

THE JETSONS

by

Winkless and Lorimore

Producer: Gary Nardino
Executive Producers: William Hanna and
Joseph Barbera
Based upon Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc's
Characters "THE JETSONS"
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FIRST DRAFT
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EXT. DEEP SPACE - TIME ETERNAL

TITLES OVER. We're hurtling in silent grace through the outmost reaches of the universe.

NARRATOR

I suppose the universe existed
before I did, but who knows?
Until you've personally seen a
place, is it really there?

We HEAR Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog" echoing through the empty. CAMERA FINDS an alien space capsule zooming past star clusters, comets, nebulae. It looks suspiciously like... a dog house.

NARRATOR

My instruments told me I was
headed for a small uncharted
planetary system thousands of
light years from my own. Maybe
it would have inhabitants, and
maybe they'd be friendly. Maybe
I was happy I was lost.

Within the capsule: the wide-eyed face of a Great Dane puppy looking at his radio --

RADIO

And another great blast from the
past here on K-EARTH 101.

Capsule passes a satellite bearing an LED read-out:

Earth -- 8 Million Miles -- Enjoy Coke

EXT. EARTHBOUND CITY PARK - DENVER, COLORADO - DAY

The snow-capped Rockies and a glimmering off-the-ground cityscape beyond. In FG: the remnants of a picnic lunch. A trail of clothes leads to some bushes.

WOMAN (OS)

Sweetheart, here...?

MAN (OS)

It's okay. We're married now.

WOMAN (OS)

I know, but...

MAN (OS)

There's nobody for miles. And
even if there were, I'd see only you.

WOMAN (OS)

Oh, George...

She coos softly. The bushes rustle.

EXT. THE CAPSULE CLOSING IN ON EARTH - DAY

The capsule accelerates through a gauntlet, two centuries
worth of Earthen satellites and space stations, toward --

EXT. EARTH'S UPPER STRATOSPHERE - DAY

Sub-orbital rushhour -- the capsule CAREENS wildly through
vertically stacked lanes of assorted space traffic.

EXT. THE PARK BUSHES - DAY

Rustling... and stopping.

WOMAN (OS)

Oh, George... and I love you, too.
George!

Capsule WHOOSHES toward bushes, but -- DOINK -- a parachute
pops free. The capsule splits open on impact -- and there
is the puppy, panting happily toward --

-- GEORGE and JANE JETSON, in their early 20's, buttoning up
their hastily-donned clothes as they emerge from the bushes
to inspect this new arrival.

NARRATOR (VO)

I knew I was home.

JANE

Oh, George -- isn't he cute?

GEORGE

Believe me, Jane -- he'll be big
and ugly soon enough.

NARRATOR (VO)

He should talk.

JANE

(inspects puppy's collar-tag)
He's from another planet. An
astro-dog! Do you think we --

GEORGE

Honey, we're trying to start a family,
not an inter-galactic zoo, and we're
barely making the rent as it is.
Sorry, it's just impossible.

JANE

No, you're right. Sorry, Astro.

ASTRO watches forlornly as George and Jane get in their
nearby VW space-car and start the gravitators. Beats. Then
-- George pops the door and beckons -- and Astro dives into
the backseat as if born to it. He plops his mug on George's
shoulder, licks his ear --

ASTRO

Oohh, Rrreorge, I rruvv roouu.

Jane and George share an amazed look.

ASTRO (VO)

I was young, how'd you expect me
to talk? Later I'd keep it up for
appearance's sake.

(the car whizzes off)

So off we went. And little did
we know we'd started our family
that very day.

INT. CEDARS-CAPRICORN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Nine months later. A baby CRIES -- George hovers over Jane
and new-born JUDY. George picks up Judy, holds her overhead
and googles at her.

VISIBLE THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT -- a fabulous bright light arcs
across the heavens.

GEORGE

Look at that -- a shooting star!
A sign for our little Judy.

Jane follows his gaze OFF -- what George has seen is
actually a passing rocket dirigible -- it BLINKS the time
and weather, a "Use Comet" animation display arcs brightly
again. Touched at his error, she trades a look with half-
grown Astro looking in, paws-on-window.

ASTRO (VO)

George didn't get everything
right, but what he got wrong he
made up for with sheer love.

EXT. MODEST APARTMENT SPACECAR PORT - DAY

Fully-grown Astro holds open the now-aged VW's door as George hustles out very pregnant Jane -- seven-year-old Judy dragging Mom's overnight bag as she brings up the rear.

