
The freedom we have, we can't stand.
So children make-believe they're old
and adults wish they were young, and
we give our lives away planning our
escape. Sacrificing almost anything
for it. Even the things that mean
the most to us. And we label it
"work" and "life" and "love" and
talk about what we'll do when we
have the time.

(beat)

When you were a baby, I used to
take you outside at night to look
at the sky. You can't remember.

DIANE

No.

If Diane says more, she'll cry. So she doesn't.
As he speaks, Marvin leads Diane to another shelf.

MARVIN

You'd stretch your little brand new
arms up to the stars, rosy adamant
fingers, as if you could grab one. I
thought, "She's got the right idea."

He removes a tarp from a shelf. Underneath -
The prototype for **LITE-BRITE**. Turned off. Pegs in.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

It took a few years. This is the
closest I could get.

Marvin flips the switch and the LITE-BRIGHT turns on -

He's arranged the pegs.
Stick-figures. Man, woman, child. His family.

The same image years ago he drew in the stars.

Diane's fighting tears and losing.

DIANE

I would've loved this.

EXT. THE PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

PAPARAZZI and REPORTERS run in a pack toward a LIMO -
Marvin and Diane get out of the limo outside the glitzy spot.

REPORTERS (VARIOUS)	PAPARAZZI (VARIOUS)
What's new? / Any games for	Marvin. / Smile. / Mr. Toy.
Christmas? / Who's the girl?	

Marvin shields Diane, pushes past them into the restaurant.

INT. THE PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

A MAÎTRE D' leads Marvin and Diane past high society diners
and celebrities who shake Marvin's hand and greet him on his
way to a table at the back. As Marvin finally sits -

CUT TO:

EXT. MGA BUILDING - DAY

A SLOUCHED MAN with a lopsided gait (we can't see his face)
drags a tote bag, approaches a GUARD, shows ID.

GUARD
What's in the bag?

The Slouched Man opens the bag. The Guard glances up, reaches
into the bag, removes a HANDGUN.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Man oh man... Buddy, I tell you,
these things just get more and more
realistic every damn day.

And we see the Slouched Man's face: Nervous Al.
Older. Bleary. Nose disfigured, a scar across the bridge.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

July 22, 1976

The Guard returns the gun. Al puts it in the bag.

INT. MGA BUILDING - DESIGN SPACE - DAY

Al adjusts a schematic with a small ruler and pen.

Takes a moment to look at the hubbub around him.
So many people work here now. A real corporation.

Al's head tilts. Something strange -

The BANK VAULT door - wide open.
People walk in and out. Just another room now...

A hand lands on Al's shoulder. He nearly jumps. Looks -
Feisty Kathy. Fifteen years older.

FEISTY KATHY

Al. Oh my God. How are you? When I
heard you were finally coming back--

BANG!

Bullet to Kathy's head. She drops fast. Dead.
Al lets the smoking gun hang limp at his side.

Long strides toward the staircase.
Screams and cries and chaos.

Donald - still here - runs at Al. Wild and brave -

Al shoots him in the stomach.
Donald goes down. Alive.

An OFFICE DOOR slams shut. Locks.
Al shoots the lock off. Opens the door -

PRIVATE OFFICE

Al steps in. Hears a strange sound, like rapid packing.
Slowly moves toward the back of the office -

Jolly Joseph tries to stuff himself into an over-full storage
closet, scared, hiding. Turns -

JOLLY JOSEPH

Al, please, I--

BANG BANG - two to the chest. Joseph's dead.

PAULINE'S OFFICE

Pauline crouches under her desk.

Can see as -
The doorknob to her office blows off.

Pauline covers her mouth,
suppresses her scream.

Al opens the door to Marvin's office -

MARVIN'S OFFICE

Al stops. Just stares in total silence. Gun pointed.

NERVOUS AL
Where is he?

Reveal, at Marvin's desk: "Sir" Anson. Not Marvin.

"SIR" ANSON
There's a reasonable way--

BANG - Anson slumps over in his chair. Dead.

Pauline screams.
Runs in before she can rethink it.

Al spins. Points the gun inches from Pauline's face.

PAULINE
Oh, please. Please, Al. Please--

NERVOUS AL
Where is Glass?

PAULINE
I... You didn't hear? It's two years
now. Marvin died. He's gone. He's--

BANG!

Pauline cowers. Stumbles backward. No -
She's fine. He didn't shoot her -

He shot himself. Under the jaw.
Holds the gun there still.

But he's not dead.
So he shoots himself again.

BANG. In the neck.

Still not dead.

One in the head. **BANG.**
One more. **BANG** -

And as he falls dead in slow motion to the floor -
The resounding and unmistakable RICOCHET SOUND...

DIANE (V.O.)
Dad?

INT. THE PUMP ROOM - NIGHT (1965)

Back to scene. Marvin and Diane, their dinner nearly done. Marvin has that distant look. Diane knows it well.

DIANE

What do you see, Dad?

He pulls himself back. Looks around. Midnight crowd.

MARVIN

It's late. We should go.

DIANE

Are you tired?

MARVIN

No, but if you don't sleep--

DIANE

I know. You can't dream.

Marvin's happy she remembers. But counters -

MARVIN

You can't wake up.

(beat)

I got you something.

He reaches into a bag beside him, pulls out -

A red gift-wrapped box.

Gold bow on top. Not too big, not too small. Perfect.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

It's not a doll.

He hands it across the table to her.

She pulls off the ribbon fast, about to open it -

Marvin stops her. Puts a hand on top of the closed box.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Wait.

She stays like this in rapt expectancy -

Marvin's hand on the box.

Diane's fingers curled under the lid.

Eyes locked on each other.

Marvin envelops himself in every endless inch of now. Until -

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Okay.

He takes his hand off the box. She lifts the top.
And just as she's about to see what's inside -

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK / TITLES ON SCREEN

Americans spent over five-billion dollars on Marvin Glass's toys before his death in 1974.

Glass claimed he received royalties on the Yakity-Yak Teeth his entire life. Eddy Goldfarb still has not been paid.

The company never fully recovered from the shooting at the studio and disbanded soon after.

Many of the original workers at MGA went on to start Chicago toy studios of their own - which is why people in the toy industry now refer to Chicago as Broken Glass.

.....

MARVIN'S COMMERCIALS (END CREDITS)

CREDITS ROLL over silent clips
from commercials for the many toys
created by Marvin Glass.

the end.