

CatTails

Written by

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EXT. BLACK - DAY

A small circle spins and grows accompanied by WHISTLES of wind, sucks up a tree limb, part of a house, a bicycle and the wind grows louder.

The circle sucks in a car, a section of fence, a dog house and grows louder to the RUMBLE of a freight train.

Two legs of a water tower loosen from the foundation, the other two legs buckle and the tank topples to one side.

SUPERIMPOSE - NUDDERLAND

EXT. SPRESSWAY 24 - MORNING

A mural-painted train RUMBLES in hills parallel to the road.

"NU-CLEAR WATER" delivery truck passes the "WATER-N-WHIZZ" service station. A MAN fuels at a "WATER" pump.

"H-2-GO" TANK TRUCK DRIVER fills the ground tank. SHERIFF, 60s, accepts payment from a BOTTLE WATER DELIVERY MAN.

The truck passes a field of grazing SIX-LEGGED CATTLE with two udders. Sun shines through a windbreak of tall trees with thick silver vines dangling overhead. Wind blows across a field of gold grain.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

"NUCLEAR WATER" truck passes the vandalized "CITY OF NEW HOPE - POPULATION 1128" sign, reads "SITE OF NOO HOPE!"

The truck coasts through the dirty town. Graffiti-painted buildings with streaked windows line the street.

Laundry on clothes lines looks dingy, light colors a dull pink. The few flowers are blue.

A kid with a Mohawk shoots across the road in front of the "NU-CLEAR WATER" truck on a small royal blue three-wheeled racer, two wheels on the front.

The truck tires SQUEAL to a stop. Pale, red-haired RUSTY, 30s, leans out the window, shakes his fist and utters INAUDIBLE CURSES.

In front of "MURCY & TIGHTWAUD BANK", FOUNTAIN SCRUBBER, a frenzied small silver-haired man uses a long handled brush to scrub the rust-red stained fountain with a dull pink spray.

EXT. HANS' GROCERY STORE - MORNING

HANS, 60s, a short red-faced man sprays the dingy display window with a water hose. A DOG sniffs a water dish and reluctantly laps.

Rusty parks to the side of the store near the "WATER" AND "ICE" sheds.

Hans reaches into his pocket and strides over. He JINGLES keys in his hand and wipes sweat from his forehead.

HANS
(heavy German accent)
Morning, Rusty.

Hans unlocks the "WATER" shed. Rusty exits the cab, goes around to the rear and shakes his head.

RUSTY
Whew! Smells extra ripe today,
Mayor.

Rusty nods to the wet window. Hans rolls out a rack of empty five-gallon bottles.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
There's better water in the mulk
pond.

Rusty pushes a button on the rear of the truck which MOTORS the back door open, down and folds out to a smooth ramp. Hans rolls the rack to the back of the truck.

HANS
I can leave it dirty ...or have a
stinky sulphur film.

Rusty pushes another button. A cable clasps onto a rack of filled five-gallon bottles and rolls it down the ramp.

RUSTY
Still no hope for a new well, huh?

Rusty unhooks the cable, hooks it to the rack of empties and MOTORS it up the ramp. Hans nods toward the mangled water tower.

HANS
Or to fix the tower. And with the
old well ...

Hans pinches his nose.

HANS (CONT'D)
 ...sure makes it hard to keep folks
 here.

Hans rolls the rack over to the shed. Rusty MOTORS the back door closed, follows Hans and pulls out an electronic pad.

RUSTY
 Living in Lotsawatah County ...how
 ironic ...no pun intended.

Hans SIGHS, nods, makes a few irregular TAPS on the pad and returns it to Rusty. Rusty waves two fingers.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
 See you in two days!

Rusty hops into the cab, departs and passes the car wash.

EXT. HANS' VASH N VAX N VACS - MORNING

Dull pink stains the walls of the wash building.

With a chamois in hand, sandy-haired BENNY, 12, wipes his brow and gets a SLAP in the face from the wet rag.

Benny frowns and dries his metallic burgundy three-wheeler. Decals depict "12" with "BOBCAT BENNY" and a sprinting BOBCAT and "S'TRIKER" logo.

RUNT, 10, small for her age, picks up a blown piece of colored paper, scans the flyer of the "CITY REC & UNITY DAY CARNIVAL" with "CRUD" at the top.

Runt's shirt has an "I" with a heart above a six-legged cow image. Runt hops to a shady picnic table and two minibikes.

A horsefly bumbles overhead. Pale, skinny ZIPPER, 10, captures the horsefly with cupped hands, peeks in and pulls a wing off. He observes it awkwardly fly in a circle with a LOUD BUZZ.

ZIPPER
 Hope Mom doesn't come get me till
 the carnival's over. Uncle Hooks
 said ---

Benny glances at Runt.

BENNY
 Where did you get that, Runt?

Runt motions to the "FULLER GOSPEL CHURCH" and sits on the table.

RUNT

It blew from that direction.

Zipper follows the horsefly's flight till he goes cross-eyed.
He shakes his head and glances at the church.

ZIPPER

Wonder why there aren't any half
gospel churches?

Benny wipes his forehead.

BENNY

Come on, Zipper. Who admits
they're telling you half the truth?

DIRK, 12, pointy chin, eyebrows knit and a Mohawk, cruises
past on his royal blue racer with a big fin on the rear
fender and REVS his engine.

RUNT

Yuck. It's Dirk.

Dirk returns, slows almost to a stop and shouts at Benny.

DIRK

Nice red ...your favorite color of
nail polish, I suppose?

Runt stands on the bench and yells.

RUNT

Ignore him, Benny.

Dirk speeds out of town. Benny POPS his chamois.

BENNY

That show-off! Smart aleck!

Benny dries the seat.

RUNT

Just wants to see what you can do.

Benny mounts the racer. Runt waves the flyer.

RUNT (CONT'D)

Are you burnt? What about the
race?

ZIPPER

Burnt?

RUNT

Brain Under Repair - Not Thinking.

Dirk ZOOMS back into town and slows to pass.

DIRK

That is one sissy trike.

Dirk speeds off again.

BENNY

I'll show you! Count off for us,
Zipper.

Benny powers up the racer.

RUNT

Your dad is going to kill you.

Zipper turns, looks at Runt and shrugs. Dirk turns around, stops and REVS the engine. Zipper recaptures his horsefly and follows Benny to the street.

RUNT (CONT'D)

Don't listen to him! You can't
race him anyway. The track's being
redone.

DIRK

That's what the park's for. No
traps, no mulk pond ...just speed.

RUNT

You'll be grounded, Benny. What
kind of summer ---

Benny follows Dirk to the park.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

Benny and Dirk line up to a sidewalk near the "CLOSED" rust-stained swimming pool. Zipper joins them at the start line.

BENNY

Three times around?

Dirk puts his arm in front of his tummy and slightly bows.

DIRK

After me.

Benny and Dirk catch the attention of a group of prissy SNOBBY GIRLS, 10-12, in the city pavilion. Benny white-knuckles the handgrips and looks to Zipper.

BENNY

On three.

Zipper raises his arm.

ZIPPER

OK ...One ...Two!
 (lowers his arm)
 ...Three!

Benny freezes for second. Dirk fishtails away.

They race the outer perimeter of the park past the pool, water tower, around horseshoe pits and hard right near the cattails at the stream's edge.

They race alongside the water past picnic tables and the pavilion. Benny gains on Dirk. Dirk uses the rear end to swerve at Benny's front.

Benny slows to avoid the fin and they start around again.

BENNY

It's not a demolition derby!

Benny regains ground behind Dirk.

Dirk pulls in front of Benny and slams on the brakes. The sudden jolt raises the back end of Dirk's racer which exposes a steel plate and leaves Benny nowhere to go but under.

The plate stops Benny's racer from hitting Dirk's rear tire.

The rear of Dirk's racer crunches down on Benny's front end, puts a drag on Benny's racer and overloads the front tires. POP! POP!

DIRK

Hey, it worked!

The weight crushes the front body and grinds it on the ground. Benny's racer breaks free, skids through the sandy horseshoe pits and dislodges two metal stakes.

The racer spins into the stand of cattails near the stream's edge. The cattails bend, but don't break, and stop Benny and the trike from going into the stream.

With the racer's rear in the air, Dirk stops to look and sees only the rear end.

Dirk laughs and speeds away. Benny kills the power. Runt cringes and peeks at the mess. Zipper gapes.

Benny scowls and turns his face to avoid a PUFF of steam.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A PUFF of steam belches from the open truck hood. Bushy-haired, skinflint MARTY, 30s, kicks the tire and SLAMS the hood.

Marty glances at the Sheriff's car in the backyard of the main house and storms inside the guesthouse.

INT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The stereo BLARES rock music. With a half mug of beer, Marty enters the living room. Dirk peers through the back window with binoculars.

DIRK
Oh ...oh ...oh.

Marty sets down the beer, approaches Dirk from behind and snatches the binoculars.

INSERT - LOOK THROUGH BINOCULARS

I/E. TINY'S CAMPER - AFTERNOON

Seated at a dinette with the curtains open, TINY, 50s, a rotund biker bundles cash. He appears to fill the kitchen.

DIRK (O.S.)
That big tree fell over, Marty.
You can see all the way through.

In the background, a "TINY'S CUSTOM CYCLE SHOP" sign looms overhead.

MARTY (O.S.)
Well, check out Tiny. Poor guy.

A padlock dangles from an open hasp at the back door. A grin spreads across Marty's face.

MARTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Some crude accounting practices.

INT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marty puts his hand in Dirk's chest and pushes him backward. Dirk lands on the couch, CRACKS and buckles the frame. He lays there.

MARTY
I see a new truck in my future.

INSERT - LOOK THROUGH BINOCULARS

I/E. TINY'S CAMPER - AFTERNOON

Tiny packs bundled cash into a portable safe.

MARTY (O.S.)

It can't be legit. He barely pays
his shop rent.

DIRK (O.S.)

Maybe that's what he wants folks to
think. Wonder where it came from?

INT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marty rests the binoculars on a table, guzzles the remainder
of the brew and departs to the kitchen. Dirk grabs the
binoculars and gazes out the window.

Marty returns pouring a beer, takes a big swallow and JERKS
the binoculars from Dirk.

DIRK

He's leaving.

INSERT - LOOK THROUGH BINOCULARS

Tiny disappears around to his front yard and the locked
padlock on the door.

EXT. CABIN BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Nearby stands a cabin needing paint and repairs with a window
pane shattered on the front porch. Overgrown weeds and vines
cover the property. A rusty iron-fence frames the front.

Runt races her minibike to the bridge. Zipper leans over the
bridge rail near tall weeds which hide the boys' bikes.
Zipper peers at the clear trickling water.

RUNT

Wait up.

Runt hides her minibike in the weeds.

ZIPPER

(to Runt)
He's still hopped-up about wrecking
the S'Triker.

Benny sits with his legs around a smooth steel bridge girder.
Runt sees Benny's head from the guardrail.

RUNT

He's raced at the CRUD Carnival
every year that I can remember.
And he won most of them, too.

Benny scowls and looks toward Runt.

BENNY

About to crawl the bridge without
you.

Benny lays belly down on the girder. Runt trots around the
guardrail.

ZIPPER

Crawl the bridge?

Benny pulls himself along the girder to a support beam. Runt
sits down and braces herself on the girder. Zipper observes.

RUNT

(nods to the cabin)
It's how we get over there
...without getting caught by Marty
...Dirk's uncle.

Benny swings his legs onto the rung of a camouflaged ladder.

BENNY

It belongs to Marty's dad, the
Sheriff.

Benny descends the ladder. Runt slides belly down on the
girder after Benny.

RUNT

That's the whole fun of crawling
the bridge. And, well ...maybe get
a glimpse of the witch.

Zipper scans the cabin yard.

ZIPPER

What witch?

BENNY (O.S.)

You come, and you'll see her ...if
we do. Come on, Runt.

ZIPPER

Don't leave me here.

BENNY (O.S.)

Just follow Runt.

Benny crawls the dirt slope under the bridge. He slides back down on his rear with a machete and rake.

Runt descends the ladder and gazes at the path next to the stream with cut overgrowth piled opposite the stream.

RUNT

This is gonna take longer than we thought. We don't know how far back there she lives.

BENNY

I have a feeling we're closer than we think.

Zipper descends, pants and grows wide-eyed as Benny turns around with the machete.

ZIPPER

Wow! Where did you get that?

BENNY

I cleaned the junk out of an old lady's garage and she let me have whatever I wanted.

Benny holds the machete vertically.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Truly not junk.

Benny hands Runt the rake and turns to the path. Runt follows with Zipper behind her.

ZIPPER

What's this about a witch?

BENNY

We've been clearing a path ...to find her house.

Benny hacks at the roots of overgrowth. Zipper pulls dead branches aside.

RUNT

Some say a witch lives behind this cabin somewhere.

INSERT --- ZIPPER'S IMAGINATION

An ugly image of the WITCH forms as Benny describes her.

BENNY (V.O.)

There are rumors that the few teeth she has are green and filed pointed. She has long yellow fingernails and black oily hair. But the ultra zinger is making sausage from dogs. And I don't mean hot dogs. I guess you'd call it 'dog-sage'.

BACK TO THE PATH

Zipper pulls on a limb, it breaks loose and he tumbles backward on his keister. He shakes his head and gets up.

ZIPPER

You didn't say you were gonna put me to work.

Runt rakes overgrowth aside. Benny looks toward the stream.

BENNY

It's going good with three of us. We're already past the cabin.

The three rest on a boulder near the water.

ZIPPER

If that wasn't so shallow, I'd jump right in.

BENNY

You would ...shoulda been a fish.

Benny and Runt step over to the stream, kneel and cup their hands for a drink. Zipper wrinkles his nose.

ZIPPER

You're drinking that ...for real? There might be cows upstream.

Benny wipes his mouth with his arm.

BENNY

It's cold and clean. Beats heck out of the water in town.

Zipper gets a big GULP.

ZIPPER

Aaaaahhhhhh! That's good!

The kids rest on the boulder.

BENNY

(to Zipper)

Strange that you would care about what might be in the water.

(to Runt)

When Dad picked Zipper up from his Mom, we stopped at a rest area. It was hot, so Zip decided to run through the lawn sprinklers.

RUNT

So? I probably would, too.

BENNY

The sprinklers at those rest areas release water from the sewage.

Zipper blushes and turns away.

ZIPPER

Aah ...shush.

BENNY

Dad wouldn't let Zip back in the truck. I rode with him in the back so he could dry off.

INT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - DUSK

Dressed in black, Marty slips a pair of bolt cutters into his back pocket.

DIRK

You sure Tiny doesn't sleep in the camper?

MARTY

He barely fits in the kitchen. Where would he possibly lay down? I bet he stays in the shop basement.

Dirk rolls small stones around in his hand.

DIRK

I didn't know it has a basement.

EXT. TINY'S CAMPER - DUSK

Marty pulls a black hood over his head and emerges from the woods to the back door.

Marty snips the padlock, drops the cutters on the ground and hangs the lock on the hasp loop.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Dirk walks a path with binoculars hung from his neck. He rolls stones in his hand and a slingshot protrudes from his rear pocket.

Dirk discovers two golf balls near a log on the ground. He pockets the stones and retrieves the golf balls.

Dirk sees the skeleton of a snake on the log and hurries on.

INT. TINY'S CAMPER - DUSK

Marty searches the lower kitchen cabinets. He lifts up the seat of the dining table bench and spots the safe.

EXT. TINY'S CAMPER - DUSK

Dirk hides behind a tree, scans the yard with the binoculars, sees Marty with the portable safe and the bolt cutters on the ground. Marty slips into the woods not far from Dirk.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Runt peers up at the trees. Zipper leans on the rake.

RUNT

Wow, it's getting dark.

BENNY

A few more whacks and we'll go.

Benny stops. Zipper's mouth opens to question Benny.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Shh! Shh!

Runt, Benny and Zipper stand on a log and look over the weeds at a dark figure who stoops and stokes a fire with a steaming cauldron. The kids eyes widen.

ZIPPER

(whispers)

The witch!

Fires flicker all around and line the rails of a bridge downstream. The figure straightens up. The flickers make the figure appear eight feet tall. Runt GASPS.

The silhouette of huge bird SWOOPS over and lands on a log near the fire. Beyond the fire light, they spot an overturned rowboat with small bloody dog-like carcasses.

RUNT

She's a puppy killer, too!

Zipper grabs the rake, Benny grabs the machete and all three scramble the path.

The figure turns toward the noise and back to the cauldron.

Benny leads on the path. A dark figure crosses the path, sticks out a foot, trips Benny and the machete flies ahead. Benny somersaults.

BENNY

Oh ...my head.

Runt helps Benny up. Zipper gets the machete and with the rake, he throws them high under the bridge and ascends the ladder.

Runt leads Benny up the ladder.

EXT. CABIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The kids take the minibikes from the weeds.

ZIPPER

There really IS a witch!

EXT. CITY PARK - WATER TOWER - NIGHT

The emergency siren BLOWS from a low pitch to high and remains there.

EXT. CABIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The kids mount the bikes.

RUNT

Can't be a tornado.

BENNY

Must be a fire. Let's see where the truck goes.

The siren lowers in pitch to silent.

ZIPPER

Maybe it's the fire from the witch!

The fire truck comes toward the kids and turns.

BENNY

Right past the Sheriff's house. Let's see what's burning.

The kids follow the fire truck.

EXT. TINY'S CAMPER - NIGHT

FIREFIGHTERS hop off the truck, string hose to a nearby hydrant, drench the trees and the shell of the camper.

The kids park at the edge of the lawn and stare at the camper. Sheriff joins gathering people.

Tanned, toned tall beefcake HOOKS, 30s, drives up, exits his truck with door decals "BO-VINE CREAMERY" and stands behind the awestruck kids.

ZIPPER

Wow. I've never seen a house burn.

Hooks scans the area. Sheriff moseys over to Hooks.

SHERIFF

Hey, Hooks. You'd think Tiny would be here.

HOOKS

Seems like it.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - NIGHT

Through binoculars, Dirk watches the blaze and spots Marty. The glow reveals Dirk's smirk.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - MORNING

Benny scowls and swings the machete at overgrowth. Zipper rakes. Runt pulls vines.

ZIPPER

(to Runt)

He's in some kind of mood today.

RUNT

I tried to warn him.

BENNY

Don't sound like you care. How am I supposed to race with no trike?

RUNT

I don't see why you let Dirk get you so riled.

ZIPPER

Ah, cheer up. Maybe we'll get another glimpse of the witch.

Runt suddenly stops.

RUNT
You know? Maybe the witch DID
start that fire last night.

BENNY
Why would she want to ---

Benny discovers a perpendicular path.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Hey, I didn't see this yesterday.

The kids follow a crude path behind the cabin to a small opening with a tree stump covered in vines. A piece of wood remained from the cut-down tree to make it look like a big chair. Zipper points to the vines.

ZIPPER
That's poison ivy!

The kids look puzzled. Benny shrugs and they return to their path. On the other side, the path leads to the stream.

BENNY
Look, it goes toward Marty's side.

RUNT
Well, he lives over there.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - MORNING

The kids remove the last overgrowth and step through onto a lush green lawn.

The kids GAPE and shuffle along the stream which widens to a deep clear pool. Benny points above the stream to the SWISH of falling water.

BENNY
Wow. Check that out.

Uphill, nested into the side of a hill stands a two-story glass house. Through the center one-third of the glass, the rear rock wall is visible from top to bottom, with blue tinted glass on the each side of center.

A glass water-fall aquarium circulates above the house. Sun shines through the trees to the wall. Water SWISHES over the rocks around the sides of the house, collects in a trough around the side and out of sight.

Benny and Runt stand rapt by the sights. Zipper wipes his forehead and runs full speed to the stream.

ZIPPER
Cannonball!

Zipper SPLASHES in. Runt and Benny's eyes meet. He nods and they join Zipper.

The kids swim in a sunken jungle, pull themselves along on vines and float to the wooden bridge with unlit torches farther back on the property.

RUNT
Whew. I'm beat.

Runt steps on a large flat boulder by the bridge and climbs three rock steps to the bridge. The boys follow and dry off with towels hung on the bridge rail.

BENNY
I'm about on top of the world.

Benny sees a huge vine, sprints to grasp it, swings high, releases it and lands into a huge tuft of soft grass. He lays there in the sun.

Zipper and Runt look beyond Benny and spot a grass hut tree house about ten feet up. They look back at Benny.

The tail of a huge vine swings across Benny's chest. SCRAPS, 30s, a long-haired woman lands pixie light, stands a few yards from Benny's side, holds the vine and gazes at him.

Benny notices a faded scar from the corner of her right eye back into her hairline. Runt and Zipper GASP. Wide-eyed Benny slowly rises to his feet.

ZIPPER
(whispers)
Runt, she don't look like a witch!

Runt grabs Zipper's arm and whispers back.

RUNT
What about the dead puppies?

The kids eye the rowboat with the bloody skins removed. Scraps hears Runt WHISPER and turns toward her. Runt releases a small GASP and sees the scarred face.

Benny straightens to look tall as possible.

BENNY

Who are you?

SCRAPS

Scraps.

Scraps nods to a cooker made from the legs of a folding picnic table with rollers on one end, burners of old gas water heaters, wire racks from refrigerators, kitchen utensil racks and the body fashioned from aluminum.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Like that cooker ...made from scraps. You?

A small bird lands on Benny's shoulder and FLUTTERS in his ear. Benny scowls, shoos it away and scans the area.

BENNY

What is this place?

SCRAPS

My home!

Runt eyes Scraps. Zipper steps closer to Benny. Benny points to the upside-down rowboat.

BENNY

What about the dead dogs?

SCRAPS

Demonpups? Gotta trap them ...before they grow up. They kill cattle.

Runt gets a chill and rubs her arms. Scraps shakes the vine.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

You like a good milk shake, don't you? Ice Cream?

RUNT

I've never seen them before.

SCRAPS

Because of trappers ...like me.

Benny keeps his focus on Scraps and takes a deep breath.

BENNY

People say you're a witch.

SCRAPS
 (chuckles)
 You sure they say witch?

Runt sidles to the tree house and inspects it.

ZIPPER
 Why is your name Scraps?

SCRAPS
 When I was your age, everything we had was either bent or broken or dirty or rusty. Always wanted to fix everything ...try anyway.

BENNY
 Most things I try fix just gets me laughed at.

SCRAPS
 You'll never do anything grand if you're afraid of being laughed at. I'm sure during my lifetime, I've amused unknown thousands.

The kids CHUCKLE and relax a little more.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)
 Weed out what doesn't work. It always pays off ...in the learning AND the earning.

Zipper nods to the vine in Scraps' hand.

ZIPPER
 Didn't think adults rode the vines.

Scraps shakes the vine.

SCRAPS
 Huh. Why not? I can get around this whole place.

BENNY
 We used to ride a lot, but most of them are cut off now.

RUNT
 Yeah. I wonder why.

SCRAPS
 Most folks are over-educated to the point of little to no common sense ...simplicity a thing of the past.

Runt gazes at the tree house.

RUNT

How do you get up there? There's
no ladder.

Scraps shakes the vine.

SCRAPS

Swing to the low branches, then the
next branches till you're high
enough.

ZIPPER

Show us.

SCRAPS

Alright.

Scraps runs, thrusts herself horizontal through the air and swings her feet high. She lights on a branch of a tree opposite and lower than the tree house.

She swings and lights on the porch of the tree house.

BENNY

Wow. Can I do it?

SCRAPS

I don't know. Can you?

BENNY'S POV - He grabs a vine and swings a little awkward.

BENNY

Whoa!

Benny makes several passes to reach a low branch.

Runt and Zipper watch. Benny lights and grins.

Scraps CLAPS a few times.

BENNY (CONT'D)

I can get higher.

BENNY'S POV - He flings himself hard into the air, the breeze blows his hair back and in two passes he lands on a higher branch.

ZIPPER

Hurry up, Benny! I want to do it.

Benny tries a third time and lights on the tree house deck.

BENNY
Come on. You can do it.

Zipper hands Runt a vine.

ZIPPER
Run, Runt, run.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Two YELLOW BIRDS, male and female, with bright red cheeks perch on the bank roof. One YAWNS.

At the drug store, two kids insert bottles into a crate and a third receives payment from the SODA JERK.

Fountain Scrubber overdid the soap. Bubbles overrun the fountain bowl.

Marty cruises by in a new truck.

INT. PRAIRIE OYSTER CAFE - MORNING

A poster displays a running bull with the caption "WON'T GET MINE!" Another poster proclaims "HOME OF THE SACK LUNCH".

Marty scratches his arm and parks in front. With a coffee server, waitress DONNA MAE, 30s, stares out the window.

Hans drinks coffee at a table of PATRONS with BORIS, 70s, a tall slim gent with a smoke-yellow stained toupee.

Sheriff sits on a stool, stirs coffee and stares behind the counter at a "DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE" sign.

DONNA MAE
Well, look at that.

Hans stands to look.

HANS
You get that for him, Sheriff?

Sheriff looks and appears taken aback.

SHERIFF
Of course not.

Marty enters, scratches his arms and approaches the counter. Sheriff returns to his coffee. Marty seats himself on a stool. Donna Mae goes behind the counter.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
 (to Marty)
 They think I bought that truck.

MARTY
 I got a good trade-in and made a
 big down payment I saved up.

Donna Mae pours Marty a cup of coffee and sets out cream.

DONNA MAE
 A good trade-in ...for a truck that
 barely ran?

Sheriff glances at her and to Marty scratching his torso.

HANS
 Maybe he could save it up. After
 all, he doesn't have any other
 obligations.

SHERIFF
 (to Hans)
 Don't you have somewhere to be?
 Huh! 'Hans Vash and Vax' ...and
 'Vacs'.

Hans raises his eyebrows and shrugs.

HANS
 There's no room for the 'W's and
 'V's are half the price.

A few Patrons SNICKER. Donna Mae rinses a coffee server and
 watches Marty scratch.

DONNA MAE
 Got an itch ...allergies maybe?

MARTY
 Uh, yeah, I guess ...allergies.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - NOON

Scraps and the kids sit on the tree house floor with a bag of
 in-the-shell peanuts and throw the empty shells off the deck.

With a few loud flaps, FOUL FOWL, a sleek royal blue bird
 with bright yellow cheeks and a two foot wing span lands on
 Scraps shoulder, favoring a crooked leg.

SCRAPS
 Hey, Foul Fowl.

Foul Fowl SQUAWKS, Scraps cracks a peanut and the kids eye the beautiful creature.

RUNT
She's beautiful.

SCRAPS
He's a he ...but definitely an
eyeful, huh?

ZIPPER
His leg. Is it broken?

Scraps strokes his leg a few times. Foul Fowl COOS softly.

SCRAPS
It was. He was beaten by a kid
...looked like a wannabe warrior.

RUNT
Mohawk?

SCRAPS
Yeah.

BENNY
Dirk! Sheriff's grandson.

Scraps glances toward Sheriff's property.

RUNT
Several months ago, he moved here
to stay ...when his Mom died.

Benny extends a peanut to Foul Fowl.

SCRAPS
Oh, no. He can't have those.

Benny draws it back.

FOUL FOWL
(disappointed)
AAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWW!

BENNY
With that big old beak?

SCRAPS
He has no trouble cracking them.
The reason his name is Foul Fowl?
He'll be cracking something else.
(to Runt)
It's how I know he's a boy.

Runt GIGGLES.

ZIPPER

Aah. It can't be that bad.

SCRAPS

Oh, yeah. Do it when he's sitting
on YOUR shoulder.

Zipper wrinkles his nose.

RUNT

Brain Under Repair.

SCRAPS

So what brings you here.

Scraps puts her hand at Foul Fowl's feet and Foul Fowl
perches on her finger.

BENNY

Nothing to do.

SCRAPS

Nothing to do? I spent my summer
vacations swimming ...every day.

Scraps slowly extends her hand to Runt's shoulder.

ZIPPER

The pool is empty.

Foul Fowl bobs his head, shuffles down Scraps' arm onto
Runt's shoulder.

BENNY

A tornado demolished the water
tower. Then we found out the well
was going dry anyway.

Runt leans her cheek toward Foul Fowl and smiles.

SCRAPS

The water tower, huh?

BENNY

Yeah, we're using the old well.

ZIPPER

The water's full of iron and stinks
like rotten eggs.

RUNT

My mom won't let me have pet fish.
I need store-bought water
....cleaner water anyway. She said
we can't waste money on pets.

The kids look around at the clean water.

BENNY

Seems like you don't care! How
could you not know?

SCRAPS

I don't care. And none of those
folks would dare mention the water
tower to me.

RUNT

Why not?

Scraps rises to her feet. Foul Fowl SQUAWKS, flaps over and
lights on the deck rail.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - WATER TOWER - DAY

THE CONE ATOP THE HOLDING TANK

A rope/pulley system suspends HOGAN, 20. He releases a clamp
on a separate rope/pulley and lowers a bucket holding paint
and tools.

ON THE GROUND

A man from a group around Hogan's age takes hold of the ropes
suspending Hogan and swings on them side to side.

Hogan lets go of the bucket ropes and hangs on. The crowd
howls with laughter, among them STICKS, 16, flat-chested.

A clamp releases and Hogan falls to the ground.

EXT. SCRAP'S YARD - NOON

Scraps stands near the rail with Foul Fowl.

SCRAPS

I wasn't there, but it's hard to
erase the image of him falling.

BENNY

We didn't know.

SCRAPS

That's why I stay here ...my secret
place. I have no use for New Hope
...the tower ...or the people.

The kids stand up.

ZIPPER

They call it 'No Hope' now.

SCRAPS

A little town is pretty hopeless
without a swimming pool. I
remember ---

Scraps pauses, turns and walks around the tree.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Wanna see how to get down ...fast?

Scraps opens a door of tree bark and exposes a service pole.

BENNY

Alright! Me first.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marty reclines on the sofa, watches TV and scratches his
arms. Dirk blocks Marty's view.

DIRK

I need some money, Unkie.

Dirk shows Marty a magazine picture of a "SUPE-TUP ENGINE
CONVERTER KIT".

DIRK (CONT'D)

Got plans for the CRUD race.

Marty sits up, scratches and pushes the magazine away.

MARTY

Why you asking me?

Dirk leans closer.

DIRK

Should I ask Tiny?

Marty frowns, gets up and heads toward the kitchen.

MARTY

What are you talking about?

DIRK
The money you got for that truck.

Marty disappears through the doorway.

MARTY (O.S.)
I earned ...saved the money for
that truck.

Marty POPS a beer top.

DIRK
I don't believe that.

