

THE CAT IN THE HAT

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by
H Eric Roth

From the Beloved
0 Dr. Seuss

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First Revisions

"The Cat In The Hat"

Imagine this...

INT. A CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

And we're in a child's bedroom, just SHADOWS on a wall. And we see the SHADOWS of two parents sitting on a child's bed, the soothing VOICE of one of the parents reading a bedtime story. The SHADOW of a child, lying in bed, still. Some moments and the parents shadows quietly get up. The parents shadows stopping to bend, kiss their child, leaving the room, closing the door behind them. The room still. The sound of the child's peaceful breathing. And we see the CHILDREN'S BOOK lying on the floor by the bed. And we see it's called "WRINKLES." About a flop-eared basssett hound. And SUDDENLY the book is pushed open. And a DOG, the flop eared dog called Wrinkles himself, crawls out. It comes to its feet, standing like a human on two legs. Done for the night he puts on an overcoat and a hat. He climbs over the sleeping child's figure to a window, standing in the moonlight. And as he steps out the window, into the moonlight...

We're looking at a FULL MOON. Peaceful. The kind of moonlight that creeps into bedrooms and puts children to sleep...And we see we're in space. The moon bathing our blue marble we know as earth. But it's not the moon that we're so interested in. It's behind the moon, the moon eternally between it and us. A small dot of a PLANET, something nobody else has ever seen before. And we're slowly drifting down towards it, following the moon's light down to some thin clouds, and down through the clouds on a moonbeam, to a small replica of our home. And in the moonlight we see a place where God must live. A place of fields of grass, and seas aplenty...A small town, with peaceful homes, and quiet streets and churches and parks and schools. A place where memories go. A place where we will always be children. And we see things that seem familiar, things that we remember, if not exactly where we remember them from...We see in a timeless field, bathed in the moonlight, like in a Rousseau painting, asleep under a tree, a bull known as "Ferdinand," his fly asleep on his nose...And down the way, asleep in the grass by a rabbit hole, Alice dear "Alice in Wonderland..." And asleep in the moonlight in the rabbit hole, "The Runaway Bunny," and his mother. And we see at the end of the field, asleep in a nearby forest, the "Beasts" from "Where the Wild Things Are..." And across the way, at a farmhouse, Wilbur the Pig is asleep under a barn's eave, and his eternal friend Charlotte asleep in her web...And now we're moving with the moonlight, moving across the grass to the quiet town. And we see asleep at a construction site in the town's square, a steam shovel that looks very much like "Mike Milligan's Steam Shovel..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And there, offshore, asleep from a hard day's work, in a harbor of our memories, the indomitable tugboat, "Little Toot.." And asleep at a train station, that other courageous machine, "The Little Engine That Could..." And over there, we can see in the windows of a fancy Hotel, the loving elephants Babar and Celeste, asleep together in a bed. And in another room, tired from reeking havoc, the indefatigable, "Eloise." There's the SOUND of footsteps. And we see "Wrinkles," the erstwhile basset hound, in his hat and overcoat, paws in his coat pockets, walking along the quiet street, coming home. He stops to wait under a street lamp at a corner BUS STOP. There's footsteps. And another figure crosses the street to the Bus Stop. And we see it's an ANT, EDNA, in a coat and high heels...Wrinkles and her exchange familiar nods. They stand waiting. Edna putting on some lipstick, combing her "hair." And a GIRAFFE, GUSTY, in an old raincoat comes along the sidewalk to wait at the Bus Stop. And a WORM, in a sweater, BOB, shows up. A TURTLE, in a dress, JASMINE. A PELICAN, smoking a cigar, HARRY. A SEWING MACHINE, LESLIE. And it's all shop talk. H

WRINKLES

(exhausted)

...I'm bushed. I didn't think she was ever going to go to sleep...I had to do some fancy footwork. I mean the people had to read every word...no "skip-overs."

HARRY THE PELICAN

Yeah, well I had to do it five times...Everytime he looked like he was out he'd pop back up...I hope I don't get an early call...some little kid home from school with the flu...

And tired, they all nod, they've all been there before. There's footsteps and a familiar looking Man, barefoot, with a beard, wearing a knapsack, a coonskin cap, a grizzled veteran, comes to join them. DAVY CROCKETT.

EDNA

Haven't seen you in a while.

DAVY CROCKETT

(nods)

Not as busy as I used to be. Don't get called that much nowadays. You new kids, you think it's always going to be like this...But it goes in cycles. For awhile everybody wants animals. Then it's machines. Then it's legends. Take Paul Bunyan, he works maybe, only once a month...Not a lot of call for legends right now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They nod. And a Bus pulls up. "Herman," the Bus. They get on. And as the Bus drives off along the street, taking them home...

We follow the moonlight across the town to a picture perfect suburban street...cut lawns and neat houses. We stop to look in the houses, looking in through the windows with the moonlight...And in one we see "The Berenstain" family of bears, mother in her sleeping hat, tucked in for the night...And in another house, Clifford, the big red dog asleep on the floor. And in another the Man in the Yellow Hat asleep in a bed, and at the foot of the bed, snoring away, "Curious George..." A door opens down the way...And an odd little figure in a striped shirt comes hurrying out of a house. And as he hurries by we see it's "Waldo," running to hide somewhere...And it's still, this place in our childhood's dreams...This place where children's books go when they're done with their work...And we notice down at the far end of the peaceful street, apart from its neighbors, like a forgotten child, another small house...Ramshackle, the lawn's overgrown, turned to weeds...The house in need of a paint job, a broken window...

INT. THE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

It's still. And we see it's a holy mess...Dishes haven't been done in God knows how long...Furniture broken, and akimbo, sofa cushions scattered...And we see down at the end of a hallway, in a messy bedroom, clothing strewn about, a FIGURE, burrowed under the covers, sleeping...And there's suddenly the sound of a PHONE RINGING. There's no response, the figure dead asleep. The phone ringing, incessant...The figure pulls the covers further over its head, grumbling. The phone won't stop. And a hand angrily comes out of the covers, fumbling, reaching for the phone, pulling it under the covers...And there's a muffled voice...

THE MUFFLED VOICE

Go away, I'm not working today...

But whoever's calling won't take "no" for an answer... There's the unintelligible sound of an authoritative voice...A moment and the phone's angrily hung up...The muffled VOICE muttering to itself...And we see a pair of legs swinging out of the bed, bare feet touching the floor...The figure reluctantly gets up...We follow his bare feet as he walks among the scattered clothing searching for something...And he pulls out a crushed HAT. A very familiar striped HAT. He turns, moving away from us, his naked tush to us, just the hat on his head, grabbing up some clothing as he goes...He moves along the hallway, annoyed, throwing on some pants...He trips, falls, curses, pulls himself up, moving off along the hallway...There's the sound of the front door opening and closing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And as we look out a window, and see the figure in the distinctive striped hat ride off on a slice of moonbeam...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We're looking down a row of neat, old, red-brick townhouses. A place with stoops to sit on and swap lies, listen to ball games on a disappearing summer night, a place to fall in love. An old neighborhood. A place that feels like home. And we see a particular townhouse. And as it suddenly starts to RAIN, pedestrians hurrying by...

INT. THE TOWNHOUSE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

And we're looking up through calm water...and suddenly we see a CAT'S huge face looking in at us. And suddenly the cat reaches in, its paw coming right for us...And we see we're living in a fish bowl, a GOLDFISH, we'll come to know as VERONICA, darting away, out of harm's way from the malevolent cat...

0 A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Get down from there...!

4 And we see a Man in a raincoat grabbing up the cat, opening a kitchen door, putting the cat out...

THE MAN (cont'd)
(mutters)

Cats!

In his late thirties, there's a quiet, reserved quality about him, a practicality. And decency. In a hurry, it's obvious he's under some pressure. He quickly turns into a den...And we see a little BOY, just eight, lying on the floor, watching a blaring television...The Boy, short for his age, hasn't grown into himself yet...Timid, he has the quiet reserve of his father. But his smile belies his timidity, there's mischief in his heart...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
Would you lower that please...?

He can't hear him...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(louder)
Would you lower it...?!

THE BOY
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FATHER
I said, lower it...

THE BOY
I can't...

THE FATHER
What do you mean you can't...?

He takes up the CLICKER...He clicks it. It isn't working.
He tries to open the battery compartment...It's glued shut.

THE FATHER (cont'd)
Who super-glued this?

C THE BOY
(shrugs)
I don't know how that happened...?

And The Father manually shuts off the television, and it's
dead quiet...And he sees out of the corner of his eye a
desk-top computer...And a soft-drink can left on the
keyboard, tipped, has spilled all over it...

0 THE FATHER
My computer...

4 THE BOY
I don't know how that happened...?

THE FATHER
(sighs, nods)
It's strange. Nobody knows how
anything "happened" around here. The
"gunk," somebody put in the VCR. The
pizza somebody left cooking in the
microwave for three hours. There must
be two "things" running around the
house causing all the trouble...

THE BOY
(literally)
Two "things?" What kind of things?

THE FATHER
(after a beat)
Where's your sister?

The Boy shrugs. The Father turns out of the den going up
some stairs to a BEDROOM...He looks in. And we see a Girl, a
book in her hands, lying on her bed reading. Just eleven,
dark eyed, wearing glasses, she has a wise old soul...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
I'm going to leave in a few minutes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
(without looking
up...sharp)

Bye...

He looks at her figure lying on the bed.

THE FATHER
You've been awfully quiet lately.
You never go out. See your friends.
You just lie around reading your book.

THE GIRL
(with ennui)
Everything's boring...I'm just happy
laying here, okay?

THE FATHER
Okay. H

But it isn't okay...

0 THE GIRL
I'm eleven years old...Why do I have
to share a room with him?

4 THE FATHER
(practical)
When you're part of a family, you have
to make sacrifices.

She snorts disdainfully.

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(a beat)
I know how you feel...how hard it is
to have a new baby in the family...I
remember when my little brother, Uncle
Ted, came home from the hospital...I
hid in the basement behind the furnace
so my parents couldn't find me...After
Ted had been there for about a month I
remember asking my mother, "...Haven't
we had him long enough, couldn't we
send him back and tell them it just
didn't work out...?"

THE GIRL
(wise)
You still don't talk to Uncle Ted...

THE FATHER
(chagrined)
That's a whole different problem...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

Why am I always the one making the sacrifices?

(meaning her brother)

What about him? He gets the bed by the window. He gets the good dresser...He gets this...He gets that...

(a beat, wise)

I'm starting to think it's because he's a "he," and I'm a "she."

THE FATHER

That's nonsense. He's just eight...You're old enough to understand things he doesn't...

THE GIRL

Why am I the one that's being punished because I was born first?

(and before he says it, miming them)

"Sometimes it's hard to be the oldest." 0

4

THE FATHER

(enough of this, turning)

Come downstairs and stay with your brother....

And it isn't a question.

THE GIRL

Why do I always have to "watch" him? Why don't you take him with you?

THE FATHER

I'd take you both, but he has a cold...

THE GIRL

He always has a cold...He's got more snot than brains..

THE FATHER

(doesn't want to argue about it)

Just come downstairs...please...

She gives a big sigh and reluctantly gets up and follows him downstairs...As he reaches the living room the phone RINGS. He gets it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FATHER (cont'd)

(on the phone)

I told you I couldn't have that done until next week. We just had a new baby.

(a beat)

I know that. I know the urgency.

Yes, sir.

He hangs up. He mutters a curse...

THE FATHER (cont'd)

(to nobody in

particular)

One of these days I'm going to tell him a thing or two...!

And he realizes the Girl is looking at him...

THE GIRL

Why do you keep working there if you hate it so much?

THE FATHER

I don't hate it so much.

(practical)

You can't always chose what you'd like to do...It doesn't happen that way.

THE GIRL

Why not?

THE FATHER

(smiles,
affectionately)

Because there are mouth's like yours to feed...

THE GIRL

Why did you have children then? Wouldn't you rather be happy?

THE FATHER

I am happy.

THE GIRL

(looks at him)

You don't seem happy. You always look worried.

And he doesn't want to get into this discussion...

THE FATHER

(looking at the
time)

I'm going to be late...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he turns back into the den...The sound on the television jacked up again...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(to the Boy)
I'm going to go now...

The Boy nods. The Girl stands by the door...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(a beat, to both
of them)
Look, Mom's going to be real tired
when she gets home from the
hospital. so let's try and have the
house nice and clean and peaceful for
her...Do you think you can do that?

They nod individually, but with no great assurance...He shuts off the T.V.

THE FATHER (cont'd)
...Let's leave the t.v. off...the
stereo...the video games...Try to find
something quiet to do...Okay? It's
just for an hour...

They nod again without much assurance...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
And whatever you do, please stay out
of the baby's room...

They both look upstairs in the direction of the baby's room...The PHONE RINGS again...He answers it...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
I was just leaving....Do you want to
talk to the kids? I will... How's he
doing? I'm on my way....

He hangs up...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
...Mom was breast feeding the
baby...she couldn't talk on the
phone...She said to tell you how much
she loves and misses you both...and
can't wait to get home...

And they nod, but they're hurt. There's the sound of a car HORN. The Father looks out the window...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FATHER (cont'd)

The taxi's here...Please try to
behave...You're old enough to be
responsible...Okay?

THE BOY

Okay.

THE GIRL

(half-heartedly
nods)

'K.

He turns to go. And there's what SOUNDS like something
running around in the walls...They stop, listening...Mice...?

THE FATHER

(shaking his head)

Those traps are useless...

(a beat, to the
kids)

A pest control guy is supposed to be
coming out here sometime today...

He opens the front door he turns...

THE FATHER (cont'd)

Be good kids...please...

And he goes out the door and he's gone...And it's quiet, the
Boy laying on the floor, the Girl standing, feeling
displaced, forgotten...

THE BOY

(a beat)

What do you want to do?

THE GIRL

(curt)

I don't want to do anything with
you...

And she turns into the living room...She pulls a chair over
sitting by the window looking outside...Some moments, and The
Boy, hands in his pockets, wanders in...

THE BOY

It's so boring...There's nothing to do
here...

She doesn't say anything. And The Boy pulls a chair over
sitting at the window just like her, looking out at the
rain...

THE GIRL

Do you have to copy everything I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

It's a free country...

And they sit like that, looking outside...After some moments:

THE GIRL

It won't be the same, you know...I mean with a new kid in the house...

THE BOY

It won't be so bad.

THE GIRL

That's what I thought until you showed up. You don't know what it's like. You've got to share everything.

I

THE BOY

I don't mind sharing.

THE GIRL

That's 'cause you're stupid. It was peaceful around here. Nobody to bother me. Wait and see. You're gonna hate this kid. You were the youngest...you're not the youngest anymore. You aren't the baby anymore. Nobody will pay any attention to you. You'll see...

And the Boy takes out of his pocket a SNAPSHOT that's been folded and unfolded a hundred times. And we see it's a picture of The Girl and The Boy, their faces virtually covered by surgical masks, both of them awkwardly holding a new baby in a hospital.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

(conflicted)

If you didn't have that stupid cold we could have gone with dad to the hospital and picked him up.

THE BOY

I can't help it if I have a cold.

THE GIRL

(after a beat)

Why did they have to have another kid anyway?

He shrugs...

THE GIRL (cont'd)

Maybe they don't like us anymore...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He never thought of that.

THE BOY
Why wouldn't they like us anymore?

THE GIRL
I remember when you were born, all
they were interested in was you.

THE BOY
(reassuring
himself)
They still like us...

But they're not so sure. They're quiet, sitting by the window, looking outside. "So all we could do was Sit! Sit! Sit! And we did not like it. Not one little bit." And as they sit and sit, quietly looking outside, maybe it's the patter of the rain on the windows, or the soft gray light...but it feels like a daydream..."And then something went BUMP!" And there's the SOUND of a BUMP. They jump. "How that bump made us jump!"

0 THE BOY (cont'd)
(whispers)
What was that?

4 THE GIRL
It sounded like it was on the roof?

They look up...And there's definitely the sound of FOOTSTEPS on the roof...They're frozen...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
The cat must be up there...

THE BOY
(nods)
It must be the cat...

But they're not so sure. It's quiet, too quiet. There's another BUMP. And then there's the SOUND of a KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR...They start. They look at each other...they get up, going to the door...

THE GIRL
(calls)
Who's there?

It's quiet. They peek out a window, checking outside... Nobody seems to be there...And there's suddenly a MAN'S voice...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Hello...Pest control...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

Nobody's home...come back later...

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

I have you scheduled for two...No can do...

They hesitate....

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Never let a stranger in, even accidentally, always make him show you some form of identity...even then be certain...if he doesn't appear like someone you want to see, just close the curtain...and say, "So sorry..."

And a business card's dropped through the mail slot in the door...They look at it..."Pest Control..." And their slogan..."We don't want to boast, but when it comes to pests they're Toast!"

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

...If you still have questions, and you're not sure what to do...Call 911, call the police, the fire department, a friend or neighbor, anyone 'll do...

They hesitantly open the door...

THE MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

...If you have to, call the zoo...

They look outside...

EXT. THE DOORSTEP, THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

And they see a MAN in his thirties, wearing a tool belt, and a flattened hat, holding their cat in one hand, a clipboard in the other, standing there on the doormat...And this is no reject from "Cats," no whiskers or tail or any of that...This is a hipster, a dude, the coolest guy around...This is a "Cat," in an even cooler hat...

THE CAT

(meaning the cat)

I found him by the drain spout...Do you want him in or do you want him out?

THE GIRL

He's not allowed in, he causes too much trouble...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

(nods)

Yeah, cats can do that...

(smiles)

Two of them are double the trouble...Four's a handful...Any more than that -- And you're an old lady who gives away her fortune and wears funny looking shoes, and goes to see beautiful dark-eyed Gypsy women, who lives by the freeway, to look into a crystal ball...

They just stare at him. And he puts the cat down, the cat running off...

C

THE CAT (cont'd)

(looking at his clipboard)

...Is this number one ten...?

They nod...

