

# "ONE SALIVA BUBBLE"

Screenplay by

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And

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First Draft

5/20/87

UNPRODUCED

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH-TECH TRACKING STATION - NIGHT

A top-secret, experimental, offensive/defensive military installation hidden away in the countryside outside Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CLOSE on a beautiful, intricate, state of the art computer panel as it is lifted out of a large console. A huge, dimly lit display board, sporting a galaxy of small running lights, looms above.

The panel's removal creates a large, vulnerable opening, inside of which is a massive confluence of electronics.

As a small group of refined, well-groomed SCIENTISTS studiously examine the removed panel, their intense concentration is periodically disrupted by the hysterical guffaws of a nearby group of three uniformed SECURITY GUARDS, who appear to be refugees from the Neolithic period.

The Guards, totally oblivious to the Scientists, are regaling each other with pitiful and infantile jokes.

GUARD #1

...so she said to him, "poo-poo on your pee-pee".

The Guards explode like a pack of howling hyenas. The Scientists glance over at them with a look that seems to say, "How is it possible for us to be sharing the same planet?"

GUARD #2

Did you just cut a big one or is  
Suzie back in town?

Guard #3, the biggest Neanderthal of the bunch, stops laughing long enough to contribute a rude, tongue-flapping raspberry, during the course of which...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON FLAPPING TONGUE

Unbeknownst to him, Guard #3 jettisons a perfect saliva bubble out into the air and we follow it through space, across the room, past the unknowing, refined, well-groomed Scientists and down into the microscopic copper wires, creating a tiny, seemingly insignificant electrical short circuit, which will soon prove to have monumental consequences.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP COMPUTER CONTROL PANEL

Unnoticed by anyone in the room, a small, yellow light emitting diode blinks on, then blinks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARTH'S STATOSPHERE - NIGHT

A simple, streamlined satellite, which resembles nothing so much as a large red onion surrounded by a hula-hoop, suddenly stops, then spins on its axis. As we MOVE IN CLOSE on the satellite we hear a loud metallic CLICK, and a small panel slides open revealing a digital clock with a readout of: 24:00. Another CLICK and the clock begins to count down.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP

On the bubble rhythmically pulsating between the two copper wires. Bubble MUSIC begins and we roll CREDITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE, KANSAS - MORNING

A billboard beside the highway on the outskirts of town reads:

"WELCOME TO NEWTONVILLE  
LIGHTNING CAPITAL OF THE WORLD...  
WE'RE ZAPPY TO SEE YOU!!!  
POP. 43,108"

Behind the billboard, two lightning bolts crack the dry desert sky, followed by a peal of distant thunder, under which FADES IN the melodic strains of a happy country waltz.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - MORNING

A gigantic, old red barn, its roof adorned by a huge, cement roller skate, whose weatherworn wheels revolve lazily in the warm morning sun. Neon sparks spray out from under the wheels. A sign under the skate reads:

"GET A CHARGE ON OUR LIGHTNING FAST SPEEDWAY!"

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - MORNING

BIG TOM and WOODY, the rink's proprietors, sit on a small balcony overlooking the rink, directly above the concession stand, manned by RANDY, a pear-shaped menial. Randy pours two coffees, under the critical supervision of Woody, a man particularly obsessive about the preparation of his java.

WOODY  
One lump you idiot.

RANDY  
How many lumps?

WOODY  
ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BIG TOM  
(leaning down, kindly)  
Randy, defrost the "Beefy Cheese  
Louise".

RANDY  
Yes, sir.

Randy moves to a refrigerator, plastered with a garish sign  
that reads:

"HOT AND JUICY BEEFY CHEESE LOUISE"

He opens it, revealing neatly arranged rows of bright yellow,  
cheese-covered hamburger patties. Big Tom and Woody sit back,  
sip their coffee, gazing out at the lone COUPLE skating around  
the rink.

BIG TOM  
Not bad business for a Wednesday.

Woody looks nervously at his watch, hardly reassured.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLER RINK - MORNING

MOVING off the huge skate, we travel down the road and can't  
help but notice the large, rotating, neon lightning rod on  
top of an electric pink, pearlescent stucco building. The  
sign below the rod reads:

"ANNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD  
COMING SOON  
SAMMY "THE STOMP" JOHNSON"

Ominous jazz MUSIC fades up and out as we pass Vinnie's.  
Across the street, on the marquee of the Rialto Theatre we  
see the words:

"ONE WEEK ONLY  
THE FABULOUS CHINESE ACROBATS  
FROM THE FAR PROVINCES"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. USED CAR LOT - MORNING

THE SIGN ABOVE READS:

"LUCKY BUCK'S  
USED CARS AND TRUCKS:  
14U  
DON'T PASS THE BUCK"

A YOUNG COUPLE examines a used Rambler, parked outside the sales office.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY BUCK'S SALES OFFICE - MORNING

WALLY NEWTON, a forty year old milquetoast salesman, wilts under the stern finger of his boss, militaristic, ramrod-stiff LUCKY BUCK.

LUCKY BUCK

Before you fall out for chow, you yellow-bellied, jelly-spine, you march directly out there, soldier, engage the enemy, and DON'T let them look under the hood.

WALLY

(quivering)

But, but the engine –

LUCKY BUCK

Mister, the only BUT I want to hear from you is, "my butt's out there selling that vehicle". Move out!

WALLY

Yes sir, Lucky Buck.

Wally heads directly out the door. The door closes. Lucky Buck watches him go.

INTERCUT:

## LUCKY BUCK'S POV

Wally moves to the Couple, engages them in a conversation we don't hear. The Husband points to the hood. Wally nervously glances back at Lucky Buck, who stares at him. Wally pulls his neck in and opens the hood. Lucky Buck shakes his head in dismay, mutters...

LUCKY BUCK

Mister, you are one sorry piece of poop.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMBLER HOOD

Empty. No engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPANY "B" - DAY

A large, imposing, 30's style, concrete office building, topped by a gigantic, blue "B".

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "B" - DAY

The lobby reception area; blue carpet, blue walls. Two EMPLOYEES pass by the RECEPTIONIST, all wearing standard company issue yellow uniforms that sport a big blue "B" on the lapel.

Looking through the glass front doors we see HORTON THURSBY, a man who from a distance you might mistake for Wally Newton, until you get close enough to feel his radioactively terrifying aura of twisted, homicidal power. His eyes are like black, malignant bumblebees. His sport coat is a hundred decibels. The doors fly open as if to flee from him and he enters without breaking his juggernaut stride. The Receptionist, who on the face of it appears she could give him a run for his money, looks up as he reaches the desk.

HORTON

Horton Thursby.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, there's no one here by that name.

HORTON

(extremely ominous)

What did you say?

RECEPTIONIST

I s-s-said, no one here, that name.

HORTON

Because that's my name, tubby.

RECEPTIONIST

(nailed to her chair)

W-who shall I say is calling?

HORTON

(leaning in very close)

Horton Thursby.

Panicked, she rifles through her appointment book and slams her finger down when she finds...

RECEPTIONIST

Uh-huh, I s-s-see your name right here.

HORTON

I have a pointment with Mr. Biggs, bean brain.

RECEPTIONIST

Indeed you do, of course you do, you certainly do, he's expecting you, he's set aside the time to –

HORTON

(a finger in her face)

That's enough.

RECEPTIONIST

(nods vigorously,

can't look at him,  
points)  
Ma-Mr. Thuraby, if you'd like to  
take the Ex-exec-executive Elevator –

Horton's already making a beeline for the elevator; its doors zip open and shut behind him as he enters.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE ELEVATOR

Horton stands underneath a speaker, piping out insipid Muzak. His icy stare travels up to the speaker. It sputters, gasps and goes silent. His gaze moves back down.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND - DAY

Deep, deep snow and more falling. The Matterhorn is visible in the distance. A sign reads:

"ZURICH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT  
ALWAYS ON TIME"

Lederhosen clad PORTERS on skis carry in the curbside luggage of passengers arriving in a variety of sleds and toboggans. A small herd of bell-clad COWS part as a horse-drawn sleigh pulls up and out hops a sprightly, middle-aged, bright-eyed, frizzy-haired genius, PROFESSOR HUGO ZINZERMACHER. He walks up to the DRIVER and hands him a note.

HUGO  
International Airport, please.

The Driver looks at him, looks at the note. The note reads:

"PLEASE TAKE THE PROFESSOR TO  
ZURICH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT"

The Driver turns back to the Professor.

DRIVER  
You are here.



HUGO

That may be, however I have a plane to catch.

DRIVER

Please. This IS the airport.

The Professor looks around, looks back at the Driver.

HUGO

Thank you so much.

He takes off his coat, hands it to the Driver and gets back into the sleigh. The Driver exhales heavily.

CUT TO:

INT. ZURICH AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Doors open, the Driver hustles the Professor in through the doors, carrying his bag and coat. Two young clean-cut men, BERT FINE and MEL GLEASON, both in bright blue uniforms with a big yellow "A" on the label, spot the Professor, rush across the terminal to him.

BERT

Professor Zinzermacher?

HUGO

(cheerfully)

No, I'm Professor Zinzermacher.

Bert and Mel look at each other. The Driver shakes his head, hands the bag and coat to Bert and Mel and walks away.

HUGO

I am Professor Hugo Zinzermacher.  
Hugo you way und I'll go mine.

He extends a hand. They each shake it. Under the following wails the low, sonorous boom of an Alpine horn.

BERT

Bert Fine.

MEL

Mel Gleason. It's an honor to meet you, sir.

HUGO

You boys seemed a bit confused at first.

BERT

It's a long flight from Kansas, we're a little jet lagged.

CUT TO:

BERT, MEL AND THE PROFESSOR

Mel looks at his watch.

MEL

That's us. Have your ticket, Professor?

HUGO

Well, I don't mind if I do. What kind?

Mel and Bert look at each other again.

BERT

Would you mind going through your pockets, Professor –

MEL

And see if you're in possession of an airline ticket to Kansas.

HUGO

(with a faraway look)

What if we relate the vector on a parallelogram, equidistant to but not exceeding the bifurcation of the remaining cardinal coordinates?

BERT

Mel, go through his coat –

MEL

(searching him)  
You can bet that plane's going to  
leave on time.

BERT  
There was something in the report  
about his socks...

They both kneel down and each pulls up a pant leg, revealing droopy socks of vastly different colors. One sock yields a toothbrush and the other a crumpled airline ticket which Mel immediately grabs.

MEL  
Let's move.

They each grab one of Hugo's arms and start running him towards the gate.

CUT TO:

MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEWTONVILLE, KANSAS

INT. COMPANY "B" BOARDROOM - DAY

THWACK! A telescoping pointer in the hand of Company "B"'s CEO, MR. BIGGS, smacks into a lifesize photograph of Professor Zinermacher on the wall of the Company "B" boardroom. In the photograph, the Professor's shoelaces are wildly askew. His rumpled, tweed suit is encrusted with food. His frizzled hair looks like a bird's nest. A small retinue of yellow-clad FUNCTIONARIES sit at the conference table, giving Horton, at the far end, a wide berth.

MR. BIGGS  
He can't even tie his own shoes, yet he's one of the greatest minds of Western Civilization, and who's got him? Company "A"!! According to Mr. Posthole, our worthy mole who's penetrated the innermost sanctums of Company "A" –

CAMERA drifts over and finds MR. POSTHOLE, the Company "B" spy, a shifty blonde guy in brick-thick black hornrims.

MR. BIGGS  
– they've purchased Professor  
Zinermacher's brainpower for their  
covert Center for Advanced Nucleacy  
Abritrary Permutations  
Experimentation, also known as  
C.A.N.A.P.E. Yes, they've got the  
Professor. But, ladies and gentlemen,  
not for long, because we've got Mr.  
Horton Thursby.

Everyone smiles and all eyes turn to Horton. He doesn't  
flinch.

MR. BIGGS  
Thursby, this... is your target.

CLOSE on Horton, as he squints at Hugo's picture.

CUT TO:

HORTON'S POV

Hugo's picture comes into focus and cross-hairs appear between  
his eyes, as if looking through the telescopic sight of an  
elephant gun.

CUT TO:

HORTON

As he lights a cigarette, inhales a big drag. His eyes flit  
back to Mr. Biggs.

HORTON  
It's your money.

The Functionary nearest to Horton subtly moves the tabletop  
"THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING" plaque out of Horton's sightline.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Mel and Bert are asleep under blankets, both smiling  
blissfully, but their sleep becomes more troubled and they

are eventually woken by an atrociously loud cellophane rustling SOUND. The Professor is trying desperately to open a small airline bag of peanuts.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Wally drives his 1950 two-tone, four-door Pontiac Firechief into the driveway of his modest house. He stops the car, cuts the engine and cautiously peers out the window. Silence. He carefully opens the car door, trying to minimize all sounds, gets out and tip-toes towards the front door.

Out of nowhere, flies a tiny, yapping Pekinese dog, sporting a yellow ribbon in its hair and baring its hideous little teeth. Wally breaks into a sprint and is about to reach the door when the dog overtakes him and clamps its jaws onto one of his ankles. Wally wildly flails his leg around, trying to dislodge the beast, finally succeeds and sends it soaring into the air over a hedge.

Wally bolts into the house, slamming the door behind him, just as the dog jets back on the attack, making a hair net out of the screen door.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Wally catches his breath, turns. A savage cry is heard and his son, GORDIE, rolls out from behind an overstuffed chair and empties a toy machine gun at his father's chest and head. Wally just stands there.

POLLY'S VOICE

Where have you been? Do you realize what time it is?

(appearing around a corner)

I'll tell you what time it is, Gordie, what time is it?

Gordie activates his talking military digital.

WATCH VOICE

Sixteen hundred hours. Time to bivouac.

POLLY

Sometimes I think you're stupider than your Cousin Newt, don't you realize what we were supposed to do tonight?

GORDIE

Newt's an idiot.

POLLY

We were supposed to look at our video BEFORE dinner so we could practice DURING dinner. I suppose you forgot the wine, too.

WALLY

I had a –

POLLY

Are you going to give me an excuse? You were going to give me an excuse, weren't you? Wally? Do I look like the type of person who'd be interested in an excuse?

Demoralized, Wally slouches towards his overstuffed chair, reaching under his left arm to scratch.

POLLY

Don't you touch that rash! You'll keep me up all night with your scratching!

(Wally slumps in the chair)

If I was really interested in hearing some pitiful story don't you think I'd ask to hear it? Do I look like the type of person who lives in a fantasy world? Look at me, Wally. Wally, look at me when I'm talking to you, what do you see? Hmm?

(Wally shakes his head)

Do you see a poor, tired housewife, holding our lives together by sheer force of will, who received today a phone call? A phone call from your rich relatives up at the Manor who didn't otherwise even know I'm alive, who asked ME to ask YOU to please pick up your idiot cousin Newt tomorrow at the airport? Do you have any idea how humiliating that is?

She stands and screams towards the ceiling, repeatedly. Wally covers his eyes and face with his hands. When he uncovers them, Gordie is right in front of him, assuming the classic police stance. He fires six quick rounds from his toy pistol, emptying the magazine point blank at Wally's head.

CUT TO:

A TV MONITOR

CLOSE on the grainy image of a sophisticated couple seated at a candlelit table. Syrupy MUSIC and a dry, industrial film NARRATOR over...

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Sniff the cork along with us now and let its heady bouquet transport you into the Wonderful World of Wine Tasting! Part Two.  
(big music cue)

Wally and Polly sit facing the television, each holding a large glass of red wine, staring attentively at the screen. Wally wears an apron that says: "DON'T BOTHER ME I'M COOKING"

NARRATOR'S VOICE

You've made your selection, and by the sommelier's sly little smile you know he approves. The wine's been decanted, it's had a chance to b-r-e-a-t-h-e. It sits, poised in your glass, a ruby nectar beckoning your lips.

(hushed tones)

Now, band forward... a little

further... a little further, that's  
right...

Wally and Polly follow the actions of the couple on the  
screen.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Extend the neck... imagine your lips  
forming the perfect letter "o" ...  
lower the "o" to the rim... now,  
remember the babbling brook...

The couple on screen LOUDLY SUCKS UP AIR AND WINE, making a  
weird fluted whistling sounds. Wally and Polly mimic it.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

...and again...

Both couples repeat the action.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOOTHING BREEZES SANITARIUM - DAY

CLOSE ON A SIGN THAT READS:

"SOOTHING BREEZES SANITARIUM"

A fierce wind is howling, violently waving a tree limb in  
front of the sign.

CUT TO:

INT. SOOTHING BREEZES OFFICE - DAY

DR. ANGELA RUTHERFORD, in a sharp, tailored tweed suit, is  
consulting with the sanitarium's administrator, DR. ETHAN  
FLORD. As they speak, he watches the fish in a small aquarium  
on his desk. Angela holds a thermos of coffee.

ANGELA

So all I really need is your signature  
here, Dr. Flord, and we can release  
Newt Newton for his annual visit  
home.



She puts a form in front of him on the desk.

DR. FLORD

You know, he's not even left us yet and it's as if I miss Newt already. When I'm with him, of course I'm always with him in spirit, as I am with all our patients, even now, against all evidence to the contrary, I sense some small spark of mental activity behind those bulging eyes. Perhaps this is a projection on my part. A projection filled with a physician's unquenchable hopefulness.

ANGELA

Uh-huh.

DR. FLORD

Has it been a year already? It seems it was only last week when he was flying off to the bosom of his family, when in fact three hundred and sixty five days, give or take a few – this wasn't a leap year was it? No, of course not. Ah, remembrances – remembrances.

Fighting off the wave of crippling boredom and mental exhaustion induced by the Doctor's monotone, Angela quickly pours a large cup of coffee, stifling a yawn.

ANGELA

I only need your signature –

DR. FLORD

Was it March of last year when my Aunt was fitted for her prosthesis? I suppose it was. What a difference it made, how it changed her! In ways one couldn't possibly imagine. First, the new carpeting. Inexplicable perhaps, at first glance. But on closer scrutiny, however, an underpinning of rationality seemed to emerge.

Angela takes a big gulp of coffee, grabs an arm of a chair and lowers herself into it, struggling to keep her eyes open. The fish in the aquarium begin to slow perceptibly.

ANGELA

Only your signature. Please, Doctor.

DR. FLORD

(looking at his hands)

As if creation, splintered into a hundred million realities, was actually nothing less than the complicated interweavings...

(locking his fingers together)

...of one, grand design. Well-hidden, mind you, but upon deeper examination, open the doors...

(he opens his hands and wiggles his fingers)

...and there's all the people.

(a small, vanilla chuckle)

And of course that's when I realized Aunt Hildy had friends and had purchased a pet. Which brings me back to Newt. Isn't it odd how every Newton since Newt's Grandad has been struck by lightning? Newt's Grandad was struck by lightning. He's a complete idiot. Newt's father was struck by lightning. He's no longer with us. And of course Newt was struck by lightning and by golly, he's a complete idiot. And all of them were named Newton. Newton Newton. Newton Newton. Newton Newton...

We hear the SOUND of liquid pouring slowly onto the carpet. We see Angela's relaxed hand tipping her coffee cup towards the floor. We see Angela is sound asleep. A fish in the aquarium slowly rolls and goes belly up.

DR. FLORD

Those eyes. Those bulging, happy puppy eyes.

CUT TO:

NEWT NEWTON'S EYES

Bulging. Happy, gleaming puppy eyes. We periodically and rhythmically hear the SOUND of breaking eggs. With each crack his eyes widen.

CUT TO:

INT. SOOTHING BREEZES CORRIDOR - DAY

Angela is leaning over a drinking fountain, splashing cold water onto her face, trying to shake off Dr. Flord's torpor. She moves on and stops to speak to a PATIENT standing in the hall, dressed as and in fact bearing an uncanny resemblance to Napoleon.

ANGELA

Have you seen Newt?

PATIENT

Helping out in ze kitchen. Assemble all ze men; tomorrow we march on Moscow.

ANGELA

Thank you, your Highness and good luck tomorrow.

PATIENT

We will need it; zose beasts haf no souls. I hope ze weather holds. I saw Bing Crosby in a dream.

She moves on towards the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. SOOTHING BREEZES KITCHEN - DAY

We see a COOK pick up an egg, crack the egg on top of Newt's head and empty it into a huge bowl. We MOVE around and down

the customized chair Newt is strapped into, to his right knee; as we hear another egg crack, Newt's knee jerks up and hits a pedal device that flips a pancake on a long, conveyor-belt griddle. We follow the pancakes on the beltway to the end of the line where another COOK spatulas the pancakes onto the plates of seven ravenous but polite PATIENTS, all dressed as Jesus, passing the maple syrup back and forth.

THE JESUSES

(variously)

Thank you, Brother – you're too kind – don't mention it –

Angela enters and moves to the first Cook.

ANGELA

Unstrap Newt, I've got his sock in the car –

(to Newt)

Time to go home, Newt.

NEWT

Can I pee?

ANGELA

Yes, in just a moment, Newt.

NEWT

(a happy eye-roll)

Rock' em-sock' em.

CUT TO:

INT. SOOTHING BREEZES SANITARIUM - DAY

A door opens, Newt sprints down the hallway and into a door, marked with the symbol:

Angela cools her heels outside the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOOTHING BREEZES SANITARIUM - DAY

Angela and an ORDERLY walk Newt to a waiting van. The Orderly is steering the meandering, easily distracted Newt by a handle

attached to the back of his jacket. Just above the handle are the embroidered words:

"GIMME FIVE"

Angela hands the Orderly a plane ticket.

ANGELA

Be sure to walk him onto the plane yourself, fasten his seatbelt, remember to tell the Stewardess no liquids for Newt and don't let them check his sock, it's carry on. His cousin Wally will be there to meet him in Newtonville.

(turns to Newt)

Newt, the whole staff will miss you and I'll miss you, too.

NEWT

Two. Zero. One. Two –

She grabs Newt by the shoulders.

ANGELA

Have a wonderful time at home, Newt.

Angela gives Newt a big kiss; he smiles enigmatically and tries to deck her with a roundhouse right, which she expertly ducks, and he completes his compulsive reaction to her kiss with a sly wolf whistle. The Orderly tightens his grip on Newt's handle. Angela attaches a large, adhesive badge to Newt's jacket that reads:

"HI  
MY NAME IS NEWT  
ARE YOU MY COUSIN WALLY?"

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The satellite clicks and we see that the digital countdown readout is t-minus 12:00 and counting.

CUT TO:

## EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

We see the back of a large semi packed solid with large bricks of a yellow substance, wrapped in waxy paper. A FOREMAN with a clipboard walks back and forth as the two DRIVERS finish tidying the cargo.

FOREMAN

Boys, you've packed your load/  
And it's time to hit the road/  
Let the slowpokes eat your dust/  
It's Newtonville or bust/  
Let the highway be your heyday/  
And I'll see you here on payday.

The Drivers, who hate this rhyming business, close and lock the doors. A picture of a large wheel of bright yellow cheese is painted on the doors, along with the words:

"CHEESE IS MADE FROM MILK"

The Drivers move to and enter the cab, as the Foreman works himself into a rhyming frenzy.

FOREMAN

Please, boys, please/  
Be careful with that cheese/  
For the Beefy Cheese Louise/  
If anything should happen/  
You'll put me in a squeeze/  
You'll bring me to my knees/  
I could lose all my fees/  
Are you sure you've got your keys?  
(the truck starts)  
Watch out for all those trees! Hi-  
ho, hi-ho/  
I hate to see you go/  
We'll see you back here soon/  
Remember: Newtonville by noon!

The truck thunders off into the night, obscuring the last wretched rhymes of the Post Foreman.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

A police car is parked behind the sign:

"WELCOME TO NEWTONVILLE  
LIGHTNING CAPITAL OF THE WORLD...  
WE'RE ZAPPY TO SEE YOU!!!  
POP. 43,108"

We see a bright flash of lightning in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

DOUGY "SHERLOCK" WATSON, a heavysset, easy-going Highway Patrolman, sits behind the wheel, looking up at the sky.

DOUGY "SHERLOCK" WATSON  
Four hundred and one...  
(pause – then, more  
lightning)  
Four hundred and two...

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY NEWTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wally sits catatonically in his overstuffed chair, with his shirt off, his left arm raised in an uncomfortable position. A big red rash under his left arm is covered with pink lotion. The room is strewn with Gordie's toy weapons. Gordie himself is violently stomping up and down on a newspaper-stuffed dummy/enemy soldier, screaming as he guts the dummy and plunges the toy knife into its brainpan. GUCCI-GUCCI, the dreaded Pekingese, is busy rending one of Wally's argyle socks.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

CLOSE on peanuts in the aisle, as we hear a plastic crunching SOUND. While everyone else sleeps, the Professor futilely struggles to pry open his salad dressing container with a plastic fork.

CUT TO:

INT. HORTON THURSBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Horton sits in his '40's noir hotel room, in a sleeveless T-shirt, boxer shorts and gartered socks, cleaning his massive, chrome-plated .357 Magnum pistol, staring holes in a picture of Professor Zinzermacher on the table in front of him. His moll, LORRAINE, an irresistible, shapely blonde bombshell, lolls on the bed, blowing kisses to the ceiling and watching them float.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

Randy slowly cleans the concession area. Woody sits at a table near the rink, playing a beautiful, forlorn county waltz on a steel guitar. Big Tom is slowly and gracefully skating around the rink in time to the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

The lights around the big skate on top of the rink turn off. The distant waltz merges with the crickets.

SLOW FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE AIRPORT - DAY

A huge lightning rod in the shape of a key sits atop the modest terminal. A sign on the building reads:

"NEWTONVILLE'S  
'BEN FRANKLIN'  
AIRPORT  
THE KEY TO ALL YOUR TRAVEL NEEDS  
BEN SAYS, 'CHARGE IT!!'"

A black stretch limo with a big "A" on the side pulls up in front of the terminal. The stocky Cockney chauffeur, BOB



McNABB, gets out, and opens the door for his petite and proper wife, ALICE, who gets out of the passenger side. Both are dressed in yellow uniforms that sport a big blue "A".

BOB MCNABB

Watch your loaf, luv.

ALICE

(middle-class English)

Wait here, Bobby ducks. Back in a tick with Bert, Mel and the Professor.

BOB MCNABB

Standin' by, ready to stab it and steer. Go on, plant one on me boat. Come on then.

She shyly gives him a kiss on the cheek. He gives her an affectionate hug and tickle, which makes her giggle. She starts towards the terminal. Bob admires her small, shapely figure.

BOB MCNABB

What a butcher's; makes me want to fall to me chips'ns.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOG - DAY

Wally Newton pulls into a slot, parks and starts digging through the mass of Gordie's toys, piled high from the front seat to the back. He retrieves a piece of paper with some flight info on it, stuck to a huge wad of gum. The array of weaponry and Gordie-and-Polly-generated filth in the car is staggering.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN FRANKLIN TERMINAL - DAY

Alice moves through the terminal, past a small newsstand. We PICK UP and STAY WITH Horton Thursby, lurking near the magazine rack. He sets down the copy of "DETECTIVES IN LOVE MAGAZINE" he was pretending to read and follows Alice toward the arrival gates.

CUT TO:

HEINZ 57 COMPANY BANNER

Near an arrival gate. The banner reads:

"WELCOME TO OUR 35 NEW  
EMPLOYEES FROM LUBBOCK, TEXAS  
35 NEW REASONS WHY 57 IS  
NUMBER 1"

WE MOVE off the banner to see Horton walking away, still following Alice towards the gate. We PICK UP and STAY with Wally, as he enters through a side door, looking for a trash can. He carries a large conglomeration of hundreds of pink gum wads and other sticky car refuse. We stay with Wally until he crosses paths with a group of thirty-five robust TEXANS, all in goofy, double-knit leisure suits, carrying briefcases.

Waiting to greet the Texans under the Heinz banner, beside a big black cauldron are three large CHEFS in white outfits and large chef's hats, bearing the distinctive, ketchup-red "57" logo.

As the Texans approach, a TAP DANCER dressed as a bottle of Heinz 57 sauce rises out of the cauldron and begins enthusiastically tap dancing to taped musical accompaniment. The Chefs shake the hands of the happy Texans and hand each of them a large bottle of steak sauce.

CUT TO:

WALLY

Still looking for a trash can. Near another gate, he passes another welcoming committee, under another banner that reads:

"MAYOR BILLY BENSON IS ZAPPY TO WELCOME  
THE RENOWNED CHINESE ACROBATIC TEAM  
FROM THE FAR PROVINCES  
IT'S VERY RICE TO SEE YOU"

MAYOR BILLY BENSON and his wife, DOTTY, stand behind two BATON-TWIRLING BLONDES and a TRICK DOG jumping back and forth

through a hoop. A Sousa march blares as the CHINESE ACROBATS come off the plane, all wearing identical Chinese red sweatsuits with Nehru collars. A great deal of bowing and smiling and unintelligible greetings ensues.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The countdown on the satellite continues: it now reads: 00:10. It changes to: 00:09.

CUT TO:

INT. ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Wally's at a trash can, trying to dislodge the sticky gum wad from his hands, when he looks out a window and spots Newt in a crowd of people exiting a plane down a portable stairway. Instead of crossing the tarmac to the terminal with the other passengers, Newt stops at the bottom of the stairs and is quickly left alone.

A concerned STEWARDESS moves towards Newt. He smiles and backs up. The Stewardess stops, Newt stops. Wally watches. Within moments half a dozen assorted AIRPORT PERSONNEL are giving chase to Newt, who gleefully darts in and out around the plane's landing gear.

CUT TO:

HORTON (NEAR ANOTHER GATE)

Positioned behind a column, watching Mel, Bert and the Professor deplane off the jetway, where they're greeted by Alice. Mel and Bert are rhythmically bobbing their heads and knees, because they have to urinate with such urgency their back teeth are floating.

CUT TO:

MEL, BERT, THE PROFESSOR AND ALICE

As the Professor shakes Alice's hand.

HUGO

I am Professor Hugo Zinermacher.  
Hugo your way und I'll go mine.

Alice stares at him. Mel leans over to Bert and whispers.

MEL  
I gotta pee so bad I can taste it.

BERT  
Me too, Mel. My bladder's stretched  
out like a water balloon.

ALICE  
Did you check your bag, Professor?

HUGO  
Unfortunately no; they took it from  
me at the other airport.

Alice stares at him again, nods slowly and turns towards the  
baggage claim area.

CUT TO:

HORTON

As Alice, Mel, Bert and the Professor pass by, Horton  
cautiously follows them.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The satellite countdown moves from: 00:04 to 00:03.

CUT TO:

INT. ARRIVAL GATE - DAY

Two burly SECURITY GUARDS carry a rigid, smiling Newt up a  
jetway into the terminal to the waiting Wally. Newt sees  
Wally, points at him and breaks into a wild, moonbeam smile.  
The Guards carry him to Wally.

GUARD #1  
Are you his Cousin Wally?

WALLY

Yes, sir, I am. Where's his sock?

The other Guard holds up a bulging grey sock with a red stripe. The Guards set Newt down. He and Wally immediately start to circle each other, quickly accelerating into faster and faster revolutions. They stop at the same time and break into huge, identical grins.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

SAMMY "THE STOMP" JOHNSON, a middle-aged black musician is buying a big cigar from the CASHIER behind the counter. He carries a well-traveled guitar case, stenciled with the words:

"SAMMY "THE STOMP" JOHNSON"

As he moves on, lighting the stogie, HANK THE BARBER, a tall, thin man, wearing sleeve garters and a racy bow-tie, exits the Barber Shop across the corridor and moves towards the newsstand.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The satellite countdown moves under: 00:01 and starts counting in seconds: 00:00:59. The satellite begins emitting a beeping sound which gradually increases in tempo, pitch and volume. Another panel slides open and a large, metallic nozzle slides out.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

The baggage carousel starts revolving and bags begin to appear. We see the following groupings: Alice, the Professor, Mel and Bert.

MEL

We'll be right back.

BERT

We're going to the men's room.

They begin fast-bobbing towards the men's room. Sammy "The Stomp" Johnson waits just to the right of Alice, who takes out a make-up mirror and powders her nose. Horton lurks behind a nearby column, watching the Professor.

The Texans and the Chinese Acrobats are on opposite sides of the carousel, along with their respective welcoming committees.

Wally leads Newt to the carousel, takes off his belt, loops it through the handle on Newt's jacket and ties it around a column.

NEWT

Can I pee?

WALLY

Soon as I get your bag, Newt.

NEWT

Rock' em-sock'em?

WALLY

(hands Newt his sock)

I'll be right back, Newt. I see your bag right there.

Wally starts after a plaid bag with a "SOOTHING BREEZES" tag on it, trying to dart through the Texans to reach the bag before it disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

We see the satellite countdown: 00:00:03 / 00:00:02 / 00:00:01 and as it hits 00:00:00 the beeping crescendos and goes SILENT for one brief moment. Then, the satellite produces an emission; a small burst of light shoots from the nozzle and hear a sound like a sharp slam on a ping-pong ball.

CUT TO:

## EXT. OUTER SPACE

HIGH ANGLE, looking down on the United States. The emission, a short piece of light, enters the earth's atmosphere and heads down towards Kansas.

CUT TO:

## EXT. NEWTONVILLE AIRPORT - DAY

The emission strikes the Ben Franklin key on top of the terminal. The key lights up and spins.

CUT TO:

## INT. NEWTONVILLE AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

HIGH ANGLE, looking down on the carousel area. The emission zooms down, strikes the carousel and a glowing four-way beam in the shape of a "X" appears. One arm of the "X" connects Horton Thursby and Wally Newton; the other arm connects Professor Hugo Zinzermacher and Newt Newton.

The glowing "X" vibrates wildly and spins, sending off small pieces of the emission in various directions.

One piece hits the group of Texans, bounces over and strikes the Chinese Acrobats.

Another shard hits Alice, makes a sharp right and slams into Sammy "The Stomp" Johnson.

A third bolt hits Alice's open make-up mirror, bounces behind her and nails Mel and Bert just as they open the door to the men's room. This piece of the emission then hits the mirror in the men's room and shoots back out into the corridor, striking the Cashier and Hank the Barber at the newsstand.

The bolt continues out an open door, bounces off the three Heinz 57 Chefs, the tap dancing 57 Sauce Bottle and the Trick Dog, all standing by the curb, then smacks into the head of Bob McNabb, sitting behind the wheel of Company "A"'s limo.

From there, the beam spreads out towards all of Newtonville.

The three Chefs, the tap dancing Bottle and the Trick Dog

are suddenly compelled to leap into Bob's limo. And Bob, as if possessed by the spirit of a mad hot rod, puts the pedal to the metal, lays two hundred feet of rubber, slams on the breaks when he reaches a stop sign, throws it in reverse and comes roaring backwards through the pick-up area in front of the terminal.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

The glowing "X" of light burns brightly; the clothes of the two opposing pairs fly off and land on the person opposite; Newt now wears the Professor's clothes and the Professor is wearing Newt's clothes. Horton Thursby is wearing Wally Newton's clothes and Wally Newton is wearing the clothes of Horton Thursby. Newt's sock flies into the Professor's hand. He immediately drops it. Horton's .357 Magnum flies across and lands in Wally's hand. He immediately drops it.

The "X" hits another level of intensity and now the two pairs literally change places; Newt Newton, in the Professor's clothes, now stands next to Alice. He leans down and picks up his sock. The Professor is in Newt's clothes, strapped to the column. Wally wears Horton's clothes, lurking behind a column and Horton wears Wally's clothes, looking for Newt's bag. Horton bends down, picks up his Magnum and sticks it in the waistband of his pants.

The "X" hits its brightest level and completely EVAPORATES. The carousel makes a stressful, screeching sound.

Newt, the Professor, Wally and Horton blink their eyes and shake their heads, feeling confused.

For no reason they can understand, the Texans are compelled to march en mass to the other side of the carousel, just as the Chinese acrobats, equally befuddled and compelled, walk around to where they Texans were standing.

Alice and Sammy "The Stomp" Johnson are still standing side by side. However, their positions have been reversed, she's wearing his sharkskin suit and aviator shades and he's wearing her Company "A" dress suit.

The carousel stops suddenly, smoking slightly. Stunned



silence. Mayor Billy Benson is the first person who rouses himself enough to speak. He makes a few strange noises, before squeezing out the words...

MAYOR BILLY BENSON

It-it-it-it was only lightning.  
Stay c-c-c-c-calm.

The crowd, instantly reassured and pathetically grateful for this convenient explanation, murmurs, as one...

CROWD

It was only lightning.

The carousel slowly starts to revolve again. People begin to move forward to claim their luggage.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Mel and Bert, who had been frozen near the door, shake their heads clear and bob to the urinals.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSSTAND

Hank the Barber picks up a newspaper and hands it to the Cashier.

CASHIER

The Hank, usual?

HANK THE BARBER

Bet you.

The Cashier takes the paper, opens the cash register drawer and tries to stuff the newspaper inside. Meanwhile, Hank unwraps a candy bar and smears it in a tight circle on his forehead, near the third eye area. The Cashier takes out a handful of nickels and dimes, holds out his arm and throws the coins onto the corridor floor. The Barber and the Cashier look at each other for a moment with a look of complete blankness. The Barber spins violently and storms back to the Barbershop.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY LIMITS - DAY

The satellite emission beam zips towards the "Welcome to Newtonville" sign, hits the city limits, stops dead, glows brightly for a second, then disappears with a loud pop. A moment later, a semi-tractor trailer barrels down the highway, entering Newtonville. On it's back doors we see the words:

"CHEESE IS MADE FROM MILK"

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

High angle. Stock shot. Establish.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON CORRIDOR - DAY

CLOSE on a high-tech security door, with a sign that reads:

"SDI  
SECTION FOUR  
CODE SIX CLEARANCE REQUIRED"

CUT TO:

INT. SDI SECTION FOUR - DAY

MOVING along a heavily instrumented control panel, we come to rest on a blinking, and as yet undetected, red warning light. Printing above the light reads:

"RANDOM COLL. DEEP SPACE EMISSION"

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE AIRPORT BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Horton-as-Wally, undoes the belt that holds the Professor-as-Newt to the column. He hands the plaid bag to the Professor.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Time to go, Newt.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Where?

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
(slight pause)  
To the Manor?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
I thought we would go to the...  
Institute.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
You just came from the Institute.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Oh, I see.

They start towards an exit.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM

Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice takes Newt-as-the-Professor by the arm.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
This way, Professor Zinzermacher.

Newt-as-the-Professor smiles, grips his sock and they march towards the exit. Stepping out from behind the column, Wally-as-Horton shadows them.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT -DAY

Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice and Newt-as-the-Professor exit the terminal to the white zone and stop at the curb. Wally-as-Horton exits after them, hanging back behind a trolley of luggage. A moment later the Company "A" limousine rockets by, the top of the Tap Dancing 57 Bottle sticks out of the sunroof. The limo screeches to a halt at the same stop sign,

then shoots back past the white zone again, 70 mph in reverse, tires smoking and screaming.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
(after the limo passes)  
What is my husband doing?

Newt-as-the-Professor stares blissfully. Mel and Bert come hustling out of the terminal. Due to the peculiar nature of the satellite emission, they, along with everyone else affected by it, are only dimly aware that any changes have occurred.

MEL  
Sorry we're late, Alice.

A slight pause. They both look at her somewhat curiously, then dismiss whatever doubt might have arisen.

MEL  
We were bobbin' like a cork.

BERT  
We'd been holding our water since Zurich.

