

■ KETCH... UP! — REVISION DRAFT v2.5

(Tone intact: Mad Max × Toy Story × NeverEnding Story, Looney Tunes chaos, Akira neon, Wall-E pathos. Music: Morricone × Daft Punk × kids choir in Latin.)

ACT I

SCENE 1 — EXT. GREASE CANYON — DUSK

Neon smog boils over mountains of ****discarded fry boxes**** and ****glowing soda cans****. A warped ****carnival organ**** wheezes somewhere unseen.

A ****PINK KETCHUP BOTTLE****, half-buried, catches dying light.

A SHADOW pads in: ****KETCH**** — scruffy mutt, one floppy ear, collar tag: ****"PINK KETCHUP — THE FUTURE OF FUN."****

Ketch noses the bottle. Looks skyward.

KETCH (V.O.)

They called me lucky.

(beat)

Then they changed the label.

He gnaws the cap, savoring like a relic—

A distant ****MECHANICAL HUM**** cuts the moment in half.

SCENE 2 — INT. DUMPSTER KINGDOM — NIGHT

A ****cardboard fortress**** and ****Happy Meal toy**** battlements under sputtering Christmas lights. A cracked ****snowglobe****: smiling pink bottle inside — centerpiece of a ****shrine****.

A broken billboard flickers. Neon static forms a face.

BILLBOARD (glitched, whisper)

Dip deep, little nugget.

Ketch tilts his head. Mustard growls from the shadows: ****MUSTARD****, one-eyed raccoon, bandana crooked.

MUSTARD

Static. Don't listen.

(FLASH: Younger Ketch hauling a smoke-scorched raccoon pup from fire. Her hiss through the smoke. Two survivors.)

A RAT scuttles over a fry box. Ketch salutes like a soldier.

****INDUSTRIAL ROAR.**** The walls tremble. Lights die.

Ketch peers through a crack, fur bristling.

SCENE 3 — EXT. GREASE CANYON SKY — NIGHT

A swarm of ****HEINZ DRONES**** descends — glossy, black. Logos flicker: ****Heinz****, ****McDonald's****, and a third sigil — a ****melted crown****, unreadable.

They ferry a crate: ****"PINK KETCHUP – LIMITED RUN."****

Centerpiece: the ****HEINZ BOTTLE DRONE****, bottle-shaped, camera-eyes blinking.
Voice: reverent, soft, void.

HEINZ BOTTLE (V.O.)

Catalog.

Contain.

Conserve.

SCENE 4 – EXT. CANYON RIDGE – CONTINUOUS

The ****snowglobe**** slips, cracks, bleeds glitter.

Ketch freezes – one breath – then ****runs****.

SCENE 5 – EXT. FRY DUNES – NIGHT

Ketch vaults into his ****shopping-cart buggy****: roller-skate wheels, duct-taped boom box, broomstick column. Sparks spit.

Above: the Heinz Bottle lowers the crate like an altar offering.

HEINZ BOTTLE

Preservation is mercy.

Without mercy, the tongue dies of choice.

****NETS/TETHERS**** drop. Ketch zigzags through exploding fries.

A ****RUSTED SCOOTER**** rockets in – ****MUSTARD**** riding, one eye blazing.

MUSTARD

You buying a ticket, mutt – or just whining at the band?

They collide; then, together, pick up speed.

SCENE 6 – EXT. INDUSTRIAL PLATFORM – NIGHT

The Heinz Bottle lands on a glowing platform. ****ROBOTIC DISCIPLES**** in tie-dye aprons hum.

Ketch and Mustard cling to a railing, eyes on the crate.

KETCH (whisper)

That's it. The last one.

HEINZ BOTTLE

To share flavor... is to invite chaos.

****SEALS**** click. A glow leaks.

Ketch lunges – teeth on a glowing ****ampoule of pink****. Drones swarm. Mustard claws in beside him.

MUSTARD (shouting)

You don't fetch, dog. You reclaim.

They swing over a canyon of beige static.