O

THE CAT (cont'd)

...I've come to the right place then...

4

And he strolls by them inside...

INT. THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

He looks around...

THE CAT

Nice digs...Where's the Boss, Mr. Bigs?

THE GIRL

He'll be back soon...

The Cat nods. He wanders, looking around, poking this, poking that...

THE CAT

So you think you have a pest in the house or two...?

THE BOY

They've been causing lots of problems...

THE CAT

(nods)

Isn't that what pests do?

He stops...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
(looking at his
clipboard,
official)

Before I can start my examination, I
have to ask you an important
question...or three or four...Who
knows? Maybe more...? Questions lead
to questions. That's the nature of a
scientific investigation.

(after a beat)

Have you heard any unusual bumps or
thumps in the walls...?

THE GIRL
(nods)

Yes.

I

He makes a check on his clipboard.

H

THE CAT
Good. You should.

(going on...)

...The sound of little feet scurrying
along the halls...?

O

THE CHILDREN
(together)

Yes...Definitely...

Another check.

THE GIRL
...It's like they're looking for
something...

THE CAT
(concerned)
Looking for something you say? In
what way?

THE GIRL
You know...just running around...

THE CAT
What's the sound?
(and he makes the
sound)
"Pitter, patter...." Or....
(making the sound)
..."bumpity thumpity..." It doesn't
seem like it, but it matters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
(mulling)
A patter and a thump...That kind of
sound.

THE CAT
(thinking about
it, after a beat)
That's profound.

Back to his checklist...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(a beat)
Any particular bangs, whistles or
booms...? C

I THE BOY
Whistles?

H THE GIRL
Booms?

0
They shake "no..." Check. Check.

0 THE CAT
(squinting)
Any Sherman Tanks in your living room?

THE GIRL
Sherman Tanks?

THE CAT
Too bad...They're pretty rad...Did you
know they're named for Anthony Sherman
who was from Gustadt.

(a beat)
Anyway, just checking, I need to be
certain...You can never be too careful
doing an evaluation...

THE GIRL
(looks at him)
You're so odd.

THE CAT
Odd? What do you mean? I'm a fully
functioning human machine. I'm flesh
and blood, sinew and bone. Lost in
this place we call a fun zone.

THE GIRL
Maybe you better come back when my
parents are here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

No can do...I'm on a tight schedule.
Do you think I only have time for you?
That's a little selfish.

THE GIRL

Maybe we should get somebody else,
then...

THE CAT

(hurt)

You know the saying, always get a
second opinion. My suggestion is get
a gazillion. But opinions are a dime
a dozen these days...everybody's an
expert they say...There are plenty of
pretenders, Pest Controllers in name,
people with little trucks who drive
around looking insane...There can only
be one expert...the best in the
field....and I'm the real deal...

He hitches up his belt, a constant problem, his pants, always
falling...

0

THE CAT (cont'd)

Sorry about that...My hips are not
working, my pants fit me like the
mother in "Psycho," played by Tony
Perkins...

And without further adieu he walks around, going through the
house...the kids follow after him...He looks in the various
rooms, the den, the laundry room...

THE GIRL

What are you doing?

THE CAT

You have to understand, I have to get
the lay of the land....

He opens a door, a small BACK ROOM cluttered with things...
an old exercise bike, some furniture they're not using, extra
bridge chairs, forgotten sporting goods...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Who's room is this that's such a
mess...? A perfect place for pests
to nest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

(quiet)

It was grandma's...before she died...

(upset)

I don't know how dad could let it get
this way. It's just a big junk pile
now...It's like he just forgot about
her...

THE CAT

(quietly)

Don't you think it's easier that way,
to forget about people that have gone
away?

C

THE GIRL

I haven't forgotten about her.

I

He goes into the room, looking around. The Girl won't cross
the doorway...

H

THE GIRL (cont'd)

(frightened)

It must be lonely when you're dead.

O

THE CAT

Sometimes it's lonely when you're
alive.

4

And we see beneath all his patter, his posings, he has an
inherent sadness. He notices an old suitcase.

THE GIRL

She loved to travel. She saw the
world...

He opens the old suitcase. And a single beautiful BUTTERFLY
flies up out of the suitcase. They watch it float around the
room.

THE CAT

The sweet butterfly of youth.

THE GIRL

How did you do that?

But he's already on his way, going out the door. The Girl
shuts the door...and with the Boy, follow him...He marches up
the stairs.

THE CAT

What's up here...?

He looks in their BEDROOM. He stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

(seeing)

Whose artwork work is this?

And we see he's looking at where somebody drew with a crayon on the wall...two small drawings of STICK FIGURES...

THE BOY

(defensive)

It wasn't me. I know better then to draw on the walls.

THE CAT

Draw on the walls? That doesn't bother me at all. Whose artwork this is is what interests me. It looks suspiciously like something I saw in a house in Schenectady in 1983.

He takes out a small tape recorder...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(into

taperecorder)

Mental note. Drawings on wall. Artist unknown. Boy claims to know better then to write on walls at home. Could be a sign of...And I hope to God it isn't true...

(whispers)

"You know who..."

THE BOY

Who's you know who?"

THE CAT

I don't know? Do you?

He shuts off the cassette. He goes out of the bedroom starting along a hall toward a closed door...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Who lives there?

THE BOY

That's our parents room. We're not supposed to go in there when they're not at home...they don't want us to mess it up...

THE CAT

Is that so? Interesting...Can they go into your room uninvited whenever they please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

All the time.

THE CAT

So they believe privacy is fine, just
as long as it's mine...

And he suddenly yanks opens the door.

THE CAT (cont'd)

I don't think so!

He looks inside...The quiet room...The kids hesitate, waiting
at the threshold. The Cat wanders around the room. He
suddenly opens a closet as if to scare something...Nothing's
there. He looks around C. he slows...He notices that a
dresser drawer, a sock drawer is open. He takes out a pair
of socks.

H

THE CAT (cont'd)

(suspiciously)

Do you know why these two socks are
unrolled?

0

They don't have a clue.

0

THE CAT (cont'd)

(4 considering,
troubled)

They make a certain creatures perfect
bedroll.

And he sees the make-up on a dressing table is in disarray.

THE CAT (cont'd)

Is this your mother's make-up?

THE GIRL

(a beat, nods)

Why?

THE CAT

(a beat, squinting
at her)

Somebody recently put some mascara on
their eye...like you...

THE GIRL

(defensive)

Don't look at me...Mom doesn't let me
use make up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

(into
taperecorder)

Mental note. Socks found unrolled.
Make-up found disturbed. Girl swears
it wasn't her...I'll take her word...

He comes back out of the room. He starts toward another
room, a closed door at the far end of the hall...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Whose room is that?

THE BOY

The ba -- C

THE GIRL

(cutting him off)

Nobody's. It's just a room.

H

And before the Cat can say anything there's the SOUND of
creatures running around inside the walls...somewhere in the
house...He puts his ear up to the wall, listening...

THE CAT

(Listening)

Patter and thumpity...Pitter and
dumpity...4

And he suddenly turns, running back down the stairs...

THE CAT (cont'd)

They're down here...!

The Kids go running after him. He goes running through the
living room back into the KITCHEN. He throws opens some
cupboards, searching...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Who did this?!

And he takes out a box of SUGAR POPS...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...Opened the box up looking for the
prize, and left it in the cupboard,
with the pasta and the shoestring
fries?!

THE BOY

I don't know how that happened?

The Cat nods. And he pulls out....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

(suspicious)

...left the Fruit Rolls like this
after biting away...Like the flavor
just didn't suit them that day...?

THE GIRL

I don't know who would have done
that...

THE CAT

(into

taperecorder)

Mental note. Evidence of pests in the
cupboards in the kitchen. Both
children ~~say~~ not left by them in that
condition.

(decapitulating)

Drawings on wall...Socks
unrolled. ~~H~~ Makeup disturbed...the
pitter and the patter, the bumpity and
the thumpity...all leads me to wonder
if the pests are, God help us
all...the little "some things..."

0

THE BOY

What are the little some things?

4

Not saying anything he takes out a flashlight, quickly
bending, crawling, looking along the baseboard...

THE CAT

They sometimes leave their droppings.

THE GIRL

Uck!

THE CAT

Like this!

And he emerges in his hand with...a cookie crumb.

THE GIRL

A cookie crumb? What does that mean?

THE CAT

(mumbles)

That's the way the cookie crumbles...

And he slows, seeing the Goldfish bowl...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

Well, who's this...?
 (looking in the
 goldfish bowl)
 Ichthyus tropicales...Otherwise known
 as a goldfish...

THE BOY

That's Veronica...I won her at our
 school fair throwing ping-pong
 balls...

THE GIRL

He won four of them, but he fed them
 too much and we had to flush the rest
 of them down the toilet...

THE CAT

Oh, that's too bad...that's very
 sad... H

And emotional he's near tears...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(brightening)
 Sad isn't altogether bad...Of course,
 much better is glad... 4

They give him a look...

THE GIRL

Do you always talk like that?

THE CAT

Like how?

THE GIRL

In rhyme.

THE CAT

Just some of the time.
 (explaining)
 I can be very expressive, even a
 little obsessive...but don't get the
 wrong idea, I'm not in the least bit,
 manic-depressive...

And before they can say anything...

THE CAT (cont'd)

There's a lot of work to do...to find
 these pests...I need you both to make
 me a solemn pledge before we can do
 the rest...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
A pledge?

THE CAT
(a beat, raising
his hand)
I will, to the best of my ability,
use my imagination.

THE GIRL
This is stupid. I'm going to read my
book....Do what you have to do...

She starts to leave..

C THE BOY
(an echo)
Yeah, this is stupid.

And he's on her heels... And as they start to leave the room,
they hear what sounds like a GIGGLE! They turn. And they
see The Cat's holding the GOLDFISH, tickling it...And the
fish miraculously saying...

VERONICA
(annoyed)
Stop that, you clown...! Put me
down...! 4

The children stop, astonished...

THE BOY
How did you do that?

THE CAT
Do what?

THE GIRL
(even her)
She talked!

THE CAT
What a thought!
(explaining)
Animals make noises we never hear at
all...
(whispers, secret)
I've seen cats and dogs make long
distance phone calls...

VERONICA
(shivering)
Would you put me back in the bowl, I'm
going to catch a bad cold...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

(oblivious)

...They can be as quiet as church mice...As loud as fried rice...

THE GIRL

Fried rice?

THE CAT

(shrugs)

It just sounded nice...

(a beat)

You have to learn to listen closely, they can say the most amazing things... Now, you probably didn't know it, but goldfish are ticklish, right here...right up here, up under the wings...

And he tickles the goldfish again...

VERONICA

(irritated)

I asked you to stop that! It's very annoying!

THE CAT

Sorry, Charlie...

He puts her back in her bowl...

THE CAT (cont'd)

....Another thing most people don't know at all...These little fellows can't see their fins in front of their faces, everything looks real, real, small...We can fix that, improve it so she passes...She'll feel much better about herself once she puts on...

And he reaches in putting on the goldfish...little...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...Glasses...

And the fish's eyes open as big as saucers, a whole world out there to see...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(in motion)

...We'll take her along, she'll want to go exploring, being a goldfish can get pretty boring...

And the Cat suddenly tosses the fish bowl to the Boy, water splashing, the fish almost thrown out of the bowl...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

(shouts)

Would you please be careful! -- I live in a very fragile environment...

THE CAT

(busy)

Okay, my friends, we've got work to do...no time to play around...We've got to find those pests...do me a favor...

(motioning)

Sssssh....Not a sound!

And he takes a stethoscope off his tool belt, putting it up to a wall, listening...They're dead quiet. And The Boy's stomach rumbles...

1

THE CAT (cont'd)

What did you have for lunch jocko....A chicken taco...?

(stops, listening)

They're here all right, I can hear them loud and clear...

0

THE GIRL

Mice, right?

4

THE CAT

(shrugs)

Could be mice...which would be nice..Mice have a great sense of humor....

And he takes out of his hat a couple of mice, in tuxedos...And one of them, like a stand-up comedian, tells a joke...

THE CAT (cont'd)

But the problem with mice, they always seem to tell the same joke twice...

And the second mouse tells the same joke as the other...Which wasn't funny the first time and not the other...

THE CAT (cont'd)

It could be many things...Pests come in all shapes and sizes...

And he sings a SONG with lyrics that might include...

THE CAT (cont'd)

It could be squirrels...with incredible tails...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he pulls out of his hat a Squirrel, with a very long tail...

THE CAT (cont'd)

To tell...

A garrulous Squirrel who just has to tell a tale...

THE SQUIRREL

In 1988 I went to Tibet to visit the Dahli Lama...I needed to find spiritual enlightenment...

And as he rambles on the Cat puts his hand over its mouth...

C

THE CAT

Squirrels are fine as long as you don't get them talking...They can go on for hours a day, just babbling away...

H

(after a beat)

Of course it could be rats...! The natural prey to a cat...Which isn't always true...I've known rats...Who are as friendly as me and and as you...

O

And he takes out of his⁴ hat, a rat, with a name tag..."Hello, my name is Homer...And you?"

THE CAT (cont'd)

And then it could be bats.

And he takes out of his hat baseball bats.

THE CAT (cont'd)

Not those.

And he takes out of his hat four matching bats in matching clothes...and sunglasses...

THE CAT (cont'd)

They're blind the poor things...But they sure can sing...

And they doo-wop just for you.

THE CAT (cont'd)

Termites are fine...

And a swarm of termites fly out of his hat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

...They swarm and they munch on the wood...which tastes I'm sure pretty much like wood would...But most of all they love to dance...like they have ants in their pants...

And the termites dance, appropriately, like they have ants in their pants...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Did I mention ants...? There's the carpenter kind...

And out he takes some carpenter ants, with little carpenter aprons and hammers and saws...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Little guys in aprons who saw...Who build, you'll find, for no particular reason at all...Or cockroaches...

Out march some cockroaches....

THE CAT (cont'd)

The name alone makes you shiver at the thought...but the cockroaches I've known, are usually quite distraught...

And these cockroaches wring their little hands, worrying...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...or there are beetles...four....

And out come a quartet of beetles...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Named, of course, John, Paul, Ringo, and George...

And they play music to match their monickers...

THE CAT (cont'd)

There's bugs named June...

And a busty June bug, doing a striptease, comes out of his hat...singing...

THE JUNE BUG

"June is busting out all over..."

THE CAT

That's enough of that...There's Lady Bugs fair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elegant lady bugs, in hats and putting on airs...And the room's a cacophony of pests galore...the jokesters, the musicians, the elegant ladies, the ants with a saw...

THE CAT (cont'd)
...Or a thousand more...

And out of his hat comes a "thousand more."

THE CAT (cont'd)
There are earwigs...

Earwigs...little ears with wigs allright...

THE CAT (cont'd)
And if that makes you
uptight...There's Potato Bugs...

Little bugs like potatoes...

H THE CAT (cont'd)
That like to hug...

And they hug...

O THE CAT (cont'd)
...There's catterpillars...

Little bugs like tractors...

THE CAT (cont'd)
...And doodle bugs...

Two little bugs singing "Yankee Doodle..."

THE CAT (cont'd)
...And dust mites...

DUST MITE
I might...

ANOTHER DUST MITE
And I might not...

THE CAT
...And spiders and flies and
mosquitos, ticks and fleas, and for no
real reasons...

And the room is litterally filled with the pests....

THE CAT (cont'd)
Like the Academy Award winning, "A
Pest For All Seasons...."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He snaps his fingers and they all go back into his hat...Except one...that we can hear "buzzing..." that comes down and bites him...And he slaps his arm, killing...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(seeing in his
palm)

No-seeums!

And the children don't know quite what to say...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(an
understatement)

As you can plainly see we have our work cut out for us today! They're tricky little devils quick as lightning!..I have to warn you, it could get a little frightening...Do you want to ~~come~~ along? Are you two game...?

THE GIRL
(a beat,
adventurous)

I am... 0

The Boy's not so sure..4

THE BOY
(timid)

I don't know...?

THE CAT
Is he always so afraid...?

THE GIRL
A scaredy-cat...

THE CAT
(cautioning her)
Watch it! Don't ever say that!
(and turning)
Well, if you're coming, let's go, we have to make haste...those things are here somewhere, there's no time to waste...

And he opens a DOOR to the basement...

THE BOY
(stopping him)
We're not allowed to go down there...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

Not allowed...! That's utterly
ridiculous...! Children are supposed
to be curious...! It isn't healthy
not to be...You'll end up as boring as
network T.V.

VERONICA

(warning them)

Don't listen to him...Stay away from
down there...!

THE CAT

(oblivious, moving

on)

The first rule of an inspection, in
anything you do, is always start at
the bottom, before you get to the
top...

H

And he starts down some dark stairs...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...Or along the way you could miss a
thing or two...

O

And he suddenly misses a step, tripping, falling...

4

THE CAT (cont'd)

...Eyow...!

...Rolling down the stairs...Landing at the bottom of the
stairs literally seeing STARS...And I mean NOVAS...And
SHOOTING STARS...And MILKY WAYS...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...And how...!

THE GIRL

(from the top of
the stairs)

Are you alright...?

The Cat jumps up, dusting himself off...

THE CAT

Out of sight!

The children hesitantly come down the stairs...The Cat
turns on an overhead light. And we see there's a
WORKSHOP...a tool bench...power tools...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

(slows)

Well, what do we have here...?

(mischevious)

You have to be careful, don't be
fools...But imagine what we could make
with all these cool tools...

He puts on some safety goggles...

VERONICA

I don't think you should let him do
that --!

