juice bar.

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ARTS ALLIANCE FOR HUMANITY
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Juice Bar

"Juice Bar" is the groundbreaking creation from the multicultural arts education non-profit group Arts Alliance for Humanity. An explosion of magical realism, the series is an organic evolution of the television comedy format.

On the surface "Juice Bar" satirizes our modern new age spirituality, the global search for ‘consciousness,’ and the organic food movement. However, what the television series reveals itself to be, over the 14 episodes of season one, is a heartwarming exploration of the magic of nature and the underlying child-like wonder of the world.

Developed out of the Santa Monica Playhouse, Arts Alliance for Humanity created the multicultural scripted series for filming and global distribution in 2020. Much in the way "Sesame Street" was created in 1968 by the Children's Television Workshop, arts educators from the Yale School of Drama and Los Angeles based comedy writers created "Juice Bar" with both entertainment and cultural impact in mind.

Set in a trendy, but secretly magical mystical juice bar and health center, the show follows the lives of the staff and the wide range of characters who come through the epic medical workplace. The world of "Juice Bar" is populated by a surprising guest cast of familiar cultural icons in unsuspecting roles - New age thinkers, athletes, actors, musicians, creative souls from pop-culture, and contemporary luminaries of the global organic/health movements.

Structurally, the series infuses the broad humor of the iconic workplace situation comedy into the imaginative intrigue of the familiar medical procedural show. Over the course of season one of “Juice Bar,” what we think is simple satire of a new age organic health center unfolds into a moving adventure of incredible depth.

Welcome to “Juice Bar.”
"Juice Bar" is an innovative comedic/procedural television scripted series set in the world of a contemporary international Juice Bar and Health Center. Currently in pre-production, this groundbreaking new series will break the mold for what can be achieved in the medium of television.

The character-driven, highly imaginative universe of "Juice Bar" satirizes the attempts of the new age, organic, and spirituality movements to survive in the midst of modern business, media, and good old-fashioned human lunacy/idiocy.

An explosion of magical realism,...the plants, herbs, berries, elixirs and tonics take on a near life of their own in this state-of-the-art Juice Bar and Health Center; as the brilliant, but flawed, employees work their brand of semi-wizardry, and the beloved, but desperate regulars try to soak up any ounce of enlightenment they can find here.
Seekers flock from around the world to this magical mecca to cure their eczema, alleviate their anxiety, or maybe even save their soul. The result is a colorful single-camera cinematic adventure, where the imaginations of its participants take us from the comfy home-sweet-home of the health center...into the wild remote corners of the world, and back home again at a moment's notice.

Like anyone on this planet, the characters of "Juice Bar" never know if they're in a sitcom or a tragedy, an action adventure or a mystery, an epic drama or a cartoon. However, we quickly learn that what's "real" in this world is less important than what makes you "feel" real.

Cast: Multi-cultural/ Global
Series Regulars: 8
Film Style: Depends on the moment.
   Goes from the silly to the sublime in a heartbeat.
Format: Comedic procedural/ adventure – [35 min. single-camera]
Audience: All

**Juice Bar.** fall, 2020
Creators: Cara Deptula & Obi Ndefo
Arts Alliance for Humanity

THE MICHELANGELO "SISTINE CHAPEL" CEILING

"LEAF LOUNGE" CHAIRS

"LEAF LOUNGE" TABLES
MANAGING SEVERAL PATRONS AT ONCE.

KENNETH

(HOLDING HIS SIDE) Doc...I need you.

It’s urgent.

VIOLET

Isn’t it always urgent?

THE JUICE BAR "FRUIT CHUTE"

BAR/ BULK-BIN COLORS

SEATING - "CRUCIFEROUS CAFE"

SEATING - "CRUCIFEROUS CAFE"
OneWorld Juice Bar & Health Center

ORIGINAL "JUICE BAR" SET SKETCH - 2016

"LEAF LOUNGE"

"CRUCIFEROUS CAFE"

"SAMPLE BOT" - BODY BAR
I’ve been in the lab for four hours straight, waiting for the right mix to give me a treat. I mix it, it gives me something... 

"THE LAB"

PETER

Wow. (BEAT) What does enlightenment... feel like?

DOC

(SHRUGS) Well, everyone’s enlightenment is different. According to the great sages, our true self is always inside, waiting to come out.

(MORE)
a bit about Juice Bar:

Welcome to planet Earth. Water, some minerals...plants, animals...and an interesting species that roams the land – perhaps a bit, shall we say, lost.
The human being.
We zoom down into a region where this creature tends to watch itself – Whether we think this region is “Los Angeles” or some remote jungle across the planet...the plea of this creature is the same: “Help me.” “Cure Me.”

Simple comedic farce is the norm of our workplace. But this magical health center tends to take us into fantastical adventure when we least expect it. These are the healers...and this is the place to where people flock to find their cures. Welcome home.
Welcome to “Juice Bar.”

a note on the acting and cinematic style:
The acting style alternates between broad comedy and natural dialogue.
The camera action in the bar/health center is quick and functional.
The camera action outside the bar is a true cinematic exploration of the world.

CHARACTERS

“DOC” – (40s, Indeterminate Background) Part compulsive scientist, part adrenaline-fueled adventurer, “Doc” used to work as a chemist for a multi-national chemical company in the Midwest, but was “let go” for undisclosed reasons. He is a perennial bachelor who lives for the adventure of discovering cures and healing people. Constantly flying to remote regions of the world seeking rare ingredients for his concoctions, people flock from everywhere to the bar for his infamous weekly health tonics. Has an infatuation with Brie.

BRIANNA (BRIE) – (30s - 40s) Classically attractive in appearance, but quietly brilliant. With a smile that could sell anything, Brie was well known for her work as a product model on a popular network TV game show. But tired of being objectified, she "lost it" one day onset, when she spontaneously jumped onto the show's signature “Mega Money Wheel” and began screaming at the top of her lungs. A master baker and raw foods chef, she finds serenity in nurturing others. Still bitter towards men and touchy about her past.

VIOLET - (30s) A regular at OneWorld Juice Bar & Health Center, Violet is a warm-hearted, eccentric semi-expert in the “new age healing arts.” Constantly donning some new job title (e.g. astrologist, intuitive, life coach, nutritionist, feng shui advisor, yoga instructor, etc), she sits at the same spot at the Juice Bar everyday counseling others and working her brand of wacky magic. Gets along with almost everyone, except Kenneth.
KENNETH - A regular at OneWorld, Kenneth (30s, African-American) is a conservative straight-laced corporate lawyer who reps several multi-national companies with questionable business practices. Although he means well, Kenneth sometimes lacks a conscience. Somewhat of a hypochondriac, he always comes into the Juice Bar in search of a cure for his latest ailment. Although he’s a big fan of the organic health movement, he can’t stand bogus healers like Violet.

PETER – (early 20s, British) A regular at the Juice Bar, Peter is an aspiring actor from England. Highly trained in Shakespeare and all forms of classical theater, he sometimes feels that the entertainment industry out here is beneath him. Hypersensitive, his occasional bit parts and gigs in commercials often leave him feeling demoralized. He comes to OneWorld daily for community and emotional support.

ANNA – (early 20s, Latina) From Brooklyn, New York, Anna is a new employee of the “Body Bar” section at OneWorld. No-nonsense, she won’t hesitate to tell you what she thinks of you. Fed up with the mumbo jumbo of the new age movement, Anna has a hard time selling the latest holistic body care products and is seriously considering going back home to New York. Secretly, though, she wants to believe in all the magic.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD – (50s, Pacific Islander/African American) An ex-NFL linebacker who was permanently sidelined by a knee injury, Saul is extremely deadpan. Exceedingly street-smart, with an unintentional wit, he also never lost the ability to fling any man pretty far. Despite his size, Saul is clearly still a kid inside.

KIMMIE - (19, Chinese-American) Probably the most sane of the Juice Bar crew, Kimmie is a part-time barista apprenticing under Doc. She attends the local university in a program for Herbalism and Internal Medicine. With her studies focusing on the union of Western, East Indian Ayurvedic, and traditional Chinese medicine, she brings a lot to OneWorld. Kimmie tends to keep Doc and the others grounded, but being the most rational, she sometimes gets overwhelmed.

MAH-DAY – (60s, African American) The owner of the entire OneWorld Juice Bar and Health Center, Mah-Day is a bit of a mystery. Although we only hear her voice each episode, we gather that she is a powerful force of nature, having assembled a handful of the greatest healers and healthcare practitioners on the planet. We come to learn that an early traumatic experience witnessing an act of cruelty as a young girl in Alabama, led her to conceiving and opening the largest, most successful international health center which will ultimately uplift humanity.
juice bar.

episodes.

episode 1: “We are the World”
episode 2: “Physician...Heal Thyself”
episode 3: “Vampires, Werewolves, and Zombies...Oh my!”
episode 4: “Love...exciting and new”
episode 5: “Don’t Go Changin’...” a.k.a. “Up in the Club”
episode 6: “Happy Happy, Joy Joy”
episode 7: “The Great Big Espionage Episode” Part 1
episode 8: “The Great Big Espionage Episode” Part 2
episode 9: “Yoga...Schmoga”
episode 10: “Roots”
episode 11: “Hooray for Hollywood”
FADE IN:

INT. JUICE BAR - 8:45 MONDAY MORNING

THE SETTING: A JUICE BAR. ACTUALLY, THE JUICE BAR TO END ALL JUICE BARS. BRIGHT VIVID COLORS SATURATE THE WALLS AND FURNITURE.

AT CENTER, PATRONS CROWD THE ROUND BAR, WHICH IS SHAPED LIKE A GIANT BLUEBERRY. THE BAR IS SURROUNDED BY MULTICOLORED STOOLS AND SIT-DOWN CAFE TABLES IN THE SHAPE OF Oversized Cruciferous Vegetables. Running above the blueberry bar is the elaborate menu, which catalogues the many tonics, teas, elixirs, smoothies, and mysterious healing concoctions that can generate rush hour lines out the door. Whatever ails you, the juice bar’s got you covered.

