OVER BLACK: The lull of a child humming softly.

    MOTHER (V.O.)
    ...all there are now are Dums and
    Ragamuffins. Ragamuffins and Dums.
    One always takes. One always runs.
    (spits)
    -- Who needs ‘em?

FADE IN:

EXT. THE GRASSLANDS, JUNKYARD PARADISE - DAY

The humming continues. A single pair of feet attached to two
little Black legs walk through grass and junk.

A little arm extends toward the sunlight and in its hand it
holds a yellow toy airplane - soaring. Pure glee.

We meet TUDALOO (8, brown with a bright blue diamond painted
around his left eye. Known here as a member of the DUMS).

    TUDALOO
    FATHEA-DDDD!!!

About 10-yards ahead is a slightly larger girl scavenging
through loose heaps of junk. This is FATHEAD. Also a DUM.

The annoyed girl turns revealing a blue rectangle around her
left eye. On her head is a disco ball helmet with a skunk
tail pinned to it.

She shoots him a look as if to say “What?!”

    TUDALOO (CONT’D)
    (with an excited wave)
    Hello.

Fathead huffs and continues on her path in the trash maze
grabbing random items into her satchel (two crudely sewn
together Teddy bears and a seatbelt).

Tudaloo continues with his plane. Fathead turns a corner and
spots a big blue tarp. She peeks under it and sees a ragged
go-kart. She quickly climbs in the driver’s seat.

    TUDALOO (CONT’D)
    Share?

He extends his yellow airplane.

    FATHEAD
    Go. Away.
Tudaloo’s crushed. He turns and heads away as his sister starts the strange kart. A high-pitch squeal comes out.

Fathead winces. Tudaloo, a ways away now, stops in his tracks to cover his ears from the noise. Behind Fathead a hose shoots steam into the air followed by the loud BANG of a backfire. She scurries to turn it off.

Tudaloo takes his hands off his ears.

* CUT TO: *

In another part of the grasslands a RAGAMUFFIN SCOUT’s head darts up from the sound. He runs towards it. Others follow. *

—Back on the pathway, Tudaloo resumes playing with his plane. *

—Fathead nervously looks around fearful of what heard her. *

As Tudaloo wooshes his plane around suddenly his eyes get big. The boy is surrounded by angry warrior children.

TUDALOO
(to self)
Ragamuffins.

The Ragamuffin horde along with BRICK the battle mastiff is upon him. Their makeshift weapons pointed at him as they swarm. One holds a piece of chalk. The huge dog barks.

TUDALOO (CONT'D)
FATHEAD!!!!!!

* CUT TO: *

Fathead, still sitting in the kart, looks toward the voice.

FATHEAD
Tudaloo.

Fathead attempts to get back to her brother but he’s gone.

Tudaloo’s yellow plane sits on the ground next to dog dung and a big chalk “X” where Tudaloo once stood.

FATHEAD (CONT'D)
Ragamuffins.

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE PILES — DAY

The Ragamuffin platoon rolls Tudaloo away in the center of a tractor tire. They to march off toward a mountain range of cars and scrap metal known as Junkyard Paradise.
“Bum-bum-ka-chu-ka-chu” is the chant as they step. The little painted prisoner yells from inside the tire.

TUDALOO
FATHEADDDDDDD!!

They pay him no mind -- “Bum-bum-ka-chu-ka-chu.”

MOTHER (PRELAP)
Ragamuffins and Dums! One always takes! One always runs!

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EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE GRASSLANDS - DAY

In the middle of a large field is a rusted red phone booth. MOTHER (50s, befouled and beautiful with a red triangle on her forehead among other soot and symbols) lives inside.

A perimeter of toys and large colorful kites surround her.

She throws the contents of an overflowing waste bucket out; splashing on toys. Flies buzz everywhere.

Mother blabs away on the phone (it’s just a wooden block).

MOTHER
(spits)
-- Who needs ‘em?

Mother sees Fathead coming and slams the phone booth door.

Fathead runs up and bangs on the door. Her brother’s yellow plane in hand.

Mother talks louder on the phone. Fathead knocks harder.

Mother slides the door open; covering the phone.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hold on--
(to Fathead)
WHAT?!-

Fathead breathes heavy and holds back tears.

FATHEAD
Tu-da-looooo-

Mother recoils.

FATHEAD (CONT'D)
MOTHER
Help? HA! Good riddance. Mind
joining him?

Mother slides the door shut and continues her conversation.

Fathead digs into her satchel. She tosses everything she has
at the booth door to make Mother listen: a headless Barbie,
flashlight, a pinwheel, a book – everything but Tudaloo’s
plane... she keeps it clutched in hand. *Mother sees it.*

She pauses her conversation and slides the door open.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Hand.

