

THE 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T.

Screenplay by
Allan Scott and Dr. Seuss
REVISED FINAL DRAFT
February 25, 1952

THE 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T.

FADE IN:

INT. PARLOR COLLINS HOME - DAY

1 BART 1
a lonely figure, is seated at the piano, suffering in silence. Beside him, on the floor, lies his dog SPORT, bored. On the piano is a ticking metronome. Also on the piano is a baseball glove and the photo of Bart's two bearded great uncles, Judson and Whitney. As Bart plays, the TITLES of the picture come on. As the Titles Fade, CAMERA MOVES IN. On the music rack, we see a number of exercise books: DR. TERWILLIKER'S EXERCISES FOR THE LEFT HAND, DR. TERWILLIKER'S EXERCISES FOR THE RIGHT HAND, and DR. TERWILLIKER'S EXERCISES FOR BOTH HANDS. Bart looks up, longingly, at the ball glove. He looks discouraged at the clock at his elbow. Shooting a look over his shoulder to make sure he is not observed, he sets the clock twenty minutes ahead. Through the open kitchen door comes his mother's voice.

MRS. COLLINS'S VOICE

(sweetly)

Oh, Bart, darling! Is that as loud as you can play?

Bart, nettled, starts banging it out. MRS. COLLINS looks in through kitchen door.

MRS. COLLINS

Now, now, sweetheart! Not that
loud!

Bart slumps to a snail's pace.

MRS. COLLINS

(rightly exasperated)

And not that soft!

Bart sighs and levels off. Mrs. Collins watches him for a moment with love in her eyes. Then she shakes her head and starts toward him.

MRS. COLLINS

Bart, I hate to hound you. I know you think I'm a mean old slave driver... But you really are missing the beats. Listen. Like Dr. Terwilliker says in the book...

1

CONTINUED:

1

Putting her arm around his shoulder, she sings and beats time.

MRS. COLLINS

'Ten little dancing maidens
Dancing in a line
Ten happy fingers
And they're mine, all mine.
They're mine, they're mine
Now isn't that just fine.
Not three, not five, not seven
and not nine,
But ten, all dancing straight
in line...
And all of them are mine, mine,
mine!'
That's it! Now you have it!

She starts back toward kitchen. Phone rings in hall.

BART

(leaping up)
I'll get it! I'll get it!

MRS. COLLINS

I'll get it. I'll get it.

She has almost reached the hall where the phone is still ringing. She suddenly looks at her watch, returns to the piano and sets the clock right.

MRS. COLLINS

That little clock of yours is
not very reliable, is it?

Mrs. Collins exits to phone o.s. During her phone conversation, Bart's interest again dribbles off. Playing with one hand, he begins darkening the eyebrows of Dr. Terwilliker with a pencil.

MRS. COLLINS'S VOICE

Hello... Oh, Peggy... Uh-huh.
That's Bart you hear... Uh-huh.
Still hates it like poison. And
beginning to hate me, too, I'm
afraid. But he's going to learn
that piano if it kills me.
(laughs)

I know. I know. He'll outgrow
it. It's an age they all have
to go through.

Sound of jeep jamming on brakes and slamming into driveway.

2

ANOTHER ANGLE

2

Bart sees Zabladowski's plumbing jeep stop outside the window. He leaps up and starts to front door. Mrs. Collins holding phone, looks around the corner and blocks him.

MRS. COLLINS

(into phone)

Sorry, Peggy...

(to Bart)

And where are you going?

BART

He's here. Mr. Zabladowski's here!

MRS. COLLINS

(into phone)

Will you hold on a minute, Peggy? The plumber's here.

She lays down phone, steps to the front door and opens it.

MRS. COLLINS

(calling outside)

Bring it right in this way, Mr. Zabladowski.

BART

(trying to edge
out the door)

I oughta help him.

MRS. COLLINS

He's carried sinks before. You can talk to him all you want to down at his shop. But he's here on business. And you go back and attend to your business.

Bart goes back and resumes practicing as ZABLADOWSKI enters, whistling, lugging a crated kitchen sink.

ZABLADOWSKI

Well! Here she is at last, Mrs. Collins. Feast your eyes on your new kitchen sink.

(displaying sink)

A real raving beauty, isn't she?

Bart has wandered into scene.

ZABLADOWSKI

(to Bart)

Hi ya, Buster.

2

CONTINUED:

2

BART

Can't I help him put it in, Mom?

ZABLADOWSKI

Sure! I could use the help of an experienced technician.

BART

Can I, ma? Can I, ma?

MRS. COLLINS

You've still got forty-five minutes to practice. And practice makes perfect. Doesn't it, Mr. Zabladowski?

ZABLADOWSKI

Well, to be frank, Mrs. Collins, that's a rather debatable point.

He starts to put down sink.

MRS. COLLINS

Well, let's not debate it. Just put in the sink.

(then to Bart)

And you...you know what you'll do.

Bart returns to the piano, followed by Zabladowski lugging the sink toward kitchen door.

MRS. COLLINS

(into phone)

Sorry, Peggy...Oh, no trouble at all. I've got it in my address book right upstairs. Hang on for a second.

She exits up the hall stairs. Zabladowski, passing Bart, pauses for a moment.

ZABLADOWSKI

(sympathetic
low voice)

Things are pretty tough?

Bart nods grimly.

ZABLADOWSKI

Things are tough all over. They tell me, in practically every country in the world, from the

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

ZABLADOWSKI (cont'd)
suburbs of Stockholm to the
heart of the Belgian Congo,
mothers have got their children
chained down to pianos.

BART
Day in, day out. Month after
month.

ZABLADOWSKI
Oh, well, as my old man used
to say:
'When life gets rough and
hands you smacks,
Just make the best of it.
Relax.'

BART
Aw, how can you relax playing
this junk?

ZABLADOWSKI
I know. It's really a racket.
They had me once, too. But I
managed to escape.

BART
You did? How?

ZABLADOWSKI
I was lucky. My old man went
broke. We had to sell our
piano.

BART
My mother'd take in washing be-
fore she'd sell this one. Be-
longed to her uncles...Judson
and Whitney. 'Great musical
talent runs in our family.'

He indicates photos of bearded uncles on piano.

BART
I got to grow up to be just
like them.

ZABLADOWSKI
Hmmm... I'll bet they played a
hot pianola. Well, let me give
you a little advice: if you do
have to grow up to be like them,
make it a point to leave off the...

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

He makes "goat whiskers" at the picture. In the midst of his gesture, he freezes. His eyes creep an embarrassed look o.s.

3 ANOTHER ANGLE MRS. COLLINS

3

looking daggers at him from the hall. Her speech is not mean, but righteously indignant.

MRS. COLLINS

Mr. Zabladowski! I'm paying you time and a half for overtime for putting in a sink on a Saturday afternoon. Are you going to install it, or shall I get someone else?!

ZABLADOWSKI

Mrs. Collins, your sink is practically in.

He hustles into the kitchen and goes to work removing existing old sink. Mrs. Collins watches him exit, looks at Bart and sighs; then looks at address book in her hand, picks up phone and resumes conversation, o.s.

MRS. COLLINS'S VOICE

Forgive me, Peggy. I got the addresses. Got a pencil?...

Her voice trails off. Bart looks toward Zabladowski in the kitchen.

BART

(whisper)

Psst!

Zabladowski ignores him.

BART

Mr. Zabladowski!

ZABLADOWSKI

Don't make me any more trouble. Your job's pianos. My job's sinks.

3

CONTINUED:

3

BART

Tell me. Is Doctor Terwilliker
really a racketeer?

MRS. COLLINS

(suddenly entering
room)

Did you tell him Doctor
Terwilliker was a racketeer?

ZABLADOWSKI

I did not.

BART

You did so say so. And what's
more, I believe you.

As Mrs. Collins passes Bart on way to kitchen, confused and
frustrated, he stops playing.

MRS. COLLINS

Please, darling!

As she continues past him, Bart, nerves on edge, begins
playing "Happy Fingers" in a strident, jittery tempo.

INT. KITCHEN COLLINS HOME

4

CLOSE SHOT THROUGH OPEN DOOR OF KITCHEN

4

Mrs. Collins enters and looks at Zabladowski who is trying
to look innocent as he works under the sink. (Bart's o.s.
playing builds in tension throughout the dialogue.)

MRS. COLLINS

Now look here, Mr. Zabladowski!
You may be the very best plumber
in town. But, when it comes to
piano lessons, I hardly think you
qualify as an expert.

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm not trying to qualify as
anything.

MRS. COLLINS

Well, you're certainly not help-
ing me maintain discipline. It's
not an easy thing to bring up a
boy without a father.

4

CONTINUED:

4

ZABLADOWSKI

I realize that. And maybe you're right. Maybe even if he never learns to play, maybe the discipline's good for him anyhow... maybe...

Mrs. Collins gives him a dirty look.

MRS. COLLINS

There are no maybe's about it! I assure you, I know what's good for him and he's going to learn that piano if I have to keep him at that keyboard forever.

O.s., a strong harsh chord bangs in Bart's playing. Mrs. Collins and Zabladowski look o.s., in Bart's direction.

INT. PARLOR COLLINS HOME

5

CLOSE SHOT BART

5

playing fast and tensely. Mrs. Collins and Zabladowski are looking at him from the kitchen in the b.g. Bart is staring at them with the forlorn look of one who has lost his last friend.

BART

(to himself)

Forever! Forever!

MRS. COLLINS

(warm and motherly)

Steady, darling. Steady.

(to Zabladowski)

And now, Mr. Zabladowski, let's talk about the sink.

Shooting a smile at Bart, she closes the kitchen door. Bart stares at the door.

BART

Forever! Forever!

He stares at his uncles' pictures.

5 CONTINUED:

5

BART
Forever! Forever with Judson
and Whitney.

He stares at Terwilliker's picture.

BART
Forever! Forever with Doctor
Terwilliker...illiker...
illiker...illiker.

He stares at the metronome. His head begins to sway grog-
gily, with the beaten tempo.

BART
...illiker...illiker...illiker
...illiker...Doctor Terwilliker
...illiker...illiker.

5A REVERSE ANGLE ARM OF METRONOME 5A
Below it, Bart's eyes, as if hypnotized, are following the
movement.

BART
...illiker...illiker...illiker
...illiker.

He shakes his head, as if fighting off an evil daydream.

DR. TERWILLIKER'S VOICE
Forever, forever, with Doctor
Terwilliker.

Bart starts. He stares in the direction of the music al-
bums. His dog, baring his teeth, growls and backs out of
scene.

5B CLOSE SHOT ALBUM 5B
Terwilliker's eyebrows (animation) are moving up and down
in time with the music.

5C CLOSE SHOT BART (Eyes almost filling screen) 5C
pulling back from the album in fear.

DR. TERWILLIKER'S VOICE
Come on! Faster! Play it!
Play it!

Sound of piano speeding up like mad. CAMERA, ON BART'S
EYES, PULLS BACK, REVEALING:

EXT. GREAT PIANO COURTYARD

6

6 Bart is playing on the keys of an enormously high piano. On top of the piano, high over Bart's head, TERWILLIKER is on a podium, beating with a baton in ever-increasing tempo. Bart is playing like no one every played before. He is reaching for and hitting keys far beyond his possible grasp. The music becomes the music of a hundred pianos, weirdly embellishing and embroidering the simple HAPPY FINGERS tune until it swells to a tremendous, thunderous finale. As Terwilliker brings the piece to its peak, Bart, exhausted and panting, slumps over the keys, befuddled, bewildered and trying to catch his breath. The echoes of the music continue to ring.

DR. TERWILLIKER

Not bad. But not good.

BART

(looking up)

Huh...?

7 UP SHOT AT TERWILLIKER BART IN F.G.

7

DR. TERWILLIKER

Still not loud enough. Still not fast enough. Rhythm's still off! Still misses the beats!

BART

What...?

He stares at Terwilliker. Then his eyes sneak a look right. He makes a great take. CAMERA PANS RIGHT, REVEALING that the keyboard stretches away for seventy feet. It then runs into a gray medieval stone wall.

DR. TERWILLIKER'S VOICE

Oh, well...takes time...takes years...

7A BART
staring up at Terwilliker.

7A

BART

What?

DR. TERWILLIKER

Sometimes it actually does take forever.

Bart's eyes sneak a look left, make greater take. On this side, the keyboard curves around a corner and disappears into a prison-like courtyard.

7B

BART
staring up at Terwilliker.

BART

...What?

DR. TERWILLIKER

But my little watch tells me
that's all we can hope to do
today. Tomorrow, however...

He gives a sinister chuckle, sheathing his baton in a baton
scabbard beneath his coat.

DR. TERWILLIKER

Tomorrow! What a day! At six
A.M. sharp, all the others will
arrive!

BART

What others?

DR. TERWILLIKER

I say, you don't think I built
this great piano just for you?
Have you no concept of the fact
that I am on the eve of my
greatest triumph? Tomorrow I
will fulfill the dream of my
lifetime! Tomorrow the Terwilliker
Institute -- my Happy Finger
Institute -- tomorrow we will
celebrate the Official Grand
Opening! Tomorrow, down below
me, I will have five hundred
little boys!

BART

Five hundred little boys!

DR. TERWILLIKER

Five thousand little fingers!
They'll be mine, all mine!
Practicing twenty-four hours a
day, three hundred and sixty-
five days every year!

BART

(leaping up)
I...I don't believe it! This
is crazy!

7B CONTINUED:

7B

DR. TERWILLIKER
(cold again)
And who are you to tell me what
is crazy? Away! Pfft! Go
back to your cell!

He points to distant alley, turns and starts up stairs.

BART
Cell?...My cell?