**FLUID CIRCULAR CAMERA MOTION CARRIES US THROUGH OUR OPENING SEQUENCE...**

WE SEE THAT BEYOND A HOME FOR SUSTENANCE, THIS ESTABLISHMENT FUNCTIONS AS A BROAD-BASED COMPREHENSIVE HEALTH CENTER.

ON THE ARCHED CEILING ABOVE THE ENTRANCE IS A MURAL OF BLUE SKY, WHITE CLOUDS AND A REPLICA OF MICHELANGELO’S SISTINE CHAPEL “CREATION” PAINTING, BUT WITH GOD HANDING ADAM A CARROT.

TO ONE SIDE, ARE THE ENDLESS ILLUMINATED BULK BINS, DISPENSING EVERY KIND OF ORGANIC SEED, NUT, AND GRAIN IMAGINABLE.

TO THE OTHER SIDE, PATRONS MILL ABOUT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ADJOINING "BODY BAR" SECTION, WITH NEARLY EVERY ORGANIC BODY CARE PRODUCT AND SUPPLEMENT AVAILABLE ON MOTHER EARTH.

AN ENORMOUS MOLDED RAINFOREST TREE CLIMBS THE BACK WALLS AND ENVELOPS THE PATRONS. THIS EPIC BIOLUMINESCENT PLAYGROUND OF HEALTH IS LIKE A WOMB – A SAFE HAVEN FOR MANY SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

WHENEVER ANYONE COMES INTO THIS MAGICAL BAR AND HEALTH CENTER, THE LARGE SLIDING GLASS DOORS OPEN, AND PEOPLE SEEM TO ENTER FROM A SURREAL HAZE OUTSIDE OF AUTOMOBILES, ELECTRIC BILLBOARDS, AND GENERAL MODERN CHAOS.

**TIGHT ON: A SIMPLE HOUSE PLANT RESTING ON THE BAR.**
THE SMALL FICUS SITS HUMBLY, SERENELY IN ITS POT.

A HIGH PITCHED VOICE
Please give me water. Water! Oh, and sunlight. That’s all. It’s simple.
(BEAT) Human beings do not understand.
Life...is so simple. Love and kindness.
Love and kindness is all that matters.

(DRAMATIC) I beg you to listen to me!...

WE PULL AWAY TO REVEAL A HANDFUL OF BAR PATRONS STARING BLANKLY AT A COLORFULLY DRESSED, ECCENTRIC BAR REGULAR (VIOLET), WHO STANDS BESIDE THE PLANT, HOLDING HER FINGERS TO HER TEMPLES.

A JOGGER, STRETCHING BY THE BAR, LEANS IN.

JOGGER

(QUIETLY) What’s she doing?

PATRON

(QUIETLY) She’s a...Plant Medium.
She’s talking to the plant.

VIOLET

(BREAKING MEDITATION) I talk for the plant. The plant is talking through me. I’m a Vegetation Intuitive.

JOGGER

(BEAT) O...kay...

ANGLE ON - THE BULK BINS

TWO SMALL GIRLS (8, 9), ONE DARK-SKINNED AND ONE LIGHT-SKINNED, STAND AT THE FOOT OF THE ENORMOUS SPIRAL BULK BIN CHUTES, IN AWE. ONE OF THE GIRLS IS ATTEMPTING TO READ A LITTLE SIGN AT THE BASE OF ONE OF THE CHUTES.
SMALL GIRL ONE

(WITH SOME DIFFICULTY)...Or-ganic...

fair trade...Indonesian...cashews.


CLOSE ON THE EYES OF THE GIRLS AS THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN AMAZEMENT.

SMALL GIRL TWO

Woah.

SMALL GIRL ONE

Woah.

TRACKING - A TOWERING WALL OF CHASING COLORED LIGHTS AND WILLY WONKA BINS CORRESPOND TO MULTITUDES OF GLOBALLY SOURCED ORGANIC SEEDS, NUTS, AND GRAINS.

FINALLY, A FEW FRESH PLUMP CASHEWS TUMBLE OUT OF THE CASHEW CHUTE INTO GIRL ONE’S PALM. SHE QUICKLY SHARES WITH HER FRIEND, AND THE GIRLS CHEW THEIR SAMPLES.

...PURE DELIGHT.

ANGLE ON - THE MAIN DOORS

WOOOSH!...THE EPIC SLIDING GLASS DOORS OPEN AND A RATHER STRESSED-OUT MAN IN AN EXPENSIVE BUSINESS SUIT (KENNETH, AFRICAN-AMERICAN, 30’S) RUSHES IN.

CLOSE - [AS HE ENTERS, WE HAPPEN TO NOTICE AN ARM, WITH A CAMERA IN HAND, SNEAK IN THE DOORWAY AND SNAP A PHOTO].

KENNETH NERVOUSLY MAKES A BEELINE FOR THE BAR AND APPROACHES THE HEAD BARISTA, DOC. CALM AND COOL, BUT WITH A CEREBRAL INTENSITY, DOC SPORTS AN AFRICAN DASHIKI SHIRT TODAY. HE IS MANAGING SEVERAL PATRONS AT ONCE.

KENNETH

(HOLDING HIS SIDE) Doc...I need you.

It’s urgent.

VIOLET

Isn’t it always urgent?

KENNETH IGNORES VIOLET, AND PURSUES DOC.
KENNETH

(TO DOC) Nine-one-one.

DOC

Be right with you, Kenneth.

THE JOGGER SCANS THE ENDLESS ELIXIR MENU.

JOGGER

I’ll have a shot of wheatgrass and uh... what’s the “Tonic of the Week?”

VIOLET

There are two: The “Green Amazon Blast”... and “Liquid Enlightenment.”

KENNETH

What, do you work here now, Violet?

VIOLET

(CALMLY SIPPING HER TEA) Just being of service to my fellow man!

DOC TURNS TO THE JOGGER.

DOC

Hand.

JOGGER

Huh?

DOC

Let me see your hand.

DOC TAKES THE JOGGER’S HAND AND FEELS HIS PULSE.

DOC (CONT’D)

Mineral depletion. (BEAT) “Kiwi Recharge.”
JOGGER

Yeah?

DOC

Kiwi, cucumber, pink Himalayan sea salt,
in reverse osmosis water. Easy.

KIMMIE (CHINESE, 19, DOC’S APPRENTICE) PREPARES, SLIDING OVER A CUCUMBER AND THE CANISTER OF HIMALAYAN SALT. SHE HOLDS UP TWO SIMILAR, BUT NOT IDENTICAL, ORGANIC KIWI FRUITS.

KIMMIE

New Zealand or Chinese?

DOC

(QUICKLY, IN MANDARIN) Ni yào wèn ma?

.  (You have to ask?)

UNDERSTANDING, KIMMIE SMILES AND TOSSES HIM THE CHINESE KIWI.

DOC (CONT’D)

(CATCHING) I will heal thee, my friend,
with three ounces of nature’s basics.

AS WE FOLLOW DOC TO THE BLENDER, WE START TO SEE THE USUAL MORNING RUSH FORMING AT THE BAR AND THROUGHOUT THE HEALTH CENTER.

PATRON

(LEANING TO THE JOGGER) Isn’t this place amazing?

JOGGER

(LOOKING AROUND, LIKE A MESMERIZED KID UPON FIRST VISIT TO A MAGICAL THEME PARK)

...Um. Yes. Yes it is.
PATRON

I had insomnia for three years.
Painful, crippling insomnia...

JOGGER

Hm.

PATRON

 Couldn’t sleep for more than two hours a night.

JOGGER

Wow...

PATRON

 They analyzed my bioenergetic field, gave me the bark of some rainforest tree in a tincture, and now I sleep like a baby.

KENNETH FOLLOWS DOC ACROSS THE BAR.

KENNETH

(LOOKING BACKWARDS TOWARDS THE DOORS)
Hey, Doc...Are you expecting someone... super famous in here today?

DOC

Not that I know of. Why?

KENNETH

The paparazzi outside.

VIOLET

What’s new?
KENNETH
Yeah, but there’s way more than normal.
They’re everywhere.

JOGGER
(LEANS IN) This woman can talk to plants.

VIOLET
I talk for the plant.

JOGGER
She’s a...Vegetation Intuitive.

SHE HANDS THE JOGGER A CARD.

VIOLET
Here’s my card.

KENNETH
A Vegetation Intuitive? Oh, gimme a break. (LAUGHS) Last month you were an “Astrologist.” Before that, a “Life Coach.” And before that a “Wiccan.” Would you make up your mind?

VIOLET
(CALMLY) Not everyone’s a corporate clone, Kenneth. Lots of people have multiple occupations.

THE JOGGER READS VIOLET’S BUSINESS CARD.

JOGGER
“Happy...Healing...Hands.”
VIOLET

Oh, wait. Lemme see that.

(RETRIEVING THE CARD) That’s my

“Massage Therapy” card...

VIOLET REACHES INTO HER PACKED PURSE AND FLIES THROUGH A
STACK OF CARDS, ONE BY ONE.

VIOLET (CONT’D)

No...No...”Feng Shui Advisor”...nope,
nope...”Diamond-Lane Carpool Passenger”...

(FINDS THE CARD) Ah!! “Veggie Psychic.”

There ya go!

SHE HANDS THE JOGGER THE CARD.

KENNETH

Good God...Why do I come here?

EVERYONE’S GOT A REASON TO COME HERE. BE IT FOR A CURE, FOR
SURVIVAL, FOR SALVATION, OR FOR A FRIEND.

AS THE LINE MOUNTS...WE PAN BY A DISTRAUGHT MOM (LATINA) WITH
HER TWO KIDS IN TOW.

