

# “FUTZ!”

“Futzerella”

FADE IN:

**EXT. A FAIRYTALE LAND - DAY**

PANNING a forest with some well-spaced cottages in front of it. The colors, scenery and buildings of a Disney-esque fairytale kingdom. A rutted road runs close by the cottages' front doors.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

FUTZ walks a COW in the f.g. with JEREMY following.

FUTZ

When we reach Happily Ever After Market this cow will fetch a fair price, I vouch! With that money I will not have to marry the banker's unsightly daughter...

QUICK INSERT: of the banker's large, UNSIGHTLY DAUGHTER. The full-length MIRROR cracks in front of her. The FLOOR cracks underneath her.

FUTZ (cont'd)

... to avoid eviction from mine humble cottage.

JEREMY

They come no humbler, Squire Futz.

FUTZ

Never buy at the height of the market, Jeremy. Oh sure, the "low down" and rolling the closing-costs into the principal seemed a good idea at the time...

He cheers up.

FUTZ (cont'd)

I've sure learned not to trust smooth-talking charlatans!

A filthy CHARLATAN accosts him.

CHARLATAN  
You look like a shrewd  
businessman.

FUTZ  
Thank you, what would you like me  
to buy?

CHARLATAN  
Trade that cow for these magic  
beans?

FUTZ  
Sure!

Futz takes the beans. The Charlatan walks the cow away.

JEREMY  
I know I'm only your highly-unpaid  
farmhand but I have a suggestion.

**EXT. FUTZ'S HUMBLE COTTAGE - DAY (FANTASY)**

Futz, in front of his falling-down cottage, pats-down the dirt on the planted beans. During the V/O the beans sprout into a BEANSTALK that climbs to the sky.

JEREMY (V/O cont'd)  
If you plant those outside your  
humble but pricey cottage, a magic  
spell might turn your seemingly  
poor trade...

WIPE TO: Jeremy and Futz come down the beanstalk, laden with sacks of golden treasure.

JEREMY (V/O cont'd)  
... into treasures sufficient to  
save your house and bachelorhood!

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

TWO-SHOT: Futz eats the last of the beans.

FUTZ

Pardon me?

(burp)

Mm. Can't say they were as filling as an entire cow. But vegetables are important.

THROW FOCUS TO a cottage with smoke curling from the chimney.

**INT. CINDERELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Cinderella (EVE) mops a floor, her hair straggly, her poor clothes wet and tattered. Her Wicked Stepmother (YAMMERMOUTH), dressed in her evening finery, taunts her.

STEPMOTHER

We're off to the Ball! But you, Cinderella, won't be going! You have no pretty clothes, no pretty shoes, only your pretty face to comfort you as you scrub your step-sisters' floor!

Pointing to a COMPUTER on a rough-hewn wooden table nearby, she adds further insult:

STEPMOTHER (cont'd)

And no broadband internet tonight; *dial-up only!*

CINDERELLA

Oh if only I had a Fairy Godmother to save me!

**EXT. CINDERELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Futz heard all this from outside the open WINDOW. [He hasn't SEEN Cinderella] A FAIRY GODMOTHER with a wand appears in front of Futz, consulting an address on a scrap of paper.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

Hello, I'm a Fairy Godmother. Would you know where 47 Squalid Lane is?

**EXT. CINDERELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Futz turns to indicate the house...

FUTZ  
Certainly, it's...

Now HE SEES the beautiful Cinderella inside the house. Futz goes goggle-eyed in male rapture.

FUTZ (cont'd)  
Wow!

Braaaaaaap! With his back to the F.G. he passes gas. Jeremy, standing to one side, staggers backwards holding his eyes.

JEREMY  
I'm blind!

Futz turns back to the Godmother, who was directly behind him.

FUTZ  
Sorry. I had magic beans for lunch.

She passes out, WHAM! Her wand flies up and Futz catches it. Jeremy recovers his sight and panics.

JEREMY  
*Fairy down!*

Jeremy drops to his knees and starts beating on the F.G.'s chest.