And he suddenly turns on the power switch on the work bench,
the tools humming to life...He takes up a piece of wood,
building...

|

THE CAT

(psy working)

...I love to work with my hands...I'm
quite adept, I can build, I can
sew...Working with your hands is the
purest form of expression, you know...
Creativity is a beautiful
thing...Michaelangelo painted a
chapel...Sinatra, can't he sing....?
Rembrandt and Picasso, used nothing
but their hands...Van Gogh lopped an
ear off, just to make that clear.
Mozart, gave us music from God...Oh
God, just to hear it...We have poets
and ballerinas and writers
galore...With nothing to create from
but that secret place in the heart
that needs more...Ginsberg said, "I
saw the best minds of my generation
destroyed by madness, starving,
hysterical, naked..." Salinger gave
us Holden Caulfield, looking for a
catcher in the Rye...The Irish gave us
"Danny Boy," here's mud in your
eye..." Shakespeare oh Shakespeare,
the Bard of Avon..."What measure of
man?" Ferlinghetti, the Coney Island
of your mind...Can you stand it?
Emily Dickenson, Bach, Beethoven,
Brahms. A man called Ahab...the Koran,
the Bible, a moveable feast, all to
soothe the savage beast..."

They look at him in wonder.

THE CAT (cont'd)

Sorry, I got a little carried away.
I'm a little wound up today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And his creation is taking a definite shape...

THE BOY

What is it?

THE CAT

What is it?

(finishing)

On my word...It's a house for a bird...

And indeed he's made a lopsided, crooked, BIRD HOUSE...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...Who sings opera...

THE GIRL

Opera?

THE CAT

On the half hour a golden throated femme, will sing an aria from "La Boheme..."

And sure enough a chesty BIRD, built like a diva, sticks its head out, and sings an aria from "La Boheme...!" It goes back into its house.

THE CAT (cont'd)

Isn't that absurd...!

He puts the bird house under his hat...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Do you want to try it, it's good for the soul...If you want to I could show you how to make a wonderful salad bowl...

THE BOY

(definitely not)

We're not allowed near dad's tools...

THE CAT

(slows)

Dad...? I don't mean to be hyper-critical, or overly cynical, but has dad spent any time with you lately, I mean even a tad...?

THE BOY

Not that much, but he's been awful busy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Don't listen to him, he's nothing but a trouble-maker...I think you should tell him to go away...!

THE CAT

(pushing her head
down underwater)

Why don't you just keep your head down and swim a few laps around...

(and to the
children)

It's good to have a little rebellion...Here's a sample...Imagine this, for example...

He waves his arms, saying the "magic words..."

THE CAT (cont'd)

I'm a Pepper, you're a Pepper, wouldn't you like to be a Pepper too...?

And suddenly the power tools magically take off on their own...attacking a pile of wood...The errant tools drilling and sawing, building tables and chairs and desks and bookcases...A veritable Furniture Warehouse...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(a pitch man)

"...We've lost our lease, everything must go...! Nothing down with 24 months to pay...! We've got to sell everything before they take it away...!"

The Children watch in wonder...

THE GIRL

(laughing)

Could I build something...?

THE CAT

That's the spirit! Build yourself a fountain, a mountain, something exquisite...!

VERONICA

(warning her)

Be very careful...!

The Cat puts the safety goggles on her. And helping her, she starts to saw some wood...And suddenly the table saw takes on a life of its own, flying off, the girl holding on for dear life; flying around the room...buzzing the room...coming down like a dive bomber at The Boy...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA (cont'd)

(shouting)

Watch out...!

The Boy ducks just in time to avoid the rebellious saw blade...And the saw, with a mind of its own, The Girl holding on for dear life, sets to work, cutting up all the furniture, sawing the tables and chairs down to size, turning them to piles of sawdust...More and more sawdust, until it's literally snowing sawdust...And not satisfied with that, the saw starts to dismantle the workshop itself, cutting the cabinets...the doors...And the other tools join in the fray, flying around the room, dismantling the workshop...

VERONICA (cont'd)

Stop it... Stop it...! This just isn't right...!

THE CAT

I'm afraid I went a little too far...I don't mean to be droll, like Coward, Noel, but they're completely out of control...!

And the room's filled with flying power tools, sanders, routers, drills, and such, demolishing their father's workshop...And The Little Boy, dodging the whizzing tools, runs over to the tool bench throwing the power switch...shutting off the power...The tools harmlessly fall to the floor...The Girl neatly landing in a pile of sawdust...

THE BOY

(concerned)

Are you alright?

She nods.

THE GIRL

(concerned)

Are you?

He nods. And they look at each other, surprised by their mutual concern for each other.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

(catching her breath)

I was so afraid.

THE BOY

(his chance)

Scaredy-cat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

(smiles)

How about that!

VERONICA

I told you not to play with those things...I told you he was a trouble-maker King...!

THE BOY

(looking around
him at the
destruction)

What are we going to tell dad about his workshop?

The Girl doesn't know what to say...And we hear:

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

Oh. Oh...~~H~~ook what I stumbled upon...

And they see The Cat is in the corner of the room bent over by an old FURNACE, looking at something...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(troubled)

...I was afraid of this...

(showing them)

Their favorite cookie...A half eaten Fig Newton...

THE GIRL

(meaning the
devastation)

What are we going to do about all this?

THE CAT

(unconcerned)

This is nothing to lose sleep over...Nothing to worry about... We have bigger fish to fry...

(to the Goldfish)

...Nothing personal, my little trout...

(beat)

But on second thought, you might be fine in almondine and with a nice light white wine...

Looking at the furnace...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Now here's a place we better look inside...Pests like to stay warm and read a good book from time to time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the Cat suddenly opens the furnace, climbing inside, disappearing...There's all sorts of noise...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

(echoing)

...Why don't you come in and take a look around...

He sticks his head back out, covered with soot...

THE CAT (cont'd)

You'd be surprised at what I've found...

They hesitate...He offers his hand...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Come on in, the weather's fine...Please form a single line...

VERONICA

(to the children)

You know you're not supposed to go in there...! It's awfully dangerous...! There's rules for a good reason...Haven't you learned your lesson...!?

THE CAT

(to the Goldfish, dismissive)

If you don't stop being so naggy, I'm going to put you in a zip-lock baggie...Maggie...

They hesitate, conflicted...They look at The Goldfish, at The Cat...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Don't pay any attention to that little pickeral, she doesn't know her dorsal from her distal...In otherwords her elbow from her behind...Can't you see I have your best interests in mind...?

And The Girl decides to trust him...

THE GIRL

Okay...

(a beat, to her brother)

Are you coming...?

THE BOY

(a beat)

I guess so...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And throwing caution to the wind they take his hand and climb into the furnace...

INT. THE FURNACE - DAY

They come into the BOILER CHAMBER...And there's what sounds like music...And we see there's a small PARTY going on, a fire in a fire place...music playing...people talking...

THE CAT

I'm told they meet here once a month...they call themselves the lunch a month bunch...

And we see a Man in a suit with a TOASTER for a HEAD...Another Man with a Moen FAUCET for a head...Another, a woman, with a LIGHT BULB head...And all sorts of HOUSEHOLD FIXTURE AND APPLIANCE HEADS...

H THE CAT (cont'd)

...Each of them has a job to do to keep the house up and running... They're quite skilled in the mechanical sciences, they take care of all the fixtures and the appliances...Isn't that something?

4 A MAN'S VOICE

(a ROTATING FAN'S HEAD)

I'm sorry about that bathroom fan...I wasn't on the ball...

A WOMAN'S VOICE

(the LIGHT BULB HEAD)

Is that light still working alright in your hall...?

THE CAT

(suddenly stops)

I knew it! I almost blew it! My worst fear. They're here.

THE BOY

Who's here?

THE CAT

(discreet)

Don't do anything sudden, don't make a move you'll regret...But if you look over there by the bar, having some beer nuts near the man with the guitar, are those "pests" we're here to get...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn...And they see two small creatures with purple tufted hair, wearing red pajamas with a crest on their chest that says, "Thing One" and "Thing Two," standing at the bar over there...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(accusatory)

This is much more serious than I imagined. There's something going on in this house you two haven't told me about.

The Girl and The Boy look at each other but don't say anything...

C

THE CAT (cont'd)

(after a beat)

Those two pests, the one on the right and the one on the left, we've had a running battle for years...! They take advantage of people's deepest fears! I had them caught once in Kankakee. Only to find, they caught me!

And seeing the Cat, and making noises, a shrill buzzing, they take off running...

4

THE CAT (cont'd)

(in motion)

Let's go, before they split...They don't like it when I show up, not even one little bit...Come on...! We've got them on the run...!

And they go running through the party chasing after the two little fuzzy headed "Things..."

THE CAT (cont'd)

(as they run)

To make them disappear, we've got to get them into my hat, and make them say their names backwards..."One Thing..." "Two Thing." And that would be that!

And they see the two "Things" go running into a heating duct...As they run in after them...

INT. THE HEATING DUCTS, NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - DAY

They go running along the duct chasing the little squeaking "Things..." The "Things" run around a corner... The Cat and the Children come running around the corner after them...They stop...And they see that the ducts have split going in various different directions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Thing One," and "Thing Two," long gone...

THE CAT
(disconsolate)
There's not much to say...They got
away...

And there's suddenly a loud RUMBLING SOUND...

THE BOY
What was that?

THE CAT
(a beat,
listening)
The heater's running...

And there's suddenly a whoosh of hot air...

H THE CAT (cont'd)
(realizing)
We better start gunning...!

0
And they take off running along a duct, the air getting
stronger and stronger and stronger, becoming hurricane
strength, buffeting them, literally blowing them along the
duct, spinning and turning them, THE RIDE OF THEIR LIFE! The
ducts split ahead of them, and we see The Boy is being blown
one way, the Cat and the Girl the other way...And we can see
down at the end of the "Boy's" duct, an intake fan, the
blades turning, menacing...

THE GIRL
(alarmed)
Don't go that way...!

THE BOY
(blown, helpless)
I can't do anything about it...!

THE GIRL
(reaching out to
her brother,
shouting)
Grab onto my hand...!

He tries and just misses...They're flying headlong toward the
separate ducts...

THE BOY
(reaching)
Help...!

And at the last mintue The Girl grabs onto his hand...pulling
him safely along with them into the duct...The three of them
thrown about like paper in a storm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA
(holding onto the
edge of her
fishbowl for dear
life)

This is terrible...!

And they're literally blown down a steep duct into...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE - DAY

They come with a blast of hot air flying out a vent onto the living room floor...

THE CAT
(after a beat, by
way of an apology,
an understatement)

It's not normally so stormy...

They sit for a moment gathering themselves, dazed...After some moments...

THE GIRL
Who are they, those two things...?
What do they want here?

THE CAT
Those two...
(simply)
They're "Thing One..." And "Thing Two..."

THE GIRL
Thing One?

THE BOY
Thing Two?

THE CAT
Exactly. Just like you.

THE GIRL
Like us?

THE CAT
(nods)
Everybody gets them now and then...And that's where I come in...to get rid of them...

And The Cat, seeing a baby grand PIANO, sits down to play...And like a Cocktail Lounge pianist, unctuous...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
...We all have things we don't want to
talk about we keep inside...

The Boy and The Girl come over to the piano...She puts the
goldfish bowl down on the piano top...

THE CAT (cont'd)
Instead of talking about our problems
we let them slide...

THE BOY
Problems?

THE GIRL
What problems?

THE CAT
My point, precisely...It's what we
don't want to see we hide away...And
that's when a thing one, or thing two,
take over, and come to stay...

THE BOY
(trying to
understand)
You mean it's because of us they're
here? Because we're bad?

THE CAT
Bad? Children are never bad. Never
bad at all...It's just the things we
don't understand that make us feel
two-foot tall...What we have to do is
look at what we're afraid of face to
face...and then we wouldn't need a
"thing one" or a "thing two" to take
our place, and cause us such
disgrace...and this would be a much
better place for the whole human race,
cha-cha-cha...

He finishes playing with a flourish...

VERONICA
(disdainful)
He's so full of it...

THE CAT
(quickly getting
up)
All this excitement worked up my
appetite...

And he quickly crosses into the kitchen...The Boy and Girl
are motionless...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

What are we going to do...?

THE GIRL

I don't know...?

(a beat, whispers)

Maybe we better tell him to leave...?
He's going to get us into big
trouble...

THE BOY

What about those pests?

THE GIRL

They're here because of him. If we
get rid of him, they'll leave too...

And taking up Veronica, determined, they turn into the
kitchen...

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

And as they come into the kitchen they see pots cooking on
the stove, the oven hot. The Cat running around the kitchen
making a feast, like it or not...

THE CAT

...Have anything you want, anything
that catches your eye...Perhaps a
marshmallow sandwich on rye...with
pickles on the side...Or maybe, some
moo goo gai pan...?

THE BOY

Moo goo gai pan?

THE CAT

Doesn't that sound grand...?
(and running
around)

...Potato chips, pistachios,
cashews...Pork and beans...Green eggs
and ham...

(winks)

Sam I am...

Pulling things off of shelves, in and out of the
refrigerator...

THE CAT (cont'd)

...Chocolate ding-dongs, Raspberry
jelly, porcini mushrooms and
vermecelli...a nice lox belly...Isn't
that smelly...?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
 (stirring a pot)
 A peanut butter stew, with just a
 touch, (to be healthy of course), of
 tofu...

THE GIRL
 Tofu?!

THE CAT
 God Bless you!!
 (in motion)
 Come on, move your feet...! Your
 parents aren't around, you can have
 anything you want to eat...!

The Kids look at each other...

VERONICA
 (warning them)
 I wouldn't do that...! You know when
 your parents aren't looking you're not
 allowed to be cooking...!

But it's too tempting, and the Children start making treats
 they always dreamed about...Combinations of food too gross to
 even spell out...And as the three of them run amok, the OVEN,
 its door opening and shutting like a big mouth, sings a duet
 with the REFRIGERATOR/FREEZER, its doors opening and closing,
 singing out....

THE OVEN
 "...Mock..."

THE REFRIGERATOR/FREEZER
 "...Ing..."

THE OVEN
 "...Bird..."

THE REFRIGERATOR/FREEZER
 "...Yeah..."

THE OVEN
 "...Mocking bird, have you heard...?"

The Cat and the Children racing around the kitchen having the
 time of their life...making every dish imaginable, anything
 they can digest, as The Refrigerator and The Oven sing their
 duet...And a cabinet door, the dishwasher, a trash compactor,
 joins in, singing the chorus for us...

DISHWASHER, COMPACTOR...
 "....Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And The Cat and The Kids join in the song...And the whole kitchen comes alive, spoons tapping glasses, pans clanging, pots banging out the tune, playing along..."Mocking bird...have you heard..."

THE CAT
Bon apiteet! Let's eat!

And they start to eat their concoctions, gobbling down everything they can put their hands on...

VERONICA
(concerned)
You know you shouldn't eat so much junk...!

C
THE CAT
(happily eating)
That's just bunk...

H
And they start to slowly expand, like helium balloons...

VERONICA
O
You better stop...!

O
But they can't help themselves, eating and eating and eating...and they start to float up off the ground... floating around the kitchen like huge balloons at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade...And as they float about...

THE GIRL
(groans)
I ate too much...

THE BOY
(groaning)
Oh, my stomach...

THE CAT
(a caution)
I don't mean to be gross or crass...But whatever you do, don't burp or...God help us, pass gas...
(motioning)
If we lose altitude, get too close to the stove, it could be a dangerous situation, we could explode...!

And The Girl, unable to help herself, lets out a small "burp..." She loses some altitude...

THE GIRL
(covering her mouth)
I'm sorry...I couldn't help it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And again...Another "burp..." She covers her mouth...

THE CAT

(concerned)

Let's try relaxing...Don't do anything taxing...

And he can't help himself and he "burps"...

THE CAT

...earp...

THE BOY

I think I'm going to....

C

THE CAT

Don't!

I

THE BOY

I can't help it....!

And he, well you know the part...He makes a noise we not so delicately call a "fart 0." And he loses altitude rapidly, floating down near the stove top...And The Cat and The Girl can't help themselves either, the three of them belching and farting from all they've 0 inhaled...They frantically wave their little arms trying to get away from the stove...but they're too close... 4

THE CAT

(shouts)

This is the worst case scenario! Just the worst....!

And as they near the burners...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Hold your ears, everybody...I'm afraid we're going to...

They hold their ears...even Veronica...And we're all waiting, our hands covering our ears...a beat, a beat, a beat...and then our worst fears...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Burst....!

And there's suddenly an EXPLOSION, The Boy and The Girl and The Cat, bursting apart...food sent flying everywhere, all over the walls here and there...The Cat and the Children falling onto the floor...And they sit like that, thinner, but wiser...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

(an
understatement)

I think we really ate too much...

And they look around the room, the holy mess, the kitchen covered with food...And the PHONE suddenly RINGS...And they're motionless...The ANSWERING MACHINE picking up...

THEIR FATHER'S VOICE (OVER)

(on message
machine)

Hi you guys...we're just leaving the hospital...we should be home in about a half hour...I hope everything's okay... C

And he clicks off. And it's quiet. The Children look at each other as if to say...Everything's not "Okay!"

H

THE CAT

(jumping up)

In other words by the time that chubby bird sings we better have caught those Things... 0

THE GIRL

(stopping him)

What about this mess? How are we going to get this all cleaned up...?

THE CAT

Don't worry, it 'll be done in a jiffy...I've got people that come in who make sure that it's spiffy....

THE GIRL

(dubious)

What people?

THE CAT

Just let me take care of that....Right now we better make tracks, find those pests before your parents get back...

And he takes out of his hat...a MAP, an architect's drawing...

THE CAT (cont'd)

I have a map right here, an architects fine drawing, of the house and where we should be going, that makes I.M. Pei look cloying....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

(seeing)

That isn't of our house...That says Mexico....

THE CAT

How was I to know, I don't speak the lingo, amigo.

THE GIRL

(correcting him)

Amiga.

THE CAT

Ole!

C

And he heads out of the kitchen...back into the LIVING ROOM...the children following him...The Cat searching here...searching there...And suddenly there's the SOUND of a MAN'S VOICE...

H

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

What's all the noise?

0

THE GIRL

(Turning)

Who was that?

4

And we see there are FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS on the piano top... Family photographs of loved relatives...And we see that a very OLD PHOTOGRAPH of a serious looking man in a Sunday suit is miraculously TALKING...

