

DuckTales: What Makes a Houseboat a Home

TEASER

INT. MCDUCK MANOR - SCROOGE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Uncle Scrooge sits at his desk, feet up and reading the newspaper. Huey , Dewey, Louie, and Webby are sorting books.

LOUIE

Why do we have to do this? Don't we have professional librarians on the payroll?

HUEY

You're not doing anything, Louie.

LOUIE

Shh.

SCROOGE

Miss Quackmaster is out sick today, and--don't touch that, it's expensive.

Webby removes her hand from a thick book on his desk.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

HUEY

I'll get it, Uncle Scrooge!

SCROOGE

No--

Huey opens the door for Donald and Della Duck who come in quickly. Donald pushes ahead to Scrooge's desk.

SCROOGE

Not this again.

DONALD

Uncle Scrooge, my boat's going under! We need to fix the leak!

SCROOGE

We? If you are going to keep insisting on maintaining your own residence, you have to take care of upkeep yourself.

DONALD

I know, but I can't get that kind of money before it sinks!

SCROOGE

Oh, it can't be that bad.

Donald directs Scrooge's attention out the window. Launchpad is uselessly throwing buckets of water out of the ship (specifically, throwing the buckets), which is tilting dangerously.

SCROOGE

Fine. Take this shield. It'll plug up whatever crack is giving you trouble for a while, but you still have to pay for repairs yourself.

DONALD

(sighs)

Thank you, Uncle Scrooge.

Donald takes the shield and leaves in a rush. Della is still waiting.

SCROOGE

And what do you want my money for?

DELLA

Penny and I are going on a little nature walk. You know, seeing the sights, smelling the flowers. Making solid gold doggy biscuits in the event of a moon mite attack.

While Scrooge and Della discuss this, the kids talk among themselves.

HUEY

I'm surprised Uncle Donald came to Uncle Scrooge for help.

LOUIE

Because Uncle Scrooge hates spending money?

DEWEY

Because usually Uncle Donald plugs the boat up with rotting boards and old socks?

HUEY

Yes, but also because it would be a lot easier for him to live here, on land, with us! I mean, the manor is

huge! Why sleep in the pool?

Louie goes to the window and looks at the sinking houseboat.

LOUIE

I don't know, but Uncle Donald's not going to change his mind. If Uncle Scrooge won't help, how is *he* going to get the money for repairs?

Down below, Donald angrily tries to keep Launchpad from throwing the shield overboard.

Della and Scrooge are arguing.

SCROOGE

You're not going to tame any Earth animal with metal food!

DELLA

Try telling a Moonlander that! It took enough convincing to stop her from killing a shifty looking iguana!

Huey jots down some notes in his book.

HUEY

How is it that the more I learn about Mom, the cooler she is?

Louie looks to Della, then to Huey writing in his book, then to the bookshelf, then back to Della. He's thinking hard.

SCROOGE

(in the background)

Fine, you can make a few biscuits. Just make sure I get them back when you're done. And keep your dirty fingers out of my bin!

DELLA

(in the background)

Thanks Uncle Scrooge!

Dewey finds a hundred dollar bill being used as a bookmark.

DEWEY

Hey, money!

Louie has a lightbulb moment.

ACT I

INT. MCDUCK MANOR - HALLWAY - MORNING

Louie stops Della.

LOUIE

Mom, I just had the most fantastic idea!

DELLA

Hmm. Of course, *strawberry-flavored* gold biscuits! Be right back!

LOUIE

No, it's better than that! "Della Duck: A Decade Discovered", by Della Duck, published by Louie Inc. Bestseller of the year, a book to inspire, a legend revealed! Who on Earth or the Moon wouldn't want to read the true story of Della Duck?

Della blushes, flattered that Louie thinks so highly of her.

DELLA

Um, wow, I guess...If you really want to know what I was up to all that time, I can't say I blame you. It would be fun to share some of my stories with you.

LOUIE

Think bigger! The public would absolutely eat up a novel from the world's most heroic family! I could buy my own business cards!

