

EXT. LOAD AREA

A musical fanfare. We see a line of trolleys waiting to board.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - SUNRISE

We have boarded a stylish streamlined trolley. We're the conductors! Between the two of us is a large throttle control and a schedule. As the trolley leaves the station, We see the exterior of a grand Art Deco train station approaching as exhilarating and hectic music plays. Through the panes of glass we see the shadows of hundreds of travelers dashing about rushing to their destinations. As we approach, the facade opens revealing the opulent interior.

INT. TRAIN STATION

The interior of the station reaches to the heavens. Light cascades from the rafters to the concourse. On our left and right travelers on turntables fly about. An enormous ornate clock hangs in front of us and blocks our path but slowly rises out of the way just in time. It reveals a large directional sign reading "To Trains". It bends out of the way to reveal another sign. "Arrivals".

INT. TUNNEL TO TRAINS

Our trolley turns down a dim curved tunnel. The space is small and damp. The color of the brown bricks is just visible as the bright light at the far end illuminates them. We emerge.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM

A huge streamlined train is revealed. It has just arrived. Steam pours out of every orifice. It's hammered panels shimmer under the sunlight streaming in from the glass roof. We can hear the giant machine breathing. An male announcer's voice in a heavy mid-atlantic accent echoes around the space

ANNOUNCER

Now arriving! Route 726. All
passengers traveling to Zeppelin
park transfer now.

INT. THRONG OF PEOPLE

Our trolley turns and faces a throng of well-dressed people exiting the train and wishing to board. A man running with a briefcase folds out of the way to reveal a woman with a screaming infant who folds out of the way to reveal a man with a camera who folds out of the way to reveal a whole crowd. Our trolley curves out of the way in the knick of time but sends a pretzel vendor spinning.

EXT. LEVEL CROSSING

We exit the train station and approach a level crossing. The lights flash back and forth and we hear the bell's Doppler effect as we cross and turn on to Main Street. As we pass the crossing our schedule lights up and various destinations are illuminated in quick succession, before settling on the first one. Broadway.

EXT. BROADWAY

The music starts rolling as we roll along a long straightway. We see another trolley or two in the distance. Broadway is filled with life - cars, street vendors, people walking, masses of overhead wires, blinking theatre marquees, department stores, and even a horse drawn carriage or two. The streamlined, Art Deco skyscrapers tilt towards the sky in extreme perspective lit in a wash of blues and silvers, yellow, gold and red. The Jazz age in all its glory. As we approach a club a series of barkers enter our path encouraging us to come in. The trolley jumps off it's tracks and turns off the street and enters the club.

INT. CLUB

The club is a large swirling circular space. Luscious red velvet curtains line the walls as a swing band plays on a platform. Silhouetted couples dance all around as we weave in between them and lights twinkle about bouncing off crystal and sequins. We might even catch a glimpse of another trolley or two. We encounter a few stray saxophonists - their briefly illuminated faces clearly in love with the intoxicating melodious tune. We turn into an alcove for a moment away from the main floor. A dozen snazzily dressed patrons sip cocktails from a bar as the bartender shakes us up a martini. We turn back onto the main floor. The band plays away. The music builds to a crescendo as we reach the other side of the space - a large clock briefly illuminates as a light hits it. We've spent hours here and we're late! The vehicle sharply turns out of the club into a completely black space.

INT. SCHEDULE ETHER

Out of the blackness giant copies of schedules illuminate and scroll past at a lightning pace. We enter a spinning tunnel where dozens of street signs and trolley stops tumble past. The music crawls to a halt with an epic retardando.

EXT. IRON BRIDGE

We exit the tunnel in perfect time and cross onto a large iron bridge. It's now sunset. Far beneath us we can see the tiny twinkling lights of ships passing by. And on the horizon the sharp metallic skyline reflects over the water as the sun sets behind it - thousands of lights shimmering in the atmosphere. Above, on the other end of the river a shining silver Zeppelin is slowly floating downwards towards an illuminated field.

EXT. ZEPPELIN OVERHEAD

We exit off the bridge and turn a corner. Now the massive Zeppelin is hovering directly overhead like a spaceship in Independence Day. Searing white spotlights illuminate it's underbelly, turning the silver opaque and it slowly descends towards the ground.

EXT. ZEPPELIN LANDING ZONE

The zeppelin has landed, a shiny beacon against an inky sky: the tree line only slightly visible behind it. Inside the silhouettes of passengers can be seen - illuminated by a soft amber glow. A sign points to arrivals. We approach a glass palace.

INT. GLASS STATION

We enter the glass station and curve around. Luggage carts are at the ready. A large glass clock hangs in front of us and slowly raises. The back wall of the station is revealed. Passengers can be seen through the windows dashing towards us - desperately wanting to board our trolley. The wall parts open and we are saved from more runs by the return to load.