

DEBRA!

"Introducing Debra"

FIRST DRAFT

November 10, 2010

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT — DAY

A CAR with a Driver's Ed sign is BADLY PARKED in the school lot.
HOOOONNK!!

DEBRA (O.S.)

Road signs are so confusing, like
"Hidden Intersection." Why hide
it, then tell people it's there?

INT. CLASSROOM — DAY, AFTER SCHOOL

Meet the idiosyncratic DEBRA DeLONG, 14, supremely confident,
too young to be taking this class, sitting squarely up front.

OLDER TEENS and ADULTS STARE incredulously.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

And "Runaway Truck Lane"? I
understand carpool lanes but why
encourage people to drive a
runaway truck? Isn't that what
killed Wile E. Coyote? Meep meep!
Didn't you love him! Not him.
The meep meep guy; the chicken!

The INSTRUCTOR, MR. TREADGOLD, takes advantage of the pause in
Debra's stream-of-consciousness dialogue to interrupt.

TREADGOLD

How old are you?

DEBRA

I'll be seventeen in three years -
as long as I don't get in that
"runaway truck lane," huh?

Debra ELBOWS the WOMAN beside her, who spills her drink.

TREADGOLD

You can't drive.

DEBRA

Duh. That's why I'm here. Can
you drive?

The Woman next to Debra shakes her head.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
So how do we do it?

INSTRUCTOR
Miss -

DEBRA
Debra Cameron Carnegie DeLong.

INSTRUCTOR
You can't get a license at 14.

DEBRA
But I need one for my business! I don't know exactly what it'll do but I do know I'll need a fleet of trucks with my picture on them like this:

(poses cheerily)
but for now just a car, maybe with one of those rack things on the roof, what are they called? Rack-carry-roofy-things?

The Instructor looks uneasily around for a hidden camera.

TREADGOLD
Is this a reality show?

MAIN TITLE

FADE IN:

DEBRA WRAPAROUND # 1 (ALL SEATED, TO CAMERA)

DEBRA
This is what I look like when I'm excited.

(points at her smiling face)
Yesterday, after I was unfairly defenestrated from Driver's Ed... not really, cos that means throwing someone out a window, but isn't it a great word? -

(MORE)

DEBRA (CONT'D)

- I met the perfect partner for my future company, Big Flying Pony. He's savvy, multi-talented and cute, which any owner of a major business will tell you does not hurt.

INT. "PERFORMANCE CLUB" CLASSROOM — DAY

MAGIC PROPS sit on a table. There's also a DRUM kit, GUITARS and AMPS. PRESTON LUNSFORD, 14, on the timid side, pours WATER into a clear glass from a bottle. BRUD GILFORD, a big solid kid, 17, messes with a DUMMY. Preston's pal, the nerdy Wojciech Mohaj (WOMO) asks him:

WOMO

So, Preston what do you think for the Talent Show tonight? A little magic, a little music and some comedy?

Preston lets go of the glass. It HOVERS, seemingly suspended from the water still pouring into it. DEBRA, passing the classroom, SEES this and REACTS BIG.

PRESTON

I'd like to do the Talent Show, WoMo, but I'm thinking maybe next year, when I'm really ready...

Debra WALKS INTO the classroom, amazed.

DEBRA

Did you see that glass? It was totally hanging in mid-air!

WoMo's eyes pop at...

WOMO

A girl, in the Performance Club!

Debra walks boldly up to an open SUITCASE of MAGIC props.

DEBRA

"Performance Club"? Like showbiz performing? Skippy Liberty, are these *real magic tricks*?

PRESTON

"Skippy Liberty?" Could you put that down?

DEBRA WRAPAROUND # 2:

DEBRA

Why do they make things look so interesting if they won't want people picking them up? If you ask me it's a major design flaw.

INT. BACK TO PERFORMANCE CLUB

WoMo angles himself to get BESIDE Debra and holds his cell phone camera at arm-length.

