

## ■ KETCH... UP!

(Tone: Mad Max meets Toy Story meets The NeverEnding Story, with a dash of Looney Tunes anarchy. Visuals: Akira's neon apocalypse + Wall-E's junkyard poetry. Music: Ennio Morricone x Daft Punk x a children's choir singing the McDonald's jingle in Latin.)

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### ACT I

#### SCENE 1 — EXT. GREASE CANYON — DUSK

The horizon burns with neon smog. Mountains of discarded fry boxes and glowing soda cans jut like monuments.

The wind carries a warped carnival organ tune.

A PINK KETCHUP BOTTLE, half-buried, catches the last light.

A SHADOW pads into frame:

KETCH — scruffy mutt, one floppy ear, eyes heavy with the weight of a ruined brand.

His collar dangles a faded logo: "PINK KETCHUP — THE FUTURE OF FUN."

Ketch noses the bottle, then looks skyward.

KETCH (V.O.)

They called me lucky.

Then they changed the label.

He gnaws the cap off like a relic, savoring.

Somewhere in the distance — a mechanical HUM.

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#### SCENE 2 — INT. DUMPSTER KINGDOM — NIGHT

A fortress of cardboard and Happy Meal toys, strung with sputtering Christmas lights.

Ketch arranges a shrine: cracked snowglobe with a smiling pink bottle trapped inside.

His kingdom is shabby, but cared for.

A RAT scuttles across a fry box. Ketch salutes it like a soldier.

Suddenly — INDUSTRIAL ROAR.

The walls of cardboard tremble. The lights flicker out.

Ketch peers through a crack. His fur bristles.

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#### SCENE 3 — EXT. GREASE CANYON SKY — NIGHT

A SWARM OF HEINZ DRONES descends. Sleek, black, corporate logos flashing.

The drones' logos flicker between Heinz, McDonald's, and a third, blurred logo—  
(On closer inspection, it's Burger King, but the crown is melted like a Dali painting.)

They carry a crate stamped: "PINK KETCHUP — LIMITED RUN."

At the center floats the HEINZ BOTTLE DRONE — a towering bottle-shaped machine, camera-eyes blinking.

Its voice is soft, reverent, cruel — Werner Herzog corporate void.

HEINZ BOTTLE (V.O.)

Catalog.

Contain.

Conserve.

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#### **SCENE 4 — EXT. CANYON RIDGE — CONTINUOUS**

Ketch scrambles from his fort, eyes wide.

The snowglobe falls, cracks, bleeds glitter into the dirt.

He charges toward the light, breath ragged.

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#### **SCENE 5 — EXT. FRY DUNES — NIGHT**

Ketch leaps onto his shopping-cart buggy:

— Wheels stitched from roller skates

— A boom box duct-taped to the front

— A broomstick steering column

He shoves. The buggy lurches forward. Sparks trail behind him.

Above, the Heinz Bottle lowers the crate like an offering.

HEINZ BOTTLE

Preservation is mercy.

Without mercy, the tongue dies of choice.

DRONES drop nets and tethers.

Ketch zigzags, wheels screeching, fries exploding underfoot.

From the dunes: a RUSTED SCOOTER rockets into view.

Atop it rides MUSTARD — one-eyed raccoon, bandana crooked.

Her voice slices the chaos.

MUSTARD

You buying a ticket, mutt? Or just whining at the orchestra?

Their vehicles collide — awkward, explosive.

Together, they gain speed.

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#### **SCENE 6 — EXT. INDUSTRIAL PLATFORM — NIGHT**

The Heinz Bottle lands on a platform glowing like a cathedral altar.

ROBOTIC DISCIPLES in tie-dye aprons surround it, humming.

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

KETCH (whisper)  
That's it. The last one.

HEINZ BOTTLE  
To keep things palatable is to keep them meaningful.  
Democratize flavor... invite chaos.

The crate SEALS click. A faint glow leaks out.

Ketch lunges — jaws clamp on the glowing bulb of pink sauce.  
Drones swarm. Mustard claws in beside him.

MUSTARD (shouting)  
You don't fetch, dog. You reclaim.

They swing together, dangling over a canyon that yawns with beige static.

The Bottle's voice deepens, hypnotic.

HEINZ BOTTLE  
Little relic, pink curdles.  
But beige endures.  
Choose the archive.  
Choose to be remembered, embalmed in blandness.  
A flavorless immortality, but immortality nonetheless.

Ketch's teeth clench. He spits the bulb upward.  
It arcs through the neon night — pink, radiant, impossible.

MUSTARD (screaming)  
KETCH... UP!

SMASH CUT TO:  
TITLE CARD: KETCH... UP!

