

ACT 1

FADE IN:

OVERHEAD VIEW - A SMALL TOWN - MORNING

A typical American town, somewhere in the Northeast. It looks out of time, eternal, with a stylized 1930s-cartoon feel. SWEET MUSIC as the CAMERA MOVES downward.

A STREET - PANNING

A SQUIRREL comes springing along the sidewalk. There he sees a nice big walnut; he reacts with HAPPY CHATTERING.

But, when he grasps it, he can't pull it up! It's stuck to the walk, with a double-sided suction cup. He GRUNTS, GRUNTS and finally mutters in squirrel-talk:

SQUIRREL

Sam... Sam...!

At last the nut POPS loose. CAMERA FOLLOWS squirrel and nut, as they go tumbling backward.

Then REVERSE PAN, to follow a MILKMAN, strolling along WHISTLING in the opposite direction. He totes an old-fashioned rack containing a half-dozen milk bottles.

STOP PAN, as the milkman accidentally steps on the suction cup.

MILKMAN

Eh?!

He YANKS, YANKS his foot free. And the force sends all six bottles flying in the air!

Dashing about rapidly, the milkman catches five, back in the rack, CLANKCLANKCLANKCLANK! He misses the last-which luckily lands PLUNK upright on the suction cup.

The milkman does a slow burn. Then sets to tugging on the bottle, muttering:

MILKMAN (CONT'D.)

Sam... Saaaam...!

PAN AHEAD to a park bench, where two TEENAGERS are entwined in a kiss. SFX HEAVY SMOOCHING.

The boy and girl pull back for air. Only then do they realize: a double suction cup attaches them, each at the tummy!

They GRUNT, trying with all their might to push each other away:

BOY

Sam...!

GIRL

Saaam...!

At last they POP loose, and each tumbles backward off the bench, offscene:

BOY/GIRL (VOICEOVER)

SUCKY SAM!!

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - A TYPICAL HOUSE, NEARBY

CAMERA MOVES IN toward a window of the house. We hear a continued chant:

TOWNSPEOPLE (V.O.)

Sam... Sam... Sam...

MOVE IN THRU the window to a kid's bedroom, inside.

Most kids have hobbies. THIS kid's is obviously suction cups: suction cups, suction cups everywhere! The place is festooned with them, in all combinations.

CLOSER VIEW - KID ON BED

There lies a six-year-old boy, SNORING. He has a series of strings attached to him, going up toward the ceiling.

TOWNSPEOPLE'S VOICES FADE and in their place we hear a single voice from within the house:

OLGA (V.O.)

Sam... SAM!

The kid SNORES on.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

OLGA THE HOUSEKEEPER—a big, burly woman—appears in the doorway.

OLGA (CONTINUED)
SUCKY SAM!!

BACK TO THE KID

The kid, SAM, finally awakes with a start, flinging the covers away. We now see the strings are attached to suction cups on his body. He wears only underpants (with suction-cup design).

SAM
Not me. I didn't do it!

Olga moves into scene. She SIGHS, and tries to remove the cups, but Sam wards her off.

OLGA
Whatever it is, you probably did.
And oh no: not THIS again-!

SAM
It'll work this time, Olga! I swear!
Please, lemme try?

Olga lets him go, with another SIGH.

SAM (CONT'D.)
Just run the bath, Olga. Pleeeeease?

Olga heads offscene again.

INTERIOR - THE BATHROOM

Moments later Olga enters the bathroom.

OLGA
(grumbling)
I signed on as a housekeeper, not
babysitter to a crackpot.

She TURNS ON the tap in the tub.

QUICK CUT TO BEDROOM

CLOSE on Sam in bed as he calls out:

SAM
Ready for liftoff!

BACK TO THE BATHROOM

Olga CRANKS a pulley over the tub. Cords extending from above the tub and out into the hall start to move.

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

FULL VIEW shows Sam lifted from bed, suspended on the strings! The CREAKING pulleys carry him aloft and offscene.

THE HALLWAY - PANNING

Sam is borne thru the hallway, on the pulleys.

SAM
It works. It's working! Eureka!

THE BATHROOM AGAIN

As Olga keeps CRANKING.

OLGA
Save that for when you're in the tub.

The pulleys carry Sam into the bathroom, till he is directly above the tub. Olga then stops, EXHALING and wiping her brow.

SAM
Okay! Now, the way I figure, the steam from the tub should loosen these cups-

OLGA
(urgently)
UNDERWEAR!

CLOSER ON SAM

As the cups POP POP POP off his body. He scrambles, YANKS off his undies, and hurls them away offscene.

ANGLE ON OLGA

Olga catches the undies; then gets a terrific SPLASH of water as Sam lands offscene in the tub.

SAM (V.O.)
(with satisfaction)
Aaaaaah!!

Olga gives a final SIGH, towels off, and exits saying:

OLGA
See you at breakfast, genius.

WIPE TO:

INT. - THE KITCHEN - A SHORT TIME LATER

Olga is at table, already eating. We hear SUCK SUCK SUCK SFX.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Sam entering, dressed for school-hanging upside-down from the ceiling. Olga doesn't even look up.

OLGA
I told you! You can't wear those shoes to school.

SAM
Aw, I'm just practicing. Pass me my cereal. Please?