THE MAN'S VOICE

Could you please be a little more quiet...I'm trying to take a rest...

And he has an Irish brogue...

THE GIRL

I'm sorry...

THE OLD PHOTOGRAPH

(a beat)

You must be John's children?

They nod.

THE OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Well, the little lad had children. That's quite nice. The last time I saw him he was three...He sat on my knee...I'm your great - grandfather, Patrick...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

He's told us all about you. How you came here, all alone, from Ireland, when you were thirteen...How you helped build the Brooklyn Bridge...He said you were a very brave man...

THE OLD PHOTOGRAPH

(a beat, smiling)

You're a pretty lass.

(sweetly)

You remind me of your great-grandmother...you have her eyes...

C

THE GIRL

Thank you...

THE OLD PHOTOGRAPH

I'm going back to sleep now...It was nice meeting you...

THE GIRL

It was nice meeting you too...

And he's metaphorically and literally gone...The Girl and The Boy struck by the encounter...

4

THE CAT

Isn't having family dandy?

And suddenly another Photograph is talking...A Young Man...

A MAN'S PHOTOGRAPH

Why don't you mind your own business...!?

And another PHOTOGRAPH of another Man...

THE OTHER MAN'S PHOTO

I'll be glad to. It's your life, little brother...I just don't understand why you want to keep making such a big mess of it...!

A MAN'S PHOTOGRAPH

Who asked your opinion, anyway...?!?

THE OTHER MAN'S PHOTO

I'm not even allowed to have an opinion...!

And as they argue...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

That's Uncle Gary...and Uncle
Larry...They don't get along very
well...They're always arguing...They
won't even come to Thanksgiving
dinner together...

THE CAT

(then again)

Sometimes families aren't so dandy...

The Girl slows, looking at a photograph of an OLDER WOMAN...

THE GIRL

(affectionately)

That's my Grandma, Anne...

(sadly)

...I miss her so much...

And she starts to sadly cry...And we hear...

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't cry sweetheart...

And we see that her Grandmother's photograph is talking...

THE GIRL

Grandma...?

HER GRANDMOTHER'S PHOTO

How are you my darling?

THE GIRL

(still crying)

I really miss you grandma...I think
about you all the time...

HER GRANDMOTHER'S PHOTO

I think about you too, my lovely...

THE GIRL

What's it like where you are?

HER GRANDMOTHER'S PHOTO

Would you like to come and see me?

THE GIRL

How could I do that?

HER GRANDMOTHER'S PHOTO

Just put me close to your heart...

And The Girl puts her Grandmother's photograph up to her
heart...And suddenly:

EXT. THE "ELYSIAN FIELDS," SOMEWHERE ELSE IN TIME - DAY

And we see The Girl standing in an endless field of grass, trees, blowing on a gentle breeze...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Hello, darling...

The Girl turns, and we see an Older Woman peacefully sitting on a bench by a River, knitting...Her Grandmother...The Girl runs to her...She kisses her, her Grandmother holding her...

HER GRANDMOTHER

I'm still knitting this sweater for you...I felt so bad I couldn't give it to you last Christmas...

C

THE GIRL

That's okay, you were sick, Grandma...

HER GRANDMOTHER

(Looking at her, a beat, touching)

I miss you so much...our little walks...Watching you grow...

O

THE GIRL

I miss our talks, Grandma...Sometimes it feels like I don't have anybody to talk to...

(after a beat)

Is this heaven?

HER GRANDMOTHER

People call it different things... But it's nothing to be afraid of...It's a very special place...

She sits on the bench with her Grandmother...They watch the River go by...The Girl lays her head in her Grandmother's lap...her Grandmother stroking her hair...And as the Grandmother sits with her sweet grandchild by a River, stroking her hair again, in this Elysian fields...We see The Cat appear among the trees...

THE CAT

(motioning to the Girl)

I'm afraid you have to come back now...You have to go...

THE GIRL

Not yet...I want to spend more time with my Grandma...

THE CAT

(nods)

You're lucky to have had a grandma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And hands in his pockets, he seems for a moment forlorn.

THE GIRL
(near tears)
I don't want to leave.

THE CAT
I know...But don't be upset, don't
cry, anyhow...You'll come back here a
long, long, long, long, time from
now...

And The Girl seems to understand...

THE GIRL
(Ggging her)
Bye Grandma...

HER GRANDMOTHER
Goodbye ~~my~~ darling...Remember, I'll
always be there in your heart...

And as she touches her granddaughter's heart...

INT. THE NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

And she's back in the living room, looking at the
photographs...

THE BOY
Where did you go?

She turns to look at The Cat...

THE GIRL
Thank you...

THE CAT
For what?

THE GIRL
You know what.

THE CAT
(his old self)
I don't know diddly-squat...
(a beat)
Let's get a picture of us...

And he takes a polaroid camera out of his hat. He puts the
camera down, setting the timer. He runs over his arm around
the two children...CLICK! He goes to get it. And The Girl
sees The Boy is toying with a watch...

THE GIRL
Where did you get that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY
(putting it back
in his pocket)
I found it...

THE GIRL
(outraged)
I told you not to ever go into my
things...

THE BOY
You left it on the floor...

She grabs it from him...

C THE GIRL
Don't ever touch my stuff...!

THE BOY
(filming her)
"Don't ever touch my stuff..."

THE GIRL
Shutup! 0

THE BOY
You shutup! 0
4

THE GIRL
I'm sick of you!

THE BOY
Buttbrain...!

THE GIRL
Penishead!

And suddenly a BOOK comes flying at them from a
bookcase...And they see them, "Thing One, and "Thing Two," up
on a bookshelf, throwing books down at them....They duck...

THE CAT
The only time they get along is when
they're doing something wrong...!
Come on...we have to get them
first...or they'll do much worst...!

And he starts climbing up the bookshelf...The children
hesitate...

VERONICA
(warning them)
I wouldn't do that...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But ignoring her warning they climb up behind him...The "Things" raining books down on them...The Cat and the Children climbing after them...The Two "Things," throwing books at them, scampering higher...and higher...and higher...

THE BOY
(out of breath)
It's hard to breathe...

THE CAT
(nods)
The air, it's getting thinner up here...

And their climbing becomes more and more labored...

THE CAT (cont'd)
I hope I didn't forget again...I usually carry, for just these occasions, spare oxygen...

He takes off his hat looking inside...and sure enough he pulls out bottles of oxygen and oxygen masks...They put them on...And as they climb higher, and higher, it starts to SNOW, wind blowing, a veritable blizzard...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(shouting above the wind)
To get there, we're going to have to put on some mountain climbing gear...

LAP DISSOLVE TO

And we see they're in full mountain climbing gear, thermal suits, wearing climbing crampons...The Cat fixing ropes, hammering pitons into the bookcase...They look down and it's hundreds of feet down to the living room below them...And using the ropes they carefully climb up the bookcase... Suddenly The Boy slips, falling...He seems like he's going to fall to his death...His safety rope engages, stopping his fall...The Boy left dangling...The Cat and The Girl pull him safely back up...They slowly climb through the snow storm...They break through the clouds...And they can see above them the very top shelf...And they see "Thing One" and "Thing Two" standing on the shelf taunting them...The Cat and the Children scramble up onto the shelf...They chase the tufted haired "Things" across the shelf...They reach the end of the shelf...The "Things," cornered, buzzing...The Cat takes off his hat...

THE CAT
All good things come to an end, my purple-haired friends...It's time to say adieu, French for, "nice knowing you...!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he's about to put his hat over them when they hop onto the open ceiling's cross beam...Standing on the cross beam buzzing to each other...

THE CAT (cont'd)
We'll just wait, bide our
time..They've got to come down
sometime...

They stand on the top shelf just waiting...The little tufted "Things" buzzing at each other...And then the two "Things" stand on the cross beam at strict attention...

THE BOY
(alarmed)
They're going to jump, kill themselves
rather than be captured...!

THE CAT
(shakes "no")
I don't think so...It's not in their
nature...

And suddenly, the "Things," jump...!

THE CAT (cont'd)
(startled)
Oh, no, there they go...!

And suddenly two little parachutes deploy, and the "Things," laughing, salute them as they float down by them....

THE CAT (cont'd)
Those two jinxes are nimble little
minxes...!

And they watch them float down until they can't see them anymore, floating back down to the living room floor...And they sit on the top shelf, resting...And the storm clouds disappear and the sun shines on them...

THE CAT (cont'd)
The air's fresh and clear, you can
take off your masks up here...

They take off their oxygen masks...And the children notice a mysterious BOX on the shelf they couldn't see from the ground...

THE GIRL
What's in this box...? I've never
seen it before?

They open it and it has a world of things that they thought were no longer around...Stuffed animals and booties and such...things when they were infants growing up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
(seeing)
My old "blankie..."

And she takes up the remains of a blue security blanket...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
Mom said it had got eaten up by the
dryer...

THE BOY
(seeing)
My "nani's..."

And he takes up some old pacifier's....

THE BOY (cont'd)
Mom and dad said they didn't sell them
in the store anymore...
(H beat)
They lied to us...

THE CAT
(shakes "no")
They were just trying to make it
easier for you little pups to grow
up...

While they're considering that...

THE CAT (cont'd)
It's hard growing up...Everything's
turned around...What's down is
up...What's up is down. Everything's
upside down...You want to be a baby,
and a big person at the same
time...Somebody to hold you, and tell
you it 'll all be just fine...
(after a beat,
wry)
It's one of those things that's hard
to explain in clever rhyme...

But they seem to get it....After some moments:

THE GIRL
Where did you grow up?

THE CAT
(after a beat)
I grew up in a place called
Geisel...Near the river Mizel....A
place were everybody was just like me,
a Cat A, a Cat B, a Cat C...Even a Cat
D...

EXT. GEISEL, IN THE LAND OF NOD - DAY

And we see a small city, much like one of our own, with urban sprawl, and nothing but "Cats" in hats, all sizes and shapes, short ones and tall...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
I didn't have a family, not like
you...I was abandoned, a stray, when I
was two...

And we see a little stray "Cat" in a hat sitting on the steps
outside of a Police Station, crying...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
They put me with a couple of cats, who
had to work very hard...I was alone
most of the time....nobody really
cared...

INT. AN APARTMENT IN GEISEL

And we see a little "Cat" in a little hat, left alone in a
small tenement apartment...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
I didn't have anybody to talk to...So
I talked just to me...You can't
imagine how smart you are when there's
nobody there to disagree...

THE LITTLE CAT
(says to himself)
That makes perfect sense....

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
...Nobody else would talk to me,
bother to take the time...When I was
alone, so I wouldn't be lonely, I
would make up rhymes...

And we see the little "Cat" sitting looking out a window,
watching some "Cat" children playing in the street below...

THE LITTLE CAT
(talking to
himself)
...I'm a cat...
(answering
himself...)
...In a hat...
(answering
himself)
...And that's about that...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
The rhyme I remember most, I used to
say at the end of the day....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we see the little "Cat" in bed at the end of the day....And he says to himself...

THE LITTLE CAT

(reassuring
himself)

It's okay to be alone...Someday I'll
have a family of my own...

And as he lays in his bed the moon shining in on him...

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE "BOOKCASE MOUNTAIN" - DAY

THE GIRL

(after a beat)

Do you have a home, children of your
own?

|

THE CAT

(beat)

Not yet...

THE GIRL

(wise)

That, you didn't rhyme...

0

THE CAT

That happens sometime...

THE GIRL

(perceptive)

Does that mean you're upset?

He doesn't say anything...

THE BOY

We could be your family...You could
stay with us...

And he's genuinely touched...

THE CAT

A wise old cat once gave me some
advice...

And if he were to sing...like Bobby McFerrin...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(jazzy, smokey)

"...It doesn't matter, my main man,
where you live, you see...You can live
in the limb of a tree..."

And we see a bare tree in the moonlight, the Cat's figure,
with his distinctive hat, in silhouette, sleeping on a tree
limb...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

"...Or a painted teepee..."

A painted teepee in the moonlight...The Cat, in silhouette, sleeping inside...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

"...On a horse in a draw..."

And we see the Cat's figure sleeping on a horse standing in a draw under the moonlight...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

"...Or in a castle fair..."

A castle in the moonlight...The Cat's shadow on a wall, sleeping inside...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

"...Or under a stair..."

The Cat's figure sleeping in the moonlight on a sidewalk under a front stair...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

"...Or in a rocking chair..."

And we see the Cat's figure on a porch, in silhouette, sleeping in the moonlight in a rocking chair...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(very hip)

"...It doesn't matter if you live in a mansion, a banana plantation, a greyhound bus station...A place in the hills of Beverly, or the hollows of the Appalachian...On the beach in Malibu or on a street in Kalamazoo... When you're feeling down and lonely without another cat to call, the most important thing to remember is... "Home," is not a place you see...It's just another name for, "Me."

And it's quiet, too quiet, not a sound. And there's a sudden shaking...the bookcase quaking....books falling off...

THE BOY

What was that?!

THE CAT

(a beat)

I didn't want to alarm you two in advance...but there was an avalanche warning on the shelf with the plants...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
An avalanche warning?

There's a ROAR...and they turn and they see a huge mass of snow, literally an avalanche, coming down at them...

THE CAT
(jumping up)
...And I'm afraid it's doing its dance...!

The Cat throws the ropes over the side...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(hurrying them)
Let's go. C.!

And the three of them rappel down the bookcase ahead of the avalanche...racing down the bookcase ahead of the rumbling snow....And halfway down the bookcase starts to tip over...

THE CAT (cont'd)
We're going to have to jump...!

They hesitate...They stand momentarily holding on...Looking down at the living room far below them...

4 THE CAT (cont'd)
(shouts)
It won't be easy, it's no slam dunk...but try to land on the green couch in one hunk...

And just as the bookcase starts to go over...

THE CAT (cont'd)
Don't wait, it's all going to blow...!

And holding hands, they jump...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(shouts)
Look out below...!

And we see them heading down toward the living room...at breakneck speed...and they manage to land on the couch with a bounce...And then the bookcase topples over with a crash...lamps and furniture going over...everything smashed...And the wall of snow comes racing down, burying the living room. And it's dead still, a winter chill...And we first see The Cat's hat, and then The Boy, and then The Girl, digging their way out...They stop to catch their breath...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
 Whew, that was a close call...
 (an understatement)
 I didn't plan on that at all...

And they hear a faint cry in the snow for..."Help...!"

THE CAT (cont'd)
 Who yelped help?

THE BOY
 Veronica!

And they start to frantically dig in the snow...and they uncover, frozen solid, the goldfish bowl...The fish motionless, entombed in ice...The Cat takes out a pocket knife, quickly cutting around the fish in the ice...He takes out the small ice square...He lights a match under it, melting it there... He fums with the fish, lying her on a piano key (the high C)...He presses his pinkies to the fish's little sternum, pushing...

0 THE CAT (cont'd)
 One, two, 0 three, four, five, six...

He bends, his lips to the fish's, giving her mouth to mouth...
 4

THE CAT (cont'd)
 ...CPR for goldfish...

He pushes on her sternum again...Back to the mouth again...The fish not moving...

THE CAT (cont'd)
 (melodramatic)
 Come on damnit...! You can make it damnit....!

But nothing seems to any avail...He stops, shakes his head, it's no use, he's failed...He covers her little body with a cocktail napkin...And they're quiet, deeply saddened...

THE CAT (cont'd)
 I was just getting to know her...

And there's the slightest SOUND of a TINKLE of a piano key...They turn...And the SOUND again...The Cat pulls off the cocktail napkin...and he sees the goldfish's tail slightly fluttering, depressing the piano key (the high C)...He quickly bends giving her CPR again...Her eyes flutter...she spits up water...and her eyes open...The Children cheer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA
(to the Cat,
smitten)
You saved my life...

THE CAT
(humble)
I only did what anybody else would
have done in the same situation, my
little crustacean...

He puts her back in her now thawed out bowl...She swims
around happy to be alive...But the good feeling is
brief...the Children looking at what was the living room,
buried in snow, and in a complete and utter shambles...

THE GIRL
What are we going to do now?

THE CAT
(shakes his head)
What a sight...
(after a beat)
I'm afraid this calls for a drastic
measure...

And he goes into his hat...

THE CAT (cont'd)
...I didn't want to, I don't trust the
field tester, but we're going to have
to use...

And he takes out of his hat...

THE CAT (cont'd)
The new pest detector...

And he's holding a small gadget with blinking lights, digital
read outs, and a liquid crystal screen, (line of sight), that
used properly can pick up the trail of pests in flight...

THE CAT (cont'd)
Let me see how this works...I
understand it has some quirks...

He reads the instructions...

THE CAT (cont'd)
Number 1., select your type of pest...
A. Common pests...Ants in a mess...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

Wasps, bees or hornets, with or without nests...Mice of all types, field mice, church mice, pantry mice, Mickey mice...

(a beat)

Well, that's nice...Head lice...

(reading)

B. School pests...Person who won't leave you alone in cafeteria...Person who sits in class too close to ya...Smelly person in line next to ya...Isn't that peculiar...!

(after a beat)

C. Family pests...Little sister or little brother...Dozens of cousins...Aunts who kiss you with hair on their face and bad breath...A fate worse than death!

D. Pests of unique variety...People who talk too much and don't listen...People who hum and sing to themselves in the bathroom and kitchen...People who come to visit and stay at your house and should get their own hotel room...

E. Pests of another kind, usually in your mind...Monsters under the bed...Scary movies that stay in your head...Fears of saying things that need to be said...Things that go bump-diddy-bump out of sight in the night...You see, it has to be...

(a beat)

Set the "E..." frequency...

He does...

THE CAT (cont'd)

This works on sound...when you point it, it sends out a sonic wave that bounces around, and when it comes back it shows where to attack...It can see right through anything, like an x-ray...Let's see what it has to say...

He points it at the wall...And sure enough we can see on the screen on the detector, right through the wall into a hall...He looks out the window, pointing it at the street...A woman walking by...And we can see her underwear through her clothing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

Oooh la la...Isn't that neat...!

