

INTRO

1. INT. UNDERGROUND DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

CUE: *A Fifth of Beethoven* by Walter Murphy.

From inside a dimly lit, crowded night club, a rusted metal door at the base of a set of dingy stairs, opens. First to enter is CORN POPS (25), stocky build with corn rolls dangling from a leather baseball cap with the bill flipped up. He's wearing low-waisted black jeans, a zip-up jacket, and multiple chains around his neck. Behind him is his best friend GOLD-E-LOCS (22), tall and lanky with his signature large blonde afro that is blown sideways by a fan crudely mounted over the entrance. He's wearing tight black leather pants with animal print accents. The pair form an obscure hip hop duo called Pop-n-Loc or PnL.

The invigorated pair enter shaking hands and greeting the regulars as they make their way through the crowd (evoking *Saturday Night Fever* club scene). A random hand gives them both a drink which they down before handing the empty glass back to a different random hand.

They make their way beside the lively dance floor with flashing lights and a disco ball overhead to a booth where they squeeze beside multifarious PARTIERS already there drinking and smoking.

PARTIER 1

Hey Gold-E, you seen Pauline around here at all?

GOLD-E-LOCS

No, we ain't seen Pauline.

A petite waitress, GABE 22, in a Gatsby cap, silver sequenced vest and tight blue dress riding a skateboard, approaches.

GABE

Hi. What would you like?

CORN POPS

Seven and seven.

GOLD-E-LOCS

I'll take a beer.

PARTIER 2

Vodka and tonic.

Camera shifts to a D.J. (30s) at a turntable with a handle-bar mustache. The music pauses as he removes a record and replaces it with another.

CUE: *Get Lucky* by Daft Punk.

GOLD-E-LOCS
(abruptly stands)
What's this I'm feelin'?

CORN POPS
(stands)
Time to raise the bar.

Hands clapping and heads bobbing, the pair head for the dance floor. Others follow. Gold-E twirls two girls and kisses another before they all form a line of CLUB DANCERS on the multi-colored lit up floor squares.

The D.J. adjusts his head mic and then SINGS.

D.J
LIKE THE LEGEND OF THE PHOENIX, ALL
ENDS WITH BEGINNINGS, WHAT KEEPS
THE PLANET SPINNING, THE FORCE FROM
THE BEGINNING. HUH.

Camera travels through the crowd and stops as Pops and Gold-E lead an updated iconic *Night Fever* choreographed dance number.

CLUB DANCERS
WE'VE COME TOO FAR, TO GIVE UP WHO
WE ARE. SO LET'S RAISE THE BAR, AND
OUR CUPS TO THE STARS.

D.J. (V.O.)
SHE'S UP ALL NIGHT TO THE SUN. I'M
UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME. SHE'S UP
ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN. I'M UP ALL
NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

CLUB DANCERS
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO THE SUN.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

Camera switches to the D.J.

D.J.

THE PRESENT HAS NO RIBBON. YOUR
GIFT KEEPS ON GIVING. WHAT IS THIS
I'M FEELING? IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE
I'M WITH IT.

Camera switches to the dancers.

CLUB DANCERS

WE'VE COME TOO FAR, TO GIVE UP WHO
WE ARE. SO LET'S RAISE THE BAR, AND
OUR CUPS TO THE STARS.

D.J. (V.O.)

SHE'S UP ALL NIGHT TO THE SUN. I'M
UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME. SHE'S UP
ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN. I'M UP ALL
NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

CLUB DANCERS

WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO THE SUN.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

(beat)

WE'VE COME TOO FAR, TO GIVE UP WHO
WE ARE. SO LET'S RAISE THE BAR, AND
OUR CUPS TO THE STARS.

D.J. (V.O.)

SHE'S UP ALL NIGHT TO THE SUN. I'M
UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME. SHE'S UP
ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN. I'M UP ALL
NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

CLUB DANCERS

WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO THE SUN.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET SOME.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT FOR GOOD FUN.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

Camera travels back through the dancers.

CLUB DANCERS (CONT'D)

WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

(MORE)

CLUB DANCERS (CONT'D)
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.
WE'RE UP ALL NIGHT TO GET LUCKY.

Camera travels above the crowd getting closer to the disco ball and eventually disappearing into a blinding light.

END INTRO

ACT 1**2. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

28 years later...

Camera focuses from a blinding overhead light. Unaged and still in their club clothes, Gold-E and Pops are lying on hospital beds (evoking *Party Rock Anthem* video). An ECG BEEPS. Their eyes are held open while a monitor flashes propaganda images of conformity while playing Rudyard Kipling's *Boots* poem.

VOICE

...BOOTS. BOOTS. BOOTS. BOOTS.
 MOVIN' UP AND DOWN AGAIN. THERE'S
 NO DISCHARGE IN THE WAR. SEVEN.
 SIX. ELEVEN. FIVE. NINE AND TWENTY
 MILES TODAY...

Something flashes by the camera. A FLASH bulb goes off and wakes them. They rub their heads. Then they remove their IVs and slip on wild sunglasses from the table tops nearby.

3. EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The pair are standing on the front portico of the hospital looking out upon a street littered with abandoned cars and blowing trash.

A man wearing a green turtle shell backpack, Beenie, shades, and listening to headphones, appears dancing in the middle of the street.

Cue: *Party Rock Anthem* by LMFAO.

They walk down some steps and out into the street.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Hey, man. What you doing?

CORN POPS

Why ain't nobody around?

GOLD-E-LOCS

What's he doing? Dancing?

CORN POPS

(near simultaneously)

Is that the two-step?

GOLD-E-LOCS
 (near simultaneously)
 The Watusi?

Suddenly, a BUSINESSMAN (30s) in a dark suit from the hospital drags them behind a nearby car.

BUSINESSMAN
 (incredulously)
 What is wrong with you boys? Are you insane?

CORN POPS
 What you mean?

GOLD-E-LOCS
 What's goin' on?

The music gets louder as swag HIPSTER DANCERS file into the street.

BUSINESSMAN
 (animated)
 Flash mob. It's The Resistance.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 The what?

BUSINESSMAN
 The Resistance. To The New Order.
 Put these in.
 (hands them each ear
 pieces)
 It'll keep you from hearing the music.

CORN POPS
 But we love the music.

BUSINESSMAN
 This is unauthorized bootleg stuff.
 From before The Awakening. It'll
 get in your bones. And then you
 won't be able to stop yourself.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 What if we don't want to stop
 ourselves?

BUSINESSMAN
 She'll see you. She's got spies
 everywhere.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Who's she?

BUSINESSMAN
The Man.

They both LAUGH.

CORN POPS
A woman called The Man?

BUSINESSMAN
Look. There's no time. Come with me
back inside.

The pair put the ear plugs in. Then they peak over the hood
of the car.

They stand, fixated on the dancers. The businessman tries to
lead them back to the hospital. But they pull away and toss
their ear pieces aside.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
(standing on a car with
hands up)
Party rock!
(echoes)

Random hipster dancers yell YEAH, WOO, LET'S GO, while
dancing on and around the cars.

BUSINESSMAN
(while running away)
Don't say I didn't warn you.

As the dancers form into a group in the center of the
street...

HIPSTER DANCERS
PARTY ROCK IS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT.
EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.
AND WE GON' MAKE YOU LOSE YOUR
MIND.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
WOO!

HIPSTER DANCERS
EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.
PARTY ROCK IS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
OH!

HIPSTER DANCERS
 EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.
 AND WE GON' MAKE YOU LOSE YOUR
 MIND.

The pair start shufflin' toward the dancers who form a circle around them.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
 YEA!

HIPSTER DANCERS
 WE JUST WANNA SEE YOU...

Circle opens.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
 Shake that.

The pair start dancing with the others.

Camera focuses on Pops who dances over to a sidewalk.

CORN POPS
 (raps)
 IN THE CLUB, PARTY ROCK. LOOKING
 FOR YOUR GIRL. SHE'S ON MY JOCK.
 HUH. NON-STOP WHEN WE ON THE SPOT.
 BOOTY MOVING WEIGHT LIKE SHE'S ON
 THE BLOCK.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 WOO!

CORN POPS
 WHERE THE DRANK? I GOTTS TO KNOW.
 TIGHT JEANS, TATTOOS, 'CAUSE I'M
 ROCK N' ROLL. HALF BLACK, HALF
 WHITE, DOMINO. GAININ' MONEY,
 OPRAH, DOUGH.

Camera switches to Gold-E dancing on the opposite sidewalk.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 (raps)
 YO. I'M RUNNIN' THROUGH THE HOES
 LIKE DRANO. I GOT THAT DEVILISH
 FLOW ROCK N' ROLL, NO HALO. WE
 PARTY ROCK! YEA, THAT'S THE CREW
 THAT I'M REPPIN'. ON THE RISE TO
 THE TOP, NO LED IN OUR ZEPPELIN.
 HEY!

Camera pans out as Pops and Gold-E join back up in the middle of the street.

HIPSTER DANCERS AND PNL
PARTY ROCK IS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
WOO!

HIPSTER DANCERS AND PNL
EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
YEAH!

HIPSTER DANCERS AND PNL
AND WE GON' MAKE YOU LOSE YOUR
MIND. EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD
TIME.

Suddenly, a drone speeds over the top of the dancers. The music abruptly stops.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
(shouts)
They found us! Run!

The dancers scatter leaving a bewildered Gold-E and Pops in the middle of the street.

A long-haired man, THE PROPHET (33), dressed in a long cotton *thawb* and sandals appears.

THE PROPHET
(extends his arms to them)
You must come with me.

Still stupefied, the pair follow him to a nearby Blockbuster Video Store.

Flying low down the street, the drone pauses in front of each store except for the Blockbuster.

4. INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO STORE - CONTINUOUS

They continue down an open aisle with wrapped DVDs arranged in alphabetized displays on both sides.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Ain't nobody rent no videos no
more.

THE PROPHET

Exactly. That's why they'd never think to look here.

The Prophet abruptly stops. He thumbs through several videos until he finds what he's looking for. When he lifts the one with a set of suspicious eyes and arms crossed at the wrists titled *1984*, a wall of videos swing open revealing a secret passage.

5. INT. UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT - DAY

Dim lights brighten revealing a room filled with THE SLACKERS lounging on couches. They briefly look up with bloodshot eyes and disheveled hair appearing as though they haven't showered in weeks.

CORN POPS

What's up with them?

THE PROPHET

Rescues. We're working on rehabilitating them.

PnL look at one another and shrug.

The trio continue to a back wall covered by monitors showing different scenes of a perfectly ordered street lined by Classical buildings. Dressed in conservative business attire and neatly groomed, the people are walking with their faces in their cellphones along sidewalks, and obediently crossing streets at crosswalks.

GOLD-E-LOCS

What is that place?

PROPHET

It's known by different names. Shangra-la. Utopia. Xanadu.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Wait. I remember that one.

(lifts his arms and comically mimics Olivia Newton John's sultry dance moves while singing)

A PLACE. WHERE NOBODY DARED TO GO.
THE LOVE THAT WE CAME TO KNOW. THEY
CALL IT, XANADU.

CORN POPS

Don't quit your day job.

THE PROPHET
Neither of you have jobs. Remember?

The pair shrug again.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
Back in my day, they called it
Shambala.

The monitors switch to hippie scenes from the 60s and 70s.

CORN POPS
Ooh. Dibs.

Cue: *Shambala* by Three Dog Night.

Pops steps in front of the monitors and start CLAPPING to the beat.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
WASH AWAY MY TROUBLE. WASH AWAY MY
PAIN. WITH THE RAIN IN SHAMBALA.

Gold-E joins him.

GOLD-E-LOCS
WASH AWAY MY TROUBLE. WASH AWAY MY
SHAME. WITH THE RAIN IN SHAMBALA.

The Prophet joins them.

PNL AND THE PROPHET
AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-YEAH,
YEAH. AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-
YEAH, YEAH.

THE PROPHET
EVERYONE IS HELPFUL. EVERYONE IS
KIND.

PNL AND THE PROPHET
ON THE ROAD TO SHAMBALA.

PROPHET
EVERYONE IS HAPPY. EVERYONE IS SO
KIND.

PNL AND THE PROPHET
ON THE ROAD TO SHAMBALA.

The monitors dim and The Slackers join in, singing in place.

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS
 AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-YEAH,
 YEAH. AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-
 YEAH, YEAH.

Camera pans out as The Slackers stand and dance in place.

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS (CONT'D)
 HOW DOES YOUR LIGHT SHINE, IN THE
 HALLS OF SHAMBALA? HOW DOES YOUR
 LIGHT SHINE, IN THE HALLS OF
 SHAMBALA?

Camera zooms in on the trio in front of monitors.

CORN POPS
 I CAN TELL MY SISTER BY THE FLOWERS
 IN HER EYES.

PNL AND THE PROPHET
 ON THE ROAD TO SHAMBALA.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 I CAN TELL MY BROTHER BY THE
 FLOWERS IN HIS EYES.

PNL AND THE PROPHET
 ON THE ROAD TO SHAMBALA.

Camera pans back out as The Slackers dance around.

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS
 AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-YEAH,
 YEAH. AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-
 YEAH, YEAH.

(beat)
 HOW DOES YOUR LIGHT SHINE, IN THE
 HALLS OF SHAMBALA? HOW DOES YOUR
 LIGHT SHINE, IN THE HALLS OF
 SHAMBALA?

CORN POPS
 TELL ME.

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS
 HOW DOES YOUR LIGHT SHINE, IN THE
 HALLS OF SHAMBALA?

GOLD-E-LOCS
 TELL ME...

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS
 HOW DOES YOUR LIGHT SHINE, IN THE
 HALLS OF SHAMBALA?

(MORE)

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS

(beat)

AH OOH YEAH. YEAH-YEAH, YEAH-YEAH,
YEAH. AH OOH YEAH. ON THE ROAD TO
SHAMBALA.

The Slackers start dancing back to their couches.

PNL, THE PROPHET AND THE SLACKERS (CONT'D)

AH OOH YEAH. TO SHAMBALA. AH OOH
YEAH. ON THE ROAD TO SHAMBALA.

