

OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!

by

Tommy Swerdlow

&

Michael Goldberg

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH ON A HILL ABOVE WEEGLETOWN - DAY

A classic, OLDER SUESS TYPE FELLOW, with hat and overcoat, LOOKS DOWN ON THE STREETS OF WEEGLETOWN. HE carries two suitcases.

He starts to make his way toward town.

EXT. WEEGLETOWN - CONT'D

The Older Fellow is now in the middle of town, but, strangely, the place is empty. All the stores are closed and there's no one in sight. He peeks into a darkened shop window, then, checks his watch and scratches his head.

He looks over his shoulder and there's s a DOG staring at him. He stares back. Then, he puts his bags down and goes over to the dog and pets him.

OLDER FELLOW

Now, I know dogs can't talk. But, since no one's around. (to the dog) Where are all the people, in this quaint little town?

The dog shrugs and walks off.

EXT. WEEGLETOWN - CONT'D

Shots of the Older Fellow walking the empty streets. He looks up and sees a sign that says, "Main Street." He looks down "Main Street," and there, in the middle of the block, sleeping in a little chair, is a CROSSING GUARD. CLOSE ON: A finger, tapping the sleeping Crossing Guard on the shoulder. The Crossing Guard snores on. The finger taps harder. Nothing. Then the finger taps really hard.

CROSSING GUARD

(jumps up, startled)

If it's green like a clover, you won't get run over... Huh... (shaking the sleep out) Hey, what's going on... (He sees the Older Fellow over him) At who are you peeping?

OLDER FELLOW

I'm peeping at you, but you're busy sleeping... (offering his hand) My name is Grapimple and I sell Grapamples. And, these two valises are full of my samples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROSSING GUARD

Good day there Grapimple and all
pleasantries to you. I'm Rocky the
crossing guard, what can I do you?

OLDER FELLOW

(growing upset)

Well, I'm not sure how to put this, so,
it's properly worded. But, this town here
is empty, the whole place is deserted.

CROSSING GUARD

Hey, Mr. Grapimple, sit down, take it
easy. Your face has gone plaid. You're
looking quite queasy.

CLOSE ON: Grapimple. His face is as plaid as the 'Scotch
Tape' label.

CROSSING GUARD (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

The town isn't missing and they're not on
vacation. They're at THE GREAT-KIDS-
COMING-OUT-CORONATION. The day when all
Weegletown has it's big thrill. And it's
happening there, (He points) at the
school, on the hill.

THE CROSSING GUARD HAS POINTED TO A BEAUTIFUL, OLD STYLE,
LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE, PERCHED AT THE TOP OF A GIANT, STEEP
HILL.

INT. SCHOOL ON THE HILL - CONT'D

CLOSE ON: A giant banner that reads, "CONGRATULATIONS COMER-
OUTERS"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: A big auditorium full of people. On the
stage are a bunch of boys and girls lined up in chairs.

Up at the podium, standing before the crowd, is MRS. KUMQUAT.
A matronly, principal type.

MRS. KUMQUAT

Boys and girls of Weegletown, today's
your special day. Just say your names, be
it Jill or James, and you'll soon be on
your way. And where you'll go, is for you
to know. Only you can do your bidding.
Now, come up here and I'll bite your ear,
ha-ha, I'm only kidding.

CLOSE ON: The boy in the first chair (KID#1). He jumps up and
runs to the podium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KID #1
I'm ready to live, I'm ready to fly. My
name is Randy McDandy McSty.

The audience cheers.

INT. AUDIENCE - CONT'D

ANGLE ON: RANDY MCDANDY'S PARENTS.

RANDY'S MOM
(screaming)
Oh, my Lord, this is grand!

RANDY'S DAD
Dear, must you talk so loud?

RANDY'S MOM
But, our little McDandy... Has made me so
proud.

INT. STAGE - CONT'D

Mrs. Kumquat presents Randy with a rolled up diploma and a
big, ten gallon hat. He hops on top of a BABY PURPLE
ELEPHANT, with a saddle on it, and rides out of the
auditorium to the cheers of the crowd.

ANGLE ON: Mrs. Kumquat, back at the podium.

MRS. KUMQUAT
Come little lass, with the big, purple
star. Come belt it out, let us know who
you are.
Angle on: A girl with a big, purple star on her shirt,
stepping up to the podium.

GIRL
I'm here to tell you, I don't dilly dally
around. And, my name is Sweet Sally
Purple Star Brown.

More cheers.

INT. AUDIENCE - CONT'D

Angle on: Sally's Dad.

SALLY'S DAD
And, I'm Sally's Dad, Mr. Mario Mertz.
And, I'm who gave Sally her great taste
in shirts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sally's Dad whips open his coat, revealing a big, purple star shirt.

Then, a woman's head just pokes into frame (Sally's Mom).

SALLY'S MOM

And, I'm Sally's Mom and Mario's wife.
And, this is the most wonderful day of my
life.

INT. STAGE- CONT'D

Mrs. Kumquat gives Sally her diploma and A MAJESTIC, GOLDEN POGO-STICK. Sally pogos her way out of the auditorium, in three dramatic leaps. The crowd gasps with delight.

ANGLE ON: A tough looking, little runt stepping up to the podium.

TOUGH KID

Now, you all just clam up, got me, don't
say a word... That's an order, from J
Edgar Sneaky Snodgrass The Third.

A smattering of applause.

INT. AUDIENCE - CONT'D

ANGLE ON: SNEAKY'S DAD. A SNEAKY LOOKING, DASTARDLY FELLOW.

SNEAKY'S DAD

I'm Sneaky's Pop and who he admires. And,
my boy's gonna grow up, to be a cheat and
a liar.

INT. STAGE - CONT'D

Sneaky's still at the podium.

SNEAKY

I prefer pickin' pockets to playin' hop-
scotch. And, uh, Mrs. Kumquat, I think
this is your watch.

Sneaky dangles a watch at Mrs. Kumquat. She looks at her wrist. It's bare. She grabs the watch from Sneaky.

MRS. KUMQUAT

(covering her displeasure)
Well, aren't you darling... What a sweet,
little slime...

She hands him the diploma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. KUMQUAT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Your diploma... And, a little something
to commit your first crime.

She then hands him a LONE RANGER MASK. He puts it on. A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO SHOWS UP, WITH A GROWN MAN, WEARING AN IDENTICAL MASK, RIDING IN FRONT. Sneaky hops on the back. He throws his diploma into the audience and rides out of the joint, to a smattering of applause.

ANGLE ON: MRS. KUMQUAT AT THE PODIUM.

MRS. KUMQUAT
Watch out for this charmer... Prepare to
be wow'd!... She's the kind of young
lady, who'll make Weggletown proud.

A PRETTY, LITTLE GIRL comes forward. She looks out at the audience and starts to laugh nervously.

LITTLE GIRL
I hope you'll excuse me, sometimes I get
the giggles. I'm Ophelia Cordelia, but my
friends call me 'Miggles.'

Big applause.

INT. AUDIENCE - CONT'D

Angle on: Miggles's parents.

MIGGLE'S MOM
They start off as your baby, and then,
before you know...

MIGGLE'S DAD
They've gone and came, and said their
name... Oh, where does the time go?

INT. STAGE - CONT'D

Mrs. Kumquat hands Miggles her diploma and a BIG BOX WITH A RIBBON. Sally opens the box and SIX, TINY SUESSIAN KITTENS crawl out and all over her. The crowd 'ooohs', AS MIGGLES, delighted, makes her way off stage with her six, new friends.

ANGLE ON: Mrs. Kumquat, as she introduces another.

MRS KUMQUAT
This next lad's a champ, and a 'class A,'
good scout. So, let's give him three
cheers, on his great coming out.
Up to the podium comes a sweet, simple looking everyboy. He
stands there silently, and looks out into the audience.

INT. AUDIENCE - CONT'D

ANGLE ON: THE BOY'S PARENTS. They look very concerned.

ANGLE ON: The Boy. He just stands there, silently.

MRS. KUMQUAT

(sotto)

Go on, don't be nervous, things will turn out just fine. This is your moment, your moment to shine.

But, the boy says nothing. We cut to the faces of the other kids. They look on curiously.

The room goes silent, then...

THE BOY

(sadly)

Mother, Father, I'm sorry, please don't be ashamed. But, I just can't do it, I can't say my name.

The room erupts in whispered shock.

INT. AUDIENCE - CONT'D

We cut from incredulous audience member, to incredulous audience member.

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1

He didn't!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2

He wouldn't!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #3

He can't!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #4

He shouldn't!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #5

He did!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #6

He couldn't!

ANGLE ON: The Boy's Dad.

THE BOY'S DAD

Not say your name, but, that just cannot be. I did, my Dad did, and his Dad before he.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Boy's Mother looks on in shock.

THE BOY'S MOM
He's always been good, just a sweet,
little saint. Oh my dear, the room's
spinning, I think I feel faint.

The Mother faints.

EXT. THE BOY'S HOUSE - CONT'D

The LOCAL TOWNSPEOPLE are surrounding the house. Many hold signs like, "JUST SAY IT," "DON'T BE A LOUT, COME ON OUT," and "COME ON, HOMBRE. WHAT'S THE NOMBRE?"

EXT. FRONT DOOR, HOUSE - CONT'D

The Boy's Dad stands there, with a FEW OTHER FATHERS.

BOY'S DAD
If there's something to do, I'll do it
quite gladly. I can see that the town has
taken this badly.

OTHER FATHER #1
We're not here to scare you...

OTHER FATHER #2
Or to say you're to blame.

OTHER FATHER #3
But, we suggest you get that kid of
yours, to just say his name.

OTHER FATHER #4
We don't mean to seem harsh, in your
moment of strife.

OTHER FATHER #5
We just don't want our kids thinkin' they
can drop out of life.

INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - CONT'D

The boy is in bed, with a thermometer in his mouth. His Mother is there, and so are TWO NURSES.

BOY'S MOM
Oh, ladies, Oh, ladies, what shall I do.
Something's quite wrong and it's worse
than the flu.

NURSE #1
It's horrid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE #2

Ungodly.

NURSE #1

A ghastly disease.

BOY'S MOM

Won't somebody help us, won't somebody,
please.

The Father bursts in.

BOY'S DAD

I've got good news, my dear, and it's
good news for sure. The doctors are here,
maybe they've got the cure.

In walk FOUR, WILD, POT-BELLIED, BEARDED, GERMAN ACCENTED
DOCTORS in long, white coats.

DOCTOR #1

Hello and good greetings. How are you
feeling?

DOCTOR #2

We are the doctors. We're here for the
healing.

DOCTOR #1

I'm Doctor Von Schnitzel. (pointing)
That's Doctor Von Schnatzel.

Doctor #2 nods.

DOCTOR #2

(pointing)
That's Doctor Von Britzel.

Doctor #3 nods.

DOCTOR #3

That's Doctor Von Bratzel.

Doctor #4 nods.

DOCTOR #4

And, not to confuse you, or make your
head honk. But, some people call me,
Doctor Shtonk and a Donk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOY'S MOTHER

Oh, Doctors, Oh, Doctors, I'm so glad
you're here. You've got to do something,
for our sweet little dear.

DOCTOR #1

Well, then, let's take a look.

DOCTOR #2

Someone bring me a seat.

DOCTOR #3

Actually, before we play doctor.

DOCTOR #4

Have you something to eat?

BOY'S MOM

Oh, Doctors, I promise we will feed you
your fill. But, first look at my son, I'm
afraid he's quite ill.

The Doctor's all run over to the Boy and stare at him.

DOCTOR #1

What's wrong with the boy?

DOCTOR #2

Does he wheeze, is he lame?

BOY'S MOM

No, it's none of those things.

BOY'S DAD

He just won't say his name.

DOCTOR #1

Won't say his name...

DOCTOR #2

Oh, that's what he's got.

The doctors all stroke their beards.

DOCTOR #3

Hmmm... Maybe an aspirin.

DOCTOR #4

A serum.

DOCTOR #1

A shot.

The boy, wide eyed, shakes his head, 'no.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOCTOR #2
Well, whatever it is.

DOCTOR #3
That your boy's come down with.

DOCTOR #4
You're both not to worry, we'll make sure
that he lives.

