

STEP IN TIME II

Episode III
"The Back Side of Water"

Written by

Tucker Ford

COLD OPEN

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Sonny, Figment and Buzzy wake and stretch. Sonny hits his head on a BUNDLE OF CANDLES tied together, hanging from the ceiling.

SONNY

What the...?

He looks around: the entire room is wall-to-wall candles.

BUZZY

(GASPS)

Whose birthday is it?

SONNY

It's nobody's birthday. We must be in a candle store or something.

FIGMENT

I picked it.

SONNY

Well let's leave it. It smells like old people in here.

CANDLE MAN

Don't forget to buy a candle!

A CANDLE SELLER dressed in Dickensian clothes POPS OUT from behind the counter. Buzzy and Sonny SCREAM.

FIGMENT

Who are you?

CANDLE MAN

I run this business! Sellin' candles is what I do, here's a candle just for you.

He impales a CANDLE on one of Figment's horns.

SONNY

I don't need one.

Another CANDLE goes straight up Sonny's nose. The Candle Man kindly hands a final CANDLE to Buzzy.

CANDLE MAN

Thank you for you service.

Buzzy salutes dutifully.

CANDLE MAN (CONT'D)

Off you go.

Sonny tries to blow the candle from his nose but accidentally inhales it, choking him briefly.

SONNY

Don't you care what we're doing here? Sleeping among your candlery?

CANDLE MAN

I figured you were in mourning. The smell of tallow is soothing for sadness.

FIGMENT

Sadness?

SONNY

Mourning?

BUZZY

Candles?
(looks around)
Oh, right.

CANDLE MAN

Yeah, y'all look pathetic.

FIGMENT

Listen, it's hard to explain, but could you tell us the year?

CANDLE MAN

That's not a weird question at all. It's 1964.

BUZZY

Of course! I sensed a certain turbulence.

CANDLE MAN

Now scoot! I gotta open up soon.

SONNY

(SCOFFS)
Yeah? All those crowds, I bet.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Figment, Buzzy and Sonny exit the shop & turn a small corner to reach Main Street. There's a massive LINE OF PEOPLE waiting for the Candle Shop to open.

SONNY

Well, I'll be.

BUZZY

Hey! They have a Main Street too!

SONNY

A little small, isn't it? Like
"Main Alleyway."

FIGMENT

Show some respect, Sonny.

SONNY

To a street?

The various SHOPS open for business, awing the trio. Lights turn on and animated window displays come to life, set to...

CUE MUSIC: "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE," DAVID WHITFIELD.

END COLD OPEN

ACT I**INT. CARNATION PLAZA GARDENS - DAY**

Sonny, Figment and Buzzy sit at a wrought-iron table under the large canopy of Carnation Plaza Gardens. They look depressed. Buzzy idly pokes at a HOT DOG with a fork.

BUZZY

Sonny, do you want my hot dog?

SONNY

For the seventh time, yes.

Buzzy sighs and continues to poke at the hot dog.

BUZZY

Are we ever going home?

FIGMENT

Of course we are. We just need a plan.

SONNY

How's that coming along?

FIGMENT

I'm the one who's supposed to come up with a plan?

SONNY

That's your thing, isn't it? The power and wonder of imagination?

BUZZY

Yeah, snap your fingers or something! Make us go back!

FIGMENT

That's not how imagination works.

BUZZY

Well, can you at least make me imagine I'm back?

SONNY

I'll field this one, Fig.
(to Buzzy)
Close your eyes.

Buzzy closes his eyes.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 "Let's go see Figment! He's
 everyone's favorite!"

BUZZY
 Wow. It's like I'm there.

FIGMENT
 I'm not everyone's favorite. I
 don't even know what that means!

SONNY
 It means we need a plan. You got us
 into this mess, now get us out!

FIGMENT
 I didn't get us into anything!

BUZZY
 Am I still imagining?

SONNY
 (REALIZING)
 Wait a second!

Sonny grabs Buzzy's hand and jiggles it.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 Come on!

FIGMENT
 What are you doing?

SONNY
 Haven't you been paying attention?
 Buzzy's hands do that glowy thing
 and then we're taken on a thrilling
 adventure that we regret forever?