ASTRO (VO)

Then there was Elroy. From the word
go there was no holding him back.

EXT. JETSONS' VW ON SKYWAY - DAY

George piloting madly, while Astro navigates from the backseat. Only Jane is calm, knowing.

JANE

I don't think he's going to wait.
(GASPS, reacts to
something within)

ASTRO (VO)

And smart?

George dives to an emergency platform at the side of the Sky-way. Suddenly an out of control vehicle ROARS past from behind them -- a tremendous CRASH OFFSCREEN.

MINUTES LATER

Jane cradles baby ELROY in her arms while a SPACE-COP talks to George, who looks ahead to the smoking crash site.

SPACE-COP

Reversal thrusters failed on him.
I hate to think what might have
happened if you hadn't pulled
over. How'd you know?

All turn and look at Elroy, who beams intelligently at them.

ASTRO (VO)

Yep, Elroy saved all our lives
that day. We were, at last, the
Jetsons.

Hit it, boys -- "The Jetsons Theme Song" plays as the Jetsons Chevy Space Car SOARS gracefully toward us until it FILLS THE SCREEN. Within: the current family -- George, Jane, 16-year-old Judy, 9-year-old Elroy, and beloved wise guy Astro. The car careens past us, whizzes off to --

EXT. THE SKY-PAD APARTMENTS - TWILIGHT

-- where the car ducks onto the sky-port of the shining
Seattle Space Needle image home we know and love.

ASTRO (VO)

Everything was grand, all right,
but life is full of curveballs --
and you never know when the next
one's coming.

TITLES finish as CAMERA MOVES OFF --

EXT. DENVER - NIGHT

-- out past the towering, blinking, residential areas to --

EXT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - NIGHT

A silvery, circular industrial compound bearing a logo:

Spacely Space Sprockets Corporation
Building a Better Tomorrow Since 2155

INT. PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE: words stretch themselves across a paper-thin
translucent computer screen:

"To be or not to be, what a
question..."

Computer cursor blinks out the words and replaces them:

"To be or not to be, this is a
question..."

A soft-focus hand moves into frame, picks up a coffee cup --
puts it down quickly as another re-write is generated:

"To be or not to be, that is the
question, whether 'tis nobler..." (etc.)

REVEAL an experimental CHIMPANZEE -- alone at a console in
the center of the room, the author of these immortal words.
An array of electrodes and wires connects him to a computer
which monitors his every function.

TECHNICIANS in white coats CHEER their experiment from a
control area. We FEATURE one of them: a huge, genetic
throwback in ill-fitting coat. This is KNUCKLES NUCLEAR.
He eases away to --

A SUPPLY ROOM

-- where he pops open a cryogenic freezer -- within: a preformed styrofoam rack holds two clear-plastic cubes. Knuckles PLUCKS out one of the cubes -- reaches for the second cube when all breaks loose -- the freezer unit door automatically SLAMS closed, SIRENS WAIL, SECURITY DOORS close. Knuckles exits -- but a Technician spots him --

TECHNICIAN

Hey, what are you --

Knuckles rips off his lab coat, produces a weapon -- ZAP! -- he stuns the Technician, BLASTS a closing security door from its hinges -- bolts through it and away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COGSWELL'S HOME - NIGHT

Knuckles' black Cadillac space car alights on the spaceport of an earthbound, domed mansion in the ritzy foothills beyond the city. SECRET SERVICE MEN lounge around a space limo parked there. It bears an official seal:

Congress of the
United Space of America

INT. COGSWELL'S HOME - NIGHT

A posh cocktail party in progress. Big shots, beautiful women, classical music. A black-tied ROBOT BUTLER offers champagne around. FEATURE two men -- tall, late 40's, square-jawed captain of industry ARTHUR COGSWELL, and dignified-looking SENATOR ZACHARY.

COGSWELL

(grinning sotto rage)

We had an agreement, you double-dealing reptile. The future of Cogswell Cogs depends on those galactic exploration contracts.

(quickly nodding a frozen

grin at passing WELL-WISHERS)

Yes, yes -- jolly to see you.

ZACHARY

(also grinning sotto)

I'm telling you -- my hands are tied until all the bids are in.

