

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. CAVE - LATE EVENING - PRESENT DAY

A MAN, late 60s, is curled up in the tightest ball inside the furthest most part of a cave. It's dark, so dark he can barely see his hand in front of his face.

Outside there are the faintest sounds of people. He doesn't dare move.

After what seems like forever, the man moves the slightest bit. Slowly, so slowly, he begins to uncurl himself from the ball he's been in for so many hours.

He turns himself over and crawls on hands and knees out of the cave.

EXT. TOM SAWYER'S ISLAND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Man crawls out of the cave, staying low to the ground so as not to be spotted.

He looks around. It seems as though he's the only one there.

All the noise and sounds of people have died down and now there are only twinkling lights reflecting off the water of the lake surrounding his island.

Gingerly he stands and stretches out from the ball he was in.

The Man walks down a small path to a large display that looks like pirate treasure.

Odd. He's not lost on an island in the wilderness.

He retrieves a small, camouflaged pack from the brush behind the display.

Slinging the pack over him, he begins down a path to the opposite end of the island. There's a lone canoe docked near the island.

EXT. LAKE CANOE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Man needs to loosen the displayed canoe from the weights holding it in the water.

A duck splashes nearby, startling him for a moment. He lets out a "yelp" before quickly covering his mouth.

A moment.

He barely breathes.

His small audible startle didn't seem to gain the attention of anyone on land.

After another scan of the land on the opposite shore, he pulls an oar from the surrounding trees.

The Man glides into the boat with as much ease as possible.

After another check, he sees he's clear.

A foot coupled by the oar push off from the bank.

The smooth wooden paddle dips cleanly into the inky black water.

Methodic slices of the paddle through the water take him quickly to the other side.

He's free.

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - NEW ORLEANS SQUARE - NIGHT

The Man steps up from the dock onto the pavement. After securing his pack, he looks around.

It's truly a sight to behold. Disneyland Park is completely empty. The darkness pierced only by the stars and the dim lights lining the noiseless streets.

He takes a deep breath, taking it all in.

After a moment, he takes off toward the front.

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The soft thud of the man's shoes is the only sound as he walks down Main Street.

He follows the trolley track in the middle of the street as he looks at the locked buildings. A smile creeps over his face.

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - MAIN STREET TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The Man sits on the steps of the Main Street train station looking back into the park. He smiles.

From inside his pack, he takes a vintage Mickey Ear hat and places it on his head, being careful to tie the string he's sewn into the sides.

He takes a few careful steps as he travels up the street and back to the castle.

As he moves and glides up the empty pavement, we can see that he's lost in his own memories.

The music swells around him and in one agile turn, he spins through a memory of himself.

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - MAIN STREET - 1965 - DAY

The 10 YEAR OLD BOY memory of The Man lands and looks up at his smiling father. He's dressed in shorts and a crisp white button down short sleeve shirt. His Mickey Ears hat sits crooked on his head, which is a bit too small.

The Boy looks out to the crowded park. A giant cake with 10 candles is perched in front of the iconic castle.

The Boy turns back to look at his FATHER and we return to...

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - MAIN STREET - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man still moving as The Boy did in 1965.

He walks up to the statue of Walt and Mickey and places his hand on it.

He's joined by...

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - MAIN STREET - 1965 - DAY

His father's hand which strikes a pose with him like Walt and Mickey in the statue.

EXT. SLEEPING BEAUTY'S CASTLE - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man walks through the tunnel of the castle into Fantasyland.

EXT. FANTASYLAND - PRESENT - NIGHT

He lands first on the carousel but then looks back and forth.

The Snow White ride, Pinocchio, behind the carousel are the flying Dumbos. Over to his right is Peter Pan.

EXT. FANTASYLAND - 1965 - DAY

The line of people are laughing and smiling as they wait to ride the beloved attraction.

The Boy tugs at his father, who happily obliges. They weave through the maze to join the end of the line.

The Father hoists him onto the rail...

EXT. FANTASYLAND - PRESENT - NIGHT

Where The Man now sits.

He looks into the ride. The pirate ships are stationary; the ride dark. He can still hear the echos of conversation and laughter that have permeated the wooden walls of the attraction.

EXT. TOMORROWLAND - 1965 - DAY

The Boy runs from the submarines towards...

EXT. TOMORROWLAND - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Matterhorn entrance where...

EXT. THE MATTERHORN - 1965 - DAY

The Boy and his Father weave through the wooden barriers to line up for the ride.

EXT. FRONTIERLAND - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man runs his hands over the guns of The Shooting Gallery while...

EXT. FRONTIERLAND - 1965 - DAY

The Boy squares a rifle into his shoulder while his Father helps him aim.

EXT. JUNGLE RIVERBOAT SAFARI - 1965 - DAY

The Boy steps onto the dock with the Jungle Riverboat behind him, ready to board.

EXT. JUNGLE CRUISE DOCK - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man stares at the lines of docked boats just waiting for the sun to rise and their Skippers to join them.

INT. TARZAN'S TREEHOUSE - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man winds his way up the stairs of Tarzan's Treehouse.

We watch his feet as he climbs the stairs and as they're intercut with...

INT. SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON TREEHOUSE - 1965 - DAY

The Boy's shoes as they climb the stairs.

INT. TARZAN'S TREEHOUSE - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man sits with his feet dangling as he eats a sandwich from his pack.

He looks out over the pavement, across the water, and through to Tom Sawyer's Island where he began his evening.

As he chews thoughtfully, he takes in the scene from his vantage point. It intercuts with...

INT. TARZAN'S TREEHOUSE - 1965 - DAY

The Boy's enthralled view.

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - 1965 - DAY CONTINUOUS

He points toward the Mark Twain Riverboat, the Western Mine Train...

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - PRESENT - NIGHT

Big Thunder Railroad...

INT. TARZAN'S TREEHOUSE - PRESENT - NIGHT

The Man looks down at his shoes and past his dangling legs to the ground.

The shine from the lamps dims as the sun begins to break the horizon.

He finishes his sandwich, packs his trash into his bag, and descends the stairs.

INT. RESTROOM - PRESENT - PRE DAWN

The Man can hear the rustling of the birds getting ready to wake the world.

He carefully folds his hat and places it back in his pack.

From the same place, he removes a toothbrush and comb and freshens himself up.

Water splashes in his face.

He dries himself with a small hand towel from his bag.

When he's completely freshened up, he looks at himself in the mirror.

He smiles.

INT. RESTROOM - 1965 - DAY

The Boy smiles.

EXT. DISNEYLAND PARK - PRESENT - PRE DAWN

The Man opens the door to the bathroom and steps out into the lilac light that arrives just before the sun.

His tired feet plod along the path until he reaches the canoe.

EXT. LAKE CANOE - PRESENT - PRE DAWN

The Man steps carefully into the canoe, picking up the oar he had when he began his adventure.

Silently, he slides the wooden oar into the still water.

EXT. TOM SAWYER'S ISLAND - PRESENT - PRE DAWN

The Man reaches the same spot on the island just before dawn. As he secures the boat and stashes the oar, the sun begins to just crest the horizon.

EXT. TOM SAWYER'S ISLAND - PRESENT - DAWN

He returns to the mouth of the play cave as the first bright rays of sun begin to burn off the last of the night.

INT. CAVE - PRESENT - DAWN

He weaves his way back into the cave in the smallest recesses where he began.

The Man settles into the spot, not curled nearly as tight as he was when he began.

Now his pack is with him.

He knows he has just a few hours before the laughter and noises and sounds begin again for real.

He retrieves a small picture frame from the pack before rolling it up and placing it under his head.

The Man places the picture in front of him. We see him close his eyes to sleep with a warm smile across his face.

As we turn from him to the picture, we see The Boy and his Father standing on Tom Sawyer's Island in 1965.

The Boy is holding a balloon and the Father is holding him. They're smiling the same warm smile.

BLACKOUT.

THE END