Della deflates, realizing this has nothing to do with their strengthening parent-child bond.

DELLA

So this is just another business scheme?

LOUIE

Well, obviously Louie Inc. has to charge some publishing fees to cover distribution and compensation for our hardworking executives, not to mention the advertising and legal departments,

but after that, I can use the money to fix Uncle Donald's boat so that he won't smell like chlorine and used band-aids for the rest of his life!

DELLA

That is pretty convincing. What about royalties?

LOUIE

Royalties? Come on, Mom, kids don't give allowance to their parents! Think of it more as payment in exposure. Mom... Mamaroo...

Della is bearing down on him in the way parents do to intimidate their children out of defiance.

LOUIE (CONT.)

Fine, fifteen percent of sales.

Della raises an eyebrow.

LOUIE (CONT.)

Twenty...five. Final offer.

Della is satisfied with this.

EXT. MCDUCK MANOR - POOL - MORNING

A disguised Bigtime Beagle watches from his hiding place as Donald bring the shield to his boat. He compares the shield he sees with the description he was given.

BIGTIME

Let's see. Funso said he needed the silver shield with a lion on it, shaped like a tired lobster.

The description fits, though not with Bigtime's mental image. He shrugs it off.

BIGTIME

I imagined it bigger. And harder to steal.

Bigtime LAUGHS evilly and sneaks towards the boat.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - MORNING

Donald descends the stairs.

DONALD

Thank you Launchpad, I can take it from here.

LAUNCHPAD (O.S.)

Okay, if you're sure, buddy.

Launchpad throws his bucket of water back into the boat and leaves.

Donald puts the shield over the gaping hole in the floor, uncertain about whether this old, torn-up relic will help. It glows with a magical light and fills the hole with a force field, stopping the water.

DONALD

Wow! This hunk of junk will do just fine!

Donald looks around at his walls, which are duct-taped in a few places.

DONALD (CONT.)

For a little while at least.

Bigtime Beagle sneaks up to the door. Having successfully sneaked, he's not sure what to do next. He KNOCKS.

DONALD

Coming!

Donald answers the door not recognizing Bigtime, instead accepting the disguise of "respectable person in a tie".

DONALD

Um, hello. Who are you?

BIGTIME

I'm, um, a boat inspector. Here to inspect your boat.

DONALD

I've never had a boat inspection before.

BIGTIME

Well, don't let my bosses hear you say that! We, um, government boat people inspect all boats: big boats, small boats, boats in pools. It's very important, for safety!

DONALD

Hmm. I'm a little busy today. Let me check my calendar.

Donald closes the door and goes into panic mode. He covers up all signs of safety issues, including hiding the shield with a rug.

BIGTIME (O.S.)

It sounds pretty crazy in there. Maybe I should--

DONALD

I'm coming, I'm coming!

Donald opens the door again and Bigtime comes in. He pretends to professionally inspect the boat, really looking for the shield.

BIGTIME

I'll have to check to make sure this complies with furniture regulations.

DONALD

Furniture regulations? What furniture regulations?

Bigtime steps on the rug. Donald tenses.

BIGTIME

Ow!

(beat)

Good call on the rug. Your flooring is terrible!

DONALD

Heh heh. Ya. I'm getting that fixed though.

Bigtime continues to inspect, making his way to the photographs. He moves to lift one, and Donald stops him. Donald starts backing him up towards the door.

DONALD

How much inspecting do you need to do?

BIGTIME

Just checking for hidden cracks.

DONALD

You've searched the whole boat. What's

your verdict?

BIGTIME

Um, the boat department takes time to make sure--

DONALD

You're wasting my time! Get out of my house--

BIGTIME

Your boating license!

On the wall by the door frame, a small piece of paper is tacked reading "LICENSE TO BOAT". Bigtime tears it off.

BIGTIME

Look at this disgraceful tissue of a paper! Your license is very expired! I could hand your boat over to the authorities right now!

DONALD

What? No!

BIGTIME

Yes! Thankfully, I can conduct a thorough boat driving test to give you back your license. We can start right now!

DONALD

In the pool?

