

As she prepares the slush, Curtis looks around the mall.

CURTIS

I used to work here when I was a kid. It was different back then. A lot of memories...

ELIZANNE

A lot of people have that with this place. It really takes 'em back!

CURTIS

Yeah, I bet it does.

Elizanne looks at Curtis lost in memories as he scans the mall. She slowly nods her head.

ELIZANNE

Shoot, I almost forgot! We have a new slush, the Sub-Zero special! It's the same Blue Raspberry slush, but it's got a richer flavor and a colder sensation. It'll make you feel like a kid again!

Curtis considers this but shakes his head.

CURTIS

That's fine, you already made that one.

Elizanne cheerfully dumps it in the trash.

ELIZANNE

I insist! I promise, you're gonna love it!

CURTIS

Okay then. Thanks.

Elizanne pours the Sub Zero slush, which is even more neon-blue, almost GLOWING in the cup. She hands it to Curtis.

ELIZANNE

Now a lot of folks get a serious brain freeze when they drink this. So remember, whatever happens, you're here and you're safe!

CURTIS

Um... What are you talking about?

Elizanne adorably shrugs her shoulders.

ELIZANNE

I don't know, just goofing! Have fun!

Curtis nods as he slowly backs away from her. He holds up the slush and inspects it.

CURTIS

Jesus, this looks radioactive...

CLOSE on his mouth as he SLURPS up the slush into his straw... CLOSE on his head as the **BRAIN FREEZE** commences.

Curtis drops the slush as he grips his temples with his hands. He holds his head down and rubs his face.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Ahh! What the hell was that?!

He pulls his head up and looks at the slush on the ground.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

No fucking thanks.

He picks up the cup and tosses it in the garbage. As he does, a large group of people walk past him. Curtis does a double take.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Must be here for the hologram lady.

He shrugs. The loudspeakers, no longer muddled, play "**IT'S ABOUT TIME**," a mall pop gem by LILLIX. As Curtis turns the corner, he sees a strip of stores bustling with activity.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Wait, when did--

He looks to his left and sees **COMP USA**, a defunct computer store. He looks to his right to find a **B. DALTON BOOKSTORE**.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

That closed a year after I left...

He walks past more and more stores, **CLAIRE'S**, **LIMITED TOO**, **F.Y.E**, all open and filled with people.

CURTIS (CONT) (CONT'D)

But... How...

He looks over at a group of YOUNG GIRLS sitting at a food court table, accessorizing their BRATZ DOLLS.

YOUNG GIRL 1

Look at Kimmy's new crop top!

YOUNG GIRL 2

Oh my god. So hot!

Curtis looks over at two IRONIC DUDES wearing TRUCKER HATS, one says VON DUTCH, the other says IMPEACH BUSH.

IRONIC DUDE 1

I saw "Garden State" last night.
It's like, pure poetry.

IRONIC DUDE 2

Right? I mean, I think Braff could be
the next Scorsese!

As Curtis starts to panic, he almost collides with the group of pre-teen boys in Vote For Pedro shirts from earlier.

PRE-TEEN BOY

Watch where you're going! **GOSH!**

Curtis turns away, catching his reflection in a window to see **TEEN CURTIS**, slim and sneering in his Hives tee and cargo pants.

CURTIS

This can't... What is happening?!

Curtis, now beyond panicked, runs back toward the Slush Shack. From his POV, his eyes keep catching things:

-**LOW RISE JEANS** paired with **SPLIT BOTTOM TOPS** and **UGGS**.

-Kids dancing to the music of their **PINK IPOD MINIS**.

-Every wrist he sees has a **LIVESTRONG BRACELET**.

Curtis tries to shake this off as he reaches the Slush Shack, where Elizanne now has a long line of customers.

ELIZANNE

Okay, that's one sour apple. I call
that the green lip special!

Curtis pushes a family out of the way.

CURTIS

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME?!

A little girl bawls as her father quickly pushes her away.