COGSWELL

Robotshit! Why --

But Secretary nudges him -- everyone now has a drink, LOOK expectantly. Cogswell changes gears instantly --

COGSWELL

Ladies and Gentlemen, a toast to a great American -- in spite of the fact he's my brother-in-law -- Senator Duke Zachary.

CLINK -- all toast. Cogswell looks OFF -- there is out of place Knuckles Nuclear bulling his way to the hors d'oeuvres table. Cogswell slinks over, looks expectantly at him.

KNUCKLES

(stuffing hors d'oeuvres in his mouth)

Went bad. Only got one of them.

COGSWELL

What?! How can we work the bugs out of the remote unit if...

(cuts off abruptly as:)

A pretty GUEST leans in for a stuffed mushroom. Knuckles ogles her and chomps his food.

COGSWELL

Must you act quite so common?

(Knuckles sneers at him)

I guess you must.

(switching gears)

Only one of them, hmm? Well, we'll have to make do.

(looks off to Zachary)

We've got to have him in our pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSONS' CONDO -- KITCHEN - MORNING

A large wafer-thin TV screen shows a FLINTSTONES rerun to ROSIE the robot maid as she simultaneously makes four breakfasts -- she fails to notice the scrambled eggs burning in a pan. But now a SIREN WAILS on her control center -- Rosie spots the fire, douses it with her built-in extinguisher, swallows the mess and calmly returns to her show.

INT. GEORGE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Feigning sleep, George lovingly watches Jane model an outfit in the closet mirror. She decides against the outfit, punches a button, and is suddenly wearing something completely different.

JANE

George, what do you think? Too homey? It's been so long since I dressed for the office.

GEORGE

Come closer.
(reaches out a hand)

JANE

George...

She gives in, moves toward him -- and is now wearing only a sheer slip, while the outfit stays where it was mid-air. We realize: the clothes are holographically projected for appraisal.

GEORGE

(pulls her onto the bed)
You are lovely.
(kisses her)

ROSIE (OS)

(sing song)
Warning two, Mr. J. -- rise and shine.

Without breaking stride George heaves a pillow at a blinking "AUTO AWAKE" light at the head of the bed.

ROSIE

Missed. Final countdown --
three, two, one...

VERRRPP -- Jane laughs as George's side of the bed abruptly TILTS upright and shoots him awkwardly onto a moving conveyer belt --

GEORGE

(to Rosie)
Spoilsport...

-- and off he goes to --

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

-- where a Maytag vacuum system strips off his pajamas on the way into the already-running shower --

GEORGE

Yeow! Hotter, Rosie, hotter!

BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

A brightly-colored Mattel "Laserblade" toy "shaves" Elroy as he looks in the mirror and speaks in George's voice:

ELROY/GEORGE

Mr. Spacely, we both know that with Binkley's retirement a major executive slot will be opening up at Spacely Sprockets. And I am just the man to fill it.

REVEAL George next to Elroy -- an adult Gillette "Laserblade" shaving him. Elroy has been mouthing the speech along with his dad. Astro watches from the doorway.

GEORGE

(to Elroy)

Whattaya think, champ?

ELROY

Not a bad opening, Pop. But make him hit your pitch, call him Cosmo.

ASTRO

(barking it)

Rabsorootry!

GEORGE

(shoots Astro a look)

Everybody's a critic.

ELROY

(finishing up)

Well, break a leg, Pop.

(exits with Astro)

GEORGE

(into mirror)

You see, Cosmo, a promotion is more than just a bigger office -- it's an opportunity to test a

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
man's mettle, to challenge his
sense of himself. Not to mention
the extra dough.

INT. ELROY'S ROOM - MORNING

Suspended from the ceiling are Revell models of every
aircraft since the Wright Brothers. Elroy fiddles with a
build-it-yourself Heathkit device at a drafting table
cluttered with complicated projects-in-progress.

ELROY
Hold this, will ya?

Astro rests the device in his paws as Elroy atomic-solders.

ELROY
I'll betcha anything Pop gets in
to see him today.

He looks longingly to a brochure tacked to the wall for
"Spaceball Camp" -- photos of kids in uniform playing a 3-D
version of baseball.

ELROY
At least I hope so.
(snaps out of it, finishes
soldering)
C'mon -- Operation Judy, minus
ten and counting.

He grabs the device, dons a "Denver Yankees" jacket, exits.

