

NONSTERS

Written by:

Gregory Strom and Douglas Magallon

DRAFT: 5/1/16

Strom Magallon
Copyright Registered
All Rights Reserved

Contact:
Phillip Rhee
310-972-1172
Phillip@Dnextmedia.com

This Screenplay is private property and its contents are CONFIDENTIAL. It is not to be reproduced, photocopied, or duplicated in any manner, delivered, or its contents disclosed to any third party. This Screenplay and its contents are submitted for evaluation purposes only and may not be used in any other way or for any other purpose without the prior written consent of its Owner.

FADE IN:

1 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT 1

Peeking out from beneath a millennium of dirt, dust and neglect, a sign is visible at the end of a dark, musty hallway: "MONSTERS".

Behind the door comes the THUNDEROUS SOUND of a madman at work.

MONSTROCITER (O.S.)
Skin. I need scaly skin! From the
slime spool! With benign
barnacles!!!

HENCHMAN #1 (O.S.)
Brilliant, Grand Master!!

HENCHMAN #2 (O.S.)
Fabulous!!

2 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 2

Against a far wall, EIGHTY FEET high, are racks and cages of Monster Spare Parts huge and small: fingernails, tusks, eyeballs, fangs, slabs of skin, etc.

A shadowy HENCHMAN #1 hobbles across the floor.

MONSTROCITER (O.S.)
Expeditious, you idiotic
ignoramus!! This is of the
essence...

HENCHMAN #1
Genius!

HENCHMAN #2
Einstein-ian!!

In the corner, HENCHMAN #2 is reclining, watching reruns of the Adam's Family on an old black and white television.

HENCHMAN #1 AND HENCHMAN #2 are part reptilian, short, squatty creatures with each different colors. Their long, strong arms and broad shoulders hang below a round oversized head with independently-working bug-eyes and huge mouths dressed in lab coats modified to accommodate their strange proportions.

Henchman #1 pulls a horrid slab of scaly skin from the wall, loads it into a wheelbarrow, and wheels it across the room and stops at the television set.

HENCHMAN #1
This is my favorite part!

HENCHMAN #2
Ooooh... don't you just love
Morticia?

HENCHMAN #1
In your dreams!

MONSTROCITER (O.S.)
Get your reptilian rears over
here!!!

HENCHMAN #1
Racing, Grand Master!

HENCHMAN #2
Sprinting!!

Henchman #2 turns off the television set and sprints over.

OVERHEAD

The rafters are an odd knot of cranes, carts and hooks.

Strangely synchronized, they travel on a Dr. Suess-like layout of RAILS and MOTORIZED chains, transporting creature parts from one area of the cage to another.

With a loud clang a crane hook swings into position and snags the skin from the wheelbarrow.

It lifts it past the PROTOTYPES CAGE aka' the REJECTS' CAGE.

3

INT. PROTOTYPES CAGE - NIGHT

3

Nearly a DOZEN CREATURES, large and small, are huddled in a cage.

Parts of them are familiar from the annals of monster-dome: neck bolts, stitching, hairy cheekbones, single eyes, etc., But nothing adds up.

Like all Prototypes, they only remind us of their perfected successors.

GUMS, a skinny SHARK Nonster created WITHOUT TEETH, leans out from his water tank. He speaks with a LISP.

GUMS

It's the biggeth th'pare part I've
ever theen!

COUNT, a Vampire Nonster with BRACES, is hanging upside down from the rafters.

COUNT

Could it be that it's skin for his
back?

DUMPER, a baby the size of King-Kong is an ape that never matured. He wears the BIGGEST DIAPER ever pinned.

DUMPER

Maybe it's for his ear?

WORRY WART, a young girl Swamp Thing-like creature, with WARTS all over her body is wide-eyed.

WORRY WART

Or just his finger?

MADISON, a feisty cute little Nonster covered in BLUE and YELLOW plaid FUR, has a small forehead tusk and big soft simian lips. An unfortunate, yet adorable, combination.

MADISON

Snap out of it, Worry Wart. It's
wasn't that big.

DUMPER

It looked pretty big to me,
Madison.

CAIRO, a MUMMY hiding in a sarcophagus, waves his wrapped, trembling hand. He is too frightened to look.

CAIRO (O.S.)

(echos)

I can see this is serious.

GUMS

Juth look at Goober... he hathn't
been the thame thince the
Mon'thtrociter took him behind that
door.

In the shadows, **GOOBER** (who, like all the other rejects, wears a badge with his name on it) is a slimy Blob that lies and trembles. It is mute from fright.

MADISON
C'mon gang, nothin's that scary.

WORRY WART
S-s-s-something must be.

Worry warts POP out all over her body.

4 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 4

MONSTROCITER (O.S.)
Now, check the hot hunchback in the
Beast Baker!!! A brown baked bump
belies bad belligerence.

HENCHMAN #2
Bodacious!!

The Beast Baker, a huge oven-like contraption, is opened and a steaming pizza-crust-like bubble is drawn out with a long wooden spatula.

The Monstrociter examines it.

MONSTROCITER (O.S.)
Too moist for a maniacal monster of
this magnitude!!! Cook it again,
and this time crank the Crust-
ometer!!!

HENCHMAN #1
Hellacious, sir!

A glimpse of the **GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER** is seen.

He is a hurricane of devilish energy with FLAMING RED HAIR and what looks like HORNS that grow from his temples which in fact are optical devices. With a magnifying glass in hand, he is scanning across a book 16' wide by 20' long, searching for special information from TEENY handwriting amassed on the huge page.

MONSTROCITER
Hmmm... here... yes, a terrible
tusk... for his enlarged earhole.
To the wall!

HENCHMAN #1
Instantaneous!

Again, Henchman #1 slides to the Spare Parts wall.

MONSTROCITER

Now, gyrate the Gristle Grinder!!!
 Within minutes, the greatest,
 scariest, most frightfully
 terrifying beast the world has ever
 known will be ready.

HENCHMAN #2

Diabolical, your Creator-ship!!

MONSTROCITER

That's right, brown-nose. For I am
 the Grand Master Monstrociter...

He sweeps back the two telescoping goggles which look like
 Devil's horns across his forehead.

The two Henchmen chime to a proclamation that has been
 boasted every day for centuries:

HENCHMAN #1 AND #2

...the most maniacal monster maker
 from the first moment of time!

MONSTROCITER

And that's quite a while!!

5

INT. CREATURE ROOM - EVE

5

Eighty feet high walls support a chalkboard scorecard;

HUMANITY 576, MONSTERS 0 (with rows of cross marks).

Above this, on the river side, is a giant sprocket which
 controls the water level for the "Beast Bath" cage which is
 currently dry.

MONSTROCITER

At last... a malicious monster
 humanity will not humiliate!!!

On a mechanical scaffolding suspended by a motorized cable,
 the Monstrociter jams a huge intervenes needle into the arm
 of **TYRANNICUS THE GREAT**. This beast, soon to be the greatest
 monster of all time, is strapped to a 80' high upright
 gurney.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Just what the Monstrociter
 ordered...

The Monstrociter leans back and opens the valve which sends
 the ground sledge into it's arm.

HENCHMAN #1
Triumphant, o' Great One!

A loud grumble comes from deep within the creature. The room shakes and rumbles softly, then settles.

MONSTROCITER
Tyrannicus the Great... awaken!!

Silence, then the biggest, deepest and strongest FART ever heard in Dolby Digital 7.1 Surround sound erupts.

HENCHMAN #1
Ignition!

HENCHMAN #2
Detonation!!

Henchman #2 passes out cold from the smelly blast.

MONSTROCITER
Now that's a monster!

6 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 6

With an earth-shaking crunch, the steel door from the Creature Room pivots open and in stalks the Monstrociter.

The "Don't Even Think About Knocking" sign careens across the floor. He walks to the Prototypes Cage.

MONSTROCITER
You disgusting rejects... your end is eminent. For I stand before you the creme de la creation. This is my greatest, and therefore your worst, hour. My epitah to those cowards in the human world. Who shall have the honor of being my guinea pig for this last test? How about you, Dumper?

At the base of the cage, Dumper's two hairy legs are shaking.

DUMPER
I think I'm going to pass... Oops.

Dumper FILLS his huge diaper.

Henchman #1 is fanning Henchman #2, who is slowly reviving.

HENCHMAN #1
Grossisity!

MONSTROCITER
Unbelievable! What about you,
Count?!!

Count hangs upside-down, clutching a cross and praying madly.

COUNT
Pray no, sir.

MONSTROCITER
Pathetic!!! The day draws near that
I will be rid of all of you! Cairo?

He continues to the sarcophagus with Cairo inside.

CAIRO (O.S.)
(echoes)
I'm a little tied up at the moment.

The Monstrociter shakes his head.

Past the water tank, where Gums is recoiled, mouth chattering
and water rippling...

MONSTROCITER
Enough of this!!! You, in the
corner...

He is pointing to the most frightened of all, Worry Wart.
Suddenly, POP. POP. A few warts pop!

Madison, bravely steps in front of her.

MADISON
Get back! Leave her alone!

The Monstrociter pulls back.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Why don't you pick on somebody your
own size!

MONSTROCITER
What do we have here... an act of
heroism from a little reject.
Valiant... but very stupid.

MADISON
I'm not afraid of your lousy
monster. As a matter of fact, I
can't wait to see him!

MONSTROCITER
Really? Alright. Remove the fool!

Henchman #1 grabs Madison out of the cage and wheels him to the other side of the vast workshop.

Against the wall is a barrage of old testing machinery: dials, meters, scopes and vacuum tubes.

MADISON

Boy, it really stinks over here.
Did you doodie?

MONSTROCITER

No, you have half-pint nitwit, I the Grand Master Monstrociter doesn't doodie. But if I did, even a royal doodie the greatness of mine could never reach the unbearable level that at this very moment is impinging upon your puny, malformed lungs.

The "Smell-O-Meter" needle hovers around 98 on the scale. The Monstrociter jams a nose filter into his nostrils.

MADISON

So why're you buggin' me?

MONSTROCITER

You are an expendable litmus that will prove, once and for all, that I have manufactured the world's most magnificent monster.

HENCHMAN #1

Ingenious!

HENCHMAN #2

Astonishing!!

MADISON

So, what's all the big deal about some dumb monster?!!

MONSTROCITER

Not just any monster, Tyrannicus the Great!! So terrifying that, when looked upon in its magnificent entirety, it will literally scare you to death!

HENCHMAN #1

Scintillating!!

HENCHMAN #2

Wizardous!!!

The Henchman begin strapping Madison into a roller-coaster chair suspended from an overhead track.

They string a bell around Madison's neck which, because of his struggling, tinkles.

MADISON

Scare me... to death? Fat chance!

The Henchmen hook a cable to the back of the chair which leads out to an incredible CORKSCREW of TRACK which disappears through an opening in the metal door to the Creature Room.

MONSTROCITER

(to Madison)

From the beginning there were always imperfect Prototypes, first-tries and experiments such as yourself which don't pan out as planned.

The Monstrociter stalks around the platform like a television evangelist.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

You and your friends are alive for one purpose only. To serve as guinea pigs for tests such as these. Now that I won't need you any longer, what could be better than to grind all my failures away and retire a happy madman.

MADISON

Grind us? You weeny! Let us go!!!

MONSTROCITER

And have the world witness my worst work? That would be really rotten for my reputation.

MADISON

Like anybody really cares!

The Monstrociter's body GLOWS GREEN as he lowers his special telescoping goggles.

The Henchmen place a HEADSET on Madison which PULLS BACK his EYELIDS, making it impossible to avoid looking at the creature.

HENCHMAN #1

Chair-us prepari-tus, Grand Master!

MONSTROCITER
 Excellent! Eliminate this
 insignificant creature!

The Henchman pull a level, unlocking the steel opening in the wall to the Creature Room. They cover their faces with hoods as the steel plate goes up, up, up, revealing the most frightening, heaving chest imaginable.

The chair sends Madison bolting down the coaster track.

MADISON
 I'm not scared of nothin'... it's
 only a dumb monster. No way any
 stupid beast is gonna scare even my
 little toe... AAAAHHH!!!

Down, down, down... Madison races, on a wild ride until he disappears behind the opening. The wall lowers and Madison is gone.

MADISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm not gonna look! Even if I did,
 I wouldn't be scared!! I'm not
 scared! I'm not scared!! I'm not
 scarrreeedddd... AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

The Monstrociter hears the scream, then SILENCE.

MONSTROCITER
 (to Henchman #2)
 The Tinklemeter. Quickly!

HENCHMAN #2
 Instantly!

Henchman #2 approaches the vast wall and applies the Tinklemeter (a stethoscope like contraption) to the door.

HENCHMAN #2 (CONT'D)
 Tinkless, Grand Master!

MONSTROCITER
 Shall we have a look?

The lever is thrown, bringing the steel plate up. The car retracts to the platform. They gather around. Madison is limp.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
 It worked! It worked! Ha!! It
 really worked!!!

The Henchmen unlock the motionless Madison, remove the bell and the headgear.

The Monstrociter looks into his eyes with a pinspot, lifts one arm and drops it with a thud.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Yes, it is finished. The summation of centuries of work, my entire reason for being a nasty, rotten apple to the core has been fulfilled!

He dances, wheels and punches a small LAUGHING MONSTER dangling from a tether overhead. This tickles rather than hurts, and it laughs hysterically while it ricochets around the room.

HENCHMAN #1

Eh, Grand Master...

MONSTROCITER

I'm number one! From this moment on, all the world is mine!!!

HENCHMAN #2

Ahem, Grand Master...

MONSTROCITER

Nightmares and bad dreams will abound! Children will cry out with no one to comfort them! Lions and tigers and bears... who cares! That's kids stuff!

HENCHMAN #1

Eh, no, sir, it isn't.

MONSTROCITER

Who dare speaketh!!?

HENCHMAN #2

The Reject...it breathes.

MONSTROCITER

What?

He rushes to Madison's side and lowers his telescoping eyepieces to look down his throat.

They fog up with the Prototype's breath.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

How could that be?

HENCHMAN #1
Mysterious!

HENCHMAN #2
Confound-iiii....

The Monstrociter pulls the Henchman's tongue from his mouth and stretches it like twenty pounds of Bazooka bubblegum.

MONSTROCITER
Watch your tongue!!! I need a little more time... twenty four hours... some more research... a few hundred pounds of putrid puss... a billion boils more... I can see it now, but not all in one piece, lest I die of fright...

Madison slowly blinks into consciousness.

HENCHMAN #1
What shall we do with the small one, Grand Master?

MONSTROCITER
Grind the pint-sized pest!!!

As the Henchmen bears down upon him, Madison BOLTS with a start, kicking them both and darting around the room.

HENCHMAN #1
Evasive!

HENCHMAN #2
Elusive!!

MONSTROCITER
Grab him! After him!!! Don't even think about letting him escape!!!

Madison scrambles around the Workshop with the Henchmen in hot pursuit, slaloming half-finished monster sculptures and hopping across the largest book ever bound in the Research Library corner... he tip-toes across the Beast Baker...

MADISON
Ouch... hot, hot...

...past the Prototypes Cage.

DUMPER
Run, Madison, run!!!

CAIRO
 (echoes)
 I can't watch...

...the Henchmen are inches away when, with a whip of his tail, Gums splashes water on them, sending them sliding across the floor.

COUNT
 Bloody good shot, Gums!

HENCHMAN #1
 Sliding!!

HENCHMAN #2
 Swerving!!

...Madison sprints past the Monsters Door, where a Giant Octopus arm swings out from the air vent and nearly snags him.

MADISON
 Whooooaaa!!!