DR. TERWILLIKER
You know the rules as well as I
do. And put on your official
Terwilliker Beanie!

BART
My Terwilliker Beanie?

As Terwilliker disappears upstairs, Bart nervously fishes in his pocket. He pulls out his official Terwilliker Beanie, looks at it in disgust and is about to throw it on the ground.

7C TERWILLIKER'S FACE
looking down from stairs.

7C

DR. TERWILLIKER
(shaking his finger)
Huh-huh! Huh-huh!

His face disappears.

8 BART 8
With growing nervousness, he picks up his Beanie and puts it on his head. A musical background, vague and lonely, haunts the scene. Bart looks around and hesitantly crosses the courtyard in the direction of the dark alley which Terwilliker pointed out.

EXT. AN ALLEY OFF THE COURTYARD

9 BART 9
approaches, peers up into it. He sees something. His face lights up.

10 LONG SHOT BART'S DOG
sitting in the alley.

10

10 CONTINUED:

10

BART
(whistles)
Here, Sport! Here, Sport!

11 CLOSE SHOT DOG

11

backing away. The dog turns and runs o.s.

12 BART

12

staring, with fallen face, up the alley. He looks around, helplessly, sees a light flashing on and off, around a corner up the alley. He starts toward it.

13 A WALL IN THE ALLEY

13

Bart approaches. In the wall, in a shadow box, is an advertisement - an animated poster. It shows a boy's hands, mechanically striking piano keys. Synchronized with the action is:

TERWILLIKER'S VOICE
Practice makes perfect. Practice
makes perfect. Practice makes
perfect...

Bart backs away from the shadow box. Further up the alley another light starts flashing. Tensely, Bart starts for it.

14 SECOND SHADOW BOX

14

This one is larger. Bart approaches. Inside is a large, smiling picture of Terwilliker.

SUGARY VOICE
The years you spend with Doctor
Terwilliker will be the happiest
years of your life.

HARD VOICE
But if you get homesick, don't
try to escape!

Picture changes to drawing of high barbed wire fence, surrounding the Terwilliker Institute.

SUGARY VOICE
The barbed wire around the
Terwilliker Institute is
electrified!

Sparks shoot from the barbed wire. Picture changes back to smiling face of Terwilliker.

CONTINUED:

SUGARY VOICE

The years you spend with Doctor
Terwilliker will be the happiest
years of your life.

As the cycle starts to repeat, Bart exits to:

EXT. CROSSROADS ALLEY

15

ZABLADOWSKI

as he comes down the alley, whistling, carrying a sink.
Bart rushes up to him.

15

BART

(grabbing him)

Mr. Zabladowski!

ZABLADOWSKI

Please, Buster, I am a very
busy plumber.

He starts to walk on. Bart runs around in front of him.

BART

What are you doing here?

ZABLADOWSKI

What am I always doing? Putting
in sinks.

BART

For what?

ZABLADOWSKI

Obvious. Before Terwilliker
can open this Institute, he's
got to make this whole joint
sanitary. Got to have proper
sinkage for five hundred kids.
That's my department. And
that's your cell...

He points. Bart looks.

BART

Say, I gotta get out of here!

ZABLADOWSKI

I don't blame you. It's a screwy
place. But as long as your Ma's
here, I don't see --

BART
(interrupting)
My Ma's here?!

ZABLADOWSKI
Now that's a very silly question.
You know she's in the Number Two
Spot.

BART
Number Two Spot?

ZABLADOWSKI
Second in charge of the whole
Happy Finger racket.

BART
My Ma couldn't be mixed up in
any racket!

ZABLADOWSKI
Buster, I don't like to speak
badly about mothers, because
motherhood is one of the noblest
institutions in our land. But
the fact remains, your mother
is in the Number Two Spot --
(he points)
-- at Headquarters, right now!

BART
I gotta see her!

ZABLADOWSKI
I wouldn't advise it. You'll
never make it. They've got
some pretty mean-looking guards
down there.

Bart looks, frightened, down alley, then at Zabladowski,
appealingly.

ZABLADOWSKI
Don't expect any help from me.

BART
You're chicken.

ZABLADOWSKI
I'm not exactly chicken, but, I
see no point in sticking my neck
out, just to see if someone's
gonna wring it. If I were you,
I'd go to my cell.

15 CONTINUED:

15

He starts out, whistling, past Bart who looks after him.
Bart, nervously, starts down the alley.

EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE TO HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

16

BART

16

as he comes down the alley. At the end of the alley he
sees what appears to be a rope, stretched across the narrow
opening. He approaches it and, to his amazement, sees that
it isn't a rope but a beard. As he looks across the beard
in one direction, he sees that the beard is attached to
JUDSON.

BART

(in amazement)

Uncle Judson!

He looks along the beard in the other direction and sees the
other end of the beard is attached to WHITNEY.

BART

Uncle Whitney!

INT. HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

17

SHOT THROUGH DOOR

17

Judson and Whitney, joined chin-to-chin with the Siamese
beard, are dozing over dwarf twin pianos. They are dressed
as they were in their photo. Quietly, Bart tries to duck
under the beard. Unfortunately, he touches it. It is as
though he had made an electrical contact. The Twins leap
up and burst into song:

18
thru
22

"THE UNCLES' ROLLER SKATING SONG"

18
thru
22

JUDSON AND WHITNEY

(singing)

'Ohhhh! We are the guards
Who are terribly terribly feared.
Two terrible twins
With a Siamese Siamese beard.
Oh, we are a thing
We're a thing you could not call
a friend,
One Siamese beard with a twin
With a twin on each end.

We're vicious and mean
We are unkind, unkempt and uncouth
We have been that way
Since our earliest earliest youth.

18 JUDSON AND WHITNEY (Cont'd) 18
 thru Each year we get worse thru
 22 For that is the unfortunate trend 22
 Of Siamese beards with a twin
 With a twin on each end.

23 SHOT OF BART 23
 He takes a balloon from his pocket and starts to blow it up.

24 TWINS 24
 as they sing the third verse, playing at the piano.

JUDSON AND WHITNEY
 'Ohhh! We are the guards
 Of Terwilliker -- Illiker's land
 We're here to make sure
 That the boys will not get out of
 hand
 Don't try to get fresh in the land
 In the land we defend
 Or you will get choked
 By the beard of the twins
 With the Siamese beard
 With a terrible twin on each end!'

25 ANOTHER SHOT 25
 At the end of the song, the Twins, who are on roller skates, end up at a pickle juice machine. They take a snort of the pickle juice. The machine gives off all its lights. The pickle juice has a crazy effect on the Twins. They do a fast, circular SKATING ROUTINE. At the end of the skating routine, Bart's balloon is all blown up. He lets it go. The Twins, hearing the noise, start in its direction, skating past Bart.

26 BART 26
 Nervously, he crosses the Lobby and heads up a flight of stairs.

INT. HEADQUARTERS SPLIT STAIRS

27 27
 Bart, groping his way up, rounds a corner. Over his head he sees two shafts of light. They come from two manholes above. The stairs branch into two separate flights. Two Hanging-Pointing-Gloves indicate direction: left flight to "Dr. T"; right flight to "MRS.C." Bart takes the right-hand flight.

INT. MRS. COLLINS'S ROOM

28 Bart's head appears in the manhole, which is in the 28
floor of a brightly-lighted room.

29 ANOTHER SHOT 29
Bart sees Mrs. Collins, surrounded by phones, at an enormous desk. Beside her is a mysterious cabinet, bristling with levers and pushbuttons. She is elegantly gowned. The Beanie-Makers are present, standing stiffly at attention. The phone rings. Mrs. Collins picks it up.

MRS. COLLINS

(into phone)

Terwilliker Institute! Collins speaking. Yes, madam. The Official Grand Opening is tomorrow morning. Your son will be picked up by bus at five A.M. sharp.

She hangs up. Another phone rings. She picks it up.

MRS. COLLINS

Collins speaking. No, madam. Most definitely not! Your son will not be allowed to bring his baseball. Dr. Terwilliker does not believe in baseballs... golf balls, basket balls or tennis balls, ping pong balls, croquet balls, snow balls or hockey pucks. Dr. Terwilliker believes only in the piano!

She hangs up, turns toward the Beanie-Makers.

MRS. COLLINS

Now listen here, you Beanie-Makers. This final batch just isn't up to snuff. Take a look at these fingers!

(shows defective hat)

These fingers should be gay, carefree, happy fingers! Fix them if you have to stay up all night.

As the Beanie-Makers bow out carrying the box of defective beanies, the television set lights up. Sergeant Lunk (in black and white) appears on it, standing in cell block vicinity.

29

CONTINUED:

29

SERGEANT LUNK

Sergeant Lunk reporting to headquarters. The sink installation is proceeding as per schedule.

MRS. COLLINS

Very good, Sergeant Lunk.

As she flips off television set, Bart starts out of manhole.

BART

Psst! Hey! ... Ma....!

MRS. COLLINS

(partially awakening
out of hypnosis)

Why, Bart! What are you doing here?

Bart crawls up and runs to her.

BART

What are you doing here?

MRS. COLLINS

Darling, you're supposed to be fast asleep in your cell.

BART

Cells! Pianos! Whiskers on roller skates! What are you trying to do to me anyhow?!

MRS. COLLINS

Look, Bart. I know it's a little difficult at first. But after a few years, I promise you, you'll love it.

BART

A few years! Let's get out of here, Ma! Let's go home!

MRS. COLLINS

This is home. This is your new home.

BART

But I don't get it!

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

MRS. COLLINS

Look, Bart. Mother knows best.
Please believe me. This is all
for your own good.

BART

But why?

MRS. COLLINS

When you grow up, darling, you
mark my words, you'll thank me.

BART

(frantic)

I can't grow up in a place like
this! Why do I have to spend
my life at that piano? Why do
you let old Dr. Terwilliker...?
Why in Sam Hill -- ?

30
thru
34

"MANY QUESTIONS HAVE NO ANSWERS"

30
thru
34

MRS. COLLINS

(singing)

'Now please, please don't
Don't keep asking, asking why.
Some things are beyond explaining
And it's no use to try.
Sure, I know you want the reasons
Why your world should seem so queer
Why your little world should be so
filled
With so much fright and fear.
Sure, I know you want to ask me
Why must children suffer such
pain
Well, when it comes to such things
That's not easy to explain.
It's no good to try
It's no good to lie
Many questions have no answers
I just can't tell you why.

Now please, now please
Please don't think that I don't care
My heart gropes around for answers
But it finds them nowhere.
Yes, of course, I know your problems
All the doubts that torture your
mind
For I know that my own childhood
doubts

30
thru
34

CONTINUED:

30
thru
34

MRS. COLLINS (cont'd)

Are not so far behind.
Yes, I asked the same sad
questions
At an age we all must go through
But...now though I am older
I am still no help to you.
It's no good to try
It's no good to lie,
Many questions have no answers,
I just can't tell you.... why.'

35

ANOTHER SHOT

35

Suddenly, we hear music -- the hypnotic theremin tremolo.
Mrs. Collins freezes.

MRS. COLLINS

(mysterious
voice)

Bart! Quick! Back to your
cell! Do as mother says.
Mother knows best. Do as
mother says....

The theremin intensifies. Mrs. Collins looks through
Bart with vague and distant look. Bart pulls away from
her, frightened. He runs for the manhole and makes it
just as Terwilliker enters from his room. Bart hides,
watching and reacting to scene.

TERWILLIKER

(looking
around)

And why are you sitting there
with that mull and void
expression?

Mrs. Collins doesn't answer.

TERWILLIKER

Don't tell me. I know the
workings of your mind, Mrs.
Collins. You have been think-
ing of your son, again!

35

CONTINUED:

35

She looks at him. Fear and suspicion begin to grow in her face. Terwilliker indicates framed photo of Bart on her desk.

TERWILLIKER

How many times must I tell you to burn that picture? There is room in your life for only one picture! My picture, Mrs. Collins! Your future husband! Have I not graciously condescended to take your hand in marriage tomorrow, immediately following the Official Grand Opening?

Mrs. Collins shrinks from him.

TERWILLIKER

(peering
at her
closely)

All mixed up again, Mrs. Collins? How long since I've given your little mind a treatment, Mrs. Collins?

MRS. COLLINS

(cringing)

I don't want a treatment!
Please, Dr. Terwilliker!

TERWILLIKER

Just a little treatment, Mrs. Collins.

36

CLOSE SHOT TERWILLIKER'S FACE

36

moving close to Mrs. Collins. (Music: Hypnotic theremin tremolo intensifies). Terwilliker's eyebrows begin to move. "Dark-light" effect. His face becomes shadow. His eyebrows, gleaming, begin to nautch dance.

37 CLOSE SHOT MRS. COLLINS AND TERWILLIKER

37

TERWILLIKER

(chanting)

Abba-ka-Dibbrika-Dabbrika-
Dilliker T, E, R, W -- I, L,
L, Illiker One!

(drum: boom)

Two!

(boom)

MRS. COLLINS

Buckle my shoe.

(BOOM)

TERWILLIKER

Three!

(boom)

Four!

(boom)

MRS. COLLINS

Shut the door!

(BOOM)

TERWILLIKER

Five!

(boom)

Six!

(boom)

MRS. COLLINS

Pick up sticks!

(BOOM)

TERWILLIKER

Seven!

(boom)

Eight!

(boom)

MRS. COLLINS

Lay them straight.

(BOOM)

TERWILLIKER

Eenie, Meenie, Miney, Moe.

(boom)

MRS. COLLINS

I will follow where you go.

(BOOM-BOOM)

37 CONTINUED:

37

TERWILLIKER

Now in your brain but one thought
lingers,
Happy, happy, happy fingers!