WOMO

Smile like you know me!

He snaps a PHOTO. Debra spots something else among the tricks.

DEBRA

Whoa, what's *this*?

PRESTON

Don't touch that!

She pulls a string in a BOX. COLORED SMOKE billows out.

DEBRA

Magic smoke! Does *this* string stop it?

PRESTON

Don't!

She pulls the STRING on a 2nd BOX. MORE SMOKE!

DEBRA

Nope, just more smoke. So how do you get it back in?

(yelling at the smoke)

Un-smoke-Sesame!

The SMOKE ALARM GOES OFF. Stuffy PRINCIPAL RIDGE runs in, carrying a FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

PRINCIPAL RIDGE

Fiiiire! Fiiiiiiiire!

He BLASTS FOAM on Preston, Debra, Womo and Brud, covering them.

PRESTON

Principal Ridge! I'm really sorry about this!

He tries a placatory smile. Debra smiles winningly. Ridge BOILS.

PRESTON WRAPAROUND #1 (TO CAMERA)

PRESTON

I've never had a detention. I don't text in class, I don't chew gum. For nine years I got in zero trouble. I know this girl for 35 seconds and the Principal's spraying me with fire foam and screaming at me like a melting witch.

INT. SCHOOL HALL – MINUTES LATER

Preston tromps down the hall, FOAMY and SOOTY. Debra pursues him in the same condition.

DEBRA

Are Principals supposed to use that kind of language?

PRESTON

Here's a dollar to not follow me.

DEBRA

At *my* school, the Principal's very polite. I'm Debra.

PRESTON

"At *your* school"? You don't even go here?

DEBRA

I'm just getting a driver's license. It could have been worse; we're just foamy and smokey. It's not like we were turned into zombies.

PRESTON

What?

DEBRA

You, know: Arrgrlntrfpt!

She "ZOMBIES" down the hall.

PRESTON

I've never said this to a girl before but could you please leave me alone?

DEBRA

Oh chicken fingers; Dancy Cologne!

Debra tries to smooth-out the foam lumps on her hair. DANCY COLOGNE, 14, at the top of the teen food chain, dressed in a sparkly OUTFIT, walks up with TWO TEEN ACOLYTES in tow.

DANCY

Miss DeLong.

DEBRA

Miss Cologne.

DANCY

(to Preston)

Do you go to her weirdo school?

PRESTON

I'm Preston Lunford. I'm in five
of your classes.

Dancy looks at him, searching the recesses of her memory. Nope.
Complete stranger. She turns on foamy, smudgy Debra.

DANCY

Love the new makeup and the
Frankenhair. It's so you.

DEBRA

Oh look what I have in my purse!

Debra takes a rolled-up CERTIFICATE from her purse. Dancy
develops a slight TIC in one eye.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Goodness! It's my certificate for
winning the 3rd grade Spelling Bee.
Now let's see, who did I beat out
for that?

INT. 3rd GRADE CLASSROOM – FLASHBACK (STILL PHOTO)

3rd GRADE DEBRA proudly holds up the certificate. 3rd GRADE DANCY
WAILS as she throws a TANTRUM.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY – DAY

Dancy TICS. Preston stares at the certificate in Debra's hand.

PRESTON

You carry that around in case you
run into her?

DEBRA

The trophy's too big.

Dancy fights back, re: Debra's appearance.

DANCY

You should stick around – after
you go through the truck wash...

She does a show-offy little dance move.

DANCY (CONT'D)

Dancy and the Dance-ettes are gonna *kill* at tonight's Talent Show. Too bad you can't be in it cos **a)** you don't go to Canfield and **b)** you have never had any talent. Oh well. Buh-bye!

Dancy smiles sweetly and WALKS AWAY.

Debra is STUNG HARD by Dancy's jibe. She briefly deflates, which Preston notices. Then, summoning something from inside, she calls out:

DEBRA

You must be our *warmup act*.

