

Viva Piñata!

"High Plains Drafter"

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LOGLINE: A masked Mallowolf named 'El Sketcho' moseys into the Garden. Armed with a bandoleer of pencils, a hand-crank pencil sharpener and rolls of paper - El Guapo wounds the piñatas' egos with quick draw, rapid fire caricatures of them. There's only one hombre with the artistic skills to send El Guapo packing: Franklin! But will he?

CHARACTER LIST

+ = Speaking Role

- + EL SKETCHO the masked wolf
- + MARVIN MALLOWOLF El Sketcho without mask
- + YOUNG MARVIN MALLOWOLF in flashback
- + HORSTACHIO El Sketcho's horse
- + FERGY the hedgehog
- + FRANKLIN the bear
- + PAULIE the fox
- + ELLA the elephant
- + TINA half of a 2-headed snake
- + TEDDINGTON the other half of the same snake
- + LANGSTON the frog
- + PINATAS - crowd walla (in malt shop, emergency triage and at High Noon showdown)
- + HUDSON the horse
- + MABEL the cow
- + PECKY the pigeon
- + DR. QUACKBERRY - the duck
- + SWEETOOTH
- + LOLLIPUP PHOTOGRAPHER
- + LES the bush baby

Non Speaking role:

A Badgesicle.

Assortment of arbitrary Pinatas in crowd scenes, in malt shop, emergency triage and at High Noon showdown.

ACT ONE

EXT. A DESERT HORIZON - DAY

FADE UP ON the scorched earth.

A <WESTERN THEME MUSIC> begins to play... as a SHADOW approaches through the wavy distant HEAT VAPORS, ala the opening shot of *High Plains Drifter*. It coalesces into a silhouette of a MALLOWOLF on HORSTACHIOBACK...

THE GARDEN - SOON AFTER

TRACK with the Mallowolf as he rides his Horstachio slowly along a DUSTY ROAD lined with houses and shops. From the look in his eye, we can tell he's one nasty son-of-a-gun.

This is... EL SKETCHO. Wearing a COWBOY HAT and a BANDANA over his mouth and nose, he's armed and ready to draw.

He passes a BADGESICLE sitting on a porch, gnawing on a twig. The Badgesicle looks up. HIS POV: Three quick cuts, with a musical <STING> on each: 1) CU on a BANDOLEER OF PENCILS draped over EL SKETCHO'S CHEST. 2) CU on a HAND CRANK PENCIL SHARPENER attached to EL SKETCHO'S WAIST. 3) CU on a HOLSTER, holding a sharpened PENCIL, resting on EL SKETCHO'S hip. ON THE BADGESICLE: scared. His jaw drops; the twig falls!

IN THE CENTER OF TOWN

El Sketcho dismounts from his steed, looks around and grumbles.

1 EL SKETCHO
We're here.

2 HORSTACHIO
Oh goodie! I'm gonna go find a
bookstore!

The Horstachio gleefully TROTS OFF. El Sketcho rolls his eyes... then spots something of interest. He smiles. CUT TO: the colorful facade of MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP. From behind its SALOON STYLE DOORS, we HEAR a player-piano <play>...

INT. MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Bustling with PINATAS, the Malt Shop has a PLAYER PIANO, SALOON STYLE DOORS, and pinatas playing CARDS at one of the tables.

FERGY takes three shakes to HIS TABLE -- where PAULIE and FRANKLIN sit.

This isn't their first round: The table is crammed with dirty, empty glasses. Paulie and Franklin SWAY, looking *tipsy*.

3 FERGY
Three more stiff ones.

4 FRANKLIN
Dude. If I'm gonna down another milk
shake, I better go make some room.

Franklin crosses to the MEN'S ROOM. Just as he closes the door:

EL SKETCHO comes through the saloon doors! The room falls to <A NERVOUS HUSH>! All freeze, cards and drinks in hand. El Sketcho returns their stares --

5 EL SKETCHO
<Mean unintelligible grumble>.

-- then walks toward the bar. <SFX: SPURS HITTING FLOOR>.

6 FERGY
Looks like somebody's been watching too
many Westerns. Who is this guy?

7 PAULIE
I dunno. Some kind of masked... *artist*?

ON THE BAR - as El Sketcho parks himself on a stool. MABEL MOOZIPAN, cleaning a glass with a rag, smiles at him *warmly*.

8 MABEL
What'll it be, Stranger?

9 EL SKETCHO
<LOW GRUMBLE> Milk. Straight up.

10 MABEL
<CHIPPER> Milk? How boring. Why not
try one of my famous banana spli--

11 EL SKETCHO
<CUTTING HER OFF> I said MILK!

12 MABEL
<dry> Suit yourself.

She plops down a shot glass and opens up a bottle of milk. She's about to pour. But El Sketcho SMACKS THE SHOT GLASS AWAY - it <CRASHES> into the PIANO! The music <SCREECHES TO A HALT>!

13 PAULIE
<whispers to Fergy> Uh-oh. Trouble.

ON THE BAR. El Sketcho grabs Mabel's BOTTLE and starts to CHUG.
CUT to the nervous crowd. <O.S. SFX: Chugging/spilling>

BACK ON EL SKETCHO. He spins to face the crowd. There's a
PUDDLE OF MILK at his feet -- and a big, wet, SPLOTCH OF MILK on
his mask. A SWEETOOTH at the bar grins at him.

14 SWEETOOTH
It might be easier next time if you took
your mask off first.

El Sketcho <SNARLS> then BOOM! Like lightning, he unspools some
paper off a roll on his belt -- and pulls his BIG PENCIL from
holster! He sketches madly, then FLINGS his sketch at the
Sweetooth (NOTE: ACCENTED BY THE SFX OF A GUNSHOT - <Ka-Blam!>)

The Sweetooth catches it! CU ON DRAWING: It's a CARICATURE of
the Sweetooth with GINAORMOUS BUCK TEETH AND GOOGLY-EYES!

15 SWEETOOTH
Is this what I look like? I'm HIDEOUS!
<SCREAMS IN TERROR!>

The Sweetooth drops the drawing and jumps out the WINDOW!
<CRASH!> El Sketcho blows on his pencil's tip.

16 EL SKETCHO
Anybody else got a helpful hint?

EXT. MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP - SECONDS LATER

Hold for a beat. Suddenly -- ALL THE PINATAS FLEE THE MALT
SHOP, <SCREAMING IN TERROR>!

17 FERGY (LOUD ABOVE ALL)
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!!!

El Sketcho follows them out, shouting for all to hear!

18 EL SKETCHO
Call me 'El Sketcho' -- fastest
caricaturist in the West! I come to
wound y'all with my artistic vision!

He TWIRLS his pencil and <HOWLS>!

19 EL SKETCHO
AWOO!! Board up yer windows and lock up
yer wives! I got a bandolier fulla *lead* -
- and I aim to make y'all WEEP! <TO
CAMERA, BREAKING CHARACTER> It's a life-
style choice.

INT. MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

<SFX: O.S. TOILET FLUSH>. Franklin steps from the bathroom.

20 FRANKLIN
Whoa. Why'd everybody vacate?

Just then, he spots the CARICATURE OF THE SWEETOOTH on the floor and picks it up. He studies the drawing and frowns.

21 FRANKLIN
That's not very nice. <BEAT>. But the use of light and shading is *righteous*!

WIPE TO:

EXT. TINA AND TEDDINGTON'S HOUSE - DAY

TINA and TEDDINGTON paint a white picket fence, coiling around each other to reach difficult spots. Suddenly, a SHADOW falls over them. They look up to see: EL SKETCHO!

22 EL SKETCHO
Howdy, folks.

SFX: KA-BLAM! He fires off a CARICATURE. It STICKS to the fence! It's the Twingersnaps, with stupid looks, in a twisted snake-pretzel! TINA & TED turn to each other and <SOB>.