He points it at The Boy...We can see his skeletal system under his skin...

THE GIRL

Gross!

He points it at the Goldfish...and we can see her LITTLE HEART, (Do fish have heart's, anyway?...)(This one does...) pumping away...

THE CAT

What a cardiovascular treat!

And addressing his troops...

THE CAT (cont'd)

We're about to take a journey of Biblical proportion...I urge you to take all necessary precaution.. There will be no time for stopping once we're on our way...Does either of you have to use the lav-a-tory?

They shake "no."

4

THE CAT (cont'd)

Then we're on our way to victory...!

They start out of the living room...

VERONICA

(calls after them)

Take me with you...!

THE CAT

(slows)

Oh, now the slippery mackerel wants to travel...

He takes up the fish bowl...

THE CAT (cont'd)

All of a sudden you want to be friends...I'm willing to accept your apology without any amends...But one discouraging word from you, my little tuna casserole, I'll shake your bowl and give you a case of the bends...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veronica goes under the water....He takes up the fish bowl...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(to the Children)
Come on, we've got a lot of work to
do...We've got to catch those
troublemakers, "Thing One," and "Thing
Two..."

And he leads them out of the room fish bowl under his arm,
pest detector in hand, like Moses leading the Children of
Israel to the Promised Land...And as they go The Girl looks
back into the living room, knowing this is an awful
situation...They come into a HALLWAY...The Cat slows, looking
around...He notices on the ground...

C
THE CAT (cont'd)
(motioning,
whispers)
Look, here on the floor...

He shows them some popcorn spilled on the floor...

O
THE CAT (cont'd)
(whispering)
And look here on the door...

And there's distinct greasy handprints on a door...

4
THE CAT (cont'd)
Those two "Things" have been here
before...

He motions them to be quiet...And as he opens the door,
because it's four in the morning, and I can't rhyme
anymore...

INT. THE DEN - DAY

And as they come into the Den, they slow...

THE CAT

(seeing)

There they are...eating popcorn,
watching television, smoking your
father's favorite cigar...

(smelling)

A Macanudo, handmade in...

(like a Kennedy,

John)

"Cubar..."

And we see the Television's on, and sitting in easy chairs,
their feet up on ottomans, eating buttered popcorn, smoking
cigars, watching a "Lucy" rerun, are "Thing Two," and "Thing
One..." They turn, seeing them...And buzzing, they bolt,
taking off running...

H

THE CAT (cont'd)

There they go...those cunning little
schmo's...!

Q

And they turn to chase them...And suddenly the Two Things go
jumping straight into the TELEVISION SCREEN...! And we can
SEE on the television Lucy sitting talking with Ethel and
Fred in Lucy's living room...And suddenly we see "Thing One"
and "Thing Two," go scampering across Lucy's living room
floor...!

Q

THE CAT (cont'd)

(to the Kids, in
motion)

What are you waiting for? Let's
go...!

THE GIRL

Go?

THE BOY

Where?

THE CAT

Use your imagination...

(meaning the
television)

In there...

And he suddenly takes them by the hand leading them right
into "Television Land."

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT, "THE LUCY SHOW", "TELEVISION LAND"
- DAY

We hear Lucy scheming with Fred and Ethel. There's a KNOCK
on the door. Lucy gets up to get it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we see The Cat and The Children are at the apartment door...

THE CAT

I'm sorry to bother you, Ms. Ball, I know you've got a show to do...But could you tell me, have you seen a "Thing One," or "Thing Two...?"

LUCY

(motioning)

They went that way...I didn't know what to do...?

THE CAT

(Gows)

I'd love to shake your hand...I'm your biggest fan...

He shakes hands with "Lily."

THE CAT (cont'd)

Ricky, too...Would you give my best to Babaloo...?

And he sees out the window, "Thing One," and "Thing Two," fleet of feet, moving along the street ...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(a beat,
motioning)

There they go...!

And as the Cat and the Children run out after them...

INT. THE NEW YORK TOWNHOUSE, THE DEN - DAY

And we see the Goldfish in her bowl watching the Television. And suddenly the Two Things come running back out of the screen...running out of the room...A moment, and The Cat and The Children come running out of the screen after them...

VERONICA

(motioning)

They went that way...!

The Boy grabs up her fish bowl, joining the Cat and The Girl on the chase...

INT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

They come into the laundry room...The WASHER turning, the DRYER going...They look around...Thing One and Thing Two not to be found...The Cat stops at the dryer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

Stand back...

VERONICA

I don't think you should do that...!

THE GIRL

(concerned)

Dad wanted mom to have clean sheets
when she got back...!

THE CAT

Don't worry about that!

And he yanks open the dryer...And sheets and pillowcases
literally come flying out...A King size sheet wearing a
crown, a Queen size sheet with a crown of her own...
Pillowcases, their humble court, bowing to their
sovereigns...And the "King" sheet and the "Queen" sheet, and
their pillowcase "court" dance in the air, doing a ballet,
lovely pirouettes and en jetes...The children marvel at the
wonderful sight, the sheets and the pillowcases, in
effortless flight...flying around the room like in a glorious
dream...And they fly out the window...flying away...And they
watch them fly up to the clouds...The King and Queen sheets
spreading out on a billowing cumulus royal cloud bed...
Stuffing cloud stuff like feathers into their
pillowcases...and that's where they lay their royal heads...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Sorry about those sheets...I didn't
know they were so light on their
feet...

He turns to the Washing Machine...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(a beat)

They must be in here...Stand clear...!

He pulls open the washer and suddenly out jumps an ALLIGATOR!
The Kids go running, the alligator slithering along the
floor...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(reassuring them)

That's just Washing Machine Saul...You
don't have to worry about him at
all...

And he pets the alligator, the alligator smiling, wagging his
tail...And there's the SOUND of the DOOR BELL. They
freeze...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
(whispers)
Are you expecting company?

They shake "no." The Bell rings again....The Girl goes to the door...

THE GIRL
(hesitant)
Hello?

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
Hello...

The Girl opens the door a crack, looking out...And we can see on the doorstep an ELDERLY WOMAN, an overnight bag in her hand...

THE WOMAN (cont'd)
I'm Mrs. Rutheford, the baby nurse from the agency...

The Girl hesitates, and opens the door some more...

MRS. RUTHEFORD (cont'd)
How are you, dear? Are your parents here?

THE GIRL
Not yet...Maybe you should come back later...?

She starts to close the door...

MRS. RUTHEFORD
I'd like to get acclimated...
(not to be denied)
I'd like to see the little one's room...

And she starts inside...The Girl's between a rock and a hard place...

THE GIRL
(trying to keep her in check)
Right up here...

She starts up the stairs...

MRS. RUTHEFORD
Where's the kitchen, dear...? I'd like a cup of tea to take with me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

(stopping her)

We don't have any tea...You'll have to wait until my parents get home...

MRS. RUTHEFORD

That's alright, I brought tea of my own...

THE GIRL

(thinking fast)

The stove isn't working right...My father said it should be fixed by tonight...

(steering her)

The baby's Croom is right up here...

And as she follows her up the stairs, we see Saul the Alligator slithering up the stairs behind them...

H

THE GIRL (cont'd)

(sensing, turning,
motioning to the
alligator,
whispers)

Go away...D!

4

MRS. RUTHEFORD

What did you say?

THE GIRL

I said it's a nice day...

They go up the stairs. Mrs. Rutheford slows...The alligator still right there on the stair behind her...

MRS. RUTHEFORD

(smelling the air)

I don't mean to be rude...There's a strange smell in here...something wet and moldy...like old laundry...

THE GIRL

(her heart
thumping)

Wet and moldy? Old laundry? I don't know what that could be?

MRS. RUTHEFORD

(a beat)

Is the house nice and clean and neat for your mother when she gets home? I'll be glad to help you straighten it up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
That's okay...

MRS. RUTHEFORD
I don't mind at all...

And Mrs. Rutheford turns...

THE GIRL
(panicked)
Don't bother -- !

And we see the alligator is gone, we just see his tail going back into his laundry room home...

C THE GIRL (cont'd)
(relieved)
...It's fine. Clean as can
be...Believe me...

H MRS. RUTHEFORD
Alright...if you say so...

They go up the stairs...
of the hallway, closed.

THE GIRL
Right in here...

Mrs. Rutheford nods, and opening the door, goes into the baby's bedroom...Sweet curtains, and wallpaper with Winnie The Pooh holding balloons...A changing table, a rocking chair, a bassinet, and all the things that make a layette...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
(can't help
herself)
This used to be my room...

MRS. RUTHEFORD
It's just lovely...You must be so
pleased to have a new baby brother...

The Girl doesn't say anything...

THE GIRL
(after a beat)
Look, I've got to go...I have homework
to do...You'll stay in here, won't
you?

MRS. RUTHEFORD
(nods)
If I need anything I'll let you
know...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Girl nods and shuts the door behind her.. She takes a deep breath. And she runs back down the stairs...And The Cat and The Boy appear at the foot of the stairs...

THE CAT

A baby! You didn't tell me that! A baby's coming into the house! This is a much more serious situation than I imagined! Do you know what Thing One and Thing Two are here for? What they're going to do?

THE CHILDREN

(afraid)

No. What?!

But before he can answer them the pest detector suddenly BEEPS...and they can see on the screen the pests, in the vector, moving under the floor in their sector...

H

THE CAT

(whispers)

They're right here, below us, somewhere under the floor....!

And The Cat suddenly starts yanking up the carpet on the stairs...

4

THE GIRL

What are you doing?!

THE CAT

(pulling up the carpet)

Houses have places you don't know about...secret passages...hidden rooms...concealed doors, that go in but not out...You probably didn't know it, but right here under the carpet, in the floor...

And under the carpet, in the floor...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Is a trap door...

And lo and behold, there's a trap door in the floor. He pulls it open...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Let's go before it's too late...!

And as they go down through the trap door under the stairs into the floor...

INT. UNDER THE FLOOR...

And they come down into a small cluttered ROOM nobody's ever seen before...

THE CAT

...This is where things go when they've disappeared...pens you can't find when you need them, a sweatshirt you thought was lost, socks not a pair, change, spare...scissors, nail clippers, sunglasses, no glare, an old shirt with a crocodile that says Lacoste...

And as they search the room, we see a plethora of the lost and the forgotten, mismatched socks, small change, paper clips, an old favorite Sweatshirt, a single leather glove, a triple AAA battery or two, pens, Bics and Pilots, a small balsa glider that once flew...All the things that seem to disappear...Everything but the two little dears...

H

THE CAT (cont'd)

They're not in here...

He quickly turns. They go out of the room and along a narrow secret PASSAGEWAY that runs under the floor. And along the passageway are door after door...He stops...

4

THE CAT (cont'd)

This could be it...!

He pulls open a door...And a GORILLA is standing there six feet four...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Oh sh --

THE GIRL

Don't say it!

And we see strewn around the room is the "Homework" the Gorilla had "stolen" from the kids...book reports and math pages and more...

THE BOY

I told mom and dad a gorilla took my homework...!

They turn back into the passageway. The Cat opens another door...But instead of the pests, there's a big green DRAGON, wearing headphones, sitting on the floor...

THE GIRL

Is that "Pete's?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT
No, "Puff The Magic"...You can see by
his eyes...

And on closer inspection his eyes are red, and zoned, for the
uninitiated just dragon eyes, for the hippie in all of us, he
looks rather stoned...

THE CAT (cont'd)
He has some odd tics...

THE GIRL
What's he listening to?

THE CAT
(Of course)
Jimi Hendrix...

They move along the passageway. They open another door...
And inside there's a frightening BEAST with horns, scaly skin
a tail and a mane, that makes Jabba The Hutt look tame...
And he ROARS...

0 THE BOY
(afraid)
I don't like him living here...

4 THE CAT
He's a monster, isn't he...? He makes
all kinds of noises, roars, snorts and
hisses...but what makes him really
scary...

And suddenly "The Monster" plants on The Cat...slathering
kisses...

THE CAT (cont'd)
...Is his kisses...
(pushing the
monster away)
That's where he got his moniker..."The
Kissing Monster..."

THE GIRL
(laughs)
That's what dad used to tell us he
was...

And the "monster" jumps up, kissing the Children...They
laugh. They leave, shutting the door...They turn a
corner...And there's the sound of the Two Things distinctive
buzzing...and they see "Thing One" and "Thing Two" running up
a secret stair under there...They run after them up the
stairs, and they see them disappear through a door...They run
to the door going through it, and they come out in a linen
closet in the upstairs hall....

INT. A LINEN CLOSET, UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

THE BOY
I never knew there was a door here
this way...

THE CAT
(nods, matter of
fact)
It just got put here today...

And they come out of the closet into the upstairs hallway...

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

He points the pest detector...They can see into the baby's
room...And Mrs. Rutheford, in her underwear, changing her
clothes!

I THE CAT
Oh no!

H
Turning the detector along hall...

THE CAT (cont'd)
I'm getting a reading...just a bare
trace...those two things have decided
not to show their face...!
(motioning)
Very quietly men...Maybe we can
surprise them...

He opens the door to the Children's room...They quietly go
inside...

INT. THE CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

It's still. They move around the room purposely
looking...The Cat searching with the detector like a private
investigator...He stops at a door...

THE CAT
(whispers)
They're in there...

THE GIRL
(turns)
Where?

THE CAT
Right here...

He suddenly opens the door to their BATHROOM, just in time to
see the Two Things jump into the BATHTUB, and disappear down
the drain...!

INT. THE CHILDREN'S BATHROOM - DAY

THE CAT

(running over to
the tub)

We'll run some water and flush them
out...They don't like taking a bath
very much, it makes them cranky...!

He turns the water on, letting it run down the drain...But
the Two Things don't reappear...

THE CAT (cont'd)

They're being stubborn those two
little elves. I'm afraid we're going
to have to go down after them
ourselves.

He climbs into the bathtub...

THE GIRL

What are ~~H~~ you saying?

THE CAT

We're going to have to go down the
drain and get them!

THE BOY

Down the drain?!

VERONICA

Don't listen to him, he's insane...!

THE CAT

Don't worry, you'll be watched out
for...I'm a fully certified water
safety instructor taught by a
lobsterman in Maine...

He takes their hands...They hesitate, and climb into the
bathtub with him...

THE BOY

(meaning the
drain)

We're way too big, we can't fit down
there...!

THE CAT

Of course you can't, children can't
go down the drain...not ever, not
never, not yesterday, not today...it's
just make believe, a fantasy...But
anything's possible if you really want
to do it, and you set your mind to
it...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And suddenly they're getting smaller...! And slipping, and sliding like a car in the rain, off they go with the water running down the drain...!

VERONICA

(shouts)

Wait for me...!

And she jumps out of her fish bowl into the shower, and slips down the drain like a little flower...

INT. UNDER THE BATHTUB - DAY

She lands with a splash alongside them. And under an azure sky, as far as the eye can see, we see they're swimming in a turquoise blue TROPICAL SEA...and up above their heads, the drain from where they've been led....

THE CAT

(Heading the
detector)

I'm not getting a reading, there must be some kind of goof....

(a beat,
realizing)

It isn't waterproof!!

(after a beat)

We'll have to find them on our own...

And he suddenly dives down to look...He reemerges...

THE CAT (cont'd)

It's not going to be easy to find them...there's a slight hitch...

He dives back under...the Children and the Goldfish following him under the water...

THE CAT (cont'd)

There's nothing but fish!

And indeed WE SEE hundreds of brightly colored tropical fish peacefully swimming over a coral reef in the aqua marine sea...And to their delight they swim with the fish over the reef...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(motioning)

One fish, two fish, red fish, blue fish...

(a beat, wry)

That's a whole other story...

And Veronica comes swimming by with some of her long lost chums...goldfish that were flushed down to the land where they've come...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

(contented)

This is where I belong...

And some DOLPHINS come to swim with them...And a MANATEE, serene. And an OCTOPUS swims by, with its one big eye. They see a shipwreck, an old Spanish Galleon...They swim around the wreck...The Boy finds a treasure chest filled with coins of gold...

THE BOY

Can I keep these?

THE CAT

(pods)

If you please, McGee. It's your fantasy, not mine...

THE GIRL

You mean none of this is real?

THE CAT

As real as can be. That's the beauty of a fantasy.

The children swim around enthralled by the peace of the deep...And there's an odd quiet...A shadow...the fish scatter...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(a beat, ominous)

Don't look around, swim back to the drain...

THE GIRL

What for?

THE CAT

Because...? Right behind us is jaws...!

They turn, and they see a SHARK coming right for them...They swim for the drain up above them...The Shark racing at them...They make it to the drain, trying to open it...

THE CAT (cont'd)

It's stuck shut...!

They push on the drain...The Shark, its mouth open, about to inhale them...And they manage at the last moment to get the drain open, pouring out with some water, the octopus, the manatee, a spare fish or two, back into the bathtub in the loo...

INT. THE CHILDREN'S BATHROOM - DAY

They stop to count their blessings...

THE BOY
(realizing)
We left Veronica....!

THE CAT
(a beat, and
sadly)
I'm afraid they'll be playing folk
songs for years to come on the
harmonica, telling the story of that
brave little goldfish known as
Veronica...

C THE BOY
(shakes)
No...

And he suddenly pulls open the drain, going back down...

THE GIRL
(after a beat)
I can't let him go by himself...!

And she suddenly goes down after him...

THE TROPICAL SEA

4

And we see The Boy, diving under, swimming back to look for his pet...And he sees Veronica peacefully swimming over the reef...The Boy starts to go and get her...when The Girl appears, swimming quickly toward him, frantically motioning. And he sees the Shark making a run at Veronica...

THE BOY
(a SHOUT)
Veronica, look out...!

Veronica turns, too late, swallowed up by the Shark! And the Shark comes after The Boy and The Girl...! They turn trying to swim away from it. They're about to be overtaken...! When The Cat miraculously appears, coming between the Shark and them....The Shark looking at them, wary, getting ready to attack...And suddenly, out of nowhere, The Cat starts to SING...The Shark slows, taken aback...