HEINZ BOTTLE (lower, hypnotic)

Little relic, pink curdles.

Beige endures.

Choose the archive.

Be remembered. Be embalmed.

Ketch's jaw knots. He ****spits**** the ampoule upward.

It arcs: ****pink, radiant, impossible****.

MUSTARD (screaming)

KETCH... UP!

SMASH CUT

**** **TITLE CARD: KETCH... UP!****

CUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 7 — EXT. SERVICE ROAD TO NOWHERE — NIGHT

The buggy rattles a broken road. Ketch limps; Mustard pushes.

MUSTARD

That stunt? Cute. Almost heroic.

(beat, softer)

Don't make it your brand.

Ketch hears the care under the burr. They walk into neon dark.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE 8 — EXT. FRYWAY GAUNTLET — NIGHT

Abandoned interstate. Billboards like tilted gravestones. As they speed past, each ****flickers alive****.

BILLBOARD #1 (holo waitress)

Hungry? Smile for the combo!

BILLBOARD #2 (cartoon clown)

Where's your receipt? Receipts guarantee salvation!

Mustard steers with one paw.

MUSTARD

Never trust a sign that talks back.

Drones descend. Spotlights cut smog.

HEINZ BOTTLE (broadcast)

Return the anomaly.

Tonight the tongue forgets color.

Tomorrow it thanks me for forgetting.

Ketch slaloms fallen fry-trucks. Mustard climbs a pole and ****kicks**** a screen – it ****glitches****.

Other boards chime in, fracturing:

BILLBOARD CHORUS

Why preserve?

Why play?

Why laugh?

Drones hesitate, trying to catalog dissent. Ketch veers hard.

MUSTARD (yelling)

That's right! Argue yourselves into paperwork!

They blast through while drones loop in debate.

SCENES 9-11 – THE TRIPLE DIP (MERGED GAUNTLET) – NIGHT

A single escalating sequence that fuses Sameness, Infinite Variety, and the beckoning Void.

9A – SAUCEWAY JUNCTION

The interstate softens into a ****faintly pink road**** pulsing like a vein. The ****ampoule**** hums in Ketch's jaws, synced.

KETCH (V.O.)

It's pointing. Calling.

MUSTARD

That's not a road. That's a trap with curb appeal.

A voice like warm thunder trembles the air.

SAUCE FATHER (V.O., infinite)

Ketch... the platter waits.

The dip is deep.

KETCH

Did you hear that?

MUSTARD

Yeah. I heard you talking to yourself. Real persuasive.

(beat)

Another billboard whisper. Same scam, bigger font.

MUSTARD

Fine. We follow the glowing artery of doom.

(softer)

If it eats us, mutt... I'm haunting you.

Ketch smiles – fragile, stubborn – leads on.

9B – THE MAYO MARAUDERS (TEMPTATION OF SAMENESS)

... (continues)

9B — THE MAYO MARAUDERS (TEMPTATION OF SAMENESS)

Engines roar. ****MAYO MARAUDERS**** crest a hill — white leather, squeeze-helmets, tires spraying grease. At front: ****DUKE MAYONNAISE****, bloated, pompous, chest scrawled ****SMOOTH IS PEACE****.

They encircle.

DUKE MAYONNAISE

Hand over the pink relic. Join us.

The blandness will keep you safe.

No spice. No bite. Just... calm.

MUSTARD

Calm? Your silence is sticky.

DUKE MAYONNAISE

The bite divides.

Smoothness unites!

CHANT (wet, squelchy)

Smoothness unites! Smoothness unites!

Ketch wavers.

KETCH

Maybe we should—

MUSTARD

Don't finish that sentence.

A mayo whip snaps Ketch's ear. The buggy fishtails through goo. Mustard leaps to a bike, ****yanks**** a helmet — rider spins into a ****tower of barrels****.

****BURST.**** A flood of white.

DUKE MAYONNAISE (roaring)

You will drown in gentleness!

Ketch guns the buggy. Mustard dives back in, dripping.

MUSTARD

If I die smelling like egg salad—

I'm haunting everyone.

They race up a tilted sign and ****LAUNCH****, leaving curdled wreckage.

9C — THE SAMPLERS (TEMPTATION OF INFINITE VARIETY)

The Sauceway opens to a crater: a crashed ****UFO SAUCE DISPENSER**** dripping into a prismatic ****pool****. Wanderers dip bread, eyes glassy. ****THE SAMPLERS.****

SAMPLERS (chanting, glitchy)

Dip. Repeat. Forget.

Dip. Repeat. Forget.

A robed ****PRIEST**** approaches, ladle dripping.

SAMPLER PRIEST

Welcome, stray. Welcome, scar.

Infinity awaits. Dip once – you’ll never stop dipping.

That’s the gift.

Ketch, trembling:

KETCH

Every flavor...

He lowers his muzzle. Reflection: his old mascot form, eternally smiling, endlessly dipping fries. A frozen crowd cheers. His tail wags once, uncertain.

Mustard **slaps** the ladle away.

MUSTARD

Every flavor is the same as no flavor.

It’s noise. And you know it.

SAMPLER PRIEST

Blasphemy! To refuse the infinite–

MUSTARD

–Is to survive the hangover.

She drags Ketch back. He pants, torn.

KETCH (whisper)

It’d be easier... to stay remembered.

MUSTARD

And rot in sugar? Not my mutt.

They back away. The pool blinks shut like an eye.

9D – THE VOID (HEINZ WHISPER)

Billboards freeze; smog hushes. The Heinz hologram floats at the edges, voice like sleep.

HEINZ BOTTLE (holo)

Release. Forget taste. Forget pain.

Ketch trembles–then steels.

KETCH (V.O.)

I remember the carnival lights dying mid-jingle.

The fryer hiss like rain.

I licked the floor for warmth.

Tasted dust.

He clutches the ampoule tighter. They move on.

SCENE 12 – EXT. SAUCEWAY / COSMIC OVERLOOK – NIGHT

(Unchanged – the Cosmic Hand, the Source, Mustard’s snark remain intact.)

SCENE 13 – EXT. SAUCEWAY EDGE – NIGHT

Ketch presses his cracked ****collar tag**** into Mustard's paw – it glints faintly pink.

A drone lunges for the ampoule. Mustard snarls, ****bats**** it away, clutching the glass despite herself.

MUSTARD (hissed)

Nobody breaks it but me.

The buggy rattles forward. Mustard's temper snaps.

MUSTARD

You lost your brand, your dance, your pride.

Now you want a cosmic gravy boat to tell you you're special.

KETCH

It meant something. It colored lives.

Mustard's eye burns.

MUSTARD

Colored mine in red.

The **sizzle** – sweet as candy.

A voice smooth as oil: *"Harmony is sticky, little one."*

My mother's scream tasted like corn syrup.

The floor was **slippery** with it.

I licked my paw for weeks.

Still taste the ****lie****.

(beat; she shoves the tag back to him)

Don't die, mutt. I hate how quiet it'd be.

She leaps off, swallowed by shadow.

KETCH

Mustard! Wait!

Silence.

SCENE 14 – EXT. FRY REFINERY – NIGHT

Towers rain hot oil. Mascot-workers shovel forever. Drones net Ketch, pry the ****ampoule**** free.

HEINZ BOTTLE (descending)

Efficiency has found you.

Harmony is sticky, little one.

(Cut: Mustard in shadow, frozen. The exact lie again. Her jaw sets. Rage eclipses fear.)

MUSTARD (snarling, emerging)

I told you. I still taste the lie.

She barrels in on a stolen ****conveyor cart****, rebels at her back.

MUSTARD

Miss me, relic?

She smashes drones, grease everywhere, cuts Ketch free.

KETCH

You came back.

MUSTARD

Don't flatter yourself. I came back to punch ketchup.

The Bottle rises, titanic.

