

STEP IN TIME

"Changing Attitudes"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. NEON ARMADILLO - NIGHT

CUE MUSIC: "A THOUSAND MILES FROM NOWHERE," DWIGHT YOAKAM.

The dim lights of the Neon Armadillo Saloon reflect weakly off of scattered glasses and plates with half-eaten fajitas.

The place is quiet, with only the sound of a creaky chandelier (shaped like a giant spur, no less) and the low hum of music to bounce off the walls.

A YOUNG MAN (let's call him "PLANET HOLLYWOOD") wipes down the bar as the lights get a little brighter. He's chatting with a straggler TOURIST.

TOURIST

...And they filmed it here?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Well, they called it *Countdown at the Neon Armadillo*, but they filmed most of it in Nashville. TV magic, y'know.

TOURIST

You ever been?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

To Nashville? Yeah, last summer. They got a nice Planet Hollywood there.

TOURIST

You went all the way to Nashville for a Planet Hollywood? You know there's a Planet Hollywood right around the corner?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Yeah, but the one in Nashville is newer. Besides, it's not like I don't work in a country bar.

TOURIST

Honky tonk.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

(LEANING IN)

How's that?

The lights raise a little more. The Tourist notices this.

TOURIST
What time did you say you closed?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Two o'clock.

TOURIST
What time is it now?

The Young Man checks his watch.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Two o'clock.

TOURIST
Ah, sorry. I'll head out.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
No rush! No rush at all. We only
have a few weeks of business left,
anyway.

TOURIST
They're shutting this down?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Yessir. In June.

TOURIST
Are you sad? Happy?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
(SHRUGS)
No use in complaining over
something you can't change.
(BEAT)
Complaining, though. I do that a
lot. I just don't know what's next.

TOURIST
I'm jealous of that feeling.

The song fades into...

CUE MUSIC: "HIGHWAYMAN," THE HIGHWAYMEN.

TOURIST (CONT'D)
I should probably get back to the
hotel anyway. My wife may wonder
where I went. Good luck with your
adventures, Planet Hollywood.

The Tourist gathers his items and heads for the exit.

Planet Hollywood is left alone, smiling as he wipes down a glass.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
"Planet Hollywood." I like that.

He stops cleaning for a moment to listen to the song. His brief focus is broken by the sound of a door SLAMMING.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)
That you, Rocky?

No response. He starts to leave the bar as the lights raise all the way. He squints at them, then looks around. Sees something. Carefully sets the glass down... It falls anyway. Shatters. He doesn't care.

Standing near the entrance...is SMRT-1.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)
Hey, I know you. What are you doing slumming it over here?

SMRT-1
I've come to help you.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Thanks, but we're closing up.

SMRT-1
What if I told you that doesn't have to happen?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
What are you talking about?

SMRT-1
Have a seat.

The SHATTERED GLASS reflects the figures of the two as the lights grow even brighter... Almost blinding....

CUT TO BLACK.

END COLD OPEN

ACT I**EXT. PORTOBELLO YACHT CLUB - DUSK**

The PORTOBELLO YACHT CLUB is housed inside of a cozy blue mediterranean-style cottage. Once a home, the space has since been converted into a bustling eatery.

A pair of KIDS stand outside, posing for a photo. Their MOM fiddles with the camera.

MOM

Okay, say cheese!

She taps the shutter button, then looks at the camera with mild annoyance.

MOM (CONT'D)

The flash didn't work. One more!

The kids groan, then reassume the same pose. As the Mom takes the photo, the flash from the camera disguises the much bigger FLASH OF LIGHT from behind the restaurant. The kids woozily walk away with their Mom.

Behind the building, MARY, FIGMENT, BUZZY and SONNY step off of the TIME PLATFORM.

MARY

You think next time you could flash us into a spa or something?

TIME MACHINE

I told you, I barely have control over anything now.

BUZZY

(DISCREET)

Do you need diapers?

TIME MACHINE

Time and place are pretty much set to "shuffle" from here on out.

The red LED readout on the front of the machine displays a series of FROWNY FACES.

SONNY

Cute touch. Where'd you "shuffle" us today, then?

FIGMENT

This is nineteen ninety-eight!

TIME MACHINE

Yes, it --

(BEAT)

Wait, how did you know that?

FIGMENT

How could anyone not? Not quite the current decade, not quite the next one...

SONNY

Yeah, it's an Arnold Palmer year.

MARY

I'll be honest, I have trouble telling any year of the nineties apart.

SONNY

Wow, that's rude. At least wait for the time machine to leave.

TIME MACHINE

I have a name.

SONNY

What, are we supposed to call you "SMRT-1"?

TIME MACHINE

Well... I guess not.

FIGMENT

You get to have a new name! That's so exciting! What should we call you?

BUZZY

I vote "Buzzy."

MARY

That's your name.

BUZZY

(SCOFFS)

Whatever you say, Buzzy.

TIME MACHINE

I'll figure it out. For now, take a look around. I can sense something off about this place...

A RAVE DUDE walks past the group, wearing Oakleys, JNCO jeans and a *Cat in the Hat* stovepipe hat.

BUZZY

I think I figured it out.

TIME MACHINE

Stick to Pleasure Island. I'll be back!

FIGMENT

Don't forget to use your imagination to think of a name!

The Time Machine flashes away.

SONNY

I'd hate to break this to you, but imagination and names have almost zero in common.

FIGMENT

Sure they do.

SONNY

So all of those books of baby names, you just open any of them and they say, "Dream big"?

FIGMENT

Well, that may raise some concerns of plagiarism.

Mary studies a PLAQUE affixed to the wall of the Portobello building.