When the song ends, The Slackers return to slacking. The monitors brighten. The Prophet, Pops and Gold-E resume watching them.

THE PROPHET

The Citizens of The New Order
simply call it The City.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Not very creative.

THE PROPHET

Any attempts at creativity are
strictly managed, vetted and
approved by The Committee.

CORN POPS

Where is it?

THE PROPHET

(holds out his arms)

All around you.

CORN POPS

No way. We'd have seen it.

THE PROPHET

Actually, you missed a lot while
sleeping all day and partying all
night.

(raises his eyebrow)

Runnin' through hoes like Drano.

The pair do a celebratory Bill and Ted handshake.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Plus you were put in an induced
coma for 28 years while they tried
to reprogram you.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Who'd do that?

A beautiful lady, THE MAN (late 20s), with alabaster skin and long radiant hair lifted by a breeze that no one else feels, dressed in a skintight long white gown appears on the center monitor. Soon, she's duplicated on them all.

CORN POPS

Whoa. Who-da-hottie?

THE PROPHET

The Man.

GOLD-E-LOCS

That dude looks like a lady.

CORN POPS

It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world. That's for sure.

The pair approvingly nod.

THE PROPHET

She's neither man nor woman. She's what they call, an Appliance.

GOLD-E-LOCS

I'd like to wash her dishes.

CORN POPS

I'd like to roast her buns.

The pair do a celebratory Bill and Ted handshake.

THE PROPHET

An Appliance is actually a droid designed to perform a specific job.

CORN POPS

Beautiful and domestic.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Sounds perfect.

PROPHET

Her job is to keep The Citizens appeased and distracted.

Most of the monitors switch back to Citizens filling the squeaky clean street in an orderly fashion forming a perfect formation.

The Prophet grabs a nearby remote control and turns up the volume.

THE MAN
 (holding a microphone)
 Citizens of The City. It's time for
 our Middy Jam.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 That's what I'm talking 'bout.

The lights in the Underground Hideout dim.

Cue: *Electric Boogie* (Electric Slide) by Marsha Griffiths.

GOLD-E-LOCS (CONT'D)
 Wait now. That *ain't* what I'm
 talkin' 'bout.

CORN POPS
 A line dance?

GOLD-E-LOCS
 The *motha* of all line dances.

CORN POPS
 (disapprovingly shakes his
 head)
 The Electric Slide.

THE PROPHET
 On Mondays, its *Crank That*.
 Tuesday, *The Macarena*. Wednesday,
Gangnam Style. *Boot Scootin' Boogie*
 on Thursday. Friday, *The Conga*.
 And on Sunday, they do *Thriller*.

CORN POPS
 Always the same?

PROPHET
 Entirely choreographed. Exactly the
 same, every time.

THE CITIZENS
 (interrupts)
 IT'S ELECTRIC!

The monitors dim until the Underground Hideout is pitch
 black.

6. EXT. THE CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Camera transitions to The City scene as The Citizens dance
 lockstep. The Man appears dancing on a balcony near the top
 of The Tower that overlooks the entire city.

THE MAN
YOU CAN'T SEE IT.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
IT'S ELECTRIC!

THE MAN
YOU GOTTA FEEL IT.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
IT'S ELECTRIC.

THE MAN
OOH, IT'S SHOCKING.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
IT'S ELECTRIC.

THE MAN
JIGGLE-A-MESA-CARA, SHE'S PUMPING
LIKE A MATIC, SHE'S A MOVING LIKE
ELECTRIC.

RANDOM CITIZEN (V.O.)
SHE SURE GOT THE BOOGIE.

THE MAN
YOU GOTTA KNOW IT.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN
NOW YOU CAN'T HOLD IT.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN AND THE CITIZENS
BUT YOU KNOW IT'S THERE. HERE,
THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

A drone flies up to the balcony. Camera transitions to drone video.

THE MAN
I'VE GOT TO MOVE. I'M GOING ON A
PARTY RIDE. I'VE GOT TO GROOVE,
GROOVE, GROOVE. AND FROM THIS MUSIC
I JUST CAN'T HIDE.
(beat)
ARE YOU COMING WITH ME?
(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 COME LET ME TAKE YOU ON A PARTY
 RIDE. AND I'LL TEACH YOU, TEACH
 YOU, TEACH YOU. I'LL TEACH YOU THE
 ELECTRIC SLIDE.

The drone flies over the balcony and back over and around The
 Citizens.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 SOME SAY IT'S MYSTIC.

THE CITIZENS
 IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
 WOOGIE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 YOU CAN'T RESIST IT.

THE CITIZENS
 IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
 WOOGIE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT.

THE CITIZENS
 IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
 WOOGIE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 JIGGLE-A-MESA-CARA, SHE'S PUMPING
 LIKE A MATIC, SHE'S A MOVING LIKE
 ELECTRIC.

RANDOM CITIZEN
 SHE SURE GOT THE BOOGIE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 DON'T WANT TO LOSE IT.

THE CITIZENS
 IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
 WOOGIE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 BUT YOU CAN'T CHOOSE IT.

THE CITIZENS
 IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
 WOOGIE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 BUT YOU KNOW IT'S THERE.

THE MAN AND THE CITIZENS
HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

THE MAN (V.O.)
I'VE GOT TO MOVE. COME LET ME TAKE
YOU ON A PARTY RIDE. AND I'LL TEACH
YOU, TEACH YOU, TEACH YOU. I'LL
TEACH YOU THE ELECTRIC SLIDE.

THE CITIZENS
BOOGIE WOOGIE WOOGIE.

The Man floats down to the street and lands in front of The
Citizens.

THE MAN
YOU CAN'T SEE IT.

THE CITIZENS
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN
YOU GOTTA FEEL IT.

THE CITIZENS
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN
OOH, IT'S SHOCKING.

THE CITIZENS
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN
JIGGLE-A-MESA-CARA, SHE'S PUMPING
LIKE A MATIC, SHE'S A MOVING LIKE
ELECTRIC.

RANDOM CITIZEN
SHE SURE GOT THE BOOGIE.

THE MAN
YOU GOTTA KNOW IT.

THE CITIZENS
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN
NOW YOU CAN'T HOLD IT.

THE CITIZENS
IT'S ELECTRIC, BOOGIE WOOGIE
WOOGIE.

THE MAN
BUT YOU KNOW IT'S THERE.

THE MAN AND THE CITIZENS
HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

THE MAN
OLA OLA EH, OLA EH.

THE CITIZENS
DON DELA DON DELOH!

THE MAN
OLA OLA EH, OLA EH.

THE CITIZENS
DON DELA DON DELOH!

THE MAN
OLA OLA EH, OLA EH.

THE CITIZENS
DON DELA DON DELOH!

THE MAN
OLA OLA EH, OLA EH.

THE CITIZENS
DON DELA DON DELOH!

The City scene dims and the music fades.

7. INT. UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

The lights and monitors in the Underground Hideout come back on.

THE MAN
(on the monitor)
OLA OLA EH, OLA EH.

THE CITIZENS
(on the monitors)
DON DELA DON DELOH!

When Pops sees Gold-E is dancing too, he slaps his leg.

GOLD-E-LOCS

(grins)

What can I say. She took me on a party ride.

CORN POPS

(grins)

Some say it's mystic.

THE PROPHET

You two done?

After the song ends, The Man floats back up to the balcony and The Citizens casually resume their previous activities on the monitors in the background.

CORN POPS

What about dancing free-form?

They both shuffle.

THE PROPHET

Strictly forbidden. In fact any other singing, dancing, or even coloring outside the lines, will get you wiped clean and they'll start over.

GOLD-E-LOCS

So why do anything at all?

THE PROPHET

They need three minutes to reset the system each day. The Midday Jam keeps The Citizens occupied while they do.

Wearing a black Paul McCartney and Wings tee-shirt, and with a draw-string Gymsack over her shoulders, Gabe zips up on a skateboard.

CORN POPS

You look familiar.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Do we know you?

THE PROPHET

Gentlemen, meet Gabe.

She kicks up the board and catches it. Gold-E is staring at her white hair and the 'wings' logo on her shirt.

CORN POPS
 (looking back and forth
 between Gabe and The
 Prophet)
 Really?

THE PROPHET
 (shrugs)
 What?

GOLD-E-LOCS
 Bearded hippie dude wearing sandals
 and a dress...

THE PROPHET
 It's called a *thawb*.

CORN POPS
 And now an elf looking girl named
 Gabe with wings.

GABE
 I'm twenty-two.

The pair do a double-take.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 I guess we gonna pretend this ain't
 provocative.

GABE
 I think you mean evocative.

THE PROPHET
 (interrupts them)
 Look. We don't have much time.

CORN POPS
 For what?

THE PROPHET
 The moat will be drained tomorrow.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 Like a ditch filled with crocs?

CORN POPS
 Why would they put slippers in a
 ditch?

GABE
 Crocodiles in moats is a myth, you
 goons.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Don't think because you're five-foot nothin' I won't thump yoa...

THE PROPHET

(interrupts)

Please. Blessed are the peacemakers.

The pair incredulously look at him again.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

How about, fortunate are those who don't pick fights, instead? Now Gabe knows her way around. So she'll be your guide.

CORN POPS

To where?

THE PROPHET

The City. But first we need to get you looking the part.

GOLD-E-LOCS

I don't like the sound of that.

PROPHET

Gabe will show you around and fill you in on any details. I must go now and prepare you a place in my father's house...

The pair look at him sideways.

THE PROPHET

My dad's out of town and I have the place to myself. So we're having a banquet - dinner party. There's plenty of rooms.

(shrugs)

You two will spend the night there and then leave first thing in the morning for The Gate.

Gabe sets her skateboard back on the ground.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

See you at 6:00.

8. INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY, TUNNEL - DAY

Gabe weaves between and around the pair walking on a set of subway tracks.

GOLD-E-LOCS
So, you live down here?

GABE
Not always. We have lookouts up top. Whenever the drones are out and about, we hide down here.

CORN POPS
The lookouts musta missed that one earlier.

GABE
The flash mob was a decoy. We had to move some supplies in other places so we needed to distract them.

Gabe stops when she sees a Pink Lady's Slipper flower. She retrieves a Polaroid SX-70 camera from her backpack, unfolds it and centers the flower in the viewer. The FLASH goes off.

CORN POPS
(blinks)
You're the one who woke us in the hospital.

She folds the camera back up and puts it away.

GABE
They have scanners at The Gate that can tell who's been reprogrammed. So we needed to let it continue until that last moment.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Before what?

GABE
You became one of them. Mindless minions. Citizens of The New Order.

They start walking again.

GABE (CONT'D)
We've been waiting for you two.

GOLD-E-LOCS
What?

CORN POPS

Why?

GABE

To turn everything upside down and right side up. We needed someone shallow enough that even when hooked up, they would find something to daydream about. That way they'd never fully succumb.

GOLD-E-LOCS

You're welcome.

CORN POPS

She just said we're too stupid to be brainwashed.

GABE

Not stupid. Just easily distracted. I saw you two at the Club. Though once be they goons. Must they be awakened, before the music has died. Deliver them when the levee was dry. Jesters to steal the thorny crown. And once again, make the people dance.

CORN POPS

That's got a familiar ring to it.

GABE

As it is written on the Sacred Scroll.

The tunnel opens up into a grand lobby bustling with activity.

9. INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

In the middle of it all, a sweaty, muscled-up CONSTRUCTION WORKER in a tank-top is lifting a totem pole with a rope and pulley while a INDIAN CHIEF on one side, and a COWBOY on the other, direct his actions. A nearby POLICE OFFICER with a whistle is directing people around the work. Once it's lifted twenty-feet into the air, a BIKER dressed in black leather pulls it onto the second floor (Village People attire).

As the Biker rides the rope down to the first floor, a gaggle of misfits which include a baby-faced young man wearing a pointed blue Beanie with a red band named HERMEY (25), walk by.

A troupe of SCHOOLGIRLS (evoking Brittany Spears *One More Time* video) behind them pause and lustfully watch the Construction Worker lift a metal bench out of the path of an elderly lady walking a small dog.

Unconsciously biting her lip, Gabe is similarly captivated.

Hermey glances between them and SIGHS.

Cue: *Whatta Man* by En Vogue feat. Salt n Pepper

The other Village People gather on one side, and the Cheerleaders on the other, as the Construction Worker does elements from the *Flashdance* 'Wet Chair' dance.

VILLAGE PEOPLE
YAY-AH-YEAH-EE-MM-YEAH AH.

CHEERLEADERS
OOP.

CHEERLEADER 1
OH. ALL RIGHT. COMON YA'LL.

CHEERLEADERS
OOP.

CHEERLEADER 1
UH UH YEAH. TALK TO ME.

VILLAGE PEOPLE
YEAH.

The Village People resume working while the Cheerleaders start dancing.

CHEERLEADERS
OOP. WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A
MAN, WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1
HE'S A MIGHTY MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADERS
WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1
SAY IT AGAIN NOW.

CHEERLEADERS
WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1

YES HE IS.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1

(raps)

I WANNA TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO, AND
GIVE MUCH RESPECT DUE. TO THE MAN
THAT'S MADE A DIFFERENCE IN MY
WORLD. AND ALTHOUGH MOST MEN ARE
HOES, HE FLOWS ON THE DOWN LOW.
'CUZ I NEVER HEARD ABOUT HIM WITH
ANOTHER GIRL. BUT I DON'T SWEAT IT,
BECAUSE IT'S JUST PATHETIC, TO LET
IT, GET ME INVOLVED IN THAT HE
SAID, SHE SAID CROWD.

CHEERLEADERS

OOH.

CHEERLEADER 1

(raps)

I KNOW THAT AIN'T NOBODY PERFECT. I
GIVE PROPS TO THOSE WHO DESERVE IT.
AND BELIEVE ME YA'LL, HE'S WORTH
IT. SO HERE'S TO THE FUTURE, 'CUZ
WE GOT THROUGH THE PAST. I FINALLY
FOUND SOMEBODY THAT CAN MAKE ME
LAUGH. YOU SO CRAZY. I THINK I
WANNA HAVE OUR BABY.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1

YES HE IS.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1

HE'S A MIGHTY MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 1

SAY IT AGAIN.

CHEERLEADERS
 WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
 WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 2
 (raps)
 MY MAN IS SMOOTH LIKE BARRY, AND
 HIS VOICE GOT BASE. A BODY LIKE
 ARNOLD WITH A DENZEL FACE. HE'S
 SMART LIKE A DOCTOR WITH A REAL
 GOOD REP. AND WHEN HE COMES HOME,
 HE'S RELAXED WITH PEP. HE'S ALWAYS
 GOT A GIFT FOR ME, EVERY TIME I SEE
 HIM. A LOT OF SNOT-NOSED EX-FLAMES
 COULDN'T BE HIM.

CHEERLEADERS
 OOH.

CHEERLEADER 2
 HE NEVER RAN A CORNY LINE ONCE TO
 ME YET. SO I GIVE HIM STUFF THAT
 HE'LL NEVER FORGET. HE KEEPS ME ON
 CLOUD NINE JUST LIKE THE TEMPS.
 HE'S NOT A FAKE WANNA BE, TRYIN' TO
 BE A PIMP. HE DRESSES LIKE A DAPPER
 DON, BUT EVEN IN JEANS. HE'S A GOD-
 SENT ORIGINAL, THE MAN OF MY
 DREAMS.

CHEERLEADERS
 OOP. WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A
 MAN, WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 2
 HE'S A MIGHTY MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADERS
 WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
 WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 2
 SAY IT AGAIN.

CHEERLEADERS
 WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
 WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 2
 UH. OOH OOH.

CHEERLEADERS
 WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
 WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 2

I SAID, WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.
HE'S A MIGHTY MIGHTY, GOOD MAN
YA'LL.

CHEERLEADER 3

(raps)

MY MAN GIVES REAL LOVIN' THAT'S WHY
I CALL HIM KILLER. HE'S NOT A WHAM
BAM THANK YOU MA'AM, HE'S A
THRILLER. HE TAKES HIS TIME AND
DOES EVERYTHING RIGHT. KNOCKS ME
OUT WITH ONE SHOT FOR THE REST OF
THE NIGHT. HE'S A REAL SMOOTH
BROTHER, NEVER IN A RUSH. AND HE
GIVES ME GOOSE PIMPLES WITH EVERY
SINGLE TOUCH.

CHEERLEADERS

OOP.

CHEERLEADER 3

SPENDS QUALITY TIME WITH HIS KIDS
WHEN HE CAN. SECURE IN HIS MANHOOD
'CUZ HE'S A REAL MAN. A LOVER AND A
FIGHTER AND HE'LL KNOCK A KNUCKER
OUT. DON'T TAKE HIM FOR A SUCKER
'CUZ THAT'S NOT WHAT HE'S ABOUT.
EVERY TIME I NEED HIM, HE'S ALWAYS
GOT MY BACK. NEVER DISRESPECTFUL
'CUZ HIS MAMA TAUGHT HIM THAT. I
GOT A GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 3

A MIGHTY MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 3

SAY IT AGAIN.

CHEERLEADERS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN,
WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 3

MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADERS

OOP. WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN, WHAT A
MAN, WHAT A MIGHTY GOOD MAN.

CHEERLEADER 3

HE'S A MIGHTY MIGHTY GOOD MAN,
YA'LL.

The Construction Worker releases a bucket of water onto his
body stretched across the chair.

CHEERLEADERS

OOP.

CHEERLEADER 3

OOH. WHAT A MIGHTY MIGHTY GOOD MAN,
YAW.

CHEERLEADERS

OOP.

CHEERLEADER 2

DO ME LIKE THAT, SUGAR. YEAH, HOO.

CHEERLEADERS

OOP.

CHEERLEADER 1

BREAK IT DOWN. BREAK IT DOWN ONE
TIME.

As the music fades, the Construction Worker runs his fingers
through his wet hair. When he looks up, his eyes catch
Gabe's. He confidently smiles, and she demurely smiles back.

The Cheerleaders resume talking and walking away.

When he starts coming her way, Gabe looks around in a panic.
Gold-E and Pops take a step back clearing a direct path
between them.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(approaching)

I've had my eye...

Gabe takes a deep breath.

He steps around her and stops in front of a CONSPICUOUS GIRL
in a skin tight red plastic jump suit (evoking Brittany
Spears *Oops I Did it Again* outfit).

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (CONT'D)

...on you for some time.

Gabe turns and watches as he presumptively cradles the girl's hands. Then she dejectedly walks away.

Pops and Gold-E catch up to her, face to a wall with a vintage poster of a man holding a thumbs-up that's been painted red, white and blue like the American flag (evoking Don McLean, *American Pie* album cover). She SNIFFLES.

Gold-E pushes Pops toward her.

CORN POPS

You too good for that guy.

GABE

Too good for a chiseled body,
sculpted cheekbones, perfect hair,
and sparkling eyes?

(she turns)

And then there's me. Plain. Timid.
Extraordinarily ordinary.

(SNIFFLES again)

Gold-E reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled cocktail napkin. He steps forward and reaches it to her. She takes it and BLOWS her nose.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Guys like that are in to themselves
too much to like anyone else.

She hands the napkin back. Gold-E holds it by his fingertips and then drops it into a nearby trash can below the poster.

GABE

Thanks for trying.
(notices Gold-E staring)
The Sacred Scroll.

Pops joins them examining the weathered poster that has words crossed out and others scribbled in.

GOLD-E-LOCS

(reads)

Though once be they goons. Must
they be awakened, before the music
has died...

CORN POPS

(reads)

...Deliver them when the levee was
dry. Jesters to steal the thorny
crown. And yet again, make the
people dance.

GABE
You two. You're the Jesters.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Whoa.

CORN POPS
That's heavy.

GABE
We're counting on you.

A loud HORN sounds.

GABE (CONT'D)
(looks towards it)
That means the coast is clear up
top. Shall we?

GOLD-E-LOCS
Yeah. But first, I need to sample
the yellow tea.
(grins)

CORN POPS
(winks)
And I need to drop the bass.

Gabe points to the bathrooms.

After the pair depart, she looks back at the Construction Worker still flirting with the Conspicuous Girl. She wanders over to a nearby fountain.

Cue: *Little Ole Me* original.

Gabe looks down at her reflection.

GABE
(softly)
A PICTURE NEVER FRAMED. AN
OPPORTUNITY NOT JUMPED AT. A MEMORY
FORGOTTEN BEFORE IT'S ETCHED. AN
EXAGGERATION THAT STILL FALLS FLAT.

Her reflection glances at the construction worker. She frowns. After stirring her hand through the water, she stands. When she looks around, she sees that no one's paying her any attention.

GABE (CONT'D)
(louder)
UNIQUELY AVERAGE. STRIKINGLY PLAIN.
OUTLANDISHLY PROSAIC.
(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)
EXTRAORDINARILY, EXTRA ORDINARY,
LITTLE OLE ME.

She glances down one more time and her reflection shrugs. She sticks out her tongue and then strolls away. As her reflection disappears, Hermey's appears in it's place. It watches her leave.

HERMEY
(softly)
A HOBBY NEVER TRIED. A REGRET
SOMEHOW RESISTIBLE. A BAD MISTAKE
THAT WAS MISTAKEN. AN OBSESSION
THAT WAS AVOIDABLE.

The camera pans up to Hermey leaning over the balcony rails above.

HERMEY (CONT'D)
(louder)
REMARKABLY UNREMARKABLE.
EXCEPTIONALLY UNEXCEPTIONAL.
UNCOMMONLY COMMON. EXTRAORDINARILY,
EXTRA ORDINARY, STUBBORNLY
INVISIBLE ME.

Hermey strolls toward a set of steps. Gabe strolls back toward the fountain.

GABE
A CHANCE NEVER TAKEN. AN OPEN DOOR,
CLOSED WITHOUT A SOUND. A SECOND
CHANCE THAT WAS ALSO BLOWN.
A ONCE IN A LIFETIME, ALWAYS
HANGIN' 'ROUND.

HERMEY
A CARRIED TORCH THAT ISN'T LIT. A
TIME THAT RUNS OUT THAT NO ONE
REGRETS. A WISH THAT NO ONE WISHES.
AN ACQUAINTANCE THAT EVERYONE
FORGETS.

GABE AND HERMEY (HARMONIZE)
PECULIARLY PECULIAR. ABNORMALLY
ABNORMAL. UNFORGETTABLY
FORGETTABLE.

As they both circle the fountain opposite one another, Hermey slowly closes the gap.

GABE
A WRONG PLACE. AT THE WRONG TIME.

HERMEY
A WRONG NOTE. AND THE WRONG RHYME.

GABE
A WRONG SEASON.

HERMEY
AND THE WRONG TURN.

GABE
A WRONG REASON.

HERMEY
AND A NEVER YEARNED.

They shadow dance, close but not touching.

GABE AND HERMEY
(harmonizing)
UNIQUELY AVERAGE/REMARKABLY
UNREMARKABLE. STRIKINGLY
PLAIN/EXCEPTIONALLY UNEXCEPTIONAL.
OUTLANDISHLY PROSAIC/UNCOMMONLY
COMMON.

Gabe spins around and then stops, leaning over the fountain.
HermeY spins and then stops looking over her shoulder. The
camera shifts to their reflections.

GABE AND HERMEY (CONT'D)
(together)
PECULIARLY PECULIAR. ABNORMALLY
ABNORMAL. UNFORGETTABLY
FORGETTABLE.

Gabe stirs her hand through the water as HermeY slips away.
When the ripples disappear, her reflection is alone.

GABE
(softly)
EXTRAORDINARILY, EXTRA ORDINARY, AS
DULL AS A GROCERY LIST, AS USELESS
AS THE "P" IN RASPBERRY, AS DRAB AS
WATCHING PAINT DRY. LITTLE OLE,
DESTINED TO BE ALONE, ME.

She stirs the water again. When it clears, Pops and Gold-E
are standing above her.

CORN POPS
We're ready to go to the surface.

She smiles and nods.

Back up on the balcony, Hermey dejectedly watches them walk away.

10. EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

A manhole cover RATTLES as it is pushed to the side from below. Gabe climbs up first, and Pops and Gold-E follow.

They walk down the middle of a suburban street with rotting picket fences, uncut grass, and houses with broken windows and busted down doors.

GOLD-E-LOCS

What happened?

GABE

For almost a decade, The Committee allowed people to live out here, separate from The City. But eventually, they saw this place as a threat. People were taken from their homes and forcibly reprogrammed. A few escaped and moved underground.

At the end of the street, a prominent wall blocks the horizon. The Tower from where The Man lead the Midday Jam is the only building that extends above it. The pair stop in their tracks.

CORN POPS

Whoa.

GABE

The City.

The three of them turn when they hear CLATTERING from behind. Approaching, is a line of railroad hand cars modified with tires so they can go on streets. Facing one another, a pair of operators alternate pulling up and pushing down on the handle which pivots the walking beam like a seesaw. Around their feet, a thick hose is coiled.

GABE (CONT'D)

Pumpers moving into position.
They'll use these cars to pump the water out of the moat so you can cross.

GOLD-E-LOCS

(recalls from the Sacred
Scroll)

When the levee is dry.

GABE
Precisely.

The PUMPERS stop and curiously stare.

GABE (CONT'D)
Yes. These are the Jesters. Guys,
these are your Pumpers.

Cue: *Pump It* by the Black Eyed Peas.

The Pumpers step to the edge of their cars.

PUMPERS
HUH. HUH. HAAH.

CLAP CLAP - CLAP. CLAP CLAP - CLAP. (Continues)

PUMPER 1
(jumps down to the ground)
PUMP IT.

PUMPERS
HUH. HUH. HAAH.

PUMPER 1
PUMP IT.

PUMPER 2
(jumps down to the ground)
LOUDER.

PUMPER 1
PUMP IT.

PUMPER 2
LOUDER.

PUMPER 1
PUMP IT.

PUMPER 2
LOUDER.

PUMPER 1
PUMP IT.

PUMPER 2
LOUDER.

The remaining Pumpers hop down.

PUMPERS
Turn up your radio. Blast your
stereo right.

RANDOM PUMPER
HUH. HUH. HUH.

Random Pumpers tumble by while others dance.

PUMPER 1
DUDE WANNA HATE ON US.

PUMPERS
DUDE.

PUMPER 1
DUDE NEED TO EASE ON UP.

PUMPERS
DUDE.

PUMPER 1
I KNOW WHY THEY HATIN' ON US.

PUMPERS
WHY?

PUMPER 1
'CAUSE THE GUY'S SO FABULOUS.

PUMPERS
WHAT?

PUMPER 1
I'MA BE REAL ON US.

PUMPERS
COME ON.

PUMPER 1
NOBODY GOT NOTHIN' ON US.

PUMPERS
NO.

PUMPER 1
GIRLS BE ALL ON US FROM LONDON BACK
DOWN TO THE U.S.

PUMPERS
S.S.

PUMPER 1
WE ROCKIN' IT.

PUMPERS
CONTAGIOUS.

PUMPER 1
MONKEY BUSINESS.

PUMPERS
OUTRAGEOUS.

PUMPER 1
JUST CONFESS, YOUR GIRL ADMITS THAT
WE THE BOMB. F-R-E-S-H. WE...

PUMPERS
FRESH.

PUMPER 1
D-E-F, THAT'S RIGHT, WE...

PUMPERS
DEF.

PUMPER 2
ROOOCK.

PUMPER 1
DEFINITE. B-E-P, WE REPPIN' IT, SO.

While the Pumpers move into a loose group of PUMPER GIRLS and
a loose group of PUMPER GUYS...

PUMPER 1 (CONT'D)
TURN ME UP.

PUMPER GIRLS
TURN IT UP.

PUMPER 1
TURN ME UP.

PUMPER GIRLS
TURN IT UP.

PUMPER 1
TURN ME UP. COME ON, BABY, JUST...

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER. AND SAY.

PUMPER GIRLS
OH-OH-OH.

PUMPER BOYS
SAY.

