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The Flintstones

By Jim Jennewein

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SLATE QUARRY -DAY 1

FRED FLINTSTONE, archetypical Everyman, sits atop his faithful heavy-equipment dinosaur, cranking the winch that makes the mighty beast rip and tear into the quarry wall.

2 THE QUARRY FOREMAN 2

looks down at his wristwatch. Well... actually, it's a wrist sundial. And it's magic time... quittin' time... Millerock time!

Now the foreman turns from his watch to a steam whistle bird, and yanks its tail. The BIRD SQUAWKS the end of the workday -3

ANOTHER ANGLE 3

FRED :

YABBA DABBA DO --!

Fred happily discards his hard hat, leaps out of the canvas-roofed cab on the dino's back, slides down the tail and bounces right into the seat of his stone and timber car! He gets up to a running start with the only motor (his feet), slows to allow a "time clock" dinosaur to punch his stone timecard, and then he's trotting back up to speed and out of the gate! MUSIC comes UP and OVER -MUSIC

(V.O.)

'Flintstones,

Meet the Flintstones,

They're a modern

Stone age fam-i-ly --'

--And so forth, as for the first time in "his-tor-y" we see the Flintstones' OPENING CREDITS live!

4 TIGHT ON A MAILBOX 4

reading "FLINTSTONE." We WIDEN as Fred SKIDS to a halt in the driveway of his three-bedroom ranch cave. A moment later, WILMA and PEBBLES run out --both looking just like they should --and get into the car. A beat behind them are the Flintstone pets, Dino and the saber-toothed cat.

Fred pauses, looks around... HONKS his HORN... BARNEY, BETTY and BAM-BAM come out of the neighboring house, hop in!

(CONTINUED)

2.

4 CONTINUED:

Fred's feet slap on the street as the car starts
up -

MUSIC (V.O.)

'From the

Town of Bedrock

They're a page right

Out of his-tor-y --'

5 DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATRE -DUSK 5

Fred and company pull in. He takes a giant sea shell
"speaker" off of its wooden stand and hooks it to his
car door. He leans over, puts his arm around Wilma.

(In the back seat, Dino pops his head up, tearing through
the canvas top.) Dino picks up Pebbles and Bam-Bam and
puts them on his head for a better view. CAMERA ZOOMS IN
ON the drive-in screen and the words that America has
waited twenty-five years to see in 70mm Dolby(TM) drop-
your-popcorn reality:

THE FLINTSTONES:

And as the MAIN CREDITS ROLL, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

6 AN EERIE CARBONIFEROUS FOREST -DAWN 6

Dew drips from strange multi-leafed plants. Giant
DRAGONFLIES BUZZ AND HUM to and fro. Bubbles rise from
a still pond, and weird lungfish move onto the land.

(The third one out carries a little suitcase.)

CAMERA PANS PAST the lungfish TO a muddy shore. With a
DRAMATIC MUSICAL STING, we DISCOVER a set of strange,
hideous clawprints. The CAMERA FOLLOWS these, then
WIDENS to reveal the make of these footprints: A seven-
foot tall and fearful beast we will call the Xenosaurus.
It looks around menacingly. (Oddly, it's carrying a
canvas sack, but we don't stress this.)

Suddenly a garbage truck appears out of nowhere and runs
over the Xenosaurus.

7 NEW ANGLE 7

Dazed, the Xenosaurus gets up. As it does, we realize
that we aren't deep in some primeval forest, but on the
shoulder of a gravel highway. A stone road sign reads
BEDROCK 1/2 MILE. ROCK VEGAS, BABYLON & EDEN NEXT THREE

EXITS. Now, the CAMERA CRANES UP ABOVE the sign and we see --Bedrock!

(CONTINUED)

3.

7 CONTINUED:

Nestled incongruously in a savage landscape, the charming protosuburbia gleams in the dawn's early Spielberg light. The Xenosaurus grabs its sack and some silverware spills out. Then it runs off into the bushes and out of sight.

8 WITH THAT GARBAGE TRUCK 8

It reaches the crest of a hill where there's a "WELCOME TO BEDROCK" billboard which bears greetings from the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and (of course) The Loyal Order of Water Buffaloes. The garbage truck guys drop their feet down through the floorboard and trot over the rise, coast down to the street below. The driver yanks a wooden brake and the truck stops, and the rear guys hop off. One of them waves to -

9 A MILKMAN 9

who returns the wave, then takes a four-pack of stone bottles out of his milk truck, heads towards a doorway. As the milkman drops off the milk, he passes a big TORTOISE with trash cans on its back. The Tortoise nods familiarly to the milkman, then it waddles down the curb, CAMERA FOLLOWING. The garbage men take the cans off the Tortoise's back, dump them into the truck.

10 REAR OF TRUCK 10

--revealing that the back of the truck is actually a giant-jawed CREATURE strapped onto the chassis. The garbage men dump the cans into its maw... it happily swallows the works, licks its lips, BELCHES.

11 BACK TO SCENE 11

The garbagemen slam the cans back on the Tortoise, who winces as they drive off.

TORTOISE:

(under his breath)

You can forget about a tip for Christmas...

It waddles back up the lawn... passing by a wooden "lawn timer" box which now pops open.

Inside the box is a "ROOSTERSAURUS" which CROWS and flaps its wings. The motion of the wings knocks loose two

round stones which roll down two long troughs a la Rube Goldberg...

4.

12 FOLLOWING THE ROUND STONES 12

They reach the ends of their respective paths, dislodging a stick... that releases a coiled rope which in turn spins a turntable which holds a little wooly mammoth. As it begins to spin around, it squirts water out of its snout.

Elsewhere on the lawn, other spinning MAMMOTHS repeat this performance. After a moment, they gradually slow their revolutions. The one closest to the house scrunches its trunk with a GROAN.

LITTLE MAMMOTH :

(sotto)

Oh, my aching sinuses...

13 INT. FLINTSTONES' BEDROOM -DAY 13

WIDEN FROM the windowsill, where a little sea shell hearing aid trumpet AMPLIFIES another ROOSTERSAURUS "COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO" into the ear of a "CLOCK RADIO WOODPECKER." The Woodpecker yawns, gets out of bed, puts a timecard in a little clock. Then it turns and begins pecking on a BELL, which RINGS PIERCINGLY.

14 INT. BEDROOM -NEW ANGLE 14

Two shapes are visible under the bedclothes: One is a great SNORING bulge, the other is a svelte and lithe shape. As the BELL continues RINGING, the larger bulge GRUNTS, MOANS, pulls a pillow over its head, and then finally gropes under the bed for a slipper. The slipper is thrown without aiming -

15 THE WOODPECKER 15

ducks just in time. It wipes its forehead nervously.

RADIO WOODPECKER

(sotto)

I hate this job... There's not even a health plan...

He staggers back up to his perch, and then notices for the first time that the dial on the side is pointed not to "ALARM" but to "ALARM & RADIO." The WOODPECKER SIGHS, looks over at the bed where SNORING is still emanating. Then the bird swings a little telescope around to point out the window.

16 WOODPECKER'S TELESCOPE -IRIS SHOT 16

as the 'SCOPE PANS and FOCUSES, finally SETTLING ON a distant stone building marked RADIO STATION B-ROK.

(CONTINUED)

5.

16 CONTINUED:

Perched on top of the wooden radio tower are a monkey and an octopus. The monkey holds up cue cards which the octopus reads, and then waves nautical semaphore flags.

17 BACK TO SCENE 17

Our WOODPECKER squints, CLEARS his THROAT.

RADIO WOODPECKER

(deeper "on-air" voice)

Good morning, Bedrock. This is station B-R-O-K with the morning weather and news...

18 IN THE BED 18

The big bulge GRUNTS and MUTTERS a bit, then one hand gropes around, finds the curvaceous form under the neighboring covers... feels it tentatively... then the fingers "walk" upwards...

RADIO WOODPECKER (O.S.)

It will be fair and mild through the weekend, continuing for the next eight hundred years, followed by cooling breezes and a protracted ice age...

Those walking fingers have reached the top edge of the covers... now they pull them down revealing the owner's face... the face of Fred, his eyes at half-mast, his face covered in fashionable "Bedrock Vice" stubble.

FRED :

(with genuine charm)

Wil-ma. Wil-ma? How about a great big good morning kiss for your Freddy-weddy?

And he pulls the covers down to reveal --DINO, who is immediately "YI-YI-YI-YI-ING," hopping all over the bed and showering Fred with sloppy kisses.

Dino!

FRED :

Dino, cut it out --!

RADIO WOODPECKER (O.S.)

In the news, Bedrock civic and business leaders met yesterday to discuss the growing kibble crisis.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6.

18 CONTINUED:

RADIO WOODPECKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ecological activist Ralph Naderock warned that if new supplies of kibble are not found, our animal-powered civilization itself may be threatened.

By now Dino's affection attack has knocked both master and pet to the floor in a jumble of bedclothes, asses and elbows. Dino begins to roll Fred across the room like a seal playing with a ball.

FRED :

Dino, that's enough --here, look, Daddy has a nice dino bone for you, just please stop it -

Fred has now backed up to a dresser, where he grabs a brightly-colored box labeled "PURINROCK DINO TREATS." Fred holds it up --Dino gets up on two legs, eager for the treat --Fred shakes the box... alas, nothing comes out.

DINO "YI-YI'S" again, propelling Fred into the next room.

19 INT. FLINTSTONE KITCHEN -DAY 19

Five-year-old PEBBLES GIGGLES at the table as Fred and Dino tumble into the room like Frank Buck and a lion. Wilma turns at the noise. One look at her and we understand Fred's romantic turn.

RADIO WOODPECKER (O.S.)

In other news, Bedrock police report that the Xenosaurus has struck again! Yes, the fiercesome intruder was sighted in the Bedrock Hills for the third time this month. Outlying shops and residencies report extensive looting and property destruction...

WILMA :

Fred, stop playing with Dino and sit down. Your breakfast's getting cold.

Saying this, Wilma puts a huge egg at Fred's place. Meanwhile, Fred manages to get to his feet, holds out one arm to keep Dino at bay. Fred does a big "take," looking out the window -

(CONTINUED)

7.

19 CONTINUED:

FRED :

(throwing open the door)

Oooh, Dino, look --there's a nice big dino bone laying out on the front lawn --!

Pause.

yeah?"

Dino gives him a big look as if to say, "Oh,

FRED :

(trying again)

--Gosh, look at that adorable little female dino -

"YI-YI-YI-YI," DINO is out the door like a rocket. Fred cackles, slams it shut, then sits down at the table.

FRED :

--That animal's gonna kill me with kindness. Do you know we're out of dino treats?

WILMA :

So is everybody else in Bedrock. That kibble crisis is getting worse every day.

She puts two giant slices of bread into a toaster. Two claw-like devices hold the toast, pulling it out of sight.

WILMA :

I'm afraid Dino's going to have to
manage on leftovers from Pebbles
and me.

FRED :

(sitting down)
And what's wrong with my leftovers?

WILMA :

I'll let you know when I see
some.

RADIO WOODPECKER (O.S.)

(finishing up)

... Scientists from B.C.

University report that the
footprints of the Xenosaurus match
no known animal.

(CONTINUED)

8.

19 CONTINUED:

PEBBLES :

Mommy, is the bad Ze-ze-zenosaurus
gonna get me and eat me up?

WILMA :

Of course not, baby.

FRED :

That's right, sweetheart. The
only thing that's gonna eat you
up is --me!
And he grabs her and bites her and tickles her.

PEBBLES :

(giggling, calming)
I'm still a little scared...

FRED :

Pebbles, don't worry. These
stories are very exaggerated.
Like, you know, the boogyman?

There's no such thing as a huge,
inhuman reptile that attacks
without warning -

WHAM! Dino reappears, bounding through the window
and knocking Fred onto the floor. Once again Dino is
happily licking and loving and cuddling his callously
unresponsive owner. Fred struggles to avoid the
slurping tongue, pulls himself up to the window sill,
looks out.

FRED :

--Oh, look, everybody, the mailman
is here -

"YI-YI-YI-YI!" DINO buys it again, runs to the door,
lets himself out. This time Fred puts a chair against
the door.

Meanwhile, Wilma turns at the sound of the TOASTER
POPPING UP. We see that the "claws" we saw earlier were
the actual claws of a LOBSTER in a little fireproof suit
who is tucked inside the toaster. As Wilma takes the
toast, the Lobster blows on his claws, wincing, then
looks TOWARDS the CAMERA.

LOBSTER :

Well, it beats working in a
seafood restaurant...

(CONTINUED)

9.

19 CONTINUED:

FRED :

(taking the toast)

Thanks, Wilma...

Fred slaps jelly on the toast, takes a big bite, and then
something outside the window catches his eye.

20 HIS POV -STREET 20

A paperboy on a wood-and-stone bicycle is coming rapidly
towards the house. In the bike's basket is a stack of
dried, rock-hard clay tablets.

21 BACK TO SCENE 21

Fred leans out the window, waving his hands.

FRED :

Arnold! Arnold! Don't aim at
the house --please, not at the
house -

WHAM! Fred ducks back just as the stone newspaper slams
into the window frame, SMASHING a FLOWERPOT, taking out
a chunk of wall, and continuing diagonally through the
kitchen and out another window. Fred follows this
action in time to see -

22 HIS DRIVEWAY -THROUGH THE OTHER WINDOW 22

The rock paper drops like a foul shot, rips through the
canvas roof of Fred's car, and then bangs a huge dent
in the hood.

23 BACK TO SCENE 23

Fred sighs, turns back to his breakfast.

WILMA :

Lucky it wasn't the Sunday paper.

FRED :

(slight smile)

Yeah. What else can go wrong?

He slices through the big egg with his knife --releasing
a baby PTERODACTYL which SQUAWKS and flaps, knocking Fred
over as it takes off through the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. FLINTSTONE DRIVEWAY -LATER 24

Fred --now dressed for work --is forlornly trying to
fix his car.

(CONTINUED)

10.

24 CONTINUED:

In the neighboring driveway, Wilma and Betty pile the
kids into Betty's car.

BETTY:

(wiping their mouths)

Come on, kids. Time for nursery
school.

PEBBLES :

'Bye-bye, Daddy.

FRED :

'Bye, little sweetheart.

(as Wilma clears
her throat)

'Bye, big sweetheart.

Fred kisses them both and they drive off. Fred sighs,
tries to stretch the canvas roof edges close enough to
stitch. Nearby, Dino struggles to drag the stone newspaper
inside the house. The twin headlines are, of
course, KIBBLE CRISIS GROWS and MYSTERIOUS XENOSAURUS
STRIKES AGAIN.

Suddenly a pink flamingo appears over the hedge. As its
mouth opens and closes, it appears to be talking, but
the voice is that of -

BARNEY :

Nice morning, huh, Fred?

FRED :

What's nice about it?

BARNEY :

Heh, hey. That Arnold's got a
real arm on him, don't he?

Now we see that Barney is holding the flamingo's stiff
legs which he scissors, making the bird's beak trim the
hedge.

FRED :

This is the third ragtop this year
... say, shouldn't you be at work?

BARNEY :

Ah, well, that appliance store and
me, we kinda had a little
adjustment -

FRED :

You got fired, didn't ya?
(CONTINUED)

11.

24 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

Fred, don't start on me again. I donno, I'm just not a nine to five guy. I got dreams, Fred. Ideas -

FRED :

Yeah, I know, I know, those crazy inventions of yours. Be honest with me, Barn... tell me one thing you invented that really caught on.

BARNEY :

I invented fire.

FRED :

(pause)

You invented fire?

BARNEY :

I told you that, Fred. But the coal conglomerate ripped me off. The case is still in court, but meanwhile I got lotsa other ideas -

FRED :

Yeah, but did any one of them ever put bread on the table? How long are you and Betty gonna live on those penny-ante royalties you get?

Fred pulls his car hood off of its wooden hinges, examines it with dismay.

FRED :

If you ask me, pal, you're just blowing smoke up your own volcano...

BARNEY :

Maybe, Fred. But first...

He uses the flamingo's jaws to snatch the car hood

from Fred's surprised grasp.

BARNEY :

Let me try some of that smoke on
your car.

CUT TO:

12.

25 INT. BARNEY'S GARAGE/WORKSHOP -DAY 25

We can still see Fred's car in the neighboring driveway.
(We can also see Dino, who drags the newspaper on a
bit more, then collapses from exhaustion).

Barney's garage is cluttered with all kinds of odds and
ends, plus various inventions and scale models in
different stages of completion. (Interestingly, a
number of these anticipate Leonardo da Vinci's work).
Many of the models are made of a strange celadon green
material.

Fred watches, skeptical, as Barney presses the car hood
into some soft clay between two big blocks of stone.

BARNEY:

(as he works)

--See, the first step, we make
a mold of the old car hood, smooth
out the dent in the clay -

He tosses the original car hood aside with a crash.

Then, moving rapidly, he starts heaving a variety of
ingredients into the reverse imprint of the car hood.

BARNEY :

--Add some lava granules... some
woca leaves... juice from two
coo-coo berries...

FRED:

(impressed)

Two coo-coo berries? You made of
money, Barney?

BARNEY :

Anything for a pal, Fred --a
lump of coal... bamboo sawdust...
eucalyptus sap... a touch of the

La Brea tarbrush --and --voila.

Barney dips a finger in this mess, "tastes" it; satisfied, he yanks on a hanging rope and a giant rock weight slams down on the whole mess, making Fred jump out of his skin.

26 NEW ANGLE 26

Fred is caked with dust. He coughs and spits.

FRED :

Barney, why don't you try inventing a brain for yourself! Look at what you did to -

(CONTINUED)

13.

26 CONTINUED:

He stops as Barney cranks up the weight on a ratchet, proudly lifts out a perfect (though greenish) duplicate of the car hood. As Fred examines it, impressed despite himself, we...

CUT TO:

27 BETTY'S CAR -TRAVELING 27

The two kids are in the back seat. Somehow both of the kids' faces are messy again. Working together with beautiful precision, they are carefully dismantling the rear armrests and door handles.

BETTY :

(in mid-speech,
driving)

... Oh, it's not that I'm complaining, Wilma. I mean, Barney's sweet, but... well, he's just not cut out to punch a clock. And he's such a dreamer, you think he ever once picked up a hammer and chisel and tried to balance a checkbook?

They pull up in front of a pleasant-looking simple little nursery school. MRS. GRANITE, a pleasant-looking 65, sees them from the schoolyard, waves while Wilma and Betty unload the kids.

BETTY:

No, Barney just keeps looking for
that coo-coo berry pie in the sky,
and I don't want to pop his balloon
by talking about the price of
mastodon ribs.

She wipes off Bam-Bam's mouth with a handkerchief. Wilma
does the same with Pebbles and then they kiss the kids,
who immediately run into the schoolyard.

MRS. GRANITE

(approaching)

Mrs. Rubble, Mrs. Flintstone, I
wanted to thank you personally.

BETTY:

You're welcome, Mrs. Granite. But
we wipe their mouths every day.

MRS. GRANITE

No, no, I mean for all your wonderful
support the past few years. It's
parents like you that make me think
twice about retiring.

(CONTINUED)

14.

27 CONTINUED:

From the schoolyard comes the sudden sound of KIDS QUARRELING
and then a THUD and some CRYING.

MRS. GRANITE

On the other hand...

Wilma and Betty laugh.

WILMA :

We're really going to miss you,
too, Mrs. Granite.

MRS. GRANITE

Have you found another school for
the children?

BETTY :

We're still shopping around.

WILMA :

Fortunately, we're both -Wilma
and Betty straighten... salute.

WILMA & BETTY

(they've done this
routine before)

--Professional shoppers!

As the three women laugh, we...

CUT TO:

28 EXT. BEDROCK STREET -TRAVELLING -DAY 28

Fred and Barney drive along. (Behind them, the same
houses and palms seem to be going by... duplex, palm...
split level, two palms... duplex, palm).

Barney grins, gestures towards the front of the car.

BARNEY :

Not bad, eh? After it cures for an
hour or so, it's solid as a rock.

