

REX

But what if Andy gets another dinosaur? A mean one? I just don't think I can take that kind of rejection.

WOODY

Hey, listen, no one's getting replaced. This is Andy we're talking about.

Woody steps down from the podium and walks towards the crowd.

WOODY

(continued)

It doesn't matter how much we're played with. What matters is that we're here for Andy when he needs us. That's what we're made for. Right?

Everyone is now looking down, sheepish.

HAMM

Pardon me. I hate to break up the staff meeting, but, THEY'RE HERE! Birthday guests at three o'clock!

WOODY

Stay calm, everyone!!

Too late. The toys PANIC and stampede over Woody towards the bedroom window, leaving him alone on the floor.

WOODY

Uh, meeting adjourned.

The toys all crowd around the bedroom window, trying to get a peek outside.

HAMM

Oh, boy. Will ya take a look at all those presents?!

MR. POTATO HEAD

I can't see a thing!

Unable to see over the crowd, Potato Head pulls his eyes out of his head and holds them up over the other toys.

ANGLE: TOY'S POV OF ANDY'S FRONT YARD

CHILDREN file towards the front door carrying presents.

HAMM
Yessir, we're next month's garage
sale fodder for sure.

REX
(panicked)
Any dinosaur-shaped ones?

HAMM
Ah, for crying out loud, they're all
in boxes, you idiot!

The presents keep coming.

REX
They're getting bigger.

SLINKY
Wait! There's a nice little one
over there!

At first, the kid's present appears to be a little box,
but then the kid turns -- the present is four feet long.
The toys SCREAM.

MR. SPELL
Spell the word "trashcan."

REX
We're doomed!

Down on the floor, Woody smacks his hand to his forehead
in surrender.

WOODY
Alright! Alright!

The toys turn inside and look down at Woody.

WOODY
(continued)
If I send out the troops, will you
all calm down?

REX
Yes! Yes! We promise!

WOODY
Okay, save your batteries!

HAMM

Eh, very good, Woody. That's using
the old noodle.

Woody jumps up onto Andy's bed and turns to the Sargent
on the nightstand.

WOODY

Sargent. Establish a recon post
downstairs. Code red. You know
what to do.

SARGENT

Yes SIR!

The green army man hops down to the floor where a
"BUCKET O' SOLDIERS" sits.

SARGENT

Alright men, you heard him. Code
Red! Repeat: We are at Code Red!
Recon plan Charlie. Execute! Let's
move move move!!

THE GREEN ARMY MEN file out of the bucket and march in
formation across the bedroom floor.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Andy's door creaks open and a lone army man ventures
forth to make sure the coast is clear. Satisfied, he
motions for the others to proceed. Squads of soldiers
march into the hall carrying a baby monitor and a jump
rope.

The army men each leapfrog behind the stairway banisters
and hold their positions while the Sargent surveys the
scene below through his binoculars.

ANGLE: SARGENT'S BINOCULAR VIEW OF DOWNSTAIRS

Directly below, Mrs. Davis passes through the hallway
rounding up Andy and all his birthday guests.

MRS. DAVIS

Okay, c'mon kids! Everyone in the
living room. It's almost time for
the presents.

Once Mrs. Davis and the children are out of sight, the
Sargent motions to his men with a silent hand signal.

TWO PARATROOPERS jump out through the railing, parachuting down to the floor below.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The paratroopers sweep the area with their plastic rifles, then give the "all clear" sign.

The jump rope is lowered, and more soldiers rappel down.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM

The toys race towards the nightstand where Woody has placed the receiving half of the baby monitor.

WOODY

And this --

(turning on the
baby monitor)

-- is how we find out what is in
those presents.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The green army men march in formation across the floor when suddenly...

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

Can be heard approaching from behind the connecting kitchen door. Immediately the Sargent signals for his men to freeze in their various classic action poses.

MRS. DAVIS (O.S.)

Okay, who's hungry? Here come the
chips. I've got Cool Ranch and
Barbeque --

The door opens and Mrs. Davis' foot comes down hard on top of a soldier.

MRS. DAVIS

Owww! What in the world -- ? Oh, I
thought I told him to pick these up.

With a sweep of her foot, she brushes the army men out of her path and continues on to the living room.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM

REX

Shouldn't they be there by now?
What's taking them so long?!

WOODY

Hey, these guys are professionals.
They're the best. C'mon, they're
not lying down on the job.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

As soon as Mom is gone, the Sargent motions for his men to proceed toward a nearby houseplant that looks into the living room.

The Sargent then notices an injured soldier struggling to drag himself forward -- a casualty of Mrs. Davis' foot. The Sargent helps the injured soldier to his feet.

WOUNDED SOLDIER

(moans)

Go on without me. Just go!

SARGENT

A good soldier never leaves a man
behind.

The Sargent motions to the remaining men above. They lower themselves via jump rope, riding the baby monitor. Once downstairs, they hustle the baby monitor towards the houseplant. Suddenly...

A BALL

bounces into the hallway, followed by the sound of footsteps and kid clamor.

The Sargent, supporting his wounded man, reaches the plant, right on the heels of the squad with the baby monitor. They conceal themselves in the house plant just before the children run by.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - HOUSE PLANT - CONTINUOUS

While the baby monitor is set in place, A MEDIC evaluates the wounded soldier and gives the "thumb's up" signal.

The Sargent scans the party with his binoculars.

ANGLE: BINOCULAR VIEW OF BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

The pile of brightly wrapped gifts sits atop the living room coffee table.

SARGENT (O.S.)

There they are.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM

The toys perk up as STATIC suddenly emits from the baby monitor.

SARGENT (O.S.; over monitor)

Come in, Mother Bird, this is Alpha
Bravo.

WOODY

This is it! This is it! Quiet,
quiet, quiet!

SARGENT (O.S.; over monitor)

Come in, Mother Bird.
Alright...Andy's opening the first
present now.

MR. POTATO HEAD

(chanting)

Mrs. Potato Head...Mrs. Potato
Head...Mrs. Potato Head...

(off Rex's look)

Hey, I can dream, can't I?

SARGENT (O.S.; over monitor)

The bow's coming off... he's ripping
the wrapping paper... it's a...
it's... it's a lunchbox! We've got
a lunchbox, here!

WOODY

A lunchbox?!

MR. POTATO HEAD

A lunchbox...?!

SLINKY

For lunch. Heh heh heh...

SARGENT (O.S.; over monitor)

Ok, second present... it appears to
be... okay, it's bed sheets.