

# **THE FLINTSTONES**

Written by STEVEN E. DE SOUZA

Based on characters created by  
JOE BARBERA & WILLIAM HANNA

Early Draft - September 1987

**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

THE FLINTSTONES

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)

4 CONTINUED: 4

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)

7 CONTINUED: 7

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...

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)

16 CONTINUED: 16

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.

FRED  
Dino! 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)

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.

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)

FRED  
 (throwing open the  
 door)  
 Oooh, Dino, look -- there's a  
 nice big dino bone laying out on  
 the front lawn -- !

Pause. Dino gives him a big look as if to say, "Oh,  
 yeah?"

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)

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)

19 CONTINUED: (3) 19

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)

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)

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:

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)

26 CONTINUED:

26

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)

27 CONTINUED:

27

From the schoolyard comes the sudden sound of KIDS QUAR-  
RELING 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?

BARNEY  
Did I ever?

(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.

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)

29 CONTINUED:

29

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)

33 CONTINUED:

33

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)

36 CONTINUED: 36

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. Just take  
 a number.

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

WILMA  
 Ah, hello, Mrs. Slate.

Morris reacts with relief. Mrs. Slate reacts with a blank look.

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)

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)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

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 chicken-  
saurus 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)

40 CONTINUED: 40

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 --

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:

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...

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.

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)

56 CONTINUED:

56

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.

SLATE

Bankrupt? 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)

57 CONTINUED: 57

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 --

- 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)

70 CONTINUED:

70

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)

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

Huh?

PILTDOWN

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)

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, Piltown 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)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

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)

72 CONTINUED:

72

BETTY

Here we are, Mrs. Slate. Sorry you had to ride in the back.

MRS. SLATE

(getting out)

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

And she's sashaying up the path. Betty and Wilma burn, then follow her.

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 --

WILMA

Flintstone --

MRS. SLATE

-- oh, it used to be Flintstein -- ?  
And this is ah, Becky... Betty!

The Headmistress reaches over, takes their hands gracefully.

HEADMISTRESS

Enchante.

WILMA

I'm sure.

(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. For ma petite Pebbles.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

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)

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)

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)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

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)

76 CONTINUED:

76

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)

78 CONTINUED:

78

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)

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 Piltdown's renewed cry of  
the poisoned water hole. Fred moves towards the podium  
as the noise dies down.

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)

81 CONTINUED:

81

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)

85 CONTINUED: 85

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."

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,  
Piltdown.

PILTDOWN

-- If I don't, you will --

FRED

(a tight smile)

Gentlemen, my card --

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



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)

95 CONTINUED:

95

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.

FRED

Attaboy!

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 wear-  
ing 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)

97 CONTINUED:

97

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)

98 CONTINUED:

98

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?

Piltdown 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. Meanwhile he looks out the window at --

100 HIS POV - ARMORED CAR

100

The guards are unloading sacks of coo-coo berries.

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 barrelling by.

(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 to be --

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

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)

106 CONTINUED: 106

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 alligator-saurus 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.

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)

115 CONTINUED:

115

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)

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 buck-and-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)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

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)

119 CONTINUED:

119

FRED

Akkk... something... noble... man  
... job... nose... wheel...  
shoulder... grindstone... hommm...  
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 &amp; 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)

121 CONTINUED:

121

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

... Wanna recite something?  
'Inky Dinky Spidersaurus...'?

BAM-BAM

Nah, what are we, little kids? How 'bout magic tricks? We could cut up a newspaper --

PEBBLES

But then we'd need a hammer and chisel... oh, what about that thing with Dino?

BAM-BAM

That dumb thing? You 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)

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)

125 CONTINUED: 125

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)

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)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

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.

HERDMASTER

Order furs!

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. Barney moves over, puts his arm around him.

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.

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 to 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)

132 CONTINUED:

132

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)

134 CONTINUED:

134

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 --

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)

143 CONTINUED:

143

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 encour-  
 aging 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.

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 super-structure 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)

- 149 CONTINUED: 149
- Piltdown crosses it. Fred "marks" another one. Piltdown doesn't even wait for the challenge, takes a giant step. Oops. Bad idea: The last "line" was at the edge of a 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 doppleganger 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!

- 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 --

162 THE END OF THE BUILDING

162

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

FELDSPAR

All right! You're all under arr --

Wham! Barney, Fred and Piltown 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.

BUFFALO #2

'Night, pal. 'Night, slimeball.

WILMA

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

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

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)

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:

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)

- 165 CONTINUED: 165
- 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)

170 CONTINUED:

170

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...

PYRITE

Our pleasure.

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 --

LAVA

(pointedly)

-- Oh? Or check up on us?

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

(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. He puts  
each one in turn in a gizmo on his desk.

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...

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)

176 CONTINUED:

176

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)

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. It's just not the right image...

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.

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)

179 CONTINUED:

179

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)

182 CONTINUED: 182

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 --

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 --

BARNEY

(sotto, to them)  
See? What'd I tell ya?

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 Tylon 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)

194 CONTINUED:

194

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. For a moment, Wilma's face softens.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

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)

## 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)

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.

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.

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)

FRED

'Pal'? How can you call me that?  
Barney, I... I've been such a...  
such a... such a...

BARNEY

Creep?

FRED

Well, yeah. But more of a --

BARNEY

(helpful tone)

Fool?

FRED

Well --

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:

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

Wilma, Betty, the kids and Dino are in one of these.  
Now, we FOLLOW them as they chug into --

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!

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.

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)

213 CONTINUED:

213

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)

214 CONTINUED:

214

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)

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:

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)

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 -- '

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)

222 CONTINUED:

222

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.)

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!

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.

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 -- !

FRED

'Ood hidea. 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 &amp; 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 --

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.

- 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)

240 CONTINUED:

240

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.

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 Barny 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)

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)

You see -- ? I told you --

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:

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)

250 CONTINUED:

250

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 Piltdown; the top-half is Pyrite.

WILMA  
Fred?

BETTY  
Barney?

PEBBLES  
Daddy!

BAM-BAM  
Pop!

FRED  
Piltdown?

BARNEY  
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)

252 CONTINUED: 252

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)

254 CONTINUED:

254

## 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 incred-  
ibly 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.

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)

259 CONTINUED:

259

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: it has little vestigial forepaws the better to 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...

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)

263 CONTINUED:

263

## 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)

268 CONTINUED:

268

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)

- 270 CONTINUED: 270
- 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?

- 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!

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 nocht 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)

288 CONTINUED:

288

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 Piltown, 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)

289 CONTINUED:

289

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)

293 CONTINUED:

293

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)

296 CONTINUED:

296

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

THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED  
BY WARNER BROS. INC.  
SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT  
(818) 954-4632