

FADE IN

It's the CLASSIC FACE CARDS from the opening frames of the original cartoons. Each fades into the next over the abducting BIG BAND TUNE.

FACE CARDS:

MINNIE MOUSE--

DONALD DUCK--

GOOFY--

DAISY DUCK--

PLUTO--

MICKEY MOUSE--

THEN FADING TO

the bird's-eye view of a classic and picturesque, 2D HAND-DRAWN suburban paradise.

EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

PAN down through the sublimely detailed, spring-time trees which shelter the street from the morning sun.

Through the pillars of tree trunks the VICTORIAN HOUSES seen in "Lady and the Tramp" align the streets.

A horse and carriage treks along one side while a 1930's milk man truck bumps on by, exhaust shooting out rhythmically.

A characteristically chipper MICKEY MOUSE sits driving the old truck down the street, passionately whistling and nodding his head to his own beat.

LADY and FRIENDS make a CAMEO, running across the street, barking at the passing truck.

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Mickey smiles and playfully honks the horn at the dogs, waving at them.

[CUE MICKEY'S FIRST SONG]

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - DAY

The milk truck parked in front of the house, Mickey whistles his way down the pathway to the front porch, a case of milk in his hand. He places it down at the front door.

MRS. DEAR

(O/S)

Thank you, Mickey!

MICKEY

Ha-ha -- Your welcome, Mrs. Dear!

Have a nice day!

Mickey waves to her and then continues whistling his way back down the path toward the truck.

INT. THE BOYS' HOUSE - DAY

The darkness made by the blinds hides the pigsty currently known as the House of Mouse... and Duck and Homeless Goof.

SNORING...Zzz--

A big black FOOT sticks up high on the armrest of the torn and aged couch. The body of the foot is wrapped in a blanket.

Coming to the landing on the staircase, DONALD DUCK stands there in a robe, his hair a mess and his face looking of sheer dread -- the duck is not a morning person. Proceeding down the rest of the steps, he rips up the blind of the window--

SUNLIGHT

beams into the room, illuminating the trash and clothing covered floors, the stains on the walls, the pizza boxes, the crushed cans and empty bottles of who-knows-what(wink)!

A CLEAR OUTLINE of the head and body under the blanket -- he rolls over, groggily groaning and dropping out a black, four-fingered arm.

DONALD

Goofy, wake up!

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CONTINUED:

Donald is angry and his deep, raspy voice expresses it clearly. He stomps over to the other window and exposes the filthy room to even more light.

Still mostly cloaked, HE rolls over once more.

DONALD (cont'd)  
It's eleven o'clock! We have to find  
jobs today!

Donald walks over to rip the blanket off of him, but it doesn't budge. He pulls again and again. And nothing. Alright, now he's got it -- not! He pulls some more and nothing. Uh-oh, now Donald is challenged and determined.

He gets his yellow little duck feet onto the armrest of the couch, pulling at the blanket with all of his might.

DONALD (cont'd)  
Wake up!

Donald pulls and pulls and pulls--

the blanket peels away from the couch like a banana, revealing a cuddled up GOOFY and sending Donald flying back in a fit of SCREAMING QUACKS--

The blanket spins around Donald, wrapping him up like a rolled cigarette and sending him crashing through the kitchen door--

OFF-SCREEN *CRASH!*

Goofy arises, his eyes just the tiniest squint open.

GOOFY  
Alright. I'm awake--

He yawns and stretches.

Goofy stands up in his boxer shorts and white tank-top shirt. He stretches some more as he walks over to the window and looks outside.

GOOFY (cont'd)  
Golly -- looks like a beautiful day  
out. I need some coffee.

Goofy turns and proceeds into--

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

Goofy enters the kitchen through the swinging door.

It's as much as a mess as the living room, only worse now that their dining table is in splinters, with Donald laying in the ruins, still wrapped in the blanket.

GOOFY

Morning!

Goofy whistles his way over to the cabinet while Donald loses it. He goes into another crazy quack-rant and begins blindly jumping all over the place behind Goofy's back.

GOOFY (cont'd)

How about some coffee--

Goofy pulls the coffee can out of the cabinet to find one little coffee bean bouncing around. The disappointment is clear in Goofy's tired face.

Meanwhile, Donald has bounced around, wrapped in that blanket, smashed into pots, pans and cabinets.

Goofy pulls the coffee bean out of the can and goes to take it like a pill--

GOOFY (cont'd)

Oh. I guess I'll need some water, too.

A COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS Goofy turns and walks toward control Donald.

The sink is filled with dirty, fly-hovering dishes. Goofy grabs a glass right from the top.

Donald bounces back through the swinging door--

OFF SCREEN *CRASH! BOOM! CRASH!*

Now free of the blanket, he comes rolling back through the swinging door like a bowling ball, spit out, his butt skidding across the kitchen floor and crashing back into the what was left of the dining table.

Goofy, still oblivious, turns the squeaky, rusty nozzle, but no water is released from the faucet.

Confused, he turns it more. SQUEAK. Then he drops the glass and tries the other one. SQUEAK. He turns that one more. SQUEAK. Then he tries both at the same time--

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SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK--

Goofy continues it over and over, Donald still laying in the pile of broken wood. The sound waves of the screechy SQUEAKS echo through Donald's head.

CLOSE UP on Donald's eyes -- they squint from the unbearable mental torture.

Donald's hands curl up. Unnerved by what Goofy is doing, he reaches for a piece of the broken wood and chucks it at his roommate.

DONALD

Stop that!

The wood SMASHES into Goofy's head and shatters into splinters. Goofy is completely unfazed by it, though he does stop turning the nozzles.

CLOSE UP on Goofy -- he turns and looks at the camera. His small black pupils are bouncing around the white of his eyeballs. He smiles like a goof.

DONALD (cont'd)

They turned the water off!

Donald pulls a note off of the refrigerator and approaches Goofy.

The note, written in perfect cursive:

Fellas,

They turned off the water. We have to pay the bill! And THE RENT!

-- Mickey

GOOFY

What's it say?

DONALD

We have to pay the bill and the rent!

GOOFY

Gee, is the rent due already?

Donald and Goofy step back over to the fridge where a pull-off calendar reads the date as December 25th.

GOOFY (cont'd)

Ha-ha -- it's Christmas!

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CONTINUED: (2)

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS--

DONALD  
No, it's not! It's--

Donald begins ripping pages off the calendar -- days and weeks and months passing by. He stops--

GOOFY  
Valentine's Day?

THE SHEET: February 14th.

CLOSE UP on Donald's bug-eyes. A THOUGHT CLOUD appears above his head, either imagining or reminiscing of Daisy, dressed in red and pink and Donald approaching her with empty hands. She pouts and points for him to go away, which he does, shamefully.

DONALD  
No! No, that passed already!

Again, Donald begins furiously tearing the pages off.

The last page to be torn off reveals the one underneath to read: JUNE 1st. In red ink, "RENT IS 6 MONTHS OVERDUE," written across it.

Donald and Goofy turn to each other.

DONALD (cont'd)  
We have to pay the bills!

GOOFY  
Well, okay.

DONALD  
We don't have any money!

GOOFY  
Well, gee... I have some money!

DONALD  
You do?

Goofy reaches into his pocket, pulls some change out and holds out his hand. In his hand is a penny, a nickle, a quarter, a rock, a little screw and some lint.

DONALD (cont'd)  
That's not enough! We need more than that! We have to get jobs.

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GOOFY  
I'll check the paper!

Goofy grabs a random newspaper, opening it and showing the cover off -- "THERE WILL BE NO JOBS IN TWO WEEKS! This Depression is a great one!" The date: 18 May, 1934.

GOOFY (cont'd)  
Ah, here's some jobs!

In a fit of quacking, Donald rips it from Goofy's hands and tears it to shreds right in front of him.

Goofy stares blankly at Donald.

DONALD  
There are no jobs! It's a depression!