The following is a choreographed number. SONG, ("WE'LL FIX
HIM".)

DOCTOR #1
We'll fix him.

DOCTOR #2
We'll fix him.

DOCTOR #3
We'll take potions and pills...

DOCTOR #4
And, we'll mix 'em.

DOCTOR #1
You can both rest assured...

DOCTOR #2
That, he soon will be cured...

ALL DOCTORS
We'll fix him, we'll fix him, we'll fix
him.

Doctor #3 shines a flashlight in the boy's eyes.

DOCTOR #3
Now, he may have contracted a Turkish
Malaria.

DOCTOR #4
And, we're not just saying that, in order
to scare 'ya.

DOCTOR #1
Or, he may have come down with Siberian
Skah!

DOCTOR #2
It's time to find out, open up and say,
"AHHH!"

Doctor #2 puts a tongue depressor in the Boy's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOCTOR #2 (cont'd)
Hmm, just as I thought...

DOCTOR #3
The 'South Plattsburgh Pling?'

DOCTOR #2
I don't know, it's too dark. I can't see a thing.

DOCTOR #4
But, that doesn't matter, we'll fix him.

DOCTOR #1
We'll fix him.

DOCTOR #2
We'll fix him.

DOCTOR #3
We'll take potions and pills...

DOCTOR #4
And, we'll mix 'em.

DOCTOR #1
You can both rest assured...

DOCTOR #2
That, he soon will be cured...

ALL DOCTORS
We'll fix him, we'll fix him, we'll fix him.

Doctor #3 pulls out his stethoscope and puts it to the Boy's chest.

DOCTOR #3
(to the boy)
Now, cough twice and whinny, like a thoroughbred horse.

THE BOY'S DAD
(to #3)
Is that method proven?

DOCTOR #3
In my journal, of course.

DOCTOR #4
(to the boy)
Stick out your arms, say tum teedle tum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DOCTOR #1
Von Bratzel, that's stupid.

DOCTOR #4
Von Schnitzel your dumb.

DOCTOR #2
Von Britzel's a moron.

ALL DOCTORS
(arms around each other)
But, we're all lot's of fun.

The Doctor's, all together, walk slowly toward the boy.

DOCTOR #1
We'll fix him.

DOCTOR #2
We'll fix him.

DOCTOR #3
We'll take potions and pills...

DOCTOR #4
And, we'll mix 'em.

DOCTOR #1
You can both rest assured...

DOCTOR #2
That, he soon will be cured...

ALL DOCTORS
(on their knees)
We'll fix him, we'll fix him, we'll fix
him!

They finish the song on top of the Boy. They turn to the
Parents and wiggle their eyebrows.

The Boy's Mom and Dad go over and stare at their son.

BOY'S MOM
(to the Dad)
Is he cured, Is he well?

BOY'S DAD
I don't know, I can't tell.

DOCTOR #1
Of course, he is cured.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DOCTOR #2
He came beautifully through it.

DOCTOR #3
(to The Boy)
Now, go on, say your name.

DOCTOR #4
Show your folks how you do it.

The Boy looks at his Parents, wide-eyed.

THE MOTHER
(pleading)
We'll get you donuts and licorice...

THE FATHER
...And chicken chow mein.

THE BOY
(apologetic)
I wish I felt different, but, I feel
exactly the same.

The Parents turn to the Doctors, sternly.

THE BOY'S MOM
(to Doctor #1)
What do you say now, Doctor Von
Schnitzel?

DOCTOR #1
Well, I blame Von Britzel.

DOCTOR #2
And, I blame Von Bratzel.

DOCTOR #3
And, I blame Von Schnitzel.

DOCTOR #4
And, I blame Von Schnatzel.

THE BOY'S DAD
Well, passing the blame is a darn clever
ploy. But, what shall we do, for our
sweet little boy?

DOCTOR #1
We've already sung our best curing song.

DOCTOR #2
So, if he isn't cured, then nothing is
wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

The four Doctors all shake each other's hands, in congratulations, of a job well done.

DOCTOR #3
We've done it again.

DOCTOR #4
We don't know the word fail.

DOCTOR #1
(to the Parents)
Good-bye and good luck.

They all exit. Then Doctor #2 pokes his head back in.

DOCTOR #2
Our bill's in the mail.

The Mom and Dad turn and look at their son. They shake their heads.

THE BOY'S DAD
Now what?

THE BOY'S MOM
What now?

THE BOY'S DAD
We've failed.

THE BOY'S MOM
And how.

THE BOY'S DAD
The bleakness.

THE BOY'S MOM
The blackness.

THE BOY'S DAD
It's well beyond me.

THE BOY'S MOM
We need a hero.

THE BOY'S DAD
A genius.

They look at each other.

BOTH
Oh. But, who can that be?

The Boy lies in his bed. The Parents just sigh.

EXT. WEEGLETOWN - CONT'D

A GIANT, CARNIVAL PARTY FOR ALL THE COMER-OUTERS IS IN FULL SWING. There are rides and animals and quintuple, decker ice cream cones and wedges of cake and pie. It's a real Suessian shin-dig, as we hear various kids voices screaming their names.

VOICE

I'm Sweet Willy-Heymaker-Two-Quaker-Jones.

VOICE (cont'd)

I'm Contessa-Vanessa-Dem-Brittle-Dem-Bones.

EXT. THE BOY'S WINDOW - CONT'D

A group of kids are lined up outside the Boy's window. Some have their cake and ice cream with them. SNEAKY SNODGRASS is there running the show, and he has a little platform so you can see inside. Sneaky gives his rap.

SNEAKY SNODGRASS

Come on, step right up, don't be ashamed.
Come see the wuss-boy, who won't say his
name.

THREE KIDS yell out!

KID #1

I want to see him!

KID #2

Me, too!

KID #3

So do I!

SNEAKY SNODGRASS

No need to scream, no need to holler.
It's fifteen cents each, or three for a
dollar.

The kids hand Sneaky a dollar. The first kid steps up to the step.

KID #1's POV: The Boy in bed, looking very sad.

ANGLE ON: Miggles, standing with the other kids. She comes up to Sneaky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNEAKY SNODGRASS (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

(to Miggles)

Take a quick peek, it just costs a song.

MIGGLES

(giggling before she speaks)

No, I won't Sneaky Snodgrass, what you're doing is wrong... You're not asking yourself, how he might be feeling. Getting rich on his sadness... That's way worse than stealing.

SNEAKY SNODGRASS

Hear that everybody, she likes the weird kid. She don't even care 'bout the bad thing he did.

ALL THE KIDS

(chanting)

Miggles and the weird kid sittin' in a tree. Capital 'S-I-L...-E-N-T.' He won't talk, she just giggles...

SNEAKY SNODGRASS

(to Miggles)

Looks like everyone's on my side, Miggles.

Miggles can feel all the kids staring at her.

EXT. THE BOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Night has fallen, and the PROTESTING CROWD around the house, is now sitting around little campfires, roasting weenies attached to the tips of their protest signs.

INT. THE BOY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

The Parents sit on opposite ends of the couch, worrying.

THE BOY'S MOM

We can change the phone number, we can change the address. Or, we can just move back in with my mother, I guess.

THE BOY'S DAD

No, offense dear, but your mother's a loon. Oh, god, I hope the boy just says his name soon.

INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - LATER

The Boy lays in bed. An EERIE LIGHT fills the dark room. We hear the SCREECHING MEOW OF A CAT outside. The Boy looks across the room, and sees a MONSTER. (Scary Music chord!) He gasps! But, on closer inspection, he realizes it's just the shadow of his PANTS hanging on a hook.

The Boy looks away quickly and stares up at the ceiling. It's perfectly quiet, except for the TICKING OF HIS LITTLE ALARM CLOCK.

THE BOY

I'm not sure what I'm feeling, as I stare
at the ceiling. As I stare at the
ceiling, I'm not sure what I'm feeling...

Suddenly, the Boy hears a knocking sound, from over in the closet. Then, there's a wild kind of outer space, radio wave sound, followed by general, crashing noises and quick bursts of music. In other words, a loosey, goosey, Suessy, sonic collage.

The Boy, cautiously, climbs out of bed.

THE BOY (cont'd)

Either that's Martians, from another
dimension...

More wild noises come from the closet, (Bombs, whistles, etc.,) as the Boy starts to tip-toe, nervously, over.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Or, something in that closet, wants to
get my attention.

The Boy, ever so slowly, puts his hand on the door-knob. The second he touches the knob, the sound stops. The Boy is scared. He closes his eyes tight, and swings open the door.

Standing there in tuxedo and tails, with a walking stick in one hand and a big, BEAUTIFUL BANANA CREAM PIE ON HIS HEAD LIKE A HAT.

He is... "THE GUY IN THE PIE"

THE GUY

Yes, your life can be magic, of that,
there's no doubt.
But, you're not gonna know, 'cause you
don't want to come out!

THE BOY

But...but... but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY

But, but, but, nothin', your choice is quite clear. Why should you see it all, when you like it right here?

The Boy reaches out and grabs the doorknob.

THE BOY

Oh, geez, I'm real tempted.

THE GUY

Thatta a boy, there's the pep.

He stalls.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(whispers in his ear)

Every great journey, starts with one tiny step.

The Boy lets go of the doorknob.

THE BOY (CONT'D)

But, you're 'A Caz who's the Naz... that's so weird, I don't know.

The Cat smiles.

THE GUY

I'm the Alcatraz answer... vo-doe- -doe-
doe-di-doe

The Boy slowly reaches to open the closet door, and looks out at the path to the sky. The Cat extends his hands to the Boy. The Boy looks back to his bed, then TAKES THE GUY 'S HAND, and together, they step into the closet, and on the magic, purple path to the sky.

EXT. PATH TO THE SKY - CONT'D

As they travel up the path, skyward, the heavens keep changing color, and planets, with rings and comets, fly by. The Boy is amazed, by what he's seeing.

THE GUY

You will see many worlds, look them over with care. About some you will think, I might like to go there.

The Boy sees an asteroid, with SUESS CHARACTERS juggling on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And, that one to the left, it's not bad
of it's kind.

The Boy looks and sees an asteroid, where there are PINE
TREES AND IT'S SNOWING. A LITTLE SUESS ELF makes an 'angel'
in the snow.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
It's worth thinking about. I might keep
it in mind.

Now, a series of asteroids fly by, with all sorts of
diffferent things going on.

MEDLEY OF UPBEAT MUSIC.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You'll have your druthers, so, look over
the lot. You'll find some that are
friendly, you'll find some that are not.

Now a dark, foreboding asteroid flies by. SNEAKY SNODGRASS IS
ON IT, POINTING AND LAUGHING.

Other asteroids fly by. The Boy runs to the edge of the path,
and looks like he's gonna leap for one. But, he hesitates
instead.

THE MUSIC GETS SOUR.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Now, you may not like any, of these new
worlds you've found. And, when things
like that happen, it is best to go down.

The Cat and The Boy have now come to TWO, GIANT, CANDY
STRIPED, FIRE POLES, that go down through the clouds and to
'who knows where?' There's a sign on the left pole that says,
"The CHILL POLE", and a sign on the right pole, with an arrow
pointing down that says, "The places you'll go!"

EXT. THE TWO POLES - CONT'D

The Boy looks at the pole, then down, then, to the Cat.

THE BOY
Don't tell me, you expect me to slide
down this pole?

THE GUY
It's the the natural move, for an
adventurous soul... For a quipster, a
hipster, someone making their mark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

But, this hipster gets nauseous, on the slide in the park.

THE GUY

Then, take some advice from a hep cat that knows. Just chill on the 'chill pole', and go where it goes.

The Boy approaches the 'pole.' He puts his hands around it, and starts to shiver.

THE BOY

(with teeth chattering)

Why'd they name it a 'chill pole.' Have you been told?

THE GUY

(also shivering)

They call it a chill pole, 'cause the pole is so cold.

They both slide down, with a FROZEN YELP, descending through various realms, and finally landing with a thud, in a huge, underground, echo chamber cavern, with candy cane, striped poles everywhere and a black and yellow striped floor. (From The Sues Storyboards.)

THE BOY

Wow! That wasn't so bad... It wasn't so tough.

