

FUTURE CITY SCENES

Written by

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INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

The walls of the board room are warm-toned wood panelling and warm toned lighting. Half of the space in the room is taken up by a long dark-stained wood table. Some natural lighting seeps in between some blinds on one end of the room.

Around the table sit about five board members. An OLDER BOARD MEMBER, late 60s, sits at one end, murmuring quietly to a YOUNGER BOARD MEMBER, early 30s. The other three BOARD MEMBERS are all somewhere between 40 and 50.

One of them watches the arms of a Virgil Vole clock pointing at the time, as the tail ticks along for the second. Another checks his wristwatch.

DALTON WHIMSY, late 40s, enters the room, with his brother JACK WHIMSY, early 40s. They both wear matching grey suits, though Jack's is a little looser.

Trailing behind them is PETER WELLBROOKE, late 30s, laden with a folded poster board, a rolled paper, and a stack of half a dozen folders. He is wearing a plaid button front shirt, and his breast pocket is full of pens.

DALTON WHIMSY

Sorry we're late, but I assure you
it's worth the wait.

The board is now all smiles, though obviously insincere. Dalton signals to Jack, who steps forward. Peter passes out the folders to the board.

JACK WHIMSY

You'll be happy to hear that the
Georgia park construction is on
schedule and on budget. We expect
to meet our Q2 1975 grand opening.

BOARD MEMBER 1

(thumbing through folder)
I see there's a \$3 million increase
starting at Q3 1973 labelled
"operating costs". Care to
elaborate?

JACK WHIMSY

Of course. We consider marketing as
part of the operational budget, and
we plan to build up our marketing
for the new park start before the
opening.

BOARD MEMBER 2
Seems a bit early.

JACK WHIMSY
For the new park, yes. But we hope
people will get excited and visit
our existing San Diego park.

OLDER BOARD MEMBER
I think I can speak for my fellow
board members when I say we trust
your judgement here, Jack.

The other board members reluctantly murmur in agreement.

OLDER BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
What I would like to ask about is
the other two thirds of the packet
which seems unrelated to the park.

Dalton steps forward.

DALTON WHIMSY
(beaming)
I'm glad you've asked. This of
course is the initial proposal for
Future City. A concept I've spoken
to several of you about before.

The older board member's face sags, a couple of other board
members grit their teeth.

OLDER BOARD MEMBER
I see.

His eyes scan the other board members, looking for an out.

OLDER BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)
(a weary sigh)
Go on, Dalton.

DALTON WHIMSY
Excellent. Peter?

Peter steps forward places the poster board on the end of the
table, revealing concept sketches for parts of the Future
city. He rolls out the paper in the middle of the table,
showing a map of where the city will stand relative to the
park.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
I've told you about the prototype
community I want to build, but now
I can give you some more definitive
plans.

He looks at the board members' blank expressions, but his
enthusiasm is undampened.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
We will test new in-home
technologies to improve the
American home experience.

He gestures to a Norman Rockwell-esque image of a stovetop
with robotic arms cooking for a family.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
We will also create an environment
of controlled public
infrastructure. For the average
citizen's daily commute, we will
adapt the park's Commute-o-tron to
have a stop at the entrance to each
neighborhood.

He gestures to drawings of a business man sitting in a
Commute-o-tron waving to his family, who are waving back from
their yard.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
For more longterm travel, we will
establish a monorail network.

Several board members audibly groan at the monorail.

BOARD MEMBER 2
Dalton, monorail maintenance for
the San Diego park costs more than
all the ride maintenance combined.
What's wrong with a nice commuter
train? You love trains!

Dalton's smile wavers, a hint of a glare appears in his eyes.

DALTON WHIMSY
The monorail is the train of the
future.

BOARD MEMBER 2
Yea, but...

One of the other board members signals to him to stop.

BOARD MEMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Never mind, go on.

After watching this exchange, Dalton's smile returns.

