

**NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM:
ESCAPE FROM THE SMITHSONIAN**

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FADE IN:

1 **EST. SKYLINE OF MANHATTAN - DAY** 1

The sun rises over the greatest city on earth: New York City, a place where anything can happen. And does.

2 **EXT. AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - CONTINUOUS** 2

We pan down the building to the bronze face of Teddy Roosevelt standing watch over Central Park. We push in, to...

3 **INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS** 3

MAIN TITLES ROLL. MAJESTIC MUSIC plays over a series of shots: Sunbeams stream in the windows onto the wax figure of TEDDY ROOSEVELT, sitting proudly on his horse.

A grey-haired MAN in coveralls gazes up at Teddy, his face full of respect. He holds up a bottle of Windex and -- SQUIRT. He sprays Teddy right in the kisser. He paper-towels Teddy off and wipes his glasses.

Elsewhere in the museum: A MAN in coveralls uses a vacuum cleaner to clean ATTILA THE HUN'S clothes. Then his beard. A cloud of dust flies.

We find SACAJAWEA, frozen in her case: a team of MEN buff her with rotary buffers, like they're waxing a car.

4 **INT. AFRICAN MAMMALS WING - CONTINUOUS** 4

Something rummages through the tree behind DEXTER the Monkey. A hand sticks up, and an unseen PERSON starts cleaning Dexter's fur with a DUST-BUSTER.

5 **INT. DIORAMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 5

A CLEANING WOMAN leans down over the "Golden Spike" diorama.

CLOSE UP on FROZEN Jedediah: the Woman holds up a HUGE can of PLEDGE in his face. With a BLAST of Pledge, all of the tiny COWBOYS are blown backwards like bowling pins.

6 **INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 6

A line of CIVIL WAR MANNEQUINS march down the hall single file. We pull out: see they're being pushed on DOLLIES.

7 **INT. DIORAMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 7

Music Continues. OCTAVIUS looks up, sword raised -- but can't move as giant HANDS scoop him and his fellow SOLDIERS up.

8 **WIDEN TO REVEAL:**

A BOX OF STYROFOAM PEANUTS. The ROMANS tumble end-over-end into the Styrofoam. Jedediah and Octavius land nose to nose. More Styrofoam is dumped on top of them.

9 **INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

MEN lower Attila into a WOODEN CRATE.

Ahkmenrah and the TABLET are laid in another crate, then are half-covered with straw.

Two workers lay one of THE NEANDERTHALS into a crate, adjust his fur loin cloth for modesty.

Dexter is wrapped in newspaper, like a dish, and stuffed inside another.

SACAJAWEA lies in straw in a crate -- darkness covers her face, as MEN put a lid on her crate and nail it shut.

The Men exit. We see a stencil on the crate's lid: FOR PERMANENT STORAGE -- FEDERAL ARCHIVES.

We pan up to Teddy on his horse -- he is now surrounded by crates, and deathly quiet. TITLE MUSIC ENDS and we...

10 **FADE TO BLACK**

ROSE (V.O.)
It all started with a dream...

FADE IN ON A CLOSE UP OF LARRY DALEY

As the IMAGE SLIDES FROM TOP TO BOTTOM OF FRAME

ROSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just a few short years ago, Larry Daley was working at New York's famed Museum of Natural History as a Night Guard...

11 **WIDEN TO REVEAL:**

The image is on a box, one of a stream of boxes sliding along a conveyor belt, each box containing...

11

ROSE (V.O.)

No one knows exactly what happened within those walls, but what emerged was a burst of creative inspiration, the likes of which the industry hasn't seen since Harvey Ginsu set the world on fire in the mid seventies with his eponymous knives. With patents on everything from the Leashless Dogwalker...

A picture below the image of Larry, shows a large motorized "milk bone" with wheels pulling a dog on a leash, while the DOG OWNER sits on a park bench contentedly reading the paper.

12

JUMP CUT TO: ANOTHER CONVEYOR BELT

12

Containing long, narrow, boxes...

ROSE (V.O.)

To The Glow-in-the-dark flashlight...

These boxes show a picture of a little kid curled up in bed with her glow-in-the-dark flashlight...

13

JUMP CUT TO: ANOTHER CONVEYOR BELT

13

This one containing smaller boxes...

ROSE (V.O.)

Not to mention the now classic Unloseable Key Ring...

14

WIDEN TO REVEAL: DALEY DEVICES WAREHOUSE

14

As we CRANE UP over the hub of activity, forklifts, workers, conveyor belts. LARRY DALEY, put together in a nice suit, walks through it all, trailed by ROSE, his sixty-something secretary. She reads from a copy of "ENTRPRENOW!" magazine. A photo of Larry gracing its cover.

ROSE (V.O.)

Daley Devices has in a few short years established itself as one of the premiere producers of labor-saving gadgetry in North America...

LARRY

Wow. Sounds pretty good when they put it that way.

(to a worker)

Carlos, we gotta go one less to a carton, the shipping agent tells me the seems keep splitting.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS

You got it, Mr. D.

ROSE

Shall I continue reading?

LARRY

Sorry, go ahead, Rose.

ROSE

(reads)

While the company continues to post impressive earnings, there are some who point to the fact that Daley has failed to launch a single new product in the past two years--

LARRY

It hasn't been that long--

ROSE

(continuing)

One suspects, however, that given Daley's formidable track record, these twenty two months have been spent quietly developing The Next Big Thing.

(looks up)

They capitalized "Next," "Big" and "Thing."

LARRY

(still on...)

Twenty-two months, huh?

ROSE

Oh, don't fret, Mr. Daley, you've been running a business. That's real work.

(gives him the magazine)

Here, take this with you. Show it to that sweet boy of yours. He'll be real proud.

Larry looks at his image on the cover of the magazine, the title saying "FROM NIGHT GUARD TO VANGUARD." Larry ponders the words and image, just a little uncomfortable.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Very handsome picture by the way.

LARRY

Thanks, Rose. I'll see you Monday

15 EXT. DALEY DEVICES WAREHOUSE - QUEENS - DAY 15

As Larry exits the building, gets into a waiting town car.

16 INT. TOWN CAR - SAME 16

The DRIVER pulls out, smiles at Larry in the rearview.

DRIVER

It's the first of the month, Mr. D. Same place as always?

LARRY

Yeah, Denny. You buy everything on that list I gave you?

DRIVER

You're all set, sir.

Larry sits back, takes out the folded piece of paper containing the offer and stares at it thoughtfully.

17 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY 17

As the car crosses the Queensborough Bridge into Manhattan...

18 EXT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY 18

As the Town Car pulls up. The trunk pops. The Driver gets out, hands Larry a couple of plastic bags, one from DUANE READE, the other from PETCO.

DRIVER

Sure you don't want me to wait, Mr. D?

LARRY

No, that's okay, I'm gonna be late.

Larry climbs the steps to the museum, looks up at Teddy Roosevelt's statue, notes A BANNER over the entrance reads "CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS."

He knocks on the door. The Museum Director, MCPHEE comes bustling around the corner, clapping officiously, shouts through the glass:

MCPHEE

Excuse me, civilian, do you not know how to read?! The museum is closed for--

(recognizes Larry)

Oh. It's you--

He unlocks the door, lets Larry in.

19

INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

19

The floor is a mess of cable and wires. The CRATES are stacked in the lobby.

MCPHEE

Why if it isn't our very own Success Story, come for his monthly nostalgia tour.

Larry looks around, notices THE NEW EXHIBITS: strange, stainless-steel octagon disks, a foot thick and covered with lights, tucked into every corner of the lobby. They look like manhole covers from the future.

LARRY

What's going on here?

MCPHEE

What's not going on is perhaps the more apropos query...

LARRY

Okay, what's not going on?

MCPHEE

Well...

(thinks for a moment)

You know, actually, it'll just be easier to tell you what is going on.

LARRY

Okay, what is--

MCPHEE

Progress. At least that's what I'm told. Whenever they're not telling me to shut up and mind my own business. It seems we've been endowed.

Larry follows McPhee over to the new displays....

MCPHEE (CONT'D)

The board accepted a generous donation from some twenty-something who invented *My Face* or *Hooray* or some such internet nonsense. Anyway, this fellow apparently wants to drag us kicking and screaming into the future. And so here we are.

LARRY

What are those things?

(CONTINUED)

MCPHEE

Those "things" as you so eloquently refer to them, are the state of the art in interactive technology. Holograms. Apparently, nobody uses wax figures anymore. Except Madame Tussauds, the old tart.

He approaches one of the hologram bases and flips a switch.

MCPHEE (CONT'D)

Behold: Natural History, Version 2.0!

The Octagon HOLOGRAM PROJECTOR comes to life: it projects in mid-air above the Octagon, a cloud of static - that is quickly replaced by a flourish of RED, WHITE AND BLUE FIREWORKS -- ten feet high, 3-D -- they disperse to reveal an exterior image of the museum, the 1812 OVERTURE playing over.

HARRISON FORD (V.O.)

Hi. I'm Harrison Ford. And welcome -- to the American Museum of Natural History. Where History comes to life. Welcoming you to the museum is the son of our founder, President Theodore Roosevelt.

A Hologram of TEDDY ROOSEVELT rides out of the "distance" on horseback. HOLOGRAM TEDDY gets off his horse.

HOLOGRAM TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Thank you, Harrison. And welcome everyone. Where should our adventure go today?

(to Larry)

You there! In the front row!

Larry looks around, confused. He points to himself.

HOLOGRAM TEDDY ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Yes you! What's your name, pilgrim?

LARRY

...Um. Larry. Larry Daley.

HOLOGRAM TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Well it's a delight to meet you (a slight pause, then:) Larry Larry Daley. Step up and ask your question, then give the next little boy or girl a turn.

Larry looks around at McPhee who nods: go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLOGRAM TEDDY ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)
Don't speak softly - or I can't hear you.

LARRY
Um... Okay. Well -- where were you born?

HOLOGRAM TEDDY ROOSEVELT
Right here in New York City. 20th street.
In the year of our lord 1858.

LARRY
... when were you President?

HOLOGRAM TEDDY ROOSEVELT
1901 to 1909. By jove!

McPhee shuts it off...

MCPHEE
And so on. You get the idea. Anyway--

He reaches into a crate, and pulls out Dexter. He tosses him up and down absentmindedly. It makes Larry very nervous.

MCPHEE (CONT'D)
The board has instructed me to get rid of all this junk. The dioramas, the wax figures, even some of the shabbier old animals, such as this ratty little monkey.

He tosses Dexter back into his crate. He misses entirely, but Larry catches Dexter, and puts him in, carefully.

LARRY
Actually he's a Capuchin.

MCPHEE
No, Mr. Smarty Smart Pants--
(closes the lid)
Actually, he's rubbish.

Larry stares at the crate while McPhee claps his hands clean.

LARRY
Why? Where are they going?

MCPHEE
Deep storage. In the Federal Archives.

Larry looks at all of the crates, concerned.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

But, people love this stuff.

McPhee also looks around a moment...

MCPHEE

Yes, well, apparently, that's not enough anymore.

McPhee checks his watch, then...

MCPHEE (CONT'D)

I must away. I have a date. I assume you remember how to lock up, or have the heady fumes of corporate success dulled your memory?

LARRY

I got it.

McPhee starts to go, pauses, looks up at the glass as the last rays of the sun begin to disappear...

MCPHEE

I do love this moment. Right before it happens.

Larry looks at him.

LARRY

Before... what happens?

MCPHEE

You know.

LARRY

(careful)

I don't know.

MCPHEE

(as if obvious)

Going home: Supper. Nip of Sherry. Comfy pair of p.j.s and that delectable hour of *Dancing with the Stars*. Why? What'd you think I meant?

LARRY

Nothing. Good-night, Dr. McPhee.

He leaves Larry alone with all the crates. Larry looks up at the huge, arched window, watches as the last bit of sun goes down.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Larry stands there a moment, thoughtful, as very slowly, we start to see a huge skeletal dinosaur snout lean into FRAME and gently nuzzle his cheek.

WIDEN as Larry casually turns towards REXY, the dinosaur.

LARRY

Hey, boy.

Rexy nuzzles Larry again knocking him out of frame.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, good to see you, too, Pal.

Larry comes back and Rexy sniffs at the PETCO BAG...

LARRY (CONT'D)

What, you think I got something in here for you? Huh? Do ya, boy?

Larry reaches into the bag, pulls out the end of a knotted rope tug-toy... Rexy starts pulling on it...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you know what this is...

As Rexy pulls, we see that Larry's tied several of them together. Larry grabs the other end, gets into a tug of war with Rexy...

LARRY (CONT'D)

You think you're stronger than me? Yeah, I don't think so...

He pulls, Rexy pulls back, Larry tugs harder, glad to see his old friend, they move about the lobby playing this game until Rexy, in a giddy frenzy, shakes his head back and forth in an effort to pull the rope free, until Rexy playfully flings Larry through the air and into the midst of all of the crates.

...which now, one by one, like geysers in an oil field, begin POPPING THEIR WOODEN LIDS into the air...

All of the Museum residents start climbing out of their crates: Attila and his Huns, The Neanderthals, The faceless Civil War Soldiers, Sacajawea, Dexter, and others.

...Teddy rides over on his horse.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY
Lawrence!
(dismounts)
Good to see you, lad!

From one of the alcoves, the Easter Island Head calls over.

EASTER ISLAND HEAD
Dum Dum bring yum-yum?

LARRY
Yes, I did, fat-head.

He pulls a gumball from the Duane Reade bag...

LARRY (CONT'D)
Open up...

He tosses it into the Easter Island Head's mouth...

LARRY (CONT'D)
I got something for everybody...

They all crowd around him as he hands out gifts like Dad returning from a business trip...

LARRY (CONT'D)
Easy now, one at a time...

We hear a MUFFLED THUDDING, as if someone very tiny is banging on the inside of a crate. Larry notices one crate with its top still nailed shut, but pushed up maybe an inch.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Jedediah? Is that you?

Larry approaches, sees a tiny arm sticking through the crack.

JEDEDIAH
You're darn tootin' it's me, Gigantor.
Now get us outta here!

Larry comes over, opens the lid allowing Jedediah and Octavius to climb up and sit on the edge.

LARRY
Hey, guys.

OCTAVIUS
Larry! Have you heard the news? We're being shipped out!

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Yeah, I heard. I'm so--

JEDEDIAH

Isn't that great?!

LARRY

What?

JEDEDIAH

We're going to the Federal Archives!

Everyone CHEERS.

LARRY

So you're... all okay with that?

OCTAVIUS

Of course, we're okay! It's an honor,
Larry! They don't just select anyone.
We've been hand picked!

JEDEDIAH

This is the last frontier, Flapjack! We
get to stake our own claim. No more
prying eyes, no more children with their
sticky pokey fingers. Why do I even have
to explain this to you, Gigantor? We're
talkin' about the Federal Archives. It's
like a resort for displays.

(shouts to the others)

When I say "AR!" you say "CHIVES!"
Ready? AR-!

EVERYONE

-CHIVES!

JEDEDIAH

AR-!

EVERYONE

-CHIVES!

Larry stands there watching as they all build into a frenzy
chanting "AR-CHIVES... AR-CHIVES." Teddy, the only one who
watches pensively from his horse. Teddy and Larry meet eyes
across the noisy throng.

INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - LOBBY - LATER

As Teddy and Larry seal up the boxes, Larry reluctantly
closing the top of the last one...

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Travel safe guys. I'll come visit in a few weeks, once you're all settled.

From inside the box, Attila bids Larry farewell. Larry stops beside the next crate as Ahkmenrah pulls his lid closed...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Got the tablet?

AHKMENRAH

Never leave home without it.

LARRY

(to the next crate)
Watch your fingers...

JEDEDIAH

Hey, Gigantor? C'mere...

Larry leans down towards Jed's box. Jed peers out the top.

JEDEDIAH (CONT'D)

(quietly)
You really reckon this Archive place is gonna be okay? Not that I'm worried...

Larry considers the little cowboy a moment, then...

LARRY

Oh, yeah, like you said, it'll be great. Change of scenery, mix things up a bit, I think you're gonna be real happy there.

JEDEDIAH

(thrilled)
That's what I thought.

He lays back in the straw beside a now snoring Octavius, who lies curled up around a styrofoam packing peanut.

JEDEDIAH (CONT'D)

Tuck me in.

Larry places a couple of packing peanuts around Jed, then closes the lid on the box. From inside we hear...

JEDEDIAH (CONT'D)

Vaya con dios, Gigantor.

Larry hesitates, checks to make sure the top is sealed, lets his hand linger a moment longer there.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Vaya con dios.

Larry turns and watches now as Teddy climbs onto his horse. He rides onto his podium, past all the crates. He looks up, as the sun peeks through the windows. Larry comes over to him now.

LARRY (CONT'D)

They all seem pretty okay with this whole archive thing.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Well, I'm afraid I may have painted a rosier picture than reality warrants. As you've just seen, Lawrence, sometimes it's more noble to tell a small lie than to deliver a painful truth.

Larry looks up at him. Teddy smiles reassuringly.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

They'll be fine. They have the tablet and each other.

LARRY

Where's your crate, Teddy?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I won't be making this journey, Lawrence. It seems myself, Raxy, and our friend from the Easter Islands are all staying. Apparently we're what they call signature items. And so we stay.

LARRY

And you're okay with that?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Well, I won't know if I'm not, will I?
(then)
What about you, Lawrence? Are you okay?

LARRY

Me? Yeah, things are good.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Really. Because you seem to be not quite yourself.

21

LARRY
No, it's just late and I'm tired. I mean,
it's been a couple years since I pulled
these hours.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
Twenty-two months in fact.

LARRY
(taken aback)
What?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
Forgive me, Lawrence, for keeping track,
but I'm a sentimental man. And not much
for good-byes either. But as we may never
speak again, let me leave you with one
final piece of advice:
(raises his sword)
The key to happiness, to true happiness,
is...

That's it. He's frozen. Dawn has arrived. Larry stands there
a moment, then throws up his hands...

BIG WIDE SHOT

Larry dwarfed by the lifeless museum, screams at Teddy.

LARRY
OH, COME ON!