The tremolo builds to a great drum-roll and cymbal crash.
Mrs. Collins comes to. Her qualms are gone. She is a
dynamo of efficiency.

MRS. COLLINS

Nothing! Nothing must stand
in our way! The work for the
Happy Finger Method must go on!

TERWILLIKER

Then bring your notebook and
come to my office.

He marches into his office. Mrs. Collins, looking at him
in hypnotic adoration, picks up an oversized dictation book
and follows.

BART

(whisper from
manhole)

Psst! Ma! Mother!

Unhearing, she sweeps past, disappearing into Terwilliker's
office. Bart, frantic, starts to climb up and follow her.
Too dangerous. He looks down stair well...safer to go that
way.

SCENE 38 OMITTED

INT. HEADQUARTERS SPLIT STAIRS

39 BART 39
as he runs down to the fork and starts up toward Terwilliker's
manhole.

INT. TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE

40 40
Bart warily sticks his head up through hole. Terwilliker is
standing in front of a bookcase. It contains huge volumes
entitled "DO," "RAY," "ME," "FA," "SOL," "LA," "SI"
and "Do." Mrs. Collins is seated, pencil poised over her
notebook, awaiting dictation.

40

CONTINUED:

40

TERWILLIKER

I want five hundred copies of
this, Mrs. Collins. Every boy
must have one framed on the walls
of his cell. It is a little
essay entitled.... 'Facts to
Remember About the Musical Scale.'
Ahh...ahhh... 'Do'...'Do'...'Ray'...

He sings:

41
thru
45

TERWILLIKER'S DO-RAY-ME

41
thru
45

TERWILLIKER

'Do, Ray, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
Do, Ray, Me, Fa...Fa...Fa....
Some folks think Fa is rather sweet
Dear Fa, they say, it can't be beat.
Yet there are others that I know
who much prefer -- good old Do.
While others, still, I've heard
them say:
The finest note of all is: Ray.
But not for me
I disagree
For me there is one special note
I love it ringing in my throat:
Of all the wondrous notes there are
My very favorite note by far
My favorite, favorite note, hah-hah
Hah-hah, hah-hah, hah-hah, hah-hah
Is not Do-Ray
Is not La-Si
My favorite note is Me, Me, Me....
My favorite note is Me!'

Striking a triumphant note beneath his portrait, he holds
the final "Me," his head way back, bellowing high into the
air. Mrs. Collins folds up her notebook, and with
Terwilliker still holding the final "Me," she exits ef-
ficiently into her room.

INT. MRS. COLLINS'S ROOM

45A

As she approaches her desk, the entire control board
lights up, with the loud sound of emergency beeps.

45A

46

CLOSE SHOT T.V.PANEL
SERGEANT LUNK and a SQUAD OF SOLDIERS appear on panel (in
black and white) in cell block vicinity.

46

46

CONTINUED:

46

SERGEANT LUNK

Sergeant Lunk reporting to headquarters! Cell number one! The boy is not in it!

46A

MOVING SHOT TERWILLIKER
as he thunders into the room.

46A

TERWILLIKER

The boy is not in it? Well,
search for him! Find him!

46B

SOLDIERS ON T.V.PANEL
salute.

46B

SERGEANT LUNK

Yes, sir, Doctor Terwilliker,
sir.

They race off screen.

46C

MEDIUM SHOT TERWILLIKER AND MRS. COLLINS

46C

TERWILLIKER

(to Mrs. Collins)

Your son! And you said he could
be trusted! Tonight of all
nights, Mrs. Collins! The very
night before my Institute opens,
your son dares to flaunt my
authority! So he doesn't like
the neat, clean, comfortable
cell I have given him! Very
well, from now on, he won't have
to sleep there. From now on,
Mrs. Collins, your boy sleeps in
the dungeons!

He rushes to the window and yanks back the curtains.

INSERT: OUTSIDE ON A TURRET

A revolving siren is wailing.

BACK TO SCENE 46C:

Terwilliker looks down.

46C CONTINUED:

46c

TERWILLIKER

Mrs. Collins, turn on Search-
lights Number One to Fifty,
inclusive!

Mrs. Collins hesitates.

TERWILLIKER

Mrs. Collins!

She pulls a switch.

INSERT: GREAT STABS OF MOVING SEARCHLIGHTS
pierce the sky.

BACK TO SCENE 46C:

TERWILLIKER

Pursuit Squadron A! Where in
thunderation are you?

VOICE

(from distance)

We're working north, sir. From
the barbed wire on the south
side!

47 DOWN SHOT FROM WINDOW

A military squadron, far below, is racing down an alley.

47

TERWILLIKER

Good. Good. Where's Pursuit
Squadron B?

VOICE

(from distance)

We're working south, sir. From
the barbed wire on the north
side!

TERWILLIKER

Mrs. Collins, Searchlights
Number Fifty to Ninety,
inclusive!

INSERT: MORE SEARCHLIGHTS
pierce the sky.

48

DOWN SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE
Another squadron. Another alley.

48

TERWILLIKER

Twin Guards! Where are you?
Judson! Whitney!

JUDSON'S VOICE

(from distance)
We're down here, sir! We're
searching the piano!

49

DOWN SHOT PIANO COURTYARD
The Twins are skating arabesques, up and down the base of
the piano.

49

TERWILLIKER

Idiots! The piano is the last
place he would hide. Search the
alleys! Beat the bushes! Comb
the turrets. Shake the trees!

The Twins skate off.

50

SHOT FROM MANHOLE BART IN F.G.
Terwilliker is at the window. Mrs. Collins is standing,
numb, at the switchboard.

50

TERWILLIKER

That boy might be anywhere! He
might even be in this building!
Mrs. Collins, light this build-
ing! Pull Manifold Switch Nine-
O-Two!

Mrs. Collins doesn't move.

TERWILLIKER

Mrs. Collins! I said pull
Manifold Switch Nine-O-Two!

He gives her a quick eyebrow. She yanks great lever.
Bart's stairway is flooded with light. In a panic, he
turns to run down it.

INT. HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

51

DOWN SHOT
Soldiers are coming through the swinging doors, heading
toward the stairs.

51

INT. SPLIT STAIRS

52 BART AT MANHOLE
He can't go down. He looks into:

52

INT. MRS. COLLINS'S ROOM

53 SHOT FROM MANHOLE
Terwilliker is leaning out of the window. Mrs. Collins is staring, vacantly, at Bart's photo on her desk. Bart sneaks up through the manhole and heads for the other arch.

53

INT. DARK CORRIDOR

54 BART
races into it. A light on the ceiling lights up behind him. He sprints to get away from it, but other lights light up, split seconds behind him. The lights are chasing him down the corridor. At the end, he comes to a hole in the floor. Inside the hole is a brass fireman's pole. Bart leaps for it, slides through the floor, and down through several floors below. He lands with a klunk on a stone slide.

54

INT. TUNNEL SLIDE

55 BART
He slides down slide which takes him to:

55

INT. DUNGEON

56 As Bart arrives at end of slide, he is face to face with STROOGO, an ugly blue-green dungeon guard, wearing a hearing aid. He shoves his face into Bart's.

56

STROOGO

Now, I don't recollect your features, do I?

He consults a moldy ledger hanging from his waist on a rusty chain.

STROOGO

You a piccolo player?

Terrified, Bart shakes his head.

STROOGO

Trombone player...? Violin player...?

56

CONTINUED:

56

BART

(trembling)

A...piano player.

STROOGO

Then you got no right in this particular dungeon. This is exclusive for non-piano players.

BART

Non-piano players...?

STROOGO

For them what play all other instruments. One by one, Doctor Terwilliker, he catches 'em. Locks 'em down here. Pretty soon they'll be no musicians on earth excepting for them what play the piano. I'm taking you back to Doctor Terwilliker.

He motions Bart to follow. Bart gives him a kick in the shins and runs away into the main room of the cavern.

56A

GREAT CAVERN IN DUNGEON

56A

Bart races in. He runs toward a light that may be an exit. He is blocked by entrance of piccolo musicians. This develops into the:

57

SCHLIM-SCHLAM BALLET

57

thru
61

in which Bart, seeking an escape, is blocked by more and more musicians. At the end of the ballet:

thru
61

62

BART

62

He finds himself back against an air vent. He climbs up into it and disappears from sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SINK DEPOT - NIGHT

SCENE 63 OMITTED.

64 Sounds of the chase are in the distance. On the wall of the
sink depot is an enormous old-fashioned time clock. In a
corner is a cut-down Morris chair beside a table.
Zabladowski is singing as he works in the sink trees.

65 "THE GRINDSTONE"
thru
69

64
65
thru
69

ZABLADOWSKI
'When we're born into this
universe
We're born without clothes.
The only thing that we are born
with
Is a grindstone for our nose.
You grind your nose on your
grindstone
I'll grind my nose on mine.
Just keep your nose off my
grindstone
And everything's just fine.
And everything's just fine.'

70 BART
He clambers out of the air vent, breathless.

70

BART
Jeepers, Mr. Zabladowski, am
I glad to see you!

He clutches him.

ZABLADOWSKI
Hey! Take it easy. What's up?

BART
They're after me!

ZABLADOWSKI
Who?

BART
Practically everybody.

ZABLADOWSKI
I'm not.

BART
I'm in terrible trouble!

70

CONTINUED:

70

ZABLADOWSKI

So...? Everyone in the world gets into trouble. The King of Persia sometimes even gets into trouble. But the King of Persia, does he come crawling out of my air vent? Not at all. The King of Persia, he stays in Persia.

BART

But it's my ma! She's in the clutches of Dr. Terwilliker! This is a terrible place! You should see the things that go on! I need your help! I need your --

ZABLADOWSKI

(interrupting)

My heart bleeds for you, but, if I don't get these sinks installed in the cells, I don't get paid.

BART

You...you're not going to help me?

Zabladowski, working, sings:

"I WILL NOT GET INVOLVED"

ZABLADOWSKI

Look, Bart...
'For twenty million billion years
This earth it has revolved
Without my help
So let it spin.
I will not get involved.

Let the darned thing spin
Let the darned thing spin
I will not get involved,

This earth has twenty trillion
kinds

Of problems to be solved,
It's nothing new.
So let it stew!
I will not get involved,

Let the old pot stew.
Let the old pot stew.
I will not get involved.

71
thru
75

71
thru
75

76

ANOTHER SHOT

Zabladowski picks up sink and starts for door. Bart blocks his way.

76

BART

Please, Mr. Zabladowski! You would get involved if you only knew the truth!

ZABLADOWSKI

Only knew what truth?

BART

The truth about my mother. She's in a terrible fix. Dr. Terwilliker, he's got her buffaloed!

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm too busy to sit down and talk about buffaloes.

BART

But you're my only hope!

ZABLADOWSKI

Well, give up hope right here and now.

BART

Boy, I'd hate to have you for a father!

ZABLADOWSKI

And so what makes you think that I'd want to be your father?

BART

My mother's an awful good cook.

ZABLADOWSKI

That's fine. I hope she hooks a husband.

BART

She's gonna marry Dr. Terwilliker! He's even worse than you are.

ZABLADOWSKI

Well...Children rarely have a choice of parents. And that, perhaps is a good thing, too. Practically no parents would be born if kids had their way.

76

CONTINUED:

76

Bart looks at him sidewise and decides on another ruse. He climbs up into the Morris chair and starts going through the motions of casting for fish.

ZABLADOWSKI

What are you doing?

BART

Just rowing a boat.

ZABLADOWSKI

What for?

BART

Going fishing.

ZABLADOWSKI

Now what are you doing?

BART

Just casting. For big-mouth bass.

ZABLADOWSKI

Okay. Okay. For big-mouth bass.

Starts again to exit. Again he hesitates.

ZABLADOWSKI

If you gotta cast, why don't you cast right?

He steps into Morris chair, taking imaginary rod out of Bart's hand. Starts turning imaginary reel.

ZABLADOWSKI

Reel in your line. You got too much slack.

BART

Hey! Look at that fish jump! Over by the lily pads!

ZABLADOWSKI

Boy, he's a whopper! Watch this cast now. Look. Relaxed. Like throwing a baseball.

He makes imaginary cast. He reacts to imaginary fish striking.

ZABLADOWSKI

Got him!

BART

Don't yank him! You'll lose him!

ZABLADOWSKI

Sit down! I know what I'm doing!

BART

You're letting him swim down
under the boat. You're going
to get snagged! You're going
to get snagged!

ZABLADOWSKI

A Zabladowski never gets snagged.
(he fights fish)
Get the net, Buster! Get the
net!

Bart grabs imaginary net.

ZABLADOWSKI

Steady! Steady! Don't tip
over the boat!

Bart leans over side of Morris chair and nets the fish.
Zabladowski takes fish out of the net.

ZABLADOWSKI

Boy, that sure is some big-
mouthed bass.

(weighing it)

Seven pounds, easy, if it weighs
an ounce. Now I'll have to clean
the danged thing!

BART

Don't worry. I'll clean it.
You take it easy. You're on a
vacation. I'll row you back
to camp.

ZABLADOWSKI

I can do my share. I'll handle
one of those oars.

Both row. Bart tires. Zabladowski takes both oars.

ZABLADOWSKI

You be the captain. I'll be the
crew.

76

CONTINUED: (3)

76

Bart snuggles up to him in the Morris chair. Zabladowski looks at him and smiles. He stops rowing.

77
thru
81

"DREAM STUFF"

77
thru
81

ZABLADOWSKI

(singing)

'Dream stuff...dream stuff...
Funny thing about this dream stuff...
First it's there
Then nowhere.
Dream stuff...dream stuff...
Ever fleeting, ever shifting...
Yet we could keep it from drifting
If we'd only dare.
Grasp that world you've been to!
Carry it right into
Bright blue day!
Feel it....seal it....
Don't let anybody steal it.
Most of all, keep any doubts away
Then you can make it stay.'