Dancy FREEZES. Debra ad-libs fast:

DEBRA (CONT'D)

My company, Big Flying Pony... *booked* the headliner. So, I guess my dynamite act and I will see you there. And beat you. And stuff.

Dancy tosses her hair and exits. Preston is impressed by Debra.

PRESTON

What "headliner" has the nerve to follow hot babes and rock music?

DEBRA

You, of course. What did you say your name was?

PRESTON

(beat)

I am actually afraid to tell you.

INT. PRESTON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The Lunford living room is full of LARGE weird-looking JUNK, but also Preston's INSTRUMENTS. Debra pursues Preston through his own front door.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Preston!

PRESTON
 (entering, rueing)
 I shouldn't have told her...

He walks past his Guitars, a Keyboard.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 Look, I want to do the Talent Show
 some day but maybe next year when
 I'm prepared...

DEBRA
 Preparation's way overrated. Did
 you know you can't even drive a
 big rig in this country until
 you're 16?!

Debra spots a FILTHY COUCH with BRANCHES sticking out of it.

DEBRA
 Oooh! Did you grow this couch
 from a seed?

PRESTON
 Yeah, it's so much cheaper than
 buying them full-grown. No, my
 dad's a cop. He brings evidence
 home, like...
 (looks around the room)
 well, like pretty well everything.

The large junky ITEMS in this room include a STUFFED ANIMAL, a
 STATUE, an eagle NEST, a CAR BUMPER, bent STOP SIGN, etc. As
 Debra runs to examine all these other treasures close up...

Preston's cheery mother GABBY enters, carrying one end of a
 GIANT BANANA with a FACE painted on it.

GABBY
 Mr. Banana, coming through!

Dad JACK LUNFORD enters at the back end of the banana, his
 clothes SHREDDED, his face dirty. He has STRAW stuffed into his
 clothing like a Scarecrow. He speaks in tough David Caruso cop-
 ese, but he's just a giant teddy bear.

JACK

Set Exhibit A down, Gabbs, I think
we've got a partial. Gracie!

Preston's sardonic little sister GRACIELLA enters last with a
police camera. She frames the PALM PRINT and PHOTOGRAPHS it.

GRACIE

Say chocolate sauce!

(SNAP! To Preston)

Hope you're hungry, we're having a
six-foot banana marinated in
gorilla spit for dinner.

DEBRA

Wow. All I get is lasagna.

Gracie notices Debra.

GRACIE

Mom, Dad? Preston has a girl in
the house. Are you here of your
own free will, dear?

PRESTON

Debra; this is my beloved family,
plus my sister. And a giant
fiberglass fruit.

JACK

Down!

He and Gabby lower it to the carpet.

JACK (CONT'D)

Some thrill-seeking perps heaved
it into a pit at the zoo.

GRACIE

Dad had to fight an enraged
gorilla to get it back.

JACK

The law doesn't make an exception,
sweetie, just cos you're a big
monkey.

Gabby plucks stray reeds of straw off Jack's clothing.

GABBY

Your father stealthily approached
the banana disguised as a stook of
wheat.

JACK

But the alpha male saw through my
wily subterfuge.

EXT. ZOO (STOCK) – DAY (FLASHBACK)

SFX: HORRENDOUS <GORILLA NOISES>

JACK (O.S.)

Aaaaaaa! Not the lips!

INT. LUNFORD LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Jack talks like he's describing catching Dillinger.

JACK (CONT'D)

Next time, that scofflaw simian'll
show a little more respect for
this badge.

He holds up a BENT BADGE in bandaged fingers and confides to his
son's new friend:

JACK (CONT'D)

Never blink, Debra, this town's a
cesspool of crime.

Behind her husband's back, Gabby shakes her head reassuringly to
Debra: "No it isn't." The Lunfords carry the banana off.

