

**The Smurfs Movie**

by

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Based on the Books by Peyo

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EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS (LIVE ACTION) - DAY

PUSH IN SLOWLY through thick ferns, mossy trees. Peaceful, but like the calm before the storm. Like a scene from Jurassic Park. Suddenly, a LOW RUMBLE... the sound of FEET rushing. Little feet. Lots of them.

A FLASH OF BLUE in the underbrush. And another. Then... An explosion of blue and white as a throng of blue GNOME-LIKE creatures (SMURFS) explode into view, frantically fleeing with gazelle-like precision or like a school of land-going fish. *(NOTE: Smurfs will be CGI in a live-action world, throughout).*

As they whip past camera, a beast explodes from the bushes, leaping directly toward the SCREEN, claws and fangs bared. It's a huge mangy HOUSE CAT -- terrifying from a Smurf's POV.

At the head of the Smurfs is a sweet, dopey, but terrified looking fellow. This is CLUMSY. We rocket into a CU of his face and... FREEZE FRAME.

SUPER: "ONE HOUR EARLIER"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - SMURF VILLAGE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Mushroom cottages abound beneath a banner that reads: Festival of the Blue Moon," for which SMURFS cook, build and decorate. Several FLY into the tiny UTOPIA on a tame STORK.

ANGLE ON Vanity and SMURFETTE, leading a group of SMURFS in a comical dance rehearsal to the beat of native DRUMS.

VANITY

Five, six, seven, eight!

SMURFETTE

That's it, Clumsy, feel the rhythm.  
Good job, Hefty. Almost lunch time,  
Greedy, hang in there.

Brainy supervises decorations nearby, but can't resist interjecting.

BRAINY

No, no, no! You call that dancing?!

VANITY

I told you it was too complicated.

BRAINY

I'm sorry. What part of "step-ball-change, pas de beurre, jazz hands" is so hard to understand?!

The stare at him, blankly.

HEFTY

The whole thing.

CLUMSY

We could do the hokey pokey.

BRAINY

Look who's talking, it's the dancing bear!

Brainy does an comic impression of Clumsy's dancing.

VANITY

He's doing the best he can... with what little he has.

CLUMSY

Thank you. I think.

BRAINY

(to Greedy)

And you! Every time you turn it's like watching jelly jiggle. And don't get me started on this guy!

He turns to Gutsy, a tough-looking Smurf in a kilt who stares him down.

GUTSY

(in thick Scottish brogue)  
*Watch wat ya say lad, or you'll be wearing yer lips like a scarf!*

BRAINY

Because he's doing fine.

LAZY

All this dancing's making me tired.

Lazy YAWNS and falls face-first into the dirt, asleep.

BRAINY

People, please! Tonight's the Blue Moon! A magical time where wishes are granted, the smurfberry crop is blessed, and anything is possible.

(MORE)

BRAINY (CONT'D)

Anything, except getting you people  
to dance right. Now, from the top!

On Brainy's CUE, the SMURF ORCHESTRA launches into SONG #1 --  
a celebration of the powers of the Blue Moon. CRAZY, who can  
make virtually any noise with his mouth, takes vocals as the  
others break out in an insane Busby-Berkely dance number.

SMURFETTE AND SMURFS (SINGING)

La la la-la-la-la la la la la la...

With Smurfette front and center, the otherwise all-male dance  
troupe can't keep their eyes off of her. Many are injured.

In the end, Clumsy trips, setting off a chain reaction of  
falling Smurfs, and knocking a ladder and paint onto Brainy.

END SONG/DANCE SEQUENCE.

INT. PAPA SMURF'S MUSHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PAPA, the oldest and wisest of Smurfs (set apart by his beard  
and RED pants & hat) HUMS as he works on a potion. A great  
sorcerer, Papa's LAB is packed with alchemy books and gear.

PAPA

(squinting, tired)  
...Six milkworm hairs and *precisely*  
one drop of starweed nectar.

CLUMSY (O.S.)

Papa Smurf! Papa Smurf!

Papa pours one drop... then, WHAM! The door flies open and  
Clumsy rushes in. Startled, Papa drops in the whole bottle  
and the potion explodes.

PAPA

(swallowing his temper)  
Yeeees, Clumsy? What *is* it?

CLUMSY

Brainy sent me to see if you need any  
help getting ready for the festival.

PAPA

He sent you *here*? I thought you were  
dancing.

CLUMSY

He said my dancing was so good, I  
should take a break so he doesn't  
pull his hair out in happiness!

Smurfette appears in the doorway.

PAPA

Let me guess, another helper?

SMURFETTE

Or else Brainy said I have to dance  
in a *burka*. What *is* a burka?

PAPA

Very well, why don't you two go pick  
Smurfberries while I gather more  
starweed, for our wishing potion.

SMURFETTE

Papa, we have *barrels* of berries.

CLUMSY

Can I get the starweed, Papa?  
Please! It's my fault you ran out.

SMURFETTE

I could go with him.

PAPA

No, no. The starweed grows too close  
to Gargamel's castle. It's far too  
dangerous for young Smurfs.

CLUMSY

But I'm brave! If danger comes, I'll  
just freeze, like you taught us.

Striking an absurd "blending" in pose, Clumsy hits a pile of  
ancient books, which buries him. He leaps back up.

CLUMSY (CONT'D)

I'm o-kay

PAPA

*Smurfnabit, Clumsy...*

(catching himself)

I mean... I'll just get the starweed  
myself this time. Why don't you too  
run along and help set the table?

CLUMSY

Oh. Sure, Papa Smurf... Sorry.

Clumsy sadly exits. Papa begins cleaning. Smurfette watches  
him, concerned.

PAPA

What? Don't smurf around the bush, Smurfette. You have *that... look.*

SMURFETTE

When are you going to realize we're not Smurflings anymore, Papa? The boys are one-hundred and four.

PAPA

*Mere toddlers*, my dear. A Papa's work is never done.

SMURFETTE

Well, it *might be*, if you let us help you a little more. I worry about you -- always working so hard.

PAPA

(fixing her hair)  
Ahhh, my sweet little Smurfette.

SMURFETTE

I mean it, Papa. You've raised us really well. It's time you trust us with more responsibility and take better care of *yourself* for a change.

From O.S. comes the CACOPHONY of the rehearsal chaos.

PAPA

You were saying? Come, let's quiet them down before the whole world knows were here...

As Smurfette rolls her eyes and follows him out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDIEVAL TOWN (**LIVE-ACTION**) - DAY

TRACK THROUGH as LUTES, FLUTES and JUGGLERS enliven a FAIRE. ON the wooden marquee of YE OLDE CONVENTION CENTER: TONY ROBBINS-HOOD, LIVE! "Unshackle the Giant Within.<sup>TM</sup>"

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (O.S.)

Feelest thou as if the weight of the world were upon thy shoulders?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Aye, Sir Tony. A terrible weight.

INT. YE OLDE CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: TONY ROBBINS-HOOD, pacing energetically onstage.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD  
And thy steps, are they not laden  
with heaviness?

ANGLE TO REVEAL SIR GALAHAD, with Tony, in heavy black ARMOR.

SIR GALAHAD (MAN'S VOICE)  
Aye, terrible heaviness.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD  
Then, friend, unshackle thine power  
and reach! Reach for thy potential!

Tony bounces exuberantly. Galahad struggles to bounce, but falls offstage into a sea of bouncing WIZARDS and KNIGHTS.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (CONT'D)  
And how better, than with my new  
book, *Steal From the Rich and Stop  
Being Poor!*

Pulling an arrow from his quiver, Tony points and flips through wooden, Bosch-like ILLUSTRATIONS of his "techniques."

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (CONT'D)  
In Chapter One, you'll follow a  
leprechaun to rainbow's end, throttle  
him, and take his gold! In Chapter  
Two, we'll sneak into a dragon's  
lair, slay him and take his gold.  
Ever spot a Unicorn? Chapter Three  
teaches thee to track him down, roast  
him for supper and take his gold!

HOODED FIGURE  
Excuse me! What about... *Smurfs?*

A HUSH as all heads turn to see a HOODED FIGURE, in a frayed brown monk's robe, raise a craggy hand. This is GARGAMEL.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD  
Smurfs? The mythical blue folk in  
tiny white pants and hats? About  
three apples high?

GARGAMEL (HOODED FIGURE)  
Aye, the very same. Treacherous  
creatures whose very essence can be  
the source of infinite power!

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD

Sir, I offer science, not  
superstitious knavery!

(to crowd)

*Likely he imagines the world to be a  
large round globe!*

HOWLS of LAUGHTER. A WIZARD LAUGHS so hard, LIGHTNING from his wand, turns a HUNCHBACK into a NEWT. It eyes Gargamel.

NEWT (COCKNEY ACCENT)

I remember you! Flunked out of  
Sorcerers Tech. Obsessed with  
Smurfs. Had this huge stupid cat.

GARGAMEL

Don't be absurd.

MEOOOOW. AZRAEL, the huge scraggly CAT, whom we recognize from the opening, rubs against Gargamel's leg.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

*Not now, Azrael.*

The crowd LAUGHS again.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD

Wait! I believe I *do* have bit of  
trivia on these, *valuable Smurfs...*

Tony produces *part* of a tattered BLUE SCROLL. Gargamel GASPS.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (CONT'D)

Won it in Parchesi from a peg-legged  
crusader. Bark like a dog and it's  
all yours! Come now, you  
superstitious peasant. *Awwwwwooooo!*

More LAUGHTER. Furious, Gargamel throws back his hood to reveal the face of a brilliant, but hapless madman.

GARGAMEL (HOODED FIGURE)

*You'll rue the day you laughed at the  
great, and soon to be exceedingly  
powerful... Gargamel.*

Hurling a vial to the floor, POOF! Gargamel vanishes in a PLUME of smoke. The crowd OOOOO's in awe. Suddenly, the scroll is YANKED from Tony's hand and begins beating him.

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

Who's laughing now? *Who?* Or is it  
whom? Either way, it is I, *I!*



But as he gloats, he doesn't notice his invisibility wear off... until Tony decks him into the crowd. KNIGHTS fall like dominos. Lanterns fly. Flames erupt. Everyone flees.

EXT. MEDIEVAL TOWN - FAIRE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

People rush from the fire. Gargamel staggers out with Azrael.

GARGAMEL

Cursed invisibility spell! Making a mockery of me! But with *this*, we shall never be mocked again.

(reveals scroll segment)

Feast your eyes, Azrael! Feast!

They stare absurdly at the scroll segment for a beat, "feasting." Clearly, it bears greater import than Tony knew.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

This will lead us to the *Smurfs*. And when we extract the essence of those wretched beasts, pure, unfailing, *unimaginable* power will be ours. And these fools will worship us like gods.

A FAIRE GOER, among MANY taking lessons at "BILL TELL'S" ARCHERY BOOTH, turns to mock Gargamel...

VISITOR

Worshipped? You?? What a  
crock of bull--

CROWD

(re arrow)  
Bullseye!

Whoosh. To his STUDENTS' delight, MR. TELL's arrow skewers all three apples, mid-air, and continues toward...

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A tiny BLUE HAND reaches from within the undergrowth and picks a starweed flower. TILTDOWN down to reveal Clumsy, filling a sack with the flowers for Papa. berry... then another. Nearby, a few more BLUE HANDS suddenly pick a branch clean.

CLUMSY

We're too young to pick starweed?  
Ha. It's too dangerous? *Pleeease*.

THWACK! William Tell's apple-laden arrow lands like a totem pole beside Clumsy, terrifying him and revealing him to be precisely three apples high. He FREEZES in his absurd pose.

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. GARGAMEL'S CASTLE - DAY

An ominous hovel of stone, spewing dark SMOKE from a chimney.

INT. GARGAMEL'S CASTLE - DAY

The would-be wizard HUMS while methodically smoothing his new blue scroll segment on the table of his ramshackle lab. He then produces an horrifying implement of torture and... smashes his piggy bank with it. Azrael is aghast. From the shards he pulls... the *other half of blue scroll*. He breaks into a fit of egomaniacal laughter. Azrael joins him.

GARGAMEL  
(stops abruptly)  
Now you're just milking it.

Gargamel smooths the pieces together and the pages *MAGICALLY BOND*, shimmering to life.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
Behold, my friend...*The window of Smurf.*

ANGLE ON the completed scroll: like a living window: Clumsy is revealed in the woods below the castle.

SMASH TO:

EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - DAY

Flees through the woods at top speed.

CLUMSY  
He's coming! He's coming!

Up ahead, a troop of other SMURFS stop picking smurfberries and look up to see Clumsy with Azrael is not far behind. Clumsy charges through the group and they instantly follow.

FREEZE FRAME: On Clumsy's terrified face.

SUPER: "THIS IS WHERE YOU CAME IN."

The action resumes as the Gazelle-like pack rushes through the woods. Coming upon JOKEY and other Smurfs, working on SMURF DAM. They charge across.

CLUMSY (CONT'D)  
Azrael!

JOKEY  
Gargamel!

Sure enough, not far behind Azrael, Gargamel comes into view, reading his magic scroll. In the panic, Clumsy and the others leap off SMURF DAM, onto log rafts, SHOOTING THE RAPIDS full speed.

MEANWHILE:

EXT. SMURF VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Papa dutifully "enjoys" as Brainy conducts HARMONY, Crazy and the SMURF ORCHESTRA to a comically bumpy finale.

PAPA

And then after the music, I will smurf the wishing potion into the well and we'll all hold our wishes deep in our hearts. Now, remember, only the Smurf with the purest, most gentle heart will have his wish granted.

CLUMSY (O.S.)

Aaaaaaaaagh!

Clumsy and the others roar into the village on the rafts, leaping and falling to shore.

CLUMSY (CONT'D)

Papa Smurf! Papa Smurf!

PAPA

Not now, Clumsy.

(to the others)

Then we'll all gaze up at the rising of the *glorious Blue Moon* and say...  
AHHHH!

The Smurfs look up as *Gargamel's* huge head looms into view.

GARGAMEL

(starting the famous song)

*BLuuUE MOoooN. YOU SAW ME STANDING ALONE--*

(re Azrael's PROTEST)

Alright, so I brought my cat.

Crazy begins making an ALARM SOUND as Smurfs SCREAM and scatter. Azrael charges. Gargamel is right behind.

Papa sprints past Clumsy.

CLUMSY

Papa Smurf! Gargamel's coming.

PAPA  
I noticed! Run!

GARGAMEL  
Oh, you can *run*... But I'll tan your  
*hide!*

Papa and Clumsy dash for a mushroom cottage. But Gargamel obliterates it with his foot. The force of the STOMP sends Papa and Clumsy FLYING in opposite directions.

In the melee, Papa smashes open what looks like a glass case where a fire hose would be. But instead of a hose, it contains a leather pouch with an emergency stash of smurfberrires.

PAPA  
(to pouch)  
Old friend, I hoped it would never  
come to this.

EXT. NEARBY WOODS - SUNDOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Like thundering buffalo, the Smurfs roar for a narrow ravine.

PAPA  
Smurfentine! Smurfentine!

Darting as a persicion herd, the Smurfs dodge Azareal and enter the ravine, passing a sign: FORBIDDEN GROTTOS-KEEP OUT!

SMURFETTE  
Forbidden Grottos?! The last Smurf  
to go in here was never seen again!

BRAINY  
(hurrying past her)  
Then don't be *last!*

They pass more signs: Agony Ahead!... Perhaps Death!... Then, More Agony!... I Mean It!... Especially in a Blue Moon!

EXT. FORBIDDEN GROTTOS - TWILIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The Smurfs stumble into a lush, green, *dead end*. Walled by steep rock, a baby stream flows from a pond at the base of a smurf-sized WATERFALL.

SMURFETTE  
It's a dead end! There's nowhere to  
hide!

CLUMSY  
(forgetting their danger)  
Hey, look! The Blue Moon!

Peeking through trees, a huge BLUE MOON edges over the ravine. As its rays hit the pond, Clumsy doesn't see the little falls begin to magically SHIMMER behind him.

PAPA  
Clumsy, no!

He reaches for Clumsy's wrist just as THHHHP! Clumsy flails backwards, sucked INTO THE MAGICAL FALLS, enveloped in a RAINBOW of ENERGY. He disappears through the once solid rock wall behind the falls. Papa's pulled in too. Followed by one Smurf after another as they grab to save one another.

Gargamel bursts onto the scene only to find... they're gone.

GARGAMEL  
Cowards! Come out and fight like men! Albeit, very small, decidedly blue men, but still--

Suddenly his face LIGHTS UP... as he sees the SHIMMERING falls enveloped in a RAINBOW of ENERGY.

WHITE OUT:

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WATERFALL/PORTAL - DAY

CLOSE ON another falls in a similar grotto. The walls behind the falls CRACKLE with ELECTRICITY, then, Whoosh. Out comes Papa, followed by a chain of SCREAMING Smurfs. They land in a churning pool, just beneath the falls.

UNDERWATER: Smurfs frantically swim to the surface.

As Hefty pulls comrades ashore -- Whoosh -- another CRACKLE of ENERGY and Gargamel's hand reaches from the falls.

PAPA  
Look out!

Gargamel's arm flails in search of Smurfs. Jokey pulls his floating GIFT BOX from the pool.

JOKEY  
Here you go. Have a present!

He shoves the box into Gargamel's huge hand, which promptly disappears back through the falls.

JOKEY (CONT'D)

Wait for it...

WARBLEY DISTANT SOUND FX: *KABOOM!* Followed by an ANGRY YOWL.  
But before the Smurfs can fully ENJOY Jokey's work...

HEFTY

(looking O.S., awed)  
*Sweet mother of Smurf.*

The Smurfs follow Romeo's gaze to...

