

"Eat Me Up Buttercup" -- A HANNAH MONTANA SPEC SCRIPT

by

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Hannah Montana property of Disney and It's a Laugh
Productions.

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

MILEY, OLIVER and LILLY are on the couch watching the television. ROBBIE RAY sits at the counter with his mouth full of beef.

OLIVER
I'm bored.

MILEY
Well change the channel.

OLIVER
No, you change it.

MILEY
No, you change it.

OLIVER
Lilly?

Lilly yawns.

LILLY
Nah, I'm not bored enough to get up.

JACKSON comes flying down the stairs and flings himself in front of the television, flipping through the stations.

MILEY
Hey! We were watching that!

He stops it on a news channel.

TELEVISION REPORTER
There have been recent reports of a former Tennessee cattle ranch owner who has gone around the bend on an animal activist rampage. Freeing all the bovines on surrounding cattle farms.

On the screen it shows cows running across streets, through traffic and a smaller cow walking across a beam at a construction site.

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON

Woo-ee! Look at that little one
go!

TELEVISION REPORTER

The cattle have been causing a
menace all over the town. But the
freedom one prizewinning cow in
particular named Buttercup -
winning the most *bodacious bovine*
title the last two years running -
has been the most controversial
causing shock-waves all over the
cattle community.

OLIVER

The cattle have their own
community?

Robbie Ray swallows his mouthful.

ROBBIE RAY

I'd hate to say it but that is one
beauty of a doe-eyed creature.

LILLY

Almost makes you want to drop that
steak you're eating right out of
your mouth, doesn't it Mr Stewart?

ROBBIE RAY

Now, now... You didn't hear me say
the word "un-delicious".

OLIVER

I'm serious. How do those cattle
organize their own community? Do
they have their own boards and
councils and meetings?

LILLY

What else have they got to do all
day besides eat grass?

MILEY

Well, no one could guess that you
two have never set foot on a farm
before.

TELEVISION REPORTER

The culprit in question a Ms
Darlene Stewart has been detained
by the police but still won't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TELEVISION REPORTER (cont'd)
breathe a word about where
Buttercup is.

MILEY
That couldn't be great aunt Darlene
could it?

The doorbell rings and Robbie Ray gets up to answer
it. There is a FED EX guy at the door.

FED EX GUY
Sign here please.

Robbie Ray signs and MEN come in carrying a huge crate.

Jackson and Robbie Ray help them set it down in the middle
of the living room and then Jackson runs to get a crow bar
from underneath the kitchen sink.

Everyone stands and watches as the men leave and Jackson and
Robbie Ray pry open the giant crate together.

The sides of the crate fall down taking up half the living
room. Inside the crate is a big, fat COW.

ROBBIE RAY
(to Miley)
Uh, yeah bud. I think it could.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Miley is pacing as she reads a letter that came inside the
crate.

MILEY
Oh look at this! Great aunt
Darlene says that she'd rather
Buttercup here get away with
freedom rather than her. Who knew
that she could be so...

(CONTINUED)

LILLY

Insane?

OLIVER

Cow crazy?

JACKSON

Two cows short of a... uhhh...
herd?

ROBBIE RAY

I've gotta go with the consensus
and say she's finally bought the
farm.

Miley glares at all of them.

MILEY

Compassionate. She really cares
about these cows daddy.

She comes and wraps a hand around her father's arm and looks
up at him with a pouty expression.

MILEY (cont'd)

We have to keep her.

Robbie Ray looks between his daughter's pleading eyes and
the cows large, blank looking ones.

ROBBIE RAY

Oh, com'on on now! How am I
suppose to resist two doe-eyed
beauties in my living room?

Miley stands on her tiptoes and kisses her father on the
cheek.

MILEY

Thanks daddy!

ROBBIE RAY

How come whenever "no" isn't the
first word out of my mouth I get a
"thanks daddy"?

JACKSON

Cause you're just a plain ol'
sucker for a few bats of the
eyelashes and a soft sugar sweet
"daddy".

