

Yogi Bear
by
Jeffrey Ventimilia & Joshua Sternin

Current revisions
By
Brad Copeland

October 6, 2009

FADE IN:

1 EXT. JELLYSTONE NATIONAL PARK - DAY 1

We PAN ACROSS a majestic parkland: Mountains, streams, forests... birds chirp and the sun shines. It's as warm and timeless as the voice that describes it:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Jellystone Park. One of the
nation's oldest and most beautiful
stretches of wilderness.

We TILT DOWN to find a sign arching over the century-old stone-bricked entrance: "Jellystone Park." Below it is a small, crudely written sign (backwards letters, etc.) that reads: "Home of Yogi Bear."

A few station wagons drive in, a mini-van, a small car pulling an airstream trailer...

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For years families have packed up
their cars and headed out for a
weekend away from the busy city.
Eager to enjoy a relaxing weekend
of camping, fishing, picnicking...
And of course, observing the park's
natural wildlife.

2 EXT. CLIFF - DAY 2

CLOSE ON:

A harness being fastened over a brown-haired belly. A small porkpie hat being straightened. A collar being adjusted. A tan muzzle fills the screen, pointing at us in 3-D as it twists into a smile.

YOGI (O.S.)
Boo Boo, I think it's time I
introduced myself to that pic-a-nic
basket.

REVEAL: YOGI, standing atop a small cliff, harnessed to a rope. Beside him is BOO BOO, standing half as high, peering down at the valley below.

BOO BOO'S POV

A family sits on a blanket, next to an open picnic basket.

BOO BOO

You sure this will work, Yogi?

Yogi tugs on the rope, which we see is tied to a redwood tree branch high above them.

YOGI

Simple science, Boo Boo. I've cut the rope to exactly thirty three meters, which when tied to that tree branch, will reach its full extension over that precise pic-a-nic spot, which the family chose because I spent the last two weeks fertilizing it, making it appear greener than the other grass-type areas. Then, after I snatch the basket, I swing to the landing platform, which is ten feet lower to compensate for wind shear and loss of inertia... Then I snap myself to the getaway zip line and ride to the safety of our cave.

BOO BOO

Sounds like a good plan, Yogi.

YOGI

Well, Boo Boo... I'm smarter than the average bear.

Yogi holds his finger up to test the wind, then:

YOGI (CONT'D)

See you at the cave!

He JUMPS. The rope pulls taut and the TREE BRANCH BREAKS. Yogi FALLS STRAIGHT DOWN and LANDS FACE-FIRST with a THUD.

The family looks up from their blanket, puzzled, as Yogi lays there face-down in the dirt.

YOGI (CONT'D)

(muffled from ground)

Something. Went. Wrong.

The TREE BRANCH FALLS ON TOP OF HIM.

YOGI (CONT'D)

--Oof!

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

SLAM TO:

TITLE CARD: "YOGI BEAR"

A funky updated version of the theme as we PAN ACROSS:

3

EXT. BARREN PARKING LOT-DAY

3

Its parking spots overgrown from lack of use, a SPARKLING LAKE with a dozen empty, dusty, canoes at its shore, and finally... a RANGER leading a small group of CAMPERS along a hiking trail. We CLOSE IN:

4

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY

4

RANGER SMITH - 30s, standing proud in his green shirt, pants and ranger hat. He smiles cheerily at the handful of bored campers: An ELDERLY COUPLE, a DAD scrolling on his blackberry, a TEENAGE GIRL snapping her gum, and a YOUNG BOY playing his gameboy...

SMITH

...But the early explorers weren't just impressed by the park's redwood trees - or *sequoia sempervirens* - they were also quite taken with this:

He holds up a piece of reddish colored quartz.

SMITH (CONT'D)

--rose colored quartz... which reminded them of jelly. Jelly. Stone. Jellystone! Which goes very well with Peanut Butter Stone.

He chuckles. The campers just stare at him.

YOUNG BOY

Are there any rides here?

SMITH

No. Sorry. There was a rope swing over the stream--

The boy lights up.

SMITH (CONT'D)

--But, it was impairing tree bark growth, so I took it down.

The boy's face falls. Smith musters an optimistic smile.

SMITH (CONT'D)

But you know what? I *do* have a few extra minutes to take you guys up to Lookout Mountain, home to many of the park's rare mosses!

The campers all WALK AWAY, except the ELDERLY COUPLE. Smith manages to hold his cheerful smile.

SMITH (CONT'D)

...Though there are a few stairs.

The elderly couple walks away as well. Smith sighs.

EXT. RANGER STATION - LATER

Ranger Smith, looking glum, refills a rack of trail maps in front of a log-built Ranger station.

FRANTIC VOICE (O.S.)

Ranger Smith!!

Smith JUMPS, dropping the stack of trail maps, which scatter on the ground. He sighs, then turns to face:

RANGER JONES - Early 20s, think McLovin with a power complex. The kid who always wanted to take names at the chalk board. He's dressed like Smith, but with green SHORTS instead of pants, and socks pulled up far past his hiking boots.

JONES

We've got a four-twenty three in the Redwood Valley.

SMITH

A four-twenty what?

JONES

Bear disturbance. It's probably--

SMITH

Yeah, I know who it is. Why didn't you just say "bear disturbance?"

Jones just looks at him for a beat, stumped. Smith shakes his head and starts off.

SMITH (CONT'D)
I'll go take care of it.

JONES
Copy that. I'll just jump in the
Armadillo and make some rounds.

Jones starts for the "Armadillo," a green dirt-wheeled golf
cart with yellow sirens and the State Ranger seal.

SMITH
Actually, if you could finish
stacking those trail maps...

JONES
Oh. Yeah. Okay.

Smith heads off. Jones burns.

JONES (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Because *that's* why I went through
six months of Ranger school.

He kicks the pile of trail maps in disgust.

EXT. PICNIC AREA - SAME TIME

YOGI is doing something under the raised board of a picnic
table, as BOO BOO holds out tools like a surgical assistant.

BOO BOO
You know, we could just *hunt* for
food, Yogi. All the other animals
do.

YOGI
Boo Boo, I would never say anything
bad about another animal, but they
are all buffoons. A pic-a-nic
basket has everything a bear needs.
And I'm not just talking about the
treats and snack-type goodies. No,
a pic-a-nic basket holds a lot more
than that.

He stares into the distance, dramatic.

YOGI (CONT'D)
It holds dreams.

Boo Boo looks into the distance with Yogi. A quiet beat.

CONTINUED:

BOO BOO
What are we looking at?

YOGI
I don't know.

Yogi focuses back on the table, making one last electrical connection with a soldering iron. He puts it down and nods.

YOGI (CONT'D)
Okay, that should do it. Test
rock.

He holds out a paw. Boo Boo hands him a large rock that's crudely painted to look like a picnic basket. Yogi places it on the picnic table and they stare at it anxiously.

YOGI (CONT'D)
Basket in position, weight sensor
triggered, launch spring starts
coiling, firing pin drops, and...

FWOOOM! A board SPRINGS UP OFF THE TABLE LIKE A CATAPULT, launching the rock through the air-- where it flies out of the clearing, through the forest, and finally SLAMS AGAINST A TREE, falling to the grass below it.

Yogi and Boo Boo watch, impressed.

YOGI (CONT'D)
Sometimes I'm so smart it hurts.

BOO BOO
You're standing on the soldering
iron.

YOGI
Or it's that.

He quickly lifts up his smoking foot and blows on it.

EXT. FOREST - A MOMENT LATER

YOGI and BOO BOO find the test rock on the ground.

YOGI
There's the test rock. Now we just
wait here for a pic-a-nic basket to
fall into our arms.

CONTINUED:

BOO BOO

Are you sure about this, Yogi?
People seem to get pretty mad when--

YOGI

A genius never questions his
instincts, Boo Boo! When you have
a mind like mine, you can't blink,
or you'll put a kink in your think.
(then, noticing)
Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! We've got
our first customers!

In the clearing, a FAMILY climbs out of a mini-van, the Dad
carrying a picnic basket with a pie on top.

YOGI (CONT'D)

And they have pie! Mmmm, I wonder
what kind it is.

SMITH (O.S.)

(calling from woods)
Yogi? Are you out here?

BOO BOO

It's Mr. Ranger!

YOGI

We've gotta get rid of the test
rock!

Yogi GRABS THE ROCK and THROWS IT INTO THE WOODS. We hear a
THWUMP!

SMITH (O.S.)

Ow!!

Yogi cringes, as RANGER SMITH limps into the clearing and
finds them. Yogi and Boo Boo give him a big, toothy smile.

YOGI

Hello, Mr. Ranger, Sir!

SMITH

Did you guys just--

They stare at him blankly.

SMITH (CONT'D)

...Never mind. Look, Yogi, there
was a complaint about a bear
interfering with a family picnic.

CONTINUED: (2)

YOGI

I see. And you'd like us to mount
some sort of investigation?

SMITH

No. I think it was you.

YOGI

What?! How can you even *think*
that? Are you feverish? Let me
press my lips against your
forehead.

Yogi moves towards Smith's head, but Smith pushes him off.

SMITH

Come on, Yogi. We've been over
this. Jellystone is having enough
problems with attendance as it is.
Bears are supposed to avoid people,
not run around stealing their food.

YOGI

I agree, Sir. That's why my friend
Boo Boo and I would never think of
disturbing a family's pic-a-nic.

A PICNIC BASKET suddenly FLIES INTO FRAME and SMASHES AGAINST
THE TREE.

DAD (O.C.)

Hey!!

Yogi smiles guiltily as pie filling drips down the trunk of
the tree. He swipes his finger through it and takes a lick.

YOGI

(quietly, to Boo Boo)
Huckleberry.

Ranger Smith just stares at him.

INT. ARMADILLO VEHICLE - SAME TIME

RANGER JONES sits behind the wheel of the Armadillo, looking
forward as he talks to somebody next to him, like in "Cops."

JONES

Yeah, I guess you could say I got
my start in the Scouts. Climbed to
the rank of Eagle Scout, which is a
pretty big deal.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JONES (CONT'D)

Kind of like the "Navy Seal" of the woods... So Park ranger was a natural step for me. Am I afraid of the risks? Putting my life on the line every time I pull up these knee socks?... No. Eagle Scouts don't feel fear.

SMITH (O.S.)

Ranger Jones?

Jones JUMPS. We see he's sitting in the parked armadillo, alone.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Who are you talking to?

JONES

Oh, I uh... the...

He's got nothing. Smith shakes his head, then notices a SMARTCAR pulling into the parking lot. RACHEL JOHNSON (late 20's) Bohemian and beautiful, if a bit quirky, steps out. Smith just stares, smitten, as she approaches.

RACHEL

Hello. I'm looking for a Ranger Smith?

He manages a nod.

SMITH

Yes. Me... is Ranger Smith.

RACHEL

Hello. I'm Rachel Johnson. The mayor's office told me to see you about shooting a documentary here?

SMITH

Oh... Okay. I can handle you for that.

(winces)

Handle that for you. Sorry. My brain isn't working right. I must've inhaled some Jimson weed.

RACHEL

Ahh. *Datura stramonium*. Known to cause delirium, cramping and--

SMITH

--Nausea.

RACHEL

--Nausea.

*
*

CONTINUED: (2)

Smith's jaw drops.

SMITH

You've read the North American
Wilderness guide?

Rachel smiles and takes a worn paperback book out of her pocket.

RACHEL

I like to highlight all the plants
and animals I see.

She opens the book revealing highlighted descriptions and drawings. Smith, stunned, pulls out his matching book, with pages of similarly highlighted portions. They share an awestruck moment, then laugh. Smith extends his hand.

SMITH

Ranger Smith, at your service.

Rachel shakes his hand, then lifts it to her nose and sniffs it. She stops, mid-sniff, realizing that Smith is looking curiously at her. She lets go of his hand, embarrassed.

RACHEL

Sorry, I just spent three years
living among the orangutans. I
sometimes forget human conventions.

SMITH

Huh. That's... fascinating.

He stares at her for a moment.

RACHEL

(warily)

Are you... challenging me?

Smith breaks eye contact and avoids making it again.

SMITH

No! I... uh... So what are you
here to film?

RACHEL

Well, I was hoping to shoot a local
species, to really capture the
beauty of a national park.

CONTINUED: (3)

SMITH

That's terrific! Jellystone could
sure use the good publicity.
What animal were you thinking of?

RACHEL

I heard you had an unusual brown
bear?

Smith's face freezes.

SMITH

Brown bear?

RACHEL

Yeah. One that talks? Those are
so rare.

SMITH

Talking brown bear? Mmmm, no...
None that I can think of.

RACHEL

Named Yogi? Wears a hat and tie?

SMITH

Yogi... Doesn't ring a bell.

RACHEL

He's on the roof behind you,
stealing a lunch box.

Smith whips around to see YOGI, crouching on top of the
ranger station roof, pulling a string up through an open
skylight. On the end of the string is a MAGNET gripping a
METAL LUNCHBOX. Yogi pulls it out and grabs the lunchbox.

YOGI

Got it!

Yogi turns to make his escape, but his FEET GET TANGLED IN
THE STRING and he FALLS, TUMBLING OFF THE ROOF AND CRASHING
ONTO THE NOW-ORGANIZED TRAIL-MAP STAND, flattening it.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Owwwwww.

Smith just sighs.