PUMPER GIRLS
OH-OH-OH.

PUMPER BOYS
YO. YO.

PUMPERS
TURN UP YOUR RADIO. BLAST YOUR
STEREO RIGHT NOW.

PUMPER 2
HAH.

PUMPERS
THIS JOINT IS FIZZLIN'. IT'S
SIZZLIN' RIGHT.

PUMPER 1
DAMN.

PUMPERS
DAMN.

PUMPER 1
DAMN.

PUMPERS
DAMN.

PUMPER 1
DAMN.

PUMPERS
DAMN.

PUMPER 1
DAMN.

PUMPERS
DAMN.

PUMPER 2
P-U-M-P-E-R-S LIVE AND DIRECT
ROCKIN' THE SCENE. BREAKIN' ON DOWN
FOR THE B-BOYS AND B-GIRLS WAITIN'
TO DO THEIR THING.

PUMPER BOYS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER 2
LOUDER, COME ON.

PUMPER BOYS
DON'T STOP.

PUMPER 2
AND KEEP IT GOIN'.

PUMPER BOYS
DO IT.

PUMPER 2
LET'S GET IT ON.

PUMPER BOYS
MOVE IT.

PUMPER 2
COME ON BABY, DO IT.

PUMPERS
HAH.

Female PUMPER 3 hops back up on one of the rail cars. Pumper Girls gather around.

PUMPER 3
LA-DA-DEE-DA-DA-DEE-DA. ON THE
STERE-ERE-ERE-EREO.

PUMPER GIRLS
HA.

Pumper Boys gather around.

PUMPER 3
LET THOSE SPEAKERS BLOW YOUR MIND.

PUMPER 2
BLOW MY MIND, BABY.

PUMPER 3
JUST LET IT GO, LET IT GO, HERE WE
GO.

PUMPERS
HA.

PUMPER 3
LA-DA-DEE-DA-DA-DEE-DA.

PUMPER 2
COME ON, YEAH.

PUMPER 3
ON THE RADI-ADI-ADI-ADIO.

PUMPERS
HA.

Random Pumper Boys are blasted back from the car.

PUMPER 3
THE SYSTEM'S GONNA FEEL SO FINE.

PUMPERS
HA.

More Pumper Boys are blasted back from the car.

PUMPER 3
...I-EE-I-EE-I-EE-I-EE.

PUMPERS
HA.

Last of the Pumper Boys are blasted back from the car and then form back up into a loose group. Pumper 3 hops down and rejoins the other The Pumper Girls who form a loose formation opposite the boys.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER.

PUMPER GIRLS
PUMP IT.

PUMPER BOYS
LOUDER. AND SAY.

PUMPER GIRLS
OH-OH-OH.

PUMPER BOYS
SAY.

PUMPER GIRLS
OH-OH-OH.

PUMPER BOYS
YO. YO.

Pumpers start dancing free-form.

PUMPERS
TURN UP YOUR RADIO. BLAST YOUR
STEREO RIGHT NOW.

PUMPER 2

HAH.

PUMPERS

THIS JOINT IS FIZZLIN'. IT'S
SIZZLIN' RIGHT.

Pumpers freeze holding a pose.

Pops and Gold-E CLAP and nod approvingly.

The Pumpers break their pose and come over and shake hands with the pair, and each other before returning to the cars.

As they drive away, Gabe and the pair resume walking in the middle of the street. Gold-E pulls out his cellphone. When he sees he has no bars, he holds it up for better reception.

When she see him, Gabe slaps it out of his hand.

GOLD-E-LOCS

WYD?

Then she STOMPS on it until it's crushed.

GOLD-E-LOCS (CONT'D)

(aghast)

Ooh.

CORN POPS

(laughing)

LMFAO.

Gabe then holds out her open hand and glares at Pops. He removes his phone and reluctantly hands it to her. She drops it on the ground and CRUSHES it too.

GOLD-E-LOCS

TBCB.

Gabe looks questioningly.

CORN POPS

That Be Cold Blooded.

GABE

They track all electronic activity through The Tower. And they use video games, social media, and the internet to keep The Citizens hypnotized.

The pair scratch their heads with a sad look on their faces.

They come upon an imposing metal fence surrounding an unkept, but once grand mansion. They stand at the closed entrance. Gabe presses a call button.

INTERCOM
(SQUELCH)
Marco.

GABE
Klein.

CORN POPS
(knowingly whispers)
The Italian designer.

GOLD-E-LOCS
(whispers back)
I thought his last name was
Hilfiger?

Pops shrugs.

Only a small portion of the wide gate swings open.

GABE
(as she steps through the
opening)
Be careful. The gate is very
narrow.

The pair throw up their hands. Then they turn sideways and duck through the opening.

11. INT. THE PROPHET'S MANSION, BALLROOM - EVENING

When Gabe leads Pops and Gold-E into an open, well-kept banquet area with a long table surrounded by the characters from previous scenes, the room falls SILENT. The Prophet stands from the head of the table.

THE PROPHET
(arms extend forming a
cross)
Welcome honored guest. I have some
good news and some bad. First the
good. Just as the Sacred Scroll
foretold - I give you...
(extends an open hand
forward)
Corn Pops and Gold-E-Locs. The
Jesters.

The BANQUET GUESTS enthusiastically CLAP as the pair make their way to two empty seats beside The Prophet. Meanwhile, Gabe keeps getting passed further down the table until she ends up on the opposite end across from Hermey. They glance at one another and smile.

As the excitement dies down...

THE PROPHET

And now the bad. I'm afraid that
one of you here will betray me...
(pauses amidst GROANS)

CORN POPS

(leans toward Gold-E and
whispers)
Too many coincidences...

GOLD-E-LOCS

(whispers back)
...ain't no coincidence.

THE PROPHET

...betray us all. But we'll address
that later. Right now I beseech
you...

Pops forcefully CLEARS his throat.

PROPHET

...implore? Petition?
(the pair shake their
heads)

GOLD-E-LOCS

Just ask, man.

PROPHET

...ask that you eat, drink and be
merry.

Everybody starts digging in. Gabe and Hermey reach toward the same platter of deserts. They both bashfully withdraw their hands.

HERMEY

Please. Ladies first.

GABE

I probably shouldn't.

HERMEY

Life is short. Eat desert first.

She smiles and selects a mini Boston Cream Pie.

The camera follows The Prophet as he walks over to a piano. He sweeps his *thawb* aside so that he can sit on the bench. Then he starts to play the intro to *The Black Parade*. The revelry pauses.

THE PROPHET

WHEN I WAS, A YOUNG BOY. MY FATHER,
TOOK ME INTO THE CITY, TO SEE A
MARCHING BAND. HE SAID "SON, WHEN
YOU GROW UP, WOULD YOU BE, THE
SAVIOR OF THE BROKEN, THE BEATEN
AND THE DAMNED?" HE SAID, "WILL
YOU, DEFEAT THEM? YOUR DEMONS, AND
ALL THE NON-BELIEVERS, THE PLANS
THAT THEY HAVE MADE? BECAUSE ONE
DAY, I'LL LEAVE YOU, A PHANTOM, TO
LEAD YOU IN THE SUMMER, TO JOIN THE
BLACK PARADE."

A curtain behind the piano drops revealing a rock band on an elevated stage.

Cue: *The Black Parade* by My Chemical Romance.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELIN', SHE'S
WATCHING OVER ME. AND OTHER TIMES I
FEEL LIKE I SHOULD GO. AND THROUGH
IT ALL, THE RISE AND THE FALL, THE
BODIES IN THE STREETS. AND WHEN
YOU'RE GONE, WE WANT YOU ALL TO
KNOW...

Everyone but Pops and Gold-E spring up, and from their seats, sing. The Prophet joins the band on stage.

BANQUET GUESTS

WE'LL CARRY ON. WE'LL CARRY ON. AND
THOUGH YOU'RE DEAD AND GONE,
BELIEVE ME, YOUR MEMORY WILL CARRY
ON. WE'LL CARRY ON. AND IN MY
HEART, I CAN'T CONTAIN IT. THE
ANTHEM WON'T EXPLAIN IT.

THE PROPHET

A WORLD THAT SENDS YOU REELING,
FROM DECIMATED DREAMS. YOUR MISERY
AND HATE WILL KILL US ALL. SO PAINT
IT BLACK AND TAKE IT BACK. LET'S
SHOUT IT LOUD AND CLEAR. DEFIANT TO
THE END, WE HEAR THE CALL.

Pops and Gold-E join in as the other guests leave their seats and free-form dance.

BANQUET GUESTS AND PNL
TO CARRY ON. WE'LL CARRY ON. AND
THOUGH YOU'RE DEAD AND GONE BELIEVE
ME, YOU'RE MEMORY WILL CARRY ON.
WE'LL CARRY ON. AND THOUGH YOU'RE
BROKEN AND DEFEATED. YOUR WEARY
WIDOW MARCHES.

THE PROPHET
ON AND ON WE CARRY THROUGH THE
FEARS.

BANQUET GUESTS AND PNL
OH, AH, AH.

THE PROPHET
DISAPPOINTED FACES OF YOUR PEERS.

BANQUET GUESTS AND PNL
OH, AH, AH.

The dancing guests move toward the stage.

THE PROPHET
TAKE A LOOK AT ME, 'CAUSE I COULD
NOT CARE AT ALL.

The Prophet hops down from the stage. The guests part leaving an open path.

EVERYONE
DO OR DIE, YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME.
BECAUSE THE WORLD, WILL NEVER TAKE
MY HEART. GO AND TRY, YOU'LL NEVER
BREAK ME. WE WANT IT ALL, WE WANT
TO PLAY THIS PART.

As The Prophet continues between them, the guests turn. At the end, he turns to face them. Then they all slowly stroll in lockstep with the music.

EVERYONE (CONT'D)
I WON'T EXPLAIN, OR SAY I'M SORRY.
I'M UNASHAMED, I'M GONNA SHOW MY
SCARS. GIVE A CHEER, FOR ALL THE
BROKEN. LISTEN HERE, BECAUSE IT'S
WHO WE ARE.

The Prophet turns and faces forward. The Guests leave an open aisle and then freeze.

A Guitar Player runs through the center and then slides on his knees beside The Prophet while playing a SOLO.

THE PROPHET
I'M JUST A MAN, I'M NOT A HERO.
JUST A BOY, WHO HAD TO SING THIS
SONG. JUST A MAN, NOT A HERO.

Everyone free-form dancing.

EVERYONE
I DON'T CARE. WE'LL CARRY ON. WE'LL
CARRY ON. AND THOUGH YOU'RE DEAD
AND GONE, BELIEVE ME, YOU'RE MEMORY
WILL CARRY ON. YOU'LL CARRY ON. AND
THOUGH YOU'RE BROKEN AND DEFEATED,
YOU'RE WEAR WIDOW MARCHES, OH...

THE PROPHET
(overlap)
...OOH.

BANQUET GUESTS AND PNL
DO OR DIE, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME.
BECAUSE THE WORLD, WILL NEVER TAKE
MY HEART. GO AND TRY, YOU'LL NEVER
BREAK ME. WE WANT IT ALL, WE WANT
TO PLAY THIS PART.

THE PROPHET
(overlap)
WE'LL CARRY ON.

BANQUET GUESTS AND PNL
DO OR DIE, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME.
BECAUSE THE WORLD, WILL NEVER TAKE
MY HEART.

PROPHET
(overlap)
WE'LL CARRY ON.

BANQUET GUESTS AND PNL
GO AND TRY, YOU'LL NEVER BREAK ME.
WE WANT IT ALL, WE WANT TO PLAY
THIS PART.

THE PROPHET
(overlap)
WE'LL CARRY ON.

Everyone but The Prophet and PnL go back to their seats during the DRUM ROLL ending.

The Prophet leads them out a side door.

12. EXT. THE PROPHET'S MANSION, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Pops and Gold-E follow The Prophet over to a rail with the dark clear silhouette of The Wall backlit by a glow from The City in the background.

THE PROPHET
Tomorrow's the big day.

GOLD-E-LOCS
WTP?

CORN POPS
What's the plan?

THE PROPHET
We'll start with a make-over.
Haircut, shave, new clothes. Oh,
and the way you walk. The way you
talk.

GOLD-E-LOCS
What's wrong with the way we walk
and talk?

THE PROPHET
There are no hipsters in The City.
That means no slang. No
abbreviations. No handshakes. No
shufflin'. In fact, no showing any
emotions.

CORN POPS
(formally)
That's going to present quite the
predicament, ole chap.

Gold-E approvingly nods.

THE PROPHET
Right vibe. Wrong decade. Now after
you two get fixed up, we'll create
a spectacle. Then amidst the chaos,
you'll slip over the wall
undetected, though I'm not exactly
sure how just yet.
(rubs his chin)

Gabe opens the patio door and then leads a reluctant Hermey
by the hand toward them.

GABE

Good news. Our team of Raiders got their hands on several drones.

THE PROPHET

Less eyes in the sky. That's great.

She repositions a bashful Hermey in front of her.

GABE

(encourages him)

Tell them.

He CLEARS his throat.

HERMEY

(low voice)

I think I can reprogram the drones so that we can control them.

GOLD-E-LOCS

(imitating the Pump It lyric)

Louder.

Pops approvingly nods.

HERMEY

(louder)

Not only could we use them to fly observation over you, but they have a two-hundred pound lift capacity. So they should be able to...

THE PROPHET

(approvingly completes)

...lift you two over the wall. Wait.

(to the pair)

How much do you weigh?

GOLD-E-LOCS

One-hundred and ninety-nine pounds.

CORN POPS

One-ninety nine and a half.

THE PROPHET

Perfect. Then the drones can lead you to The Tower.

CORN POPS

What about Gabe?

THE PROPHET

She can't enter without the scanners sensing she hasn't been reprogrammed. None of us can until the signal is blocked with this.

He pulls out a extra-large pillow case with a giant red X on it.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Just slide it over the dish. Our Lookouts will see the signal and then we'll rush The Gate.

Pops grabs the pillow case. When he turns it straight, it forms a cross instead.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Now that's a coincidence. Anyway, I should check on my disci...

(points anticipatngly at Pops)

...guests. GL tomorrow. The future of our world depends on you.

He puts his arm around Hermey and leads him back inside.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

Tell me more about reprogramming the drones, my son.

The door closes behind them.

GABE

Big day tomorrow.

CORN POPS

(worried)

You sure you got the right goons?

GOLD-E-LOCS

Yeah. I mean we don't have no money. No jobs. No talent. We're nobodies. We just made up all that Pop-n-Loc stuff because it sounded cool.

GABE

Sometimes there's nothing more to being a hero than a willingness to try - and a little good fortune. Besides, sometimes we all need to take ourselves a little less seriously.

GOLD-E-LOCS
We are good at that.

CORN POPS
You *know* that's right.

They do a Bill and Ted handshake.

GABE
By the way, I've been meaning to ask. Pop-n-Loc?

CORN POPS
(executes a pop)
Pop.

GOLD-E-LOCS
(executes a lock)
And Lock.

GABE
What about Corn Pops?

CORN POPS
My real name is Cornelius. And I'm two years older.

GABE
And Gold-E-Locs.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Obviously the hair. And the "E" is for Emmett.

GABE
(smiles)
Something tells me everybody will know who Pop-n-Loc is after tomorrow. We'd better get some rest.

After they disappear inside, a dark figure steps out of the shadows. He pulls out a cellphone.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
(low voice)
It's me.
(pause)
I need to talk to The Committee.
It's urgent.

END ACT 1

INTERMISSION

ACT 2**13. INT. THE PROPHET'S MANSION, BALLROOM - MORNING**

Pops and Gold-E enter the banquet hall, empty now except for a waiting Gabe. Their faces are cleanly shaven, their hair is neatly cut, and they are wearing tailored suits.

GABE
(smiles)
You look very handsome.

The pair look at each other.

CORN POPS
Yo, man. You been un-thrifted.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Oh yeah. Well you look as basic as a ham sandwich.

GABE
Language.

CORN POPS
(formally)
I say, you look as neat as a Johnny Walker Diamond Jubilee Blended Malt Scotch.

GOLD-E-LOCS
(formally)
And you sport, look as classic as a Reuben on rye, pickle on the side.

GABE
Much better.

CORN POPS
If I saw me on the other side of the sidewalk, I'd think I was goin' to tax me.

GOLD-E-LOCS
All that's left of the old me is the "E".

Pops shuffles.

GOLD-E-LOCS (CONT'D)
What you doin'?

CORN POPS
Just makin' sure I still got it.

Gold-E shuffles.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
I see you. But check this out.

Cue: *Suit and Tie* by Justin Timberlake feat. Jay-Z

The lights dim.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
(slides out to the center
of the room)
I CAN'T WAIT 'TILL I GET YOU ON THE
FLOOR, GOOD-LOOKIN'. GOING HOT, SO
HOT, JUST LIKE AN OVEN. AND OW,
BURNED MYSELF, JUST HAD TO TOUCH
IT. BUT IT'S SO FIRE, AND IT'S ALL
MINE.

Gold-E and Gabe dance up beside him.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
HEY BABY. AND WE DON'T MIND ALL THE
WATCHIN'. HA. 'CAUSE IF THEY STUDY
CLOSE, REAL CLOSE, THEY MIGHT LEARN
SOMETHING. SHE AIN'T NOTHING BUT A
LITTLE DOOZIE WHEN SHE DOES IT.
SHE'S SO FIRE.

GOLD-E-LOCS AND GABE
SHE'S SO FIRE.

CORN POPS
TONIGHT.

PNL AND GABE
AND AS LONG AS I GOT MY SUIT AND
TIE, I'MA LEAVIN' IT ALL ON THE
FLOOR TONIGHT, AND YOU GOT FIXED UP
TO THE NINES.

CORN POPS
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

GOLD-E-LOCS AND GABE
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL AND GABE
 ALL PRESSED UP IN BLACK AND WHITE.
 AND YOU DRESSED IN THAT DRESS I
 LIKE. LOVE IS SWINGIN' IN THE AIR
 TONIGHT.

CORN POPS
 LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

GOLD-E-LOCS AND GABE
 SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL AND GABE
 LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS. SHOW
 YOU A FEW THINGS.

CORN POPS
 ABOUT LOVE. NOW WE'RE IN THE SWING
 OF LOVE.

PNL AND GABE
 LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS. SHOW
 YOU A FEW THINGS.

CORN POPS
 ABOUT LOVE. HEY.

Pops and Gold-E switch lead positions.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 STOP. LET ME GET A GOOD LOOK AT IT.
 OOH, SO HOT, I GOTTA COOL IT DOWN
 EASY. AND OW, SO FINE I'D LIKE TO
 MAKE YOU A HABIT. BUT THAT'S
 ALRIGHT.

CORN POPS AND GABE
 THAT'S ALRIGHT.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 'CAUSE YOU'RE ALL MINE.

CORN POPS AND GABE
 'CAUSE YOU'RE ALL MINE.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 AND AWW, GO ON AND SHOW 'EM WHO YOU
 CALL DADDY. I GUESS THEY'RE JUST
 MAD 'CAUSE GIRL, THEY WISH THEY HAD
 IT. OOH MY KILLER, MY THRILLER,
 YEAH, YOU'RE A CLASSIC. AND YOU'RE
 ALL MINE.

CORN POPS AND GABE
YOU'RE ALL MINE.

GOLD-E-LOCS
TONIGHT.

PNL AND GABE
AND AS LONG AS I GOT MY SUIT AND
TIE, I'M A LEAVIN' IT ALL ON THE
FLOOR TONIGHT, AND YOU GOT FIXED UP
TO THE NINES.

GOLD-E-LOCS
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

CORN POPS AND GABE
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL AND GABE
ALL PRESSED UP IN BLACK AND WHITE.
AND YOU DRESSED IN THAT DRESS I
LIKE. LOVE IS SWINGIN' IN THE AIR
TONIGHT.

GOLD-E-LOCS
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

CORN POPS AND GABE
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL AND GABE
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS. SHOW
YOU A FEW THINGS.

GOLD-E-LOCS
ABOUT LOVE. NOW WE'RE IN THE SWING
OF LOVE.

PNL AND GABE
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS. SHOW
YOU A FEW THINGS.

GOLD-E-LOCS
ABOUT LOVE. HEY.

They each take turns doing a dance solo. When Gabe is done,
she remains out front.

PNL AND GABE
AND AS LONG AS I GOT MY SUIT AND
TIE, I'MA LEAVE IT ALL ON THE FLOOR
TONIGHT, AND YOU GOT FIXED UP TO
THE NINES.

GABE
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL AND GABE
ALL PRESSED UP IN BLACK AND WHITE.
AND YOU DRESSED IN THAT DRESS I
LIKE. LOVE IS SWINGIN' IN THE AIR
TONIGHT.

GABE
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

GABE
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

GABE
ABOUT LOVE. NOW WE'RE IN THE SWING
OF LOVE.

GABE (CONT'D)
LET ME SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

PNL
SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS.

GABE
ABOUT LOVE. HEY. OOH.

The lights brighten.

CORN POPS
Yo girl. You straight fire on the
dance floor.

GABE
(blushing)
Thanks.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Shame no body was here to see that.
(looks around)
Wait. Where is everybody?

GABE
They left earlier.

CORN POPS
Without us?

GABE
There's been a slight adjustment to
the plan. We're going out on our
own.

GOLD-E-LOCS
Why?

GABE
To throw off The Betrayer.

They both approvingly smile and nod.

CORN POPS
So where are they?

GABE
The main entrance to The City
called The Gate. Getting ready to
unleash The Freak Parade.

GOLD-E-LOCS
I *do* like the sound of that.

14. EXT. OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE TO THE CITY - DAY

From its lookout position above the imposing wall, the camera of a drone scans to the left, and then to the right. When it swings around again, it stops on a whirl of dust in the distance. It focuses in and the dust cloud gets bigger.

The drone starts to fly slowly toward the disturbance, fine tuning its focus as it does until the FREAK PARADE comes into focus. Two men dressed like hipsters, FAKE PNL, on horses appear in the front holding umbrellas. One has a bouncy blond afro while the other is wearing a cowboy hat that's covering all but the dangling ends of his corn rolls. Behind them is a BAND LEADER directing a marching band in uniform with baton twirlers and banjo players. Next, are dancers dressed in pink bikinis and cowboy hats. And in the rear, there's a longhorn bull pulling a red convertible steered by The Prophet in a top hat petting a skunk.

A red light on the side of the drone comes on indicating it's now registering sound.

Cue: *Save a Horse (Ride a Cowboy)* by Big and Rich.

BAND LEADER
 DUMDEDEDUM, DEDEDUMDEDEDUM,
 DEDAADAAAAA, DUMDEDEDUM,
 DEDEDUMDEDEDUM,
 DEDAADAADAADDDAAAA.

The drone momentarily pauses in a hover as the band starts to play. The drone tilts back and forth to the beat.

FAKE PNL
 WELL, I WALK INTO THE ROOM, PASSING
 OUT HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS, AND IT
 KILLS AND IT THRILLS, LIKE THE
 HORNS ON MY SILVERADO GRILL. AND I
 BUY THE BAR A DOUBLE ROUND OF
 CROWN, AND EVERYBODY'S GETTIN'
 DOWN, AN' THIS TOWN AIN'T NEVER
 GONNA BE THE SAME.

Camera shifts to following the drone speeding over the top of The Freak Parade.

FAKE PNL (CONT'D)
 'CAUSE I SADDLE UP MY HORSE, AND I
 RIDE INTO THE CITY. I MAKE A LOT OF
 NOISE, 'CAUSE THE GIRLS THEY ARE SO
 PRETTY. RIDING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY
 ON MY OLD STUD LEROY, AND THE GIRLS
 SAY...

FREAK PARADE
 SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY.

FAKE PNL
 EVERYBODY SAYS...

FREAK PARADE
 SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY.

FAKE PNL
 WELL I DON'T GIVE A DANG ABOUT
 NOTHING, I'M SINGIN' AND BLING-
 BLINGIN', WHILE THE GIRLS ARE
 DRINKING, LONG NECKS DOWN! AND I
 WOULDN'T TRADE OLE' LEROY, OR MY
 CHEVROLET FOR YOUR ESCALADE, OR
 YOUR FREAK PARADE, I'M THE ONLY
 JOHN WAYNE LEFT IN THIS TOWN.
 (beat)
 AND I SADDLED UP MY HORSE, AND I
 RIDE INTO THE CITY. I MAKE A LOT OF
 NOISE, 'CAUSE THE GIRLS THEY ARE SO
 PRETTY.

(MORE)

FAKE PNL (CONT'D)
 RIDING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY ON MY
 OLD STUD LEROY, AND THE GIRLS
 SAY...

FREAK PARADE
 SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY.

FAKE PNL
 EVERYBODY SAYS...

FREAK PARADE
 SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY.

The camera focuses on the dancers doing a choreographed number during a violin and banjo solo. When over, the camera focuses in on Fake PnL.

FAKE CORN POPS
 I'M A THOROUGH-BRED, THAT'S WHAT
 SHE SAID, IN THE BACK OF MY TRUCK
 BED, AS I WAS GETTIN' BUZZED, ON
 SUDS, OUT ON SOME BACK COUNTRY
 ROAD. WE WERE FLYING HIGH, FINE AS
 WINE, HAVING OURSELVES A BIG AND
 RICH TIME, AND I WAS GOIN', JUST
 ABOUT AS FAR AS SHE'D LET ME GO.

FAKE PNL
 BUT HER EVALUATION OF MY COWBOY
 REPUTATION, HAD ME BEGGIN' FOR
 SALVATION, ALL NIGHT LONG. SO I
 TOOK HER OUT GIGGIN' FROGS,
 INTRODUCED HER TO MY OLD BIRD
 DOG...

FAKE CORN POPS
 ...AND SANG HER EVERY WILLIE NELSON
 SONG I COULD THINK OF...

FAKE PNL
 ...AND WE MADE LOVE!

Suddenly, the sky fills with drones erratically flying around the parade. The camera then rapidly switches from one drone perspective to another.

FREAK PARADE
 AND I SADDLED UP MY HORSE, AND I
 RIDE INTO THE CITY. I MAKE A LOT OF
 NOISE, 'CAUSE THE GIRLS THEY ARE SO
 PRETTY. RIDING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY
 ON MY OLD STUD LEROY, AND THE GIRLS
 SAY, SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY.

(MORE)

FREAK PARADE (CONT'D)
 EVERYBODY SAYS, SAVE A HORSE, RIDE
 A COWBOY.

The drones starts to CRASH into one another.

FAKE PNL
 WHAT? WHAT?

FREAK PARADE
 SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOY.
 EVERYBODY SAYS, SAVE A HORSE RIDE A
 COWBOY.

The final drone spins around and then crashes onto the front seat of the convertible. The Prophet stands and looks at it in pieces.

15. EXT. ISOLATED PART OF THE WALL - DAY

Gabe waves and Pops and Gold-E salute as they pass the Pumpers heading back in the opposite direction. They continue over the levee and through the dry mote with two drones following overhead.

When they stop at the base of the massive wall, Gabe takes off her drawstring backpack and then unloads two ropes. She looks around with her hands on her hips.

GABE
 No other drones. The distraction
 must have worked.

Their reprogrammed drones fly down and land next to them.

HERMEY (V.O.)
 You sure you two weigh less than
 200 pounds?

Gold-E feigns offence as Pops straightens his jacket.

As she connects the ropes under their arms and around their chests...

GABE
 Hermeiy will get you as close as he
 can to The Tower without being
 seen. Then he'll unlock the service
 elevator using a bar code off one
 of the drones. You'll need to make
 your way up to the top floor.

She hands Pops the bed sheet.

GABE (CONT'D)

After you secure this over the satellite dish, find a place to lay low until we get there.

They both look uncertain.

CORN POPS

What if the sacred scroll was wrong?

GOLD-E-LOCS

What if we screw this up?

GABE

I believe in you.

After testing the knots, she loops the other end around a hook in the bottom of the drone.

GABE (CONT'D)

(to Hermey)

They're ready.

HERMEY (V.O.)

Here we go.

The drones lift off the ground and slowly rise taking up the slack in the ropes. When they're taught, the drone's RPMs INCREASE as they struggle to lift the men.

CORN POPS

(panicked)

I lied. I weigh two-hundred and a half pounds.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Ain't gonna be a problem for me since I'ma 'bout to drop two pounds.

CORN POPS

Don't make no difference if it stays in yo pants, fool.

They lift off the ground and laboriously ascend up the wall.

GABE

See you on the other side.

(waves)

Remember to blend in.

The camera follows them to the top of the wall. Then it returns to Gabe gathering up her backpack.

HERMEY (V.O.)
They're going to be fine.

She stands and shoulders it.

GABE
I hope so. They're starting to grow
on me.

HERMEY (V.O.)
I'm sending a third drone.

GABE
For what?

HERMEY (V.O.)
To pick you up.

She hears its HUM approaching.

GABE
Thanks for not forgetting about...
(SINGS)
UNIQUELY AVERAGE. STRIKINGLY PLAIN.
OUTLANDISHLY PROSAIC.
EXTRAORDINARILY, EXTRA ORDINARY,
LITTLE OLE ME.

HERMEY (V.O.)
I could never forget about...
(SINGS)
UNSHAKABLY DETERMINED,
UNCONDITIONALLY FAITHFUL,
UNEXPLAINABLY AMAZING,
PULCHRITUDINOUSLY...

GABE
...PULCHRITUDINOUS?

HERMEY (V.O.)
...BEAUTIFUL.
(clears his throat)
EXTRA EXTRAORDINARY, LITTLE OLE
YOU.

16. INT. THE TOWER, SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Pops and Gold-E are watching the elevator floor indicator lights flash one by one until it reaches the top. The doors open and a MESSY-HAIRED MAN (40s) wearing a plain tee-shirt is standing there.

MESSY-HAIRED MAN
Greetings, fellow Citizens.

CORN POPS
(formally)
Greetings, good sir.

The man smiles in a seemingly friendly way. He steps around the pair into the elevator as they exit.

17. INT. THE TOWER, THE COMMITTEE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the doors close, PnL shuffle. After they rearrange their suits...

GOLD-E-LOCS
It worked. I can't believe it worked.

CORN POPS
This don't look like no rooftop, though.

GOLD-E-LOCS
(points at a door at the other end of the hallway)
Stairs?

CORN POPS
One way to find out.

They start walking. Approaching a long glass window, they hear VOICES.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1 (V.O.)
They look like a bunch of clowns.

COMMITTEE LADY
What do you think they're up to?

COMMITTEE MEMBER 2 (V.O.)
Doesn't matter really. There's no way they can get inside.

PnL press themselves against the wall. Gold-E high, and Pops lower, peak into the room. Among the serious looking crowd is a man wearing a grey jacket over an Occupy Mars tee-shirt and board shorts, COMMITTEE MEMBER 1 (50s). Beside him is a shorter, bald man in a muscle shirt, COMMITTEE MEMBER 2 (60s). And on the other side of the table, a taller, darker-skinned man wearing a blue baseball hat, COMMITTEE MEMBER 3 (50s).

PnL look at one another as The Committee members each start changing into conservative business suits. The exception is a lady with short hair wearing oval glasses, COMMITTEE LADY (50s), who puts on a dark militant looking uniform (evoking Janet Jackson in *Rhythm Nation*).

CORN POPS
(mouths)
The Committee.

Gold-E nods.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 3
No more playing around.

They each turn to the lady who pulls a matching black cap down over her head.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1
You know what to do.

She nods and then leaves.

PnL step away from the wall just as she exits.

CORN POPS
Greetings, fellow Citizen.

She nods again and quickly passes toward the elevator.

PnL continue through the door to the stairs.

18. EXT. THE CITY, STREET - DAY

A tight formation of similarly dressed militant-looking Appliances called THE ENFORCERS fill a street block below. The Committee Lady takes a position in the front of them. Her hand lifts in front of her expressionless face. As she counts down with her fingers...

COMMITTEE LADY
Five, four, three, two, one.

Cue: *Rhythm Nation* by Janet Jackson.

She leads The Enforcers in a perfectly synchronized march.

COMMITTEE LADY (CONT'D)
WITH MUSIC BY OUR SIDE, TO BREAK
THE COLOR LINES. LET'S WORK
TOGETHER TO IMPROVE OUR WAY OF
LIFE.

(MORE)

COMMITTEE LADY (CONT'D)
 JOIN VOICES IN PROTEST, TO SOCIAL
 INJUSTICE. A GENERATION FULL OF
 COURAGE, COME FORTH WITH ME.

THE ENFORCERS
 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD TODAY, ARE WE
 LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY OF LIFE?

COMMITTEE LADY
 SING!

THE ENFORCERS
 WE ARE A PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.
 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD UNITE. STRENGTH
 IN NUMBERS, WE CAN GET IT RIGHT,
 ONE TIME.

COMMITTEE LADY
 SING IT UP!

ENFORCERS
 WE ARE A PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.

COMMITTEE LADY
 THIS IS THE TEST, NO STRUGGLE, NO
 PROGRESS.

THE ENFORCERS
 LEND.

COMMITTEE LADY
 LEND A HAND TO HELP YOUR BROTHER DO
 HIS BEST. THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE,
 WE HAVE TO MAKE THEM BETTER.

THE ENFORCERS
 IT'S TIME TO GIVE A DAMN, LET'S
 WORK TOGETHER.

COMMITTEE LADY
 COME ON NOW.

THE ENFORCERS
 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD TODAY, ARE WE
 LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY OF LIFE?

COMMITTEE LADY
 SING!

THE ENFORCERS
 WE ARE A PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.
 PEOPLE OF THE WORLD UNITE. STRENGTH
 IN NUMBERS, WE CAN GET IT RIGHT,
 ONE TIME.

COMMITTEE LADY
SING IT UP!

THE ENFORCERS
WE ARE A PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.

Group dance number.

THE ENFORCERS (CONT'D)
WE - ARE - THE - NATION.

COMMITTEE LADY
(simultaneously)
SING IT, PEOPLE. SAY IT, CHILDREN.
SING IT IF YOU WANT A BETTER LIFE.

THE ENFORCERS
WE - ARE - THE - NATION.

COMMITTEE LADY
(simultaneously)
SING IT, PEOPLE. SAY IT, CHILDREN.
SING IT IF YOU WANT A BETTER LIFE.

Random Enforcers move out front for solo dance numbers as the others stand at attention.

COMMITTEE LADY (CONT'D)
RHYTHM.

THE ENFORCERS
PEOPLE OF THE WORLD TODAY, ARE WE
LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY OF LIFE?

COMMITTEE LADY
SING!

THE ENFORCERS
WE ARE A PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.
PEOPLE OF THE WORLD UNITE. STRENGTH
IN NUMBERS, WE CAN GET IT RIGHT,
ONE TIME.

COMMITTEE LADY
SING IT UP!

THE ENFORCERS
WE ARE A PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.
WE - ARE - THE - NATION.

COMMITTEE LADY
(simultaneously)
SING IT, BABY. SAY IT, CHILDREN.
SING IT IF YOU WANT A BETTER LIFE.

THE ENFORCERS
WE - ARE - THE - NATION.

COMMITTEE LADY
SING IT, BABY. SAY IT, CHILDREN.
SING IT IF YOU WANT A BETTER LIFE.

THE ENFORCERS
WE - ARE - THE - NATION.

COMMITTEE LADY
SING IT, BABY. SAY IT, CHILDREN.
SING IT IF YOU WANT A BETTER LIFE.

THE ENFORCERS
WE - ARE - THE - NATION. WE ARE A
PART OF THE RHYTHM NATION.

All The Enforcers freeze at attention.

THE ENFORCERS (CONT'D)
WE - ARE - THE - NATION.

They starting jogging again for The Gate.

COMMITTEE LADY
Hup.

THE ENFORCERS
Hup.

COMMITTEE LADY
Hup.

THE ENFORCERS
Hup.

Their VOICES FADE as they slowly disappear around a corner.

20. INT. THE TOWER, THE MAN'S FLOOR - DAY

Pops and Gold-E are walking down the hallway of the next higher floor when they hear HUMMING. They cautiously approach an open door. When they peak inside, they see a large open room with no furniture and elegant gowns on dozens of scattered clothing racks. Beyond them is an open sliding glass door out to a balcony.

21. INT. THE TOWER, THE MAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

When they look toward the HUMMING, they see a curvy silhouette behind and opaque privacy screen.

The Man steps out carrying a long blue dress. She's completely nude. Her skin is uniformly smooth and tanned like a Barbie doll. There is a tattoo that says Sunday on her neck below where her hair would normally hang.

CORN POPS

(whispers)

Whoa. Not only does that Man not have no man parts...

GOLD-E-LOCS

...that Man don't have no woman parts neither.

Cue: *The Man* by The Killers.

The Man sets the dress on a coat hangar. And then when the guitar BLASTS in, The Man struts over and leans against the wall, SNAPPING her fingers.

THE MAN

I KNOW THE SCORE, LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND.

(looks at the smooth back of her hand)

THEM OTHER BOYS, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN. THEY KISS ON THE RING, I CARRY THE CROWN.

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS (V.O.)

NOTHING CAN BREAK, NOTHING CAN BREAK ME DOWN.

She dances over to a long mirror. Swaying her hips...

THE MAN

DON'T NEED NO ADVICE. I GOT A PLAN.

THE REPLICAS (V.O.)

WOO.

THE MAN

I KNOW THE DIRECTION. THE LAY OF THE LAND. I

THE REPLICAS (V.O.)

WOO.

THE MAN

I KNOW THE SCORE LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND. THEM OTHER BOYS, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.

She flexes.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
I'M THE MAN.

THE REPLICAS (V.O.)
COME 'ROUND. NO-NO-NOTHING CAN
BREAK, N-NOTHING CAN BREAK ME DOWN.

THE MAN
I'M THE MAN.

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS (V.O.)
COME 'ROUND.

THE MAN
NO-NO-NOTHING CAN BREAK.

A dozen nude REPLICAS appear through and around the dresses and strut out to join The Man.

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS
YOU CAN'T BREAK ME DOWN.

Group dance number.

THE MAN
I GOT GAS IN THE TANK. I GOT MONEY
IN THE BANK. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU
BABY, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MAN. I
GOT SKIN IN THE GAME. I GOT A
HOUSEHOLD NAME. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU
BABY, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MAN.

A Replica tosses a jersey and The Man catches it. She approvingly nods when she reads THE MAN lettering on the back. Then she tosses it back.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
WHEN IT COMES TO FRIDAY. I ALWAYS
EARN.

THE REPLICAS
WOO.

THE MAN
DON'T TRY TO TEACH ME. I GOT
NOTHING TO LEARN. 'CAUSE BABY I'M
GIFTED. YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS
USDA CERTIFIED LEAN. I'M THE MAN,
COME 'ROUND.

THE MAN
NO-NO-NOTHING CAN BREAK...

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS
YOU CAN'T BREAK ME DOWN.

THE MAN
I GOT GAS IN THE TANK. I GOT MONEY
IN THE BANK. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU
BABY, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MAN. I
GOT SKIN IN THE GAME. I DON'T FEEL
NO PAIN. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU BABY,
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MAN. WHO'S
THE MAN?

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS
WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN)
WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M
THE MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M THE
MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) WHO'S THE MAN
WITH THE PLAN? I'M THE MAN.

(beat)

WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN)
WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M
THE MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M THE
MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) WHO'S THE MAN
WITH THE PLAN? I'M THE MAN.

The Replicas do a dance number while The Man tries on a dress.

THE REPLICAS
I'M THE MAN. OOH, OOH, OOH.

The Man takes off the first dress and tries on another one.

THE REPLICAS (CONT'D)
I'M THE MAN.

The Man looks in the mirror and approvingly nods.

THE REPLICAS (CONT'D)
OOH, OOH, OOH.

The Man struts back out to the open floor while The Replicas dance over to the racks and try on dresses.

THE MAN
I GOT GAS IN THE TANK. I GOT MONEY
IN THE BANK. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU
BABY, YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MAN. I
GOT SKIN IN THE GAME. HEADED FOR
THE HALL OF...

THE REPLICAS

...FAME.

THE MAN

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU BABY, YOU'RE
LOOKING AT THE MAN.

The Man struts around the others approving their dresses one by one.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

RIGHT, WE GOIN'. (The Replicas -
MAN) FIRST IN COMMAND. (MAN) MY
TESTIMONY, (MAN) BUT I TAKE THE
STAND.

(raises her arms)

The Replicas rejoin The Man for a dance number.

THE MAN AND THE REPLICAS

WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN)
WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M
THE MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M THE
MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) WHO'S THE MAN
WITH THE PLAN? I'M THE MAN.

(beat)

WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN)
WHO'S THE MAN? (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M
THE MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) I'M THE
MAN. (WHO'S THE MAN) WHO'S THE MAN
WITH THE PLAN? I'M THE MAN.

THE MAN

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.

THE REPLICAS

I'M THE MAN.

The Replicas dance back behind the dress carts. The Man continues dancing over to the mirror and poses.

THE MAN

I'm the man.

PnL nod at one another approvingly.

GOLD-E-LOCS

(whispers)

Now that was tight.

The pair turn from the open door and start walking again to the stairwell.

22. EXT. THE CITY, THE GATE - DAY

The Resistance is gathered on the bridge on one side of The Gate as The Enforcers MARCH up to the other. The Prophet gets out of the car and walks by the other clearly worried comrades. When he reaches the front of the Freak Parade, Fake PnL are removing their disguises. Their horses are nibbling on a stack of hay bails behind which The Construction Worker sinisterly crouches.

FAKE CORN POPS

Any word?

THE PROPHET

Not since they entered The Tower.

FAKE GOLD-E-LOCS

We're running out of time.

FAKE CORN POPS

If they open that gate, we'll be sitting ducks.