THE GUY

(rubbing his cat rump)

I'm glad you didn't mind it, (to the audience) I'm too old for this stuff.

EXT. THE CAVERN - CONT'D

The Boy looks around, at the unusual surroundings.

THE BOY

Geez, this place is like nowhere that I've ever seen.

THE GUY

(pointing)

Look over there.

THE BOY

Hey! A ticket machine.

There's a flashing, neon sign blinking the words, "TICKET MACHINE!" Below it, is a bakery style 'take a number' gizmo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Boy and the Cat walk over to the ticket machine. The Boy looks at the machine.

The Boy reaches out and grabs a ticket. THEN BOOM, BELLS GO OFF AND LIGHTS FLASH.

The Boy turns around.

ANGLE ON: FOUR SUESS MEN, with the 'Sergeant Pepper type' jackets (from the storyboards.) They have the same faces as the Four Doctors.

SUESS MAN #1
Greetings and felicitations...

SUESS MAN #2
Welcome to Grand Koogle station!

SUESS MAN #3
Shango-bango, scoobey-doo!

SUESS MAN #4
That means, we've been expecting you.

SUESS MAN #1
Come right this way, just follow me.

SUESS MAN #2
We'll get you where, you need to be.

SUESS MAN #3
Jehooza-mooza, jumping bean!

SUESS MAN #4
That means you leave from gate #16!

They all go flying straight up the poles and out of view.

The Boy looks up after them, then over to a wall, where he sees a sign, with an arrow pointing, that reads, "Gate 1 - 4,667,399."

A VOICE COMES ON OVER A LOUD SPEAKER.

VOICE
All aboard! All aboard! En voiture! Nous
departons! Alle einsteigenni! All aboard!

The Boy is then startled, by a loud whistle.

ANGLE ON: A moving tram-escalator-roller coaster type thing appears. The sign on front says, "TOASTER COASTER." It has toasters mounted on every other seat, that pop out slices of bread into the air. It comes chugging by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There is a tiny, CONDUCTOR MAN in the front, with a hat, that's way, too big for his head.

CONDUCTOR MAN

(calling out)

All aboard for Cin-cin-ople. Load 'em up for North Swaboda. All aboard for Tallyho Town, Smart Cat Springs and Nesselroda. We are boarding now for Numglotz, Fol-de-oll and Floober Flow. Catch the local bound for boomtown! Oh, the places you will go!

The 'coaster' stops in front of The Boy and the Cat. TRAVELERS of every kind jump onto the 'coaster,' with their luggage. (See illustrations.)

THE GUY

(to the Boy)

Well, what do you say?

THE BOY

(nervous, stalling)

You mean, we're getting inside?

The Cat gives the Boy a little goose with his umbrella, sending him into the coaster.

THE GUY

One never walks, when one can ride.

INT. MAZE OF TUNNELS - CONT'D

We hear the following lines, over various shots of the coaster going through lots of twisty turns.

CONDUCTOR MAN #1 (V.O.)

We're on our way to Zitherville and Tilly Nilly Noolya.

CONDUCTOR MAN #2 (V.O.)

It's a little bit past Gillywink, that's south of North Tantoonya.

CONDUCTOR MAN #3 (V.O.)

We also have connecting flights, that go straight to Hallelujah Heights!

CONDUCTOR MAN #3 (V.O.)

And, if you miss your first connection. There's a ferry east, to 'West Reflection.'

The coaster goes through a pitch black tunnel.
OUT OF NOWHERE COMES THE SOUND OF A BICYCLE, BEING PEDDLED

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERY FAST. Then, just as quickly, the sound disappears.

THE BOY

Did you hear a strange noise?

THE GUY

You mean that one before last?

THE BOY

The one that sounds like a bike, being peddled real fast.

The 'Coaster' comes out of the tunnel. All the travelers have now disappeared. The Boy rides alone, as the 'Coaster' chugs up a steep incline, toward a WALL, WITH SEVERAL OPEN WINDOWS IN IT.

The Cat relaxes on his back and DRAWS ON A PAD. He's a few cars ahead of the Boy.

ANGLE ON: The Conductor, he pulls a lever.

ANGLE ON: The Coaster, it UNHINGES right between the Cat and the Boy. THE GUY 'S PART GOES OFF ONE WAY, AND THE BOY'S ANOTHER.

THE BOY (cont'd)

Hey, what's going on? Please, don't do that, come back!

THE GUY

This is quite strange, there's a toe in my tac.

The Cat shows the pad he's drawing on, to the Boy. There's a BIG TOE DRAWN in the center box, of his 'tic tac toe' board.

The Boy looks toward the impending wall, then, angrily back to the Cat.

Both the Boy's 'coaster,' and the Cat's 'coaster', go through open windows.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - CONT'D

ANGLE ON: A HOT AIR BALLOON. It sails through the sky at a nice clip, but, there's nobody in it. Then, two little hands appear, clinging tightly to the rim of the basket. It's the Boy!

He peeks out over the rim of the basket, with just his eyes. His eyes look frightened, as he manages to get his entire head up over the rim and look out.

The Boy's POV: The ground way down there.

ANGLE ON: The Boy. He likes what he sees. He raises half his torso up over the rim, to get a better look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's pretty cool up here! His face starts to relax, and a smile almost starts to come out. He stands up now, and the wind is in his hair. He holds onto the ropes and looks all around.

The shot widens to include the Cat, who is in his own hot air balloon.

THE GUY

You'll be on your way up. You'll be seeing great sights. You will join the high fliers, who soar to high heights.

The Boy's balloon flies higher.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You won't lag behind, because you'll have the speed. You'll pass the whole gang, and you'll soon take the lead.

The Boy's balloon is soaring past all kinds of other balloons.

THE GUY (V.O.)

Wherever you go, you'll be the best of the best. Wherever you go, you will lead all the rest.

The KIDS, in the other balloons, look at him in awe.

THE GUY (CONT'D)

You'll be an object of envy, of attention, acclaim! Yes, you're a dashing, young fella, oh the hearts you'll inflame. Now, let's get down to business... Let's call out that name.

THE BOY

Okay, I'll say my, name, yeah, that's what I'll do.

The Cat raises his fists. The Boy is about to speak, but, then stops.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But, would you mind waitng, just a minute or two.

The Cat drops his fists and sighs.

ANGLE ON: The Boy's balloon. He does flips and loop de loops.(BALLOON BALLET.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON: The Boy's face. He shields his eyes from the sun, and looks hard at something in the distance.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I know it's not right, to gawk or to
stare. But, I think I know the girl, in
that balloon over there.

ANGLE ON: MIGGLES. She's riding in her own hot air balloon.

She WAVES to the Boy, as their balloon's get closer.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Gulp! Double gulp! Triple gulp! Can it
be. That girl there is waving, and I
think it's at me.

MIGGLES
(giggling)
I hope he comes over, I hope he's not
shy.

The Boy starts floating over.

MIGGLES (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Oh, geez, here he comes. Oh, I hope he
says "hi."

Their balloon's are close now.

THE BOY
(to himself)
Now, don't act like a jerk, or some geeky
baboon. (to Miggles) It's a pretty nice
day, for a hot air balloon.

MIGGLES
(to the Boy)
Yes, it sure is, that's the truth, that's
no lie. (to herself) He did it, he did
it, he came up and said, "hi!"

ANGLE ON: The Boy and Miggles, THROUGH THE CROSS-HAIRS OF A
TELESCOPE.

ANGLE ON: A CLOUD. SNEAKY SNODGRASS' HOT AIR BALLOON DARTS
OUT FROM BEHIND IT. He's the one looking through a telescope.

SNEAKY SNODGRASS
Well, if that ain't the sweetest thing I
ever heard. That weird, goofy girl has
hooked up with that nerd.

ANGLE ON: Miggles and The Boy making small talk in their
balloons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE BOY

I hope you don't take this, as some dumb pick-up line. But, aren't you that girl, who laughs all the time?

MIGGLES

(giggling)

Yes, that's who I am, I'm one and the same. And, I think I like you, 'Boy who won't say his name.'

ANGLE ON: Sneaky, still watching through his scope.

SNEAKY

She thinks that she likes him, well, isn't that grand.

Sneaky takes out a blow gun, loaded with a big dart.

SNEAKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Let old Sneaky Snodgrass give this romance a hand.

He puts the gun to his lips and blows. We follow the dart right into the Boy's balloon.

A terrible, popping sound is heard. The Boy looks up and the dart has punctured his balloon.

THE BOY (CONT'D)

(looking at the dart)

I'm not real good at science, and what makes things fall. But, this can't be good, no, it's not good at all.

The balloon starts to drop quickly.

MIGGLES

(calling down)

Where are you going? "Boy who won't say his name."

THE BOY

(calling up)

I'm going away, but, you're not to blame.

All of a sudden, the balloon stops plummeting and instead, starts bouncing like a yo-yo.

EXT. A TREE GROWING OUT OF THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN - CONT'D

The Boy's deflated balloon is hanging from the tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up and sees Miggles' balloon flying away. He also sees Sneaky's balloon and a bunch of other kids' balloons. They're all flying away. Sneaky waves to him, snidely.

A BIRD comes and lands on the rim of the basket.

THE BOY

I don't understand... I was king of the air.

THE BIRD

Cocka doodle, Cock doodle.

THE BOY

Yeah, I know, it's not fair.

The bird flies off.

The Boy sits there, depressed, as the Cat enters the frame, hovering in his balloon.

THE GUY

I'm sorry to say it, but, sadly it's true. That bang-ups and hang-ups can happen to you.

He climbs into the Cat's balloon. The balloon floats down to earth.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You may soon hit the earth, with an unpleasent bump.

The balloon lands on the ground, a little roughly. The Boy is jostled.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And, the chances are then, that you'll be in a slump.

The Boy jumps out of the balloon and we hear a goeey sound, as feet squish into GOOEY OOBLEK.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And, when you're in a slump, you're not in for much fun. Unslumping yourself, is not easily done.

The Boy struggles through the gooepy goo. He can barely move. His footsteps have a suction sound, as he moves slowly, sadly along towards a cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE GUY (cont'd)
But, hey, that's part of the picture,
when you get out there and roam.

THE BOY
(scared)
Then, I don't want to be out there, I
just want to go home.

The Boy goes over to the edge of a cliff, and stares down
into an abyss. He looks down into the bottomless space.

EXT. ABYSS - CONT'D

A little spec at the bottom of the abyss calls up. It's the
Cat.

THE GUY (V.O.)
(calling up)
Now, don't get all twisted, don't mope
and don't cry. Here, we'll just play a
game... And, the game is called 'try.'

The Boy doesn't want to hear it. He tries to walk away from
the edge, but, the goop on his shoes has him stuck. He
struggles. He can't move. Then somehow from somewhere, he
musters up all his strength and pulls his feet right out of
his shoes.

Then again, with all his might, he pulls his shoes out of the
goop. He then rips the huge chunks of goop off the shoes, and
triumphantly hurls them, down into the abyss.

Beat. THE GUY WALKS INTO FRAME. A BIG GOB OF GOOP COVERING
HIS FACE.

THE GUY (CONT'D)
Well, wasn't that special, Well, wasn't
that swell. You just played the game and
you played it quite well.

The Cat wipes the goop of his face.

The Boy looks at him, he preens a little, proud of himself.
The Cat walks forward, but, the Boy doesn't follow. The Cat
walks back to him, then points out to the horizon.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
It's a giant, big world, under big, giant
skies. There are giant, big questions.
There are big, giant "why's?" All of
history was mystery, we don't know what's
ahead. We're all starved for adventure,
we press on, we get fed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cat looks at the Boy. The Boy thinks.

THE BOY

Alright, I'll keep on going, but, let me
lead the way.

THE GUY

That's no problem at all, fine, whatever
you say.

The Boy leads on.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh! The places you'll go. Oh! The things
that you'll see. So, lead on my brave
scout, I am following thee.

EXT. HOUSE, WEEGLETOWN - CONT'D

An identical, little cottage in a row, among many.

INT. HOUSE - CONT'D

A FAMILY sits around a dinner table. It's a FATHER, MOTHER
and a young BOY and GIRL. (The Father is one of the men, who
warned the Boy's Father.) The Father eats heartily, but, the
kids just pick at their plates, listlessly.