HEINZ BOTTLE

Then so be it.

The archive declares war.

Tendrils unfurl. The floor quakes.

SCENE 15 — INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER OF CONDIMENTS — NIGHT

Hidden in ruins: a ****round table**** of grotesque ****avatars****.

****MAYO**** (order), ****RANCH**** (smothering nostalgia), ****SRIRACHA**** (bite). Others flicker and merge — ****RELISH+BBQ**** into one smoky-sweet ****NOSTALGIA**** archetype.

They tempt:

NOSTALGIA

I'll keep memory crisp. I'll bind your heart in smoke.

SRIRACHA

Burn. Prove you live.

RANCH

I'll smother everything. Safe. White. Eternal.

Ketch staggers.

KETCH

Maybe pink isn't enough.

Mustard slams a paw.

MUSTARD

Different sauces. Same collar.

(beat)

You're not carrying pink for them.

You're carrying it for everyone.

Ketch centers.

KETCH

I don't pick one.

I fight for them all.

Avatars ****glitch****, collapse into puddles.

SCENE 16 — EXT. BILLBOARD PLAIN — NIGHT

The Heinz Bottle blots the horizon. Tendrils sweep, draining color.

Factions rally:

MAYO MARAUDERS

For smoothness!

SAMPLERS

For the dip!

REBELS

FOR FLAVOR!

HEINZ BOTTLE

Then drown.

The sky ****cracks****. War begins.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE 17 — EXT. SAUCEWAY MUSTER — NIGHT

Carts, scooters, fry-wagons idle under a bruised sky. The ****SAUCEWAY**** glows — runway to fate.

Ketch tightens his ragged collar. Mustard checks her bent ****syrup wrench****.

MUSTARD

If you leap again, mutt — I'm not scraping you off the pavement.

Ketch almost smiles.

KETCH

I'll... dance around the dying part.

A shadow spreads. They look up.

The ****HEINZ BOTTLE**** rises colossal, stitched from billboards, tendrils uncoiling.

HEINZ BOTTLE (booming, calm)

Tonight the tongue forgets color.

Tomorrow it thanks me for forgetting.

Engines growl. A nod between them.

KETCH

We ride through.

They kick off. The charge begins.

SCENE 18 — EXT. SAUCEWAY / WAR OF FLAVORS — NIGHT

Neon chaos:

— A ****tiny chihuahua in a chef's hat**** skates a broken tray, hurling fries like daggers.

CHIHUAHUA (barking)

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! For flavor!

– **Mayo Marauders** lob jars; white bursts on red tendrils.
– **Samplers** sling rainbow ladles that hiss through drone armor.
– **Fry-workers** catapult baskets of molten fries like meteor showers.
Tendrils sweep highways into beige; color drains in **waves**.
Ketch steers through falling signs. Mustard stands braced, wrench a metronome.

MUSTARD

Drones first! Don't sermonize the skyline!

HEINZ BOTTLE

Relic. Surrender novelty. Be safe.

A tendril snags the buggy; Ketch slashes into a collapsing sign – **SNAP** – free.

Mustard clocks him, grudgingly impressed.

MUSTARD

Okay, bones. That was almost poetry.

They crest a ridge – see it: a pulsing **VORTEX** – the **SOURCE OF SAUCE** – pink light breaking seams in the air.

SCENE 19 – EXT. ASCENT TO THE SOURCE – CONTINUOUS

The Sauceway narrows into a **spiral bridge of light**. The buggy rattles onto it. The world falls away.

The Heinz Bottle hauls up the spiral like a living skyscraper. Screens die to black; only its winter eyes remain.

HEINZ BOTTLE

Pink fades.

Beige endures.

Engines behind falter. Only **Ketch and Mustard** climb.

MUSTARD

Hey. If you leap... I'll be the one yelling.

KETCH

Then I'll leap toward the sound.

The **ampoule** flares, nearly blinding.

