

"MY LITTLE FERGY"
WRITTEN BY ANNE D. BERNSTEIN

ACT ONE

INT. FERGY'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

Mops, buckets, bleach, scrub brushes, a vacuum, etc. are scattered about. FERGY FUDGEHOG enters, with a cleaning-lady's rag on his head. He is holding a ball of lint the size of a watermelon.

FERGY

<to self> How can such a small house
produce such a big ball of lint?

SFX: Doorbell.

FERGY <CONT'D>

She's here! And I'm not done cleaning!

Fergy RUSHES around the room, hiding every cleaning supply in a BLUR of speed. Then he looks down at the lint ball that he's still holding, panicked. A BEAT. He shoves it into his mouth and swallows it. <GULP>

FERGY <CONT'D>

<struggling to swallow:> Gheh! <BEAT>
I've had worse.

He notices the condition of the sofa.

FERGY <CONT'D> <CONT'D>

Oh no! The couch is covered with
crumbs!

Fergy quickly licks up all the crumbs with his tongue.

SFX: <SLURP!> <SWALLOW>

FERGY <CONT'D>

Hm. Some things just get better with
age.

SFX: DOORBELL AGAIN. Fergy walks over and opens the door to reveal FRANCINE FUDGEHOG, Fergy's mother. She is surrounded by suitcases.

FRANCINE

Fergy! My precious little foo foo
fudeghound babydinks!

FERGY

Aw, come on -- I'm all grown up now,
moo moo mommycakes.

Francine GRABS Fergy in a smotheringly tight hug:

FRANCINE

Yes, you are. And from the letters
you've written me, it sounds like
you've become quite the successful
party pinata!

She blows past him into the house. He collects up all her bags
and follows her in, seville.

FERGY

<uncomfortable> Oh yeah... the
letters...

FRANCINE

Pummeled by presidents, smashed by
stars, ripped open by royalty...I'm so
proud!

SFX: Doorbell.

FRANCINE <CONT'D>

Ooh! Maybe that's your fiancé,
Tatiana!

FERGY

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mama. We
broke up.

FRANCINE

Well, I'm sure Olga would be happy to
take you back.

FERGY

<nervous smile> Heh.

Fergy answers the door. It's PAULIE.

PAULIE

<confidentially> Hey, Fergy. Langston's on the prowl again. Seems there's this big party coming up and...

FERGY

<loud voice> A big party! Why, I can't wait, Paulie! You know me, always first in line.

PAULIE

Huh?

FERGY

Yep, I just love being hit with sticks! Swackity swack, swack!

FRANCINE

That's my Fergy!

Francine walks over and gives Fergy a <BIG WET KISS> on the cheek.

PAULIE

<to Fergy> What in the...

FRANCINE

<shaking hands with Paulie> Hi, I'm Francine Fudgehog, Fergy's mom.

Francine strangles Paulie in an extremely tight hug. Fergy gives Paulie an "I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place" look.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN- DAY

Fergy introduces Francine to the rest of his friends: HUDSON, FRANKLIN, TEDDINGTON AND TINA, and LES.

FERGY

...and these are my friends Hudson, Franklin, Teddington and Tina, and Les.

MEDIUM SHOT: Francine w/ Fergy's friends. Fergy is out of frame.

FRANCINE

Why, I'm just tickled to bitsy that my Little Fergy is such a popular fudgehog *and* a big success on the party circuit.

Fergy's friends all look at each other with "Say What?" expressions.

INSERT SHOT: That reveals Fergy, behind his mother, on his hands and knees, begging his friend to go along with this. He MOUTHS the word "pleeeeeeese" with huge exaggeration, his hands clasped in begging pose.

HUDSON

<on the spot> Er, yep -- I remember one Fourth of July when I... I mean, Fergy... burst so hard that my candy...I mean, Fergy's candy...filled the sky like fireworks.

TEDDINGTON

And we were there when Fergy was whacked by the Queen of Denmark...

TINA

Actually, it was Finland. And it was the *King*.

FRANKLIN

Ya know, Mrs. F! I can *honestly* say that by just mentioning that a Pinata Party is coming up Fergy's heart starts to pound!

FRANCINE

And what do *you* think of Fergy's adventures, Les?

Les starts babbling and gesturing with passion.

LES

<HOOT!> <HOOT!> <HOOT!> <HOOT!> <HOOT!>
<HOOT!> <HOOT!> <HOOT!> <HOOT!> <HOOT!>
<Are you kidding? What a liar! He made it all up!>

FRANCINE

Aw. How sweet of you to say.

CUT TO:

INT. FERGY'S KITCHEN— NIGHT

ANGLE ON: Francine, cooking up a storm.

FRANCINE

Butterworm pie, boobalah! Come and get it!