DISTRAUGHT MOM

Kimmie...I need your advice...

(BEAT) I’ve been tired again at work.

I’m so confused. My doctor says he

thinks I have ‘chronic fatigue syndrome.’

But my friend, Leti, says I just need to

do more cardio at the gym.

AS THE MOM’S KIDS DART TOWARDS THE LIGHT-UP BULK BINS...ANOTHER
WOMAN (AFRICAN-AMERICAN) WAITING IN LINE, SMOOTHIES IN HAND,
LEANS OVER...
WOMAN

Please, girl...I’ve got two kids too.

ANGLE ON THE FIRST MOM’S KIDS CHASING EACH OTHER AROUND THE BULK BINS.

WOMAN (CONT’D)

(BEAT)...Your kids are your cardio.

THE DISTRAUGHT MOM NODS IN AGREEMENT.

DISTRAUGHT MOM

(TO KIMMIE) Also, I’ve been sneezing up a storm. (BEAT) I don’t know if it’s a...a cold, or the flu, or just allergies.

KIMMIE

(WHEELS TURNING) Hm... (BEAT) Let’s try something... (OVER HER SHOULDER) Doc...‘Ginger Immunity Shot’...stat!

MULTITASKING WITH THE BLENDERS, THE WHEATGRASS MACHINE, AND SEVERAL CUSTOMERS’ NEEDS, DOC HAS ALREADY OVERHEARD. (HE KIND OF HEARS EVERYTHING WITHIN A 25-FOOT RADIUS OF THE BAR.)

DOC

Wait a second. (BEAT) Ask her if she eats a lot of refined sugar. Sweets.

DISTRAUGHT MOM

(OVERHEARING) Um...well...

(CONFESSING)...Yeah. Trying not to...

...but yeah.

ANOTHER PATRON FURTHER DOWN THE LINE, A MALE NURSE ON BREAK BETWEEN MORNING HOSPITAL SHIFTS, LEANS OVER.
(SHEEPISH) You too? (BEAT) Me too. Mini-powdered doughnuts. I can't stop.

LIKE MEMBERS OF A CRACK TEAM, WITHOUT SLOWING THEIR CAREFUL MEASURING AND BLENDING, DOC AND KIMMIE CHIME IN.

DOC Probiotics. KIMMIE Probiotics.

DOC FINISHES THE JOGGER'S TONIC, WHILE HOLDING UP A REASSURING FINGER TO KENNETH, WHO IS WAITING BY THE BAR, ANXIOUS AS CAN BE.

DOC

(A BREATH) The world can be... a stressful place. (WITH CALM MEDICAL PROFESSOR-LIKE KNOWLEDGE AND ZEN-LIKE FOCUS) That's where our inner landscape becomes crucial.

WE SEE VARIOUS PEOPLE WITHIN EARSHEOT OF THE BAR LISTEN IN.

DOC (CONT'D)

(TO THE DISTRAUGHT MOM) We need to improve your gut health.

DISTRAUGHT MOM

My gut what?

DOC

Gut health. (BEAT) Your inner micro-biome. (BEAT) The front lines of your immunity. And the powerhouse of your energy.

THE MALE NURSE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS OWN BELLY IN WONDER.
KIMMIE

(TO THE MOM) The healthy bacteria in your system might be depleted. Most people’s are.

DOC

(TO THE MOM, WHILE PLACING THE LUMINESCENT ‘KIWI RECHARGE’ IN FRONT OF THE JOGGER)
You’ve got some of the signs. Fatigue. Allergy-like candida response. Sugar cravings.

(BEAT)
That’s Brie’s territory.

DISTRAUGHT MOM

(BEAT) Brie?

DOC AND KIMIE LOOK AROUND.

DOC

If you can drag her out of the lab...I think she’s got a fermented coconut kefir and kombucha combo she’s been brewing for fifteen days.

SANJIV (O.S.)

Probiotic city.

SMILING IN AGREEMENT IS SANJIV (30S), THE BAR’S ENCYCLOPEDICALLY-GIFTED EAST INDIAN AYURVEDIC HERB EXPERT, CURRENTLY MIXING INTRICATE HERB TINCTURES BEHIND DOC.

SANJIV (CONT’D)

...Best kombucha this side of Mumbai.

BOTH THE MOM AND THE NURSE’S EYES WIDEN WITH CURiosity.
KENNETH
(STILL HOLDING THE SIDE OF HIS ABDOMEN IN CONSIDERABLE DISCOMFORT) Doc...

DOC

Be right with you, Kenneth.

EXCITED LIKE A LITTLE KID, VIOLET RAISES UP A LONG SPONGY CYLINDRICAL OBJECT AND PLOPS IT ON THE BAR.

VIOLET
Kimmie!...Will you hold my yoga mat behind the counter? (BEAT) After lunch I’m gunna go to the park and practice my headstands.

KIMMIE
(TAKING VIOLET’S YOGA MAT) Sure!

VIOLET
I feel like the entire world’s totally upside-down and everything’s all wrong. (CLOSING HER EYES, ATTEMPTING A ZEN CALMNESS) ...Whenever I feel that way, I just do a headstand and the world seems right-side-up...and everything’s alright.

AS WE SPIN AROUND THE SPRAWLING SPACE...WE PICK UP THE RADIANT NEON SIGN ABOVE THE MAIN SLIDING DOORS, WHICH READS: “OneWorld Juice Bar and Health Center”

...AS WE TRACK MORE AND MORE INTERNATIONAL VISITORS...EXPLORING THIS BIOLUMINESCENT JUNGLE...THIS CURIOUSLY MYSTERIOUS ESTABLISHMENT...
EACH PERSON SEEKING A DIFFERENT CURE... OR PERHAPS SEARCHING FOR HIS OR HER OWN FOOTHOLD IN OUR INCREASINGLY SHIFTING AND NONSENSICAL WORLD.

WE SPIN BACK TO THE JOGGER AT THE BAR, STILL ENTRANCED BY VIOLET’S CLAIM THAT SHE CAN TALK TO PLANTS, OR ON THEIR BEHALF.

JOGGER

(STARING AT HER “VEGGIE PSYCHIC” BUSINESS CARD) This is epic.

(HE GLANCES BACK TO THE FICUS) So...

what’s the plant saying now?

AS WE RACK FOCUS TO THE FICUS ON THE BAR, WE SEE THE TWO SMALL GIRLS HAVE WALKED UP AS WELL, SUPER INTERESTED.

EVERYONE WATCHES WITH ANTICIPATION AS VIOLET EXTENDS HER HANDS AGAIN TO THE PLANT.

VIOLET

(CONCENTRATING, THEN) She is simply...

enjoying being in the presence of humans.

(BEAT)

We are all connected.

(CLOSING HER EYES) Everything is connected.

KENNETH

(AT HIS LIMIT) Please... stop this Hippy Revolution Train!... I want to get off now!

VIOLET

(SMILING AT THE FICUS) Despite our...

achem... (GLANCING BACK POINTEDLY AT KENNETH)... many limitations...

(MORE)
...she enjoys spending time with human beings.

(TOUCHING ONE OF THE PLANT’S DELICATE LEAVES)

...and she always looks forward to the “morning crush.”

JOGGER

(BEAT)...“Morning crush?”

DOC OVERHEARS FROM THE BLENDER.

DOC

Oh, it’s just our name for morning rush hour.

JOGGER

How...busy does it get?

SANJIV

Let’s just say, the number of people needing to get healthy these days is, uh...

DOC

Rising.

JOGGER

(LOOKING AROUND AT THE GROWING CROWD AROUND THE BAR)

So, how...bad does it get?

KIMMIE POINTS TO THE MAIN DOORS.

WE RACK FOCUS AND ZOOM PAST HER POINTING FINGER...
THE JOGGER TURNS TO SEE...A RIDICULOUSLY LONG LINE OF ENTHUSIASTIC CUSTOMERS NOW EXTENDING OUT THE DOOR.

...NOW WE SEE THE FULL SCOPE OF THIS ONE OF A KIND SEMI-MAGICAL HEALTH CENTER. MANY, MANY INDIVIDUALS OF EVERY SIZE, SHAPE, COLOR AND BACKGROUND ONE COULD IMAGINE.

CLOSE ON KIMMIE, WITH A SLIGHT SMILE.

KIMMIE

Welcome...

WE WILL COME TO LEARN THAT EVERYONE WHO STEPS FOOT INTO THIS SPECIAL PLACE IS, INDEED, HERE FOR A REASON. REASONS PERHAPS GREATER THAN THEY YET KNOW.

KIMMIE (CONT’D)

Welcome to the Juice Bar.

WE QUICKLY ZOOM PAST OUR GANG AT THE BAR...OUT ACROSS THE EPIC LINE OF EAGER HEALTH CENTER CUSTOMERS...THROUGH THE DOORS TO THE STREET, AND SMASH CUT TO:

JUICE BAR OPENING CREDITS
ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. JUICE BAR - 9:15 MONDAY MORNING

OPEN ON: THE HEAVENLY “MICHELANGELO MURAL” ON THE CEILING, WITH GOD HANDING ADAM A CARROT.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE ENTHUSIASTIC MORNING PATRONS FLOCKING TO THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF THE HEALTH CENTER - THIS MAGICAL MECCA OF ORGANICA.

WOOSH!...TWO WOMEN WITH A METROPOLITAN VIBE, CARRYING YOGA MATS WALK IN THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS - CLEARLY COMING FROM, OR GOING TO CLASS.

ANOTHER PAPARAZZO DRESSED IN ALL BLACK STEPS INSIDE TO SNEAK A PICTURE, BUT THE JUICE BAR SECURITY GUARD (SAUL) GRABS THE PHOTOGRAPHER’S ARM AND FORCIBLY EJECTS HIM.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Man, these guys are like bugs...

They’re multiplying!

BEHIND THE BAR, DOC’S APPRENTICE, KIMMIE, IS ANSWERING THE PHONES.

KIMMIE (ON PHONE)

“OneWorld Juice Bar and Health Center,”

please hold...OneWorld, please hold, One World...please hold...

KENNETH LEANS IN TO DOC.

KENNETH

(CLENCHING HIS STOMACH) Doc, I’m not feeling well.

(MORE)
We’ve got a big trial downtown today, and I’m lead counsel. I gotta feel well.

VIOLET
And what evil are you inflicting on the world today?

KENNETH
Evil? I wouldn’t hurt a fly.

VIOLET
Yeah, but you would sue a fly in court if you could.

KENNETH
Maybe.

THE TWO YOGA WOMEN APPROACH KIMMIE, CONSULTING THE MEGA MENU.

YOGA WOMAN ONE
I’ll have a...“Raspberry Rush” with ginger.

YOGA WOMAN TWO
“Kiwi Recharge.”

KIMMIE
(HOLDING THE PHONE) Ok, just a sec...
(YELLING OVER TO DOC) Doc, can we do one dozen “Tsunamis” for a Summit Records meeting in half an hour?

DOC
You got it.
KENNETH

Doc, can I trust you with top secret information?

DOC

Can you trust me? I know things about foreign governments the CIA’s been trying to get from me since eighty-seven. Of course you can trust me.

KENNETH

(LEANS IN) Doc...I haven’t gone number two in eight days. Eight days!

DOC

I see. Not to worry. Happens to the best of us.

VIOLET AND SEVERAL OTHER BAR PATRONS CHIME IN COLLECTIVELY.

VIOLET/ BAR PATRONS

‘Green Amazon Blast’!!

KENNETH

Do you people have a life?!

DOC LEANS ON THE BAR, SHIFTS INTO HIS ‘CONFIDENTIAL’ MODE.

DOC

I just got back from a ten day mission deep into the heart of the Brazilian jungle to retrieve the Zoni Berry.

(MORE)
I don’t know which was worse...Dodging the local bandits or the man-eating bull sharks...

EXT. THE AMAZON - CENTRAL BRAZIL - NIGHT

A SWEATY DOC AND TWO EXPEDITION COHORTS JUMP OUT OF A RICKETY WOODEN CAICARA CANOE, AND ONTO THE LUSH GREEN RIVERBANK.

EXPEDITION COHORT ONE

Are you sure you wanna do this?

EXPEDITION COHORT TWO

This is also where some pretty tough dudes fight for gold.

DOC

Look. You only live...

WAP!!...A GUNSHOT WHIZZES BY THEIR HEADS.

DOC (CONT’D)

...once.

THEY DUCK AND HIT THE GROUND.

EXT. FORREST - CONTINUOUS

THE THREE MEN RUN DESPERATELY INTO THE DENSE INCLINED THICKET OF TREES, HUFFING AND PUFFING, PARTING THE HEAVY PALM LEAVES.

A HAIL STORM OF BULLETS RACE BY THEM...THWAK! THWAK! THWAK!

DOC

(YELLING) WE DON’T WANT GOLD! WE DON’T WANT RELICS! WE’RE JUST PICKIN’ BERRIES HERE, FOLKS!!
EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

THE THREE MEN MAKE IT TO A FINAL ENORMOUS TREE AT THE EDGE OF A SIZEABLE CLIFF.

ANGLE - THEY LOOK DOWN TO THE RUNNING RIVER BELOW.

EXPEDITION COHORT ONE

Care for a dip, gentlemen?

DOC

(BEAT, SWALLOWS) Not really.

A SINGLE ARROW BURIES ITSELF INTO THE TREE BY THEIR HEADS. THHUNK!...

DOC (CONT’D)

On second thought...

THEY JUMP.

AFTER EIGHTY FEET AND A BUNCH OF SCREAMS, THEY HIT THE WATER. ONE...TWO...THREE.

EXT. WATER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON DOC AS HE COMES UP FOR AIR.

DOC

Thank God...(SPITTING OUT WATER)

...for relative safety.

THEN THE THREE MEN SUDDENLY STIFFEN.

EXPEDITION COHORT TWO LOOKS SLOWLY TO EXPEDITION COHORT ONE.

EXPEDITION COHORT TWO

Um...Is that your leg...touching my leg?

BEHIND THE MEN, THE LARGE FIN OF A BRAZILIAN BULL SHARK EMERGES.
VIOLET (OS.)
Woah!...So what did you do?

RESTORE TO:

INT. JUICE BAR - MORNING

EVERYONE AT THE BAR AND BY THE BULK BINS IS NOW ENTRANCED.

DOC
Well, with bull sharks, you kinda have
two options. Either swim fast, or
swim really fast.

KENNETH
All this for a Zoni Berry?

YOGA WOMAN ONE
What’s a Zoni Berry?

DOC
(SMILES) Only ripe for eleven days,
every other year. It’s a Super Fruit.
The center of the berry will kill you...

KENNETH
Really?

DOC
Yes. But just under the rind...lies
the most healing digestive properties
known to man.

VIOLET
(TO KENNETH) Just be sure you’re near
a bathroom in a few hours.
KENNETH

*Excuse me. This is a private consultation.*

DOC SLOWLY LIFTS THE LID OF THE BLENDER LIKE IT’S THE HOLY GRAIL. PER USUAL, THE MACHINE ILLUMINATES FROM WITHIN.

DOC

The *‘Green Amazon Blast’*...

Unparalleled digestive cleanse.

SANJIV

It’s a masterwork.

DOC

(GATHERING INGREDIENTS) Siberian Kale, aloe vera, Irish moss, fermented coconut meat, Belgian turmeric, and finally...Ha!...the rind of one of these beauties...

AS KIMMIE ASSISTS WITH THE SLIMY ALOE VERA PULP EXTRACTION AND SANJIV PREPS THE TURMERIC, DOC RETRIEVES A SMALL ZIP-LOCK BAGGIE OF BRIGHT GREEN BERRIES FROM THE FRIDGE.

VIOLET

So you got ‘em?!

VIOLET CLAPS HAPPY AND FAST LIKE A LITTLE KID.

DOC

(SELECTING THE BIGGEST BERRY) I had to bribe an angry monkey for this one.

FLASH TO:

EXT. THE AMAZON - BRAZIL - NIGHT

EXHAUSTED, DOC FINALLY CLEARS A PATCH OF ENORMOUS BARRIGONA LEAVES TO REVEAL A LONE RADIANT GREEN AMAZONIAN TREE BERRY.
HOWEVER, THE FRUIT IS RESTING GENTLY IN THE HANDS OF A SMALL SPIDER MONKEY, SITTING ON THE TREE BRANCH.

DOC

(SMILING AS HE STEPS FORWARD) Well, hello, my friend.

NOT HAVING IT, THE MONKEY WINCES AND SCREAMS AT DOC, GRIPPING THE ZONI TIGHTLY.

DOC TAKES A BREATH, SLOWLY REACHES INTO HIS SATCHEL, AND PRODUCES A SINGLE SOFT RIPE BANANA.

DOC (CONT’D)

Trade?

INSTINCTIVELY, BUT CAUTIOUSLY, THE MONKEY ACCEPTS THE BANANA AND SURRENDERS THE BERRY.

DOC (CONT’D)

There we go...

AS DOC ACCEPTS THE BERRY, HE LEANS IN TO THE MONKEY WITH A COOL SMILE.

DOC (CONT’D)

You see, my friend? Life is about harmony.

THE MONKEY SLAPS HIM IN THE FACE.

INT. JUICE BAR - MORNING

DOC

You see, my friends? (THINKING) Life is about sacrifice.

THE WHOLE JUICE BAR AND CAFE IS NOW LISTENING TO DOC.

VIOLET

Our hero!

EVERYONE APPLAUDS.
DOC PLOPS THE VIBRANT GREEN SUPERFRUIT INTO THE DUAL-ACTION BLADE, 6,400 RPM, STAINLESS STEEL NUTRA-BLENDER AND TURNS IT ON HIGH.

HE EMPLOYS A MASTERFUL TECHNIQUE OF RHYTHMICALLY PAUSING AND STARTING THE POWERFUL BLENDER WITH SURGICAL-LIKE PRECISION... ...CAREFULLY ADDING ONE INGREDIENT AT A TIME.

CLOSE - AS WE SLOWLY ZOOM IN, TIGHTER AND TIGHTER ON DOC’S EYES, HIS INTENSE GAZE (AND OUR SCREEN) BECOME SUPERIMPOSED WITH:

SPLIT-SCREEN IMAGES OF -
THE PERIODIC TABLE, SELECT MINERAL ELEMENT SQUARES LIGHTING UP IN ALTERNATING SEQUENCES...IRON, COBALT, ZINC, THEN BORON...
THE DOUBLE-HELIX STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN DNA, SPIRALING ITS INTRICATE NITROGENOUS STEPLADDER OF ADENINE, CYTOSINE, GUANINE, AND THYMINE.

THE ILLUMINATING PERIODIC TABLE AND SPIRALING DNA HELIX SLOWLY DRIFT, PASSING BEHIND DOC’S HEAD AND GRADUALLY FUSE INTO A CASCADING MATRIX OF SYNTHESIZING BIOCHEMICAL COMPOUNDS.

THE SIGHT, ONLY VISIBLE IN DOC’S MIND, IS WONDROUS.

SUDDENLY, DOC STOPS THE BLENDER ON A DIME, AND ALL SOUND CUTS OUT.

THE ENTIRE BAR IS SILENT.

PATRON
Holy Moses.

KENNETH

(QUICKLY) I’ll have one of those bad boy smoothies to go. Extra large.

DOC

...But...as Violet said, in two to three hours, be prepared for... (BEAT)

...digestive results.

KENNETH

(OVERJOYED) Whatever it takes.

SOMEONE ENTERS FROM BEHIND THE BAR WEARING AN ENORMOUS WHITE SPACE SUIT, OR SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE IT.
There you are, gorgeous.

THE PERSON REMOVES THE BIG HELMET, REVEALING A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF BLONDE HAIR. DESPITE HER COVER GIRL LOOKS, BRIANNA (BRIE) IS EXCEEDINGLY SMART AND QUITE QUIRKY.

BRIE

I’ve been in the lab for four hours straight working on my new superfood treats. (TO DOC) This spirulina you got from Hawaii is killer. When you mix it with coconut oil and chocolate, it gives off green vapors. (SMILES) These macaroons are gunna be gr-eat.

VIOLET

So why the big white Hazmat suit?

BRIE

Well...mixing twenty-five pounds of raw spirulina powder in a closed space?... I think I was starting to get high and hallucinate. Unless... (TO DOC) You’re not keeping... really tiny purple pigs in the lab are you?

DOC

No.

BRIE

Then, yeah.
WE DEFTLY SPIN AROUND THE SPACE...OVER TO THE “LEAF LOUNGE” AREA, NESTLED BENEATH THE OVERHANG OF THE ENORMOUS MOLDED RAINFOREST TREE...

WE COME TO TWO YOUNG DEDICATED HIP-HOPPERS, BOTH WITH HEADPHONES AROUND THEIR NECKS, BAGGY PANTS, AND COOL-AS-HECK TATTOOS. THEY ARE ENTRANCED BY A POP-UP DEMONSTRATION HELD BY A ONEWORLD TRADITIONAL CHINESE ACUPUNCTURE SPECIALIST. THE SPECIALIST IS CAREFULLY INSERTING TINY ACUPUNCTURE NEEDLES INTO A SOFT BUDDHA-LIKE STATUE COVERED IN ELABORATE CRISSCROSSING MERIDIAN INSTRUCTION LINES.

THE YOUNG HIP-HOPPERS BOTH NOD IN WONDROUS AMAZEMENT.

ANGLE – THE JOGGER AND THE PATRON CROSS PATHS AGAIN BEHIND THE NEEDLE-FILLED BUDDHA.

    JOGGER

    (TAKING IN THE DEMONSTRATION) This place is...I’ve never seen anything like it...
    (LOOKING AROUND) So...So who...owns this place?

    PATRON

    A woman named Mah-Day. (BEAT) She’s a bit of a mystery. In retirement overseas. No one ever really sees her. But she calls in from different places in the world to manage operations.

    JOGGER

    That’s trippy.

CLOSE – THE JOGGER STARES AT THE BUDDHA STATUE, WHICH STARES RIGHT BACK AT HIM, WITH THE CALMEST OF ZEN EXPRESSIONS.
WOOOSH!...THE MAIN DOORS SLIDE OPEN AND A HANDBULF OF TOURISTS WANDER INTO THE HEALTH CENTER, LOOKING AROUND LIKE FIRST-TIME KID VISITORS TO A MAGICAL THEME PARK. PART NATURE SCIENCE, PART URBAN JUNGLE GYM.

[THE PAPARAZZI PRESENCE OUTSIDE IS GROWING. ONE OF THE ENTERING TOURISTS AND A PAPARAZZO ACCIDENTALLY COME FACE-TO FACE ...AND SIMULTANEOUSLY SNAP PHOTOS OF ONE ANOTHER].

A TOUR GUIDE STEPS TO THE FRONT.

TOUR GUIDE

Attention, Awesome Celebrity Tour Bus passengers! Part two of the Celebrity Tour will begin in exactly thirty minutes! Please re-board the double decker star-tracker bus as soon as you get your snack!

AMONG THE TOURISTS ARE A FAMILY FROM JAPAN AND TWO MEN FROM GHANA.

KENNETH

(LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Right on cue.

I wonder what visitors we have today from yonder. (AMUSED) Hey Doc, put my Amazon Blast on ice for a sec. I wanna watch the show.

DOC

Sure thing. (BEAT) What’s your case downtown?

KENNETH

Freeman Motors.

ONE OF THE YOGA WOMEN SITTING AT THE BAR LEANS IN.
YOGA WOMAN ONE

Hey...Aren’t they the ones who are trying to destroy that state park so they can build a giant building?

KENNETH

Not destroy. Relocate.

YOGA WOMAN TWO

Are you a bad man?

VIOLET

He defends bad men. Same thing.

WOOOSH!...A SLENDER YOUNG MAN (PETER), EARLY 20’S, WALKS IN, WEARING BLACK TIGHTS AND GIANT PUFFY YELLOW SHOES. HE AMBLES OVER TO THE BIG BLUEBERRY AND COLLAPSES HIS HEAD ON THE BAR.

BRIE

What’s the matter, Peter? (BEAT)

And...why are you wearing tights?

FROM ENGLAND, PETER SPEAKS IN A RATHER PROPER AND DRY TONE.

PETER

I don’t want to talk about it. Just give me something strong.

DOC

Hm...Depends entirely on what’s going on.

PETER

I’ve got a job this afternoon and I’m... depressed.

BRIE

Why? What’s the job?
(DRAMATIC) Three seasons at the Royal Shakespeare Company, five seasons at the National...

KENNETH

What’s the job?

PETER

I’ve played Iago...Romeo...Richard the Third...Hamlet twice...

VIOLET

What’s the job?

SILENCE.

PETER

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Benny the Bee.

KENNETH

(BEAT) From the movies?!

PETER

Um...ya. There’s a big premiere at the Monroe Theater, and they need someone to stand outside in the God-forsaken bee costume and dance around for the kiddies.

EVERYBODY

Oh....
BRIE

Peter, you don’t know humiliation. You forget...I was a product model on “Mega Money Wheel” for eight years. Try having to look sexy while holding a box of Rice-A-Roni up to your face.

WE FLASH BACK TO:

INT. THE “MEGA MONEY” SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

THE BRILLIANT LIGHTS OF THE HIT GAME SHOW’S SET SPARKLE AND GLARE, AS THE STUDIO AUDIENCE BUSTLES WITH EXCITEMENT.

ANNOUNCER VOICE (O.S.)

...And the prizes keep coming!!

WEARING A FAIRLY SKIMPY SHIMMERY NUMBER, GAME SHOW MODEL BRIANNA PARKER INDEED HOLDS UP A BOX OF RICE-A-RONI TO HER FACE.

SHE BEAMS HER WINNING SMILE, BUT HER RESENTMENT IS SOMEWHAT APPARENT.

ANNOUNCER VOICE (O.S.)

(CONT’D)

You guessed it! A year’s supply of Rice-a-Roni!...

THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDS.

ANGLE - OFFSTAGE, A STAGEHAND SCRAMBLES TO HELP BRIE INTO AN EQUALLY AWKWARD RECLINING POSE ON TOP OF A JET SKI. THE SET PANELS SLIDE OPEN...

ANNOUNCER VOICE (O.S.)

(CONT’D)

...Or...Your very own...Jet Ski!!

THE AUDIENCE ERUPTS INTO THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.
INT. JUICE BAR - DAY

BRIE IS UNZIPPING HER WHITE LAB ‘SPACE SUIT.’

BRIE

(DRY) There’s no business like show business.

KIMMIE

But you were so great on that show! I used to watch it in fourth grade!

BRIE

Kimmie...When you have to hold super-absorbent dish towels like you care for eight years, and you get daily fan mail about your legs, it... starts to get to you.

PETER

I’m going back to England. This town is a joke. (DEJECTED) These...casting directors wouldn’t know real talent if it fell in their lap!

DOC

Peter, I think I know what might help.

PETER

What? (BEAT) Besides a new agent?

DOC SLIDES AN EMPTY SMOOTHIE GLASS FROM THE RACK AND FLIPS IT FROM ONE HAND TO ANOTHER.

HE SHAKES HIS BIG JAR OF INDIAN PINK HIMALAYAN SEA SALT WITH A SMILE, SLIDES OVER A SMALL TRAY WITH GOLDEN TIBETAN REISHI MUSHROOM, AS KIMMIE HANDS HIM A MEASURED POUCH OF LOOSE LEAF MAO JIAN CHINESE GREEN TEA.
THEY EXPERTLY HANDLE THE HIGH- GRADE, SUSTAINABLY SOURCED MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS LIKE SURGEONS.

VIOLET

“Liquid Enlightenment?”

DOC

Bingo.

CUT TO:
ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. BODY BAR - DAY

IN THE "BODY BAR" SECTION, WE PAN ACROSS THE ENDLESS SHELVES WITH EVERY TYPE OF ORGANIC PRODUCT FOR THE BODY KNOWN TO MAN. THE INTERIOR OF BODY BAR LOOKS LIKE THE INSIDE OF A SEASHELL, AND THE FRONT COUNTER IS IN THE SHAPE OF A GIANT LOOFAH.

WE COME TO AN ANXIOUS WOMAN, PACING WITH A SHOPPING BASKET FILLED WITH FIFTEEN TYPES OF TOOTHPASTE.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

Excuse me. Ma’am?...

ANNA, (ECUADORIAN, VIA NEW YORK, EARLY 20’S), A YOUNG NEW "BODY BAR" EMPLOYEE, TURNS AROUND WITH DREAD ON HER FACE.

ANNA

Yes?

ANXIOUS WOMAN

Should I go with the...Tarter Control, the Ultra Whitening, the Anti-Cavity, the one with the baking soda, the Fresh Breath Formula...

ANNA IS STARING AT THE WOMAN WITH UNDISGUISED DISDAIN.

ANXIOUS WOMAN (CONT’D)

...the Fluoride Free...the Herbal...or the one with the Effervescent Berry Crystals?

SILENCE.
ANNA

Well, um...

ANXIOUS WOMAN

...and, wait...(CONFUSED) This one says it’s organic, but is it non-GMO? (BEAT)
Because this one says non-GMO but it doesn’t say ‘organic.’