GRACIE

Wait'll you see Jing-Jing with Dad
in a headlock. This means a
thousand extra hits for my blog!

They all exit, carrying the banana. Debra examines a not-bad-
looking PAINTING on the wall.

DEBRA

This is cool.

PRESTON

Thanks. My watercolor phase.

DEBRA

You painted this?? Major talent-o-rama!

Debra spots a large MAGIC BOX with mystic symbols on it.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Monkey toothpaste, did you make this too?

PRESTON

Nah - more police evidence. It's a Magic Production Box.

(magician mode)

Someone goes in the top, then the magician closes the lid, says the magic words and WHAM! a *tiger* leaps out!

On WHAM he triggers the switch and the FRONT of the box flips open. Debra jumps back in surprise and delight.

DEBRA

I totally expected to see a tiger! You do magic, you play music, and paint...

(library shelf)

... and read books... and have a carpet... You're going to be a total hit at the Talent Show!

Debra dials her cell phone.

PRESTON

Debra, I don't have a tiger. I don't even have a rabbit to pull out of a hat; I've gotta rent Mr. Bunn-Bunn from Gracie just to practice.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY (FLASHBACK)

Preston pulls a ratty old STUFFED RABBIT with one eye out of a hat, for an audience of one: GRACIE.

GRACIE

Very mystical. That'll be five dollars.

BACK TO:

Debra has dialed her cell and is waiting.

DEBRA

Aren't there things you want to do you haven't done yet?

PRESTON

(shrugs)

Sure. I want to skydive. Parasail. Perform some day for a screaming crowd...

DEBRA

"Some day"! Preston, Big Secret: there is no Some Day. Life's just a bunch of Todays. And look:

(waves her arms about)

... we're in one right now! Do you actually think that Talent Show audience is gonna get excited over Dancy and her

(bad dancing)

"myuh-myuh myuh-muhh"? Answer: no! They're gonna want to see a cute guy doing cool stuff.

Preston likes the sound of this. Takes a sip of a DRINK sitting on the coffee table.

PRESTON

... they'll think I'm cute?

(then)

So what's the deal with you and Dancy? Did her mirror tell you you were the fairest one of all?

Debra saddens. Long story.

DEBRA

We were best friends when we were three. We used to make mud pies together. Then she got pretty and turned inexplicably evil.

PRESTON

That happens to some girls.

Preston takes a sip of his drink. Debra says into the phone:

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Principal Ridge, please.

Preston SPIT-TAKES his drink. Debra shows him some PAPER.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

We need him to sign this Talent Show entry form.

PRESTON

Why do you even have that??

DEBRA

(might as well tell him)
I already knew about Dancy and the Talent Show. It's Number 128 on her blog: *Reasons I'm Better Than Debra DeLong*.

DANCY'S BLOG (STILL PHOTO)

FULL-SCREEN: the title "**Reasons I'm Better Than Debra DeLong**" FLASHES. The WRITTEN LIST of Dancy's many excellences goes down off the screen. Dancy FACE is in a box. It comes to life and SPEAKS:

BLOG DANCY

Welcome to my site, now in its third year. Don't forget to click on the brand-new tab, Things Debra Doesn't Smell As Good As. Number One: Pew-ey Zebra Butts!

BACK TO SCENE:

A sad Debra is a forlorn sight indeed.

PRESTON

She has 127 other reasons?

DEBRA

She's richer than me, she's prettier than me (you're supposed to say no way is she prettier than you); she's more popular. If I could play some small part in upstaging her tonight it would make me soooo happy.

(points to her face)

Irresistible pleading smile?

Before Preston can voice his concerns Debra's call goes through.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Yes, Debra Delong, Big Flying Pony. I need his permission to add an act to tonight's show.

(aside to Preston)

I've watched a million movies about entertainment, I know how to do this! Just like I know how to *drive* if some uptight pencil-pusher would -

(into phone)

Oh he is? We'll contact him there. Thank you.