THE CAT
(to the Boy and
the Girl)
A shark can be a very scary
thing...Unless of course...you can get
it to sing...

THE CHILDREN
Sing?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And The Cat sings the prelude to a show tune...The Shark listens, curious...

THE CAT

...It isn't generally known, but sharks have a most beautiful baritone...

(and singing some more)

"Some enchanted evening, you may meet a stranger...."

And sure enough the Shark starts to SING in a beautiful baritone, something specific, from Rodgers and Hammerstein's, "South Pacific..."

C

THE SHARK

"...You may meet a stranger across a crowded room..."

H

THE CAT

I'll keep him busy singing a song...swim for your lives!

0

They hesitate...

0

THE CAT (cont'd)

Swim, Jim 4

They swim away. They stop to look back, the Cat singing with the Shark. He waves them to go! They swim away as fast as they can. They stop to look back, the Cat, singing the duet with the Shark. And suddenly the Shark attacks him! There's a wild thrashing...And they disappear under the water...The Children are stunned. They swim to safety...They reach a small ISLAND...

EXT. A SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND

They pull themselves onto the beach. And we see they've washed ashore on a small dot of an island, maybe a quarter-mile around, a perfect circle. They sit on the beach, catching their breath, filled with regret...

THE GIRL

Oh my God, that was horrible. That poor man...

And they're quiet...After some moments:

THE GIRL (cont'd)

Why did we ever get involved with him?

THE BOY

You were the one who let him in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
I didn't let him in.

THE BOY
You were supposed to be watching me.

THE GIRL
I'm not your mother!

She abruptly gets up, walking off. He gets up, following her...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
(slows)
Can't I even take a walk without you following me...!

THE BOY
(afraid)
I don't want to be all by myself...

THE GIRL
It isn't enough I have to share a room with you...God, it's like you're my shadow or something...Can't you just leave me alone for five minutes...! You're such a big baby!

THE BOY
(hurt)
I'm not a baby.

THE GIRL
Well you act like one. Just leave me alone!!

And she walks off. He starts to follow her...He slows...hurt...letting her go...his final words, after her...

THE BOY
(quietly)
Who said I wanted to share a room with you anyway...?

He turns to sit on the beach. And as he sits by himself, all alone...We slowly pull up...until we can see the entire dot of an Island. And we see The Girl is sitting by herself on the beach directly on the opposite side of the small Island. The Boy on one side. The Girl on the other. And as they sit, legs drawn up, arms around their knees, like the last two people on the earth you see...

EXT. THE TROPICAL ISLAND - LATER

And we see The Boy and the Girl haven't moved, right where we left them...And there's the SOUND of splashing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both turn and see somebody stumbling onto the shore...Getting up, they run toward the figure. And they see it's The Cat, forsooth...! And he's wearing around his neck a shark's tooth...!

THE CAT

That shark got a little perturbed when I forgot the words...I had to make him a deal...He wouldn't eat me, if I got him an audition for a Broadway production...Isn't that something!

And he takes off his hat, squeezing the water out of it, and flopping out with the water is Veronica...!

C

THE BOY

Veronica!

|

THE CAT

We had just begun the second stanza when he coughed up the little salamander.

He puts her in the palm of his hand...And terrified by her ordeal...

0

VERONICA

(still shaking)

That was a harrowing experience! I saw my whole life pass before me in an instance!

The Cat rummages in his hat...

THE CAT

I thought I had a fishbowl in here somewhere...This 'll have to do..

He comes out with a coffee cup...He takes out a bottle of designer water...filling the cup...

THE CAT (cont'd)

You won't have much room to swim around...but it's better then flopping around on the ground...

He holds her up by the tail.

THE CAT (cont'd)

They hate this.

VERONICA

(wriggling)

Please don't do that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

A double mocha goldfish Cafe latte,
please...

And he unceremoniously drops her into the cup. And he notices the kids haven't moved....quietly standing apart from each other...

THE CAT (cont'd)

(perceptive)

Is it me, or is there a chill in the
air? Isn't anybody thrilled I'm still
here?

They don't say anything. And they're quiet...And as they stand like that... C

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND - LATER

It's a perfectly clear moonlit night. And we see on the small solitary Island a prick of light. And as we come closer we see the three of them are sitting on the beach around a CAMPFIRE. The Girl and The Boy, sitting apart...still a noticeable chill...And after some moments, The Cat, sensitive to their rift, starts telling a story like this... 0

4

THE CAT

...There once lived in a castle in a place called Borelia Borelio, two children, Silvia and Silvio...

And we see ILLUSTRATED like a CHILDREN'S BOOK, like a Dr. Seuss story, two "children" living in an ancient castle...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

Their father was a King...a wise man in many things...

And we see the wise KING...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

He loved his children very much...as Kings are wont to do...

And we see the King with his children...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And he gave them everything they could ever want, anything they could imagine...He gave them jugglers from Tashkin...Two Twins, who juggled with their knees, their shins, their chins, and their toeses...

And we see the Tashkin jugglers, two little twins with pronounced noses, juggling miraculous things with their knees, their shins, their chins, and their toeses...

EXT. THE TROPICAL ISLAND - NIGHT

The children sitting with him by the campfire...

THE CAT

He gave them animals from the highest
mountains, and the deepest seas of
Durzbekistan...

THE ILLUSTRATIONS...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

Yodeling Yiminy Yaks and jumping Sea
Lacs and long-necked Ptaffs...!

And we see presented to the children for them to see, strange
and curious animals from the high mountains and the deepest
seas...

1

THE CAT'S VOICE (cont'd)

And with every gift and treasure, laid
at the children's feet...

Odd treasures and strange gifts being laid at the children's
feet...

0

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

All they would say, and repeat...

4

THE CHILDREN

"This isn't what we want. Not at all.
We want something else. We want more!
We want more!"

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And the king wanted them to be happy,
more than you could imagine, so he had
brought to them hats made of Pula skin
from the Mishkiten mountains...! A
boat made of hand carved sloat by the
boatbuilders of Shoat...! A statue of
the great Jerondities, from the Island
of Levonities...! And even a
Halovarian dancing goat...!

And we see all these things being brought to them...the Pula
skin hats, the hand-carved boat of sloat, the statue of
Jerondities, the Halovarian dancing goat, and even a
performing Groat, telling a joke...!

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And still they weren't happy...not
happy at all...And they would say over
and over, one times, two times, three
times, four...

THE CHILDREN

"This isn't what we want. Not at all.
We want something else. We want
more...! We want more...!"

EXT. THE TROPICAL ISLAND - NIGHT

The Boy and The Girl sitting on the beach with the Cat by the fire...A million stars in the sky...

THE CAT

And at night the King would tuck them into bed, kissing them each on the top of the head...And he would say to them, night after night, right on the dot...

THE ILLUSTRATIONS...

THE KING

"I love you for who you are, not for who you are not..."

The King kissing his children goodnight...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And one morning, the children awoke, went downstairs, and the good King wasn't there...

The Children looking for their father...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

They looked everywhere, high and low...But he was gone, where Good Kings go...

And we see the children sadly standing looking up at a STATUE of their father the King, dearly departed.

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And a new King had come to town, with a family of his own...

And we see the new King and his family coming to town, accompanied by trumpets a blow...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And the new King said to the two children in a voice quite stern...

THE NEW KING

"You two have to find a new home, wherever it may be, whether in the land of the Podando, or in the Tupurandee!"

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)

And they were sent away, with just the clothes on their back, told not to return, not today, not tomorrow...not on a Wednesday or a Thursday...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we see them being let out of the castle gates, beneath the castle walls...the gates closed behind them with a Clank...! And they start walking on an empty road...Walking away....

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And they walked and they walked...

The Children walking...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
...Until they came to a place where there was nothing to lack, because there was nothing on nothing...A place called the Plain of Saranack...

And we see them on an endless empty PLAIN...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And the wind started to blow and blow and blow...

The wind blowing the children...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And there was nowhere to go or even turn back...And they crawled into the one shack on the Plain of Saranack...

The Children inside a tiny shack on the Saranack...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And the cold cold wind blew in...Freezing them right through their skin...

The Children huddled against the cold cold wind...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
They looked at each other, and they came to a decision, just like that...

THE CHILDREN
"Why don't we help one another?"

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And that's just what they did...

The Children holding onto each other in the shack on the Saranack...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
They held onto each other all through the night, keeping one warm as the other, until it was daylight...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Children having made it through the long night...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And the sun looked in with a wink and
a grin...

The SUN looking in with a wink and a grin...

THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
And they found out something worth
knowing...That all the Tashkin
jugglers...

We see the jugglers with the noses and the toeses...

C THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
All the Durzbekistan yodeling yaks...

We see the high mountain beasts who could yodel...

H THE CAT'S VOICE (OVER)
All the dancing Zabawars, the prancing
Magyar spotted Lats, couldn't replace
what was there all the time one way or
another... Because less is more, and
more is less, and the most important
thing they had, was each other...

And we see the "Children" happily walking along a road arm
and arm together...

EXT. THE TROPICAL ISLAND - NIGHT

The three of them sitting close together by the fire.

THE CAT
Now he's a stockbroker living in
Moline...and she's a school teacher in
Abilene, that's in Texas...And they
call each other, (collect) every
single day, and say...I love you
sister, I love you brother, whatever
happens, one way or another, we always
have each other...And that's the whole
enchilada...!

The Boy looks over at The Girl...and vice-versa...

THE GIRL
I'm sorry...

THE BOY
So am I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT
(being the Cat)
Doesn't that just want to make you
cry...?

And they suddenly get the feeling they're moving...

THE GIRL
What's happening?

THE CAT
I didn't want to alarm you, say
anything more...But I think we're
draining...going down through a pipe
in the floor...!

And we can see there's a great distance between them and the
drain far above them! They're draining alright!

H THE CAT (cont'd)
Hold on tight!

And they hold onto each other, the water level dropping like
a stone...and the Island in the stream starting to spin,
round and around, faster and faster, like a toilet going
down...The water draining out faster and faster....sucking
them down through a pipe, in the floor...And we see down far
below us, stopped by a grate, stopping them from going
further south...The Cat and the children on their bad date.
And suddenly water starts rushing back in, filling back up
the pipe...And as they're carried back up again, holding on
tight for dear life...!

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

We see the toilet bowl in the Children's bathroom. It starts
to gurgle, and bubble. And first we see in the bowl the top
of a very familiar hat...and then suddenly, pulling himself
up out of the bowl, pulling the children up behind him, is
the Cat in the Hat...The three of them covered with things
unimaginable...!

THE CAT
(an
understatement)
Need I say more!

He puts Veronica back into her fish bowl. They cross back
into the children's room...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(after a beat,
despairing)
We've lost them...that's for sure...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

(a beat)

I don't care anymore...I don't care if
we catch them or we don't...

THE CAT

What are you saying?!

And she lays on her bed.

THE BOY

(following her
lead)

Either do I.

And he goes to lay on his bed.

THE CAT

(hurt)

Is it something I said, Fred?

THE GIRL

And I'm sick of listening to you speak
in rhyme...Can't you just say a normal
sentence one time...?

(realizing)

I'm doing it too....! It's because of
you...!

(frustrated)

God...!

And it's quiet.

THE GIRL (cont'd)

(after a beat,
looking up)

Maybe you better leave.

THE CAT

(stopped)

Leave?

THE BOY

Maybe you should.

And The Cat doesn't know how to handle rejection.

THE CAT

(after a beat,
trying)

Would it make you happy if I did some
tricks...?

And he takes out of his hat a small bicylce, a circus
tricycle...And he wheels around the room like he was on the
Ed Sullivan Show...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He balances doing a handstand on the handlebars as easy as pie...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Like that...?

He stands on his head on the seat, arms and legs spreadeagle, riding by...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Like this....?

And not looking where he's going he plows into a lamp, a bookcase with trophies, everything falling...And still they don't move...

C

THE CAT (cont'd)

(picking himself
up)

Would it make you happy if the walls
would play...?

And the wallpaper, made up of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, comes to life, the instruments flying around the room playing a rousing SYMPHONY like Beethoven's, "Ode To Joy," his "Ninth"...And still they don't move a muscle...

4

THE CAT (cont'd)

Would it make you happy if your
posters came alive...?

And suddenly their POSTERS join the fray...Famous athletes, rock and rollers, actors, and such, coming out of their posters doing their stuff...Hoopsters shooting hoops, batters batting, guitarists guitaring, drummers drumming, actors acting...And still they don't have anything to say...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Would it make you happy if the stars
came down from the sky?

And the ceiling and the roof are suddenly gone and stars fall in, dropping their stardust like dust from a bin...And still they don't say anything...Don't even bat an eye...

THE CAT (cont'd)

This is tense. You're a tough
audience.

They're quiet. And the Girl says something prophetic.

THE GIRL

We don't need you to entertain us.

The Cat's quiet. It isn't something he's ever been told.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

Then what am I doing here?

And his whole purpose is suddenly in question. And for a moment he looks like Chaplin, alone in a SPOTLIGHT...And suddenly the Phone's RINGING downstairs...They can hear their FATHER'S VOICE on the answering machine...

THEIR FATHER'S VOICE (OVER)

We're just on sixty-eighth street...we should be there in another ten or fifteen minutes...

And they both sit up!

C

THE CAT

(regaining his balance)

Time is ticking, we better get kicking..H

(motioning, on the move)

You and you, on the double! We've got to find those two makers of trouble!

O

And they get up following him into the hall...

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY 4

And they see in the hall, the Alligator, Washing Machine Saul...And standing in her door, frozen with fear, the baby nurse Mrs. Rutheford...

MRS. RUTHEFORD

Stay back! He could attack!

THE CAT

It's nothing to worry about...He's a friend...You'd like him if you got to know him...

(to Saul)

Go on back to your washing machine then...

And back he goes, back down the stairs, wagging his tail without a care in the world...

MRS. RUTHEFORD

(confused, to The Cat)

Who are you, sir? What is going on here?!

THE CAT

Me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He points at his shirt with its embroidered job designator...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Can't you see? I'm the pest inspector...I'm going to have to ask you to return to your station...We're in a very delicate part of our operation...!

MRS. RUTHEFORD

(still shaken)

For Godsakes, there's an alligator down there! Doesn't anybody care!

THE CAT

It's not as strange as it might appear..."We have nothing to fear, but fear itself," said Franklin Delano Roosevelt, himself...But I don't have time to explain it to you my dear...

(taking her arm)

So if you'd return to what you were doing, we can proceed with what we have brewing...

Mrs. Rutheford looks at them with utter confusion, and turns back into the baby's room, hoping it was all just an illusion...The Cat surveys the hall sector with the pest detector...It BEEPS!

THE CAT (cont'd)

(stops, whispers)

They're in there...

And he's pointing at a closed door.

THE BOY

(worried)

Our parents room...We told you we're not supposed to go in there

THE CAT

I can understand why your parents have that rule...Sometimes things go on in parents rooms that for children aren't so cool...But it's a pretty good scene. When you're an adult, you'll know what I mean...

THE GIRL

(sophisticated)

You mean sex?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT
Not in front of the...
(spelling)
K.i.d.s., Tex.
(a beat)
Anyway, I'm afraid, rules are made to
be broken...And this is one of them it
seems...

He starts to open the door...

VERONICA
You shouldn't do that...!

THE GIRL
We're in enough trouble already...!

THE CAT
Look, if you want these two Things to
go away, we have to find them right
away...! I hate to think of what they
would do, if I wasn't here to protect
you...!

VERONICA
Protect us? You've been putting us in
nothing but jeopardy!

THE CAT
(a warning)
You know you're starting to try my
patience again for me...you're an inch
away from becomming sushi...! A
California roll with some rice, a
little wasabi, and you filling the
hole, could be very nice...!

She ducks her head under the water. He opens the door...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(to the Children)
We won't make a sound, not touch a
thing, just take a little look around
see what we can see...

And in spite of their fears they quietly follow him inside,
to that most secret of rooms where our parents reside...

INT. THEIR PARENTS ROOM - DAY

It's quiet...They wander, looking around, not making the
slightest sound...The Girl stops at her mother's dressing
table...And in spite of herself, something she always wanted
to do, a taboo, she starts putting on her mother's makeup and
her creams, a little girl's dream...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

You know you aren't supposed to play
with them...!

And as she puts on her mother's makeup, looking at herself in
the dressing mirror...We see The Boy in his father's closet,
standing in his father's shoes...

VERONICA (cont'd)

You know you aren't supposed to do
that...!

THE GIRL'S VOICE (OVER)

Oh...I didn't know this was going to
happen...?

And we see in the dressing mirror The Girl's face growing
older...And we see she's a teenager now, with braces and a a
self-conscious smile...And while her face is changing,
growing older...We see The Boy, still standing in his
father's shoes, looking at himself in the closet mirror...And
we see he's growing into his father's shoes, and he's aging,
too...

THE GIRL'S VOICE (OVER)

Look at me...I'm twenty-three...

And we see in the dressing table mirror The Girl as a young
woman...

THE BOY'S VOICE (OVER)

I am too...Now I'm thirty...

And we see him as a young man...And as he keeps on aging...
We see the Girl in the dressing table mirror has become a
woman in her middle years...And her face keeps on aging...

THE GIRL'S VOICE (OVER)

(scared)

I don't think I like this...!

She tries to wipe the makeup off, but she keeps right on
aging...And The Boy in the mirror, down the way, is a stooped
old Man beyond his years...And in the dressing mirror, The
Girl is an old woman now, and with the passing of time, on
her cheeks, are tears...

THE CAT

(wiping her tears)

Wipe your tears away. Growing old is
nothing to be afraid of, it happens
quite naturally...

And she's a Girl again with pure skin. The Boy, a Boy again,
standing in his father's overgrown shoes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
 (in motion, to the
 Girl)
 You look in that closet...
 (to the Boy)
 You look in that one, Stu...Before
 your parents get back we have to find
 those brats one and two!

The Girl looks in her mother's closet...She stops to look at
 her mother's dresses...And she can't help herself, and taking
 one down, she puts on a gown...

VERONICA
 (a caution)
 Your mother wouldn't like
 that...That's her very best dress...!

But The Girl's oblivious. And we see The Boy, curious,
 putting on one of his father's suit jackets...

VERONICA (cont'd)
 I don't think he would want you to do
 that...!

But they're enjoying themselves, pretending to be their
 parents....

4
 THE GIRL
 (and strangely her
 mother's voice
 comes out of her
 mouth)
 Let's get a sitter and go out...

THE BOY
 (his father's
 voice coming out)
 How does dinner and dancing sound?

THE GIRL
 (her mother's
 voice)
 As long as there aren't any kids
 around...!

And suddenly, out of her mother's closet, a DRESS comes
 walking out all by itself...hovering there, in thin air...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
 (to The Cat,
 concerned)
 What's going on...I want to know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

Don't worry, it's just a haute couture fashion show...Models who weigh 82, living on dexamil and Pelligrino.

And then we see, out of the father's closet, a SUIT JACKET coming free from its hanger...And the two, the dress and the suit jacket meet in the middle of the room...And like the beginning of a romance, starting to bloom, the DRESS and the JACKET start to dance around the room...The Children laugh at the absurdity...And another dress comes "stepping" out...across from "her" a suit jacket waiting...And they dance like they were dating...And more and more dresses and jackets come out of the closets...dancing around the room....And more and more...and more and more...And the room becomes a BALLROOM, with an inlaid wooden floor, an ORCHESTRA playing something right like "Strangers In The Night." The coats and the dresses dancing, graceful, as if on a breeze, their "feet" off the ground, not making a single sound, like a moth, just the rustle of cloth touching cloth. And more and more dresses come out...jackets coming to join them without a moment's doubt...The room filling with the dancing clothing...The Boy and The Girl laughing with sheer joy at the wonderous sight...And more and more, an army of dresses and jackets come marching out...The room becoming incredibly crowded...Dresses and jackets dancing to their hearts delight...And more and more keep coming out...And there's a sudden KNOCK on the door. And a FAMILIAR VOICE OVER...

MRS. RUTHEFORD'S VOICE (OVER)

Is everything alright in there, dear?
Is that music I hear?

THE GIRL

(shouts)

Whatever you do, don't open the door...!

But she opens the door...And the dancers literally pour out...dancing along the hallway, down the stairs, like so many Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaires...going to who knows where...! And a suit jacket tries to dance with Mrs. R, and she screams like she's in a nightmare...And the jacket (who must be excited by her bum), chases her out of the room, down the stairs, and out the front door...And Mrs. R, the baby nurse, is gainfully employed no more...

And still the clothing keeps coming out...wave after wave, legion after legion...And The Girl, afraid...

THE GIRL

Tell them to stop...!

THE CAT

I'm afraid I can not! Once they start dancing they can't stop!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And more and more and more suit coats and dresses inexorably come, marching to their own particular drum...A relentless march of jackets and the dresses...And the Orchestra has changed its tune to something ironic like "Fly Me To The Moon"...And they keep on coming, no end to be found, and the Children trying to stop them, are knocked to the ground...! And they still keep on coming, one after another, dancing around the ballroom in mass hysteria. And I don't mean to be pretentious, or in the least bit profound, but in its own way it's "Fantasia", "The Sorcerer's Apprentice!", of Leopold Stokowski renown.

THE GIRL

(to The Cat)

Stop it! Stop it!

C

THE BOY

(to the Cat)

Please, make them stop!

H

The Cat is helpless...

THE CAT

I wish I could. I can not....

O

And still they come, more and more and more and more...The room a dancing clothing store! And the Goldfish taking matters into its own "hands," climbs out of the fish bowl wriggling across a night stand...And hopping once on its little tail, hopping twice, she hops up onto a window sill, pushing the window open with all of its little might...! And the WIND blows in, blowing the dancers as they spin...! And they blow all around the room, a wild tempest of clothing swirling like in a monsoon...And the wind dies, the dresses and the suit jackets losing their "wings," drifting down to lay on the floor, one after another, like wilting flowers after the spring...And it's quiet as a tomb...The Orchestra packing up, going home...The room dead still, like frost on a hill...The room covered with dresses and suit jackets...And there's something melancholy about the clothing, like the end of a romance, so still...

VERONICA

(to The Cat)

Are you satisfied now?

The Goldfish jumps back into its bowl...And its painfully quiet...

THE CAT

(an understatement)

I took a chance...I didn't know they liked so much to dance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the phone suddenly RINGS...! The Answering Machine picking it up...

THEIR FATHER'S VOICE (OVER)
(on Answering machine)

Hi you guys! We're just on eighty-eighth street...we should be home in another five minutes...

It clicks off.

THE GIRL
(terrified)

Oh, my God! How are we going to clean all this up? What are we going to do?

And there's suddenly the distinct SOUNDS of the little Things running in the walls...

H

THE CAT
(in motion)

They're in the hall!

They run out into the hallway...

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

4

And they can hear the two Things in the wall, moving along the hall...

THE CAT
(a beat, and busy)

I'm going to lay a little trap for them...something they can't ignore....

And he oddly takes out of his hat a "photo mat," a little instant PHOTO BOOTH, putting it on the floor.

THE CAT (cont'd)
They're egotists those two. Just selfish little Things. They think there's no strictures. They won't be able to pass up a chance to take their pictures.

They step back into the shadows of the hallway. And there's the sounds of scraping and scratching like only pests can do...And they see the two Things peeking their tufted heads out of a heating vent...Just like I told you...They move along the hall. And there's a feeling of doom...they're heading right for the baby's room! And seeing the Photo Booth they slow...they buzz to one another, tantalized. And combing their tufted hair, they go into the photo booth, sitting on the stool, trying to look cool, waiting to be immortalized!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And The Cat, quick as that, picks up the booth, tips it, and shakes them, just like that, into his hat! They look down into the hat at the Things that are trapped.

THE CAT

(smug)

I'd say a picture's worth a thousand words, but that would be absurd, when one isn't tough. Had enough?

And one of the little purple tufted haired Things speaks...What we expect is a squeak...But it's a deep voice as calm as reason, meliflous and true, a voice you listen to.

THING TWO

(to The Children)

You seem like two pretty bright kids. You have it all wrong... We weren't the problem all along...The trouble is with this hat in the hat...he causes nothing but trouble wherever he's at....!

The Kids stop...And Thing One peeks out from under the hat...

THING ONE

We were minding our own business just enjoying our day...and he comes along and wants to chase us away...!

THE BOY

(has to admit)

That's true...

THING ONE

Is that a way to behave?! Is that a nice thing to do?!

THING TWO

What, may I ask, did we ever do to you?

And they stop to consider that...

THING ONE

We could settle all this very reasonably...Just tell him to leave and we'll get the house clean before your parents get home with the baby....!!

THE CAT

Don't listen to them...! They'll do or say anything to get your trust...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)
I didn't want to tell you this before,
it sounds crazy...But the real reason
they're here, is to take the baby...!

THE GIRL
Take the baby?

THE CAT
That's their real purpose...just like
you...

THE GIRL
Us?

C THE CAT
You're upset because a new baby is
coming to live in your house. You're
afraid of what that will do. Afraid
that nobody will love you. What was
two was okay with you, but you don't
want three...! Believe me...!

0 THE GIRL
That's crazy...Why would we not want
the baby. 0?

4 THE CAT
Remember what I told you before...If
you don't face your fears what you're
going to be in for...?

THING ONE
I don't mean to sound like an
apologist. But since when is he a
child psychologist?

THE CAT
(a plea)
Don't you see, they want to make the
baby into, Thing Three...!

They look at the Cat, at Thing One and Thing Two, trying to
decide what to do...

VERONICA
I'd listen to them, they make very
good sense...That cat's been the
problem from the first instance...!

The Cat's quiet...

THE GIRL
(to the Things)
You can get everything cleaned up in
time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THING ONE

Spic and span...

THING TWO

Clean as a whistle...

THING ONE

Nobody will even know we were here...

THE GIRL

And then you'll leave...?

THING ONE

We're long gone...

C

THING TWO

That's a fact...

H

THE BOY

Never to come back...?

THE THINGS

Never to come back!

U

They look at them, at The Cat...

4

THE GIRL

(after a beat,
quietly)I'm afraid we're going to have to ask
you to leave now...

And he's still...Hurt...He's never felt worse...

THE CAT

(after a beat,
sadly, nods)I've done my best for you...That's all
I can do...

(a beat)

If you don't need me anymore...I'll
bid you a fond adieu...French for, "so
long, it's been good to know you..."He looks at the Children. He tips his hat...And the BIRD
HOUSE falls out...And the chesty BIRD, right on cue, sings
for them the selection from, "La Boheme..."

THE CAT (cont'd)

(putting his hat
back on)I'll show myself out...Good luck to
you...In whatever you do...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And he quietly goes down the stairs, his hat on his head a little askew, his tail metaphorically between his legs like a chastened cat will do...He starts out the door, he slows, takes a last look back...The Children look at him...And he goes...The door quietly closing behind him, just like that...

VERONICA

I'm glad he's through....Aren't you?

The Children hesitate, not sure they've done the right thing...And there's suddenly the SOUND of a car door in the street...They run to look out a window...And they see their PARENTS getting out of a Taxi...! Their mother holding her new little treat...

C

THE GIRL

Oh my God, they're here!

THING TWO

Stand clear!

THING ONE

We'll get this taken care of before they're even in here...!

And they go racing off buzzing...And we see them with incredible speed, I mean light speed, putting the house back in order...Vacuuming up the basement, the sawdust and the debris with a special super vacuum meant to handle such things...Hammering and nailing, putting the workshop back the way they found it...a final nail pounded in, and they're bounding up the stairs to the living room...And with a small snow plow, they push away the snow...and with a crane for the occasion, lift the bookcase back in tow...And they're off to the kitchen, flying around the room...literally eating off the residue, of the feast that exploded...A stomach churning thought, but that's what's needed...They sprint out of the kitchen...Tacking the carpet back down on the stairs as they run...Going into their parents bedroom, putting away the dresses and suit jackets at the speed of lightning too...

THING TWO

(chastising Thing One)

Not a wire hangar...only wood will do!

And they get that done...And there's the SOUND of footsteps on the walkway...

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Their Parents on their way up the walkway...

INT. THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The Things racing into the children's bathroom, putting it back in order, mopping up the sea water, putting the fish and the octopus and the manatee, serene, back down the drain from where they came...The run out of the room. They dust and mop and scrub whatever's left over...giving the house a complete and total make-over!

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The father fumbles for the key at the door...

INT. THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Thing One chases Alligator Saul back into his washing machine...The children come down the stairs...Thing One and Thing Two standing there, seeing that all is clean...! And the door opens! The Things symbolically tip their hat...

THING ONE AND THING TWO
It's been a pleasure...Nice knowing
you...Don't do anything we wouldn't
do.

And they run into the kitchen, running under a cabinet, and that is that! And their Parents come in, all filled with a warm glow...

4 THE FATHER
(calls)
Hi, we're home...!

The Kids come into the foyer...

THE MOTHER
Hello you two darlings...

She hands the baby to their father...She hugs them tight, as mothers do, with all her might...

THE MOTHER (cont'd)
I missed you so much...

THE BOY
Us too...

THE MOTHER
Tell me what have you been doing?
Tell me everything...

THE GIRL
(shrugs)
Not much.

THE BOY
(shrugs)
Not much to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
It was just another day...

THE FATHER
(after a beat,
meaning the baby)
Well, here he is...

They peek at the new baby in its swaddling blankets...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
Would you like to hold him?

They nod, but they're not so sure...They go into the living room...Sitting on the couch. The Father gives The Girl the baby...She awkwardly holds him...

I THE MOTHER
Be careful of his little neck...
H
She gives him to The Boy...The Boy awkwardly holding him...

O THE MOTHER (cont')
Don't hold him too tight...

O THE FATHER
Don't move you three...!
4

And he takes their picture for posterity, The Boy, The Girl, and the Baby...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
See, it isn't so terrible after
all...Is it? Nothing to be afraid of?

They shake "no," but we're not so sure...The Mother takes the baby back...sitting with them, holding the baby, caressing it...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(looking)
I'm so proud of both of you...The way
you behaved so maturely...! The way
everything is so neat and clean...!
(to the Mother)
Doesn't the house look wonderful,
darling...?

She's too engrossed in the baby...

THE MOTHER
(blissed out)
Everything's just wonderful...

THE GIRL
We did our best...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FATHER
(looking at them)
I am very blessed....

And they're quiet, the new baby in their lives, the feelings,
most definitely, mixed...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(after a beat)
Did the pest control man come?

THE BOY
(a little too
loud)
No! Not at all!

THE GIRL
(emphatic)
Not yet!
(+beat)
The baby nurse was here...
(a beat)
...For some reason she just
disappeared...?

0 THE FATHER
I'll call the agency...It's better,
anyway. We don't really need her...Do
we, mother?

THE MOTHER
(like she's
stoned, looking at
her baby)
No...No...

THE FATHER
We're a family. We really don't need
a stranger in the house...Do we kids?

THE GIRL
No, we don't need a stranger in the
house at all...

THE BOY
No way...!

And as they look at their Mother starting to nurse their new
little baby brother...

EXT. THE SMALL PLANET, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON -
EVENING

And we see The Cat walking along the quiet picture perfect
suburban street coming home...And we can see The Children's
Book Characters in their houses...eating dinner...watching
television...before they go out to put children to
sleep...The Cat goes into his little house...

INT. THE CAT'S HOUSE, THE SMALL PLANET - EVENING

He stands at the window, quietly looking outside...He takes off his hat...

THE CAT
(to himself)
I'm just a cat in a hat...and that's
that...

He stops to put the PHOTOGRAPH he had taken with the two children on a mantle. He quietly hangs his hat on a hook. And as he goes off down the hallway to his bedroom, alone again...

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The moon shining on the Gownhouse...

INT. THE CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room's dark. The moonlight climbing in a window. And we see the children are in their beds. The goldfish in her bowl on a dresser. Their Father standing in the doorway...

0 THE FATHER
(understanding)
Look, I know how hard it is...It will
be hard for awhile. Change is hard
for everybody...I promise you it's
going to be alright....

They're quiet...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(after a beat)
Well, Goodnight...

And leaving the room, he shuts off the light. It's quiet. The Children in their beds. And after some moments:

THE BOY
(bravely)
I guess I can get used to the
change...How about you?

THE GIRL
I guess...
(wise)
Do we have a choice?
(a beat)
I guess it'll be okay...

And they're quiet, conflicted....After some moments:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

(awkward)

Can I get in bed with you...? Like we used to do...

THE GIRL

(would like him to)

Okay...

He gets into bed with her...And as they lay in bed together like when they were younger...

VERONICA

(the last word)

Those two things were right...The Cat was the problem...

The Cat. And as they lie in bed in the light of the moon, trying to go to sleep, knowing nothing will ever be the same way again...Growing up is painful, my friend...

INT. THE CAT'S HOUSE, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON - NIGHT

The house is dark, in its usual disarray. And we see The Cat lying in bed...And as he looks out at the moon...

INT. THE TOWNHOUSE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT, LATER

The dark still house.

INT. THE BABY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The new baby (for two hours at least) soundly asleep in its crib...

INT. THE PARENTS ROOM - NIGHT

The parents exhausted, sound asleep in their bed, from the eventful day they've led...

INT. THE CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The children each in their own beds again, asleep...The Goldfish in her bowl asleep in the deep...And there's a SOUND, a pitter and a patter, a bump and a thump, something moving around in the walls...! The sound of little feet scurrying along a hall...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Girl opens her eyes first, listening...The Boy, opening his eyes, hears it too...The Goldfish opening her eyes, wide awake...And there's suddenly a crash and a bang and a boom, coming from a downstairs room, like a small earthquake...! And after a moment...

VERONICA

(the understatement of the year)

I think we made a big mistake...!

THE GIRL

(after a beat, whispers)

What do they want here?! Why are they back?!

VERONICA

(whispers)

What if he was right? What if he wasn't so crazy! What if they're here to take the baby!

THE BOY

(whispers)

Don't say that!!

And there's the SOUNDS of little voices coming from downstairs somewhere, whispers...

THE GIRL

We have to get them first!

And they jump out of their beds, shaking the sleep from their heads...They start out of their room...

VERONICA

Take me too...! I'm just as worried as you...!

And she jumps out of her bowl into The Boy's pajama shirt pocket, her head looking out, her little fins holding the pocket stitch, like a Cricket named Jiminy we're all familiar with...They go out of their room...They look in the hallway...It's dark, still. The baby's door shut, their parents' door at the end of the hall closed...They go to the stairs, looking down...the living room empty...not a sound...They silently go down the stairs...There's a light on in the kitchen, under the door. They quietly open it seeing what the light's on for...And there's a familiar sound, the patter of the little pests feet, trying very hard to be discreet...They open a pantry crowded with foodstuffs, canned goods and such...And from behind some provisions a little head, a Thing One pops up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And shortly after that, from behind some cans another head emerges, the little purple tufted head of Thing Two...!

THE GIRL

You made us a promise! You'd leave without a fight.

VERONICA

(from her pocket perch)

That's right!

THING ONE

(the nasty one)

Well, I'm sorry to say, you're not very bright!

THING TWO

We're doing you a favor, saving you face, you won't have to feel left out or displaced. You know it's for the best...That baby is going to be a lifelong pest!

THE GIRL

We changed our mind!

THE BOY

(protesting)

We like him just fine!

THING ONE

Well, I'm afraid it's too late...!

And they start hurling things at them, cookies and crackers and cereal and toaster pastries...Opening cans of soda, spraying them all over...And jumping down, they take off running...And the chase is on! And what follows is a chase of mythical proportions...good versus evil and all that's important! The Girl and The Boy, the fish's "hair" blowing, hot on their heels, chasing them where they're going...They take off down a hall...And as they run after them...