CUT TO BLACK.

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#### **SCENE 7 — EXT. SERVICE ROAD TO NOWHERE — NIGHT**

The buggy rattles along a broken road.  
Ketch limps beside it, Mustard pushing.

MUSTARD  
That stunt? Real cute. Almost heroic.  
(beat, softer)  
Don't make a habit of it.

Ketch glances at her, surprised by the edge of care in her tone.

They walk into the neon dark.

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END OF ACT I

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## ACT II

### SCENE 8 — EXT. FRYWAY GAUNTLET — NIGHT

The shopping-cart buggy rattles onto an abandoned interstate.  
Billboards lean over the road like tilted gravestones.  
Each one flickers to life as Ketch and Mustard speed past.

BILLBOARD #1 (hologram waitress)  
Hungry? Smile for the combo!

BILLBOARD #2 (cartoon clown)  
Where's your receipt? Receipts guarantee salvation!

Mustard squints, steering with one paw.

MUSTARD  
Never trust a sign that talks back.

Ketch grips the glowing ampoule in his jaws, ears pinned against the wind.

Suddenly — DRONES descend in formation.  
Spotlights cut through greasy smog.

HEINZ BOTTLE (broadcast, void-like)  
Return the anomaly.  
Tonight the tongue forgets color.  
Tomorrow it thanks me for forgetting.

Ketch swerves between fallen fry-trucks.  
Mustard leaps up, clings to a billboard pole, then kicks the screen hard.  
The hologram glitches into static.

The other billboards respond, gossiping like gods.

BILLBOARD CHORUS  
Why preserve? Why not play? Why not laugh?

The drones falter, trying to catalog dissent.  
Ketch uses the opening to veer left, buggy wheels spitting sparks.

MUSTARD (yelling down)  
That's right! Argue yourselves into paperwork!

They blast past the chaos, leaving drones locked in a debate loop.

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### SCENE 9 — EXT. SAUCEWAY JUNCTION — NIGHT

The highway melts into a stretch of road that glows faintly pink.  
It pulses like a living artery, leading deeper into wasteland.

Ketch slows the buggy, mesmerized.  
The ampoule in his mouth hums, glowing brighter in sync.

KETCH (V.O.)  
It's pointing. Calling.

Mustard glares at the road like it insulted her.

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

Ketch steps off the buggy, paws on the Sauceway, eyes wide.

A voice like warm thunder trembles across the night air.

SAUCE FATHER (V.O., infinite)  
Ketch... the platter waits.  
The dip is deep.

Ketch stumbles, heart racing.

KETCH  
Did you hear that?

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

KETCH  
No—someone's out there. Bigger than the Bottle.

The Sauceway pulses again — ahead, it winds like a river of light.

Mustard hops back on the buggy.

MUSTARD  
Fine. Let's follow the glowing artery of doom.  
(beat, softer)  
But if it eats us, mutt... I'm haunting you.

Ketch smiles — fragile, stubborn — and takes the lead.

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#### **SCENE 10 — EXT. SAUCEWAY — LATER**

Engines roar. THE MAYO MARAUDERS crest a hill.  
A biker gang in dripping white leather, helmets shaped like squeeze bottles.  
Their wheels spray greasy spatters.

At their front: DUKE MAYONNAISE — bloated, pompous, chest painted with "SMOOTH IS PEACE."

The gang encircles, engines idling wetly.

DUKE MAYONNAISE

Hand over the pink relic. Join us.  
The blandness will keep you safe.  
No spice. No bite. Just... calm.

Mustard sneers.

MUSTARD

Calm? You're coagulated eggs on motorcycles.

DUKE MAYONNAISE

We are the true peacekeepers! The bite divides.  
Smoothness unites!

The gang chants, squelchy: "Smoothness unites! Smoothness unites!"

Ketch looks between them, uncertain.

KETCH

Maybe we should—

MUSTARD

Don't finish that sentence.

A whip of mayo nearly slaps Ketch's ear.  
The buggy fishtails through goo.

Mustard leaps onto a marauder's bike, claws his helmet, and YANKS — the rider spins out, crashes into a tower of mayo barrels.  
The barrels BURST — a flood of white goo.

DUKE MAYONNAISE (roaring)

You will drown in gentleness!

Ketch guns the buggy, wheels screaming.  
Mustard jumps back in, dripping, gagging.

MUSTARD

If I die smelling like egg salad, mutt—  
I'm haunting everyone.

They skid up a tilted sign and LAUNCH clear, leaving the Marauders behind in a curdled pile.

