

Episode 1
Revision 2

EPISODE 1 - 44.3 pages

EXT. DESERT. DAY

1

BALOO and KIT fly the Sea Duck through a vast expanse of desert. The sun is high up in the sky. The desert around them is uneven, covered in dunes and strewn with rock formations. It's a desolate-looking place.

CUT TO

INT. SEA DUCK

3

Kit looks out the window of the Sea Duck admiring the rock formations.

BALOO

Kit, how much farther to Raceville?
We've been flying for over an hour
and I haven't seen anything but
sand!

*
*

Kit glances at a fancy compass on the dashboard, then at a map he is holding.

*
*

KIT

Don't worry, according to the
gyrocompass it should be about
twenty minutes away.

*
*

BALOO

Good! I can't wait to hit the
races!

Baloo pats the gyrocompass affectionately.

*

BALOO

Good thing Wildcat was able to
install this brand new gyrocompass
in the Sea Duck before we
left. We'd be lost out here
without it.

*
*
*
*
*

KIT

Yeah. Ever been to Raceville
before, Papa Bear?

*

BALOO

Nope! But I've heard it's
great! We're talking shows,
hotels, restaurants, casinos! Two

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BALOO (cont'd)
days of nothing but fun and
relaxation before we have to go
back to the salt mines!

KIT
Sounds like fun.

BALOO
Yeah, but I didn't even mention the
best part. There's -

KIT
Baloo, *LOOK OUT!*

A plane suddenly zooms past them, cutting them off. Baloo
has to bank hard to the right to avoid a collision.

KIT
WHOA!

The offending plane is oblivious to the near-accident as it
speeds off into the distance.

KIT
Whew, that was close - omigosh!

Suddenly, a swarm of five more planes zooms past the Sea
Duck heading in the direction of the first plane. Kit
watches them with wide eyes as they recede into the
distance.

KIT
What was that all about?

BALOO
An air race, kiddo! Raceville is
one of the best cities in the world
for air racing! All the top pilots
in the world come here to compete.

KIT
(still fixated on the racers)
Man, that looks like fun. *I* want to
do *that* someday!

Baloo wistfully joins Kit in watching the planes.

BALOO
Yeah...I know what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Think *you* could be a racer, Baloo?

BALOO

I *know* I could, Kit! In fact when I was younger I actually did some racing for a bit...even won a few competitions! Man, those were great times! Traveling the world...coming and going as I pleased...not a care in the world!

(beat)

Of course, then I lost the Duck, so now I'm stuck workin' for Becky till I get her back!

Baloo sighs as he lovingly pats the dashboard.

BALOO

Man, if only I had the dough...I'd buy back the Duck from Becky and just fly. You know what a drag it is to work for her every day?

(mocking Rebecca's voice)

Baloo, do this! Baloo, do that! Baloo, you're late!

(normal voice)

It's enough to drive a fella stark ravin' mad.

KIT

You gotta earn a living somehow!

BALOO

Eh, you're right Kit. No point in ruining our vacation talkin' about work. Let's just sit back and enjoy ourselves!

TRANSITION TO:

INT.HIGHER FOR HIRE.DAY

4

It is midday at Higher for Hire, REBECCA sits at her desk busy balancing Hire for Higher's books. Her desk is covered in stacks of paper and she is typing numbers into an adding machine. MOLLY is sitting on the floor playing with some toys. Rebecca finishes punching away at the adding machine and grins broadly at the result.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
(jumps to her feet)
Hooray!
(laughing with joy)

MOLLY
(a little startled)
Mommy? Are you okay?

REBECCA
I just finished balancing the books
and we just had our most profitable
quarter ever!

MOLLY
Wow! Does that mean we're rich?

REBECCA
No, not yet pumpkin, but Higher for
Hire does have a little extra cash
for once. I need to figure out what
we're going to do with it!

MOLLY
I know! We could buy the Frosty Pep
factory! Then we could have Frosty
Pep whenever we want.

REBECCA
(chuckling)
We don't have quite enough for
that. But it's a good
suggestion! Hmmm... I *could* just
put it in a savings account... but
it wouldn't earn very much
interest... Hmm...

While Rebecca is lost in thought, Molly hops up on a
footstool by the desk to turn on the radio.

MOLLY
Time for *Danger Woman*!

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1
(V.O.)
Faster than a speeding rocket! More
powerful than a 500lb gorilla! Able
to--

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2
(V.O.)
We interrupt your regularly
scheduled program to bring you this
breaking report!

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Aww, but I want to listen to *Danger Woman*!

She starts to turn the radio off, but Rebecca motions for her to stop.

REBECCA

Hold on, sweetie. Mommy wants to hear this!

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1

(V.O.)

The market shot up today after Khan Industries broke ground on a massive new shipyard just three miles north of the docks on Cape Suzette harbor. Khan Industries' stock is up over fifty percent in response to the news!

REBECCA

(astonished)

Fifty percent?!

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1

(V.O.)

The news also drove the general stock market up; all the major indexes are up three percent. Mr. Khan and his investors are sure to earn huge returns!

Rebecca turns down the radio.

REBECCA

(deep in thought)

Huge returns, eh?

(snaps her fingers)

That's it!

MOLLY

What's it?

REBECCA

I've just figured out what I'm going to do with Higher for Hire's extra cash. I'm going to *invest* it!

MOLLY

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

It works like this, first you find an investment fund or money manager, then you give them your money and they invest it for you!

MOLLY

What happens to the money after it's inv-, inves-...?

REBECCA

(light heartedly chuckles)
After it's *invested*, it grows over time, uh... *usually*.

MOLLY

You mean you could *lose* money?

REBECCA

Well, yes.

MOLLY

(to the doll she's holding)
I don't like that idea.

REBECCA

Oh honey, taking risks is just part of business! You can't make money without risking some of it first! After all, I spent a lot of money to buy this business...and look how much it's paying off right now!

For a moment, Molly looks confused but then seems to understand.

MOLLY

I guess so... Okay mommy!

Rebecca takes a phone book out of her desk and begins to flip through it.

REBECCA

Let's see, money managers, money managers...here it is! Maybe I can make a few calls and meet with some of them this afternoon!