22

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - LATER THAT MORNING

22

Larry stands across the street from the museum as a huge
MOVING TRUCK pulls out of the loading dock. He watches sadly
as it disappears up Central Park West.

23

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

Big. Great view of the city. NICK, Larry's son, follows
Larry, carrying Chinese take-out, into the apartment...

NICK
So she asked me to tutor her in Algebra,
but I know she's really smart at math. So
does that mean she likes me?

LARRY
Of course she likes you, what's not to
like? Grab some plates...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

But maybe she just wants to be friends.

LARRY

Maybe.

NICK

Or maybe she actually just needs help in math...

THE PHONE RINGS. Nick starts to go pick it up. Larry waves him off.

LARRY

Leave it. It's probably work.

The machine picks up. And suddenly we hear JEDEDIAH'S VOICE:

JEDEDIAH (ON THE MACHINE)

Gigantor! You gotta come quick!

Larry backs up out of the kitchen, looks at the machine.

JEDEDIAH (CONT'D)

This place ain't what I thought! Turns out Ahkmenrah wasn't an only child-- and his brother's really-- HEY--

We hear a STRUGGLE ON THE OTHER END and then the line goes dead... we hear a DIAL TONE, and then the machine resets. The message light now BLINKING.

Nick looks at Larry.

NICK

That was weird.

Larry nods, staring at the blinking light...

LARRY

Just out of curiosity...

(looks at Nick)

Where are the federal archives?

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Nick sits at Larry's computer. An aerial photograph of THE SMITHSONIAN on the screen. Larry looks over his shoulder.

LARRY

You gotta be kidding me. The Smithsonian?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Yep.

LARRY

Okay, just so I'm clear-- you're saying that Ahkmenrah's ancient Tablet, which brings everything around it to life, is now sitting underneath the biggest museum in the world.

NICK

That's what I'm saying.
(reading the screen)
Whenever an exhibit gets outdated or they find out it's inaccurate, they stick it down in the Archives.

Larry thinks while Nick types something else, then:

NICK (CONT'D)

Hey, didn't Jed say something about Ahkmenrah not being an only child?

LARRY

Yeah, why?

NICK

Look--

Nicky points to the screen: we see a Sarcophagus. A terrifying, screaming skull carved into its lid.

NICK (CONT'D)

Kahmunrah. 5th King of Egypt. One of the briefest, bloodiest reigns of a Pharaoh. Passed-over for his younger brother Ahkmenrah, his father considered him too vicious and sadistic to rule.

LARRY

Vicious and sadistic?

NICK

He took the throne after Ahkmenrah's mysterious death.

LARRY

And that guy is in the Smithsonian?

NICK

Yeah. With the tablet that brings everything to life. Including him.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY

And my friends...

Nick nods solemnly. Larry looks around...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Is it stuffy in here?

25

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

25

Larry walks Nick home.

LARRY

Alright. Option one: I go to the authorities, tell them about the magic Bring-everything-to-life tablet.

They look at each other. No way.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Option two. What is option two? There is no option two.

NICK

Option two is you do something. I mean, you just said, no one else is gonna help them.

LARRY

Nick, not only is it not my job anymore, I can't just walk into the Smithsonian in the middle of the night. And who knows? Maybe Jed was just... joking around.

They stop in front of Nick's building. Nick looks up at him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What?

NICK

Dad. This is like that Princess Leia hologram in the old school Star Wars.

LARRY

What?

NICK

You know, the first one -- but they called it Episode 4 -- R-2 had that little projector thingie and Princess Leia was like, *Help me Obiwan Kenobe.* I really need you.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

Larry looks at Nick a moment, then looks away.

LARRY
Actually, that's not what she said.

NICK
(surprised)
What'd she say?

LARRY
She said...
(beat, quietly)
You're my only hope.

26

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

Dark, save for the insistent BLINKING OF THE ANSWERING MACHINE LIGHT. We hear a KEY IN THE LOCK and now Larry comes in, doesn't bother turning on a light, throws down his keys.

He looks at the machine, stares at the message light, comes over and hits the button. Jedediah's voice echoing in the nearly empty apartment:

JEDEDIAH (ON THE MACHINE)
Gigantor! You gotta come quick! This place ain't what I thought! Turns out Ahkmenrah wasn't an only child-- his brother is really-- HEY--

The sound of the struggle. And then the dial tone. Larry stands there, staring at the machine.

27

JUMP CUT TO: THE BEDROOM

27

Larry opens a garment box. Pulls out a garment bag. Hangs it up on the door. UNZIPS the bag, slowly revealing its contents: HIS NIGHT GUARD UNIFORM.

Larry pulls the uniform out of the bag, looks at it. Takes the flashlight off the belt, hefts it, its weight familiar, and finally spins it in his hand like a six-shooter...

28

EST. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

28

Various establishing shots of the Nation's Capital: the skyline, the Capitol Building, the Lincoln Memorial.

29

EXT. THE SMITHSONIAN - CONTINUOUS

29

Various shots of the prestigious buildings that make up America's Museum: The Air and Space Museum, the Castle, all lined along The National Mall.

30 EXT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS 30

A cab stops in front. Larry gets out. He's in a black sweat suit. Larry enters up the steps.

31 INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS 31

Larry checks a map, passing the huge displays in The Air and Space Museum -- planes hanging everywhere, wax ASTRONAUTS, even a life-sized diorama of the MOON LANDING, complete with the Apollo 11 capsule, a wax NEIL ARMSTRONG, and a model of EARTH floating in the distance.

Larry walks by the gift shop, sees a dozen one-foot-tall ALBERT EINSTEIN PAPERWEIGHTS in the window.

Larry walks by a MONKEY in a space suit on display. It bears a strange resemblance to Dexter. He eyes it as he passes.

32 EXT. SMITHSONIAN - THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS 32

Larry crosses the National Mall, towards The Castle, an ornate brick building. Larry checks his watch, takes a deep breath.

33 INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS 33

Larry passes through a high-ceilinged room with an 1880's stained-glass window at one end. It looks like a church. Larry turns, following his map, into...

34 INT. SCULPTURE GALLERY - CONTINUOUS 34

Larry walks through a corridor filled with sculptures, among them: Rodin's THE THINKER, a marble VENUS, another statue of 3 adorable CHERUBS. Larry looks at them all, hurries out, following his map.

35 INT. EGYPTIAN GALLERY - CONTINUOUS 35

Larry enters. In the center is a free-standing ANCIENT GATE: a stone wall with a door in the center, covered with hieroglyphics. A plaque reads: THE GATE OF NETER-KHERTET - DOOR TO THE UNDERWORLD.

Carved in the stone by the door, is an indentation: it's EXACTLY the size and shape to fit the Tablet of Ahkmenrah. Larry reaches out to touch it--

VOICE

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

Larry turns, sees a scrawny GUARD, in his twenties, "adult" braces on his teeth.

GUARD

No touching.

LARRY

Oh-- I wasn't gonna.

GUARD

Really? Because it looked to me like you were reaching out with Intent to Touch.

LARRY

Yeah, no, there was no intent. To touch.

GUARD

(stepping forward)
Cuz if you want to, go right ahead.
Touch it. I stand around all day, just waiting for some punk like you to come along and make my shift interesting.

LARRY

Are you threatening me--
(reads his nametag)
--Brandon?

GUARD/BRANDON

I don't know, Princess, am I?

LARRY

Princ-- Okay, who's your supervisor? I want a name.

BRANDON

Oh, like what, you gonna go crying to Mr. Lopez on me? Like those other babies? Go right ahead.

LARRY

You know what? Never mind...

Larry starts walking away. The Guard calls after him.

BRANDON

Yeah, that's what I thought!

On his way out, Larry sees: the gold sarcophagus of KAHMUNRAH, decorated with its screaming skull. It's much scarier in person. Its lid is slightly ajar. It's been opened -- recently.

36

INT. HALL OF AMERICAN ARTISTS - MOMENTS LATER

36

Larry passes in front of photos and paintings: *American Gothic*, and *The Kiss*, (the famous black and white photo of V-J day, of a sailor kissing a nurse in Times Square.)

He stops, takes a deep breath, moves behind a free standing wall displaying smaller paintings. We hear a series of ZIPS and SNAPS. And a second later, Larry emerges from the other side, NOW WEARING HIS GUARD UNIFORM, balling up his sweats in one hand before tossing them into a trash can.

A bored MUSEUM GUARD, heavysset, looks his way...

LARRY

How you doin'?

GUARD

(eyeing Larry's uniform)

Do I know you?

LARRY

I'm Daley, from Natural History, two buildings over.

GUARD

Oh, man, all those kids. I could never do that.

LARRY

Me neither. That's why Lopez just transferred me over here.

GUARD

What's with the uniform?

LARRY

Oh, this is the '09 line. You didn't get yours yet?

(reading)

Rick?

GUARD

Uh, no.

LARRY

Lucky for you, HR put me in charge of hookin' everyone up, gettin' sizes, you know. I just finished with Brandon down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

That bean pole? I think he still shops at
Baby Gap.

LARRY

(laughs along, then)
Yeah. So what're you, Rick, about a 44?

GUARD

48.

LARRY

Really? Turn around.

The Guard obliges, holds out his arms as Larry sizes up his
shoulders while simultaneously unhooking a SCHLAGE card from
the Guard's belt. Pats him on the back.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You know what? You're right. You're a 48.
You don't look it...

(starts walking away)

Tell you what, Rick, come by ER in the
morning and we'll set you up.

GUARD

Thanks.

Larry points back at him, heads to a door that reads MUSEUM
PERSONNEL ONLY. Using the Schlage to open the door, he ducks
inside.

37 INT. A RESTRICTED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 37

Larry pulls out his cell, hits a button...

38 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - SAME 38

Nick at the computer, screen showing plans of the various
Smithsonian museums, picks up the phone.

NICK

Dad?

39 INTERCUTTING LARRY & NICK: 39

LARRY

I'm in.

NICK

Great. Are you in that corridor off
American Art?

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

LARRY

Exactly where we said. What's next?

NICK

Okay, you've got 45 minutes till sundown, and things get a lot more complicated.

Larry sets the timer on his watch.

NICK (CONT'D)

Now, it's kind of a maze down there. Those tunnels connect all the different buildings, but don't worry, Dad, I'm gonna talk you through it every step of the way. First thing we gotta do is get you down one more level. There should be a stairwell coming up on the left.

LARRY

I see it--

Larry goes through door...

40

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

40

As Larry heads down...

LARRY

Okay, I'm heading down.

NICK (PHONE)

Good. When you get down to B Level, you're gonna wanna go--

And suddenly Larry's reception goes. Nicky's gone.

LARRY

Nicky? Nick? Dammit--

41

INT. NICKY'S BEDROOM

41

Nick looks at the phone. Uh oh.

NICK

I really should have factored in the whole below-ground thing.

42

INT. STAIRWELL

42

Larry starts to go back up to regain reception when we hear FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN FROM ABOVE along with...

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

WOMAN'S VOICE

I don't know how many times I have to tell you this, Brandon. I don't wanna go out with you.

Larry wheels around, hustles the rest of the way down, pushes through the door at the bottom, the last thing he hears is--

BRANDON (O.S.)

Okay. How 'bout coffee?

43

INT. LEVEL B CORRIDOR

43

As Larry comes out of the stairwell and stops in his tracks. The corridor here is T-shaped, offering left, right, or straight ahead. Larry checks his watch, knows he just has to choose.

He starts walking fast. Two GUARDS approach from the other end. Larry nods as they pass, then breaks into a jog as soon as they're out of sight.

44

INT. BASEMENT - FEDERAL ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER

44

As Larry ends up at a chain-link security gate. Beside the gate is a video camera and intercom. Larry "casually" hides his face and walks up to the intercom.

BORED VOICE ON THE INTERCOM

I.D.?

Larry shows the camera Rick's laminate. There is a LONG pause. The gate opens, automatically.

BORED VOICE ON THE INTERCOM (CONT'D)

Museum closes in half an hour. You get locked in don't blame me.

Larry steps through the gate into a pitch black room. It locks behind him, ominously. He looks at his watch: 28 minutes and counting.

LARRY

Now I just gotta find the tablet...

He flips a switch. A series of OVERHEAD LIGHTS turn on, each with a loud CLUNK: Row after row, gradually illuminating:

A room as big as a football field. In it are rows of crates, stacked to the ceiling. There must be a million crates down here.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (CONT'D)
(are you fucking shitting
me?)
Really?!

Larry shakes his head, takes a breath, starts walking between the rows of crates. It's overwhelming, he's not sure where to start. He goes to a crate with a latch on its side. He unlatches it: The 30 foot tentacles of a rubber GIANT SQUID tumble out. He crams them all back in, slams the crate, and latches it.

WE QUICK CUT: as he opens another crate, another, another.

He pries a crate's lid off with a crowbar and opens it:
Inside is the Ark of the Covenant...

He slams the lid shut as fast as he can. Looks at his
STOPWATCH: 11 minutes and counting.

DISSOLVE TO:

An overhead shot reveals the VAST expanse of the place. The place is a MAZE - LITERALLY. Larry looks like a mouse in it, lost and hitting dead ends. Larry turns a corner. Around the bend, it looks like a corridor of GHOSTS: mannequins stand in the dark, covered with sheets -- it's eerie.

He moves through an area that's like a VEHICLE GRAVEYARD. An old Model T, a Roman Chariot, and old motorcycle with sidecar all sit quietly. For now.

Larry passes GENERAL CUSTER: a dashing figure with curly hair and a roguish moustache in a 7th Cavalry uniform and a Buffalo Bill hat.

His tag reads: *Custer. General of the 7th Cavalry.* Larry keeps searching. Larry turns a corner, into the...

CONSERVATION AREA -- where several museum displays are being restored on large tables. There are a few paintings on stretchers, a vase being repaired and:

A HUGE HORSE lies on its back, four legs sticking straight up. A TAG on one of the hooves, reads "CUSTER'S HORSE." Some brushes and a shop vac on a cart beside it. Larry looks through the legs and sees...

Another exhibit: A WOMAN with 1920's jodhpurs, a leather jacket, scarf, an aviator hat, and goggles. Larry reads a tag, pinned to her sleeve: On the Tag: "Amelia Earhart -- FOR CLEANING, ASAP."

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED: (2)

44

Larry looks at her as he passes, checks his watch - he's running out of time.

45

INT. DEAD END IN THE MAZE OF CRATES - CONTINUOUS

45

He turns another corner, running now, frantic - and freezes:

LARRY

Oh my God...

He is in a "cul-de-sac" in the crates. It is filled with a FROZEN BATTLE SCENE: A half-dozen wax EGYPTIAN WARRIORS, in gold battle tunics, stand frozen, spears pointing the same direction. They are surrounding the 40 foot CARGO CRATE from the Natural History Museum. There was clearly a chaotic struggle last night, that froze at sunrise. Our heroes from NYC are holed up in the crate, outnumbered -- a last stand. The crate is chained shut. Larry threads his way through the Warriors, careful of their spears. The crate's doors are open, but because of the chains, they only open six inches. There is a long PHONE CORD, leading into the crate from a phone on the wall.

One of the Egyptian Warriors is trying to reach inside, frozen in mid-stretch. It's a very weird scene. Larry peers into the cargo crate with his flashlight.

INSIDE THE CRATE:

All of Larry's wax friends - Sacajawea, Attila, Ahkmenrah, Neanderthals, etc. - are inside, frozen. They're defending themselves. Octavius and Jed's MEN are in battle lines in front. The phone is lying on the floor. Jed and Octavius are nowhere to be seen.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Jed? Octavius?

Larry realizes -- what am I doing? Then he sees: DEXTER. He is sitting on a high crate, clutching the Tablet.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

(checks his watch)

Uh oh.

Larry tries to squeeze in the crate. He can't fit. He tries to reach the Tablet. He can't. He grabs a gold CROOK from a Guard and uses it to reach in and hook the Tablet. He sticks the Tablet into a backpack. He sighs, relieved -- just in time. Then -- uh oh -- Larry's entire backpack starts to GLOW FROM THE INSIDE.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

LARRY (CONT'D)

No. No no no no!

46

ANOTHER ANGLE:

46

He turns to run -- and runs FACE TO FACE into:

KAHMUNRAH, fifth Pharaoh, Most Dreaded Ruler of the Seven Pyramids. He is tall and regal, in his golden tunic and pharaoh headdress. He glares at Larry. Then he barks, in a strange language:

KAHMUNRAH

Chorus. Tablet ma -- rah.

The Warriors surround Larry, spears raised. Larry freezes. Kahmunrah eyes him -- sizing him up. Larry looks at him, and at the spears. Kahmunrah speaks in a strange ancient language that sounds like he's chewing locusts.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Sprechen sie Deutsche? Parlez vous --
Francais? English maybe?

LARRY

(nods, surprised)

Um -- yeah.

KAHMUNRAH

Oh thank God. My German's terrible.

Kahmunrah talks like a bored aristocrat. More foppish and spoiled than evil.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

I -- am Kahmunrah. Great king of the great kings, he who makes the crocodile tremble in fear -- The Great Am what I Am, which I assure you sounds better in Egyptian. I'll take that Tablet, thank-you-lots. It's a lot easier to get when the monkey can't move. Or bite. Or... Pee on you.

Dexter peers out of the crate and laughs. Kahmunrah throws a spear at him - Dexter ducks, then peers out and sticks out his tongue. The Egyptian Guards SLAM the cargo crate shut, and seal it. Larry clutches the Tablet.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

You must be Lawrence, Guardian of Brooklyn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

From your friend's description, I expected someone more -- Gigantor. What are you? 5' 8"?

LARRY

5' 10". Well, 9 and change. You, um... speak English very well.

KAHMUNRAH

(with pride)

Yes. I was on display at a rather prestigious university.

LARRY

Cambridge, with your brother?

AHKMENRAH

(from inside the crate)

HA! HE WISHES!

KAHMUNRAH

... Actually Birmingham Tech. It's a two year college.

(off Larry's look))

Yes I know, my brother went to Cambridge. He had a bigger temple. Ahkmenrah this, Ahkmenrah that.

AHKMENRAH

(from inside the crate)

GET OVER IT ALREADY!