Hermey is staring down at one of three drone controllers dangling around his neck, nervously tapping his foot. The Prophet approaches.

THE PROPHET

How much time do we have?

Hermey brings a second controller around and points at the video feed showing The Enforcers formed up at attention on the other side of The Gate. He adjusts the camera and they see the Committee Lady standing in front of a red button, waiting. She looks down at her phone.

HERMEY

It's five till noon. They're likely waiting for The Midday Jam to start so that The Citizens won't hear.

THE PROPHET

Any sign of the jesters?

Hermey brings around a third controller fixed on The Tower rooftop. He shakes his head.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)

What's the first controller for?

Hermey brings it back around. They both stare at the video of Gabe being flown along the wall.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
 (exhales)
 It's in the hands of...

Hermey shoots him a look.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
 ...fate.

23. EXT. THE TOWER, ROOFTOP - DAY

Pops and Gold-E exit the door to the stairwell. When they look over the rail down thirteen floors, they see The Citizens filing out in the street for The Midday Jam.

They turn back and see the dish that sends out the signal that controls everything in The City on a higher pedestal. Pops pulls out the pillow cover.

Camera flashes between Gold-E climbing up a ladder, The Man stepping out on the balcony, and the Committee Lady reaching forward and pressing the red button at The Wall. There are GROANS and CRIES from The Resistance as The Gate starts to drop.

The Citizens start to walk around like zombies below eventually arranging themselves into a formation.

Cue: *Thriller* by Michael Jackson.

With The Man in the lead, they start the *Thriller* dance.

Once Gold-E is in position, Pops hands him the pillow cover.

CORN POPS
 Hurry.

Gold-E opens it. Then he drapes it over the satellite.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
 The cross. It needs to be on this side.

Gold-E pulls it back up, turns it around, and then pulls it down again. He looks at Pops who crosses his fingers.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
 That's it. We've done our part.

24. EXT. THE CITY, THE GATE - DAY

The Resistance are huddled around the Prophet at The Gate near the bridge.

THE PROPHET
(shaky voice)
Have faith people.

The Committee Lady repositions herself in front of The Enforcers. There is a THUD when the gate reaches The Bridge.

After a moment of silence where they can hear the *Thriller* MUSIC in the distance, The Committee Lady smiles. Staring at her phone, she raises her hand over her face and with her fingers counts down...

COMMITTEE LADY
Five, four, three, two, one.
Charge!

She takes off running forward.

Hermey dashes up and shows The Prophet the video from the controller fixed on The Tower and the pillow case covering the satellite dish.

THE PROPHET
Hmff. I guess it's a cross after
all.

Hermey turns the viewer toward the crowd and they CHEER!

The Committee Lady slows. As she looks disbelievingly down at her phone, she trips and falls to the ground. From her knees, she looks back at The Enforcers frozen in their formation. She reaches for her phone in the dust. When she turns it over, the screen is blank.

The Prophet approaches, bends down and grabs it from her.

THE PROPHET (CONT'D)
Maybe it's time to put down the
phone and return to the world of
the living.

COMMITTEE LADY
Would you really give up uniform
order and perfect tranquility for
the privilege of ruining your life
one bad decision at a time?

THE PROPHET

If you relinquish the right to choose, you may never feel the discomfort of being wrong. But you will also never know the rush of being right.

Just then, The Construction Worker darts out from behind the hay bails and grabs one of the controllers from around Hermey's neck.

THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(shouts)

Stand back. Everybody stand back or I'll crash the drone.

As The Resistance threateningly surround him...

HERMEY

Wait! Gabe's being transported on that one.

Their heads turn toward an approaching BUZZ.

GABE

What's going on down there? Hermey?

HERMEY

We're having a minor issue down here.

Suddenly, one of the band members rips open her uniform revealing a plastic red jumpsuit beneath it. Then she charges with her drum lifted over her head.

CONSPICUOUS GIRL

(shouts)

You're nothing but a womanizer.

She BASHES the drum over his head.

The jolt causes the drone carrying Gabe to drop several feet.

GABE

(screams)

Hermey!

Hermey rushes up, grabs the controller and stabilizes it.

HERMEY

It's okay now. You're okay.

He lands her nearby.

She unties herself and then approaches The Construction Worker constrained by a drum shell over his shoulders.

GABE

I should have known that nobody's
that perfect.

THE PROPHET

Except maybe an Appliance.

HERMEY

Only The Appliances shut down when
the signal from the dish was
blocked.

THE PROPHET

What is he then?

Gabe grabs The Construction Worker's perfect locks and pulls until a mask rips free. Beneath it is a baby-faced man with Caesar-cut curly hair.

GABE

Just another power hungry
egomaniac.

(turns to Hermey)

Thanks for saving me.

She kisses him on the cheek. He blushes. She looks at The Prophet.

GABE (CONT'D)

So they did it?

THE PROPHET

I must admit, I had my doubts at
first. But they sure came through
when it mattered.

25. EXT. THE CITY - DAY

Cue: *Thriller* by Michael Jackson continues.

From the rooftop rail of The Tower, Pops and Gold-E look down and see The Man on the balcony a floor below leading the singing and dancing. The drone camera dives over the rail and races by The Man down to the street below where it flies over The Citizens dancing in the street.

THE MAN (V.O.)

... 'CAUSE THIS IS THRILLER,
THRILLER NIGHT.

(MORE)

THE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 AND NO ONE'S GONNA SAVE YOU, FROM
 THE BEAST ABOUT TO STRIKE. YOU KNOW
 IT'S THRILLER, THRILLER NIGHT.
 YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE
 INSIDE A KILLER, THRILLER.

THE MAN AND THE CITIZENS
 THRILLER. THRILLER NIGHT.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 'CAUSE I CAN THRILL YOU MORE, THAN
 ANY GHOUL WOULD EVER DARE TRY.

THE MAN AND THE CITIZENS
 THRILLER. (OOH) THRILLER NIGHT.

THE MAN (V.O.)
 SO LET ME HOLD YOU TIGHT, AND SHARE
 A...

THE MAN AND THE CITIZENS
 ...KILLER, THRILLER, CHILLER,
 THRILLER, HERE TONIGHT.

The camera races back up The Tower to the balcony where The Man's face begins to twitch. Then her body does the same. A red light is flashing in her eye.

THE MAN
 (voice slows)
 'CAUSE THIS IS THRIIIILLEEER.

THE CITIZENS
 (simultaneous)
 THRILLER. THRILLER NIGHT.

CORN POPS
 She's spazzing out.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 And look at that flashing light in
 her eye.

CORN POPS
 Maybe her battery's running low.

Suddenly, The Man violently shakes and then drops limp to the balcony floor.

The music momentarily cuts off and The Citizens stand around stupefied.

The music starts again and The Citizens re-form.

Cue: *Crank That* by Soulja Boy.

THE CITIZENS
YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
SOULJA BOY TELL 'EM.

THE MAN REPLICA 2 steps out on the balcony in a different dress, and wearing black Air Jordan's.

THE MAN REPLICA 2
AYY, I GOT THIS NEW DANCE FOR Y'ALL
CALLED THE SOULJA BOY.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
YUU!

Pl1 disbelievingly look at one another and mouth WHAT?

THE MAN REPLICA 2
YOU JUST GOTTA PUNCH, THEN CRANK
BACK THREE TIMES FROM LEFT TO
RIGHT.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
AAH, YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2
(simultaneously)
SOULJA BOY OFF IN IT.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
OOH!

THE MAN REPLICA 2
WATCH ME CRANK IT, WATCH ME.

THE CITIZENS (V.O.)
ROLL!

The drone camera once again flies over the balcony down among The Citizens below.

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
WATCH EM CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY THEN
SUPERMAN THAT.

THE CITIZENS
OOH!

THE MAN REPLICA (V.O.)
NOW WATCH ME...

THE CITIZENS

YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH
ME.

THE CITIZENS

YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH
ME...

THE CITIZENS

YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH
ME...

THE CITIZENS

YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH.
SOULJA BOY OFF IN IT.

THE CITIZENS

OOH!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
WATCH ME CRANK IT, WATCH ME.

THE CITIZENS

ROLL!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
WATCH ME CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY THEN
SUPERMAN THAT.

INTERCUT between The Man Replica 2, The Citizens and PnL all
dancing and singing.

THE CITIZENS

OOH!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
NOW WATCH ME...

THE CITIZENS

YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA (V.O.)
 CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH
 ME...

THE CITIZENS
 YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
 CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH
 ME...

THE CITIZENS
 YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
 CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH
 ME...

THE CITIZENS
 YUU!

THE MAN REPLICA 2 (V.O.)
 CRANK THAT SOULJA BOY. NOW WATCH.

The camera fixes on PnL. Pops points down to the balcony.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 Uh, oh. Here we go again.

The camera pans down to the balcony where The Man Replica 2 is twitching. She violently shakes and drops limp on top of the first The Man.

The music momentarily cuts off and The Citizens stand around stupefied.

The music starts again and The Citizens re-form.

Cue: *The Macarena* by Los del Rio.

THE MAN REPLICA 3 steps out on the balcony in a different dress, and wearing Mariachi shoes.

THE MAN REPLICA 3
 WHEN I DANCE THEY CALL ME MACARENA.
 AND THE BOYS THEY SAY *QUE ESTOY*
BUENA. THEY ALL WANT ME. THEY CAN'T
 HAVE ME. SO THEY ALL COME AND DANCE
 BESIDE ME. MOVE WITH ME. CHANT WITH
 ME. AND IF YOU'RE GOOD I'LL TAKE
 YOU HOME WITH ME.

INTERCUT between The Man Replica 3, The Citizens and PnL all dancing and singing.

THE MAN REPLICA 3 AND THE CITIZENS
 DALE A TU CUERPO ALEGRIA MACARENA.
 QUE TU CUERPO ES PA' DARLE ALEGRIA
 COSA BUENA. DALE A TU CUERPO
 ALEGRIA, MACARENA. HEY MACARENA.
 AY!

(beat)
 DALE A TU CUERPO ALEGRIA MACARENA.
 QUE TU CUERPO ES PA' DARLE ALEGRIA
 COSA BUENA. DALE A TU CUERPO
 ALEGRIA, MACARENA. HEY MACARENA.
 AY!

THE MAN REPLICA 3
 NOW DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT MY
 BOYFRIEND. THE BOYFRIEND'S NAME IS
 VITORINO. I DOON'T WAAAANT
 HIIIM...

The camera fixes on the balcony where The Man Replica 3 is twitching. Then she violent shakes and drops limp on top of the first two.

The music momentarily cuts off and The Citizens stand around stupefied.

The music starts again and The Citizens re-form.

Cue: *Gangman Style* by Psy.

THE MAN REPLICA 4 steps out on the balcony in a different dress, and wearing black and white Oxford shoes.

THE MAN REPLICA 4
 OPPAN GANGNAM STYLE. GANGNAM STYLE.

She starts dancing.

THE MAN REPLICA 4 (CONT'D)
 NAJENEUN TTASAROUN INGANJEOGIN
 YEOJA. KEOPI HANJANUI YEOYUREUL
 ANEUN PUMGYEOK INNEUN YEOJA.
 BAMI OMYEON SIMJANGI
 TTEUGEOWOJINEUN YEOJA.
 GEUREON BANJEON INNEUN YEOJA.
 (beat)
 NANEUN SANAI. NAJENEUN NEOMANKEUM
 TTASAROUN GEUREON SANAI.
 KEOPI SIKGIDO JEONE WONSYAT
 TTAERINEUN SANAI.
 BAMI OMYEON SIMJANGI
 TEOJYEOBEORINEUN SANAI.
 GEUREON SANAI.

INTERCUT between The Man Replica 4, The Citizens and PnL all dancing and singing.

THE MAN REPLICA 4 (CONT'D)
AREUMDAWO SARANGSEUREOWO, GEURAE
NEO.

THE CITIZENS
HEY!

THE MAN REPLICA 4
GEURAE BARO NEO.

THE CITIZENS
HEY!

THE MAN REPLICA 4
AREUMDAWO SARANGSEUREOWO, GEURAE
NEO.

THE CITIZENS
HEY!

THE MAN REPLICA 4
GEURAE BARO NEO.

THE CITIZENS
HEY!

THE MAN REPLICA 4
JIGEUMBUTEO GAL DEKKAJI GABOLKKA.
OPPAN GANGNAM STYLE. GANGNAM STYLE.
OP, OP, OP, OP. OPPAN GANGNAM
STYLE. GANGNAM STYLE. OP, OP, OP,
OP. OPPAN GANGNAM STYLE.

THE CITIZENS
EEH, SEXY LADY.

THE MAN REPLICA 4
OP, OP, OP, OP. OPPAN GANGNAM
STYLE.

THE CITIZENS
EEH, SEXY LADY.

THE MAN REPLICA 4
OP, OP, OP, OP. OPPAN GANGNAM
STYLE.

The camera fixes on the balcony where The Man Replica 4 is twitching. Then she violent shakes and drops limp on top of the first three.

The music momentarily cuts off and The Citizens stand around stupefied.

The music starts again and The Citizens re-form.

Cue: *Boot Scootin' Boogie* by Brooks and Dunn.

The MAN REPLICIA 5 steps out on the balcony in a different dress, and wearing cowboy boots.

THE MAN REPLICIA 5
 OUT IN THE COUNTRY PAST THE CITY
 LIMIT SIGN, WHERE THERE'S A HONKY
 TONK NEAR THE COUNTY LINE. THE
 JOINT STARTS JUMPIN' EVERY NIGHT
 WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN. THEY GOT
 WHISKEY, WOMEN, MUSIC, AND SMOKE,
 IT'S WHERE ALL THE COWBOY FOLK GO
 TO BOOT SCOOTIN' BOOGIE.

INTERCUT between The Man Replica 5, The Citizens and PnL all dancing and singing.