Rebecca and Molly are interrupted when the front door of the office slams open and WILDCAT ambles in.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Hi, Wildcat!

WILDCAT

Oh hi, Molly-cat! Hey, Miss Cunningham, I finished loading all the cargo for this afternoon.

Wildcat notices a heavy crate sitting all alone in the middle of the office.

WILDCAT

Hey, I missed one.

Wildcat lifts up the crate, struggling with it a little bit. He brings the crate outside and Rebecca and Molly follow him. There is a rented plane sitting in the water where the Sea Duck would normally be docked. The cargo hold of the plane is open and half-filled with crates just like the one Wildcat is holding.

REBECCA

Wildcat, can you please not mix up the destinations like you did yesterday. Remember - the shipment of pillows is going to Eenzomnia and the expensive crystal glassware is going to Walla Walla Bing Bang - wait, which one is in that box?

Wildcat carelessly tosses the crate off-screen into the plane. The crash of shattering glass is heard off-screen.

WILDCAT

Sounded like the expensive crystal glassware.

Rebecca slaps her forehead. Molly giggles.

WILDCAT

Don't worry Miss Cunningham. They won't be able to tell that one's broken cause I loaded all the boxes like that.

Rebecca sighs.

REBECCA

Wildcat, I do appreciate you making our deliveries while Baloo is on vacation...but you really need to be more careful!

(CONTINUED)

WILDCAT

Sorry, Miss C!

Wildcat closes the door of the cargo hold.

REBECCA

Now fly safely! You're my only pilot while Baloo is gone. And please take care of that plane, too. It's rented!

MOLLY

Hey, can I come, Wildcat?

WILDCAT

Sorry, Molly. I don't think your mom would like that. But I'll be back later this afternoon.

Wildcat jumps into the cockpit of the plane and shuts the door. He starts the engine and the propellers start to whirl. He gives a friendly wave from the pilot's seat. Molly waves back.

WILDCAT

Don't worry, Miss Cunningham! The cargo's safe with me!

REBECCA

And did you remember to lock the cargo hold this time?

Wildcat is already taking off and doesn't hear Rebecca's words. Since Wildcat isn't a very skilled pilot the plane's takeoff is very shaky. Wildcat just misses hitting some boats in the harbor but he gets the plane into the air. In mid-air, the door to the plane's cargo hold flips open. A bunch of crates come tumbling out and splash down into the water. Wildcat flies on, oblivious.

MOLLY

Uh-oh. His cargo went bye-bye.

REBECCA

You know Molly, I never thought I'd actually want Baloo to come back sooner from his vacation...but I think I do!

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. MINIVERSAL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

5

High in the Miniversal Building, we can hear a voice-over of the board meeting inside. The boardroom is high in the Miniversal skyscraper. We zoom in closer toward the large picture window as the voices become louder.

SULTAN (V.O.)

(yelling)

Unbelievable! How could you all let this happen? What do I pay you for?!

MALCOLM

(nervously)

Sir, I'm sorry, but Khan kept the plan secret until it was announced today! *Nobody* knew except him!

CUT TO

INT. MINIVERSAL BOARDROOM. DAY

6

Inside is a typical corporate boardroom, the walls lined with expensive paintings, and a large plaque on one wall prominently displaying the Miniversal corporate logo.

A dozen lion and tiger board members, all dressed in expensive suits, are seated at either side of the long oak table situated in the center of the room. SULTAN sits at the head of the table, his back to the window, scowling angrily. On the table next to him is a newspaper with the headline "Khan Breaks Ground on Shipyard, Stock Breaks Records."

SULTAN

I don't want *excuses*! I want *solutions*!

MALCOLM, a lion, stands up.

MALCOLM

I've run some projections, and we estimate Khan's shipyard will be finished within the year. We could be looking at a loss of two or three million per year.

Sultan pounds the table with his fist.

SULTAN

Curse him! I've watched us lose market share to Khan every year

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SULTAN (cont'd)
since I became chairman! We're
always coming in second to him. Now
this. If Khan manages to horn in on
our shipping business in Cape
Suzette it'll kill us.

Everyone sits for a moment thinking.

SULTAN
*Well?! Does anyone have anything
resembling to a plan of action?*

PERRY
(O.S.)
Sir, I may have a viable plan.

SULTAN
(impatiently)
Go on.

Perry removes several large sets of blueprints from their
protective cardboard tube and spreads them out on the table.

PERRY
(smugly)
This is Cape Suzette Harbor a year
from now,
(points at the paper)
And *this* is Miniversal's brand new
shipyard!

SULTAN
You're proposing we build a
shipyard of our own? Interesting.

*
*

MALCOLM
I beg your pardon, Mr. Perry... but
is the market big enough to support
two shipyards in this region?

PERRY
(grinning evilly)
*No, it's not! That's the beauty of
my plan! If we build our shipyard
in the right spot, ours will
flourish and Khan's will fail!
That's why I've selected Cape
Suzette Harbor. It's located in a
prime spot right next to the
cliffs. Nobody will want to sail
the extra three miles to Khan's
shipyard.*

*

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Are you forgetting Cape Suzette Harbor is all owned by small businesses? How can we construct a shipyard there if we don't own the land?

PERRY

(shrugs)

I guess we'll have to buy up all the property...

SULTAN

(losing patience)

Buying land from that many owners could take forever!

MALCOLM

That's right, there's dozens of businesses in that area. Do you have a clue how much your little plan is going to cost?

SULTAN

(scoffs)

Millions.

(beat)

I imagine Kahn had the same problem, it's probably why he's not building there.

PERRY

(defensively)

Don't worry sir, I can make it work, just give me some time.

SULTAN

(sighs)

Fine. You have three weeks, no more.

PERRY

Thank you sir, you won't regret it. Now if you'll excuse me, I have some phone calls to make.

SULTAN

Very well. Meeting adjourned.

Everyone stands and begins to leave.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT.RACEVILLE TICKET WINDOW.DAY

7

Baloo and Kit get into the back of a long line at a ticket window outside an airfield in Raceville. It's late afternoon. In the distance, the Raceville skyline is dotted with casinos and hotels. Baloo taps the shoulder of the man waiting in front of him.

