

"TOYS"

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"TOYS"

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A military limousine with a star on the door moves along the Connecticut highway then exits onto a back road.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

The limousine pulls up in front of a three-story, non-descript building sitting isolated in the countryside. The driver gets out and opens the back door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

as GENERAL LELAND PRESSWELL, age fifty-eight, steps out. His uniform is perfectly cut and he presents a dignified, yet imposing, image.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE OWENS

one of the elder executives of the company hurrying out of the door to greet the General.

OWENS

General Leland, I'm Wyeth Owens.
I'm so glad you could come. Sorry
for the note of urgency in the
telegram but I don't think he
has much longer.

They start into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - TIGHT SHOT - THE GENERAL AND OWEN'S FEET -
DAY

as they start up a flight of stairs. About halfway up the steps a bright yellow slinky makes its way down.

TWO SHOT - GENERAL AND OWENS

walking down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWENS

Actually he shouldn't be here at all today. But, you know your brother. This factory is his life.

GENERAL

What's the status on Kenneth's condition?

OWENS

He could go anytime.

GENERAL

Is that confirmed or is that just... scuttlebutt?

OWENS

No, the doctors are in agreement. It's imminent.

They continue down the hallway and through a set of glass doors that read:

PANDA MAN TOYS, INC.
KENNETH PRESSWELL, PRES.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA

The receptionist, DOROTHY, sits at her desk.

OWENS

Can we go in?

DOROTHY

He's waiting for you.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH PRESSWELL'S OFFICE - EXTREME CLOSEUP - THREE STARS SHINING AGAINST THE ARMY GREEN B.G. OF THE GENERAL'S HAT.

As Kenneth Presswell speaks, the CAMERA SLOWLY PANS DOWN the General's face.

KENNETH (O.S.)

... it was a heartbreaking decision to make, but I have no choice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'd always planned to turn the
 reins of the business over to my
 son, Les -- or even my daughter,
 Alsatia -- but he's just not
 prepared at this time for that
 kind of responsibility, and she's
 ... well...

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN DOWN the General's neck and ONTO
 the top of his jacket festooned with the many medals and
 decorations awarded him.

KENNETH (O.S.)
 (continuing)
 That's why I wanted to see you
 before I die. I have a proposal
 to make. I know you've always
 been father's favorite. You
 followed in his footsteps and I
 didn't. But I made this company
 what it is today and I'm proud of
 that fact. And I'm not about to
 let it die with me.

CAMERA PANS DOWN the gold buttons of the General's jacket.

KENNETH (O.S.)
 (continuing)
 I want you to take over the
 Presidency of Panda Man.

GENERAL (O.S.)
 And give up the military?

KENNETH (O.S.)
 Yes. I know you haven't been
 happy ever since Vietnam.

CAMERA IS NOW ON the General's hands which bunch into fists
 at the mention of Vietnam.

GENERAL (O.S.)
 They gave it away, Kenneth.

CAMERA CONTINUES ON DOWN the sharp crease of his pant legs.

KENNETH (O.S.)
 Let's face it, Leland. Your glory
 days are over. Your great war is
 never going to come. It would be
 a shame to let your leadership
 qualities go to waste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANS DOWN PAST the General's trouser cuff and SLOWLY ACROSS his spit-shined shoes.

GENERAL (O.S.)

You want me to give up my
commission and step into your
shoes?

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS TO the pink and white wool bunny slippers of Kenneth Presswell. Each slipper has a little cotton ball nose, button eyes and little floppy ears. CAMERA STARTS TO PAN UP his pajama-clad leg.

KENNETH (O.S.)

I think it would be well worth
your while. But more importantly,
a new challenge, Leland.

CAMERA PANS UP the length of his robe to a breast pocket. It is monogrammed "Kenny." CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN UPWARD.

KENNETH (O.S.)

(continuing)

... a chance for you to be your
own man for once in your life.
A place to be appreciated.

CAMERA NOW RESTS on Kenneth Presswell's face. It is a gentle fragile face. He looks tired, old.

KENNETH

(continuing)

What do you think, Leland?

HEAD SHOT - GENERAL

He looks at his brother suspiciously.

GENERAL

Total control of the company?

HEAD SHOT - KENNETH

as he nods "Yes." On his head sits a beany propeller. Its blades spinning steadily.

TWO SHOT - THE TWO BROTHERS

They are a study in contrast. Owens sits quietly in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

What about Alsatia and Les?

KENNETH

I would like them to remain with the company. This is their world. They love it. And I hope that one day, with your help, Leslie will be able to succeed you when you retire. He doesn't have the ambition...

(propeller starts
to slow down)

... oh, dear.

Owens, noticing the propeller jumps up.

OWENS

I'll call the paramedics, sir.

(rushes to the
desk and pushes
the intercom)

Mary, call the paramedics. Quickly.

The beanie propeller sputters to a stop, then starts up again.

GENERAL

What's going on here? Kenny, are you all right?

Kenneth is unable to speak.

OWENS

It's his heart. After his operation last year he hooked up his beanie propeller to his pacemaker. Sort of an early warning signal.

KENNETH

(whispering)

It's whimsical, Leland.

The General looks questioningly at Owens, then back at his brother. The propeller has stopped. Kenneth's eyes are glassy and still. The General jumps to his feet.

GENERAL

(shouting)

Medic!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

An ambulance races away, its SIREN WAILING.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Kenneth Presswell lies on the gurney. Owens is at his side.

OWENS

Kenneth, I beg you to reconsider your decision.

KENNETH

Owens, my brother is the key. The key to Leslie finally growing up.

OWENS

I don't understand.

KENNETH

The General is a dangerous man. He is a great threat to everything we hold dear.

OWENS

What's that got to do with Leslie?

KENNETH

Leslie will finally have the challenge he needs to face up to some sort of responsibility. If he doesn't meet that challenge...

OWENS

... everything will be destroyed.

Kenneth nods.

OWENS

(continuing)

Sir, what a terrible risk. Your son is such a... a...

KENNETH

(smiling)

... a flake. I know. But so was I.

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The ambulance speeds along.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESSWELL MANSION - EARLY MORNING

The home is the traditional, stately mansion. The grounds are wooded with well-manicured lawns. A black limousine pulls slowly up.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Seated on the sofa are LESLIE and ALSATIA PRESSWELL, Kenneth's son and daughter. They are both in their thirties. Were it not for his grief, we would notice a devilish merriment underlying Leslie's basic good looks. Alsatia is more withdrawn, more vulnerable and definitely less connected to life. Owens steps into the room.

OWENS

Leslie? Alsatia? Are you ready?

They nod and stand up. Leslie puts his arm around his sister.

LESLIE

Are you going to be all right?

ALSATIA

Yes.

The three of them are dressed in black. A mourning veil hangs down from Alsatia's hat, but we can see her face quite clearly.

OWENS

Well, the limousine is waiting outside. We'd better go.

LESLIE

I'd rather take Dad's car if you don't mind, Owens. You understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY GROUNDS - DAY

From around a bend comes a black limousine, slowly followed by another black limousine, and then another black limousine, followed by a red and yellow Dodgem car driven by Leslie with Alsatia at his side. Another black limousine follows. The Dodgem car bumps into the cars in front and back.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVESITE

The group of mourners gather around the coffin of Kenneth Presswell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is beautifully blanketed with flowers. A canopy hangs overhead protecting the group from the light drizzle. A MINISTER is giving the final eulogy.

MINISTER

... and so this gentle man goes to his final rest leaving behind him a legacy of innocence and laughter. The Panda Man Toy Company was not only a successful business created by this warm human being, it was also a gift to children everywhere. When the child of today becomes the peace-loving citizen of tomorrow, he will be partially indebted to this great man.

ANGLE ON GENERAL PRESSWELL

listening solemnly.

BACK TO SCENE

MINISTER

And yet, when I say 'man,' I mean in body only. He was the eternal child in all of us.

We hear a laugh.

MINISTER

(continuing)

He took each day as it came. With joy and trust.

We hear the laugh again. A few people look around trying to find the culprit. The Minister looks a little flustered.

MINISTER

(continuing)

The sorrow that we feel...

The laughter erupts again. Members of the crowd look at each other suspiciously. Leslie looks amused.

MINISTER

(continuing)

The sorrow that we feel...

Again he's cut off by the raucous laughter. Leslie signals for the Minister to stop. He walks over to the casket and lifts the lid. The wild, insane LAUGHTER bellows from the inside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Leslie looks down at his father. Kenneth Presswell lies in his coffin surrounded by a large variety of novelties and toys. Leslie reaches in and picks up an item called "Bag of Laughs." He shakes it. The LAUGHTER STOPS. He places it back in the coffin and smiles tearfully down at his father.

LESLIE

(sotto voce)

That was a good one, Dad.

He then closes the casket, steps back and nods at the Minister.

MINISTER

The sorrow that we feel is tempered, however, in the knowledge that angels somewhere are trumpeting this man's tin horns.

Alsatia whispers to the General.

ALSATIA

I like that. Tin horns. Tin horns are fun.

The General looks at her, then turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVESITE

People are shaking the Minister's hand and giving condolences to Leslie, Alsatia and the General. In the b.g., the casket is being lowered into the ground. The casket is jostled slightly as it is being lowered, setting off the "Bag of Laughs" once again. The workmen pause briefly, looking around for the source, then continue to lower the casket to the ground. The LAUGHTER is cheerful and robust.

Owens looks to Leslie.

LESLIE

No sense in doing anything about it.
Batteries will run out in a few hours.

Owens nods and walks off.

The General walks off after Owens. Leslie joins Alsatia who stands alone at the gravesite.

Leslie puts his arm around her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE
(continuing)
Are you all right?

ALSATIA
I'm all right, 'cause you're here.

LESLIE
Good. I'll take care of you.

ANGLE ON GENERAL

catching up to Owens.

GENERAL
Owens!

Owens turns and waits for him.

OWENS
Yes, sir?

GENERAL
I want a complete tour of the factory
first thing in the morning.

OWENS
Yes, sir.

GENERAL
Owens, what do you think about Leslie
and Alsatia?

OWENS
They're wonderful.

GENERAL
I'm planning to get rid of them.

OWENS
Oh?

They continue on walking AWAY FROM CAMERA.

GENERAL
You can be very helpful to me.

OWENS
You think so?

Still continuing on AWAY FROM CAMERA, the dialogue is very faint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL
Get me my car.

OWENS
Aye, aye, sir.

GENERAL
Not aye, aye. That's the Navy, you
dork.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - TIGHT SHOT - THOUSANDS OF GLASS EYEBALLS - DAY
rolling down a chute into a trough.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WORKERS in lab jackets sticking the eyeballs into the empty
sockets of dolls' heads.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - LITTLE PINK FANNIES
moving along a conveyor belt.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - SMALL LITTLE PUDGY ARMS
moving along a conveyor belt.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - FACTORY WORKERS' HANDS
clipping on the arms and legs of a baby doll. The doll is
thrown into a basket with hundreds of other baby dolls.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - A FACTORY WORKER

as he picks up a naked baby doll and squeezes the tummy. The
doll pees. An inspection sticker is placed on the doll and
sent on its way.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - A MACHINE

stamping out faces of wicked witches. CAMERA PANS to another machine stamping out Frankenstein masks, pig masks, werewolf masks -- the usual grotesque assortment.

MONTAGE

continues as we get a sense of the working of the Panda Man Toy Factory and the products it puts out: toy trucks, trains, stuffed animals, model race cars and on and on.

Throughout the MONTAGE we catch brief glimpses of the General watching this process.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING BOOTH

A middle-aged WOMAN sits on a stool in front of a microphone. She is wearing headphones. In the b.g. we see the General standing next to the SOUND ENGINEER in the control booth. The Woman is speaking into the microphone.

WOMAN

(speaking like a
little girl)

What's your name?... I want to be
your friend... will you be mine?
That felt good... ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

She laughs in the high-pitched giggle of a child. The Sound Technician speaks into the intercom.

TECHNICIAN

Sally, take that last one again.
A little more sweetness. A little
younger.

WOMAN

(into mike)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

TECHNICIAN

That's good.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND RECORDING BOOTH

A man, PETE, stands in front of a microphone, also wearing a headset. He speaks with a warm, reassuring voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE
 (into mike)
 ... very good. Now spell 'chair.'
 C...H...A...I...R. Chair. Very
 good... Now spell 'animal.' A....
 N...I...M...E...L... Very good.

The Sound Technician for the second booth speaks over the intercom.

TECHNICIAN #2
 Pete, it's A...L...not E... L.

PETE
 Are you sure?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL SCREENING ROOM

The room is dark. The door opens and a shaft of light penetrates the blackness. Owens sticks his head in.

OWENS
 Leslie?

The light from the door illuminates Leslie sitting in one of the comfortable screening chairs.

LESLIE
 Yeah?

OWENS
 I have General Presswell with me.
 Mind if we sit in?

LESLIE
 No. Come on in. I'm running the
 marketing tests on those novelty
 items we discussed.

Owens stops aside and the General enters and takes a seat. Owens sits next to him. Leslie picks up a phone.

LESLIE
 Okay, Jerry. Any time you're ready.

ANGLE ON PROJECTION SCREEN - (BURN-IN)

as the academy leader runs down. 4...3.....2..... 1..... A
 clipboard reads:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEST #106A
WIGGLY WORM

The clapboard slaps together and is removed, revealing the interior of a supermarket. Leslie sticks his head INTO FRAME. Across his nose and cheek is a fuzzy green worm with little legs. He speaks to the CAMERA.

LESLIE

Lighting okay? Sound? Can you see the legs on this thing? Good. I don't know if this one's going to scare anyone, but let's give it a try.

CREW MEMBER (O.S.)

Leslie, we got a customer.

LESLIE

Okay.

He steps back OUT OF FRAME just as a WOMAN enters, pushing a shopping cart. Leslie, also pushing a shopping cart approaches her. The worm is on his nose.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Excuse me, ma'am, could you tell me where I can find the raisins?

WOMAN

(without reacting)

I think they're somewhere back near the produce section.

LESLIE

Thank you.

She smiles and moves on. Leslie approaches the CAMERA while removing the worm.

LESLIE

(continuing)

No good. Doesn't even get a reaction. It's not even worth testing any more. Let's go on.

SCREEN GOES WHITE

Again we see clapboard:

ARLINGTON PLAZA
DOG DOO TEST #12B

ANGLE ON OWENS AND GENERAL PRESSWELL

watching the screen.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

Leslie, with microphone in hand, stops a WOMAN and her child in the plaza parking lot and leads her over to a display stand.

LESLIE

Excuse, ma'am, we're doing a marketing survey and we'd like your opinion.

WOMAN

Is this for a commercial?

LESLIE

No, we're just doing this for marketing purposes.

WOMAN

(not believing him)

Oh, sure.

She looks toward the CAMERA, fusses with her hair and smiles.

LESLIE

I'd like you to take a look at these samples of dog doo and tell me which one you think is real.

He points to two piles of dog crap sitting on the display table. The Woman steps up to the table and takes a good look.

WOMAN

~~Hmmm~~. It's hard to tell by just looking.

(leans over table;
breathes in deeply)

~~Hmmm~~. They both smell the same. Isn't that something.

(smiling at camera)

It's hard to tell the difference.

LESLIE

If you had to pick, which pile would you say is real? Pile A or Pile B?

WOMAN

Well, this is very hard, but if I had to choose, I would buy the pile of dog shit on the right.