KAMHMUNRAH

GET OVER IT?!

(to Larry)

Do you know that she put me in a basket in the Nile, hoping that I'd be taken in by another family?

LARRY

What, like Baby Moses?

KAMHMUNRAH

I was twenty seven! Well now, I'm about to take over the entire world--

(to the crate)

So you can just stick that up your papyrus, Favorite Son!

AHKMENRAH

(from inside the crate)

Don't give him what he wants, Larry!

(CONTINUED)

Jed is locked in a birdcage, held by an Egyptian Guard.

JEDEDIAH

Yeah, don't give him the Tablet,
Gigantor! He's helpless without it!

Up on top of one of the crates, OCTAVIUS is crouched,
watching the scene intensely, silently...

KAHMUNRAH

I'm about as helpless as the God of Rah
Optek. Which may be an obscure reference,
but I promise you, is a very sarcastic
comment. (re: Jed) I had things under
control last night until this fellow and
his chimp broke out of their crate.

(to Jed:)

The gig is up now, little friend.

JEDEDIAH

You just go on thinkin' that, Ramen-
noodle. I got you right where I want you.

Kahmunrah scowls, and turns to Larry.

KAHMUNRAH

The Tablet is more powerful than you can
possibly imagine. With it I shall finally
unlock the gate of Neter-Khertet -- and
bring my army from the Land of The Dead,
where they have been waiting these 3000
years. So, Lawrence of Brooklyn -- if you
would be so kind -- hand it over. Pronto.

Larry looks at the Tablet. An idea occurs to him:

LARRY

The... tablet?

KAHMUNRAH

Yes the tablet. Don't play dumb. Though
you do it very well.

LARRY

Oh. All you want is the tablet? (To Jed:)
So, he doesn't know about the... other
thing. (Acting relieved:) Wshew. Oh sure,
the Tablet of Ahkmenrah. There you go.
Knock yourself out.

He hands the Tablet over with no qualms. Kahmunrah reaches
for it. Then pauses.

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH

... Not that I'm falling for this trick.
But -- what other thing?

LARRY

(innocent.)

Nothing. Here take it. It's a perfectly good tablet. Have fun. ... It's just not as powerful as the sword of Queen...
Amidala. Here. I was tired of carrying this thing, anyway.

KAHMUNRAH

(thinks... then:)

Where is this.... sword then?

Larry shrugs and mumbles: Idunno. Kahmunrah signals his Men:
Suddenly Larry has six spears at his neck. He blurts out:

LARRY

Row B, crate 8/42. But don't use it! It comes with a curse: Its power (gravely:) will corrupt even the strongest of men.

KAHMUNRAH

Too late. (To 4 Guards) You, come with me. The rest of you - watch the crate.

INT. ROW OF CRATES - MOMENTS LATER

Kahmunrah reaches for crate 8/42. He looks to Larry, who is being held by 2 Egyptian Guards.

LARRY

I warn you - don't open it.

Kahmunrah scoffs. Then hesitates. He signals to the Guards.

KAHMUNRAH

You open it.

Kahmunrah signals a Guard, who nervously approaches... And unlatches it. The MOMENT he does -- the 30 foot tentacles of the GIANT SQUID explode out. They're FAST. They grab Guards, they grab everything - like 20,000 Leagues under the Sea. As the Guards fend it off, Larry runs away into the crate MAZE.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

(tentacle around his neck)

After him!

48

INT. ELSEWHERE IN THE MAZE - CONTINUOUS

48

Larry runs with the Tablet. He hits a dead end. He looks back to see the Guards coming towards him. He starts to run down another row -- just as the GIANT SQUID crawls from between crates, and starts to slither his way. He's cornered.

LARRY

(to the Squid)

Stay!

(squid keeps coming)

Play fetch? No?

(then)

Worth a try--

The Guards ready their spears. Larry closes his eyes -- and a hand reaches down, and yanks him up ON TOP OF THE ROW OF CRATES - just as the wall where he stood is riddled with spears.

49

INT. TOP OF THE ROW OF CRATES - CONTINUOUS

49

Larry looks - he has landed in a SIDECAR that is attached to an old motorcycle ridden by, oddly enough, GENERAL CUSTER--

GENERAL CUSTER

You best hang on, Stranger, this is the first time I've ridden this mechanical horse!

(kicking it)

YA!

Larry hangs on as Custer speeds across the top of the row of crates. The motorcycle and side car fly off the end of the crates, hit the ground hard and continue down the aisle, towards a door marked EXIT. Larry holds on. He sees -- Octavius on top of a crate, getting ready to leap down.

OCTAVIUS

Lawrence!

As they pass Octavius, he leaps down, and Larry catches him. Octavius looks back to Jed, still in his cage. He calls out:

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)

Stay alive! I will find you!

Larry sticks Octavius in his shirt pocket. Custer drives the motorcycle straight towards an EXIT door.

CUSTER

You're in good hands. General George Custer at your service!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CUSTER (CONT'D)
(stands up, like he's on
horseback)
YEEEEHAA--

WHAM! Custer bangs into the top of the door frame and falls off the motorcycle, leaving Larry now all alone riding in the side car... that is, until the riderless motorcycle slams into a crate and comes to an instant stop, causing...

...the side car to separate from the motorcycle and continue on its own, wobbling along on one wheel until it ignobly runs out of steam, and tips over, dumping Larry out of the "egg" and onto the floor. Custer comes up behind him, brushing himself off.

CUSTER (CONT'D)
You okay, Mister?

LARRY
(standing)
I'm fine--

CUSTER
Good. Now tell me the truth, and don't whitewash it-- How's my hair?

LARRY
Your... wait... what?

CUSTER
Half the battle is lookin' like yer winnin'. And I just brushed it out-- 500 strokes, each side, my daily regimen. What's your secret, Stranger?

LARRY
Uh... I'm pretty much a shower, towel dry kinda guy. But listen, maybe this isn't the best time to--

CUSTER
Naive fool. We'll discuss your grooming shortcomings later. Right now, I say we charge!

LARRY
Just you and me?

CUSTER
Hell, yes! They thought they had me pinned down at Little Big Horn and I survived that *skirmish*. Couple of men in tutus is nothing--.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Actually, I'm not sure things turned out so well for you at Little Big--

CUSTER

CHAAAAARGE!

Custer CHARGES, straight towards The Egyptians...

LARRY

Okay. Yeah. Good luck with that.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Larry, tablet in hand, runs for it, the other way. He turns a corner - where he bumps into... AMELIA EARHART --

AMELIA EARHART

Why don't you watch where you're going...

He tries to shush her, afraid they'll be heard. Amelia speaks rapid fire - like Katherine Hepburn in a Howard Hawks movie.

AMELIA

How dare you *shush* me!

LARRY

Look, lady--

AMELIA

Lady? Who are you calling Lady? The name is Amelia.

(more importantly)

Earhart?

LARRY

Right. I know you were like this major pilot--

AMELIA

Pilot? I was the first woman to fly the Atlantic, first woman to receive the flying cross, first woman to fly across the 48 States... in a gyroprop. And now, if you'd wipe that perhaps permanent look of stupidity off your kisser, I wonder if you might be so courteous as to tell me exactly where I am?

LARRY

You're in a museum. The Smithsonian.
Under it actually-- long story -- but
right now is probably not the best time
to get into a whole--

Suddenly, he pulls her down with him behind a crate.

AMELIA

I beg your--

He covers her mouth. The Guards run past, not seeing them.
He looks at her, takes his hand away--

LARRY

Sorry. But we're kind of in danger --
well, I am -- so it might be best if you
weren't anywhere near me.

AMELIA

Danger, you say.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, so I'm just gonna get out of here.
You have yourself a pleasant... evening.

He starts walking briskly the other way, hears footsteps
behind him, turns around to see Amelia following him.

AMELIA

What's your name, flyboy?

LARRY

(looking around)
Larry. Daley.

AMELIA

Well, Larry Daley, in case you weren't
listening, I'm not one to shy away from
danger.

LARRY

Okay. Well, I am. That's why it's called
danger. So that you shy away from it.
I'll be seeing you...

He peers over the crate. She stands up: The Egyptians see her
-- they start running towards them, spears raised.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

AMELIA

Now we're gonna have some fun.

She wraps her scarf around her neck, with dramatic flair, grabbing Larry by the hand and running towards an exit.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Let's ankle, Skipper.

51

INT. SMITHSONIAN GALLERY OF ART - MOMENTS LATER

51

Larry and Amelia rush into a gallery, filled with art and sculptures. They slam the door behind them. Larry tries to lock it, Amelia looks for something to barricade it with. She sees a statue: a 6 ft. bronze CLOTHESPIN by Claes Oldenburg. She tries to drag it -- but can't.

AMELIA

Do those big strong arms do something, or are they just for holding up your watch?

He helps her drag it in front of the door. Zips his knapsack fully shut...

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Something valuable, Mr. Daley?

LARRY

Very. And until I figure out exactly how I'm gonna get my friends out of here, I need to keep it away from the bad guys.

AMELIA

And by "bad guys," I assume you mean those scantily-clad fellows downstairs?

LARRY

Yeah, and their boss.

Suddenly, Larry is pegged in the back of the head by a SNOW BALL.

Larry turns around, looks at the painting hanging behind them. It's William Glacken's *Skating in Central Park*. The figures in the painting are actually skating. They're "alive:" sledding, throwing snowballs. As Larry leans in closer to the canvas we can actually see his breath from the cold. Larry and Amelia exchange a look. Larry looks towards his backpack.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Whoa.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

Behind them, there's a pounding on the door. Kahmunrah's Guards are trying to break through.

The Clothespin statue suddenly walks away -- its two "legs" working like scissors -- the door's not blocked anymore, and the Guards tumble inside. Larry and Amelia take off.

52

INT. ANOTHER GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

52

Larry and Amelia are cornered in front of *American Gothic* (who watch them, curious). The Guards surround them, raising their spears, menacing. Larry thinks fast - he grabs the pitchfork from the Man in *American Gothic*. He brandishes it like a quarter-staff.

LARRY

Thanks!

The DAUGHTER smiles, revealing horrible teeth. Larry and Amelia jump back, frightened. Larry spins the pitchfork, in a fancy (fake) Kung Fu move, then another: He's actually faking it pretty good, making his best kung-fu sounds. The Guards back off... Larry has the upper hand, until... he gets fancy, does a "majorette" move, and smacks himself in the head with the pitchfork, hard.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ow...

AMELIA

Never send a boy to do a woman's job. I spent two weeks with a spear hunting tribe in Micronesia. Watch and learn:

Amelia grabs the pitchfork. She deftly throws it at the Guards. A Guard catches it easily, turns it around, and aims it at them. Larry glares at Amelia -- who shrugs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

The Micronesians had much slower reflexes.

The Guards THROW THEIR SPEARS. Amelia dives to the ground, shoving Larry out of the way, as the wall behind him is stuck with lance after lance. Larry falls towards a wall covered with huge framed PHOTOGRAPHS. He flies, and falls...

53

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - AUGUST 14, 1945 - DAY

53

Larry lands on pavement, hard. He looks up -- he is in the middle of Times Square, and there is a HELL of a party going on:

(CONTINUED)

Times Square is packed: 1940's SAILORS and MARINES celebrate: blowing noisemakers and JITTERBUGGING with WACS and BOBBY-SOXERS. EVERYTHING -- INCLUDING LARRY -- IS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

In front of him, A SAILOR is kissing a NURSE, lips locked in a passionate embrace: Larry is INSIDE A PHOTOGRAPH -- The Kiss, the Eisenstaedt photo of V-J day.

WRAP AROUND LARRY AS HE STANDS UP REVEALING:

A RECTANGULAR WINDOW the size of a picture frame, In MID-AIR. inside it, he can see the Gallery he was just in. The gallery is IN COLOR. It looks like a porthole.

The Guards grab the edge of the "window" and climb into Times Square. Everyone is too busy celebrating to notice them. Larry runs, shoving his way through the shoulder-to-shoulder crowd. The Guards press into the crowd, spears raised.

Larry shoves through the crowd.

LARRY

'Scuse me. Sorry. Getting chased by crazy ancient Egyptians... could you please... thank you.

Suddenly, oddly, Larry's CELLPHONE RINGS. Larry pulls it from his pocket...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, sure, I get four bars in 1945, but a stairwell's too... *impenetrable?*
(answers, calm)
This is Larry.

McPhee sits with his legs up on the desk, crossed, one loafer dangling from silk sock-covered foot. A half-full glass and a bottle of Sherry in front of him.

MCPHEE

I'm onto you, Mr. Daley.

LARRY

Dr. McPhee? Is that you?

MCPHEE

Oh, it's "me," alright. And I know exactly what you're up to.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(looking around)

Uh, I highly doubt that--

MCPHEE

Mr. Daley, when I allowed you your monthly visitations to the museum, it was with the strict proviso that you respect this place--

LARRY

--this isn't such a good time--

MCPHEE

--not so that you could leave behind your deviant detritus.

He dangles the long CHEW TOY ROPE Larry had given to Remy.

MCPHEE (CONT'D)

I don't know what you do here at night, but I expect you to clean up after yourself.

LARRY

I really can't talk about this right now--

MCPHEE

I bet not. Sounds like quite the shindig you're having-- where are you anyway?

LARRY

(looking around)

I'm in Times Square, actually.

MCPHEE

Oh, yes, let's all hop in the private jet to attend the Next Fabulous Party--

LARRY

That doesn't even-- Times Square is New York. Look, I'm gonna have to call you back.

MCPHEE

Don't you dare--

(CLICK, Mcphee looks at the phone)

Weirdo.

Larry pockets his phone, keeps moving, looks back over his shoulder, then bumps smack into A SAILOR--

(CONTINUED)

SAILOR

Hey, Bub, what's your hurry? Didn't you hear? The war's over!

LARRY

Not for me...

He points. The Sailor sees the Egyptians coming towards them.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Those guys are trying to catch me.

SAILOR

Really. What unit you from?

LARRY

Well, I'm from Brooklyn. But I'm not really in a unit. See, I kinda came from the future and you're actually inside a photograph that someone took sixty years ago. But because of Ahkmenrah's tablet -- Ahkmenrah was this Egyptian King -- the photograph somehow came alive and now--

The Sailor puts his hand up to stop him.

SAILOR

Whoa whoa whoa.

(then)

Did you say you were from... Brooklyn?

LARRY

Uh, yes...

He stands on a street sign. He whistles. Every head turns towards him.

SAILOR

Fellas. Fellas!

He points at the Egyptian Guards -- every head turns to them.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

These guys are trying to beat up my buddy here -- just cause he's from Brooklyn.

The Egyptian Guards freeze. SAILORS and MARINES surround them -- a TOUGH MARINE steps up to them:

TOUGH BROOKLYN MARINE

Jackson, S. Private first class -- from Flatbush. Got a problem with that?

(CONTINUED)

The Guards try to flee, but an onslaught of SAILORS and MARINES descend on them, fists flying. Larry shakes the sailor's hand, and runs towards the porthole.

LARRY

Thanks!

(as he runs:)

Oh, hey! When you get to the 80's -- buy Microsoft! A lot of Microsoft--

He sees the Egyptians now breaking free of the throng. Thinking fast, Larry taps the "Kissing Sailor" on the shoulder. The guy pulls away from the kiss, looks at Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I just need to do this--

And now Larry kisses the girl in exactly the same way as the famous photo. The Egyptians run past without seeing him.

AMELIA (O.S.)

Anytime you're done in there, Mr. Daley!

Larry backs away, sees Amelia extending her hand in through the porthole. He looks at the girl.

LARRY

Thank you. That was very... helpful.

He then turns, takes Amelia's hand, gets yanked through space, vanishes in mid air, the formerly kissing woman calling after him...

KISSING WOMAN

Call me!

As Amelia yanks Larry out of the photo to the floor. She looks at him...

AMELIA

Well, I wouldn't have thought it to look at you, but you're quite the smooth operator, aren't you, Mr. Daley?

LARRY

I had to think of something.

AMELIA

Well, keep thinking, because here they come--

(CONTINUED)

Larry looks into the photo - the Egyptians are charging straight towards them. They look at the picture frame --

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Hey, I have an--

LARRY

I got it. Grab that side.

Amelia grabs the left side of the frame, Larry grabs the right. The Egyptian Guards are running straight for them.

LARRY (CONT'D)

One, two... three!

They FLIP the painting to face the wall. A second later there's a loud THUMP as the Guards slam into the wall. They're trapped inside the photo.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That actually worked. Thank you. So, I'm gonna take off now, but thanks.

AMELIA

Is there some reason, Mr. Daley, that you keep trying to get rid of me?

LARRY

No, it's nothing personal, but, again, I'm kind of in the middle of something here that's not really your fight.

AMELIA

It's because I'm a woman, isn't it?

LARRY

No, it's more because I've got this ancient raised-from-the-dead-evil-Pharoah-guy who wants to kill me, so that he can take this magic tablet and rule the world.

AMELIA

So it is because I'm a woman.

LARRY

Look--

AMELIA

No, you look, Mr. Daley, if it weren't for me, you'd still be lost in that monochromatic mayhem.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Lost in what?

AMELIA

The black and white photograph, you boob. Now listen and listen good: I can help you. I want to help you. And not because I like you, which so far I don't. But because I smell adventure, Mr. Daley, and dammit, I want in.

LARRY

(beat)

Okay, fine, but don't blame me if something happens to you.

AMELIA

(twinkle in her eye)

I should be so lucky.

INT. BASEMENT ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER

Amidst the crates, Kahmunrah paces. We don't see who he's talking to.

KAHMUNRAH

I -- am Kahmunrah, *half-God-once-removed* on my mother's side. Ruler of Egypt, future ruler of -- everything else. I've lost some men. Actually: all of them. So I'm in need of some new Generals to join me in my plan to conquer this world. I have selected you.

Another Angle reveals he's talking to: NAPOLEON BONAPARTE in full uniform; IVAN THE TERRIBLE, with his long beard, long thick robes, tall pointy staff and ornate skull cap; and... AL CAPONE. Capone pulls a "Not for Display" tag off his sleeve and crumples it up.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Al Capone, Napoleon Bonaparte, Ivan, the Terrible... Some of the greatest, most feared leaders in history. Gentlemen.