82

ANOTHER SHOT BART AND ZABLADOWSKI
Bart opens one eye.

82

ZABLADOWSKI

Yeah, and I know what happens
now! In the middle of the night,
you'll start sneezing. Then
you'll start coughing. You
might even come down with a case
of pneumonia. At a time like
this! Way up in the Maine woods
without any penicillin!

He pushes Bart out of his arms.

ZABLADOWSKI

(continuing)

This makes no sense! The fish-
ing trip is off!

BART

You mean you're not gonna help
me?

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm not gonna help you.

BART

But my mother's a prisoner!

ZABLADOWSKI

I don't believe it.

BART

Look, Mr. Zabladowski. I promise
not to disturb you anymore --
I promise to stay outa your hair
-- I promise to do anything you
want me to if you'll just go and
take a look.

Pause. Zabladowski looks down at him out of the corner of
his eye.

ZABLADOWSKI

(deliberately)

You're a sly, deceiving, scheming
little coot. So I'll go and take
a look.

He walks out of Sink Depot, followed by Bart.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE

83

TERWILLIKER

83

sitting with his right sleeve rolled up. He is holding his
baton in the air. Mrs. Collins is massaging his arm with
an electric vibrator.

84
thru
88

"MASSAGE OPERA"

84
thru
88

MRS. COLLINS

Your baton arm is your most
priceless possession. It must
have its massage, and then you
must sleep.

84
thru
88

CONTINUED:

84
thru
88

TERWILLIKER

(singing)

'I won't go to bed 'till that
boy has been captured.'

MRS. COLLINS

(speaking)

But, Dr. Terwilliker, think of
tomorrow. Whatever happens, you
must get some sleep.

TERWILLIKER

(singing)

'Bah, sleep! Napoleon never slept
more than four hours a night!'

MRS. COLLINS

(speaking)

But your job is bigger,
Dr. Terwilliker. Napoleon
never directed five hundred boys
at one piano.

TERWILLIKER

(singing)

'Humm. That is true, Mrs. Collins.
Say, you know, that is a beautiful
arm!'

MRS. COLLINS

(speaking)

There, now. Get off to bed.
I'll see that this money gets
put away.

TERWILLIKER

(singing)

'Mrs. Collins, are you sure your
little head is working all right
now?'

MRS. COLLINS

(speaking)

Why, certainly. That last
treatment you gave me...

TERWILLIKER

'You know, those treatments
sometimes wear off. Sometimes
you get to thinking about your
son.'

84
thru
88

CONTINUED: (2)

84
thru
88

MRS. COLLINS

My only loyalty is to you,
Dr. Terwilliker.

TERWILLIKER

'I noticed your son's picture
still in there on your desk.'

MRS. COLLINS

I told you I would destroy it.
I've just been too busy. My
son, I assure you, no longer
means a thing. To me now he's
just another boy for your piano.

TERWILLIKER

'Well spoken, Mrs. Collins.
Now I think I will get myself
a little beauty sleep.'

MRS. COLLINS

Happy dreams, Dr. Terwilliker.

TERWILLIKER

'Happy fingers, Mrs. Collins.'

At the end of the "Opera," Terwilliker goes off toward his
bedroom. Mrs. Collins starts toward her room.

SCENE 89 OMITTED.

INT. HEADQUARTERS SPLIT STAIRS

90

BART AND ZABLADOWSKI

90

They take the stairs to Mrs. Collins's room.

INT. MRS. COLLINS'S ROOM

91

Mrs. Collins is busy at her desk as Bart and Zabladowski
appear through the manhole.

91

ZABLADOWSKI

She doesn't look like a prisoner
to me.

BART

(whispering)
But she is, I tell ya!

91 CONTINUED:

91

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm going in there and ask her.

Zabladowski comes through the manhole and starts toward Mrs. Collins. She turns.

92 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MRS. COLLINS
looking extravagantly beautiful.

92

93 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MR. ZABLADOWSKI
struck dumb at her beauty.

93

ZABLADOWSKI

It can't be!

94 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MRS. COLLINS
as she looks at him, wondering who this white knight with
the brave, dashing countenance is.

94

MRS. COLLINS

It can't be!

95 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MR. ZABLADOWSKI
with love exuding from all his pores.

95

ZABLADOWSKI

It is!

96 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MRS. COLLINS

96

MRS. COLLINS

It is!

96A CLOSEUP BART
He is eating this up. This is all his heart desires.

96A

(NOTE: Over all these shots, thick, lush, romantic violins - hundreds of them - are playing the LOVE THEME.)

97 LOVE SONG - "YOU OPENED MY EYES"
thru sung by Mrs. Collins and Zabladowski.
10197
thru
101YOU OPENED MY EYES

MARY HEALY SINGS: You opened my eyes
Now you are all I can see
The moment you opened my eyes
Miracles happend to me

97
thru
101

CONTINUED:

YOU OPENED MY EYES (cont'd)

97
thru
101

MARY HEALY SINGS: I see stars shining below
As I walk around in space
Sweet melodies flow
From the strangest hiding places

One moment ago
Heaven was still way up there
But now in one moment I know
Heaven's ev'rywhere

At last
I see
A whole new world for me
Since you opened my eyes to love

SECOND CHORUS

PETER: You opened my eyes
Now you are all I can see
The moment you opened my eyes
Life really started for me.

MARY: Hear my heart singing at last
Like a choir of violins

PETER: This happened so fast
I can't keep my head from spinning

MARY: I look to the sky
Thanking the stars that you're here

PETER: It seems that my Fourth of July
Came in spring this year.

MARY: It's grand!

PETER: It's fine!

BOTH: This whole new world is mine
Since you opened my eyes to love.

102
thru
106

SHOTS OF BART

During this, despite the fact that Bart is a little
uneasy, he goes to TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE and looks in.
He returns to the manhole.

102
thru
106

107 At the end of the song, Terwilliker, evidently awakened 107
and by it, appears in his bathrobe, in the doorway. The and
108 hypnotic theremin music begins again. Mrs. Collins's 108
head turns in the direction of the door. Terwilliker's eye-
brows go into action. Mrs. Collins succumbs to his spell.
Terwilliker enters, making mysterious passes at Zabladowski.

TERWILLIKER

(chanting)

Abba-ka-dibbrika-dabbrika-dilliker

T,E,R,W -- I,L,L, illiker.

This is having an astonishing effect on Zabladowski. Bart
looks on, in horror.

109 HYPNOTIC DUEL 109
thru And now begins a fight for the World Champion Hypnotic thru
113 Belt. The music builds with the tension of the scene. 113
The antagonists are sweating, concentrating. It's a horrible
battle of wills. It ends in a standoff. Terwilliker is
unable to conquer him.

114 ANOTHER SHOT 114

TERWILLIKER

Where'd you study?

ZABLADOWSKI

What goes on here? What are
you trying to give me the whammy
for? I come up here peacefully
to find out if the kid --

TERWILLIKER

What kid?

ZABLADOWSKI

(turns)

Her son...Bartholomew.

Behind Zabladowski's back, Terwilliker gives Mrs. Collins
an hypnotic look.

MRS. COLLINS

Oh, you mustn't pay too much
attention to Bart.

ZABLADOWSKI

I've come to the conclusion,
for your information, that I'm
not putting in any more sinks!

114

CONTINUED:

114

MRS. COLLINS

Oh, but dear Mr. Zabladowski,
you must!

(to Terwilliker)

If he doesn't put in the sinks,
the County Sink Inspector won't
okay the place as sanitary.

TERWILLIKER

Then we won't be able to open
the Institute tomorrow. That's
impossible!

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm glad to contribute to your
impossibility.

He turns. Terwilliker shoots Mrs. Collins another look.

MRS. COLLINS

Please... I'm sure it's all been
a mistake. Dear Dr. Terwilliker
thought you were an intruder...
it was a case of mistaken identity,
wasn't it, Dr. Terwilliker.

TERWILLIKER

Of course, dear boy. Whether
you know it or not, you are a
cog in this great operation.

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm no cog. I don't even like
the sound of it. I'm an inde-
pendent contractor.

Terwilliker puts his arm around Zabladowski's shoulder.

114A

WALKING SHOT

as Terwilliker leads Zabladowski toward his office.

114A

TERWILLIKER

(as they walk)

Let me put it this way: You
are a key man and a valuable
ally... a big wheel within all
my wheels. You, if I may say
so, alone, of all my people,
are the indispensable man.

INT. TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE

115 ZABLADOWSKI AND TERWILLIKER 115
They come into the office. Mrs. Collins has followed them
in, and so has Bart who sneaks behind a cabinet.

ZABLADOWSKI

That's probably true.. but --

He looks around, sees tea table heaped with money. Mrs.
Collins and Terwilliker notice this and exchange glances.

ZABLADOWSKI

No, I'm not satisfied. I've
heard rumors about your operation.

TERWILLIKER

(exploding)

Rumors! Scuttlebutt! I can
tell you all about the rumors.
I am a villain. I am a loath-
some racketeer. This money you
see before you on the table --

He picks up a scoop and begins shovelling the money into
the safe.

TERWILLIKER

-- I have stolen it from the
pocketbooks of mothers of help-
less boys whose lives I wish to
dominate! Rumors! Filthy,
lying rumors! This is the problem
that every great man faces! Rumors
of the corruption that breeds in
high places! Rumors seeking to
discredit my noble aims! And
now these rumors have crept into
my own house, vilifying and be-
smirching my honesty, my fair
name, my integrity!

ZABLADOWSKI

You talk a lot but I don't know
how much you say.

MRS. COLLINS

(sincerely)

Mr. Zabladowski, there isn't
anything at all to these silly
old rumors. The sole purpose
of our endeavor is the musical
betterment of American youth.

115

CONTINUED:

115

ZABLADOWSKI

The way you put it, it doesn't sound so bad.

TERWILLIKER

You're a sensitive, intelligent and highly creative person. Let's talk this over. I'm sure we can get together.

ZABLADOWSKI

I still got doubts,...serious doubts.

MRS. COLLINS

Mr. Zabladowski.

TERWILLIKER

(suavely)

Make yourself comfortable. Relax. Have a smoke. Have a -- cigar!

From a wall, Terwilliker pulls out a series of cigars on a string.

ZABLADOWSKI

Don't mind if I do.

He takes one. Terwilliker lets the string snap back into the wall.

TERWILLIKER

Something to eat?

ZABLADOWSKI

Don't mind if I do.

Terwilliker pulls a Lazy-Susan contraption up from the head of the divan.

TERWILLIKER

Hot cakes?...layer cakes?...
fish cakes?...peanut brittle?
....the blue plate special? Or
the chicken pot pie?

Zabladowski makes a selection.

TERWILLIKER

Something to drink?

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

ZABLADOWSKI

I have no objection.

Terwilliker pulls a tall shelved bar up from trap door in floor.

TERWILLIKER

Schnapps?.....Sake?.....Slivovitz?
...Schweppes?...Tequila?...
Turtle Tears?.....or just plain
Cocoa?

Zabladowski looks at glasses, trying to decide.

TERWILLIKER

Oh, but wait! For such a distinguished guest, the pride of our cellars! Vintage Pickle Juice!

Terwilliker produces a huge green web-covered bottle and pours a slug of bright green liquid into a glass for Zabladowski. Zabladowski drinks it. He reacts.

ZABLADOWSKI

(very pleasantly
jolted)

Don't mind if I do!

TERWILLIKER

Shall we dance?

Terwilliker pulls a bell cord and the introductory music begins to play for:

116
thru
120

"GET-TOGETHER-WEATHER"
This is staged in such a way that it is mostly through Mrs. Collins's efforts that Zabladowski enters into the spirit of the thing.

116
thru
120

MRS. COLLINS

TERWILLIKER

ZABLADOWSKI

(singing)

'Come on!
It's time we got together
'Cause it's get-together weather
And in get-together-weather
Together is just what we got to get!

116 CONTINUED:
thru
120

116
thru
120

MRS. COLLINS)
TERWILLIKER) (cont'd)
ZABLADOWSKI)

Come on!
The weather man's insisting
This is weather beyond resisting
This is get-together weather
Together is just what we got to get.
What wonderful weather to go on an
outing!
What wonderful weather to run
around shouting!
What wonderful weather for love
to be sprouting!
It's mighty fine weather -- I
hope that it stays.
What glorious weather for zipping
and zooming!
What glorious weather for hearts
to be blooming!
What glorious weather for bridging
and grooming!
It's mighty fine weather we're
having these days.

Come on!
The weather man's reporting
That the weather's right for sporting
And for love and assorted courting
This is get-together weather.
What marvelous weather for cooing
and billing!
For yodeling, warbeling, gargeling
and trilling!
What marvelous weather for dally-
down dilling!
What marvelous weather! Hey! Hey!
What a day!
What fabulous weather for loping
and leaping!
What fabulous weather for bipping
and beeping!
For schnipping and schnupping and
schnooping and schneeping!
What fabulous weather! Oi! Oi!
What a day!

Come on!
The weather man's announcing
That the weather's right for flouncing
And for b-b-b-b-b-bouncing
This is get-together-weather
Together is just what we got to get!

121 ANOTHER SHOT

121

TERWILLIKER
(easing Zabladowski
out)

Well, that was a pleasant inter-
lude. Now get back to your work,
Mr. Zabladowski.

ZABLADOWSKI
Thank you very much for a very
pleasant time. And you can
count on me, sir. I won't let
you down.

Zabladowski goes down through the manhole. Bart is heart-
broken as he watches Zabladowski leave. Terwilliker watches
Zabladowski disappear, then:

TERWILLIKER
Mrs. Collins get me the Physics
Laboratory.

