



"Brain Freeze"

written by

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FADE IN:

EST./EXT. ACME LABS - DUSK

INT. ACME LABS - PINKY AND BRAIN'S CAGE - CONTINUOUS

PINKY sits at one end of the cage as BRAIN stands before a CHALKBOARD and WRITES equations at a furious pace.

Pinky now pokes his index finger in and out of his NAVEL, totally absorbed. After a pause, he looks at Brain.

PINKY
Brain! Brain! Look!

He turns to Pinky, who then sticks his finger in his navel.

PINKY (CONT'D)
It's gone, then

He pulls his finger out of his navel.

PINKY (CONT'D)
it's back!

He puts the finger into his navel.

PINKY (CONT'D)
Gone!

He pulls his finger out of his navel.

PINKY (CONT'D)
Back!

He puts the finger into his navel.

PINKY (CONT'D)
Gone!

He pulls his finger out of his navel.

PINKY (CONT'D)
Back!

He bends his finger at Brain.

PINKY (CONT'D)
(as his finger)
"Hiya, Brain! How're doin'?" Narf!

BRAIN
(slow burn)
Your powers of observation never cease to
amaze me.
(long beat)
Now, come here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pinky joins him, still preoccupied with his navel. Brain turns his attention back to the chalkboard.

PINKY
Uh, what is this, Brain?

Brain turns to him.

BRAIN
What you have stumbled upon, Pinky, is your umbilicus, more commonly referred to as a "belly button", the distinguishing characteristic of mammals.

Pinky JUMPS for joy.

PINKY
Oh, goody! I'm a mammal! I'm a mammal!
(suddenly pained)
What's a mammal?

BRAIN
"Mammal" is the categorical term used to encompass any member of the high-vertebrate class, *mammalia*, characterized by body hair, live birth, and the nursing of young.
(beat)
For example, birds, fish, and turtles lay eggs, have no body hair, and do not nurse their young.

PINKY
And, they don't have belly buttons, so ...they're not mammals, right, Brain?

BRAIN
Correct, Pinky! But dolphins, whales, rodents --

PINKY
(interrupts)
What's a rodent?

BRAIN
An order of mammals, *rodentia*, identifiable by a pair of protruding front teeth known as incisors, which are used to gnaw on food, such as your beloved cheese doodles.

PINKY
Oh, I do love cheese doodles, I do, I do, I do! Zort!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's suddenly struck by a thought, and tentatively feels his INCISORS. He puts his hand down.

PINKY (CONT'D)
Are you saying I'm a rodent?

BRAIN
Yes.

PINKY
(confused)
But, but... you just said I'm a mammal.

BRAIN
That is correct.

PINKY
(really confused)
But, but, I always thought I was a mouse!

BRAIN
You are a mouse. We both are.

PINKY
(traumatized)
But, but... first you said I'm a mammal!
Then, you said I'm a rodent! And, and,
now you're saying we're still mice?!

BRAIN
We are all three: we are mammals, and
rodents, and mice!
(beat)
I would explain it to you, but then we
would be here all night and, thus,
unable to execute the ingenious new
scheme I have devised, so you are just
going to have to take my word for it.
(beat)
Now, what is the one thing humans simply
cannot live without?

PINKY
Glow-in-the-dark turkey basters?

BRAIN
(slow burn)
No, Pinky. Ice cream.

He turns to chalkboard, highlighting his equations with a piece of chalk.

BRAIN (CONT'D)
The World's Largest Ice Cream Factory is
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAIN (CONT'D)
located exactly one-eighth mile due west
of the laboratory. Tonight, we shall go
there and sabotage their equipment,
forcing them out of business. This will
cause a full-scale riot among the people.
Then, after a day or so, we shall return
to the now-defunct factory, repair the
equipment, and produce our own ice cream.
Every man, woman, and child will scoop up
every pint we make, thereby, enabling us
to take over the world!

Brain puts on a BACKPACK.

PINKY
We're gonna be another Ben and Jerry,
huh? Narf!

He THROWS a second BACKPACK at Pinky.

BRAIN
Once we are finished, Ben and Jerry will
wish they were another Pinky and Brain.

Pinky puts on the backpack. They leave.

EXT. STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT - LATER

They walk as Pinky GNAWS on a CHEESE DOODLE.

PINKY
Does Al Gore have a belly button, Brain?

BRAIN
Yes, Pinky.

