

HAPPYLAND

Created and Written

by

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"William Shakespeare and Monty Python
walk into a bar at Disneyland."

- The Players -

William Shakespeare/Billy Courier
Rod Serling/Johnny Carson
Queen Titania/Tiffany
King Richard the Third/Dick
Marcus Brutus/Mikey
Julius Caesar/Bob
Cleopatra/Trixie
Angry Man

NEW ORLEANS MOVING PICTURES Co.

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HAPPYLAND

FADE IN:

INT. HAPPYLAND AMUSEMENT PARK-BACKSTAGE (YEAR 2012) - DAY

Our Happyland troupe of character actors, MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY, QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY, KING RICHARD/DICK, JULIUS CAESAR/BOB and CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE enter.

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
(elated)
I'm on the call sheet! I'm on the call sheet!

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
(exercising his sword & sheath)
Hey Tittie Ania? Ever done it with a little person?

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
(distinguished)
I am Titania. Queen of the fairies, thank you very much.
(pauses; looks at his sword)
No.

Our troupe gawks at Trixie as she enters 99% naked in pasties and a g-string.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
(nonchalantly dressing; Bronxly)
What? History suggests Cleopatra could've been a dancer Ant'ny picked-up in a pyramid club.

Dick reflexively folds some one dollar bills and puts them in Trixie's g-string.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE (CONT'D)
(kissing Dick's cheek)
Thanks, baby. Uh, Dick.

JULIUS CAESAR/BOB
Rehearsal. Come on everybody before we're late again.
(to Mikey)
I don't trust you. Lead the way Mikey.

CONTINUED:

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
 (correcting)
 I am. Marcus. Brutus.
 (marching)
 You got it Julie.

SIGN ON EMERALD GREEN CURTAIN: DO NOT ENTER. This ain't your daddy's Oz. Thank you, Happyland Management.

Marcus Brutus draws his severely over-sized sword and whacks down the sign.

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY (CONT'D)
 (perturbed)
 Stupid park rules.

Our troupe strolls through emerald Green Curtain anyway.

EXT. GLOBE THEATER, LONDON (YEAR 1616) - DAY

Shuffling out of the emerald Green Curtain from backstage, our troupe appears in the Bard of Avon's land ...

SIGN ABOVE STAGE: Globe Theater *Ye Old 1616

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
 (surprised)
 Oh my god. Happyland really makes some great sets.

KING RICHARD/DICK
 Bollocks. It's about time they stepped-up the budget here.

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
 Well, Dick. I don't see no craft services around here. Maybe we should call the union?
 (to Julius Caesar/Bob)
 Wanna bust some heads Julie?

JULIUS CAESAR/BOB
 (miffed)
 I'm not Julie. Stop calling me that. My name is Bob. Julius Caesar is my stage name.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 (adjusting her boobs)
 Oh, yeah baby? Trixie's my name and Cleopatra's my stage name.

The Globe Theater is shaken by ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY (O.S.)
 Thou shall not be late to my stage!
 Enter. Enter.

SIGN: Must be this tall to enter the Globe Theater. Thank you, Happyland Management.

Marcus Brutus pauses, then with the might of Rome, strikes down the sign with his over-sized sword.

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
 (perturbed)
 Stupid park rules.

Our troupe shuffles en masse past Mikey, over to center stage looking down onto the WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 (still dressing)
 Stop your bitchin' Billy baby. The park guests don't get here for another hour.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY
 I am Master William Shakespeare.
 Master, I shall be addressed. Step forward upon my stage and ready thyself for direction.

Our troupe glances at each other. Then without moving an inch, the Happylanders in unison tilt their heads down to the stage floor, pause, and tilt their heads back up.

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
 I didn't see him on the call sheet.

KING RICHARD/DICK
 (drained; to Billy)
 Look mate. We're all day players working the same rate here at Happyland.
 (hushed; to Trixie)
 Balls. He must be a method actor.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 I'm not your balls.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY
 Silence!
 (to Julius Caesar/Bob)
 You. Observe and learn from a master.
 (claps hands)

An ANGRY MAN, an instigator and a Jack-o'-lantern toothless of the unwashed masses, pops-up from behind Julius Caesar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGRY MAN

Caesar!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY

(as Julius Caesar)

Ha! Who calls? Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again! Who is it in the press that calls on me? I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, cry Caesar! Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.

ANGRY MAN

(strained, angry whisper)

Beware the march of ides.

Angry Man magically pops-up from behind Billy.

ANGRY MAN (CONT'D)

(angry, strained whisper)

Beware the march of ides.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY

(exasperated)

Beware the ides of March, you idiot! Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace today. Has God no worthy actors?

Angry Man throws a double-F-U-fingers salute behind Billy's back.

Billy turns to look and sees Angry Man flashing his toothless grill instead, then turns forward.

Angry Man magically switches to W-whateva-finger-salute.

ANGRY MAN

(mouthing the words)

Whateva.

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY

I didn't see him ...

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE

KING RICHARD/DICK

JULIUS CAESAR/BOB

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY

(interrupting)

We know. We know. He's not on the call sheet.

King Richard the Third marches forward, standing tall.

KING RICHARD/DICK

(indignant)

My dear sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING RICHARD/DICK (CONT'D)
 I am King Richard the Third as an
 accomplished theater actor. I have
 even played God, off-off-Broadway.
 I sir, am an ...

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 (interrupting)
 Hey, Dick? Dick!

KING RICHARD/DICK
 Yes?

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 You're on my costume.

KING RICHARD/DICK
 Oh. Sorry.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY
 (yelling at the heavens)
 O' God, I plead! Why must Thee
 suffer upon this mortal flesh the
 slings and arrows of outrageous
 fortune?

Shakes glances, shoots lightning bolts from his eyes at the
 squirming and squeaking Angry Man, who cowers at his sight.
 When, Angry Man's tights split right in the butt.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 Ain't nobody making a fortune
 acting in Happyland pal.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY
 (preaching)
 No well-deserved actor breathes
 life into their God-given craft for
 want of silly worldly things as
 money.

DOUBLE BEAT ...

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
 CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
 KING RICHARD/DICK
 JULIUS CAESAR/BOB
 MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
 (in unison)
 Screw that!

Angry Man suddenly appears, armed with tomatoes in each
 hand, and shoves Shakespeare out of the way.

ANGRY MAN
 (yelling at troupe)
 Actors are vermin!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH to his left face! SMASH to his right face! A pre-emptive strike is apparently launched by ghosts of dead actors as Angry Man is pelted with tomatoes.

ANGRY MAN (CONT'D)
(falling)
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

He splats facedown into the mud, becoming more unwashed, still holding both tomatoes. Split-tights butt up.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE/BILLY
(enraged)
You vermin! Take flight from my stage! Kill the actors! Kill the lawyers!

Shakes loses it and launches a shock-and-awe barrage of rotten organic vegetables onto our cowering Happyland troupe.

Escaping with their fake and real lives, our troupe crashes through the backstage emerald Green Curtain, back into ...

INT. HAPPYLAND AMUSEMENT PARK-BACKSTAGE (YEAR 2012) - DAY

Falling from time through the emerald Green Curtain, our troupe rolls to a stop, piled into a heaping mess.

KING RICHARD/DICK
(flummoxed)
These stains better come out. I've got to do a bachelorette party tonight.

Mikey emerges from underneath Tiffany's tunic and between her legs, à la Alien baby, covered in tomatoes ...

MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
(smiling)
Man. That was some trip.

Tiffany takes a delicious drag from a cigarette.

Our Happyland troupe unfolds from their rotten organic vegetable-laced scrum.

CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
(pissed)
I'm gonna jack homeboy Billy if I don't get my union hours in.

JULIUS CAESAR/BOB
(contrite)
This beats dancing in a strip club.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
(in unison; surprised)
You danced in a strip club?

JULIUS CAESAR/BOB
No. Gay club.

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
(surprised; in unison)
You're gay?

JULIUS CAESAR/BOB
No. I act gay.
(raises his tunic)

QUEEN TITANIA/TIFFANY
CLEOPATRA/TRIXIE
MARCUS BRUTUS/MIKEY
(in unison; stunned)
Oh. My. God.

As dead bowling pins they fall over backwards to reveal ...

KING RICHARD/DICK
(brushing off vegetables)
Speaking of God. What just
happened?

The Happyland backstage door 7-Eleven DING-DONGS and a
smartly-uniformed COURIER Gene-Kelly-struts in.

COURIER/BILLY
(singing)
Hello? Good morning Happyland!
Looks like someone's got some
auditions coming.

The Courier/Billy throws a lone script on the table. The
title page reveals --

CLOSE UP: HAPPYLAND "William Shakespeare and Monty Python
walk into a bar at Disneyland."

Our troupe looks at each other bewildered as to who or whom
the Courier resembles ...

BEAT ...

... then scrum-rushes the table. The script explodes into
championship confetti as it is desperately clawed by the
vermin.

Peacock-colored curtains draw closed on our troupe, lights
come down and spotlight on ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

APPLAUSE as a black & white video apparition ROD SERLING/JOHNNY CARSON enters to deliver ...

ROD SERLING/JOHNNY CARSON
(smoking cigarette;
holding coffee cup)
Submitted for your approval ... or
not. You have just witnessed a
dimension in time fractured because
actors ignored signposts up ahead.
Am I right, Ed? Ed's not here? Ed's
dead? Doc? Doc's here? Doc's not
here?
(tosses cigarette/coffee)
Aw, signs on a journey to a
wondrous land - Happyland. You've
just crossed over into ...

SLAM! Happyland door slams shut on Rod/Johnny. All the letters fall off save for "The End. Thank you, Happyland Management."

We HEAR Rod/Johnny crash behind the door.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -