

VICKI IN VIEWLAND

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

Viewing through binoculars, two-story homes line the street. Handsome and muscular JAY, 15, zips around the left corner on his 18-speed bike with a large basket on the back, filled with fat Sunday newspapers.

VICKI (V.O.)  
Oh God, Jay's here.

Through different shaped binoculars, Jay approaches from the right.

CAITLIN (V.O.)  
Oh God, oh God!

Jay stops at the first house, slides a paper in the paper box.

A ferocious BARKING German Shepherd bounds over a fence, charges straight at Jay.

VICKI (V.O.)  
OH, NO!

Jay smiles, whistles and pulls out some dog biscuits from his pocket. The dog halts abruptly, wags its tail while Jay holds a biscuit up in the air. The dog stands for its reward.

VICKI (V.O.)  
OH! OH!

Jay rides to the next house.

From her second story bedroom window in the house across the street to Jay, CAITLIN, 13, chubby, chews her fingernails while she talks into her cell phone and peers through binoculars.

CAITLIN  
Vicki, he's almost at your house.

VICKI (V.O.)  
Oh God, Caitlin! What should I do?

Jay delivers to the third house.

CAITLIN (V.O.)  
Go, get out, go!

VICKI (V.O.)  
I, I can't, I'm frozen.

Jay pulls up to the fourth house.

CAITLIN (V.O.)  
He's there!

INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cut-off jeans and tight T-shirt, VICKI's back looks like a cute 13 year old girl. She leans against a huge triple glass window, her bare feet fidget as if she stands on fire. She looks through binoculars and talks in a cell phone.

VICKI  
I'm going -- no, I can't.

Through the other sections of glass, Jay slides a paper into Vicki's family paper box.

CAITLIN (V.O.)  
Oh...

Jay rides to the next house.

VICKI  
Oh...

Vicki drops her binoculars and crashes backward on her bed. Her face displays semi-rapture.

VICKI  
Next week...

CAITLIN (V.O.)  
Vicki!

Vicki looks at her desk area and smiles. Twenty photos of Jay on his bike adorn the wall.

CAITLIN (V.O.)  
Vicki!

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Jay's photo rests in Vicki's hands as she sits on the front lawn, dreaming.

CAITLIN (O.S.)  
Vicki!

Vicki jumps up, slides the photo in her pocket, races to Caitlin who pulls a red wagon. The side of the wagon reads, MT. HOLLIN ORPHANAGE.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Vicki rings the door bell.

An elderly woman opens the door.

VICKI

Hi, Ma'am, we're collecting toys or donations for Mt. Hollin Orphanage.

ELDERLY WOMAN

That's sweet, but I send checks.

She shuts the door.

EXT. SECOND HOUSE - DAY

Caitlin knocks on the door. Vicki stands behind her.

MAN (O.S.)

No soliciting!

VICKI

It's for charity.

MAN (O.S.)

Go away!

EXT. THIRD HOUSE - DAY

Vicki knocks on the door. Caitlin sits on the wagon. A KID, 10, opens the door.

VICKI

Hi, we're collecting toys or --

KID

Hey, sure!

He races away.

Caitlin springs up.

The kid returns with a box of small toys, and a big grin on his face.

KID

Here!

VICKI

Thank you very much. And here for  
you.

She hands him a button that reads, THANK YOU FROM MT. HOLLIN  
ORPHANAGE.

KID

Awesome.

He shuts the door. Vicki and Caitlin nod to each other.

VICKI

Some do care.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Kids hang out during lunchtime. Play, text, talk. Vicki  
chats with Caitlin near an open area.

Across the street a huge demolition crane swings a large  
ball, smashes it into the crumbling building.

CAITLIN

You ever think what could happen if  
that crane smashed the wrong  
building? You know, what if it got  
the wrong address and was smashing  
the school?

VICKI

Never - look, there's Jay!

Across the open area, Jay stands about fifteen feet away  
from a small boy with thick glasses who sits by himself.

School bully, TEX, 14, crew-cut red hair, and his buddy,  
BOB, 14, approach the boy. Tex grabs the boy's lunch bag.

JAY (O.S.)

Hey!

Jay strides over. Tex and Bob sneer at him. All three are  
about the same size, but Jay's muscles bulge.

TEX

This ain't your business.

JAY  
You look hungry.

Tex's lip quivers.

JAY  
The sandwich you're looking for  
isn't in there.

Tex and Bob spread apart. Jay keeps his eyes on Tex and his awareness on Bob.

TEX  
And what type would that be, smart  
guy?

JAY  
Knuckle sandwich.

Jay punches Tex in the mouth. Tex falls. Jay turns to Bob, who raises his arms high.

BOB  
No, sorry, Jay, really.

Bob backs off. Tex staggers up, head down, stumbles away.

JAY  
Hey.

Jay points at the boy's lunch bag on the ground. Tex shrugs, picks it up, hands it to the boy. He turns.

JAY  
Hey.

TEX  
Shit!

JAY  
Do it.

Tex looks at the boy.

TEX  
Sorry, kid.

Sour-faced Tex turns to Jay, who smiles.

JAY  
You don't have to be a bully.

Tex and Bob split. Jay sits down next to the boy, gives him a reassuring pat.

JAY

They're just full of hot air.

The boy smiles wide.

Vicki watches and swoons.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Above one basketball hoop reads a banner, GO BLUEJAYS.

Vicki and Caitlin sit amongst two hundred students who semi-listen to the school principal, MR. BOX, 65, short with thick glasses. He stands on a crate so he can look over the podium.

PRINCIPAL BOX

You are here in life to learn.  
So... I have these words for you.  
The world's not flat. Inner peace  
has a small "I". Step back, see  
beyond.

VICKI

What did he say?

CAITLIN

Don't know.

Vicki sits forward, strains to understand.

PRINCIPAL BOX

You can not fake forever. Don't  
sleep too much. Growing is change.  
Dare to care. Beautiful views or  
ugly views.

VICKI

Something about views.

CAITLIN

I'm getting a headache.

PRINCIPAL BOX

Mental blindness is worse than  
physical blindness. Yourself,  
others, yourself and others,  
yourself or others. It either  
matters or doesn't matter.

VICKI  
What matters?

CAITLIN  
I'm hungry.

PRINCIPAL BOX  
And my final words, why do you  
think you are always right?

Vicki scrunches her face.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A perplexed Vicki and bored Caitlin exit the Gym.

VICKI  
Did you understand what he meant?

CAITLIN  
No way.

VICKI  
I think it was important, but --

CAITLIN  
Yeah.

They shake their heads and shrug.

VICKI AND CAITLIN  
School is stupid.

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM - DAY

Vicki sits in the back. Behind her, the wall displays various computers and accessories. She looks out the window.

COMPUTER TEACHER (O.S.)  
The iPod, iPad, iPhone, iMac, i-  
everything have revolutionized the  
world. With all our I-gadgets we  
can make ourselves happier and  
happier.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Vicki sits in the back, below posters of the solar system and space. She stares blankly at the teacher.



SCIENCE TEACHER (O.S.)  
 Although science is pure, our  
 perceptions may be different and  
 even wrong at times.

The Teacher points at two photos of the moon, taken at  
 different angles.

SCIENCE TEACHER  
 Now, who can see the "man in the  
 moon" and who sees a "rabbit in the  
 moon"?

Many KIDS raise their hands or yell out.

|      |           |            |
|------|-----------|------------|
|      | SOME KIDS | OTHER KIDS |
| Man! |           | Rabbit!    |

Vicki squints at the moon photos.

INT. HOME EDUCATION CLASSROOM - DAY

Vicki sits in the back. The wall boards show foods and  
 vitamin/mineral charts. She scratches her head, confused.

HOME EDUCATION TEACHER (O.S.)  
 Here we have a Vegetarian meal. A  
 Fruitarian meal. A super Protein  
 drink. A Grapefruit diet. Egg diet.  
 Carbs diet. Fats diet. McDonald's  
 diet. Pizza diet.

INT. ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - DAY

Vicki sits in the back. Wall Street and bank ads grace the  
 wall. She frowns toward the teacher.

ECONOMICS TEACHER (O.S.)  
 Credit is your answer to any money  
 problem. It's vital that you have a  
 credit card to help the economy.  
 Buying things keeps our society  
 growing.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Vicki sits in the back beside a girl wearing polka dots and  
 a fellow wearing a checkered shirt. She admires Jay's photo,  
 which rests in the middle of an open history book, next to a  
 picture of Christopher Columbus.

MR. HARDER (O.S.)

Vicki!

She snaps her book shut. Eyes wide, she looks up at pudgy MR. HARDER, 50, who stands at the blackboard, frowning and chewing bubble gum.

VICKI

Yes, Mr. Harder.

MR. HARDER

In case you need reminding, we are discussing views, opinions and beliefs. And what was the world view prior to Columbus?

VICKI

Yes, the view, uh, the view, uh...

LAWRENCE, 13, pimply with glasses, sporting a flat-top hair style, whips his hand up.

LAWRENCE

Mr. Harder!

Mr. Harder shakes his head, points at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Flat, Sir, flatter than Vicki's brain waves right now, Sir.

LAUGHTER roars. Though Mr. Harder and Vicki don't join in.

MR. HARDER

Lawrence, please --

Adamant, Vicki stands.

VICKI

Views, views, views, all of you can have your stupid views.

She strides out.

MR. HARDER

Vicki! Don't you call me stupid!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Infuriated, Mr. Harder chews his gum at a super fast pace. He stands in front of Principal Box who sits in a chair three times too big.

Behind Principal Box is a painting of a majestic red barn, complete with a Rooster shaped weather vane and haystacks.

PRINCIPAL BOX

Stupid? Was that her view? Did she really call you stupid? Because if she really did call you stupid, that would really be stupid, eh, Mr. Softer.

MR. HARDER

Harder, Principal Box. Yes, stupid.

Principal Box jumps up on his chair.

PRINCIPAL BOX

Harder? What? Are you calling me, stupid? Don't you think I'm hard enough? I'll kick her out of school.

Mr. Harder smirks, blows a bubble, sucks it back in.

PRINCIPAL BOX

You go tell her parents, she's kicked out.

MR. HARDER

Yes, Sir.

Principal Box shoves papers off his desk and sits on it.

PRINCIPAL BOX

Though we mustn't be so hasty. Maybe tomorrow.

MR. HARDER

But, Sir --

PRINCIPAL BOX

Quiet, Mr. Softer! When it comes to understanding me, you're just too stupid.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vicki stomps in, throws herself on the couch.

VICKI

Stupid! School is stupid! Those teachers are stuuuu-pid!

MOM (O.S.)  
Victoria, is that you?

VICKI  
Vicki, Mom! I want to be called  
Vicki now.

MOM, 40, British accent, in an apron displaying London's Big Ben, enters from the kitchen.

MOM  
Oh, honey, to me, you'll always be  
Victoria.

HANK, 10, speedy, coasts in on his skateboard. His shirt displays a skateboard with wings on it.

MOM  
Hank!

HANK  
Yes, Mom, yes, Mom...

Hank slides the board out the door.

HANK  
Yes, Mom.

He grins wide, races to Mom and gives her a huge hug.

HANK  
You're the world's greatest Mom!

MOM  
Oh, Hank, you're such a sweetie,  
there's white brownies with caramel  
buttons in the fridge.

Hank zips to the kitchen, licking his lips and rubbing his hands together.

MOM  
Victoria, why can't you be more  
like Hank?

VICKI  
Agggh!

DAD, 45, typical desk workers' gut, arrives home.

DAD

Hank! You get that damn skateboard  
off the front walk. Someone's going  
to trip on it one day.

Hank races out of the kitchen, brownies in each hand, crumbs  
on his face.

HANK

Yes, Dad, yes, Dad.

But instead of out the door, he zooms up the stairs.

HANK

Later, Dad, later, Dad.

DAD

Hank! Why can't you be more like  
Vicki?

Vicki hops off the couch, gives Dad a thankful smile and  
follows Hank up the stairs. Dad and Mom kiss "hello".

DAD

I wonder if I was like  
that when I was ten?

MOM

I wonder if I was like  
that when I was thirteen?

INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vicki enters, glances at a wall poster of "The Wizard of Oz"  
She turns on an audio system, "Over the Rainbow".

She smiles towards Jay's photos, pretends to close dance  
with someone and sings to the music.

VICKI

Somewhere over the rainbow /  
Way up high /  
There's a land that I heard of /  
Once in a lullaby...

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Vicki picks at her school lunch. She tosses some crumbs to a  
couple of Bluejays, sitting on an open window frame.

VICKI

If happy little bluebirds fly /  
Beyond the rainbow /  
Why, oh why can't I?

Caitlin reaches over and forks some of what Vicki pushes away.

CAITLIN  
I'd like to fly.

VICKI  
Why, oh why can't my mother call me  
"Vicki"?

CAITLIN  
I call you "Vicki."

VICKI  
But my mother!

Behind the two sits ALFRED, 14, nerd extraordinaire, his head tucked inside a computer magazine.

ALFRED  
Victoria was the Queen of England.  
Her mother never called her  
Victoria and never called her  
Vicki...

Vicki and Caitlin frown at each other, look over at Alfred.

ALFRED  
Rather she called her precious  
little daughter, who was such a  
sweet girl, by the name of "Tory."  
Tory loved to have parties called  
"Tories." They were such a fun  
party that many people continued  
the Tories party fun with their  
political views causing problems  
for the other political party,  
whatever their... name... is...

Alfred's face pops out of his book. He gives a perfect Alfred E Newman smile, complete with missing tooth.

VICKI  
Alfred, you are...

Vicki and Caitlin pour their drinks on his head.

VICKI AND CAITLIN  
Stupid!

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Harder stands behind his desk. Sweat dots his forehead as his wide eyes watch the students mingle in and sit.

Vicki enters sheepishly, skirts around everyone to her back seat.

Face tight, Mr. Harder's eyes zero in on Vicki. He blows a bubble, it pops, the gum sticks around his mouth. He wipes it anxiously.

MR. HARDER

Okay, everyone, pot test today.

Commotion, fright and laughter.

LAWRENCE

What type of pot, Sir? Ditch Weed, Northern Lights?

The class UPROARS.

MR. HARDER

P-p-p-pop test!

LAWRENCE

Beg your pardon, Sir.

Mr. Harder frowns at Lawrence, who shrugs innocently. Mr. Harder passes out the tests.

MR. HARDER

Those of you who aren't ready will, of course, fail.

He glares at Vicki, grins and sits down.

Obviously not prepared, Vicki fidgets, glances around at everyone studiously writing. She looks up and sees Mr. Harder smirking at her.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Vicki, head hung low, and Caitlin stroll along with Alfred behind them. Vicki and Alfred carry books, but Caitlin hasn't any. Alfred struggles with twice as many as Vicki's.

They pass by a Food Eatery with many restaurants; French, Vegetarian, Fruitarian, Italian, Muscle builders' Protein meals, Dieter's paradise, Pizza.

CAITLIN  
So he failed you?

VICKI  
Yeah.

CAITLIN  
The more you dream of Jay, the less  
you do your homework. Why don't you  
just tell Jay, you like him? Maybe  
he likes you, too.

Vicki shrugs.

CAITLIN  
But you got an A in Geometry,  
right?

ALFRED  
Failure is only relative. Bill  
Gates dropped out of college. Yet  
now --

VICKI  
Alfred! You're so square. Why don't  
you go home?

ALFRED  
Yes. Going home, our true home.  
That's if we give up all wrong  
views.

VICKI  
Oh! Caitlin, what is he talking  
about? And why is he following us?

CAITLIN  
He loves me.

Horrified, Vicki stops, stares at Caitlin.

ALFRED  
You see, there is a teaching which  
has a theory that if we give up all  
wrong views, we can discover our  
true home and thus become, shall I  
say it --

VICKI  
What? You mean you're going out  
with... him?



CAITLIN

Not yet, but he calls me his sweet  
chickadee...

(she smiles at  
Alfred)

he loves me and he's so cute.

Alfred flashes his smile.

ALFRED

Enlightened.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dad hops down the stairs in his pajamas, which are covered  
in various colored and styled beds.

DAD

A week off! A wonderful week off.  
The greatest way to live is to do  
nothing! Don't have to shave, get  
dressed or --

MOM (O.S.)

Honey, do you remember Auntie  
Bertha is coming today?

Dad tenderly mouths the words, "Auntie Bertha is coming  
today." He frowns.

DAD

Did the paper come yet?

He sorts through the papers on the table, shakes his head.

DAD

Who wants to get the paper?

INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Out the window, workers open the drainage system manhole in  
the middle of the street, erect a barrier around it.

In her cut-off jeans and T-shirt, Vicki holds a long flowing  
dress against herself, looks into a full length mirror, next  
to a movie poster of "West Side Story. She swings around,  
singing to the tune of "Tonight, tonight".

VICKI  
 Today, today, I'll meet my love  
 today /  
 I'll meet Jay and the world will go  
 away /

She stops twirling yet continues humming the song. She faces the mirror, holds a large photo of Jay next to the mirror. She shakes her head, puts the dress and photo down.

She picks up a mini skirt. Shakes her head, picks up white overalls.

Caitlin appears in her bedroom window, holding her phone. Vicki's cell phone RINGS. She turns on the speaker mode.

CAITLIN  
 Five minutes!

Vicki bounces up and down.

VICKI  
 Yes, yes, TODAY!

CAITLIN  
 What are you going to say?

VICKI  
 How's this - Hey, you have a great  
 body! Take me, take me!

CAITLIN  
 Vicki!

DAD (O.S.)  
 Anyone hear me, Vicki, Hank, who  
 wants to get the paper?

VICKI  
 TODAY!

Vicki throws the overalls down, races out of the room, banging into the door.

DOWN THE STAIRS

nearly tripping and falling on her face, into

THE LIVING ROOM

Short on breath, her words come out between recovery.

VICKI  
Yeah... me... Dad...

Dad peers at her questioningly. She smiles sheepishly.

VICKI  
A minute, okay, or two?

DAD  
The question is, are you okay?

She looks out the window, Jay rides into the street.

VICKI  
YES!

Vicki zips to the front door, stops, touches up her hair in the foyer mirror.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

A white rabbit nibbles grass, close to Hank's skateboard on the driveway.

Vicki steps out, eyes wide. She tries to control a silly grin. Transfixed, she watches Jay, two houses away. He rides to next door. She collects herself and sashays toward the street. She stops halfway as Jay pulls up.

VICKI  
Uh, uh...

Jay glances at Vicki, gives her a friendly smile. Weak at the knees, Vicki semi-smiles back. He grabs a paper, slides it in the box. He turns to go.

VICKI  
WAIT!

Vicki races toward him, scaring the rabbit. It hops away, lands on the skateboard, which zooms toward Vicki. The rabbit hops off, the skateboard slides under Vicki's foot.

Perched, one foot on the board, Vicki zooms straight at Jay. Eyes wide, he opens his arms to catch her.

VICKI  
HELP!

BAM! Vicki lands in Jay's arms.

They fly off the bike into the street.

VICKI

JAY!

Jay hits the road as Vicki sails straight into the open drainage system.

VICKI

Help!

INT. DRAINAGE SYSTEM - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. Vicki floats down and down, gently floats down a dark void. Her screams gets softer and softer.

VICKI

Help! Hellllllllllllp!

Black. Silence.

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS - DAY

Vicki floats down and splashes into a huge mass of multicolored flowers, all with corkscrew shaped long stems, amidst beautiful gardens, everything with corkscrew shapes. She disappears into the flowers.

Her head pops up, she looks around.

VICKI

Jay? Jay?

Frantic, Vicki jumps out of the flowers.

VICKI

Jay, where are you?

She looks all around.

VICKI

Huh?

She pinches herself. Nothing happens. She frowns.

A rustling NOISE from behind bushes. Vicki peers over to the base of the shrubs.

Scruffy work boots appear, dirty overalls, a torn shirt, oil stained hands, a three day beard, uncombed hair a few inches long. Over his shoulder he carries a big dirty bag half filled with something.

The GARBAGE MAN looks very much like Principal Box. He shuffles out from the growth, stops.

GARBAGE MAN  
Got any garbage?

Vicki looks around.

VICKI  
No, sorry.

GARBAGE MAN  
Fine.

He turns and waddles off.

VICKI  
Wait!

Vicki races after him, but despite the fact that he only waddles, he speeds away from her half a mile across a meadow towards a boisterous open party.

Vicki trips, falls on the grass.

She looks up.

EXT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - DAY

Vicki finds herself on the front steps of her school.

Confused, she enters, looks around. No one.

She walks down the hallway.

LAUGHTER.

She approaches the POLITICAL SCIENCE classroom. She looks in the window of the door. A lawn party.

EXT. LAWN PARTY - DAY

Tables spread out amongst white umbrellas. Large and small Cactus shrubs surround the setting.

Numerous guests in high society outfits. Waiters bustle about. Soldiers with automatic rifles ring the outer areas, though half of them sleep and the others play various handheld game systems.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE, who looks like Mr. Harder, presides at the head of a long table, chewing gum. A waiter passes around golden cookies centered with a green star.

One WOMAN, dressed all in pink, who looks like Vicki's Mom, takes a bite of a cookie, scrunches her face, looks around, and spits it out in her napkin.

A young man, AGENT 007 FLATHEAD, heartless and conniving, sports a flattop hair style and looks like Lawrence, tastes one, his eyes twitch, he turns and vomits. Others react similarly.

President Buckle caresses one lovingly, takes out his gum, sticks it on the back of his ear, and savors the cookie.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Hmmm, my favorite, caramel covered  
carrot, onion and Marmite cookies!  
What do you think, Agent 007  
Flathead?

Flathead grabs his glass and holds it up, as does everyone, honoring President Buckle.

FLATHEAD  
Delicious, President Buckle.

PINK WOMAN  
Heavenly, President Buckle.

EVERYONE  
Yes, President Buckle, you are  
absolutely correct.

GARBAGE MAN (O.S.)  
Stupid, Buckle.

EVERYONE  
Oh!

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
What's that? Who said that?

The Garbage Man steps out from some cactus plants. Everyone crouches in fear. President Buckle's eyes go wide. He grabs his gum, pops it in and chews it violently.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Garbage Man, are you saying my view  
is stupid?

GARBAGE MAN

Yup.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

If you think you're so smart to think that I'm stupid, then you must think you're right, right? Right. Now deducting from that, then what is your view?

GARBAGE MAN

You're too stupid to know my view.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Arrest him!

No one moves, including the soldiers very busy doing nothing. President Buckle throws a corn cob that hits one soldier's iPhone. He scrambles up.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Arrest him!

The soldier sees the Garbage Man, stops, eyes wide, he steps backward.

GARBAGE MAN

Hah! You can't do that.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

I'm the president, I can arrest anyone I want.

GARBAGE MAN

Nope.

The Garbage Man waddles away.

GARBAGE MAN

You never know what I might do then.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. The soldier returns to his busy nothingness and President Buckle fumes.

Vicki approaches across a field which separates her school from the party.

The Pink Woman spots Vicki.

PINK WOMAN

Hello, dear, you look very cute today.

VICKI  
Thank you --

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
And, and who are you?

VICKI  
I, uh --

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Did I invite you?

VICKI  
No.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Did anyone invite you?

VICKI  
No.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Then you have infiltrated MY party!

VICKI  
I, uh --

FLATHEAD  
She's an infiltrator!

PINK WOMAN  
An infiltrator?

FLATHEAD  
She's a spy!

PINK WOMAN  
A spy?

President Buckle stares at Vicki.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
She's a... TERRORIST!

EVERYONE  
Help!

Everyone jumps up, runs around in fear, bumping into each other. Except for Flathead, who peers intently at Vicki. He whips out a notebook and draws her picture.

VICKI  
No!



Vicki dashes off in the direction of the Garbage Man as President Buckle races to two sleeping soldiers who lean against a tree and sport many stars across their jackets.

The elderly GENERAL, 70, looks like President Buckle and Mr. Harder, though sports a full white head of hair and beard.

The young, freckled redheaded MAJOR, 25, appears fresh out of Military school and looks like school bully Tex, with Mr. Universe-type super large muscles. An odd swimming pool blowup float valve protrudes from a corner of his jacket.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
General, Major, get her! She's a  
terrorist! Kill her!

Dazed, they look at him, then at each other.

GENERAL  
Kill her?

MAJOR  
Kill who?

The Major jumps up, only to hit his head on a low branch. He staggers.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Her!

President Buckle waves wildly and hides behind a big cactus shrub. A thorn cuts his hand, he sucks the blood.

GENERAL  
Her? Which her?

MAJOR  
Don't know but I'll annihilate her.

President Buckle's head appears from behind the shrub.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Yes, annihilate her! At all costs.  
Draft everyone over 12 years old!  
No, make that 11! We must win this  
war. My presidency is at stake.

Flathead rises from his seat, swings a big white cloak around himself. He moseys over to President Buckle. His eyes twitch.

FLATHEAD  
If I find her, what is my reward?

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Ireland.

FLATHEAD  
I want France.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Done.

Flathead strokes his flattop, smiles faintly. He hops in an invisible sports car, so that only his upper body can be seen and drives away.

FLATHEAD  
Hah!

The Major races over to President Buckle, points across the field to Vicki's school.

MAJOR  
President Buckle, look!

President Buckle's eyes squint, his face takes on an evil appearance. He looks up the hill, forty yards away, to a huge demolition crane.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
It must belong to the terrorist.  
Set the demolition crane upon it.  
But I will do it slowly and make  
her suffer.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Frantic, Vicki runs through peculiar rolling countryside. All the trees grow upside down.

She approaches a rise and spots a MAN walking backwards towards her.

VICKI  
Please, please I'm lost. I have to  
go home. Can you help me?

He stops, but continues to look the other way.

BACKWARD MAN  
And what makes you think I could or  
even would help you?

VICKI  
Well, I thought, uh --

BACKWARD MAN  
Out with it!

VICKI  
Okay, okay, well I thought you  
would be a nice person and care  
about me because I'm lost, but I  
guess I was wrong.

A long uncomfortable pause.

VICKI  
Why are you walking backwards?

BACKWARD MAN  
Young girl, I can see where I've  
come from, but I can't see where I  
haven't yet been.

He strides past her, and now sees her.

BACKWARD MAN  
You're very cute, try the Garbage  
Man.

VICKI  
Oh, yes, do you know where he  
lives?

BACKWARD MAN  
From whence I've come, over the  
meadow, through the village, up the  
woods, over the river, past the  
mansion and, and... something about  
a rooster...

His voice gets softer as he walks farther away.

BACKWARD MAN  
Sorry, I've forgotten.

Vicki races onward.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Vicki stands on a hill, looks down at a small medieval  
village with a huge courtyard made of cobblestone. People  
bustle about encircling a platform and two "teams". Everyone  
looks like Vicki's school classmates.

On the right promenade a dozen men and women in bright colored clothes, full of polka dots, wearing round hats. Round and round the ROUND PEOPLE prance and chant.

ROUND PEOPLE  
 We are supreme /  
 We are well rounded /  
 Defeat the squares /  
 For they indeed are square!

To the left, the SQUARE PEOPLE square-dance, dressed in checkered clothing and square hats.

SQUARE PEOPLE  
 We are supreme /  
 we have a point /  
 defeat the rounds /  
 for they have no point!

The two groups dance and dance, chant and chant. Round and round, across and back, faster, faster, louder, louder. An off-tune horn BLARES.

They all pile into each other, knocking themselves down. They help each other up and stand at attention. The Squares snap-to three by four and the Rounds wrap about in a circle.

A CHUBBY WOMAN, whose face looks like a feminine Alfred, steps forward to the platform complete with podium and microphones. Modest CLAPPING.

CHUBBY WOMAN  
 Yes, thank you. I, I, I am...

She jumps up and down as the band hits a wild SONG.

CHUBBY WOMAN  
 I am your host today /  
 there's no other way /  
 we have a title to play /  
 squares and rounds away!

An elderly couple CLAP.

CHUBBY WOMAN  
 Right, uh, thanks Mom and Dad. I suppose it's time. Leaders, step forward, declare yourself.

The SQUARE LEADER emerges. He looks just like an adult version of the fellow with checkered shirt who sat next to Vicki at school.

## SQUARE LEADER

Tis I, and we will make short work  
of THEM!

He points at the Rounds, his troops and half the gallery  
ROAR. The Rounds stay stoic.

The ROUND LEADER jumps out. She looks like an adult version  
of the girl who wore polka dots.

## ROUND LEADER

Myself, me and I - there are three  
of me, so I can go round and round,  
ha, ha. And if that Square thinks  
whatever, he better think whatever  
again!

The Rounds and their supporters CHEER.

## CHUBBY WOMAN

Now as we all know, and it's silly  
I must state it, the rules of our  
humble world dictate that whoever's  
view wins is the crowned champion.  
In fact the universe exists purely  
for people to expound their views.  
Whether it makes sense or not,  
makes no sense. Square Leader, what  
is your view?

## SQUARE LEADER

With an equal sized top area, a  
square table will sit the most  
possible amount of people, far more  
people than a circular one!

Vicki stands on the outer edge of the group, shakes her head  
and mouths the words "No way".

The square team and supporters wave square flags and BELLOW.

## SQUARE PEOPLE

We are supreme /  
we have a point /  
defeat the rounds /  
for they have no point!

## CHUBBY WOMAN

Round Leader, what is your view?

ROUND LEADER

It cannot be, a round table easily  
sits more people than a foolishly  
cut square table, especially one  
cut by squares.

She turns solemnly to her supporters, they dip their heads.

ROUND PEOPLE

Amen, amen.

Vicki shakes her head and mouths the words "No way".

CHUBBY WOMAN

And do we agree on the chair size  
of a width of seventeen inches and  
the area size of the table will be  
no more than 2,700, beg your pardon  
Rounds, square inches?

The teams present their square and round chairs and tables.

ROUND LEADER AND SQUARE LEADER

Yes!

Round and Square team members each grab a chair. They brace  
as if ready to run a race.

CHUBBY WOMAN

Ready. Set. Charge!

They speed around their tables, trip over each other, slide  
in as many chairs as will fit. All twelve Squares sit. Only  
ten Rounds can, though an eleventh attempts to squeeze in.

The Square supporters go WILD. The Rounds drop their heads.

CHUBBY WOMAN

And the victors are the Squares!  
Square Leader step forward.

The Chubby Woman pulls out a jeweled crown.

VICKI (O.S.)

Wait.

Shock. Everyone turns to Vicki who steps forward.

VICKI

He stated his view was, "With an equal sized top area, a square table will sit the most possible amount of people, far more people than a circular one."

The Square Leader puffs himself up.

SQUARE LEADER

That is absolutely correct.

VICKI

But you only proved you can sit more than a circular table. You did not prove you "will sit the most possible amount of people."

The crowd mutters to each other.

SQUARE LEADER

So! If you think you're so smart, what is your --

CHUBBY WOMAN

Just one moment, I will deliberate this.

The music plays as she dances a jig.

CHUBBY WOMAN

You, young girl, must prove that he is wrong! Or, or... or he is right.

VICKI

Can you cut the square table into three equal rectangles?

A CHAIN SAW MAN steps forward and slices the table.

VICKI

And glue them length ways.

He pulls a tube of glue from his pocket, secures the table.

VICKI

Take ten square chairs and ten round chairs, they will all fit.

Done. The entire crowd goes BERSERK! All except the Squares and their Leader, who frown.

CHAIN SAW MAN  
She is the all time champion!

CHUBBY WOMAN  
Young girl, please step forward to  
receive --

Hundreds of MARCHING FEET resonate. Over the hilltop appear the General and Major, along with a hundred troops. The General's voice BOOMS.

GENERAL  
We are looking for --

The Major spots Vicki.

MAJOR  
I think that's her!

He stomps down the hill.

VICKI  
No!

Vicki sprints away.

CHUBBY WOMAN  
Stop those troops! They mustn't  
harm our champion!

The troops charge down the hill, crash into the village folk, who protect their new hero. Everyone entangles, falls upon themselves, as Vicki escapes.

She races over a hill, straight into her school, with front doors open wide.

INT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - DAY

She speeds in, dashes into the HISTORY classroom, tries to hide behind the teacher's desk. Posters of medieval villages grace the walls.

A long moment passes. She slowly rises, looks out a window.

The demolition crane stands twenty feet away, with a crazed President Buckle at the levers. It's huge crashing ball swings straight toward Vicki.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Hah!



VICKI

No!

She runs safely out the room as the crane's ball SMASHES into the building.

VICKI

Ow!

She grabs her arm as if she's been hurt.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Vicki races along the road, glances quickly behind her.

She rounds a barren bend to see the road ends at a ten foot high concrete wall, which stretches left and right for miles. A sign hangs on what almost appears to be a door, but not quite. Only cuts in the concrete without any handle.

The sign displays minute writing. Vicki grabs the sign, squints her eyes to read it, but it's too small.

The "door" opens, out steps a DOORMAN, who looks like Principle Box and the Garbage Man. He sports a wide-rimmed white hat and wears a large black cape hiding his clothes. He SLAMS the door shut.

DOORMAN

It clearly states for those who can read the fine print, "I'll be back shortly". However since I'm already back, it makes absolutely no sense whatsoever, rather like nearly all fine print everywhere.

He sizes Vicki up and down, takes the sign.

DOORMAN

Except, of course, when people want to deceive others...

He pins the sign on the door, sizes her up and down again.

DOORMAN

In which case, they will take your sense and your dollars, too. In fact, usually much more than two.

VICKI

Please, can I go through the door?

DOORMAN

Now why would you want to do that?

VICKI

I have to find the Garbage Man.

DOORMAN

And what makes you think he's  
behind this door?

VICKI

Well, uh, I was told --

The Doorman pokes his face close to Vicki's and frowns.  
Vicki steps back.

DOORMAN

Do you always believe everything  
you are told?

VICKI

No, but I can't go back the other  
way, so I --

DOORMAN

Do you realize how many people in  
the entire Universe just believe  
what they are told? Do you know how  
incredibly disgusting that is? Can  
you guess how many people just  
blindly believe others?

VICKI

Maybe a few million?

DOORMAN

Billions upon billions are blind  
believers!

He shuts his eyes tight.

DOORMAN

Tell me, what can I see right now?

VICKI

Nothing.

DOORMAN

Right you are! You get an "A", one  
hundred percent correct!

He opens his eyes, smiles wide.

DOORMAN

Now remember this lesson forever.

He magically opens the door.

DOORMAN

Good luck on finding the Garbage Man. But be warned, some people don't know who he is, even when they are face to face with him.

VICKI

Oh, thank you so much.

Vicki dashes through the door. The Doorman shuts it gently. He tosses off his cape and hat, revealing his Garbage Man clothes. He smiles mischievously, waddles away.

EXT. TEN FOOT CONCRETE WALL - DAY

Shocked, Vicki stands on a sandy bank, surveying a wide pink river.

VICKI

Oh, no!

She spins back to the door, but she can't even find the cuts in the concrete.

VICKI

Mr. Doorman! Mr. Doorman!

SURFER DUDE (O.S.)

No, Miss, no, Miss. Here, Miss, here, Miss.

She looks to the river. SURFER DUDE, who looks like her brother, Hank, with eight inch wings on his shoulders, speeds over from the other side on a huge surf board.

SURFER DUDE

Ferry service, Miss.

He splashes up to the bank.

SURFER DUDE

Though I'm no fairy, heh, heh.

He blinks his eyes five times and flaps his little wings.

VICKI  
I'm so happy to see you. I just  
didn't know how --

SURFER DUDE  
Can you pay?

VICKI  
Oh, uh...

Vicki reaches in her pants. Nothing. She sighs. Her excitement fades.

VICKI  
I guess I can't --

SURFER DUDE  
What do you mean, you can't?  
Credit, Miss, credit, have you  
never heard of credit cards?

VICKI  
But I don't have one.

SURFER DUDE  
Why oh why, wow oh wow. You are  
indeed in luck!

He whips out a clipboard with a credit card application form from his back pocket.

SURFER DUDE  
You see any intelligent person  
needs credit and I can give it to  
you. Never mind the forty-five  
percent interest per month. Credit  
is your pathway to happiness!

VICKI  
Aren't you a bit young to --

SURFER DUDE  
Why, haven't you heard? The younger  
the better. Start 'em young, start  
'em early, boy-oh-boy are the banks  
and businesses hap-py! I even have  
eight-year-olds as clients,  
whoopie!

He hip-hops on his board.

SURFER DUDE  
 Get your credit here /  
 get your credit there /  
 get yourself into debt /  
 it's easy /  
 no hassle at all /  
 not in the least /  
 sell out your soul /  
 join the rest of the...

He frowns and stops dancing.

SURFER DUDE  
 ...fools. -- Look, just sign on the  
 bottom line. If I don't get back to  
 my homework, I'm going to be in  
 trouble.

Vicki takes his pen, hesitates.

VICKI  
 Is there any fine print?

He holds up the clipboard and shows her page after page  
 behind the application.

VICKI  
 I'm sorry, I won't sign it.

SURFER DUDE  
 What! No, Miss, no, Miss.

He shakes his head, looks to the other bank. His wings flop  
 over.

Vicki sits down. Her eyes tear.

VICKI  
 I guess I can't go with you.

SURFER DUDE  
 Miss, I'm stuck. If I give you a  
 ride free, my boss will kill me. I  
 absolutely must not give free rides  
 to anyone, not even pregnant women.  
 -- Are you pregnant?

He peers at Vicki's very flat tummy.

SURFER DUDE  
 No. -- Do you know how hard it is  
 to get a free ride these days?

VICKI  
People don't care enough.

SURFER DUDE  
Yes, Miss, yes, Miss, but... here.

He shakes his leg and a small surfboard slides out his pants. He tosses it to Vicki and surfs away.

SURFER DUDE  
I have a credit card. I can get another and another and another. Hoo-ray!

Vicki jumps up.

VICKI  
Thank you!

She approaches the river bank like an Olympic champ. She sets the surfboard in place. Hops on. Off she slides down the bank and across the top of the river.

Halfway, she spots a group of runners along the other shore. Jay jogs in front!

VICKI  
Jay! Jay!

Vicki waves her arms and falls off into

RAPIDS

VICKI  
Help!

The water sweeps her downstream, swirling here and there until she arrives in a weedy area.

She crawls out, exhausted.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Vicki climbs up the bank to a winding road leading down through blue cornfields. A large mansion lies beyond.

VICKI  
Oh, Jay, where are you now? I'm so blue, Jay. Can you hear me - I'm blue... Jay.

A huge gust of wind blows up the hill, dust flying everywhere.

In the middle of the dust there appears to be a machine of sorts. No, it's a large five-foot-tall blue bird, BLUEJAY, with a human face, who looks like Caitlin and Sesame Street Big Bird combined.

Bluejay flaps wildly, flying just two feet above ground with eyes closed tight. Occasionally she bounces down on the ground, then up again. She lands in front of Vicki, wipes the dust out of her eyes.

BLUEJAY

One of these days I'm going to fly like a real bird.

VICKI

What on earth are you?

Bluejay puffs herself up proudly.

BLUEJAY

You should know, you called for me. I'm Bluejay, of course. -- What makes you think you're on earth?

VICKI

Well, I, uh...

Vicki takes a big gulp.

VICKI

Jeepers, where am I?

BLUEJAY

Where do you think you are?

VICKI

I don't know.

BLUEJAY

But you must have a view - what is your view? Where are you?

VICKI

Huh?

BLUEJAY

Views, views, you must have a view! Everyone is full of views!

VICKI

But if I don't know something, how  
can I have a view?

Bluejay stares dumbfounded.

BLUEJAY

Sorry, I don't have a view about  
that. I never met anyone who didn't  
have a host full of views that they  
couldn't pull one out as soon as  
they could. Whether it mattered or  
not, of course, never mattered.

VICKI

So where am I?

BLUEJAY

This, my dear, uh --

VICKI

Vicki.

BLUEJAY

Yes, Vicki. This, my dear Vicki, is  
the most wonderful place in the  
entire universe. Or the most  
dreadful. It depends on your, uh --

VICKI

View?

BLUEJAY

Yes! Welcome to Viewland. Come.

Bluejay flaps off down the hill away from the mansion. Vicki  
races after her.

VICKI

Wait! Bluejay, wait!

Vicki stumbles and falls as Bluejay disappears.

VICKI

Oh!

EXT. RUN DOWN MANSION - DAY

Vicki stands in the over-grown yard, peers anxiously at the  
mansion. Broken windows, shutters missing or dangling on one  
hinge. A bat flies out of an upstairs room.



She cautiously approaches the door, KNOCKS. Nothing. She KNOCKS again. Nothing. She gives the door a small shove, it CREAKS open.

INT. RUN DOWN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Vicki enters amongst cobwebs draped over antique furniture. A SCURRYING noise. Three mice appear and dash up a regal staircase. Vicki follows them up the stairs. A man COUGHS. Vicki looks down.

Amongst the dusty furniture, and just as dusty, sits a medieval dressed COUNT ALF THE FOURTEENTH, 45, who looks like an older Alfred with a long curled mustache.

COUNT ALF  
Did you find my bird?

VICKI  
Your bird?

COUNT ALF  
Yes, my pretty little Bluejay. I looked everywhere for my little sweetie chickadee, but got so exhausted, I fell asleep.

Count Alf shakes away cobwebs and dusts off his head.

COUNT ALF  
Looks like my nap was a bit longer than usual. Can you help me a bit, my lass?

Vicki comes down.

VICKI  
Do you have a broom or something?

COUNT ALF  
Broom, oh heavens what an antiquated item that only witches seem to know how to use properly. No, no. Over there, the leaf blower.

Vicki grabs a leaf blower and sprays Count Alf. He stands, rotates and bends forward for Vicki to blow all over him.

COUNT ALF  
Ooo, that tickles. Wonderful. You are a pretty lass.

Spruced up, he turns and bows.

COUNT ALF

Let me introduce myself, I am Count Alf the Fourteenth. I am at your humble service.

VICKI

My, was your father Alf the Thirteenth?

COUNT ALF

Oh, don't be ridiculous, I just made up "Count" and "the fourteenth". My father was Harry Schniellerberger. -- Do you know how to curtsy?

Vicki curtsies.

VICKI

And I am Vicki. Can you please help me, I'm lost and I'm on my way to find the Garbage Man.

COUNT ALF

Well, you may have been lost, but now I've found you. So, wonderful! You're no longer lost!

VICKI

Uh, I think that depends on your point --

COUNT ALF

Of view! Of course, my lovely lass Vicki, you are smart, aren't you? But since I have found you, maybe rather than you are lost, perhaps it's better to say, you have lost?

He strokes his mustache, stares into Vicki's tearing eyes.

COUNT ALF

So, the question is, what have you lost?

VICKI

I've lost Jay.

COUNT ALF

So, "j", one letter, you've even  
lost the rest of the word. Let me  
guess, was it, jam... jade...  
jelly... juice... a jacket or  
jangles?

Count Alf bustles around the room opening and shutting  
drawers and cupboards, looking under and over all the  
furniture.

VICKI

No, no --

COUNT ALF

A Jukebox... junk yard... jumping  
rope... jackhammer... Jackal or  
Jackass?

VICKI

No, Jay's a person.

Vicki plops on a sofa, which collapses on her end with a  
THUD.

VICKI

Oh!

Count Alf grabs a book with photos of various people. He  
flips through the pages.

COUNT ALF

Oh, yes, my, right. And his or her  
name, Jack... Jill... Jan...  
James... Judy... Jennifer or  
Jericho?

VICKI

No, Jay is Jay, and he's absolutely  
adorable.

Count Alf sits down next to Vicki. The sofa collapses on his  
end.

COUNT ALF

I say.

VICKI

But I've lost him.

COUNT ALF

Shall we go looking for Jay?

Vicki brightens.

COUNT ALF

We could try Japan... Jamaica...  
Jacksonville... New Jersey or even  
in jail. Though, I don't know where  
those places are except in books.

He jumps up.

COUNT ALF

But never mind, we will find your  
Jay. We will take a J-journey. In  
fact I think we'll ask the Garbage  
Man.

VICKI

Yes!

Count Alf grabs Vicki's arm and pulls her out the door.

EXT. RUN DOWN MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Vicki and Count Alf race down the driveway to the road which  
has red pavement to the left and green pavement to the  
right. Count Alf looks both ways.

COUNT ALF

Now, when you're faced with a  
decision, you must make one. If we  
don't make one right now, we're  
liable to be stuck here and fall  
asleep. And do you know what  
happens to people who fall asleep  
when they should not in any way be  
asleep?

VICKI

They don't do anything. They never  
grow, they never change.

COUNT ALF

Yes! You are smart, you cute lass.

He gives her a loving, fatherly smile.

COUNT ALF

If only I had a daughter as wise as  
you.

VICKI

Where is your daughter?

COUNT ALF  
Why, I've never had one, only my  
sweet chickadee. Oh! My dear little  
Bluejay. Have you seen her?

VICKI  
Maybe. Is she this tall, this wide,  
and has a hard time flying?

Vicki stretches her arms the size of Bluejay.

COUNT ALF  
Yes! You have seen her. Where?

Vicki points to the left.

VICKI  
But I can't go back there.

Count Alf scrunches his face, strokes his mustache.

COUNT ALF  
I will guess again.

He waves his arms up and down in obvious frustration.

COUNT ALF  
President Buckle is after you.

VICKI  
Yes!

COUNT ALF  
Right, our decision is made, this  
way to the school!

They race away to the right.

EXT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - DAY

They approach her school.

COUNT ALF  
Now, all answers to all questions  
are in the Library.

VICKI  
Uh, Count Alf --

Vicki hesitates as Count Alf enters the school. He turns.

COUNT ALF

Yes.

She points to the smashed far right corner of the building, not far away. The demolition crane rests close by. A man sits near it, asleep against a tree, chewing gum. His face is unseen. It's possibly President Buckle.

COUNT ALF

Perhaps we will go in on the left side.

They head to the left. A large purple and gold hedge blocks their way.

EXT. CHERRY TREE ORCHARD - DAY

Bluejay nibbles cherries off a tree. The large purple and gold hedge encloses the orchard on three sides, with the road on the fourth.

Count Alf and Vicki's heads pop up over one of the hedges.

Flathead speeds up, slams on the brakes, nearly throwing himself into the invisible windscreen. He hops out, eyes twitching.

Count Alf and Vicki drop down. Count Alf's hand, holding a mirror, rises over the hedges, so he can watch.

FLATHEAD

So, Bluejay, you've flown your coop!

Bluejay spits out a cherry seed, hitting Flathead in the chin. He gallantly wipes himself.

FLATHEAD

Very cute, but --

He grabs Bluejay as if to swoon and kiss her. She fires half a dozen more seeds in his face. He lets her go.

BLUEJAY

Really, Flatty, when will you ever get it through your flat head --

FLATHEAD

Bluejay, my only true love. Come with me to the end of the...

He glances around.

FLATHEAD

Road.

Count Alf's hand drops.

EXT. BEHIND THE HEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Count Alf whispers to Vicki.

COUNT ALF

It's my sweet Bluejay but she's  
with the mean and vicious Agent 007  
Flathead!

Vicki speaks normal volume.

VICKI

I saw him with President --

COUNT ALF

Shh!

She clams up.

EXT. CHERRY TREE ORCHARD - CONTINUOUS

Flathead paces to and fro. Bluejay nibbles on more cherries.

FLATHEAD

I just don't know how you can  
continue to ignore me.

Bluejay shrugs, spits out seeds.

FLATHEAD

I am handsome, talented and the  
President's top 007 secret agent.

BLUEJAY

It's not a secret.

FLATHEAD

Okay, enough, back to work.

He whips out his note pad and displays his drawing of Vicki.

FLATHEAD

This is a drawing of her. Do you  
know her?

Bluejay's eyes widen, she nearly chokes on some seeds.

Count Alf's face pops up.

BLUEJAY  
Of... of course not.

FLATHEAD  
Ah-hah! I can tell you are lying.  
Where is her?

Vicki's head pops up next to Count Alf, who quickly shoves her down.

He leaps over the hedge.

COUNT ALF  
I say, Flathead, are you bothering  
my sweet chickadee?

BLUEJAY  
Oh, honey!

She races to him. They imitate a pigeon mating dance, singing.

BLUEJAY AND COUNT ALF  
My love, my love /  
nothing can be as sweet /  
My love, my love /  
nothing can be as de-light-ful

They bump bums and very gently lean into each other to kiss.

FLATHEAD  
How disgusting!

Flathead bounds back in his invisible car and zooms away.

COUNT ALF  
Vicki!

Vicki peers over.

COUNT ALF  
You're safe now, hurry.

She jumps the hedge.

COUNT ALF  
Onward to the Garbage Man.

Count Alf tries to run, pulling Bluejay.



BLUEJAY

Wait!

COUNT ALF

Oh, my sweetie, what?

Bluejay grabs heaps of cherries, hands some to Vicki. They speed off.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Vicki, Bluejay and Count Alf stagger along, exhausted. They collapse in red flower beds, where every flower stem is bent ninety degrees, and fall asleep.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

Vicki wakes, looks around. Bluejay and Count Alf are gone.

VICKI

Oh, no!

She jumps up, races down the road, passes by an outdoor toilet completely made of ivory, with ivy creeping over it. She stops, looks back at the toilet. She reads, "The Ivory Ivy iPOTTY" above the door.

She feels her bladder, glances around, enters. The SOUND of urinating.

She exits to be confronted by the I-POTTY MAN, who looks like Mr. Harder and President Buckle.

Balding, he sports a black turtle neck sweater, glasses, and wears all sorts of iPhones and computer accessories on his arms and legs. He pushes a wheelbarrow, which carries iMacs and iPads. He frowns sternly.

I-POTTY

I say!

VICKI

Yes?

I-POTTY

I saw!

VICKI

What?

I-POTTY  
I swear!

VICKI  
Maybe I better get going.

I-POTTY  
I, I...

He furiously waves at the iPotty sign.

I-POTTY  
I am I-POTTY, and irate am I! I saw  
you use my iPotty.

VICKI  
Oh.

I-POTTY  
I say, I saw... I, you!

VICKI  
Actually, I think you're making a  
big deal about the --

I-POTTY  
I!

VICKI  
Do you have an identity crises?

He calms down.

I-POTTY  
Yes, ideally, if I could identify  
my true identity, and overcome  
idolizing my idol, then idyllically  
and ironically, I would isolate my  
ideology from my itinerary. Am I  
clear?

VICKI  
Well, not quite.

I-POTTY  
Where are you from: Iowa, Idaho,  
Ireland, Iran, Iraq or the Isle of  
Man?

VICKI  
No.

I-POTTY

Do you have an iPhone, iMac, iPad,  
iron, Irish Terrier, I, I, I!!!!!!

I-Potty sits down, depressed, puts his head on his knees.

VICKI

Do you think you might be too  
attached to your "I"?

I-POTTY

I? You think I'm too attached to...  
i-dealism?

VICKI

Yes.

His face saddens, he fondles all his I-gear equipment.

I-POTTY

But I have every I-thing in the  
universe to make my I happy. My  
iPad, iPhone, iMac. I can use  
iTunes, iPhoto, iWeb...

Vicki slowly backs away from I-Potty, as he laments.

I-POTTY

...iLife, iSight, iSquint, iSync,  
iKey, iLid, iDVD, iGetter, iCal,  
iChat...

He falls on his back, flapping his arms about.

I-POTTY

I have all my I needs, all my I...  
needs... but I'm... not... happy!

Vicki stops, looks at him compassionately.

VICKI

Maybe happiness comes from having a  
small "I" rather than a big one.

She turns, looks up the road to a hill.

Jay rides his bike along the top.

VICKI

Jay! Jay!

Vicki races up the road. Jay disappears over the hill.

She reaches the crest, exhausted. No Jay. She sits dismayed.

VICKI

I've lost Jay, I've lost Count Alf  
and Bluejay, and I haven't found  
the Garbage Man, either. I don't  
even know where I am, or how to get  
home, and everyone here is so full  
of foolish views --

A WOMAN clears her throat.

QUEEN VICTORIA (O.S.)

Uh-hum.

Vicki looks around, stunned. QUEEN VICTORIA, who looks like Vicki's mother, stands regally with her maroon robe fifteen feet long, carried by servants. A ten foot high, replica of Big Ben rises behind her.

A royal TRUMPETER steps forward.

TRUMPETER

May I present, her majesty, our  
revered, cherished, most beautiful,  
long living Queen Victoria!

The servants CHEER. One turns on a Boom-box with more CHEERING. Queen Victoria smiles while turning her nose upward.

Big Ben RINGS loud its hourly chime. Yet the fourth section comes out at double speed. Queen Victoria looks up at the clock, frowns. At triple speed, it chimes 13 times.

As it chimes, Queen Victoria counts on her fingers. She stares at her three fingers, shakes her head.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I --

The servants and Boom-box CHEER. She smiles.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I am --

More CHEERS. She smiles more.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I am the world's greatest queen!

The servants go WILD.

QUEEN VICTORIA

I will rule forever and ever and  
ever, the oceans' blue!

SERVANTS

Forever and ever /  
the oceans' blue /  
our lovely Queen /  
will rule and rule

VICKI

Does it make you happy?

SERVANTS

Oh!

Queen Victoria stares at Vicki blankly.

VICKI

I'm sorry, you must think I'm very  
rude. But if you are so great and  
powerful, can you please help me  
find Jay and go home? Or the  
Garbage --

QUEEN VICTORIA

I am the world's greatest queen!

VICKI

I heard you already.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Yes! But you are a commoner and I  
am a queen.

VICKI

I only asked if you could please  
help me. Why are so many people  
here in Viewland only concerned  
with themselves?

COUNT ALF (O.S.)

Vicki!

Count Alf and Bluejay race and hop up the hill. Vicki  
springs up. They hug.

QUEEN VICTORIA (O.S.)

Uh-hum.

Count Alf bows and Bluejay semi-curtsies to the Queen.

COUNT ALF  
So sorry, my lady.

BLUEJAY  
Likewise, I'm sure.

COUNT ALF  
My lady, please excuse our hurrying  
off, but I'm afraid our dear little  
Vicki is lost or has lost or if we  
don't succeed will simply lose to  
President --

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Vicki? Did you say her name is  
Vicki?

VICKI  
Yes, Ma'am.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Then that's a different kettle of  
exquisite Salmon dipped in Marmite  
and caramel sauce.

THUMP, THUMP. The sound of soldiers marching up the hill.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Quick!

Queen Victoria motions to her robe. Her servants raise the  
back up, Vicki crawls under it.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Ooh! Careful, dear.

They all act nonchalant as the General, Major and their  
troops storm up the hill. They salute the Queen.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
General, Major, how nice of you.

The Major struts around the Queen, searches.

GENERAL  
Yes, you are most stunning today,  
my Queen, but tell me, have you  
seen her?

QUEEN VICTORIA  
Yes, she went that way.

Queen Victoria points off down the other side.

GENERAL

Thank you so much. -- Come, men.

The Major peers at the hump in Queen Victoria's robe. He races to the General, salutes.

MAJOR

Sir, I think --

The General gives him a whack.

GENERAL

You must never argue with the Queen.

The Major drops his head.

The General and other soldiers march off.

SOLDIERS

March, march, march. March, march, march. March, march, march.

The Major peers at Queen Victoria, who nonchalantly waves him off.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Have a nice march, Major.

He frowns, leaves.

Vicki crawls out.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Now, Vicki, which of course is short for Victoria, which of course is my name also, and which of course any wonderful female creature in the entire universe would of course love to have, I haven't a daughter.

Vicki looks at Count Alf and Bluejay who both shrug.

QUEEN VICTORIA

And since you feel you have lost something, I will help you gain something. I hereby crown you Princess Victoria.

She takes out a long plastic white sword dotted with red hearts. She goes to touch Vicki's shoulders. Vicki balks.

VICKI

Ma'am, if it's just the same to you, I'd rather be called Vicki.

QUEEN VICTORIA

That's not a problem, my dear. But your birth name is Victoria, am I right?

VICKI

Yes.

QUEEN VICTORIA

And you will need better status here in Viewland than just being a commoner to defeat President Buckle. -- Count Alf, am I correct?

COUNT ALF

Most certainly, my lady. Go ahead, Vicki, this will help.

QUEEN VICTORIA

Therefore I hereby crown you Princess Victoria, whom everyone will refer to as Princess Vicki!

The servants and Boom-box CHEER as the Queen touches her sword to Vicki's shoulders.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Vicki, Bluejay and Count Alf stroll along. Polka dot multi colored sugar cane rises up ten feet, on both sides of the road. Vicki sports a crystal crown which she fondles.

VICKI

I'm not too sure about this crown business.

BLUEJAY

It's just beautiful!

COUNT ALF

Need not fear, my lass, it will help you impress people, and of course that is how our universe works.

VICKI

But does everyone do fake things just to impress others?



Count Alf halts, takes a deep breath. Upon blowing it out, he nearly chokes.

COUNT ALF  
Um, yes, well nearly everyone.  
There are a very tiny, teeny,  
little number of people who  
actually don't, uh --

BLUEJAY  
Honey?

Count Alf pauses.

COUNT ALF  
Vicki, I'm sorry to say, most  
people are very ignorant. But --

BLUEJAY  
Not Princess Vicki!

Count Alf smiles fatherly.

COUNT ALF  
If I had a daughter, I would give  
her this advice. Never, ever, ever  
do something fake just to impress  
others.

They round a bend and face a majestic red barn, complete with a Rooster shaped weather vane and haystacks, which looks just like the barn painting in Principal Box's office.

COUNT ALF  
Now that's impressive. Are you  
ready to meet the Garbage Man?

INT. BARN - DAY

Vicki, Bluejay and Count Alf enter the typical barn with animal stalls, but no animals.

COUNT ALF  
I say, Garbage Man, are you here?

Quiet.

BLUEJAY  
Garby? Here, dear?

Count Alf peers at Bluejay questioningly. She shrugs.

They open one stall door, thousands of glass bottles precariously stand on top of themselves in columns reaching to the ceiling.

Another stall, huge piles of papers stacked up like a pyramid.

The next, metal cans welded together as an imitation of the Eiffel Tower.

VICKI

Maybe he's not home.

COUNT ALF

But this is his home.

BLUEJAY

And he is the Garbage Man.

VICKI

Why is he so important?

COUNT ALF

Vicki, my lass, important he indeed is, for he's the only one in all of Viewland without a view.

VICKI

You mean, he's not like everyone else, he's free of --

BLUEJAY

But, honey --

COUNT ALF

Yes, perhaps I had better rephrase that. No one knows his view, thus he has never been defeated. Therefore his view, which is unknown, remains the supreme view in all of Viewland. As well, we aren't sure, perhaps in the entire universe.

Vicki looks at Count Alf like he's from outer space.

COUNT ALF

And besides, if anyone argues with him, he won't take away their garbage. So no one has ever challenged him.

GARBAGE MAN (O.S.)  
 The real reason is because you're  
 all too stupid to know my view!

The three spin around. The Garbage Man sits above in a loft.

COUNT ALF  
 So, there you are!

BLUEJAY  
 Hi, Garby.

Count Alf looks sternly at Bluejay. Again she shrugs.

COUNT ALF  
 And may I introduce Princess Vicki.

GARBAGE MAN  
 We met prior to her crowning.

VICKI  
 Yes, but it was too brief. Please,  
 Garbage Man, can you help me?

GARBAGE MAN  
 So, you want to go home?

VICKI  
 Yes, oh please, yes.

GARBAGE MAN  
 What makes you think you aren't  
 already home?

Vicki stares dumbfounded, looks around.

VICKI  
 Here?

GARBAGE MAN  
 Vicki, my dear, you are not happy,  
 not peaceful.

VICKI  
 How can I be?

GARBAGE MAN  
 You must discover the key for inner  
 happiness.

VICKI  
 What is it?

GARBAGE MAN

You, only you can discover it.

He jumps off the loft, does a flip, lands softly. He waddles towards the door.

VICKI

Wait!

He stops at the door, spins around.

GARBAGE MAN

Buckle! Defeat President Buckle!  
His ego has gone berserk. He was  
never even elected.

VICKI

Never elected?

GARBAGE MAN

Right! Put him in his proper lowly  
place. If you can do that near  
impossible task, then perhaps I'll  
help you.

He zips out the door. Vicki dashes after him, followed by Bluejay and Count Alf. They race outside.

INT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Vicki, Count Alf and Bluejay race into the Janitor's storage room. They stop abruptly, look around.

COUNT ALF

Oh, my --

BLUEJAY

Wow!

VICKI

No, no, something's wrong.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE (V.O.)

Ah-hah!

They see the demolition crane's ball swinging toward the window. They race out safely into the hallway. SMASH.

Vicki falls as if hit in the back. Count Alf helps her up.

COUNT ALF

My dear Vicki.

VICKI  
I, ow... I'm... okay.

They dash into the opposite room.

They spot the Garbage Man out the window. He speed-waddles half a mile away, disappears over a hill.

SMASH. The sound comes from the storage room. Vicki grabs her leg in pain.

VICKI  
Ow! We have to get out!

Count Alf pries open a window.

COUNT ALF  
Come, this way.

He helps Vicki out.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

Bluejay and Count Alf help limping Vicki quickly through the field away from the school. They stop, look back.

All is quiet. The crane doesn't move. No one is near it.

Vicki sighs, sits, rubs her leg and back.

VICKI  
There's something odd about my school.

Bluejay consoles her. Count Alf peers with squinted eyes towards the hills, strokes his mustache.

COUNT ALF  
I dare say, President Buckle is causing that. So, we have no choice. We must get to President Buckle in his own home before he can destroy Vicki, therefore... we must travel through... the Thicket of Views.

Horrified, Bluejay's eyes go wide. Vicki's perplexed.

EXT. WILD THICKET - DAY

Dismal and overcast. Thorny bushes and vines everywhere with an odd gnarled tree here or there on otherwise perfect flat land. Nailed to every tree, hundreds of notices proclaim a superior view:

"HAMMERS BEAT SCREWDRIVERS"

"SCISSORS SHRED PAPER"

"POTATOES SMASH TOMATOES"

"RAIN REIGNS SUPREME"

Vicki, Bluejay and Count Alf tip-toe through the Thicket of Views. Bluejay tucks herself close to Count Alf's back.

BLUEJAY

Hon-honey --

VICKI

Are you sure this is safe?

COUNT ALF

Of course, uh, maybe.

A big snake springs out from the undergrowth. The three jump in fright. It slithers off under bushes.

VICKI

I guess some snakes are safer than some views.

COUNT ALF

Vicki, you are indeed a bright lass.

A hawk swoops low over their heads. They duck.

BLUEJAY

Hawks are safer, too, unless they're politicians.

A tiger's ROAR. They stop, look around.

VICKI

Paper tigers scare more people than real ones.

FLATHEAD (O.S.)

A splendid book of quotes if you wrote them down. Ah-ha!

The three spin around to see nothing.

FLATHEAD (O.S.)  
I WILL SCARE YOU ALL TO DEATH!

BLUEJAY  
Flatty, is that you?

An invisible door to his sports car, which has the invisible top on this time, opens. A dismayed Flathead emerges.

FLATHEAD  
I have to take more lessons from Bond.

Count Alf steps in front of Vicki.

COUNT ALF  
I dare say, Flathead, I know why you found us.

FLATHEAD  
Us, I don't want us. Her, I want, her not us. She's a terrible, tenacious terrorist. Hand her over or else.

COUNT ALF  
But she's now Princess Vicki, crowned by Queen Victoria, within my very own presence.

Eyes twitching, Flathead stares at Vicki, who fondles her crown.

FLATHEAD  
I'm not buying that... or least not yet.

COUNT ALF  
Not for sale anyhow.

FLATHEAD  
So! I will challenge Princess Vicki to a battle of views. If she wins, I will lose. If I win, she is mine!

Vicki steps forward bravely.

VICKI  
Agreed.

BLUEJAY

But Vicki, if you lose, he will  
take you to President --

FLATHEAD

Enough! The battle begins.

Bluejay sashays up to Flathead, as sexy as she can.

BLUEJAY

Flatty, you look so handsome when  
you act tough.

Flathead's eyes bug out. His eyebrows flash up and down  
rapidly. He smiles, then pushes Bluejay away.

FLATHEAD

No! You had your chance. I am agent  
007 Flathead and my greatest  
battle, to which I shall win, must  
begin.

Count Alf steps between Vicki and Flathead.

COUNT ALF

Okay, rules must be followed,  
guidelines must be adhered to,  
everything must be properly done.  
But first...

He turns to Bluejay.

COUNT ALF

My sweetie, that was a very noble  
act, sacrificing yourself for our  
Princess. If ever there was a time  
for your highest and loftiest  
actions to manifest, it is  
certainly now.

He winks. Bluejay breathes deep, nods.

COUNT ALF

Thus, Flathead, you may present  
your view.

Flathead struts back and forth. He reaches in his pocket,  
pulls out a marble. Tosses it up and down in one hand. He  
whistles, arrogantly. Pulls out a level with his other hand.



FLATHEAD

My view is simple. It is quite clear. It is an obvious truth by which there is no doubt.

He pauses dramatically, smiles sinisterly at Vicki.

FLATHEAD

And there is no way, no way, no way, absolutely no way this impetuous Vicki can dispute it.

Bluejay walks behind some bushes. She flexes her wings.

Flathead strides away from Vicki, stops, spins around. Defiant, he holds the marble and the level high in the air.

FLATHEAD

This world is flat!

VICKI

But Christopher Columbus proved that's wrong.

FLATHEAD

Ha-hah! It is you who are wrong.

Vicki looks to Count Alf.

COUNT ALF

Sorry, my lass, Columbus didn't prove it, Ferdinand Magellan did.

FLATHEAD

Ha-hah! And --

COUNT ALF

And also, my losing lass, you are talking about your world, not our Viewland.

Vicki frowns. Flathead squats on the ground, places the level, which shows it's perfectly flat.

FLATHEAD

Besides, I couldn't have the least bit of disinterest in Columbus or Magellan. Of course it's flat, just look at that level. Flat, right?

VICKI

But that's only right here, what about --

FLATHEAD

Here!

Flathead flashes his stern face inches from Vicki.

FLATHEAD

Did you not hear my view?

VICKI

Uh --

FLATHEAD

This world is flat! Here! This world, right here, is flat!

Vicki drops her head. Flathead places his marble down.

Bluejay stretches her neck out as far as possible. She flaps one wing, then the other.

FLATHEAD

And furthermore, though I have already easily won, look! Doesn't roll, does it? Does it? Does it? NO! Ab-so-lute-ly FLAT! Ah-hah!

VICKI

Wait. You have used a marble and level to prove your view. Therefore I can use something to prove you are wrong.

FLATHEAD

Of course, though it's impossible to --

VICKI

Bluejay.

Bluejay's whole body trembles.

VICKI

As I am now your royal Princess, I hereby command you, your highest and loftiest actions must manifest right now.

COUNT ALF

You can do it, my chickadee.

FLATHEAD

What are you foolishly talking about?

VICKI

Flathead, only foolish people think their world's flat. Because they have a very limited view of their world. When people step back from their small world, they can see far beyond to what is truly real. -- Bluejay, now!

Bluejay pumps her wings, rises up two feet.

VICKI

Go!

COUNT ALF

Go!

FLATHEAD

What is this nonsense!

BLUEJAY

I think I can, I think I can.

VICKI

Go!

BLUEJAY

I think I can.

COUNT ALF

Go!

FLATHEAD

Stop all this --

Bluejay rises up higher and higher, fifteen feet in the air.

BLUEJAY

I can, I can. I can!

She dives down at Flathead, bites his back collar and picks him up. He waves his arms madly.

FLATHEAD

Bluejay! What is this?

COUNT ALF

I dare say, Flathead, she will help you experience a broader view of your world.

Higher and higher they soar. Flathead's eyes widen and widen as the view widens and the curvature of Viewland's planet is clearly seen. Flathead's eyes twitch madly, they stop, he smiles.

FLATHEAD

My goodness, this world is round!

Vicki and Count Alf shake hands and dart off through the woods.

EXT. WOODS' RESTAURANTS - DAY

Many different styled outdoor tables line both sides of a pathway. The settings display various gourmet and health presentations. Vegetarian here. Italian there. Protein drinks. Grapefruit diets. Pasta rush. Fruitarian nuts.

All offer free tasting.

Vicki and Count Alf appear at the end of the pathway. They stop, eyes wide. Count Alf licks his lips. Vicki rubs her stomach. They inch their way along the path.

At each restaurant a waiter/waitress/owner steps out, singing their offerings of sample tastes and promises of ultimate happiness. Vicki and Count Alf nibble as they go.

FRENCH

Vous aimez de la nourriture. Madame est exquise.

VEGETARIAN

No killing just organic vegetables.

FRUITARIAN

Humbug, did you see how they slaughtered that carrot? Only fruit the trees offer us here.

ITALIAN

Il signore mangia qui! Riempia il vostro stomaco.

PROTEIN MUSCLE MAN

(as he flexes)

The drink of Hercules, King David, Achilles...

SKELETON DIET WOMAN

Grapefruit juice, prune juice, one unsalted pretzel...

FAT PASTA  
 Happiness! How about a fat-fat  
 filled triple cheese pizza?

Vicki and Count Alf reach the end.

COUNT ALF  
 Have enough to eat?

VICKI  
 Wait.

Vicki dashes back to a tray full of cookies. Takes a handful, tucks them in her pocket.

VICKI  
 We might meet some friends.

They zip off.

EXT. GULLY - DAY

Across the deep crevasse lies the regular looking Viewland with its rolling hillside. Vicki and Count Alf speed out of the woods. Count Alf barely stops short of falling off the cliff. Vicki slips over the edge.

VICKI  
 Help!

Count Alf grabs her, pulls her back.

VICKI  
 Jeepers!

COUNT ALF  
 I say, nasty cut here. And the way  
 to President Buckle's is over  
 there.

High overhead, an enclosed walk bridge extends across the gully. Vicki spots it.

VICKI  
 Look!

They scramble up the rocks, race to the bridge. A TOLLMAN, in pajamas, sleeps in front of the locked gate. Snoring away, he looks like Vicki's Dad with a three day old beard.

Stacked up on either side of him rest dozens of empty beds. The beds and Tollman block Vicki and Count Alf from the gate. Vicki shakes the Tollman, though he doesn't wake.

VICKI

Please, Sir, wake up.

COUNT ALF

Hmmm, maybe his chickadee has flown the coop. Vicki, if I'm not mistaken, this sleeping like a babe man is the Tollman. And only he can open that gate.

Vicki tries harder to wake him.

VICKI

Please, Sir. Sir, please.

He stirs, mutters in his sleep.

TOLLMAN

The greatest way to live is to do nothing. Don't have to shave, get dressed or --

VICKI

Live? But you're not living, you're just sleeping. Oh, please wake up.

She shakes him harder. He opens one eye.

TOLLMAN

Young girl!

Vicki backs off. He smiles as if half drunk.

TOLLMAN

More beds, make yourself comfortable.

He falls back asleep. Count Alf kicks Tollman's foot. His other eye pops open.

COUNT ALF

Come, come, Tollman, open the gate for us.

TOLLMAN

Can't do.

VICKI

Oh, please --

COUNT ALF  
Can't do! Why can't you do?

TOLLMAN  
It's a holiday. I'm off the clock.

He falls back asleep. Vicki sits, defeated.

BLUEJAY (O.S.)  
Hey, down there!

Vicki and Count Alf look up, Bluejay flies overhead. They jump up and wave.

VICKI  
Bluejay!

COUNT ALF  
My sweetie, come and save us.

Bluejay swoops down and bites the back of Vicki's shirt, pulls her up and grabs Count Alf with her feet. She flies over the gully, drops them on thick grass and collapses on her back, wings spread out.

BLUEJAY  
My wings are killing me.

COUNT ALF  
Well done, my lovely chickadee.

He gives her a kiss.

COUNT ALF  
You two rest here awhile. I'll scout the area.

Exhausted, Bluejay falls asleep. Vicki sits next to her.

JAY (O.S.)  
Vicki?

Vicki looks around. No one.

VICKI  
Jay?

JAY (O.S.)  
Vicki, you okay?

Vicki jumps up.

VICKI

Jay? Jay, where are you?

Jay stands on a rise thirty feet away.

JAY

I'll get help. You stay here.

He turns, runs down the other side.

VICKI

No, no, Jay!

Vicki races after him. She reaches the rise, which opens to a majestic view of an ocean with a spectacular double rainbow. Jay's gone.

Count Alf walks up silently.

COUNT ALF

Gorgeous view.

VICKI

It's, it's beautiful.

Vicki's eyes water. Count Alf puts his hand on her shoulder.

VICKI

But it's not Jay...

COUNT ALF

And it's not home. Don't worry,  
I've spotted President --

Military FOOTSTEPS. Vicki and Count Alf turn slowly.

Sixteen smartly dressed soldiers march behind the General and Major. They spot Vicki and Count Alf.

MAJOR

I think that's her.

They charge over. The Major hovers around Vicki who ignores him.

GENERAL

Are you her?

VICKI

What?

The Major sticks his face inches away from Vicki's.



MAJOR

Her. Are you her? Don't you understand proper English?

VICKI

Yes, of course.

The General taps the Major, pulls him away.

GENERAL

Well, then, answer me, are you her?

VICKI

My name's Vicki.

COUNT ALF

Princess Vicki, to be precise.

Vicki strokes her crown.

SOLDIER

Can't be her, if she's Princess Vicki.

The General stares long at Vicki. The Major pokes his head in between the two, he frowns.

COUNT ALF

I say, smart soldier you are. If you really were looking for her, then try finding someone named "her". As you can see this is Princess Vicki, crown and all, absolutely not "her". And we all know only mad people can have two or more names. -- Tell us, Princess Vicki, are you mad?

VICKI

No.

COUNT ALF

Therefore...

The General and Major look at Count Alf doubtful.

COUNT ALF

Therefore...

The General and Major look at Vicki doubtful.

COUNT ALF

Therefore, be gone!

GENERAL

Right, not her.

He turns abruptly. They all salute him.

BLUEJAY (O.S.)

Maybe I'm her?

The General spins back, his eyes flash at Bluejay who tries to look sexy.

GENERAL

A pretty little weird her, if you were her. No! -- Follow me, men! We must find her!

MAJOR

But I thought she was her.

The General whacks him on the head, pulls him off by the ear, as they all march away.

SOLDIERS

March, march, march. March, march, march. March, march, march.

COUNT ALF

Right, quick!

He grabs Vicki and the three race off in the other direction.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

Vicki, Bluejay and Count Alf lay on their stomachs and peer down at a small replica White House surrounded by a manicured lawn with trimmed bushes that look like animals.

Vicki's partly destroyed school stands on the far side. President Buckle polishes the demolition crane, next to the school. He gives it a kiss, struts into the White House, with a big grin.

A fence encircles the grounds with soldiers scattered here and there, either asleep or playing computer games.

VICKI

He's destroying my school.

COUNT ALF

And you, also, my lass. We must stop him.

The three stealthily creep down the hill, zipping behind bushes and trees as they go. They get close to the fence, farthest away from any soldier. Vicki spreads her arms.

VICKI  
Okay, Bluejay.

Bluejay flies and picks up Vicki, drops her over the fence. She flaps back to Count Alf, picks him up.

BARK! BARK! Two vicious German Shepherds charge toward Vicki.

COUNT ALF  
No!

Vicki smiles, WHISTLES and pulls out some of her cookies. The dogs wag their tails while Vicki holds cookies up in the air. The dogs stand for their rewards.

Vicki grins at the incredulous Bluejay and Count Alf, still up in the air.

VICKI  
Jay taught me.

Bluejay and Count Alf drop down.

SLEEPY SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Hey!

COUNT ALF  
Uh-oh.

The three turn to a half asleep SOLDIER who leans against the fence.

SLEEPY SOLDIER  
Hey, you with the moustache.

COUNT ALF  
Yes, I say, young man.

SLEEPY SOLDIER  
Very cute.

He falls back asleep.

COUNT ALF  
Uh, thank you.

They dash to the building. The dogs trot along behind. They hide themselves in bushes near a window.

VICKI  
Count Alf?

Count Alf peeks in the window.

COUNT ALF  
Yes, my lass.

VICKI  
I... I've been meaning to ask, and  
maybe it's the right time.

COUNT ALF  
Yes, please do.

He looks left and right.

VICKI  
How am I going to defeat Pres --

The SOUND of footsteps.

COUNT ALF  
Shh!

The Major and a CORPORAL pass by. They stop. The Major peers down at the bottom of the bushes, spots Bluejay's bird feet. He takes on an evil look.

MAJOR  
Corporal, when was the last time we  
had a really big, I mean super,  
really big turkey dinner?

CORPORAL  
Why it's been so long, Major, Sir,  
that I'd just love to stoke up a  
huge barbecue tonight and toss the  
biggest bird we can ever find smack  
on top.

Petrified, Bluejay's face turns white.

VICKI  
Go, Bluejay, get out of here!

Bluejay takes off, flapping madly. The dogs BARK, startling all the sleeping and Game Boy soldiers.

MAJOR  
Ah-hah. It is her! Arrest her!

COUNT ALF  
I say, just a --

MAJOR  
And him, too!

The soldiers grab Vicki and Count Alf.

COUNT ALF  
I am Count Alf the fifteenth --

MAJOR  
Fourteenth.

COUNT ALF  
And this is Princess --

MAJOR  
Humbug. Take her crown.

Vicki WHISTLES. The dogs GROWL at the soldiers, whose eyes bug out, including the Major.

MAJOR  
But not just yet. She can carry it  
for us. Come!

They march Vicki and Count Alf around the White House and enter the front door. A soldier tries to stop the dogs. They GROWL. He lets them in.

INT. VICKI'S SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

President Buckle entertains hundreds of well-dressed people. No one wears shoes. A small band plays in the corner. In strides the Major with Vicki and Count Alf.

MAJOR  
We have her, Sir.

President Buckle backs away from Vicki.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Indeed.

MAJOR  
Don't worry, Sir, she's my  
prisoner.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Right. So the question is, do we tie her in the Science classroom for the next smash?

The Major grins, sinisterly.

COUNT ALF

So, it is you.

MAJOR

Or the Italian class, Sir?

COUNT ALF

Vicki, I dare say we have discovered --

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

And who is your compatriot?

VICKI

What?

MAJOR

French?

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Compatriot, your compatriot, him!

COUNT ALF

I say, look --

MAJOR

Spanish?

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

You are both evil, deadly partners in crime!

VICKI

No, I'm sorry, I --

The Major puts his face in close to Vicki's.

MAJOR

Yes! Evil!

VICKI

No! Now just a minute, you --

President Buckle pulls out a remote control, clicks. SMASH. Vicki grabs her head, falls to the floor.

VICKI

Ow!

President Buckle smirks. The Major laughs, waves his finger in Vicki's face.

MAJOR

Ah-hah! Take that.

Count Alf helps her up. Vicki stares hard at the Major.

VICKI

You bully full of hot air!

She grabs the float valve on the Major's jacket, pulls. It breaks off, air escapes. The Major shoots around the room like a rocket, shrinking as he flies.

He knocks President Buckle's remote control, it flies out a window, lands in the swimming pool.

MAJOR

No, nooooooooooooo!

He crashes into a stand with a Hercules statue on top. The statue falls on the Major's head, knocks him out.

President Buckle's eyes go wide, he chews his gum super fast.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

I am President Buckle! Tie her down!

The dogs dash up next to Vicki and GROWL.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Uh, but maybe not just yet.

ZOOM. The sound of Flathead's invisible sports car as it drives into the Gym, bumps into a few guests. People run this way and that. He SCREECHES to a halt. Hops out. Instead of his flattop, he sports a bushy, very round looking Afro.

FLATHEAD

I am here!

COUNT ALF

I say, Flathead, you are not only here, you are hair!

Flathead struts about, strokes his hair.

FLATHEAD

Like it? And I don't twitch anymore.

He purposely blinks his eyes long.

FLATHEAD

I thank a young maiden who helped me give up my wrong view. -- Hey, she's here, Princess Vicki!

Flathead gets down on one knee.

FLATHEAD

My royal highness, who has opened my view to the world.

He takes her hand, kisses it.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Now just a minute, Flat --

Flathead jumps up, challenges the President.

FLATHEAD

No! Now you just a minute... uh, Sir. Beg your pardon, boss, but maybe hear me out, okay?

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Better be good.

FLATHEAD

She defeated my wrong view.

The crowd MURMURS.

CHUBBY WOMAN

She also defeated the Squares and Rounds put together. I was there!

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SERVANT

Queen Victoria crowned her Princess Victoria!

COUNT ALF

I say, therefore, President Buckle, this woman whom you refer to as a terrorist is worthy of a challenge of views.

President Buckle stares long at Vicki. She smiles coyly. He blows a gum bubble, sucks it back in.



PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Right! Outside!

EXT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Vicki, President Buckle and everyone except the Major exit the school. Two large crates await.

Vicki stands on one crate. President Buckle on the other. Count Alf stands close by as the moderator. The crowd CHEERS.

COUNT ALF  
President Buckle, you may state your view first.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
My view? Why I've already declared my view, she is a terrorist!

The crowd MURMURS and steps back three feet.

VICKI  
But you don't even know me. How can you make that statement?

The crowd MURMURS and steps forward two feet.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
But it's quite obvious. You see, no one knows you here. You are an outsider.

The crowd steps back three feet.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
Therefore you bring terror into each one of our hearts!

The crowd backs away more.

Vicki looks around at everyone. She spots the Pink Woman. Vicki jumps off the crate and races to her.

VICKI  
Please, Ma'am, do you remember when you met me, before President Buckle said I was a terrorist?

PINK WOMAN  
Why, yes, I do.

VICKI

And were you terrified of me?

PINK WOMAN

No, I liked your outfit... and still do, dear.

VICKI

But did you get afraid with everyone else...

(she waves at everyone)

when President Buckle said I was a terrorist?

PINK WOMAN

I, uh...

She and the whole crowd drop their heads.

PINK WOMAN

Yes.

Vicki jumps back up on her crate.

VICKI

Therefore, President Buckle, it was not I who terrified everyone, it was you!

PINK WOMAN

She's right!

COUNT ALF

President Buckle, your wrong view has been defeated.

President Buckle's face contorts, he chews rapidly, blows a bubble which explodes across his face. He wipes at it and dashes behind a monkey bush with its hands over its eyes. He steps back out yet some of the gum remains on his chin.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Fuddy-duddy to you. Okay, so I made a small error, it does not matter one bit, I am still the President and thus --

VICKI

I don't think you are.

The crowd GASPS.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
 Ha, you have a view which is  
 obviously wrong. So we have a tie.

COUNT ALF  
 Wait, she gets a chance to defend  
 her view and quite frankly, I say,  
 what an exciting view. Vicki,  
 please continue.

Vicki jumps down and confronts everyone.

VICKI  
 Ma'am, did you vote for him?

PINK WOMAN  
 Huh?

VICKI  
 Vote, you know. Did you vote for  
 President Buckle?

The Pink Woman stares dumbfounded.

VICKI  
 Did any of you vote for him?

They all stare dumbfounded.

CORPORAL  
 What's vote?

VICKI  
 You didn't vote?

CORPORAL  
 If I knew what vote was, maybe I  
 did, maybe I didn't.

VICKI  
 An election! A vote! When you say  
 you want someone to be the  
 President. Did you even have an  
 election?

Vicki turns to President Buckle who creeps away back to the  
 bush.

VICKI  
 President Buckle! Did they elect  
 you?

He puts his finger to his mouth, indicating silence.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
 Uh, uh... you see, I had an  
 election, but I didn't tell anyone.

VICKI  
 Then you're not the President!

MAJOR  
 He's not?

PINK WOMAN  
 He's not?

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
 I, I'm not the, the uh... I'm not?

VICKI  
 No.

Ex-President Buckle BAWLS.

COUNT ALF  
 Oh, this is absolutely ridiculous,  
 Buckie, don't start the crying,  
 poor me game.

FLATHEAD  
 He's not our President.

PINK WOMAN  
 He's not our President?

FLATHEAD  
 We didn't vote for him, therefore,  
 he's not our President.

PINK WOMAN  
 What is vote?

FLATHEAD  
 Doesn't matter, we didn't do it.

PINK WOMAN  
 So who is our President?

COUNT ALF  
 We will take a vote, right now. I  
 vote for Vicki, the cutest,  
 sweetest President we could ever  
 have.

PINK WOMAN  
 I'll do that.

FLATHEAD

Me, too.

CORPORAL

Me, three.

COUNT ALF

Wait, only one vote per person. We shall make this easier, everyone who wants Vicki to be President raise your right hand.

Everyone except Ex-President Buckle raise their hands.

Bluejay flies in, circles around Vicki.

BLUEJAY

Yay! Vicki's the new president of Viewland.

CHEERS. Soldiers hoist Vicki on their shoulders and march her about.

Bluejay flies to Ex-President Buckle and picks him up.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Let me down, you!

Bluejay drops him in the swimming pool.

BLUEJAY

Yes, Sir!

Ex-President Buckle splashes around, spots the remote control, grabs it, and climbs out.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

I'll tell the Garbage Man what you've done! -- And, take this!

He points the remote control toward the school. Click. The demolition crane swings and SMASHES more.

Vicki clutches her stomach, doubles over.

President Buckle clicks again, no smash, click, no smash. He throws the control down.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

You will be finished when that school is finished!

He races madly away.

Silence. Everyone stops, looks at ex-President Buckle speeding off. The soldiers gently lower Vicki. Count Alf hugs her.

COUNT ALF

My lass.

VICKI

It hurts worse than before. I, I don't feel well.

Bluejay lands next to Count Alf.

BLUEJAY

Honey...

COUNT ALF

Yes. The rumors must be true. Vicki, I'm sorry to say, but the Battle of the Century is soon to happen.

Vicki's perplexed.

HONK. Flathead drives up, pulling an invisible carriage, other than the visible mag wheels.

FLATHEAD

Tally-ho, shall we go?

VICKI

Go where?

Bluejay puts her wing on Vicki's shoulder.

COUNT ALF

It appears to me and to others, also, you will have to battle...

Count Alf pauses, looks off in the distance, plays with his mustache. He returns with a soft face to Vicki.

COUNT ALF

The Garbage Man.

Vicki's eyes bug out.

COUNT ALF

And you will have to defeat him before that crane finishes the school... and you.

VICKI

But I, I don't know... I thought he was going to help me if I defeated President Buckle.

COUNT ALF

So he said...

Bluejay hops in the carriage.

COUNT ALF

We shall see. Though I dare say you will have to defeat him as well.

VICKI

But you said he hasn't any views.

COUNT ALF

Perhaps or it may be that we just don't know what it is yet. And if anyone can discover it, you will. Come, we must hurry.

Count Alf yells at soldiers.

COUNT ALF

Pull the crane away from the school.

He helps Vicki climb in. Many soldiers race to the crane, pull it toward the carriage.

CORPORAL

Wait!

Everyone else rushes around the vehicle. The dogs WHINE.

CORPORAL

We must all support our President.

Flathead waves behind Vicki's carriage. Twenty more sets of wheels appear. The dogs hop in with Vicki. The soldiers connect the crane to the back of the last carriage. Everyone else climbs in the other invisible carriages.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Flathead drives his road-train past the upside down trees, over a hill.

EVERYONE  
 Vicki is supreme /  
 she is the one /  
 defeat the Garbage Man /  
 his time has come!

They approach the village, where Vicki defeated the Rounds and Squares.

CHUBBY WOMAN  
 To the courtyard! We need to pick  
 up the rest of the villagers.  
 President Princess Vicki is also  
 our champion!

They head down into the village. The Chubby Woman races around, talks with villagers. Flathead waves, more wheels appear. All the villagers speed over and climb in the road-train.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The road-train zooms over a barren rise, heads straight for the Backward Man walking backwards into the iPotty, parked in the middle of the road. I-Potty Man sits close by, plays with his i-games. Flathead slams on the breaks.

COUNT ALF  
 I-POTTY! What a dreadful place for  
 your potty.

I-POTTY  
 I-potty you mean, I mean, I do.

Backward Man backs out of the iPotty.

BACKWARD MAN  
 What is all the noise about?

FLATHEAD  
 We are taking President Princess  
 Vicki, the Champion to battle the  
 Garbage Man.

I-POTTY  
 I say!

COUNT ALF  
 Yes, so hop in and bring your loo,  
 we're going to need it, too.



I-Potty picks up the iPotty, carts it to the rear carriage.  
He and Backward Man clamber aboard.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The road-train creeps over a rickety bridge. Surfer Dude  
rides waves in the pink river.

SURFER DUDE  
Hey, oh hey, where you all heading?

FLATHEAD  
Viewland's Battle of the Century!

SURFER DUDE  
I'm with you, I'm with you!

Surfer Dude catches a huge wave, flies up with his little  
wings flapping madly and into a carriage.

SURFER DUDE  
My dad, my dad, we have to get my  
dad.

COUNT ALF  
And he might be who?

SURFER DUDE  
Tollman!

Surfer Dude points up to the high ridge where the foot  
bridge spans the gully.

BLUEJAY  
I'll get him.

Off she flies.

EXT. WILD THICKET - DAY

Flathead drives by the Thicket of Views.

COUNT ALF  
Stop here.

Count Alf dashes into the thicket.

TOLLMAN (O.S.)  
Why did you wake me!

Everyone looks upward to see Bluejay bringing the struggling Tollman.

SURFER DUDE

Hey, Dad, Battle of the Century!

Tollman's eyes bug out as Bluejay drops him in a carriage.

TOLLMAN

Well that's a different kettle of exquisite Salmon dipped in Marmite and caramel sauce.

VICKI

Oh, what about Queen Victoria?

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SERVANT

I'll get her.

He dashes off.

Out of the thicket comes Count Alf and all the restaurant workers, full with food - which they hand out and everyone stuffs themselves.

EXT. FLOWER FIELDS - DAY

They drive through tall, sky blue flower fields. A white rabbit hops across the road. Vicki watches it dart into the flowers. She turns to Count Alf.

VICKI

Count Alf, have you ever seen the "rabbit in the moon"?

COUNT ALF

Rabbits, yes, moon, no. Sorry my dear Vicki, we haven't a moon here.

VICKI

The reason I asked was that on earth, I always saw a man in our moon. Then my science teacher showed us how to see a rabbit in the moon.

COUNT ALF

And...

Vicki thinks, glances at the road ahead.

Jay appears twenty yards in front, picking flowers.

VICKI  
Flathead, stop!

SCREECH. Jay looks up, smiles.

Mesmerized, Vicki gets out.

Queen Victoria and her servants stride to the road-train, but Vicki doesn't see them.

VICKI  
Jay.

EVERYONE  
It's Jay!

Vicki walks toward him. He walks toward her.

JAY  
They sure have pretty flowers here.

He holds them out for Vicki. Super elated, she reaches for them.

Jay disappears. Shock.

VICKI  
NO!

Vicki faints.

Count Alf, Bluejay and Flathead race to Vicki, fan her.

COUNT ALF  
Vicki, it's okay, my lass. We'll help you get home and back to Jay.

BLUEJAY  
Boy oh boy, is he a knockout.

Vicki stirs, sits up. Queen Victoria strolls over, puts her hand on Vicki's shoulder.

QUEEN VICTORIA  
My Princess, if love is true, it will travel across the universe.

Vicki wipes her tears, looks up at Queen Victoria.

VICKI  
Do you think I can get home and find out?

QUEEN VICTORIA  
 Around the next bend is the Garbage  
 Man. Are you ready?

With a determined expression, Vicki nods.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The road-train rounds the bend with Queen Victoria seated on the front of Flathead's sports car. They stop, all eyes bug out as they see the Garbage Man's red barn, which now stands thirty stories tall and a city block wide.

COUNT ALF  
 Now that's impressive.

A DEAFENING SOUND.

GARBAGE MAN (O.S.)  
 YOU'RE ALL TOO STUPID TO KNOW MY  
 VIEW!

Everyone but Vicki shakes in fear. She hops out and sternly walks toward the barn. Count Alf and Bluejay look at each other, jump out and follow Vicki. Flathead helps the Queen down and everyone else races to keep up.

Vicki gets close to the barn.

GARBAGE MAN (O.S.)  
 STOP!

Everyone stops. Vicki waves angrily at the barn.

VICKI  
 Garbage Man, you said, if I defeat  
 President Buckle, then perhaps  
 you'd help me. You know I defeated  
 him. Tell me right now, are you  
 going to help me?

Silence.

Vicki looks at Count Alf and Bluejay. They nod to her. She looks at Queen Victoria who nods. She looks over everyone else. Flathead, Surfer Dude, Tollman, everyone gives her the nod. She turns back to the barn.

VICKI  
 Garbage Man, I hereby challenge you  
 to a Battle of Views!

Everyone CHEERS. The Chubby Woman hops out in front, leads the crowd in a CHANT.

CHUBBY WOMAN  
 Vicki is supreme /  
 she is the one /  
 defeat the Garbage Man /  
 his time has come!

The crowd chants louder and louder.

EVERYONE  
 Vicki is supreme /  
 she is the one /  
 defeat the Garbage Man /  
 his time has come!

The barn doors open with a BANG. No one.

From the shadows, out walks ex-President Buckle. The thin Major, five feet tall and one hundred pounds, cowers behind him.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
 Be gone, all of you. The Garbage  
 Man will not see you today.

Vicki stares down ex-President Buckle. He tries to look away. Bluejay LAUGHS. Everyone LAUGHS.

COUNT ALF  
 I dare say, Buckie, you should try  
 theatre.

Vicki strides past ex-President Buckle and the Major with the dogs at her side. Others follow.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE  
 Now you stop, you --

Count Alf puts his finger to ex-President Buckle's mouth.

COUNT ALF  
 Buckle up.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Vicki walks to the center of the barn. The dogs and everyone search the stalls. Bottles, paper, trash. No Garbage Man.

COUNT ALF  
 Come, come, Garbage Man.

BLUEJAY  
Garby, dear.

FLATHEAD  
Garbage Man, you are under arrest.

SILENCE.

Vicki closes her eyes, cocks her head, listens. She looks up, points.

VICKI  
There he is.

GARBAGE MAN (O.S.)  
No!

Everyone looks up. One hundred feet up on the wall stands the Garbage Man sideways, his feet on the wall and his body horizontal out in the air.

VICKI  
Bluejay!

BLUEJAY  
Righty-oh.

Bluejay flies up at the Garbage Man.

Surfer Dude hops up and down, his little wings flapping.

SURFER DUDE  
Go, Bluejay, go. Awesome, eh Dad?

Tollman sleeps on bags of garbage.

BLUEJAY  
Garby, Garby honey.

GARBAGE MAN  
Never!

The Garbage Man runs along the wall, just out of reach of Bluejay's beak. He dashes horizontal, vertical, diagonal. Bluejay misses every time she dives at him.

Exhausted, Bluejay floats down, collapses on the ground. Vicki races to her.

VICKI  
Oh, Bluejay, he's so mean!

GARBAGE MAN

Mean! Mean? Did you call me, mean?

Vicki stands, points her finger directly up at the Garbage Man.

VICKI

You're a mean, mean person. And if you don't come down here right now for a Battle of Views, I, as President Princess Vicki the Champion, will banish you from Viewland!

CROWD

Oh! Oh!

Queen Victoria smiles.

The Garbage Man's face changes from his callous, hard look to a worried look. He scrunches his face. He smiles, though not convincingly.

GARBAGE MAN

Hee, hee, I was just testing you.

He dives off the wall, does two flips and gently lands on a pile of garbage, which changes into a six-foot wide platform.

The barn shimmers and gradually disappears.

EXT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The half smashed school appears, forty yards behind Vicki.

Below Vicki, another platform rises out of the ground, so she and the Garbage Man now face each other, with everyone standing around them.

VICKI

I know your view and it's wrong, too.

The crowd GASPS.

The Garbage Man's eyes go wide. Haughty, ex-President Buckle steps in front of him and blows a bubble straight at Vicki.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Impossible, he has no view!

The Garbage Man puts his hand on ex-President Buckle's shoulder.

GARBAGE MAN  
Buckie, step out of the way. The  
battle will commence.

The crowd ROARS.

CROWD  
Go Vicki, go. Go Vicki, go.

Ex-President Buckle grabs the Major. They slink off towards the crane.

COUNT ALF  
Right, now then --

GARBAGE MAN  
Enough, Count, we all know the  
rules.

The Garbage Man waddles back and forth on his platform.

GARBAGE MAN  
This young upstart infiltrator to  
our beautiful Viewland has declared  
she knows my view and not only  
that, but she claims my view is  
wrong.

He stops, looks long at Vicki.

GARBAGE MAN  
Plus she expects that I can help  
her get home to her Jay.

Unseen to everyone else, Ex-President Buckle and the Major unhook the crane from the rear of the carriages.

The Garbage Man resumes waddling. He stops, his face frowns ferociously, he points his finger at Vicki and shouts.

GARBAGE MAN  
OUT WITH IT! OUT WITH MY VIEW IF  
YOU THINK YOU ARE SO SMART!

Everyone except Vicki swoons as if hit by a baseball bat.

CROWD  
Oh...

They stagger to their feet.



GARBAGE MAN

But first...

The Garbage Man smirks.

Ex-President Buckle and the Major drag the crane towards the school.

GARBAGE MAN

First... Vicki, I told you, you would have to discover something important. Please tell all of us what you have discovered.

VICKI

Views, views...

(she points at everyone)

You all have so many views. Are you really happy?

Everyone drops their head.

VICKI

The most important thing for inner happiness is to give up all wrong views.

Everyone, except the Garbage Man, GASPS. He nods.

Ex-President Buckle and the Major position the crane next to the school.

VICKI

And you, Mr. Garbage Man, must give up your wrong view.

GARBAGE MAN

Which is?

VICKI

Your view is that everyone is too stupid to know your view.

The Garbage Man stares long and hard at Vicki. His eyes squint tight.

A smile lights his face.

GARBAGE MAN

Hoo-ray, hoo-ray! I can give up my view because there is now someone who is not too stupid to know it!

He jumps up and down with glee. He races over to Vicki, gives her a big hug.

GARBAGE MAN  
Thank you so much!

Ex-President Buckle adjusts dials on the ball so it swells ten times larger, while the Major sits in the controls' seat, fondles the levers.

GARBAGE MAN  
Vicki, my lovely princess...

He gets down on one knee.

GARBAGE MAN  
Please help me go home.

VICKI  
What?

Vicki stares in astonishment. Everyone stares in astonishment, including ex-President Buckle and the Major.

VICKI  
But you were going to help me go home!

The Garbage Man grabs Vicki's hand, holds it to his chest.

GARBAGE MAN  
I can't, I don't know how. You're smarter than me. I came here from Cleveland, Ohio. I no longer want to be the greatest garbage man in the universe. I, uh --

The Garbage Man's body glimmers.

GARBAGE MAN  
Hey!

He kisses Vicki's hand as he fades.

GARBAGE MAN  
I... I'm going home, I'm going home. Thank you, Vicki!

Gone. Everyone's eyes go wide.

Ex-President Buckle's face twitches madly. He takes his gum out, sticks it behind his ear, and yells at the Major.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Now!

Vicki and everyone look over at the crane.

VICKI

No!

COUNT ALF

No!

Count Alf and many soldiers race toward the crane.

BLUEJAY

No!

Bluejay hugs Vicki.

EVERYONE

No!

The Major grins, pulls a lever. It's stuck. He pulls hard. It breaks off in his hand as he falls off the crane.

The crane wobbles, spins. Ex-President Buckle tries to control the wildly moving ball. He grabs it. It swings toward the school with him hugging it.

SMASH. It hits the school with ex-President Buckle's leg between the ball and the wall.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

OW!

Vicki falls, holding her head.

VICKI

No!

BLUEJAY

Vicki, Vicki!

Count Alf and the soldiers try to stop the crane, but the ball with ex-President Buckle swings toward them. They dodge.

The ball swings away, hits a large tree with ex-President Buckle squished.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

OW! Help! Help!

It swings back to the school, misses by inches, swings around and the entire crane crashes to the ground. Ex-President Buckle flies off, into thorny bushes.

EVERYONE

Yay!

Soldiers grab ex-President Buckle and the Major.

Bluejay cradles Vicki.

BLUEJAY

Whew, you're safe now, Vicki.

Vicki nods.

Flathead whips out a huge magnifying glass and searches where the Garbage Man used to be.

FLATHEAD

Okay. Now, how'd the Garbage Man do that?

Vicki sits up.

VICKI

I guess Alfred was right, if we give up all wrong views, we can discover our true home.

FLATHEAD

But, just wait one minute!

Flathead jumps up, looks intently at Vicki.

VICKI

He gave up his wrong view.

Everyone except Bluejay, Count Alf, the Major and ex-President Buckle race around excitedly. They all declare their letting go of a wrong view in front of Vicki, she touches them, they shimmer, fade, thank Vicki and disappear.

Even the dogs bark, lick Vicki and vanish.

Bloody, torn and scratched, ex-President Buckle limps to Vicki. The Major cringes behind him. Ex-President Buckle kneels in front of Vicki, pleads.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Please, please President Vicki, I'm so sorry. I, I -- can you help me get home, too?

VICKI

What! Why should I help you after  
what you have done to me?

Ex-President Buckle puts his head to Vicki's feet.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Please, I got too caught up with  
being important.

Ex-President Buckle's whole body shakes.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

I was lost... like you. Please  
forgive me. You're wiser and more  
kind than I'll ever be, but I'll  
never be so cruel to anyone, ever  
again. I promise you.

VICKI

Where are you from?

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Capitol Hill, of course. I was a  
taxi driver.

Vicki touches his shoulder.

VICKI

Give up your wrong thinking that  
you are a president and you can go  
to your true home.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

I am no longer a president and I  
would love to drive my cab again.

Ex-President Buckle simmers.

PRESIDENT BUCKLE

Thank you, Vicki!

He fades and disappears.

The Major kneels before Vicki.

MAJOR

And I never again want to be worst  
bully in the universe.

Vicki touches him.

MAJOR  
Thank you, Vicki.

He fades and disappears.

Count Alf turns to Bluejay. They sigh at each other. Count Alf's face brightens, he pulls out two pieces of paper, madly scribbles on one. He hands it to Bluejay.

COUNT ALF  
My address in Austria.

Bluejay smiles. She takes his other paper and writes.

BLUEJAY  
Mine.

They rub noses.

COUNT ALF  
See you soon, my sweet chickadee.

He turns to Vicki.

COUNT ALF  
I hope to have a daughter just like you. Thank you, Vicki. I hereby let go of my wish to be a Count.

Count Alf smiles at Bluejay, shimmers and disappears.

BLUEJAY  
I guess I'll go, too, Vicki.

She gives Vicki a long hug.

BLUEJAY  
No longer do I want to fly like a bird.

Bluejay shimmers.

BLUEJAY  
But, oh, no! NO! Vicki, you don't have any wrong views! How are you going to let go of any and go home?

Vicki sighs.

VICKI  
I guess I can't go home.

BLUEJAY

I'm so sorry.

Bluejay disappears.

Vicki's eyes fill with tears.

VICKI

I can't go home.

She plays with her hair, looks around at the deserted area.

VICKI

I can't... go... home.

She steps off her platform, walks away.

VICKI

Everyone else can go home, but I  
can't.

She passes by Flathead's road-train. She touches it, shakes  
her head.

VICKI

Everyone else... they can, but I...  
can't.

Tears stream down her face.

VICKI

They can, they can, they can.

Vicki's face lights up.

VICKI

If everyone else can, then I have a  
wrong view!

She spins around. Jay sits on her platform.

VICKI

I can go home!

Jay smiles wide. Vicki races toward him.

VICKI

I can, I can, I can go home!

He stands.

She jumps into his outstretched arms.

They disappear.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Vicki lays on the ground, unconscious, her head cradled in Jay's arm. Worried faces hover around - her Mom, Dad, brother Hank, Caitlin and Alfred.

JAY  
Hey Vicki, Vicki...

Vicki opens her eyes, looks up at Jay. She smiles.

VICKI  
What a beautiful view.

Jay blushes.

MOM  
Oh, Victoria, you're alright!

CAITLIN  
Well done, Jay.

HANK  
She's alright, she's alright.

DAD  
Your head okay, honey?

CAITLIN  
Jay, why don't you carry Vicki inside?

VICKI  
Yes... I'm so... faint.

Jay picks Vicki up. She snuggles her head against his neck. They walk past the white rabbit nibbling on the grass, into the house. Vicki spots the rabbit, she smiles.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jay carries Vicki up the stairs. Dad, Mom and Caitlin follow.

VICKI  
You're so strong.



JAY

Uh, thanks. You know, you're lucky you didn't get a concussion or something worse.

CAITLIN

That's because you saved her, Jay.

VICKI

Yes. Thank you so much.

JAY

Uh, sure.

INT. VICKI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the bedroom. Jay lays Vicki down in bed. She doesn't let go of him.

CAITLIN

I think it'd be good if you check on her tomorrow, Jay.

JAY

Uh, would you like that?

VICKI

More than anything.

She kisses him on the cheek, lets him go.

Jay smiles.

JAY

Okay, see you tomorrow. Like some ice cream or something?

VICKI

Yum...

Jay leaves.

MOM

What a nice young man.

Caitlin winks at Vicki, who sighs.

EXT. VICKI'S SCHOOL - DAY

Vicki and Caitlin dash out, each carrying a soft drink in cups.

Loaded with books, Alfred struggles to keep up behind them.

CAITLIN

Awesome! You got an "A" from Mr. Harder?

VICKI

Yup!

ALFRED

An "A" from Mr. Harder is harder than catching giant Bluejays.

VICKI

You're just jealous.

CAITLIN

So read me the essay.

Vicki hands Caitlin her drink, stands on a short concrete wall. Lawrence swaggers over, listens.

VICKI

Mr. Harder, I failed my first test on views but I've changed my view on many matters so here's my new viewpoints.

Lawrence head motions to a friend, who comes over. They smirk at each other.

VICKI

Vicki or Victoria, I shall not worry for the essence is the same by any name.

LAWRENCE

How about Princess?

Vicki smiles and ignores Lawrence's cutting attempt.

VICKI

Rabbit or man, the moon is the moon. To say only one is right, the other is stupid is simply a wrong view. Thus, "stupid" is a term I shall not use again for it shows a lack of imagination.

Other kids gather around them. The polka dot girl and checkered fellow among them.

VICKI

For if the world was only full of squares, it would be a frightful place and the same can be said if we had nothing but circles.

Lawrence's face takes a turn toward seriousness and respect. He shakes his head in bewilderment, and smiles. He pokes his friend, they nod in agreement.

VICKI

Whether it be Columbus or Magellan it matters not who discovered the world was round, for it was always round regardless of what others thought.

Principal Box exits the school, joins everyone listening to Vicki.

VICKI

And this is the essence of what I've learned, if I want to be happy I need to let go of wrong views, wrong views and more wrong views.

CAITLIN

Well done!

Everyone claps.

Principal Box waddles by.

PRINCIPAL BOX

Smart girl, isn't she?

Lawrence steps forward.

LAWRENCE

Vicki, I, uh, hey, I just want to say, I'm sorry for making fun of you. That was awesome.

Vicki smiles lovingly at Lawrence, accepting his apology.

ALFRED

Tis impossible a girl wrote this, beyond comprehension and simply without a doubt this profound and terribly important document must be written by a --

Vicki and Caitlin turn to Alfred with daggers in their eyes.

He smiles his Alfred E. Newman smile. Vicki and Caitlin pour their drinks on his head.

VICKI  
Alfred, time to let go of your  
wrong views!

Everyone laughs.

JAY (O.S.)  
Hey, Vicki.

Jay zips up on his bike.

VICKI  
My favorite view!

Vicki races to Jay, hops on the bars.

They ride off.

FADE OUT.