

The image features the words "FUTURE" and "DOO-WOP" stacked vertically. The text is rendered in a bold, blocky font with a vibrant, multi-colored glitch effect. The colors include shades of pink, purple, blue, and green, with horizontal lines of varying colors and thicknesses appearing within and around the letters, creating a digital distortion effect. The background is solid black.

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Future Doo-Wop inhabits an idiosyncratic, allegorical world that parallels our own. The characters and scenarios herein are intended to be depicted with live-action production.

FADE IN

INT. SOUND STAGE

A spotlight illuminates a suited, dapper figure- THE GUIDE.
He smokes an e- cigarette. He speaks to us in direct address.

THE GUIDE

Steel yourselves, dear pals. For
the true tale we are about to
embark on is a yarn which can only
be imagined to be believed. A
voyage which will peer into the
dark recesses of our dismal history
and bring four strange human
remnants of a bygone era roaring
into the mundane banality we
call...the present day.

He takes a long drag on the e-cigarette.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

A word of caution...these archaic
strangers may terrify with their
savage customs and ancient
modalities - but you may be more
frightened to learn... what we have
in common with them. Not for the
faint of heart. Lock up your
children. This is Future Doo-Wop.

The spotlight fades. We push in to reveal-

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

INSERT SUPER - *The Year 2,000*

Four slick lads in matching velvet suits and bow ties SNAP
their fingers in unison. The ARNOLD-TONES, a racially diverse
Doo-Wop group.

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)

"Diversity is like a bubblegum, you
gotta chew/ On it/ It's what you
do/ It's gonna stick/ To you/ To
society, a doo-be doo, a woo woo
woo/ Diversity won't lose its
flavor/ It's an idea, we're gonna
savor/ Take it in your pocket and
underneath you're shoe/ It's a
thing you're gonna bring/ With you"

The four friends rejoice with high fives.

ARNOLD SONG (22), a Chinese American, expert whistler and the beatbox/mouth percussion of the group steps forward.

ARNOLD SONG

Our new jam! Guys it's a doozy.

ARNOLD NIGHTINGALE (22), Caucasian, jaw harp player and the groups bass singer steps forward and picks up a baseball cap off the sidewalk - *the gangs failed plea for donations.*

ARNOLD NIGHTINGALE

You wouldn't know it from the sorry
take in our till!

Nightingale turns the empty hat over and then slaps it on the head of ARNOLD CROON, (22) the African American harmonica player and tenor for the combo. Croon takes the hat off immediately and checks his hair.

ARNOLD CROON

I don't get it, dudes. We got the
pipes, the drapes...
(indicates his suit)
and the cut of our respective jibs
is on point.

Croon frisbees the hat to ARNOLDO CANTOR (22). Cantor, the groups Hispanic spoon drummer and falsetto singer, catches the hat and steps forward. He slaps the hat on a parking meter.

ARNOLDO CANTOR

Es no bueno. It's the year 2,000 .
Doo-Wop is the most popular form of
music, we should be a hit.

SONG

Sure. Doo-Wop is popular, but maybe
people ain't ready for us.

NIGHTINGALE

Yeah. The world is still incredibly
racist.

CROON

There's African American Doo-Wop
combos. There's Caucasian Doo-Wop
combo's. The lines don't cross. We
even have Asian and Latino in us!

CANTOR

Well what you spectin us to do?
Bleach our skin?

SONG

Throw in the towel?

NIGHTINGALE

Twenty-three skidoo?

CROON

If we can't make it in the Doo-Wop
racket, it's back to diggin'
ditches.

SONG

No way, pal. We're the Arnold-
Tones. We're gonna change this
world.

NIGHTINGALE

Change?

CANTOR

He's right!

CROON

If there's one thing Doo-Wop can
do. It's change this rotten apple
we call the planet Earth!

SONG

What do you say gang?! Let's sing
race based hate away!

THE ARNOLD-TONES

Yeah!!

As the Arnold-Tones CHEER and HOLLER, O'MALLEY (50), the
local cop on the beat struts up, swinging his baton.

O'MALLEY

Okay, Johnny. Okay, Johnny. What's
the hootin and hollerin? Let's move
it along.

NIGHTINGALE

Johnny?

CROON

You misunderstand, sir.

SONG

I'm not Johnny. I'm Arnold Song.

NIGHTINGALE
And I'm Arnold Nightingale.

CROON
Arnold Croon here.

CANTOR
And Arnoldo Cantor.

THE ARNOLD-TONES
We're the Arnold-Tones!

With bravado they swing their arms out in a matching gesture.
O'Malley swings his baton around showily - chews gum.

O'MALLEY
Yeah. We got a noise complaint.
Somethin' about a gang recruiting
on the corner right here .

NIGHTINGALE
We ain't recruiting! Only croonin'!

The Arnold-Tones CHUCKLE.

O'MALLEY
Don't give me the ol' song and
dance!

CANTOR
Senor, but all we can do is sing
and dance!
(singing)
Ooooo EEEEE OOOO EEEE ooo E ooo.

SONG
Yeah!

Song jumps out and does some tap moves and a spin. O'Malley
shakes his head disapprovingly.

O'MALLEY
Okay, alright...but is you boys a
gang?

CROON
Of course we are. We got the duds
don't we.

Croon indicates their matching clothes.

NIGHTINGALE

It's the year two-thousand, pops!
This is a violent world, who isn't
in a gang?

O'MALLEY

Sure. I'll buy that. But do me a
favor and keep it at the sock hop
and off my corner!

SONG

Okay. But we know what this is
really about. It's because we're
racially integrated.

The Arnold-Tones begin to shuffle away.

O'MALLEY

Just one more thing, lads.

The group turns their heads back.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Hand me the switchblades.

CANTOR

Switchblades?

O'MALLEY

You can sing the tune, but I don't
gotta hear it. There isn't a
teenage Doo-Wopper that ain't have
a switchblade in their pocket. So
give.

The Arnold-Tones look towards each other, sharing a glance.
The group GULPS in unison.

CROON

Well. You heard him fellas. Let's
give him our sabre's.

The Arnold-Tones each pull their switchblades from their
pocket - the blades are closed.

O'MALLEY

That's right. Bring em right here.

O'Malley stands with his hand outstretched. The Arnold-Tones
slowly move towards him.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
 For your information, this has
 nothing to do with your diversity.
 My wife's from Nebraska.

O'Malley gestures with his hand - *come on*. The Arnold-Tones
 close in.

NIGHTINGALE
 Okay, fellas. Give him our cutters.

The Arnold-Tones flick their blades out in unison.

-- FLICK FLICK FLICK FLICK

The Arnold-Tones shank the officer. O'Malley SCREAMS.

SHIV SHIV SHIV -- FLPP FLPP FLPP

O'Malley crumbles dead to the ground. The Arnold-Tones fix
 their hair and return the switchblades to their pockets.

CANTOR
 Oops.

CROON
 Gosh, boys. We did it this time.

SONG
 Let's kick rocks fellas before the
 fuzz parade rolls through.

The Arnold-Tones shuffle away casually. We stay with the
 scene for a few moments as O'Malley lies dead on the ground.

CRIMBLE CLOWN appears from out of frame and BLOWS her horn.

CRIMBLE
 (to herself)
 Booga-OOGA! Quite a dilemma those
 silly Merms have found themselves
 in! Will they ever make any fans of
 their music and become Doo-Wop
 sensations? How do they figure they
 can end racism with song? I would
 love to find out. And find out I
 will if I have any say in it. And I
 do. I have say in it.

Crimble LAUGHS maniacally. She backs up towards O'Malley and
 retrieves the cops wallet. A moment of consideration and then
 she steals the cops badge and waddles away.

INT. MALT SHOPPE - DAY

The Arnold-Tones sit at a table and share a very large milkshake - a straw for each Tone.

SONG

What're we gonna do?

NIGHTINGALE

This is quite a pickle.

Nightingale raises up a large pickle and takes a bite.

SONG

Now we don't have a street corner
to sing on. How are we gonna become
a famous and rich Doo-Wop group?

CROON

For now...we just gotta do the one
thing we got the know how for.

The group SNAPS their fingers and initiates a song with -

THE ARNOLD-TONES

Ooo, do, EEEE, Oooo.

CROON (SINGING)

"Drink your troubles away"

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)

"At the malt shop"

CROON (SINGING)

"Maybe you lost your homework"

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)

"Maybe you killed a cop"

CROON (SINGING)

"I need me a soda pop to wash my
sorrows away after I blew the play
in the big game. "

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)

"Also we killed a cop."

SONG (SINGING)

"And now that peace officer rests
peacefully dead with a heavy head
in his final bed."

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)

OOOO- EEE- OOO- ah -OO - a - OO

An eccentric, frazzled scientist, DR FRED BLOODKILL (50) CLAPS as he approaches.

DR BLOODKILL

Wonderful! Why you dear children. I have heard much about our local Arnold-Tones, but this is the first time with my own ears.

The Arnold-Tones are surprised by Bloodkill. The doctor puts on a surgical glove and then shakes each Arnold's hand.

DR BLOODKILL (CONT'D)

I am Doctor Fred Bloodkill. You must do me the honor of buying you boys a round.

CANTOR

But, Senior. We just had a malted milkshake.

Nightingale elbows Cantor in the ribs. SHUSHES him.

NIGHTINGALE

(sotto to Cantor)

Hush it. This is what we call a "come up".

DR BLOODKILL

Please tell me how I could come to procure your songs on compact disc for enjoyment in my laboratory?

The Arnold-Tones look towards each other, sharing a glance. The group GULPS in unison.

CROON

Dr. We hate to say so, but we don't have any recordings yet.

SONG

He's right, Doctor. Maybe cause it seems as though you're our only fan.

This distresses Dr. Bloodkill.