MOTHER

A Boy not coming out.

FATHER

They're gonna call a town meeting.

THE MOTHER

What's wrong with you kids?

BOY & GIRL

(monotone)

We just don't feel like eating.

THE MOTHER

But, it's "Red Roasted Zweeg Bird" with
brickerbrack stuffing.

Beat.

GIRL

Dad, can we be excused?

FATHER

To do what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY
To do nothing.

The Boy and Girl get up and 'shlump' away. The Parents look at each other concerned.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - CONT'D

The Boy and The Cat walk along. There are cactus and other desert flora. The Cat whips out one of those reflector, tanning things. The Boy comes to a post, with direction signs pointing all different directions. They are blank. The Boy looks up, overwhelmed. He kicks the sign. One sign falls off and 'beans' him. He gets up, and takes two steps in one direction, then another, then another. Finally, he just stands still.

THE GUY
What's going on, friend, why are you slowing?

The Boy sits down on the ground.

THE BOY
I've run into a problem, I don't know where I'm going.

The Cat tucks his reflector in his pocket.

THE GUY
You're wrong, my dear child, you're doing just fine. Just tilt your head upward, and, take a look at that sign.

The Boy looks straight up and sees a sign that says, "Quandary Town" and there's an arrow pointing.

EXT. THE GATES OUTSIDE OF QUANDARY TOWN - CONT'D

The Boy stands there, looking through the gates, with concern. (See illustrations)

THE GUY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You've come to a place, where the streets are not marked. Some windows are lighted, but, mostly they're darked. A place you could sprain, both your elbow and chin! Do you dare to stay out, do you dare to go in. How much can you lose? How much can you win?

The Boy starts to go in through the gates, but, stops. He does this again, then, again. The Cat comes up next to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And, if you go in, should you turn left
or right... Or right and three quarters,
or maybe not quite. Or go back around, or
sneak in from behind. Simple it's not,
I'm afraid you will find. For a mind-
maker-upper, to make up his mind.

The four Doctor's show up again. This time dressed in odd,
little Sues outfits. (THE HUNCHES.)

THE BOY
Who are these strange men, who just
showed up in bunches?

THE GUY
Those aren't men, those are Quandry Town
Hunches. Four friendly helpers, for when
you're caught up in doubt. The tourist
board sends them, to help you figure
things out.

Hunch #1 approaches the Boy.

HUNCH #1
This is no time for hedging, this is not
time to stall... There's only one place
to go and that's straight through this
wall.

Hunch #1 goes through the wall. The Boy follows, BUT SMACKS
FACE FIRST INTO THE WALL. Hunch #2, IN FULL SPACE GEAR, comes
up and dusts the Boy off.

HUNCH #2
Don't listen to him, he's the worst Hunch
we got. Follow me into space....

Hunch #2 runs up a ramp and starts soaring skyward. He lands
on the moon, and calls back.

HUNCH #2 (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You'll be a great astronaut.

The Boy runs up the ramp, but, instead of flying to space, he
comes crashing to earth. Hunch #3 goes over and dusts the Boy
off.

HUNCH #3
There's not time to be wasted, pick
yourself off the floor. My Hunchtenna is
hunching, and it points toward that door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The ANTENNA on the top of the Hunches' head is pointing to a free standing door frame. There's a question mark on it.

The Boy goes over to the door and opens it. A WILD, SUESS MONSTER, WITH GIANT TEETH, LETS OUT A BLOOD CURDLING HOWL! The Boy slams the door shut.

HUNCH #4 comes up to the Boy. His clothes are burned and tattered, and, he looks like he's been through AN EXPLOSION.

HUNCH #4

Alright, listen closely, this Hunch can't be fudged... 'Cause this is the hunch, by which all others are judged.

The Boy listens intently.

HUNCH #4 (cont'd)

It's the hunch of all hunches, it's the best of the batch. You just drink all this down...

He hands the Boy a gallon of gas. Then, he strikes a match.

HUNCH #4 (cont'd)

...And swallow this match.

He hands the Boy the lit match. The Boy stands there with the gas and the match. Looking at both.

The Cat runs and blows the match out!

THE GUY

What are you, bonkers?... Look at yourself... You sure ain't the poster boy, for good mental health.

THE BOY

But, if people are leading, shouldn't you go where your led?

THE GUY

That depends on the leader, you must hear what is said.

The Cat takes the can of gas and unscrews the top. THIS CREATES A GREAT SUCTION WIND, AND ALL THE HUNCHES GET SUCKED INTO THE CAN, TORNADO STYLE.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

'Cause too many hunches will lead you straight to the bottom. In fact, they're kinda like belly-buttons, everyone's got 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The Cat throws the can away. The Boy nods. Then, a deep, confident voice is heard.

V.O.

Don't listen to that pat baloney. That Cat's a fraud, a fake, a phony.

The Boy turns around, to see a MUSTACHED MAN IN A CAPE.

MUSTACHED MAN (CONT'D)

A boy should only listen to his ma and pa... And, perhaps you might stretch that to include, Moi.

The man comes toward the Boy, with his hand outstretched. The Boy looks at the Cat. They stare at each other for a quick beat. Then, the Boy turns his back on the Cat, and shakes the Mustached Man's hand. The Mustached Man has a smarmy smile on his face.

MUSTACHED MAN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Let me introduce myself. I'm Chuckster Huckster Baxter Buckster. And, you my friend are quite in luckster. 'Cause Baxter Buxster is the name, of hocus pocus, side show fame.

THE BOY

But, I've never heard of Baxter Buxster. No, I don't know you, Mr Chuckster.

BAXTER BUXTER

Well, that's alright, alright and how. The point is that you know me now. The point is I can take you far. If your head can fit inside this jar.

Baxter produces a small glass jar. The Boy thinks.

THE BOY

Well, I guess I could consider it. Though, I'm not sure that my head would fit...Hmmm...I'm not real pleased with where I'm at. What do you say, Mr. Cat?

The Boy turns back to the Cat. BUT, THE GUY IS GONE.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to himself)

Mr. Cat who wears a hat.

The Boy turns back and studies the jar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Just stick my head inside this thing...
Not stick it in, then dance and sing?

BAXTER BUXSTER
Just head in jar. Yup, that's the game.

Beat.

THE BOY
This sure beats having to say your name.

EXT. CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW - CONT'D

Baxter Buxster barks to a crowd.

BAXTER BUXSTER
Step right up, he's quite bizarre. The
boy whose head, fits in a jar.

Baxter Buxster pulls a curtain, and there's the Boy, with
his head in a jar. The crowd ooh's and ahh's.

A MOTHER, FATHER, and CHILD stare at the Boy.

MOTHER
He's like a freak, from outer space.

The Child gets close.

CHILD
He's gotta a funny, mushed up face.

BAXTER BUXTER
Step right up and be amazed! The sad
cruel jokes that nature plays. It's not a
trick, it's not a ploy. 'The Tiny-Headed,
nameless boy!'

The line to see the Boy, goes on for miles.

EXT. CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW - NIGHT

The show is over, everyone's gone home. Baxter Buxster is
counting a huge pile of money. (He begins to sing the "MONEY"
SONG.)

BAXTER BUXTER
(singing)
Touch it, smell it, hear it jingle.

He shakes a handful of change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
(showing the Boy the different
bills)
Hundreds, tens, a five, a single. Good
stuff, green stuff, keep it comin'.

He holds a stack of bills up to the Boy's ears.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Listen to it, hear it hummin'.

Baxter Buxter holds out a packet of bills. The Boy reaches for it, but, he pulls it away.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Lend it, spend it, howl and holler.
Everybody loves a dollar. It goes for
you, it goes for me... My favorite word
is currency.

He starts to dance around the room.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
(putting a bill in the Boy's
mouth)
Eat it, taste it, feel its charms.

He stuffs a bunch of bills in the Boy's armpits.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Stuff a bunch, under your arms... Lot's
of zeroes, lot's of commas, take a c-note
home to momma... Love it.

He kisses it.

BAXTER BUXSTER (CONT'D)
Shove it.

He stuffs it down the front of his pants.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
Get more of it. Hell below and God above
it. Light a stogy.

He lights a cigar with a wad of bills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Scratch an itch.

He scratches himself with a packet of \$20's.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
The world can kiss my...

THE BOY
(about to be offended)
Hey...

BAXTER BUXSTER
(not caring)
I'm rich... Wing it! Fling it! Beat me
blue!

He now starts to smack himself with the bills.

BAXTER BUXTER (CONT'D)
There's lot's for me, there's some for
you. You've sold your soul, you're scared
you might... The green stuff makes it all
alright.
Yes, it goes for you, and it goes for
me... My favorite word is currency.

He finishes on his knees.

EXT. A HIGH HILL ABOVE THE CARNIVAL - CONT'D

The Cat is watching this whole thing, on a telescope.

EXT. CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW - CONT'D

Baxter Buxter and the Boy toast bottles of pop.

BAXTER BUXTER
My boy, you're great, the best I've had.
Think of me, as a second dad. It's even
brighter, 'round the bend. It's me and
you kid, 'til the end.

V.O.
Excuse me, I'm looking for a job.

Baxter Buxter and The Boy spin around. Standing there is a
small set of SIAMESE TWIN GIRLS.

SIAMESE TWIN #1
Her name's Wick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIAMESE TWIN #2

And, she's the Wuckster.

BOTH

We're looking for a Baxter Buxster.

BAXTER BUXSTER

(walking toward the twins)

O'my lucky stars and such... Two heads,
two jars, that's twice as much.

THE BOY

But, you just said I'm like a son... That
we wouldn't stop 'til we were done.

BAXTER BUXTER

I'm sorry, kid, that's one bad trait...
At times, I can exaggerate...

THE BOY

But.

BAXTER BUXTER

(back toward the kid,
ominously)

Save it, kid, the sides are weighed. And,
those two win... That's how it's
played...We did our thing, but, now we're
done. So, beat it, kid, and don't walk,
run!

The Boy looks like he's gonna cry. He takes off running.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - CONT'D

The Boy runs down the open road. He's real upset. All of a
sudden, he stops dead in his tracks, and his eyes go wide
with fear!

BOY'S POV: THE EMPTY GREEN PANTS PEDDLING MADLY ON THE
BICYCLE. The Green Pants are coming straight for the Boy.

The Boy starts to back peddle quickly. Then boom! He smacks
into something. The Green Pants go whizzing by, missing him
by an inch.

The Boy watches, as The Green Pants disappear over a hill.

The Boy turns around to see what he bumped into. It's the
base of a water tower. He looks up and sees a sign on the top
of the tower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: A flashing, neon sign. The top part flashes: "PROFESSOR MARGO MURGERY." The bottom part then flashes: "THE QUEEN OF PLASTIC SURGERY!" An arrow points to an ARABIAN STYLE TENT, set up in the middle of nowhere. The Boy looks at the sign, then, the tent.

EXT. THE SEA - CONT'D

The Cat, now in a submarine, looks through the periscope. He has got the Boy in the crosshairs. THE FISH, FROM ONE FISH TWO FISH, SWIM AROUND HIM, IN THE SUB. He looks to one of the Fish. The Fish shrugs.

INT. PROF. MARGO'S GIANT ARABIAN TENT - CONT'D

The tent is huge. There are wild mannequins everywhere, with all sorts of combinations of limbs. There are barrels full of arms, crates full of legs, feet hanging from hooks on the ceiling. There's even one of those dry cleaner's trams, carrying various body parts around and around the tent. The Boy looks at all this in amazement.

ANGLE ON: The barrel full of arms. Out of it, like a girl out of a cake, pops PROFESSOR MARGO MURGERY (THE QUEEN OF PLASTIC SURGERY.) SHE HOLDS AN ARM IN EACH HAND. THEN NEXT TO HER, POP OUT HER TWO ASSISTANTS (THING #1 AND THING #2.)

PROF. MARGO

Well, look who's here, well look who came...

She steps out of the barrel and comes over and shakes the Boy's hand, with one of the fake arms.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Margo Murgery's the name... So, tell me, you, give me a clue? Something simple... Brown eyes blue? Or, are your problems somewhat larger.

Things #1 & #2 go over to the leg crate, and lift up some legs.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

How 'bout fifteen legs and a turbo charger.