ANNA JUST STARES AT THE WOMAN, HALF IN CULTURE SHOCK, HALF IN SHEER WONDER.

ANXIOUS WOMAN (CONT’D)

So...which one do you think I should go with?

ANNA

Lady. (VERY LONG BEAT) It’s toothpaste.

WE HOLD ON THE ANXIOUS WOMAN’S FACE - A LOOK LIKE HER VERY LIFE MIGHT BE AT STAKE.

ANXIOUS WOMAN

I’m just...afraid to make the wrong decision.

ANNA’S EYES WELL UP WITH REMORSE OVER EVER TAKING THIS JOB, AS SHE DEEPLY CONTEMPLATES TAKING THE FIRST FLIGHT BACK HOME...

CUT TO:
ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. JUICE BAR - CONTINUOUS

THE TOURISTS MEANDER THROUGH THE SPRAWLING HEALTH CENTER, PERUSING THE BULK BINS, THE NEON LIT SNACK CASES, AND RECLINING ON THE CAMPY VEGETABLE SHAPED FURNITURE.

DOC

(TO PETER) You don’t need to drown your sorrows. What you need is inspiration!

PETER

Huh?

DOC

Illumination. Spiritual Ascension.

BRIE

“Liquid Enlightenment.” It’s new.

DOC

So you’ll be inspired to play this role.

VIOLET

There are no small parts. Only small actors.

PETER

I trust you, Doc. Hook me up.

(LOOKING BACK AT THE ENTRANCE) By the way... Are you guys expecting somebody really big today? There’s paparazzi in the trees. And on the roof of the bank.
THE JAPANESE FAMILY HAS BEEN READING THE EPIC JUICE BAR MENU.

TOURIST FATHER
Our Tour Bus stopped here so we can get some food. We are very hungry.

TOURIST MOTHER
(DISAPPOINTED) We’ve been driving through the hills all day and haven’t seen a single celebrity.

KENNETH
They’re all in rehab.

THE JAPANESE GRANDFATHER HAS BEEN STARING INTENTLY TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE.

JAPANESE GRANDFATHER
(QUIETLY) Anata no tochi wa hijo ni kimyodesu.

TOURIST MOTHER
(TRANSLATING) He says, “Your land is very strange.”

THE GRANDFATHER POINTS URGENTLY TOWARDS THE MAIN DOORS.

JAPANESE GRANDFATHER
Ki ni ninja ga iru.

TOURIST MOTHER
He says...“There are ninjas in the trees.”
VIOLET
Oh, that’s just the paparazzi. Any angle they can get.

BRIE
(TO THE FAMILY) Wait a minute...You’re hungry? Do you guys like treats?

THEY NOD ‘YES.’

BRIE (CONT’D)
I just finished a batch of something special for you to try!

AS BRIE GOES TO PUT HER HELMET BACK ON...

TOURIST GRANDFATHER
(POINTING AT BRIE) Jackpot!!

BRIE
What?

TOURIST GRANDFATHER
(THRILLED) Watashi wa anata o shitte imasu! Jackpot!!

TOURIST MOTHER
He says...he knows you.

THE GRANDFATHER WHISPERS TO HIS DAUGHTER AND POINTS AT BRIE.

TOURIST MOTHER (CONT’D)
(NODDING) My father watches a lot of American TV. But only reruns of game shows.

DOC
That’s our Brie!
BRIE ROLLS HER EYES, PUTS HER HAZMAT HELMET BACK ON, ANDRETURNS TO THE LAB.

THE BLENDER LIGHTS UP AS DOC LIFTS THE LID.

DOC (CONT’D)

“Liquid Enlightenment.” I developed this tonic after ten days of silent meditation in Tibet with the Dalai Lama.

PETER

Serious?

DOC

Green tea, Tibetan reishi mushroom, Siberian ginseng, and red chlorophyll... blended with fresh Nigerian bee pollen, Himalayan sea salt, and a mix of seven Chinese herbs in reverse osmosis water.

PETER

Wow. (BEAT) What does enlightenment... feel like?

DOC

(SHRUGS) Well, everyone’s enlightenment is different. According to the great sages, our true self is always inside, waiting to come out.

(MORE)
(MIXING INGREDIENTS) This tonic inspires the emergence of who you really are inside. The perfect tonic for a thespian.

VIOLET
You’ll be the best Benny the Bee ever!

PETER
Brilliant. I’ll have one of those to go.

BRIE HAS RETURNED, SANS SPACE SUIT, WITH THE DESSERT TRAY.

BRIE
Raw Superfood Macaroons!

THE TOURIST FAMILY TRIES THE TREATS.

TOURIST MOTHER
Delicious!

VIOLET SLOWLY LEANS IN TO THE TOURIST FATHER. SHE CLOSES HER EYES.

VIOLET
I’m sensing something...vegetatively.
You have...(BEAT) Yes.
You have a tree in your home.

THE TOURIST FATHER THINKS.

TOURIST FATHER
(Finally) Yes! (Beat) Well...a little bonsai tree on the window sill.

VIOLET HOLDS HER FINGERS TO HER TEMPLES AGAIN. THEN...
VIOLET

It feels cramped and stuck. It needs space from you. More room to grow.

KENNETH

SWEET LORD!...Pleeese get me out of this crazy...crunchy commune!


THE TOURIST GRANDFATHER WHISPERS TO HIS DAUGHTER AGAIN.

TOURIST MOTHER

My father says, “Your land is strange, but it is wonderful!”

TOURIST GRANDFATHER

(A BIG SMILE, HEARTFELT) Watashi wa kitaku shitakunai.

TOURIST MOTHER

It makes him so happy, that he doesn’t want to go home.

VIOLET RUNS UP AND HUGS THE GRANDFATHER FOR DEAR LIFE.

VIOLET

I say the same thing every day!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT
ACT TWO

SCENE E

INT. BODY BAR - MORNING

CUSTOMERS CROWD THE GIANT LOOFAH COUNTER WITH THEIR BODY CARE ITEMS IN HAND.

ANGLE - THE TWO TOURISTS FROM GHANA ARE BURIED IN THE ENDLESS ROWS OF ORGANIC SKIN CARE PRODUCTS. THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO READ THE LABELS ON SEVERAL SMALL SQUARE OBJECTS.

GHANAIAN TOURIST ONE

(SLOWLY) ...‘Cleans-er’...

(PICKS UP ANOTHER) ‘Ex-fo-liant’....

Clari-...

HE LEANS ACROSS THE AISLE TO THE TWO YOGA WOMEN PASSING BY.

GHANAIAN TOURIST ONE

(CONT’D)

Excuse me, Madam. What...is this saying?

YOGA WOMAN TWO

(READING)...“Clarifying Complexion Bar.”

THE SECOND GHANAIAN SAYS SOMETHING IN AKAN DIALECT.

YOGA WOMAN ONE

What did he say?

GHANAIAN TOURIST ONE

He said, ‘Back home we call this...

emmmm...(SEARCHING)

...soap.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL ANNA SITTING AT THE LOOFAH COUNTER. SHE DRINKS A SMOOTHIE, DEJECTED.
VIOLET WANDERS IN FROM THE JUICE BAR.

VIOLET

Hey, you’re the new girl in Body Bar.

ANNA

Yup.

VIOLET

(BEAT) What’s the matter?

ANNA

Three weeks. I don’t think I’m gunna make it.

VIOLET

Give it time.

(BEAT) Where are you from?

ANNA

New York.

(LOOKING AROUND) I don’t get it here. Everyone’s like...(SPINNING HER FINGER BY HER HEAD) you know...a little...

loco en la cabeza.

VIOLET

That’s true.

ANNA

In Brooklyn, if you act crazy, we just...we smack you.

VIOLET

Well that’s not good either.
ANNA

I guess not.

VIOLET SITS NEXT TO HER.

VIOLET

(LOOKING AROUND) Okay, look...you’re right. Everyone is a little...loco en la cabeza here. But...That’s the entire planet! We all have...missing pieces.

ANNA

Missing pieces.

VIOLET

Yeah. But the good news is...This is the land of reinvention. (SMILES) You can take the broken pieces you have and...make something new of yourself. Whatever you want to be.

ANNA THINKS.

VIOLET (CONT’D)

...Take Doc, for example...

ANGLED ON DOC MIXING A TONIC AT THE BAR.

VIOLET (CONT’D)

He used to work as a chemist at a big time industrial company in Ohio. (LEANS IN) But after ten years, they let him go for...‘Doing his own experiments.’ And he ended up out here.

(MORE)
We never quite know what adventure he’s up to. But let’s just say...Indiana Jones has got nothing on Doc. He’ll go anywhere.

(LEANS IN)

And believe it or not...

He can kind of...cure anything.

(BEAT)

Or he thinks he can.

ANGLE ON BRIE, SERVING SUPERFOOD TREATS TO CUSTOMERS.

VIOLET (CONT’D)

And take, Brie. She was the main model on that game show for eight years.

(BEAT) But one day she got fed up with being an object, and she jumped on the ‘Mega Money Wheel’ and gave the cameras a piece of her mind.

ANNA

Oh yeah!...That...was her?

VIOLET

Yep. And now she’s found peace in being one of best raw foods chefs on the planet. Serving people. Creating.
ANNA

(THINKING) I don’t know. I kinda want to just click my heels three times like that chica in that movie, and... go home.

VIOLET

Give it time...This place’ll grow on you.

THERE IS A HUGE COMMOTION OUTSIDE, AND THE MAIN DOORS SLIDE OPEN...

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR - CONTINUOUS

...WOOSH!...THE SWARM OF PAPARAZZI APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY - SOME OF THEM TUMBLING BY, FLIPPING DOWN FROM THE TREES AND DIVING ACROSS. ALL IN BLACK, THEY INDEED LOOK LIKE NINJAS. THEY SNAP A HAILSTORM OF PHOTOS. SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD GOES TO WORK FENDING THEM OFF LIKE A DEFENSIVE LINEBACKER.