BUZZY
 Your hands are so sweaty.

Sonny lets go of Buzzy.

SONNY
 You'd know all about that, wouldn't
 you?

FIGMENT
 Sonny, you're spiraling.

Sonny glares at Figment, spirals in his eyes.

SONNY

I am not! If anything, I'm
stumbling onto a plan.

BUZZY

What's the plan?

SONNY

We sell Buzzy to circus folk.

FIGMENT

No!

SONNY

Let me finish! We sell him to
circus folk and use the money to
fly back home. We can fly PanAm!

BUZZY

You might be onto something here.

FIGMENT

We don't sell anyone.

SONNY

Classic Figment. Always wantin' to
not sell someone.

BUZZY

Guys?

Buzzy points across the water towards the Castle hub:

VICTOR ROBUSTELLI strides towards them. A group of tourists
blocks his eyeline for a moment -- once they're gone, so are
Buzzy, Figment and Sonny.

Robustelli approaches their table and examines the remains: a
HOT DOG SCULPTURE left by Buzzy. He casually glances around,
in case they're close by, then quickly eats the hot dog.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY

The trio hides inside the Main Street Opera House, catching
their breath.

SONNY

I can't believe I ran that far.

BUZZY

You didn't. I gave you a piggyback
ride the whole way.

SONNY
It still counts as running for me.
(beat)
Where are we?

Figment points at a sign: "MAIN STREET OPERA HOUSE."

BUZZY
Oh, the opera! How delightful!

He reaches in his pocket and removes a pair of OPERA GLASSES.

SONNY
Hey, I want a pair!

BUZZY
I'll share with you.

SONNY
(sullen)
That's not the same.

An USHER announces:

USHER
Ladies and gentlemen, please step
into the auditorium for an
incredible experience!

The trio enters the theater and the doors close.

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Figment, Sonny and Buzzy are the only ones inside. Sonny and Buzzy share the opera glasses. The NARRATOR:

NARRATOR
And now, prepare yourselves for
Abraham Lincoln!

A swelling choral arrangement fills the room as the curtains onstage are raised, revealing a SLEEPING LINCOLN.

LINCOLN
(snores)

BUZZY
What the heck is this?

Buzzy chucks the opera glasses at Lincoln.

BUZZY (CONT'D)
I didn't pay to watch you sleep!

FIGMENT

Buzzy!

Lincoln is jolted awake. He clears his throat.

LINCOLN

Who are you and seven years ago?

FIGMENT

We're friends! You may not know this, but we've met you before. In Florida.

LINCOLN

Florida? Those Confederate beef-stockers? I'll reconstruct them yet!

SONNY

Right...
(sotto, to Figment)
He's crazy.

FIGMENT

Mister Lincoln --

LINCOLN

Mister Lincoln was my father.
Please, call me Mister Lincoln's son.

Figment and Sonny share a look.

FIGMENT

(clearing throat)
Mister Lincoln's son --

LINCOLN

Yes?

FIGMENT

We're in a bit of a jam, and you're the closest thing to a friend that we have here. This may sound crazy, but we're from a different time and place. And there are some people who want us to stay that way.

LINCOLN

Are they the sow's ears who shot Elijah Lovejoy?

SONNY

I don't think so?

LINCOLN

Well, I can't help you. My duty is here, to the people.

BUZZY

There are lots of people outside, too.

LINCOLN

What?

Lincoln stands and walks towards the exit. Fiment and Sonny rush to stop him.

FIGMENT

Wait! You can't just go outside!

LINCOLN

Why is that?

FIGMENT

There are rules.

LINCOLN

Rules? Against what?

SONNY

Here we go.

LINCOLN

Against freedom? Choice? Liberty? Well, as long as I'm President, I will defend our inalienable rights! No matter what those copperheads Mullaly and Pomeroy write about me!

SONNY

But you aren't President.

FIGMENT

Sonny!

SONNY

What? He needs to know!

FIGMENT

He has to be ready!

LINCOLN

Did you just say I'm not President?

SONNY

I... No. I said you aren't present. Get in the now, Abraham!

BUZZY

Uh, Sonny? You said he wasn't
President. I was listening.

Sonny and Figment squint at Buzzy.

LINCOLN

So, they've ousted me. Who was it?
Frémont?

SONNY

Lyndon Johnson.

FIGMENT

Are you making that up?

SONNY

No, I just know my Presidents.

LINCOLN

Silence!

SONNY

Hey, who do you think you are?

LINCOLN

If I'm not President... Then I must
become President and fulfill my
destiny.

FIGMENT

Your destiny is to stay here and
educate the people.

LINCOLN

And when I tell them about my
Presidency, I'd lie? Never! I want
to meet this Lyndon Johnson. I want
to challenge him to a race!

SONNY

Okay... Figment, any ideas here?

BUZZY

I'm Lyndon Johnson!

FIGMENT

No you're not.
(to Lincoln)
He's not.

SONNY

Yes, he is!

FIGMENT

Sonny, we can't lie --

SONNY

Lie down and let someone else hog the spotlight from President Lincoln? I agree!

LINCOLN

(to Buzzy)

Mister Johnson, I'd like an emergency Presidential race. You and me. For the Presidency. To be President.

BUZZY

And what does the winner get?

FIGMENT

It's an election, Buzzy. A Presidential race.

BUZZY

Aw, man. I thought it was a helicopter race.

SONNY

Why would it be a helicopter race?

BUZZY

Because I've never been in one.

The USHER pops their head through the door.

USHER

Next show in five, Mister President.

LINCOLN

Thanks, Terry. We have an audience.

SONNY

And we're out of time. Mister President, we should probably be leaving --

FIGMENT

Wait, Sonny!

Figment pulls him aside.

FIGMENT (CONT'D)

We have to fix what happened with Mister Lincoln.

SONNY

No, we have to fix the real thing that's out there! Remember last time? There's a spark we have to help.

FIGMENT

Right, but that doesn't mean anything if we're ruining other things while we're here!

SONNY

Fine! You can stay and have your little debate. I'm going to find out what we're here for.

He starts to leave, but Figment stops him.

FIGMENT

No, don't go alone! What happens if you get caught?

SONNY

I'll be fine. But if I'm not back in an hour, then I've been horribly murdered. Bye, Buzzy! I mean, Lyndon!

LINCOLN

Where's he going?

FIGMENT

He's going to do something very brave. Good luck Sonny!

INT. OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny shuts the door to the theater.

SONNY

Good. I'd rather die than watch a Presidential debate.

A HIPPIE next to Sonny claps.

HIPPIE

Right on, man.

Sonny rolls his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT II**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Sonny walks down Main Street, alone.

SONNY

Okay, let's see. There has to be something here that's out of place.

He looks at the MAIN STREET TOBACCO SHOP.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Maybe...

He looks at the UPJOHN PHARMACY. A PHARMACIST outside yells:

PHARMACIST

Drugs here! Come get your drugs!

SONNY

Getting warmer.

He sees the CANDLE MAN approaching, with candles in hand. Sonny YELPS and runs the opposite way, into Adventureland.

INT. TIKI ROOM - DAY

Sonny pokes his head in, then enters the room.

SONNY

Hello? Tiki Birds?

FRITZ, a German bird, descends from above on a perch.

FRITZ

Hey! Are you here for the show?

SONNY

No. I'm looking for something.

FRITZ

Ah, but you look in here. Did something in here call to you?

SONNY

Yes. Safety from candles.

PIERRE, a French bird, descends.

PIERRE

Oh, do not lie. You have a song in your heart!

SONNY

I -- What?

JOSE and MICHAEL descend.

JOSÉ

A song in the heart is no good in the head!

MICHAEL

Yes! Join us and sing your song!

The birds all SQUAWK and CHIRP, their mechanical systems loudly whirring and clicking.

SONNY

Listen, we actually know each other from a different time. You all are not fans of my music. You told me yourselves.

PIERRE

Ah, but we're not quite the same, are we?

SONNY

Well, you're a lot more...I want to say "clickier."

JOSÉ

Don't be scared! Sing with us!

FRITZ

Ja! Join ze band!

SONNY

You want me to join your band?

The birds loudly squawk and click.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I mean...that's nice but...

(beat)

I have to go.

He quickly leaves, shutting the door behind him.

FRITZ

What kind of bird was he?

