

SAMPLE SCRIPT

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DOUG'S SLOPPY SOCKS

I wrote one of the first scripts for *Doug* and this one, much later in the series.

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JUMBO PICTURES

DISNEY'S DOUG

EPISODE # 45:

“Doug: DOUG’S SLOPPY SOCKS”

(Script #: 19A04-012)

by

Betty Birney

PAGES: 34

TEASEINT. FUNNIE DEN - DAY

DOUG, SKEETER, PATTI and PORKCHOP dance to an MTV-type video of the BEETS. DIRTBIKE sways nearby in her playpen.

DOUG (V.O.)

Dear Journal: I guess the Beets have always been my favorite group. Well, at least when they are a group.

CLOSE ON T.V. SCREEN -- The on-screen BEETS suddenly break up into static and a nerdy Kurt Loder-type ANNOUNCER pops up center screen.

ANNOUNCER

Breaking news, folks. We've just learned that the Beets have broken up!

Doug, Patti and Skeeter stop dancing to stare at the screen.

DOUG

Again?

ANNOUNCER

Yes, again!

PATTI

Oh, well. They'll get back together.

SKEETER

They always do.

Porkchop stands next to Dirtbike's playpen and wipes a TEAR from his eye. Dirtbike starts to wail.

PORKCHOP/DIRTBIKE

Ooo!/Boo-hoo!!

ON T.V. SCREEN -- The Beets Video resumes with the Announcer superimposed over it.

ANNOUNCER

We'll keep you updated on this breaking-up story as we remember the Beets of the past.

WIDE ON ROOM -- Patti, Doug, Skeeter and Porkchop dance again. Dirtbike happily sways. JUDY enters carrying a CASSETTE TAPE PLAYER. She shakes her head disdainfully at the T.V.

JUDY

I can't believe you children still
listen to that shallow, mass media
trash! You need to hear real
music... like this.

Judy flicks off the T.V. and flicks on her cassette player. Horrible DISCORDANT SOUNDS are heard: GEESE HONKING, MOANS, TRAFFIC NOISE, jarring BELLS with inexplicable GAPS of SILENCE (nothing resembling actual music).

ON GROUP -- Horrified, Doug covers his eyes, Skeeter his ears, Patti her mouth as in the old "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" monkeys. MUSIC continues.

JUDY gestures dramatically, completely entranced with her creation.

JUDY

This is art! I wrote it for my next
performance art piece.

Porkchop and Dirtbike cover their ears with paws/hands, wincing with pain.

PORKCHOP/DIRTBIKE

(HOWLING)

OWWWWWWWW!!!!!!

As the HOWLING joins the EARSPLITTING MUSIC, Judy smiles and swivels to face Dirtbike and Porkchop.

JUDY

(excited)

That's just the texture my piece
needs. Hold on while I record it!
This is organic! This is
groundbreaking!

CU DOUG -- He winces and places his fingers firmly in his ears.

DOUG

Ooh. This is painful.

CUT TO:

SHOW OPEN - Doug opens the door, puts a cassette player under the sign. He flicks it on. SFX: DISCORDANT NOTES. Musical notes RISE up, SHATTER (as Porkshop covers his ears) and MORPH into letters spelling "DOUG GETS POPULAR."

ACT ONE

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Doug eats lunch with BEEBE, CONNIE, Skeeter and Patti.

CONNIE

So Flounder has formed a new band
and he's come back home to
Bluffington to find a new direction
for his music.

Doug reaches down and tugs at his droopy socks. The elastic has stretched out so his socks literally fall over his shoes.

DOUG

But I liked the old direction.

BEEBE

(annoyed)

Oh, move with the times, Doug.

ROGER approaches with BOOMER, NED and WILLIE right behind him.

ROGER

Nice socks, loser. Trying to start a
new style? That ought to catch on,
right guys?

Roger and friends LAUGH, SNORT, GUFFAW.

PATTI

What's the matter with your socks?

Embarrassed, Doug hesitates.

DOUG

Well, they're, uh, umm---

Roger leans in toward table.

ROGER

There's nothing wrong with them...if
you've got the ankles of an
elephant.

Again, Roger, Boomer, Ned and Willie LAUGH, SNORT, GUFFAW, POINT.
Doug rises and picks up his TRAY.

DOUG

Well, I've got to be going, I guess.

Doug takes a few steps and TRIPS over his socks. His tray spins
across the room, he skids on his chin across the floor, landing at
a pair of FEET. POP! A FLASHBULB flares across his face. GUY
GRAHAM leans down into frame, holding a CAMERA.

GUY

Thanks, Dougster. This photo is just
what I need for my new feature in
the paper: Most Embarrassing Moment
of the Week!

TILT DOWN to Doug, looking less than thrilled.

DOUG

Always glad to help out a friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FUNNIE KITCHEN - EVENING

THEDA, PHIL, Judy and Doug sit around the table. DIRTBIKE is in a
high chair. There are wrapped GIFTS in the center of the table.
Theda holds a small picture frame in her hand. A cut out "HAPPY
ANNIVERSARY" sign dangles from the lamp hanging over the table.

THEDA

Thank you, Doug. There's nothing
nicer than a hand-made gift.

CLOSE ON a noticeably crooked, homemade wooden frame with a
picture of Doug and Porkchop in it.

Wide on table:

JUDY

For my gift, I'm dedicating my new performance art piece to my parents, in honor of their anniversary. It's called "Savage Cheese."

Phil and Theda smile sweetly.

THEDA

It sounds lovely, dear.

SFX: The DOORBELL rings. Theda rises.

THEDA (CONT'D)

Oh, I'll get it!

INT. FRONT DOOR

Theda hurries to the door and opens it. Standing in the doorway is a glamorous COSMETICS SALESWOMAN with lots of hair, lots of make-up. Everything's same shade of lavender: suit, shoes, stockings, bag, hair, eye shadow.

SALESWOMAN

Good evening, Mrs. Funnie. To introduce our new LILAC LADY line of hair and skin products, I'm offering you a free makeover! Hair, makeup - the works!

ON THEDA -- She smiles and shakes her head.

THEDA

Makeover? Oh, no thank you. That sort of thing isn't for me.

WIDER -- The Saleswoman hands Theda a card.

SALESWOMAN

Here's my number if you change your mind.

Theda takes the card and puts it in her pocket.

THEDA

Well, thanks.

INT. FUNNIE KITCHEN - EVENING

The family is still seated around the table as Theda enters.

PHIL
Who was it, honey?

THEDA
Just some saleswoman offering me a
free makeover.

She sits at the table again. Phil shakes his head and grins.

PHIL
(chuckles)
You? A makeover? I can't imagine
that.

Doug grins, too.

DOUG
Yeah. The great thing about Mom is
that she always looks exactly the
same.

Judy dramatically rolls her eyes.

JUDY
Thank goodness my mother is not a
slave to fashion!

Theda looks hurt as Phil slides a large package toward her.

PHIL
(proudly)
Here you go, hon. My anniversary
gift to you!

Theda smiles and starts to rip off
the wrapping paper.

THEDA
Oh, what can it be? It's too big for
jewelry and too small for a car.
It's a... a....

She looks down. The wrapping is off, revealing a shiny TOASTER.

THEDA (CONT'D)
(disappointed)

Toaster?

Phil grins proudly as Theda bravely tries to look happy.

PHIL
I know you always like a practical
gift, honey.

He leans in to kiss Theda.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Happy Anniversary.

Theda leans in for the kiss but she looks sad.

WIPE TO:

EXT. MOLLUSK SHOALS RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A very by-the-book ROCK RIFF repeats over and over.

INT. MOLLUSK SHOALS SOUND STAGE

FLOUNDER rehearses his new band members: drummer FLACK, who is very tall and very thin and bass guitarist MAC, who is very short and very round.

FLOUNDER
Take it from the top, guys.

The monotonous ROCK LINE repeats. Flounder stops playing and holds up his hands to "stop."

FLOUNDER (CONT'D)
Hold it. That's not it. We've got to
come up with something nobody's
heard before.

Mack and Flack shake their heads; they look weary.

MACK
Looks like we'll be here all night.

FLACK
Again.

Judy's NERVE-JANGLING MUSIC blares out on the studio speakers. Flack falls off his stool; Mack's hat rises up off his head and then falls back down again. Flounder reacts, looking around him.

FLOUNDER
Whoa! What's that?

RECORDING ENGINEER (O.S.)
Sorry, Flounder. Didn't mean to
blast your eardrums.

On booth -- The RECORDING ENGINEER speaks from behind the glass.

RECORDING ENGINEER (CONT'D)
It's just a tape some wacky girl
recorded here yesterday. I'll turn
it off.

BACK ON SOUNDSTAGE -Flounder smiles.

FLOUNDER
I don't want you to turn it off,
man. I just want to know that wacky
girl!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FUNNIE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Theda stands at the counter, staring glumly at the toaster.

CLOSE ON TOASTER - Theda sees her DISTORTED IMAGE in the toaster's shiny side. She frowns, patting her hair.

Back on Theda -- She reaches in her pocket and pulls out a BUSINESS CARD. She walks over to the PHONE and punches in a number. SFX: DOORBELL.

INT. FUNNIE DEN - NIGHT

Doug sits in the DEN, reading. SFX: DOORBELL. Doug jumps up.

DOUG
I'll get it!

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Carrying his book, Doug hurries toward the door and opens it. He steps back with surprise when he sees Flounder standing there.

DOUG
Flounder?

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====FANTASY=====

Flounder walks in the front door.

FLOUNDER
Doug, I need you, pal. I'm trying to
find a new direction for my band and
only you can help me. Will you,
Doug? Please?

Doug strokes his chin, thinks it over, then smiles.

DOUG
Okay, Flounder. If you need me, I'm
here for you.

WIPE TO:

EXT. AMPHITHEATER STAGE

Doug and Flounder stand side-by-side, facing a huge AUDIENCE.
Flounder plays guitar; Doug plays banjo. Flounder is dressed
exactly like Doug: same shirt, shoes, socks, haircut. They play a
SIMPLE rock banjo/guitar melody. SFX: DEAFENING SCREAMS, APPLAUSE,
CHEERS. As they take a bow, Flounder turns to Doug.

FLOUNDER
Thanks, pal. You saved my career.

DOUG
Hey, what are friends for?

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====BACK TO REALITY=====

Flounder stands at the door, facing Doug.

FLOUNDER
Hiya, kid. Does Judy Funnie live
here?

DOUG
Huh? Well, I mean, yes, but....

FLOUNDER
I'd like to talk to her.

DOUG
Well, okay but, um, but... why?

JUDY (O.S.)
A-hem.

Judy comes up behind Doug, arms folded, with a so-what attitude.

JUDY
(to Doug)
Why don't you go play with the other
children, little brother?

DOUG
Huh? Oh...okay.

Reluctantly, Doug turns and walks toward the stairs, staring back over his shoulder at Flounder.

At door -- Flounder holds up AUDIO CASSETTE as he faces Judy.

FLOUNDER
Did you make this tape?

Judy acts casual and indifferent.

JUDY
Yes. So?

FLOUNDER
You're a genius!

JUDY
(blasé)
Of course.

FLOUNDER
Could we discuss this sound of
yours?

Judy steps out of the way to gesture Flounder in.

JUDY (CONT'D)

All right. I just threw out the twelve tone scale and created a whole new scale of my own.

FLOUNDER
(enthusiastic)

Cool!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOUG'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

As Doug sits at his desk. Judy's horrible MUSIC drifts through the open windows. Porkchop frantically rushes through the door, runs into Doug's closet and immediately re-emerges wearing two pairs of earmuffs as he approaches Doug.

PORKCHOP
(whimpers)

DOUG
I know, Porkchop. I can't understand why Flounder would want to talk to Judy, either. Or listen to her so-called music.

JUDY (O.S.)
That's how I developed my theory that only through discord...

CUT TO:

EXT. WINDOWS - DOUG'S ROOM

JUDY (O.S. - CONT'D)
...can we truly release the *angst* of the inner primitive.

FLOUNDER (O.S.)
Cool!

PAN DOWN TO EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Flounder and Judy sit on the front steps with a tape player between them. Flounder only has eyes for her.

JUDY

You see, I believe that the only true expression of the artist comes through pain. Don't you?

FLOUNDER

I couldn't have said it better myself. Judy, would you like to go out for coffee tomorrow night?

Judy shrugs her shoulders, still blasé.

JUDY

I guess so. Why not?

FLOUNDER

Cool!

Judy and Flounder STAND and start walking down the sidewalk.

DOUG (V.O.)

Pretty soon, my sister and my idol were spending a lot of time together. I just couldn't figure it out.

LOVE MONTAGE

--EXT. FUNNIE FRONT PORCH, Flounder and Judy have earphones plugged into the same CD player, snapping fingers in unison.

--INT. COFFEE HOUSE, Judy sits on a stool, dramatically reciting poetry for Flounder, who sits watching, completely infatuated.

--EXT. STREET, Judy and Flounder walk hand-in-hand in the moonlight. Flounder is dressed like Judy, with sunglasses, oversized shirt, sandals.

--EXT. FUNNIE FRONT DOOR, Flounder leans toward Judy and plants a peck on her cheek. Next to them, Porkchop keels over and faints.

DOUG (V.O.)

But there it was. Incredible as it may seem, Flounder - my idol and the world's best guitarist for the world's greatest rock band - had fallen for my sister!

ON FLOUNDER -- He smiles goofily.

FLOUNDER

Cool!

FADE OUT

ACT II

CLOSE ON TV MONITOR

A logo for "BLUFFINGTON UNCOVERED" appears onscreen with over-the-top TV news MUSIC.

DOUG (V.O.)

Pretty soon, Judy and Flounder were the talk of the whole town.

MALE T.V. ANNOUNCER sits at desk, a SCREEN behind him.

TABLOID ANNOUNCER

Late-breaking news about Bluffington's favorite rock star son, Flounder. Unnamed sources have revealed to us that the mystery woman behind his new sound...

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS: fuzzy, tabloid-style shots of Judy and Flounder caught unaware.

TABLOID ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...is a local student, Judy Funnie.

CLICK! The TV SCREEN quickly changes to a Barbara Walters-style interview. Flounder sits in an easy chair facing a female REPORTER with lots of hair. We catch them mid-interview.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

(sensitive)

Flounder, did you ever dream you'd find the love of your life right here in your own home town?

Flounder pauses dramatically; this is heavy stuff.

FLOUNDER

No, but Sandra, I have to tell you ... meeting Judy is the coolest thing...

(voice breaks)

that's ever happened to me.

He wipes away a tear. Suddenly, the picture dissolves into STATIC and then Blip! goes black.

WIPE TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Again, Doug eats lunch with Beebe, Connie, Skeeter and Patti. They are deep in conversation. Connie puts a huge piece of chocolate cake on Doug's tray.

CONNIE

Here, Doug. I got this cake just for you. Take my sandwich, too. And my milk.

She piles a huge stack of food on his tray, to his surprise.

DOUG

Well, thanks, Connie, but...

CONNIE

What are friends for?

BEEBE

(cuts him off)

Oh, that reminds me, Doug. I bought you some new socks. A dozen pairs.

She holds up a pair of wild socks with stars and stripes on them.

DOUG

Gee, thanks, but...

ROGER (O.S.)

Doug Funnie! You're just the guy I was looking for.

Roger, Ned, Willie and Boomer approach the table, all smiles.

ROGER

Hey, Doug, your hair looks great. I think I'm gonna get mine cut like that.

DOUG

Huh?

ROGER

Oh, and look. That sock thing of yours is really catching on, buddy. Very cool.

TILT down to feet: Roger, Ned, Willie and Boomer all have socks ridiculously stretched out like Doug's were previously.

ON DOUG -- He smiles; they really, really like him!

DOUG

Well, thanks.

Guy pops in behind him, all smiles.

GUY

I've got to see our ace cartoonist in my office, now, okay, Doug?

WIPE TO:

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

As Doug walks down the hall with a big smile on his face, he passes other kids who wave and nod at him.

KIDS (VARIOUS)

Hey, Doug/Hiya, Funnie/How's it going?/etc.

DOUG (V.O.)

Something very strange was happening. Suddenly, I was popular and I've got to admit, it felt good.

He turns in the doorway to the Weekly Beebe office.

INT. WEEKLY BEEBE NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Guy sits on the edge of his desk; Doug walks in and faces him.

GUY

Funnie, I think it's time this paper gave you your own weekly full-page comic strip. It can be a forum for all your ideas and opinions.

DOUG
Really? A full page?

GUY
Sure. We can talk more about it at
the concert.

DOUG
What concert?

Guy holds up a FLYER.

CLOSE ON FLYER -- Huge letters announce: FLOUNDER'S RETURN
CONCERT!

GUY (O.S.)
Flounder's concert on Friday. They
just announced the front row seats
are reserved exclusively for
Flounder's Bluffington friends!

ON GUY AND DOUG

Doug reacts to Guy's news with amazement.

GUY (CONT'D)
It's even going to be T.V. All the
cool people will be there... like
that famous concert, Bluffstock...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====FANTASY=====

EXT. FIELD

Doug, Patti, Skeeter, Mr. Dink, Beebe, Connie, Roger, Guy and
other Bluffingtonians WALLOW waist-deep in MUD, smiling and waving
their arms, as Flounder and Judy perform onstage wearing TIE-DYED
clothes.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====BACK TO REALITY=====

Guy puts his arm around Doug's shoulder.

GUY

And we're best friends - right? I mean, would anybody but a best friend give a guy his own full-page weekly comic strip?

DOUG

I guess not...

GUY

So... you should be able to get me a front row seat, right?

DOUG

Well ... I guess...

GUY

Great! Knew you'd come through, Doug-o!

Guy slaps Doug on the back, then strides out the door, leaving Doug looking a little worried.

DOUG

I guess I can try.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNNIE KITCHEN - DAY

Theda looks worried as she sits at the kitchen table wearing a beauty salon SMOCK. Standing over her is the Cosmetics Saleswoman. There's a huge array of cosmetics covering the table. dozens and dozens of purple pots of makeup, lipsticks, curlers, sprays, gels and powders.

COSMETICS SALESWOMAN

Mrs. Funnie, I guarantee that with the help of these products, you will be the toast of the town!

Theda glances over at the toaster.

THEDA

Toast?

Suddenly brightens.

THEDA (CONT'D)
Let's go for it!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL FRONT DOOR - DAY

Doug walks out the front door. Suddenly, a group of STUDENTS surge toward Doug. Connie rushes up to him, breathless.

CONNIE
Doug, do you think you can get me a ticket to Flounder's concert?

DOUG
Well, maybe ... if...

CONNIE
You're the best!

Beebe rushes up on the opposite side of Doug, equally excited.

BEEBE
If you can get one for Connie you can get one for me, right?

DOUG
Well...

BEEBE
Good. Then we're settled.

Connie and Beebe give one another a thumbs-up and hurry o.s. as Roger, Willie, Ned and Boomer rush up on either side of him.

ROGER
Hey, Doug, we wear the same socks! You wouldn't leave us out, would ya?

DOUG
Well, I wouldn't want to---

ROGER
Then we're in!

He, Willie, Boomer and Ned high-five each other as they hurry o.s. and other kids swarm around Doug. Doug hurries ahead, passing Patti and Skeeter.

PATTI

Doug, want to come with us?

SKEETER

To Mr. Swirly's?

Doug looks over his shoulder. Behind him, a growing hoard of pursuing kids approaches.

KIDS (VARIOUS)

Doug!/Wait up!/ Hey, Doug!/etc.

DOUG

Maybe later.

He RUNS o.s., a BLUR of kids right behind him. Patti and Skeeter watch, puzzled.

WIPE TO:

INT. FUNNIE FRONT DOOR - DAY

Doug rushes in, looking like a hunted man, and SLAMS the door behind him, leaning up against it, breathless.

DOUG (V.O.)

I may have been popular, but I was also in trouble. I'd just managed to promise 20 different kids I'd get them front-row tickets to Flounder's concert.

THEDA (O.S.)

Douglas? Is that you?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Doug enters, looking dejected. Theda is o.s. Dirtbike is in a playpen in the corner.

DOUG

Mom, I have a problem.

ON THEDA -- Her back's to him; suddenly she TURNS to face him. She's been completely made over: big fluffy blonde hair, full-makeup, luscious lips, long lashes. She looks truly gorgeous! Doug is flabbergasted.

DOUG

M-mom?

Theda smiles and pats her hair.

THEDA
How do you like my new look?

DOUG
You look great! Like a movie star.

THEDA
Thank you, Douglas.

Behind them, Phil enters.

PHIL
Hiya...Whoa!

He sees Theda and "takes."

PHIL (CONT'D)
Excuse me. I was looking for my
wife!

Theda strikes a model's pose: one hand behind head, one on her hip.

THEDA
Do you like it?

Phil rushes forward and puts his arms around Theda.

PHIL
I love it! How about me taking you
out to dinner tonight so I can show
you off?

THEDA
Really?

PHIL
Sure. But first, I want to get my
camera. so I can take your picture!
I'll get *all* my cameras!

Phil rushes out the door. Theda smiles and turns to look at her reflection in the TOASTER. This time, she is pleased with what she sees.

WIPE TO:

EXT. MOLLUSK SHOALS STUDIO - ESTABLISHING

HORRENDOUS MUSIC blares forth; the walls of the building SHAKE.

INT. MOLLUSK SHOALS SOUND STAGE

As Flounder, Mac and Flack rehearse their TERRIBLE MUSIC. Judy rushes forward, waving her arms and moving toward Mack and Flack.

JUDY

No, no, it's all wrong! I think you two would make more of a statement if you didn't play at all.

MACK

I'd like to make a statement about you, lady.

FLOUNDER

Please, guys. I told you, I've asked Judy to create an artistic vision for our band.

Pleased, Judy nods a "thanks" to Flounder.

JUDY

Now, we have to work on our look.

FLACK

What's wrong with our look?

JUDY

Where do I begin? Now...let me visualize.

JUDY'S POV - MACK, FLACK AND FLOUNDER

In a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, bizarre costume pieces pop on the musicians like paper doll outfits: suits and berets/surfer dude clothes/skin-tight body suit/ caftan/ muumuu/gold lame' jackets/ top hat/kilts (their knobby knees look terrible)/motorcycle helmets and boots/glittery Western clothes, etc.

WIDE ON ROOM -- Judy shakes her head.

JUDY

Oh, all these decisions are sapping my creativity.

Doug enters, tentatively peeking around the door.

FLOUNDER

Yo, Doug. Come on in.

Judy massages her temples.

JUDY

Just what we need. A child.

Flounder walks forward and shakes Doug's hand.

FLOUNDER

What's up with you?

CLOSE ON DOUG

as he tries to ask the tough question.

DOUG

Well, I, er, really want to go to
your concert and I, uh, wondered if
I, I mean, you could...

WIDEN TO INCLUDE JUDY AND FLOUNDER

Judy folds her arms and glares at Doug.

JUDY

Forget it, little brother. My
friends get first dibs on the choice
seats.

FLOUNDER

But there are enough front row
tickets for your family and friends
and I'll still have some left over.

Doug looks up, very hopeful.

DOUG

Really?

FLOUNDER

Sure, pal.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====FANTASY=====

Doug is in FRONT ROW of an amphitheater. Cheering, smiling FRIENDS
lift him on their shoulders.

CROWD
 (chanting)
 Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug! Doug!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====BACK TO REALITY=====
 Flounder is counting on his fingers. Doug looks up, hopeful.

FLOUNDER
 (generous)
 Yeah, buddy. You can have three
 tickets.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====FANTASY=====

Doug is on shoulders of admiring friends in FRONT ROW of
 amphitheater. They suddenly frown and drop him, walking away.

CROWD
 (chanting)
 Slug! Slug! Slug! Slug! Slug!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

=====BACK TO REALITY=====
 Flounder is smiling like he just gave Doug good news. Doug's
 shoulders slump; he looks completely dejected.

DOUG (V.O.)
 My life ... was over.

FADE OUT

ACT THREE

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Phil, Theda, Judy, Doug and Dirtbike are at the breakfast table.
 Doug stares dejectedly into his cereal bowl and SIGHS.

DOUG (V.O.)

No matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't figure out how to split three tickets among twenty people.

Across the table, Phil gazes at Theda with adoration.

PHIL

(too cute for words)

Pass the sugar... sugar!

Theda passes the sugar. Judy rises, shaking her head.

JUDY

I can't believe that my mother would cave into cookie-cutter fashions. It's just that kind of conventional thinking that's holding back our band.

She strides out of the room. Theda looks dismayed.

THEDA

Oh, dear.

PHIL

Well, I love your new look, honey. Everyone in the neighborhood is talking about it. In fact, I've been thinking of getting a new look, too.

He strokes his chin.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Maybe a beard or a little hair color.

Theda "takes" at Phil, shocked.

THEDA

No! I like the way you look now.

Phil chucks Theda under the chin.

PHIL

Now, now. I've got to keep up with my glamorous wife!

He puts down his napkin and rises.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Well, I have a full day ahead of me.

Theda rises and picks up his bowl and glass.

THEDA

Will you be home in time for dinner?

PHIL

Nothing doing! We're going out!

THEDA

Oh, Phil, not again. Can't we stay home tonight?

Phil takes her in his arms and "dips" her.

PHIL

No way. I'm not let my little china doll slave over a hot stove.

THEDA

(unhappy)

But I like to cook.

Phil doesn't even hear her. He kisses her.

PHIL

Pick you up at six, dollface.

Phil exits. Theda looks after him, very unhappy while Doug stares into his cereal bowl looking dejected.

DOUG (V.O.)

It's weird. I was popular and Mom was gorgeous. So why weren't we smiling?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Doug walks up to his LOCKER.

DOUG (V.O.)

I didn't smile much at all that day.
I was still the most popular kid in
school, but I knew it couldn't last
much longer.

Doug opens his locker. A PILE of gifts and cards. tumble out onto
the floor, heart BALLOONS float upward. Doug shakes his head.
Roger approaches with a cool leather/shiny jacket.

ROGER

Wait up, Doug! I got you this jacket
to wear when we go to the concert.

DOUG

But...

Beebe rushes in from the other side, very excited.

BEEBE

The limo is booked and I've stocked
it with all your favorite foods.
Pick you up at eight!

DOUG

But Beebe....

Connie rushes up to him, clutching a piece of paper.

CONNIE

Wait til you hear the song I wrote
about you, Doug. It's called "Friend
for Life." I'm singing it at the
school talent show.

She begins singing in a loud, rock monotone.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Doug is my friend/Friend for
life/Friend for life/That is Doug...

DOUG

But you see...uh....

CONNIE

I knew you'd love it!

She and Beebe rush o.s. Guy approaches from the opposite direction, waving an open newspaper.

GUY

Here it is, Doug. I saved the front page for your comic strip. We can start right after the concert.

He holds up the paper. HUGE letters on the front page read: DOUG'S PAGE.

DOUG

Well actually, Guy...

GUY

Don't thank me, Doug. After all, you're the fellow getting me front row tickets to the concert!

Suddenly everyone rushes away and Doug stands alone, unhappy.

DOUG (V.O.)

I tried to tell my friends about the tickets but I just couldn't. Everybody was expecting something from me.

Just then, Patti walks by.

PATTI

Hi, Doug.

Skeeter comes up from the opposite direction and stops.

SKEETER

What's up?

DOUG

I suppose you both want tickets to Flounder's concert, too?

Patti and Skeeter react happily, smiling, nodding.

PATTI/SKEETER

Sure./That would be great!

DOUG

Sorry. I don't have any extras.

PATTI

Okay, Doug. Well, have a great time!

SKEETER

See you after school.

They wave and walk on by, leaving Doug surprised and confused.

DOUG (V.O.)

Almost everybody was expecting something from me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Doug sits on the steps, wearing the shiny jacket, the fancy socks. He is studying a YEARBOOK and looks very unhappy.

DOUG (V.O.)

I knew I couldn't wait much longer to make a decision.

Flounder approaches, sees Doug.

FLOUNDER

Whoa, you look down. What's wrong?

He sits next to Doug on the steps.

DOUG

I'm the most popular kid in school because everybody wants me to get them front row tickets for your concert.

Flounder shakes his head.

FLOUNDER

Sorry, pal. I can only give you three.

DOUG

(sighs)

I know.

ON YEARBOOK PAGES -- PAN along rows of photos of Roger, Boomer, Ned, Willie, Connie, Beebe, Guy, etc. Photos animate as we pan: Roger wiggles his hands behind his ears, Ned sticks two fingers

over Boomer's head in the next picture, Connie waves, Beebe combs her hair, Guy's teeth sparkle.

DOUG (V.O.)

But I don't know who to invite.
Would I rather have a jacket or a
comic strip or a limo ride?

End pan on Skeeter and Patti. Skeeter holds up a V for Victory sign with two fingers; Patti smiles.

FLOUNDER (V.O.)

How about inviting two real friends?

ON DOUG AND FLOUNDER

DOUG

Well, they're all my friends.

FLOUNDER

Doug, when you're famous - or even
know somebody famous - everybody
wants to be your friend. It's hard
to tell if people like you for just
being yourself. But those are your
true friends.

DOUG

You mean ... friends who'd like me
even if I couldn't get them tickets?

FLOUNDER

You got it.

Doug looks down at the Yearbook.

DOUG (V.O.)

It really wasn't such a hard
decision after all.

WIPE TO:

EXT. AMPHITHEATER- NIGHT

This huge OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATER is abuzz with TV VANS, REPORTERS holding microphones, PHOTOGRAPHERS. There are KLIEG LIGHTS and a crowd of people approaching. A huge black LIMO is right out in front. Doug, Skeeter and Patti walk toward the theater, past the

limo. Connie and Beebe poke their head of the back window. Beebe shoves a piece of paper at Doug.

BEEBE

Here's the bill for the socks I gave you.

CONNIE

Oh, Doug, on the way over, I rewrote my song. It's now called "Betrayed by Doug." I'm singing it at the Talent Show.

Patti, Skeeter and Doug resume walking toward the entrance. Roger rushes up, scowling. Ned, Willie, Boomer are right behind him.

ROGER

I'll take that jacket back now, loser.

Doug takes off the jacket and Roger grabs it. As Roger and friends walk o.s. Guy rushes forward and holds up a copy of the *Weekly Beebe*.

GUY

Too bad, Doug-o. We didn't have room for your comic strip after all.

ON PAPER

The front page has a HUGE picture of Doug sliding across the cafeteria floor on his nose.

DOUG (O.S.)

Oh...

ON GROUP

Doug looks downcast as Patti points toward the entrance

PATTI

Come on... let's find our seats.

WIPE TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE

Judy is inspecting Flounder, Flack and Mack like a Drill Sergeant inspecting her recruits. They're dressed in a mishmash of styles: fatigues and beret for Mack; lame' body suit for Flack, tie-dye for Flounder; Judy dressed as usual.

JUDY

Wrong color. Wrong shoes. Wrong hair. You have destroyed my entire vision!

MACK

Gee, we wouldn't want to do that now, would we?

FLACK

No way. I'm out of here.

MACK

Me too. Have a nice life.

They EXIT. Judy turns to Flounder.

JUDY

Well, I guess it's just the two of us now.

Flounder smiles at her lovingly.

FLOUNDER

Cool!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT ROW SEATS

Doug, Patti and Skeeter take their seats in the front row. Already seated are Phil and Theda, with Dirtbike on Theda's lap. Theda is now back to her regular self - sans makeup and elaborate hair. Doug leans over to look at her.

DOUG

What happened, Mom?

Theda looks slightly embarrassed.

THEDA

Well, my new look was fun for awhile but it wasn't the real me. I like being myself.

DOUG

Mom, you always look great.

PHIL

That's what I say.

Phil puts one arm around her shoulder, rubs his chin with the other arm.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And thank goodness I don't have to grow a beard.

WIDE ON STAGE

A frenzy of colored spotlights sweep across the stage.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen... here's the moment you've been waiting for: the debut concert appearance of Flounder and the.... er... Judy!

SFX: APPLAUSE CHEERS as Flounder and Judy approach two mikes.

FLOUNDER

Thanks, Bluffington, for taking us to your hearts.

He looks at Judy and they begin to play. The MUSIC is painful: discordant NOTES, MONOTONE NASAL HUMMING, earsplitting volume.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER

The REPORTERS unplug their mikes, rush to their vans, which speed o.s. A HORDE of exiting AUDIENCE MEMBERS runs by in a BLUR. SFX: STAMPEDING CATTLE.

INT. AMPHITHEATER

The amphitheater is completely empty - except for the front row - as the HORRIBLE MUSIC continues.

ON STAGE

Flounder and Judy stop playing and stare out at the empty seats.

FLOUNDER

They're all gone!

JUDY

The music was over their heads. It only proves we successfully reached for a new height of artistic growth.

Flounder looks terribly disappointed.

FLOUNDER

I don't know, Judy. I would have liked them to stay. (into Mike) You might as well go, too, folks.

ON FRONT ROW -- Doug, his family, Patti and Skeeter look up at Flounder and Judy.

PHIL

I don't want to leave. We came here for a concert. And we intend to stay.

THEDA

The music was very forceful, dear. I'd like to hear more.

DOUG

Besides, what are friends for?

ON STAGE -- Flounder is very emotional.

FLOUNDER

Thanks. I'd like to dedicate this next number to the Funnies and their friends who are always there for me.

Judy and Flounder look at one another and begin to play discordant notes.

ON FRONT ROW -- EARSPLITTING MUSIC as Judy and Flounder shout over discordant sounds: cat meowing, dog barking and sirens. The Funnies, Doug, Patti and Skeeter FLINCH but they continue to listen attentively.

DOUG (V.O.)

Nobody ever dedicated a song to us before. It was painful but it was the kind of thing a real friend would do. Like Patti. Or Skeeter. Or me.

Doug smiles at Patti and Skeeter, then WINCES at an especially PAINFUL NOTE.

EPILOGUE

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

Flounder is onscreen with the BEETS.

FLOUNDER

I'd like to dedicate this next number to a special lady named Judy, because working with her made me appreciate how much I missed the Beets.

The BEETS begin to play.

INT. FUNNIE DEN - DAY

Patti, Skeeter, Doug and Porkchop watch the show.

SKEETER

It's good to hear the Beets again.

Judy walks in, glances at the screen and shakes her head.

JUDY

I can't believe it. Flounder sold out!

Still shaking her head, she continues walking o.s. as Doug, Patti, Skeeter and Porkchop start dancing to the music.

DOUG (V.O.)

I miss Flounder. And I miss being the most popular kid at school. But at least I've got two good friends. And that's all I really need....

His socks suddenly wilt and collapse over his shoes.

DOUG (V.O.)

..... except maybe a new pair of socks.

FADE OUT

THE END