SMITH

Oh. Right. Him.

10

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

10

MAYOR BROWN, as short as his ego is big, sits at his desk as a STYLIST removes strips of foil from a freshly-dyed dark brown (and hip) haircut. Across from the mayor is his CHIEF OF STAFF, 50s, equally smarmy looking.

MAYOR BROWN

Bankrupt? But... We're a city!
Cities don't go bankrupt!

CHIEF OF STAFF

They do when they're broke, Sir.

MAYOR BROWN

Well, we have to find some money
somewhere! I'm about to run for
governor! I can't do that when my
own city is going bankrupt!

The stylist hands the mayor a mirror. He looks at his new hair and smiles.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Yes! Now this is a head of hair a
governor would have. Young and
ready to take on the world!

He CROSSES to an OIL PORTRAIT of himself on the wall, with his original salt & pepper hair. He laughs.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

I look like this guy's grandson!
(to portrait)
What's up, old dude?!
Skateboarding's not a crime!

The stylist smiles and hands him an invoice.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Oh, just bill the city. Thanks.

He sits on his desk and puts his face in his hands.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Errgh. How did we ever get so
broke?
(then)
Alright, what can we sell?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Not much. You already sold the public golf course to condo developers, two of our three fire stations to Quiznos... and you were selling the homeless shelter, but it burned down.

The mayor sighs, then an idea...

MAYOR BROWN

Jellystone...

CHIEF OF STAFF

You can't sell a park, Sir.

MAYOR BROWN

We don't have to. We just have to rezone it as agricultural land, and then we can sell the logging rights. Here.

The mayor ruffles through a stack of memos and pulls out the one he's looking for. He hands it to the Chief of Staff.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

This company will give us twenty grand an acre just to let them cut down the trees! That's enough to balance the budget and give each citizen a check for a thousand dollars. You know how good that'll make me look?!

The Chief of Staff looks at the memo, then smiles at him.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Good enough to be the next governor.

The Mayor leans back in his chair with a sly grin.

MAYOR BROWN

Exactly.

RANGER SMITH examines YOGI as BOO BOO and RACHEL stand by. JONES reassembles the trail-map stand in the background.

SMITH

You're fine, Yogi. It's just some scrapes and bruises.

YOGI

I don't know, Mr. Ranger. I'm pretty sure I heard my spine snap.

SMITH

You wouldn't be able to stand.

Yogi considers this, then DROPS TO THE GROUND. Smith rolls his eyes.

SMITH (CONT'D)

And you wouldn't be able to eat.

Yogi SPRINGS BACK UP INTO FRAME.

YOGI

I'm okay!

SMITH

Yogi, Boo Boo, I want to introduce you to Rachel Johnson. She's here to make a nature documentary.

Rachel steps up to them and makes a LOUD, THROATY, GROWL SOUND. Yogi and Boo Boo just stare at her for a beat.

YOGI

What the heck was that?

RACHEL

I was saying hello. I lived with a den of brown bears for six months.

YOGI

Well, the only bear I've ever lived with is Boo Boo, and he only makes that sound after he's eaten potato salad. But from the other end.

BOO BOO

I have problems with potato salad.

YOGI

Yes, he does. And for a little bear, he makes a lotta stink.

SMITH

(quickly, to Rachel)

You know, we have some fantastic river otters that you can film. I can probably get a hat on the slow one.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

RACHEL

No, I like these two.

(to Yogi and Boo Boo)

Would you guys mind if I shoot you?

Yogi and Boo Boo exchange a look, then:

YOGI

With a *camera*, right?

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

Of course a camera. But not just
any camera.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. RANGER STATION - A LITTLE LATER

12

CLOSE UP OF: YOGI, staring into camera, curious. He taps
his finger at the lens (and seemingly our 3D glasses).

YOGI

This isn't gonna make me look fat,
is it?REVEAL: He's talking to Boo Boo's bowtie, which now has a
black lens in the center of it. Rachel makes some
adjustments to the back of Boo Boo's collar.

RACHEL

No, you're going to look great.
This is a whole new perspective for
a documentary. The "Boo Boo" cam
will be able to capture the true
wilderness, unpopulated by humans.

SMITH

Sounds like my apartment!

He laughs. They all look at him.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You know, because I live alone.
(to Rachel)
Just me and my gym equipment...

BOO BOO

And your Mom.

SMITH

That's temporary! She's moving out as soon as her hip is--

(then, gathering himself)

Doesn't matter... I'm always out jammin' with my band, anyway.

RACHEL

Yeah? I'm not much into music these days. The sound of nature is the only melody I need to hear.

SMITH

(quickly)

That's what kind of band it is. A nature sounds... band. I play the cricket.

Smith laughs awkwardly. Yogi and Boo Boo share a curious look, then Yogi pulls Ranger Smith aside:

YOGI

(sotto)

Sir, I can see you like this lady, but your courting rituals need work. What you need to do is follow her around for two days making snorting sounds-- then fight any male that looks at her. Works every time.

SMITH

I've got it under control, Yogi.

YOGI

You can take a poke at me to get started if you want.

SMITH

That's actually tempting, but no.

Rachel finishes adjusting Boo Boo's bowtie.

RACHEL

Okay, Boo Boo. You're rolling.

BOO BOO

Cool.

(faces Yogi)

Yogi Bear. A brown bear commonly found in North America and Alaska--

SMITH

Boo Boo, I don't think you have to narrate.

RACHEL

Yeah, we usually do that after.

BOO BOO

Oh.

YOGI

But I liked where you were going with it, Boo Boo. I was hooked!

Yogi puts his arm around Boo Boo and they start off into the woods.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Let's go get some shots of our cave. I'll shake you around so it looks like "Cribs."

They EXIT into the woods.

Smith turns back to the station as a LARGE BLACK LIMO PULLS INTO THE LOT. The door opens and MAYOR BROWN and his CHIEF OF STAFF step out.

SMITH

What is he doing here?

RANGER JONES, still fixing the trail-map stand, notices and HURRIES OVER (letting the re-assembled stand fall to pieces)

JONES

The mayor! Dangit, why didn't he give us some warning?! I've got to secure the area!

Jones grabs his radio, frantic.

JONES (CONT'D)

(into radio)

All units lock down the park!
Repeat, lock down the park!

As he talks, his voice squawks from the radio on Ranger Smith's belt. Smith just looks at him.

SMITH

You know I'm the only other ranger
here, right?

Jones shrugs as the mayor and his Chief of Staff approach.

MAYOR BROWN

Ranger Smith, we need to talk.

SMITH

You could've just called.

MAYOR BROWN

Well, I thought this would be more
friendly! I'm really working on my
people skills. Anyway, I'm closing
your park down.

SMITH

What?!

MAYOR BROWN

This park costs the city too much
money. Jellystone hasn't made its
operating budget in ten years.

SMITH

I know, it's just hard to compete
with all these new amusement parks--

MAYOR BROWN

Tell me about it! Have you been to
Lincoln-Log-land yet? They have a
roller coaster made completely out
of logs! Just like they rode in
the pioneer days!

SMITH

But Jellystone is special, Sir.
It's turning a hundred years old
this year. It's a landmark. I
would never let it be closed down.

MAYOR BROWN

Mmmm, you actually don't have a
choice. Have you read the city
bylaws lately?

The Chief of Staff hands Smith a heavy leather book and
points to an open page. Smith can barely lift it.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

It says if a park can't generate enough money to cover its operating budget, it can be rezoned for other uses. And since this place loses money every year, we're shutting it down. Sorry.

The mayor turns to go, but...

SMITH

Who says we can't cover our operating budget? The park doesn't report its earnings until next week.

The mayor pauses, then turns back, annoyed.

MAYOR BROWN

Oh come on. One week? You've gotta be at least twenty thousand dollars in the hole.

JONES

Thirty thousand, five hundred and sixty-three.

SMITH

(to Jones)

Thanks.

Jones nods, oblivious. Smith turns back to the mayor.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Well, a lot can happen in a week, Mr. Mayor. So, I'll see you then.

The mayor looks at him for a beat, then laughs.

MAYOR BROWN

Alright, Smith. Have it your way. Take a week! Here, I'll get you started. What's the admission fee for one car again?

Smith looks down at his feet, dispirited.

SMITH

...Four dollars.

MAYOR BROWN

Wow. Four dollars. You're almost there!

The mayor hands Smith four singles and walks off with the Chief of Staff, both laughing heartily.

Smith sighs, then trudges into the ranger station.

INT. YOGI & BOO BOO'S CAVE - LATER

Not your standard bear cave. This one has furniture, a kitchen, a small television, and a framed tapestry that reads "Cave Sweet Cave."

We find YOGI, assembling a complex-looking GLIDER from a large pile of stolen objects (a ceiling fan, tents, a bicycle), as BOO BOO feeds a TURTLE a leaf.

BOO BOO
(to turtle)
Here you go, buddy.

YOGI
Boo Boo, get that thing out of
here! This is a top secret project
and he doesn't have clearance!

Yogi grabs the turtle and puts it outside the cave door. It walks off.

BOO BOO
What's the big deal, Yogi?

YOGI
This is the big deal, Boob.
It's my masterpiece. The most
advanced piece of picnic basket-
stealing technology ever built. A
flawless execution of design and
engineering. The world's first
perfect machine.

Boo Boo nods, looking at it.

BOO BOO
How does it steer?

Yogi pauses for a beat.

YOGI
You think it needs to steer?

15 EXT. FOREST - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

15

YOGI and BOO BOO peer through a wall of bushes at:

A FLY FISHERMAN, standing at the shore of Jellystone's crystal-watered stream. He yanks his rod back to cast, floating the FLY LURE inches from our face in 3D, then YANKS IT AWAY, casting it out over the stream.

BACK ON YOGI and BOO BOO. Yogi smiles.

YOGI

I told you, Boo Boo, everything a bear needs is in a pic-a-nic basket... whether it's yummy snacks and goodies, or flying machine steerin' sticks.

Boo Boo follows Yogi's look to a WICKER BASKET holding TWO EXTRA FISHING POLES, and smiles.

16 INT. YOGI & BOO BOO'S CAVE - LATER

16

YOGI is installing the fishing reels on the flying machine, each reel acting as a pulley to tilt the wings, as BOO BOO sits in the "co-pilot" seat.

YOGI

Well, Boo Boo, the risk was high, but as always, we've come out on top. This glider can steer, dive, shoot rubber bands at pesky-type birds, and even has an airbag.

Boo Boo curiously pokes at a MYLAR "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" BALLOON tied to a post in front of him. It POPS.

YOGI (CONT'D)

...Had an airbag.

BOO BOO

Sorry, Yogi.

YOGI

Not to worry, Boo Boo. We can cushion our landing with all the pic-a-nic baskets we swipe! How's that co-pilot seat feel?

BOO BOO

A little wobbly. Like it's not tied on very tight.

YOGI

Well, you won't feel that in the air. Get ready to fly faster than the speed of sandwich, Boob! We're gonna break the pic-a-nic barrier!

RANGER SMITH (O.S.)

(from outside cave)

Yogi?!!

BOO BOO

That's not his happy voice.

YOGI

Errgh. Don't move! I'm switchin' the glider into stealth mode!

Yogi throws a large blanket over the machine, as well as Boo Boo, when RANGER SMITH walks into the cave.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Mr. Ranger, Sir! Welcome! Can I interest you in a soda pop?

Yogi turns to a vending machine and kicks the side of it. A soda drops out and he holds it out to Ranger Smith.

SMITH

What the-- When did you steal our vending machine?!

Yogi freezes.

YOGI

I, uh... I'm repairing it, Sir. This machine gives its sodas away for free when a bear kicks it.

SMITH

Uh huh. Look, a camper just reported that two bears ran off with his fishing poles. I don't know what on earth you need them for, but give them back.

YOGI

Fishing poles? Sir... I'm a bear. If I wanted to catch fish, I would just use my feet.

SMITH

Bears catch fish with their paws, Yogi.

YOGI

Really?

(then)

Isn't that kind of unsanitary?

Smith shakes his head, then notices the blanket-covered object in the corner of the room.

SMITH

What's that?

YOGI

Hmm?

SMITH

The thing under the blanket.

YOGI

Blanket...?

SMITH

The object right behind you!!

Yogi "sees" the covered machine.

YOGI

Ohhhh. That. A sculpture. I'm sculpting, now. Mostly landscapes.

Smith notices a small lump in the blanket MOVE SLIGHTLY.

SMITH

Uh huh. Where's Boo Boo?

YOGI

France.

SMITH

What?

YOGI

(realizing)

That's not close by, is it?

BOO BOO (O.S.)

(from under blanket)

No.

YOGI

Then he's in the bathroom.

Smith shakes his head and YANKS THE BLANKET OFF THE MACHINE.
Boo Boo gives him a sheepish wave.

BOO BOO
Stealth mode needs work.

SMITH
What the? This is for stealing
picnic baskets, isn't it?!

YOGI
No Sir, it is not.

SMITH
It says "basket-nabber 2000" right
here!

Smith points to a crudely scrawled name on the side of the
machine. Yogi cringes.

YOGI
I do regret calling it that, now.

Ranger Smith rolls the machine into a STORAGE SHED on the
outskirts of the picnic clearing. He shuts the doors and
puts on a LARGE PADLOCK, as Yogi and Boo Boo watch.

YOGI
You can lock away my machine, Mr.
Ranger, but you can not lock away
my spirit!

Smith LOCKS the padlock. Yogi's sits on the edge of a picnic
table, devastated.

YOGI (CONT'D)
Wow. I guess you can.

SMITH
Look, guys... I know I'm always
telling you to leave the campers
alone, but this time it's
different. Jellystone is in
trouble. If I don't find a way to
raise thirty thousand dollars in a
week, the park is getting rezoned.

BOO BOO
What?

YOGI
That's an outrage!

BOO BOO

We don't know what that means.

YOGI

Which is an outrage!

SMITH

It means the park won't be a park anymore. The city will use the land for something else. I have no idea what, but I know it won't be good. So we have to do everything we can to save this place. Which means you have to stop stealing food, so the campers will leave here happy.

YOGI

But they do leave happy! Getting your food stolen by Yogi Bear is like catching a foul ball at a baseball game!

SMITH

No. It's like getting your food stolen at a baseball game. Come on, Yogi. Would it really be so hard to be a regular bear? To forage for food, walk around on all fours, hibernate a little?... Or a lot?

YOGI

If nature had meant for me to be a regular bear, it wouldn't have given me such a good thought cooker, Sir. I can't help it that my melon is full of smart juice.

SMITH

But your melon is hurting this park, Yogi! There are repercussions to stealing people's picnic baskets!

YOGI

Not in my experience, Sir.

THWONG!!! The board on the picnic table SPRINGS UP, sending Yogi FLYING THROUGH THE AIR like the test rock... He sails into the forest, SLAMS AGAINST THE TREE AND SLIDES STRAIGHT DOWN, LANDING ON HIS HEAD.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

YOGI (CONT'D)
(pained)
But I will mull it over.

18 EXT. RANGER STATION - LATER

18

Smith is headed for the station, when RANGER JONES hurries out and heads to the Armadillo.

JONES
Hey. Somebody parked without displaying their parking decal. I'm going to go track them down. Talk to them about it.

SMITH
Why do you have a taser?

JONES
No reason.

SMITH
Jones, being a good ranger isn't about power. It's about keeping the park safe. You know that.

Jones nods.

JONES
I know. It's just the Eagle Scout in me, I guess. Always wanting to be on top. Be the leader. Live up to this fanny pack full of merit badges.

He pats the ranger-green fanny pack on his waist.

SMITH
You know that's for first aid supplies, right?

JONES
Merit badge in first aid is the only supply I need.

SMITH
But it might not be the only supply a hurt person needs.
(then)
Have you seen Rachel?

JONES

Yeah, she headed up to Lookout Mountain. I can drive us.

Jones starts towards the armadillo, but--

SMITH

No, I can handle it. Why don't you grab that trash poker and do some litter patrol?

Jones looks at the worn trash poker leaning against the wall, then at the green armadillo, yellow sirens sparkling in the sun. He hangs his head, takes the trash poker and trudges away, halfheartedly poking scraps of trash as he goes.

RACHEL is setting a camera on a tripod, pointing it at the stunning view of Jellystone beyond. She looks through the camera, PANNING across the valley.

POV CAMERA.

RACHEL (O.S.)

The sprawling beauty of Jellystone Park... A timeless stretch of wilderness untouched by man.

The camera catches RANGER SMITH walking up the hill, wearing his DRESS GREEN UNIFORM. Looking suave... Until he TRIPS OVER A ROOT and falls to the dirt.

SMITH

Oomf!

He scrambles back up, embarrassed, and dusts himself off.

RACHEL

Ranger Smith. Wow. You look nice.

SMITH

Oh, these? Yeah, I always wear my dress greens in the evening, you know... in case... uh...

(giving up)

I don't know how to talk to girls.

Rachel laughs.

RACHEL

Why do you think I spend so much time with animals? It's much easier to be social. I lived a year with a herd of antelopes-- all they do to make friends is stare at each other. I was super popular.

SMITH

That sounds awesome. So, um... How did one of those antelopes ask another one out to dinner?

RACHEL

Mmmm, the male would cover himself in urine, then ram the female.

SMITH

Oh.

(then)

What other animals did you live with?

She laughs again. It's intoxicating.

RACHEL

Are you asking me on a date, Ranger Smith?

SMITH

Well, it is getting late. And I know a great place. Very gourmet.

RACHEL

Really? Where?

SMITH

So close you won't believe it.

SMASH CUT TO:

RACHEL sits at a small folding table on the porch of the ranger station. It has a linen table cloth and a flickering citronella candle. She chuckles as RANGER SMITH exits the station with a covered plate of food.

RACHEL

Wow. How did you ever find this place?

SMITH

Sorry. I just don't want to leave the park until I can think of a way to save it. But this is a four star porch.

He uncovers the dish with a flourish.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Fresh from the hot plate, I give you "Rack of Spam."

It's a sliced loaf of spam, with pineapple and cherries stuck between each slice. Rachel laughs.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Okay, so "gourmet" is a little bit of a stretch.

RACHEL

Actually, it looks wonderful.

Rachel takes a bite and looks at the park around them. The light is getting low and the crickets and frogs are chirping.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

This really is a peaceful place.

SMITH

Yeah, it's something, isn't it? I pretty much grew up here. My father was the ranger when I was a kid, and he made this park the number one tourist destination in the State. Families came by the hundreds... swam in the streams, hiked on the trails, told stories by the campfire...

Smith looks out across the park, dark and deserted.

SMITH (CONT'D)

But not anymore. These days people only want to visit places with monorails and gift shops that will sew your name on a hat.

He sighs, picking at his food.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Maybe it's my fault. I've spent years learning everything about this park, so I'd be a better ranger... But maybe I should've been thinking of some gimmick to get people to come here. Changed the name to *Extreme Jellystone*, or built a skateboard ramp over the butterfly preserve.

RACHEL

No. It's perfect the way it is.

SMITH

You're right. There's no better place on earth than right here.

YOGI (O.S.)

(calling out)

Mr. Ranger?

SMITH

...Except a place without him.

YOGI and BOO BOO walk out of the forest and approach them.

YOGI

Evening, Mr. Ranger. Ms. Movie-maker lady.

SMITH

What do you want, Yogi?

YOGI

Well, I was thinking about the park's prickly predicament, and I would like to do my part to help.

He pulls out a wrinkled wad of cash.

YOGI (CONT'D)

This is all the money I have saved. Almost a hundred dollars. I was going to use it on myself, but I'd rather donate it to Jellystone.

Yogi hands Ranger Smith the money. Smith is touched.

SMITH

Wow. That's very sweet of you,
Yogi.

(then)

Where does a bear get money from?

YOGI

That brown box by the parking lot.

Smith's smile fades.

SMITH

The park donation box?

YOGI

Yup. But I want you to have it.
Consider it a gift to Jellystone.

SMITH

That won't be hard.

(then)

Look, I appreciate the effort,
guys, but what this park needs is
visitors. Lots of them.

YOGI

Well I can help you there, Sir!
Just make me a headliner! I will
rock this place! Kick it, Boo Boo!

Boo Boo and Yogi start swaying in a hip-hop style.

BOO BOO

*Check baby check baby one two three
four--*

SMITH

--Stop.

They freeze mid-sway.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I don't think that'll work either,
Yogi.

YOGI

You're right. We need something
flashier than music. Not a
problem. I've got this waterskiing
routine that will change the face
of entertainment.

(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

It's got a little of everything:
Music, stunts, magic... And I jump
over Boo Boo at the end!

BOO BOO

No, you don't.

YOGI

I want to try it.

BOO BOO

I don't care.

SMITH

You're not going to waterski, Yogi.
Or rap, or do anything that might
disturb the campers. If you really
want to help save the park, the
best thing you can do is just lay
low, stay away from people and let
me do my job. Can you do that for
me?

Yogi looks disappointed, but nods solemnly.

YOGI

You have my word, Mr. Ranger. I
will be seen, but not heard.

SMITH

Or seen.

Yogi sighs heavily.

YOGI

Fine.

He stands there for a beat, then, quietly:

YOGI (CONT'D)

Are you guys done with that spam?

SMITH

Go!

YOGI

Okay! Sheesh!

Yogi storms back into the woods with Boo Boo. Smith shakes
his head as Rachel looks at the re-assembled trail map stand
next to them. She notices a glossy stack of pamphlets in it
and takes one out.

RACHEL

What are these?

SMITH

Oh. Season pass applications. Not a lot of takers on those.

Rachel opens the pamphlet.

RACHEL

Fifty bucks for an entire year, including camping fees? That's a bargain.

SMITH

Yeah. If only this park was a place people wanted to visit throughout the year.

RACHEL

Well, they would if you showed them how great it can be. Maybe Yogi was onto something. A big event could pull people in. You said the park is turning a hundred, right?

SMITH

Yeah.

RACHEL

Well, that's cause for a celebration, don't you think? Maybe something with a little... *Kaboom.*

Smith's eyes go wide.

SMITH

Fireworks! Of course! People always show up for fireworks! We can put on a Centennial festival! They'd come for that!

RACHEL

Right. And if half of them buy these season passes, the park will make enough money to stay open!

SMITH

We've got to get the word out. Quickly.

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

RACHEL
I think I can help with that.

22 EXT. SKY - THE NEXT DAY

22

A small airplane flies a banner that reads "Jellystone 100th Anniversary Firework Extravaganza!" We PAN DOWN to see people in a CROWDED CITY, going about their day. They look up and see the banner. Children point. Parents consider...

23 EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME TIME

23

RANGER SMITH and RACHEL are busy stapling flyers to a telephone pole. They look up at the airplane and smile.

SMITH
That's great!

RACHEL
Yeah, the pilot owed me a favor.
He clipped my glider when I was
flying South with some Canadian
Geese. I got so mad I called him a
(goose honking sound)
Gwwwwooonnt!

Smith gives her a puzzled look.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
In goose that's really nasty.

Rachel staples another flyer to the telephone pole.

SMITH
Thanks again for helping me.

RACHEL
Sure. It's fun.

She smiles sweetly at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You know, you're actually the first
guy I've ever met that's so...
Gwwwwaaaaak!

SMITH
Is that goose for "handsome?"

RACHEL

No, a bug just flew down my throat.
Gwwwaaaakk!

Rachel continues to hack, as we CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - A MINUTE LATER

RANGER JONES walks along a city sidewalk, wearing a sandwich board advertising the 100th Anniversary celebration and handing out flyers to people passing by. He looks miserable.

JONES

(to himself)

Just stay calm, Jones. Yes, you should be patrolling in the armadillo right now, but you follow orders. An Eagle Scout is obedient, kind, cheerful--

A passing STRETCH LIMOUSINE screeches to a halt and pulls over to the curb next to him. The WINDOW ROLLS DOWN. It's MAYOR BROWN. He stares at Ranger Jones' sandwich board.

MAYOR BROWN

What in the heck? Give me one of those!

He snatches a flyer from Jones and reads it.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Come celebrate Jellystone's 100th anniversary with fireworks and fun, and receive ten dollars off a season pass.

(realizing)

Smith's using fireworks to lure people in. Unbelievable.

JONES

Well, in my opinion, it's a bad idea. But... nobody consulted me. Even though I have a merit badge in problem solving.

Mayor Brown looks at him, gears turning.

MAYOR BROWN

You know... When the park is rezoned, I'm still going to want a head ranger. That *could* be you.

(MORE)

25

CONTINUED:

25

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

All you have to do is make sure
Ranger Smith doesn't succeed...

Jones squirms a little, unsure about this.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Just think about it and let me
know. Here's my card.

The mayor hands Jones a business card, then heads back into
the building. Jones looks down at the card.

JONES

No... A boy scout is thrifty,
loyal, kind...

26

EXT. RANGER STATION - LATER

26

RANGER JONES walks back towards the station, sandwich board
under his arm and covered in the dirt and grime of the city.
He drops the sandwich board and collapses on the porch of the
station, exhausted, when he hears a HONK! HONK!

RACHEL pulls up in the ARMADILLO, yellow sirens flashing.
She smiles at Ranger Jones.

RACHEL

Hey! Ranger Smith asked me to make
some rounds to help you guys out.
How was the city?

Jones just stares at her, mouth agape, the color draining
from his face. This can't be happening.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Umm, okay. Well, you just relax.
I'm going to go see how the campers
are doing!

She flips the siren on and laughs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Woo-woo-woo! I love this thing!

She DRIVES OFF as Ranger Jones stares in horror. After a
beat, he takes out the card the mayor gave him and stares at
it, his hands tightening with rage...

DISSOLVE TO:

28

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - MORNING

28

A GIANT BANNER stretches over the park entrance: "Jellystone Park 100th Anniversary Extravaganza!" We PAN DOWN to find a long line of cars waiting to drive in.

ON RANGER SMITH and RACHEL, strolling through a LARGE CROWD OF PARK VISITORS, enjoying themselves on the grassy shore of a sparkling lake. A BAND plays, vendors sell hot dogs and funnel cakes... it's like a Seurat painting.

SMITH

(to crowd)

Get your season pass order forms!
Ten dollars off today, all major
credit cards accepted!

A MOTHER approaches Ranger Smith and takes an order form. Smith turns to Rachel, beaming.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Look at all these people! Man, I
wish my Dad were here to see this.
It's just like it used to be.

RACHEL

Yeah. I've never seen such a big
herd of people enjoying nature.

Smith looks at her.

SMITH

Did you say "herd?"

RACHEL

Did I? Ugh. I've gotta start
hanging around more humans.

29

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

29

HORDES OF FAMILIES walk into the park, carrying picnic baskets, blankets, etc... They pass by RANGER JONES.

JONES

Don't think there's any spots left,
folks. Might want to turn around.

The families ignore him, continuing into the park.

JONES (CONT'D)

Forecast calls for thunderstorms!
Lot of lighting coming. Some of
you won't make it back!

They glance up at the cloudless sky and keep walking past him. Jones sighs, then notices the MAYOR'S LIMO PULLING IN. He cringes.

JONES (CONT'D)

Oh, man.

MAYOR BROWN gets out of the limo and CHARGES OVER TO HIM.

JONES (CONT'D)

Mr. Mayor! Hi.

MAYOR BROWN

I thought you were going to take
care of this, Jones! Look at all
these people!

JONES

I tried to keep them away, Sir! I
spent all night taking down flyers,
I blocked the entrance with an
abandoned car so traffic would back
up, I hung rabid squirrel signs
everywhere. Nothing is working!

MAYOR BROWN

Well, you need to figure something
out! Or maybe you're just not head
ranger material.

JONES

No, I am, Sir! Don't worry. I've
still got a fanny pack full of
skills to dip into.

Jones reaches in his fanny pack and pulls out a merit badge.

JONES (CONT'D)

Pottery. Okay, that's gonna be a
tough one.

RANGER SMITH approaches.

SMITH

Mr. Mayor! So glad you could make
it. I saved you a great little
spot next to the port-o-pottys.

The Mayor smiles tightly.

MAYOR BROWN

Glad the festivities are going so well, Smith. I just hope nothing goes wrong.

He gives a pointed look to Ranger Jones, and EXITS INTO THE PARK. Smith laughs and puts his arm around Jones.

SMITH

We're gonna pull this off, Jonesey! I saw hundreds of people filling out season pass forms, the weather is great, the fireworks are ready, and even Yogi is staying out of the way!

Jones raises his eyebrows.

JONES

Yogi...

YOGI and BOO BOO stand at the mouth of their cave, watching the crowd gathered at the lake in the distance. Yogi paces, looking jittery and weak.

YOGI

I can't take it, Boo Boo. Two days without a tasty treat to eat, and I have to sit up here while they're having a happy birthday Jellystone party.

(sniffs air)

...And they have funnel cakes.

FUNNEL CAKES! I'm going.

Yogi moves to go down the trail, but Boo Boo blocks him.

BOO BOO

Don't do it, Yogi. You promised Mr. Ranger.

Yogi shakes himself out of it.

YOGI

You're right. Ergh! I'm losing control, Boob! I don't know who's steering the ship! Here--

He hands Boo Boo a pair of handcuffs.

YOGI (CONT'D)

I want you to handcuff me to this
tree and not unlock it no matter
what I say.

Boo Boo nods and locks Yogi's wrist to the small tree. Yogi
looks at it.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Okay, unlock me.

BOO BOO

What?

YOGI

It was a bad idea. Unlock me.

Boo Boo just stares at him.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Unlooockk meee! Yeearrgrghhhhh!

Yogi starts flailing around, tugging at the cuffs with all
his might. The tree starts to bend, further, further-- then
the cuffs SLIP OFF OF IT, skinning all the leaves on their
way. The tree RECOILS AND WHIPS YOGI IN THE FACE. He stands
there for a beat, eyes circling, then slowly TIPS BACKWARDS
AND FALLS TO THE GROUND.

Boo Boo holds out the handcuff key.

BOO BOO

Okay, here.

Yogi just moans, as RANGER JONES wanders into the clearing.

JONES

Oh, hey guys. Sorry, I was just
wandering around. Bored out of my
mind.

BOO BOO

Bored? But the 100th anniversary
extravaganza is going on.

JONES

More like 100th anniversary
lameaganza. There's nothing
special about it. People see
fireworks every day in the city.
They came here because they thought
they'd see something... different.

YOGI

I knew it! I should be out there doing my water ski routine! I'm a shining star and Ranger Smith is holding me back!

BOO BOO

I don't know, Yogi. Mr. Ranger is usually right about these things.

JONES

Ranger Smith is in denial, Boo Boo. He's lost it! Yesterday he filled his pockets with dirt and said he was going to start moving the park to his apartment piece by piece!

BOO BOO

How big is his apartment?

Yogi looks at the festival in the distance.

YOGI

There's still time. I won't be able to do the half hour artistic program, but that was more for me anyway. These people need the razzle dazzle.

BOO BOO

I don't think we've practiced the razzle dazzle.

YOGI

You're not supposed to, Boo Boo. That's where it gets the razzle.

BOO BOO

Yogi, I really don't think we should--

YOGI

No time, Boo Boo! Let's go, go, go!

Yogi hurries out of the clearing. Boo Boo shakes his head, annoyed, but faithfully trudges after him. Jones watches them go, then holds up a MERIT BADGE with drama masks on it.

JONES

And I thought I'd never need a merit badge in theater.

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

He kisses it.

31 EXT. JELLYSTONE LAKE - THAT EVENING

31

Music plays as we PAN OVER THE LARGE CROWD, enjoying themselves. MAYOR BROWN looks on, restless and annoyed.

ANGLE ON: A platform in the middle of the lake, where RANGER SMITH and RACHEL stand next to a huge rack of fireworks.

Smith turns to Rachel.

SMITH

Thanks for helping me with the fireworks. I don't know where Ranger Jones disappeared to.

RACHEL

My pleasure.

SMITH

You know, I've been wanting to tell you how much I-- I mean, I've never felt--

RACHEL

(whispers)

Ranger Smith--

SMITH

--No, let me get through this. I'm not good with words, but for the first time in my life I feel so... *gushy*. Like rainbows are--

RACHEL

(whispers)

--I think the microphone is on.

Ranger Smith looks down at the microphone in his hand, as his last words ECHO OVER THE LARGE CROWD. He cringes, then lifts the microphone up and faces the crowd.

SMITH

Hello and welcome to the 100th anniversary of Jellystone!

The crowd ROARS.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how wonderful it is to have so many people here.

(MORE)

31

CONTINUED:

31

SMITH (CONT'D)

I've noticed many of you filling
out your season pass order form,
which we'll be happy to collect
after the fireworks. But right
now, sit back and enjoy the show!!

The crowd applauds. Then, as Smith turns to the fireworks,
the PA speakers suddenly BLARE THE OPENING CHORDS OF:

"The Final Countdown" by Europe.

Smith looks around, mystified.

SMITH (CONT'D)

What? That's not the song I chose.

Then his eyes fall on...

32

EXT. JELLYSTONE LAKE-SKI JUMP-EVENING

32

Yogi, standing on the other side of the lake, wearing a CAPE
made out of a Centennial banner... He is on skis and holding
a rope attached to a CANOE OUTFITTED WITH A LARGE MOTOR,
driven by Boo Boo. Yogi waves to Ranger Smith.

YOGI

I'll take it from here, Mr. Ranger!

Smith's face drops.

SMITH

Oh, no. This isn't happening.
(to Rachel)
Is this happening?

RACHEL

I think it is.

SMITH

Oh, no.

On YOGI AND BOO BOO.

YOGI

Full speed ahead, Boo Boo!

Boo Boo takes a breath and THROTTLES THE CANOE FORWARD,
speeding across the lake with Yogi skiing behind him. Yogi
strikes a pose and grins to the crowd. They CHEER WILDLY.

SMITH
(yelling to crowd)
No! Don't encourage him!

Yogi KICKS OFF HIS SKIIS with a flourish, and starts skiing bare-foot. The crowd cheers even more. Yogi puts the ski rope handle around one of his feet and waves his paws "no hands!" He reaches under his cape and pulls out a baton. Then from under his hat... A LIGHTER. Smith's eyes go wide.

SMITH (CONT'D)
He wouldn't...

He would. He LIGHTS THE ENDS OF THE BATON ON FIRE and starts twirling it. The crowd is eating it up and Yogi is in heaven. He goes for the grand finale and slowly raises the foot without the ski rope on it. He GRINS TRIUMPHANTLY, skiing on one foot with no hands while twirling a flaming baton.

Until the ski rope TUGS HIS SKIING FOOT OUT FROM BENEATH HIM.

YOGI
Yaahhhhhh!

THE CROWD GASPS. Yogi is now on his ass, skipping uncontrollably on the water while he struggles to free his foot from the ski rope. But as he reaches with one paw, the baton gets too close to the cape, which CATCHES ON FIRE.

YOGI (CONT'D)
Aghhh! Fire!!

He struggles frantically as Boo Boo goes to stop the boat, but then sees he's headed RIGHT FOR THE FIREWORKS PLATFORM.

SMITH
Boo Boo! Turn!

Boo Boo pushes hard on the motor handle and the canoe veers away sharply, just as Yogi gets his foot loose and is SLINGSHOT TOWARDS THE PLATFORM. Smith grabs Rachel.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Juuummmmmpp!

They JUMP OFF THE PLATFORM, hitting the water the moment YOGI heads straight for it, but at the last second he manages to SKIP OFF THE WATER and FLY OVER THE PLATFORM. He PLUNGES INTO THE WATER on the other side, then bobs up, smiling.

YOGI
It's okay! I cleared it!

He laughs, thrilled, then notices THE FLAMING CAPE, which detached in the air and is now DRIFTING DOWN TO THE FIREWORKS.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

It falls on the rack. All the fireworks CATCH ON FIRE at once, making them SHOOT OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS. PEOPLE on the shore SCREAM AND RUN for cover as fireworks explode around them. Some in bleachers, some shooting underwater like torpedoes and exploding on the shore. All in brilliant 3D.

MAYOR BROWN watches the turmoil with a satisfied smile. A FIREWORK PLUNGES INTO THE WATER IN FRONT OF HIM and EXPLODES. Water SPLASHES UP like a cannonball hit it, DRENCHING THE MAYOR. He fumes, looking like drowned rat.

On the PLATFORM, Yogi crawls onto it and looks around. He sees the chaos, the people running for their cars, and his face says it all. He blew it.

As the sun rises, RANGER SMITH stands alone, surveying the devastation on the shore. The ground is covered with the detritus of the campers who fled. Burnt blankets, upended coolers, etc.

Smith bends down and picks up a partially-burnt season pass order form and stares at it. He was so close. He lets it fall to the ground... as YOGI and BOO BOO approach, riddled with guilt.

Yogi looks up at Smith, struggling to find the words.

YOGI

Mr. Ranger, I... I thought--

SMITH

That's the problem, Yogi. All the "thinking." You know what would be great? If you didn't think. If you could just be a regular bear, sitting in the woods, minding your own business. But nooo, you're "different." You refuse to be like all the other bears. And now Jellystone is going to pay the price. I hope you're happy.

Smith walks off, alone, as Yogi hangs his head, devastated.

34

EXT. JELLYSTONE PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

34

MAYOR BROWN hangs a "PARK CLOSED" sign on the entrance of Jellystone, as RANGER SMITH, RACHEL, and RANGER JONES watch.

MAYOR BROWN

Ranger Smith, you should head to your reassignment. I'm sure you'll find "Evergreen Park" *delightful*. Ranger Jones will stay on here as head ranger.

SMITH

What?

MAYOR BROWN

Yup. Jones knows how to be a team player. He was a big help to me.

Smith glares at Jones, who can't look him in the eye.

SMITH

Is this what they mean by "Scout's honor?"

JONES

Um... I should, uh...

Jones slinks away towards the Ranger office. Mayor Brown laughs and walks away as well. Smith shakes his head and picks up his box of stuff, taking a last look at Jellystone.

RACHEL

You did everything you could.

SMITH

It doesn't matter. This place needed a Ranger who could make it popular again. I'm just some guy who knows how old every tree is. A lot of good that did Jellystone.

RACHEL

Well, I've got Boo Boo's camera footage. Maybe when the documentary comes out, the publicity will--

SMITH

--No, it won't. People don't care about parks. And they don't care about wildlife documentaries.

34

CONTINUED:

34

Rachel looks wounded.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Face it. You and I are people that care about things that nobody else does. That's why we're alone.

Smith starts to his jeep.

RACHEL

Or maybe that's why we found each other. Did you ever think of that?

He pauses, but is too consumed with his own misery to face her.

SMITH

No. I wasn't meant to find anybody, Rachel. You and this park have one thing in common. You deserve a better man than me. Goodbye.

He continues to his jeep as Rachel watches, heartbroken. He takes one long look back at the park, eyes welling up.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Dad.

He gets in the jeep, starts it up and DRIVES OFF.

35

EXT. FOREST- MOMENTS LATER

35

From the edge of the forest, YOGI and BOO BOO, heartbroken, watch Ranger Smith drive off. Boo Boo sniffles a bit.

BOO BOO

Ranger Smith is really gone.

He wipes a tear from his eye, then looks up at Yogi, who is weirdly silent and cold. Yogi SLOWLY TAKES OFF HIS HAT and drops it to the ground. Boo Boo looks concerned.

BOO BOO (CONT'D)

Yogi? What are you doing?

YOGI

I'm done being special, Boo Boo. Ranger Smith was right. My whole life I've been different, and it's done nothing but hurt people.

(MORE)

35

CONTINUED:

35

YOGI (CONT'D)

The world would be better off if I
was...

(struggling with the
words)

As smart... as the average bear.

Yogi takes off his collar and tie.

YOGI (CONT'D)

If you need me, I'll be in the
woods, living like every other bear
does. Because that's all I am now.

Yogi starts off into the woods, then pauses. He drops down
on all fours, and continues away like a typical bear.

MUSIC CUE: "Helpless" by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

OVER:

36

EXT. YOGI & BOO BOO'S CAVE - LATER

36

YOGI looks around at his well-furnished cave, his television
set, his cot with a down comforter. He takes the "Cave Sweet
Cave" tapestry down from the wall and exits.

37

INT. ROCK OVERHANG - LATER

37

A small, exposed hollow in the side of a mountain. Yogi
pushes a pile of sticks and grass together on the floor, then
hangs the "Cave Sweet Cave" sign over it. He stares at his
new home, sad, as his STOMACH GRUMBLES. He considers...

38

EXT. STREAM - LATER

38

An underwater shot of a crystal-clear stream, a SALMON
swimming happily along... when YOGI SUDDENLY PLUNGES IN AFTER
IT, managing to grab its tail. The salmon squirms to get
free (swimming towards camera in 3D) and finally slips out of
Yogi's grasp. We stay with Yogi as he surfaces, soaking wet
and annoyed... He DIVES FOR THE FISH AGAIN, but comes up
empty-handed again, punching the water angrily.

39

EXT. STREAM-LATER

39

Yogi stands perfectly still in the water, holding a tree
branch above his head like a club. His eyes move as he
tracks the salmon in the water, then SMASHES THE CLUB DOWN ON
IT. Nothing. He tries to club it again. Nope.

40 EXT. STREAM-LATER 40

Yogi has constructed a rope lasso trap, which is tied to a bent-over tree. He gently lays the rope loop in the stream and puts a worm in the middle of it. He waits patiently... But the fish doesn't come. TIME ELAPSES. Hours have gone by. Yogi's stomach is rumbling painfully. He notices a LARGE BEEHIVE hanging from a tree, dripping with honey. He smiles.

41 EXT. STREAM-LATER 41

LATER - Yogi is on a tree branch trying to knock down the beehive with a stick. He stretches to give it a whack, and loses his balance, FALLING OFF THE BRANCH and CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

Yogi lays flat on the ground, moaning, as the swaying beehive DETACHES and FALLS TO THE GROUND BESIDE HIM. The bees ANGRILY SWARM HIM.

YOGI
Yeeeeaaaoooooooooww!!

Yogi runs around, swatting and jumping from the stings, then HEADS FOR THE STREAM. He RUNS INTO THE WATER, but accidentally STEPS IN THE LASSO TRAP and is SWEPT INTO THE AIR, dangling helplessly by the rope around his ankle. He looks down at the water below him, as the SALMON casually swims by and eats the worm. Yogi fumes.

42 EXT. FOREST - LATER 42

YOGI approaches a berry bush and sighs. This will have to do. He picks a berry and eats it. Hmmm. Not bad. He starts picking the berries and cramming them into his mouth as fast as he can. Then-- a weird feeling in his stomach. He grabs his belly, curious, then his EYES SUDDENLY GO WIDE. He SPRINTS AWAY.

43 EXT. PARK RESTROOMS - LATER 43

Yogi hurries to the public restrooms, holding his stomach and cringing in pain-- then pauses. He looks at the men's room, then at the forest. He sighs, then changes course and hurries towards the forest.

A BEAT LATER, he comes back into frame, runs into the men's room, then runs back out holding a roll of toilet paper. He hurries back into the forest again.

44 INT. YOGI & BOO BOO'S CAVE - NIGHT 44

BOO BOO lays in his sleeping bag, worried. He looks over at Yogi's cot, which is empty.

45 EXT. ROCK OVERHANG - SAME TIME 45

Yogi squirms uncomfortably on the bed of grass and sticks. He hears the sound of an OWL and freezes. That was totally creepy. Then a COYOTE HOWL. Yogi SHOOTS UP, startled, and BANGS HIS HEAD ON THE LOW OVERHANG. He rubs his forehead in agony, then lays back down, eyes darting around at every creepy sound of the night.

END MUSIC CUE.

46 EXT. RANGER STATION AREA - THE NEXT DAY 46

RANGER JONES speeds along in the Armadillo, sirens flashing, talking over his shoulder again ("COPs style.")

JONES

In pursuit of a suspect. He
clearly has something that doesn't
belong to him, and as head ranger,
I'm not going to stand for it.

REVEAL he's chasing a RABBIT with a POTATO CHIP BAG IN ITS MOUTH.

JONES (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Pull over!!

The rabbit takes a sharp turn and disappears into the woods. Jones skids to stop and bangs the steering wheel.

JONES (CONT'D)

(ala cops)

When they head into a populated
area like that, it's just not worth
it. Not without air support.

Jones pauses as he senses something strange. He realizes THE GROUND IS RUMBLING. An earthquake? Jones shifts the armadillo into gear and drives to:

EXT. JELLYSTONE PARK ENTRANCE - A MINUTE LATER

RANGER JONES pulls up in the armadillo to see: A GROUP OF LOGGING VEHICLES: earth movers, tractors, whatever we're actually using for the shoot, PARKING OUTSIDE THE JELLYSTONE ENTRANCE.

A group of logging-company workers set up a chain-link fence around the perimeter of the park, along with metal signs that read "DANGER - HIGH POWERED MACHINERY."

Jones looks around, confused and concerned. He notices a small BOBCAT TRACTOR inside the park MARKING TREES WITH A SPRAY-PAINTED "X" and hurries to intercept it.

EXT. FOREST - A MOMENT LATER

ANGLE ON: BOBCAT TRACTOR. It goes to mark another tree as Jones runs in front of it.

JONES
Hey, hey, hey! HEY!

The tractor pauses and a HUSKY LOGGER leans out of it.

LOGGER
Out of the way, buddy. I've gotta get these trees marked for cutting.

JONES
What?! You're not cutting these trees down. This is a park.

LOGGER
It won't be after tomorrow. The mayor is signing paperwork to open it up for logging. Now move it.

He starts the tractor back up as Jones just stands there, reeling.

JONES
Logging? But that wasn't-- I never approved that.

LOGGER
Don't care. Move.

JONES
(ignoring him)
I mean, I'm a head ranger. The mayor can't just--

CONTINUED:

LOGGER

Alright, have it your way.

The logger shrugs and resumes painting on the tree, but now half of the "X" gets painted on Jones' chest, who burns.

48

EXT. EVERGREEN PARK - LATER

48

CLOSE ON: RANGER SMITH - standing next to a sign that reads "Evergreen Park." PULL BACK to see the "park" is a skinny strip of grass between TWO BUSY ROADS in the middle of the city. High-rises tower around it, blocking the sun, as buses and garbage trucks zoom by, belching black smoke. Smith coughs, struggling to breathe through the noxious fumes.

A STRETCH LIMO pulls up and the window rolls down, revealing MAYOR BROWN. He laughs.

MAYOR BROWN

Ahhh, Evergreen park. Lovely, isn't it?

SMITH

You call this a park? It doesn't even have an evergreen!

Mayor Brown leans out of his car and looks up at the single, weirdly-straight green tree in the middle of the park.

MAYOR BROWN

Sure it does! Right there.

SMITH

That's a cellphone tower.

MAYOR BROWN

Oh. Well, it *is* always green.

He laughs again.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Look, if you miss Jellystone so much-- come by tomorrow. I'm giving a little press conference there to tell the city about the rezoning.

SMITH

You think people are going to be happy you're closing the most beautiful park in the State?

MAYOR BROWN

They will when they find out it's making the city rich, and giving each citizen a check for a thousand dollars.

Smith's eyes narrow.

SMITH

How is that possible?

MAYOR BROWN

Turns out there's some agricultural interest in the park. And it's a lot more profitable than people in station wagons making s'mores.

(laughs)

Have a good day, Ranger Smith.

Mayor Brown nods to the driver and the limo SPEEDS OFF. Smith looks puzzled.

SMITH

Agricultural interest?

EXT. FOREST - SAME

BOO BOO walks through the forest, looking lonely and dejected. He hears an approaching roar and the BOBCAT TRACTOR ROARS OUT OF THE FOREST. Boo Boo DIVES OUT OF ITS PATH as it speeds by. He gets up, confused, then notices a NEON PAINTED "X" on the tree. Then, beyond it...

The GROUP OF LOGGING VEHICLES, idling menacingly outside the park entrance. Boo Boo stares at the steel jaws of the tree-cutter tractors, a rack of industrial chain-saws, earth movers, a stump-driller...

His face falls, horrified.

BOO BOO

Oh noooo.

He turns and RUNS INTO THE WOODS.

YOGI, eyes bloodshot, fur matted and tangled, stands at the trunk of a tree, chewing joylessly on a piece of bark. BOO BOO staggers up, panting and exhausted.

BOO BOO
Yogi?! I've been looking
everywhere for you.

YOGI
(listless)
Just having another bark sandwich,
Boo Boo. Can't get enough of these
in my belly. Literally. I keep
throwing them up.

BOO BOO
Jellystone is in trouble, Yogi!

Yogi shrugs apathetically.

YOGI
Doesn't matter, Boo Boo. There's
nothing I can do. My brain is out
of business. I'm average, now. I
wouldn't even be standing if I
didn't have blisters on my paws.

Yogi starts away, but Boo Boo stands in front of him,
blocking his path.

BOO BOO
No. You never listen to me, Yogi.
But you're going to now.

Yogi looks at him, a little stunned.

BOO BOO (CONT'D)
You're not average. You're
special... and there's nothing
wrong with that. You just have to
use your gift for the right
reasons. Not to steal food or be
famous, but to make the world a
better place. And you can still do
that. You have to save this park,
Yogi. It's more than just our
home. It's Jellystone.

Yogi stares out at the valley beyond, struggling with this.

YOGI
...How do you know it's in trouble?

BOO BOO
Come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. JELLYSTONE ENTRANCE - LATER

YOGI and BOO BOO stand at the edge of the forest, staring out at the field of logging equipment. Flat beds line up for logs, monster-looking earth-movers are being filled with gas, a LOGGER sharpens the blades on his saw... behind him is a redwood tree with a neon 'X' painted on the trunk. We WIDEN to reveal EVERY TREE IN THE FOREST has an 'X'. Another LOGGER walks up and examines the trunk of a thick redwood, nodding to the other loggers.

LOGGER #2

(re: tree)

We should go with the titanium blades on these big ones. Slice through 'em in one shot. Boom.

BACK ON: YOGI and BOO BOO.

Yogi just stares for a long beat, a steely rage building in his eyes...

YOGI

Boo Boo?

BOO BOO

Yes, Yogi?

YOGI

Get. My. Collar.

DRAMATIC "RAMBO" MUSIC PLAYS OVER:

A familiar GREEN HAT being pulled onto a head.

A WHITE COLLAR is clipped on.

A GREEN TIE is pulled tight.

REVEAL: YOGI, dressed and ready for action.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Nobody is gonna hurt Jellystone.

Boo Boo smiles.

END MUSIC

Yogi and Boo Boo head away from the park.

51

CONTINUED:

51

BOO BOO

Where are we going, Yogi?

YOGI

We can't get Jellystone back alone,
Boo Boo. My thinker is good, but
Ranger Smith's is better.

BOO BOO

He said he was going to a place
called "Evergreen Park."

YOGI

That's right. In the city.

Boo Boo raises his eyebrows.

BOO BOO

The city? That's a long walk.

YOGI

Don't be silly, Boo Boo. I've
already got a smarty-smart cheat to
keep our feet off the street!

We hear a distant TRAIN WHISTLE BLOW and Yogi smiles slyly.

52

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - LATER

52

A TRAIN speeds along the tracks as YOGI and BOO BOO run after
it.

BOO BOO

There's an open door!

YOGI

Jump for it!

They run for the open doorway of a BOXCAR. Yogi grabs Boo
Boo by the collar and TOSSES HIM IN. Boo Boo offers a paw to
Yogi, but Yogi is having trouble keeping up with the train.
He finally grasps Boo Boo's paws, but he's too heavy for Boo
Boo to pull up. Yogi's bottom half swings outside the train,
his tail BANGING REPEATEDLY AGAINST PASSING FENCE POSTS.

YOGI (CONT'D)

(slamming into posts)

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

52

CONTINUED:

52

And CLAAAANG! He slams into a metal railroad crossing sign, vibrating his entire body like a cymbal, as Boo Boo finally manages to PULL HIM IN. Yogi collapses on the floor of the boxcar.

THEN, the train HISSES and SLOWS TO A STOP. They see a TRAIN STATION outside the open door and stare wearily at it.

BOO BOO

...I guess it makes a stop here.

YOGI

(pained)

Yup.

53

EXT. CITY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

53

A bustling, cheap-to-shoot-in city, the TRAIN CRUISES THROUGH and YOGI and BOO BOO peer out and smile satisfactorily. Yogi nods to Boo Boo and they JUMP OUT OF THE SPEEDING BOXCAR, tumbling and rolling along the gravel shoulder.

The struggle to stand up, groaning, as the TRAIN SLOWS TO A STOP AT A STATION A BLOCK AWAY. They look at it.

YOGI

Are you serious?!

Boo Boo spits out a mouthful of gravel.

54

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

54

Yogi and Boo Boo look at a map, then up at the street sign.

BOO BOO

Looks like Evergreen Park is about two miles away from here.

YOGI

Alright, Boo Boo. I'll get us there in a jiff!

(calls out)

Taxi!!

Yogi WAVES DOWN A CAB. The DRIVER rolls down his window and looks them over, skeptical.

TAXI DRIVER

Wow. Talking bear. Don't see many of you guys around here.

YOGI

Well, we'd like a ride in your taxi cab, Mr. Taxi man!

TAXI DRIVER

No.

YOGI

That's not the answer I expected.

TAXI DRIVER

Bears don't ride in taxis, pal. Because bears don't have money.

YOGI

How can you be so sure?

TAXI DRIVER

Because you don't have pockets. Or pants.

Yogi glances down.

YOGI

Well, I've never noticed that before, but now I do feel a little awkward.

The cab driver PULLS AWAY.

BOO BOO

It's only a few miles, Yogi. I think we can walk it.

YOGI

Okay, Boo Boo. I'm willing to try.

SMASH CUT TO:

Yogi lays flat on the sidewalk, staring up at the sun and moaning like he's been roaming the desert for weeks.

YOGI

(exhausted)

I'm not gonna make it, Boo Boo. You can eat me to stay alive if you need to, though I might taste a tad grizzly.

Boo Boo looks down at him, then back up at the street sign they started at.

BOO BOO

We've only gone twenty feet, Yogi.

Yogi looks up at the street sign.

YOGI

Oh... Felt like forty.

He struggles to get back to his feet, then notices something on the sidewalk:

YOGI (CONT'D)

Is that a Snickers bar?! Hey, hey, hey, it's my lucky day!

Yogi picks up the Snickers bar and licks his chops.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Snack break!

BOO BOO

Come on, Yogi. We need to keep moving. It's not that far and it's all downhill.

YOGI

Downhill?

Yogi notices a HOMELESS GUY pushing his shopping cart and smiles at him.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Dirty shopper, any chance my friend and I might borrow your wheely-basket?

The man looks at him, considering.

HOMELESS MAN

Is that a Snickers bar?

Yogi looks down at his Snickers bar, bummed, then reluctantly hands it over.

RANGER SMITH sits on the stoop of the tiny ranger station, bored and beaten. His cell phone rings and he answers:

SMITH

Ranger Smith... Oh, hey, mom...
Yeah, I'm okay. It's not
Jellystone, but at least there's
nothing here to drive me crazy.

The SHOPPING CART rolls past him on the sidewalk, with YOGI
and BOO BOO riding in it.

YOGI

Hey, Mr. Ranger.

SMITH

Hey, Yogi.

They roll out of frame and Smith goes back to the phone,
then, realizing:

SMITH (CONT'D)

Yogi?!

He JUMPS UP AND HURRIES AFTER THEM.

The cart has rolled to a stop in the bike path. Yogi and Boo
Boo climb out, as Smith comes running up to them, staring in
disbelief.

SMITH

Wh-- What are you guys doing here?

YOGI

We need your help, Mr. Ranger, Sir.
But don't worry, I just came to
politely ask. My days of goofing
things up for you are over.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yyeaaaaa!!

A roller blader comes speeding down the bike path and sees
the SHOPPING CART in his way. He CRASHES OVER IT, tumbling
off the path and out of frame. Yogi winces.

YOGI

(meek)

I'm just going to put this over
here.

He pushes the cart off the bike path. Smith burns.

SMITH

What do you want from me, Yogi? I don't have a life left for you to ruin, now.

YOGI

Sir, I know I messed things up, and I'm-- I'm sorry. I never meant to. You and Boo Boo are the best friends I've ever had, and I've never done anything but think of myself. And now Jellystone is going to be just a big field of stumps.

SMITH

What?

BOO BOO

They're going to start cutting down the trees tomorrow.

Smith is stunned, realizing...

SMITH

Agricultural use is *logging*? Oh, no. Not our Jellystone.

YOGI

We have to save it, Sir. But my smarts aren't smart enough. We need stragedy.

Smith considers for a beat.

SMITH

I don't think we *can* save it, Yogi. I'm no smarter than you are. If I was half the ranger my Dad was, I would have found a way to keep the park popular in the first place. But I couldn't. I lost Jellystone. I lost Rachel... It's over.

YOGI

Mr. Ranger... I've learned two things from stealin' pic-a-nic baskets: One - light mayonnaise is not nearly as good as regular mayonnaise. And two - You can't fail if you never stop trying. You have to fight for the things you love.

(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

Whether it's a park, a girl, or a
roast beef sandwich. Don't give up
now. We're all Jellystone's got.

Smith takes this in and nods.

SMITH

You're right. We have to try.
Even if we just chain ourselves to
a tree or something. Come on!

Smith hurries off to his jeep. Yogi and Boo Boo smile.

YOGI

All right! Let's go go go!
(then, quietly to Boo Boo)
Was he serious about that chained-
to-the-tree thing?

Boo Boo shrugs, as we CUT TO:

EXT. JELLYSTONE PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

SMITH, BOO BOO and YOGI (with his head out the window), speed
along in Smith's jeep. They pull up to the entrance of the
park, which is now surrounded by a locked chain link fence.
Smith looks around at all the logging equipment and shakes
his head.

SMITH

I never thought I'd see this.
Happy 100th birthday, Jellystone.

BOO BOO

Isn't that Ms. Movie lady?

Boo Boo points to the chained-gate entrance of the park,
where RACHEL is shouting at RANGER JONES through the chain-
link. A handful of SECURITY GUARDS IN BLACK SUITS stand next
to Jones.

SMITH

What the--

They hurry over to her.

ANGLE ON: RACHEL and JONES.

RACHEL

Let me in, Jones! Now!

CONTINUED:

JONES

I told you, I can't. I have strict orders from the mayor, even though as head ranger, I should be making the calls... But he wants the park on security lockdown for his press conference today. That's why these stupid security guards are here.

(to security guards)

You guys know I outrank you, right?

The security guards just stare silently at him.

RACHEL

Listen, you let me in this gate right now, or I'm driving through it!

Jones looks at Rachel's parked Smartcar, then back to her.

JONES

I'm not sure you *can*.

Rachel glares at him, not backing down. Jones sighs.

JONES (CONT'D)

Wait here. I'll see if I can clear you.

Jones CROSSES AWAY. A beat later, RANGER SMITH, YOGI and BOO BOO come running up.

SMITH

Rachel?!

She turns, and can't help but light up at the sight of him.

RACHEL

Ranger Smith? Wow. I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

SMITH

Rachel, I-- I'm sorry for what I said. I just felt like such a failure when I lost Jellystone... But losing you has felt even worse. I'm like a *genus* without a *phylum*.

Rachel gives him a warm smile.

RACHEL

...That's the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me.

CONTINUED: (2)

YOGI
Seriously?

Yogi and Boo Boo exchange a puzzled look.

SMITH
(to Rachel)
What are you doing here?

RACHEL
Come on. I'll show you.

She leads them towards her car.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACHEL'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER

Rachel has her laptop set up on the hood of her car.

RACHEL
...I was reviewing the documentary
footage from Boo Boo's camera, and
I saw this.

She shows them a still frame off Yogi posing for the camera
in his cave. Yogi nods.

YOGI
Yeah, I'm not lit right.
(to Boo Boo)
I told you to keep the sun behind
me so I'd *glow* a little.

RACHEL
I'm not talking about you, Yogi.
I'm talking about this.

She points to a TURTLE in the background, the one we saw
before. They all look, as she magnifies it. We see it has a
red, bulging throat. Smith's eyes go wide.

SMITH
It can't be...

BOO BOO
Yeah, it's a turtle. He hangs
around the cave all the time.

YOGI
True. Did you know they don't come
out of that shell?
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

YOGI (CONT'D)

I tried one time just to see what one would look like without it, but nope. They're sewn in.

RACHEL

This is no regular turtle. See that red bulging throat, and the really wide mouth?

SMITH

A *frog-mouthed* turtle?

RACHEL

Yup. *Rafetus swinhoei*.

SMITH

But those are extinct.

RACHEL

For a hundred years, now. But apparently one still exists.

Smith looks at her, then at the park in the distance.

SMITH

And he's in there.

RACHEL

Yup. And if Jellystone has a highly endangered species living in it--

SMITH

It has to be protected as a park. That's federal law.

They share a knowing smile.

SMITH (CONT'D)

That turtle can save the park.

Yogi and Boo Boo share an amazed look.

YOGI

(quietly)

Now I feel kinda bad about using him as a foot stool.

Boo Boo nods.

INT. RANGER STATION / INT. LIMO - SAME TIME

Jones sits at his desk on the phone. INTERCUT WITH:

MAYOR BROWN, riding in his limo, the Chief of Staff across from him. The mayor is on his cell, looking stunned.

MAYOR BROWN

You're telling me there's an
extinct turtle living in the park?

The mayor looks at his Chief of Staff, who is also wide-eyed with fear upon hearing this.

JONES

According to Ms. Johnson's film
there is, Sir. Maybe we should
just delay the logging for now. I
didn't really approve it anyway, so
I was hoping you and I could
discuss it--

MAYOR BROWN

Of course! I'd love that. But
right now I need you to find that
turtle so my staff can get it to
the safety of a zoo.

JONES

Oh. Okay, I can do that.

MAYOR BROWN

Good. Because you know, a park
ranger rescuing an endangered
turtle will become a pretty big
deal. Probably send you on your
way to being head ranger of
somewhere big. Like... Alaska.

Jones sits up at the thought of this.

JONES

I will find that turtle, Sir.
Thank you for believing in me.

MAYOR BROWN

Hey, thank you for believing in me.

The mayor hangs up the phone and we END INTERCUT, staying on
MAYOR BROWN, who looks at the Chief of Staff.

CONTINUED:

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

That turtle has to be dead by the time the press conference starts.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Yup.

EXT. GATE - LATER

SMITH, RACHEL, YOGI and BOO BOO are at the gate, the security guards still glaring from the other side.

SMITH

What damage could we possibly do to a park that is about to be levelled by logging trucks? Let us in!

The security guards just stare through their mirrored sunglasses, arms folded. RANGER JONES pulls up in the armadillo and hops out.

JONES

Ranger Smith?

SMITH

Ranger Jones.

JONES

Head Ranger Jones, technically.

SMITH

Whatever. Just let us in.

JONES

I can't. Mayor's orders. Sorry. But do not worry about the turtle. I'm going to find him so the mayor can relocate him to a zoo.

SMITH

What? Jones, you're being *played*! Listen to me: The mayor has been using you from the start!

Jones considers for a beat, then shakes off the idea.

JONES

--No! He wouldn't do that. You just want to steal the spotlight from me. Take away my shot at glory. Well not this time!

CONTINUED:

He jumps back in the armadillo and SPEEDS AWAY.

SMITH

Jones! Wait!

But Jones disappears into the forest.

RACHEL

(to Smith)

A turtle this endangered can't be removed from its natural habitat.

SMITH

I know. And so does the mayor.
That's why he wants the turtle...
so he can get rid of it before
anyone knows it exists.

YOGI

Then we've gotta make sure he
doesn't get it.

They all nod.

EXT. JELLYSTONE PARK PERIMETER - LATER

Our guys crawl under the razor-wire fence on a distant side of the park. Yogi struggles to squeeze through the hole under the fence.

YOGI

I said to dig a hole, Boo Boo. You
only dug a half.

SMITH

Just suck in your stomach.

Smith pushes on Yogi from one side, as Boo Boo and Rachel pull from the other. He finally POPS THROUGH.

YOGI

I hope that was a one way trip. I
think I pulled my suck-in muscle.

He rubs his stomach as Ranger Smith crawls under the fence. Rachel grabs his hand and pulls him through. He gets up, but they're still holding hands. They lock eyes for a beat.

SMITH

Thank you.

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

My pleasure.

They smile at each other. Boo Boo leans in and cough purposefully.

SMITH

Right!

RACHEL

Sorry!

They continue into the park, crouching low to not be seen.

66

EXT. REDWOOD VALLEY - LATER

66

RANGER JONES gently places the FROG-MOUTHED TURTLE in a crate. The governor's security guards quickly move to surround it as Jones eagerly dials his cellphone.

INTERCUT WITH:

MAYOR BROWN, who is now walking towards a press-conference stage next to Jellystone lake.

MAYOR BROWN

(into phone)

Hello?

JONES

I found him, Mr. Mayor! I found the turtle! Mission accomplished.

MAYOR BROWN

Excellent work, Jones! Now just stay put. My Chief of Staff is on his way right now to get it from you.

JONES

Well, I should probably get the turtle to my ranger station first. We're supposed to put a radio tracking collar on any endangered--

MAYOR BROWN

No, no! Not necessary. We'll take care of all that. Just don't move.

Mayor Brown HANGS UP and we END INTERCUT, staying on Jones. He looks a little puzzled, but shrugs and heads back over to the turtle.... but the guards surrounding it don't move.

JONES

I just need to give him a quick
checkup.

SECURITY GUARD

He's fine.

The guards just stare at him. Jones swallows hard, starting
to realize something is wrong.

We PAN UP to see four little heads looking down from the
cliff above the clearing.

EXT. CLIFF - SAME TIME

RANGER SMITH, RACHEL, YOGI and BOO BOO lay on their bellies,
looking down at the guards surrounding the turtle crate.

SMITH

Those guards have it surrounded.
No way we're gonna get that crate
away from them.

YOGI

Well... There is *one* way.

Smith looks at him, and we CUT TO:

EXT. PARK STORAGE SHED - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ranger Smith opens the shed door to reveal Yogi's FLYING
MACHINE, and shakes his head.

SMITH

I can't believe I'm letting you do
this.

YOGI

Don't worry, Mr. Ranger. I'm gonna
snatch that basket-type turtle box
and fly away like a fuzzy bird.

He puts his arm around Boo Boo.

YOGI (CONT'D)

And I've got the best co-pilot a
basket-snatching machine could have.

BOO BOO

I don't know how to fly this thing.

YOGI

Eh, you'll pick it up as we go.

EXT. JELLYSTONE LAKE - SAME TIME

MAYOR BROWN is admiring the PRESS CONFERENCE STAGE, complete with multiple "Brown for Governor" banners. He turns back to a LOGGER IN A FLANNEL SHIRT.

MAYOR BROWN

This is going to be great. Now, I'd like you on stage when I sign the rezoning paperwork, but let's say we're only logging *part* of Jellystone... It sounds better.

LOGGER

What parts are we not logging?

MAYOR BROWN

The parts that don't have any trees.

(then)

Ahh!

The mayor spots a STAGE HAND carrying a golden logging helmet. He grabs it and puts it on his head, grinning.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Ohh, yeah. This is perfect. It's like I'm the regular working man!

(then, noticing)

Oh! Chainsaw! I should hold that chainsaw, too!

He points to a large chainsaw in the back of the logger's truck. The logger shrugs and casually hands it to the mayor, who's weak arms immediately lower it to the ground.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

(straining)

Or, just the helmet. Just the helmet is fine.

The logger takes the chainsaw back and the Mayor recovers.

YOGI and BOO BOO are in the flying machine. Yogi has on a helmet and goggles.

Boo Boo, sitting on an elevated platform behind him, is wearing a pink swimming mask and bicycle helmet. Yogi's seat is a rusty lawn chair, Boo Boo is in a smaller chair with a pair of bicycle pedals below it. Above them stretch massive hanglider-like wings.

RANGER SMITH and RACHEL help strap the bears into their chairs.

SMITH

Just be careful, okay, Yogi?

YOGI

Copy that, ground control. Basket-nabber 2000 ready for takeoff. Flight systems check, Boo Boo?

BOO BOO

What?

YOGI

Can you reach the pedals?

BOO BOO

Yeah.

YOGI

(nods)

Flight system's a go.

RACHEL

Remember what I told you about flying gliders, Yogi. Don't fight what the sky wants the plane to do.

YOGI

As long as the sky wants me to snatch-up that turtle, we'll get along just fine.

SMITH

Alright, then. Here goes.

Ranger Smith and Rachel get behind the machine and PUSH.

It starts ROLLING TO THE EDGE OF THE LOOKOUT.

YOGI

Hold on, Boo Boo boy!!!

The machine SAILS OFF THE LOOKOUT and INTO THE AIR.

YOGI / BOO BOO
Whheeeewwww!

Smith and Rachel watch from the mountain as it sails away.

SMITH
(calling after)
The wind will carry you South to
the river! We'll meet you there!

YOGI
Take your time, Mr. Ranger! This
machine is equipped with landing
gear, we'll touch down as soft as a
feather!

Yogi taps a WAGON tied beneath the machine. It SNAPS OFF AND
FALLS TO THE GROUND. Yogi cringes.

YOGI (CONT'D)
We're goners.

The SECURITY GUARDS still surround the turtle, as Jones sits
nearby, looking concerned.

A BLACK SUV ROARS INTO THE CLEARING and the CHIEF OF STAFF
steps out. He grins at the sight of the crate.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Wonderful. I'll take that.

A security guard hands the crate to him.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)
(to Jones)
The mayor won't forget this, son.
You're a hero.

He starts back to the SUV, but Jones still looks uncertain.

JONES
So, you're taking him to the city
zoo?

CHIEF OF STAFF
Yup.

JONES
The reptile house, I guess, huh?

CHIEF OF STAFF

That's right. I've already talked to them and they've got a spot all ready for him.

JONES

The city zoo doesn't have a reptile house, Sir.

The Chief of Staff freezes. He turns back to Jones.

JONES (CONT'D)

What's going on?

The Chief of Staff's fake smile dissolves. He walks back up to Jones, inches from his face.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Let me give you some advice, son. When the mayor becomes governor, it won't be just a promotion for him, it'll be a promotion for everyone that's loyal to him. If you want to be part of that, you need to pretend you never saw this turtle. It doesn't exist. Got it?

Jones struggles with this, as a security guard notices something in the sky.

SECURITY GUARD

Um... Sir? There's something strange flying towards us.

The Chief of Staff looks up at the wobbly object in the sky.

CHIEF OF STAFF

What in the heck? Let me see those binoculars, Ranger.

Jones hands him the binoculars off his belt. The Chief of Staff sets the crate down on a picnic table and looks:

BOO BOO pedals the glider furiously, turning a series of fans attached behind and above it. YOGI looks at the redwood valley approaching in the distance.

74

CONTINUED:

74

YOGI

Let out the drag on the left reel,
Boo Boo! We need to straighten
out!

Boo Boo reaches over and adjusts one of the fishing reels,
which releases a wing slightly and straightens the glider.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Alright, that's perfect. Let's go
ahead and start the beverage
service.

Yogi pulls out a tray of juice boxes and small bags of
peanuts, but the wind BLOWS EVERYTHING OFF THE TRAY.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Awwww.

75

EXT. REDWOOD VALLEY - SAME TIME

75

The Chief of Staff looks at the glider through the
binoculars.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Are those.... Bears?

76

EXT. SKY - SAME

76

Yogi looks down at the turtle crate through a scope, lining
it up in the crosshairs.

YOGI

I need twenty more feet of
altitude! Engage the hand pedals!

Yogi flips a switch and a pair of hand-pedals flip out above
Boo Boo, who's already pedaling frantically with his feet.
Boo Boo starts pumping them with his hands, rolling his eyes.

BOO BOO

You couldn't put the hand pedals by
you?!

YOGI

There's a suggestion box behind the
seat, Boo Boo!

Boo Boo sees a cigar box taped behind Yogi's seat, with the
word "Sujestshuns" crudely painted on it.

76

CONTINUED:

76

The glider gains altitude and Yogi GETS THE TURTLE CRATE IN THE CROSSHAIRS.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Target acquired! Locking on!

Yogi presses a button on his joystick and CLAMPS WRAP AROUND HIS WAIST.

YOGI (CONT'D)

And... FIRE!

He pushes a red button and the SEAT TIPS FORWARD, DUMPING HIM OUT OF THE GLIDER.

YOGI FALLS THROUGH THE AIR.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Yyeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaa!!

And we see a BUNGEE CORD is attached to him, unravelling as he plummets towards the crate.

77

EXT. REDWOOD VALLEY - SAME TIME

77

ON THE CHIEF OF STAFF. He watches Yogi fall, puzzled, then follows his trajectory down to THE TURTLE CRATE. He realizes:

CHIEF OF STAFF

He's going for the turtle!!

He throws the binoculars and LUNGES FOR THE CRATE at the same moment YOGI DROPS INTO FRAME AND GRABS IT.

They lock eyes for a moment and Yogi smiles politely.

YOGI

Mind if I borrow this?

And FWOOOOP! Yogi is YANKED BACK UP, taking the CRATE WITH HIM. The Chief of Staff looks down at his empty hands.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Son of a--!!

78

EXT. GLIDER - SAME

78

YOGI recoils up to the glider and SLAMS DOWN IN HIS CHAIR.

79

EXT. FOREST - SAME

79

RANGER SMITH watches the glider through binoculars. He smiles.

SMITH

That bear does know how to steal a basket.

He aims the binoculars at the valley below, where the Chief of Staff is losing it.

CHIEF OF STAFF

After that glider! Everybody! I'm not getting outsmarted by a bear!

Smith smiles to himself.

SMITH

Been there, buddy.

80

EXT. SKY - SAME

80

Yogi is struggling to steer the glider as the turtle pokes his head out of the crate and looks down. Its eyes go wide and it pulls its head back in.

YOGI

We're drifting too far left! I want to get us outside the park!

BOO BOO

Don't fight the sky, Yogi!
Remember what Ms. Movie Lady--

RRIIPPP! A wing tears loose and the glider starts NOSE-DIVING.

BOO BOO (CONT'D)

--Nevermind.

Yogi tries to pull out of it, but it's no use. They are headed towards a winding stream below them. Quickly.

YOGI

We've got to deject, Boob!

BOO BOO

You mean eject?

YOGI

Nope. Eject is up. Deject is
down!

Yogi pulls a lever and the SEATS DETACH from the glider and shoot downward.

YOGI / BOO BOO

Agghhhhhhhh!!!

Yogi struggles against the G-forces to reach a cord attached to a YELLOW PACK under his chair. He PULLS IT and...

A RUBBER RAFT INFLATES BENEATH THEM, slowing their descent as they SPLASH INTO THE STREAM BELOW.

Yogi and Boo Boo exchange a relieved look.

YOGI

Alright, I think that went pretty well, but let me check the suggestion box.

Yogi reaches back for the cigar box as RANGER SMITH and RACHEL hurry up to the shore.

SMITH

Yogi! Here!

They hold out a large tree branch. Yogi grabs it and YANKS HARD, pulling Smith and Rachel onto the boat.

YOGI

Got ya!

SMITH

Yogi, we were trying to get you off the boat!

YOGI

Oh... Yeah, that makes more sense.

Rachel smiles and hugs Yogi and Boo Boo.

RACHEL

You guys did it! You saved him!

Boo Boo pulls the turtle out of the crate and looks at him.

BOO BOO

Yeah, I think he's alright. Wonder
why they call him a frog-mouthed
turtle anyway?

The turtle SLAPS BOO BOO IN THE FACE with a LONG, FROG-LIKE
TONGUE. Boo Boo nods.

BOO BOO (CONT'D)

That's probably why.

BEHIND THEM, The black SUV CHASES ALONG THE SHORE. The guys
share a worried look.

RACHEL

They're going to catch us
eventually.

SMITH

Those guys are the least of our
problems.
(points ahead)
The jellyjarring rapids!

They all look up to see the CLASS FOUR RAPIDS approaching.

YOGI

Okay, you guys can let me out here.

SMITH

Too late, Yogi. Hold on!!

The boat ENTERS THE RAPIDS, bouncing violently through the
white water as Smith struggles to keep them clear of rocks.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Watch your right side, Yogi!

Yogi looks left.

YOGI

What? There's nothing on my--

SLAM a rock hits him on the right side.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Oh, that right.

BOO BOO

Here comes the devil's whip!

82

CONTINUED:

82

RACHEL

Whoa.

They approach at a SHARP TURNING SURGE OF WATER. The boat is quickly TILTED UP ON ONE SIDE as it speeds through the curve. Boo Boo struggles to hold the turtle, but his shell is wet and he SLIPS!

BOO BOO

Turtle!!

Yogi sees the turtle sailing away and REACHES FOR IT, but it's too far away. The turtle opens its mouth and SHOOTS OUT ITS TONGUE (3D effect), and YOGI MANAGES TO GRAB IT.

He holds on to the tongue as the turtle flails wide-eyed a yard away, like an extended yo-yo. The raft clears the violent corner and YOGI YANKS THE TURTLE BACK INTO THE BOAT.

The water slows down and Yogi and Smith share a worried look.

YOGI

Is Jellystone falls still ahead?

SMITH

Yeah, they didn't go anywhere.

83

EXT. WATERFALL - A MOMENT LATER

83

PAN UP to reveal a GIANT WATERFALL ahead of them. The guys all SCREAM and cover their eyes as the boat helplessly approaches... and TIPS OVER THE EDGE.

We STAY CLOSE on our screaming heroes as they close their eyes and wait for the impact. But after a beat, they haven't hit. They open their eyes and slowly stop screaming.

REVEAL THEY'RE SUSPENDED OVER THE FALLS BY A PAIR OF CRISSCROSSING TREE LIMBS. They look at each other, thrilled.

84

EXT. RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

84

Our guys crawl along the downed tree branch and head toward the Ranger Station.

85

EXT. RANGER STATION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

85

In the distance they see the Mayor's PRESS CONFERENCE STAGE, a swarm of reporters starting to take their seats.

SMITH

The mayor's press conference. Come on!

They make a run for the stage, but don't get far before they are CUT OFF BY THE BLACK SUV. The SWARM OF GUARDS PILE OUT.

There's nowhere to go. The Chief of Staff gets out and glares at them.

CHIEF OF STAFF

End of the road, people.

Our guys sigh, defeated. Even the turtle looks bummed. Then suddenly...

JONES (O.C.)

Myyyyeeaaaaa!!

THE armadillo JUMPS OUT OF THE WOODS, sailing through the air like the Dukes of Hazzard. It lands and we see RANGER JONES is driving, speeding towards our guys. He power slides next to them with a smile.

JONES (CONT'D)

Get in!

The guards sprint towards them as Smith, Rachel, Yogi and Boo Boo hop in the armadillo. Jones TEARS OFF before the guards reach them, and swerves quickly around the SUV and towards the stage.

The armadillo parks and everybody piles out. They hurry backstage and see the Mayor getting his makeup put on. His face drops when he sees Smith... and THE TURTLE.

SMITH

Guess who we found?

YOGI

Starts with 'T' and ends with a...
(searches)
'urtle.

SMITH

It's over, Mayor. Call off the logging deal. This park is now a protected nature preserve.

Mayor Brown laughs.

MAYOR BROWN

You think I care what the law says?!
Or about some endangered "frog-
mouthed" turtle? Or a stupid park
for families to have a picnic in? I
care about power, you idiots! And
I'm going to get it! Nobody knows
this turtle is alive and nobody ever
will!

The CHIEF OF STAFF and the GUARDS catch up to them.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

(to Chief of Staff)

Get this thing out of here before
someone sees it.

The guards move to take the turtle from Smith.

SMITH

No!

Smith TOSSES THE TURTLE TO RACHEL, and the guards change
direction and hurry towards her. Rachel quickly TOSSES THE
TURTLE TO YOGI. And as the guards shift and sprint for Yogi,
he TOSSES IT AS WELL.

To the CHIEF OF STAFF. Yogi cringes.

YOGI

Whoops.

SMITH

Yogi!

YOGI

I'm sorry! He was open!

The mayor laughs, as the Chief of Staff hurries away to the
black SUV with the turtle. Our guys watch, beaten.

MAYOR BROWN

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a
press conference.

He CROSSES OFF. Our guys share a helpless look.

The Chief of Staff puts the turtle in the passenger seat of
the SUV and starts driving.

CHIEF OF STAFF

(to turtle)

I'm going to take care of you myself, turtle. That's the only way to make sure the job is done right.

The turtle looks out the window at a passing tree. He SLAPS HIS TONGUE OUT AT IT and is YANKED FROM THE SUV without a sound, or the Chief of Staff noticing.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

...That's why I'm the mayor's right hand man. Because I don't make--

He glances over at the empty seat.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

...mistakes.

(then)

Uh oh.

He looks around the SUV, concerned.

MAYOR BROWN speaks at the podium as journalists and supporters watch from the audience.

MAYOR BROWN

...And people are wondering "Why should we vote for Mayor Brown to be governor?" Well, how about because Mayor Brown just turned this city's budget from a deficit into a surplus!

The press buzzes, snaps pictures, etc.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

How? By chopping down some trees in a park people don't even *visit* anymore! But logging in Jellystone won't just save the budget. It will also put a thousand dollars into the pocket of every citizen in this city!

The crowd lights up, bursting into spontaneous applause, excited chatter. The mayor grins, soaking it up.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Now before I sign the paperwork
that will save the city, why don't
you all take a look at my first
campaign ad for governor!!

The crowd cheers and cameras flash as a VIDEO is projected
onto the screen. Over DRAMATIC MUSIC:

- The mayor solves a "Good Will Hunting" type equation on a
chalk board as a conference room of scientists watch, in awe.

- The mayor, in his suit, is helping a group of firemen hold
a fire hose on a fire. He turns around and gives a thumbs-up
to the camera, not realizing he's released the hose, which
the fireman have to scramble to control.

- The mayor is climbing up a concrete dam with a small leak.
He takes off his suit jacket and crams it in the leak. The
dams springs another leak a few feet away and the video cuts
to an obvious chest-double, as the shirt is ripped off a
perfectly toned, oiled torso and shoved into the leak.

Our guys pace, miserable, glancing at the row of guards
blocking the stage entrance. Jones approaches Smith.

JONES

Ranger Smith? I just want to say
I'm sorry. I wanted to be in
charge so bad that I let it effect
my judgement. My code. Here...

He empties his fanny pack of merit badges into Smith's hands.

JONES (CONT'D)

I disgraced these merit badges, so
I want to earn them all back again.
If you'll let me.

Ranger Smith looks at him for a beat, then nods.

SMITH

Okay, Jones.

JONES

Thank you, Sir.
(beat, then)
Actually, one of those is for
honesty, so...

Jones looks at the badges expectantly. Smith sighs and starts sorting through the badges. Boo Boo looks down at his bowtie, sad.

BOO BOO

Well, I guess this is going to be a pretty sad documentary, huh?

Smith looks at Rachel, wide-eyed.

SMITH

He's still filming?!

She lights up, realizing.

RACHEL

I needed more footage, so I told him to keep it rolling...

Jones looks at a wall of wires plugged into a switchboard.

JONES

I think we can plug into the video feed from here!

They all share a sly smile.

The video is still playing. On screen, Mayor Brown is now WRESTLING A BIGFOOT CREATURE, when the video CUTS OFF.

MAYOR BROWN

Hey, what happened?

The video clicks back on, but now it's the Boo Boo-cam view of Mayor Brown yelling at the group:

MAYOR BROWN (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

--You think I care what the law says?! Or about some endangered "frog-mouthed" turtle? Or a stupid park for families to have a picnic in? I care about power, you idiots! And I'm going to get it! Nobody knows this turtle is alive and nobody ever will!

The video clicks off. The crowd is silent. Mayor Brown watches as supporters awkwardly step away. The press just stares in shock. The LOGGER that was standing behind him quietly slips off the stage.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

(to crowd)

Wait! No-- That wasn't real!
Trust me! There is no such thing
as a frog-mouthed turtle!

WHAP! A tongue sticks to the side of his head. The crowd gasps.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

(flatly)

He's right next to me, isn't he?

Reveal the FROG-MOUTHED TURTLE on the stage next to him, smiling.

Our guys JUMP UP AND DOWN, CHEERING and HUGGING. Smith and Yogi come face to face. Smith smiles proudly at him.

SMITH

You know, Yogi, I was wrong when I told you to stop being different. We're both different. But maybe that's a good thing. Maybe from now on, we should just be proud of who we are, and never be afraid to fight for the things we're passionate about. Like this park. And Rachel.

YOGI

And pic-a-nic baskets!

SMITH

(begrudgingly)

...And pic-a-nic baskets?

Yogi smiles and grabs Ranger Smith in a - wait for it - bear hug. Smith smiles, though he's clearly being squeezed too tight.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(gasping for air)

Okay. That's good.

RANGER JONES is watching it all with a smile, when he notices the CHIEF OF STAFF sneaking away from the POLICE OFFICERS swarming Mayor Brown.

91

CONTINUED:

91

JONES

Oh, no you don't!

Jones BREAKS INTO A RUN.

ON: THE CHIEF OF STAFF, hurrying towards the parking lot.

Ranger Jones suddenly FLIES INTO FRAME AND TACKLES HIM TO THE GROUND.

JONES (CONT'D)

Eagle Scout!

Jones whips out a pair of handcuffs and slaps them on the Chief of Staff, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

92

EXT. RANGER STATION - A FEW DAYS LATER

92

SMITH and JONES stand at attention as a MOTORCADE PULLS UP.

A kind, distinguished-looking GOVERNOR steps out and approaches them. They greet him with a proud grin.

SMITH

Mr. Governor, it is an honor, Sir.

GOVERNOR

The honor is mine, gentleman.
Thanks to you, my reelection is a
lock. You have my word that
Jellystone will have everything it
needs to get back on top again.

SMITH

Actually, I think it's already on
its way.

93

EXT. JELLYSTONE PARK ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

93

We see the Jellystone entrance sign, with a banner hanging underneath that reads "Home of the Frog-mouthed turtle!" with the crudely written words "And Yogi Bear!!" under it.

PULL BACK to see a LINE OF CARS waiting to get in, packed with kids wearing "Frog-mouthed turtle" t-shirts, foam frog hats with a long tongue dangling off... As we RISE INTO THE AIR, we see that the line of cars stretches far into the distance, a sea of station wagons and vans, happily heading under the Jellystone arch for a day of family fun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ahh, yes, Jellystone Park. A wonderful little piece of paradise, where families come and go... Happy to spend an afternoon away from their problems and worries, and soak up the tranquility of nature.

A FAMILY sits at a picnic table, a picnic basket in front of them. They bow their heads to say a blessing, and the TABLE ZOOMS AWAY. They open their eyes and look around, puzzled.

ON THE MOVING TABLE. We see it has dirt wheels, and a roaring motor. A HATCH OPENS and YOGI and BOO BOO pop out. Yogi steers the table-car with a big smile.

YOGI

I think the basket-nabber 3000 is a work of perfection, Boo Boo!

Boo Boo looks down in the hatch, then back up.

BOO BOO

Where are the brakes, Yogi?

Yogi looks down, unsure.

YOGI

You think it needs brakes?

Ranger Smith stands on the porch, looking out at the park. He takes it in with a smile, then walks over to where RACHEL is SETTING UP A PUP TENT.

SMITH

I'm glad you're going to stay in Jellystone for awhile. What animal are you going to observe?

She pauses and gives him a playful grin.

RACHEL

Oh. Well, I thought I would observe the courting rituals of the... American ranger?

Smith blushes.

SMITH

Really? I hear the American ranger
is a very attractive, intelligent
species that always keeps his cool.

RACHEL

Yeah? Even when basket-stealing
bears push his buttons?

She looks at Ranger Smith's Armadillo. The wheels are gone
and the engine has been ripped out. He goes white with rage,
but covers, forcing a tight smile.

SMITH

No big deal. Yogi will be Yogi.
And I always have my jeep.

YOGI / BOO BOO

Whhooooaaaaaa!!

YOGI and BOO BOO SPEED PAST THEM IN THE OUT-OF-CONTROL PICNIC
TABLE AND CRASH INTO THE SIDE OF RANGER SMITH'S PARKED JEEP.
Smith just stares, speechless, as Yogi and Boo Boo crawl out
of the wreckage and look up at Ranger Smith.

YOGI

Afternoon, Mr. Ranger, Sir.

SMITH

Gyyyyeeaaaaaa!!

He SPRINTS AFTER THEM. Yogi and Boo Boo RUN FOR IT. And as
Smith CHASES THEM INTO THE DISTANCE, Rachel smiles big.

RACHEL

I love this place.

FADE OUT.

THE END

FADE BACK IN:

OVER END CREDITS...

EXT. JELLYSTONE LAKE - DAY

A bandshell has been built by the shore of the lake.
Hundreds of people picnic and play in the grassy field, as
MUSIC STARTS PUMPING.

CONTINUED:

YOGI and BOO BOO take the stage:

To the tune of "Rumpshaker" by Wreckx-N-Effect.

BOO BOO

Check baby check baby one two three
four, check baby check baby one two
three, check baby check baby one
two, Check baby check baby one--

YOGI

It's called the rump shaker! The
beat is like sweeter than candy!
I'm feelin "bearly" and your
shaker's comin in handy! Slide
your feet and then move your booty,
it's party time in Jellystone and
the ranger is off duty! A wiggle
and a jiggle can make the night
complete! Just move to the groove
as MC Yogi busts the beat! Flip
tail, and let me see you shake it
up like dice! The way you shake
your rump is turnin mighty men to
mice! But A Plus got a surprise
that's a back breaker! Now let me
see you shake your rump like a rump
shaker!

(sings)

All I wanna do is zoom-a-zoom-zoom-
zoom and a boom-boom!

BOO BOO

JUST SHAKE YA RUMP!

YOGI

All I wanna do is zoom-a-zoom-zoom-
zoom and a boom-boom!

BOO BOO

JUST SHAKE YA RUMP!

As Yogi and Boo Boo continue, we PAN AROUND THE CROWD and
find... THE FROG-MOUTHED TURTLE. Standing at the edge of
the forest, his head bobbing to the music. A beat later, a
FEMALE FROG-MOUTHED TURTLE steps out of the forest and joins
him. Then THREE TINY BABY TURTLES.

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN, finding RANGER SMITH and RACHEL,
sitting in the armadillo watching. Smith puts his arm around
Rachel and she nuzzles next to him.

CONTINUED: (2)

The CAMERA CONTINUES, finding RANGER JONES, sitting on a green ATV 3-WHEELER, complete with a park ranger seal on the gas tank and a little yellow siren on the handlebars. Jones smiles ear-to-ear, happy as a clam.

YOGI

(rapping)

Yup yup it's Yogi, ready with the one-
two checker! Boo Boo is in effects
but I'm the wrecker,
of the track 'bout the honey shakin
rumps as they backs in! Booties of
the cuties steady shakin but relaxin!
The action is packed in a jam like a
closet, beats bound to get you up,
cold flowin' like a faucet! Not mean
to make you sit, not mean to make you
jump, but yep make the hotties in the
party shake your rump!

YOGI (CONT'D)

All I wanna do is zoom-a-zoom-zoom-
zoom and a boom-boom!

BOO BOO

JUST SHAKE YA RUMP!

YOGI

All I wanna do is zoom-a-zoom-zoom-
zoom and a boom-boom!

BOO BOO

JUST SHAKE YA RUMP!

And as Yogi and Boo Boo continue to rock the mic, we FIND:

MAYOR BROWN and the CHIEF OF STAFF, in orange jumpsuits with stenciled inmate numbers, picking up trash with wooden poker sticks, as a SHERIFF in mirrored sunglasses watches them. Mayor Brown pauses and looks up at the stage, seething.

MAYOR BROWN

Stupid talking bear.

He notices the Chief of Staff is shimmying to the music.

MAYOR BROWN (CONT'D)

Will you stop that?!

The Chief of Staff stiffens, caught, and they go back to picking up trash, as we...

FADE OUT.