

SMOOSHIES

An Animated Kids Series

Episode 1

"Pilot"

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TEASER

EXT. SPACE

A METEOR streaks over Earth, shedding PIECES as it passes.

INT. PENTAGON - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SCREENS show the METEOR'S PATH. Steel-faced GENERAL HANKIN (55) talks into a RED PHONE as he commands with his hands.

GENERAL HANKIN

I'm sorry, Mr. President, I don't have time to explain! Yes, I'll call you back, don't be clingy.

He hangs up, grabs shaky LT. BAKER (34), his right-hand man.

GENERAL HANKIN (CONT'D)

Is it still over the East Coast, Lieutenant Baker?

LT. BAKER

Negative, General. It's past the Rockies, now.

GENERAL HANKIN

Great Gravy. And the debris field?

LT. BAKER

Massive. The entire country may have been exposed.

GENERAL HANKIN

Sweet Salisbury steak! Dr. Vinershteinen, your analysis?

DR. VINERSHTEINEN (65), a gray-haired German scientist, looks up from his terminal, calm and collected.

DR. VINERSHTEINEN

Well Heir General, in mine professional opinion, I believe what we are witnessing is nothing less than... The end of the world.

EXT. SPRINGDALE, OHIO - SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

A small METEOR FRAGMENT, shaped like an EGG, lands by the side of the road and SPLITS OPEN.

A small stream of GLITTERY CLEAR GOO leaks out, becomes a PUDDLE. Two wide expressive EYES open in it, followed by a goofy GRIN. This is GOOMF.

Two KIDS wearing backpacks walk past on their way to school.

GOOMF (O.S.)

Hello!

KID 1

Huh? Who said that?

GOOMF (O.S.)

Me! Down here!

They look down to notice Goomf and freeze in shock.

GOOMF (CONT'D)

Will you be my best friend?

The kids look to each other, SCREAM, run away. Goomf pouts.

GOOMF (CONT'D)

What? Was it something I said?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. WALDEN'S HOUSE - WALDEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

WALDEN (12), a skinny kid with braces, plays a TWO-PLAYER VIDEO GAME, but the second controller lies on the ground in front of a CARDBOARD CUT-OUT of a Cleveland Browns player.

WALDEN

Wow, you're really good, Cody!

Walden puts down his controller, stands, looks around his room. It is littered with half-finished puzzles and games, everything speaking of a boy in desperate need of a friend.

WALDEN (CONT'D)

Of course you'd be better if you were real. (SIGH)

INT. WALDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Walden comes downstairs, dressed for school.

WALDEN

'Morning, Mom! You make breakfast?

DORRIS (40), Walden's pantsuit-wearing mother, puts on make-up while typing on her laptop and texting on her phone.

DORRIS

Sorry hon, have some cereal. I can't miss the morning meeting!

WALDEN

Okay. Dad, did you pack my lunch?

MARTIN (40), Walden's starched-suit father, talks on his cell-phone as he runs past, stuffing papers into his briefcase.

MARTIN

It's on the table, son.

(into phone)

You tell Kenny if he doesn't have that report by noon he's fired! I don't care if he just had twins. Fire him twice!

Walden looks to the table. A FIVE DOLLAR BILL rests with some CHANGE. Walden SIGHS as his parents race out the door.

WALDEN

Bye, Mom. Bye Dad. Love you!

DORRIS
Quiet, Walden. I'm working!

WALDEN
Wait, I almost forgot! Can one of
you sign my field trip form?

He pulls out a FORM, but they are already driving away.

WALDEN (CONT'D)
Or not...

INT. AVERY'S HOUSE - AVERY'S ROOM - MORNING

AVERY (12), a chubby kid with large glasses, sits at his
computer, typing in an ONLINE CHAT ROOM.

AVERY
You think the 587 processor is
superior to the 35-C? Ludicrous!

LANA (45), his portly Southern mother, enters.

LANA
Avery, get off that computer box!
It's time for school!

AVERY
But Mom, I'm debating gigahertz
overdrive with my online friends!

LANA
Those "chat-roomers" ain't your
friends. Maybe if you spent less
energy up here you'd have more time
for real relationships!

AVERY
But, I hate real people. They're
all dumb and none of them like me.

LANA
Nonsense! Folk would darn tootin'
like you if you gave 'em a chance.

AVERY
I'm fine with my online friends,
Mom. Really, it's easier this way.

LANA
Just cause it's easy don't mean
it's better. Now, log off this
instant or no internet for a month!