(CONTINUED)

He bats his eyelashes and comes up to Robbie Ray clutching his arm the same way Miley had done and putting on his girlie voice.

JACKSON (cont'd)

Daddy! I'd really, really like it if you let me have whatever I want. *Pwetty pwetty* please? I don't want a cow anymore, I want a horse! Or maybe I could even get a dinosaur! And my daddy would get it for me because he's the best daddy in the world and shucks! Well, I'm just the biggest "daddy's little girl" there is!

Robbie Ray shrugs him off.

ROBBIE-RAY

Jackson, don't push it.

Oliver leans over and whispers to Jackson.

OLIVER

I think it only works for daddy's little girls.

LILLY

Come on Miley. I know she's pretty and all. I mean, she's pretty much a bovine Hannah Montana! - But what are you going to do with a cow?

MILEY

I'm going to keep it of course!

ROBBIE RAY

She means what are you going to feed it and where you're gonna keep it, bud. Don't ya Lilly?

LILLY

No. I meant what is she going to do with it? Cows are boring. All it's done so far is sit there and eat. Kind of like Oliver actually.

Jackson goes and rubs the cows stomach.

JACKSON

Yes. Fatten yourself up, my pretty. Get nice and round and juicy.

(CONTINUED)

MILEY

She's going to stay in my room of course.

ROBBIE RAY

And what is she going to eat?

MILEY

There's plenty of free grazing in Jackson's room. I mean, have you seen it lately? Buttercup could spend a week licking the moss off the walls and there'd still be enough greenery to keep her going for another year!

ROBBIE RAY

I'm serious, Miles.

MILEY

So am I. We can do this dad. We can give this poor, innocent, defenseless creature another chance.

Miley goes down to hug the cow and stops when she sees Jackson underneath it. She grabs his hands and removes them from it's belly.

MILEY (cont'd)

And get your grubby hands off my moo-cow.

Jackson reacts in false shock.

JACKSON

This cow belongs to the entire family and I say we eat him!

OLIVER

Hear hear!

MILEY

First of all, it's a HER and second of all great aunt Darlene did not go and let herself almost get arrested so we could eat the cow she tried to save! And third of all...

(she turns to Oliver)

You aren't even part of this family, boy. Now scoot!

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE RAY

Miley, this cow is still a fugitive.

JACKSON

A very tasty fugitive.

OLIVER

Hear, hear!

Miley grabs Oliver by his shirt and thrusts him outside. He sticks his face against the glass salivating at the cow - looking between it and Robbie Ray's steak on the counter as if the cow would spontaneously become steak fillets.

ROBBIE RAY

A tasty fugitive, but still a fugitive. We can only keep her until I make sure this is all straightened out with Aunt Darlene. Then she goes to the authorities.

Miley engulfs her father in another hug.

MILEY

Thank you daddy!

ROBBIE-RAY

And she's not to stay inside. There's a perfectly good place to put her and that very distinctive smell of hers...

Lilly holds her nose.

LILLY

I thought that was just Jackson.

JACKSON

(to Robbie Ray)

So, right next to the neighbor's lawn?

He ruffles Jackson's hair.

ROBBIE-RAY

That's my boy.

EXT. RICO'S SHACK -- AFTERNOON

Rico stands dramatically out the front of his shack with a top hat on, scooping cones of ice-cream out of a large vat.

RICO
Presenting the newest in ice-cream
flavoring. Rico-cream!

JACKSON
If it isn't bad enough we have to
look at you, we have to taste you
now too?

RICO
Containing Costa Rican Chocolate,
coconut, sour cream, crunchy peanut
butter and just a dash of the
essence of Rico!

Jackson comes up behind him and smells the ice-cream and then licks it tentatively.

JACKSON
Who are you planning on selling
this to? People without taste
buds? People who need to get the
taste of sea water out of their
mouth after going windsurfing?

Across from Rico's there's a sign up for "Sorento's Windsurf Rentals" and a big, European-looking teen: SORENTO is holding a BOY up by his ankles.

BOY
I'm sorry! But I can't afford
windsurfing lessons.