... to the Spare Parts Wall where he darts between monster parts great and small. A huge fingernail gives away, sending him crashing into a pile of fangs. The Monstrociter corners him and moves in.

MONSTROCITER
 Run's over. Come to me!

A Parts Transporter hook passes overhead.

Madison LEAPS and GRABS onto it. It carries him up... up... up into the rafters.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
 Grab him!!! He must not get away!!!
 Nothing will stop me!!!

Near the top of the wall an AIR CONDITIONING VENT cover is askew. Madison SWINGS out and ESCAPES through the vent hole.

7 INT. HARDY JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

Spotlit at his desk in the corner, **HARDY JAMES**, cute eight-year old boy is bent over his school report. He cinches up the "Anti-Monster Fatigues" catcher's mask he wears backwards and repeats his Therapist's pompous drone coming from an iphone in the corner:

DR. MALARKEY
 (recorded voice)
 Monsters are not monsters...
 Monsters are fun...
 Monsters don't scare me...
 Monsters are dumb.

He snaps around at a slight noise, but there's nothing.

He adjusts the homemade shoulder harness for his "Pump-Action Monster Eliminator" squirtgun and checks it for easy access.

HARDY
 (to himself)
 Monsters are not monsters...
 Monsters are fun...
 Monsters don't scare me...
 Monsters are dumb.
 (whispers)
 I hope this doesn't make 'em mad.

He sticks a pencil in the sharpener, grinding, then listening, then grinding again. He removes the sharp, tiny stub, and licks the tip.

He reads the first words of his unfinished report:

HARDY (CONT'D)
 How To Beat A Monster, by Hardy
 James...

Hardy writes ONE WORD on the empty page: RUN.

HARDY (CONT'D)
 As fast as you can!

He erases the word so hard it tears a hole in the paper, then crumples the sheet and discards it on his desk.

He opens his research book, "Secrets Of Monsters", and Godzilla stares right at him. He grimaces and closes the book.

HARDY (CONT'D)
 Why'd it have to be monsters?!

TIM and **MAUREEN**, Hardy's loving parents are in **DR. MALARKEY'S** small therapist's office. They fidget.

DR. MALARKEY

What progress has your son made since last Thursday?

TIM

Well... he's working hard on that report.

DR. MALARKEY

Good. Wild visualizations, if left unbridled, could manifest themselves into abnormal social development leading to deviant behavioral patterns.

Maureen looks at Tim. Tim looks worried.

DR. MALARKEY (CONT'D)

Have you removed any of the paraphernalia from his room?

MAUREEN

Tim?

TIM

Well, some...

Dr. Malarkey reads from a list that Hardy has obviously written.

DR. MALARKEY

Pump-Action Monster Eliminator...
Long-Range Dirty Sock Launcher...
Short-Range Sonic Brute Blaster...
Beast-Melting Grenades... Monster-Proof Pajamas...

TIM

No. Not yet. Not quite. Ugh. No.

DR. MALARKEY

Mini Creature-Crunchers?

MAUREEN

Mousetraps.

TIM

I thought they were for his school project.

MAUREEN

All forty of them?

TIM
 (to Dr. Malarkey)
 Come on... weren't you ever scared
 of anything when you were young?

DR. MALARKEY
 Absolutely not. Especially
 phenomenon like monsters which
 obviously do not exist.

MAUREEN
 This is serious, doctor. Hardy has
 no friends... his grades have
 dropped...

TIM
 He even quit playing hockey, and he
 loves hockey!

Maureen flashes another of those looks at him.

MAUREEN
 He's so scared he won't go into the
 hallway after dark.... We've even
 had to remove all the monster
 related toys from our store, which
 is killing our business.

DR. MALARKEY
 Don't worry, Mrs. James. Has he
 been listening to the recording I
 made for him?

Malarkey turns on his iphone and the same recording begins:

DR. MALARKEY (CONT'D)
 (recorded voice)
 Monsters are not monsters...

9 EXT. SIDE STREET IN MANHATTAN MEAT DISTRICT - EVENING 9

A manhole cover lifts and Madison PEEKS his head out.

DR. MALARKEY (V.O.)
 (recorded voice)
 Monsters are fun...

Behind him looms a giant Sanitation truck. It drives over
 Madison, first swirling it's brushes through his hair and
 then sucking him up into the contraption.

MADISON
 Hey!

CLINK! CLUNK! RICOCHET! PING!

As Madison PINBALLS through the truck, denting it from the inside. He's spit out the rear compartment and is tossed up against a hanging business sign: JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM. The sign swings as Madison falls to the ground.

DR. MALARKEY (V.O.)
(recorded voice)
Monsters are dumb...

10 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - EVE

10

Hardy hears the jolt outside his window. He punches a button to stop the recording on his iphone.

DR. MALARKEY (V.O.)
(recorded voice)
Monsters are not...

He gets up from his desk, cocks his Pump-Action Monster Eliminator, and disarms the light sensor from the Short-Range Sonic Brute Blasters (boom box) on the window sill.

He opens the window and peers past the fire escape outside his second story window. The store sign swings for no apparent reason.

His phone rings! He jumps and stumbles backwards, setting off multitudes of Mini Creature-Crunchers (mousetraps) then finally picks up his phone.

HARDY
Hello?

Tim and Maureen are on the speaker phone in Dr. Malarkey's office.

SPLIT SCREEN

TIM
Hardy... it's your dad. Are you okay?

He pulls a Creature-Cruncher from his earlobe.

HARDY
Oh, hi, Dad. Yeah.

TIM
Good. Listen, your mother and I are still at Dr. Malarkey's office. We'll be leaving in a few minutes.
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Why don't you get yourself ready
for bed?

HARDY

Me? Now? How long until you come
home?

TIM

A few minutes.

HARDY

I can wait.

MAUREEN

No, Hardy. I want you to get to
bed. There's nothing to be afraid
of.

Hardy can see thousands of things to be afraid of.

HARDY

Yeah... right.

MAUREEN

Have you been working on your
report which was due last week?

HARDY

Well... yeah.

Hardy looks at his waste basket overflowing with crumpled bad
attempts. He grabs the wad on his desk and tosses it toward
the basket. It sails out the window.

11 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE HARDY'S ROOM - EVENING 11

The crumpled paper bounces down the fire escape stairs.

12 EXT. ALLEY IN MANHATTAN - EVENING 12

Still unconscious, Madison lies face up on a cardboard box.
The paper lodges on his forehead tusk.

13 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - EVENING 13

SPLIT SCREEN

TIM

Put yourself to bed. We'll kiss you
goodnight when we get home.
G'night, Hardy.

HARDY

Good night.

Immediately Hardy, fully armed, grabs a pillow from his bed and makes his way toward the door.

14 EXT. ALLEY IN MANHATTAN - EVENING 14

Madison wakes up and removes the paper. He uncrumples it and begins to read: HOW TO BEAT A MONSTER BY HARDY JAMES

MADISON

How to beat a monster, by Hardy
James...

Through the tear in the page, Madison can see above him the open bedroom window as Hardy moves around. The silhouette of his Monster Fatigues and the Medieval Battle Axe make him look monstrous.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(elated)
Atomic!!!!!!

15 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - EVENING 15

Taking deep breaths and using his pillow as a shield, Hardy shoulder-rolls into the hallway.

16 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - EVENING 16

Madison passes a "Going Out Of Business Sale" sign in the store window as he begins his ascent up the fire escape toward Hardy.

17 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING 17

Like a cop on a bust, Hardy edges his way to the bathroom. Checking left and right, he drops the pillow at the door and pivots inside.

18 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - EVENING 18

Madison peeks inside the window, looks left and right and climbs inside.

19 INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - EVENING 19

Hardy cracks the doorway, slips the barrel of his squirtgun in and flicks on the light switch.

Nobody's there... he thinks. He checks the linen cabinets, medicine chest, looks under the sink and lifts the toilet seat. Nothing.

20 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - EVENING 20

Madison looks around hardy's bedroom; looks at a bookshelf, opens a dresser drawer, checks under the bed and lifts open a toy chest.

21 INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - EVENING 21

Suddenly, an image in the mirror gives Hardy a world-class adrenaline rush: He pumps twenty quick rounds into his reflection.

Quickly, he wets down the bar of soap, washcloth, hand towel and dampens the hair behind his ears. He holds his tooth brush under the faucet and replaces it in the holder.

22 INT. HALLWAY - EVENING 22

With a running start, Hardy leaps onto the pillow and slides through the hallway. His gun rotates back and forth at the ready.

23 INT. HARD'S BEDROOM - EVENING 23

Hardy slides through the door and stops at the base of his bed. He quickly checks the box spring below. Still nothing.

ABOVE HIM, ON THE BED: Madison PEERS DOWN at the back of Hardy, who looks like a monster: catcher's mask, shoulder pads, anti-monster grenades, etc.

Hardy straightens up and comes FACE to FACE with Madison.

HARDY
(bug eyed)
Aaaahhhh!!!

MADISON
(hair raising)
Eeeeeaaaahhhh!!!

HARDY
 (terrified)
 Oooooouuuuuuhhhh!!!

MADISON
 (petrified)
 Ggggaaaaaaaooooouuhhh!!!

They both SCARE the DAYLIGHTS out of each other.

Hardy STUMBLES back into the corner and falls into the laundry basket. He FIRES his WEAPON indiscriminately.

HARDY
 (frightened)
 Mo... mon.... Mons...ter...s!!!

Madison zips backwards and ricochets off the Long-Range Dirty Sock Launcher (a bicycle-sprocket-loaded hockey stick).

He is catapulted out the bedroom door, past the hallway, down the stairs and through the door leading into the Toy Emporium.

In the fray, Madison's identification badge snaps off and lands on the floor near the window.

Hardy jumps up covered with dirty clothes, clamors to the door and slams it shut.

HARDY (CONT'D)
 I knew they'd find me!

Hardy sees his window open. He runs over and slams it shut.

HARDY (CONT'D)
 They must'a snuck in!

24 EXT. CAB IN BACK ALLEY - EVENING

24

Hardy's parents, Tim and Maureen, are climbing out of the cab. They hear the SLAM of the WINDOW above and see the silhouette of the Medieval Battle Axe chop down onto the sill.

MAUREEN
 What's your son up to now?!

TIM
 Maureen, a lot of kids his age are afraid of monsters. He'll get over it.

MAUREEN

That's what they said about, "Jack the Ripper!". He was afraid of the dark you know, and look at what became of him.

TIM

Now there's a fine comparison.

They walk to the Toy Store alley entrance.

MAUREEN

You have the keys?

Tim holds up the keys, which have a rabbit's foot attached to them.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And you wonder where he gets it.

25 INT. TOY STORE ON FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT 25

Tim and Maureen enter the rear of the Toy Store.

MAUREEN

You know, I'm really gonna miss this place. I thought Hardy would be better by now.

TIM

We've got till the end of the month. I'll think of something.

They close the door at the base of the stairs, locking Madison behind them inside the show room.

26 INT. STAIRS TO SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 26

MAUREEN

What chance do we have, Tim? The top selling toys are monsters... and we can't have a monster within sight of our son.

TIM

I think he's getting better.

They come to his bedroom door.

TIM (CONT'D)

After you.

MAUREEN

You go first.

TIM

You're being silly. He hasn't trip-wired the door for weeks.

MAUREEN

Be my guest.

TIM

Alright. Step aside.

Tim slowly turns the handle, but not before guarding himself against a virtual Greene Beret-style ambush.

27

INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Hardy is ready and waiting. Crouched behind his bed, he unleashes an all-out attack against the intruders.

HARDY

Help! Help! Monsters! They're after me!

In a fury of fighting unmatched since Iwo Jima, Hardy unloads everything he has: Long-Range Dirty Sock Launchers fire dozens of stinky sock balls, Mini Creature-Crunchers snap at their toes, and Beast-Melting Grenades (water balloons filled with lemonade) are sidearmed high toward the door.

TIM

Hey, stop! Cut it out!!!

HARDY

Never! You won't take me alive!

Behind his line of defence, Hardy blasts away, hip high. He pelts his parents repeatedly, who take the spray with full force.

MAUREEN

My eyes! Ouch!! Stop!!!

Tim reaches over and flicks the light on.

TIM

Hardy, CUT IT OUT!!!

HARDY

Did you see it? It was in here?!!

MAUREEN

Hardy James, what in heaven's name are you doing?!

HARDY

Killin' a monster, Mom! I think I got him!!! Check and see if he's on your side.

MAUREEN

Monsters? Hardy, we are not monsters. We are your parents! Monsters don't exist! But we do, as I'm sure your father can demonstrate in a way which will convince you! Tim, you'd better do something, or I will.

Tim moves to the window when he trips the light-sensor on the Short-Range Sonic Brute Blaster, blaring heavy-metal rock at ear-piercing levels. Startled, Tim falls back onto the bed.

Maureen shuts it off.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

That's not what I had in mind!

TIM

Sorry, honey. Here, let me get that.

Tim moves the Medieval Battle Axe, pulling it away from the door. Triggering a can of Dead Flies that are dumped on Maureen's head.

MAUREEN

Aaccckkkk!!! What am I going to do with you two? Have you finished that report for tomorrow?

HARDY

Not exactly...

MAUREEN

Then you will leave for school early, young man, and finish that report. Then you will hand it in before class. You will not be late and you will do your best. Am I making myself clear?

HARDY

Yes, mom.

MAUREEN

Now, give me the gun and go to sleep.

HARDY

Mom, you don't want the gun...

TIM

Hardy...

HARDY

No, Dad, please...

TIM

Young man, give it to her... now!

Hardly reluctantly hands her the Pump-Action Monster Eliminator. The gun EXPLODES into her face, dowsing her with lemonade.

HARDY

Anti-monster detonator... In case they get my gun... Mom I tried to warn you...

MAUREEN

Tim... I'll see you in the hallway.

Maureen glares at Tim and storms out of the room.

TIM

Son, this has got to stop.

HARDY

I'm sorry, Dad. I don't like being a chicken.

TIM

I was scared of monsters when I was your age, too. But, as I got older I realized that it was all in my imagination, that monsters aren't real, and that there's nothing out there... nothing at all to be afraid of.

Tim wipes a drop from his stinging eyes and tastes it.

TIM (CONT'D)

Lemonade? Hmmm... used to be grape juice.

HARDY

Dad, I really did see a monster. He had big eyes... and blue and yellow fur... and a tusk sticking out of his head... and a bump on his back... and he was really real.

Tim is listening sympathetically.

TIM

How big was this monster you saw?

Hardy stretches out his arms about a foot-and-a-half.

HARDY

About this big.

TIM

That sure sounds interesting... Go to bed, and we'll talk about this in the morning. Goodnight.

HARDY

Could you leave the door open. Thanks, Dad. Goodnight.

28 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

28

Maureen is toweling the lemonade from her face.

MAUREEN

How did it go?

TIM

Alright.

MAUREEN

Tim, you said you were going to deal with this. If you don't want to, I will. And you know I'll be less sympathetic than you are.

TIM

No, no... it'll be fine. I'm going to go down into the workshop for a little while. I have a new idea I want to play with.

29 INT. JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM (DOWNSTAIRS) - NIGHT

29

Madison, partially seen in shadows is wandering around the toy store.

He passes a "**Last 4 Days Sale**" placard and goes to a store display window near the "Going Out Of Business Sale" sign.

He walks by a display of "Pooch Pack Backpacks" with the sign "Buy One, Get Two Free".

He stops at a wall of generic, boring stuffed animals and shakes a large stuffed lamb by the ears.

MADISON

Hey, guys, wake up. I'll get you outta here, then we'll go get my friends.

