

~Elevator Music Can Be Good Music Too~

(Especially When Roadtrippin' Across Perpendicular Dimensions In A Trans-dimensional Elevator With Friends Met Along The Way)

~First Floor Script~

[Season 1; Episode 1 — Pilot (Valedico, Earth. You'll Always Be My First)]

Written by Thaddeus Coleman

ANNOUNCER:

'Elevator Music Can Be Good Music Too', by Thaddeus Coleman. Starring...

[Background Music: As Above, So Below by Tom Tom Club]

NARRATOR:

The universe is such a particular place. In its deep vastness a great many strange and curious events have occurred—mighty stars collapsing in a brilliant fury of power and awe to surprisingly become the bedrock of future galaxies, alien races making first contact with one another, the joy of music rekindling extinguished love on a beautiful summer's night, the gentle beating of a new life in universe. And further in time a great many more wondrous and exciting adventures will occur—some may even be beyond present imagination. Even at this very moment, a great number of peculiar things are occurring. Somewhere in the great vastness of space in a galaxy, familiar or not, on a blue-green planet, possibly a stone's throw away or maybe on the other side of the cosmos, is one such event. A man by the name of Neil Nomura is currently on the twelfth floor of the TeleSyn Global Building in a stopped elevator, talking to a none too pleased boss over the phone...

Scene 1: Int. Elevator. Phone Conversion.

MR. GLEN TILLER:

(Frantic) Neil! Neil! What do you mean this is your 2 week's notice! You can't do this to me!

NEIL NOMURA:

[Clanking sounds] (Mumbling — Let's see...this goes here and move that...) Did I say 2 weeks? Sorry, Freudian slip. That's not what I meant to say.

MR. TILLER:

(Relieved) Oh, thank God. I swear, Neil, my heart literally just stopped for a second. Don't do—

NEIL:

I meant something like '200 second's notice'.

MR. TILLER:

My heart stopped. You've killed me, Neil. You've killed me and now I have to murder you. But first—tell me. Who is it? Who'd you sell out for?

NEIL:

(Okay, that's up and running. Now the power...)

MR. TILLER:

Who is it Neil? Ari-Technologic! Rickermond Global! Who!?! And will you stop doing whatever it is you're doing and talk to me! And for Pete's sake turn off that blasted music!

NEIL:

(Right, good idea, I need to be able to hear the elevator's music.) [Turns off radio. Click sound. The BG music ends]

MR. TILLER:

Neil! What the heck are you doing!?! Why, why are you torturing me? Haven't I been a good boss? I never talked bad of you. You're pay checks are never late.

NEIL:

Mr. Tiller, you been a great boss and I haven't sold out to rival company.

MR. TILLER:

Then why are you leaving right in the middle of our huge project! I mean it just—No! NO! NO!! Neil, you can't do it! You'll fail, Neil. You'll crash and burn.

NEIL:

Now, what are you talking about?

MR. TILLER:

You've got no experience and I surely won't help you. Just stay here where it's nice and secure.

NEIL:

Umm...

MR. TILLER:

Don't hide it. You're planning to go into business for yourself, right?

[Beep]

NEIL:

Yes! It's finally functional! And no, I'm not going into business for myself. Let's say, I'm taking a vacation.

MR. TILLER:

A vacation! Oh, of course, of course! And Neil you deserve it for your hard work on this project. It's been tiring, but you're almost done—you don't need to quit. In fact, starting today—project is on hold. Three weeks! Hit the old town, find a lady, relax. Come back, refreshed and revitalized. Finish the project and when you complete it you can have a vacation. Paid, too. Both of 'em, Neil! So, what do you say?

NEIL:

Sorry, Mr. Tiller, no. And about that project...

MR. TILLER:

Neil—what's going on here?

NEIL:

I've got some good news and some bad news. Which do you want first?

MR. TILLER:

...I've got two questions: Am I going to need a scotch? And do I have to hide a body?

NEIL:

Of course not! (Especially if this machine works—I'll be long gone.)

MR. TILLER:

Give it to me straight. I want the bad news.

alt. Give it to me straight—on the rocks, no ice. I want the bad news.

NEIL:

You're absolutely sure? Maybe not some good news to soften the bad.

MR. TILLER:

That's why I want you to end with that. And how bad can this news be? Can it be any worse than my best man—with all his mental prowess—just up and leaving the company for no applicable reason?

NEIL:

Alright, suit yourself. Are you sitting?

MR. TILLER:

Yes, Neil, I'm sitting.

NEIL:

You might want to stand up and sit back down.

MR. TILLER:

Just get on with it!

NEIL:

It's about the project I'll been working on the past nine months.

MR. TILLER:

The one we put millions of dollars and resources into? What? Is it behind schedule?

NEIL:

I stopped working on it about six or seven months ago and started working on this revolutionary new project. Um, the time, the money, and the resources have been used to do that. I'm working on it now, actually and will complete it in a few minutes.

MR. TILLER:

Can you hold for a few seconds?