BALOO

Excuse me, is this the line to buy tickets for the next air race?

MAN

Yup! I got two hundred shaboozies riding on Amelia Airhead! Who do you got?

BALOO

Oh, me and the kid are just here to watch the race, we're not putting down money down or anything.

MAN

Huh? How can you not put any money down?

BALOO

I'm not really a gambler.

MAN

(staring, amazed)
Now I've seen it all!

BALOO

Yeah, yeah. Take a picture, it'll last longer.

MAN

Hey everyone, check it out! These guys say they're not going to put any money down on the race!

A curious crowd starts to form around Baloo and Kit.

KIT

Gee, Baloo...this place has more gamblers than Pair O Dice Island!

SHERIFF (O.S.)

What's going on here?

(CONTINUED)

The sheriff of Raceville elbows his way through the crowd and onto the scene. He is a weaselly, shifty character - definitely a most unlikely figure of authority. The sheriff squints at Baloo, Kit, and the man. *

SHERIFF
Are you guys causing trouble in my town? *

Baloo laughs.

BALOO
Your town? Who do you think you are, the sheriff? *

The sheriff leans in at Baloo and shoves his badge in his face. *

SHERIFF
Exactly. *

BALOO
Oops. *

SHERIFF
You guys know the rules. You owe a hundred dollar fine! Pay up! *

BALOO
A hundred bucks? For what? *

SHERIFF
(motioning to the crowd around them)
Disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace. *

BALOO
What?!

MAN
Aw, Sheriff, why don't you cut these guys a break. They're obviously new in town. Heck, they're not even gamblers. They didn't know the rules. *

BALOO
Yeah! We're just here on vacation! A hundred bucks is almost all we got! *

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

That's not my problem. And if you keep protesting, I'll slap on an extra two hundred dollar fine for talking back to me! Now hand it over.

*
*
*
*
*
*

A familiar voice is heard squawking off screen.

IGNATZ

(O.S.)

Move over! Step aside! Get out of my way, you big oafs!

Baloo and Kit exchange suprised glances.

BALOO

If I didn't know better, I'd say that sounded like...

The crowd parts a little and IGNATZ, wearing a suit, tie, and hat, flaps his way into view.

KIT

Ignatz!!!

IGNATZ

Kit, old buddy!

Ignatz flaps over to Kit and lands on his shoulder. Ignatz hugs Kit's neck with his wings while Kit gives Ignatz a friendly pat on the back. Ignatz looks at the sheriff.

*

IGNATZ

What seems to be the problem here, sheriff? You're not trying to shake these guys down, are you?

*
*
*
*

The sheriff looks disappointed.

*

SHERIFF

Er, of course not, Ignatz. I didn't know they were friends of yours.

*
*
*

IGNATZ

Well, they are. I'll vouch for them. Now if you'll excuse us.

*
*
*

SHERIFF

All right, I'll let your friends off easy this time. But make sure they stay out of trouble.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

The sheriff wanders off. Ignatz turns back to Baloo and Kit.

KIT

Boy, are we glad to see you.

IGNATZ

I thought it was you two! Of course,

(pointing at Baloo's belly)
I saw Baloo first! That thing can be seen from space!

BALOO

Why, I oughta--

KIT

Baloo, be nice!

Grudgingly, Baloo restrains himself. He clears his throat.

BALOO

What I meant was, good to see you too, Ignatz. And...uh, thanks for getting that sheriff off our backs.

KIT

Is there a fine on everything around here?

IGNATZ

No, just when crooked cops are around. That guy's so greedy he'd give a ticket his own mother. He'll invent any fine or excuse just to get a few extra bucks in his pocket. But forget him. I haven't seen you two since I left Cape Suzette! What brings you to Raceville?

KIT

We're on vacation!

IGNATZ

Still delivering cargo eh?

KIT

Sure am, but what about you? What are you doing here, and where did you get those serious threads?

(CONTINUED)

IGNATZ

You like these huh? I just bought
'em. Extra-extra-extra
small! Anyway, I live here now!

Ignatz points to a hotel in the distance.

IGNATZ

That's my hotel, over there.

KIT

That's where you're staying?

IGNATZ

No, kid. I mean that's *my* hotel. I
own it.

BALOO

(wide eyed)

What???

KIT

Wow! Really?

IGNATZ

Ignatz's Hotel and Casino, I call
it. The best digs in all of
Raceville, if you want my opinion.

BALOO

He's pulling our leg, there's no
way this flea-bitten feather duster
actually owns a hotel!

IGNATZ

Jealous, are we? Well mister, it
just so happens that I do own
it! And if you don't believe me...

Ignatz reaches beneath his suit and pulls out a huge stack
of shaboozies.

KIT

Wow! Check out all the moolah Papa
Bear!

Ignatz grins at Baloo, who is shocked.

IGNATZ

Where's that big mouth of yours
now?

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

All right, maybe you are telling the truth. But how did *you* ever get to own a hotel??

IGNATZ

Well, after our last Karnage fiasco, I made a fortune doing historical speaking engagements. Well pretty soon I got bored of that, so I came out here and bought a hotel and casino. They were in pretty bad shape, so I fixed 'em up, and now they're one of the top draws for tourists in the city!

KIT

That's great! Isn't it Baloo?

Baloo crosses his arms and glares at Ignatz, clearly jealous.

BALOO

Yeah...great.

IGNATZ

Anyway, I was looking for a pilot when I saw you two. Figured I'd say hi.

KIT

Why do you need a pilot?

IGNATZ

For the race, kid! I sponsor pilots for some of the air races around here! I was sponsoring someone in this next air race here but he kinda... quit. So now I have to find a last-minute replacement, or else forfeit!

BALOO

(with a hint of sarcasm)

Aww, too bad.

KIT

Baloo could do it!

IGNATZ

Ha! I said I needed a pilot, not a tub of lard!

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

Now hold on! That's going too far!
Not that I want to help you, but if
you're looking for a pilot you
won't find anyone better than yours
truly!

IGNATZ

Is that so?

Ignatz studies Baloo appraisingly, then looks at Kit.

IGNATZ

Hmmm... what do you think, Kit? Is
he really half as good as he says?

KIT

He really is! I've been around tons
of pilots and Baloo's the best!
Trust me!

IGNATZ

I trust you, Kit. It's him I'm
worried about!

Ignatz thinks for a second.

IGNATZ

Well...not that I want your help,
Baloo, but it's too bad you don't
want to help me, because if you
did, it might benefit both of us.

Baloo glares at Ignatz, still angry.

BALOO

What do you mean?

IGNATZ

These races have some big jackpots!
Whenever I sponsor someone and they
win, I split the jackpot with them.

Baloo raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

IGNATZ

The jackpot for this race is *one
hundred... thousand* dollars!

Baloo's jaw hits the floor when he hears this. He looks
excitedly at Kit, who is equally enthusiastic.

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

That's fifty thousand dollars
apiece! I-I *could buy back the Sea
Duck!*

Baloo turns back to Ignatz.

BALOO

Okay, Iggy. Not that I want to help
someone who doesn't want my help...
but if I decided I wanted to help
would you accept my help?

IGNATZ

I have no idea what you just said,
but if you're trying to volunteer
your services, I accept.

BALOO

It's a deal then.

Baloo and Ignatz shake hands...wings in Ignatz's case.

BALOO

One problem Iggy, I don't have a
plane to fly in this race! I can't
risk flying the Sea Duck 'cause
it's not my plane! Becky would skin
me alive me if anything happened to
it!

IGNATZ

Not a problem, you can fly my
plane!

KIT, BALOO

(in unison)

Your plane??

IGNATZ

She's parked at the airfield, come
on, I'll show ya!

(grinning)

I think you'll like her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RACEVILLE AIRFIELD. DAY

8

Baloo, Kit, and Ignatz are walking through an airfield. There are rows of parked planes and hangars scattered throughout the airfield.

IGNATZ

Hmm, my plane should be around here somewhere...

Yelling is heard coming from around the corner of one of the large hangars.

KIT

Hey, do you guys hear yelling?

They stop and listen.

JARRETT

(O.S.)

This is ridiculous! How do you expect me to win in a plane like this?

Baloo, Kit, and Ignatz peek around the corner and see JARRETT arguing with his sponsor. Jarrett is furious, and veins bulge out of his neck as he yells. His sponsor is much smaller physically and Jarrett towers over him imposingly. Jarrett holds a wrench in his hand, and waves it menacingly as he talks.

IGNATZ

Bah! You don't want to mess with him.

KIT

Who is he?

IGNATZ

He's trouble! His name's Jarrett. He's a pilot who always enters the races and tries to win by intimidating the other racers.

BALOO

Who's the other guy?

IGNATZ

That's his sponsor. Poor guy.

Kit and Baloo exchange uneasy glances.

(CONTINUED)

SPONSOR

Jarrett, take it easy. Try to be reasonable.

Jarrett and his sponsor are standing next to a plane whose engine compartment is open. Jarrett points his wrench to a part on the engine.

JARRETT

(irate)

This part is over a month old! I told you to replace it! How am I supposed to win if my plane isn't up to date?!

SPONSOR

(pleading nervously)

B-b-but, engine parts are good for years! I can't afford any more replacements right now!

JARRETT

What about all the money I won for you? Five races I've taken first place in the past two weeks! What happened to that?

SPONSOR

(quivering)

I spent it all on the other upgrades you requested!

JARRETT

You idiot! Can't you manage a little money? You don't deserve the cash I win for you! I'm changing the terms of our deal. From now on, I get eighty percent.

SPONSOR

But... that's not fair! Our deal was sixty percent!

JARRETT

(smirking)

Like I said, I'm changing the deal!

SPONSOR

How about seventy percent? Seventy-five?

(CONTINUED)

JARRETT

Eighty. That's my final offer.

SPONSOR

(angrily)

Fine, have it your way! I quit!

As the ex-sponsor walks away, Jarrett throws his wrench at him. The ex-sponsor ducks, barely avoiding the wrench.

JARRETT

Fine!! Quit! Who needs you! You know how easy it'll be for me to get another sponsor? I'm the best pilot in this town!

He turns back to his plane, muttering angrily.

BALOO

(whistles)

What a sweetheart...

KIT

(chuckles sarsastically)

No kidding! He makes my school principal look like Santa Claus!

*

IGNATZ

Like I said, stay away from him! That's the third sponsor that jerk's gone through this month, but people keep lining up to sponsor him because he wins races. Now, about my plane...

Baloo, Kit and Ignatz continue on. Ignatz leads them to a plane sitting on the tarmac covered by a tarp.

IGNATZ

Aha! Here she is!

When Baloo removes the tarp, he and Kit gasp in amazement. Before them is a beautiful, sleek, two-seat, fiery red racing plane.

BALOO

This is your plane?

IGNATZ

I thought you'd be impressed. I call her the "Scarlet Macaw." You like her?

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

Like her??? Oh baby! What a beauty!
I just hope she flies as good as
she looks!

IGNATZ

That'll be up to you, Mr. Pilot!
You think you can handle her?

BALOO

Hey, I already told you: "if it has
wings, I can fly it!"

IGNATZ

I'd give you a test flight but the
race is about to start. Come on,
let's get this plane to the
starting line!

TRANSITION TO:

INT.HIGHER FOR HIRE.DAY

9

It's late afternoon and Rebecca is in the middle of a meeting with a MONEY MANAGER in the office. Molly is playing quietly in the corner and Rebecca sits at the desk opposite the money manager, looking quite weary. The meetings have not gone very well and Rebecca is beginning to have doubts.

Like the others before him, this money manager looks like he is not very good at his job. His suit is ill-fitting and he has stains on his tie.

MONEY MANAGER

So as I was saying, Miss
Buckingham...

*

REBECCA

Cunningham.

MONEY MANAGER

If you invest with us you'll have
the benefit of knowing exactly
where your money is going. Our fund
only invests in one thing...lottery
tickets!

REBECCA

Lottery tickets?

(CONTINUED)

MONEY MANAGER

We like to employ a high-risk,
high-reward strategy.

Rebecca rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

I see. And what rate of return have
your investors earned over the past
year?

MONEY MANAGER

I'm glad you asked!

The money manager hands Rebecca a thick book from his
briefcase.

