



THE STUPIDS

Written By
Brent Forrester

Revised Second Draft
March 14, 1995

TITLE SEQUENCE

We begin in the vast emptiness of space. Suddenly -- The Big Bang! Swirling gases become solar systems, with suns and planets. We push in on one such planet where a primordial soup churns amino acids into primitive life. Amoebas evolve into fish, then dinosaurs. Mammals appear, followed by man himself. Civilizations arise, and the pace quickens. Using stock footage, we see shots of the Egyptian pyramids, the chariot races of Rome, The Italian Renaissance, The French Revolution, The Industrial Revolution, World War II, until at last the great march of history arrives at a whitewashed home in present day suburbia. As the majestic music score crescendos, the first ray of dawn illuminates a mailbox on which is written...

"THE STUPIDS"

1 INT. THE STUPID'S MASTER BEDROOM

1

At the head of the bed, two pairs of feet rest on pillows, one of them in wingtips. Birds are singing and sunlight streams into the bedroom window as STANLEY STUPID and his wife JOAN sit up in bed and greet the day.

JOAN

I've got a feeling something special's going to happen today.

STANLEY

My dear, every day I spend with you is special.

Stanley gets out of bed wearing boxers, a pajama top and a pair of brown wingtips. Joan looks at him lovingly.

JOAN

Oh, Stanley.

STANLEY

I love this family, Joan, and because of that I'm happy. If that makes me a simple man, well a simple man I must be. But enough of my speeches-- Let's start the day!

He lights a match beneath a fire sprinkler and scrubs himself merrily as it showers him with water. Upbeat, industrious music plays as the busy Stupids begin their day.

2 INT. BEDROOM

2

Joan is getting dressed. She puts on one sock, and is about to put on another when she notices that it is...

JOAN

Inside out.

She reverses the sock by pushing her hand into it like a sock-puppet. A look of confusion then descends on her as she glances from the sock-wearing hand to the bare foot and back again. After a moment of hard thought, she produces a pair of scissors, cuts the end off the sock, and begins working it down her arm. When it gets to her shoulder, she stretches the sock over her head, down her torso, and past her waist, pulls one leg out of it and tugs it down the other leg until it covers her foot. Humming to herself, she then begins to sew the toe back on.

3 INT. BATHROOM

3

Stanley lathers his face with foam, then proceeds to shave with an electric razor.

4 INT. KITCHEN

4

Joan stirs batter in a mixing bowl, then smiles and hands it to her nine-year-old daughter, PETUNIA, who pours the batter into the toaster.

JOAN

Two fresh waffles, coming up!

Stanley sits at the breakfast table reading a rolled-up newspaper.

PETUNIA

What's in the news, Dad?

STANLEY

Oh, Turmoil in the Middle E--.
The President vetoes another b--.
A lot of stuff you wouldn't understand.

The Stupid's eight-year-old son BUSTER walks in, looking glum.

BUSTER

Hi Dad, hi Mom. Hi Petunia.
Hi Kitty.

He tosses a dog-biscuit to the family dog.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Morning, Buster. Say, why the long face?

BUSTER

Aw, it's nothing really, Dad. Just that, well-- I seem to be shrinking.

STANLEY

Shrinking? Are you sure?

BUSTER

Positive. Every month I measure myself, and every month the marks get lower.

He gestures to a potted tree on which are drawn a number of white lines. Petunia comes by and waters the tree as Buster points out the hash marks.

BUSTER

When we first got this tree I was up to here on it, and now I'm way down here. By the time I'm a teenager, I'll barely be up to my own waist!

Stanley puts a consoling arm around Buster's shoulder.

STANLEY

I know that growing up can be hard, Buster, especially when you're shrinking. But trust in yourself, and you'll get through it. Just like I did.

BUSTER

You mean... you were once shrinking too?

STANLEY

That's right, son. It was around the time we switched over to the metric system, and I went from over six feet, to barely two meters overnight. But I never gave up on myself, and somehow I came back. Just like you will.

(CONTINUED)

BUSTER

Thanks, Dad. I feel better
already!

STANLEY

That's the spirit Buster!
Well, I'm off to work!

PETUNIA

Have a wonderful day, Dad!

Stanley exits, as Joan stares after him adoringly.

JOAN

Marrying that man was the
smartest thing I ever did.

She sighs contentedly and irons the bacon.

5 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE

5

Stanley walks out the front door, dressed for work. He
produces a checklist from his pocket, and pauses for a moment
to look it over.

STANLEY

Things to do today.

(READING)

"Make check mark on paper."

(HE CHECKS IT OFF THE
LIST)

"Cross item out." No time for
that I'm afraid.

(HE CROSSES IT OFF
THE LIST)

"Scratch head." Hmmm...

(SCRATCHING HEAD)

I'll have to think about that
one. "Hum to myself," mm-hmm.
And finally, say "that seems
pretty senseless but whatever."
Huh. That seems pretty
senseless. But...

(SHRUGS)

Whatever.

The checklist taken care of, he strides off again. But just
as he reaches the end of the walk, something catches his eye.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

STANLEY (CONT'D)

That's odd.

He walks over to the pair of trash cans at the curb.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
(CALLING TO THE
HOUSE)Joan, honey! Did you put these
trash cans out on the curb?

Joan comes to the front door.

JOAN

Of course, Stanley. Everyone
in the neighborhood displays in
their trash cans on Thursdays.
It's garbage can celebration
day.

STANLEY

But today is Friday.

JOAN

(GASPS)

I left the trash out overnight!

Stanley removes a lid from the garbage can, peers inside and
GASPS.

STANLEY

Oh dear...

He opens the second one and panic sets in.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Oh no...

He turns to Joan with a look of fear.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Somebody's stolen our garbage
again!

Joan GASPS.

6 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

6

Joan dips a tea bag in a mug of hot water and Stanley dunks a
sack of coffee in a glass pot as they anxiously discuss their
latest crisis.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

I just feel so awful about this...

STANLEY

Darling, please, it's not your fault. It's the world we live in today! There are people out there for whom nothing is sacred anymore. People who steal a man's garbage, week after week after week!

JOAN

We can get through it, honey. We'll borrow some garbage until we get back on our feet...

STANLEY

But don't you see, Joan? That's what they're counting on. Whoever keeps doing this knows that people like us will just sit back and take it.

He stands up dramatically.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Well darn it, I'm not going to take it anymore!

JOAN

Stanley, please, don't get involved!

STANLEY

I'm already involved, Joan! Someone has stolen from my family. And I won't rest until I bring them to justice!

And with that, Stanley marches resolutely into the garage. Joan sighs, shakes her head, and stares after Stanley adoringly.

7 INT. STUPID'S GARAGE - NIGHT

7

Stanley is meticulously dropping items into an open garbage can.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

STANLEY

Two banana peels. One bicycle rim, bent. Section "C" of the Sunday Times. Three alkaline batteries. One grapefruit rind...

He looks it over proudly.

STANLEY

Just try to resist this, you fiends.

8 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

8

Stanley sets the garbage can out on the curb, hides himself in some nearby bushes and waits. Every time a car passes, he raises his eyebrows in anticipation. A man with a dog on a leash slows down near the garbage can and looks very suspicious for a moment, but so far no one takes the bait.

TIME DISSOLVE:

9 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE - NEAR DAWN

9

Stanley has fallen asleep at his post. Suddenly a low rumbling wakes him up. The rumbling becomes a dull roar, and an eerie bluish light suffuses Stanley who stares in awe at the terrifying sight.

STANLEY

What in the world...

10 STANLEY'S POV

10

An enormous and sinister GARBAGE TRUCK has pulled up to the curb. Two GARBAGEMEN step off of it, their gloves and dust masks making them appear mysterious and alien. As Stanley watches, they lift his garbage can and empty it into the back of their truck.

11 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

11

Stanley backs out of his hiding place and hurries into the garage as the garbage truck pulls away.

12 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

12

STANLEY

They're getting away! I've got to follow them! But how?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

He scans the garage. His eyes light on a bicycle.

STANLEY

Two wheels...

He looks at his car.

STANLEY

Four wheels...

He spots a pair of roller-blades in the corner.

STANLEY

Eight wheels!

13 EXT. STREET - DAWN

13

The dump truck is driving down the street. Stanley, now wearing roller-blades, is in hot pursuit.

STANLEY

Alright, crooks, Now you've got Stanley Stupid on your trail.

14 INT. STUPID'S KITCHEN - MORNING

14

Petunia is eating breakfast when Buster walks in.

PETUNIA

Morning, Buster.

BUSTER

Hey, sis. Have you seen Dad?

PETUNIA

Isn't he sleeping?

BUSTER

No. And he's not outside either.

We see Buster has a goldfish bowl that he is towing in a wagon.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

I got up early to walk my fish, and he was already gone.

PETUNIA

Do you think maybe... he's been kidnapped?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BUSTER

Oh my God! We must go to the
police station!

PETUNIA

Just as soon as we've left a
note for Mom. Take this down!
"We have gone to the police."

Buster picks up a notepad and takes dictation very slowly.

BUSTER

"Police..."

PETUNIA

"Dad has been kidnapped."

BUSTER

"...kidnapped."

PETUNIA

"Don't worry, we'll be back
soon. Signed, your children."

BUSTER

"...your children."

PETUNIA

Let's move!

The two of them dash out the door, leaving the note behind.
It reads "POLICE KIDNAPPED YOUR CHILDREN." The Stupid's CAT
looks at the camera and sighs with exasperation like Oliver
Hardy.

15 INT. STUPID'S BEDROOM - DAY

15

Joan pokes her head in and looks around.

JOAN

Stanley?

16 INT. STUPID'S BATHROOM

16

JOAN

Buster? Petunia?

17 INT. KITCHEN

17

Joan walks in and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

JOAN
Stanley? Buster? Petunia?
Where is everybody?

She finds the note on the kitchen table and reads it with growing alarm.

JOAN
No. It's impossible. It can't
be true!

The phone rings and she picks it up cautiously.

JOAN
Hello?

18 INT. POLICE STATION

18

A beleaguered POLICE OFFICER talks into the phone, flanked by a worried Buster and Petunia.

OFFICER #1
Hello, is this Mrs. Stupid?

JOAN
Yes...

OFFICER #1
I'm calling from the police
station, Mrs. Stupid. We have
your children here, ma'am.

19 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

19

JOAN
Oh my God, it is true!

She slams the phone down in fear.

JOAN
The police have kidnapped my
children!

She throws on a coat, grabs her car keys and runs into the kitchen closet, slamming the door behind her. After a beat, she charges out of the closet and out of the house.

20 OMIT

20

21 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

21

Buster and petunia are now riding in the back of a squad car.

POLICE OFFICER

You two just sit tight. We'll
have you home in a minute.

At that moment, a frantic Joan Stupid passes the squad car heading in the opposite direction. None of them sees each other.

22 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

22

The garbage truck pulls up to a red light. A moment later, Stanley rolls up on the sidewalk beside it. The driver casts a look at Stanley, who leans with forced nonchalance against a tree, and maintains a casual posture from the waist up, while his legs slip and sputter under him. The driver continues to stare, as Stanley goes through a number of awkward attempts at innocent behavior, finally joining some little girls in a game of hopscotch. The stoplight turns green, and the dump truck pulls away. Stanley whistles casually to himself for another beat just be safe, then once again assumes a look of deadly seriousness and takes off after the truck.

23 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

23

Buster and Petunia wander around the house, opening closets and looking under cushions.

BUSTER

Mom...? Mom...?

PETUNIA

It's no use, Buster. Mom's
gone too.

BUSTER

And we seem to be caught in a
deadly game of cat and mouse!

Suddenly, something catches Petunia's attention.

PETUNIA

Buster, look!

24 KID'S POV

24

Through the window we see a CHINESE MAN come to the door, then hurry away.

25 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

25

Buster and Petunia now stand at the front door, looking up the street in both directions.

PETUNIA

He left without even ringing the bell.

BUSTER

Apparently he only wanted us to find this.