SORENTO
Surrender to Sorrrrrrento!

He rolls the r's in his name.

JACKSON
Now Rico, do you have something to
tell me? Maybe something about
mass cloning your evil little self
and taking over the beach.

RICO
Yeah, I've got something to
say. That jerk is acting like he's
the only jerk on this beach.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICO (cont'd)

I mean, look at that patsy -
bullying people into buying his
products and/or services. Who does
he think he is?

JACKSON

Sorrrrrrrrrrrrento?

RICO

Well maybe Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrico should
show him a few things about being a
real jerk.

Jackson is still licking the ice-cream. He screws up his
nose in distaste.

JACKSON

This jerk flavored ice-cream tastes
like it was sprayed with cologne.

RICO

That's just the natural essence of
Rrrrico. It keeps the ladies
flocking.

JACKSON

Well, the ladies look like they're
flocking over there to your jerk
competition.

Rico looks over and Sorento drops the boy on his head as he
is surrounded by LADIES feeling his muscles and wanting to
hear his accent.

RICO

That's it!

He strides purposefully over to Sorento and taps him on the
shoulder. Sorento looks down to him.

RICO (cont'd)

This beach isn't big enough for two
jerks, jerk!

Sorento nods in agreement and takes him up by the ankle,
spinning around and throwing him across the beach like a
discus. Rico YELLS back to him as he goes flying.

RICO (cont'd)

This. Isn't. Over!

INT. MILEY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Lilly is putting finishing touches of lipstick around the cow's mouth as Miley reads a pamphlet and they sit on the floor of her room with the cow in the center of it.

LILLY

This is so much better than doing
it to Oliver.

MILEY

Looks better too!

Her expression snaps suddenly.

MILEY (cont'd)

I mean...

She grabs the lipstick from Lilly's hand.

MILEY (cont'd)

How dare you do that to my precious
little Buttercup! Have you no
shame?

LILLY

Precious? Little? Buttercup?!!

MILEY

(to the cow)

Don't listen to her,
Buttercup. You're as little as you
can be for someone who spends ten
hours a day eating.

LILLY

Miley, you do know that you're
going to have to give Buttercup up
when your great aunt Darlene is
cleared?

Miley isn't listening to her. She's reading from her pamphlet again.

MILEY

Listen to this! Apparently most
cows don't even know what is
happening before they're led to the
place of *you know what*.

Miley covers her mouth away from the cow as she says "*you know what*". Lilly shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

LILLY
Miley! It's a cow!

Miley SHRIEKS and covers the ears of the cow desperately.

MILEY
Don't talk like that Lilly! You'll
give her self-esteem issues!

LILLY
Uh Miley? Insanity isn't a family
trait or anything, is it?

MILEY
Lilly. I'm going to do everything
I can to make sure great aunt
Darlene's wishes don't go
ignored. Us Stewart women have had
to put up with too much ignoring
where the *real* issues are involved.

LILLY
What real issues?

MILEY
Like when my daddy said Hannah was
too young to advertise those cute
little swimsuits with the
retractable top.

Lilly lifts her top up to her midriff like she's doing an
advertisement for them. Putting it back down when she
mentions the "*full length swimsuit.*"

LILLY
Skimpy bikini. Full length
swimsuit. Skimpy bikini. Full
length swimsuit.

Miley imitates her. Pulling her shirt up and then back down
again, up and then back down again.

MILEY
Pool party. Daddy coming out to
serve us drinks. Pool
party. Daddy coming out to serve
us drinks.

LILLY
Yeah but remember what your dad
said about it?

FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Robbie Ray is sitting on the couch, with the foldout of a magazine opened in his hands. Miley is standing beside him with a pleading look on her face.

ROBBIE RAY

Miles, the closest thing you'll be getting to a retractable top is when you're sitting in the back of my brand new mustang convertible when I'm driving it.

MILEY

But daddy!

Robbie Ray turns the foldout on it's side, admiring it.

ROBBIE RAY

Great shades of Uncle Earl I love that car.

