

BUZZ
(continued)
(GASP) My ship!!

He runs up to the box and investigates the damage.

BUZZ
Blast! This'll take weeks to
repair!

Buzz flips open a plastic compartment on his arm -- his
wrist communicator.

BUZZ
Buzz Lightyear Mission Log.
Stardate 4072: My ship has run off
course en route to sector 12. I've
crash landed on a strange planet.
The impact must have awoken me from
hyper-sleep.

Buzz springs up and down on the squishy surface of the
bed.

BUZZ
(into communicator)
Terrain seems a bit unstable...

He taps the sticker of controls on his wrist
communicator.

BUZZ
(into communicator)
No read-out yet if the air is
breathable... and there seems to be
no sign of intelligent life
anywhere --

ANGLE: BUZZ'S POV THROUGH HIS HELMET

Woody's face suddenly pops into view.

WOODY
Hello-o-o...

BUZZ
HO-YAAAH!!!

Buzz jumps back, taking a fighting stance. He presses a
button on his arm that turns on a red "laser beam" light
on his wrist. Buzz aims the red beam on Woody's
forehead and holds it there.

WOODY

Aaaaaaah! Whoa, hey, whoa, did I frighten you? Didn't mean to. Sorry. Howdy! My name is Woody and this is Andy's room. That's all I wanted to say, and also, there has been a bit of a mix-up. This is my spot, see, the bed here --

While Woody is speaking, Buzz notices the sheriff's badge on Woody's vest.

BUZZ

(de-activating
his laser beam)

Local law enforcement! It's about time you got here. I'm Buzz Lightyear, Space Ranger, Universe Protection Unit. My ship has crash landed here by mistake.

Buzz begins walking around the bed, surveying the situation. Woody tries to keep up.

WOODY

Yes, it is a mistake, because, you see, the bed, here, is my spot.

BUZZ

I need to repair my turbo boosters. Do you people still use fossil fuels, or have you discovered crystalic fusion?

WOODY

Well, let's see, we've got double A's --

BUZZ

Watch yourself!!

Buzz shoves Woody down on the bed and re-activates his wrist laser.

BUZZ

(continued)

Halt! Who goes there?!

The other toys are peeking over the edge of the bed.

REX

Don't shoot! It's okay! Friends!

BUZZ
(to Woody)
Do you know these life forms?

WOODY
Yes. They're Andy's toys.

BUZZ
Alright, everyone. You're clear to
come up.

Buzz walks over to the toys.

BUZZ
I am Buzz Lightyear. I come in
peace.

Rex steps forward and eagerly shakes Buzz's hand.

REX
Oh, I'm so glad you're not a
dinosaur!

BUZZ
Why, thank you...
(pulls away)
Now thank you all for your kind
welcome.

REX
Say! What's that button do?

BUZZ
I'll show you.

Buzz presses a button on his chest.

BUZZ (SAMPLED VOICE)
Buzz Lightyear to the rescue!

The toys all GASP IN AWE.

SLINKY
Hey, Woody's got something like
that. His is a pullstring, only it
--

POTATO HEAD
Only it sounds like a car ran over
it.

HAMM

Oh yeah, but not like this one.
This is a quality sound system.
Probably all copper wiring, huh?
So, uh, where are you from?
Singapore? Hong Kong?

BUZZ

Well... no, actually I'm stationed
up in the Gamma Quadrant of Sector
4. As a member of the elite
Universe Protection Unit of the
Space Ranger Corps, I protect the
galaxy from the threat of invasion
from the Evil Emperor Zurg, sworn
enemy of the Galactic Alliance.

As Buzz speaks, Woody glances down at the box in which
Buzz arrived.

ANGLE: BACK OF BUZZ'S BOX

There is a cartoon drawing of Buzz giving the exact,
word-for-word spiel that Buzz is now giving.

POTATO HEAD

Oh, really? I'm from Playskool.

REX

And I'm from Mattel. Well, I'm not
really from Mattel, I'm actually
from a smaller company that was
purchased in a leveraged buy-out.
Well, I don't really understand the
financials, but...

Woody walks over to Bo Peep.

WOODY

You'd think they've never seen a new
toy before.

BO PEEP

Well sure, look at him. He's got
more gadgets on him than a swiss
army knife.

Slinky presses the button on Buzz's arm, activating his
laser light. Buzz quickly pulls his arm away.

BUZZ

Ah, ah, ah, please be careful! You don't want to be in the way when my laser goes off.

MR. POTATO HEAD

Hey, a laser! How come you don't have a laser, Woody?

WOODY

It's not a laser! It's a little lightbulb that blinks!

HAMM

What's with him?

MR. POTATO HEAD

Laser-envy.

WOODY

All right, that's enough. Look, we're all very impressed with Andy's new toy --

BUZZ

Toy?

WOODY

T-O-Y. Toy.

BUZZ

Excuse me, I think the word you're searching for is Space Ranger.

WOODY

The word I'm searching for I can't say because there's pre-school toys present.

POTATO HEAD

Gettin' kind of tense, aren't you?

REX

Oh, uh, Mr. Lightyear? Now I'm curious. What does a Space Ranger actually do?

WOODY

He's not a Space Ranger! He doesn't fight evil or shoot lasers or fly --

BUZZ

Excuse me.

Buzz calmly hits a button and wings pop out.

Again the toys GASP IN AWE.

HAMM

Oh, impressive wingspan. Very good!

WOODY

Oh, what?!...What?! These are plastic. He can't fly!

BUZZ

They are a terillium-carbonic alloy and I CAN fly.

WOODY

No, you can't.

BUZZ

Yes, I can.

WOODY

You can't!

BUZZ

Can!

WOODY

Can't! Can't! Can't!

BUZZ

I tell you, I could fly around this room with my eyes closed!

WOODY

Okay then, Mr. Lightbeer! Prove it.

BUZZ

All right, then, I will.

(to toys)

Stand back everyone!

The crowd of toys make room for Buzz as he heads towards the edge of the bed and climbs up the bedpost. He poses like a high diver, shuts his eyes...

BUZZ

To infinity and beyond!!

... and leaps off the bed.