

—— INTERMISSION 1 ——
TROLL MACY'S TROLL THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE

EXT. UPTOWN DOWNTOWN CITY. LATE MORNING.

Uptown Downtown City is bustling with activity as people line up and down Founder's Street, Earth C's legendary Troll Macy's Troll Thanksgiving Day Parade having just begun. At the front of the barricade stand Founder Roxy and his dashing young scion, Harry Anderson! They're dressed to the nines, Harry a reedy but handsome figure and Roxy a statuesquely fat hairy bear, in matching blue and pink outfits. Roxy, in keeping with the spirit of the season, has a garish turkey hat strapped haphazardly to his head. They are having an absolute blast.

ROXY: hehehe
ROXY: harry this is crazy!
HARRY: i know!
HARRY: i can't believe we were going to just going to stay in and order takeout,
this parade is nuts.
ROXY: to be honest honey i can completely believe we were gonna do that
ROXY: but im so glad we didnt LOL

Roxy slings an arm around Harry's neck affectionately, smooching his cheek. He wriggles with faux-objection.

HARRY: aw, malemom, you dork, stop!
ROXY: youre the dork!
ROXY: "mommy i wanna go to the thanksgiving parade and see the dick van dyke float!"
HARRY: first of all, it's the chitty chitty bang bang memorial float!
HARRY: dick van dyke just happens to be headlining it.
ROXY: can you headline an individual float?
HARRY: dick van dyke can headline just about anything.
HARRY: it's going to be awesome and i'm not gonna be able to see it if you keep- OOF!
HARRY: if you keep squee- haha, HAAAAHA, MOM STOP IT, HAHA!

Roxy has begun tickling Harry, who squirms delightedly in his malemotherly grip.

HARRY: HAAAAHA, MOMMY HAHA STOP - OH it's the HAAAAHA - IT'S THE FLOAT!

Harry finally manages to disentangle himself from Roxy's tickle torture, bounding excitedly up to the barricade and pointing up to the Chitty Chitty Bang Bang Memorial Float, which for all its grandeur isn't half as radiant to Roxy as is the expression of pure delight on Harry's face. Roxy leans in next to Harry, truly thankful for all the love he's been able to share with his son.

ROXY: ok youre right this float kind of rules
ROXY: ... damn he is actually getting it up there!
HARRY: um, YEAH, malemom, he's fucking DICK VAN DYKE.

The two of them watch, enraptured, as Dick busts it down sexual style on his elevated platform. They're so taken with his performance that they almost fail to notice that *they've* been noticed, the crowd around them murmuring with increased fervor that crescendos into manic excitement as they're finally spotted. Instinctively they begin waving, Harry somewhat sheepishly and Roxy with jovial excitement.

ROXY: hi everybody!
ROXY: harry, say hi!
HARRY: heh, hey guys!

After a bit more waving, Harry turns around to face the parade once more before his mouth drops open in stunned amazement at the sight of Dick himself descending from his platform hanging beneath the much larger Dirigible Dick, offering a hand to them in an all-too-clear invitation to join him and take their place of honor beside him in the parade.

DICK: Care to step in time with me, young man?
HARRY: OH
HARRY: MY GOD.
HARRY: also step in time is from mary poppins but dude,
HARRY: FUCK YES!
ROXY: harebare dont swear in front of dick!
ROXY: or tell him what movies his own damn lines are from!

DICK: Please, Roxy, you and I are old mates!
DICK: Buds.
DICK: Chums.
HARRY: what?

Harry looks back and forth between Dick and Roxy, noting the increasingly obvious familiarity between the two of them, gobsmacked. Roxy strokes his beard theatrically.

HARRY: no way, WHAT?
DICK: Doesn't matter a bit to me if your boy can't watch his pottymouth... as long as he's got the moves to make up for it.

Dick winks and smiles mischievously, and Roxy and Harry both begin laughing, in their recursively infectious way, before Harry recovers enough to clutch Roxy's sleeve and beg,

HARRY: god, mom, *PLEASE* CAN WE?
HARRY: mr. van dyke, i know literally ALL the moves oh my god, dude, i will NOT let you down, oh my GOD MOM PLEASE?
ROXY: well i definitely did way riskier biz when i waz carryin u but...

Roxy pauses, a hand drifting to his lower abdomen, before shrugging and laughing one last time.

ROXY: screw it, its not like my baby daddys gonna mind LOL
HARRY: ERM,
HARRY: BEST.
HARRY: THANKSGIVING.
HARRY: EVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The two of them happily scurry up onto the platform, lowered pre-emptively to accommodate them.

(BLACKOUT).

——— END of INTERMISSION 1 ———



*act 2 will begin shortly*¹⁷