BIGTIME

Yes! Wait, no! We will...um...

DONALD

(sighs)

I'll have the boat moved to open water by four. We can test then. Deal?

BIGTIME

Yes, Bigtime--I mean, big deal! I will see you then!

Donald SLAMS the door in his face, looking worried. Out of Donald's view, Bigtime fist pumps.

INT. MCDUCK MANOR - THE TRIPLETS' BEDROOM - DAY

Della is writing her memoir on paper. Louie watches her eagerly.

DELLA

You know what, Louie? This is actually pretty fun. Being able to reflect on things and really take the time to put your experience into words...not that I didn't have time for reflection when I was alone on the Moon for years. I hope you like it.

LOUIE

I know it'll be the best thing anyone's ever read, for sure.

DELLA

Well, here you go. Just a little rough draft to start--

LOUIE

Thanks Mom! Expect royalties around five to seven business days after publication!

Louie ushers Della out of the room and closes the door. Webby and Dewey drop down from hiding on the top bunk.

DEWEY

So, what did you get?

LOUIE

Some cool moon stuff, hopefully. Problem is, she spent so long up there that most of the pages are probably just, "Day 728: I saw a rock." Not very thrilling.

WEBBY

But what if it was an alien rock *from space*?

LOUIE

And that is why I have called you here today! Today, we turn ten years of mamma drama into the greatest space opera ever told!

WEBBY

Ya!

DEWEY

Isn't that lying?

LOUIE

It's called Hollywood, my dear Dewey.

DEWEY

It's not a movie.

LOUIE

Not yet.

WEBBY

(squeals)

This is so great! I have sooo many ideas! For example,

Webby takes a page from Louie and reads a bit of it.

WEBBY (CONT.)

"It was hard adjusting to a metal leg, especially in low gravity, but it was great being able to use my leg as a sledgehammer!" That's pretty good, but we don't stop there!

Webby puts down the page in a WIPE.

WEBBY (O.S.)

Before long, I discovered that my robotic limb imbued me with all kinds of new abilities! A vacuum cleaner, a grappling hook, a laser cannon! Together, my robo-leg and I were unstoppable!

In Webby's imagination, a fictional version of Della vacuums away the Moon's sand, grapples her rocket as it's taking off, and uses her leg to laser space monsters as she escapes!

DEWEY

(applauds)

That sounds so epic! What about the moon mites? Giant lizards, maybe, but so much more!

Dewey's imagination joins in by conjuring up an giant lizard, which, after a moment of confusion, gives an evil grin.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Not just the Moonlanders' greatest adversary, the moon mites are invaders from a distant galaxy on a mission to consume every planet in their path! Only Della Duck, fearless adventurer and master of wild beasts, can put an end to this horrible threat!

In Dewey's imagination, a great many star ships piloted by giant lizards are invading the universe, eating Pluto, Neptune, and Uranus all in rapid succession. Della floats in place above the moon, ready to confront them in an epic space warrior costume. The moon mites piloting the ships abandon the controls in fear, and the ships start crashing into each other. The explosions only ruffle Della's hair.

LOUIE

You guys are naturals. At this rate, I might even promote you to full time editors.

DEWEY

You mean we'll get a raise?

LOUIE

Uh, no.

Webby is excitedly typing out her version of the story at the speed of light.

WEBBY

Space dragons! Cyborgs! Exploding stars!

LOUIE

I'll leave you two to work.

Louie leaves, closing the door behind him.

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Donald is sitting on the deck, trying to read an exhaustive manual for boat license requirements.

DONALD

Number 482: Must have strong understanding of sailing knots as seen in figure one.

An illustration so large it folds out of the book and

envelopes Donald depicts every conceivable way to tie a knot. This aggravates Donald, so he rips the offending illustration to shreds.

HUEY (O.S.)
Uncle Donald?

DONALD
Not now, Huey, I have to study today.

Huey walks onboard and into view.

HUEY
Study? What do you mean? Do you have to go back to school? It's summer! Do you have summer school? Do we *all* have summer school? I'm not ready!