Debra closes her phone and heads out of the room.

PRESTON

Wait. We are not going to his house!

DEBRA

Of course not. He slipped on that fiery-foamy stuff? He's in the hospital with a concussion.

On Preston's reaction, we:

FADE OUT

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL VARIOUS – DAY

AMBULANCES, Emergency entrance, HOSPITAL signs...

DEBRA (V/O)

All we had to do was climb in a
third-storey window, borrow some
uniforms and a paint cart – and
the rest was simple!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

Principal RIDGE sits up in bed with a BANDAGE on his head, a
goofy grin + wandering eyes. He's pretty well out of it.

Debra and Preston enter in SMOCKS, pushing a PAINT CART.

PRESTON

We are so going to jail...

DEBRA

Oh hush, it's a minor Visiting
Hours infraction. Hello Mr.
Ridge! You don't remember us,
right?

RIDGE

I know you! You're...

Debra holds a purple paint brush over her face.

RIDGE (CONT'D)

... my *mother!* I'd know that
bright purple beard anywhere.

He drinks some WATER and dribbles it down himself.

RIDGE (CONT'D)

I love you mommy. Funny, I'm
still thirsty.

PRESTON

Mr. Ridge sir, who we've never met before... we have important hospital papers for you to sign.

Ridge isn't listening. He's staring at all the paints.

RIDGE

Look at all those colors. I always wanted a blue leg.

PRESTON

Pardon me?

RIDGE

This one! I want it blue! Paint me right now or I'll hold my breath.

He sucks in a lungful of air and holds it, arms folded. Debra turns to Preston.

DEBRA

Paint his leg.

PRESTON

Are you *out of your mind*?

DEBRA WRAPAROUND # 3:

DEBRA

Isn't it sweet how he worries about me? He is so gallant.

BACK TO SCENE:

DEBRA

People *die* from holding their breath. You're not defacing your Principal with a rich latex veneer, you're saving his life!

Preston unhappily begins to PAINT Principle Ridge's leg BLUE. Ridge happily exhales.

PRESTON

Okay, one leg.

Preston grimaces and paints Ridge's leg BLUE.

RIDGE
Ooh, look at me, I'm Papa Smurf!
Paint the other one yellow!

Debra dips into the yellow paint with gusto and begins applying it to the other leg.

RIDGE (CONT'D)
And red for the chest, like a
cheery red robin as I go bob-bob-
bobbing along, a-longggg...

Preston can hardly look as he brushes red paint on Ridge's hospital gown.

RIDGE (CONT'D)
Don't forget the arms! Make this
one Turquoise.

DEBRA
The closest I've got is Autumn
Gala.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Ridge?

Preston runs to the door. GIGGLING from Ridge Off-Camera as Preston talks to the nurse.

PRESTON
(deep doctor-y voice)
The patient can't be disturbed
right now, nurse. His color
doesn't look good.

NURSE (O.S.)
He needs to see the neurologist.
He was a little blue earlier.

PRESTON
You should see him now.

Preston turns and SCREAMS at what he sees. Ridge's FACE, HAIR and HANDS are brightly painted and his feet are PINK. But he is

SIGNING the sheet. Debra takes it and shows it to Preston.

DEBRA
See? That was easy.

EXT. ROUGH PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

The STAKEOUTMOBILE is a nondescript PANEL VAN with a separate driver's cabin (UPS truck type) parked on a street. Something you'd see in a backstreet and wouldn't take a second look at.

GABBY (O.S.)
Approaching vehicle on your six!

INT. STAKEOUTMOBILE - NIGHT

The INTERIOR combines hi-tech surveillance with homey touches. Reel-to-reel recorders + headphones. Screens with surveillance images. But also: COUNTER with microwave, lava lamp, washing line. Rack of mugs. Jack and Gabby sit in swivel chairs.

Jack grabs his headphones, CLICKS a switch and listens intently. He takes them off again, disappointed.