ANGLE ON: Fergy, sitting at the kitchen table, completely bloated. There are lots of empty plates on the table.

FERGY

Uh! I would if I could, ma, but I can't move!

FRANCINE

Then I'll bring it to you. Now open wide, here comes the choo choo!

She feeds him a huge slice of pie.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Yummy dessert arriving on Digestive Track One! Toot toot!

He opens his mouth and eats the pie in one bite. <MUNCH!>

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

I also made double deep-fried thistle sticks. And your favorite: milk chocolate malted milk shake!

FERGY

Well, I really shouldn't...

A BEAT <as he looks at the food>.

FERGY <CONT'D>

Got a straw?

Francine whips out a straw. Fergy take it and <SUCKS UP> the milk chocolate malted milk shake in one massive <SLURP>.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN PATH-DAY

Francine is talking to ELLA ELEPHANILLA. Ella is <CRYING>. Francine is handing her a tissue. Pecky Pudgeon eavesdrops.

FRANCINE <CONT'D>

Tatiana, darling -- listen: you can't dwell on the past.

PAN OVER to reveal that "Tatiana" is really ELLA ELEPHANILLA.

ELLA

Yes, you're so so right, Mrs. Hudgefog.

FRANCINE

Fudgehog. Tatiana, it's time to finally get over your breakup.

ELLA

How can I get over it when I can't even remember it?

FRANCINE

That's good, darling. Just block it out. In fact, my advice to you is to forget that you ever even met my irresistible little Fergy.

Ella immediately turns cheerful.

ELLA

Oh. <beat> Done! Bye.

She skips off. ANGLE ON Francine, confused.

Pecky Pudgeon ENTERS from his hiding place.

PECKY

<suave> Excuse me but -- I'm told you're Fergy's mother? Now just how is that possible when you're so young and lovely?

FRANCINE

Oh, I was just a youngster when I married Fergy's father, may he rest in pieces.

PECKY

Your son, he's very...colorful.

FRANCINE

Well, hot pink runs in the family.

PECKY

Tell me more.

Pecky whips out his pad and pencil and starts taking notes.

FRANCINE

Oh, he was such an adorable little Fudgehog. The cute way he used to slobber in his sleep. And who would have guessed that he would do so well in life? I mean, considering his fear of washcloths.

PECKY

Really?

DISSOLVE TO: A BIT LATER

FRANCINE

...and then there was the time he hid in a lunchbox for a month...that's when we switched to home schooling...

PECKY

Interesting...

DISSOLVE TO: A BIT LATER

FRANCINE

But then he overcame his limitations, and today Fergy has a black belt in ninja wrestling, three Golden Glob awards, and a world record in pinata partying!

PECKY

World record -- you don't say!

FRANCINE

He told me so himself! I sure do miss the thrill of it all but now I live it out through my little Fergy. Why, did you know he once did ten parties in one day! And repaired himself between events with duct tape and toothpicks!

PECKY

Why that's front page material! <BEAT>
Long as we leave the fact-checkers out of it.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF NEWSPAPERS BEING PRINTED.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN- DAY

LANGSTON LICKERISH, relaxing in the sun, unrolls his copy of the Pinata Yada-Yada. He is shocked by the headline.

LANGSTON

What?! "Fergy the Fearless -- Fudgehog claims to break pinata party record." Why that Fudeghog is the biggest slacker in the garden! <beat -- he reads> "An exclusive interview with Francine Fudgehog, mother of our most heroic high flyer..."

Langston hears Fergy and Paulie approaching along a path nearby.

FERGY

How could Pecky Pudgeon believe my mother's crazy lies!

PAULIE

Well, they're *your* crazy lies, actually.

FERGY

Oh yeah.

Langston discreetly hops over to a nearby fence, to view the pair undetected as they pass.

PAN: To reveal Paulie and Fergy. FERGY IS ENORMOUS!

REACTION SHOT: Langston's eyes pop out of his head, perhaps literally.

LANGSTON

Jumpin' Jellybeans! Fergy's huge!

BACK TO: Fergy and Paulie.

PAULIE

Anyway, he doesn't care whether the stories are true or not. He knows readers eat this stuff up!

FERGY

<BURP> Ug. Don't mention eating.

BACK: Langston, who is practically salivating.

LANGSTON

Wowee! Fergy's bigger than a parade balloon! Perfect for the huge end-of-summer party at Camp Run-Amuk! Hundreds of sweaty, stick-swinging kids -- all clamoring for candy. <beat> And I think I know just how to get that Fudgehog onboard...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FERGY'S HOUSE- DAY

Francine is still cooking. She is wearing an apron that says "THIS FUDGE DON'T BUDGE".

SFX: <DOORBELL>

FRANCINE <CONT'D>

Coming!

Francine answers the door.

LANGSTON

Hello, is Fergy home?