FRED :

Okay, you fixed a dented hood. But
you call that a living? Face it,
pal, this is the Stone Age, and it's
a dino eat dino world. You want my
advice?

Did I ever?

BARNEY :

(CONTINUED)

15.

28 CONTINUED:

FRED :

You stick with me today, cruise on
down to the quarry and fill out a
job application. I'm a big man
there, Barney -

BARNEY :

You're a big man anywhere, Fred -

FRED :

I'm serious, pal. Me and Mr. Slate
are just like this -

He takes his hand off the wheel to hold up two fingers...

ends up swerving instead.

FRED :

--just like that. I know, I know
--you're not a clock-punching guy
--but face it, Barney --it's time
to grow up and put your nose to the
grindstone, batten down the hatches
and join the ratasaurus race with
the rest of us.

(meaningfully)

It's time to retire those dreams.

Barney looks glum, doesn't say anything. Suddenly Fred
pulls over, stops the car.

FRED :

Barney. Look.

29 WIDE SHOT 29

They're at the crest of a high wide hill.

BARNEY :

Hey. Lava Lane.

FRED :

Remember the old days, Barn? We
used to race our go-carts here to
impress the girls.

BARNEY:

(wistful)

Yeah, those were the days... we
usta dream about coming back here
some day with a real car and goin'
for the goldrock...!

A look from one to another, and then down the hill...

Fred gets a malicious grin on his face.

(CONTINUED)

16.

29 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

Fred... I thought you said it was
time to retire those old dreams.

FRED :

Hey. Since when do I have to be consistent?

The two pals laugh, and then with a whoop they begin pedalling like mad. They go over the top, gravity takes over and they are flying past that billboard with all the Rotary Club welcomes on it. But now we see a different sort of welcome, as a POLICE CAR ZOOMS out from behind it.

30 POLICE CAR -CLOSER 30

Inside are SERGEANT FELDSPAR and his rookie partner, OFFICER GRAVEL. Cackling with anticipation, Feldspar opens a box marked radar detector. Out pops a little bird in a police helmet. It has a stopwatch (actually, stop-sundial) around its neck. Feldspar points --the bird salutes --takes off!

31 FRED AND BARNEY 31

BARNEY :

(spotting the cops)

Oh-oh! Fred, slow down --!

Suddenly both Fred and Barney see the RADAR BIRD flying alongside them. It checks its stopwatch, writes a note to itself. Fred is so preoccupied he doesn't notice as -

32 THE POLICE CAR 32

cuts in front of Fred. Fred SLAMS on the "BRAKES," sits helplessly as Feldspar gets out, walks over, grinning.

FELDSPAR :

Well, Flintstone, looks like today's the day.

FRED :

Sergeant Feldspar, I... I wasn't speeding... honest...

Fred reaches down to the floorboard as he speaks...

33 ANGLE ON FLOORBOARD 33

There's a box there marked RADAR BUSTER.

(CONTINUED)

17.

33 CONTINUED:

FELDSPAR (O.S.)

Forget it, Flintstone. This time
I got you dead to rights -
Fred opens the box. A scary-looking winged reptile
sticks out its head, smacks its hungry lips.

34 BACK TO SCENE 34

Confident, Feldspar jerks a thumb at the Radar Bird,
turns to his rookie partner.

FELDSPAR:

Gravel. Get me the radar reading
and I'll show you how we deal with
scofflaws.

Gravel nods, steps towards the bird. The bird checks
its stopwatch... and then it notices the flying lizard
which is hovering nearby, licking its lips.

RADAR BIRD :

Whoa! Wings, do your stuff --!
The Radar Bird flies away at a hundred miles an hour,
leaving a cloud of dust and the stopwatch behind.
Feldspar catches the watch, startled.

FRED:

Well, Sergeant, if you don't have
a radar reading, I guess we'll -
(quickly)
--justbeonourway --!
A new cloud of dust appears as Fred ROARS away.

FELDSPAR:

Flintstone! Flintstone, come back
here --!

CUT TO:

35 EXT. BEDROCK BUTCHER SHOP -DAY 35

Betty and Wilma have just pulled up. We notice that next
to their legal spot, a big limousine is parked in a "no
parking" zone. But our law-abiding Betty in the next
space now drops a stone coin in a parking meter.

36 CLOSE ON THE METER 36

Inside the window we see a LITTLE BIRD. It "bites" the
coin to check it, then turns over an egg timer.

(CONTINUED)

18.

36 CONTINUED:

LITTLE BIRD :

(with a sigh)

Four years in accounting school
for this...

37 INT. BUTCHER SHOP -DAY 37

It's absolutely mobbed. Customers push past each other with armloads of food. Gigantic cuts of meat hang from above or are on display behind the counter. MORRIS THE BUTCHER looks up from the chaos and manages a weak smile for the girls.

BETTY :

Morris, what on earth is going on?
You giving away Bronto filets?

MORRIS :

Ah, my two loveliest customers.
It's this darn kibble crisis, Mrs.
R... people are buying everything
I got to feed their dinos...

MRS. SLATE

Young man, if you're through
flirting, I'd like some service.

38 NEW ANGLE 38

REVEALING MRS. SLATE, who stands there, impatient and overdressed.

MORRIS :

Of course, Mrs. Slate.
a number.

Just take

Wilma senses the tension, quickly steps forward to break
it with a smile.

WILMA :

Ah, hello, Mrs. Slate.
Morris reacts with relief.
blank look.

Mrs. Slate reacts with a

WILMA :

(prompting)

We met at the quarry picnic?

MRS. SLATE

Oh, of course. Mrs. Flintstein.

She turns her back to Wilma, forces her way towards the counter again. Wilma burns.

(CONTINUED)

19.

38 CONTINUED:

MORRIS :

Ladies, the meat's not getting any fresher. Mrs. R, what'll it be?

BETTY :

Oh, I'd like some ground mammoth patties and uh... some dodo drumsticks.

MORRIS :

Gino? We got any dodo bird?

GINO turns, looks at his end of the counter.

GINO :

There's one left --and it's the last one!

MORRIS :

Good.

(handing him the note)

Give it to Mrs. Rubble along with this.

Gino nods, smiling. He picks up a crate, begins to load it with giant fryer parts and several manhole-sized meat patties.

MORRIS :

(turning to Betty)

How about you, Mrs. F?

WILMA :

I just need a few things for Fred.

MORRIS :

'Fred...?'

(calling into the back)

David! Herman! Get Rob and BoBo
and tell 'em to bring the big
dolly!

VOICE FROM BACK (O.S.)

Flintstone again, huh?

MORRIS :

You got it. Now then... Mrs.
Slate?

(pointing at the
limo outside the
shop)

You're in a no parking zone there.

(CONTINUED)

20.

38 CONTINUED:

MRS. SLATE

Well, if I get some service, I'll
be out of it, won't I?

Mrs. Slate steps to the counter. Meanwhile, the staff
begin using a refrigerator dolly to bring out giant ribs,
steaks and sausages which they pile up in front of Wilma.

MRS. SLATE

I want a nice fresh, juicy
chickensaurus, Morris. And not
one you've had laying around on
the shelf. I mean fresh.

MORRIS :

Mrs. Slate, we're kind of busy
now -

MRS. SLATE

I don't care if you're busy. What
I care about is my adorable little
grand nephew. He's staying with
me for the summer and I intend to
make his favorite dish... Southern
fried chickensaurus! Now I want
a fresh chickensaurus and I want
it now!

MORRIS :

Boys, you heard her... she said
fresh.

39 THE STAFF 39

with a sigh, they buckle on elbow and knee protectors,
go to a side door, open it. Inside is another barred
door. They open it, go inside. Immediately we hear
loud SQUAWKING and CACKLING... THUDS, BUMPS...

40 NEW ANGLE 40

Suddenly the barred door slams open and a giant chickensaurus
comes bounding out, with Morris's staff hanging
all over it like rodeo cowboys. They try and restrain
it with ropes but it's enraged and flops around the
store.

MRS. SLATE

(oblivious of the
trouble)

Morris, while you're at it, I'd
like it plucked -

(CONTINUED)

21.

40 CONTINUED:

Suddenly the chickensaurus snaps the ropes, flaps its
wings and leaps through the front window -

41 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP -DAY 41

The huge bird lands with a crunch atop Mrs. Slate's car,
which is practically squashed flat. Then it disappears
around the corner. (We hear CAR HORNS and SKIDDING TIRES
as it goes.)

42 BACK TO SCENE 42

MRS. SLATE

My car --!

Wilma and Betty try and hide their laughter.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SLATE CONSTRUCTION -DAY 43

Clouds of dust rise from behind the fence. We see the
heads of the heavy equipment dinos rising and falling.
A two-story office building is at one end of the site
with a big "Slate Construction Inc." sign on the roof.
CAMERA ADJUSTS as Fred's car turns into the lot, Barney
seated beside Fred. The new green hood gleams in the

morning light.

44 CLOSER -FRED'S CAR 44

Fred digs his feet into the ground, slams to a halt. He gets out, surveys the activity. Immediately, the various workers shout AD LIB greetings. Fred acknowledges these, beaming in the respect he gets here.

He lovingly dusts off his construction helmet, puts it on, knocks an offending speck from his parking sign (F. Flintstone -Shop Steward). He leads Barney towards the quarry area.

FRED:

Barney, you won't regret this -
hiya, Al --fixing dents in cars
is one thing, a career's another.
Here, you're getting in on the
ground floor of the first footstep
of a new leaf --hi, Wally, how's
the old backhand? And with a guy
like me ta show you the ropes, you
can skip all the red tape, all the
malarky, all the dino doo -
22.

45 NEW ANGLE 45

Fred stands near the weight station booth, where a plump
GIRL in a beehive hairdo sits inside a trailer.

GIRL :

(New York accent)
Hi, Mr. Flintstone.

FRED :

Hiya, Shirley. This is my very
special neighbor and pal Barney
Rubble. He needs an application
form, okay?

GIRL :

Anything for you, Mr. Flintstone.
She slams down two clay tablets and a stylus.

GIRL :

Here you go.
(smiling)

Thanks again for the football tickets.
My boyfriend and I both liked them.

FRED :

My pleasure, Shirl. Anytime.

GIRL :

Okay. But do you think next time
we could go to the same game?

FRED :

(confidently)

No problem.

Fred smiles at her, hands the forms to Barney. Fred steps
towards the quarry, admires the activity, hands on hips,
master of all he surveys. He waves to more friends.

FRED :

Well, Barn, what did I tell you?
When you're in with Flintstone,
you're in like Flint.

BARNEY :

Gee, Fred. I knew you were a big
shot. I just didn't know how big.

Fred beams at that, and then follows Barney's gaze to
the read-out on the truck scale. Fred is standing on it
and it's pushing 250. With a scowl, Fred grabs Barney's
sleeve and they go into the quarry. As they move, the
CAMERA PANS and CRANES UP TOWARDS the window of the
Slate Construction Office.

CUT TO:

23.

46 INT. OFFICE -PULLBACK FROM WINDOW 46

The room here is dominated by a tabletop architectural
model of a large scale construction project. There's
acres of little development houses, then some tall office
buildings, a mall, you name it: There's even little foot-
powered model cars in the model parking spaces.

Near this we see MR. SLATE, a giant in the Bedrock construction
business (but not in height). Slate drinks
coffee from a "Boss" mug, listens with growing impatience
to JERRY LAVA. Several of Slate's lackeys listen, their

heads nodding up or down in sympathy with Slate's mercurial moods.

LAVA :

Uncle, if you'll look at this unit cost projection... it intersects here with -

SLATE :

--how'd you like my fist to intersect with your nose? I've told you a hundred times, don't call me uncle in the office! Now, I didn't arrange your scholarship to Harvrock University so you could waste my time! So stop beating around the bushasaurus and get to the bottom slime!

LAVA :

You'll be bankrupt in six months. Slate does a Danny Thomas spit take all over the model.
47 EXT. QUARRY -MOVING SHOT 47
Fred and Barney cross the busy lot, sidestepping workers and animals. Fred does a lot of backslapping, waving. Barney's filling out the forms on the move. Behind them, we see the wide access ramp which spirals around the quarry's sides.

BARNEY:

(to himself)
Social Security number...
dependents... 'how learned of job'
... newspaper ad, carrier pigeon...
(writing)
... Personal reference...
Hearing a loud SMASH, Fred looks up and sees -
48 FRED'S POV -A WRECKING BALL OPERATOR 48
A burly and rough looking guy named PILTDOWN, he grins inside his dino-topping cupola, winds his winch handles and then propels his wrecking ball towards the...
24.
49 QUARRY WALL -ABOVE 49
--where the huge stone BALL SMASHES into some walnuts balanced on a boulder.

50 WIDER 50

Piltdown's compact buddy PYRITE cackles, sweeps up the walnuts. Munching them, he balances a new one in place. (It should be noted here that the relationship and physical appearances of Piltdown and Pyrite mirrors that of our heroes... they're sort of an anti-Fred and Barney.)

PYRITE :

Way ta go, Pilty baby. Five bucks says you can't hit one on the fly.

PILTDOWN :

(calling up)

Yer on, Pyrite -

Pyrite tosses a walnut, which bounces on the ledge. The wrecking BALL SMASHES into the stone wall.

51 BELOW 51

Workers near Fred duck as dust and debris fall down. People grab for their construction helmets.

FRED :

Not again...

Fred hustles up a ladder to a ramp which leads him up to the level of Piltdown's cab. Barney hurries to follow.

FRED :

All right, Piltdown, that's enough! You're endangering your fellow workers!

PILTDOWN :

Yeah? Sez who?

FRED :

Says me, Fred Flintstone --shop steward of Amalgamated Neolithic Workers 101.

PILTDOWN :

Yeah? Well, A.N.W. one-oh-one gives us workers a snack break. So...

(a nasty grin)

... I'm breakin' some snacks.

He swings the wrecking ball again.

25.

52 UP ABOVE 52

This time he's overdone it: The wrecking ball flies past the walnuts --Pyrite ducks for cover --and then the wrecking ball whips over and around the handrail which runs along here, twisting as tightly as Indiana Jones' whip. The handrail wobbles dangerously in its foundation -

53 PILTDOWN'S DINO 53

SNORTS, backs up --the crane SUPPORTS on its back begin to CREAK and GROAN with the strain -

54 WIDER 54

Workers scatter, fearful of the imminent collapse. Fred runs to grab the dino's reins.

FRED :

Whoa, whoa, big fella -

He calms the beast by giving it a carrot. As it munches, Fred quickly ties the reins to a post.

FRED:

(calling up to the cab)

You're on report, Piltdown! If it's up to me you'll be pushing a wheelbarrow!

PILTDOWN:

(leaping down)

You've been asking for this, Flintstone... I'm gonna kick your fat butt -

FRED :

Fat butt? Hold me back, Barney -(
sotto, very sincere)

--Barney, hold me back -

Quickly the men form a circle around Piltdown and Fred. Barney looks up and sees -

55 THE CRANE ON THE DINO'S BACK 55

It is shuddering and threatening to come crashing down.

56 BACK TO SCENE 56

BARNEY :

Hey, maybe you guys oughta fix

that first.

PILTDOWN :

Why should we?

(CONTINUED)

26.

56 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

It looks dangerous. Besides, you can kick Fred's fat butt anytime.

FRED :

Yeah. That's right.

(realizing, a glare at Barney)

I mean --this ain't over, Piltdown.

(turning, shouting)

Come on, guys. Let's clean up the mess.

With much grumbling, ropes and grappling hooks are gathered and the crew hops to it...

57 INT. SLATE'S OFFICE -SAME TIME 57

Slate stands in a blubbering fury as Lava mops coffee up from the model and Slate's face.

Bankrupt?

SLATE :

Are you crazy?

Lava holds up a clay tablet covered with figures.

LAVA :

It's all here in hack and slice.

When you committed to this housing development the price of dino kibble was a few clams per ton. Since then, it's gone up a hundredfold.

(indicating the model)

You can't build a project like this without the heavy equipment dinos, and we can't afford to feed those dinos.

Slate glowers, paces around the model.

SLATE :

I'm two months behind schedule, my option's running out on the land and Donald Trumprock is just waiting to jump in and steal the whole deal ... meanwhile that damn union's on my back, hell, they'll probably want an eighty hour week or something...

(frustrated)

There's got to be an answer...

A LOUD COMMOTION outside the window attracts everyone's attention.

(CONTINUED)

27.

57 CONTINUED:

SLATE :

What's that?

LAVA:

(worried)

Sounds like a worker's comp claim if I ever heard one...

All rush to the window. They look out and see -

58 THE QUARRY -WIDE 58

Supervised by Fred, all the workers are straining on the ropes to haul the rear legs of the crane back into their sockets on the back of the big dino. Only the last critical rope is still dangling.

FRED :

Barney! Grab that line! Hurry!

Barney scrambles up Fred's back, shoving a foot in Fred's face, but finally snatching the rope. He pulls on it...

Fred throws his own weight into the effort...

59 THE CRANE 59

THUDS into place on the dino's back --the workers cheer -

60 THE WRECKING BALL 60

alas, with its cable now twisted shorter, it's become an immovable object, and as the shortened CABLE SNAPS, the wrecking ball begins to roll down the quarry wall.

61 NEW ANGLE 61

Men and ANIMALS YELP and dive out of the way as the BALL rolls downwards, SMASHING everything in its path.

62 EXT. SLATE'S OFFICE WINDOW 62

The executives watch concerned as -

63 THE WRECKING BALL 63

tumbles down, down, knocking scaffolding and ladders aside, reaches the end of a ramp, and drops through the air right onto -

64 THE HOOD OF FRED'S CAR 64

--where, astonishingly, the HOOD sinks in resiliently like a trampoline and then with a loud "SPROING" the wrecking ball flies straight back up into the air, followed a beat behind by the unhinged hood itself.

Both hurtle TOWARDS the CAMERA -

28.

65 SLATE AND EXECUTIVES 65

react fearfully as they realize all this is coming straight for them. With a howl, they all dive aside -

66 INT. SLATE'S OFFICE -WIDER -DAY 66

The wrecking BALL flies through the window, SLAMS onto Slate's desk, crushing everything in its path and then sails on SMASHING right into -

67 THE MODEL DEVELOPMENT 67

--where all of the lined up HIGH RISES SMASH ASIDE with a sound like falling pins.

68 IN THE QUARRY 68

The workers pick themselves up and now their eyes follow the path taken by the long-gone wrecking ball.

FRED :

Oh boy. Goodbye pension fund -

They rush for the office building.

69 INT. SLATE'S OFFICE -DAY 69

Dust is still settling. The staff rises from the mess, coughing. Lava rummages in the debris, finds a stiff body.

LAVA :

Uncle, Uncle, speak to me -

But it's only a statue of a golfer from one of Slate's trophies.

SLATE:

(sitting up)

I'm over here, you moron --and
don't call me 'Uncle'!

Slate's eyes fall on Fred's car hood, swinging from a
bookshelf. He reaches for it --pulls it --it stays
put, and only releases a new deluge of rubble and plaster
which reburies him. At the same time, the door slams
open and Fred, Barney and the other workers tumble inside.

70 THEIR POV -OFFICE 70

As they take in the destruction. Barney notices the
wrecking ball amidst the model buildings. As we watch,
the last remaining little HIGH RISE FALLS.

(CONTINUED)

29.

70 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

Hey, nice going, Fred. You even
got the spare -

FRED :

Barney, shut up -
(turning)

Mr. Slate --Mr. Slate --are you
all right?

Slate staggers to his feet, seething with fury. He
finally yanks the car hood free. It bounces and VIBRATES
in his hands like a hand saw.

SLATE:

(eying the men)

For five years Slate Construction
has had the finest safety record
in Bedrock.

(pacing, angry)

Our workers are trained in first
aid, our equipment is first rate
and our dinos are worm free. And
then something like this happens
... I want to know how!

A cacophony of voices starts to answer.

SLATE :

Shut up!

(in the sudden silence)

I want one person to answer me:

(waving the car hood)

Who's responsible for this?

71 PILTDOWN 71

nudges the wrecking ball off the edge of the table. It falls on Fred's foot. Fred starts to scream and Piltdown shoves a pencil holder into his mouth.

PILTDOWN :

(quickly)

It was Flintstone, Mr. Slate!

PYRITE :

That's right, Mr. Slate, it was Flintstone!

BARNEY :

That's a lie, Mr. Slate!

SLATE :

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

30.

71 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

(pointing to his forms)

B. Rubble. White male personal reference -SLATE

(pushing Barney aside)

Flintstone, I have just one thing to say to you -

Fred cringes. Piltdown and Pyrite smirk.

SLATE :

(pumping his hand)

Congratulations!

FRED PILTDOWN :

Huh? What?

SLATE:

This stuff you had on your car is
the most incredible building
material I've seen in thirty years
in the construction business!

(testing it)

It's strong -(
twirling it)

--Light -(
bending it)

--Resilient -

It rebounds, "SPROINGING" him on the chin. He recovers,
shakes it off.

SLATE :

Where on earth did you get it?

FRED :

Oh, it's ah, just something I
whipped up in the old garage
workshop -

(quickly)

--with a little help from my
buddy Barney, right, Barn?

BARNEY :

Well, actually, Fred, it was the
other way ar-

Fred hisses between his teeth, repeats the "Slate and me
are just like this" gesture he made earlier, points at
Slate.

(CONTINUED)

31.

71 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

(reluctant)

Sure, Fred, right, right.

Slate nods, distracted, his eyes and hands running over
the smooth lines of the car hood.

SLATE :

The rest of you men go back to work.
I want to talk to Flintstone and

the personal reference alone. Come
on, move, move...
They go out, Piltdown looking furious.

SLATE:

(a man in love)
Light as a Pterodactyl feather...
why, a child could handle this...
Lava, we could cut construction
costs in half... in quarters... in
uh... whatchacallit -

LAVA :

(patiently)
Eighths -

SLATE :

Eighths, right. Flintstone, what
do you call this stuff?

FRED :

Well, Mr. Slate, I call it -(
hesitating, sotto)
--Barney, what do I call it?

BARNEY :

(sotto)
Fibrerock, Fred...

FRED :

--I call it Fibrerock Fred --!
(realizing)
I mean, ah, 'Fibrerock'!

SLATE :

(rolling it over
his tongue)
'Fibrerock'? 'Fibrerock'?
(playing with it)
'Fib-bre-rock' -
Slate's staff make disparaging noises.
(CONTINUED)

32.

71 CONTINUED:

SLATE :

I love it!

SLATE'S STAFF

(instantly reversing
themselves)

Love it... great... has a nice
ring... says it all, you know?

(Etc...)

Slate takes the piece of material, leans it on the table
so it catches the light. Despite himself, Lava comes
over, examines the car hood... can't help but marvel at
it as well. Meanwhile, Slate puts his arms around Fred
and Barney.

SLATE:

(to Lava)

You see this, Lava? All those
courses of yours at Harvrock
University, and who saves my bacon?

Two simple-minded run-of-the-mill
nobodies.

BARNEY :

Gee, thanks, Mr. Slate.

Lava glowers. Slate pulls Fred and Barney close with
genuine excitement.

SLATE:

Boys, this is a small step for
Slate Construction... a giant step
for all mankind.

He points to the translucent material. CAMERA TIGHTENS
ON it. We see Fred, Barney and Slate's reflections in it.

SLATE:

(dramatically)

The Stone Age is over! Let the
Fibre Age begin!

As HEROIC MUSIC STINGS IN, we...

CUT TO:

72 BETTY'S CAR -TRAVELING -DAY 72

Mrs. Slate is in back, crammed in with groceries. Betty pulls up in front of a building that looks like a Palm Springs spa. This is "L'ECOLE DES ENFANTS PREHISTORIQUE HAUTE SUPERIOR."

(CONTINUED)

33.

72 CONTINUED:

BETTY :

Here we are, Mrs. Slate.

had to ride in the back.

Sorry you

MRS. SLATE

(getting out)

Not at all. I'm used to being driven around.

And she's sashaying up the path.

then follow her.

Betty and Wilma burn,

73 INT. SCHOOL -DAY 73

As elegant as we can get MMMCXV years before Louis XIV.

As the three women come in, we see CHILDREN with alligators on their deerskin shirts singing:

CHILDREN :

'La hachette de ma tante

est sur le roche de mon oncle --'

HEADMISTRESS :

(coming over, gushing)

Madame Mrs. Slate, bonjour!

Welcome to L'ecole des Enfants

Prehistorique Haute Superior!

MRS. SLATE

Thank you, Marie.

(showing a rock receipt)

I ordered the hors d'oeuvres for the junior talent show. They were out of Ceolanth caviar so I got Mastodon brie instead. Oh, ah, these are my, uh, friends, Wilma Flintstein --

Flintstone -WILMA

MRS. SLATE

--oh, it used to be Flintstein --?

And this is ah, Becky... Betty!

The Headmistress reaches over, takes their hands gracefully.

Enchante.

HEADMISTRESS :

I'm sure.

WILMA :

(CONTINUED)

34.

73 CONTINUED:

BETTY :

Likewise.

HEADMISTRESS:

(waving a hand)

Well, Madame Slate, as you can see, we remain ze creme de la creme in the croissant of life known as Bedrock. Now, your leetle gran' nephew will be wiz us for two weeks, no?

(opening a drawer)

Here is ze application for him. An' mais oui, he weel participate in zee annual talent show, naturalment?

Mrs. Slate takes the parchment application. Meanwhile the Headmistress looks appraisingly at Wilma and Betty.

HEADMISTRESS :

An' your friends perhaps would like zum school applications for zere enfants?

MRS. SLATE

(amused)

Them? Oh, Marie, really, you don't understand -

BETTY:

(suddenly)

That's right, you don't understand.

My husband's business manager usually handles this sort of thing, but I don't mind.

And to Wilma's astonishment, Betty takes one of the parchments.

BETTY :

I know Bam-Bam -

(correcting herself)

--pardonez-moi, 'Bem-Bem' will love attending your school and performing in the talent show. Thank you oh so much.

She gives Mrs. Slate an even and controlled look, and sends some of it over in Wilma's direction as well. Wilma makes her choice, smiles tightly.

WILMA :

Let me have one of those, too.
ma petite Pebbles.

For

(CONTINUED)

35.

73 CONTINUED:

HEADMISTRESS :

Of course. Any friend of Madame Slate is a friend of mine.
As Mrs. Slate reacts, we -

CUT TO:

74 INT. CAR -FRED AND BARNEY -NIGHT 74

They're cruising along. Fred puffs on a cigar. Barney flips the pile of legal sized tablets in his lap. In the back seat are some boxes and bundles.

BARNEY :

Gee, Fred, I don't believe it.
Eight hours ago I didn't have a job and now look --I got 1/2 of one percent of the after-taxes

after-expenses net breakage profits
on Fibrerock!

FRED :

Just be thankful I was there to go
over the fine print.

(full of himself)

It's like I told you this morning
--There's something noble about a
man digging in with his hands and
doing an honest day's work. Once
you file those dreams under 'old
business' and put your nose to the
plow, well, the world is your
oyster. And was I right?

BARNEY :

No, Fred, you weren't. I didn't
nose any grindstones and you didn't
shoulder a wheel. We just hung out
together and everything that
happened was a total accident.

FRED :

(after a moment)

Details, Barney, details...

(smiling)

I just can't wait to see the girls'
faces when we tell 'em the news...

75 INT. FLINTSTONE HOUSE -NIGHT 75

The girls' frowns are a great contrast to their husbands'
smiles. Wilma's looking at the school enrollment forms.
Betty paces, looks at the clock.

(CONTINUED)

36.

75 CONTINUED:

WILMA:

(seeing this)

It's not like the boys to be so
late.

BETTY :

Unless they were forced to go bowling again. Remember that time a burglar pointed a gun at them and said, 'go bowling right now'?

WILMA :

Betty, sometimes you're a little too gullible -

BETTY :

Don't tell me. I still can't believe what I did today...

WILMA :

No kidding.

(indicating the forms)

Do you have any idea of what the enrollment fee is? And get this... it's non-refundable -

BETTY :

I know, I know! I just couldn't stand that woman's attitude! But we had to find a new school anyway, and there we were... the next thing I knew, I was in over my head... but why did you jump in, too?

WILMA :

Oh, she was getting to me too with all that mastodon snort about her little nephew... and...

BETTY :

And?

WILMA :

And... if a friend can't help you do something stupid, who can?
Betty smiles, touched. Then reality intrudes again.

BETTY :

What do we tell the boys?

WILMA :

What's wrong with the truth?

(CONTINUED)

37.

75 CONTINUED:

BETTY :

We put ourselves in debt so the kids can attend school with a family we can't stand?

WILMA :

(pause)

Maybe we could rephrase it...

Suddenly the door bursts open. Fred and Barney run in with candy and flowers.

FRED AND BARNEY:

Surprise!

Pause.

BETTY :

Flowers?

WILMA :

Rock candy? That's nice, but... why?

FRED:

Why? Oh, me and Barn, we suddenly realized that we had a little spare change.

WILMA :

(sotto)

Not anymore you don't...

BARNEY:

(presenting flowers)

Betty, these are for you. For sticking beside me during the tough times, and well... for making a little guy feel like he

was ten feet tall.

BETTY :

Aw, Barney... I... I don't deserve these. I did something really stupid today.

BARNEY :

Hey. Fred does something stupid every day and I still love him. Fred laughs good naturedly, grabs Barney in a headlock.

FRED :

Noogy, noogy, ha, ha --!

(CONTINUED)

38.

75 CONTINUED:

WILMA :

(observing this)

Have you been drinking?

In reply, Fred whips a bottle of champagne into view.

FRED :

Ready when you are.

(noticing the label)

Hey, '1'... a good year.

This confuses the girls even more.

WILMA :

Fred, there's no easy way to say this so -

She closes her eyes, swings the enrollment forms over on the table so that Fred and Barney can read them.

Fred and Barney look at them, look at each other... and yawn.

76 FAVORING WILMA AND BETTY 76

They can't believe this.

BETTY :

Boys... did you see... the dollar signs there at the bottom?

WILMA :

The non-refundable dollar signs?

BARNEY :

Plenty more where that came from.

FRED :

We see your dollar signs, ladies...
and...

He tosses his stone contracts on top of the parchment
ones with a THUD.

FRED :

... we raise them.

Wilma and Betty look at each other, then at the contracts.
They blink, look again.

WILMA :

Betty... these... these look...

real -

(CONTINUED)

39.

76 CONTINUED:

Fred opens the champagne, which foams all over them. The
girls squeal.

FRED:

You bet they're real, sweetheart.

They're as real as... as... well,
as real as -

(embracing the group)

--the best darn friends and
neighbors in the whole world.

Barney squeezes back.

BARNEY:

Yeah. And nothing's ever gonna
change that... right, Fred?

FRED :

(emotionally)

Right, pal o'mine.

As they laugh and the girls slowly absorb the truth,

we -

CUT TO:

77 EXT. WATER BUFFALO LODGE -NIGHT 77

A sign proclaims this as "GRAND BEDROCK LODGE --LOYAL ORDER OF WATER BUFFALO." The parking lot outside is full of vehicles. We hear the sound of a GAVEL BANGING...

HERDMASTER (V.O.)

Attention, fellow Water Buffaloes...

78 INT. WATER BUFFALO LODGE -NIGHT 78

The members are milling about the main room, schmoozing, drinking, kibitzing. All wear the furry and horned ceremonial Fez of the Buffalo.

One wall of the lodge displays a big version of the lodge coat of arms (with the motto "Ackus Ackus Adackus" below); a trophy case holds a mind boggling display of various bowling trophies, balls and pins. At the lectern, the HERDMASTER (a mustachioed, inspirational type) bangs again for order.

HERDMASTER :

Brothers, your attention!

It quiets a bit. He clears his throat, raises his chin, and gives a strange mournful bellow.

(CONTINUED)

40.

78 CONTINUED:

HERDMASTER:

("ritual" type tone)

The herd is now called to the prairie.

(holding fingers above ears)

Antlers... up!

The entire Lodge dutifully imitates this gesture.

ENTIRE GROUP :

Ack-ack-a-dack!

HERDMASTER:

(banging gavel)

This meeting of the Water

Buffaloes is now in session.

Sergeant-at-Arms, have we got any old business?

Barney stands, acknowledges his friends and Lodge brothers.

BARNEY :

Indeed we do, Brother Herdmaster. Tonight we are to hear speeches from prospective candidates for Lodge offices, such as good old Fred and some other guys.

79 PILTDOWN 79

Seated across the room with Pyrite and other cronies, he immediately leaps to his feet, paws the ground, and gives an eerie moan even stranger than the Herdmaster's earlier call to order.

80 BACK TO SCENE 80

After the CRY ECHOES away:

HERDMASTER :

Brother Piltdown: You have given the Cry of the Gelded Buffalo at the Poisoned Water Hole. Do you wish to file an objection?

PILTDOWN :

You bet I do. How come Flintstone is 'good old Fred' and me and the other candidates are just 'some other guys'?

PYRITE :

Yeah, how come?

(CONTINUED)

41.

80 CONTINUED:

BARNEY:

(rising)

My apologies, Brother Piltdown. Allow me to rephrase. Tonight we will hear speeches from a whole

bunch of good old guys...

(pause)

... plus the one and only Fred

Flintstone!

Cheers go up, which drown out Piltown's renewed cry of the poisoned water hole. Fred moves towards the podium as the noise dies down.

81 NEW ANGLE 81

Barney moves to the wall, where he pulls a rolled up tapestry from a hiding place behind a plant. He tacks it to the wall, yanks a string. It unrolls. It's a big "VOTE FOR FRED FLINTSTONE" poster.

Barney turns, gives Fred a "thumbs up," and as he does, Barney's hand brushes against a folded parchment in his pocket. Barney pushes his way through the seats, catches up to Fred and hands him the document. Fred takes it, continues up to the podium. There, the Herdmaster hands Fred the ceremonial hoof and antler, crossed over each other like a Pharaoh's badges of office.

Fred does a Papal-like wave with these, sets them down, and unrolls the crib notes Barney gave him.

FRED:

(reading, at first wooden, then confident)

Brother Buffaloes, honored Herdmaster, Junior Bucks and Apprentice Antlers, a great good evening to you all. Ahem. As you know, our organization has survived difficult times that have seen the extinction of such other lodges as the Order of Whooping Cranes and Brotherhood of Giant Sloths. But we here have come through the croo ... the crux...

BARNEY :

(hissing)

--crucible -

(CONTINUED)

42.

81 CONTINUED:

FRED:

(grateful)

--crucible with our fur fluffy
and our hooves unscathed. Now,
the future holds many promises and
many problems. As your next
Herdmaster, I would bring to you
the same determination, courage
and --if I may say so --bold
thinking that I have brought to
the workplace. Thank you, and
ack ack a-dack.

Applause follows Fred's return to the floor.

82 PILTDOWN AND PYRITE 82

The only ones in their row not clapping, they scowl as
Fred passes them...

CUT TO:

83 INT. LODGE -RECREATION AREA -LATER 83

WIDEN as Barney propels a bowling ball (stone, of course)
rumbling down the alley, sending pins flying. The
Buffaloes cheer Barney's strike. We notice that most (if
not all) of these Lodge members also work at the quarry.

84 AUTOMATIC PIN SPOTTER 84

It descends. It consists of a bent snout creature which
"cranks" down a shelf with several monkeys on it. The
monkeys grab the pins with their tails, straighten them
up. Then the shelf cranks back up.

85 OTHER END OF ALLEY 85

Now it's Fred's turn. He trots up to the line, bowls...
another strike! More cheers, AD LIB complaints, etc.
The scorekeeper picks up hammer and chisel and fills out
the last frame.

LODGE MEMBER :

Congratulations, Fred.

FRED:

Hey, when you're hot you're hot...
boys, lemme buy a round of drinks
for everyone.

BARNEY:

Thanks, Fred, but here at the lodge drinks are free.

(CONTINUED)

43.

85 CONTINUED:

FRED :

But the principle is the same, Barn. Don't forget that.

Fred leads the group over to the bar. Piltdown and Pyrite come along with a shrug... why not, for a brew?

Fred reaches -

86 UNDER THE COUNTER 86

where he pulls out a hook-beaked little LIZARD -

87 BACK TO SCENE 87

Fred uses this creature to open several beers.

FRED:

(during this)

Here you go, boys, nice and frosty...

"BOTTLE OPENER" CREATURE (LIZARD)

(aside)

Go ahead, laugh. If I had a good orthodontist, my life woulda been different...

Fred tosses the "Opener" aside -

88 UNDER THE COUNTER 88

The critter bounces into the shelf, slides... when it recovers, it realizes that its overbite has been straightened out by the impact. Very happy, it grabs a hat and coat, exits.

89 BACK TO SCENE 89

FRED :

(raising drink)

Well, here's to...

He looks around, sees -

90 "PHOTO" ON WALL 90

It's actually "dots" chipped into a stone. It shows the young Fred, Barney and others gathered around soapbox racers. A banner reads "Junior Buffalo Day."

44.

91 BACK TO SCENE 91

FRED :

Here's to the greatest bunch of
lifelong Buffaloes a guy could
dream of leading.

(an obvious prompt)

Anybody else got a toast...?

BARNEY :

'Here's to the Water Buffalo and
their next Herdmaster... Fred'!

FRED :

Aw, gee, Barn... you shouldn't say
that...

(winking)

... at least not till after next
week's election!

LODGE MEMBER :

Fred, what was all that stuff in
your speech about the workplace?
I thought the only decision you
made there was how many lunches to
eat -

Laughter. Fred accepts it good-naturedly, reaches into
his pocket.

FRED :

Well, Harry, it just so happens
that old Fred is moving up in the
world... Boys, you're looking at
Mr. Slate's new partner.

PILTDOWN :

You and Slate? Who are you
kidding, Flintstone? The only
partner you got is hanging over
your belt.

Pyrite laughs, a bit too much.

FRED :

Prepare to eat those words,
Pilt-down.

PILTDOWN :

--If I don't, you will -

FRED :

(a tight smile)

Gentlemen, my card -

He passes them out, and the others take them, curious -
45.

92 INSERT -CARD 92

Of course it's a little stone tablet... but it does
indeed say "SLATE CONSTRUCTION --F. FLINTSTONE,
ASSISTANT JR. V.P. --PUBLIC RELATIONS."

93 BACK TO SCENE 93

LODGE MEMBERS :

(AD LIB, impressed)

Hey, way ta go, Fred... Whoa,
gonna switch from a hard hat to
a top hat, Freddy boy...?

PYRITE :

(examining the card)

Ah, it's probably a phony...

Saying this, he bites down on it... winces as a tooth
cracks.

94 BARNEY 94

tugs Fred's sleeve, pulls him close.

BARNEY :

Gee, Fred, how come I didn't get
any business cards?

FRED :

Barney, it's all part of the plan.

(to the others)

Yes, boys, you see, I went up to
my pal, Mister Slate and singlehandedly
made him an offer he
couldn't refuse -(

Barney reacts to the "single-handedly" --)

FRED :

--'Freddy boy,' he sez to me,
'We gotta talk turkey --'

BARNEY :

Fred, we gotta talk turkey -FRED
That's right --just like that -Fred
--!

BARNEY :

Fred realizes Barney's got something on his mind.

FRED :

Ah, excuse us, boys...
46.

95 NEW ANGLE 95

Fred pulls Barney into a quiet corridor. They stand near a trophy case. There's some bowling trophies here with a variety of names on them. (There's also trophies for "pie-eating contests" and "beer drinking chug-offs"; these have only Fred's name on them.)

BARNEY:

Fred... what's this single-handed stuff? I distinctly remember at least four hands and two of them were mine.

FRED:

(lowered voice)
Barney, we could tell everyone how you invented this Fibrerock stuff, how Slate and Lava found out about it by accident and all, but what would that be?

BARNEY :

The truth?

FRED:

This is big business, Barney. We can't start telling the truth, it'd create the wrong impression. Think about all the really big

deals in history --back to the beginning of recorded time.

Barney knits his brow in thought for maybe three seconds.

BARNEY :

Okay.

FRED :

What do they all have in common?

(as Barney is stumped)

I'll tell you. A front man. A guy who's out in the public eye running the point, fighting the crowds... and meanwhile... back in the corner is the silent partner.

BARNEY :

I never knew that.

FRED:

That's because the silent partner is always silent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47.

95 CONTINUED:

FRED (CONT'D)

But while you're busy being silent -(conspiratorially) --all along you're the brains behind the operation and I'm the brains in front of the operation. I'm out here running the guts of the operation but you got a cut. It looks like my mind, but you're really behind.

BARNEY :

I get it. I got the brains, but you just pretend to have them.

Attaboy!

FRED :

And a confident Fred shakes hands with an unsure "silent partner"...

CUT TO:

96 EXT. FLINTSTONE/RUBBLE HOUSES -DAY 96

Barney comes out of his front door, heads toward the neighboring driveway and Fred's car. Betty comes out, calls to her husband.

BETTY :

Barney, wait a minute...

97 CLOSER 97

He stops, turns. Betty comes over and we see he's wearing a sports jacket and an abysmally-tied tie. Betty fixes the knot.

BETTY :

There. That looks more like a captain of industry.

BARNEY :

Thanks, Betty. What would I do without you?

BETTY :

Hmm. Probably run off to the tropics with one of those executive secretaries.

(CONTINUED)

48.

97 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

Come on, Betty, it's only my first day. You have to have seniority to run off...

She giggles, kisses him.

98 FRED 98

is at the car door, lunch pail in hand, when Wilma calls out to him.

WILMA :

Fred! Wait a minute! There's
something wrong with your lunch -FRED
("weighing it")

Yeah... it does feel a little
light...

He returns to her, opens the pail, is surprised to find
it's empty. Before he can comment, she smilingly
presents him with a spanking new briefcase. "F.F" is
embossed on it in gold.

WILMA :

Fit for a king... my king.

FRED :

Aw, Wilma... lookit, it's got
buckles, a strap, a lock -He
opens it. Inside is a huge drumstick and some ribs.

FRED :

--Baby, you're the greatest.

WILMA :

(kissing him)

Good luck.

(pause)

Watch out for those... you know...
hostile takeovers.

FRED :

I'm already taken.
He moves to the car.

FRED :

Ah, Mister Rubble, I presume?
Of the Fibrerock Rubbles?

(CONTINUED)

49.

98 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

Yes, yes. Looking good, Mister

Flintstone. I see you've recovered from that polo accident.

FRED :

Yas, yas. The water was too deep and my horse drowned. They crack up at their own wit, drive off.

CUT TO:

99 SLATE QUARRY -LAVA'S OFFICE -DAY 99
Lava's on the phone, very worried.

LAVA :

Ivan, look, okay, so I bought too much on margin... everyone said glaciers were here to stay, I mean, who knew? Just leverage my shares in Atlantis dry goods and --what? When did that happen? Piltown enters, knocks on the open door.

PILTDOWN :

Mister Lava, the armored car is here.

LAVA :

Armored car...?

PILTDOWN :

Yeah. Must be a fortune in coo-coo berries on that baby. You know, for that Fibrerock stuff of Flintstone and Rubble's. You gotta sign here for it.

LAVA :

(into phone)
I... I'll get back to you.
Lava comes over, signs the form.
the window at -Meanwhile
he looks out
100 HIS POV -ARMORED CAR 100
The guards are unloading sacks of coo-coo berries.
50.

101 BACK TO SCENE 101

Lava signs the form, meanwhile looking Piltdown up and down. Finally -

LAVA:

Piltdown, this Fibrerock program is going to create a lot of changes around the plant. I want to make one more. You've been a wonderful thug and goon for me. Now, I'd like to expand your duties. I want you to become a provocateur.

PILTDOWN:

Gee, Mister Lava, I donno. I kinda like girls myself.

LAVA:

(patiently)
What I mean, is, I'm going to use you to double-cross your Lodge and Union brothers, and make their lives a living hell.

PILTDOWN :

Oh, okay.

LAVA:

Good. You and your little pal will report directly to me and take orders only from me.

(slapping him on the back)

Now get out of here and start screwing your former friends and associates.

Piltdown leaves, smiling. Lava rubs his chin, thoughtful.

LAVA :

Coo-coo berries...

CUT TO:

102 EXT. QUARRY -DAY 102

Fred and Barney appear in Fred's car, make a very quick turn into the quarry lot.

103 CLOSER 103

They both duck down behind the wheel. A moment later, Feldspar's patrol car comes barreling by.

(CONTINUED)

51.

103 CONTINUED:

Feldspar looks every which way, doesn't spot them.

BARNEY:

(when he's gone)

Gee, Fred, driving with you is better than an 'E' ticket at Magerock Mountain.

FRED:

(getting out)

Gets the old adrenaline going, Barn. Us big executives, we need that kind of jolt to get the old wheels turning.

Lava comes INTO VIEW, carrying an armload of plans.

LAVA :

Flintstone! Rubble!

BARNEY :

Oh, hi, Mister Lava.

LAVA :

Please, call me Jerry. Uncle -I mean, Mister Slate told me to take you to your offices. If you'll follow me...?

They move along. Fred notices a hotbed of activity nearby. Workers move scaffolding, animals labor.

FRED :

Hey. What's going on?

LAVA :

The Fibrerock assembly line.
Unc --Mister Slate's had a crew
working on it all weekend. We're
going to roll out the first sheets
of Fibrerock by mid-week.

FRED :

Yes, yes. Quick, dynamic entry
into the marketplace. I approve.

BARNEY :

But, Fred, it's right where the
employee basketball court used
ta be -

(CONTINUED)

52.

103 CONTINUED:

FRED :

Hey, you're right...

(resigned)

... Big business is hell, Barney.
Trust me... you'll get used to it.

BARNEY :

I guess so. You already did.
Lava leads them to a wood-sided trailer.

LAVA:

Well, gentlemen, here you are. As
soon as you're settled, come over
to the assembly line. We'll go
over the Fibrerock formula before
the first run.

He goes off. Fred and Barney go -

104 INSIDE TRAILER 104

There're two tiny little desks at the far end, separated
by a flimsy divider. The single window here looks out
over the quarry scrap heap. (As we watch, somebody dumps
a load of debris.)

Threadbare furniture on a worn rug sits under a portrait
of "Our Founder" (Slate).

105 BACK TO SCENE 105

Fred and Barney look at all this in turn. Pause. Then they whirl, give each other high-fives.

BARNEY :

All-right!

FRED :

Welcome to the top --partner.
And as they shake, we -

CUT TO:

106 MONTAGE -ASSEMBLY LINE -DAY 106

Now, accompanied by heroic "industrial"-type MUSIC, we see the Fibrerock assembly line in full operation. This cannot be described now with appropriate justice, but it involves a series of animal-powered conveyor belts, Rube Goldberg-like funnels, spouts and chutes, and all sorts of gadgets, gizmos, bells and whistles,

to wit:

(CONTINUED)

53.

106 CONTINUED:

At one end of the building, dino-powered dumpsters and lifters drop off all the ingredients; these get stomped/chewed/bashed and otherwise reduced to powder, which is then (courtesy of some squirting Mastodans) mixed with water into a foam, which bubbles through a long sawmill-type trough and is held back by a gate.

Meanwhile, we see a sample item (in this case, a stone sofa) as it is placed before two "goatasauruses" which butt heads and smash the sofa between the two halves of a clay mold. When the mold is opened and the sofa tossed aside, Barney appears and personally "aims" the foam trough at a funnel in the top of the mold. Pausing to "taste" the mix, he smiles, then shouts -

BARNEY :

Ready... aim... fibre!

Barney pulls a rope which opens the trough. "Fibrefoam" pours into the mold.

107 THE CLAY MOLD 107

gets "winched" upwards by monkeys, and then an alligatorsaurus

whaps it with its tail.

108 BELOW 108

Presto! A Fibrerock copy of the stone sofa drops neatly out of the mold, bounces lightly on the conveyor belt below! It sparkles with the tell-tale celadon-green shimmer of Fibrerock. As it chugs along, the process repeats, and soon a score of identical sofas is in view.

109 END OF ASSEMBLY LINE 109

as a beaming Fred watches, workers easily stack the Fibrerock sofas (often one-handed). Nearby, we see Fibrerock window frames, doors, chairs, etc.

110 UP ANGLE -SLATE'S OFFICE BALCONY 110

Slate and Lava watch the progress, dollar signs in their eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 LONG MATTE SHOT -SLATE QUARRY -LATE AFTERNOON 111

Fibrerock products are stacked up everywhere, stretching away like the inventory in Charles Foster Kane's warehouse.

We see everything from Fibrerock bricks to Fibrerock table lamps to Fibrerock toilets. MUSIC OUT.

54.

112 CLOSER -QUARRY YARD 112

Fred and Barney, weary, approach each other, shake hands as they view the day's incredible output. Other weary, but proud workers gather around them: Mr. Slate is about to address them from his office balcony.

SLATE :

Men, this is a proud day for Slate Construction. You have seen the first pieces of Fibrerock roll off the assembly line and into history... a history you are all part of... thanks to your very own fellow worker, Fred Flintstone!

113 WORKERS -FAVORING FRED AND BARNEY 113

They cheer Slate's remarks, pat Fred on the back.

114 BACK TO SCENE 114

SLATE :

No longer will man and beast bend under the backbreaking load of

stone and rock and timber...
because Fibrerock is so light
that even a child can handle it.

(pause)

That's why on Monday we're going
to hire two dozen children from
Bedrock Technical Junior High.
They'll be replacing the 36
heavy equipment operators, 15
shaft diggers and 22 laborers
we're laying off today. Your
pink slips will be in your final
pay envelopes along with a ticket
to the grand opening of Slate
City. It's non-transferable,
so hang on to it. Thank you, and
have a nice weekend.

115 THE QUARRY YARD 115

The workers stand slack-jawed and stunned.

WORKER #1

Laid off --?

WORKER #2

Pink slip --?

WORKER #3

Thanks to Fred Flintstone?

(CONTINUED)

55.

115 CONTINUED:

WORKER #4

Flintstone! What kinda shop
steward are you?

All eyes swivel and bore into Fred, who is as shocked as
anyone.

BARNEY :

Fred. You gotta do something
about this!

FRED :

I do?

(realizing)

I mean, I do, yeah!

He squares his shoulders, marches off.

BARNEY :

(proudly)

That's my Fred...

116 INT. SLATE'S OFFICE -DAY 116

Slate is practicing hitting golf balls into an automatic putting cup. Lava and some office workers are checking a blueprint against a model of "Slate City" which is made out of Fibrerock. A ball shoots back at Slate, who tees up again.

117 INSIDE THE PUTTING CUP 117

A little MOUSE in a complete hockey outfit jumps to catch the ball. Stopping it with his little hockey stick, the Mouse gasps, raises its hockey mask.

MOUSE :

Whew. And it's still pre-season.

He whaps the ball to Slate again.

118 BACK TO SCENE 118

Slate tees up the ball again. Fred barges in, banging the door. Startled, Slate drives the ball instead of putting it. It sails across the room and SHATTERS a PICTURE of Mrs. Slate.

SLATE :

(furious)

Flintstone!

(CONTINUED)

56.

118 CONTINUED:

FRED :

(undeterred)

Mr. Slate --we gotta talk -

SLATE :

We do, eh? About what?

FRED :

About those guys outside, Mr. Slate. Some of 'em, well, they been here for years. And you, well, you can't lay them off just

like -

(snapping fingers)

--that!

Slate looks at Lava, who shrugs. Slate looks back at Fred, stays surprisingly calm. He toys with the putter, balances it on his palm.

SLATE :

Of course I can, Fred. I can lay them off like -

(snapping fingers)

--that, or like -(

a different style

snap)

--that, or like -

He does a really nifty snap which combines with a buckand-wing with the putter.

SLATE :

--that.

FRED :

(bravura slipping)

Oh, you can, huh?

LAVA :

Of course he can, Flintstone.

It's his quarry.

SLATE :

(still calm, warm)

That's right. Why -

(chuckling)

I could lock the front door and go fishing if I wanted!

Lava laughs along with the office staff and Slate. Fred chuckles a little to fit in.

(CONTINUED)

57.

118 CONTINUED:

SLATE:

(winking)

Why, I could even fire Lava here
if I wanted.

Lava quivers with mock surprise. Everyone really laughs,
now.

SLATE :

Or...

(wiping away a tear)

I could fire you, Fred.

FRED:

(guffawing)

Me! Ah, ha, that's rich, Mr.

Slate, that's -

Suddenly Fred stops laughing.

SLATE :

Flintstone, Lava, here,
recommended that you be in charge
of public relations to get
Fibrerock off to a good start.

I'm a member of that public,
Flintstone, and I have to say...

this isn't a good start. I'm
getting a bad feeling about
Fibrerock. A bad feeling about...
you. You want that feeling to go
away, don't you?

FRED :

Uh... well, gee, I... uh, yeah.

SLATE :

Good. Then turn around and walk
out of here and we'll forget all
about this.

Fred swallows, looks at Lava, goes meekly out.

119 EXT. QUARRY YARD -DAY 119

All the Workers watch expectantly as Fred comes out.

They AD LIB -

WORKERS :

Well? What'd he say...? Ol'

Freddie boy told him a thing or

two... Probably got us a raise...

Right, Fred...? Fred...?

(CONTINUED)

58.

119 CONTINUED:

FRED :

Akkk... something... noble... man
... job... nose... wheel...
shoulder... grindstone... hommmm...
yggggg...

BARNEY :

(worried)

Fred?

Fred staggers over to his locker, opens it... gets in,
and closes the door. We hear a MUFFLED SOB.

120 A NEW ANGLE 120

As the workers slowly realize the mighty Casey has struck
out.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. FLINTSTONE & RUBBLE LAWNS -DAY 121

Betty and Wilma stand, determined, while the kids gripe.

PEBBLES :

But, Mommy, I wanna go roller
skating...

BAM-BAM

(mouth full)

Yeagh... 'hend thugh guys wher
ghoing -

(swallow, munch)

--to play rockball at Paleolithic
Park -

Betty wipes Bam-Bam's mouth, smiles sweetly.

BETTY :

Well, you're both going to change
your plans. Your new school is
going to have a talent show... and
you're going to have some talent.

WILMA :

You don't have to win... honorable mention or most Kongenial Kids is perfectly acceptable.

PEBBLES:

(aside)

As long as we beat the pants offa Mrs. Slate's nephew...

(CONTINUED)

59.

121 CONTINUED:

WILMA :

Young lady, this is not about beating pants, this is about becoming a well rounded child. Now, what kind of act will you do?

BAM-BAM

How about a disappearing act?

He takes a tentative step away but Betty grabs him.

BETTY :

We're waiting.

Pebbles and Bam-Bam sigh, huddle. We hear snatches of discussion...

PEBBLES BAM-BAM

... Wanna recite something? Nah, what are we, little 'Inky Dinky Spidersaurus...'? kids? How 'bout magic tricks? We could cut up a newspaper -

PEBBLES :

But then we'd need a hammer BAM-BAM and chisel... oh, what about That dumb thing? You that thing with Dino? think so...? Pebbles turns, the decision made.

PEBBLES :

Okay. We're gonna sing a song with Dino.

Instantly, on cue, Dino leaps out of nowhere, holding a straw hat and a cane.

Wilma and Betty look at each other, skeptical. Bam-Bam reaches into his shirt and takes out a whistle. He blows it -

PEBBLES :

A one-and-a-two and-a -

122 WIDER 122

MUSIC comes UP and Dino and his little friends do a dance routine we will call "The Dino Dance." It is a spectacular blend of soft-shoe and the kind of dog-and-pony-show gags usually seen in the circus or on the Ed Sullivrock show. Most importantly, the routine includes the

following:

A) Dino leaps back and forth through a hoop.

(CONTINUED)

60.

122 CONTINUED:

122

B)

The kids tie down a jump rope and Dino does a wire walk.

C)

And finally, Dino uses his tail to flip the kids onto his back, culminating in a big "ta-da" after they all slide down the rope for a big finish.

123 NEW ANGLE

123

THE KIDS:

(winding up)

You can keep the Twist,

The Frug and Hop

I don't need to Shimmy,

I don't need to Bop

'Cause I'm doin' doin' doin'

The Igneous Rock!

Panting for breath, Pebbles, Bam-Bam and Dino wait for a reaction.

BETTY:

(to Wilma, impressed)

Well? Think they're ready for the

talent show?

WILMA :

I think they're ready for Rock Vegas.

As they laugh and hug the kids and Dino, we -

CUT TO:

124 EXT. LODGE HALL -THAT NIGHT

124

HERDMASTER (V.O.)

Fellow Water Buffalo. In a few moments we will cast our votes for the lodge officers.

125 INT. LODGE HALL

125

TIGHT ON Fred as he leans back in his usual chair.

HERDMASTER :

The election committee will make the preparations.

FRED:

(confident)

Since when do you have to prepare for a landslide, right, guys?

(CONTINUED)

61.

125 CONTINUED:

Pause as Fred waits for a reply. He turns... SHOT WIDENS as he realizes no one is sitting near him. He looks around and sees -

126 HIS POV -FRED'S POSTER 126

It's been altered to read "Fred Finkstone." Also added to Fred's image are horns, a beard and other choice touches.

127 BACK TO SCENE 127

Fred looks around, sees Barney approaching, having just left a group of angry Buffalo.

FRED :

Barn --w-what's going on?

BARNEY :

They're mad at you, Fred... it's understandable, I mean, they all got laid off today -
Fred crosses to the other guys, puts on a big smile.

FRED :

Guys, guys, come on now --what's a quarry fulla layoffs got to do with a lodge fulla Buffaloes?

BARNEY :

Is that a riddle? Give me a second -

PYRITE:

(stepping forward)
I'll tell ya what! Mosta the guys in this lodge work for Mr. Slate -

PILTDOWN :

--You mean used to work for him -until somebody opened their big mouth -

FRED :

Fellas, come on. We're all big boys here -
He gestures vaguely towards the outside world, then back to the little band of brothers here.

FRED :

Surely we can separate in our minds work, and play... Job, and Lodge...
(CONTINUED)
62.

127 CONTINUED:

PILTDOWN:

(pointing at Fred)
Candidate and double-crossing back stabber?
(turning)

Herdmaster! I move we commence
the meeting... and the election!

PYRITE :

I second the motion!

HERDMASTER :

All in favor, say -

FRED :

Wait, wait... Your Antlerness,
please, one second --!
Fred grabs Barney by the shoulder, spins him around,
pushes him forward like a refrigerator on a dolly, stands
him up center stage.

FRED :

Barney, you gotta tell the other
guys what really happened. Tell
'em the story behind Fibrerock.
The true story.
The room quiets. Barney clears his throat. Fred waits,
hopeful.

BARNEY:

Well, there's not much to tell.
(trying to remember
Fred's phraseology)
True, I got a cut... but Fred's
got a gut.

FRED :

No, no, the rest --!

BARNEY :

Oh, yeah, I remember! I got the
mind, but Fred's got the behind.
Right, Fred?
Barney turns, gives Fred a big wink. Fred groans.

HERDMASTER :

Thank you, Brother Rubble. The
Buffaloes will now have their
secret vote.

(a command)
Fit... furs!
(CONTINUED)
63.

127 CONTINUED:

Everyone pulls their horned fezzes down over their eyes.

HERDMASTER :

Paw... ground!
Everyone does a bull-like stomp and scrape.

HERDMASTER :

All for Piltdown, bellow now!
The room ECHOES with MOOSE-LIKE SNORTS.

HERDMASTER :

All for Flintstone, bellow now!
Fred snorts, sounding like Herb Alpert's lonely bull.
Even under his furry fez we see him "looking around"
desperately, hoping to hear one more snort.
He kind of sneaks in one more forlorn grunt which fades
away... finally, as Fred squirms miserably, there is one
more lonely snort...
... from Barney, of course.
Order furs!

HERDMASTER :

The fezzes come up.

HERDMASTER :

The snorts have it! Brother
Piltdown, it is my privilege to
install you as the new Exalted
Herdmaster Erect Antler and Big
Buck of our Lodge. If you'll come
forward, I will present you with
the tokens of office.
Cheers and applause as Piltdown goes to the podium.
128 FAVORING FRED AND BARNEY 128
Fred's a broken man.
around him.
Barney moves over, puts his arm

BARNEY :

I voted for you, Fred.

FRED :

Big deal, after you screwed
everything up in the first
place...!

Barney reacts, really hurt. He moves away on the bench.
Fred's so agitated he doesn't even realize it.

64.

129 WIDER 129

Piltdown accepts the festooned fez and shoulder ribbon,
smiles at the group.

PILTDOWN:

Thank you, Brother Chairman.

Fellow Buffaloes, I'm a man of few
words. It's no secret that most
of our lodge members are also
members of Amalgamated Neolithic
101... which means that most of us
aren't gonna be able to make our
cave payments next month. So my
agenda for tonight... ends right
now. There's a time to be a
Buffalo... there's a time ta be a
brown nosin' double-crossin'
creep...

All heads turn and swivel to look at Fred... swivel back.

PILTDOWN:

... and there's a time to stand up
and be a man! So let's go down
there and make the Slate shop into
slate scrap... then we'll see how
he gets along without the heavy
equipment operators of Neolithic
101! Meeting adjourned!

With angry grumbles and threats, the meeting breaks up.
Fezzes are thrown into cubby holes and hard hats are
slapped on. The Buffalo run out.

When the dust clears, we see that only one member has
avoided the herding instinct: Barney.

Now, he turns, runs into -

130 BUFFALO LODGE -RECREATION AREA -NIGHT 130

Fred is at the bar, opening a beer. He looks wistfully at the old, framed picture on the wall --reacts as he sees -

131 PICTURE 131

Even his childhood shot has been defaced.

132 BACK TO SCENE 132

He sets his jaw with a "screw 'em" expression, downs his beer. Then Barney runs up, shakes him by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

65.

132 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

Fred! Fred! The Buffalo are heading for big trouble --!

FRED :

No kidding. They rejected the best candidate -

BARNEY :

No, no, not that! Piltdown's got the guys all worked up and they're heading down to the quarry! They're gonna wreck the assembly line!

FRED :

(genuinely worried)

Oh, no! That --that's horrible!

(pause)

We could end up with half a percent of nothing!

BARNEY :

No, Fred, if they do that they'll be breakin' the law! Our brother Buffalo could go to jail!

FRED :

Oh, yeah, yeah, that, too... come on, Barn, we gotta stop 'em!

CUT TO:

133 EXT. SLATE QUARRY -NIGHT 133

Silent, empty. CAMERA PANS FROM the still yard TO the gate. Down the road, we see Piltdown leading the angry mob. Quickly, they go to the gate, climb up and over it!

PILTDOWN :

Okay! Let's start with Slate's golf trophies and work our way up to the assembly line!

AD LIB angry cheers, and the mob storms into the plant, knocking aside equipment and supplies.

134 IN CAR -FRED AND BARNEY -NIGHT 134

Both pedaling like mad.

(CONTINUED)

66.

134 CONTINUED:

FRED:

I don't believe this... how did things ever get this out of hand --?

BARNEY:

I know. Makes you wish things were back the way they were... before we was big executives.

FRED :

Well, I wouldn't go that far...

Suddenly they're interrupted by the sound of a SIREN.

Fred looks back and sees -

135 FELDSPAR AND GRAVEL 135

Coming up from rear. Feldspar grabs his megaphone as he pulls abreast of Fred.

FELDSPAR :

Flintstone! Pull over!

FRED :

Oh, no, not now...

Feldspar signals Fred onto the shoulder. Fred smiles,

nods...

136 CLOSE ON FRED'S FEET 136

He slams them down through the floorboard -

137 WIDER 137

Fred's CAR SKIDS, spins out, whirling around like a record on a turntable. It jerks to a halt 180 degrees later, and then ROARS off in the opposite direction.

138 FELDSPAR 138

So astonished he follows this action with his head... a bad move because -

GRAVEL :

Sarge! Look out --!

139 NEW ANGLE 139

The patrol CAR runs off the road, CRASHING into a stone fire hydrant. Water squirts into the air. Feldspar and Gravel are drenched. They're just coming to their senses when the ground heaves --the car's front wheels rise - 67.

140 NEW ANGLE 140

As we see that the water spout is actually coming from the blowhole of a whale which now sticks a bit of its head up from under the broken curb.

WHALE:

I'm gonna sue you for everything
you got -

CUT TO:

141 SLATE QUARRY -NIGHT 141

Led by Piltdown, the workers have grabbed a big timber which they're using like a battering ram on the doors of the assembly line building. Suddenly, with a crash, the doors go down! Piltdown and Pyrite stand back while the angry workers rush past them.

PILTDOWN :

(loudly)

Now we'll show 'em who's boss!

PYRITE :

They can't push us around!

Piltdown and Pyrite smash a few items to get everybody juiced up, and then... when no one is looking...

... they slip out the back!

142 REAR OF QUARRY -NIGHT 142

Fred pulls into the lot, slams his feet down to stop -we hear SKIDDING --they fishtail all over, slam right through a storage area for crates and barrels which collapse all around them.

Finally they slam broadside into the main Quarry building, knocking a hole in the wall.

143 NEW ANGLE 143

Fred and Barney cough in the rising dust. Neither one of them sees what we see, which is that visible in the hole in the wall is the Slate Company's granite-doored safe... .. and right beside it is the Xenosaurus, which now jumps up, startled, dropping a crowbar and a big hand drill.

Recovering its composure, the Xenosaurus grabs up the tools as well as a big canvas bag and tiptoes away, vanishing just as our heroes stir.

(CONTINUED)

68.

143 CONTINUED:

FRED :

(double-taking)

Barn! Did you see that --?

(peering through
the dust)

--Huh, now it's gone... I
coulda sworn...

BARNEY :

Come on Fred. Time to earn those
big bucks.

They rush into the plant.

144 INT. ASSEMBLY LINE -NIGHT 144

As the workers continue their rampage, Piltdown and Pyrite reappear.

PYRITE :

Darn that Flintstone and Rubble...
they're gonna screw everything
up...

PILTDOWN :

Not if we give 'em a nice long vacation... in the hospital.

Saying this, he grips tightly on a wrench. Then some rampaging workers rush by. Piltdown gives them an encouraging cheer, and then he and Pyrite lead them up some stairs to the assembly line catwalk. There, Pyrite begins SMASHING some LIGHT FIXTURES with a club, while Piltdown uses brute strength to snap big support beams which he flings below.

145 CLOSE -PYRITE 145

Winds up for another baseball-type swing --but as he follows through, the ball-shaped light fixture jerks up on its cable. Unable to stop in time, Pyrite spins around, falls on his ass.

Barney drops down INTO VIEW, hanging horizontally from the rafters. He's holding the light fixture with his free hand.

BARNEY :

Stee-riker one! Heh-hey. Ready for a curve ball?

Pyrite doesn't have a sense of humor; club in hand, he jumps up, starts chasing Barney through the rafters. 69.

146 PILTDOWN 146

Spits on his hand, grabs another big beam. He pulls down on it... but it doesn't snap, it goes right up again. Puzzled, he pulls down on it again... there's another see-saw motion...

... This time Piltdown goes with the flow, pushes up and peers under the beam...

147 NEW ANGLE 147

Fred is hanging on the other end.

FRED:

Brother Piltdown... can we talk about this, antler to antler?

Piltdown roars, begins slamming the girder up and down.

FRED :

Guess not...

Fred inches down the shuddering beam, jumps off. Freed of Fred's weight, the other end "BOINGS" down on

Piltdown's head. He groans, recovers in time to chase after Fred.

148 BARNEY AND PYRITE 148
Square off in the rafters.

BARNEY :

Give me your best shot.

Pyrite swings. Barney ducks and Pyrite SMASHES a WINDOW pane. Barney dodges again and the same thing happens. Getting cocky, Barney does it one more time...

... but this time the window is hinged in the center and the swivel action after the hit whaps Barney on the back and knocks him into Pyrite's next blow.

149 FRED 149

Is backpedaling away from Piltdown on the upper superstructure of the assembly line. Fred scrapes one foot in an arc in front of him.

FRED :

Dare you to cross that line.
Piltdown crosses it.

FRED :

That line.
(CONTINUED)
70.

149 CONTINUED:

Piltdown crosses it. Fred "marks" another one. Piltdown doesn't even wait for the challenge, takes a giant step.

Oops. Bad idea:

straight drop! Piltdown yelps, "treads air" in the best cartoon manner --and then desperately grabs a handful of Fred's clothing! Both men fall --at the last minute Piltdown catches a ladder!

150 BELOW -ASSEMBLY LINE 150

Fred lands with a thud right in the clay mold used to form the Fibre products! Worse, the impact arouses the goatasauruses out of their sleep. Dutifully, they rise, and then ram both sides of the mold just as Fred is struggling to his feet! Fred's yell is muffled by the clay.

151 OTHER ASSEMBLY LINE ANIMALS 151

Aroused by the "start up" of the assembly line, they do their job. Fibre foam begins to chug down the trough: The alligator crane picks up the mold, shakes it.

152 FRED 152

is flung to the conveyor belt, stiffly caked in clay.

153 THE FIBRE MOLD 153

shudders --and shakes out a Fibre statue of... Fred!

154 BELOW 154

The real Fred, moving stiffly like a robot, is getting to his feet when his Fibre doppelganger slams him to the mat again! A moment later, another "Fred" drops down beside him.

155 PILTDOWN 155

Has descended the ladder, hopping mad. Now, he sees Fred coming toward him... Piltdown breaks a big lever off the equipment, swings --reacts astonished as "FRED" SHATTERS.

156 FRED 156

Back down the line, he's seen this. His clay-caked Adam's apple gulps. Quickly, he turns and tries to "tip-toe" away --then, with a CREAK and CRUNCH --the clay and Fibre all over him solidifies! Desperate, he tries to move... can't!

71.

157 PILTDOWN 157

Watches, confused, as dozens of Fred Flintstones chug towards him on the belt. He shrugs, smashes the next one in line. Another phoney. He smashes the next one...

CUT TO:

158 UP ABOVE -BARNEY 158

Dodging Pyrite's renewed attack. Now, Barney becomes aware of the activated assembly line. Getting an idea, he moves behind an inspection table, grabs a big rubber stamp.

Pyrite comes around the corner... Barney's head butts him in the gut, dodges under his legs! Then, as Pyrite stumbles, Barney stamps his ass with the word "REJECT." Pyrite looks back, sees this, reddens... raises his club.

PYRITE:

Reject, huh? Whaddya say we reject your head?

He raises the club... when an alligator swings down and

grabs him by the seat of his pants! Pyrite drops the club, howls -

159 WIDER 159

The alligator crane swings him away and over a big bin marked REJECTS --and drops him.

Howling, Pyrite falls into a big bin of broken and defective Fibrerock goods.

160 BARNEY 160

Chuckles to himself... and then looks down, reacts.

CAMERA ADJUSTS and we see that Piltdown has smashed yet another of the duplicate Freds.

Worried, Barney looks around, sees that he's just above the Fibrefoam chute. Without another thought, he jumps into it --slides downward like a passenger on the Magerock Mountain Log Flume ride -

161 BELOW 161

Piltdown is about to swing at the real Fred --when Barney sails out of the end of the chute and slams into him and Fred! All three of them roll across the floor towards -

72.

162 THE END OF THE BUILDING 162

where a squad of policemen has just appeared --led by a dripping wet Feldspar and Gravel!

All right!

FELDSPAR :

You're all under arr --

Wham! Barney, Fred and Piltdown roll right into the cops, who go flying like (what else?) tenpins, complete with appropriate sound.

BARNEY :

(sitting up)

Whattya know. Even got the spare again...

Then he gasps as he looks over at Fred, whose head has just fallen off!

Pause. Fred's real head slowly pokes up out of the clay and Fibre shoulders. Before he can extricate himself further, Feldspar and his men are dragging them out of the building.

CUT TO:

163 INT. BEDROCK POLICE STATION -NIGHT 163

Wooden bars delineate the holding cells. "Wanted" posters of stone are hanging on the walls. As we watch, the contrite buffalos are bailed out by friends and relations. Wilma and Betty are just now clunking down stone money on the night sergeant's desk.

BETTY :

Barney, I don't understand... what came over you boys?

EXITING BUFFALO

'Night, Barney.

(to Fred)

So long, fatso.

BUFFALO #2

See ya, Barn.

(pause)

Flintstone, you're dead meat.

'Night, pal.

BUFFALO #2

'Night, slimeball.

WILMA :

Fred, is there something you want to tell me about the lodge meeting?

(CONTINUED)

73.

163 CONTINUED:

FRED :

I don't wanna talk about it.

Besides, who cares about a bunch of jerks running around with furs on their heads? I'm more of a country club guy myself anyway...

He goes out, hardly looking at Barney. Wilma and Betty look at each other, mystified... then Wilma follows Fred out, puzzled.

164 EXT. POLICE STATION -NIGHT 164

Lava stands in the shadows beside his Porscherock.

Piltdown and Pyrite are with him. In the b.g., Fred and Wilma drive away.

LAVA :

A simple little heist --I gave you everything but the keys and you blew it -PILTDOWN
Hey, we got the union guys to break in and create a distraction, didn't we? Who knew Flintstone and Rubble would show up, too?

LAVA :

The day after Slate City opens there's going to be an audit. If the stuff isn't gone by then we'll all be doing time until the Bronze Age.

PYRITE :

Don't worry, Mister Lava... we're on top of it.
They both turn and start down an alley... jamming together as they do. Lava sighs... then jumps as Barney comes up behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

BARNEY :

Excuse me, Mister Lava --? I think you oughta know... something could be wrong with the Fibrerock mix.

LAVA :

(thrown)
How do you know that?
(recovering)
I mean... ah, why do you say that?
(CONTINUED)
74.

164 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

It tastes different.

LAVA :

Tastes... different?

BARNEY:

Yup. See, ever since I started with Fibrerock --I mean, since me and Fred started with it, I always take a little taste of the Fibre foam. And tonight's batch, well... I didn't get much of it, but it seems a little off.

(smacking his lips)

Can't fool the old taste buds, heh-heh. I think there might be an ingredient missing. So tomorrow, I'll run a couple of tests and stuff -

LAVA:

Rubble, Rubble! We're fighting a deadline to finish Slate City... and we're not pulling the plug on production to satisfy your tastebuds! If you ask me, you and your tastebuds are overworked ... overwrought... how long have you been with us, anyway?

BARNEY :

Nine days, Mister Lava.

LAVA:

Jumping Jurrasic, no wonder you're so run down.

He puts his arm around Barney, leads him towards the car where Betty is waiting.

LAVA:

I'm authorizing a nice vacation for you, Rubble. Starting tomorrow. You can catch some rays, maybe invent something... hey, how about Fibrerock, the sequel, part II --?

BARNEY :

But -

LAVA :

No, don't try and thank me.

CUT TO:

75.

165 INT. SLATE'S OFFICE -DAY 165

Slate and Lava are examining a newer and larger model of Slate City. It's even more grandiose than its predecessor. Now the housing development has two huge office buildings beside it, and then a convention center beyond that.

LAVA :

... As you can see, the Fibrerock is so light we're using it for construction, for furnishings... for everything. You can't stack a two-bedroom cave this high... but the sky's the limit with Fibrerock!

SLATE :

'Sky's the limit'... 'sky's the limit'... why, these two buildings, they... they practically scrape the sky! We should call them... Slate scrapers!

LAVA :

That's brilliant, Unc... Mister Slate. In fact, maybe you can help me with the centerpiece of the complex...

(indicating the convention center)

... I wanna call 'em the FibreSphere and the '_____' something Needle... but I just can't...

SLATE :

(modestly)

How about, 'Slate Needle'?

LAVA :

'Slate Need...'

(astonished)

... How do you keep coming up with these? It's uncanny.

SLATE :

(shrugging)

It's a gift...

LAVA:

(casually)

Oh, that reminds me, sign these, will you... just a few overruns ... minor cost problems... that's it... thank you...

(CONTINUED)

76.

165 CONTINUED:

Slate's so busy admiring his moment to himself he hardly listens to what Lava's saying, just runs his stylus through the wet clay of the statements, meanwhile "framing" the model city in his hands.

LAVA :

(heading for the door)

... Oh, Mister Slate, we're going to hold the Bedrock Junior Talent Show in the uh, 'Slate Needle.'

Good for public relations -

Lava breaks off. He's just looked out the window and seen -

166 LAVA'S POV -QUARRY BELOW WINDOW 166

A small figure appears behind some of the equipment, tiptoeing from console to cabinet and thus towards the assembly line.

Wearing sunglasses with attached nose and a hook-on beard, it at first appears to be some sort of bizarre hermit or bum... and then we realize, hey, this is Barney!

167 LAVA 167

Looks around, spots Piltdown and Pyrite, now resplendent in security guard uniforms. Lava whistles softly to get their attention, can't. Then he sees one of Slate's golf trophies. He shrugs, throws it.

168 BELOW -PILTDOWN 168

Reacts as the trophy bounces off his head, then looks up to see Lava gesticulating. Piltdown nods, grabs Pyrite in tow.

169 BARNEY 169

Looking around carefully, Barney takes out a Thermos bottle, unscrews the top, and quickly dunks it into the Fibrerock foam. Then he tiptoes O.S., right into the massive bulk of -

170 PILTDOWN 170

--who looks down at him with a big smile, Pyrite at his side.

PILTDOWN :

Can we help you... sir?

(CONTINUED)

77.

170 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

(fake crotchety voice)

Ah, yup, yup, young feller... jest show me the way to the personnel office... I'm lookin' fer a job as a custodian...

Our pleasure.

PYRITE :

Then they grab Barney with such force that the THERMOS drops and SHATTERS, drag him O.S. -171

SLATE QUARRY -MAIN GATE -DAY 171

Barney is tossed outside, landing in a heap amidst the picketing workers of Neolithic 101.

PILTDOWN :

(chuckling)

Ya can start by cleaning the street with your pants!

Still laughing, Piltdown and Pyrite cross over to Lava, who has come out of the office building.

LAVA :

That takes care of the half-pint.

(pause)

Now to deal with the half-wit.

CUT TO:

172 INT. LAVA'S OFFICE -DAY 172

Lava walks Fred from the door into the color-coordinated high-style room.

FRED :

(on the move)

... But Barney doesn't want to take a vacation --he says he's gotta be here to check up on the Fibrefoam ---

Oh?

LAVA :

(pointedly)

Or check up on us?

Emotionally, Lava turns, indicates a picture of Slate on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

78.

172 CONTINUED:

LAVA :

Flintstone, that... that's a slap in the face of our founder... our employer... our uncle.

(turning back,
another tone)

Unless, of course, you agree with Rubble... that Mister Slate isn't capable of running this operation ... that I'm not capable of running it?

FRED :

(nervous)

Of course not, Mister Lava.

But -LAVA

Call me Jerry. Sit down, please...

Fred complies. Lava winces as his designer FURNITURE

CREAKS under Fred's weight, but he only says -LAVA

(offering one)

... Cigar?

FRED :

Why, yeah, sure, Jerry.

LAVA :

Fred, let me get to the bottom

slime. Some men --you and me,

for instance --we're cut out for

the big time, the big bucks...

(eyeing Fred's

girth)

... the big everything.

Lava smiles, prepares the tips on two cigars.

each one in turn in a gizmo on his desk.

He puts

173 CLOSER -GIZMO 173

It's actually a frame supporting a little LIZARD. The

Lizard bites the tip off the cigar, practically chokes

on it, finally manages to spit it out with difficulty.

LIZARD :

(aside)

When they say smoking is bad for

your health, they're not kidding...