Buster holds up a take-out menu dramatically. Petunia looks it over

PETUNIA

What's "The Jade Palace?" And what does it have to do with Dad and Mom?

BUSTER

I don't know, Petunia. But I think it's time we went there and found out. Come on!

They jump on bikes and take off.

26 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

26

Joan is driving down the street, scanning the sidewalks for signs of her kidnapped family. She speaks into a microcassette recorder.

JOAN

Friday, June fourth. Today my world turned upside down. First I discovered my husband missing. Then I learned the police had kidnapped my children. Now the fate of my family rests in my hands.

Joan drives on with a determined look in her eye. Then she speaks into the recorder again.

JOAN

Note to self-- I must buy a hand-held tape recorder. Then I will no longer be speaking into a garage door opener.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

She clicks the device as if turning it off. Nearby, a garage door opens, clipping the bottom of a ladder and toppling a house painter who tosses a bucket of paint as he falls. Across the street, a couple of GANG MEMBERS have just finished spray painting their names on the side of a building, when the can of white house paint splatters against it, whitewashing it clean.

FIRST GANG MEMBER

Aw, man!

SECOND GANG MEMBER

Some people are so thoughtless.

27 EXT. JADE PALACE - DAY

27

Buster and Petunia ride up on their bikes

28 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

28

Buster and Petunia walk into the restaurant, glancing around suspiciously at the exotic decor. A HOSTESS walks up to them.

HOSTESS

Just the two of you?

BUSTER

(AMAZED)

Why... yes.

PETUNIA

So they have been expecting us.

29 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

29

The garbage truck pulls up to another red light. Stanley catches up to it, exhausted.

STANLEY

Must... rest...

He lies down on the back platform of the truck. By the time the light turns green, he is sound asleep.

30 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

30

A WAITER comes to Buster and Petunia's table.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

WAITER

And what can I get for you?

PETUNIA

(SLY)

Oh, I think you've got a pretty good idea what we're looking for.

WAITER

May I recommend the cashew chicken?

PETUNIA

You'll get your cash when we get our parents back.

BUSTER

And don't call us chicken.

The Waiter looks at them curiously.

31 EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

31

The garbage truck has pulled over at a truck stop on a lonely highway. Stanley lies sleeping on the truck's back bumper. He stirs, yawns, then suddenly sits bolt upright.

STANLEY

Oh my gosh. The truck!

He leaps down off the bumper.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

It's gone! I've lost it. And now it could be anywhere!

He looks left and right, and scans the horizon. The truck fills nearly the entire frame behind him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Catching up with it now will be like finding a needle in a haystack!

The DRIVER climbs back into the truck, starts it up and begins to drive off. Stanley whirls around and sees it. His eyes light up.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

STANLEY

It's always the last place
you'd think of looking.

He takes off after the truck again.

32 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

32

Buster and Petunia are finishing a meal.

BUSTER

I'll never get the hang of
these things.

We see that Buster is eating with unwrapped chopsticks.
Petunia wipes her face and hands on a mu shu pancake, crumples
it up and throws it away.

PETUNIA

Still no sign of Mom and Dad.
I don't get it, Buster.

BUSTER

Don't worry. Whoever brought
us here will contact us when
the time is right.

A WAITER clears their plates, and lays down a pair of fortune
cookies. Buster eats his without opening it. Suddenly
Petunia gasps.

PETUNIA

Buster-- it's a message!

She draws a thin strip of paper out of Buster's mouth and
reads it.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)

(READING)

"Time flies when you're having
fun."

BUSTER

Time flies when you're having
fun? Wait a minute. Isn't the
Daily Times published just a
few blocks away from here?

PETUNIA

Yes... at the corner of Fun
Street and Fly!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

BUSTER

No, it's Maple and Fifth.

PETUNIA

Close enough. Let's move!

They dash out of the restaurant and onto the street.

33 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

33

The garbage truck arrives at the landfill and dumps its cargo. Nearby, Stanley is watching. We see that he has a bush tied to his back and is strapping another to his chest.

STANLEY

Camouflage, lesson one. To look like a bush, you must think like a bush.

Stanley pauses for a moment, trying hard to think like a bush.

STANLEY

Well, here I am, being a bush. Just growing, and hanging out, that's the life for me.

He creeps out from behind the fence and moves stealthily towards the GARBAGEMEN.

STANLEY

Sure is a lot of soil around here. Lots of sunshine, too. As a bush, I notice these things, yes, sir. But wait, what's this?

He holds out his arms and looks at them.

STANLEY

I have arms. I'm a bush with arms. And legs!

He stands up.

STANLEY

I'm the first bush in history with legs! I -- CAN -- WALK!

He begins taking unsteady, stiff-legged steps, as the Garbagemen finish unloading and start up their truck.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

STANLEY

Gaze ye, unbelievers, upon this
miracle, this walking bush!
Half plant, half man, he dwells
in two worlds, master of both!
Oh, man-bush! You are nature's
greatest wonder!

The Garbagemen cast a half-interested glance in Stanley's direction. He freezes and holds perfectly still. They shake their heads, and drive off. Stanley smiles slyly to himself.

STANLEY

(PITYINGLY)

The poor fools though I was a
bush.

34 EXT. DAILY TIMES BUILDING - DAY

34

Buster and Petunia race up to the "Daily Times" building on their bikes.

BUSTER

This is the place.

PETUNIA

Let's do it.

Petunia produces a bike chain and, working a quickly and deftly together, the two of them lock their bikes to a nearby pole. As they march purposefully into the Times building, the pole begins to move, and we see that it is actually the rear door handle of a public bus, which promptly drives away.

35 INT. JOAN'S CAR - DAY

35

Just then, Joan Stupid drives by and catches a glimpse of Buster and Petunia walking into the building.

JOAN

My children!

She screeches to a stop in traffic, setting off a chain reaction of collisions behind her. She leaps out of the car, then freezes in her tracks as she sees a uniformed CROSSING GUARD at an intersection near the building.

JOAN

Police! If they recognize me,
I'm sure to be kidnapped too.
What to do?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

Joan scans the street.

36 JOAN'S POV 36

Her gaze lights on a sight that reads "WIG STORE."

37 INT. WIG STORE - DAY 37

Joan is at the counter talking to a SALESWOMAN.

JOAN

I need a wig, please.

She casts an anxious glance out the window at the Crossing Guard crossing the street.

JOAN

(WITH DETERMINATION)

In fact, I'm going to need a lot of wigs.

38 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY 38

Mountains of garbage stretch out as far as the eye can see. After a moment, a BUSH walks into frame and takes a closer look.

STANLEY

My gosh. There must be thousands of people's garbage here. Tens of thousands, even. Why, the sheer organization necessary to pull off a heist like this...

He turns to camera.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I've uncovered the crime of the century.

39 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 39

Joan strolls down the sidewalk with wigs pinned to every inch of her clothing. As she passes the Crossing Guard, her breath becomes shallow, and beads of sweat dot her forehead.

JOAN

(INNOCENTLY)

Good day, officer.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Having safely passed the authority figure, Joan ducks into the Times office, leans against the wall, and clenches a fist in silent triumph.

JOAN

Yes!

40 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

40

We follow a dark sedan with tinted windows as it speeds up a dirt road then screeches to a stop at the far end of the landfill. A burly DRIVER leaps out and opens the door for a FOREIGN MAN in paramilitary garb. He and his driver stride past a row of similar cars, and join an odd assembly of men, some in expensive suits and dark glasses, others in the army uniforms of foreign countries.

Nearby, an AMERICAN ARMY COLONEL watches the scene from the hood of an army jeep. He turns to a LIEUTENANT.

COLONEL

Is that everyone?

LIEUTENANT

Affirmative, sir. It's showtime.

The Colonel stands up and addresses his audience.

COLONEL

Welcome, gentlemen. I hope you'll forgive the unpleasantness of our surroundings. This setting was chosen for its seclusion, not its beauty.

He throws open the tarp on the back of the jeep and reveals a variety of military equipment.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

The weapons you're about to see are American made and, I humbly submit, the world's best. International law has long kept you from acquiring them. Bust as of now, I hope to help you overcome that. Lieutenant?

The Lieutenant steps forward with a pair of uniformed AMERICAN G.I.'s..

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT

The first piece of equipment we'd like to demonstrate is the Dragon anti-tank missile. Whether you want to foment revolution or suppress it, this hardware will help you get it done...

As the lieutenant continues his introduction, Stanley Stupid wanders in unnoticed. We hear his thoughts.

STANLEY (V.O.)

Strange indeed are the workings of fate. How could I have known that today I would wander into the jaws of some kind of super crime?

He steps around a MAN in sunglasses and a turban.

STANLEY

Excuse me.

STANLEY (V.O.)

Chances are, my life is already in danger. Yet I feel strangely, intensely alive. Every nerve is alert, every sense working overtime. Nothing escapes my eye.

He bumps into a Mexican ZAPATISTA leaning on an AK-47.

STANLEY

Pardon me.

Stanley pauses for a moment surrounded by an assortment of the world's most dangerous men.

STANLEY (V.O.)

One journey has come to an end. But I've got a feeling the real adventure has just begun.

41 INT. DAILY TIMES - HALLWAY

41

Joan, wearing her multi-wig disguise, is sneaking through the halls when she meets Buster and Petunia coming the other way.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

JOAN
Buster, Petunia!

The kids SCREAM.

PETUNIA
It's some kind of ape woman!

JOAN
(TO PETUNIA)
No, it's me, your mother.

BUSTER
(TO PETUNIA, AGHAST)
Your mother's some kind of ape woman?

JOAN
No, children. It's a disguise.

Joan yanks a wig off her shoulder.

JOAN (CONT'D)
They're wigs.

The children's expressions change from horror to admiration.

BUSTER/PETUNIA
Ahhhhh...

42 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

42

The Lieutenant loads a large handgun with a bullet the size of a shotgun shell.

*
*

LIEUTENANT
Next up is an updated version
of the forty-five caliber
personal sidearm. I think
you'll appreciate the increase
in stopping power.

*
*
*
*
*

He aims the handgun at a junked car and fires. The bullet detonates on impact, and the car explodes in flames. Meanwhile, Stanley mingles obliviously amongst the arms dealers.

*
*
*
*

43 OMIT

44 OMIT

45 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY (NOTE: THIS IS NOW SC.42 CONT'D)

45 *

The junked car explodes. Meanwhile, Stanley mingles obliviously amongst the arms buyers, examining the landfill and taking notes on a little pad. His pen runs out of ink and he turns to a stone-faced BODYGUARD.

STANLEY

Excuse me...

(HOLDING UP THE PEN)

You have something I can write with?

Without changing his expression, the bodyguard opens his coat, revealing a very large gun in a shoulder holster. He reaches into an inner pocket and hands Stanley a pen.

STANLEY

Thanks. So-- what's going on here, some kind of company picnic?

BODYGUARD

Farouzh bharghati.

Stanley nods.

STANLEY

That's a very festive name for it.

(LOWERING HIS VOICE)

Listen, you might as well hear it here first. You notice all the garbage around here? All stolen. Something fishy's going on here. Frankly, our lives may be in danger.

BODYGUARD

Bhagavasha khozeni.

STANLEY

Yeah, I hear your, pal. At first I was pretty tongue-tied myself.

46 INT. DAILY TIMES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

46

The main floor of the Times bustles with activity as staff writers struggle to make deadline. One REPORTER sits in his

*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

cubicle staring at his computer and drumming his fingers anxiously. A SECOND REPORTER walks by and the First Reporter grabs him.

FIRST REPORTER
Jerry, help! I need a headline
for the Entertainment section
here.

The Second Reporter studies the computer screen over the First Reporter's shoulder.

SECOND REPORTER
(READING)
"HBO has given the order for a
pair of original, outer space-
themed shows for the new
season." Let's see... How
about--

(TYPING)
"Two Alien Pilots Picked Up By
Network."

FIRST REPORTER
Perfect! I'm sending it...

He hits a stroke on the keyboard, and the computer BEEPS and a red light flashes.

SECOND REPORTER
Now give me a hand in Metro,
will you? We were supposed to
be in print five minutes ago!

The two reporters hurry off together. A moment later Buster's head pokes into frame and looks around.

BUSTER
Psst, over here, Sis. I found
a computer!

Petunia sneaks in after him with Joan in tow.

JOAN
What do you have in mind,
Petunia?

PETUNIA
A little ride on the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: [2]

46

PETUNIA (CONT'D)
 information superhighway, Mom.
 In this age of microtechnology,
 the computer is our gateway to
 information. All we've got to
 do is figure out the password.

The three Stupids think hard. Buster scratches his nose, and
 is suddenly struck with an inspiration.

BUSTER
 How about... "nose?"

PETUNIA
 It's worth a try!

She types the word in, changing the layout on the screen.
 When she hits the enter key, a red light flashes, and the disk
 drive begins to whirl.

PETUNIA
 Something's happening!

JOAN
 Way to go, kids!

PETUNIA
 Alright, computer. Now tell us
 everything we need to know
 about...
 (TYPING)
 "Stanley Stupid."

47 EXT. STREET - DAY

47

A delivery truck pulls up to a curb, and a stack of papers is
 tossed onto the sidewalk. The headline reads "TWO ALIEN
 PILOTS PICK NOSE." And in smaller letters, "Written by
 Stanley Stupid."

*
*

47A EXT. SPACE

47A *

A clearly alien spaceship glides through the frame.

*

47B INT. COCKPIT OF ALIEN SPACESHIP

47B *

Two ALIENS sit together in the cockpit of their spacecraft,
 which is laid out like that of a commercial airplane. They
 are clearly pilots, with alien-style caps and blazers.

*
*
*

An ALIEN STEWARDESS enters with a tray of coffee, and the
 morning paper.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

47B CONTINUED:

47B

FIRST ALIEN

Ah, glebber zu, Zinka.

One of them takes the newspaper and casually begins to pick his nose. Suddenly, his eyes pop open, and his jaw drops as he sees the headline reading, "TWO ALIENS PICK NOSE."

FIRST ALIEN

Glebnot! Glebnot!

He shows the headline to the SECOND ALIEN who is also picking his nose.

SECOND ALIEN

Glebnot exselsius! Uber
glebnot gleb zelsius ubernot!

The First Alien picks up a raygun. A cold murderous look comes into his eye.

FIRST ALIEN

(DRAWING RAYGUN
ACROSS THROAT)

Stanley Stupid griznot veld.

48 OMIT

49 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

49

The Colonel and his Lieutenant watch from a distance, as their henchmen continue the demonstration. The Lieutenant dabs his forehead nervously with a handkerchief.

COLONEL

Relax, soldier. A week from
now we'll both be wealthy men.

LIEUTENANT

I suppose so, sir. But I can't
help wondering what our country
would think of what we're
doing.

COLONEL

This year, our country refused
my promotion, Lieutenant. They
have only themselves to blame
now.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

LIEUTENANT

You really think we can pull
this off?

The Colonel lights up a cigar.

COLONEL

I gave my life to the military.
And nothing's going to stop me
from getting something back.

A NERVOUS G.I. hurries up to them and salutes.

G.I.

Sir, I think we may have a
potential situation on our
hands!

COLONEL

What is it, soldier?

G.I.

An individual, sir, appears to
have infiltrated the
proceedings. As far as we can
tell, he's not affiliated with
the buyers.

LIEUTENANT

Holy Christ, it's the CIA.
We're probably already
surrounded!

G.I.

Negative. We've scouted the
area and he appears to be
alone.

LIEUTENANT

Alone?

COLONEL

Just what kind of cowboy agent
is this guy?

50 COLONEL'S POV - DAY

50

The Colonel looks through his field glasses at Stanley, who has pulled an innertube out of the trash and is examining it seriously. He stretches it out, then quickly becomes tangled in it. The Colonel turns to the G.I...

51 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

51

COLONEL

No one is to disturb him without my order. The buyers mustn't know anything is amiss.

G.I.

Understood, sir.

COLONEL

If I know my business, the operative will contact us.

The Lieutenant takes the binoculars.

LIEUTENANT

To walk into a situation like this, without support... This guy must be fearless.

COLONEL

Yes.

52 COLONEL'S POV

52

Through the binoculars we see that in his struggle with the innertube, Stanley has hooked one foot into it and stretched it to capacity.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

And very, very smart.

The innertube snaps back, somersaulting Stanley backwards out of frame.

53 INT. DAILY TIMES - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

53

Petunia, Buster and Joan are crowded in front of the computer.

JOAN

Business, weather, sports.
What is it trying to tell us?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

PETUNIA

It's computer jargon, Mom.
It's like a whole other
language. Now, hand me a photo
of Dad, and let's see what we
can find out.

Joan hands over a photo of Stanley which Petunia slips into
the disc drive. The computer makes worrisome grinding sounds,
and begins to smoke.

PETUNIA

It's processing the data...

The computer BEEPS and bold text appears on the screen.

JOAN

What does it say?

PETUNIA

"Fatal error, drive B."

JOAN

Oh my God!

BUSTER

What does it mean?

PETUNIA

I don't know!

JOAN

We've got to warn your father!

Panic begins breaking out around them, as computers throughout
the newsroom begin to spark and sputter.

BUSTER

We'd better get out of here.

PETUNIA

Let's go!

54 EXT TIMES BUILDING - DAY

54

They rush out of the building and onto the street.

BUSTER

The bikes are gone!

A METER MAID is ticketing Joan's station wagon.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

JOAN

And the cops have surrounded my
car!

PETUNIA

Run for your lives!

The Stupids take off running down the street.

55 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

55

The ARMS BUYERS file out in a line, each solemnly shaking
hands with the Colonel as they pass.

COLONEL

Until we meet again... Adios...
Au revoir... Alahu Akbar...
Dankeshen...

At the end of the line is Stanley. He shakes hands with the
Colonel, too.

STANLEY

Hi, Stanley Stupid.

COLONEL

Honored to make your
acquaintance, Mr. Stupid. You
must be quite a skilled
investigator to have discovered
all this.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

STANLEY

Well, I knew I was on the trail of some crafty thieves. But I didn't realize I'd find this much garbage.

An insulted G.I. reaches for his gun, but the Colonel stays him with a gesture of the hand.

COLONEL

You're clearly an agent of enormous talents. It's a shame the government will never reward you as richly as you deserve.

STANLEY

No, I doubt the government even knows I'm here.

COLONEL

And that's why you've approached me isn't it? To come and get your share, one way or the other.

STANLEY

Well, mister, to tell the truth, I approached you because I need a car.

COLONEL

Lieutenant, give our friend the keys to my car. A gift to the gifted.

STANLEY

Wow! That's really generous of you.

Stanley gets in the car.

STANLEY

And to think, I really only wanted a ride back to town. Thanks everybody!

Waving gratefully to the heavily armed conspirators, Stanley drives away.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: [2]

55

LIEUTENANT
So blackmail's his game.

COLONEL
Just as I thought.

LIEUTENANT
Talk about nerves of steel.
Completely surrounded and he
didn't even blink.

G.I.
So we bought him off for now,
sir. But what's to stop him
from turning us in anyway?

COLONEL
You are, soldier.

The colonel cocks a gun and hands it to the G.I.

COLONEL (CONT'D)
Wait until all our clients have
long since departed. Then
terminate the target with
extreme prejudice.

G.I.
Yes, sir.

He turns to go, then hesitates.

G.I.
Meaning...

COLONEL
Kill him.

G.I.
Right.

The G.I. exits.

56 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

56

Joan, Buster and Petunia burst in the door, and quickly lock
it behind them.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

You never realize how many
policemen there are until the
day they turn against you.

Buster holds his head in fear and disbelief.

BUSTER

What kind of madness have we
gotten into? It's the biggest
emergency of our lives, and we
can't even call nine-one-one!

PETUNIA

You're right, Buster. A crisis
like this calls for an even
higher authority.

(GRAVELY)

Mom, dial ten-one-one.

JOAN

I'm afraid that's not good
enough, children. Your father's
life is on the line.

She yanks the phone out of its cradle.

JOAN (CONT'D)

And I'm calling seventy-five
thousand four hundred and
ninety six one-one!

Buster and Petunia watch in awe as Joan pushes buttons
furiously.

57 INT. DELICATESSEN

A DELI-GUY stands next to a cash register beneath a large
"TAKE OUT" sign. He answers the phone.

DELI GUY

Yeah?

57A INT. STUPID'S HOUSE.

JOAN

Hello! My name is Joan Stupid!
I'm a housewife and I
desperately need your help!

57B INT. DELICATESSEN

57B *

DELI GUY

Let me guess, lady. You've had
a hectic day, running around,
trying to take care of the
kids, and now you're panicked
cause your husband's due
home...

58 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE

58 *

JOAN

(AMAZED)

That's right!

59 INT. DELICATESSEN

59 *

DELI GUY

And you haven't had time to
cook dinner.

59A INT. STUPID'S HOUSE

59A *

JOAN

(EVEN MORE AMAZED)

That's right, too!

59B INT. DELICATESSEN

59B *

DELI GUY

I hear it every day of the
week. What you need is our
Family Special. Address?

59C INT. STUPID'S HOUSE

59C *

JOAN

Fifty-nine hundred Maple
Street.

59D INT. DELICATESSEN

59D *

DELI GUY

Uh-huh. And does your family
like cole slaw?

59E INT. STUPID'S HOUSE

59E *

JOAN

(A BIT PUZZLED)

Yes...

59F INT. DELICATESSEN

59F *

DELI GUY

Great. That's all we need to
know. You can relax, lady.
We'll have you taken care
of in less than hour.

*
*
*
*
*

60 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE

60 *

JOAN

Bless you!

*
*

She hangs up the phone.

*

JOAN (CONT'D)

No need to worry, now, kids.
The most sophisticated
emergency response team in the
world is working with us now.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(BEAT)

Interestingly, their strategy
involves cole slaw.

The phone rings and Joan answers it.

JOAN

Hello?

61 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

61

Stanley, is driving along in the Colonel's car, talking on the
cellular phone.

STANLEY

Hi, honey, it's me!

62 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

62

JOAN

Stanley! Darling are you
alright?

63 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

63

STANLEY

I'm fine. But you won't
believe the things I've
uncovered.

64 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

64

JOAN

Stanley, listen to me closely.
You must beware of the drive
bee!

65 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

65

STANLEY

What's the drive bee?

66 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

66

JOAN

We don't know. But any error
you make with it could be
fatal!

67 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

67

STANLEY

Just as I suspected. My life
may already be in jeopardy.

A bullet thumps into the back of his car and gasoline begins
spraying loudly out of the tank. We see the G.I. taking aim
from the passenger's seat of a jeep behind him.

68 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

68

JOAN

What did you say, Stanley?
There was some kind of
interference.

69 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

69

STANLEY

Hold on, I'll turn down the
radio.

He fiddles with the cigarette lighter, finally yanking it out
of its slot.

STANLEY

Oops.

He shrugs sheepishly, and tosses the lighter out the window.
It ignites the stream of gas like a flame thrower aimed at his
would-be assassins, who veer into a ditch and promptly
explode. Stanley, of course, drives on, oblivious.

70 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

70

Joan hangs up the phone and turns to the children.

JOAN

Good news, kids. Your father's alright, and he's on his way home!

BUSTER

All right!

Petunia paces back and forth, thinking.

PETUNIA

It's been a strange day, Mom. Very strange. And it makes me wonder.

She stops pacing and shoots Joan a glance of deep intensity.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)

Is there something about Dad that you're not telling us? Something about his past that would help explain what's going on here?

JOAN

Children, I suppose you're old enough to know the truth. And the truth is, your father once worked inside the system.

PETUNIA

You mean...?

JOAN

That's right, Petunia. Stanley Stupid was once a courier for the U.S. Government.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 FLASHBACK: EXT. STREET - DAY

71

We see Stanley in his former job as MAILMAN, whistling as he walks down the street with a mailbag over his shoulder.

JOAN (V.O.)

At first, it seemed like the perfect job. Every day brought new and fascinating challenges.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Stanley pulls some letters from his bag, and concentrates hard as he reads the addresses. He matches the address to the numbers on the curb in front of him, nods with satisfaction and neatly slips the letters into the slots of the sewer grating. He continues down the street, slipping letters into whatever receptacle stands above the address-- a CONSTRUCTION WORKER's lunchbox, a SCHOOLBOY's backpack, and finally, a tree mulcher that turns the mail into instant confetti.

JOAN (V.O.)

Then, one day, your father
discovered something.

72 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

72

Stanley is sorting mail, when a concerned look comes over his face.

STANLEY

That's odd.

His look of concern increases, as he sorts faster and faster. Finally he takes a stack of letters and marches into his Supervisor's office.

73 INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - DAY

73

The SUPERVISOR looks up wearily as Stanley enters.

SUPERVISOR

What is it now, Stanley?

STANLEY

Something very strange, sir.
It seems that an enormous
amount of letters are being
delivered to someone named
"Sender."

He holds up a letter that reads "RETURN TO SENDER."

STANLEY

Who is this Sender, and what is
he doing with other people's
mail? I think this deserves a
full-scale investigation.

The Supervisor smacks his head in disbelief.

BACK TO SCENE:

74 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

74

JOAN

The next day, your father was fired. They never told him why.

BUSTER

But of course-- he knew too much!

PETUNIA

And my instinct tells me we haven't seen the last of Mr. Sender.

75 INT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

75

Beneath a wall hung with photos of his life in the military, the Colonel sits reading the autobiography of Oliver North. The phone rings and he picks it up briskly.

COLONEL

Is the target neutralized?

LIEUTENANT

I'm afraid not, sir. It seems the enemy repelled our assault team with extreme defensive aggression, in a blowing-up-their-car manner, sir.

COLONEL

So he has some combat skills to back up his bravado. Who do we have from Special Operations?

LIEUTENANT

McClellan trained with the S.O.F., sir.

COLONEL

Give him the assignment. Let's see how our friend handles a veteran assassin.

76 EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - DAY

76

Stanley pulls into the gas station and TOOTS the horn. A grey VAN pulls up to the same gas station, and parks in the back.

77 INT. VAN - DAY

77

The Lieutenant drives the van with the S.O.F. SOLDIER in the passenger's seat.

LIEUTENANT

Ready?

S.O.F. SOLDIER

Ready.

The Soldier flexes his wrist, and a knife blade snaps out of his cuff.

S.O.F. SOLDIER (CONT'D)

It's high time I got myself
another tattoo.

On his forearm we see rows of neatly tattooed SKULLS, like planes painted on the fuselage of an ace flyer.

LIEUTENANT

Just make sure you do it clean.
We can't afford to leave a
trail of clues.

The S.O.F. Soldier smiles coldly, and produces a bottle of chloroform.

S.O.F. SOLDIER

Don't worry. He'll never know
what hit him.

78 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

78

A GAS STATION ATTENDANT is looking at Stanley's car.

ATTENDANT

Did you know you've got a hole
in your fuel tank, sir?

STANLEY

Yes son. That's how you get
the gas in it.

He gives the Attendant a somewhat patronizing pat on the shoulder.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Now why don't you top 'er off.
I'm going to freshen up.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

He walks off towards a machine with "AIR" and "WATER" hoses. First he cheerfully sprays his face with the water hose, then begins using the air hose like a hair dryer. The S.O.F. Soldier creeps up behind him. As he reaches forward with the chloroform-soaked rag however, a gust from the air hose blasts it out of his hand and into his mouth. From off screen, the Attendant calls to Stanley.

ATTENDANT (V.O.)

All done, sir!

STANLEY

Super.

Stanley walks back to his car as the Soldier staggers backwards into a stack of tractor tires which topple over and bury him.

STANLEY

Thank you for the excellent service, young man.

Stanley drives off. The S.O.F. Soldier regains consciousness, shakes his head, and props himself to a sitting position, triggering his wrist knife which punctures the enormous tractor tire on which he is seated.

79 INT. VAN - DAY

79

We are close on the face of the LIEUTENANT, who winces at the sound of the tractor tire exploding. In the reflection of his mirrored glasses we see an anthropomorphic projectile arc across the sky. The Lieutenant picks up a phone.

LIEUTENANT

Hello, Joe's Tattoo Parlor?
Cancel the two o'clock appointment.

80 INT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

80

The phone rings again.

COLONEL

Well?

LIEUTENANT

I'm afraid it's bad news.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

COLONEL

Don't tell me he took out
McClellan too?

LIEUTENANT

It's uncanny, sir. I've
watched him dispatch assailants
effortlessly, with techniques
that defy description.

COLONEL

Who's our explosives expert?

LIEUTENANT

That would be Martinez, sir.

COLONEL

Give him the assignment and
everything he needs to pull it
off. I want it done surgical
and I want it done now.

(IRRITATED)

For God's sake, we're military
men. Killing people is
supposed to be our job.

81 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

81

An army-issue motorcycle with a sidecar attachment pulls up
along the passenger's side of Stanley car. The SIDECAR
PASSENGER leans out, attaches a small explosive device to the
car's underside, and speeds away.

82 INT. CAR - DAY

82

Stanley drives along contentedly, oblivious to any kind of
danger. Then we hear a buzzing sound, and Stanley shoos at
something in front of his face.

STANLEY

Shoo! Get out of here.

The buzzing continues, and Stanley shoos the air again.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Go on, leave me alone.

CLOSE ON - STEERING WHEEL

We see that a BEE has landed on the steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

STANLEY (CONT'D)
What are you trying to do, you
darned bee? Can't you see I'm
trying to drive?

Suddenly he gasps.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Oh my God-- the Drive Bee!

The bee takes off from the steering wheel, and begins buzzing around Stanley's head. Stanley tears off one of his sneakers and swats at it repeatedly.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Fight, Stanley, fight for your
life!

Still swinging, Stanley skids the car off the road, and chases the bee out of the car, cornering it at last on the front bumper.

83 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

83

STANLEY
The tables have turned. The
hunter becomes the hunted!

He slams it down on the front bumper. The car EXPLODES.

84 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

84

Miles away, two SOLDIERS stand beside the motorcycle sidecar at the side of the road, watching the distant fireball through binoculars.

SOLDIER
Mission accomplished. No one
could have survived that blast.

85 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

85

Stanley stands in front of a smoking bumper and grill, all that's left of the detonated car. He looks with awe at the sneaker in his hand.

STANLEY
Now that is a well made shoe.

86 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

86

A taxi pulls up on the Stupid's street. Stanley steps out and pays the driver.

STANLEY

Here's your fare. And a little extra for yourself.

CAB DRIVER

Thank you sir. What's the occasion?

STANLEY

No occasion, driver. It's just good to be home.

Moving music begins to play as the cab pulls away. Stanley walks onto the front lawn, kneels down, picks some grass and feels its texture between his fingers.

STANLEY

Home. You never know how much it means to you, until you go away.

The front door of the house opens, and Stanley's NEIGHBOR comes out.

NEIGHBOR

What are you doing to my grass?

STANLEY

Buster? Is that you? Have I been away so long?

NEIGHBOR

You live next door, Stanley.

STANLEY

Please, call me "Dad..."

BUSTER

Dad!

Stanley sees Buster come out of the house next door.

STANLEY

This day just gets stranger and stranger.

87 INT. STUPID'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

87

Joan and the kids sit on the couch, as Stanley paces in front of them.

STANLEY

We find ourselves today at the center of a puzzle. At first, all is confusion. But as the pieces are fit together, patterns emerge, and before long we see the sinister face of conspiracy.

He tacks a piece of paper to the wall, writes the name "Sender" on it, and circles the word.

STANLEY

And it all begins with a man named Mr. Sender...

DISSOLVE TO:

88 STANLEY'S THEORY:

88

Intercut with the following scenes are shots of Stanley writing "CHINESE WAITER" or "GARBAGE" or "DAILY TIMES," and diagramming the connections on his chart.

89 INT. ARCH-VILLAIN'S LAIR - DAY

89

An ARCH-VILLAIN (played by an actor known for such portrayals - someone like CHRISTOPHER LEE) sits in a throne-like chair. There are several open treasure chests in the room, brimming with letters. The POLICEMAN who drove Buster and Petunia home speaks to the villain.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Sender, you're a genius. First you bring valuable mail commodities under your control. And now you set out to corner the world's garbage resources.

SENDER

Anyone who discovers my fiendish plan must be kidnapped. Including children.

90 EXT. ARCH-VILLAIN'S LAIR - DAY

90

Outside the window, a CHINESE WAITER sees what's going on, and hurries away on his bike.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

CHINESE WAITER
This fiendishness must be
stopped!

91 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

91

Two CHINESE WAITERS talk together in the kitchen.

SECOND CHINESE WAITER
It's not our battle to fight,
Johnson. We've got enough
trouble getting soy sauce into
these tiny packets.

FIRST CHINESE WAITER
Maybe we can't stop Sender.
But I know someone who can. A
bright young man I worked with
in the postal service...

92 INT. DAILY TIMES - DAY

92

The two REPORTERS are talking to the Villain in front of a
computer. *

VILLAIN
Your job is to distract the
public, by continuing to print
articles unrelated to Sender's
plan.

FIRST REPORTER
As long as no one breaks into
our computer and gets the real
story. *

(TO SECOND REPORTER)
Have you posted guards out
front? *

SECOND REPORTER
Only the best. *

93 EXT. STREET - DAY

93

He gestures out the window where the METER MAID and the
CROSSING GUARD shoot them thumbs up.

94 EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

94

The GARBAGEMEN sit on their truck. One of them speaks on a
cellular phone.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

GARBAGEMAN

No one suspects a thing, Mr.
Sender... unless that bush has
ears.

The Garbagemen laugh evilly. We zoom into a tiny bush that
could not possibly contain a person.

STANLEY (IN BUSH)

The joke's on you my friends.

95 INT. ARCH-VILLAIN'S LAIR - DAY

95

The Policeman reports to Mr. Sender.

POLICEMAN

Bad news, sir. Stanley Stupid
has discovered our secret.

SENDER

(EXTREMELY SINISTER)

Release the Drive Bee.

The Policeman produces a glass bell jar with a single bee in
it.

96 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

96

Stanley stands in front of the family and tacks up a piece of
paper.

STANLEY

So you see, it all begins with
Mr. Sender.

PETUNIA

Wow, Dad.

BUSTER

Yeah, wow.

97 OMIT

98 INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY (NOTE: THIS BECOMES SC. 96 CONT'D)

The Stupids are in the living room, plotting strategy.

JOAN

The police are against us. And
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOAN (CONT'D)
obviously we can't go to the
press. What are we going to
do, Stanley?

STANLEY
The only thing we can do, Joan.
We've got to take on Sender
ourselves.

Stanley paces thoughtfully.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Oh, it won't be easy finding
him. Scouring the countryside
for microscopic clues,
following trails long since
cold, sensing him always
nearby, yet somehow,
maddeningly beyond our
grasp...!

Petunia looks up from a phone book.

PETUNIA
Hey, there's a Charles Sender
listed right here in the phone
book.

STANLEY
The manhunt begins!

99 EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE - DAY

99

The family rushes out the door and piles into the car.
Stanley tries to start the car, but in his hurry has forgotten
the keys, and is only miming the gesture of turning them in
the ignition.

STANLEY
The car won't start!

The family DOG trots up with the car keys in his mouth and
jangles them loudly, but no one seems to notice.

BUSTER
Maybe the battery's dead.

JOAN
It was perfectly healthy this
afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Then there may still be life in
it. I'd better give it mouth
to mouth.

He leaps from the car. The dog clears its throat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Not now Kitty, I've got a
battery to revive!

Stanley opens the hood, takes a deep breath and puts his mouth
on the battery. Instantly he snaps bolt upright, with an
electrical effect sparking around his head.

STANLEY

Wait a minute...

A look of deep intelligence and insight comes across his face.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

What am I doing? I've cooked
up an insane conspiracy theory
and put myself in the middle of
an illegal weapons sale amongst
some of the world's most
dangerous men. I'm risking my
life and the lives of my family
in a scheme that makes
absolutely no sense at all!

He shakes his head, as the spark effect begins to fade.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Insight fading... Must
remember... not to go forward
with this...

Joan leans her head out the window.

JOAN

What is it Stanley? What are
you supposed to remember?

STANLEY

Uh...

The spark effect is completely gone. Stanley thinks for a
moment, then shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I don't know.

The look of enormous enthusiasm returns to his face.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Now let's go everybody, we've
got a job to do!

The dog tosses him the keys, he starts up the car, and takes
off, just as a van marked FLOYD'S DELICATESSEN pulls up in
front of the house. The DELI GUY jumps out and sees the
Stupids pulling away.

DELI GUY

(CALLING AFTER THEM)

Hey! What about the delivery?
You can't just order food and
run off like that!

He stares after them with deep bitterness, like a Mafia Don
whose family name has been maligned.

DELI GUY

You have insulted the dignity
of Floyd's Delicatessen.

100 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

100

The Stupids pull into the parking lot of the Natural History
Museum. A sign out front reads "Closed Mondays."

JOAN

You're sure this is the place?

STANLEY

Oh yes. When I called Sender's
"home" his "wife" said he
"worked" here.

JOAN

A likely story.

The Stupids hop out of the car.

STANLEY

Joan, you and Buster search
this end of the building.
Petunia and I will take this
side. And remember everybody,
use your heads.

101 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

101

Buster and Joan search one side of the building until they find a window that's open a crack. Joan jimmies it open and with a push from Buster, manages to crawl inside. Buster attempts to crawl in after her, but can't quite make it. Joan comes out a nearby door and gives Buster a push, then crawls in after him, and gets stuck halfway. Buster comes out the door, and gives her a push. She pulls him in after her, and they shake hands, proud of their teamwork.

102 EXT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

102

Stanley and Petunia come to the entrance of the Planetarium. Petunia tries the door handle.

PETUNIA

Dad! This door is unlocked.

STANLEY

Good work, Petunia.

Stanley opens the door and the two of them step inside.

103 INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

103

Joan and Buster tiptoe down a corridor. Joan comes upon a door marked "CHARLES SENDER - CURATOR."

JOAN

I've found his headquarters!

104 INT. HALL OF SCIENCE - DAY

104

Buster wanders into the "Hall of Science" which displays a giant microscope, a cross-cut turbine engine, and a model of a double-helix strand of DNA.

BUSTER

And I've stumbled upon his fiendish laboratory!

105 INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

105

Stanley and Petunia walk into the planetarium.

STANLEY

Careful, Petunia. One false move and we could end up dead.

The door shuts behind them and everything goes dark.

(CONTINUED)

PETUNIA

Dad?

STANLEY

Petunia?

PETUNIA

Everything's gone dark. I
can't see a thing!

STANLEY

Oh my God, it's happened!

PETUNIA

We're dead!

STANLEY

I knew it!

Petunia gropes into a power switch, and the Planetarium comes to life. Stars dot the ceiling, and comets streak magnificently across the sky.

STANLEY

So this is heaven.

PETUNIA

It's quite lovely, really.

STANLEY

Still, I miss the earth.

They stroll towards a model of the solar system that turns in the center of the room.

STANLEY

Funny, isn't it? One minute
you're tracking down the head
of a global conspiracy and the
next minute-- poof! It's over.
Really puts things in
perspective.

PETUNIA

You know who I miss the most?
Mom and Buster.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: [2]

105

STANLEY

(SWEETLY)

Don't worry, honey. They'll be here soon enough, the way your mother drives.

Suddenly they hear footsteps approaching.

JANITOR (O.S.)

Hello? Somebody in here?

PETUNIA

Dad, someone's coming. Do you think...?

STANLEY

Yes, Petunia. It's time to meet our Creator.

An old JANITOR with a mop and a bucket walks in. Stanley and Petunia greet him with deference and awe.

STANLEY

Hail to Thee, oh Lord.

JANITOR

(POINTING TO HIS NAME TAG)

Actually, it's pronounced Lloyd.

STANLEY

(AMAZED)

All these years we've been saying it wrong.

106 INT. SENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

106

Joan picks up a picture of MR. CHARLES SENDER at a theme park with balloons in his hand. He is the most cheerful, innocent-looking man in the world.

JOAN

So this is the face of evil.

She finds his day planner on the desk, and rifles through it.

JOAN

And this is the diary of his twisted schemes.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

She pockets the book and exits excitedly.

107 INT. HALL OF SCIENCE - DAY

107

Buster is following a time-line that runs along the wall, muttering to himself and nodding in fascination.

BUSTER

Dates... numbers... years...

The time-line crosses an elevator, and Buster stops.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

What in the world?

Joan catches up with him.

JOAN

Come on, Buster. I've found out where Sender's going next!

BUSTER

Just a minute, Mom. I've discovered a mysterious little room here.

He points to the old-fashioned dial above the elevator door.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

There's a strange looking clock over the top of it.

Buster steps inside.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

And a control panel inside, full of numbers. One would almost think it was some kind of... time machine.

He punches some buttons. A look of terror crosses his face as the doors begin to close.

BUSTER

Mom, help!

JOAN

Buster, no!

Joan dives into the elevator after him as the doors close behind her.

108 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

108

Buster and Joan are now in the elevator, panicking.

JOAN

What buttons did you press?

BUSTER

I don't know! Just a bunch of
random numbers and the letters
"B.C..."

JOAN

Oh my God.

The elevator doors open on the floor of ice-age animal habitat
exhibits.

JOAN

We've travelled back to the age
of the dinosaurs.

109 INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

109

Stanley and Petunia talk to the Janitor, who seems quite
flattered by the attention.

PETUNIA

It's just so amazing to meet
you at last.

JANITOR

Well, thank you. It sure is
nice to meet someone who
appreciates the work I do.

STANLEY

Appreciate it? Why, you're the
one who takes care of the
entire universe!

JANITOR

You know it takes me half an
hour sometimes, just to clean
Saturn? But you'd be surprised
how little thanks I get for it.
Most people don't even know I
exist.

PETUNIA

That's the modern world for
you.

110 INT. ANIMAL EXHIBITS - DAY

Joan and Buster wander amongst the darkened dinosaur exhibits, amazed at what they see.

BUSTER

This is the single most
fantastic journey in the
history of the world.

JOAN

Keep your voice down, son. If
one of these things wakes up,
we're in real trouble.

BUSTER

Mom, look! The cave of some
prehistoric peoples.

He walks up to a display of a Neanderthal cave dwelling and
picks up a stone axe.

BUSTER (CONT'D)

Their tools seem to be
fashioned from some kind of
primitive styrofoam.

JOAN

We've got to be careful. The
slightest disturbance to this
ancient world could effect the
entire course of history.

Buster gets a slightly manic look in his eye.

BUSTER

Yes. The entire course of
history...

He takes a pen out of his pocket and writes "BUSTER" on the
front of the cave.

JOAN

What are you doing?

BUSTER

Just imagine. My name is now
the first word ever written!
This rock will be the most
sacred mystery on Earth!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

JOAN

Buster, snap out of it!

BUSTER

When mankind learns to read
I'll be worshipped! Nations
will rise and fall in my name!
Life on Earth will be nothing
more than a footnote to Buster!

Joan grabs Buster's arm and drags him back towards the
elevator.

JOAN

We've got to get out of here!

111 INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

111

Stanley and Petunia are still talking to the Janitor.

STANLEY

Not to be disrespectful, but...
I feel that perhaps we've come
here too early.

JANITOR

I'll say. The truth is, you
two shouldn't be here at all.

STANLEY

Do you mean... you're sending
us back into the world?

JANITOR

I'm afraid so. Don't get me
wrong, it's been a pleasure
talking to you. But there's
work to be done.

STANLEY

So our crusade against the
world's injustice is important!

JANITOR

Just head through the door
marked "EXIT." That'll take
you back to where you parked
your car.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

STANLEY
Did you hear that Petunia?
We're getting a second chance!

PETUNIA
Hooray!

Petunia kisses the Janitor on the cheek.

PETUNIA (CONT'D)
Do you have any final words for
us before we go?

JANITOR
Well, if you want to make my
job easier, remember to throw
your gum in the trash when
you're done chewing it. I
spend a huge amount of my time
cleaning up gum.

STANLEY
So long as we live, we will
fight that wrong.

Hand in hand, Stanley and Petunia head through the "EXIT" door
and into the bright light.

112 EXT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

112

PETUNIA
Ah, life! How I've missed it.

STANLEY
Blessed is the Lloyd.

113 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

113

Joan drags Buster into the elevator and hits some numbers,
followed by the letters for parking levels "A" and "D."

JOAN
We must get back to our own
time!

The elevator doors open into the museum lobby. Joan and
Buster stagger out. Buster shakes his head, as if coming out
of a trance.

114 INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - DAY

114

BUSTER

Sorry, Mom. I sort of went mad
with power back there.

JOAN

Well, the important thing is,
we made it. And now to make
sure this diabolical machine is
never used again.

She rages through the elevator with the styrofoam axe hacking
away like a madwoman. She pauses to catch her breath, and
looks at the pulverized weapon.

JOAN

It didn't leave a scratch.

Buster runs his head against the elevator wall.

BUSTER

What kind of space age
materials is this thing made
of?

115 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

115

Buster and Joan come out of the museum and call out to Stanley
and Petunia who are waiting for them anxiously in the parking
lot.

JOAN

Stanley, Petunia!

STANLEY

You made it!

Joan and Stanley embrace.

JOAN

Are you alright? How did it go
in there?

STANLEY

It was a remarkable twenty
minutes, Joan. We died, went
to Heaven, met God and were
brought back to life. But
still no sign of Sender. What
happened to you?

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

We travelled through time to the age of dinosaurs, and Buster established himself as the most important and mysterious figure in history.

STANLEY

Buster!

BUSTER

Sorry, Dad.

JOAN

And more importantly, we found this.

She hands Stanley the Museum Director's leather-bound organizer. Stanley thumbs through it curiously.

STANLEY

Numbers, names, dates, times. Wait a minute. There's an entry in here for today!

(READING)

"Channel Three News, one o'clock."

PETUNIA

We passed the Channel Three News station on the way over here.

BUSTER

And it's almost one now!

JOAN

The trail is still fresh!

STANLEY

Let's go!

116 EXT. STREET - NEAR TELEVISION STATION - DAY

116

The Lieutenant and Colonel drive down the street. The Colonel hangs up the carphone.

COLONEL

That was our banker in Bern.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

COLONEL (CONT'D)
Payments will be transferred to
us upon delivery of the
hardware...

He looks at his watch.

COLONEL (CONT'D)
In approximately t-minus four
hours.

LIEUTENANT
Then, it's as good as done.
Nothing imaginable can stop us
now.

Just then they pass the Stupids driving in the opposite
direction. Stanley HONKS and waves. The Lieutenant and the
Colonel exchange glances.

LIEUTENANT
It's impossible. We killed
that man yesterday!

COLONEL
Well we'd better have him
killed again, then. Our future
is in his hands.

117 EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO PARKING LOT - DAY

117

The Channel Three Television station is a high-rise studio
much like NBC building in New York. At the curb an elegantly
dressed WOMAN gets into her Mercedes, sits back, and lights up
a cigarette. Just then the Stupids pull into the space that
faces her, hitting her front bumper. Her airbag deploys,
touches the end of her cigarette and EXPLODES.

STANLEY
We're here!

The Stupids hurry into the building as the elegant woman
stares after them, her head smoking, and her hair frizzed out
in every direction.

118 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO LOBBY - DAY

118

The Stupids dash into the lobby, where posters announce the
shows that tape here, including an Oprah-type interview show,
a late night talk show, and a local news program.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

STANLEY

Somewhere in this building is
the man we're looking for.
Let's find him-- before he
finds us!

Stanley and Buster head off in one direction, Joan and petunia
in a the other.

119 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

119

A local ANCHORWOMAN talks to camera.

ANCHORWOMAN

Good news today for culture
buffs. A new exhibit arrives
today at the Museum of Natural
History, and here to tell us
about the highlights is museum
director Charles Sender.

Cheerful, nerdy, CHARLES SENDER sits beside her.

SENDER

If you love pre-Columbian
sculpture as much as I do,
you're in for a real thrill.
Because in less than an hour
I'll be picking up a stunning
collection of Olmec Heads, on
loan from museums around the
world.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He holds up a glossy photo of some dull looking Olmec Heads.

*

SENDER (CONT'D)

What a collection. And what an
honor to be in charge of it!

*
*

ANCHORWOMAN

Now, I understand it's exhibits
like this that have given our
museum it's most profitable
year ever. You must be a very
sought-after curator.

SENDER

(NERDILY FLATTERED)

Oh, yes. Sometimes I feel like
a hunted man.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Nearby, Buster and Stanley pass by, hunting him.

120 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO HALLWAY - DAY

120

Joan and Petunia walk cautiously down a hallway together.

JOAN

Try your best to blend in,
Petunia. Remember, we can't
afford to get caught.

A couple of SECRETARIES pass by, laughing together. Joan and Petunia laugh together in imitation. A PRODUCER walks scouring the overnights and muttering angrily to himself. Petunia and Joan mutter angrily to themselves too. A very distressed and hurried DELIVERY BOY stops them to ask directions.

DELIVERY BOY

Excuse me. I'm looking for the
set of "The Late at Night
Show..."

JOAN

Excuse me. I'm looking for the
set of "The Late at Night
Show."

DELIVERY BOY

I'm supposed to be making a
delivery there...

JOAN

I'm supposed to be making a
delivery there.

DELIVERY BOY

Lady, you may have just saved
my job!

He hands Joan a package.

DELIVERY BOY (CONT'D)

If you could give this to Doug
the stagehand, I would be so
grateful. He's a big fat guy,
you can't miss him. Here...

He pins a BACKSTAGE PASS onto her shirt.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

DELIVERY BOY (CONT'D)
This'll get you backstage. I
really appreciate this!

He hurries off. Joan and Petunia continue slyly down the
corridor until they reach a pair of double doors with a

forbidding sign that warns "AUTHORIZED PERSONS ONLY." A GUARD
is turning away some people who want to go inside.

GUARD
I'm sorry, but they're taping a
show now. Absolutely no one
comes through without
authorization.

He sees Joan's pass and waves her forward.

GUARD
Right this way, ma'am.

121 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO CORRIDOR - DAY

121

Buster and Stanley are walking down a corridor.

STANLEY
Keep your eyes peeled for
anything unusual, son. Where
there's deviance, Mr. Sender
can't be far away. Just watch
for the slightest sign of
perversion...

Buster passes an open door and casts a glance inside.

BUSTER
Dad! They're putting make-up
on men in here.

STANLEY
Bullseye.

They slip inside the make-up room and look around. A
DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT enters right behind them.

122 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY

122

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT
Are they ready?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

MAKEUP WOMAN

Ready when you are.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Then let's go everyone, we're
on!

The half dozen men and women in makeup chairs are hustled out the door single file, with a bewildered Stanley caught in the middle of them.

123 INT. LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW SET - DAY

123

On the stage of a talk show, a polite HOST is interviewing a GLAMOROUS ACTRESS.

ACTRESS

You know, people seem to think it's easy being a celebrity. But when they cancelled my series, "Beach Detective," I was absolutely devastated.

An APPLAUSE SIGN comes on and the audience claps heartily. The actress and host look confused.

124 INT. BACKSTAGE LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW SET - DAY

124

Petunia is flipping a switch beneath a label marked "APPLAUSE."

PETUNIA

Psst-- Mom! I can't get this light switch to work.

JOAN

Just a moment, dear.

Joan has set her package down on a table and is writing "GIVE IT TO THE FAT GUY" on a large piece of paper.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Now let's have a look.

No sooner has she joined Petunia, then a STAGEHAND comes by and collects cue cards off the table. One of them is the piece of paper Joan was writing on.

125 INT. LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW SET - DAY

125

The actress is looking pretty angry now.

(CONTINUED)

ACTRESS

(TO THE AUDIENCE)

Well, maybe you'd all be happier if there was no prime time television. You could spend every night reading books together.

The "APPLAUSE SIGN" lights up again, and the audience responds. The actress storms off, offended. The bewildered Host tries to regain his composure.

HOST

Well. My next guest is a world-class French Chef.

Behind the camera, a stagehand holds up a cue card.

HOST

So stay tuned, everyone, and let's give it to the fat guy.

A fat CHEF bursts through the curtains and berates the Host in French. The "APPLAUSE SIGN" lights up, the audience claps wildly, and the Host looks on the verge of losing his mind.

126 INT. "OPRAH" TYPE SHOW SET - DAY

126

A panel of guests now sits onstage. Stanley is amongst them looking nervous, like the imposter he is. In the wings, Buster watches anxiously.

DIRECTOR'S ASSISTANT

Let's settle everybody! We're on in five, four, three...

The theme music comes up, the audience applauds, and the Oprah-type HOSTESS addresses the camera.

HOSTESS

Have you ever thought you came from an unusual family? Well, after you've met my guests today, you may want to adjust your standards.

She offers her microphone to each guest in turn.

MALE GUEST

I divorced my wife in order to date her daughter.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE GUEST

I've been engaged to three of my cousins.

SECOND FEMALE GUEST

I married a Siamese twin and had an affair with his brother.

The microphone is thrust in front of Stanley.

STANLEY

I...

Stanley glances around anxiously. All eyes are on him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Uh, well, to tell the truth,
I...

A tense silence follows, as Stanley thinks hard. Suddenly his eyes light up.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I'm my own grandpa.

The Hostess looks at him skeptically.

HOSTESS

You're your own grandpa?

STANLEY

That's right.

HOSTESS

Well, for those of us who've never heard of such a thing, maybe you could explain.

STANLEY

Of course. It's quite simple really.

(SINGING)

Many, many years ago
When I was twenty-three
I was married to a widow
As pretty as can be.
This widow had a grown-up
daughter
Who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

And soon they too were wed.

HOSTESS

Okay.

STANLEY

This made my dad my son-in-law
And changed my very life
For my daughter was my mother
'Cause she was my father's
wife.

To complicate the matter,
Even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father
Of a bouncing baby boy.

HOSTESS

I see.

STANLEY

My little baby then became
A brother-in-law to dad
And so became my uncle
Though it made me very sad,
For if he was my uncle
Then that also made him brother
Of the widow's grown-up
daughter
Who of course was my step-
mother.

HOSTESS

(REALIZATION DAWNING)

Which means that...

STANLEY

I'm my own grandpa!
I'm my own grandpa.
It sounds funny I know
But it really is so
Oh, I'm my own grandpa!

126A INT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS

126A *

The Lieutenant hangs up a phone and reports to the Colonel. *

LIEUTENANT

That was our banker in Bern. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126A CONTINUED:

126A

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Payments will be
transferred to our account
when we deliver the
hardware...

(LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

In approximately two hours.

COLONEL

Nothing left to do but relax,
Lieutenant. No power on earth
can stop us now.

He kicks up his feet, turns on a t.v. and sees Stanley
singing on the talk show set. He and the Lieutenant stare in
disbelief.

LIEUTENANT

It's impossible. We killed
that man yesterday!

COLONEL

Well for God's sake kill him
again. Our future is in his
hands!

127 OMIT

128 INT. OPRAH TYPE SHOW SET - DAY

128

Stanley is still singing, as the Hostess tries hard to follow
the logic.

STANLEY

Father's wife then had a son
Who kept him on the run.
And he became my grandchild
For he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my mother's
mother
And it makes me blue...
Because although she is my wife
She's my grandmother too.
If my wife is my grandmother
Than I am her grandchild
And every time I think of it
It nearly drives me wild.

(CONTINUED)

HOSTESS
(SHAKING HER HEAD IN
AMAZEMENT)

This has got to be the
strangest
Thing I ever saw...

STANLEY
As husband of my grandmother
I am my own grandpa!
I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know...

HOSTESS
But it really is so.

STANLEY
I'm my own grandpa.

HOSTESS
Stay tuned everyone. We'll be
right back after this break.

129 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO LOBBY - DAY

129

Buster and Stanley round a corner just in time to see Charles
Sender getting into an elevator.

ANCHORWOMAN
Thanks again for coming to the
station, Mr. Sender.

SENDER
Oh, it was a pleasure, I assure
you.

Stanley and Buster can't believe their eyes. Stanley calls to
Sender.

STANLEY
Sender. We meet at last!

Sender waves pleasantly, as the elevator doors begin to close.

SENDER
No time to chat, I'm afraid.
(PROUDLY)
I'm taking over the heads of a
dozen foreign countries.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Stanley and Buster stare after him in alarm.

STANLEY

My God-- his plans for world domination are already coming together!

A tremendous MUSIC STING. Stanley looks around curiously for its source, then shrugs it off.

BUSTER

You know what's strange, Dad? I would have thought a man as powerful as Sender would be surrounded by bodyguards.

Stanley nods knowingly.

STANLEY

We can't see them, Buster, but they're here. Ready to pounce on anyone who so much as utters the words, "I'll get you yet, Sender!"

Instantly, the elevator doors open, and four of the Colonel's HENCHMEN pounce on Stanley.

BUSTER

Let go of my Dad!

Buster bites one of the henchman, but to no avail. Joan and Petunia round the corner just in time to see Stanley hauled, struggling, into the elevator.

JOAN

Buster! What's happened?

BUSTER

It's Sender's men! They've captured Dad!

The Stupids look at each other for a long, horrified moment, then SCREAM at the top of their lungs.

129A EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO

129A *

The Army Henchmen hustle Stanley into a military jeep and speed away. A moment later, Joan, Buster and Petunia leap into their car and give chase.

129B EXT. STREET

129B *

The military races down the street. A moment later, the Stupids pass by in hot pursuit.

*
*

130 OMIT

131 OMIT

132 OMIT

133 OMIT

134 OMIT

135 OMIT

136 OMIT

137 OMIT

138 OMIT

139 OMIT

140 OMIT

141 EXT. MILITARY BASE GUARD HOUSE - DAY

141

The two army jeeps speed onto the military base. Joan's car is stopped at the guard checkpoint.

142 EXT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

142

The jeeps screech to a halt in front of the Colonel's quarters, and Stanley is dragged out of the car by the Henchmen. Two armed SENTRIES nod at the Henchmen as Stanley is hustled inside.

143 INT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

143

Stanley is brought before the Colonel.

COLONEL

You're a clever man, Mr.
Stupid-- if that really is your
name. Too clever for your own
good.

STANLEY

You! But I thought we were on
the same side.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

The Colonel laughs.

COLONEL

And you play the innocent most convincingly.

STANLEY

But I thought...

COLONEL

You thought you'd fool me into thinking you were dead. And then you'd catch me red-handed when I went to make the sale. A masterful bit of strategy. And you came dangerously close to pulling it off.

The Lieutenant comes in.

LIEUTENANT

We'd better get going, sir. We're due at Warehouse Twenty-one in less than an hour.

STANLEY

Warehouse Twenty-one...?

COLONEL

No use gathering intelligence now, my friend. Our little chess game is over.

He nods to the First Henchman, who screws a silencer on his gun.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

I hope you won't find the endgame too unpleasant.

144 EXT. GUARD CHECKPOINT - DAY

144

Joan is arguing with the CHECKPOINT GUARD.