DOC

Oh, boy...

IN WALKS A MAN DRESSED ALL IN LEATHER AND FUR, BIG DARK SHADES, AND CONSIDERABLE BLING.

VIOLET

Who is it?

BRIE

Tony Rocket.

VIOLET

Tony who?

KENNETH

Oh. Wait...the guy from the reality TV show?
PETER
The ‘Real Life Plumbers from Iowa.’

VIOLET
That’s who they’ve been camped out for outside?

BRIE
You haven’t seen “Stars and Pipes?”
It’s the number one show in the ratings.

VIOLET
Hold on. I don’t watch TV. (BEAT)
You mean he’s a...famous plumber?

KENNETH
Violet, reality TV likes to make everyday people into celebrities.
It’s all the rage.

TONY ROCKET SITS AT ONE OF THE CRUCIFEROUS TABLES, STRIKING AN AWKWARD POSE LIKE A SELF-CONSCIOUS ROCK STAR.

PETER
His online profile has six million followers.

VIOLET
(THINKING) So...he’s an ordinary guy who got super famous, for...

BRIE
Being ordinary.

VIOLET NODS...TRYING TO WRAP HER HEAD AROUND THIS.

THE OLDER TOURIST FROM GHANA WALKS RIGHT UP TO TONY, BEAMING.
OLDER TOURIST FROM GHANA

Tony Rocket!!

THE MAN HOLDS UP HIS CAMERA PHONE AND SNAPS A PICTURE OF TONY.

AT THE BAR, DOC FINALIZES HIS HEALTH TONICS AND PRESENTS THEM WITH FLAIR ON THE COUNTER — ONE RADIANT GREEN, AND THE OTHER BRIGHT RED.

DOC

Kenneth...Peter...your tonics are ready.

One ‘Green Amazon Blast’ and one ‘Liquid Enlightenment.’ Let the healing begin!

AS TONY ROCKET MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BAR, MORE PEOPLE GATHER.

KENNETH

(GRABBING HIS DRINK) I’m getting out of here. This place is gunna be a zoo.

PETER

Me too.

PETER GRABS HIS DRINK AND THEY BOTH SCURRY OUT THE DOORS.

TONY ROCKET EXAMINES THE BLUEBERRY BAR AND TAKES IN THE GIANT MENU.

THE TWO YOGA WOMEN APPROACH HIM.

YOGA WOMAN ONE

You’re on that show! The one about the plumbers in Iowa!

TONY ROCKET

(COOLLY, LIKE CLINT EASTWOOD)

“If you clog ‘em...I’ll drain ‘em.”

YOGA WOMAN TWO

Wow. Um...Will you sign my yoga mat?
TONY SPEAKS TO DOC AS HE SIGNS THE YOGA MAT.

TONY ROCKET

What’s good here, my man?

TONY IS SUDDENLY FLANKED BY HIS AGENT AND HIS STYLIST.

TONY’S AGENT

Tony, we’ve got the next press junket in fifteen minutes.

THE STYLIST RE-POPS TONY’S COLLAR AND FIXES A SPIKE OF HAIR.

DOC

Might I suggest the Calming Kava Tonic?

TONY ROCKET

Let’s do that.

TONY HAS BEEN EYEING BRIE, WHO IS RINGING UP CUSTOMERS.

TONY ROCKET (CONT’D)

(LEANING IN TO BRIE) You know...
You look really familiar.

BRIE

Yup. This town is crazy like that.

TONY ROCKET

Sure is. (BEAT) Hey, what are you doing Friday night? There’s a party for the second season of “Stars and Pipes” at the Matrix Hotel and...I’d love for you to be my date.

BRIE

Friday night?... I’ll be making kelp noodle lasagna.
TONY ROCKET

Well, what are you doing Saturday?

BRIE

Almond butter cannolis.

DOC LEANS IN TO TONY.

DOC

It isn’t gunna work, my friend.
Believe me. I’ve been trying for three years.

TONY ROCKET

Sunday?

BRIE

Oh...Dragon fruit custard tarts.
Those’ll be good.

TONY ROCKET

Don’t you have any fun?

BRIE

Oh, I’ve had my share of fun. Fun is overrated.

SHE GRABS HER GLOVES AND HEADS BACK INTO THE LAB.

DOC

Her work is her life, Mr. Rocket.
Unless she can blend you or dehydrate you, she’s not interested.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT
ACT THREE

SCENE F

INT. COURTROOM - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY PACES, ADDRESSING THE JURY.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

If they are allowed to build on this site, we will lose one of our most precious state parks. To cut down these trees and deprive our children of this natural land is a travesty!

WE PAN ACROSS KENNETH SEATED AMONGST A ROW OF LAWYERS REPRESENTING THE DEFENSE.

ANOTHER DEFENSE ATTORNEY LEANS IN TO KENNETH.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY ONE

(QUIETLY) The jury isn’t buying it.

We’ve got this one in the bag.

KENNETH NODS.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY ONE

(CONT’D)

You ready for closing arguments?

KENNETH

Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONROE THEATER - SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

PETER IS STANDING OUTSIDE THE MOVIE THEATER WEARING THE ENORMOUS BEE COSTUME - PUFFY ROUND BODY, THE BLACK TIGHTS, AND GIANT HEADPIECE WITH WIGGLY ANTENNAE.
A GANG OF KIDS TUGS AT HIS ARMS AND BELLY.

KIDS

Benny!  Benny!  Benny!!

PETER

(MUFFLED) Ouch!  Watch it, kid!

AN OFFICIOUS LOOKING CORPORATE ASSISTANT WITH A CLIPBOARD APPROACHES.

CORPORATE ASSISTANT

You look great.  Just remember corporate rules:  Keep your hands above sixty degrees when patting kids to avoid improper contact lawsuits...
Always use the Benny the Bee voice when speaking...

PETER

(IN A BIG DOPEY VOICE) Yooouuuuu got it!  Buzz, buzz, buzzzzzz....

CORPORATE ASSISTANT

And whatever you do....Never, ever... ever take off the head. It traumatizes the children.  And you will get fired.

PETER NODS.

CORPORATE ASSISTANT (CONT’D)

Great! (SMILES) And once the screening starts, you’re good to go!

CUT TO:
ACT THREE

SCENE G

INT. BODY BAR - AFTERNOON

THE TOUR GUIDE POKES HIS HEAD INTO THE BODY BAR SECTION.

TOUR GUIDE

Attention, Awesome Celebrity Tour Bus passengers! The star-tracker bus is about to depart!

THE TOURISTS GATHER.

SIPPING HIS CALMING KAVA TONIC, TONY ROCKET IS CHATTING UP ANNA AS SHE REStocks ORGANIC MOISTURIZERS.

TONY ROCKET

What are you doing Friday night?

ANNA

Well, I know what I’m not doing Friday night.

TONY ROCKET

You don’t know who I am, do you?

ANNA

(DEADPAN) Yeah, you’re a plumber.

TONY ROCKET

Hey, don’t knock us. Where would the world be without plumbers?
ANNA

Yeah, big deal. My Uncle Louie’s a plumber. But he doesn’t go around posing for pictures.

TONY ROCKET

I’m not posing. They’re following me.

ANNA

Boo-hoo. Maybe if you didn’t dress like a rock star...

AS ANNA GOES BACK TO RESTOCKING MOISTURIZERS, TONY ROCKET STANDS THERE WITH HIS KAVA TONIC, CONFUSED.

YOGA WOMAN TWO COMES DOWN THE AISLE AND APPROACHES TONY.

YOGA WOMAN TWO

Do the line! Say it!...Say it!

SHE HOLDS UP HER CELL PHONE CAMERA.

TONY ROCKET

“If you clog ‘em...I’ll...”

HE FALLS SILENT.

BENEATH THE SUPERSTAR FACADE, HE’S JUST A REGULAR MIDWESTERN GUY. IF A TEAR WERE TO FALL DOWN HIS CHEEK, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

ANOTHER OF THE DEFENSE ATTORNEYS PACES BEFORE THE JURY.
DEFENSE ATTORNEY TWO

This company has the legal right to build a high rise and parking lot on this land. The state park line does not technically extend this far.

CLOSE ON KENNETH, WHO IS SWEATING PROFUSELY.

HE GLANCES DOWN AT THE EMPTY (JUICE BAR) TO-GO CUP BESIDE HIM.

SFX: THE SOUND OF TIBETAN BELLS AND AN INDIAN SITAR.

KENNETH WIPES THE SWEAT FROM HIS FOREHEAD WITH HIS TIE.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONROE THEATER SIDEWALK - LATER

MORE KIDS ARE TUGGING AT PETER IN THE BEE COSTUME.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, PETER STIFFENS AND GRABS HIS BELLY.

SFX: THE SOUNDS OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE - BIRDS IN TREES...
FLOWING RIVERS.

ALL OF THE KIDS COPY ‘BENNY THE BEE’ AND GRAB THEIR BELLIES.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DOWNTOWN - LATER

CLOSE ON A SPACED-OUT KENNETH AS A FLY LANDS ON THE DEFENSE DESK, RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.

A SMILE SLOWLY COMES TO KENNETH’S FACE.

KENNETH

(QUIETLY, TO ATTORNEY ONE) Have you ever noticed how beautiful flies are?

ATTORNEY ONE LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY.

KENNETH (CONT’D)

I mean...Look at him. The iridescent body...the majestic wings.

(MORE)
What a delightful creature.

Hello...little industrial fella.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONROE THEATER SIDEWALK - LATER

PETER IS HOLDING HIS STOMACH, DANCING AROUND IN PLACE.

ALL THE KIDS ARE IMITATING HIM, JOYFULLY DOING HIS “BEE” DANCE.