The entire wall of animals fall onto him in a heap.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Whoa. Hold on. One at a time. Hey, snap out of it. What's wrong?

Madison looks at the lifeless group.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Geez, I'm too late.

Madison buries his face in his paws and sits among the pile.

MADISON (CONT'D)

There's gotta be a way to find help. What am I gonna go?

30

INT. WORKSHOP IN TOY EMPORIUM - NIGHT

30

Tim sits at the drawing table in his toy workshop.

On one wall are Toy Spare Parts: eyes, hair, string, beads, etc. Against the other are bland and boring prototypes of Toys and Dolls.

TIM

...big eyes... a forehead tusk... and blue and yellow fur? Boy, what an imagination...

Tim is drawing what he has heard of Madison. He shows his first try to the pile of Toys and Dolls.

TIM (CONT'D)

So what do you guys think? Yeah? Well, what do you guys know?

He discards his first attempt, sharpens his pencil and licks the tip, then leans down to try another.

DISSOLVE TO

NEXT MORNING

Tim is asleep at the table. His final attempt lies on the table underneath him.

HARDY (O.S.)
Dad, what's that s'posed to be?

Tim roused from a fitful sleep.

TIM
Eh... oh, that's the monster you said you saw last night.

HARDY
It didn't look anything like that.

TIM
Then how about one of those?

On the floor are nearly fifty attempts. They create an incorrect mosaic of the Prototype.

HARDY
No, no, no, Dad... he had...

31 INT. STORE DISPLAY WINDOW - MORNING

31

Madison sleeps in a pile of stuffed animals.

In the soft morning light, he finally comes into view:

HARDY (V.O.)
... one leg like Bigfoot and the other was a scary mummy leg...

Sprawled out like a resting child, one small paw protrudes at the end of a skinny leg, the other is wrapped in cloth and supported by a makeshift brace.

HARDY (V.O.)
...and he had hair all over, blue and yellow, kinda like the tie mom hates...

Madison is covered with blue and yellow plaid fur. One thumb is tucked in a small kangaroo pouch-like pocket in his side.

HARDY (V.O.)
 ...and I think he had three or four
 Wolfman fingers with humongous
 razor sharp nails...

Madison has small short-nailed paws that are more cute than menacing.

HARDY (V.O.)
 ...and he had this Frankenstein
 bolt stickin' out the side of his
 neck...

He has a wing-nut screwed into his neck that spins as he quietly sleeps. A small hump peeks out from behind his shoulders.

HARDY (V.O.)
 ... and he had this big mouth with
 Dracula fangs in it, and this
 pointy horn coming out of his head,
 and these big, bug eyes...

He has a small curved forehead tusk. His soft, simian lips cover cute, puppy-like fangs. One of his two large, nocturnal eyes peeks open from his night sleep.

32 EXT. OUTSIDE STORE WINDOW - MORNING 32

A group of GIRLS are gathered around the display window.

RILEY, a cute girl Hardy's age, is looking at Madison through the window.

RILEY
 Look at him. He is so cute!

33 INT. WORKSHOP IN TOY EMPORIUM - MORNING 33

HARDY
 He was so scary. Dad, it was
 horrible!

TIM
 Did he look like something like
 this?

Tim has drawn a truly monstrous, distorted rendition of Madison.

34 EXT. OUTSIDE STORE WINDOW - MORNING

34

Riley SCREAMS with horror.

Madison panics, tunnels himself beneath the dolls and bolts out the small Delivery Door facing the alley.

Behind Riley the local bully --

ELVIS, has placed a fake spider on the back of her neck. He wears sunglasses and looks like the jerk he is.

ELVIS

It's only a teensy weensy poisonous black widow spider. Fake!

RILEY

Elvis, you are so sick!

She takes the spider and throws it.

ELVIS

Hey, what'd you do that to my spider for?

Elvis' smart-assed friends, **LUKE**, **JAKE** and **CHRIS** laugh.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Shut up, Buttheads!

35 EXT. ALLEY WAY - MORNING

35

The adjacent Rear Entrance Door opens up and Maureen comes out with Hardy in tow.

MAUREEN

I can't believe this. I told you to get to school early and I find you playing around with your father. Now take your lunch and get to school. I want that report finished and handed in to Mr. Belcher this morning.

HARDY

Yes, mom.

She puts his research book in his **POOCH PACK BACKPACK** and straps it on him. She hands him his bag lunch.

Hardy grimaces as he dons the dog-shaped backpack.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Oh, mom... do I really have to take this?

MAUREEN

Only if you plan on living, young man!

She leaves him in the alley, and turns back inside.

Crouched behind a trash can, Madison watches as Hardy begins walking the alley way toward school.

A skinny STRAY DOG approaches Hardy.

HARDY

Hi, Bones... how's my only pal?

Hardy kneels down, takes his sandwich out of his lunch bag and feeds the hungry dog.

Madison studies Hardy's good deed.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's see... you get this tasty liverwurst sandwich and once again I'm left with the Pop Chips and A bottle of water. Sound fair? Good.

The sandwich is gobbled entirely. The dog looks up at Hardy's Pooch Pack and whines.

HARDY (CONT'D)

I know... it wasn't my idea, Bones. Can you believe my dad ordered a thousand of these? Well, I gotta go. See ya tomorrow.

As Hardy stands to leave the four bullies, led by Elvis, tower over him, blocking his way.

ELVIS

Feeding a hungry mutt. Isn't Hardy sweet, guys?

HARDY

Leave me alone, Elvis.

ELVIS

Up a little early this morning, Dipstick? You weren't trying to beat us to school, were you?

HARDY

I don't have any lunch money. Lemme go.

ELVIS

I guess that means we have to take a little side trip, right, guys?

CHRIS AND JAKE

Right. Yeah.

LUKE

Side trip? Oh... eh, yeah.

HARDY

Forget it, Elvis. I gotta go!

ELVIS

What's the rush, chicken face? Hey, what's this?

He snatches the school book peeking out from the Pooch Pack: "Secrets Of Monsters".

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Secrets of Monsters? You're even weirder than I thought.

HARDY

Give it back, Elvis!

ELVIS

Come and get it.

They head for a Construction Site nearby. Madison follows cautiously behind.

36

EXT. MANHATTAN CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

36

Hardy is on his hands and knees inching his way across a wooden plank one story above a dirt Construction Site.

The four boys are on a landing ahead of him, having already crossed. Madison remains hidden at ground level, watching the boys.

ELVIS

Come on, Hardy, I thought you were in a hurry.

Hardy doesn't look up; all he sees is the wood plank from four inches away.

HARDY
Shut up, Elvis.

ELVIS
Well, we can't be late for school.
And since you're taking so long,
we're outta here.

HARDY
What about my book?

ELVIS
It'll be in there.

Elvis points to a dark, unfinished concrete structure directly in front of them.

Hardy looks up and almost falls off the plank.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
See you at school, if the monsters
don't eat you first, chicken boy.

All four boys run into the dark alcove, laughing.

HARDY
What a jerk.

From below, Madison sees the boys enter the dark space. A sinister smile curves to his lips.

MADISON
We'll see who's a chicken!

While Hardy is preoccupied with his task, Madison shinnies up an I-Beam and enters the dark concrete room. On a sack of cement at the entrance, he picks up a discarded cigarette lighter.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Atomic!

37 EXT. REAR OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING

37

Elvis gathers his group of young bullies.

ELVIS
Watch this guys!

Elvis turns around and creeps back into the room.

38 EXT. FRONT OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING 38

Hardy has finally navigated across the plank. His final step sends the wood crashing to the ground below. He looks at the dark building.

HARDY
Great, just great.

39 INT. INSIDE DARK BUILDING - MORNING 39

Elvis creeps inside, making scary noises.

ELVIS
Grrrrrrrr....

Madison returns the call, with more gusto.

MADISON
Grrrrrrrrrrrr!

Elvis stops in his tracks. Shakes his head. He tries again.

ELVIS
Booooooooo...??

Standing between Elvis and the wall, Madison flicks on the lighter. This sends a 20' high monster shadow onto the wall behind him. He gives his most bravado...

MADISON
Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

Elvis turns, sees the monster before him and starts to SCREAM!!!

40 EXT. REAR OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING 40

LUKE
(hearing the scream)
That must be Hardy!

JAKE
Isn't Elvis great?

CHRIS AND JAKE
He's the coolest!

41 EXT. FRONT OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING 41

HARDY
Elvis, if you think you're scaring
me you can just forget it.

42 INT. INSIDE DARK BUILDING - MORNING 42

Madison is perched on a stack of wood next to Elvis. He flicks on the lighter and looks him directly in the eye.

MADISON
Me again, chicken boy! Bok, bok,
bok....

Elvis SCREAMS again and BOLTS out of there.

Madison's lighter runs out of fluid and extinguishes, leaving it again dark.

43 EXT. REAR OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING 43

Arms waving and legs flying, Elvis emerges from the dark.

ELVIS
Monsterrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrs!!!

He blasts past his friends, shimmys down a drain pipe and literally swims through the length of a dirty dumpster. Immediately he's out and gone up the street.

CHRIS
Hey?

His friends look back toward the dark room, then take off running after Elvis.

44 EXT. FRONT OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING 44

Hardy squeezes his eyes shut and enters the dark room.

HARDY
Okay, guys, where's my book?

45 INT. INSIDE DARK BUILDING - MORNING 45

MADISON
I've got it. It's over here.

HARDY

Who's that? Is that you, Elvis? You don't scare me, you know.

With his nocturnal eyes, Madison sees Hardy's eyes tightly shut and trembling knees.

MADISON

I can see that. Open your hand. Grab onto the book and I'll get you outta here.

Madison puts the book into Hardy's hand.

HARDY

Who are you?

MADISON

My name's Madison.

HARDY

What happened to Elvis?

MADISON

I scared him off.

HARDY

I didn't think anybody could scare Elvis.

MADISON

He wasn't so tough.

HARDY

Really? That's great! Thanks for the help.

MADISON

No problem. I know how you feel. I'm looking for help, too.

46

EXT. REAR OF DARK BUILDING - MORNING

46

They've reached the far end of the building and entered the outside light.

HARDY

What kinda help do you nee...eeed?

Hardy sees Madison and turns away, but his only escape is back through that dark building.

HARDY (CONT'D)
How do I get outta here?

Madison is in pain, covering his eyes from the bright sunlight.

MADISON
Ow. My eyes... I can't see!

Hardy doesn't know which way to turn.

Madison backs toward a ledge.

Hardy presses himself up against the concrete building as Madison gets closer and closer to the edge...

HARDY
Hey, watch out, you're gonna...

Madison falls backwards over the edge.

MADISON
Aaaaahhhh!!!

HARDY
... fall. You alright down there?

Hardy waits a few seconds, then slowly creeps to the edge and peers over.

Madison bolts up into his face with a big smile.

MADISON
Didn't know you cared!

Hardy bolts back and lands on his butt in the dirt.

HARDY
I never said I cared!

Madison shields his eyes from the light.

MADISON
Well, thanks anyway.

HARDY
What's wrong with your eyes?

MADISON
I guess they work better in the dark.

HARDY
Here, try this on.

Hardy puts hit baseball cap on Madison

MADISON

Atomic!

HARDY

That was you in my room last night,
wasn't it?

MADISON

Yeah. I really need some help.

HARDY

From me? For what? Why?

MADISON

Well, there is this Grandmaster
Monstrociter who made me and bunch
of my friends but we didn't quite
come out the way he wanted... so
now, he wants to get rid of us
because we weren't perfect and I'm
the only one who got away...but my
friends...they are stuck, locked up
with no key. Their only hope is for
me to get them out but I have very
little time because the
Monstrociter is building a monster
of all monsters called the
Tyrannicus.

HARDY

What's that?

MADISON

It's a Beast so scary, so nasty, so
poopy and stinky of such size that
those who look at him will die
instantly from the sight...

47

INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - MORNING

47

Henchman #1, in chemical warfare coveralls, forklifts
Dumper's giant-dirty-diaper into the "Colossus Compactor"
while overhead Henchman #2 pounds nails into the replaced air
conditioning vent.

MONSTROCITER

Ugly henches, come hither!

HENCHMAN #1

Flying in!!

HENCHMAN #2
On approach!!

HENCHMAN #1
Reporting for duty!!

HENCHMAN #2
Ready when you are, Chief!!

MONSTROCITER
It's time to make something
terribly hideous out of you so you
can bring back that Madison... Then
we will get rid of all the rejects
at once.

He pull an overhand acetylene torch down and spark-lights it with his teeth. He lowers his telescoping goggles and points the torch at the two Henchmen.

Henchman #1 screams! His reptile arm plops onto the floor.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Hurt? Oh... by the way, don't even
think about returning without the
little creature!

48 EXT. MANHATTAN - MORNING

48

The retooled Henchmen, looking like KEN AND BARBIE dressed as School Custodial workers, can't believe their transformation.

The Henchmen stop/start their VAN labeled "GMM Janitor Service" around the corner ARGUING and SCREECHING down a crowded street.

HENCHMAN #1
You're ugly.

HENCHMAN #2
You're uglier!

HENCHMAN #1
You're ugly to the tenth power!

HENCHMAN #2
You're uglier than one thousand,
one hundred, gazillion, million,
trillion power... Times two!!

The local riff-raff dodge out of their way as Henchman #1 (Ken) drives on the sidewalk, past side shops and crashes through a small news stand.

49 EXT. HARDY'S SCHOOL - MORNING 49

The schoolyard is empty.

Hardy approaches the entrance when Madison begins to fidget in Hardy's backpack.

HARDY

Madison, you gotta quit moving.
Somebody'll see you.

Madison peeks his head out and sniffs the air. His eyes dart in the direction of the upcoming Custodial Van.

50 INT. CUSTODIAL VAN - MORNING 50

An old submarine radar scope the "Protoscope", blinks and beeps rapidly on the dash board.

Henchman #1 (Ken) points ahead.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)

Thattaway!!

Henchman #2's (Barbie) body radiates green.

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)

Splendid!!

51 EXT. HARDY'S SCHOOL - MORNING 51

The van slows down and drives by the school.

Madison peeks out from the Pooch Pack. His eyes lock onto Henchman #1's (Ken), whose body radiates green.

MADISON

Henchmen!

Like a bullet, Madison scampers out from Hardy's backpack and buries himself into the hedges. The van drives off.

HARDY

Madison? What're you doing? We
gotta go... You're gonna get me in
trouble.

Hardy bends over and combs through the bushes. A large hand grabs him at the base of the neck. It is--

MR. BELCHER, his teacher.

MR. BELCHER
You're already in trouble, young man.

HARDY
But... but I... and Madison... and the truck... aw, man!

MR. BELCHER
What was it this time, Hardy?

52 INT. JAMES TOY EMPORIUM - MORNING

52

A makeshift stuffed animal resembling a crazed Madison-gone-mad is thrust into Maureen's face.

MAUREEN
Aaahh!

TIM
So what do you think?

MAUREEN
It looks horrible.

TIM
Well, it's not done yet. I still have to smooth out the rough edges.

MAUREEN
It looks like that tie my mom got you for Christmas.

TIM
It is. You think kids will like it?

MAUREEN
Tim, it doesn't look normal.

TIM
Every stuffed animal in here is normal Maureen, and a lot of good that has done us.

MAUREEN
If you haven't noticed, it looks like a monster.

TIM

That's just your perception.

MAUREEN

I'm sure Hardy will appreciate that.

TIM

I'm doing this for Hardy. I want him to learn that just because something looks abnormal doesn't mean that you have to be afraid of it. When I'm finished, this toy will be loved because of it's differences... because it's loveable... because it needs love. This is the toy in every one of us who at one time were considered different, not normal, and have had the need for a special friend. This is not a monster, Maureen. This is a non-monster, a Nonster. Yeah, a Nonster.

Maureen stares at him in disbelief.

MAUREEN

Tim, I don't think this is going to help.

The phone rings.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Ah... Hello. Doctor Malarkey... well, I know we haven't paid the bill yet, but... On television, you, today? Really! Three thirty this afternoon? What channel? Well, sure we'll plan on watching. I don't doubt you'll be brilliant, Doctor. Thank you.

Tim is in the corner playing with the Madison toy, fixing the brace on the mummy leg. He obviously enjoys this.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Great... from monsters to Nonsters.

Hardy is sitting at his desk looking out the window for any sign of Madison.

Riley gets his attention from two rows over.

RILEY
Pssst... Hardy...

Hardy can't believe that beautiful Riley would be talking to him. He points to himself.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Yeah, you... I love that new stuffed toy you have in your store window... I instagrated, tweeted and pinned it!

HARDY
Which one?

RILEY
Big cute eyes... little puppy nose... blue and yellow fur... I just love it! Can I have the first one?

HARDY
Eh... I'm not quite sure how many we have.

RILEY
Oh, please... it's really important. I really want one... please, Hardy?

HARDY
Yeah, sure, Riley... I'll see what I can...

Mr. Belcher looms right behind him.

MR. BELCHER
LATE REPORTS DUE!!! Ahem... Hardy... is yours finished?

HARDY
Not exactly.

MR. BELCHER
You knew it was to be done by this morning.

HARDY
Yes, sir.

MR. BELCHER
And you don't have it.

HARDY

No, sir.

MR. BELCHER

And you know you're already a week late.

HARDY

Yes, sir.

MR. BELCHER

Follow me to my desk.

Hardy approaches Mr. Belcher's desk. He is writing Hardy a hallway pass.

MR. BELCHER (CONT'D)

Hardy, we've discussed your preoccupation with monsters before. You have been assigned this report precisely to help you deal with this problem. You leave me no alternative but to call your parents. Now I want you to go straight to the library and come back with that report finished.

HARDY

Yes, Mr. Belcher.

He hands him the pass.

MR. BELCHER

You will go directly to the library and hand this to Ms. Heinstein.

HARDY

Yes, Mr. Belcher.

MR. BELCHER

You will finish your report and you will hand it to me personally. No monsters. No excuses. Is that clear?

HARDY

Yes, Mr. Belcher.

Hardy heads for the door.

MR. BELCHER

Hardy... don't you think it would be wise to take your research book?

HARDY
Yeah, sure, Mr. Belcher.

He returns to his desk and grabs his Pooch Pack.

ELVIS
Nice bag, James.

HARDY
Nice smell, Elvis.

Elvis smells his hands and almost passes out; those sitting near him rub their burning eyes.

Riley looks back at Elvis and giggles.

54 INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - MORNING

54

Hardy sits at a library table, staring ahead. His book is open and his paper has the familiar "How To Beat A Monster by Hardy James" heading.

Across the room, Madison taps at the window.

Hardy checks to make sure no one is looking, then goes to the window. Madison is still checking for Henchmen.

MADISON
Hardy... open up!

HARDY
Shhhh.... Quiet.

Hardy opens the window enough to let Madison in. He zips inside and jumps to the floor.

MS. HEINSTEIN, a woman of gigantic proportions, raises her head from her early morning snack.

MS. HEINSTEIN
Young man?! What are you doing?

HARDY
Eh... just letting in some fresh air.

MS. HEINSTEIN
In New York City?

Hardy and Madison sneak to a rear corner. Hardy puts his Pooch Pack on a table and stacks a fortress of books around it.

Ms. Heinstein glares at Hardy.

HARDY

Research...

Madison climbs into the backpack on the desk.

MADISON

The Henchmen are chasing after me.
If they catch me I'm dead!

HARDY

Yeah? Well if I don't get this
report done I'm dead.

Hardy opens the book to Dracula. Madison peeks at a page.

MADISON

Dracula.

HARDY

You know this guy?

MADISON

(Cocky)

Sure... no shadow, no reflection,
and drinks blood. But sit him under
a sunlamp and he's history. His dad
is one of us. The braces on his
teeth make the blood-sucking a
problem.

HARDY

Really?

Hardy begins to write his report and turns the page to the
Wolfman.

HARDY (CONT'D)

How about this guy?

MADISON

The Wolfman?

Madison puts on his best Vincent Prince imitation.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Even a man who is pure of heart,
may become a wolf when the
wolfsbane blooms and the moon is
full and bright... His Pop let him
have it with a silver cane. Who do
you think got this?

Madison wiggles his small, black, Wolfman-vintage nose.

HARDY

Cool. How 'bout King Kong?

MADISON

His dad's a stinker, but that one was as big as a building and strong... the Monstrociter didn't think anything could hurt him...

Riley enters the library.

Hardy loses his train of thought and stares at her, obviously not listening to Madison.

MADISON (CONT'D)

... but 'twas beauty that killed the beast. Hardy?

HARDY

Huh... oh, sorry. How 'bout Frankenstein?

Madison flicks his wing-nut and it spins on his neck.

MADISON

Guess where that came from. But the flathead couldn't handle a candle.

HARDY

This is good stuff. That outta be enough!

Hardy finishes writing, leans back and looks at the report.

55

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

55

With Madison in the Pooch Pack, Hardy walks toward his classroom. He passes a side entrance where the two Henchmen are stumbling in with pails and brooms.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)

Are you sure he's in here?

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)

That's what the Protoscope says.

Down the hall, holding a handkerchief to his nose, Mr. Belcher opens the classroom door for Elvis.

MR. BELCHER

... and see if you can wash some of
that smell off you.

Elvis enters the hallway. He sees Hardy and heads right for
him. Hardy holds his ground.

ELVIS

You've had it, pus-head!

HARDY

I don't think so, stinkbomb.

ELVIS

Oh, yeah? Who says?

HARDY

Yoo-hoo... oh, Madison...

Madison pokes his head out from the Pooch Pack.

MADISON

Guess who?

Elvis FREAKS.

Madison leaps from the pack and jumps onto his face, grabbing
him by the ears and covering him like a gas-mask. Elvis
stumbles around the hallway.

MADISON (CONT'D)

What's your problem... scared of
monsters?

ELVIS

Yeow!!! I'm being eaten alive. Let
me go!!! Monsters!!! Help!!!

Madison jumps off and bolts back into the Pooch Pack.

Elvis slides down into the corner, dazed.

The classroom door opens again.

Hardy and Madison bolt into the nearest door which reads:
"Girls Bathroom".

Mr. Belcher and the entire girls section of the class are
exiting the classroom.

MR. BELCHER

What's all the commotion out here?
Elvis, what are you doing on the
floor?

ELVIS
Going to the bathroom.

Elvis has wet his entire front. The row of girls giggle and hold their noses.

MR. BELCHER
I can see that.

Hardy and Madison peek out of the Girls bathroom Door and see an army of girls heading their way.

HARDY
Oh no!

56 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - MORNING

56

Hardy and Madison duck into the middle stall and close the door: "Out of Order" has been written on notebook paper and taped on the door front.

GIRLS begin to enter, talk and use the bathroom.

Trapped, Hardy and Madison back up and climb onto the toilet. Hardy accidentally leans against the flusher.

Riley HEARS the FLUSH coming from the broken stall.

RILEY
Is anybody in there?

Riley opens the door and sees Hardy balanced on the toilet seat. He smiles innocently.

RILEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Hardy? What are you doing in here?

The toilet is overflowing onto the floor. Riley shuts the door and puts her back to it.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Eh... quick, everybody out...
toilets flooding the room... Look
out for the water...

HALLWAY

MR. BELCHER
Hurry up in there girls... what's
this?

He sees the water pouring out onto the floor.

BATHROOM

Riley, peaks her head out.

RILEY

I think we need the janitor, Mr. Belcher.

MR. BELCHER

Oh, what next... Alright, I'll get them. Everybody out. Get back to class.

He leaves to get the janitor. The bathroom empties. Riley opens the stall door.

RILEY

Hardy James, you're crazy!

She giggles, and Hardy smiles back.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Wait a few seconds and you can get outta here!

Riley leaves. Madison pokes his head out of the pack.

MADISON

C'mon, we gotta jam!

Hardy and Madison launch out from the middle stall and bolt for the door.

Just as they arrive the door swings open, trapping them behind it.

MR. BELCHER

There, in the middle stall.

Mr. Belcher makes eyes at Henchman #2 (Barbie) as the two janitors enter.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)

What do we do now?

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)

How am I suppose to know? Make yourself useful.

Henchman #2 (Barbie) flips open the portable Protoscope. It blinks and beeps like crazy.

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE) (CONT'D)

He's very close by...

Madison peeks his head out and reads the patches sewn onto the backs of their coveralls: "GMM Janitor Service".

They turn and look at Madison hiding in the Pooch Pack; their bodies radiate green. Madison catapults from the backpack and scrambles around the bathroom.

MADISON

Henchmen!

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)

Get him!!!

MADISON

Help!

All three fly around the room in a supernatural chase, careening off the walls. Hardy watches in stunned amazement.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)

I got him!

MADISON

Oh no you don't!

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)

I had him.

57

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

57

Leaning against the wall outside the Girl's bathroom doorway, Mr. Belcher hears all the commotion. He opens the door to peek inside.

MR. BELCHER

Any problems in there?

Henchmen #2 (Barbie) immediately blocks his view in the doorway. Her coveralls are disheveled, unzipped to mid-waist. She quickly pulls the zipper above her reptilian scales; her ample bust looks like a model in a Victoria's Secret catalogue.

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)

Just working out a little plumbing problem. How are things with you, big boy?

MR. BELCHER

(sheepishly)

Fine. Just fine.

Suspended above them, frozen in mid-chase, Madison and Henchman #1 (Ken) cling to the walls.

Hardy hides behind a trash can.

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)
You always hang around outside the girls' bathroom?

MR. BELCHER
Eh... no. Never.

He turns and she closes the door.

58 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - MORNING

58

Immediately the chase continues. Madison is cornered.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)
We've got you now!

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)
Come with us! The Master is waiting!

MADISON
Hardy!!!

Hardy throws his book, hitting one of them directly in the back. His report falls to the floor.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)
Ouch!

HARDY
Quick, get out of here!

Madison scrambles past the Henchmen, balances on top of the stalls and blasts toward the door.

The Henchmen are right behind him, and Hardy is caught in the middle. They all plummet through the door.

59 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

59

Mr. Belcher is bowled over by the group.

Madison scoots down the hallway, followed by the Henchmen, who dive face down and slither after him in an odd, reptilian manner.

Hardy lies in a heap next to Mr. Belcher.

MR. BELCHER
Hardy James?!

60 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NOON 60

Hardy is standing nose-and-toes against the red "Punishment Zone" painted on the hallway wall.

His nose presses a SMALL warning BUTTON meant to guarantee that it stays against the wall.

He scratches his nose, which pulls away from the wall. From the adjacent speaker box:

MR. BELCHER (O.S.)
(garbled)
Mr. James, keep your...

61 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - NOON 61

Mr. Belcher is holding down a toggle switch while on the phone. A buzzer is heard in the background.

MR. BELCHER
... nose to the wall, thank you.

62 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NOON 62

Hardy presses his face back to the wall.

63 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - NOON 63

The buzzing stops. Mr. Belcher resumes his telephone call.

MR. BELCHER
... and we found him playing in the girls bathroom.

64 INT. TOY EMPORIUM - NOON 64

Maureen is on the other end of the line. Her jaw drops open.

MAUREEN
He what? In the girl's bathroom?

65 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - NOON 65

MR. BELCHER
I have trouble condoning such
behavior.

66 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NOON 66

The door cracks and Riley pokes her head in.

RILEY
Hardy? Hardy are you still in here?

She sees Hardy's soggy report in the water. The ink has begun to run barely leaving the words legible.

67 INT. TOY EMPORIUM - NOON 67

Maureen on the phone with Mr. Belcher is watching Tim refine the Madison prototypes toy... which is looking more and more loveable.

MAUREEN
(to Mr. Belcher)
Yes, of course I'll be there.
Hardy's father will be there, too?
Five-o'clock? Fine... is Hardy
there now?

68 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NOON 68

Hardy's face remains against the wall. He hears a commotion approaching and leans his face to take a look, careful to keep his nose pressed against the button.

MADISON
Look out!! Comin' through!!!

Hardy turns to see Madison, outfitted in the Pooch Pack and sprinting like a greyhound, blast past. Leaving a smoke trail, he rounds the corner up ahead.

HARDY
Mad..i..? Hey' what's goin' on?
Yeow!

BAM!!! From behind, Hardy is scooped up into a custodial cart. He sits in the garbage can as the Henchmen wheel after Madison at breakneck speed.

The speaker squaks:

MR. BELCHER (O.S.)
 (garbled)
 Nose against the wall, Mr. James.
 Mr. James? Mr. James??...

They round the corner.

Mr. Belcher emerges from the office door. He hears a rattling noise in the hallway, looks one way and then the other.

MR. BELCHER (CONT'D)
 Hmmmm...??

ZOOM! Madison blasts between his legs like a shot.

MR. BELCHER (CONT'D)
 What the...?

Mr. Belcher bends over and looks between his legs.

The cart, Hardy and the Henchmen (upside down) barrel down upon him.

HARDY'S P.O.V.

Mr. Belcher's butt fast approaching.

69 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NOON 69

CRASH!!! Mr. Belcher is catapulted across the floor. He slowly spins to a stop, dazed.

70 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY AROUND THE CORNER - NOON 70

HARDY
 Run, Madison, run!!!

Hardy reaches between his legs and flings anything he can get his hands on at the Henchmen behind him: banana peels, fruit, paper towels, trash can liners, etc.

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)
 Inhospitable!!

Henchman #1 (Ken) tries to respond and catches a month-old peach in the chops.

71 HALLWAY 71

Madison, the Henchman and the cart are inverted, traveling down the hallway ceiling.

Hardy hangs on for dear life from the handles of the garbage can, swinging like a gymnast from the rings. His feet dangle five feet above the ground.

HARDY
Whoa! Uh oh!!!

Ahead, Mr. Belcher is slowly getting to his feet. His is smacked in the head and knocked over by Hardy's two sneakers.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Sorry, Mr. Belcher!!!

The chase rights itself down one wall and continues toward the hall.

The bell is ringing, sending a multitude of children into the hallway.

Hardy is strapping the Pooch Pack on his shoulders, navigating against the tide of kids.

HARDY (CONT'D)
(to Madison)
What have you gotten me into?

Close behind them are the Henchmen, lifting and depositing children out of their way.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)
Excuse a moi'...

MADISON
Faster!! They're getting closer!!!

The Henchmen grab at Madison. He slaps them away with his Pooch Pack paw as they duck down the stairs toward the Cafeteria.

72 INT. CAFETERIA - NOON

72

Hardy leaps like Superboy onto a food tray. The Henchmen reach for him, snagging and ripping the back pocket of Hardy's pants.

Hardy and Madison slide down the tray rails past the salisbury steak, spinach souffle and mashed potatoes and into the dirty tray depository.

The Henchmen are ready to grab them when a timer goes off, stopping them in mid-flight!

On Henchman #1's (Ken) wrist is a watch-like device that buzzes.

HENCHMAN #1 (KEN)
Expiratory!

HENCHMAN #2 (BARBIE)
Mission interruptus!!

The Henchmen slowly begin to turn back into their monstrous former selves. Henchman #2's (Barbie) cleavage turns to reptile scales; she zips up her coveralls and sprouts a small tail s they quickly exit the cafeteria.

MADISON
Let's beat it.

HARDY
We gotta get outside!

73 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NOON 73

Dazed, bruised and beaten, Mr. Belcher is wandering back toward his classroom. Around the corner run the Henchmen.

MR. BELCHER
No... please...

Mr. Belcher freezes as both Henchmen metamorphoses back to their monstrous selves as they slither right past him.

Mr. Belcher PASSES OUT.

74 EXT. STREET IN MANHATAN - AFTERNOON 74

The Custodial van with the Henchmen in their original form is driving up the wrong way of a One-Way street.

Cars dodge them as they look at a map of Manhattan folded out upside down on Henchman #2's lap.

They are swerving, avoiding near head-on collisions.

HENCHMAN #2
You're sure this is the right way?

HENCHMAN #1
Why do you ask?

Right in front of them a manhole cover blasts with steam, rocketing it a few hundred feet into the air. It echoes with the sound of a thunderous fart.

HENCHMAN #1 (CONT'D)
Detonation! It must be..

HENCHMAN #2
Eruption!! None other than...

75 INT. MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

75

The Monstrociter stares into an eight foot wide lens of a reverse telescope designed to allow only partial viewing of the great beast. He sees its huge eye looking back at him.

MONSTROCITER
Trannicus, my sweet.

He TURNS another DIAL.

Starting slowly then building, he creates a musical orchestration of grunts, farts, groans and burps, conducting this Fart Fugue like the New York Philharmonic.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Now we're cookin' with gas. More
phlegm!

With another booming fart, the "Smell-O-Meter" twists off the scale and breaks.

He beckons for more with one hand; the other is hard at work, dialing the "Disgusting Sounds" machine up past "Tacky" and "Truly Outrageous" to "Thoroughly Disgusting".

Tyrannicus burps with a force of a jet engine.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Yes! Now fuel! More combustion!!!

The dial passes "Thoroughly Disgusting" to "Absolutely Unbearable". Tyrannicus clears his throat in the worst way.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
We're close, so abominably near!

He flicks a switch that is connected by a tube to the "Gristle Grinder".

A gush of steaming sausage twists from the eight-cylinder sprout into a huge intervenes tubes connected directly to the beast.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
 Extraordinary! Astonishing! How I
 love this beast! What possible
 plight could prevent this now?

CRASH!!! The Custodial Van breaks through the wall high above
 the deeply cut workshop and arcs downward.

HENCHMAN #1 AND HENCHMAN #2
 We're ba-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ck!!

The van slices through the intervenes tubes, caroms off the
 opposite wall, breaks through a winch tethered to the beast
 and crashes three feet deep into the floor.

MONSTROCITER
 You insane idiotic imbeciles!!!

HENCHMAN #1
 Brainless!

HENCHMAN #2
 Moronic!!

The crash has knocked the television set in the corner off
 it's perch to the ground; the impact turns it on.

Dr. Malarkey is having his appearance on the afternoon show.

DR. MALARKEY (O.S.)
 ... and completely ridiculous.
 Purely and simply preposterous!

The Monstrociter turns and tilts an ear.

DR. MALARKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 From the beginning, the people who
 created the false notion of
 monsters are socially inept, unable
 to deal with reality on any
 acceptable level, and completely
 frustrated by their own
 inadequacies...

MONSTROCITER
 What? From where is that babble
 being broadcast?

The Monstrociter begins a search in the rubble for the voice.

DR. MALARKEY (O.S.)
 ... it is pure fabrication and
 untenable to those in our
 profession that anyone would
 seriously consider monsters as a
 real or imagined threat of any
 kind.

MONSTROCITER
 Who is this quaack?

"Fuller Malarkey, PhD. Child Psychologist", is superimposed
 at the bottom of the screen.

DR. MALARKEY
 And I'm telling you that if
 monsters did exist, do you think
 that they would have been created
 with such feeble-mindedness as to
 make them so easily defeated by
 humans? I mean, really... Come on!

MONSTROCITER
 That does it! I've had it!!!

The Monstrociter storms across the workshop, past the huge
 clock now counting down from 5:43, to the Monster door. He
 faces the five foot high letters: "MONSTERS".

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
 Alright, gang... who would like to
 go into town for a little fun?!!

From inside the door, DANGEROUS MONSTERS SOUND ECHOES.

From above, a torrent of fire spews out from the air vent.

76 INT. JAMES TOY EMPORIUM - AFTERNOON

76

Maureen is watching Dr. Malarkey on the small portable TV,
 winces and looks back at Tim through a crack in the workshop
 door; he is gleefully refining the Madison toy.

DR. MALARKEY
 (on TV)
 ... and parents, who quite honestly
 are often to blame for their
 inability to create a nurturing
 environment for their children.
 Consequently, that creates...

A group of EIGHT GIRLS, led by Riley, enter the store and
 approach her.

RILEY

Have you seen Hardy? He forgot his book.

She places Hardy's book, with the report inside, on the counter.

MAUREEN

No, he's still at school.

RILEY

We came to see the new toy.

MAUREEN

New toy?

RILEY

Yeah, the one we saw in the window this morning. It was great.

MAUREEN

The Cutesy Cathy Chatterbox?

RILEY

No.

MAUREEN

Little Baby Leaks a Lot?

They look at each other and shake their heads.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

The Fuzzy-Wuzzy Family Five?

RILEY

No, it was this adorable little monster, about this big... you've gotta still have it? Hardy promised it to me this morning.

MAUREEN

He did? Excuse me a moment.
Tim??!!!

She swings open the door to the toy workshop. Tim turns.

RILEY

There it is! That's it!

MAUREEN

Huh?

The entire group points at the 18" high MADISON TOY standing next to Tim on his drawing table.

RILEY

What did I tell you... isn't he
adorable?

77 EXT. MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND HISTORY - AFTERNOON

77

A banner waves in the breeze featuring the huge face of
Tyrannosaurs Rex. Beneath it reads --

"Dinosaur Exhibit - Starts Tomorrow".

HARDY (O.S.)

Really? Does he have a name?

MADISON (O.S.)

Tyrannicus The Great.

78 INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

78

A sign "Dinosaur Exhibit Closed" stands in front of a
partially closed door. From inside, voices:

HARDY (O.S.)

Wow! That sounds pretty gnarly. Is
he big?

MADISON (O.S.)

I guess you could say that.

HARDY (O.S.)

How big?

Madison is climbing up the spine of a 30' high Dinosaur, tip-
toeing toward his head.

MADISON

Bigger than this.

HARDY

No way! You can't tell me he's
bigger than that?!!

MADISON

Yeah... but not by that much.

HARDY

And what are we s'posed to do if we
see him?

MADISON

Hide your eyes. You're not supposed
to look.

Hardy looks at Madison with total disbelief.

MADISON (CONT'D)
We'll figure something out.

HARDY
Well I'd kinda like to have an
idea.

MADISON
All we have to do is sneak past him
outsmart the Henchmen, which
shouldn't be too difficult, fool
the Monstrociter and get my friends
out.

HARDY
(incredulous)
Oh, that's all?

MADISON
Yep. C'mon, we just need a good
plan.

HARDY
Okay, first I go home....

Hardy gets up to leave.

MADISON
No! I mean... not yet, Hardy.
That's not such a good idea.

HARDY
Gotta have my stuff!

MADISON
We'll get that later. The longer
you're gone the better it is for
you. Trust me.

HARDY
Not with my mom. I'm so dead it
isn't funny.

MADISON
From what I've seen, all moms are
the same. The longer you're
missing, the more they worry. The
more they worry, the less mad they
get. The less mad they get, the
happier they are when they see
you're okay. So, the longer you're
gone, the better it is.

HARDY
Where'd you hear that?

MADISON
Trust me. You'll be surprised at
what your mom will say the next
time she sees you.

79 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

79

MAUREEN
Oh, gawd!

On a CCTV monitor, Hardy speeds toward the lens in the
custodial cart trash can. The video is frozen as he fills the
frame.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
I can't believe it.

Mr. Belcher, Tim and Maureen are standing at the rack of CCTV
monitors in the school office and activates another screen.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous!

Another monitor, another image: this time young legs dangle
into frame, coming into contact with Mr. Belcher's head.

TIM
I guess those could be his shoes.

Mr. Belcher rubs the tennis shoe impression left on his
forehead.

MR. BELCHER
Converse...

A fourth surveillance monitor is illuminated; Hardy is
sliding down the cafeteria tray rack, face first. Food is
flying everywhere.

MAUREEN
I'm so sorry... May we talk to him?

MR. BELCHER
I'm afraid not, Ms. James. He left.

TIM
Left?

MR. BELCHER
Vanished.

Maureen can't believe her ears.

MAUREEN

We need to call the police!

TIM

Honey, he's walked home before.
He'll be there when we get back.

MR. BELCHER

If you really want these delusions
to cease, you must take severe
measures.

TIM

Wait a second. Didn't you ever have
imaginary friends when you were
growing up?

MR. BELCHER

No.

TIM

Never believed that monsters were
lurking outside of your bedroom
window and would come and get you
when you were home alone at night.

MR. BELCHER

Absolutely not.

TIM

And I guess you didn't believe in
the Tooth Fairy either.

MR. BELCHER

Never made a cent.

TIM

Figures.

80 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVE

80

Bolt cutters head right for Tim's crotch.

TIM

Eh... I'll help you with that.

MAUREEN

You had your chance, now step back.

Tim does, revealing Hardy's closet door chained shut with a
bicycle lock. SNAP! Off comes the lock.

Tim grimaces at what might have been.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
This is all going.

Maureen is an angry whirlwind confiscating hardy's anti-monster paraphernalia and stuffing it into a laundry bag.

TIM
Now, honey... shouldn't we go out and look for Hardy first? I mean, he's not home yet...

MAUREEN
As you said, Tim, he knows where his home is. Can't you see he's avoiding us. That kid is in big trouble.

Maureen picks up a snorkel.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
And what is this called?

TIM
The invisible inhaler.

Tim puts the skin diving snorkel in his mouth.

TIM (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Helps him breathe when he's hiding under the covers at night.

MAUREEN
I'm not putting up with this anymore.

She gathers the mousetraps, water balloons, dirty socks, hockey equipment and squirt guns.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Every bit of it. He's just going to have to get over it. What are these?

She sees a leg of a ratted pair of pajamas peeking out from under the dresser drawer.

She takes a whiff of them. They are deadly.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Have these ever been washed?

Tim shakes his head.

TIM

I doubt it. The power gets weaker with each cycle.

MAUREEN

Aah. You are not helping things. Why don't you go downstairs and finish making those whatever-it-is you promised for those girls.

She steps over toward the window.

TIM

Maureen, I wouldn't go over there if I were you.

MAUREEN

Tim, please! I'll be down in a minute.

Tim leaves the room.

Maureen moves toward the window.

She steps on a small trip-wire drawn between the closet and the bedpost; an old record player frisbees a disc of dirty underwear that lands and hangs on her face.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Aaaaahhhh!!!

Tim swings quickly into the doorway as Maureen is peeling the shorts from her nose.

TIM

Are you alright? Oh, man, the Soiled Shorts Sight Spoiler. He was better protected than I thought.

MAUREEN

Wonderful! A hundred-thousand criminals in this city, and the James family is fully armed against monster break-ins! I'm calling Dr. Malarkey.

Dr. Malarkey is on the phone with Maureen.

DR. MALARKEY

It's his imaginary friends... the
tooth fairy... fear of monsters!

(chuckles)

He will grow out of it. All of this
is nonsense. Remember there is no
such things as monsters so I
wouldn't worry too much. Yes, Bye.

Dr. Malarkey, gets off the iphone and pulls the cord on the
drapes, swinging them open. GODZILLA's eyes look back at him!

GODZILLA

Rooooaaaarrrrrr!!!!

DR. MALARKEY

Aaahhhhhh!!!

He backs away from the wall and trips backwards onto the bed.
The VAMPIRE leans up and looks right at him:

VAMPIRE

Good evening...

DR. MALARKEY

Wooooaaaahhhhh!!!

He panics, scrambles for the front door, and turns the
handle. It is the closet. Inside, the MUMMY is waiting:

MUMMY

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....

DR. MALARKEY

Iiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeee!!!!

82

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EARLY EVE

82

Hardy, with Madison in the Pooch Pack, are sitting on a bench
under a stoop.

MADISON

We're running out of time, Hardy.
We gotta do something fast.

HARDY

Yeah, I know, but...

MADISON

You're not having second thoughts,
are you?

HARDY

Well... we don't have a good
plan... and we really need my
stuff...

83

INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - EVE

83

The Monstrociter is interrogating the two Henchmen.

One repairs the intervenes tubes while the other readies to re-wires the timer, which had stopped at 5:43 when they crashed through the wall.

HENCHMAN #1

Five-forty three and counting...
restarting!

MONSTROCITER

You incompetent imps! What do you
mean the reject didn't return with
you?

The Henchmen point accusing fingers at each other.

HENCHMAN #1 AND HENCHMAN #2

He let them get away, sir.

MONSTROCITER

"Them"... as in more than one?

HENCHMAN #1

Stunning, Grand Master!

HENCHMAN #2

Truly deductive!!

MONSTROCITER

Silence!!! Exactly who are...they?

HENCHMAN #2

He has a comrade, your
dictatorship.

The Monstrociter's body radiates green.

HENCHMAN #1

I nearly had him, sir... but all I
got was this.

He holds up the piece of Hardy's back pocket ripped from him
the cafeteria.

MONSTROCITER

Hmmm... I see. Snarley will snuff this out.

HENCHMAN #2

S-S-S-Snarley?

HENCHMAN #1

B-b-but Grand Master, Snarley hasn't been fed for over two hundred years.

MONSTROCITER

Then he'll be ravenous, don't you think?

HENCHMAN #1

Yeah... and really hungry, too!

84

INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - EVE

84

The Monstrociter stands in front of the "Gristle Grinder" and throws a lever.

Prehistoric sausage spurts onto a huge plate. He holds up the torn piece of denim.

MONSTROCITER

Wait 'till he gets a whiff of this.

The Monstrociter stands in front of a huge, reinforced plate-steel doghouse. As he extends the steaming meal, even he is a little afraid of this monster.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Snarley... wake up, Snarley.

Henchman #1 slides back a small viewing hole in the steel. He fans a little of the steam toward the hole. From inside, a growing chorus of GROWLS and SNARLS as the HUGE MONSTER DOG wakes up.

HENCHMAN #1

Here boy... Here boy!

Then, massive scraping as Snarley bolts toward the meat at full gallop.

HENCHMAN #2

Uh oh.

CRUNCH! The entire plate steel doorway is imprinted from the inside with Snarley's snout and front legs.

MONSTROCITER

Whoaaaa... nice doggie! How about a
taste of this terrible treat?

He bends down in front of the lower feeding hole. Before he
can pry the rusted feeding door open, the entire steel hatch
and large plate of sausage are sucked inside.

CHOMP. SLURP. GULP.

HENCHMAN #1

Gluttonous!

The plate is spit back out.

Henchman #2 leans down and sees his reflection in the shining
plate.

HENCHMAN #2

Spotless!!

MONSTROCITER

Very good doggie.

He hangs the ripped cloth on a ten foot pole and extends it
through the hole. From inside, a strong whimper of interest.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Sniffy, sniffy. I'll have a meaty
monstersaurus rib waiting for you
when you get back. Now, Snarley...
FETCH!

Snarley bursts through the steel doors, sending the Henchmen
realign like a bomb blast against the far wall.

HENCHMAN #1

Eh... good doggie.

HENCHMAN #2

Really good doggie...

85 EXT. WATERFRONT OFF GMM SAUSAGE FACTORY - EVE 85

Snarley leaps over a tugboat docked at the landing and
disappears into the East River.

Fireworks appear in the distant night sky.

86 EXT. CARNIVAL ON THE WATERFRONT - EVE 86

Fireworks explode overhead.

HARDY

Hmmm... There must be something here that can help us.

MADISON

Let's keep lookin'.

Hardy, with Madison in the Pooch Pack, are making their way through the bright lights and excitement of the carnival. There are jugglers, acrobats, and strange costumed characters roaming around.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Hey, over there, what's that?

A huge banner proclaims: "Looking For Help? The RARE MEDIUM: All Knowing. All Powerful. All Credit Cards Accepted."

HARDY

Let's check it out.

They walk up to a tent with a huge rendering of a wizard-like man on the canvas flap. Hardy reads:

HARDY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"If you have a really big problem, let the Rare Medium serve you." That's it!

MADISON

Atomic!

They pull back the flap and enter the tent.

87 INT. RARE MEDIUM'S TENT - EVE

87

A turban-topped man in his early 60's has dozed off quietly behind a large crystal ball.

HARDY

'Scuse me... Mr. Rare Medium, sir?

He comes to consciousness.

RARE MEDIUM

Eh... closing time already? Oh.

HARDY

We need some help.

RARE MEDIUM

Yes, of course... come in. I've been expecting you.

HARDY

We've got this really big problem.

RARE MEDIUM

Wait! Don't tell the Rare Medium, he knows all, sees all and tells all.

He looks into the crystal ball, it is layered with dust. He takes a piece of his robe and wipes off a month's worth.

RARE MEDIUM (CONT'D)

Ah, yes... it's becoming clearer. You have a problem... you're having trouble at school...

HARDY

Yeah...

The Rare Medium can't believe that he actually guessed correctly.

RARE MEDIUM

That's it?

HARDY

Well, yeah... but that's not what I'm here for.

RARE MEDIUM

Oh... yes, of course I know. Let's see... you're having girl problems.

HARDY

Not exactly.

RARE MEDIUM

Close though. Hmm... you're experiencing difficulties at home.

HARDY

Yeah...

RARE MEDIUM

I knew it! That'll be five dollars, please.

HARDY

No, no, that's not it! We have a much bigger problem than that.

RARE MEDIUM

You do? Oh, alright. I wouldn't be the Rare Medium if I didn't know that. Let's see what the crystal ball says.

He adjusts his turban and peers into his crystal ball.

RARE MEDIUM (CONT'D)

Eyes of darkness come to light...
Show me what they seek tonight...
Pitter-patter, boozle-bee... Magic ball, what do you see?

An image of the Monstrociter's lair appears into the glass. Madison whispers into Hardy's ear.

MADISON

That's the workshop!

This is the first time ever that anything has appeared in the ball.

RARE MEDIUM

Hey, are you doing that?

HARDY

I didn't touch a thing.

He lifts up the velvet tablecloth and looks under it.

RARE MEDIUM

Is this a joke? Where's the hidden camera?

Images of the Prototype REJECTS in their CAGE come to life In the GLASS.

GUMS

Madi'thon thaid he'd come back to help us. Where is he?

DUMPER

With less than four hours before Tyrannicus is ready, we need him now!

WORRY WART

We're goners for sure.

COUNT

We'll all going to be dead. What can we do?

Madison whispers into Hardy's ear.

MADISON

Those are my friends, Hardy.

The Monstrociter's crazed face blasts full into the glass and states at the Rare Medium.

MONSTROCITER

Hey!!! Who's in here?!!

He stares directly at the Rare Medium.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

You! Get outta my face!

The petrified Rare Medium throws the cloth over the glass, pulls back and stares at Hardy.

RARE MEDIUM

You've got a serious problem, kid!

88 EXT. WALKWAY BENEATH BROOKLYN BRIDGE - EVE 88

SNARLEY emerges from the water, leaps the guardrail and steps into the empty walkway. He is a SABER-TOOTHED DOG the size of a Clydesdale horse with prehistoric armored skin and a snout the shape of a bulldozer.

He shakes off the water, sending gale-force winds and showers into the air.

89 EXT. RESTAURANT NEAR BROOKLYN BRIDGE - EVE 89

A patio of well-dressed RESTAURANT PATRONS are pelted by water and wind from an unknown storm.

90 EXT. WALKWAY BENEATH BROOKLYN BRIDGE - EVE 90

Snarley sniffs the air. Ahead of him, a tiny female CHIHUAHUA DOG is being walked by it's OWNER. The Chihuahua turns and sees Snarley.

With a "yelp" the dog takes off, taking her owner with her.

Ahead, a FIRE TRUCK is sitting outside a smoking Brownstone apartment.

Snarley stomps over and lifts his leg.

The Fire Truck **MELTS** from the **SPRAY**. After Snarley finishes his business, he walks away.

A **FIREMAN** comes to the door and stares in amazement at the **MELTED** heap of **STEEL** and **RUBBER**.

Snarley sniffs the air again, and he bounds toward the carnival.

91 INT. RARE MEDIUM'S TENT - EVE

91

The Rare Medium has pulled out piles of books and research materials, searching for an answer.

RARE MEDIUM

Let me get this straight... this monster is so scary that if anybody ever looks at him they will be scared to death?

HARDY

Yeah.

RARE MEDIUM

And you still want an answer to this?

HARDY

We gotta have one. Can you find anything?

RARE MEDIUM

Let's consult the magical manuscripts and harvest their secrets.

He consults a particularly ancient scroll.

RARE MEDIUM (CONT'D)

Death by Calamity... death by Destruction... death by Explosion... ah, here we go... death by Fright. Now, what do we have here...

92 EXT. CARNIVAL ON THE WATERFRONT - EVE

92

Snarley sniffs his way between costumed creatures and clowns toward the Rare Medium's tent.

CARNIVAL PATRON WOMAN
 Hey, now there's a good costume,
 Albert. Look how real it seems.

Snarley looks at the woman and growls, sending hot air
 blasting at them. Her husband's TOUPEE is BLOWN OFF his head.

CARNIVAL PATRON MAN
 They're getting better every year.

93 INT. RARE MEDIUM'S TENT - EVE

93

RARE MEDIUM
 (reading)
 When engaging a creature that is so
 horrible in appearance...

HARDY
 Yes...

RARE MEDIUM
 ... that merely looking at it will
 cause one to perish of fright...

HARDY
 That's it... go ahead...

RARE MEDIUM
 ... then there is one and only one
 possible hope for victory.

MADISON
 (whispering to Hardy)
 Here it comes, Hardy. Listen up.

94 EXT. CARNIVAL ON THE WATERFRONT - EVE

94

Snarley sees the tent; he sniffs loudly and picks up speed as
 he draws closer.

95 INT. RARE MEDIUM'S TENT - EVE

95

RARE MEDIUM
 (reading)
 First, you must discover the
 creature's exact whereabouts...

HARDY
 We got that... what else...

RARE MEDIUM
 ... then gather your most trusted
 defenses...

HARDY
 (whispering to Madison)
 See, I told you we needed my stuff.

RARE MEDIUM
 Then confront the creature in
 it's own dwelling...

HARDY
 Oh, great. I knew that was
 comin'...

RARE MEDIUM
 ... and finally, and most
 importantly, force the creature
 to...

Snarley crashes through the entrance of the tent and,
 sniffing like a mutt gone mad, turns and looks directly at
 Hardy. His body RADIATES GREEN.

MADISON
 Aaaaahhhhhh!!!

RARE MEDIUM
 What is that??!!

MADISON
 It's SNARLEY!!! Let's get outta
 here!!!

Madison scrambles madly in the Pooch Pack, snapping the
 straps around Hardy's shoulders. He scampers to one corner of
 the tent as Snarley howls loudly.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 Run, Hardy, run!!!

Hardy is petrified. He backs up slowly to the other corner of
 the tent, with Snarley on his trail.

RARE MEDIUM
 Okay, that's enough magic for one
 day. Everybody out...

Snarley sniffs to within an inch of Hardy's face and is ready
 to munch when Madison whistles from the tent opening.

He wiggles the tail of his Pooch Pack and looks like the
 cutest little dog Snarley has laid eyes on in 200 years.

MADISON

Yoo-hoo, big boy... over here.

Snarley stops and looks at Madison, who whistles and wiggles again.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm talkin' to you, handsome.

Snarley is instantly smitten. Madison swallows hard as the huge dog turns away from Hardy and smiles.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Come and get it...

Madison bolts outside of the tent, with Snarley only steps behind. As Snarley explodes from the tent, the tent's awning falls down on top of Hardy and the Rare Medium.

96

EXT. CARNIVAL ON THE WATERFRONT - EVE

96

Madison scampers around behind the arcades and shooting galleries.

Snarley is hot on his trail, catapulting stuffed animals and prizes of all sorts flying into the air.

Madison streaks underneath the Ferris Wheel.

Snarley gallops behind him, hooking the bottom car and spinning the wheel at fantastic speed.

Madison zips past a barricade reading "Twist Out Closed", steps onto an Operation Level which shifts from "OFF" to "ON", and scales the curved wall. He disappears and hides inside the cylinder.

With one supernatural bound, Snarley leaps into the center of the closed ride.

97

INT. TWIST OUT RIDE - EVE

97

Madison looks for a corner in the round space.

MADISON

Take it easy now, boy.

Snarley smiles and moves toward him.

The ride begins to turn, faster and faster. Soon both are pinned against the opposite sides of the wall as the floor drops from beneath them.

Madison thumbs his nose and sticks out his tongue.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Your mother had Godzilla fleas!!

Snarley growls, lust leaving him. He begins to struggle toward him.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Uh oh.

Snarley is very close, when...

98 EXT. TWIST OUT RIDE - EVE 98

The SWITCH starts to BLISTER WHITE HOT.

It goes from "High", to "Higher", to "HYPER SPEED", and the engine whines loudly.

99 INT. TWIST OUT RIDE - EVE 99

The ride SPINS and SHAKES like an out-of-balance washing machine.

Suddenly, Snarley is PROPELLED into the NIGHT SKY toward the meat market district.

Madison follows like a bullet, flying downtown.

100 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - EVE 100

The Monstrociter is on a platform at the top of the "Monsters" cage, hoisting a huge sausage link treat from a winch into the air duct opening.

MONSTROCITER
Your juicy reward for a job well done.

Godzilla blasts fire, roasting the weeny on it's way in. The Monsters munch with glee as the Monstrociter descends the stairs.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Unlike you two blunderers, Snarley shall soon be returning triumphantly.

The screech of an incoming bomb from above, and then CRASH!

Snarley breaks through the ceiling and falls onto the workshop floor with a thud.

101 EXT. SECLUDED STREET DOWNTOWN - EVE 101

A higher pitched screech, and then RIP! Madison crash lands through an old awning and smacks against the back of a trash bin. The lid swings down, trapping him inside.

102 EXT. RARE MEDIUM'S TENT - EVE 102

The crumpled canvas flap is pulled back. Hardy stares straight into a pair of POLICE OFFICERS towering over him.

HARDY
Good evening, Officers.

103 INT. FRONT DOOR OF THE JAMES' APARTMENT - EVE 103

The door opens.

Hardy is standing in front of the two Officers. Maureen and Tim look at Hardy, the Police, and then back to Hardy. He smiles wryly.

POLICE OFFICER
Is this your son?

MAUREEN
Unfortunately.

104 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVE 104

Hardy is being led around by this mother, who has an iron grip on his arm. She is a verbal machine gun, first pointing to an "F" on a report card which she has in her hand.

MAUREEN
This is your report card with your failing grade which was given to me this afternoon during a meeting which your father and I were called away from the toy store to attend and which you were nowhere to be found. Where were you? DON'T SAY A WORD!

105 INT. KITCHEN - EVE

105

Then to the kitchen table.

MAUREEN

This is your dinner, which is now cold because you missed it, although you wouldn't have eaten it in any case because I would have sent you to bed without dinner had you been home. Which, I remind, you, you were not. Where were you? DON'T SAY A WORD!

106 INT. BATHROOM - EVE

106

To the bathroom sink.

MAUREEN

This is water which is used to rinse off the soap which is for washing the dirt off your body when you look like you played in a trash pile all day. Did you?

Hardy is going to answer but holds his tongue as his father warns him silently "Don't say a word".

107 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - EVE

107

Finally, the hurricane tour ends up here.

TIM

Hardy, your mother and I want to be understanding, but you're making it very difficult for us.

Hardy notices that all of his monster-snuffing paraphernalia is gone.

HARDY

Dad, where's all my stuff?!!

MAUREEN

It's all been thrown out.

HARDY

What? No! How could you have done that? I Need it!

MAUREEN

Hardy, that's enough! You are to stay in your room and not come out unless called, you understand?

HARDY

But... mom... dad...

TIM

Son, I think you should get ready for bed.

MAUREEN

Thank goodness we have the weekend.

They leave the room and close the door. Hardy sits on the bed, feeling very alone.

HARDY

Oh man... What am I gonna do now?

108 INT. TRASH BIN IN FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT 108

Madison lies face-up inside a covered trash bin.

He moves slightly; his body falls back, lifeless. The wing-nut on his neck spins slowly to a stop.

109 INT. JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM - NIGHT 109

Tim is hanging a "Never Before Available: Nonsters" Sign in the display window.

Maureen hands him the last of the hand-painted banners.

MAUREEN

Sorry... I think this whole fiasco is getting the better of me.

TIM

Honey, everything will be okay.

MAUREEN

That's what I love about you, Tim. Always the optimist.

TIM

We've got some orders. It's a start.

MAUREEN

This has been a hectic day. I'm going to go to bed.

TIM

Okay. I'm going to stay down here and finish up. I've got a good feeling about tomorrow.

Tim walks her toward the stairs.

MAUREEN

Maybe this whole thing will look better in the morning. Goodnight, honey.

TIM

Sweet dreams.

She walks up the stairs toward their room.

Tim passes the cash register and sees Hardy's school book on the counter.

TIM (CONT'D)

Secrets of Monsters?

110

INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - EVE

110

The Monstrociter is on his hands and knees crawling on a page of the largest book ever bound, which also has the smallest handwriting ever scrawled on parchment. He studies through big huge magnifying glass.

MONSTROCITER

Yes, yes... very interesting...
yes, I see... hmmm, yes.

At the other corner of the workshop, the Henchmen are dragging an unconscious Snarley back into the doghouse. They pull on ropes and chant a la The Wizard of Oz:

HENCHMAN #1 AND HENCHMAN #2

Yoh - ee - oh, yoh - oh. Yoh - ee-
oh...

MONSTROCITER

Would you two put a lid on it! I can't believe I stewed such chowder-heads...

He resumes looking when, suddenly, he bolts upright as if shocked with electricity.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... here... YES!
 THAT'S IT!!! That's the secret! Of
 course! Why didn't I think of
 that?!! From now on and
 forevermore, the waiting world
 doesn't stand a chance. They can
 send the greatest army, the
 strongest machinery, the most
 powerful weaponry, none of it can
 stop my terrifying Tryannicus.

The Monstrociter whirls and dances on the book.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Not nothing, not nobody!

111 EXT. HARDY'S WINDOW - NIGHT 111

Hardy is staring out his window, looking for Madison.

HARDY

Madison, wherever you are... I hope
 you're okay.

No luck. He turns inside.

112 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 112

Hardy moves to his bed and sits down.

HARDY

I won't let you down. I'll think of
 something.

There is an odd bang from the hallway and Hardy's heart
 stops.

Across the room, his door slowly opens and a large silhouette
 of an enormous hunchback fills the door frame.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Henchmen! Hardy scrambles and dives
 under his desk in the corner. The
 figure enters the room and speaks
 in a hushed tone.

TIM

Hardy? Hardy?

HARDY

Dad?

TIM
What're you doing son?

Tim flicks on the light and closes the door behind him.

He carries the trash bag full of Hardy's stuff over his shoulder.

HARDY
Eh... nothin'.

TIM
Looks like you're having a tough
time sleeping.

HARDY
Kinda.

Tim puts down the bag and sits on the edge of the bed. Hardy
climbs out from behind the chair and sits next to him.

TIM
What's bothering you?

HARDY
I'm just thinkin' about a friend...
Dad, did you have a lot of friends
when you were growing up?

TIM
Some. It would have been nice to
have had more, that's for sure. How
come?

HARDY
Well, I met this new kid today...

TIM
Do you like him?

HARDY
Yeah, he's pretty cool.

TIM
What's he like?

HARDY
He's... different. Not from around
here.

TIM
Everybody needs friends. Especially
if they're new in town.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Hardy, a friend is the most important thing you can have, and being a good friend is the most important thing you can be. Above and beyond everything.

HARDY

Everything?

TIM

Yeah. It's not always easy, but nobody will ever fault you for doing your best at being a good friend.

HARDY

Really?

TIM

Really. You should always be there for a friend, and usually they'll be there for you, too.

HARDY

Right, dad.

TIM

And about those things that scare you... looks like you've found the secret.

He holds up Hardy's report. Hardy's eyes widen.

HARDY

My report! Where'd you get that?

TIM

It was downstairs in your book. This is really good, Hardy. And, like you said, there's always a way to "beat those monsters", although I know it doesn't happen overnight.

Tim places the bag onto the bed next to Hardy and opens the top, exposing Hardy's monster defenses.

HARDY

My stuff? Whoa...

TIM

Do me a favor and put it away during the day.

HARDY
 Okay, thanks, Dad. You don't know
 how much I need this!

Tim tousles Hardy's hair.

TIM
 I think I do.

113 INT. TRASH BIN IN FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT 113

Sprawled in the corner, Madison slowly comes to
 consciousness. He rubs his forehead tusk.

MADISON
 Oh... where am I? Man, I gotta get
 outta here.

114 INT. CREATURE ROOM - NIGHT 114

On the huge wall hangs the chalkboard scorecard:

HUMANITY 576, MONSTERS 0.

The Monstrociter stands on the scaffolding next to a chain
 hooked to the giant sprocket which controls the water level
 for the "Beast Bath" above.

MONSTROCITER
 I've been waiting centuries for
 this second...

With a loud "screech", he draws a huge "1" in the "Monsters"
 column with chalk.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
 Monsters One!

Atop his perch, he does a victory dance. Tyrannicus agrees.

TYRANNICUS
 Grrrrrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!

115 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 115

The Monstrociter sticks his head out of the small sliding
 door to the Creature Room and glances at the timer.

MONSTROCITER

Less than an hour. Henchmen, gather the rejects for grinding! I'll get the champagne.

116 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

116

Alone and fully armed, Hardy stands in the middle of his room looking like what Rambo must have as an eight-year old. He sniffs the armpit of his never-washed pajamas:

HARDY

Monster-Proof Fatigues... check!

He cocks his high-powered squirtgun:

HARDY (CONT'D)

Pump-Action Monster Eliminator... check!

He checks the hang of his four lemondade-filled water balloons:

HARDY (CONT'D)

Four Beast-Melting Grenades... check!

He sheaths a hockey stick across his back and stuffs a handful of rolled-up dirty socks into his pajama pockets:

HARDY (CONT'D)

Long-Range Launcher with Ammo... check, check!

He adjusts his goalie pads and picks up his battery-powered boom-box:

HARDY (CONT'D)

Pus Pad Protectors... Short-Range Sonic Brute Blaster with Vicious Volume... double-check.

He catches a glimpse of himself in his bedroom mirror.

HARDY (CONT'D)

The Few, the Proud... the terrified!

With a drop of the head, his catcher's mask FALLS INTO PLACE.

117 EXT. ALLEY ASIDE JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM - NIGHT 117

Bulky and awkward, Hardy tiptoes past the display window, careful to avoid being seen by his dad, who is still laboring in the workshop.

He skateboards down the sidewalk toward the sausage factory.

118 EXT. TRASH BIN IN FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT 118

The top of the trash bin inches open, and a grunting Madison emerges, forehead-tusk first.

MADISON

What's with this thing?! Come on!
Open up!!!

His eye peeks out and spots a Garbage Truck coming his way. It lifts another trash bin high and hurls its contents into its back.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Oh no!!!

He slips, and the top slams shut, sending Madison crashing to the bottom.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(echoes)

S-o-m-e-b-o-d-y, a-n-y-b-o-d-y,
p-l-e-a-s-e h-e-l-p!!

119 INT. THE GRAND MASTER MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 119

An oversized key unlocks the padlock securing the Prototypes cage.

Henchman #1 lifts the 50'high, three-pronged slide bolt as the door creeps open.

HENCHMAN #2

Alright, everybody out. Let's go!
Move along!

WORRY WART

I don't wanna go.

GUMS

No thanks. I'll just th-tay in my
tank.

HENCHMAN #2
 (gesturing to Count)
 You, up there. Let's go!

COUNT
 I'll hang, if you don't mind.

Dumper crosses his huge, hairy legs.

DUMPER
 I gotta go to the bathroom.

HENCHMAN #2
 Hold it for just a few minutes!

Across the workshop, Henchman #1 throws a lever on the Gristle Grinder, starting two huge pulverizing pylons turning.

HENCHMAN #1
 Yeah. We'll squeeze you in first!!

The two Henchmen giggle to themselves.

120

EXT. GMM SAUSAGE FACTORY, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

120

In the palm of Hardy's hand is Madison's name tag: "GMM Sausage Factory. 1855 Waterfront Drive. Unnerving You Since the Beginning Of Time." He compares this to a sign on the fence which reads, "1855 Waterfront Drive. Don't Even Think About Entering."

HARDY
 Anybody home?

Behind the fence looms a huge, imposing warehouse; the Manhattan equivalent of Frankenstein's castle.

HARDY (CONT'D)
 Who am I kidding?

Hardy notices a trashed portion of the fence off to his right. Walking like a soldier on point, he makes his way past a fire hydrant still showering water into the air.

To his left a "Wrong Way" sign is bent in half. He steps over a smashed van bumper and avoids a sign: "Welcome to New York, Please Drive Safely" with fresh skid marks on it.

HARDY (CONT'D)
 I might be a little over my head on this one...

Hardy checks and cocks his rifle.

121 EXT. OUTSIDE GMM SAUSAGE FACTORY - NIGHT

121

Ahead is a plywood board closing off the huge hole left by the Custodial Van. The spraypainting on the plywood reads: "Keep Out. Don't Even Think About Peeking!". He pokes his head inside.

HARDY

Madison? Madison, you in there?
It's Hardy...

From inside, a roar that shakes the bricks to their foundation:

TYRANNICUS (O.S.)

Rrrrooooooaaaaarrrrrrrrr!!

HARDY

Oh my goodness!

He scrambles backwards away from the plywood hole, right into a steel mesh enclosure.

122 INT. WORKSHOP ELEVATOR - NIGHT

122

Hardy backs his hockey stick into a button. Without warning, the door to the enclosure comes down, TRAPPING Hardy inside.

It is an elevator, and it begins to lower Hardy down, down...

HARDY

Hey! What is this?! What's goin'
on?! Stop!

He slams his hand into every button he sees, but the elevator rambles on. He steps back and aims his squirtgun at the switch box, then fires away.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Bam, bam, bam, bam!

The switch box sparks and smokes from the lemonade shower. The elevator stops.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Finally.

Hardy takes a deep breath, slides back the steel mesh door and tosses in a Beast-Melting Grenade. Nothing.

He peeks around the corner. In front of him is a long hallway, lit like a museum. He steps out.

123

INT. MONSTROCITER'S HALL OF FAME - NIGHT

123

Hardy sees a spotlight picture of a young Monstrociter in the arms of Frankenstein. Both are smiling, and the portrait is signed: "Thanks, Dad. Love, Frankie."

HARDY

Frankenstein? And that must be the guy Madison was talking about?

On the other wall is a Hockey Mask, signed "Happy Halloween, Dad. I Loathe You, Michael".

HARDY (CONT'D)

What's this doing here?

Alongside, a swatch of cloth is displayed, signed "To Daddy. Love, Mummy."

In another picture, the Monstrociter is slightly older, cradling baby Dracula. He is in obvious pain as the baby has his fangs imbedded in the man's neck: "Baby Dracula's First Kiss."

Hardy rubs his own neck:

HARDY (CONT'D)

Boy, that must hurt!

He passes a mound of brown hair behind glass, labeled -- "Werewolf's First Haircut".

Against the wall leans a huge tooth, "King Kong's First Tooth".

Then a blank canvas: "Self Portrait. The Invisible Man."

HARDY (CONT'D)

Man, this place is weird. Whoa...

Hardy stops short of nearly falling into a hole. He stands in front of a massive fossilized footprint in rock. A plaque reads, "Godzilla's First Step. 1418 B.C."

HARDY (CONT'D)

This is gettin' serious!

124 INT. CREATURE ROOM - NIGHT

124

The Monstrociter is looking into a mirror, touching up his flaming red hair. He is nearly in tears with sentiment.

MONSTROCITER

This is so wonderful... I'd like to thank all the people that made this possible.... ME!!

He is standing on a platform in front of Tyrannicus, preparing for his final gallery photo. He grabs the old-style flash trigger with one hand and holds a glass of champagne in the other. He poses before his antique 8x10 camera.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

This will complete my gallery... for posterior sake. Stand up straight!

Tyrannicus straightens and groans loudly.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Say "grisly".

He smiles to the camera and thumbs the trigger. Nothing.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

Hmmm... let's try again. "Stinky swiss cheese".

Again nothing.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

What the...? Who's been playing with my camera? Henchmen!

125 INT. MONSTROCITER'S HALL OF FAME - NIGHT

125

Hardy has come to a small broom, "Witch's First Broom", next to an air conditioning duct with a warning written in red, "Don't Even Think About Touching!" Hardy taps it with the barrel of his gun.

HARDY

Yikes!

The broom blasts a few feet off the ground, then falls back into place.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Man, I gotta be more careful...

He peeks around the corner and emerges from the corridor.

He is on a landing THIRTY FEET ABOVE the vast workshop floor. Towering along side him, attached to the wall, is the huge timer: it reads 20 minutes, then changes to 19.

HARDY'S P.O.V.

Hardy spies the vast workshop interior: at the far end, the Henchmen are chaining the Prototype rejects onto the large conveyor belt that leads to the Gristle Grinder.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Madison's friends...

A door opens to his right and the Monstrociter bounds his way up the stairs and into the Creature Room.

Hardy re-checks his weapons for the assault.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Here goes everything!!

He takes out a pair of dirty socks and hooks them over a cable.

He pushes off and sails across the workshop to the landing directly over the conveyor belt.

The Henchmen below are pushing a large button that reads "Forward".

The conveyor belt jerks into motion, pulling the chained Prototype rejects toward the Gristle Grinder.

WORRY WART
We're finished!

HENCHMAN #1
Terminated!

HENCHMAN #2
Snuffed out!!!

DUMPER
Do I have to be first?

The Count is madly crossing himself.

COUNT
Hail, Mary, full of grace...

From above, Hardy activates the light sensor on the Short-Range Sonic Brute Blaster, twists the volume level to max, and lowers it with a rope onto the conveyor belt.

It slowly moves toward the Henchmen.

The Prototype rejects see the lowering boom-box and look up. Hardy holds his finger to his lips.

HARDY
Shhhhhhh!!

Hardy snatches the Beast-Melting Grenades and waits for the exact right moment.

Seconds before the light sensor on the Short-Range Sonic Brute Blaster is activated, Hardy lobs his entire complement into the air and swings down on a stray cable.

The Sonic Brute Blaster is activated right behind the two Henchmen.

The deafening heavy-metal music paralyzes them; they are immediately pelted with the falling grenades.

HENCHMAN #1
Deafening!

HENCHMAN #2
Blinding!!

126 INT. CREATURE ROOM - NIGHT

126

FLASH! The Monstrociter has taken his picture.

MONSTROCITER
Wonderful, aren't I?

He hears the music racket from the workshop.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Now what's with those two?!!

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Swinging downward, Hardy hits the floor on his Pus Pad Protectors and slides under the conveyor belt.

HARDY
Geronimo!!!

He emerges firing as he slides, nailing the Henchmen with the lemonade ammo. They back away.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Eat this and die!

CU: BOOM-BOX ON CONVEYOR BELT

The Sonic Brute Blaster is drawn into the Gristle Grinder. It is squashed to smithereens; the music winds down and stops.

Only the "Mission Impossible" theme remains from the television set.

Dumper is only a few feet from the Grinder's next victim.

DUMPER
Hey... eh, guys?

127 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

127

Hardy dumps his sock projectiles onto the floor.

HENCHMAN #1
Now look here...

Like a windmill, Hardy fires away with the hockey stick: first, into Henchman #1's mouth with three successive blows.

HARDY
Open wide!

HENCHMAN #1
.... You little... Ulp! Ulp! Ulp!
Unsavory!!!

He lines up two socks and fires. They lodge directly into Henchman #2's nostrils.

HARDY
You, too, booger-brain!

HENCHMAN #2
Unbreathable!

Henchman #2 staggers as his eyes roll back into his head.

CU: DUMPER ON CONVEYOR BELT

Dumper is within inches of the Grinder.

DUMPER
Somebody...? Anybody...? H-E-L-P!!

128 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

128

HARDY
Hang on!!!

Hardy draws a bead and fires with his last sock.

SOCK POINT-OF-VIEW

The clump fires directly toward the switch on the conveyor belt and hits the "REVERSE" button.

CU: CONVEYOR BELT

The conveyor belt reverses. Dumper's big toe is withdrawn from the Grinder.

129 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

129

HARDY
Let's get outta here!

He turns and runs smack into the Monstrociter standing behind him.

MONSTROCITER
Well, well, well... what do we have here?

130 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

130

Henchman #1 punches the "FORWARD" button on the conveyor belt, and it reverses direction. Again, the Prototype rejects move toward the Grinder.

HENCHMAN #1
Advancing. Burp!

Above, the Monstrociter straps and bounds Hardy into the inverted roller coaster. He places the Tinkle Bell around his neck and looks up to the timer: it flips to 00:00.

MONSTROCITER
Ready at last!

HARDY
What're you gonna do with me?

MONSTROCITER
Introduce you to the world's demise.

He lifts his arms and head skyward and extols:

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
TYRANNICUS THE GREAT! Meet Hardy.

HARDY
No thanks. I could do without that.

MONSTROCITER
Obviously, to come this far you must not be afraid of ordinary monsters.

HARDY
You never heard me say that... I didn't say that... not even one time did that come out of my mouth.

The Monstrociter tries, then gives up on padlocking Hardy into the chair. He tosses the lock aside.

MONSTROCITER
He won't be needing this.

The restrainer is pulled back onto Hardy's head, forcing his eyes open.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Ta-ta, my fearless friend.

The Monstrociter sends Hardy down the wild coaster track.

Far ahead of him, the opening to the Creature Room climbs higher and higher.

HARDY
Ma-di-son!!! HELP ME!!!

131 EXT. TRASH BIN IN FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT 131

Steels prongs scoop up a trash bin that Madison is in and hoists it high into the air. The garbage truck tilts it forward, and a few garbage bags fall out. But no Madison.

132 INT. MONSTROCITER'S HALL OF FAME - NIGHT 132

HARDY (O.S.)
M-A-D-I-S-O-N!!!

The air condition vent is kicked open. Madison steps into the light like an 18" high Indiana Jones.

MADISON
Hang on Hardy!!!

Madison jumps down and looks around. Next to him is the Witch's First Boom. He grabs for it and the broom blasts off!

MADISON (CONT'D)
...I'm coooooommmmm-innnnnng!!!

133 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

133

Like a Jedi Knight, the broom soars around the huge warehouse interior swooping and circling. Madison struggles for control and draws an eye on the Prototype friends below.

PROTOTYPES
Madison!

Madison swoops by the Spare Parts Wall and knocks a giant fang from it's shelf. It falls and lands at the head of the conveyor belt. Hanging upside down, he snags the large key ring from it's post and tosses it onto Cairo's sarcophagus.

CAIRO
(muffled)
Thanks!!

MADISON
Now quick! Get outta here!!!

Madison banks out of control and heads straight at the Monstrociter.

MONSTROCITER
You!

The Monstrociter looks at him menacingly, until he realizes that he's about to become a shish-kabob.

MADISON
Make way! Comin' through!!!

MONSTROCITER
Woooooaaaaa....

He hits the deck.

CU: CONVEYOR BELT

The giant fang is lodged between the two grinders, which bog down and shake terribly. They start to smoke and spark.

134 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

134

From below, Hardy spies Madison soaring above him.

HARDY
Madison!!!

Madison rears back on the broomstick, pulling the mini-jet into a 7-G force loop and dives at Hardy.

MADISON
Hold on, Hardy... here I come!

Madison is catching up to Hardy, getting closer, closer, closer... SMACK!!

He hits the steel wall above the Creature Room door. He slides down it's front and lands into Hardy's lap as they blast under the door to the Creature Room.

CU: CONVEYOR BELT POWER BOX

Smoke, sparks, then a huge short-circuit.

135 INT. CREATURE ROOM - NIGHT

135

Madison is thrown from the car as they jolt to a stop.

TYRANNICUS (O.S.)
Rrrrrrooooooaaaaarrrrrrr!!

MADISON
DON'T LOOK!

HARDY
Aaaahhhhhhhh!!!!

They see a glimpse of Tyrannicus, then:

THREE FULL SECONDS OF TOTAL BLACKNESS AND SILENCE.

136 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

136

A match flame breaks into the blackness. The Monstrociter face comes into full view.

MONSTROCITER
What's this? Henchmen, get over here!

137 INT. CREATURE ROOM - NIGHT

137

In the dark, Tyrannicus' sounds seems even more menacing.

HARDY
I can't see anything...

MADISON
I can. Let's go!

Madison lifts the headpiece off Hardy and helps him out of the chair.

MADISON (CONT'D)
C'mon! There's a ladder over there somewhere. Give me your hand.

They creep past the huge, terrible beast and feel for an iron ladder which leads up the opposite wall.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Here it is... right in front of you!

HARDY
Got it!

They begin to climb up, up and up.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Where does this go?

MADISON
To the river! Move it!

138 INT. CONVEYOR BELT POWER BOX

138

Henchman #1 holds a flame as the Monstrociter looks at a burned-out group of wires.

HENCHMAN #1
Charred!

Henchman #2 is finally coming to consciousness from the socks-in-the-nostrils treatment.

HENCHMAN #2
Incinerated!!

The Monstrociter looks at Henchman #2.

MONSTROCITER
Nice of you to join us.

139 INT. WORKSHOP BREAKER BOX

139

The Monstrociter studies a huge box of electrical circuit breakers.

MONSTROCITER

Hmmm... Beast Baker, no... Puss
Pump, no, that's not it... Oh, here
it is: Gristle Grinder.

He pulls down a huge Circuit Breaker. The lights flicker back on in the Workshop.

140 INT. CREATURE ROOM - NIGHT

140

The lights come back up in the Creature Room. Hardy and Madison are climbing the ladder.

MADISON

Oh no... the lights!

HARDY

Madison, I'm scared!

MADISON

Whatever you do, don't look!

Tyrannicus' stomach growls like an earthquake.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Don't listen!

Tyrannicus lets loose a titanic fart.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Don't breathe!

Tyrannicus begins to fight his restraints, struggling to get loose.

TYRANNICUS

Aaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!

They have come to a landing twenty feet from the top. Their only escape is a circular chain that is attached to the giant "Beast Bath" sprocket wheel.

HARDY

Now what?!!

MADISON

Up the chain!!

HARDY

You go first, I'll hold it!

Madison scampers up the chain and jumps onto a ledge.

MADISON

Come on, hurry up, Hardy!

Hardy mounts the chain and starts to shinny up. The sprocket above begins to turn. Hardy climbs faster; the chain continues to give.

HARDY

What's a matter?

HARDY (CONT'D)

I don't know.

MADISON

Climb harder!

Hardy pulls like crazy, turning the sprocket faster. Above him, water begins to flow over the ledge, first in a trickle and then, as Hardy continues, a virtual waterfall.

HARDY

I can't make it!

MADISON

Yes you can! Keep trying!!!

The water becomes a CLEAR REFLECTIVE SHEET cascading over the edge.

Tyrannicus raises his head, ready to break loose. Directly in front of him his reflection begins to materialize in the water.

TYRANNICUS

Huh!?!?

The mirror image of the beast becomes crystal clear.

His FACE CONTORTS and his ENTIRE BODY SHAKES, then radiates green.

As Hardy and Madison shield their eyes, he literally scares himself to death.

TYRANNICUS (CONT'D)

Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

Tyrannicus FALLS FORWARD and mightily CRASHES into the water, dead as a giant doornail.

A huge SPLASH plummets into the far wall, knocking Madison down and washing the "1" chalk mark from the "Monsters" column on the huge chalkboard.

Madison gets back up and peers over the edge.

The chain below dangles empty.

MADISON
Hardy? HARDY!

As the water settles, he sees his friend pinned between the fingers of Tyrannicus twenty feet below the water's surface.

MADISON (CONT'D)
H-A-R-D-Y!!!

141 INT. UNDER WATER 141

Hardy fights to get his leg free from between the fingers. He is quickly running out of air.

142 INT. FROM ABOVE 142

Hardy's air bubbles break the surface. Madison peers down at the moving image of his drowning friend.

MADISON
NO!!!

Taking a few breaths into his feeble lungs, Madison shuts his eyes and dives into the wet deep.

143 INT. UNDER WATER 143

Madison swims down to Hardy, who is frantically struggling. He lodges himself between the beast's fingers and tries to pry Hardy's foot loose.

He tries once. Nothing. He tries a second time. Nothing. With every ounce of strength left, Madison pulls a third time.

Hardy's FOOT is FREED; he bolts toward the surface.

144 INT. THE WATER SURFACE 144

Hardy breaks the surface, gasping for air. It is quiet. He catches his breath and looks around.

HARDY

Madison... where are you?

Madison slowly floats up to the surface, face down.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Madison!

He latches onto his friend, swims to the side and pulls them both up onto the ledge facing the river.

145

INT. ON THE LEDGE

145

Hardy turns his little friend over. Water spills from Madison's mouth.

HARDY

Madison, are you okay? Say something... Madison... oh, Madison, please be okay...

Hardy begins to cry and clutches his friend tighter.

HARDY (CONT'D)

.... Look, we did it... we destroyed Tyrannicus...

Hardy gently shakes Madison. Still no movement.

HARDY (CONT'D)

... c'mon, Madison get up... let's go... we have to go find your friends.

The realization begins to sink in.

HARDY (CONT'D)

Please don't die. You're the best friend I ever had.

(takes a deep breath)

Okay, you just lie still, and we'll go get some help... I'll take care of you and make everything better, like before... just me and you... my dad says friends gotta stick together always... you just rest and I'll take care of you... don't worry, everything'll be okay...

Hardy cradles Madison to his chest and gets up. He walks over to a metal exit door that leads to the outside.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Hang on, Madison.

146 EXT. DOCK ON RIVER - JUST BEFORE DAWN 146

Hardy and Madison emerge from the door.

Next to the dock, the tugboat idles, waiting for them.

The Count is at the helm, and Dumper sits on a barge looking around.

DUMPER
There they are!!!

Gums breaks the surface of the water.

GUMS
Hey guyth... over here!

CAIRO
Can you see us?

WORRY WART
Hey, what's wrong with Madison?

147 INT. TUGBOAT ON EAST RIVER - DAWN 147

HARDY
Anybody got a blanket?

The Count gives Hardy his cape and he wraps it around his friend.

HARDY (CONT'D)
You just rest now, and we'll get
you out of here. We'll be home soon
and you'll be warm and dry...

Worry Wart leans over and comforts Hardy and Madison.

148 EXT. TUG BOAT - EAST RIVER - DAWN 148

The tugboat, with Dumper in tow and flanked by Gums in the water, motors away from the workshop.

WORRY WART (V.O.)
Hardy, we're here with you.
Everything will be okay.

It turns into the rising sun and heads toward Ellis Island. In the distance the Statue of Liberty flows gloriously in the dawn's early light.

149 INT. WORKSHOP - DAWN

149

The Monstrociter stands at the base of the Creature Room door.

Henchman #2 calls from the Gristle Grinder:

HENCHMAN #2
Monstrociter... the rejects...
they're gone!

HENCHMAN #1
Vanished!!

MONSTROCITER
Forget about them for now. What
about my Monster? Apply the
Tinklemeter!

As earlier, Henchman #1 applies the Tinklemeter to the steel door.

HENCHMAN #1
Not a tink, Grand Master!

HENCHMAN #2
Victorious!!

A smile breaks upon his lips.

MONSTROCITER
Are you quite sure?

HENCHMAN #1
Undeniably!

HENCHMAN #2
Unequivocally!!

He proudly steps right in front of the door.

MONSTROCITER
Then open the door and retrieve
those two!

Henchman #1 pulls the lever, unlocking the door.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)

This is indeed the proudest day of
my illustrious, acclaimed,
unrivaled...

The door GUSHES open, sending a BLAST of WATER directly into
the Monstrociter and swirling into the workshop.

150 INT. HARDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

150

Maureen sits down on Hardy's bed and nudges him awake.

MAUREEN

Hardy... honey, wake up.

Hardy slowly comes to.

HARDY

Ah... hi, Mom...

MAUREEN

I'm sorry about how I've been
reacting to you. I've been really
worried about the store, and I
guess I let it get to me.

HARDY

It's okay.

MAUREEN

So from now on there will be no
more therapy sessions or silly
projects like this.

She holds up his book report and smiles proudly.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I bet monsters will think twice
before tangling with my son.

The word "monsters" jolts Hardy.

HARDY

Madison!

He rips back his covers. There are towels, but no Madison.

MAUREEN

Hardy, it was soaked, so I tossed
it into the dryer.

HARDY

The dryer?!!

151 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING 151

The dryer spins. From inside, a loud thumping sound.
Hardy blasts into the room and dives to the dryer door.

HARDY
Madison?!! Is that you?!!

He swings open the door, reaches in, and pulls out... his two Converse tennis shoes.

152 EXT. JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM - MORNING 152

Tim sits in the doorway behind a card table, taking orders from a growing line of people outside their store.

TIM
Yes, sir, we call them Nonsters,
and we think they're wonderful,
too. Thank you. Next please.

A DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN in a fine-tailored overcoat steps up to the table.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN
This is really special toy you
have.

TIM
Thanks. It was my son's idea.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN
I've been waiting in line for over
an hour. I hope you're still taking
orders.

TIM
Absolutely. Your name, please...

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN
Schwartz. Mr. F. A. O. Schwartz.

Tim's mouth drops open.

TIM
The Mr. Schwartz?

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN
I'm thinking of opening a new
department store for kids and you
can put me down for a hundred
thousand.

153 INT. STAIRWAY TO JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM - MORNING 153

Hardy hurries down the stairs and observes near pandemonium outside the front window.

HARDY
What's goin' on?!!

The front door is jammed, so he takes the Delivery Door entrance to the alley.

154 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM - MORNING 154

Hardy walks toward hundreds of people lined up outside the storefront window, craning and jostling for a look.

BOY CUSTOMER
Look at him go!

GIRL CUSTOMER #1
I can't wait for my Nonster!!

GIRL CUSTOMER #2
They're the best!

GRANDMOTHER CUSTOMER
He's really jammin' now!

Hardy approaches the window, when Riley grabs his arm.

RILEY
Hardy!

HARDY
Oh, hi, Riley...

He spots the Nonster in her arms.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Madison?!!

RILEY
Isn't he cute? Your mom gave me the first Nonster, just like you promised. Thank you, Hardy...

She plants a big kiss on Hardy, who is stunned.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You're the best.. See you Monday!

HARDY
Sure. Bye.

Hardy turns the corner and gets his first view of the storefront window:

155 INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING 155

Inside, Madison is dancing his little tail off, bumping and grinding to music.

SCHOOL BOY #1
Awesome toy, James!

SCHOOL BOY #2
Way to go!

SCHOOL BOY #3
Hey, we're gonna be playing hockey
later... come by the park, okay?

Madison spins and gives Hardy the big "thumbs up" sign.

HARDY
Oh, my gawd!

156 INT. STERILE HALLWAY - MORNING 156

ELVIS' MOTHER and FATHER are leading Elvis down a sterile hallway.

ELVIS FATHER
I can't believe it. My son's in
therapy. Great.

ELVIS' MOTHER
Now no more complaining. I saw this
doctor on television, so he has to
be good.

ELVIS
But... they were real. I'm serious.

They arrive at the entrance to Dr. Malarkey's office and read the window sign.

ELVIS FATHER
Dr. Fuller Malarkey... oh, he
sounds good!

They are about to open the door when suddenly Dr. Malarkey exits, unkempt and unshaven, carrying a box of his office files.

ELVIS' MOTHER
Dr. Malarkey?

He frantically pauses to look at them.

ELVIS' MOTHER (CONT'D)
We have a little monster problem.

DR. MALARKEY
Little ones. Big ones. This city's
full of 'em! Get out while you
still can!

157 INT. JAMES' TOY EMPORIUM - MORNING 157

Hardy is holding Madison in a private moment.

MADISON
Hardy, my friends?! We got to...

HARDY
Don't worry, they're safe.

MADISON
They are? Atomic!

HARDY
Yeah, Atomic!

A New York Post PHOTOGRAPHER turns his camera on Madison, Hardy, Tim and Maureen gathered for a group photo.

REPORTER
All four of you, together. That's
good, okay... smile...

The happy group smiles.

FLASH!

MATCH DISSOLVE: The photograph turns from color to black and white.

158 INT. MONSTROCITER'S WORKSHOP - MORNING 158

PULL BACK from the cover of the New York Post --

Hardy, Madison, Maureen and Tim are all smiling happily.

They are inset into a larger photograph of the Toy Emporium exterior, with a thick line of customers a mile long trailing down the street.

The Monstrociter reads the headline:

MONSTROCITER
"Nonsters Conquer Manhattan!"

He crumbles the newspaper.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
This is ludicrous!

The Monstrociter is floating on a giant, lizard-like inflatable raft in the middle of the flooded workshop.

The Henchmen are frantically attempting to rid the building of water.

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Hurry up, you pitiful plumbers!!!

HENCHMAN #1
Pumping, Grand Master!

HENCHMAN #2
Bailing!!

MONSTROCITER
(seething)
I have much work to do...

The Grand Master Monstrociter looks directly at CAMERA:

MONSTROCITER (CONT'D)
Don't even think this is over!

TO BE CONTINUED...