DR. BLOODKILL

Damn the stupidity of our times! This is the year Two-Thousand! Doo-Wop is the dominant form of auditory cultural expression.

CANTOR

It's the racism. People are color
blinded to our music.

DR. BLOODKILL

It's damned archaic! What are we...
Archaic?! No. I won't stand for it.
You should be the most popular Doo-
Wop group in the world.

NIGHTINGALE

We think so too, Doc.

Dr. Bloodkill contemplates.

DR. BLOODKILL

That's very interesting.

SONG

What's that, Dr.?

DR BLOODKILL

But the machine is still in its
experimental phase!

CROON

Machine?

BLOODKILL

An experimental phase is a duration
of chronological time wherein the
scientific method is applied to
determine if predictions of the
thesis are valid.

CROON

Okay. But what is this machine you
speak of that is in its
experimental phase.

Dr Bloodkill takes a dramatic step forward.

BLOODKILL

The machine to which you inquire is
the time machine we will use to
send you eons into the future. The
year Twenty-Twenty. A time when
racism and bigotry is a thing of
the past...*I presume.*

Croon GASPS -- Nightingale GASPS -- Song GASPS -- Cantor
GASPS.

BLOODKILL (CONT'D)

This dark, terrible time doesn't
deserve you. You band of sweet,
melodic carriers of the dulcet
tones of utopians of a greater
humanity. The present is doomed,
the future holds the only hope.

The Arnold-Tones study each others faces - processing this
information.

CANTOR

Yeah, man. I got a family and some
friends. I like singing, but I
don't want to go into the future.

CROON

Fellas. I think we oughta make the
future, not take the future.

GINNY, (50), the waitress, approaches.

GINNY

Here's the check-- hey, I thought I
told you hooligans the what what
about sharing straws! This is a
segregated eatery after all. A
place for decent, God fearing chow
hounds.

NIGHTINGALE

(realizing)

Yeah. This time period is terrible.

SONG

Let's just go to the future and be
big time Doo-Wop stars.

DR BLOODKILL

To my lab, boys!

One after one, the Arnold-Tones each hand Ginny their
wallets.

CROON

Just take it all, we won't need it
where we're going.

Ginny shakes her head with disgust as the Arnold-Tones follow
Dr. Bloodkill's lead out of the malt shop.

DR BLOODKILL

(departing, sotto)

Maybe should have kept those?

(MORE)

DR BLOODKILL (CONT'D)
They likely still use money and
require ID's in the future.

GINNY
Whelp. This worlds goin to shit in
a shit bucket.

INT. LAB - DAY

The Arnold-Tones explore Dr. Bloodkill's lab as the scientist
sets up and inspects scientific equipment.

DR. BLOODKILL
Just a few more seconds, gentleman,
and I'll have the device up and
running.

ON CROON AND SONG.

CROON
What a quack!

SONG
Huh? You don't think Dr. Bloodkill
is on the level?

CROON
No. Him over there!

Croon points. We see a duck waddling around on the floor - it
QUACK QUACKS.

CROON (CONT'D)
Can't you hear that duck quacking?

SONG
A murmur most fowl.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr Bloodkill carries out a small device and sets it in the
middle of the room for all the Arnold-Tones to see. It's
small.

DR BLOODKILL
I present to you...the TIME
DILATION CHRONAR REFRACTORY KENMORE
THING!

NIGHTINGALE
That looks like a toaster.

CANTOR

If you like us, maybe it could be easier to use your super computer to make a demo tape for us? No way this is a time machine.

DR BLOODKILL

Oh yeah?

Dr Bloodkill flips a switch. The machine WHIR WHOMP WHIRS to life.

THE ARNOLD-TONES

WHOA!

A RAY shoots from the time machine to the ceiling. A PORTAL opens up in the ceiling.

The Arnold-Tones look towards each other, sharing a glance. The group GULPS in unison.

DR BLOODKILL

C'mon already. Do you know how much power this thing draws? This is costing me.

CROON

Well, y'know I'm susceptible to the power of suggestion.

Croon jumps into the ray and shoots up through the ceiling portal.

CANTOR

I dunno. I have loved ones. I need to call my madre first.

Cantor quickly dials on his cellphone as the others watch.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

MADRE CANTOR sits on the couch eating popcorn and watching TV, she answers the phone.

MADRE CANTOR

Y'ello.

CANTOR

Mama?

MADRE CANTOR
Si. Arnoldo.

CANTOR
Mama. It's me Arnoldo.

MADRE CANTOR
Hola, my son.

CANTOR
Mama. I called to say goodbye. You know I have had a tough time making it in the Doo-Wop business with my friends. Now I have a chance to travel to the future and I don't think I'll ever be home again.

Cantor ponders this. He looks around and then looks at Dr. Bloodkill.

CANTOR (CONT'D)
Doctor? Will we be able to time travel back to the present day again?

DR BLOODKILL
No. This machine will only take you to the future.

The Arnold-Tones shake their heads in understanding.

CANTOR
That's what I thought.
(into phone)
Mama. I will never be home again.