DALTON WHIMSY
Thank you. Of course all of this technology will promote the togetherness and community which aim to promote in all aspects of our company, from our films to our parks to our merchandise.

He gives a sly gesture to the Virgil Vole clock, prompting polite smiles from the board members.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
This is our opportunity to expand these values into society itself. Why just entertain people when we can share these values directly in their homes?

He is moved by his own speech.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
We will model what society can be, and we can inspire the world to be better. This can, WE can save the world. And Future City is how we do it.

Dalton composes himself. Jack and Peter both smiling along, but Peter's smile seems more painful.

The silence lasts just long enough to feel awkward.

BOARD MEMBER 1
(looking at the map)
So this is connected to the park?

DALTON WHIMSY
Yes is it. Many of the park crew will live in Future City, and park visitors can visit the city.

YOUNG BOARD MEMBER
(laughing)
So we can take little Timmy to visit the Whimsy company town like it's 1849?

Dalton glares at him, and he stares at his lap. He isn't

wrong, though.

BOARD MEMBER 2

When you pitched this to me before,
you said it'd cost around \$300
million. Is that still accurate?

Dalton looks to Jack.

JACK WHIMSY

(sheepishly)

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YOUNG BOARD MEMBER

Geez.

OLDER BOARD MEMBER

This is more than it cost to beat
the Nazis.

DALTON WHIMSY

Yes, it is expensive. Can you
really put a price on world peace?

BOARD MEMBER 1

Does this include a mood landing,
Dalton?

Dalton reaches into jacket for a cigarette.

JACK WHIMSY

Dalton, you can't smoke in here.

Dalton lights it up anyway.

DALTON WHIMSY

Gentlemen, this is bigger than the
San Diego park. Bigger than the new
Georgia park. Heck, the whole point
of the Georgia park is to pay for
Future City. This isn't just about
making a theme park. This is about
leaving a legacy that changes the
world for the better.

Silence. The board members stare at the table, skimming
pieces of the packet. Finally, the older board member sighs.

OLDER BOARD MEMBER

We already have a surveying crew
working on the future development
areas for the park, it wouldn't
cost that much more to let them
survey for the city as well.

The board members warily look around the table at each other.

BOARD MEMBER 1
I guess it couldn't hurt.

The board murmurs in agreement. Dalton smiles.

DALTON WHIMSY
Thank you, gentlemen, you won't regret this.

JACK WHIMSY
Thank you for your time.

They both move to leave. Peter grabs the map, poster board, and remaining folder, and quickly goes after them.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The trio walks down the hall outside of the boardroom. Dalton is not smiling, he is fuming.

DALTON WHIMSY
They'll nix Future City as soon as any complication comes up.

He turns to Peter.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
Make sure no complications happen.
As far as the the board knows,
nothing goes wrong.

Peter glances at Jack.

PETER WELLBROOKE
Yes sir, Mr. Whimsy.

DALTON WHIMSY
They don't even hear if a surveyor gets a mosquito bite, got it?

PETER WELLBROOKE
Yes sir, I'll make sure everything goes through you or Mr. Jack.

DALTON WHIMSY
Good man.

JACK WHIMSY
It'll be alright, Dalton. They just need time to get used to the idea.
(MORE)

JACK WHIMSY (CONT'D)
Once the park starts making money,
they'll warm up to Future City.

DALTON WHIMSY
(calming down)
You're right. Bean counters scare
easy. They'll see.

INT. LIMO - MORNING

Dalton rides in the back of the limo, talking casually with his brother Jack, and BRIAN LADNER, late 40s. Brian wears a well tailored suit.

DALTON WHIMSY
Of course, we had no idea the
breadsticks would become so iconic,
so we spent the first month of
operation constantly running out of
them.

BRIAN LADNER
Supply and demand, man. Crazy
stuff.

DALTON WHIMSY
Certainly. Jack's got a good head
for that sort of planning.

JACK WHIMSY
(playfully)
I seem to recall warning you about
the breadsticks.

