

"FATHER FIGURE"

Written by

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"FATHER FIGURE"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

We see familiar Los Angeles streets as they looked thirty-five years ago. The buildings are smaller, the cars are bigger, and their drivers are just as pissed off.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: Los Angeles - 1959

Studio billboards promote the cartoon stars of the day: Disney's Mickey Mouse ("The world's most famous mouse!"), Warner Brothers' Bugs Bunny ("America's favorite cartoon!"), MGM's Tom and Jerry ("Oscar winning cat and mouse!"), Universal's Woody Woodpecker ("Popular in France!"), and finally, on the back of a bus bench, Glee-Toons' WACKY WOLF ("Less violent for 1959!").

PAN to 'Glee-Toons' Productions. Brightly painted, with topiary bushes trimmed to resemble the studio's most popular characters, the place looks like the gaudy, cheerful cartoon factory it is. A statue of Wacky Wolf stands out front, grinning at the passing cars.

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - ANIMATOR'S CUBICLE

CLOSE on a stack of paper, a drawing of Wacky Wolf on the top sheet. A woman's hands FAN the pages, creating a FLIP-BOOK effect as Wacky comes to life, his eyes bugging out and jaw dropping to the ground. PULL BACK to reveal MARY WEBSTER. In her mid-twenties, Mary is tall, brunette and very attractive. She regards the top sheet a moment, grinning playfully as she adds a slight - but noticeable - bulge in Wacky's crotch area.

MARY

Don't say I never did anything for you, Wacky...

Suddenly EDDIE GLEE bursts into the cubicle, all energy and purpose. A Hollywood hustler, Eddie's in his mid-thirties, bad haircut, all business.

EDDIE

Mary! There you are! Follow me - and grab a notepad.

MARY

I'm not your secretary, Eddie.

EDDIE  
 (leaving)  
 It pays better...

MARY  
 (grabs clipboard)  
 Wait up.

Mary hurries after him.

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - HALLWAY

People bustle about, the walls lined with posters for Wacky Wolf cartoons - 'WORLD WAR WOLF', 'WOLF AHOY!', 'B.O. WOLF' and 'WACKY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION'. Mary catches up with Eddie as he scurries down the hallway.

MARY  
 I've got to tell you, Eddie - I've been on some rotten first dates, but last night... digging through dumpsters behind Warner Brothers looking for 'Looney Toons' cells?

EDDIE  
 It's the only way to stay competitive in this business. You shoulda been there the night I snuck into MGM through the sewers. Glory days.

MARY  
 Who'd you take that night - Mamie Eisenhower?

Eddie laughs as he abruptly turns and scoots through a door, Mary doing her best to keep up.

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Eddie and Mary hurry up the aisle of a plush screening room.

EDDIE  
 Let me make it up to you - there's this new restaurant I want to try.

MARY  
 (wary)  
 Really? That sounds nice.

EDDIE

Yeah. I hear a bunch of Disney animators eat there. We can eavesdrop, hear what they're working on... do you have anything that looks like a waitresses outfit?

Mary sighs as Eddie steps to where several TECHNICIANS in white lab coats are gathered around one of the theatre seats. The HEAD TECHNICIAN - a wild-eyed, wild-haired man in his 60's - turns, surprised to see them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

My crack technology staff... Have you geniuses seen the grosses on 'Wild West Wolf', and 'Wack-Wack-Wacky-Doo'? We're gettin' killed by Bugs Bunny, Mickey Mouse... we're even gettin' killed by Gerald Mc-fucking-boingboing! I hired you six months ago to build this amazing new projector that would help me compete with the big boys, and so far all I've seen is your paychecks as I sign them.

HEAD TECHNICIAN

Mr. Glee! I'm afraid it's not ready to show yet. We haven't even had a chance to test it.

EDDIE

Here's your chance! And it better be an improvement on 'Shake-O-Vision' - I haven't had a solid bowel movement since.

Before the Head Technician can protest, Eddie sits in the theatre seat, which has wires, TV tubes and a helmet apparatus attached to it. The wires lead to the projection booth, where a bizarre-looking projector can be glimpsed. Technicians lift the helmet onto his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What're you calling this thing, anyway?

HEAD TECHNICIAN

I was thinking of 'virtual reality', but I wanted something more scientific, so I'm calling it 'Sense-O-Rama'.

The Technicians hook everything up. They step back to reveal Eddie, who now wears the huge, ridiculous helmet, which features 3-D goggles, various electrodes, a tube up his nose, and a rubber plug stuck to the tip of his tongue, which makes him speak with a LISP. Mary sits, trying not to laugh.

EDDIE

What'th tho funny?

MARY

You look like one of those bullethead guys in the 'Superman' serials. Only goofier.

EDDIE

Make a note to cut your thalary...

They look up as the Head Technician speaks grandly.

HEAD TECHNICIAN

You will feel what the characters onscreen feel! You will smell what they smell, taste what they taste. You will be one with the film! Mr. Glee, I give you 'Sense-O-Rama'!

The lights dim as a brilliant BEAM bursts from the projection booth, everyone turning toward the screen to see...

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

A typical early-fifties cartoon, in lush color and full animation. Frantic music plays as TITLE CARDS flash by:

**GLEE-TOONS PRESENTS**

**WACKY WOLF in...**

**'WILD AND WOLFISH'**

**Produced, Written and Directed by EDDIE GLEE**

Eddie groans, already bored.

EDDIE

Great. Like I don't thee enough of thith crap every day.

MARY

I like Wacky Wolf. He's clever, he's funny, he's confident...  
(playfully)  
... he's like the perfect man.

EDDIE

(laughs)

Oh yeah - women love guyth with big bulging eyeth and thteam shooting out of their ears.

MARY

Why not? When I meet the perfect man I want to hear bells, see fireworks. I want there to be stars in his eyes.

The music segues into a gentle country tune as the title cards DISSOLVE TO...

... A farmyard. Signs are posted everywhere. SWISH PAN from one to the other: 'NO WOLVES!'... 'ALL WOLVES WILL BE SHOT!'... 'I SAID NO WOLVES!'... and 'IN CASE YOU MISSED THE PREVIOUS SIGN - NO WOLVES!!!!'. Wearing overalls and a wide-brimmed straw hat, FARMER JOHN surveys the scene through binoculars: cattle sleeping in the pasture, chickens playing cards in the henhouse, and sheep grazing in the meadow.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Eddie makes a face, surprised and disgusted as he actually TASTES the grass.

EDDIE

What the...

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

Farmer John checks the shells in his shotgun.

FARMER JOHN

Any sign of that wolf, Shep?

PAN to a sandbagged military control center, manned by SHEP, Farmer John's dimwitted hound dog. Shep checks the radar screen, where he sees nothing.

SHEP

Du-uuh, that's a big negative, Farmer John.

Shep returns to his book ('Sam Spayed') as a BLIP appears on the radar screen. We ZOOM to the woods, where...

... WACKY WOLF sticks his head out of a bush. He eyes the sheep, cattle and chickens, spotting something that makes him salivate.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Drooling, Eddie wipes his mouth, embarrassed. Mary frowns, while the Head Technician glows with pride.

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

Grinning wickedly, Wacky turns and speaks to the CAMERA.

WACKY

Just between you and me, folks, I'm  
a strict vegetarian. There's only  
one dish on this farm that I'm  
interested in...

He cocks his thumb to one side as we SWISH PAN to... the FARMER'S DAUGHTER. A buxom Daisy Mae-type, she bends over suggestively as she slops the hogs, brassy music BLARING on the soundtrack.

Gawking at the Farmer's Daughter, Wacky's body levitates and stiffens with a BOING!

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Surprised, Eddie glances down at his crotch before discreetly crossing his legs.

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

Holding a bouquet of flowers and a box of chocolates, Wacky REVS up his legs excitedly before racing toward the Farmer's Daughter at warp speed, lips puckered... pausing to TIP-TOE around an outhouse, holding his nose... then he's off again!

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Eddie gags from the smell of the outhouse as Mary laughs.

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

The Farmer's Daughter reaches OUT OF FRAME, pulling a HOMELY COW into her place as Wacky arrives, lips planted firmly against the Cow's in a big, sloppy kiss.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Eddie spits as though he's tasted something nasty.

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

Across the meadow, a BRAWNY BULL spies Wacky kissing the Cow. Steam shoots out of the Bull's ears as he charges, RAMMING Wacky from behind and sending him FLYING through the air.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Eddie jumps from his seat, grabbing his ass.

EDDIE

Hey!

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

Wacky sails through the air - an air raid SIREN going off in Shep's military control center. Dropping the book, Shep FIRES an anti-aircraft gun wildly into the sky. Wacky ARCS gracefully through the flak... right into the arms of a stunned Farmer John. One ear flopping over his eye, Wacky brushes it back, making a whistling sound as he sighs.

WACKY

Thank goodness you caught me... I thought I was a goner.

He hands Farmer John the flowers and chocolates, giving him a big SMOOCH. Farmer John's face turns beet red, the top of his head ERUPTING like a volcano. Wacky screams as Farmer John begins to strangle him.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

Choking, Eddie clutches his throat, accidentally smacking Mary in the head with his elbow. She WHACKS him in the gut with her clipboard. A strange ELECTRICAL IMPULSE ZAPS from the helmet, up the wires and into the projector.

As the ELECTRICAL SURGE reaches the projector, ONSCREEN Wacky and Farmer John grab their stomachs, feeling what Eddie feels. A strange TRANSFERENCE is taking place, feelings and sensations flowing from the cartoon to Eddie, and vice-versa. Surprised, the cartoons look at each other, then into the screening room.

WACKY

(points to Eddie -  
scoffs)

Who's the jerk in the stupid  
helmet?



Suddenly Brawny Bull races up from behind, slamming into Wacky again - knocking him COMPLETELY OUT OF THE CARTOON AND INTO THE THEATRE. Wacky lands in the aisle, dazed, as everyone stares in shock.

EDDIE  
 (applauds)  
 The the are the betht effecth I've  
 ever theen!

Farmer John and Brawny Bull stare down from the movie screen.

FARMER JOHN  
 I don't remember this. What do we  
 do?

BRAWNY BULL  
 (shrugs)  
 Improvise...

Brawny Bull jumps OFF THE SCREEN, chasing the Technicians around the theatre. Farmer John grabs his gun and follows, shooting wildly - BLASTING the seat next to Eddie to bits.

EDDIE  
 Thith ith amathing!

Mary stares in shock at Wacky Wolf, who sits in the aisle nearby. Wacky glances at Mary, jumping to his feet excitedly.

Wacky is immediately in love. Little red HEARTS circle his head, while BELLS sound and FIREWORKS explode in the air around him. Mary is stunned - especially when she looks into his eyes, his pupils now in the shape of STARS.

WACKY  
 What's a nice girl like you doing  
 in a cartoon like this?

Wacky's lips JUMP off his face, KISSING their way up Mary's arm. Mary can't help but smile, giggling uncontrollably. ONSCREEN, Shep spots Wacky, FIRING his anti-aircraft gun INTO THE THEATRE, animated EXPLOSIONS filling the auditorium.

EDDIE  
 Thepectacular! It'll be bigger than  
 thound!

Taking advantage of the distraction, Wacky grabs Mary, throwing her over his shoulder and carrying her up the aisle. She laughs hysterically.

WACKY  
 I finally got the girl!  
 (howls)  
 Come on, babe. Let's blow this pop  
 stand.

One of the Technicians turns to the Head Technician, watching the chaos with detached interest.

TECHNICIAN  
 Well... what do you think?

HEAD TECHNICIAN  
 Needs work.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT - NEWSPAPERS

Newspaper headlines SPIN onscreen as underneath we see scenes of Wacky wreaking havoc in the real world. They read:

"WOLFMAN" TERRORIZES CITY!

Wacky RACES, BOUNCES and CAREENS down Hollywood Boulevard, sending tourists running in terror. Another HEADLINE SPINS...

FAMOUS ARTWORK DEFACED!

In a museum, MUSTACHES have been painted on priceless artwork like 'Blue Boy', the 'Mona Lisa'... and a sleeping guard. Another HEADLINE SPINS...

PRACTICAL JOKER TORMENTS HUNTERS!

Two hunters compare shotguns, their barrels tied into BOWS. Another HEADLINE SPINS...

VANDAL PAINTS TOWN RED - LITERALLY!

Downtown L.A., including the City Hall, glows a bright, crimson red as the last HEADLINE SPINS...

POLICE CLOSING IN!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE - DAY

A policeman approaches a cave somewhere in the hills above L.A. The cave looks normal enough - except for the mailbox out front with the words 'WACKY WOLF' scrawled on the side.

The policeman nervously carries a large birthday cake with lit sticks of dynamite for candles. He gingerly sets the cake in front of the cave, ringing the doorbell next to the entrance before hauling ass outta there. After a moment Wacky steps out, picking up the cake delightedly.

WACKY

A cake? For me? It's not even my birthday.

(reads cake)

'Dear Wacky - Boom!' Boom? Who's...  
uh-oh.

The dynamite EXPLODES, Wacky's face charred black. He staggers forward, where he steps into a BEAR TRAP... then hops onto thousands of MARBLES covering the ground... finally slipping, stumbling and teetering onto a big red 'X' painted on the ground.

EXT. HILLTOP

On a hilltop above the cave, Eddie calls to a squad of COPS, looking like he hasn't slept in a week.

EDDIE

Now!

SWISH PAN to a half dozen Cops straining to hold a length of rope looped over a pulley. As they let go we see that the rope holds a GRAND PIANO in the air directly over the 'X'.

EXT. CAVE

Wacky looks up as KA-BANG! the piano comes down on his head, smashing into a gazillion pieces. Wacky's head sticks through a hole in the top, bells RINGING as they circle his head.

WACKY

I can't believe I fell for those old gags... eeeyeeew...

He gives a woozy smile, his teeth replaced by PIANO KEYS, before falling backward.

Eddie hurries down from the hilltop, standing over Wacky as a couple of Cops rush into the cave. One calls out in amazement.

COP

Hey! There's a woman in here.  
You'll never believe it, this place  
is nicer than my house!

The other Cop leads Mary out of the cave. A little ruffled, a little tired, she looks none the worse for wear.

EDDIE

Mary! Finally! Are you all right?  
You're not hurt or anything, are  
you?

MARY

No, no. I'm fine...

EDDIE

Good. You're fired.

Eddie turns and walks away as the Cops ROLL the flattened Wacky up like a RUG. Mary bites her lip worriedly, a knowing frown on her face.

MARY

Uh, Eddie? Eddie, wait - there's  
something you should know...  
Eddie...?

Eddie keeps walking as the Cops toss Wacky into the back of a paddy wagon, SLAMMING the doors as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

BANG! The maternity ward doors burst open as a pregnant woman is rushed down the hallway on a gurney, surrounded by DOCTORS and NURSES. It's Mary, and she's not having a great time.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: 9 months later...

DOCTOR

Has the father been notified?

MARY

(in pain)  
There is no father!

NURSE

Oh, I'm so sorry...

MARY

You'd be more sorry if he was  
here...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Mary lies on the table, legs in stirrups as the Doctor urges her on.

DOCTOR  
Push, Miss Webster - push!

NURSE  
Here it comes... I can see the head...

The Doctor and Nurses lean in as suddenly a LONG TONGUE SHOOTs OUT, blowing a raspberry. They stare in shock as a tiny hand reaches up, SLAPPING their faces and POKING their eyes. The baby laughs crazily, hopping out and BOUNCING around the room making wild 'woop-woop' noises.

DOCTOR  
My God... it's... it's...

MARY  
(groans)  
It's his...

WIPE TO:

INT./EXT. BABY HAROLD - VARIOUS SHOTS

A MONTAGE of baby HAROLD - half human, half cartoon - during his first year: Mary lifts Harold into his crib, where he immediately SQUEEZES out through the bars... In a park, an elderly woman bends over Harold's stroller to play 'got your nose' when POP! Harold's nose comes off in her hand... Mary installs horizontal bars on Harold's crib, only to have him SQUEEZE through the grid like Play-Doh... Mary burps Harold over her shoulder, the furniture behind her BLOWN AWAY by the belch... Mary hammers solid sheets of plywood to the sides of Harold's crib... Sitting on the sofa, Mary watches as Harold BOUNCES off the walls and ceiling, feathers and furniture stuffing flying everywhere. The house is a wreck, a PERFECT OUTLINE of Harold's body in the plywood on his crib.

MARY  
I don't think this is working...

WIPE TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary watches as Harold, now one year-old, plays with a large rubber ball. A THERAPIST notes his every move with interest.

THERAPIST

... We rid him of these bizarre traits through negative reinforcement. If we discourage him enough, he will repress these habits, and POOF! they will go away. Have I mentioned that my IQ is well over 160?

Mary nods weakly as they watch Baby Harold pick up the rubber ball... inspect it curiously... then EAT it, his head taking on its round shape.

WIPE TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Therapist sneaks up behind Harold with an air horn, letting out a BLAST. Harold's EYES BUG OUT, his entire body going RIGID and HAIR STANDING ON END. When the horn stops, Harold's features RETURN TO NORMAL.

THERAPIST

Bad Harold!

Harold opens his mouth, mimicking the sound of the horn - all the glass in the office EXPLODING into a million pieces.

WIPE TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Two year-old Harold plays with a teddy bear, which the Therapist takes from him, placing it on a high shelf. Confused, Harold reaches out, ARMS STRETCHING TEN FEET to grab the stuffed toy from the shelf. He hugs the bear happily, frowning as the Therapist leans into his face.

THERAPIST

Bad Harold!

Harold grabs the Therapist, arms STRETCHING as he places him on the high shelf. The Therapist blinks, surprised, as the shelf gives way, plummeting him to the ground, where he is buried beneath a pile of books.

WIPE TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Therapist sits with three year-old Harold, who smacks the doctor and himself over the head with a toy hammer - Harold's head FLATTENING and POPPING BACK to normal with each blow.

THERAPIST  
 (calmly, with each hit)  
 Bad Harold... Bad Harold... Bad  
 Harold...

INT. THERAPIST'S WAITING ROOM - LATER

The Therapist speaks to Mary, holding a bag of ice to his head.

THERAPIST  
 I don't think this is working. He  
 hasn't improved...  
 (adjusting the bag of  
 ice)  
 ... and since I've begun working  
 with him, my IQ has dropped to  
 125...

They turn as Harold can be seen 'woop-wooping' in the office, watching his SHADOW through the frosted glass door as it undergoes all sorts of cartoonish CONTORTIONS.

WIPE TO:

INT. PEDIATRICIAN'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

PAN across crying kids, frazzled nurses and impatient mothers. Mary sits with four year-old Harold, now wearing an elaborate set of BRACES and RETAINERS on his head and body. Mary can only offer a sympathetic smile as he sits there pitifully.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Five year-old Harold hugs a teddy bear, scribbling contentedly in a coloring book. Mary watches nervously as the Therapist once again lets out a BLAST from the air horn. This time there's no cartoon reaction - Harold only cries, scared.

THERAPIST  
 Good Harold!

The Therapist snatches the teddy bear from Harold, placing it on a high shelf. Harold only cries louder. He reaches for the bear, arms retaining their normal length.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Good Harold!

(to Mary)

In thirty years he won't remember any of this ever happened. He's a normal, happy human being.

Mary smiles worriedly as Harold sniffles, a look of complete ANXIETY on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Present day Los Angeles. The buildings are bigger, the cars smaller, and the drivers are now armed. PAN TO an imposing building, marble sign out front reading 'HARDCASTLE, HARRISON, CRAWFORD & DUNN - ATTORNEYS AT LAW'.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:           And so... thirty years later...

INT. LAW FIRM - BOARD ROOM

HAROLD WEBSTER sits at a conference room table, the same look of complete ANXIETY on his face. Harold's your average 35 year-old male - average height, average weight, and, at the moment, average anxiety attack. He manages to cover up as three other lawyers (BOBBY SINYARD, DOUG TURZAK, and FREDDY WIDMER) step in and take seats, speaking in rapid, clipped tones.

BOBBY

What have you heard?

FREDDY

Yeah, what?

DOUG

Why were we called in here... Are they making you a partner, you bastard?

FREDDY

Yeah, are they?

BOBBY

They are! I knew it!



DOUG

Damn!

BOBBY

Shit!

FREDDY

Yeah - damn and shit!

HAROLD

Nobody's told me a thing. We're all still lowly lawyers, I promise...

They stare at Harold distrustfully.

BOBBY

Yeah they did - you just can't tell us.

DOUG

I knew it - shit!

HAROLD

I swear! I hear the next partner has to be a minority, anyway...

BOBBY

No!

DOUG

No!

FREDDY

Yeah - no!

HAROLD

(nods to doorway)

Here comes Crawford. I guess we'll find out.

WARREN CRAWFORD enters. In his mid-forties, he's athletic, handsome, and youthful. AKA caps, tanning salon and hair plugs. He steps to the head of the table.

WARREN

I've got an announcement...

BOBBY

(under his breath)

Damn!

DOUG

Shit!

FREDDY  
I knew it!

WARREN  
(grins)  
No, Webster's not a partner yet...

Bobby, Doug and Freddy breathe a sigh of relief, nudging Harold.

BOBBY  
Sorry, man.

DOUG  
You deserved it, guy.

FREDDY  
It's coming, Harold - not to worry...

WARREN  
(cutting in)  
... But he's getting the opportunity to become one.

Everyone shuts up, turning back to Warren.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Wilfred Dunn suffered an aneurysm while playing doubles last night. He'll be incapacitated indefinitely... and he may never play tennis again.

HAROLD  
How horrible.

BOBBY  
Awful...

DOUG  
Who gets his clients?

Warren smirks - these guys'll make good lawyers yet.

WARREN  
Well, Webster here has been assisting Wilfred with the G.R. Rollins tobacco suit, which goes to trial tomorrow morning. I spoke with Mr. Rollins, and we both agreed that we didn't want a continuance. We also agreed that Harold could handle it himself.

Harold sits back, stunned. Lock of hair flopping over his eye, Harold brushes it back, making a whistling sound as he sighs - just as we saw Wacky do earlier.

BOBBY

Damn!

DOUG

Shit!

FREDDY

Who's assisting him?

WARREN

I guess you are, Widmer...

BOBBY

Damn!!!

DOUG

Shit!!!

WARREN

You can all assist him. And I don't have to remind you that G.R. Rollins is one of our biggest clients.

Harold seems a little shaken by this news.

HAROLD

Mr. Crawford - I've never actually taken this kind of lawsuit to a jury. I've always been able to negotiate a settlement. Are you sure you don't want to go with someone more experienced?

WARREN

This is a very emotional case. We need someone with a cool head, who won't get rattled or show any emotion. A lawyer with a strong personality could work against us here. You're our man.

HAROLD

Thank you... I think.

WARREN

This is an expensive, high-profile lawsuit. A positive judgment could make you the next partner...

(soberly)

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

... A negative judgment, and you might be the guy emptying Wilfred Dunn's bedpan.

Warren stalks out the door, the look of anxiety returning to Harold's face.

HAROLD

Damn and shit...

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby, Doug and Freddy stand with Harold in his office, raising little bottles of airline liquor and singing playfully.

BOBBY, DOUG, FREDDY

Happy birthday to you -  
Happy birthday to you -  
Happy birthday dear...

BOBBY

... backstabber...

DOUG

... brown-noser...

FREDDY

... lucky bastard...

BOBBY, DOUG, FREDDY

... Happy birthday to you!

They cheer and drink, Harold grinning.

HAROLD

Thank you, peasants. I know that came from the heart.

DOUG

You know we're happy for you, Harold. This is your first major, high-profile case.

HAROLD

I don't know if it's that great. Defending a tobacco company against a cancer patient isn't exactly what I pictured when I left law school. So much for helping the downtrodden.

BOBBY

It's better than being the  
downtrodden.

Bobby, Freddy and Doug laugh as JULIA WAGSTAFF enters. Late twenties, Julia is Harold's assistant, very perky and energetic.

JULIA

Mr. Webster, your wife called while you were in the meeting. She said her charity dinner's gonna run a little long, so you're on your own for dinner, to remember to self-actualize, and to dissipate all your negative energy about the 'father thing', whatever that is...

BOBBY

Another charity thing, huh? So she and Warren still spending a lot of time together... working ... on all those fundraisers...

Bobby, Freddy, Doug and Julia exchange uneasy, knowing looks. Freddy hurriedly changes the subject.

FREDDY

What's the 'father thing'?

HAROLD

(glances at Julia)  
It's kind of personal.

Recognizing her cue, Julia leaves, an understanding grin on her face.

JULIA

Boy-talk alert. I'll close the door behind me.

As soon as she leaves Bobby, Doug and Freddy turn to Harold, interested.

DOUG

What is it?

BOBBY

You can tell us, buddy...

FREDDY

(discreetly)  
He's a criminal? A felon?

HAROLD

No.

DOUG

(really interested now)

Alky? Drug addict? White slaver?

HAROLD

No!

BOBBY

(whispers)

Postal worker?

HAROLD

It's nothing like that. It's...  
well, that's the problem. I don't  
know what he was.

(lowers his voice,  
explaining)

My mother had a fling with some guy  
she never saw again and I was the  
result. I guess that's not so bad,  
but she won't tell me anything  
about him. Every birthday it just  
kind of eats at me, you know? It's  
like I'm missing half my past.

Doug thinks this over.

DOUG

But that's kind of cool, too. I  
mean, your father could be a  
business tycoon, or a movie star...

BOBBY

(optimistically)

Without legal representation...

FREDDY

Of course he could be a complete  
psychopath...

Harold frowns as Doug elbows Freddy in the ribs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FANCY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Children at a birthday party sit around an older woman as she  
sketches on a pad. As they watch her, we realize that the  
woman is Mary, now in her early sixties.

Finishing, she holds up a caricature of the birthday girl (SARAH HOBSON) with Mickey Mouse, the children laughing and clapping. Mary hands it to Sarah.

MARY  
Happy birthday, Sarah.

The other kids erupt, demanding drawings. Mary quiets them.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Okay, who wants to be next?

LITTLE BOY  
(pushes other kids out of his way)  
Me! But not with some stupid mouse. I wanna be fighting the X-Men, and I rip Wolverine's still-beating heart out of his chest and he's screaming and there's lots of blood n' stuff all over...

Mary cuts him off tiredly.

MARY  
I think maybe we'll stick with Bugs Bunny.

She starts to sketch as the doorbell RINGS, a woman in an expensive suit (MRS. HOBSON) stepping up.

MRS. HOBSON  
Okay, everyone gather around! Guess who came over to wish Sarah a happy birthday?

On cue the door BURSTS open, all color draining from Mary's face as WACKY WOLF races into the room.

WACKY  
Hey kids! It's me - Wacky Wolf!

Wacky turns and looks directly at Mary, whose eyes roll back in her head as she faints. Wacky rushes forward.

WACKY (CONT'D)  
That's weird - it's usually the kids who faint in terror.

MARY  
(comes to - sees Wacky)  
No! No! It can't be! No...!

Wacky quickly reaches up, PULLING OFF HIS HEAD. The children scream in fright until we see that it's only a man in a costume. In his late sixties, bad haircut, all business - it's Eddie Glee. Mary stops screaming, peering up at him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Eddie?

EDDIE

Mary? Mary Webster?

Mrs. Hobson steps forward angrily.

MRS. HOBSON

I'm not paying for this! Neither of you! Everything is ruined! You promised my daughter'd have a party she'd remember for the rest of her life!

EDDIE

You want her to remember this party?

(loudly)

Screw you, you frigid wrinkly bitch!

Mrs. Hobson gasps, while the children all giggle - especially little Sarah.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Ask her if she remembers that in twenty years.

MARY

(grins knowingly)

Same old Eddie...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Eddie, still in the headless Wacky Wolf suit, walks with Mary toward the street.

EDDIE

It's been a long time. I haven't seen you since that day...

He trails off awkwardly as they reach the curb.



MARY

How have you been? Still running the studio?

EDDIE

Oh sure. Things are going great. We've never been more busy.  
 (looks down at wolf suit)  
 Uh, I don't usually do this - the kid who does is sick, so I thought 'what the hell', y'know?

They reach Eddie's car - a beat-up old Pacer. Embarrassed, Eddie pretends to click off the car alarm with his keychain.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Damn. Musta forgot to turn on the alarm.  
 (she's not buying it - changes subject)  
 How about you? What have you been up to?

MARY

Nothing very exciting. Freelance work for magazines, ad agencies. I've been doing this the past few years. I spent most of the time raising my son, Harold.

EDDIE

Your son. Mary Webster has a son. So you're married?

MARY

(uneasy)  
 No. I never got married. Raising Harold took all my time. He's... special.

EDDIE

Special? Is he retarded?

MARY

No! He's a lawyer.  
 (laughs)  
 I didn't mean that the way it sounded.

Eddie laughs, but looks at her curiously. A thought crosses his mind...

EDDIE

How old is Harold?

MARY

It's funny you should ask. Today's his birthday. He's thirty-five.

As soon as she says it she knows it's a mistake. Eddie does the math in his head.

EDDIE

Thirty-five? That's when you and Wacky... you and Wacky...

(stunned, puts two and two together)

... YOU AND WACKY?

MARY

I tried to tell you!

EDDIE

When? When did you try to tell me? I think I'd have listened to this story...

MARY

I tried to tell you the day you fired me, Eddie. Do you remember that day? That was the day I was left with no job and no money after being knocked up by a cartoon!

Eddie glances up and down the street self-consciously.

EDDIE

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have... I don't know if workman's comp woulda covered that, anyway...

Calming herself, Mary stops him.

MARY

Forget it, Eddie. That was thirty-five years ago. No offense, but your apology isn't going to make me feel better now.

EDDIE

(after a moment)

So how'd he take it when he found out his dad was a cartoon?

MARY

He doesn't know.

Eddie stares at her, stunned.

EDDIE

He doesn't know? You never told him? Don't you think he's a little curious? Especially if he inherited any traits - how'd you explain it the first time his eyes bugged out of his head or his arms stretched ten feet...?

MARY

They don't! Harold's a normal, happy person with a normal, happy marriage living a normal, happy life!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold enters the dark, empty house after a hard day.

HAROLD

Honey! You're not home...

CUT TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Harold changes from his stiff white work shirt into an equally stiff white 'comfortable' shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Harold sits on the sofa, TV tray in front of him, eating a bland frozen dinner. He watches TV, channel surfing with the remote control.

TV VOICES (O.S.)

('Father Knows Best')

You're my son, Bud. I love you...

(CLICK! 'Leave it to Beaver')

You're my son, Beaver. I love you...

(CLICK! 'The Brady Bunch')

You're my son, Greg. I love you...

(CLICK! 'Lassie')

Woof-woof!

(MORE)

## TV VOICES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's Lassie trying to say, daddy?  
 She's trying to tell you that  
 you're my son, Timmy, and I love  
 you...

Scowling, Harold clicks off the TV, tossing the remote aside.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - DEN - LATER

Harold works, hunched over his desk as he prepares for the case. All is quiet as he idly begins to whistle 'Happy Birthday', not even realizing he's doing it.

EXT. WEBSTER HOUSE

Late at night, one light burns in the den window as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A massive, impressive, intimidating courthouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Harold, Bobby, Freddy and Doug sit at a table with MR. ROCKFIELD, an important-looking man - in fact, he's the C.E.O. of G.R. Rollins Tobacco, so that proves it. He puffs on a cigar, a constant cloud of smoke around his head.

ROCKFIELD

Where is she? Let's settle this  
 thing and get the hell outta  
 here...

HAROLD

She's playing power games, making  
 us wait. Leave everything to me.

RACHEL CHRISTOPHER enters. In her early-forties, she's a successful, crafty attorney who relishes her job. She looks at Harold and the others coolly.

RACHEL

Where's Dunn?

HAROLD

Mr. Dunn suffered a stroke. I'll be handling this case.

RACHEL

A stroke, huh? Good for you.

(takes envelope from  
briefcase)

I reviewed your settlement offer  
and it's a joke. No deal, we go to  
trial.

She tosses the envelope onto the table. A tense moment.  
Bobby, Doug and Freddy begin to rummage through their  
briefcases, avoiding eye contact.

ROCKFIELD

A joke? Five million dollars is a  
joke?

HAROLD

We made a very generous offer...

RACHEL

Listen, boys - I've got a man with  
terminal cancer suing a tobacco  
company. Do you know the coverage  
I'm gonna get? ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN,  
MTV... if you think I'm settling  
before this goes to trial you're  
out of your fucking minds.

Bobby, Freddy and Doug continue to rummage through their  
briefcases as Mr. Rockfield stands angrily.

ROCKFIELD

This is ridiculous! This case is  
bullshit and you know it, you...  
you...

RACHEL

Careful! The 'B' word costs an  
extra ten million in damages.

Rachel grins as she exits. Bobby, Freddy and Doug glance up  
from their briefcases, exchanging worried looks with Harold.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Harold, Rockfield, Bobby, Freddy and Doug take their seats at the defense table. Julia sits in the gallery behind them, ready to assist. She gives Harold a thumbs-up.

ROCKFIELD

You'd better have your shit together, son. I'm putting the future of my company in your hands.

HAROLD

They don't have a case. We're in great shape. We've just got to stick to the facts and keep emotion out of it...

Everyone turns as the big double doors open, Rachel Christopher helping her client (MR. DEWITT) into the courtroom. A frail, sickly man, DeWitt wheels an oxygen tank behind him, wheezing into an oxygen mask.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

We're in trouble.

BAILIFF

(calls out)

All rise...

Everyone stands - spectators gasping as DeWitt swoons and nearly collapses, Rachel catching him. Harold winces.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

... Court is in session. The Honorable Judge Bryce Ward presiding.

JUDGE WARD, a bearded, gray-haired man in his mid-sixties, enters. He takes his place behind the bench, bringing the gavel down loudly.

JUDGE WARD

Be seated...

Judge Ward glares at Rockfield's big, stinky cigar, turning on a small, battery-powered air filter next to his gavel.

HAROLD

Definite trouble.

JUDGE WARD

Mr. Webster - your opening statement.

Harold stands, addressing the jury. Trying his best to look and sound confident.

HAROLD

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury...

But they aren't listening - they're all staring at DeWitt, pity etched on their faces as he wheezes loudly.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(louder)

... Ladies and gentlemen of the jury!

(they turn to him)

What we have here is a question of responsibility. This man is suing a tobacco company because he used their product for thirty years. Used it of his own free will. Before any studies of the product's health side-effects had even been conducted...

(sees Rockfield glaring at him)

... side-effects which have never been proven. This begs the question - at what point does a man take responsibility for his own life? Responsibility for his own choices?

Harold speaks directly to one of the jurors, an old woman. She isn't paying attention - staring at poor, wheezing Mr. DeWitt, a tear rolling down her cheek.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I guess that's all for now...

Harold returns to his seat, muttering to the others.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Big trouble.

ROCKFIELD

Try to put a positive spin on it - he only has one lung, so now he can only smoke half as much.

JUDGE WARD

(calls out)

Ms. Christopher...

Rachel stands, playing to the jury like a pro.

RACHEL

Stanley DeWitt has terminal cancer. Stanley DeWitt smoked G.R. Rollins cigarettes for thirty years. If each cigarette took five minutes of Stanley DeWitt's precious life away, G.R. Rollins owes him over two years. Two years of sunny days, two years of laughter, two years of happiness - two years of LIFE!

Rachel looks to DeWitt, voice cracking as tears well up in her eyes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But G.R. Rollins can't give Stanley DeWitt those two years, those sunny days, that laughter and happiness.

HAROLD

(under his breath)  
And the Oscar goes to...

RACHEL

(hearing him, glaring)  
So how do you place a price on life? What's a sunny day worth? Maybe if you've got lots of sunny days to come, they don't seem to be worth as much.

Rachel stands before the defense table, staring daggers at Harold and Rockfield. They both squirm involuntarily.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But Stanley DeWitt doesn't have many sunny days left. Which is why we want G.R. Rollins to pay Stanley DeWitt one million dollars for every precious day of life their filthy, disgusting, dangerous cigarettes have robbed from him.

She returns to her seat as a murmur rises in the courtroom. Rockfield turns to Harold, who looks numb.

ROCKFIELD

What's that mean?

HAROLD

It means they're asking for \$730 million in damages...

Freddy punches in numbers on a calculator.



FREDDY

Unless she's counting the leap  
years...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEBSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark and silent, Harold leading Bobby, Doug and Freddy to the front door as he fumbles for his keys. They're tired and disheveled - it's been a long day.

HAROLD

We can work here. Angie's at some fundraiser for the lipless, or something.

FREDDY

What'd you do for your birthday last night?

HAROLD

Took it easy. I just wanted it to be a normal day, no goddamn parties.

(opening door)

What a nightmare that'd be - all Angie's phony social-climbing friends...

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE

It's pitch black inside, Harold fumbling for the lights.

HAROLD

I think the only reason they have friends is so they have someone to bitch about behind their backs. And their husbands! They'll stab you in the back at work, then they're afraid to make a move, give an opinion or laugh at a joke without checking with their wives first. Then there's my relatives... it's just the worst.

Harold finally finds the light switch, flipping it on to reveal a large surprise party... full of pissed off friends and relatives.

FRIENDS & RELATIVES  
 (forced)  
 Surprise...

A banner reading 'CONGRATS NEW LAW PARTNER!' hangs from the ceiling. Harold's expression is somewhere between a smile and a grimace. Bobby, Freddy and Doug bite their lips to keep from laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The party's in full swing. Harold downs a drink, wishing he were anywhere else. A very unhealthy looking old man (UNCLE OLAF) steps up, slapping him on the back.

UNCLE OLAF  
 Congratulations, Harold! You know,  
 you remind me of myself when I was  
 your age.  
 (fidgets)  
 Damn diapers ridin' up on me...

HAROLD  
 Great. Thanks, Uncle Olaf...  
 (glances around)  
 Is there any hard liquor?

Harold's wife ANGIE, a coolly attractive woman in her early thirties, steps up. She gives him a sly grin.

ANGIE  
 Surprised?

HAROLD  
 At least. Honey, I appreciate the  
 thought, but I don't have time for  
 this. Not to mention the fact that  
 I'm not actually a partner yet...

ANGIE  
 You will be. You'll win this case  
 and we'll be on our way.

HAROLD  
 I wish it was that easy. Do I even  
 know anyone here?

ANGIE  
 These are the people I worked with  
 on the fundraiser for the homeless.  
 There's no better place to network.

HAROLD

But why tonight? I've got so much work...

Angie leans close, whispering in his ear.

ANGIE

Try to have fun, just for one night. If I don't make a good impression I'll never get invited to the really good parties - destruction of the ozone, animal abuse...

(crosses fingers hopefully)

... crack babies! You're not the only one who wants to move up in the world.

She kisses him on the cheek and is gone. He watches her melt into the crowd when:

MARY (O.S.)

I have a present for the birthday boy...

Harold turns to see Mary smiling gently. She holds an old photo album.

HAROLD

(grins)

Mom...

MARY

Nice party.

HAROLD

I guess. I'm not that big on surprises.

MARY

I know. You hate anything uncontrolled and spontaneous. You've always... almost always... been that way.

(hands him photo album)

Happy birthday, honey.

HAROLD

What's this?

MARY

It's from when you were little. I ran into an old friend yesterday.

(MORE)

## MARY (CONT'D)

He made me think it was time you  
saw it...

Intrigued, Harold opens the photo album to see...

## INSERT - PHOTO ALBUM

... an 8 x 10 of Wacky Wolf, flashing a cocky smile at the camera. On the next page is a snapshot of baby Harold at 18 months - eyes bulging, tongue extended, a crazed grin on his face.

## INT. HAROLD

stares at the photographs in shock - a sudden surge of pain behind his eyes. He lets out a YELP, grabbing his head and falling to the floor. Everyone gasps, stunned.

CUT TO:

## INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Harold sits on the bed, sleeves rolled up so that a GUEST can take his blood pressure with a home blood pressure kit. A crowd of partygoers has gathered, concerned.

## GUEST

His blood pressure's a little high,  
but I don't think it'd make him  
pass out...

## HAROLD

I didn't pass out. I just felt this  
stab of pain behind my eyes, like  
they were gonna pop out. I'm okay  
now.

## FREDDY

This is just like what happened to  
Wilfred Dunn, right in the middle  
of his backhand.

## HAROLD

I'm fine. Listen, could I have a  
minute? I need to talk to my  
mother.

Everyone nods, filing out the door. Ever the gracious host,  
Angie calls out brightly.

ANGIE  
Charades, anyone?

Harold closes the door, turning to Mary, confused.

HAROLD  
What were those, gag photos?

MARY  
Oh no - they're real.

HAROLD  
All I know is I look at them, and  
my head feels like it's gonna  
burst.

MARY  
That's your repressed side.

He gives her a look.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I remember when you were little,  
and the other kids would tease you  
about not having a father. You'd  
get this determined look on your  
face and tell them your dad was a  
famous movie star. You were closer  
than you ever imagined.

HAROLD  
This is about my father? He was a  
movie star? That's good - why  
couldn't you tell me?  
(nervous)  
He wasn't one of the Three Stooges  
or something...

MARY  
No. Actually he was a famous  
leading man in the forties and  
fifties.

HAROLD  
(eagerly)  
Who was it? Clark Gable? Cary  
Grant? Humphrey Bogart?

MARY  
Do you ever watch cartoons?

HAROLD  
No, I hate cartoons.

MARY

What about Wacky Wolf?

HAROLD

With the big bulging eyes? Used to  
make me cry...

(thinks)

I don't get it - did my father draw  
Wacky Wolf?

MARY

No...

(opens photo album)

... your father is Wacky Wolf.

Mary shows him a snapshot of she and Wacky on the beach together. He has his arm around her shoulders, howling happily as she laughs. Harold massages his temples in disbelief.

HAROLD

This isn't funny.

MARY

I'm not joking. Thirty-five years ago I was an animator at 'Glee-Toons' cartoons. One day we tested this new projection system, and it worked... much better than we ever imagined. Wacky came out of the cartoon and we had a fling.

HAROLD

Wait a second. You're telling me my dad's a wolf? A cartoon wolf?

MARY

Yes.

HAROLD

Uh-huh. So why hasn't he brought Chilly Willy and Daffy Duck over for Thanksgiving dinner?

MARY

It's the truth. This is why I never told you before. I know how crazy it sounds.

HAROLD

I guess that's a positive sign.

(thinks)

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Okay, just to play along, let's assume he really did come out of the cartoon. How could you and he... you know. Cartoon characters don't have a...

(gestures to crotch)

... you know.

MARY

(embarrassed)

I guess that's my fault. It got to be an in-joke with all the girls, but I always drew him with a certain... bulge.

HAROLD

A bulge? Meaning he had a pe--... a di--... a co--... a potty thing?

MARY

(defensively)

Well, why not? He was one of the few cartoon characters who wore pants! It seemed like harmless fun...

HAROLD

I'm under enough pressure right now. Trying to win this case, become partner, and now...

(looks at Mary sadly)

... I really don't need this.

Mary flips through the album, to a photo of baby Harold with grandma and grandpa. He looks more like a cartoon, his eyes SPINNING. He pulls on grandma's hair and grandpa's nose, arms STRETCHED out as if he were made of rubber.

MARY

Yes you do! I thought we were only driving the cartoon urges out of you, but it took away your sense of fun. I see you looking so tense and unhappy now and I worry I might have caused it. I thought this photo album would show you what you really are, what you've been holding back. I want you to be happy again.

HAROLD

(considers)

So... do you think dad can fix me up with Daisy Duck?

Mary grabs a phone book from the nightstand, flipping through the Yellow Pages.

MARY

I'm telling you the truth, Harold.  
Talk to Eddie Glee! I think he  
still works in Hollywood... Here...

She hands Harold the phone book. Under the heading 'MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS' we see an ad for 'EDDIE GLEE PRODUCTIONS: CREATOR OF GLEE-TOONS - MASTER OF MIRTH'. A photo of the old, cheerful studio is underneath.

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

For me, Harold. Please.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS - DAY

The 'Glee-Toons' building is now old and run-down - paint peeling, walls cracking, weeds growing. The faded, smog-yellowed statue of Wacky Wolf stands out front. Harold steps up, looking at the statue thoughtfully as he knocks on the front door.

HAROLD

A cartoon. My dad's a cartoon. I  
can't believe I'm here.

The door creaks open, Eddie answering in full Wacky Wolf costume. Harold jumps in surprise.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Yaaaaah!

Eddie pulls off the head, squinting at Harold.

EDDIE

Sorry. I'm on my way out. Whaddaya  
want?

HAROLD

Are you Eddie Glee?

EDDIE

Yeah.

HAROLD

Creator of 'Glee-Toons'?

EDDIE

Yeah...



HAROLD  
Master of mirth?

EDDIE  
(growls, irritated)  
Yeah! What the hell do you want?

HAROLD  
Uh, my mom used to work for you. So  
did my dad, supposedly...

EDDIE  
We're not hiring.

HAROLD  
I'm not looking for work.

EDDIE  
Then buzz off!

Eddie SLAMS the door in Harold's face. Not sure what to do,  
Harold calls out:

HAROLD  
My mother is Mary Webster!

After a moment the door opens again, Eddie staring at him  
curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Dark, cluttered and dusty, the screening room is filled with  
old cameras, drawing tables, storyboards and posters. Still  
in the wolf costume, Eddie turns on the light, frying pan in  
his hand. Harold is close behind.

EDDIE  
This is where it all happened.

Some of the seats still have holes in them, the curtains  
still charred. Harold bumps into a life-size cardboard cut-  
out of Wacky Wolf, jumping in fright. Eddie laughs as he  
scampers into the projection booth.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Calm down, son - that's just a cut-  
out. Your dad's in here...

## INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

Harold glances in as Eddie steps to a complex (circa 1959) projector, flipping switches and twisting knobs.

EDDIE

I almost feel like a grandfather or something. Have a seat, this thing takes a minute to warm up. Used to have to wear a helmet to make things seem real. But that had certain... side effects.

HAROLD

(skeptical)

How does it work?

EDDIE

Hell if I know. Hell if anyone knows. What I do know is that this machine turns out fully dimensional, living cartoons - and it's dangerous. Cartoons do and say everything we can't. A character like Wacky has no idea what's right and what's wrong. That's why he has to stay in here. Not to mention all the property damage I was liable for...

Eddie turns on the projector, which rattles and groans to life. He steps out of the booth, looking at Harold closely.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You got your mother's looks...  
You're lucky.

## INT. SCREENING ROOM

They watch as the cartoon credits rush by onscreen, dissolving to the familiar farmyard scene. But the characters are nowhere to be found. After a moment Shep the hound dog walks into frame, looking out.

SHEP

Hey, Eddie's here! Gee, is it poker night already?

EDDIE

I've got someone here who'd like to meet Wacky.

SHEP

You're letting him out again? Ain't that kinda dumb after the last time...?

EDDIE

It's important.

SHEP

Du-uuh... I'll go get him. But I don't think it's very smart - and I'm the dim-witted one...

Shep moves off, shaking his head as a tiny mouse (MELVIN) wanders into frame. Looking out at Eddie, he speaks in an adorably high-pitched, squeaky voice.

MELVIN MOUSE

Hiya, Eddie! I hope you brought cigars, I'm almost out...  
(in loud, booming voice)

POKER NIGHT!!! GET THE CARD TABLE!!!

Farmer John, Brawny Bull and the Homely Cow ZIP into frame with a card table, complete with cards and chips. One of the pigs JUMPS OFFSCREEN. It walks past Eddie and Harold to a refrigerator, pulls out a twelve pack of beer, and hops back ONSCREEN. Harold turns to Eddie uneasily.

HAROLD

This is a trick... I know this is a trick...

MELVIN MOUSE

Hey Eddie, you in? Comic-strip poker...

EDDIE

Not today. I'm here to talk to Wacky.

BRAWNY BULL

You're letting him out?

FARMER JOHN

Ain't that kinda stupid after last time...?

Harold glances to the frying pan in Eddie's hand, growing more nervous.

HAROLD

What's with the frying pan?

EDDIE

To whack 'em on the head. It's the only way to control a cartoon character.

HAROLD

This is definitely a trick...

Onscreen, SWEETY SQUIRREL steps up, speaking in a squeaky, adorable voice. The others cartoons all groan.

SWEETY SQUIRREL

Are you guys sure you should be gambling? Isn't there something more constructive you could do?

MELVIN MOUSE

Aw, shut up with that already. I've had it up to here with your sweet, lovable, cutesy, kill-a-diabetic-at-thirty-paces attitude. Thirty-five years...

(lights cigar - Sweety opens mouth)

And if you tell me one more time I shouldn't smoke I swear I'm gonna drop a boulder on your head.

Sweetie sighs (adorably) as Shep returns with a tiny glass bottle of India ink. We can HEAR Wacky's muffled voice inside.

WACKY (O.S.)

Lemme out! Cramps! I'm sitting on my keys!!!

EDDIE

(taking bottle from Shep)

Okay, let me have him - and everybody stand back...

WACKY (O.S.)

Either let me out or quit shaking the bottle - you're ruining my TV reception!

Eddie cautiously unscrews the cap. He removes the dropper, squeezing it - Wacky SPILLING OUT into his full-size self. Wacky creaks as he stretches.

WACKY (CONT'D)

It's about time! How'd you like to be cooped up in a bottle for thirty years with your foot in your mouth... literally!

Harold watches Wacky in stunned silence.

WACKY (CONT'D)

(to other cartoons  
onscreen)

Hey, guys! How's the game going?  
Losing the pelts off your backs?

The other characters only grunt, absorbed in their game.  
Wacky scowls at Eddie impatiently.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Long time no see, Eddie...  
(notices Eddie's costume)  
Nice outfit - I thought when you got older you were only supposed to grow hair out of your ears.

EDDIE

There's someone here who'd like to meet you.

Wacky sizes up Harold, unimpressed.

WACKY

Lemme guess, you're a big fan.  
(changes into dashing  
movie star garb)  
Seen all my films. Memorized the lines. Thrilled to meet me. Well, who could blame you. Want my autograph? Viola!

Wacky autographs Harold's forehead with a flourish. Still certain this is all some elaborate hoax, Harold reaches out, poking Wacky with his finger. Realizing he's solid, and must be REAL, Harold screams. Taking a step back he trips over a pile of film reels, CRASHING to the ground.

WACKY (CONT'D)

(judging Harold's  
pratfall)

Not bad - coulda maybe spun your arms around more and made a funny noise...

Harold sits up, film curling on his head like a wig, two projector lenses making his eyes look huge, and two film reels snapping in his mouth like duck bills.

WACKY (CONT'D)

This guy seems familiar... He reminds me of somebody...

HAROLD

I guess my mom's not crazy... I am...

WACKY

Crazy? Look, if you're trying to impress Jodie Foster, find yourself another celebrity...

Brushing himself off, Harold stands, face to face with his father for the first time. As if mirror images, they each brush their hair (or ear) out of their eyes, letting out a whistling sigh - which unnerves them both.

HAROLD

WACKY

Hey, now...

Hey, now...

They fix their coats and ties - identically.

HAROLD

WACKY (CONT'D)

... Now cut that out!

... Now cut that out!

They lean into each other, irritated.

HAROLD

WACKY (CONT'D)

Why you...

Why you...

Wacky breaks the illusion first.

WACKY

Okay, Eddie - what's the gag?

EDDIE

Remember 1959? Remember when you got out?

WACKY

Yeah. I had a blast!

(jitterbugs)

I learned to dance...

(MORE)

WACKY (CONT'D)

(clasps hands, hearts  
FLOATING)

... learned to romance, learned  
to...

(pelvic thrust)

... do a lot of things.

He HOWLS lustily, pounding his foot on the ground. Wiping the autograph from his forehead, Harold swallows hard, working up his courage.

HAROLD

I know you did... dad.

WACKY

(stops howling - did he  
hear right?)

Dad?

EDDIE

Remember Mary Webster?

Wacky's eyes literally LIGHT UP in recognition, a BONG sound going off. He points to Harold, stunned.

WACKY

You mean she... and I... and then  
he...?

Wacky's mouth opens wide in a surprised scream. His tongue sticks out and also screams. Wacky's eyes shoot out through his mouth, inspect Harold, and they scream. VIBRATING, he starts BOUNCING all over the basement, ricocheting off the walls. Eddie clutches his frying pan worriedly. The other characters calmly look up from their poker game.

MELVIN MOUSE

Overacting again. No wonder we  
never outgrossed Bugs Bunny...

Wacky finally comes to a stop in front of Harold. He is in complete control again, now smoking a pipe and wearing a 'Father Knows Best' sport coat with patches on the elbows.

WACKY

I'm a dad, huh?

(JAMS cigar into Eddie's  
mouth)

Lemme get a better look at the  
little nipper.

Wacky shoves a baby bottle into Harold's mouth. He quickly feeds him, burps him and diapers him.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Hmmmm, big for your age... walking  
and talking already...

(pats Harold's gut)

... Don't worry, you'll outgrow  
this baby fat.

Harold tries to speak, but Wacky's all over him, pinching his  
cheeks, ruffling his hair, playing 'got your nose'.

WACKY (CONT'D)

I think I'll name you... Goofy! No,  
that's taken... Daffy! No... Wacky,  
Jr.!

HAROLD

My name's Harold.

WACKY

(distastefully)

'Harold', huh? What kinda name is  
that for a cartoon?

HAROLD

I'm not a cartoon!

WACKY

You're my son! My heir! Fruit of my  
looms! This is great! I can give  
you baths, tell you bedtime  
stories, teach you to read - better  
than that faygeleh Big Bird,  
anyway...

EDDIE

(checks his watch)

We're gonna have to cut this short.  
I've got a party full of kids to  
traumatize.

HAROLD

(removing diaper)

What, so soon? Can't I talk with  
my... father... for a few minutes?

WACKY

Yeah, Eddie - c'mon! You tell me I  
got a son, then you make me get  
back onscreen? Can't you see  
there's feelings here? Emotions?  
Love, even?

Wacky's heart pounds, STRETCHING out from his chest with each  
beat. Eddie is unmoved.



EDDIE

Sorry. There's no way I'm leaving you unguarded.

HAROLD

Please, let me stay. I'll hold the frying pan. You don't know how long I've waited for this.

WACKY

Yeah! To find out that you've fathered a son - a chip off the old block... it gives your life purpose, meaning! And now you just want to wrench him away from me...

(dramatically - to the heavens)

I curse you and I curse the gods who kept him from me, and I vow that no one will tear us asunder again!!!

(to Melvin Mouse)

Let's see Bugs Bunny do THAT...

Eddie puts a hand on Harold's shoulder, turning and speaking in hushed tones. He doesn't see Wacky slip away...

EDDIE

(nods to cartoons onscreen)

Listen, they don't know this, but I'm broke. No one wants new cartoons from an old man. If I don't make some money I'm gonna lose this place. And if that happens, I don't know what's gonna happen to them.

Harold nods his understanding, turning to see Wacky back ONSCREEN, motionless.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I don't have time to put you back in the bottle, Wacky. So I'm gonna trust you. But any mischief and I'm gonna put you in a fountain pen next time, got it?

HAROLD

I'll come back soon. I promise...

Wacky can't even respond, standing stiff as the cardboard cut-out. Eddie turns off the projector, which winds down slowly, the picture onscreen gradually fading away.

EDDIE

He'll always be here, son. He's not going anywhere...

They walk past the flat cardboard cut-out of Wacky... it's nose POPPING OUT INTO SHAPE, the rest of the body EXPANDING into three dimensions as Wacky grins slyly. He tiptoes out behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Harold walks to his car, Wacky sneaking through the bushes behind him. Tiptoeing into the open, Wacky steps on a stick, which breaks with a loud CRACK. Harold turns at the sound, but sees nothing. Shrugging, he turns, the statue of Wacky seeming to reach up as Wacky PEELS himself off the front. Wacky sneaks up behind Harold, matching him step for step. Feeling something, Harold whips around, then back, then back again - Wacky managing to stay behind him the whole time.

HAROLD

I must be losing my mind...  
 (shaking head)  
 What am I talking about? Of course  
 I'm losing my mind...

Harold opens his car door. Before he can climb in Wacky taps him on the left shoulder. When Harold turns to see who it is, Wacky ZIPS around his right side into the back seat. Getting a serious case of the creeps, Harold hurriedly climbs into the car, driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - DAY

Harold talks on a car phone, glancing at his watch. Wacky's eyes POP over the back of the seat, joined by his ears, head and nose - mouth breaking into a mischievous grin at the sight of Harold.

HAROLD

... Tell Rockfield to calm down,  
 I'll be there in five minutes. I  
 had some... legal stuff to attend  
 to.

As he hangs up, Wacky covers Harold's eyes with his hands.

WACKY

Guess who?

Harold screams in surprise as they BASH into the car in front of them.

HAROLD

Oh, shit!

WACKY

Hey! You didn't get a 'censored' sign over your mouth. How'd you do that?

HAROLD

How did you get here?

WACKY

Happy? Father and son reunited. Heartwarming, ain't it? Where's the music? There should be violin music on the soundtrack...

They look up as a HUGE MAN climbs out of the car ahead of them, rubbing his neck angrily.

HUGE MAN

Get out of the car, dickhead!

WACKY

(yells, shaking fist)  
Hey, buddy - \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_!

Wacky's voice cuts out, a 'CENSORED' sign stamped over his mouth. He shrugs.

WACKY (CONT'D)

(sign disappearing)  
See?

Harold climbs out of the car, shaken.

HAROLD

Stay here! Sit! Stay! Good boy...  
er, dad... whatever...

WACKY

C'mon, let me handle it. This is a classic comic situation for me!

EXT. INTERSECTION

Harold steps out of the car, surveying the fender bender. Before he can apologize the Huge Man shoves him roughly.

HUGE MAN  
Why don't you look where you're driving, asswipe?

HAROLD  
Hey, take it easy.

HUGE MAN  
(points)  
And keep that ugly dog locked in your car!

Wacky hears this, the car beginning to VIBRATE as he gets mad.

WACKY  
Ugly dog?! Why I oughta pound him with a sledgehammer until he cracks into dozens of little copies of himself running everywhere... if it wasn't such a cliché...

A crowd begins to gather as the Huge Man rubs his neck.

HUGE MAN  
Ooooh! My neck! It feels like I've compressed my third and fourth vertebrae. I may be paralyzed!

HAROLD  
Paralyzed? You're walking around!

HUGE MAN  
No, I'm paralyzed! I can just walk around 'cuz I'm in shock. This is gonna cost you, buddy. Wait! My legs are going numb...

Harold starts to speak as the Huge Man moves forward - a traffic light dropping with a loud CRASH behind him. Harold looks up in disbelief.

HAROLD  
Oh no!

PAN UP TO REVEAL Wacky sitting on top of the light post, an angelic look on his face, HALO floating above his head.

WACKY  
Ooops... slipped.

The crowd watches in stunned silence as Wacky SWINGS around the pole, laughing happily. Letting go, he arcs into the air, executing a perfect swan dive, SPINNING to land on his feet with a flourish, arms spread wide.

WACKY (CONT'D)  
Ta-daaaaa! Not bad, eh folks? Two shows a day, matinees Saturday and Sunday, right after the newsreel. Tell your friends.  
(drapes friendly arm around Huge Man's shoulders)  
By the way, I thought I'd mention, just so ya know... I'M NOT AN UGLY DOG!!!

He pulls a large cartoon Mallet from his pocket, BONKING the Huge Man on the head. Harold watches helplessly, not sure what to do.

HAROLD  
Why couldn't my dad have been a cute little chipmunk, or an adorable squirrel...?

Fists up and feet shuffling like a boxer, Wacky glares at the Huge Man, who sits in the street, dazed.

WACKY  
Okay, ya big lug-nut - ya want some more? You and me. Mano a wolfo. Did you ever see 'Fly-Weight Wolf'?

Hearing a police SIREN in the distance, Harold grabs Wacky by the collar, YANKING him backwards.

WACKY (CONT'D)  
I can take ya with -- ulp!

Shoving Wacky into the car Harold jumps in, gunning the engine and speeding off. People come to the aid of the Huge Man, who rubs the top of his head.

HUGE MAN  
I want my lawyer! My head is sprained! What kind of psycho dresses his dog in a coat and tie?

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - DAY

Hurrying away from the scene, Harold drives angrily while Wacky continues to punch and jab.

WACKY

Didja see that? One shot and he's down for the count. No rolling eyes, no bird calls... what a pitiful performance.

HAROLD

(beside himself)

What were you DOING? You can't go around dropping traffic lights on peoples' heads! They squish and die.

WACKY

They really squish and die? Jeez, people have no sense of humor...

HAROLD

I'm taking you back. Mr. Glee was right, you are dangerous!

WACKY

Somebody hadda do something! You were gonna let that big palooka walk all over you. How will you ever become a featured cartoon with an attitude like that?

HAROLD

I'm not a cartoon!

WACKY

(not listening)

Not to mention the fact that he insulted your father. 'Ugly dog' - you ever see an ugly dog in a coat like this? Tweed, maybe. But nothing with this quality...

HAROLD

I can't handle this. I feel like my head's going to explode.

WACKY

Funny gag.

(looks out window)

Call me crazy, but I have this strange desire to stick my head out the window and wag my tail.

He does. We hear the SCREECHING of tires and cars CRASHING as Harold grabs him, pulling him back inside.

HAROLD

Can't you sit still for one minute?  
Is it so hard? What the hell are  
you doing here, anyway?

WACKY

I'm here to make you happy! You  
seemed you could use some cheering  
up so I thought, 'Hey! I'm Wacky  
Wolf, professional joy-bringer and  
laugh-getter. If I can't cheer my  
own son up I oughta throw in the  
towel.' So what's today? Father-son  
day at the amusement park? A game  
of catch? Visiting your school to  
talk with your teachers?

HAROLD

No, I've got to be in court in...  
(groans)  
Court!

WACKY

Court? You're on trial? My son's a  
criminal! What did you do?  
Blackmail, kidnapping, MURDER??? No  
wonder you're so grumpy...

HAROLD

I'm not a criminal, I'm a lawyer!  
(thinks)  
I didn't mean that the way it  
sounded...

WACKY

Things are sure different since  
last time I was out. The buildings,  
the roads, the cars...  
(grabs steering wheel)  
Can I drive?

EXT. ROAD

The car CAREENS down the road, other cars SWERVING and  
pedestrians SCATTERING as Harold and Wacky fight over the  
wheel.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Stop it!

WACKY (O.S.)  
It'll be fun!

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Let go!

WACKY (O.S.)  
Didja see the look on that guy's  
face?

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Huge Man sits on the curb, bag of ice on his head as  
DETECTIVE ARNIE FLEEBER, a streetwise cop in his late 30's,  
takes his statement.

FLEEBER  
Can you describe the man who struck  
you on the head?

HUGE MAN  
I told ya, it wasn't a man. It was  
this big dog-thing, except it  
walked on its hind legs and spun  
around the pole and wore clothes  
and talked. Like some kinda cartoon  
or something.

Fleeber closes his notepad, smiling politely as he moves off.

FLEEBER  
Cartoon, right. Thank you, Mr.  
Dibble.

HUGE MAN  
(stands, calling after  
him)  
I'll tell ya one thing - if I ever  
catch that freak I'm gonna sue his  
furry brown butt for everything he  
has! Did I tell you I may be  
paralyzed...?

FLEEBER  
(to another officer)  
I don't think the suspect is the  
only one who's 'Looney Tunes'...

They both laugh as we...

CUT TO:



EXT. COURTHOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Harold's car zips into a space, lurching to a halt.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR

Harold reaches into the back seat, grabbing an athletic bag. Wacky stares out the window excitedly.

WACKY

Lookit this! You live here? You must be loaded! I don't know if I'd-a gone for the pillar-and-marble-hey-I'm-pretentious look, but that's a personal thing...

HAROLD

I don't live here. This is the courthouse. I work here. And if I don't get inside right now I'm not gonna work anywhere.

WACKY

Work, hide, whine and complain - what kind of dull cartoon character have I fathered?

HAROLD

I'm not a cartoon! I'm a man. Here, put this on...

Harold takes a big hooded sweatshirt and baseball cap out of the bag, pulling them over Wacky's head. He grabs a pair of Angie's big sunglasses from the glove box, putting them on Wacky's face.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

There. I'll be back as soon as I can. Just sit here and behave. And stay low. Can you do that?

WACKY

Do I have a choice? I can barely move in this thing.

HAROLD

I mean it! No bouncing, no running around, no squishing anyone...

WACKY

(grumbling)

No fun.

HAROLD

Exactly! Just like a normal human being.

Grabbing his briefcase, Harold climbs out of the car, Wacky calling after him disgustedly.

WACKY

Are you sure your mom didn't have a fling with Elmer Fudd? Hey, crack the window! You wanna fry my brain?

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Harold steps into the courtroom, where the trial is in session. Harold scurries to his seat. Bobby, Freddy and Doug are relieved to see him, Rockfield glaring angrily. Warren sits in the gallery next to Julia, also plenty pissed off.

HAROLD

What's going on? Why'd you start?

BOBBY

The Judge got tired of waiting. Did you know he spits when he yells?

HAROLD

Tell me something. Do I look... oh, I dunno... cartoonish at all to you?

BOBBY

Cartoonish?  
(looks at him closely)  
Maybe in a dorky Hector Heathcoat kind of way...

Harold frowns as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - DAY

Wacky plays with the knobs and dials on the dashboard, bored.

WACKY

'Sit and behave'. It's not bad enough I find out my son's human, he's gotta be a BORING human!  
(brightens)  
(MORE)

WACKY (CONT'D)

I can sit and wait inside. Who says  
I gotta be boring, too?

He hops out of the car happily, sprinting toward the courthouse.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Rachel finishes questioning a witness (DR. DOBBS).

RACHEL

... So, Dr. Dobbs, in your opinion,  
did smoking G.R. Rollins cigarettes  
cause my client's... ill health?

DR. DOBBS

Yes, I believe it did.

Rachel turns to Harold, who's shuffling desperately through his briefcase.

RACHEL

Your witness. Glad you could join  
us, Mr. Webster.

There is a snicker from the gallery as Harold leans to Bobby, whispering.

HAROLD

Okay, uh... who is this guy again?

ROCKFIELD

Don't you know?

BOBBY

(slips Harold notes)  
Dr. Morton Dobbs - their medical  
expert.

Judge Ward calls out impatiently.

JUDGE WARD

Mr. Webster?

ROCKFIELD

(seething)  
Why don't you know that?

HAROLD

It's been a tough day. See, last  
night my mother...

JUDGE WARD  
Mr. Webster! Sometime today...

Beginning to sweat, Harold steps to the bench, looking to the Judge hopefully.

HAROLD  
Uh, your honor? I request a five  
minute recess...

JUDGE WARD  
We've already had more recesses  
than a kindergarten class waiting  
for you to arrive. Do you have any  
questions for this witness, Mr.  
Webster?

HAROLD  
(bluffing)  
Sure I do.

JUDGE WARD  
Then ask them!!!

Nervous, Harold starts to brush the hair back out of his eyes, letting out a whistling sigh - stopping himself self-consciously.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Wacky tries to walk nonchalantly down the corridor, hood up and dark glasses on. But he only succeeds in drawing stares - especially the furry brown tail protruding from the back of his pants. Approaching the courtroom, he peers through the window in the door, grinning when he sees...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

... Harold step to the witness stand, nervous and unprepared. He seems shaky, stressed out, on the jagged edge of panic.

HAROLD  
Dr. Dobbs... has it been  
scientifically proven that  
cigarette smoking alone causes  
cancer?

DR. DOBBS  
Yes, it has.

HAROLD  
No it hasn't.

DR. DOBBS  
(confused)  
Yes it has.

HAROLD  
You've been able to control the tests, eliminating all outside influences? And cigarettes were the sole cause of cancer?

DR. DOBBS  
Yes, they were.

HAROLD  
No they weren't.

DR. DOBBS  
Yes they were!

HAROLD  
No they weren't!

DR. DOBBS  
Yes they were!

HAROLD  
(reversing)  
Yes they were!

DR. DOBBS  
(reversing)  
No they weren't!

HAROLD  
Yes they were!

DR. DOBBS  
(angrily)  
No they weren't, and that's final!  
(stops)  
Hey...

There is laughter from the gallery as they realize what's just happened. Judge Ward bangs the gavel for order. Rachel stands, outraged.

RACHEL  
Your honor, he's leading the witness...

HAROLD  
No I'm not.

RACHEL  
Yes you are!

HAROLD  
No I'm not!

RACHEL  
Yes you are!

The Judge cuts in, voice booming.

JUDGE WARD  
Order! I will not have this  
courtroom turned into a Bugs Bunny  
cartoon!  
(to Dr. Dobbs)  
Dr. Dobbs - can you say with 100%  
certainty that cigarettes alone  
cause cancer?

DR. DOBBS  
(sighs)  
No, I can't.

Grinning, Harold lets out a crazy laugh, sticking his tongue  
out at Rachel.

HAROLD  
Nyeah!

Turning, he hops onto the Judge's bench, grabbing him by the  
ears.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Judge!  
(gives Judge big, wet  
smooch)  
No more questions!

Harold does a BACKFLIP off the bench as Bobby, Freddy, Doug,  
Rockfield and Warren stare at him uncertainly. Julia covers  
her mouth, trying not to laugh.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR

Wacky smiles, impressed by Harold's performance.

WACKY  
Hmmm... maybe the kid's got  
potential after all.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
Can I help you, buddy...?

Both Wacky's pupils move into one eye as he glances sideways to see a burly SECURITY GUARD approaching. Gulping loudly, he pretends not to hear as a crowd starts to gather.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Hey, you in the sweatshirt...

WACKY  
(sweating)  
Be good... be good...

SECURITY GUARD  
Hey pal, you wanna lend me your ear...?

That does it. Wacky reaches up for his ears and we hear two loud POPPING sounds.

WACKY  
Take two, they're small!

As the Security Guard SCREAMS we...

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

There is a commotion outside the courtroom, Harold not noticing as he takes his seat, muttering to himself.

HAROLD  
I'm not a cartoon... I'm not a cartoon...

Everyone turns as they hear a loud HOWL and WOOPING SOUND, the back wall VIBRATING as the doors RATTLE.

JUDGE WARD  
Bailiff - what's going on out there?

BAILIFF  
(peering out door -  
monotone)  
Just some guy running across the walls, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR

Wacky RACES around the courthouse walls, defying gravity as several Security Guards try to grab him. He grows tired, FALLING to the ground with a THUD.

WACKY

Whew! This gravity stuff is tough  
to get used to...

The Security Guards POUNCE on Wacky, trying to subdue him.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Help! Help! Police brutality! Is  
there a lawyer in the place?

Everyone in the crowd looks at the ceiling or floor,  
whistling innocently.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell... somebody give us a  
hand!

WACKY

Here - have mine...

Wacky's hands FLY off his wrists, SLAPPING the Security  
Guards like a Three Stooges routine.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

Everyone stares at the doors, where the Bailiff watches the  
action. Everyone but Harold, head still in his hands.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

What the matter with you? Do you  
have your head up your ass?

(a SQUISHING sound)

Aaaaaaaaauuggghh!!!

Grimacing, the Bailiff turns to the Judge, drawing his gun.

BAILIFF

I'll be right back, your Honor.  
Some guy in a wolf suit is doing  
things I'd rather not describe.

Harold snaps to attention at the mention of a wolf suit,  
realizing Wacky's loose.



HAROLD

I need a ten minute recess, your Honor!

JUDGE WARD

(tiredly)

Of course you do... Why couldn't I get a nice quiet murder trial?

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING COURTROOM

Another trial is in progress, the DISTRICT ATTORNEY giving his summation to the JURY.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

My colleague would have you believe his client is innocent because he watched too many violent cartoons as a child. Do you honestly believe CARTOONS could inspire such violent behavior?

Just then Wacky BURSTS in, chased by a dozen guards. He sprints around the room, eluding their grasp as they topple chairs, tables, and knock people to the floor.

WACKY

C'mon guys - don't you have to pass some kinda physical to get this job? Jeez...

The judge calls for order, banging his gavel. Wacky snatches it out of his hands, gleefully HAMMERING the guards with it.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Come on guys - let's hammer out our differences...

Wacky then grabs a marker from a courtroom artist, drawing a circle on the wall. He tries to jump through the 'hole', only to smash against the wall with a SPLAT.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Ow! This three dimensional stuff is tricky...

Before the guards can gather themselves, he DARTS back out the door. Bruised and battered, the JURORS look to one another, and then to the judge.

JURORS  
 (in unison)  
 Not guilty!

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR

Rachel angrily leaves the courtroom, dragging Mr. DeWitt impatiently.

RACHEL  
 This is pathetic! I've never seen  
 the bench coddle a defense lawyer  
 so much...

DEWITT  
 Yeah, yeah... When can I get rid of  
 all this medical equipment? It's  
 destroying my golf game...

Suddenly Wacky SMASHES through the door of the adjoining courtroom, 'woop'-ing happily. Running past a confused Rachel, he suddenly turns and grabs her in his arms.

WACKY  
 Hey, doll. A lovely girl like you  
 deserves something just as lovely.  
 Something like... THIS!

Wacky reaches into the sweatshirt pocket, pulling out one of Harold's smelly old jockstraps and thrusting it into Rachel's face.

WACKY (CONT'D)  
 Wait! My suit pulls out flowers!  
 What's wrong with the pockets on  
 this thing? Cheap live-action  
 fabrics...

He HOWLS, planting a HUGE, WET KISS on Rachel's lips, then runs off again, leaving her dazed. She and DeWitt both stand there, wheezing.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

Hearing the HOWL, Harold tries to gather his things as Rockfield stands angrily.

ROCKFIELD

That's it! I want a new lawyer!  
I'll even take the guy with the  
aneurysm!

Rockfield storms off, Warren snarling at Harold.

WARREN

You better have your shit together  
by tomorrow morning or I'll see  
that you never work as a lawyer  
again.

Warren scrambles after Rockfield. Harold looks to Julia, who smiles understandingly. She is about to say something when there are more CRASHES and SCREAMS outside, Harold grabbing his briefcase and rushing out.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - PARKING LOT

Harold steps out of the courthouse, a PERFECT OUTLINE of Wacky blasted through the door. He follows a trail of dazed people, collapsed convertibles and dented autos to find Wacky in the passenger seat of his car, casually stretching as he pretends to wake.

WACKY

Done already? How long have I been  
asleep?

He flashes a big, innocent grin. Harold can only sigh as we...

CUT TO:

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Eddie sits near the back of the theatre, sketching in a pad. The projector runs, the Farmer's Daughter stepping to the edge of the frame and calling out to Eddie.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Hiya, Eddie. Whatcha doing?

EDDIE

(looks up, smiles fondly)  
I'm working up some new ideas.  
(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I talked to some people at ABC, and they said if I could come up with a new character they'd consider developing it for Saturday mornings.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Can I see?

Eddie walks toward the screen, holding up his sketch pad to reveal a drawing of:

EDDIE

Goofy Grub! It taps into that whole insect underworld kinda thing that's never really been explored in cartoons. Plus I didn't want to do another cute, furry animal, I wanted 'em to see I can still do daring, risky work. Whaddaya think?

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

(smiles encouragingly)

I think it's great. Y'know, I've been thinking about you, Eddie. I've been thinking about our nights together. It's been a long time.

EDDIE

(blushes)

Yeah, I know. And they were great, but...

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

They were more than great. Remember the barn? Remember the hayloft? Remember the saddle?

(smiles seductively)

Come on, Eddie. Put on the helmet.

EDDIE

No. Not the helmet. Not anymore. I like you, but we're not the same.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

We were those nights. Put on the helmet, Eddie.

EDDIE

What about the others?

(gestures to Wacky cut-out)

What about Wacky? He'd be more than willing...

The Farmer's Daughter walks toward Wacky, frowning.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

This stick in the mud? I tried to talk to him and he ignored me. Just stood there with that stupid look on his face...

She smacks him lightly on the back of the head... Wacky falling forward to reveal that it's the cardboard cut-out. Eddie's eyes go wide.

EDDIE

(groans)

Not again.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER

What does this mean, Eddie?

EDDIE

It means it's wolf hunting season...

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - DAY

Harold and Wacky ride in tense silence. Trying to break the mood, Wacky makes a goofy face at Harold - eyes BULGING and tongue DANGLING - getting no reaction. He tries another one... and another... and another - making hundreds of silly faces in a matter of seconds, until he finally falls back, panting in exhaustion.

WACKY

Boy, tough room...

(sits up)

You can't take me back! I'm your father! Daddy! Poppykins! We need to bond, share quality time together!

HAROLD

Where'd you learn phrases like that?

WACKY

Daytime talk shows. Eddie put in cable TV last year. I mean, even the maroons on 'Geraldo' give their dads a chance.

(becomes Geraldo)

(MORE)

WACKY (CONT'D)

Illegitimate hermaphrodite children  
of Oprah and Phil who prefer Regis  
and Cathie Lee, on the next  
'Geraldo'...

(back to himself)

I could teach you all sorts of neat  
stuff. I could really bring out the  
cartoon in you.

HAROLD

There's no cartoon in me!

WACKY

Aw, c'mon. What was that  
performance in the courtroom? The  
wordplay, the backflip, the smooch?  
Face it, kiddo - you've got ink in  
yer veins!

HAROLD

That's it! There's no way you can  
stay here. I've got too much to  
worry about without you running  
around...

Wacky fixes him with a pathetic stare, eyes MOIST and PUPPY-  
LIKE. Harold tries not to look at him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I mean it! You're too wild, too  
unpredictable, too... unnatural.

WACKY

(bottom lip quivers)

I understand... son...

Harold struggles not to look, his resolve weakening as Wacky  
edges closer, sniffing, TEARS welling up. Harold finally  
sneaks a peek, groaning.

HAROLD

Oh, all right! But just for a  
little while, and only if you're  
good. No wild behavior, no  
destroying property, and no  
squishing anybody.

WACKY

(snaps back to normal)

Yes! You won't regret it! Wacky and  
Son-of-Wacky! Whatta team! So where  
am I gonna stay? The Ritz? The  
Hilton? The Ambassador?

(MORE)

WACKY (CONT'D)

I know, let's join the Army - that always leads to some good gags...

Harold sighs, frowning thoughtfully as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell RINGS, Mary hurrying out of the living room. She opens the door and Harold steps quickly inside, closing the door behind him.

HAROLD

Hi, mom.

MARY

Harold - is everything all right?  
Did you talk to Eddie?

HAROLD

Mom, I have a surprise for you. A really big surprise. Are you ready?

Harold opens the door, Wacky leaping inside.

WACKY

Hi, honey - I'm home!

Mary stares at Wacky... grabbing a picture off the wall and hurling it at him.

WACKY (CONT'D)

(ducking)

Oooh, close. You gotta keep your shoulder up and snap your wrist...

MARY

Are you crazy? I told you to talk to Eddie Glee, not to bring this weasel back out!

WACKY

Darling - I'm a wolf, remember?

MARY

This son-of-a-bitch...

WACKY

Snookums, let's leave my mother out of this...

MARY  
... wolf in sheep's clothing...

WACKY  
This isn't wool, it's genuine silk!

Wacky dodges a flying statuette, which SMASHES against the wall behind him.

WACKY (CONT'D)  
(judging her throw)  
Better. But remember to follow through.

Confused, Harold tries to step in.

HAROLD  
Wait! Mom, this is your long lost love - my dad!

MARY  
(still throwing stuff)  
Long lost love my ass! He's a conniving, dishonest, carousing... Why do you think I never went to see him in all these years?

WACKY  
(still dodging stuff)  
I forgive you, dearest! The pain of seeing me and not being able to have me would have been too great for you to bear...  
(a knick-knack BONKS him on the head)  
... It's just a theory...

Harold grabs Mary, holding her back.

HAROLD  
Mom, stop! This is traumatic for a child!

WACKY  
Yeah! And for the father, too.  
(looks at Mary closely)  
Jeez, babe - you got old...

That's it. Mary breaks free from Harold. She grabs a vacuum cleaner, switching it on and pointing the hose at Wacky. He starts to get SUCKED IN, trying to back away.



WACKY (CONT'D)

Sweetheart! Snookums! Not the vacuum cleaner bag again! I was coughing up dust balls for weeks!

HAROLD

(shoves Wacky out door)  
I can see this is a bad time. What do you say we postpone the family reunion...

MARY

You two-dimensional menace!

WACKY

(sticking head back in)  
I suppose another roll in the hay is out of the question...

Harold pushes him out the door as a lamp CRASHES into the wood.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE

Harold hurries Wacky toward the car.

HAROLD

Man! I never thought she'd react like that!

Wacky skips along happily, thrilled.

WACKY

Yeah! Wasn't it great! She's still got the old fire! The old spunk! Didja see the way she tried to brain me? She still loves me!

HAROLD

Loves you? She nearly vacuumed you to death!

WACKY

Exactly. Where to now? This is fun.

Wacky hops into the car, Harold following tiredly.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEBSTER HOUSE - DAY

Harold leads Wacky up the front walk, jacket over his head.

WACKY

(poking head out of  
jacket sleeve)

This'll be great! Staying at your house. We can get to know each other. Catch a ballgame, play touch football, Scout meetings...

HAROLD

Keep it down, willya? I want to break this to my wife as gently as possible.

WACKY

(delighted)

You mean I have a daughter? That's great! Any grandcubs?

Harold shushes him as he unlocks the door.

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY

Pulling the jacket off his head, Harold signals Wacky to be quiet. Wacky nods... immediately knocking over a shelf full of decorative plates. Harold watches in horror as Wacky manages to CATCH all the plates, grabbing them with his hands, feet, mouth and ears. Angie calls out from the bedroom.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Harold? Is that you?

Grimacing, Harold looks to Wacky, who twitches his nose, about to sneeze.

WACKY

Ah... ah... ah...

Wacky covers his nose with his tail, the sneeze subsiding. Removing his tail, he winks at Harold, who grins in relief, until...

WACKY (CONT'D)

... CHOO!!!

The plates CRASH to the ground, shattering into a million pieces.

WACKY (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

I had to - I'm a cartoon...

Angie rushes in, Harold shoving Wacky out the door.

ANGIE

Harold, what... ?

(sees the plates)

Oh no! What did you do? All my plates... Elvis... Garfield... the Space Shuttle disaster... all ruined!

HAROLD

I'm sorry. It was an accident...

ANGIE

What is wrong with you lately?  
First you collapse at the party -  
in front of everyone...

Wacky's eye POPS through the keyhole, Harold covering it with his hand. Angie doesn't notice, in full guilt-trip mode.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And then you kick me out of the room so you can talk to your mother...

Another eye POPS through the peephole, Harold trying to cover it with his hand.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And then you disappear this morning without a word! What's going on?

HAROLD

Well, I had an interesting talk with my mom...

Yet another eye POPS through the crack in the door. Harold pokes it with his thumb, a muffled 'oof' coming from the other side of the door as it retracts.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

... and she told me who my father is.

ANGIE

(intrigued)

She did? Who is he?

HAROLD

He's... he's... well...

Suddenly Wacky's head appears under the door.

WACKY

Hi there!

Wacky SLIDES under the door, jumping up and landing in front of a stunned Angie. He grabs her hand, shaking it vigorously.

WACKY (CONT'D)

You must be my daughter-in-law!  
I've heard so much about you...

Angie screams in disbelief, Harold covering her mouth.

HAROLD

It's okay! My father is Wacky Wolf.

Wacky flashes a toothy grin. Angie screams again, fainting dead away.

WACKY

I like her - she's funny.

WIPE TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Janitorial crews sweep up the debris from Wacky's rampage while police officers interview WITNESSES. Detective Fleeber speaks to three women, taking their statements.

FLEEBER

Did any of you ladies actually see the perpetrator?

WITNESS #1

Yes - he was average size, with this huge mouth that dropped to the floor...

WITNESS #2

No - he was nine feet tall and thin with eyes that bulged out three feet...

WITNESS #3

No - it was a big dog wearing white gloves and a sweat suit...

Fleeber just stares at them as another OFFICER steps up.

FLEEBER

I'd bring in the sketch artist but he'd probably have a nervous breakdown.

OFFICER

You're not gonna believe this.

FLEEBER

Bet me.

OFFICER

Most of the witnesses describe the suspect as a big dog-thing that walked on its hind legs, wore clothes and talked. Almost like some kinda...

FLEEBER

... cartoon.

Fleeber looks at the destruction around him, bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harold is on the phone, listening to the ringing on the other end of the line while Angie glues together a collectors plate. Music BLARES from another room while knick-knacks and other household items zing past the open doorway.

HAROLD

Come on, Eddie - pick up...  
(nothing - hangs up)  
Still no answer.

She winces at a CRASH from the next room.

ANGIE

Maybe we should tie him up in the back yard.

HAROLD

C'mon, Ang' - he's my dad.

ANGIE

Dad or no dad, he shouldn't be here. He should be in that cartoon, chasing the Roadrunner.

HAROLD

That's Wile E. Coyote. My mom would never sleep with a coyote.  
(grimaces)  
I don't even like to think of my mom doing it with humans...

There's another CRASH - the distinctive sound of BREAKING GLASS.

ANGIE

This isn't fair! What if everyone finds out? I've worked for years to get us in with the right type of people, and now this! We'll be Mr. and Mrs. Sideshow Freak!

HAROLD

(trying to joke)

At least we'll have steady work...

ANGIE

I can understand your mom shacking up with a movie star, but why a cartoon? And why him? Why not Bugs Bunny or Mickey Mouse? Someone more respectable?

HAROLD

This isn't exactly what I imagined, either! I always dreamed about meeting my dad - some nice, stable guy, maybe a little gray around the temples. But this...

(shakes head)

... He's a complete lunatic, and the gray hair around his temples covers his entire body.

They flinch as a loud BOOM shakes the walls, plaster falling from the ceiling.

ANGIE

I want him out of here! Now!!!

HAROLD

I can't take him back until I get ahold of Eddie Glee, and he's not around. He's going to have to stay here for awhile.

ANGIE

Here? With me? Oh no...

HAROLD

Why, you got some charity thing to attend? Celebrity facials for the homeless?

ANGIE

Don't give me that. I don't want any holier-than-thou crap from a man who's defending a cigarette company from a cancer patient.

They both stop, staring at each other miserably.

HAROLD

What happened to us, Ang'? I look at our wedding pictures and I don't even recognize those people. I don't know who we are anymore... and now I don't know what I am.

Angie sighs. She's about to say something when Wacky bursts in.

WACKY

Hey, Sport! Hiya, Princess! You've got some great stuff - a little fragile, maybe... What's for supper?

Angie shoots Wacky a withering glance. He shrugs, bounding to the refrigerator.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Don't get up - I can get it myself.  
(reading labels)  
Non-fat milk... low cholesterol margarine... fake eggs... fake bacon... Why don't I just fry up a few strips of cardboard?

ANGIE

Wait! Before I leave we need some ground rules: no breaking dishes, furniture or appliances. This is not a Heckle and Jeckle cartoon.

WACKY

(scoffs - under breath)  
Hacks...

ANGIE

And no shedding! You're getting fur all over everything - and when I try to brush it off, it runs away!

She tries to brush wolf hair off the table - each strand  
STANDING AND RUNNING AWAY with little screams.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(curtly)  
And by the time I get back tonight, I want him out of here.

Angie storms out, Harold frowning unhappily. Wacky gives him a wink, pouring a cup of coffee and stirring it with his tail.

WACKY

Don't worry, I'm very popular with women 18 to 35. Leave her to me...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEBSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie marches down the driveway, dressed to the nines, still in a high state of irritation. She opens her car door, climbing in.

INT. ANGIE'S CAR

Angie rifles through her purse, looking for her car keys and muttering to herself.

ANGIE

A wolf. A cartoon wolf. A goddamn low-rent cartoon wolf. I wonder if he gets royalties...

As she finds her keys Wacky's eyes POP over the back of the seat, watching her gleefully. Angie starts the car, Wacky's eyes ZIPPING back down as she turns to back out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie Glee holds a leash, following Shep, who tries to walk on all fours like a real dog. He sniffs the ground outside the courthouse, trying to pick up Wacky's scent. Tugging on his collar, Shep stands uncomfortably.

SHEP

Du-uuh, can we go home now, Eddie? We've been at this for hours - my sinuses are filled with cigarette butts and chewing gum.

EDDIE

Keep your voice down - you want somebody to hear? And get back down on all fours.



SHEP

Aw, do I have to? My back's killing me...

EDDIE

We've got to find Wacky before he causes any more trouble. Have you picked up his scent?

Shep grudgingly drops down on all fours, sniffing the courthouse steps.

SHEP

Wait a minute - yup, here he is... pee-yew! He's wearing that cheap cologne you got him for Christmas...

(sniffs, interested)

Du-uuh, hold on... I smell another cartoon. There's two of 'em.

EDDIE

That's impossible. He's not with another cartoon, he's with...

(realizes)

... Harold!

SHEP

Well, when you see him, tell him to get some 'Odor Eaters' for his shoes, willya?

Eddie nudges Shep as a WOMAN with a Rottweiler approaches.

SHEP (CONT'D)

Ow! What... oh...

(clears throat)

Woof-woof. Bark bark.

The Rottweiler moves around behind Shep, who jumps with a start.

SHEP (CONT'D)

Hey! Watch the cold nose, buddy!

DOG WOMAN

What a strange bark! It almost sounds like he's talking.

The Rottweiler hops up on Shep's back, trying to mount him.

SHEP

Help! Help! Masher!

Shep LEAPS up, WRAPPING himself around Eddie's face and head to get away from the Rottweiler.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

An elegant, trendy fundraising dinner. Formally dressed men and women mingle as a band plays softly. A banner reading 'SAVE THE WOLF' hangs above a cage containing a live wolf, which paces miserably. Angie plays the hostess, mingling and chatting up the guests.

ANGIE

Mr. and Mrs. Dole, glad you could make it... Barbara, nice to see you... Mrs. Franklin - love your dress...

She steps to the buffet table, where Warren Crawford fills a plate.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Warren! I didn't think you'd make it, what with the trial...

WARREN

Angie! I wouldn't miss it for the world. Especially knowing you'd be here. You look great.

(frowns)

Harold better not be here, after that performance in court today... I don't know what's wrong with him lately, but if he's not careful he's gonna flush his career down the toilet. And I'd hate to see anything happen to you.

ANGIE

Don't worry, he's at home. Working. As usual.

Warren smiles, not bothering to hide his pleasure.

WARREN

Good. Then I've got you all to myself.

ANGIE

I like the sound of that.

Angie smiles back. Let the flirting begin.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

Trying (and failing) to be inconspicuous, Wacky wanders through the crowd, drawing curious stares. He passes a LADY pontificating to her friends.

LADY

I think the wolf is the most majestic member of the canine family...

WACKY

You better believe it, baby.

He gooses her, the Lady letting out a squeal as he moves on. Glancing around, Wacky spots Angie talking and laughing with Warren across the room. He starts toward her, only to be grabbed by a TIPSY LADY sitting at the bar.

TIPSY LADY

That's a great suit!

WACKY

(modeling)

This old thing? I've had it for ages, simply ages.

TIPSY LADY

No, no - the wolf costume. It's adorable. You look almost lifelike.

WACKY

You, too. How do you get your eyes that shade of red?

The Topsy Lady grins, snapping her fingers.

TIPSY LADY

Bartender...!

CUT TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Taking a break from work, Harold wanders into the living room, where the TV plays loudly. He steps up behind the easy chair, Wacky's ears visible over the back of the seat.

HAROLD

Hey, what're you watching? Are the  
Flintstones and the Jetsons talking  
about wife-swapping on 'Oprah'?

(laughs)

See? I can be funny.

There's no response from the easy chair, Harold frowning.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Okay, so it wasn't that funny...

Hello? Wacky...?

He steps around to the front of the chair to find it empty -  
a pair of Wacky's ears on the back of the seat. Harold  
immediately does what he does best - panics.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Where the hell...

(realizes)

Shit! Angie!

He rushes out as we...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Wacky and the Tippy Lady are having - by the looks of the  
empty glasses in front of them - their umpteenth cocktails.

WACKY

... Naw, Popeye is a loser! Why do  
you think he has those oversize,  
powerful forearms? 'Cuz he can't  
score with Olive, if you get my  
drift... And the Pink Panther? Give  
me a break! It's obvious why he's a  
single bachelor...

(to Bartender)

Bartender - two more... I mean two  
more bartenders - you can't seem to  
keep up with us...

TIPSY LADY

Whew! You can really put it away,  
honey.

WACKY

(tipsy and bewildered)  
 I don't know what this stuff is,  
 but it makes me feel like the time  
 I chased the Farmer's Daughter  
 around the inside of the grain  
 silo. How do my eyes look?

TIPSY LADY

(squinting)  
 I can't tell - hold 'em closer.

Wacky POPS out his eyes, holding them out for the Topsy Lady to examine. She SCREAMS as we...

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL CHRISTOPHER

sits across the ballroom with her date - a stuffy, pompous LAWYER. She sighs, bored, as he drones on and on.

RACHEL

... It's my opinion that women actually prefer stable, secure - some would say 'boring' - men. Not wild, spontaneous, animalistic brutes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I disagree - women like someone who's surprising, different, a man of action...

Rachel glances up, catching sight of Wacky as he HOPS by. Recognizing him from the courthouse she stands, eyes glinting. The Lawyer blinks, surprised, as she walks off.

INT. BALLROOM - BUFFET TABLE

Fascinated, Wacky pokes at the jello mold, turning as Rachel steps up, tapping his shoulder. She looks him in the eyes - a hot, smoldering gaze.

RACHEL

It's you.

WACKY

Gesundheit.

She gives him a passionate kiss, then grabs his arm, dragging him across the room.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Man, the Hays office would hate  
this cartoon...

They duck behind a row of potted plants as...

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

Harold slips into the ballroom, wandering through the crowd, his casual, rumpled clothes drawing disapproving stares from the formally-dressed guests. He stays low, on the outskirts of the crowd as he tries to search for Wacky.

HAROLD

(whispering, desperate)

Wacky! Wacky, c'mon. Wacky, where  
are you...?

Harold checks under the buffet table, behind floral arrangements, inside the food carts. Frowning, he stands, looking across the room to see...

INSERT - HAROLD'S POV

... Angie and Warren sitting at a table, really hitting it off. Angie is especially animated, putting her hands on Warren's and smiling attentively.

INT. HAROLD

bristles a little. He isn't sure he likes what he sees. But before he can do anything he is startled by a loud HOWL. The guests look to one another, surprised.

COMPASSIONATE WOMAN

That poor wolf - cooped up in that  
cage. I'd howl, too.

But Harold knows whose howl that was. He turns toward the potted plants as a series of high-pitched YELPS pierce the air. Those he doesn't recognize.

COMPASSIONATE WOMAN (CONT'D)

The poor thing must be in pain.  
They really should let it out...

The partygoers return to their conversations as Harold makes his way toward the potted plants. He isn't surprised when he sees Wacky step from behind the greenery, a goofy smile on his face. He is surprised when Rachel steps out behind him, the same smile on HER face.

WACKY

Keep it down with the howling - you  
want to get caught?

Harold quickly puts two-and-two together - the howl... the  
yelps... Wacky and Rachel... ohboy! He struggles to make his  
way through the crowd to Wacky.

INT. WACKY

strolls through the crowd, still a bit tipsy. He stops when  
he sees the wolf in the cage, outraged.

WACKY

What is this? Are these fiends  
detaining you, my brother? I'll  
save you!

Wacky's finger takes the shape of a KEY, which he uses to  
unlock the cage. He flings open the door, letting the wolf  
loose.

WACKY (CONT'D)

You're free! Free to run, to howl,  
to chase farmers' daughters...

(lower)

Just between you and me - I'd avoid  
the red-eyed woman at the bar...

Snarling, the wolf lunges into the crowd, guests screaming  
and scattering. There is complete pandemonium as everyone  
makes a mad rush for the exits, the wolf stalking and  
growling angrily. Harold is caught in the crush of bodies.

SCARED MAN

The wolf is loose!

COMPASSIONATE WOMAN

Someone shoot it! It's ruining the  
party!

Wacky grins as he admires his handiwork, sitting on top of  
the cage.

WACKY

That's more like it! If there was  
ever a party that needed a wild  
animal let loose in the middle,  
this was it. I bet Angie's gonna be  
happy with me for livening things  
up around here!

Wacky SWINGS from the 'Save the Wolf' banner and across the room by the chandeliers, 'woop'-ing wildly. Harold runs to the kitchen area, calling to the chef.

HAROLD

I need a frying pan - quick!

The chef hands him a pan, Harold screaming in frustration.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

A frying pan - not a wok! God I hate California cuisine...

Stunned by the sudden commotion, Angie spots Wacky from across the room, eyes going wide in enraged disbelief.

ANGIE

Him! I'll kill him! I'll strangle him! I'll... ERASE him!!!

Wacky BOUNCES off the walls, FLIPS through the air, RACES around the room on his EARS. Harold watches, head turning like a tennis match as Wacky ZINGS back and forth, back and forth.

HAROLD

Hey!... Wacky!... Dad!... Sit!... Heel!... STOP!!!

Glancing around desperately, Harold spies a frying pan on top of a caterer's cart. He grabs it, spinning around just in time to KLANG Wacky on the head as he passes, knocking him out cold. Grabbing him by the collar, Harold hurriedly drags Wacky out a side exit.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Fleeber sits with the Witnesses from the courthouse. They look through a large window at a line-up of MASCOTS - everything from giant chickens and big mice to a huge banana.

FLEEBER

These are the mascots from every sports team, theme park and ice skating show currently in town. Do any of them look like the wild man you saw?

WITNESS #1

No...



WITNESS #2

Not really...

WITNESS #3

Could you have number four step forward and laugh?

FLEEBER

Do you remember something?

WITNESS #3

No - it's just funny the way he laughs.

Mascot #4 steps up, giving a goofy chuckle as the women laugh and clap delightedly. Rolling his eyes, Fleeber steps to the back of the room, lighting a cigarette as a young POLICE OFFICER steps in.

POLICE OFFICER

Arnie? We're gettin' some more weird calls from a fundraiser downtown...

FLEEBER

Don't tell me, it's... no, don't tell me.

They hustle out the door as Mascot #4's idiotic laugh continues in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS - NIGHT

Tired, angry and fed up, Harold drags Wacky to the front door. Oblivious, Wacky dances and skips happily.

WACKY

That was fun! I betcha Angie likes me now - that party was dead. I don't get why we had to leave just when it was getting good.

(notices where they are)

Hey, great! We can get all the others and go back! We could teach those zombies a thing or two about partying! Brawny Bull does this great trick with his horn - just don't let him get behind ya...

HAROLD

We're not going back to the party -  
you're going back into the cartoon.

WACKY

Whaddaya mean? I've been good! All  
those people were talking about was  
saving wolves, I just decided to  
help 'em. And by the way, that wolf  
didn't say boo to me - not a thank  
you, not 'I appreciate it',  
nothin'! I mean, okay, he's been  
raised in the wild. But manners are  
manners, y'know?

HAROLD

Don't you get it? You don't belong  
here. Normal people don't act like  
you do.

WACKY

(scoffs)

'Normal people'? There's no such  
thing as 'normal' people. I've seen  
the way you act - human beings are  
crazier than any cartoon!

They reach the door, Harold trying the knob. Locked.

HAROLD

Uh-huh. No offense, but your only  
contact with the real world is  
through TV talk shows. To you we  
must all be cross-dressing sex-  
crazed lunatics.

WACKY

Hey - cross-dressing sex-crazed  
lunacy is how your father makes a  
living, so don't talk down.

(nods to door)

Well, no one's home. Whatta shame.  
I guess...

Harold SMASHES the glass in the door with his elbow, reaching  
in and unlocking the latch.

WACKY (CONT'D)

A break in! Oh, woe is me! My son  
has turned to a life of crime.  
Where did I -- ulp!

Harold opens the door, YANKING Wacky inside.

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Harold leads Wacky into the darkened screening room. Wacky rests his head on Harold's shoulder.

WACKY

I thought things were going great!  
You were even starting to loosen  
up. Admit it - you had fun tonight.

HAROLD

I almost had a heart attack  
tonight.

Wacky appears under Harold's armpit, grinning up at him.

WACKY

But you had fun.

HAROLD

We're lucky we're not in jail!

Wacky's head POPS up through Harold's shirt collar.

WACKY

You had fun.

HAROLD

(pulls Wacky out of  
shirt)

Okay! Okay! I had fun. So what? Fun  
isn't everything!

WACKY

(counts off on ever  
multiplying fingers)

Yeah, there's unhappiness, boredom,  
anger, fear, sadness, dejection,  
gloom, grief, apathy, hostility,  
repression, anxiety - sound  
familiar?

HAROLD

I can't believe I'm being  
psychoanalyzed by a cartoon  
character...

Harold steps into the projection booth, turning on the projector. The farmyard scene appears onscreen, the other cartoon characters surprised to see Wacky and Harold.

HOMELY COW

Hey, look - Wacky's back.

BRAWNY BULL

We missed you.

MELVIN MOUSE

What a relief you're okay...  
(bellows)

PAY UP, SUCKERS - HE MADE IT BACK ALIVE!!!

The other cartoons grudgingly hand Melvin money as Wacky turns to Harold.

WACKY

They really are a great bunch of guys - considering they're two-dimensional. I think you'd like 'em.

(gets bright idea)

C'mon, I'll introduce ya!

Before Harold knows what's happening, Wacky grabs his hand and leaps up INTO THE CARTOON, pulling Harold in with him.

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN - ANIMATION

Harold, still in LIVE ACTION, looks around, disoriented. The other cartoons are just as stunned to have a human in their midst. Wacky introduces everyone brightly.

WACKY

Harold, I want you to meet Brawny Bull, Homely Cow, Farmer John and Melvin Mouse. The finest buncha supporting actors you'd ever wanna work with.

CARTOONS

(mumble uncertainly)

Hi... Hiya.. How ya doin'... What's this 'supporting actor' stuff...?

HAROLD

This really feels funky... I shouldn't be in here.

BRAWNY BULL

Yeah - what if Eddie comes back?

WACKY

Who cares? Eddie's been in here plenty of times.

MELVIN MOUSE  
 (gestures to Harold)  
 Not like that.

Wacky scoffs, leading Harold away.

WACKY  
 Bit players are always jealous of  
 the star... Isn't it great in here?  
 The sky's blue, the grass is green,  
 the scenery is... almost in  
 perspective.

HAROLD  
 (squinting)  
 Everything's so bright... the  
 colors... it feels strange, unreal -  
 it's worse than Las Vegas...

The other cartoons watch, shaking their heads.

FARMER JOHN  
 It's not natural...

HOMELY COW  
 Normal cartoons don't act that way.

MELVIN MOUSE  
 He's too boring, too predictable...

SWEETY SQUIRREL  
 (pulls out a tattered  
 paperback)  
 You should be more accepting of  
 others. Have you read this book?  
 It's 'Dianetics' - it changed my  
 life...

MELVIN MOUSE  
 Bite me and like it.

Wacky and Harold pass an apple tree, Harold regarding it  
 curiously.

HAROLD  
 What do apples taste like here -  
 fruit or paint?

WACKY  
 Try one and see...

Harold jumps up, trying to reach an apple on a high branch,  
 but can't quite grab it. Wacky shakes his head, pointing to a  
 hill behind them.

WACKY (CONT'D)

You can do it - you've gotta think  
like a cartoon!

Wacky zooms to the top of the hill. Now just a tiny dot in the distance, he can finally reach the apple. He picks it off the tree and runs back IN PERSPECTIVE - the now huge apple twice his size.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Like this!

HAROLD

I hope there's not a worm in there -  
it's be as big as a python.

Wacky tosses the apple aside, trying to get Harold into the spirit of the occasion.

WACKY

Give it a chance. You can do  
anything here! Use your  
imagination. All you have to do is  
think of something, and you can  
pull it out of your pocket.  
Watch...

Wacky reaches into his pocket, pulling out the Eiffel Tower - complete with startled Frenchmen in striped t-shirts and berets. It towers above them as Harold marvels.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Viola! Now you try it.

Harold thinks hard, reaching into his pocket and pulling out... thirty-five cents.

HAROLD

(impressed)  
Hey, it works!

WACKY

That's the best you can do?

HAROLD

I don't have that great an  
imagination...

WACKY

How about this - you can do all  
sorts of cool stuff with your body.  
(demonstrates)  
You can stretch, shrink, grow,  
bend, spin, bulge - even this!

Wacky POPS his head off, twirling it on his finger like a basketball.

WACKY (CONT'D)

It's easy!  
 (turning green)  
 Ya get a little woozy...  
 (puts head back on)  
 You try it!

HAROLD

Uh, no thanks...

Wacky hops onto Harold's shoulders, TUGGING on his head.

WACKY

You can do it! You just have to try! Boy, that sucker's really on there...

HAROLD

(slaps Wacky's hands away)  
 Yeah, and I'd like to keep it that way!

WACKY

Okay, how 'bout this - simplest trick in the book.

Wacky's eyes BULGE OUT, Harold repulsed.

HAROLD

I hate it when you do that!

WACKY

(eyes returning to normal)  
 Give it a shot. All you gotta do is flex your eye bulgers. Do it for your old man.

HAROLD

I don't want to. It's disgusting. Makes me feel like crying...

WACKY

You just need a little incentive! Here...

Wacky grabs the Eiffel Tower, JABBING Harold in the ass. Harold yelps, jumping OUT OF THE CARTOON and back into the screening room. He turns to Wacky, eyes blazing - but not bulging.

HAROLD

Enough! I can't do it! Okay? I'm not a cartoon!

WACKY

You're just out of practice. The cartoon's inside you somewhere, you just have to let it come out.

HAROLD

Listen to me - I like my life. Maybe it's not action packed, a laugh a minute... but it's comfortable. It's what I know.

Disgusted, Wacky hops OUT OF THE CARTOON, confronting Harold.

WACKY

Comfortable? It's BORING! I may not know much about humans, but I know you got shortchanged in the happiness department, kiddo. Why do you think your mom finally told you about me?

HAROLD

All my life I wanted to know who my father was, because I thought maybe that'd help me understand who I was. And what do I find out? That my father's a freak! A glitch! A malfunction! Don't you understand? I don't want to be a cartoon! I HATE CARTOONS!

Wacky winces, hurt. This time the sadness in his face isn't playacting, the moisture in his eyes real.

WACKY

If you prick me, do I not bleed? If you hit me with a baseball bat, do I not break into a million pieces?

HAROLD

I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. I don't hate you, it's just... you don't belong here, and I don't belong there. I'm not like you.

WACKY

Don't be so sure.

(hops back INTO THE  
CARTOON)

Will you at least visit sometimes?



HAROLD

I promise.

Wacky bends down, out of the cartoon, and hugs Harold. They separate, Harold stepping back to the projection booth, where he turns off the projector. As the light beam fades, Wacky calls out:

WACKY

Goodbye, son...

The cartoon world fades to black, Harold staring at the blank screen.

HAROLD

(quietly)

Goodbye, dad...

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell RINGS, Mary approaching the front door uncertainly. She picks up a vase, cocking her arm to throw as she opens the door to reveal Eddie and Shep.

EDDIE & SHEP

(flinching)

Yaaaaah!

MARY

Eddie...

(lowers vase)

Sorry.

EDDIE

He's been here.

MARY

Yes.

EDDIE

And he's with Harold.

Mary nods. Shep clears his throat.

SHEP

A-hem...

EDDIE

You remember Shep, of course.

MARY

Of course. Come on in - I've got coffee and pie if anyone's hungry...

SHEP

Nothing for me, I'm full.

EDDIE

You ate those cat turds on the lawn, didn't you?

SHEP

You told me to act like a real dog.

Stepping into the living room, Mary and Eddie sit on the couch, while Shep circles a chair, unwilling to sit.

EDDIE

I've got to get him back, Mary. I can't afford to have him out on another rampage. I lied to you the other day - the studio's bankrupt.  
(to Shep)

WILL YOU SIT DOWN?!?

SHEP

You know me - I gotta find the perfect spot.

MARY

But I see the old cartoons on TV all the time.

EDDIE

I sold the rights to pay all the legal fees and damage claims the first time Wacky got loose. That's why when I find him I'm gonna put him away for good. I'm going to dismantle that damn projector.

Mary seems upset by this news.

MARY

Dismantle it? What's going to happen to all the cartoons?

EDDIE

(glances to Shep, lowers voice)

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

They'll go back to what they're supposed to be - drawings on film. I can't take care of them any more. I saw you the other day and you looked so great... all the mistakes I've made over the years suddenly seemed very vivid. Dumb, huh?

MARY

It's not dumb.

EDDIE

I know I treated you like a piece of furniture. But I want you to know not a day's gone by that I haven't thought of you.

SHEP

Du-uuh, there was that night you ran a print of 'The Pom-Pom Girls' through the projector.

(chuckles)

That was a wild couple of hours...

EDDIE

(glares)

Why don't you go lick yourself?

SHEP

My secret shame...

Shep sits, humiliated. Mary looks at Eddie thoughtfully.

MARY

You know, this is the first time you've talked to me like a real human being.

EDDIE

Maybe I'm finally learning how to be one. I've spent all my life around cartoons - it's easy to lose touch with what's real. I just realized it too late.

MARY

It's never too late.

Playfully running her finger over Eddie's ear, she gives him a crooked grin. Eddie perks up as they both cast guilty looks toward Shep.

EDDIE

So... nice place ya got here. How  
'bout a tour?

MARY

Love to! Let's start with the  
bedroom...

Mary leads Eddie by the hand, Shep watching them go. Sighing,  
he picks up a magazine, leafing through it.

SHEP

Swell! They're goin' into the  
bedroom, Wacky's out doin' who  
knows what, and the only action I  
get is a nearsighted Rottweiler.  
This real world stuff ain't all  
it's cracked up to be...

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Mary nervously shows Eddie around the bedroom, both  
exchanging knowing, anxious looks.

MARY

Well, this is it... this is my  
antique dresser - got it at a  
garage sale for twenty dollars and  
refinished it myself.

EDDIE

Nice...

MARY

This is an old music box from the  
late 1800's. It used to be my  
grandmother's...

EDDIE

Pretty...

MARY

And this is the bed --

She grabs Eddie, pulling him onto the bed in a heated kiss.  
Eddie's eyes widen, surprised by her sudden passion.

EDDIE

(gasping for breath)  
Comfy...

They kiss and grope excitedly, eyes closed, both thinking of younger days and what might have been. Mary whispers hoarsely.

MARY

It's been so long... Eddie?

EDDIE

Yeah?

MARY

Eddie, could you... ?

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah?

MARY

Could you... ?

EDDIE

(wild with passion)  
Anything!

MARY

Could you put on the Wacky head?

Eddie stops cold, staring at Mary in shock. She smiles sweetly, shrugging.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Angie is distraught, comforted by an attentive, sympathetic Warren as she walks among the debris that was once her fundraiser.

ANGIE

It's a disaster! The whole night is ruined. All the people... I'll never get to hug an AIDS patient now!

WARREN

Now, now - you've got to think positively, Angie.

They pause by what's left of the refreshment table, listening in as a very tired Detective Fleeber interviews witnesses.

FLEEBER

Okay - did any of you see who let the wolf loose?

TIPSY LADY

I did! It was the man in the wolf suit, with the silly jacket and bow tie who could do that thing with his eyes...

FLEEBER

Right - and he was tall and thin and short and squat and he had huge eyes and a mouth that dropped to the ground and oh yeah he was a dog dressed in a suit and tie who could talk.

TIPSY LADY

You know him?

Fed up, Angie approaches Fleeber, furious.

ANGIE

I'll tell you who it was - my father-in-law. He escaped from a cartoon and impregnated a woman, who gave birth to my husband, who let him out of the cartoon again to screw up our lives and destroy all my goddamn furniture.

FLEEBER

(stares at her a moment)  
Of course. Now it all makes perfect sense.

ANGIE

I'm serious! He was here 35 years ago and it took your whole force to catch him! Check your records...

Angie stomps off, Warren scurrying after her. Fleeber sighs, frustrated.

FLEEBER

Riots, fires, earthquakes, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and now this - God I hate working for the LAPD...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEBSTER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harold is working again, sitting up in bed surrounded by papers as he prepares for the trial. Lowering his pen, he takes a moment to yawn, stretch, and rub his eyes.

He jumps when he hears the front door open, turning apprehensively as Angie steps into the room.

HAROLD  
(big phony smile)  
How'd it go?

ANGIE  
You know how it went! I even tried to report that maniac to the police, but they just laughed at me. I swear, if you don't take him back I'm gonna buy a can of paint remover...

HAROLD  
I took him back already.

Angie comes up short, surprised.

ANGIE  
You did?

HAROLD  
You were right. He was too wild.

ANGIE  
I'm glad you finally came to your senses. Just because he's your father doesn't mean you have to be like him...

Harold nods, blinking and rubbing his bloodshot eyes as Angie steps into the bathroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

HAROLD  
I know it's good he's gone, and I know he was too crazy, but... you know the really crazy thing? I was actually starting to admire him. He just does whatever he wants, doesn't take any crap from anybody. Sometimes I wish I was more like him...

ANGIE (O.S.)  
(calls back)  
What'd you say?

HAROLD  
Nothing...

Harold leans back, glancing at the bathroom door to see...

INT. HAROLD'S POV

... Angie pass by the door, removing her dress. He catches sight of her breasts...

INT. HAROLD

... his eyes BULGING out of his head - just like a cartoon. Feeling strange, he looks at himself in the mirror, letting out a SCREAM. He ducks under the covers as Angie pokes her head out of the bathroom, tying her robe.

ANGIE

What's the matter?

HAROLD (O.S.)

Nothing! I've got a cramp in my foot.

Shrugging, she steps back into the bathroom. Jumping out of bed, Harold runs to the closet, feeling his way as his protruding eyes SAG limply.

INT. BATHROOM

Angie brushes her hair, unaware.

ANGIE

Maybe now you can concentrate on what's important. You've been acting so strange...