MONEY MANAGER

This is the most recent annual
report which has our returns from
last year.

Rebecca flips through the book quickly.

REBECCA

(puzzled)

I don't understand... it's all
blank.

MONEY MANAGER

Well, yes. We haven't won anything
yet, but I have a feeling we're
going hit the jackpot soon!

Rebecca ends the meeting abruptly, stands up and starts
pushing the money manager towards the door.

MONEY MANAGER

So, how much money would you like
to invest with us today?

REBECCA

(sarcastically)

Hmm, I'm not quite sure, but I'll
certainly think it over and let
you know!

MONEY MANAGER

Wonderful! It was great to meet
you, Miss Christmas Ham.

*

Rebecca shoves the money manager out the door.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
That's Cunningham!

She slams the door and walks back over to the desk, shaking her head in frustration.

REBECCA
What a disaster! Five meetings with investment firms today and not a single one of them that I would trust a penny to! Oh well, I'll try again tomorrow, it's time to go home.

Rebecca goes over to her desk and begins packing up her things when a knock comes at the door.

REBECCA
Take your lottery tickets and go away!

The knock comes again, more insistently. Rebecca groans, walks to the door and opens it.

REBECCA
I told you--

Rebecca stops when she sees it's not the money manager she was expecting.

GRIFFITH
Excuse me, ma'am. I hope I am not interrupting anything. Is this Higher for Hire?

REBECCA
Why, yes. I'm the owner, Rebecca Cunningham.

Griffith suavely shakes Rebecca's hand.

GRIFFITH
Ah, Rebecca. Such a lovely name.

With a sweeping gesture, Griffith delicately kisses Rebecca's hand, making her blush slightly.

REBECCA
Why, thank you. And you are?

GRIFFITH
My name is Griffith. I run an investment firm: *Griffith*
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITH (cont'd)

Investment Advisors. My firm manages investments for small businesses just like yours. I had read about Higher for Hire's recent success and I'd like to talk to you about how I can help you grow your company's wealth.

REBECCA

You're a money manager? What a coincidence! I was just looking for one! Please, come in!

Rebecca steps aside and lets Griffith in. A small, disreputable looking character, FRANKIE, follows Griffith inside. *

REBECCA

Who is that? *

GRIFFITH

Miss Cunningham, allow me to introduce my associate, Frankie. *

FRANKIE

How do you do, miss. *

DISSOLVE TO:

Rebecca sits at her desk opposite Griffith as they discuss business. Frankie is wandering about the office trying to amuse himself. He sees a Chinese rings puzzle on a table and decides to pick it up. *

GRIFFITH

My company has been the top performing investment firm in Cape Suzette for over fifteen years. We invest in a diverse mix of stocks, bonds, and private investments. The exact amount of each category is adjusted daily to achieve maximum returns for our investors.

Frankie is not participating in the business conversation, but trying to figure out the puzzle instead. He pulls and pulls at the linked metal rings but cannot seem to get them to unlink. He scratches his head, confused. *

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
(engrossed)
Interesting! Tell me, what have
your returns been over the past few
years?

GRIFFITH
We've done quite well. Over the
last five years we've earned twenty
percent each year!

REBECCA
That's outstanding! Do you have any
financial reports I could look at?

GRIFFITH
(smiling confidently)
Of course. Frankie? Frankie?

Frankie is still staring dumbfoundedly at the rings.

GRIFFITH
Frankie! The reports!!

FRANKIE
Oh yeah. Right boss.

Frankie puts the puzzle down and hands Rebecca a
professionally bound report filled with charts, numbers, and
graphs. She flips through the book, looking a little
overwhelmed by all the figures.

REBECCA
This is impressive, Mr. Griffith. I
can see you run a very professional
operation.

GRIFFITH
Thank you, Miss Cunningham. Do you
have any more questions I can
answer?

The following sequence of questions takes place very fast.

REBECCA
Hmmm... how many years of
experience do you have?

GRIFFITH
Twenty-five.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
References?

GRIFFITH
Available upon request.

REBECCA
Fees?

GRIFFITH
Waived for the first year.

REBECCA
Ok, I've decided! Congratulations,
you're our new money manager!

GRIFFITH
Congratulations to *you*, Miss
Cunningham. You've made an
excellent choice.

Rebecca and Griffith shake hands.

GRIFFITH
Now there's just the matter of how
much money you'd like to invest.

REBECCA
Well, I don't know how much you
normally get from your investors...
but here's last month's bank
statement.

Rebecca hands Griffith a piece of paper from her
desk. Griffith looks at it and shakes his head.

GRIFFITH
Oh my.

REBECCA
What do you mean, "oh my?"

GRIFFITH
For an initial investment, we
typically get quite a bit more than
this. We need to cover our costs
too, you understand. I was under
the impression that Higher for Hire
was doing better than this. Perhaps
it was a mistake to come here...

Griffith gets up to leave.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITH

I'm sorry to have taken your time.

REBECCA

(desperately)

Wait! Don't go!

Griffith sits back down.

REBECCA

I could come up with more money,
but I'd have to dip into Higher for
Hire's operating funds...

Rebecca hesitates, unsure of herself.

GRIFFITH

Why the hesitation? You have the
money don't you?

REBECCA

Yes, it's just that the business
needs that money... Maybe it's not
a good idea to invest it!

GRIFFITH

Miss Cunningham, I understand your
apprehension, but let me remind
you: taking risks is all part of
business.

REBECCA

(under her breath)

Now where have I heard that before?

GRIFFITH

Your businesses money will be safe,
my firm has never had a losing year
since it started!

REBECCA

Hmmm...I don't know...

GRIFFITH

And the more you invest with us,
the more you will earn...

REBECCA

(finally convinced)

Well, I suppose it couldn't hurt!

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITH
That's the spirit!

 REBECCA
I'll have my courier send you a
check in the morning.

 GRIFFITH
Very good. I should be on my
way. Here's my card with my
contact information. It's a
pleasure doing business with you,
Miss Cunningham.

Griffith hands Rebecca his business card.

 REBECCA
Thank you, Mr. Griffith. Good day.

 GRIFFITH
Good day. Let's go, Frankie.

