EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS (LIVE ACTION) - DAY

PUSH IN SLOWLY through thick ferns, mossy trees. Peaceful, but like the calm before the storm. Like a scene from Jurassic Park. Suddenly, a LOW RUMBLE... the sound of FEET rushing. Little feet. Lots of them.

A FLASH OF BLUE in the underbrush. And another. Then... An explosion of blue and white as a throng of blue GNOME-LIKE creatures (SMURFS) explode into view, frantically fleeing with gazelle-like precision or like a school of land-going fish. (NOTE: Smurfs will be CGI in a live-action world, throughout).

As they whip past camera, a beast explodes from the bushes, leaping directly toward the SCREEN, claws and fangs bared. It’s a huge mangy HOUSE CAT -- terrifying from a Smurf’s POV.

At the head of the Smurfs is a sweet, dopey, but terrified looking fellow. This is CLUMSY. We rocket into a CU of his face and... FREEZE FRAME.

SUPER: “ONE HOUR EARLIER”

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - SMURF VILLAGE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Mushroom cottages abound beneath a banner that reads: Festival of the Blue Moon,” for which SMURFS cook, build and decorate. Several FLY into the tiny UTOPIA on a tame STORK.

ANGLE ON Vanity and SMURFETTE, leading a group of SMURFS in a comical dance rehearsal to the beat of native DRUMS.

    VANITY
    Five, six, seven, eight!

    SMURFETTE
    That’s it, Clumsy, feel the rhythm. Good job, Hefty. Almost lunch time, Greedy, hang in there.

Brainy supervises decorations nearby, but can’t resist interjecting.

    BRAINY
    No, no, no! You call that dancing?!

    VANITY
    I told you it was too complicated.
BRAINY
I’m sorry. What part of “step-ball-change, pas de beurre, jazz hands” is so hard to understand?!

The stare at him, blankly.

HEFTY
The whole thing.

CLUMSY
We could do the hokey pokey.

BRAINY
Look who’s talking, it’s the dancing bear!

Brainy does an comic impression of Clumsy’s dancing.

VANITY
He’s doing the best he can... with what little he has.

CLUMSY
Thank you. I think.

BRAINY
(to Greedy)
And you! Every time you turn it’s like watching jelly jiggle. And don’t get me started on this guy!

He turns to Gutsy, a tough-looking Smurf in a kilt who stares him down.

GUTSY
(in thick Scottish brogue)
Watch wat ya say lad, or you’ll be wearing yer lips like a scarf!

BRAINY
Because he’s doing fine.

LAZY
All this dancing’s making me tired.

Lazy YAWNS and falls face-first into the dirt, asleep.

BRAINY
People, please! Tonight’s the Blue Moon! A magical time where wishes are granted, the smurfberry crop is blessed, and anything is possible.

(MORE)
BRAINY (CONT'D)
   Anything, except getting you people
   to dance right. Now, from the top!

On Brainy’s CUE, the SMURF ORCHESTRA launches into SONG #1 --
a celebration of the powers of the Blue Moon. CRAZY, who can
make virtually any noise with his mouth, takes vocals as the
others break out in an insane Busby-Berkely dance number.

SMURFETTE AND SMURFS (SINGING)
La la la-la-la-la la la la la la...

With Smurfette front and center, the otherwise all-male dance
troupe can’t keep their eyes off of her. Many are injured.

In the end, Clumsy trips, setting off a chain reaction of
falling Smurfs, and knocking a ladder and paint onto Brainy.

END SONG/DANCE SEQUENCE.

INT. PAPA SMURF’S MUSHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PAPA, the oldest and wisest of Smurfs (set apart by his beard
and RED pants & hat) HUMS as he works on a potion. A great
sorcerer, Papa’s LAB is packed with alchemy books and gear.

   PAPA
   (squinting, tired)
   ...Six milkworm hairs and precisely
   one drop of starweed nectar.

   CLUMSY (O.S.)
   Papa Smurf! Papa Smurf!

Papa pours one drop... then, WHAM! The door flies open and
Clumsy rushes in. Startled, Papa drops in the whole bottle
and the potion explodes.

   PAPA
   (swallowing his temper)
   Yeeees, Clumsy? What is it?

   CLUMSY
   Brainy sent me to see if you need any
   help getting ready for the festival.

   PAPA
   He sent you here? I thought you were
dancing.

   CLUMSY
   He said my dancing was so good, I
   should take a break so he doesn’t
   pull his hair out in happiness!
Smurfette appears in the doorway.

    PAPA
    Let me guess, another helper?

    SMURFETTE
    Or else Brainy said I have to dance in a burka. What is a burka?

    PAPA
    Very well, why don’t you two go pick Smurfberries while I gather more starweed, for our wishing potion.

    SMURFETTE
    Papa, we have barrels of berries.

    CLUMSY
    Can I get the starweed, Papa? Please! It’s my fault you ran out.

    SMURFETTE
    I could go with him.

    PAPA
    No, no. The starweed grows too close to Gargamel’s castle. It’s far too dangerous for young Smurfs.

    CLUMSY
    But I’m brave! If danger comes, I’ll just freeze, like you taught us.

Striking an absurd “blending” in pose, Clumsy hits a pile of ancient books, which buries him. He leaps back up.

    CLUMSY (CONT’D)
    I’m o-kay

    PAPA
    Smurfnabit, Clumsy...
    (catching himself)
    I mean... I’ll just get the starweed myself this time. Why don’t you too run along and help set the table?

    CLUMSY
    Oh. Sure, Papa Smurf... Sorry.

PAPA
What? Don’t smurf around the bush, Smurfette. You have that... look.

SMURFETTE
When are you going to realize we’re not Smurflings anymore, Papa? The boys are one-hundred and four.

PAPA
Mere toddlers, my dear. A Papa’s work is never done.

SMURFETTE
Well, it might be, if you let us help you a little more. I worry about you -- always working so hard.

PAPA
(fixing her hair)
Ahhh, my sweet little Smurfette.

SMURFETTE
I mean it, Papa. You’ve raised us really well. It’s time you trust us with more responsibility and take better care of yourself for a change.

From O.S. comes the CACOPHONY of the rehearsal chaos.

PAPA
You were saying? Come, let’s quiet them down before the whole world knows were here...

As Smurfette rolls her eyes and follows him out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEDIEVAL TOWN (LIVE-ACTION) – DAY

TRACK THROUGH as LUTES, FLUTES and JUGGLERS enliven a FAIRE. ON the wooden marque of YE OLDE CONVENTION CENTER: TONY ROBBINS-HOOD, LIVE! “Unshackle the Giant Within.”

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (O.S.)
Feelest thou as if the weight of the world were upon thy shoulders?

MAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
Aye, Sir Tony. A terrible weight.
INT. YE OLDE CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: TONY ROBBINS-HOOD, pacing energetically onstage.

   TONY ROBBINS-HOOD
   And thy steps, are they not laden
   with heaviness?

ANGLE TO REVEAL SIR GALAHAD, with Tony, in heavy black ARMOR.

   SIR GALAHAD (MAN’S VOICE)
   Aye, terrible heaviness.

   TONY ROBBINS-HOOD
   Then, friend, unshackle thine power
   and reach! Reach for thy potential!

Tony bounces exuberantly. Galahad struggles to bounce, but
falls offstage into a sea of bouncing WIZARDS and KNIGHTS.

   TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (CONT’D)
   And how better, than with my new
   book, Steal From the Rich and Stop
   Being Poor!

Pulling an arrow from his quiver, Tony points and flips
through wooden, Bosch-like ILLUSTRATIONS of his “techniques.”

   TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (CONT’D)
   In Chapter One, you’ll follow a
   leprechaun to rainbow’s end, throttle
   him, and take his gold! In Chapter
   Two, we’ll sneak into a dragon’s
   lair, slay him and take his gold.
   Ever spot a Unicorn? Chapter Three
   teaches thee to track him down, roast
   him for supper and take his gold!

HOODED FIGURE
   Excuse me! What about... Smurfs?

A HUSH as all heads turn to see a HOODED FIGURE, in a frayed
brown monk’s robe, raise a craggy hand. This is GARGAMEL.

   TONY ROBBINS-HOOD
   Smurfs? The mythical blue folk in
   tiny white pants and hats? About
   three apples high?

   GARGAMEL (HOODED FIGURE)
   Aye, the very same. Treacherous
   creatures whose very essence can be
   the source of infinite power!
TONY ROBBINS-HOOD
Sir, I offer science, not
superstitious knavery!
(to crowd)
Likely he imagines the world to be a
large round globe!

HOWLS of LAUGHTER. A WIZARD LAUGHS so hard, LIGHTNING from
his wand, turns a HUNCHBACK into a NEWT. It eyes Gargamel.

NEWT (COCKNEY ACCENT)
I remember you! Flunked out of
Sorcerers Tech. Obsessed with
Smurfs. Had this huge stupid cat.

GARGAMEL
Don’t be absurd.

MEOOOW. AZRAEL, the huge scraggly CAT, whom we recognize from
the opening, rubs against Gargamel’s leg.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Not now, Azrael.

The crowd LAUGHS again.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD
Wait! I believe I do have bit of
trivia on these, valuable Smurfs...

Tony produces part of a tattered BLUE SCROLL. Gargamel GASPS.

TONY ROBBINS-HOOD (CONT’D)
Won it in Parchesi from a peg-legged
crusader. Bark like a dog and it’s
all yours! Come now, you
superstitious peasant. Awwwwooooo!

More LAUGHTER. Furious, Gargamel throws back his hood to
reveal the face of a brilliant, but hapless madman.

GARGAMEL (HOODED FIGURE)
You’ll rue the day you laughed at the
great, and soon to be exceedingly
powerful... Gargamel.

Hurling a vial to the floor, POOF! Gargamel vanishes in a
PLUME of smoke. The crowed OOOOO’s in awe. Suddenly, the
scroll is YANKED from Tony’s hand and begins beating him.

GARGAMEL (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Who’s laughing now? Who? Or is it
whom? Either way, it is I, I!
But as he gloats, he doesn’t notice his invisibility wear off... until Tony decks him into the crowd. KNIGHTS fall like dominos. Lanterns fly. Flames erupt. Everyone flees.

EXT. MEDIEVAL TOWN - FAIRE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

People rush from the fire. Gargamel staggers out with Azrael.

GARGAMEL
Cursed invisibility spell! Making a mockery of me! But with this, we shall never be mocked again.
(reveals scroll segment)
Feast your eyes, Azrael! Feast!

They stare absurdly at the scroll segment for a beat, “feasting.” Clearly, it bears greater import than Tony knew.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
This will lead us to the Smurfs. And when we extract the essence of those wretched beasts, pure, un failing, unimaginable power will be ours. And these fools will worship us like gods.

A FAIRE GOER, among MANY taking lessons at “BILL TELL’S” ARCHERY BOOTH, turns to mock Gargamel...

VISITOR
Worshipped? You?? What a crock of bull—
(re arrow)

CROWD
Bullseye!

Whoosh. To his STUDENTS’ delight, MR. TELL’s arrow skewers all three apples, mid-air, and continues toward...

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A tiny BLUE HAND reaches from within the undergrowth and picks a starweed flower. TILTDOWN down to reveal Clumsy, filling a sack with the flowers for Papa. berry... then another. Nearby, a few more BLUE HANDS suddenly pick a branch clean.

CLUMSY
We’re too young to pick starweed?
Ha. It’s too dangerous? Pleasease.

THWACK! William Tell’s apple-laden arrow lands like a totem pole beside Clumsy, terrifying him and revealing him to be precisely three apples high. He FREEZES in his absurd pose.

DISSOLVE TO:
EST. GARGAMEL’S CASTLE - DAY

An ominous hovel of stone, spewing dark SMOKE from a chimney.

INT. GARGAMEL’S CASTLE - DAY

The would-be wizard HUMS while methodically smoothing his new blue scroll segment on the table of his ramshackle lab. He then produces an horrifying implement of torture and... smashes his piggy bank with it. Azrael is aghast. From the shards he pulls... the other half of blue scroll. He breaks into a fit of egomaniacal laughter. Azrael joins him.

GARGAMEL
(stops abruptly)
Now you’re just milking it.

Gargamel smooths the pieces together and the pages MAGICALLY BOND, shimmering to life.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Behold, my friend...The window of Smurf.

ANGLE ON the completed scroll: like a living window: Clumsy is revealed in the woods below the castle.

SMASH TO:

EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - DAY

Flees through the woods at top speed.

CLUMSY
He’s coming! He’s coming!

Up ahead, a troop of other SMURFS stop picking smurfberries and look up to see Clumsy with Azrael is not far behind. Clumsy charges through the group and they instantanly follow.

FREEZE FRAME: On Clumsy’s terrified face.

SUPER: “THIS IS WHERE YOU CAME IN.”

The action resumes as the Gazelle-like pack rushes through the woods. Coming upon JOKEY and other Smurfs, working on SMURF DAM. They charge across.

CLUMSY (CONT’D)
Azrael!

JOKEY
Gargamel!
Sure enough, not far behind Azrael, Gargamel comes into view, reading his magic scroll. In the panic, Clumsy and the others leap off SMURF DAM, onto log rafts, SHOOTING THE RAPIDS full speed.

MEANWHILE:

EXT. SMURF VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Papa dutifully "enjoys" as Brainy conducts HARMONY, Crazy and the SMURF ORCHESTRA to a comically bumpy finale.

PAPA
And then after the music, I will smurf the wishing potion into the well and we’ll all hold our wishes deep in our hearts. Now, remember, only the Smurf with the purest, most gentle heart will have his wish granted.

CLUMSY (O.S.)
AAAAAAAGH!

Clumsy and the others roar into the village on the rafts, leaping and falling to shore.

CLUMSY (CONT’D)
Papa Smurf! Papa Smurf!

PAPA
Not now, Clumsy.
(to the others)
Then we’ll all gaze up at the rising of the glorious Blue Moon and say...
AHHHH!

The Smurfs look up as Gargamel’s huge head looms into view.

GARGAMEL
(starting the famous song)
BLuuUE MOoooN. YOU SAW ME STANDING ALONE--
(re Azrael’s PROTEST)
Alright, so I brought my cat.

Crazy begins making an ALARM SOUND as Smurfs SCREAM and scatter. Azrael charges. Gargamel is right behind.

Papa sprints past Clumsy.

CLUMSY
Papa Smurf! Gargamel’s coming.
PAPA
I noticed! Run!

GARGAMEL
Oh, you can run... But I’ll tan your hide!


In the melee, Papa smashes open what looks like a glass case where a fire hose would be. But instead of a hose, it contains a leather pouch with an emergency stash of smurfberries.

PAPA
(to pouch)
Old friend, I hoped it would never come to this.

EXT. NEARBY WOODS - SUN DOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Like thundering buffalo, the Smurfs roar for a narrow ravine.

PAPA
Smurfentine! Smurfentine!

Darting as a persicion herd, the Smurfs dodge Azareal and enter the ravine, passing a sign: FORBIDDEN GROTTOS-KEEP OUT!

SMURFETTE
Forbidden Grottos?! The last Smurf to go in here was never seen again!

BRAINY
(hurrying past her)
Then don’t be last!

They pass more signs: Agony Ahead!... Perhaps Death!... Then, More Agony!... I Mean It!... Especially in a Blue Moon!

EXT. FORBIDDEN GROTTOS - TWILIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The Smurfs stumble into a lush, green, dead end. Walled by steep rock, a baby stream flows from a pond at the base of a smurf-sized WATERFALL.

SMURFETTE
It’s a dead end! There’s nowhere to hide!
CLUMSY
(forgetting their danger)
Hey, look! The Blue Moon!

Peeking through trees, a huge BLUE MOON edges over the ravine. As its rays hit the pond, Clumsy doesn’t see the little falls begin to magically SHIMMER behind him.

PAPA
Clumsy, no!

He reaches for Clumsy’s wrist just as THHHHHP! Clumsy flails backwards, sucked INTO THE MAGICAL FALLS, enveloped in a RAINBOW of ENERGY. He disappears through the once solid rock wall behind the falls. Papa’s pulled in too. Followed by one Smurf after another as they grab to save one another.

Gargamel bursts onto the scene only to find... they’re gone.

GARGAMEL
Cowards! Come out and fight like men! Albeit, very small, decidedly blue men, but still--

Suddenly his face LIGHTS UP... as he sees the SHIMMERING falls enveloped in a RAINBOW of ENERGY.

WHITE OUT:

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WATERFALL/PORTAL - DAY

CLOSE ON another falls in a similar grotto. The walls behind the falls CRACKLE with ELECTRICITY, then, Whoosh. Out comes Papa, followed by a chain of SCREAMING Smurfs. They land in a churning pool, just beneath the falls.

UNDERWATER: Smurfs frantically swim to the surface.

As Hefty pulls comrades ashore -- Whoosh -- another CRACKLE of ENERGY and Gargamel’s hand reaches from the falls.

PAPA
Look out!

Gargamel’s arm flails in search of Smurfs. Jokey pulls his floating GIFT BOX from the pool.

JOKEY
Here you go. Have a present!

He shoves the box into Gargamel’s huge hand, which promptly disappears back through the falls.
JOKEY (CONT’D)
Wait for it...

WARBLEY DISTANT SOUND FX: KABOOM! Followed by an ANGRY YOWL.
But before the Smurfs can fully ENJOY Jokey’s work...

HEFTY
(looking O.S., awed)
Sweet mother of Smurf.

The Smurfs follow Romeo’s gaze to...