MARY

Guys, take a look at this. I think I found something.

SONNY

A better name than "Mary," I hope.

Mary shoots Sonny an evil eye.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(SHEEPISH)

Yep, too far. Sorry.

INT. PORTOBELLO YACHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The back-of-house of Portobello, past the kitchen and freezers, holds the remnants of a long-lost HOME. Turn-of-the-century lighting fixtures and peeling wallpaper act as a brine preserving the house. Mary leads the gang into the foyer; only a dim CANDLE serves to illuminate the room.

BUZZY
What was this place?

MARY
According to the plaque outside,
this was the home of Merriweather
Adam Pleasure.

SONNY
Now, that's a name.

Mary shuffles through PAPERS littering a desk in the middle
of the room.

MARY
He was a self-made man. He owned
this island and used it for his
canvas manufacturing business. He
went missing in the forties... Then
his sons took over the island, ran
it into ruin, and the island was
shut down for thirty-five years.

SONNY
So he came from nothing, spat out
some buildings, and left in
nothing. What does this mean for
us?

MARY
Nothing. Just thought you'd like
some color for the book report.

Buzzy snoops around the room. He finds a bowl on top of a
roll-top desk, filled with caramel candies.

BUZZY
(CHUCKLES)
Old people.

SONNY
Can we leave soon? This place
smells like cucumbers.

FIGMENT
Maybe they made cucumbers here.
(GASPS)
Maybe a cucumber lived here!

SONNY
Your idea of "imagination" is what
most humans need medicine for.

MARY

Sonny, why are you being mean to Figment?

SONNY

Because he's my best friend?

FIGMENT

Not with that attitude!

SONNY

Oh, okay. You're gonna replace me with Buzzy?

Buzzy lights up. He runs to an ancient ROTARY PHONE, covered in dust, and dials.

BUZZY

Honey? I got the promotion!

MARY

No one is replacing anyone with anyone. Sonny, take a step back. No one makes fun of you for...whatever it is you do.

SONNY

Wow.

FIGMENT

(TO MARY)

I think you just did.

MARY

Sure. Walk it off.

She grabs the stack of papers.

MARY (CONT'D)

We need to spread out. According to these deeds, Pleasure used almost every inch of this island for business. Some of it may be off the books.

BUZZY

Where do we go?

MARY

There's a Jazz Company and a Fireworks Factory on this side of the island. We can split up and meet back in the middle. I'm pretty impartial, so you guys can --

She looks around. The gang is gone.

BUZZY (O.S.)
(DISTANT)
Fireworks!

MARY
Pick for yourselves.

EXT. PORTOBELLO YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Figment, Sonny and Buzzy exit the building.

FIGMENT
Sonny, are you coming with us?

SONNY
No offense, but I need a break from
all of the imagination and the
wonder and the..."Pollyanna" of it
all. I need some Sonny time, and
some smooth jazz is just the
ticket. I just hope I don't need a
ticket.

FIGMENT
Suit yourself. But jazz is one of
the more imaginative --

Sonny sticks his fingers in his ears as he walks away.

SONNY
La la la la!

Figment smiles.

FIGMENT
What are we gonna do with him,
Buzzy?

BUZZY
I've been saying we should eat him.

Figment squints at Buzzy. Mary exits the building.

MARY
Okay, I'm ready. Where's Sonny?

BUZZY
He went jazzing.

MARY

Good. Maybe some music will help his attitude. We have fireworks to see.

The trio jump in the air and high-five.

CUE MUSIC: "WHY'D YOU COME IN HERE LOOKIN' LIKE THAT," DOLLY PARTON.

INT. WILDHORSE SALOON - NIGHT

A screaming CHILD RUNS through the packed, massive Wildhorse Saloon club, bumping into the legs of several adults on the dance floor in the middle of the space -- they shoo him away him as they practice line-dancing.

Mary, Buzzy and Sonny look around the space. Figment's eyes go wide.

BUZZY

(GRUMPY)

I was expecting a fireworks factory.

MARY

I don't know what I was expecting.

FIGMENT

Hey! Maybe we can learn to dance like that!

MARY

I think you need pants to dance like that.

Figment looks down, then snaps his fingers to make a pair of hammer pants appear on him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Very slick, Fig!

BUZZY

(BITTER)

No fireworks. What a dang kick in the biscuits!

FIGMENT

Why are you talking like that?

BUZZY

I don't know! This place has a power over me!

A server, SETH, approaches them.

SETH
Hey, guys! My name is Seth! How
many of you are joining us tonight?

FIGMENT
Uh...we're actually here to fix the
leak.

SETH
Leak?

Buzzy leans in and raises his eyebrows.

BUZZY
You know.

SETH
(UNCOMFORTABLE)
Sure. Why don't you try that door
to the back?

MARY
Sure thing. Thanks, Seth!

INT. ABANDONED FIREWORKS DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

The trio creep through the back door, into a cavernous
WAREHOUSE filled with gunpowder kegs and fireworks.

MARY
They probably use this for
overflow.

Buzzy sniffs.

BUZZY
Nope, these are the real deal.

FIGMENT
What are we looking for?

MARY
According to history, this place
was used as an actual fireworks
factory until it almost burned down
in the thirties. If you look at the
paperwork, something called "ESET"
was supposed to go here.

FIGMENT
ESET? Sounds computery.

MARY
Doesn't it?

BUZZY
SMRT-1?

Mary nods.

MARY
The history could all be a
misdirect. A false trail.

FIGMENT
What if we're not supposed to be in
Pleasure Island at all? What if the
whole thing is a false trail?

Mary approaches a wall and wipes away a strata of gunpowder
and ash, revealing a large MAP of Pleasure Island. Connecting
each of the facilities are various COLORED LINES.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)
Whoa. What could it mean?

MARY
See these lines? Someone wanted to
link all of the facilities
together. Look:

She points to a building towards the center of the island
with a LARGE CIRCLE around it.

MARY (CONT'D)
That's labeled "Videopolis East."
That wasn't around until this
island opened in nineteen eighty-
nine. What's weird is that it
closed only a few years later.
SMRT-1 must have drawn this years
ago.

FIGMENT
You're sure it's him?

MARY
Well, yeah. He signed it.

She points to the lower corner of the mural, with a flowery
"SMRT-1" SIGNATURE.

BUZZY
Wow! Look at that signature. He
should be signing autographs.

MARY

And look next to it. Someone
circled the building and labeled it
"Maxwell's Demon."

FIGMENT

Nineties bands had such fun names.

Buzzy sniffs one of the gunpowder kegs.

BUZZY

Wow! This is ripe.

FIGMENT

Maybe stay clear of those barrels,
Buzzy.

MARY

I'm sure it's fine. They've been
here since the thirties, right?

BUZZY

Inert!

Buzzy swings his leg back to kick one of the kegs.

INT. WILDHORSE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A large BOOM shakes the club, bringing the music and dancing
to a halt. The line-dance INSTRUCTOR onstage stops the dance:

INSTRUCTOR

Did y'all hear thunder?

The crowd turns to face the rear door as Mary, Buzzy and
Figment emerge, coated in soot. Mary coughs out a puff of
smoke.

MARY

(RASPY)

Don't mind us.

The trio stumble out of the saloon.

CUE MUSIC: "IF I WERE A BELL," MILES DAVIS QUINTET.

INT. JAZZ COMPANY - NIGHT

Sonny relaxes in a chair and listens to a JAZZ QUINTET called
Lion's Atlas play. He closes his eyes and thinks...

SONNY (V.O.)
Ah, this is so peaceful. Just me
and the music. I can practically
see the notes!

His eye opens.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Uh-oh. "I can see the notes"?
Sounds like imagination. No time
for that here!

He clears his throat.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll just pretend I'm somewhere
else.
(BEAT)
Wait. That's imagining, too!

He clears his throat again, aggressively, almost a disgusted
groan.

SONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am an empty vessel. No thoughts
to cloud my mind.
(BEAT)
Cloud...Final Fantasy...Vinyl
Fantasy. I can name a record store
that.

He sits upright.

SONNY
Stop it!

He takes a moment to compose himself, before realizing the
jazz quintet has stopped.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry. Not you.

The quintet TRUMPETER leans into his microphone.

TRUMPETER
Any reason why you wanted to clear
out the club tonight?

Sonny looks around. Everyone has left.

SONNY
You know, I've been told I have
that effect. I just never believed
it.
(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

Until... This exact moment.

TRUMPETER

Well, you've made dividing the tips
a lot easier, so thanks.

SONNY

Sorry. I'm just in my head tonight.

TRUMPETER

And you thought jazz would take you
out of your head? Have you listened
to jazz before?

SONNY

That depends. Are show tunes jazz?

TRUMPETER

What show?

SONNY

All That Jazz.

TRUMPETER

No.

Sonny groans.

TRUMPETER (CONT'D)

I used to be like you, man. Dense.

SONNY

Thank you.

TRUMPETER

You need to lighten your load. I
once was heavy as the Earth. I let
myself free, and now my bones are
made of fog and clouds.

SONNY

Fog and clouds, eh? Sounds jazzy.

TRUMPETER

Why do you think they call me "The
Wind"?

SONNY

Because you blow a trumpet?

The Trumpeter looks at his trumpet.

TRUMPETER

Huh.

(BEAT)

You gonna stay and watch another?

SONNY

No, thanks. I have some stuff I was supposed to do. Hey, what did this building used to be?

The DRUMMER hits a cymbal and points his drumstick at Sonny.

DRUMMER

Formerly Merriweather's Market, this space was originally used for Merriweather's sailmaking factory.

SONNY

Sailmaking? Sounds jazzy. Thanks, guys.

Sonny leaves.

TRUMPETER

(TO REST OF BAND)

Did you guys call me "The Wind" because I blow trumpet, or because my bones are made of fog and clouds?

The other members look around awkwardly.

EXT. MANNEQUINS DANCE PALACE - NIGHT

Sonny jogs past the crowds of tourists until he spots Mary, Figment and Buzzy standing in the central plaza.

SONNY

Found you!

(SNIFFS)

What smells like burnt hair? Has Buzzy been eating it again?

The trio are looking upwards. Mary points to the sky. Erected above Mannequins Dance Palace, next to a large sign reading "**PLEASURE ISLAND TONIGHT!**" is a GIANT NEON FIGURE OF SMRT-1.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh, that's bad news.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT II**EXT. MANNEQUINS DANCE PALACE - NIGHT**

Mary paces back and forth as Sonny stares at the neon SMRT-1.

SONNY

How long do you think he had to
pose for that?

MARY

(PANICKING)

This is bad. This is so bad.

BUZZY

I think it's pretty.

MARY

How is this not more of a concern
to you guys?

SONNY

We have a time machine! Our actions
no longer have consequences.

MARY

Haven't you been listening? The
time machine is broken! It can't
pick where to take us anymore!

FIGMENT

Okay, maybe this is bad. But
there's no reason we can't stop it
from getting worse!

An ANNOUNCEMENT over the intercoms:

INTERCOM (V.O.)

All right, everyone! Be sure to
head over to the West End Stage in
five minutes to see a performance
by Jimmy Ray!

MARY

It just got worse.

SONNY

Okay, let's focus. What are we
supposed to be doing here?

MARY

We need to check out this building
and the one next to it. They were
both circled on a map we found.

SONNY

Okay. Why don't start with
Mannequins?

MARY

I don't have a license.

FIGMENT

I can make one!

MARY

You can make a driver's license?

Figment closes his eyes and SNAPS his fingers. A DRIVER'S
LICENSE with Mary's picture appears out of thin air.

BUZZY

Whoa! How'd you do that?

FIGMENT

(PROUD)

I just used imagination!

SONNY

Have you been able to just conjure
things this whole time? You could
have gotten us out of so many jams!

FIGMENT

Imagination is for good, Sonny. Not
evil.

SONNY

You just used it to make a fake
driver's license!

MARY

We'll work out the ethics later!
Let's just focus on getting in.

INT. MANNEQUINS DANCE PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

CUE MUSIC: "RAY OF LIGHT," MADONNA.

A sweaty, disgusting, packed DANCE FLOOR. Glow sticks and
tank tops galore. It's like a TV edit of the rave scene from
The Matrix Reloaded.

Mary and the group tentatively wade through the crowd.

SONNY

This is what Earth clubs are like?
It stinks!

MARY

It's just music and dancing.

SONNY

It literally stinks! I think I may
pass out.

The Rave Dude approaches Sonny and offers him a GLOW STICK.
Sonny takes it.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(GRUDGINGLY)

Okay, thank you.

The Rave Dude dances in circles around Sonny.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(FED UP)

Okay, I got it! Clubs are great!
Yay! Now leave me alone!

Mary picks Buzzy up and puts him on her shoulders.

MARY

See anything, Buzz?

BUZZY

Everyone is fighting but to a beat!
It's like heaven!

MARY

What about the building?

BUZZY

The floor is spinning!

MARY

You didn't eat any stamps off the
ground, did you?

BUZZY

No! Look!

Before Mary can look, she's stepped onto the LARGE ROTATING
PLATFORM in the middle of the club. Colored lights shine
beneath her feet.

She takes a moment to catch her balance.

MARY

Moving floor? This place is nuts.

She walks against the clockwise spin of the floor. Buzzy taps her shoulder.

BUZZY

Maybe we can go up high!

Mary looks up at the LIGHTING CATWALKS dotting the upper half of the club.

MARY

That could work.

INT. MANNEQUINS - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Mary creeps around to the backstage area of the club. She spots a LADDER in a corner, shrouded in darkness. She clambers up until she reaches the catwalk.

She looks around for a moment, then takes a deep breath and looks down. She immediately grabs the guard rails of the walkway.

MARY

Shouldn't have done that.

She turns and is startled. She's face-to-face with a NEON-COLORED MANNEQUIN hanging from the ceiling.

The Mannequin's arm is pointed at the center of one of the catwalks. Affixed to the guard rail, aiming down at the turntable, is a LARGE CONVEX LENS.

She turns back to the Mannequin - it's gone.

MARY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

She approaches the lens and peers through it. Etched along the circumference are small numbers and arrows. The size of the etchings aligns perfectly with the rotating portion of the dance floor.

Etched along the bottom are the words "**MAXWELL'S DEMON.**"

She climbs back down the ladder. Buzzy is waiting below.

BUZZY

What did you find?

MARY

A creepy mannequin and a big
telescope lens.

BUZZY

(DREAMY)

How romantic. Stargazing with a
creepy mannequin.

INT. MANNEQUINS DANCE PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Figment and Sonny stand by the restrooms.

SONNY

I'm just saying, it doesn't seem
that special.

FIGMENT

It's imagination! It's the most
special thing in the universe!

SONNY

Plenty of much more imaginative
people are willing to think of
ideas that entertain me. Why
deprive them of that?

FIGMENT

It's not just about entertainment!
It's about getting to know yourself
better!

A MAN leaves the restroom. He and Figment exchange nods.
Figment hands him a mint, and the Man hands Figment a dollar.

SONNY

You're imagining breath mints now?

FIGMENT

Oh, no. I just always have some.

(BEAT)

Would you like one?

Mary and Buzzy approach.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

Did you find anything?

MARY

Maxwell's Demon is the dance floor.

SONNY

Well, too bad for Maxwell, but I don't see how that affects us.

MARY

No, the turntable is called that.

SONNY

So...SMRT-1 wants to...turn things?

MARY

He wants to use the turntable for something. There were some numbers etched up there, too. I wrote them down, but I don't know --

Sonny takes the slip of paper and looks at it.

SONNY

(SCOFFS)

These are coordinates. Come on.

He leaves.

MARY

Are you just guessing that?

SONNY

Nope. I took an "Earth Coordinates" MasterClass taught by David Boreanaz.

The group follows him out.

EXT. ROCK N ROLL BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

The group stands on the rocky shore of Village Lake, just outside of the ROCK 'N ROLL BEACH CLUB. Waves crash against the rocks as the group takes careful steps.

MARY

Sonny, I'm not sure about those coordinates.

SONNY

Well, prepare to feel a little guilty about that.

He stops and looks around. Waits a beat.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Huh. Maybe I did screw this up.

MARY

Sonny!

SONNY

Or! Or! Maybe you wrote the numbers wrong!

MARY

So this is my fault?

SONNY

I didn't say that.

MARY

You implied it!

Figment and Buzzy watch them bicker, until Figment notices a noise. A slight BEEPING coming from the rocks.

He leans down and moves some rocks around. Nothing. He grabs one.