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - MORNING

Stuffed bears, Barbie dolls, signs of girlish times past.
All now dominated by a huge 3-D poster of cruelly handsome
black-clad rock idol JET SCREAMER. Judy talks to her
electronic diary (a booklike device on which her words
appear as she speaks them) as she dresses -- her all-black
wardrobe a reflection of her adolescent angst.

JUDY
(melancholy)
Dear diary, another dumb Monday,
March 28th, 2187.

Her boots suddenly take several steps by themselves.

JUDY
(hasn't noticed)
Mom starts her job today.

Reaches for the boots -- how did they get over there? She walks over, retrieves them. Behind her, her stool moves.

JUDY
And Daddy, well, you know Daddy --

She sits where the stool was -- CRASHES to the floor. Now a half-on stocking ZIPS off her leg, zooms around the room like a loosed balloon, finally lands on --

-- the move-it device, in Elroy's hand where he's poked it thru the door. He and Astro trade a thumbs up.

JUDY
-- and the wonderchild still
hasn't a clue what manners are!
(jumps up, grabs the
stocking, SLAMS the door)
While I, somehow, endure.

ROSIE (OS)
(sing-song)
Judy -- better get a move on or
you'll be late for school.

JUDY
Oh diary, will it always be to the
mundane -- and never to him?
(moves to poster)
Dearest Jet, take me away from
all this. Take me to the
distant, secret worlds of the
heart...

DIARY
Beware of hopeless fantasies.
Better you should find a real
boy.

JUDY
Oh phaw! Why am I me?

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Elroy and George stand eating, always ready to run. Enter cheerless Judy reading a Driver's Ed. pamphlet. George chokes at her all-black garb.

GEORGE
Dracula's birthday again?

ELROY
Don't sweat it, Dad -- she's just
going through a phase.

JUDY
(sighs)
Boring. I am simply expressing
my individuality.

ELROY
Is that why all your friends
dress like that?

Jane enters, over-dressed for morning. All admire her.

ELROY
Wow, Mom, you guys going to the
opera again tonight?

George gags -- Jane punches him playfully.

JANE
I knew it was too much.
(starts back out)

GEORGE
(pulling her back)
You look great, Janey -- go
ahead, dazzle 'em. Besides, we
want all the time on the road we
can get...

He winks, indicates Judy who is still immersed in the
Driver's Ed. pamphlet. Elroy reads the code --

ELROY
Oh no. To my beloved friend,
Astro, I bequeath my collection of
spaceball cards...

JUDY
In spite of the pathetic opinion
of certain lowly peasants, I have
improved.

EXT./INT. JETSONS' SPACECAR ON SKYWAY - DAY

Neophyte driver Judy frozen to the controls -- the rest of
the family wide-eyed in fear as they soar thru traffic at

ungodly speeds. Astro cowers in back, paws over his eyes.

GEORGE

Not to criticize, sweetheart, but
aren't we going just a little fast?

JUDY

Only twelve hundred.

GEORGE

Twelve hundred?! That's for the
express lane.

JUDY

(consults pamphlet)

Oh -- you're right.

(to dashboard computer)

600 kilometers per hour, please.

-- and the car slows down accordingly. And all relax.

EXT. SCHOOL DROP-OFF POINT - DAY

Many space cars in in a designated zone. Elroy and Astro
wear "Schwinn Gravitator" units (strap-on belts for short-
distance anti-gravity travel). Before they hop out --

GEORGE

Starting today's game, son?

ELROY

And I'm gonna finish it, too.

Glint-in-her-eye Judy WHISPERS in some functions on the
car's computer -- surreptitiously unfastens Elroy's
gravitator.

JUDY

Don't be late for dinner.

Elroy and Astro hop out, but Elroy's gravitator remains in
Judy's hand -- George and Jane look on surprised as Elroy
plummets earthward.

JUDY

I didn't know Elroy could fly.

JANE

Judy...

JUDY

Okay okay.

Judy coolly flicks a button and the car loop-de-loop WHOOSHES down below him, catches him harmlessly in its gravitation field safety net. Judy holds out his gravitator.

JUDY
Forget something?

ELROY
You inter-stellar moron!

GEORGE
Knock it off, you two.
(Judy starts to protest)
I don't care who started it --
settle up.

Reluctantly they shake -- Elroy straps on the gravitator, he and Astro join OTHER KIDS who float like hummingbirds to the school yard below.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEOPLE MOVER STATION - DAY

A commuter depot. Imagine a multi-level network of moving sidewalks ala LAX which take people to and from the urban center. George and Jane among the throngs of COMMUTERS, while Judy waits double-hovered beyond. George notices as Jane nervously takes it all in --

GEORGE
(taking her hand)
You know, you don't have to take
this job. We'll get by, we always
have.