PINKY
How about Sam Donaldson?

BRAIN
Yes, Pinky.

PINKY
Regis Philbin?

Brain BOPS him over the head with his FIST. Finally getting
the message, Pinky SIGHS, continues to EAT the doodle. They
now walk past an APPLIANCE STORE.

PINKY (O.S.)
Gee, Brain, what do you want to do
tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brain turns to him.

BRAIN
What do you mean what do I want to do
tonight?

Then...

BRAIN (O.S.)
The same thing we do every night, Pinky:
try to take over the world!

Then...

PINKY
What did you say, Brain?

BRAIN
Didn't you just ask me what do I want to
do tonight?

PINKY
Uh, no, I didn't.

Totally-flummoxed, Brain stops. They now hear MUSIC.

BRAIN
Well, if you didn't say anything, then
where are those voices coming from?

They look around. Pinky looks up to his right, then gives a SCREECH as his body CONTORTS. Brain looks at him, then follows his gaze. His face registers SHOCK.

ON THE TV in the appliance store WINDOW is... PINKY AND BRAIN!

INTER-CUT BETWEEN THE TV AND PINKY AND BRAIN, their eyes bugged out, their mouths agape.

CHORUS (ON TV)
Before each night is done, their plan
will be unfurled. By the dawning of the
sun, they'll take over the world.
(beat)
They're Pinky and the Brain. Yes, Pinky
and the Brain. Their twilight campaign
is easy to explain. To prove their mousy
worth, they'll overthrow the Earth.
They're dinky, they're Pinky and the
Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain,
Brain, Brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINKY (ON TV)

Narf!

END INTER-CUT

Stunned, they finally turn to each other.

PINKY

Brain... they're... they're... us!

BRAIN

(tries to reassure
himself)

No, Pinky... they... look like us. They
even act like us a little. But, no...
they are not us.

PINKY

But... if they're not us... then what are
they? And what are we?!

BRAIN

(still trying to
reassure himself)

We are mammals, and rodents, and mice.
(beat)
They are animated cartoons.

PINKY

Are animated cartoons mammals, Brain?

BRAIN

No, animated cartoons are not mammals.
They are a series of drawings which are
filmed then projected onto a screen at
twenty-four frames per second.

They now resume walking.

PINKY

Do animated cartoons have belly buttons?

BRAIN

Unless the humans draw them in, then, no,
they do not have belly buttons.

PINKY

How do you know that the humans made us,
uh, them, Brain?

BRAIN

Because, Pinky, in spite of Al Gore, Sam
Donaldson, and Regis Philbin, humans are
the most highly-evolved animal ever known.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINKY

Even more highly-evolved than you, Brain?

Brain almost blushes.

BRAIN

Well, no, Pinky. Ninety-nine-point-nine percent of them are dumb as rocks, which explains why Ross Perot is considered a viable presidential candidate every four years.

(long beat)

No, I am referring to the zero-point-one percent of humans who use their craniums for something other than extra storage space. Those are the ones who possess the capacity and the unmitigated gall to --

He stops walking, hit by an epiphany. Pinky stops walking.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

Pinky. Are you pondering what I'm pondering?

PINKY

Uh, I think so, Brain. But why is a running back called a running back when he's running forward instead of running back?

He calmly strips the doodle from Pinky, then SMACKS him upside the head with it. Pinky is KNOCKED flat on his back.

BRAIN

Don't you see?! Through these crudely-drawn renditions of ourselves, these humans are using us to try to take over the world!

Pinky lifts his head up, dazed.

PINKY

Egad!

BRAIN

(galvanized)

First, we must learn the identities of these evil-doers. Then, we will sue for copyright infringement!

Pinky staggers to his feet.

PINKY

Copyright infringement?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAIN

They are using our names and likenesses without our permission. Seeing how much money is being made in television these days, we stand to get billions! Then, we will no longer have to beat our heads against the proverbial wall every night trying to take over the world -- we will be able to buy the world!

PINKY

Oh, brilliant, Brain, brilliant! You are a genius!

BRAIN

(genuinely touched)
Why, thank you, Pinky.

Brain RACES to back to the laboratory. Pinky follows.

EXT. ACME LABS - ROOF - LATER

Each wearing DIFFERENT BACKPACKS, they stand near a bunch of cable WIRES protruding OUT of the roof. Brain holds a DEVICE which resembles a remote control.