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## **SCENE 11 — EXT. CRATER OF THE DIPPING SAUCER — NIGHT**

The Sauceway curves to a crater glowing with rainbow sauce light.  
At its center lies a crashed UFO-shaped SAUCE DISPENSER, dripping unknown condiments into a shimmering pool.

Wanderers kneel, dipping scraps of bread.  
These are THE SAMPLERS.

SAMPLERS (chanting, hypnotic)

Dip... taste... forget...

Dip... taste... forget...

Mustard stiffens.

MUSTARD

Cult. Definitely cult.

The ampoule glows, pink swirling furiously.

A PRIEST approaches, sauce smeared on his robes.

SAMPLER PRIEST

Welcome, stray. Welcome, scar.

The Saucer offers infinity.

Dip once... and you'll never stop dipping.

That's the gift.

He holds out a dripping ladle.

Ketch trembles, transfixed.

KETCH

Every flavor...

He lowers his muzzle — about to touch —

Mustard SLAPS the ladle away.

MUSTARD

Every flavor is the same as no flavor.

It's noise. And you know it.

The priest recoils, scandalized.

SAMPLER PRIEST

Blasphemy! To refuse the infinite—

MUSTARD

—Is to survive the hangover.

She drags Ketch back. He pants, torn between awe and fear.

KETCH

What if it's the answer?

MUSTARD

Then the answer stinks.

They retreat. Behind them, Samplers return to chanting.

The rainbow pool ripples like an eye blinking shut.

KETCH (V.O.)

If everything is flavor... is anything?

Mustard spits out a glob of mayo.

MUSTARD

Stop philosophizing and drive.

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**SCENE 12 — EXT. SAUCEWAY / COSMIC OVERLOOK — NIGHT**

The Sauceway rises into sky.  
The buggy sputters, slows. The ampoule pulses wildly.

Suddenly—everything goes silent.

Stars drip like condiments across the night.  
From the horizon rises a COSMIC HAND OF SAUCE, scooping galaxies like fries.

SAUCE FATHER (V.O.)  
Ketch... you are not stray.  
You are the vessel.  
The last nugget in the platter of infinity.

Ketch trembles.

KETCH  
You... you're real.

SAUCE FATHER (V.O.)  
Deliver the pink.  
Return to the Source.  
Only then will flavor endure.

Mustard watches, jaw tight.

MUSTARD  
So the dog talks to clouds now.  
Perfect.

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**SCENE 13 — EXT. SAUCEWAY EDGE — NIGHT**

The buggy rattles forward.  
Mustard's temper finally snaps.

MUSTARD  
You lost your brand, your dance, your pride.  
Now you want some cosmic gravy boat to tell you you're special.

KETCH  
It wasn't just a mascot.  
It meant something. It colored lives.

MUSTARD  
Colored mine too. In red.  
I remember the sizzle—like bacon, but sweeter.  
Then the bottle's voice, smooth as oil:  
'Harmony is sticky, little one.'  
My mother's scream tasted like high-fructose.  
The floor was slippery with it.  
I licked my paw for weeks after.



Still taste the lie.  
(Mustard spits. The camera lingers on her scarred eye.)

Ketch recoils. Mustard's eye burns.

MUSTARD

So no. I don't buy your Sauce Father bedtime story.  
Flavor's a leash.  
And I won't wear another collar.

She leaps off the buggy, stalks into shadow.  
Ketch calls after her—

KETCH

Mustard! Wait!

No answer.

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#### **SCENE 14 — EXT. FRY REFINERY — NIGHT**

The Sauceway delivers Ketch into a sprawling industrial hellscape.  
FRY TOWERS rain hot oil. Mascot-workers shovel endlessly.

Drones swoop. Nets fire.  
Ketch is caught, dragged. The ampoule pried from his jaws.

HEINZ BOTTLE (descending)  
Efficiency has found you.

The Bottle is massive now, glowing with absorbed anomalies.

HEINZ BOTTLE

Chaos is appetite without end.  
I offer fullness without hunger.  
Peace without teeth.

Screens flicker training videos of smiling families eating beige mush.

Ketch falters.

KETCH (V.O., faint)  
Maybe... he's right.

The SAUCE FATHER whispers through static:

SAUCE FATHER (V.O.)  
Do not surrender the platter.

Ketch gasps, hope reignited.

From the rafters—  
A HOWL.

Mustard returns, riding a stolen conveyor cart, rebels at her back.

MUSTARD  
Miss me, relic?

She crashes into drones, grease exploding.  
Cuts Ketch free.

KETCH  
You came back.

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

The Heinz Bottle RISES, titanic.

HEINZ BOTTLE  
Then so be it.  
The archive declares war.