DALTON WHIMSY
(chuckling)
You did, didn't you?

Brian chuckles along, watching Jack. The vehicle slows as it approaches the studio.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
Driver, is everything alright?

DRIVER
I think so. Just some protestors in
front of the studio.

BRIAN LADNER
Protestors?

DALTON WHIMSY

Oh, right. Some of the animators and designers are on strike about something or other.

JACK WHIMSY

They're asking for higher wages. We're working on a plan that's equitable for everyone.

Brian looks out the window. The animators' signs very clearly lay out that they are unhappy about their pay, access to pay raises, more reasonable benefits and hours. Some of the signs feature Virgil Vole flipping a bird.

BRIAN LADNER

They're probably communists.

Jack laughs.

DALTON WHIMSY

Communists? Is this the sort of thing communists want?

JACK WHIMSY

No, of course not.

BRIAN LADNER

This is how communists test the waters. They ask for seemingly reasonable things. But you can't yield any ground, or they'll overrun you.

DALTON WHIMSY

Overrun you say?

JACK WHIMSY

Dalton, we know these people. None of them are communists. I can hire a PI to prove it.

BRIAN LADNER

How many Jews work at the studio?

DALTON WHIMSY

I beg your pardon?

Jack scoffs.

JACK WHIMSY

Yea, there's jews. It's Hollywood. So what?

BRIAN LADNER

You know Karl Marx was a jew.
Communists and jews go hand and
hand.

Jack scoffs again, but Dalton's face is pensive.

DALTON WHIMSY

That can't be right. One of
directors, Joshua Coen, he's
directed a half dozen of our films.
He's a good man.

BRIAN LADNER

Didn't Coen direct some of our war
bond pictures during the war?

JACK WHIMSY

(laughing in disbelief)
What, fighting Hitler is communist
now?

BRIAN LADNER

Look, these people out here
refusing to work... It's un-
American!

Dalton tenses at the "un-American." Brian notices.

BRIAN LADNER (CONT'D)

This isn't the Soviet Union, and
they need to buck up and work.

Dalton sees Peter Wellbrooke among the demonstrators. His
shoulders sag. He rubs his eyes, and reaches for a cigarette.

JACK WHIMSY

Dalton, you shouldn't smoke in-

Dalton cuts him off with a glare, and lights the cigarette.

DALTON WHIMSY

What's to be done, Ladner?

Jack's jaw drops, but he catches himself and closes his
mouth. Brian feigns contemplation, with a slight smirk.

Jack looks out at the strikers.

EXT. THE WHIMSY'S YARD - AFTERNOON

Close up on a train whistle, making it seem like there is a full size train, but zooming out to show a miniature train, conducted by Dalton.

Actors, children, and a few stuffy corporate ride on the train as it rolls along through the yard.

The train approaches the deck, and Dalton amicably waves as the other partygoers.

EMILY WHIMSY, late 40s, waves back at the train. As the train leaves the deck to start another circuit around the yard, Jack approaches Emily. His are red, with dark circles underneath.

JACK WHIMSY
Does he know what he's doing?

EMILY WHIMSY
I'm not sure.

The train circles a pond, and one of the children points to a concrete alligator peeking from the reeds. Dalton puts on an exaggerated expression of fear, and laughs. The laugh ends in a coughing fit.

EMILY WHIMSY (CONT'D)
Does he know about Galactic's new Atlanta park?

JACK WHIMSY
Yes, he does. He also found out you can't trademark the idea of a theme park in a particular state.

EMILY WHIMSY
Does he know they hired Peter?

JACK WHIMSY
Not yet.

He sips his drink.

JACK WHIMSY (CONT'D)
I don't know, I don't think so.

EMILY WHIMSY
How's the new guy?

JACK WHIMSY
(sighs)
Not great.

He catches himself.

JACK WHIMSY (CONT'D)
He's young. Not ready for a project
of this scale.