DONALD
No! I have to get my boating license renewed, otherwise, I lose my boat.

HUEY
Oh, that's not so bad.

DONALD
Not so bad! This answer guide has more useless boat trivia than I could ever memorize in a lifetime!

HUEY
Trivia, you say?

Huey looks over the book.

DONALD
How to clean the rudder, change the mast, tie a twenty-four loop bow, it's ridiculous!

HUEY
And you have to know all of it?

DONALD
I can't take any risks!

HUEY
Well, in that case...

Huey folds his hat to look like a sailor cap.

HUEY (CONT.)
...you've come to the right duck.

ACT II

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Donald stands before an all-business Huey and a, well, a normal Launchpad.

DONALD

(looking at Launchpad)

I hate this idea already.

HUEY

I have compiled from your encyclopedia of nautical knowledge the ultimate test prep checklist. No matter what the teacher throws at you, no matter how vindictive and petty the multiple choice scanner is, you. Will. Succeed!

DONALD

So what's he doing here?

HUEY

In order to properly sail a boat of this class, one requires a loyal first mate to assist in matters of boat maintenance, steering, and defense. Launchpad has by far the most experience with vehicle testing, and he was the only volunteer.

LAUNCHPAD

Yup, there's not a driving test I haven't taken at least five times! Happy to be aboard, Captain!

Donald GROANS, but then nods.

WIPE TO

Donald and Launchpad stand at the mast, prepared to put a sail on the ship.

HUEY

We'll start with a routine sail rigging. Have we actually used the sail before, Uncle Donald?

DONALD

It doesn't matter.

They try to attach the sail, but it has rotten too much. Bugs crawl out of its folds.

LAUNCHPAD

It seems like maybe you should have done your laundry, Donald. Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

Launchpad yanks at the ropes to get the sail back, sending Donald's laundry line flying into the pool. Donald gets caught in the rope and is stuck at the top of the mast. Launchpad throws the sail into the pool, where it dissolves.

LAUNCHPAD

Got it!

HUEY

(to Donald)

I guess now we should cover the crow's nest section. Can you point north?

Donald's arms are too tangled to move. Launchpad notices him.

LAUNCHPAD

Woah, buddy, looks like you got a little carried away!

Launchpad messes with the ropes until Donald comes crashing down. Huey makes a note on his checklist.

WIPE TO

Huey stands with two life vests, a small one for Donald and a large one for Launchpad.

HUEY

We'll proceed with some life vest practice. Now, in an emergency...

Launchpad is eagerly waving his hand in the air.

HUEY (CONT.)

Yes, Launchpad?

LAUNCHPAD

I know this one! Always help yourself before assisting others!

HUEY

That's actually right! How did you--

Launchpad rushes toward him to get a life vest, the small one. He fastens it to himself as quickly as possible, struggling with its size but making it work.

LAUNCHPAD

Just hang on--just a minute--I'll save you, buddy!

Donald walks calmly over to the large life vest and tries to find a way to put it on.

DONALD

Good grief...

Launchpad finishes squeezing his life preserver over his head and searches for Donald, who is being consumed by the large life vest.

DONALD

I'll just put my leg here--

LAUNCHPAD

I'm coming, Donald!

Launchpad races towards Donald and gives him a massive hug through the vest.

LAUNCHPAD

You are going to live!

There's a loud POP, and the life vest flies out of control taking Donald with it. Then there's a SPLASH.

HUEY

Uncle Donald! Are you okay?

LAUNCHPAD

It's fine. He landed in the water.

Donald thrashes about in the water in his deflated vest. There's a bucket stuck on his bottom.

CUT TO

A soaking wet Donald and an ever-cheerful Launchpad await their next challenge from Huey, who holds an air horn.

HUEY

When you're on the water, you need to know how to communicate with other sailors. I'll sound a signal, and

you'll tell me what it means.

Huey gives THREE SHORT BLASTS. Donald opens his mouth to respond, but Launchpad is faster.

LAUNCHPAD
Party time!

HUEY
No.

DONALD
Backing up.