JANE
Oh, George -- you know it's not
just the money.

Suddenly a VOICE from OFF --

VOICE
Jane Cunningham, you old dog!

They turn to see MARSHA, a gaudy-attractive woman Jane's age, her arms open wide.

JANE
Marsha! There you are! Bye, hon'.

Jane pecks George's cheek, rushes off to Marsha.

MARSHA

Hi George, bye George, nice
seeing you again!

(hugs Jane)

Oh, Janey --

(steps back, mischeivious
gleam in her eye)

January 21st, 2168...

JANE

(searching her memory)

Ooh, umm -- the Delta Gamma house
ski trip to Zurich. You and Randy...
Raymond! October 29th, 2171...

MARSHA

Waitamminute, waitamminute -- that
Halloween party at Veronica
Hansen's. You in that French
maid's outfit that wouldn't stay --

JANE

Marsha, please.

Both laugh as old-hand Marsha guides Jane to the appropriate
people track.

MARSHA

It's gonna be just like old times.

(Jane makes a face)

Come on, this is me -- I know why a
girl leaves the nest after 15 years.

JANE

(emphatic)

Because she needs more -- oh, you
wouldn't understand.

MARSHA

(eyeing a handsome man)

Believe me, I understand perfectly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORBIT HIGH SCHOOL - DROP OFF POINT - DAY

Judy about to hop out while George stares off.

JUDY

Cool your jets, she'll be okay. . .

GEORGE

(fondly taking her in)
She's done one fine job with you
kids. I guess she can handle the
urban jungle.

A BMW spacecar cruises past, driven by a teen-age GIRL.

GIRL

Hey, Jude! Hi, Mr. Jetson!

Judy and George wave back. George looks impressed.

GEORGE

That her own car?

JUDY

Her dad is some kind of big deal
on Mars.

GEORGE

I wish I knew the magic words to
make you happier, Princess. Say,
you know, maybe now that you've
learned to drive...

JUDY

(anticipating)
Ooohh, Daddy, it's a nice
thought, but -- we both know
better.

(kisses him, hops out, and
as she floats off --)
You're just going through a
phase.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS BUILDING DOCKING STATION - DAY

George floats his Chevy to an abrupt stop into a docking
zone. He hits a button within, scrambles out quickly and
stands back as --

-- a series of electronic BUMPS and GRINDS -- suddenly
a force field envelops the car like an aura, and the thing
folds itself -- bumper by bumper, seat by seat, element by
element, into a traditional looking briefcase, in moments.

But now a Ferrari space cars ROARS in -- its slick-looking
athletic MR. FERRARI driver steps out --

MR. FERRARI

Morning, Jetson, how's it going?
A little rocketball sometime?
(taps George's paunch)
You could use it.

George glowers as Mr. Ferrari produces a remote changer, hits a button -- FLASH, ZAP -- the Ferrari folds itself into a Gucci wallet.

MR. FERRARI

When you gonna dump that crate?
Get with it -- this is the 80's!

George. Grrr...

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER - DAY

The 2187 version of Century City. MUSIC UP as Marsha leads wide-eyed Jane on a whirlwind tour of her new environs --

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

-- trucking toward a clear, vertical plastic tube.

MARSHA

Up, please.

A green LIGHT followed by a chime -- and doors whoosh open on the tube. Marsha and Jane step onto what looks like thin air -- an anti-gravity force field as indicated by a humming purple circle of light.

MARSHA

187, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Thank you. We're Beatrice.

Chime, red LIGHT -- whoosh.

INT. FLOOR 187 - DAY

Marsha's tour continues --

-- introducing Jane to CO-WORKERS in the hall, while Jane struggles to keep straight all the new names and faces.

-- showing her to a cubicle where a ROBOT finishes painting in "Jane Jetson, Botanical Design" on the plexi-glass partition. Inside which --

INT. JANE'S CUBICLE - DAY

-- Marsha punches a button on Jane's workstation "Photosyntheticizer" -- the preprogrammed image of a rose appears on its screen -- and moments later an actual rose "grows" from its synthetic greenhouse.

Jane hugs her in appreciation, but now DARROW knocks and enters -- tall, dark, younger than Jane. Marsha makes intros -- and, at length, Marsha and Darrow move on.