JOSÉ
Bird? What's a bird?

EXT. TIKI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sonny walks away from the Tiki Room, then stops in his tracks.

SONNY
Wait. What's wrong with me? I got a gig!

He turns back to the Tiki Room and sees ROBUSTELLI walking towards him.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Oh no!

He runs in the opposite direction. Robustelli follows.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY

The theater is crowded. Figment is sitting at the front, at his own small table, before the stage.

Onstage, Buzzy and Lincoln stand at podiums.

FIGMENT
Okay, first question. Mister Lincoln: How do you feel about America?

LINCOLN
The beauty. The grandeur. The magnificence.

The crowd goes wild.

FIGMENT
Buzzy, same question.

BUZZY
I've had it up to here! Burn it all down! Start over!
(BEAT)
What was the question again?

Lincoln chuckles.

LINCOLN
(TO HIMSELF)
Lincoln, ya got this in the bag.

The doors open. The crowd exits.

BUZZY

How are we supposed to debate when people keep coming and going? I'm getting my talking points mixed up.

He looks at his NOTECARDS. One reads "PASTA." The other reads "MUMMIES - SCARY?"

FIGMENT

I think we're about ready to call it. Lincoln wins, right?

Buzzy half-heartedly chants in agreement.

LINCOLN

No, no, no! This isn't democracy! The people must choose!

FIGMENT

But we did! You're president. Congratulations!

BUZZY

Democracy!

LINCOLN

It's not democracy. Heck, it's more like a plutocracy!

Buzzy GASPS.

FIGMENT

Fine, what do you propose?

LINCOLN

We let the next crowd pick.

BUZZY

But only the rich ones, right?

LINCOLN

No, you fool! The people built this place. Not ideas, not money. People. So let the people choose.

BUZZY

(GROANS)

But they're so bad at it!

LINCOLN

The only thing "bad" here is the attempted defenestration of democracy. And the smell.

Figment sniffs.

EXT. ADVENTURELAND - DAY

Sonny swiftly moves through the foot traffic in Adventureland, checking over his shoulder for Robustelli.

SONNY

(to himself)

Did I lose him? Is he gone?

He looks up and sees the SWISS FAMILY TREEHOUSE. He grins.

SONNY (CONT'D)

This may work.

INT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny struggles to climb the steps to the Treehouse.

SONNY

Nine-hundred ninety-nine...

(TAKES A STEP)

One thousand!

He turns and realizes he's only on the third step.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Dang it.

He spots ROBUSTELLI nearby, looking in the opposite direction.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Agh!

He grabs a TOURIST.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Carry me up the stairs. Please! You have to help me!

TOURIST

No.

SONNY

Come on, I'm small! I'll cling to
your back like a newborn sloth!

The TOURIST leaves.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Please!

He takes a deep breath.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Fine. I guess it's up to me.

He takes a step... Then SLIPS. He careens over the side and
lands on the massive WATER WHEEL powering the Treehouse.

The wheel sends him slowly upwards. He rolls off and lays on
the floor, then locks eyes with the Tourist from earlier:

SONNY (CONT'D)

(WEARILY)

I made it...And it's all...Your
fault.

He hears a PIANO playing in the distance.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Eh?

He sits up and listens. It's a short tune, on repeat.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Piano! The language of the people!

TOURIST

Actually, language is the language
of the people.

SONNY

You're just no help, y'know that?

Sonny gets up and walks towards the music.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOTHER sits at the piano, playing the tune over and over.
It's a few bars of upbeat music.

Sonny enters and listens until she sees him in a mirror. She
stops and turns.

MOTHER

Well, hello! You must be the space alien everyone's been talking about.

SONNY

Everyone's talking about me?

MOTHER

No. I just defuse horror with humor. I'm in shock right now, just looking at you.

SONNY

You'll get over that. Everyone does.

He shakes her hand.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Sonny Eclipse. Lounge singer.

MOTHER

Mother. Music room singer.

SONNY

Your name is Mother?

MOTHER

Says so on my birth certificate. They wanted "Martha" but there were too many at the time.

SONNY

Name rationing, eh? They did that on my planet for a while. I was supposed to be "Sunny" with a U. Can you imagine?

They laugh.

MOTHER

I can.