SONNY

This isn't my fault. It's humid today! The moist air affects my brain!

Figment picks the rock up, and the shore begins to shift. The earth begins to open up. Two large sliding metal doors slide along, and the rocks on shore tumble down.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I knew it!

He grabs Figment's rock and kisses it.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I'm keeping this rock. It's a monument to standing up for myself.

MARY

Yeah, Gandhi had one of those too.

She descends down the newly-opened stairs into the earth.

INT. SECRET LAB - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Buzzy are the first down. They poke their heads around before Mary flips a wall switch. The room becomes lit, revealing a dusty, abandoned AEROSPACE LAB. Unused machine parts and tools sit everywhere.

In the middle of the lab is a huge object sheathed by a TARP. Mary grabs one corner and pulls the tarp away, revealing a sleek, futuristic JET PLANE.

MARY
What on earth?

BUZZY
How long has it been here?

MARY
I don't know. It looks like it came from the future.

She studies a small plaque erected before the display.

MARY (CONT'D)
"Project X-Thing."

SONNY
What, it's another language?

MARY
No, it literally says "Thing." It was an experimental jet that Merriweather was working on, but that was where the Beach Club is now. This lab is new.

FIGMENT
All this dust and dirt... Maybe it's not because it's all old. Maybe it's been under construction?

A startling THUD jolts the group. It continues, rhythmically, directly above them.

BUZZY
Rock and roll!

MARY
That's not coming from the Beach Club. That's the unmistakable hypnotic bass of a late-nineties dance classic.

She studies the ceiling directly above the jet. It's a circular recession, divided into two halves.

MARY (CONT'D)
It's a door! The jet is supposed to go up into Mannequins!

SONNY

Okay, this is getting preposterous.
That would be a stupid as...

Sonny notices looks of horror on Mary, Figment and Buzzy.
Sonny slowly turns to find himself in the shadow of three
large, painted MANNEQUINS.

SONNY (CONT'D)

A giant sentient mannequin.

The Mannequin rests its hand on Sonny's shoulder. Sonny
screams. The other Mannequins lurch forward, closing in on
the rest of the group. Mary looks around -- a heavy DOUBLE
DOOR is on the wall behind the jet plane.

MARY

Let's go!

FIGMENT

We can't leave Sonny!

MARY

He left us!

The Mannequins turn to the first Mannequin, who is watching
Sonny run away, through the door they entered through. The
Mannequin looks to its cohorts and shrugs. Mary, Figment and
Buzzy rush through the door.

INT. 8TRAX - LAB - MOMENTS LATER

A similar heavy door opens, leading the group into a
fluorescent-lit, clean (almost sterile) space. A giant CDC-
6600 SUPERCOMPUTER sits on display as the centerpiece of the
lab.

FIGMENT

Did we just get scared into the
seventies?

Mary looks around. There's a whiteboard on one of the walls
with various scribbles -- some read "DISCO," "BELLBOTTOMS?"
and "BREZHNEV."

MARY

Or into a high school play about
the seventies.

FIGMENT

Do you think Sonny's okay?

MARY

I'm sure he is. I can't be sure
he's as worried about us.

FIGMENT

Sonny loves us!

MARY

Yeah, well, he left us. Not a great
way of showing it.

Buzzy inspects the supercomputer, then inputs a command into
the keyboard.

BUZZY

Mary?

Mary walks over and looks. The tiny displays on the console
display a VECTOR ILLUSTRATION of a MAP of Pleasure Island.
The illustration is titled "**ESET**."

MARY

ESET! We saw this before.

A small animated HOLOGRAM of an OLDER MAN appears on top of
the console.

COMPUTER PIXIE

That's right! And you won't be
seeing it again!

The group screams.

COMPUTER PIXIE (CONT'D)

Stop all that screamin'!

Mary leans into the supercomputer console, almost touching
noses with the Computer Pixie.

MARY

You look familiar.

He puffs up his tiny chest. He begins to rattle off, in a
peculiar accent that's not quite English, but not quite
transatlantic.

COMPUTER PIXIE

I wouldn't know why! It's not like
I ever done nothin' 'round 'ere
before!

FIGMENT

Hey, you used to work at EPCOT! You
were in the Astuter Computer Revue!

COMPUTER PIXIE
 (GASPS)
 You remember that? That was ages ago!

BUZZY
 Not for us.

Mary kicks Buzzy.

COMPUTER PIXIE
 What're you lot doin' in this lab?
 You should be upstairs dancin' to
 the hits of the seventies and
 eighties.

He begins doing a jig as Buzzy and Mary watch, disturbed.
 Figment claps to keep time.

MARY
 Uh... Do you happen to know what
 all this is for?

He stops dancing.

COMPUTER PIXIE
 Aye. But that doesn't mean you need
 to know, either. That was no threat
 earlier! You can't be privy to this
 sort of backstage magic!

MARY
 What if we were part of backstage?

COMPUTER PIXIE
 I knew it! I could smell the honest
 work on you.
 (ANGRY ASIDE)
 Not like those vending machine
 boys...

MARY
 What is ESET for?

COMPUTER PIXIE
 Why, it's an AI program! Mister
 Merriweather's son fiddled and
 diddled with all sorts of
 artificial intelligence before the
 hurricane blew the island away. It
 wasn't until they were rebuilding
 it when SMRT-1 noticed all of this
 underground business! Tunnels and
 whatnot!

MARY

Artificial Intelligence, secret jet
planes, rotating dance floors...
What is he planning?

SCIENTIST (O.S.)

The greatest Oscar party you've
ever seen.

The group turns to see a SCIENTIST with a thick mustache in a
white lab coat standing in the main doorway to the lab.

SCIENTIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yes, I've been taking improv
classes. Now follow me.

He moonwalks out of the door and down the hallway.

MARY

I don't know about this. A
moonwalking scientist?

FIGMENT

Well, they have to stay in theme.
Come on, let's go so we can find
Sonny before those Mannequins do.

BUZZY

Maybe he knows Sonny!

(CALLING)

Mister scientist! Have you seen our
alien friend?

They follow the Scientist down the hallway.

EXT. WEST END STAGE - NIGHT

Sonny's Mannequin stalker wades through the crowd on the
western plaza, stopping at one point to pose for a picture
with a PASSERBY.

Sonny observes the Mannequin from behind a vendor cart
selling GLOW NECKLACES. The Mannequin slowly retreats back to
dance club.

SONNY

That's right, you big idiot. Back
to Contempo Casuals.

He turns to find the other two Mannequins staring him down.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Okay. That joke may not have been funny to you, but at least realize the artistry of an off-the-cuff... Blagh!

He throws a heap of glow necklaces at the Mannequins and runs. The Mannequins, now dripping in glow colors highlighting their neon skin, follow Sonny with Terminator-esque determination.

Sonny weaves through the crowd, checking frequently for signs of a chase.

SONNY (CONT'D)

So far, so good.

He bumps into a Mannequin's LEG.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I have got to learn to shut up!

The Mannequins swing their arms at him, but he ducks and dodges long enough to reach some stairs. He runs up, still looking behind him. An ANNOUNCER comes overhead:

ANNOUNCER

And now, give it up for L.F.O.!

EXT. WEST END STAGE - ONSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny is suddenly caught in a riptide of people that surge from stage left and practically carry him and the Mannequins onstage. As LFO performs "Summer Girls," he escapes. He takes one last look at the Mannequins, who are now bobbing along to the activity onstage.

SONNY

Thank god for L.F.O.

The CART VENDOR leans over to him.

CART VENDOR

Would you like to buy one of their shirts?

SONNY

Eh.

He sees the third Mannequin heading his way, and runs off.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Scientist leads the trio to another double door. He hands them all blindfolds.

SCIENTIST

Put these on before you go inside.

MARY

Why?

SCIENTIST

It's more dramatic this way. Now hurry up, I'm late for a gig.

The group puts on their eyewear, then is escorted....

INT. ADVENTURER'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Into the dense, heavily-decorated abode of the Society of Explorers and Adventurers, or S.E.A. The club has the appearance of a musty British colonialist hall, but its boundless number of ancient texts and tribal masks affixed to the walls betray any sense of artifice.

Mary, Figment and Buzzy have their blindfolds removed. They look around at the walls, then at the group standing before them: HENRY MYSTIC, MARY OCEANEER, CHARLTON TABORET, and VITALE ROBUSTELLI. In the corner is a young blonde man, JASON CHANDLER.

ROBUSTELLI

Well, well, well. I finally can meet our great gladiators of time.

Mary studies the members, trying to figure out who they are.

ROBUSTELLI (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Adventurer's Club.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT II

ACT III**INT. ADVENTURER'S CLUB - NIGHT**

The members of the Adventurer's Club applaud the arrival of Mary, Figment and Buzzy.

ROBUSTELLI

I apologize for the blindfolds. All this secrecy can be exhausting, I know.

Robustelli snaps his fingers, and Jason rushes over to help them up and dust off their shoulders.

MARY

It's been an exhausting few days.

ROBUSTELLI

(LAUGHS HEARTILY)

Yes! Of course. A time machine is not meant to be used so extensively.

MARY

How do you know about that?

ROBUSTELLI

Ah, I believe your dragon friend knows the answer to that.

MARY

Fig?

FIGMENT

These were the people in the portrait I found. The one with SMRT-1.

ROBUSTELLI

SMRT-1, yes. A precocious little know-it-all.

BUZZY

(WHISPERS TO FIGMENT)

There's a mummy in the corner.

MARY

You're working with him?

ROBUSTELLI

Working with him? Him? Have you ever met him?

MARY

Once or twice. He's running some operation on this island, and everyone seems to be in on it.

She looks at the other members.

MARY (CONT'D)

Unless I'm wrong.

ROBUSTELLI

You're not wrong at all. That little robot has been sticking his servos into every pie possible since he first got here. That was thirty years ago. He's been in constant communication with us, promising all sorts of things with our cooperation... So far that cooperation has amounted to little more than silence.

MARY

Why play along?

Robustelli thinks...then shrugs.

ROBUSTELLI

He seems to know things. Things about our future. If he thinks he can correct the past, he's sorely mistaken...but correcting one's past is different from fixing one's future.

FIGMENT

Who's future is he fixing this time?

ROBUSTELLI

That of Pleasure himself. He built this island to be a hub of innovation...travel, science, technology, culture. Does that sound familiar to you?

FIGMENT

Another EPCOT?

ROBUSTELLI

(SMILES)

Think bigger, my friend.

BUZZY
Two other EPCOTS?

MARY
Whatever he's offering you, you
have to remember what's at stake.
He's already changed the past for
his benefit.

ROBUSTELLI
Yes, yes. You're right. I've known
for too long, but now... What can
we do to stop it?

BUZZY
Have you tried stopping it?

ROBUSTELLI
Like I said, too many pies. If you
want to really stop him, you'd have
to go far back enough for it to
matter.

MARY
We don't have that choice. Our
machine is broken. It took us here
randomly.

ROBUSTELLI
Did it? After all that's happened
to you, you still believe in
chance? Blind luck?

MARY
We wouldn't be here without it.