ELIZANNE

Sir, I don't know who you are, but
you shouldn't curse in front of
children.

CURTIS

Are you kidding me?! You don't know
who I am?!

ELIZANNE

But, sir... You don't even exist.

As Curtis' eyes fill with fear, Elizanne giggles.

ELIZANNE (CONT'D)

Psych! Just goofing! I'm guessing
you'd like an explanation.

Curtis stammers, almost as if he has too much to yell at her.

CURTIS

What did you do, lace this shit with
bath salts or something?!

ELIZANNE

Nothing like that, it's just
sphenopalatine ganglioneuralgia!

She beams, proud she was able to explain the situation so
quickly. Curtis glares at her.

ELIZANNE (CONT'D)

Silly me! In Layman's Terms, you'd
call it a Brain Freeze.

Curtis leaves this hanging, waiting for any actual
explanation as Elizanne turns to pour a slush.

ELIZANNE (CONT'D)

Basically, the cold of the slush
caused a dilation and contraction of
your carotid and cerebral arteries,
which froze your brain's limbic
system. So voila! Here you are!

Curtis, now shaking with anger, leans in close to Elizanne.

CURTIS

Could you maybe please just tell me
how I TRAVELED THROUGH FUCKING TIME?!

Elizanne shakes away from Curtis' admittedly weak grip.

ELIZANNE

First of all, rude! And second, you
didn't time travel. You're just
frozen in a happy memory of the mall
from 2004. Think of it as the
ultimate nostalgia trip!

Curtis finally processes some information.

CURTIS
So this is all in my head.

ELIZANNE
Yep!

CURTIS
And I'm standing in the mall in 2020.

ELIZANNE
Safe and sound under the watchful
eyes of myself and Harv.

Curtis paces back and forth, scratching his head.

CURTIS
How long does this last?

ELIZANNE
In real time, only a few minutes.
But inside your memory, you can
last an hour, maybe two? The bigger
the slurp, the longer the freeze.
So go ahead. Take a look around!

Curtis turns back to her, no longer angry, accepting it all.
CLOSE on his face. He looks sweaty, nervous... Teenage.

ELIZANNE (CONT'D)
Oh, one last thing! If it ever
becomes too much to handle, just rub
your temples while touching the roof
of your mouth with your tongue, and
poof! You're back in reality.

Elizanne looks at the line of people waiting to get slushes.

ELIZANNE (CONT'D)
Okay, I should get back to work.
It's fun being busy again!

She claps as she gets ready to serve some slushes.

Curtis stands there, beyond overwhelmed. He slowly makes his
way back toward the stores where TWO TEEN BOYS exit HOT TOPIC.

TEEN BOY 1
Then he says "It's so hot! Milk was
a bad choice!"

TEEN BOY 2

That's hilarious! What's this movie called again?!

CURTIS

Holy shit, I'm really here.

He peeks inside and sees a litany of PUNK and EMO GIRLS with asymmetrical haircuts. One in a MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE tee makes eye contact with him. Curtis ducks out of the entrance, blushing

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Fuck, I need a drink.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

There you are, you perv.

Curtis turns around and sees TEEN KRISTIN, approaching while taking off an apron for something called THE FUDGERY.

As she lovingly waves to him. Curtis, frozen in fear, musters a single wave. CLOSE on his face, SWEATING BULLETS.

KRISTIN

Checking out the punk girls again? That red eyeliner comes off, you know!

She sweetly kisses him, but he can barely comprehend what's happening. She pulls away and puts her head on his arm.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

What a day! Some frat guy asked me to dip his arms in fudge so he could "lick his way to freedom." Can we go eat so I have more energy to complain?

Curtis, now trembling and holding back tears, nods.

CURTIS

Yeah, no, I--

KRISTIN

--Curtis, are you crying?

Curtis quickly wipes his face clean.

CURTIS

No, I, uh... Damn... Bug in my eye.

Kristin looks confused, but accepting.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Yeah, let's get food... I've got some time.