Marty reappears in the doorway with a mug and SLURPS a drink.

MARTY
Whatever.

DIRK
I followed you to Tiny's camper.

Marty approaches Dirk with a grin, slaps his shoulder and SLOSHES beer on the floor.

MARTY
So maybe you're the fire bug?

EXT. TINY'S MOTORCYCLE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Sheriff closes his car door near "LOX LOCKS" van and joins DEPUTY near the entry.

DEPUTY
Folks have called, but no answer.

SHERIFF
Hmmm.

LOCKSMITH opens the door. Sheriff nods to Locksmith.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Thanks, buddy.

Locksmith gathers his tools.

LOCKSMITH
Anytime, Sheriff.

INT. TINY'S MOTORCYCLE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Sheriff enters followed by Deputy. Sheriff steps behind the parts counter and spots a safe with the door ajar. Deputy passes the parts counter to the back of the shop.

Sheriff reaches for a pen in his shirt pocket, opens the safe with the tip and finds it empty. He raises his brows.

SHERIFF

Looks like a robbery.

Deputy opens a door and exposes a wide ramp with a hand rail to the basement.

DEPUTY

Never knew there was a basement.

Deputy descends the ramp.

INTO THE BASEMENT

Parts hang on pegboard. Motorcycles line up along a wall.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Got stolen SuperRides. One with spiderweb paint belongs to Hooks.

Sheriff descends the ramp, stops halfway and scans the bikes.

SHERIFF

Whoa! Maybe he thought we were onto him, emptied the safe and disappeared?

DEPUTY

Hasn't been seen since the fire.

(beat)

Matter of fact, he wasn't seen AT the fire.

Sheriff descends the ramp and passes a golf ball at the base of a hand rail post.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - AFTERNOON

Scraps pours coffee and walks uphill to the workshop beyond the house. Benny, Runt and Zipper follow, eyeing the yard.

Benny leans on a rock ledge by the waterfall. Water runs over his hand and he scans the yard.

BENNY

Wow, look at that.

Runt stops. Red roses surround a tall clear fountain bowl with colorful fish. The driveway circles the fountain.

Runt continues on with Zipper behind Scraps. Benny crosses the yard to the fountain.

RUNT

We hardly have any flowers in town
 ...so much iron in the water.

Scraps sips her mug and saunters toward the workshop. Fowl
 Fowl lights on her shoulder. The kids follow closer.

ZIPPER

I heard my mom say, It must be nice
 to live in a rose garden.

SCRAPS

If one wants a rose garden, they
 need to plant one.

INT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Scraps enters with Fowl Fowl on her shoulder. She lifts her
 arm a little and the bird swoops over to a high log perch.

SCRAPS

There sure can't be much to do with
 no swimming pool.

The kids peer into the door of the workshop. Agape, they
 observe an overhead crane and exhaust fans for the
 woodworking area and paint booth.

BENNY

We found you out of curiosity.
 Boredom.

A huge air compressor feeds outlets around the walls. They
 see sheet metal snapping and bending presses, welding
 equipment, a heat sealer and toolboxes labeled "CATSMAN".

In one corner stands a huge sewing machine, a button press,
 plastic covered rolls of fabric, next to shelves of paint,
 lubricants, solvent cans and a deep sink with soap.

RUNT

Everyone in town is trying to raise
 money to drill a new well.

Scraps leaves the mug on a workbench, retrieves several tools
 and socket-wrench from a pegboard wall.

ZIPPER

We collect soda bottles.

BENNY

Collect for paper drives, too, but
 it doesn't bring much money.

Scraps puts parts and tools in a bucket and tucks a rag in her back pocket.

RUNT

Benny wanted to enter his S'Triker for the prize in the CRUD Carnival race, but not now.

The kids enter the workshop and watch Scraps cross the floor to a large black truck high on a lift.

SCRAPS

S'Triker, huh? Why don't you want to race now?

BENNY

I DO want to.

Scraps places the bucket on the floor beneath the truck and straightens up. The kids spread out along the wall.

ZIPPER

He needs to fix it a ...a little, but Uncle Hooks won't help him.

Scraps freezes momentarily.

SCRAPS

Hooks?

Scraps returns to the workbench.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Must be a good reason.

Scraps sips coffee. The kids near the truck.

BENNY

Dad wants me to do the repairs myself. But I'm stuck.

RUNT

We don't have a place to fix it.

ZIPPER

Or the tools.

BENNY

Or the money to buy parts ...or even make parts.

Scraps rolls a pole with a funnel on top under the truck.

SCRAPS
 You willing to help yourselves
 ...fix the S'Triker as a team?

The kids nod in agreement.

BENNY
 Yeah, but how?

SCRAPS
 I'll see what I can do.

Scraps snaps a socket onto the wrench.

BENNY
 What are you doing?

Scraps loosens a nut on the underside of the truck.

SCRAPS
 I'm doing what all good witches do
 every three thousand miles ...

Scraps lets go a huge gush of black oil into the funnel on
 the pole.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)
 ...Change the oil in their brooms.

RUNT
 I don't think we believe the witch
 thing anymore.

Foul Fowl flaps across the shop and lands on an I-beam near
 Benny's head. Zipper and Runt step back a little.

SCRAPS
 You need to make a promise first.

BENNY
 What?

Scraps wipes oil from her hands.

SCRAPS
 Stay away from my house.

Foul Fowl SQUAWKS loud and flies back to his perch.

The kids appear puzzled, shrug and smile.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Fountain Scrubber battles the suds. Marty's truck sits across the street near a big stump at the side of the tavern.

INT. BIG STUMP TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Marty sits at the bar, scratches and slurps a beer.

MARTY

No one believes I can buy a truck.

Marty stacks coins. Donna Mae stocks beer.

Sheriff enters and nears Hooks who finishes a beer at the opposite end of the bar from Marty. Marty overhears his dad.

SHERIFF

Found Tiny's safe empty ...and a cache of stolen bikes in the basement of the shop.

Marty straightens and knocks over the stack of coins.

HOOKS

Hmmm. But no Tiny?

Sheriff seats himself at the bar.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Nope. I hear he keeps a lot of cash ...doesn't trust banks. But his safe was empty.

Marty swallows hard.

HOOKS

Some folks don't like paper trails.

Marty pushes the coins to Donna Mae and finishes his beer.

SHERIFF

Your SuperRide is one of the bikes.

HOOKS

My ride!

Marty spins on the stool, scratches his arms and departs.

EXT. HWY DEPT STORAGE - DUSK

Out of view of the road behind a long pile of black asphalt, Marty scratches his neck.

From behind the seat, Marty retrieves a paint ball pistol with a clear bag of colored two-inch paint balls. He sets it inside the tailgate and lowers the tailgate.

Marty loads five different colored balls and shoots one at a time at the asphalt. His knees sway to one side.

MARTY

Wow. That's kind of purty.

Marty grabs an empty beer can from the truck bed and nests the can on the lower side of the pile. At the tailgate, he reloads the pistol. A green paint ball bursts in his hands.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Yuck! Dang it!

Marty fumbles for a rag behind the seat, attempts to clean off the paint and tosses the rag in the truck bed.

Marty shoots a few balls at the can. He stumbles backward on the next shot, a red ball shoots over and misses the asphalt.

EXT. ROADWAY - DUSK

STATE TROOPER passes the asphalt. The red paint ball SPLATTERS his windshield and door glass on the passenger side. Trooper makes U-turn to the quarry entry.

EXT. HWY DEPT STORAGE - DUSK

Trooper parks out of sight next to the asphalt, peers around the pile, watches Marty reload and Trooper draws his weapon.

STATE TROOPER

Stop! Put the gun down.

Marty sees Trooper, tosses the paint gun a few feet in front of him and scratches his arms.

MARTY

It's only paint.

Trooper lowers his weapon and nears Marty.

STATE TROOPER

Tell it to the judge. License?

Marty fumbles around his pockets for his wallet.

MARTY

I know it's here somewhere.

STATE TROOPER
 You driving a truck with no
 license?

Marty peers at the truck and back to Trooper.

MARTY
 I didn't know it needs a license!

STATE TROOPER
 Aaaargh!

Trooper cuffs Marty.

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)
 You're under arrest for PI, no
 driver's license and destruction of
 public property ...namely painting
 a patrol car.

Marty contorts his face and tries to use his shoulder to
 scratch.

MARTY
 Would you scratch my cheek?

STATE TROOPER
 You're nuts.

MARTY
 No, please. My cheek.

EXT. CITY PARK - CITY POOL - NIGHT

Windy and dusty, Scraps jumps down from the truck and scans
 the filmy, dirty town.

Foul Fowl follows Scraps and lands on her shoulder. Scraps
 stares through the cyclone fence at the piles of RUSTLING
 leaves in the corners of the pool.

Foul Fowl releases a guttural "AAAAYWWW!"

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. CITY PARK - CITY POOL - DAY - SUMMER

YOUNG SCRAPS, 8, and YOUNG HOGAN, 10, with coal black hair
 splash in the sparkling pool full of HAPPY KIDS and MOTHERS
 with white legs. One mother gets splashed and SCREAMS.

A concession stands sells water guns, water balloons, cotton
 candy, slowpokes, milk duds and popcorn. LIFE GUARD
 inaudibly SCOLDS a child standing in waist deep yellow water.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - DAY - AUTUMN

AT THE TOP OF A PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE

Hogan and Scraps sit on their bicycles. Hogan coasts down the concrete ramp with cyclone fence walls.

Hogan slows to a 180° turn half-way down on toward a stream.

Scraps rolls down and hits the barrier. Forced over the handle bars, she flattens out against the cyclone fence.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - WINTER

ATOP A STEEP HILL

Scraps shivers. On his belly on a sled, Hogan shoves off downhill past a "NO SLEDDING" sign, laughs and shoots across the street in front of a moving truck.

SCRAPS

You're burnt!

ON THE SLED

Hogan laughs, shoots between two houses, rows of dead corn stalks and out of sight.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - DAY - SPRING

ON THE PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE

Scraps coasts down and barely makes the 180° turn. Hogan applauds. Scraps weaves to recoup and rides into the stream.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Fountain Scrubber rinses the last bubbles, rests the swab on his shoulder, ascends an exterior stairway to a windowed-door above the bank, goes inside and pulls the shade.

Scraps parks at the tavern. Foul Fowl exits and roosts on a luggage rack atop the truck.

INT. BIG STUMP TAVERN - NIGHT

Barmaid ANN, 60s, a kind-faced lady wipes bar glasses. Hooks, Boris and Hans sit at the bar.

Several YOUNG POOL PLAYERS enter and set up billiards.

BORIS
 (to Ann)
 Got company, my bride.

Scraps enters and approaches the bar. Hooks sets his beer mug down.

HOOKS
 Hans, I see a ghost.

Scraps hides her face with her hands.

SCRAPS
 No time for girly goop.

Scraps hears two loud quick RUMBLES and two more.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)
 Snorts from a sore bull?

HOOKS
 Lot of mad bulls around here.

Scraps walks over and peers out a window.

EXT. SPRESSWAY 24 - NIGHT

A distant eighteen wheeler passes over RUMBLE strips.

INT. BIG STUMP TAVERN - NIGHT

Scraps returns to the bar.

SCRAPS
 Ah ...grumble strips.

Hooks sees one of the Young Pool Players wave.

HOOKS
 Ann. Looks like those folks back there need some drinks.

ANN
 I'm not concerned about them. They probably aren't even twenty-one.

HOOKS
 They will be by the time you get there.

Scraps turns to hide a smile. Ann toddles away and waves.

ANN
 Alright! Alright!

Hooks goes behind the bar. Scraps pulls cash from her shirt pocket and sits on a stool.

SCRAPS
Choco-Latte?

HOOKS
Coffee? Not this late.

Hooks fills a small glass with ice.

HOOKS (CONT'D)
Double Kahlua ...on the rocks
...cream splash ...two straws.

He slides the drink over to Scraps, pushes her cash back to her and marks on a "COMP" list. Scraps sips on the straws.

SCRAPS
See you still keep a lot of irons
in the fire.

HOOKS
Somebody's got to keep the town
alive ...keep people busy. Like
Ann and Boris. They have to raise
their grandson now.

Boris nods and raises his beer mug.

SCRAPS
You have quite a son yourself.

HOOKS
You met Benny?

Scraps nods. Hooks sits on the stool next to Scraps.

SCRAPS
Some kids told me about the tower.
The water quality ...or the lack
thereof. Benny was one of them.

HOOKS
Have to pump water from the old
well. It's not potable ...and the
smell ---

Boris mimics himself choking. Hans pinches his nose. Hooks swallows a big gulp of beer.

SCRAPS

I had no idea about your water woes. Must be a real hassle just to make ice.

HOOKS

And the creamery? Makes it extra hard to keep costs down.

Scraps takes a draw on the straws, turns on the stool and scans the place.

SCRAPS

The kids mentioned a S'Triker.

HOOKS

I ain't helping ...and there's no money in it from me either.

SCRAPS

Ain't asking for money. They'll earn the parts for everything.

HOOKS

Yeah, right.

Scraps stirs the Kahlua.

SCRAPS

I think Benny deserves a chance and his friends want to help him. I offered them a place to rebuild it.

HOOKS

UUUUHHH.

Hooks finishes his beer.

HOOKS (CONT'D)

You cook for me in the oyster cook off. Your recipe ...everything.

SCRAPS

Rocky Mountain Oysters?

HOOKS

I'm serious. You cook.

SCRAPS

You drive a hard bargain.

(sighs)

Okay. I'll do it.

HOOKS

I'll bring the trike out to you ...
 (looks at a clock)
 ...Early tomorrow afternoon.

Scraps slides from the stool.

SCRAPS

I saw Tiny's camper burn.

HOOKS

I didn't see him at the fire.
 Sheriff went looking for him.
 Still not sure where he is.

Hooks leans toward to Scraps.

HOOKS (CONT'D)

Sheriff found stolen bikes in
 Tiny's shop. One is my SuperRide.
 Maybe we'll putt again someday?

SCRAPS

Yeah ...maybe.

Scraps finishes the Kahlua with a short SLURP, gives a faint smile and turns to go.

Hooks grasps her upper arm and plants a kiss on her scar.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Gotta get home. Bed down a big
 bird. Night, folks.

Scraps passes a poster with a "NEW HOPE BIG BULL" emblem.

INT. RUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Holding a yearbook with "BIG BULL" emblem on the cover, Runt lays on a bean bag in front and flips through the book.

STICKS, 30s, toothpick slick, brows knit together, enters with a basket of lingerie with several round-padded bras.

STICKS

Who you looking for?

RUNT

Scraps.

Sticks freezes. A bra falls out of the basket and bounces several times across the floor.

STICKS
You know her real name?

A photo and name have been cut from the corner of page "24".

RUNT
No. No, I don't.

Runt gazes at Sticks.

RUNT (CONT'D)
She may be almost your age.

Sticks lifts the basket over the back of the couch and plops it onto the seat. A bra bounces to the floor near Runt.

STICKS
How would you know her?

Sticks picks up the bra behind her and brushes off dust.

RUNT
Hmmm. Kids told me.

Runt picks up the other bra and bounces it on the couch.

STICKS
Probably too stupid to graduate.

RUNT
What's the matter with ---

STICKS
Don't you know if you talk too much, you'll run out of words.

Runt GASPS. A teapot WHISTLES. Knuckles RAP on the door. Sticks hastens to the kitchen.

EXT. RUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING

With the yearbook, Runt sits down with Benny and Zipper on the porch steps.

The house sits among small frame houses and tall trees across the street from Benny and Hooks.

BENNY
What's wrong?

Runt shows the boys the page with the missing corner.

RUNT
Have a feeling it's Scraps.

BENNY

Who cut the book?

ZIPPER

I colored a little in a book once
and my mom wouldn't let me touch
one for a week.

ON THE STREET

Dirk rides by on his S'Triker.

DIRK

Hey Ben ---

Dirk inhales a large-winged bug, CHOKES, swerves all over the
street and out of sight.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Fountain Scrubber points an index finger straight up,
SPLASHES the brush into the water and skedaddles up the
outside stairs of the bank.

INT. LOTSAWATAH CO COURTHOUSE - JUDGES CHAMBER - MORNING

Sheriff knocks on the door and it CREEKS open.

JUDGE, 70s, full head of silver hair, sits slender and tall
at his desk. He gently rocks his overstuffed chair.

JUDGE

Come on in, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Good morning, Judge. I-I need to
talk to you about my boy.

Sheriff stands at attention.

JUDGE

What's there to discuss? He was
intoxicated, couldn't present a
license AND shot a patrol car
...with red paint. He's earned a
minimum of six months jail time.

SHERIFF

But ---

JUDGE

He was caught ...green-handed ...
(snickers)
...Literally.

Sheriff face reddens.

SHERIFF
It's only paint.

Judge's smirk morphs into a sneer. He leans forward and barks at Sheriff.

JUDGE
Years ago, you were merciless with my daughter ...with groundless charges to boot. She was found completely innocent after a lot of hassle ...and expense.

SHERIFF
So what am I supposed to do?

JUDGE
OOOOH ...I don't know.

Judge leans back and resumes gentle rocking.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
A donation to my campaign fund would speed things up. Considering the size, that is!

Sheriff stands stupefied.

INT. LOTSAWATAH CO COURTHOUSE - JAIL - MORNING

Dirk flattens his Mohawk with a cap and creates a bump from hairline to nape.

Dirk enters an austere room to the desk of a seated GUARD, topped with a brimmed hat, rapt in a "SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE" issue. Guard glances over specs and Dirk hands him a pass.

DIRK
Good morning, sir.

Guard scans the pass and points to Marty at a long table of seated INMATES.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Thanks. I'm his little nephew.

Guard ignores Dirk who seats himself across the table from Marty scratching his arms and torso. Dirk lays his arms across the table. They talk in whispers.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Hello, Unkie!

From his sleeve, Dirk produces a lumpy checkbook with a pen attached to the cover. Marty lays his green-painted hands on the table. Dirk SNORTS to stifle a laugh.

Marty opens the checkbook, removes packets of "CALAMINE" and puts it into his shirt pocket.

MARTY

Thanks.

DIRK

Calamine ...pal of mine.

Marty scribbles a check, slides the book to Dirk and scratches his arm. Dirk scowls at the check and sleeves the book.

DIRK (CONT'D)

That's barely enough.

Marty scratches. Dirk watches, irritated.

MARTY

It'll have to do ...till I get out of here.

DIRK

Are you burnt?

MARTY

Bring me more calamine tomorrow and I'll tell you where some cash is.

EXT. SCRAPS' BRIDGE - MORNING

Foul Fowl lights on the bridge near four cane poles and pecks at the bobbers.

SCRAPS

Time to catch lunch.

Scraps rakes pine needles, exposes sand and huge snakelike worms. Runt steps back.

RUNT

That's lunch?

SCRAPS

Not the worms, silly.

Scraps skims a shovel of sand into the bucket.

BENNY

Wow. Get 'em.

Benny and Zipper gather worms into the bucket. Scraps returns the rake and shovel to a wagon and gets the pruning shears. Runt follows Scraps to the bridge.

SCRAPS

Water's so clear, you can almost
feed the fish a worm.

Scraps and Runt gather burnt cattails from the bridge and lay them on the rail near Foul Fowl. Scraps SNIPS a burnt head.

RUNT

What are those?

Scraps hands the rod part to Runt.

SCRAPS

Cattails.
(nods to the stream)
Like at the edge of the water.

ZIPPER

Those are what kept the S'Triker
from going in the water.

Runt whips it around. Scraps snips off the other heads.

RUNT

Wow, they're strong.

SCRAPS

It's what those fishing poles are
made of.

Scraps leaves the rods on the bridge. Benny brings the bucket onto the bridge with Zipper on his heels.

Benny and Zipper each grab a rod and whip them at each other.

BENNY

En garde.

Foul Fowl SQUAWKS and flies to Scraps shoulder. Scraps pours coffee.

Runt struggles to break a cattail off at the bottom, her hands slip and she falls on her rump. The cattail springs back into place.

RUNT

Ouch.

Scraps sets her mug on the cooker. Benny and Zipper retire their 'swords' and take up fishing poles.

SCRAPS

They grow from what looks an under-
water tree branch.

Runt gets up, wipes off her rear and the boys bait hooks.

RUNT

No wonder it's hard to break off.

SCRAPS

When I was young I broke a head
...sent seeds flying everywhere.

Benny and Zipper cast lines off the bridge.

ZIPPER

Let's break one.

Foul Fowl flies back to the bridge rail. Scraps and Runt
saunter over to the bridge.

SCRAPS

If you want the whole pond taken
over. That day a nice man said a
lot of nasty words.

RUNT

What did he say to you?

SCRAPS

Are you burnt? I hid and watched.
There wasn't any sense in being on
the other end of THAT noise.

The kids GIGGLE. Zipper swats at a fly.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Some things just can't be undone.

RUNT

Like things folks say.

SCRAPS

Like trying to collect that fluff
...stuff it back into the pod.

Zipper swats at the fly again and it nosedives.

RUNT

That's impossible.

SCRAPS

It is. They're good lamps ...burn
slow and the smoke repels pests.

Benny stares at his bobber in the water.

BENNY

Does it work for people pests?

Scraps glances at Benny and back to Runt.

RUNT

We need something to drink.

Scraps points toward the workshop.

SCRAPS

That cooler is iced down.

Zipper leans his pole on the bridge.

ZIPPER

Watch mine, Benny.

Runt and Zipper stroll to the shop. Scraps moves to the bridge rail to Benny.

SCRAPS

So who's the pest?

Benny watches the bobber drift aside.

BENNY

The same pest that broke Fowl
Fowl's leg ...Dirk.

Fowl Fowl SQUAWKS loud.

BENNY (CONT'D)

He gets anything he wants ...when
he wants it.

SCRAPS

Spoiled or whatever, there's a
reason he became the ...Dirk he is.

Benny swings the pole back to the center of the stream.

BENNY

It is a pity thing ...his Mom dying
and all and he milks that excuse
for all it's worth.

SCRAPS

When the handouts stop, when he has to make his own way ...think how much harder it will be for him than for someone like you. You could almost pity him.

Benny turns to hide a tear.

BENNY

You wouldn't. When Dirk visited, he was Runt's friend. She's such a tomboy ...they were almost like brothers.

SCRAPS

Hmmm.

BENNY

Dirk pulled a trick on me ...made it look like I wet my pants.

Benny SWALLOWS hard. Scraps hugs Benny around the shoulders and he moves the line to center again.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Runt stood up for me. She thought they were friends, but they just laughed ...at both of us.

SCRAPS

She's fortunate to have a...

Scraps makes quotation marks with her fingers.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

...'Brother' like you.

BENNY

It's like Dirk's always one step ahead. And I want to get back at him ...and I get so mad ...so tense, I freeze up.

SCRAPS

Focus on the task at hand. In your case, racing. In cow speak, quit comparing yourself to 'udders'.

Benny smiles. The bobber disappears, the line draws tight and Benny yanks a three pounder from the stream.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Nice catch!

Scraps holds the pole and line. Benny unhooks the fish.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Always a step ahead, huh? You've heard the early bird gets the worm?

BENNY

Yeah.

SCRAPS

Well, the second mouse gets the cheese. I prefer cheese!

Benny laughs, strings the fish and Scraps ruffles his hair.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

We have no time for revenge ...it's unnecessary.

I/E. BO-VINE CREAMERY - MORNING

A stream resembling chocolate milk flows from the creamery down the hill to the "MULK POND".

Sheriff parks near an overhead door labeled "WHEY DRYER" above. With an envelope, Sheriff waves to Rusty as he departs in the "NU-CLEAR WATER" truck. Sheriff strolls to the warehouse.

On the loading platform overlooking the mulk pond, Hooks waves to a driver backing a "CURD POWER" delivery truck to the first bay labeled "CHEESE". The next bays bear "BUTTER", "MILK" AND "ICE CREAM" signs.

Sheriff hands Hooks the envelope.

SHERIFF

Thought I'd save the county a postage tap.

Hooks produces a knife from his pocket, slits the envelope and removes the letter.

Sheriff gazes across the misty valley and the stand of cattails in the mulk pond at the back side of the "SUP-R-CROSS TRACK". Hooks scans the letter.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I need to get my boy out of the cage. Thinking to sell the cabin.

Hooks refolds the letter and gazes at the pond.

HOOKS
 You ought to ask Scraps. She's
 your best prospect.

SHERIFF
 What makes you say that?

A "BLUE BULL ICE CREAM" truck departs.

HOOKS
 Her family sold it to yours.

Hooks taps the letter on his other hand.

HOOKS (CONT'D)
 She used to dream about that cabin
 ...sat on the bridge and wrote.

Hooks and Sheriff glance at each other.

HOOKS (CONT'D)
 And now her property abuts it.

SHERIFF
 I don't want to sell it to her.
 She owns the whole corner from the
 spressway as it is.

A "CHOCO-MILK" truck drives in.

HOOKS
 Then that little spot won't make
 much difference, huh?
 (shrugs)
 Or just let Marty serve his time.

SHERIFF
 Uhh. It's my own fault. I coddled
 him ...played the favorite parent
 against his mother. Been paying
 for it ever since.

A "SNO-GURT" truck departs.

HOOKS
 It's a high price!

SHERIFF
 Don't know how to break the cycle.
 He's my only son. And he DID take
 care of me during my bout with
 cancer.

Hooks looks at his watch.

HOOKS

I'm going out there this afternoon.

Hooks returns the letter to the envelope.

SHERIFF

You're ribbing me.

A slow broad smile spreads across Hooks face.

HOOKS

No. I'll tell her it's available.

(waves the envelope)

Seven years, but he's officially my son.

I/E. SHERIFF'S GARAGE - AFTERNOON

A package on the workbench labeled "SUPE-TUP ENGINE CONVERTER KIT". Dirk rips the end of the box.

DIRK

I'll dust that little sissy off the road ...out of the county, hah.

(beat)

Oh, yeah, he ain't got a racer. A-ha-ha-ha-ha!

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

With the S'Triker in the bed of his truck, Hooks circles on Scraps' driveway to the workshop. Scraps emerges and Fowl Foul perches on Hooks' truck roof.

Benny, Zipper and Runt follow Scraps. The kids see the trike and freeze. Benny GAPES, turns to Scraps and grins.

BENNY

You did it.

Scraps smiles. Hooks backs up to the door and gets out. Benny hops into the truck bed, releases the straps securing the racer and hands them to Runt and Zipper.

SCRAPS

They said it was a mess.

Hooks pulls a ramp from the bed frame and slides it to the shop floor. Runt and Zipper fold the straps.

HOOKS

Sheriff needs to sell the cabin. I mentioned you'd be interested ...seeing it's right next to yours.

Hooks gets into the truck bed. Benny jumps down.

HOOKS (CONT'D)

I was thinking about the bridge.

Scraps smiles. Hooks heaves, lifts up the front end of the racer, rolls it on the back tire and walks down the ramp.

SCRAPS

You figured right, but why now?

Scraps circles and visually inspects the racer.

HOOKS

Marty's in trouble again.

Zipper and Runt hand Benny the folded straps.

SCRAPS

You'd think by now Sheriff would let him dig himself out.

Benny puts the straps in the truck cab.

HOOKS

Don't see how he stays in Sheriff's good graces.

Hooks replaces the ramp into the truck bed.

SCRAPS

Tell Sheriff I'll draw up the papers. All I want is the most recent survey.

Hooks returns to his truck. Scraps follows.

HOOKS

You don't seem surprised ...it's like you expected it.

Hooks gets in and shuts the door.

SCRAPS

Yeah. I expect.

Hooks grimaces and motions toward the S'Triker.

HOOKS

Well, don't expect help with that.

Benny slaps a socket on an air impact wrench and presses twice. WHIRR! WHIRR! Foul Fowl flies to his log perch.

Scraps holds the bumper. Benny loosens the nuts.

MONTAGE - SCRAPS AND THE TROOP TAKE RACER APART

--- Runt and Zipper collect the rolling nuts, washers and falling bolts into a bucket.

--- Scraps carries the bumper to the side of the driveway.

--- Benny and Zipper hold the hood and Scraps removes bolts.

--- The boys drop the hood on the bumper. Foul Fowl SQUAWKS.

--- Runt picks up nuts and bolts.

--- Benny and Zipper throw the fenders in the pile.

--- Scraps measures the frame.

--- The boys remove the seat.

--- Runt sweeps the floor.

--- On a marker board, Scraps writes "stainless steel sheet metal", "nuts", "bolts", "sand paper", "paint".

--- Benny chooses a metallic burgundy paint sample.

--- The kids watch Scraps bend a piece of sheet metal.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOOK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark house with dishes in the sink and the front window open to the porch swing.

EXT. HOOK'S PORCH - NIGHT

The lawn needs trimmed. A missing gate forms a gap in the picket fence and gutters bulge with leaves.

Runt curls up next to Hooks on the swing and stares at the stars. On the steps, Benny strums a guitar. Hooks' feet rock the swing to the strums.

Zipper catches fireflies in a jar with holes in the lid.

RUNT

Why are people mean to Scraps?

HOOKS
 Some people live to bully folks.
 Think it takes attention from their
 weaknesses ...fears ...failures.

ZIPPER
 Why doesn't she defend herself?

BENNY
 Defend herself from scuttlebutts?

HOOKS
 People who live in glass houses
 don't throw rocks.

RUNT
 You know what happened ...the scar?

HOOKS
 She almost lost her eye to a knife.

Benny stops strumming. Zipper shuffles over.

BENNY
 How?

HOOKS
 Her mother threw it at her.

I/E. MAIN STREET - DAY

MONTAGE --- DIRTY WATER TAKES ITS TOLL ON NEW HOPE

--- In the front yard, a FATHER sinks a "FOR SALE" sign.
 The FAMILY loads a large moving truck.

--- Hans sprays the car wash walls, his nose pinched with a
 clothes pin.

--- A BEAUTICIAN fights tangles in Sticks' hair.

--- People leave the laundromat with red-stained clothes.

--- Boris' sour KAZOO BAND performs "BLUE WATER WISHES".
 Wind blows Boris' toupee up, releases dust and lays down.

--- FIRE CHIEF with a clipboard directs "LEAK CHECKS".
 Firefighters run water through hoses and hold their noses.

--- BARBER shaves a MAN WITH WIRY BEARD and burns up his
 trimmer. SECOND BARBER sprays cologne.

--- Fountain Scrubber opens a package with a liter bottle of
 red food color. The pink fountain water turns bright red.

--- APPLIANCE MAN dollies a water heater to a shed and opens the doors to a building full of water heaters.