Frankie has somehow managed to get his wrists handcuffed in
the rings.

 FRANKIE
Uh, right boss.

Griffith and Frankie leave and Rebecca pulls out the
checkbook.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT.RACETRACK STARTING LINE.DAY

10

Baloo, Kit, and Ignatz arrive at the starting line with the
Scarlet Macaw. Bleachers filled with eager, cheering
spectators line either side of the racetrack.

 IGNATZ
The race works like this: you go
for two laps, five miles each. You
start out in the city but the track
heads out into the desert. There's
checkpoints every so often that you
have go through. They're all marked
on the map and on the
racetrack. Make sure you hit 'em
all or you'll be penalized.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

What are some of the other rules?

IGNATZ

Well, let's see... No shortcuts, maximum of two people per plane, no intentionally wrecking the other racers... Of course, no one really pays attention to that one... hmmm... what else...

BALOO

Wait, back up... you mean guys try to make each other crash?

IGNATZ

Sometimes. They usually don't try anything near the city, but out in the desert, who's gonna notice? So watch your back, Jack!

KIT

I'm not too sure about this Baloo.

BALOO

That makes two of us.

IGNATZ

Well, mister 'best pilot around', if you want to drop out, I'm sure I can find someone else who would love to split that fat jackpot.

BALOO

Hey! Who said anything about dropping out? I'm in this thing! What about you, Kit?

KIT

I'm in, Papa Bear.

BALOO

Then let's go win us a race!

JARRETT (O.S.)

Well, if it isn't Team Parakeet.

Baloo, Kit, and Ignatz look over at the starting spot next to them where Jarrett has just pulled up in his plane. It's a sinister-looking craft, painted solid black. Jarrett sneers at them from the open cockpit.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATZ
(rolling his eyes)
What do you want, Jarrett?

JARRETT
I just came to offer my
condolences. I heard you lost your
pilot. Too bad, It looks like
you'll have to forfeit.

IGNATZ
Not on your life! I just got a new
pilot!

Jarrett looks at Baloo.

JARRETT
Who? Him?

Baloo, Kit, and Ignatz nod and Jarrett bursts out laughing.

JARRETT
(still laughing)
You gotta be kidding! Where did you
find him? A buffet? Can your plane
even hold his tubby butt?!

BALOO
Hey buddy! I may not look good in a
bathing suit, but I *know* I could
fly rings around you!

JARRETT
Is that so? What did you say your
name was?

BALOO
The name's Baloo, and you'd better
remember that, 'cause it's going to
be above yours on the leader-board!

JARRETT
Ha! Why don't you just give up now
and go get something to eat! You
look like you could use it!

BALOO
The only thing you'll be eatin' is
my propwash!

JARRETT
We'll see about that.

(CONTINUED)

They're interrupted by the race official who announces over the PA system that the race is about to start.

RACE OFFICIAL

(V.O.)

All pilots to the starting line.

JARRETT

Well, I'd love to stay and chat,
but I have a race to win! Just stay
outta my way and try not to choke
on my dust! Ha ha ha!

Jarrett closes the cockpit of his plane and pulls away to the starting line.

BALOO

Come on, Kit. Let's go!

There's two seats in the Scarlet Macaw, one right behind the other. Baloo hops into the front seat while Kit climbs into the back.

IGNATZ

Be careful with her will you? I
just had her painted.

Ignatz flies over to the bleachers to watch the race as Baloo taxis over to the starting line. There's eight other pilots competing in the race (ten total), representing all different animals and countries. The planes are all various shapes and sizes.

RACE OFFICIAL

(V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to
the ninety-eighth annual Raceville
Desert Classic! Ten pilots will
battle it out for...one *hundred*
thousand dollars!

The crowd roars its approval.

RACE OFFICIAL

(V.O.)

Our racetrack today consists of a
stretch through downtown Raceville,
followed by a trip into the
wasteland! Should be an exciting
contest! It looks like the pilots
are fueled up and ready to
go! Gentlemen, start your engines!

Baloo turns the key and the engine roars to life.

(CONTINUED)

RACE OFFICIAL
(V.O.)
On your marks, get set...

BALOO, RACE OFFICIAL
(in unison)
GO!!!

There's a rush of motion and sound as all ten planes take off from the starting line. Baloo guns the throttle on the Scarlet Macaw and her engine gives an aggressive, satisfying roar. They explode out of the gate and into the air.

CUT TO:

*** ** INSERT RACE SEQUENCE!!! ** *** 11

EXT. RACETRACK STARTING LINE. DAY 12

The sun is starting to set below the horizon as the crowd in the bleachers waits for the racers to cross the finish line. A few planes appear in the distance. Sitting in his booth, the race official grabs a pair of binoculars to look at them. The official speaks into his microphone.

RACE OFFICIAL
The contestants are approaching the
finish line! Here they come now!

The planes get closer.

RACE OFFICIAL (V.O.)
One plane seems to be well out in
front of the others...who's it
going to be? I-I don't believe
it! It's the Scarlet Macaw, flown
by Baloo! He's going to take
first! He's going to win it!

The Scarlet Macaw zooms across the finish line. The crowd roars. A few seconds later, the remaining racers follow.

RACE OFFICIAL (V.O.)
Baloo wins the Raceville Desert
Classic in a stunning upset
victory!

The Scarlet Macaw taxis down the runway and comes to a stop. The cockpit opens and Baloo and Kit get out to roars from the crowd. Baloo and Kit wave to the crowd, and both of them stand there for a few moments, just soaking in the

(CONTINUED)

atmosphere created by the crowd noise and their victory. This is all done wordlessly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.RACEVILLE AWARDS CEREMONY.NIGHT

13

Baloo, Kit, and Ignatz stand on a makeshift stage that has been erected at the starting line. The race official is also on stage, dressed in a fancy suit. A crowd of people watches.

RACE OFFICIAL

On behalf of the Raceville Racing Commission, it's our pleasure to name Baloo and his co-pilot Kit Cloudkicker the winners of the ninety-eighth Raceville Desert Classic!

The crowd cheers.

RACE OFFICIAL

We are pleased to present them with the prize jackpot of one hundred thousand dollars!