SONNY

What are you playing?

MOTHER

Oh, this? Well, it was a piano before our ship wrecked. Now it's a piano that's soggy.

She hits an F-Sharp. A FISH explodes from the frame.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

See?

SONNY

Oh, that's normal. Us musicians call it "playing fish."

MOTHER

No you don't.

SONNY

No we don't. Do you know any tunes?

MOTHER

Not really, just part of "Yankee Doodle."

SONNY

You mean "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Mother begins to play:

MOTHER

(SINGING)

I'm a Yankee Doodle --

She stops abruptly.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I had to stop learning that one, on account of our ship crashing. If only I could finish learning it...

Sonny thinks, hearing the Tiki Birds' voices:

FRITZ (V.O.)

Help the fraulein, Sonny!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(GERMAN ACCENT)

Ja! Help her!

FRITZ (V.O.)

Wait, wait. I'm the German. Why do you have that accent? You're Irish.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(IRISH ACCENT)

I just wanted to see how it felt.

SONNY

(CHUCKLES)

You birds are stupid.

Mother stares at him.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY

The crowd inside the theater hands slips of paper to the end of each row. Figment collects the slips.

FIGMENT

Thanks, everyone! Remember, one candidate per slip, and one vote per person!

LINCOLN

Just like the Constitution says.

BUZZY

What's a Constitution?

Lincoln smiles and winks at Buzzy.

LINCOLN

Good race, friend.

Figment tabulates the votes.

FIGMENT

Okay, it looks like Buzzy has one vote...

BUZZY

How long will it take for the full count?

FIGMENT

Oh, I already counted. You have one vote.

LINCOLN

Ha! You lose, little boy!

FIGMENT

It looks like Lincoln has...no votes.

LINCOLN

What? How? What did everyone vote for?

Figment shuffles through the slips.

FIGMENT

Blank... Blank... Mad Magazine
fold-in... Blank... Whatever this
is.

He holds one up with a "KILROY WAS HERE" drawing.

BUZZY

Ha! That looks like Ziggy!

LINCOLN

I just don't understand. What
happened to this country?

BUZZY

(SHRUGS)

Taxes?

Lincoln sighs deeply.

LINCOLN

Congratulations, Buzzy. I should
go.

He heads for the exit, but Figment heads him off.

FIGMENT

Wait! You can't go! You're the real
president. This election was just
to make you feel better!

LINCOLN

Well, it didn't. This is the worst
time in a theater that I will ever
have. Good day, gentlemen.

He leaves.

BUZZY

Wow, President Buzzy. My first
order of business: Can I see that
MAD Magazine fold-in?

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT II

ACT III**INT. TREEHOUSE - DAY**

Sonny and Mother sit and play piano together.

SONNY AND MOTHER

(SINGING)

Yankee Doodle came to London/just
to ride the ponies/I am a Yankee
Doodle boy!

They finish, and Mother claps.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Delightful! Absolutely delightful.
You say you're a professional?

SONNY

Eh. I used to think that I was.

MOTHER

Used to?

SONNY

Well, I haven't written anything
new in a long time. I have my
little book of ideas, but it's
blank. All I've been good for are
cover songs.

MOTHER

I understand.

They share a silence.

SONNY

I've been thinking about quitting.

MOTHER

What? No!

SONNY

It's true. I've been playing at the
same spot for almost thirty years,
and still haven't caught my big
break. It gets exhausting
sometimes, you know? Always
wondering if you've made a mistake.

MOTHER

I've made mistakes, too. Life would
be so boring without them.

(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I used to think this shipwreck was a mistake, but then I realized that life is one big shipwreck. You pull the pieces you can, and make something out of them. This wreck saved me. Maybe you need a shipwreck, Sonny.

SONNY

Maybe. What do I do?

MOTHER

Keep working. You taught me how to play a song today. That's a song I'll never forget, because of you.

SONNY

Yeah... Maybe I need a new shipwreck. A change in perspective.

MOTHER

Whatever you do, you'll be good at it.

(BEAT)

Now, I'm making monkey burgers for dinner. Do you want to stay?

SONNY

Uh...I ate already. Yesterday. But thank you for the offer. I should go find my friends.