ANGLE ON GENERAL PRESSWELL

watching the screen. He leans over to Owens and whispers.

GENERAL

I cannot believe that money and manpower is being wasted on researching fake dog shit when the same effort could be spent developing new ways to annihilate foreign races.

Owens can't believe what he's hearing.

ANGLE ON MOVIE SCREEN

WOMAN

Was I right or wrong?

LESLIE

You were absolutely right.

WOMAN

This will be on TV, won't it?

CUT TO:

INT. ALSATIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Her office contains a desk, a drafting table; various doll clothing illustrations are push-pinned to a cork board, bolts of fabric lean against the corner. Several cardboard cut-out dolls stand on the drafting table while she patiently cuts out clip-on clothing and places different articles on the different dolls.

The General and Owens approach the glass cubicle. The General watches Alsatia moving about her office. As she turns, we see that the dress she appears to be wearing is, in fact, a piece of clip-on clothing attached to her shoulders by tabs. Underneath she wears leotards and tights. On her head is a full-size version of a doll's wig -- shiny dynel. Strands of her own hair stick out around the hairline. The General is dumbfounded.

GENERAL

What the...

OWENS

Alsatia likes to wear clip-on clothing and dolls' wigs at work. She insists on trying everything out on herself first. Very dedicated.

(CONTINUED)

CONDINUED:

GENERAL

Loony bird. Let's get this over with.

The two men enter Alsatia's office. Alsatia sees them and smiles.

ALSATIA

Everything's all set for you to see. Fabrics are over here, doll prototypes over there, some of the new fashion illustrations...

In the b.g., through a glass paritition, we see Leslie walking toward Alsatia's office. He appears to be on fire as smoke billows out of his clothing.

GENERAL

Not interested in sissy stuff.

ALSATIA

Don't you want to see some of the new doll designs? I think they could be very endearing.

Leslie opens the door and enters. The smoke is almost engulfing him.

LESLIE

Hello, everyone. Lunch?

ALSATIA

Smoke. That's funny.

She snorts a little laugh.

LESLIE

You like it?

Alsatia nods.

GENERAL

What is it?

LESLIE

It's still in the test stage. Smoke capsules as party favors.

OWENS

Leslie, why don't you put yourself out now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

Can't. I haven't figured that out yet.

(to General)

Well, sir, I think you've seen just about everything. What do you think?

The General looks at Leslie, who's still smoking.

GENERAL

This is one decision I will not make on my own. There's someone I have to see first. Come along, Owens.

As they start to leave, Leslie stops Owens and whispers.

LESLIE

Who? Who does he have to see?

OWENS

His father.

He exits after the General.

ALSATIA

He's going to see Granddaddy? I thought he was dead.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN IS DARK BROWN

GENERAL (O.S.)

Daddy?

We hear the WHIRRING SOUND of a MOTOR. Slowly coming up from the BOTTOM OF THE FRAME we see General PRESSWELL SR. lying in a motorized hospital bed. It slowly pushes him up into a sitting position. The old man is wearing a full military uniform complete with cap. A sheet covers him up to his waist. He's about ninety-five years old and has the expressionless look of someone who's not sure he's still alive.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The walls are covered with pictures of Presswell Generals through six generations. Leland approaching his father's bedside. A NURSE, late twenties, sits a few feet away. The old man looks at his son a beat then reaches down to a switch lying by his side. He pushes it. A pin-spot light turns on, illuminating the cluster of medals on the breast of his jacket. Across the top of them are the four stars of a general.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

Yes, Daddy. I know. You're a four star general. I know you have four stars to my three. I know that. Every time I come here you turn on that light to remind me. To humiliate me. But it's not my fault. All I needed was one more war and I would have got that star.

His father says something but his voice is weak and almost unintelligible except for a few words here and there. However, the General, his son, understands him as would a mother with a child just learning to talk.

PRESSWELL SR.

Mmmmm nn ddmrm...

GENERAL

Well, I need your help. Just before Kenny died he asked me to take over his company.

Presswell Sr. appears to be upset. He gargles.

GENERAL

(continuing)

You don't understand, Daddy. The military is no longer revered in this country. Hell, there hasn't been a parade for soldiers in years. Not one parade. Can you believe that? There's no pride or honor left.

PRESSWELL SR.

Wlllll chnnnn scmmms.

GENERAL

I can't change sides, Daddy. It's too late in my career.

ANGLE ON NURSE

as she smiles.

ANGLE ON GENERAL AND PRESSWELL SR.

PRESSWELL SR.

Thrlll be anotdlllll wrmmml.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

No, there won't be another war.
Not the kind that we know. War
has changed. You can't even trust
your own troops. Why, one night, one
of my own men tried to frag me.

PRESSWELL SR.

Fdllmmn rlllk big cock?

GENERAL

(horrified)

No, I said frag me. He tried to shoot
me.

(starts to cry)

Please try to understand. I'm not
giving up on the military. It gave
up on me. Forced retirement. They
said I was... too excessive. Now,
Daddy, before you hear anything from
anyone else I want you to know the
truth. Yes, I was running across the
War Room to push the button that would
have set off the nuclear holocaust.
But somebody tackled me in time. Now,
I know it was impulsive but I wouldn't
have done it again... Cross my heart.
But noooooo, the military wouldn't
believe me.

PRESSWELL SR.

Yrrrdlll shhvvel rn fshn.

GENERAL

(defensively)

What?!! Daddy, I was running across
the War Room as fast as I could!
Wasn't my fault I was wearing leather
shoes and the other guy was wearing
Adidas!

(starting to
shout and cry)

Now listen to me, you old fart. I don't
have any options left. I'm out of a
job. This isn't even a government
uniform I'm wearing. Had a couple of
Taiwan twins make it for me. Now what
the hell am I supposed to do?! Can
you tell me that?

Presswell Sr. turns out the spotlight. His medals are in
darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL
(continuing)
Daddy? What should I do?

Slowly the bed lowers back into a horizontal position.

GENERAL
(continuing)
Huh, Daddy. Is it okay if I take
over Kenny's business? Is it?

The old man pays no attention. Tears streams down the General's cheeks. He looks at the Nurse, walks over and falls to his knees in front of her. His head is in her lap.

GENERAL
(continuing)
Debbie? Are you free tonight?

She strokes his head.

DEBBIE
Sure, Leland.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

We see the General's reflection in a mirror. He is slowly removing the last two gold stars from his collar. He looks at the bare collar for a moment, then reaches down and picks something up. He carefully pins the item in the space where the last star had been taken out. It is a little black and white panda bear pin. He takes another and pins it on the collar. And then another, until all of the gold stars have been replaced with panda bears. The panda bear is the same as the logo for the Panda Man Toy Factory. He steps back from the mirror, checks himself out one last time, then with a deep breath he strides to the door of the room and opens it. Beyond him lies the board room. We see the Board of Directors, Department Heads and Leslie and Alsatia all seated. Waiting for him. The General steps into the room, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM

The General stands at the head of the table, coldly eyeing the members of the Board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Owens sits to his right. After a few beats, he nods to Leslie, who sits to his left. Leslie stands and addresses the room referring occasionally to some notes the General has handed him

LESLIE

Gentlemen... the General has reviewed every aspect of this company from the latest read-out of the quarterly dividends down to the last eyelash on the Mr. Minky Doll. There is nothing that he has not personally viewed, reviewed and re-reviewed. And I can tell you that what he has seen is enough to make him sick.

Leslie double checks the paper he's been reading from.

LESLIE

(continuing)

These are good notes.

ALSATIA

Hear! Hear!

Leslie again refers to the notes in front of him.

LESLIE

The Panda Man Toy Company is supposedly dedicated to the education and entertainment of the children of this country. And yet, he says, he has not seen one toy tank, not one missile launcher, not one bazooka...

GENERAL

(interrupting)

Not even one goddam Red Cross meat wagon!

LESLIE

Okay, now you're getting disgusting. Joke's over. Where are your real notes?

GENERAL

I'm not talking war toys because of my association with the military. I am talking dollars and cents.

A BOARD MEMBER, timidly raises his hand. The General nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOARD MEMBER

It has always been the policy of this company to not manufacture any toy that might encourage violence in a child.

OWENS

(to General)

Your brother was a pacifist.

GENERAL

I know he was a pacifist. That's why I used to kick the shit out of him all the time.

He chuckles, thoroughly enjoying his little joke. No one laughs.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Now, I'm not looking to turn this company topsy-turvy. I just want to add on a new department -- toy weaponry...

BOARD MEMBER 2

(interrupting)

Well, General, since you're so well informed as to the financial status of this company then you're also aware that a good part of our losses are the direct result of industrial espionage that's been plaguing us for the past few years.

GENERAL

What did you say? Espionage?

He looks to Owens for confirmation.

OWENS

Last year alone we spent over six million on development and four of our most promising designs were stolen.

The General hasn't heard. He's still locked into the word.

GENERAL

Espionage? Owens, come into the closet with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The General indicates for Owens to follow him. He walks to the closet, steps in and motions for Owens to join him. Owens hesitates a moment, looks at the Board Members, then shrugs and steps in, closing the door behind him. The rest of the people in the room stare at the closed door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Total darkness. A small flame flickers on. The General is holding up a small butane lighter. He places it on a shelf behind him. The light it casts barely illuminates the contents of the closet. Pencils, sheafs of typing paper, boxes of carbon, etc. We see the pale orange cast of the flame on the two men as they face each other.

GENERAL

All right. Tell me about it.

OWENS

Well, General...

GENERAL

Keep your voice down.

OWENS

(sotto voce)

Well, General, the stealing of toy designs...

GENERAL

(whispering)

I can't hear you.

OWENS

(speaking up a little)

The stealing of toy designs is not unusual in this business. We're just not equipped to protect ourselves.

GENERAL

Well, that's history now.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM

Everyone is still there, quiet and waiting patiently. Leslie and Alsatia are playing ROCK, PAPER, STONE with each other.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - ANGLE ON GENERAL AND OWENS

GENERAL

I know the perfect man to handle this espionage problem.

OWENS

Who's that, sir?

GENERAL

Patrick Presswell. My son.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - PRESSWELL HOME - NIGHT

The HOUSEKEEPER, steps into the doorway.

HOUSEKEEPER

How much longer should I hold the dinner?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - LESLIE, ALSATIA AND THE GENERAL

standing in the den. The General holds a martini. The den is dark mahogany paneling. Walls are lined with bookcases. It is the traditional masculine den, the only feminine touch being huge, overstuffed chairs covered in flowered chintz.

LESLIE

Just until Colonel Presswell arrives, Mary.

GENERAL

I apologize for my son. He's usually very punctual.

Mary nods and walks out.

ALSATIA

Where is he coming from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

Alsatia, he's with Convert
Operations so let's just leave
it at that, all right?

LESLIE

Would you like an hors d'oeuvre,
General?

GENERAL

Anything to get rid of this taste.
You make a stinkin' martini.

LESLIE

Oh, I'm sorry. Maybe I put too
much Kool-Aid in there.

They walk over to the bar. Caviar is on crackers and
deviled eggs sit on a large oval silver tray. Leslie walks
behind the bar and pushes the tray toward the General.

GENERAL

The deviled eggs look good.

He reaches for an egg. It moves away from his fingers.
The General stares at it for a moment, then reaches for it
again. Again the egg slides out of his reach. He stops,
then reaches for another egg. It, too, slides away. He
looks up suspiciously at Leslie. Leslie innocently looks
back.

LESLIE

You'd better have the caviar.
The eggs are too hard to catch.

GENERAL

How'd you do that?

Leslie pulls his hand out from underneath the bar. There
is a small metallic object in his fingers.

LESLIE

Magnets. One of our novelty items.

ALSATIA

It was one of our father's
favorites.

The General looks at Leslie.

GENERAL

You're as big a fool as your
father was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leslie takes this as a serious compliment.

LESLIE

You think so? Thank you.

Alsatia is sitting on the sofa.

ALSATIA

I'm getting hungry. I want my dinner.

From out of nowhere we hear A VOICE.

VOICE (O.S)

Then let's eat.

They all look around. No one else is in the room.

ANGLE ON STUFFED CHAIR

What appears to be a flowered pillow slowly rises up revealing PATRICK PRESSWELL'S face. His entire body is clothed in camouflage material perfectly matching the flowered chintz fabric of the chair in which he sits.

GENERAL

Patrick! My boy!

Alsatia applauds the trick.

ALSATIA

That was wonderful.

LESLIE

Great trick.

Patrick gives Leslie a no-nonsense look.

PATRICK

I don't play tricks, Leslie.

GENERAL

You twerp. Patrick's wearing camouflage so that he could have full surveillance of the situation before having his presence known. Tht right, Pat?

PATRICK

Hundred percent, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Patrick gets up from the chair. Leslie turns to Alsatia.

LESLIE
(sotto voce)
I'm not looking forward to this.

INT. DINING ROOM

Leslie and Alsatia sit across the table from the General and Patrick. Everyone but Alsatia is having a regular dinner. Alsatia has a white-bread sandwich on her plate. The General notices.

GENERAL
Is that all she's having? White bread's the worst thing you can eat.

ALSATIA
No, it isn't. It's very soft and pliable so it slides down the system without disturbing anything.

GENERAL
There's no nutrition in that sandwich.

ALSATIA
Yes, there is.

She opens up the sandwich, revealing about fifteen multi-colored vitamin pills stuck in the mayonnaise.

ALSATIA
(continuing)
Vitamin pills.

The General and Pat exchange a look.

PATRICK
Well, something's working. You've always looked the same age to me.

LESLIE
(changing subject)
Patrick, remember that time you stayed here when we were kids?

GENERAL
(to Patrick)
I told your mother never to leave you here. When was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

That time you sent for her from Korea.

ALSATIA

That's right. She never came back. I'm sorry. You loved her very much, didn't you.

Patrick picks up his wine glass and takes a gulp. He's obviously affected by the mention of his mother.

PATRICK

That's right. I'm not ashamed to admit it. Dad did everything he could to save her. Didn't you.

GENERAL

That's right, son. DeeDee was a wonderful person but appendicitis respects no man. By the time we knew what was wrong, it was too late. I'll never forgive myself.

Patrick puts his hand on his father's shoulder.

PATRICK

Don't, Dad.

We hear a LOUD CRUNCHING SOUND coming from across the table. Alsatia is eating her sandwich and is obviously having trouble with some of the vitamin pills.

ALSATIA

That was the vitamin B complex. But it's the vitamin E I really have trouble with. The gelatin capsule gets stuck between the teeth and then the stuff inside mixes with the mayonnaise and...

LESLIE

Enjoying the wine, General.

The General takes a sip.

GENERAL

It's fine. Fine.

Leslie takes a sip and the red wine dribbles down his chin and onto the front of his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

~~Hummmmm~~. It is good. Nice and light. Good Bordeaux.

Patrick and the General stare at his wet chin and stained shirt. They say nothing. Leslie makes no effort to clean himself. Alsatia suppresses a smile.

ALSATIA

Would you like some more?

LESLIE

Please.

She pours.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Well, Patrick, now that you'll be joining our ranks at Panda Man, how do you intend to handle the situation?

PATRICK

Espionage is my specialty. Whatever problem you're having with stolen designs is short-lived.

GENERAL

Patrick's bringing in a special unit to assist him.

PATRICK

We'll begin with the interrogation of every man and woman that works at the company. Bar none. At the same time we'll establish security clearance so no one can enter or leave without our knowledge.