NEIL:

Sure.

MR. TILLER:

(In the background — Ms. Braver do you still have the number to those mafia-looking guys?... Good... Please, give them a ring and order one large duffel bag... Don't ask questions Ms. Braver.) Still there Neil?

[Background Music: Dogs by Pink Floyd]

NEIL:

Yeah, Yes. Do you hear that music?

MR. TILLER:

Does it sound like sweet, beautiful retribution?

NEIL:

No, Pink Floyd.

MR. TILLER:

Then, no.

NEIL:

The elevator's working!

MR. TILLER:

Who cares!?

NEIL:

Well, I care.

MR. TILLER:

Well, I don't! So, what the good news. Huh, Neil? I'm curious.

NEIL:

Perpendicular dimensions!

MR. TILLER:

Excuse me...did you say parallel dimensions?

NEIL:

Do you believe in other worlds, Mr. Tiller?

MR. TILLER:

No. I believe in here and now.

NEIL:

Well about six or seven months ago—

MR. TILLER:

That timeframe sounds familiar.

NEIL:

—I had a dream that I don't think was a dream. I think that dream was actually some sort of connection to another world. A world, I theorize, is located within a subset of parallel dimensions, I call perpendicular dimensions! This is a great step forward for the world, for science, for conspiracy! You see. I had to abandon the project.

MR. TILLER:

I understand.

NEIL:

You do?

MR. TILLER:

You've gone completely loony! My best man's gone madder than a hatter! The project's broke him. Neil, don't worry—we've got doctors for this! (In the background again — Ms. Braver, scrap the Mafioso, we need quacks—lots of 'em and one of those white safety jackets!... What have I told you about questions!... No, this isn't like the time with the bees. What are you my wife? Stop remembering all my failures... Now, listen. Neil's really gone mad. He says a dream told him to travel to perpendicular dimensions by modifying an elevator!... I don't know, either. Ask him! You see. Completely bonkers! The poor guy needs our help...)

NEIL:

Hello! Mr. Tiller! Hello! Are you still there?—I'm not bonkers!—Okay, seems like you're not listening anyone more, so I'm going back to finishing this. [Turns phone off. Click sound.]

NARRATOR:

[Scene not written yet]

Scene 2: Int. Elevator.

NEIL NOMURA:

Everything's stable. Done. Ha, if this works—I just might not get arrested (or shot at). So, floor 27 please and please don't actually go there. [Presses a button and the elevator starts. Low hum sound.]

NEIL NOMURA:

Adios, Mr. Tiller. You really were a great boss. Valedico, Earth. You'll always be my first. [The elevator jerks around making loud noises and sounds like it's speeding up before returning to a low hum sound.]

NEIL NOMURA:

Now I know two things: It's not instantaneous (travel) and I should have intercepted that scotch... I wonder what it looks like out there? It was too dangerous to install that window. Maybe the next model.

[Bing sound. The elevator's doors open. BGM stops.] – Maybe I should something else here?

NARRATOR:

When the doors opened what stood before Neil was the most disturbing—

NEIL NOMURA:

Disturbing!

NARRATOR:

Vile—

NEIL NOMURA:

So vile!

NARRATOR:

Freakish—

NEIL NOMURA:

...

NARRATOR:

Give him a second.

NEIL NOMURA:

It's a freak!

NARRATOR:

There. ...Creature he had ever seen. A Dogman. A humanoid creature with bodies that are very similar to those of humans from Earth. However, the horrible difference here is their head. Giant dog head, normal for their size, lay atop their shoulder with no smooth transition in-between. It's a rather unsettling site.

NEIL NOMURA:

(Voice Over: Neil, keep it together.) Er, which floor?

DOGMAN:

Seven, will you?

NEIL NOMURA:

(Does this still work as a normal elevator?)

[Two button press sounds followed by a low hum]

DOGMAN:

...

NEIL NOMURA:

...

DOGMAN:

...Excuse me, I don't mean to pester, but what's, um, wrong with you head? It's, a..., a little small.

NEIL NOMURA:

(My head!! Your head!) I suffer from tsantsa disorder. Mother's side. Very rare.

DOGMAN:

Oh. Sorry.

NEIL NOMURA:

...

DOGMAN:

...

[Bing. The Dogman walks out of the elevator.]

DOGMAN:

(Mumbling: Tsantsa? Horrible...!)

[Door closes.]

NEIL NOMURA:

...It works. It works! Great! That means I can get out of this place before of them come.

NARRATOR:

It should be noted that the Dogmans, while unpleasant to look at, are very peaceful creatures unlike the Earth humans.

NEIL NOMURA:

Let's try this again. I'll add this place to the map first. [Button press sounds] Now, what can I connect to? [More button press sounds. Some music comes through but keeps fading out.]

[Background Music: Space Ship by Kanye West]

NEIL NOMURA:

There! Connected. Let's the next place is little better. [Button press followed by a low hum.]

Scene 3: Ext. Graveyard.

VIRTUAL  GAIA