The ground shakes. Tendrils unfurl.  
The final conflict begins.

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#### **SCENE 15 — INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER OF CONDIMENTS — NIGHT**

Hidden within refinery ruins: a round table of avatars.  
Relish, BBQ, Hot Sauce, Ranch — each towering, grotesque.

They tempt:  
- RELISH: "I'll preserve memory crisp."  
- BBQ: "I bind the heart in smoke."  
- HOT SAUCE: "Burn, and prove you live."  
- RANCH: "I'll smother everything. Safe. White. Eternal."

Ketch staggers, overwhelmed.

KETCH  
Maybe pink isn't enough.

Mustard slams her paw.

MUSTARD  
Every one of them wants your leash.  
Different sauces. Same collar.

She yanks him back.

MUSTARD (cont'd)  
You're not carrying pink for them.  
You're carrying it for everyone.

Ketch steadies.

KETCH  
I don't pick one.  
I fight for them all.

The avatars glitch, collapse into puddles.

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### **SCENE 16 — EXT. BILLBOARD PLAIN — NIGHT**

The Heinz Bottle looms enormous, blotting the horizon.  
Tendrils sweep, draining color.

Rebels rally, spatulas raised.

MUSTARD  
For flavor!

REBELS  
FOR FLAVOR!

The Heinz Bottle unfurls, ketchup raining like blood.

HEINZ BOTTLE  
Then drown.

The sky cracks.  
The final war begins.

FADE TO BLACK.

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END OF ACT II

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## **ACT III**

### **SCENE 17 — EXT. SAUCEWAY MUSTER — NIGHT**

FADE IN:

A battlefield of carts, scooters, and fry-wagons idling under a bruised sky.  
Rebels strap on spatulas and ladles like armor. The SAUCEWAY ahead glows — a runway to fate.

Ketch tightens the ragged strap of his collar. Mustard checks her bent syrup wrench.

MUSTARD  
(quiet, not looking at him)  
If you jump again, try not to die about it.

Ketch almost smiles.

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

She snorts — a micro-laugh she won't admit.

A shadow spreads across them. They look up.

The HEINZ BOTTLE rises colossal, body stitched from flickering billboards, ketchup-tendrils uncoiling like storm fronts.

HEINZ BOTTLE (booming, void-calm)  
Tonight the tongue forgets color.  
Tomorrow it thanks me for forgetting.

Engines growl. Ketch nods to Mustard. She nods back.

KETCH  
We ride through.

They kick off — the charge begins.

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

Chaos in neon:

- A tiny chihuahua in a chef's hat skates by on a broken tray, hurling fries like daggers.
- CHIHUAHUA (barking): "Once more unto the breach, dear friends! For flavor!"
- Mayo Marauders fling explosive jars; white bursts against red tendrils.
- Samplers hurl rainbow ladles that hiss through drone armor.
- Fry-workers catapult baskets of molten fries like meteor showers.

The Heinz Bottle's tendrils sweep highways into beige. Color drains in waves.

Ketch steers the shopping-cart buggy through collapsing billboards. Mustard stands braced, wrench a metronome of violence.

MUSTARD  
(to rebels)  
Drones first! Don't sermonize the skyline!

HEINZ BOTTLE  
Relic. Surrender novelty.  
Be archived. Be safe.

A tendril lashes down, snaring the buggy's tail. Ketch veers into a falling sign — SMASH — severing the tendril.

Mustard glances at Ketch, impressed despite herself.

MUSTARD  
Okay, bones. That was almost poetry.

They crest a ridge — and see it:

Far ahead, a pulsing VORTEX OF LIGHT: the SOURCE OF SAUCE.  
It beats like a heart, pink radiance leaking through reality's seams.

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## **SCENE 19 — EXT. ASCENT TO THE SOURCE — CONTINUOUS**

The Sauceway narrows into a spiral bridge of light climbing into the vortex.  
The buggy rattles onto it. Bolts scream. The world drops away beneath them.

The Heinz Bottle hauls itself up the spiral like a living skyscraper.  
Screens across its body flicker propaganda, then stillness — only its eyes remain, winter-cold.

HEINZ BOTTLE

Pink fades.

Beige endures.

Rebel engines falter; few can follow this high. The fight thins to Ketch and Mustard alone.

Mustard steels herself, then — softer:

MUSTARD

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

Ketch clutches the ampoule. It flares, almost blinding.

KETCH

Then I'll leap toward the sound.

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## **SCENE 20 — EXT. BRIDGE TO THE SOURCE — CONTINUOUS**

A tendril slams across the bridge, blocking the path.  
The buggy skids sideways. Sparks arc into the void.