Leslie has taken another sip of wine. Again wine pours out of the special "dribble glass" and down his chin. He looks at Patrick, nodding solemnly, his chin shiny with wine.

ALSATIA

Do we get to wear badges?

PATRICK

Photographic identification.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALSATIA

I take a good picture.

GENERAL

As for me, Les, I'll be meeting out designers so we can begin production on our new line. I would like for you to assist me in that.

Leslie takes one last sip of wine. It cascades down the sides of his mouth. His shirt is now soaking wet with red wine.

LESLIE

Sure.

Patrick and the General stare at Leslie then look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The General's limousine moves along the dark road.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Patrick and his father sit in the back of the limo. The glass partition between them and the driver is up, assuring privacy.

GENERAL

What do you think of my bringing Les into the new department?

PATRICK

Smart tactical maneuver.

GENERAL

I thought you'd see that.

PATRICK

Of course. Treat your enemy like a friend and your friends like the enemy.

They continue along in silence for a few moments. Patrick unzips his chintz jump suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
(continuing)
Tell your driver to stop here.

GENERAL
What for?

PATRICK
I'm getting out.

GENERAL
But you don't know where you are.

PATRICK
That's right.

He pulls the jump suit back to reveal another jump suit underneath. This one is black with a woodsy motif.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR

The limousine is the only car on the road. It pulls over to the side and stops. Both sides of the road are lined with towering, foreboding-looking woods.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

The General looks at his son admiringly.

GENERAL
Always in training, eh?

PATRICK
Hundred percent. See you in the morning.

He opens the car door and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR

As the car pulls away from the side of the road we see a shadowy figure, Patrick, running into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. ALSATIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A canopied bed sits in the middle of the room. The mattress sits inside a shell that resembles the bottom half of a duck. Alsatia lies in bed under a quilt. Leslie sits next to her.

ALSATIA

I don't understand.

LESLIE

What?

ALSATIA

Why did Daddy let Uncle Leland take over Panda Man?

LESLIE

I don't know. You'd think he would have let Owens take charge.

ALSATIA

Or you.

LESLIE

Nah. He knew better than that.

ALSATIA

Well, one thing I know is strange. And that man is strange. And you want to work with him?

LESLIE

I have to. I think he's strange, too. That's why I want to keep an eye on him.

ALSATIA

Ooooh, I see. Just like Daddy. Treat your friend like a friend and your enemy like an enemy?

LESLIE

You got it.
(kisses her cheek)
Night, honey.

He stands up. Alsatia presses a button and the canopy lowers down to the bottom half, creating a complete duck. Leslie walks to the door and clicks off the overhead. The room is in darkness.

LESLIE

(continuing)
Alsatia... night light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALSATIA

Thank you.

We hear a CLICK from inside the bed and the duck's eyes light up.

LONG SHOT

of the bedroom and the duck bed with the faint illumination coming from the eyes.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PANDA MAN TOY FACTORY - DAY

Employees are entering through the Employee Entrance to begin the day's work... At the entrance stands a Guard, dressed in a modified military-looking jump suit, paratrooper boots, etc. As the employees file past him we notice that each one wears a photographic I.D. on his lapel. The Guard quickly checks each I.D. against the person wearing it, then nods him or her through.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FACTORY

Patrick and his squad of men: CORTEX, BAKER, HOGENSTERN, SHIMERA, KARSKY, and BROWN, also wearing the new jump suits, stride purposefully down the hallway. Each man has a look of grim determination. Each man carries a clipboard under his arm. Each man wears a black and white fatigue hat with fuzzy panda ears on either side. They mean business.

They turn a corner and move down another hallway. They stop by a door, check their clipboards, confirm with each other then open the door and enter. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

Beyond the door we see a technician working on the mock-up of a baby giraffe toy. The squad enters the room closing the door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

The TECHNICIAN looks at Patrick and his men inquiringly.

TECHNICIAN

Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

(extremely polite)

I'm sure you're aware that we've been doing a routine check on each employee to determine if there have been some internal leaks in security.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, I know you're doing that. I don't know how I could help you, though.

PATRICK

Would you mind if we asked you a few questions?

TECHNICIAN

No, not at all.

Suddenly two of his men grab the Technician by the collar and slam him up against the wall. Patrick walks up to the man so they are nose to nose.

PATRICK

(threateningly)

Now what do you know and who do you talk to?!

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The General and Owens are seated behind a table facing a group of about FOUR DESIGNERS who sit on the other side. Tacked up on the walls around the room are designs for military toys. The General is looking at them.

GENERAL

So that's it, is it? Six weeks of work and that's all you come up with?

DESIGNER 1

Well, these are just preliminary draftings. Just to give you an idea of what direction we might go in.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Leslie saunters in. Dorothy, the General's receptionist, sits behind her desk.

LESLIE

'Morning.

He walks over to the coffee urn and pours himself a cup.

DOROTHY

Leslie, you're late.

LESLIE

For what?

DOROTHY

I told you, the General wanted you to be with him to go over the new designs for war toys.

LESLIE

Oh, yeah. Okay. Where's the cream?

DOROTHY

Leslie, please, just go in.

LESLIE

Okay, okay.

He opens the door to the inner office and walks through.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE

The Four Designers stand up when Leslie enters.

LESLIE

Please, please. This is my coffee.

The Designers smile, then sit back down.

LESLIE

(continuing;
to General)

I'm sorry I'm late. I had a little trouble getting through the I.D. check.

(taps his I.D. photo
and approaches the
table)

I'm always having this problem. Nobody recognizes me.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL'S POV - LESLIE'S I.D. PHOTO

In the picture, Leslie is 'wearing huge rubber ears and red wax lips.

ANOTHER ANGLE - GENERAL PRESSWELL'S REACITON

He barely controls his anger.

GENERAL

Sit down, you putz.

Leslie takes a seat next to Owens. In contrast to the others in the room, he just lounges back in his chair, happy with whatever is happening.

OWENS

All right, Mr. Drummond, is that the extent of what you have to show the General?

DRUMMOND

Yes, it is.

GENERAL

In terms of military toys, do you consider this competitive with other companies?

DRUMMOND

With some of the products, definitely.

The General views the other Designers with him.

GENERAL

What do you other men think?

In view of his dissatisfaction, they're reluctant to speak.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Well, I'll tell you what I think. I think this is baby shit compared to what the other companies have on the market.

DRUMMOND

But General, we haven't had enough time to develop designs with any sophistication...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

(teasing)

What about a flamethrower that shoots cotton candy? You got anything like that?

DRUMMOND

Well, we thought the General wanted...

GENERAL

I want realism. I want excitement. I want imagination. I want you men out of here.

DRUMMOND

But, sir...

OWENS

Thank you, Mr. Drummond. You're all excused now.

The four men get up and file out of the room.

LESLIE

General, I think you might have been a little more tactful.

GENERAL

They're employees. This wasn't a social call.

LESLIE

I understand. But they've also been with this company for years. They're like members of a family.

GENERAL

Not mine.

LESLIE

(putting him on)

Obviously not yours. You have beady little eyes. His were nice and soft.

The General looks at him.

LESLIE

(continuing)

And the jawlines are completely different.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You look like you could use some corrective surgery. He had a nice clean look.

The General's patience is wearing thin.

GENERAL

Now you listen to me...

LESLIE

(interrupting)

Excuse me. I'm going to be getting some cream for my coffee. Anybody else?

(stands up and starts to walk out; without looking back)

Kaiser roll? Honey buns?... Some luncheon meat?...

He exits the room, closing the door behind him.

GENERAL

Owens, I've got my work cut out for me. I'm surrounded by fools.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Patrick and his squad are on the move again. They approach a door marked DUPLICATING -- XEROX, check their clipboards and enter.

CUT TO:

INT. XEROX - DAY

GWEN TYLER, an angelic looking young woman, is collating some papers on the xerox machine as the men enter. Two of the men station themselves by the door. Patrick and the others approach Gwen. She is a little nervous and backs up against the machine. Patrick checks his clipboard.

PATRICK

Are you Gwen Tyler?

She nods nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

(continuing)

We're doing some routine questioning.
We'd like you to cooperate. All
right?

She nods nervously.

PATRICK

(continuing)

Does any duplicating go on when you
are not present?

GWEN

Gee, I'm not sure. I mean, I'm the
only one who's supposed to do it,
but the door's never locked so I
guess... Well, I don't know.

PATRICK

You don't know or you just want to
avoid the answer?

GWEN

No, I'm not trying to avoid anything,
I'm just staying there's no way I
can really check...

PATRICK

Come on, Miss Tyler, you know more
than you're willing to say.

She has no idea what he's talking about. Two of Patrick's
men start to walk towards her.

GWEN

I just work here. What are you
doing?

The men take her by the arms.

PATRICK

Are you sure you have nothing to
say?

GWEN

(laughing nervously)

This is just a joke. Isn't it?

Suddenly, without warning, Patrick lifts up the rubber mat
of the xerox machine and Gwen's head is placed on the
duplicating glass. Patrick closes the rubber mat over her
head.

TIGHT SHOT - PATRICK'S HAND

as it pushes the PRINT button on the xerox machine.
We hear the WHIRRING of the machine as it activates.

GWEN (O.S.)
What are you doing?! No! Let me
go, you big ape!

She screams.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Now, who uses this room besides you?

GWEN (O.S.)
Ahhhhhhhh.

CAMERA HAS SLOWLY MOVED DOWN the side of the machine to the slot where the duplicate prints come out. Out drops the first print. It is a xeroxed image of Gwen's face mashed against the print glass. Her nose is pressed up against her cheek. This print is quickly followed by another. And another. Each one depicting Gwen's face in a slightly different look.

ANGLE ON PATRICK

as he lifts up the rubber mat and places his face on the glass so he and Gwen are nose to nose.

PATRICK
(gently prodding)
Come on. Talk to me. Come on.

The rubber mat closes on the two of them.

ANGLE ON PRINT-OUT CHUTE

The prints coming out now show the two faces squished on the glass, as Patrick encourages Gwen to spill the beans.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Come on, baby. You know what I
want to hear. Come on. Tell me
something.

Suddenly the door opens. Leslie stands there.

LESLIE
What the hell is going on?

Patrick's head comes out from underneath the rubber flap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
Security check.

LESLIE
Well, stop it! Now!

Patrick turns off the machine. Gwen remains with her head underneath the flap.

PATRICK
(to his men)
She's clean. Let's go.

The men file out of the room past Leslie. As Patrick exits the room he gives Leslie a look of defiance.

PATRICK
(continuing)
See you later, cousin.

He exits. Leslie walks over to Gwen who has not moved. Her head still underneath the rubber flap.

LESLIE
Excuse me. Hello. Are you all right?

GWEN
Yes.

LESLIE
What?

GWEN
Yes! Yes! I'm all right! I'm angry. I hate bullies!

LESLIE
So what do you want to do? You want to stay there, or what?

Gwen pushes the flap away and stands up. Her face is tear stained but furious. Leslie sees her for the first time. There is a long pause. There is an instant attraction between the two.

LESLIE
(continuing)
Who are you?

Gwen is still obsessed with the assault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

I wish I could get those guys.
You know? I'd love to just nail
them!

LESLIE

You're new here.

GWEN

My problem is, I don't have the
weight. If I was bigger I'd take
them on.

LESLIE

You're not going to stay angry,
are you? It's over with. Come
on, let's see a little smile.

GWEN

I don't want to.

Leslie notices the pile of xeroxed pictures of Gwen. He picks
up a bunch. He tries to cheer her up.

LESLIE

Ah, look at that! What a face!
Is that a face or is that a face!

She looks at him, still angry. Leslie holds up one of her
pictures. It shows her face completely distorted. The nose
is pushed over to one side, the mouth is mashed open. She
looks grotesque. Leslie coos over it.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Look at this. Gimme that look again.
Come on. Let's see it. Come on.

Gwen looks at him as though he's made, then slowly starts to
smile.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Oh, that's even better. I'm Leslie
Presswell.

GWEN

I know.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - FACTORY - DAY

Alsatia stands in line, pushing her luncheon tray along as employees order and pick up. JOE, the sandwich maker, stands behind the counter piling ham and cheese on a rool. He looks at Alsatia for her order.

ALSATIA

What kind of sandwiches you have today, Joe?

JOE

Ham and cheese, turkey, chicken salad, shrimp salad...

ALSATIA

You know, I am very disappointed that you have never once had an applesauce sandwich on your menu.

JOE

Applesauce? Miss Presswell, the sandwich would get all soggy.

ALSATIA

I don't mind.

JOE

Well, I'll make you one tomorrow, okay?

ALSATIA

That would be very nice. Thank you.

CAMERA PANS across the crowded cafeteria. Patrick and his squad of men are finishing their lunch. His men get up from the table. Pat nods his dismissal of them and they leave.

ANGLE ON OWENS AND DRUMMOND

carrying their trays to a table.

ANGLE ON ALSATIA

as she approaches Patrick's table. Patrick is alone, having his lunch.

ALSATIA

May I join you?

Patrick stands up until she's seated, then sits back down. Alsatia takes her knife and fork and cuts the crusts from her sandwich. Then continues cutting the sandwich into smaller ones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALSATIA
(continuing)
Do you like my picture?

She indicates her I.D. card. It's typical Alsatia.

PATRICK
It's very nice.

ALSATIA
I told you I take a good picture.
She notices Patrick picking at his food.

ALSATIA
(continuing)
What's the matter? Don't you like
your lunch?

Patrick is meticulously cleaning off a piece of ham that has
some mashed potatoes on it.

PATRICK
I hate it when food touches.

ALSATIA
I know just what you mean. I had a
sandwich once where a piece of banana
was buttin' right up against a piece
of liver. And...

PATRICK
(sick to his stomach)
Please, don't...

ALSATIA
I'm sorry.

PATRICK
That's all right.

ALSATIA
You know, you remind me of my brother.

PATRICK
That's impossible. We're exact
opposites.

ALSATIA
That's what I mean.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALSATIA (CONT'D)

He's all silly and soft on the outside, but on the inside he's very strong. And you're just the opposite.

Patrick is embarrassed by Alsatia's accuracy.

ANGLE ON CAFETERIA LINE CASH REGISTER

Leslie has just finished paying and is looking around the cafeteria. He spots Gwen sitting alone and heads for her table.

LESLIE

(politely)

May I join you?

Gwen hesitates, then nods. Leslie sits down with his tray.

ANGLE ON ALSATIA

as she notices her brother.

ALSATIA

Oh, good. I knew he'd finally discover her. I think love is wonderful. You know, your mother once said...

PATRICK

Please don't mention my mother.

ALSATIA

Oh, forgive me. I forgot how delicate that is with you.

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND GWEN

Gwen is eating her lunch. She glances over at Leslie. He seems to be having some difficulty with his. He tries to cut into his steak. Nothing happens. He tries again.

GWEN

What are you doing?

LESLIE

This steak is giving me a lot of trouble. Talk about tough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gives it one last try with the knife and fork, then picks up the steak and tries to pull it apart with his hands. Nothing happens. He slams it against the edge of the table, then throws it on the floor and jumps on it. He places his heel on the steak and again tries to pull it apart. Still nothing. He drops it back on the table. It's now about three feet long from all the pulling and stretching.

LESLIE

That's the last time I'm ordering
surf and turf.

GWEN

It's just not cooked enough.

She takes a lighter out of her pocket, picks up the rubber steak, holds it over Leslie's plate and sets fire to one end. Slowly the rubber starts to melt and drips down into a dark glob in front of him. He looks at her and smiles.