Robustelli sighs. Nods.

ROBUSTELLI
Fine. Henry?

HENRY MYSTIC points at a table nearby with a map of the
island.

MYSTIC
You need to go to the new
Soundstage. That's where you'll
find your answers.

FIGMENT
That's opening tonight, right? How
can we get in?

ROBUSTELLI

We will give you safe passage to the B.E.T. Soundstage. I just don't see the use, since all this damage is already done.

MARY

There's always time for a little more damage. Thank you for your help.

She begins to stand, but Robustelli stops her.

ROBUSTELLI

Wait. Before you go.

MARY OCEANEER stands behind Figment, HENRY MYSTIC behind Buzzy and CHARLTON TABORET behind Mary. They perform a knight's accolade on their shoulders.

ROBUSTELLI (CONT'D)

By the power vested in me, you are now officially members of the Society of Explorers and Adventurers.

Figment smiles.

ROBUSTELLI (CONT'D)

There's a whole song, but you don't really have time right now, do you?

The group rises to their feet.

MARY

Thank you. We'll make you proud.

Jason shows them the door. As they leave, Robustelli calls:

ROBUSTELLI

Keep that time machine in good hands. It may be broken, but it's still priceless to him.

Mary starts to question him, but is gently herded through the door. Robustelli grins.

INT. COMEDY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Sonny hides behind a row of chairs, watching the SCIENTIST emcee on stage.

SCIENTIST

How many people in here are on vacation?

(APPLAUSE)

Love to hear it. Alright, tonight's show will be entirely improvised, meaning "all made-up." We have our cast here...

He introduces the other players, who all wave at the audience.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Okay, so we have a phone in the corner there --

The SCIENTIST spots Sonny in the audience.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

You!

Sonny looks around. The Scientist grins.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Folks, please welcome to the stage, a veteran of the improv arts...this alien thing!

He gestures for the spotlight to hit Sonny. Applause as Sonny tentatively stands and waves. He is ushered to the stage.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Do we have a suggestion for a place?

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1

Lake Tahoe!

SCIENTIST

I heard "secret location where your friends are being held against their will." Let's do that.

Sonny sweats. The Scientist whispers in his ear:

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Good luck getting to your friends now.

Sonny imagines FIGMENT:

THOUGHT BUBBLE FIGMENT

Just use your imagination! Anything is possible!

Sonny takes a deep breath, then smiles confidently.

SONNY
Let's do this.

EXT. COMEDY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE: THREE MINUTES LATER

Sonny is shoved through the exit of the club. Boos can be heard behind him.

SONNY
Whatever, losers! I have more
imagination in my little finger
than you have in your...dumb...
Man, I should take improv classes.

FIGMENT (O.S.)
Sonny? Using imagination?

Sonny turns to see Mary, Figment and Buzzy smiling at him.

SONNY
Oh, no. You guys are ghosts, aren't
you?

MARY
You wish. Thanks for bailing, by
the way. Where are your new
buddies?

SONNY
Hanging out with L.F.O. I met your
Scientist friend. Nice guy.

BUZZY
He's good at moonwalking.

FIGMENT
Come on! We got access to a secret
entrance to the new Soundstage. We
gotta go!

SONNY
What are you talking about?

MARY
There's a B.E.T. Soundstage that
opened tonight. It used to be the
island greenhouse. SMRT-1 has
something to do with it.

SONNY
Wait, B.E.T.? Like Brain
Exploration Technologies?

MARY
...No?

SONNY
That sneaky automaton! Come on,
let's go!

They all run off towards...

INT. BET SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

CUE MUSIC: "BRAND NUBIAN," BRAND NUBIAN.

The newly-opened B.E.T. Soundstage is packed like a sardine tin, and more guests are entering every few minutes.

Among the crowd, celebrities like Robert Townsend and Tyson Beckford mingle with other celebrities like Malik Yoba and Keith Sweat. Onstage, DJ Kool spins while a crowd dances and claps along.

A side door opens and Mary, Figment, Sonny and Buzzy poke their heads out.

SONNY
Now this is my kind of party!

DJ
(TO CROWD)
Alright, everybody keep that energy
up! Keep sweating! We got Destiny's
Child in the house tonight!

The crowd goes wild.

SONNY
I don't see what any of this has to
do with brain exploration.

MARY
Why do you keep saying that?

SONNY
I told you. When we were at the
M.E.T. Lab, I saw a video
explaining the merger between
Cranium Command and M.E.T. They
were going to call it B.E.T.

MARY
That's stupid.

An INTERVIEWER with a CAMERAMAN jumps the group. Their faces are broadcast on SCREENS all over the soundstage.

INTERVIEWER
Hello, hello, hello, welcome to the
B.E.T. Soundstage! Trivia time! Can
you tell me who Will Smith is
married to?

BUZZY
DJ Jazzy Jeff.

The crowd boos.

INTERVIEWER
Aw, better luck next time!

Buzzy shrugs.

SONNY
I would have said the same thing.

Mary grabs the Interviewer before he leaves.

MARY
Hey! I have a question for you.
What does B.E.T. stand for?

INTERVIEWER
Being the pre-eminent entertainment
brand serving African Americans and
consumers of Black culture
globally, of course.

MARY
No, I mean the acronym. Is it Black
Entertainment Television?

His eyes go shifty. He backs away.

MARY (CONT'D)
See, you're doing the shifty-eye
while you back away. That's not a
good sign.

A BOUNCER puts his hand on her shoulder.

BOUNCER
Come with me please.

MARY
What? Why?

BOUNCER
Just come with me.