The limo roars by yet again at 95 mph.

MEL  
Where's Bob going?

Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice takes out a white hankie, steps to the curb. He speaks in his voice, but with Alice's accent and vocabulary.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
(waving the hankie)  
Yoo-hoo! Bobby! Ducks! Oh, ducks, come right over here now, we're all ready to go.

The limo screams back into view, stops on a dime. Bob McNabb is a desperate man, a vessel for a twisted A.J. Foyt from Hell. His "good" side controls the foot on the break, the "demonic" side pumps the accelerator like Buddy Rich assaulting his bass drum pedal. The entire car shakes and

smokes like a dragster on the starting line.

BOB MCNABB

(eyes popping)

Jump in, Mates, and make it snappy;  
I'm ridin' a rhino in a brushfire.

Doors fly open, Mel and Bert lift Newt-as-the-Professor into the back seat with them, wedging in between the Chefs and the Tap Dancing Bottle. Stricken with a profound love, the Trick Dog instantly leaps into Newt-as-the-Professor's arms. Equally infatuated, Newt-as-the-Professor grabs the little Dog's cheeks and they smile at each other, point blank. Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice climbs into the front seat beside Bob.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE

(a bit stern)

Robby-ducks, remind me to speak to  
you about your tea consumption. It  
seems to be affecting your driving –

Bob can't hold back the surge any longer and the limo leaps forward like a cheetah on the trail of a leaping ibex. Wally-as-Horton comes forward to the curb, hails a cab, jumps in the back and says to the DRIVER:

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Follow that limo!

The cab starts after the limo.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Professor-as-Newt stands by, as Horton-as-Wally opens the door to Wally's car. Enraged with revulsion, he reaches in and with two or three violent motions sweeps Gordie's toys and Polly's garbage out of the car, spraying it into the parking lot.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

What a load a' crap.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

So it would seem.

Horton-as-Wally looks at him askance for a moment, then opens the door for the Professor-as-Newt, places him in the front seat and fastens his seat belt.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
I have a feeling we're not in Zurich anymore.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
You said a mouthful there, buddy.

Horton-as-Wally starts the car and they drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The limo zooms towards an intersection. The light ahead turns red. Bob slams on the breaks. The passengers tumble like ten-pins. Bob throws the limo into reverse and floors it. The passengers, just regaining their balance, get thrown again.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - DAY

The Taxi Driver reacts in horror as the limo shoots backwards towards him. Panicked, he puts the cab in reverse and floors it. Wally-as-Horton holds on for dear life.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Did we do something wrong?

CAB DRIVER  
(nonchalant)  
I see this sort'a stuff every day;  
the whole world's comin' apart.

The limo shoots back past them, swerves, does a 360 and heads back straight for them. The Cab Driver shifts back to drive and burns rubber, the limo right on his rear fender.

CAB DRIVER  
I gotta admit though, this one's  
somethin' special.

The cab is pushed forward down the road by the limo. They disappear over the crest of a hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTON MANOR - DAY

A palatial estate, high on a hill, hard by the sixteenth tee of the Newtonville Country Club golf course. A sign reads:

"NEWTON MANOR"

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ENTRYWAY - DAY

In the grand foyer, at the base of a grand, circular staircase, TIDMAN, a nervous, middle-aged, slightly disheveled butler is addressing the assembled Manor STAFF.

TIDMAN

As you know... Newt... is coming home. He will be arriving momentarily. You will recall two years ago, due to a former employee's negligence, one of the garages was not secured. Newt crawled into the workings of the furnace; during the six months it took to undo his handiwork we suffered through the coldest winter in recent memory. Black smoke issued from the faucets. Boiling water was found in the toilets. Thermostat circuitry was hardwired to all the baking ovens. Yes, as a result Chef Pierre did develop his "Jiffy Baked Alaska", which we've all enjoyed, he also developed a rare skin disorder from working in the 113 degree kitchen.

A sheepish CHEF PIERRE, wearing heavy medical mittens and hat with asbestos ear flaps, shrugs.

CHEF PIERRE

Cis la'vie.

TIDMAN

I want the following words engraved  
in the core of your beings: this  
year there will be no such incidents.  
If air can reach a hidden place, so  
can Newt. If water can flow through  
a crack, there too Newt will go.  
Readiness. Vigilance. Perseverance.  
May God be with us all.

CUT TO:

INT. / EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

QUICK CUTS: Fine crockery's locked in high cabinets. Hallway  
closet doors are nailed shut. Iron grates are padlocked over  
air ducts. In the garage, a steel box is lowered by winch  
over the Rolls. In the basement, a GUARD takes his post in  
front of the new furnace.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

The electric gates swing open. Horton-as-Wally drives Wally's  
car up the circular drive to the front walk. Tidman approaches  
the car, flanked by a pair of Orderlies – IKE and MIKE –  
built like refrigerators. Tidman opens the door, Ike and  
Mike stand by to pounce. The Professor-as-Newt looks up at  
them and smiles. Horton-as-Wally gets out on the driver's  
side.

TIDMAN

(a big cheesy smile)

Welcome home, Master Newt. Hello,  
Wally.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Who are the goons?

TIDMAN

Help for you-know-who. Come along,  
Newt, we've got the Rocking Horse  
room all ready for you.



The Orderlies lift the Professor-as-Newt out of the car. He smiles at them benignly.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Two big assistants. This is good.

TIDMAN  
(shocked, to Wally)  
What a tremendous improvement.  
(goes to the Professor-  
as-Newt)  
Can you say anything else?

THE-PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
As I was saying to Bert and Mel, if we relate the vector on a parallelogram, allowing the azimuth to intersect but not confirm the dimensional factors contributing to the parameters of the logarithmic module, it won't necessarily be a part of it.

Tidman turns back to Wally, almost relieved.

TIDMAN  
Still an idiot.

He gestures to the Goons. One of them picks up the Professor-as-Newt by the handle on his coat, the other takes his plaid bag.

TIDMAN  
Where's his sock?  
(he shushes himself)  
Never mind, let's not upset him.  
(quietly to Horton-as-  
Wally)  
We've got duplicates.

Tidman is ready to lead the others into the Manor, when he realizes Horton-as-Wally is still standing there.

TIDMAN  
You didn't want to... come in, did

you, Wally?

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
What did you say?

TIDMAN  
(shocked, instantly  
cowed)  
I said, would you like to come in?

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
What would I want to go in there  
for? I got a home of my own, pal.

Horton-as-Wally coolly gets into the car and drives away.  
Tidman frowns, perplexed, then escorts the Goons and the  
Professor-as-Newt into the Manor.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR - DAY

Tidman leads the Professor-as-Newt, his feet barely touching  
the floor, half-carried by Ike and Mike, into the grand foyer.  
The Manor Staff is assembled like shock troops about to charge  
enemy trenches. Some wear chest protectors, others shin  
guards, a few carry cans of Mace and stun guns. The Professor-  
as-Newt smiles at them with growing excitement.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(to Tidman)  
If you could show me to my room I'll  
start work immediately.

TIDMAN  
(apprehensive)  
What did you have planned, Master  
Newt?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
As you know from my letters, I hope  
to make a massive breakthrough. It  
came to me while contemplating a  
large, smooth concrete floors.

TIDMAN

Very good, Master Newt.

(aside, to an Aide)

Get Gordon Cole on the phone; I want a complete inventory of all our floor systems.

The Aid moves off, Ike and Mike start carting the Professor-as-Newt up the grand staircase.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPANY "A" - DAY

A massive office building, across the street from and nearly identical to Company "B". On the roof is a gigantic yellow:

"A"

The limo tears up in a series of short, brutal stops and starts. Tremendous grinding SOUNDS, billowing smoke, the throttle wide open, fan belt screaming.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE

Get out quick before he kills us.

(screams at Bob)

NO MORE TEA! I'll speak with you at home.

Mel and Bert quickly help Newt-as-the Professor out of the limo. Newt-as-the Professor and the Trick Dog still cling to each other. Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice is the last one out, before the limo explodes backwards away from the curb, the three Chefs and the Tap Dancing Bottle still trapped inside. PASSERS-BY cover their ears at the excruciatingly deafening SOUND of engine and tires.

CUT TO:

THE TAXI

Stopped across the street. The Taxi Driver hoses down his flaming engine with a fire extinguisher, while Wally-as-Horton takes out a pair of binoculars and looks through them...

INTERCUT:

## WALLY-AS-HORTON'S POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

We see Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice, Mel, Bert and Newt-as-the Professor enter a side door in the Company "A" building. The door is flanked by two UNIFORMED GUARDS. Wally-as-Horton moves the binoculars up to read the sign above the door:

C.A.N.A.P.E.  
Center for Advanced  
Nucleacy Arbitrary Permutation  
Experimentation  
A DIVISION OF COMPANY A.

Wally-as-Horton lowers the binoculars, puts them in his pocket. He takes a matchbook and a pack of cigarettes out, lights one up like a nerd version of James Dean, inhales deeply, plunging himself into a spasmodic coughing jag. He jettisons the cigarette into the gutter and while trying to recatch his breath, he notices the printing on the matchbook:

"VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD"

A glimmer of confused memory flits across his features. He reaches under his coat and gingerly scratches his rash.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "A" CANAPE CORRIDOR - DAY

Bert and Mel follow Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice and Newt-as-the Professor through automatic-opening, glass, sliding doors, bordered in red suede. On the doors are the words:

C.A.N.A.P.E  
TOP SECRET

As they move through the doors, CAMERA drifts to find Mr. Posthole, the Company "B" spy, lurking in the corridor. He smiles, as he watches them enter the clean room.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE CLEAN ROOM - DAY

Inside the "clean room" reception area are assembled the top brass of Company "A", forming a reception line to greet them,

all gently bobbing their heads. The President, DELBERT CORRIGAN, a young, dandified, old-money Ivy leaguer, gives Sammy "The Stomp"-as-Alice a slightly strange look.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
Gentlemen, may I present Professor  
Hugo Zinzermacher.

Polite applause. Newt-as-the Professor beams, still holding the Trick Dog in one hand and his dirty, bulging sock in the other. Delbert Corrigan steps forward to shake his hand, accompanied by his young, blonde bombshell wife, SIMONE.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
Professor, I'd like you to meet the  
President of Company "A", Mr. Delbert  
Corrigan and his lovely wife, Simone.

Corrigan shakes Newt-as-the Professor's hand. Newt-as-the Professor won't let go, happily pumping away.

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
This is one of the proudest moments  
of my life. I can safely say I speak  
for everyone here when I tell you  
that with you pulling your oar in  
our shell we'll be at the mouth of  
the Charles before you can sing three  
bars of the Whiffenpoof song. Just  
dandy.  
(getting a little  
uncomfortable)  
What a darling little pooch.  
(Newt-as-the-Professor  
continues to smile  
blankly and shake  
his hand)  
Do you know my wife, Simone?

Simone, in a devastating little Chanel number, steps forward.

SIMONE  
(bad Radcliffe French)  
Professor, je suis tres heureux a  
faire votre connaissance.

She grips Newt-as-the Professor by the shoulders and kisses him on both cheeks. His eyes light up like a pinball machine, he rears back and throws a roundhouse right. Simon and Delbert, using their good genetic reflexes, both shy back in shock. The punch sails past them and lands squarely on Mel's nose with a resounding SMACK.

Mel grabs his broken honker, tears squirt from his eyes. He grabs the nearest wall and a piercing, high-pitched, one-note wail of contained agony escapes from him. Mel turns back around.

BERT  
(stunned)  
The Professor hit Mel.

Holding his nose, Mel turns back to them, in extreme pain and feeling somehow responsible for it.

MEL  
I must have provoked him.

Everyone else is still speechless.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
(looking around)  
Can I pee?

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
(trying to smile)  
Yes, C.A.N.A.P.E.  
(he refers to his  
C.A.N.A.P.E. security  
badge)  
And please be assured, the Center  
for Advanced Nucleacy Arbitrary  
Permutation Experimentation is  
absolutely thrilled to have you here.  
Please, be assured of this.

Hiding behind her husband, eyes darting nervously, Simone tries to light a cigarette, her hands shaking like a frog on a hot plate.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
Can I pee?

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
(slight pause)  
What is it, exactly, that you're  
confused about?

Newt-as-the-Professor makes a fast beeline to the nearby  
men's room, clearly marked with the following symbol:

Mel and Bert quickly confer.

MEL  
That could explain a lot.

BERT  
We should'a let him go when we got  
off the plane.

They both quickly turn to Delbert Corrigan.

MEL  
We should'a let him go when he got  
off the plane.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
(also trying to explain)  
One must continually bear in mind  
that these geniuses are a queer lot.

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
(the "good sport")  
I've a few eccentrics swinging from  
my own family tree. If he delivers  
the "massive breakthrough" he's  
promised in correspondence, believe  
you me, we'll put up with the best  
the Professor can muster in the  
Peculiar Behavior Department.

From inside the bathroom, we hear the Trick Dog happily  
barking in a conversational way, as if talking to Newt-as-  
the-Professor. A moment later the door opens and a big, black  
puff of smoke rolls into the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

The same stock shot.

CUT TO:

INT. SDI SECTION FOUR - DAY

A CORPORAL stares at the blinking red warning light we saw earlier under the words:

"RANDOM COLL. DEEP SPACE EMISSION"

The Corporal flicks the bulb once or twice, makes sure it's not malfunctioning. It continues to blink, unabated. The Corporal takes out a key, unlocks a small box, opens it, flicks the switch inside. The blinking red light turns green, continues to blink, turns back to red, rotates and a small telephone slides out of a panel beneath it. The Corporal picks up the phone, without taking his eyes off the still blinking light.

CORPORAL

(trying to remain  
calm)

Put me through to Colonel Mofler...

(pause)

Colonel Mofler?... Corporal Gumm.

Sir, we've got a tuna on the line.

Yes, sir, a verified tuna.

CUT TO:

INT. COLONEL MOFLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Colonel Mofler sits at his desk, holding the phone.

COLONEL MOFLER

Thank you, Corporal. I don't need to  
remind you this is Code Six...

He hangs up, grimly takes a key from his desk, inserts it into a lock on the edge of his desk. The desk top slides open, revealing a large red book emblazoned with the word:

"FISH"



Colonel Mofler pages through the book. We see subheadings that read: "TROUT, HALIBUT, GROUPE, ANCHOVIE, MACKERAL". He comes to a page that reads: "TUNA". He read something that shocks him.

COLONEL MOFLER  
Holy jumping George...

CUT TO:

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

GENERAL CONRAD stands at the head of the long conference table. A pack of very cool Generals with the Right Stuff are gathered around. A number of large, stuffed, mounted fish adorn the knotty-pine walls.

GENERAL CONRAD  
(high fury)  
A TUNA!!?? A TUNA!!??

COLONEL MOFLER  
(also standing, data  
in hand)  
Yes, Sir, prelim's indicate an  
albacore...

GENERAL CONRAD  
That's white meat!!!

COLONEL MOFLER  
Yes, Sir; an emission.

GENERAL CONRAD  
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT THING  
PEED!!!!????

COLONEL MOFLER  
Yes, Sir, a contained pinpoint  
emission somewhere in Friendly Delta  
Forty.

GENERAL CONRAD  
(covers his eyes in  
despair)

FRIENDLY!! GAHHHH!!  
(questions the others)  
Delta? Delta Forty?

The other Generals calmly confer. The group's spokesman, GENERAL THRASHER, turns to General Conrad.

GENERAL THRASHER  
Kansas.

GENERAL CONRAD  
It peed on Kansas? THAT THING PEED  
ON KANSAS!!!???

COLONEL MOFLER  
Sir... uh, should we notify, uh,  
the, uh, Commander in, uh, Chief?

General Conrad looks at the red phone on the table in front of him. He picks up the entire instrument and then bangs it on the table with increasing intensity. The other Generals don't move a muscle, brimming over with the Right Stuff

GENERAL CONRAD  
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!!!!!!!

General Conrad does a backflip and lands heavily, out of sight, with the SOUND of major fracturing. The other Generals respond with slight head shakes, sympathetic whistles and other small, compassionate gestures.

A GENERAL  
(pause, calmly)  
Mofler, call an ambulance.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - DAY

The wounded Taxi limps up to the door. Wally-as-Horton gets out of the cab and cautiously enters the Rod.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - DAY

Pearlescent stucco and a persistent South Seas motif; weathered rope nets, varnished blowfish lamps, dusty spears and shields. The CUSTOMERS, a hardboiled bunch of sleazy criminal types, freeze in their tracks when Wally-as-Horton enters and tentatively makes his way across the room; the denizens part for him like the Red Sea. VINNIE, the short, stocky, balding proprietor, behind the bar is the only person who dares to speak to him.

VINNIE

Hey, Horton. What's happening?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

(stops, terrified but  
handling it)

Not much. What's happening with you...  
Vinnie?

He looks at Vinnie with some confusion.

VINNIE

(clearly frightened  
of him)

Not much.

Wally-as-Horton nods and continues on. He passes a booth full of four GANGSTERS, clearly a few notches tougher than the bar's other customers. Their leader, JIMMY "CRAWLIN" UNDERWOOD, a big Irishman, rises as Wally-as-Horton approaches. Wally-as-Horton's knees shake and he smiles politely. The whole room tensely watches the following exchange.

UNDERWOOD

(timidly)

Me and the boys was wondering what a  
guy named Mr. Biggs is doing up in  
front of your apartment.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Why didn't you ask him?

UNDERWOOD

(self-deprecating  
laugh)

Okay, Horton, sure, it's none of our

business, you know us, always lookin'  
for a taste of the action.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Would you like me to ask him for  
you, Mr. Underwood?

UNDERWOOD  
(severe anxiety,  
backing up)  
No, no, come on, Horton, you know  
us, we're not tryin' to muscle in,  
you're the man, you call the shots.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
I'm going upstairs now.

UNDERWOOD  
Sure, Horton, sure. So, same time  
for drinks tonight, huh Horton?

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Why not, Mr. Underwood?

They look at each other uncertainly. Wally-as-Horton exits  
up a rear stairway and the room comes back to life. Underwood  
returns to the table full of Gangsters.

GANGSTER #1  
(an Italian)  
What'd he say?

UNDERWOOD  
(talking tough)  
Something stinks, big. Pew. He kept  
calling my Mr. Underwood.

GANGSTER #2  
(a Black guy)  
That's your name.

Underwood twists Gangster #2's nose.

UNDERWOOD  
Mr. Schmaty Pants: my name's Jimmy!  
That guy, maybe he's been on top too

long. Lemme tell you something; the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

(the Gangsters mutter agreement)

Hey Vinnie, how 'bout a round a' cheeseburgers?

GANGSTER #3

(a Mexican guy)

Con mucho queso.

The other Gangsters grunt their approval.

VINNIE

(in front of the open fridge)

Sorry, gents, looks like we're fresh outta cheese.

The Gangsters raise a ruckus, each in his own dialectical style.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Wally-as-Horton reaches the top of the stairs. Mr. Biggs steps out of the shadows, flanked by two big BODYGUARDS in Company "B" jumpsuits. Their heads are bobbing like Bert and Mel's were before they peed at the airport.

MR. BIGGS

So? Has the deed been done?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

(fearfully thinking on his feet)

I'm going to march right out there and engage the enemy.

MR. BIGGS

Every second that genius' brain is working for Company "A", a fog of trouble engulfs our enterprise in a cloud of uncertainty.

(moves closer)  
One twenty-five cent bullet, Mr. Thuraby, delivered in a timely fashion, will spell victory for Company "B"

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
And I'll bet there's no butts about it.

MR. BIGGS  
I think we understand each other.

Mr. Biggs heads down the stairs, followed by his bobbing Bodyguards. Wally-as-Horton quickly ducks into the door of Horton's apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. HORTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wally-as-Horton shuts the door, leans back against it, gulping air. He turns on a light and finds himself staring at two huge gun racks, one for rifles, one for pistols. Wally-as-Horton hyperventilates, terrorized. He takes off his jacket and is shocked to see himself wearing an empty shoulder holster.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Horton-as-Wally pulls into the driveway in Wally's car. He gets out, heads for the front door. We hear the ferocious yapping of Gucci-Gucci the Pekingese and a moment later it bursts through the underbrush and makes a beeline for Horton-as-Wally. Horton-as-Wally turns and his gaze narrows menacingly just as Gucci-Gucci leaps up at his face for the kill.

In mid-flight, the look in Horton-as-Wally's eyes register in Gucci-Gucci's little mind. Gucci-Gucci puts on the brakes and stops in mid-air, inches from Horton-as-Wally's face, lingers there a moment, then retreats along the same trajectory, with a squeal of total capitulation.

Gucci-Gucci rolls over and surrenders, begging for mercy. Horton-as-Wally snaps his fingers. Gucci-Gucci leaps up into his arms and obsequiously slathers Horton-as-Wally's face with Gucci-Gucci devotion.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
(to Gucci-Gucci)  
In China they eat dogs.

Gucci-Gucci freezes and puts its paws over its eyes.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Lucky for you we're not in China.

Horton-as-Wally drops Gucci-Gucci and enters the house. Gucci-Gucci heels after him like a dog with a PhD from Rin-Tin-tin University.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Horton-as-Wally enters. With an Apache war whoop, Gordie leaps around a corner, pointing a toy pistol at Horton-as-Wally. With reflexes faster than a jungle cat, Horton-as-Wally whips out his huge, chrome-plated .357 Magnum, puts the barrel against Gordie's forehead and kicks his legs out from under him. Gordie hits the floor like a sack of rocks, Horton-as-Wally kicks the toy pistol away, puts his foot on Gordie's neck and bends Gordie's nose back with the Magnum.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Didn't anyone ever tell you it's  
dangerous to play with firearms?

Gordie is shocked into a semi-coma of terror, whimpering like a lost baby seal. We hear Polly coming before she turns the corner.

POLLY  
Wally, did you remember to pick up  
the cheese for the wine and cheese –  
(she turns the corner  
and sees them)  
WALLY!!! GET OFF MY CHILD THIS  
INSTANT!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!! I'LL

KNOCK YOU INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT  
WEEK!!!

Horton-as-Wally's head slowly turns towards her like a robot's. His cold steel eyes meet hers.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
What did you say?

POLLY  
YOU ARE IN SERIOUS, SERIOUS TROUBLE,  
MISTER!! I'LL SPANK YOUR BOTTOM SO  
HARD YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SIT FOR A –

Horton-as-Wally shoots out an arm with the speed of a cobra, snares her adam's apple between his thumb and forefinger and lifts her gently, sliding her up the wall.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
That's... enough.

She faints dead away. Gordie, afraid to move a muscle, watches them out of the corner of his eye. Gucci-Gucci sits obediently at Horton-as-Wally's feet, wagging its tail and smiling, gazing up at him with blind adoration.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - DAY

The wheels on the neon skate are revolving slightly faster than the last time we saw them.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - DAY

Country-waltz music. The rink has a few dozen skaters, all pushing themselves forward with a strange and somehow familiar bobbing motion. Over at the SKATE CHECK-OUT desk, a sweating, beaming Big Tom is distributing skates to an eager crowd; his ability to supply barely keeping up with demand. We hear comments from the CROWD:

CROWD  
(variously)



Boy, I haven't been skating in years... you know I must have driver by this place a hundred times and this is the first time I even noticed it was here... hey, Jane, you come here often?... it's the strangest thing; I was just standing there holding the baby and I suddenly got this urge to skate; I ended up bringing the baby-sitter... I take a nine, Big Tom...

Woody sits at the adding machine, ecstatically cranking out numbers and banking cash.

WOODY

This is not bad business for a Thursday.

RANDY'S VOICE

How many lumps, Woody?

WOODY

ONE!!! RANDY, ONE!!!

RANDY'S VOICE

One lump, coming up, Woody.

WOODY

(embittered, to himself)  
Sure thing, Mister Memory.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER RINK KITCHEN - DAY

A bunch of KIDS on skates are clustered around the snack counter, all bobbing their heads. Randy is adding a lump of sugar to a cup of coffee like Madame Curie handling uranium.

THE KIDS

Hey, Randy, six Beefy Cheese Louise... man, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse... me, too... me three and I just ate lunch... me, too...

RANDY  
How many?

THE KIDS  
SIX!!

Randy nods and his head starts to bob, somewhat erratically. He goes to the Beefy Cheese Louise fridge, opens it. The patties are brown and naked. No cheese in sight.

Randy doesn't change his expression. He closes the fridge, paces back and forth, reopens the fridge, looks at the cheeseless patties again and makes a high whining sound.

We hear three loud beeps from a TRUCK HORN. Big Tom calls out to Woody.

BIG TOM  
Cheese truck's here.

WOODY  
I got it.

Woody rises, starts towards the back. Randy stares at the fridge, filled with the wonder of life.

RANDY  
What a coincidence.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLER RINK LOADING DOCK - DAY

The Drivers are swinging open the rear doors of the cheese truck. Woody's face falls when he looks inside. The Drivers look at each other, then at Woody.

The truck is empty. No cheese. White wax paper printed with the words "CHEESE IS MADE FROM MILK" wafts in the breeze.

DRIVER #2  
That damn truck was filled with  
cheese.

DRIVER #1  
Where's that much cheese gonna go?

WOODY  
(fighting back panic)  
You want to try to explain this to  
me and a barnload of hungry skaters?

Out of the Drivers shakes his head, gently kicks a rock.

WOODY  
HMMM??!!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE HEINZ 57 PLANT - DAY

We see a banner in the plaza in front of the building:

"WELCOME TO OUR 35 NEW  
EMPLOYEES FROM LUBBOCK, TEXAS  
35 NEW REASONS WHY 57 IS  
NUMBER 1"

A dais is set up under the banner. A relentlessly cheerful  
HEINZ VICE PRESIDENT is making a speech into a microphone,  
to the Heinz EMPLOYEES gathered in the plaza.

HEINZ VP  
(head bobbing slightly)  
It's the start of a brand new tomorrow  
today and what a beautiful day it  
is. The sun is shining brightly on  
Heinz 57. We've got the welcome mat  
out today –

The microphone picks up a loud rumbling from the VP's stomach.

HEINZ VP  
– wo, 'scuse me, guess I'm running  
on empty – good thing for me we've  
got the Welcome Lunch out, too.  
(enthusiastic applause)  
Good thing for me and for the thirty-  
five new reasons why Heinz 57 is  
Number One. Now I understand you  
folks are all from Lubbock, is that  
right?

We now see the thirty-five Chinese acrobats in their Chinese red sweatsuits, standing at the front of the crowd. They all rapidly confer in an obscure Chinese dialect, then a SPOKESMAN steps forward and beams proudly.

SPOKESMAN  
Rubbock.

Applause from the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIALTO THEATRE - DAY

A STAGEHAND bobs his head while plastering up a bill on a wall outside the theater:

"OPENS TONIGHT  
THE FABULOUS CHINESE ACROBATS  
FROM THE FAR PROVINCES"

As he finishes a delivery truck pulls up. Lettering on the side reads:

"LIGHTNING FAST CHINESE"

The non-Chinese Delivery Man gets out, carrying a very large box of Chinese food in the familiar cardboard buckets.

STAGEHAND  
Weren't you just here?

NON-CHINESE DELIVERY MAN  
They phoned up for more.

Off screen we hear a horrendous screeching and squealing. The Delivery man hurries across the street and enters the theater. A moment later the Company "A" limo flies by, lurching and bucking like a harpooned whale.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

The thirty-five, leisure-suited Texans are spread out all

over the stage, wolfing down Chinese food like there's no tomorrow. Empty cardboard buckets litter the area. In b.g., the Delivery Man distributes more buckets from his big box.

### THE TEXANS

(variously)

Damn; finish one a' these, two minutes go by it's like I never et... stuff sure don't stick to your ribs... stuff's startin' to talk back to me... this beer wash' it down real good... 'question is, how far down's it gonna go?... and will it stay there, pa'dner... sompin' tells me this stuff'll repeat on ya...

ROGER, the light-in-the-loafers Stage Manager minces on state, bobbing his head in an esthetic way.

### ROGER

(clapping his hands)

All right, girls, chop-chop –

(points to his watch)

Clockse say time for rehearsee, I'm not getting any younger, the band's paid by the hour - down with the food, on with the tights –

The Texans stare at him balefully. A large one rises, puts a hand on Roger's shoulder, towering over him and turns to the group.

### TEXAN #1

What do you think, boys? Should we kill him?

### ROGER

Ooh, quell macho behind the Bamboo Curtain – Roger read you loud and clear, you angry Samurai; time to zippee my lippee.

He mimes zipping and locking his lips, then throws away the "key". Roger turns to the BAND, in the pit, and mouths the words:

ROGER  
Play something!

The Band lurches into a loony Chinese overture. As if hypnotized, all the Texans drop their food containers, run to prearranged spots on the stage, roll their socks up over the bottom of their pants legs and bow to each other.

Half the troupe leans down and form stirrups with their hands. The other half of the troupe take lumbering runs at them and strain one foot up into the stirrup.

With agonized, muscle-ripping heaves, the runners are clumsily lifted in unison a few inches into the air and fall as one to the stage, landing on their backs like felled redwoods.

ROGER  
Ooh.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Doors open and General Conrad is wheeled into the room on a mobile rig. The General wears a full-body cast, stuck in a position like a freeze frame of someone being tossed into a swimming pool.

The other Generals, seated as before around the table, give low-key, respectful greeting. An AIDE stands behind each of the Generals, holding a stack of computer printout data.

THE GENERALS  
(variously)  
Hey, Pappy... touch break... good to see you back in the saddle... guess you're gonna make that barbecue Saturday, eh Pappy?

Colonel Mofler rises as General Conrad reaches the table, in the middle of an extremely long slow burn.

GENERAL CONRAD  
(low, angry, controlled)  
Tell me about the fish.

COLONEL MOFLER  
Sir, that tuna's been gaffed and  
he's coming on deck now –

GENERAL CONRAD  
What've we got!!

COLONEL MOFLER  
(a look to the other  
Generals)  
Sir, luckily the emission was  
confined.  
(looks at the Generals  
again)  
Confined to the limits of one small  
town.  
(looks again)  
Newtonville, Kansas.

Long pause.

GENERAL CONRAD  
That's IT??!! We're talking about  
fist piss, what the hell did it DO??!!

Mofler looks at the Generals again, then at his notes.

COLONEL MOFLER  
Uh, possible impact on basic metabolic  
processes. Negative, uh, infringement  
on calcium and magnesium molecular  
structures. Uh, very likely some  
compulsive hyperkinetic rebalancing –

GENERAL CONRAD  
CUT THE CRAP!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YOU TELL  
ME, COLONEL, WHAT THE HELL ARE WE  
PULLING UP ON DECK!!

Another look at the Generals.

COLONEL MOFLER  
Well, Sir, there's one thing we can  
say for certain; Newtonville sure as  
hell isn't going to have any cheese.

Silence. General Conrad tightens. His face turns the color of borscht. SOUND of plaster straining. Hairline cracks appear up and down the General's body cast. Strangled moaning escapes from the General as the cast shatters and he falls out of view like a man going through a trapdoor.

The Generals shake their heads in admiration. They clench their cigars, summoning up the Stuff for the ordeal that clearly lies ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In Gordie's room, Horton-as-Wally pounds the final nail into the last in a wall full of professional looking gun racks. The others are already loaded with Gordie's toy weapons. Horton-as-Wally turns to Gordie.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Load 'er up.

Gordie loads the rest of his toys into the rack.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

How many rounds in a Luger magazine?

GORDIE

Nine, Sir.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

What's the range on that Kalishnikov?

GORDIE

Accurate to three-hundred yards,  
Sir.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Do you ever point a loaded weapon at another human being if you don't intend to use it?

GORDIE

No, Sir, never, Sir.

HORTON-AS-WALLY



That's good, Gordon. Tomorrow we're going to talk about hand-to-hand techniques. Now go tell your Mother we're ready to eat.

GORDIE

Yes, Sir, I sure am hungry.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

You and me both, Junior.

Gordie exits happily.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY NEWTON'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As Horton-as-Wally enters, Polly, wearing a blond, plastic neck brace, is setting out large amounts of food on the table, where Gordie's eagerly seated, his head bobbing.

POLLY

(her voice strangely  
Munchkined)

Wally, I don't appreciate one little bit being told by Gordie that you're ready to –

Horton-as-Wally sits down, calmly takes out his Magnum and sets it on the table beside his plate. Polly inhales her next word and immediately sits. Gordie stares directly at Horton-as-Wally in a trance of admiration.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Dig in, Gordon. You'll need plenty of energy when we go hand-to-hand.

Polly's impulse to interrogate is just barely contained by her sheer terror. Gordie starts to eat, still gazing worshipfully at Horton-as-Wally.

POLLY

Wally, you'll remember we're having the wine and cheese get-together tomorrow evening and I'll need you to pick –

(he shoots her a look)  
– to remind me to pick up the wine  
and cheese in the morning.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
(nods, then to Gordie)  
If we had some cheese, we could have  
a wine and cheese party, if we had  
some wine.

Gordie cracks up. He loves his dad so much now.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Son, you're bobbing like a boy who  
needs a pogo stick. What do you say  
we pick one up tomorrow?

GORDIE  
(thrilled)  
Gee, Dad, that'd be great – what's  
a pogo stick?

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

A basketball court sized room, the ceilings almost out of sight. The walls are covered with murals of animals and fantasy lands. A gigantic, electric rocking horse sits in the middle of the room, near a desk where Tidman is emptying the contents of a large, grey sock in front of the seated Professor-as-Newt. Ike and Mike are standing guard nearby. The Professor-as-Newt stares at the objects analytically, on the assumption they hold some hidden, symbolic significance.

TIDMAN  
(puzzled)  
Don't you recognize these items,  
Master Newt?

The Professor-as-Newt looks at Tidman, as if to say, "Should I?"

TIDMAN  
These are the contents of your sock.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
My sock.

TIDMAN  
That's right –  
(picking each object  
up)  
This is your rock. This is your piece  
of string. This is your pink rubber  
pig. This is your record player and  
your very own record. See?

Tidman puts the plastic record on the plastic, toy turntable and turns it on; a frantic, emotional children's SONG plays. Assuming this is all a test of his brilliance, the Professor-as-Newt cocks his head like the RCA dog, listening intently. He picks up the rock, scrutinizing it, measuring it with his fingers.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(shrewdly)  
Instantly I see a relationship to ze  
string.

TIDMAN  
(humoring him)  
Yes. They were all in the sock.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
All in ze sock?

TIDMAN  
All... in... the sock.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Ah, a frame of reference.  
(putting it all  
together)  
The sock... is my universe. I'm going  
to need a large chalkboard.

TIDMAN  
Master Newt, you've come a long,  
long way.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

Halfway around the world.

TIDMAN  
Yes. Of course

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - NIGHT

As the curtain opens on the small stage, BLACK MUSICIANS are playing an introductory, three-chord blues riff. Jimmie Underwood and his cronies are seated over drinks in their booth at the back. Vinnie comes out on stage and takes the microphone.

VINNIE  
Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce one of the great legends of the blues, it's his first visit here to the Lightning Rod, direct from Gainesville, Florida, the one and only Stompin' Machine, Sammy "the Stomp" Johnson!

Round of applause, whistles. Jimmie and his group stomp their feet and yell, heads bobbing in unison: the stomping spreads around the room. The musicians start to stomp, the beat is picked up and amplified by the bass drum. A spotlight hits the stage and out stomps Alice-as-Sammy-the-Stomp, wearing a baggy, blue-sequined suit, a purple pearlescent silk shirt, white bucks and a black string tie. The audience immediately accepts her at face value and the applause-o-meter shoots into the danger zone.

Alice-as-Sammy-the-Stomp, sounding like a bizarro mixture of B.B. King and Princess Di, skillfully sings a blues standard with a great deal of conviction, passion and diction.

Through the beaded curtain at the back, Wally-as-Horton enters the Rod, scans the room, spots Jimmie and company and makes his way to their booth.

GANGSTER #3  
Hey, Horton, where's Lorraine?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Lorraine?

Jimmie backhands Gangster #3 across the nose.

JIMMIE

What the hell business is it of yours  
where she is?

(to Wally-as-Horton)

Guy's got a deathwish, huh Horton?  
You gotta forgive a knothed like  
this.

The Gangsters scrunch together to make room for Wally-as-Horton to join them in the booth. They watch Alice-as-Sammy-the-Stomp finish her number. Applause.

Under which, Lorraine teeters in on stiletto heels, dressed in a clinging, cocktail sheath dress, with a slit up the side halfway to Duluth. She leans down and gives Wally-as-Horton a big wet kiss.

LORRAINE

Sorry I'm late.

Wally-as-Horton's eyes roll back, close to losing consciousness.

LORRAINE

What are you doin' sittin' with these  
creeps?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

They're going to give me a drink.

LORRAINE

You mean a Mickey.

JIMMY

Lighten up, Lorraine, you gonna stop  
a man from buying a man a drink in  
this oh-by-gosh-by-golly world?

LORRAINE

Who me?  
(she sits)

JIMMY

If you're not gonna stop me...

(Jimmy winks at the  
others)

...then I'm not gonna stop you. I  
can't stop you. And if I can't stop  
you, then –

THE OTHER GANGSTERS

(stupid singing)

– "who'll stop Lorraine?"

On stage, Alice-as-Sammy-the-Stomp overhears the gangsters and interpreting it as a request, launches the band into a tight, explosive cover of CCR's "Who'll Stop the Rain?"

Jimmy raises his wine glass.

JIMMY

I'd like to propose a toast...

Wally-as-Horton, Lorraine and the other Gangsters raise their wine glasses.

JIMMY

To Mr. Horton Thuraby, the fastest  
gun in the west, with all good wishes  
for continued success, especially in  
whatever it is you might be doing at  
the present time, which we have not  
been let in on but tomorrow's a new  
day...

They wait to see if he's finished. Wally-as-Horton leans way forward, forms a perfect "O" with his lips, attaches his lips to the glass and makes like the babbling brook. The others look at him like he just flew in from Mars. He continues to make the sound.

The Gangsters and Lorraine look at each other. Cautiously, they all lean forward and duplicate Wally-as-Horton's wine tasting technique. The band stops playing, all eyes turn to the booth. The sound of the babbling brook continues.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

Busier than before. A few happy SKATERS are seated at the lunch counter, heads all bobbing. Holding a sheet of hamburger buns like an accordion, Randy leans in uncomfortable close to one SKATER.

RANDY

I was telling Big Tom I smell gas.  
And I still smell gas.

Stripping receipts off the spindle nearby, Woody grimaces and pulls on his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Lorraine and Wally-as-Horton make their way up the stairs. Wally-as-Horton is half in the bag, leading them in singing a mutilated version of "Strangers in the Night". They stop outside the door to Horton's apartment. Wally-as-Horton extends a hand.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Well, this is where I get off.

LORRAINE

You and me both, you animal.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

(shaking her hand)

Thank you for a wonderful evening,  
Laura.

LORRAINE

You clown – oh, I see, you want to  
play Perfect Strangers, I like this.

(she grabs his necktie)

Why don't you take me into your  
apartment, Harley and let's see if I  
can get that big engine of your's  
started?

We HEAR a rapid thumping, increasing in volume and intensity and Wally-as-Horton's shirt starts to kick out like he's

hiding a mule undergoing shock treatment in his chest.