A worker wheels over a cart with a briefcase on it. The race official picks up the case and hands it to Baloo.

RACE OFFICIAL

Congratulations, boys. That was quite a race you guys ran.

BALOO

Thanks, boss.

Baloo opens the case. It is filled with neatly stacked dollar bills.

BALOO

Oh, baby!

IGNATZ

Not so fast, flyboy. Remember, half of that is mine!

BALOO

No problem, Iggy. I'll be fine just as long as I get enough to buy my plane back.

(CONTINUED)

IGNATZ

Well, I gotta hand it you Baloo. I didn't think you could do it. Maybe I shouldn't judge pilots from their appearance from now on.

BALOO

I told you we could do it, didn't I?

Baloo put his arm around Kit.

BALOO

(to Kit)

You deserve a lot of the credit too!

KIT

Gee...thanks, Papa Bear!

IGNATZ

You know Baloo, if we combined your flying skills with my sponsorship, we could make a fortune! There's races coming up with jackpots that'll make a hundred thousand dollars seem like loose change!

BALOO

Really?

IGNATZ

Listen Baloo, I know we haven't exactly been the best of friends in the past, but I'd like to make you a job offer.

BALOO, KIT

(in unison)

A job offer?

IGNATZ

I want you to be my new racing pilot!

BALOO

Hmmm...what does the job involve? Besides racing, of course.

IGNATZ

That's it. I pick the races and and you fly 'em. You'd only work a few

(MORE)

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

IGNATZ (cont'd)
hours on race days and then you'd
the rest of the time off. If you
keep on flying like you did today,
you'll be rich in no time! We all
will!

BALOO
You mean I could work whenever I
want, *and* get rich doing it? Man,
where do I sign up!

IGNATZ
Of course, you'd have to move to
Raceville... and quit your current
job.

BALOO
That's fine with me, but let me
discuss it with my navigator.

Baloo takes Kit aside.

BALOO
So...what do you think, kid?

KIT
(apprehensively)
It does sound great, but I don't
know... what about Miss Cunningham?

BALOO
Ahh, I'll miss the ol' boss lady
too, but she'll be alright!

KIT
But you're her only pilot. She
needs you...us!

BALOO
You're thinking small,
kiddo. There's other pilots and
planes out there! Once she has
these 50 G's she'll be able to buy
another plane and hire another
pilot!

KIT
What about moving up here? I've
made a lot of friends in Cape
Suzette. What about them?

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

Ignatz said this is a part-time gig, remember? When we're not workin' we can visit Cape Suzette whenever we want! You gotta think big picture, Kit. Opportunities like this don't just fall out of the sky every day! This is our chance to make it big! Strike it rich! Live the good life!

Kit sighs. He looks at Baloo, searching his face.

KIT

You really want this, don't you?

BALOO

I sure do, but we're a team, and I'm not going to do something if you're not on board.

Kit thinks for a long while. Finally, he relents.

KIT

Okay, Papa Bear. Count me in.

Baloo hugs Kit.

BALOO

Thanks, lil' britches.

Baloo shakes hands with Ignatz.

BALOO

Iggy, I'd say you've got yourself a pilot! I just need to head back to Cape Suzette to clear up a few things with the old boss-lady.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.OUTSIDE CAPE SUZETTE.DAY

14

Two days later, Baloo and Kit are flying the Sea Duck home from their vacation. In the cockpit, Kit sits up as sees the cliffs of Cape Suzette ahead in the distance.

KIT

Almost home, Papa Bear! There's Cape Suzette!

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

Roger that! Got the loot?

Kit holds up the briefcase from Raceville.

KIT

Check!

BALOO

Now remember, when we get there,
don't say anything about the cash
or the job; that's my little
surprise!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHER FOR HIRE. DAY

15

Rebecca, Wildcat, and Molly are standing on the pier of
Higher for Hire. Wildcat is moving boxes into the rented
plane while Rebecca watches nervously.

REBECCA

Wildcat, be careful with
those! You remember what happened
last time!

The faint sound of an airplane engine becomes audible in the
distance, then gets louder.

WILDCAT

Do you hear something that sounds
like a duck?

Molly points up at the sky.

MOLLY

Look! It's the Sea Duck!

The Sea Duck lands and comes to a stop on the other side of
the pier from Wildcat's rented plane. Baloo and Kit hop out
onto the pier. Baloo is carrying the briefcase and grinning
from ear to ear.

BALOO

Hiya guys, we're back!

REBECCA

Baloo, Kit! I'm so glad you're
back! We've really missed you out
here!

Kit runs over to Wildcat and hugs him; then he hugs Molly.

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

Hey there, Wildcat. How did the cargo runs go while we were gone?

WILDCAT

Eh, pretty good. I only lost a few thousand dollars worth.

BALOO

Not bad! Sounds like good customer service to me!

Baloo walks over to Becky with the briefcase.

BALOO

Hey Rebecca, wait till you see what I have for you! You're not going to believe this!

REBECCA

(suspiciously)

Why? What's in the briefcase?

Baloo opens the briefcase and turns it around, showing her the money inside.

BALOO

Oh, just fifty thousand dollars to buy back the 'Duck!

Rebecca is astonished. She picks up a stack of bills and flips through it slowly, as if in disbelief. Baloo chuckles at the scene.

BALOO

See, Kit? I told you she'd be surprised!

REBECCA

Where did you get all this?

BALOO

Kit and I won it in a race.

REBECCA

Kit, is this legal? Is he telling the truth?

KIT

Yup! For once!

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

The money's all there, I checked it earlier. Want me to count it out for you?

Rebecca is still in disbelief and not sure what to say.

REBECCA

Um...no, I guess I trust you...

BALOO

Good. Because I have some more news.

REBECCA

What are you--

Baloo clears his throat.

BALOO

Everybody, listen up! Me and Kit have an announcement. I've decided to take another job, so I'm quitting Higher for Hire. The job's in Raceville, so we're going to move there. We came to... say goodbye.

Rebecca, Molly, and Wildcat all look shocked (even more than when Baloo gave Rebecca the money).

WILDCAT

(to Kit)

Wow! Are you guys really moving?

KIT

Yup, that's the plan!

Rebecca looks extremely disappointed.

