

WOODY

Oh, come on, Buzz. I... Buzz, I can't do this without you. I need your help.

BUZZ

I can't help. I can't help anyone.

WOODY

Why, sure you can, Buzz. You can get me out of here and then I'll get that rocket off you, and we'll make a break for Andy's house.

BUZZ

Andy's house. Sid's house. What's the difference.

WOODY

Oh, Buzz, you've had a big fall. You must not be thinking clearly.

BUZZ

No, Woody, for the first time I am thinking clearly.

(looking at
himself)

You were right all along. I'm not a Space Ranger. I'm just a toy. A stupid little insignificant toy.

WOODY

Whoa, hey -- wait a minute. Being a toy is a lot better than being a Space Ranger.

BUZZ

Yeah, right.

WOODY

No, it is. Look, over in that house is a kid who thinks you are the greatest, and it's not because you're a Space Ranger, pal, it's because you're a TOY! You are HIS toy.

BUZZ

But why would Andy want me?

WOODY

Why would Andy want you?! Look at you! You're a Buzz Lightyear. Any other toy would give up his moving parts just to be you. You've got wings, you glow in the dark, you talk, your helmet does that -- that whoosh thing -- you are a COOL toy.

Woody pauses and looks at himself.

WOODY

(continued;
depressed)

As a matter of fact you're too cool. I mean -- I mean what chance does a toy like me have against a Buzz Lightyear action figure? All I can do is...

Woody pulls his own pull-string.

WOODY (VOICE BOX)

There's a snake in my boots!

Woody bows his head.

WOODY

Why would Andy ever want to play with me, when he's got you?

(pause)

I'm the one that should be strapped to that rocket.

Woody slumps dejectedly against the crate, his back to Buzz.

Buzz lifts up his foot.

ANGLE: THE SOLE OF BUZZ'S FOOT

The signature "ANDY" reads through the dirt and scuff marks.

Buzz gazes back at Woody. A look of determination spreads across his face

WOODY

Listen Buzz, forget about me. You should get out of here while you can.

Silence.

Woody turns around.

Buzz is gone.

Suddenly, the entire milkcrate begins to shake. Woody looks up to see...

BUZZ

He is on top of the milkcrate, trying to push the tool box off.

WOODY

Buzz!! What are you doing? I thought you were --

BUZZ

Come on, Sheriff. There's a kid over in that house who needs us. Now let's get you out of this thing.

WOODY

Yes Sir!

Both Buzz and Woody push the milkcrate and together, they finally get it to move but it's slow progress.

WOODY

(strained)

Come on, Buzz! We can do it!

SFX: TRUCK

The two toys stop to look out the window by the workbench.

ANGLE: OUT SID'S BEDROOM WINDOW

With the rain stopped and the sun beginning to rise...

A MOVING TRUCK

can be seen pulling up in front of Andy's house.

BUZZ

Woody! It's the moving van.

WOODY

We've got to get out of here... NOW.

Buzz braces himself between the tool chest and the wall.

Using his legs, Buzz pushes with all his might. The toolbox begins to move.

Woody notices that with every shove Buzz gives to the tool chest, the milkcrate begins to edge out over the lip of the desk.

WOODY

C'mon, Buzz.

Finally the gap is wide enough for Woody to jump through. Woody drops down to the floor below.

WOODY

(loud whisper)

Alright. Buzz! Hey! I'm out!

Buzz doesn't hear Woody and continues to shove the toolbox (and milkcrate) farther out.

BUZZ

... almost (GRUNT)... there
(GRUNT)...

Woody looks up just in time to see the entire toolbox and milkcrate topple towards him.

WOODY

(nervous laugh)

The toolbox CRASHES right on top of Woody.

Buzz falls onto the desktop and glances over to Sid, who stirs...

SID

(in his sleep)

I wanna ride the pony...

Sid does not wake. Buzz heaves a SIGH OF RELIEF, then peers over the edge of the workbench.

BUZZ

Woody! Woody?! Are you alright?!

Woody lifts himself out from under the rubble.

WOODY

(punch-drunk)

No, I'm fine... I'm okay...

SFX: ALARM CLOCK

It goes off by Sid's bed. Woody drops back under the toolbox and Buzz goes limp.

Sid groggily sits up for a beat, then his eyes light up.

SID

Oh, yeah! Time for lift-off!

Sid jumps out of bed, grabs Buzz and bolts out of the room.

SID (O.S.)

TO INFINITY AND BEYOND!!

Woody leaps to his feet, runs across the room, and catches the door just before it closes. As he swings the door back open Woody is confronted by...

SCUD

The dog barrels down the hallway straight for Woody.

WOODY

Aaah! Back! Back! Down! Down!

Woody slams the door shut just in time. Scud BARKS AND SCRATCHES at the door.

WOODY

(out of breath;
to himself)

Okay, what do I do? Come on Woody,
think!

Woody looks across the room.

THE MUTANT TOYS

have appeared all around the room.

WOODY

Guys!

The mutant toys all scatter and hide.

WOODY

No, no, no! Wait! Wait! Listen!
Please! There's a good toy down
there and he's -- he's going to be
blown to bits in a few minutes all
because of me. I've gotta save him!

(pause)

-- But I need your help.

No response.

Woody then notices Babyface timidly peeking out of the shadows from under the bed.

WOODY

Please. He's my friend. He's the
only one I've got.

Babyface crawls out and bangs in code on the side of Sid's metal bedpost.

The mutant toys emerge from the shadows, and gather around Woody. He kneels down into a huddle with them.

WOODY

(to Babyface)

Thank you.

(to the others)

Okay. I think I know what to do.
We're going to have to break a few
rules, but if it works, it'll help
everybody.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM

THE MOVERS cart out the last load. A forlorn Andy clutches onto Buzz's "spaceship" box in one hand and his cowboy hat in the other.

Andy scans the empty room and heaves a sad SIGH.

EXT. BACKYARD SHED

Sid comes out of the shed carrying a bunch of materials under his arm.

SID (as ASTRONAUT)

Houston to Mission Control. Come
in, Control.

He drops the junk down beside an inanimate Buzz.