THE GIRL

We've got to get the Cat to come back...!

THE BOY

How do we do that...?

THE GIRL

(a beat)

Maybe if we rhyme?

THE BOY

Rhyme?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

Maybe if we say the right rhyme he'll
hear us and get here in time...!

The Things open a utility closet...Throwing things at them to keep them away...Batteries and lightbulbs and barbeque briquets...Forcing them to retreat...They spray paint on the walls just to be mean, red, yellow and green, from a spray paint machine...And taking off they run along the hall...The Children, chasing them, the goldfish's head above The Boy's pajama pocket, urging them on...

VERONICA

Go...! Go...! Go...!

And as they run after them along the hall...

THE GIRL

(rhyming)

"We need ~~you~~ really bad...We're sorry
we made you so sad..."

They chase them into the DEN, the Things scrambling across a shelf throwing video tapes at them...The Boy hit in the in the noggin with a tape of "Gunga Din!"

THE GIRL (cont'd)

"It was ~~our~~ fault not to trust
you...Not to believe what you
said...Please help us, we're in deep
trouble, we're in over our head..."

They chase them into the LAUNDRY ROOM. The Things, for no particular reason at all, but to distract them, open the washer letting out Washing Machine Saul. He wags his tail and smiles happy to be out again for awhile...And throwing detergent at them, Fab, the miracle cleanser, they run into the foyer scrambling over a credenza...And suddenly the Two little Things disappear through a crawl space under the stairs...The Boy and The Girl pull up the carpet, getting to the trap door, pulling it open, going down under the floor. They chase them along the secret passageway...

THE GIRL (cont'd)

"You have to hear us...We need your
help...We can't stop them by
ourselves...!"

And as a diversion to keep them from gaining on them, The Things open the doors, letting out the Gorilla, The Dragon, "Puff The Magic," "The Kissing Monster" wearing long plaid sleeping drawers...And from a room, I forgot to mention before, a FLOCK OF BIRDS, fly out, swallows, and doves, and brightly colored macaws! And from another room, a sow, her litter of seven, toddling along after her...and from yet another room a Gnu, named Clyde, with a horn like a unicorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL (cont'd)
(to them all)
Get back in your rooms where you
belong!

But they're having too much fun and they take up the
run...And with the menagerie between them and the Things,
they go up a hidden staircase and out a secret door and into
the LIVING ROOM once more...The creatures making themselves
at home, the gorilla on the phone, The Dragon, Puff that is,
playing the piano...The Girl and The Boy, the fish in his
pocket, chase them through the living room, knocking over a
lamp, a potted plant, a china cabinet...

THE BOY
"Won't you come back...we can't do it
without you...We need your help right
away..."

THE GIRL
That doesn't rhyme!

THE BOY
I'm trying! I'm trying!

They chase them up the stairs into their own bedroom...The
Things setting the wallpaper free, the instruments playing,
a buzzing sound, "The Flight Of The Bumblebee..." They let
out the posters, the actors acting, guitarists guitarizing,
athletes throwing a ball around...And suddenly they corner
the Two little stick Things by a bookcase...

THE BOY (cont'd)
We've got them...!

When the Two Things run right into a Children's Book to
escape...!

THE BOY (cont'd)
What do we do now?

THE GIRL
Like The Cat told us, use our
imagination, that's how!

And The Children, using their imagination, follow them into
the book!

INT. THE CHILDREN'S BOOK - ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE

And they find themselves on an empty road...And far up ahead,
on the crest of the road, like a goal you can't quite reach,
so close and yet so far, the Two Things that they're
after....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They run up the road that gets higher and higher...And they can see on the top of a fog shrouded hill an old HOUSE, with an iron gate and a sign that says, "Warning, Keep Out!" And they see Thing One and Thing Two go running inside...They go up the overgrown walk, the front door left open...And a wind howls..., seeming to say, "Come In...Come In..."

THE BOY

I don't want to go in there...

VERONICA

Neither do I...

THE GIRL

I'm afraid we have to...If you're too scared just shut your eyes...

And as they cautiously go inside, like Dorothy and her friends in "The Wizard Of Oz..."

INT. THE CHILDREN'S BOOK HOUSE...

A drafty, empty old house, without a stick of furniture, it's quite immense...And they're worst fears are realized, the Two Things have completely disappeared...They run through the house looking for them in room after empty room...Until they see them at the far end of a long long corridor going through another door. They run to follow them. They open the door to go inside. And they find to their surprise...! As far as the eye can see, in crib upon crib upon crib, one after another, little baby brother's...! And to make matters much worse, they're all crying in verse...!

THE BABIES

I want my mommy! I want my mommy! I want my mommy!

VERONICA

(shaking)

This isn't a bed time story, it's something much much worse...!

THE BOY

(scared to death)

I don't want to be here! It's a nightmare!

And he starts to cry...

THE GIRL

(comforting him)

Don't cry...

(realizing, very wise)

Don't be afraid, nightmares aren't real...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY
How do you know that?

THE GIRL
(smiles)
The Cat!

THE BOY
(smiles too)
The Cat!

THING ONE AND THING TWO
(in a corner)
Drat!

And sunlight comes in, ^Gthe babies bathed in the sunlight,
each of them with a sweet baby grin...But the Two Things, not
to be deterred... ₁

^H THING ONE
We've had a minor setback...

⁰ THING TWO
But you can bet....!

⁰ THING ONE
We're not ₄done yet!

And The Things run out another door...And as they run after
them, out the door, they find themselves back in their own
upstairs hall!

INT. THEIR HOUSE - NIGHT

And they see Thing One and Thing Two running along the hall
to the purpose of their journey...into the Baby's Nursery!
The Children run inside. The BABY, the moon on its sweet
face, peacefully asleep. The Two Things on one side of the
crib, The Boy and The Girl on the other, looking through the
crib bars at one another...

THING ONE
You'll be happier, believe me, without
their little star!

THE GIRL
No, that's not what we want at all!
He's one of us! He's a part of our
family!

THING TWO
I'm sorry, you can't change your
mind....!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
(to the "Cat")
"Please, give us a sign...We're
running out of time!"

And she picks up the baby most delicately...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
(to the Two
Things)
Stay away!

She backs up...

THE GIRL (cont'd)
I love him, he's my baby brother...!

THE BOY
(protecting them)
Mine too. Keep your hands off of
him...!

But they aren't looking and Thing Two sneaks behind
them...And using the dirtiest trick we've ever seen...Using
their Father's voice to make it seem...

THING TWO
(in perfect pitch
and harmony)
"Give the baby to me, sweetie..."

THE GIRL
Dad...

And The Girl turns, thinking it's her father...And Thing Two
takes the baby from her...! Thing One comes to his side...

THING ONE
(wise ass)
We'd like to stay and chat but we've
got to run. We'll be going now, it's
been fun!

And they turn, the baby in hand, and scamper behind a
nightstand. The children move the nightstand, and they see
there's a small hole in the wall where pests can crawl, in,
and crawl out...

THE BOY
What are we going to do?

THE GIRL
Remember what the cat said, it's just
a fantasy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

(afraid)

It seems real enough to me.

THE GIRL

We have to do it! We're on our own...! This is our home.

THE BOY

I thought you said, you didn't want the baby anyway!?

THE GIRL

I didn't really mean it....

(admitting it)

I was just afraid of what it would do. I didn't think they would love us anymore... And I know that's not true...

H

And with that admission, they suddenly get smaller, no bigger than your hand....and they crawl through the hole in the wall into pest land!

O

INSIDE THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE -- NIGHT

O

And inside the wall is a hall. They hurry along it. And they can see, down at the end, Thing One and Thing Two running off with their friend. And we see the baby's hair, its little nap, is becoming a tufted purple...He is, indeed, becoming Thing Three...They run after them. They come around a corner. And along the wall they can see holes, that the pests use, to go in and out from room to room. And the Things, with their little baby are gone. They look in a hole...and they can see into their parents room...their parents in bed, deep asleep. But no sign of the Things and their precious bundle. They turn a corner. More holes. They look into their room. Nobody is there. They turn along the hall. And they see up ahead of them, a small set of stairs! They run to the stairs going down in the wall. And they come to another hall. And it's dark and it's creepy....a perfect place for pests to hide behind the walls, and scare us all to death! They stop at the end of the dark hall.

THE BOY

(afraid)

I'm not going down there.

VERONICA

Take me back!

And they're motionless...confronted with their worst fears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GIRL

What did the cat say? If you face
your fears, they'll go away!

They hesitate, and getting their courage, holding hands, they move through the dark hallway, deeper and deeper into pest land. They come around a corner...and they slow...And they see a sight that will stop the show!

There, inside the wall, is a CITY of its own...dens and warrens and nooks and crannies...with rooms for pests with their children and even their nannies! There's mouse houses. Little suburban houses with mice taking a rest. There's a DEN of rats! But it's a nice little room. Some rats playing poker, sitting around watching the late news. There are hives, that hold more than five, wasps, in their little wasp beds, thoughts that wasps have running around their wasp heads. There's a cattydomb of little termite rooms like a hotel...And in each room a termite family, living the life of Riley! There's a colony for ants...with rich ones and poorer...the rich ones with a very nice view. There are little rooms for sleeping spiders, who sat down beside her, and an airplane hanger for flies to use. There's a snail room for snails. Some of them doing their fingers and others their toenails. There's a museum of famous fleas. And above it a Jazz Club, tics playing some licks. There's even a little movie theater, a Bijou. And on the marquee, showing "Tonight Only"...a retrospective of the "The Pestfather," "The Saga," "Pest One," and "Pest Two." And they laugh, proud of themselves, having faced their fears. That things aren't as bad as they appear. But their laughter is cut short, because they see up ahead, and I don't mean maybe, the Two Things going down some more stairs, running off with the baby. They run after them...And they come down into another hall, inside the wall. They look into the holes going into the living room, the den and the laundry room...They're not there. They turn a corner...holes in the back of the kitchen cupboard...And they see the Two Things going out through one of them...They run after them...They crawl out through the hole into the cupboard. They make their way through the cans and such, open the cupboard and jump onto the floor, and they're no longer tiny anymore! And they see, running out of the kitchen, the Things with their brother! They run out after them into the foyer. The Things running toward the front door!

THE GIRL

If they go outside we'll never catch
them!

(and one more
time)

Please. I don't know what to rhyme.
What can I say to bring you back?

The Things are almost at the door!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

He'll never come in time!

The Things start to open the door...

THE GIRL

(a beat,
realizing)

It isn't a rhyme...

THE BOY

What?

THE GIRL

It isn't a rhyme at all. He just
wants us to say...We don't need you to
entertain us. We don't need you to
come and play. We just want you to be
our friend.

And the Things open the door, starting to go...And don't you
know it, standing there, on the doorstep, in his famous hat,
is the one and only, big as life, Cat! And he says simply...

THE CAT

Amen.

And the Things seeing him, make one last dash, run back into
the house, going up the stairs...And The Cat, nimble as that,
is right on their tails...The children behind them, trying to
keep up...And he corners them, where else, in a corner...

THE CAT (cont'd)

All good "things" must come to an
end...

He takes off his hat, putting it over them, to send them
away...the two little Things buzzing...

THE CAT (cont'd)

Give me the baby and lets call it a
day!

THING ONE

It may be true...

THING TWO

...You've got us two...

And as he puts the hat over them...

THING ONE AND THING TWO

But you don't have Thing Three!

And they suddenly toss the baby, the little purple tufted
"thing in training," over the balcony railing...! There's a
flash of light and Thing One and Thing Two are gone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BOY
(seeing the baby)
Oh, no...there he goes!

THE GIRL
What are we going to do!

And time seems to stand still...the baby in mid-flight...

THE CAT
Think real hard with all your might,
that you have the gift of flight...!

They try with all their might...

C THE CHILDREN
We can't...!

THE CAT
Just believe in you and there's
nothing you can't do!
(a beat)

I think? 0

And well, that's just what happens...In the twinkling of an eye they take off and fly...flying down to the living room, landing in a propitious spot, and catching the baby from its near disasterous drop...4 And as they catch the baby in mid-flight...Holding it from harm...The light on the stairs suddenly comes on! Their father in his pajamas looking down at them angrily! The Children, the baby in their arms, in what on face value doesn't look very saintly...

THE FATHER
What do you think you are doing?!

THE BOY
(a beat)
Just playing...

THE GIRL
With our new little baby brother...

THE FATHER
You march right back up here with him now!

And they do...He takes the baby from them...

THE FATHER (cont'd)
(a beat, sensing)
Is there someone else here with you?

THE GIRL
Someone else? Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shrugs, just a feeling...And down in the shadows in the living room we can see, the whole strange MENAGERIE...And in the dark at the foot of the stairs, Saul, happily wagging his tail...

THE FATHER

You are both grounded...No t.v., no videos, no games, for a week...!

THE BOY

(groans)

What are we going to do then?

THE FATHER

You'll just have to use your imagination...! Now go back to your room...!

The Father hesitates, shrugs, and goes with the baby back to his own room...He slows

THE FATHER (cont'd)

(to the Boy)

What's that in your pocket?

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THE BOY

My pocket --?

(4 beat)

Oh that, that, it's just a wriggling thing...

THE FATHER

(nods, "kids")

A wriggling thing...

And he goes into his room, shutting the door...The Kids alone in the hall. They look at each other and they smile...

THE GIRL

(whispers)

Good job, little brother.

THE BOY

(whispers)

Good job, big sister.

They go back into their room...

INT. THE CHILDREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's quiet. They look around. And The Cat strolls out of their closet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT

(after a beat)

We've got work to do to put everything
back in its place, in its proper
space...

THE GIRL

Who is going to do that?

THE CAT

Who else, the Domesticats...!

And he lifts his hat and a little cat comes out...! And that
cat takes off its hat, and another cat comes out, and it
takes off its hat, and still another little cat comes out,
and like that, in diminishing sizes, cat after cat after cat,
each coming out of a smaller and smaller hat...!

THE CAT (cont'd)

They're ~~right~~ whizzes when it comes to
messes...

And he takes out of his hat a strange looking vehicle...a
cleaning contraption with all sorts of mechanical
action...The Domesticats climb on board going for a ride...

THE CAT (cont'd)

They'll be right back...!

And they take off, and in a jiffy, like he promised...they
make things spiffy...They clean up the kitchen, repaint the
hall, put the animals in what else? An ark! Taking them
back down under the floor, to where they belong...And they
clean, as a unit, the house to a tee...spit, spot, spee...!
And they come back into the bedroom in their domesticat car
and give a little domesticat cheer...! And one by one they
go back in their respective hats, until the last domesticat
climbs back into The Cat's hat...He puts his hat back on his
head, and says...

THE CAT (cont'd)

And that's that...!

And then it's done...And it's still...Knowing it's all
over...

THE CAT (cont'd)

It's time for me to say
goodbye...English for, "I'll see you
by and by..."

He tips his hat. He starts out the window to go...He slows,
standing in the moonlight....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT
(after a beat)
Enjoy the days of your
childhood...they pass much too
quickly...Use your imagination, it's
God's greatest gift...Stay young, no
matter what your age, as long as you
may live....

THE GIRL
(realizes)
You didn't rhyme?

THE CAT
(smiles)
Isn't that sublime?

VERONICA
(not convinced)
I think I like him better when he
rhymes...

He stands in the moonlight....

THE GIRL
(looking at him,
after a beat)
I love you...

THE BOY
So do I...

And even The Goldfish, batting her eyes...

VERONICA
Me too...

The Cat touched, holds his hat in his hand...

THE CAT
Nobody's ever told me that before...It
sounds grand...
(after a beat)
I love you too...

And they run to him, hugging him...

THE CAT (cont'd)
(awkward)
Let's not get too mushy...Everything
will get all moist and slushy...

And he turns, says his usual...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAT (cont'd)

Adieu...And that's French for...How nice it has been knowing you...

They look at each other. He waves goodbye. And he suddenly takes off out the window, like a cat, nimble on his feet, landing without a scratch on the street...And as they watch him walking away...They see he's left his hat behind...

THE BOY

He left his hat.

THE GIRL

Do you know what that means?

He shakes no....

C

I

THE GIRL (cont'd)

He wants to come back.

H

And suddenly the hat takes off on its own, flying out the window onto the street, rolling with a breeze along the sidewalk following its owner like a memory...Catching up to him on a corner, jumping back up onto his head, sitting there, comfortable, like an old friend...And as The Cat, holding onto his striped hat, takes off on a moonbeam, making his way back home, to his warm bed...The Children at the window watching him leave...There's a sound. They turn around. And their Mother is at the door...

THE MOTHER

(affectionately)

Do you want to climb in bed with us...?

INT. THEIR PARENTS ROOM - NIGHT

And we see all of them in bed, The Father, The Mother, The Girl, The Boy, and the new baby brother! And you know what, there's plenty of room for each other...!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, THE TOWNHOUSE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

And we see the children, grounded, sitting in chairs at the window, looking outside at some rain...There's suddenly a KNOCK on the door...They go to get it...

THE GIRL

Who's there?

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Hello...Pest control...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They quickly open the door...But it's another guy! He comes in to look around....They go back to sit down, looking outside...After some moments:

THE BOY

You sure we didn't dream it all up?

THE GIRL

Sure....I'm sure...

But she's not so sure. And as they sit looking out the window, thinking it over....we see The Goldfish swimming peacefully around in her bowl....Round and round in little passes....And suddenly she stops and turns looking at us, and we see she is definitely wearing glasses! And as she winks at us, blowing an air bubble...She offers a final admonition to all of us, pointing her little fin...

VERONICA

Stay out ~~H~~ trouble!

FADE OUT:

And as the End Credits roll by...We see the familiar photograph on the Cat's mantle. The two children and the Cat. And we slowly pull back. And we see, there's not just one photograph, not two, not four, there's hundreds, maybe more...Children of all colors and sizes, with their good friend...The Cat In The Hat.

Imagine that!

- The End -