Miley rolls her eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. MILEY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

MILEY

Well, this is one thing that Hannah is going to take a stand for!

LILLY

Should I ask how?

Miley takes out her 'Hannah' cellphone and dials.

MILEY

Yes this is Hannah Montana and I'd like to organize one of those celebrity fundraisers.

(a pause)

You can? Great!

She beams.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Jackson comes downstairs and raises his eyebrows at the cow one at a time.

JACKSON
How now brown cow.

Oliver RAPS on the window outside, he's still staring at the cow. Jackson goes to let him in.

JACKSON (cont'd)
Have you been out there all night?

OLIVER
No. I went home... eventually.

JACKSON
She does look tasty, doesn't she?

OLIVER
I'm thinking the flames of an open grill, ribs coated in barbecue sauce.

Jackson licks his lips.

JACKSON
We've got to get that cow.

OLIVER
Or at least a rib.

Jackson looks dumbfounded.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Hey, my dad's friend who's a surgeon told me that ribs grow back. Then no one will be any wiser.

JACKSON
Yeah, and babies grow on trees. At least that's what we told Miley until she was twelve. She really believed it too. I think she still looks up into branches to see if there are any babies there.

Oliver feels each side of the cow.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
I'm thinking the left one.

Jackson comes and feels them too.

JACKSON
But the right one might be juicer.

Robbie Ray comes in the door. He stops in his tracks when he sees Oliver and Jackson feeling up the cow.

ROBBIE RAY
You two are up to something.
(calling out)
Miley! You'd better get down here
and make sure Buttercup doesn't end
up smothered in butter!

Miley comes running down the stairs brandishing a broom.

MILEY
On guard!

Oliver starts LAUGHING.

OLIVER
Oh no Jackson. She's got a broom.

Miley jabs him with it, hard.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Ye-owch! Did that broom have a
date with a nail file?

She jabs him a couple of more times and he SQUEALS like a girl and then goes running out the door. Jackson points outside to where a tree stands in the distance and GASPS dramatically.

JACKSON
Look Miles! A baby!

She doesn't look, instead poking him. Jackson bares his 'fangs' and pretends to cover himself with an imaginary cape.

JACKSON (cont'd)
You'll never take me alive!

Miley pokes at him again. He YELPS and runs after Oliver. Miley goes over and kisses the cow on the top of the head.

(CONTINUED)

MILEY

Who's a pretty little girl?

Robbie Ray smirks watching her display of affection for the creature.

ROBBIE RAY

I am?

MILEY

Sorry dad. Didn't see you there.

ROBBIE RAY

That's OK. She does have quite a bigger presence in the room than I do. Speaking of which, what's Buttercup doing inside?

Miley's eyes dart around and she puts on a big fake grin.

MILEY

I was just... letting her drink out of the toilet?

ROBBIE RAY

There's plenty of good drinking water outside, in our Mr. Dontzig's very beautiful, full length swimming pool.

MILEY

Oh.

ROBBIE RAY

I've been in contact with your great aunt Darlene. It seems that as soon as they're sure she won't be charged with anything she wants us to turn Buttercup in.

MILEY

But she likes it here!

ROBBIE RAY

I'm sorry, bud. But a Malibu Beach House is really no place for a cow.

MILEY

I know. Can I at least take her to a Hannah Montana animal rights speech?

Miley crosses her fingers behind her back - it's already organized.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE RAY

If that's what makes you happy,
then I'm all for it.

MILEY

Thanks dad, and then I can
advertise for...

ROBBIE RAY

That's still going to be a 'no'.

MILEY

Sweet niblets.

ROBBIE RAY

Nice try though.

MILEY

Fine. I'll just go outside and sit
in your convertible then.

She pouts and goes outside, Robbie Ray goes toward the cow
and places his hands on each side of her cheeks and COOS:

ROBBIE RAY

Who's a pretty girl? Yes you
are! You're the prettiest little
cow in Malibu, aren't you?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. RICO'S SHACK -- AFTERNOON

Snapshots of Sorento as he's painting a sign keep ejecting
of a Polaroid camera. Rico eyes the pictures narrowly and
sticks them in the blender part of his industrial strength
ice-cream maker. It WHIRS and blends together into
ice-cream which Rico scoops onto a cone and hands to
Jackson.

RICO

Eat it!

JACKSON

Free ice-cream for me? What's the
catch? Is it flavored like you
again?

(CONTINUED)

RICO
No. But I'm sure it will be
delicious.

He smirks and throws his head back, readying himself for his
evil laugh.

RICO (cont'd)
Mwahahahahahahahaha.

Jackson licks it and his face screws up with distaste.

JACKSON
Never thought I'd say this but
we've found something that tastes
worse than Rico-cream.

RICO
Instead of cologne we have beach
sweat. The essence of Sorento.

Jackson starts gagging, falling on the floor with his face
going red.

RICO (cont'd)
Now it's my turn to show that
beautiful, bronzed, European
demi-god who's boss.

Jackson continues SPLUTTERING.

JACKSON
How?

RICO
I'm going to make him eat
dirt. Well... the second best
thing. Plastic covered pictures of
himself.

JACKSON
Wait one second. This was made
with photographs of Sorento?

RICO
What else?

Jackson licks the sand frantically looking relieved at the
gravelly pieces sticking to his tongue and then offers Rico
the rest of the ice-cream weakly, picking himself up off the
ground with one hand on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON

Here, he can have mine.

RICO

Thank you feeble employee. Remind me to taunt you later with hopes of a raise.

Rico takes the ice-cream cone from his hand and walks up to Sorento with it. He offers it to him and Sorento steps back from painting his sign.

RICO (cont'd)

Here you go. Compliments of Rrrrrrico's - on the house.

Rico smiles sweetly at him. Sorento opens the waistband of Rico's board shorts and drops the ice-cream down them.

Rico sticks a finger in his face warningly.

RICO (cont'd)

This is not over! Not over, you hear me?!

He walks back to Jackson who is LAUGHING.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Jackson is on his stomach beside the couch, with a broom that has it's end sharpened as a spear and Oliver creeps around beside him, NARRATING:

OLIVER

The hunter lies in wait for it's prey. Watching, waiting, for the timid creature could run at any moment.

Jackson throws the stick like a javelin from his position on the floor. It doesn't even come close to hitting the cow. The cow MOOS.

JACKSON

It's taunting us.

OLIVER

I know.

JACKSON

Hand me another spear.

(CONTINUED)

Oliver looks around desperately then hands over one of Robbie Ray's prized guitars. Jackson contemplates his actions and then raises it to hit the cow over the head with it. Oliver trips over his shoelaces and goes flying into Jackson and they both land on the ground with the cow and guitar unharmed.

They look up at it and it winks at them.

BUTTERCUP
Baaaaaaaad hunters.

JACKSON
(to Buttercup)
What did you say?

OLIVER
I didn't say anything.

BUTTERCUP
You couldn't catch a cold.

Jackson gets up and goes to grab it.

JACKSON
(to Buttercup)
You'd better say that again to my face!

Miley comes down the stairs and races in front of Buttercup to protect her.

MILEY
Is nothing sacred anymore? No unspoken bond between the fugitive and those that are harboring her?

JACKSON
It's a cow!

MILEY
And how would you like it if I was always trying to eat you?

JACKSON
By all means if I taste good with a hint of rosemary be my guest.

MILEY
I don't trust you two. I'm staying here tonight. I can watch over Buttercup just as long as I have to.

OLIVER
You'll crack.

JACKSON
And when you do...

OLIVER
We'll be waiting.

They make a dramatic exit, tripping over Robbie Ray's guitar yet again and breaking several strings in the process that TWANG loudly.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Miley is tossing and turning as she sleeps on the couch.

Jackson and Oliver appear in front of her wearing leather coats down to their ankles. Jackson is examining his watch and Oliver is wearing the jacket with pride.

JACKSON
Buttercup makes an awesome
wristwatch band.

OLIVER
Forget the wristwatch! Look at
these cool coats.

JACKSON
But that's not even the best part!

Both of them rub their stomachs.

OLIVER
It was worth it for the taste.

JACKSON
In fact, we're eating Buttercup
right now.

OLIVER
Don't wake up Miley.

JACKSON
Yeah, don't wake up... more for us.

Forks appear in their hands and then Oliver and Jackson have a giant rib appearing on each of their forks. Miley looks down at herself to see a large gap where her ribs should be. She MOOS.

(CONTINUED)

MILEY

No! No! Don't eat me! I'm not
tasty!

Oliver and Jackson are squeezing barbecue sauce dramatically over the ribs and they chew them hungrily.

Miley opens her mouth but now the only sound that comes out is more MOOS. Oliver and Jackson bite into the ribs again, LAUGHING at her with sauce going all over their faces.

JACKSON

It's *rib-licious*!

OLIVER

No she's *rib-licious*. And by she I
mean Miley. Mmmm... Miley.

JACKSON

Don't you think the sauce is a
little too much?

MILEY

Yah!

Miley wakes up and jumps out of bed but there is no one else there. She goes to the window and hears Buttercup's MOOS outside and smiles to herself.

EXT. RICO'S SHACK -- AFTERNOON

Rico is pulling something dramatically out of his pocket.

RICO

Oh yes. I have got him this time.

He turns to Jackson who is paying him no attention.

RICO

"*What's this?*" you ask?

Jackson raises his eyebrows and resumes cleaning. Rico runs the paper over his face.

RICO

It's a permit that say that no new
business' are allowed to be set up
within a 50 foot radius of this
place. Read it and weep.

Jackson starts dramatically WEEPING into his cleaning cloth.

(CONTINUED)

RICO (cont'd)

OK. Stop weeping, it's pathetic.

JACKSON

That guy could hurl you your whole
50 foot radius, do you really think
he's going to care about some
permit?

RICO

He would hurl *me*, yes. But he's
not going to hurl the guy that's
come to tear his establishment
down.

Rico puts on a false mustache.

JACKSON

Since when has a windsurf rental
spot been considered an
'establishment'?

RICO

Since Sorento's Windsurfing has
been stealing my ladies.

He points at Rico's mustache.

JACKSON

And since when has that thing
fooled anybody?

RICO

It's realistic!
Now if you excuse me, I have some
business to conduct.

Rico adjusts his mustache and walks right up to Sorento.

RICO (cont'd)

By the order of the council I am
strongly suggesting you set up your
establish somewhere else.

Sorento turns his head sideways to look at him and then
picks him up by his ankles.

SORENTO

Surrender to Sorrrrrrento!

Rico's mustache falls off.

(CONTINUED)

RICO

I own this beach. OWN it! This is not over!

Sorento throws him again.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The house phone RINGS. Miley picks it up.

LILLY

(voice disguised)

Please hold for prisoner
51290. Transferring...
transferring... transferring...

There are sounds of the phone INTERCHANGING HANDS on the other line.

JACKSON

(voice disguised)

Hello? Well dear, is that my little Miley all grown up now?

MILEY

Great aunt Darlene?

JACKSON

(voice disguised)

Why of course it is, darlin'. Well don't you sound just as sweet as pie since when I last saw you! It seems like you're old enough now to know what's right with the world.

MILEY

I'm taking care of Buttercup, just like you wanted me too.

JACKSON

(voice disguised)

That's great, honey, just great. But that's what I'm calling to talk to you about. I only had one phone call, and I had to call you because I didn't want you to think that Buttercup's freedom means dressing him up pretty and letting him sleep in your bedroom. Buttercup's freedom just means not having to perform in competitions any longer - because -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON (cont'd)
boy howdy it's hard work being the
most *bodacious bovine* two years
running!

MILEY
So you mean it too be a political
statement that beauty contests are
really cruel and unusual
punishments?

JACKSON
(voice disguised)
Not at all sweetie. I mean that
Buttercup would be just as much
free if somebody put her next to a
side dish of fat free mayonnaise.