Fathead shakes her head no.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You give. I give.

Still “no.” Mother nudges her along.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Well, hope they don’t eat him.
(back to her phone)
I’m telling you, Dums and
Ragamuffins. Ragamuffins and Dums-

Fathead takes off running.

INT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE OLD BOXCAR – DAY

BEMIS (11, 1 lens spectacle, covered in wrist watches and
clocks. Bemis uses a worn-out mobility device with an
*umbrella over it) looks out of a hole in the sidewall of the
boxcar at the platoon arriving with the prisoner tire.

Bemis’ face turns toward the darkness in the boxcar.

BEMIS
They’re back-

A large pair of yellow eyes glow in the shadows.

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE PILES – DAY

A dizzy Tudaloo is pulled out of the tire. He’s frisked for
any other toys.

Tudaloo looks up to see dozens of eyes from inside of the
piles of cars looking down on him.
BEMIS

_is that the last of them?_
(to Tudaloo)
You there, are you the last?

A soldier gives a “yes” nod while bringing a bucket of water.

Bemis can’t hide his glee.

A large Ragamuffin soldier, ROCK, strong for 12, holds a *Tudaloo in place. He kicks and squirms. Another soldier, TOOTS (14), dips her hand into the water pulling out a rag.

A crowd of Ragamuffins circle the spectacle.

RAGAMUFFIN CROWD
ONE OF US! ONE OF US! ONE OF US!

Tudaloo is terrified.

RAGAMUFFIN CROWD (CONT'D)
ONE OF US! ONE OF US! ONE OF US!

Toots walks up to Tudaloo with the rag still dripping. Bemis looks right into the painted blue diamond on the boy’s eye.

BEMIS
Join or challenge?

No answer. So be it.

RAGAMUFFIN CROWD
ONE OF US!

BEMIS
Repeat after me. I ain’t me. I am we. One junkyard. One Ruler. Dems da rules.

Toots then starts to scrub the diamond off the face of the squirming child. NOOOOOOOO!

BRICK barks. Everyone turns; PING Rock falls. *

They look up revealing - Fathead aiming down from high atop a stack of boxcars. Her _BOOM BAM_ in hand (a handheld catapult).

She fires again. PING another kid down. *

BEMIS (CONT'D)
You said he was the last!

Some hide, others return fire. They miss. She hits. Chaos.
Just beyond the madness, large yellow eyes peer from the shadows of the old boxcar.

In the mayhem, Tudaloo sees a Ragamuffin mini-bike across the yard. He goes for it; dodging Ragamuffins along the way as Fathead tries to cover him. BRICK chases the boy nearly catching him.

He is almost home-free when an arm reaches out and grabs him. Fathead’s freezes. Everything stops. Brick and all.

Tudaloo’s face pales as he looks – a large owl head with dirty feathers and large yellow eyes.

SUPER TITLE: THE RULER

FATHEAD
(to the Ruler)
Let him go!

The soldiers all “Hoo” at her; drowning her out. The Ruler’s scepter goes into the air. The “Hoos” cease.

RULER
He’s ours. You’re ours. 1 Family. 1 Ruler.
(beat)
No more Dums.

The soldiers start moving toward Fathead.

FATHEAD
I CHALLENGE YOU!!!

The army stops. Both Bemis and the others look to the Ruler, who stands silent still holding the boy. Fathead is defiant.

BEMIS
(to the Ruler)
You must accept - dems the rules.

The Ruler removes her owl head. Underneath is a soot-covered face with an X painted over her left eye. She resembles Fathead a bit, but she snarls through dark rotten teeth. Tudaloo shakes in fear.

RULER
Name it.

FATHEAD
(her voice trembles)
...a race.
RAGAMUFFINS
(various)
race. Race. RACE! RACE!!!

RULER
QUIET!!!!
(They hush)
If you win...

FATHEAD
He’s mine.
The Ragamuffins look to their Ruler.

RULER
You lose. You won’t be Ragamuffins-
(beat)
You won’t even be.
The Ragamuffins all do the “throat cut” gesture.
Fathead looks to her brother...

RULER (CONT’D)
WE RACE!!!
HOOS! Screams and pot beating and their race chant continues.

BEMIS
When the light rests on The Piles.
Meet at the flag.
BEMIS points to a large flag. Tattered. Black with a white owl emblazoned with an “R.” Fathead nods in agreement.
The Ruler smirks. Then hands off Tudaloo to other soldiers.

RULER
(to Bemis)
Prepare the course.
She retreats into the boxcar. Bemis forces Tudaloo inside. The door closes behind them. Fathead hightails it away.

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE GRASSLANDS - NIGHT
Fathead’s little hands bang on Mother’s phone booth. Mother opens the door.

MOTHER
 stil on phone)
Did they eat him?
Fathead is somber.

FATHEAD
Race. Please help. Please.

Mother looks at the worry on the girl’s face. Deep breath.

MOTHER
I don’t get involved.

She closes the door on Fathead and goes back to her call.
Leaving her alone.

Defeated. Fathead drops something before walking away.

Once the girl is gone, Mother looks and sees Tudaloo’s yellow plane sitting at her door.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN JUNKYARD PARADISE - NIGHT

Fathead lifts a tarp to reveal her lair. Full of treasures and trinkets of the junkyard. On the wall is a mural of all the DUMS who have fallen to the Ragamuffins. Their names crossed out. The only two left are FATHEAD & TUDALOO.

She picks up a marker ready to cross out her brother’s name. She can’t. Full of rage she grabs a wrench and runs out of her lair.

EXT. THE GRASSLANDS, JUNKYARD PARADISE - NIGHT

Fathead runs in the darkness to the familiar scene of Tudaloo’s abduction. She turns the corner and stands before the grocery kart go kart.

RAGAMUFFINS (PRE-LAP)
HOOOOOOOOOOO.

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, BOXCARS - DUSK

The Ragamuffins, some in animal masks, dance in the glow of the incinerator’s light. The Ruler watches from a throne.

Tudaloo now dressed as one of them is seated on the grass beside the throne. BRICK sits beside him.

Communal jerky is passed around. Tudaloo takes a piece.

TUDALOO
(smiling)
Good doggie-
Brick growls. Tudadoo stops smiling.

The Ruler rises.

RULER
(from behind mask)
We were all once Dums. Then we
grew. Since the Fathers and Mothers
left the first children, every
Ruler has worked to bring us
together. All of them obeyed. All
but the DUMS.

The crowd spits in unison at the mention of Dums.

RULER (CONT'D)
Tomorrow they too shall obey.

Quiet falls over the space. Tudadoo gulps.

RULER (CONT'D)
This is the end of the DUMS.

Ragamuffins erupt.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN JUNKYARD PARADISE - NIGHT

The lamp on Fathead’s helmet lights the engine as she tinkers
away. She tries the engine again...it gives a LOUD BACKFIRE
then immediately cuts off.

She screams to the moon. The Ragamuffin’s bonfire glows in
the distance.

She calms herself down and continues to work.

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE GRASSLANDS - NIGHT

Mother yaps away in the rusty red booth. Darkness surrounds.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

The kart putters along across the ocean of tires and makes it
to the waving flag that flies behind the Piles. A lone
Ragamuffin sits atop the flag pole.

A gate opens --

RAGAMUFFINS (O.S.)
(repeating)
Bum-Bum-kachu-kachu--
Ragamuffin soldiers approach. Tudaloo, in a Ragamuffin helmet, struggles to keep up. He sees Fathead; he gives a big smile and a wave. She smiles back. BRICK walks beside the Ruler, who pulls up in larger and more powerful armor and feather-covered go-kart.

**RAGAMUFFINS (CONT'D)**
Bum-Bum-kachu-kachu-

The Ruler **REVS** her engine. The Ragamuffs “Hooo.”

**BEMIS**

The Ragamuffs cheer. Tudaloo cowers.

**RAGAMUFFINS**
Dems the rules!

**BEMIS (CONT'D)**
Dems the rules.

**INTERCUT: PARTS OF JUNKYARD PARADISE**

**BEMIS (V.O.)**
You will pass the Three Tall Men-

Shot of the Dark River and oil derricks.

**BEMIS (V.O.)**
Go through the Piles.

Shot of the rows and rows of cars in The Piles.

**BEMIS (V.O.)**
Past Mother...all the way back to the Trees Past Sunshine-

Shot of Mother in the booth to a bird’s eye view of all of Junkyard Paradise ending with a Ragamuffin drawing a line in the dirt before the trees as all now surround the finish.

**BEMIS (V.O.)**
Are you ready?

Fathead looks at her brother. She turns back to the Ruler. The Ragamuffins rush to remove the Owl head.

**BEMIS**
**SEER!!**

The Ragamuffin atop the flag pole, Seer, clears his throat. He gives the war whistle. The riders take off.

