

CLOUDY
WITH A CHANCE OF MEATBALLS

by
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Based on the children's book
Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs

by
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Sony Pictures Animation
9050 Washington Blvd.
Culver City, CA 90232

ON THE COLUMBIA TORCH LADY. AS CLOUDS BEHIND HER ROIL, SHE IS SUDDENLY KNOCKED OVER BY A GIANT PLUMMETING BANANA.

CHYRONS OVER BLACK:

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS

A SONY PICTURES ANIMATION FILM

A FILM BY... A LOT OF PEOPLE

FADE IN:

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

Push down through the clouds to the island town of Swallow Falls, and down into the elementary school classroom.

FLINT (V.O.)

Have you ever felt like you were a little bit different? Like you had something unique to offer the world, if you could just get people to see it? Then you know exactly how it felt...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

PUSH IN on a raised hand from the back of the classroom. This is YOUNG FLINT. 8, unkempt hair, "frogs!" T-shirt.

FLINT (V.O.)

...To be me.

TEACHER

Go ahead, Flint.

Young Flint steps to the front and addresses the class.

YOUNG FLINT

(NERVOUSLY) What is the number one problem facing our community today? Untied shoelaces.

The children, all with untied shoelaces, stare at him.

YOUNG FLINT (CONT'D)

Which is why I've invented a laceless alternative foot covering, Spray-On Shoes.

He sprays the can on his feet. The other kids look impressed.

KIDS
Wow! / Whoa!

FLINT
Voila!

Then, the class bully, YOUNG BRENT, pipes up.

YOUNG BRENT
How're you gonna get 'em off, nerd?

Uh-oh. The kids LAUGH as young Flint tugs and strains to take off the shoes, but they won't come off.

YOUNG BRENT (CONT'D)
What a geek! He wants to be smart,
but that's lame!

On Flint, flailing, upset.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - STREET - LATER

Flint runs down the empty street, crying in the rain.

FLINT (V.O.)
I wanted to run away that day...
but you can't run away from your
own feet.

INT. FLINT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flint, SNIFFLING, tries to BITE his shoes off, but it does nothing. Then he pulls out a SCREWDRIVER. It breaks in half. SCISSORS bend around his foot. A CINDER BLOCK cracks in half. These things are indestructible.

INTERCUT:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TIM, Flint's gruff blue-collar dad, and FRAN, his warm mother, approach the door. Fran gestures for Tim to speak.

TIM
Uh... Not every sardine jumps in
the net, son.

YOUNG FLINT
I don't understand fishing
metaphors!

Flint flops on the bed.

TIM (O.S.)
What did I say?

FRAN (O.S.)
Don't worry.

Fran opens the door.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Honey, I think your shoes are
wonderful.

She enters and sits on the bed as Flint hides his face in his
pillow.

YOUNG FLINT
Everyone just thinks I'm a weirdo.

Fran gestures to Flint's wall of posters of great inventors:
Tesla, Farnsworth, Edison, etc.

FRAN
So? People probably thought that
these guys were weirdos too! But
that never stopped them. (THEN) I
was saving this for your birthday,
but, here...

With a sly smile she holds up an adult-size LAB COAT.

YOUNG FLINT
(GASPS) A professional-grade lab
coat. Just like the real guys
wear!

He puts it on. It's way too big for him.

YOUNG FLINT (CONT'D)
It fits perfect.

FRAN
The world needs your originality,
Flint. You just have to grow into
it. And I know that you're gonna
do big things someday.

Flint gives her a smile and hugs her, inspired.

CUT TO:

Flint draws a poster of himself in the lab coat with the words "BEST INVENTOR EVER." He slaps it on the wall.

Then he runs out of the house and up into his tree house lab where he starts on a new project.

FLINT (V.O.)
From that moment on, I was
determined to invent something
great.

VIDEO DIARIES: We see Flint and some of his many inventions through the years...

CHYRON: REMOTE CONTROL TV

YOUNG FLINT
Remote Control Television!

He pushes a button. The TV gets up and walks over to Tim on the couch, who clicks it on...

FLINT (V.O.)
Eventually.

Then the TV quickly KICKS down the door and runs away amid frightened pedestrians.

CHYRON: HAIR UN-BALDER

TEEN FLINT
Hair unbalder!

Flint pours a hair tonic on Tim's head. Hair POOFS out suddenly, completely covering his face like a wolfman. Tim and Flint SCREAM.

CHYRON: FLYING CAR

FLINT
Flying car!

A car with rockets attached shoots off from the docks, but dives straight down into the water.

CHYRON: MONKEY THOUGHT TRANSLATOR

FLINT (CONT'D)
Monkey Thought Translator.

In his father's tackle shop, Flint shows off STEVE, a vervet monkey with a device strapped to his chest and head.

STEVE	FLINT
Hungry!	How wise-- No, Steve! No,
Hungryhungryhungryhungry!	no, no, no--

Steve goes on a rampage, knocking over shelves, scaring customers, and pulling a chunk of Tim's moustache off.

CHYRON: RAT-BIRDS

FLINT (CONT'D)
Rat-birds. (TO RATBIRDS) Hey,
what's going on, little guys--

RAT-BIRDS, half-rat, half-parrot, all-disturbing, escape from a cage and terrorize the townspeople, including EARL, the town cop.

EARL
Flint Lockwood!

ON A MAP OF THE ATLANTIC

FLINT (V.O.)
My dream was to help my home town,
a tiny island hidden under the 'A'
in Atlantic...

ZOOM IN to see the island is barely visible under the "A".

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

Wide on the rundown town. The cannery is abandoned and in disrepair.

FLINT (V.O.)
...called Swallow Falls. We were
famous for sardines. Until the day
the Baby Brent Sardine Cannery
closed for good, right after
everyone in the world realized that
sardines are super gross. Soon,
all of us were stuck eating the
sardines that no one else wanted.

INSERT SHOTS of sardines, prepared in different unappetizing ways.

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Poached, fried, boiled, dried,
candied, and juiced.
(MORE)

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Life became gray and flavorless.
But when all seemed lost, I stared
at defeat...

TIGHT on Flint's face, eyes widening:

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and found hope.

TITLE CARD: CLOUDY WITH A CHANCE OF MEATBALLS.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - DAY

We see a shadowy figure walking through an awesome, futuristic lab full of glowing lights and machinery. This is grown-up FLINT LOCKWOOD, still in his labcoat, still wearing those spray-on shoes. He stops to look at the posters of great inventors on a wall just like in his old bedroom 15 years ago.

FLINT (V.O.)
My name is Flint Lockwood, and I
was about to invent a machine that
turns water... into food.

He turns into the light, dramatically.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Steve, my best friend and trusted
colleague!

Reveal a STEVE the MONKEY. His thought translator contraption says:

STEVE
Steve.

FLINT
Can I count on your help?

Steve holds up a sardine can, offering.

STEVE
Can.

FLINT
I knew I could!

This initiates an AWESOME BUILDING MONTAGE! Exciting MUSIC!

Flint pushes a button.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Button on.

He starts a reel to reel recorder.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Memory activate.

He draws blueprints.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Blueprints... awesome!

He creates a contained NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Begin nano-mutation.

He lowers a disco ball into a microwave.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Radiation matrix secure.

He uses a computer mouse.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Computer, boot!

He draws sci-fi lines on the machine.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Coolness enhancement complete!

EXCITING MUSIC STOPS. Flint and Steve SIP COFFEE on a break.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Engage coffee break.

Long beat, then...

MUSIC'S BACK! Flint plugs in two cords.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Networking power grid!

He then plugs many cords into many surge protectors and plugs the last one into the finished machine, clearly made out of a colander, microwave, blender and other spare parts. But it also looks kind of cool.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Beginning conversion of water into food.

Flint pours water into the top.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Hydrating protein matrix.

He flips switches and turns knobs on the machine.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Calibrating flavor panel.

He tightens a screw on the bottom of the machine.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Priming Chow Plopper.

He types into his computer.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Uploading cool machine voice.

MACHINE
Cheeseburger.

He flips on a switch and

FLINT
Everyone is going to love this.

Flint waits hopefully as the Chow Plopper bulges bigger and bigger... A cheeseburger-shaped CLOUD forms slowly above a plate at the bottom, becoming more and more like a real cheeseburger. It's at 60%... 70%... 80%... 90%...

A HUGE SPARK shocks Flint!

FLINT (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaah!

Almost instantly, a power surge goes up through the cables and out the lab. Power goes out.

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tim sits on the couch, reading the paper. All the appliances EXPLODE at once. Black.

TIM
DAAAAHHHH!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Power's out on Tim's house and Flint's backyard LAB which is an enormous metal version of his childhood treehouse lab.

TIM (O.S.)
FLINT!!!

FLINT
Sorry, Dad!

INT. FLINT'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

On his way out, Flint passes Steve, who bangs a pipe against a metal bucket.

FLINT
Steve, keep working.

HUMMING AN IMAGINARY SOUNDTRACK (the same as the full orchestra one playing in the previous scene), Flint runs up to a vault-like door and puts his hand up to a fake looking scanner.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Scanning hand.

Making his own sound effects, he presses a button and the door opens into a large empty hallway. Approaching the doorway at the other end, Flint inputs the code on his Simon.

FLINT (CONT'D)
(BEEPING NOISES)

After a few more of his own sound effects he opens the door to the elevator and heads down.

EXT. FLINT'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

FLINT makes ELEVATOR NOISES as he heads down the pneumatic tube elevator from the top of his lab to the ground. The tube goes under the ground and then pops up inside a Port-A-Potty. Flint exits and runs over to the house while still humming the imaginary soundtrack. Neighbor kids watch and laugh, including CAL, 8.

CAL
That's a really weird dude.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Flint enters through the back door.

FLINT
Reenergizing power unit. (SOUND
EFFECTS)

Flint opens the FUSE BOX. Twiddles... Lights go ON. Tim is behind him, arms crossed. Flint turns and is surprised.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Yah! Jeez.

He backs into the fuse box and FALLS DOWN. He pops back up and starts to leave, nervously.

FLINT (CONT'D)
See you, dad.

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Flint goes back out towards his lab. Tim follows outside, where Steve bangs on stuff.

TIM
Flint, um... er... don't you think
it's time to give up this inventing
thing and get a real job?

Flint stops.

FLINT
No, why?

TIM
Well, all your technology stuff, it
just ends in disaster.

FLINT
The ratbirds, yes, they escaped and
bred at a surprising rate, but I
took care of that problem and
disposed of them.

Behind Flint, three RAT-BIRDS descend, pick up a neighbor kid, and fly away with him, SCREAMING.

CAL
Billy, just play dead!

TIM

Flint, you don't keep throwing your net where there aren't any fish.

FLINT

What?

TIM

I want you to work full time at the tackle shop.

FLINT

The tackle shop?! Aww, Dad, no!

TIM

Tackle is a good career.

As Flint pleads with his dad, Steve climbs up on Tim's shoulder and reaches for his moustache. Tim's uncomfortable.

FLINT

Please, I'm so close with this one. I just have to hook it up to the power station and give it more power and it'll work, and then you can sell food in the shop, and then everyone won't have to eat sardines anymore. It is going to be so awesome.

Tim removes Steve and DROPS him. Time to lay down the law.

TIM

I'm sorry, son.

STEVE

Ouch.

TIM

No more inventing.

Tim turns to go inside.

FLINT

Dad. I know I can do this. (THEN)
And Mom did too.

Tim freezes but doesn't turn. Flint looks at him guiltily. He knows he crossed the line.

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It had been almost ten years since mom died, and Dad still didn't understand me like she did.

Flint tries to take back what he said.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Dad, I--

TIM

Come on, let's open the shop.

And he walks off.

EXT. TACKLE SHOP - DAY

Tim excitedly unveils an "AND SON" sign added to "TIM'S SARDINE BAIT & TACKLE".

TIM

Tim and Son Sardine Bait and Tackle. You feelin' it?

FLINT

(TRYING) Mmm-hmm.

Tim walks in, happy, as he enters the store and Flint MOPES and he follows him inside.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

TV COMMERCIAL:

A cartoon baby tips over a wagon of sardines.

KID VOICES (V.O.)

Look out, Baby Brent!

BABY BRENT

Uh-oh!

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

Baby Brent Sardines.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Hand-packed in Swallow Fall--

The crude animation of the commercial freezes and the MAYOR walks in front of the frozen image.

MAYOR

As your mayor, I know it's time to put our sardine canning past behind us. And look to the future: Sardine Tourism!

A cheesy graphic: "TOURISM!" over four different crappy shots of town.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

That's why without consulting anyone, I spent the entire town budget on the thing that is under this tarp. Which I will be unveiling today at *noon!* Featuring a live appearance by Baby Brent himself--!

Another cheesy graphic spins at camera: "NOON!"

INT. TACKLESHOP - DAY

Reveal we are watching the Mayor's commercial on a TV in the shop as Flint stacks Baby Brent Sardine cans listlessly. He is not wearing his labcoat. There are a couple old-timers (JOE TOWN and RUFUS) in the shop eating sardines, also watching the TV. Flint sighs.

"BABY" BRENT enters. Flint's longtime bully, and the town's only celebrity, Brent has let himself go. He's overweight, lazy, and wears a baby blue track suit with "BB" embroidered on it. He has a lady on each arm.

BRENT

What is up, everybody?

JOE TOWNE / RUFUS

Hey! / Hey, it's Baby Brent!

