

UNCLE GRANDPA

"DISH WARS" / "SAD MOVIES"

Television Spec Script
Animation / Comedy

Written by
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Complete unproduced spec writing sample based on the animated television series Uncle Grandpa.

ACT ONE (DISH WARS)

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN PLAIN - DAY

In the middle of a deserted field, GUS holds UNCLE GRANDPA parallel to the ground, gripping him by the back of his shirt and the seat of his pants.

GUS

You sure you want to go through with this?

UNCLE GRANDPA

Ummm... absolutely. Besides what's the worst that could happen?

PIZZA STEVE

For starters, you and Gus will have to treat me and Giant Realistic Flying Tiger to unlimited kiddie rides at the supermarket.

GIANT REALISTIC FLYING TIGER lets out a big, confident ROAR while Uncle Grandpa and Gus give each other the "Confident Look."

GUS

Ready when you are.

UNCLE GRANDPA

On my count.

Pizza Steve puckers his lips, ready to yell.

UNCLE GRANDPA

One... two... THREE!

Gus FLINGS! Uncle Grandpa as hard as he can, while--

PIZZA STEVE

UNCLE GRANDPA!!!

Like a speeding bullet, Uncle Grandpa rockets through the air. Behind him, Pizza Steve's shouted words -- "UNCLE GRANDPA!" -- materialize as giant 3-D letters and race after him. Uncle Grandpa pulls ahead, but the words are closing in fast--

INT. BROWN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

JASON, 12, short, fat, brace-faced and sharp-toothed, stands over a sink piled high with dirty dishes. He stares at the mess as bubbles rise and POP.

MOM (O.S.)

You can't watch the game on TV until you are done with the dishes.

JASON

BUT MOM!

MOM (O.S.)

No buts.

The bubbling sounds become louder and more frequent.

JASON

(to himself)

I hate doing dishes. I'm never going to get these done in time to watch the game.

BANG! Jason jumps at the sound. He looks over as UNCLE GRANDPA'S head suddenly bursts through the wall.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Gooooood Morning!!!

The rest of the wall crumbles around him as Uncle Grandpa tumbles into the kitchen. Through the opening, Jason sees Gus, Pizza Steve, and Giant Realistic Flying Tiger running back toward the RV.

JASON

Ummm... who are you? And what are they doing?

UNCLE GRANDPA

(looking back)
I'm your Uncle Grandpa and they are totally abandoning me. Mister Gus bet Pizza Steve that he could throw me faster than the speed of sound...

An arm suddenly sprouts from Uncle Grandpa's chin, grabs Jason's hand and shakes it repeatedly.

UNCLE GRANDPA

...And on my travels, I overheard you having problems with washing dishes, so I've decided to lend you an extra hand.

The hand breaks free from Uncle Grandpa's chin. Jason SCREAMS and drops it. The hand hits the floor, flips onto its fingers and crawls away.

UNCLE GRANDPA

I guess you couldn't HANDLE that. Looks like we are going with plan number two.

JASON

What's plan number two, Uncle Grandpa? I'm never going to get done in time to watch the game.

UNCLE GRANDPA

I am going to teach you how to be one with the dishes. You are going to learn how to conquer them.

JASON

What?

UNCLE GRANDPA

Look closely at the sink and repeat after me.

They both stare intensely at the bubbling sink.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Sink... I am your master...

JASON

Sssink... I am your master...

The bubbles suddenly stop. Jason and Uncle Grandpa stare at the sink, but a moment later, it BUBBLES even harder.

JASON

That didn't work. I think you made it worse.

UNCLE GRANDPA

... Which brings me to my third and final plan. It'll take some serious bravery to pull this one off.

JASON

But I don't want to miss the game.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Then we better hurry. But before we go, we need to take these.

Uncle Grandpa reaches into Belly Bag's mouth, pulls out three pieces of candy and tosses one to Jason.

JASON

(eats candy)

What's this? This tastes weird.

Jason BURPS!, releasing a bubble that expands around his face.

UNCLE GRANDPA

It's your breathing apparatus. We better hurry.

Jason looks confused as he suddenly begins to SHRINK. Uncle Grandpa scoops him up and drops him into the sink, then eats another piece of candy and hands the last one to Belly Bag.

BELLY BAG

Not again.

Uncle Grandpa and Belly Bag BURP in unison--

INT. MAGICAL SINK - CONTINUOUS

A full-blown WAR rages between the dish clans. Plates, bowls, cups and utensils fire chunks of dirt and grime at one another as Jason slowly floats toward the bottom, dodging the filthy ammunition.

JASON

(to himself)

So this is why it takes forever to wash dishes. They become even dirtier inside of the sink, then what they were before they went in.

Uncle Grandpa floats down beside him.

JASON

What's going on? Why are they doing this? I'm scared...

UNCLE GRANDPA

I'm scared too, I didn't expect this.

Jason and Uncle Grandpa hurry toward a quiet corner where knives, forks and spoons lie motionless. As they approach, the UTENSILS suddenly spring to life, ready to attack. They panic and swim toward the opposite side of the sink.

There! a BENT SPOON, a FORK missing several tines and a SPORKIE emerge from a pile of leftover food.

FORK

Hey! Over here! It's safe.

Uncle Grandpa and Jason exchange a look, shrug and swim toward the odd-looking utensils.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Thank you guys for helping.

JASON

What's going on here?

FORK

It's a war between the dish clans. The Plates and Bowls are the strongest, and the Cups aren't far behind. Us Utensils are considered the weakest because we're small and stuck at the bottom.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Why aren't you guys with your army?

SPOON

We've been cast out because of our deformities.

Uncle Grandpa and Jason look at the Bent Spoon and Fork's missing tines.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Oh, I see.

SPOON

We chose to stay here so we could raise our son...
Sporkie.

Sporkie waves.

SPORKIE

Hi, guys.

Jason leans toward Uncle Grandpa.

JASON

(whispering)

We have to help them. We have to bring all these dishes together.

UNCLE GRANDPA

(whispering)

How do you suppose we do that?

They stare at each other, clueless.

JASON

(whispering)

I don't know, Uncle Grandpa.

The Odd Utensil Family overhears them.

FORK

Why does it matter, when our kind doesn't even listen to us. What makes you think the whole sink will listen to you?

Uncle Grandpa and Jason exchange a lost look.

JASON

(to Uncle Grandpa)
Anything?

UNCLE GRANDPA

Nope, I'm stumped. I don't know what we can do.

JASON

But you're supposed to have the answers.

Uncle Grandpa puts his hand on his chin to think of a plan.

UNCLE GRANDPA

How' bout we all hold hands and sing Kum'baya?

The Odd Utensil Family gives him a weird look.

UNCLE GRANDPA

OK... How a-bout we all play a friendly game of Marco Polo?

The family grows irritated.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Hmm... How' bout we sit around the drain and tell ghost stories?

That does it. Sporkie's head suddenly SWELLS to monstrous proportions.

SPORKIE

NO! NO! NO!!!

The force of Sporkie's voice BLASTS Uncle Grandpa's head off. Jason catches it and quickly shoves it back onto Uncle Grandpa's shoulders. The entire sink falls silent as the Plates, Bowls, Cups and Utensils turn toward the furious Sporkie.

SPORKIE

I demand to be heard!!!

His parents exchange surprised looks.

SPORKIE

Enough is enough! Jason and I think it's time for everyone to come together and stop fighting.

Jason peeks out from behind Uncle Grandpa.

JASON

Yeah! What he said!

SPORKIE

The Plate and Bowl Tribe, the Cup Clan and the Utensil Gang need to come together as one.

(whispers to Jason)

I'm running out of things to say... come say something.

Jason inches forward.

JASON

Yeah! The less time you spend fighting, the less time you'll spend in this sink. Then you can get back to your rightful homes in the cabinets. Don't you all agree?

A PLATE floating above the crowd finally speaks up.

PLATE

Can't we all just get along?

The Plates, Cups, Bowls and Utensils erupt in cheers.

DISHES

Yes, we can! Yes, we can!

The different clans come together, apologizing and celebrating as the war finally comes to an end. The Utensils approach Sporkie and his parents as Sporkie's head shrinks back to normal size.

KNIFE

Thank you. Without you, we would still be at war.

SPORKIE

No problem... does that mean we're accepted?

KNIFE

I have something even better. How about we elect you the new gang leader?

The Utensils erupt in applause, chanting Sporkie's name. Sporkie immediately soaks up the attention, winking at the other young utensils while his parents watch.

FORK

(whispers to the spoon)

We've created a monster.

Sporkie turns and gives his parents a thumbs-up.

FORK

Go, Sporkie! Good job, son!

Uncle Grandpa and Jason prepare to leave.

UNCLE GRANDPA

Whelp, guess it's our time to go. You did good, Jason.

JASON

Thanks, Uncle Grandpa.

They swim toward the surface, waving goodbye.

UNCLE GRANDPA

(to the dishes)

Bye, Plates! Bye, Saucers! Bye, Steak Knives! Bye, Soup Spoons! Bye, Teaspoons! Bye, Plastic Cups! Bye--

BELLY BAG

Okay! Okay! We get it!

Sporkie waves from below.

SPORKIE

SEE YOU LATER, BUDDY!!!

INT. BROWN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The dishes are clean and sparkling in the dry rack.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason is sitting down on the couch watching the game.

JASON

Mom! I'm done washing dishes, and I'm watching the game now!

MOM (O.S.)

That fast? If I check and they aren't clean you're gonna be in deep--

JASON

MOM!!!

MOM (O.S.)

OK, Jason I trust you... enjoy the game.

Jason kicks back on the couch, hands behind his head, while Sporkie lies on the cushion next to him.

JASON

(to the Sporkie)

Bet you can't name the starting nine in under five seconds.

Jason stares at the Sporkie for a response....nothing happens.

JASON

Okay, I'll go first.

(takes deep breathe then says fast)

Collins-Baker-Mills-Cosby-Lee-Newton-Washington-Wright-Pollard!

Jason GASPS for air after saying all the names in one breath.

JASON

(to sporkie)

Can you top that? Thought so. I win.

Still no response.

JASON

Awww, don't be such a bad SPORK about it.

Jason cracks up until Sporkie suddenly makes the same HIDEOUS MONSTER FACE he made in the sink earlier. Jason freezes.

JASON

Just kidding. You win.

Meanwhile, Jason's mom comes downstairs for a glass of water. She steps into the kitchen and FREEZES at the sight of the broken wall.

MOM (O.S.)

Ahh! What the F#\$K, Jason?! What happened to the wall?!

Sporkie's head SHRINKS even smaller than its original size.

SPORKIE

This is on you, bro.

END OF ACT

ACT TWO/SHORT: "SAD MOVIES"

INT. UNCLE GRANDPA'S RV - DAY

Uncle Grandpa lounges on the couch watching TV. Gus, Pizza Steve and Giant Realistic Flying Tiger stroll in, each enjoying an ice cream cone.

UNCLE GRANDPA

GOOOOD MORNING!

PIZZA STEVE

What's happening, Uncle Grandpa?

UNCLE GRANDPA

Oh, nothing. I'm just watching one of my favorite movies, "The Scrapbook."

GUS

Is that the super sad romantic movie that girls love?

Giant Realistic Flying Tiger lets out an excited ROAR!

UNCLE GRANDPA

Yep, I just started watching... wanna watch?

Giant Realistic Flying Tiger ROARS again and hops onto the couch beside Uncle Grandpa. Pizza Steve and Gus exchange uneasy looks, then shrug.

GUS

I'm not sure if I'll like this, but... I guess I'll watch it.

PIZZA STEVE

(sarcastic)

Yay! The super sad movie.

LATER

The four are glued to the TV, eyes wide, completely invested.

UNCLE GRANDPA

This is my favorite part.

Uncle Grandpa's eyes begin to water. Suddenly, a HAND sprouts from his chin, reaches up and SNATCHES a tear from his eye.

Uncle Grandpa freezes, as another hand sprouts from his chin.

UNCLE GRANDPA

OH NOOO!!!

Gus, Pizza Steve and Giant Realistic Flying Tiger's eyes begin to water too.

UNCLE GRANDPA

GUARD YOUR EYES!!

They slap their hands over their eyes as MORE HANDS sprout from Uncle Grandpa's chin, clawing and grabbing for their tears.

PIZZA STEVE

What do we do?

UNCLE GRANDPA

I DON'T KNOW!!!

More and more hands multiply until the RV is SWARMING with them.

GUS

How 'bout we change it to something funny?!

UNCLE GRANDPA

That's a good idea, Gus!

Giant Realistic Flying Tiger ROARS in agreement as Uncle Grandpa digs through the sea of hands for the remote.

PIZZA STEVE

Hurry, Uncle Grandpa! I can't guard my eyes much longer! This movie won't let me stop crying!

Uncle Grandpa finally finds the remote and CLICKS! The channel changes to a comedy show. Everyone's tears instantly dry up.

POOF! POOF! POOF! The hands disappear one by one until the last one POPS out of existence.

Everyone slowly uncovers their eyes.

GUS

That was close. I didn't know how that was going to turn out.

Uncle Grandpa looks at the TV, then turns to everyone else.

UNCLE GRANDPA

No wonder I haven't watched that movie in so long...

He points back toward the TV.

UNCLE GRANDPA

It's a real TEAR JERKER!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END