HUEY
Yes. Next signal.

Huey gives ONE LONG AND TWO SHORT BLASTS.

DONALD
That's for sailing in fog.

HUEY
Correct!

LAUNCHPAD
Also sounds like a party though.

HUEY
Next signal...

LAUNCHPAD (CONT.)
I love this game.

At this comment, Donald loses it.

DONALD
GAME? Keeping my house is not a game!

LAUNCHPAD
Woah, man, sorry.

HUEY
Uncle Donald, I know that Launchpad maybe isn't the best study buddy, but he does actually know a lot about these tests, and it's not like you don't have a real house right here!
(indicating the manor)

Donald storms inside, MUTTERING in unintelligible anger.

EXT. DUCKBURG - POP-UP SHOP - AFTERNOON

Della is walking down the streets of Duckburg with a shopping bag from PetSafe when she starts to notice people staring and whispering. She stops a TOWNSPERSON.

DELLA

Um, is something wrong? Did I unleash a curse again?

TOWNSPERSON

You're...D-Della Duck.

DELLA

Yes...

The townspeople SQUEALS with delight, rapidly takes a selfie with Della, and dashes off, accidentally leaving her book behind: "Della Duck: Galactic Hero". Della picks it up, skims it, and frowns.

Down the street, Della stomps past Webby, who is standing on a stool and drawing people into an enormous line.

WEBBY

Exclusive from McDuck manor! Get the scoop on how one duck became the princess of the entire solar system!

Della makes it to the booth where Louie and Dewey are selling the books.

LOUIE

Hey, Mom. How does it feel to be a celebrity?

DELLA

Louie, everything in that book is fake!

LOUIE

Shh, shh, you're overreacting! We embellished, sure, but that's the business. Look at all this business!

DELLA

So what about the stuff I wrote? Where is that? You didn't even read it, did you?

DEWEY

I read some of it.

LOUIE

See, Dewey read it. Those signatures are looking good, by the way.

Dewey is signing Della's name into some of the books.

DEWEY

Thanks Louie. Did I get the 'e' right, Mom?

DELLA

My signature doesn't even look like that!

LOUIE

But it sells for ten dollars more. If we keep this up, we'll be able to buy Uncle Donald a yacht!

Della punches through a large cardboard cut-out of her fictionalized self. Cameras CLICK and FLASH as everyone in line captures the real Della Duck struggling to withdraw her hand from the cardboard hole. She notices the crowd, has an idea, and marches off-screen.

LOUIE

Everything's fine, ladies and gentlemen! Celebrities can be a little temperamental!

Off-screen, Della CLEARS HER THROAT. Everyone's attention turns to her, standing on top of a bike rack.

DELLA

Greetings, pedestrians! I am Della Duck, and I am here to tell you my true tale of heroism and friendship!

The line starts to deform.

LOUIE

Mom, what are you doing?

DELLA

Words on a page can tell you one thing, but I was there for it all! Ten dollars per person to hear the real story!

The crowd MURMURS with excitement and abandons Louie and Dewey's book stand. Louie is shocked at this betrayal.

DELLA (O.S.)

It all started on a dark and stormy
night...

INT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Huey sneaks into the houseboat to check on Donald. He stumbles over the encyclopedia and finds Donald rearranging pictures on the wall. Donald doesn't see him.

DONALD

(sighs)

I'm glad you like your house, boys.
With the fifteen bedrooms and luxury
bathrooms and whatever.

Donald lingers on a set of pictures of him feeding his baby nephews a fishy breakfast. Baby Huey inspects the spoon carefully. Baby Dewey puts almost the entire spoon in his mouth. Baby Louie throws up on him. Donald CHUCKLES.

DONALD (CONT.)

Aw, there are too many memories in
this old boat. No matter how many
times it's crashed or burned or beaten
up...

Donald hugs the handrail.

DONALD (CONT.)

I can't lose you, my little boat
house. We'll leave the country, run
away together!

HUEY

Uncle Donald?

Donald jumps in surprise.

HUEY

Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.