Mrs. Collins dials the telephone as Terwilliker closes and
locks the safe with a key which he puts on a chain around
his neck. Bart sees this.

MRS. COLLINS
(into phone)
One moment, please.

She hands the phone to Terwilliker.

MRS. COLLINS
The Physics Laboratory, sir.

Terwilliker chuckles.

TERWILLIKER
(into phone)
When the plumber Zabladowski
has installed the last sink, I
want him disintegrated! I want
you to disintegrate him slowly.
I want him to suffer -- atom by
atom -- at dawn!

Mrs. Collins and Terwilliker have their backs to Bart which
gives him a chance to run across the room and down the same
manhole through which Zabladowski made his exit. Bart dis-
appears down it.

TERWILLIKER
You better come with me, Mrs.
Collins.

He leads her by the hand towards her room.

INT. MRS. COLLINS ROOM

122 TERWILLIKER AND MRS. COLLINS
as they come in.

122

TERWILLIKER

You know, I think you're beginning to build up an immunity to my little hypnotic trances. I think you better spend tonight in your lock-me-tight.

MRS. COLLINS

Oh, please, Dr. Terwilliker!

TERWILLIKER

There's too much at stake.

(as he puts her
into the cell)

There will be no further liaisons tonight with the plumber Zabladowski.

He locks the cell and throws the key out the window.

INT. PIANO COURTYARD NEAR CELL BLOCK ALLEY

123 CLOSE FOLLOWING SHOT ZABLADOWSKI 123
as he walks, whistling GET-TOGETHER-WEATHER. Distant sounds of sirens screaming, noises of the chase continuing, etc. CAMERA REVEALS Bart walking in lock-step right behind him. Zabladowski finally notices Bart.

ZABLADOWSKI

You! Get out of my life! You lied to me!

BART

I did not!

ZABLADOWSKI

There's nothing wrong with that Dr. Terwilliker. He's a little goofy at times, maybe, but he sets a fine table, and he gave me this excellent cigar.

BART

How about my mother?

ZABLADOWSKI

There is a very delightful woman. And just as soon as I get the sinks in ...

123 CONTINUED:

123

BART

But you were tricked, Mr.
Zabladowski!

ZABLADOWSKI

Sure I was tricked. You tricked
me.

BART

But I've terrible news for you.
They're gonna distintegrate you --
at dawn!

ZABLADOWSKI

You're crazy. You're lying again.
Now beat it. I got work to do.

He starts away. Bart continues to follow him.

ZABLADOWSKI

You listen to a kid and it gives
you nothing but trouble. So go
back to your cell.

Zabladowski exits. Bart looks after him and - hands in
pockets, kicking at imaginary pebbles and rocks, a lonely,
lost figure - he soliloquizes:

SCENES 124 AND 125 OMITTED.

126 "KIDS SONG"
thru
130

126
thru
130

BART

'Now just because we're kids
Because we're sort of small
Because we're closer to the ground
And you are bigger pound by pound
You have no right, you have no right
To push and shove us little kids
around.

Now, just because your throat
Has got a deeper voice
And lots of wind to blow it out
At little kids who don't dare shout
You have no right, you have no
right

To boss and beat us little kids
about.

126 CONTINUED:
thru
130

126
thru
130

BART (cont'd)

Just because you've whiskers on
your face
To shave.
You treat us like a slave.
So what, it's only hair.
Just because you wear a wallet
near your heart
You think you're twice as smart
You know that isn't fair.
But we'll grow up some day
And when we do, I pray
We won't just grow in size and
sound
And just be bigger pound by pound
I'd hate to grow like some I know
Who push and shove the little kids
around.'

131 ANOTHER SHOT
Zabladowski, a little moved, stands looking at Bart.

131

ZABLADOWSKI

Look, kid...come here.

BART

No.

ZABLADOWSKI

Would it help if I said I'm
sorry?

BART

No, 'cause you're not a bit
sorry.

ZABLADOWSKI

Come here, kid. Come on over
here.

BART

No.

Zabladowski moves toward him. Bart moves away.

ZABLADOWSKI

Look, I just want to get one
thing straight: I didn't mean
to push you around. I don't
like anybody who pushes anybody
around. Do you believe me?

Bart looks at him, moves toward him.

INT. SINK ALLEY, APPROACHING SINK DEPOT

132 BART AND ZABLADOWSKI

132

BART
Maybe... but right now I don't
like you very much.

ZABLADOWSKI
Oh, I'm a very likable person -
when you get to know me.

BART
I'm not so sure any more.

ZABLADOWSKI
How can we be friends again?

BART
Well... you could start by taking
out those sinks.

ZABLADOWSKI
What good would that do?

BART
It would stop that crazy Terwilliker
from opening this place... and my Ma
would be saved.

ZABLADOWSKI
Look, kid... I already told you --
I wouldn't worry about your Ma.

BART
You wouldn't, but I would.

ZABLADOWSKI
Anyway, I can't start taking
sinks out. I'm being paid for
putting them in. Time and a half
overtime... It's a lot of money.

BART
How much you being paid overtime?

ZABLADOWSKI
Oh...two thousand pastoolas.

BART
Two thousand what?

132 CONTINUED:

132

ZABLADOWSKI

Dr. T. does not pay me in American money. He keeps that for himself. He pays me in pastoolas.

BART

Pastoolas....?

ZABLADOWSKI

If you must know, the currency here is a little strange. First, in small money, there comes the drakmids. At the regular normal rate of exchange, there are fifty-nine drakmids to every silver zlobek. And three silver zlobeks make a golden kratchmuk. A pastoola, normally, is forty-four thousand kratchmuks. But these, they tell me, are not normal times. So.....

BART

Wait a minute! How much do you get American?

ZABLADOWSKI

Precisely twenty bucks. Show me a better job and I'll take same.

BART

If I give you thirty bucks will you take the sinks out?

ZABLADOWSKI

Sure. Sure.....

BART

Will you shake on that?

Zabladowski gives Bart a quick handshake.

BART

(continuing)

Mr. Zabladowski, you're working for me now.

ZABLADOWSKI

Okay, Boss.

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

BART

I'm going to get you all the
money you want.

Bart exits. Zabladowski looks after him.

ZABLADOWSKI

Hey, kid, I'm only kidding. I
don't care about money.

(turns, begins
to soliloquize)

It's not worth much these days.

What's it good for? Food....

drink...luxuries....yachts...?

(he thinks)

You know... I think I like money.

133 "MONEY, MONEY, MONEY"
thru
137

133
thru
137

ZABLADOWSKI

(singing)

'Money, money, money, money!

Money, legal tender.

It hasn't any sex appeal,

It hasn't any gender.

It hasn't any bright blue eyes

It has no ruby mouth.

Yet all the world is kissing it

East, West, North and South.

Money, money, money, money!

Money, paper money.

It has no plunging neckline and

Its shape is sort of funny.

But still it makes man's temperature

Rise higher than a steeple.

More people marry dollar bills

Than people marry people.'

EXT. CROSS-ROADS ALLEY

138 BART 138
He enters, and starts down Headquarters alley, as a pla-
toon of soldiers, searching for him, come up alley toward
him. Bart runs out of scene.

- 139 BART AT CORNER 139
He rounds the corner, sees Hanging-Pointing-Glove. It points to a swinging door. The door is labeled "IN." Bart ducks in.
- 140 CLOSET 140
Bart finds himself in a closet. He turns, sees another Hanging-Pointing-Glove, indicating the door through which he's just entered. It is labelled "OUT." Bart rushes out.
- 141 CORRIDOR 141
Bart races down the corridor. A Hanging-Pointing-Glove points "UP." Bart scrambles up a flight of stairs, gets to the top -- the stairs end in mid-air. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Over Bart's head is a Hanging-Pointing-Glove, pointing "DOWN." Bart races back down. At the foot of the stairs he spies another corridor, frantically races down it only to come up against another dead end. On the wall of this dead end are two suspended gloves (see sketch) on the end of wires in the position of folded hands. Bart stops, stumped, stares at it. The contraption animates as if shrugging its shoulders. The gloves move, palms up, in a gesture of futility. Bart repeats the gesture of futility with his own hands. He turns to get out of the cul-de-sac, but as he starts to go (see sketch) the wall on which the glove contraption is mounted begins to rise. Beneath the rising wall he sees the boots of soldiers. As the wall rises higher, Bart, oddly enough, starts towards it.
- 142 WALL 142
rising out of scene. Through the hole in the wall marches a squadron of troops. CAMERA TILTS, REVEALING Bart over their heads, sitting in the folded hands of the contraption.
- 143 SHOT FROM BART'S VIEWPOINT 143
The marching soldiers are disappearing into another area.
- 144 WALL 144
It begins to descend again. Just before it reaches the ground, Bart leaps off the folded hands and slides under the closing wall just an instant before it slams shut.

INT. HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

- 145 Bart races across it, towards the Split Stairs. 145

INT. TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE

146 Bart, once more, comes through the manhole, crosses the 146
room and enters the bedroom.

INT. TERWILLIKER'S BEDROOM

147 Terwilliker, wearing musically-designed pajamas, is sound 147
asleep. As part of the bed is a metronome, ticking away.
Terwilliker is snoring to the metronome's beat. On the arm
of the metronome Bart sees the key to the safe. After a
great deal of difficulty -- crawling on the back of the
bed, almost stepping once or twice in Terwilliker's face,
slipping precariously -- Bart gets to the metronome. He
tries to get the key off the arm of the metronome. In order
to do this, he has to stop it. The moment the metronome
stops, Terwilliker begins to snort awake. Bart hastily sets
the metronome going again. Bart ponders for a moment.
Then, getting an idea, takes out a pencil and starts tapping
on the headboard, to the same beat of the metronome. Once
again, he stops the metronome, but the clicking of the
pencil keeps Terwilliker snoring. Bart slips off the key,
then starts the metronome ticking in a drowsy fashion.
Terwilliker snores on drowsily, as Bart exits to
Terwilliker's office.

INT. TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE

148 Triumphantly, Bart tiptoes across the room to the 148
safe, inserts the key, then remembers something, sits down
at the desk and laboriously writes out an I.O.U. He goes
back to the safe, opens it quietly, sees the money. As he
reaches in to take some, a few bills drop to the floor. As
he bends to retrieve them, he is horrified to see, on his
eye level, a "Certificate of Assassination," enclosed in a
glass case. The orders on it state that Zabladowski is to
be disintegrated at dawn! Bart breaks the glass casing
around it and immediately an alarm like that of a bell on a
bank building sounds. Bart grabs the Certificate, leaps out
of the safe. He starts for the manhole -- but up pops a
soldier. He races for the door to Mrs. Collins's room.

INT. MRS. COLLINS'S ROOM

149 Bart starts for the manhole -- up pops another 149
soldier. He starts for the arch -- out pops another soldier.
He looks around, sees his mother in her cell.

MRS. COLLINS

Oh, save me, Bart, save me!

149 CONTINUED:

149

BART
(evading the
soldiers)
Don't worry, Ma.

He rushes to a window, climbs out.

EXT. LEDGE

- 150 Bart comes out -- looks down. He sees DOWN SHOT OF 150
TERWILLIKER LAND. He runs out. A platoon of soldiers
appears at window, come out on ledge and chase him.
- 151 FIRST LEDGE CORNER 151
Bart zips around the corner with the soldiers on his tail.
- 152 JUG LEDGE 152
The soldiers appear around the corner. Bart is nowhere in
sight. The soldiers race past a five-foot jug in which a
palm tree is growing and continue o.s. CAMERA HOLDS on jug.
The palm tree rises. It is on the head of Bart who has
hidden in the jug. For the moment, he feels safe. But the
next moment Bart's dog appears, galloping up, and betraying
him by barking. The soldiers rush back into scene, pick up
the jug and carry Bart o.s.
- 153 WHISKER LEDGE 153
The soldiers carry the jug toward a gate-like structure on
the ledge. What appears to be a white rope stretches across
the ledge. As they carry the jug beneath the ledge, Bart
grabs the rope, pulls himself out of the jug. The soldiers
continue o.s. with the empty jug. The "rope" is disclosed
as the beard of the Twins. Bart, hanging on it, looks up
at them in horror. He drops to the ledge and hotfoots it
away, with the Twins in pursuit.
- 154 FIRST LADDER LEDGE 154
Bart comes around onto a new ledge, tries to run around a
corner but is cut off by a new group of soldiers. Reversing,
he scrambles up a ladder to a ledge above. Bart pushes
ladder away.
- 155 SECOND LADDER LEDGE 155
Bart races into scene - finds himself trapped by soldiers
and the Twins who are coming around opposite corner of build-
ing. The only avenue of escape is a rakish sky ladder. He
climbs it.

- 156 TOP OF SKY LADDER 156
It ends high above the towers of the Terwilliker Institute.
As Bart reaches the top, he is picked up in the glare of a
searchlight. He can't go higher; he can't go back.
- 156A BART 156A
looking down.
- 157 FOOT OF SKY LADDER 157
The pursuers are smugly watching Bart's dilemma.
- 157A CLOSE SHOT BART 157A
looks down in opposite direction.
- 157B FULL DOWN SHOT 157B
Terwilliker Land.
- 158 TOP OF SKY LADDER 158
Bart does the only thing possible. He pulls bottom of
sweater out of trousers and makes parachute jump.
- 158A LONG SHOT 158A
Small figure of Bart falling. (SLOW MOTION)
- 159 FIRST TRAMPOLINE TURRET 159
Bart (SLOW MOTION) lands on a turret top, bounces from this
one to:
- 159A SECOND TRAMPOLINE TURRET 159A
Bart bounces down to:

EXT. SINK DEPOT ALLEY

- 160 LONG SHOT 160
Bart lands (SLOW MOTION) in the alley.
- 160A CLOSE SHOT 160A
Bart landing. He races toward entrance of Sink Depot.