79.

174 BACK TO SCENE 174

LAVA :

And others? Welllll...

Now Lava takes out a lighter, leans across the desk.

175 CLOSER -LIGHTER 175

As Lava works the mechanism, two wooden twigs rub rapidly

across each other and ignite.

176 BACK TO SCENE 176

LAVA :

... Now, I know your pal Barney had a small part in the preliminary research and development of Fibrerock...

FRED :

Well, actually, I wouldn't say small part... I'd say...

LAVA :

Yes?

FRED :

... Kind of a medium-sized... well, almost medium-sized... well, really a semi-partial assistant consulting type, of -

LAVA :

(giving Fred a playful punch)

You're too kind, Flintstone, that's what I like about you. But you're a big guy with a big decision to make. Are you gonna keep covering for Barney, keep pulling his acornsauses out of the fire... or are you going to concentrate on your own important duties?

FRED :

Well, gee, that's tough one -(
pause)
--Uh, what are my important duties?

LAVA :

Publicity, Flintstone, publicity!
(MORE)
(CONTINUED)
80.

176 CONTINUED:

LAVA (CONT'D)

And that's why I've got a little surprise for you... for the man who made Fibrerock a household word, I want you to meet the man who's going to make you a household word...

Lava throws the door open. Fred's jaw drops as he sees -

FRED :

R-rockin' Leach?

Indeed, it is he, and he smiles, extends his hands.

LEACH :

'Ello, Fred. I've 'eard a lot h'about you from Mister Lava.

H'at's why we're going to put you on our program.

FRED :

M-me? On --on television?

LAVA :

(patting his back,
sotto)

Right, Fred. As long as you forget all this nonsense about Barney.

FRED :

(still in a dazed
thrill)
Barney who?

CUT TO:

177 EXT. FLINTSTONE HOUSE -DAY 177

Three big dino-mounted trucks are parked in front. You have to read the words on all three: "ROCKSTYLES OF..." "THE RICH..." "AND FAMOUS."

Technicians roll out gear, set up big spotlights, etc.

178 CLOSER -YARD 178

Rockin' Leach is surveying the place with an aide. Fred and Wilma are with them. Leach makes a "frame" with his hands, "pans" the area.

(CONTINUED)

81.

178 CONTINUED:

LEACH :

Hmm. Lovely little guest 'ouse,
Mister Flintstone. So simple,
so ordinary, so unexceptional...
why, h'it's almost quaint. Let's
say we start with the camera 'ere,
except...

Leach breaks off, looks over the fence at the Rubble
homestead. He shakes his head sadly.

FRED :

W-what's wrong?

LEACH :

Well, just look at that yard over
there... barbecues and trikes, not
exactly the right image...

FRED :

(pointing)

Maybe you could move those plants
to block them out...?

LEACH :

Good idea. Rodney, get 'hoppin'
with those greens.

The aide nods, gathers some workers. They start moving
the potted plants. Puzzled, Wilma comes over.

WILMA :

Fred, this was supposed to be a
'typical evening' at the
Flintstones, and you invited fifty
people I don't even know. Now
what's going on? Where are they
taking my ficus-sauruses?

FRED :

It's the Rubble yard, Wilma.

just not the right image...

It's

He starts away, suddenly notices his own barbecue and trikes... quickly, without missing a stride, he tosses a tarp over them, slides a potted plant over for good measure.

179 BARNEY AND BETTY'S HOUSE -SAME TIME 179

Betty, hair and face done, but still in a slip, is putting a reluctant Bam-Bam into a cute little blazer. In the f.g., Barney finishes tying a black tie, then struggles into a dinner jacket.

(CONTINUED)

82.

179 CONTINUED:

BETTY :

I don't know why you want to go to this thing... after the way Fred's been treating you lately -BARNEY
Fred's in a high-powered executive job, Betty. There's a lot of pressure on him.

BETTY :

Yeah... and it's all around his belt. If it wasn't for poor Wilma I wouldn't give him the Geological Time -BARNEY
Trust me, Betty. After the Fibrerock debut, he'll be the same old Fred.

Both react to the sound of HAMMERING and SAWING. Curious, they go out the sliding bedroom door into the yard and see -180

THEIR POV -THE FENCE 180

The television crew has just finished nailing boards up over the top of the fence. Now the big potted plants are dropped into place. With each hammer stroke or thud a little more of the late afternoon sun is shut off until Barney and Betty are in shadow.

Finally a canvas tarp is tossed as gracefully as pizza dough, sails into the Rubble yard and covers their bird bath. One last stray end lands on Barney's head.

CUT TO:

181 QUICK CUTS -FLINTSTONE YARD -ANGLE ON "KLEIG LIGHTS" 181
Inside each one, a little BIRD in hardhat and smoked
visor lights up the arc, gets knocked on his butt when
it catches.

BIRD :

(slowly getting up)

I've heard of a flash in the pan,
but this is ridiculous...

182 ON DINO 182

He's squirming uncomfortably under the attentions of two
crew members who are busy with scissors and combs and
brushes.

(CONTINUED)

83.

182 CONTINUED:

Finally, they're done and leave him.

He has been cut and trimmed like a French poodle. He
gets a glimpse of himself in the swimming pool and freaks
out. Then he arches his back, shakes out the hairstyle.

183 CLOSER ON ROCKIN' LEACH 183

The MAIN TITLE of the show can be heard O.S.
ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now... the man who brings you
the romance and excitement you
crave... from the casinos of
Monte Carlrock to the glamour of
Hollyrock, here's your guide to
the Rockstyles of the Rich and
Famous, Rockin' Leach!
Leach takes his cue from the director -

LEACH:

(INTO CAMERA)

Good evening. Tonight we come
to you live from the ah... charming
pied a terre of the man of the
'our, Fred Flintstone -

Leach pauses, hearing the sound of someone CHIPPING AWAY
at a stone tablet... he looks up at -

184 HIS POV -FRED 184

He has just carved "FREDERICK" into a stone cue card and points to it.

185 BACK TO SCENE 185

LEACH:

'Ere we are at the 'ome of
Bedrock's man o' the 'our,
Frederick Flint-

More CHIPPING. Leach looks up and sees:

186 HIS POV -FRED 186

Now he's carved something grander. Leach sighs, goes on.

LEACH:

'Ere we are at the fabulous 'ome
of Bedrock's man o' the 'our,
Frederick von Flintstone -
84.

187 NEAR THE HOUSE 187

Barney and Betty appear, Bam-Bam in tow. They come out into the yard. Betty waves at Wilma, who comes over, whispers.

WILMA :

Thank heaven. There isn't one
person I know here.

BARNEY :

You mean beside Fred?

WILMA :

I mean including Fred.

They look over at -188

THE SET 188

Where Leach has pulled Fred on camera. Fred is posing, fluffing his ascot, etc. We notice a "FVF" embroidered patch on his jacket.

LEACH :

Frederick, of course, is the man
behind Fibrerock --the invention
that some predict will
revolutionize life in the future.
Frederick, 'ow does it feel to

know that you 'ave personally
brought the Stone Age as we know
it to a long-deserved end?

FRED :

(very affected accent)
Well, Rockin', you're right, I
have affected destiny for all
mankind, and it's a sobering
thought. However, if I may add a
personal note at this time, I
myself cannot personally take
all the credit for Fibrerock...
189 WILMA, BARNEY, BETTY 189
react with hopeful expressions -See?

BARNEY :

(sotto, to them)
What'd I tell ya?
85.
190 BACK TO SCENE 190

FRED:

No, I could never have done it
without the inspiration and
support of a very special person.
I'm speaking, of course, of my
close friend and associate,
Mister Slate, founder and C.E.O.
of Slate Construction...
191 WILMA, BARNEY, BETTY 191
Barney's face falls. So do Wilma and Betty's.

CUT TO:

192 EXT. SLATE CITY -NIGHT 192
Slate City! In the far future, Manhattan will have New
Jersey... Philadelphia will have Levittown... L.A. will
have Burbank... but today Bedrock has... Slate City!
193 CLOSE ON "SLATE NEEDLE" AND FIBRESPHERE 193
Both decorated in pennants and bunting, connected to each
other by a gangway six stories up. Block letters on the
Fibresphere proclaim "Slate Construction brings you THE
WONDERFUL WORLD OF FIBRE." A heroic statue of Slate
himself stands close by the structures. (Sphere and

needle, of course, are dead on parodies of the Trylon and Perisphere, centerpieces of the '39 World's Fair.) A limousine pedaled by two chauffeurs pulls up. Mr. and Mrs. Slate and Lava, and Lava's son, POINDEXTER, get out. It is immediately evident that the little obnoxious acorn hasn't fallen far from the tree.

POINDEXTER:

Wow! Is this ever keen! Dad, you promise I can cut in all the lines?

LAVA :

Of course, Poindexter, of course. They head for the mastodon and pully-powered elevator. Standing there are Piltdown and Pyrite, both in security guard uniforms. (Piltdown is carrying a vaguely-familiar satchel). Lava gives them a big look. They nod. As the elevator rises, his two cronies duck into a stairwell marked "NO ADMITTANCE."

CUT TO:

194 RESUME -FLINTSTONE HOUSE 194

The party is in full swing.

(CONTINUED)

86.

194 CONTINUED:

We see Pebbles and Bam-Bam squirming uncomfortably in their party clothes. They take some canapes off of a table, take a bite... spit them out.

195 FRED 195

Stands beaming, nodding to his guests.

FRED :

Hello, hello. Bon soir. Good to see ya... glad you could make it...

GUEST :

(unconvincingly)

Hello, Frank...

FRED :

Fred --there's the bar, make yourself at home --mi casa es

votre casa, so, when in Rome and
all that -WILMA

(coming over)

Fred, can I talk to you --?

Fred? Fred?

(concerned)

We have a serious problem with
Betty and Barney.

FRED :

(alarmed)

You mean you can see their
house --?

WILMA :

(exasperated)

I mean you're treating them
horribly! What's come over you,
Fred? Does a little money mean so
much to you that you just turn
your back on the things that
really count?

FRED :

Wilma, I'm shocked. I wouldn't do
that. Okay, I admit it: I'm
trying to make an impression here,
I wanna look good, I wanna be a
success...

He takes her hand, looks into her eyes.

Wilma's face softens.

For a moment,

(CONTINUED)

87.

195 CONTINUED:

FRED :

... But deep down inside, I'm
still the same lovable guy you
married -

(pause)

--Frederick von Flintstone the
third -

WILMA :

Arrrgh --!

She throws up her hands, stalks away.

FRED :

What'd I say?

196 PRODUCTION ASSISTANT 196

Hangs up the sea shell phone, runs over to Leach.

P.A.

That was our location guy at Slate City. They just moved the ribbon cutting up by an hour. Guests are already starting to arrive.

LEACH :

Fabulous! I've 'ad enough crab meat and crabgrass to last me a year.

All right, boys, that's a wrap!

197 FRED 197

In the middle of a tight little group which is pigging out. Fred seems oblivious to the fact that they're oblivious to him.

FRED :

... Yas, yas, it's a challenging commodity market these days.

Personally, I'm considering petrified forests, but they do say that volcano futures are ready to explode, ha, ha...

Suddenly Fred notices that his "audience" has evaporated. He looks around, sees everyone headed for their cars, the TV crew packing up, etc.

FRED :

... Hey, whoa, what's happening -
(CONTINUED)

88.

197 CONTINUED:

LEACH'S AIDE

What's happening isn't happening here. The action's over at Slate

City. Oh, thanks for the booze,
Ed -

FRED :

Fred!

He stumbles through the thinning crowd, clutching at elbows.

FRED :

Hey, what's the hurry? We got a cake shaped like a piece of Fibrerock... I got it, how about some charades? No, even better, twenty questions: 'Am I animal, mineral, or fossil'...? Oh, I heard a great one the other day ... a guy walks in a bar with a duckasaurus on his head and the bartender says --this'll kill you, the bartender says - Fred stops, running out of steam along with his moment of glory. He stands alone on the lawn. Wilma slowly comes up to him.

WILMA :

Fred... I... I'm sorry it's not working out...
Fred turns, puts on a big smile.

FRED :

Whaddya mean, not working out? They're goin' party hopping, that's all. That's what ya do in society, Wilma... you cruise around. They'll go over to Slate's shindig for a while, then they'll come back here.

WILMA :

Fred...

FRED :

You go on over to Slate City, okay?

WILMA :

Fred, I want to be here with you -
(CONTINUED)
89.

197 CONTINUED:

FRED:

Nah, me and some of the guys from the country club, we're gonna play poker, yeah, big stakes poker until everybody comes back. Go on with the others. The kids got their show to put on anyway... and I wouldn't want people to think... to think the Flintstones were party poopers.

She doesn't know what to say, or what she can say that won't shatter his shaky image. She sighs, kisses him, then calls out.

WILMA:

Come on, Pebbles. We're going to another party.

PEBBLES :

Will there be real food there?

WILMA :

We'll find out together.

She takes the girl's hand and goes to the door, where the last of Leach's crew is just going out. Suddenly Betty catches up to her, Bam-Bam in tow.

BETTY :

Wilma, wait. I'm going with you.

WILMA :

Why?

BETTY:

If friends can't do something stupid, who can?

Wilma smiles, touched.

BETTY :

Besides...

(lowering her voice)

... Maybe if we leave the boys
alone...?

Wilma nods, hopeful.

198 EXT. FLINTSTONE HOUSE -NIGHT 198

The film crew caravan is already leaving as Wilma, Betty
and the kids get into the Rubble car. The last TV crewman
extinguishes the big spotlight. The house is dark,
forlorn in the fading twilight.

90.

199 REAR OF YARD -NIGHT 199

Fred sits forlorn in the rubble of his party. Dino comes
over, nuzzles his leg.

FRED :

Just you and me now, Dino. Yeah.

That's okay. Man and man's best
friend.

He gives Dino one of the canapes. Dino tastes it, makes
a face, spits it out. DINO runs off, going "PTOOIE" all
the way. We see him run to the corner, jump in Betty's
car and drive away.

200 FRED 200

sighs, looks around, down at his blazer and the "FVF"
patch. He suddenly rips it off in a fury. Then he looks
at -

201 THE WALL IN FRONT OF BARNEY'S PROPERTY 201

202 BACK TO SCENE 202

Fred stares at it, his face slowly darkening. Then he
grabs a lawn chair from the yard, begins to smash it in
a fury against the divider. The wall cracks, splinters;
the potted plants go flying.

203 FRED 203

His anger spent, he stands panting, splattered with
dirt... then he sees -

204 NEW ANGLE -ANOTHER DIRT-COVERED FIGURE 204

--standing in the ruins of the wall. The figure
sneezes, whacks dirt off of itself. It's -

FRED :

(disbelieving)

B... Barney?

BARNEY :

(moving closer)

Hiya, Fred.

(noticing his ruined
tuxedo)

Boy, the rental place is gonna
be mad...

(eyeing the mess)

... You feeling better, pal?

(CONTINUED)

91.

204 CONTINUED:

FRED :

'Pal'? How can you call me that?

Barney, I... I've been such a...

such a... such a...

Creep?

BARNEY :

Well, yeah.

FRED :

But more of a -Fool?

BARNEY :

(helpful tone)

Well -FRED

BARNEY :

Slimeball? Louse? Jackass?

(snapping fingers)

Stuck-up blimpasaurus?

FRED :

(wincing, but

taking it)

Barney... can... can you ever

forgive me for being such a jerk?

BARNEY :

(stepping closer)

Sure, Fred.

(smiling)

I've had lots of practice.

FRED :

(touched)

Aw, Barn...

And he grabs Barney in a big bear hug. Tears in both their eyes, they slap each other on the back, two prehistoric sensitive guys.

CUT TO:

205 FIBRESPHERE & SLATE NEEDLE -NIGHT 205

Little cupola cars are chugging around the upper level of the Fibresphere, where they enter a tunnel-like opening labeled "THE WORLD OF FIBRE."

Wilma, Betty, the kids and Dino are in one of these.

Now, we FOLLOW them as they chug into -

92.

206 THE FIBRESPHERE "WORLD OF FIBRE" RIDE 206

The cupolas rattle along in Disneyland style, passing a sign which reads: "FIBREROCK--TRANSFORMING THE HOME."

Here, mechanical figures in an all-Fibre home move klutzily around the room.

RECORDING (V.O.)

(a la 'The Great Gildersleeve')

Welcome! Welcome to the fabulous world of tomorrow... a world brought to you by Fibrerock!

207 REVERSE ANGLE 207

REVEALING that behind the hollow shells of the human family is a veritable family of monkeys, all working the figures like puppets. A PARROT at a stand-mounted microphone is giving the narration.

PARROT (RECORDING) (V.O.)

Here, we see a typical family of the future, free of the cares and worries of today... yes, the great kibble crisis is a thing of the past when you're living the good life... the Fibrelife!

208 NEXT EXHIBIT 208

The CARS CHUG past a display of tree trunks, leaves, bubbling gunk... and those iridescent vegetable pearls we've come to know... coo-coo berries. Iron bars and vault-like doors separate the coo-coo berries from the other items.

ANOTHER PARROT:

Here, gathered from the four corners of the globe, are the secret ingredients of Fibrerock... some common, some rare... all making life easier for you and yours!

209 THIRD EXHIBIT 209

The little CARS CHUG into an elegant salon, complete with runway. There's another PARROT here in front of another megaphone, but this parrot is chic and flamboyant.

FASHION PARROT:

But does Fibrerock belong only in the kitchen, the garage, the workplace? No, no, no, my darlings!

93.

210 FASHION MODELS ON RUNWAY 210

As each girl struts forward, she shrugs off a bulky animal fur and tosses it into a garbage can. Underneath are all kinds of daring and tantalizing fashions woven in the tell-tale fibre colors. The clothes are a blend of the future and retro (that is, prehistoric retro).

FASHION PARROT :

Because the clothes of the Stone Age are as extinct as stones themselves! Yes, thanks to the wonder of Fibrerockfibre, the world of high fashion will be totally transformed... by Fibre furs... Fibre frocks... Fibre foundations and Fibreshoes... it's to die for!

211 FOURTH EXHIBIT 211

Now, we see a display of Fibrerock props of all kinds -appliances,

toys, tools, etc... all of it upstaged by a choir consisting of every animal, bird and critter we've seen in this film. Wilma, Betty, the kids and Dino ooh and ahh with the other guests as the mechanical animals all sing in unison -FIBRE

CHOIR (V.O.)

'It's a Fibre World you know,
It's a Fibre World you know,
It's a Fibre World you know --'

CUT TO:

212 INT. BARNEY'S WORKSHOP -NIGHT 212

Fred and Barney are surrounded by books and cartons and memorabilia. They have their arms around each other and are singing.

FRED & BARNEY

'Now it's time to do or die, grab
that rock and kick it high, let's
fight, fight, fight for Bedrock
High!'

They break up laughing. Fred chuckles, looks at one of the many old photographs strewn around.

FRED :

Boy, those were the days, Barney.
Bedrock High winning all those
games... and you and me right in
the middle of it.

94.

213 NEW ANGLE -FAVORING PHOTO 213

The photograph (dots in stone) shows the young Fred and Barney in their cheerleading costumes. Barney has a sweater and megaphone; Fred is in a Godzilla-like "mascot" costume. He's holding the hideously-sculpted head under his arm.

BARNEY :

Yeah. Too bad we never made the
team.

FRED :

So what? We made the team spirit.
That's just as important...
whatever happened to those

cheerleader costumes?

BARNEY :

You know Betty. She never throws anything away.

He hauls out an old footlocker, opens it. There they are.

FRED :

(rummaging in it)

Boy. Talk about memories.

Fred tosses the cheerleader sweater to Barney, who grins, pulls it on. Fred also starts to get into his old "uniform," but has to suck his gut in mightily. Finally, he can zip it up, stern to stem.

FRED :

Back then, we thought a pop quiz was a big problem. We didn't know how good we had it. No problems, no worries...

Saying this, Fred attempts to put on the Godzilla-like head. He has a hard time sliding it into a hinge rail behind his neck, an even harder time swinging it down and forward.

BARNEY :

Speaking of problems and worries, shouldn't we get on over to Slate's party?

Fred has finally "clinked" the monster head down into place. Now, when he talks, the monster's mouth moves in sync.

(CONTINUED)

95.

213 CONTINUED:

FRED:

(echo-y)

What for? So him and all his fancy friends can look down their noses at us?

Completely covered in the ferocious-looking suit, Fred

steps over to Barney, stabs an angry claw in his direction.

FRED:

(echo-y)

All they've been doing is using us,
Barney. And meanwhile -

Now Fred reaches up to take the head off. It sticks for a moment. Finally he gets it to flip back on its hinge where it hangs behind his neck like a ski parka hood.

FRED:

(normal voice)

--Meanwhile all the time they
were laughing at us.

BARNEY :

Yeah? When did you notice that?

FRED :

About an hour ago.

BARNEY :

Boy, there's no fooling you, Fred.

Suddenly, with a GROWING CREAKING, CRACKING and TINKLING, a scale model of Slate City in the corner begins to fall apart.

Fred and Barney look at each other, startled, then rush over to the model. It's the interim version we saw earlier.

214 CLOSER -MODEL 214

The decomposition continues, walls and supports turning into sand and running down before our eyes. In a Rube Goldberg-like continuum, the little houses go first, falling like dominoes...

FRED :

Wha... what's happening?

Barney tries to stop the process, can't.

(CONTINUED)

96.

214 CONTINUED:

BARNEY :

I... I don't know... the Fibrerock
it's... it's decomposing... but
this shouldn't happen...

FRED :

Your old models are just fine...

215 ANGLE 215

Indeed, the older models from Barney's tinkering days
are rock solid.

216 BACK TO SCENE 216

BARNEY :

It should be. There's enough
coo-coo berry resin in there to
petrify a brontosaurus -

Suddenly Barney gets it. He looks from the older models
to the now decomposing little Fibresphere with growing
awareness.

BARNEY:

(snapping his fingers)

--The coo-coo berries! Fred,
that's it!

FRED :

What's it?

BARNEY :

Remember I said the Fibrefoam
tasted funny? It was the coo-coo
sap that was missing!

FRED :

But.. why would -

BARNEY :

Why? Because coo-coo berries are
as valuable as goldrock! And
we've had tons of 'em delivered
to the plant since we started...
somebody musta got greedy -

FRED :

--Not 'somebody' --Lava!

BARNEY:

(alarmed)

Fred, that sap acts as a fixative

--it's the glue that holds the

whole formula together --!

(CONTINUED)

97.

216 CONTINUED:

FRED :

(with mounting concern)

Then... what's happening here...

BARNEY:

(finishing it)

... Is gonna happen for real in

the real Slate City!

FRED :

Oh no... Barney! Wilma and Betty

--and the kids --they're all

there -

With a final WHIMPER, the little FIBRESPHERE CAVES IN and then the nearby SLATE NEEDLE CRUMBLES, model story by model story. Finally the "DISK" on top of the needle is all that's left, wobbling around like a spun dinner plate. It finally falls... EXPLODES.

FRED :

(worried)

--B-barney... what do we do?

Barney runs to a locker, grabs a big plunger-powered flit gun, begins filling it with a red liquid.

BARNEY :

Coo-coo berry sap, Fred! It's

our only chance --their only

chance!

Barney gives it a quick test squirt. Fred nods, and they rush out of the room. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the ruins of the model "Slate City"...

CUT TO:

217 INT. SLATE NEEDLE -NIGHT 217

WIDEN FROM a young kid who is drinking a glass of water and simultaneously singing with a ventriloquist's dummy. Obviously, the talent show has begun.

In the audience, Lava fidgets with nervous and confident energy... gives Wilma a big look.

LAVA :

You're certainly looking lovely this evening, Mrs. Flintstone. Life with a junior executive must agree with you.

(CONTINUED)

98.

217 CONTINUED:

WILMA :

Uh... thank you... I think.

LAVA :

(looking into her eyes)

Yes. I think so, too.

(smiling)

Imagine how good you'd look with a senior executive.

WILMA :

Oh? Is Fred getting promoted?

Lava laughs, sure she's kidding... then not so sure. The ventriloquist finishes to scattered applause. The kid bows, gets up... splashes across puddles of water on the stage area. The Headmistress of L'ecole Superior et al steps up. Behind her, the picture window displays the expanse of Slate City: The twin Slatescrapers framing endless rows of little tract houses stretching to the distant volcanic ridge.

HEADMISTRESS:

(as applause dies)

Sank you, ladies and gentlemen.

An' sank you, Monsieur Slate for
zis lovely setting. Zoot alors,
zis will ze mos' fantas'tic
recital in Bedrock 'istoree. Now,
I would like to sank out mos'
generous benefactress, Madame
Slate for her fine support o'vair
zee years -

She gestures into the audience, where Mrs. Slate stands,
waves a gloved hand like the Queen Mother.

HEADMISTRESS :

--An' now, what better
introduction could we 'ave for
Mrs. Slate's vairy own gran'
nephew... Poindexter Lava!
She steps aside. Curtain rises on little Poindexter.
He is carrying a leather-and-bone accordion. He begins

to play:

POINDEXTER:

(singing loudly)
'Dino of Spain, I adore you
Right from the moment I saw you --'
99.

218 QUICK SHOTS -AUDIENCE 218

Their smiles become fixed. (Up on the spotlights, the
little birds who operate the lights put earplugs in their
ears.)

In the wings with Pebbles and Bam-Bam, DINO MOANS, hides
his head under his paws.

On the refreshment table, GLASSES CRACK... a cake falls.

219 CLOSE ON LAVA 219

He surreptitiously checks his wrist watch...

CUT TO:

220 INT. EMPTY FIBRERIDE -TIGHT ON ANOTHER WATCH -NIGHT 220

This one a pocket job. (Like Lava's, it's really a
little sundial with a built-in burning match above it to
provide a shadow!) We WIDEN, and see that this watch
is held in a green, scaley claw.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE 221

It's the xenosaurus, lurking behind the exhibits! Now,

the CREATURE GRUNTS confidently, lights up a cigar. Then it picks up a canvas bag and a big toolbox and tiptoes into the deeper recesses of the Fibre ride.

CUT TO:

222 INT. FRED'S CAR -TRAVELLING 222

Fred and Barney rush along, Fred at the wheel.

FRED :

What'll we do when we get there?

BARNEY:

We just tell Mister Slate that all 500 acres of his development are going to crumble into dust any minute.

(holds up the flit gun)

Then we zap the stairs and corridors with some of this coo-coo sap. I just hope we have enough to get everybody out - whoops!

He's said this last because as he held up the flit gun, the handle whacked the back of Fred's monster costume, and the head has flipped down with a solid "clink."

(CONTINUED)

100.

222 CONTINUED:

FRED :

Barney --!

(swerving all over the road)

--I can't see straight -

Barney gets up on his knees, grabs the wheel with one hand and the monster head with the other.

BARNEY :

Hang on, hang on -

Oops. He rotates the head completely around. Fred flails around. Barney grabs the wheel with one hand, tries to help Fred with the other.

223 EXT. CAR -NIGHT 223

It careens around even more wildly now. There's several near collisions.

CUT TO:

224 EXT. "ROCKDONALD'S" RESTAURANT -NIGHT 224

"Rockdonald's" is, of course, complete with golden arches of stone, a drive-up window, etc. It even has the obligatory cops on a break... in this case, Feldspar and Gravel. They're sitting in their patrol car eating from little bamboo containers shaped just like McDonald's Styrofoam. (Of course, the logo on the building behind them proudly reads "OVER 100 SOLD.")

FELDSPAR:

(mouth full, bitching)

Speed traps again! Face it, Gravel. I'm in a rut... and meanwhile, the guys who went through the academy with me, they're all big shots now: Sam Slate... Dirty Harock... Magma, P.I. And you know why? 'Cause they got the breaks, that's why!

Suddenly both officers react to the sound of SKIDDING TIRES and HONKING HORNS. They look out their window at -

225 FRED AND BARNEY -DRIVING PAST 225

both still battling the wheel and the resistant costume head. (By now their gyrations have put Barney's face inside the jaws of the monster mask.)

101.

226 BACK TO SCENE 226

GRAVEL :

S-sarge, d-did you see that? Some sorta creature was attacking that little guy --!

FELDSPAR :

There's a lesson there, Gravel... never pick up hitchhikers. Besides -

(realizing)

--Did you say 'creature'?

They do a big double-take at the now-vanishing car.

FELDSPAR & GRAVEL

The xenosaurus!

Excited, Feldspar bangs his dashboard and a DISPATCH PARAKEET in a police uniform pops INTO VIEW. Feldspar grabs it around the neck, holds it like a microphone.

FELDSPAR :

This is a xenosaurus alert.

Repeat, a xenosaurus alert. The creature has been sighted on the Slate City exit of the Venturock Freeway! It is driving a brown late model sedan and eating a white male Caucasian. Car twelve is in hot pursuit.

He releases the bird, which doesn't fly away right away, but gives him a look.

FELDSPAR :

(remembering)

Oh, yeay... over and out!

The bird nods, appeased, flies off.

DISPATCH PARAKEET

(as it goes)

Awwk! Car Twelve is on the way.

Car Twelve is on the way...

FELDSPAR:

(thrilled)

Gravel, this could mean promotions for both of us!

(trotting up to speed)

Load the shotgun and turn on the siren!

102.

227 FRED'S CAR -TRAVELLING 227

Barney is rocking Fred's head back and forth, finally gives it one last mighty yank. Something breaks.

Barney falls back on the passenger side of the car.

Fred drives with one hand, "raps" the monster head.

It rattles. When Fred speaks again, the monster mouth no longer opens and closes in sync.

FRED:

(muffled, shouting)

Ho, gweat! Hoo bwoke hit,

Bahnee! Hi khnat twalk hennymore!

Suddenly both men (pardon, man and xenosaurus) react to an approaching SIREN. They both look back at -

228 FELSPAR'S PATROL CAR 228

Closing in. Gravel has produced a little sabre tooth CAT and is "cranking" its tail. As it WAILS away, the cops close in on our heroes.

229 BACK TO SCENE 229

FRED :

Ho noh! Ahhrisser Felghspah!

(turning to Barney)

Haybee whee hould shtop --?

BARNEY:

What, and explain what you're doing in that costume? Start talking about coo-coo berries and Fibrerock? By then it'll be too late!

FRED :

'Hen yore height, yore height...

Fred pours on more speed. They careen around a turn.

CAMERA WHIP PANS TO a road sign: SLATE CITY--1 MI.

230 SLATE CITY -REAR GATE 230

A fence surrounds the empty housing development; in the distance, we can see the dark Slate Scrapers, and past them, the brightly-lit and gleaming Fibersphere and Slate Needle.

We hear a SCREECH and then the CAMERA PANS BACK to pickup Fred's CAR as it whips around a turn, two wheels off the ground. It crashes right into the gate, knocking down a sign reading "SLATE CITY--DELIVERY GATE." The fence collapses all around the car.

103.

231 NEW ANGLE 231

Fred and Barney stagger out of the wreck. Barney,

covered with debris, rummages around and sighs with relief when he finds the flit gun of coo-coo sap is still intact.

BARNEY :

(hearing a siren)
We'd better split up; that way at least one of us can make it to the Slate Needle --!
'Ood hidea.

FRED :

Ood whuk, ol' bhudee.
They slap hands together like basketball players, then head off in two directions.

CUT TO:

232 INT. SLATE NEEDLE 232
CAMERA PANS the audience as the accordion recital continues. Several people look visibly ill. Finally, CAMERA ADJUSTS to take in Poindexter's big finish as he slides forward on his knees.
There's a scattering of half-hearted applause, led by Lava and the Slates.

HEADMISTRESS :

Sank you, sank you. Our nex' performance is Bam-Bam, Pebbles...
(checking notes)
... an' friend.
She steps aside as a spotlight picks out -233
PEBBLES, BAM-BAM & DINO 233
poised in the stances we recognize as the "first positions" of the "Dino Dance." However, whereas the previous version of this was done impromptu and a cappella with only a few primitive props and straw hats alone, this time the kids and Dino are fully costumed, with sequins, batons and the like, and the dance is completely choreographed.

KIDS :

You can keep the twist,
the frug and hop -234
VARIOUS ANGLES 234

As the Dino dance begins, FULL ORCHESTRATION OVER IT.
The audience seems to really like it --all except -
104.

235 MRS. SLATE 235

who glances over at the judges long enough to see that
they like this a lot better than the accordion act.
Suddenly Mrs. Slate jumps up, barges on stage. The
MUSIC DIES.

HEADMISTRESS :

Madame Slate, what ees wrong --?

MRS. SLATE

I'll tell you what's wrong! This
'act' is an absolute disgrace!
This is supposed to be a talent
show! And a pedestrian animal act
like this belongs in a circus!

236 WILMA AND BETTY 236

React, furious, jump out of their seats.

BETTY :

A circus, huh? Well, if our kids
belong in a circus with their act,
then your little nephew belongs in
a zoo with his -WILMA

Yeah --a zoo where the animals
are dead --because if they aren't,
they will be!

MRS. SLATE

Why, how dare you! Mrs.

Flintstein, I'll have you know
that my little Poindexter has been
trained by the finest tutors!
Poindexter! Show them! Encore!

The kid jumps up, begins to play. Immediately another
GLASS SHATTERS. But then the CEILING FIXTURES CRACK,
and then the PICTURE WINDOW PANELS begin to SHATTER one
by one.

MRS. SLATE

(alarmed)

Ah... Poindexter... that's enough
... Poindexter...?

The kids stops... But another WINDOW PANEL EXPLODES.
Then one of the tables collapses.

Pause. Every head in the room swivels around and stares at Poindexter. Nervous, he tosses the accordion aside. But the destruction continues: Another WINDOW PANEL SHATTERS. Then, the entire building shakes.

105.

237 SLATE 237

Loses his balance, grabs onto Lava for support, ends up pulling him down, too. Slate gets to his knees and looks out the window... and his jaw drops in astonishment.

238 HIS POV -SLATE CITY 238

In the distance, with a CRACKLING ROAR, the little rows of Fibrerock tract houses are falling like dominoes in a wave that is rolling toward the Slate Needle.

239 SLATE CITY DEVELOPMENT -NIGHT 239

A flashlight beam rakes the CAMERA. Feldspar, shotgun in one hand, light in the other, looks around cautiously. (The shotgun has a slingshot mechanism; the flashlight is a mirror-backed candle.)

Behind him, FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. Feldspar tenses, but it's -

GRAVEL :

No sign of the driver...

FELDSPAR:

You kidding? By now he's a couple of shinbones and a belch.

Gravel drops down on one knee, excited. He shines his light on Fred's big "clawprints."

GRAVEL:

Holy cowasaurus! Look how deep these tracks are! That xeno thing must weigh a ton!

They aim their lights at the tracks, begin to follow them. Suddenly they round a corner and come face to face with -

240 NEW ANGLE -FRED 240

He's stopped between two sample homes to wrestle with the monster head again. Now, he freezes in twin flashlight beams!

FELDSPAR :

Okay, lizard, reach for the sky!

Fred hesitates... then, hearing a CREAK and GROAN, he looks at the HOUSE beside him. The stucco-like exterior of Fibrerock is beginning to crumble.

(CONTINUED)

106.

240 CONTINUED:

FRED :

Offisser Fledapar, het me hexpwain

--his howse hiss maid uv

fibahwock -

He reaches out to tap the nearby wall and --WHAM --it collapses all around him, leaving a gaping hole in the house!

FELDSPAR :

(frightened, backing

away)

Quivering quartzite, d-did you

see that -

GRAVEL:

(following him)

O-one flick of his paw... and

he knocked down a wall --!

FRED :

Nogh, wate, chum baggk -

As Fred "roars" and moves forward, Feldspar and Gravel scream, panic, and run!

241 FRED 241

Tries to catch up and collides with the already damaged house. It collapses totally, falling in on itself, obscuring Fred. Finally the last TIMBER DROPS. Pause. Fred staggers out of the rubble, realizes that the impact has knocked the monster mask off his head and back on its hinges. He rubs dust out of his eyes, turns and looks at the Slate Needle. He's much closer to it now. Quickly, he runs toward it.

CUT TO:

242 INSIDE THE SLATE NEEDLE 242

Everyone is rocking back and forth with the escalating

vibrations of the swaying building. The remaining table of refreshments slides across the room.

243 POINDEXTER LAVA 243

gets hit full force by a flying cake shaped like Slate City. He falls on top of his accordion, smashing it with one last dissonant squeeze.

107.

244 PARTYGOERS 244

They pause in their panic to applaud gratefully.

CUT TO:

245 EXT. BASE OF FIBRESPHERE AND SLATE NEEDLE -NIGHT 245

The supporting pylons and cable anchors begin to slowly decompose. A FLIGHT of STAIRS CREAKS AND GROANS.

Barney runs INTO the SHOT, sees the steps about to go, dives for them... too late! He ends up with a face full of Fibredust! Now, he whirls as Fred runs up, points -

FRED :

Barney! The elevator --!

Barney runs toward it, hits the button.

246 OTHER SIDE OF WALL 246

REVEALING elevator mechanism. The button pokes a mouse which runs out of a box. Seeing the mouse, a nearby mastadon becomes frightened, begins running. A heavy cable tied to the mastadon runs over a pulley and into -

247 THE ELEVATOR SHAFT 247

--where the elevator rises out of the sub-level and INTO VIEW! Fred and Barney start towards it... when suddenly the Fibrerock elevator begins to crumble!

FRED :

Quick! Use your coo-coo gun --!

Barney aims, pulls back the plunger... too late! The elevator is gone. The cable swings back and forth loosely, "whapping" the shaft walls as it shoots upwards. Fred dives for the cable, misses! As he stumbles, Barney leaps on Fred's back, catches the cable! As Barney starts to whizz upwards, Fred garbs onto his ankles!

248 ABOVE -FIBRESPHERE 248

Propelled upwards, the would-be rescuers shoot OUT of the FRAME, disappear into the Fibresphere with a CRASH!

CUT TO:

249 INT. BEDROCK POLICE STATION -NIGHT 249

The POLICE CHIEF looks skeptically at Feldspar and Gravel, who are exhausted, covered with dust, uniforms torn.

(CONTINUED)

108.

249 CONTINUED:

CHIEF :

Feldspar, if you ask me, you've seen too many Rockzilla movies: In all the Xenosaurus sightings we've had reported, not one has had this kind of wholesale destruction -

FELDSPAR :

Chief, you --you gotta believe me --just one swipe of its paw and --wham --a whole house was pre-history --!

Suddenly one of those police DISPATCH PARAKEETS comes flying excitedly through the window, lands on a perch in front of the Chief.

DISPATCH PARAKEET

Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Unconfirmed reports of destruction and collapse at Slate City. Rescue vehicles are on the way. The xenosaurus has been spotted in the area. That is all. That is all.

FELDSPAR :

(excited)

Yousee--? Itoldyou-

CHIEF :

All right, Feldspar, I'm convinced! As of this moment you're completely in charge of operation...

(dramatic)

... 'Xeno Dino'! Now, what do

you need?

CAMERA TIGHTENS ON Feldspar. This is the moment he's waited for all his life.

FELDSPAR :

(firm-jawed)

Artillery.

CUT TO:

250 INT. FIBRESPHERE -NIGHT 250

Dust and little fragments of construction material are still tinkling down around our heroes. The elevator cable sways from its uppermost pulley. Slowly, something stirs in the pile of arms, legs and scaly limbs.

(CONTINUED)

109.

250 CONTINUED:

First to sit up is Barney, who groans, rubs his head. Next, Fred sits up. Damn! The impact has knocked Fred's monster mask back on his head! Fred mutters angrily... Barney starts to help... and then they both notice that there's another monstrous head in the middle of their group! There're big "takes" all around, and then the xenosaurus leaps out of the tangle of bodies, treads air, and runs away!

BARNEY:

(recovering)

Fred, stop it! It might know the way inside!

Fred "gets up to speed" and chases the xeno. Barney follows.

251 NEW ANGLE 251

Fred and Barney both leap on the mysterious xenosaurus -all crash through a wall -

252 INT. SLATE NEEDLE -NIGHT 252

The panicked partygoers turn as a section of wall collapses. Dust and debris billow upwards. The battered monster mask breaks loose from Fred's costume, bounces on the floor. Slowly, everyone gets up: Fred... Barney ... and two halves of the xenosaurus:

The bottom half is Pilt-down; the top-half is Pyrite.

WILMA BETTY :

Fred? Barney?

PEBBLES BAM-BAM

Daddy! Pop!

FRED BARNEY :

Piltdown? Pyrite?

SLATE :

What the devil's going on here?

FRED :

It's real simple, Mister Slate.

Your boy Lava here has been
stealing the coo-coo berries from
the Fibrerock mix and fixing the
books to hide it!

LAVA :

That's ridiculous, Flintstone!

Nobody could get that many coo-coo
berries off our premises!

(CONTINUED)

110.

252 CONTINUED:

Suddenly the bottom of Piltdown's canvas sack rips
open. Thousands and thousands of coo-coo berries tumble
out.

253 LAVA 253

Slaps his hands over his face.

254 THE SCENE 254

BETTY:

(dryly)

These sure look like coo-coo
berries to me -

LAVA:

(smoothly)

They're convincing fakes, Mrs.
Rubble --part of our exciting
display -

PYRITE :

Fakes?

(to Piltdown)

Gee, Pilty, I thought the real ones were gonna be moved up here for us ta steal --whatta waste a time -

PILTDOWN :

Pyrite, shaddup -

FRED:

(snapping fingers)

Now I remember! These guys were pulling this xenosaurus act that night at the plant! What's this, Lava... 'Plan B'?

LAVA :

Uncle! Are you going to stand there while aspersions are being cast at the Slate family? This is absurd -

SLATE :

Of course it is! Why, without the coo-coo berry sap, Fibrerock would be completely -

(realizing)

--unstable...

Suddenly the entire building shudders. Dust falls from the ceiling. Everyone looks at Lava.

(CONTINUED)

111.

254 CONTINUED:

LAVA:

All right, all right, I admit it! I got in over my head in the stock market... took some big losses... I had these guys pull jobs for me all over town disguised as a monster... but it still wasn't

enough... and when I saw all those
coo-coo berries being delivered
every day, I guess I just lost my
head... I figured with the Woca
sap in the Fibremix, the berry
juice as superfluous...

SLATE:

I'll tell you what's superfluous,
Lava... your liver! So why don't
we remove it --!

He leaps, snarling, on top of Lava... Fred and Barney
pull them apart. Then, more falling dust and beams give
everyone more pressing problems -

CUT TO:

255 EXT. SLATE NEEDLE -NIGHT 255

Rescue VEHICLES and police CARS ROAR up, slam to a halt,
CAT SIRENS WAILING. The rescue workers jump out.

Firefighters carry circular trampolines of hide stitched
to bamboo frames; others go to the back of their trucks
and start to turn cranks on the hook and ladder trucks to
raise the ladders.

256 CLOSE ON A HOOK AND LADDER TRUCK 256

It's actually a wheeled carriage carrying a firesaurus,
which is a critter with a very tiny body and an incredibly
long neck. The bony plates on the creature's back
make perfect stairs.

However, the creature is noticeably listless and
uncooperative.

FIRE CHIEF:

Come on, come on, what's the hold
up --?

FIREFIGHTER:

It's the kibble crisis, sir -
the firesauruses have been on
half-rations for a month!

Above them, the BUILDING SHUDDERS again.

112.

257 IN THE SLATE NEEDLE 257

Now, the remaining LIGHT FIXTURES CRASH down. When they
hit the floor, the oil lamps inside spills and fire

spreads.

WILMA :

(pointing)

Fred! There's a fire hose --!

Indeed, it's on the back wall in a closed box marked FIRE HOSE--IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS. Fred and Barney take a step towards it, but the fire quickly spreads and cuts them off.

Helpless, they step back.

With a THUNDEROUS ROAR, the two SLATE SCRAPERS visible through what's left of the picture window COLLAPSE. Then the big statue of Slate just outside the window begins to decompose. It falls in on itself like a sand sculpture in a storm... finally, for a split second it is, well, life-sized, and then the head of the statue snaps loose, CRASHES through the only remaining pane of GLASS here ... rolls up to Slate's feet.

Pause. Everyone looks at everyone else. This is it: Titanic time. Fred embraces Wilma... Barney embraces Betty. Their kids are pulled into the clinch. Even Slate takes Mrs. Slate's hand. Talk about grace under pressure... and speaking of -

258 GRACE 258

--the star fashion model, suddenly her Fibrethread costume decomposes, leaving her in her cute little animal print undies.

259 BETTY 259

In the middle of going down with the ship, she turns Bam-Bam's face away from this display.

BAM-BAM

D-dad, are we gonna be okay?

BARNEY :

(pause; false smile)

Sure, pal. We just gotta wait for the fire department. Right, Fred?

FRED:

Y-yeah. Everything's gonna be just --Whoa, hoo-hah, aggh -

(CONTINUED)

113.

259 CONTINUED:

He's started yelping because he's realized his arm is on fire, and now he jumps up and the others begin beating at the arm with anything in their hands, and then Fred suddenly pushes away from them, stands there with a small flame flickering on his forearm like a Rock Vegas stage magician.

FRED:

--Wait a minute --I don't feel anything at all -
With his other "claw" he slaps tentatively at the flames, and then confidentially snuffs it out.

BARNEY:

It must be the suit, Fred --old
Bedrock High built them things to
last -
Fred looks over at the wall of flame separating the guests from the fire hose. As everyone gets the same idea, Dino rushes up, the costume head in his mouth. All brighten.
Barney helps Fred with the head, twists it into place.

BARNEY :

(rapping on the head)
--Okay?

FRED :

Hist hust fine!
He lowers his head, runs through the fire, which licks at him harmlessly. Then with his claw, he SMASHES the amber GLASS -
260 IN THE BOX 260
A big PYTHONSAURUS is curled up inside, SNORING. (Note to herpetologists: The pythonosaurus is not quite a

snake:

emote with. Right now the snoring head is in those little paws.)
The Pythonosaurus stirs, looks at Fred, "sniffs" the smoke. Then he raises one hand and finger as if to say "one moment." Then the pythonosaurus turns his head towards a nozzle like the ones in hamster cages, slurps

loudly.

We hear gallons and gallons of WATER GURGLING away...

114.

261 IN THE MAIN ROOM 261

Everyone retreats from the fire. Slate picks up the head of the statue, his only souvenir.

262 WITH FRED 262

Waiting impatiently until the pythonsaurus finally finishes drinking. It wipes its mouth daintily with a napkin, slaps a little fire helmet on its head, turns and runs back into the other room. (Behind him, yards and yards of pythonsaurus unroll from a hidden compartment behind the box.) Water shoots out of the creature's mouth.

263 WIDER 263

Fred turns in a semi-circle and puts out every lick of flame in the room. All the guests cheer, rush forward and slap Fred on the back. Pebbles jumps up on him and kisses him.

FRED :

Hit fuzz nudding... wheely...

The pythonsaurus looks around at the attention.

PYTHONSAURUS :

Hey, what am I, chopped liver?

BARNEY:

Come on, everybody --we'll go out the way we came!

Barney squirts a pathway with his flit gun, solidifying a route in the crumbling Fibrerock. Then Barney and Fred stand back nobly, wave everyone on into the adjacent Fibresphere.

POINDEXTER:

(pushing and shoving)

Outta the way --outta the way - women and children first --! I mean, ah, children and women first, yeah, yeah, provided that uh, there's room for the women...

Meanwhile, the pythonsaurus gives Fred (or rather his costume) a big look up and down, looks TOWARD the CAMERA.

PYTHONSAURUS:

Hey, not bad. Wonder if she lives around here.

Just then Fred tilts back the monster head. The pythonsaurus reacts.

(CONTINUED)

115.

263 CONTINUED:

PYTHONSAURUS :

Heartbreaker!

Depressed, the pythonsaurus follows the others. Fred and Barney cross over into the Fibresphere. As they do, Slate Needle completely collapses.

264 EXT. FIBRESPHERE -LONG SHOT 264

The Slate Needle tumbles down, taking a big chunk of the Fibresphere with it! But the rest of the huge globe stays put... for now.

265 RESCUE WORKERS BELOW 265

gasp, cry out -

266 UP ABOVE 266

Already the first partygoers are sliding down the elevator cable.

HEADMISTRESS:

(panicking)

Oh, geez, we're all gonna croak -

I neva shoulda left Far Rockaway -

Wilma gives her a big suspicious look --blanching,

the Headmistress slides down the cable -

267 BELOW 267

The rescue teams catch the people in nets as they hit the ground.

268 ABOVE 268

Barney gives the dwindling circle of solid Fibre around the group another shot of coo-coo juice. Poindexter Lava pushes his way forward.

POINDEXTER:

(to anyone and everyone)

Fifty clams for a piggy-back ride

... a hundred clams!

MRS. SLATE

(aghast)

Do you see that, Jerry? Do you see how my great-nephew is behaving at this moment of crisis?

(CONTINUED)

116.

268 CONTINUED:

LAVA :

(proudly)

Yeah. Real chip off the old block, ain't he?

Embarrassed, Mrs. Slate grabs the kid by the neck, practically throws him at the cable. She follows him down, followed by Lava and Mr. Slate.

269 REAR OF FLEEING PEOPLE 269

Fred and Barney have bravely held up the rear, their families clutching to them. Barney's carrying Bam-Bam.

FRED :

(to Pebbles)

Upsy-daisy, sweetheart --piggy back time!

She jumps on his back... slamming the monster head back in place.

FRED :

(resigned)

Hohh... GWEAT!

BARNEY :

(to Betty)

Go on, honey... I got Bam-Bam!

BETTY :

Barney... tonight you're the biggest man in Bedrock.

She kisses him, slides down.

270 CLOSE ON WILMA AND FRED 270

Backlit romantically by the flames, just like Gable and Leigh when Atlanta burned.

FRED :

(through the mask)

Wilmagh, I jusght whunt to sagh
thad I knogh shumtimes I dogh
dumb thinks... Bhut hit's
becaughse high luff yough sogh
much thaght high whant yough to
livgh likge a pwincess orgh a
qween 'cause you reaally arggh
rugg aaggg hummmmg higga!

(CONTINUED)

117.

270 CONTINUED:

WILMA:

Oh, Fred --that's the most
beautiful thing I've ever heard!
They kiss... she drops to safety...!

271 BELOW 271

Wilma slides into a rescue net, gets on unsteady feet
next to Betty.

272 BACK UPSTAIRS 272

FRED :

Lhet's dogh it!

Their kids on their backs, Fred and Barney exchange a
heroic forearm-to-forearm gladiator-type handshake...
both put their hands on the cable... and then the whole
pulley mechanism falls right down between them and
through the hole! A second later, the entire remaining
structure collapses!

273 BELOW 273

Everyone reacts in horror -

274 ABOVE 274

Dust and smoke clear. When we can see again, well, it's
not a pretty sight. The entire fibresphere is gone. All
that's left, teetering on two spindly supports, are two
tiny islands of safety connected by a twisted maze of
rubble too small for a human to negotiate... and all
that's holding that up is a long guide wire leading to the
ground!

275 CLOSER 275

Figures on one of the islands stir: Fred. Barney.

Bam-Bam... Pebbles! The platform shudders again. Barney aims the flit gun --empty! The dads hold on to the kids. It's all they can do.

276 BELOW 276

Wilma and Betty gasp... what can be done?

277 THE SECOND ISLAND 277

Bricks and chunks of Fibre stir... a form sits up... it's --Dino! He looks around at the situation, becomes agitated... he wants to help... but how?

118.

278 WILMA AND BETTY 278

Suddenly become inspired.

BETTY :

W-wilma... those hoops of bamboo... those wires... do you think --?

WILMA :

Yes! Yes! Betty, we have to try it --! Dino! Dino, look down here --!

279 DINO 279

Obeys, puzzled -

280 HIS POV -WILMA AND BETTY 280

Amazingly, they grab scraps of wood, borrow fire fighter's helmets, and begin to do a buck and wing.

WILMA AND BETTY

You can keep the twist,
the frug and hop

I don't need to shimmy,
I don't need to bop -

281 BIG CAMERA PUSH -DINO 281

MUSIC COMES UP DRAMATICALLY as he catches on! His eyes fill with courage and he charges toward the spindly bridge that leads to his master and friends.

282 ANOTHER ANGLE 282

Dino dives through the hoops of bamboo, duplicating his steps in "The Dino Dance." He reaches the other island! Without a beat, still keeping time, he puts the two kids on his shoulders, just like in the dance! Then he "presents" his tail to Fred --Fred hands his tail to Barney --and then -

283 LONG SHOT 283

--Dino slides down the long wire, carrying everyone to

safety! They all plow into the biggest rescue net as
Wilma and Betty wind up!

WILMA AND BETTY

Yes, I don't need to shimmy,
I don't need to bop
'Cause I'm doin', doin', doin'

THE IGNEOUS ROCK!

119.

284 FRED 284

rolls out of the net and away from the others. He's
slightly stunned, still in the suit. He sits up...
suddenly lights snap on all around him! Fred looks up
and sees -285

HIS POV -CORDON OF POLICE OFFICERS 285

All with weapons aimed right at him. Spotlights on the
police car roofs (actually little fires with parabolic
mirrors) are operated by uniformed monkeys.

Feldspar is at the head of the group. He cocks his
shotgun. The elastic catapults at the hammers twitch
menacingly -FELDSPAR

It's the xenosaurus --stand back,
men --it's a vicious killer -Ready
--Aim -FRED

(with desperate poignancy)

High ham noght a zenosore! High
ham hay hooman beeng --!

BAM! WHAM! KABAM! Bullets and projectiles begin
slamming all around Fred! He ducks behind a big fallen
chunk of Fibrerock --catches his breath as the bullets
and shells bounce off its resilient surface.

286 CLOSE -FRED 286

Momentarily safe, he tries desperately to remove that
stupid head --bangs it against the wall, tears at it
with his claws ---

meanwhile, the chunk of Fibrerock protecting him
decomposes! He's back in the line of fire!

287 DINO 287

Flanked by Wilma, Barney and the kids, who are shouting
for the police to stop, only Dino the wonder bronto has
the wits to act!

"YI-YI-YI-ING," he races forward, CAMERA FOLLOWING -and
with lightning reflexes grabs the seat of Fred's
monster suit and --de-pants him!

Instantly, Dino whirls Fred around, points to the now

revealed striped undershorts.

288 WIDER 288

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

120.

288 CONTINUED:

Then Officer Gravel takes a good look at that rear end.

GRAVEL :

Hey, those are the biggest shorts

I've ever seen...

(realizing)

... It... it must be Mister

Flintstone! Cease fire!

(to Feldspar)

Gee, Sarge, now you don't have

to shoot him --!

Now Fred confirms Gravel's hunch as the costume head

finally pops off. All the cops lower their guns.

(Strangely, though, Feldspar still continues to raise

his gun --even aims! Then an alarmed Gravel wrestles

it away from his superior.)

289 THE FLINTSTONES AND RUBBLES -DAWN 289

Safe, they all emotionally embrace. Fred even suffers

Dino's affection. (In the b.g., a police car holding

Piltdown, Pyrite and Lava drives past. Poindexter Lava

is chasing the car.)

POINDEXTER :

(distant)

Dad! Dad! Can I use the

Porscherock while you're in the

slammer?

Suddenly the Slates push their way into the group hug.

SLATE :

Flintstone. Rubble. I... I

don't know what to say. I... I

treated you horribly... I ignored

you, abused you... and then you

come here and risk your necks like

this... well, there's no price you

can put on something like that,

so I won't even try. But let me
give you...
(with great
poignancy)
... a hearty handshake.

MRS. SLATE

Dear, don't you think a little
more than that is in order?

SLATE :

Honey, you're being hysterical,
go lie down, okay?

(CONTINUED)

121.

289 CONTINUED:

MRS. SLATE

I am not being hysterical, I am
being fair --now the Flintsteins
and Rabbles saved all of our
lives, not to mention your
reputation.

SLATE :

(sighing)

Okay, okay.

(to Fred and Barney)

Boys, I'm feeling guilty about
how you've been taken advantage
of, so I'll tell you what... I'm
going to give you back all
world-wide rights to Fibrerock,
free and clear.

He picks up a fragment of stone, begins writing on it.

SLATE:

Your only obligation will be to
cover oh, whatever legal expenses
might surface at some later time...

BARNEY :

You think there's gonna be some?

Slate looks around at -

290 HIS POV -THE RUINS AND DESTRUCTION 290

Smoking desolation as far as the eye and CAMERA can see.
As we watch the last remaining fragment of Slate City
collapse, crushing a police car.

291 BACK TO SCENE 291

SLATE :

(casually)

Oh, you never know...

292 RESCUE DINOS 292

Several sniff at the air, look curiously at a nearby
pile of crumbled Fibrerock. One and then another
shuffles over, tentatively tastes some... grins... and
digs in! Seeing this, the "firesauruses" crane out
their necks, also begin chowing down on the pile of
Fibrerock crumbs.

293 FRED, BARNEY, SLATE AND OTHERS 293

All turn at the growing sound of the ANIMALS PIGGING OUT.

(CONTINUED)

122.

293 CONTINUED:

Now DINO "YI-YI-YI'S" past this group and leaps into the
pile, munching like crazy.

Barney puts out his hand as chunks of Fibrerock shower
down like rain from the feeding frenzy. Catching some
pieces, he nibbles on it a little.

FRED :

Barn...? What's going on?

BARNEY:

(sniffing it)

Lava Lava leaves... Woca sap...

all still there, but now the
nutrients are all released...

(realizing)

... Fred, this... this is Dino
kibble!

FRED :

Dino kibble...?

Disbelieving, Fred moves over to the happily-munching
animals. He has to get on his knees to wiggle in with
the pack. He grabs some, stuffs it in his mouth...

chews. His eyes widen...

FRED :

(mouth full)

Dhinough khibble!!

He spits it out, takes out the chunk of contract

Slate wrote on.

FRED:

Barney, we --we're rich!

Yabba dabba do --!

294 SLATE 294

Faints dead away! The CAMERA PULLS BACK... BACK...

BACK -

295 EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATRE -NIGHT 295

We're back where we began. As "The End" appears on the drive-in screen, cars are streaming out of the drive-in theatre. The Flintstone car is among them.

296 EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT -NIGHT 296

Fred and company roll into a '50's-style drive-in restaurant. A sign advertises BRONTO BURGERS AND RIBS.

(CONTINUED)

123.

296 CONTINUED:

A pretty carhop on stone roller skates glides over.

Fred holds up one finger towards her. She nods, scampers O.S. Fred rubs his hands and licks his lips with anticipation...

and then the girl returns with a massive rack of ribs on a car tray. She hooks it on the edge of the driver's door... and the entire car tips over with a crash.

CUT TO:

297 EXT. FLINTSTONE HOUSE -NIGHT 297

WIDEN FROM the mailbox. Fred and family pull up. Dino runs in first, followed by Wilma with Pebbles already asleep on her shoulder. Fred follows, the saber-tooth cat on his heels. Fred stops in the doorway to put a milk bottle on the doorstep, and then puts the cat down beside it. He shuts the door.

Quick as a flash, the cat leaps through the side window. Pause. The door opens and the cat puts Fred out, then slams the door! Fred recovers from his shock, tries the

door... it's locked!
MUSIC (V.O.)
We'll have a yabba
dabba-do time
A dabba-do time
We'll have a gay old time!

FRED :

(knocking)

Wilma...?

(another knock)

... Wilma?

CAMERA CRANES UP, WIDENS as Fred becomes a tiny silhouette
banging on the door.

FRED :

Wilma? Wil-ma --!

FADE OUT.

THE END:

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