JACK
Pizza delivery. Right front
tire's low. That's gonna lower
his mileage.

Gabby checks the time and LOGS the vehicle on a clipboard. She's totally into the cop stuff.

GABBY
Spell out your thinking on this
one for me, Jack.

JACK
Giant fruit in the zoo: childish
lark or brilliant criminal plot?

GABBY
I'm guessing the latter.

JACK
I love you so much I could give up
bacon. Follow me on this.

Jack uses a model ICE CREAM TRUCK and plastic BANANA to demo:

JACK (CONT'D)

Mister Fruitee truck driver tears the banana off his own roof, drops it in the animal enclosure. Why?

GABBY

The monkey had something our guy wanted.

JACK

But what?

GABBY

Tell me.

JACK

Where does a criminal mastermind dump his loot? The one place no sane man will venture: Gongga's den.

GABBY

Diabolical!

JACK

A month later the heat's off so he takes a job with Mr. Fruitee. Now time's on his side; he has all day to loosen his giant banana – the ideal monkey diversion so he can recover his plunder.

Gabby holds up the van KEYS.

GABBY

To the Mister Fruitee Truck?

JACK

You got it babe.

EXT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. We HEAR the sounds of the Talent Show inside the school. And Preston's panicky voice.

PRESTON (O.S.)

I think I'm gonna throw up.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A crowd watches Dancy and the Dancyettes finish a performance. In the WINGS stand Debra and Preston in a TUX / Magic Outfit.

DEBRA

If you do, say "Ta-dah" so they think it's part of the act. Come here.

Debra pulls off Preston's Top Hat, MUSSES his hair to give it a little body, and opens his jacket to reveal a ROCK BAND shirt beneath.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Always let them know who you are.

APPLAUSE and hooting from OFF as Dancy breezes past Debra.

DANCY

Okay, I killed it. Now all that's left is for your little act to flop.

TEACHER (PA, O.S.)

Now our final act: the magical stylings of Presto Preston!

Preston takes the stage, with Debra giving him a little push. At first he forgets his props. He returns for a SUITCASE and a STOOL.

PRESTON

How are you all doing tonight?

CRICKETS. He swallows but summons confidence from Debra's off-stage THUMBS UP and goofy wink-and-grin.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

For my first trick I was going to do a bird act but my bird flew away. Don't worry, I have something here that'll help.

He plops the SUITCASE on the stool, opens it and pulls out... a 10-foot aluminum LADDER. It keeps coming. The gasping audience LAUGHS.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 Here Birdy! Birdy Birdy! Where'd
 you go? Pretty bird!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

O.S., the warmed-up audience APPLAUDS.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - NIGHT

Preston tells the audience:

PRESTON
 Now my amazing levitation trick.
 Notice there are no stools, chairs
 or jet packs on the stage.

A POLE with a curtain attached lies on the stage. Preston bends over it. Dancy in the audience looks skeptical. Preston lifts the horizontal bar higher and higher...

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 And I'm going higher and higher.
 I'm kicking!

His FEET appear to be 6' off the ground, kicking from behind the curtain, its top now 12 feet in the air. But then he TURNS to reveal the HANDS gripping the top are FAKE: he hoisted the whole thing on a separate pole. He says to OFF-STAGE:

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 I think they're buying it!

APPLAUSE and laughter.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 Thank you everyone, you've been
 such a great audience.

DEBRA WRAPAROUND # 4:

DEBRA
 Did you notice how he forgot his
 biggest trick because he didn't
 even bring it? Skippy Liberty,
 performers can be so spacey.
 Lucky for Preston I'm a "details
 person."

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE – CONTINUOUS.

THUMPING MUSIC erupts out of nowhere. Preston, who was about to depart the stage, looks around. Debra, in a sparkly Magician's Assistant dress, wheels on the PRODUCTION BOX from his house. Seeing Debra, Dancy SCOWLS. Preston overcomes his surprise.