(Warmly)

Really, really fantastic to meet you.

They dust packing peanuts off themselves. Behind them, their MEN climb up out of packing peanuts, confused. Ivan the Terrible and Napoleon are joined by SOLDIERS -- Capone by GANGSTERS.

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

All I ask is your allegiance. In return I offer you -- the world... Any questions?

AL CAPONE

Yeah, I got one: how come you're wearin' a dress, pops?

KAHMUNRAH

It's not a dress. It's a tunic. It was the height of fashion, 3000 years ago. Any other questions?

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

(thick Russian accent)

Da. Dis, uh - dress you are wearing. Do -- we have to wear one of dese, too?

KAHMUNRAH

No, you don't have to wear one too. And as I just told Mr. Capone. It's not a dress. It's a tunic. Big difference. Any other questions?

Napoleon raises his hand.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Any questions not about the dress? Tunic.

Napoleon puts his hand down.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Right. Well. Moonlight's wasting, fellows. So, let's keep this short.

Kahmunrah happens to look at Napoleon as he says "short."
Napoleon looks around paranoid, he's got a hair trigger:

NAPOLEON

Why do you look at me when you say "short?" I am not short at all. I am of perfectly normal height.

KAHMUNRAH

Yes. Sorry, just slipped out.

Ivan strokes his long beard, his accent is REALLY thick:

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

If we are taking some-ting cover, I want in. I was Tsar of all Muzzer Russia, and yet I fear the taste of power grows faint on my tongue.

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH

Okay, I don't understand you entirely,
but I like your menacing facial hair...
plus, you really know how to wear that
fury beanie cap. So -- are you with me
gentlemen? Kahmunrah who has brought you
life?! Are you with me?!

All three check each other out for a moment, then:

CAPONE/IVAN/NAPOLEON

Yeah, sure. Da. Oui.

KAHMUNRAH

Superb. Then bring the Guardian of
Brooklyn and the golden Tablet *TO ME!*

INT. SCULPTURE WING - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Amelia move through the wing, passing various
Sculptures who stretch awake as they pass...

AMELIA

Do you by chance have a plan, Mr. Daley?

LARRY

Right now I'm thinking that the only way
to keep the tablet safe is to get it out
of the building.

(looking around)

But I need to find an exit...

AMELIA

Stick with me, Mr. Daley. You won't get
lost following Amelia Earhart.

LARRY

Um.... Yeah. Right.

They hear a SCREAM. Startled, they stop and turn to look at
the nude sculpture of VENUS as she covers herself up.

VENUS SCULPTURE

Ah, cara mio!

LARRY

Ahhh! Oh... wow, I mean, excuse us.

He gets a peek at her and trails off. He offers his hand.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, how you doing. I'm Larry.

(CONTINUED)

VENUS SCULPTURE

(With an Italian accent)

Buon giorno. I am Venus, Goddess of love.

Larry is awestruck... She waves a hand in front of his eyes.

VENUS SCULPTURE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? Buon giorno. Eyes up here.

Suddenly Amelia SLAPS Larry, without warning.

AMELIA

Those aren't her eyes, Mr. Daley.

LARRY

Sorry. Um... Hi, I'm Larry.

VENUS SCULPTURE

I know. You said that already.

AMELIA

Look, legs - you don't think you could tell us how to get out of here, do you?

VENUS SCULPTURE

I am sorry. I'm the Goddess of Love. Love never thinks. Maybe you should ask *him*.

Venus points... right behind them is: THE THINKER, sitting in his well-known pose, chin resting on his fist.

AMELIA

Thanks, toots. And put some clothes on!

LARRY

Really really nice meeting you!

Amelia drags him away. They rush across to THE THINKER:

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hey! Hi. I'm really sorry to interrupt your... thinking. But we're wondering if you could tell us the fastest way out of here.

The Thinker looks up at Larry. He thinks. And thinks...

LARRY (CONT'D)

We're in, you know, kind of a hurry...

Just then, they see - way down the line of galleries: NAPOLEON'S SOLDIERS searching, and shouting in French.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (CONT'D)
Who are those guys?

AMELIA
Looks like very annoyed French cavalry of
1815, but I'd rather not find out.

59

INT. BASEMENT - ARCHIVES - CONTINUOUS

59

The large shipping crate from New York is guarded by Capone's
Gang: four hard-boiled 30's GANGSTERS, playing poker. Dexter
is banging a tin cup on the bars of his tiny bird cage.

60

INT. SHIPPING CRATE - SAME

60

General Custer along with Jedediah and the rest of Larry's
New York friends sit glumly inside the crate. Well, except
for Custer who's brushing his hair, like a vain teenage girl,
counting each stroke...

CUSTER
98, 99... 100.
(turns to Cavemen)
You. Primordial Man. Tell the truth.
(shakes his hair)
How's the sheen? Does it pick up the
light?

The Caveman reaches out, touches it, ooohs and ahhs over it.
Jed, sitting on the edge of a box, rolls his eyes.

CUSTER (CONT'D)
Thank you, cave dweller. And when time
permits, I'd be happy to counsel you on
your own grooming habits.
(addresses the others)
Now then. Down to business. As the
Commanding General in this outfit, I say
we strike while the iron is hot!

SACAJEWEA
And how exactly is the "iron" hot? We're
locked inside a shipping crate.

CUSTER
Exactly, my Shoshone friend. And there's
only one way to fight fire -- with wood!

ATTILA
Wif... wood?

(CONTINUED)

SACAJEWEA

With all due respect, General, that makes absolutely no sense. Also, may I add that you are a vain moron.

JEDEDIAH

(addresses the NY gang)

Alright, listen up, all of you.

(they all look down at him)

Gigantor is out there trying to save our hides, so it seems to me that the least we can do is help him. And we can't very well do that locked in here, now can we?

(glances at the door of the crate)

We need to escape.

INT. SMITHSONIAN GALLERY OF ART - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Amelia run to the front doors. They're blocked by a metal security gate. There's no way out. Larry remembers:

LARRY

Octavius!

Larry reaches into his pocket and pulls out: OCTAVIUS, who's got lint and a stick of FRUIT STRIPE stuck to him.

OCTAVIUS

By Mercury's ankles! Your pocket is the toilet of history!

(sees Amelia)

And who is this magnificent creature?

LARRY

(gesturing)

Famous pilot Amelia Earhart, famous Roman general Octavius...

AMELIA

(shakes his little hand)

Pleasure to meet you, General. And just as I ask not to be judged by my gender, I pledge to not judge you by your size.

OCTAVIUS

Oh, I like her, Larry.

(to Amelia)

Perhaps, Miss Earhart, when this is all over, you and I could--

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

What? No, no-- you "couldn't" anything.

OCTAVIUS

I'm sorry, Larry, are you two together?

LARRY

No. Of course not. Now I need you to focus here.

OCTAVIUS

Right.

(winks at Amelia)

Focus.

LARRY

You have to get help. From anybody! We're counting on you.

He looks up to Larry. He nods, serious.

OCTAVIUS

If we do not meet again, let our spirits be bound in the pantheon of those who did not retreat in the face of their enemies.

LARRY

(Tries to sound... Roman:)

Go swiftly.

OCTAVIUS

Not technically a word, but I appreciate the sentiment. Farewell, Lawrence.

(to Amelia)

My Goddess.

Larry rolls his eyes, sets Octavius down. He fits through the gate and under the door. Suddenly, a TINY ARROW hits Larry in the back.

He turns as THREE LITTLE CHERUBS fly into the room. They don't look cute at all, but are firing cupid ARROW after ARROW towards Larry and Amelia. Larry pulls Amelia into a corner as the Cherubs approach, laughing and shouting in ITALIAN.

AMELIA

You don't have to hold me quite so tightly, Mr. Daley. I am perfectly safe.

LARRY

(lets go - embarrassed.)

I was just... Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMELIA

Stop beating your gums, Mr. Daley. You haven't been able to take your cheaters off my chassis since the moment we met.

LARRY

I literally did not understand one word of that.

The Cherubs now hover right in front of them and aim their little bows at them --

CHERUBS

Sparare dritto, stunad!

LARRY

Okay, flying babies, you gotta listen to me. This is not cool. Someone could lose an eye with those little arrows of yours. I also suggest some diapers, or... pants, or pretty much any kind of cover-up.

One of them fires an arrow right at Larry's forehead.

LARRY (CONT'D)

OW!

They start laughing. Larry starts coming for them...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, that's it, now you're gonna have a consequence--

The Cherubs turn and flee. Larry nods, hands on hips, looks at Amelia...

AMELIA

Well done, Mr. Daley.

LARRY

They just needed some boundaries. My kid was the same way at that age. Except for the wings.

But now Napoleon's Men charge in and we realize THIS is what the cherubs were running away from.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Larry and Amelia duck behind a large vase, out of sight. Napoleon's Men don't see them. They run through the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry checks around, they're gone. Larry and Amelia sneak quietly across the gallery, staying low... They run right into a pair of legs... they look up to see: Napoleon, all alone.

NAPOLEON

You are now my prisoners, s'il vous plait.

He pulls his sword from its scabbard, but it's just a sword HILT, there's no blade attached to it.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Oh, *merde*.

Larry stands up, knocks the hilt out of his hand and grabs him by the collar. Larry's a little bit taller than Napoleon.

LARRY

Beat it, little man.

NAPOLEON

Oh, come on with ze "little man," stuff. I'm almost as tall as you.

LARRY

No you're not.

NAPOLEON

Am so...

Larry and Napoleon both stretch up on their tippy-toes. jockeying for "who's taller."

LARRY

Okay, turn around.
(turns his back to
Napoleon)
Amelia, who's taller?

And now Napoleon turns so they stand back to back...

NAPOLEON

Yes, Amelia, who's taller?

AMELIA

It's very close, but--

Larry quickly grabs Amelia by the hand, takes off running...

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Amelia run right into an AMBUSH. Napoleon's guards were waiting in this Gallery, unseen, their muskets ready. They turn to run the other way, but are greeted now by more guards. Napoleon with them, laughing.

NAPOLEON

And so the little mouse runs into the claws of the cat. So predictable. I, of course, one of the great tactical minds of all time, knew that you would have an issue with your height--

LARRY

I don't have an issue--

NAPOLEON

--that you would, therefore, challenge me to a back-to-back-who's-taller, and that you would then seize the opportunity to flee, right into the snare I like to call--
(menacingly)

- Maneuver De Derrière.

(then)

Clearly, you know nothing about the great Napoleon Bonnaparte.

LARRY

I know that he was a French dude who liked to stick his hand in his jacket--

NAPOLEON

(explodes)

--ONE TIME! I DID THAT ONE TIME! AND IT WASN'T EVEN MY IDEA! THE STUPID PAINTER THOUGHT IT WOULD LOOK COOL!

LARRY

Okay-- I'm sorry, it was a good look for you, though.

AMELIA

Well played, General.

NAPOLEON

Merci, Mademoiselle. And now if you and your boyfriend would kindly come with me--

LARRY

Okay, look, I'm not her *boyfriend*, okay? We just met.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAPOLEON

Clearly, you know nothing of love. Now
zis way if you please.

(As they go, he screams,
furious:)

AND FOR THE RECORD I'M 5'6" AND A HALF!!!
WELL ABOVE AVERAGE FOR FRANCE IN 1800!!!

Napoleon's Men grab Larry and Amelia and march them out.

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

Kahmunrah has redecorated the room with items hoarded from the Smithsonian -- he's made it into his ersatz throne room: The floor is strewn with priceless rugs. In the middle, is a mound of "treasure:" gold, the Hope diamond, Ming vases...

On top of the pile, Kahmunrah lounges in his "throne," which is in fact -- ARCHIE BUNKER'S CHAIR, from *All in the Family*. He looks over DOROTHY'S RUBY SLIPPERS from *The Wizard of Oz* with a jeweler's loupe.

KAHMUNRAH

These aren't real rubies at all.

He tosses the slippers aside and sits back in his "throne."

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Whoever you were, Archie Bunker, you had one comfortable throne.

In front of the throne stands: the GATE OF NETER-KHERTET -- the freestanding wall with a door in the center.

VOICE

As you requested, my King.

Kahmunrah turns as one of his SLAVES carries in a COVERED SILVER PLATTER. The Slave lifts the lid to reveal JEDEDIAH sitting on the plate...

JEDEDIAH

Whatta you want, King Tut?

KAMHMUNRAH

Oh, please, Tut was an idiot, nothing more than a preening adolescent. I assure you, if he hadn't been unearthed at the right time, no one ever would've uttered his catchy little name.

(then)

You are here, Mr. Tiny Cowboy, to help guarantee the safe return of the tablet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

So just--
(motions for the slave to
close the lid)
--sit tight.

The Slave moves off with the covered plate, Jed's echoing from underneath it..

JEDEDIAH (O.S.)

Okay, now you're really chafin' my
chaps...

Napoleon's Men drag Larry and Amelia in and throw them down. Kahmunrah eyes Larry, and strolls down from his throne.

KAHMUNRAH

I'll take this, thank you.

He reaches in the backpack and takes the Tablet. Larry sags. Kahmunrah holds the Tablet up, to his Rogues Gallery.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Behold! The tablet of Ahkmenrah!

On one side of the room, Ivan and Capone look at each other, unimpressed.

AL CAPONE

... So?

KAHMUNRAH

... No one ever listens. So? This is the thingy we need to take over the world. This isn't just some run-of-the-mill slab of gold that magically brings things to life. This is a key. My key -- to world domination. For ten generations, my family were the keepers of the Gate to the world of the dead. And on the other side of that gate -- The Horus: the all-powerful army of the underworld:

He points at the Gate: It's covered in hieroglyphics depicting a TERRIFYING battle: HORUS SOLDIERS -- with the bodies of men and the heads of hawks, charge through the gate, rampaging.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

An undefeatable and immortal army,
waiting for my command, to arise and
destroy everything in its path.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

You're a madman.

KAHMUNRAH

Funny, that's exactly what Ahkmenrah said... right before he was mysteriously murdered in his sleep. By me.

(looks off)

Sorry about that, brother.

Larry turns to see Ahkmenrah bound and gagged in the corner.

KAHMUNRAH

So glad you could be here to share in my moment of glory.

Kahmunrah holds up the Tablet in both hands. He closes his eyes, and says an incantation: THE TABLET STARTS TO GLOW.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Mak, keter om. Om neter kah...

Still under armed guard, Amelia turns to Larry.

AMELIA

He's bluffing. There's no such thing as magic tablets that bring things to life.

Larry almost points out the obvious... But doesn't.

Kahmunrah chants. Even the Rogues Gallery are spooked... He fits the Tablet into the slot carved in stone by the door, which is now glowing. It fits perfectly.

KAHMUNRAH

And now, after 3000 years, my evil army of the damned, shall -- be--

He touches a combination of SQUARES on the Tablet. Everyone takes a step back.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

-- UNLEASHED!

He pushes the final button and steps back... Nothing happens. Kahmunrah looks at it, embarrassed.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Ahem. I said, my evil army shall be...

He tries pushing the combination again.

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

UNLEASHED! (Nothing) It's an old key.
Sometimes you have to jiggle it a little.
(He jiggles it.))
Come on, talk to papa. !

JEDEDIAH

(from under the lid)
Hey, Ca-Ca-rah, maybe your dead birdie
army got bored after a few thousand years
and deserted you.

KAMHMUNRAH

SILENCE!

He tries to force the door open with his shoulder - and hurts
himself: ow. The Rogues Gallery look disgusted.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Oh, for the love of Isis...
(looks at Ahkmenrah)
You changed the combination, didn't you?

He comes over and rips the gag from Ahkmenrah's mouth.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

What is it?

AHKMENRAH

I don't know. Mother and father wouldn't
tell it to me. They had this crazy notion
that you couldn't be trusted.

KAHMUNRAH

What's all this writing on it?

AHKMENRAH

Gee, I don't know. Why don't you read it?

Kahmunrah, self conscious, looks around...

KAMHMUNRAH

Ha ha. Very funny. So funny I forgot to
laugh.

CAPONE

But you did laugh. You said, "ha ha."

KAMHMUNRAH

--QUIET!

NAPOLEON

What iz ze matter? Can't you read?

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH

Of course not, I had Nanny Monifa to read to me.

(to Ahkmenrah)

Brother, you read it.

AHKMENRAH

Over my dead body.

KAMHMUNRAH

Soon enough, I assure you.

(to the guards)

Take him back down stairs. Beat him a little, then put him in the crate with the others, see if that doesn't change his attitude.

He sits down, disgusted. He tries another combination:

KAHMUNRAH

Let's see. His birthday is 9.14.1105. (He tries that code. Then:) Mom's birthday -- 6.19.1070. (He tries that... He turns to his Rogues:) Make yourselves comfortable - - this may take a while.

Al Capone, guarding Amelia and Larry with a tommy-gun, shouts over to Kahmunrah.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)

What do we do with these mugs?

Kahmunrah turns - a malicious grin on his face:

KAHMUNRAH

Now that I have the tablet I have no use for them. You may release the prisoners--

(then, evil)

--from this world.

(Capone and Wilhelm are just confused...)

I mean -- kill them. The ones in the basement, too.

AL CAPONE

How you want it done? There's a river out there, we could fit 'em all for cement boots, take 'em for a swim.

KAHMUNRAH

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

AL CAPONE

Or. We could line 'em all up against the wall and paint 'em red with a t-gun

KAHMUNRAH

Yes. Good. Also fine.

AL CAPONE

Or. We could take 'em all up to the roof--

KAHMUNRAH

WHATEVER. Just be done with them!

Capone picks Larry and Amelia up, and tosses them against the wall. Capone and his men all cock their machine guns...

AL CAPONE

Alright, boys. On a count a three: plug 'em. One. Two. Th--

AMELIA

WAIT!

Capone's men freeze -- they turn to Kahmunrah.

KAHMUNRAH

... Why?

AMELIA

Because: he can get you the combination.

Larry looks at her, confused... Kahmunrah considers this.

KAHMUNRAH

How?

Amelia looks at Larry: *say something*. Larry thinks. He clears his throat.