FRANCINE

He just ran to the store for some lard.

LANGSTON

Well, I'm Langston Lickerish, launch supervisor at the Factory. Your son happens to be my very favorite pinata. Always so eager and punctual.

FRANCINE

Well, Fergy just loves being shot out of a cannonata. He says it is the greatest feeling in the world.

LANGSTON

I just wanted to stop by to drop off his schedule.

FRANCINE

How thoughtful!

Fergy comes in, carrying a 25-gallon jar of lard.

FERGY

Agk! Langston?!

FRANCINE

Langston's been telling me all about what a fabulous pinata you are.

LANGSTON

Yeah. And guess what, pal? I've pulled some strings and -- are you ready? You're going to the Camp Run-Amuk End-Of-Summer Party!

FERGY

But...

LANGSTON

The launch is noon tomorrow. Isn't that great? Your Mom can be there to see you off.

FRANCINE

And I'll be the proudest pinata parent on the island!

LANGSTON

Oh I am so happy for you!

Langston HUGS Fergy over-enthusiastically.

FERGY

<his voice strangled from hug> Can't wait. <GULP>

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FERGY'S BEDROOM- THE NEXT DAY

Fergy is in bed, trying to fake sick. His face is covered with ugly spots.

He is chewing a piece of GUM.

FERGY
<CHEW CHEW CHEW>

He takes it out of his mouth and sticks it on his face, creating one more spot.

Suddenly Francine jerks her head into the room in a BLUR of intrusive speed.

FRANCINE
How are you feeling honey?

FERGY
Oh, Mama. I think I've got the Cluckle Pox.

Francine brings in a tray with various covered dishes on it. She places it on the bedside table.

FRANCINE
Oh boobala. Such a shame you got sick on the morning of your big launch. Let me check for a fever.

She puts her hand to his forehead. When she pulls it away, three of the pieces of gum stick to her hand and stretch. Extremely gooey and gross.

FERGY
Oh no! Stretchy Spot Syndrome!

FRANCINE
I know just what to do for that!
Remember when you were little and you felt ucky ducky? I always made you special breakfast treats...

She picks up the tray.

FERGY
Weak... no appetite...

FRANCINE
Try a little? Just for me?

She unveils the offerings.

FRANCINE <CONT'D>
There's malted milk mousse...
Tiramisoup...

FERGY

Thanks but...

FRANCINE

Cheddar Cheesey Cake...

FERGY

<struggling madly to resist> I'd rather not...

FRANCINE

Icing on a stick...

FERGY

<about to blow!> Icing on a stick?

Fergy grabs three icing pops at once and eats all the icing at once.

FERGY <CONT'D>

<HUGE slobber and swallowing sounds>

Then he chomps down the sticks.

FERGY <CONT'D>

<chomps vigorously> GROWF! <beat> Oh, that's gonna hurt.

FRANCINE

You've got your appetite back! I'm so pleased! You'll be in tip top shape for the launch this afternoon.

FERGY

<to self> Now I *am* gonna be sick.

WIPE TO:

INT. BONBOON'S PLACE- DAY

The BONBOON is sitting on a pillow, talking on a cel phone.

BONBOON

<crass voice> Get me outta gold and alt energy and into pork futures and biotech.

SFX: <COSMIC-SOUNDING TINKLY DOORBELL SOUND>

BONBOON <CONT'D>
<crass voice> Listen, Sid, I gotta go
enlighten some schmoe. Ciao!

The Bonboon stashes his phone underneath the pillow. Fergy enters.

BONBOON <CONT'D> (CONT'D)
<wise man voice> Oh, seeker of wisdom,
approach me in my humble chamber.

Fergy kneels before the Bonboon.

FERGY
Great Bonboon, I am caught up in a
tangled web of lies.

BONBOON
Who isn't? <BEAT> I mean, tell me more.

FERGY
I have been deceitful and I am full of
guilt.

BONBOON <CONT'D>
Fudgehopper. The only way out is to
begin living from a pure place. You
must be brave and come clean.

FERGY
But it will break my mama's heart!

BONBOON
The truth shall set you free. Honesty
is the best policy. And stuff like
that.

The phone <RINGS>.

BONBOON <CONT'D>
Excuse me.

The bonboon takes out the cel phone from under the pillow and answers it. He covers the receiver with his hand.

BONBOON <CONT'D>
Hello? <listens> Never heard of the
guy. Evidence shmevidence. I've got an
airtight alibi, which I will reveal at
a later date.

He <HANGS UP>.

BONBOON <CONT'D>

Well, I hope I've been of help. But now I have to go transfer money to a Swiss bank account, destroy a number of sensitive documents, and purchase a wig. <BEAT> Can I borrow your fingerprints?

REACTION SHOT: Fergy doesn't even know how to respond.