SMURFS’S POV: Just downstream, another “faire” is in progress. But unlike the quaint, medieval affair of the opening, this is a FULLY MODERN TRADE SHOW of TODAY, with trucks, advertising, generators, rides and ROCK & ROLL.

PAPA
Wherever we are, we’ve got to gather the others and find Clumsy before the Blue Moon ends or we’ll never get home. C’mon!

Papa and others race after the smurfs being swept downstream.

EXT. PARC DE WOLUWE - BRUSSELS - PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

In classic European style, woods and lawns flourish near City Centre. TOURISTS stroll the booths of a TRADE SHOW. VENDORS show everything from hybrid cars to hi-tech health gear.

BOOM DOWN from a Int’l Retailers Faire Banner, to find Clumsy, wet and afraid, under a bench, staring up at a black monolith.

CLUMSY’S POV: Tilt up to reveal a statue of a Smurf. The plaque reads: “Le Grand Schtroumpf par Peyo.”

Hearing LAUGHTER he turns to a large, colorful MUSHROOM that looms ahead, looking somewhat like a Smurf Cottage. We recognize it as a MOONBOUNCE.

CLUMSY
Papa?

As Clumsy approaches, WHOOSH! He’s SUCKED AGAINST the moonbounce intake grill. The blower begins to WHEEZE.

CHILDREN SCREAM as the moonbounce begins to deflate around them. PARENTS come running. A CORD is KICKED. The blower CUTS OFF. Clumsy flops to the ground. People see him...

KIDS & PARENTS
Agh, rongeur! Sacre Bleu!... Blue?
Sticks and cans land all around a terrified Clumsy as he struggles to catch his breath and scramble away.

He quickly darts under the flap of a NEARBY TENT.

EXT. FORBIDDEN GROTTOES - NIGHT

Gargamel stumbles about in the pond, hoisting a log like a BATTERING RAM. His clothes are a bit more tattered and his face is blackened by Jokey’s recent explosion.

GARGAMEL

Hold on to your catnips, Azrael...

And with that, he charges the tiny falls with the log.

INT. SOUVENIR TENT - AFTERNOON

Looking to hide, Clumsy scrambles past the shoes of PATRICK WINSLOW (30s), a handsome, harried, American marketer for a cosmetics powerhouse. As Patrick takes notes on a rival’s products, his phone RINGS.

INTERCUT WITH...

EXT. GRASSY CURBSIDE PARKWAY - MANHATTAN - AM SAME

Patrick’s daughter, SOPHIE (8), is on her mother’s cell phone, pacing blithely with the family’s trusty BEAGLE, TARZAN, who wears a protective lamp-shade collar.

SOPHIE

Hi, Daddy! I miss you so much! Do you miss me?

PATRICK

Of course, princess. Like crazy.

SOPHIE

Mom said, you’re worried about money so you might not bring us any presents. Is that for real?

PATRICK

(can’t bear to hurt her)

No, baby. In fact, I already picked you out something special...

Patrick glances about for a way to make this true. Among the toys, he glimpses a small blue figure, FROZEN in a familiar blending-in pose. As he crosses to it, a BELL BLARES from the SCHOOL behind Sophie. Tarzan YOWLS.
SOPHIE
It's okay, Tarzan! Tarzan, shhhh!

PATRICK
Where are you, Sophie?

Patrick picks up Clumsy, and inspects him.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
At Sammy’s school.

PATRICK
With Tarzan?

SOPHIE
(nonchalant)
Yeah, Sammy got in trouble for flying his helicopter at the pep rally so mom had to pick him, and we were at the vet cause, Tarzan’s teeth hurt.

PATRICK
(beat)
Oh.

Just then, Patrick’s beautiful, frazzled wife (GRACIE), exits the school, trying to quiet a teething baby (REINA). Son, SAM (14) is right behind, carrying a broken remote control helicopter.

SOPHIE
Mom, Daddy wants to talk to you!

SAM
(putting in earphones)
It wasn’t my fault!

GRACIE (INTO PHONE)
Hey, baby, how are you holding up?

PATRICK
Me? How are you doing? What’s going on with Sam?

GRACIE
He’s alright. But we’re gonna have to pay for a new scoreboard... And Coach Gruby’s tupee.
(for Sam)
The Principal will tell us all about it, in our meeting tomorrow night...

Sam rolls his eyes, then gets distracted by a cute girl going inside. Gracie pulls him back to reality and toward the car.
PATRICK
Ooookay. And the dog? What’s that gonna to set us back?

GRACIE
(re dog’s cone, wincing)
Seven-hundred and fifty dollars?

Patrick’s heart skips a beat as he sets his impromptu gift selections at the register. Gracie reluctantly continues...

GRACIE (CONT’D)
Oh, and don’t write any checks for a little bit... I had to put down $1,500 on Sophie’s braces.

Sophie flashes a bracey smile. Patrick sheepishly removes some gifts from the counter. The PROPRIETOR is not impressed.

GRACIE (CONT’D)
Did you talk to Odile about travelling less?

Patrick watches the proprietor scan Clumsy, whose eyes go cross-eyed as the laser hits him again and again.

PATRICK
Not yet, but I will.

GRACIE
Serious, honey. This family needs you. The kids miss you. I miss you.

PATRICK
I’ll talk to her. I promise.

As Gracie wrestles Reina into the car, the phone slips from her ear. She yells at it on the floorboard.

GRACIE
Love you! Can’t wait to see you! *
SOPHIE
Bye, Daddy! We love you. *

END CALL. Patrick notes the proprietor trying to price Clumsy.

PATRIC
What is that anyway?

PROPRIETOR
Stroumph. How you say... Smurf? Local legend, like Leprechaun. (gives up scanning) Twenty euros?
PATRICK
He’s filthy.

PROPRIETOR
Is legend! Fifteen.

PATRICK
How about ten? I’m stretched a little thin here.

The proprietor glares. Patrick SIGHS, tosses down the euros.

EXT. SOUVENIR TENT - MOMENTS LATER

As Patrick exits, we see Clumsy trapped in a clear souvenir box. Patrick’s boss’s droll, Asian, assistant, VAN, appears.

VAN
There you are.
(hustling Patrick along)
C’mon. We’ve won Grand Prize for Best Display, and Madame’s waiting.

PATRICK
Grand Prize? Great. Unless it’ll feed my family, you can have it.

VAN
Funny you should say that...

Van leads Patrick to a huge, gaudy, playhouse-like CHOCOLATE CASTLE. Patrick’s dumfounded. Their boss, ODILE LAURENT, commands the CROWD. Stunning, charming, a modern-day Liz Arden, Odile doesn’t just run her business, she’s a star.

ODILE
(gorgeous French accent)
C’est bon! Here’s my marketing genius. Come claim your prize, mon chéri. You deserve it.

She pulls him into a group photo in front of the CASTLE.

PATRICK
(through forced smile)
What am I suppose to do with it?

ODILE
Keep smiling, mon chéri. Let’s not offend our hosts.

The photo is snapped. Patrick glad hands the BELGIANS.
ANGLE ON Clumsy, now partially free of the box. Suddenly, he ducks back inside as something O.S. fills him with dread...

GARGAMEL and Azrael pass by, taking in the strange new world.

GARGAMEL
What manner of freakish realm is this, Azrael? Yet, even here, the stench of Smurfs gives me goosebumps.

ON GARGAMEL: he spots a tall, attractive NORDIC WOMAN.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
You there! Trollop! I’m searching for these nasty blue creatures--

NORDIC WOMAN
What did you call me?

GARGAMEL
Trollop... tart, wench--

WHAP! She decks him and marches off. Gargamel rubs his face. His first “touch” by a woman, Gargamel tingles with a strange sensation. He sits up, holding his heart.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Wait... You mystical, divine she-beast... Come back!

EXT. TRADE SHOW - LAURENT BOOTH A LITTLE LATER

Van and other WORKERS pack up. Patrick watches nervously as Odile studies a larger-than-life display poster of herself. After a beat, she turns abruptly and hands him a file.

ODILE
Patrick, mon coeur, I want you to help get our Paris campaign back on track.

PATRICK
Paris?

ODILE
I’m not saying move there. Just pop over a week or two each month.

PATRICK
(flippping through file)
Odile, I just promised my wife I’d talk to you about traveling less.
ODILE
And now you have. Didn’t you just have another child? What is that, three now? And a wife. And a dog? Oh, I can’t imagine the pressures you fathers must feel.

PATRICK
(unconvincing)
Wouldn’t have it any other way.

ODILE
Still, more travel, more money, voila... less pressure. I’m only thinking of you, mon, poulet. And only ‘til my makeover of Europe takes hold. A year... two, tops.
(on Patrick’s torn look)
Trust me, Your lovely bride will thank you in the end.
(getting in Limo)
See you at GlamourCon!

With a smile she leaves Patrick miserable in her wake.

EXT. EXHIBITION AREA - BEHIND THE BOOTHS - DAY - SAME

Papa and the Smurfs tiptoe like Navy Seals through a maze of cables and support gear. Suddenly, Papa flashes a “hold up” sign. The Smurfs stop, bumping each other in chain reaction.

PAPA
Alright everyone, think like Clumsy.

The Smurfs immediately adopt blank or dopey stares. A few just plain fall down. Papa just shakes his head.

CLUMSY (O.S.)
(faintly)
Papa Smurf, Papa Smurf!

The Smurfs look up to see Clumsy, waving frantically from within his box as Van and Patrick load into a TAXI. Gutsy leads a charge of several Smurfs for the Taxi.

GUTSY
We’rrrrrre, comin’ ferrr ya Clumsy!

IN THE BOX: Clumsy desperately holds outstretched arms toward his comrades. Then, his eyes go wide with fear...

CLUMSY’S POV: Opposite Papa and the others, Gargamel and Azrael are staring right at him.
GARGAMEL
(to Patrick)
Stop! Thief! That’s my Smurf!

Gargamel’s cry is lost in the CROWD NOISE. Oblivious, Patrick lowers a devastated Clumsy into the trunk.

Gargamel charges, but the Taxi pulls away, leaving him GASPING for breath... directly over the crestfallen Smurfs

His internal senses atingle, Gargamel looks down to see Gutsy and the others at his feet.

SMURFS
(fleeing)
Yahhh!

Azrael gives a WAR CRY. Master and cat charge their prey.

A free-for-all as Gargamel and Azrael chase Smurfs through various booths, wrecking displays and toppling exhibits.

Seeking refuge, Papa and the Smurfs race toward Patrick’s chocolate castle, imagining some great ruler must live there.

PAPA
Sanctuary, oh, benevolent lord!
Sanctuary for my little Smurumph--!

WHAP! Papa trips on a TAPE GUN, tossed aside by FED EX WORKERS as they prep to ship the castle. His face embedded in tape, Papa’s MUFFLED CRIES draw help from Hefty and Gutsy, who RIP him free, leaving some beard embedded in the tape.

PAPA (CONT’D)
Oooouch!

With Gargamel bearing down, Gutsy and Hefty help Papa as they charge after the others INTO THE CASTLE.

GUTSY
Lower the gate!

The chocolate gate wheel breaks off. Greedy takes a bite.

GREEDY
Mmmmm!

Suddenly, their world goes BLACK as a cargo lid is lowered onto the castle. WHAM! Gargamel face-plants against the crate.

A FEDEX GUY secures the lid while his PARTNER labels it with the tape gun. The container is hoisted. Gargamel leaps for it.
GARGAMEL
No! My Smurfs! Mine! Miiine!

He falls on his back, clutching a shred of label and tape, the wind knocked out of him.

FEDEX WORKER
And they'll absolutely positively be there overnight.

The worker exits. Gargamel examines the shred of label and tape. It features Patric’s Company LOGO: “LAURENT” and “USA”. Gargamel calls to a PASSERBY.

GARGAMEL
You, knave! Pray tell, where is the “Usa” of these sacred writings?

PASSERBY
Uh... About 4,000 miles that way?

GARGAMEL
And how many doubloons does one need for mule passage to this, Usa?

PASSERBY
Does your mule fly?

GARGAMEL
(bewildered)
A flying mule?

Just then... a 777 ROARS overhead. Gargamel covers his head in terror. Then... A crooked smile creaks across his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - SUNSET

Patrick tries to get comfortable in his seat. Finally, he pulls Clumsy from the souvenir box, looks him over, then stuffs him behind his head as a neck pillow.

CLOSE ON: Clumsy, his face mashed into the window. His eyes go wide as the earth pulls away 15,000 feet below him. He’s on his way to... “Usa.”

FADE OUT.

INT. BRUSSELS INT’L AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

Gargamel argues with a Belgian TICKET AGENT.
GARGAMEL
But I demand passage on your terrible winged beast!

TICKET AGENT
Sir, no passport, no ticket.

Catching sight of a HUGE WOMAN loading a tiny dog into a carrier, Gargamel suddenly calms down.

GARGAMEL
Yes, of course. Wouldn’t want to take up too much room in the belly of your flying machine.

He steps away from the counter and begins rummaging in his magic bag. Azreal MEWS, confused by Gargamel’s sly smile.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A perfectly quiet, normal flight. A MAN gets up to retrieve his laptop from the overhead bin.

INT. OVERHEAD BIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The bin opens. In the dark far end, a pocket in a carry-on WRIGGLES. A tiny MEOW, then, a TINY Gargamel and Azrael shove a SNICKERS BAR aside and peek out from the pocket.

TINY GARGAMEL
Of course, I thought this through. It’s a standard Class A Shrinking Spell. What could go wrong?

Azrael MEOWS as his tail suddenly grows to full size.

GARGAMEL
Oh, dear.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In a FLASH of SMOKE and LIGHT, life-sized Gargamel and Azrael tumble out of the overhead bin. People SCREAM, panicked by the “explosion” and smoky man, face-down in the aisle.

GARGAMEL
It’s okay, I’m a wizard.

PASSENGER
(re smoky robe)
He’s got a bomb!

Gargamel sits up just as a FLIGHT ATTENDANT rams him in the face with the drink cart and everyone jumps him.
EXT. WINSLOW NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside a slightly-neglected upper middle-class house in Englewood, New Jersey.

At the front door, Patrick collects forgotten mail, mostly bills. The mailbox lid comes off in his hand. He SIGHS.

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The door latch JIGGLES and SHAKES. Finally the stuck door is shouldered open and Patrick enters with his bags. He slips his shoes off and tip toes up the stairs, noting swatches of PAINT SAMPLES remaining from unfinished tests, long ago.

IN Sam’S ROOM -- Patrick tousles his son’s hair and slides a new snow globe on the desk -- beside a row of similar snow globes Patrick’s brought back from all over the world.

IN SOPHIE’S ROOM -- Patrick finds his young daughter asleep in her princess bed. Patrick slides Clumsy beneath one arm, then kisses her on the head. Sophie stirs just enough to notice the gift and smile. Patrick smiles, too, and exits.

Clumsy’s eyes pop open. He tries to squirm free, but Sophie rolls over, pinning him beneath her chest. He’s struggles, but can’t move. Exhausted, he lays back and passes out.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM -- Patrick quietly undresses and readies to climb into bed beside a clearly exhausted Gracie. He steps on a toy, which launches into SONG, waking baby Reina, who bursts into tears. Gracie starts to get up.

PATRICK

I got it.

Exhausted, Patrick soothes the baby, alone, as Gracie, grateful, falls back into bed, dead to the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JFK INT’L AIRPORT - U.S. CUSTOMS - DAWN

SECURITY, IMMIGRATIONS and a LUFTHANSA AGENT argue as Gargamel watches anxiously in the background.

LUFTHANSA AGENT

We’re not flying back a terrorist!
That’s your jurisdiction!

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Maybe his cat’s a terrorist, but he’s a bum with no weapon that you let on your flight. Send ‘em back!
LUFTANSA AGENT
Who’s your supervisor?

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Who’s your supervisor?!

As they grab phones and dial angrily, Gargamel simply takes his bag and cat and blends into a line cleared for exit.

INT. JFK - TERMINAL - DAWN

Several DRIVERS hold name placards, awaiting their passenger. Gargamel approaches one, reading “Smith.”

ARMENIAN DRIVER
Smith?

GARGAMEL
Smurf.

ARMENIAN DRIVER
Smirth.

GARGAMEL
Smurf, you dunderhead ignoramus. (suspicious)
Who sent you? What do you know of these runes?

FOREIGN LIMO DRIVER
(re shipping label)
Ees in city, Meester Smoorf? You vant stop zhere first?

GARGAMEL
Yesssss, my speaking-impaired friend. I vant stop zhere first.

The driver tries to take his bag. Gargamel yanks it back.

INT. SOPHIE’S ROOM - DAWN

Clumsy YAWNS and stretches in the first morning light. Suddenly, he jolts awake, no idea where he is.

Inching from beneath Sophie, he takes in the giant princess, then backs into something wet. He turns and stares into the sleeping snout of Tarzan, the beagle.

Clumsy backs into a pile of toys, burying himself in an avalanche of lifeless, horrifying DOLL FACES. Worst of all, SNIFF SNIFF... Tarzan GROWLS. Sophie SHUSHES in her sleep...

SOPHIE
Tarzaamb... shubbshsssh.

Clumsy goes to scream, but merely PEEPS, then he flees into...
INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clumsy heaves the great door closed, then scales the sink cabinet, to get further from Tarzan, who paws at the door.

ON THE COUNTER: Clumsy collapses to catch his breath. After a beat, he SNIFFS something sweet and follows his nose to... the BERRY-BURST liquid HAND SOAP.

Famished, he sucks down a mouthful, then grimaces, BURPING a huge BUBBLE. Stepping back, he triggers the BLOW DRYER which sets him running in place in pool of slippery soap.

Reaching for support, Clumsy yanks the plug and all is QUIET. He spots a “crystal pool,” below and climbs eagerly down...

INTO THE TOILET: HUMMING happily, Clumsy enjoys a quick splash under the arms and a GARGLE. Ahh, refreshing. To climb out, he grabs the handle... FLUSH!

Flailing wildly for balance, Clumsy grab the toilet paper, which unfurls as he falls toward the raging whirlpool below.

Just as he would be lost, he’s plucked free. Clumsy looks up from Sophie’s grasp to see her towering over him in her princess jammies. He tries freezing again.

SOPHIE
I know you’re alive... I saw you.

Clumsy can’t contain another BURP and BUBBLE. Sophia giggles.

SOPHIE (CONT’D)
See.

Clumsy throws himself on his face.

CLUMSY
Please your highness, don’t hurt me! I’ll do whatever you say! I didn’t mean to wake you. I just want to go home!

SOPHIE
You silly. I’d never hurt you. Why would I hurt you?
(as Clumsy peeks up)
But, I would take care of you... If you let me.

Tarzan SNIFFS and jumps ups, curious, as Sophie reaches to pet Clumsy. Clumsy pulls back, afraid.
SOPHIE (CONT’D)
Don’t be scared. It’s just Tarzan.
He’s a good dog. Are you hungry?
I’ll bet you are. I’m hungry.

Against his will, Clumsy nods. Sophie warmly smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT’D)
You like breakfast in bed? I love it.

He nods again. As she pulls him close and starts out, Clumsy stiffens, but then... he can’t resist a much needed cuddle.

INT. TOWN CAR - MANHATTAN - SAME

Azrael and Gargamel each hang out the window like a dogs, taking in the Big Apple. They are mesmerized by billboards and jumbotron touting beauty, fashion and youth.

Noting the limo’s decanter, Gargamel takes a swig, then spit takes all over the back of the limo.

Meanwhile, an ANGRY STREAM OF ARMENIAN comes from DISPATCH.

FOREIGN LIMO DRIVER
Smith? At JFK?? No Smurth?

He glares at Gargamel, who is licking the picture on a pack of peanuts.

SLAM TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - EARLY MORNING

Gargamel, his cat, bag and crumpled shipping label are tossed from the car. The driver, CURSING IN ARMENIAN, speeds away.

GARGAMEL
Lunatic demon! I’m keeping your peanuts!!

Seeing the shipping label floating in the gutter, toward a storm drain, Gargamel leaps and grabs them.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Ye gods, the runes!

Azrael YOWLS sniffing at the label.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
What now, cat?
Gargamel examines the tape more closely... FINE BITS OF GREY HAIR are embedded within. Pushing Azrael aside, Gargamel's eyes go wide with excitement...

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)
Praise all darkness! Papa's beard! It's not much, but even a smidgen of Smurf, in the right hands, should yield power and riches beyond belief.

Gargamel eyes a Porta Potty near a renovation project.

GARGAMEL (CONT'D)
Ahh, this should make a nice laboratory in which to tease the powers from these precious strands.

They enter the Porta Potty. After a beat... SNIFF...MEOW!

GARGAMEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I agree. Someone's been working a dark and terrible magic in here.

They quickly stagger out, GASPING.

WIPE TO:

EXT. TURTLE POND/BELVEDERE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Gargamel and Azrael stomp through the shrubs and come upon BELVEDERE CASTLE -- a rundown architectural folly, amazingly like his home. He smiles.

Gargamel bashes the LOCK open with a ROCK and peers into the cob-webbed labyrinth of old park junk... It's perfect.

GARGAMEL
Oh, baby... Daddy's home.

INT. WINSWO KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Patrick sits, absently feeding the baby, while studying a FRENCH BOOK in the other. He struggles with a sentence.

PATRICK
Bonjour, Reina. Vous aimez Cherrios?

Sam sits nearby, repairing his HELICOPTER, also lost in his own world. The copter struggles to lift off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey hey, Sam, not in the house.

Earbuds blaring, Sam doesn't hear. Patrick plucks out a bud.
PATRICK (CONT’D)

Sam.

SAM

What?

PATRICK

No flying in the house. What were you thinking, anyway, taking that thing to school?

SAM

Where am I supposed to fly it? We never go to the park like you said we would when we got it.

PATRICK

I know, I know, and I’ve been meaning to. It’s just... things are so crazy right now with work and the economy--

SAM

Whatever...

(cranking earbuds back up)

Tell Principal Fincher I said hi, tonight.

SOPHIE

(racing in, hugs Patrick)

Daddy, I love him! Thank you so much!

She spins, to reveal Clumsy in a baby carrier on her back.

SOPHIE (CONT’D)

(racing in)

His name is Clumsy and he talks and walks and swims in the potty. But he’s so hungry. Why didn’t you feed him on the plane?

Gracie enters, as Sophie gathers a lot of food. Patrick quickly hides the French book.

GRACIE

Feed who on the plane?

SOPHIE

My Smurf. Daddy got him in Brussels and he lives in a mushroom in the middle of the woods.

She races out with tray of food. Gracie turns to Patrick.
GRACIE
Wow, what a difference. My first 
full night of sleep since you left.
(then)
What’s with the tie? I thought I had 
you to myself today.

PATRICK
Yeah... I’ve just got a little 
catching up to do from the trip.

Hiding her frustration, Gracie turns away to pour coffee.

GRACIE
So... Did you talk to Odile about 
travel?

PATRICK
(deep breath...)
Yeah, as a matter of fact, I did.

GRACIE
And?

Looking into Gracie’s beautiful, hope-filled eyes...

PATRICK
And...
(courage failing)
...There’s definitely going to be 
some changes.

GRACIE
(beat, hugs him)
You... are my hero.

She kisses him on the cheek and exits. Patrick wilts, then 
flips through his French book and reads for the baby...

PATRICK
Je suis si baisé.
(SUBTITLE: I am so screwed)

INT. THE WINSLOW’S BACKYARD - MORNING - A LITTLE LATER

Poor Tarzan is now chained up and watches forlornly as a FED 
EX CREW maneuver a huge box. Dropping it, they quickly exit.

UPSTAIRS: Patrick packs up his computer for work. Spotting 
the box in the backyard, he brightens...

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

PUSH IN ON the box. After a beat...
BRAINY (O.S.)
I could be mistaken, but it’s my opinion, that we’ve come to a stop.

PAPA (O.S.)
Thank you, Brainy, for that piercing and insightful observation.

INT. BOX - CONTINUOUS
A shaft of light from a crack in the container illuminates the weary travellers.

GREEDY
Real Food... Must have real food.

HEFTY
Water! My bench press for a drop of water.

GUTSY
Me ferrst, lads. Might be any manner of monster oot dar.

VANITY
A drop? Bathe me in a river, I smell like a moose.

SMURFETTE
Forgive a lady for being blunt, fellas, but, if I don’t find a powder room, my smurf is gonna burst.

EXT. WINSLOW BACK YARD - SECONDS LATER
Papa peers from the crack in the container, then cautiously ventures into this unknown world. One by one, he’s followed by tired, frightened, chocolate-covered Smurfs.

Suddenly a massive dinosaur head looms over them. The Smurfs SCREAM and flee toward a rickety fence. Behind them, the plastic dinosaur rocks in the wind as part of a swingset.

The Smurfs are cut off by Tarzan, who BARKS and chases them back toward the house until he’s snapped back by his sliding chain. The back door flies open and Patrick leads his family out. The Smurfs dive under a hedge.

PATRICK
(to Gracie, proudly)
Bet you thought I forgot you, eh?

SMURFS POV: Patrick undoes a strap, releasing the wooden sides of the crate, revealing... a half-eaten chocolate mess.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
Okay, giant chocolate castles do not travel well.

SOPHIE
Hmmm. Looks like you had rats.
UNDER HEDGE: Greedy BURPS, wiping chocolate off his hands.

SAM

If I catch the plague, will that get me out of mid-terms?

SMURF’S POV: As the family heads back into the house, Clumsy is revealed, strapped to a Baby Bjorn on Sophie’s back.

The Smurfs GASP. Gutsy lunges, but Hefty grabs him. Clumsy reaches out hopelessly to Papa, who frantically signals to SHUSH him. Tarzan BARKS and pulls on his chain, loosening the stake as the door SLAMS and Clumsy’s gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - DUNGEON - AFTERNOON

More haggard than ever, Gargamel and Azrael have worked feverishly, refashioning the castle into a crude laboratory. A candle churns smoky brew in an old coffee urn into VAPOR, which pulses through a Rube Goldberg-esque rig.

GARGAMEL

This is it, Azrael. All my life has built to this moment.
(accidently BREAKS WIND)
Alright, this next moment... The piece de la resistance, the creme de la creme...

MUSIC builds as Gargamel produces the tuft of Papa’s beard and adds the hair to the urn... The room is engulfed in SFX.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Yes! YES! Never again will they laugh at Gargamel!

Gargamel places a tiny, exquisite glass cordial at the funnel, capturing a wee squirt of Smurf-blue ESSENCE.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
At last, the ultimate magic potion...
Essence du Smurf!.

He pours a drop onto a crumpled COKE CAN, turning it to GOLD.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
(in ecstacy)
Oooo! Eeee! Aaaah!... Shiiiney!
(Azrael licks the gold).
Stoppit, cretin!

Gargamel polishes the bar... then licks it himself.
GARGAMEL (CONT’D)

Mmmmm! We’re going to require more Smurfs.

INT. WINSWOL KITCHEN - DAY

Sophie feeds Clumsy, who stares over her shoulder, distracted.

SOPHIE
Are you okay? Is your seat buckle too tight?

CLUMSY
No, it’s... it’s... Papa Smurf!

Sophie follows Clumsy’s stare to the doggie door, where Papa freezes, half in/half out, being lowered by Hefty and Gutsy.

CUT TO:

INT. BABY’S ROOM - 2ND FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

Gracie changes baby Reina, who CRIES and fusses, gnawing on a rattle. Sophie bursts in, talking 100 mph.

SOPHIE
Mommy! Clumsy’s friends have come and the poor little Smurfs have had nothing but Chocolate for days and they’re all hopped up on sugar and need a real breakfast and a lot of it, and a bath, ‘cause they smell like frog poop. Can they come in? Please? I promise to take care of them? Please please?

GRACIE
(wrestling Reina’s diaper)
Sure, Sophie. Clutzy’s friends can have breakfast. Say hello from me.

SOPHIE
Thanks, Mom!

INT. WINSWOL KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Smurfs are... everywhere. Bathing in the sink, showering under the spray faucet. Fire-brigade style, some empty the fridge. Others beat on the toaster, raid the pantry, roast treats over stove burners and spin on bar stools. Greedy emerges from a bag of CHEETOS... He’s ORANGE.
GREEDY
(BUUUUUURP)
Smurfacalifragilous.

With Clumsy happily at his side, Papa, on the counter, oversees the feeding of his family with Brainy’s “help.”

CLUMSY
Then I woke up under Sophie’s arm and she’s kept me safe every since.

PAPA
(bowing to Sophie)
How can we ever thank you?

SOPHIE
Don’t need to. It’s just so nice to have someone to talk to for a change.

PAPA
Clumsy, are you feeling okay? You look a little pale.

Clumsy checks his arms. He’s a bit less blue than the others.

PAPA (CONT’D)
No worries. Fortunately, I packed extra smurfberries.

Producing a pouch, he pops a berry into Clumsy’s mouth.

CLUMSY
(noticably relieved)
Aaaaaaah. Thanks, Papa Smurf.

BRAINY (O.S.)
Watch it, Handy! Papa always says... You’re gonna poke someone’s eye out with that thiiiiiiiiing...

Brainy sails off a spinning orange, atop a JUICER as Handy and others wield a LARGE KNIFE on the next orange. Hefty helps load it and Gutsy jumps on top and clings as it spins.

SOPHIE
That’s it! Keep pressing down!

DARING
(spining on orange)
PAPA
(re flowing juice) *
Yeeeehaaaaw!
Amazing!

Four hungry Smurfs peer into a FOUR-SLICE TOASTER.
SOPHIE (CONT’D)
You might not want to stand quite so--

DING! The Smurfs are knocked to their butts by flying toast.

PAPA
(mouthful of eggs)
Mmmmm. You’re sure your Mother won’t mind all this, Miss Sophie?

SOPHIE
Mind? She loves Clumsy. And just wait til she meets all of you.

The room is pierced by an hysterical SCREAM.

ANGLE ON Gracie, in the doorway, holding Reina and freaking out. The Smurfs, shocked by the sight, SCREAM back as one, then, run panicked in every direction.

SOPHIE (CONT’D)
It’s okay! That’s my mom! Mom! You said it was okay!

Sam rushes in and is stunned to see the kitchen packed with scampering, keystone cop-like, little blue critters.

SAM
Omigod... Aliens!

GRACIE
Sophie, get back!

In one clean move, she puts the baby in Sam’s arms, grabs a broom, and clears a counter of little blue invaders.

SOPHIE
Stop it! Mom, we invited them!

Wham! Gracie sweeps Brainy into wall. WHOOSH! GUTSY is sent flying onto the ceiling fan.

BRAINY
Aaaaaaaaaaagh!

GUTSY
Weeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrrr!

GRACIE
(swatting more Smurfs)
Get... Out... of my... Kitchen! Whatever you are!

SOPHIE
Mom, don’t! They’re Clumsy’s friends!
Papa ducks a swipe. Sophie grabs Gracie’s legs. Tarzan leaps through his doggy door, pulling his up-ended stake. WHAM! It catches in the door, jerking him short of Gutsy.

**GUTSY**
*(shadow boxing)*
Is ‘at all ya’ got! Brrring it on, you canine cowarrrrd!

As Tazan cocks his head, confused, Sam traps Gutsy under a glass cake cover. He holds it down as Gutsy shoves back.

**GUTSY (MUFFLED) (CONT’D)**
Let me oot ya’ frrreakin’ jeezer!
I’ll take ye wit me barrre ‘ands!

**SOPHIE**
*(clinging to Gracie’s leg)*
Mom, please! You told me to make them breakfast!

**MOM**
*(whacks Vanity)*
I thought you were playing!

**SMURFETTE**
*(trying to revive Brainy)*
Look what you’ve done to my Brainy.

Stunned, Gracie pauses for a beat. Sophie grabs the broom.

**SOPHIE**
Mom! They need our help! They’re nice! Papa! Show Mom you’re nice!

Sophie and Gracie clutch the broom in a standoff. Gracie stares warily at Papa. He stares warily back. Then...

**PAPA**
*(tentatively)*
Alright my little Smurfs... Clean up time. And make it Smurfy.

Keeping an eye on Gracie, Smurfs come out of hiding to clean. Soon, the kitchen is a BLUE BLUR as things are polished and put away at break-neck speed. Gracie and the kids are dazed.

Gracie is eased into a chair and served tea. Catching her breath, she looks around in awe. Standing at attention, the Smurfs line the kitchen like the wait-crew of a luxury liner.

**SOPHIE**
Mom, meet Papa...and the Smurfs.
PAPA
Humbly at your service, m’lady.

The Smurfs bow. The Winslows are speechless. Reina grabs Grouchy and happily chews on him, covering him in slime.

GROUCHY
I hate being at service...

GRACIE
Nooo! Get that out--

Gracie yanks Grouchy from Reina and hurls him into the sudsy sink, then wipes Reina’s mouth.

GRACIE (CONT’D)
Who knows what kind of diseases these things--
(off Reina’s YOWLING)
No, Reina, we do not put strangers in our mouth.

Crazy steps forward and sooths Reina with a RIFF of silly NOISES. Reina GIGGLES, delighted. Gracie’s taken aback.

SAM
I’m so uploading this to YouTube.

As he records Crazy, Sophie grabs his phone-cam.

SAM
Hey! Give it! They’re not yours! This is first contact! The world’s gotta know!

SOPHIE
Stopit! They need our help! * Can they stay, Mom? Please? * Just for a little while?

Sam holds Gutsy up at arms length, captivated as the little blue “alien” swings wildly at him. Mom gazes into rows of pleading Smurf eyes.

PAPA
(humbly beseeching)
We are a long way from home, Ma’am.

BRAINY
And experience indicates, it’s a bit dangerous out there for Smurfs.

HEFTY
For once, I agree with Brainy.

PAPA
We’ll be out of your hair in no time. When the Blue Moon rises, we simply search out the nearest portal and--
GRACIE
I’m sorry, did you say, Blue Moon?

PAPA
Yes, when the moon turns blue and
rises in the evening sky--

SAM
Whoa, I don’t know what planet you’re
from, but our moon doesn’t turn blue.

Papa looks alarmed.

GRACIE
We have an expression Blue Moon, but
that’s just when it’s full twice in
the same month.

SMURFETTE
With just a lovely hint of blue?

SAM
What part of no blue don’t you guys
understand?

Rows of solid blue Smurfs gaze back at him, blankly.

BRAINY
All of it?

EXT. MADISON AVE. - DAY - AFTERNOON

Armed with the gold, Gargamel and Azrael push through CROWDS
to gaze, flumoxed, at Armani suits in the windows at BARNEYS.

GARGAMEL
Ludicrous! Where’s a brilliant
wizard to find a simple hairy robe?

He smooths his filthy robe, then, his jaw drops...

RACK FOCUS: Reflected in the window is Patrick’s Company logo,
on the office building across the street.

Gargamel turns and charges into traffic causing utter chaos.

INT. LAURENT INT’L HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY BOUTIQUE - AFTERNOON

Expansive, exclusive, like Lancôme’s HQ, it’s Niketown for
your face. Deep in the lobby, Odile berates her MINIONS.

ODILE
(re a display)
Dieu m’aide, I’m so bored.

(MORE)
The press expects Laurent to surprise at GlamourCon. Yet, I’ve seen all this before. Deja vu does not sell.

AT THE ENTRANCE: Gargamel spots an impeccably dressed, middle-aged, COSMETOLOGIST, cream-treating her crows feet in vain.

GARGAMEL
You there, fancy woman. Fetch me the proprietor of this bazar at once.

Gargamel and Azrael seem homeless and feral at best. The cosmetologist beckons to an undercover SECURITY AGENT.

SECURITY AGENT
Sir, please step outside.

Gargamel struggles as he’s pulled toward the door.

GARGAMEL
Unhand me, knave! Or you’ll live out your days as newt!
(as guard tightens grip)
Or perhaps another small amphibious reptile of your fancy?

In their struggle, the vial empties onto the cosmetologist.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Ye, gods! My potion!

A “youth” effect spreads over the cosmetologist. She SHIVERS with pleasure as her face, bust, hair, and entire being, become 25 years younger. Gargamel is himself, surprised.

COSMETOLOGIST
(looking into the mirror)
(stunned expletives in Farsi)

GARGAMEL
Well, I hope you’re happy. You were a perfectly respectable hag, yet you wasted my fine blue brew turning yourself into a strumpet!

ODILE (O.S.)
Sacré Blu!... Mother?!

Gargamel turns, to find Odile gazing in shock at her mother, the cosmetologist, newly restored to youth.

ODILE (CONT’D)
Comment?... Que?... qui?
Odile’s mother points, wordlessly to Gargamel. As Odile stares at him, Gargamel melts, utterly taken in by the most beautiful woman he’s ever seen.

ODILE (CONT’D)
Who are you? How did you do this?

GARGAMEL
I... I... well... Obviously, my potion is more amazing than even I expected.

ODILE
Can you do it again?

She reaches for his empty bottle. Gargamel clutches it.

GARGAMEL
(re her mother)
W-why would I do that again?

ODILE
Don’t play coy. Women would kill for a drop of that.

GARGAMEL
Women?

Shrewdly changing tacks, she draws closer, stroking his cheek with a perfectly manicured finger. She speaks seductively...

ODILE
Of course, a man as charming as yourself is probably bored silly by the attention of beautiful women.

GARGAMEL
(enraptured, dazed)
Oh. Yes, it’s so... wearying... always being the object... of desire.

ODILE
Tout de suite, everyone! Get the man a latte! Caviar! A massage! His any desire! How often are we graced by the presence of such genius?

Azrael MEOWS in confusion. Gargamel stomps on his tail, shutting him up, but never turning his gaze from Odile’s.

GARGAMEL
(overcome)
I’m sorry... Did you say... genius?
Odile locks eyes with the strange man before her.

ODILE
Unequivocal... Totalement... Genius.

Enveloped in a whirlwind of pampering and grovel, Gargamel’s eyes fill with gratitude, his greatness, at last, recognized.

GARGAMEL
Azrael, we’re going to like it here.

INT. 540 PARK RESTAURANT - DAY

Odile and Van sit across from Gargamel and Azrael in the power-lunchroom to midtown’s elite.

ODILE
Monsieur Gargamel, I’ll be frank. Clinique, Lauder, Mac, they’d kill to get what you have in that vial.

GARGAMEL
(keeping an eye out)
To be expected. I’ll need some bowman and a few good knights, preferably in shining armor.

Odile starts to laugh, but realizes he’s not joking.

ODILE
Done. Van.

VAN
Where would I--

ODILE
You see, Monsieur Gargamel, while others may promise you the world, Odile Laurent delivers.

A huge, almost medieval tray of meats arrives. Gargamel digs into a turkey leg and Azrael devours prawns.

ODILE (CONT’D)
Of course, all our testing will be animal cruelty free.

GARGAMEL
So, I pay extra for animal cruelty?
ODILE
And we assume liability should your formula present any... unforeseen side effects.

GARGAMEL
Speaking of unforeseen, this place hasn’t got a pot to piss in.
(to waiter)
You! Urchin! Fetch me a chamber pot. This swill you call Cristal has gone straight to my nether region.

ODILE
(off waiter’s look)

GARGAMEL
Thank the gods...

Gargamel grabs an empty SOUP TUREEN from a passing tray and disappears behind a potted plant. Odile smiles and nods at perplexed DINERS as if nothing is wrong.

Relieved, Gargamel hands the pot to the Waiter.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Toss this out a window, will you?

ODILE
Gargamel, dahling, you can get me another sample of your incredible potion for tomorrow, mais oui? I’d like to unveil you to the world at GlamourCon. They’ll worship you.

GARGAMEL
Hear that, Azrael? Worshiiip. It rolls off her tongue, like flesh from a martyr.

Azrael GULPS down a prawn than BURPS in agreement. Eying a huge aquarium he jumps in and paddles madly for a bite. The staff rushes to pull him out, but Odile waves them off.

ODILE
Le poisson... Add it to the bill.
(then, to Gargamel)
So, we have a deal, my liege?

GARGAMEL
Your liege? Oh yes, yes! I’ll gladly provide you more potion. There’s just one thing...
Gargamel produces the crumpled shipping label and begins smoothing it on the table.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)  
You see, there was this box, and something most dear to me was--

ODILE  
(glancing at the label)  
Ah, that’s shipping and receiving.  
Van will take you, tout de suit!

GARGAMEL  
No, you’re too sweet.

ODILE  
Van, make sure you get his number.

GARGAMEL  
My what?

ODILE  
Your cellular?  
(off his blank look)  
You do have a phone, don’t you?  Of course you don’t, you don’t even have a comb.  Van.

Van reluctantly hands over his phone.

ODILE (CONT’D)  
Until tomorrow, mon cher.

Rising to leave, she holds out her hand. Garamel sniffs it tentatively, then licks it like an obedient dog. She smiles.

ODILE (CONT’D)  
Yes, I think this is going to work out just fine.

INT. WINSLOW HOME - STUDY - DAY

Sophie helps Papa and Brainy pour through the library, while Gracie searches online and keeps an eye on Reina, who bounces happily in her springy chair as Crazy entertains her with funny noises: CRICKETS, WASHING MACHINE, an ELEPHANT, etc.

GRACIE  
See, this is a blue moon in our world. It’s really just a saying.

Brainy and Papa peer at photo of a full moon over New York.
BRAINY
That’s not even blue if you squint!

Smurfs MURMUR worriedly as Papa’s nervously paces.

PAPA
Alright, nobody panic. There must be a way to summon a Blue Moon. Hmmm... I’ll need to study your stars.

SOPHIE
Sammy’s got a telescope Dad brought back from a trip.

SAM
(off Papa’s hopeful look)
Fine. But I’m coming with in case you try and summon your mothership for an attack.

SMURFETTE
Mothership?
(to the Winslow girls)
What a delightfully feminine culture.

She proudly smooths her dress on her curves as the Smurfs all SIGH with desire and Papa rolls his eyes.

INT. LAURENT INT’L - CORPORATE OFFICES - NY - LOBBY

Gargamel and Azrael sit in reception. Gargamel tries to snap a picture of Azrael with the Van’s phone. Instead, he blinds himself with the flash. A SHIPPING CLERK crosses to them.

SHIPPING GUY
Nothing from Belgium. Sure it came to this address?

DING! Gargamel and Azrael are astounded as an elevator opens and people appear. More amazing, Patrick is among them. They eagerly sneak after him to the street.

EXT. MONTHLY CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick emerges in his Smart car. Gargamel spots an empty HORSE AND CARRIAGE waiting on its dining tourists. The DRIVER stands nearby, reading...

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE / INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Patrick crawls along in slow traffic. Unnoticed in his rearview mirror, Gargamel and Azrael’s gain on him in the carriage. Gargamel whips a guy in a convertible Porsche.
GARGAMEL
Move aside, peasant! How dare you obstruct my path to greatness!

Impatient, Gargamel side-swipes the Porsche, Ben-Hur style, leaving the angry driver in his wake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENGLEWOOD - NJ - EVENING

Patrick slows to turn into a quiet neighborhood. Gargamel’s horse CLOMPS into view behind him stops.

GARGAMEL
No! Don’t stop! We’re so close! I can feeeeel it!

The horse keels over, into a SNORING slumber, flipping the carriage and ejecting Gargamel.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Infidel quitter! Four-legged Judas!

He begins to CRY inconsolably, Azrael CRIES with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW HOME - EVENING

Sophie stares out the window. Suddenly...

SOPHIE
Places everyone!

OUTSIDE: Patrick’s car pulls into the driveway.

EXT. WINSLOW HOME - FRONT PORCH - SAME

Patrick checks the mail, pleasantly surprised that the mailbox top doesn’t come off in his hand.

He starts to give the door a shove, but, to his surprise, it swings open with no effort. It’s not sticking any more.

PATRICK
Honey, I fixed the door!

INT. WINSLOW HOME - CONTINUOUS

Patrick hangs his coat, surprised to find the rack works.
PATRICK
...And the coat rack.
(noticing)
And painted the hall?

The house looks amazing.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The family stands around Patrick, who sits at the table, staring dumbfounded at Clumsy. Clumsy looks to Sophie, anxious to understand Patrick’s expression.

GRACIE
More wine?

Clumsy slides Patrick’s glass toward Gracie, who refills it as Clumsy tries a deep bow, but clumsily tips over instead.

CLUMSY
Oops. Guess I’m still a bit stiff from you using me as a neck pillow.

PATRICK
(helplessly)
Riiiight.... Who wouldn’t be?

GRACIE
They’re pretty amazing, huh?

PATRICK
(beat)
They?

SAM
Well... A few more came over in your chocolate disaster.

Patrick looks to Gracie.

GRACIE
Right... Um, okay... Papa Smurf?

From behind the flowers, out steps Papa. He bows.

PAPA
At your service, Master Winslow.

Patrick takes a GULP of wine.

SOPHIE
And there’s Smurfette...

Smurfette appears from behind a pitcher and curtseys.
SMURFETTE
Swell place you got her, Mr. W.
Makes a lady feel right at home.

Instinctively, she innocently flirts with batting eyes,
startling Patrick, even more.

SOPHIE
She’s the only girl.

PATRICK
Good.

SOPHIE
Then, there’s Hefty and Greedy and
Vanity and Crazy and Romeo and Brainy
-- he thinks he’s the smartest, but
I’m not so sure.

As Sophie speaks, the Smurfs appear from behind picture
glasses, potted plants and tea pots. Patrick is flabbergasted.

SAM
(picking up Brainy)
They claim to come in peace, but I’m
watching ‘em. Feel their skin.

BRAINY
I demand that you cease at once--
(GIGGLES at a belly rub)
Okay, wait, do that again.

SOPHIE
And this is Handy. He’s the one who
fixed the house.

A plate crashes O.S. in the kitchen.

HANDY
I can fix that.

PATRICK
(re kitchen)
Do I even want to know?

GRACIE
The rest are making dinner.

Sophie, opens the kitchen door, revealing more Smurfs working
with chaotic precision at COOK’S direction.

In a flurry of choreographed madness, the Smurfs set the table
and lay out an amazing feast. Suddenly, Patrick is surrounded
by bibbed and ready-for-dinner Smurfs.
VARIOUS SMURFS
Evening, Mr. Winslow. Welcome home.
Lovely place you’ve got here. Etc.

COOK
Supper... is served.

PAPA
Cook, you’re a wonder!

SOPHIE
Can they stay? Please? Just til Papa finds them a way home? They’re not safe on their own. It’s okay with Mom if it’s okay with you.

SAM
Do you realize how cool this is? Our very own aliens? We can’t just bail on ‘em! Mom said it’s okay with her if it’s okay with you!

PATRICK
You didn’t say that? It’s crazy!

SMURFETTE
No, that’s Crazy.

She points to Crazy, entertaining Reina with his NOISES.

GRACIE
She hasn’t cried all day. They’re surprisingly helpful... And very well mannered.

PATRICK
Well mannered? We don’t even know what they are!

BRAINY
Well, technically, sir, Smurfs are--

PATRICK
I’m not talking to you!

GRACIE
They just need a place to stay for a little while.

PATRICK
You want them to stay?

GRACIE
Only until Papa can... “smurf” a blue moon.”

(off Patrick’s stare)
Can we talk about it on the way to Sam’s conference?
PATRICK
We can’t leave the kids in the house with these... these...

SOPHIE
Dad, they’d never hurt anyone. I promise. See?...

She points to the baby, now gleefully wreaking havoc on several Smurfs in her orbit. Patrick is not comforted.

GRACIE
(leading Patrick)
We’re going to be late.

PATRICK
Fine... But this is not over.

He grabs a zucchini stick on his way out. Sam takes a plate of food and starts out in the opposite direction.

PAPA
So... we won’t be dining together?

SAM
Never do.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAME ROOM - SAME

Sophie brings milk and cookies into the midst of playful chaos as the Smurfs explore the game room.

ON an AIR HOCKEY table, Smurfs whiz along, using pucks/paddles as hover boards, colliding madly with each other. Smurfette GIGGLES as her dress billows up like Marilyn Monroe’s.

ON the FOOSEBALL table, Smurfs romp amidst the wooden players causing them to spin wildly and kick the ball. Hefty makes a dive as goalie, only to be knocked in by the ball.

CRAZY
(CROWD noises, then)
Goal! Goal! Gooooooaaaaaaal!

Gutsy fiddles with a remote control. Sam’s RC HELICOPTER takes off. Astonished, Gutzy grabs a skid.

GUTSY
Grrreat Scot, I’m flyiiiiiiiiing!

SOPHIE
No, Gutsy. Sammy won’t like that!
Too late. The copter SLAMS Gutsy into the wall. He slides slowly down.

GUTSY
I’m like a great blue birrrd...

Looking to reign in the madness, Sophie flips on the TV.

SOPHIE
Here. You guys’ll like this...

Sophie selects GUITAR HERO. As the MUSIC starts and COLORED DOTS whiz by, the Smurfs regard the instruments with awe.

EXT. WINSWOLD CUL-DE-SAC - MOMENTS LATER

A GARDENING ENTHUSIAST, with a LEAF BLOWER/VAC, stares as the strange man approaches, SNIFFING the air like a hounddog.

GARGAMEL
Come out, come out, little Smurfs. I promise not to hurt you... very much.

Realizing he’s being watched, Gargamel SNARLS at the man. Unnerved, the man resumes SUCKING debris from his yard.

INT. WINSLOW FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Brainy strikes a chord on Guitar Hero.

BRAINY
Like this?

Sam enters and cranks the volume.

SAM
No... more like this.

SOPHIE
Dad’s not gonna like you playing his sound system so loud!

SAM
Dad’s not here, is he?

He hits a chord that literally threatens to shatter the windows. Brainy holds onto his ears. The others love it.

GUTSY
That’s more like it, lad!
EXT. WINSLOW CUL-DE-SAC - SAME

The sound of ROCK MUSIC draws Gargamel’s eyes up to a window, now silhouetted with rockin’ Smurfs. He smiles and casts a look at the man with the leaf vacuum.

EXT. WINSLOWS’ ROOF - EVENING - SAME

Papa studies the stars with Sam’s telescope, concerned by their positions. Rechecking his calculations, he grows more concerned, not noticing as the scope drifts down to...

CLOSE ON: Gargamel's face as he stuffs the neighbor into a trashcan, whacking him with the nozzle of the leaf vac.

Back to the scope, Papa GASPS, then charges the window, but bounces off. It’s jammed. He eyes... the chimney.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

A loud KNOCK at the door. Sophie enters with Clumsy and Handy. Leaving the security chain on, she cracks the door.

SOPHIE

Who is it?

Papa bounces out of the fireplace in a POOF of ash.

PAPA

Don’t open that--

BAM! The door is kicked open. Sophie, Papa and Smurfs go in all directions as Gargamel and Azrael step in.

GARGAMEL

Heeeere’s Gargy!

RRRRRRrrrrrrrrrrrrr! He REVS the leaf vac and sucks up Vanity.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)

Deeeeeeelicious!

(LAUGHS, then to Azrael)

Make it so, Number One!

Azrael GROWLS with delight and charges upstairs. Gargamel vacuums up Clumsy as Sophie sits up.

SOPHIE

CLUMSY!

The GUITAR HERO MUSIC stops O.S. as Smurfs flee from Azrael. Crazy erupts in a series of ALARM noises.
SMURFS
Azrael! Help! Smurf for your lives!
Papaaaaaaaaaaa!

Gargamel starts vacuuming them up, CACKLING with glee. Sam appears at the banister, hurling pool balls. Gargamel excitedly bats them away with the nozzle.

SAM
Sophie! Call 911!

PAPA
(ponders the vac, then)
Hefty, Brainy, Smurfette -- see if you can lure Azrael under that desk!

BRAINY
(cowardly)
Actually, Papa Smurf, don’t you need my leadership skills here with--

OOF! Suddenly, Brainy’s shoved under the antique desk and into a cast-iron ornamental vent cover by Hefty and Smurfette.

BRAINY (CONT’D)
Why do I have to be the bait?

SMURFETTE
What, you think that’s a job for a girl?

She gives him a final push into the vent. Suddenly... Hefty YELLS and gets SUCKED up by the vac.

IN THE HALL: Sophie holds the cordless PHONE in one hand and scoops fleeing smurfs into her doll stroller with the other.

SOPHIE (INTO CORDLESS PHONE)
It’s not a prank, officer! An evil sorcerer-er!... Vacuuming our Smurfs!

The phone CLICKS dead. She hurls it at Gargamel and dashes away, scooping more Smurfs to saftey.

SMURFETTE pokes out from under the desk and spots Azrael.

SMURFETTE
(faking distressed damsel)
Oh dear! Help! Anybody! Brainy’s trapped and he can’t get out!

Azrael grins and comes running as Smurfette slips away.
BRAINY
Aaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

As Azrael paws insanely for Brainy, safe behind the vent, 
Papa races into the hall and blows Gargamel a RASPBERRY.

PAPA
Hey! Smurf-hole!

Gargamel gives chase. Papa dives under the desk.

GARGAMEL
Come to papa... Papa!

Gargamel shoves the vac tube under the desk. MEOOW! The vac 
sticks on Azrael’s butt, SUCKING him in. The motor STRAINS. 
Gargamel withdraws the tube to find Azrael’s tail protruding.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Azrael, No! Speak to me! Speak to 
me sweetkins!

As Gargamel SMACKS the tube about, Sam, Gutsy and Handy hurl 
everything they've got at him from the bannister.

SAM
Get... Out... Of my house!

GUSTY
We’ gotta’ shut tha’ thing doon!

He grabs a terrified Handy and leaps...

GUTSY
Long live the Smurfs!

HANDY
Ahhhhhhhhh!

They land on Gargamel’s back as he flails around trying to 
free Azrael. Gutsy yanks his hair, while handy studies the 
blower. Plugged by Azrael, it WAILS with INCREASING PITCH.

Handy spots a switch... REVERSE. CLICK! The pressure begins 
to build. Oblivious, Gargamel, continues whacking the tube 
while trying to get Gutsy off his head.

HANDY
She’s gonna blow!

Handy and Gutsy jump clear as Gargamel bangs the vac one last 
time to free Azrael... WHOOSH! Azrael shoots out as if from a 
canon. MEEOOOWL! He careens off a lamp, slams into a wall 
and slides into a heap.

Gargamel is simultaneously blown back as Smurfs shoot from the 
vac like from an automatic T-shirt gun.
Smurfs land everywhere as Gargamel sails, BELLOWING, out the door. Sophie SLAMS it shut.

EXT. WINSLOW CUL-DE-SAC - SAME

Gargamel lays on his back, out cold. The Winslows door opens and Azrael is BOOTED into a heap beside his master as the door slams closed again.

As Azrael licks Gargamel’s face... RING. Van’s phone. Puzzled Gargamel, opens it, and is startled by Odile’s voice.

ODILE (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Gargamel, dahling. Just checking in. How’s it coming?

The sound of her brings him to life. He stares coldly at the house as the Smurfs and children shut windows, pull shades, etc. All in a vain attempt to keep him out.

GARGAMEL
Fear not, m’lady. I’ll have the ingredients for your potion any minute, now.

ODILE (ON PHONE)
Fabuleux! I’ll send a car for you at two, tomorrow. Mon chéri, when you take the GlamourCon stage and the spotlights come on, you’ll be a star.

Suddenly the spotlights do come on and Gargamel is filled with anticipation as... POLICE CARS surround him.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S. LOUDSPEAKER)
Police! Get you hands on your head!

GARDENING ENTHUSIAST
(charging in with POLICE)
That’s him! He’s the one who attacked me!

GARGAMEL
You again! On your knees!
(FIRES up blower)
All of you! On your knees or feel the wrath of the great and powerful--

ZAPPPP! A police taser takes him down.

INT. WINSLOW GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The kids and Smurfs watch out the window, CHEERING as the police drive off with Gargamel.
SMURFETTE            ROMEO
Thank Smurf!        That’s what I’m sayin’.

Crazy cranks up Guitar Hero and launches into an victory song as the other Smurfs begin a wild dance.

Then, the MUSIC STOPS. The Smurfs all turn to a careworn Papa.

PAPA
(holding his star notes)
Quiet, everyone! Please! I’m afraid things are not quite as smurfy as they seem.

The Smurfs nervously gather around Papa.

PAPA (CONT’D)
Unfortunately, my little Smurfs... I’m afraid without my books or laboratory, getting home will be a smurf harder than I thought.

BRAINY
You mean... we can’t get home?

PAPA
No no, of course we’ll get home... I just, um, ah, well...

GREEDY
What about smurfberries? We ate most of ‘em in the chocolate box.

A MURMER of panic ripples through the group.

PAPA
Calm down, my little Smurfs. First things first, we still have a few Smurfberries.

Papa pulls a pouch from his pocket.

VARIOUS SMURFS
But that’ll never last! There’s too many of us! I feel weak already! I I want to go home!

CLUMSY
Oh, boy, this is all my fault.

PAPA
Now, now, Clumsy. No need for blame.
The others try not to glare too hard at Clumsy, but clearly they’re not happy with him. Sophie picks him up into a hug.

**PAPA (CONT’D)**
If we can just find an ancient collection of alchemy books, I should be able to Smurf us a way home.

**SOPHIE**
You mean, magic books?

**SAM**
Maybe something like... this?

As Sam quickly types at the Viao, the Smurfs gather around, amazed by a list of ADS for MAGIC BOOKS.

**PAPA**
Amazing. What is this finding machine?

**SAM**
It’s called Google.

**SMURFS**
Ooooooh. Gooooooogle.

**PAPA**
(re book title)
There! That should work!

**SAM**
Ah, “One copy... Master Li’s Antique Magic Pagoda, Chinatown.

**PAPA**
That’s it then. First thing in the morning, I’ll ask your father to lead a search party to “Chinese” Town.

**SAM**
Our dad? You’re smurfin’ with us, right? He doesn’t have time to tie his own shoes.

**SOPHIE**
He’s under so much pressure you could use him as an inner tube on a bicycle.

**PAPA**
That may be, but we fathers have a way of speaking to one another. I’m sure when I explain our situation, he’ll understand.
SOPHIE
Oookay.  Good good luck with that.

SAM
Yeah.  Now, let’s get this place cleaned up.  ‘Cause what he won’t understand, is you getting our house attacked by ye olde homicidal wizard.

Beat. The Smurfs swarm the house, desperately cleaning.

EXT. WINSLOW HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Patrick and Gracie pull into the drive.

INT. HALL/SOPHIE’S ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick & Gracie peer in to find Sophie, Reina and Clumsy fast asleep, cuddled with several Smurfs in bed. Dozens more SNORE peacefully, cuddled in shoe-box beds all over the room.

INT. SAM’S ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick & Gracie peer in to see Sam sleeping amidst the clutter of his room. Gutsy SNORES in the helicopter.

PATRICK
I don’t see why we needed that meeting.  He’s a really good kid.

GRACIE
He’s a great kid.  He’s just got a lot of energy and needs his father to help direct it.

Off Patrick’s look, she lovingly caresses his cheek.

INT. WINSLOW DINING ROOM - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Patrick listens to FRENCH lessons on his laptop, while reviewing the Paris file Odile gave him.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WINSLOW MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

In bed, Gracie soothes baby Reina in the bassinet with one hand, while, browsing discount school clothes on the internet.  She types an IM: Going to bed now. Love you.

DOWNSTAIRS: Patric replies: luv u 2. nite.

Disappointed, Gracie, closes her lap top and curls up in their huge bed, alone.
INT. JAIL - NY - NIGHT

Papers are stamped with a BANG. A filthy, long-nailed thumb is imprinted. In a FLASH, Gargamel’s dour MUG SHOT appears. MEOW! A caged Azrael WAILS as he and Gargamel’s bag are checked into the property room. A cell door SLAMS and Gargamel is left to rot. He shakes the bars...

GARGAMEL
You can’t do this! I’m a genius! I have to get ready for GlamourCon! They’re going to worship me! Worship!

INT. WINSLOW DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Patrick finally closes his computer and enters the kitchen to put on tea. There, Smurfs cuddle in oven mitts and pot-holders. Cook SNORES, clinging to a ladle. Patrick opens a cupboard and Lazy tumbles out. Patrick catches him and nestles him in a bowl. Opening a drawer for a spoon, Patrick finds Crazy, BEAT BOXING in his sleep.

As Patrick gently closes the drawer, SILENCING the sound. HUSHED VOICES catch his attention.

SMURFETTE(O.S.)
I know it’s silly Papa Smurf, but when I close my eyes, all I see is Gargamel. As if he’s calling to me.

Patrick peers into the breakfast nook. On a seat cushion, Papa tucks in Smurfette. Brainy lies awake, nearby.

PAPA
There, there, my little Smurfette. His power over you faded long ago.

BRAINY
(SHUDDERS with fear)
Might we change the subject? These cushions, for instance. Quite lumpy. I miss my mushroom.

Vanity chimes in from a Barbie couch in a nearby DOLLHOUSE. His eyes now covered with a doll-sized sleep mask.

VANITY
I never slept outside our village. I’m going to wake with worry lines.

PAPA
Shhh, now, now, my little Smurfs...
(SOFTLY SINGING)
(MORE)
PAPA (CONT'D)
SMURF-A-BYES, CLOSE YOUR EYES, GO TO
SLEEP MY LITTLE BLUE BIRDS...

With SONG #3, Papa lullabies the last of his waking Smurfs to sleep, wishing them safely home. During the song we cut to:

PRISON: Gargamel twists a VERSE, luring a MOTH to his cell. He WHISPERS to it, a la Gandalf, and sends it for “help.”

BACK TO WINSLOW’S KITCHEN...By SONG’S END, Patrick is humbled by Papa’s tenderness with so many Smurfs.

PATRICK
(whispering)
That’s quite an operation you’ve got going there.

PAPA
Oh, hi, uh... Yes, I suppose it is.

PATRICK
You don’t do that every night?

Patrick pours Papa some tea in a SHOT GLASS.

PAPA
Well, bedtime’s always trickier away from home.

PATRICK
Wow. I’ve only got three mouths to feed and I’m up to my neck.

PAPA
Well, it helps not to think of them as mouths to feed, but as hands that can help.

(Off Patrick’s look)
Smurf be told... I’m a little over my head myself. In fact, might I be so bold as to seek a small favour of you, Master Winslow? One Papa to another?

PATRICK
(wary)
Uh... Like what?

PAPA
Ah. Well, there’s a book of magic spells in your Chinese Town I need to conjure a blue moon to smurf us home.
PATRICK
Riiight. Who hasn’t needed that?

PAPA
Exactly. So if you could arrange passage for us in the morning--

PATRICK
Oh, wow. Mr. Smurf, I’d love to help with your magical quest, but truth is, I’m stretched so thin right now, I just can’t take on even one more little thing... or a hundred.

PAPA
(crestfallen)
Oh, I see.

PATRICK
I mean, Gracie wants me home more, the kids need attention, the bills are piling up and now I’m suppose to be in Paris twice a month.

PAPA
(masking disappointment)
Right, right... of course.

PATRICK
Yeah. And the worse thing? Gracie doesn’t even know about Paris yet... I don’t know how to tell her. It’s gonna break her heart.

Papa graciously sets his own worries aside with a SIGH...

PAPA
Well... There’s no use keeping secrets, my friend. You’ll just wind up alone.

PATRICK
So... You think I should just come out and tell her?

PAPA
I often find with my little Smurfs, the truth, gently coated with tender care, is easier to hear. Do something meaningful for her. Then share... Then duck.
PATRICK
(smiles)
Something meaningful, huh? Hmmm...
Maybe there’s hope for me yet.
Thanks.

PAPA
(smiles)
Sometimes even a Papa needs a Papa.

Patrick pauses in the doorway, struck by some deeper thought.

PATRICK
Right, well... Goodnight.

PAPA
Oh, and Master Winslow... You might also take her hand, look her in the eye and say, I smurf you. Does the heart good.

PATRICK
(beat, amused)
I’ll keep it in mind.

Patrick Exits. Papa SIGHS, then gazing from the moon, back to his sleeping Smurfs, he quietly REPRISES the LULLABYE...

PAPA
Worry no worry. Fret no fret. Soon, I’ll dream you home...
(then, sadly)
If only I knew how.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW BREAKFAST ROOM - AM

Sophie and Sam actually sit at breakfast as Patrick does his best to serve French Toast. He pulls Sam’s earphones out.

PATRICK
Not this morning.

SAM
Who are you trying to impress? We’re going to be late for school.

SOPHIE
I’m full dad. I gotta get my books.

PATRICK
Just wait for you mom, would ya? I have something important to tell her.
GRACIE (O.S.)
Sam! Sophie! C’mon, we’re gonna be--
(enters, surprised by kids)
Late?

PATRICK
(hands her tea, proudly)
Four Winslows at the table. We’re spending time together.

REVEAL Reina under the table, happily chewing on Grouchy.

GROUCHY
I hate spending time together.

GRACIE
Wow. I could get used to this.
(as Patrick beams)
French Toast? What is it with you and French lately?

PATRICK
What? No. It’s just-- that’s all I know how to make.

Suddenly, Sam’s helicopter WHIRLS through the kitchen, followed by Gutsy, chasing it with the remote control.

SAM
Hey!

GRACIE
(casually ducks copter)
C’mon on guys, we’ve gotta’ go.

PATRICK
(alarmed)
Wait, you’re going in early?

GRACIE
Reina’s got her shots so she can start preschool. Then we’ve got Mommy and Me and we’re going to Carol’s for a playdate. Why?

PATRICK
Nothing. It’s just... I wanted to spend some time with you so we could talk because... you know...
(looking for words)
I smurf you?
GRACIE
I have no idea what that means...
(whispers in his ear)
But, I totally smurf you too.

PATRICK
(whispers back)
Then, how about dinner, tonight?

GRACIE
(dubious)
I thought we’re trying to save money.

PATRICK
We could order in?

GRACIE
(a gleam in her eye)
Or... I could drop the kids at my
sister’s after school and someone
could make us a nice romantic meal...
Like he used to... when we were young?

PATRICK
(anxiety building)
Uhh. Okay. Sure. That’s... great.

GRACIE
(a playful kiss)
You should come home from Europe more
often... Kids, let’s move it!

As his family piles out, Patrick watches them go, unnerved.

PATRICK
I don’t have time to make dinner. I
don’t even remember how to make
dinner.

Patrick looks down to see Cook, Smurfette and the others
looking up at him. Without words an idea is hatched.

EXT. WINSLOW HOUSE/INT. GRACIE’S CAR – DAY

Gracie loads baby bags into the trunk. Sophie climbs in back
with her toy baby buggy and bulging BACKPACK, from which Papa,
Hefty, Gutsy, and Clumsy peer from half-opened zippers.

SAM
What are you doing?

Sophie struggles to keep the Smurfs in her pack. Like Whack-a-
Mole, one’s head goes in, another’s arm, leg or butt pops out.
SOPHIE
I’m taking them to get Papa’s magic book, so they can get home.

SAM
No way! You can’t be running around New York alone. You’re too little.

SOPHIE
I’m big to them.

SAM
Then, I’m coming too. Wait for me at the subway.

SOPHIE
No, you’re not!

SAM
Mom!

SOPHIE
Okay, okay! Shhhh!

The front door slams as Gracie gets in. Sam and Sophie fake smiles at Gracie as backs them out of the drive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - MANHATTAN - AM

Sophie waves innocently as Gracie & Sam drive off. Sam gives her a warning finger: “don’t you leave without me!” Sophie sticks out a resentful tongue as TINY, WIDE-OPEN EYES peer from her backpack pouches.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Patrick cruises down the aisle as items fly off shelves on both sides, filling the cart. We catch only a glimpse of the tiny blue “shoppers” working the shelves.

EXT. JAIL - EXERCISE YARD - EARLY MORNING

GANG BANGERS do pull-ups, etc. Gargamel, holding Azrael and his bag, watches the sky. He turns to see BUBBA, a huge con with a phonebook-sized Sudoku book, towering over him.

GARGAMEL
Do you mind? I’ve summoned the giant eagles to fetch me out of here and you’re blocking my view.
BUBBA
(re his Sudoku)
Doh. This box could be a six or two
or this box could be a six or two.

GARGAMEL
Look, you fat-necked circus freak,
I’m expected at GlamourCon. I am
Lady Laurent’s star presenter.

BUBBA
Excuse me while I rip your legs off.

Bubba GROWLS and CRACKS his knuckles. Just then, the moth
returns leading... AN EPIC SWARM of FLIES.

GARGAMEL
No no! I said, eagles not flies.

Gargamel is blackened entirely by flies and lifted slowly off
the ground, holding Azrael and his bag.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
(spitting out flies)
Oh, very well... Up! Up, you
inglorious devils!

Laboring under Gargamel’s weight, the flies smash him into the
top of a chin-up bar’s upright pole, groin-first.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
(pained falsetto)
Owwwww! I’m coming, m’lady!

He WAILS in pain as the flies drag him, ass-first, through the
barbed-wire fence top and away.

INT. CHINESE BOOKSTORE - DAY

Rays of sun pierce the dusty dimness as the door creaks open.

SAM
Hello?

Sophie and Sam wander through silk kites, jars of dried herbs
and a life-like display of an OLD CHINESE MAN in Ray-Bans,
sitting for ceremonial tea.

SAM (CONT’D)
(unzipping the Smurfs)
Alright, find your book... But I’m
watching you.

Papa and the others scramble from the backpacks.
PAPA
Thank you, Sam. Smurf out, everyone.

Suddenly, the Chinese Man “mannequin” grabs Sam’s arm.

CHINESE MAN
Ahhh, little blue folk, you bring.

The kids freeze.

CHINESE MAN (CONT’D)
No worries. Stranger things I have seen. What is it you seek?

PAPA (O.S.)
Heaven’s to Smurfatroid! It’s here!

The old man shuffles to join the others at the back of the store, where Papa holds a book among stacks of ancient texts.

CHINESE MAN
Ah, many have sought to the secrets of this volume. But none could pay the price. Read it, you can?

CLOSE ON BOOK: A dusty original, “What Do Smurfs Do All Day?” A familiar symbol glitters beneath the title... PEYO. Papa turns the book over and struggles to read... Backwards.

PAPA
E smurfineus rei magnificum flibertygibbet Ahnk...

The book begins to GLOW as various spells, illustrated by ENGRAVINGS, COME TO LIFE.

SMURFS
Ooohh.

PAPA
Let’s see... Lightening Strikes, Tornado, Hail... Ah, here we are... Moon. Blood Red, Eclipse... Blue.

ANGLE ON the HOLOGRAPHIC “pop up book.” A BLUE MOON crests over FOG as a shimmering PORTAL, like at the Forbidden Grotto, rises up from a misty POND. The Smurfs are awed.

PAPA (CONT’D)
What is the cost of this book?

CHINESE MAN
For you? One day only... Twenty thousand. Cash.
Papa Gulps. The Smurfs Gulp. Sophie looks to Sam.

SAM
I’ve got eleven dollars.

PAPA
Might we please just copy this spell?

CHINESE MAN
(annoyed)
Fine... that would be.

As he thrusts out a hand for Sam’s cash, Papa hurriedly scribbles from the book.

PAPA
In the full moon’s glow, stir in slowly, the feather of a bird that does not fly. Finely ground powder of a unicorn’s horn... Hair of a...

As Sam and Sophie share a worried look we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TURTLE POND - DAY

Gargamel DROPS FROM THE SKY. Azrael SPLASHES down beside him. Plucking off a few SNAPPING TURTLES, they charge back into Belvedere.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Cook works up a smurfy mess in the kitchen as Romeo directs Tailor and a few others in a pandemonium of preparations. Patrick tastes a simple familiar treat of his own...

PATRICK
Huh... I may survive this yet. Gracie’s going to love these.

SMURFETTE
(tasting)
Smurflicious! What do you call it?

PATRICK
S’mores. I made these on a hot plate when we were in college.

SMURFETTE
(giggling)
S’more please!

Patrick’s phone RINGS. Patrick answer without thinking?
PATRICK
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE GANSEVOORT - HOTEL - SAME

Van hustles through the uber-trendy lobby, talking on an outdated rent-a-phone. GlamourCon will soon be in full swing.

VAN
You took a personal day? During Glamourcon? Have you lost your mind?

PATRICK
Well, we get two a year and--

VAN
Patrick, Odile’s unveiling a new discovery today and she needs you in the office on PR, STAT.

The line goes dead. Patrick slumps.

SMURFETTE
Mr. Winslow, are you okay?

PATRICK
All she wanted was a simple romantic dinner. I’ll be lucky if I’m back in time to make Fruit Loops... Je suis mort quand je lui dis de Paris.
(SUBTITLE: I am dead when I tell her of Paris.)
Where’s Papa?

The Smurfs nervous looks only add to Patrick alarm.

WIPE TO:

INT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - PENGUIN EXHIBIT - DAY

Sophie, Clumsy and Sam gape, slack-jawed, into the tank.

SAM
They couldn’t pick the feather of a bird that can’t fly or fight?

IN THE TANK: Gutsy, Hefty and Papa are in a Keystone Cops-like brawl with a huddle of angry, wing-slapping, PENGUINS.

GUTSY
It’s one featherrrr! Git ooover it!
SOPHIE
(covers her/Clumsy’s eyes)
We shouldn’t be exposed to such violence.

Gutsy flees with a FEATHER and the now tattered, soggy, list.

INT. BELVADERE CASTLE - DAY

Gargamel kicks the holy crap out of his lab gear, desperately trying to squeeze from it some last residue of potion.

GARGAMEL
C’mon, blast you! I know there’s a drop in there somewhere!

He pounds the table so hard that Azrael is bounced up into the rafters where he clings upsidedown, WAILING.

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Sophie and Sam keep watch as Gutsy and Hefty file the horn from the skeleton of a prehistoric RHINO.

SOPHIE
He doesn’t look like a unicorn.

PAPA
Well, technically, any one-horned beast in a storm.

The head CRASHES to the floor. Hefty pops out from behind it.

HEFTY
Uh... I could put that back on.

The kids toss the Smurfs into Sophie’s buggy and flee.

WIPE TO:

INT. GOLD’S GYM - DAY

The kids get odd looks as Sophie pushes her stroller nonchalantly through a forest of hulking body builders.

SOPHIE
(squinting at fading list)
“Hair of a giant.” These guys count?

PAPA
(peering from stroller)
Oh, they count all right.
Suddenly PATRICK EWING is towering over them. The kids and Smurfs watch, amazed, as he crosses to a bench press.

Instantly, Hefty and Gutsy slink down from the stroller and stealthily head for Mr. Ewing with a small SCISSORS. Over dumbbells, through slamming machinery, they get to the bench.

Straining under the weight, Mr. Ewing’s eyes go wide as, SNIP.

SLAM TO:

EXT. GOLDS GYM - SECONDS LATER

Sophie and Sam sprint away with the Smurf-buggy. Patrick Ewing leans from the door, missing a swath of hair.

PATRICK EWING
Next time just ask for an autograph!

Sophie and Sam race across the street. As they do, a car SCREECHES to a stop, inches from them. It’s... Dad.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONELY ALLEY - DAY

The kids and Smurfs sit anxiously as Patrick deals with Papa.

PATRICK
I don’t believe this. I trusted you.
“One Papa to another?” Then you run off with my kids?

SOPHIE
Dad, we’re okay!

PATRICK
That’s not the point.
(to Papa)
If you needed a book so badly, why didn’t you just say so?

PAPA
Master Winslow, I tried, but--

PATRICK
Oh, I see, the truth’s not so easy when it’s on the other foot, eh?

PAPA
I’m smurfly sorry, Master Winslow.
I’m just so smurfed about getting my little Smurfs home, I guess I just let fear get the smurf of me.
PATRICK
Stop it! You can’t just say smurf to mean whatever you want.

GUTSY
He smurrfs a good point, Pappy. I’ll smurrreff him that.

PATRICK
No! That’s what I mean. Smurfity-smurf, smurf smurf!

The mortified Smurfs cover their ears in shock.

PAPA
Mr. Winslow. The children.

PATRICK
Get in the car. All of you.
(to kids)
I’m dropping you at Aunt Gail’s...
(to Smurfs)
And you, back to the house for the rest of your little blue horde, then I want you all back to mushroom town or wherever it is you came from.

Patrick holds the car door open. Papa doesn’t budge.

PAPA
You have every right to be angry, but we can’t go home until we finish collecting our ingredients, then recopy our spell at Master Li’s.

GUTSY
(re soggy/torn notes)
‘Ad a little roon-in wit a black’n’ white demon, we did.

SAMMY
They’ll never make it back to our house on those stubby little legs. And they’ve got to work the spell before the full moon sets.

PATRICK
What are you all talking about?!

SOPHIE
Can’t you pick them up after work? They’re a family. He’s their Papa.
(from experience)
(MORE)
SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Don’t you know how hard it is when your Papa’s not there and you need him?

Patrick gazes helplessly into the pleading eyes of his kids...

PATRICK
Fine. I’ll pick them up at the bookstore after work.

Patrick’s unsure whether to be annoyed or touched as Sophie hugs Clumsy, then reluctantly gets in the car. It’s a painful goodbye as the car pulls away, leaving the Smurfs behind.

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - DAY

Having all but destroyed his lab, Gargamel desperately stares with a candle into his last piece of tubing.

GARGAMEL
Blast it! I command you, come out!

Suddenly great bolt of blue energy shoots from the tubing, blowing a hole through the back wall. Gargamel stares at the tube, amazed, then lovingly coaxes a few last drops of residue into his vial. He smiles at an amazed Azrael...

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
You don’t suppose that will come in handy, do you?

They toss back their heads in a hearty PIRATE LAUGH.

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

Smurfs spread rose petals as Romeo peers out the window.

BRAINY
Here she comes! Stations everyone!

Smurfs scramble to their places as if staffing a resort.

SMURFETTE
I sure hope this is what Mr. Winslow had in mind.

ROMEO
Trust me. She’ll love it.

VANITY
How do you know?

ROMEO
Why do you think they call me Romeo?
Actually... none of us really knows.

As Romeo ponders this truth, Gracie enters and is amazed.

GRACIE’S POV: The house has been transformed -- candles give the perfect lighting, rose petals drop from above.

GRACIE
Wow... Patrick? Honey?

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Gracie enters to find, not Patrick, but Cook and his team.

GRACIE
Where’s Patrick?

COOK
(bad at lying)
Uh... hiding?

Unfortunately, all the Smurfs are bad at lying...

BRAINY
Yes! Exactly. You can come out now, Mr. Winslow.
(to Gracie)
Surprise!

SMURFS
Yes! Yes! Surpriiiiiiiise!

SMURFETTE
(after a long silence)
Um, actually he just stepped out for a minute to um... Pick you flowers.

SMURFS
Yes! That’s it! Flowers! Beautiful, smurfy, romantic flowers!

Gracie stares them all down.

COOK
(lamely)
He made all this. I’m just stirring.

SMURFETTE
(breaking down)
Aw, it’s no good! I’m sorry, Mrs. Winslow. He had to go to work and we just couldn’t bear to see you sad.
Gracie’s eyes water up.

**ROMEO**

But he insists the lady enjoy a smurfy merlot while she waits.

Romeo holds a glass. Gracie grabs the bottle and exits, leaving the Smurfs miserable.

**COOK**

That went well, eh?

**INT. THE GANSEVOORT - HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME**

GLITTERATI mingle to house music mix. A FANFARE and SPOTLIGHT bring us to Odile, striding down a runway.

**ODILE**

Ladies and Gentleman, and now the moment you’ve all been waiting for...

Laurent International presents...

Monsieur Gargamel.

A curtain swooshes open. Gargamel and Azrael blink into the SPOTLIGHT as two STUNNING MODELS slip a new Armani HAIR ROBES onto each of them, like a rock stars.

Odile takes Gargamel’s hand and the three of them stride the runway to the MUSIC. Pausing at WOMAN VOLUNTEER (50’s), they pull her up to the runway. Gargamel theatrically opens his vial and pours a drop of potion onto her head.

In SHIMMER OF MAGIC, the woman TRANSFORMS into a gorgeous, 25 year-old version of herself. Her image fills the BIG SCREENS.

**ODILE (CONT’D)**

Mes amis! The Rasputin of the Beauty Révolution!...

The the crowd goes INSANE. As much as Gargamel was mocked in the opening... Now, he is adored.

**GARGAMEL**

(to Azrael)

Ha! Tony Robbins-Hood can kiss my big hairy Azrael! Eh, kitty? Ha!

As they LAUGH, Azrael and Gargamel are swept onto the dance floor and launch into a manic, medieval ROMP. The crowd joins in for... *A Slumdog, JAI HO*-like dance extravaganza.
EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - EVENING

A few TOURISTS stroll the sidewalk, oblivious to the over-tumed dog food box, paper bag, and jumbo take-out carton stumbling along, powered by little blue feet.

A ROTTWEILER on a leash, BARKS, startling the Smurfs. They tumble down the stairs of a lower level apartment.

IN THE STAIRWELL: Papa, Gutsy, Hefty and Clumsy shake off their disguises. Papa wrestles with the unwieldy map.

HEFTY
Are we almost there? I’m starving.

GUTSY
Yurrr noot the only one weak in the knees.

He indicates Clumsy, who begins to COUGH. He’s very pale.

PAPA
Clumsy, are you alright?

CLUMSY
(clearly not)
I’b fime. Let’s kleep Smurfin’.

PAPA
Maybe we should have our Smurfberry rations. It’s been too long.

The Smurfs reach into Papa’s pouch and savor their portion.

CLUMSY
(overstating)
Mmmm, burfsmerries... Buch metter.

PAPA
(re the pouch)
That’s odd. There’s extra.

In their hunger, Hefty and Gutsy gobble the last few.

PAPA (CONT’D)
Either I packed too many... or someone’s not taking their rations.
(off their blinking eyes)
Show me your hands.

The Smurfs open their hands. Each is stained with berry juice... except Clumsy.
PAPA (CONT'D)
(stunned)
Oh, Clumsy... you haven't been taking your Smurfberries, have you?

Ashamed, frightened, Clumsy shakes his head, "No."

PAPA (CONT'D)
No wonder you're so pale!

CLUMSY
I'm sorry, Papa. This whole thing's my fault, so I just had to be sure you'd all make it home.

HEFTY
(eyes watering up)
So... you've been giving us your share?

PAPA
Alright, there's no time to lose. We have to get that spell and get Clumsy home to our village tonight or he's Smurfed.
(re empty berry pouch)
And the rest of us aren't far behind...

INT. WINSLOW HOUSE - MEDIA ROOM - EVENING

Gracie, channel surfs in search of... anything. Her phone BUZZES. It's Patrick. She hits IGNORE and tosses it onto a side table, knocking over an old Diet Coke.

Annoyed, Gracie gets up to blot the spill, but as she does, uncovers the PARIS FILE. The airline ticket sleeve is unmistakable... as is her look of broken-hearted betrayal.

INT. GLAMOURCON - THE GANSEVOORT - HOTEL - EVENING

Champagne flows. Gargamel holds court with a bevy of stunning MODELS. All are fit with custom Armani HAIR ROBES.

MODEL #1
Oh, do me next! I want some!

MODEL #2
Please, Gargie! Me too!

GARGAMEL
Now, ladies, let's not beg. On second thought, do beg.
GARGAMEL basks in the crowd’s approval, near tears. He’s popular, he’s beloved, he’s a god. Odile pulls close.

ODILE
Well, it looks like you and I are going to rule the world.

GARGAMEL
My mother would be so proud... If I had one.

ODILE
(fondling his vile)
All we need now are truckloads of this stuff.

GARGAMEL
(nervously)
Oh. Right. Actually... I believe you can help me with that.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Gathered upon the table, the Smurfs dine on the feast meant for Patrick and Gracie.

SMURFETTE
Poor Mrs. W. I never dreamed a man could be gone this long.

BRAINY
Well, lucky for us, I’m sure Papa will be back soon.

HANDY
(toasting)
To Papa!

GROUCHY
To going home!

SMURFS
To going home!

Spirits back up, the Smurfs dig in. It’s a rich family scene, especially for Gracie, who watches for a beat, unnoticed in the archway as the guys jostle to serve Smurfette.

VARIOUS SMURFS
(comically polite)
Please pass the greens... Allow me, Smurfette. No, allow me, Smurfette. No, allow me... Peas, please. Your hearts of palm? Smurflicious!
SMURFETTE
(spotting Gracie)
Oh, Mrs. W. Won’t you join us?

ROMEO
I’m sure you man will be home any minute.

GRACIE
(sits, then, sadly)
I’m sure.

INT. LAURENT CORPORATE OFFICES - NIGHT
Finishing up work, Patrick pulls on his jacket.

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)
Gracie, good news, I’ll be home in twenty. And I’ll make all this up to you. Promise.

A BUZZ on his INTERCOM.

ODILE
Patrick, Dahling, my office, S’il vous plaît?

Patrick SIGHS at yet one more thing...

INT. ODILE’S OFFICE - NIGHT
Patrick enters to find Odile seated behind her elegant desk.

ODILE
Darling, this this is Monsieur Gargamel. He believes you have something of his.

Gargamel sprawls on the couch, playing with Van’s phone.

GARGAMEL
Charmed, I’m sure.

Gargamel smiles his least sleazy smile, and SNAPS Patrick’s picture as Azreal PURRS, rubbing against Patrick’s leg.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINSLOW DINING ROOM - NIGHT
Wining, dining, Gracie and Smurfs. Laughing, tipsy, but... for the first time all day, Gracie is at peace. Farmer offers a slice of BLUE TOMATO. Gracie savors it.
GRACIE
Mmmm, Farmer. What’d you call this?

FARMER
Fried blue tomatoes.

GRACIE
I can’t believe you guys do this every night.

SMURFETTE
We can’t believe you don’t.

BRAINY
Yes, but they do have Google.

Gracie smiles. Her table is brimming with warmth as Smurfs share bread, CLINKING glasses and LAUGHTER.

GRACIE
You guys have no idea how special what you have is...

Gracie sips her wine, tinged with warmth and sadness.

PATRICK (O.S.)
I do...

Gracie and the Smurfs look up to see Patrick. Gracie gets up and takes her plate to the sink, her back to Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
Gracie... I’m so sorry.

GRACIE
About dinner?... Or Paris?

She reveals his Paris file on the counter. Sensing the tension, the Smurfs quietly slip away.

PATRICK
Gracie... we need this promotion.
I’m barely keeping our heads above water as it is.

GRACIE
And you think being away from us even more is the answer?

PATRICK
No! But what are we going to do, Gracie? Fix the kids teeth ourselves? Sell the dog? Maybe go live in a mushroom?
GRACIE
Patrick, if money is the problem, tell me. We can cut back.
(re their lifestyle)
Is all this really worth it?

PATRICK
Riiight. Sure. These little blue guys have taken over your brain, haven’t they?

GRACIE
(beat, stung)
Did you hear me? Did you hear a word I said?

They stop as the kids come in, but the tension is obvious.

SAM
Uh... we’re home.

GRACIE
(hugs Sophie)
Hi, guys.

PATRICK
Hey.

SOPHIE
Where’s Papa and the others?

PATRICK
Oh, actually, that’s one good thing. I met their owner. He’s picking up Papa and I said I’d bring the rest by tomorrow.

SOPHIE
What? You promised you’d get ‘em.

SAMMY
(concerned)
This owner, didn’t have a huge, nasty-looking cat, did he?

SOPHIE
(off Patrick’s look)
Dad! How could you?! I trusted you! Papa trusted you!

PATRICK
What? What’d I do?
SAM
(urgently)
Mom, you gotta take us to China Town.
Papa’s in trouble, we’ve got to move!

The kids pull her toward the door.

GRACIE
What are talking about? What’s going on?

SAM
I’ll explain on the way.

SOPHIE
You promised, Daddy! I told you it was important. I thought you were listening.

PATRICK
I was. I just--

SAM
I’ll get the keys!

Sophie scurries after Sam. Upset by her distraught kids, Gracie turns to Patric.

GRACIE
What did you do?

PATRICK
I... I don’t know.

As Gracie starts for the door...

BRAINY (O.S.)
He did what?

The Smurfs burst into tears O.S. with Sophie. Gracie freezes, then turns back to Patrick.

GRACIE
You know what? Maybe you should just take Paris. You’re already so far away... What’s the difference?

She hurries after her kids. Patrick stares after, pained.

CUT TO:
INT. CHINESE BOOK STORE - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Gathered around the open book, the Smurfs listen as Papa WHISPERS the spell to Hefty, who copies it like a scribe. The old Chinese man is asleep in the B.G.

PAPA
"...then mix the ingredients and smurf the holy words." You got the holy words, right?

HEFTY
(as he writes)
Good as done.

PLOP! Clumsy passes out face down on the writing, then pops back up, acting in vain as if nothing happened.

CLUMSY
(delirious)
I’m goob! Better felt never!

PAPA
Good Lord, he’s getting worse.

Headlights FLASH in the window as a car pulls up outside.

HEFTY
Thank Smurf! There’s Mr. Patrick.

The door CREAKS open and in steps... Gargamel.

GARGAMEL
Hello, old friends.

As the Smurfs back away in dread, Gargamel delights in a display of CHINESE BLADES. The Chinese starts from his sleep.

CHINESE MAN
W-who are you?

GARGAMEL
(ignoring him)
Ooooo, enter the dragon...

Gargamel grabs a dragon-handled, ivory letter-opener.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Poor little lizard, looks thirsty.

He pours a DROP OF ESSENCE into the dragon’s mouth.

CHINESE MAN
Look, can I help you?
GARGAMEL
(invoking a spell)
GOLD, THEN BEAUTY, FIRST QUENCHED OUR
DESIRE / NOW WHAT WE CRAVE IS PURE
DRAGON FIRE!

The handle’s dragon eyes GLOW RED. BLUE ENERGY spits from the
mouth, engulfing the sheath in CRACKLING electrical magic.

CHINESE MAN
Alright, I’m calling the--

ZZZAM! Gargamel unleashes a bolt of BLUE ENERGY from his new
magic “scepter.” The Smurfs SCREAM as Chinese man is FROZEN
in a web of CRACKLING blue energy.

PAPA
Run!

The Smurfs flee through a beaded curtain into the back room.
Bringing up the rear, Papa pauses in archway to fend off
Azrael just as...

Gargamel LAUGHS and fires another MAGIC BOLT from his scepter.
Papa grabs a souvenir mirror and, bracing himself, deflects
the energy away from his Smurfs, bouncing it wildly around the

GARGAMEL
(dodges an energy bolt)
Oh, do struggle Papa Smurf! You only
make the hunt more savory.

PAPA
Yeah? Savor this!

Papa strains to aim the mirror at the display of ceremonial
swords. A bolt of the magic energy sends them flying...
THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! They stick in the floor around
Gargamel, pinning him via his robe to the ground.

GARGAMEL
(furious, re robe)
You fool! It’s Armani!

With Gargamel delayed, Papa dashes after the others.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOOK STORE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Hefty’s pulled the grate off of a small drainage pipe in the
far corner. Gutsy’s climbs in as Hefty pushes on him.
CLUMSY
Smapa Purf! Come on! Hurryupyt!

Papa arrives at the hole, mortified by the slow going. He looks back toward the doorway.

IN THE FRONT ROOM: Gargamel CURSES as Azrael helps him RIP his beloved robe free, sword by sword.

GARGAMEL
Damn you Azrael! Be careful! Tear on the seam! On the seam!

IN THE BACK ROOM:

PAPA
Hurry Gutsy! He’s almost free!

GUTSY
I’m hurrreyin’ as fast as I can!

RIIIIIP! Gargamel has one last sword to go.

GARGAMEL
(taunting)
Oh Smurfies.... I’m coooooooming!

Gutsy breaks WIND and disappears down the pipe. Hefty squeezes in next, but he’s even bigger. Papa makes a decision...

PAPA
(giving Hefty the bag)
I’ll hold him off. Hefty. Take the spell! Tell Brainy he must use it to get you all home!

CLUMSY
Papa, no!

HEFTY
We can’t leave you!

PAPA (CONT’D)
It’s the only way! If you don’t go now, no one will get home! Go!

RIIIIIP! Gargamel Charges. Papa rushes to face him.

CLUMSY
Papa!

PAPA
(bracing with mirror)
I’ll find a way back, my little smurfs. Now, please! For the love of smurf... GO!!
Hefty and Clumsy watch through tears as Papa struggles to hold off the magic bolt from Gargamel’s scepter.

HEFTY
Find a way, Papa... Find a way!

Reaching for Papa, Clumsy is yanked into the pipe by Hefty.

CLUMSY
Noooooo! Papaaaaaa!

Left alone with Gargamel, Papa holds the mirror against the scepter’s beam as long as he can but finally...

GARGAMEL
Face it Papa... You’re smurfed.

A final massive bolt of blue magic freezes Papa in an agonized pose. Gargamel pulls out his new camera/phone.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Hold that thought! I want this moment to last forever.

Gargamel and Azrael pose their grinning mugs on either side of Papa as Gargamel point the camera at themselves. CLICK...

WHITE OUT.

EXT. TRIBECA - STORM DRAIN - NIGHT

The FULL MOON lights the Murky water pouring into a storm drain. KERPLOSH! Three GASPING Smurfs flop out. Hefty pulls Clumsy to shore as they catch their breath.

GUTSY
This is Bullsmurrrrf! We’re not serrrriously leavin’ Papa behind?

HEFTY
Gutsy, we have no choice! He’ll find a way home. He always does. We’ve got to get back to the others, while the moon’s still full.

Looking around, Hefty eyes narrow on...

SMURFS POV, a flock of unsuspecting SEAGULLS SNORES nearby.

WIPE TO:
EXT. STORM DRAIN - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON: a large SNORING SEAGULL. A MUZZLE of reeds and twine slips gingerly over his beak. Suddenly, Gutsy leaps aboard and cinches the reins around the gull’s neck.

The Gull SQUAWKS and rears back, but Gutsy holds tight.

GUTSY
Atta’ girrrl! Shoo us watcha’ got!

As the bird spins like a bronco, Gutsy rides with glee. Behind him, Hefty, YELPS, desperately clinging to the jerking reins of a bigger MEANER BIRD.

GUTSY (CONT’D)
At’s it, Heft! Shoo’em oo’s boss!

HEFTY
I am! Just lettin’ him warm up to the idea.

Gutsy and Clumsy wince as Hefty is jerked about like a yo-yo, until... He finally DECKS the bird with a stiff left hook. Immediately the other birds step in line.

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

A door CREAKS. Footsteps CLOMP. MEOW... Gargamel returns.

GARGAMEL
(HUMS, lighting candles)
Oh, I’ll roast a few, and broast a few, and turn the rest to gold...

Gargamel uncovers a cage. Inside, Papa is SUSPENDED in CRACKLING ENERGY, still frozen in the same terrified pose. Gargamel slaps him into a doll high-chair and tapes him down.

Coming to, Papa MOANS as Gargamel finishes with the tape gun.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Ah, Papa Smurf. Amazing world, eh? (re tape gun)
Full of my kind of wonders.

Papa regards the tape gun wearily.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Yesss. And if a few bits of Smurf hair yields a vial of your essence, (dangling vial)
...Imagine what I’ll harvest from a hundred Smurfs!
Gargamel pours the last of the essence into his Dragon Scepter and takes aim on the dungeon... WAZZAAM! Wicker chairs become mushroom-shaped smurf cages. Street barricades morph into smurf-sized “cattle” chutes.

In moments, Belevadere is transformed into a Frankenstein-like “essence factory.” Huge wooden cogs and gears move conveyers of vials past old-fashioned, Smurf-sized, sweatboxes and “exercise” machinery, which sprout “essence collecting tubes.”

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Say hello to your new home, Papa.
It’s where you’ll all be living the rest of your days. And nights. But enough small talk... I’ve got orders to fill.

Ecstatic, Gargamel, raises a Sweeny Todd razor over Papa’s head. Papa’s eyes go wide as... SPLOOSH! Gargamel hits Papa with a facefull of shaving cream.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
(trashing the Smurf song)
La la la-la-la-laa, la la la la la la.

Papa SPITS out cream as Gargamel gleefully begins wiping his shavings into a thimble.

INT. WINSLOW HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A suitcase on the bed. Patrick neatly packs, the phone cradled between his shoulder and ear.

PATRICK
Look, he’s a resourceful guy, maybe they got out a window or something.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHINESE BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Gracie stands at the door as Sam and Sophie search the rubble. Still hurting, she’s cool, reluctantly making this call.

GRACIE (ON PHONE)
I don’t know, we were hoping they’d somehow made it back to you. We’re going to try and retrace their steps.

PATRICK
Good, good. That’s, uh... smart plan.

An awkward silence falls between them.
PATRICK (CONT’D)
Listen... Gracie, about Paris. I’m sure once we get used into the schedule--

GRACIE
I need to go. The kids are pretty upset.

The phone goes dead. Patrick stares a beat, then sets it aside with a SIGH and resumes packing.

REVEAL a Smurfette watching sadly from the doorway. She turns, shaking her head “no” to Vanity, further down the hall. Vanity signals to Handy, Handy to Grouchy and so on, until...

INT. WINSWOLF GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A somber group of Smurfs are gathered. Farmer enters, shaking his head. The group bursts into TEARS.

INT. WINSWOLF HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Patrick tries to ignore the O.S. TEARS as he packs. He can’t.

INT. WINSWOLF GAME ROOM - SAME

Brainy, Smurfette and a few others, try to comfort the rest of the Smurfs. Patrick enters.

PATRICK
C’mon, guys, I’m sure we’ll find ‘em.
(off their glares)
Look, I’m really sorry, alright? I didn’t know who that guy was. I did the best I could. So, don’t look at me with those big, sad--

WAAAA! They break into more inconsolable, comic tears. Smurfette leads Patrick away from the bunch and hops up on a table to speak with him.

SMURFETTE
They don’t blame you. They’re just scared. They miss their Papa. Remember how it felt when you were little and your papa would leave?

PATRICK
(beat)
Actually, no. My dad passed away before I really knew him.
SMURFETTE
Oh. Gosh No Papa?... You poor thing.

PATRICK
No, it’s not like that... it’s fine.
(beat, off her puzzlement)
Okay, so it was a little hard... My mom had to work two jobs to keep food on the table, and I barely saw her. But, you know, you adjust. You get by.

S
murfette gazes up, aching for him, her big eyes moistening. Patrick pauses, his own bullshit failing to comfort even him.

He glances away... to the mantle... A FAMILY PORTRAIT of him, Gracie and the kids in happier, more carefree times. In the PARK, barefoot, Patrick spins Sam in the air, while his new daughter giggles in her mother’s arms.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
What am I doing? What’s wrong with me? I’m about to throw everything that matters to me away... and for what?

SMURFETTE
You’re scared.

PATRICK
I’m terrified. It’s like I have to keep running faster and faster just to keep up. And if I ever stop... I don’t know... We’ll end up living in a box somewhere.

SMURFETTE
(beat)
Well... we live in mushrooms. And because we have each other... it’s really nice.

Patrick smiles, warming to the notion of maybe letting go... just a little. Suddenly...

WHAM! A SEAGULL smashes into the window behind him. Another huge GULL SMASHES through the glass. Pulling ivy vine reins, Hefty forces his bird into an emergency landing on the table. Clumsy clings to his neck.

CLUMSY
And keep your theat belts fasthened until we thum to a compleep... thlop.
(flops onto the table)
Are we yare thet?
SOPHIE
Clumsy!

Sophie scoops Clumsy into her arms. He smiles weakly as Gutsy wrangles his bird into the room.

SMURFETTE
Smurfy wing-work, boys, but where’s Papa?

GUTSY
Captured by that wretched wizard!
   (giving a sack to Brainy)
He said to give ya this, lad.

HEFTY
It’s everything you need to conjure the Blue Moon and get us home.

BRAINY
Us? What about Papa?

JOKEY
He said he’d find a way. Til then...
it’s up to you.

Stunned silence.

BRAINY
I’m... in charge?

VARIOUS SMURFS
(panicked)
Brainy’s in charge?! We’ll never get home! Smurfed, I tell you, we’re Smurfed! Papaaaaaaaa!

Amidst the panic, Gutsy confronts their new leader.

GUTSY
It’s what ye always wanted, idn’t it, lad? Drrreamed of, day and night?
Question is, now that it’s ‘ere...
arre ya Smurrrf enough?

Brainy GULPS, then tries to speak over the chaos.

BRAINY
Excuse me... Hello?

Patrick grabs Crazy and squeezes him, causing a shrill FOG HORN, then an AH-UUUGAH, followed by a submarine DIVE BELL.
PATRICK
Guys! Come on, a little respect.

Dozens of blinking frightful eyes turn to Brainy.

BRAINY
It’s true... I always wanted to be in charge... of, you know, a festival or what color we paint the barn... but not like this.

Brainy peers into the bag with the Blue Moon spell.

BRAINY (CONT’D)
Mr. Winslow, seeing as were one smurf short of a papa, we could sure use your help.

PATRICK
I... I don’t know anything about blue moons or how to make a spell.

BRAINY
I don’t mean that. I’m talking about going after our Papa.

Amazed looks from the others.

FRIGHTENED SMURF
But... Papa said to get us home.

BRAINY
Papa says. Papa always says something. But, I’m in charge now. And I say... No Smurf left behind!

HEFTY
(beat)
Brainy, Gargamel’s got a magic scepter, now. It spits blue fire and makes him more powerful than ever.

GUTSY
An’ we doon even knooow where he is. We’d need a bloodhound to find ‘em. A rrrreal blue blood.

All eyes turn to Tarzan. He looks confused, then, sniffs his own rear, runs in circles after his tail and falls over. Nope. The Smurfs slump in despair.

PATRICK
(rising)
Wait... You don’t need a blueblood.

(MORE)
Patrick crosses to the computer and sets to work.

SMURFS
Gooooogle.

PATRICK
No. Google Earth.

SMURFS
Google Earrrrrrrth.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

In a nearly abandoned area of Central Park, Gracie stands outside the car with the kids, cradling a cup of coffee.

SAM
Are you sure this is where he said meet him?

SOPHIE
Yeah, he just said be here and be ready for anything.

SAM
He probably just wants to say goodbye before he heads to the airport.

Just then, Patrick comes into view, in a heroes entrance with several dozen Smurfs, crossing a nearby foodbridge. They’re geared for battle. Patrick carries Sam’s helicopter.

GRACIE
I thought you had a plane to catch.

PATRICK
My kids want to go to the park. We go to the park. Oh, and, by the way, I found Papa. We just have to get him out. I mean, you know, if you guys are into that sort of thing.

Gracie and the kids smile and embrace him excitedly as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - OBELISK - BUSHES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is surrounded by Smurfs, laden like commandos with household implements as weapons and tools.
BRAINY (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)
Blue Leader One to Small Fry. How are things at the cookout?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TURTLE POND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In a thicket on the west bank, Sophie stirs boiling water on a camp stove while Hefty preps the spell ingredients.

SOPHIE (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)
Ready with the spell!

BRAINY (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)
Air command, we are go...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. METRO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A SOUVENIR KIOSK has been broken into. We hear helium balloons being inflated. One floats away... the kind with an inflatable teddy bear inside.

Sam steps out and holds a finger to check the wind.

BRAINY (V.O.)
Repeat, Air Command! We are go!

SAM (INTO PHONE)
Roger, that Brainy. Smurfs away!

He releases handfuls of ribbon...

BRAINY and GRACIE’S POV (THROUGH SPYGLASSES): to Wagner’s Ride of the Valkyries, dozens of large HELIUM BALLOONS rise into the air, bearing smurfs inside, each holding a PIN.

ON THE GROUND: Several straggling Smurfs wrestle comically to get themselves into their balloons for inflating by Sam.

IN THE AIRBORNE BALLOONS: Smurfs “run” furiously, to spin/guide the balloons toward Belvedere. They are AMAZED by the view as they float over the park.

ANGLE ON: wee-hour NEW YORKERS enjoy the runaway balloons.

Spotted, the ballooning Smurfs stop “running,” leaving the humans clueless that the flying “teddy bears” are alive. Once out of view, they immediately start “steering” again.
EXT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

A few huge SNAPPING TURTLES sleep peacefully on the shore. Handy falls from the sky, landing beside one. He gingerly steps away then signals into the sky.

HANDY
(squeaky helium whisper)
All clear.

ANGLE UP: Smurfs begin popping their balloons with their pins and dropping like silent paratroopers, all around the castle. What little WHISPERING we hear is all silly HELIUM-PITCHED.

EXT. METRO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT - SAME

At the kiosk, SAM finishes strapping the R/C copter to Gutsy’s back and the remote to his chest.

SAM
You ready?

GUTSY
Me life’s been noothin’ but rrrehearsal for this moment.

SAM
You’ll only get once chance at the grab... Make it count.

Gutsy pulls down a pair of doll goggles, nods and LIFTS OFF.

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

Gargamel and Azrael dance around the essence factory in macabre glee as the glop of Papa’s beard gurgles through in an ominous test of what’s to come for the Smurfs.

Gargamel holds the dragon handle of his scepter to the spigot, filling its mouth with smurf-blue ESSENCE. The eyes glow REDDER as more BLUE ENERGY engulfs the sheath.

GARGAMEL
Dumbledore, eat your heart out...
(raising the sceptor)
Soon, Papa, all your little Smurfs will be mine.

THUD. Papa looks up to the roof and smiles.

GARGAMEL (CONT’D)
Ah, here they are now.
PAPA

No.

GARGAMEL

Oh, please. Did you really think they’d go home without you? After all you’ve taught them? Smurf for all and all for... rubbish.

PAPA

All for Smurf!

GARGAMEL

Exactly. You’re one big happy family. And that’s your weakness. They’re pathetic without you, Papa. And you’re the perfect bait.

PAPA

No!

GARGAMEL

Keep an eye on him Azrael...

Gargamel straps Papa into the essence extractor and fires it up. Gears turn, steam HISSES and Papa’s begins to move into the works.

PAPA

Enjoy the ride, Papa. It’s Smurfy time.

With a LAUGH, Gargamel charges out to face the Smurfs.

PAPA (CONT’D)

Gargameeeeeeeel!

EXT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

Gargamel rushes out with a huge sack to find Smurfs creeping through the undergrowth all around him.

With PENCILS for spears and LASER POINTERS to temporary blind Gargamel, the Smurfs hold their own in the first wave.

Annoyed, Gargamel stirs the sky with his scepter. Thunderous CLOUDS appear, only over his portion of the park. Rooftop Smurfs YELP and cling desperately to the rain gutters. Others slip and slide in the localized wind and rain and mud.

ON BRAINY: watching with Gracie through the spyglasses.

BRAINY

Stand by, Patrick... Now, Gutsy!
Directly above the Castle, Gutsy struggles madly to keep the copter under control in the bizarre magic storm.

As Gargamel eagerly begins bagging fallen Smurfs. Jokey waves a tiny white flag.

GARGAMEL
Hello! What have we here?

JOKEY (holding up a box) 
Surprise!

GARGAMEL
I’m not falling for that again.

JOKEY
This isn’t the surprise. That is!

Gutsy ROARS in with the remote-control helicopter. But as he grabs for the scepter... KARACK! A bolt of LIGHTING from Gargamel’s storm blinds him... He misses.

ANGLE ON: Patrick watching through binoculars.

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)
He missed! We’re going in now!

ON BRAINY & GRACIE: Watching through spyglasses.

BRAINY (INTO PHONE)
You can’t take Gargamel while he has the scepter!

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)
We have no choice!
(to his Smurf troops)
We’re going in!

GRACIE (grabs Brainy’s phone) 
Patrick!

Patrick hangs up and accepts a smear of blue face-paint from Vanity as he hoists Sam’s telescope onto his shoulder. It’s clearly been modified for war by Handy.

HANDY
Don’t point it at anyone unless you intend to hurt them.

Patrick grins. The Smurfs, with pencil & rubberband “bows” and sewing needle “arrows” at the ready, raise a BATTLE CRY and follow Patrick down a hill toward...
GARGAMEL is busy shooting BOLTS of magic at Gutsy, who dodges for his life in the copter, hampered by the crazy “weather.”

Patrick, Handy and their group get in range and ready to fire on Gargamel when... Patrick’s phone RINGS.

PATRICK (INTO PHONE)
Gracie, honey, not now!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ODILE’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Odile works alone in a huge bed, in the glow of her laptop.

ODILE
Don’t honey me, mon mignon. Did you get the man his little bleu thingies?

PATRICK
Odile? I can’t talk now.

Handy waves frantically at Patrick to fire. Patrick peers through the sighting glass and... POP POP POP! Lets loose a torrent of hardballs at Gargamel. But they miss!

ODILE
Listen, forget Paris. That strange little of ours is going to do great things for us. I’m going to need you in, London, Hong Kong, Bejing...

PATRICK
That’s not going to happen.

Gargamel takes final aim at Gutsy...

GARGAMEL
Enough of this! You’re mine!

ODILE
Oh, is he there? Put him on.

PATRICK
It’s for you!

Out of ammo, Patrick hurls his Blackberry at Gargamel.

ODILE (V.O. ON FLYING PHONE)
Monsieur Gargameeeeeeeeeeel?

BAM! The Blackberry shatters on Gargamel’s head just before he fires on Gutsy.
ON GRACIE: watching through Binoculars.

GRACIE
Huh. Never thought I’d be grateful for that Blackberry.

ON GARGAMEL: Enraged, he turns on Patrick.

GARGAMEL
That. Hurt.

Gargamel unleashes a fury of BLUE ENERGY on Patrick, who SCREAMS and shakes in the beam. But Gargamel doesn’t stop.

ON GRACIE: She drops the spyglasses (and Brainy).

GRACIE
(racing down the hill)
Patrick!

Like Braveheart, Gutsy seizes his moment... and the scepter.

GUTSY
Freedoooooooom!

Gargamel SCREAMS in rage as Gutsy ZOOMS away with his power.

GARGAMEL
(giving chase)
Noooooooooo!

ON BRAINY as he recovers from being dropped.

BRAINY (YELLING INTO PHONE)
Sam! Go go go!

INT. BELVEDERE CASTLE - NIGHT

Papa gasps for breath as he’s washed, buffed and sterilized on the conveyor. Azrael bats at him, like a toy, as he heads for a frightening steam extractor.

Suddenly Sam charges through the door, flashlight blazing.

SAM/SOPHIE
Papa Smurf?!

PAPA
Look out!

Azrael GROWLS and steps into Sam’s path. PLING! He unfurls his switchblade claws in an elaborate show of might.
SAM
Did I mention I’m allergic to cats?

Sam kicks Azrael out window with a YOOOOOOOOOWL.

ANGLE ON BRAINY: peering through the spyglasses.

BRAINY’S POV: Sam races from the Castle with Papa.

BRAINY
Yes!

BELOW: Gracie and Handy tend to fallen Patrick while Smurfette and Sophie charge in to free Smurfs from Gargamel’s bag.

HANDY
Boy, I am I glad to see you girls!
But who’s cooking the Blue Moon Potion?

SMURFETTE
Hefty’s got it covered. Sometimes the girls just gotta get out of the kitchen.

She and Sophie share a Charlie’s Angels take.

ANGLE ON PATRICK: Gracie holds his face as the blue energy dissipates from his body.

GRACIE
Patrick? Baby you can you hear me?

SAM
(rushing in with Papa)
Dad! Dad!

SMURFS
Papa! Papa!

The Smurfs go wild, swarming their Papa as Sam sets him down to tend his own father with Sophie. It’s an emotional reunion for both families and their “Papas.”

Patrick GROANS as his family and the Smurfs surround him.

HANDY
He took Gargamel’s worst... for us.

PATRICK
(coming to)
Gracie?

Gracie and the kids embrace Patrick as he sits up.
SOPHIE
Thank you, Daddy! Thank you!

Papa, surrounded by his own adoring “kids” steps forward.

PAPA
Yes. A hundred thanks.

PATRICK
You were right... Hands to help.

The two fathers share a smile.

BRAINY (O.S.)
Are we going home? Or What?

Everyone turns to see Brainy standing proudly on a log.

BRAINY (CONT’D)
I’m sorry I didn’t listen, Papa, but a Smurf’s gotta do, what a Smurf’s gotta do.

PAPA
Brainy, I’m proud of you. But you’re right. We better get home while we can. Is everybody here?

BRAINY
All but one.
(into phone)
Blue leader to Blue Bird. Come in.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT - SAME

Gutsy works the joystick on his belly with one hand and clutches Gargamel’s heavy scepter with the other. It’s rough flying. Following below, Gargamel PANTS for breath.

GUTSY
(taunting)
‘At’s it, ya little girrrly wizard! Who’s the bully now, eh? eh?

GARGAMEL
(winded, but smiling)
Remember, little one... Pride goeth before the fall.

GUTSY
What arrre ye talkin’ aboot? It’s oover for ye, ya’ crrrazy loon.
Gutsy doesn’t see Azrael slinking up a tree, behind him. Suddenly... MEOWLLLLL! Azrael leaps from a branch and swats the copter before crashing into a bush.

GUTSY
Aaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

Gutsy, drops the wand and spins out of control, disappearing into the trees.

ON GARGAMEL: IN SLOW MO, he makes a diving leap for the wand as it tumbles toward an open subway vent.

Horses SCREAM as a late-night CARRIAGE stops just short of trampling Gargamel. He stands, fire in his eyes... the scepter in his hand.

EXT. TURTLE POND - NIGHT

In the thicket by the pond Hefty struggles alone to add ingredients to the boiling pot.

HEFTY
(reading)
Hair of a Giant... Feather of a flightless bird...

The Winslows, Papa and the Smurfs charge onto the scene.

PAPA
Hefty! Time to go!

HEFTY
Already, Papa!

Sophie and Smurfette rush in with Grouchy and Reina. Everyone gathers around the pot as thick BLUE FOG spews from the brew.

PAPA
(unfurling the spell)
Brainy... Do the honors?... You earned it.

Brainy proudly, but humbly, takes the scroll and reads...

BRAINY
Unimoonibus... Bluticus...
Yarayak.... Kahol...

WHOOSH! A mighty WIND blasts through the park, spreading a thick FOG. Veiled in the fog, a huge MOON appears to rise... its glow, distinctively BLUE. The Winslows’ jaws drop.
HEFTY

Look!

The pond waters being to roil. As in the Forbidden Grottos, a glistening rock formation rises up. A SHIMMERING PORTAL blazes behind the falling waters. A rocky path emerges, leading to shore.

Suddenly, a horse-drawn carriage charges up in the distance.

GARGAMEL

Ya! YAAAAAA!

PAPA

Go! Go!

Lesser known Smurfs charge across the watery path and dive through the portal with hardly time to wave goodbye.

The carriage bears down with terrifying speed with Gargamel, standing beside Azrael, whipping the horses like Ben Hur. Panicked smurfs cross into the portal as fast as they can.

Gargamel aims his scepter... ZAP! A bolt of blue energy OBLITERATES THE PORTAL, trapping Papa and half the smurfs in our world while the other half are trapped in theirs.

Gargamel aims again, this time directly at Papa and the remaining Smurfs. As they SCREAM and scramble for cover, we hear the familiar whir of SPUTTERING ROTORS...

GUTSY (O.S.)

Pick on someone yer oon size, ya' smurrrrin' wanker!

Gutsy has risen and is diving for Gargamel.

PAPA

Gutsy, noooooo!

BAM! Gutsy kamikazes into Gargamel's head. The copter disintegrates, hurling Gutsy onto the horses face. Gargamel falls back in the carriage, missing his shot.

IN SLOW MO: the wand flies through the air... little blue hands dive for it. It falls to... CLUMSY. He grabs... He bobbles... collapses... drops the wand into the murky pond.

SOPHIE/PAPA

Clumsy!

They run to help him.
All eyes turn to see the runaway horse, freaked by the blue creature clinging to it’s face, rear up at the WALL of the 79TH STREET TRANSVERSE. Gargamel, Azrael and Gutsy are thrown over the wall, toward the speeding traffic below.

WHAP! Gargamel and Azrael are comically flattened on the windshield of a passing bus. It carries them away, with BLUE ad wrap celebrating: JET BLUE TO BELGIUM FROM $299!

Winslows and Smurfs are shocked at Gutsy’s sacrifice. Then...

A tiny blue hand reaches over from the wall... Gutsy’s clinging safely above the speeding traffic. The Smurfs CHEER as Sam, Hefty and others rush to pull him to safety.

Angle on Papa and Patrick.

PATRICK
(re destroyed Portal)
What are you going to do?

Papa looks up at the moon as the fog clears away... It’s clearly no longer blue.

PAPA
I don’t know... I really don’t know.

HEFTY
Hey... Look.

An inky BLUE spreads from where the wand went in. The reflection of the moon is also blue, but the real moon is still only white.

Clumsy, lies weak on the shore, his head in Sophie’s lap.

CLUMSY
I’m sorry guys... I-- blew it again.

Spent and pale, Clumsy’s hand drops into the water.

SOPHIE
Clumsy?
CLUMSY
I just wish... the moon was really blue... and you all could go home.

Triggered at Clumsy’s hand in the water, the magic blue essence shimmers on the water. BLUE ENERGY arcs over the surface of the pond, dancing on the reflection of the moon... Then, it rises up toward the Moon itself.

GUTSY
Grrreat Smurf!

Everyone looks up to see the Moon actually turning BLUE. Clumsy’s eyes open as the color begins to return to his hand, then spreads to his whole body.

PAPA
Great Smurf, indeed! Clumsy! You’ve done it!

Clumsy sits up, renewed as the portal begins to rise from the water again. The Smurfs stare in awe as the rocky path re-emerges to bear them home.

QUICK SHOTS ALL OVER NEW YORK: NIGHT-LIFERS and WILDLIFE stop to gaze up in amazement at the BLUE MOON.

IN THE PARK: Smurfs eagerly line up to walk the shimmering stone path to the portal, where Brainy directs them through. Each returns to their deep blue as they dive in.

BRAINY
Come along everyone. No telling how long the spell will last.

Hefty approaches the portal, then turns and waves to the Winslows.

HEFTY
Good bye! We’ll never forget you!

As the Winslows wave back, Hefty reaches out a tentative hand... WHOOSH! He’s sucked through before he knows what happened. A line of others wave goodbye and follow.

Gutsy, Jokey and Vanity and Romeo get in line.

ROMEO
(to Gracie and Patrick)
Know how often I’ve see love like yours?
(off their looks)
Once in a Blue Moon.
Patrick takes Gracie’s hand. She pulls in close.

PAPA
We’ll never be able to repay you for all your kindness...and bravery.

PATRICK
You’ve already repaid me. (squeezing Gracie’s hand) More than you’ll ever know.

Gracie smiles and takes Patrick’s arm. He puts an arm around his family as they gather close around Papa and Clumsy.

PAPA
If you work together, and truly treasure each other, everything will be smurfy, indeed.

REINA
Smurf.

Everyone turns, LAUGHING, as Reina holds Grouchy one last time and utters her first words.

REINA (CONT’D)
B-bye.

WINSLOWS
She’s talking! Way to go Reina! Good job, sweetie! (etc.).

GROUCHY
(trying to hide his tears) I hate “b-bye’s”... But I love you.

Sophie kneels down to Clumsy. Her eyes are also welling up.

SOPHIE
Will I ever see you again?

CLUMSY
Papa?

PAPA
Keep an eye out for each other... every blue moon.

Papa’s eyes TWINKLE as Sophie and Clumsy fall into a hug.

SOPHIE
Say it’s not just a dream.
CLUMSY
You’re not dreaming, Sophie. I am your friend.

BRAINY
Papa! Clumsy! The spell!

Sure enough the BLUE ENERGY is FADING. The Winslows share one last hug with Papa and Clumsy, then watch tearfully as they join Brainy and Smurfette at the Portal.

WINSLOWS
Goodbye.

CLUMSY/BRAINY/PAPA/SMURFETTE
Auf-Wiedersmurf!

Brainy waves and goes in. Papa waves, takes Clumsy’s hand and steps in. Clumsy locks teary eyes with Sophie... and he’s gone. The Winslows watch from shore as the BLUE ENERGY FADES and the Portal sinks back down. But the moon... stays Blue.

MUSIC UP: A NEW BLUE MOON SONG

FADE TO BLUE

END CREDITS:

The Smurfs return to their village, SINGING. Reprising their dance number from the opening, this time, they get it right.

MORE END CREDITS. Then...

Patrick sadly packs the personal effects of his office into boxes as he prepares to look for work. Odile enters.

ODILE
What on earth are you doing?

PATRICK
I’m... fired. No?

ODILE
You silly, stupid, big strong man. Do you know the last time anyone stood up to me the way you did?

(off Patrick’s confusion)
You have what it takes to handle the sharks in this office. Up til now, there was only me. If you manage New York... I’m free to take to Paris.

She gratefully kisses his cheek and exits blissfully.
ODILE (CONT’D)
Salut, Paris. Ici je viens!

Patrick watches her go... dumbstruck.

MORE CREDITS. Then...

The Winslows frolic in Central Park. Patrick and Sam fly the helicopter. Sophie and Mom play princess nearby, while Reina chews happily on Tarzan.

Not faraway, in Turtle Pond, a wand is found... by Gargamel...

BLACK OUT