JOAN

But you've got to let us in there! It's an emergency!

CHECKPOINT GUARD

I'm sorry, ma'am. There's nothing I can do.

(CONTINUED)

Joan turns the car around and pulls to the side of the road.

145 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

145

JOAN

It's no use. They won't let anyone onto that army base unless they're in the army.

PETUNIA

This is serious. Dad's in danger. We've got to think of something!

BUSTER

Wait a minute... What if we formed our own army?

PETUNIA

To do that we'd have to form our own country.

JOAN

(GETTING CAUGHT UP IN IT)

We could call it Stupidia, a sovereign nation, with it's own laws, it's own customs, it's own government...

PETUNIA

Mom, as mother of this household your leadership has stood the test of time. I'd like to nominate you as president!

JOAN

And you can run a tough campaign against me!

BUSTER

Start the debates already!
There isn't much time!

Petunia assumes the attitude of a skeptical politician.

PETUNIA

Mrs. Stupid, you claim to stand
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PETUNIA (CONT'D)
for family values-- but isn't
it true that your own daughter
is running a bitter and
merciless crusade against you,
prodding, interrogating and
questioning the very integrity
of your character?

JOAN
Well if it's a smear campaign
you want, why not let the
people know that your own
mother eats newspaper?

She crumples up some newspaper and brings it towards her
mouth.

PETUNIA
My mother learned that habit
from you, Mrs. Stupid!

JOAN
Me? Why, I've never eaten
newspaper in my life!

A confused look comes over Joan's face. She starts to eat the
newspaper, pauses, starts again, pauses, thinks for a moment,
starts to eat the newspaper, pauses, starts to eat it,
pauses...

BUSTER
And I'm afraid that's all the
time we have.

He hands out pencils.

BUSTER (CONT'D)
To the polls, everyone!

146 INT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

146

Stanley sits in a chair with his hands tied, under the
watchful eye of two army henchmen. The Second Henchman looks
nervous.

SECOND HENCHMAN
(TO FIRST HENCHMAN)
Get this over with already,
would you? This guy's already
taken out three of our best.

(CONTINUED)

FIRST HENCHMAN

Relax. His hands are tied, he's unarmed, I've got a gun on him, and there's two guards posted out front. There's no way he's getting out of here alive. Isn't that right, Mr. Stupid?

He spits a piece of gum on the ground derisively. Stanley gasps. A THOUGHT BUBBLE with the Janitor's face appears and looks with divine consternation at the gum on the floor.

147 THOUGHT BUBBLE

147

JANITOR

Remember to throw your gum in the trash when you're done with it. I spend a huge amount of my time just cleaning up gum.

148 INT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

148

STANLEY

In the name of the Lloyd!

With a superhuman burst of adrenalin, Stanley tears apart the ropes that bind his wrists, leaps from his chair and charges at the Henchmen. They spring out of his way, and Stanley continues his charge, directly out the second floor window.

149 EXT. COLONEL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

149

A flagpole stands directly outside the building, and as Stanley soars out the window, he catches hold of the rope at the top of it. The other end of the rope catches the pants of the FIRST SENTRY posted outside, and as Stanley falls to earth, the guard is hauled straight up the pole. The HENCHMEN look out the window just in time to catch the Sentry's feet in the chins, knocking them both out. No sooner has Stanley hit the ground, then the SECOND SENTRY points a gun at him.

SECOND SENTRY

Alright, get your hands up!

Stanley puts his hands up, releasing the flagpole rope, and dropping the First Sentry thirty feet on top of the Second. Stanley looks past the quartet of unconscious killers and casts a glance heavenward.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

STANLEY
Thank you, dear Lloyd.

He runs off into the night.

150 EXT. MILITARY ARSENAL - DAY

150

The Colonel supervises a pair of men who are loading weapons into a transport truck. A PRIVATE on duty is watching the proceedings curiously. He hands the Colonel a clipboard.

COLONEL
(SIGNING HIS NAME)
There you go, Private.

PRIVATE
Thank you, sir. And if you don't mind my asking, where exactly are you taking all this stuff on such short notice?

The Colonel's men stop what they're doing and listen anxiously for the Colonel's response.

COLONEL
I'm sorry, soldier. Is there a new military chain of command that I'm unaware of? Is it now the business of a private to interrogate and harass a Colonel?

PRIVATE
(SWALLOWING HARD)
No sir...

COLONEL
Damn right it isn't! Now drop and give me fifty!

PRIVATE
Yes, sir!

The Private obeys. The Colonel and his men drive off.

COLONEL
I'm going to miss the army.

151 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

151

Buster scrutinizes a few scraps of paper, with a panicked look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

BUSTER
We've got a problem. The polls
are dead even, give or take a
vote.

PETUNIA
If only we knew who dad was
voting for!

Stanley comes sprinting towards them, waving his arms.

STANLEY
Joan! Joan!

PETUNIA
Congratulations, Mom.

JOAN
Thank you, everyone. As
President, I appoint Stanley
Stupid as head of the army.

Stanley leans against the car to catch his breath.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Your first duty, is to go into
that army base and rescue my
husband.

BUSTER
And get our dad while you're at
it.

STANLEY
I'm afraid those two will just
have to wait. We've got to get
to a place called Warehouse
Twenty-one!

He takes the car keys from Joan, runs around to the
passenger's side of the car, jumps in and turns the key in the
glove compartment.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
The car won't start!

Petunia leans forward and gives a set of serious and
calculated instructions.

(CONTINUED)

PETUNIA

Dad-- you and Mom switch places.

Joan and Stanley leap out, cross around the front of the car, and leap back in. Now Joan turns the key in the glove compartment. Still nothing. She and Stanley turn to the kids.

BUSTER

Mom-- hand the keys to Dad.

Joan does so. Stanley turns the keys in the ignition and the car starts up.

STANLEY

Good work, everyone!

152 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

152

The Stupids are racing along at breakneck speed. After a while, Joan speaks.

JOAN

Stanley?

STANLEY

Yes Joan?

JOAN

Where exactly is Warehouse Twenty-one, anyway?

STANLEY

I don't know. But when the time comes, I trust the Lloyd will give us a sign.

They see a sign with an arrow that reads "Warehouse Twenty-One."

STANLEY

It's called having faith, Joan.

153 EXT. STREET NEAR WAREHOUSE TWENTY-ONE - NIGHT

153

The Stupids park on a deserted street in the abandoned WAREHOUSE DISTRICT.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

This must be the place.

They step out of the car and stare at dark and ominous Warehouse Twenty-one in the distance. We hear the deep, eerie groans of massive machinery coming from inside.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

It's not going to be a picnic in there. True, some people may have sandwiches. You may see the occasional side of potato salad. But don't be fooled. It's not a picnic. I simply can't stress that enough.

BUSTER

You're coming in loud and clear, Dad.

STANLEY

Then let's do it.

154 IN THE SHADOWS NEAR THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

154

Two GUARDS spot the Stupids coming. The FIRST GUARD raises a gun, but the SECOND GUARD stops him, puts a finger to his lips indicating the need for silence, and loads a military crossbow with arrows as long as his arm.

The Stupids approach the warehouse single file, cautiously scanning the surroundings. An arrow whizzes past them and thuds into an old, wooden power pole. Buster, who is last in line, is the only one who sees it. He raises an eyebrow curiously.

BUSTER

And what have we here...?

He grasps the arrow by the shaft and tries to yank it out. The arrow doesn't budge, but the ancient wooden power pole does; by pulling on the arrow, he is slowly tilting the pole itself. Finally the pole tips over entirely, crashing heavily into the bushes where it crushes the guards in their hiding place. Petunia turns back to him.

PETUNIA

Shhh...!

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

BUSTER
(WHISPERED)

Sorry.

He kicks some dirt in the divot hole at the base of the power pole, then hurries to catch up with the rest of his family, as they climb a metal staircase that leads up the side of the warehouse.

155 OMIT

156 OMIT

157 INT. WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

157

The Stupids slip through a door at the top of the warehouse building, and for the first time see the scope of what they're up against.

158 STUPIDS' POV

158

The hangar-sized warehouse is abuzz with activity. Crates of weapons are being unloaded from military transport trucks, inspected, and hauled into vans and jeeps to be shipped away. Each of the ARMS BUYERS seen at the garbage dump is here with half a dozen SOLDIERS, including on HUMONGOUS KILLER who, with his bare hands, hoists crates that would take two normal men to lift. All told there are some fifty armed and extremely dangerous men from around the world, and anyone who would even dream about taking them on would have to be a lunatic-- or a Stupid.

159 INT. WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

159

Stanley steps out onto the scaffolding platform that rings the warehouse wall, and addresses the crowd below.

STANLEY
Excuse me, everyone. May I
have your attention, please?

160 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

160

The Colonel and the Lieutenant see Stanley and exchange a look of disbelief.

COLONEL
Impossible.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

LIEUTENANT

He's amazing.

161 INT. WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

161

STANLEY

Before you unleash strife and
warfare upon this planet, look
into your hearts...

162 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

162

GUNMEN train their weapons on Stanley. The Colonel raises his
arms to stop them.

COLONEL

No guns!

He gestures to the various boxes everywhere marked "HIGH
EXPLOSIVES."

163 INT. WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

163

STANLEY

Inside, you're still human
beings! You can change your
ways. It's not too late to
come back from the dark side...

164 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

164

The Colonel hurries amongst the Arms Buyers barking orders.

COLONEL

(TO ONE ARMS BUYER)

You send a squad of men towards
the eastern flank of the
warehouse.

(TO ANOTHER)

You organize a counter to the
right.

(TO A THIRD)

Your troops will back the first
two squads, while my men rove
on point.

One of the Arms Buyers looks puzzled.

ARMS BUYER

But he's only one man.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

COLONEL
Trust me. You' don't want to
underestimate him.

165 INT. WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

165

Stanley sums up.

STANLEY
So turn yourselves in,
everyone. My family and I do
not want to fight you. But
unless you give up, you'll
leave us no choice.

Petunia calls out from the shadows behind him.

PETUNIA
Are they giving up?

Stanley shades his eyes and peers into the distance below him.

STANLEY
No. In fact, they seem to be
organizing some kind of massive
attack.

He sighs and takes off his coat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
I guess they want to do this
the hard way.

BUSTER
(CONCERNED)
They seem pretty well-armed,
Dad.

STANLEY
Yes Buster, but so are we. Oh,
they may have guns and knives
and bombs and missiles. But
we're armed with that fact that
we're doing what's right. And
sometimes you just have to
trust in that.

And with that, he sprints towards the railing and dives over
it headfirst. It's a long way down, but he never looks
worried as he flies through the air. For a long moment the

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

arms buyers stare up at this quintessential Stanley Stupid image-- the everyman soaring like a superhero. Then Stanley's suspenders catch on a hook that dangles from the warehouse ceiling, and he descends smoothly like a bungee jumper, directly in front of the Colonel. He assumes the stance of a martial artist.

166 INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

166

STANLEY

Let the final showdown begin.

Two henchmen immediately grab Stanley from either side. As the suspenders snap him back into the air, they are pulled off the ground and flung in either direction. A TRIGGER HAPPY SOLDIER pulls a gun on the quickly receding Stanley.

COLONEL

Don't shoot!

But the soldier has already fired. As the bullet ricochets around the warehouse, the badguys follow it with their eyes like spectators at a tennis match. Finally it slams into a crate of explosives, detonating it loudly. The beam on which Stanley's suspenders are hooked breaks off and Stanley drops into a maze of crates and boxes.

COLONEL

Get him!

Squads of soldiers take off after Stanley.

167 EXT. STREET NEAR WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

167

Two POLICEMEN in a squad car hear the sound of the distant explosion.

POLICEMAN

What the hell was that?

SECOND POLICEMAN

Sounds to me like it came from the warehouse district.

They hit the gas and take off.

168 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

168

Two squads of soldiers are hunting Stanley as he jogs through the maze of crates. Petunia, Buster and Joan coach Stanley from their grandstand view on the scaffolding.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN/BUSTER/PETUNIA
Left! Left! Right! Left!