MOTHER

The next time I see you, I want to see a full book of ideas!

They hug.

SONNY

Thanks, Mother. I'll see you around.

Sonny departs. The TOURIST stands nearby:

TOURIST

That was your son?

EXT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny bounds down the stairs, but is quickly GRABBED by a TALL MAN IN A PITH HELMET.

ALBERT
 Ah, just the specimen I've been
 looking for!

He carries Sonny away.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Figment and Buzzy search for Lincoln together.

BUZZY
 Where could he be? It's not like
 he's blending in somewhere.

They see a MAN in a stovepipe hat nearby. They approach him,
 but it's just former President HARRY TRUMAN.

FIGMENT
 Wrong President.

TRUMAN
 (sadly)
 That's what they all say.

They continue the search.

BUZZY
 How could you let him lose?

FIGMENT
 What do you mean? It was voted on,
 fair and square!

BUZZY
 Yeah, but you could have lied and
 said he won.

FIGMENT
 But then I'd be lying. It defeats
 the whole point.

BUZZY
 Figment, I love you. But we both
 know your zest for childlike
 morality and whimsical virtue are a
 hindrance to this mission.

FIGMENT
 Where did that come from?

BUZZY
 It was on the MAD Magazine fold-
 out. See?

He holds it up: It's a drawing of a lightbulb with the word "FISSION" on the fold line. He unfolds it to reveal the full message.

FIGMENT

Huh. That's pretty good.

INT. JUNGLE CRUISE BOAT - DAY

A BAG comes off of Sonny's head.

SONNY

Agh! Where am I?

The DRIVER of the boat steers silently. Sonny can barely see their face.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Hello? Who are you?

ALBERT

Name's Falls. Albert Falls. I'll be your Skipper today. Don't scream, or I'll put the bag back.

Sonny screams.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I said don't scream!

SONNY

Sorry, I misheard.

EXT. PLAZA GARDENS - DAY

Buzzy and Figment look around.

FIGMENT

That scream! That was --

BUZZY

Sonny! He screams like that whenever you mention **foreign film night!**

INT. JUNGLE CRUISE BOAT - DAY

Sonny screams again.

SONNY

Sorry, I thought I heard something about German movies.

ALBERT

No, fool! I was explaining my story to you in vivid detail.

SONNY

Who are you again?

ALBERT

Albert Falls! I discovered this place.

SONNY

Which part?

ALBERT

Oh, you'll see.

(CACKLES)

You'll see!

BUZZY

See what?

Albert turns and sees Figment and Buzzy onboard.

ALBERT

What the -- how did you get here?

BUZZY

We heard Sonny screaming like it's German movie night.

Sonny SCREAMS.

ALBERT

Well, this worked out nicely. I was just supposed to get one of you.

FIGMENT

One of us? You're with SEA, aren't you?

ALBERT

Boy, I am SEA. It wouldn't exist if not for my adventurous spirit and explorer's mind. And my millions of dollars for equipment, and living quarters, and birthday laser tag.

BUZZY
 (GASPS)
 Birthday laser tag? Does each shot
 make you older?

FIGMENT
 That would be spooky!

ALBERT
 Stop talking! I'm here to send
 you...over the falls!

He slows to a stop at the edge of a massive WATERFALL.

SONNY
 (SCOFFS)
 Big deal. We can swim.

ALBERT
 But can you swim...with those?

At the base of the waterfall are several hungry CROCODILES.

BUZZY
 Big deal! Crocodiles love us!

ALBERT
 But do they love you still?

The crocodiles are watching a projected MOVIE. There are drawings of Buzzy, Sonny and Figment and the title "EATING WITHOUT GUILT." The crocodiles hiss and nod at each other.

FIGMENT
 Why does SEA want us gone?

ALBERT
 Because you're mucking up the
 works! We've been at the edge of
 greatness for decades, and our
 progress has been sufficiently
 impeded by you three. Now, jump
 that waterfall!

Sonny, Figment and Buzzy nervously look at each other as Albert prepares to push them overboard.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 When you hit the falls, tell 'em
 Albert sent ya!

He KICKS them off the ship, and they land in the water, rushing towards the waterfall.

SONNY

Well, I guess this is it. Figment,
I just want you to know... I hope
they get full from you alone.