MADRE CANTOR
That's okay, Son. Your padre y I know what this means to you. We're proud of tu.

Cantor clicks off the phone and jumps into the ray.

END INTERCUT

NIGHTINGALE
I have to call my girlfriend.

Nightingale whips out his phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

MADRE CANTOR sits on the couch eating popcorn and watching TV, she answers the phone.

MADRE CANTOR
Hey, baby boy.

NIGHTINGALE
Darling, I need to tell you something.

MADRE CANTOR
I know. You have to time travel to the future.

NIGHTINGALE
This is so darned hard!

MADRE CANTOR
It's okay. It's okay. Our romance...it burned too bright for this world anyhow.

NIGHTINGALE
I love you.

MADRE CANTOR
I know.

Madre Cantor hangs up the phone and eats some popcorn.

END INTERCUT

Nightingale puts his phone away and jumps into the ray.

Song and Dr. Bloodkill are alone. They look at each other.

DR. BLOODKILL
You? Got someone to call.

Song looks at his shoes, then looks to Dr. Bloodkill sadly.

A tear rolls down Song's cheek.

Push in on Dr. Bloodkill as he studies Song with empathy.

Song shrugs and then jumps into the ray.

Crimble enters with two glasses of champagne. She stands close to Dr. Bloodkill and he takes a flute.

DR. BLOODKILL (CONT'D)
Thank you, my sweetums.

CRIMBLE

Derpa, derpa. How did it go?

DR. BLOODKILL

Couldn't have gone smoother. The
fools believed me.

The couple wraps arms and takes a sip. They throw their heads
back LAUGHING with mad scientist and clown type laughs.

INT. FUTURE DANCING LOCATION - DAY

In a flash of light Song emerges at his time destination.

INSERT SUPER - *The year 2,020.*

Futuristic MUSIC- futuristic PEOPLE in futuristic clothes and
makeup - neon colors, smoking drinks, and unfamiliar dance
moves. This looks like a nightclub.

Song joins the other Arnold-Tones who are trying their best
to move to the music.

SONG

Hey fellas, there you are.

CROON

It's not where are we...it's when
are we.

Croon smirks.

NIGHTINGALE

Just be cool everyone and act like
the temporal locals.

CANTOR

Si, we don't want to be
instantaneously famous Doo-Wop
stars. Let's lay low and get used
to local customs first.

CROON

Looks like we wound up in a dance
club. Just try to dance like
everyone else.

The Arnold-Tones look around and note the dance moves of
others. Some gyrate wildly in broad gestures, others move in
slower modern dance type gestures.

It's a Charlie Brown dance recital, Kate Bush music video and McDonald's scene from Mac & Me smashed together.

SONG

We got this.

The Arnold-Tones start dancing. They are smooth.

Finger SNAPS. Floor slides, shimmies and shuffles. They are synchronized and choreographed dancing machines.

The LOCALS begin to take notice.

A DUDE with a nose-ring and pink mohawk glares at them.

A VALLEY GIRL type scrunches her nose and makes an ICK noise.

The Arnold-Tones stick out, receiving eye daggers as the room distances itself. A few THUG types clench their fists and stare with menacing intention.

JACK KRYLON (22), a colorful lightning bolt of gumption intercedes and jumps in amongst the Arnold-Tones. Jack is a woman because Jack is a genderless name in the future.

JACK

Hey you, Tork Yiffers, yer gonna
get yourself merked! Follow my
lead.

Jack starts to dance in wild, huge motions of the future.

The Arnold-Tones do their best - actually doing pretty well - to follow Jack's elaborate moves.

After a few hiccups they have it together and a wild synchronized dance is taking place. Jack bristles.

JACK (CONT'D)

What is this? C'mon! Y'all stick
out like a sore thumb!

The Arnold-Tones start doing a sore thumb dance.

SONG

Whydah you care anyhow, lady?

JACK

Lady?! The names Jack Krylon. This is the year Twenty-Twenty. Gender binary vocab fell out of favor after the great famine of twenty-eleven. And we use the word MERM for casual familiarity.

CROON
 (Barbara Walters)
 This is Twenty-Twenty?

JACK
 Act like ya knew if you wanna live.

NIGHTINGALE
 And just why's that, MERM-ster?

JACK
 (intense)
 Cause you just landed yourself in a futuristic Anarcho-Utopia where there are no rules or laws and life is peachy.

CANTOR
 That sounds... bueno.

JACK
 "Good", huh? Good even if that means everyone here wants to kill your kind?

SONG
 Kill? Our kind? But I thought racism would be dead in the future.

JACK
 Ew! No one is racist here. World War Three was fought over racism and we won.

CROON
 Then how do you mean by "our kind".

JACK
 What if I told you most peeps in this timescape hate Doo-Wop and would kill to defend their opinion?

NIGHTINGALE
 I'd say " But hey, you said this was Utopia?!"

JACK
 (duh)
 --And everybody's Utopia is different.

CANTOR
 But what could they do to us?

JACK

Gee, I dunno. Only take you before the Culture Tribunal and have you executed for auditory heresy.

SONG

I heard the words Anarchist Utopia from you. What about tribunals and executions conforms to Anarchist models of governance?

JACK

Der, chee. How about it's an anarchy so we can all do what we want even if that includes setting up authoritarian tribunals.

NIGHTINGALE

Totally scans.

JACK

Now quit jocking with me. I'm probably the only one who can save you here.

CROON

And why's that?

JACK

(sotto)

Because... I like Doo-Wop.

The Arnold-Tones accept this info with satisfied grins.

Three thugs interrupt - BRIZM, THIMBLE, and NAUS. Their look is Mad Max meets Hot Topic.

BRIZM

Yo, Whadda we have here?

NAUS

Looks like a couple of Wop's!

The Arnold-Tones GASP.

JACK

(to the Arnold-Tones)

Relax that's not a racist term anymore. It's a derogatory term for Doo-Woppers.

(to the thugs)

These MERMS are with me.

BRIZM

PSSSH. I always figured you for a
Wop lover, Jack.

JACK

You think this crew is WOPPERS?!
Naw they're friends of mine...so
back off!

BRIZM

I didn't know it was bring your
friends to work day?! We're trying
to conduct bidness here.

CANTOR

Work?! Isn't this a discoteque?

Jack is alarmed - turns to the Arnold-Tones --

JACK

(sotto)

There are things you don't know
yet, just shut up!

BRIZM

A disco!? That's it creeps...

(to his Thugs)

C'mon, lets wallop these Wops!

The Thugs begin to move menacingly towards Jack and the
Arnold-Tones.

The Arnold-Tones shoot glances toward one another - figuring
out what to do - then CLAP, they brace for action.

SONG

Get the sabre's, gang.

The Crew reaches for their knives but then they each realize.

CROON

Drat! That cop still has our
shiv's!

As the Thugs close in Jack backs up - the Arnold-Tones
clench and raise their fists.

NIGHTINGALE

Looks like we have to rely on our
love makers, boys.

(re: his fists)

Jack grimaces - *ick*.

Clenching fists and grimacing teeth all around. It's about to go down.

BUT---

JACK
Ooooo EEEE Ah OOOoooo Do-Bee Ah!

The Thugs jump back shock.

Jack too is shocked. She covers her mouth and looks about surprised, but then grows resolute.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's right!
(to the Arnold-Tones)
I'm a WOPPER!
(to the Thugs)
I LIKE DOO WOP MUSIC!!

The whole room is aghast - MURMURING and turning towards each other in shock and disgust.

The Arnold-Tones look towards each other - *alright!*

JACK (CONT'D)
If you wanna stop the music, you'll
have to get through me.

The Arnold-Tones form a chorus line behind Jack - jazz hands - and GO.

NIGHTINGALE
"Ba Ba Gabba Da Ba Dee Be Da ba,
Gabba Ba Ba De Be Da ba..."

SONG (SINGING)
"You can't ever kill Doo-Wop music"

ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)
"It stood the test of time and it
will travel through time"

The Thug Crew holds their ears and grimace. Other PEOPLE in the place look disgusted as well.

JACK (SINGING)
"I don't think y'all know that this
crew mean trouble."

ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)
"If you bet on Doo-Wop, you'd be
smart to be double"

SONG (SINGING)

"Cause Doo-Wop music's always fun"

JACK (SINGING)

"I'd highly recommend that I think
we should run"

NIGHTINGALE (SINGING)

"Gabba dabba dop a bop a bop she
bop doo wop..."

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)

"Doo Wop Doo Wop Doo Wop Doo Wop
Doo Wop..."

The Arnold-Tones continue DOO-WOP SCAT GIBBERISH as Jack begins to try to shoo them.

JACK

Okay. Cut the scat and lets scam
stat!

CROON

What's that s'posed to mean?

Song notices the Thugs closing in.

SONG

I think what Jack is trying to say
is quit the jive and lets jam.

Jack nods her approval and the rest of the crew hops to,
ready to run.

PA-CHEW

The Arnold-Tones and Jack bolt - leaving a cloud of dust
behind them.

The Thugs react, sharing a glance between one another.

THIMBLE

They'z gettin away, boss.

BRIZM

Pay no mind. We'll track them
through the outernet and catch up
with them soon. First. We have work
to do.

The Thugs share a triumphant and knowing glance. Brizm BLEEP-
BLOP-BOOPS - hitting buttons on his wrist watch.

The Thugs resume dancing. Crimble enters the scene and starts dancing amongst them.

UH! The MUSIC heightens as the Thugs freaky-deak with Crimble.

BEGIN RUNNING MONTAGE

EXT. STREET IMAGES OVER BLACK

Over BLACK we dissolve between the faces of Nightingale, Croon, Song and Cantor as abstracted, dizzying, neon, futuristic imagery rolls behind them.

The Arnold-Tones perform beat poetry throughout.

INSERT SIGN - *Outer Space Employment Agency*

INSERT image of a man passing that looks like The Mariner from *Waterworld*.