PRESTON

Ladies and gentlemen, my lovely
and somewhat unexpected
assistant... Debra!

Debra SMILES BIG at Dancy, who stares daggers back.

DEBRA

For this trick we'll need a
gullible volunteer. Dancy?

LAUGH. DANCY'S seat-mates NUDGE her. She gets resentfully up and flounces to the stage. Preston whispers through his smile:

PRESTON

I don't have a tiger.

DEBRA

I got something better.

Dancy joins them onstage with an "impress me" look. Debra opens the LID.

PRESTON

Please confirm to the audience
that you don't know who I am...
even though I have been in your
home room for over four years.

Audience LAUGHTER. Debra and Preston open the TOP and FRONT of the BOX.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Notice that the box is completely
empty. Please step inside.

<DRUM ROLL> as Dancy climbs in. Debra shuts the lid. Preston turns the box AROUND on its casters.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 We give the Mystical Box of
 Kashmir one complete turn, and...

SFX: <TIGER GROWL>! The FRONT of the box DROPS OPEN...

Out rolls PRINCIPAL RIDGE, staggering, concussed, in his hospital gown with all his limbs and his face PAINTED. Teachers STARE. Preston GASPS in horror and looks at Debra, who smiles innocently in her ta-dah pose.

Turning UPSTAGE, Ridge BENDS over. He FARTS.

RIDGE (CONT'D)
 (still dazed)
 Doorbell! I'll get it.

A TEACHER REACTS with HORROR. Kids LAUGH + APPLAUD. Preston shakes off his own horror to LAUGH with them. He and Debra hold hands for a BOW. They're a hit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUNFORD LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Jack and Gabby enter in camo and stakeout garb. Jack pulls off his night-vision goggles. He's disappointed.

JACK
 He wasn't a criminal mastermind.

GABBY
 Just a guy who had his big banana stolen.

JACK
 ("don't forget")
 With an expired vendor's permit!

Gabby rubs Jack's arm warmly.

GABBY
 You were such a sweetie to let him off with a warning.

As they gaze in each other's eyes Gracie appears, very put-out.

GRACIE

Where've you been? I called, I
texted, I Tweeted...

Jack reaches for his cell phone. Slaps both pants pockets.

JACK

My cell phone! Where's the last
place I was hung upside-down?

They all realize at once. Jack's game: danger is his meat.

JACK (CONT'D)

We'll need my wheat suit again;
and for a diversion: Mr.
Fruitee's banana.

GABBY

I'll phone the zoo.

GRACIE

I'll get my blog camera!

They all EXIT. Debra and Preston enter, still in their show
outfits. Preston is dazed at how successful they were together.
Debra picks up one of his GUITARS.

PRESTON

We were wonderful together!

DEBRA

I knew you were good from the
moment I saw you. Big Flying Pony
Event Planning is off to a big
flying pony start!

PRESTON

You *do* know I'm not a magician,
right?

DEBRA

You're not *anything* until you try.

She hits a HORRIBLE CHORD: Thwang-ang-ang! Preston WINCES.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

See? I'm a songwriter! By the way I talked to my parents, they're transferring me to your school.

PRESTON

They're *what*?

DEBRA

I can't very well book you and your friends into arenas, stadiums and dog weddings from across town, can I? With my planning and your talents we can improve this whole town! Starting with your principal; did you see how much fun he had after he lightened-up?

Preston belatedly remembers a loose end from today:

PRESTON

Debra? What happened to Dancy?

Debra thinks... realizes she's not sure, and shrugs.

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - NIGHT

Audience long gone. A MUFFLED CRY, the FRONT of the box falls open... and Dancy rolls out like a sack of potatoes.

DANCY

Waaaaagh!

END-TITLE CARD: "BIG FLYING PONY PRODUCTIONS," with a 6-year-old's crayon drawing of a flying pony.

FADE OUT.