Thing #1 presses the button on the turbo charger, and the legs start to run in place at high speed.

PROR. MARGO

It's amazing, the things that you can find... Now, step this way, if you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prof. Margo drags the Boy, in front of a wild looking, wired up, electric, atomic, super magic mirror.

PROF. MARGO
How' bout ten ears...

The Boy looks in the magic mirror. He has ten ears.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
How 'bout three heads.

Now, the Boy has three heads.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Or, seven feet.

The Boy has seven feet.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
With rubber treads.

He looks at the bottoms of his feet. They look like tires.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I've got a notion, if you dare. A big,
square face, with bright green hair.

The Boy looks in the mirror, at his square face and green hair. He shakes his head. He doesn't like it.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You don't like it... Sorry, brother...
Just screw it off, and try another...

Things #1 & #2 screw the Boy's head off. The Boy's expression is one of shock, as his head is screwed off.

PROG MARGO (CONT'D)
That's the beauty of what I do. Don't
like yourself, be someone new.

Things #1 & #2 now, screw The Cat in the Hat's head, on the Boy's body.

PROF. MARGO
I don't think, that one makes the scene.
Except at costume balls...

THE BOY
Or, Halloween.

They screw the Cat's head off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PROF. MARGO

(pointing)

I've got some new heads, on that shelf.

She points to heads, of many famous Sues characters. (Fox. Grinch etc.)

PROF. MARGO (cont'd)

Go on... Go take a look yourself.

The Boy's body picks up his head and carries it around with him. He's all excited, as he points to different bins.

THE BOY (CONT'D)

(The unscrewed head speaks)

I'll take four of those, and six of these. And, an extra liver, no disease. Five more ribs and one spare wrist. And, throw in some elbows, so, my arms can twist. And, as for thumbs, I want a lotta. And, one Medulla Oblongata. And, extra teeth, for the ones that ache. And, an extra fanny to shake shake shake.

He shakes his little, headless fanny.

Prof. Margo grabs a shopping cart, and starts throwing body parts in it.

ANGLE ON: The Boy. He screws his head on and looks in the mirror. He sees himself equipped with all his new parts. His jaw drops.

Prof. Margo tries to hand him TWO, BIG, PURPLE DOMINOES. The Boy shakes his head, 'no.' He doesn't want them.

PROF. MARGO

What's the matter, what's the beef?
They're giant, groovy, purple teeth.

THE BOY

(staring at his form)

But, it's not right... It shouldn't be.
If I keep this stuff, I won't be me...
I'm not so sure... This stuff you're
doing. Heads are for thinking, not
unscrewing.

The Boy grabs his real head and screws it back on his body.

Prof. Margo scratches her head, as she paces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PROF. MARGO

Whoa, what a thought, the chills it
sends. I never saw it through that lens.

Prof. Margo stops and picks up a HEAD. She stares at it.

PROF. MARGO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'm afraid you're right, I'm quite
corrupt.

HEAD

You must go and blow, this whole place
up.

A pair of ARMS hand her a time bomb, with a burning fuse..

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TENT - CONT'D

ANGLE ON: The Boy running, with the giant tent in the
background. THE TENT BLOWS SKI HIGH. PLASTIC ARMS AND LEGS
ARE EVERYWHERE!

The explosion makes the Boy cover his ears, and dive to the
ground.

CLOSE ON: THE BOY ON THE GROUND. RIGHT NEXT TO HIS FACE ARE A
BIG PAIR OF CAT'S FEET.

The Boy looks up, It's the Cat.

THE GUY

So, what happened with Baxter Buxter?

THE BOY

He turned out to be a schmuckster.

THE GUY .

And, Professor Margo wasn't fun?

THE BOY

She blew her place to kingdom come.

THE GUY

Well, no time to stop, come on, let's
go...

The Boy yawns and sits down on a rock.

THE BOY

But, I kinda like it here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY
(concerned)
...Oh, no.

EXT. THE WAITING PLACE - CONT'D

The Boy looks around, and sees people of every age, kind and occupation, waiting (based on the double spread in the book.)

A MAN, walking in circles, almost bumps into the Boy.

THE GUY (CONT'D)
Watch out, kid, give him his space...(Rod
Serling voice) 'Cause you've just
entered... The Waiting Place.

The Boy gets up and starts to look around some more.

THE BOY
But, I didn't walk through any door.
Besides, (loud to everyone) what are you
all waiting for.

The PEOPLE of the Waiting Place answer him.

MAN WITH FISHING POLE
I'm waiting for that one big bite.

MAN DRESSED DISCO DANCE STYLE
I'm waiting for a Friday night.

HOMELESS MAN WITH SIGN AND
MONEY CUP
I'm waiting for a better break.

WOMAN WITH BAGS AT A BUS KIOSK
I'm waiting for my Uncle Jake.

PARANOID LOOKING GUY
I'm waiting to feel less estranged.

MAN PULLING SLOT MACHINE
HANDLE
I'm waiting for my luck to change.

MAN IN BOXERS
I'm waiting for a pair of pants.

BOY DRESSED AS ROMEO
I'm waiting for a hot romance.

WOMAN WITH TICKET BEHIND
VELVET ROPES
I'm waiting to go see a show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALD MAN

I'm waiting for my hair to grow.

MAN WITH CLOCK

I'm waiting for the perfect time.

CAT BURGLAR

(pulling down a ski mask)

Shhh! I'm waiting to commit a crime.

MAN IN CHE GUEVERA BERET AND
FATIGUES

I'm waiting for a leftist coup.

WOMAN ON A LONG LINE

I'm waiting 'cause everyone else is too.

BOXER WITH HIS CHIN STUCK OUT

I'm waiting to take it on the chin.

THE GUY

(to the Boy)

What do you say, do you fit in?

WOMAN IN BED

I'm waiting here until I'm tired.

SCULPTOR WITH MOUND OF CLAY

I'm waiting 'til I get inspired.

WOMAN BY PHONE

I'm waiting for this phone to ring.

MAN WITH VASE

I'm waiting for this vase to 'Ming.'

CRAWLING BABY

I'm waiting to learn how to walk.

DOG

I'm waiting to learn how to talk.

MAN

I'm waiting to learn how to bark.

TWO SUESS STYLE LLAMAS

We're waiting here for Noah's Ark.

LONELY WOMAN

I'm waiting for a long lost friend.

SAD MAN

I'm waiting for it all to end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON: The Boy and the Cat, watching.

THE BOY

Wow!... I'm glad I'm not part of this waiting game.

THE GUY

You mean, you're ready to say your name?

The Boy goes and plunks himself down on a rock.

THE BOY

(looking down)

I'm not a doer, I'm not a gem. I'm just a waiter, I'm just like them.

THE GUY

(teasing)

You're doomed, you're trapped, you're on your knees. A stagnant, listless, lost disease. A mighty kite, without a breeze. A great fondue, without the cheese...

The Cat picks the Boy up, and dusts him off.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(Texas accent)

Now looky here, I mean you, 'slim.'
You're ridin' high, compared to him.

The Boy looks to his left and there we see, in all his glory, 'THE GHASTLY GLOOMSTER' coming toward him.

THE GLOOMSTER

Think you got worries, (sarcastic) ho-ho, he-he. Wait 'til you hear, what worries me.

He starts to circle the Boy, in a nervous pacing fit.

THE GLOOMSTER (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Some days, I get down in the dumps. I pull my hair out, right in clumps.

He puuls a clump of his hair off and hands it to the Boy. Confused, the Boy shifts it from one hand to the other.

THE GLOOMSTER (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

I can barely breathe, between the sobs. I even worry about doorknobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

From his sleeve, he produces a doorknob. He looks at it with great anguish and thrusts it toward the Boy. The Boy, now, has both the hair and the doorknob.

THE GLOOMSTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

You say, "doorknobs." What could concern?
Well, I worry that they may not turn.

The Boy turns the Doorknob, it turns fine. The Gloomster lifts his long nightshirt.

THE GLOOMSTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

I worry about my aching knees, about
commas and parenth-a-sees.

He draws the punctuation marks in mid-air.

THE GLOOMSTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

Semi colons make me stammer. Bad things
haapen, when you use bad grammar.

He paces now, almost dancing, as he sings.

THE GLOOMSTER (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

And, what about prices going up by the
hour. And, the diminishment of my buying
power. I worry about slipping in the
shower. And, what if it falls?

THE BOY

What falls?

The Gloomster looks up. The Boy looks up. The Eiffel Tower is above them.

THE GLOOMSTER

The Eiffel Tower!... I worry about
cholesterol. And, why are pygmies never
tall? I worry about mortgages, marriages,
divorces. I worry about betting on the
horses. I worry about everything. Corned
beef and cabbage, Chicken a la King.
About pesticides and rollerskates.
Earthquakes and insurance rates. I worry
like a mother hen. And, when I'm finished
worrying, I start again!

The Eiffel Tower comes crashing down on them, covering them in twisted wreckage. The Boy digs his way out of the junk. He looks around for the Gloomster, but, the Gloomster is gone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE BOY

Where'd he go?... There's not a spec...
(to the Cat) Boy, was he a nervous wreck.

THE GUY

What'd I tell you, what'd I say. Next to
him, you're a-okay. You've got panache
and savoir faire. You're ready to go
anywhere... The only question is, how to
play it.

THE BOY

Mr. Cat... Please... Don't say it.

Beat. The Cat smiles. Then...

THE GUY

Oh! The places you'll go! Oh! The things
that you'll see! You've got good things
in store, and that's called DESTINY. Oh!
The places you'll go, so come on, take a
stand. You must do something
outrageous... You must start up a band.

Music starts. The Cat sings. (The START A BAND song.)

THE GUY (cont'd)

(singing)

When your wop-bop isn't bopping.
And your popcorn isn't popping.
And your tweedle, wants to dweedle, And
you can't keep it from stopping.
And your 'little engine doesn't think
"It can"... Start a band. Start a band.

A SUESS MUSICIAN appears, with a Suessian instrument. He
stands there, frozen.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

When your hob-knob isn't hobbing. And
your corn-cob isn't cobbing. And you're
sorry and you're sobbing.
And there's no apples to go bobbing.
And it's imperative that you devise a
plan. Start a band. Start a band.

Another Suess Musician appears, also frozen.

THE GUY (cont'd)

When your hey-now isn't heyning. And your
hound dog isn't baying.
And you find the things you're saying,
make no sense and are dismaying.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THE GUY (cont'd)
And that everything you eat, tastes dull
and bland. Start a band. Start a band.

A few more Musicians appear. They, too, are still. Stacks of sheet music also appear.

THE GUY (cont'd)
'Cause music is a happy maker.
It's the real thing, it ain't no faker.
Will make a shimmyer and shaker.
Out of a nun or monk or Quaker.
Will make a mean boogie machine, of any
man. Start a band. Start a band.

Chairs appear, set up in an orchestra position. The music stands all say, "Oh! The places you'll go!"

The Cat stands, where the conductor would. Only a few of the chairs have musicians in them.

THE GUY (cont'd)
When your cowlick isn't licking. And your
time-bomb isn't ticking. And the candles,
that you handle, are all waxing, but not
wicking. There's a problem with your
thinking. And your stink-bomb isn't
stinking. And it's all because the mink
coat, that you bought just isn't minking.
And you haven't got a friend, much less a
fan. Start a band. Start a band.... Start
a band. Start a band... Start a band.

He hands the Boy the umbrella.

The Cat fades out, as the Boy, tentatively, waves the umbrella.

To the Boy's amazement, one of the Frozen Musicians STARTS TO PLAY A LITTLE. He's the GLIMBEREEN PLAYER, and, he plays his Glimbereen in perfect time, to the Boy's umbrella.

GLIMBEREEN PLAYER
A Glimbereen! A Glimbereen! You need a
Glimbereen. Any boy that starts a band,
must have a Glimbereen.

The Glimbereenist solos, quickly, as the Boy conducts.

Another of the Frozen Musicians, starts to play his HINKLE-HOFFER-HORN.

HINKLE-HOFFER-HORNIST
And a HINKLE-HOFFER-HORN! You need a
Hinkle-Hoffer-Horn!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HINKLE-HOFFER-HORNIST (cont'd)
A Glimbereen sounds mighty lean, without
a Hinkle-Hoffer-Horn!

HINKLE-HOFFER-HORNIST toots a few, hot ones.

The Boy, awkward at first, directs the Two Bandsmen.
Gradually, he begins to conduct with growing interest and
dexterity.

Two Other Frozen Musicians start to play

FLOOBERIST AND SNOOBERIST
And a FLOOBER and a SNOOBER...

FLOOBER and SNOOBER PLAYERS blow.

NOW, NEW MUSICIANS MATERIALIZE IN THE EMPTY SEATS, WITH THEIR
ODD INSTRUMENTS.

BALOOGAHIST
And a BALOOGAHIST named GOOBER!

The Baloogahist plays. HIS NAME, GOOBER, PRINTED ON HIS
SHIRT.

INT. HUGE AMPHITHEATER - CONT'D

The Cat calls, from the back row, to the Boy on the stage.

CAT
(to the Boy)
No need for doubters and nay-sayers.
You're surrounded by the players!

INT. STAGE - CONT'D

Groups of Musicians now appear in the seats, playing wild
instruments. They play joyously and march around the umbrella
waving Boy!

PLUNKER-UNKER
And, you'll need some Plunker-Unkers, to
provide the bongos and bings...

KALIKINGO PLAYER
...And, of course some Kalikingos,
plucking softly, silken strings.

More Musicians appear.

DRUMMERS
Let some drummers come a-drumming.

STRUMMERS
And some strummers come a-strumming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLUMBERS WITH TOOL BELTS JOIN IN, BLOWING FLUTES.

PLUMBERS

And some plumbers, who use flutes instead
of wrenches, when they're plumbing.

The seats are, now, all filled with players! The Boy is busy
conducting, as the Cat swings on a trapeze, above the stage.

CAT

And when this gang, all gets together,
and you lead them to the fray. Folks are
sure to be entranced, by the music
that they play. Kind of music, wakes the
wind up, makes the cobwebs blow away.
Kind of music, comes like thunder, out of
china cross the bay!

MUSIC: Great Hurricane of a blast!

BIG OPERA WOMAN

Blows the tops right off of mountains.

Mountain-tops get blown off.

BIG OPERA MAN

Blows the goldfish out of fountains.

Goldfish flying.

CAT

Blows the hats right off the heads, of
certain certified accountants.

Accountants' hats blown to hell.

THE BOY, THEN, CONDUCTS THE BAND, IN A GREAT, CRESCENDOING,
MINI-SYMPHONY, COMPLETE WITH GRAND CHOREOGRAPHY.

As the final crescendo nears, The Cat jumps out front and
does a wild, jelly-kneed dance.

CAT (cont'd)

Kinda music makes a fella, do the jim-jam-
jumpin'-jive!

BOY

Kinda music makes a fella feel, real glad
that he's alive!

The Boy does a cartwheel and two back flips, landing in a
split on the final chord!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON: A BIG BLACK & WHITE STRIPED HOSE, WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND THE BOY.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: THE TRUNK OF A GIANT BLACK & WHITE STRIPED ELEPHANT. The elephant picks the Boy up with his trunk, lifts him over his head, and slides him onto his back.

ANGLE ON: The Cat. Wearing a big, RED AND WHITE STRIPED COWBOY HAT, and riding on the back of his own galloping elephant.

THE GUY
(Texas drawl)
Feeling better, podner?

CLOSE ON: The Boy. He's riding his elephant, like a race horse. He yelps with exhilaration.

The Cat pulls up next to the Boy. They race, neck and neck. We can hear the galloping hooves.

The Boy, now, starts to show off with trick riding. He stands, he flips under and around the elephant's belly, Annie Oakley style. He does a one handed, hand-stand on the elephant's head.

THE GUY (cont'd)
(riding fast next to him)
Oh. the places you'll go! There is fun to
be done! There are points to be scored,
there are games to be won!

The Boy rides, standing on the elephant's back. A FOOTBALL COMES AND LANDS, 'OOMPH,' RIGHT IN HIS BREADBASKET.

The Boy jumps off the elephant, with a back flip. He spins fast in the air and when he lands, he is dressed in full football uniform, with the old style, open helmet.

The elephants are now standing on two legs. They have whistles and little referee caps.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And, whatever the game, you are headed
for fame. And, the cheers of the crowd,
as they shout out your name!

Great O.S. SOUND of the cheering crowd. The Four Doctors/Hunches are now dressed as Cheerleaders.

THE FOUR CHEERLEADERS
Hickleberry! Hackleberry! Huckleberry!
Who! You! You! You!... You! You! You!

INT. STADIUM - CONT'D

The stadium is packed! A team of WILD, SUESSIAN CHARACTERS in football uniforms, kick off a football.

The Boy catches the football, and starts to return it.

ANGLE ON: The Cat. He is on the sideline, coaching. He wears a headset over his hat.

THE GUY

Nothing can stop you, your future is
clear... So, keep moving forward, the
goal line is near.

ANGLE ON: Sneaky Snodgrass. He's over on the other sideline, also wearing a headset.

SNEAKY SNODGRASS

(through a megaphone)
Get him with a backwards lutz... Then
kick him in the you know whats.

CLOSE ON: The Boy. Performing the greatest exhibition, of open field running, ever seen.

He charges down a playing field, that stretches into the horizon.

One after another, GROUPS OF OPPONENTS pop up to obstruct him.

TEAMS, armed with GIANT BUTTERFLY NETS, try to catch him.

ANOTHER TEAM, armed with SKRUXES, climb out of manholes and try to thwart him.

The Boy hurdles walls and nets and chains. He goes through turnstiles, walls, and wickets.

EXT. SIDELINE - CONT'D

The Cat cheers.

EXT. SIDELINE - CONT'D

Sneaky Snodgrass throws down his clipboard.

EXT. FIELD - CONT'D

The Boy gets cockier and more show-offish, as he goes.

EXT. SIDELINE - CONT'D

THE CHEERLEADERS do a choreographed CHEER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHEERLEADERS

Susquehanna, blue banana, hidey-ho and
haydy-hay. Pink potata, sweet tomata,
come on, 'no-name,' all the way!

EXT. FIELD - CONT'D

The Boy has knocked over his last opponent. There is, now,
nobody between him and the goal posts. He crosses the goal
line, spikes the ball, and does a little 'touchdown dance!'

EXT. SIDELINE - CONT'D

The Cat cheers the Boy on.

THE GUY

Oh, the magical things, you can do with
the ball. Will make you the winningest,
winner of all.

We pan the cheering crowd, and, once we've made our full
circle, we are now inside.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - CONT'D

The arena is JAM PACKED to the rafters. FANS CHEER AND WAVE
PENNANTS. They have banners hanging all over, like, "South
Shmegilville loves the Boy who won't say his name."

CLOSE ON: A Suessian backboard and basket.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The Boy. He stands at the foul line, in
a basketball uniform.

CLOSE ON: THE SCOREBOARD. It says, "Home" 98, "Visitor" 98.
Next to the score is the time remaining... "00:01."

INT. COURTSIDE - CONT'D

The Cat stands by the bench, watching the game.

THE GUY

Fame, you'll be famous, as famous can be.
With the whole wide world, watching you
win on TV.

INT. ANNOUNCERS BOOTH - CONT'D

CLOSE ON: TV ANNOUNCER.

TV ANNOUNCER

There's one second left, in this
incredible game... And, it's all up to
the Boy, who won't say his name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: The Boy. He holds the ball, and takes a deep breath.

ANGLE ON: The Cat, on the bench. He has his eyes closed and paws crossed for good luck.

The Boy shoots.

ANGLE ON: The ball, arching toward the basket. BUT, JUST AS THE BALL IS ABOUT TO GO IN, THE ENTIRE BASKET BENDS BACKWARD.

The ball falls, harmlessly, to the floor, having hit nothing.

THE ENTIRE CROWD SIGHS IT'S DISAPPOINTMENT!

CLOSE ON: Sneaky Snodgrass. He's pulling on a rope. The rope has a grappling hook on the end of it, and the hook is attached to the backboard of the basket. The basket is bent way back. Sneaky looks into the camera and winks.

THE ARENA GOES BLACK. When the lights come back on. THE ARENA IS EMPTY.

THE BOY

Hey, what's going on, where did everyone go? I just missed by an inch. That can happen, you know!

The Cat walks up and joins him.

THE GUY

Well, I'm afraid that sometimes, you must play lonely games, too. Games you can't win, 'cause you'll play against you.

EXT. DIMLY LIT SHAMBLES - CONT'D

The Boy shoots, by himself, at a rickety, old basket. The ball misses and starts rolling away.

EXT. RICKETY STAIRWAY - CONT'D

The ball rolls through debris, to a rickety stairway. Then, down the dark stairway

Bump! Bump! Bump! It sadly rolls along.

Music picks up on the Bump! Bump! Bump! theme.

Intercut, with the ball, is the Boy and the Cat. They also descend the stairway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY

All alone! All alone! Whether you like
it, or not. All alone will be something,
that you will be, quite a lot.

The stairway is becoming more abstract and desolate.

EXT. DARKENED PATH - CONT'D

The Boy is, now, walking on a seemingly, endless path,
extending into blackness.

He approaches a series of warmly, lighted windows. As he
passes each one, a hand blots out the light, by pulling down
a window shade.

EXT. LONELY BARREN DESERT - CONT'D

The Boy plods, slowly, through the barren desert. In the
distance, he sees a CARAVAN OF CAMELS.

He frantically tries to get the caravan's attention. He waves
his arms and runs toward them. The caravan ignores him. It
DISAPPEARS!

The Cat comes up to the Boy.

THE GUY

It seems pretty bad now, but, it can even
get worse. Like you're the terrible
victim, of a horrible curse.

The Boy gives the Cat a dirty look, and continues across the
desert. He's starting to get frustrated. He sees a rock and
kicks it with his foot. He starts hopping around, screaming
with pain.

The Cat enters the frame again.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Sometimes you'll think, I can't take this
much longer. But, when things start to go
wrong, they almost always go wronger.

The sun is now beating very hot on his head. As the Boy walks
across the hot sand, he's starting to get smaller and
smaller.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Now, I can't read your mind, I can't tell
what you're thinking. But, it can't be
too good, 'cause, my boy, you are
shrinking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Yes, smaller and smaller and smaller
you'll get. Until you're about half the
size, of a burnt cigarette.

The Boy is, now, less than half his original size.

THE BOY
Well, do something Cat, and don't tell me
you can't... In a couple of minutes, I'll
be big as an ant.

THE GUY
Hmm. There must be a reason, for this
strange loss in size... But, I don't know
what it is, I'm not nearly that wise.

THE BOY
You don't know what it is... Are you some
kind of jerk? Well, that's it Mr. Cat...
You are now out of work. You haven't
shown me a thing, not one thing I can
see... So, just go far away and stop
following me.

THE GUY
(walking away)
Consider me gone... But, you still will
be small... (to the camera) This is the
first kid I've failed with... I don't
like this at all... (to the Boy) You're
sure you want me to go?

The Boy points for the Cat to vamoose. The Cat starts
walking.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Ok, that's what I'll do...(calling back)
Oh, and remember...If you want to get
bigger, it's all up to you.

The Boy walks, mumbling angrily to himself.

INT. WEEGLETOWN SCHOOL - CONT'D

CLOSE ON: A KID. He mumbles angrily to himself.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: An ENTIRE CLASS OF KIDS, sitting at
their desks, mumbling to themselves, angrily.

ANGLE ON: MRS. KUMQUAT, standing next to the Teacher (Woman
in her late 20's.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER
(screaming)
Children stop it!! This is outrageous.

MRS. KUMQUAT
(to herself)
Who knew, it would be this contagious.

ANGLE ON: The Kids, mumbling.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - CONT'D

The Cat walks along, in a state of severe malaise.

THE GUY
(spoken song)
When one's usefulness is finished.
One's self assurance is diminished. When
one loses one's self assurance,
one's whole life has been in vain.
It's like losing one's umbrella...

The Cat's umbrella blows away.

THE GUY (cont'd)
It brings on rain.

The music continues, as a monstrous rainstorm, pours down on the cat. He watches flood waters rise from his feet to his chin.

THE GUY (cont'd)
When such rain's expectorated.
One gets drenched and inundated. And as
one watches one's many troubles mounting
steadily towards one's chin, one fears
one's chances for survival are pretty
thin.

EXT. BEACH - CONT'D

As water reaches his chin, The Cat spies a distant shore. Frantic, he swims through terrible waves and crawls up on the beach.

He takes off his hat to empty it. The Amazon River pours out of it.

THE GUY
One gets distraught and dislocated. One
gets so discombobulated. And when one's
muddler gets so befuddled, that one's
thunker cannot think. As any cat can tell
you, one must go and see one's shrink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: DOOR. The sign on the door says, "Dr. Smitten McKitten, Feline Psychologist."

The Cat walks into frame.

INT. THE PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - CONT'D

The Cat lies on the couch. Dr. McKitten, who looks just like the Cat, sits in his chair.

DR. MCKITTEN

Well, Mr. Cat, let me hear your confession. You haven't been here since your last big depression. Remember that one, it ate you up alive. Instead of nine lives, you thought you only had five.

THE GUY

Well listen up, Doc. 'Cause this is much worse. And, if it doesn't work out, they'll cart me off in a hearse.

McKitten pulls out a GIANT NOTE BOOK AND MATCHING OVERSIZED QUILL PEN.

THE GUY (cont'd)

I'm fired! I'm fired! My services are no longer desired. I've gone out of vogue, I'm just an old rogue. My advice is all bad and I'm tired...

McKitten gets up and grabs the Cat. They start to Tango as McKitten speaks.

DR. MCKITTEN

You're fired! You're fired! You used to be loved and admired. The kid thinks you stink.

THE GUY

(to camera)

He's an excellent shrink.

THE SHRINK

Now...How to get you re-inspired?

The tune now turns into a Latin, hat-dance duel.

THE GUY

I'm telling you, Doc, this one isn't buying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SHRINK

Don't be foolish, my friend, send him thoughts, while you're lying.

THE GUY

Send him thoughts, while I'm lying, are you some kind of quack?

DR. MCKITTEN

Just do what I tell you, and he'll soon want you back.

The tune is over. The Cat leaps back onto the couch.

CLOSE ON: The Cat. He puts his fingers to his temples and sends the Boy thoughts.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - CONT'D

The Boy walks along. He's tiny.

THE BOY

I don't like being small... I don't like it at all... No one can see me, I'll get crushed at the mall. When mice come along, I have to go hide. And, what's much worse than that, is I feel small inside.

Off camera, we hear the noise of the OMINOUS BICYCLE.

The Boy looks up, panicked, as the Green Pants on the bicycle fly into frame.

The Boy starts to run, but he's so little, he can't get anywhere. We see the bicycle's front tire, looking mammoth, about to crush the tiny boy.

The Boy dives out of the way at the last minute and the pants ride on, cackling like a madman.

The Boy, PETRIFIED, catches his breath and recovers. He hears another off camera noise and jumps up, startled. But, as he listens more closely, the sound starts to soothe him.

(V.O.)

Yodalayeeooo. Yodalayeeooo!

THE BOY

What's that weird yodel noise filling the air.

The Boy puts his hand over his eyes and scans the horizon. He sees Miggles, far off in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Oh, god, it's her, on those cliffs over there... I gotta get taller, I gotta fill space... If she sees me this small, she'll laugh in my face. Just think, you big dummy, now, what should you do?

The Boy hears the Cat's voice in his head.

THE GUY (V.O.)
 If you want to get bigger, it's all up to you.

THE BOY
 What do you mean, "it's all up to me?"

THE GUY (V.O.)
 I mean, you're in control, of your own destiny.

THE BOY (CONT'D)
 Okay, Mr. Cat, I remember your voice... I am reading you clear. I have made a new choice. I'm not gonna hide, in a disguise or a wig... I'm just gonna think hard. I'm just gonna think big.

The Boy closes his eyes and concentrates, as hard as he can.

THE BOY (cont'd)
 Think big! Think big! Think big! Think big!

The Boy starts to grow.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Look at this, it's really showing. It really works, I'm really growing.

MIGGLES (V.O.)
 Yodalayeeoo! Yodalayeeoo!

CLOSE ON: Miggles. She stands on a multi-colored cliff.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - CONT'D

Miggles stands at the top of her mountain, looking out at the world. She's a little sad in the eyes. (The following song is half sung and half talked, until the chorus.)

MIGGLES
 No one seems to get me, no one seems to care. My ego's bruised, I'm all confused. I tell, you life's not fair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off camera, we hear...

THE BOY (V.O.)

No one understands me, no one hears my call. It's tough when you're a guy my age, and questioning it all.

Miggles looks over. It's the Boy on the ridge next to her.

MIGGLES

(to the Boy)

No one seems to see me. I never get one stare. I wave my arms, I show my charms, it's like I'm just not there.

THE BOY

(to Miggles)

No one really knows me. Maybe I'm to blame. What's wrong with me, what can it be. Why can't I say my name.

MIGGLES

There must be someone out there, someone different then the rest. Someone, who's eyes are kind and wise, that friend we all love best.

THE BOY

There must be someone out there, the world is full of folks. I just need one, to make things fun, to laugh at all my jokes.

The Boy backs up and then takes a running leap, across a big chasm and onto her ridge.

TOGETHER

Is it you? Is it you? That I've been waiting for? Yes it's you, yes it's you, let me see...

They look at each other.

TOGETHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Now, I'm sure.

They dive off the cliff, into a clear spring/fountain type thing. (see illustration.)

They come up for air.

THE BOY

I didn't think I would find you, but, I guess I was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIGGLES

I was there right behind you, I was there
all along.

They splash and swim on their backs, together, like happy
dolphins.

TOGETHER

We'll be honest and loyal, the very best
of best friends.

CLOSE ON: The Cat. He watches through binoculars, from the
ridge.

THE GUY

Wow, that thought is so deep, that I'm
getting the bends.

ANGLE ON: The Kids. Who, now, stand together, on top of a
CONCENTRIC CONE.

TOGETHER

Is it you, yes it's you, you're the star
of my song. Yes, it's you, yes it's
you... And, at last I belong.

THE BOY

I'm your pal, I'm your buddy. Now, you
won't be alone.

MIGGLES

And, when we're not together, we'll just
talk on the phone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - CONT'D

Miggles and The Boy stand on adjoining peaks.

THE BOY

Is it you?

MIGGLES

Yes it's me.

THE BOY

You're the star of my song.

MIGGLES

Is it you?

THE BOY

Yes it's me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGGLES

And, at last I belong.

All of a sudden, all the color drains from the screen. Everything has gone gray, as Miggle's peak, starts to drift apart.

THE BOY

Hey, where you going? No, come, come back!

But, Miggles keeps drifting.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Come back, come back.

Miggles waves, as she gets smaller and smaller. The camera pans down to Sneaky Snodgrass, pulling her mountain away with a rope.

The Boy stands there, looking sad. The Cat's mountaintop pulls into frame.

THE GUY

It will hurt when it happens, but you're time with a friend. For no reason at all, can just suddenly end.

A tear rolls down the Boy's cheek. He wipes it away, quickly.

EXT. DISMAL GRAY LANDSCAPE- CONT'D

The Boy and the Cat walk along.

THE GUY (CONT'D)

All alone, all alone, whether you like it or not.

The Cat puts his arm around the Boy.

THE BOY

Yeah, I know, "All alone is something, I will be quite a lot." Well, guess what Mr. Cat, I'm not gonna take it. I'm not gonna keep a stiff lip or accept it or fake it. I'm tired of hurting, and I want you to change it.

THE GUY

I'm sorry, that's how it goes. I can't rearrange it. You can't make life painless, there's things you must feel. That's what we're all here for. It's part of the deal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GUY (cont'd)

And, this ain't no rehearsal, this show
is for real. It ends every moonlight and
it starts every dawn.

THE BOY

Save your breath, Mr. Cat... I don't want
to go on.

The Boy plops down on the ground. Beat. The Cat goes over and
picks him right up.

THE GUY

But, on you will go.

The Cat reaches out of frame and grabs an oar. He hands it to
the Boy. Then, the Cat takes something out of his pocket and
starts blowing it up. In a few quick breaths, it's a dinky
rowboat. Then, the Cat pops open a soda bottle and pours it
out on the ground. The ground, now, becomes a lake, and the
Boy is in the rowboat, rowing hard. The Cat is at the other
end of the boat, with a bull horn and a one piece bathing
suit.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Yes, on you will go, though the weather
be foul.

THUNDER, LIGHTNING, TIDAL WAVE.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

On you will go, though your enemies
prowl.

DEPTH CHARGES BLAST, IN THE WATER AROUND HIM.

ANGLE ON: SNEAKY SNODGRASS, IN OLD STYLE SCUBA GEAR. HE
PUSHES DOWN A BOMB PLUNGER THING.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

On you will go, though the Hakken-Krakks
howl.

A great howling of Hakken-Krakks, freezes the Boy. He stops
rowing and is completely surrounded by Hakken-Krakks. He
begins rowing again, frantically. But, his boat doesn't move.

The Hakken-Krakks are moving in on him. He spits on his hands
and starts rowing madly.

The boat zips out of there, like a the proverbial bat out of
hell. One Hakken-Krakk almost nips him in the seat of his
pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Onward, up many a frightening creek.
Though your arms may get sore and your
sneakers may leak. Though you may find
yourself rowing, past a five hundred
pound sheik.

The Boy rows past an enormously fat ARABIAN SHEIK on a SKINNY
CAMEL in a rowboat. The Camel groans.

EXT. CREEK - CONT'D

The Boy, weary and nervous, is rowing up an eerie creek.

EXT. SWAMPLAND - CONT'D

He leaves the boat and runs inland, toward the protection of
a wall. He stops and looks around.

THE GUY (CONT'D)
Yes, on you will go, with your heart and
soul bared.

THE BOY WALKS THROUGH A DARK, OMINOUS, WINDY, DESOLATE PLACE.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Past the 'island of hopeless,' through
the 'district of scared.'

THE BOY, NOW, WALKS THROUGH A STREET LINED WITH BEGGARS WITH
THEIR HANDS OUT.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Into the dog days of needy, down
disappointment's long road.

The Boy stands alone, before a microphone, in a giant
Suessian coliseum. He is screaming, but, nothing is coming
out.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You're another lost tenor, singing life's
painful ode.

The music changes to an upbeat groove. The boy smiles to the
beat.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
But oh, when that song changes, and the
beat starts to swing...
And the church bells are ringing, happy
dong dong dong ding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Boy is up in a bell tower, ringing all the bells, joyously.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Oh yes, when that song changes, make sure
that you hear.

The Cat is now, on one of the bells, swinging back and forth.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
'Cause the music that's playing, means
your journey is clear...

The Cat comes up to the Boy, who is now back, clinging to the wall, where he started.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
So, off you go, off you go.

THE BOY
...Off I go, where?

THE GUY
Where the clouds look like angels...

The Cat points to the top of a mountain. Above the mountain, we see a cloud turn into an ANGEL WITH WINGS, playing a Sues style harp.

THE GUY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Then you'll know that you're there.

EXT. THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN - CONT'D

The Cat looks up to the top, of the giant steep, steep, snow covered mountain peak, sticking up high above the clouds.

THE GUY HANDS THE BOY HIS UMBRELLA.

The Boy looks up at the mountain. It is truly gargantuan.

THE BOY
Okay, Mr. Cat, if you swear you won't
sing. I will keep pushing on, I will
finish this thing.

He starts his journey up the mountain.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - CONT'D

The Boy negotiates the rocky terrain, using the umbrella as a walking stick. The going is tough. He looks up to a cliff and a LARGE, WILD, SUESS WOLF CREATURE lets out a howl!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY
(to himself)
Be calm, don't get frightened, he's just
a sweet little pup.

But, the Boy is scared. He turns and calls way down to the
Cat, through cupped hands.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I think, I forgot something.

The Cat rolls his eyes, calls back up through cupped hands.

THE GUY
Keep... Going... Up.

The Boy shakes his head and keeps going up.

EXT. ANOTHER SPOT ON THE MOUNTAIN - CONT'D

The Boy is climbing a difficult, sheer face. Grabbing
branches sticking out of the mountain's side. He leaps and
grabs a branch. Then another, then another. He takes a wild
lunge at the next branch, just holding on to the very tip.

He stretches for the lip of the next plateau, but, he can't
quite reach it. He stretches more... More... More. He's
almost got it, when Baxter Buxter pops over a ledge and
reaches out his hand.

BAXTER BUXSTER
I know how we can make some loot, you'll
sky-dive without a parachute.

THE BOY
No!!! (to himself, mantra like) Oh! The
places I'll go. There are great things in
store.

Baxter Buxster disappears. The Boy reaches a little further.
He's an inch away from the branch.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Now, if I can just reach... Come on, a
little bit more.

He reaches another millimeter and grabs the branch. He pulls
himself up to a landing.

The FOUR HUNCHES are on the landing, applauding him.

HUNCH #1
That was excellent, junior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNCH #2

It gives us a hunch.

HUNCH #3

We'll add Worstechier sauce...

Hunch #3 takes a bottle of Worstechier sauce and douses the Boy.

HUNCH #4

And, then have you for lunch.

They lunge for the Boy, but, he escapes their grasp and dives from one plateau to another.

THE BOY

Oh! The places I'll go... Now, I gotta be strong.

He leaps to the next plateau, but misses. He just grips the ledge with his fingers, dangling way, way, way up there.

The Boy struggles to pull himself up.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I can pull myself up... I can pull myself...

V.O

... Wrong.

We recognize the voice. It belongs to Sneaky Snodgrass. Sneaky pokes his head into frame. Then, he starts to pull the Boy's fingers off the ledge, one by one.

SNEAKY SNODGRASS

(as he pulls the fingers away)
This little piggy got losted, and this little piggy got found. And when I take away these last little piggy's, you'll go smashing right into the ground.

Sneaky pulls away the Boy's fingers and the Boy starts to plummet.

THE BOY

(as he plummets)
Oh! The places I'll go.

He shrugs and waves "bye-bye" to the camera. But, the Cat's umbrella, suddenly, opens, working like a parachute. The Boy lands softly, on a tiny little perch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE GUY
(calling up)
Just a small detour... Now, get back on
your horse...

THE BOY
If I don't make it, tell my parents I
love them...

THE GUY
...Of course.

SHOTS OF THE BOY CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN: Through rain, sleet and snow. Trudging along in dense, forest terrain, then, up more sheer faces, endlessly pushing forward in the hot, hot sun. He stops to wipe his brow, then, presses on and on and on.

The Boy fights his way through a jagged, rocky section. He squeezes through a tight, tight crevice on his back, snaking his way between giant boulders. He makes it through and comes to his feet. He is dog tired.

CLOSE ON: The Boy. His eyes go wide, as his face fills with amazement.

Boy's POV: The majestic, marvelous, snow covered peak of the mountain, wearing a glorious halo of cloud.

He looks at the path leading to the summit. Then, he sees a sign with an arrow pointing up. "ENLIGHTENMENT PEAK. CLIMB AT YOUR OWN RISK!!!"

The Boy starts his climb, but, then falls face forward to the ground, in total exhaustion.

The Boy rolls over on his back and tries to catch his breath. He's beat. He looks over and there's Miggles. He shakes his head, like he's seeing things.

MIGGLES
Get up, lazy bones, you can make it,
you're tough... You can reach those high
heights, you're the best... YOU'RE
ENOUGH!

He looks at her, then, rolls over to his knees.

THE BOY
I must get to the top, it's the reason I
came.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIGGLES

Oh! I know you can do it, "Boy who won't say his name."

She reaches out her arm to help him up. He bows his head wearily and reaches out to her.

Beat. Nothing happens. He raises his head and looks around. Miggles is gone. Standing in her place, are THE EMPTY GREEN PANTS.

The Boy jumps up, startled.

THE BOY

What do you want from me, why are you here?

GREEN PANTS

Ask yourself what you're feeling, that should make it quite clear.

THE BOY

(very frightened)

I'm not sure what I'm feeling, I'm just scared when you're near.

GREEN PANTS

How completely delicious, that's what I like to hear...

The pants come toward him ominously.

GREEN PANTS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Makes it easy to taunt you. Yes, it's just how I want you. Shaking and quaking, white flag waving sincere.

The Boy falls to his knees and covers his eyes with his hands. He's terrified.

THE BOY

But, I don't even know you!!

GREEN PANTS

Yes, you do... I'm your fear!

THE BOY PEAKS THROUGH HIS HANDS.

THE BOY

Are you kidding, or funning?

GREEN PANTS

Got you scared, got you running... Got you flinch, cringing, petrified.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN PANTS (cont'd)

Can't look in my eye... And my boy I will own you 'til the day that you die.

The Boy stands up slowly. The Pants say, "Boo!" And he falls back down. The Pants laugh.

GREEN PANTS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I will make your decisions, maybe choose you a wife. I will be there to make sure you get the least out of life. I'll start out as your buddy, I'll wind up as your god. Just you and your fear like two peas in a pod.

The Green Pants are, now, standing over the terrified Boy.

GREEN PANTS (cont'd)

Aww! Look at you cowering, such a ghost of a face. I stand over you towering, you're a sham, a disgrace... And you let me go on and address you this way. You can't think of a thing, no, not one thing to say.

Beat. The Boy looks up at the pants.

THE BOY

Okay, I'll say one thing.

GREEN PANTS

Fine go ahead... What?

THE BOY

Put 'em up. Mr. Fear... I'm gonna kick your green butt.

THE BOY LEAPS ONTO THE GREEN PANTS AND THEY STRUGGLE WITH EACH OTHER, ROLLING AROUND IN AN EPIC BATTLE . The Music builds as the fight goes on. Finally, the Pants gain the advantage. The Boy struggles desperately, trying to keep the Pants off with his legs.

THEN, ACCIDENTALLY, THE BOY'S LEG SLIPS INTO ONE OF THE LEG HOLES. THE MUSIC CHANGES ABRUPTLY. THE PANTS GO SLACK.

The Boy, then, puts his leg through the other hole and puts the pants on. They feel okay. In fact, they feel more than okay. He leaps, he runs, he does a summersault.

GREEN PANTS (V.O.)

(Cowardly Lion like)

Oh, that's marvelous, wonderful, it's better than good... It's tough being the bad guy, you get misunderstood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Boy looks down at the pants he's wearing and smiles.

GREEN PANTS (CONT'D)

Thanks so much for the whoopin'. I'm sure
glad that you dared.

The Boy looks down at the pants.

THE BOY

Just here wearin' my fear... And I'm not
even scared.

The Boy does a little 'kick the habit' step. He's all smiles
and sets off on his final ascent up the mountain.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - CONT'D

The Boy stands on the snow covered peak. The entire
town/world laid out beneath him. He looks over and there's
the Cat. He looks the other direction and there they are, THE
'ANGEL CLOUDS.'

THE GUY

Oh, The places you'll go.

THE BOY

Oh! The things that I'll be.

THE GUY

We all reap, what we sow.

THE BOY

(proclaiming, finger in the
air)

And that's called destiny!

Beat. They look at each other.

THE GUY

(the big question)

Well, you've done it my boy, you have
come all the way... You have starred in
and written your own passion play... Now,
the journey is over, we have reached
judgment day... It's the moment of
moments, so, what do you say?

The Boy looks around, everyone from the journey is there,
staring.

THE BOY

What do I say?... What do I say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miggles pushes her way through to the front and makes eye contact with him.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(calling out with absolute joy)
I SAY... I'M MORDECAI ALY VAN ALLEN
O'SHEA!!!

THE GUY
You're Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea?

THE BOY
I'm Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea!!!

ALL
He's Mordecai Aly VaN Allen O'Shea!!!

CLOSE ON: Miggles, she has a big smile.

The Boy turns to the world and calls out. !

THE BOY (ECHOING)
I'm Mordecai Aly Van Allen
O'Shea!!!

It echoes thunderously!

THE BOY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'm Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea!!!
I'M MORDECAI ALY VAN ALLEN O'SHEA!!!

CLOSE ON: THE GUY . HE LOOKS AT THE BOY WITH PRIDE. THEN HE
TURNS AND HEADS ON HIS WAY.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - CONT'D

As the echo continues, we see the shot from the book where
THE BOY IS PULLING THE MOUNTAIN COMPLETE WITH EVERYONE FROM
THE ENTIRE JOURNEY BEHIND HIM.

THE BOY (CONT'D)
I'm Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea!!!

He pulls his mountain past the QUARTET OF CONDUCTORS from the
'Toaster Coaster' section.

THE QUARTET
(calling out)
All aboard for Cin-cin-ople. Load 'em up
for North Swaboda. All aboard for Tallyho
Town, Smart Cat Springs and Nesselroda.
We are boarding now for Numglotz, Fol-de-
oll and Floober Flow.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE QUARTET (cont'd)
Catch the local bound for boomtown! Oh,
the places you will go!

SMASH CUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

The Boy's parents hear the Boy call his name.

THE BOY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I'm Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea!!!

The Boy now runs into the room still screaming his name over and over. He does a full joyous lap around the living room, Gives each parent a quick kiss, then B-lines out the front door.

THE BOY'S DAD
Was that what I think?

THE BOY'S MOM
(deliriously happy)
It was our little Boy!!

The Mother starts jumping around the room like a pogo stick.

THE BOY'S DAD
Dear, what are you doing?

THE BOY'S MOM
I'm jumping for joy!!!

The Father shrugs, then joins her.

EXT. TOWN - CONT'D

CLOSE ON: Classic Suessian TOWNSPEOPLE calling out the windows of their homes.

TOWNS PERSON #1
Did you hear?

TOWNS PERSON #2
Yeah I heard.

TOWNS PERSON #3
Is it true?

TOWNS PERSON #4
That's the word.

TOWNS PERSON #5
He said it?

INT. SCHOOL - CONT'D

Mrs. Kumquat and the Teacher stand in front of the class

THE TEACHER
He said it.

MRS. KUMQUAT
(relieved)
He said it, and how.

ANGLE ON: TWO STUDENTS at the window.

STUDENT #1
Hey, can you keep a secret?

STUDENT #2
Yup.

STUDENT #1
(pointing)
Here he comes now.

The entire class rushes to the window and watches our Boy run through town.

EXT. THE TOWN - CONT'D

The rest of the TOWNSPEOPLE march through the streets. They are celebrating, to say the least. Everyone from the movie is there. The Boy rides on their collective shoulders. The conquering hero.

THE BOY
(singing)
I did it!! I made it!! Today is my day!!
I'm Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea!!

THE WHOLE TOWN
(singing)
He did it!! He made it!! Today is his
day!! He's Mordecai Aly Van Allen
O'Shea!!

They repeat this again and again, as they carry him all through the town.

CLOSE ON: The PARENTS singing. The DOCTORS singing. All the KIDS AND TEACHERS from the school, singing.

As they continue to make their way, something catches the Boy's eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Miggles, sitting alone on the side of the road. He gestures to her to join him. The next thing you know, she's right up there with him singing and smiling.

The camera pans over to Sneaky. He's waving to the crowd, trying to take the credit.

They all come marching up to the CROSSING GUARD, who has his back to us. He halts all Suessian traffic and ushers them across the street.

The Guard watches the group, as they continue their victory parade.

Then the Guard turns to the camera. IT'S THE GUY !!

THE GUY

You'll get mixed up, of course, as you already know. You'll get mixed up with many strange birds as you go.

A flock of wild looking birds, of all varieties, fly across the screen.

THE GUY (CONT'D)

So, be sure when you step. Step with care and great tact. And remember, that life's a great balancing act. And you will succeed. Yes! You will indeed. 98 and 3/4 percent guaranteed!... So, be your name Buxbaum or Bixby or Bray.

He gestures toward the group. We see the Boy and Miggles being carried off into the sunset.

THE GUY (CONT'D)

Or Mordecai Aly Van Allen O'Shea. You're off to great places, today is your day. Your mountain is waiting. So... Get on your way!

MR. GRAPIMPLE PASSES THE GUY WITH HIS TWO VALISES AND WALKS OUT OF TOWN.

THE END