Emily gives him a look that seems to say "What's Dalton thinking?" And Jack gestures subtly towards Brian Ladner.

Ladner laughs with several other stockholders as a chef cuts of slices of a roast pig for them.

Emily nods, she gets it.

EMILY WHIMSY
Does he think people like Ladner
won't come with him to Future City?

Jack shrugs, taking another sip of his drink.

JACK WHIMSY
If it's any consolation, Future
City is disintegrating without
Peter.

She gives him an inquiring look.

JACK WHIMSY (CONT'D)
Peter... It didn't sit right with
the engineers, a lot left after.

Dalton blows the train whistle again. Emily sees DALTON JR sitting alone at a corner of the deck.

EMILY WHIMSY
Jack, could you go check on him?

Jack looks over. He nods. He walks over to Dalton Jr, and sits next to him. Emily can't hear them, but has a relieved smile when Dalton Jr speaks with Jack.

The train reaches the deck again. One of the board members tries to disembark, but tumbles across the deck to raucous applause and laughter.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The room is beige. The overhead light is off, but the blinds are open, filling the room with sunlight.

Dalton is lying in the bed. He has an oxygen tube in his nose, and an IV drip. He looks ragged, his face is sagging, his body and his hair are thinning.

He stares wistfully at the ceiling.

Jack arrives outside of the room, and speaks with Emily
offscreen.

JACK WHIMSY (O.S.)
Are you alright?

EMILY WHIMSY (O.S.)
Yes, I'm fine.

JACK WHIMSY (O.S.)
Is he alright?

EMILY WHIMSY (O.S.)
(choking)
He won't stop talking about that
city. That damn city.

JACK WHIMSY (O.S.)
Alright. I'll see what I can do.

Jack walks in, Dalton sees him and gestures for him to come
over. Jack sits down in a chair next to the bed. He makes
brief eye contact with a Virgil Vole plush on the side table.

Dalton raises his arm, pointing shakily to the smoke detector
in the center of the ceiling.

DALTON WHIMSY
Picture that as the city control
center, right? The walking paths
will snake all around.

JACK WHIMSY
Of course.

His finger moves around, indicating the ceiling tile around
the smoke detector.

DALTON WHIMSY
We should go ahead and connect them
to the housing suburbs. It's a long
walk, but cycling will catch on.

JACK WHIMSY
I'm sure it will.

DALTON WHIMSY
I think we'll have to make changes
to the underground truck routes.

Dalton has a coughing fit. He clears his throat.

JACK WHIMSY
How are you feeling?

Dalton looks out the window.

DALTON WHIMSY
Is the park opening on schedule?

JACK WHIMSY
Yes.

He hesitates a moment.

JACK WHIMSY (CONT'D)
The board is willing to postpone
the opening ceremony so you can be
there.

DALTON WHIMSY
(grumbling)
Very courteous of them, as usual.

He points at a scuff next to the smoke detector.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
That's where we'll put a little
bench. Emily and I can sit there
together, watching everyone enjoy
the park.

JACK WHIMSY
Dalton, the board...

He glances at the ceiling.

JACK WHIMSY (CONT'D)
How is Emily feeling?

DALTON WHIMSY
(distant)
She's staying strong.

He smiles at the ceiling.

DALTON WHIMSY (CONT'D)
This city will change the world.
It'll be my legacy. Not the theme
parks or the movies, or Virgil
Vole... The city.

Jack looks at the plush Virgil Vole again.

JACK WHIMSY
The city can wait. You should think
about Emily and Dalton Jr.

Dalton nods, not looking at anything in particular.

After a moment, he turns directly to Jack.

DALTON WHIMSY
Hey, do you have a cigarette?

JACK WHIMSY
No.

Dalton grunts in disappointment.

DALTON WHIMSY
The monorail should run right
through there between the center
and the edge of the city.

He gestures at the ceiling. He continues speaking, but his
dialogue is inaudible. Jack tries to smile, but he can't.

FADE OUT