DONALD

What do you want? I'm not doing any
more useless test practice.

HUEY

I didn't realize how much the boat

means to you. I love living in the mansion, but this is an important place for us, even if it's covered in algae instead of gold. I'm sorry.

DONALD

It's fine. Soon, it won't matter anyway.

HUEY

That's not true! The test practice was all useless because you're Donald Duck, bravest sailor in Duckburg! No one knows a boat like you do! And if anyone disagrees, we can pay them off with Uncle Scrooge's golden shower rings!

Huey gives Donald a hug.

HUEY

This is your home, Uncle Donald. We'll do whatever it takes to keep it.

Donald hugs Huey back.

DONALD

You're right. The inspector won't even see me coming!

HUEY

That's what the horn is for!

DONALD

Perfect! Let's get this ship to the docks!

ACT III

EXT. THE MARINA - AFTERNOON

Donald welcomes Bigtime on deck while Huey rigs a shining white sail.

BIGTIME

Um, it cleans up nice.

At the dock, Launchpad cheers them on.

LAUNCHPAD

You can do it! If you don't know, just answer 'C'! Oh, like sea! Remember that!

HUEY

Captain, ready to embark.

DONALD

Thank you, First Mate Huey!

As the boat is setting out, Burger Beagle and Bouncer Beagle leap aboard. They split off and keep out of sight, SNICKERING evilly.

DONALD

So, what's up first?

BIGTIME

How about we just coast in open water, away from the shore?

DONALD

Shouldn't I put your life vest on first?

BIGTIME

No, I--um--I find those too restricting.

DONALD

Is this a trick?

BIGTIME

What? No! There are no tricks here! Just good old boats, and sailing, and government mandated testing! Nothing suspicious here!

DONALD
Okay, if you say so.

Donald turns the boat towards the open water.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Below, Huey is putting away the anchor when he hears a SHUFFLING SOUND. He finishes his task and searches around.

Bouncer Beagle is hiding behind a pipe that is shaped exactly like him, and when the coast is clear, Bouncer throws the anchor back into the sea.

The boat jerks, now being pulled back by the drag of the anchor.

BIGTIME
What was that, Mr. Duck?

DONALD
Maybe a wave or something. I'll have my first mate check it out. Huey?

Huey hears the call and sees the anchor down again.

DONALD (O.S.)
Can you check for what's slowing us down? Maybe something on the rudder?

Huey starts pulling up the anchor again.

HUEY
(to self)
I don't think it was the rudder.

Bouncer Beagle comes up behind him and tries to grab him, but the boat jerks again from having the anchor lifted, and Bouncer falls with a THUD.

CUT TO

Burger Beagle is searching the residential area for the shield. The furniture is all properly secured, so only Burger goes flying with the sudden changes of speed. He lands on the rug hiding the shield, and with a turn of the boat, the rug rolls him up.

Back below, Huey is now dodging attacks from Bouncer. Bouncer crashes through narrow entryways with his broad body whereas Huey nimbly makes his way up to the residential area.

HUEY

Uncle Donald! It's a trap!

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

On the deck, the shoreline is fading out of sight. Donald is demonstrating types of knots.

DONALD

I know, Huey! Everyone expects the twenty-four loop knot, but the best technique for tying hammocks has only six loops!

BIGTIME

Can you tie your own wrists?

DONALD

Sure!

(quickly demonstrates)

Why?

Bigtime smiles menacingly, taking off his disguise.

DONALD

Aw phooey.

EXT. DUCKBURG - POP-UP SHOP - AFTERNOON

A crowd is gathered around Della listening to her stories. Dewey is still signing books while Louie rummages around in the booth.

DELLA

The moon mite would follow me anywhere for metal! My first thought was to throw a spare beam out and hope they'd go fetch, but they just ate it!

DEWEY

Louie, should I keep signing these?

LOUIE

Yes, we'll need them soon.

Louie emerges with a makeshift megaphone and climbs on top of the booth.

DELLA (CONT.)

Throwing things long distances wasn't very easy either in the low gravity--

LOUIE
Which is why she made a super
slingshot!