BUZZY

No, I want to get eaten first!

FIGMENT

They'll have to eat the three of us
together.

LINCOLN (O.S.)

Make that four!

They look up and see LINCOLN in the Treehouse above.

FIGMENT

President Lincoln!

LINCOLN

Call me Abe.

Mother pops out from behind him.

SONNY

Mother!

Buzzy and Figment look at Sonny, confused.

MOTHER

Hang on, boys!

She and Lincoln shove her tethered PIANO from the edge of the
platform. It falls into the river below.

The trio climbs aboard the piano. Lincoln and Mother work to
pull them back up.

LINCOLN

This is heavy.

MOTHER

Put your back into it, Lincoln.

They pull the piano and the trio back into the treehouse.

They look down at Falls below. His boat is drifting towards
the waterfall.

ALBERT

I'll get you for this! I--

(REALIZING)

Oh, I should have dropped anchor.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

This was a mistake! Tell my wife I
love --

His boat careens over the edge, disappearing into the mist.

BUZZY

(YELLING)

You love what? Tell you wife you
love what?

FIGMENT

Thanks, Mister Lincoln's son.

LINCOLN

Call me Mister President Lincoln.

BUZZY

But you said --

LINCOLN

I learned something about myself
today, boys. I learned that when
you're meant to do something, you
have to do it. Whether it's being
President, or saving three weird
creatures from death, or --

MOTHER

Or making music.

Sonny smiles.

LINCOLN

Strange example, but sure. Making
music, I guess.

He shakes Figment and Buzzy's hands.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Thank you. Both of you. I've
decided to stay where I'm meant to
be. I hope you all do the same.

Buzzy's HAND starts to glow.

BUZZY

I think we're on the right track!

Sonny and Figment see his hand.

SONNY

Oh, thank goodness. Time to go.

LINCOLN
Will we see you again?

FIGMENT
If we don't screw anything up? Yes.

SONNY
And if we do screw something up,
we're sorry in advance!

Figment and Sonny grab Buzzy's hand.

MOTHER
Bye, Sonny. Thanks again.

SONNY
Thank you, Mother.

BUZZY
Seriously, I'm gonna need an
explanation about --

They're ZAPPED away.

MOTHER
Mister President, would you care
for a monkey burger?

LINCOLN
I've been waiting four score for
someone to ask me that.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

The trio is ZAPPED back to the base of the Treehouse. There's
no one around.

SONNY
Did we do it?

ROBUSTELLI
Yes. You did.

They turn to see ROBUSTELLI standing next to the
DREAMCATCHER.

BUZZY
Figment! That's --

FIGMENT
The Dreamcatcher! What are you
doing with that?

ROBUSTELLI

You three have had such a wonderful time making your little sparks, and ruining my little plans. I thought to myself, why don't I make a spark as good as they do? Then I realized, I was missing something.

He turns some knobs on the Dreamcatcher, and it starts to light up.

FIGMENT

Victor. Don't do this.

SONNY

Do what, Fig?

ROBUSTELLI

Two tiny wings...

FIGMENT

No!

ROBUSTELLI

Eyes sharp and narrow. Horn of a steer, a mischievous fellow.

SONNY

Figment, seriously. What's he doing?

ROBUSTELLI

From head to tail, he's a naughty green pigment. And there! Voila!

SMOKE pours from the machine as it rattles and thumps. The lid EXPLODES, and out comes...

BAD FIGMENT. The same size and shape as our Figment, but green all over, with crazed eyes and bigger wings.

ROBUSTELLI (CONT'D)

My very own Figment.

Robustelli CACKLES. Bad Figment watches him for a moment and cackles too. Figment, Buzzy and Sonny stare in horror.

CUE MUSIC: "NATIONAL EXPRESS," THE DIVINE COMEDY.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT III

STINGER

EXT. JUNGLE CRUISE - NIGHT

Albert is in the Crocodile Lagoon, prepping the projector.

ALBERT
Okay, now this movie is called
"Don't Eat Albert."

One Crocodile SCREAMS.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
I told you, it's not German!

Another Crocodile CHATTERS to Albert.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
No, and it's pronounced "Wim
Wenders."

The Crocodile nods.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW