



A N I M A N I A C S

"10 Short Films About Wakko Warner" #407-130

"Paper for Papa" #407-131

"No Time For Love" #407-132

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W A R N E R B R O S . A N I M A T I O N

**ANIMANIACS**

**#407-130 - #407-132**

**SHOW ORDER**

**Wakko Warner in:**

**"10 Short Films About Wakko Warner" #407-130**

**The Warners in:**

**"Paper for Papa" #407-131**

**The Cuckoo in:**

**"No Time For Love" #407-132**

"10 SHORT FILMS ABOUT WAKKO WARNER"

By Tom Minton and Paul Rugg

FADE IN ON:

INT. STUDIO -- ON MAN IN SILHOUETTE

LIGHTS UP ON MAN. He's decidedly 'Euro-Trash'. He strolls through a soundstage filled with movie-making equipment. He stirs a tiny cup of espresso. He has an ACE BANDAGE on his head and his LEFT ARM and RIGHT LEG in a cast. Behind him hangs a large publicity painting of WAKKO. Wakko looks distinguished and serious.

\*  
\*  
\*

POMME DE TERRE

(French accent, to  
camera)

Hallo. I'm documentary filmmaker, Pomme De Terre. For the past few years my camera crew and I were given the unique opportunity to film the comings and goings in the intensely private life of Hollywood legend...

Pomme arrives at the large publicity painting of Wakko looking distinguished and serious. In script under Wakko it says "N'EST PAS UN WARNER". Pomme does not look at the painting.

\*  
\*  
\*

POMME DE TERRE (CONT)

(to camera)

...Wakko Warner.

At that, Wakko's WAVES HAPPILY AT US.

A LITTLE CLOSER - PAINTING OF WAKKO STILL IN BG

As Pomme continues talking, Wakko makes all kinds of silly faces at him. Pomme doesn't notice.

POMME DE TERRE (CONT)

(to camera)

We were granted virtually unlimited access to this amazing and complex entertainer. And now, I'd like to present the result of these...

Pomme, spins around quickly to look at the painting. Wakko immediately returns to his pose. Pomme turns back forward to continue. Wakko continues the mocking faces.

POMME DE TERRE (CONT)

(to camera)

...the result of these fascinating sessions in a work I call, "10 Short Films About Wakko Warner." I hope you...

Pomme spins around again. Wakko returns to his pose.

POMME

Hmmm.

\*

Pomme turns around again. Wakko continues his shtick.

POMME

(to camera)

...I hope you enjoy the film.  
Thank you.

Pomme finally sips his espresso. He flips a switch on a projector. The light flickers on, pointing at the Camera. The white light WIPES THE SCENE.

\*

\*

\*

Universal Leader counts down "4,3,2", French Subtitles below "Quatre, Trois, Duex".

\*

\*

INSERT CARD: "10 SHORT FILMS ABOUT WAKKO WARNER"

"UN FILM DE POMME DE TERRE"

This card stays for a beat and then is replaced with:

INSERT CARD: "#1 LUNCH WITH STEVEN"

FADE IN ON:

INT. AMBLIN DINING ROOM -- AFTERNOON - ON WAKKO

Wakko is sitting at the very end of the table. An elaborate and fancy meal is laid out before him. Wakko is chewing.

WAKKO  
 (chew, gulp, then a  
 satisfied little...  
 Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh.

He wipes his mouth and looks down the table OS.

WAKKO  
 Gee, Steven. Sure is nice to  
 have lunch together.

\*  
 \*

REVEAL SPEAKERPHONE ON TABLE NEXT TO WAKKO.

STEVEN SPIELBERG  
 (on speakerphone)  
 Well, good. Good. I'm glad we  
 could spend some time  
 together.

<SFX: CLICK> THEN <DIAL TONE>.

\*

WIDE ON SCENE

Wakko looks TO CAMERA, a little bewildered.

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#2 - VOLUNTEERISM"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. NANA LAND RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

The hospital-like complex is nestled in the middle of a grassy park. OLD PEOPLE are wandering about aimlessly in the BG. A sign in the FG reads, "NANA LAND RETIREMENT HOME".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME RECREATION ROOM - LATER - ON OLD PEOPLE

There is a long line of VERY GRUMPY OLD PEOPLE sitting in chairs. They are all looking to the left at something going on. Each is extremely impatient. CAMERA PANS down the line and ENDS on EDITH, an elderly woman sitting in a chair. She's got Wakko on her lap and is gently petting him. Her expression is that of total contentment and peace and she strokes Wakko like a dog. Wakko, trying to make the most of this, positions his body to get scratched all over his body.

EDITH

(happily)

Oh. What a little softy you are, aren't you. A little softy head.

CLOSER ON EDITH

BLANCH, the grumpy elderly woman to her right reaches over to pet Wakko. Edith hits Blanch's hand away.

EDITH

(grumpily)

It's still my turn.

A tug-of-war ensues.

BLANCH

(angrily)

No it isn't! Give!

BLANCH AND EDITH

(struggle walla)

Edith can't hold onto Wakko and Blanch grabs him away, grumpily places him on her lap. She starts petting him. Her grumpy face is replaced by pure joy.

BLANCH

(happily)

Ooooo. He is a softy.

Edith nods in agreement. Blanch scratches Wakko's side and his rear foot involuntarily moves back and forth like a dog.

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#3 - WAKKO PLAYS GOLF WITH BENNY HILL"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. GOLF COURSE PUTTING GREEN - DAY

[Note-The following scene must be sped-up, ala the Benny Hill Show.] (MUSIC CUE: Silly, Upbeat Benny Hill style music.)

WAKKO AND BENNY HILL are standing next to each other on the putting green. Each is holding a putter. They alternately hit each other over the head with their putters to typically silly Benny Hill style sound effects. (THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK.)

WIDE ON SCENE

Suddenly HELLO NURSE saunters on by, walking hand in hand with a LITTLE MAN. (That little man that was in every Benny Hill Skit).

CLOSER ON HELLO NURSE AND LITTLE MAN

CAMERA FOLLOWS as they walk lovingly.

ON WAKKO AND BENNY HILL

They give each other over-blown excited, lustful looks and bolt OUT OF FRAME.

WIDER ON SCENE

Wakko and Benny Hill start chasing Hello Nurse around the putting green. The little man is left behind. He chases Wakko and Benny chasing Hello Nurse. Round and round they go. Hello Nurse runs off the putting green, followed by Wakko, Benny Hill and the Little Man.

ANGLE ON FAIRWAY

They chase continues on over the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#4 ALONE TIME"

FADE IN ON:

INT. WATER TOWER LIVING ROOM - ON COUCH

Wakko walks INTO FRAME and hops onto the couch. Fluffs one of the pillows and puts it at the end of the couch. He lays his head on it.

CLOSER ON WAKKO

Something's not right. Wakko lifts his head up, turns around, grabs the pillow and fluffs it up. He places it back down and lays his head on it. A beat and:

WAKKO  
(frustrated grunt)

Wakko sits up, turns around and hits the pillow with his fist to fluff it up. Once again he lays down on it.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON WAKKO'S FACE

Wakko closes his eyes. A beat later he opens them again.

WAKKO  
(upset)  
Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

WIDE ON SCENE

As Wakko sits up angrily. He hits the pillow repeatedly with his fist. PUNCH. PUNCH. PUNCH. He lays back down on the pillow. A beat later he sits up...now really angry. He storms OS. He comes back INTO FRAME holding a huge mallet. He hits the pillow on the couch with the mallet. The couch also gets trashed. Wakko goes nuts. WHOMP! WHOMP! WHOMP! WHOMP! Wakko beats the couch to smithereens. Wakko then throws the mallet OS and jumps on the devastated couch.

CLOSE ON WAKKO

At last, the couch is fluffy enough. Wakko smiles.

WAKKO  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh...



He drifts off to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#5 MY DINNER WITH WAKKO"

FADE IN ON:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - ON SCRATCHANSNIFF AND WAKKO AT TABLE

A WAITER finishes pouring Coffee into Scratchansniff's cup. It looks as though Scratchansniff and Wakko have been there most of the evening. Empty soda bottles are in front of Wakko.

SCRATCHANSNIFF  
(to waiter)  
Thank you.

The Waiter puts a huge bottle of soda in front of Wakko. \*

WAITER  
And another soda for the puppy.

The waiter walks OUT OF FRAME.

CLOSER ON WAKKO AND SCRATCHANSNIFF

Scratchansniff takes a SIP of the coffee, then:

SCRATCHANSNIFF  
Now then, where was I? Oh yes.  
The Mayans.

Scratchansniff leans forward, really into what he's talking about. Wakko takes one long sip from the bottle during Scratchansniff's entire monologue.

SCRATCHANSNIFF  
When I visited the Mayan ruins of Zapata Grande, I was overwhelmed by the intense feeling of synergistic communion one has when viewing these structures for the first time.

## ON WAKKO -- OTS -- SCRATCHANSNIFF

Wakko's listening. Focused on Scratchansniff's word as he slowly nurses the soda bottle.

## SCRATCHANSNIFF (CONT)

I found myself totally transformed by the ethnic consciousness contained within the very stones themselves. Struck by an awesome sense of profound duality in both hereness and thereness. Then it hit me.

## ON SCRATCHANSNIFF AND WAKKO

Scratchansniff sculpts his mashed potatoes with a spoon into a tower to punctuate his words. \*

## SCRATCHANSNIFF (CONT)

WE are stones. Piled together in a medley of life. One on top of the other. Alone we are simply stones, rock. But united we are structures, buildings, societies. You know what I mean? \*

Wakko has finished the bottle of soda and simply thinks a beat or two. And then, he let's out a huge burp...gargantuan!

## WAKKO

(elephantine burp)

## ON SCRATCHANSNIFF \*

He's covered with mashed potatoes. A clump falls off his nose. Wakko looks towards the waiter OS. \*

## WAKKO

(to waiter OS)  
Can I have another? \*

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#6 REHEARSING WITH MARTHA GRAHAM"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

A sign in front of the two story building says, "Warner Brothers Rehearsal Hall."

CUT TO:

INT. REHEARSAL HALL - ON WAKKO AND MARTHA GRAHAM

MARTHA GRAHAM, the elderly grand dame of modern dance is standing in front of Wakko. Martha's wearing her standard black flowing dress. Wakko's got dancer's leggings on. When Martha speaks she makes wide, exaggerated arm movements.

MARTHA GRAHAM (CONT)

So my little Wakko, what can Martha help you with today?

ON WAKKO -- OTS -- MARTHA

Wakko holds out a script and points to it.

WAKKO

Well, we're making this new cartoon and the script says I have to run into a wall and fall down.

ON WAKKO AND MARTHA

WAKKO

I've done that sort of thing before, but I just wanted to see if you could help me poop it up and...

Martha throws out her hand dramatically and:

MARTHA

(interrupting)  
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Martha turns away from Wakko and...

MARTHA  
(pondering)  
Running...into...a wall.

Martha spins around and points an urgent finger at Wakko.

MARTHA  
(urgently)  
Someone's chasing you?

WAKKO  
(feeding on her  
excitement)  
Yes!

ON MARTHA -- OTS -- WAKKO

She puts the back of her hand against her forehead as:

MARTHA  
You're scared?

ON WAKKO

WAKKO  
Well, I don't know if I'm...

Martha sticks her head INTO FRAME.

MARTHA  
Yes!

She takes the back of his hand against his forehead.

MARTHA  
You're scared!

WAKKO  
Right. I'm scared.

WIDER ON THE TWO

MARTHA  
You're screaming!

She looks up to the heavens.

MARTHA

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhgh!

CLOSE ON MARTHA

She waves her hands in the air, formulating the choreography. Her long black dress billows behind her.

MARTHA

Martha's thinking. Martha's thinking. Always seeing, never ceasing.

She sways back and forth until finally she snaps her fingers. She strikes a "scared" pose. She puts the back of her hand against her forehead.

WIDE ON SCENE

As Martha, hand on forehead, takes dancer leaps past Wakko and towards the wall. She screams dramatically.

MARTHA

(scream as she runs)

She HITS the wall...HARD. BOOM! Little cracks form in the wall. She stumbles back and falls down on the floor.

ON MARTHA ON FLOOR

It looks like she's knocked herself out, but then she alertly lifts up her head and:

MARTHA

No. That's not right. How about something more like...

She runs into the wall again and falls down. She sits up.

MARTHA

Or...

She runs into the wall again. She falls down.

WIDE ON SCENE

Martha continues to run into the wall, over and over. Wakko, hunches his shoulder and walks out the door. This all as:

MARTHA

Here's one!/Or.../How about...

CUT TO:

EXT. REHEARSAL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Wakko walks out of the building and down the pathway. Suddenly, Martha's body crashes through the second story exterior wall of the rehearsal hall and falls towards the ground.

MARTHA

(real scream)

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#7 STARING AT THE CAMERA"

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY -- ON WAKKO ON PARK BENCH

Wakko is sitting on the park bench staring AT CAMERA. Clouds pass by. He doesn't blink, he doesn't move a muscle. He just stares at us. After ten seconds he quickly glances away, then back.

\*  
\*  
\*

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#8 A BIG DUET"

FADE IN ON:

INT. MUSIC RECORDING STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A group of SERIOUS TECHNICIANS switch dials and levers on the big sound board. 24 TRACK decks are rewinding in the BG. The HEAD ENGINEER presses the talk back.

HEAD ENGINEER  
 (into mic)  
 Okay. We're rolling.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS - ON CONDUCTOR

A CONDUCTOR wearing a headset stands in front of OFF SCREEN  
 MUSICIANS. \*  
 \*

CONDUCTOR  
 All right everyone. And...

He taps his baton three times. TAP. TAP. TAP. The orchestra  
 begins the a BIG BAND/SWING rendition of 'POP GOES THE  
 WEASEL'. The intro plays for a few beats and then the  
 Conductor looks OS and nods his head...CAMERA ZIP PANS to  
 FRANK SINATRA and WAKKO are sitting on stools in front of \*  
 two microphones. Both have headsets on.

FRANK  
 (singing)  
 All around the mulberry bush  
 The monkey chased that old  
 weasel.  
 The monkey thought, t'was all  
 in fun...

WAKKO  
 (long burp to the tune of  
 'pop')

FRANK  
 Goes that old weasel. Jack!

Frank looks at Wakko.

FRANK  
 Good job kid. Nice and juicy.

WAKKO  
 (awe inspired)  
 Wow. Thanks.

FADE TO BLACK

INSERT CARD: "#9 THE DOLLAR STORE"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. DOLLAR STORE - DAY - WIDE ON STORE FRONT - ESTABLISHING

The store front sign says, "Dollar Store". Under that it says, "Absolutely Everything ONE DOLLAR!"

CUT TO:

INT. DOLLAR STORE - CONTINUOUS -- ON BANNER IN STORE

A banner hanging between an aisle boasts, "Everything You Behold Is Only One Dollar!" CAMERA PANS DOWN from the banner to REVEAL Wakko standing at the end of the aisle looking at all the stuff on the display racks on either side of the aisle: Cheap little plastic toys, nick knacks, kitchen utensils, etc.

WAKKO  
(excitedly)

Wow!

Wakko takes off down the aisle, excitedly touching everything.

WAKKO  
This store has everything!

CLOSER ON WAKKO

Wakko excitedly grabs a package off one of the display racks and runs OUT OF FRAME.

ON SALESCLERK AT COUNTER

A big banner behind the SALESCLERK says, "Everything You Behold Is Only One Dollar!" The salesclerk is a teenage surfer type around 18. He's reading a SURFING MAGAZINE. Wakko ENTERS FRAME holding a few items.

MITCH  
(memorized)  
Welcome to the Dollar store  
where absolutely everything  
you behold is only one dollar.



ON WAKKO -- OTS -- MITCH

Wakko holds up a packet of sponges.

WAKKO

How much are these sponges?

ON MITCH AND WAKKO

Mitch is taken back a bit.

MITCH

They're...they're a dollar.

Wakko holds up a lint brush.

WAKKO

What about this lint brush?

MITCH

It's a dollar.

Wakko holds up a squirt gun.

WAKKO

What about this squirt gun?

ON MITCH -- OTS -- WAKKO

MITCH

Sir, everything's a dollar.  
See...

Mitch points to the banner behind him.

MITCH

Everything you behold is only  
one dollar. We don't sell  
anything that's not a dollar.

WAKKO

Oh. I got ya. Thanks.

Wakko runs OUT OF FRAME. Mitch rolls his eyes.

MITCH

Duh.

He goes back to reading his surfing magazine. A beat and:

WAKKO OS  
 (calling out)  
 Excuse me?

Mitch looks OS in the direction of Wakko's voice.

MITCH'S POV -- ON WAKKO DOWN ANOTHER AISLE

Wakko's holding up a plastic toilet plunger.

WAKKO  
 How much is this?

ON MITCH -- OTS -- WAKKO

MITCH  
 (speaking slowly for  
 Wakko to get it)  
 Sir, EVERYTHING...IS...A  
 DOLLAR.

ON WAKKO

WAKKO  
 (to Mitch OS)  
 Yeah, but how much would this  
 be?

ON MITCH

MITCH  
 (shouting)  
 IT'S A DOLLAR!

ON WAKKO

WAKKO  
 Right. Thanks.

Wakko runs OS.

ON MITCH BEHIND CAMERA

He goes back to reading his surfer magazine. Wakko walks  
 INTO FRAME and holds up a plate.

WAKKO

How much is this?

Mitch stares at him.

MITCH

(gettin' peeved)

IT'S A DOLLLLLLAR! IT'S ALL A  
DOLLAR!

Trying to make his point, Mitch angrily points all over the store.

MITCH

That's a dollar. That's a  
dollar. That's a dollar.

He points to the brush in Wakko's hand.

MITCH

That's a dollar. Everything's  
a dollar!

ON WAKKO -- OTS -- MITCH

WAKKO

(smiling)

Everything?

MITCH

EVERYTHING!

WIPE TO:

INT. DOLLAR STORE - MOMENTS LATER - ON MITCH BEHIND COUNTER

Mitch is reading his surfer magazine behind the counter. A shopping cart is pushed INTO FRAME...only it doesn't end. It's a stretch shopping cart. It's filled with absolutely everything. It keeps coming and coming. Finally the end appears with Wakko pushing. He stops in front of Mitch and hands him a dollar.

WAKKO

Thank you.

MITCH  
(not even looking at  
Wakko)  
Ya. Good-bye already.

Wakko pushes his shopping cart OUT OF FRAME.

CLOSER ON MITCH

He drops his magazine and takes the dollar. He rolls his eyes.

MITCH  
That guy was soooo dumb...

Mitch looks OS. His jaw drops open.

WIDE ON SCENE

Wakko has cleared the store out. Nothing remains.

MITCH  
Uh oh.

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT CARD: "#10 THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT"

FADE IN ON:

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS LOT -- ON CORNER OF BUILDING -- DAY

We hold on the corner of the building for a few beats. Then, Wakko comes walking around the corner. He takes one look TO CAMERA, stops and rolls his eyes.

WAKKO  
(tired to camera)  
Hey. I don't want you  
following me around anymore.  
Kay? Bye.

Wakko walks away OS. The Camera cuts to a new POV and begins to FOLLOW HIM. Wakko stops and turns around. \*

WAKKO  
(to camera)  
Look. I mean it. Go away.

Wakko turns and starts walking away. CAMERA FOLLOWS him.  
Wakko stops and turns around again.

WAKKO  
(to camera)  
STOP FOLLOWING ME!

Wakko starts to walk away. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him. Wakko turns around, reaches behind his back and comes out with a HUGE MALLET. He swings it TOWARDS CAMERA and...BOOM! The lens cracks into shards. The CAMERA FALLS DOWN and rests on the ground sideways. We see a multiple image of Wakko walking away...WHISTLING.

\*  
\*

WAKKO  
(whistling)

Over this is inserted, "FIN".

The broken piece of lens tumble OS taking us to BLACK.

\*

END OF "10 SHORT FILMS ABOUT WAKKO WARNER"

"PAPER FOR PAPA"

By Brett Baer and David Finkel

FADE IN:

ON RELIEF MAP OF THE WORLD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Just south of Florida lies the  
tiny island of Key West. . .

CAMERA RAPIDLY ZOOMS IN on Key West.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Home of man eating sharks,  
barroom brawls. . .and Key  
Lime Pie!

CAMERA PUSHES IN on a LOCAL dumbly eating Key Lime pie.

LOCAL

It's Keeeeeey-licious!

A SHARK jumps out of the ocean swallowing him and his pie. \*  
As the SHARK grins, ERNEST HEMINGWAY bursts out of a tavern \*  
and stalks forward, deep in thought. The shark menaces him. \*  
Without glancing over, he cold-cocks the shark and continues \*  
toward his woodsy cabin. He passes a mailbox which reads \*  
"E. HEMINGWAY" as the narration concludes he kicks open the \*  
door and plops down at his desk. \*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(with mounting  
intensity)

Where struggling writers,  
eager to become the voices of  
their time, put their  
harrowing adventures on paper  
for readers around the world!