The crowd notices Louie again.

LOUIE (CONT.)
A slingshot so powerful it could send
her to Mars! And boy were those
Martians surprised!

DELLA
What? Ignore him, he's ly-

LOUIE
Read about it exclusively in Della
Duck: Galactic Hero!

The crowd heads back towards the booth.

DELLA
Fine, you want Martian action? Ya, I
saw a few Martians while I was up
there! They traded iron and cherry-
flavored popsicles!

DEWEY
Really?

LOUIE
You're too modest, Della,
(sees her expression)
I mean, Mom. The Martians are
legendary for their gladiator
tournaments, which, of course, you won
at the highest levels. All in the
book.

The crowd is torn between the two of them. From her stool,
Webby sells tickets to even more spectators.

WEBBY
Today only! Watch mother and son
battle for bardic dominance! Two ducks
enter, one duck leaves...

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Bigtime fights to throw Donald overboard, wrecking havoc on
the ship as he goes. Donald dodges his strikes, but is
encumbered by the rope he tied himself in.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Downstairs, Bouncer has spotted the shield and is trying to get to it. Huey is forcing him up the stairs by throwing nasty old fish from the fridge at him.

HUEY

Take this! And this! And a tuna that!

But one of the fish falls on the stairs, and Bouncer slips on it, crashing down. Huey realizes that he's after the shield.

HUEY

Oh no you don't!

Huey climbs the furniture to get around Bouncer and to the shield. He examines the strange object and the force field it's creating.

HUEY

The only one who'll be messing up my
uncle's house is me!

He rips out the shield. The force field expands to divide the room in whatever direction it's being held, so Huey holds it towards Bouncer. Bouncer pushes against the energy, trying to break through, but Burger, still trapped in the rug, rolls into him and trips him. Huey forces the Beagles onto the deck with ease, but the boat is now sinking.

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

Donald is barely holding his own against Bigtime. Huey and the other two Beagles emerge on deck.

HUEY

Uncle Donald, I have some bad news!

DONALD

No kidding!

BIGTIME

The shield! There it is, boys! Get it!

But the force field prevents them from crossing.

BIGTIME

Fine! You gotta make me do everything!

Bigtime goes straight for the shield itself and pulls. The shield starts to bend and crack under the strain. Huey tries

to push them overboard, but can't do that without hitting Donald.

DONALD

Whoa! Watch it!

Donald is taking advantage of the Beagle Boys' distraction to untie himself, but the knot is very intricate.

HUEY

Why did you tie it so well?

DONALD

I was trying to impress him!

The shield can't take much more of this. The force field starts to short out. Donald unties as fast as he can. The force field goes down and the Beagle Boys wind up to take the shield from Huey, but a rope lassos them back.

DONALD

Back up, Huey!

Huey does so, and Donald uses his skills with rope to foil the Beagle Boys every move.

HUEY

Ya! You go, Uncle Donald!

Donald sweeps them into the air.

DONALD

Get out of my house!

He slings them far out into the water. There's a distant SPLASH. Huey and Donald reunite.

HUEY

That was the awesomest test of all time!

DONALD

And I think I passed!

They cheer and jump with joy.

HUEY

The boat's still sinking.

The boat is about halfway underwater. Donald looks at the shield.

DONALD
I'll get the duck tape.

EXT. DUCKBURG - POP-UP SHOP - EVENING

The CROWD is now seated, watching Louie and Della yell outlandish claims back and forth. Dewey is selling popcorn and books. The setting sun shows no signs of stopping the action.

LOUIE
And that was when she knew she had to break out of the city. In secret, she built a samurai robot that she could telepathically control to destroy the prison!

DELLA
I've only driven a samurai robot once, and that was in Minnesoduck, not on the Moon!

LOUIE
Wait, really? That's so cool!

DELLA
Ya, no kidding! I thought I was cool before all this, but apparently I'm just not enough for you!

CROWD
Ooooooh...