LARRY

Because -- I can.

KAMHMUNRAH

You're lying.

LARRY

I could be. I might just be making it up as I go along here. Or... I might not be. I might just be the guy who spent two years looking after that tablet and knows everything about it. I might just be the only one here who has a chance in hell of finding out the combination.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Then again... I might be lying. But if you were to give me until morning, you'd know for sure.

KAMHMUNRAH

What's in it for you, Night Guard? You want some power-sharing arrangement, your own small battalion of undead soldiers, a continent to call your own, what?

LARRY

Just my friends. I give you the combination, and you let us all walk out of here.

Kahmunrah thinks. The Rogues look at Kahmunrah. They nod.

KAHMUNRAH

... Okay. Deal. The code for your friends. But -- Gramma Athkaolptep didn't raise no idiots. If I give you until morning, I turn into a statue again. You have one hour.

He reaches into a STILL LIFE PAINTING, and pulls out an hourglass. He pulls off one end, motions to his Slave...

KAMHMUNRAH

Slave!

The slave now brings Jed over. Kahmunrah grabs Jed by the scruff and drops him into the Hourglass...

JEDEDIAH

Hey! This isn't necessary...

Kahmunrah flips the hourglass. IN THE HOURGLASS: Jed is being BURIED by sand.

KAHMUNRAH

Looks uncomfortable in there.
(looks at Larry)
You'd better get started.

Larry walks down the gallery, all the sculptures gone from the gallery. He stops, paces back and forth a moment...

AMELIA

Penny for your thoughts?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

My thoughts? My thoughts are, because of you, I have an hour to come up with some ancient pass code.

AMELIA

Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Daley, why don't we go back and let those gun toting bootleggers finish what they started?

LARRY

I didn't ask for your help--

AMELIA

Well, then I guess you're just lucky.

LARRY

I wish Teddy was here. He'd know what to do.

AMELIA

Who's Teddy?

LARRY

Teddy Roosevelt. Twenty-sixth president of the United...

Larry thinks. It dawns on him. He pulls the Museum Map out.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Teddy *is* here.

INT. HALLWAY ALCOVE - MOMENTS LATER

Larry and Amelia run through the halls. Larry checks his map, not sure which way to go, when he hears a familiar voice...

TEDDY (O.S.)

Hello? Hellooo. Some assistance please!

Larry turns to see: a BUST of TEDDY ROOSEVELT on a pedestal, he has no arms or body, just a chest and head.

LARRY

Teddy! I am so glad to see you.

TEDDY

Smashing to see you, my fine lad. Since I can't really move, it's smashing to see anybody. I'd love to chew the fat all day as it were, *BUT* -- first things first: *MY NOSE IS SO ITCHY IT'S MAKING ME INSANE!* I hate to ask, but could you ... please?

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Oh, um... sure.

Larry tentatively reaches out and scratches Teddy's nose.

TEDDY

GOOD HEAVENS THAT'S FANTASTIC. OH YES!
SWEET RUTABAGA PIE THAT'S DIVINE. YESSS!

Teddy's happy sounds are making Larry uncomfortable.

LARRY

Do you have to do that? Okay, I have to stop now.

TEDDY

Thank you, lad. Imagine my surprise when I woke up last night to find myself armless and with an itch I literally could not scratch. Not to mention that I'm missing a few other territories entirely.

AMELIA

This is your great help?

TEDDY

Well, hello there. And who might you be?

AMELIA

Amelia Earhart. Recipient, Legion of Honor.

TEDDY

Charmed, I'm sure. Quite a catch, lad. You two make a rather handsome couple.

LARRY

I didn't catch her, okay? And we're not a couple.

TEDDY

And why not? Are you blind, man? I mean, look at her--

Teddy winks at her. She's enjoying this.

AMELIA

Yes, Mr. Daley look at me.

LARRY

I'm looking, but there's a lot of issues here, major ones, and I can't even believe I'm discussing this! I came here because I need your help.

TEDDY

I'm all ears. Well, I'm all head, but I'm listening.

LARRY

It's a long story but - this thing (shows him the Tablet) is some kinda ancient combination lock - and I need to figure out the code.

TEDDY

Not to worry, lad! *If it can be dreamed, it can be done.* (Larry's not that impressed.) What? Very inspirational advice, don't you think?

LARRY

Sure, but... Sorry. It's just that -- you've told me that one before.

TEDDY

Did I?
(Teddy is crestfallen.)
What about "Some men are born great --"

LARRY

"Others have greatness thrust upon them," right. We got one of you in New York too.

TEDDY

Wow. All my biggies. (hurt:) So you're quite close, you and this other me.

LARRY

Kind of, yes.

TEDDY

(jealous:)
So... what's he like? A lot like me, I suppose?

LARRY

Yeah, except with... you know.

TEDDY

(a little choked up:)
Say it. Except with a *body!*

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Look, I'm sorry... I just...

TEDDY

(collects himself:)

I understand. You met him first. Let me take a look at this lock of yours.

Larry shows it to him. Teddy reads it -- and laughs!

LARRY

You figured out the combination!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Of course not! You need someone who reads Egyptian! You need Thomas Jefferson. Man's a genius, speaks 8 languages!

LARRY

But I don't have much time.

TEDDY

Won't take much time. He's just through there.

Teddy points with his eyes at the doors behind him.

LARRY

Thanks.

(starts to go, pauses)

Hey, Teddy, one more thing. Before I came here, the New York Teddy was about to tell me something. It seemed pretty important. He said that the secret to happiness, to true happiness is... blank. Any idea what he was going to say?

TEDDY

The secret to happiness? Oh, I'll tell you the secret to happiness:

(screams)

HAVING A BODY! BEING MORE THAN A FREAKIN' HEAD! THAT'S THE SECRET TO HAPPINESS!

Larry's already leading Amelia through the doors, Teddy's screaming echoing behind him...

Larry and Amelia enter a large gallery, lined with PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS. All of the Presidents. They're alive, and they're all bickering: *whose frame is nicer, who has a better view, anything and everything.*

(CONTINUED)

It's as noisy as an exotic bird store. The portraits loop around the room chronologically. On Larry's left are Washington, Adams, Jefferson, etc., and on his right are Reagan, Bush, Clinton, G.W. Bush, etc. Larry tries to get their attention.

LARRY

Excuse me! Guys, please!

The Presidents ignore him, bickering. Larry flips the lights on and off, like an annoyed school teacher. This settles them down. They all look over at him: it's a little intimidating.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Um... hi. Sorry to bother you, but I need Mr. Jefferson's advice.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

(from his portrait)

It's more appropriate to say "Mr. President." One of the great things about the gig, you keep the title for life.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

Thanks Bubba.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

No prob' T.J.

They give each other a cool "I got yer back" wink.

PRESIDENT REAGAN

Why, we even still call Taft "Mr. President."

Everyone laughs. Cut to PRESIDENT TAFT, who is quite fat.

PRESIDENT TAFT

You're lucky I'm a gentleman or I'd climb out of this frame and give you the thrashing of your life, Dutch.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

He's lucky you can't fit out of that frame, is what you mean.

The Presidents laugh harder, Taft tries to get at Jefferson -- but he can't fit out of the frame.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

(having trouble talking
through his teeth:)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

He's just sensitive 'cause he was buried
in a piano case.

PRESIDENT TAFT

THAT'S NOT TRUE! I was buried in a very
large coffin, not a piano case, cedar-
tooth!

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

My teeth aren't wood either, Taft!
They're hippopotamus ivory.

Everyone cracks up. Bush chimes in:

PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH

How come you need Jefferson anyway, kid --
What are you and Old Hickory up to?

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

Stop calling me "Old Hickory." That's
Andrew Jackson's nickname, not mine.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Why not ask me, son? Grover Cleveland.
Only man in this room elected to...

Every President chimes in: they've heard it a million times.

EVERY PRESIDENT

... TWO NON-CONSECUTIVE TERMS.

PRESIDENT GRANT leans forward and almost falls out of his
portrait -- he's a little drunk. Takes a nip from A FLASK
he's been holding JUST BELOW THE FRAME OF HIS PAINTING

PRESIDENT GRANT

Give it a rest <hic> Cleveland. Why don't
you go for a long walk -- around TAFT!

Everyone cracks up. The bickering resumes...

LARRY

Guys. GUYS... Please! KNOCK IT OFF.

(They quiet down.)

Now, if you'll excuse me. Mr. President
Jefferson, I hear you read hieroglyphics.

JEFFERSON

I have studied many things, sir. There is
not a sprig of grass that shoots
uninteresting to me.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Can you tell me what this says?

The Presidents all stop -- they take this seriously.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

I shall do my best.

Larry hands him the Tablet: Jefferson studies it. Finally:

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

It translates roughly: *To open this lock, one must first find the key to the house of the dead.*

LARRY

House of the dead? What is that?

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

It's a riddle, fancy-pants.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

Well obviously, it's a riddle.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

If it's so obvious, why did I say it before you did?!

President Jefferson looks at tablet.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

Well, we know it's Egyptian. And as I recall, in Egypt, they have a rather unique name for their houses of the dead.

(then)

They're called Pyramids.

AMELIA

So what is the key to the pyramids?

PRESIDENT G.W. BUSH

Heck, I didn't even know those things were locked.

LARRY

I don't think they mean that kind of key. I think they're talking about a secret. But what is it?

The Presidents start bickering. They all throw in guesses: everything from "sand" to "slaves" and "long rope ladders."

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

I don't think anyone without a monument
should get to guess.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

What about Taft - he IS a monument.

The Presidents burst out laughing, then start arguing again.

PRESIDENT G.W. BUSH

This is a toughy. What you need is some
kinda -- robot, with a super Terminator
brain.

Amelia leans over, peers at his portrait, baffled...

AMELIA

Excuse me. You were President?
(Bush nods vigorously)
Of the United States?

PRESIDENT G.W. BUSH

(nodding)
I know! It's awesome!

All the other portraits just look at him as in "How did that
guy ever get in here?" Larry takes Amelia, heads out through
the chaos. Grant pulls him aside - the booze on his BREATH
makes Larry flinch.

PRESIDENT GRANT

You want <hic> thinking done, yer in the
wrong room. We're presidents -- talking
we're good at. Thinking... (he makes a
"so-so" gesture) You should go to the
room where they keep a thinker.

LARRY

The Thinker. Thanks Mr. President-- g.

AMELIA

(to FDR)
Franklin, give my best to Eleanor.

They continue arguing, Grant is singing LIL' BROWN JUG. Larry
pulls Amelia and they head off.

LARRY

You knew Mrs. Roosevelt?

AMELIA

Took her on a night flight over the White
House once. Good woman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (5)

57

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Dare say she would've made a finer
president than her husband if you ask me.

68

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

68

Octavius crouches in the park across Pennsylvania Ave --

OCTAVIUS

I promised to bring help, and help I will
bring.

He is "scoping out" the White House. The gate is guarded by
SECRET SERVICE MEN. More SECRET SERVICE MEN patrol the lawn.

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)

Four men at the gate. Two on the roof.
Fools. What idiot built this place
without a moat? Well. There's only one
way I'll get through -- a direct assault!
(He draws his sword)
You, who are about to die -- I salute
you! To victory - AND GLORY!

He runs heroically across the sidewalk, sword raised. He runs
UNDER the fence. He runs towards the House and across the
lawn, screaming his battle cry... It takes a long time.

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)

Chaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarge!

A wide shot of the White House lawn: you can't even see or
hear tiny Octavius. The Secret Service patrol, unaware. He
has to stop in the middle of the lawn, winded. He catches his
breath, then raises his sword, screams and keeps running.

69

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

69

EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS enter with a HUGE rolled up canvas. They
drop it, and unroll it. A CLOUD OF DUST fills the air as the
1600's SPANISH MAP OF THE WORLD unrolls, covering the entire
floor. The Rogues gather around, greedily.

Kahmunrah gets up and regally addresses the Rogues: Napoleon,
Ivan the Terrible, Al Capone --

KAHMUNRAH

Gentlemen. I have thought long and hard
to determine how I should split up my new
realm amongst you, the future leaders of
the world. And in my wisdom, I have come
up with a solution. Ready --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

69

The Rogues all nod. Kahmunrah opens an old timey PHONOGRAPH PLAYER. He cranks it, and it plays *POP GOES THE WEASEL*.

As it plays, the Rogues walk around on the map, in a circle - They keep walking until -- Kahmunrah STOPS the music: the Rogues all scramble to stand on a region of the map: they were playing musical chairs. Capone is on CHICAGO:

AL CAPONE

All I want's Chicago. And, by extension - North and South America. Any a you bums got a problem with that?

Napoleon and Ivan are BOTH on Europe, SHOUTING at each other. They have a shoving match, shoving each other off - then they knock off each other's hats.

KAHMUNRAH

Boys, boys, boys ---

NAPOLEON

(finishing the argument)
My hat is not silly. Your hat is silly.

KAHMUNRAH

Boys. You can't both have Europe. Napoleon, you take Western Europe and Russia, Mr. Terrible can have Eastern Europe and Great Britain. Whadda you say?

Both men are pouting, not wanting to take the deal.

NAPOLEON

Well... Who gets Italy?

Beat. Then Ivan and Napoleon play "rock, paper, scissors" for Italy. Ivan wins.

KAHMUNRAH

And I shall take the most fertile, beautiful, peaceful region on Earth - the garden of Eden, paradise itself: I claim - The Middle East. Any objections?

The Others look at each other - then they all nod.

AL CAPONE/NAPOLEON/IVAN

Help yourself/knock yourself out/it's all good/etc.

In his HOURGLASS: sand is up to the top.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Mr. Daley? I can see that you're on the scent of something--

LARRY

Einstein. He's here. I saw him. A bunch of 'em...

AMELIA

Where?

LARRY

(remembers, points)
...there.

We now RACK FOCUS TO A GALLERY WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE MALL. Across the mall sits the Air and Space Museum.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We're goin' to Air & Space.

She smiles at Larry, moves closer...

AMELIA

And so, the adventure continues.

He looks at her, keeps looking at her. She looks back at him

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Something wrong, Mr. Daley?

LARRY

No, I just--

AMELIA

Because I quite like the way you're looking at me.

LARRY

(looking at her)
I'm not looking at you.

AMELIA

What's the matter, things getting too dangerous for you, Mr. Daley?

(moving closer)

Because as I've already made clear, I'm not one to shy away from danger...

She leans in, gives him a brief, soft kiss, his eyes wide open the whole time.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Okay, that was like a thousand kinds of weird...

AMELIA

I don't know why I did that, Mr. Daley. I just feel as if I've been asleep for a long time, and now I'm suddenly... awake.

LARRY

Actually, I can explain that--

We hear HANDS SLOWLY CLAPPING. They turn to see that they are not alone: Ivan the Terrible's Men surround them, their long rifles aimed their way.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Do'bree vye'cher. Or as you say: Good evening. You will come along quietly, Da? Or do you want to finish your little make-out party?

LARRY

We weren't... look, it wasn't a make-out party, Mister... wait-- who are you?

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

I am Ivan Grozny. Tsar of Russia.

LARRY

(still unclear)
Uh, okay...

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Ivan the Awesome?

LARRY

"Ivan the Awesome?" I'm sorry, I'm not familiar with your work.

AMELIA

(to Larry)
Ivan the Terrible.

LARRY

Ohhhhh....

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

(impatient)
That is an inaccurate translation. But people like a scary sounding name, so here we are.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

You were a murderous tyrant. You deserved that name.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Tomayto tomahto. And who are you, my pretty?

AMELIA

Amelia Earhart. And I'll make you a deal. If your famous *Streltsi* can beat me in a foot race to the end of that corridor, we will not only surrender quietly, but we will pledge our eternal allegiance to you above all others.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

I like the sound of that. And if you win?

AMELIA

You've already caught us, so you win either way.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

(thinking)

Hmm. I do so enjoy watching my captives suffer for my own entertainment. Agreed!

(shouts)

My *Streltsi*! Prepare to run like the Siberian Wind!

The soldiers all line up like sprinters, Amelia with them.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

On your mark! Get set! Go!

The Russian Soldiers take off like a shot down the corridor. Amelia immediately grabs Larry by the hand bolts with him in the opposite direction into a stairwell. Ivan stands there.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE (CONT'D)

(finally, quietly)

Dammit.

Octavius gasps for breath as he continues trudging across the lawn towards the White House. Suddenly we hear A TWIG SNAP and he freezes, on full alert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Octavius whirls around, something is stalking him, something unseen.

OCTAVIUS
WHO'S THERE?

A SHADOW FALLS OVER HIM. He looks up -- and freezes in terror...

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)
(whispers to himself)
Jupiter protect me.

OCTAVIUS'S POV: a GIANT SQUIRREL stares at him, like something out of King Kong. The Squirrel lets out a giant ROAR: (to Octavius' tiny ears)... It's terrifying.

Octavius holds still, as the Squirrel sniffs his face, like the T-rex in *Jurassic Park*.

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)
(whispers to himself)
Remain very still...

It bites Octavius' helmet, the Squirrel picking him up off the ground. He fights to hold onto it, but the Squirrel is too strong. The Squirrel tries to "crack" the helmet like a nut. Octavius slowly raises his sword, starts speaking in a calm voice.

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)
Hear me, oh Mighty Beast, I defeated two hundred armored elephants at Malventum. I suffered ten thousand arrows at Arausio... and so, on this night, as Mars is my witness, you will not have my hat!

Octavius jabs his sword at the Squirrel, which causes the giant animal to drop him. As Octavius squares off for battle, the Squirrel easily swats the sword out of his hand, and then back hands the little Roman off his feet.

The Squirrel then grabs his foot, and drags him into some bushes. Octavius disappears into the bushes -- he is gone...

OCTAVIUS (CONT'D)
NOOOOOO!!!

72 INT. BASEMENT - ARCHIVES - SHIPPING CRATE - CONTINUOUS

72

The captured exhibits all gathered around a caveman etching of a "tactical" drawing scratched into the side of the crate.

(CONTINUED)

Ahkmenrah, his clothes torn from being roughed up, stands beside it, gesturing to it, outlining the plan...