BRAIN

According to my calculations

He points to two cables marked with RED STRIPES.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

these cables are connected to the video surveillance cameras in the laboratory. They shall lead us to the evil-doers responsible for this heinous act.

He holds up the device.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

This tracking device shall keep us on course when the cables go where we can't readily follow.

Pinky CLAPS.

PINKY

Oh, goody!

(sing-song)

We're going to follow the cables! We're going to follow the cables!

(normal)

Where do you think they'll go, Brain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAIN

If I knew the answer to that, Pinky, we wouldn't be standing on the roof in the middle of the night freezing our tails off, now would we?

PINKY

Well, I don't know about you, Brain, but I'd still go follow the cables. Anything to get out of washing those dishes! I do so hate having dish-panned hands!

His FIST appears above Pinky's head, then CONKS him. Pinky tags behind Brain as they now leave.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Pinky and Brain follow the CABLES along a BUILDING.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - LATER

They follow the CABLES along a TUNNEL.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

Coming THIS CLOSE to becoming road kill, they follow the CABLES under an OVERPASS and OUT of the CITY.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The BEEPS from the tracking device allow them to follow the CABLES along the TELEPHONE POLES above them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DUSK

Howling winds and flurries WHIP around them, Pinky and Brain - in snowshoes and parkas - are oblivious to everything except the BEEPS.

EXT. MIDWESTERN PLAINS - DAY

In boots and rain slicks, they march through the DOWNPOUR, oblivious to everything except the BEEPS.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

They doze in sleeping bags by a CAMPFIRE, half-eaten plates of cheese and veggies beside each.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

Despite VULTURES circling above and FOXES licking their chops, the BEEPS push them onward.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREET - DAY

The BEEPS have led them to the Entertainment Capital of the World.

EXT. WARNER BROS. STUDIOS - BACK LOT - DAY

Walking past a state-of-the-art ANIMATION FACILITY, they see the CABLES against the WALL of a one-story WOOD SHACK.

EXT: WOOD SHACK - LATER

Brain - the tracking device tethered around him - stands on Pinky's shoulders. He tries to get a good look inside the shack through a HOLE in the WALL.

A FLY now BUZZES around Pinky.

PINKY
Hello there, Mr. Fly!

The fly now sits on Pinky's nose. Pinky begins to laugh, then gives a WHOOP. Brain looks down at him.

BRAIN
Pinky! Stop it or they will hear us!

PINKY
Oops! Sorry, Brain.

Pinky then focuses his eyes on the fly.

PINKY (CONT'D)
If you show me your belly button, I'll show you mine! Troz!

BRAIN
Flies are members of the of the order *diptera*. They do not have belly buttons.

PINKY
They don't?

BRAIN
No, they don't!

PINKY
(mournful)
But... that's not fair, Brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAIN
Life is not fair, Pinky!
(beat)
Now, for the last time, be quiet, or I
shall have to hurt you!

Pinky now squirms. Brain turns his head, and presses his face against the wood panels.

INT. WOOD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Brain's RIGHT EYE peeks through the HOLE at...

THREE FIGURES

their backs to him, gathered around a STORYBOARD of pencil SKETCHES of you-know-who.

A FOURTH FIGURE

sits before TWO TVs/VCRs while quaffing a bag of Pinky's beloved cheese doodles:

The TAPE on the LEFT TV shows Pinky laying spread-eagle on a fuse box being ZAPPED by jolts of electricity, and WHOOPING it up with joy.

The TAPE on the RIGHT TV shows Brain, in goggles and a lab coat, pouring liquids into two glass test tubes.

The Figure uses a remote control every few seconds to STOP the tape, REWIND, then PLAY it at normal speed. All four alternate between TALKING and LAUGHING at our heroes.

As if none of this were bad enough, next to a stack of tapes is a "PEROT '96" POSTER.

EXT. WOOD SHACK - MINUTES LATER

Brain climbs down off of Pinky, in SHOCK.

BRAIN
My life... it's over... it's all over.

PINKY
(confused)
Brain?

BRAIN
My visions of greatness... of immortality
... it's over... it's all over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pinky grabs him by the shoulders, and SHAKES him.

PINKY
Brain! Brain! Get a hold of yourself!

Brain turns to him, now thoroughly traumatized.

BRAIN
It's all gone, man! Do you hear me?!
Gone... gone!

Pinky SMACKS him hard across the face.

PINKY
Brain! Brain! Speak to me!

BRAIN
(recovers; helpless)
Pinky?

PINKY
I'm here, Brain.

Snapping OUT of it, Brain looks at him anew.

BRAIN
Oh, Pinky! It's even worse than I dared
imagine! They've made videotapes of us.
(begins to lose it)
And there's this big person in this big
chair, holding this big remote, watching
us on these two big TVs, eating these
big cheese doodles... and... and... he's
laughing. And in the middle of the room,
lording over it all, is this big poster
of Ross Perot! And he's... he's...
smiling!

Pinky SMACKS him again. Brain tries to shake it out.

PINKY
(seized)
We have got to get in there and stop
them!

INT. WOOD SHACK - LATER

The Four Figures continue their dastardly DEEDS.

Pinky and Brain FALL THROUGH the SKYLIGHT, then CRASH to the
FLOOR. They try to recover, then FREEZE... then SCREAM.

STEVEN SPIELBERG, YAKKO, WAKKO, AND DOT see Pinky and Brain,
then FREEZE... then SCREAM.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A BAILIFF holds a paper before him.

BAILIFF
Case Number N-eight thirty-nine on the
docket: Pinky and Brain versus The Sacred
Order of the Happy Scamping Nuns,
Spielberg, Warner, Warner, and Warner.

He hands the file to JUDGE JUDY, seated on the bench.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)
The parties have been sworn in.

He turns, and points to the parties involved.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)
You may be seated.

PLAINTIFF'S TABLE

Pinky and Brain PLOP down.

DEFENDANT'S TABLE

THREE matronly NUNS, Spielberg, Yakko, Wakko, and Dot sit.

JUDGE JUDY

divides her attention between the papers and the litigants.

JUDGE JUDY
Mr. Pinky and Mr. Brain, you allege in
your complaint that The Sacred Order of
the Happy Scamping Nuns sold your names
and likenesses to co-defendants, Steven
Spielberg, the Warner Brothers

Dot JUMPS out of her seat.

DOT
(interrupts)
And the Warner Sister, Dot!

Judge Judy looks at Dot.

JUDGE JUDY
And the Warner Sister, Dot, to use as the
basis for the animated television program
"Pinky and The Brain" without either your
knowledge or consent, in violation of
United States Code Title Seventeen,
Section one-oh-six, regarding ownership
of preexisting material, that being
yourselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brain now stands, his arms crossed, smug.

BRAIN
That is correct, Your Honor.

The Defendants are pretty miffed.

YAKKO
All those cheese doodles we had to quaff,
and this is the thanks we get!

Yakko points at Pinky and Brain.

YAKKO (CONT'D)
If it weren't for us, you'd be a pair of
genetically-altered lab mice!

BRAIN
We are a pair of genetically-altered lab
mice!

WAKKO
Bent on taking over the world. Yeah,
yeah, we know!

DOT
We've heard it a thousand times already!

YAKKO
A thousand, million times already!

YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT
A thousand million, zillion, billion,
trillion times already!

They make grotesque FACES with appropriate SOUNDS as Brain
SHAKES with rage. Yakko now leans over to his siblings.

YAKKO
You two better cut it out or he shall
have to hurt you.

Judge Judy BANGS her gavel.

JUDGE JUDY
The three of you better cut it out, or I
shall have you thrown out of court!

Yakko, Wakko, and Dot bug their eyes out in excitement.

YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT
Really?!

The Bailiff is promptly JUMPED ON by the siblings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT (CONT'D)
Helloooooo, Bailiff!

WAKKO
This is our first getting thrown out of
court.

DOT
So... please be gentle.

Judge Judy points at the siblings with her gavel.

JUDGE JUDY
Get back in your seats!

The siblings reluctantly climb off the Bailiff, and slouch
back to the Defendant's Table.

YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT
Party pooper!

Judge Judy stares hard at the siblings, then continues.

JUDGE JUDY
Furthermore, Mr. Pinky and Mr. Brain, you
contend that - as being the basis for
"Pinky and the Brain" - you are entitled
to a substantial percentage of the gross
profits realized by its production,
broadcast, and merchandising.

Spielberg now JUMPS out of his seat.

SPIELBERG
But that's literally billions of dollars!

Brain turns to Spielberg.

BRAIN
Well, you should have thought about that
before you ripped-off our identities,
Mr. Big Shot Movie Director!
(long beat)
And what's with the poster of Ross Perot?