ERNEST

". . .and the sinewy, pillow-  
soft lamb lay snuggly-buggly  
in a hilly field of  
posies. . ."

INT. WOODED CABIN - DAY

Ernest crumples up the paper and chucks it out the window.

ERNEST

Noooooo! This is garbage! I  
need to write shorter. . .  
snappier!

ERNEST sticks his pen all the way in and out of his ear like  
a big Q-tip. SFX: SQUEEKSQUEEKSQUEEK.

ERNEST

"I am. . .sad. Sad I am! I  
would not eat Blue Figs and  
Lamb!" Nooo!!

He crumbles this page and tosses it out the window as the  
phone rings, SFX: RING-RING, causing him to flip with fear.

ERNEST

YAAHHH!

\*  
\*

ANGLE ON DESK

ERNEST peeks his head up like Kilroy and jots a few notes.

ERNEST

"For Whom the Phone Rings!"  
No, no, no... "The Phone Rings  
for Whom?" No!... "Hey,  
Phone!"

WIDER

to include PHONE. Ernest sits on the edge of his desk, grabs  
the receiver. As he talks he throws darts at a newspaper  
on the wall. The headline reads "DOROTHY PARKER GETS BOFFO  
BOOK DEAL".

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ERNEST

Hemingway, here! Oh, The  
Toronto Star, eh? Well, put  
on your longjohns and sit on  
an ice cube! 'Cuz I'm through  
with reportin' see! I'm  
writin' novels now, see! The  
old man and the, see!

He slams down the phone and rubs his hands together.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Back to my great American  
novel!

CLOSE ON ERNEST

He pensively strokes his beard. He twiddles a paper clip.  
After a moment, he mindlessly twists the paper clip into the  
shape of a bunny. \*

ERNEST

Hey, that's adorable!

He gazes dreamily at it, then grows angry, swiping it off  
the desk.

ERNEST

Aaah!

ON CAGE IN CORNER \*

Pinky and Brain lounge dressed as Gilligan and the Skipper. \*  
Pinky rocks in a hammock. The paper clip bounces into \*  
scene. Brain glances over, brightens, then strains through \*  
the bars to reach the clip. \*

OTS ERNEST IN HIS CHAIR

Ernest switching on TV. On the television, we see Sherri  
Lewis and Lambchop singing

SHERRI LEWIS

YOU CAN'T SING WHEN I SING!



LAMBCHOP  
 AND YOU CAN'T SING WHEN I  
 SING!

REVERSE ANGLE

Ernest, beside himself with laughter, clutches his stomach,  
 and rolls about in his chair.

ERNEST  
 (through tears)  
 I love that daggum sock!!!!  
 (stops laughing suddenly)  
 I got it!

He begins to write.

ERNEST P.O.V.

ON THE PAPER as he writes.

ERNEST (OS)  
 Page. . .One! (BEAT) Noooooo!

ON ERNEST

as he crumples the paper and pounds on his desk.

ERNEST  
 I'm no writer! From this day  
 on, I shall never put pen to  
 paper again! Never!

He winds up and chucks the wadded paper out the window.

EXT. WOODED CABIN - DAY

ON THE PAPER BALL, flying through the window and landing at  
 the base of a pile of wadded prose. CAMERA TILTS UP to  
 reveal a Mt. Everest-size pile of paper. SFX: BOOM! An  
 AIRPLANE smashes through the pile's peak. The CAMERA  
 CONTINUES TRACKING the plane as it flies on. The side of  
 the plane reads "PUSHPIN OFFICE SUPPLIES"

ON OPEN AIRPLANE DOOR

YAKKO, WAKKO AND DOT stand ready to parachute. Office supplies are stacked up behind them.

CLOSE ON WAKKO

WAKKO

Ahhh, our last delivery of the day! Hey, where is this Key West anyway?

ON YAKKO AND DOT

A Super appears on the screen "5 SECONDS TO LAME JOKE" then counts down "4,3,2,1" \*  
\*

YAKKO

Just west of Key East!

DOT

And south of Kiki Dee!

WIDER

YAKKO points wildly.

YAKKO

There they are! The Florida Keys!

As the Count Down concludes, "LAME JOKE" flashes red over the scene. \*  
\*

Right between the Florida Pocket Lint and the Florida Spare Change!

The plane suddenly nose dives with an "Oh-My-God- We're-Gonna-Crash" like roar. SFX: ROAR.

The plane screeches to a halt, SFX: SCREEEEECH!, inches from the ground.

The Warners hop one foot out the door to the ground.

DOT  
Out of gas

YAKKO  
(defensive)  
And that's not a lame joke?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. WOODED CABIN, ON DOOR - DAY

The Warners enter frame carrying office supplies.

Dot daintily taps at the door, barely making a sound. Then:

DOT  
(bellowing)  
PUSHPIN DELIVERY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

INT. WOODED CABIN - DAY

Ernest looks through the peek-hole.

ERNEST  
(in sing-songy  
falsetto)  
Who is it?

EXT. WOODED CABIN DOOR - DAY

DOT  
Pushpin Office supply delivery  
for... Mr. Ernest Hemingway!

INT. WOODED CABIN- DAY

ERNEST  
(sing-song falsetto)  
Mr. Hemingway isn't here right  
now! This is Alice B. Toklas!

EXT. WOODED CABIN DOOR - DAY

THE WARNERS  
(sing-song back)  
No, you're not!

INT. WOODED CABIN - DAY

ERNEST  
(sing-song falsetto)  
Yes, I am!

WIDER

to reveal the Warners inside the cabin behind Ernest.

THE WARNERS  
No, you're not!

Ernest does a take as he discovers the Warners behind him.

YAKKO  
You can't fool us. Alice B.  
Toklas doesn't live here  
anymore.

\*  
\*  
\*

ERNEST (CONT'D)  
DA! LOOK! A writer who  
doesn't write doesn't need  
pens! Cancel my order!

ANGLE ON THE WARNERS

DOT  
Sorry. But it's a commission  
thing.

WIDER

Ernest opens the door to usher them out. Yakko drives a  
forklift carrying tons of paper. Dot is perched on its  
canopy wearing a sash that reads, "PUSHPIN PRINCESS".

\*

THE WARNERS  
PUSHPINS DELIVERY!

WAKKO  
FOR ERNEST HEMING-WEE!

ANGLE ON ERNEST

The Warners quickly load his arms with reams of paper and  
crates of ink. Ernest strains beneath the load.

\*  
\*  
\*

YAKKO

And here is your complimentary  
box of Pushpins "Pushpins"!

He sets the tiny box down on top of the stack. \*

Ernest strains, his knees start to buckle, then the  
floorboards give way and he crashes through. <SFX CRASH!> \*

CLOSER ON HOLE \*

A few stray pieces of paper float down. Ernest bursts  
through the hole. \*

ERNEST

Out! Out! Out! Out!  
OUT!!!!!!!!!!

CLOSE ON THE WARNERS

DOT

I think he likes us.

Ernest's hand flies INTO FRAME grabbing all three, creating  
a Warner Bouquet. Ernest storms out the door, Yakko catches  
the doorjamb. His arms stretched out like a rubberband, the  
Warners and Ernest slingshot back inside. The CAMERA  
FOLLOWS as they land on Ernest's belly. SFX: THUD!

ERNEST

Get out of here! \*

ERNEST'S P.O.V.

Yakko pulls out a clipboard, and Dot a fountain pen.

YAKKO \*

We'll be on our way as soon as  
you sign for your delivery.

REVERSE ANGLE

as Ernest stands and shakes them off.

ERNEST

Fine. . .anything!

He is about to sign when he is stricken with horror.  
SFX: PSYCHO MUSIC

TIGHT ON

Ernest's wild eyes, his brow beads with sweat, as the CAMERA TRUCKS and ROTATES a la Hitchcock, SFX: ERNEST'S VOICE ECHOING.

ERNEST (VO)  
(echo in head)

From this day on, I shall  
never put pen to paper again!!  
Never put pen to paper... pen  
to paper...

ERNEST'S P.O.V.

on Yakko's arm bearing the pen, as the pen cap becomes a demonic head laughing maniacally at him.

ON ERNEST

floating in a "Vertigo" spiral, screaming.

ON ERNEST

grabbing Wakko by his shirt and falling to his knees.

ERNEST

I CAN'T TAKE THE PRESSURE!!!  
(beat) Hey... isn't that  
John Tesh?

\*

WARNERS

Where?!?!?!?!?

Ernest, laughing strangely, runs to the open door, whips it shut, and smashes through the wall leaving his outline.

ON THE WARNERS

standing around a large block of wood.

DOT

That's not John Tesh. That's a  
big block of wood.

\*

YAKKO

We've been duped. After  
him!!!!

EXT. WOODED CABIN - DAY

Ernest, screaming and flailing wildly, runs AT THE CAMERA.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Two MEN are repairing a rowboat. Ernest runs in and jumps  
into a rowboat, called the "Pilar", and furiously rows out  
to sea. Planks fall off the boat one by one, leaving Ernest  
rowing furiously, riding on his butt. As high speed he  
lowers into the water until... Completely submerged for a  
beat, he suddenly crashes to the surface riding the back of  
a HUGE MARLIN.

CAMERA TILTS UP FROM SEA LEVEL

The Warners in their plane gain on Ernest.

ON ERNEST AND THE MARLIN

as they dip and jump in and out of the water.

WIDER

to reveal the Warner plane following suit, dipping and  
jumping in and out of the water in sync.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT-DAY

Yakko opens the cockpit's convertible ragtop, and pulls a  
fishing pole from his pants pocket.

YAKKO

(to camera)

This thing's been pokin' me  
since the Melville delivery.

He rears back and casts his line out into the blue.

ON ERNEST

as the hook flies INTO FRAME and snags his pants.

INT. AIRPLANE COCKPIT - DAY

As Yakko's hook catches, he is yanked from the plane. Dot and Wakko grab hold of his trousers and fly out after him.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

Ernest looks back over his shoulder. The Warners waterski behind the swimming fish and perform various formations.

YAKKO

He's faster than Gertrude  
Stein!

WAKKO

But only half as hairy!

DOT

(shouting to Ernest)  
Please sign! We're missing  
Jerry Springer!

\*

ERNEST

I can't, I tell you, I  
can't!!!

He bails over the side of the Marlin, and resurfaces with the fish on his back. He takes off like a powerboat.

ON A RELIEF MAP OF THE WORLD

we see a bright red line indicating their route as they cross the Atlantic and run aground on the coast of Spain.

EXT. SPANISH COASTLINE - DAY

Ernest, Marlin on his back, hits the sand and comes to a complete stop. The Warners, still clutching their line, fly through the air, slam into Ernest, sending the whole group into a giant rigmarole.

Ernest holds the Marlin at the end of the pole, upside-down with the Warners posed around them.

\*

\*

A PHOTOGRAPHER leaps in F.G. snapping a series of pictures.



CLOSE ON A SERIES OF BLACK AND WHITE STILLS

Ernest, the Warners, and fish in a montage of kooky poses.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPANISH COASTLINE - DAY

Ernest and the Warners pass the pictures back and forth to each other, laughing fondly and sighing with memory.

ERNEST AND WARNERS  
(laughing and sighing)

YAKKO  
To think this wouldn't 'a  
happened if you'd only signed  
our receipt!

Yakko holds out the pen and receipt.

ERNEST nods in agreement, then the moment snaps, his eyes bug and he runs O.S.

ERNEST  
Yaaaaa!

DOT  
You had to open your yap.

EXT. THE STREETS OF PAMPLONA - DAY

Ernest bolts down a dusty street. He spots a large wooden door, peeks about sheepishly, then swings the door open. He sneaks inside. Silence. Then, SFX: FURIOUS BEATING HOOVES.

ERNEST  
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

The door splinters as Ernest bursts through it, followed by an angry bull. The bull scoops Ernest up, and tosses him up into the air. He lands on the bull's back. The bull charges though another wooden door. The bull bucks him off. He hits the ground hard.

CROWD (OS)  
(Cheers)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WIDEN TO REVEAL THAT...

He's standing in the middle of a PAMPLONA BULL RING. He runs for dear life, followed by the bull. Ernest and the Bull fly around the perimeter.

CLOSER

The Warners enter dressed as Matadors. \*

The bull ZIPS into a boxing style corner. Dot and Wakko offer him water and wipe his brow. The bull tags Wakko (tag-team wrestling style). \*

Ernest is still running circles around the bullring. Yakko steps into the middle of the ring and waves his red cape. Ernest slams on the breaks. He stares and paws the earth like a bull. He charges Yakko. Yakko yanks the cape aside to reveal Wakko and Dot. Ernest skids to a stop. \*

Dot whips out the receipt and Wakko pulls out the pen.

THE WARNERS

Sign, please!

Ernest backs away, into the bull's horns.

RELIEF MAP OF THE WORLD

ERNEST flies out of Spain, screaming, careening TOWARD THE CAMERA and begins descending into Germany.

ERNEST

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

EXT. GERMAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Ernest drops into FRAME landing in a muddy foxhole. A shell falls into the hole and EXPLODES. A WWI era ambulance zooms up but before the DRIVER can react, Ernest hops up and pulls him out of the driver's seat. He hops in and zooms off. \*

OTS ERNEST IN AMBULANCE \*

The Warners sit in the back of the ambulance, dressed as injured doughboys. \*

They hold out their pen and paper.

YAKKO

Look, bub. If you sign this, I  
can get you a dinner date with  
leggy German supermodel  
Claudia Schiffer.

Ernest reacts in horror to the pen and paper. \*

ERNEST \*

Nooo!! \*

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY. \*

The ambulance skids to a stop and Ernest jumps out and  
runs O.S. The Warners lean out. \*

YAKKO

He's getting away! After him!

Ernest jumps into an artillery cannon. \*

ERNEST

Farewell, arms!!

The cannon FIRES and Ernest flies into the night sky. \*

ON RELIEF MAP OF THE WORLD

We see Ernest's trail which leads him to Africa.

EXT. AFRICAN HILLSIDE - DAY

A sign reads "THE GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA". Ernest lands,  
startling some grazing animals. \*

CAMERA TRACKS as Ernest ascends the highest peak in Africa.  
A sign reads "THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO". Ernest hits the  
apex and takes a deep breath.

ERNEST

Aaah.

The Warners pop out of the snow in Eskimo parkas. \*

THE WARNERS  
Sign, please!!!!

ERNEST  
YAA!

He runs OS.

ON SATELLITE SHOT OF PLANET EARTH

Ernest and the Warners "travel lines" orbit the world every which way. They wind furiously and eventually wrap the planet completely until it looks like a giant ball of yarn. A GALAXY-SIZED CAT ENTERS FRAME and paws at the planet.

CAT  
Meow.

EXT. BEACHES OF KEY WEST - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS Ernest as he runs out of the water and up the beach to his cabin.

INT. WOODED CABIN - DAY

Ernest slams the door, bolts it shut, boards up the windows and hides under his desk. He pops his head up to peek out. The Warners pop out of the desk drawer, lamp and inkwell.

THE WARNERS  
PLEEEAAASE SIGN!!!!!!!!!!

WAKKO  
We've been around the world  
more times than Jim Lovell!

\*  
\*

YAKKO  
All you have to do is put your  
name on the dotted line. . .  
period!

ERNEST  
Period?

YAKKO  
Period.

ERNEST

Oh, all right!!! Anything to  
get you out of my life before  
the sun sets!

YAKKO

Hey... we'll wait all night.  
The sun also rises, ya know.

He puts the pen to paper once again. SFX: SWELLING  
ORCHESTRA. (Plan a series of shots to show this action.) \*

ERNEST'S P.O.V.

The pen skates across the receipt. It writes: "Ernest  
Hemingway". Then he plops down a distinctive period. Ernest  
proceeds to scrawl on the receipt.

ERNEST

Ernest Hemingway. Period.  
Hmmm. I like that! (writing)  
"So, Ernest Hemingway. .  
.fought with a fish! Period!  
Ran with the bulls! Period! Is  
a middle-weight champion boxer  
from Stanford! Period!"

ON ERNEST AND WARNERS

WAKKO

Um. . .we need that receipt.  
Please?

ERNEST

Tough luck, weasel! I'm Ernest  
Hemingway and I'm not afraid  
of anything. Period!

DOT

Please?

ERNEST

No! Now leave me alone! I'm  
expressing myself!

(writes)

"The sun also rises" Hmm.

ON WARNERS

The Warners share a look.

YAKKO

Not afraid of anything, eh?

WIDER

ERNEST

No!

YAKKO

Not even your pal Gertrude  
Stein in a harem outfit?

Yakko yanks in a fat, hairy woman in a veiled, "Genie" type outfit, who commences with a belly dance. \*

ON ERNEST

He throws the pen and paper in the air and runs screaming through the cabin wall and off into the sunset.

ERNEST

Yaaaaaa!

ON YAKKO AND WOMAN

YAKKO

Thanks, Ralph. Nice cameo.  
Here's your Ding-dong.

The "woman" pulls off her veil, revealing Ralph in costume. He takes a Ding-dong as payment.

RALPH

Dah, a Ding Dong is a Ding  
Dong is a Ding Dong. \*

YAKKO

C'mon man, this is a family  
show. \*

ON DOT

Dot snatches the receipt out of the air. \*

DOT

Got it!

Yakko and Wakko pop their heads in.

YAKKO, WAKKO AND DOT  
(to Camera)

Period!

IRIS to SMALL CIRCLE, then Hemingway's hand come in and fills the dot with a period.

THE END OF "PAPER FOR PAPA" ...PERIOD!

"NO TIME FOR LOVE"

By Marlowe Weisman &amp; Laraine Arkow

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

ESTABLISH

A warm, cozy room. A CUCKOO CLOCK hangs opposite an open window, through which we can see the sun just appearing on the horizon. A woman's hand ENTERS SHOT, hanging a BIRD CAGE with a CANARY in it, onto a stand between the clock and the window. The woman EXITS. [NOTE: The door of the cage faces the cuckoo clock. Inside the cage are two perches and a swing. The cuckoo clock has double doors, and is decorated with a few choraler figurines holding open books.]

ON CAGE

The CANARY hops around on her perch, chirping happily as the sun slowly rises in B.G.

CANARY

&lt;Happy chirps&gt;

ANGLE ON CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 6:00

As sunlight slowly rises on the clock face, the ornate hands move to 6:00 <CLICK!>. The clock <CHIMES> once. The double doors flip open. A WOODEN CUCKOO BIRD emerges on the end of an XXX-type ACCORDION SPRING, mounted in his back.

CUCKOO

&lt;Cuckoo!&gt; (plain)

[NOTE: Our bird will "cuckoo" the correct number of times for each hour, and do them at the same rhythm - perhaps two or three per cuckoo. But the "cuckoos" will be acted as words. For economy, the <CUCKOOS> will be part of our action lines, unless dialogue requires special instructions.]

Cuckoo does an EYE-POPPING TAKE



CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (wolf whistle)

at...

CUCKOO'S POV

...Canary, who notices him, smiles and bats her eyes shyly.

CANARY  
 <Chirp!>

BACK ON CUCKOO

Cuckoo's in love!

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (love sigh)

He flaunts a macho, arched-eyebrow pose.

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (macho)

ON CANARY

She hops closer in her cage, for a better look.

CUCKOO (OS)  
 <CUCKOO!> (macho)

WIDE ON CUCKOO AND CANARY

Cuckoo grins rakishly, opening his arms invitingly: Come to me, baby!

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (c'mere)

Mid-grin, the accordion spring yanks him unceremoniously OUT OF SHOT...

ANGLE ON CLOCK

...and back into the clock. The double doors <SLAM>, pinning Cuckoo's still-outstretched arms. HOLD ON SHOT as...

CUCKOO (O.S.)

<Straining>

...the Cuckoo pulls his arms in with a <POP!>

DISSOLVE TO:

CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 7 AM

The minute hand <CLICKS> to the hour. <CHIME!> PAN as the Cuckoo, in sport jacket and slicked-back hair, is propelled out to the canary's closed cage door.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (plain)

Inside the cage, Canary is busy preening. Cuckoo straightens his jacket, sniffs under each wing.

CUCKOO

<Sniff, Sniff> <CUCKOO!>  
(that's okay)

He checks his breath, huffing into his palm (er...wing tip) and sniffs...

CUCKOO (CONT'D)

<Huff>, then <Sniff>, then  
<CUCKOO!> (that's okay)

...then pumps breath spray into his mouth <FWTTT!>. He <KNOCKS> on the cage door.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (Hello!)

Canary looks up, delighted. Cuckoo pulls from his jacket a bouquet of flowers and a heart-shaped box of chocolates, proudly displayed in each hand in front of him.

CUCKOO

<CUC--> (hello)

<SLAM!> Canary has happily flung open her cage door outward, slamming the box of chocolates into Cuckoo's face.

## CLOSE ON CUCKOO

A BEAT, then the heart-shaped box slides off his face, revealing a heart-shaped Cuckoo head with two bulbous, chocolate-covered cherries in his eye sockets, and marshmallow 'tears' running down his face.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (dazed, doopy)

## ANGLE ON CUCKOO AND CANARY

Cuckoo shakes the chocolates off his eyes and happily offers the flowers to Canary.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (for you)

Just as Canary reaches out for them, Cuckoo gets yanked O.S....

## ON CLOCK

...and into clock. The double doors <SLAM>, on the flowers. A beat, and then the flowers get pulled into the clock.

DISSOLVE TO:

## CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 8 AM

The minute hand <CLICKS> to the hour. <CHIME!> Cuckoo zips out seated at a bird-size grand piano (with candelabra) and wearing a tacky Liberace-like feather cape.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (plain)

PAN as Cuckoo and piano park inside Canary's cage.

## INSIDE CAGE

Cuckoo clasps his fingers (er...wing tips) together and stretches them out in front of him. <KE-RACKK!>

CUCKOO (CONT'D)

<Cuckoo!> (yeah, I'm ready)

Cuckoo plays a few opening bars on the piano <MFX: BRIEF PIANO CRESCENDO>, then (without music)...

CUCKOO (CONT'D)  
(understated, spoken)  
Cuckoo. (the title)

Canary hops atop the piano and reclines (Michelle Pfeiffer in "Fabulous Baker Boys"). Cuckoo launches into his number. (The next 6 "cuckoos" are a MUSIC CUE)

CUCKOO (CONT'D)  
(a la lounge lizard)  
<Cuc-kooo...> (Bill Murray  
lounge singer)

Canary joins him in a duet.

CANARY  
<Chirp!>

CUCKOO  
(higher pitch)  
<Cuc-kooo...>

CANARY  
<Chirp-chirp!>

CUCKOO  
(even higher pitch)  
<Cuc-koooo...>

CANARY  
<Chirp-chirp-chirp!>

CLOSER ON DUO

Canary slides closer to Cuckoo as they sing together.

CANARY AND CUCKOO  
(unison, higher  
pitch)  
<various "Chirps"> / <one long  
Coo-koo...!>

They lean in close to each other.

CANARY AND CUCKOO  
 (unison, even higher  
 pitch)  
 <various trilling "Chirps"> /  
 <one longer "Coo-koo-ooo...!">

TIGHT ON DUO

Beaks almost touching, they take a breath and prepare for the final note.

CANARY AND CUCKOO  
 (unison)  
 <deep inhale>  
 (then)  
 <Chi-- >

Cuckoo is suddenly yanked O.S.

PULL OUT - as Canary falls on her behind and REACTS to the O.S. clock doors <SLAMMING> followed by a <PIANO CRASH! and PAINFUL DISCORDANT NOTES>.

DISSOLVE TO:

CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 9 AM

The minute hand <CLICKS> to the hour. <CHIME!> Cuckoo rolls out in tux jacket (with tails) and white carnation. He stops an arm's length from the clock.

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (plain)

He whips out from under his jacket a flat top hat. ANTICIPATING TO CAMERA, he <KNOCKS> it against his forehead -- <POPPING> the hat open -- and puts it on, <PATTING> it to a rakish angle like Fred Astaire.

CUCKOO (CONT'D)  
 (to camera)  
 <Cuckoo!> (slick)

He pulls from the clock's decor a 'male choraler' figurine (holding its open choral book) and <PLUNKS> it down -- with its little platform -- in front of him, facing him.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (this goes here)

Cuckoo whips out from under his tux a minister's frock and throws it on the choraler. PAN as Cuckoo and Choraler park in the cage...

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (I'm here)

INSIDE CAGE

...right beside Canary. The choraler is facing them like a minister. Canary whips out a bridal veil and happily puts it on her head. Cuckoo is delighted!

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (Will you marry me?)

Cuckoo grabs a nearby wooden perch and wedges it through his accordion spring, across the cage doorway. He waggles his eyebrows cleverly AT CAMERA.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (smarty, eh?)

CLOSER ON CUCKOO, CANARY AND 'MINISTER'

Holding hands (er...wings), the couple exchange vows.

CUCKOO/CANARY

(trading vows)

<Cuckoo!> (will you?) /

<Chirp!> (I will) /

<Chirp!> (will you?) /

<Cuckoo> (I will)

CLOSE ON CUCKOO AND CANARY

They lean in to kiss. Canary closes her eyes expectantly and puckers up. But before their beaks touch, Cuckoo quickly turns to CAMERA with a smug smile, eyebrows waggling.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (this is hot)

WIDER

Cuckoo turns back to Canary (who's still puckered up) But before they can kiss, the spring starts pulling Cuckoo back.

ON WEDGE

<BENDING> in the doorway against the tautening spring.

ON CUCKOO AND CANARY

Cuckoo strains forward, trying for his kiss.

CUCKOO

<Straining>

Cuckoo glances back and TAKES! PAN TO the wedged perch, now bending into a 'U' across the cage doorway.

ON CLOCK

Straining against the taut spring. The clock finally <POPS> out of the wall and <SLAMS> against the cage door...

ANGLE ON CAGE

...sending the wedge, Cuckoo and Choraler <SLAMMING> in a pile-up into the back of the cage. The bars <STRETCH> out and <SPROIIINNG> them back to the doorway. The wedge <JAMS> across the doorway. Cuckoo <SLAMS> into the wedge. Choraler <SLAMS> into Cuckoo. The wedge <SNAPS>. Cuckoo and Choraler <BULLET> back into the clock, propelling it back into the wall. <SLAM!>

DISSOLVE TO:

CANARY PACKING SUITCASE

She glances at the clock.

CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 10 AM

The minute hand <CLICKS> to the hour. <CHIME!> Cuckoo zooms out wearing an Elvis/Evel Knievel jumpsuit and straddling a horizontal rocket with an unlit fuse behind it. Cuckoo pauses in mid-air...

CUCKOO  
<CUCKOO!> (I'm here!)

and whips on a crash helmet, with a teeth-clenched, "This means war!" grimace. He lights the fuse. PAN as they park in the cage... \*

ON CAGE AND WINDOW

...where Canary awaits with luggage.

CUCKOO  
<CUCKOO!> (c'mon)

Cuckoo beckons Canary to hop on. Canary tosses the luggage onto the back of the rocket. \*

CUCKOO  
<CUCKOO!> (climb on)

Before she can, the fuse <IGNITES> and Cuckoo <ROCKETS> through the bars and O.S. out the window.

CUCKOO (ON/OS)  
(dial out)  
<Cuc-koooooooooooo.....!>  
(woah...)

A BEAT.

ON CANARY

As the spring stretches taut into a fine hair, we hear Cuckoo's unpleasant journey: <O.S. DOG BARKS...>

CUCKOO (OS)  
<CUCKOO!> (yikes)

-- CATS YOWLING...

CUCKOO (OS)  
<CUCKOO!> (yikes!)

-- CAR HORN, SCREECHING BRAKES...

CUCKOO (OS)  
<CUCKOO!> (oh no!)



and CRASH!

CUCKOO (OS)  
<CUCKOO!> (panic)

and CRASH! -- BARKING DOG ...

