

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The boys sit in front of the TV, which is playing some sort of pirate program.

MUTT
What is this?

CHUM
I dunno... something different.

MUTT
Put it on two two. That's the
Sesame Street channel.

CHUM
It is, there's no Sesame Street.

INT. APARTMENT, PROFESSOR'S BEDROOM

The professor lies comfortably in bed.

CHUM & MUTT (O.S.)
Dad! Dad!

The boys rush into his room, jumping on his bed.

CHUM & MUTT (cont'd)
Dad!

The professor looks at them, half-way blinded by the daylight.

PROFESSOR
What? What's wrong?

CHUM
All the Tv's wrong.

MUTT
There's no Sesame Street.

CHUM
And you have to take us to
school... why are you still in
sleep?

PROFESSOR
It's saturday.

MUTT
What's that mean?

PROFESSOR

It means you guys get to watch TV
all day while I go to the Invention
Expo.

CHUM & MUTT

Yay! TV!

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The boys sit in separate dog kennels. They looked angered.

MUTT

This is not what I had in mind for
my weekend.

ACT ONE:

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The professor paces around the room, tying a neck tie. The boys are still imprisoned.

PROFESSOR
 Sorry about this kids. But this is an important day. If I do well at the Invention Expo, my grant will be renewed and I can continue making money.

CHUM
 Aww...

A KNOCK at the door.

PROFESSOR
 Who the hell could that be?

He opens the door. No one's there.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 Hello?

DAGGERS (O.S.)
 It's me.

Daggers steps into the entry way. The professor SQUEALS a little.

CHUM & MUTT (O.S.)
 Hey, Mr. Dragon.

DAGGERS
 Hey boys, where are you?

PROFESSOR
 They're uh... making breakfast in the kitchen. Look you don't need to check in on them every five minutes.

DAGGERS
 Actually, that's not what I'm here about, I just wanted to see if you knew where...

He's distracted by something behind the Professor, who blocks his view from the kennels.

DAGGERS (cont'd)
Oh wow, you actually get a patio.
Mine's shortened cuz of the AC
units.

Daggers tries to get a closer look, but the Professor keeps him in place.

PROFESSOR
Maybe we could discuss this later.
I'd have you in right now, but the
place is a mess and I have to be
somewhere soon, so...

DAGGERS
I didn't know you had dogs...

The professor manages to get the detective out the door and closes it shut. He breathes a SIGH of relief and looks at the boys.

PROFESSOR
Change of plans, you come with me.

CHUM & MUTT
Yay!

INT. EXPO CENTER

The boys, followed by the professor enter the double doors of the center.

The boys stare in awe at the bright lights and swarm of the crowd. In every direction are wonderful inventions to be seen. They get ready to run off.

The professor grabs them by their GPS collars.

PROFESSOR
Look here, you two. I can't have
you guys getting into trouble.
That's why you're staying with me.

He drags them through some booths and is interrupted by PROFESSOR WONDERGUT, a kindly older man in a bow tie and apron. Behind him sit a row of fun looking toys.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
Hello Professor Rayburn!

PROFESSOR
Oh, hello Professor Wondergut.

Wondergut runs over and shakes the Professor's hand, then grabs his arm and pulls him over to his booth.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
Check this out... call this phone
number.

He hands the Professor a piece of paper and a phone. The professor does as he's told. After he dials, he holds the phone to his ear.

A bird in a cage off to the side starts SQUAWKING. The professor turns, surprised. The bird is fake.

Wondergut grabs the bird and puts it to his ear.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT (cont'd)
Hello?

He GIGGLES and puts the bird back on its perch.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT (cont'd)
Wonderful, isn't it? It's my new
bird phone. Your ring tone is a
bird noise and the cage charges the
phone.

PROFESSOR
That's great... I really have to
be going.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
Come look at the other birds I've
got.

CHUM
Oh! A parrot!

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
Oh my, who's this young man?

Chum does a polite bow.

CHUM
I'm Chum and this is my brother
Mutt.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
What strange names for little boys
to have. Here, have a chocolate.

Wondergut produces a candy from somewhere and gives it to Chum.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT (cont'd)
 You guys share that now, ok? Good
 luck today, Winston.

He chuckles to himself and prances back to his booth. The professor quickly scoots the boys away.

He grabs Chum's candy as he's about to open it.

CHUM
 Hey! I want that.

PROFESSOR
 Trust me, you don't want it.

He tosses it in a nearby garbage can and scoots him off.

MUTT
 Why can't we have candy?

PROFESSOR
 Trust me, he's a loon. Move it.

INT. EXPO CENTER, PROFESSOR'S BOOTH

He drags the boys over to a booth where Jamie and Bruce are waiting with the laser. Jamie runs up to him when he arrives.

JAMIE
 Professor, someone's x-ray messed
 up the frequency calibrator on the
 machine and reset it. You're gonna
 have to adjust it all.

PROFESSOR
 Well, that should be no problem...

The professor notices Chum opening a cooler marked : "WARNING - BIOHAZARD." He rushes over to close it.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 No no no... stay out of there...

CHUM
 But I'm hungry.

MUTT
 Yeah... you stole our candy.

PROFESSOR
 Fine...

He pulls out his wallet and starts fumbling through it.

PROFESSOR
Hey Jamie...

She walks over.

PROFESSOR
You like kids, right? Could you
take my sons over to the concession
stand and get them something?

He hands her some bills.

JAMIE
Um... I guess... sure. Let's go.

CHUM & MUTT
Hooray!

She starts to walk away with the boys.

PROFESSOR
Oh, hold on. No soda.

CHUM & MUTT
Aw...

The professor slaps Bruce on the shoulder, who stands typing
text messages on his cell phone.

PROFESSOR
Just us boys now, huh?

BRUCE
Um... I think you should fix the
laser.

PROFESSOR
Good thinking.

The professor grabs a wrench and starts tinkering with the
machine.

PROFESSOR
You might like to watch this. Some
day you'll probably want to learn
how to do this on your own.

Bruce goes back to text messanging.

A beat.

DR. STEEVE (O.S.)
Sideburns!

The professor drops the wrench and turns to face a well-built man about his age, but with a full head of hair.

PROFESSOR
Hello Steve...

He shakes hands with the man and turns to face Bruce.

PROFESSOR
Bruce, this is my old colleague,
Dr. Steve Farthing.

DR. STEEVE
Actually, it's just Dr. Steeve
now...

He pulls out a stack of cards and hands one to the professor and one to Bruce.

INSERT: DR. STEEVE. BUSINESS MARKETING AND ADVANCED
INSPIRATIONAL TECHNIQUES.

PROFESSOR
There's a typo... too many E's.

DR. STEEVE
No. Like everything I do, that was
intentional. I had to add the
additional E for the additional
amount of excellence I bring.

He turns to Bruce.

DR. STEEVE
Who's this young man?

BRUCE
I'm...

PROFESSOR
(interrupting)
This is my protege, Bruce.

DR. STEEVE
I bet you do all the work while the
professor watches, huh? Little
genius like you. Reminds me of
myself.

PROFESSOR
Actually, Bruce was just helping me
set up.

BRUCE
I really don't have anything to do
til the show starts. Good thing I
brought my cell phone.

The professor makes a disgusted face.

DR. STEEVE
You know, in my business, that's
called communication. Did you know
that?

PROFESSOR
We're not five year olds, Steve, we
know what communication means...

DR. STEEVE
It means making connections.
Getting your name out there.

As Dr. Steeve talks, he does a lot of pointless hand motions.

BRUCE
Well, I do like people to know my
name.

A shallow LAUGH.

DR. STEEVE
I like your style. Have you ever
thought about being successful?

PROFESSOR
Um... Excuse me.

BRUCE
Only everyday.

DR. STEEVE
I like how you used the word
"only." It shows that you have
restraint. That's a great quality.

BRUCE
Wow. You're so smart.

PROFESSOR
You know we have work to do...

DR. STEEVE

Why don't I take you under my wing
for a day, show you what it's like
to be successful.

BRUCE

Would you?

DR. STEEVE

Why don't you prove yourself first
by successfully getting me a cup of
coffee?

BRUCE

Yes sir.

Bruce dashes off into the crowd.

INT. EXPO CENTER, CONCESSION STAND

Jamie stands over a table where Chum and Mutt sit gulping
down hot dogs.

JAMIE

So... what are your names?

Mutt drops his hot dog on it's plate and jumps up.

MUTT

I'm Bagbeard, the pirate and I have
a hook.

He makes a hook with his finger and claws in her direction.

CHUM

Nuh uh. His name's Mutt and my
name's Chum.

MUTT

Doo doo head!

Mutt chucks his hotdog at Chum. The ketchup/mustard mix gets
on Chum's shirt.

CHUM

Hey!

Chum starts licking the mustard on his shirt.

JAMIE

Oh.. Mutt. Look what you did.

MUTT

I'm sorry.

JAMIE

Lemme go find some napkins. You kids stay here, ok?

CHUM & MUTT

Ok.

Jamie walks off. Behind her you can faintly see Bruce approach the concession counter.

Mutt's attention gets caught elsewhere. He GASPS.

CHUM

Uh oh... She told us to stay here.

MUTT

But I have a better idea.

Mutt takes off. Chum follows.

Jamie returns with a stack of napkins.

JAMIE

Oh no...

INT. EXPO CENTER, PROFESSOR'S BOOTH

The professor frowns at Steve.

PROFESSOR

What's the big idea? That's my protege.

DR. STEEVE

Nothing wrong with a little outside training. Plus, you don't need him til the show.

PROFESSOR

Still, you don't go around stealing proteges...

DR. STEEVE

Don't worry... the things I'll teach him can only aid your presentation.

PROFESSOR

Fine, but... have him back by five.

DR. STEEVE

No problem.

The professor mopes off as Bruce approaches with a tray of coffees.

BRUCE

I didn't know how you wanted your coffee, so I just got them in all styles, organized from black to cream and sugar.

DR. STEEVE

You're a real go-getter, kid, that's why I like you.

Steve grabs a coffee from somewhere near the middle and leads Bruce off screen.

Jamie runs in.

JAMIE

Professor! The boys ran off.

PROFESSOR

This is not my day.

INTERMISSION:

ACT TWO:

INT. EXPO CENTER, ELSEWHERE

The boys stand in awe, staring at an evacuation route map of the expo center.

CHUM & MUTT

Ooooh...

MUTT

A treasure map. Help me get it down.

CHUM

Ok, but I get to be Bagbeard.

MUTT

Fine. And I'll be Jared, the first mate.

CHUM

Agreed.

Chum gets on Mutt's shoulders. They totter over to the taped on map and rip it off.

INT. EXPO CENTER, SOME RANDOM PLACE

Bruce and Dr. Steeve walk side by side.

BRUCE

Why do you call the professor Sideburns?

DR. STEEVE

That's a great observation. Did you see what I did there? You achieved something. In doing so, you succeeded. And by acknowledging your achievement, I also succeeded.

BRUCE

Wow, that's amazing.

DR. STEEVE

But to respond to your question,
your professor used to have some
wild sideburns back in the day.
That was a different time.

INT. COLLEGE DORMROOM - THE PAST

A young professor sits at a desk next to a set of bunkbeds.
He has basically the same hair, but slightly longer
sideburns. Young Dr. Steeve enters the room, dressed in 70s
garb.

DR. STEEVE

Hey, Sideburns, a couple of co-eds
invited us out for pool. Coming?

PROFESSOR

I really can't right now, Steve,
I've gotta study for my midterms,
and then I gotta finish this paper
on eco-biology.

DR. STEEVE

But classes haven't started yet.

PROFESSOR

I don't wanna be left behind.

DR. STEEVE

But there's three of them.

PROFESSOR

More for you.

Steve leaves.

INT. EXPO CENTER, SOME RANDOM PLACE - CONTINUED FROM BEFORE

Dr. Steeve snaps out of his trace and turns back to Bruce.

DR. STEEVE

Yeah... your professor was a lot
cooler back then. Not all uptight
like he is now.

BRUCE

Was that the 70s?

DR. STEEVE

That was 1991.

INT. EXPO CENTER, PROFESSOR'S BOOTH

The professor drops a notebook on the table in front of Jamie.

PROFESSOR

All right. I gotta find the boys. You're gonna have to re-calibrate the machine and then if I don't get back on time, do the presentation.

JAMIE

But, I don't...

PROFESSOR

There's some notecards in the folder. Don't worry, it's all laid out for you.

Jamie looks at one of the pages of notes. The professor's handwriting is extremely illegible.

Steve meets the professor at his booth.

DR. STEEVE

Sideburns, I have a proposition for you...

PROFESSOR

Look, I don't have time for this, Steve, my kids are missing.

DR. STEEVE

I'll be quick... I didn't know you had kids... Lydia finally gave in, eh?

PROFESSOR

No... they're not hers.

DR. STEEVE

Uh oh... a tawdry little affair on the side?

PROFESSOR

No... it's just... don't ask me about this. Not now.

DR. STEEVE

Well, whoever these "kids" are, I hope they don't ruin your performance at the Invention Show this evening.

PROFESSOR

That reminds me, I need my assistant back. Where'd he go?

DR. STEEVE

I told him to get some real world practice.

INT. EXPO CENTER, THIRD ODD PLACE

Bruce, now dressed in a nice looking suit, approaches a MAN IN POLO SHIRT, who's eating a hotdog and staring into some random direction.

BRUCE

Excuse me, sir, but what if I told you that you're not as happy as you could be.

The man is quietly chewing his hotdog, but gives Bruce an acknowledging glare.

BRUCE

I can show you how to improve your self esteem, quickly and easily.

MAN IN POLO SHIRT

Ok.

BRUCE

Let's pick a simple task, a positive step in the right direction. Something that you can commit to both me AND you, that you can achieve. What do you say to that?

MAN IN POLO SHIRT

Sure.

BRUCE

Give me twenty dollars.

The man eyeballs him suspiciously.

INT. EXPO CENTER, WHO CARES

The boys sit in mop buckets and push themselves around the floor.

CHUM

Ahoy, matey, where be the treasure?

MUTT

Avast face on the port bow.
Arrrrrg.

JANITOR (O.S.)

Hey! Get back here.

The boys turn toward the voice, then jump out of the buckets and take off. The buckets land on the floor, spilling water everywhere. The JANITOR runs into screen and slips.

INT. EXPO CENTER, DR. STEEVE'S BOOTH

Steeve stands next to a table with a stack of books, all with his face on it. He holds one in his hand, as people walk by, he makes sure the cover is facing them.

Bruce walks in.

DR. STEEVE

Did you succeed?

BRUCE

No...

DR. STEEVE

Do you know why you didn't succeed?

BRUCE

I have no idea. I did everything
you told me to.

DR. STEEVE

But you forgot one little rule
about business, Young Me.
Originality. You should have
assumed that because a first-rate
business individual like myself is
here, I've already sold that man
his self esteem, as well as
everyone at this expo.

BRUCE

Wow... this is a lot for me to
grasp.

DR. STEEVE
Don't worry, you'll catch on.

INT. EXPO CENTER, LOST IN THE CROWD

Mutt reads the treasure map while Chum clears a path through the crowd.

MUTT
Ten paces forward... and twenty
four paces forward... six paces
forward... eight, no nine paces
forward...

CHUM
Well, is it eight or is it nine?

MUTT
It's hard to tell.

Chum stops and mopes.

CHUM
This is no use...

Mutt stops next to him and looks around hopelessly. He spots something.

MUTT
Look! The red dotted line.

He points out the line. The boys GASP.

CHUM
Let's follow it!

Camera follows the line speedily to: a ketchup packet stuck under someone's foot.

INT. EXPO CENTER, SOMEWHERE

People have gathered around the stage area now, including MAN WITH KETCHUP PACKET STUCK TO FOOT. The boys, now crawling along the ground follow his trail. Chum is about to grab the man's shoe when he is suddenly pulled away.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
There you guys are.

Chum comes face to face with the professor, who already has Mutt in tow.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
 What did I tell you guys about
 running off? Let's get back to the
 booth.

He holds both kids by their arms. They struggle and look
 back. Mutt points something out to Chum.

MUTT
 (softly)
 Look. The treasure.

Chum follows Mutt's finger to a table where three judges sit.
 On the table sits a small statue of a lightbulb. It's very
 shiny.

INT. EXPO CENTER, STAGE

Jamie stands front and center on the big stage, holding a
 stack of notecards. Behind her is the notorious laser. She
 squints at the first card.

JAMIE
 Genetic diseases... have...
 plagged? Is that a word? Plagged?

She looks up to see everyone in the room staring at her.

JAMIE (cont'd)
 I can't... it didn't...

She GASPS and runs off in a cloud of notecards.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 That was Professor Rayburn and his
 DNA restoration device.

The audience APPLAUDS.

INT. EXPO CENTER, PROFESSOR'S BOOTH

The professor puts the boys in seats.

PROFESSOR
 Now, I'm not gonna tie you, because
 there's a lot of people watching...
 but I need you guys to promise me
 that you'll behave.

CHUM
 I'm sorry.

MUTT

We promise.

PROFESSOR

Good, now I have to take care of
this presentation...

Jamie runs in.

JAMIE

I'm sorry... I couldn't fix the
machine, I couldn't read your
cards...

PROFESSOR

(devastated)
Wait, you mean?

Dr. Steeve and Bruce walk in.

DR. STEEVE

Tough luck, Sideburns. I guess
your protege isn't all she cracked
up to be.

JAMIE

I'm right here!

DR. STEEVE

I gotta hand it to you. You were
faced with the choice between your
career and someone's children.
Impressive.

The professor is still thinking about the missed
presentation.

DR. STEEVE (cont'd)

Now I'm inspired to show you what
winners look like. Come on, young
me.

Steve gestures for Bruce to follow and they leave together.

INT. EXPO CENTER, STAGE

An extravagant light display reveals glamour shots of Dr.
Steeve one by music to the cue of music.

DR. STEEVE (O.S.)

Inspiration... Motivation...
Innovation.

Steve jumps out of a paper entrance with a puff of smoke.

DR. STEEVE (cont'd)
 Friends, what if I told you that
 self esteem doesn't just come from
 in here, it also comes from out
 here...

HECKLER (O.S.)
 Hey, that's the guy that swindled
 me out of twenty bucks.

MAN IN POLO SHIRT
 Yeah, me too.

HECKLER #2
 Charlatan!

Objects begin flying at Steve, who dodges them as if he's had practice at it.

DR. STEEVE
 Friends, what if I told you that I
 was just testing you...

His words are interrupted by a hotdog that hits his face.

INT. EXPO CENTER, PROFESSOR'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The professor starts chuckling, but then turns to see that the object was thrown from near him. The boys sit behind him, sitting on their hands.

PROFESSOR
 What did I tell you?

INT. EXPO CENTER, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

More objects are hitting Steve directly. He staggers off stage to meet the cold stare of Bruce.

BRUCE
 I believed in you...

Bruce rips off his necktie and throws it on the floor. Steve runs off.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 That was... Dr. Steeve. And now,
 we have Werdammer Wondergut...

Professor Wondergut strides out onto the stage holding a birdcage.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
Hello, friends.

INT. EXPO CENTER

Booths begin coming down. People pack up bags and begin exiting the center.

INT. EXPO CENTER, PROFESSOR'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The Professor sits in a chair, staring at the floor despondently. Jamie puts an arm on his back.

JAMIE
I'm sorry, professor. I suppose that grant money's gone now, huh?

PROFESSOR
Oh, I dunno. I'm not even worried about that. This just wasn't the best day.

Wondergut walks by, surrounded by a cluster of people.

CLUSTEREE
Congratulations, Professor Wondergut! Innovation of the Year.

Wondergut notices the professor looking sad. He comes over to him.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
Harsh luck, eh, Winston. Well, at least I'm on cloud nine. Yippee!

The professor looks away.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT (cont'd)
Here, have a chocolate.

He places a chocolate in the professor's hand and rejoins his cluster.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT (cont'd)
Hooray for me!

The professor watches Wondergut disappear with his entourage. He chucks the candy away.

Bruce steps in, dressed normally.

BRUCE

Well, are we gonna take down? We gotta get this stuff back to the lab.

PROFESSOR

We might as well just throw it away... no one's gonna be interested in our research now.

MAN IN POLO SHIRT (O.S.)

Professor. Professor Rayburn.

The man in polo shirt from before approaches the professor.

MAN IN POLO SHIRT (cont'd)

Hey, my name's Marty, Marty Polley. I'm from the grant commission.

PROFESSOR

Oh geez... I suppose you saw the presentation?

Jamie shifts and hides her eyes.

MARTY POLLEY

No, actually, I was busy buying things to throw at the Self Esteem jack ass. But I read the notation here, and I'm very interested in your work. We're gonna extend your grant.

PROFESSOR

Really?

MARTY POLLEY

And I want to oversee the results personally. I'm very excited about this.

PROFESSOR

Well... great! This is great news. I promise I won't let you down.

MARTY POLLEY

I'm sure you won't.

He eyes Bruce quickly. Double take. Shakes his head, unknowing.

MARTY POLLEY (cont'd)
I have to take off. I'm gonna try
to get one of those bird phones.
Have a great day.

PROFESSOR
I will, thank you.

INT. EXPO CENTER

Professor Wondergut paces in front of the judges, his face
red, throwing his arms around in the air.

PROFESSOR WONDERGUT
What do you mean you lost my
trophy? All that hard work for
nothing. I invented the bird
phone. THE BIRD PHONE. What did
you invent? Nothing.

INT. PROFESSOR'S CAR

The professor looks happy as he drives. The boys giggle in
the backseat.

PROFESSOR
You know, all in all, I had a fun
day, how about you boys?

In the backseat, the boys GIGGLE. Mutt has a parrot phone on
his shoulder. Chum dances around with the shiny lightbulb
statue.

MUTT
Yeah, we had a great day.

CHUM
I wish everyday could be saturday.