BRENT

(TO FLINT) Whatcha doin'? Stacking cans with me on 'em as a baby? Uh-oh!

He does the Baby Brent pose, knocking over some of the cans Flint just stacked. The old timers love it, LAUGHING.

FLINT

(ANNOYED) Hi Baby Brent.

BRENT

(LAUGHS) Anyways, who wants to watch me cut the ribbon at the Mayor's unveiling thing? I'll be using these bad boys to help save the town.

He shows off a pair of huge golden scissors. Joe Towne and Rufus OOH.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Boy-yo! (AS HE EXITS) Alright you
guys! Sardines! Yeah! Swallow
Falls Forever!

JOE TOWNE

Oh, what a rascal.

Flint frowns as he watches Brent and his posse exit past the window.

Tim approaches Flint from the back room as the Old-Timers leave.

TIM

Listen, you, uh... Maybe you wanna
go to that unveiling?

Flint thinks for a beat. Then:

FLINT

(CASUAL) You know, Dad, why don't
you go ahead. I'll hold down the
fort here.

TIM

(PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Really? You
sure you can handle it?

FLINT

Yeah, Dad, I'm pretty sure I'll be
fine.

TIM

Huh. Alright, then. I'll be back
in half an hour, skipper.

FLINT

Okay, byeeee.

Tim leaves. Flint looks around sneakily then runs away HUMMING HIS SOUNDTRACK again. He grabs his lab coat on the way out.

EXT. SARDINE CIRCLE - MOMENTS LATER

Backstage, the Mayor grabs the chain link fence, tense. Brent sits behind him, eating sardines out of a tin.

MAYOR

This hell hole's too small for me,
Brent. I want to be big.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I want people to look at me and say, "That is one big mayor." That's why this has to work. It has to work! Otherwise, I'm just a tiny mayor of a tiny town full of tiny sardine-sucking knucklescrapers.

Brent's knuckles are scraping the ground, mouth full of fish.

BRENT

But not me, right?

MAYOR

Oh, not you, Brent, no. You've always been like a son to me.

The Mayor rolls his eyes.

ON STAGE:

The Mayor bounds on stage and up to the microphone.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(POSITIVE) Hey, hey everybody!

REVEAL there are like 20 people there.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Under this tarp is the greatest tourist attraction ever built by humans!

REVEAL Flint and Steve tiptoeing towards the power station, carrying his machine.

FLINT

It just needs seventeen thousand more gigajoules. Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!

Flint makes a break for it but is STOPPED immediately by EARL, an overzealous cop who plays by the rules. He hides the machine behind his back.

EARL

What are you doing, Flint Lockwood?

FLINT

Just holding my hands behind my back respectfully, sir.

EARL
You know what you are, Flint
Lockwood?

FLINT
No.

EARL
A shenaniganizer! A tomfool! You
see my beautiful angel son, Cal?

Cal is there. And he brought his attitude.

CAL
'Sup.

EARL
I love him so much. This is my
only son. I want him to have a
bright future. A future in which
you don't ruin our town's day with
one of your crazy science doodley-
bopper thingies.

FLINT
Well, you know, that's all behind
me--

EARL
You see this contact lens, Flint
Lockwood?

He holds a contact lens.

FLINT
Mm-hmm.

EARL
This contact lens represent you.

FLINT
Alright.

EARL
And my eye represents my eye.

FLINT
Okay.

He very deliberately puts the contact on his eye.

EARL
I got my eye... on... you.

FLINT
Oh, my gosh, a jaywalker.

EARL
Hey!

Earl RUNS down the street and tackles the jaywalker. OOF!

ON THE MAYOR

MAYOR
And I've arranged for live coverage
from a major network and their most
experienced professional reporter!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY

CHYRON: Yesterday

PRODUCTION COORDINATOR (V.O.)
Oh, just send the intern.

INT. WEATHER NEWS NETWORK SET - YESTERDAY

A cute young intern, SAM SPARKS, delivers coffee to the crew members on set. The PRODUCER and PRODUCTION COORDINATOR stand in the foreground.

PRODUCTION COORDINATOR
She's cute and she's super perky.

WNN PRODUCER
Well, those are the only things we
look for in a TV weather person.
Intern! How would you like to do a
weather report from a rinky-dink
island in the middle of the ocean
as a favor to my cousin?

Sam, excited, drops her tray of coffees on the ground.

SAM
Really?!

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

Sam drives the weathervan, with her silent but adept cameraman MANNY in the passenger seat.

SAM
Can you believe it, Manny?
Temporary professional
meteorologist. Woo!

Manny holds the wheel as she gestures.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Sam and Manny are sitting in their van as it travels on a ferry across the ocean.

SAM
Okay, Manny what about this?
(PRACTICING) Welcome, America, I'm
Sam Sparks. Hello, America, Sam
Sparks here. America, hi, I didn't
see you there. It's me, Sam
Sparks. (THEN, EXCITED) On my way!
Across the ocean!

EXT. SARDINE CIRCLE - TODAY

AT THE POWER STATION, Flint creeps past DANGER! ELECTRICITY!
signs. The Mayor DRONES ON in the background.

MAYOR (O.S.)
Now, when she gets here, I want to
see a lot of smiling faces...

Flint looks up at the huge, scary electrical tower.

FLINT
This is a great idea.

EXT. SARDINE CIRCLE - MOMENTS LATER

ON TV: The WNN logo.

WNN PRODUCER (V.O.)
Weather news network. Weather news
happens... or not.

The well-coiffed WNN ANCHOR speaks to camera. INSET is Sam,
in front of the growing crowd at Swallow Falls' town center.

WNN ANCHOR
Now we're over to Swallow Falls where our intern is on her first day on the job. Or should I say first gray on the job, looks pretty cloudy there, intern?

SAM
(WHISPERING UNDER ANCHOR)
Hello, America, I'm Sam Sparks. Hello, America, I'm Sam Sparks.

Beat. Sam is extremely nervous.

SAM
Hello, Sam Sparks, I'm America. It's Swallow Falls degrees... and, uh, let's just go to the mayor.

She gestures to the mayor, who addresses the excited crowd.

MAYOR
Thank you and welcome national television audience!

AT THE POWER STATION, we sees QUICK CUTS of Flint connecting lots of jumper cables together on the electrical tower.

We PAN UP to the top of the electrical tower over scary zapping coils to find Flint at the very top STRUGGLING to connect one last cable -- and he's ELECTROCUTED and falls to the ground.

FLINT
YAHHH!!!

ON THE MAYOR.

MAYOR
And now, here to cut the ceremonial ribbon, Swallow Falls' favorite son, Baby Brent!

Brent walks on stage from behind a curtain and RIPS OFF his tracksuit, revealing a DIAPER.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
He's still got it, folks!

BRENT
Yeah! Hahaha! I'm the best person in the whole town!

The crowd APPLAUDS. He makes his SIGNATURE POSE, knocking over a wagon of sardines, and the crowd goes nuts.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Uh-oh!

BACK AT THE POWER STATION, we see run back to his machine. He raises the jumper cables high, about to attach them...

FLINT
Food synthesis go!

ON EARL in the crowd with his WIFE and son CAL. Suddenly he jolts to attention. He looks down.

EARL
My chest hairs are tingling.
Something's wrong.

Earl acrobatically flips away toward the power station.

ON THE MAYOR.

MAYOR
So here it is, the attraction the
whole world has been waiting for--
SardineLand!

Brent cuts the ribbon with the giant scissors and the tarp falls, revealing a small Sea World-like THEME PARK. Applause.

ON THE ATTRACTIONS as each tarp falls.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
With rides! And exhibits! And
featuring Shamo! The world's
largest sardine, and his flaming
hoop of glory!

Amid a few rides and booths is SHAMO, a TINY FISH in a VERY LARGE BOWL, with a ring of fire to jump through. Shamo does not look excited about the ring of fire.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Those of you in the Splash Zone,
look out!

ON JOE TOWNE in the front row of the bleachers, where ONE SEAT is marked "SPLASH ZONE."

JOE TOWNE
Yeah!

ON EARL, doing OVERZEALOUS ACTION COP POSES. He sees Flint and GASPS.

ON FLINT, who finally connects the cables to the machine.

MACHINE
Cheeseburger.

It starts to power up and Flint looks excited.

EARL
Flint Lockwood!

Flint turns and sees Earl running.

FLINT
Uh, just a second! I'm in the
middle of a yaaaaah!

A SPARK sends the machine SHOOTING off horizontally like a missile, with Flint dragged behind it, hanging on to jumper cables for dear life.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaghgh!

ON MANNY AND SAM, broadcasting, unaware of the danger.

SAM (ON TV)
Well, looks like things in Swallow
Falls are *sardine* to get better.
For--

WHAM! The machine knocks Manny's camera into Sam, Flint flies over. The lens smooshes right up against her face. She looks ridiculous.

SAM (CONT'D)
<*SMOOSHED FACE NOISES*>

INT. WNN STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The Anchor looks at Sam's smooshed face in shock.

WNN ANCHOR
Aah!

EXT. SARDINE CIRCLE - DAY

Flint looks back as the machine rockets him away from Sam.

FLINT
Aah, sorry!

The machine (and Flint) whips into Sardine Land, knocks around out Shamo's fish bowl scaffolding, and ricochets back.

And time SLOWS DOWN as the machine and Flint pass by Tim. Tim SCOWLS. Oops.

Flint STRUGGLES to stop the machine by planting his feet, waterskiing on his spray-on shoes, tearing up the sidewalk, and is finally stopped by a STOP sign.

The machine breaks away from the jumper cables and shoots up, disappearing into the sky. Flint looks up at the machine he lost...

FLINT (CONT'D)

No... OOF!

And he's tackled by Earl.

EARL

You're under arrest, Flint Lockwood. Thank goodness you only caused minimal damage to SardineLand.

But behind them, there's a noise. They both look at Shamo's bowl scaffolding...

KRAAAAAAK! The scaffolding breaks, the fish bowl topples over and SPLASHES its water everywhere but the Splash Zone.

JOE TOWNE

Oh, come on!

The bowl starts to roll around the town like a giant wheel of destruction.

ON THE SARDINE MUSEUM, which is SMASHED by the bowl.

ON THE VIRTUAL SARDINE EXPERIENCE. People lie down in it like sardines as the lid is rolled up over them. The bowl SMASHES into it.

ON THE MAYOR, as the bowl smashes into the stage and sends him FLYING.

MAYOR

Aaaaggh!

ON SHAMO, screaming inside the bowl.

ON THE CROWD, fleeing.

ON BRENT, running with the giant ceremonial scissors.

BRENT

I really shouldn't be running with these!

Flint and Steve RUN as the bowl bears down on them, but they aren't fast enough and give up -- only to be saved when the lip of the bowl rolls over them, leaving them unharmed.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Run, run, run, jump, jump, run,
run, jump!

ON THE BOWL, as it continues on its path of destruction through Sardine Circle and people run SCREAMING.

THE BOWL bounces through a parking lot, exploding a car which propels the bowl up in the air and throws Shamo through the flaming hoop and towards the ocean and freedom

SHAMO

(GURGLY) Yippee!

Then he's immediately SNATCHED UP by a flying ratbird.

Then the bowl falls back to the ground, landing upside-down on top of Flint and Steve, trapping them inside.

THROUGH THE GLASS BOWL, Flint sees all the destruction he caused.

FLINT

(DEFEATED) Ay papi.

Everyone stares at Flint. The Mayor. Brent. Cal and Earl. All incredibly angry.

EARL

(MUFFLED THROUGH GLASS) Flint
Lockwood!

Then Flint sees a disappointed Tim. He looks at his dad, full of regret. Everyone turns their back on Flint, last of all, Tim. Flint hits his head against the glass in despair. Then... CRAAAACK! It sends a crack up to the top of the bowl and the whole thing shatters. Everyone turns and GASPS.

Flint and Steve stare at the crowd, then quickly run away.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

We find Flint, with Steve, hanging on the ladder at the end of the docks, hiding underneath. He SIGHS.

He hears footsteps, and hides... It's Sam, who walks to the end of the dock and SIGHS. She tosses her microphone ANGRILY into the water. Then she PLOPS down, and her heels kicks Flint in the eyes.

FLINT

Ow!

SAM

Oh my gosh! I am so sorry. Are you okay? I didn't get a chance to--

FLINT

It's okay. It's just pain.

SAM

Sorry, I am not myself today. My whole career was ruined by some crazy jerk riding a homemade rocket.

Flint looks away suspiciously.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. (THEN) What is going on with your feet?

FLINT

Spray-on shoes. They don't come off.

She grabs his foot and yanks it toward her until he's hanging upside down.

SAM

Cool! This could solve the untied shoes epidemic. What are they made of, some kind of elastic bio-polymer adhesive?

Music plays as Flint gets all dreamy.

FLINT

(SMITTEN) Yeah, exactly...

SAM

(SUDDENLY NERVOUS) I mean...
(GIGGLES) Wow, they're shiny.
(THEN) I'm Sam.

She lets go of his foot and his head slams into the ladder again, causing him to YELP.

FLINT
(IN LOVE) Flint.

STEVE
Steve!

SAM
(EXCITED AGAIN) Is that a monkey
thought translator?

STEVE
Steve.

SAM
Ha! Incredible!

Flint is just staring at her enchanted, DREAMY MUSIC playing...we can barely make out Sam putting it all together.

SAM (CONT'D)
(DISTORTED) Did you make all of
this stuff? (THEN, REALIZING) You
hit me with the rocket!

MUSIC STOPS. Flint's caught.

FLINT
You kicked me in the face!

SAM
I said I was sorry!...

SPLAT. Some yellow goop lands on the ladder. Steve licks it.

Flint SNIFFS it and is about to taste when ZING! A PICKLE SLICE lands in the water. Sam notices none of this.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh! Do you know how hard it is to
break into the weather game? I
spent my entire life building up to
that moment. You get one shot at
the show...

ZING! Behind Flint, something lands in a garbage can on the docks, causing it to rattle. Flint gets up and walks to it.

SAM (CONT'D)
(REALIZING SOMETHING'S AMISS)
...And if you don't make it, it's
back to cleaning the barometers...

Flint looks into the garbage can. There's a SLICE OF CHEESE inside. He reaches for it.

FLINT

Cheese?

Suddenly a ratbird appears from the shadows of the can, startling Flint. It snatches the cheese and flies away.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Aaaah!

Flint starts to piece it together.

FLINT (CONT'D)

But that could only mean...

ROLLING THUNDER causes Flint to turn and look up at the sky.

FLINT (CONT'D)

<*GASP*>

Sam turns and reacts in the same way.

SAM

<*GASP*>

Steve does the same.

STEVE

<*GASP*>

All over town, people turn to the sky and react.

MAYOR

<*GASP*>

BRENT

<*GASP*>

CAL/KIDS

(IN UNISON) <*GASP*>

Rufus takes off his hat, a woman takes off her glasses, Joe Towne takes off his beard.

RUFUS

<*GASP*>

REGINA

<*GASP*>

JOE TOWNE

<*GASP*>

Earl, in his cop car, turns, rolls down his car window, then:

EARL

<*GASP*>

RATBIRD

<*GASP*>

Back on the dock:

FLINT

<*SUPER-LONG GASP*>

We finally reveal beautiful burger-shaped clouds dropping perfectly-prepared chesseburgers into the ocean and along the dock. It's RAINING CHEESEBURGERS!!!!

STEVE

Happy! Cheeseburgers! Jump!
Excited!

Flint stares to the heavens and LAUGHS as beautiful burgers float down all around them. A burger lands in his hand. He takes a delicious bite.

FLINT

My machine works... It really works!

Sam overhears and approaches.

SAM

Your machine? Is that what that rocket was?

FLINT

(MOUTH FULL) Uh... Do you like it?

SAM

(MOUTH FULL) I love it! (LAUGHS)
This is just amazing! Look at this. This is the greatest weather phenomenon in history!

Flint is happy. Then, he realizes:

FLINT

(MOUTH FULL) Hey, aren't you a weathergirl?

SAM

<*MOUTH FULL GASP*>

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - SAME TIME

Sweeping shot over the town as burgers rain down.

SAM (O.S.)
Manny, get your camera!

People slowly come out of hiding and start to enjoy the delicious burgers. All except --

Tim, who stands inside the doorway of his shop and just stares at the sky in disbelief.

Back in town, people CHEER!

INT. WNN NEWSDESK - MOMENTS LATER

The WNN Anchor touches his earpiece, getting a message from his producer.

WNN ANCHOR
This just in, our humiliated weather intern is apparently back for more.

EXT. SARDINE CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

IN CAMERA: Burgers rain behind an excited Sam.

SAM
Thanks, Patrick. Okay, everybody. You are not gonna believe this one, but I am standing in the middle of a burger rain. You may have seen a meteor shower, but you've never seen a shower *meatier* than this.

On Flint, surveying the scene, as Sam continues behind him. The town is going crazy with the burgers.

SAM (CONT'D)
For a town stuck eating sardines, this is totally manna from heaven.

JOE TOWNE
This tastes significantly better than sardines!

Cal shoves one into his mouth and ENJOYS IT. We see the mayor steal burgers from people as he walks.

MAYOR

This is gonna be big!

The mayor shoves three burgers into his mouth.

A crowd gathers to watch Sam's report as they eat.

SAM (ON TV)

This food-weather was created
intentionally by meekish backyard
tinkerer, Flint Lockwood.

Earl and everyone around him STOPS.

EARL

Flint Lockwood?

Everyone turns and looks at Flint.

FLINT

Hi.

Earl jumps over to Flint and tackles him again. OOF!

The burgers STOP RAINING.

EARL

You're under arrest for ruining
Sardine Land.

But before he can cuff him... Sam runs up.

SAM

Flint, those burgers were awesome!
The producer called and he was all
like (DEEP VOICE) "Everybody loves
that food weather."

The Mayor approaches, excited.

MAYOR

Food weather.

EARL

What?

MAYOR

This could be even bigger than
Sardine Land.

SAM

Can you make it rain food again?
Please?

EARL

No--

FLINT

Well, I don't really know if I--

Cal runs up.

CAL

You're gonna do it again?

EARL

Oh, you gotta be kidding.

SAM

Please please please please
please...

Flint looks at her. God, she's adorable.

FLINT

Yes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim blocks the way to the port-a-potty.

TIM

No.

FLINT

Dad, just give me one more chance.

TIM

We both know this was an accident.

FLINT

I know, but--

TIM

Cheeseburgers from the sky, that's
not natural.

FLINT

My invention could save the whole
town. You would be so proud of me,
Dad. Plus, (WHISPERS) there's a
girl here.

TIM

(SIGHS) Can you look me in the eye and tell me you've got this under control, and it's not gonna end up in a disaster?

Tim raises his unibrow so that his eyes are visible.

FLINT

(LOOKING AWAY) Yes?

Not good enough. Flint strains to look him in the eye, but his eyeballs wander and twitch. Finally he gets his eyes on his dad.

FLINT (CONT'D)

(SUPER-FAST) I've got this under control - and it's not going to end up in a disaster.
(WHEW)

Unibrow back down.

TIM

Alright.

FLINT

Thanks, Dad!

TIM

Oh, sure.

Flint calls over to Sam.

FLINT

Okay. So, Sam. (OPENS THE PORT-A-POTTY DOOR) This is where the magic happens.

Sam and Manny exchange a look.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Sam and Flint and Steve and Manny are there. Manny has his camera pointed at an uncomfortable Flint. Steve licks Sam's microphone.

STEVE

Lick... lick... lick... lick...

This happens for a while.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The curtain opens and they step into the MAIN CHAMBER. Sam is a little weirded out.

LAB VOICE
Welcome, Flint.

SAM
Wow. You seriously spend a lot of time alone.

FLINT
What? (AWKWARD LAUGHING)

INT. FLINT'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Flint shows Sam a diagram of the machine.

FLINT
So here's how it works: Water goes in the top and food comes out the bottom.

SAM
So when you shot it up into the stratosphere, you figured it would induce a molecular phase change of the vapor from the cumulonimbus layer?

FLINT
That's actually a really smart observation.

SAM
(SUDDENLY NERVOUS) I mean, the clouds probably have water in them, which I guess is why you shot it up there in the first place.

FLINT
(SUDDENLY NERVOUS) Right, right. That's why I did that...on purpose.

SAM
Right, yeah.

FLINT
Right.

Both LAUGH AWKWARDLY and Flint backs out of frame.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Flint points to a diagram of water molecules forming into hexagons from radiation waves.

FLINT

The machine uses a principal of hydro-genetic mutation. Water molecules are bombarded with microwave radiation, which mutates their genetic recipe into any kind of food you want.

SAM

So, pizza?

FLINT

Yes.

SAM

Mashed potatoes?

FLINT

Yes.

SAM

Peas?

FLINT

Yes, that's also a food.

SAM

Steak?

FLINT

Yes.

SAM

Apples?

FLINT

Mmm-hmm.

SAM

Applesauce?

FLINT

Yes.

SAM

Can it do a B.L.T.?!

FLINT
(KINDLY) I'm pretty sure I said any
kind of food.

SAM
Chicken wings?!

FLINT
Okay, well, just think about what
you're saying and if it's a food,
then yes it can.

SAM
Baloney?

FLINT
That is a food.

Sam gets a dreamy look in her eyes.

SAM
Ooh... How about Jell-O?

FLINT
(FLIRTS BADLY) Do you like Jell-O?

SAM
I love Jell-O.

FLINT
I love Jell-O too! And peanut
butter, right?

SAM
Oh, no, no. I am severely allergic
to peanuts.

FLINT
(LYING) Yeah, me too!

SAM
So what's it called?

FLINT
Peanut allergy.

SAM
No, the machine.

FLINT
Of course. It's called the Flint
Lockwood Diatonic Super Mutating
Dynamic Food Replicator.

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)
Or, for short, (DRAMATIC TURN) the
FLDSMDFR.

SAM
Fldsmdndffursur?

FLINT
(DRAMATIC TURN) FLDSMDFR.

SAM
Fldsmdndffursur?

FLINT
(POINTING AT THE LETTERS) FLD. SM.
DFR.

SAM
Oh. (THEN) Manny, make sure you get
this, he's going to make the food
now.

FLINT
Uh, now? (CAUGHT) Well, the thing
is, I can't... (GETS IDEA) wait to
show you this hilarious internet
video!

Flint clicks his mouse and distracts Sam with a YouTube video
-- A CUTE CAT DJ playing "Fight the Power."

SAM
What? What is this...? (LAUGHING)
It's so cute...

As Sam watches, laughing, Flint -- in QUICK CUTS -- rigs a
remote control system using a SATELLITE DISH and a bunch of
wires.

FLINT
(WHISPERING) Pushing. Folding.
Connecting. Taping. Turning.
Painting. Switching. Staring.
Motivating. Placing button.

He sets up a RED "SEND" BUTTON, and re-boots the computer.
Sam's still laughing.

SAM
I can't believe I've been watching
this for three hours!

FLINT
I know!

Flint types at his computer. Sam comes over, still laughing.

Flint finishes his typing and the central screen now reads
"ENTER FOOD CODE:"

FLINT (CONT'D)
(SOTTO) It's working. (THEN) What
do you guys want for breakfast?

Steve pops into frame.

STEVE
Gummi Bears.

FLINT
Whoa, Steve, no! We both know how
you get around Gummi Bears.

SAM
How about... eggs?

FLINT
And toast?

SAM
Orange juice.

FLINT / SAM
And bacon!

Flint very subtly leans in and closes his eyes, thinking he
might get a kiss.

SAM
What are you doing?

FLINT
Nothing. (THEN) To the computer!

Flint types the food code into the computer.

SAM
So, you're sure this is safe?

FLINT
Don't worry. I have a Dangeometer
that lets us know if the food is
going to over-mutate.

REVEAL a "DANGEOMETER" GAUGE with a needle safely in the
green. Pay no attention to the yellow or red. That won't
come back later.

SAM

Ooh, what happens if the food over-
mutates?

FLINT

I dunno, but that'll never happen.
(THEN) All right. This probably
won't explode.

SAM

What?

Flint pushes the RED SEND BUTTON. WE TRAVEL past the button
to the Dangeometer, along wires to the satellite dish and up
into the--

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Where the machine floats peacefully. An 8-bit graphic of an
bacon strip pops onto the VIEW SCREEN.

MACHINE VOICE

Bacon.

We ZOOM inside the machine to see the molecules re-forming
into little molecular bacon strips.

INT. WEATHERMAP - DAY

Sam stands in front of a map with food-weather symbols.

SAM (ON TV)

Well, those cheeseburgers were only
the beginning, because a breakfast
system is on its way to Swallow
Falls. My forecast: sunny... side
up.

MONTAGE MUSIC CUE: SUNSHINE, LOLLIPOPS by Lesley Gore.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

CLOUD'S EYE VIEW of Breakfast raining on Swallow Falls.

QUICK CUTS:

Joe Towne leaves the tackle shop to catch SUNNY SIDE UP EGGS.

A woman catches PANCAKES on a plate while she drives to work.

A little girl tilts orange juice caught in an upside-down umbrella into the mouth of a gurgling little boy.

The Mayor rips open a storm drain on the side of a building and bacon pours into his mouth.

Ratbirds snack on breakfast foods on a powerline.

Flint watches happy breakfast eaters. The mayor walks up, covered in bacon.

MAYOR

Flint, my boy, can you do lunch?

EXT. CITY HALL - LUNCHTIME

It's raining sandwiches. The Mayor is eating and pacing. Brent holds up flashcards to illustrate the Mayor's points, kind of like Bob Dylan, but not really.

MAYOR

Alright, here's the skinny. You keep making it rain the snackadoos, weathergirl provides free advertising, I have taken out a very high interest loan to convert this po-dunk town into a tourist foodtopia. All you have to do is make it rain food three meals a day, every day, for the foreseeable future, and in thirty days, we hold a grand reopening of the island as a must-see cruise destination, and everyone everywhere is going to love your invention.

He has a flashcard of people hugging a stick-figure Flint who has a big smile and hearts all around him.

FLINT

You think so?

The Mayor takes this opportunity to eat the sandwich out of Flint's hands.

MAYOR

(MOUTH FULL) I know so.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - DAY

Flint types the menu into his computer and SLAPS the button.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - VARIOUS

Sam does another weather forecast. A woman catches a turkey leg on her way to work.

SAM

Now that's what I call *poultry* in motion.

QUICK SHOTS

The Mayor munches on a ham hock as he points offscreen.

The "FALLS" in the "SWALLOW FALLS" sign on the cannery is detonated and replaced so that it now reads "CHEWANDSWALLOW."

The buildings get facelifts: "Gas Station" becomes "Anti-Gas Tablets." Stores become "Nothing but Floss," "Bibs."

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

In JUMP CUTS, to camera:

KID #1

Mr. Lockwood, may I please have waffles?

WOMAN #1

Falafels.

KID #2

Jelly beans.

RUFUS

Avocado!

Flint writes down their requests.

FLINT

Coming right up!

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

Sam reports in front of piles of food on the ground.

SAM

Leftovers? Not a problem with Flint Lockwood's latest invention, the Outtasighter. So named because it catapults uneaten food out of sight, and therefore, out of mind.

Flint and Steve are inside a fantastical contraption. Its huge fork and spoon arms SCRAPE leftovers onto the giant plate, which drops it into the bowl in the back. He pulls the lever and the bowl CATAPULTS the food way into the distance.

QUICK SHOTS

The Baby Brent Sardines billboard is replaced with one for "Flint Lockwood Brand Napkins." Brent GASPS in horror.

People eat from mouth funnels, and we see the mouth funnels store in the background.

A RAINBOW OF JELLYBEANS rains into the open mouths of waiting kids.

KIDS / CAL
Jellybeans! / Awesome!

Throughout, people keep ordering more food and the music gets faster and faster.

MAN #1
Pizza!

MAN #2
Donuts!

We follow a DONUT that falls from the sky and into Cal's mouth.

WOMAN #2
Pie!

STEVE
Gummi bears!

Flint gives him a stern look.

MAN #3
Fish!

RATBIRD
<*SQUAWK*>

MAN #4
Chicken pad thai.

Flint typing.

Flint hitting the button.

PEOPLE
(DEMANDING FOOD WALLA) Pizza /
bologna / I want/ gimme/ more/ come
on! / etc...

Suddenly the MUSIC completely CUTS OUT.

ON THE MAYOR, who is now really FAT.

MAYOR
A pizza, stuffed inside a turkey,
the whole thing deep fried and
dipped in chocolate. (BEAT) It's
me, the Mayor.

FLINT
Oh... uh, you look different. Did
you get a new... haircut?

MAYOR
Yes, I did. Thank you for
noticing.

The music comes back in.

ON FLINT TYPING.

ON MORE FOOD FALLING.

The Foodster RATTLES and SHAKES with overuse.

MACHINE VOICE
(FOOD WALLA)

EXT. TACKLE SHOP - DAY

Across the street from his dad's shop, Flint looks on.
People walk past the shop window, laughing and eating the
falling food.

FATHER
I love ya, son.

SON
I love spending time with you, dad.

Inside, the shop is completely quiet and empty. Tim stands
at the counter, alone.

INT. TACKLESHOP - DAY

Tim changes a sign from "SARDINES 10% OFF" to "SARDINES 100% OFF." Flint enters.

FLINT

Hey Dad. I'm headed back the lab.
If you wanna come I could show you
how I make the food...

Tim hides the sign.

TIM

Eh, no thanks. That techno-food.
It's too complicated for an old
fisherman.

FLINT

Got it.

Flint turns to leave.

TIM

Could still use your help around
here, though, you know.

FLINT

I'm working with the mayor now,
Dad. I mean, the town's grand
reopening is in, like, a week.

TIM

Right. Got it.

Flint leaves.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Flint adjusts the angle of the satellite.

SFX: DOORBELL. It's Earl.

EARL

(OVER INTERCOM) Flint Lockwood!

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Earl stands outside the PORT-A-POTTY, hat in hand. A hatch
opens on the side of the lab, and Flint sticks his head out.

FLINT

Yeah?

EARL

Uh, it's my son Cal's birthday tomorrow and I was just wondering if you could make it rain something special.

FLINT

Well, I'm pretty backed up on requests. Plus, you're always mean to me.

EARL

It'd be just one time. For my special angel's special day.

FLINT

Uh, I don't know. You know, I don't want to overwork the machine, so...

EARL

Okay. I knew it was a long shot... I just wanted Cal to see how much his father loves him. I thought you would understand. You know how fathers are always trying to express their love and appreciation for their sons.

This hits Flint hard. Then:

FLINT

Earl, wait.

Flint closes the hatch, runs over to the Dangeometer and sees it's almost into the yellow. Uh oh! Wait-- he taps it and the needle moves barely back into the green.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Phew.

STEVE

(COPYING) Phew.

Then Flint runs off. Steve, copying Flint, taps the gauge.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Touch, touch, touch.

The needle moves back into the yellow!

EXT. FLINT'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Then WE SEE Flint's silhouette coming down the pneumatic elevator. He opens the PORT-A-POTTY.

FLINT
I've got an idea.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - FIRST LIGHT

A ratbird perched on a wire COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOS.

INT. CAL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cal wakes up and rushes to the window. It's snowing... beautiful, colored snowflakes. Could it be?

CAL
Whoa!

REVEAL Earl and his wife, REGINA, watching proudly from the door.

EARL
Happy Birthday, son.

CAL
Dad...?

EARL
This is your day. Go have fun.

Cal rushes down the hallway...

CAL
I love you guys! You're awesome!

EARL
I love you, too, son!

REGINA
Have a good time, baby!

Cal opens the door and out into--

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS, SUBURBS - CONTINUOUS

A GLORIOUS LANDSCAPE covered with 31 different flavors of ICE CREAM. Cal and every kid in town burst out of their houses.

KIDS
ICE CREAM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Cal leaps headfirst into the snow and makes a face-down snow-angel, MUNCHING ice cream.

CAL
Yeah! Cool!

ON A NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM FIELD, where chocolate and vanilla are covered with kids. One WEIRD KID runs into the strawberry.

WEIRD KID
Strawberry's my favorite!

ON KIDS finishing a SNOWMAN, DEVOURING IT, then repeating.

ON THE BOWL OF THE OUTTASIGHTER, where kids have climbed in. The plate drops scooped-up ice cream into their mouths and then catapults both ice cream and kids into the distance.

KIDS
Yeaaaahh!

ON EARL AND CAL, on their roof, getting on a sled.

CAL
C'mon, Dad.

EARL
I don't know, Cal. This doesn't
look saaaaaffffe!!!!

Too late. Cal pushes off and they swoosh down into an open DUMPSTER full of ice cream. They LAUGH.

EARL (CONT'D)
I love you, son.

CAL
I know, dad. You tell me every
day.

ON FLINT, watching them with envy. He SIGHS. Sam approaches.

SAM
Flint this is amazing! And
designing the ice cream to
accumulate into scoops? I don't
know how you're gonna top this!

FLINT
Maybe with hot fudge?

He LAUGHS awkwardly. She doesn't. Then, Cal and a bunch of kids call from afar.

CAL
Hey Flint, you wanna be in a
snowball fight with us?

Flint steps back, afraid.

SAM
Flint, what's the problem?

FLINT
I've never actually been in a
snowball fight.

SAM
Really?

FLINT
I don't even know the rules. Is
there like a point system, or is
it... to the death?

SAM
No-- You've never-- I mean look,
even Steve is throwing chocolate
snowballs.

Steve THROWS what look like chocolate snowballs. A beat as
Flint and Sam look on uncomfortably.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh.

FLINT
Hmm.

SAM
Yech.

FLINT
(PICKS UP SNOW) So, like this?

He throws a snowball, weakly.

SAM
No, harder than that.

FLINT
(REALIZING) Oh.

We ZOOM IN on his face as he gets a smile and his eyes
brighten. He starts throwing snowballs as hard as he can.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Snowball! Snowball! Snowball!

He pelts Cal, an old man, and a child, knocking them over.

SAM

Well, there's something to be said
for enthusiasm.

Sam watches, happy for Flint, as he joyfully wails on
different members of the town.

FLINT

Snowball! Snowball! Snowball!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Flint runs into a house and nails a dad reading the paper...

FLINT

Snowball!

...a little girl and boy in a bedroom...

FLINT (CONT'D)

Snowball, and snowball!

KIDS' MOM (O.S.)

Kids? What's going on?

...and their mom in the hall.

FLINT

Snowball!

Flint runs back out into the street, chased by the kids.

KIDS

Snowball! Snowball!

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

Still at snow day, Sam reports.

SAM

I scream, you scream, we all scream
for Flint Lockwood's latest tasty
town-wide treat, with flurries of
frozen fun on what the mayor
declared to be an ice cream snow
day.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

On the JUMBOTRON, Sam continues her report.

SAM

He'd also like invite everyone in the world to catch a cruise liner and come on down this Saturday for the grand opening of Chewandswallow, a town that is truly *a la mode*...

PARIS: People watch Sam on a TV at the Eiffel Tower.

FRENCH VOICE

(DUBBED FRENCH) ...a town that is truly... *a la mode*...

EGYPT: People watch Sam in front of the PYRAMIDS.

EGYPTIAN VOICE

(DUBBED ARABIC) ...a town that is truly... *a la mode*...

LONDON: Crowds watch Sam in front of BIG BEN.

BRITISH VOICE

(DUBBED BRITISH ACCENT) ...a town that is truly... *topped with ice cream*.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

Sam continues to report, as everyone has fun.

SAM

...with today's scoop for the Weather News Network, I'm Sam Sparks!

We can hear Cal in the distance.

CAL

Flint, this is the best breakfast ever!

INT. FLINT'S LAB - NIGHT

Flint is sitting on his bed, tapping his foot, thinking HARD. Then he looks up with an innocent smile and SNAPS with both hands! Eureka!

FLINT
(GASP) That's it!

QUICK CUTS:

Flint on his computer "HOW TO TALK TO GIRLS"; Flint in a romantic scene with Steve in a blonde wig making the monkey "oo oo" mouth; Standing by the button-pusher which pushes a button; holding the phone nervously, staring at a notepad. Lots of crumpled pieces of paper are around.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Researching! Role-playing!
Dialing! Waiting!

RING, RING, RING. Nervous noises from Flint.

INTECUT WITH:

INT. WEATHERVAN - CONTINUOUS

Sam answers her phone.

SAM
Sam Sparks.

FLINT
Hanging up!

Flint slams the phone down.

MORE QUICK CUTS:

FLINT (CONT'D)
Regretting! Re-Psyching! Saying
what I'm doing!

SAM
(ANSWERS PHONE) Flint?

FLINT
(READING, INTO PHONE) Hi Sam how
are you that's nice I was wondering
if you would like to go on a d...
activity with me tomorrow?

SAM
(INTO PHONE) Um, okay.

FLINT
Great bye meet me in the forest!
(HANGS UP) Nailed it.

He walks out of the lab excitedly.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Gotta go, Steve. Keep an eye on
the lab for me!

Unseen by Flint, Steve sits by the Dangeometer, which is in
the yellow. He smashes an ice cream cone on his head.

STEVE
Steve.

EXT. BETREED GRASSY MOUND - DAY

Flint and Sam walk along a grassy hill. Behind them,
unnoticed, the WALKING TV runs by.

SAM
Where are we going?

FLINT
Oh, nowhere, I just thought it'd be
nice for the two of us to... go on
a walk together. Like you do... as
friends. (FAKE) Oh my, what's that?

Sam stops in her tracks.

SAM
Wow...

REVEAL an enormous yellow/orange JELL-O MOLD, refracting the
setting sun like a stained-glass castle. It's breathtaking.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh, Jell-O's my favorite.

FLINT
You never made a request, so, I
made one for you.

Flint disappears into the Jell-O. Sam looks confused.

SAM
Flint? Flint?

FLINT (O.S.)
Join me.

His arm pokes out of the Jell-O. He PULLS her inside.

SAM
Whoa!

INT. JELL-O MOLD, BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCLURP! Once inside, she tries to gain her balance on the squishy Jell-O floor, then realizes she's in a beautiful Jell-O cathedral.

SAM

(AMAZED) Who-oooo. But, how did you...?

FLINT

Oh, I just made it rain Jell-O in the middle of the night, then I gathered it all up with the Outtasighter before everyone woke up and then I brought it here and pressed it into a gigantic custom-carved plastic tupperware mold I made. No big deal.

Flint is playing a Jell-O piano.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Everything's made of Jell-O. This piano, those sconces, that ghetto blaster, that Jell-O, that aquarium, that Venus de Milo with your face on it next to a Michelangelo's David that also has your face.

Sam gives a weirded-out look. Flint does several high vertical bounces.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Come on, Sam, what are you waiting for?

She looks at the EXIT sign. What will she do?

SAM

Nothing!

She suddenly does a bunch of fast little manic jumps.

SAM (CONT'D)

Woooo! Yeahhhhhhhh!!! Boing, boing, boing!

MUSIC PLAYS AS --

Flint and Sam bounce around the room like crazy.

Sam pushes Flint down the Jell-O stairs and he laughs and bounces.

ON MICHELANGELO'S DAVID. They both fly in and take bites out of it.

Both jump in and out of frame making goofy poses.

Sam jumps off the balcony onto a diving board, then lands in a Jell-O SWIMMING POOL.

SAM
Cannonball!!!

FLINT
(RIGHT BEHIND HER) Bellyflop!

He smacks on the surface. SLAP! OW!

FLINT (CONT'D)
Why did I do that?

INT. JELL-O MOLD, CUPOLA ATTIC - LATER

Sam and Flint watch the sun set through the refracted light of the Jell-O wall. Long beat as Flint is nervous.

SAM
So, Jell-O.

FLINT
Right, right, right.

SAM
It's a solid, it's a liquid, it's a visco-elastic polymer made of polypeptide chains but you eat it-- (CATCHES HERSELF) I mean... it tastes good. (GIGGLES)

FLINT
(CONFUSED) Why do you do that?

SAM
Do what?

FLINT
Say something super smart, and then bail from it?

SAM
Can you keep a secret?

FLINT

No. (OFF LOOK) But this time, sure.
Yeah.

SAM

Okay, well, it was a really long
time ago, but I too was... a nerd.

FLINT

Too?

START FLASHBACKS: Young Sam (glasses, ponytail) in her
bedroom staring at a poster of a Doppler.

SAM (V.O.)

When I was a little girl, I wore a
ponytail, I had glasses, and I was
totally obsessed with the science
of weather. Other girls wanted a
Barbie, I wanted a Doppler Weather
Radar 2000 Turbo. But all the kids
used to taunt me with this lame
song. It wasn't even clever!

Young Sam, finishing an equation, is mocked in class.

FLASHBACK KIDS

*Four eyes! Four eyes! You need
glasses to see!*

BACK TO SCENE: Flint tries not to laugh at "glasses to see."

FLINT

(STIFLES LAUGH, THEN, OFF HER LOOK)
Go on.

Sam looks annoyed. Then she continues.

SAM (V.O.)

So I got a new look, gave up the
sciency smart stuff, and I was
never made fun of again. And I
still need these glasses, but I
never wear them.

FLINT

I'll bet you look great with
glasses on.

SAM

Oh, I'm really not--

He grabs her glasses and starts to put them on her.

FLINT

And on they go.

SAM'S P.O.V. -- as her glasses go on, a blurry handsome guy becomes a sharply in-focus, nerdy Flint.

SAM

Whoa.

FLINT

What?

SAM

Nothing.

FLINT

Wait.

He quickly carves something out of Jell-O and turns to her.

FLINT (CONT'D)

It's a Jell-O scrunchie.

He puts her hair up in a ponytail.

FLINT (CONT'D)

And now, the reveal.

Her MAKE-UNDER complete, he gazes at the new nerdy Sam.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Wow. I mean, you were okay before, but now... you're beautiful.

SAM

No, I'm not. I can't go on out in public like this.

FLINT

Well, why not? I mean, this is the real you, right? Smart, bespectacled... who wouldn't want to see that?

SAM

(CHARMED) You know, I've never met anyone like you, Flint Lockwood.

FLINT

(CHARMED) Me either. But about you.

Sam closes her eyes and leans in for a kiss. Flint stares at her nervously.

He closes his eyes, puckers, then puffs his cheeks out in an I've-never-kissed-a-girl way. They're mere inches away when--

Flint's cell PHONE RINGS -- it's his voice singing: "*FLINT YOU HAVE A CALL, FLINT YOU HAVE A CALL...*"

SAM

Is your phone ringing?

FLINT

That's weird. Someone must have changed my ring. (LOOKS AT PHONE)
Oh, it's the mayor. Do you mind if I take this?

SAM

No, no, no. Go ahead, take it. That's fine, really. I should be going too, it's getting late.

FLINT

(COVERS PHONE) I'm so sorry. It's just really important. I'm just going to step outside real quick.

He walks through the wall and FALLS. Sam cringes as he lands with an OOF.

EXT./INT. ROOFLESS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

OMINOUS LOOKING CLOUDS. CRANE DOWN to reveal the facade of the Bibs store. Tim waits there for Flint, wearing a TIE, clearly uncomfortable.

Flint runs in, excited as hell.

FLINT

Dad, you came! I had the best day
I have so much to tell you!

TIM

Do I look alright?

FLINT

You look great, come on let's go!

Flint drags him off.

EXT. THE ROOFLESS RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The Roofless, a fancy restaurant with a crowd WAITING. Brent is in line at the velvet rope.

FLINT

Oh, it was so cool, I almost kissed a girl-- (GREETING PEOPLE) Hey. How's it going?

Brent argues with the BOUNCER.

BRENT

It's Baby Brent. You know? "Uh-oh!" I should be on the list!

Flint and Tim go straight to the front.

FLINT

Hey, Brian.

The Bouncer lets them ENTER. Brent watches, horrified.

BRENT

(NEAR TEARS) WHAAAT?!?! You're letting that guy in? That guy's a nerd!!

The door closes in Brent's face.

INT. THE ROOFLESS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

It is raining steaks. There is no ceiling.

TOWNSPERSON

Hey, Flint Lockwood!

FLINT

Oh, thank you. Thanks so much.

JOE TOWNE

A toast! To Flint and his delicious steaks.

FLINT

Oh, thanks. Thank you. Oh, wow.

TIM

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Very nice place.

WAITER

Salt, pepper. Pepper, salt.

EARL

Flint Lockwood!

Earl puts out a fist for Flint to hit, and he slaps it 5.

FLINT

Earl!

As Flint and Tim sit down at their table, Tim notices the absence of any ceiling.

TIM

So, no roof?

FLINT

Yup. You just hold out your plate.
And I even made it rain your
favorite: meat. Mmmmm.

Tim looks around the room as -- CLANK, CLANK, CLANK -- large steaks hit the tables all around them, rattling silverware. Everyone else enjoys it, but Tim is a bit freaked out.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Okay. So, you know how the grand reopening of the town is tomorrow? Well, the mayor has asked me to cut the ribbon. He said my invention saved the town! Aren't you proud of me?"

Tim looks torn. Then-- SLAM! A large steak lands Tim's plate, STARTLING him. He looks down at it. He looks at Flint, who's still celebrating, arms in the air, and doesn't want to have to burst Flint's balloon.

TIM

Well... Doesn't this steak look a little big to you?

FLINT

Yeah, it's a big steak. Every steak is not exactly the same size. Did you even hear what I just said?

WHAM! Another big steak lands between them, knocking their glassware off the table.

TIM

Son, look around. I'm not sure this is good for people. Maybe you should think about turning this thing off.

FLINT

It's making everybody happy.
Everybody except you.

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

When are you going to accept that this is who I am instead of trying to get me to work in some boring tackle shop?

Flint gets HIT by a steak.

TIM

Well, you seem like you know what you're doing, then. I guess I'll just get out of your way.

Tim heads off. The steak falls off Flint's head.

EXT. TIM'S TACKLESHOP - LATER

CLOSE ON a fish being ground up into chum.

REVEAL Tim, alone, working the chum grinder. He pauses to SIGH, then continues grinding.

EXT. TIM'S TACKLESHOP - SAME

Hot dogs rain down. One hits the "And Son" Tim tacked onto the tackle shop sign and knocks it to the ground.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Flint walks down the street, muttering.

FLINT

There's no pleasing that guy. He just wants to take anything good I do and just smoosh it-- Aaaah!

A THREE-FOOT LONG HOT DOG plops down in front of Flint. He looks around to see several other large hotdogs around his neighborhood, including his dad's yard, which is full of hotdogs.

FLINT (CONT'D)

These are big hotdogs.

He looks up to the clouds, grave.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Flint looks at a scanner with a huge HOT DOG in it.

FLINT

Oh, man. (DEEP BREATH) I mean, this isn't *that* bad, is it, Steve?

Steve has smeared mustard on his face and hands.

STEVE

Yellow.

Flint goes over to the Dangometer which is in the yellow.

FLINT

You're right, Steve. The Dangometer is in the yellow. I don't know what to do.

He hears a WHIRRING SOUND and turns to see...

MAYOR

I do... declare these hot dogs to be delicious!

The Mayor, now GROTESQUELY FAT, riding in from the shadows on a RASCAL SCOOTER and munching on a HOT DOG piled with FOOD.

FLINT

(FREAKED OUT SOUND)

STEVE

Whoa.

Steve runs away.

FLINT

How did you get in here?

MAYOR

Tomorrow's the big day, Flint. The entire town's fate is resting on your food-weather! I'm thinking pasta. Some light apps. I know you won't let us down.

He wheels back into the shadows, still staring at him.

FLINT

Well, Mr. Mayor, I think there's something you should see.

The mayor returns.

MAYOR

What?

Flint leads the mayor over to the scanner, and pulls up a display on the computer monitor.

FLINT

This is the molecular structure of a hot dog that fell last week. And this is the molecular structure of a hot dog that fell today.

He pushes a button, revealing a very scary looking rapidly moving group of molecules.

FLINT (CONT'D)

The machine uses microwave radiation to mutate the genetic recipe of the food. The more we ask it to make, the more clouds it takes in, the more radiation it emits, the more these food molecules could over-mutate. I think that's why the food is getting bigger.

MAYOR

Here's what I heard: blah blah blah, science science science bigger. And bigger is better. Everyone's gonna love these new portion sizes.

He shoves the entire hot dog in his mouth and swallows it.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(MOUTH FULL) I know I do.

Flint looks over to the button, unsure.

FLINT

My dad thinks I should turn it off...

MAYOR

Geniuses like us are never understood by their fathers, Flint.

FLINT

But what if things go--

The Mayor starts circling Flint.

MAYOR

Who needs the approval of one family member when you can have it from millions of acquaintances?

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Not to mention that little cutlet Sam Sparks... and me? I've always felt you were like a son to me, Flint. And I'm going to be so proud of you tomorrow when you cut that ribbon, save the town, and prove to everybody what a great inventor you are. So here's the cheese: You can keep it going, get everything you've ever wanted, and be the great man I know you can be. Or, you can turn it off, ruin everything, and no one will ever like you. It's your choice...

Tight on Flint's eyes thinks about this. The word 'choice' echoes in his mind -- except not really, as we reveal:

MAYOR (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING) Choice, choice, choice...

Then--

FLINT

(DEEP BREATH) Okay...

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE MONITOR: Flint approaches, and the Mayor looks over Flint's shoulder creepily.

FLINT (CONT'D)

I mean, bigger is better, right?

MAYOR

Oh yeah.

Flint SLAPS the BUTTON. BOOM! We go from the SATELLITE DISH up to the--

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

The machine, with some food caked-on itself, rattles as the monitor cycles through the food and we cut to BLACK.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW

CROWDS get off the cruise ships and head into town. A sign reads "WELCOME TOURISTS!" Oversized appetizers rain.

CROWDSPERSON #1

Looks safe to me!

CROWDSPERSON #2
And sanitary too!

INT. NEWSVAN - DAY

Sam's alone in the back studying herself in the mirror. She takes her glasses on and off, on and off...

SAM'S POV: as she puts her glasses on, the shot gets FOCUSED, and we can see what's behind her.

With her newfound vision, she sees an old-fashioned SUITCASE LAPTOP in the corner.

She blows off dust to see it reads "Doppler Weather Radar 2000 Turbo."

SAM
Whoa.

Sam flops it on the table, opens it with awe, and pushes START. It begins to boot up and she smiles. She can see her reflection there in the screen, and she finally likes what she sees. Then a weather image loads up.

On Sam, who adjusts some knobs and BEEP BEEP BEEP. We see a red spinning glow on her face as she GASPS.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - DAY

The mayor rolls up to the stage.

MAYOR
Who's hungry?! Welcome, tourists,
to Chewandswallow!

TOURIST
That is one big mayor.

THE CROWD GOES NUTS!

MAYOR
Delight in our Nacho Cheese
Hotsprings! Allow your kids to eat
all the junk food they want in our
completely unsupervised Kidz Zone!

Cal is among the kids playing in piles of junkfood.

CAL
I have jelly beans for teeth!

MAYOR

And when the fun is done, gaze upon
the sunset cresting over Mount
Leftovers! From which we're
protected by a presumably
indestructible dam!

Outtasighters launch leftovers onto an ever-growing mound
behind the dam.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

We've got people here today from
all around the world. From as far
as China to West Virginia. Also, I
think there's some Canadians
here...

BACKSTAGE ON FLINT, looking around through the enormous
curtain of himself. Flint nervously slicks down his hair.
He wears a tuxedo t-shirt. Sam approaches.

SAM

Flint you need to look at this.

FLINT

Why aren't you on TV? You're
supposed to be broadcasting this.

SAM

There's a problem. I think the
food's getting bigger--

FLINT

I know, it's great. Bigger portion
sizes. Everyone loves it.

He gestures to passersby catching a jumbo jumbo prawn.

SAM

Flint, I'm not sure we're doing the
right thing here.

FLINT

(HEATED) Sam, listen--

SAM

What if we've bitten off more than
we can chew?

FLINT

Ugh. For the first time in my
life, everybody loves something
that I've done.

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)
Why can't you just be happy for me
and go say the weather or
something? Jeez.

Flint turns away from her. Sam is shocked.

MAYOR (O.S.)
And without further ado, our town's
hero, and my metaphorical son,
Flint Lockwood!

Flint runs out to grand APPLAUSE. He soaks it in.

FLINT
Thank you! Thank you everyone!
Yeah! Woo!

CROWD
Yeah! Flint! / Sign my shrimp! /
Flint Lockwood! / I admire your
quirkiness!

MAYOR
Brent, we're gonna need you to hand
over the ceremonial scissors.

ON BRENT, who can't believe it.

BRENT
But...

The scissors are taken and handed to Flint.

BRENT (CONT'D)
No! You can't--! You can't take
them! No! I'm Baby Brent!

Desperate, he pulls off his clothes, down to his diaper.

BRENT (CONT'D)
(PATHETICALLY) Uh-oh!

CROWD / JOE TOWNE
Boo! / Put your clothes back on!

BRENT
Who am I?!

Brent runs away, crying.

Flint gets the scissors. He feels how beautiful they are.

CROWD
Lockwood! Lockwood!

MAYOR
(WHISPERS) Go ahead, Flint.
Everybody loves you.

The crowd ROARS! The Nacho Cheese Hotsprings shoot Bellagio-style cheese fountains! Behind him, the Mayor slips away.

CUT TO:

INT. TACKLE SHOP - SAME

Tim still grinds chum, alone. The celebratory chanting of "Lockwood" can be heard faintly in the distance. Tim SIGHS.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - SAME

Flint closes his eyes as he cuts the ribbon. Suddenly, a flock of ratbirds take off. Steve senses something and starts screaming.

STEVE
Danger! Danger! Danger!

Steve runs off. The wind picks up. Flint SNEEZES. Then everyone SNEEZES. Flint TASTES THE AIR.

FLINT
Salt and pepper wind...?

SMACK! Flint is HIT by a giant DRY LEAF. He SNIFFS it.

FLINT (CONT'D)
(OH NO) Oregano.

A look of horror in his eyes. ZOOM out to see... a massive SPAGHETTI TORNADO, ten blocks away, heading toward them.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Mamma Mia!

He turns back to Sam, who gives him an angry glare then runs off towards her van, determined.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Sam, wait, no! I can turn it off!

Flint looks up at the twister...then past it at his lab.

FLINT (CONT'D)
(DETERMINED) I can turn it off...

He gives a primal SCREAM and runs towards his lab, with the twister in between! We follow him as huge MEATBALLS smash down around him as everyone else runs away in the opposite direction.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Hey, kids, it's all gonna be okay--
Oh, no.

And he gets sucked into the pasta twister. Inside it's calm. Flint runs in the air past a MAN IN A TUB...

FLINT (CONT'D)

Pardon me...

MAN IN TUB

Pardon me!

...then reaches Joe Towne, sitting in his car as it floats through the eye of the storm. Flint opens the back passenger door, climbs through, and exits the other side of the car, still flying.

FLINT

Excuse me.

JOE TOWNE

Aw, no problem.

He flies out of the twister and LOSES HIS LAB COAT...

FLINT

No!

...but keeps air-running over pieces of debris (garlic bread, stop signs, mailboxes, a stepladder) as though they were stairs until he's back on the ground, in front of the lab. Steve's there waiting for him outside of the Port-A-Potty.

STEVE

Gummi Bears.

FLINT

Not now, Steve.

Steve hops onto his shoulder and they enter the Port-a-Potty.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - DAY

The twister is headed for Sardine Circle. The cruise ships back up and peel out of town as fast as possible.

INT. ROOFLESS RESTAURANT - DAY

In the restaurant, everyone holds out their plates expectantly. A WAITER walks by with condiments.

WAITER
Condiments? Pepper?

Giant spaghetti and sauce buries them.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - DAY

ON TIM, in the Tackle Shop, watching people outside panic.

TIM
(WORRIED) Flint...

Just then an enormous meatball nearly demolishes his shop.

ON SAM, through Manny's handheld camera, as she gives a report. She's still in her glasses and ponytail.

SAM
This is Sam Sparks live from
Chewandswallow, where a spaghetti
twister--

She is inset by the ANCHOR.

WNN ANCHOR
Whoa, whoa, Sam, hey! We love a
good storm over here, but you look
like a nerd!

SAM
(IGNORING HIM) Patrick, several
children are stranded in the path
of this tomato tornado.

IN THE KIDZONE, Cal and the other kids look up from gorging themselves and try to run...only they are slow and fat and crippled by STOMACH ACHES. Most crawl their way out but Cal--

CAL
...oooh, my tummy hurts...

ON EARL, who sees Cal on the TV monitors in the TV repair shop...

EARL
Cal!

...and he makes a break for him.

SAM

It's becoming a spinning semolina
nightmare, twirling a path of--

WNN ANCHOR

Yikes. What is that, a scrunchie?
I haven't seen one of those since
1995!

We hear O.S. LAUGHTER in the studio.

SAM

We have an actual weather emergency--

Then she gets smashed by a garlic bread. The feed goes out.

WNN ANCHOR

(LAUGHING THROUGH TEARS) Well,
we'll get right back to that storm,
and hopefully Sam will look a
little more appealing. (PRESSING
BUTTON) Boop!

They switch over to footage of a puppy in a field with
different local temperatures CHYRONED over it.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - DAY

Flint bursts in. Steve is clinging to Flint's head.

FLINT

(PANTING) Steve, we just have to
upload the kill code and it will
shutdown the -- OAAAAAAAAH no, what
are you doing here?!

REVEAL the Mayor, furiously typing at Flint's computer.

MAYOR

I've been up here ordering up
dinner for the last ten minutes.
Why? Is something going on?

FLINT

I've gotta stop the machine.
Everyone's in danger because of me.

Flint rushes for the machine in an attempt to turn it off but
is bounced away by the mayor's large belly.

MAYOR

Oh, it can't be that bad.

The Mayor hits the big red "SEND" button.

FLINT
(NERVOUS NOISE) No!

Foods start to cycle on the computer screen, which creates a SCARY STROBE LIGHTING EFFECT.

MAYOR
Well, I'm outta here.

FLINT
(DETERMINED) I can still stop the order with the kill code!

Flint makes it to the computer and types. He's about to hit the SEND button and stop the machine...

FLINT (CONT'D)
Sending kill code...

MAYOR
I'm back!

...but the Mayor chokes him with a jumbo JUMBO PRAWN, dragging him away.

FLINT
(CHOKING) Got to get the button!

Flint grabs a huge HOT PEPPER and shoves it in the Mayor's eye.

MAYOR
AAAAHHH!

Flint races back...

Steve rolls around, having a great time tossing food.

STEVE
Play, fun, fun, play, fun!

MAYOR
Hey, Flint! It's been nice to *beet* you!

The Mayor tosses a big RADISH at Flint.

FLINT
That's a radish!

Flint in midair dodges the beet/radish and it flies on, and smashes into the satellite dish, blowing it up. BOOM!

STEVE

Uh-oh.

The satellite is in a million pieces. Flint finally pushes the button. Nothing happens.

ON THE SCREEN: "ERROR: CONNECTION LOST. KILL CODE NOT SENT"

FLINT

That was the only way to
communicate with the machine...
(GRAVE) What exactly did you order?

MAYOR

A Vegas-style all-you-can-eat
buffet?

They all stare up at the monitor. Oh no.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

Now almost completely covered in food, the FLDSMDFR monitor glows an ominous RED.

EXT. SARDINE CIRCLE - DAY

Overhead: the clouds part. The twister is gone. But it has created a path of mess and destruction in its wake.

People start coming out of the mess, stunned. Two of them are SAM AND MANNY. Sam coughs.

JOE TOWNE

Everyone okay?

TOWNSPEOPLE

Yeah. / Yep. / I'm good.

Sam opens up the Doppler. Earl runs up with Cal in his arms.

EARL

Help, somebody! Help me please!
It's my son.

SAM

We need a doctor! Is anyone here a
doctor? Anyone?!

MANNY

(STEPPING UP) I am a doctor.

SAM

You are?

MANNY

I was, back in Guatemala. I came here for a better life. Pretty great decision, eh?

Manny pulls out a STETHOSCOPE and listens to Cal's heart.

EARL

How is he, doc?

MANNY

(SERIOUS) He's in a food coma.

REALLY CONCERNED MAN

Oh no!

Everyone GASPS, especially Earl.

MANNY

Too much junk food. I need a celery. Stat!

Someone hands him a stalk of celery.

JOE TOWNE

Here you go.

Manny snaps it in half under Cal's nose. Cal COUGHS and wakes up.

CAL

Daddy?

EARL

Oh, Cal... Cal! I love you, son.

CAL

<*BARF!*>

Earl kisses Cal on the lips and smiles.

EARL

Looks like everything turned out okay.

SAM

Not yet it hasn't. That spaghetti twister was just an amuse bouche compared to what's on the way.

TOWNSPERSON
(WHISPERS) What's an amuse bouche?

SAM
Manny, patch us through.

Manny prepares for a broadcast. The satellite goes up. He plugs in some cables.

SAM (CONT'D)
Go.

INT. WNN STUDIOS

Inset is an attractive woman with the headline "*OTTERS GET WET!*"

WNN ANCHOR
Cute report, Nancy!

KZZHHHSSHHH!!

WNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Hey! Four eyes?!

Sam has pirated in from CHEWANDSWALLOW! As she speaks, we cut around the world to see people's horrified reactions.

SAM
Can it, Patrick! We are about to be in the epicenter of a perfect foodstorm. It's going to spread across the globe. I've calculated the Coriolis acceleration of the storm system. First it'll hit New York, then Paris, then the Jianguang Pass in Eastern China. And in four hours, the entire Northern Hemisphere will be one big potluck.

ON TIM, walking out of the Tackle Shop to survey the mess. He looks over at the power line and sees Flint's dirty LAB COAT. He picks it up and looks at it. Clouds form.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Tim enters and hears a low moan.

TIM
Flint?

He follows the sound and finds Flint in a rusty barrel, curled up under some junk.

TIM (CONT'D)

Flint?

FLINT

Hey, Dad.

TIM

What are you doing?

FLINT

Well, I tried to help everybody, but instead I ruined everything. I'm just a piece of junk. So I threw myself away. Along with all these dumb inventions. (RE: SPRAY-ON SHOES, ETC) This is junk. This is junk. (RE: SELF) This is junk.

TIM

Look, son, you... Listen, when your boat is... When it's listing, if it's not running... You know, uh--

FLINT

Don't worry, Dad, I get it. Mom was wrong about me. I'm not an inventor. I should've just quit when you said.

Tim looks at his son in a trashcan, as low as can be.

TIM

Well, when it rains, you put on a coat.

He holds up Flint's lab coat.

FLINT

Dad, you know I don't understand fishing meta--

Flint looks up to see the lab coat.

FLINT (CONT'D)

What...?

Flint stands up in the barrel, junk falling off him, and takes the coat.

FLINT (CONT'D)

My coat.

Flint looks at it for a beat, then realizes what his dad means, looks back for Tim, but he's gone into the house.

Flint looks back to his coat and gets a determined look.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Come on, Steve, we've got diem to carpe.

Steve pops up out of the trashcan next to Flint.

INT. ELEVATOR/FLINT'S LAB

Flint and Steve up to the lab in heroi-comic fashion.

SUPER FAST MONTAGE: He downloads the termination recipe onto a USB flash drive. Flint draws up plans. Pushes buttons. Calculates something. Measures something. Welds something.

FLINT

Kill code downloading.
Redesigning. Virtualizing.
Cutting. Welding. Forging.
Wiring.

Steve hits a bucket with a spoon.

STEVE

Helping.

Flint presses a button and jet engines shoot above him.

FLINT

Testing. Yes!

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

The doors of a secret garage open. Then headlights turn on and a CRAZY CAR drives towards us with Flint and Steve inside looking determined.

FLINT

Flying Car 2... Now with wings.

Wings pop out of the car. Awesome.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - CONTINUOUS

A giant WATERMELON smashes into the cannery sending goop and huge seeds flying all over town!

Sam dives out of the way of a massive CANDY CORN, just before it flattens a truck.

A dozen enormous CHOCOLATE DONUTS roll down the street, chasing Joe Towne and others.

JOE TOWNE

I had a weird dream like this once!

A Man with a giant MACARONI over his head runs around blindly, trying to get it off.

MACARONI GUY

I have a macaroni on my head!

An enormous pancake covers the school. Kids outside watch, excited.

KIDS

No school!

A CHERRY breaks a shop window and a man steals a TV. The walking TV breaks the window next to it and steals a man.

Amid the chaos and panic: SCREECH! Flint rolls up, steps out of the car, faces the crowd, and a still-mad Sam.

FLINT

Everyone! I want to apologize. Especially to you, Sam. But I have a plan. This flashdrive contains a kill code. I will fly up into that foodstorm, plug it into the machine and shut it down forever, while you guys evacuate the island using--

MAYOR

This is all his fault! Get him!

CROWD / JOE TOWNE

There he is! / Get him! / Let's rock his car back and forth!

Flint JUMPS back into his car and Steve locks the door. People start rocking the car.

Earl enters.

EARL

HEY!!!

Everyone stops in their tracks. Earl flips onto the hood.

EARL (CONT'D)

This mess we're in, it's all our faults. Me, it was my job to protect and serve the people, and I didn't even protect my own son.

On the crowd, NODDING in agreement. Sam, Brent, others.

EARL (CONT'D)

Look, I'm as mad at Flint as you are. In fact, when he gets out of that car, I'm going to slap him in the face. I know Flint Lockwood made the food, but it was made to order. And now it's time for all of us to pay the bill.

The crowd CLAPS. Steve licks the windshield. Flint gets out and gets on the hood.

FLINT

Thank you, Earl.

Earl SLAPS Flint.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Ow.

EARL

Sorry.

FLINT

It's okay.

EARL

(TO CROWD) Let's go build some boats!

The crowd CHEERS. Earl exits. Sam steps onto the hood.