REBECCA

(to Baloo)

Hold on, back up a minute. You got a *job*? Voluntarily? Doing what?

BALOO

I'm gonna be a professional air racer!

KIT

It all started when we visited Raceville during our vacation. We bumped into my old friend Ignatz

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)
and he offered Baloo the chance to
be his racing pilot.

REBECCA
(to Baloo)
And you just accepted it without
asking me first?

BALOO
I had to take it, Becky. That job
has everything I'm looking
for! Listen Beckers, I've enjoyed
flying cargo for you... well...
some of the time...

Rebecca gives him an annoyed look.

BALOO
...but this is my chance to do
something different with my
life! Something I really want to
do!

REBECCA
But Higher for Hire needs you! I
need you! You're my only pilot...

Wildcat gives Rebecca a look as if to say "what about me?"

REBECCA
(rolls her eyes)
...well, I mean my only halfway
decent pilot...

Wildcat crosses his arms and smiles, satisfied.

REBECCA
...where am I going to find another
one?

Rebecca glares at Baloo.

BALOO
Aw, Becky, you're a good
businesswoman. You'll find another
pilot soon enough and I'm sure
he'll be great!

Molly pulls on Baloo's leg.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

But why do you and Kit have to move?

BALOO

We have to go where the job is, sweetheart! It'd be a pretty long commute if we didn't.

KIT

Don't worry, Molly. We'll come visit you and Miz Cunningham as often as we can!

WILDCAT

And me too?

BALOO

You especially, Wildcat.

Baloo playfully slaps Wildcat on the back.

MOLLY

Promise?

Baloo holds up his hand as if taking an oath.

BALOO

Promise.

REBECCA

I'm really upset at you, Baloo. You're putting me and Higher for Hire in a tough position.

Baloo puts a friendly hand on Rebecca's shoulder.

BALOO

Come on Becky... We're friends, right? You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt you or Higher for Hire. I know how much this business means to you. Believe me, I wouldn't be quitting unless it was my dream job.

Rebecca sighs and her expression softens.

REBECCA

You're right, Baloo. This obviously means a lot to you and it's not like you owe me anything... After

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (cont'd)
all, you did pay me for the Sea
Duck. I'd be selfish to hold you
back from following your dreams.

Rebecca manages a smile.

REBECCA
So... Good luck to you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHER FOR HIRE. DAY

16

It's early evening and the sunset is turning the water in
the harbor a beautiful pink hue.

Rebecca, Molly, and Wildcat are standing on the pier next to
the Sea Duck. Kit drags a heavy suitcase into the cargo
hold. Baloo is standing in the cargo hold, holding a heavy
piece of luggage himself. The cargo hold is filled with
boxes of Baloo and Kit's belongings.

KIT
That's the last of it! We should be
good to go, Papa Bear.

*

Baloo and Kit exit the cargo hold and walk out onto the
pier.

REBECCA
Are you two sure you have to leave
right away? I mean, at least stay
for awhile!

BALOO
Nah, we can't. There's a race
coming up tomorrow that we're
penciled in for. I can't be late...
Don't want to start my new job off
on the wrong foot, do I?

REBECCA
That's certainly never stopped you
before.

Now it's Baloo's turn to scowl.

REBECCA
(chuckling)
Oh, I'm joking. But you have to
admit, it's true!

(CONTINUED)

BALOO

Yeah, yeah, all right, it looks
we're all ready to go.

(to Kit)

Well, I guess this is it.

KIT

Yup, looks like it.

Baloo and Kit say goodbye to each of their friends in turn.

BALOO

Goodbye, Wildcat. Take good care
of the cargo while Becky looks for
a new pilot.

Wildcat salutes Baloo.

WILDCAT

I will, Baloo.

BALOO

(to Molly)

See ya, short stuff. Be good to
your mom.

MOLLY

(sniffing)

Sniff, sniff...okay. Don't forget
to...sniff...come visit.

KIT

We will.

BALOO

(to Rebecca)

Well Beckers, it's been a blast
workin' all those hours for
ya. I'm really going to miss it.

REBECCA

Cut the baloney, Baloo.

She gives Baloo a friendly embrace, then hugs Kit.

KIT

(quietly to Rebecca)

Are you sure you're okay with us
leaving like this?

REBECCA

Don't worry about me. I'll find
another pilot eventually. Higher

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (cont'd)
for Hire's got plenty of money
saved up to hold us over. We'll be
fine. The important thing is you
two get to pursue your dreams!

Kit nods sadly and walks over to Baloo standing by the Sea Duck.

BALOO
Well...so long everybody!

KIT
Bye everyone!

WILDCAT
Merry Christmas!

Baloo and Kit wave their goodbyes and climb into the cockpit. The engines start up and Baloo gives the old gang on the pier a final wave before he taxis away for takeoff. Rebecca, Molly and Wildcat wave back from the pier as the Sea Duck disappears into the sunset.

FADE TO:

INT.MINIVERSAL CORPORATION.NIGHT

17

A few hours later, the skyscraper of the Miniversal Corporation twinkles in the night with its artifical light.

The building is mostly empty, but high in the tower, the light in Perry's office is still on. Perry sits at his desk and dials a number on his telephone. Perry puts the receiver to his ear and hears (voice-over) the ring tone on the other side.

The ring tone sounds several times before the callee, a male voice, picks up. The callee is Griffith but his face is never shown, only his voice.

GRIFFITH (V.O.)
Hello?

PERRY
I expected a status report from you
fifteen minutes ago.

GRIFFITH (V.O.)
I apologize, Mr. Perry. I've been
working to execute the plan all day
and I must have forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY

Well, give me the report now. What is the status of Operation Deep Blue Sea?

GRIFFITH (V.O.)

It's going better than we planned,
Mr. Perry.

PERRY

Excellent. I sent a document to you by courier this morning. Did you get it?

GRIFFITH (V.O.)

Yes, I have it here.

PERRY

That's the master plan for Operation Deep Blue Sea! Keep it safe! All the details of the operation are in there. You must follow the instructions in it exactly.

GRIFFITH (V.O.)

I will, you can rely on me. Very soon, all of Cape Suzette Harbor will belong to Miniversal.

TO BE CONTINUED...