Jane, breathless, drops behind the machine. She produces an ivory caterpillar from her purse, sets it on the machine. Ah, now she feels at home. But she feels a gaze, she looks -- it's Darrow, staring admiringly from beyond. He looks away quickly, enters the big office at hallway's end -- a sign REVEALS "Mr. Darrow" -- the boss. Jane shivers. The work world. Different.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

A vast cheerful room filled with vast cheerful EMPLOYEES at glass-walled work stations.

INT. GEORGE'S WORK STATION - DAY

A name plate: George Jetson, Asst. Director, Human Personnel. Feet parked on his desk, George studies a personal budget on a computer screen. Under "Current Expenses" we glimpse: mortgage, clothes, food, etc., each with a dollar amount. Under a separate heading, "With Promotion", are more entries: spaceball camp, new car, second honeymoon, etc.

George summons new resolve, marches off to:

INT. SPACELY'S EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

Decorated for a king. George conjures up his most authoritative presence, goes to MISS GALAXY, Spacely's secretary.

GEORGE

George Jetson to see Mr. Spacely.

MISS GALAXY

Do you have an appointment?

(George is crumbling already)

I didn't think so. Look, you're welcome to wait, but he's very busy today. Very busy.

CUT TO:

EXT. A GOLF COURSE -- THE 17TH GREEN - DAY

Chink -- COSMO S. SPACELY, the Napoloeonic, cigar-chomping founder and CEO of Spacely Sprockets, knocks in a delicate two foot putt as Arthur Cogswell looks on. Both wear golf knickers, which exaggerates their foot and a half height difference. They look ridiculous together. Knuckles Nuclear and a ROBOT serve as caddies.

COGSWELL

Another six. Astonishing consistency, old boy. At a hundred a stroke you owe me nine hundred and fifty new-dollars. Oh, and seventy-five cents.

(Spacely GLARES at him)
For the ball you borrowed when yours went out of bounds.

Spacely growls, joins Cogswell at a CONTROL PANEL. There, they do an about-face so that they're looking the direction from which they've come.

SPACELY

Last hole, Arthur. Double or nothing?

COGSWELL

How sporting. A five par, hmmm?

Cogswell punches buttons asking for the 18th hole at Pebble Beach -- and the earth moves. That is, the green they've just played becomes a tee; sand traps are swallowed up and replaced by water hazards; bunkers turn to sand traps.

Spacely's brow furrows as Cogswell tees up. And just as Cogswell brings the club back to swing --

SPACELY

(quickly)

How's your Expotech project coming?

Whack! -- a sweet 300 yards. Not what Spacely anticipated.

COGSWELL

I'm sorry, what? Expotech? Oh, not so well I'm afraid.

SPACELY
(brightening)
Really? Shame.

Spacely tees up -- brings back his club --

COGSWELL
In fact, we probably won't have an
entry this year.

Spacely swings -- frack! -- a glorious 50 feet.

COGSWELL
Shanked it. Pity.

SPACELY
(suspicious)
No Cogswell project at Expotech?

COGSWELL
Not our year, old boy. Simply no
way to compete with you. See you
on the green.

Cogswell goes to a waiting golf cart, hands his club to
Knuckles -- but Knuckles throws it back at him.

COGSWELL
(sotto, getting in cart)
Couldn't you try acting the part?

Knuckles sneers -- Cogswell timidly drops the issue. As the
golf cart zooms off we REVEAL: they're on the roof of a
gigantic, flat-top skyscraper -- the Denver Athletic Club.
A space-saving simulated golf course here in these over-
populated times.

COGSWELL
I never knew that the truth could
be so useful, dear boy.
(gleeful)
Did you see his reaction? Merely
by admitting we haven't gotten
anywhere --

KNUCKLES
(he's heard it before)
-- he's twice as convinced that
you stole the gizmo and implanted
some clown. Big deal. You've out-
foxed a moron.

COGSWELL

Now he'll have to go the next step. And we will have a control subject.

He hands Knuckles a remote control unit like that for your TV, Knuckles ponders its arcane functions as we --

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHO-BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Golf-togged Spacely, his ever-present putter firmly in hand, inspects the damage Knuckles left in his wake -- the blasted door, the wounded Technician. He is accompanied by head researcher DR. BOONE, a beleaguered-looking man about 40.

SPACELY

It's criminal, that's what it is.
Criminal.