LOUIE
I--I didn't mean it like that. We made up all of those things because of course Della Duck could singlehandedly destroy an entire space armada! I figured the more we made up, the better it would sell, and if there's one person in the whole world that I would believe could do those things, it would be you. You're *actually* amazing, Mom.

CROWD
Aww...

DELLA
(clears her throat)
Well, I mean, that doesn't excuse all

the lying and forgery, but...this all feels pretty childish now.

LOUIE

Ya.

WEBBY

Au contraire, mon ami!

Down below, Dewey and Webby can barely hold all the earnings from the books, tickets, and snacks.

DEWEY

Look at all this cash!

LOUIE

Nice exploitation!

DELLA

I'm so weirdly proud right now.

LOUIE

Uncle Donald's gonna be psyched!

In the sky, they see Launchpad's plane towing Donald's boat, falling apart, to the mansion. The gang rushes to meet them there.

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - EVENING

Della, Dewey, and Louie join Donald and Huey at the pool.

HUEY

Hey guys!

DEWEY

Was it this bad before?

DONALD

Nope!

Huey is still taping up parts of the boat. The back half falls off, leaving the kitchen area exposed.

LOUIE

(pulls out his money)

Don't worry, Uncle Donald. We've got this.

Della, Dewey, and Louie give the repair money to Donald.

DONALD

Wow, guys, I don't know what to say.

HUEY

Where did you get all this from? Did you steal it from Uncle Scrooge's cash account?

DELLA

Just a little quick thinking from your brothers.

LOUIE

And some real epicness from Mom.

DONALD

Oh boy! Let's have dinner at my place! Fish tacos for everyone!

Everyone except Donald makes a sick face. The refrigerator tumbles out of the kitchen and into the water, SIZZLING with electricity as it hits.

HUEY

I guess it is a special occasion...

Then, Launchpad and Webby rush in and each take Donald by the arm, dragging him away from the boat.

LAUNCHPAD

I'll cook!

WEBBY

Me too!

There's a SIGH OF RELIEF and everyone goes into the mansion.

EXT. DONALD'S HOUSEBOAT - AFTERNOON

A few days later, the boat is as good as new. The triplets hammer in the last board.

HUEY

There it is, Uncle Donald! The last hole, all patched up!

DONALD

Thanks again, boys.

Donald hands the shield, taped back together, to Scrooge.

DONALD (CONT.)
Here's your shield back.

SCROOGE
And not a scratch on it, ay?

DONALD
Um...

SCROOGE
I'm just messing with ya. This old thing's been on its last legs for centuries. Still works like a charm though.

DONALD
Phew.

SCROOGE
Let this be a lesson as to why I don't accept freeloaders. It would have been a missed opportunity for creativity! Remember this the next time you ask for something.

DONALD
Gee, thanks.

Donald looks back to see the boys playing on the ship. He smiles.

TAG

EXT. FUNSO'S - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bigtime walks up to Funso's for a late-night game session, twirling tokens in his hands, but is stopped at the entrance by Funso, who was lurking in the shadows.

BIGTIME

Hey man.

FUNSO

Do you have the shield?

BIGTIME

(sighs)

Not exactly.

FUNSO

You failed me?

BIGTIME

Slow down, Ma. Fail is a strong word.

FUNSO

Where is it?

BIGTIME

Probably back in McDuck manor. Chill out, will you? I've got a Doggy Dancing record to beat.

Funso shoves him back.

BIGTIME

Oh, come on, pal, think of the good times. All the late night "Uke or Puke" and the midnight confessions over slushies!

Funso throws an empty cup at Bigtime's head and slams the doors.

BIGTIME

Funso, I thought we were friends!

INT. FUNSO'S - NIGHT

On the other side of the door, Funso's mouth-eyes glow green, and he reveals himself to be the Phantom Blot in disguise.

BIGTIME (O.S.)

We're kindred spirits, I know it!
Those soft, blubbery eyes, and the
normal eyes in the mouth beneath the
other eyes, I feel like it's just a
window to your soul. Let me in!

Phantom Blot enters the ball pit entrance to F.O.W.L. and
disappears, leaving Bigtime's cries behind.