SPIELBERG
Ross and I are good friends.

BRAIN
(disbelief)
Get... out!

PINKY
Do you know Al Gore and Sam Donaldson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPIELBERG
Why, yes, I do.

BRAIN
(disbelief)
Get... out!

PINKY
Do you know Regis Philbin?

SPIELBERG
No. But I do know Oprah.

BRAIN
(disbelief)
Get... out!

PINKY
Does Oprah have a belly button?

SPIELBERG
She sure does!

BRAIN
(disbelief)
Get... out!

PINKY
(delighted)
I've got a belly button!

He sticks his finger into his belly button.

PINKY (CONT'D)
See? Narf!

Yakko, Wakko, and Dot JUMP out of their seats.

YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT
Us, too!

They pull down their PANTS past their BELLIES.

INSERT: YAKKO'S/WAKKO'S/DOT'S MID-SECTIONS

Colorful "Official WB Belly Button!" BUTTONS where their navels would be.

BACK TO SCENE

They pull their pants up, then JUMP out and down.

YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT (CONT'D)
Narf! Zort! Troz!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pinky turns to Brain.

PINKY
Brain! They can do me! Narf!

Brain grabs Pinky's snout, about to throttle him.

JUDGE JUDY
Not in my courtroom, Mr. Brain!

Brain lets go of Pinky, and gives her a sheepish grin.

Judge Judy stares at Brain, then looks at the complaint.

JUDGE JUDY (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, gentlemen, the Copyright Law applies to the authorship of a work. You are not the authors of "*Pinky and The Brain*". Now, were you employees of Acme Labs, you could sue The Sacred Order of the Happy Scamping Nuns for violation of privacy, loss of reputation, pain and suffering, and so on. But since you are the property of Acme Labs, The Sacred Order of the Happy Scamping Nuns own your names and likenesses, therefore, are free to do with them as they wish.

She takes the gavel, and BANGS it.

JUDGE JUDY (CONT'D)
Case dismissed!

The Defendants JUMP up, and engage in a seven-way high-five.

NUNS/SPIELBERG/YAKKO/WAKKO/DOT
(imitates Brain)
Yyyeeeeessss!

The MOTHER SUPERIOR turns to Spielberg.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
The World's Largest Ice Cream Factory - a wholly owned subsidiary of The Sacred Order of the Happy Scamping Nuns - will be holding a celebration in praise of our glorious victory. We would be most honored if you joined us.

Spielberg turns to Yakko, Wakko, and Dot.

SPIELBERG
Well, kids, what are we waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAKKO
The end of this cartoon.

SPIELBERG
But we can leave now.

He produces a SCRIPT, folded back, holds it out to them at arms' length, and points near the bottom of the page.

SPIELBERG (CONT'D)
Says so in the script.

Yakko, Wakko, and Dot lean forward to take a closer look at the script.

YAKKO
(reads)
"Spielberg: But, we can leave now".

WAKKO
(reads)
"He produces a script, folded back, holds it out to them at arms' length, and points near the bottom of the page".

DOT
(reads)
"Spielberg: Says so in the script".

They pull back, then look at each other.

YAKKO
That's as official as it gets!

DOT
Nark!

WAKKO
Troz!

Happy, the defendants leave. Pinky and Brain turn to Judge Judy, their mouths hanging.

BRAIN
(traumatized)
But... but... but...

Pinky now WAILS.

PINKY
Nooooo! All the hardship! All the struggle! All those dish-panned hands! For nothing! Not even for a fried peanut butter and banana sandwich!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then struck by a thought, he pulls a FRIED PEANUT BUTTER AND BANANA SANDWICH out of his NAVEL, PLOPS down and happily EATS. Brain watches Pinky, unsure how to react.

JUDGE JUDY

Mr. Brain, I am sure you understand. As the law is written, my hands are tied. There is nothing I can do.

Brain turns to her.

BRAIN

Well, there is something I can do -- beginning tonight!

JUDGE JUDY

What are you going to do?

PINKY

(mouth full)

Yeah, Brain, what are you going to do?

He turns to Pinky.

BRAIN

(calmly)

Why, the same thing we do every night, Pinky.

Brain points skyward, galvanized.

BRAIN (CONT'D)

Try to take over the fried peanut butter and banana sandwich business!

CHORUS (O.S.)

They're dinky, they're Pinky and the Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain, Brain!

FADE OUT.

END