CUT TO:

EXT.- NEAR FERGY'S HOUSE- DAY

Fergy marches homeward, determined to come clean.

FERGY

I have to tell Mama the truth, even if she ends up disappointed in me. It's the right thing to do...<DEEP BREATH> Well, here goes...

He comes up to his front door and opens it and walks in.

FERGY <CONT'D>

Mama, I --

CLOSEUP: Of Fergy's shocked face.

CUT TO:

INT. FERGY'S HOUSE- DAY

His mother has organized a big "Bon Voyage" party. There is A LARGE CROWD OF GENERIC PINATAS attending <pinatas other than friends of Fergy or our main characters>. His good friends are also there, looking uncomfortable: Hudson, Paulie, Franklin, the Twingersnaps, and Les. Langston and Pudgeon are in the room as well, happy as hell.

PINATA CROWD

Surprise!

FERGY

<GULP>

FRANCINE

It's a Bon Voyage party, and all your
friend are here.

ANGLE ON: Langston, throwing confetti.

LANGSTON

Hi, buddy! Yippee!

PANICKED, DRAGS his core group of friends to the corner.

FERGY

<hushed, desperate>Why'd you all go
along with this! I don't want to go to
a party!

HUDSON

Sorry, but when we heard your mom was
catering this little soiree...

ANGLE ON: Francine, who is putting a big bowl of punch on the
table along with a bunch of other treats.

FRANCINE

Three cheers for my son, the bravest
pinata in the garden, Fergy Fudgehog!

The PINATA MOB - except the core friends -- gets whipped up into
a frenzy.

PINATA CROWD

<cheers, hooray for Fergy, etc.>

HUDSON

Aw, maybe we *should* step in and do--

The MOB of pinatas grab Fergy and puts him up on their
shoulders. They sweep him out the door, Francine following.
Hudson, Paulie, Les, Franklin and the Twingersnaps follow are
stunned.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

--something...HEY!!

They all go running after the mob.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY CENTRAL- DAY

The partygoers march toward the cannon, Fergy hoisted inescapably on their shoulders.

FERGY'S FRIENDS rush up behind, looking worried.

FERGY
<SHEER TERROR!> This isn't
happening...this isn't happening...

LANGSTON
<still crying> It's finally happening!
It's finally happening!

They drop Fergy on the Sweeter Meter, where the arrow goes up to maximum weight.

LANGSTON <CONT'D>
Beautiful! A full load!

FERGY
NNNNNOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

The mechanical hand pick up Fergy by the scruff of the neck.

Francine unwraps a disposable camera.

FRANCINE
Smile, boo boo tiddlywinks!

Fergy smiles weakly and waves. The <FLASH> goes off.

FERGY
MAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!

ANGLE ON: Fergy, being dropped into the cannonata.

ANGLE ON: A proud Francine, ignoring her son's screams.

FRANCINE
Ah, youth. The wonderful parties I used
to go to. The excitement, the thrill, the
novelty napkins. Soaring through the air
in my bristle pigtails. I was quite the
pinata in my day.

Paulie, who's been in earshot of this, gets an idea. He RUSHES over to Francine.

PAULIE

You know, Mrs. Fudgehog, you've still got plenty of sugar left in your shell.

FRANCINE

<blushing> Oh, come now, Paulie.

Hudson picks up on it. He rushes over too.

HUDSON

Yeah, Paulie's right. You're young at heart. Why not have one more, you know, "blast"?

FRANKLIN

Jump in and take one ride for old times sake?

LES

<HOOT!>

FRANCINE

Really? You think I should go? But won't Fergy mind?

ANGLE ON: Cannonata.

FERGY

<from inside> No! No! Not at all! Go for it!

FRANCINE

I'll do it!

LANGSTON

What! No! Mrs. Fudgehog!

She hands the camera to Paulie. Then she rushes over to the cannonata and opens the latch and looks in.

FRANCINE

Fergy, you've already gone to so many amazing parties, can your widdle momsy womsy take your place, just this one time?

FERGY

What! Er, Uh --great!! Sure! Go mama!

Fergy jumps out and physically grabs and stuffs his mom in, KISSES her, and DASHES off in a blur.

FRANCINE

<to all> Hey, everybody. I'm going to a party!

ANGLE ON: All the pinatas in attendance are worked up and cheer on Francine.

PINATA CROWD

Woo! Go, Franny! Go, Franny! Go Franny, etc.

Frantic Langston can't get through the mob to any of the controls.

LANGSTON

Let me through! Mrs Fudgehog! No, Wait!

Mom is shot off instead of Fergy. SFX: <KABOOM!> She waves to the crowd below as she flies off.

FRANCINE

Viva Pinata!

ANGLE ON: Langston. Pull wide: Fergy is right there beside him.

FERGY

Icing on a stick?

LANGSTON

Oh, why not?