INT. SINK DEPOT

- 161 Zabladowski is assembling the final sink. His blow 161
torch is lighted. Bart comes racing in.

161 CONTINUED:

161

BART

You haven't seen me! You don't
even know me!

He dives into the air vent. At the same instant Lunk and a
squad of soldiers come racing down the stairs. To divert
their attention, Zabladowski immediately bursts into song,
"FRECKLE ON A PIGMY."

162 "FRECKLE ON A PIGMY"
thru
166

162
thru
166

ZABLADOWSKI

'Oh, the sadness of existence
In this grim and gruesome life
In this world of woeful misery
And fearful, tearful strife

Oh me! Oh my! Oh me!
People worry, worry, worry
Worry, worry night and day
Ah but when it comes to worry,
Brother here is what I say
Yes, here is what I say.

If you've really got to worry
Pick a worry worth your while
Like a freckle on a pigmy
On an undiscovered isle
For the freckle on a pigmy
On an island, you will find
Is the perfect kind of worry
That will not disturb your mind.

Oh, my dear old Aunt Prunella
Used to worry 'bout her weight
Used to worry 'bout the calories
In everything she ate.

Oh me! Oh my! Oh me!
So she cut her daily diet down
To half a soggy bun.
But, in spite of all her worries
Auntie gained a half a ton!

If you've really got to worry
Pick a worry worth your while
Like the freckle on a pigmy
On an undiscovered isle

Two such freckles on his forehead
We can worry with delight
You may worry 'bout the left one
And I'll worry 'bout the right

162
thru
166

CONTINUED:

162
thru
166

ZABLADOWSKI (cont'd)

Now, just take the sad example
Of my poor old Uncle Max
How he worried, fretted, groaned
And stewed about his income tax.

Oh me! Oh my! Oh me!
So my Uncle Max, his income tax
HuhDisintegrate
Disintegrate this plumber, Huh!
Takes place at half past eight?
Takes place at half past eight?

If you've really got to worry
Pick a worry worth your while
Like that freckle on that Pigmy
On that undiscovered isle
You can worry 'bout that freckle
Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall
And your hair, they say,
It won't turn gray
It won't turn gray...at...all!

During the song, the soldiers comb the place for Bart.
Zabladowski keeps maneuvering them away from the vent by
pretendedly casual gestures with the blazing blow torch.
Bart, inside the vent, keeps holding up the Execution
Order. Zabladowski finally sees it, suffers a great shock,
but sings on bravely to the end. At finish:

167

ANOTHER SHOT

167

LUNK

Come on, men! This plumber's
a wuck-wuck.

As Lunk and the soldiers exit, Zabladowski takes the
Execution Order from Bart and stares at it, horror-
stricken. Bart slides out of the vent.

BART

So! You didn't believe me! Your
life isn't worth a pastoola!

ZABLADOWSKI

People should always believe in
kids. People should even believe
in their lies.

BART

Now you going to help me?

167 CONTINUED:

167

ZABLADOWSKI

From now on, Buster, we're in
this together.

BART

Shake?

ZABLADOWSKI

Shake.

They clasp hands. Bart, holding onto his hand, looks at
him suspiciously.

BART

You've welched on me before.

ZABLADOWSKI

I give you my oath.

BART

I'm taking no chances. We're
going to seal this oath in blood.

ZABLADOWSKI

Huh...? Won't that be unnecessarily
messy?

Bart, still holding his hand, pulls a pin from Zabladowski's
shirt.

ZABLADOWSKI

(squeamish)

Needles...? No needles! Please,
kid! When I was in the Army...

Bart jabs his own thumb, then Zabladowski's.

ZABLADOWSKI

Aouw!

BART

Do you, Mr. Zabladowski, promise
to be trustworthy, loyal, help-
ful, friendly...?

ZABLADOWSKI

I do.

BART

...courteous, kind, obedient,
cheerful?

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

ZABLADOWSKI

I do.

BART

...thrifty, brave, clean and
reverent?

ZABLADOWSKI

I do.

Bart presses their thumbs together.

BART

(triumphantly)

Well, that's it, Pop.

ZABLADOWSKI

Pop....?

BART

Didn't you know? This makes
you my old man.

Zabladowski, staring at him, takes two band aids out of his
pocket. Gives one to Bart. They stick them on.

ZABLADOWSKI

Does, eh? Well, okay.

BART

Then let's get going. We've got
to save your wife.

ZABLADOWSKI

My wife! Yeah!

Bart picks up torch.

BART

We may need this.

Zabladowski takes torch, starts to lead Bart toward the
stairs. Stops. Looks up stairs.

ZABLADOWSKI

Shh! Whole platoon of soldiers
up there.

BART

Any other way to get to head-
quarters?

167 CONTINUED: (3)

167

Zabladowski steers Bart toward dark mess of pipes in back of room.

ZABLADOWSKI

I think so, Buster. But it's unfavorable terrain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUND COUNTRY - NIGHT

168 Bart and Zabladowski run in. Suddenly, they are 168
thru picked up by a light. It comes from a searchlight thru
171 on the head of a Mound Country Man. We do a routine 171
where Bart and Zabladowski, trying to escape the light, out-
wit the Mound Country Man who crashes with his light. Bart
and Zabladowski get separated from each other in the dark.
CAMERA FOLLOWS Bart as he is calling out to Zabladowski.
From behind various mounds appear Mound Men with large
butterfly nets.

172 MOUND COUNTRY BALLET ROUTINE 172
thru Bart is caught on top of a mound, completely sur- thru
176 rounded by Mound Men with nets. At peak of ballet, 176
they swoop their nets down on top of Bart. The Mound Men
grin victoriously, knowing Bart must be under one of the
nets. Suddenly there is consternation, as the nets filter
flat, and empty, to the ground. Somehow or other Bart has
got away. They look o.s.

177 ANOTHER ANGLE 177
A detached net, with Bart's legs beneath it, is scooting
like mad across the terrain. The Mound Men pursue it. They
gain on it. Another net comes suddenly running into scene,
with Zabladowski's legs underneath it. The two nets run,
madly side by side, the Mound Men almost upon them.

178 TWO HOLES IN WALL 178
(Hanging-pointing-gloves point at the holes.) Bart and
Zabladowski, under nets, rush up to the holes. They dive,
perilously, through them.

SCENES 179, 180 and 181 OMITTED.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS LOBBY - NIGHT

182 PICKLE JUICE MACHINE 182
It begins to shake and groan. The door in its base opens.
Bart and Zabladowski emerge. They see where they are and
make for the stairway.

INT. HEADQUARTERS SPLIT STAIRS

183 Bart and Zabladowski race up the stairs, taking the 183
right-hand flight to Mrs. Collins's room.

INT. MRS. COLLINS'S ROOM

184 Bart and Zabladowski come into the darkened room from 184
manhole. Bart spies his mother in her Lock-Me-Tight.
All conversations are in tense whispers.

BART

Psst! Ma! Wake up!

MRS. COLLINS

(sleepily)

Bartholomew....! Who's that
with you?

ZABLADOWSKI

(stepping up)

August Zabladowski, plumber
and husband.

He melts the bars of her cage with his blowtorch.

MRS. COLLINS

Thank you, dear August.

ZABLADOWSKI

It was a pleasure, my dear --

He looks at Bart, who whispers her name:

BART

It's Eloise, but come on.
There's no time for any mush
stuff.

They exit through the manhole.

INT. HEADQUARTERS SPLIT STAIRS

185 Furtively, Bart, Mrs. Collins and Zabladowski descend. 185

INT. HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

186 Bart is in the lead as they start across lobby.

186

BART

Wait here a minute. I'll see
if the coast is clear.

He darts down the tunnel, leaving Zabladowski and Mrs.
Collins near the Pickle Juice Machine. Zabladowski sees
the machine.

ZABLADOWSKI

I need a snort of something.

He inserts dime. The machine activates, filling a stein
with pickle juice. Zabladowski raises it in salute to
Mrs. Collins.

ZABLADOWSKI

To our future... if we have one.

He drinks.

BART

(running back in)
We can't get out! The twins
are down at the end of the
tunnel!

ZABLADOWSKI

(feeling the juice)
The twins, eh?! I'm sick and
tired of this getting pushed
around!

He finishes drink.

BART

Hey! Don't drink that stuff!
It's dynamite!

ZABLADOWSKI

Well, so am I!

He runs to skates, starts to put them on.

ZABLADOWSKI

I'll show these Siamese Hooligans!
They want to fight on skates?!
I'll fight 'em on skates!

MRS. COLLINS

Now! Now! Now just don't be
too heroic, dear August.

186 CONTINUED:

186

Zabladowski, leaping up on skates.

ZABLADOWSKI

Up and at 'em!

With a great swoop, he skates into the tunnel. Bart and Mrs. Collins start to run after him.

SCENES 187, 188 and 189 OMITTED.

EXT. GREAT PIANO COURTYARD

190 The Twins are skating around near the alley entrance. 190
Zabladowski appears with a great war whoop.

191 SKATING DUEL ROUTINE ZABLADOWSKI AND TWINS 191
At the end of the routine, Zabladowski, finds a pair of
hedge clippers. He pins the Twins against the wall.

ZABLADOWSKI

(very casually)

I think it's time you boys had
a shave.

He snips their beard asunder. The Twins, impuissant, like Samson shorn of his locks, spiral slowly around and collapse to the floor. Bart and Mrs. Collins rush up, jubilant, to Zabladowski.

BART

MRS. COLLINS

ZABLADOWSKI

We won! We won! We won!

TERWILLIKER'S VOICE

I, on the other hand, am inclined
to doubt that statement.

They wheel around and see Terwilliker looking down on them, coldly, from the top of the piano.

TERWILLIKER

(cold)

You play a rather spirited game,
Mr. Plumber. But the final score
is the thing that counts. My
side is still on top. Your side
is on the bottom.

191 CONTINUED:

191

Terwilliker blows his pitch pipe. Bart, Mrs. Collins and Zabladowski look around. Soldiers are crowding in from all angles. They stand there, defeated... No use to fight further. The soldiers, closing in, burst into song.

192
thru
196

"VICTORY PROCESSION"

192
thru
196

As they sing, a group of soldiers detach themselves from the main body, pile up on each others' backs against the piano. Terwilliker marches down on their backs.

CHORUS

'A roota-de toot! A roota-de toot!
Terwilliker-illiker Institute!
Hooray for us! Hooray for us!
Rah-rah for us! Rah-rah for us!
Us murderous mugs,
and us treacherous thugs,
Us loathable lugs
And us poisonous pugs,
Unthinkable, stinkable, horrible
us
Hooray! We are victorious,
victorious!

QUARTETTE

Now isn't that too glorious!
Our nasty team, notorious,
Us gruesome, grimy gory us
Us stinkers are victorious!

CHORUS

Us thoroughly hideous, hawk-headed
hunks,
Us truly insidious putrified punks
Unthinkable, stinkable, horrible us
Hooray! We are victorious, victorious.

QUARTETTE

Terwilliker, we sing to thee
Our cruel black hearts we bring to
thee.
For crime and slimy villainy
Terwilliker Academy!

SOLO

Oh de walls are green wit' ivy
Down at Harvard, an' down at Princeton
An' old Purdue! An' old Purdue!
So what! Dey t'ink dey're smart
Wit' all dey're ivy.
Us at Terwilliker got ivy too!
Got ivy too!

192
thru
196

CONTINUED:

192
thru
196

CHORUS

Yeah! Hail to thee our hallowed
halls
We got poison ivy walls
Pooh on Harvard, Yale and such!
We got ivy they can't touch!
Poison ivy covered walls.
Hail to thee our hallowed halls.
(echo)
Hallowed halls.

QUARTETTE

Terwilliker, thy name we praise
We love thy foul and loathsome ways
Thy crummy criminality
Terwilliker Academy!

CHORUS

Alma Mater, Alma Mater
No school ever could be greater
Rotten as a bad tomater, Alma Mater
Row-dee-dee-dow-dee-dow-dee-dow!
Hooray for us! Hooray for us!
Rah-rah for us! Rah-rah for us!
We're on the beam, we're on the beam
With our terrible team, with our
terrible team.
Us murderous mugs
And us poisonous pugs
Unthinkable, stinkable, horrible us
Hooray! Hooray! We are victorious!

By the time the song ends, Terwilliker is beside the others
in the piano courtyard.

197

TERWILLIKER

He stands for a moment looking at Judson's and Whitney's
remains. (Drum beat continues over rest of scene.)

197

TERWILLIKER

Alas, poor Judson! Alas, poor
Whitney. I knew you well.
Fellows of most infinite jest,
of most excellent fancy.
My gorge rises at your fate.
Where, dear friends, are your
jibes now? Your gambols... and
your songs?... Your flashes of
skating merriment... You will be
avenged! Tomorrow's opening
concert will be dedicated to
your memory!

197 CONTINUED: (2)

197

Terwilliker wheels and gives Mrs. Collins the whammy.

TERWILLIKER

You... you will return to your
Lock-Me-Tight. You will remain
there until I release you for
the Official Grand Opening.

MRS. COLLINS

The happy finger method must go
on!

Mrs. Collins stiffens, walks off in a trance. Terwilliker
turns to Bart and Zabladowski.

TERWILLIKER

And you, and you...
(evil chuckle)
... you will follow me!

(Drum beats up.) Terwilliker turns, stalks o.s. The
soldiers fall in behind Bart and Zabladowski. All follow
Terwilliker. As they march side-by-side, Zabladowski looks
down at Bart.