--- Benny, Zipper and Runt circle the City Pool on minibikes.

--- Rusty parks beside "BIG STUMP TAVERN" in the "NU-CLEAR WATER" truck and swaps an ice rack. Donna Mae drains coolers of melted ice and forms a pink river.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Angry red-bottomed birds line the top of the bank storefront.

Sharp-tailed BANKER with "TIGHTWAUD" on his name tag puffs a cigar and towers over Fountain Scrubber who dips the bright red water from the fountain into buckets.

The two Yellow Birds with red cheeks perch atop the bank building. The male bird paces to and fro. The female flutters her eyes.

FEMALE YELLOW BIRD

But honey! All four cheeks match.

His facial cheeks glow redder.

Scraps and Sheriff exit the bank with file folders and stop at the curb.

SCRAPS

Heard anything about Tiny?

SHERIFF

Seems he just skipped town.

SCRAPS

Because of the stolen bikes?

SHERIFF

I'm sure he didn't care to collect what little insurance there is from the fire ...if he had insurance.

Runt, Zipper and Benny park minibikes and join a gathering CROWD on the sidewalk. Donna Mae peers out the cafe window. Hooks reclines on his SuperRide under a nearby tree.

Boris and the Kazoo Band squeak out a tune like "LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH". The Snobby Girls primp.

HANS
 Another family left us. But now,
 some good news. Preparation for
 the CRUD Carnival.

A few people APPLAUD. Hans voice sounds a little nervous.

HANS (CONT'D)
 Because of the water, we'll start
 early this year. And more good
 news, the city has been given land
 to dig a new well.

Excitement RUSTLES through the growing crowd.

HANS (CONT'D)
 And we KNOW it has an abundant
 water source.

A louder round of APPLAUSE. Hans eases a little.

HANS (CONT'D)
 So, today we launch an official
 campaign ...to raise the money for
 the well and tower.

A big round of APPLAUSE breaks out. Hans wipes perspiration
 from his forehead, nods and smiles. Sheriff scowls.

SHERIFF
 (to Scraps)
 You shouldn't have gotten the town
 all fired up with that land
 ...drilling a new well?

SCRAPS
 Why wouldn't you want clean water?
 Anything to do with bottled kind?

Sheriff jaunts away. Scraps turns her attention to Hans.
 Hooks rides up on the SuperRide and stops beside Scraps.

HOOKS
 I see you have boots on.

SCRAPS
 Wasn't sure how deep it would get
 in there.

Fountain Scrubber bails the red water.

EXT. SPRESSWAY 24 - MORNING

Hooks and Scraps ride a two-lane curvy road over small hills and cut through tall hills - along hills with silver vines in the trees and gold, green and red grain fields on the opposite side.

The road forks before an intersection. Installed in the triangle of the fork stands a large road sign with a big "?".

Hooks sees Scraps in the rearview mirror. Scraps shrugs, puts wrists over his shoulders and thumbs out in each direction. He chooses the right fork.

They approach a herd of grazing six-legged cattle with their back sides to Hooks and Scraps.

Scraps inhales deep and pats her chest.

SCRAPS

Ah! Smell the dairy air.

The cattle sway their rear ends back and forth.

HOOKS

See the derrière.

Dirk drives on the shoulder of the wrong side of the road. He comes upon a squirrel, veers into the oncoming lane to miss it and almost hits Hooks and Scraps head on.

Hooks swerves to avoid Dirk, then an idle tractor, stops on the shoulder and kills the motor. They dismount shaken.

Wide-eyed, Dirk over-corrects to get on the right side of the road and scares the cattle. The cattle MOO and awkwardly stumble away. A big BLACK BULL sees the waving Mohawk.

INT. LOTSAWATAH CO COURTHOUSE - JUDGES CHAMBER - MORNING

Sheriff knocks and enters the Judge's office. At a file cabinet, SECRETARY acknowledges him and approaches the desk.

SECRETARY

Oh, Sheriff.

Secretary smiles and extends an envelope to him.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Judge left this for you.

SHERIFF

Thanks.

Sheriff slides out a note.

INSERT - MAKE PAYMENT TO PROBATION DEPARTMENT. RECEIPT
WAITING FOR YOU.

Sheriff knits his brows and his face reddens.

EXT. SPRESSWAY 24 - MORNING

On her minibike, Runt smiles at a herd of six-legged cattle.
She spots a ten gallon bottle near the ditch and stops.

RUNT

The mother of them all!

Runt straps the bottle on the minibike, turns the corner
toward the cabin and the bike belches a big PUFF of steam.

RUNT (CONT'D)

Oh, no!

Runt unties the bottle, sets it on the grass and pushes the
minibike to the "WATER-N-WHIZZ".

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

On his log perch, Foul Fowl bobs his head and chews a cherry.

Next to a stack of 4' x 8' sheets of metal, Benny returns a
half sheet with a "STAINLESS STEEL" label to the stack.

BENNY

Runt should be here soon. Sticks
had some problem ...with a strap.

Zipper wet sands a fender of the new body. Cans of paint, an
air hose and paint gun set on a work table.

ZIPPER

Yeeeewww. Girl stuff.

Benny scans the paint of the hood hung in the paint room.

EXT. SCRAP'S WOODS - MORNING

Carrying the big bottle, Runt struggles to see the path,
shuffles her feet and stumbles on a pallet of demonpup hides.

The bottle shoots out of Runt's hands, she falls into the
blood-dried skins, the bottle trips a demonpup trap and
snatches the net up between the trees.

Runt SCREAMS, gets up and runs.

INT. SCRAP'S WORKSHOP - MORNING

Wide-eyed and out of breath, Runt strides over to and leans on the work table with the trike seat. Benny returns to the work table with the paint sprayer.

BENNY

What happened?

Benny pours white paint into the sprayer.

RUNT

I had to cut through the trees with the biggest bottle ever, but I tripped on demonpups and the bottle sprung a trap.

Benny scans out the door into the woods.

BENNY

We better not walk just anywhere around here.

Benny stirs paint in the sprayer cup and gazes at the glass house. Zipper notices him.

ZIPPER

I wonder what the big secret is.

Runt uses a press to cut fabric for buttons.

BENNY

Want to see if we can get in?

RUNT

No! Maybe she really is some kind of witch and there's some sort of trap and you get caught. She'll never trust us again!

Benny screws the top on the sprayer, installs the hose, frowns at the flames painted on plywood and sprays it white.

INT. LOTSAWATAH CO COURTHOUSE - JAIL - MORNING

With his Mohawk capped, Dirk nears a seated trooper in a brimmed hat reading "AMERICA'S MOST UNWANTED".

DIRK

Good morning, sir.

Dirk hands over a pass. The guard looks up and the hat reveals a gruff FEMALE GUARD with a faint mustache.

She glares at him, snatches and scans the pass, GRUNTS and points to Marty at the end of a long table of Inmates.

Dirk saunters toward Marty with the lumpy checkbook.

EXT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

TRACTOR GUY on a bush hog departs with the yard clear except the back corner opposite the stream. Benny calls through the front door.

BENNY

We need trash cans.

Scraps emerges and drops a large piece of filthy carpet. Runt lifts up an empty trash bag.

SCRAPS

Make them.

ZIPPER

Make cans?

Scraps takes Runt's bag and turns it halfway inside out.

SCRAPS

Fill the bottom ...then pull up the sides.

BENNY

Cool!

With a utility knife, Zipper cuts the carpet pieces smaller and Runt stacks them in bags. Benny cuts up carpet pad.

Zipper drops a utility knife and the blade breaks.

SCRAPS

Careful ...don't want anyone hurt.

Scraps grabs the knife and Runt touches Scraps' scar.

RUNT

We know what happened. But why?

The kids stop working.

SCRAPS

Always spent a lot of time alone
...reading ...studying. I was late
to supper one evening and it made
my mother mad.

Scraps CHUCKLES.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Now I confess ...the real reason
they called me Scraps. From then
on, I ate cold leftovers.

EXT. SPRESSWAY 24 - AFTERNOON

Hooks sees Marty on litter pick-up duty with the Inmates.
Marty turns to hide his face.

INT. CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

Sheriff sits at his desk with a phone in hand.

INTERCUT - Sheriff's desk/Judge's office

SHERIFF

I made the contribution. So when
will Marty be released?

JUDGE

I can't release him right now.
There's an audit being performed.
I would be breaking the law!

Sheriff leans into his phone and restrains himself.

SHERIFF

What?

JUDGE

Six weeks is the minimum time
allowable to serve.

SHERIFF

But you said ---

JUDGE

Now, now, it includes the two weeks
already served.

SHERIFF

Dag-nab-it!

JUDGE

Look, it won't be that long. Got
to get the auditors out of my craw.

I/E. CABIN GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Zipper fingers through a box of cast-iron toy trucks and
cars. Benny blows dust from a phonograph. Runt sorts
through books and finds the same yearbook.

RUNT

Hey, look.

Runt holds up the "BIG BULL" on the cover.

ZIPPER

Page twenty-four.

RUNT

I know.

Runt turns to page "24" with a picture of "MATILDA JO BAUM", her face turned a little to the side. Runt inhales deeply.

ZIPPER

That's her! But I don't see the scar.

BENNY

I think it's by the other eye.

Runt stares at the picture and inserts a bookmarker.

I/E. CABIN - AFTERNOON

Sand-colored paint and white trim finish the cabin with the yard enhanced by flower beds and the iron fence removed.

Hooks strolls up the walk to the cabin and scans the yard.

Hooks stands in the doorway, arms over his head, grasps the exterior door jamb and scans the interior. Foul Fowl cowers on a window sill, with quiet COOS, bobs his head and checks out Hooks.

Framed out recesses between the studs have smoked-glass shelves enclosed in smoked-glass doors trimmed in wood. The floor gleams with tile.

New appliances and cabinets line the walls. A few tools and screws lay on a towel on the island. Scraps cleans a putty knife and puts it in her rear pocket.

HOOKS

The transformation is the talk of the town.

SCRAPS

Like it, huh?

Hooks releases a long slow WHISTLE.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)
 Just a little excavatin'
 ...insulatin' ...electrocatin' ---

I/E. CABIN GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Hooks and Scraps stroll to the garage. Foul Fowl follows.

Runt slips around the corner and leans the yearbook against the outside wall.

HOOKS
 Wish I could motivate them ...like
 you have.

SCRAPS
 Just make things fun.

Hooks and Scraps scan items laid to one side of the driveway:

Manual crank ice cream freezer --- Deer head with one antler

Manual typewriter --- Metal ice trays with separators

Wooden staved bucket --- Old hoe with a broken handle

Eight-track player with "HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR DREAMS" tape
 laid on top

Turntable with a silhouette of a boy and pony-tailed girl
 initialed "MJB"

SCRAPS (CONT'D)
 Hey. Some of this was stolen from
 my grandparents ...a long time ago.

Benny emerges with a manual rotary blade lawn cutter.

Zipper puts a "THUNDER BUCKET" (chamber pot) on his head.

Runt leads Hooks around the corner and opens the yearbook.

RUNT
 Baum! Just like my mom.

HOOKS
 They're sisters.
 (nods)
 Your Aunt Scraps.

Runt GASPS.

HOOKS (CONT'D)
 We used to call her Tilly.

BENNY (O.S.)
Wow! What's this?

Runt returns the yearbook to the wall.

Benny and Zipper push a tarp-covered wheeled object and remove the tarp. Beneath is an old fire engine red S'Triker, "LA-BAUM-BA" and "13" decals on the sides.

Scraps eyes well with tears.

SCRAPS
It's Hogan's old S'Triker!

Hooks and Runt edge closer.

BENNY
Man, it's heavy.

HOOKS
Why would it be here?

Scraps circles the racer.

SCRAPS
It was stolenright before a
race he was sure to win.

BENNY
Wow!

SCRAPS
Never bothered to race again. He
spent almost everything he earned.

Hooks edges closer to Scraps.

ZIPPER
What do you want to do with it?

SCRAPS
Push it over to the workshop
...we'll clean it up ...maybe even
get it running.

BENNY
Hop on, Runt. You can steer.

Runt climbs on. Benny and Zipper struggle to push the racer through the trees.

ZIPPER
Wow, this has got to be an antique.

Scraps and Hooks smile and shake their heads NO.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - DUSK

At the bridge, Scraps lights the last cattail and places it in the holder. Runt heats a skillet of oil at the cooker below the tree house.

Benny emerges from the trees and holds up two of golf balls.

BENNY

Look what I found.

SCRAPS

Look what I found.

From below the cooker next to a basket of eggs, Scraps grabs a bucket and a knife.

Scraps and the boys move around the tree house base. From a high branch hangs a rope tied to the tail of a huge bumpy black snake. Benny drops the balls he found.

BENNY

Whoa!

Runt peers around the tree. Scraps grips the knife. RIP. Five golf balls PING into the bucket.

RUNT

Oh, gross!

SCRAPS

I want snakes to swallow those instead of the eggs.

(to Runt)

It's either the snakes or eggs ...demonpups or cattle.

ZIPPER

What kind of snake is it?

SCRAPS

I don't really know. I call it a PITA ...pain in the ---

SIZZLE. Runt slips piece of fish into the hot oil. Scraps grabs the bucket and picks up the two balls Benny dropped.

BENNY

How will we finish the trike? We need help with the engine.

SCRAPS

Forget about the engine. Go help someone else. You'd be surprised what happens.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

Town folks set up rides and booths and level sand in the horseshoe pits.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

With the fountain dry, Fountain Scrubber, colored red to the elbows, opens a gallon of white paint.

I/E. HOOK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Parked at the garage, Hooks scans the mowed and trim yard. Zipper paints the replaced gate. On a ladder, Benny drops leaves and twigs from the gutter into a trash bag.

Hooks peeks inside the back screen door. Runt stands on a crate at the kitchen sink near a drainer of clean dishes. She giggles and lifts a sieve up and down making soap suds.

Hooks scans the neat kitchen and shakes his head.

INT. RUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dressed in a different outfit, Runt spreads wet clothes on the washer.

AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER

Sticks oozes meat loaf through her fingers.

STICKS

Why did you change your clothes?

RUNT

I got all wet washing dishes.

Sticks scowls and nods to the sink full of dishes.

STICKS

You can't clean up your own house?

RUNT

It's no fun here.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GARAGE - MORNING

Marty scans the stream across the pool toward the cabin. The cleared property exposes long vines and the rear bridge.

MARTY

What happened to my property ...the
brush all cleared?

SHERIFF

Your property? I had to sell the
place to spring you. The cabin
looked like that when YOU had it?

Sheriff turns toward the house and Marty follows.

MARTY

But I always considered it mine.

Sheriff grabs Marty's upper arms and gives him a shake.

SHERIFF

It hurt me to the core to sell that
place ...more than you'll ever
know, I assure you.

MARTY

But ---

Marty glances over at the cabin.

SHERIFF

You never stayed there. You
certainly never took care of it!
Wouldn't even mow it.

Sheriff shoves Marty and he struggles to gain his balance.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - MORNING

In pants and long sleeves, Benny, Runt, Zipper and Scraps
clear underbrush at the back corner.

SCRAPS

The guy with the bush hog stopped
here. Weren't sure what was here
...besides poison ivy.

Perched on a limb above, Foul Fowl SQUAWKS. They expose an
old well with a stone wall three feet high. Creosote poles
support the axle suspending an old rope and bucket.

BENNY

Wow. Look at this.

Scraps rakes vines farther around the well.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GARAGE - MORNING

Marty peers at the cabin and swaying silver vines. He looks at the tangled cut-off vines over his head. He opens the overhead door and backs his truck out.

EXT. CABIN - MORNING

Marty rides past, sees the cleared underbrush with Scraps and the troop around the exposed well.

FLASHBACK - DUSK

Marty struggles through the overgrowth with the portable safe and twice attempts to toss it over the growth into the well. The third try lands it on the wall and teeters. Marty shakes some vines and the safe tumbles in.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - MORNING

Scraps pulls up the dry-rot rope and bucket. Benny pulls a out long vine.

SCRAPS

Looks like it's about fifteen feet deep. Probably used for watering cattle ...till it went dry.

Benny looks across the well at Scraps.

BENNY

What are we going to do with it?

SCRAPS

Fill it with dirt. Maybe concrete a floor for a wishing well?

RUNT

Cool!

ZIPPER

Corny!

SCRAPS

Let's stay away for now. I don't want anyone to fall in. And of course, you may forget about the poison ivy.

The kids glance at one another.

BENNY

No, we won't.

SCRAPS

We'll make a temporary cover.

Scraps measures the wall. The kids gather tools.

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - NOON

Runt wipes the reupholstered seat for the old S'Triker.
Benny inspects the fender paint.

Scraps stands next to the wooden well cover and returns a
phone to a small wall cradle.

BENNY

Three loads of dirt?

SCRAPS

I'll use the rest to level places
in the lawn.

Zipper polishes the wheels on Benny's racer. Scraps sees the
plywood painted white.

BENNY

You still cooking Rocky Mountain
Oysters?

SCRAPS

Promised your dad. That was the
terms when he brought the S'triker.

Scraps points to an envelope on a worktable.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

You want to take the entry fee to
Donna Mae ...get my number?

BENNY

Sure.

Runt looks at a row of cattails on a table.

RUNT

Can I have a few cattails?

Scraps rolls the well cover to the overhead door.

SCRAPS

Sure. As long as you don't break
them open, remember?

Runt cuts twine from a ball.

RUNT
I'll make a bouquet for my mom
...try to make her smile.

Runt ties the cattails into a bundle.

EXT. HANS' VASH N VAX N VACS - AFTERNOON

Marty rinses the truck and frowns at the streaks.

Dirk approaches Marty from behind, swings his leg around and kicks Marty in the side. Marty falls against the wall, hits his head and the jet sprayer goes airborne.

DIRK
Should have taken Grandpa up on the
martial arts lessons.

MARTY
Jerk. You didn't finish yours.

Dirk fingers a wavy line down the side of the streaky truck.

DIRK
I sure need some more of that roll.

Marty straightens up.

MARTY
There isn't any more.

Marty picks up the sprayer.

DIRK
That's not what you said when you
were in jail. That little bit
under your mattress was all you had
left?

MARTY
It wasn't what it looked like
...mainly small bills.

Marty rinses the truck. Dirk glares at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Did they ever find Tiny?

DIRK
Are you burnt? What do you care
...even if the behemoth croaked?
(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)

Didn't bother you to take his stash.

MARTY

You have anything to do with Tiny disappearing? I didn't see you at the fire either.

DIRK

None ya.

MARTY

Yes, it is my business. Sure I wanted the money, but I don't want to hurt anybody.

Marty drives Dirk into the wall with spray, withdraws the sprayer and holds it at his side.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Why do you have to play with fire?
Didn't you know what kind of attention that would muster?

Dirk hangs his head and frowns.

DIRK

I can't help it. I like it.

MARTY

What did you do to Tiny?

FLASHBACK - DIRK SPIES ON TINY

EXT. TINY'S MOTORCYCLE SHOP - DUSK

Dirk peeks in the dark back door window, binoculars around his neck with the bolt cutters in hand and SNIPS the padlock.

INT. TINY'S MOTORCYCLE SHOP - DUSK

Dirk enters, goes behind the parts counter to the open empty safe.

DIRK

Rats!

Dirk goes to the basement door, descends the ramp a few steps, scans the room and spots a bulging bank bag on the work bench a few feet from Tiny.

Dirk loads his slingshot with a golf ball and drops one. Tiny stands up and starts to turn toward the ramp.

TINY

What the ---

Dirk flings the golf ball before Tiny sees him, POPS Tiny in the temple and Tiny goes down in a loud CRASH.

Dirk stares momentarily at Tiny, snaps, runs to the work bench, snatches the bank bag and flees up the ramp.

INT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

At the kitchen table, Dirk opens the bank bag, full of receipts. He POUNDS his fist on the table.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

BANG! At the well with a nail gun and air tank in a wagon, Scraps fastens a hinge to the creosote post to secure the wood cover and slides the cover open and shut.

On a vine a skinny figure dressed in solid black slams Scraps to the ground and sends the nail gun several yards away.

They roll around in the leaves in a struggle and Scraps groins him. The figure slowly gets up. Scrap grasps his shirt to pull herself up. He jerks away, the shirt UNSNAPS and comes off in Scraps' hand.

Scraps eyes the poison ivy, grabs the nail gun, aims it toward the figure and SHOOTS above him.

SCRAPS

Hey. That-a-way!

The figure backs up to the poison ivy, trips on a log, falls into the poison ivy, gets up and runs.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

In the office, HOUSEKEEPER, a small elderly lady dusts a cabinet, moves a stack of mail to the end of the desk and returns to dust the cabinet.

Sheriff sits at his desk, turns and knocks off the mail with his elbow. He leans over from his chair to retrieve it. Housekeeper looks over.

HOUSEKEEPER

Oops, I'm sorry.

Housekeeper comes over to help him. Sheriff scans one of the envelopes.

SHERIFF

How long has this been here?

Sheriff opens the envelope.

HOUSEKEEPER

This collected while Marty was
...uh ...gone. I set it aside.
None of it looked like bills.

SHERIFF

He told me his truck payments were
made automatically.

Sheriff holds up the contents.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

This is a clear title for his
truck. How did it get paid off?

Housekeeper shrugs and resumes dusting.

Sheriff gets up, walks over to the window and gazes out
toward the stream. He sees Marty with black hood in hand
dressed in black without a shirt.

HOUSEKEEPER

I guess boys will be boys.

Marty hobbles to the guesthouse scratching his arms.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - AFTERNOON

Benny, Zipper and Runt help Scraps load the homemade cooker
up the pull-out ramps into the bed of the big truck.

Foul Fowl paces on the luggage rack.

BENNY

There's lots of competition. You
need something unusual ...different
than anybody else.

SCRAPS

Don't worry about that. I have a
little something special.

Zipper and Runt trade grins and BACKHAND a low five.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marty and Dirk lounge on lawn chairs. Marty scratches, gazes toward the workshop with binoculars and watches Scraps and the kids load the cooker. Dirk glances over and tinkers with his slingshot.

MARTY

I've got to get rid of Scraps.

DIRK

Why mess with her?

Marty lowers the binoculars. Dirk takes them and looks.

MARTY

Because I hid more money on what was my property ...over there ...the cabin.

DIRK

You're burnt!

Dirk hands the binoculars back to Marty.

MARTY

Now that it's cleared, it makes it hard to remember where I buried it.

DIRK

Use a metal detector.

MARTY

That won't work. I threw the safe away and put the cash into a plastic box ...it won't rust.

DIRK

Why didn't you keep it in the house, dummy?

Marty sees Housekeeper shake a rug at Sheriff's back door.

MARTY

People get snoopy ...and besides ...houses burn down.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

With a moonless sky, an erected traffic barrier blocks Main Street with a banner high above reads "ROCKY MOUNTAIN OYSTER COOK OFF". A bandstand blocks the street for a street dance.

Fountain Scrubber's brush handle SNAPS in two, he goes into a TIZZY and runs up the stairs on the side of the bank.

On one side of the street near the tavern stand booths with banners: "TANNER'S TENDERGROIN GRILL", "BUFFALO BULLS" and "NUTT FOR KIDS"

On the opposite side: "CAFFREY'S CALF FRIES", "VINE'S SWINGIN' BEEF" and "CASPER'S COWBOY CAVIAR".

Foul Fowl descends and lands on the "NUTT FOR KIDS" banner strung across above the front of Hook's booth.

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

Dressed in dark colors, Scraps fires up her cooker with a stainless steel pot of oil, flour mix pan, brown paper to drain fries, a coffee percolator and utensils.

Marty scratches his arms and legs and approaches Scraps.

MARTY

See you found the old well.

Scraps tosses some fries into the flour mix.

SCRAPS

Yeah. Just today.

MARTY

That cabin ...it's haunted
...remember?

SCRAPS

No. No, I don't.

MARTY

Years ago, a renter committed
suicide ...hung himself.

SCRAPS

Well, I haven't seen any ghosts or
heard any voices. But we did find
Hogan's old S'Triker.

Marty's face turns red.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Wonder how it showed up there?

Scraps nods to his constant scratching.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

You get into some fiberglass or something? Maybe poison ivy? I remember how it affected Hogan so.

Marty quickly stiffens.

MARTY

What you getting at?

SCRAPS

Just thinking about when Hogan was rubbed down with fiberglass.

Marty HUFFS and turns toward the bar entry.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

It's been work nicing with you.

IN A NEARBY TREETOP

Benny, Zipper and Runt watch the cook off. The kids see Dirk emerge from Buffalo Bull's booth.

RUNT

What's he doing? There aren't supposed to be any kids.

BENNY

Your gramps isn't the Sheriff.

INT. BIG STUMP TAVERN - NIGHT

Boris enjoys a beer at the bar. A whiff of cattail fluff comes through an open window and he SNEEZES.

Boris' dirty yellow toupee flies behind the bar into Donna Mae's sudsy sink. Boris turns red and ignores it.

Donna Mae leans into the sink and swishes it around. Hooks smiles and comes behind the bar.

DONNA MAE

(whispers to Hooks)

I've been wanting to wash this thing for decades. Blessing in disguise?

Donna Mae drains the sink, rinses and shakes the hairpiece.

HOOKS

His disguise is blessed.

Hooks draws clean water. Donna Mae hops around the bar and slaps the silver toupee back on Boris' head. Boris stays with his beer mug like nothing happened.

Marty scratches and nears Hooks.

MARTY

I figure you got a good laugh
...seeing me on the litter detail.

Hooks stops and looks him right in the eyes.

HOOKS

Actually, I wasn't sure it was you.
But that's the difference between
you and me. YOU would've laughed.

Marty stares at Hooks.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

IN A NEARBY TREETOP

The troop watches Scraps give Foul Fowl a calf fry.

RUNT

Hey!

BENNY

It's okay. They're not peanuts.

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

Hooks tastes a calf fry.

HOOKS

Getting great reviews on your calf
fries. I can see why.

SCRAPS

Southern recipe ...crushed pecans
...gives 'em a nutty flavor!

Hooks CHUCKLES.

AT BUFFALO BULL'S BOOTH

Dirk stands near a container of "NORTON" salt. Marty appears behind him.

MARTY

See that Scraps stays here, so I
can search behind the cabin.

Marty slips away.

IN A NEARBY TREETOP

Benny watches Marty leave looking over his shoulders.

BENNY

Marty acts like he doesn't want to
be seen. Wonder where he's going.

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

HOOKS

The authorities found Tiny.

SCRAPS

Where?

HOOKS

Lotsawatah ...in a deli baking
cookies. Seems he has a bad case
of amnesia. But happy as can be!

Scraps GAPES and shakes her head NO. Mayor motions Hooks
over to the "JUDGES" table.

ACROSS THE STREET

A wind gusts, loosens twine securing an upper corner of the
"CASPER'S COWBOY CAVIAR" banner and slaps CASPER in the face.

Scraps crosses the street with a ladder, climbs up and reties
the twine.

CASPER

Guess we didn't tie that one good.

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

A hand appears from "BUFFALO BULL'S" booth, reaches over the
wind block of Scraps' cooker, scatters a container of
"NORTON" salt on Scraps' flour mix.

IN A NEARBY TREETOP

The kids see the salt container.

ZIPPER

Oh, no.

RUNT

We've got to tell her somehow.

BENNY
And get grounded for being here?

AT A FREE-STANDING CHAMPAGNE FOUNTAIN

Surrounded by LITTLE OLD LADIES, Fountain Scrubber sits under the bowl with a goblet and a faint smile.

FOUNTAIN SCRUBBER
HIC ...HICCUP!

Donna Mae passes with a large serving tray and collects "FRY" samples.

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

Scraps transfers a fresh batch onto brown paper. Sticks reaches under Scraps' cooker and unties Scraps' shoe.

Donna Mae visits Scraps' booth. Scraps transfers the fries to a bowl numbered on the bottom.

DONNA MAE
I've tasted these. Interesting
...crunchy. Good luck.

SCRAPS
Thank you, ma'am.

BUFFALO BULL sticks his head in.

BUFFALO BULL
Hey, your shoe is untied.

SCRAPS
Oh, thanks.

OUTSIDE HOOKS' BOOTH

BUFFALO BULL
Here you go.

Buffalo Bill pats a cloth covered chair. Scraps sits, ties her shoe and returns to her cooker.

IN BUFFALO'S BOOTH

Everyone roars with laughter. Sticks snaps pictures and the camera ejects instant photos. Scraps' entire back side is covered in cattail fuzz.

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

Scraps sees fluff floating around, looks at her rear, turns off the cooker and slips around the corner of the BS Tavern. Foul Fowl follows. Sticks smirks.

STICKS

Not as good as tarred and feathered, but that'll do!

IN A NEARBY TREETOP

Runt glares at Sticks and grabs her vine.

RUNT

I'm going home ...maybe!

AT THE JUDGES' TABLE

Hans, Sheriff, Boris and other "JUDGES" gag on the salty calf fries and reach for drinks.

HANS

Is this some kind of joke?

Hans looks at the number on the bottom of the bowl and the entrant list reads "NUTT FOR KIDS".

HANS (CONT'D)

Scraps!

IN HOOKS' BOOTH

Hooks looks for Scraps and tastes her flour mix.

IN BUFFALO'S BOOTH

Sticks laughs and spreads pictures on the table. Hooks sees the pictures of Scraps' backside. Sticks turns and smiles up at Hooks flirtatiously.

HOOKS

I need to speak to you.

STICKS

Oh, sure.

Sticks follows Hooks out.

OUTSIDE BUFFALO'S BOOTH

Hooks puts a firm grasp on Sticks' upper arms.

HOOKS

If it weren't for that precious
little girl of yours, I'd fire you
right now. I should have already.
A third grader can do what you do.

Sticks appears stunned. Hooks seethes.

STICKS

What do you care?

HOOKS

The word is character.

They stare at each other in silence a beat.

HOOKS (CONT'D)

How do you intend to fix that mess,
you jealous chest-less chump?

Sticks shrugs and shakes her head side to side.

STICKS

I - I can't ---

HOOKS

Hell of a way to treat your sister!

Hooks shoves her away and returns to the bar. Dirk comes out of Buffalo's booth laughing, discovers Scraps' truck gone and leaves.

EXT. SCRAPS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Scraps stands on the porch and listens to SCRAPES and TAPS.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dirk walks past the cabin garage, stumbles on a branch, triggers a demonpup trap and the net nearly misses him. Dirk gets up and Marty emerges from the dark.

DIRK

Don't see how you can do anything.
It's so dark ...no moon.

MARTY

I can't see ...had to quit. What's
Scraps doing home already?

DIRK

It's a kinda fuzzy story. Let's
get.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - MORNING

With a nail gun, Scraps shoots the last nail into a lumber ramp seated against the wall of the covered well.

In the distance, three dump trucks roll up Scraps driveway. She makes a circle in the air with her finger. They line up on the driveway near the well. Scraps points to the ground underfoot.

FIRST DRIVER, nods, TAPS on a receipt box and signals thumbs up. Scraps waves and saunters to the bird feeder near the workshop. The first truck unloads dirt near the well.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - MORNING

Scraps fills the feeder with seed, cherries and nuts. First Driver rolls away and waves to Scraps.

Scraps dunks a pail into a trough of collected rainwater and splashes the water into the birdbath. Foul Fowl flies and lights on the bath.

SCRAPS
Morning, Foul Fowl.

Scraps tickles his neck. Benny, Zipper and Runt come out of the workshop with gloves as the last truck unloads.

The kids walk toward to the well. Scraps lags behind with a wheelbarrow filled with shovels, rakes and rope. Foul Fowl lands in the wheelbarrow.

EXT. ROADWAY - MORNING

Marty, slathered with calamine, drives his truck. He and Dirk ride past the cabin and spot the dirt near the well.

MARTY
Alright. Maybe she'll fill it in.

DIRK
Why do you care?

MARTY
That's where I threw the safe
...the empty safe.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - MORNING

Runt lays gloves on the well.

RUNT
Wonder if she knows about the salt.

The boys put on gloves.

ZIPPER
She left before that, I think.

RUNT
Should we tell her?

BENNY
NO!

Scraps arrives with the wheelbarrow. Foul Fowl SQUAWKS and flies over to Runt's outstretched arm.

Scraps tips out the shovels. Benny and Zipper shovel dirt into the wheelbarrow. Scraps removes the cover.

Scraps rakes the rest of the poison ivy around the well toward the cabin. The boys run the wheel barrow up the ramp and heave the load into the well.

Scraps discovers erratic dig spots about fifteen feet away toward the stream.

SCRAPS
Someone disturbed the ground here.

Benny comes over followed by Zipper and Runt.

BENNY
Looks like the digs we saw before.

ZIPPER
When we cut the path.

SCRAPS
To get a peek at a witch?

Runt and Zipper GIGGLE.

BENNY
It WAS right here!

Scraps rakes away more vines.

RUNT
And that's the stump ...cut like a chair.

Foul Fowl lights in the 'chair'.

ZIPPER
What are you going to do?

SCRAPS

Let's let this be for now.
 (glances at the stream)
 I have an idea.

A "U.D.S." truck comes and the boys run toward it. Scraps replaces the well cover.

SCRAPS (CONT'D)

Benny expecting something?

RUNT

Not that I know of.

Runt runs ahead to the shop.

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

Benny removes a roll from a mailer tube.

ZIPPER

What is it?

BENNY

Decals. I planned on new paint
 ...a new design before the wreck.

ZIPPER

Like what?

BENNY

It doesn't matter. I can't get
 what I want. Someone else got the
 last available set of decals.

Scraps descends a ladder with a wooden box. Foul Fowl lights on the work bench and meets Scraps there.

The kids unroll three "12" decals on a work table and weight them down.

Scraps takes out two small boxes. Each has a small hole with a dark red lens. Foul Fowl SQUAWKS and shivers.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - MORNING

On trees between the stream and the well, Scraps installs one of the small boxes near a branch with a hook and loop strap. The lens faces the second box on another tree.

EXT. SCRAPS' BRIDGE - MORNING

Scraps kneels by the stream and rinses her hands. On a vine, a figure dressed in black with a hood, swoops at Scraps as she erects herself.

The figure knocks Scraps into the stream and pulls her under. Scraps kicks her attacker, grabs onto the vines over the stream, makes it to the surface and SCREAMS.

The kids hear Scraps and charge from the workshop toward the bridge. Scraps uses the vines and struggles toward shore.

The figure swims from behind and pulls Scraps under again. Scraps grabs the branch-like base of the cattail stand and it slips out of her hands. On a second attempt, she gets her hands full of roots and hangs on.

The troop jabs at the dark figure under the swirling water with their cattail swords.

Scraps struggles, kicks him in the chest and wrestles free. The kids watch the dark figure sweep down stream under the bridge out of sight.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - NOON

On the tree house deck, Scraps and the troop rise from a picnic blanket. Scraps folds everything into the blanket and drops it to the ground.

In his truck, Hooks circles the driveway to Scrap's workshop, the cooker strapped in the bed. The kids descend the pole, Benny with the last deviled egg and Runt with a small fuchsia mustache.

The troop runs to the truck. Scraps follows. Hooks pulls out the ramps and moves one over to fit the cooker wheels.

Benny takes the last bite of the egg.

HOOKS
What's for lunch?

BENNY
Chicken. I ate a whole chicken.

HOOKS
What?

Benny hops into the truck bed and unstraps the cooker.

BENNY

Yeah. Little Runt and Zipper ate one, too.

Zipper and Benny roll the cooker off. Scraps descends the pole. Hooks looks at Runt's mustache.

HOOKS

(to Runt)
Grape juice?

RUNT

Pickled beet juice.

Hooks smiles. Scraps nears.

HOOKS

Pretty sore about the way you were treated last night.

Hooks replaces and secures the ramps.

SCRAPS

I should have expected it.

Benny, Zipper and Runt stand still.

HOOKS

Heard you might need some help ...with an engine?

SCRAPS

Umm, one that powers a S'Triker?

Hooks glances at Benny and Benny smiles.

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Benny and Zipper hold the hood with a "12" decal and Hooks bolts it to the frame.

Scraps installs the new seat on the old S'Triker and Runt polishes the dashboard.

Hooks looks at the side of the racer with a "12" decal.

HOOKS

I see you found some new decals.

BENNY

Yeah, just numbers. They didn't have what I really wanted.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - DUSK

Two feet sneak along the path from the stream to the well.

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - DUSK

Hooks closes the S'Triker hood. Scraps, Hooks and the kids hear LOUD ZAPS.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - DUSK

An electric charge ZAPS Marty who jerks around erratically.

MARTY

Ow ...Ow ...Ow ...Ow!

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - DUSK

The kids look at Scraps puzzled.

SCRAPS

An electric heel.

Hooks shrugs and nods to Benny.

HOOKS

You need to get a feel for it.

Benny gets on the trike and it starts right up.

BENNY

Purrs like a kitten.

Benny circles the drive and nears the overhead door.

HOOKS

It's like new ...better than new.
You all did a good job.

SCRAPS

Lock it in the cabin garage. Make
room to clean this place tomorrow.

Benny gives a thumbs up and rides across the yard to the cabin garage. Zipper and Runt jog after him. In the background, Dirk watches through binoculars.

EXT. CABIN GARAGE - DUSK

Benny closes and latches the overhead door. The kids peer through the windows in the door at the racer and race back to the workshop.

The kids see Hooks and Scraps walk toward the house as Fowl Fowl circles above.

INT. SCRAPS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The entry door stands open and the kids peek in. Subtle lights accent throughout. See-through walls in diverse places; the cutouts with glass shelves closed in glass doors.

Clear colored glass sculptures of smooth sleek birds and long stemmed roses. Glass flowers in vases and wall sconces decorate in sapphire blue, ruby red, emerald green and amber.

ZIPPER

It's all glass!

BENNY

Is that the secret?

Scraps waves the kids in to the tall central room with dark shadows of swaying trees throughout the glass house.

SCRAPS

There is no secret. This is my home. It's about privacy.

Scraps switches the lights off. Millions of multi-colored lightning bugs dart around the trees.

TROOP

Wow ...Awesome ...Pretty!

EXT. CABIN GARAGE - NIGHT

A slingshot hurls what resembles a giant firecracker. It FIZZES bright, SLAMS through a window of the overhead door, brightens up the back wall and erupts into flames.

I/E. HOOK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The water tower siren BLARES. Benny and Zipper jump from bed. They run to Hook's truck as he starts it up. The boys climb in the tail gate.

Runt runs from across the street. Benny yells.

BENNY

Dad. Wait for Runt.

Runt climbs on the bumper and the boys pull her in. Sticks appears in a robe and yells.

STICKS

Get back here!

BENNY
OK, Dad. She's in.

Runt gets up from the bed of the truck and looks toward Sticks as Hooks pulls away. Sticks runs across her yard, shakes her fist and SHOUTS UNINTELLIGIBLY.

EXT. CABIN GARAGE - NIGHT

Hooks stops short of the garage consumed in flames. The framework barely stands around the trike frame.

Firefighters douse the cabin roof and trees.

The kids stand in the bed of the truck. Tears flow down Runt and Zipper's cheeks. Benny swallows hard, fights back the tears, turns and wipes his cheek on his shoulder.

Hooks emerges from the cab of the truck. Foul Fowl emerges from the dark in front of teary-eyed Scraps.

Hooks opens the tailgate. Scraps jumps on the tailgate, Runt sits on her lap and Scraps rocks her.

Hooks stands with a hand on Zipper's shoulder. Benny rests his chin on the roof of the truck cab.

EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty and Dirk stand near the trees on Sheriff's property. Marty looks at smirking Dirk and at the fire with a SIGH.

MARTY
Your handiwork, I suppose?

INT. HOOK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids lay on the living room floor in sleeping bags and stare at the tree shadows on the ceiling.

EXT. HOOK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hooks and Donna Mae descend from the porch to the garage. Across the street, Sticks enters her house, slams the door and kills the light.

DONNA MAE
What's up?

HOOKS
Gotta find a way to fix this mess.

DONNA MAE
That's very noble, but how?

Hooks grabs a mailer tube from the work bench and straps it to the back seat of the SuperRide with bungee cords.

HOOKS

I don't know, and I don't want to get their hopes up for nothing. Just tell them I need to deal with a problem at the creamery. Okay?

Hooks unlocks the fork and mounts the bike.

DONNA MAE

Don't worry. I'll keep them busy with the CRUD Carnival.

HOOKS

(pinches her cheek)
Thanks. You're the best.

With a ROAR of the pipes, Hooks departs in a PUFF of dust.

INT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A PUFF of steam rises as Scraps pours coffee from the percolator on the cooker. Scraps circles Hogan's old trike and glances at the sleek plans on the wall. She sips coffee.

On the log perch, Foul Fowl YAWNS, sways sleepy-eyed and almost falls. He hears the LOUD PUTTS of the SuperRide, SNORTS and perks up. Hooks drives into the shop.

HOOKS

I figured you'd be out here.

Hooks dismounts and walks over to the old trike.

SCRAPS

We've cleaned it up. It's just old ...and SO heavy. A lighter body will cut down the weight.

Hooks hands Scraps a cutting torch attached to a tank.

HOOKS

You said maybe we'd get it running. Figure we get started?

MONTAGE - REFURBISH THE OLD RACE CAR

--- Hooks removes a hose with dry rot hose and rusty water spills all over his feet.

--- Scraps breaks rusty bolts holding the body. Her hand slips off a wrench and cuts a knuckle.

--- With the overhead crane, Hooks uses straps to hoist the engine from the old trike.

--- Scanning plans on the wall, Scraps marks pattern pieces on stainless steel.

--- Hooks unstraps the motor on the floor.

--- With the overhead crane and straps, Hooks removes the motor from his SuperRide.

END MONTAGE

Scraps pours a cup of coffee, turns to Hooks and sees the motorless SuperRide.

SCRAPS

That's quite a sacrifice.

HOOKS

No more than what you'd do.

INT. HOOK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Zipper wakens and SNIFFS.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

Donna Mae pours milk next to iced chocolate cake donuts.

DONNA MAE

Good morning.

The kids smile. Zipper eyes the donuts.

ZIPPER

I haven't had these since forever.

DONNA MAE

I hope you like them.

BENNY

We will.

Runt hugs Donna Mae around the waist.

RUNT

Thank you, Donna Mae.

Donna Mae hugs with her hand on Runt's back.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

On minibikes, the troop passes Fountain Scrubber. He cuts the tag off a new brush, opens a valve and with little water pressure, the fountain barely spits.

The troop rides toward the City Park, passes under the "148th CITY REC & UNITY DAY Carnival" banner strung over the street.

Boris directs the Kazoo band passing by on a hay wagon. With a scowl, he leads them through "FELL OFF THE WAGON".

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

ON THE WATER TOWER RAIL

The two Yellow Birds bob their heads and eye the popcorn. The park buzzes with people.

Erected rides dot the area: the "SPIDER", "SPIN-AGIN", "COW-ROUSEL", "HOLLER COASTER", "SIX-LEGGED CALF RIDES". A children's "MOO-MOO TRAIN" circles the park.

Horseshoe pits set near the stream and the cattail stand.

At a multiple dunking booth, one good shot dunks three of nine people. Who falls depends on what holes are hit.

Food booths offer cotton candy, roasted peanuts, caramel apples, ice cream, corn dogs. Homemade jellies, pies, cakes and breads. A tethered cow circles a molasses extruder.

Booths offer a mirrored fun house, token arcade and a fortune teller weight machine.

Bumper cars occupy the rear of the park near the low water bridge. A row of picnic tables separate the bumper cars from the horseshoe pits.

One booth offers chances to break balloons resembling udders hung on plywood painted with a large six-legged cow.

Benny throws three darts. The third one pops a balloon. He wins a stuffed six-legged cow with a bell. He gives it to Runt.

INT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

With a drill press, Hooks bores engine mounts.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

With the streets closed to traffic, Benny and Dirk mount bicycles at the start line among other boys.

HANS
 There's plenty of road to slow
 down, so don't slam on your brakes
 at the finish line.

Hans holds up a small gun.

HANS (CONT'D)
 Ready. Set.

BANG! Benny tenses up.

BENNY (V.O.)
 Legs feel like iron ...I always ---

Benny focuses on the road and pours on the energy. Over the low water bridge, Dirk slams on the brakes in front of now soaring Benny.

Benny rear ends Dirk which dispels Benny from the bike and he falls on the grass near the street.

DIRK
 Ain't learned a thing. You'd need
 training wheels on a tricycle, HAH!

Dirk pedals to the prize table and Marty meets Dirk.

MARTY
 Keep an eye on Benny and company.
 I have to watch for Scraps. If
 we're lucky, she may show up here.

I/E. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - MORNING

Scraps finds sludge in the end of the hose from an oil drum.

HOOKS
 Almost ready for oil.

Scraps removes the hose, steps out the overhead door and blasts the hose out with an air hose.

A huge glob of oil dislodges, shoots high and oozes down a vine near the stream between the well and rear bridge.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

Benny shoots an arrow with a suction cup at moving wood demonpups, hits one and it adheres to a fence mural.

Beyond the booth Dirk watches Runt and Zipper on the carousel. Benny releases the arrow at Dirk.

The arrow sticks off-center on the back of Dirk's Mohawk. He scowls, removes it and looks around.

Benny shoots, nails another demonpup to the mural and wins a long black rubber snake.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - MORNING

Marty stands on a limb near the rear bridge and eyes the old well. He swings on a vine, releases it and grasps the vine shot with oil.

Marty slides and straddles a limb which stuns him cross-eyed.

MARTY

Oooph!

Marty falls aside and tumbles off the limb to the ground.

EXT. CITY PARK - NOON

Donna Mae WHISTLES to the troop from a car. Benny, with the rubber snake on his arm, takes a lunch basket.

DONNA MAE

I'll come back for it in a while.

Benny sets the basket on the ground and opens it. Zipper notices the primping Snobby Girls occupying the picnic table closest to the low water bridge.

ZIPPER

We need to clear our table.

BENNY

We will ...we will.

Runt, Benny and Zipper approach the table.

SNOBBY GIRL ONE

(to Benny)

Gee ...Whizzer!

The girls GIGGLE.

SNOBBY GIRL TWO

So what's for lunch, Runt? Shrimp?

The girls GIGGLE again. Benny opens the basket with the snake curled around deviled eggs.

BENNY

Snake and eggs.

Dirk looks behind Benny. Calamine slathered Marty waves his arms in a sweep motion to come on.

INT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

With an air gun, Hooks tightens the last bolt of the new hood to the frame and polishes a smudge off the fender.

HOOKS
No time to paint.

SCRAPS
Looks great bare.

Hooks unties the mailer tube from the Super Ride.

HOOKS
I ordered this ...before Benny
messed up the trike. We had plans
to repaint.

Scraps sweeps off the worktable.

HOOKS (CONT'D)
I'll round up the kids.

Hooks TAPS on a phone once.

EXT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Benny, Runt and Zipper park their minibikes. Through the overhead door, Hooks and Scraps slowly roll out the refurbished racer with a "12" decal on the hood.

The kids GAPE. Benny walks around the side of the racer and sees a flame decal with "12" and "Benny's Jet" on the polished stainless.

BENNY
My flames!

The troop circles the racer.

HOOKS
Sorry ...no time to paint.

BENNY
So perfect ...awesome. But how ---

SCRAPS
Gab later.

HOOKS
Do a few laps around the drive.

Benny mounts, circles the fountain once, turns and circles the other direction. Zipper and Runt jump with excitement and Benny returns.

ZIPPER
Whoopie! Lets go!

BENNY
(to Hooks)
I promise to ride slow ...gotta
place my entry.

Hooks winks. Runt hugs Scraps and follows Zipper to the minibikes.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - AFTERNOON

Hooks sleeps on a hammock between the house and workshop. Foul Fowl perches in the tree asleep. Scraps fluffs a pillow on a chaise lounge and hears SCRAPES by the old well.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Scraps creeps to the well, sees the cover removed and a figure dressed in black knocks Scraps into the well.

Scraps grabs the rope about five feet down. The old rope breaks and Scraps falls to the bottom.

SCRAPS (O.S.)
HELP!

The figure rolls a wheelbarrow of dirt over and dumps it in. Foul Fowl sees the figure and flies toward Hooks.

IN THE WELL

Scraps pulls the back of her shirt over her head and lifts her feet over the dirt.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - AFTERNOON

On their minibikes, Zipper and Runt follow Benny to the stadium. A two-story building surrounds three sides of the track, with the start gate center front flanked by entrant stalls and the rear open to the mulk pond.

Parking and track maintenance extends beyond the left stalls.

Vendors, rest rooms and the snob section extend beyond the right stalls. Upstairs has three sides of seating with rest rooms at the corners.

IN BENNY'S STALL

Benny looks at his dash and kills the engine. Runt and Zipper pop around the corner as Benny gets off. A stall across from them holds Dirk's trike.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - AFTERNOON

Foul Fowl lands near Hooks.

FOUL FOWL
KAW! KAW! KAW!

Hooks wakens.

EXT. CABIN BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Hooks follows Foul Fowl to the well.

The figure raises the shovel toward Hooks who knocks the shovel aside. After a brief struggle, Hooks pulls off the black hood and reveals Dirk. Hooks loosens his grip.

Dirk bolts. Hooks follows Dirk, trips on the shovel, falls by a huge vine and jerks it tight in front of Dirk's ankles.

Dirk trips, falls into a tall sticker bush, struggles to his feet and stumbles toward the stream.

IN THE WELL

Scraps packs dirt and loose rocks from the caving well.

BEYOND THE WELL TOWARD THE STREAM

Another figure in black unearths a box, puts it under his arm, darts toward the pool away from the electric fence and alongside the pool.

Hooks pushes the figure from behind, the box flips into the center of the pool and floats toward the rear bridge.

Hooks removes Marty's hood. Marty throws a punch, Hooks lands a blow to Marty's chest and knocks him down near the dug hole.

INSIDE THE WELL

Scraps packs dirt and rocks to one side of the well.

NEAR THE POOL

Marty erects himself and flees through Scrap's yard. Foul Fowl dives several times at Hooks.

FOUL FOWL
KAW! KAW! KAW!

Foul Fowl leads Hooks to the well.

Marty trips and springs a demonpup trap which envelops and suspends him five feet high between two trees.

AT THE WELL

Filthy dirty Scraps struggles to climb over the wall. Hooks approaches, sees the black figure and rears back with a big fist.

SCRAPS
Stop! It's me!

HOOKS
Oh, I thought you were another one!

Hooks throws his arms around her, sweeps her off the ground and rocks her back and forth. Foul Fowl flies toward the front of the property.

IN THE TRAP

Marty produces a pocketknife, cuts the net, frees himself and retains a large piece of net.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - AFTERNOON

The troop wears burgundy T-shirts with silver jets and searches the crowd.

BENNY
I wonder where they are.

RUNT
Look at the S'Triker, Benny. They must have been up all night.

Dirk arrives, plucks stickers and GAPES at Benny and his S'Triker.

AT THE STARTING LINE

Hans BLOWS A WHISTLE.

HANS
Attention everybody. Lets lay the ground rules.

The contestants draw close.

HANS (CONT'D)

We have two heats with four riders
 ...three laps per heat. First and
 second place from those heats
 compete in the third one.

EXT. CABIN - STREAM BEHIND CABIN - DUSK

Fully clothed, Hooks and Scraps dunk in the pool.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - DUSK

"HEAT 1" Benny and Dirk wait with two other contenders at
 the start line, a laser turns from red to green.

White-knuckled Benny momentarily freezes. He scowls and
 speeds off behind the others.

The racers speed two-thirds the distance of the track that
 narrows to:

90 degrees left over a stretch of very coarse washboard

90 left over seven large humps

90 left with washboard around a pond

90 left to a ramp/tabletop bridge landing to three large
 humps

90 left around the field tower turns to deep dry sand

90 left upside down through a 360 loop

Less than 90 left under the bridge across the start path to
 the opposite side of the track

Sharper than 90 left, runs the length of the track adjacent
 to the snob seating, with a stretch of slippery mud next to a
 goo pond - the mud turns to washboard

90 left to a ramp/tabletop bridge, cattails and mulk pond on
 the right

Four large humps, 180 degree turn left down through a steep
 tunnel, up to the track, down a steep tunnel, up to the track

90 right, upside down through a 360 loop

180 right joins the start path across the finish line.

The tower lights one of three "X"s.

EXT. SCRAPS' BRIDGE - DUSK

Scraps steps out on the flat stone at the steps of the bridge and discovers the box caught between the trestle and stone.

SCRAPS

What's this?

Scraps retrieves the box, puts it on the bridge rail and tries to open it. Hooks passes the cattails to the bridge.

HOOKS

It's what Marty dug up.

Hooks wades out of the water.

HOOKS (CONT'D)

He dropped it when I hit him from behind. Figured it was long gone.

Scraps opens it and finds bundled cash. They look puzzled.

SCRAPS

Let's get to the track.

EXT. SCRAPS' YARD - DUSK

NEAR THE TRAP

Foul Fowl sniffs the ground and Marty throws the net over the bird. His closed beak catches in the net.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - DUSK

At the finish line, the third "X" lights up. On Dirk's tail, Benny finishes second.

INT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - DUSK

Hooks turns off the vent fan in the paint room. Scraps brushes her dry hair.

Keys in hand, Hooks places the money box on the floorboard of Scraps' truck. Scraps climbs in the passenger side, opens the window and searches the trees.

SCRAPS

Foul Fowl.
(whistles)
Foul Fowl.

EXT. SUP-R-CROSS TRACK - DUSK

ON THE UPPER DECK

The kids watch "HEAT 2".

Benny sees Marty at Dirk's stall with a bag. Hooks sees the troop from the entrant stalls and waves. The kids scramble down the steps to

THE GROUND FLOOR

HOOKS
(to Benny)
You're not out, are you?

BENNY
Placed second in the first heat.
I'll race in the final.

Benny puts his palm on the hood of the trike.

BENNY (CONT'D)
It rides like a dream. Thanks.

Hooks paces around the racer and over to the rail with Zipper and Runt. Benny nears Scraps who holds a canvas bag.

BENNY (CONT'D)
I froze again. I don't understand why.

SCRAPS
Forget about Dirk ...everyone. Why compare yourself to him? You don't even want to be like him.

Benny sees tears in Scraps' eyes.

BENNY
Is something wrong?

SCRAPS
I-I can't find Foul Fowl.

Benny hugs Scraps and looks at Dirk's stall. The other two racers grin and turn to look at Benny.

BENNY (V.O.)
Three of them now?

SCRAPS (V.O.)
Focus on the task at hand.

AT THE STARTING LINE

"HEAT 3" Benny, Dirk and two other racers line up. BANG!

Without hesitation, Benny takes off and leads at the first 90 and through the first lap.

In the second lap, on the stretch crossing over the start path with Dirk on Benny's tail and in position for Benny to avenge Dirk, Benny hears:

SCRAPS (V.O.)
No time for revenge ...find it
unnecessary.

Benny makes the sharp 90 left, slogs through the mud faster than before and gains a wider lead on Dirk.

Marty hides under the rear bridge, pulls Foul Fowl from the bag and slinks over to bushes near the tunnels.

Marty tosses Foul Fowl on the track as Benny emerges from the first tunnel.

Benny skids to miss the opening of the second tunnel. Dirk barely misses Foul Fowl and passes Benny.

FOUL FOWL
KAW! KAW!

BENNY
Come on, Foul Fowl!

Foul Fowl lands on the seat in front of Benny. The other two racers slide, slow down to miss Benny and leave in a dust cloud. Benny takes off after them.

At the start of his third lap, Dirk sneers at Benny going into the loop. Foul Fowl SCOWLS and firmly squeezes Benny's thigh with his claws.

FOUL FOWL
KAW! KAW!

BENNY
Okay! Hold on, buddy!

Dirk makes the corner into the mud, nails it, flops left and splatters thick mud over Snobby Girls.

Dirk recovers control and makes his way over the washboard. The other two racers overcorrect on Dirk's mud splatter, slide out of control and land in the goo pond.

Dirk takes the back corner too fast, veers off the rear ramp, misses the bridge, over the fence toward the mulk pond full of cattle and Black Bull.

HANS

Bonanza!

Marty sees Hans empty the box on the table.

MARTY

That's my box!

DIRK

THE BOX?

Benny takes the box to the stall and returns it to the bag. Benny turns back toward the table and Dirk slings a golf ball at Benny.

The golf ball misses Benny, POPS Scraps in the head and she falls forward on the trike. The kids eat cake. Hooks looks toward Benny's S'Triker.

HOOKS

Hmmm. She's probably asleep.

BENNY

I don't think so.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The kids encircle Scraps' bed. NURSE addresses the kids.

NURSE

She's still asleep.

EXT. NEW CITY WELL SITE - DAY

WELL DRILLERS release the first spray of fresh water and LABORERS lay pipe in a trench.

EXT. SHERIFF'S GUESTHOUSE - DAY

Seated near the kitchen window, Sheriff opens a curtain and exposes the wrecked, mulky S'Triker beside the garage.

Sheriff rocks on the hind legs of a dinette chair with his brimmed hat on the table. Marty scratches lottery tickets and his arms. Dirk scans a catalogue of new S'Trikers.

SHERIFF

(to Dirk)

What you doing with that mess?
Stinks so bad, I could almost ---

Dirk looks up from the catalogue.

DIRK

We don't have a fancy shop and
tools like the witch over there.

SHERIFF

(to Marty)

I saw your truck title.

Marty stops scratching and looks up.

MARTY

You looked through my stuff?

SHERIFF

It fell off my desk. Where did you
get the money?

MARTY

Like I said, I saved it. I knew
you wouldn't believe me, so I said
I got a good rate on the note.

SHERIFF

The little work you do for the
county doesn't equal a new truck.

Sheriff sits the chair on all fours.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Tiny's safe was open ...empty.

MARTY

I don't know how to open a safe.

DIRK

Don't need to lock an empty one!

MARTY

Maybe it burned up in the camper?

SHERIFF

I didn't think about that.

Sheriff rises to his feet and snugs on his hat.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Even if it did, how do you explain
a new truck?

MARTY

I didn't want to tell you.

(sighs)

I won a lottery.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

I've heard rumors about people who don't know how to handle it and end up worse off. Figured you wouldn't believe I could handle it.

SHERIFF

You paint a pretty picture. Now you can paint some things in town.

Sheriff crosses the floor to Dirk.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

And you'll help him.

DIRK

But why ---

SHERIFF

(nods to the window)
 Destroying the S'Triker ...
 (bops Dirk's head)
 ...And for popping the witch in the head with a golf ball.

Dirk's face flushes red.

INT. SCRAPS' WORKSHOP - DAY

With keys on the workbench, Runt and Zipper watch Hooks use the sheet metal cutter and bender to make different shaped parts. Benny sets up the paint sprayer.

SUPERIMPOSE - ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. RUNT'S HOUSE - DAY

Through the front window, Runt drops fish food into an aquarium of colorful fish.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

On the SuperRide, Hooks and Scraps pass Marty repainting the "City of New Hope" sign.

Fountain Scrubber beams at the sight of the clean fountain. He tosses his swab in the air, wades in the fountain, removes his shirt and stands under the spray.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

NEAR THE STREAM

Benny polishes the old S'Triker.

AT THE PICNIC TABLE

Zipper baits fishing poles with Runt. In the background, the City Pool and swing sets teem with Happy Kids.

The town people fill picnic tables. Boris and his Kazoo Band play in the Pavilion.

AT THE PAVILION

Among Town Folks, Rusty, Hans, Sheriff and Donna Mae gather.

Hooks and Scraps park. Sheriff stands near a picnic table with COFFEE SERVERS.

SCRAPS

What's going on?

Hooks and Scraps stroll across the pavilion floor to Sheriff. The kids join the crowd. Hooks waves two fingers to a Coffee Server.

HOOKS

Choco-Lattes, please.

SHERIFF

(to Hooks)

I want to be the first to nominate
you to run for judge ...unseat an
unjust one.

Hooks faces the water tower covered by a huge tarp. Hans crosses the pavilion floor to Scraps.

HANS

For the land ...for the help
...everything. A little thank you
from the City.

Hooks hands Scraps a coffee. Hans waves and Rusty unveils the water tower.

The tower resembles a percolator with spout and handle, painted pastel with flowers trimmed in blue with bright red flames on the rounded underside.

SCRAPS

Awesome!

HOOKS

Benny painted the flames.

Scraps GAPES. Benny inhales deep and bares a broad smile.

HANS

Scraps, if you could, what would
you would name the town?

Scraps lifts her coffee.

SCRAPS

Why, New Hope, of course!

The crowd LAUGHS. Kazoo Band performs "BLUE WATER WISHES"
proficiently.

Marty cleans up from painting the "CITY OF NEW HOPE" sign.

With a fuzzy, wiry Mohawk from the dust and lye, Dirk grinds
graffiti off the side of the freeway bridge across from the
"WATER-N-WHIZZ".

FADE OUT