

## **TITLE**

### *One for the Pages*

PENCIL ENTERS and DRAWS PENCILMATE! Pmate exchanges a cheerful glance at us as he comes to life. He gives Pencil a FRIENDLY SALUTE as he makes his way RIGHT. But Pencil zips in front of him and DRAWS A HOLE in the ground. Pmate falls in. After a good WHISTLE... CRASH! Pencil sways in place as we hear a LAUGH TRACK. Pencil pulls away, EXITS.

Pmate FUMES from within the pit until he finally EXPLODES out with rage! Huffing and puffing, he looks around as a GUST OF WIND blows through, causing him to shield his face... as well as FOLD DOWN the TOP-LEFT CORNER OF THE PAGE. Pmate looks up, perplexed. He walks beneath the corner, stretches until he gets a hold of it --

The Page PARTIALLY FLIPS! Woah! Pmate climbs over the Fold, trying to look over the other side, causing the PAGE TO FLIP beneath him. Stumbling to keep his balance, he scurries across A DOZEN MORE PAGE FLIPS in quick succession, until:

PMATE lands on a OLDER-LOOKING, LO-RES, BLANK PAGE. Bewildered, he wanders forward as an ALIEN-LIKE THEREMIN PLAYS. Suddenly, BLACK PENCIL LOWERS down. Pmate gasps, dashes O.S. to the RIGHT. The MUSIC shifts to a very familiar, SIMPLE TUNE. Pmate peeks an eye back onto the frame as Black Pencil peers around, searching for something. Giving up, Black Pencil EXITS. Pmate pops his full head in, suddenly followed by the ORIGINAL PMATE popping his head in just beneath him. They wipe their brows simultaneously, SIGHING with relief. Huh? They look to each other, PANIC, ZIP O.S.!

We quickly pan after them, both Pmates now standing before each other, staring one another down, mouths agape. The THEREMIN returns as they slowly raise their arms towards their counterpart. They press their hands together. Current Pmate suddenly smiles, pleased to meet his past self! Original Pmate returns a simple smirk.

Current Pmate's smile soon turns to a frown as he peers over his shoulder, where Black Pencil loomed O.S. He looks back to Original, then TRACES a SMALL, IMAGINARY PENCIL SHAPE with DOTTED LINES in the air. He places his palm beneath the image, then SMASHES it with his fist, startling Original. Original grins menacingly. Pmate holds out his hand. Original shakes it! Pmate heads to the RIGHT side of the frame, reaches his arms O.S. He pulls in the EDGE OF THE PAGE.

Original follows, both Pmates running across SEVERAL PAGE FLIPS in quick succession:

The TWO PMATES arrive on a NORMAL QUALITY PAGE. They walk forward, coming upon ANOTHER PENICLMATE, who is extinguishing a FLAME on his SINGED HEAD with a handkerchief -- following the events of "[FIRE STRAITS.](#)" Current Pmate gestures to Original to wait. He approaches the burnt Pmate, pointing, shaking his fist, blabbing a speech of revolution in GIBBERISH. To his surprise, the new Pencilmate replies:

TALKING PMATE

Oh, Pencil? Boy, that guy really drives me bananas!

Eyes wide, Current Pmate gently clasps his own throat --

TALKING PMATE (O.S.)

If you guys are teamin' up, then you can count me in!

The other Pmates look to each other, then exchange an awkward THUMBS UP with Talking Pmate. Talking gets between the other Pmates:

TALKING PMATE

(puts arms around Pmates)

But we are gonna need some more fire power. Here's what we should do...

The Pmates turn around in a huddle, WHISPERING and PLOTTING...

**MONTAGE** - We see A FEW PAGE FLIPS IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS AND QUALITIES, between CURRENT PENCILMATE inviting each new recruit. He meets a SEEMINGLY NORMAL PENCILMATE from "[LUMP IN THE NIGHT,](#)" until he turns around, revealing YAPPING, GURGLING LUMPS with FACES protruding from his head and back. Current Pmate GAGS. In a quicker succession, he then meets a slightly more DETAILED PENCILMATE in "[THE WORK OUT;](#)" a CRAZY-HAT PENCILMATE in "[HAT'S ALL FOLKS;](#)" a SIMPLER PENCILMATE TIED TO AN ANCHOR from "[RANCOUR STRAIGHTS...](#)" **END OF MONTAGE.**

SEVERAL RIGHT-TO-LEFT PAGE FLIPS to PRESENT DAY: CURRENT PMATE ENTERS, whistling carefree as he moseys along. PENCIL suddenly ENTERS, TIP SHARP and ready to cause trouble. Pmate stops, eyes

closed, arms folded. Pencil is taken aback by Pmate's unimpressed demeanor. Pmate points over his shoulder. Pencil looks over him, becomes surprised:

We reveal an entire PENCILMATE ARMY a short distance away, holding an assortment of WEAPONS: PITCHFORKS, LASER GUNS, RUBBER CHICKENS, AN ANCHOR, etc.! Current Pmate pulls out a SWORD and points it towards Pencil, BELLOWING!

The army CHARGES forward ahead of their leader, ready for war!

Pencil nonchalantly reaches down, DRAWS A HOLE. The entire Pmate Army PLUMMETS into the hole MID-BATTLECRY, CRAMPING and FILLING IT, with only Current Pmate left standing --

TALKING PMATE (O.S.)  
(amongst the grumbles)  
I did not see that coming!

Present Pmate drops his sword, backs away over the plugged pit, NERVOUSLY CHUCKLING as Pencil inches after him, scrolling the HOLE O.S. Pencil rushes forward, inches from Pmate's face... Pmate sweats... Pencil DRAWS a BIG, STUPID MUSTACHE AND UNIBROW on Pmate's face. What? Pencil sways as a LAUGH TRACK PLAYS.

It WRITES "**PENCILMATION**" NICE AND BIG across the CENTER. Pencil EXITS. Pmate grumbles. The TEXT SLAMS DOWN over Pmate. He MOANS...