THE MAN REPLICIA 5 (CONT'D)
 I GOT A GOOD JOB, I WORK HARD FOR
 MY MONEY. WHEN IT'S QUITTIN' TIME,
 LORD, I HIT THE DOOR RUNNIN'. I
 FIRE UP MY PICKUP TRUCK AND LET
 THEE HORSES RUN. I GO FLYIN' DOWN
 THAT HIGHWAY TO THAT HIDEAWAY.
 STUCK OUT IN THE WOODS TO DO THE
 BOOT SCOOTIN' BOOGIE.

THE MAN, THE CITIZENS AND PNL
 YEAH, HEEL TOE DOCIE DOE COME ON
 BABY, LET'S GO BOOT SCOOTIN'. OH,
 CADILLAC, BLACK JACK, BABY MEET ME
 OUTBACK, WE'RE GONNA BOOGIE. GET
 DOWN, TURN AROUND, GO TO TOWN, BOOT
 SCOOTIN' BOOGIE.

(beat)
 OH, HEEL TOE DOCIE DOE COME ON
 BABY, LET'S GO BOOT SCOOTIN'. YEAH,
 CADILLAC, BLACK JACK, BABY MEET ME
 OUTBACK, WE'RE GONNA BOOGIE. GET
 DOWN, TURN AROUND, GO TO TOWN, BOOT
 SCOOTIN' BOOGIE.

The camera fixes on the balcony where The Man Replica 5 is twitching. Then she violent shakes and drops limp on top of the first four.

The music momentarily cuts off and The Citizens stand around stupefied.

The music starts again and The Citizens re-form.

Cue: *The Conga* by Gloria Estefan.

THE MAN REPLICIA 6 steps out on the balcony in a different dress, and wearing heels.

THE MAN REPLICIA 6
 COMON, SHAKE YOUR BODY BABY DO THE
 CONGA. I KNOW YOU CAN'T CONTROL
 YOURSELF ANY LONGER. COMON, SHAKE
 YOUR BODY BABY DO THE CONGA. I KNOW
 YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOURSELF ANY
 LONGER.

She starts dancing.

THE MAN REPLICIA 6 (CONT'D)
 COMON, SHAKE YOUR BODY BABY DO THE
 CONGA. I KNOW YOU CAN'T CONTROL
 YOURSELF ANY LONGER. FEEL THE
 RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC GETTING
 STRONGER. DON'T YOU FIGHT IT TILL
 YOU'VE TRIED IT, DO THE CONGA BEAT.

INTERCUT between The Man Replica 6, The Citizens and PnL all dancing and singing.

THE MAN REPLICIA 6 (CONT'D)
 EVERYBODY, GATHER 'ROUND NOW. LET
 YOUR BODY FEEL THE HEAT. DON'T YOU
 WORRY, IF YOU CAN'T DANCE. LET THE
 MUSIC MOVE YOUR FEET. IT'S THE
 RHYTHM, OF THE ISLAND. AND THE
 SUGARCANE SO SWEET. IF YOU WANT TO,
 DO THE CONGA, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN
 TO THE BEAT.

THE MAN, THE CITIZENS AND PNL
 COMON SHAKE YOUR BODY BABY DO THE
 CONGA. I KNOW YOU CAN'T CONTROL
 YOURSELF ANY LONGER. FEEL THE
 RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC GETTING
 STRONGER. DON'T YOU FIGHT IT, TILL
 YOU'VE TRIED IT, DO THE CONGA BEAT.

The camera fixes on the balcony where The Man Replica 6 is twitching. Then she violent shakes and drops limp on top of the other five.

The music continues this time and The Citizens continue dancing. As they do, they take out their phones and toss them on the ground.

THE CITIZENS AND PNL
 COMON SHAKE YOUR BODY BABY DO THE
 CONGA. I KNOW YOU CAN'T CONTROL
 YOURSELF ANY LONGER. FEEL THE
 RHYTHM OF THE MUSIC GETTING
 STRONGER. DON'T YOU FIGHT IT, TILL
 YOU'VE TRIED IT, DO THE CONGA BEAT.

The Citizens start to dance independently, stomping on their
 phones as they do.

THE CITIZENS
 COME ON SHAKE YOUR BODY BABY DO THE
 CONGA.

26. INT. THE CITY, THE MAN'S ROOM - DAY

Pops and Gold-E peak again through the open door. The dress
 stands and dresses haven't moved. They walk through the room
 and see several naked The Man replicas frozen in place. They
 continue out the open sliding doors.

27. EXT. THE CITY, THE MAN'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Staring at the pile of The Mans...

CORN POPS
 The Man among men.

They both LAUGH.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 How 'bout, The Mans of few words.

CORN POPS
 They say the dress makes The Mans.

They do a Bill and Ted handshake.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 I guess we stuck it to The Man
 after all.

CORN POPS
 We sure did.

When they look over the balcony, they see The Citizens
 walking around talking to one another, shaking hands,
 hugging, smiling.

At the far end of the street, Gabe and HermeY on horses lead the Freak Parade with a baby-faced man with his hands tied right behind them trying not to step in horse poop. Behind them is a band director, band, dancers in pink, and a steer pulling a red convertible with The Prophet in the back seat.

PnL wave. The Resistance waves back.

The Resistance meets and mingles with The Citizens.

Pops and Gold-E each pick up one of the scattered microphones laying around The Mans.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
 (taps his)
 Is this thing on?

The Citizens and The Resistance below stop their celebrating and look up.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)
 When we lose the right to be
 different, we lose the privilege to
 be free.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 (approvingly nods)
 So even though we all come in
 different sizes, shapes, and
 colors....

CORN POPS
 We have different experiences and
 perspectives...

GOLD-E-LOCS
 We like different foods and speak
 different languages...

CORN POPS
 The one thing we can all come
 together around is music.

GOLD-E-LOCS
 So, join hands people.

The two friends grip one another's hands tightly and then raise them high. The Citizens and The Resistance below do the same.

Cue: *Love Train* by the O'Jays.

CORN POPS
 It's time for a love train.

Everyone below starts CLAPPING.

GOLD-E-LOCS
(singing)
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

CORN POPS
EVERYBODY.

GOLD-E-LOCS
JOIN HANDS.

CORN POPS
JOIN.

GOLD-E-LOCS
START A LOVE TRAIN.

CORN POPS
LOVE RIGHT.

GOLD-E-LOCS
LOVE TRAIN.

Everyone below starts dancing.

CORN POPS
THE NEXT STOP WE MAKE WILL BE
ENGLAND. TELL ALL THE FOLKS IN
RUSSIA, AND CHINA, TOO.

GOLD-E-LOCS
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT'S TIME TO
GET ON BOARD?

PNL
AND LET THIS TRAIN KEEP ON RIDING,
RIDING ON THROUGH.

CORN POPS
WELL. WELL.

EVERYONE
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD, JOIN
HANDS.

CORN POPS
COME ON.

EVERYONE
START A LOVE TRAIN. LOVE TRAIN.

CORN POPS
DON'T NEED NO TICKET. NO.

EVERYONE
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD. JOIN
HANDS.

CORN POPS
RIDE THIS TRAIN, YA'LL.

EVERYONE
START A LOVE TRAIN. LOVE TRAIN.

GOLD-E-LOCS
ALL OF YOU BROTHERS OVER IN AFRICA.
TELL ALL THE FOLKS IN EGYPT, AND
ISRAEL, TOO.

CORN POPS
PLEASE DON'T MISS THIS TRAIN, AT
THE STATION.

PNL
'CAUSE IF YOU MISS IT, I FEEL SORRY
FOR YOU.
WELL.

EVERYONE
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

GOLD-E-LOCS
SISTERS AND BROTHERS.

EVERYONE
JOIN HANDS.

GOLD-E-LOCS
COME ON.

EVERYONE
START A LOVE TRAIN. LOVE TRAIN.

GOLD-E-LOCS
RIDE THIS TRAIN.

EVERYONE
LOVE TRAIN.

GOLD-E-LOCS
COME ON, LOVE TRAIN.

EVERYONE
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

CORN POPS
DON'T NEED NO TICKETS.

EVERYONE
JOIN HANDS.

CORN POPS
COMON, RIDE.

EVERYONE
START A LOVE TRAIN.

CORN POPS
RIDE.

EVERYONE
LOVE TRAIN.

CORN POPS
RIDE.

Hermey with one controller, and Gabe with another, pilot drones up to the balcony. Pops and Gold-E attach themselves to via the ropes, and then they're flown down to join the others.

EVERYONE
(simultaneous)
RIIIDE. LET IT RIIIDE. LET IT
RIIIDE. LET IT RIIIDE. LET IT
RIIIDE. (Repeat until they've
landed).

Then they form a dance train line with PnL in the front, Gabe and Hermey behind them, The Prophet and The Businessman, and then all the others with The Committee and The Mans in the rear.

EVERYONE (CONT'D)
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

CORN POPS
EVERYBODY.

EVERYONE
JOIN HANDS.

GOLD-E-LOCS
BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

EVERYONE
START A LOVE TRAIN.

GABE
COMON NEW YORK.

EVERYONE
LOVE TRAIN.

HERMEY
NOW FLORIDA.

EVERYONE
PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THE PROPHET
THAT'S YOU CALIFORNIA.

EVERYONE
JOIN HANDS.

THE BUSINESSMAN
YOU TOO TEXAS.

EVERYONE
START A LOVE TRAIN.

THE BAND LEADER
THAT'S YOU IDAHO.

EVERYONE
LOVE TRAIN.

As the train CONTINUES, Pops and Gold-E step away and watch it go by. Eventually, when The Mans pass, they look across the street and see The Hospital. They look at one another. The street empties and the music fades.

FADE TO BLACK.

28. INT. THE HOSPITAL - DAY

The sound of an ECG BEEPING is all that remains.

The overhead lights slowly brighten, with Corn Pops and Gold-E-Locs lying on hospital beds in their original party clothes. Something zips by the camera, a FLASH BULB goes off and wakes them. They rub their heads. Then they remove their IVs and slip on wild sunglasses from the table tops nearby.

29. EXT. THE ORIGINAL STREET - DAY

Out on the original hospital portico, PnL look around. The cars, and the trash, and the people are all gone.

CORN POPS

When we lose the right to be
different, we lose the privilege to
be free.

Gold-E gives him a questioning look.

Pops points over his shoulder at the quote above the door.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)

Justice Charles Evans Hughes.

Gold-E reads it and shrugs.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)

Shoulda known I couldn't come up
with something that deep.

GOLD-E-LOCS

No way, man. No way we goin' back
to just bein' lazy goons.

CORN POPS

(thoughtfully)

It did feel good accomplishin'
something important for once.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Yeah. Havin' people count on you
and then not lettin' 'em down.

(turns to face his
partner)

Okay. Here me out. What if we took
it down a notch, from like 11 down
to 9?

CORN POPS

To the max and then back it off one
turn instead?

GOLD-E-LOCS

Maybe then we might remember some
of those memories.

CORN POPS

Maybe even make a few that don't
start with 'what was her name?'

They LAUGH. Then they walk down the steps.

CORN POPS (CONT'D)

Of course, that don't mean we can't
get crazy every once and a while.

GOLD-E-LOCS

An occasional champagne shower is
good for the skin. Opens the pours.

They do a Bill and Ted handshake.

CORN POPS

Cool turkey it is.

GOLD-E-LOCS

Mister D.J. Crank it.

Cue: *Party Rock Anthem* by LMFAO (reprisal).

The Hipster Dancers pour back into the street.

HIPSTER DANCERS AND PNL
PARTY ROCK IS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT.
EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
I CAN FEEL IT MAN!

HIPSTER DANCERS AND PNL
AND WE GON' MAKE YOU LOSE YOUR
MIND. WE JUST WANNA SEE YOU...

RANDOM HIPSTER DANCER
SHAKE THAT.

PNL
(rap)
EVERYDAY I'M SHUFFLIN'.

Synchronized dancing around PnL shufflin'.

PNL (CONT'D)
(rap)
Shufflin'. Shufflin'.

Synchronized dancing.

CLOSE ON Gold-E with hands up.

GOLD-E-LOCS

(raps)
STEP UP FAST, AND BE THE FIRST GIRL
TO MAKE ME THROW THIS CASH. WE
GETTIN' MONEY, DON'T BE MAD NOW
STOP, HATING IS BAD.

PULL BACK to PnL.

GOLD-E-LOCS (CONT'D)
ONE MORE SHOT FOR US.

CORN POPS
ANOTHER ROUND.

GOLD-E-LOCS
PLEASE FILL UP MY CUP.

CORN POPS
DON'T MESS AROUND.

GOLD-E-LOCS
LADIES WANNA SEE.

CORN POPS
YOU SHAKE IT NOW.

GOLD-E-LOCS
NOW YOU WANNA BE.

CORN POPS
YOU'RE NAKED NOW.

CLOSE ON pretty dancer (GABE) on a car hood.

GABE
GET UP. GET DOWN. PUT YOUR HANDS UP
TO THE SOUND. GET UP. GET DOWN. PUT
YOUR HANDS UP TO THE SOUND. GET UP.
GET DOWN. PUT YOUR HANDS UP TO THE
SOUND.

HERMEY
WOO!

GABE
PUT YOUR HANDS UP TO THE SOUND. PUT
YOUR HANDS UP TO THE SOUND.

HERMEY
LET'S GO!

GABE
GET UP. GET UP. GET UP. GET UP. GET
UP. GET UP. GET UP. GET UP. GET UP.
PUT YOUR HANDS UP TO THE SOUND.

PULL BACK to dancers, arms up, clapping to the beat while
surrounding a break-dancer.

GABE (CONT'D)
TOO THE SOUND. PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

HERMEY

WOO!

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP. PUT YOUR HANDS
UP. PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

Gabe hops down and joins the others. Various dancers take
turns with solos out front.

EVERYONE

PARTY ROCK IS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE

EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE

AND WE GON' MAKE YOU LOSE YOU MIND.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE

EVERYBODY JUST HAVE A GOOD, GOOD,
GOOD, TIME. OOH-OH-OH.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE

OOH-OOH-OH-OH.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE

OOH-OH-OH.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE

OOH-OH-OH.

GABE

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

EVERYONE
SHAKE THAT!

Music stops. CLOSE ON PnL smiling.

PNL
EVERYDAY I'M SHUFFLIN'.

THE END