AVERY

You wouldn't!

LANA

I would! And don't forget your field trip form. I swear, you've got to get your head out of that digital cloud, son!

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

DAISY (12), a pretty, well-dressed girl, eats CELERY at the table across from AMELIE (29), her French super-model mother.

DAISY

Can't I have something besides celery, Mom? I'm so hungry.

AMELIE

Very well, my pet. Finish it all, then you may have one lettuce leaf. You must watch your figure!

DAISY

I'd rather watch bacon cooking.

AMELIE

You know, when I was your age I'd already won two beauty pageants. Where did I go wrong with you?

The doorbell rings, Amelie crosses, opens it to reveal BECCA (12) and COURTNEY (12), two spoiled wanna-be models.

BECCA/COURTNEY

Good morning, Ms. Von Don!

COURTNEY

You look beautiful as always.

AMELIE

Oh, thank you, mon cheri's. Daisy, your oo-la-la friends are here!

DAISY

Hi Becca. Hi Courtney.

COURTNEY

Ew, didn't you wear that last week?

AMELIE

Sacrebleu, is it true? My dear, what have I taught you?

DAISY

But, I like this dress!

BECCA

But, you can't wear the same thing twice! What will everyone think?

DAISY

I don't care! Can't I just wear pants for once? I hate dresses, they're hard to play in.

Amelie, Becca, and Courtney burst out laughing.

AMELIE

Oh Daisy, little girls do not play. They are meant to look pretty! Isn't that right, girls?

BECCA/COURTNEY

Oh yes, Ms. Von Don!

AMELIE

Stay there, I'll find you something simply fantastic to wear for your little field trip, tout suite!

DAISY

Ugh! Don't bother.

INT. SHANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

SHANE (12), a muscular kid with a rat tail, enters the kitchen in his impoverished shack. HUCK (40), his authoritarian father, puts on his CONSTRUCTION CLOTHES.

SHANE

We got any food, Pops?

HUCK

You want food, you buy it! You know I had a job at your age.

SHANE

But, I have to go to school.

HUCK

What good is school? Didn't help me none and won't do you no good either. Don't forget boy, you got a bad brain! Like your pappy and my pappy, and his pappy before him.

(MORE)

HUCK (CONT'D)
You'll never be good for nothin'
but lifting heavy things.

SHANE
Maybe I'll be different.

HUCK
What's that, boy? Think you're
better than me?

SHANE
No, sir. Sorry, Sir.

HUCK
Good. You're lucky I don't give
you a knuckle sandwich to eat,
since you're so hungry. Out of my
way, you good-for-nothing.

Huck barges past Shane, exits. Shane remembers the FIELD TRIP FORM and picks it up off the table, but thinks better of asking. He hangs his head, holding back tears.

SHANE
I'll make you proud someday, Pa...

EXT. SPRINGDALE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Walden and Avery stand at the back of the line of FIFTH GRADERS boarding the yellow SCHOOL BUS. MRS. JOHNSON (45) goes down the line, collecting permission slips.

AVERY
Oh man, Walden. I can't believe
you forgot to get your form signed!

WALDEN
I didn't forget, Avery. My parents
were just too busy. Maybe Mrs.
Johnson won't notice.

Shane, in front of them, turns around, punches his hand.

SHANE
Oh, I'll make sure she notices,
"Whine-den".

WALDEN
Y-Your not going either, Shane?

SHANE
Why would I want to go to a stupid
Candy Factory? Candy's for babies.

AVERY

Oh please, I saw you chowing down on a chocolate bar yesterday like it was the elixir of life.

SHANE

What'd you say, nerd-burger? You asking for a knuckle sandwich?

Daisy, Becca, and Courtney get in line behind them. They all freeze and stare, momentarily mesmerized by their beauty.

WALDEN

H-Hi, Daisy.

DAISY

Hi Walden! Hi Avery! Hey Shane.

Shane scoffs, Walden and Avery smile nervously and blush.

BECCA

Like, what are you doing, Daisy? Don't talk to the "normies"! You'll give them ideas.

COURTNEY

Turn around, boys. You're not good enough to look at us!

AVERY

Sure, whatever you say. Sorry.

Walden, Avery, and Shane turn away from them.

SHANE

Stuck-up brats. They're right though. You two are losers.

WALDEN

I think they were talking about all of us.

SHANE

That's it, now you're definitely getting a knuckle sandwich.

DAISY

That wasn't very nice, Courtney.