SMURFS'S POV: Just downstream, another "faire" is in progress.  
But *unlike* the quaint, medieval affair of the opening, this is  
a FULLY MODERN *TRADE SHOW* of TODAY, with trucks, advertising,  
generators, rides and *ROCK & ROLL*.

PAPA

Wherever we are, we've got to gather  
the others and find Clumsy before the  
Blue Moon ends or we'll never get  
home. C'mon!

Papa and others race after the smurfs being swept downstream.

EXT. PARC DE WOLUWE - BRUSSELS - PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

In classic European style, woods and lawns flourish near City  
Centre. TOURISTS stroll the booths of a *TRADE SHOW*. VENDORS  
show everything from hybrid cars to hi-tech health gear.

BOOM DOWN from a Int'l Retailers Faire Banner, to find *Clumsy*,  
wet and afraid, under a bench, staring up at a black monolith.

CLUMSY'S POV: Tilt up to reveal a statue of a Smurf. The  
plaque reads: "*Le Grand Schtroumpf par Peyo.*"

Hearing LAUGHTER he turns to a large, colorful MUSHROOM that  
looms ahead, looking somewhat like a *Smurf Cottage*. We  
recognize it as a MOONBOUNCE.

CLUMSY

Papa?

As Clumsy approaches, *WHOOSH!* He's SUCKED AGAINST the  
moonbounce intake grill. The blower begins to WHEEZE.

CHILDREN SCREAM as the moonbounce begins to deflate around  
them. PARENTS come running. A CORD is KICKED. The blower  
CUTS OFF. Clumsy flops to the ground. *People see him...*

KIDS & PARENTS

*Agh, rongeur! Sacre Bleu!... Blue?*

Sticks and cans land all around a terrified Clumsy as he struggles to catch his breath and scramble away.

He quickly darts under the flap of a NEARBY TENT.

EXT. FORBIDDEN GROTTOS - NIGHT

Gargamel stumbles about in the pond, hoisting a log like a BATTERING RAM. His clothes are a bit more tattered and his face is blackened by Jokey's recent explosion.

GARGAMEL

Hold on to your catnips, Azrael...

And with that, he charges the tiny falls with the log.

INT. SOUVENIR TENT - AFTERNOON

Looking to hide, Clumsy scrambles past the shoes of PATRICK WINSLOW (30s), a handsome, harried, American marketer for a cosmetics powerhouse. As Patrick takes notes on a rival's products, his phone RINGS.

INTERCUT WITH...

EXT. GRASSY CURBSIDE PARKWAY - MANHATTAN - AM SAME

Patrick's daughter, SOPHIE (8), is on her mother's cell phone, pacing blithely with the family's trusty BEAGLE, TARZAN, who wears a protective lamp-shade collar.

SOPHIE

Hi, Daddy! I miss you so much! Do you miss me?

PATRICK

Of course, princess. Like *crazy*.

SOPHIE

Mom said, you're worried about money so you might not bring us any presents. Is that for real?

PATRICK

(can't bear to hurt her)  
No, baby. In fact, I already picked you out something special...

Patrick glances about for a way to make this true. Among the toys, he glimpses a small blue figure, FROZEN in a familiar blending-in pose. As he crosses to it, a BELL BLARES from the SCHOOL behind Sophie. Tarzan YOWLS.

SOPHIE  
It's okay, Tarzan! *Tarzan, shhhh!*

PATRICK  
Where are you, Sophie?

Patrick picks up Clumsy, and inspects him.

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
At Sammy's school.

PATRICK  
*With Tarzan?*

SOPHIE  
(nonchalant)  
Yeah, Sammy got in trouble for flying his helicopter at the pep rally so mom had to pick him, and we were at the vet cause, Tarzan's teeth hurt.

PATRICK  
(beat)  
Oh.

Just then, Patrick's beautiful, frazzled wife (GRACIE), exits the school, trying to quiet a teething baby (REINA). Son, SAM (14) is right behind, carrying a broken remote control helicopter.

SOPHIE  
Mom, Daddy wants to talk to you!

SAM  
(putting in earphones)  
It wasn't my fault!

GRACIE (INTO PHONE)  
Hey, baby, how are you holding up?

PATRICK  
Me? How are you doing? What's going on with Sam?

GRACIE  
He's alright. But we're gonna have to pay for a new scoreboard... And Coach Gruby's tupee.  
(for Sam)  
The *Principal* will tell us *all* about it, in our meeting tomorrow night...

Sam rolls his eyes, then gets distracted by a cute girl going inside. Gracie pulls him back to reality and toward the car.



PATRICK

Ooookay. And the dog? What's that gonna to set us back?

GRACIE

(re dog's cone, wincing)  
Seven-hundred and fifty dollars?

Patrick's heart skips a beat as he sets his impromptu gift selections at the register. Gracie reluctantly continues...

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't write any checks for a little bit... I had to put down \$1,500 on Sophie's braces.

Sophie flashes a bracey smile. Patrick sheepishly *removes* some gifts from the counter. The PROPRIETOR is not impressed.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Did you talk to Odile about travelling less?

Patrick watches the proprietor scan Clumsy, whose eyes go cross-eyed as the laser hits him again and again.

PATRICK

Not yet, but I will.

GRACIE

Serious, honey. This family needs you. The kids miss you. *I* miss you.

PATRICK

I'll talk to her. I promise.

As Gracie wrestles Reina into the car, the phone slips from her ear. She yells at it on the floorboard.

	GRACIE	SOPHIE	*
Love you!	Can't wait to see you!	Bye, Daddy! We love you.	*
			*

END CALL. Patrick notes the proprietor trying to price Clumsy.

PATRIC

What is that anyway?

PROPRIETOR

Stroumph. How you say... Smurf?  
Local legend, like Leprechaun.  
(gives up scanning)  
Twenty euros?

PATRICK  
He's filthy.

PROPRIETOR  
Is legend! Fifteen.

PATRICK  
How about ten? I'm stretched a  
little thin here.

The proprietor glares. Patrick SIGHS, tosses down the euros.

EXT. SOUVENIR TENT - MOMENTS LATER

As Patrick exits, we see Clumsy trapped in a clear souvenir  
box. Patrick's boss's droll, Asian, assistant, VAN, appears.

VAN  
*There you are.*  
(hustling Patrick along)  
*C'mon. We've won Grand Prize for  
Best Display, and Madame's waiting.*

PATRICK  
Grand Prize? Great. Unless it'll  
feed my family, you can have it.

VAN  
Funny you should say that...

Van leads Patrick to a huge, gaudy, playhouse-like CHOCOLATE  
CASTLE. Patrick's dumfounded. Their boss, ODILE LAURENT,  
commands the CROWD. Stunning, charming, a modern-day Liz  
Arden, Odile doesn't just run her business, *she's a star.*

ODILE  
(gorgeous French accent)  
*C'est bon! Here's my marketing  
genius. Come claim your prize, mon  
chéri. You deserve it.*

She pulls him into a group photo in front of the CASTLE.

PATRICK  
(through forced smile)  
What am I suppose to *do* with it?

ODILE  
Keep smiling, *mon cheri*. Let's not  
offend our hosts.

The photo is snapped. Patrick glad hands the BELGIANS.

ANGLE ON Clumsy, now partially free of the box. Suddenly, he ducks back inside as something O.S. fills him with dread...

GARGAMEL and Azrael pass by, taking in the strange new world.

GARGAMEL

What manner of freakish realm is this, Azrael? Yet, even here, the stench of Smurfs gives me goosebumps.

ON GARGAMEL: he spots a tall, attractive NORDIC WOMAN.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

You there! Trollop! I'm searching for these nasty blue creatures--

NORDIC WOMAN

What did you call me?

GARGAMEL

Trollop... tart, wench--

WHAP! She decks him and marches off. Gargamel rubs his face. His first "touch" by a woman, Gargamel tingles with a strange sensation. He sits up, holding his heart.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Wait... You mystical, divine she-beast... Come back!

EXT. TRADE SHOW - LAURENT BOOTH A LITTLE LATER

Van and other WORKERS pack up. Patrick watches nervously as Odile studies a larger-than-life display poster of herself. After a beat, she turns abruptly and hands him a file.

ODILE

Patrick, mon coeur, I want you to help get our Paris campaign back on track.

PATRICK

*Paris?*

ODILE

I'm not saying *move* there. Just pop over a week or two each month.

PATRICK

(flipping through file)  
Odile, I just promised my wife I'd talk to you about traveling *less*.

ODILE

And now you have. Didn't you just have another child? What is that, three now? And a wife. And a dog? Oh, I can't imagine the pressures you fathers must feel.

PATRICK

(unconvincing)  
Wouldn't have it any other way.

ODILE

Still, more travel, more *money*,  
voila... *less pressure*. I'm only thinking of you, *mon, poulet*. And only 'til my *makeover* of Europe takes hold. A year... two, tops.

(on Patrick's torn look)

Trust me, Your lovely bride will thank you in the end.

(getting in Limo)

See you at GlamourCon!

With a smile she leaves Patrick miserable in her wake.

EXT. EXHIBITION AREA - BEHIND THE BOOTHS - DAY - SAME

Papa and the Smurfs tiptoe like Navy Seals through a maze of cables and support gear. Suddenly, Papa flashes a "hold up" sign. The Smurfs stop, bumping each other in chain reaction.

PAPA

Alright everyone, think like Clumsy.

The Smurfs immediately adopt blank or dopey stares. A few just plain fall down. Papa just shakes his head.

CLUMSY (O.S.)

(faintly)

Papa Smurf, Papa Smurf!

The Smurfs look up to see Clumsy, waving frantically from within his box as Van and Patrick load into a TAXI. Gutsy leads a charge of several Smurfs for the Taxi.

GUTSY

*We'rrrrrrre*, comin' ferrr ya Clumsy!

IN THE BOX: Clumsy desperately holds outstretched arms toward his comrades. Then, his eyes go wide with fear...

CLUMSY'S POV: Opposite Papa and the others, Gargamel and Azrael are staring *right* at him.

GARGAMEL

(to Patrick)

Stop! Thief! That's *my* Smurf!

Gargamel's cry is lost in the CROWD NOISE. Oblivious, Patrick lowers a devastated Clumsy into the trunk.

Gargamel charges, but the Taxi pulls away, leaving him GASPING for breath... *directly over* the crestfallen Smurfs

His internal senses atingle, Gargamel looks down to see Gutsy and the others at his feet.

SMURFS

(fleeing)

Yahhh!

Azrael gives a WAR CRY. Master and cat charge their prey.

A free-for-all as Gargamel and Azrael chase Smurfs through various booths, wrecking displays and toppling exhibits.

Seeking refuge, Papa and the Smurfs race toward *Patrick's chocolate castle, imagining some great ruler must live there.*

PAPA

Sanctuary, oh, benevolent lord!

Sanctuary for my little *Smurumph--!*

WHAP! Papa trips on a TAPE GUN, tossed aside by FED EX WORKERS as they prep to ship the castle. His face embedded in tape, Papa's MUFFLED CRIES draw help from Hefty and Gutsy, who RIP him free, *leaving some beard embedded in the tape.*

PAPA (CONT'D)

*Oooouch!*

With Gargamel bearing down, Gutsy and Hefty help Papa as they charge after the others INTO THE CASTLE.

GUTSY

Lower the gate!

The chocolate gate wheel breaks off. Greedy takes a bite.

GREEDY

*Mmmmm!*

Suddenly, their world goes BLACK as a cargo lid is lowered onto the castle. WHAM! Gargamel face-plants against the crate.

A FEDEX GUY secures the lid while his PARTNER labels it with the *tape gun*. The container is hoisted. Gargamel leaps for it.

GARGAMEL

No! My Smurfs! Mine! *Miiiine!*

He falls on his back, clutching a shred of label and tape, the wind knocked out of him.

FEDEX WORKER

And they'll absolutely positively be there overnight.

The worker exits. Gargamel examines the shred of label and tape. *It features Patric's Company LOGO: "LAURENT" and "USA".* Gargamel calls to a PASSERBY.

GARGAMEL

You, knave! Pray tell, where is the "Usa" of these sacred writings?

PASSERBY

Uh... About 4,000 miles that way?

GARGAMEL

And how many doubloons does one need for mule passage to this, Usa?

PASSERBY

Does your mule fly?

GARGAMEL

(bewildered)  
A flying mule?

Just then... a 777 ROARS overhead. Gargamel covers his head in terror. Then... A crooked smile creaks across his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - SUNSET

Patrick tries to get comfortable in his seat. Finally, he pulls Clumsy from the souvenir box, looks him over, then stuffs him behind his head as a *neck pillow*.

CLOSE ON: Clumsy, his face mashed into the window. His eyes go wide as the earth pulls away 15,000 feet below him. He's on his way to... "Usa."

FADE OUT.

INT. BRUSSELS INT'L AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

Gargamel argues with a Belgian TICKET AGENT.

GARGAMEL

But I demand passage on your terrible winged beast!

TICKET AGENT

*Sir, no passport, no ticket.*

Catching sight of a HUGE WOMAN loading a tiny dog into a carrier, Gargamel suddenly calms down.

GARGAMEL

Yes, of course. Wouldn't want to take up too much room in the belly of your flying machine.

He steps away from the counter and begins rummaging in his magic bag. Azrael MEWS, confused by Gargamel's sly smile.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A perfectly quiet, normal flight. A MAN gets up to retrieve his laptop from the overhead bin.

INT. OVERHEAD BIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The bin opens. In the dark far end, a pocket in a carry-on WRIGGLES. A tiny MEOW, then, a TINY Gargamel and Azrael shove a SNICKERS BAR aside and peek out from the pocket.

TINY GARGAMEL

Of course, I thought this through. It's a standard Class A Shrinking Spell. What could go wrong?

Azrael MEOWS as his tail suddenly grows to full size.

GARGAMEL

Oh, dear.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In a FLASH of SMOKE and LIGHT, life-sized Gargamel and Azrael tumble out of the overhead bin. People SCREAM, panicked by the "explosion" and smoky man, face-down in the aisle.

GARGAMEL

It's okay, I'm a wizard.

PASSENGER

(re smoky robe)  
He's got a bomb!

Gargamel sits up just as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT rams him in the face with the drink cart and everyone jumps him.

EXT. WINSLOW NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside a slightly-neglected upper middle-class house in Englewood, New Jersey.

At the front door, Patrick collects forgotten mail, mostly bills. The mailbox lid comes off in his hand. He SIGHS.

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The door latch JIGGLES and SHAKES. Finally the stuck door is shouldered open and Patrick enters with his bags. He slips his shoes off and tip toes up the stairs, noting swatches of PAINT SAMPLES remaining from unfinished tests, long ago.

IN Sam'S ROOM -- Patrick tousles his son's hair and slides a new snow globe on the desk -- beside a row of similar snow globes Patrick's brought back from all over the world.

IN SOPHIE'S ROOM -- Patrick finds his young daughter asleep in her princess bed. Patrick slides Clumsy beneath one arm, then kisses her on the head. Sophie stirs just enough to notice the gift and smile. Patrick smiles, too, and exits.

Clumsy's eyes pop open. He tries to squirm free, but Sophie rolls over, pinning him beneath her chest. He's struggles, but can't move. Exhausted, he lays back and passes out.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM -- Patrick quietly undresses and readies to climb into bed beside a clearly exhausted Gracie. He steps on a toy, which launches into SONG, waking baby Reina, who bursts into tears. Gracie starts to get up.

PATRICK

I got it.

Exhausted, Patrick soothes the baby, alone, as Gracie, grateful, falls back into bed, dead to the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JFK INT'L AIRPORT - U.S. CUSTOMS - DAWN

SECURITY, IMMIGRATIONS and a LUFTHANSA AGENT argue as Gargamel watches anxiously in the background.

LUFTHANSA AGENT

We're not flying back a terrorist!  
That's your jurisdiction!

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Maybe his cat's a terrorist, but he's  
a *bum* with no weapon that you let on  
your flight. Send 'em back!



LUFTHANSA AGENT  
*Who's your supervisor?*

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
*Who's your supervisor?!*

As they grab phones and dial angrily, Gargamel simply takes his bag and cat and blends into a line cleared for exit.

INT. JFK - TERMINAL - DAWN

Several DRIVERS hold name placards, awaiting their passenger. Gargamel approaches one, reading "Smith."

ARMENIAN DRIVER  
*Smith?*

GARGAMEL  
*Smurf.*

ARMENIAN DRIVER  
*Smirth.*

GARGAMEL  
*Smurf, you dunderhead ignoramus.  
(suspicious)  
Who sent you? What do you know of  
these runes?*

FOREIGN LIMO DRIVER  
*(re shipping label)  
Ees in city, Meester Smoorf? You  
vant stop zhere first?*

GARGAMEL  
*Yesssss, my speaking-impaired friend.  
I vant stop zhere first.*

The driver tries to take his bag. Gargamel yanks it back.

INT. SOPHIE'S ROOM - DAWN

Clumsy YAWNS and stretches in the first morning light. Suddenly, he jolts awake, no idea where he is.

Inching from beneath Sophie, he takes in the giant princess, then backs into something wet. He turns and stares into the sleeping snout of *Tarzan, the beagle*.

Clumsy backs into a pile of toys, burying himself in an avalanche of lifeless, *horrifying DOLL FACES*. *Worst of all, SNIFF SNIFF...* Tarzan GROWLS. Sophie SHUSHES in her sleep...

SOPHIE  
*Tarzaamb... shubbshssh.*

Clumsy goes to scream, but merely PEEPS, then he flees into...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clumsy heaves the great door closed, then scales the sink cabinet, to get further from Tarzan, who paws at the door.

ON THE COUNTER: Clumsy collapses to catch his breath. After a beat, he SNIFFS something sweet and follows his nose to... the BERRY-BURST liquid HAND SOAP.