CLOSER ON OLGA

Still not looking, she offers up a bowl of cereal and spoon. Sam's hands reach down and lift them out of scene. Then SFX CRUNCHING from above.

OLGA
Look Sam! I'm not your mom. I know it's tough being without one. But I just gotta tell you, this suction cup thing is outta hand!

Blobs of cereal PLOP PLOP onto Olga's head. She wipes off, with a napkin. Then pulls a paperback book from her apron pocket.

OLGA (CONT'D.)
Now, I been reading here in "Child
Psychology for Dopes." And it seems
pretty clear from Chapter Five-

The spoon falls and bounces, PA-TOING off Olga's head.

OLGA (CONT'D.)
-that this is a classic case of
compensation, in that you wanna
please your Dad" Samuel the Suction
Cup King"-

SAM (V.O.)
Whoops!

The bowl falls PLOP upside-down on Olga's head, spilling cereal
all over her. Olga does a slow burn:

OLGA
Are you LISTENING to me?

UP ANGLE TO SAM

Hanging from the ceiling. He shrugs.

SAM
Not really. Y'know... I don't think
I have the hang of this, just yet.

OLGA (V.O.)
Well, get going! You're gonna be late
For school.

BACK TO OLGA

Wiping off, yet again.

OLGA (CONT'D.)
And no stopping by the factory on
your way-

SAM (V.O.)

The factory!!

ON SAM AGAIN

PAN WITH him as he dashes SUCKSUCKSUCK in his boots-

SAM (CONT'D.)
Dad's trying out a new formula, this morning. This one should REALLY suck!

HOLD on the doorway as Sam exits, hopping over the jamb.

OLGA (V.O.)
(urgently)
CHANDELIER!

SFX LOUD CRASH-TINKLE, then THUD, as Sam hits the floor offscene.

SAM (V.O.)
(groaning)
I see it.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON AN OLD SIGN - A SHORT TIME LATER

Proclaiming "SAMUEL'S SUCTION CUP FACTORY." SFX CLANKING, WHIRRING and other busy noises.

PULL BACK SLOWLY to reveal the entire front of the factory: an old-fashioned looking place. SAMUEL himself (little Sam's father) is heard, barking orders from within:

SAMUEL (V.O.)
Grease the gears. Oil the belts!
Check those switches-

STOP on full view of the factory. Little Sam, a book bag over his shoulder, hurries up to the big entry door. He SLIDES it open a crack.

INT. - THE FACTORY

CLOSE ON Sam as he squeezes in thru the door. SFX CONTINUOUS.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
-we need everything in tip-top shape

when testing a new batch.

FULL VIEW - FACTORY INTERIOR

It's an old-fashioned setup with conveyor belts, vats, chutes and so on. Crates overflow with all sorts of suction cups.

THREE WORKERS in overalls dash about at the bidding of SAMUEL, a harassed middle-aged man:

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)

And they better be right! Business is tough; times are tight. My reputation is on the line. If these cups don't measure up, out they go!

ANGLE ON SAMUEL

SFX gradually subside. Samuel strikes a determined pose:

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)

Nothing less than perfect will do for SAMUEL, THE SUCTION CUP KING!

A BIG BIN OF CUPS

At the end of a conveyor belt, nearby. Little Sam bustles into scene, and happily rummages in the bin:

SAM

Oboy. Rejects!

ON SAMUEL AGAIN, WITH MACHINE

We see Samuel at the other end of this belt, which extends from a large complex-looking machine.

SAMUEL

Now, we're trying a pretty dicey new mix here, boys. But it's now or never-

CLOSE IN on the machine:

SAMUEL (V.O. CONT'D.)

-CRANK 'ER UP!

The machinery starts CRANKING and GRINDING.

ON MOUTH OF THE MACHINE

As it BLURT BLURT BLURTS out a succession of plain-looking cups onto the conveyor belt.

ANGLE ON BELT - PANNING

The workers stand ready to examine them as they pass. They each compete to snatch the cups, look them over, then stash them in bags.

SAMUEL (V.O. CONT'D.)
Perfect. Perfect, every one!

QUICK CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - THE SKY OVERHEAD

Storm clouds are gathering; we see lightning in the sky. RAIN begins.

INSIDE THE FACTORY AGAIN

On Samuel, looking to the light. LOW THUNDER SFX from outside.

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
Hurry, now. Finish this job before
that storm rolls in!

OUTSIDE AGAIN - A DAM

The clouds darken over a municipal dam, nearby. More lightning, then LOUD THUNDER.

A bolt strikes the dam at top center and it CRACKS!

IN THE FACTORY AGAIN

On Samuel:

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
Hurry!!

QUICK PAN up the machine, to the skylight above it. More lightning-then a thunderbolt CRASHES thru the skylight and ZAPS the machine!

CLOSER ON THE MACHINE

It GLOWS, in unearthly colors.

THE BELT, AT MOUTH OF THE MACHINE

Onto the belt the machine BLURT BLURT BLURTS three more cups. They are larger than the previous ones, and they too GLOW: a blue one; a pink one; a yellow one.

SAMUEL (V.O. CONT'D.)
STOP THE MACHINE!

SAMUEL & WORKERS

They all rush to the controls, fumbling madly. (RAIN from the broken skylight doesn't help.) SFX GRINDING and other strange noises. Sam points toward the belt.

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
Those "kups". Those weird things-

THE THREE WEIRD CUPS

On the conveyor belt, traveling toward us, they PULSATE & GLOW.

SAMUEL (V.O. CON'T.)
-REJECTS! Get rid of 'em!

QUICK CUT TO LITTLE SAM

At the end of the belt, gawking.

SAM'S POINT OF VIEW - THE KUPS

The Kups are coming right toward him. A face forms, and little arms and legs grow, on each one. Tiny voices are heard:

THE KUPS
Help! HEEELP us!!

BACK TO SAM

Instinctively he ZIPS open his book bag. As the Kups arrive at end of the belt, he SNATCH SNATCH SNATCHES each one, and stashes them into his bag.

CUT TO:

THE SKY, OUTSIDE

LIGHT RAIN now as the storm subsides.

PAN DOWN to the dam: the crack SPLITS a bit more, water starting to DRIBBLE out.

BACK INSIDE THE FACTORY

At the machine: Samuel and the workers finally manage to SLAM the controls off. They all SIGH with relief.

CLOSER ON SAMUEL

Wiping sweat from his brow.

SAMUEL

That was a close one.

(catching his breath)

Now hear this: NO defective cups are to leave this factory. Especially today! Understood?

WORKERS (V.O.)

Yessir... nossir... Right, sir!

Samuel suddenly peers offscene:

SAMUEL

Sam? Is that you? Sammy-!

CUT TO LITTLE SAM

Squeezing back out the sliding door.

SAMUEL (V.O. CONT'D.)

Little Sam!

SAM

Gotta go, Dad. The bus is coming!

SAMUEL (V.O.)

Now, son-

Samuel moves into scene, and stops Little Sam, by grabbing onto the book bag.

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
You know the bus doesn't stop here.
Stop hanging around! Don't get
sucked into this business-

SAM
I know, Dad.

SAMUEL
Get an education-

QUICK CLOSEUP ON THE BAG

SAMUEL (V.O. CONT'D.)
Don't get stuck on cups!

The bag squirms, and we hear WHIMPERS OF FEAR from within.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE FACTORY

The school bus approaches, on a road which passes nearby. SFX
HONK HONK from the bus.

CLOSE - A WINDOW OF THE BUS

SID & CINDY, classmates of Sam, lean from the window and holler:

SID/CINDY
Hey Sam! SUCKY SAM! You in there?
What're you sticking around for??
(laughter!)

INSIDE THE FACTORY - SAM & SAMUEL

SAM
Love to talk, Dad. But: gotta run!

Sam WRENCHES the book bag from his father's grasp; slips out the door, and SLAMS it shut behind.

OUTSIDE VIEW OF DOOR

Sam leans back against it, with a SIGH. SFX HONKING of the bus as it approaches.

With determination, Sam WHIPS out two plate-sized suction cups from his baggy pockets; then rushes offscene.

FULLER VIEW - BUS & ROAD

As the bus swings by on the road, Sam leaps, and WHAP! hits it square on the back.

CLOSER - SAM ON BACK OF BUS

He sticks, with the cups on his outstretched hands, securely to the rear.

SAM
(triumphantly)
Eat your heart out, Garfield!

CAMERA HOLDS as the bus goes ROARING off into distance.

QUICK CUT TO INSIDE THE FACTORY

The workers sort thru the box of rejects at end of the belt. They then look to each other, and shrug.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LATER THAT MORNING

PUSH IN across the schoolyard to the entrance; then HOLD on the sign above which reads "SUSAN B. SMILEY ELEMENTARY: PUTTING YOUNG MINDS IN A MOLD."

From within we hear a teacher's voice:

MS. CANDY (V.O.)
Well, that's QUITE a story for
Show and Tell, Sam-

INT. - A CLASSROOM

Inside the class we see MS. CANDY-an attractive but exasperated young woman-presiding.

Sam is at front of the class, holding a pointer. There's a diagram of how he stuck himself to the bus, on the (old-fashioned) blackboard.

Ms. Candy takes the pointer back.

MS. CANDY (CONT'D.)
But I'm simply not sure I believe it!

KIDS (V.O.)
(laughter!)

A ROW OF SEATS - PANNING

FOLLOW with Sam as he slinks back down the aisle, the kids chanting:

KIDS (CONT'D.)
Sucky Sam... Sucky Sam... SUCKY SAM!

HOLD on Sam as he slumps miserably into his own seat.

MS. CANDY (V.O.)
Quiet. Quiet down, children!

ANGLE ON MS. CANDY

At front of the class, she fumbles in her sweater pockets.

MS. CANDY (CONT'D.)
Oh dear, now where did I leave my
glasses?

SAM, AT HIS DESK

Sam finds the glasses on his desktop. He raises his hand timidly.

SAM
Er. Ms. Candy-

BACK TO MS. CANDY

MS. CANDY
Please don't interrupt, Sam.

She regards the blackboard, shaking her head.

MS. CANDY (CONT'D.)
Honestly. Look at this! You really
must not make up these fantastic
stories...

ANGLE ON SAM & CINDY

Cindy, a very cute little girl, leans forward from her seat
directly behind Sam.

CINDY
I believe you, Sam. Every word!

PULL BACK TO include Sid, a tough kid in a leather jacket, in the
seat across the aisle. Sid leans and whispers:

SID
Ahh, you would, Cindy. You're such a
sucker!

CINDY
Am not, Sid.

SID
Are too, Sucker Cindy!

CLOSE ON SAM'S BOOK BAG

On the floor by his seat. It ZIPS open, and the three Kups pop
up:

KUPS
WE believe you... Sure do, Sam...
We do!

Sam leans, and frantically tries to stuff them back in the bag.
But the blue Kup hops up-

CLOSE ON DESK

-and lands PLOP on Sam's desk. The Kup dons teacher's glasses (a
bit oversized) and peers to the front of the class.

BLUE KUP
(nerdy Marvin Kaplan voice)
Fascinating. Your demonstration certainly

bears out the power of suction!

The Kup grabs a pen and scraps of paper, and starts SCRIBBLING furiously.

BLUE KUP (CONT'D.)

In fact, if I may propose a few modest theories of my own-

THE BAG AGAIN

The pink Kup (obviously a girl) leaps to the floor, and CAMERA FOLLOWS as she sashays over to Cindy's purse. She begins poking thru it:

PINK KUP

(nasal Fran Drescher voice)

Awww. Lookit the cute stuff in heah.
This girl's the classiest in class!

BACK TO THE BAG

As the yellow Kup clambers out, CAMERA FOLLOWING as he dashes in fits and starts up the aisle.

YELLOW CUP

(whiny Gilbert Gottfried voice)

Where am I? Where are we? No, don't tell me. I sense a hostile environment!

ON MS. CANDY

At front of the room, erasing the blackboard (so she doesn't see what's going on behind her).

MS. CANDY

Students! PLEASE try to concentrate.
Now, it's time for our local history lesson. We will study-

She YANKS down a screen over the blackboard.

MS. CANDY (CONT'D.)

-the RUTHERFORD B. HAYES MEMORIAL DAM.

It's the very same dam we saw earlier. PUSH IN SLOWLY on the illustration as Ms. Candy lectures:

MS. CANDY (V.O. CONT'D.)

Named for a United States President
whom absolutely no one remembers, the
Hayes Dam is over a century old-

ANGLE ON THE AISLE

As the yellow Kup comes toward us, Sam sprints up from behind,
dives and tackles him THUMP to the floor.

MS. CANDY (V.O. CONT'D.)
-and rather fragile now, and subject to
the possibility of cracking.

BACK AT SAM'S DESK

Sam rushes back and, in a flurry, tosses the yellow cup into his
bag; WHACKS the blue one off his desk into it as well; then
scrambles for Cindy's purse.

UNDER CINDY'S DESK

As Sam goes thru the purse, Cindy leans down:

CINDY
Sam? What're you doing?

Sam gawks-then Sid leans under the desk too.

SID
(to Sam)
Hey! Back off, weirdo!

OVER MS. CANDY'S SHOULDER

Looking down the aisle to Cindy's desk, which jiggles to sounds
of SCUFFLING beneath.

MS. CANDY
Children? CHILDREN! What are you doing?
Must I issue a stern reprimand?

THE PINK KUP

She scurries and hops into Sam's bag, ZIPPING it shut.

MS. CANDY (V.O.)

Don't make me-!

ANGLE ON SCHOOL INTERCOM

On the wall, at front of the room.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

(filtered)

Attention. Attention, everyone! Principal
Stickler here. We have a severe storm alert!

UNDER CINDY'S DESK

Tangled together beneath the desk: Sam, Cindy and Sid listen.

PRINCIPAL (V.O. CONT'D.)

All students are to board the bus,
and head home, immediately!

(pause)

Any rain boots left behind will be
confiscated.

CUT TO:

THE SKY OUTSIDE

More ominous storm clouds, and RUMBLING overhead.

WIPE TO:

INSIDE THE BUS

The clouded WINDY landscape passes by outside. On the back seat
sit the three kids, Sam and Sid on either side of Cindy.

SID

(to Cindy)

Rain? Rain never bothered me. A
little head cold every so often...
toughens ya up! Know what I mean?

CINDY

(yawn!)

Sam, tongue tied, just stares down at his book bag. PUSH IN
CLOSER as he realizes: it's open!

SAM

Uh oh!

ON SAM, WITH WINDOW

Sam glances at the window next to him. WIND SFX as he sees outside: the three Kups have stuck themselves to corners of a note, reading "SAM LIKES CINDY!"

He gawks, then turns back-

SAM'S POV - CINDY

-to see Cindy, next to him, grinning at the note.

BACK TO PREVIOUS VIEW

Sam looks back, just in time to see the note WHIPPED off in the wind (it was only held at three corners) and the Kups signaling wildly for help!

QUICK CUT TO:

REAR WHEELS OF THE BUS

SFX SCREECHING as the bus suddenly comes to a stop.

BACK TO SAM & CINDY

Sam EXHALES with relief:

SAM

Whew. I mean... this is where I
get off!

He leaps from his seat-

AT THE DOOR

-and dashes out the door of the bus just as it WHOOSHES open.

CLOSE ON KUPS, FROM OUTSIDE

They too EXHALE with relief, which loosens their grip.

PULL BACK for fuller view as Sam rushes by; stops briefly to UNZIP his bag; they all three PLOP in, and Sam hurries on.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM

Olga is watching the TV news. PUSH IN from behind her to a gradual CLOSEUP of the screen. A POMPOUS REPORTER in trench coat is gesturing to the dam behind him.

REPORTER (ON TV)

And so it may pass, that this dam,
this historic piece of history, may
soon break... may soon be history,
itself.

BACK TO FULLER VIEW

As Sam enters at the front door; rushes by in foreground; then offscene toward his room. SFX SLAM of his room door is heard.

OLGA

(without looking back)

Nice to see you, too.

CLOSE ON OLGA, FROM BEHIND

At last she turns round, looking puzzled at SFX POP POP POPPING coming from the direction of Sam's room.

REPORTER (ON TV)

(rambling on)

Perhaps this crack symbolizes a
break with the past, a rupture if
you will... or perhaps it's just
a great big crack.

INT. - SAM'S ROOM

Inside his room, we see Sam rapidly pulling down every single cup contraption he's made: POP POP POP!

CLOSE ON SAM'S BOOK BAG

Resting on the floor. The three Kups peek out:

BLUE KUP
May we be of some assistance?

PINK KUP
Well, ain't you the busy boy.

YELLOW KUP
All that popping: it's very up-
setting!

Sam dives into scene, and shoves all three back into the bag:

SAM
Down. Hide! Stay outta sight!!

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

Olga gets up, and moves off toward Sam's room to investigate.
PUSH IN on the reporter on TV:

REPORTER (ON TV)
If the dam does break, one man stands
to benefit: Captain Horatio Bellweather,
zillionaire yachtsman and real estate
speculator.

CLOSE ON TV

As a picture of BELLWEATHER-distinguished yet sneaky looking, in
full yacht wear-is shown:

REPORTER (V.O. CONT'D.)
For years, Bellweather has tried to buy
the valuable property just below. One
building and one owner have held out.

BACK TO REPORTER

Summing up:

REPORTER (CONT'D.)
If the dam bursts, that building will
be-dare I say it?-history!

INT. - SAM'S ROOM

CLOSE ON the door as Olga KNOCKS from outside, opens it and peers in:

PULL BACK to show that the place is practically bare. Sam reclines nonchalantly on the bed.

OLGA
Hey. What happened to the-??

SAM
The suction whaddayamcallits? Oh,
I got rid of all that.

CLOSER ON SAM, ON THE BED

He nonchalantly brushes a couple of small stray cups onto the floor.

SAM (CONT'D.)
Got tired of it. Bored... fickle!
You know how we kids are!

ON OLGA, AT THE DOOR

Shaking her head in wonder:

OLGA
No. No, I don't.

She pulls out her copy of "CHILD PSYCHOLOGY FOR DOPES," peers at it, and closes the door behind her.

BACK TO SAM

He instantly leaps from the bed, reaches for his book bag nearby and UNZIPS it. The three Kups HOP HOP HOP out.

SAM
Please! Keep it on the q-t, you
guys. It's really better if nobody
else knows about you!

ON THE BLUE KUP

Adjusting his glasses professorially:

BLUE KUP
Perhaps. And yet, certainly the
scientific community would find
us of great interest.

PAN TO the pink Kup, primping:

PINK KUP
Oooh, that'd be nice. I crave
attention!

PAN TO the yellow one, all a-tremble:

YELLOW KUP
NO! They'd do horrible experiments,
to find out what makes us tick!

ON SAM

Hand to chin, looking quizzical.

SAM
What DOES make you tick?
(brightly)
Say! Do you have SUPERPOWERS?

THE BLUE KUP, WITH BOOK BAG

The Kup reaches for Sam's bag, hoists it above him--and it
SQUASHES him flat!

WIDER to include Sam, who lifts it off, retrieves the Kup's
glasses and hands them back.

BLUE KUP
(woozily)
It would appear, subject to further
inquiry, that we do not.

UP ANGLE TO SAM

As from the three Kups' P.O.V.

SAM

Okay. Well, you gotta have names!
What will we name you?

Sam thinks.

DOWN ANGLE TO THE KUPS

From Sam's POV. They sound off, saluting as they do so:

 BLUE KUP
Mel!

 PINK KUP
Fern!

 YELLOW KUP
Gabe!

QUICK CUT BACK TO SAM

Who does a double take.

BACK TO THE KUPS

Shrugging:

 MEL
Names are easy.

 FERN
But superpowers, weeeell-

 GABE
Could we get back to you on that?

FULLER VIEW

Sam crouches down to join the Kups in scene. They are all three
anxious:

 MEL
Look here, uh-

 SAM
Sam. Call me Sam.

 MEL

Look, it so happens we're very
knowledgable about this hobby
of yours-

FERN
(winking)
And I... we... like you. Y'know?

GABE
And really, we desperately need
protection.
(on his knees)
Have a heart. Don't make us suck
up to you!

They then clamber all over Sam; but he pushes them back, gently.

SAM
Relax. Relax! I'm on your side!
I won't give you away, I promise.

UP ANGLE TO SAM AGAIN

Smiling genially.

SAM (CONT'D.)
And it just might be fun to have
you stick around awhile.

OVER SAM'S SHOULDER - TO THE KUPS

They break out in smiles, too. Sam extends his hand: the Kups
each SLAP SLAP SLAP it in turn. The Kups then do a crossover
handshake amongst themselves.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK KNOCK from direction of the door.
Everyone jumps!

THE BOOK BAG

Sam dashes over, tries to unzip it-but it's stuck!

OLGA (V.O.)

Sam? Sam!

BACK TO THE KUPS

Sam SLIDES across the floor, SNATCH SNATCHES SNATCHES each Kup into his grasp; looks up and, getting an idea, tosses each in turn up toward the ceiling: SFX WHAP WHAP WHAP overhead!

ON THE DOOR

As it opens. Olga enters, holding forth the receiver of an old-fashioned rotary phone on a cord (that's how things are in this show.)

OLGA (CONT'D.)
Your father's calling, brainiac.
Urgent!

Sam steps over and takes the receiver.

SAM
(into phone)
Hullo. Dad?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON SAMUEL, IN FACTORY OFFICE

Dressed in slicker and rain hat, he's on the wall phone. THUNDER and RAIN SFX.

SAMUEL
(into phone)
Sam? Sammy! Listen to me:

PULL BACK as Samuel talks to include his workers, similarly attired, who are busy packing up file boxes. RAIN dribbles and leaks into the room; lightning seen outside.

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
(shouting now)
It's no use, son. We're abandoning the
factory! Mother Nature is finally gonna
do what old Bellweather couldn't.

BACK TO LITTLE SAM

Truly distressed:

SAM
(into phone)
No, Dad. You can't! It's your life,
your love, your business-

EXT - THE FACTORY

Amid RAIN & THUNDER the place looks even older and more vulnerable than before.

SAMUEL (V.O.)
(from inside)
Just a business, boy. That's all it is.
(big sigh)
The dam won't hold, and once the water
hits this old place-well, the Captain's
welcome to what's left.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the dam, only a short distance behind of the factory, filled up almost to overflowing. Water SPURTS from the long thin crack.

INT - THE FACTORY OFFICE AGAIN

Samuel on the phone:

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
I'm not gonna make it home tonight.
Me and the boys are going to a hotel.
But you listen to me, son-

He shouts, but a CRACK OF THUNDER obscures what he says:

SAMUEL (CONT'D.)
-STAY IN YOUR ROOM!

BACK TO SAM

On the receiver at home:

SAM
Dad? What did you say??

Olga (still holding the phone rest) leans in and grabs the receiver.

OLGA
Yeah. WHAT?

QUICK PAN up to the ceiling, where the three Kups are splayed, stuck up on their backs:

FERN
Yeah! What?

GABE
Huh?

MEL
SHH!

BACK TO SAM & OLGA

Olga holds the receiver aside as we hear SFX DIAL TONE. She hangs up.

OLGA
The line's dead. But I can guess what he said:

She leans face-to-face with Sam:

OLGA (CONT'D.)
STAY IN YOUR ROOM!

Olga SLAMS the phone onto its hook, carries it offscene, and we hear in turn the SLAM of the door as she exits. The room SHUDDERS slightly in reaction-whereupon the Kups fall and land PLOP PLOP PLOP one after another, in a pile atop Sam's head.

CLOSER ON SAM, W/KUPS ON HIS HEAD

GABE
Did you HEAR him say it?

MEL
Clearly and distinctly?

FERN

Y'know, for sure?

SAM
Weeell...

Sam shakes his head "no," causing the Kups to SLIDE off-

ANGLE ON FLOOR

-and each land PLOP PLOP PLOP on the floor. They spring instantly to their feet:

FERN
I say we got clear sailing.

MEL
Roger that. Let's get to work!

GABE
But... ohhh, why not?!

They do the crossover handshake again.

WIPE TO:

THE FACTORY, & DAM BEHIND

FULL VIEW of scene, including that reporter we saw now standing before the factory, and a CAMERA CREW in foreground filming him. All are in rain gear.

SFX RAINSTORM, and water now streams round the factory.

REPORTER

(to camera)
Unless a miracle happens, it seems fate has issued its decree. This dam is fated to break; and this building shall meet its fate.

CLOSE ON REPORTER

In his best, most serious mode:

REPORTER
And now finally, if I may inject

A personal note:
(dramatic pause)
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

FADE OUT.

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. - SAM'S ROOM

We look toward the closed door: Sam, on a stepladder, finishes SLAP SLAP SLAPPING small suction cups all round the frame, to hold it firmly shut. The Kups steady his ladder below.

SAM

Done! Just let her try to get it open now.

MEL

Say, Sam, did you say there was a case full of double-sided cups in the garage? Now if I figure rightly-

GABE

Figuring. Always figuring!

FERN

What's to figure? Whatever it is, let's just DO IT.

Sam hops down from the ladder.

SAM

Tell me about it on the way. Time's wasting. Let's go!

He hurries offscene, the Kups scurrying after.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Olga comes up, KNOCKS.

OLGA
Sam. Sammy? You in there?

She SHOVES against the door. It holds fast.

OLGA (CONT'D.)
You better be. You just better
be, pal-

IN THE BEDROOM

Sam FLINGS the window sash open. RAIN FX as he crawls over and out, the Kups scrambling nimbly after.

OLGA (V.O. CONT'D.)
-YOU BETTER BE!

Lightning and then THUNDER SFX.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

The TV has been left on. PUSH IN to see the CHIEF OF POLICE interviewed, speaking to a mike held by someone offscene.

CHIEF
I confess to you, in my time as
Police Chief, I have seldom seen
such an emergency. But assure you,
we are prepared-

He steps to one side and gestures to a helicopter, REVVING up on the rain-swept tarmac behind him.

CHIEF (CONT'D.)
And I tell you, we will be sending
out a copter soon. And I promise
you, we will see that the area is
cleared and everyone is safe!

DISSOLVE TO:

OVERHEAD VIEW OF DAM - A SHORT TIME LATER

The copter WHIRS into view directly above the dam; Rain and STORM SFX CONTINUOUS.

CLOSE ON THE COPTER, HOVERING

An OFFICER in rain gear is in the passenger seat, next to the PILOT.

OFFICER
(peering down)
Looks clear down there. Nothin' but
that abandoned factory, smack there
in the way, when she breaks!

UP ANGLE TO THE COPTER

We now see a crate, suspended by a sturdy rope, attached by a BIG suction cup underneath the copter!

SAM (V.O.)
(from crate)
Ready... set...

VIEW OF TOP OF CRATE

Showing the rope going into it thru a hole. Stenciled on the cart top are the words "CONTENTS SUCK... GUARANTEED!"

SAM (V.O. CON'T.)
RELEASE CARGO!

The rope comes undone and flies loose from the hole.

ANGLE ON LEDGE OF DAM

As the crate falls a just a few feet and lands THUNK on the dam ledge.

ON COPTER, HOVERING

Pilot and officer both look round, puzzled. STORM FX CONTINUOUS.

PILOT
Hey. What was that noise?

OFFICER

Dunno. This weather kinda plays tricks! Tell ya what: let's scan the rest of the area, then swing back for a second look-see?

PILOT

Gotcha!

The copter WHIRS off thru the storm.

PULL BACK to include the crate now resting on the dam below, right near the crack.

CLOSER ON THE CRATE

One side, loose from the impact, CREAKS open. Sam pokes his head out, then the three Kups one by one.

QUICK CUT TO THE CRACK

AS it BREAKS just a bit further down the dam front.

BACK TO SAM & THE KUPS

Now standing atop the dam. Sam wears a rain slicker and hat, much like his dad's.

SAM

Let's get cracking, on that crack.
Reel out those double-siders!

The Kups pull a looong series of double-sided suction cups, strung together on rope. STORM SFX CONTINUE.

ANGLE TO SAM & KUPS

A view looking up the wall, along the lengthening crack.

SAM (CONT'D.)

Are you up for it, Kups?

THE KUPS

KUPS UP!

SAM

Cast away!!

Sam flings the rope with the cups over the edge of the dam, down along the crack.

With great nimbleness Mel, Fern and Gabe then scramble down after the rope. (Their feet adhere and make little SUCKING SFX as they go.)

QUICK CUTS TO:

MEL

Expertly SMACK SMACKING both sides of a set of double cups in place, to span the gap.

FERN

With dance-like motion, she does the same, SMACK SMACK. Having got the rhythm she keeps going, SMACKSMACK SMACKSMACK!

GABE

Is having a clumsier time of it:

GABE
(grumbling)

At last he manages to SMACK SMACK a set in place. Fern comes scrambling on down, crawling right over him.

FERN
Excuuuuse me.

Then comes Mel, who does the same.

MEL
Move it. Can't stay stuck-still!

OVER SAM'S SHOULDER

Looking down over the dam wall.

SAM
Hurry, guys. Suck it up. I see
The copter coming back this way!

SAM'S POV, LOOKING DOWN

The Kups work their way back up again, checking and a making sure their handiwork is secure.

GABE
I did my best-

FERN
Sweetie, you're bound to improve.

MEL
It's a matter of stick-to-it-iveness!

UP ANGLE TO SAM

As the Kups arrives, Sam takes each by the hand and helps them jump up back on the ledge.

SAM
Good job, guys.

FERN
AND girl!

MEL
How fortuitous...

QUICK PAN DOWN THE DAM WALL

Showing the double-sided cups strung within the crack. (Water continues to SPURT thru.)

MEL (V.O. CONT'D.)
It's a fact that all this water actually assists the adherence of the cups. And furthermore-

DRAMATIC ANGLE ON SAM

Looking up to the sky, pointing thru the rain.

SAM
Skip the science report for now,

Me1. Look!

UP ANGLE - THE COPTER

Hoving into view overhead again with WHIRRING SFX.

SAM (V.O. CONT'D.)

We have a ride to hitch!

BACK TO SAM, WITH CRATE

He pulls out one last item: a bazooka gun with a big suction dart in it!

SAM (CONT'D.)

Okay. Gimme all the un-superpower you've got!

He lowers the gun to the Kups, who strain to hold it aloft, while Sam ties off the end of the rope to the dart.

CLOSER ON SAM & THE GUN

He hoists it, aims in the air, and fires KAPOW!

UP ANGLE TO COPTER

The dart connects SMACK with the bottom of the aircraft.

DOWN ANGLE TO SAM & KUPS, ON DAM

SAM

All aboard that's going aboard!

Sam pulls open one big side pocket of his slicker; the Kups HOP HOP HOP inside.

Sam then WHISTLES and waves up to the copter.

SAM (CONT'D.)

HEY! Look, you guys! Down here!

ON THE COPTER, HOVERING

The officer looks down, and reacts.

OFFICER

Saaay. There's a kid down there, on the dam!

PILOT

What?!

OFFICER

No kiddin'! Ease 'er down, gently. We'll pick 'im up.

SAM, ATOP DAM

Sam stands firm in the backwash as, with INCREASING SFX, the copter descends into scene, mere feet above the dam ledge. The officer leans out:

OFFICER (CONT'D.)

C'mon. C'mere, kid! I'll grab ya!

Sam clambers up onto the runner, then the officer hauls him aboard and onto his lap.

The copter lifts off again...

UP ANGLE UNDER COPTER

As it does so, the rope stuck to it by suction cup goes taut. SFX CREEEAKING!

THE ROPE & CRACK - PANNING

CAMERA MOVES swiftly down the dam wall. The force of this PUUULLS the double-sided cups together one after another, sealing up the crack!

FULL VIEW - THE DAM

From the front we get a quick full view of this: it's all neat, like a sewn-up incision. A few last SPURTS of water escape.

SIDE VIEW OF COPTER, HOVERING

It tugs and tugs against the restraining rope.

OFFICER

C'mon! What's the problem?

PILOT
We're up against a wind draft, or
Something.

OFFICER
Well, let's move. Full throttle!
Let's go!

The pilot REVS the engine; the cup beneath POPS free; and the
copter SOARS up and away.

VIEW OF THE DAM AGAIN

At that moment, the storm begins to subside. The skies clear to
just the LIGHTEST RAIN; sun can be seen poking thru the clouds.

PULL BACK for fuller view as we hear SFX APPLAUSE & CHEERING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - A SUNNY DAY

Shortly thereafter. APPLAUSE & CHEERING CONTINUE.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE CLASSROOM

The APPLAUSE & CHEERS are from the students, for Sam, standing
modestly before the class. Ms. Candy gestures for silence.

MS. CANDY
Quiet. Quiet now, students! And
thank you so much, Sam-

CLOSER ON MS. CANDY & SAM

She beams with pride now:

MS. CANDY (CONT'D.)
-for that exciting AND TRUE story
of your rescue from the dam.

SAM
You're welcome. And now-
(clearing his throat)
Now, if I may talk very briefly
about suction cups-

THE KIDS (V.O.)
(groans & boos!!)

Sam cringes.

ON AISLE OF SEATS

PAN WITH Sam as he slouches back to his seat, just in front of Cindy's.

MS. CANDY (V.O.)

Hush. Hush, children! Now let's not forget that SOMEONE—we know not who—did save the dam with suction cups!

Cindy leans over to Sam:

CINDY (TO SAM)
I'd like to hear all about it, later.

ON SAM'S BOOK BAG, BY HIS DESK

From the bag Mel POPS up, offering papers:

MEL
(whispering)
I have some fascinating notes on that subject, right here—

Sam leans down, SHOVES Mel back in the bag, and ZIPS it shut. But we hear voices from within:

GABE (V.O.)
(muffled)
How about sticking your mouth shut for a change, professor?

MEL (V.O.)
(muffled)
I was merely trying to elucidate—

FERN (V.O.)
(muffled)
And you end up being merely trying!

MUFFLED ARGUING CONTINUES. CAMERA PULLS BACK for a fuller view of classroom, and then...

FADE OUT.

TAG

FADE IN:

OVERHEAD VIEW OF DAM - THIS FINE DAY

We see city workmen on scaffolding, SFX PATCHING as they seal the crack with concrete.

PUSH IN as a speedboat appears, ZOOMING into view on the water surface behind the dam.

CLOSER ON THE BOAT

It pulls to a STOP at the dam ledge. CAPTAIN BELLWEATHER is at the wheel, with a cringing HENCHMAN beside him.

Bellweather jumps up onto the dam ledge, then peers over.

CLOSER ON THE CAPTAIN

With a contemptuous sneer:

BELLWEATHER

(a la Basil Rathbone)

You fool. You had the chance to make that crack bigger. You botched it, as usual!

ON THE HENCHMAN, IN BOAT

The henchman shrugs helplessly:

BUNGLE

(a la Nigel Bruce)

Well... r-rather... b-b-but... I say-!

Looking hopeful, he hoists a concrete drill, and REVS it.

FULLER VIEW - THE BOAT

Bellweather steps back into the boat.

BELLWEATHER

Very well, Bungle. NEXT time. But I'm tired of giving you chances. Henchmen are a dime a dozen, you know!

BUNGLE

Ah yes.... indeed... !

Bellweather STARTS the speedboat, swings it round and ZOOMS off.

CUT TO:

FRONT VIEW OF THE FACTORY

Down below, still standing, now safe and dry.

Samuel and his workers approach from foreground. CLOSE IN as Samuel reaches the door, unlocks it, and SLIDES it open.

CLOSEUP ON SAMUEL

He turns and glances up to the sky.

SAMUEL

Beautiful day, isn't it, fellas?

BACK TO PREVIOUS VIEW

The workers agree:

WORKERS

Sure is... You bet... You said it, Boss!

All four go inside.

A pause, then we hear reassuring sounds of CLANKING and WHIRRING machinery from within.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, BACK far back to take in the full idyllic view, including SFX CHIRPING BIRDS. And so we...

THE END