AHKMENRAH

...using an elaborate system of ropes and pulleys, similar to what our Roman friends used to build the aqueducts, we'll employ tiny TNT charges provided by our railroad laborers, hopefully enough to blow one hinge off the bottom of the crate door. Then, once the crate is thus structurally compromised, our Neanderthal, Civil War and Hun friends will fling their bodies against the door, causing it to swing violently open and crush the guards on the other side. Any questions?

Everyone just stares back at him.

AHKMENRAH (CONT'D)

Good. We've got work to do...

INT. MAZE OF CRATES - MOMENTS LATER

Elsewhere in the maze. Larry hurries along with Amelia.

AMELIA

Tell me, Mr. Daley, do you have a lady friend?

LARRY

What?

AMELIA

I mean, you're not horrible to look at. A certain kind of woman might even find you attractive. So what's your story?

LARRY

Uh, my story is, I don't have a story. I mean, I used to have a story, but we worked together at the museum, and then I got kinda busy, and the story... ended.

AMELIA

"Busy?" Busy is not a reason, Mr. Daley. Busy in an excuse.

LARRY

Well, whatever it was, she left.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Perhaps you gave her no reason to stay.

LARRY

(reaching for a door)

Yeah, okay, thanks for the life coaching.
Can we just find Einstein now?

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - THE CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

An EMERGENCY EXIT on the side of The Castle opens. Larry and Amelia burst out. We WIDEN TO REVEAL:

The vast National Mall sits quiet between the looming white grandeur of the Capitol Dome and the Washington Monument.

Larry and Amelia turn to head across the Mall to the Air and Space Museum when: They hear A THUNDEROUS POUNDING OF BOOTS. Larry looks off, sees a huge COLUMN OF MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN SOLDIERS now crossing the mall, cutting off their path to the Air & Space Museum.

LARRY

We're gonna have to lay low for a little while.

AMELIA

Where? They're going to search this whole square.

LARRY

Follow me...

EXT. THE NATIONAL MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Larry sneaks Amelia across the Mall, through the shadows.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - MOMENTS LATER

The massive, open-air building is deserted. Light shines up onto the marble columns, and on the silent face of ABRAHAM LINCOLN: 19 feet high -- made of solid marble. The place is empty. Larry sneaks in with Amelia. They slide down behind a column, sitting beside each other, catching their breath.

AMELIA

So. Now what?

LARRY

When the coast is clear, we head over to Air and Space. I get the code, I give it to Kahmunrah, he lets my friends go.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

And then what? He opens that big door and releases his army of the undead?

LARRY

I don't know, I haven't gotten that far.

They sit there a moment. She looks at him.

AMELIA

So what exactly were you "busy" doing?

LARRY

What?

AMELIA

When your lady friend left you?

LARRY

Are we still on that?

AMELIA

Just trying to pass the time, Mr. Daley.

He looks at her for a beat, then...

LARRY

Okay. Fine. If you must know, I've got my own business.

AMELIA

Really. Doing what?

LARRY

I invented some stuff.

AMELIA

Oh. You're an entrepreneur then?

LARRY

Yeah, I guess so.

AMELIA

(pleased)
How exciting.

LARRY

Yeah...

AMELIA

Yet you don't seem excited.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

No, I am, it's great. I'm doing really well.

She just keeps looking at him

LARRY (CONT'D)

What?

AMELIA

I'm just confused, is all. If you're not excited by it, then why do you do it?

LARRY

I just said I'm excited. Look, I couldn't really be a Night Guard at a museum for the rest of my life.

AMELIA

Why, was it a bad job?

LARRY

No, it was an awesome job, I loved it, but that's not the point. I had to do something more with my life.

AMELIA

Something *more*?

LARRY

Yeah, I mean, why did you become a pilot?

AMELIA

Honestly, Mr. Daley?

(then)

For the fun of it.

(then)

Why else would anyone do anything?

LARRY

It's a little more complicated than that.

AMELIA

Is it? Let me tell you something, Mr. Daley, you think I didn't know what they said about me behind my back? That I was a second rate pilot. That I was married to a publishing magnate who gave me free publicity. That I was a loudmouthed female who was better off at home. I heard every word, but I didn't care a whit. You know why? Because, Mr. Daley, I was doing what I loved.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

And I'll tell you something else: I would gladly trade every minute that I've spent on the ground, for just one more minute up there.

He's looking at her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Alright. You're looking at me that way again.

LARRY

No, actually, I'm looking at--
(points over her shoulder)
--him.

She turns, looks up now as well...

AMELIA

Great Gatsby...

And now we see him: ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 19 feet high, staring straight down at them. He stretches awake - popping his neck, like he's been sitting too long. He looks at the Tablet.

LARRY

Oh *COME ON*.

(he yells at the Tablet!)

This shouldn't count. You bring things to life *INSIDE*. We're not inside anything. There's only three walls, that does not make an inside. *That shouldn't count.*

Lincoln looks around -- slowly. He clears his throat, and says, in a voice like GOD:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Now. Where the devil did I put my hat?

Like a giant in a Ray Harryhausen/*Sinbad* movie -- Lincoln *STARTS TO STAND*. Dust falls off him, the floor beneath him creaks. Larry rushes forward, waving his arms.

LARRY

Oh my God. Nonono. Please Mr. President!
Don't get up on my account. Sit. Sit!

Lincoln steps forward, like Godzilla -- leaning out between the columns, to look around.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You can't go out there! Stay! *STAY!* It's very dangerous for you!

(CONTINUED)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Though it would be safer for a president
to live in a cage, it would interfere
with his business.*

LARRY

Loving the quote, but I really can't let
you leave here--

Larry runs in front of Lincoln, trying to block his way.
Lincoln looks down at him, he looks mad -- it's intimidating.

LARRY (CONT'D)

...What am I doing?

Lincoln reaches down -- and picks Larry up by the back of his
collar (the way Larry picks up Jed.)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Jed's right. This doesn't feel very good.
(to Lincoln, desperate)
Please Mr. President. You have to listen.
You're a monument. One of our nation's
treasures. You were the greatest
president who ever lived -- but you have
to stay in your monument... You gotta
trust me on this. If you go out there --
people are gonna totally freak out.

Lincoln thinks...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Greatest president ever, you say? (Larry
nods emphatically) Who came after me?

LARRY

Um... Ulysses S. Grant I think.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

... That lush? He could barely find his
way to the liquor cabinet. What's his
monument like?

LARRY

He doesn't have one. He has a tomb, near
the Bronx. Nobody ever goes.

Lincoln smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

77

SAME, LATER:

77

Lincoln is sitting in his chair, legs crossed. Larry is on one arm of the chair, Amelia on the other. A few pigeons mill about on Lincoln's shoulders. Larry has been talking for a while. Lincoln thinks. He picks up the Tablet.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

So Mr. Daley. What you're telling me is-- they made a monument of me, but they forgot my hat? I loved that hat.

LARRY

Yeah, no, I mean... Me too. Very good look for you.

Lincoln thinks. He reaches up --- and THAPS a pigeon off his shoulder with his finger. The pigeon is GONE, in a puff of feathers. Larry and Amelia are a little disturbed by this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Larry, I'll stay here as you ask. But let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

LARRY

Okay, I'm pretty sure that when you say "we" you mean "me," but that's the thing, I don't have a plan, I don't understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

So what? In my darkest hours I frequently took comfort in knowing that sooner or later, the right answer always presents itself.

AMELIA

And that worked for you?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Look how big a monument I got.

Lincoln sets Larry and Amelia down. He smiles down at them.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Remember kids: a house divided against itself - cannot stand.

Larry looks at him - hmmm.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED :

77

LARRY

Okay. Not really sure how that advice really applies right now, but thanks.

AMELIA

He's saying we should stick together.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

You do make a cute couple.

LARRY

We're not a--
(then)
Never mind.

Amelia smiles at him. They start walking away. Lincoln leans forward in his chair, calls after him...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Compassion, Larry. Above all things --
compassion, for all of God's creatures...

More PIGEONS land on him. He swats at them, like mosquitos.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Except for these damn pigeons. They
should really all just die.

They leave him, swinging and cursing at the pigeons.

78

EXT. THE NATIONAL MALL - MOMENTS LATER

78

The Mall is quiet - empty, just the giant white monuments, the CAPITOL building looming in the background. In the b.g, Russian soldiers are searching for them. Larry and Amelia sneak across, and around to...

79

EXT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - SIDE EXIT - CONTINUOUS

79

Larry takes his Schlage card, unlocks the door, and opens it a crack. He takes a look at Amelia, takes a look at the Tablet.

LARRY

Okay. This is gonna get pretty weird.
Let's just find Einstein, ask him the
pyramid question, and leave.

He opens the door - and takes a deep breath.

80

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

80

They walk in. Larry looks around: They're in the huge, THREE STORY LOBBY, with an iron staircase that goes to the top. Full-sized airplanes from every era cover the floor. Hanging above on wires: The Gossamer Condor, The Spirit of St. Louis...

Everything starts coming to life: One by one, the wax PILOTS inside each plane spring to life, and begin flipping switches excitedly. Engines are revving up, propellers spin, exhaust is starting to stream out of the space capsules...

PUSHING IN ON AMELIA as she stands there taking it all in, euphoric. She's home.

In the "MOON-LANDING" DIORAMA: The full-sized NEIL ARMSTRONG steps down from the APOLLO CAPSULE - he's almost weightless:

NEIL ARMSTRONG

That's... one small step for mannequins --

ON THE TOP FLOOR balcony Larry can see: THE WRIGHT BROTHERS checking the engine of their bi-wing Plane. CHARLES LINDBERGH hustles by, tying his long aviator scarf.

CHARLES LINDBERGH

Perfect night for flying.

(to Amelia)

Race you to the sky, A.E.

AMELIA

You're on, Lindy.

Larry looks around -- as the Pilots start their engines.

ORVILLE WRIGHT

Contact!

LARRY

Oh my God... No! No no no!... NO FLYING!

81

ELSEWHERE IN THE MUSEUM:

81

Amelia speaks to something O.S....

AMELIA

Ah -- *The Old Family Bus...*

REVEAL she is looking at: a candy apple red plane. It's beautiful. A Plaque next to it reads: AMELIA EARHART'S 1928 LOCKHEED VEGA. She runs her hand over the propeller, looks around for Larry.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

This gal took me across the Atlantic.
 (looking around)
 Mr. Daley? Mr. Daley?

Several quick shots: as jets, RUSSIAN ROCKETS, even an M2-F3 Space Shuttle prototype fires up its engines.

REVEAL: Larry stands on the information desk in the middle of the lobby: He waves them above his head: the crisscross "no-go" signal.

LARRY

(Sounding as official as he can)

We're a no-go on the launch, people! I repeat, that's a big... November Google. Tower control says we got zero visibility and a ceiling of... negative -- Eighty...two. Which means we're on a Highway to the Danger Zone. As of now, the tower's grounding all craft. Repeat: grounding all craft. We're in a holding pattern til we get a... A-okay 9er... from... Norad. Til then... let's stay frosty people. Stay frosty. Maverick out.

The Pilots shut off their engines. Larry breathes a sigh of relief. He heads straight for THE GIFT SHOP, but the little Einstein Paperweights are gone. He looks around --

LARRY (CONT'D)

Alright, Einsteins, where are you?
 (turns, stops in his tracks)
 Whoa...

Standing on the floor in front of him is ABLE, a small Monkey in a space suit. He's adorable -- and looks a little bit like Dexter.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, little fella.

Able points to his name patch: ABLE, first Monkey in Space. He salutes.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, okay--
 (returns the gesture)
 At ease.

(CONTINUED)

Able reaches out to shake Larry's hand. Cautiously, Larry reaches out to shake hands.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Wow, you're a polite little guy, aren't you? I got a buddy from New York you could teach some manners to.

Able smiles -- then swings himself up onto Larry's back...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, want a ride?

Suddenly, we hear ZIIIIIPPPP and before Larry knows what's happening, Able GRABS the Tablet from his backpack and runs away, laughing.

LARRY (CONT'D)

NO! Bad space monkey, no! Give it back.

Larry runs after him. Able runs towards... The life-sized diorama of the moon's surface, with the Apollo 11 capsule, the Moon Rover, and an overhead display of the heavens, complete with PLANET EARTH, spinning above.

Able jumps over the low Plexiglass divider and into the exhibit. Larry jumps after him...

... But he doesn't land. He hovers off the ground.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Oh, come on...

A WIDE SHOT reveals, they're floating in zero gravity, above the "moon surface." Able spins in SLOW MOTION -- then makes a slow-mo raspberry at Larry. The lack of gravity is very hard to adjust to. Larry spins out of control -- very slowly.

LARRY

Hello? Amelia? Anybody?

Able pushes off the "moon surface" and floats up away from Larry. Larry tries to "swim" after him. It doesn't work, he just swims in place.

Larry pushes off and soars upwards. Able holds out the Tablet, teasing Larry. Larry grabs for it. At the last second Able pulls it away, like a bullfighter teasing a bull.

(CONTINUED)

Larry sails upwards, Able delivers a spinning soccer bicycle kick to Larry's butt as he sails by, sending him flying (slowly) up into "outer space." He screams, in slow motion:

LARRY (CONT'D)

Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

He looks like he'll go on floating forever when: BUMP, he slams his head on the ceiling, painted to look like stars..

Larry floats, upside down, frustrated... he realizes -- he's getting PEED ON: Able is peeing up at him in weird floating BUBBLES. Larry speaks, he sounds like he's underwater:

LARRY (CONT'D)

What is it with you guys, and the peeing?
THAT'S NOT HOW WE SETTLE OUR PROBLEMS.

Larry pushes towards Able. As he's about to grab him, Able crouches -- and makes a small fart. It works like a booster rocket, shooting him up.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, nice-- I take back what I said about your manners!

Able holds onto cardboard Earth, hiding, clutching the Tablet - Larry can't reach him. He thinks. He pulls himself out of the diorama.

83

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

83

Larry looks around the store. Behind him, several ASTRONAUTS are shopping for T-shirts. Larry finds something - a ha!

84

INT. MOON LANDING DIORAMA - MOMENTS LATER

84

Larry's at the Plexiglass divider. He waves something at Able.

LARRY

Here, Space Monkey... Here, Space Monkey.

Able peers out, from behind the Earth. Larry sees him, and pulls out, from behind his back -- ASTRONAUT ICE CREAM. Able, still clutching the Tablet, is eyeing the ice cream, hungry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

This? You want -- this?

Able is transfixed. Larry pretends to eat the ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

Mmmm. Neapolitan... Good.

He bites it -- it's kinda gross. Able tries to bite the Tablet. No good. Able floats over, out of the diorama.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Trade you. Trade you.

He offers Able the ice cream. Reluctantly -- Able trades, the Tablet for the ice cream. Larry holds his hand out...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Friends?

Able shakes Larry's hand.

85

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - MOMENTS LATER

85

Jed is still in the HOURGLASS. Kahmunrah's face in f.g. watching the sand fall.

KAMHMUNRAH

Bye bye itty bitty cowboy...

JEDEDIAH

Just keep talking Common Rot. You and me are gonna tussle real soon...

KAMHMUNRAH

Ooooooh. I'm petrified.

Capone approaches, and refers to people off screen:

AL CAPONE

These two heard we're taking over the world and they "want in." I don't know who they are, I guess they're on display here too.

KAHMUNRAH

(looks off-screen:)

I don't even know what they are. Tell them no. My axis of evil is full up, thanks anyway.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals: DARTH VADER and OSCAR THE GROUCH, waiting expectantly. Kahmunrah waves them off.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

So sorry! All full.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSCAR THE GROUCH

I'm also good with letters and numbers,
if you need somebody in that department.

KAHMUNRAH

I don't need you. You don't even seem
that evil. Just vaguely... grouchy.

Oscar storms off, grumbling grouchily. Darth Vader tries to
use the force to "choke" Kahmunrah, but nothing happens.

KAMHMUNRAH

What are you doing?

Confused. Kahmunrah makes the Darth Vader "choking" gesture
back at Vader who turns and sulks off, the Pharaoh calling
after him...

KAHMUNRAH

Oooh, scary hand gesture. What does that
even mean?

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Larry searches the ground floor. Amelia calls to him:

AMELIA

Mr. Daley!

He turns and sees Amelia standing at the "Information" desk
where a dozen EINSTEIN PAPERWEIGHTS, each of them lying on
the counter, on their stomachs -- like children -- madly
scribble equations on scraps of paper.

LARRY

Mr. Einstein...s?

And they all look up at Larry as one.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Look, I hate to bother your... equating,
but I need to know the secret of the
pyramids. It has something to do with a
combination? Maybe?

They all start laughing, trying to talk at the same time.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Whoa-- hang on. I can only listen to one
Einstein at a time.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERT EINSTEIN

You're kidding, right? It's not really that easy is it?!

LARRY

Am I missing something?

ALBERT EINSTEIN

The secret of the pyramids!?! Come on kiddo, you took math right?

LARRY

Some. I got a C minus in algebra.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Well, I flunked math and I still know this one. The secret of the pyramids.

He says it like the answer is the most obvious thing in the world. Behind him, the other Einsteins all mime eating something, rubbing their stomachs.

OTHER EINSTEINS

Mmmm. This is so delicious. Mmm... maybe I'll have mine *a la mode*.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

A la mode, Mr. Daley. Think about it...

LARRY

What? The answer's ice cream?

AMELIA

It's pi...

LARRY

Okay, how is a piece of pie the secret of the pyramids? What, because they're both, like, triangles or something?

She looks at the Einsteins and they all laugh with her now.

AMELIA

Pi, Mr. Daley. P-I. Not P-I-E. That's the secret of the pyramids...

ALBERT EINSTEIN

This young lady is much too smart for you.

LARRY

Yeah, okay, can you just explain...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Einstein draws on a piece of paper, explaining:

ALBERT EINSTEIN
Pi is the ratio of a circle's
circumference to its diameter. To be
exact: 3.14159265 -- The Egyptians knew
all about Pi:

Einstein draws a Pyramid and shows how PI fits into it.

ALBERT EINSTEIN (CONT'D)
If the circumference of a pyramid is
divided by twice its height: you get pi.
The internal chamber, in cubits, always
measures: Pi. They were bananas for Pi.
That's your combination kid -- Pi.
3.14159265.

LARRY
That's so simple...

Larry looks on the back of the tablet. On the back side are
EGYPTIAN NUMBERS (just simple lines, representing numbers):

LARRY (CONT'D)
Wow. Thanks. 3.14... 2... (he forgets the
rest.) You don't have some kinda trick to
help remember it, do you?

ALBERT EINSTEIN
I sure do...

Einstein writes it on Larry's hand.

LARRY
That'll work.

Larry takes a breath, relieved. He and Amelia start walking
away...

AMELIA
Well. Now what?

LARRY
There's too many guards over there in the
other building. We need to draw 'em away,
we need bait.
(looks at her)
Something enticing.

AMELIA
You're getting a look in your eye.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(stops walking)

Okay, will you stop with the whole look thing?!. We kissed, okay, one time. And yeah, it was a really nice kiss, but just so you know: I'm completely freaked out about it, because-- yes, I like you. You got into my head, Okay? What do you want me to say? I think you're one of the coolest women I've ever met? Yes. You are. Alright? You want me to say that I think you're really really good looking? Okay, yeah, that too. But where does that leave us? Because in case you haven't noticed, it's not like we're exactly long-term compatible. So I'm like really freakin' out over here, okay?

AMELIA

(beat)

Uh, that's all very nice of you to say, Mr. Daley. But I meant another kind of look in your eye. Like you had an idea perhaps?

Larry looks back at her a moment, wanting to now shrivel up and die.

LARRY

Oh. Okay. So forget all that other stuff. And yeah, I have an idea.

(quickly turning away)

C'mon.

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

Jed struggles against the rising sand, Kahmunrah watches, pleased. We hear O.S...

MICHAEL CORLEONE (O.S.)

I know it was you, Fredo...

Kahmunrah looks to where Capone watches "The Godfather" on an old betamax machine sitting amongst the pile of loot. Napoleon and Ivan, both riveted, eat popcorn on either side of him.

MICHAEL CORLEONE (CONT'D)

You broke my heart.

Capone watches as Michael Corleone kisses his brother, Fredo, on the lips...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL CORLEONE (CONT'D)

You broke my heart.

AL CAPONE

(stands up, screams at the
TV)

What?! What's with the kissing?! If you
know it was him who betrayed you, you
kill him! You don't kiss him!

NAPOLEON

Pardon, I believe it is known as ze *kiss*
of death.

AL CAPONE

Yeah, well, everybody knows you Frenchies
like to kiss each other.

(kicks over the TV)

All these copycat tough guys make me
sick.

Suddenly - a booming voice rings out.

BOOMING VOICE

Kahmunrah. Kahmunraaaaah. Stand, and obey.
Face the east, to honor your God Anubis.

Kahmunrah stands up straight, confused.

BOOMING VOICE (CONT'D)

Present your right hand, in praise.

Confused, he sticks his hand out in front of him.

BOOMING VOICE (CONT'D)

Now - stretch your hand West, to honor
Rah, God of the sunset.

(Kahmunrah sticks his hand
out behind him.)

Then again east, and shake it all about.

KAHMUNRAH

If you're a God, why aren't you speaking
Egyptian?

LARRY (O.S.)

(still in his "God" voice)

Who said I was a God? It's me, Larry. You
just did the Hokey Pokey.

Kahmunrah explodes, furious. He yells at the ceiling, not
sure where the voice is coming from.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED: (2)

87

KAHMUNRAH

I have your friends. I WILL FIND YOU!!!

88

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

88

Larry listens to Kahmunrah rant over the museum's intercom system at the Information Desk.

LARRY

I know. Look out the window.

89

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

89

Kahmunrah stops. He goes to the second floor window and looks out. He yanks an antique TELESCOPE from Napoleon's belt--

NAPOLEON

Oh, yes, steal the "little person's" telescope...

CAPONE

Quit your whining, Frog.

NAPOLEON

Why don't you make me, scarface.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Good one, shorty pants!

KAMHMUNRAH

SILENCE!

Kahmunrah raises the telescope, across the lawn, he sees:

90

EXT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

90

Amelia is in the window, holding up the Tablet. She taunts Kahmunrah with the Tablet, kissing it.

91

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

91

LARRY (O.S.)

I have your Tablet. And now I have the code. Come and get it.

KAHMUNRAH

(to his thugs)

GO! Get that Tablet!

Capone, Napoleon, Ivan and their men run out, tommy-guns and swords, etc. raised.

92

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

92

Capone rushes down, and barks at his Gang.

AL CAPONE

All right, you mugs --

(he cocks his gun)

Let's show this palooka how we do things
in Chi-town.

Capone's Gang grabs their tommy-guns and runs off, leaving the cargo crate unguarded. We HOLD ON THE CRATE. After a moment, we hear a faint PFFFT! from inside. And then...

A HEAVY THUDDING AGAINST THE DOOR. Then ANOTHER.

Dexter watches from the bird cage as the door is rammed repeatedly from the inside to no avail. Finally, in the bottom corner of the door, near the "blown" hinge, a tiny opening appears. We hear WHISPERING.

And then one by one a DOZEN MINIATURE RAILROAD WORKERS STREAM OUT.

93

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

93

Amelia looks over at Larry, from the window.

AMELIA

He's sending everyone over here...

LARRY

Good... now...

(looking around)

Able -- Space Monkey -- where are you?

AMELIA

(catching on)

So now that he's over there all alone we can go over there and have ourselves a fair fight. Very clever, Mr. Daley.

LARRY

Thank you. Able! Here, Monkey!

AMELIA

Except for one small detail.

He looks at her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

How do we get over there?

94

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

94

Capone's Gang charges through, cocking tommy-guns. Russian and French Soldiers fall in with them. They arrive at the elevator, all crowd in...

95

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

95

As the doors close, Capone's Gang and the Russian and French soldiers stand, crammed, patiently. MUSAK plays.

96

INT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

96

As Larry keeps searching for Able...

LARRY

I was thinking we'd drive over in the Moon Rover.

AMELIA

That's a terrible idea. Assuming it even starts, he'll see you coming a mile away. I've got a better idea.

LARRY

(heading towards it)
No, I think the Rover's pretty much the way to go.

AMELIA

(following him)
Mr. Daley, why are you avoiding the obvious?

LARRY

I don't know what you're talking about. Where is that monkey?

AMELIA

(behind him, stops walking)
Are you afraid to fly, Mr. Daley?

LARRY

No. I'm just afraid to fly... with you. Look, we have to get going--

AMELIA

Me? I'm one of the most famous pilots in the history of aviation.

LARRY

Yeah. Famous for getting lost.

(CONTINUED)

That knocks the wind out of her.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but it's true. Now we really
have to--

He turns to go, she follows after him.

AMELIA
Mr. Daley, I assure you that I have never
been lost a day in my life. I may not
have always been on course. I may not
have always wanted to be found. But I was
always where I belonged. In that cockpit,
with blue sky all around. Doing what I
loved. It seems to me, Mr. Daley, if
anyone here's gotten "lost," it's you.

He stops walking. We hear THE DING OF AN ARRIVING ELEVATOR
and they both look over as...

The Elevator opens... The Soldiers and Capone's Gang spill
out into the museum...

ON LARRY

As the Monkey jumps up onto his shoulder.

LARRY
There you are-- listen--
(whispers in his ear,
then)
Think you can do that?

The Monkey nods and Larry hands him the Schlage card.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Godspeed, Space Monkey.

The monkey squawks and takes off into the museum.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The bad guys spot Larry and Amelia across the hall. Capone's
gang starts firing their tommy-guns at them. Albert and the
PILOTS in the museum all duck for cover...

AMELIA
Come on!

Larry and Amelia race away from the oncoming soldiers, start
running up the escalator for the second floor...

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

The Bad Guys all take off after them. A moment later...

Able appears at the elevator. He runs Larry's Schlage card in its SECURITY TERMINAL. He pushes a few buttons: The Elevator's security screen reads: ELEVATOR LOCKED.

99

INT. TOP FLOOR - AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

99

Amelia and Larry run onto the top floor, Capone's Gang and the French and Russian Soldiers close behind. Amelia looks up at something.

AMELIA

It'll have to do.

Larry looks where she's looking: the 1903 Wright Flyer.

LARRY

No no no no no... that's like the first plane ever made!

AMELIA

(climbing over the railing)

A plane's a plane, Mr. Daley--

Amelia climbs aboard and starts the engine, the props start spinning...

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Well? Are you coming or not?

Larry looks across to where the bad guys now try to dismount the up escalator, not used to the moving steps, while others try going up the down escalator, piling into a heap at the top.

Larry makes a choice, climbs over the railing and carefully walks across the wing of the Wright flyer...

The plane is only meant for one person. Larry has to wriggle in next to Amelia. Both lying on their stomachs.

The plane's tiny engine revs, the propellers spin -- and the plane starts to pull against its cables.

The plane picks up speed, Larry hangs on to Amelia for dear life. The cables snap. They zoom down the hall, towards a giant window. The Wright Brothers dive out of the way.

WILBUR WRIGHT

A woman can't fly a plane!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMELIA

Think again, fellas!

They fly through the Museum -- and it's no easy feat: The plane dips and swerves to avoid hitting the planes and space capsules hanging in the air.

Larry opens his eyes to see - they are headed straight for the STEEL AND GLASS WALL of the museum. Larry calls down:

LARRY

Able! The doors!

Able looks up and salutes. He runs through the museum, and makes a flying long jumper leap at the wall -- he hits a BRIGHT RED BUTTON with his hand.

Slowly, a large cargo door (for loading planes into the museum) begins to slide open. But it's SLOW - and the hangar doors only open up the BOTTOM half of the wall.

Larry and Amelia are headed for the TOP half of the wall - the half that's not opening at all.

Able signals them, with orange tarmac torches - waving his arms, and pointing down - "you're too high!"

The 1903 Wright Flyer is headed towards the wall...

AMELIA

Looks like danger found you after all,
Mr. Daley. Fasten your seatbelt!

LARRY

There isn't one!

She DIVES - straight towards the floor - a nose-dive.

AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND, she pulls up - narrowly missing Able who holds two flares over his head in a Christ-like victory gesture. The plane makes it out the doors...

EXT. AIR AND SPACE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

No one is around to see the most incredible thing ever: the Wright Flyer soaring out of the Museum, across the National Mall, piloted by Amelia Earhart.

A moment later, Able CLOSES the doors. The Bad Guys run up, just as they close. They look down as the Monkey now RIPS THE RED BUTTON OUT OF THE WALL, flips them off and runs. They're trapped.

101

EXT. THE WRIGHT FLYER - IN THE SKY - NIGHT

101

The plane sails though the sky. Larry holds on, can't believe he's flying. It's actually kind of... peaceful.

LARRY

Hey, Amelia? I don't know much about airplanes or flying, but that maneuver you pulled back there? Well, it was just about the coolest thing I've ever seen anyone do.

AMELIA

(smiles to herself)

Hush, Mr. Daley. Just enjoy the view.

The plane soars over the capital...

102

INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE COMMONS - CONTINUOUS

102

Kahmunrah paces, impatiently. Jed taunts, from his HOURGLASS:

JEDEDIAH

You look nervous Common-law. Givin' up yet?

Kahmunrah turns to him, with an evil glare. Uh oh.

Kahmunrah's evil face is as large as a billboard, and he holds up the HOURGLASS, leering at Jed. He tilts the hourglass upright: Jed is being drowned by sand. Kahmunrah laughs, as he pounds on the bottom of the hourglass, like a ketchup bottle, to make the sand come down faster.

KAHMUNRAH

Let's see if we can't make time fly--

When -- the giant stained-glass window above him CRASHES in. Kahmunrah dives for safety, the Wright Flyer flies inches over his head. He lies terrified, covered with glass.

The plane lands, and keeps sliding, through the gallery...

AMELIA

Those dim-witted Wright brothers -- where are the brakes!?!

As it bumps and slides across the floor, Larry falls off, and rolls to a stop. The Wright Flyer keeps going. It smashes THROUGH the doors at the other end of the Commons. It slides out of sight, with a tremendous crash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Amelia!

He starts to run after her --

KAHMUNRAH

STOP where you are!

Kahmunrah LIFTS THE HOURGLASS above his head, ready to smash Jed on the floor -- Larry freezes.

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Enough chitchat. The tablet and the code -
- or the little cowboy is history. Though
I suppose technically he's already
history, or he wouldn't be in a museum.

JEDEDIAH

Cow poke. I am an experienced cow poke. I
haven't been a cow "boy" in years. Can't
you see how that infantilizes me!

LARRY

Give me Jed.

KAHMUNRAH

Right after you give me the tablet and
the code.

JEDEDIAH

Don't give it to him, Larry! I ain't
worth it!

Larry hesitates, but knows he has no choice. Jed's life depends on it. Kahmunrah and Larry step forward -- they hold out the Tablet, and the Hourglass. They both try to fake each other out once. Then again. Then they make the exchange.

Kahmunrah steps up to the Gate. He fits the Tablet into the slot in the wall. It fits perfectly.

KAHMUNRAH

See Larry, they didn't call me Kahmunrah
the Trustworthy for nothing.

LARRY

They didn't. They called you Kahmunrah
'Who Drinks the Blood of his Foes and
Friends Alike.'

KAHMUNRAH

True. It looked better on my stationary.
Now the combination. If you will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Larry looks at Jed. Jed shakes his head. Larry faces an impossible choice. But then--

AL CAPONE (O.S.)

It's Pi.

They turn. Capone, Ivan, Napoleon, and all of their Soldiers are there. Capone is holding Einstein in his hand.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)

3.14159265. Crazy hair here sang like a canary. He got the elevator open for us too. Didn't ya -- pigeon?

He tosses Einstein onto the floor. Einstein rolls a few feet, then looks up at Larry.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

I'm sorry, Larry. But in the timeless struggle between brain and brawn, I'm afraid in the end, brawn always wins.

KAMHMUNRAH

That is so sad. And true.

Kahmunrah shakes his head, sympathetically. He then types on the tablet's keys: 3.14159265. As he types, he says...

KAMHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

Must be a real bummer, Larry, to know that all your valiant efforts, all your noble intentions, were, in the end, for naught. What a terrible disappointment you must be to yourself.

The Tablet starts to glow. Larry speaks softly to Jed...

LARRY

I'm sorry, Jed. I guess you called the wrong guy.

Kahmunrah puts his hands on The Gate, which is now GLOWING BRIGHTLY. Jedediah looks at Larry.

JEDEDIAH

What are you talking about?

LARRY

You called me for help and I blew it. You should've called someone else.

Kahmunrah closes his eyes, and says an incantation:

(CONTINUED)

KAHMUNRAH

Mak, keter om. Om neter kah.

JEDEDIAH

(to Larry)

Don't you get it, Gigantor? I didn't call you because we needed you. I mean, sure, we were in a pickle, but wouldn't be the first time we had to wrassle our way out of a root sack. No, partner, I called you because you needed us. That fancy suit you been paradin' 'round in these past couple years? That there's a hangin' suit. All gussied up, but dead inside. That ain't you.

Larry looks at him, touched, when A CRACK of thunder shakes the Museum... Everyone jumps.

Each of the nine pieces on the Tablet begins to spin, fast. They stop sequentially, like a slot machine. Kahmunrah seems to be in a trance --

A blinding FLASH from the Tablet fills the whole room.

The Door in the Gate opens with a horrifying groan. From the side, it's still just a flat, free-standing door, but as the stone slides apart: inside is a darkness stretching on and on. Strange ghostly HORNS sound from the Nether World.

KAHMUNRAH

Welcome to the new extended reign of Kahmunrah. Fifth king of Egypt, and now: the world.

Out of the glowing, smoky doorway, HAWK-HEADED HORUS SOLDIERS march in. They're REAL scary: their bodies are human, but their heads move and twitch like hawks. All are in golden Egyptian armor. One lets out a terrifying SQUAAAWK.

JEDEDIAH

Um... I'd like to wake up now please.

Larry backs off as Horus march towards him.

KAHMUNRAH

Horus. Rah. My warriors -- send Larry Daley and his friends to their doom.

The Horus raise their spears, and march forwards... Until Larry is in a ring of spears, inches from his face. A HORUS lets out a terrifying SQUAWK. Kahmunrah signals, and they all rear back to strike. Suddenly...

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED: (4)

102

VOICE (O.S.)

HOLD!

103

ANOTHER ANGLE:

103

Everyone turns: Across the room, a tiny figure appears in the door: it's Octavius: wet, tattered, and riding the squirrel like a stallion. He cries out, dramatically:

OCTAVIUS

The mighty Octavius has returned! Do you wish to surrender honorably, Kahmunrah -- or must this end with the spilling of your blood?!

JEDEDIAH

Oh, you're in a world-a-hurt now, Kahmunrah.

Kahmunrah squints to see him. He laughs.

KAHMUNRAH

This? This is your big rescue? A little gladiator on a squirrel?

He picks up Octavius off of the squirrel by the scruff of the neck and holds him up, laughing.

KAHMUNRAH

Okay, that's too funny. Though I have to say, you little people are actually kind of cute.

Larry looks to Octavius -- who gives Larry a salute.

OCTAVIUS

You're safe now, Lawrence. Rescue is at hand.

KAHMUNRAH

Oh, what a hoot. I shall miss you -- even after I've..

(gets an idea:)

...eaten you... I don't want to, it's not like I think you'll taste good. It's just such a nefarious way to dispose of you, I can't resist.

Kahmunrah lowers Octavius into his mouth, like a frat boy eating a gold fish.

(CONTINUED)

OCTAVIUS

Last chance, Pharaoh. You have been warned.

KAHMUNRAH

Farewell mouse-man. I only wish I had tsatsiki sauce to dip you in.

OCTAVIUS

Very well! (He raises his sword) Chaaar-

GULP. Octavius is gone. Larry shakes his head. Jed glares at Kahmunrah with vengeance in his eyes.

JEDEDIAH

You just ate my friend, Kahmasabe. I swear, as sure as we're standing here, I'll see you dead before dawn.

KAHMUNRAH

Oh, rearwie?

(with his mouth full)

Now whew wherw we? A yes. Kiwl them awl.

But before the Horus even move, we hear THE SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING. They look up, as the remaining glass in the stained-glass window is smashed in: Standing majestically in the shattered window is... giant, marble, ABE LINCOLN.

The Horus freeze in their tracks, their beaks hanging open.

Kahmunrah coughs up Octavius in shock. Octavius lands on the floor, wet. He wipes himself off.

OCTAVIUS

Great Caesar's ghost, this day has been wrought with indignities.

(bows to Larry)

I brought help, as was my charge.

Kahmunrah looks up, fear in his eyes.

KAHMUNRAH

What is that... thing?!

LARRY

That -- is Abraham Lincoln, 14th President of the United States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

16th. (nods to Larry:) Larry.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
Mr. President.

Kahmunrah looks around at his stunned Horus.

KAHMUNRAH
What are you waiting for? *ATTACK!*

The Horus rush Giant Lincoln. They throw spears -- which harmlessly clink off of Lincoln's marble chest. Lincoln bends down, grabs some Horus, and easily tosses them aside.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Disgusting half-pigeons!

The Horus all freeze, terrified now. Suddenly, they turn tail and haul ass BACK through the gate where they came from, slamming the gate shut behind them. All goes quiet.

Kahmunrah stands there a moment, cannot believe what a disappointment his "undead" army turned out to be.

KAMHMUNRAH
Well, that's... just... fabulous.

Kahmunrah starts throwing a tantrum, kicks at his pile of loot. Larry seizes the opportunity, moves to the Door, pulls out the tablet. Kahmunrah sees this.

KAHMUNRAH
Stop him! Without the tablet, we have nothing!

Napoleon, Capone, and Ivan all shout orders to their soldiers who now head for Larry... who steps back...

LARRY
Okay, guys, let's think about this...

...when suddenly we hear a bugle sounding "CHARGE." Everyone turns and looks far down the long hall to where...

ANOTHER ANGLE:

...Amelia Earhart stands side by side with the entire NY gang from the storage crate as well as many from the Smithsonian: Black & white WWII Sailors, The Thinker, Venus, The Cherubs... all ready to do battle.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Well, my work here is done.

LARRY

What? You're leaving now?!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Your diminutive Roman friend brought me here to even things up. I believe that now to be the case. It's a fair fight now, Larry. And I've always been nothing if not fair. Fair Abe, that's what they called me.

LARRY

No... they called you Honest Abe. I mean, what kind of name is "Fair Abe?" That doesn't even sound good!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(moving away)

"A house divided, Larry." Remember: A house divided.

LARRY

Okay-- I told you the first time, that means nothing to me! That's like completely unhelpful advice!

But Abe's gone now. General Custer, on horseback now gallops furiously towards the commons, crying out:

CUSTER

General George Armstrong Custer to the --

SMACK. He hits the top of the door frame, and is knocked off his horse. He sits up...

CUSTER (CONT'D)

As I was saying--

(yells)

CHAAAAAAAARGE!

And now the battle begins as the two "armies" race towards each other. With Larry caught in the middle.

OCTAVIOUS

Lawrence! I'm coming!

LARRY

No! I'll be fine! You get Jed!

Octavius rides up to the HOURGLASS, on his squirrel. Jed is almost buried over his head. They press their hands to each others' through the glass, like "the boy in the bubble."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OCTAVIUS

Hold on!

He rams the glass with his shoulder, hard. It hurts.

JEDEDIAH

Believe it or not, I tried that already.

Octavius WHISTLES to the squirrel. The Squirrel knocks the Hourglass over. It hops onto the HOURGLASS, on its side, and runs on it (like a hamster in a wheel.) It ROLLS the hourglass ACROSS THE FLOOR - where it shatters against a wall. Jed gets up, and dusts himself off.

They turn - to the BATTLE OF GIANTS around them: Octavius draws his sword, hands it to Jed, is thrown another from one of his legions.

OCTAVIUS

Tonight -- we dine in hell!

In a TRACKING SHOT STRAIGHT OUT OF 300 - Jed and Octavius charge through the battlefield, leaping, stabbing, slicing heroically -- at the ANKLES of the SOLDIERS. Even little Einstein gets into the act, biting into someone's shin...

A WIDER shot shows the Soldiers being stuck in the ankles and grabbing their toes in pain.

SOLDIERS

OH! Ouch! *Sacre bleu!*

Attila, his Huns, and the club-wielding Neanderthals run, screaming, straight at a bunch of Capone's henchmen, who before they know what's happening lose their tommy guns to clubs, axes and spears...

Larry grabs Amelia, they race through the battle lines, into an alcove where they huddle close together...

LARRY

I need to give you something--

AMELIA

Mr. Daley, this is hardly the time for an amorous interlude--

LARRY

What-- no! The tablet--

(reaches into the
knapsack)

I need to give you the tablet.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA
(taking it)

Oh-

LARRY
If anything happens to me, you need to
keep it safe.

She looks back at him, finally nods, pulls it to her chest.

AMELIA
I'll guard it as if my life depended on
it.

Larry considers pointing out that her life does depend on it,
but instead just says--

LARRY
Great, thanks.

Meanwhile, Sacajawea and the cherubs shoot arrows, faster
than an Elf in Lord of the Rings.

The Thinker is surrounded by Napoleon's Soldiers, their
swords drawn. The Thinker takes a deep breath...

THE THINKER
Only one way to settle this.
(dead serious)
And I'm not sure what that way is...

VENUS
I'll do the thinking for both of us.

She drops the sheet that's covering her: we only see the
Soldiers' reaction, as they stare... And the Thinker knocks
them all out at once, with a stone fist, pulls Venus into a
MAJOR KISS.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Larry watches Amelia move off down the hall, is about to
rejoin the fight when he turns and comes face to face with Al
Capone, Napoleon, and Ivan the Terrible. Napoleon's sword is
right at Larry's neck.

NAPOLEON
Le Tablet, s'il vous plait.
(Larry just looks at him,
Napoleon rolls his eyes)
The tablet, please. You know, the gold
thingie in your little--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
(indicates the knapsack)
--back purse.

Larry looks at the three villains, realizes that they still think he has the tablet. He looks off, sees Lincoln walking away, across the mall, swatting pigeons as he goes. Larry gets an idea, turns to the three Rogues in front of him...

LARRY

Okay. I give up. You guys win. So just tell me who's in charge and I'll hand over the tablet. Or should I just give it to Kahmunrah -- you know, your master.

The Rogues all look at each other.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Nyet! He iz not our master!

LARRY

He's not? Um... Alright, okay. If that's what you say. Looks like he is to me.

(this rankles the Rogues)

So, I'll just give it the boss of you three. Who would that be? Which one of you is the boss?

(they eye each other)

Who's in charge here?

They all three reach out to take it but Ivan slaps Al's hand away.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

This man is a peasant! I am the only one among us of noble blood!

LARRY

Yeah, but Napoleon does have more medals.

Larry turns to Napoleon, but Capone slaps Napoleon's hands away.

AL CAPONE

You may got medals, but if you put yer mitts on that tablet yer gonna be full of lead.

LARRY

You know what? Capone's right. He should be the boss. I mean, you're the original original gangster, right Al?

(CONTINUED)

AL CAPONE

Yeah, now give it here--

Capone reaches for the knapsack, Napoleon slaps his hands. Then vice versa. They stand there glaring at each other a moment, then suddenly lunge at each other.

Soon, all three are piled on top of each other, in a pathetic, awkward slap/grappling fight. It looks like grade school kids fighting.

Larry starts backing away, right into a SPEAR. He turns to face Kahmunrah, holding onto it.

KAMHMUNRAH

Very clever. Get them to fight amongst themselves--

LARRY

A little move I like to call "Dividing the House."

KAHMUNRAH

Yes, well, you should've saved yourself when you had the chance.

Directly behind Kahmunrah, Amelia has returned, moves to the gate, finger to her lips, motions Larry to keep quiet...

KAHMUNRAH (CONT'D)

At least I will have the pleasure of killing you, Night Guard.

Suddenly another SWORD ENTERS FRAME, the point digs into Kahmunrah's neck. We WIDEN TO REVEAL: Ahkmenrah holding the sword at his brother's throat.

AHKMENRAH

No. I don't think so, brother. Not tonight, you won't. Actually, probably not ever, really.

Kahmunrah drops his sword. Behind him, Amelia replaces the tablet in its slot, starts working the combination.

KAHMUNRAH

Alright. Very funny. Everyone's had their moment. Their little aria. So here's the part where I offer you Larry--

(very serious)

Anything you want. Power. Money. Women. Come on, tell me, what's your pleasure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Larry looks back around at his friends, then looks back at Kahmunrah.

LARRY
Actually, I'm good.
(then)
Ahkmenrah, why don't you show your
brother the door.

Behind Kahmunrah, Amelia finishes pushing the combination.
The door re-opens.

AHKMENRAH
With pleasure.

Ahkmenrah slams his foot into his brother's gut, sending him
reeling back through the gate Amelia has just reopened...

KAMHMUNRAH
NOOOOOOO!

Kahmunrah is gone forever. Larry pulls the door shut, then
pulls the Tablet out of its slot.

The only sound we hear is Capone, Napoleon and Ivan the
Terrible still fighting with each other as Custer now rides
up and lassos the three of them, cinches it tight, ties it
off to his saddle horn and surveys the battlefield...

CUSTER
The Battle of the Smithsonian. Perhaps
the greatest battle the world will never
know.

And with that, he takes out his brush and starts running it
through his hair, counting each stroke...

CUSTER (CONT'D)
One. Two. Three...

Larry looks at his watch. 4:55 a.m.

LARRY
Oh man-- sunrise is in an hour. I gotta
get you all back to the Museum.

JEDEDIAH
But they don't want us there anymore,
Gigantor.

LARRY
Well, I do.
(turns to Amelia)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105

CONTINUED: (4)

105

LARRY (CONT'D)

Miss Earhart, think you could hook us up
with a ride?

And as she smiles back at him, we then go to...

106

EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - NIGHT

106

As The Lockheed Vega takes off from The Mall, the Smithsonian residents all waving good-bye as it soars over the Washington Monument.

107

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

107

As the Vega sails into the sky, Lincoln leans against the columns in his doorway, gives them a knowing nod, and then settles back into his chair to watch the sun rise.

108

INT. AMELIA'S PLANE - A LITTLE LATER

108

Able and Dexter are asleep in the copilot seat, spooned up with each other. Larry pokes his head in, behind Amelia.

AMELIA

Everyone all right back there, Mr. Daley?

LARRY

Yeah, all good. I just wanted to see what it looked like from up here.

AMELIA

What do you think?

LARRY

(looking out)

I think you're about to land in Ohio.

AMELIA

(checks, then)

Right--

She pulls up, turns the plane around, looks back and winks at Larry.

109

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - CONTINUOUS

109

As the Lockheed Vega touches down in front of the Museum of Natural History. The hatch pops open, Larry helps everyone out of the plane.

LARRY

Okay, everybody out, remember to stay
with your buddy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED:

109

LARRY (CONT'D)
(to Ahkmenrah and
Sacajewea)
Ack, Sack, get everybody down to the
basement.

110

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - CONTINUOUS

110

As the exhibits head up the steps, Amelia steps up beside
Larry.

AMELIA
I guess I should be going.

LARRY
Yeah, wow, you've only got like thirty
minutes to get back.

AMELIA
(smiling)
Excellent. That oughta set a new record.

LARRY
Listen, Amelia, thanks for... you know...
the ride.

AMELIA
Wasn't just for you, Mr. Daley.

LARRY
It wasn't?

AMELIA
Certainly not.
(kisses him on the cheek,
whispers)
It was for the fun it.

And with that, she flings her scarf over her shoulder, gets
back into her airplane, pulls the door closed.

LARRY
Goodbye, Amelia.

Amelia gives a thumbs up from the cockpit, starts up the
engines and taxis down Central Park West. He watches as the
plane takes off into the sky. Jed and Octavius each poke out
of his jacket pockets.

JEDEDIAH
There she goes...

LARRY
Yep. Straight towards...

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED:

110

OCTAVIUS

...Canada.

A moment later, the plane loops and heads South.

111

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - CONTINUOUS

111

Larry enters the quiet lobby. Rexy comes bounding over to him.

LARRY

(petting him)

Hey, boy. I'm back. Now hop up onto your platform, it's almost morning.

Rexy trots off to his riser as now Teddy rides up.

TEDDY

They're all secure below, Lawrence.

LARRY

Thanks, Teddy.

TEDDY

And while I extend to you a hardy well-done, lad, might I point out that they can't hide down there forever.

LARRY

I know. I've got that figured out.

TEDDY

Well, I see the dawn will soon be upon us.

He rides to his platform, Larry following...

LARRY

Oh-- Hey, Teddy. Last night, you were about to tell me something.

TEDDY

(riding onto the platform)

Was I?

LARRY

Yeah, remember-- the whole secret to happiness thing? You were about to tell me what that is.

TEDDY

Oh...

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

It's doing what you love, isn't it? With people you love? Right?

TEDDY

(beat)

Actually, I was going to say, "physical exercise." But all that stuff's good, too.

Teddy raises his sword and nods, a slight twinkle in his eye.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(soft)

Welcome home, son.

And then he freezes, leaving Larry standing there in the quiet expanse of the lobby as sunlight now streams in.

ROSE (V.O.)

I'm trying not to cry...

INT. DALEY DEVICES WAREHOUSE - QUEENS - DAY

As Larry walks with a box of a few belongings through the warehouse, Rose in tow...

LARRY

Don't worry, Rose. Everybody still has a job, just new owners.

ROSE

Well, I'll still miss you, Mr. D.

(sees something)

Wait, don't forget this--

She takes down a framed copy of Larry's ENTREPRENOW! cover.

LARRY

You keep it.

She nods, considers it sadly...

ROSE

You always looked so sharp in that suit.

LARRY

It's okay.

(kisses her on the cheek)

I got another one, fits me even better.

113

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DUSK

113

As Larry comes out the front door in his GUARD UNIFORM, adjusts his tie, and watches the sun set.

We TILT UP ABOVE HIM to see a new banner that reads "MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY." Two WORKMEN unfurl the lower half so that we see that it also reads "NOW OPEN LATE."

CROWDS OF PEOPLE now begin streaming past him...

114

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - LATER THAT NIGHT

114

Larry moves through the jammed lobby to the INFORMATION DESK where Nick sits behind it doing his homework.

LARRY

Sure you don't wanna do your homework
some place more quiet?

NICK

Are you kidding? Hey--
(indicates his homework)
Do you know how to get the square root of
a fraction?

LARRY

No idea. But I do know that pi is
3.14159265.

NICK

Not really helpful, but thanks anyway,
Dad.

Larry turns as McPhee approaches, beaming.

MCPHEE

Well, clearly the way the world works is
beyond me.

(looks around)

One day we're endowed to get rid of
everything old, the next, some anonymous
donor gives even more money, but on the
condition that everything stays the same.
Well. Not quite the same.

He looks around and we now CRANE UP TO REVEAL TOUR GROUPS
BEING LED BY "LIVE" EXHIBITS. A troop of CUBSCOUTS ride on
Rexy's back, Dexter "driving" from atop the Dinosaur's head

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (O.S.)

Bully, lads and ladies!

(CONTINUED)

A group of amazed FAMILIES follow the wax Teddy Roosevelt, who is, of course: alive and fully interactive.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

Let me introduce myself. I -- am Theodore Roosevelt: naturalist, Rough Rider, and 26th president of these Great United States. And it would be my absolute pleasure to give you a personal guided tour of the American Museum of Natural History. So follow me to the Hall of African Mammals! Watch where you step and what you step in. Come lads, the hunt is afoot!

He winks at Larry, and leads the engrossed Tourists away. Everyone's amazed. A DAD nudges his DAUGHTER.

DAD

How do they do that?

DAUGHTER

(rolls her eyes)

Duh... CGI?

As they head off, Sacajawea passes by, leading another TOUR GROUP.

ATTILA sits telling a story in Hun to a circle of Kids, while AHKMENRAH translates.

AHKMENRAH

...and though he wanted to rip him apart limb from limb, he instead used his words to express his feelings...

MCPHEE

(to Larry)

And what about you, Mr. Daley? What prompted your own humble return? Not cut out for the business world are you?

LARRY

No, actually, I sold my business, did really well.

MCPHEE

Then why on earth are you working here?

Larry watches Jedediah and Octavius joy-riding on a chariot -- weaving in and out of people's legs --

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Who's working?

MCPHEE

(hurries off)

You! Toddler! No hugging the displays!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Excuse me...

Larry turns and freezes. Standing in front of him is A WOMAN who bears an uncanny resemblance to Amelia Earhart. Sure, the hair's a different color, she wears glasses and is absent the flight jacket and scarf -- but something rings familiar.

LARRY

Can I help you?

WOMAN

I'm sorry, I think I'm lost... I was looking for the Hall of American History, but somehow ended up in the butterfly garden.

(notices he's staring)

Why are you looking at me like that?

LARRY

No reason. Sorry. C'mon I'll show you the way...

As Larry leads her through the crowded hall teeming with life, we then...

FADE TO BLACK

But wait-- We hear WHISTLING OVER...

FADE BACK IN: INT. SMITHSONIAN - CASTLE - MORNING

Brandon, the young security guard who harassed Larry, walks along, whistling, cockily twirling his key-ring. He turns a corner, entering the Commons and immediately stops dead in his tracks.

WHAT HE SEES

Sunlight streams in through the broken arched window. The Wright Flyer sits upside down but somehow still intact at one end of the Commons. The whole place is trashed, littered with toppled displays and other detritus of the battle royale from the night before.

(CONTINUED)

Brandon stands there a moment, taking in the incredible scene, trying not to cry.

BRANDON

Well, there is no way Brandon is cleaning this up.

Brandon slowly walks over to where Amelia's Lockheed Vega has crash landed. As he comes around the plane, he sees the wax figure of Amelia Earhart sitting on the wing, facing east, towards the sunrise.

And if you look close enough, which we do, you'd see the barest hint of a smile on her face. We then...

CUT TO BLACK