INT. BET SOUNDSTAGE BACK OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Bouncer leads the group through the back-of-house of the Soundstage. Sonny taps Mary's arm.

SONNY
What's the plan if things get hairy?

MARY
I don't know, you seem to have your own plans in those situations.

SONNY
What does that mean?

MARY
It means that if you're going to leave your friends behind, you need a good reason to do it, Sonny.

Sonny stops for a moment to let that sink in. The Bouncer opens a door, and leads them to the Manager's Office...

INT. BET SOUNDSTAGE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They are greeted not by SMRT-1, but PLANET HOLLYWOOD.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Evening, folks!

BUZZY
SMRT-1! You became a real boy!

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
(CHUCKLING)
I'm not SMRT-1.

The Bouncer releases them.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)
I've been hearing quite a bit about you all.

MARY

Knock it off. What's going on here?
Where's the robot?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

I haven't a clue what you're
talking about. Why are you snooping
around my club?

FIGMENT

We were just asking what the name
stood for.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Well, Black Entertainment
Television, of course. I don't
quite understand why that matters.

Mary gets an idea.

MARY

You know, you're right. I guess it
is stupid of us to even doubt the
legitimacy of an operation like
this. I mean, if Destiny Child is
here...

He smiles.

MARY (CONT'D)

Say, you wouldn't happen to know
Kelly Rowland's birthday, would
you?

His smile fades. He starts to sweat.

MARY (CONT'D)

I feel like it's around August...

He grits his teeth.

MARY (CONT'D)

I guess it's a mystery.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

February eleventh! Dang it!

BUZZY

(GASPS)

It is you!

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

You caught me. Congratulations.

SONNY

(DISGUSTED)

What on earth are you doing?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

After you all ruined my plans for M.E.T., I took my idea to the next logical plane. It took some time for things to align, but I knew this Soundstage would be the perfect cover.

FIGMENT

You're still messing with people's minds?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Mind control is just a step in my plan. A small step, but necessary.

SONNY

What kind of plan has "mind control" as a small step?

MARY

Okay. Putting aside the troubling implications of...all of this, what made you think you wouldn't get caught?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Who's going to catch me? I own this land. I helped turned this island from a hurricane wreck into a bustling pleasure paradise!

MARY

With secret jet planes and mind control?

He shows them a series of BLUEPRINTS on the walls. Front-and-center is the JET PLANE.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

The jet plane at the beach club is our new vehicle. Buzzy, imagine piloting one of these from a central sulcus all the way to a temporal lobe!

BUZZY

No way! No more fixed positioning?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

A thing of the past. We use the Maxwell's Demon as our loading platform. Plenty of canvases from the sailmaking factories give us all the privacy we need. The rest of the clubs help run supplies back and forth.

FIGMENT

What about the Artificial Intelligence?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Like I said...mind control is just one small step. None of my plans mean anything without that time machine of yours. Now, I have you right where I want you.

SONNY

Do you, though? You know the time machine doesn't even work.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Not now. Once I connect myself to the rest of me, the machine can be restored. It will be the crown jewel.

FIGMENT

Crown jewel of what?

Planet Hollywood pulls away a curtain, revealing more blueprints...for EPCOT '94.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Where it all went wrong. I get the time machine, fix it, and bring it into the past to bring EPCOT into the future she deserves. Once we have that foundation... Well, I'm sure you can figure it out.

BUZZY

(EYES SHIFT)

Uh, yeah. I already have.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD

Now... Give me the time machine.

MARY

No.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
You can't escape. Give in!

Figment closes his eyes and hums.

MARY
Fig?

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
What's he doing?

FIGMENT
I'm imagining.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Imagining what?

FIGMENT
Us escaping.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
(CHUCKLES)
Okay?

Figment continues to hum with his eyes shut.

FIGMENT
Imagine with me, guys!

SONNY
Fig, this is stupid.

Sonny looks -- Mary and Buzzy have their eyes closed, too.

SONNY (CONT'D)
This is so stupid!

MARY
Sonny, close your eyes.

BUZZY
Yeah, use your imagination!

SONNY
Ugh, fine!

He shuts his eyes. The room begins to RUMBLE.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
What's going on?

FIGMENT
Keep imagining!

The rumbling grows louder, and the blueprints begin to fall from the walls. The group hums in unison, and a great burst of LIGHT flashes.

The TIME MACHINE appears. Figment, Mary and Buzzy race to it, but Planet Hollywood's Bodyguard intervenes, blocking them off.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD
Don't move another muscle.

He steps on the Time Machine and plugs himself into the console.

BUZZY
We can't let him get away!

FIGMENT
What do we do?

Sonny looks at the group, then at the Time Machine. He releases the remote. Sonny sighs, then ducks between the Bodyguard's legs and makes a run for it.

MARY
Sonny! What are you doing?!

SONNY
Taking a page from Buzzy's
playbook!

He jumps onto the time machine as it begins to glow.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Take care of Figment for me!

The time machine explodes with light, then disappears, leaving a smoldering circle in its wake. Sonny's gone.

Figment kneels in the circle.

FIGMENT
He was just here.

Mary rests her hand on his shoulder.

BUZZY
What do we do now?

CUE MUSIC: "ARE YOU JIMMY RAY?" JIMMY RAY.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT III

STINGER

INT. ADVENTURER'S CLUB - NIGHT

The members of the Adventurer's Club clean up after their night.

MYSTIC

Do you think they'll take care of
that robot?

ROBUSTELLI

I should hope so.

Jason watches nervously. He doesn't like this.

ROBUSTELLI (CONT'D)

When they do...we'll be ready for
our time in the sun.

Robustelli smiles, wickedly.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW

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