ZABLADOWSKI

Allow me to express my deepest
appreciation. Without your
kind assistance, pal, I never
would have been here at all.

Bart, slumped in gloom, plods along, unanswering.

INT. DUNGEON ELEVATOR ENTRANCE

198 The group comes in. The elevator indicator shows 198
elevator is rising. Elevator door opens. Terwilliker
bows Bart and Zabladowski inside.

INT. ELEVATOR

199 An OPERATOR, hooded, is at the controls. He shuts 199
the door.

TERWILLIKER

Down, please.

The operator pulls lever.

199 CONTINUED:

199

OPERATOR

(very basso)

First Floor dungeon!
Assorted simple tortures
Molten lead, chopping blocks
And hot boiling oil.

Terwilliker motions he wants to go further.

OPERATOR

Second floor dungeon!
Jewelry department.
Leg chains, ankle chains,
Neck chains, wrist chains
Thumb screws
And nooses of the very finest hemp.

Terwilliker motions further.

OPERATOR

Third floor dungeon!
Household appliances
Spike beds, electric chairs
Gas chambers, roasting pots
And scalping devices.

Terwilliker motions further.

OPERATOR

Tch! Tch! Basement dungeon!
(he shudders)
Everybody out.

He opens the door, the passengers step out.

INT. DEEPEST DUNGEON

200 AT ELEVATOR

200

Zabladowski, Bart and Terwilliker step out. (This scene is similar to the Schlim-Schlam Dungeon, but more constricted. Its coloring is gloomier.) Bart and Zabladowski look around, nervously, as Terwilliker leads them through an ante-chamber, towards a larger chamber. Sound of huge bass drum, beating mournfully.

TERWILLIKER

I know you will find this a most
fascinating dungeon. That
lovely rumbling sound you hear,
that's from one of my favorite
prisoners. He was bass-drummer
in an orchestra I once conducted.
Had a very bad habit. You know

200

CONTINUED:

200

TERWILLIKER (Cont'd)

that part of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? ... where the drummer is supposed to go 'Boom, boom, boom, boom?' Well, this stupid lout, he always went 'Boom, boom, boom, boom ... boom!' One extra 'Boom' you know. He'll be here forever.

They have rounded a corner.

200A

CLOSE SHOT CAGE IN WALL

200A

Inside is a weebegone character, beating a mammoth, moldy bass drum.

ZABLADOWSKI

You ... you mean he'll have to hit that drum forever!

TERWILLIKER

Oh, that isn't the man I'm punishing. My man is inside the drum.

The drum lights up. The shadow of a man, within, pounds on the drumhead.

HOLLOW VOICE FROM DRUM

Please, Dr. Terwilliker! Let me out! Let me out!

The drum light goes out. Drummer continues his drumming.

TERWILLIKER

And I know you must be anxious to get settled in your cage. Let's see now ... Where have we a vacancy?

He looks around. Stroogo, the guard with the hearing aid, suddenly appears at his elbow.

STROOGO

How about Apartment Twenty-twoc J?

He points o.s.

TERWILLIKER

Capital suggestion, Stroogo. That's one of our finest.

200A CONTINUED:

200A

CAMERA MOVES, DISCLOSING tight cage made of Plumbers' pipes.

ZABLADOWSKI

In there...?

TERWILLIKER

I'm sure you'll find it very cozy. There was nary a complaint from our last five tenants.

Stroogo runs ahead and opens door. Shuddering, Bart and Zabladowski crawl inside. Terwilliker slams the door.

TERWILLIKER

Now then, farewell, Mr. Plumber.
Our paths will never cross again.
But as for you, young man --
(laughs)

-- my little clock tells me that the glorious hour is fast approaching. The other children must be arriving! I must hurry and dress. Are you prepared? Let me see your fingers, lad? Are they limber? Are they happy?

Terrified, Bart holds his fingers out through the bars. He waggles them.

TERWILLIKER

'Ten little dancing maidens
Dancing, oh, so fine.
Ten happy fingers and
They're mine, all mine!'

He laughs madly as he exits. As his laughs die away, Bart, Stroogo and Zabladowski are alone with the sound of the drum. Stroogo yawns.

INT. DUNGEON CAGE

201

201

BART

I'm sorry I got you into this,
Pop.

201 CONTINUED:

201

ZABLADOWSKI

It is not, quite frankly, the
best accommodations.

(sniffs)

I am under the impression that
a number of frogs, toads and
possibly dinosaurs have died
and lie buried in our immediate
vicinity. Fortunately, I do
have my bottle of Air-Fix.

He takes a bottle from his pocket, pulls up the wick and
looks more content. Bart sniffs.

BART

Does smell better... How does
that thing work?

ZABLADOWSKI

Well, let's say an obnoxious
odor is lurking here.

(points to spot
in the air)

So I raise the cork of my
wonderful bottle. And a tiny
invisible hand from my bottle --

From behind the bottle, Zabladowski's hand is stealthily
raised.

ZABLADOWSKI

. -- reaches up. It pounces!

Zabladowski's hand grabs the imaginary odor.

ZABLADOWSKI

A short but decisive struggle
ensues,

(his hand fights
the imaginary odor)

And the invisible hand returns
with the vanquished smell to
the interior of the bottle.

BART

Say...maybe something like that
is the answer!

ZABLADOWSKI

Answer to what?

201 CONTINUED: (2)

201

BART

To the whole piano racket. This bottle's a Smell-Fix. What we need is a Music-Fix.

(points to a spot in the air)

Music...

(grabs it)

No more music! Nobody hears it. Boy, if I could hide a Music-Fix next to that piano...then, when us five hundred kids start playing --

ZABLADOWSKI

-- the music all goes into the bottle!

BART

And if Terwilliker's piano can't make music, that wrecks his racket, and we'd all be free!

ZABLADOWSKI

Say...where do you suppose we could buy one?

BART

I don't think they're on the market. You'll have to make one.

ZABLADOWSKI

Make one?!

BART

Sure! You got this bottle here to start with. Just pour the smell-catching gookum out...

(does it)

...then put some music-catching machinery in.

ZABLADOWSKI

But I have no scientific paraphernalia.

BART

We'll just have to experiment with the stuff we've got.

201 CONTINUED: (3)

201

Bart empties his pockets: a scout knife, a stick of chewing gum, a handful of peanuts, a coca-cola bottle top, a fish hook, a ping-pong ball, a broken ballpoint pen, a number of marbles and his slingshot. He begins to hand the items to the mystified plumber who starts dropping stuff in the bottle.

INT. TERWILLIKER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

202

202 Terwilliker is being dressed, sprayed, perfumed, manicured by his flunkies. He sings:

203 "TERWILLIKER'S DRESSING SONG"

203

thru
207

TERWILLIKER

thru
207

'Come on and dress me, dress me,
dress me

In my finest array.

'Cause, just in case you
haven't heard

Today is do-me-do day.

Dress me in my silver garters,

Dress me in my diamond studs.

Because I'm going do-me-doing

In my do-me-do duds.

I want my undulating undies

With the maribou frills

I want my beautiful bolero

With the porcupine quills

I want my purple Nylon girdle

With the orange blossom buds

'Cause I'm going do-me-doing

In my do-me-do duds.

Come on and dress me, dress me,
dress me

In my peek-a-boo blouse

With the lovely interlining

Made of chesapeake mouse

I want my polka-dotted dickie

With the crinoline fringe

For I'm going do-me-doing

on a do-me-do binge.

I want my lavender spats

And in addition to them

I want my honey-colored gusset

With the herringbone hem.

I want my softest little jacket

Made of watermelon suede

203
thru
207

CONTINUED:

TERWILLIKER (Cont'd)

203
thru
207

And my long persimmon placket
With the platinum braid.

I want my leg of mutton sleeves
And, in addition to those.
I want my cutie chamois booties
With the leopard skin bows.
I want my pink brocaded bodice
With the fluffy, fuzzy ruffs
And my gorgeous bright blue bloomers
With the monkey feather cuffs.

I want my organdie snood
And, in addition to that,
I want my chiffon Mother Hubbard
Lined with Hudson Bay rat
Dress me up from top to bottom
Dress me up from tip to toe
Dress me in my silken spinach
For today is do-me-do!
Do-me-do day! Do-me-do-Day!

So come and dress me
In the blossoms of a million pink trees
Come on and dress me up
In liverwurst and Camembert cheese
Come on and dress me up in pretzels,
Dress me up in bock beer suds
'Cause I'm going do-me-doing
In my do-me-do duds.'

He is finished dressing.

INT. DUNGEON CAGE

208

ZABIADOWSKI

208

working faster and faster, crams things inside the bottle: buttons, safety pins, the zipper from his shirt, etc. He takes off his wristwatch, smashes it like an egg on the lip of the bottle and spills the contents inside. He shakes the bottle like a cocktail shaker, dumps everything out of it, divides the pile of junk in two -- then throws half away and puts the rest back in the bottle.

INT. TERWILLIKER'S OFFICE

209

TERWILLIKER

209

fully dressed, looking out the window, at the arrival of busses.

EXT. GREAT PIANO COURTYARD

210 DOWN SHOT 210
There is a long line of frightened boys carrying their luggage, going up to a desk at which Mrs. Collins is seated. She has a seating chart in front of her. Off to one side is a heap of luggage. Children are streaming out of a bus which we see through a distant archway. As the bus drives off, another bus comes in, disgorging more boys.

INT. DUNGEON CAGE

211 BART AND ZABLADOWSKI 211
staring, discouraged, at the bottle.

ZABLADOWSKI
It won't work, Son. What we need is some accoustical equipment.

Bart notices Stroogo who is asleep with his back against the cage. Bart sees his hearing aid.

BART
Hey, what about his hearing aid?
If it brings noises into his ear,
why couldn't it bring noises into
our bottle?

He grabs it. Stroogo almost wakens; then, with a beatific smile, falls back to sleep. As Zabladowski starts cramming the hearing aid into the bottle, sound of elevator door opening o.s.

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Bring up the prisoner,
Bartholomew Collins.

SOLDIER'S VOICE
On the double, sir.

We hear the slogging footsteps of soldiers approach.

BART
(through the side
of his mouth)
Does it work, Pop?

Zabladowski finishes cramming the hearing aid into the bottle, stirs the mess with a pencil, then stops the bottle with a cork.

ZABLADOWSKI
I'll try it. I'll pull up the
cork. Then I'll talk into it.

211 CONTINUED:

211

Zabladowski pulls up the cork. He opens his mouth and talks. But we hear no words. We can't hear the steps of the soldiers. Bart leaps up excitedly, shouts congratulations. But no sound comes from his mouth. Zabladowski winks, puts the cork back in. Bart takes the bottle and stuffs it under his sweater.

BART

(whisper)

Boy, will I put that big piano
on the fritz!

The footsteps of the soldiers are getting closer.

ZABLADOWSKI

(whispering,
suddenly worried)

I gotta tell you something, Son.
I never made one of these before,
and some of the stuff I put in
there -- it's a rather revolu-
tionary principle...it might be
atomic!

BART

(whisper)

Atomic! Might blow up!?

ZABLADOWSKI

If it starts smoking, get away
from it -- but fast!

The soldiers appear. One unlocks the cage.

SOLDIER

Come on, Paderooski, it's
time.

Bart, fingering the bottle beneath his sweater, exits cage.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREAT PIANO COURTYARD - DAY

212 FULL SHOT 212
Kids are being unloaded from busses by soldiers and led away.
Ad lib voices and orders, etc.

INT. DUNGEON ELEVATOR ENTRANCE

212A DOOR OF ELEVATOR 212A
It opens. As soldier in elevator nudges Bart out, Lunk
meets him and hustles him off.

EXT. GREAT PIANO COURTYARD

212B FULL SHOT 212B
Kids are being frisked at long tables by soldiers. Soldiers
are searching their suitcases, removing sling shots, bean
shooters, comic books, baseballs, toys, etc. Lunk leads
Bart through scene.

212C MRS. COLLINS AT TABLE 212C
She is seated with a huge book of names, checking them off
as, one by one, she assigns a long line of kids to their
piano seats. There is a microphone on the table.

FIRST FRIGHTENED BOY
J-J-Jones... Johnny Jones.

MRS. COLLINS
Seat Number One-forty-seven.

A soldier steps up, claps a Beanie on the kid's head and
leads him away.

SECOND FRIGHTENED BOY
S-S-Smith. Sammy Smith.

MRS. COLLINS
Seat Number Four-o-nine.

Lunk ushers Bart to table and places him at the head of the
line.

LUNK
Here's the Number One boy.

Mrs. Collins looks up, sees Bart. She stares, trying to
recall his face.

BART
Collins... Bart Collins.

212C

CONTINUED:

212C

MRS. COLLINS

I must have... I must have seen
you somewhere before...

(then businesslike)

Take Seat Number One.

BART

Thank you....Mother.

He walks toward piano. Mrs. Collins follows him for a moment with her eyes, then resumes checking the next boy in line.

213

CENTER SECTION OF PIANO

213

As Bart approaches his seat, other boys criss-cross, all led by soldiers, to their seats. Feeling the bottle under his sweater, Bart takes his place. The seats around him are filling with jittery boys.

213A
thru
213C

CUTS OF PIANO FILLING UP
Commotion sounds build.

213A
thru
213C

213D

MRS. COLLINS
at desk.

213D

MRS. COLLINS

(into loudspeaker)

Boys! Please! May I kindly
have your attention.

(she shouts)

I said attention!

213E

BOYS AT PIANO

213E

They stiffen, raise their eyes toward center of piano. All commotion ceases.

MRS. COLLINS

Boys, I give you....

Great musical chord.

MRS. COLLINS

...Dr. Terwilliker!