Famished, he sucks down a mouthful, then grimaces, BURPING a huge BUBBLE. Stepping back, he triggers the BLOW DRYER which sets him running in place in pool of slippy soap.

Reaching for support, Clumsy yanks the plug and all is QUIET. He spots a "crystal pool," below and climbs eagerly down...

INTO THE TOILET: HUMMING happily, Clumsy enjoys a quick splash under the arms and a GARGLE. Ahh, *refreshing*. To climb out, he grabs the *handle*... FLUSH!

Flailing wildly for balance, Clumsy grab the toilet paper, which unfurls as he falls toward the raging whirlpool below.

Just as he would be lost, he's plucked free. Clumsy looks up from Sophie's grasp to see her towering over him in her princess jammies. He tries freezing again.

SOPHIE

I know you're alive... I saw you.

Clumsy can't contain another BURP and BUBBLE. Sophia giggles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

See.

Clumsy throws himself on his face.

CLUMSY

Please your highness, don't hurt me!  
I'll do whatever you say! I didn't  
mean to wake you. I just want to go  
home!

SOPHIE

You silly. I'd never hurt you. Why  
would I hurt you?  
(as Clumsy peeks up)  
But, I would take care of you... If  
you let me.

Tarzan SNIFFS and jumps up, curious, as Sophie reaches to pet Clumsy. Clumsy pulls back, afraid.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Don't be scared. It's just Tarzan.  
He's a good dog. Are you hungry?  
I'll bet you are. *I'm hungry.*

Against his will, Clumsy nods. Sophie warmly smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You like breakfast in bed? *I love it.*

He nods again. As she pulls him close and starts out, Clumsy stiffens, but then... he can't resist a much needed cuddle.

INT. TOWN CAR - MANHATTAN - SAME

Azrael and Gargamel each hang out the window like a dogs, taking in the Big Apple. They are mesmerized by billboards and jumbotrons touting beauty, fashion and youth.

Noting the limo's decanter, Gargamel takes a swig, then spit takes all over the back of the limo.

Meanwhile, an ANGRY STREAM OF ARMENIAN comes from DISPATCH.

FOREIGN LIMO DRIVER  
Smith? At JFK?? *No Smurth?*

He glares at Gargamel, who is licking the picture on a pack of peanuts.

SLAM TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - EARLY MORNING

Gargamel, his cat, bag and crumpled shipping label are tossed from the car. The driver, CURSING IN ARMENIAN, speeds away.

GARGAMEL  
Lunatic demon! I'm keeping your  
peanuts!!

Seeing the shipping label floating in the gutter, toward a storm drain, Gargamel leaps and grabs them.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
Ye gods, the runes!

Azrael YOWLS sniffing at the label.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
What now, *cat?*

Gargamel examines the tape more closely... FINE BITS OF GREY HAIR are embedded within. Pushing Azrael aside, Gargamel's eyes go wide with excitement...

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
*Praise all darkness! Papa's beard!  
It's not much, but even a smidgen of  
Smurf, in the right hands, should  
yield power and riches beyond belief.*

Gargamel eyes a Porta Potty near a renovation project.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
Ahh, this should make a nice  
laboratory in which to tease the  
powers from these precious strands.

They enter the Porta Potty. After a beat... SNIFF...MEOW!

GARGAMEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I agree. Someone's been working a  
dark and terrible magic in here.

They quickly stagger out, GASPING.

WIPE TO:

EXT. TURTLE POND/BELVEDERE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Gargamel and Azrael stomp through the shrubs and come upon BELVEDERE CASTLE -- a rundown architectural folly, amazingly like his home. He smiles.

Gargamel bashes the LOCK open with a ROCK and peers into the cob-webbed labyrinth of old park junk... *It's perfect.*

GARGAMEL  
Oh, baby... Daddy's home.

INT. WINSLOW KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Patrick sits, absently feeding the baby, while studying a FRENCH BOOK in the other. He struggles with a sentence.

PATRICK  
Bonjour, Reina. Vous aimez Cherrios?

Sam sits nearby, repairing his HELICOPTER, also lost in his own world. The copter struggles to lift off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Hey hey, Sam, not in the house.

Earbuds blaring, Sam doesn't hear. Patrick plucks out a bud.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Sam.*

SAM

*What?*

PATRICK

No flying in the house. What were you thinking, anyway, taking that thing to school?

SAM

Where am I supposed to fly it? We never go to the park like you said we would when we got it.

PATRICK

I know, I know, and I've been meaning to. It's just... things are so crazy right now with work and the economy--

SAM

Whatever...

(cranking earbuds back up)

Tell Principal Fincher I said hi, tonight.

SOPHIE

(racing in, hugs Patrick)

Daddy, I love him! Thank you so much!

She spins, to reveal Clumsy in a baby carrier on her back.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(racing in)

His name is Clumsy and he talks and walks and swims in the potty. But he's so hungry. Why didn't you feed him on the plane?

Gracie enters, as Sophie gathers a lot of food. Patrick quickly hides the French book.

GRACIE

Feed who on the plane?

SOPHIE

My Smurf. Daddy got him in Brussels and he lives in a mushroom in the middle of the woods.

She races out with tray of food. Gracie turns to Patrick.

GRACIE

Wow, what a difference. My first full night of sleep since you left.

(then)

What's with the tie? I thought I had you to myself today.

PATRICK

Yeah... I've just got a little catching up to do from the trip.

Hiding her frustration, Gracie turns away to pour coffee.

GRACIE

So... Did you talk to Odile about travel?

PATRICK

(deep breath...)

Yeah, as a matter of fact, I did.

GRACIE

And?

Looking into Gracie's beautiful, hope-filled eyes...

PATRICK

And...

(courage failing)

...There's definitely going to be some changes.

GRACIE

(beat, hugs him)

You... are my hero.

She kisses him on the cheek and exits. Patrick wilts, then flips through his French book and reads for the baby...

PATRICK

Je suis si baisé.

(SUBTITLE: I am so screwed)

INT. THE WINSLOW'S BACKYARD - MORNING - A LITTLE LATER

Poor Tarzan is now chained up and watches forlornly as a FED EX CREW maneuver a huge box. *Dropping it*, they quickly exit.

UPSTAIRS: Patrick packs up his computer for work. Spotting the box in the backyard, he brightens...

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

PUSH IN ON the box. After a beat...

BRAINY (O.S.)

I could be mistaken, but it's my opinion, that we've come to a stop.

PAPA (O.S.)

Thank you, Brainy, for that piercing and insightful observation.

INT. BOX - CONTINUOUS

A shaft of light from a crack in the container illuminates the weary travellers.

GREEDY

Real Food... Must have real food.

HEFTY

Water! My bench press for a drop of water. \*

GUTSY

Me ferrst, lads. Might be any manner of monster oot dar.

VANITY

A drop? Bathe me in a river, I smell like a moose.

SMURFETTE

Forgive a lady for being blunt, fellas, but, if I don't find a powder room, my smurf is gonna burst.

EXT. WINSLOW BACK YARD - SECONDS LATER

Papa peers from the crack in the container, then cautiously ventures into this unknown world. One by one, he's followed by tired, frightened, chocolate-covered Smurfs.

Suddenly a massive dinosaur head looms over them. The Smurfs SCREAM and flee toward a rickety fence. Behind them, the plastic dinosaur rocks in the wind as part of a swingset.

The Smurfs are cut off by Tarzan, who BARKS and chases them back toward the house until he's snapped back by his sliding chain. The back door flies open and Patrick leads his family out. The Smurfs dive under a hedge.

PATRICK

(to Gracie, proudly)

Bet you thought I forgot you, eh?

SMURFS POV: Patrick undoes a strap, releasing the wooden sides of the crate, revealing... a half-eaten chocolate mess.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Okay, giant chocolate castles do not travel well.

SOPHIE

Hmmm. Looks like you had rats.

UNDER HEDGE: Greedy BURPS, wiping chocolate off his hands.

SAM

If I catch the plague, will that get  
me out of mid-terms?

SMURF'S POV: As the family heads back into the house, *Clumsy* is revealed, strapped to a Baby Bjorn on Sophie's back.

The Smurfs GASP. Gutsy lunges, but Hefty grabs him. Clumsy reaches out hopelessly to Papa, who frantically signals to SHUSH him. Tarzan BARKS and pulls on his chain, *loosening the stake as the door SLAMS* and Clumsy's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - DUNGEON - AFTERNOON

More haggard than ever, Gargamel and Azrael have worked feverishly, refashioning the castle into a crude laboratory. A candle churns smoky brew in an old coffee urn into VAPOR, which pulses through a Rube Goldberg-esque rig.

GARGAMEL

This is it, Azrael. All my life has  
built to *this* moment.

(accidentally BREAKS WIND)

Alright, this *next* moment... The  
*piece de la resistance*, the *creme de*  
*la creme*...

MUSIC builds as Gargamel produces *the tuft of Papa's beard* and adds the hair to the urn... The room is engulfed in SFX.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Yes! YES! Never again will they  
laugh at *Gargamel!*

Gargamel places a tiny, exquisite glass cordial at the funnel, capturing a wee squirt of Smurf-blue ESSENCE.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

At last, the *ultimate* magic potion...  
*Essence du Smurf!*

He pours a drop onto a crumpled COKE CAN, *turning it to GOLD.*

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

(in ecstasy)

Oooo! Eeee! Aaaah!... *Shiiney!*

(Azrael licks the gold).

*Stoppit, cretin!*

Gargamel polishes the bar... then licks it himself.



GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

*Mmmmm!* We're going to require more Smurfs.

INT. WINSLOW KITCHEN - DAY

Sophie feeds Clumsy, who stares over her shoulder, distracted.

SOPHIE

Are you okay? Is your seat buckle too tight?

CLUMSY

*No, it's... it's... Papa Smurf!*

Sophie follows Clumsy's stare to the doggie door, where Papa freezes, half in/half out, being lowered by Hefty and Gutsy.

CUT TO:

INT. BABY'S ROOM - 2ND FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

Gracie changes baby Reina, who CRIES and fusses, gnawing on a rattle. Sophie bursts in, talking 100 mph.

SOPHIE

Mommy! Clumsy's friends have come and the poor little Smurfs have had nothing but Chocolate for days and they're all hopped up on sugar and need a *real* breakfast and a *lot* of it, and a bath, 'cause they smell like frog poop. Can they come in? *Please?* I promise to take care of them? *Please please?*

GRACIE

(wrestling Reina's diaper)  
Sure, Sophie. Clutz's friends can have breakfast. Say hello from me.

SOPHIE

Thanks, Mom!

INT. WINSLOW KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Smurfs are... *everywhere*. Bathing in the sink, showering under the spray faucet. Fire-brigade style, some empty the fridge. Others beat on the toaster, raid the pantry, roast treats over stove burners and spin on bar stools. Greedy emerges from a bag of CHEETOS... He's *ORANGE*.

GREEDY  
(BUUUUUURP)  
*Smurfacalifragilous.*

With Clumsy happily at his side, Papa, on the counter, oversees the feeding of his family with Brainy's "help."

CLUMSY  
Then I woke up under Sophie's arm and she's kept me safe every since.

PAPA  
(bowing to Sophie)  
How can we ever thank you?

SOPHIE  
Don't need to. It's just so nice to have someone to talk to for a change.

PAPA  
Clumsy, are you feeling okay? You look a little pale.

Clumsy checks his arms. He's a bit less blue than the others.

PAPA (CONT'D)  
No worries. Fortunately, I packed extra smurfberries.

Producing a pouch, he pops a berry into Clumsy's mouth.

CLUMSY  
(noticably relieved)  
Aaaaaah. Thanks, Papa Smurf.

BRAINY (O.S.)  
Watch it, Handy! Papa always says... You're gonna poke someone's eye out with that *thiiiiiiiiing...*

Brainy sails off a spinning orange, atop a JUICER as Handy and others wield a LARGE KNIFE on the next orange. Hefty helps load it and Gutsy jumps on top and clings as it spins.

SOPHIE  
That's it! Keep pressing down!

DARING  
(spining on orange)  
Yeeehaaaaw!

PAPA  
(re flowing juice)  
Amazing!

\*

Four hungry Smurfs peer into a FOUR-SLICE TOASTER.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You might not want to stand quite so--

DING! The Smurfs are knocked to their butts by flying toast.

PAPA

(mouthful of eggs)

*Mmmmm*. You're sure your Mother won't mind all this, Miss Sophie?

SOPHIE

Mind? She *loves* Clumsy. And just wait til she meets all of *you*.

The room is pierced by an hysterical SCREAM.

ANGLE ON Gracie, in the doorway, holding Reina and *freaking out*. The Smurfs, shocked by the sight, SCREAM back as one, then, run panicked in every direction.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It's okay! That's my mom! Mom! You said it was okay!

Sam rushes in and is stunned to see the kitchen packed with scampering, keystone cop-like, little blue critters.

SAM

Omigod... *Aliens!*

GRACIE

Sophie, get back!

In one clean move, she puts the baby in Sam's arms, grabs a broom, and clears a counter of little blue invaders.

SOPHIE

Stop it! Mom, we invited them!

Wham! Gracie sweeps Brainy into wall. WHOOSH! GUTSY is sent flying onto the ceiling fan.

BRAINY

*Aaaaaaaaaaagh!*

GUTSY

*Weeeeeeeeeeee!*

GRACIE

(swatting more Smurfs)

Get... Out... of my... Kitchen!  
*Whatever you are!*

SOPHIE

*Mom, don't!* They're Clumsy's friends!

Papa ducks a swipe. Sophie grabs Gracie's legs. Tarzan leaps through his doggy door, *pulling his up-ended stake. WHAM! It catches in the door, jerking him short of Gutsy.*

GUTSY

(shadow boxing)

Is 'at all ya' got! *Brrring* it on,  
you canine *cowarrrd!*

As Tazan cocks his head, confused, Sam traps Gutsy under a glass cake cover. He holds it down as Gutsy shoves back.

GUTSY (MUFFLED) (CONT'D)

*Let me oot ya' frrreakin' jeezer!*  
*I'll take ye wit me barrre 'ands!*

SOPHIE

(clinging to Gracie's leg)

*Mom, please!* You told me to make  
them breakfast!

MOM

(whacks Vanity)

I thought you were *playing!*

SMURFETTE

(trying to revive Brainy)

*Look what you've done to my Brainy.*

Stunned, Gracie pauses for a beat. Sophie grabs the broom.

SOPHIE

Mom! They need our help! They're  
nice! Papa! Show Mom you're nice!

Sophie and Gracie clutch the broom in a standoff. Gracie stares warily at Papa. He stares warily back. Then...

PAPA

(tentatively)

Alright my little Smurfs... Clean up  
time. And make it Smurfy.

Keeping an eye on Gracie, Smurfs come out of hiding to clean. Soon, the kitchen is a BLUE BLUR as things are polished and put away at break-neck speed. Gracie and the kids are dazed.

Gracie is eased into a chair and served tea. Catching her breath, she looks around in awe. Standing at attention, the Smurfs line the kitchen like the wait-crew of a luxury liner.

SOPHIE

Mom, meet Papa...and the Smurfs.

PAPA

Humbly at your service, m'lady.

The Smurfs bow. The Winslows are speechless. Reina grabs Grouchy and happily chews on him, covering him in slime.

GROUCHY

I hate being at service...

GRACIE

Nooo! Get that out--

Gracie yanks Grouchy from Reina and hurls him into the sudsy sink, then wipes Reina's mouth.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Who knows what kind of diseases these things--

(off Reina's YOWLING)

No, Reina, we do *not* put strangers in our mouth.

Crazy steps forward and soothes Reina with a RIFF of silly NOISES. Reina GIGGLES, delighted. Gracie's taken aback.

SAM

I'm so uploading this to YouTube.

As he records Crazy, Sophie grabs his phone-cam.

SAM

Hey! Give it! They're not yours! This is *first contact!* The world's gotta know!

SOPHIE

*Stopit!* They need our help! Can they stay, Mom? Please? Just for a little while?

\*

\*

Sam holds Gutsy up at arms length, captivated as the little blue "alien" swings wildly at him. Mom gazes into rows of pleading Smurf eyes.

PAPA

(humbly beseeching)

We are a *long* way from home, Ma'am.

BRAINY

And experience indicates, it's a bit dangerous out there for Smurfs.

HEFTY

For once, I agree with Brainy.

PAPA

We'll be out of your hair in no time. When the Blue Moon rises, we simply search out the nearest portal and--

GRACIE

I'm sorry, did you say, Blue Moon?

PAPA

Yes, when the moon turns blue and rises in the evening sky--

SAM

Whoa, I don't know what planet you're from, but our moon doesn't turn blue.

Papa looks alarmed.

GRACIE

We have an expression *Blue Moon*, but that's just when it's full twice in the same month.

SMURFETTE

With just a lovely hint of blue?

SAM

What part of *no blue* don't you guys understand?

Rows of solid *blue* Smurfs gaze back at him, blankly.

BRAINY

All of it?

EXT. MADISON AVE. - DAY - AFTERNOON

Armed with the gold, Gargamel and Azrael push through CROWDS to gaze, flumoxed, at Armani suits in the windows at BARNEYS.

GARGAMEL

Ludicrous! Where's a brilliant wizard to find a simple hairy robe?

He smooths his filthy robe, then, *his jaw drops...*

RACK FOCUS: Reflected in the window is *Patrick's Company logo*, on the office building *across the street*.

Gargamel turns and charges into traffic causing utter chaos.

INT. LAURENT INT'L HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY BOUTIQUE - AFTERNOON

Expansive, exclusive, like Lancôme's HQ, it's Niketown for your face. Deep in the lobby, Odile berates her MINIONS.

ODILE

(re a display)

*Dieu m'aide*, I'm so bored.