Ketch and Mustard scramble off, paws and claws scrambling for purchase.

The Heinz Bottle lowers its massive face. The billboards that make its skin go black, swallowing their reflections.

HEINZ BOTTLE (near-whisper, everywhere)

Be remembered.

Not lived.

Ketch stares into the vortex, breath ragged.

KETCH

Tell me it matters.

Mustard's one good eye shines, naked, unguarded.

MUSTARD

It matters if we make it matter.

Ketch nods — a vow.

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## **SCENE 21 — EXT. THE LEAP — NIGHT**

Tendrils lash, wrapping Ketch's chest and legs, dragging him backward.  
He refuses to drop the ampoule — jaw clenched, veins standing in his neck.

HEINZ BOTTLE (rising, thunder)

Choose the archive.

Choose to be remembered, embalmed in blandness.

A flavorless immortality, but immortality nonetheless.

Mustard hurls herself at the tendrils, wrench smashing, claws tearing.

A tendril snaps — red spray hisses into the star-dark.

For a heartbeat, Ketch is free.

A low hum swells — the SAUCE FATHER in the wind.

SAUCE FATHER (V.O., warm thunder)

Leap, child.

The platter is waiting.

Ketch runs.

He runs like a mascot on parade, the old dance returning to his bones — a final, defiant flourish.

He LEAPS.

Time slows.

The ampoule burns like a star clenched in his teeth.

Mustard reaches after him, voice tearing the sky:

MUSTARD (screaming)

KETCH... UP!

The word resonates — fractures the clouds — rings like a bell.

Ketch vanishes into the vortex.

A PINK DETONATION rolls outward — silent, total.

The Heinz Bottle's slogans glitch to nonsense; its tendrils wither, crumble like sugar glass.

The spiral bridge shudders... then holds.

Silence.

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## **SCENE 22 — EXT. THE SOURCE — TIMELESS**

Weightless pink light.

Fry boxes orbit like moons; fragments of billboards drift like quiet asteroids.

At the center: the SOURCE OF SAUCE — an endless dip, all colors alive inside it.

Ketch floats, the ampoule dissolved into the Source.

His fur gleams, stained-glass flecks of pink and gold.

The SAUCE FATHER manifests — a vast, kind hand of sauce tendrils.

SAUCE FATHER

(He opens his vast palm — the cracked SNOWGLOBE from Act I rests whole again, the pink bottle inside glowing.)

SAUCE FATHER: "Some things are meant to be shaken, little nugget."  
(The snowglobe floats to Ketch. He nudges it with his nose. It chimes.)  
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, eyes closing as light folds around him.

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### **SCENE 23 — EXT. RUINED CITY — DAWN**

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

The HEINZ BOTTLE lies shattered, a husk of dead screens and dry glass.  
Drones fall like empty cans.

Rebels rise from rubble, blinking in pink morning.  
Mayo bikers lift helmets, laugh in disbelief.  
Samplers touch their tongues and laugh without dipping.  
Fry-workers hug with greasy hands.

Mustard claws out of debris, coughing.  
She scans the horizon.

MUSTARD  
(hoarse)  
...Dog?

Only wind.

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

She swallows, jaw trembling once — then sets it.

MUSTARD  
Alright, relic.  
You mattered.

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### **SCENE 24 — EXT. NEW WORLD SQUARE — DAY**

Weeks later.

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

At the center, a statue:  
KETCH, mid-leap, jaws set, forever carrying light.

Mustard lingers at the edge, chewing a fry she definitely paid for.  
She eyes the statue, unimpressed on purpose.

MUSTARD  
Don't get cocky.  
Statues don't fetch.

She flicks the last bite into a fountain.  
Ripples glow pink, then settle to clear.

A breeze passes. Somewhere, faint — a parade drumline rhythm.  
Mustard almost smiles.

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#### **SCENE 25 — POST-CREDITS — EXT. EMPTY LOT — NIGHT**

Silence.  
An abandoned slab of asphalt under a humming sign.

A cockroach ambles to a tiny puddle of pink left in a crack.  
It dips a crumb. Tastes.  
Nods, solemn, satisfied.

From the shadows, a sentient taco unfurls a banner:  
'MISSING: ONE (1) DOG. REWARD: ETERNAL NACHOS.'  
(A mariachi version of the Heinz jingle plays as the screen fades.  
SFX: A distant "YIP!"—like Ketch, but maybe.)

CUT TO BLACK.

TEXT: "THE END. (OR IS IT?)"

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#### **FINAL TAGLINE**

"The world didn't end with a bang.  
It ended with a laugh track.  
And a little pink."