She switches off the light, stepping into the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Harold lies casually in bed - wearing dark glasses and a baseball cap.

HAROLD

Acting strange? Me?

ANGIE

You? Nah...

HAROLD

The light's too bright.

Angie dims the lights and climbs into bed, playfully nibbling Harold's ear.



ANGIE

How's that?

HAROLD

Stop it, Ang'. This isn't the time  
or place...

ANGIE

Right - it's night, and we're in  
bed...

HAROLD

Ang', we can't have sex on legal  
papers. There are penal codes...

Angie reaches up, removing Harold's hat and glasses to find  
his eyes wrapped on top of his head like a turban. They  
UNRAVEL WILDLY, Angie screaming in shock.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(jumps out of bed)

Take it easy! Calm down...

(his eyes hang limply)

... Hey, this carpet is filthy.

ANGIE

Oh my God - you're a cartoon, too!

HAROLD

It'll be okay - I think I can fix  
it...

ANGIE

Harold, your eyes are dangling  
lower than your testicles!

(starts calm, grows  
hysterical)

This has got to stop! Put your eyes  
back in your head and stop goofing  
around. You are going to go into  
court tomorrow and win that case so  
that you'll make partner and be  
successful and all your body parts  
will do exactly what they're  
supposed to and we can live a  
happy, normal life. And that's  
final!!!

Harold's eyes PERK UP, looking at her unhappily as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A sunny morning. Most of the damage Wacky caused has been fixed or roped off.

INT. COURTROOM

Wearing dark glasses, Harold takes his seat at the defense table with Bobby, Freddy, Doug and Rockfield. No expression on his face, he's controlled, modulated, the old Harold.

ROCKFIELD

This is your last chance, Webster.  
I called Warren Crawford to sit in  
today, in case things get out of  
hand...

(scans courtroom)

... He's supposed to be here...  
What is it with this law firm?!?

HAROLD

Don't worry, Mr. Rockfield. I'm  
back on track. You can count on me.

Harold removes his glasses, his eyes only slightly puffy and swollen. Julia leans forward from her seat in the gallery, concerned.

JULIA

Are you okay? Your eyes look funny.

HAROLD

I was up late...

The Bailiff calls out as Judge Ward enters, taking his seat.

BAILIFF

All rise! Court is in session. The  
Honorable Judge Bryce Ward  
presiding.

JUDGE WARD

Be seated. Mr. Webster, before you  
call your first witness, may I  
remind you that the court will not  
tolerate any demonstrations of the  
type that occurred here yesterday.  
Especially the kissing. Is that  
clear?

HAROLD

Yes, your Honor.

The big double doors open, Warren rushing in. He hurries to his seat directly behind Harold.

WARREN

Sorry I'm late. How's it going?

ROCKFIELD

It seems to be fine. So far.

WARREN

You've got a lot on the line today, Webster. Remember - no emotion. You're a lawyer, not a human being.

HAROLD

I know - you didn't mean that like it sounded.

WARREN

The hell I didn't.

JUDGE WARD

Mr. Webster, you wish to call a witness?

HAROLD

Yes, your Honor. I call Mr. Stanley DeWitt to the stand.

A murmur runs through the courtroom. DeWitt struggles to get to his feet, becoming entangled in his oxygen hoses - but Rachel doesn't notice. She stares off into space, a dreamy look on her face as she hums the 'Wacky Wolf Theme Song.' Finally DeWitt manages to nudge her, snapping her back to reality.

RACHEL

Oh! Sorry...

The men at the defense table snicker as Harold squirms uneasily. Rachel finally helps DeWitt to the witness stand. He wheezes pitifully as Harold steps forward.

HAROLD

Mr. DeWitt - you're suffering from lung cancer, are you not? Lung cancer that you claim you got by smoking G.R. Rollins cigarettes.

MR. DEWITT

That's right.

HAROLD

You and your doctors claim -  
without much merit, as we  
demonstrated yesterday - that the  
only thing which could have caused  
your lung cancer was the smoking of  
these cigarettes. Correct?

MR. DEWITT

I smoked G.R. Rollins cigarettes  
for thirty years.

HAROLD

Well, that's not what I asked, but  
I'll assume it's a yes.

Harold looks up as Angie steps into the courtroom,  
straightening her clothes as she takes the seat next to  
Warren. Harold gives her a smile as he removes some papers  
from his briefcase.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I see here that you worked as a  
janitor at Riverdale Middle School  
for twenty-six years. I also see  
that Riverdale Middle School  
recently underwent renovations to  
remove asbestos from the ceilings  
and heating ducts. And I see you've  
lived in the Los Angeles area your  
entire life. An area well known for  
its high concentration of smog in  
the air.

RACHEL

(calls out)

Is there a question in our near  
future, your Honor?

HAROLD

I guess my question is this - since  
you've apparently been breathing  
all sorts of toxic crap your entire  
life, why are you suing the company  
that makes the cigarettes you chose  
to smoke?

There is a loud murmur, Judge Ward banging his gavel to  
restore order. Harold tosses the papers back into his  
briefcase, Rockfield grinning like a shark.

ROCKFIELD

(hisses)

This is more like it! Slaughter the wheezing little bastard!

Glancing into his briefcase, Harold sees the baby photo of himself contorting with his grandparents, eyes spinning wildly. He winces at a jab of pain behind his eyes, trying to ignore it. Only Julia seems to notice, frowning.

HAROLD

Why not sue the school district?  
Why not sue everyone who owns a car? Because cigarette companies are more convenient. What jury would hesitate to give the sympathetic cancer victim a chunk of the mean ol' tobacco company's money, regardless of whether their product actually caused his illness?

RACHEL

Objection!

JUDGE WARD

Sustained!

Head throbbing, Harold turns to see Angie and Warren grinning at him. He watches as...

INT. HAROLD'S POV

... Warren brushes some hair off his coat - each strand STANDING AND RUNNING AWAY with little screams. We PAN to Angie, who smiles back at him encouragingly. Could it also be guilt?

INT. HAROLD

realizes he's been duped. Beads of sweat appear on his forehead and upper lip. A sharp pain behind his eyes again. After a long, uncomfortable moment he turns to the jury. As he addresses them, we're not sure whether he's talking about DeWitt or himself.

HAROLD

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, what we have here is a man with regrets. Regrets about the choices he made, about the way his life has turned out.

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Regrets about all the things he should have done differently, all the advice he should have listened to. Seems to me there's only one thing for this man to do, and that's to finally take charge of his own life.

Harold spins to face Angie, all his repressed cartoon tendencies suddenly bursting loose. His mouth OPENS WIDER THAN HIS HEAD, UVULA VIBRATING WILDLY as he cries out:

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Right, honey?!?

Terrified, the jury and spectators scatter, screaming. There's a pile-up as they all rush for the door. Harold LEAPS to where Warren stands.

WARREN

What's going on?

HAROLD

I'll tell you what's going on.  
You've been at my house...

Harold's hand turns into a BIG MALLET. He pounds Warren over the head - one blow per word.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

... WITH... MY... WIFE!!!

(frowns)

And I didn't even get a company car.

He bashes Warren one last time before turning to Angie, who stares at him, wide-eyed.

ANGIE

Harold? I think we should sit down and discuss this like normal adults...

HAROLD

(calmly)

There's only one problem with that suggestion, Ang'. See, I'm no longer a normal adult...

(his eyes BUG OUT ON SPRINGS)

... I'M A CARTOON!!!

ANGIE

(backing away)

I'm sorry, Harold... I didn't mean to hurt you, it's just... we never see each other, things have been so weird lately, and Warren... it just happened.

HAROLD

It's okay, Ang'. I forgive you.  
Let's kiss and make up...

He puckers his lips, which INFLATE to the size of innertubes - complete with patches and an air nozzle. Angie screams, running away as Harold laughs crazily. He turns to see Julia grinning at him. She doesn't know what's happening, but she likes it, nodding to Harold encouragingly.

JULIA

It's about time.

Harold pauses, looking at her rationally for a moment - seeing her in a new light. The mood is broken as Rockfield stands, Bobby, Freddy and Doug diving under the defense table.

ROCKFIELD

What is the meaning of this?

HAROLD

Screw meaning! I'm having fun!

Harold reaches out, pulling Rockfield's nose with one hand, and poking him in the eyes with the other... GROWING ADDITIONAL ARMS, he musses his hair, gives him a wedgie, stretches his ears, waggles his lips, pulls his coat over his head and gives him a hotfoot.

BOBBY

Damn!

DOUG

Shit!

FREDDY

(admiringly)

That's why I'll never make partner...

Judge Ward bangs his gavel, crying out uselessly.

JUDGE WARD  
Order! Order!

HAROLD  
Here's an order...

Harold jumps onto the bench, mouth OPENING SIX-FEET HIGH, the wind blowing the Judge off his seat.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
... SHUT UP!!!

Mouth returning to normal, Harold leaps off the bench and heads for the exit. The Bailiff blows a WHISTLE for help. Harold smacks him on the back of the head, causing him to SWALLOW the whistle. Surprised, the Bailiff tries to speak, only managing little, whistling PEEPS. Harold pauses as he passes Warren, who struggles woozily to his feet.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
By the way - I quit.

Grinning, he BACKFLIPS down the aisle and out the door, 'woop-wooping' wildly. The courtroom is a shambles, chairs and tables upended, papers scattered everywhere. Warren looks to Rachel and DeWitt, beaten.

WARREN  
So... what would you consider a fair settlement?

They grin triumphantly as we...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Fleeber is making his report to a couple of LIEUTENANTS, who try not to giggle as he speaks.

FLEEBER  
... I know this sounds insane, but I think I know who's behind the bizarre calls we've been getting.  
(drops report on desk)  
In reviewing old cases, I uncovered a police encounter with a cartoon character 35 years ago...

LIEUTENANT #1  
(trying to keep a straight face)  
I see.

(MORE)



LIEUTENANT #1 (CONT'D)

How do you intend to track this creature down... with an Acme rocket pack?

The two Lieutenants burst into laughter. Fleeber's jaw tightens indignantly.

FLEEBER

Laugh all you want, but someone - or someTHING - is on the loose in Los Angeles, and I'm going to stop it.

LIEUTENANT #2

Be vewwy, vewwy quiet - he's hunting wabbits.

The officers are doubled over in hysterics. Fleeber glares at them angrily.

FLEEBER

Fine - you think it's funny? You solve it. I've had it with this case.

LIEUTENANT #1

Th-th-th-that's all, folks!

The phone RINGS, Lieutenant #1 answering as he tries to stop laughing.

LIEUTENANT #1 (CONT'D)

Yeah... huh? Again?

(looks up - serious)

Someone's tearing up the courthouse again. Same m.o. as yesterday...

FLEEBER

Lemme guess - a big dog-thing?

LIEUTENANT #1

No, a lawyer. Name's Webster.

FLEEBER

(rolls it over)

Webster... that's the name of the woman who was with the cartoon when it was arrested...

The Lieutenants hurry to the door, pulling on their coats.

LIEUTENANT #1

There are no cartoons running around LA, Arnie!

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT #1 (CONT'D)

You keep this up and you're gonna end up working as a mall cop in the Valley...

FLEEBER

(watching them go)  
What a bunch of maroons.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Huge Man is about to enter the courthouse wearing a neckbrace, crutches, and a sling. He approaches a guard.

HUGE MAN

Where's room twelve? I'm late - my case is Dibble vs. the slippery, ill-conceived third step at the Post Office...

The doors burst open, the jury and spectators from the courtroom stampeding out, trampling the Huge Man.

HUGE MAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Ow! I want all your names!  
Your lawyers will be hearing from my lawyers!

They are followed by Harold, tongue EXTENDING and RETRACTING as he pants.

HAROLD

This is exhausting. I gotta get in shape...

ANGIE (O.S.)

Harold?

Harold turns to see Angie step out of the courthouse. Their eyes meet - his SPINNING, one DANGLING on a spring.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I have something I need to say...

HAROLD

(tenderly)  
I know - sometimes in a relationship people grow apart. Our lives have taken different paths. It's no one's fault, it just happens. Is that it?

ANGIE

No. I want the house, the cars and the stock portfolio. My lawyer will be in touch.

Harold's hand takes the shape of a MALLET again. Just as he raises it a half-dozen squad cars scream down the road toward the courthouse. Seeing them, Harold begins to SPIN RAPIDLY, becoming a small TORNADO. He ZOOMS AWAY, ricocheting off cars and lampposts, uprooting bushes and trees. The Huge Man jumps up, tossing away his neckbrace, crutches and sling.

HUGE MAN

(running for car)

Wait - I know that guy! I'd rather sue him! Somebody stop that guy!

The cops, led by Lieutenants #1 and 2, charge the courthouse. Angie stands in the midst of the destruction, Lieutenant #1 approaching her cautiously.

LIEUTENANT #1

Okay, lady - take it easy. Keep your hands where we can see 'em.

ANGIE

Are you nuts? I'm not the one you want, it's my husband! He's turned into a cartoon, just like his father. I told this to another man last night - his father is Wacky Wolf, who came out of a movie thirty-five years ago...

The Lieutenants look to one another, rolling their eyes. Holstering their guns, they gently lead Angie away, speaking quietly, not wanting to agitate the wacko.

LIEUTENANT #1

How interesting... your name wouldn't be Webster, would it?

ANGIE

(growing hysterical)

It's the truth! He knocked up a human woman and she gave birth to my stupid husband! Don't patronize me, you flat-headed jerk...

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

Eddie and Mary sit in the front seat of his ratty car. Eddie drives, while Shep sits in the back, bored.

EDDIE

Why didn't you come to me, tell me you were still in love with Wacky?

MARY

Are you kidding? What was I supposed to do - marry him? I think there are laws against people marrying animals. Even cartoon ones. Especially cartoon ones!

SHEP

It's just that kind of bigotry that leads to the continuing chasm between races and religions.

They turn and look at Shep, who shrugs, embarrassed.

SHEP (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

(dumb voice)

Du-uuh... are we there yet?

MARY

(turns back to Eddie)

Besides, what could you do about it? He can't live out here, and I can't live in a cartoon.

EDDIE

You'd be surprised...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dirty and disheveled, Harold makes his way down the street, trying to act natural. A police siren BLASTS out behind him, his head DUCKING DOWN INTO HIS SHIRT COLLAR. As the police car tears past an eye PEEKS OUT OF THE COLLAR, scanning the scene. It PERKS UP when he sees... 'Glee-Toons' Productions. Relieved, Harold races into the studio - crashing through the front door, leaving a PERFECT OUTLINE OF HIS BODY.

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Harold hurries inside, making a beeline for the projector. He turns it on, getting a shock - his entire body going RIGID, eyes BUGGING OUT and hair STANDING ON END, his SKELETON VISIBLE inside his body.

HAROLD  
 (yanks hand away)  
 Jesus, this is worse than  
 puberty...

The projector rattles to life, the farmyard scene projected on the wall.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
 Hey, dad!

Wacky hurries into frame, staring at Harold uncertainly.

WACKY  
 Harold...?

Harold flashes a huge smile, at least a HUNDRED TEETH in his mouth, glinting brightly. His eyes DANGLE ON SPRINGS, hair still STANDING STRAIGHT UP.

WACKY (CONT'D)  
 ... You look great!

The other cartoon characters step into frame, peering out at Harold.

HOMELY COW  
 Awww, he's got his father's eyes...

Wacky hops OFFSCREEN, giving Harold a hug. Harold seems uncomfortable with his current physical state.

HAROLD  
 Uh, do you think you could tell me  
 how to...  
 (gestures to eyes on  
 springs)  
 ... you know.

WACKY  
 It's easy. Hold your nose and  
 snort.

Frowning uncertainly, Harold pinches his nose and snorts, his eyes ZIPPING back into his head, ROLLING like pinwheels.

HAROLD

I can't believe this. I hit Warren Crawford with a mallet - and liked it! Only I think the cops are after me.

Wacky smacks Harold on the side of the head, causing his eyes to STOP ROLLING, RATTLING into place.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Thanks, I was starting to get seasick. I wish I could control this.

WACKY

What, are you kidding? You've been controlling it your whole life. Keeping it hidden. This is your true nature, Harold. This is who you are. And now the cops are after you...

(ruffles hair)

I couldn't be more proud...

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Fleeber follows Harold's path, unable to believe his eyes. There are OUTLINES of Harold's body through hedges, buildings, and brick walls. Fleeber pulls up to 'Glee-Toons' at the same time as the Huge Man, both climbing out of their cars.

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS

Fleeber calls to the Huge Man, recognizing him.

FLEEBER

Is this the guy who attacked you?

HUGE MAN

Yup, this is definitely his work. Jeez, this looks like a lot of property damage. I want it on record that I'm suing him first.

CUT TO:

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Harold's feeling confused and upset.

HAROLD

This is terrible. My life's a wreck  
- I lost my job, my wife... I don't  
feel like I belong anywhere...

WACKY

Who cares? Your job sucked, your  
wife was a bitch - face it, your  
life blew chunks.

HAROLD

No more MTV for you...

They turn as Fleeber and the Huge Man rush in.

HUGE MAN

That's them! They're the ones who  
paralyzed me!

FLEEBER

Police - freeze!

Wacky and Harold immediately TURN BLUE, ICICLES HANGING from their bodies. Fleeber smugly reaches for his handcuffs when suddenly the Homely Cow bursts OUT OF THE CARTOON, squealing excitedly.

HOMELY COW

Oh boy - MEN!!!

She leaps for the two men, who turn to see her grotesque face inches away, lips puckered and ready. As they wrestle with the Homely Cow, Wacky grabs Harold by the arm, yanking him toward the farmyard scene projected on the wall.

WACKY

C'mon - let's get outta here!

Wacky and Harold both jump INTO THE CARTOON.

INSERT - FARMYARD - ANIMATION

As he crosses from the real world into the cartoon world Harold undergoes a strange transformation - he's now a FULL-FLEDGED CARTOON CHARACTER, his features rounded and caricatured, his motions fluid. He examines himself, astounded.

HAROLD

Jesus! I'm a cartoon...

WACKY

I told you - it was in you all  
along.

They look back into the...

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

... where Fleeber and the Huge Man struggle with the Homely  
Cow.

HOMELY COW

This is magic - my udders are  
tingling!

Fleeber and the Huge Man manage to jam the Homely Cow into a  
large trunk, Fleeber pointing at Harold and Wacky angrily.

FLEEBER

Follow those... those... well, just  
follow them!

Fleeber and the Huge Man run and jump INTO THE CARTOON as  
well.

INSERT - FARMYARD - ANIMATION

Fleeber and the Huge Man RETAIN THEIR HUMAN SHAPES, Fleeber  
firing at Harold and Wacky. They scream, BRICKS PLOPPING OUT  
OF THEIR PANT LEGS.

WACKY

Uh-oh. Don't they know this cartoon  
is a comedy?

Wacky grabs Harold's hand, dragging him along as he races off  
in a cloud of dust. Fleeber and the Huge Man try to acclimate  
themselves to their new environment.

FLEEBER

Why do I feel like the coyote in a  
roadrunner cartoon?

HUGE MAN

(looks around, grins)  
Don't worry, I've seen this cartoon  
before. Follow me!



They head after Wacky and Harold, tiptoeing toward the pigpen. Once there the Huge Man LIFTS the mud off the ground like a blanket, to reveal Wacky and Harold hiding underneath.

HUGE MAN (CONT'D)

See? I told you I've seen this cartoon!

WACKY

Sneak.

Wacky SHAKES out the 'blanket', which lands on the men as mud... pigs CRASHING down on them as well. Wacky and Harold race off, Harold looking to Wacky uncertainly.

HAROLD

What do I do?

WACKY

Remember what I showed you this morning. Do what comes naturally!

HAROLD

Cry and beg for my life?

WACKY

Very funny - try this...

Wacky dives behind a tree, yanking Harold with him. He reaches into his pocket, PULLING OUT two dresses and FLINGING them over Harold and himself.

HAROLD

Not this old bit!

WACKY

If you want to be a cartoon, you have to accessorize.

Wacky quickly adds wigs, lipstick, eyelashes and powder.

HAROLD

Does mom know you're into this?

WACKY

Ssssh! Here they come...

Fleeber and the Huge Man run past, still shaking off the cartoon mud. Wacky steps from behind the tree, calling to them in a high-pitched, feminine voice.

WACKY (CONT'D)

Oh, boys...

They skid to a halt as Wacky and Harold lean seductively against the tree, a trombone playing a SASSY RIFF. Wacky reaches out, running his hand tenderly along the Huge Man's cheek.

WACKY (CONT'D)

What have we here - a real man?  
Look at the muscles, the eyes, the  
comb-over... Do you know how long  
it's been since we've seen a real  
man?

The Huge Man grins, smitten, as Fleeber eyes them suspiciously.

HUGE MAN

Uh, no... heh heh... how long?

WACKY

Ages! We have to spend all our time  
with stinky ol' cows and oinky ol'  
pigs...

HAROLD

It's almost as bad as a singles  
bar.

The Huge Man is totally relaxed as Wacky runs his fingers through his hair.

HUGE MAN

Maybe someone needs to take you  
away from all this...

Wacky throws back his head in a girlish laugh - ears POPPING out from under his wig. Fleeber cries out:

FLEEBER

It's them!

Fleeber SHOOTS at Harold and Wacky, bullets RIPPING into the trees around them as they scurry away. Harold yanks off his wig as he runs, then pulls a couple rolls of toilet paper from the front of his dress, tossing them back at the men.

HAROLD

Jesus! Guns work in here? I'm going  
to be found dead in a dress - just  
like my high school gym teacher  
said!

In hot pursuit, Fleeber and the Huge Man duck the toilet paper rolls - which are followed by a dozen more.

HUGE MAN

I'll teach them to make me question  
my masculinity! Mental anguish -  
worth an extra 25 grand...

FLEEBER

How much did these guys stuff into  
their bras, anyway?

Just then an entire ladies room CRASHES down on them, landing  
with a crunch.

CUT TO:

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

The other cartoon characters look out of the cartoon and into  
the screening room, realizing that they're alone.

HOMELY COW

They left the projector on.

BRAWNY BULL

What should we do?

MELVIN MOUSE

We could see what's out there.

FARMER JOHN

Go outside? We could get hurt out  
there.

MELVIN MOUSE

Wacky does it.

BRAWNY BULL

Yeah, and they dropped a piano on  
his head. I hear they do terrible,  
horrible things to our kind out  
there.

There is a moment of silent thought. Then:

FARMER JOHN

Well, he did get laid.

With that all the cartoons hop OFF THE SCREEN, heading  
eagerly out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS - DAY

The cartoon characters pour out of the studio, squinting in the sunlight. They look around at all the sights, feeling the grass between their toes, breathing the air - it's all a new experience for them. They look to one another uncertainly.

BRAWNY BULL

Now what?

General murmuring and shrugging of shoulders. Finally Sweetie Squirrel steps forward bravely, as cute and adorable as ever.

SWEETIE SQUIRREL

This is a brand new world! We shouldn't be afraid, we should be excited! We can make new friends, and spread joy and happiness to all the new places we'll go. C'mon gang, whaddaya say? Are ya with me?

Gesturing for them to follow him, Sweetie Squirrel steps off the curb... and is immediately FLATTENED by a passing car. The others just stare blankly. A beat.

MELVIN MOUSE

So, poker?

OTHER CARTOONS

Yeah, poker... Great... Sounds good... Poker it is...

They turn, shuffling back into the studio as we...

CUT TO:

INSERT - FARMYARD - ANIMATION

Fleeber and the Huge Man chase Harold and Wacky all over the landscape, ZOOMING up and down mountains, RACING through valleys, SWIMMING across lakes... until they run OUT OF THE MOVIE FRAME, the film sprockets visible. Standing in a white void, all four characters exchange startled looks.

WACKY

Oooops - too far.

Wacky and Harold HOP BACK INTO THE FILM, followed by the men.

HAROLD

Y'know, I think I'm getting the hang of this...

WACKY

Good - you take it from here.

With that Wacky hops OFF THE SCREEN, leaving Harold running by himself.

HAROLD

What? Hey! Dad? Daddy? Da-da? Don't leave me!

INT. 'GLEE TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Wacky takes a seat, relaxing as he watches Harold onscreen.

WACKY

You can do it, Harold - you're my son! Just remember, when in doubt, follow your instincts.

INSERT - FARMYARD - ANIMATION

Harold continues to run, the Huge Man and Fleeber gaining.

FLEEBER

Damage to public property...  
resisting arrest... assaulting a  
police officer... and stealing  
jokes from stupid cartoons!

Harold stops, pulling a pencil from his pocket, using it to ERASE a line down the middle of the background. Fleeber and the Huge Man SMASH into the blank line like a brick wall. Groggy, they give each other a boost, climbing over the erasure.

INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Wacky laughs, eating a bowl of popcorn as he watches the action in the cartoon. He calls out to Harold onscreen.

WACKY

Atta boy! Remember to check your pockets!

The other cartoons step in, watching Harold with interest.

## INSERT - FARMYARD - ANIMATION

Harold nods, concentrating. As Fleeber and the Huge Man race up he reaches behind his back, pulling out an animated baseball bat, WHACKING them over the heads. Enjoying this, he reaches back and pulls out a SLEDGEHAMMER, bonking them again. Then a PIANO... then a CAR... a BOAT... a PLANE - the men buckling a little more with each blow.

Aiming his pistol, Fleeber squeezes off a shot, hitting Harold. Harold pauses, a large HOLE through his midsection.

HAROLD

(frowns)

I hope you're paying for this suit...

HUGE MAN

That's it! I'm outta here!

FLEEBER

Coward! Traitor! Quitter! Wait for me!

They run for their lives. Laughing his silly, cartoon laugh, Harold pulls a CANNON from his pocket. Jumping inside, he yanks the fire cord and SHOOTs himself after them. Stretched out comfortably, head resting on his hand, Harold quickly catches up with the policemen.

HAROLD

How do you like it in two dimensions, boys?

The two men scream, running faster. Keeping pace, Harold taps Fleeber on the shoulder, pointing downward. Fleeber looks down to see that they've run off a cliff, and are now racing along in mid-air. A sick look on his face, Fleeber points this out to the Huge Man, who swallows with a loud GULP. They immediately plummet OUT OF FRAME, Harold diving after them. Fleeber and the Huge Man hold each other tight as they fall, the ground seemingly miles beneath them.

FLEEBER & HUGE MAN

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
 aaaugh!

Harold catches up with them, legs crossed and very relaxed as they continue to fall.

HAROLD

Don't worry, guys - it's only a cartoon...

Fleeber and the Huge Man stop screaming and exchange relieved looks.

FLEEBER  
Hey, that's right...

HAROLD  
Wait a minute, I forgot - you're  
not cartoons...

The two men look down to see the ground rushing up at them.

FLEEBER & HUGE MAN  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa  
aaaugh!

They CRASH to the ground, leaving a huge hole. Harold stops an inch before impact to grab a mattress, put it underneath him and land gently. Wacky jumps back ONSCREEN, grinning from ear to ear as he pounds Harold on the back proudly.

WACKY  
That's my boy! I knew you could do  
it. Well, I suspected you could do  
it. Actually I was pretty worried -  
but you did great!

HAROLD  
You know what? I like it here! I  
like being a cartoon!  
(looks himself over)  
I think Technicolor suits me. I'm  
home!

WACKY  
Well... I wouldn't say that.

HAROLD  
(insulted)  
What do you mean? You've spent all  
this time telling me I'm a cartoon.  
Now what - you're saying I'm not?

WACKY  
You're part cartoon - but you're  
more human. Now that you know who  
you are you can go back to your  
world and live a happy life.

HAROLD  
Big help you are! I'm part this and  
part that...  
(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I might belong here but not there... I still don't know what I am!

WACKY

You're my son, Harold. I love you.

They stare at each other, Harold's eyes growing moist with emotion. Those are words he's waited his whole life to hear. The moment is broken by MOANING and GRUMBLING from the hole in the ground, Wacky picking it up and shaking it until Fleeber and the Huge Man fall out.

HUGE MAN

I always hated this cartoon...

They look up to find themselves face to face with the Homely Cow, who squeals excitedly.

HOMELY COW

I just knew I'd find you here...

She gives them both a big, wet kiss. We SWISH PAN to the cow pasture, where Brawny Bull looks up to see the Homely Cow kissing the two men. He SNORTS, eyes GLOWING red and horns SHOOTING SMOKE as he rears up and charges. Fleeber and the Huge Man pull away from the Homely Cow just in time to see the bull steaming toward them.

FLEEBER & HUGE MAN

Oh, \_\_\_\_\_!

'CENSORED' signs appear over their mouths as the bull rams them from behind.

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS

Fleeber and the Huge Man BURST through the roof, arcing through the air just as Eddie's car pulls to the curb, Mary, Eddie and Shep climbing out. They watch as the two men disappear into the sky.

EDDIE

Uh-oh. I don't think my insurance will cover this...

They all hurry inside.

CUT TO:



INT. 'GLEE-TOONS' - SCREENING ROOM

Mary steps into the room, frantic. Eddie and Shep close behind.

MARY

Harold? Where's Harold? Has anyone seen him?

HAROLD (O.S.)

Up here, mom...

Mary looks at the screen and gasps, Harold and Wacky grinning back at her.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm a full-fledged cartoon.

WACKY

You shoulda seen him - he's got a natural talent for this stuff.

Harold and Wacky hop OFFSCREEN, Harold RETURNING TO HUMAN FORM. Bright-eyed, he speaks to Mary excitedly.

HAROLD

It was like second nature. All my life I've felt uncomfortable, like I didn't really fit in my own body. But this... it was great!

EDDIE

Yeah, great. Do you know how much damage you did letting Wacky out? I've had it. I want everybody back in, then I'm going to take that damn projector apart!

The cartoons mutter to one another, shocked.

HOMELY COW

You don't mean it...

FARMER JOHN

Yeah, Eddie. What about us?

BRAWNY BULL

I thought we were friends...

Eddie lowers his head miserably.

EDDIE

I'm sorry. I don't know what else to do.

MARY

I have an idea, Eddie - I think I know a way to shoot new cartoons at half the cost and in half the time.

EDDIE

No limited animation! I'll starve first.

WACKY

(skinny - ribs showing)  
Too late. You've been on the Mahatma Gandhi diet for years now.

MARY

No - shoot the cartoons live action.

(gestures to cartoons  
around her)

We've got all the talent we need right here.

The cartoons perk up at this suggestion, agreeing.

BRAWNY BULL

That's a great idea!

MELVIN MOUSE

Yeah, we haven't worked in years!  
C'mon, Eddie...

HOMELY COW

Puh-leeeeeze...

Eddie thinks about it, a surprised grin spreading across his face.

EDDIE

Y'know, that just might work...

He is cut off by a woman's voice.

JULIA (O.S.)

Mr. Webster...

They all turn to see Julia standing in the doorway, holding Harold's briefcase.

JULIA (CONT'D)

... You forgot your briefcase.

A glimmer in his eye, Harold steps forward, intrigued.

HAROLD  
How'd you know I was here?

JULIA  
I didn't exactly need a magnifying  
glass to follow your trail.

HAROLD  
You know, I never really noticed  
you before...

JULIA  
I know.  
(hands him briefcase)  
Your briefcase, Mr. Webster.

HAROLD  
(tosses briefcase over  
shoulder)  
Harold.

JULIA  
Harold. You're gonna have to show  
me how you do all that stuff  
sometime.

They look into each others' eyes, HEARTS FLOATING above  
Harold's head. Wacky and Mary look on, smiling like a couple  
of proud parents.

WACKY  
I guess I'm gonna have to tell him  
about the facts of life.  
(seriously)  
You and I made one great kid, Mary.

MARY  
Yeah, we did, didn't we?

WACKY  
I know I don't belong in your  
world, but... how'd ya like to try  
mine? No woman in either world can  
compare with you. I can draw an  
extra room onto my house.

MARY  
(surprised, but tempted)  
I... I don't know what to say. I  
wish I could...

Eavesdropping, Eddie steps forward, the other cartoons  
listening in.

EDDIE

You can...

(takes helmet from  
theatre seat)

Something we discovered after you  
left. It works both ways.

Eddie takes Mary's hands tenderly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You lost thirty-five years of your  
life - your youth - because of me.  
Let me give them back.

WACKY

We'll be the greatest screen pair  
since Tracy and Hepburn, Astaire  
and Rogers...

MARY

... Beauty and the Beast.

WACKY

I love a woman with a smart mouth!  
C'mon, babe - whaddaya say?

The other cartoons voice their support. Mary grins, eyes  
sparkling.

MARY

I always did wonder what it'd be  
like...

(they cheer - she kisses  
Eddie on cheek)

Thanks, Eddie...

Eddie grins, slipping the helmet onto her head. He steps to  
the technician's console, turning the switches to 'maximum'.  
The strange ELECTRICAL IMPULSE ZAPS down the wires and over  
Mary, who begins to TRANSFORM: her skin takes on a smooth,  
airbrushed texture, her hair turns a vibrant brown, and her  
youthful shape returns. She has become a beautiful, ageless  
cartoon character.

WACKY

Bay-bee!!! What lines, what ink  
flow, what artistry... It's obvious  
Eddie here didn't draw you...

MARY

I feel like thirty years have been  
erased...

WACKY

It'll be just like the old days -  
only now you'll be a whole lot more  
limber.

HOWLING, Wacky slips his arm around her, hand draped over her  
breast. She quickly JAMS his arms INTO HIS MOUTH and OUT  
THROUGH HIS EARS.

MARY

And now I can handle him.

WACKY

(arms still stuck in his  
mouth)

Ith it any wonder why I'm tho  
crathy about her?

EDDIE

So, I guess everything's back to  
normal, huh?

HAROLD

No, it's not... thank God.

Everyone laughs as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. 'GLEE-TOONS' PRODUCTIONS - DAY

Two ROAD WORKERS in orange vests and hard hats scrape the  
flattened Sweety Squirrel off the street with shovels. As  
soon as they pry him up he POPS back into shape, glaring at  
the men angrily - all sweetness now gone.

SWEETY SQUIRREL

Hey, careful, you jerks! Whaddaya  
think you're doing? Watch the pelt,  
fer chrissakes! Stupid jag-offs.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREE - DAY

Fleeber and the Huge Man are perched in the top of a tree,  
bruised, battered and defeated. Dazed, they sit quietly,  
Fleeber turning to the Huge Man.

FLEEBER

I'm thinking of becoming a mall  
cop...

The Huge Man nods his head understandingly as we...

IRIS OUT

IRIS IN ON:

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

A group of DOCTORS sit around the room, watching TV.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: Nine months later...

A telethon plays on the TV, a sickly sentimental COMEDIAN speaking to us, near tears.

COMEDIAN (ON TV)

... So please send your dollars.  
Your money goes to help people  
like...

(CAMERA PULLS BACK to  
reveal)

... Angie Webster. Angie is what  
doctors technically refer to as a  
'nutcase'. Once a normal,  
functioning member of society,  
Angie is now a babbling wreck,  
convinced that cartoon characters  
are real...

Angie stares blankly into the CAMERA, a nervous tic causing  
her face to twitch. One of the Doctors calls out:

DOCTOR #2

Bo-oooring! I see enough of these  
people every day.

(changes channel to  
cartoon)

That's more like it.

Wild music blares from the TV, animated titles flashing  
onscreen:

**GLEE-TOONS PRESENTS:**

**WACKY WOLF in...**

**'MAKE ROOM FOR WOLFY'**

**Produced, Written and Directed by EDDIE GLEE**

The 'Eddie Glee' is crossed out, 'Wacky Wolf' scrawled in its  
place. The Doctors watch the cartoon, laughing as a loud  
CRASH comes from the TV.

DOCTOR #2 (CONT'D)

Oooh, that had to hurt...

Glancing up at the cartoon, an older Doctor - who we recognize as the man who delivered Harold over thirty-five years ago - turns to the younger Doctor thoughtfully.

DOCTOR

This reminds me - did I ever tell  
you about the time...

He is cut off by another CRASH - this time from the hallway. A gurney is wheeled past the door, a Nurse calling into the room.

NURSE

Doctor, I need some help - we have  
a mother ready to deliver here...

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM

The Doctors and Nurse (who we also recognize from thirty-five years ago) attend to the woman on the delivery table, calling to her encouragingly.

DOCTOR

It's coming... push!

WOMAN

I'm tired of pushing - you pull!

NURSE

Here it comes...

The Doctor leans in close as the baby begins to emerge.

DOCTOR

It's... it's...

Suddenly a WHITE-GLOVED HAND comes out, squeezing the Doctor's nose with a HONK. We TRACK AROUND to see that the woman on the table is Rachel Christopher, who - along with the Doctor and Nurse - cries out in surprise.

ALL

It's his... !

A riot begins in the delivery room, metal CLANGING and glass BREAKING. Instead of a baby's first cry we hear a squeaky, high pitched 'woop woop' as we IRIS OUT with a slide whistle sound.

**THE END**

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## Film

Posted: Tue., Apr. 12, 1994

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### Interscope nabs spec 'Figure'

By MICHAEL FLEMING

In the toon tradition of "Who Framed Roger Rabbit," Interscope has purchased "Father Figure," a script by Jeff Hause and David Hines, about a man who discovers his dad's a cartoon character.

The film, a co-production between Interscope and Storyline Prods., will mix live action with animation.

The script was sold by Steve White and David Warden of Warden White & Kane for \$ 150,000 against \$ 350,000, with bonuses bringing the total to \$ 500,000, sources said.

#### Wacky plot twist

"Father Figure" is about a lawyer, on the fast track but growing disillusioned, whose world is turned upside down when his mother finally reveals the identity of his father: Wacky Wolf, a cartoon character who swept her off her feet after he briefly broke through the barrier separating animation from reality.

The lawyer vows to find his father, regaining a sense of fun in his life in the process.

The film will be produced by Craig Zadan and Neil Meron of Storyline, and Kevin Morton.

The buyers at Interscope were Diane Nabatoff and David Madden. The film will be distributed through Buena Vista.

#### Soph sale

It's the second sale for the scribes, who set up "Exchange Student" with Ivan Reitman at Universal.

The scribes live in Oceanside, and divide their time between writing and caring for patients with Alzheimer's disease.

Date in print: Tue., Apr. 12, 1994.

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