SCENE 20 – EXT. BRIDGE TO THE SOURCE – CONTINUOUS

A tendril **slams** across the bridge. The buggy skids sideways, sparking over the void.

They scramble off. The Bottle lowers its massive face. Billboards in its skin go black, swallowing reflections.

HEINZ BOTTLE (near-whisper, everywhere)

Be remembered.

Not lived.

Ketch stares into the vortex.

KETCH

Tell me it matters.

Mustard's good eye shines, finally unguarded.

MUSTARD

It matters if we make it matter.

Ketch nods – a vow.

SCENE 21 – EXT. THE LEAP – NIGHT

Tendrils lash, wrapping Ketch's chest and legs, dragging him back. He refuses to drop the ****ampoule**** – jaw iron.

Mustard hurls herself in, wrench smashing, claws tearing. A tendril ****snaps****, red spray into star-dark.

For a heartbeat, Ketch is free.

A low hum swells – ****SAUCE FATHER**** on the wind.

SAUCE FATHER (V.O., warm thunder)

Leap, child.

The platter is waiting.

Ketch runs – the old ****mascot dance**** returning to his bones, defiant, joyful.

He ****LEAPS****.

Time slows. The ****ampoule**** burns like a star in his teeth.

MUSTARD (screaming)

KETCH... UP!

The word ****rings**** the sky.

Ketch vanishes into the ****vortex****.

A ****PINK DETONATION**** rolls outward – silent, total.

The Bottle's slogans ****glitch to nonsense****; tendrils ****sugar-crumble****.

The bridge shudders... and holds.

Silence.

SCENE 22 – EXT. THE SOURCE – TIMELESS

Weightless pink. Fry boxes orbit; billboard shards drift like quiet asteroids.

At center: the ****SOURCE OF SAUCE**** – an endless, living dip.

The ****ampoule**** dissolves into it. Ketch floats, fur flecked pink-gold.

The ****SAUCE FATHER**** manifests – a vast, kind hand.

He opens his palm: the ****SNOWGLOBE**** from Act I, whole again, pink bottle glowing.

SAUCE FATHER

Some things are meant to be shaken, little nugget.

The snowglobe floats to Ketch. He noses it; it ****chimes****.

SAUCE FATHER

Well dipped, little nugget.

Not for pink you leapt today,
but for choice itself.

KETCH

(soft)

Did... we win?

SAUCE FATHER

Reset, you have done.

The platter begins anew now.

Sauce invites, not saves.

Ketch nods. Light folds around him.

SCENE 23 — EXT. RUINED CITY — DAWN

Color seeps back. Beige recedes. Reds, yellows, greens return — tentative, then bold.

The ****HEINZ BOTTLE**** lies shattered. Drones drop like empty cans.

Rebels rise blinking. Mayo bikers laugh in disbelief. Samplers taste the air without dipping. Fry-workers hug with greasy hands.

Mustard claws from rubble, coughing. Scans the horizon.

MUSTARD (hoarse)

...Dog?

Only wind.

A warm ****pink mist**** curls her paw, then fades.

She swallows. Jaw trembles once. Sets.

MUSTARD

Alright, relic.

You mattered.

She tosses a single fry into a gutter. The splash sparks the first ****ripple of color**** returning.

SCENE 24 — EXT. NEW WORLD SQUARE — DAY

Weeks later.

A plaza built from melted arches and PlayPlace tubes, painted riotously. Children splash in ****sauce fountains**** (small signs: ***DIP KINDLY***). Vendors hawk impossible fries.

At center: a statue of ****KETCH****, mid-leap, jaws set, carrying light.

Mustard lingers, chewing a fry she definitely paid for.

MUSTARD

Don't get cocky.

Statues don't fetch.

(beat, muttered)

Neither do ghosts.

She flicks the last bite into a fountain. Ripples blush pink, settle clear.

A breeze. Faint – a ****parade drumline**** rhythm.

Mustard almost smiles.

FINAL TAGLINE

****"The world didn't end with a bang.**

It ended with a laugh track.

And a little pink."******