(MORE)

ODILE (CONT'D)

The press expects Laurent to *surprise* at GlamourCon. Yet, I've seen all this before. *Deja vu does not sell.*

AT THE ENTRANCE: Gargamel spots an impeccably dressed, middle-aged, COSMETOLOGIST, cream-treating her crows feet in vain.

GARGAMEL

You there, fancy woman. Fetch me the proprietor of this bazar at once.

Gargamel and Azrael seem homeless and feral at best. The cosmetologist beckons to an undercover SECURITY AGENT.

SECURITY AGENT

Sir, please step outside.

Gargamel struggles as he's pulled toward the door.

GARGAMEL

Unhand me, knave! Or you'll live out your days as newt!

(as guard tightens grip)

Or perhaps another small amphibious reptile of your fancy?

In their struggle, the vial empties onto the cosmetologist.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Ye, gods! My potion!

A "youth" effect spreads over the cosmetologist. She SHIVERS with pleasure as her face, bust, hair, and entire being, *become 25 years younger.* Gargamel is himself, surprised.

COSMETOLOGIST

(looking into the mirror)

(*stunned expletives in Farsi*)

GARGAMEL

Well, I hope you're happy. You were a perfectly respectable hag, yet you wasted my fine blue brew turning yourself into a strumpet!

ODILE (O.S.)

*Sacré Blu!... Mother?!*

Gargamel turns, to find Odile gazing in shock at *her mother*, the cosmetologist, newly restored to youth.

ODILE (CONT'D)

*Comment?... Que?... qui?*

Odile's mother points, wordlessly to Gargamel. As Odile stares at him, Gargamel *melts*, utterly taken in by the most beautiful woman he's ever seen.

ODILE (CONT'D)

Who are you? How did you do this?

GARGAMEL

I... I... well... Obviously, my potion is more amazing than even I expected.

ODILE

Can you do it again?

She reaches for his empty bottle. Gargamel clutches it.

GARGAMEL

(re her mother)

W-why would I do *that* again?

ODILE

Don't play coy. Women would kill for a drop of that.

GARGAMEL

*Women?*

Shrewdly changing tacks, she draws closer, stroking his cheek with a perfectly manicured finger. She speaks seductively...

ODILE

Of course, a man as charming as yourself is probably bored silly by the attention of beautiful women.

GARGAMEL

(enraptured, dazed)

Oh. Yes, it's so... wearying... always being the object... of desire.

ODILE

Tout de suite, everyone! Get the man a latte! Caviar! A massage! His any desire! How often are we graced by the presence of such genius?

Azrael MEOWS in confusion. Gargamel stomps on his tail, shutting him up, but never turning his gaze from Odile's.

GARGAMEL

(overcome)

I'm sorry... *Did you say... genius?*



Odile locks eyes with the strange man before her.

ODILE

*Unequivocal... Totalement... Genius.*

Enveloped in a whirlwind of pampering and grovel, Gargamel's eyes fill with gratitude, his greatness, at last, recognized.

GARGAMEL

Azrael, we're going to *like* it here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 540 PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Odile and Van sit across from Gargamel and Azrael in the power-lunchroom to midtown's elite.

ODILE

Monsieur Gargamel, I'll be frank.  
Clinique, Lauder, Mac, they'd *kill* to  
get what you have in that vial.

GARGAMEL

(keeping an eye out)  
To be expected. I'll need some  
bowman and a few good knights,  
preferably in shining armor.

Odile starts to laugh, but realizes he's not joking.

ODILE

Done. *Van.*

VAN

Where would I--

ODILE

You see, Monsieur Gargamel, while  
others may promise you the world,  
Odile Laurent *delivers*.

A huge, almost medieval tray of meats arrives. Gargamel digs into a turkey leg and Azrael devours prawns.

ODILE (CONT'D)

Of course, all our testing will be  
animal cruelty free.

GARGAMEL

So, I pay extra for animal cruelty?

ODILE

And we assume liability should your formula present any... unforeseen side effects.

GARGAMEL

Speaking of unforeseen, this place hasn't got a pot to piss in.

(to waiter)

You! Urchin! Fetch me a chamber pot. This swill you call *Cristal* has gone straight to my nether region.

ODILE

(off waiter's look)

Get. The man. A *chamberpot*.

GARGAMEL

*Thank the gods...*

Gargamel grabs an empty SOUP TUREEN from a passing tray and disappears behind a potted plant. Odile smiles and nods at perplexed DINERS as if nothing is wrong.

Relieved, Gargamel hands the pot to the Waiter.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Toss this out a window, will you?

ODILE

Gargamel, *dahling*, you can get me another sample of your incredible potion for tomorrow, *mais oui*? I'd like to unveil you to the world at GlamourCon. They'll *worship* you.

GARGAMEL

Hear that, Azrael? *Worshiiiiip*. It rolls off her tongue, like flesh from a martyr.

Azrael GULPS down a prawn than BURPS in agreement. Eying a huge aquarium he jumps in and paddles madly for a bite. The staff rushes to pull him out, but Odile waves them off.

ODILE

Le poisson... Add it to the bill.

(then, to Gargamel)

So, we have a deal, my *liege*?

GARGAMEL

Your liege? Oh yes, yes! I'll gladly provide you more potion. There's just one thing...

Gargamel produces the crumpled shipping label and begins smoothing it on the table.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

You see, there was this box, and something most dear to me was--

ODILE

(glancing at the label)  
Ah, that's shipping and receiving.  
Van will take you, *tout de suit!*

GARGAMEL

No, you're too sweet.

ODILE

Van, make sure you get his number.

GARGAMEL

My what?

ODILE

Your cellular?  
(off his blank look)  
You do have a phone, don't you? Of course you don't, you don't even have a comb. Van.

Van reluctantly hands over his phone.

ODILE (CONT'D)

Until tomorrow, *mon cher*.

Rising to leave, she holds out her hand. Gargamel sniffs it tentatively, then licks it like an obedient dog. She smiles.

ODILE (CONT'D)

Yes, I think this is going to work out just fine.

INT. WINSLOW HOME - STUDY - DAY

Sophie helps Papa and Brainy pour through the library, while Gracie searches online and keeps an eye on Reina, who bounces happily in her springy chair as Crazy entertains her with funny noises: CRICKETS, WASHING MACHINE, an ELEPHANT, etc.

GRACIE

See, this is a blue moon in our world. It's really just a saying.

Brainy and Papa peer at photo of a full moon over New York.

BRAINY

That's not even blue if you squint!

Smurfs MURMUR worriedly as Papa's nervously paces.

PAPA

Alright, nobody panic. There must be a way to *summon* a Blue Moon. Hmmm... I'll need to study your stars.

SOPHIE

Sammy's got a telescope Dad brought back from a trip.

SAM

(off Papa's hopeful look)  
Fine. But I'm coming with in case you try and summon your mothership for an attack.

SMURFETTE

Mothership?  
(to the Winslow girls)  
What a delightfully feminine culture.

She proudly smooths her dress on her curves as the Smurfs all SIGH with desire and Papa rolls his eyes.

INT. LAURENT INT'L - CORPORATE OFFICES - NY - LOBBY

Gargamel and Azrael sit in reception. Gargamel tries to snap a picture of Azrael with the Van's phone. Instead, he blinds himself with the flash. A SHIPPING CLERK crosses to them.

SHIPPING GUY

Nothing from Belgium. Sure it came to this address?

DING! Gargamel and Azrael are astounded as an elevator opens and people appear. More amazing, *Patrick* is among them. They eagerly sneak after him to the street.

EXT. MONTHLY CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick emerges in his Smart car. Gargamel spots an empty HORSE AND CARRIAGE waiting on its dining tourists. The DRIVER stands nearby, reading...

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE / INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Patrick crawls along in slow traffic. Unnoticed in his rearview mirror, Gargamel and Azrael's gain on him in the carriage. Gargamel whips a guy in a convertible Porsche.

GARGAMEL

Move aside, peasant! How dare you  
obstruct my path to greatness!

Impatient, Gargamel side-swipes the Porsche, Ben-Hur style,  
leaving the angry driver in his wake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENGLEWOOD - NJ - EVENING

Patrick slows to turn into a quiet neighborhood. Gargamel's  
horse CLOMPS into view behind him stops.

GARGAMEL

No! Don't stop! We're so close! I  
can *feeeeeel* it!

The horse keels over, into a SNORING slumber, flipping the  
carriage and ejecting Gargamel.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Infidel quitter! Four-legged Judas!

He begins to CRY inconsolably, Azrael CRIES with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW HOME - EVENING

Sophie stares out the window. Suddenly...

SOPHIE

Places everyone!

OUTSIDE: Patrick's car pulls into the driveway.

EXT. WINSLOW HOME - FRONT PORCH - SAME

Patrick checks the mail, pleasantly surprised that the mailbox  
top doesn't come off in his hand.

He starts to give the door a shove, but, to his surprise, it  
swings open with no effort. It's not sticking any more.

PATRICK

Honey, I fixed the door!

INT. WINSLOW HOME - CONTINUOUS

Patrick hangs his coat, surprised to find the rack works.

PATRICK  
...And the coat rack.  
(noticing)  
And painted the hall?

The house looks *amazing*.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The family stands around Patrick, who sits at the table, staring dumbfounded at Clumsy. Clumsy looks to Sophie, anxious to understand Patrick's expression.

GRACIE  
More wine?

Clumsy slides Patrick's glass toward Gracie, who refills it as Clumsy tries a deep bow, but clumsily tips over instead.

CLUMSY  
Oops. Guess I'm still a bit stiff  
from you using me as a neck pillow.

PATRICK  
(helplessly)  
*Riiiiight*.... Who wouldn't be?

GRACIE  
They're pretty amazing, huh?

PATRICK  
(beat)  
They?

SAM  
Well... A few more came over in your  
chocolate disaster.

Patrick looks to Gracie.

GRACIE  
Right... Um, okay... Papa Smurf?

From behind the flowers, out steps Papa. He bows.

PAPA  
At your service, Master Winslow.

Patrick takes a GULP of wine.

SOPHIE  
And there's Smurfette...

Smurfette appears from behind a pitcher and curtseys.

SMURFETTE

Swell place you got her, Mr. W.  
Makes a lady feel right at home.

Instinctively, she innocently flirts with batting eyes,  
startling Patrick, even more.

SOPHIE

She's the *only* girl.

PATRICK

*Good.*

SOPHIE

Then, there's Hefty and Greedy and  
Vanity and Crazy and Romeo and Brainy  
-- he thinks he's the smartest, but  
I'm not so sure.

As Sophie speaks, the Smurfs appear from behind picture  
frames, potted plants and tea pots. Patrick is flabbergasted.

SAM

(picking up Brainy)  
They claim to come in peace, but I'm  
watching 'em. Feel their skin.

BRAINY

I demand that you cease at once--  
(GIGGLES at a belly rub)  
Okay, wait, do that again.

SOPHIE

And this is Handy. *He's* the one who  
fixed the house.

A plate crashes O.S. in the kitchen.

HANDY

I can fix that.

PATRICK

(re kitchen)  
Do I even want to know?

GRACIE

The rest are making dinner.

Sophie, opens the kitchen door, revealing more Smurfs working  
with chaotic precision at COOK'S direction.

In a flurry of choreographed madness, the Smurfs set the table  
and lay out an amazing feast. Suddenly, Patrick is surrounded  
by bibbed and ready-for-dinner Smurfs.

VARIOUS SMURFS

Evening, Mr. Winslow. Welcome home.  
Lovely place you've got here. Etc.

COOK

Supper... is served.

PAPA

Cook, you're a wonder!

SOPHIE

Can they stay? *Please?* Just  
til Papa finds them a way  
home? They're not safe on  
their own. It's okay with Mom  
if it's okay with you.

SAM

Do you realize how cool this  
is? Our very own aliens? We  
can't just bail on 'em! Mom  
said it's okay with her if  
it's okay with you!

PATRICK

You *didn't* say that? It's crazy!

SMURFETTE

No, *that's* Crazy.

She points to Crazy, entertaining Reina with his NOISES.

GRACIE

She hasn't cried all day. They're  
surprisingly helpful... And very well  
mannered.

PATRICK

*Well mannered?* We don't even know  
what they are!

BRAINY

Well, technically, sir, Smurfs are--

PATRICK

*I'm not talking to you!*

GRACIE

They just need a place to stay for a  
little while.

PATRICK

You want them to stay?

GRACIE

Only until Papa can... "smurf" a blue  
moon."

(off Patrick's stare)

Can we talk about it on the way to  
Sam's conference?



PATRICK

We can't leave the kids in the house  
with these... *these*...

SOPHIE

Dad, they'd never hurt anyone. I  
promise. See?...

She points to the baby, now gleefully wreaking havoc on  
several Smurfs in her orbit. Patrick is *not* comforted.

GRACIE

(leading Patrick)  
We're going to be late.

PATRICK

Fine... But this is *not* over.

He grabs a zucchini stick on his way out. Sam takes a plate  
of food and starts out in the opposite direction.

PAPA

So... we won't be dining together?

SAM

Never do.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAME ROOM - SAME

Sophie brings milk and cookies into the midst of playful chaos  
as the Smurfs explore the game room.

ON an AIR HOCKEY table, Smurfs whiz along, using pucks/paddles  
as hover boards, colliding madly with each other. Smurfette  
GIGGLES as her dress billows up like Marilyn Monroe's.

ON the FOOSEBALL table, Smurfs romp amidst the wooden players  
causing them to spin wildly and kick the ball. Hefty makes a  
dive as goalie, only to be knocked in by the ball.

CRAZY

(CROWD noises, then)  
Goal! Goal! Gooooooooaaaaal!

Gutzy fiddles with a remote control. Sam's RC HELICOPTER  
takes off. Astonished, Gutzy grabs a skid.

GUTSY

*Grrreat Scot, I'm flyiiiiiiiiing!*

SOPHIE

No, Gutzy. Sammy won't like that!

Too late. The copter SLAMS Gutsy into the wall. He slides slowly down.

GUTSY

*I'm like a great blue birrrrd...*

Looking to reign in the madness, Sophie flips on the TV.

SOPHIE

Here. You guys'll like this...

Sophie selects *GUITAR HERO*. As the MUSIC starts and COLORED DOTS whiz by, the Smurfs regard the instruments with awe.

EXT. WINSLOW CUL-DE-SAC - MOMENTS LATER

A GARDENING ENTHUSIAST, with a LEAF BLOWER/VAC, stares as the strange man approaches, SNIFFING the air like a hounddog.

GARGAMEL

Come out, come out, little Smurfs. I promise not to hurt you... very much.

Realizing he's being watched, Gargamel SNARLS at the man. Unnerved, the man resumes SUCKING debris from his yard.

INT. WINSLOW FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Brainy strikes a chord on Guitar Hero.

BRAINY

Like this?

Sam enters and cranks the volume.

SAM

No... more like *this*.

SOPHIE

Dad's not gonna like you playing his sound system so loud!

SAM

Dad's not here, is he?

He hits a chord that literally threatens to shatter the windows. Brainy holds onto his ears. The others love it.

GUTSY

That's more like it, lad!

EXT. WINSLOW CUL-DE-SAC - SAME

The sound of ROCK MUSIC draws Gargamel's eyes up to a window, now silhouetted with *rockin' Smurfs*. He smiles and casts a look at the man with the leaf vacuum.

EXT. WINSLOWS' ROOF - EVENING - SAME

Papa studies the stars with Sam's telescope, concerned by their positions. Rechecking his calculations, he grows more concerned, not noticing as the scope *drifts down to...*

*CLOSE ON:* Gargamel's face as he stuffs the neighbor into a trashcan, whacking him with the nozzle of the leaf vac.

Back to the scope, Papa GASPS, then charges the window, but bounces off. It's jammed. He eyes... *the chimney*.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

A loud KNOCK at the door. Sophie enters with Clumsy and Handy. *Leaving the security chain on*, she cracks the door.

SOPHIE

Who is it?

Papa bounces out of the fireplace in a POOF of ash.

PAPA

Don't open that--

BAM! The door is kicked open. Sophie, Papa and Smurfs go in all directions as Gargamel and Azrael step in.

GARGAMEL

*Heeeeere's Gargy!*

RRRRRRrrrrrrrr! He REVS the leaf vac and *sucks up Vanity*.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

*Deeeeeeeeeelicious!*

(LAUGHS, then to Azrael)

Make it so, Number One!

Azrael GROWLS with delight and charges upstairs. Gargamel *vacuums up Clumsy* as Sophie sits up.

SOPHIE

*CLUMSY!*

The GUITAR HERO MUSIC stops O.S. as Smurfs flee from Azrael. Crazy erupts in a series of ALARM noises.

SMURFS

Azrael! Help! Smurf for your lives!  
Papaaaaaaaaa!

Gargamel starts vacuuming them up, CACKLING with glee. Sam appears at the banister, hurling pool balls. Gargamel excitedly bats them away with the nozzle.

SAM

Sophie! Call 911!

PAPA

(ponders the vac, then)  
Hefty, Brainy, Smurfette -- see if  
you can lure Azrael under that desk!

BRAINY

(cowardly)  
Actually, Papa Smurf, don't you need  
my leadership skills here with--

OOF! Suddenly, Brainy's shoved under the antique desk and into a cast-iron ornamental vent cover by Hefty and Smurfette.

BRAINY (CONT'D)

Why do I have to be the bait?

SMURFETTE

What, you think that's a job for a  
girl?

She gives him a final push into the vent. Suddenly... Hefty YELLS and gets SUCKED up by the vac.

IN THE HALL: Sophie holds the cordless PHONE in one hand and scoops fleeing smurfs into her doll stroller with the other.

SOPHIE (INTO CORDLESS PHONE)

It's *not* a prank, officer! An evil  
*sorcerer-er!*... Vacuuming our Smurfs!

The phone CLICKS dead. She hurls it at Gargamel and dashes away, scooping more Smurfs to safety.

SMURFETTE pokes out from under the desk and spots Azrael.

SMURFETTE

(faking distressed damsel)  
Oh dear! Help! Anybody! Brainy's  
trapped and he can't get out!

Azrael grins and comes running as Smurfette slips away.

BRAINY  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

As Azrael paws insanely for Brainy, safe behind the vent, Papa races into the hall and blows Gargamel a RASPBERRY.

PAPA  
Hey! Smurf-hole!

Gargamel gives chase. Papa dives under the desk.

GARGAMEL  
Come to papa... Papa!

Gargamel shoves the vac tube under the desk. MEOOW! The vac sticks on Azrael's butt, SUCKING him in. The motor STRAINS. Gargamel withdraws the tube to find Azrael's tail protruding.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
Azrael, No! Speak to me! Speak to me sweetkins!

As Gargamel SMACKS the tube about, Sam, Gutsy and Handy hurl everything they've got at him from the bannister.

SAM  
Get... Out... Of my house!

GUSTY  
We' gotta' shut tha' thing doon!

He grabs a terrified Handy and leaps...

GUTSY  
Long live the Smurfs!

HANDY  
Ahhhhhhhhh!

\*  
\*

They land on Gargamel's back as he flails around trying to free Azrael. Gutsy yanks his hair, while handy studies the blower. *Plugged by Azrael*, it WAILS with INCREASING PITCH.

Handy spots a switch... REVERSE. CLICK! The pressure begins to build. Oblivious, Gargamel, continues whacking the tube while trying to get Gutsy off his head.

HANDY  
She's gonna blow!

Handy and Gutsy jump clear as Gargamel bangs the vac one last time to free Azrael... WHOOSH! Azrael shoots out as if from a canon. MEEEOOWL! He careens off a lamp, slams into a wall and slides into a heap.

Gargamel is simultaneously blown back as Smurfs shoot from the vac like from an automatic T-shirt gun.

Smurfs land everywhere as Gargamel *sails*, *BELLOWING*, out the door. Sophie SLAMS it shut.

EXT. WINSLOW CUL-DE-SAC - SAME

Gargamel lays on his back, out cold. The Winslows door opens and Azrael is BOOTED into a heap beside his master as the door slams closed again.

As Azrael licks Gargamel's face... RING. Van's phone. Puzzled Gargamel, opens it, and is startled by Odile's voice.

ODILE (O.S. - ON PHONE)  
Gargamel, dahling. Just checking in.  
How's it coming?

The sound of her brings him to life. He stares coldly at the house as the Smurfs and children shut windows, pull shades, etc. All in a vain attempt to keep him out.

GARGAMEL  
Fear not, m'lady. I'll have the ingredients for your potion any minute, now.

ODILE (ON PHONE)  
*Fabuleux!* I'll send a car for you at two, tomorrow. Mon chéri, when you take the *GlamourCon* stage and the spotlights come on, you'll be a *star*.

Suddenly the spotlights *do* come on and Gargamel is filled with anticipation as... POLICE CARS surround him.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S. LOUDSPEAKER)  
Police! Get you hands on your head!

GARDENING ENTHUSIAST  
(charging in with POLICE)  
That's him! He's the one who attacked me!

GARGAMEL  
You again! On your knees!  
(FIRES up blower)  
All of you! On your knees or feel the wrath of the great and powerful--

ZAPPPP! *A police taser takes him down.*

INT. WINSLOW GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The kids and Smurfs watch out the window, CHEERING as the police drive off with Gargamel.

SMURFETTE  
Thank Smurf!

ROMEO  
*That's* what I'm sayin'.

Crazy cranks up Guitar Hero and launches into an victory song as the other Smurfs begin a wild dance.

Then, the MUSIC STOPS. The Smurfs all turn to a careworn Papa.

PAPA  
(holding his star notes)  
Quiet, everyone! *Please!* I'm afraid things are not quite as smurfy as they seem.

The Smurfs nervously gather around Papa.

PAPA (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, my little Smurfs... I'm afraid without my books or laboratory, getting home will be a *smurf* harder than I thought.

BRAINY  
You mean... we can't get home?

PAPA  
No no, of course we'll get home... I just, um, ah, well...

GREEDY  
What about smurfberries? We ate most of 'em in the chocolate box.

A MURMER of panick ripples through the group.

PAPA  
*Calm down,* my little Smurfs. First things first, we still have a few Smurfberries.

Papa pulls a pouch from his pocket.

VARIOUS SMURFS  
But that'll never last! There's too many of us! I feel weak already! I want to go home!

CLUMSY  
Oh, boy, this is all *my* fault.

PAPA  
Now, now, Clumsy. No need for blame.

The others try not to glare too hard at Clumsy, but clearly they're not happy with him. Sophie picks him up into a hug.

PAPA (CONT'D)

If we can just find an ancient collection of alchemy books, I should be able to Smurf us a way home.

SOPHIE

You mean, magic books?

SAM

Maybe something like... *this*?

As Sam quickly types at the Viao, the Smurfs gather around, amazed by a list of ADS for MAGIC BOOKS.

PAPA

*Amazing.* What is this finding machine?

SAM

It's called Google.

SMURFS

Ooooooh. *Goooooogle.*

PAPA

(re book title)

There! That should work!

SAM

Ah, "One copy... Master Li's Antique Magic Pagoda, Chinatown.

PAPA

That's it then. First thing in the morning, I'll ask your father to lead a search party to "Chinese" Town.

SAM

Our dad? You're smurfin' with us, right? He doesn't have time to tie his own shoes.

SOPHIE

He's under so much pressure you could use him as an inner tube on a bicycle.

PAPA

That may be, but we fathers have a way of speaking to one another. I'm sure when I explain our situation, he'll understand.



SOPHIE

Ookay. Good good luck with that.

SAM

Yeah. Now, let's get this place cleaned up. 'Cause what he *won't* understand, is you getting our house attacked by ye olde homicidal wizard.

Beat. The Smurfs swarm the house, desperately cleaning.

EXT. WINSLOW HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Patrick and Gracie pull into the drive.

INT HALL/SOPHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick & Gracie peer in to find Sophie, Reina and Clumsy fast asleep, cuddled with several Smurfs in bed. Dozens more SNORE peacefully, cuddled in shoe-box beds all over the room.

INT. SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick & Gracie peer in to see Sam sleeping amidst the clutter of his room. Gutsy SNORES in the helicopter.

PATRICK

I don't see why we needed that meeting. He's a really good kid.

GRACIE

He's a *great* kid. He's just got a lot of energy and needs his father to help direct it.

Off Patrick's look, she lovingly caresses his cheek.

INT. WINSLOW DINING ROOM - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Patrick listens to FRENCH lessons on his laptop, while reviewing the Paris file Odile gave him.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WINSLOW MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

In bed, Gracie soothes baby Reina in the bassinet with one hand, while, browsing discount school clothes on the internet. She types an IM: Going to bed now. Love you.

DOWNSTAIRS: Patric replies: luv u 2. nite.

Disappointed, Gracie, closes her lap top and curls up in their huge bed, alone.

INT. JAIL - NY - NIGHT

Papers are stamped with a BANG. A filthy, long-nailed thumb is imprinted. In a FLASH, Gargamel's dour MUG SHOT appears. MEOW! A caged Azrael WAILS as he and Gargamel's bag are checked into the property room. A cell door SLAMS and Gargamel is left to rot. He shakes the bars...

GARGAMEL

You can't do this! I'm a genius! I  
have to get ready for GlamourCon!  
They're going to worship me! *Worship!*

INT. WINSLOW DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Patrick finally closes his computer and enters the kitchen to put on tea. There, Smurfs cuddle in oven mitts and pot-holders. Cook SNORES, clinging to a ladle. Patrick opens a cupboard and Lazy tumbles out. Patrick catches him and nestles him in a bowl. Opening a drawer for a spoon, Patrick finds Crazy, BEAT BOXING in his sleep.

As Patrick gently closes the drawer, SILENCING the sound. HUSHED VOICES catch his attention.

SMURFETTE(O.S.)

I know it's silly Papa Smurf, but  
when I close my eyes, all I see is  
Gargamel. As if he's calling to me.

Patrick peers into the breakfast nook. On a seat cushion, Papa tucks in Smurfette. Brainy lies awake, nearby.

PAPA

There, there, my little Smurfette.  
His power over you faded long ago.

BRAINY

(SHUDDERS with fear)  
Might we change the subject? These  
cushions, for instance. Quite lumpy.  
I miss my mushroom.

Vanity chimes in from a Barbie couch in a nearby DOLLHOUSE. His eyes now covered with a doll-sized sleep mask.

VANITY

I never slept outside our village.  
I'm going to wake with *worry lines*.

PAPA

Shhh, now, now, my little Smurfs...  
(SOFTLY **SINGING**)  
(MORE)

PAPA (CONT'D)  
SMURF-A-BYES, CLOSE YOUR EYES, GO TO  
SLEEP MY LITTLE BLUE BIRDS...

With SONG #3, Papa lullabies the last of his waking Smurfs to sleep, wishing them safely home. During the song we cut to:

PRISON: Gargamel twists a VERSE, luring a MOTH to his cell. He WHISPERS to it, a la Gandalf, and sends it for "help."

BACK TO WINSLOW'S KITCHEN...By SONG'S END, Patrick is humbled by Papa's tenderness with so many Smurfs.

PATRICK  
(whispering)  
That's quite an operation you've got going there.

PAPA  
Oh, hi, uh... Yes, I suppose it is.

PATRICK  
You don't do that every night?

Patrick pours Papa some tea in a SHOT GLASS.

PAPA  
Well, bedtime's always trickier away from home.

PATRICK  
Wow. I've only got three mouths to feed and I'm up to my neck.

PAPA  
Well, it helps not to think of them as mouths to feed, but as hands that can help.  
(off Patrick's look)  
Smurf be told... I'm a little over my head myself. In fact, might I be so bold as to seek a small favour of you, Master Winslow? One Papa to another?

PATRICK  
(wary)  
Uh... Like what?

PAPA  
Ah. Well, there's a book of magic spells in your *Chinese Town* I need to conjure a blue moon to smurf us home.

PATRICK

*Riiight.* Who hasn't needed that?

PAPA

Exactly. So if you could arrange passage for us in the morning--

PATRICK

Oh, wow. Mr. Smurf, I'd love to help with your *magical quest*, but truth is, I'm stretched so thin right now, I just can't take on even one more little thing... or a hundred.

PAPA

(crestfallen)

Oh, I see.

PATRICK

I mean, Gracie wants me home more, the kids need attention, the bills are piling up and now I'm suppose to be in Paris twice a month.

PAPA

(masking disappointment)

Right, right... of course.

PATRICK

Yeah. And the worse thing? Gracie doesn't even know about Paris yet... I don't know how to tell her. It's gonna break her heart.

Papa graciously sets his own worries aside with a SIGH...

PAPA

Well... There's no use keeping secrets, my friend. You'll just wind up alone.

PATRICK

So... You think I should just come out and tell her?

PAPA

I often find with my little Smurfs, the truth, gently coated with tender care, is easier to hear. Do something meaningful for her. Then share... Then duck.

PATRICK

(smiles)

Something meaningful, huh? Hmmm...  
Maybe there's hope for me yet.  
Thanks.

PAPA

(smiles)

Sometimes even a Papa needs a Papa.

Patrick pauses in the doorway, struck by some deeper thought.

PATRICK

Right, well... Goodnight.

PAPA

Oh, and Master Winslow... You might  
also take her hand, look her in the  
eye and say, *I smurf you*. Does the  
heart good.

PATRICK

(beat, amused)

I'll keep it in mind.

Patrick Exits. Papa SIGHS, then gazing from the moon, back to  
his sleeping Smurfs, he quietly REPRISSES the LULLABYE...

PAPA

*Worry no worry. Fret no fret. Soon,  
I'll dream you home...*

(then, sadly)

If only I knew how.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW BREAKFAST ROOM - AM

Sophie and Sam actually sit at breakfast as Patrick does his  
best to serve French Toast. He pulls Sam's earphones out.

PATRICK

Not this morning.

SAM

Who are you trying to impress? We're  
going to be late for school.

SOPHIE

I'm full dad. I gotta get my books.

PATRICK

Just wait for you mom, would ya? I  
have something important to tell her.

GRACIE (O.S.)

Sam! Sophie! C'mon, we're gonna be--  
(enters, surprised by kids)  
Late?

PATRICK

(hands her tea, proudly)  
Four Winslows at the table. We're  
spending *time* together.

REVEAL Reina under the table, happily chewing on Grouchy.

GROUCHY

I *hate* spending time together.

GRACIE

Wow. I could get used to this.  
(as Patrick beams)  
French Toast? What is it with you  
and French lately?

PATRICK

*What?* No. It's just-- that's all I  
know how to make.

Suddenly, Sam's helicopter WHIRLS through the kitchen,  
followed by Gutsy, chasing it with the remote control.

SAM

Hey!

GRACIE

(casually ducks copter)  
C'mon on guys, we've gotta' go.

PATRICK

(alarmed)  
Wait, you're going in early?

GRACIE

Reina's got her shots so she can  
start preschool. Then we've got  
Mommy and Me and we're going to  
Carol's for a playdate. Why?

PATRICK

Nothing. It's just... I wanted to  
spend some time with you so we could  
talk because... you know...  
(looking for words)  
I smurf you?

GRACIE

I have no idea what that means...  
(whispers in his ear)  
But, I totally smurf you too.

PATRICK

(whispers back)  
Then, how about dinner, tonight?

GRACIE

(dubious)  
I thought we're trying to save money.

PATRICK

We could order in?

GRACIE

(a gleam in her eye)  
Or... I could drop the kids at my  
sister's after school and *someone*  
could make us a nice romantic meal...  
Like he *used* to... when we were young?

PATRICK

(anxiety building)  
Uhh. Okay. Sure. That's... great.

GRACIE

(a playful kiss)  
You should come home from Europe more  
often... Kids, let's move it!

As his family piles out, Patrick watches them go, unnerved.

PATRICK

I don't have time to make dinner. I  
don't even remember how to *make*  
*dinner*.

Patrick looks down to see Cook, Smurfette and the others  
looking up at him. Without words an idea is hatched.

EXT. WINSLOW HOUSE/INT. GRACIE'S CAR - DAY

Gracie loads baby bags into the trunk. Sophie climbs in back  
with her toy baby buggy and bulging BACKPACK, from which Papa,  
Hefty, Gutsy, and Clumsy peer from half-opened zippers.

SAM

*What are you doing?*

Sophie struggles to keep the Smurfs in her pack. Like Whack-a-  
Mole, one's head goes in, another's arm, leg or butt pops out.

SOPHIE

I'm taking them to get Papa's magic book, so they can get home.

SAM

No way! You can't be running around New York alone. You're too little.

SOPHIE

I'm big to them.

SAM

Then, I'm coming too. Wait for me at the subway.

SOPHIE

No, you're not!

SAM

Mom!

SOPHIE

Okay, okay! Shhhh!

The front door slams as Gracie gets in. Sam and Sophie fake smiles at Gracie as backs them out of the drive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - MANHATTAN - AM

Sophie waves innocently as Gracie & Sam drive off. Sam gives her a warning finger: "don't you leave without me!" Sophie sticks out a resentful tongue as TINY, WIDE-OPEN EYES peer from her backpack pouches.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Patrick cruises down the aisle as items fly off shelves on both sides, filling the cart. We catch only a glimpse of the tiny blue "shoppers" working the shelves.

EXT. JAIL - EXERCISE YARD - EARLY MORNING

GANG BANGERS do pull-ups, etc. Gargamel, holding Azrael and his bag, watches the sky. He turns to see BUBBA, a huge con with a phonebook-sized Sudoku book, towering over him.

GARGAMEL

Do you mind? I've summoned the giant eagles to fetch me out of here and you're blocking my view.



BUBBA

(re his Sudoku)

Doh. This box could be a six or two  
or *this* box could be a six or two.

GARGAMEL

Look, you fat-necked circus freak,  
I'm expected at *GlamourCon*. I am  
Lady Laurent's *star* presenter.

BUBBA

Excuse me while I rip your legs off.

Bubba GROWLS and CRACKS his knuckles. Just then, the moth  
returns leading... AN EPIC SWARM of FLIES.

GARGAMEL

No no! I said, *eagles* not *flies*.

Gargamel is blackened entirely by flies and lifted slowly off  
the ground, holding Azrael and his bag.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

(spitting out flies)

Oh, very well... Up! Up, you  
inglorious devils!

Laboring under Gargamel's weight, the flies smash him into the  
top of a chin-up bar's upright pole, *groin-first*.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

(pained falsetto)

Owwwww! I'm coming, m'lady!

He WAILS in pain as the flies drag him, ass-first, through the  
barbed-wire fence top and away.

INT. CHINESE BOOKSTORE - DAY

Rays of sun pierce the dusty dimness as the door creaks open.

SAM

Hello?

Sophie and Sam wander through silk kites, jars of dried herbs  
and a life-like display of an OLD CHINESE MAN in Ray-Bans,  
sitting for ceremonial tea.

SAM (CONT'D)

(unzipping the Smurfs)

Alright, find your book... But I'm  
watching you.

Papa and the others scramble from the backpacks.

PAPA

Thank you, Sam. Smurf out, everyone.

Suddenly, the Chinese Man "mannequin" grabs Sam's arm.

CHINESE MAN

Ahhh, little blue folk, you bring.

The kids freeze.

CHINESE MAN (CONT'D)

No worries. Stranger things I have seen. What is it you seek?

PAPA (O.S.)

Heaven's to *Smurfatroid!* It's here!

The old man shuffles to join the others at the back of the store, where Papa holds a book among stacks of ancient texts.

CHINESE MAN

Ah, many have sought to the secrets of this volume. But none could pay the price. Read it, you can?

CLOSE ON BOOK: A dusty original, "What Do Smurfs Do All Day?" A familiar symbol glitters beneath the title... PEYO. Papa turns the book over and struggles to read... *Backwards.*

PAPA

*E smurfineus rei magnificum  
flibertygibbet Ahnk...*

The book begins to GLOW as various spells, illustrated by ENGRAVINGS, COME TO LIFE.

SMURFS

Oooh.

PAPA

Let's see... Lightning Strikes,  
Tornado, Hail... Ah, here we are...  
Moon. Blood Red, Eclipse... *Blue.*

ANGLE ON the HOLOGRAPHIC "pop up book." A BLUE MOON crests over FOG as a shimmering PORTAL, like at the Forbidden Grotto, rises up from a misty POND. *The Smurfs are awed.*

PAPA (CONT'D)

What is the cost of this book?

CHINESE MAN

For you? One day only... Twenty thousand. *Cash.*

Papa Gulps. The Smurfs Gulp. Sophie looks to Sam.

SAM  
I've got eleven dollars.

PAPA  
Might we please just copy this spell?

CHINESE MAN  
(annoyed)  
*Fine...* that would be.

As he thrusts out a hand for Sam's cash, Papa hurriedly scribbles from the book.

PAPA  
In the full moon's glow, stir in  
slowly, the feather of a bird that  
does not fly. Finely ground powder  
of a unicorn's horn... Hair of a...

As Sam and Sophie share a worried look we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TURTLE POND - DAY

Gargamel DROPS FROM THE SKY. Azrael SPLASHES down beside him. Plucking off a few SNAPPING TURTLES, they charge back into Belvedere.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Cook works up a smurfy mess in the kitchen as Romeo directs Tailor and a few others in a pandemonium of preparations. Patrick tastes a simple familiar treat of his own...

PATRICK  
Huh... I may survive this yet.  
Gracie's going to love these.

SMURFETTE  
(tasting)  
Smurflicious! What do you call it?

PATRICK  
S'mores. I made these on a hot plate  
when we were in college.

SMURFETTE  
(giggling)  
S'more please!

Patrick's phone RINGS. Patrick answer without thinking?

PATRICK

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE GANSEVOORT - HOTEL - SAME

Van hustles through the uber-trendy lobby, talking on an outdated rent-a-phone. GlamourCon will soon be in full swing.

VAN

You took a personal day? During  
*Glamourcon? Have you lost your mind?*

PATRICK

Well, we get two a year and--

VAN

Patrick, Odile's unveiling a new  
discovery today and she needs you in  
the office on PR, *STAT*.

The line goes dead. Patrick slumps.

SMURFETTE

Mr. Winslow, are you okay?

PATRICK

All she wanted was a simple romantic  
dinner. I'll be lucky if I'm back in  
time to make *Fruit Loops... Je suis  
mort quand je lui dis de Paris.*

*(SUBTITLE: I am dead when  
I tell her of Paris.)*

Where's Papa?

The Smurfs nervous looks only add to Patrick alarm.

WIPE TO:

INT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - PENGUIN EXHIBIT - DAY

Sophie, Clumsy and Sam gape, slack-jawed, into the tank.

SAM

They couldn't pick the feather of a  
bird that can't fly or fight?

IN THE TANK: Gutsy, Hefty and Papa are in a Keystone Cops-like  
brawl with a huddle of angry, wing-slapping, PENGUINS.

GUTSY

*It's one featherrr! Git ooover it!*

SOPHIE  
(covers her/Clumsy's eyes)  
We shouldn't be exposed to such  
violence.

Gutsy flees with a FEATHER and the now *tattered*, soggy, list.

INT. BELVADERE CASTLE - DAY

Gargamel kicks the holy crap out of his lab gear, desperately trying to squeeze from it some last residue of potion.

GARGAMEL  
C'mon, blast you! I know there's a  
drop in there somewhere!

He pounds the table so hard that Azrael is bounced up into the rafters where he clings upsidedown, WAILING.

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Sophie and Sam keep watch as Gutsy and Hefty file the horn from the skeleton of a prehistoric RHINO.

SOPHIE  
He doesn't *look* like a unicorn.

PAPA  
Well, technically, any one-horned  
beast in a storm.

The head CRASHES to the floor. Hefty pops out from behind it.

HEFTY  
Uh... I could put that back on.

The kids toss the Smurfs into Sophie's buggy and flee.

WIPE TO:

INT. GOLD'S GYM - DAY

The kids get odd looks as Sophie pushes her stroller nonchalantly through a forest of hulking body builders.

SOPHIE  
(squinting at fading list)  
"Hair of a giant." These guys count?

PAPA  
(peering from stroller)  
Oh, they count all right.

Suddenly PATRICK EWING is towering over them. The kids and Smurfs watch, amazed, as he crosses to a bench press.

Instantly, Hefty and Gutsy slink down from the stroller and stealthily head for Mr. Ewing with a small SCISSORS. Over dumbbells, through slamming machinery, they get to the bench.

Straining under the weight, Mr. Ewing's eyes go wide as, *SNIP*.

SLAM TO:

EXT. GOLDS GYM - SECONDS LATER

Sophie and Sam sprint away with the Smurf-buggy. Patrick Ewing leans from the door, *missing a swath of hair*.

PATRICK EWING

Next time just ask for an autograph!

Sophie and Sam race across the street. As they do, a car SCREECHES to a stop, inches from them. It's... Dad.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONELY ALLEY - DAY

The kids and Smurfs sit anxiously as Patrick deals with Papa.

PATRICK

I don't believe this. I trusted you.  
"One Papa to another?" Then you run  
off with my kids?

SOPHIE

Dad, we're okay!

PATRICK

That's not the point.  
(to Papa)  
If you needed a book so badly, why  
didn't you just say so?

PAPA

Master Winslow, I tried, but--

PATRICK

Oh, I see, the truth's not so easy  
when it's on the other foot, eh?

PAPA

I'm smurfly sorry, Master Winslow.  
I'm just so smurfed about getting my  
little Smurfs home, I guess I just  
let fear get the smurf of me.

PATRICK

Stop it! You can't just say *smurf* to mean whatever you want.

GUTSY

He *smurrrfs* a good point, Pappy. I'll smurrrf him that.

PATRICK

No! *That's* what I mean. Smurfity-smurf, smurf smurf!

The mortified Smurfs cover their ears in shock.

PAPA

*Mr. Winslow. The children.*

PATRICK

*Get in the car.* All of you.

(to kids)

I'm dropping you at Aunt Gail's...

(to Smurfs)

And you, back to the house for the rest of your little blue horde, then I want you all back to mushroom town or wherever it is you came from.

Patrick holds the car door open. Papa doesn't budge.

PAPA

You have every right to be angry, but we *can't* go home until we finish collecting our ingredients, then recopy our spell at Master Li's.

GUTSY

(re soggy/torn notes)

'Ad a little *roon-in wit* a black'n' white *demon*, we did.

SAMMY

They'll never make it back to our house on those stubby little legs. And they've got to work the spell before the full moon sets.

PATRICK

*What* are you all talking about?!

SOPHIE

Can't you pick them up after work? They're a family. He's their Papa.  
(from experience)

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't you know how hard it is when  
your Papa's not there and you need  
him?

Patrick gazes helplessly into the pleading eyes of his kids...

PATRICK

*Fine.* I'll pick them up at the  
bookstore after work.

Patrick's unsure whether to be annoyed or touched as Sophie  
hugs Clumsy, then reluctantly gets in the car. It's a painful  
goodbye as the car pulls away, leaving the Smurfs behind.

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - DAY

Having all but destroyed his lab, Gargamel desperately stares  
with a candle into his last piece of tubing.

GARGAMEL

Blast it! I command you, come out!

Suddenly great bolt of blue energy shoots from the tubing,  
blowing a hole through the back wall. Gargamel stares at the  
tube, amazed, then lovingly coaxes a few last drops of residue  
into his vial. He smiles at an amazed Azrael...

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

You don't suppose *that* will come in  
handy, do you?

They toss back their heads in a hearty PIRATE LAUGH.

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Smurfs spread rose petals as Romeo peers out the window.

BRAINY

Here she comes! Stations everyone!

Smurfs scramble to their places as if staffing a resort.

SMURFETTE

I sure hope this is what Mr. Winslow  
had in mind.

ROMEO

Trust me. She'll love it.

VANITY

How do you know?

ROMEO

Why do you think they call me Romeo?



BRAINY

Actually... none of us really knows.

As Romeo ponders this truth, Gracie enters and is amazed.

GRACIE'S POV: The house has been transformed -- candles give the perfect lighting, rose petals drop from above.

GRACIE

Wow... Patrick? Honey?

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Gracie enters to find, not Patrick, but Cook and his team.

GRACIE

Where's Patrick?

COOK

(bad at lying)

Uh... hiding?

Unfortunately, *all* the Smurfs are bad at lying...

BRAINY

Yes! Exactly. You can come out now, Mr. Winslow.

(to Gracie)

Surprise!

SMURFS

Yes! Yes! *Surpriiiiiise!*

SMURFETTE

(after a long silence)

Um, actually he just stepped out for a minute to um... Pick you flowers.

SMURFS

Yes! That's it! Flowers!

Beautiful, smurfy, romantic flowers!

Gracie stares them all down.

COOK

(lamey)

He made all this. I'm just stirring.

SMURFETTE

(breaking down)

Aw, it's no good! I'm sorry, Mrs. Winslow. He had to go to work and we just couldn't bear to see you sad.

Gracie's eyes water up.

ROMEO

But he insists the lady enjoy a  
smurfy merlot while she waits.

Romeo holds a glass. Gracie grabs the bottle and exits,  
leaving the Smurfs miserable.

COOK

That went well, eh?

INT. THE GANSEVOORT - HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME

GLITTERATI mingle to house music mix. A FANFARE and SPOTLIGHT  
bring us to Odile, striding down a runway.

ODILE

Ladies and Gentleman, and now the  
moment you've all been waiting for...  
Laurent International presents...  
Monsieur *Gargamel*.

A curtain swooshes open. Gargamel and Azrael blink into the  
SPOTLIGHT as two STUNNING MODELS slip a new Armani HAIR ROBES  
onto each of them, like a rock stars.

Odile takes Gargamel's hand and the three of them stride the  
runway to the MUSIC. Pausing at WOMAN VOLUNTEER (50's), they  
pull her up to the runway. Gargamel theatrically opens his  
vial and pours a drop of potion onto her head.

In SHIMMER OF MAGIC, the woman TRANSFORMS into a gorgeous, 25  
year-old version of herself. Her image fills the BIG SCREENS.

ODILE (CONT'D)

Mes amis! The *Rasputin* of the *Beauty*  
*Révolution!*...

The the crowd goes INSANE. As much as Gargamel was mocked in  
the opening... Now, he is adored.

GARGAMEL

(to Azrael)

Ha! Tony Robbins-Hood can kiss my  
big hairy Azrael! Eh, kitty? Ha!

As they LAUGH, Azrael and Gargamel are swept onto the dance  
floor and launch into a manic, medieval ROMP. The crowd joins  
in for... **A Slumdog, JAI HO-like dance extravaganza.**

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING

A few TOURISTS stroll the sidewalk, oblivious to the overturned dog food box, paper bag, and jumbo take-out carton stumbling along, powered by little blue feet.

A ROTTWEILER on a leash, BARKS, startling the Smurfs. They tumble down the stairs of a lower level apartment.

IN THE STAIRWELL: Papa, Gutsy, Hefty and Clumsy shake off their disguises. Papa wrestles with the unwieldy map.

HEFTY

Are we almost there? I'm starving.

GUTSY

*Yurrr noot* the only one weak in the knees.

He indicates Clumsy, who begins to COUGH. He's very *pale*.

PAPA

Clumsy, are you alright?

CLUMSY

(clearly not)  
*I'b fime. Let's kleep Smurfin'.*

PAPA

Maybe we should have our Smurfberry rations. It's been too long.

The Smurfs reach into Papa's pouch and savor their portion.

CLUMSY

(overstating)  
*Mmmm, burfsmerries... Buch metter.*

PAPA

(re the pouch)  
That's odd. There's extra.

In their hunger, Hefty and Gutsy gobble the last few.

PAPA (CONT'D)

Either I packed too many... or  
*someone's* not taking their rations.  
(off their blinking eyes)  
Show me your hands.

The Smurfs open their hands. Each is stained with berry juice... except *Clumsy*.

PAPA (CONT'D)

(stunned)

Oh, Clumsy... you haven't been taking  
your Smurfberries, have you?

Ashamed, frightened, Clumsy shakes his head, "No."

PAPA (CONT'D)

No wonder you're so pale!

CLUMSY

I'm sorry, Papa. This whole thing's  
my fault, so I just had to be sure  
you'd all make it home.

HEFTY

(eyes watering up)

So... you've been giving us your  
share?

PAPA

Alright, there's no time to lose. We  
have to get that spell and get Clumsy  
home to our village *tonight* or he's  
Smurfed.

(re empty berry pouch)

And the rest of us aren't far  
behind...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE - MEDIA ROOM - EVENING

Gracie, channel surfs in search of... anything. Her phone  
BUZZES. It's Patrick. She hits IGNORE and tosses it onto a  
side table, knocking over an old Diet Coke.

Annoyed, Gracie gets up to blot the spill, but as she does,  
uncovers the PARIS FILE. The airline ticket sleeve is  
unmistakable... as is her look of broken-hearted betrayal.

INT. GLAMOURCON - THE GANSEVOORT - HOTEL - EVENING

Champagne flows. Gargamel holds court with a bevy of stunning  
MODELS. All are fit with custom Armani HAIR ROBES.

MODEL #1

MODEL #2

Oh, do me next! I want some! Please, Gargie! Me too!

GARGAMEL

Now, ladies, let's not beg. On  
second thought, do beg.

GARGAMEL basks in the crowd's approval, near tears. He's popular, he's beloved, he's a god. Odile pulls close.

ODILE

Well, it looks like you and I are going to rule the world.

GARGAMEL

My mother would be so proud... If I had one.

ODILE

(fondling his vile)

All we need now are *truckloads* of this stuff.

GARGAMEL

(nervously)

Oh. Right. Actually... I believe you can help me with that.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Gathered upon the table, the Smurfs dine on the feast meant for Patrick and Gracie.

SMURFETTE

Poor Mrs. W. I never dreamed a man could be gone *this* long.

BRAINY

Well, lucky for us, I'm sure *Papa* will be back soon.

HANDY

(toasting)

To Papa!

GROUCHY

To going home!

SMURFS

To going home!

Spirits back up, the Smurfs dig in. It's a rich family scene, especially for Gracie, who watches for a beat, unnoticed in the archway as the guys jostle to serve Smurfette.

VARIOUS SMURFS

(comically polite)

Please pass the greens... Allow me, Smurfette. No, allow *me*, Smurfette. No, allow me... Peas, please. Your hearts of palm? Smurflicious!

SMURFETTE  
(spotting Gracie)  
Oh, Mrs. W. Won't you join us?

ROMEO  
I'm sure you man will be home any  
minute.

GRACIE  
(sits, then, sadly)  
I'm sure.

INT. LAURENT CORPORATE OFFICES - NIGHT

Finishing up work, Patrick pulls on his jacket.

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)  
Gracie, good news, I'll be home in  
twenty. And I'll make all this up to  
you. *Promise.*

A BUZZ on his INTERCOM.

ODILE  
Patrick, Dahling, my office, *S'il  
vous plaît?*

Patrick SIGHS at yet *one more thing...*

INT. ODILE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Patrick enters to find Odile seated behind her elegant desk.

ODILE  
Darling, this this is Monsieur  
Gargamel. He believes you have  
something of his.

Gargamel sprawls on the couch, playing with Van's phone.

GARGAMEL  
Charmed, I'm sure.

Gargamel smiles his least sleazy smile, and SNAPS Patrick's  
picture as Azreal PURRS, rubbing against Patrick's leg.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Wining, dining, Gracie and Smurfs. Laughing, tipsy, but...  
for the first time all day, Gracie is at peace. Farmer offers  
a slice of BLUE TOMATO. Gracie savors it.

GRACIE

*Mmmm*, Farmer. What'd you call this?

FARMER

Fried blue tomatoes.

GRACIE

I can't believe you guys do this every night.

SMURFETTE

We can't believe you don't.

BRAINY

Yes, but they *do* have *Google*.

Gracie smiles. Her table is brimming with warmth as Smurfs share bread, CLINKING glasses and LAUGHTER.

GRACIE

You guys have no idea how special what you have is...

Gracie sips her wine, tinged with warmth and sadness.

PATRICK (O.S.)

I do...

Gracie and the Smurfs look up to see Patrick. Gracie gets up and takes her plate to the sink, her back to Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Gracie... I'm so sorry.

GRACIE

About dinner?... Or Paris?

She reveals his *Paris file* on the counter. Sensing the tension, the Smurfs quietly slip away.

PATRICK

Gracie... we *need* this promotion. I'm barely keeping our heads above water as it is.

GRACIE

And you think being away from us even *more* is the answer?

PATRICK

No! But what are we going to do, Gracie? Fix the kids teeth ourselves? Sell the dog? Maybe go live in a mushroom?

GRACIE

Patrick, if money is the problem,  
tell me. We can cut back.

(re their lifestyle)

Is all this really worth it?

PATRICK

Riiight. Sure. These little blue  
guys have taken over your brain,  
haven't they?

GRACIE

(beat, stung)

Did you hear me? Did you hear a word  
I said?

They stop as the kids come in, but the tension is obvious.

SAM

Uh... we're home.

GRACIE

(hugs Sophie)

Hi, guys.

PATRICK

Hey.

SOPHIE

Where's Papa and the others?

PATRICK

Oh, actually, that's one good thing.  
I met their owner. He's picking up  
Papa and I said I'd bring the rest by  
tomorrow.

SOPHIE

What? You promised you'd get 'em.

SAMMY

(concerned)

This owner, didn't have a huge, nasty-  
looking cat, did he?

SOPHIE

(off Patrick's look)

Dad! How could you?! I trusted you!  
Papa trusted you!

PATRICK

What? What'd I do?



SAM  
(urgently)  
Mom, you gotta take us to China Town.  
Papa's in trouble, we've got to move!

The kids pull her toward the door.

GRACIE  
What are talking about? What's going  
on?

SAM  
I'll explain on the way.

SOPHIE  
You promised, Daddy! I told you it  
was important. I thought you were  
listening.

PATRICK  
I was. I just--

SAM  
I'll get the keys!

Sophie scurries after Sam. Upset by her distraught kids,  
Gracie turns to Patric.

GRACIE  
What did you do?

PATRICK  
I... I don't know.

As Gracie starts for the door...

BRAINY (O.S.)  
*He did what?*

The Smurfs burst into tears O.S. with Sophie. Gracie freezes,  
then turns back to Patrick.

GRACIE  
You know what? Maybe you should just  
take Paris. You're already so far  
away... What's the difference?

She hurries after her kids. Patrick stares after, pained.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE BOOK STORE - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Gathered around the open book, the Smurfs listen as Papa WHISPERS the spell to Hefty, who copies it like a scribe. The old Chinese man is asleep in the B.G.

PAPA

"...then mix the ingredients and smurf the holy words." You got the holy words, right?

HEFTY

(as he writes)  
Good as done.

PLOP! Clumsy passes out face down on the writing, then pops back up, acting in vain as if nothing happened.

CLUMSY

(delirious)  
I'm goob! Better felt never!

PAPA

Good Lord, he's getting worse.

Headlights FLASH in the window as a car pulls up outside.

HEFTY

Thank Smurf! There's Mr. Patrick.

The door CREAKS open and in steps... *Gargamel*.

GARGAMEL

Hello, *old friends*.

As the Smurfs back away in dread, Gargamel delights in a display of CHINESE BLADES. The Chinese starts from his sleep.

CHINESE MAN

*W-who are you?*

GARGAMEL

(ignoring him)  
Ooooo, enter the dragon...

Gargamel grabs a dragon-handled, *ivory letter-opener*.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Poor little lizard, looks thirsty.

He pours a DROP OF ESSENCE into the dragon's mouth.

CHINESE MAN

*Look, can I help you?*

GARGAMEL  
(invoking a spell)  
GOLD, THEN BEAUTY, FIRST QUENCHED OUR  
DESIRE / NOW WHAT WE CRAVE IS PURE  
DRAGON FIRE!

The handle's dragon eyes GLOW RED. BLUE ENERGY spits from the mouth, engulfing the sheath in CRACKLING electrical magic.

CHINESE MAN  
Alright, I'm calling the--

ZZZAM! Gargamel unleashes a bolt of BLUE ENERGY from his new magic "scepter." The Smurfs SCREAM as *Chinese man is FROZEN in a web of CRACKLING blue energy.*

PAPA  
Run!

The Smurfs flee through a beaded curtain into the back room. Bringing up the rear, Papa pauses in archway to fend off Azrael just as...

Gargamel LAUGHS and fires another MAGIC BOLT from his scepter. Papa grabs a souvenir mirror and, bracing himself, deflects the energy away from his Smurfs, bouncing it wildly around the store. Books and shelves fly. Azrael YOWLS for cover.

GARGAMEL  
(dodges an energy bolt)  
Oh, do struggle Papa Smurf! You only  
make the hunt more savory.

PAPA  
Yeah? Savor this!

Papa strains to aim the mirror at the display of ceremonial swords. A bolt of the magic energy sends them flying... THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! They stick in the floor around Gargamel, *pinning him via his robe to the ground.*

GARGAMEL  
(furious, re robe)  
*You fool! It's Armani!*

With Gargamel delayed, Papa dashes after the others.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOOK STORE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Hefty's pulled the grate off of a small drainage pipe in the far corner. Gutsy's climbs in as Hefty pushes on him.

CLUMSY

*Smapa Purf! Come on! Hurryupyt!*

Papa arrives at the hole, mortified by the slow going. He looks back toward the doorway.

IN THE FRONT ROOM: Gargamel CURSES as Azrael helps him RIP his beloved robe free, sword by sword.

GARGAMEL

Damn you Azrael! Be careful! Tear on the seam! *On the seam!*

IN THE BACK ROOM:

PAPA

Hurry Gutsy! He's almost free!

GUTSY

I'm *hurrriyin'* as fast as I can!

*RIIIIP!* Gargamel has one last sword to go.

GARGAMEL

(taunting)

Oh *Smurfies....* I'm *cooooooooooming!*

Gutsy breaks WIND and *disappears* down the pipe. Hefty squeezes in next, but he's even bigger. Papa makes a decision...

PAPA

(giving Hefty the bag)

I'll hold him off. Hefty. Take the spell! Tell Brainy he *must* use it to get you all home!

CLUMSY

Papa, no!

HEFTY

*We can't leave you!*

\*  
\*

PAPA (CONT'D)

It's the only way! If you don't go now, *no one* will get home! Go!

*RIIIP!* Gargamel Charges. Papa rushes to face him.

CLUMSY

*Papa!*

PAPA

(bracing with mirror)

I'll find a way back, my little smurfs. Now, please! *For the love of smurf... GO!!*

Hefty and Clumsy watch through tears as Papa struggles to hold off the magic bolt from Gargamel's scepter.

HEFTY

Find a way, Papa... *Find a way!*

Reaching for Papa, Clumsy is yanked into the pipe by Hefty.

CLUMSY

Nooooooo! *Papaaaaaa!*

Left alone with Gargamel, Papa holds the mirror against the scepter's beam as long as he can but finally...

GARGAMEL

Face it Papa... You're *smurfed*.

A final massive bolt of blue magic freezes Papa in an agonized pose. Gargamel pulls out his new camera/phone.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Hold that thought! I want this moment to last forever.

Gargamel and Azrael pose their grinning mugs on either side of Papa as Gargamel point the camera at themselves. *CLICK...*

WHITE OUT.

EXT. TRIBECA - STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

The FULL MOON lights the Murky water pouring into a storm drain. *KERPLOSH!* Three *GASPING* Smurfs flop out. Hefty pulls Clumsy to shore as they catch their breath.

GUTSY

This is *Bullsmurrrf!* We're not *serrriously* leavin' Papa behind?

HEFTY

Gutsy, we have no choice! He'll find a way home. He always does. We've got to get back to the others, *while the moon's still full.*

Looking around, Hefty eyes narrow on...

SMURFS POV, a flock of unsuspecting SEAGULLS SNORES nearby.

WIPE TO:

EXT. STORM DRAIN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON: a large SNORING SEAGULL. A MUZZLE of reeds and twine slips gingerly over his beak. Suddenly, Gutsy leaps aboard and cinches the reins around the gull's neck.

The Gull SQUAWKS and rears back, but Gutsy holds tight.

GUTSY

*Atta' girrrl! Shoo us watcha' got!*

As the bird spins like a bronco, Gutsy rides with glee. Behind him, Hefty, YELPS, desperately clinging to the jerking reins of a bigger MEANER BIRD.

GUTSY (CONT'D)

*At's it, Heft! Shoo'em oo's boss!*

HEFTY

*I am! Just lettin' him warm up to the idea.*

Gutsy and Clumsy wince as Hefty is jerked about like a yo-yo, until... He finally DECKS the bird with a stiff left hook. Immediately the other birds step in line.

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

A door CREAKS. Footsteps CLOMP. MEOW... Gargamel returns.

GARGAMEL

(HUMS, lighting candles)

*Oh, I'll roast a few, and broast a few, and turn the rest to gold...*

Gargamel uncovers a cage. Inside, Papa is SUSPENDED in CRACKLING ENERGY, still frozen *in the same terrified pose*. Gargamel slaps him into a doll high-chair and tapes him down.

Coming to, Papa MOANS as Gargamel finishes with the tape gun.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

*Ah, Papa Smurf. Amazing world, eh?  
(re tape gun)  
Full of my kind of wonders.*

Papa regards the tape gun wearily.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

*Yesss. And if a few bits of Smurf hair yields a vial of your essence,  
(dangling vial)  
...Imagine what I'll harvest from a hundred Smurfs!*

Gargamel pours the last of the essence into his Dragon Scepter and takes aim on the dungeon... WAZAAM! Wicker chairs become mushroom-shaped smurf cages. Street barricades morph into smurf-sized "cattle" chutes.

In moments, Belevadere is transformed into a Frankenstein-like "essence factory." Huge wooden cogs and gears move conveyers of *vials* past old-fashioned, Smurf-sized, sweatboxes and "exercise" machinery, which sprout "essence collecting tubes."

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

Say hello to your new home, Papa.  
It's where you'll all be living *the rest of your days. And nights.* But enough *small talk*... I've got orders to fill.

Ecstatic, Gargamel, raises a Sweeny Todd razor over Papa's head. Papa's eyes go wide as.. SPLOOSH! Gargamel hits Papa with a *facefull of shaving cream*.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)

(trashing the Smurf song)  
*La la la-la-la-laa, la la la la la.*

Papa SPITS out cream as Gargamel gleefully begins wiping his shavings into a thimble.

INT. WINSLOW HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A suitcase on the bed. Patrick neatly packs, the phone cradled between his shoulder and ear.

PATRICK

Look, he's a resourceful guy, maybe they got out a window or something.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHINESE BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Gracie stands at the door as Sam and Sophie search the rubble. Still hurting, she's cool, reluctantly making this call.

GRACIE (ON PHONE)

I don't know, we were hoping they'd somehow made it back to you. We're going to try and retrace their steps.

PATRICK

Good, good. That's, uh... smart plan.

An awkward silence falls between them.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Listen... Gracie, about Paris. I'm sure once we get used into the schedule--

GRACIE

I need to go. The kids are pretty upset.

The phone goes dead. Patrick stares a beat, then sets it aside with a SIGH and resumes packing.

REVEAL a Smurfette watching sadly from the doorway. She turns, shaking her head "no" to Vanity, further down the hall. Vanity signals to Handy, Handy to Grouchy and so on, until...

INT. WINSLOW GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A somber group of Smurfs are gathered. Farmer enters, shaking his head. The group bursts into TEARS.

INT. WINSLOW HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Patrick tries to ignore the O.S. TEARS as he packs. He can't.

INT. WINSLOW GAME ROOM - SAME

Brainy, Smurfette and a few others, try to comfort the rest of the Smurfs. Patrick enters.

PATRICK

C'mon, guys, I'm sure we'll find 'em.  
(off their glares)  
Look, I'm really sorry, alright? I didn't know who that guy was. I did the best I could. So, don't look at me with those big, sad--

WAAAA! They break into more inconsolable, comic tears. Smurfette leads Patrick away from the bunch and hops up on a table to speak with him.

SMURFETTE

They don't blame you. They're just scared. They miss their Papa. Remember how it felt when you were little and your papa would leave?

PATRICK

(beat)  
Actually, no. My dad passed away before I really knew him.



SMURFETTE

Oh. Gosh No Papa?... You poor thing.

PATRICK

No, it's not like that... it's fine.

(beat, off her puzzlement)

Okay, so it was a little hard... My mom had to work two jobs to keep food on the table, and I barely saw her. But, you know, you adjust. You get by.

Smurfette gazes up, aching for him, her big eyes moistening. Patrick pauses, his own bullshit failing to comfort even him.

He glances away... to the mantle... A FAMILY PORTRAIT of him, Gracie and the kids in happier, more carefree times. In the PARK, barefoot, Patrick spins Sam in the air, while his new daughter giggles in her mother's arms.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What am I doing? What's wrong with me? I'm about to throw everything that matters to me away... and for what?

SMURFETTE

You're scared.

PATRICK

I'm terrified. It's like I have to keep running faster and faster just to keep up. And if I ever stop... I don't know... We'll end up living in a box somewhere.

SMURFETTE

(beat)

Well... we live in mushrooms. And because we have each other... it's really nice.

Patrick smiles, warming to the notion of maybe letting go... just a little. Suddenly...

WHAM! A SEAGULL smashes into the window behind him. Another huge GULL SMASHES *through* the glass. Pulling ivy vine reins, Hefty forces his bird into an emergency landing on the table. Clumsy clings to his neck.

CLUMSY

And keep your *theat* belts *fasthened* until we *thum* to a compleep... *thlop*.

(flops onto the table)

Are we yare thet?

SOPHIE

Clumsy!

Sophie scoops Clumsy into her arms. He smiles weakly as Gutsy wrangles his bird into the room.

SMURFETTE

Smurfy wing-work, boys, but where's Papa?

GUTSY

*Captured by that wretched wizard!*  
(giving a sack to Brainy)  
He said to give ya this, lad.

HEFTY

It's everything you need to conjure the Blue Moon and get us home.

BRAINY

Us? What about Papa?

JOKEY

He said he'd find a way. Til then...  
*it's up to you.*

Stunned silence.

BRAINY

I'm... in charge?

VARIOUS SMURFS

(panicked)  
Brainy's in charge?! We'll never get home! Smurfed, I tell you, we're Smurfed! *Papaaaaaaaaa!*

Amidst the panic, Gutsy confronts their new leader.

GUTSY

*It's what ye always wanted, idn't it, lad? Drrreamed of, day and night? Question is, now that it's 'ere... arrre ya Smurrrrf enough?*

Brainy GULPS, then tries to speak over the chaos.

BRAINY

Excuse me... Hello?

Patrick grabs Crazy and squeezes him, causing a shrill FOG HORN, then an AH-UUUGAH, followed by a submarine DIVE BELL.

PATRICK

Guys! Come on, a little respect.

Dozens of blinking frightful eyes turn to Brainy.

BRAINY

It's true... I always wanted to be in charge... of, you know, a festival or what color we paint the barn... but not like this.

Brainy peers into the bag with the Blue Moon spell.

BRAINY (CONT'D)

Mr. Winslow, seeing as were one smurf short of a papa, we could sure use your help.

PATRICK

I... I don't know anything about *blue moons* or *how to make a spell*.

BRAINY

I don't mean that. I'm talking about going after *our* Papa.

Amazed looks from the others.

FRIGHTENED SMURF

But... Papa said to get us home.

BRAINY

Papa says. Papa *always* says *something*. But, I'm in charge now. And I say... *No Smurf left behind!*

HEFTY

(beat)

Brainy, Gargamel's got a magic scepter, now. It spits blue fire and makes him more powerful than ever.

GUTSY

An' we *doon* even *knooow* where he is. We'd need a bloodhound to find 'em. A *rrreal* blue blood.

All eyes turn to Tarzan. He looks confused, then, sniffs his own rear, runs in circles after his tail and falls over. *Nope*. The Smurfs slump in despair.

PATRICK

(rising)

Wait... You don't need a blueblood.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
We've got bluetooth. My boss gave  
Gargamel Van's phone. And our  
company phones are *trackable*.

Patrick crosses to the computer and sets to work.

SMURFS  
*Goooooogle.*

PATRICK  
No. Google Earth.

SMURFS  
*Google Earrrrrrrrrth.*

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

In a nearly abandoned area of Central Park, Gracie stands  
outside the car with the kids, cradling a cup of coffee.

SAM  
Are you sure this is where he said  
meet him?

SOPHIE  
Yeah, he just said be here and be  
ready for anything.

SAM  
He probably just wants to say goodbye  
before he heads to the airport.

Just then, Patrick comes into view, in a heroes entrance with  
several dozen Smurfs, crossing a nearby foodbridge. They're  
geared for battle. Patrick carries Sam's helicopter.

GRACIE  
I thought you had a plane to catch.

PATRICK  
My kids want to go to the park. We  
go to the park. Oh, and, by the way,  
I found Papa. We just have to get  
him out. I mean, you know, if you  
guys are into that sort of thing.

Gracie and the kids smile and embrace him excitedly as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - OBELISK - BUSHES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is surrounded by Smurfs, laden like commandos with  
household implements as weapons and tools.

BRAINY (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)  
Blue Leader One to Small Fry. How  
are things at the cookout?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TURTLE POND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In a thicket on the west bank, Sophie stirs boiling water on a camp stove while Hefty preps the spell ingredients.

SOPHIE (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)  
Ready with the spell!

BRAINY (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)  
Air command, we are go...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. METRO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A SOUVENIR KIOSK has been broken into. We hear helium balloons being inflated. One floats away... the kind with an inflatable teddy bear inside.

Sam steps out and holds a finger to check the wind.

BRAINY (V.O.)  
Repeat, Air Command! We are go!

SAM (INTO PHONE)  
Roger, that Brainy. *Smurfs away!*

He releases handfuls of ribbon...

BRAINY and GRACIE'S POV (THROUGH SPYGLASSES): to **Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries**, dozens of large HELIUM BALLOONS rise into the air, *bearing smurfs inside*, each holding a PIN.

ON THE GROUND: Several straggling Smurfs wrestle comically to get themselves into their balloons for inflating by Sam.

IN THE AIRBORNE BALLOONS: Smurfs "run" furiously, to spin/guide the balloons toward Belvedere. They are AMAZED by the view as they float over the park.

ANGLE ON: wee-hour NEW YORKERS enjoy the runaway balloons.

Spotted, the ballooning Smurfs stop "running," leaving the humans clueless that the flying "teddy bears" are alive. Once out of view, they immediately start "steering" again.

EXT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

A few huge SNAPPING TURTLES sleep peacefully on the shore. Handy falls from the sky, landing beside one. He gingerly steps away then signals into the sky.

HANDY  
(squeaky helium whisper)  
*All clear.*

ANGLE UP: Smurfs begin popping their balloons with their pins and dropping like silent paratroopers, all around the castle. What little WHISPERING we hear is all silly HELIUM-PITCHED.

EXT. METRO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT - SAME

At the kiosk, SAM finishes strapping the R/C copter to Gutsy's back and the remote to his chest.

SAM  
You ready?

GUTSY  
*Me life's been noothin' but  
rrrehearsal for this moment.*

SAM  
You'll only get once chance at the  
grab... Make it count.

Gutsy pulls down a pair of doll goggles, nods and LIFTS OFF.

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

Gargamel and Azrael dance around the essence factory in macabre glee as the glop of Papa's beard gurgles through in an ominous test of what's to come for the Smurfs.

Gargamel holds the dragon handle of his scepter to the spigot, *filling* its mouth with smurf-blue ESSENCE. The eyes glow REDDER as more BLUE ENERGY engulfs the sheath.

GARGAMEL  
*Dumbledore, eat your heart out...*  
(raising the sceptor)  
Soon, Papa, all your little Smurfs  
will be mine.

THUD. Papa looks up to the roof and smiles.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)  
Ah, here they are now.

PAPA

No.

GARGAMEL

*Oh, please. Did you really think they'd go home without you? After all you've taught them? Smurf for all and all for... rubbish.*

PAPA

All for *Smurf!*

GARGAMEL

Exactly. You're one big happy family. And *that's* your weakness. They're pathetic without you, Papa. And *you're* the perfect bait.

PAPA

*No!*

GARGAMEL

Keep an eye on him Azrael...

Gargamel straps Papa into the essence extractor and fires it up. Gears turn, steam HISSES and Papa's begins to move into the works.

PAPA

Enjoy the ride, Papa. It's *Smurfy time.*

With a LAUGH, Gargamel charges out to face the Smurfs.

PAPA (CONT'D)

*Gargameeeeeeeel!*

EXT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

Gargamel rushes out with a huge sack to find Smurfs creeping through the undergrowth all around him.

With PENCILS for spears and LASER POINTERS to temporary blind Gargamel, the Smurfs hold their own in the first wave.

Annoyed, Gargamel stirs the sky with his scepter. Thunderous CLOUDS appear, *only* over *his* portion of the park. Rooftop Smurfs YELP and cling desperately to the rain gutters. Others slip and slide in the localized wind and rain and mud.

ON BRAINY: watching with Gracie through the spyglasses.

BRAINY

Stand by, Patrick... Now, Gutsy!

Directly above the Castle, Gutsy struggles madly to keep the copter under control in the bizarre magic storm.

As Gargamel eagerly begins bagging fallen Smurfs. Jokey waves a tiny white flag.

GARGAMEL

Hello! What have we here?

JOKEY

(holding up a box)  
Surprise!

GARGAMEL

I'm not falling for that again.

JOKEY

This isn't the surprise. *That is!*

Gutsy ROARS in with the remote-control helicopter. But as he grabs for the scepter... KARACK! A bolt of LIGHTING from Gargamel's storm blinds him... *He misses.*

ANGLE ON: Patrick watching through binoculars.

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)

He missed! We're going in now!

ON BRAINY & GRACIE: Watching through spyglasses.

BRAINY (INTO PHONE)

You can't take Gargamel while he has the scepter!

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)

We have no choice!  
(to his Smurf troops)  
We're going in!

GRACIE

(grabs Brainy's phone)  
*Patrick!*

Patrick hangs up and accepts a smear of blue face-paint from Vanity as he hoists Sam's telescope onto his shoulder. It's clearly been modified for war by Handy.

HANDY

Don't point it at anyone unless you intend to hurt them.

Patrick grins. The Smurfs, with pencil & rubberband "bows" and sewing needle "arrows" at the ready, raise a BATTLE CRY and follow Patrick down a hill toward...



GARGAMEL is busy shooting BOLTS of magic at Gutsy, who dodges for his life in the copter, hampered by the crazy "weather."

Patrick, Handy and their group get in range and ready to fire on Gargamel when... Patrick's phone RINGS.

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)  
Gracie, honey, not now!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ODILE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Odile works alone in a huge bed, in the glow of her laptop.

ODILE  
Don't honey me, mon mignon. Did you get the man his little *bleu* thingies?

PATRICK  
Odile? I can't talk now.

Handy waves frantically at Patrick to fire. Patrick peers through the sighting glass and... POP POP POP! Lets loose a torrent of hardballs at Gargamel. But they miss!

ODILE  
Listen, forget Paris. That strange little of ours is going to do great things for us. I'm going to need you in, London, Hong Kong, Beijing...

PATRICK  
That's not going to happen.

Gargamel takes final aim at Gutsy...

GARGAMEL  
Enough of this! You're mine!

ODILE  
Oh, is he there? Put him on.

PATRICK  
*It's for you!*

*Out of ammo, Patrick hurls his Blackberry at Gargamel.*

ODILE (V.O. ON FLYING PHONE)  
*Monsieur Gargameeeeeeeeeeeel?*

BAM! The Blackberry shatters on Gargamel's head just before he fires on Gutsy.

ON GRACIE: watching through Binoculars.

GRACIE

Huh. Never thought I'd be grateful  
for that Blackberry.

ON GARGAMEL: Enraged, he turns on Patrick.

GARGAMEL

*That. Hurt.*

Gargamel unleashes a fury of BLUE ENERGY on Patrick, who SCREAMS and shakes in the beam. But Gargamel doesn't stop.

ON GRACIE: She drops the spyglasses (and Brainy).

GRACIE

(racing down the hill)  
*Patrick!*

Like *Braveheart*, Gutsy seizes his moment... *and the scepter.*

GUTSY

*Frreedooooooooom!*

Gargamel SCREAMS in rage as Gutsy ZOOMS away with his power.

GARGAMEL

(giving chase)  
*Nooooooooooooo!*

ON BRAINY as he recovers from being dropped.

BRAINY (YELLING INTO PHONE)

Sam! *Go go go!*

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

Papa gasps for breath as he's washed, buffed and sterilized on the conveyor. Azrael bats at him, like a toy, as he heads for a frightening steam extractor.

Suddenly Sam charges through the door, flashlight blazing.

SAM/SOPHIE

Papa Smurf?!

PAPA

Look out!

Azrael GROWLS and steps into Sam's path. PLING! He unfurls his switchblade claws in an elaborate show of might.

SAM

Did I mention I'm allergic to cats?

Sam kicks Azrael out window with a YOOOOOOOOOWL.

ANGLE ON BRAINY: peering through the spyglasses.

BRAINY'S POV: Sam races from the Castle with Papa.

BRAINY

Yes!

BELOW: Gracie and Handy tend to fallen Patrick while Smurfette and Sophie charge in to free Smurfs from Gargamel's bag.

HANDY

Boy, I am I glad to see you girls!  
But who's cooking the Blue Moon  
Potion?

SMURFETTE

Hefty's got it covered. Sometimes  
the girls just gotta get out of the  
kitchen.

She and Sophie share a Charlie's Angels take.

ANGLE ON PATRICK: Gracie holds his face as the blue energy dissipates from his body.

GRACIE

Patrick? Baby you can you hear me?

SAM

(rushing in with Papa)  
Dad! Dad!

SMURFS

Papa! Papa!

The Smurfs go wild, swarming their Papa as Sam sets him down to tend his own father with Sophie. It's an emotional reunion for both families and their "Papas."

Patrick GROANS as his family and the Smurfs surround him.

HANDY

He took Gargamel's worst... for us.

PATRICK

(coming to)  
Gracie?

Gracie and the kids embrace Patrick as he sits up.

SOPHIE

Thank you, Daddy! Thank you!

Papa, surrounded by his own adoring "kids" steps forward.

PAPA

Yes. A hundred thanks.

PATRICK

You were right... Hands to help.

The two fathers share a smile.

BRAINY (O.S.)

Are we going home? Or What?

Everyone turns to see Brainy standing proudly on a log.

BRAINY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't listen, Papa, but a Smurf's gotta do, what a Smurf's gotta do.

PAPA

Brainy, I'm proud of you. But you're right. We better get home while we can. Is everybody here?

BRAINY

All but one.

(into phone)

Blue leader to Blue Bird. Come in.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT - SAME

Gutsy works the joystick on his belly with one hand and clutches Gargamel's heavy scepter with the other. It's rough flying. Following below, Gargamel PANTS for breath.

GUTSY

(taunting)

'At's it, ya little girrrly wizard!  
Who's the bully now, eh? eh?

GARGAMEL

(winded, but smiling)

Remember, little one... Pride goeth  
before the fall.

GUTSY

What arrre ye talkin' aboot? It's  
oover for ye, ya' crrrazy loon.

Gutsy doesn't see Azrael slinking up a tree, behind him. Suddenly... *MEOWLLLLL!* Azrael leaps from a branch and swats the copter before crashing into a bush.

GARGAMEL  
Gooooood kitty!

GUTSY  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

Gutsy, *drops the wand* and spins out of control, disappearing into the trees.

ON GARGAMEL: IN SLOW MO, *he makes a diving leap for the wand as it tumbles toward an open subway vent.*

Horses SCREAM as a late-night CARRIAGE stops just short of trampling Gargamel. He stands, fire in his eyes... *the scepter in his hand.*

EXT. TURTLE POND - NIGHT

In the thicket by the pond Hefty struggles alone to add ingredients to the boiling pot.

HEFTY  
(reading)  
Hair of a Giant... Feather of a  
flightless bird...

The Winslows, Papa and the Smurfs charge onto the scene.

PAPA  
Hefty! Time to go!

HEFTY  
Already, Papa!

Sophie and Smurfette rush in with Grouchy and Reina. Everyone gathers around the pot as thick BLUE FOG spews from the brew.

PAPA  
(unfurling the spell)  
Brainy... Do the honors?... You  
earned it.

Brainy proudly, *but humbly,* takes the scroll and reads...

BRAINY  
*Unimoonibus... Bluticus...  
Yarayak.... Kahol...*

WHOOSH! A mighty WIND blasts through the park, spreading a thick FOG. Veiled in the fog, a huge MOON appears to rise... its glow, distinctively BLUE. The Winslows' jaws drop.

HEFTY

Look!

The pond waters being to roil. As in the Forbidden Grottos, a glistening rock formation rises up. A SHIMMERING PORTAL blazes behind the falling waters. A rocky path emerges, leading to shore.

Suddenly, a horse-drawn carriage charges up in the distance.

GARGAMEL

Ya! YAAAAAAA!

PAPA

Go! Go!

Lesser known Smurfs charge across the watery path and dive through the portal with hardly time to wave goodbye.

The carriage bears down with terrifying speed with Gargamel, standing beside Azrael, whipping the horses like Ben Hur. Panicked smurfs cross into the portal as fast as they can.

*Gargamel aims his scepter... ZAP! A bolt of blue energy OBLITERATES THE PORTAL, trapping Papa and half the smurfs in our world while the other half are trapped in theirs.*

Gargamel aims again, this time directly at Papa and the remaining Smurfs. As they SCREAM and scramble for cover, we hear the familiar whir of SPUTTERING ROTORS...

GUTSY (O.S.)

Pick on someone yer oon size, ya'  
smurrrfin' wanker!

Gutsy has risen and is diving for Gargamel.

PAPA

*Gutsy, noooooo!*

BAM! *Gutsy kamikazees into Gargamel's head.* The copter disintegrates, hurling Gutsy onto the horses face. Gargamel falls back in the carriage, missing his shot.

IN SLOW MO: the wand flies through the air... little blue hands dive for it. It falls to... CLUMSY. He grabs... He bobbles... collapses... drops the wand into the murky pond.

SOPHIE/PAPA

*Clumsy!*

They run to help him.

BRAINY

*Gutsy!*

All eyes turn to see the runaway horse, freaked by the blue creature clinging to it's face, rear up at the WALL of the 79TH STREET TRANSVERSE. Gargamel, Azrael and Gutsy are thrown over the wall, toward the speeding traffic below.

GUTSY & GARGAMEL  
Aaaaaaaaaaagh!

AZRAEL  
Yeeeeeeeeeeowl!

WHAP! Gargamel and Azrael are comically flattened on the windshield of a passing bus. It carries them away, with *BLUE* ad wrap celebrating: JET BLUE TO BELGIUM FROM \$299!

Winslows and Smurfs are shocked at Gutsy's sacrifice. Then...

GUTSY (O.S.)  
Well, *doon jus' stand thar!* Give a  
*Smurrrrf* a hand!

A tiny blue hand reaches over from the wall... Gutsy's clinging safely *above* the speeding traffic. The Smurfs CHEER as Sam, Hefty and others rush to pull him to safety.

Angle on Papa and Patrick.

PATRICK  
(re destroyed Portal)  
What are you going to do?

Papa looks up at the moon as the fog clears away... It's clearly *no longer blue*.

PAPA  
I don't know... I really don't know.

HEFTY  
Hey... Look.

An inky BLUE spreads from where the wand went in. The *reflection* of the moon is also blue, but the *real* moon is still only white.

Clumsy, lies weak on the shore, his head in Sophie's lap.

CLUMSY  
I'm sorry guys... I-- blew it again.

Spent and pale, Clumsy's hand drops into the water.

SOPHIE  
*Clumsy?*

CLUMSY

I just wish... the moon was really blue... and you all could go home.

Triggered at Clumsy's hand in the water, the magic blue essence shimmers on the water. BLUE ENERGY arcs over the surface of the pond, dancing on the reflection of the moon... Then, it rises up toward the Moon itself.

GUTSY

*Grrreat* Smurf!

Everyone looks up to see the Moon actually *turning* BLUE. Clumsy's eyes open as the color begins to return to his hand, then spreads to his whole body.

PAPA

Great Smurf, indeed! Clumsy! You've done it!

Clumsy sits up, renewed as the portal begins to rise from the water again. The Smurfs stare in awe as the rocky path re-emerges to bear them home.

QUICK SHOTS ALL OVER NEW YORK: NIGHT-LIFERS and WILDLIFE stop to gaze up in amazement at the BLUE MOON.

IN THE PARK: Smurfs eagerly line up to walk the shimmering stone path to the portal, where Brainy directs them through. Each returns to their deep blue as they dive in.

BRAINY

Come along everyone. No telling how long the spell will last.

Hefty approaches the portal, then turns and waves to the Winslows.

HEFTY

Good bye! We'll never forget you!

As the Winslows wave back, Hefty reaches out a tentative hand... WHOOSH! He's sucked through before he knows what happened. A line of others wave goodbye and follow.

Gutsy, Jokey and Vanity and Romeo get in line.

ROMEO

(to Gracie and Patrick)  
Know how often I've see love like yours?  
(off their looks)  
Once in a Blue Moon.



Patrick takes Gracie's hand. She pulls in close.

PAPA

We'll never be able to repay you for  
all your kindness...and bravery.

PATRICK

You've already repaid me.  
(squeezing Gracie's hand)  
More than you'll ever know.

Gracie smiles and takes Patrick's arm. He puts an arm around his family as they gather close around Papa and Clumsy.

PAPA

If you work together, and truly  
treasure each other, everything will  
be smurfy, indeed.

REINA

Smurf.

Everyone turns, LAUGHING, as Reina holds Grouchy one last time and utters her first words.

REINA (CONT'D)

B-bye.

WINSLOWS

She's talking! Way to go Reina!  
Good job, sweetie! (etc.).

GROUCHY

(trying to hide his tears)  
I hate "b-bye's"... But I love you.

Sophie kneels down to Clumsy. Her eyes are also welling up.

SOPHIE

Will I ever see you again?

CLUMSY

Papa?

PAPA

Keep an eye out for each other...  
every blue moon.

Papa's eyes TWINKLE as Sophie and Clumsy fall into a hug.

SOPHIE

Say it's not just a dream.

CLUMSY

You're not dreaming, Sophie. I am  
your friend.

BRAINY

Papa! Clumsy! The spell!

Sure enough the BLUE ENERGY is FADING. The Winslows share one  
last hug with Papa and Clumsy, then watch tearfully as they  
join Brainy and Smurfette at the Portal.

WINSLOWS

Goodbye.

CLUMSY/BRAINY/PAPA/SMURFETTE

*Auf-Wiedersmurf!*

Brainy waves and goes in. Papa waves, takes Clumsy's hand and  
steps in. Clumsy locks teary eyes with Sophie... and he's  
gone. The Winslows watch from shore as the BLUE ENERGY FADES  
and the Portal sinks back down. But the moon... *stays Blue.*

MUSIC UP: A NEW **BLUE MOON SONG**

FADE TO **BLUE**

END CREDITS:

The Smurfs return to their village, SINGING. Reprising their  
dance number from the opening, this time, they get it right.

MORE END CREDITS. Then...

Patrick sadly packs the personal effects of his office into  
boxes as he prepares to look for work. Odile enters.

ODILE

What on earth are you doing?

PATRICK

I'm... fired. No?

ODILE

You silly, stupid, big strong man.  
Do you know the last time anyone  
stood up to me the way you did?  
(off Patrick's confusion)  
You have what it takes to handle the  
sharks in this office. Up til now,  
there was only me. If you manage New  
York... *I'm free to take to Paris.*

She gratefully kisses his cheek and exits blissfully.

ODILE (CONT'D)  
*Salut, Paris. Ici je viens!*

Patrick watches her go... dumbstruck.

MORE CREDITS. Then...

The Winslows frolic in Central Park. Patrick and Sam fly the helicopter. Sophie and Mom play princess nearby, while Reina chews happily on Tarzan.

Not faraway, in Turtle Pond, a wand is found... *by Gargamel...*

**BLACK OUT**