MILEY
Who would do a thing like
that? She's a cow. Cow's don't
like mayonn... Jackson? I know
this is you.

JACKSON
(voice disguised)
Eep! Er, time's up sugar. Just
remember Buttercup might want
people to enjoy her tasty, tasty
ribs or other meaty offerings...

LILLY
(voice disguised)
Disconnecting in 3, 2, 1...

Miley looks upward and then YELLS out.

MILEY
Jackson! Lilly! Get down here!

They come nonchalantly down the stairs.

JACKSON
Hey Miles. I've gotta go to
Rico's.

He grabs his *Rico's Surf Shop* shirt slung over the back of
the couch and runs out the door.

LILLY
Hey Miley, where's your new BFF
Buttercup?

(CONTINUED)

MILEY

I can't believe you Lilly. I thought you'd be the last person on the side of eating Buttercup.

LILLY

I still am Miley! But I'm worried about you. We're your friends and yet you're acting like Buttercup is your baby. We just don't want to see you get hurt.

MILEY

Jackson's not my friend.

Lilly gives her a pointed look and Miley SIGHS.

MILEY (cont'd)

I know that. You can't stop me from getting hurt Lilly, believe me.

Miley slumps.

MILEY (cont'd)

But you can be there for me when I do get hurt.

Lilly hugs her.

LILLY

I'll always be there for you. But do you think you'll be ready to give up Buttercup?

MILEY

I'll turn her into the authorities myself... but there's something I want to do first.

JUMP TO:

INT. ANIMAL RIGHTS FUNDRAISER -- NIGHT

LOLA and HANNAH in the television studio with Buttercup.

LOLA

I can't believe you're doing this!

HANNAH

Hannah has to stand up for animal rights and show her that great aunt Darlene wasn't entirely bonkers.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA
Well, 'entirely' is just matter of
opinion.

A TECHNICAL ASSISTANT comes by.

TECHNICAL ASSISTANT
Hannah you're on in one minute.

Hannah turns to Lola.

HANNAH
How's my makeup?

LOLA
Uh, Hannah... it's not your makeup
we have to worry about.

Hannah turns to see what she means. Buttercup is covered in
makeup like a clown-cow eating out of a wheelie tray of it.
Hannah and Lola both rush over to try and turn the cow's
head away from the makeup.

HANNAH
I blame you! You gave her a taste
for it.

LOLA
She just wanted to look pretty like
any girl would.

Lola's eyes widen as she sees what Buttercup is eating next,
she sticks her hand in the cow's mouth to extract it.

LOLA (cont'd)
Bad Buttercup! Don't you know this
is the cheap stuff? Take this
stuff over here!

She steers Buttercup towards another tray of makeup.

HANNAH
Lola!

Lola grabs the end of Hannah's dress and starts to wipe off
the cow's face with it. The cow takes her wig in her teeth.
Hannah keeps pulling at the cow around it's neck. Sticking
her foot on it and pulling it away from Lola.

TECHNICAL ASSISTANT
And we're live in five, four,
three, two...

(CONTINUED)

The red light goes on. Hannah doesn't notice. She's still trying to pry Lola free from Buttercup.

HANNAH

You stupid cow. You don't look pretty, ya hear? I should have just turned you into the police.

LOLA

Hannah!

HANNAH

We're on aren't we?

Hannah still has her limbs on the cow. She freezes. The cow reaches up and starts to nibble on her wig too. She grabs it possessively still smiling bright for the camera.

HANNAH (cont'd)

(to Buttercup)

Don't you dare!

(to camera)

Uhhh... dontcha just love barnyard animals?

She pets Buttercup on the head in an overcompensating manner.

EXT. RICO'S SHACK -- AFTERNOON

Rico rubs his chin behind the counter.

RICO

(to himself)

That's it! I've got him this time. If this industrial strength ice-cream doesn't do the trick I don't know what will.

He starts to push a large vat out of the counter where a launchpad sits next to it.

Jackson and Oliver are leaning over some plans at a table.

JACKSON

OK. You come in from the left. I'll unhook her and you grab her. That cow will never know what hit it.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

It'll wish it never called us poor hunters.

Jackson and Oliver nod at each other. Rico is still moving his vat of unsold ice-cream to the launchpad that's set in Sorento's direction.

Sorento narrows his eyes at Rico and loads a paint can into the sail of one of his windsurfers.

Rico keeps pushing and the giant vat is finally on the launchpad. He wipes his brow and looks to Sorento.

Sorento is staring at him, waiting for an indication to fire. They stare for a brief period of time.

OLIVER (cont'd)

I'm going to go get a windsurf from Sorento. Have you tried it yet? It's *wika-wika-wicked*.

JACKSON

Nope. I've got to go back and try to sell off the essence of Rico in a cone.

They wave to each other and walk in opposite directions. One over to Rico's launchpad and one over to Sorento's windsurf rentals. Their movement causes Rico to flinch and Rico and Sorento both fire at the same time.

Their torpedoes sail through the air and Jackson and Oliver both step in the path of them. Oliver mouths a scream as the ice-cream vat lands on him in slow motion. Jackson puts his hands up to cover himself, also in seemingly slow motion, as he gets doused in paint.

Rico and Sorento have their mouths open wide in shock but then Rico starts LAUGHING loudly. Soon it is joined by the loud European LAUGHTER of Sorento.

Jackson and Oliver look mortified as everyone surrounding them slowly starts LAUGHING too.

Rico walks over to Sorento and Sorento pats him on the back as they continue to LAUGH together.

OLIVER

Somehow I feel that out there somewhere Buttercup is laughing at us too.

(CONTINUED)

Jackson wipes the paint away from his eyes and glares at Oliver.

END ACT TWO

TAG

EXT. OUTSIDE PORCH -- AFTERNOON

Buttercup, Jackson and Oliver and being hosed down by Robbie Ray. The ice-cream coating is washed away easily and Oliver smells himself.

OLIVER

Ewww. I can't get the essence of Rico off of me.

JACKSON

At least the essence of Rico melts!

Miley carts a POLICEMAN out the back.

POLICEMAN

Hi. I'm here to pick up Buttercup?

MILEY

Take her. I'm done with her.

The POLICEMAN takes Buttercup by the reins and steers her away.

ROBBIE RAY

So I guess Hannah's attempts at animal rights are all over with?

MILEY

Hannah doesn't have time for that because Hannah has to go off to community service - one count of animal cruelty.

ROBBIE RAY

At least Lola will be joining you.

LOLA comes out the back holding the remains of her wig and a shovel in her other hand.

LOLA

I have to give old bluey a proper burial.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
You name them?

LOLA
Thanks to the murderous cow
Buttercup, old bluey is no more.

She CRIES and dries her tears with the remains of the wig.

ROBBIE RAY
Uh, I wouldn't say *murderous* and
cow in the same sentence. I think
it's making the boys hungry.

Oliver and Jackson lick their lips simultaneously and then
take off after the cow.

OLIVER
Stop that cow!

Miley shakes her head and sits on the porch step, Robbie Ray
turns off the hose and sits beside her.

MILEY
Next time someone in our family
sends us something, we don't open
it, deal?

ROBBIE RAY
Deal. Unless it's Aunt Pearl's
brownies.

She glares at him.

ROBBIE RAY (cont'd)
OK. No brownies.

MILEY
We could have some nice tasty ribs
instead?

ROBBIE RAY
Ribs?

MILEY
Ever since I had this dream I can't
stop thinking about them.

ROBBIE RAY
Well, let's go cook 'em up.

He puts an arm around her and they go inside. Lola looks
down at her wig.

(CONTINUED)

LOLA
(calling after them)
Hello? Crazy cow loving
family? Wig related grief here!
(to self)
Good grief!

She looks down to her wig for a long moment and then brings it up to her mouth and nibbles on the end of it and then spits it out.

LOLA (cont'd)
Nope. Must be a cow thing.

She gets up with her wig and shovel.

END TAG

FADE OUT