LESLIE

I think I'm in love.

She smiles back.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOY FACTORY - DAY

The General and Patrick exit the building. They are both wearing plain slacks and Hawaiian shirts. With their short hair and Air Force-type sunglasses, they look like the typical GI on leave. A jeep is parked nearby. They walk over to it and get in. Patrick starts it up. They pull away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

PATRICK

So where are we going?

GENERAL

Into town. I want to see what the
competition is selling.

PATRICK

Good idea. I'll take the back way.

Suddenly he veers off the road and plunges the jeep into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONNECTICUT TOWN - DAY

The jeep drives slowly through the town center. Twigs, bushes and one large tree limb stick out from the vehicle. They pull over to the curb and park. After they exit the jeep, they look around, brushing themselves off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELECTRONIC GAME ARCADE - DAY

The General and Patrick approach the arcade. They are eating ice cream cones. They step back from the door as two small boys exit. Then they enter.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCADE

The atmosphere is charged with the sounds of EXPLOSIONS, the WHINE OF DROPPING BOMBS, POPPING SOUNDS of RIFLES being shot, depth CHARGES going off, etc. A now-familiar cacophony of sounds currently heard in these arcades across the country. The General stops, taking it all in.

GENERAL

Feels good here, Pat.

They move slowly through the arcade watching children and a few adults fanatically at play.

ANGLE ON A CHILD PLAYING SKY RAIDER

We hear the SOUNDS of a JET FIGHTER strafing its targets and see railroad depots, factories, and bridges exploding as the child plays the game with deadly accuracy. The General and Patrick watch for a moment. Then the General pats the child on the back as another target is demolished.

GENERAL

Good boy.

They move on to the next game and the next. Destroyer, sky diver, midway's sea wolf, etc.

ANGLE ON GAME

It is the M-79 AMBUSH. The game is not in use. On the eerie black screen, ghost-white tanks, jeeps, motorcycles and an occasional truck with the initials U.N. on its side lazily move past each other.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE GENERAL AND PATRICK

They stop by the game.

GENERAL
You want to play?

PATRICK
You go first.

GENERAL
Let me see if I've lost my touch.

He steps up to the machine, digging into his trousers for a quarter. Before playing, he reads the instructions for play.

GENERAL
(continuing)
Okay, what do we have here.
(reading)
'100 points for tanks, 200 for jeeps
and 300 for motorcycles.' And what's
this? What's the penalty?

PATRICK
600 point penalty if you shoot the
U.N. trucks.

GENERAL
That's an awful big penalty just for
shooting a United Nations truck.

He puts his quarter in the machine. The scoreboard lights up and the objects on screen pick up speed. The General has handed Patrick his cone and positioned himself behind the firing apparatus.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

as tracer bullets scream across the screen. A tank is hit, and explodes leaving a video image of debris in its place. A motorcycle appears screen right and speeds across. More tracer bullets whiz past it. One makes contact. Another explosion. Another pile of debris.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE GENERAL

grimly excited. Another tank is hit, and then two motorcycles in succession. A U.N. truck appears on the screen between a tank and a motorcycle. A tracer bullet misses its target and moves between the objects. The next one accidentally hits the U.N. truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
You hit the U.N. truck. 600 point
penalty.

ANGLE ON SCOREBOARD

as the penalty is registered. A penalty BELL CLANGS.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE GENERAL

GENERAL
Goddam U.N.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCREEN

Three jeeps go up in smoke. The screen is being filled with the little piles of debris testifying to the General's success as a marksman. Another U.N. truck makes its way onto the battlefield. A tank starts to pass it. The General shoots and again hits the U.N. truck. Again the scoreboard registers the penalty. Again the BELLS GO OFF.

GENERAL
Goddammit!! The U.N. has no business
being there! Just like them to get
in the way. I'm gonna get those sons
of bitches.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

The little jeeps, tanks and motorcycles move across the screen untouched. A U.N. truck is hit. Then another one. And another. And still another. The scoreboard penalty BELL CLANG away crazily. Finally the game ends. The General looks at Patrick.

GENERAL
What's my score?

PATRICK
Minus 6,000.

GENERAL
Hot dog!

CUT TO:

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

CAMERA MOVES PAST aisle after aisle of shelves of toys.
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It finally stops on one of the aisles where Patrick and the General are slowly walking.

GENERAL

Look at all this. Look at it.
We don't have anything like this.

THEIR POV

of the shelves. We see jet fighters, rocket launchers, attack helicopters, submarines, etc., etc.

GENERAL (O.S.)

I ask my designers for some decent war toys and they give me didley-squat.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Well, the other companies had a head start. They've been designing these for years.

ANGLE ON GENERAL

GENERAL

I don't have years. I want it now. Let's buy all this stuff. Take it back. Dissect it. See what makes it tick. Come on, son, help me.

He starts to load his arms with one of everything. Pat picks an item off of a shelf.

PATRICK

Sir?... Dad? Could I have this?

Patrick is holding up a little stuffed koala bear.

GENERAL

What's it do? Does it attack anything?

PATRICK

No, sir. It's... for myself. It's kind of cute.

GENERAL

Put it back.

Patrick reluctantly places it back on the shelf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

(continuing)

I'll buy you an ice cream cone.

PATRICK

(stern)

I don't want an ice cream cone.
I wanted the bear.

GENERAL

Don't be a baby. You like the mocha
chip. I'll get you a mocha chip in
a sugar cone.

PATRICK

(still tough)

I don't want it. I want the koala
bear.

GENERAL

Do you need it? Do you need a
koala bear? Do you?

PATRICK

No.

GENERAL

What?

PATRICK

No sir, I do not need a koala bear.

GENERAL

All right, then. Help me with these
things. I swear, sometimes I think
you've got some of Kenny's blood in
you. Scares me to death.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

is filled with what appear to be huge cellular, almost
translucent rocks banging into one another. We hear full,
majestic MUSIC accompanying the images. We then hear SOUNDS
OF A LANDSLIDE. Then a tidal wave of white liquid
descends and oozes into the pores of the translucent rocks.
As some of them become saturated, they begin to tremble,
then pop. EXPLOSIVE SOUNDS fill the air.

ANGLE ON ALSATIA

wearing a large white helmet with visor and earphones. She is totally involved in what she sees and hears. She lets out a few squeals of delight. A few seconds pass where all is quiet and suddenly a small video cassette pops out of the top of the helmet and the visor snaps up.

ALSATIA

This is a very endearing new product. I've never been inside a bowl of Rice Krispies before. I think you've got a winner.

ANGLE ON LESLIE

seated in a chair beaming with excitement.

LESLIE

You think so? Really?

ALSATIA

You bet.

He walks over to take the helmet off her.

LESLIE

Of course what you're looking at is just a prototype. Still needs some work.

ALSATIA

I know, but it's terrific. This is some of your best work. Daddy would be very proud of you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

of the two of them in Leslie's office. It is late in the evening. Through the glass partitions we see that the rest of the factory is dark.

LESLIE

This is just the beginning. Imagine using it as an educational tool as well. There's no end to what we can do.

ALSATIA

It would be a terrible thing if the General built war toys at Panda Man. It just wouldn't be right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

I know. I'm going to have a showdown
with him tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Everything is dark save for two lights coming from opposite
ends of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL PRESSWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dark save for spot lighting from two table lamps.
Patrick and the General are seated on either side of the desk.
On the desk are all of the toys purchased that afternoon.
Little planes, tanks, jeeps, etc. lie in disarray. Some have
been disassembled, a few have been wound up and are moving
about the hodge-podge. Several blueprints are open and being
scrutinized. The General is in the process of putting a kit
together. He refers to the blueprint. His hands are covered
with dried glue and little pieces of plastic cling to his
uniform.

GENERAL

(reading from
blueprint)

... Attach dowel divider to
assembly A-6. A-6... A-6....
where's A-6?... what is this?

He reaches over to pick up blueprint for closer scrutiny. He
picks it up, checks it then starts to put it back down. It
won't come off his hand. It's stuck to him. He tries to
shake it off. It's still stuck.

PATRICK

What are you doing? Which one
are you building?

GENERAL

(disgustedly)

Sammy and the Submarine. Can't get
this darned blueprint off me.

He tries to shake it off once more. Then he carefully tries to
pull it off with his other hand. As he looks down at what
he's doing something on the blueprint catches his eye. He
looks more closely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL
(continuing)
What's this?

PATRICK
What?

GENERAL
This isn't possible, is it?

PATRICK
What?

GENERAL
Come over here. See if I'm crazy.

Patrick gets up and walks around the desk to peer over the General's shoulder. Leland points first to the blueprint and then to the toy model on the desk in front of him. We see that the little submarine is visually a toy for toddlers. It's painted in gay colors and has a little blue nose.

GENERAL
(continuing)
This is so simple that it'd be
easy to miss. But do you see this?
This here?

He points to blueprint.

Patrick scrutinizes the diagram.

PATRICK
What am I looking at?

GENERAL
With slight modifications, this has
the potential of becoming an
extremely deadly underwater weapon.
(points to a section
of the diagram)
With an additional tracking device
you've got the perfect killing machine.

PATRICK
Dad, it's just a toy. A little
silly toy.

GENERAL
(conspiratorially)
You don't see it, do you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Listen, Dad, you're just a little overworked, right now...

GENERAL

(interrupting)

I've got to call the boys in Washington. With this weapon I'll finally prove to them I'm a genius. You can retire a General, but you can't retire a patriot.

PATRICK

Let's take it easy here. You've taken them ideas before. They just laughed at you.

GENERAL

They'll be laughing out the other side of their mouths now.

(beat)

I never understood that. It's the same laugh.

He takes turns laughing out of each side of his mouth.

GENERAL

(continuing)

See? Same laugh.

He picks up the little submarine with the blue nose.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Patrick, this is my ticket out of here. Goodbye Panda Man, hello, Uncle Sam.

He stands up. Patrick looks concerned.

PATRICK

Sir, why don't you give it some thought. Sleep on it.

GENERAL

I know what I'm doing. Call Washington tomorrow. Arrange a meeting. General Presswell's coming back. No hard feelings. Everything even-stein. I give them this...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL (CONT'D)

(he holds up the
silly toy)

... and they give me what I've always
wanted.

PATRICK

What's that, sir?

GENERAL

A parade. I want a parade.

He starts humming "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

ANGLE ON PATRICK

looking uncertainly at his father.

CUT TO:

INT. ALSATIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her room is dark, but the duck's night light eyes are on.
She's asleep in bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's in bed, the Woozie Helmet on his head.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL PRESSWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's in bed, asleep, humming the same song.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

The bed appears to be empty. The covers are pushed back and
the pillow looks slept on. Suddenly there is movement and
Patrick rolls over revealing that he has been sleeping in
camouflage pajamas that resemble his rumped bed. The pillow
is attached to the back of his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

Over a small hill rides Gwen on a bicycle. It's a bright, sunny morning. On closer scrutiny we see that Gwen's bike has trainer wheels on the side. The going is slow. A car appears in the b.g. It's Leslie. He's driving a '47 Buick convertible. It pulls up beside Gwen and slows down to her speed.

LESLIE

Want a ride?

GWEN

No, thanks.

Beat, as they continue along.

LESLIE

Just learning?

GWEN

Yup.

LESLIE

Getting a little long in the tooth for that, aren't you?

GWEN

Did you drive all the way over here just to insult me?

LESLIE

What do you mean? This is on my way to work.

GWEN

No, it isn't. Could you move over a little. You're hogging the road.

LESLIE

Come on. Let me give you a lift and I'll teach you how to ride a bike after work.

GWEN

Why?

LESLIE

Because I like you.

GWEN

I like you, too. That's why we shouldn't see each other. I don't think you take things too seriously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE
Yes, I do.

GWEN
Like what?

LESLIE
(stumped)
Well... things... Like you said.
Things.

GWEN
Forget it.

LESLIE
No, wait. Okay. Here's a good
one. The General. I'm going to
have a confrontation with him today.
I don't want any war toys built at
Panda Man. See if I can change his
mind... Things like that.

GWEN
Really?

LESLIE
Yes.

GWEN
That would be something. If you
can really do it.

LESLIE
Tell you what. If I do, will you let
me take off your trainer wheels?

They ride alongside each other silently for a while. Gwen
smiles.

GWEN
See you later.

Leslie nods, then slowly pulls away as she continues wobbling
on.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Conveyor belts carry Mr. Minky dolls ACROSS FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES through the factory showing the day's activity. Leslie is supervising the packing of the dolls. He catches sight of the General through a glass partition. Leslie hands his clipboard to an assistant and exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The General is just rounding a corner as Leslie enters the hallway. He sees the General and runs after him. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

LESLIE

Uncle Leland!

He catches up to him. General puts a friendly hand on Leslie's shoulder.

GENERAL

Please, Leslie, call me General.

LESLIE

Yes, all right. May I speak to you?

GENERAL

Of course. Of course.

The two of them walk down the hallway.

LESLIE

General, for the first time in my life I've given something a great deal of thought. I think it would be a horrendous mistake for this company to make war toys.

GENERAL

You do, do you?

LESLIE

Yes, sir. I do. There are many items we produce that are a tradition with us. And we have some new toys that are very exciting, and in keeping with the Panda Man Image. And to impose your military concepts on us violates everything we stand for. And I, for one, cannot support you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two men stand off in the hallway. Suddenly the General grins expansively at Leslie.

GENERAL
Well, my boy. You're absolutely right!

LESLIE
I am?

GENERAL
Yes! Proceed with all those cockamamie ideas of yours! I have no desire to be a disruptive force.

Patrick appears.

PATRICK
Sir?

GENERAL
What is it?

PATRICK
I have to talk to you about the Washington boys.

General makes a motion for Pat to be quiet.

LESLIE
Washington boys?

GENERAL
(trying to cover)
No! Wash the boys! Have to go wash the boys! Excuse us, will you?

He takes Pat's arm and they quickly walk away. Leslie watches them go, confused.

ANGLE ON GENERAL AND PATRICK

as they round a corner, out of sight of Leslie.

PATRICK
Just spoke to Washington. Your meeting is confirmed for seventeen hundred hours. Green Valley Pastures.

GENERAL
You have everything set up for maximum security?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
Yes, sir.

GENERAL
Good boy.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEN VALLEY PASTURES - LATE AFTERNOON

We see a panoramic view of the pasture. It is a huge, open field surrounded by woods. Cows graze contentedly. In the middle of the field sits a portable conference table and four chairs. In the distance, off to the right, we see the General, Patrick and TWO MEN walking single file out of the woods. They are completely naked except for their boxer shorts, shoes and military hats. The General carries the rolled-up design of the submarine under his arm.

WAIST-HIGH SHOT

as the men approach the table and stop. The two Washington men, TEGNELL and MAGRAW, look a little put out.

TEGNELL
Leland, I understand the need for security, but isn't this a little extreme.

ANGLE ON EDGE OF WOODS

Patrick's van drives out of the woods and up to the table, where the men are now seated. It stops. The back doors open and Patrick's squad of men jump out carrying folding metal walls. They quickly surround the table with the walls.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTABLE STRUCTURE - MINUTES LATER

The General looks around satisfied.

GENERAL
Everything set, Pat?

Patrick looks around at the walls and cameras set up on wall mounts. He nods at the General.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

Two of Patrick's men, Baker and Cortez, sit in front of what appears to be a television screen set up in the van. In actuality, it is a fluoroscope scanner. On the screen, we see a HEAD SHOT of the General talking. But since the scanner serves almost as an X-ray machine, we see the General's skeletal structure-- his jaw bones moving up and down as he speaks, although we can't hear him.

BAKER

(re screen)

That's the General, right?

CORTEZ

Yeah. Don't spend time on him. We know he's clean. Let's take a look at the Washington boys, Tegnell and Magraw.

ANGLE ON SCANNER

as it moves over to Magraw.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTABLE CONFERENCE ROOM - FIELD

Magraw has the design open in front of him.

MAGRAW

Where did you say you got this?
I don't think I heard...

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

On the scanner we see Magraw's jaw working. The scanner slowly moves down his upper torso. Something catches the attention of Baker and Cortez.

BAKER

Hold it. What's that? I think we picked up a bug.

Cortez adjusts the scanner so it enlarges the object in Magraw's chest.

CORTEZ

No, man. That's shrapnel or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baker is scrutinizing the object.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTABLE CONFERENCE ROOM - FIELD

GENERAL

By the way, Magraw, how are you feeling since your operation?

MAGRAW

Well, not too bad, but I'm getting chest pains that I didn't have before the operation.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

BAKER

(re scanner)

You know what that is? No, it couldn't be.

CORTEZ

What?

BAKER

I think it's a surgical mask.

ANGLE ON SCANNER

and the interior of Magraw's chest. Sure enough, what appears to be a surgical mask moving rhythmically with the beating of his heart.

CORTEZ (O.S.)

Well, let's not tell him. Move over to Tegnell, now.

CUT TO:

INT. PORTABLE CONFERENCE ROOM - FIELD - LATER

The two Washington men look at each other askance. The General leans forward excitedly.

GENERAL

Well, gentlemen, is it everything I told you it would be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEGNELL

General, I don't quite know what to say to you.

GENERAL

Say it's brilliant! Say it's time to reinstate me! With an extra star to boot!

MAGRAW

Leland, I think you'd better stop calling us. In the past you've brought us some ridiculous ideas, but this one takes the cake.

GENERAL

(offended)

They weren't ridiculous. Perhaps a little extravagant...

TEGNELL

Come on, Presswell. You've brought us a design for a submarine... with a little blue nose... and you want the U.S. Navy to build it?

GENERAL

It just looks like a nose. But it's a tracking device.

MAGRAW

Leland, take it home and put it in your tub.

GENERAL

Don't you understand? You've got to look at this design carefully. Does it only take a brain like mine to see the potential?

MAGRAW

General, your brain went AWOL years ago.

GENERAL

AWOL! You big fart!!!

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

Suddenly, on the fluoroscope scanner screen, we see the General's skeleton lunge across the table and throttle one of the two Washington men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All hell breaks loose, as we see skeletons thrashing around on the screen. Patrick's skeleton finally separates the men.

PATRICK'S VOICE

Okay. Break it up. Break it up.

GENERAL'S VOICE

You guys are spending every last cent of the taxpayers' money on military build-up and you don't have a nickel to spend on a submarine with a nose?

TEGNELL'S VOICE

I suppose he's got a point.

MAGRAW'S VOICE

All right. All right. NATO Weapons Conference comes up in six months. See what you can develop by then.

GENERAL'S VOICE

I promise you, you won't be sorry. Thank you, thank you.

The General's skeleton grabs Magraw's skeleton and hugs it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESSWELL MANSION - LAKESIDE - SAME DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

Leslie, Gwen and Alsatia are in the middle of a badminton game down by the water's edge. In the b.g. we see the dock and the Presswells' motor boat, a handsome old mahogany relic. Gwen's bike leans against a tree.

Leslie hits the bird over the net. Gwen returns it. Leslie hits a high shot back.

ALSATIA

It's mine! It's mine!

She makes no attempt to hit the bird and it drops to the ground.

GWEN

I thought you were going to get it.

ALSATIA

Changed my mind.

GWEN

She changed her mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leslie nods.

ALSATIA
Okay, what's the score?

LESLIE
Sixteen to one.

ALSATIA
Who's got the one?

GWEN
We do.

Gwen throws the bird back to Leslie, who serves. He hits it to Gwen, who once again returns it. Leslie hits a high, high shot to Alsatia. As the bird sails up into the air, Leslie runs around the net to where Alsatia stands and hits the bird for her. As it starts to sail back over the net to his side, he races around and once again hits it to Gwen. She returns it. He hits a high one again and races around to Alsatia's side. This time Alsatia jumps high into the air in front of Leslie and slams the bird back over the net for a point.

ALSATIA
Sixteen... two.

GWEN
I've been had, right?

Leslie and Alsatia nod.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Patrick and the General bounce through the woods in the jeep. Patrick is driving.

PATRICK
We'll just drive around for a while
so you can calm down. All right?

The General is grimly quiet.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Nothing like a little drive in the
country to soothe raw nerves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They continue on through the woods, narrowly missing trees and stumps as the headlights pick up objects at the last minute.

GENERAL

Pat, stop the jeep.

PATRICK

What?

GENERAL

Stop the jeep!

Patrick slams hard on the brakes and the General is catapulted over the hood of the jeep and onto the ground. Patrick gets out and runs around to where the General lies.

PATRICK

Are you all right, sir?

GENERAL

I smell water. Is there a lake around here?

PATRICK

Yes, sir. We're not too far from the Presswell mansion.

He gets up, making no attempt to brush himself off.

GENERAL

Let's walk down there. I'm not ready to go back yet.

They walk in the direction of the lake. As they walk AWAY FROM CAMERA:

GENERAL

(continuing)

Kenny and I used to go swimming here when we were kids. Afterwards we'd build a fire. You get all the little twigs and make a teepee shape, you know, like a little tent? And then you set it on fire and warm your little hands. And sing songs.

As they walk off, the General starts singing a childhood song.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Leslie and Gwen are in the motorboat, drifting idly. A full moon hangs in the b.g. Leslie is singing the same song as the General picking up from the last line we heard the General sign. He finishes the song, looks at Gwen and smiles.

GWEN

I'll bet your father taught you that.

LESLIE

Uh humm.

GWEN

It's nice.

LESLIE

So are you.

He kisses her lightly on the mouth.

GWEN

Your father was right.

LESLIE

What?

GWEN

He told me I'd like you.

LESLIE

When did you meet my father?

GWEN

When he hired me. The day before he passed away.

LESLIE

My father hired you?

GWEN

Yup. Hand-picked. I don't know why.

Leslie smiles privately.

GWEN

(continuing)

I'm very proud of you, Leslie. Standing up to the General.

LESLIE

I didn't have to do much. I think he's coming around on his own.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF LAKE - CLOSEUP - GENERAL'S FACE - NIGHT

It appears bright orange.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The General and Patrick sit by a small campfire, the light from the fire casting its color on their skin.

GENERAL

I always knew I was someone special but this afternoon, I realized, without modesty, that I am a great man.

(to Pat)

Do you know why?

PATRICK

Why, sir?

GENERAL

Because they laughed at me. Throughout history, great men have been laughed at. And they laughed at me today, didn't they?

The General gets up and walks toward the dock.

PATRICK

Yes, sir. They were in hysterics.

GENERAL

Greater still. And now, I am about to fulfill my destiny. We're going back to Panda Man. We're going to build Sammy Submarine in miniature and I will call it... the Sea Swine. And then others... and others. Little toy killing machines. I'll hire engineers. They'll have to have little hands. I will create a war machine so formidable that NATO will realize that only one man is capable of saving the free world. And when that inevitable moment of world conflict is imminent, I will rise like a phoenix to lead us into war and victory.

Beads of perspiration start to pop out on his brow. Patrick looks a little concerned. The General stands on the end of the dock, the full moon in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

(continuing)

I will be the one. I will be their savior. Me! General Leland Helena Presswell! The one who... who...

(he throws his head back and howls victoriously)

... who... awhooooooooooooo!
Awhoooooooooooooooooooo!

ANGLE ON ROWBOAT ON LAKE

The mad howling attracts the attention of Leslie and Gwen. They turn toward the sound and see it is the General.

ANGLE ON GENERAL

Still howling, he topples off the dock into the water. Patrick gets up and runs to the dock.

PATRICK

General, are you okay?

GENERAL

(from water)

Coast Guard! Get the Harbor Patrol! Man overboard!!!

PATRICK

Where are you, sir? I can't see you.

Suddenly there is a red burst of light overhead, illuminating the General floundering in the water.

GENERAL

Let that be a lesson to you! Always carry a flare!

On the periphery of the light, we see just the tip of Leslie's boat. Patrick notices it, but can't quite make out what it is. The General distracts him.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Get me the hell out of here!

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND GWEN IN THE ROWBOAT

Their faces illuminated in red by the flare.

LESLIE

What is he carrying on about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

Something about going to Phoenix.

LESLIE

Phoenix is nice.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT OF DOLL

Its arms and legs are being pulled in opposite directions. They stretch out well beyond any proportion. Suddenly they are released and resume their original size. Slowly they are pulled out again.

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND OWENS

as they watch the doll go through its stress test.

OWENS

This model's holding up nicely.

LESLIE

I know. It looks good. We should be in production on this one in a month.

As they continue to watch, the General rides up in a black electric cart with four panda bears painted on the side. He stops by Leslie and Owens and watches the test in admiration

GENERAL

I love that. That's one of your best items.

LESLIE

(pleased)

Thank you. We have high hopes for this doll.

GENERAL

Not the doll. The stress machine. I love the way it just pulls those little arms out...

(to Leslie)

Get in. Excuse us, Owens.

Leslie gets in the cart. CAMERA TRACKS as they drive through the factory.

LESLIE

What's up?

GENERAL

If it's all right with you, I'm going to be taking a little space for myself here at the factory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL (CONT'D)

I know I'm an amateur at this line of work but I have a few ideas I'd like to follow through on my own.

LESLIE

That's a wonderful idea. Take the space.

GENERAL

And I'm going to hire a few designers to work with me. I'd like to do this in private, if you don't mind, Les. Don't want to make a fool of myself right off the bat. Just a little restricted area of my own.

LESLIE

Well, Uncle General, I am thrilled. When are you going to start? Before or after you go to Phoenix?

GENERAL

What?

LESLIE

I was out on the lake the other night when I saw you and Pat down by the dock. You were shouting something about going to Phoenix.

GENERAL

What else did you hear?

LESLIE

Nothing.

As they drive down an aisle, a FACTORY WORKER steps out in front of the cart and holds up his hand for them to halt. The cart comes to a stop. A line of baby wind-up ducks waddles across the aisle in single file.

FACTORY WORKER

(to Leslie)

Pretty good, Les. They've been walking almost...

(checks his stopwatch)

... a minute, ten seconds.

Leslie smiles and leans forward to watch them. The General takes this opportunity to scrutinize Leslie suspiciously. Wondering if he knows more than he's telling.

GENERAL

Leslie, you mind getting out here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Got a couple of things I'd like to take care of.

LESLIE

Sure. See you later.

Leslie gets out of the cart. The General drives forward running over the last few wind-up ducks.

ANGLE ON GENERAL

As he drives away, CAMERA TRACKS. He pulls a walkie-talkie out from under his seat and clicks it on.

GENERAL

This is Mobile Eight to Pat. Come in.

PAT'S VOICE

This is Pat. What's up?

GENERAL

What is your position?

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

We see line of closed stalls. All empty save one. Under the door we see a pair of shiny black paratrooper boots with military trousers down around the ankles.

PAT'S VOICE

That's an inappropriate question at this time, sir.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GENERAL AND MEN'S ROOM

GENERAL

All right. Now listen up. Leslie may have overheard us the other night down by the lake.

PAT (O.S.)

What do you want to do, sir?

GENERAL

Full speed ahead on Operation Expansion and a maximum security situation.

PAT (O.S.)

Yes sir.

GENERAL

Good man. Get on this right away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The General's cart disappears around a corner.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

The bare legs are still there with the pants down around the ankles. We hear the TOILET FLUSH. From beneath the door of the next stall, we see one foot, then another, appear. The door slowly opens. Pat sticks his head out and looks around. He exits the stall carrying his walkie-talkie. He walks to the next stall and opens it to reveal that there is no one there. Only a pair of legs, trousers and shoes. He reaches down and pulls a tab on one of the shoes and everything deflates. Legs and all. He folds it all up and puts it, along with his walkie-talkie, into a small canvas bag that hangs from his belt. He exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

We see a series of wooden doors leading to various offices. One of them is marked RESTRICTED.

Leslie walks by, stops and knocks on the door. It opens as the General sticks his head out.

LESLIE

How's it going?

GENERAL

Fine. Fine. May need a little more room though.

LESLIE

Oh, uh, sure. Go ahead.

GENERAL

Thanks.

The General's head disappears and the door slams shut. Leslie stares at it.

We begin a SERIES OF DISSOLVES as one door marked "Restricted" leads to two doors marked "Restricted." Then three. Then four. And so on. Until all eight doors are marked "Restricted." The final DISSOLVES reveals that all of the doors have been replaced by one long metal wall.

The word "RESTRICTED" is painted on in huge red block letters.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY LAB - DAY

The room is pristine white. A long white table extends down the center of the room.

Leslie and THREE white-coated DESIGNERS are concentrating their attention on ten piles of plastic vomit. They move slowly from one to another.

LESLIE

I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this vomit won't do. Something's missing.

ANGLE ON THE PILES OF VOMIT

They are an assortment of revolting masses.

DESIGNER 1

I agree with you. It should have more consistency to it.

DESIGNER 2

But, Leslie, this isn't your fault. Since your uncle started his private project, the budget for novelty items has been cut in half.

LESLIE

I'm sure we have the money for a few peas, or carrots, or something.

DESIGNER 3

Peas and carrots are traditional. No one's going to buy vomit without them.

DESIGNER 1

What about noodles? Or spaghetti? They're pretty cheap to make.

LESLIE

Come on, how much vomit have you seen with spaghetti in it?

As they continue to discuss the pros and cons of vomit, the walls almost imperceptibly begin to close in. It slowly dawns on the men that the room is getting smaller. Not sure that what is happening is real, they continue to talk as they watch the walls come nearer.

DESIGNER 1

Maybe we should test market some of these...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DESIGNER 2

Sure. People's diets are changing
and, uh...

The men are being slowly forced into the center of the room. Finally there is almost no space left except where the table stands. Leslie crawls on top of the table and picks up one of the vomit samples.

LESLIE

Look, this one we know sells. So
this is a definite. Now, we can
afford to experiment with one
other. Which one?

Designer 3 crawls on top of the table.

DESIGNER 3

I vote for number four. Ham and
eggs.

The other two Designers are now forced on top of the tables
by the closing walls.

DESIGNER 1

Number four or number eight...
meatballs and coconut pie.

DESIGNER 2

Too selective. How many people
eat meatballs and coconut...

Leslie suddenly shouts out to the four walls.

LESLIE

What the hell's going on here!!!
We're working!!!

The door to the office opens a fraction, since the table
has prevented the walls from closing in completely.

Patrick just barely manages to stick his head in.

PATRICK

Sorry. The General needed some
more room.

LESLIE

More room? This is getting
ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Sorry. Didn't know anyone was in here.

(re vomit samples)

Didn't mean to make anyone sick.

(looks more closely)

You guys should change your diet.

His head disappears. The door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Leslie walks angrily down the hallway. He spots Owens talking to a worker. The worker spots Leslie and leaves. Leslie approaches.