**RAGAMUFFINS**
Hoooooooo! Hoooooooooo! Hooo!
The racers’ dust covers the Ragamuffins. The Ruler is a better driver and starts in the lead. Fathead struggles to hold her rickety ride together but manages to overtake Ruler on a turn. Just then she sees-

12

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THREE TALL MEN – DAY

Three overflowing oil rigs tower above.
The Ruler regains the lead. Fathead upshifts.

INTERCUT: RAGAMUFFINS / RACE
- Seer lifts a piece of red cloth overhead. Ruler is ahead.
Ragamuffins Hoo and Tudaloo blows a raspberry.

13

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE PILES – DAY

The vehicles whip around bends. Overhead is a large group of Ragamuffins atop a jungle gym looking down.

They chuck trash at Fathead. One misses and SMASHES the Ruler’s windshield with a bottle; causing her to swerve.

Fathead takes the lead.
- Seer holds up blue cloth for Fathead...they Jeer.
Ruler catches up and rams Fathead’s kart pinning it.
- Seer holds up red. Ragamuffins blow raspberries at Tudaloo.

Jagged heap of metal ahead. The Ruler tries to force Fathead to run into it. At the last moment she escapes.

The Ruler bolts ahead. Fathead speeds up into an incredible drift; passing the Ruler in the process just before heading into a tunnel.

14

EXT. JUNKYARD PARADISE, THE GRASSLANDS – DAY

Out of the tunnel, the karts cut through the tall grass towards Mother’s booth. She’s asleep. Snoring with the phone still at her ear. The karts wake her. She’s furious.

In the straightaway, the Ruler’s faster kart blows past Fathead. She upshifts and starts to gain ground when out of nowhere the Ruler breaks left revealing a rusted A/C unit sitting in the grass.
Fathead can’t turn away in time. **BOOM.** She slams into it and the kart goes airborne, somersaulting. The crash is vicious.

The Ruler speeds off.

**INTERCUT: RAGAMUFFINS / FATHEAD / THE RULER / MOTHER**

-The Seer exclaims waving red.

-Tudaloo cries. Thunderous “Hooooos!!”

-Mother looks from a distance as Fathead kicks her way out of the wreckage; hobbling towards her.

**MOTHER**

...one always takes. One always runs.

*(beat)*

Can’t run no more can ya?

Fathead’s eyes water. All is lost. Mother walks over to Fathead and kneels beside her. She places a necklace with the yellow plane as a pendant on her.

**MOTHER (CONT’D)**

So, fly- *

**TIME SLOWS for Fathead. She looks’s at Tudaloo’s plane.**

From the high vantage point of the grasslands, she sees the Ruler heading towards the finish line. She looks to Mother then to the kites that surround Mother’s phone booth.

She breathes in deep. She gathers all her strength left. *

Fathead’s little legs begin to run toward the edge and...

**FATHEAD**

*Tudaloooooono!*

She takes flight; high above the junkyard. As she soars, we see written on the kite is **FREEDUM.** Mother smirks.

**EXT. THE TREES PAST SUNSHINE – DAY**

Tudaloo looks to the golden sky and points.

**TUDALOO**

**FATHEAD!**

The Ragamuffins all look up and see her. Jaws drop.
She flies over the Piles, the boxcars, all of paradise. The Ragamuffins all watch her in the setting sun.

The Ruler sees her too.

RULER

How...

INTERCUT: FATHEAD / RAGAMUFFINS / THE RULER

-Fathead rides the wind high enough that she gets a glimpse beyond the trees, she sees something glorious.

-The Ragamuffins’ eyes are so fixed on Fathead that no one is watching Tudaloo. He pulls out a piece of the communal jerky and extends it to BRICK.

BRICK growls then...he takes the jerky and licks Tudaloo.

Tudaloo looks around. Bemis stares right at him. Tudaloo smiles then hops on the mastiff just as the Ruler crosses the finish line. Ragamuffin flock to their victorious leader - climbing all over the kart.

THE RULER

Where’s the boy?!!

Bemis points towards the Trees Past Sunshine.

-Fathead looks down to see Tudaloo riding BRICK away.

RULER

Stop them! STOP THEM! RAGAMUFFINS

Bum-bum-ka-chu-ka-chu!

As the Ruler tries to get out, the Ragamuffins dogpile her in celebration. She struggles against them.

-Fathead glides right over her brother then drops down onto BRICK’s back as he runs in full stride with Tudaloo. She pulls off the yellow airplane necklace handing it back to her brother.

TUDALOO

Fathead!

FATHEAD

We’re leaving the junkyard. I saw something beautiful.

Tudaloo smiles as they ride towards the trees.
MOTHER (V.O.)
Dums and Ragamuffins. Ragamuffins
and Dums. One always takes. And
then one refused to run.

BLACK.

THE END.