Spacely goes to the experimental Chimpanzee at his computer terminal.

SPACELY

And how's my lad today?

DR. BOONE

Terrific -- he finished Shakespeare right after breakfast -- now he's halfway through "Remembrance of Things Past."

SPACELY

It's the future that concerns me.

DR. BOONE

We've been thinking, Mr. Spacely, since Albert's been doing so well, maybe he should be our Expotech entry.

SPACELY

Not good enough. Look, I've just had, er, a meeting with Cogswell -- and I'm convinced he stole the F-202. And what do you think he's going to do? The man has no morals, no conscience -- he's going to put it in a human being.

(MORE)

SPACELY (CONT'D)

(all gasp)

Yes! And exhibit him at Expotech.
Well let me tell you something --
we didn't spend billions of
dollars and manhours just to see
Cogswell beat us to the punch!
Nosiree!

DR. BOONE

I get it -- we're going to put it
in human being too, but we're
going to do it with conscience
and morals?

SPACELY

Don't start.

INT. THE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Spacely and Dr.Boone charge toward Spacely's office. George
puts down his copy of POPULAR QUANTUM MECHANICS, leaps up --

SPACELY

Messages?

MISS GALAXY

On your desk.

GEORGE

Mr. Spacely, I'm --

THUNK. Spacely's door closes. George looks at Miss Galaxy.

MISS GALAXY

Very busy.

George sighs, walks off defeated.

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

Spacely moves to his desk, sits. WHRRR -- it quietly ele-
vates so that diminutive Spacely now towers over Dr. Boone.

SPACELY

I know it's risky, but we have no
choice.

DR. BOONE

(consulting a folder)

Well, we do have a volunteer lined up.

(MORE)

DR. BOONE (CONT'D)
28, single, IQ of 145. And a
splendid physical specimen -- 185
pounds, 6 foot...
(takes in Spacely's stature,
trails off)

SPACELY
He'll have to do. How soon can
the zero-gravity operating team
be ready?

DR. BOONE
24 hours.

SPACELY
Fine. I want him briefed and in
this office tomorrow morning,
nine o'clock sharp.

INT. AN OFFICE AT SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

Dr. Boone leans into an office --

DR. BOONE
I have interesting news for you.
Mr. Ferrari looks up expectantly from his desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE SPACEBALL FIELD - DAY

The 22nd Century national pastime -- like baseball but
played in off-the-ground anti-gravity conditions on a
transparent forcefield -- imagine laser-like glowing
basepaths, pitcher's mound, ball and bats; with PLAYERS
floating in mid-air.

Pitcher Elroy whistles in a fastball, the BATTER swings --
a high chopper behind second. The SECOND SPACEMAN springs
20 feet vertically and nails the ball, fires down to first
as the RUNNERS move forward a base.

WHOOOPS from Elroy's TEAMMATES as he checks the scoreboard --
bottom of the ninth, two outs, his team up by two runs.
FEATURE catcher VLADIMIR as he sets behind the plate --

VLADIMIR
Attaboychik, Elroy, vun more guy
and this vun's in the --

-- a pair of size tens steps into the box -- Vladimir looks up, and up, and up -- to the biggest eleven-year-old we've ever seen -- school bully BUTCH.

VLADIMIR

-- bagski.

BUTCH

(takes his strokes)

You got it, runt -- just vun more guy.

Elroy marshals courage, winds up, lets fly -- Butch takes.

UMPIRE

Steeeeeeeee!

Butch nonplussed as Vladimir zips back the ball.

BUTCH

Little outside, Jetson -- you can do better than that.

Elroy lets fly again -- swing and a miss.

UMPIRE

Stee-riike two!

Surprised Butch digs in as Elroy toes the rubber, glances at the TWO RUNNERS on base -- time to get serious. The two rivals stare each other down. Here's the windup, the pitch -- WHACK!!! Butch nails a floating curveball -- it flies and flies -- for a three-run homer.

Butch's TEAMMATES carry him off the field triumphantly. Vladimir joins Elroy, pats him on the back.

VLADIMIR

Is okay. Ve get him next time.

But Elroy isn't having any.

CUT TO:

INT. ORBIT HIGH SCHOOL -- VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Judy in a black dance outfit sits across the desk from MISS REENTRY, the Girl's Vice-Principal.

MISS REENTRY

... it's just a normal phase, Judy.

(MORE)