23 TINA AND TEDDINGTON
<CRYING> It's true! It's so true!

EXT. AN OUTDOOR MODEL SHOOT - DAY

HUDSON strikes poses for the LOLLIPUP PHOTOGRAPHER.

24 HUDSON
Get a shot of my good side, which, in my case, is ANY side!

25 LOLLIPUP PHOTOGRAPHER
Just watch the birdie and SMILE, gorgeous!

Hudson flashes a TOOTHY GRIN. <O.S. KA-BLAM!!> A piece of PAPER flies in, hitting him in the face! Hudson yanks it and <GASPS>!

CU ON CARICATURE: It's Hudson as a Jackass with a big, toothy grin! HUDSON whips out his cell phone, TOTALLY FREAKED OUT!!!

26 HUDSON
 <TOTALLY FREAKED OUT!!!> Simone? Call
 my plastic surgeon - stat!

INT. A BARBER SHOP - LATER

ON LES GALAGOOGOO -- the barber -- shaving a PINATA. We can't
 tell who the pinata is, however. The chair's back is TO CAMERA.

<SFX: DOOR SLAMMING OPEN!> Fergy and Paulie rush in and begin
 to BARRICADE the door with chairs, wood, concrete block!

27 PAULIE
 Les, we need a place to hide from El
 Sketcho!

28 FERGY
 He's sketchin' up everybody *real bad* --
 and we ain't gonna be next!

They finish barricading the door, plop down exhausted and smile.
 Then they see Les. ON LES - ALARMED. He nods his head toward
 the "gentleman" in the high-chair...

29 LES
 <NERVOUS WARNING HOOTS>

The chair spins around slowly, revealing... EL SKETCHO --
 wearing a 'mask' of SHAVING CREAM! He smiles.

30 EL SKETCHO
 Lookin' fer me?

<KA-BLAM!> He fires off a sketch! The paper flies toward
 CAMERA! It FILLS THE SCREEN and HOLDS. We see a CROSS-EYED
 FERGY with a 'PAULIE-SHAPED' HUMP!

31 FERGY AND PAULIE (V.O.)
 NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PINATA CENTRAL - DAY

CLOSE ON a grave DR. QUACKBERRY. He turns to LANGSTON LICKATOAD.

32 DR. QUACKBERRY
 This is the worst epidemic of *bruised*
egos I've ever seen.

CUT WIDE to reveal that the FACTORY has been turned into an EMERGENCY TRIAGE CENTER! SCORES and SCORES of piñatas lay in cots, clutching drawings and <MOANING>.

33 ELLA
<ALARMED> I don't remember my nose being
this big! <SOB SOB>!

ON ELLA waving a caricature that depicts her with a RIDICULOUSLY LONG TRUNK. Langston hops over and pats her reassuringly.

34 LANGSTON
It's not, Ella. Rest now. <SIGHS TO
HIMSELF>Oh dear, what're we going to do?!

WIDE - as Fergy and Paulie bolt upright in nearby cots!

35 FERGY
SEND EL SKETCHO PACKING!!!!

36 PAULIE
RUN HIM OUT OF DODGE!

37 ALL PINATAS (IN UNISON)
YEAH!

But suddenly they hear THE BONE CHILLING SOUND OF A PENCIL BEING SHARPENED! <CRUNCH-CRUNCH-CRUNCH-CRUNCH!> They turn to see:

EL SKETCHO -- sitting in the factory with his feet up, sharpening a pencil with his hand-crank sharpener. He pulls the pencil from the sharpener and <BLOWS> on the sharpened tip.

38 EL SKETCHO
It ain't polite to talk about folks
behind their backs.

The pinatas dive for cover behind their cots! But Langston <CLEARS HIS THROAT> and hops over to El Sketcho.

39 LANGSTON
I'm Langston Lickatoad; I suppose you can
consider me the law 'round these parts.

El Sketcho <YAWNS>.

40 LANGSTON
This is a nice, quiet garden, Mr. El
Sketcho, and we don't need no sketchy
trouble-makers. So, I'm telling ya to
get out of town by sundown.

41 EL SKETCHO
You know what, Lickatoad? Ya got a big mouth.

<KA-BLAM!> El Sketcho fires a CARICATURE at Langston! CU ON THE DRAWING: it's Langston with a ridiculously large mouth! LANGSTON bursts into tears and HOPS OFF, clutching the drawing!

42 LANGSTON
<LOUD CRYING!> THAT'S NOT NIIIIIIICE!

El Sketcho rises and faces the cowering PINATAS.

43 EL SKETCHO
If you lily-livered cowards want me ta leave - you're gonna have to pick up a pencil and make me.

El Sketcho twirls his pencil and drops it in his holster.

44 EL SKETCHO
Tomorrow, outside the Moozipan's waterin' hole, we draw at high noon. I lose, I leave. I win, well... if I wuz you, I'd find someone who can draw - real fast like. <CAKLES!>

El Sketcho WALKS OFF. ON THE PINATAS: they rise from behind the cots, TREMBLING. Ella WAILS in a Southern-belle accent:

45 ELLA
Wherever shall we find someone with the courage - and *talent* - to save us?!
Ooooo... WHAT SHALL WE DO?!

She <FAINTS>! On everybody's PANICKED LOOKS... FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

EXT. A WINDSWEPT HILLTOP - SUNSET

WIDE ON the idyllic, pastoral scene. The branches of a TREE sway in the breeze, ala the opening shot of "Unforgiven". SILHOUETTED by a GLORIOUS SUNSET, FRANKLIN stands on a ladder, chiseling away at a TWENTY-FOOT TALL STATUE OF A WAVE WITH HIMSELF SURFING IT. The idyllic calm is interrupted by:

46 FERGY (O.S.)
Franklin? We've got a job for you!

ON FRANKLIN: He lowers the chisel, wipes his forehead and sees: Fergy, Paulie, Hudson, Ella and the Twingersnaps approaching.

Fergy holds up a HOLSTER, COWBOY HAT and BANDOLEER OF PENCILS. smiling up at Franklin. ON FRANKLIN'S GRAVE LOOK OF CONCERN:

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - A STORMY NIGHT

LIGHTNING <FLASHES>! THUNDER <BOOMS>!

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANKLIN, pensive, tends to the CRACKLING FIRE in his hearth.

47 FRANKLIN

Soon as I saw that sketch of the sweetooth, I was afraid you Brahs would come a knockin'. I just wanna be left alone...

Behind him, the GANG pleads their case.

48 HUDSON

C'mon, Franklin. You're the best artist this garden ever did see. You're the only one who can send that Mallowolf *packing*.

49 PAULIE

You just gotta sketch up El Sketcho tomorrow at high noon. *It'll be easy.*

CU ON FRANKLIN: the fire casts a GLOW on his GRIM face.

50 FRANKLIN

Ain't *nothin'* easy about sketchin' a dude.

CUT WIDE as Franklin turns to face his friends. We see that the room is cluttered with all kinds of ART SUPPLIES.

51 FRANKLIN

Look around ya, Brahs. What do you see? Paint brushes. Sculpting chisels. Shaw, even a knitting loom. But what you don't see is -- a pencil.

52 TEDDINGTON

<TO THE GANG> It's true. I've looked.

Franklin takes the COWBOY HAT from Fergy. He runs his finger along the brim, nostalgic, then tries it on.

53 FRANKLIN
Used to be different. Used to be, I
could sling the lead real good. Folks
even gave me a name: El Dude.

He PANTOMIMES a quick-fire DRAW! Outside the WINDOW, lightning
<FLASHES>! Thunder <BOOMS>! The gang reacts - STARTLED!

54 TINA
El Dude? The fastest, toughest son-of-a-
gun who ever did man the caricature booth
down on the boardwalk?! That was YOU?

55 FRANKLIN
<NODS> Back in the old days. Back before
I gave up the lead and found the wave.
I'm just a dude now. El Dude, no more...

He takes off the cowboy hat and puts it on Ella's head.

56 ELLA
<IN AWE OF HIM> But why, Herbert?

57 FRANKLIN
It's *Franklin*, ma'am. And it's on
account of one of my drawings hurtin' a
kid. Hurtin' him *real bad*. Made him
squeal like a stuck rashberry. I left
the Boardwalk that day and vowed never to
pick up a pencil again.

Franklin walks to the WINDOW, looking out at the stormy night,
lost in thought. REVERSE ANGLE. We're now OUTSIDE FRANKLIN'S
WINDOW, seeing FRANKLIN through the rain spattered glass.

58 FRANKLIN
Heck of a thing, caricaturing a dude.
Mockin' all he's got, and all he's ever
gonna have.

Fergy, behind him (seen through the window) PLEADS:

59 FERGY
Yeah, but El Sketcho's got it coming!

60 FRANKLIN
<GRAVE> We've all got it comin', *kid*.

Lightning <FLASHES> -- illuminating EL SKETCHO! He's to the
side of the window, where Franklin can't see him, leaning
against the house. He's been listening in! Thunder <BOOMS!>

61 FERGY
<to Paulie> Did he just call me 'kid'?

Before Paulie answers, Franklin opens the door and ushers the gang out.

62 FRANKLIN
Sorry, brahs! You're on your own.

He closes the door on his friends. A beat. He reopens it. The gang hasn't budged. Franklin hands them a THICK BOOK.

63 FRANKLIN
<PERKY> But here's a book on perspective
if you think it'll help!

He closes the door again, and turns back to his living room. He stops at his WINDOW, looking GRAVE.

Just then, lighting <FLASHES> -- illuminating a CARICATURE taped to the glass, left behind by El Sketcho! It's Franklin as a BIG CHICKEN! Literally. ON FRANKLIN - SHOCKED BY IT!

DIP TO BLACK.

EXT. MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

PECKY pops up INTO FRAME, talking to CAMERA, microphone in hand.

64 PECKY PLUDGEON
It's almost High Noon here, outside Mabel
Moozipan's Malt Shop, and we're about to
witness a real, live showdown!

Just then, MABEL pops up beside him, and pulls him back down!

65 MABEL
Are you crazy? Get down before you get
hit by a stray *caricature*!

CUT WIDE ON THE DUSTY ROAD - as FERGY, PAULIE, HUDSON, ELLA and the TWINGERSNAPS line up in the street, wearing COWBOY HATS, looking like the Magnificent Seven. A *terrified* Magnificent Seven. Holding PENCILS and PADS, they shake NERVOUSLY.

CUT AROUND THE SCENE to highlight MISCELLANEOUS PINATAS peering at the gang from behind mailboxes, lampposts, HORSE CARTS and BARRELS. ON FERGY: suddenly <SOBBING>!

66 FERGY
I can't draw, I can't draw, *I can't draw!*

67 PAULIE
C'mon! We've gotta be brave and do this -
- together!

ANGLE ON A STREET CLOCK: it strikes TWELVE! CUT TO a CU of EL SKETCHO'S BOOTS stepping INTO FRAME. <SFX: SPURS HITTING DIRT>

CUT WIDE to reveal EL SKETCHO, now on the dusty road, squaring off, facing THE GANG. He frowns, looking disappointed.

68 EL SKETCHO
<SIGHS> Oh, you guys. Are you really
the best this garden could come up with?

69 PAULIE
<ACTING TUFF> You really think you're
fast enough to take us all on?

70 EL SKETCHO
I'm faster than you'll ever *live* to be.
<SMILES> But tell ya what. I'll give
y'all the first shot.

El Sketcho strikes an EXTREMELY SILLY POSE and HOLDS IT.

71 EL SKETCHO
Go ahead. Make my day.

The gang looks to each, then DRAWS! FURIOUSLY! BUT INEPTLY!!!!

TINA holds paper in her mouth; TEDDINGTON, a pencil in his!
They struggle to work together -- but get twisted in A KNOT!

72 TEDDINGTON
Keep still, Tina! Keep -- whaaaaa!!

HUDSON draws a line, erases it, draws a line, erases it!

73 HUDSON
Does anyone have a protractor?!

El Sketcho strains and struggles to hold his silly pose!

74 EL SKETCHO
C'MON ALREADY!!

<KA-BLAM!> Finally, FERGY fires off a piece of paper! El Sketcho catches it! He turns it for all to see. It's BLANK!

75 EL SKETCHO
There's nothing on this!

Fergy holds up his FLAT, UNSHARPENED PENCIL - <SOBBING>!

76 FERGY
I don't have a pencil sharpener!

<KA-BLAM!> ELLA fires one off! El Sketcho HOLDS IT UP,
 revealing her sketch of:

77 EL SKETCHO
 <CONFUSED> A tic-tac-toe grid?!

78 ELLA
 It's your turn!

<KA-BLAM!> Paulie fires one off! IT STICKS TO EL SKETCHO'S
 CHEST! He looks down to see a drawing of A STICK FIGURE!

79 EL SKETCHO
 Who's this supposed to be?

80 PAULIE
 YOU!

81 EL SKETCHO
 You guys stink worse'n my Aunt Tilly's
 butt! It almost doesn't seem fair...

El Sketcho DRAWS, rapid-fire! <KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM!> ON
 THE GANG - as sheets of paper fly in -- blowing them away!

82 THE GANG
 <SCREAMS AND IMPACT GRUNTS!>

ON THE MISC. PINATAS - as they pop up from behind their hiding
 places and <GASP IN HORROR>! El Sketcho sees them all SMILES.

83 EL SKETCHO
 <RAPID FIRE> *Lard butt, freckle face,
 wall eyes, flat nose, puffy cheeks!*

<KA-BLAM!> He fires off sheet after sheet! The pinatas fall as
 they're hit -- from rooftops, over barrels, through windows!

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON FRANKLIN - at his table, despondent, downing shots of milk.

84 MISCELLANEOUS PINATAS (V.O.)
 <SCREAMS AND IMPACT GRUNTS!>

Hearing the anguished cries of his friends and neighbors, he
 TENSES, downs another shot, trying to drown them out. BUT HE
 CAN'T! He knocks the bottle away! <CRASH!>

Franklin rises and walks to his closet. He pulls out a SMALL WOODEN CASE. He opens it. CU ON the well-worn PENCIL inside (with a lighting bolt emblem emblazoned on it's side).

FRANKLIN lifts the pencil up in front of his face. RACK FOCUS from the pencil to HIS EYES. They BLAZE with STEELY RESOLVE.

EXT. MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP - SOON AFTER

The PINATAS lay strewn about the dusty road, clutching their caricatures, <MOANING>. It's the scene of a MASSACRE. El Sketcho stands in the center of it all, <CAACKLING>!

85 EL SKETCHO

Is there no one left, not a SINGLE piñata
with the LEAD to take me on?!

A beat. Just then, we HEAR the sound of <SPURS HITTING EARTH, DRAWING NEAR>. El Sketcho - REACTS.

CUT WIDE. Suddenly, FRANKLIN'S LEGS enter frame, stopping in the foreground, framing El Sketcho (in the B.G.) between them.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal: FRANKLIN -- with cowboy hat, boots, spurs, holster, PENCIL and PAPER! He grimaces at EL SKETCHO.

86 FRANKLIN

I've got your lead right here, Newbie.
You're using art to smoke dudes. And
that ain't cooleo. It ends. Now.

87 EL SKETCHO

<WICKEDLY DELIGHTED> Ah, finally. The
Great 'El Dude'. So, we draw?

88 FRANKLIN

<LOW GROWL> We draw.

CUT WIDE. They face off in classic western fashion, CIRCLING ONE ANOTHER, SIZING EACH OTHER UP. CU ON THEIR FINGERS: twitching over their pencil-holsters. Finally:

89 EL SKETCHO/FRANKLIN

DRAW!

ON FRANKLIN: pulling pencil from holster with blinding speed!
ON El Sketcho: pulling -- HIS MASK OFF!!!! FRANKLIN drops his pencil -- SHOCKED!

90 FRANKLIN

It's -- It's YOU! MARVIN MALLOWOLF??!!!!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MARVIN MALLOWOLF (AKA 'El Sketcho'): His mask off, we can see his face. He looks like your typical Mallowolf -- with the exception of A HUMONGOUS MOLE ON HIS NOSE.

91 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
You remember. I can't help but be
touched. I, of course, remember you.

The GANG spills in around them, confused.

92 FERGY
Franklin, you know this yutz?

93 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
Know me?! HE DREW ME!!!! I was the kid
he hurt 'real bad'!!!!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY - SEPIA TINTED FLASHBACK

A young MARVIN MALLOWOLF (with mole) skips along the boardwalk, getting in line behind pinata children at a CARICATURE BOOTH.

94 MARVIN MALLOWOLF (V.O.)
I was a young'n then, barely old enough
to handle a loaded pencil -- but I knew
of the great 'El Dude'!

ON FRANKLIN (wearing a COWBOY HAT)! He draws caricature after caricature for the children.

95 MARVIN MALLOWOLF (V.O.)
And I wanted him to draw my picture!

Marvin is now first in line. He SMILES BROADLY. Franklin sketches him. Marvin looks at the drawing and:

96 YOUNG MARVIN MALLOWOLF
<CRIES HYSTERICALLY!>

MATCH RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MABEL MOOZIPAN'S MALT SHOP - PRESENT DAY - CU ON:

97 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
<CRYING HYSTERICALLY> YOU MADE ME LOOK
HIDEOUS!!!!

Marvin tries to regain his composure. He addresses THE GANG.

98 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
 So I enrolled in art school to learn how
 to draw and TURN MY HURT ON THE WORLD! I
 came here to bait Franklin out of
 retirement and get him fix this:

He whips out FRANKLIN'S CARICATURE OF HIM! Angle to show Marvin
 and the drawing side-by-side for comparison. They both sport
 the HUMONGOUS MOLE. In fact, the sketch looks EXACTLY like him.

99 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
 DRAW ME HOW I REALLY LOOK THIS TIME!

Franklin smiles. He knows what to do.

100 FRANKLIN
 Full on, Brah. My pleasure. How's this?

Franklin grabs the sketch and furiously draws over it. He hands
 it back to Marvin. MARVIN'S POV: Franklin has drawn a PHOTO-
 REALISTIC portrait of ROCK HUDSON. ON MARVIN: he BEAMS!

101 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
 Now THAT'S more like it! Thanks,
 Franklin! This is better than a mirror!

He <WHISTLES>! His HORSTACHIO zips in, with bags of BOOKS!

102 HORSTACHIO
 Hiya, Marvin! You missed a great book
 sale! But I picked up some of those
 romance novels you love so much!

103 MARVIN MALLOWOLF
 Oh goodie! Hiho Horstachio, away!

They ride off into a GLORIOUS SUNSET! The PINATAS watch,
 STUNNED.

104 TEDDINGTON
 That was ridiculous.

105 TINA
 Yeah, that Marvin was a real nutcase.

106 TEDDINGTON
 No, I mean that *sunset*. It's only a
 quarter after noon.

ON FRANKLIN as ELLA sidles up to him, batting her eyelashes.

107 ELLA
 Um, can you draw me like *Doris Day*?

108 FRANKLIN
<LAUGHS> You got it, Ella.

Franklin pulls out his pad. Tons of pinatas line up behind Ella.

109 FERGY (LOUD OVER ALL)
I wanna look like CLINT EASTWOOD!

And as a happy Franklin begins to SKETCH... FADE OUT.