SAM

I'm coming with you. You're gonna need someone to navigate you through that storm. (SOFTENS) I can't let you do this alone.

FLINT

Oh, Sam, I'm so sorry--

He goes in for a kiss and gets denied. Again.

SAM
Are you kidding?

FLINT
Well, I just thought that--

SAM
No.

FLINT
Okay.

Manny steps onto the car.

MANNY
You are going to need a copilot.

SAM
You're a pilot too?

MANNY
Yes. I am also a particle
physicist.

SAM
Really?

MANNY
No, that was a joke. I am also a
comedian.

All LAUGH.

STEVE
Ha! Ha! Ha!

FLINT
Let's do this, every--

BRENT (O.S.)
I'm coming, too.

Brent steps onto the hood. He's heavy.

FLINT
(POLITE) Brent! Uh, that's okay.

BRENT
No, it's not okay. I've been
coasting on my fame since I was a
baby...

(MORE)

BRENT (CONT'D)
but it was all just an illusion.
Maybe up there, I'll find out who I
really am.

FLINT
Uh, car's pretty full, so...

But Flint can't turn down Brent and his puppydog expression.

EXT. SWALLOW FALLS - DAY

Everybody is jammed in the car. Flint drives, Manny sits on the console, Sam is in passenger seat, and Brent and Steve are in the back.

BRENT
(LAUGHS) Yeah! Brent!

FLINT
Okay.

Flint, with new resolve, takes off in the car-plane. They pass a flock of ratbirds who seem to nod solemnly as Flint gives them a thumbs up.

They fly by Tim outside the tackle shop.

TIM
(TO HIMSELF) Good luck, son.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW, STREET - DAY

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC PLAYS as the weird, rickety car-plane takes off!

INT./EXT. CAR-PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Flint steers through clouds as G-force makes the plane shake like crazy. Everyone makes SHAKY NOISES.

STEVE
(SHAKY) Steeeeeve.

The Doppler goes off. A GREEN MIST covers the windshield.

SAM
Pea soup fog!

They're flying blind. Something hits them. Whoaaa! Whoosh!

FLINT

Manny, hit the wipers!

Manny pushes twelve buttons...

SAM

(RE: DOPPLER) Flint, there's massive gastroprecipitation accumulated around the machine. It's almost as if it's--

...Manny finishes his button pushing sequence and the wipers finally come on.

FLINT

(GRAVE) Inside a giant meatball.

Everyone looks out the window. As they emerge from the fog, REVEAL a FOOD ASTEROID -- a huge mass of congealed food with food-blasting blowholes. The FLDSMDFR in the center.

Sam looks out the window, seeing white clouds sucked in through the top; black food clouds shoot out the bottom.

SAM

Water goes in the top, a food hurricane comes out the bottom.

BRENT

I'm glad I'm wearing a diaper.

They continue their approach to the monstrous meatball. A PIZZA PIE breaks apart into slices that follow them. Sam looks in the sideview mirror and sees them as they shoot pepperonis like bullets.

SAM

Anybody order pizza?

BRENT

The pizza's chasing us?

FLINT

Sentient food? That's impossible.

SAM

Unless its molecular structure's mutated into superfood--

FLINT / SAM

--that's been genetically engineered to protect the FLDSMDFR.

STEVE

Pizza!

FLINT / SAM / BRENT

AAAAAAAAAAHH!

STEVE

Pizza, pizza, pizza!

They REACT as a topping hits the plane. A cool PIZZA SLICE DOGFIGHT ensues! Flint is a bad pilot, and in the ruckus almost drops the flashdrive.

FLINT

Whew! That was close. I mean, can you imagine if we lost this kill code?

PTONG! A MUSHROOM SLICE breaks a window and knocks the flash drive out of Flint's hand and out the window. Long beat.

BRENT

Uh-oh!

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - DAY

Huge food SMASHES the buildings on all sides of Tim's Tackle Shop. RING, RING. Tim answers his old land-line phone.

TIM

Tim's Tackle Shop.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAR-PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Flint is on his phone mid-pizza dogfight.

FLINT

Dad, you're okay, great! Um, I need a favor, the fate of the world depends on it.

TIM

Okay, then, skipper, what do you need?

FLINT

I just need you to go into my lab, get on a computer and e-mail a file to my cell phone.

Beat of Tim wide-eyed with the notion of using a computer.

TIM
Ummmm-uhhh... Alright.

Tim hangs up.

The dogfight continues. Flint is still a bad pilot.

MANNY
Want me to drive?

FLINT
Yeah, okay.

Manny is an awesome pilot, outflanking the pizzas with ease.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Wow. You're a lot better than me.

SAM
Uh-huh.

They come upon the huge INTAKE HOLE that is sucking clouds into the top of meateroid.

Flint turns the Doppler map and points.

FLINT
Okay, here's the plan. Sam and I will enter the meateroid through the intake here, which should lead us straight to the FLDSMDFR. Manny, you and Steve will stay on the plane. (GRABS CAN OF SPRAY-ON SHOES FROM STEVE) Don't spray that in your mouth. Once my dad emails me the kill code, we'll destroy the machine, and rendezvous here at the Western blowhole in... how long until the world's destroyed?

SAM
About twenty minutes.

FLINT
Just before then.

BRENT
What about me, Brent, what do I do?

FLINT
Uh, you can be president of the backseat.

BRENT
(EXCITED, THEN) Oh.

FLINT
Deploy hatch!

The hatch pops off like on an F-16.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Car upside down... go!

Manny does a barrel roll and Flint and Sam fall onto the car-plane ceiling. They stare out the hatch to the long drop.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Ladies first? No? Alright.

Flint, then Sam (still clutching the Doppler) LEAP out into the huge, meaty hole. Brent JUMPS OUT after them...

BRENT
Wait for me!

...except that he gets stuck in the hatch.

BRENT (CONT'D)
(STRUGGLING) I'm good.

Finally he pops free and falls after them. Sam and Flint free fall down the hole, unaware of Brent.

SAM
(YELLING) As long as we stay on course, it should be a straight shot to the--

Brent SLAMS into them and takes them off course.

FLINT
Aaah!

SAM
Aaaah!

BRENT
Yeah!

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, FOOD TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Flint, Sam and Brent tumble into a pitch black tunnel. OOF!

ALL
Ooof!

BRENT
We're a team!!!

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, FOOD TUNNEL - DAY

Flint creates a TORCH from a marshmallow and a shrimp skewer, and lights it on a flaming cherries jubilee. It illuminates the scary walls of a tunnel made of giant congealed food.

FLINT
Whoa.

SAM
(POINTS TO DOPPLER MAP) We've landed here in some kind of exhaust vent. But if we go this way, the FLDSMDNSFDR should be right down this air shaft. (THEN) Brent, get out of that pie.

Brent is eating a pie in the wall.

BRENT
(MOUTH FULL) What's up?

EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Tim faces the PORT-A-POTTY elevator...and pauses, reluctant. Then he gets in and flushes.

INT. ELEVATOR TUBE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim shoots up the tube, SCREAMING.

INT. FLINT'S LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Tim enters with awe and faces the computer, showdown style.

LAB COMPUTER
Welcome, Flint.

INT. SCARY FOOD CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Flint, Sam and Brent face a huge cavern which has a river of boiling hot oil running through it. And they have to get to the other side!

FLINT
That's fry oil.

They carefully begin to cross it, using french fries and chicken nuggets as floating platforms. As they cross--

PHONE: *"Flint you have a call, Flint you have a call."*

FLINT (CONT'D)
(INTO PHONE) Dad! Uh, okay, great.
On the screen there's a file marked
"kill code."

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FLINT'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Tim stares at the computer as if it were a spaceship.

TIM
Wha...? Huh?

FLINT
Move that into my e-mail window,
type in my name and press "send."

Tim looks around the lab for a window.

TIM
Window?

FLINT
Okay, Dad. You see the thing that
looks like a little piece of paper?

TIM
What?

FLINT
Use the mouse to drag it.

TIM
Drag it?

FLINT
Drag it.

TIM
Drag it?

FLINT
Drag it.

Tim puts the mouse on the screen and tries to move the arrow.

TIM
Mm-hm, mm-hm, mm-hm...

FLINT
Great. Okay, great. Okay,
great.

TIM
It's not dragging.

FLINT
Drag it across the desktop.

Tim literally drags the keyboard across the top of the desk. Papers, equipment and the keyboard CRASH onto the floor.

TIM
That didn't do anything.

FLINT
Of course it didn't! You know
what? Aaaaarghh!

EXT. FLUFFY PANCAKE COVERING THE SCHOOL - SAME TIME

Townspeople build boats out of giant sandwiches and swiss cheese sails with pretzel stick masts as Earl instructs them.

EARL
Go! Go! Go! Hoist those sails!
Toast that bread! We're running
out of time!

Earl stops and looks up as the Dam starts to rumble ominously. Earls chest hairs tingle.

EARL (CONT'D)
Let's move out! Go! Go! Go! We
can do it! Come on, move it, move
it, good job, that's what I'm
talking about! Everybody head to
the docks!

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - CONTINUOUS

Everyone runs out of the pancake, holding the boats over their heads. They dodge enormous food.

As the first boat arrives at the docks, the Mayor arrives from out of nowhere and PLOWS through the crowd.

MAYOR
Wait, wait! I have an important
announcement. (BEAT) See ya,
suckers!

He steals the first bread boat and shoves off.

MAYOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bon voyage... and bon appetit!

He chows down on his own bread boat as he sails away.
Everyone on the docks is mad.

Meanwhile, Earl, Regina and Cal run with their boat, but Cal loses his grip and falls.

EARL
Cal?!

REGINA
Calvin!

Cal looks up at the dam. A cherry lands on top of the food mound... and the Dam breaks open! A massive AVALANCHE OF FOOD sweeps into town, destroying buildings.

EARL
Cal, get back here!

CAL
(STUNNED) Foodalanche.

EARL
Cal! I'm not gonna lose you again!

Earl picks Cal up and starts running.

REGINA
Baby!

Earl TOSSES CAL to Regina. Then he picks up their boat and carries it -- with his family on it -- towards the water as the foodalanche rolls towards them, right on his heels.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Hold on tight, Calvin!

A GIANT CHERRY flies at them and Regina bats it away with a candy cane.

Earl leaps into the air with his wife, child and boat, through a huge falling nacho chip and they all LAND SAFELY on the water, pushed out to sea by the foodalanche.

EARL
Everybody head south! We've got to stay ahead of that storm!

INTERCUT:

INT. FLINT'S LAB / MEATEROID - CONTINUOUS

The foodalanche is headed for Flint's lab. Tim is still trying to send that email.

TIM
Now what?

FLINT
Just click send!

SAM
Flint, the FLDSMDFR is right down there!

FLINT
Dad, hurry!

TIM
Send? Send...? Oh, wait--

BAM! The foodalanche crashes in. Before he can hit the button, Tim is knocked over. Flint hears cacophony on the line.

FLINT
Dad? Dad?! Can you hear me?
Dad?!

NOISE
BOK-CHK-BOK-CHK.

Brent turns and looks around, SCARED. But Flint is still focused on his phone.

BRENT
Hey guys?

Sam and Flint turn to see giant ROAST CHICKENS covering the ceiling a la the Aliens in *Aliens*.

FLINT
(SOTTO) Holy crapballs.

They try to run...

FLINT (CONT'D)
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!

...but the roast chickens drop down and surround them!

FLINT / SAM / BRENT
AAAAAH!

The lead chicken approaches Brent.

BRENT

Aw, I don't know, I think they're kind of cute. I mean, this one just walked up to me and--

In one horrifying move, the biggest roast chicken SWALLOWS Brent down his gullet.

BRENT (CONT'D)

(MUFFLED) Aaaaaahhh!

FLINT / SAM

They ate Breeeennt!!!!

The chickens totally surround Flint and Sam and there's no escape.

INT. FLINT'S LAB / MEATEROID - INTERCUT

FLINT

(TERRIFIED) Dad, I'm surrounded by man-eating chickens right now. Look, I realize this whole time you were just trying to get me to do the right thing. I just hope I still can. (THEN) Okaybye.

At this, Tim's arm emerges from the rubble! Then he DRAGS his whole body out of the food, reaches for the mouse and pushes the button. SEND!

Flint looks at his phone and sees "Email Received. Subject: Kill Code. 1 attachment"

FLINT (CONT'D)

Dad!

A chicken swallows the phone out of Flint's hand.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Hey, give me that phone back!

He reaches for the phone, but suddenly another chicken falls over, SCREAMING and CONVULSING. The other chickens lean in to see what's happening.

Brent shoves his head through the neck of the chicken and assumes control of its arms and legs.

BRENT

RAAAAAAAH! Uh-oh!

FLINT
Baby Brent?

BRENT
I'm not Baby Brent anymore. I'm
Chicken Brent!

He pulls out his diaper and drops it on the floor.

BRENT (CONT'D)
And I'm finally contributing to
society! Crotch kick!

He PUNCHES and KICKS the other chickens with a vengeance.
Flint's Cell phone pops out of one of them. He picks up Flint
and Sam and gets them out of harms way for the moment.

BRENT (CONT'D)
Now go, you crazy kids, and save
the world.

FLINT
You did it, Chicken Brent! You
really did it.

BRENT
Go, go, go, go!

Flint and Sam escape while Chicken Brent stays behind and
holds off the chickens.

SAM
It should be right down this...
hole.

They skid to a stop as we REVEAL a deep, nasty looking pit
lined with stalactites.

SAM (CONT'D)
That's peanut brittle. If either
one of us touches it, we'll go into
anaphylactic shock.

Flint looks guilty.

FLINT
Actually, I'm not entirely allergic
to peanuts. I might have just said
that to get you to like me.

SAM
So you really thought having
allergies would make you more
attractive?

FLINT

Ehhhhhhhh.

EXT. SKY/INT. CAR-PLANE - DAY

Manny adeptly steers around various oncoming foods.

MANNY

There's the Western blowhole,
Steve.

Steve tries to grab Manny's pencil thin moustache.

STEVE

Moustache... moust--!

Manny GRUNTS at him and he recoils.

Wide, we see the black clouds spreading.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Black clouds roll in. Everyone looks up. On the jumbotron a sign reads "TRY BAGELS - SUPRISINGLY HIGH IN CALORIES!" CRASH! A huge bagel takes out the sign!

NEW YORK WOMAN

Sesame bagel!

A CUSTOMER holds his hot dog up to a VENDOR.

CUSTOMER

I asked for extra mustard.

And EXTRA MUSTARD drenches him from above.

Two HOMELESS PROPHETS stand next to each other wearing sandwich boards. One reads "The World Ends Tomorrow." The other reads "The World Ends Today." Prophet #1 is crushed by a PRETZEL.

PROPHET #2

Haha! I was right!

EXT. AROUND THE WORLD - DAY

A CLUB SANDWICH uses the Eiffel Tower as a toothpick.

FRECHMAN

Sacre bleu!

TOURISTS enjoy the manmade beauty of Mt. Rushmore -- until the presidents are smashed with CREAM PIES!!

TOURISTS
Aaaaaaaaaahhhh!

HOT TEA rains down on Big Ben...and Londoners.

LONDONERS
Hot tea! / It's scalding!

At the GREAT WALL OF CHINA, a giant fortune cookie lands and breaks open. A tourist reads the fortune:

TOURIST
You are about to be crushed by a giant corn.

Just then, a giant cob of corn rolls down the wall towards the tourists.

INT. WNN NEWSROOM - SAME

The WNN Anchor reports from the newsdesk.

WNN ANCHOR
It looks like the foodstorm is following an unusual pattern of hitting the world's most famous landmarks first and is now spreading to the rest of the--

A GIANT PRETZEL crashes into the newsroom.

WNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)
What the what?

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, SPIKY PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Brent is STRUGGLING to hold off the chickens.

BRENT
Hurry up, guys!

Using a LICORICE ROPE, Sam lowers Flint down the shaft.

Sam STRUGGLES with Flint's weight.

FLINT

After I plug my phone into the
FLDSMDFR and destroy it, I'll tug
on the licorice twice and you'll
pull me back up, okay?

SAM

(STRUGGLING) Sounds great.

RUMBLE! Flint SCREAMS as Sam loses her grip on the licorice
rope and he falls.

Sam regains control of the rope, but slips down the shaft in
the midst of a bunch of peanut brittle shards.

SAM (CONT'D)

Agh.

Sam looks down at her arm. It's been cut!

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh no.

FLINT

You got cut, didn't you.

Sam's arm and face swell up like a balloon.

SAM

(SUPER STUFFED) It's just a
scratch. (SNORTS UP PHLEGM)

FLINT

Brent, you need to take Sam back to
the plane to get her an allergy
shot!

Brent is kicked and punched by a group of angry chickens.

BRENT

Just a second...

SAM

What? No!

FLINT

Let go, Sam.

SAM

I'm not gonna let you go. Flint,
you'll be stuck down there.

Flint looks down into the dark pit, then back up at Sam.

FLINT
It's not ideal, no.

SAM
(DESPERATE) Come with us. We'll start over. We'll live underground. Use bacon for clothes.

FLINT
Sam, that's not a very good plan.

SAM
It is if it means I don't have to lose you! (BEAT) Look, I like you, okay.

FLINT
Like-- Like, as a friend?

Her head still is swollen and pink.

SAM
No. Like, *like* you like you.

FLINT
Me too. But about you.

He BITES the licorice rope, falling into the blackness.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Sam.

SAM
Flint! No!

Sam stumbles backwards and falls. Chickens swarm her, until Brent arrives!

He tosses her onto his back and races out through the tunnel, bowling over the other chickens.

BRENT
Hang on, Sam! Dr. Manny's got the medicine for your face!

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, FOOD CAVE - DAY

FLINT
Aaaaahhh!

Flint LANDS, pulls himself up and discovers he's in an enormous food cavern.

At the center is the FLDSNDMFR, in a uvula-like column of gelatin, above an undulating pit. The machine "inhales" a bunch of clouds and releases a mass of black smoke down the pit.

MACHINE VOICE
(FOOD WALLA)

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, FOOD TUNNEL - DAY

Brent PANTS as he gallops down the food tunnel with Sam on his back, chased by chickens.

SAM
(GROGGY) Manny, we're on our way,
hurry...

MANNY (V.O.)
Hang on, Sam, I'm circling the
blowhole.

EXT. SKY/INT. CAR-PLANE - DAY

Manny adeptly steers. THUNK, THUNK -- something hits the underside of the wings.

MANNY
Was is das?

Steve jumps up onto Manny's face, then hides under the seat.

STEVE
Scared.

On the wing, large GUMMI BEARS pull themselves up and tear the wing apart. The plane plummets.

Terrified, Steve slowly raises his head and looks out the window. His eyes open wide in shocked glee.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Gummi bears!

STEVE'S DREAM SEQUENCE:

GUMMI BEARS
*Play with us, play with us / Eat
us, eat us.*

BACK TO SCENE:

STEVE
HUNGRY!!!

Steve leaps out onto the wing, DEVOURING the gummi bears and RIPPING APART their cute Gummi bodies. Heads and limbs fly.

FALLING GUMMI BEAR
(SCREAMS)

STEVE
Steve. HUNGRY! HUNGRY! GUMMI
BEARS!

But the plane is still in a tailspin!

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, FOOD TUNNEL - DAY

Brent reaches the end of the tunnel and pauses. There's no sign of Manny.

BRENT
Ohhhh, Manny where are you?!

ON STEVE, who rips out the heart of the last Gummi Bear and eats it.

ON BRENT, looking back FEARFULLY as the chickens close in. With no choice, he leaps out of the blowhole into mid-air, SCREAMING as he plummets...

But Manny flies in at the last second and Brent SLAMS into the windshield.

INT. CAR-PLANE/EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Brent lowers Sam into the plane.

SAM
Uuuugh. Oh, boy...

BRENT
She touched a peanut or something!

INT. FOOD ASTEROID, FOOD CAVE - DAY

Flint makes his way toward the machine, HUMMING HIS SOUNDTRACK and moving like a kid pretending to be an action hero. He accidentally steps on a tortilla chip, CRUNCH, alerting the machine to his presence.

Immediately the top half of the uvula lifts the FLDSMDFR up and it fires a GIANT CORN at Flint.

MACHINE VOICE

Corn.

The corn rips into the ground in front of him, digging a huge crater in the spot where Flint was just standing.

The machine noses forward, still attached to the uvula, and uses a beam of light to scan the room for Flint -- he's nowhere to be found.

The light beam passes over a row of food embedded in one of the walls -- strawberries, hot dogs, pickles -- nothing. Except -- that's not a hot dog, it's Flint in a bun!

But the machine doesn't see him, and the uvula returns it to the gelatinous column to continue pumping food around the world.

MACHINE VOICE (CONT'D)

(FOOD WALLA)

Flint slips out of the bun and inside a cocktail olive and runs over to a corner. He grabs items as he goes -- a strand of spaghetti, a shrimp -- and ties them tightly together...

FLINT

Grabbing. Tying. Throwing.

...then tosses the end with the shrimp through the hole of a donut hanging from the ceiling and the tail of the shrimp hooks in.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Waiting...

MACHINE VOICE

(FOOD WALLA)

Flint times it so the machine has just "exhaled," then swings out on the spaghetti strand...

FLINT

Swinging!

...wrapping it around the uvula like a tetherball so that the machine can't suck in any clouds.

Flint lands right next to the machine and immediately pulls out his cell phone with the kill code.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Sorry old friend. The kitchen's
closed!

He jams the phone into the machine's port. But instead of
the kill code, it turns out Tim sent him the CAT DJ VIDEO.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Dad, no...

Suddenly the uvula rears up, snapping the spaghetti, lifting
the FLDSMDFR, and Flint has to hang on for dear life as the
machine becomes a bucking bronco, flailing wildly and
shooting food in all directions.

Flint slips, barely holding onto one of the legs of the
machine as he dangles above the huge pit.

The FLDSMDFR sucks in clouds until the uvula looks like a
giant balloon filling the most of the cave, and prepares to
unload on Flint.

He looks down at the hole and notices his feet, still covered
-- at always -- in the indestructible Spray-On Shoes. His
eyes go WIDE.

Flint pulls out his can of SPRAY-ON SHOES...

MACHINE VOICE
(FOOD WALLA)

FLINT
When it rains, you put on a coat.
Of spray-on shoes!!! Yeah!

...and SPRAYS the Chow Plopper, SEALING IT SHUT FOREVER. The
machine bursts at the seams.

Flint looks up at the machine and steels himself...t hen LETS
GO and falls down through the food hole, out the column of
black smoke as the machine explodes... BOOM! The explosion
expands outward, following Flint down the hole. It gets
closer and closer until it overtakes him.

INT. CAR-PLANE - DAY

SAM (O.S.)
(GROGGY) What's happening...
Chickens...

Manny grabs an EPI PEN and jams it into Sam's leg and she
wakes up with a start! Her swelling instantly goes down.

SAM (CONT'D)
Where's Flint?

As they streak towards us, the meateroid EXPLODES!

SAM (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Brent consoles Sam with a sticky, chickeny hug.

BRENT
I know, kid. I know.

EXT. AROUND THE WORLD - DAY

Paris, London, New York -- a RIPPLE of explosive energy clears the skies. Everyone CHEERS!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Everyone on the boats watches the explosion clear the sky.

Tim climbs out unharmed from the Port-A-Potty. He looks up at the sky and watches, hopeful, as the car-plane approaches.

EXT. CHEWANDSWALLOW - LATER

The breadboats return to shore as the car-plane lands. The island is covered with giant food.

Manny, Steve, Chicken Brent and Sam emerge to CHEERS. Then Sam closes the door to the plane. Tim approaches Sam.

TIM
Flint?

SAM
(HANGS HEAD) I'm sorry.

TIM
Oh...

Tim's face falls. He starts to tear up. Sam puts her hand on Tim's shoulder.

SAM
Your son was a great man.

Behind them, a FLOCK OF RATBIRDS flies down from the sky. The crowd points and GASPS.

Sam and Tim turn to see ratbirds gently place a smoking, woozy Flint on the ground. Flint gives the ratbirds a thumbs-up. They SQUAWK their approval. Everyone runs over to HUG our hero.

Steve! FLINT

Steve! STEVE

Flint! BRENT

Brent! FLINT

Steve. STEVE

Flint! CAL

Cal! FLINT

Steve! STEVE

Flint! EARL

Earl! FLINT

(MUFFLED) Flint! MACARONI GUY

You... guy! FLINT

Steve. STEVE

Then Sam approaches.

Sam. FLINT

Flint. SAM

Sam. FLINT

SAM

Flint.

They look into each other's eyes. Tim approaches.

TIM

Flint.

FLINT

Dad.

STEVE

Steve.

TIM

(AWKWARD) Flint... oh. When you... when you cast your line... if it's not straight... you, umm...

Father and son stand there awkwardly. Beat.

SAM

Oh, for crying out loud.

Sam tears off Steve's THOUGHT TRANSLATOR and puts it on Tim. Suddenly the box allows him to gush his true feelings.

TIM (THROUGH TRANSLATOR)

I'm proud of you, Flint. I'm amazed that someone as ordinary as me could be the father of someone as extraordinary as you. You're talented, you're a total original and your lab is breathtaking. Your mom, she always knew you were going to be special and if she were alive today, she'd tell us both, "I told you so." Now, look, when I take this thing off and you hear me make a fishing metaphor, just know that fishing metaphor means... (SPOKEN) I love my son.

Flint hugs his dad. He's never been happier. The crowd CHEERS.

FLINT

I love you, too, Dad.

Tim nudges Flint over to Sam. Flint turns to her.

FLINT (CONT'D)

So where were we...?

SAM

You were about to kiss me.

FLINT

Were you going to kiss me back?

SAM

Why don't you find out?

FLINT

Because I don't want to go for it
and then get shut down again.

SAM

Just kiss me!

She closes her eyes and leans in, puffing her cheeks out in the same never-kissed-anyone face Flint made earlier. Flint makes the same face and goes for it. It's the most awkward, nerdiest, and somehow still immensely satisfying on-screen kiss ever.

ON FLINT AND SAM, KISSING.

As we begin a huge cinematic PULL OUT, we hear...

TIM

That's my son.

BRENT

Yeah! I'm a chicken!

We pull back through the same clouds that led us into the movie, and ratbirds fly by, WIPING to

THE END

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Mayor bobs on what's left of his mostly-eaten boat, completely alone in the open ocean...

MAYOR

This was not well thought out.

He takes another bite, resigned.