She opens the door and pulls him by the tie into the dark apartment. The door closes. From inside, we hear Wally-as-Horton's heart beating faster.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIMITS - DAWN

The early morning sun illuminates the "Welcome to Newtonville" sign. Parked behind the sign in his patrol car, Dougy "Sherlock" Watson is catching some Z's. His head bobs slightly in his sleep.

In the distance we hear the grinding and screeching of the Company A" limo as it tears down the highway and roars past the sign. "Sherlock" Watson wakes up like someone just poured ice water in his shorts and sees the limo racing away. He starts the engine, hits the siren and screeches out onto the highway, bubble lights flashing, chasing the limo.

CAMERA holds on the sign. A few moments later, the patrol car zooms back past the sign in reverse, the limo gaining on his front bumper. "Sherlock" Watson testing the envelope of landspeed-backwards travel.

The wretched whine of tortured engines fades. Lightning strikes the desert in background. Moments later, what seems to be a sandstorm erupts in the dry desert around the sign. Descending into this maelstrom, we see a contorted, white apparition attached to a harness on a cable; General Conrad, in a new plaster body cast.

As he nears the ground, two troop carriers and a jeep speed into frame, combat-ready GROUND TROOPS pour out and lower General Conrad into a steel-tube scaffolding that allows him to stand in the back of the jeep. He's strapped in, a microphone in front of his face and large speakers on either side of him.

During above, the Generals with the Right Stuff and Colonel Mofler arrive in a fleet of staff cars and three more transports disgorge three companies of Marines.

GENERAL CONRAD



(into the loudspeakers)  
Fall out! Fall out! Secure the  
perimeter of Newtonville! No one  
gets in or out without my say-so!  
Move, move, move!

CUT TO:

EXT. HEINZ 57 PLANT - DAWN

Songbirds. Peace. No one in sight.

CUT TO:

INT. HEINZ 57 PLANT - DAWN

An empty corridor. A blaring alarm starts filling the corridor with sound. We hear frantic, running footsteps approaching and moments later a panicked HEINZ EMPLOYEE comes into view around a corner, screaming...

HEINZ EMPLOYEE  
THERE'S NO CHEESE!!! THERE'S NO  
CHEESE!!!

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "A" CANAPE AREA - DAY

Carrying his sock and the Trick Dog, Newt-as-the-Professor is escorted into a small, sparsely appointed laboratory by Bert and Mel. In the room are a chalkboard, a box of chalk, a chair and a periodic table of elements hanging on a wall.

BERT  
These are all the things you asked  
for, Professor.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
Four.

MEL  
(nose expertly bandaged)  
For your work. You're sure there's  
nothing else you need?

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
Zero.

BERT  
Okay, Professor.

MEL  
We're going now.

BERT  
We'll leave you to it.

No response. Bert and Mel exit.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE HALLWAY - DAY

Bert and Mel stop in the corridor.

BERT  
He seems pretty preoccupied.

MEL  
I'm sure he's got a lot on his mind.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE LAB - DAY

Newt-as-the Professor looks at the closed door.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
One. Two. Three. Four. Five.

Newt-as-the Professor sits on the floor and opens his sock.  
The Trick Dog sits beside him, watching attentively.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
Zero.

He takes his piece of string out of his sock and lays it out  
on the floor.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
One.

He takes his smooth rock out of the sock and sets it down a certain, exact distance from the string.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR

Two.

We move off him towards a large mirror in the wall to his left.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

In a room filled with whirring computers, the group of Company "A" SCIENTISTS we saw earlier observe Newt-as-the Professor through the one-way glass mirror. Some of them sit at computer consoles, ready to input Newt-as-the Professor's every action into their massive hard discs. Mel and Bert enter and stand at the back of the room, near Sammy-"the Stomp"-as Alice.

BERT

This is what we've been waiting for.

MEL

To watch an authentic genius at work.

One of the Scientists shushes them. The group watches as Newt-as-the Professor takes his plastic record player out of the sock and carefully sets it down. Video cameras record his every move.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR

(through a speaker in  
Room A)

Three.

They watch as Newt-as-the Professor takes out his record and puts it on the turntable.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR

Four.

Newt-as-the Professor turns it on; we hear the same frantic children's song we heard on the other record player at Newton Manor. The Scientists look at each other, a little wide-eyed.

SCIENTIST #1  
(reassuringly)  
Looks like he's getting warmed up.

SCIENTIST #2  
He's priming the pump.

SAMMY-THE-STOMP-AS-ALICE  
(aside to Bert and  
Mel)  
That is one peculiar pump.

Bert and Mel look him/her up and down.

Newt-as-the Professor takes the pink, rubber pig out of the sock and sets it down near the other objects.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
Five.

Newt-as-the Professor opens the box of chalk, takes out a piece of chalk and feeds it into the open hold in the pig's mouth. He stands up and starts flying the pig around the room in time to the music. He occasionally grazes the chalk that extends out of the pig's mouth against the blackboard. The Trick Dog starts jumping back and forth over the chair.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR  
Candy Pigs. Candy Pigs.

SCIENTIST #1  
I'd heard his methods were unorthodox.

SCIENTIST #2  
Stand by on computers; we'll have to  
be on our toes... school is in  
session.

The other Scientists nod in uncertain agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE LAB - DAY

Newt-as-the Professor cruises around the room with the pig.

As he passes the periodic table on the far wall, we notice an eyeball watching Newt-as-the Professor through the letter "o" in the word "oxygen".

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE SECRET OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The eyeball belongs to Mr. Posthole, the Company "B" spy, secreted away in this tiny, dark space. He speaks into a small transmitter hidden in his pen holder.

MR. POSTHOLE

Now he's simulating a kinetic flow with the porcine symbol... my guess is he's establishing a spatial vector between the objects for the purpose of conceptual comparisons...

(overwhelmed by the "brilliance")

... my God, I can't believe what I'm witnessing, tell Mr. Biggs he's shed more light on Arbitrary Permutation in the last three minutes than we got in two years out in the bush observing the Mystic Sufis –

(back to business)

Am I kidding myself, or does the dog represent Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle?

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY BUCK'S USED CARS AND TRUCKS - DAY

A beautiful summer morning. Horton-as-Wally drives up, parks beside the sales office and heads inside. He feels like whistling and gets out a note before catching himself. He enters the sales office.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY BUCK'S SALES OFFICE - DAY

As Horton-as-Wally enters, Lucky Buck gestures to him from behind his desk.

LUCKY BUCK

Soldier, First Bugle's at 0900 hours,  
I'd like you to take a good long  
look at your timepiece, bedbug, and  
give me one good reason why I  
shouldn't dock you three minutes  
wages. You're a slacker, a slouch;  
the original sadsack.

Horton-as-Wally, motionless, stares at this creature in  
disbelief. A twinge of uneasiness filters down to Lucky Buck's  
cortex but he shakes it off, crooks a finger and summons  
Horton-as-Wally.

LUCKY BUCK

Walk that butt of yours right over  
here. Private, I want to show you  
what put me off my breakfast this  
morning.

Horton-as-Wally, stoking a nuclear powered slow burn, ambles  
over to the desk, under...

LUCKY BUCK

The most pitiful, the most sickening  
and embarrassing sales record it's  
ever been my misfortune to encounter.  
We're talking court martial.  
Dishonorable discharge.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

What did you say?

LUCKY BUCK

(on micro-thin ice)

I said if this was Japan and I were  
to hand you the hari-kari blade and  
you were anything but the most  
miserable excuse for a man in this  
outfit –

HORTON-AS-WALLY

That's enough.

Horton-as-Wally reaches out, grips Lucky Buck by the Adam's

apple and puts him gently against the wall and speaks calmly.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

The things you've been saying and this attitude you're expressing towards me are unacceptable. You will never do this again.

LUCKY BUCK

(up about two octaves)  
I agree completely.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Fine. Let's sell some cars.

LUCKY BUCK

I'm all for it.

Horton-as-Wally releases Lucky Buck. Lucky Buck tells his trembling, uncooperative facial muscles to smile, but the result looks like the mouth of a catfish in a wind tunnel.

LUCKY BUCK

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

Tidman enters, with Ike and Mike behind him. The Professor-as-Newt sits at his desk, contemplating the contents of the sock laid carefully out on the desktop, deeply lost in thought. A large, blank blackboard stands at the ready.

TIDMAN

Good morning, Master Newt.

No response. The Professor-as-Newt doesn't budge, doesn't blink.

TIDMAN

Sleep well, did you? Master Newt?  
Master Newt?

Tidman touches the Professor-as-Newt's shoulder. The Professor-as-Newt snaps out of his reverie and looks up at Tidman.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

(instantly alert)

What kind of day is it? Is it a cloudy day? Or is it a pleasant day?

TIDMAN

It's a pleasant day, Master Newt.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

That's good.

(they smile at each other)

You're the fellow who was in here before.

TIDMAN

Yes, I'm Tidman.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

Tidman. You'll understand if I return to my work now.

He turns back to the desktop. Tidman looks at Ike and Mike, sighs.

TIDMAN

Master Newt... it's time for your morning bath.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

(getting aggravated)

Please, kind sir, can't you see... I am this close –

(holds up thumb and forefinger)

– this close – these symbols are swimming, swarming in my mind like your bumblebees I've heard so much about – what pulls and pushes is looking more and more like the interwoven fibers of the SOCK!!

TIDMAN

(a pause, sternly)

Do you see your pig?



THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(thinking it's a clue,  
excited)  
Yes?

TIDMAN  
You're just as dirty as a pig.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(eager to know more)  
I am? What does this mean?

TIDMAN  
It's time to see your Grandfather...  
it's time for your bath.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(a new tangent)  
Dirt... water... like a MEMBRANE!!

Tidman motions to Ike and Mike. They pick the Professor-as-Newt up by the arms and carry him towards the door.

TIDMAN  
Master Newt?

They stop. The Professor-as-Newt looks back at him.

TIDMAN  
(holding it up)  
Don't you want to bring your pig?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(considers)  
Vell, yes. I suppose I do.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR BATH ROOM - DAY

Ike and Mike carry the Professor-as-Newt, who's cradling his pig, into the Roman bath-sized room. Tidman follows. Ike and Mike wear regular bathing suits and t-shirts. The Professor-as-Newt is wearing a 1890's style bathing suit. Also wearing the same style suit, GRANDAD NEWTON, an ancient, shriveled

version of Newt, stands unsteadily in the far end of the steamy, swimming pool sized bathtub. On the back of both their suits are the words:

"LONG DISTANCE SWIMMER"

Ike and Mike carry the Professor-as-Newt down steps into the bath and drop him kitty-korner from Grandad. Tidman announces:

TIDMAN

Grandad, Master Newt is here.

Grandad looks at the Professor-as-Newt, shakes his head.

GRANDAD

That's not Newt.

TIDMAN

Don't be mean, Grandad, Newt's come such a long way to see you. And I'll bet he'd love to hear your record; wouldn't you like to play it for him?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

I would like to hear your record. Does it have any bearing on the pig? Or perhaps, dirt or a membrane of some kind?

Grandad smiles warmly; he likes this guy even if it isn't Newt and he's the only one who realizes it. Grandad reaches out of the pool and turns on his plastic record player, similar to the one from the sock. We hear a sweet, tender, warm-hearted song. As it plays, Grandad takes out his own pink rubber pig and starts to suds it up with a little brush. The Professor-as-Newt watches him intently, smiling when Grandad smiles at him.

GRANDAD

Clean pig.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

(aha, another clue)

A... clean... pig.

The Professor-as-Newt starts to scrub his pig. Using long-handled brushes, Ike and Mike begin scrubbing down Grandad and the Professor-as-Newt. Tidman steals behind a column and sneaks a smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Moving off a clock that reads 12:33, we see Hank the Barber exit the Barber Shop and move to the newsstand. He picks up a newspaper and hands it to the Cashier.

CASHIER

The Hank, usual?

HANK THE BARBER

Bet you.

The Cashier takes the paper, opens the cash register drawer and tries to stuff the newspaper inside. Meanwhile, Hank unwraps a candy bar and smears it in a tight circle on his forehead, near the third eye area. The Cashier takes out a handful of nickels and dimes, holds out his arm and throws the coins onto the corridor floor. The Barber and the Cashier stare at each other with a look of complete blankness. The Barber spins violently and storms back to the Barbershop.

Moving off them we find General Conrad, Colonel Mofler and the other Generals observing the exchange. A SOLDIER approaches, urgently.

SOLDIER

General, if you'd like to follow me.

GENERAL CONRAD

What is it?

SOLDIER

I think we've got a nibble.

They quickly follow the Soldier, Mofler and the other Generals carrying General Conrad to the baggage claim area. The carousel has been roped off and a number of SOLDIERS are crawling around, carrying weird, Geiger-counter-like devices, all glowing and emitting whooping noises.

GENERAL CONRAD  
You smell that, Mofler?

COLONEL MOFLER  
What's that, Sir?

GENERAL CONRAD  
Tuna piss.

COLONEL MOFLER  
Yes, Sir. Ground Zero.

GENERAL CONRAD  
Mofler, you know what happens when  
tuna goes bad?

Mofler nods, apprehensive, as the other Generals gather round.

GENERAL CONRAD  
Gentleman, we've got twenty-four  
hours to cook this fish before it  
starts drawing flies from Washington.  
I don't have to tell you who'll have  
his barnacles scraped in drydock if  
that happens.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY BUCKS USED CARS AND TRUCKS - DAY

The sales office is teeming with a crowd of anxious, head-bobbing CAR PURCHASERS. Lucky Buck, in seventh heaven behind his desk, is processing purchase agreements as fast as he can write.

LUCKY BUCK  
(over above, voice  
still high)  
Take a number, please... Lucky Buck'll  
get to you lucky shoppers as soon as  
he can...

CAR PURCHASERS  
(variously)  
I've got to have that car... Wally

said it was the car for me and I think he was right!... I love that car... Wally wants me to have this car and I don't want to upset him, he was quite insistent...

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY BUCK'S LOT - DAY

Horton-as-Wally walks a slow, rheumatic LITTLE OLD LADY firmly by the elbow through the lot. As her head bobs, her eye is drawn to a flashy, sporty convertible.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
But I'm really kind of partial to that one –

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
No.

He stops her in front of a sensible, four-door sedan.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
(finger in her face)  
This is the car for you.

They Lady's eye's quiver. We hear a splashing on the tarmac. We see a puddle forming between her orthopedic shoes.

LITTLE OLD LADY  
(not eager to disappoint him)  
Where do I sign?

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - DAY

Jimmie Underwood and the Boys sit around a table, over beers, heads bobbing, deeply troubled.

JIMMIE  
How can you tail a guy who don't go out of his room?

MEXICAN GANGSTER  
What are they doing up there?

They all punch him on the shoulders.

MEXICAN GANGSTERS  
No, I mean, this ain't like Horton;  
he don't mix business with pleasure.

JIMMIE  
Horton's beginning to act like an  
enigma.

The other Gangsters brush off their sleeves and pick lint off their lapels. Mr. Biggs and his two Bodyguards are eavesdropping on this conversation from the next booth. Mr. Biggs gets up and moves to Jimmie Underwood.

MR. BIGGS  
I couldn't help overhearing what you gentlemen were discussing. I, too, have concern with regards to the behavior of Mr. Horton Thursby. Perhaps we can find a path through this thicket of doubt and confusion to a golden pagoda of mutual satisfaction.

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD  
You're Mr. Biggs.

MR. BIGGS  
Indeed I am, Sir. Let's talk turkey.

MEXICAN GANGSTER  
Con mucho queso.

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD  
There isn't gonna be any turkey or cheese. Your deal's with Thursby.

MR. BIGGS  
Until this moment. I consider it void for non-performance of services. Take Thursby out... and the deal is yours.

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD  
One, two, three...

The gangsters all give the thumbs up sign on the silent count of "four"

CUT TO:

INT. HORTON THURSBY'S ROOM

A clock reads: 2:00 PM. Wearing a smile as wide as the Mississippi, Wally-as-Horton lounges between the sheets with Lorraine. Wally-as-Horton sings her a little ditty. She giggles like an adored and adorable schoolgirl.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
(picture Gary Cooper,  
happy drunk)  
Gosh, I think you're peachy/  
And I'll bet you'd look real swell/  
In a swimsuit at the beachy/  
You really ring my bell/  
Gosh, of gosh, oh gosh.

He pinches her nose, then holds up the tip of his thumb between two fingers.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
If I keep this, will it start to  
smell?

She giggles. He kisses her "nose" and puts it "back".

LORRAINE  
Oh, Horton, this is the most romantic  
day we've ever spent.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Oh gosh.

LORRAINE  
If I feel anymore love I think I'll  
just wiggle right out of my skin!!

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Awww. Me too.

She kisses him tenderly and quickly accelerating passion.  
Wally-as-Horton's T-shirt starts thumping like a jackhammer.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAZING PASTURE - DAY

A number of dairy cows stand in the field, moving their lips and making an eerie, melodic yodeling. Moving over we find General Conrad, Colonel Mofler and the Generals standing on the edge of the field. Behind them, a mass of Soldiers are standing by. One of the Generals looks through a huge pair of binoculars. Colonel Mofler holds a tape recorder's microphone towards the cows.

INTERCUT:

BINOCULAR POV

CLOSE on a big pair of yodeling cow's lips.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Newt-as-the-Professor lays out the piece of string on the floor, picks up the rock and bangs it up in down on the string in time to the song on the record player.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE BUNKER - DAY

We see Newt-as-the Professor on a video monitor mounted on a wall in Company "A"'s secret boardroom. Cinderblock walls, low green fluorescent lights. The group of Scientists we saw earlier observing Newt-as-the Professor are seated around the table, watching the monitor with Chairman Delbert Corrigan and his lovely wife, Simone. Bert and Mel are standing quietly in the back near Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice. Everyone watches the monitor intently, heads bobbing, as we hear the tap-tap-tapping of Newt-as-the-Professor's rock. A plate of small sandwiches sits in the middle of the table.



DELBERT CORRIGAN  
(watching the monitor,  
dumbfounded)  
Interesting. But, somehow, vague.

SIMONE  
(cutting the bullshit)  
What the hell is he doing? We paid  
top dollar for this dimwit.

SCIENTIST #1  
(cowed but unbroken)  
Mrs. Corrigan, please, this is an  
intuitive, rhythmic translation of  
pure thought into interpretive  
kineseology.

SIMONE  
Oh please.

SCIENTIST #2  
We think it's a code. We just haven't  
cracked it yet.

SIMONE  
I'll tell you what's cracked around  
here, he is. He was cracked when he  
got here.

DELBERT  
Perhaps he was damaged in shipping.

At the back, Bert and Mel exchange an anxious glance. Mel  
grimaces and draws a finger across his throat.

BERT  
(nods, whispers)  
Pink slips, Mel.

MEL  
Time to update those resumes.

SCIENTIST #1  
(showing scads of  
print-outs)  
Our data indicates he's in the process

of establishing the formula.

Still in time to the music, Newt-as-the-Professor is now hitting the pig with the rock and jumping it down on the string. Each time he hits it, the pig emits a high, sharp squeak.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

(trying to grasp it)

Ah, the frustration of the layman.

SCIENTIST #2

(trying to be helpful)

Might I suggest you read Smyth on the encoding of natural processes in syncopated Pygmy drumbeats?

Simone lets out a heavy, critical sigh and rolls her eyes.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

(trying to sum up)

I think what Simone and I are trying to say, old boys, is that we're somewhat concerned, as anyone would be after a cash outlay of this magnitude, with no apparent return other than these inscrutable, albeit intriguing abstractions.

(loses his train of thought)

Company "A" is behind you one hundred percent.

(bites into a sandwich)

Cracking good sandwiches, these. Sandwich, Simone?

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE: Whirring computers; on computer monitors, black and white stills of the lab floor are overlaid with a grid, computerized vectors compute distances between the objects with calipers, feeding the data over microphone to programmers at keyboards; a Scientist with headphones on analyzes the music from Newt's record on computer.

In the secret observation room behind the element chart, Mr. Posthole video tapes Newt-as-the-Professor through the peep hole.

In another computer room at company "B", the video data from Mr. Posthole's camera is on a big monitor, being analyzed by Company "B"'s battery of computers.

CUT TO:

INT. EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

A SIGN READS:

"ZAP TOYS"

CUT TO:

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Horton-as-Wally leads Gordie stand in front of the counter where kindly old MISTER ZAP climbs up a tall ladder, pulls a pogo stick down off a shelf and blows off a thick layer of dust.

MISTER ZAP

(still on the ladder)

Yep. Haven't sold one of these things in years. Got a back order died on the shelf. Been clogging up my inventory since '59. Used to be I'd see kids bouncing all over Main Street on these things.

(getting carried away)

Wished I had a nickel for every one of these I saw bouncing by my window. Could'a sold this old shop. Could'a moved up ta Granny's farm 'fore the rheumatism took her. Yep, I –

HORTON-AS-WALLY

(no good can come from this)

That's enough.

At 8 fps, Mr. Zap zips down the ladder and rings up the sale.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

Regular speed. Horton-as-Wally watches with a smile as Gordie hops on the stick and bounces away down Main Street. A couple of head bobbing KIDS spot Gordie and are thunderstruck with desire for a stick of their own.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLER RINK - EVENING

Sun set over the big skate. The exterior lights come on. The parking lot is jammed with cars and would-be skaters.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER RINK - EVENING

In front of the empty skate dispensing shelves, Big Tom, Woody and Randy stare in amazement at the rink, packed solid, shoulder-to-shoulder with happy skaters, a mass of human flesh traveling around and around.

WOODY

(incredulous)

This is great business, even for a Friday.

BIG TOM

Pinch me, Woody, I think we're dreaming.

WOODY

(has to worry about something)

Who are these people? They look like total strangers.

RANDY

(at his most insistent)

Big Tom. I still smell –

Woody clamps a hand over Randy's mouth.

BIG TOM

Oh, the sound of many skates on wood.

CLOSEUPS of many skates thunderously wheeling around the rink.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY HORTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Horton-as-Wally scrutinizes pairs of polyester-clad GUESTS entering the house for the wine and cheese party, each carrying a bottle of wine. Polly greets them at the door and they all pointedly ignore Horton-as-Wally.

GUESTS AND POLLY

(variously)

We were so fortunate to find this last dusty little bottle... Ted's so silly he thought Neuf de Pape was the sound champagne made when you opened it... we thought you'd like this adorable burgundy... I've read about it; it's ingratiating without being impudent...

Polly glances over at Horton-as-Wally. He's just turned the heat up on his slow burn.

CUT TO:

INT. RIALTO THEATER - NIGHT

Thunderous applause from the packed house, among them some soldiers, watching strategically. A spot comes up on Mayor Billy Benson as he walks out on stage. Watching from a gold circle box on the mezzanine level are General Conrad, Colonel Mofler and the other Generals.

MAYOR BILLY BENSON

Thank you, thank you and welcome,  
one and all.

(his hand is bobbing  
erratically)

Before I introduce the illustrious Chinese Acrobats I have an important announcement to make.

(the crowd hushes)

During the last twenty-four hours I, Mayor Billy Benson, have struggled mightily with the questions and issues weighing heavily on all our minds in these, our troubled times. Ladies and gentlemen, Atlas did not shrug.

GENERAL CONRAD

(whispers to Mofler)

Where's my bozo gun?

MAYOR BILLY BENSON

And so it is tonight, with a heart filled with joy and promise, that I am announcing my candidacy for the office of President of these United States of America.

Dead silence. Benson twitches, salutes sharply and strides off.

GENERAL CONRAD

Drop a net on that one, Mofler.

COLONEL MOFLER

He's got trout farm written all over him.

The band strikes up the Chinese overture. Lights dim. Curtains open. To tumultuous applause the thirty-five Texans stride out and take a bow.

GENERAL CONRAD

(squinting)

Kind'a big for Chinese.

COLONEL MOFLER

Maybe the stage is small.

A steady drum beat-roll, the Texans scramble back and, paunches straining, begin to form a massive, five-tiered human pyramid.

Roger, the stage manager, watches from the wings, crossing all his fingers and biting a nail, as his head bobs.

The men of the last tier climb precariously up to complete the clumsiest and least graceful human pyramid in recorded history. The bottom tier starts to shake and shimmy; the keystone Man's knees start to buckle. The tiers sag inwards towards the middle. With a look of eye-popping strain, the keystone Man farts. A split-second later, another first-tier Texan rips a cheese-cutter and the Pyramid collapses like a dynamited housing project.

ROGER  
(averting his eyes)  
Chinese food. X-ray on the Chinese  
food.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S BACKSTAIRS - NIGHT

Wally-as-Horton and Lorraine come down the stairs, happily glued to each other. They enter the main room of the Rod. CUSTOMERS are wolfing down huge portions of Vinnie's bad food. Jimmie and the Gangsters, seated at a table in the middle of the room, all rise, apprehensive, on edge. Vinnie approaches.

VINNIE  
Evening, Horton.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
(happily)  
Evening. We're starved!

LORRAINE  
For food, that is, but not for  
anything else.

VINNIE  
Two deluxe dinners, coming right up.  
(he moves off)

JIMMIE  
(strained)

Have a seat with us, Horton. We've got plenty of room.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Gee, thanks, Mr. Underwood.

The other Gangsters back away from the table, as Wally-as-Horton and Lorraine take a seat. Vinnie sets down two sticky plates full of undifferentiated sludge.

VINNIE  
Buon appetito!  
(he moves off)

The other Gangsters sit down again. Wally-as-Horton feels some tension and starts to get nervous. Jimmie Underwood moves behind Wally-as-Horton into the shadows. High violin/rash music fades in, as Wally-as-Horton's rash starts to bedevil him. He moves his left arm uncomfortably as he starts to eat.

LORRAINE  
(picking up on the danger)  
Horton, something's not right.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Yeah, this food is terrible.

LORRAINE  
No. Where's Jimmie?

Behind them, in the shadows, Jimmie Underwood slowly draws a pistol from his jacket. His itch intensifying, Wally-as-Horton reaches into his jacket to scratch his rash. The Other Gangsters dive lean back, expecting the worse. As Wally-as-Horton scratches his rash he accidentally discharges the Magnum in his shoulder holster. BANG!

The bullet shoots a hole in Wally-as-Horton's jacket, ricochets off the metal chairleg, flies up and knocks the gun out of Jimmie Underwood's hand. Wally-as-Horton spins around. The other Gangsters dive under the table and the rest of the room takes cover.

WALLY-AS-HORTON



Oh geez, Mr. Underwood, I'm so sorry,  
are you okay?

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD  
(reduced to a  
whimpering mass)  
Go ahead, finish me.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Was you dinner that bad, too? I could  
cook better than that. In fact I  
could cook a lot better than that.

LORRAINE  
(puzzled)  
You cook?

Silence. The other Gangsters stare at him in bewilderment  
and fear.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Well... yeah, I cook.

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD  
(frantically looking  
for a foothold)  
You cook? cook, too.

ITALIAN GANGSTER  
You guys cook? So do I.

BLACK GANGSTER  
No kidding? I love to cook.

MEXICAN GANGSTER  
Yo, tambien. Con mucho queso!!

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD  
I was always kind's afraid to say  
so.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Hey, there's nothing wrong with  
cooking.

LORRAINE

Some of the world's greatest cooks are men. Maybe Vinnie will let you boys cook something.

CUSTOMERS

(variously)

Anything'd be better than this slop...  
let 'em cook... hey, Vinnie, let 'em  
cook!

(stomping as they  
shout)

Let them cook! Let them cook! Let  
them cook!

VINNIE

(happily joining in  
the chant)

They can cook! They can cook!

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD

(offering a hand)

Whadda ya say, Hort?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Let's cook!

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire room full of Guests, and Polly, are doing the "babbling brook". Horton-as-Wally watches them in disgusted disbelief. A Guest with thick glasses turns to Horton-as-Wally.

THICK-GLASSES GUEST

You're very quiet this evening, Wally.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Yes I am.

DICK, a big, mean Sportsman, has heard this exchange.

DICK

I suppose it's a little past your  
bedtime, huh Wally?

HORTON-AS-WALLY

No. I just want to make sure Polly enjoys her party.

Within earshot, Polly smiles, enormously pleased, then starts offering a tray full of turgid treats around the room.

POLLY

Cheese substitute? Cheese substitute?

A Second Sportsman Guest, HAL, slightly looped and smelling a bit of fun, moves next to Dick, near Horton-as-Wally.

HAL

Dick and I were wondering if you'd sold your first car yet, Wally.

DICK

Yeah, how long you been working there, 'bout fifteen years now, isn't it? You're headed for the Guinness Book of World Records there, Wally boy.

A moment of tense silence.

POLLY

Dick, I'll have you know Wally's sold almost every car on the lot in the last two days.

HAL

There's a sucker born every minute and even a sucker can get a driver's license.

POLLY

(a bit aglow: can it be love?)

Well, I'm very proud of Wally. Lucky Buck's make him a full partner.

DICK

I guess Lucky Buck threw himself on too many grenades.

POLLY  
(sees the bumblebees  
in Horton's eyes)  
Dick? Are you trying to provoke Wally?

DICK  
Full partner? Selling cars? Is Polly  
weaning you, Wally boy?

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Excuse me?

DICK  
Thought for sure there'd be a little  
rubber nipple on your glass there  
tonight. You know; per usual.

A buzzing like twelve cubic yards of killer bees fills the room. A row of nervous female GUESTS "babble brook" their wine.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
What did you say?

DICK  
You heard me, Wimpy –

Horton-as-Wally throws a six-inch uppercut that puts Dick twelve block down on "Queer Street". Hal moves three centimeters towards Horton-as-Wally and one punch later finds himself on the floor, looking for his eye-teeth.

In one fluid motion Horton-as-Wally whips out the Magnum and fires a single shot down the row of female Guests, severing the stem of their wine glasses. The wine empties onto the carpet like sand through an hour glass.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Goodnight.

At 8 fps the room empties out the front door. Returning to normal speed, Horton-as-Wally holsters the Magnum. Polly points a not-entirely-angry finger at him.

POLLY  
Wally Newton!

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
(responding in kind)  
Polly Newton!

He grabs her, spanks her once playfully. She spanks him back and giggles. He throws her over his shoulder and marches her upstairs to you-know-where.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Little Gordie sleeps peacefully, a blissful smile on his face, as he cradles his precious pogo stick.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wally-as-Horton and Jimmie Underwood are the boys are all in aprons, laboring over different pots and griddles, each eagerly preparing his own specialty, moving in and around each other with precision choreography, taste-testing, pondering, adjusting ingredients. Lorraine is working as Wally-as-Horton's spice gofer.

Vinnie comes back into the kitchen, carrying a huge stainless steel baking tin.

VINNIE

This one big enough, Horton?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

That should do it, what do you think boys?

The others nod and continue cooking. Vinnie stands around like a fifth wheel.

VINNIE

So, how's it coming along?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Vinnie, Vinnie don't bug us. We're working on something that's never

been done before, ever.  
(to Lorraine)  
Lorraine, a dash of cardomon seed.  
(Lorraine complies)

VINNIE  
Sounds expensive.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Yes it is. We're not gonna lie to  
you, Vinnie, but we pull this off  
and the Michelin people are gonna  
need an extra star to rate this joint.

VINNIE  
Gee, that's great. Kind of a Meals  
on Wheels sort of situation, what  
with the tires and the food and all.

Wally-as-Horton and Jimmie Underwood look at each other.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Not the tire company, Vinnie, this  
Michelin is a snob outfit that rates  
swanky restaurants and when we're  
finished you're goin' right to the  
top of the list.

VINNIE  
Wow.

WALLY-AS-HORTON  
Now if you can't stand the heat get  
out of the kitchen, Vinnie.

VINNIE  
Boys, you ever see a man my age do  
something like this?

He reaches up, grabs the pot rack and does a one-arm chin  
up. They stare at him.

CUT TO:

INT. RIALTO THEATER - NIGHT

The stage is littered with broken crockery. A leisure-suited Texan, socks pulled over his pants to his knees, holds two plates high in the air.

General Conrad, Colonel Mofler and the Generals, some of whom are dozing, stare on from their box, drifting into a surrealistic haze.

Drum roll. A fat Texan swings in from the wings, hanging from a trapeze by his knees. He makes a grab for the plates, missing by a good fifteen feet before swinging out of view on the other side of the stage. We hear a faint BARKING from that direction. The Texan on the trapeze zips back into view, twice as fast, zips back again even faster, out of sight. Pause.

Off screen we hear a cacophony of trash cans and other high quality off-screen crash noises. The empty trapeze swings back in and comes to a stop above the motionless Texan, holding the plates.

The violin section of the orchestra stands and executes a strange, stringed tremolo.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wally-as-Horton and each of the other Gangsters, wearing large mitten pot-holders, holds the pot that contains each of their specialities over the large baking tin. Lorraine stands by, holding a small container of spice.

JIMMIE UNDERWOOD

Give the word, Horton; all our specialities are ready.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Boys, I have a feeling what we're doing in this kitchen tonight could change the course of cooking history.

BLACK GANGSTER

The aromas themselves are already intermingling in a way that makes me dizzy with excitement.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

On three. One... two... three...

They all pour their specialties into the baking tin, a bubbling cauldron of hot food.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Go, Lorraine

Lorraine dumps the spice into the mix. The mix appears to turn combustible; a cloud of smoke appears and we hear a sound like soft, continuous surf, punctuated by small popping noises. They wave away the smoke and see that the tin is packed with small, attractive green pies.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR HALLWAY - TIDMAN'S POV - NIGHT

Creeping down a hallway, toward Ike and Mike, stationed on either side of the door to the Rocking Horse room. As we approach we hear the SOUND of chalk racing over blackboard.

Carrying a healthy rum toddy, his fourth, Tidman, in nightcap, flannel nightshirt and slippers nods to Ike and Mike. Mike cracks open the door and we catch a glimpse of the Professor-as-Newt scribbling away at a massive blackboard.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

(to himself, as he  
writes)

One... clean... pig.

TIDMAN

(tipsy, nearly won  
over)

No lack of energy, our Newt.

Mike closes the door.

TIDMAN

First thing tomorrow move in those extra chalkboards he asked for. Give him whatever he needs; this is the first constructive thing Newt has



ever done, we must do all we can to encourage him.

(a sudden terrible thought occurs, which he makes light of)

Let's hope he's not designing a bomb.

Tidman toddles away down the corridor, humming snatches of a Cole Porter tune.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MCNABB HOUSE - NIGHT

Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice sits in a veddy English Parlor, wearing a flannel nightgown, robe and slippers, sadly sipping a cup of tea. We hear screeching engines, horns and sirens approaching. Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice rises, moves to the curtains, parts them and looks out.

INTERCUT:

EXT. THE MCNABB HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob McNabb, lurches up near the curb in the Company "A" limo, trying to stop, which he's able to do only long enough to make a shaky wave towards his house's window before he's off again like a bullet, flames shooting from the tailpipe. Moments later "Sherlock" Watson follows in his patrol car and close behind him are a couple of Army jeeps.

Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice dabs at his eyes with a handkerchief and slowly closes the curtains.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

At sunrise, Mayor Billy Benson wanders across the desert, holding a portable tape player playing "Hail to the Chief"

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - MORNING

A beautiful morning. Gordie bounces by on his pogo stick.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Birds chirp. Sun pours through the window and Gordie's smiling face is visible as he bounces by. Polly lounges luxuriously in bed, sipping coffee. Her smile and the gleam in her eye tell us she's woken up a new woman, as she watches Horton-as-Wally curling a barbell in his sleeveless T-shirt and boxer shorts.

POLLY  
(dreamily)  
Wally, Wally, Wally.

Horton-as-Wally winks at her as he continues to pump. Polly sighs contentedly.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

All the Scientists are assembled, watching the computer disc drives whirring at supersonic speed, giving off a high-pitched whine. Then one by one, like cherry tumblers clicking into place on a slot machine, each computer stops. On each monitor is the readout:

"3.1416"

The Scientists are stunned and amazed.

SCIENTIST #1  
Gentlemen, all roads lead to Rome.

MEL  
Three point one four one six.

BERT  
What the heck is that?

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
That means "pi", which is a magical number having to do with the relationship between the diameter of

a circle and its circumference.

SCIENTIST #2  
(calmly raising an  
alarm)

Has anyone seen the Professor?

All eyes turn to the one-way glass: Newt-as-the-Professor is no longer in the room. The cover of an air duct had been pried loose.

MEL  
Oh geez, he's gone into a duct.

BERT  
(mobilizing)  
We'll need a blueprint of the whole system.

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE  
Get Gordon Cole on the phone.

Delbert Corrigan and his lovely wife Simone saunter in. Everyone stops, trying not to look concerned.

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
Morning all.

EVERYONE  
Morning all.

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
Simone and I just stopped in for a juice and seltzer and, of course it couldn't have been but we thought we saw the Professor in the cafeteria.

EVERYONE  
(slight pause, then,  
variously)  
The cafeteria! He's in the cafeteria!

They stampede out of the room at 8 fps, leaving Delbert and Simone alone.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

Perhaps it was him.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "A" CAFETERIA - DAY

The stampede comes to a skidding halt just inside the door. Newt-as-the-Professor sits alone at a table across the room, happily eating a huge slice of blueberry pie. The Trick Dog sits on the table in front of him, on its hind legs, begging.

SCIENTIST #1

Pie... pi. Gentleman, we're on the right track.

SCIENTIST #2

(in awe)

It's almost as if he's toying with us.

BERT

(aside to Mel)

He must've been pretty hungry.

MEL

We could've gotten him something.

Newt-as-the-Professor takes the pink rubber pig from his pocket, dips his napkin in ice water and begins to clean the pig.

NEWT-AS-THE-PROFESSOR

Clean... pig. Clean... pig.

Scientists 1 and 2 look at each other, thinking hard.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

Blackboards, filled with mathematical scrawlings, line the room. Covered in chalk dust, hair in wild disarray, aflame with the white heat of creative genius, the Professor-as-Newt writes away on the last board. Seated in a wheelchair, beside the two record players which are each playing one of the records, Grandad Newton watches the Professor-as-Newt.

Ike, Mike and Tidman watch from a portable bar, where Tidman, for fortify himself against the jarring musical confluence, is mixing a second pitcher of martinis.

The Professor-as-Newt stops to listen to a passage in the music, then writes another equation. The records both end.

THE-PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Again!!

Grandad happily starts both records again. Tidman sighs and pours himself a triple. The Professor-as-Newt waits for the music to catch him up, then writes another equation. He looks at what he's written:

" $ll \times PIG^2 \times C = (BOB)$ "

THE-PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Stop the music!!

Grandad takes the needles off the records. Silence. Without his feet leaving the floor, the Professor-as-Newt bounces his butt down onto the floor, then bounces back up into the air, his legs stretching like rubber bands.

THE-PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Eureka!!!

Tidman lifts his martini glass then drains it.

TIDMAN  
Eureka.

Grandad tugs on Tidman's sleeve, points to the Professor-as-Newt.

GRANDAD  
That's not Newt.

TIDMAN  
Remember he was struck by lightning,  
just like you were, Grandad.

Grandad nods and makes two lightning gestures with his hand.

THE-PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

Tidman!!

TIDMAN  
(weaving slightly)  
Standing by, Master Newt.

THE-PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(frantically writing  
on a pad)  
I'm going to require a few additional  
items.

TIDMAN  
Very good, Sir.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR HALLWAY - DAY

Tidman is on the phone, another martini in his hand, reading  
from the Professor-as-Newt's list.

TIDMAN  
– no, those are one inch alloyed  
plates... in the titanium, yes...  
fourteen gallons of liquid...  
liquid...  
(squinting)  
...would that be nitrogen? Yes, liquid  
nitrogen. One thirty-thousand cubic  
foot porcelain-lined steel tank.  
Thirty eight pounds of uranium –  
are we building a bomb? That's very  
amusing, sir –  
(a high, rouge panic  
runs through him)  
– oh you do have it? How convenient  
yes, then we'd also like the strontium  
15... six barrels... yes, the large...  
no, I think that's everything – oh,  
yes, one semi-conductor fero-electric  
solenoid capacitor kit –  
(finishes his drink)  
– and throw in a fifth of Gordon's...  
this afternoon? How marvelous. Bye

CUT TO:

INT. HEINZ 57 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Colonel Mofler and the Generals carrying General Conrad, enter the lobby of Heinz 57 and approach the CHINESE WOMAN at the reception desk. Another Caucasian HEINZ EMPLOYEE is standing at a nearby filing cabinet.

CHINESE WOMAN

Herro, Gentremen, how may I herp you?

COLONEL CONRAD

Missy, you can tell the President of this outfit that General Conrad and a few of the Joint Chiefs are here to see him and he better get out here, pronto.

CHINESE WOMAN

Light away, Sirl.

She jumps up from her chair and does a series of backflips into an inner office. Pause. A moment later, we hear a whoosing SOUND approaching from down a corridor in the background; a CHINESE MAN, holding a file, flips his way out of sight, down the hall. Moments later, another CHINESE WOMAN sails by, holding onto a wire with her teeth.

The Officers all look at each other and smoke their cigars.

The Heinz Vice President we saw earlier comes out of the inner office, accompanied by a MALE CHINESE ASSISTANT, doing cartwheels.

HEINZ VICE PRESIDENT

Officers, what can I do for you?

GENERAL CONRAD

How do you do. We heard you had some trouble up here with your new employees.

HEINZ VICE PRESIDENT

Trouble?

(chuckles)  
If you call a 45% increase in productivity trouble, we've got plenty of it. This is one of our new employees and I can safely say he's one of the best assistants I've ever had.

GENERAL CONRAD  
Mind if I ask him a few questions?

HEINZ VICE PRESIDENT  
Go right ahead.

GENERAL CONRAD  
(smiles at the Chinese man)  
What's your name, son?

CHINESE MAN  
Flank Loberlts.

GENERAL CONRAD  
(to Mofler)  
What'd he say?

COLONEL MOFLER  
He said his name was Frank Roberts.

GENERAL CONRAD  
Well, Frank, where you from?

CHINESE MAN  
Rubbock... wellr, neal Rubbock, 'bout twelve mires as the clow fries.

GENERAL CONRAD  
(eyes narrowing)  
And you're a citizen of these here United States of America?

CHINESE MAN  
Boln and bled.

General Conrad bites through his cigar. We hear a slurping sound. The Chinese Receptionist is back at her desk, eating



a big bowl of chili.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A SIGN READS:

"NICKOLAI TESLA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL"

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

A number of kids are bouncing around on pogo sticks. Gordie is showing a couple of them how to work their pogo sticks, when he's suddenly pushed down from behind.

VICTOR EICHORN

What are you doing, pogo-wimp?

VICTOR EICHORN, the class bully, stands over Gordie and grabs his pogo stick, flanked by two of his little HENCHMEN. Other kids start to gather around, heads bobbing. Gordie stands back up.

GORDIE

I like to pogo. Pogoing is cool.

VICTOR EICHORN

You're stupid. Where'd you get this stupid thing?

GORDIE

My dad got it for me.

VICTOR EICHORN

Your Dad's the biggest wimp who ever lived, everyone knows that.

GORDIE

That's a lie – give it back.

VICTOR EICHORN

Why don't you make me, pogo-wimp?

GORDIE

I'm warning you; I know hand-to-hand.

Victor and the Henchman chortle menacingly. One of the Henchmen kneels behind Gordie, the other Henchman steps forward to push Gordie backwards. Gordie sidesteps the push and tosses one Henchman over the other.

VICTOR EICHORN

Oh yeah?

Victor steps forward and tries to punch Gordie; Gordie expertly flips him onto his back in the sandbox. The other kids cheer.

OTHER KIDS

Yeah!

A thin, nasty teacher, MISS HENKE, appears out of nowhere and grabs Gordie by the ear, twisting it viciously.

MISS HENKE

It looks like I'm going to have to make an example of you, Gordon.

GORDIE

He started it –

MISS HENKE

Don't start with your crying and whimpering, an ugly trait you inherited from your father.

(dragging him towards  
the school)

Maybe we can beat it out of you.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

We see the whole fifth grade class seated, facing the front. WHAP! Gordie is leaning over Miss Henke's desk, while she wields two rulers taped together on him. WHAP! Gordie stoically bears the punishment. WHAP! Victor and his Henchman smile sadistically.

GORDIE

I told the truth. This is unfair.

MISS HENKE

Life... is unfair.

(WHAP!)

GORDIE

I'm going to have to tell my Dad  
about this.

MISS HENKE

Good. You tell him to come see me. I  
can use this on even bigger babies.  
And I've got a hankie for when big  
babies cry.

(WHAP!)

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - DAY

A fleet of Army trucks and SOLDIERS surround the barn. The wheels on the big skate are revolving so fast that real sparks are shooting out with the neon ones. A tremendous roar rises out of the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTONVILLE ROLLER RINK - DAY

General Conrad, Colonel Mofler and the Generals watch the solid mass of skaters moving around the rink. Big Tom and Woody are in a quietly ecstatic state of euphoria. The noise from the skate on the rink is nearly deafening. General Conrad notices that small sprays of sawdust are being thrown up from the hardwood rink.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY BUCK'S SALES OFFICE - DAY

Horton-as-Wally is on the phone, the slow burn turned up to boil.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

What do you mean tomorrow, Gordie?  
You tell her I'll be there in ten  
minutes... you bet I believe you,  
son, you did the right thing.

He hangs up, turns to Lucky Buck, busy with a bunch of  
CUSTOMERS.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
Is there a fruit stand nearby?

LUCKY BUCK  
(still Munchkined)  
Yes, Sir, one block, left face,  
forward march about four doors down.

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
I'll be back.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A car zooms up, parks next to the school and a seething Horton-  
as-Wally gets out and strides towards the classroom building,  
carrying a small paper bag.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Gordie is standing in the corner, facing the wall. Horton-as-  
Wally kicks the door open; Miss Henke and the class are  
stunned. Horton-as-Wally goes right for Miss Henke.

MISS HENKE  
What is the meaning of this? You  
can't just barge in here like –

HORTON-AS-WALLY  
(a finger in her face)  
That's enough.

Horton-as-Wally picks her up with one hand and hangs her on  
a hook over the blackboard.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Gordie, you can take your seat with  
the rest of the kids.

Gordie does. Horton-as-Wally takes out a switchblade and  
pops it open. Miss Henke gasps. The class is petrified. Horton-  
as-Wally picks up the two taped rulers from the desk and  
breaks them in half.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

(to the kids)

There'll be no more beatings in this  
classroom.

Horton-as-Wally takes a big grapefruit out of the paper bag,  
sets it on the desk and cuts it in half with the switchblade.  
he picks up half the grapefruit and moves to Miss Henke.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

My boy doesn't lie, sourpuss.

He grinds the grapefruit into her face, using it as a juicer,  
then tosses the rind across the room into a trashcan like  
Magic Johnson. Horton-as-Wally turns to face the class.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

At this moment, I consider myself  
the luckiest man on earth. I have a  
wonderful son, who doesn't lie, and  
he's made me very proud.

Gordie runs up and embraces Horton-as-Wally with all his  
might.

VICTOR EICHORN

(snidely)

I think I'm gonna puke.

Horton-as-Wally turns to Victor.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Victor, come up here.

Frightened, Victor stands and moves to them.

VICTOR EICHORN

You're not the boss a' me.

HORTON-AS-WALLY

Calm down, son.

(a hand on Victor's  
shoulder)

Victor, I know what a hard life you've lived, what with your folks divorce and your father's alcoholism. It wasn't so long ago that I didn't know the meaning of a family either.

Victor, I know about the loneliness, lying awake at night, feeling like no one in the world cares for you. I know what this can do to you; the rage and frustration. And I just want you to understand you've got a friend here and his name is Wally Newton. You're welcome at our house, Gordie's and mine and Polly's, anytime, day or night, for good food or hand-to-hand lessons and for just going out to the range with an Uzi or a thirty-ought-six.

(Victor's dissolved  
in helpless tears)

Now you characters shake hands and call it square.

Gordie extends a hand. Victor shakes it. The class cheers and applauds. Victor's Henchmen are fighting back their own tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTON MANOR - DAY

A squadron of trucks are backed up to the front of the Manor and a platoon of jump-suited DELIVERY MEN are dollying tons of supplies past a worried House Staff through the double doors. Stenciled on the sides of the trucks are the various company names: "LIGHTNING FAST ELECTRIC, LIGHTNING FAST STEEL, CO., LIGHTNING FAST PLUMBING, LIGHTNING FAST HARDWARE, LIGHTNING FAST NUCLEAR SUPPLIES."

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

The Professor-as-Newt is working frantically on a scaffolding that surrounds the superstructure of a huge, black, steel Trojan pig (as in Trojan horse). A steady stream of Delivery men dolly in and deposit their loads under the supervision of a tipsy Tidman. Ike and Mike are lifting heavy objects and other members of the House Staff are joyfully engaged in various support activities. Grandpa sits in his wheelchair near the scaffolding, beaming up at the Professor-as-Newt.

GRANDPA

(happily, to anyone  
who'll listen)

That's not Newt.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

Bring up my uranium rods!

Ike and Mike do just that. Tidman turns to RAYBURN, the ancient Manor Staff Accountant, who's inventorying the incoming supplies.

TIDMAN

Make a note, Rayburn; triple this  
year's donation to Soothing Breezes  
Sanitarium.

RAYBURN

The lad has improved, taken, many,  
so much more, steps, that I, hard to  
find the, but then, words are –

TIDMAN

Thank you, Rayburn.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

Am I wrong? I feel as though I've  
asked for the plutonium three or  
four times already –

TIDMAN

Just coming off the truck, Master  
Newt.

Chef Pierre wheels in a large silver serving trolley.

CHEF PIERRE

My treat: jiffy baked Alaska for everyone!

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The computers are whirring at top speed. Three sensing devices are pointed through the mirror at Newt-as-the-Professor, who's moving chalk on the blackboard in a rhythmic pattern. The Scientists watch gathered around, Mel, Bert and Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice are in the background.

SCIENTIST #1

We're very close now.

Scientist #2 picks up a red phone.

SCIENTIST #2

Alert the Corrigan's; we're close

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE HALLWAY - DAY

Delbert and Simone Corrigan hurry down the hallway towards the observation room.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

As the Corrigan's enter, the computers start to click in, one after another, the slot machine effect.

SCIENTIST #1

Ladies and gentlemen, the Eagle has landed.

The room is hushed; more clicks from the computer.

SCIENTIST #1

Coming up now... coming up now...



An IMAGE comes into focus on the big monitor; a large pig and below it a list of ingredients. Stunned silence.

BERT  
(aside, to Mel)  
Kind'a looks like a pig.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY B COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

The Company "B" group, including Mr. Biggs and Mr. Posthole, are staring at the same image on a similar monitor.

MR. BIGGS  
(somewhat confused)  
Good work, Posthole. But what in the Sam Hill is it?

MR POSTHOLE  
Sir, unless I miss my guess there's enough arbitrary nucleic permutations on the cobalt theme inside that porker to turn this world into a corn flake.

MR. BIGGS  
This is worth a fortune but Lord it's dangerous. Thank God we got it before those animal crackers at Company "A". Start building immediately. Now it's more important than ever we pop the weasel and drain the tub of Professor Hugo Zinermacher.  
(looking at the monitor again)  
Damned if that thing doesn't look like a pig.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Temporary Army Command Headquarters, set up just outside the Newtonville city limits, near the Newtonville sign. Colonel

Mofler holds a field phone to General Conrad's ear, as the Generals stand by.

GENERAL CONRAD

No, no, no, nothing's "up"... the boys and I found a great little trout stream out here in Kansas... we're frying up some rainbows right now, couple a' beers, we'll be back inside the Beltway before you know it... yes I was in Bethesda – no, nothing serious, slipped on a rock going for a carp in the Potomac – no, I'm fine now, never better... thanks very much for calling, you have a nice day, too, Mr. President.

Mofler hangs up the phone.

GENERAL CONRAD

He was supposed to be out clearing brush today, Mofler, what the hell kind of intelligence are you giving me? We got the feed off that uplink back to Section Six?

COLONEL MOFLER

(reading from a file)

"Conclusions: the emission had caused unusual behavior and activity –"

GENERAL CONRAD

I could'a told you that, Mofler.

COLONEL MOFLER

(nods, keeps reading)

"– which does not at this time appear to be life-threatening, but considering the nature of the deep space random collection samplings, an accurate projection of long-range consequences is not possible at this time."

GENERAL CONRAD

Recommendations for response?

COLONEL MOFLER

Three options, Sir...

(reads again)

"Option #1: do nothing, return to Washington, deny everything. Option #2: reduce Newtonville to a smoking pile of ash, litter the area with sheep with their eyes sewn shut and blame it on UFO's."

(closes the file)

GENERAL CONRAD

I'm leaning towards two. What's number three?

COLONEL MOFLER

Option #3 is a second emission.

GENERAL CONRAD

So. It's time to fish or cut bait.

(pause, jaw set)

Alright, boys... we'll pee again.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

The "pig" is completely finished. Tidman and the Staff stand back and gaze at it in wondrous admiration. High up on the scaffolding, Ike and Mike help the Professor-as-Newt pour a smoking liquid into a funnel on the end of the coiled copper "tail". Down on the floor, Grandad wheels himself away from the staff, towards a small red button on the "pig's" underbelly.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

Don't pour too quickly. This stuff will come back up at you and burn your hands off at the elbow...

(as they finish)

Very nicely done. Now we can climb down and take some liquid refreshment.

Ike and Mike start to climb down. The Professor-as-Newt spots Grandad down below, about to touch the small red button.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Grandad, you mustn't touch that, no,  
no.

Grandad smiles and points at the red button.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Move away, move away now – Tidman,  
if Grandad were to touch that button,  
that would be very bad.

The Professor-as-Newt comes down the scaffolding, as Tidman and the whole Staff cautiously move towards Grandad, who holds his finger next to the button.

TIDMAN AND STAFF  
(variously)  
Grandad, don't touch the button...  
that's a no-no... bad to push the  
button, Grandad, mustn't push the  
button...

Grandad pushes the button. We hear a click, then a roar like a blast furnace inside the "pig". A panel slides open and a readout appears, counting down from: 10:00:00.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
I'm so sorry he did that. That's  
very bad.

TIDMAN  
Surely you can turn whatever it is  
off, Master Newt.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(flicks Tidman on  
shoulder)  
Oh no, the plutonium is lit now.  
Once you light the plutonium, pffft.

TIDMAN  
(quietly and completely  
insane)  
Ah. So it is a bomb...

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
A real dandy.

TIDMAN  
And how big is your bomb, Master  
Newt?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Oh, very big.

Some members of the House Staff faint dead away.

TIDMAN  
I see. And you're absolutely certain  
there's nothing we can do, really?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
I wish.

TIDMAN  
You wouldn't kid us about something  
like this, would you, Master Newt?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(shaking his head)  
Once you light that plutonium...

TIDMAN  
How much time have we got?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Just about enough for one more good  
cup of coffee.

Tidman walks to the desert trolley and pours a cup.

TIDMAN  
(stiff upper lip)  
Cream and sugar, Master Newt?

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
Please, thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIMITS - DAY

Just outside city limits, Soldiers finish building a hastily erected sandbag bunker. More soldiers complete chalking a white line across the highway with a baseball boundary-line chalking machine. Colonel Mofler holds a field phone for General Conrad:

GENERAL CONRAD

I said pee immediately! – I don't give a damn about procedures, let's hose this deck down quick!

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON SECTION SIX - DAY

Some TECHNICIANS are looking at the FISH book, open to the TUNA section, throwing switches and turning dials according to the printed instructions. Lights, bells and whistles are activated.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The panel on the side of the satellite slides open the nozzle slides out. The other panel opens, a countdown begins: 00:05:00. As the countdown proceeds we notice a large yellow mass looming up behind the satellite. We notice a number of "CHEESE IS MADE FROM MILK" wrappers melded into the mass. It silently sails past the satellite.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - DAY

A long line of hungry, head-bobbing Newtonvillionians are receiving little green pies to go, dispensed by Lorraine and the Gangsters, all in Chef's hats, from Vinnie's new "take-out window". Wally-as-Horton and Jimmie Underwood are putting up a sign above the window that reads:

"VINNIE'S GREEN-PIE TAKE-OUT  
100% CHEESE-FREE  
TRY OUT RED WINE  
AND GREEN PIE SPECIAL"

Vinnie moves up and down the line, passing out free cigars.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

The plaza between Company "A" and Company "B" is packed with the delivery trucks we saw earlier outside Newton Manor, with the Delivery Men dollying tons of stuff into both buildings.

The Company "A" limo with Bob McNabb at the wheel skids into view, weaving in and out between the trucks, sending Delivery Men and their loads skyward. In hot pursuit are "Sherlock" Watson in the patrol car and the army jeeps.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "B" - DAY

Mr. Biggs looks down at the trucks through a pair of binoculars, follows a dolly into Company "A", looks up through the binoculars and sees Delbert Corrigan looking at him through a pair of binoculars from Company "A" window. They look at each other through the binoculars for a while.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAPE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Under the supervision of Bert, Mel and Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice, Newt-as-the-Professor is slowly and carefully packing his objects back in his sock. The Trick Dog jumps back and forth over a chair.

BERT

That flight back to Zurich's leaving in less than an hour, Professor.

MEL

How long can it take to pack a sock?

SAMMY "THE STOMP"-AS-ALICE

I can tell you how long it takes to pack a suitcase.

(dabs eyes with  
handkerchief)  
Can either of you recommend a good  
marriage counselor?

BERT  
(pause, embarrassed)  
I don't seem to remember the Professor  
having a dog on the plane, do you  
Mel?

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "A" WORK AREA - DAY

Workers in blue Company "A" jumpsuits scramble like beavers,  
quickly assembling a large blue "pig" bomb.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "B" WORK AREA - DAY

Workers in yellow Company "B" jumpsuits scamper around the  
large yellow "pig" bomb they're quickly putting together.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

The entire House Staff lies unconscious on the floor. Ike  
and Mike, feeling woozy, sit with cold compresses on their  
heads. Tidman is downing his third pitcher of martinis,  
straight from the pitcher.

Grandad listens to his record player, wheeling himself around  
in a circle. The Professor-as-Newt sits watching the  
countdown, sipping his coffee.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT  
(to Tidman, gallows  
humor)  
Did you hear the one about the  
farmer/scientist?

TIDMAN  
Is it a long joke?



THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

No, no, we have time. Anyway, this farmer/scientist. He was outstanding in his unified field.

TIDMAN

I see.

Tidman finishes the pitcher. We see the countdown is down to: 00:06:10.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The countdown on the satellite continues, not t-minus 00:01:02 and counting. A few "Cheese is Made From Milk" wrappers float by. In the distance, the cheese asteroid is tumbling around in space.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - DAY

A picture of the perfect, happy family. Horton-as-Wally and Gordie beam, as Polly serves them each a plate of small delicious green pies. A "Vinnie's Take-Out" bag is on the table. Horton-as-Wally sneaks a piece of green pie under the table to Gucci-Gucci the Pekingese, who does a backflip of appreciation.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - DAY

As the Gangsters turn out batch after batch of green pies in the kitchen, Wally-as-Horton and Lorraine circulate around the jam-packed dining room, where satisfied, head-bobbing Customers are gorging themselves on green pies and red wine.

CUSTOMERS

(variously)

Best pie I ever ate... couldn't believe something that looked so simple could taste so good... the

aroma, the flavor, I'm in seventh heaven... I'll never eat at home again...

Mr. Biggs and his two Bodyguards stride in and corner Wally-as-Horton.

MR. BIGGS

When I pay for a killing, I expect somebody to die and Thursby, your number just came up.

The Bodyguards pull out pistols and point them at Wally-as-Horton. Wally-as-Horton snakes out his hands and grabs both Bodyguards by the adam's apple.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Put those away before somebody gets hurt!

BODYGUARDS

(Munchkined)

Yes, Sir, Mr. Thursby.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Sit down and have some green pie, which we recommend with the house red for a particularly pleasing taste sensation.

The Bodyguards immediately sit and Lorraine sets pies and wine in front of them.

MR. BIGGS

Say, who do you think –

WALLY-AS-HORTON

(puts a finger in Biggs' face)

That's enough.

(grabs Biggs by the throat)

There'll be no more killing in this town.

MR. BIGGS

I agree completely.

WALLY-AS-HORTON

Sit down, behave yourself and have some delicious green pie and red wine.

MR. BIGGS

I'm looking forward to it.

Vinnie enters, holding up a handful of paperwork.

VINNIE

I've got the contracts prepared. I've decided to make you all full partners. I'll have the fellas sign first, then you, okay Horton?

WALLY-AS-HORTON

That's jake with me. Partner.

Vinnie enters the kitchen. Lorraine embraces Wally-as-Horton.

LORRAINE

Horton, I always knew you were a strong man. I always knew you had courage. But this new tenderness... it's... it's...

(she cries sweetly)

I just love you ever so much.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

Tidman is swaying at attention, singing "Nearer My God to Thee". The Professor-as-Newt is counting down with the bomb.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT

There it is, less than a minute now. Fifty-nine, fifty-eight – isn't it interesting how time passes so much more slowly at moments like this –  
(a hint of wistful

regret)  
No time to solve that one.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

The skaters have skated away during the night, buzzsawing down through the floor and an additional five feet of bedrock. Only a mass of hands is visible through the thick dust, circling, circling. The roar is louder than Niagara Falls.

Woody and Big Tom are dumbfounded, nearly catatonic, glued to their chairs, eyes bugging out of their heads as they stare at the mad spectacle. Randy, standing nearby, completely oblivious to what's transpired, still obsessed by the one detail which plagues him.

RANDY  
I still smell gas, Big Tom.

Woody's chair breaks, splinters out from under him and falls away. He remains frozen in a sitting position.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIMITS - DAY

General-Conrad, Colonel Mofler and the Generals are ensconced in the concrete bunker, all wearing strange goggles. A SOLDIER passes out thick copies of the Washington, D.C. phonebook.

COLONEL MOFLER  
(watching his watch)  
T-minus fifteen... fourteen...  
(etc.)

GENERAL CONRAD  
Hitch up those phonebooks, boys, no telling what this sucker'll do to your procreative recreational system.

The Soldiers all hold the phonebooks over their crotches. General Conrad already has one taped to the crotch of his cast.

GENERAL CONRAD  
Check that tape for me, Mofler.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

We see the satellite countdown: 00:00:03 / 00:00:02 / 00:00:01 and as it hits 00:00:00 the beeping crescendos and goes SILENT for one brief moment. Then, the satellite produces an emission.; we see a small burst of light shoot from the nozzle and hear a sound like a sharp slam on a ping-pong ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

HIGH ANGLE, looking down on the United States. The emission, a short piece of light, enters the earth's atmosphere and heads down towards Kansas.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A mile above Newtonville, looking straight down at the center of town. The emission descends down, strikes the center of town and a giant "X" of light forms over the entire city. From the center of the "X", a line of light spirals out like a watch spring. When it reaches the edge of town the entire "X" rotates 90 degrees and stops.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S LIGHTNING ROD - DAY

In the middle of his passionate kiss with Lorraine, Wally-as-Horton disappears and it replaced by the Professor-as-Newt-now-Horton. He stops kissing Lorraine. We notice that the green pies have turned red and the red wine has turned green. Alice-as-Sammy "the Stomp" is now singing an operatic aria.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT-NOW-HORTON  
Let me clarify something; am I in  
Heaven? Are you an Angel?

LORRAINE

See what I mean? These days you say  
the sweetest things. And who ever  
knew you were such a wonderful cook.  
I hope this doesn't frighten you,  
but I suddenly find myself filled  
with maternal longings.

THE PROFESSOR-AS-NEWT-NOW-HORTON

Frighten me? It's the best news I've  
had since the discovery of sub-atmoic  
particles.

She looks at him with the slightest touch of curiosity.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "A" CANAPE ROOM - DAY

Carrying his sock, Newt-as-the-Professor moves down a line,  
shaking the hands of Company "A" employees as he departs.  
The Trick Dog, Bert, Mel and Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice trail  
behind him.

Just as he reaches Delbert Corrigan and Simone, Newt-as-the-  
Professor disappears and Wally-as-Horton-now-the-Professor  
appears in his place. The Trick Dog is the only one who  
notices the switch; he growls and bites Wally-as-Horton-now-  
the Professor's ankle. Wally-as-Horton-now-the Professor  
points a finger and glares bumblebee eyes at him; the Trick  
Dog leaps up into his arms and licks his face. Delbert  
Corrigan extends a hand.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

Professor, it's been an absolute  
delight –

WALLY-AS-HORTON-NOW-THE-PROFESSOR

(with a finger)

First of all, that was absolutely  
the worst cafeteria food I've ever  
tasted in my life.

Delbert Corrigan shrinks back, shocked. Simone aggressively  
intercedes.

SIMONE

You got a lotta nerve, you fruitcake –

WALLY-AS-HORTON-NOW-THE-PROFESSOR

(the finger)

That's enough.

She slams on the brakes.

WALLY-AS-HORTON-NOW-THE-PROFESSOR

You two ought to spend a little more  
time thinking about tenderness. And  
cooking.

Wally-as-Horton-now-the Professor moves along the line,  
leaving the bewildered Corrigan behind.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

Perhaps we should try a little  
tenderness.

Sammy "the Stomp"-as-Alice, as if in a trance, sings "Try a  
Little Tenderness", ala Otis Redding.

SIMONE

Delbert, have you ever seen a woman  
my age do something like this?

She leaps up, grabs the pipe of the sprinkler system and  
does a one-arm chin-up.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

Definitely a little tenderness.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Horton-as-Wally sits at the dinner table with Polly and  
Gordie. Horton-as-Wally disappears and Newt-as-the Professor-  
now-Wally appears in his place. They look at each other. The  
pies are now red and the wine is green.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR-NOW-WALLY

(struggling to form  
the words)

I'm... so... happy.

POLLY

So am I, darling.

GORDIE

Me, too, Dad. I feel so good about our family.

NEWT-AS-THE PROFESSOR-NOW-WALLY

Can I pee?

POLLY

Of course you can, Wally.

Newt-as-the Professor-now-Wally rises and starts towards the bathroom. Gucci-Gucci leaps into his arms and licks his fact.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

The Professor-as-Newt vanishes from his place beside the "pig" bomb, where the countdown is at: 00:00:16. Horton-as-Wally-now-the Professor appears in his place, near a completely sloshed Tidman.

The "pig" is emitting an irritation whining noise that rises in pitch and intensity.

TIDMAN

Perhaps it shall be a finer place we go to, leaving behind this veil of tears –

(countdown at:00:00:09)

– where our fortunes rise and fall on the seas of destiny like a tiny ship, where an action once set in motion cannot be reversed – Mother, I'll be home soon, in fact...

(squints at the countdown)

...in about another three seconds –

HORTON-AS-WALLY-NOW-THE PROFESSOR

Hold your horses, tea bag, we're not



going anywhere.

Horton-as-Wally-now-the Professor whips out his .357 Magnum and drills the "Pig" right between the "eyes". The "pig's" jaw drops open and a loud "oink" escapes. The irritating noise cuts out and the countdown stops; the last second stopping halfway to zero.

Tidman looks over at him, looks at the "pig", looks back at Horton-as-Wally-now-the Professor.

TIDMAN  
Martini, Master Newt?

HORTON-AS-WALLY-NOW-THE PROFESSOR  
Shaken not stirred.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

The skaters heads are visible, going around and around the rink. The roar is louder than two Niagara Falls.

Woody and Big Tom remain staring at it, catatonically.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL ANGLE - DAY

The glowing "X" over Newtonville vanishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIMITS - DAY

The Army officers remove their goggles and peak out over the top of the bunker. The smoke and dust clear, revealing the seventy Texans and Chinese Acrobats seated on folding chairs, in front of a raised dais, where Mayor Billy Benson addressed them over a p.a. system, with "Hail to the Chief" playing in background.

MAYOR BILLY BENSON  
(oratorical fervor)  
One office... one man/ One world...

one people.

Three army jeeps shoot by in reverse, followed by "Sherlock" Watson in the patrol car and the Company "A" limo, also in reverse. A COW in front of the bunker turns to the Generals and lets out a melodic yodel.

General Conrad turns to Colonel Mofler.

GENERAL CONRAD

Pee again.

COLONEL MOFLER

(into a field phone)

Pee again!

Through the smoke we see the tap dancing Heinz 57 bottle, doing complicated time steps down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The nozzle on the satellite lets go with another emission. The bolt of light zips past the floating cheese meteor and heads towards Earth.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A mile above Newtonville, looking straight down at the center of...

From the center of the "X", a line of light spirals out like a watch spring. When it reaches the edge of town the entire "X" rotates another 90 degrees, stops and hovers over the town.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

The wheels on the sign lazily revolve. The roar from inside is gone. Birds sing.

INT. ROLLER RINK - DAY

The skaters are gone. The crater where the rink once stood remains. The silence is shattering. Freed from their trance, Big Tom and Woody blink at the emptiness. Big Tom shakes his head, emerging from a deep confusion.

WOODY  
(not without bitterness)  
Ridin' high in April... shot down in  
May.

Over to the side, with a look of sudden alarm, is Randy.

RANDY  
Big Tom, I still smell –

Randy spontaneously combusts, leaving behind a small pile of ash and a pear-shaped smudge on the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIGHTS - DAY

The Generals climb out of the bunker and the dust clears, revealing empty chairs in front of the dais. They move up to close to the cow standing in front of the bunker. It moos.

COLONEL MOFLER  
I think it worked.

GENERAL CONRAD  
Just goes to prove an old saying of  
mine: two wrongs don't make a right.  
But three do.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTON MANOR - DAY

Sunlight, birds, shady trees. Peace. In the far distance, we see a foursome of GOLFERS on the green of the fifteenth hole of the Newtonville Country Club.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWTON MANOR ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

Horton-as-Wally-now-the Professor disappears and Newt, just Newt, takes his place, holding his sock, a piece of green pie and a fork. The room is empty, except for Tidman, slouched in a chair, and Grandad, who turns around in his wheelchair, sees Newt and stops short. They look at each other and smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTON MANOR - DAY

A bolt of lightning shoots down out of the clear blue sky.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

The lightning bolt zaps through an open window and strikes Newt in

NEWT  
(blinking his eyes,  
articulate)  
Grandfather, the stars and funny  
animals are gone. Grandfather, I  
have so many things to tell you.

Tidman tries to clear his head, can't believe what he's seeing.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTON MANOR - DAY

One of the GOLFERS, now on the sixteenth tee, hits his drive, a towering smash that we follow up into the air, slicing severely to the right and heading directly for a window on the second floor of the manor.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKING HORSE ROOM - DAY

NEWT  
I want to live here with you, with

you and Tidman, Chef Pierre and the  
rest of the staff, forever and ever  
and –

The golf ball smashes through the window and hits Newt in  
the head. His eyes get that starry/funny animal look again.  
He smiles.

NEWT  
Rock-'em-sock-'em.

Grandad turns to Tidman, points at Newt and smiles.

GRANDAD  
That's Newt.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWTONVILLE CITY LIMITS - DAY

The Generals and Colonel Mofler, gathered off to the side,  
shake their heads, toe the ground and mutter.

General Conrad sits enveloped in the top of the giant cheese  
meteor, sending a slow burn towards the heavens.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PLAZA - DAY

The buildings of Company "A" and Company "B" have merged  
into one giant green building, with the letters "AB" on top.

Wally-as-Horton-now-the Professor is at the curb with Bert,  
Mel, Alice (just Alice) and the Professor's bag. Wally-as-  
Horton-now-the Professor disappears and the Professor, just  
the Professor appears in his place.

The limo pulls up, looking brand new, with the insignia "AB"  
on the door. The three Chefs and the Tap Dancing Heinz 57  
Bottle climb out. Bob McNabb, behind the wheel, waves to  
Alice.

BOB MCNABB  
Hello, ducks.

ALICE  
Hello, love.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Looking down on Newtonville, the large, glowing "X" disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPANY "AB" - DAY

The Professor is just about to get into the limo when we hear a raucous alarm blaring from the green building and the Scientists we've seen, from both Companies, come running out, all wearing green jumpsuits.

SCIENTISTS  
(variously)

Stop him!... Professor! We have an emergency!... Don't let him get in that car!... Bert and Mel, bring him back inside!

ALICE  
For goodness sake, he'll miss his plane.

SCIENTIST #1  
There aren't going to be any planes if he doesn't get inside fast!

BERT  
Professor, will you come with us please?

MEL  
It's an inconvenience, but it does sound urgent.

They pick him up by the elbows and hustle him back towards the green building. They're followed by the three Chefs and the Tap Dancing Heinz 57 bottle.

THE PROFESSOR

(sets off a thought)

Here's yet another example; time was going by so slowly and suddenly the universe seems to curve back in on itself.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "AB" - DAY

The Professor is carried into a large room by Bert and Mel, swept along with the Scientists and the rest of the group that was outside. A nervous CROWD is gathered around a huge, green double-headed "pig" bomb. The countdown panel has slid open and the countdown is counting down from: 00:00:27. Beside it is a large chalkboard with a formula written on it:

" $\Pi \times \text{PIG}^2 \times C = (\text{BOB})$ "

The Scientists crowd around the Professor.

SCIENTISTS

(variously, accusing each other)

He pushed the button... no, you pushed the button... it was an accident... I didn't mean to do it...

SCIENTIST #1

This could be a catastrophe of unprecedented proportion!

THE PROFESSOR

(sniffs the air, them)

No, no, you got it all wrong.

The countdown continues. The Professor sidles over to the blackboard and points to the formula.

THE PROFESSOR

Let me explain something  
(pointing to the formula)

"Pi" times "permutations interacting geometrically", and it goes without

saying arbitrarily –

The countdown is at: 00:00:12. People are praying, weeping, ducking and covering.

THE PROFESSOR

– times the speed of light, which is very fast I can tell you, equals –  
(points to the first "b")  
– bomb.

A huge groan from the crowd.

THE PROFESSOR

– however, let me direct your attention to this little "2", do you see? This means "Pig" squared and we can clearly discern, or Lucerne where my Grandmother's from, that this pig had two heads. Which brings us back to "bob" - b - o - b – bomb or barbecue.

The crowd is totally bewildered. The countdown reaches zero. Both mouths of the "pig" heads drop open, we hear two loud "oinks". A panel in the side of the "pig" slides open and a large mass of sticky, brownish-red substance glops out onto the floor. The crowd lets out a collective sigh of relief. An incredibly delicious aroma fills the air.

THE PROFESSOR

So unless I miss my guess we are looking at and smelling the best barbecue sauce in the whole darned world.

The three Chefs are the first to step forward, filled with trepidation and envy. They cautiously dip their fingers in the sauce and taste it. The incredibly delicious sauce completely overwhelms them.

CHEF #1

(almost in tears)

Twenty years we at Heinz have been searching for a sauce like this.



CHEF#2  
Manna from heaven.

The crowd presses forward to taste the sauce, which quickly degenerates into a spectacle not unlike a frenzied pack of piranha feeding on a bloated zebra.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM

In a nearby fallout shelter, Mr. Biggs and Delbert Corrigan, wearing big goggles and blast suits, watch the above proceedings on video monitors.

MR. BIGGS  
(speaks over an  
intercom)  
We're on the phone to Heinz now'  
we'll deal, we'll deal – don't eat  
all that sauce, don't let them eat  
all that sauce –

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
(overlapping, on a  
phone)  
Mr. Heinz, Mr. Heinz, we have the  
ultimate sauce – no, not just steak  
sauce, it'll go on everything –  
(covers the phone,  
over intercom)  
Don't eat all that sauce!!

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE ROOM - DAY

The crowd continues to feed. The Professor stands alone, with Mel, Bert and Alice. The Professor, tracking down another thought, whistles, grabs a handful of empty air and snaps his fingers.

THE PROFESSOR  
Time.

BERT  
Yes, it is time. Professor –

MEL  
If we hurry you can still catch your  
plane.

They pick him up by the elbows and hustle him out. Alice  
follows

CUT TO:

INT. COMPANY "AB" - DAY

Bert and Mel carry the Professor towards the limo.

THE PROFESSOR  
(snapping his fingers,  
to himself)  
Time.  
(he whistles)  
Time.

MR. BIGG'S VOICE  
Just one minute!

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
I say, hold on!

They stop. Mr. Biggs, Delbert Corrigan and Simone rush out  
of the building to them. Biggs and Corrigan wear green suits,  
Simone wears some green, high-fashion weirdness.

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
Professor, Company "AB" is prepared  
to offer you a seven figure contract –

MR. BIGGS  
Stock options, access to the corporate  
jet –

DELBERT CORRIGAN  
First rate health and dental coverage –

MR. BIGGS  
And your own key to the executive

washroom.

DELBERT CORRIGAN

For life.

THE PROFESSOR

(looks them up and  
down)

How do you do.

(he shakes their hands)

My name is Professor Hugo  
Zinermacher. Hugo your way, und  
I'll go mine.

The Professor gets into the limo, turns back to Mel and Bert  
and gives them a big smile.

THE PROFESSOR

(sings)

It's beginning to look a lot like  
Christmas/ Everywhere I go...  
(and so on)

The limo drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER PANEL - DAY

EXTREME CLOSEUP on the saliva bubble, caught between the  
copper wires. It pops. Music in. Bing Crosby's version of  
"It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas"

CUT TO:

EXT. HEINZ 57 PLANT - DAY

Music continues over. The Texans and the Chinese acrobats,  
working together, make the last adjustments on the sign above  
the plant, as they install a huge "8" next to the "5" and  
slowly lower the "7" to the ground. The sign now reads:

"HEINZ 58"

CUT TO:

## EXT. WALLY NEWTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Music continues over. A moving van is parked in the driveway of the house next door. MOVERS are carrying boxes and furniture into the house. KIDS on pogo sticks bounce up and down the street.

Wally, a visibly pregnant Polly and Gordie come out of their house with a sack of green pie take-out from Vinnie's and move to the fence between the houses, where they shake hands with their new neighbors, Horton Thursby and a visibly pregnant Lorraine. Polly gives Lorraine the take-out food.

## ROLL CREDITS

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. WALLY AND HORTON'S HOUSES - DAY

Music continues over. Wally and Horton are both mowing their lawns Gordie bounces around on his pogo stick, packing two six shooters. A horn honks, they all look up and wave, as a massive, convertible Isotta Fraschini touring car drives by, Tidman at the wheel, Newt and Grandad in the rear. They wave. Newt honks his rubber horn as the car moves out of sight.

Polly and Lorraine, chatting over the fence, both carrying their new born INFANTS, wave to the passing car. As the car moves on, Polly and Lorraine return to their conversation, fussing over the babies.

The Infants are dead ringers for Wally and Horton.

## FADE TO BLACK

THE END