CANTOR

Future.

NIGHTINGALE

Now why does the caged bird kill
with two stones?

SONG

Doo-Wop.

INSERT - Futuristic Statue of Liberty with neon headgear

INSERT image of a man passing by that looks like The Postman from *The Postman*.

CROON

Future.

CANTOR

You would undermine my
rehabilitation. Disrupt my social
progress. PSSSHH.

NIGHTINGALE

Doo-Wop.

INSERT SIGN - *Juice Bar 3,000*

INSERT image of a man that looks like Ray Kinsela from *Field of Dreams*.

SONG

Future.

CROON

Faces. Places. Where your blood
comes from is where your space is.

CANTOR

Doo-Wop.

A DISC-JOCKEY puts a Laserdisc on an LP player.

NIGHTINGALE

Future.

SONG

Two million served. One billion
served. Bag it up. I'll take it to
go.

JACK

MERMS!! MERMS!! Shush it!

ER-ER-ERP. The sound of a record scratching from the
Laserdisc.

END MONTAGE

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Jack and the Arnold-Tones come to a halt.

This is the same street corner as in the opening but more
futuristic. The red brick walls are now hot pink and the
street features a network of interlocking tubes.

JACK

It doesn't look like they followed
us. Let's take a breather.

CROON

You mind splaining to us what that
was all about back there?

NIGHTINGALE

Yeah! Those goons were fit to have
us tied.

CANTOR

Yeah! And that was some crazy type
of nightclub but they said
something about work, like dancing
was their job or something.

Jack takes a dramatic step forward.

JACK

Like I tried to say before. There are things you don't know about. After your time there was a great tragedy in the year Two-Thousand One. An event we call Nine Eleven. Y'see multinational corporations infiltrated the United States governments in a secret coup and began systematically attacking national landmarks to instigate conditions where the populace could be so malleable so as to accept any socioeconomic and military agenda they saw fit to institute. There was a black-op cover story blaming travelling Doo-Wop combos, saying they took over airplanes and flew them into symbols of capitalism and democracy. People weren't fooled for long. Realizing these tragedies were carried out by their corporate masters, people left their jobs and swore never to work again. Evolving technologies allowed them to fully automate the world and required no need for a labor force anyhow.

SONG

So going to the club is like
punching in at work?

JACK

Yes. We find that a life without labor can feel futile. So we each choose a favorite diversion and clock in as though it were our job.

CROON

And what happened to the Doo-Wop combos after people realized they weren't terrorists after all?

JACK

That's the real tragedy. In the interim that people accepted the lies of the corporations and former government the damage had been done.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Many of the great Doo-Wop groups had been killed in the false flag operations perpetrated and a document called the Patriot Act made listening to Doo-Wop an act of treason. Though this false doctrine was soon made as irrelevant as the paper it was printed on or the former U.S. Constitution, people had moved on to other forms of musical expression.

NIGHTINGALE

Crikey.

JACK

Crikey indeed. And unfortunately, many still harbor bigotry towards Doo-Wop, without truly understanding why.

SONG

But not you.

JACK

EL NAW not me! I fucking love Doo-Wop. And you all are gonna help me change this rotten world.

All the Arnold-Tones do a double take towards the camera.

CANTOR

Ai, ai, ai. I've heard that before.

JACK

Let's check the outernet and see if there is any hash news or if you guys are trending.

CROON

The outernet?!

Jack approaches an outernet tube to demonstrate.

JACK

The outernet was a natural evolution of the primitive technology of your ancestors.

Jack types on a pad attached to an outernet tube.

PLOOMP - A wrapped scroll pops out of an outernet tube. Jack unfolds it - a poster sized wanted notice of the crew.

The Arnold-Tones look towards each other, sharing a glance.
The group GULPS in unison.

SONG

Get a look at that...we're wanted.

PLOOMP - A cylinder with a flag pops up in the tube.

NIGHTINGALE

Neat. What's this?!

JACK

NO DON'T--

Nightingale grabs the flag.

JACK (CONT'D)

--Touch that.

Nightingale unfurls the flag/notice. It displays text and pictures advertising HORNY ASHTARIAN BABES.

A light flashes on the post - CLICK HERE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Just don't click on that thing
whatever you do!

CANTOR

Those are some attractive
extraterrestrials!

CROON

Curiosity gets the best of me, I
have to click it.

JACK

NO! Don't click, it's a pop-up!

Croon presses the flashing CLICK HERE button.

Nothing seems to happen, Jack buries her head in her hands.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is everyone from your time plane
this numb headed?! We have to get
outta here now!

BRIZM

Not so fast!

Enter frame - Brizm, Naus and Thimble.

SONG

Oh great. It's you dip-shits!

NIGHTINGALE

How'd they find us?

JACK

That pop-up you clicked had a malicious trojan malware RFID GPS tracking device. Duh.

NAUS

Yeah you took the bait and we're the virus.

BRIZM

You're coming with us to face the Tribunal!

JACK

Not a chance, Brizm!

The Arnold-Tones CRACK their knuckles, form together and step up, ready for a fight.

SONG

We're always ready to rumble, pal.

Brizm whips out a laser blaster. It quickly charges up and - -

PEW PEW

He fires the blaster - it creates a momentary glow around Jack and the Arnold-Tones - they collapse to the floor.

THIMBLE

Speedy. Judicious. You killed them.

BRIZM

Dead? Naw. I set the blaster to "splay out".

THIMBLE

Coulda killed them maybe? That's what the Tribunal will do.

BRIZM

What?! We do have a system of laws! This is anarchy you know.

INT. TRIBUNAL COURT - DAY

SLAM A gavel hits the table.

MAGISTRATE CRIMBLE stands at the head of the room. She wears makeup to cover her clown makeup and a powdered white wig over her clown wig.

A gallery of FUTURE PEOPLE have gathered to see the events.

At the defense desk the Arnold-Tones and Jack shake their heads and come to, awakened by the gavel BANGING.

CROON

What?! Where am I.

JACK

Snaps. We're at the tribunal.

CANTOR

Is like I just woke up from a bad nightmare.

JACK

We were hit with a wakefulness disrupter which knocked us out until the next important thing happened.

A COUGH from Crimble.

CRIMBLE

Helllooo. I'm trying to call this Tribunal into session.

JACK

Magistrate, if I could have a minute with my clients.

CRIMBLE

Helllooo. But you're on trial here toooo.

JACK

Okay. But if we could please confer.

CRIMBLE

Helllooo.

After an awkward pause, Crimble raises a cell phone to her ear. She MUMBLES into it.

CRIMBLE (CONT'D)
 (to the Arnold-Tones)
 I have to take this... Have a
 moment to confer.

JACK
 We need ideas quick. Lemme get a
 pencil to write this down.

Jack begins punching buttons into the box on the desk.

NIGHTINGALE
 Hold up. What the heck is that?

JACK
 This is a 3D printer, the bedrock
 of our civilization. Everything
 from cradle to grave is 3D printed
 nowadays.

Jack pulls a plastic pencil out of the printer.
Croon and Nightingale share a knowing look.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Okay. Ideas on how we get out of
 this.

CANTOR
 We can sing?

SONG
 No way! That's what got us into
 this.

CROON
 What about scat?

JACK
 You guys. I can't write any of
 these terrible ideas down. Scat
 singing is so closely related to
 Doo-Wop culture that these nimrods
 just lump it all together.

ON CRIMBLE

Crimble talks coyly into the phone.

CRIMBLE
 I must know, darling. Who do you
 love the most?

INTERCUT WITH

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Madre Cantor sits on the couch, on the phone, eats popcorn and watches TV.

MADRE CANTOR

I told you like it is. I love Arnolde like a son, Arnold like a boy toy and with you is a more special naughty thing.

CRIMBLE

What if I had to hurt them? Even if I didn't want to, but I had to.

MADRE CANTOR

You would never. I would kill you... *kill you.*

Crimble looks about...conflicted.

CRIMBLE

I have to go darling. I am in the middle of something and these temporal calls kill my data plan.

MADRE CANTOR

Alright, bye.

END INTERCUT

COUGH COUGH - Crimble is back to judge mode.

CRIMBLE

Okay. That's quite enough time to confer.

The courtroom comes to attention. Crimble studies her stack of ~~ipads~~ tablet computers.

CRIMBLE (CONT'D)

Ah, we have the Arnold-Tones here.
(firmly)
You will now answer to the charge of being a grievously archaic Doo-Wop group.

Crimble comes around her podium and gets up in the grill of the Arnold-Tones.

JACK

(interjecting)
What are the specific charges.

CRIMBLE

Huh! We got a list right here on why we hate Doo-Wop. Read em!

Crimble shoves a pad into Croon's hand. Croon pauses and then looks at it.

CROON

Hmmm. Item one...Doo-Wop combos hate us for our freedoms. Number two...they dress slick, slick their hair and think they're so cool. Three...

(GULP)

Doo-Wop music sucks.

SONG

There ain't no charges against us here. That's not us and that's not what Doo-Wop is!

The Peanut Gallery EXCITES and HOLLERS.

CRIMBLE

All you need to say is "is you Doo-Wop or is you ain't Doo-Wop."

The Arnold-Tones and Jack exchange and glance then...

THE ARNOLD-TONES AND JACK

WE. ARE. DOO-WOP.

The Attendees IGNITE with rage. We notice a subtle passing of something from Croon's hand to Nightingale's hand.

Crimble's lip quivers as she considers the ramifications of the choice she has to make.

CRIMBLE

Kill them! Kill them all! It's apparent - they are Doo-Woppers!

The Gallery thrusts forward - charging to attack.

CANTOR

"OOOO EEE AAA OOO EEEE"

The Arnold-Tones take formation in a circle with their backs together.

FLICK FLICK FLICK

They raise plastic knives into the air - slowing the oncoming attackers.

JACK
Where'd you get those?

Nightingale hands a knife to Jack.

CROON
3D printing, the newfangled fad.

JACK
You Merms learn fast.

NIGHTINGALE
Let's see if we can teach a lesson.

CANTOR
"OOOO EEE AAA OOO EEEE"

The attackers back away, frightened by the battle cry of Doo-Wop.

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)
"Ba ba do be doo be da/ ba doo ba
do/ Ba ba do be doo be da/ ba doo
ba do"

CROON (SINGING)
"We're gonna stab the future"

JACK (SINGING)
"We gotta change our ways, it's a
Doo-Wop craze"

CROON (SINGING)
"Can't stop the music in our
hearts."

CANTOR (SINGING)
"Or we'll stop your heart with a
plastic shiv."

As the Arnold-Tones sing the Attackers react. Some hold their ears and they retreat back slowly. The Arnold-Tones take periodic swipes towards them with the plastic blades.

SONG (SINGING)
"Doo-Wop ain't like it used to be."

NIGHTINGALE (SINGING)
"The Arnold-Tones are all about
diversity."

JACK (SINGING)
"Just give em a chance and you will
see."

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)
 "Future/ ShooBeDoAup/ Doo-Wop/
 Shooba Dooba Doo-Wop"

Crimble is in the corner watching - her eyes dart with intense interest.

CROON (SINGING)
 "Gonna stab you."

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)
 "Future/ ShooBeDoAup/ Doo-Wop/
 Shooba Dooba Doo-Wop"

The Future Attackers confusion begins to dissolve. Their sweat and crazed eyes begin to give way to rapt ecstasy - the music is converting them.

CROON(SINGING)
 "Gonna stab you."

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING)
 "Future/ ShooBeDoAup/ Doo-Wop/
 Shooba Dooba Doo-Wop"

A smile breaks across Crimble's face as she notices the Future People begin to tap their feet and nod their heads.

THE ARNOLD-TONES (SINGING) (CONT'D)
 "Future/ ShooBeDoAup/ Doo-Wop/
 Shooba Dooba Doo-Wop"

CROON (SINGING)
 "Doo-Wop is gonna stab the future
 if you don't give our music a
 chance."

Crimble breaks into the crowd.

CRIMBLE
 STOP!!!

ER-ER-ERP. Record scratching from the Laserdisc. We see that the DJ was in the back of the courtroom all along.

CRIMBLE (CONT'D)
 We are in no position to judge
 where we may be blinded by
 intolerance. We hate these Doo-
 Woppers...a lot. They look stupid
 and sound like shit. But is that us
 talking? Or the inherited bias
 passed to us by our ancient
 ancestors.

Cantor raises his hand.

CANTOR

I think it's the inherited biased.

Crimble considers.

CRIMBLE

If it puts your mind at ease,
Arnold-Tones...you've saved Doo-
Wop. For today.

(to the assembled crowd)

I judge these Doo-Woppers
provisionally innocent, provided
they don't piss us off too much,
make us face our own weaknesses, or
remind us too much of the horrors
of Nine Eleven.

The Assembled Crowd nods their heads to each other, MUMBLE,
shrug and begin to shuffle off.

CRIMBLE (CONT'D)

(to the Arnold-Tones)

Now you'll have to live and have
adventures in the year Twenty-
Twenty and we'll still have enough
hatred towards you to ensure you
can never feel totally at ease.

SONG

We have a saying from our time...
haters only make us stronger.

CRIMBLE

HMMM. In any case, I'll be watching
you.

Crimble leaves, walking backwards out of the room and staring
at the Arnold-Tones creepily.

NIGHTINGALE

Well... What now?

JACK

This was a whirlwind introduction,
I don't feel I know y'all yet. Your
unique personalities, and what sets
you apart.

CROON

Right!? Even though we're all
Arnold. I'm still... Arnold.

The Arnold-Tones nod in agreement.

JACK

Tell you what. You Merms got lots to learn. Let's head to my place, establish a home-base and figure out what's next.

As the crew shuffles away.

CANTOR

"OOOO EEE AAA OOO EEEE"

JACK

Stop! You know I love Doo-Wop but I just need to give my ears a break for a minute.

INT. DARK PLACE

Crimble is in her dark space. All we see is her texting on her phone.

INSERT TEXT from Dr. Bloodkill next to his image.

DR. BLOODKILL - "Is it done"

Crimble smiles maniacally.

She types an emoji of a smiling clown. Then types... "YULE SEE"

SEND

We FADE TO BLACK as Crimble LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. SOUND STAGE

The Guide faces us.

THE GUIDE

Well. Was that tale all that we promised? Tune in next time to Future Doo-Wop to find out!

The Guide lifts his arm and takes a drag from a cigarette.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Oh this? Recent studies indicate that e-cigarettes pose a greater health risk than regular cigarettes. So, I'm back on the classics.

He takes another drag. Exhales.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

This is the future after all, dummy's.

FADE TO BLACK.