LESLIE

What's going on? How much room does he need?

OWENS

Someone else just quit. We're losing some good people along with the space.

LESLIE

Well, what's he building that he needs so much room? How big can toys get?

OWENS

I don't think he's working big. Look at this...

Owens points out a window.

OWENS' POV → OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

We see the other end of the factory. A yellow bus is parked by the corner. About twenty little men are getting off and disappearing through a door marked "RESTRICTED."

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND OWENS

LESLIE

I know. More of them arrive each day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Boy, I tell you, he better be creating something real cute or I'm going to be pretty p.o'd.

Leslie and Owens move down a hallway. As they walk TOWARD CAMERA, we see the walls behind them close in, forming a wall where a corridor existed. They round a corner and head for the cafeteria.

OWENS

There's no room anymore for a lot of the inventory. The General's just had most of it thrown into the old warehouse.

They enter the cafeteria. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Leslie and Owens stand in line for lunch. They pick up their trays and silverware. In the b.g., we see employees seated at tables having their meals.

LESLIE

Well, someone's going to have to talk to him real soon. What about you?

OWENS

Leslie...

LESLIE

Just kidding. I talked to him once. I can do it again.

Suddenly the back two walls of the cafeteria start to close in, shoving the diners and their tables up against each other. Leslie and Owens watch in horror.

LESLIE

(continuing; teasing again)

Or Alsatia could talk to him. She's uh... she's cute and... I could tell her what to say. By the way, where is she? I haven't seen her all day?

As the walls continue to push up against the tables, a voice comes over the LOUDSPEAKER.

VOICE

Sorry, but the General needs more room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Alsatia walks along the grounds, obviously upset. She stops and looks around. She's lost. She can't find her father's gravesite. She retraces some of her steps and tries another direction. Still lost. She tries another direction, then stops -- looking totally helpless.

ALSATIA

Daddy...

(beat)

Where are you?

(walks along)

Daddy? Daddy?! Daddy, where are you?

She stops and tries to hold back her tears. Suddenly she becomes aware of something. She looks around, not sure. She thinks she hears something.

ALSATIA

(continuing)

Daddy?

Alsatia takes a few tentative steps to the right and we begin to hear, very faintly, the SOUND OF LAUGHTER. Alsatia keeps walking toward the sound. It gets slightly stronger, but still muffled.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Alsatia approaches a grave. It is her father's. Muffled laughter emanates from under the grass as the "BAG O' LAUGHS" continues after all these months. Alsatia looks down at the ground.

ALSATIA

Daddy?

We hear the LAUGHTER.

ALSATIA

(continuing)

Oh, Daddy, I need you. The General closed down my department. And Owens is afraid and Leslie isn't doing anything and no one knows what anyone else is doing and... there are a lot of new people around who don't look very nice at all. And a lot of the old people are quitting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the b.g., we see Leslie walking toward Alsatia.

ALSATIA

(continuing)

... Do you remember Faye Mackinaw who used to paint the lips on the alligators? She's gone. Do you believe that, Daddy? Faye Mackinaw.

Leslie's getting closer. He calls out.

LESLIE

Alsatia?!

ALSATIA

And you know what, Daddy? I think Leslie has a girlfriend. I'm real happy about that but...

(seeing Leslie)

... if he doesn't do some growing up soon, I think we're all going to be in... the shithouse.

The LAUGHTER continues as Leslie approaches. He looks down at the ground.

LESLIE

Great batteries.

ALSATIA

Leslie...

He puts his arms around her.

LESLIE

I know, honey. I heard about it.

ALSATIA

Not just me. They took a lot of people's offices.

LESLIE

I know.

ALSATIA

Are you going to do something about it?

LESLIE

I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALSATIA

No joke?

He looks at her.

LESLIE

No joke.

The LAUGHTER suddenly STOPS. The two stand silently by the gravesite, holding hands.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SNOW-COVERED BAVARIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Snow is falling. Everything is silent. Lights wink on and off in homes. Streetlights cast pale illumination on the streets.

TIGHT SHOT - LESLIE AND GWEN

There is a light dusting of snow on their hair and faces.

GWEN

It's beautiful here.

LESLIE

This is my getaway. I'm glad you like it.

GWEN

I love it. Thank you.

LESLIE

I love you. And thank you.

They look at each other and kiss. As they kiss the CAMERA PULLS AWAY to reveal that they are sitting on top of a miniature snow-covered mountain that overlooks a miniature replica of a Bavarian village. We hear the SOUND OF A TRAIN WHISTLE.

LESLIE

(continuing)

More wine?

Gwen nods. A small train chugs around the side of the mountain. One of the flatbeds holds a wine cooler. Leslie reaches down and takes the bottle out of the cooler as the train passes in front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He refills Gwen's glass. They sit silently for a while looking down on the village below. The snow continues to fall.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Pardon the pun, but do you think I'm anything more than a flake?

GWEN

You're a lot more.

LESLIE

I've let everything get out of hand here.

GWEN

You stood up to the General once! Do it again.

LESLIE

I didn't stand up to him. He never put up a fight. He could have barked at me and I'd have run.

GWEN

I don't think that's true.

LESLIE

I wish I had your spunk. You really put up a fight the day they Xeroxed your face.

GWEN

Well, that's because I knew the lighting wasn't flattering in those machines.

LESLIE

No. You're a fighter.

(beat)

You want to talk to the General?

GWEN

You know all it takes? Caring. If you care enough you can only be pushed so far.

We hear a LOUD BANGING NOISE. Suddenly a huge chunk of wall comes crashing down. Through the debris and the plaster dust we see the General in a bulldozer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leslie and Gwen duck behind the miniature mountain to see what is going on. The General's bulldozer hits the wall again, tearing out another large chunk.

We can now see into the "Restricted Area." It is a huge space with a maze of corridors and steel partitions. Little men in orange lab coats walk about with great purpose.

LESLIE

My God! What is that?

The General steps down from the bulldozer.

GENERAL

(to an assistant)

You can take over now.

The assistant climbs up onto the bulldozer, as the General surveys the room.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Yeah, this is a good space here.
We'll take about half this.

(re dolls, etc.)

Okay, throw the odds and ends stuff
in the warehouse and... let's see
... keep the village here. Might
have some use for it.

He walks back into the main part of the Restricted Area.

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND GWEN

watching from behind the little mountain. Their attention is on the Restricted Area. They speak in low voices as the bulldozer moves through the room.

LESLIE

Will you look at that. What the hell's he doing in there?

GWEN

Maybe we better get out of here.

LESLIE

Are you kidding? I want to see what's going on. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

(apprehensive)

You can't just walk in there.

LESLIE

Why not? This is a great opportunity to see what he's doing. He's a little touchy about security but we're not spies or anything. So we'll go in, be very discreet and quiet and if anyone stops us we'll just explain that we were here when they broke the wall down.

GWEN

Makes me nervous.

LESLIE

Come on.

Avoiding the man on the bulldozer, they work their way to the opening. Orange lab coats hang conveniently on a wall just inside. Leslie takes two of them.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Put this on. We'll try and look official.

They each put on a tiny coat, then enter into the mainstream of the Restricted Area. CAMERA FOLLOWS. They move down a few corridors looking where the little men are working on various projects. They are eyed with some curiosity but left alone. So far all they see are plans, blueprints and an occasional toy that is familiar to them.

LESLIE

(continuing)

I don't know what the big secret is. Nothing that unusual here. Boy, that guy is real paranoid, isn't he?

GWEN

Why all the little people?

LESLIE

You got me. Here, let's go in here.

Leslie and Gwen enter an unattended room and look around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the table nearest the door sit several conventional looking toys. Leslie picks up one of them. It's a little plastic car with a revolving musical bubble.

LESLIE

(continuing)

This is our stuff. I don't understand.

Gwen has moved on to another table.

GWEN

Look at this.

Leslie joins her, still holding the toy. Gwen points to a toy on the second table. It's the same as the one Leslie is holding, only with a slight modification making it a little more modern looking.

GWEN

(continuing)

And this.

She and Leslie move on to the next table. The same toy is there, too. Only where wheels existed on the first two, they have now been replaced with tank treads. The next model has the tank treads and a turret with a cannon has been added to the revolving musical bubble. The next two models have been modified to such an extent that the final result is a menacing piece of war machinery.

Leslie is very concerned.

LESLIE

He went ahead and built war toys.

He picks up the ominous looking toy for a closer scrutiny. The turret quickly rotates in his direction and FIRES, blowing a hole in the steel wall behind him. Leslie drops the toy in horror.

GWEN

Oh, my God. Did that thing do that?

LESLIE

Let's get out of here.

Suddenly the place is in an uproar as they run out of the room. CAMERA FOLLOWS. The little men shout at them and try to block their way. They run down the nearest available corridor looking for an escape route. The workers are in hot pursuit.

ANGLE ON THE CEILING

General Presswell sits in a miniature shiny red plane suspended from the grid work on the ceiling. His body is so huge in proportion to the plane, that he looks absolutely preposterous. The plane moves slowly along as he oversees the activity.

He sees the pursuit taking place below and screams out.

GENERAL
Spies!! Stop them!!! Coming in
 for a landing!!!

He throws a switch and the plane starts to lower on its wires.

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND GWEN

They spot an open door and run through it, slamming it behind them. The door is marked in huge, red letters:

DANGER - KEEP OUT

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Leslie locks the door. He and Gwen lean against it, out of breath. They look around the room. The lighting is very dim. They can barely make out a large tank of water and a control panel against a wall. On the sides of the water tank are windows enabling one to look in. A ramp goes up a five foot incline from the floor to the top of the tank.

Suddenly there is BANGING on the door. We hear the General's VOICE.

GENERAL (O.S.)
 Leslie, you fool. Come out of there!

LESLIE
 No, thank you!

They back away from the door as they hear a KEY TURNING. Leslie is quite nervous. He shouts through the door.

LESLIE
 (continuing)
 Don't come in here! If the door is locked, it's for a reason. A man wants his privacy now and then! I'm on a date!

The door opens and General Presswell with several of Patrick's security squad step in. Leslie and Gwen back away from them.

GENERAL
 Come with me, Les. I'll explain everything to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leslie and Gwen back up towards the tank of water.

LESLIE

I'll come by your office tomorrow.
We'll have lunch. Whaddya say?

The men start to move towards them. They turn and run up the ramp to the tank. The General becomes alarmed.

GENERAL

All right. This has gone far enough!
Come down from there. That's an order.

Leslie points to the outer Design Lab.

LESLIE

What are you doing out there?
What are you building? What kind of insanity's going on here!

GENERAL

(to his men)
Get them!!

Leslie and Gwen back up as the men approach. Leslie suddenly slips on the wet surface and falls into the tank of water. He surfaces and clings to the side of the tank unable to climb out. One of the men has hold of Gwen.

GENERAL

(continuing)
Well, so much for him.

GWEN

What do you mean 'so much for him'?
What's that mean?!

LESLIE

Yeah, what's that mean?!

As he speaks, CAMERA PANS ACROSS the water. Two little periscopes like a set of bulging eyes, slowly rise from the depths. Leslie is most apprehensive.

LESLIE

(continuing)
What is that? I would like to know what that is. I would like... take me out of here... You know... well, okay, we could talk now... we... why is that thing looking at me... did I hear someone say lunch?

HOGENSTERN

Should I deactivate the Sea Swine, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

Sea Swine? There's a Sea Swine in here? Yes. You may deactivate it.

GENERAL

(quietly)

Don't do anything. Let's see how this baby works.

The periscope and whatever is attached underneath start to move toward Leslie. He turns and starts to thrash in the water, trying to climb out. Patrick appears in the doorway to the room.

PATRICK

Leslie, don't move! Be perfectly still.

Leslie stops movement.

PATRICK

(continuing)

That thing operates on vibrations.

(to Hogenstern)

Hogenstern, shut it down.

Hogenstern looks at Pat and then at the General who shakes his head "no." Leslie sees the General's negative response and again tries to raise himself out of the tank.

GWEN

Leslie, he said don't move!

The bulging periscope eyes start to pulsate with an eerie light. Patrick dashes for the control panel. The General and Hogenstern grapple with him and as they fight for control we hear a horrible creature-like SOUND from the tank. Gwen screams just as Pat pushes the DEACTIVATION BUTTON. The room is quiet. The three men look at the tank. The thing is gone, the water is still. There is no Leslie.

GENERAL

It works! I told you it would work.

GWEN

What's happened? Where is he?

Patrick walks up the ramp to the edge of the tank. He kneels down and runs his hand through the water.

PATRICK

Leslie? You playing around?
Leslie?

GENERAL

Those Washington boys called me a fool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Leslie?

Patrick stands and looks down at the General. The General looks back. They stare at each other a beat.

GENERAL

Whose side are you on, anyway?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTRICTED DESIGN LAB - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of Gwen being led down a corridor by Hogenstern and Shimer. The General and Patrick walk behind. Through one of the glass partitions we see a strange miniature jet fighter battling air currents.

ANGLE ON GWEN

with tears in her eyes being led down the corridor. It becomes clear to us now that in the various cubicles a futuristic fantasy land of military weaponry is being created.

ANGLE ON GENERAL AND PATRICK

GENERAL

We're going to have to keep her in isolation. She knows too much. I don't want her jeopardizing the project.

Patrick nods half-heartedly.

PATRICK

I never anticipated anything like this to happen.

GENERAL

Well, start anticipating.

CUT TO:

INT. OWENS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Owens sits at his desk looking at the family portrait of the Preswells. He hears a dripping SOUND in the background. He looks around and sees nothing. He picks up his pen and starts to write.

TIGHT SHOT OF LETTER

Already written is: I HEARBY SUBMIT MY LETTER OF RESIGNATION
FROM PANDA MAN TOYS.

He adds: IT HAS ALWAYS...

He hears a SQUISHING SOUND.

ANGLE ON OWENS

as he turns around. Leslie stands behind him dripping wet.

LESLIE

There's a madman in this place,
and it's no longer me.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

Patrick is changing from his security overalls to a black
jump suit that has part of a stop sign painted on it.

Leslie and Owens approach cautiously. Patrick spots them.

PATRICK

I thought you were dead.

LESLIE

You saved my life.

PATRICK

Didn't mean to.

LESLIE

I need your help.

PATRICK

You're looking in the wrong place.

OWENS

There's something about your father
that you should know.

PATRICK

That so?

OWENS

It's about your mother.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Patrick storms down a hallway and into the reception area outside his father's office. He kicks open the door to his father's office like a storm trooper and marches in.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE

The General is standing at a drafting table looking over some designs. He ignores his son's unorthodox entrance.

GENERAL

Ah, Pat, good. I was looking over...

Patrick is on his father in two strides. He lifts him up and slams him up against a wall. He's ready to kill.

PATRICK

Is it true? Is it true you sent my mother on a reconnaissance mission? Did you? Did you?!!!

GENERAL

(still up against the wall)

Yes. But she volunteered!

Patrick lets go of him and steps back in disgust.

PATRICK

You sent my mother, a non-combatant, into a war zone on a reconnaissance?

GENERAL

She had a good eye for detail.

PATRICK

You are a sick, demented old man. I'm ashamed to be your son.

He turns and walks out. The General is alarmed.

GENERAL

No! Patrick. Come back. Come back, son!

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Patrick exits the factory and heads for his jeep. He gets in and reaches for the ignition. A hand stops him. It's Leslie.

LESLIE
Will you help us now?

PATRICK
Right now I'm going to go and get good and drunk.

LESLIE
What about Gwen? Where is she?
Is she all right? If she isn't,
Patrick, so help me, I'll do my
best to kill you right now.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK
That's funny. She's being held
in the Research Lab. But if you
want to get to her, you're going
to have to take out the security
system and get to the General first.

LESLIE
How am I going to do that?

PATRICK
I suggest you get some help.

LESLIE
Patrick!...

Patrick starts up the jeep and drives off, leaving Leslie standing helplessly behind.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LAB - SMALL WHITE ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Gwen sits on a chair. She is alone in the room save for one of the little tanks positioned in front of the door. She sits very quietly for a beat, then very slowly starts to get up. The tank's cannon starts to rise with her movement. She sits back down. The cannon lowers. Gwen moves sideways on her chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tank follows every move. She very, very carefully reaches reaches down and removes a shoe. Suddenly, she throws it up in the air. The turret spins on the tank, the cannon FIRES.

ANGLE ON SHOE

It disintegrates mid-air. Only the buckle remains. It falls to the ground.

ANGLE ON GWEN

She's in awe of the tank's destructive ability.

GWEN

You little creep! You did that!
Is that what happened to Leslie?

TANK'S POV OF GWEN'S LIP AS SHE SPEAKS

GWEN

Did he disintegrate, too? Where
is he? What happened?

ANGLE ON TANK

as its turret and cannon make slight moves in response to Gwen's lip movement.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE GWEN

She notices that the tank is zeroing in on her mouth.

GWEN

What is it? What's wrong? I'm
not moving! Oh, my mouth, right?
Is it my mouth? Okay, here.

(talking through
her teeth)

There. Nothing moving. Okay?
Is that confusing to you? You can
hear me, but nothing is moving?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN (CONT'D)
 You little putz, when I get out of
 here... Okay, okay, if I get out
 of here...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN IN ALL BROWN

A new NURSE ENTERS FRAME carrying a dinner tray.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as she crosses over to old man Presswell Sr. sitting up in his hospital bed, still wearing his uniform. A portable counter is over the bed and the Nurse places the dinner tray on it.

NURSE
 Mmmmm, I think we have a very good
 dinner here tonight.

PRESSWELL SR.
 Gnnnn fmmmm dnnnt rrrnm.

NURSE
 What? What'd you say?

PRESSWELL SR.
 Gracck!

NURSE
 Well, never mind.

She picks up a metal half-cylinder with an elasticized band. The half-cylinder is about ten inches long. She slips the elastic strap over Presswell Sr.'s head so that the trough-like cylinder extends from his chin down to his dinner plate.

NURSE
 (continuing)
 There. All right now. What shall
 we eat first? Some peas? Would
 you like some peas?

She picks up the fork and feeds the General some peas. As he chews, several of the peas drop out the sides of his mouth, hit the metal trough and roll back down to his plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

(continuing)

Is that good? Would you like some carrots?

PRESSWELL SR.

Fnnnnnnn grth nnnnnnnn.

As he speaks, some more peas fall out of his mouth and roll back down to the plate.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO THE ROOM

as the General enters. He walks over to the bed.

As soon as the old man sees the General, he reaches out to flick on the pin-spot that illuminates the medals on his uniform. The General sees them and the anger builds immediately.

GENERAL

All right. How many times are you going to remind me that you're a four star general? How many times?!

The Nurse has just fed Presswell Sr. carrots.

PRESSWELL SR.

Grrrndtl fennnnnnnnnn failure.

Carrots hit the trough and roll to the plate.

GENERAL

Failure? Well, let me tell you something, you old fool. I'm a very important man now. I'm a five star general. You know why? Because I promoted myself! That's why!

He leans over to show the old man his collar. He points to five panda bear pins where his stars used to be.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Five panda bears! Count 'em!
Five!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The old man looks at the pins for a beat, then clicks the light off on his medals. The Nurse continues to feed him.

NURSE

Let's have some potatoes now.

She forks some into his mouth.

GENERAL

Where's Debbie?

NURSE

It's Wednesday.

GENERAL

Oh, that's right. Her day off.

PRESSWELL SR.

Shd111 hrmmn big tits.

NURSE

What?

The General eyes the Nurse's ample bosom.

GENERAL

Yes, she does, Father.

PRESSWELL SR.

Wd1111 you crrrrn to nik?

The General looks at his father's dinner plate and metal trough filled with the dropping from his father's mouth.

GENERAL

No, thanks, Dad. I've already eaten.

(to Nurse)

Would you please leave us alone?

She nods and exits.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Daddy, I've done it. I've finally accomplished what I wanted to do.

PRESSWELL SR.

Yrrrd111 bckkkkn Army?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL

No, I'm not back in the Army. But I soon will be when they see what I've created.

PRESSWELL SR.

(disgusted)

Toys. Ldddlnnnn mmmnnny trrrrtle toys.

GENERAL

No, not toys, you twit. I have created the greatest arsenal of new weaponry ever devised by man.

The old man gurgles with joy.

PRESSWELL SR.

Grrrrdille! Sonny, sonny! Ta ta ta...

He starts to hum "When Johnny Comes Marchinm Home Again."

GENERAL

Little tiny weapons. Little tiny baby weapons that work!

PRESSWELL SR.

Whaaaaaa??? Tooooooys!!!!

GENERAL

They'll eventually be built to lifesize, Daddy. Big toys... that kill.

PRESSWELL SR.

(satisfied)

Ahhhhhh.

GENERAL

We had a little setback today however. But I've got everyone, bar none, under special surveillance. If I can just keep my secret a little bit longer. Well, I gotta go.

He walks toward the door and turns back one more time.

GENERAL

(continuing)

By the way, don't expect a Christmas card from Leslie this year.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESSWELL MANSION - DEN - NIGHT

Owens sits on the sofa. Leslie and Alsatia pace up and down, occasionally bumping into each other.

LESLIE

Alsatia, please.

ALSATIA

Sorry. Didn't know you were going that way.

LESLIE

All right, now, where was I?

OWENS

You were in the heat duct.

LESLIE

Right. If I can get into the heat duct, I could work my way over to... what was once Faye Macinaw's office. That should put me well into the area.

ALSATIA

What would we do?

LESLIE

I want you to stay here. It's too dangerous.

OWENS

Heat ducts are closed down in that part of the factory.

ALSATIA

I want to come with you.

OWENS

Leslie, even if Alsatia joins us, it's not going to be enough. We're going to have to call the police.

LESLIE

We've been through this. What am I going to tell them? That the head of Panda Man is creating killer toys? No, it's up to us.

Suddenly the panelled wall behind them speaks.

WALL PANEL

And besides, it's a family matter.

ANGLE ON WALL

One of the panels turns, revealing Pat, disguised as part of the wall.

ALSATIA

I love that trick.

PATRICK

Did you hear me? You're my family now. Will you let me join you?

Leslie hesitates, then walks to Pat. They hug. Patrick starts to get out of his current disguise, revealing a black jumpsuit underneath.

LESLIE

Can we do it? Can we get past the security system?

PATRICK

I'm the one who put that system in. I'm the only one who can take it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESSWELL MANSION - NIGHT

The white van sits hidden in a copse of trees.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESSWELL MANSION - DEN - NIGHT

Patrick now shifts into his Commando persona.

PATRICK

First of all, we need to be a unit. One mind. One body. One goal. Please stand up and join me here.

He walks to the center of the room. The others join him.

ALSATIA

(to Gwen)

He's good, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

We are now one. In body. In soul. In dedication. We have one thought alone. Victory. Are we all in this together?

Everyone nods.

PATRICK

(continuing)

I can't hear you.

ALL

Yes.

PATRICK

I can't hear you.

ALL

(louder)

Yes.

PATRICK

I can't hear you.

ALL

(shouting)

Yes!!!!

ANGLE ON LITTLE TOY PANDA BEAR

sitting on an end table. As the group shouts, its head slowly starts to turn in their direction.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - GENERAL'S CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

The General and four of his men sit at a large control panel. Before them looms a giant screen. On the screen is the toy panda bear's POV of the activities going on in the den at the Presswell mansion. The General is watching Patrick rally the group.

GENERAL

(re screen)

Well, well. Look at what we got here. Mutiny.

INTERCUT:

PRESSWELL DEN

The group is now at a fever pitch.

PATRICK

Now we're gonna get 'em and get
'em good. What are we gonna do?

ALL

Get 'em!

PATRICK

What are we gonna do?

ALL

Get 'em!!

PATRICK

What are we gonna do??!!

General Presswell is hunched over in front of the screen, fists clenched, cheering along with the group on the screen.

GENERAL

Get 'em!!!!!!

PATRICK

(on video screen)

What are we gonna do?

GENERAL

Get 'em!!!!!

(turns to his men)

I love that cheer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Leslie's car arrives at the bottom of the hill near the factory. Leslie cuts the lights and stops. The group gets out. They are all dressed in black turtlenecks and pants. They head towards the factory on foot.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

The General and his men watch the large screen as it sequentially shows the various surveillance views of the factory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They sit patiently, quietly, watching the screen. Suddenly it goes static, then black.

DESIGNER 1

All right, sir. They're here.
Patrick took out the surveillance
system.

GENERAL

Turn on the twin system.

Designer 2 flips a switch on the panel. The video screen becomes a luminous green and is etched with fine lines indicating different areas of the factory. In actuality, it is a blueprint of the place. Just off-center is a small squared-off area marked CONTROL CENTER.

GENERAL

(continuing)

Not even Pat knew about this. I
trust no one.

On the video screen we see four stick figures moving along.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

The four figures are Leslie, Pat, Alsatia and Owens as they move down a corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The video grid now monitors the movement of the group.

HOGENSTERN

Should we hit them now?

GENERAL

No. Let 'em come.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

The group heads down the corridor tentatively. They round a corner and approach the RESTRICTED AREA. They continue on until they reach the door marked TOP SECRET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The red light over the door is on. Patrick takes out a gold card and sticks it into the slot. The red light turns green and the door opens. They enter. Patrick pulls the card out and follows.

INT. TOP SECRET AREA

The security door closes. The whole area is dark except for the faint glimmer of a few emergency lights.

PATRICK

I'm going to shut down the control center just to make sure all the weapons are deactivated. Leslie, Owens, Alsatia, I'll meet you in the design lab in five minutes. Owens, keep an eye out. If anyone comes along, jam this door. I don't want them getting in. Within 20 minutes we should have Gwen, destroyed all the weaponry and be out of here. Let's move.

Patrick heads off in one direction. Leslie, Alsatia and Owens head the other way.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The General watches as the stick figure separates and heads in different directions. He is smiling. His men wait for the word. The General absentmindedly fingers the panda bear pins on his collar.

GENERAL

Let 'em separate a little more.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - C

Patrick continues on in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY DOOR AREA

Owens waits nervously.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - A

Leslie and Alsatia move down the darkened hallway. As they start to pass the sleeping quarters of the little designers, Leslie stops. He opens the door and peeks in, then motions for Alsatia to have a look. Her eyes open in wonderment as they see the room filled with the tiny sleeping figures snoring peacefully away. Leslie locks the door quietly and they continue on.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The General and his men watch the stick figures now a good distance from each other.

GENERAL

All right, hit 'em.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY DOOR AREA

Suddenly all the lights come on, surprising Owens.

OWENS

Pat must be at the control center.

From around the corner ambles a small, fat, pink and white elephant-like creature. It stops and waves its trunk in the air. The trunk of the elephant, now aimed at him, FIRES A MACHINE-GUN SPRAY OF BULLETS at him. The fusillade just barely misses him. He races off down a corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - A

Leslie and Alsatia have stopped for the moment.

LESLIE

He didn't mention anything about turning on the lights.

Alsatia spots something down a corridor and starts to walk towards it. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ALSATIA'S POV

of an elaborate purple baby carriage with a little curlyheaded doll sitting inside. The carriage is moving towards her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Alsatia moves toward the baby carriage.

ALSATIA

This is adorable.

The hood of the baby carriage slowly rolls back, and the doll raises up on a metal platform equipped with an advanced-looking multi-headed gun. It fires at her and a laser beam burns a hole in the wall behind her.

ALSATIA

(continuing)

Bad baby!!

LESLIE

Alsatia!

Leslie runs down the hallway and pushes her aside just as the gun rotates and fires another beam.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

We see the two stick figures of Alsatia and Leslie racing down a corridor. The computerized abstraction of the baby carriage is in pursuit. In the lower quadrant of the screen we see Owens being chased by the elephant. Patrick's figure continues on alone.

INT. CORRIDOR - F

Patrick moves cautiously. Suddenly from one end of the corridor comes a little clown figure rolling along pulling a big clown head on wheels. Pat is immediately apprehensive. He turns to go back and stops. From around the other corners rolls a little metallic soldier with a huge mouth. Pat's trapped. The jaw of the soldier drops open. The mouth of the clown opens wide, exposing a missile. A cannon slides forward from the soldier's mouth. They both FIRE at the same time.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

On the giant video screen we see two little orange explosions. A BELL goes off. The process is identical to the video electronic games.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the top of the screen a scoreboard lights up.

HOME 0
VISITORS 2

The General looks grim as he watches the stick figure of Pat continue across the screen.

GENERAL
Sergeant Luki and Mr. Clown just
killed each other.

ANGLE ON VIDEO SCREEN

Two stick figures link up with the group of three.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Owens, out of breath, meets up with Leslie and Alsatia.

LESLIE
He knows we're here.

OWENS
What'll we do?

Another toy weapon comes around the corner.

LESLIE
(seeing it)
Quick. Through here.

They race through a door, slamming it shut. The toy approaches and blows the entire door away.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Leslie and the group stop for a second. They look around. Nothing is following them.

OWENS
I don't understand. How do they
work?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

Apparently, they have some type
of sensory computers in them.
Firing devices seem to be
activated by movement.

ALSATIA

What about Pat?

LESLIE

I've got an idea.

He starts ahead. They follow.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The General and his men watch as the stick figures run
down a corridor, stop by a large room, hesitate and enter.

GENERAL

Look at that. They let
themselves get trapped.

(points to the
solitary stick
figure on the screen)

That means that's Patrick, there.

He'd never make such a poor
tactical maneuver. Put some
Tommy Tanks and some Sergeant
Lukis on his tail.

(watches the screen
for a beat)

Someone get me an iced tea.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE ROOM

Leslie and the others stand inside the dark, cavernous
room.

LESLIE

The old warehouse.

Alsatia looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALSATIA

Look, Leslie. This is where they put everything when they took over the factory.

They all look around. The huge room is filled with crate after crate and shelf after shelf of discontinued dolls, toys, gimmicks, etc.

LESLIE

That's why we're here.

OWENS

I don't understand.

LESLIE

We're going to fight fire with fire. Ladies and gentlemen... your army.

With a sweeping gesture, he indicates the innocent fantasy-like world around them.

CUT TO:

INT. DESIGN LAB

Pat is racing along the grid high over the design lab. Tommy Tanks are firing laser blasts at him. A beam grazes his leg, he falls. He starts to pull himself up with his support of a guard rail. A beam hits the rail just as he moved his hand away. Patrick continues on, dodging the barrage of beams.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNEX - ANGLE ON THE BARRICADED DOOR

From the other side we hear DRILLING and EXPLOSIONS, as the mechanical monsters work their way through.

LESLIE (O.S.)

Hold steady. Hold steady. Ready?

ALL

Ready.

Suddenly, the door and the barricade are blown away. Standing in the hall we see a massive formation of the General's evil toy weaponry. The creations of his cracked mind. Slowly they enter the Warehouse Annex.

TIGHT SHOT

as the CAMERA PANS the faces of the group, poised, ready for battle.

LESLIE

(screaming out the command)

Now!!!!!!!!!!!!

WIDE ANGLE

Each one activates his command post of toys. Suddenly the warehouse becomes an insane carnival of activity. TRAINS WHISTLE and TOOT their way around the tracks, little WIND-UP DOGS hop along the floor, BARKING and YAPPING. Walking BABY DOLLS wander around crying, "MOMMA."

The tiny weapons go crazy shooting everything that moves. They have a field day burroughing into fuzzy bears and wooly lambs, blowing them sky high. The miniature carriage continues. CARNAGE

ANGLE ON LESLIE

yelling to the group busy winding up more mechanical toys.

LESLIE

Okay, I'm going to try and make my way to the control room to -- help Pat. Can you keep them busy?

Owens throws a frisbee across the room. Three TANKS FIRE on it at the same time. It disintegrates in mid-air.

ALSATIA

Don't take too long. The mice are going AWOL.

ANGLE ON WIND-UP MICE

scurrying away from the station.

ANGLE ON LESLIE

He jumps from crate to crate as he works his way toward the door. He reaches the door, leaping over a tank and exits the annex. Tommy Tank turns and follows.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the bizarre battle continues.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ANGLE ON THE VIDEO SCREEN

as the stick figure of Leslie moves toward the control room. Tommy Tank follows at a good distance.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE GENERAL AND THE MEN

watching. The General is sipping his iced tea.

GENERAL

That must be Leslie. How the hell did he do that?

HOGENSTERN

Look, sir. Tommy Tanks on his tail.

GENERAL

Not good enough.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Leslie runs down the hallway. In the b.g. we see the tank turn a corner and follow.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The General ponders a moment, then reaches a grim decision.

GENERAL

Activate the Sea Swine.

His men look at him.

SHIMERA

Sir, it's too unreliable.

GENERAL

Activate it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIMERA

Yes, sir.

He leans forward and throws a switch.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK ROOM

The Sea Swine slowly surfaces in the water, its eyes pulsating with their eerie light.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

GENERAL

Switch it over for amphibious attack.

A switch is thrown.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK

The Sea Swine moves across the water to the edge of the tank. It slowly begins to rise, shooting water out of slimy nostrils. It slithers out of the water and down the ramp, trailing water behind it like an evil snail.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE ANNEX

The battle rages on. As the little mechanical monsters continue to decimate Barbie Dolls, stuffed bunny rabbits, etc., occasionally they accidentally FIRE on each other.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The video scorebard keeps ringing up the current score.

HOME	270
VISITORS	16

The General and his men whoop victoriously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The General stops.

GENERAL

Wait a second. Where's Pat? We seem to have lost him.

CUT TO:

INT. DESIGN LAB - PATRICK'S POV

as he looks through a tiny window about four inches long. Through the window we see a Tommy Tank searching for him.

ANGLE ON MINIATURE VILLAGE IN DESIGN LAB

Patrick is lying very still on his stomach, his head inside one of the tiny buildings watching Tommy Tank as it rumbles back and forth on the street... hunting him.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Leslie races down the corridor, rounds a corner and freezes. Down the hallway, in formation, comes a convoy of tanks. Leslie quickly backs up into the other corridor and presses against the wall. The TANKS ROAR by. One after another. Leslie sighs as the last tank passes. Picking up on the sound, the tank stops. Its turret starts to rotate in his direction. Sweat pours out on Leslie's face as he holds his breath. The tank remains motionless, waiting. Suddenly one of the other tanks backs up and BEEPS out a command. The two of them leave. Leslie holds a moment, then relaxes. He checks the corridor. Safe. He races on. In the b.g. we hear a DISTANT WHIRRING SOUND. As Leslie disappears around a corner, a mini-helicopter flies INTO FRAME, holds a beat, then follows. It is a flying octopus with an evil grin painted on its face. Each hanging tentacle carries a rocket.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

as the Sea Swine slimes its way along.

CUT TO:

INT. DESIGN LAB

We hear the WHIR OF THE ELEVATOR starting up. We see Leslie descending in the glass-enclosed machine. He exits the elevator at the bottom and looks around.

LESLIE

Pat??... Pat?!

As he moves off into the design lab, the elevator ascends. Leslie spots the small observation plane that the General used to oversee the work. It is still suspended from the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The men are watching the video screen as the scores continue to ring up. Hogenstern has walked over to the glass partition separating the control room from the design lab. He looks out and spots something. Leslie is in the little plane.

HOGENSTERN

Sir, someone's in the plane!

The General joins him and looks out.

GENERAL

What!! Leslie??!!

HOGENSTERN

And, sir! Over there!

He points across the design lab. The octopus helicopter is hovering in the elevator as it descends.

GENERAL

(with admiration)

Hot dog! These designs are good!

CUT TO:

INT. DESIGN LAB

Leslie, in the small plane suspended from the ceiling, slowly moves along the gridwork.

LESLIE

(looking down below)

Pat?!... Pat?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrick's voice calls out!

PATRICK'S VOICE

I got a tank on me!

LESLIE

Where are you?!

PATRICK'S VOICE

I'm in the village! In the
bakery shop!

Leslie looks down and spots the miniature village off in the distance. The tank still prowling for him.

LESLIE

I'm coming down to get you!

Leslie sees the shadowy figure of the General standing behind the glass partition of the control room at the far side of the lab. Leslie gives him an off-handed salute, as if saying, "I'm going to get you." He then looks over the panel buttons of the plane. He pushes one and the plane slowly descends on its holding wire.

We hear the WHIRRING SOUND again.

PATRICK'S VOICE

Les! Bandit at nine o'clock!

Leslie looks. The octopus-helicopter is heading toward him. It FIRES, just missing the plane.

LESLIE

Okay. Here we go.

Leslie finds himself in a "dogfight," except his plane can't fire back. He raises and lowers his plane, dodging the rocket blasts. FLACK EXPLODING all around him. His plane is jostled continuously. The helicopter circles and FIRES, hitting a wire.

Leslie's plane partially breaks loose from its supports and turns upside down.

LESLIE'S POV - DESIGN LAB UPSIDE DOWN

PATRICK'S VOICE

Leslie! Bring it down! Bring
it down!

ANOTHER ANGLE

of Leslie in the upside-down plane. He presses the control button, but instead of going down he's going up.

The helicopter FIRES again. It hits another cable. It snaps. The pulley system is partially knocked out. The plane starts to speed out of control across the room on the cable.

PATRICK'S POV

as he looks through the bakery window. The plane passes by above.

LESLIE'S POV - ROOM UPSIDE DOWN

He's heading right for the Control Room glass partition. The General stands there. Realizing what is going to happen, he backs up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the plane heads for the window. It crashes through.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

as the upside-down plane with Leslie shatters the glass. The front of the plane is torn away. The plane stops. Still held off the ground by the cable wires.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

of the General's face and Leslie's upside-down face. They are nose to nose. Mouth to forehead. Forehead to mouth.

LESLIE

Give up?

Slowly Leslie swings O.S. because of the suspension wires. Then, slowly, he swings back INTO FRAME.

LESLIE

(continuing)

And you thought I was a fool.

The General stands stern-faced, unmoving.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the General grabs Leslie by the throat.

GENERAL

I'm going to kill you.

Leslie struggles with him, trying to fight him off. The General slips on the broken glass and falls forward. His momentum pushes Leslie's plane backwards and the General sails out of the Control Room and high over the research lab. He hangs on to Leslie for dear life.

ANGLE ON OCTOPUS-HELICOPTER

as it circles zeroing in for a shot.

ANGLE ON THE GENERAL

as he climbs on to part of the plane for support. Leslie continues to fight him as best he can without falling from the plane.

ANGLE ON PATRICK

as he watches the fighting from the tiny bakery shop window, the tank keyed in on him.

ANGLE ON OTHER TANKS

as they enter the miniature Bavarian Mountains, their treads kicking up snow.

ANGLE ON LESLIE AND THE GENERAL

as they both are now fighting on the wing of the upside-down plane. The octopus-helicopter FIRES just missing Leslie's head and tearing a hole in the plane's wing.

LESLIE

(frightened)

That settles it. Next time I'm taking a train.

OVERHEAD SHOT

of the General gaining position and trying to push Leslie off the wing. Below we see the tanks moving into position to fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Below we see the tanks moving into position to fire.

Just as the tanks are about to fire, the octopus-helicopter FIRES a missile. It misses the target and hits the control panel. Sparks start shooting out and it EXPLODES in a shower of fireworks.

The General and Leslie both look toward the SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION.

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

as its blades stop spinning and it plunges to the ground.

ANGLE ON VILLAGE

as the tank that has been pursuing Patrick shuts down.

ANGLE ON THE SEA SWINE

somewhere in the bowels of the building. It rolls to a halt. Seconds later a fin retracts, exposing a button.

ANGLE ON THE BUTTON

It reads:

ALTERNATE POWER.

The button lights up.

ANGLE ON THE SEA SWINE

as it continues on.

INT. ANNEX

Everything has come to a halt. Alsatia and Owens stand in the middle of the rubble.

INT. DESIGN LAB

ANGLE - ON LESLIE AND THE GENERAL

on top of the tiny airplane.

GENERAL

You've destroyed a dream.

LESLIE

Not a dream. A nightmare.

The cable above them snaps. The plane starts speeding across the room and losing altitude.

ANGLE - ON THE PLANE

as Leslie and the General hang on the plane breaks the last cable and sails through the bulldozed wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the plane with Leslie and the General hits the miniature alps and skids along the snow and crashes. Both the General and Leslie are stunned. They get to their feet.

ANGLE - ON PATRICK

as he sticks his head up and crashes through the bakery roof. He moves toward Leslie. The General backs up.

INT. CORRIDOR

as Alsatia and Owens run down it. Alsatia stops at the door.

ALSATIA

Gwen! Gwen! Are you okay?

INT. ROOM

Gwen still sits in the chair. The tank across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

(talking without moving
her lips)

Don't come in. There's a tank on
me.

ALSATIA (O.S.)

It's okay now.

Owens opens the door.

OWENS

They've stopped the General. Everything
is all right.

GWEN

You mean I missed the fight? I hate
that. I hate missing a good fight.

She stands up and kicks the toy tank shattering it.

ALSATIA

Let's go find Leslie.

As she heads out of the room:

GWEN

Leslie's okay? I knew it. I
knew it. I just knew it.

CUT TO:

INT. DESIGN LAB-MINIATURE VILLAGE

The General continues backing up over the Tiny Alps. Leslie
and Patrick stalk him.

GENERAL

Come on, boys. Can't you take a
joke?

LESLIE

I almost let you destroy everything
that my father took a lifetime to
create.

The General spots the Sea Swine out of the corner of his eye.
It is moving toward the three of them. The General starts
to maneuver Patrick and Leslie so their backs are to the
Sea Swine and in the line of fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

I came real close to being just like you.

GENERAL

Come on, let's go have a brew and discuss this. Come on, what do you say? I'm buying.

The Sea Swine has Leslie and Patrick in its sights. It begins to pulsate. Ready to fire. Just at that moment, Alsatia runs in, followed by Gwen and Owens.

ALSATIA

Leslie! Isn't it wonderful? It's over! And the best part is, nobody got hurt.

At that second, she steps between Leslie and the Sea Swine. It FIRES.

ANGLE - ON ALSATIA

Her eyes widen in surprise and then BOING! pop out of her head on metal springs.

ANGLE - ON THE GROUP

shocked. Except Leslie.

ANGLE ON ALSATIA

as her arms spring out of their sockets trailing wire circuitry.

ANGLE ON HER HEAD

ALSATIA

I think I'd like a sandwich now.

Her head falls forward and her wig pops off exposing her computer control center.

ANGLE ON ALSATIA

as she falls into Leslie's arms.

ANGLE ON THE GENERAL

as he topples forward in a dead faint, crushing the Sea Swine.

ANGLE - ON THE GROUP

as Leslie looks down at Alsatia in his arms. Patrick and Gwen are stunned.

PATRICK

Alsatia's a... robot?

LESLIE

My father built her for me. My mother died so early, he thought I needed someone.

GWEN

Can you get her back together again?

LESLIE

I don't know.

OWENS

Her plans are in your father's safe.

LESLIE

I'll get her back together.

CLOSEUP OF LITTLE MARCHING SOLDIERS

moving across the screen in marching formation on their little mechanical legs and beating their little tin drums.

CLOSEUP OF GENERAL

He is wearing his General's hat. His hand is held stiffly up to his temple in salute. He softly hums, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO REVEAL THE GENERAL

on his knees in a hospital bed, holding on to the metal bed bar used to keep patients from falling out at night. Besides the hat, he wears a white hospital gown open at the back, exposing bare fanny. He continues to salute as the little soldier file by.

ANGLE - ON DOORWAY

Leslie and Pat stand there looking in.

PATRICK

Well, he finally got what he wanted.
He got his parade.

ANGLE - ON THE ENTIRE ROOM

The General and his parade, nurse Debbie winding up the toys and on the other side of the room, Presswell Sr. lies in his bed. He is still dressed in full dress uniform, his bed slowly rising and lowering, the little pin spot light flickering on and off on his medals.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Gwen leans against a tree, holding her bike. No training wheels. Leslie's car pulls up. The convertible top is up. He and Pat get out. Gwen walks over to Leslie and puts her arms around him. They kiss gently.

GWEN

Didn't all three of you come?

LESLIE

Oh, yes.

Pat moves the car seat forward and Alsatia scrambles out on all fours. She holds a bunch of flowers in one hand. Patrick helps her up and dusts the gravel off her knees. Her wig sits askew on her head. She looks at everyone and smiles.

ALSATIA

So this is Paris.

Gwen looks at Leslie.

LESLIE

(re: Alsatia)

I still have a little work to do.

They all start walking across the cemetery.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

Leslie, Patrick, Gwen and Alsatia stand at the Presswell gravesite. There is now a tombstone. It reads:

KENNETH T. PRESSWELL
1910 - INFINITY
MAY JOY AND INNOCENCE
PREVAIL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The four people finally turn away. Patrick looks at Leslie, Gwen and Alsatia.

PATRICK

Well, my country calls. I'll be on my way now.

It's a warm moment. They're all very fond of one another. Gwen gives him a kiss. Alsatia steps up to him.

ALSATIA

Will you be back for Christmas?

PATRICK

Of course.

ALSATIA

We'll be having turkey sandwiches.

Patrick smiles gently at her and gives her a kiss.

PATRICK

(looks at Leslie)

Take care of my family.

Leslie nods.

LESLIE

I will.

He reaches out for Patrick's hand. They shake. As Patrick pulls away, Leslie's hand comes off.

LESLIE

(continuing)

Keep it.

Patrick holds up the rubber hand and grins at Leslie. The two men hug. Then Patrick steps back, takes one more look at his new family and turns. As he turns his back on them to leave, we see that the entire back of his jump suit is camouflaged to look like the cemetery. Grass, trees and grave-stones are painted all over the fabric. He takes off at a trot and heads toward the woods. Leslie, Alsatia and Gwen watch a moment, then walk to the car, Leslie's arms around the two women.

FADE OUT.

THE END