Futz looks again through the window at the toothsome Cinderella. Then at the wand in his hand. A THOUGHT BALLOON forms:

**EXT. PRINCE'S PALACE - NIGHT (THOUGHT BALLOON)**

Futz waves the wand, making a carriage-plus-horses. He waves it again and a nice DRESS appears on Cinderella. She kisses him and they both get in the carriage.

**INT. CINDERELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

As Cinderella scrubs the floor the door BURSTS open and Futz strides in, followed by Jeremy.

FUTZ  
Cinderella, do not weep salty

tears upon that recently-waxed floor! All your dreams are answered, for I am your Fairy Futz-father!

CINDERELLA

I didn't know I had one of those.

FUTZ

I didn't know I had one of *these*!

He lifts his arm. There's a live flopping FISH under there.

FUTZ (cont'd)

But there it is. An underarm trout!

CINDERELLA

That's very interesting but I have a lot of cinders to clear tonight, and a lot of bitter sobbing to do, while I'm waiting to connect at only 28k.

FUTZ

Not so! You, missy, are going to the Prince's Ball in great grandeur!

Cinderella stands and bats her eyes.

CINDERELLA

Are you - obscenely *rich*, sire?

JEREMY

We had a cow until about five minutes ago.

CINDERELLA

Oh.

FUTZ

I don't need riches while I have *this*! Behold, a beautiful gown complete with jewels, exquisite hand-stitched embroidery, and a plastic hood in case it rains!

He waves the wand. POOF! Cinderella is dressed in a BRIEFCASE.

FUTZ (cont'd)

No, that's a briefcase. Hang on.  
Beautiful gown!

He waves it again. POOF! Cinderella is dressed as a fireman.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Hm. You could go to the Fireman's  
Ball? Would that be... your  
expression says no. Let me give  
it another magical swish.

He swings it more towards the ROOM than the girl. POOF! A  
(miniature) section of the Great Wall of China with Chinese  
people on it.

FUTZ (cont'd)

No, that's a big wall...

POOF! He gets a BOOTH with a guy inside it, and CHEESE in  
racks.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Cheese kiosk...

POOF! A ferret on a unicycle juggling oranges.

FUTZ (cont'd)

... juggling ferret.

Cinderella drums her fingers on the computer.

CINDERELLA

Can we speed this up? Or else  
when this connects I gotta place  
an e-bid on a new hearth rag.

FUTZ

Perhaps your ugly step-sisters  
have something upstairs we could  
modify - ?

JEREMY

Maybe we should just BUY a dress,

sire. Oh that's right, you ate your annual income, and your only chance of nuptial salvation.

QUICK INSERT: the UNSIGHTLY DAUGHTER, wearing a Wedding Dress.

FUTZ

Wait! I have an idea!

**EXT. CINDERELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

A minute later, Cinderella wears the FAIRY GODMOTHER'S old dress. It looks pretty good on her.

FUTZ

There! Just sew up those wing-holes in the back and you'll be fine.

Jeremy drags the bloomer-wearing Godmother into the bushes by her ankles.

CINDERELLA

Okay, so you got the dress. But we still need some wheels.

FUTZ

No problem. See that pumpkin?

He waves the wand at a large pumpkin on the road. POOF! The pumpkin is replaced by a handsome orange-coloured CARRIAGE.

CINDERELLA

It's beautiful!

FUTZ

Care to step inside?

Futz opens the carriage door. Two tons of PUMPKIN GUTS shhlurpps out of the carriage and covers Cinderella.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Jeremy? Drop that half-naked godmother and fetch me a shovel.

**EXT. IN THE ROAD - EVENING**

Half an hour later. Futz is blow-drying Cinderella, who stares daggers at him. FLIES buzz around her.

CINDERELLA

I smell like pumpkin guts!

FUTZ

Look on the bright side, you don't look like pumpkin guts!

JEREMY

Sire, we need *horses* to pull the carriage.

FUTZ

I give you four magnificent steeds!

He waves the wand.

**EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY**

A FARMER pulls a WAGON up to a BUTCHER. The wagon is rattling and shaking. HOOVES break through the sides.

FARMER

I'm delivering them demented horses to be turned to dogfood 'afore they kill some'n in their mad crazy rage.

POOF! He opens the gate of the WAGON. It's EMPTY.

**EXT. CINDERELLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

POOF! Four HORSES appear, harnessed to the carriage. They have crazy red eyes and snort and growl demonically.

JEREMY

Squire Futz? There's something wrong with these steeds.

FUTZ

They're just high-spirited; they long for the open road. Plus their stinking horsey butts will help keep the flies off milady.

Shall we?

He opens the carriage door. There's still pumpkin stuff dripping from the ceiling.

FUTZ (cont'd)

We might want to get a towel for the seats.

**EXT. PALACE - EVENING**

The Prince (BIGGS), with his father, looks down the Palace steps at the manicured hedges and topiary as guests arrive.

KING

Son, tonight you choose a bride!

PRINCE

Y'know, instead of this whole Royal Ball thing I was thinking maybe a reality show... "How To Marry A Prince"! Ya get twenty hot chicks...

KING

No. You choose your bride tonight.

**INT. / EXT. CARRIAGE - EVENING**

Futz and Cinderella sit on towels in the dripping carriage. Pumpkin stuff drips from the ceiling. Futz praises the miffed Cinderella.

FUTZ

The Prince will want to dance every dance with you! And when you get home, head full of dreams...

He plucks a big pumpkin SEED off her.

FUTZ (cont'd)

... you'll be able to plant your dress in the back yard. Jeremy! Onward!

Jeremy, in the driver's seat, snaps the reins. The demented

horses SCREAM in unison and CHARGE forward, tugging the carriage like a soda can tied to a dog's tail.

JEREMY

Whoaaaaaaaaa!

**EXT. COTTAGE - EVENING**

The bucking, leaping horses pull the carriage THROUGH a cottage, which collapses behind them.

**EXT. A BRIDGE - EVENING**

A bridge over a deep stream. The horses run straight DOWN into the water beside the bridge. Beat. They run UP the other side.

FUTZ (O.S.)

Look, a friend for my armpit trout!

**INT. PALACE - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

The Ball. Young Ladies with fans wait to be chosen to dance. The Wicked Stepmother sits with the 2 ugly STEP-SISTERS, one of whom is LUTHOY in a dress and bonnet. There's a CHAIR with just a FAN on it, next to Luthoy.

STEPMOTHER

It's your turn next to dance with his Highness!

The Prince returns his current blonde dancing-partner to her chair and looks at Luthoy. Luthoy bats her eyes hideously.

LUTHOY

(girlish giggle)

The Prince turns to the chair on the OTHER side of the blonde.

PRINCE

Miss?

STEPMOTHER

You already did her! It's going *this way!*

BIGGS

Are you sure? Cos I remember  
thinking "right to left" yeuurgh!

Luthoy grabs the Prince and whirls him onto the dance floor.

**EXT. PALACE - NIGHT**

Futz's horses and carriage plough through the hedges and manicured bushes, past the other arriving carriages and up the steps.

FUTZ (O.S.)  
(vibrating voice)  
Right on time!

**INT. PALACE BALLROOM - NIGHT**

Guests and dancers scatter, screaming, as the mad frothing horses pull the coach THROUGH the DOOR, into the ballroom. They begin to whip in a circle...

**INT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT**

Over people's screams we LOCK ON Futz and Cinderella, pinned to one side by the centrifugal force as the ballroom WHIRLS PAST in the b.g.

FUTZ (cont'd)  
Would you like to get refreshments  
first, or go straight to the  
dance?

WIDE ON BALLROOM: The horses and carriage WIPE OUT the bandstand, then SMASH through another door and OUT...

**EXT. PALACE - GREENHOUSE - NIGHT**

Glass greenhouse behind the Palace. The carriage crashes OUT through the Palace wall, THROUGH one wall of the greenhouse, tosses the plants inside like a giant horse-driven blender, then crashes out the other glass wall and back into the Palace.

**INT. PALACE - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

The horses pull the carriage UP MARBLE STAIRS and O.S. Beat.

LANDING AT TOP OF STAIRS

Jeremy sits in his seat on the carriage, in shock. He has bits of plants and band instruments stuck to him.

Three of the horses wait calmly in front of the carriage. A BATHROOM DOOR opens and the 4<sup>th</sup> horse comes out, turning away to zip up. Another horse goes in. Futz hops out of the carriage.

FUTZ (cont'd)

What do you know! They weren't psychotically demented, they just really had to pee. Shall we join the revelry?

**INT. PALACE - BALLROOM - NIGHT**

The wake of the destruction: The stair carpet is in shreds. Coughing, moaning partygoers lean on walls. The furniture is kindling.

Of the BAND, only a lone lutist, his teeth swinging like saloon doors, remains, plucking his sole unbroken string on the wrecked bandstand near the stairs.

Futz leads Cinderella grandly down the stairs. He looks at the lone Musician:

FUTZ (cont'd)

What a disappointment; last year they had the Indigo Girls.

The musician collapses backwards onto the lyre.

The PRINCE sits, catatonic, on a grand chair, with bruises on his head and Luthoy in his lap. Luthoy comes to his/her senses, grabs the Prince by the collar and tries to shake him awake.

LUTHOY

Prince! Prince!

Nothing. Luthoy looks around for the perpetrator...

LUTHOY (cont'd)

(angry growl)

A confident Futz and worried Cinderella reach the middle of the dance floor. He confides to Cinderella:

FUTZ

Now, regardless of how good a time  
we have at the Ball...

PRINCE

*Get them!*

FUTZ

... we must leave before midnight,  
'cos these beans are really  
starting to work their way through  
me.

The crowd, armed with broken furniture legs, stalks towards Futz and Cinderella. Luthoy pulls an AXE off the wall and walks towards him.

Luthoy swings the axe. Futz leans slightly to one side and the axe smashes into the floor beside him.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Midnight already?

He grabs Cinderella and RUNS...

**EXT. PALACE - NIGHT**

Futz runs down the steps. One of his SHOES falls off. He turns around and runs back up the steps.

FUTZ (cont'd)

That's got a brand-new Odor-Eater  
in it!

He sees Luthoy leading a gang of angry armed guests. He abandons the shoe and runs.

ACROSS THE PALACE GROUNDS

The enraged crowd runs after Futz. He FARTS again. The crowd drops like flies.

ON THE STEPS

The Prince picks up Futz's shoe and frowns.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NEXT DAY**

50 village men all sit in a row, their naked feet in STOCKS.

FROM BEHIND: the Prince is moving down the line, with two Palace GUARDS.

PRINCE

Raise your right foot, varlet!

Still from BEHIND (so we don't see the shoe): the shaking villager raises his leg. They try the shoe on.

PRINCE (cont'd)

No. Next!

Futz and Jeremy are in the stocks too. Futz says, nervously:

FUTZ

I have a very common shoe size. I take an eight-point-one-three-six-seven-nine-four and a half.

JEREMY

We're doomed.  
(realization)  
Sire! The wand!

FUTZ

Of course!

Futz pulls the Fairy Godmother's wand from his back pocket.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Why didn't I think of that?

JEREMY

Because thou art an idiot?

FUTZ

(proudly)  
Fifth generation!

The Prince and Guards are approaching. Futz swings the wand. His naked feet are suddenly ENORMOUS. He relaxes.

The Prince and Guards reach Futz.

PRINCE  
Raise your right foot.

FUTZ  
Why, certainly!

Futz raises his now-massive foot with a WINK to Jeremy.

NEW ANGLE: The shoe the Guard holds is ENORMOUS.

FUTZ (cont'd)  
Huhhn?!

It fits perfectly on Futz's enlarged foot.

PRINCE  
A perfect fit!  
(big romantic smile)  
Take her to the Royal Wedding  
Chapel!

The Prince walks off. The Guards unlock Futz's stocks.

FUTZ  
"Her"? No, these aren't my real  
feet! Look!

He raises the wand to POOF again.

FAIRY GODMOTHER (O.S.)  
I believe that's mine!

The Fairy Godmother stands behind him in her bloomers. She grabs her wand. The Guards lift Futz to his feet, grabbing him by the arms. The Godmother BELTS Futz in the nose. The Guards put a WEDDING VEIL over his head.

FUTZ  
Forsooth, this ist a mistake! I  
am betrothed to an unsightly  
other!

WIDER: As the Guard unlocks Jeremy, we see Miss LUTHOY, also in stocks, with only his/her RIGHT SHOE missing. His LEFT SHOE

perfectly matches the one on Futz's enlarged right foot.

LUTHOY

(sobs)

I was *sure* it was me! We danced,  
we discussed cheese and field  
hockey, I lost a shoe...

Cinderella steps up, back in her scrubbing clothes.

CINDERELLA

I coulda discussed cheese and  
hockey if I hadn't been *running*  
*for my life!*

She DECKS Futz. The Guards pick him up again and carry him past the sobbing Luthoy. Jeremy calls after him:

JEREMY

On the "up" side, Sire, the Prince  
is better-looking than the  
Banker's daughter.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE:

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

RIPPLE IN to Futz in bed, waking up. He rubs his eyes.

FUTZ

Thank goodness, it was all a  
dream!

He looks up and STARTLES. The Prince stands at the foot of the bed in a robe, holding a breakfast tray.

PRINCE

I feel like I'm in a dream too, my  
love. Fruit cocktail?

LONG ON THE BED: Futz still has the big feet. He reacts.

FADE OUT.

BREAK

FADE IN:

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

A municipal courthouse. Marble steps, STIRRING judicial MUSIC.  
 PAN TO a marble statue: Majestic BLINDFOLDED JUSTICE, holding  
 her scales aloft.

PAN TO: another majestic marble statue - BLINDFOLDED JUSTICE  
 playing pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey...

**INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - DAY**

PAN: well-dressed Lawyers eat while reading paperwork, making  
 notes, checking their watches.

FUTZ, in a white chef's hat, and LI'L JEREMY, his assistant  
 chef, stand behind the serving-area and the meatball vat.

JEREMY

(sigh)

I wish I was a lawyer, Chef Futz.

FUTZ

You must be satisfied with your  
 lot in life, Jeremy. Gravy Lump  
 Flattener is an honorable trade.

Jeremy swings a HUGE mallet onto some gravy on a plate. Futz  
 picks up a serving spoon.

FUTZ (cont'd)

And there's always something new  
 to learn. Take this spoon. After  
 17 years of intensive chef-ual  
 study I've discovered...

PLUNK! He drops a single meatball on the spoon.

FUTZ (cont'd)

... if you hold it curvy-side  
 down, the meatball stays put. But  
 if you hold it curvy-side up,  
 voila!

He inverts the spoon and the meatball falls on the floor in  
 front of the serving area. PLOP.

FUTZ (cont'd)  
Swedish garbage.

A LAWYER, reading a brief, slides on the meatball and crashes to the floor, knocked out cold. His packet of legal papers FLIES in the air and LANDS on the metal serving-rail.

The gorgeous EVE runs into view.

EVE  
Oh no! My lawyer's unconscious!  
Who will defend my unjustly-  
accused brother, earning my  
eternal feminine gratitude?

Futz's heart pops out of his chest. He smiles and imagines:

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY (FUTZ'S THOUGHT BUBBLE)**

Futz delivers an eloquent fiery speech to a JURY, pointing to the seated male DEFENDANT. The jurors rise, cheering, pick up the defendant and carry him off on their shoulders. The grateful Eve runs up and HUGS Futz.

**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Futz's thought-bubble pops. He pulls off his chef's hat and picks up the lawyer's papers.

FUTZ  
Miss? *Never fear!*

JEREMY  
Except for big hairy spiders...

FUTZ  
- *of course.*  
(to Eve)  
My legal assistant and I will take  
your case!

EVE  
Oh thank you! I must go tell my  
dear sweet brother... after  
pulling aside that big leather  
mask they clamped on his face to  
keep him from eating any more

visitors.

She runs off. Jeremy is worried.

JEREMY

But Mr. Futz, we aren't lawyers.

FUTZ

Jeremy, is it not true that you  
are what you eat?

JEREMY

Yes, but...

FUTZ

We eat the same thing as lawyers.  
Ergo, we are lawyers.

The real LAWYER stands, dazed.

LAWYER

Where am I?

Futz helps the staggering man to his feet.

FUTZ

Sir? *Never fear!*

JEREMY

(nodding)

Except for big scary feet-eating  
goblins.

FUTZ

- *of course.*

(to lawyer)

Your case is in good hands!

Jeremy slaps the meatball spoon dirty-end-first into the dazed  
lawyer's hand. PLOP!

JEREMY

The lunch rush starts in twenty  
minutes.

Futz and Jeremy run off. Futz returns and rotates the spoon in  
the lawyer's hands.

FUTZ  
Curvy side down.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Moments later. Hubbub in the court. EVE sits in the gallery. Everyone stands as:

BAILIFF  
All rise! The honorable judge  
Yammermouth presiding!

JUDGE YAMMERMOUTH walks pompously from his chambers to the bench.

YAMMERMOUTH  
Guilty! Take him away!

BAILIFF  
Your honor, I'm the Bailiff!

Two GUARDS carry the Bailiff away.

YAMMERMOUTH  
Contempt of Court - take him  
*further* away! Next case! Where's  
the defense counsel?

The rear door is THROWN OPEN by Futz, now in a dark suit. He strides imperiously down the aisle. As he passes, we see Jeremy behind him with paint roller, furiously PAINTING the back of his white chef's outfit into a suit. Futz winks at Eve.

FUTZ  
Thank you, I'm here, you may be  
seated. You too, your Honor.

YAMMERMOUTH  
You should have been here *five*  
*minutes ago!*

FUTZ  
Why, were there donuts? I'm on a  
low-carb diet so I'll just have a  
meat-filled éclair...

YAMMERMOUTH

Sit DOWN!

All are seated. Futz smiles suavely to Eve, then looks casually to the client's chair and double-takes.

FUTZ

Aaa!

Sitting next to him is the hostile LUTHOY, manacled, in a Hannibal Lecter anti-snack mask. Futz lifts Luthoy's leg.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Excuse me sir, you appear to be sitting on this poor lady's sweet innocent brother.

LUTHOY

Eat lawyer!!

EVE

Mr. Futz, that is my brother.

Futz reacts. BIGGS, the D.A., stands and flashes his pearly-white teeth. In the stands, Eve is dazzled.

BIGGS

Your Honor...

YAMMERMOUTH

Well said! I'm moved to tears!  
Last year I was moved to  
Saskatchewan. Tears is warmer.  
Guilty! Case adjourned! Lunch!

BIGGS

Your Honor, with all due respect  
for your magnificent learned  
impartialness I'd appreciate time  
to make the people's case.

Futz leaps to his feet. The chair STICKS to his painted back.

FUTZ

Me too, your Preening Pompousness!  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,  
never fear...

JEREMY

Except for brain-sucking vampires  
who gnaw on the back of your  
eyeballs.

FUTZ

- *of course.*

(back to his point)

... in this trial I shall make it  
clear to you - as clear as our  
cafeteria broth on Monday, cos by  
Wednesday it's a little iffy -  
that this lady's brother is as  
innocent as the day is long!

WINDOW: The sun goes down and the moon comes up. CRICKETS.  
Then the moon goes down and the sun comes back up.

Futz parades in front of the 12-person JURY with the chair still  
stuck to his back.

FUTZ (cont'd)

After all, I ask you - *what has my  
client actually done?*

BIGGS

This.

BANG! Biggs wheels a FILING CABINET on a mover's dolly and  
drops it next to Jeremy at the Defense Table. Jeremy opens the  
top drawer, removes a folder and reads the tab:

JEREMY

"File One: Aardvark Abduction  
through Azalea Arson."

YAMMERMOUTH

How do you plead?

FUTZ

I usually get down on my knees and  
sob like this: "Oh please please,  
I'll do anything!!"

JUDGE

I MEAN is your client Guilty or

Not Guilty?

FUTZ

NOT GUILTY, your Benchiness!

Futz gives a big thumbs-up to Eve, and holds up a parking stub.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Well, I'm glad we could clear that up. Do you validate?

At the table, Luthoy politely asks Jeremy:

LUTHOY

Would it be okay if I poured Béarnaise sauce on your hand?

Jeremy subtly moves his hand off the table.

YAMMERMOUTH

Still Guilty!

FUTZ

I submit to you, Your Gavel-ship, that if you send this man to jail, his sister - that lovely lady seated behind him - is never gonna go out with me in a million years.

Biggs jumps up with a handful of papers.

BIGGS

Your Honor, I have 99 objections!

FUTZ

Really? What kinda mileage does it get?

BIGGS

The accused was caught red-handed snacking on his mailman!

FUTZ

He can explain that!!

(to Luthoy)

Explain that.

LUTHOY

Uh I thought that hand in my mailbox was a pink five-eared chocolate rabbit.

FUTZ

(beat)

See?

YAMMERMOUTH

Mr. Futz, would you like to confer with your client's previous lawyer?

**INT. COURTHOUSE CAFETERIA - DAY**

Meanwhile the real LAWYER stands in his suit, plopping meatballs onto people's trays, still dazed.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Futz checks his watch.

FUTZ

He's busy. Your Robe-iness, if we could move things along I have eight o'clock reservations at Alberto's House Of Wine-Assisted Woo.

He smiles disarmingly at Eve.

BIGGS

The prosecution calls the first witness.

MISS THADDEUS takes the stand. Biggs valiantly kisses her hand and she flutters at his chivalry.

Futz, shocked, tells Jeremy:

FUTZ

That's no elderly female witness, it's my evil twin brother Thaddeus! *Never fear -*

JEREMY

Except for crab-infested swimwear.

FUTZ (cont'd)

*Of course -*

(to Eve)

I'll tear his or her story to ribbons!

BIGGS

I'll speak slowly because I know you're all admiring my sonorous voice. On the day in question did you see who committed the crime?

THADDEUS

Yes! It was HIM!

She POINTS to Luthoy, who GROWLS. Eve puts a hand to her mouth in fear. Futz strides to the jury box.

FUTZ

Miss Thaddeus: are you absolutely, one-hundred-percent...

THADDEUS

It was him!

FUTZ

Couldn't you have been -

THADDEUS

Him!

FUTZ

Cover your left eye.

She does, and points.

THADDEUS

Him!

FUTZ

Both eyes.

She does.

THADDEUS

Him!

Futz holds up a crisp new BILL and snaps it.

FUTZ

If I gave you this crisp new  
fifty...

THADDEUS

Him!

Futz holds up an EYE CHART.

FUTZ

But can you read the bottom line  
on this chart?

THADDEUS

H - I - M!

ZOOM! Futz is at the BACK of the courtroom, SHAKING the sign up  
and down.

FUTZ

How about from here?

THADDEUS

(head shaking)

Him him him!

Futz PICKS UP LUTHOY, runs OUT the courtroom doors...

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

... and drops him on the curb in front of the open courthouse  
door.

FUTZ

NOW do you see...?

THADDEUS (OFF)

Him!

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Futz ZZZIPS back into frame. Yammermouth has had enough.

YAMMERMOUTH

I've had enough of these shenanigans! I demand you show this Court any evidence you have that the accused possesses a *single redeeming quality!*

Eve looks to Futz hopefully from the gallery...

**INT. COURT - DAY (THOUGHT BUBBLE)**

VIOLIN MUSIC. In his thought bubble, Futz shows the jury a picture of Luthoy as a baby... also in the snack mask. Then he holds up Luthoy himself, patting a puppy. (or a PHOTO of) The jury is moved. Then he holds up Luthoy (or PHOTO of) kissing an OLD LADY, his lips extruding through the mask. The jury APPLAUDS.

**INT. COURT - DAY**

FUTZ

I call for the accused to take the stand!

RRIP! Luthoy tears out the witness stand and carries it off.

FUTZ (cont'd)

I call for him to bring it back.

Luthoy does.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Mr. Luthoy, were you, like most young lads, a Boy Scout?

LUTHOY

No.

FUTZ

Ah. But do you routinely recycle your - ?

LUTHOY

No.

FUTZ

(aiming lower)

Okay. Do you brush your teeth  
after every -

LUTHOY

No.

FUTZ

If you've get penny in your change  
and there's a little dish beside  
the cash register with a sign that  
-

LUTHOY

I keep it.

FUTZ

When someone sneezes, do you -

LUTHOY

Punch 'em.

FUTZ

Have you ever kicked an amputee  
down the stairs with his own leg??

LUTHOY

Uhhh no, I don't think so.

FUTZ

You see, ladies and gentlemen! My  
client is as innocent as a newborn  
babe!

LUTHOY

Wait, actually, there was that one  
time...

FUTZ

(drowning him out)  
AS I SUM UP, try to hold back your  
tears!

Jeremy ZIPS IN and plays a mournful air on the VIOLIN next to  
the Jury, with sheet music on a stand.

FUTZ

(voice a-tremblin')

My client was born to poor but  
smelly parents. They wouldn't let  
him play outside as a boy, so he  
played inside as a girl instead.

LUTHOY

(sobs)

It's all true!

FUTZ (cont'd)

Then, tragically...

Jeremy turns the sheet music page. He breaks into a spirited  
HOEDOWN. The jury starts gospel-clapping. Futz puts one hand  
on his hip and starts Irish-dancing. His delivery become up-  
tempo and cheery:

FUTZ (cont'd)

Oh his dog ran away  
When he was seventeen  
And his cat ran off  
Never ever to be seen  
And his parakeet died  
From drinking gasoline  
And he never haaaaaad a pony!

Jeremy turns the page and is back to the sad music.

FUTZ (cont'd)

(back to trembling)

And that's why I say, this poor  
lad is a product of our society!  
So go, deliberate, argue, agonize  
over the hours, the days, weeks if  
necessary -

FOOM! The jurors RUN OFF and FOOM! run back. The wind of their  
return blows Futz's hair forward.

FUTZ (cont'd)

Did you forget something?

YAMMERMOUTH

Ladies and gentlemen of the...

ENTIRE JURY

"GUILTY!"

IN THE GALLERY:

EVE

(gasp!)

Luthoy rips off his mask and empurples with rage.

LUTHOY

WHAT??!

Eve drops the hand from her mouth and peers at Luthoy.

EVE

Wait a minute. That's not my  
brother. Isn't this courtroom  
fifteen?

The woman beside her shakes her head. Eve gets up and heads out of the courtroom.

Futz watches her go. He turns to Luthoy, who is towering over him, fists raised.

FUTZ

On the "up" side, I hear your  
bunkmate-to-be has a wonderful  
singing voice.

Luthoy has had enough. He grabs Futz by the throat.

LUTHOY

(roars)

FUTZ

(being shaken)

Careful, those fingerprints are  
evidence.

(shaken some more)

I demand a retrial! Did you know  
this man's lawyer is really a  
chef?

JEREMY

He'll never take you alive Mr.  
Futz!

FUTZ  
 (shaking)  
 I think that's his plan, Jeremy.

Luthoy shakes Futz so hard a single MEATBALL flies out of Futz's vest pocket.

THE MEATBALL arcs through the air above the courtroom.

LUTHOY looks up at it in surprise, mouth open. The meatball falls INTO his mouth. Luthoy swallows. He smiles.

LUTHOY  
 That's delicious!

FUTZ + JEREMY  
 Thank you.

LUTHOY  
 Do they serve these in jail?

FUTZ + JEREMY  
 Every Thursday.

LUTHOY  
 I did it! Take me away!

He holds out his wrists. GUARDS put about 10 pairs of handcuffs on him and take Luthoy away.

FUTZ  
 Phew I'm glad that's over with!

YAMMERMOUTH  
 Not so fast!

FUTZ  
 Okay...  
 (not so fast:)  
 Phew - I'm - glad...

YAMMERMOUTH  
 Do you know the penalty for  
 impersonating a lawyer???

Futz's neck has been squeezed to drinking-straw diameter.

FUTZ

I hope it's not two dollars,  
because I need to buy a new shirt  
with a smaller collar.

**INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON FUTZ, singing to piano accompaniment as he concludes:

FUTZ

"We could hear the people singing,  
On moonlight bayyyy."

WIDER: He sits at a piano with a tip snifter on top, in a jail uniform in a cell. As Futz holds the note, Jeremy, also in jail garb, harmonizes, down on one knee, spreading his arms.

JEREMY

"On moonlight bayyyy..."

Luthoy listens admiringly.

LUTHOY

That was real purdy.

Luthoy drops a COIN in the tip jar.

FUTZ

Thank you, we'll be here all year.  
Drive safely!

He plays, and Jeremy tap-dances.

FADE OUT.