COURTNEY

We don't need to be nice to scum like them, Daisy. We're beautiful.

Mrs. Johnson takes Avery's slip, looks to Walden and Shane.

MRS. JOHNSON

No permission slips, boys? What a shame. I suppose you'll have to spend the day with Mr. Droll.

INT. SPRINGDALE ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - DAY

Walden and Shane sit alone in a classroom while boring old MR. DROLL (45) fiddles with a TV CART.

MR. DROLL

Today you'll be watching one of my favorites: A six-part docu-series on the history of paper. I'll be back in ninety minutes to put in the next tape. Now sit, quietly.

Mr. Droll starts the video, walks out.

VIDEO (V.O.)

The history of paper is truly the history of mankind, itself. Its story begins many, many, many...

Shane elbows Walden. He scoots over. He elbows him again.

WALDEN

Quit it!

SHANE

No way. Torturing you is the most fun I've had all week!

WALDEN

That's only cause you have no friends!

SHANE

How dare you! You have no friends, either, "Weird-den"!

WALDEN

Nuh-uh. I have Avery-

SHANE

Avery's not your friend! He only talks to you cause you amuse him, like a video game. That nerd doesn't know how to make friends!

WALDEN

Yeah? Well, neither do you.

SHANE

I don't need friends. I just need
someone to wail on, and you're
gonna be my punching bag all day!

Shane stands, advances on Walden, who scurries to the wall.

WALDEN

Back off, you jerk!

Walden throws a book at Shane. Shane staggers back, Walden
runs out the door. Shane chases as Mr. Droll walks by.

MR. DROLL

Oh no students, come back. It's
not even to the good part, yet.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Walden leaps into a bush, hides as Shane runs by.

SHANE

Come back here, "Wal-Dork"!

Walden remains hidden until Shane passes, then steps out.

WALDEN

Oh man. He's right. I have no
friends. And nobody cares about
me. I'm just a loser. (WEEPS)

GOOMF (O.S.)

Nobody cares about me, either.

WALDEN

Who said that?

GOOMF (O.S.)

Down here!

Walden spies Goomf, looking up from beside his shoe.

WALDEN

What the-? What are you? Some
chewed gum?

GOOMF

All I know is I'm lonely. Will you
be my best friend?

WALDEN

Um... Okay?

GOOMF

Really, you mean it?

WALDEN

Sure, I could use a best friend!

GOOMF

Hooray!

Goomf leaps off the ground, onto Walden's shoulder.

WALDEN

Cool! So, what's your name, buddy?

GOOMF

I don't remember anything besides waking up in that spot. I'm glad you're not scared of me like all the others. I was beginning to worry I'd never find a best friend!

WALDEN

Well, you look like a pile of goo, but you've got some "oomf". I know, how about "Goomf"?

GOOMF

Goomf, huh? I love it!

Goomf glows, **URNS BLUE**, shores up into a more stable **BLOB**.

WALDEN

Sweet! Come on Goomf, let's play!

INT/EXT. WALDEN'S HOUSE - DAY

MONTAGE:

Walden and Goomf run around the lawn, finish the games and puzzles, play with toys, laughing and smiling. At one point, Goomf sticks to the ceiling and Walden uses him as a swing.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. WALDEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Walden eats an apple, breaks off a piece, offers it to Goomf. Goomf is still four inches tall, but no longer looks like a blob. He has reformed into a **TINY MAN**, like an action figure, and his voice has gained confidence and personality.

WALDEN
Aren't you hungry?

GOOMF
I was, but not for food. I'm not sure why, but it's like all this attention has filled me up!

WALDEN
In that case, prepare for your life to be an all-you-can-eat buffet!

Dorris and Martin enter.

DORRIS
Walden! We've been worried sick!

DORRIS (CONT'D)
Your teacher called us to say you ran away from school. I had to cut short my teleconference with the Chancellor of Turkmenistan!

MARTIN
And I had to turn the company plane around when we were already half-way to Walla Walla! Where have you been!?

WALDEN
Playing with my new friend.

MARTIN
What new friend?

Walden gestures to Goomf, who is standing on the table.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Walden, this toy is no excuse!

Martin picks up Goomf.

GOOMF
Hee-hee. That tickles!

Martin gasps, drops him. Goomf strikes a "TAH-DAH" pose.

GOOMF (CONT'D)
Hi, I'm Goomf!

Martin and Dorris look to each other for a beat, then SCREAM.

END OF ACT ONE