Stanley makes a wrong turn and runs directly into the first squad of soldiers. They aim their gleaming bayonets and back him down a dead-end corridor of boxes.

SQUAD LEADER
Take your time men, he's unarmed.

STANLEY
Or am I?

Stanley spots some exposed water pipes on the wall behind him. He hurriedly unscrews a section of pipe and holds it triumphantly above his head.

STANLEY
Ah-hah!

The killers snicker at the sight of this pathetic weapon. Suddenly, there is a low rumble and water shoots out of the exposed pipe with the force of a cannon. The soldiers are blasted into a stack of crates, which collapse on them. From their grandstand view, Stanley's family applauds.

169 INT. WAREHOUSE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

169

PETUNIA
I'm getting a certain voyeuristic pleasure out of this.

BUSTER
What's voyeuristic mean?

PETUNIA
You're asking me? I'm like nine years old.

170 OMIT

171 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

171

Stanley has now replaced the length of pipe. He dusts his hands with satisfaction and turns around in time to see the HUMONGOUS SOLDIER facing him at the end of the corridor of crates. The Humongous grins brutishly, lifts a crate weighing perhaps a quarter ton and staggers toward Stanley, who looks around desperately for a means of escape.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

I'm caught. I'm stuck. I'm trapped... Somebody help me out here!

Petunia calls down to him.

PETUNIA

I'm cornered!

STANLEY

Yes! That's the word I was looking for. I'm cornered!

BUSTER

I'll save you, Dad!

Buster jumps down from the scaffolding to a stack of crates, climbs over a forklift, and onto the warehouse floor. In the process he steps on the forklift's "LIFT" lever, and it begins slowly elevating an enormous crate in its arms.

BUSTER

Must concentrate...

Buster gets a grip on the crate in the forklift's arms, and strains with all his might.

BUSTER

Focus power of mind over matter...

As the arms rise, he appears to be lifting a cage ten times his size.

BUSTER

Channel every ounce of willpower...

The Humongous staggers towards Stanley with the huge crate held over his head. Buster's crate is now several feet off the ground, as he straightens up, he appears to be lifting it over his head too.

BUSTER

It's working. I've done it! Behold the superhuman power of Buster!

The crate continues to rise, and Buster, hanging from the bottom, rises off the ground as well.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: [2]

171

BUSTER

Huh?

Just as Humongous is about to crush Stanley with the crate, the wooden slat from which Buster is hanging creaks and breaks free, spilling thousands of bullets onto the ground. Humongous loses his footing on the stream of bullets and topples backwards. The crate he is holding hits the ground behind him with tremendous force, detonating the munitions inside, and toppling an entire wall of crates behind him.

172 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

172

The two Policemen arrive at the warehouse in time to hear this second explosion. One of them grabs the two-way radio.

POLICEMAN

Car fifteen requests backup in the warehouse district. Send squad cars immediately to Warehouse Twenty-one!

173 OMIT

174 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

174

Havoc has now erupted in the warehouse. Arms buyers shout and argue as they search amongst the maze of crates for Stanley. Joan looks concerned.

JOAN

Buster, Stanley! Please be careful down there. There are little fires burning all over the place now.

She notices a small fire extinguisher hanging on the wall. A little farther down, she spot a larger fire extinguisher. Farther still, her eyes light on a very large flame thrower. She picks it up and shoots a long jet of flame along the ground, liquifying a wide strip of the asphalt floor. She looks at the flame thrower curiously.

JOAN

This is the worst fire extinguisher I've ever seen.

A third squad of soldiers rounds the corner and spots Buster. He strikes a ready fighting pose as they charge him.

(CONTINUED)

BUSTER
I'm warning you-- stay back!

The attackers charge across the melted asphalt, and are instantly mired like mastodons in a tar pit. Buster nods wisely to himself.

BUSTER
Mind over matter.

175 EXT. STREET NEAR WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 175

Squad cars are now racing towards the Warehouse District. A POLICEMAN calls into his radio.

THIRD POLICEMAN
Car fifteen, we are on our way!

176 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 176

The Lieutenant listens to a walkie-talkie.

LIEUTENANT
The police are coming, sir.
We've got to get out of here!

COLONEL
Not to worry, Lieutenant. The police are on my side...

He holds up a jacket that reads "U.S. MARSHAL."

COLONEL (CONT'D)
As far as they know.

177 OMIT

178 EXT. WAREHOUSE FRONT - NIGHT 178

Squad cars come screeching up to the front of the warehouse. Police leap out, and exchange fire with the remaining badguys, detonating the occasional crate of explosives, and increasing the sense of chaos. Before long, a pitched battle is underway.

178A INT. WAREHOUSE 178A *

The Colonel finishes buttoning up his "U.S. MARSHAL" jacket. The Lieutenant watches him anxiously. *

(CONTINUED)

178A CONTINUED:

178A

COLONEL

How do I look?

LIEUTENANT

Quite convincing, sir. But
what about me?

COLONEL

You my friend, are on the
wrong side of the law.

He shouts to some nearby POLICEMEN.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Get some cuffs over here,
boys-- I've got the
ringleader!Two policemen rush over and drag away the protesting
Lieutenant, as the Colonel slips out of the warehouse
unmolested.

COLONEL

(TO SOME POLICEMEN)

Shoot to kill, boys. Those are
evil men in there.

He hops into a car and drives away.

179 OMIT

180 OMIT

181 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROAD - NIGHT

181

A van marked "COUNTY MUSEUM" is stopped by a POLICEMAN.
Charles Sender is at the wheel.

SENDER

You've got to let me through,
officer. The cargo I'm
transporting is extremely
cultural.

POLICEMAN

I'm sorry sir, but no one's
getting through here at the
moment.

SENDER

Oh, dear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

SENDER (CONT'D)
 (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)
 I suppose I'd better find
 another route home.

Sender pulls a map out of the glove compartment.

POLICEMAN
 In the meantime, please pull
 your vehicle over with the rest
 of them.

He points to the row of cars that have pulled to the side of
 the road.

182 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

182

The Stupids reunite on the warehouse floor. Joan looks very
 proud of Stanley.

JOAN
 Oh, Stanley, you were so brave
 out there!

PETUNIA
 Thanks to you, the world will
 not have to live under the
 dictatorship of a villainous
 garbage horder.

BUSTER
 And look! The police seem
 to be on our side again.

STANLEY
 Yes, our work here is done.
 But before we go, there's a
 certain arch-villain I'd like
 to talk to. I've got a
 feeling he learned a pretty
 important lesson today.

183 OMIT

183A EXT. WAREHOUSE REAR - NIGHT

183A *

Stanley approaches Sender, who is sitting by the side of the
 road, studying a map.

(CONTINUED)

183A CONTINUED:

183A

STANLEY

Well, my friend. It seems you
lost.

SENDER

(STUDYING HIS MAP)

I certainly am.

STANLEY

The problem is, you went down
the wrong road, right from the
start.

SENDER

Can you help me get back on the
right path?

STANLEY

Yes, I can, but it won't be
easy. You've got to turn
yourself around. You've got to
straighten out. But as long as
you remember to head towards
the light you can't go wrong.

Sender stands up and shakes Stanley's hand.

SENDER

Thanks. You've really saved
me.

STANLEY

Until we meet again.

184 OMIT

185 OMIT

186 OMIT

187 OMIT

188 OMIT

189 OMIT

190 OMIT

191 OMIT

192 OMIT

193 OMIT

194 OMIT

195 OMIT

196 OMIT

197 OMIT

197A EXT. STUPID'S HOUSE

197A *

The Stupids stroll up the walkway to their front door. *

PETUNIA *

I still can't believe it, Dad.
Not only did you bring down a
global conspiracy, but you
managed to reform the greatest
criminal mastermind of our
time! *

STANLEY *

Yes, it's been quite a day. *

197B INT. STUPID'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

197B *

Stanley holds the door open as the family enters the house. *

STANLEY (CONT'D) *

And I have to say, I'm glad
it's finally over. *

COLONEL (O.S.) *

I'm afraid it's not over yet. *

Stanley shuts the door, revealing the Colonel who is waiting
for him, gun in hand. *

COLONEL (CONT'D) *

You must think you have some
kind of guardian angel,
Stanley. You thought you could
take me on and pay no price?
Destroy my future and then
slip through my fingers again
and again? Well, not this
time. This time, I'm taking
care of you myself. *

He trains the gun on Stanley. *

(CONTINUED)

197B CONTINUED:

197B

COLONEL (CONT'D)
Where's your guardian angel
now?

The door is kicked open, knocking the Colonel unconscious.
The Deli Guy steps inside triumphantly, his arms loaded with
take-out.

DELI GUY
Ah-hah! I bet you're surprised
to see me.

STANLEY
We certainly are!

JOAN
And very impressed, I might
add.

DELI GUY
Well, let this be a lesson to
all of you. Nobody gets away
from me. I've been working
this job way too long. Here's
your bill.

JOAN
(ASIDE, TO STANLEY)
I would have thought guardian
angels worked for free.

Stanley chuckles and reaches for his wallet.

STANLEY
Ah, Joan, you're so
wonderfully naive.

Stanley counts out some dollar bills, as Buster and Petunia
admire the Deli Guy.

PETUNIA
I assume you work for the
Lloyd.

DELI GUY
Me? No, my boss is named
Floyd.

PETUNIA
No, it's pronounced Lloyd.

198 EXT. STUPID'S YARD - DAY

198

Stanley stands at a barbecue grill, wearing a chef's hat and apron. His NEIGHBOR comes out of the house next door, picks up his mail and greets Stanley in passing.

NEIGHBOR

Haven't seen you around much
this weekend, Stanley. What've
you been up to?

STANLEY

Oh, this and that. Had
breakfast. Read the paper.
Saved the world.

NEIGHBOR

(SKEPTICALLY)

Is that right?

STANLEY

(MODESTLY)

Yes, you know my family. When
we get together, anything can
happen. Say, today I thought
we'd relax and have a barbecue.
Why not stop by? There's
plenty for everyone.

*
*

At a nearby picnic table, Joan sticks a bicycle pump in a
watermelon. Petunia pumps the handle, splitting the watermelon
into many pieces. As the Neighbor ducks into his house,
Buster grabs a piece of watermelon and up approaches Stanley
at the grill.

*
*
*

BUSTER

This is going to be great, dad!
Say, how can I help?

STANLEY

Well, you can flip the burgers,
son. But you'd better let me
handle the lighter fluid. See?

He turns the lighter fluid upside down to read the warning
label off the bottom of the bottle.

STANLEY

"KEEP -- OUT -- OF REACH -- OF
CHILDREN."

(CONTINUED)

As he reads from the inverted bottle, lighter fluid pours out
of it in a steady stream which heads straight down the walk
and towards the street. Just then a Star Trek-like
TRANSPORTER EFFECT begins shimmering on the sidewalk as the
TWO ALIEN PILOTS beam to earth, rayguns drawn.

The Stupid's dog, Kitty begins barking at Stanley and Buster
who are oblivious to the two armed Aliens.

STANLEY

What is it, boy?

He finishes lighting the coals and tosses the match over his
shoulder. It lights the stream of lighter fluid, and a line
of flame rushes towards the sidewalk to where the Aliens are
standing, lighting one of their feet on fire. The dog barks
even more urgently as the Alien hops around in mad circles
kicking his flaming leg.

BUSTER

Are you hungry?

STANLEY

Do you want a biscuit?

BUSTER

What is it, Kitty?

Panicking badly now, the SECOND ALIEN begins shouting
instructions into his tricorder. A moment later, he and the
FIRST ALIEN are beamed away again. Kitty sighs in relief.
Stanley shrugs.

STANLEY

That poor dog doesn't know
what he wants, sometimes.

The dog rolls its eyes. The cat slaps its face with both
paws in amazement at Stanley's remarkable stupidity. The
Stupids happily continue their barbecue and we...

FADE OUT.