214

LONG SHOT

214

Terwilliker is majestically descending the stairway toward his podium. His uniform is loaded with gold braid and silver spinach. His white beaver busby is the Taj Mahal of all busbys. Reaching the podium, he stands proudly surveying the sight. The music reaches its climax and stops.

215

TERWILLIKER WITH BOYS IN F.G.

215

smiling magnificently, as he looks over them.

TERWILLIKER

This is my day!.... Five thousand little fingers! All playing together on my piano! Every finger obedient to the whim of me, the master! Every finger subservient to my lordly beck and call! Every finger! Every nail! Every knuckle! Every muscle! Every joint and every sinew. Every bone and every nerve! Every infinitesimal microscopic piece of living tissue of those five thousand little fingers cringing and groveling and trembling before me... before me. Dr. Terwilliker, as I raise my great baton. We shall play.
(raises baton)
Raise hands!

216

SHOT OF BOYS

216

along keyboard. Their hands go up.

TERWILLIKER'S VOICE

We shall play the most beautiful piece ever written. I wrote it. 'Ten Happy Fingers.' Ready now? One...and a two...and a...

217

CLOSE SHOT BART

217

His hands are raised. He darts one hand down, uncovers the bottle.

TERWILLIKER'S VOICE

...three...and a....play!

Bart pulls up cork in bottle.

- 218 TERWILLIKER WITH BOYS IN F.G. 218
Terwilliker swings a down-beat. The boys' hands crash to the keyboard. There is no sound whatsoever. Terwilliker stares, then opens his mouth and starts to talk. No sound comes from his mouth. He starts shouting, silently. The kids are tapping at the silent keys in amazement.
- 219 CLOSE SHOT BART 219
grinning. He pushes the cork back into the bottle.
- 220 TERWILLIKER 220
shouting silently. His voice comes back in the middle of a sentence.
- TERWILLIKER
...what the blazes is going on
around here?
 (he recovers)
All right. Ready? Now... one...
and a...
- 221 BOYS' HANDS 221
poised.
- TERWILLIKER'S VOICE
...two...and a three...and a...
play!
- 222 BART 222
pulling up the cork.
- 223 TERWILLIKER AND BOYS 223
Again, Terwilliker swings. Again their hands crash soundlessly to the piano. Terwilliker is thunderstruck. Frantically, he blows his pitchpipe. No sound. He throws it away. The kids at the piano are beginning to enjoy the situation. They are beginning to laugh, which infuriates Terwilliker. He sees Lunk and bellows a great silent mess of orders at him.
- 223A LUNK AND BOYS 223A
straining, with his hand cupped over his ear. He turns and begins bellowing silent orders at his soldiers. They fail to hear him. Lunk draws his pistol and fires it. No sound. The kids begin enjoying the situation immensely, banging their fists happily on the silent keys.
- 223B BART 223B
laughing, pushes cork back in bottle. Great noise cuts in.

223C TERWILLIKER
spying Bart with the bottle.

223C

TERWILLIKER
(shouting)
What's that? What's that thing
you've got there, Collins?

BART
You're finished! You're washed
up! You can't make us play a
note.

To demonstrate his power, Bart pulls cork out and in several
times, cutting off the sound at will. He leaves it in.
Terwilliker starts down after the bottle. Guards close in
on him from behind.

BART
If you come any closer, I'll
blow you to smithereens!

TERWILLIKER
Is...is...is it atomic?

BART
(brandishing bottle)
Yes, sir. Very atomic.

The guards turn tail and race, terrified, o.s.

TERWILLIKER
Take it away! Take it away!

BART
Will you free my mother? Will
you free my father?

TERWILLIKER
(cowering)
Yes! Yes! All five hundred of
you can go free! Everybody,
everybody can go free!

BART
Excepting you! Lock him up in
the dungeons! Forever!

Four kids grab Terwilliker and drag the babbling, defeated
maestro o.s. toward dungeon elevator as Bart ascends the
podium. He puts the bottle on the podium behind him, picks
up Terwilliker's baton.

224 ANOTHER SHOT

224

BART
(to assembled kids,
parodying Terwilliker)
We will now play the most beautiful
piece ever written. Shall we?

ALL BOYS

Yes!

BART
Ready! One...and a...two...and
a three...and a play!

225 "CHOPSTICKS" NUMBER 225
thru The five hundred boys cut loose with a spontaneous, thru
229 victorious rendition of CHOPSTICKS. During this un- 229
seen by Bart, the bottle behind him begins to smoke...first
a little white smoke...then green...then red...until,
finally, great billows of purple-colored smoke are pouring
from it.

230 BART 230
He sniffs, looks around, horror-stricken.

BART
Scram, everybody! I think she's
going to blow!

He starts off the podium.

231 WIDE ANGLE 231
Tumult. Everyone is running every which way to get out of
the courtyard. For a wild moment the scene is a madhouse.

232 ANOTHER ANGLE 232
The courtyard is a maelstrom. Bart, racing for an exit,
looks back. On the podium the bottle is now emitting
lower-case fireworks. Sound: rumble as of an approaching
earthquake.

BART
No! No! No! No!!

The bomb explodes. As a multi-colored Bikini-like cloud
fills the screen,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARLOR COLLINS HOME - DAY

233 BART

233

BART
(still in his dream)
No! No! No!

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see Zabladowski shaking him.

ZABLADOWSKI
What's the matter, kid?
(continues ad lib)

BART
(coming out
of it)
Holy gosh, I musta doped off,
Pop.

ZABLADOWSKI
'Pop?'

BART
I mean Mr. Zabladowski.

Zabladowski notices the band aid on Bart's finger.

ZABLADOWSKI
What's the matter, partner,
did'ja hurt your finger?

BART
Yeah... when you cut yours.

ZABLADOWSKI
Me? Why I never -- I --

He sees the band aid on his own finger.

ZABLADOWSKI
That's funny... Now how'd that
happen?

BART
Don't you remember anything?

Mrs. Collins enters, all dressed up.

BART
Gee, Ma, you certainly look
pretty. Doesn't she, Mr.
Zabladowski.

Zabladowski turns.

234 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MRS. COLLINS 234
looking lovely. The LOVE THEME music is heard lushly on
the screen.

235 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP MR. ZABLADOWSKI 235
once more overwhelmed by her beauty.

236 ANOTHER SHOT 236

ZABLADOWSKI

(off balance)

Yeah... for a woman, she's quite
pretty. I mean --

MRS. COLLINS

Why thank you, boys. I have
some shopping down town. Would
you mind dropping me?

ZABLADOWSKI

Oh sure, Mrs. Collins.

Mrs. Collins gives him a queenly nod and a devastating
smile and leaves.

ZABLADOWSKI

I got a funny feeling... like --

BART

Yeah...me too.

They look at each other.

ZABLADOWSKI

(very puzzled;
then suddenly)

How'd you like to go fishing
with me this weekend, kid?

BART

For big mouth bass?

ZABLADOWSKI

Sure, sure, if it's okay with
your ma.

BART

You got a deal.

ZABLADOWSKI

And get on with that practicing,
so she won't get sore when I ask
her if you can go.

236 CONTINUED:

236

BART

Okay... And I'll bring the
penicillin.

ZABLADOWSKI

'Penicillin?' Naw, we're gonna
fish with worms.

BART

I'll bring it... just in case.

MRS. COLLINS'S VOICE

I'm ready, Mr. Zabladowski

ZABLADOWSKI

So long.

(muttering)

Penicillin...

He goes out. Bart continues playing for a moment. Then he hears the sound of a motor starting up. He gets up, runs to the window and looks out. The car pulls out. Bart, happily, runs back to the piano, turns the EXERCISES books around so that Terwilliker's face is hidden, picks up his ball and mitt.

BART

(calling)

Come on, Sport... Come on...

He and the dog run out the front door.

EXT. COLLINS HOME

236A

236A Bart and the excited dog run lickety-split down the street.

FADE OUT.

THE END

CENTRAL FILES
VAULT COPY

September 23, 1952

ADDED SCENES
FOR
COLUMBIA PROD. NO. 8064
(THE 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T)

ADDED SCENES

COLUMBIA PROD. NO. 8064

As the men in the Mound Country Ballet flip their nets toward Bart, there is a:

A CLOSE SHOT BART A
with a terrified look on his face, his hands crossed in front of it as if warding off the nets.

BART
No! Get away! Get away! No!

DREAM DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLINS LIVING ROOM - DAY

B CLOSE SHOT BART B
in the same position, as he comes into focus.

BART
Get away! No! Get away!

As he recovers, he realizes he's been dreaming, and as he gives a small sigh of relief, he looks up.

C CLOSE SHOT TERWILLIKER C
smiling sardonically at him.

TERWILLIKER
Dreaming again. I can't leave the room for five minutes --. What were you dreaming about?

BART
I was being chased by a big bunch of men with nets.

TERWILLIKER
Nets! Why can't you dream about practicing the piano?

BART
I'll try.

C
CONTINUED:

TERWILLIKER

Don't you realize you'll never
be a concert pianist unless you
practice? Practice makes
perfect.

BART

I've been practicing.

TERWILLIKER

Be honest with me for once. How
much time have you spent at the
keyboard since I was here last?

BART

Forty-five minutes...maybe.

TERWILLIKER

You have one month to get that
piece learned before my recital.
One month before I present all
my pupils in a grand concert....
And I'm not going to let one
dreary nincompoop of a boy
humiliate me. Are you listening?

BART

Yes, sir, Dr. Terwilliker. It's
just -- I don't think the piano
is my instrument.

TERWILLIKER

(shocked)
What other instruments are there,
boy? Violin? Flute? Trumpet?
Trumpets? Et cetera, et cetera!

Bart quails.

TERWILLIKER

(pointing a
finger at him)

We'll make a Paderefsky of you
yet.

BART

Who?

TERWILLIKER

(with a slight sneer)
Paderoosky.

C

CONTINUED: (2)

TERWILLIKER (cont'd)

(thumping the piano
with each word)

Now I want you to practice --
and practice -- and practice --
until you -- are -- perfect.

Terwilliker adds a trill and stalks out. Bart watches him
and then swings around on his stool to the camera.

BART

Well, that's my problem. He's
the only enemy I've got. I
can't think of one nice thing
to say about him because there
isn't any.

MRS. COLLINS' VOICE

Bartholomew darling...

BART

That's my ma. I like her. And
I try to be as good as she wants
me to be -- particularly since my
father died. But boy, she's as
hipped on the piano as Dr. Terwilliker.
Watch.

He thumps the piano. MRS. COLLINS enters.

MRS. COLLINS

Oh, Bart darling, is that as loud
as you can play? Now, now, sweet-
heart, not that loud. And not
that soft. Bart, I hate to hound
you... does you think I'm a
mean old slave driver. But you
really are missing the beats.
Listen -- like Dr. Terwilliker says
in the book.

Mrs. Collins sings.

MRS. COLLINS

That's better. Now you have it.

The telephone rings.

BART

I'll get it. I'll get it.

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. COLLINS

Bart! I'll get it. I'll get it.
Your little clock isn't very
reliable, is it? There.
(to phone)
Hello... Oh, Peggy. Uh huh...

Bart sings.

MRS. COLLINS

(to phone)
That's Bart you hear... Uh-huh.
Still hates it like poison. And
beginning to hate me, too, I'm
afraid. But he's going to learn
that piano if it kills me.

Bart swings around on the piano stool again.

BART

Sometimes I think that Terwilliker
has my Ma hypnotized.

There is a noise of hammering o.s. Bart looks in the
direction of the kitchen.

BART

That noise you hear is my friend
Mr. Zabladowski, the plumber.
He knows all about the piano. He
thinks Dr. Terwilliker is a real
racketeer.

(turns, whispering)
Psst! Mr. Zabladowski.....

INT. COLLINS KITCHEN

D

D

ZABLADOWSKI

Don't give me any more trouble.
Your job's pianos -- my job's
sinks.

INT. COLLINS LIVING ROOM

BART

Tell me, is Dr. Terwilliker
really a racketeer?

CONTINUED:

MRS. COLLINS

Did you tell him Dr. Terwilliker
was a racketeer?

ZABLADOWSKI

Oh, I did not.

MRS. COLLINS

Please, darling.

She puts his hands on the piano and exits to kitchen.

INT. COLLINS KITCHEN

F MRS. COLLINS AND ZABLADOWSKI

MRS. COLLINS

Now look here, Mr. Zabladowski -
you may be the very best plumber
in town, but when it comes to
piano lessons, I hardly think
you qualify as an expert.

ZABLADOWSKI

I'm not trying to qualify as
anything.

MRS. COLLINS

You certainly aren't helping me
maintain discipline. It's not
an easy thing to bring up a boy
without a father.

ZABLADOWSKI

I realize that. Maybe you're
right. Maybe even if he never
learns to play the piano, maybe
the discipline's good for him
anyway. Maybe.

MRS. COLLINS

There are no maybe's about it.
I assure you, I know what's
good for him. And he's going
to learn to play that piano if
I have to keep him at that key-
board forever.

INT. COLLINS LIVING ROOM

G BART

BART

Forever!

CONTINUED:

He turns back to the piano and starts playing the music. The monotony of it begins to make him drowsy. His head nods. He almost falls asleep. He plays in a stumbling manner, but then catches himself and goes back to the regular, monotonous grind of the music. He tries hard but gradually his eyes close and he falls asleep. This is the beginning of another DREAM DISSOLVE, and as Bart begins to dream, we hear:

TERWILLIKER'S VOICE

Mark my words, we'll make a
Paderefsky of you yet.

And as he says these words, the thunder of the PIANO CON-
CERTO is heard and we are in the LONG SHOT of the PIANO
COURTYARD.