CUCKOO (OS)  
<CUCKOO!> (AAAAGH!)

-- SMASHING METAL GARBAGE CANS... \*

CUCKOO (OS)  
<CUCKOO!> (alarm and panic)

and THUD!>

SILENCE.

Canary patiently waits, blinking. The accordion spring widens back to normal, and the Cuckoo gets pulled back through the window -- minus the rocket -- and into the cage.

CLOSER ON CUCKOO AND CANARY

Cuckoo grabs the cage bars and hangs on, displaying a variety of wounds and tire treads. In one quick gesture, Canary throws a batch of bandages and gauze on him. Cuckoo smiles gap-toothed and is yanked O.S.... \*

ON CUCKOO CLOCK

...and back into the clock. The doors <SLAM!>, leaving a trail of gauze dangling out. HOLD ON SHOT as...

CUCKOO (O.S.)  
<Straining>

...the gauze gets yanked inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 11 AM

The minute hand <CLICKS> to the hour. <CHIME!> Cuckoo shoots out AT CAMERA like Rambo -- khakis, camouflage, bandanna, etc. He parks in mid-air, filling the frame,

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (tough)

whips out a bundle of lit dynamite , and hurls it back at the clock.

CLOSE ON CLOCK

The dynamite lodges by the open double doors. The fuse  
 <FIZZLES OUT>.

INTERCUT CUCKOO, CANARY AND CLOCK

Cuckoo waits, fingers (er...wings) in his ears. Nothing.

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (huh?)

Canary waits. Nothing. Cuckoo checks his watch. Finally pulls out a cannon and...

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (take that)

<FIRES> it at the clock. The cannonball <SLAMS> the clock's doors closed, then <RICOCHETS> back at Cuckoo.

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (oh no!)

He ducks. It flies into the cage (Canary ducks), <SPROIIINGS> off the back bars and back out of the cage.

CUCKOO'S POV

The cannonball heading straight for him!

CUCKOO (O.S.)  
 <CUCKOO!> (big oh no!)

CANNONBALL'S POV

Cuckoo's EYE-POPPING TERROR!

WIDE

Cuckoo runs back up the spring (folding the spring back upon itself) and <BANGS> desperately at the closed clock doors, trying to use up his "cuckoos" to get back in.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (Auntie Em) -  
 <CUCKOO! (Uncle Henry) -  
 <CUCKOO!> (Auntie Em)-  
 <CUCKOO!!> (Uncle Henry)

Now the dynamite <EXPLODES>, blowing open the doors. Cuckoo is soot. He staggers and pivots around, his back to the doors.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (dazed)

The cannonball ENTERS SHOT, <BONKS> him on the head and flies O.S. Cuckoo falls over backwards into the doorway,

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (totally goofed)

his feet sticking out. The double doors <SLAM> closed, pinning his feet. HOLD ON SHOT as...

CUCKOO (O.S.)

<Straining>

...Cuckoo pulls his feet in with a <POP!>

DISSOLVE TO:

CUCKOO CLOCK - ONE MINUTE BEFORE 12 NOON

The minute hand <CLICKS> to the hour. <CHIME!> Cuckoo jettisons out with a lasso draped over his shoulder.

CUCKOO

<CUCKOO!> (Yee-ha!)

PAN as he parks just inside Canary's doorway, then expertly twirls the lasso and throws it back toward the O.S. clock.

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (Yee-ha!)

ON CLOCK

The lasso loops around the clock's straight-up hour and minute hands, and binds them together.

BACK ON CUCKOO

He REACTS with a "pull-down clenched-fist" gesture:

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (yes!)

INSIDE CANARY CAGE

Canary looks on as Cuckoo, with a vengeance, whips out a blur of tools, one after the other, trying to cut the spring: <WIRE CUTTERS>;

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (no)

<HACKSAW>

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (no)

<ELECTRICAL CIRCULAR SAW>

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (NO!!)

Nothing works.

ON CLOCK

The minute hand strains against the lasso.

BACK ON CUCKOO

He whips on goggles and <FIRES> a blow torch at the spring.

CUCKOO  
 <CUCKOO!> (aggravated)

Still nothing. He glances toward clock.

CUCKOO'S POV

ZOOM IN on clock face. The minute hand strains harder against the lasso.

CLOSE ON CUCKOO

Staring at O.S. clock. Sweating bullets!

CUCKOO  
<CUCKOO!> (c'mon!!)

WIDER

Cuckoo whips out a <JACKHAMMER> and rides it in a vibrating blur.

CUCKOO  
(vibrating)  
<Cuu-uuu-uuu-koo-ooo-ooo!>

But the spring holds fast. Cuckoo gives up, exhausted and panting.

CUCKOO  
<Panting>  
(weary)  
<Coo...Koo....>

ON CANARY AND CUCKOO

Canary studies Cuckoo, nonchalantly glancing around to his back. A BEAT, then she lifts him up off a hook attached to the spring. Cuckoo looks behind him...

CUCKOO  
(questioning)  
<Cuckoo?> (that's it?)

...and TAKES -- he's FREE!

Cuckoo hops up and down ecstatically, then grabs Canary in a big hug. He swings her around,

CUCKOO  
<CUCKOO!> (yeah)

and sets her back down. Canary looks over her shoulder at her back, then looks at Cuckoo.

CLOSE ON CLOCK HANDS

The minute hand finally breaks free of the lasso and shoots to 12:01.

ON CUCKOO AND CANARY

They blink at each other, then Canary is yanked O.S. in a blur.

CLOSE ON CANARY

FOLLOW as she <BULLETS> backwards toward the clock. <MUSICAL STING!> [NOTE: This should feel like the clock is coming at her.] The clock swallows her up and the double doors <SLAM SHUT!>.. SILENCE. A single yellow feather floats O.S.

ON FEATHER

FOLLOW as it drifts past the eyes of Cuckoo in the canary cage. He blinks at it, then back at clock.

ON CLOCK

The time is still 12:01.

DISSOLVE TO:

CUCKOO CLOCK - 12:58

The minute hand <CLICKS> to 12:59. PAN TO Cuckoo in the cage, rocking half-heatedly on the swing.

He hops off the perch to the cage floor. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL an elaborate shrine built to the Canary. He lights a candle, hangs his head and sniffles.

\*  
\*  
\*

ON CUCKOO CLOCK - STILL 12:59

The minute hand <CLICKS> to 1:00. <CHIME!> Canary zooms out on the spring. PAN as Canary parks in the cage behind Cuckoo. Cuckoo doesn't notice her behind him.

## CANARY

Coo-Kooooo-- (seductive)

## ANGLE ON CUCKOO

Cuckoo turns and is overjoyed to see the Canary. They hug  
and are suddenly yanked back O.S. \*

\*  
\*

Canary and Cuckoo zoom back into the clock. The doors  
<SLAM!>

## CLOSER ON CLOCK

Hold for a BEAT. Cuckoo forces the doors open. He reaches  
down and grabs the hands of the clock. With great effort he  
rips the hands from the clock and throws them to the floor.  
Cuckoo winks to Camera and goes back inside closing the  
doors behind him. \*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

IRIS OUT.

END OF "NO TIME FOR LOVE"