ANGLE ON THE STREET - THE DOUBLE DECKER AWESOME CELEBRITY TOUR BUS PASSES BY, THE TOURISTS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOWS. AMONG THEM, WE SEE THE FAMILY FROM JAPAN AND THE MEN FROM GHANA POINT AND SNAP PHOTOS, THRILLED.

TOURIST FATHER

Benny the Bee! It’s Benny!!

PETER TAKES OFF INTO THE THEATER IN SEARCH OF A BATHROOM.

INT. COURTROOM - DOWNTOWN - LATER

KENNETH IS STARING AT THE CEILING, QUIETLY SOBBING.

ATTORNEY ONE WHISPERS TO ATTORNEY TWO, URGENTLY.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY ONE

I’m worried about Simmons. It’s like he’s...he’s lost it.

CUT TO:

INT. MONROE THEATER RESTROOMS - LATER

A LONG LINE OF ROWDY KIDS AND STRESSED-OUT PARENTS WAITING FOR THE BATHROOM. AT THE END OF THE LINE IS PETER IN COSTUME, TAPPING HIS LEG.

PETER

Um...Ohhhh-kayyyyy, kids! The movie’s about to start!! Buzz-buzz-buzzzzzzz!

KIDS

Benny!!
PETER LOOKS AROUND, FRANTIC, AS THE KIDS APPROACH.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DOWNTOWN - LATER

DEFENSE ATTORNEY TWO

(WHISPERING) Kenneth, you’re up next.

Kenneth!

KENNETH IS NOW SEATED AT THE DEFENSE TABLE IN LOTUS POSITION, LEGS CROSSED, A CALM BUDDHA-LIKE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY ONE

Kenneth?

CUT TO:

INT. MONROE THEATER CONCESSIONS - LATER

HOLDING HIS BEE BELLY, PETER RUNS UP TO THE CONCESSIONS CLERK.

PETER

Hey, uh...Is there another bathroom in

this place?

CONCESSIONS CLERK

Um, yeah...

(POINTING) If you go down the hallway, the...third door on the right is the employee bathroom.

PETER RUSHES OUT PAST THE THRONG OF KIDS AND PARENTS WHO ARE HEADING INTO THE THEATER.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DOWNTOWN - LATER

KENNETH STANDS IN FRONT OF THE JURY, EYES CLOSED IN REFLECTION.

BEHIND HIM, ALL OF THE DEFENSE ATTORNEYS HAVE THEIR HEADS BURIED IN THEIR HANDS.
KENNETH
...And in closing, I’d just like to say that...We are...We are...
(BEAT, SEARCHING) ...the world.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY ONE
Oh no.

KENNETH
(SLOWLY) ...We are the children.

THE JUDGE LOOKS AT KENNETH IN DISBELIEF.

KENNETH (CONT’D)
...We are the ones who make a brighter day...So let’s start giving.

MEMBERS OF THE JURY ARE BEGINNING TO SMILE AND NOD IN AGREEMENT.

KENNETH (CONT’D)
There’s a choice we’re making. We’re saving our own lives. It’s true...
we’ll make a better day, just you and me.

THE COURTROOM IS SILENT.

KENNETH (CONT’D)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. MONROE THEATER HALLWAY – LATER

PETER RUNS DOWN A HALLWAY WITH SEVERAL DOORS. HE FRANTICALLY TURNS THE KNOB TO ONE DOOR, BUT IT’S LOCKED.

HE RUNS TO A SECOND DOOR, OPENS IT...BUT IT’S A JANITOR’S CLOSET.

FINALLY, HE RUNS TO THE END OF THE HALLWAY, THE ONLY REMAINING DOOR.
PETER

This has got to be it.

LOCKED. PETER YELLS AND KICKS THE DOOR.

IN AGONY, HE SCREAMS AND BEGINS BANGING HIS BEE BODY INTO THE DOOR, TRYING TO OPEN IT.

THE DOOR FLINGS OPEN AND HE GOES TUMBLING THROUGH, OUT ONTO...

INT. MONROE THEATER MOVIE SCREEN – CONTINUOUS

A PLATFORM AT THE VERY TOP OF THE MOVIE SCREEN.

WITH THE MOVIE PROJECTING ONTO HIM, PETER TRIES TO CATCH HIS FALL BY GRABBING THE SCREEN’S FABRIC.

THE FABRIC RIPS AND PETER TEARS DOWN THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE MOVIE SCREEN, CAREENING DOWN LIKE ERROL FLYNN.

THE CROWD REACTS WITH A MIX OF EXCITEMENT AND CONFUSION AT THIS ‘INTERACTIVE’ EVENT.

PETER LANDS ON THE FRONT ROW AUDIENCE MEMBERS’ LAPS.

PETER

Um... Buzz-buzz-buzzzzzz.

FADE OUT.
ACT THREE

SCENE F

INT. JUICE BAR - EVENING

NEAR CLOSING TIME AT ONE WORLD JUICE BAR AND HEALTH CENTER. THE REGULARS ARE SEATED AT THE BLUEBERRY COUNTER, UNWINDING.

DOC
 Wait a minute. The drink you took to go. Was it...red...or green?

PETER
 Green.

DOC
 (SHAKING HIS HEAD) I...think I know what happened.

BRIE
 You know, Peter...Sometimes we’re meant to lose a job.

VIOLET
 It’s the universe helping you out.

PETER
 Big time! When I fell...I fell in the lap of an action film director sitting in the front row.

VIOLET
 Uh oh...
PETER

No, he wants to hire me!

EVERYONE LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY.

PETER (CONT’D)

As a stunt man on his next movie!

(BEAMING) He thought it was a stunt!

I start training on Monday.

EVERYONE APPLAUDS IN SUPPORT.

PETER (CONT’D)

I’ve never felt so...inspired!

WOOOSH!...KENNETH COMES BOUNDING IN THE DOORS.

VIOLET

Oh, this is going to be good.

DOC

Kenneth, I think you may have taken the wrong...

KENNETH

(ELATED) Doc, how do you do it? You’re a miracle worker.

DOC

What...happened?

KENNETH

(SHRUGS) Oh, we lost the case.

BRIE

Oh no...
KENNETH
But something...came over me.
I went home and slept like a baby.

DOC
Huh...Go figure.

KENNETH
(PATTING HIS TUMMY) And the good ‘ol
digestion is back on track!

DOC CROSSES HIS ARMS, MYSTIFIED.

DOC
Just goes to show you...

DOC OPENS THE LID OF THE WHEATGRASS MACHINE, WHICH ILLUMINATES.

DOC (CONT’D)
“All roads...All paths ultimately lead
to the same place.”

PETER
Where?... (BEAT)
Happiness?

KENNETH
Nirvana?

DOC
(SHRUGS) No idea. I just...
read that somewhere online. (BEAT)
Wheatgrass shots for everyone!
On the house!

DOC FIRES UP THE JUICER AND LINES UP A ROW OF MINI GLASSES.
DOC (CONT’D)

Brie, what are you doing Wednesday night? I’m taking a quick jaunt up the coast in my cuddy to track down some purple seaweed.

...A FLASH OF IMAGES -

EXT. THE PACIFIC COAST - NIGHT

THE CUDDY BOBS CALMLY, 150 FEET ABOVE THE OCEAN FLOOR.

DOC AND BRIE IN FULL DEEP SEA SCUBA GEAR EMERGE FROM THE CHILLY WATER, COVERED IN IRIDESCENT PURPLE MAZZAELLA SEAWEED.

THEY LAUGH AS THEY PULL ROPE AND ROPE OF THE GLIMMERING TREASURE FROM THE WATER LIKE IT’S GOLD.

THE LUMINESCENT KELP STRETCHES GLORIOUSLY OVER THE RAILS AS A LIVING EXAMPLE OF NATURE’S WONDER.

DOC AND BRIE CLINK WINE GLASSES ON THE DECK, AS THE SUN SETS OVER THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. GAZING INTO EACH OTHER’S EYES...

INT. JUICE BAR - EVENING

DOC

Whaddya say? (LEANING IN) You...me...

and red algae.

BRIE

(THINKS) Oh, I’d love to, but...

I’ll be dehydrating pumpkin seeds for the ‘Cinnamon Seed-bar Special’ next week.

DOC

(NODS) Of course.

THE DOORS TO THE BODY BAR SECTION SHUT AS ANNA LOCKS UP.
VIOLET

Anna!

ANNA

Thanks for the pep talk, Violet.
I owe you. (AFTER A MOMENT)
I think I’m gunna stick it out a couple more weeks.

EVERYONE CHEERS.

ANNA (CONT’D)

I still think this place is crazy.
But I’m gunna give it a shot.

DOC

Speaking of shots...Everyone grab a wheatgrass!

BRIE, VIOLET, PETER, KENNETH, AND ANNA EACH PICK UP A MINI-CUP OF NEON GREEN GOOP. KIMMIE, SAUL, AND DOC DO THE SAME.

WE ONCE AGAIN GET THE SENSE THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE KIND OF LIKE FAMILY, AND THIS PLACE LIKE A SAFE LIFE RAFT IN THE ROARING RAPIDS OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

THE ONLY LIGHT LEFT AT CLOSING IS THE COOL GLOW OF THE BLUEBERRY BAR, INDEED CASTING A SORT OF LONE MAROONED AURA AROUND THIS CREW OF HEALERS, WIZARDS, AND MISFITS.

EVERYONE CAUTIOUSLY SIPS THEIR MEDICINAL WHEATGRASS – WINCING, CRINGING, AND HOLDING THEIR NOSES.

KENNETH

Nasty...

ANNA

Yuck!

VIOLET

Ew, I hate this stuff...
PETER

Doc, what is this stuff good for, anyway?

DOC

Oh, it’s like medicine. Antioxidant, brain boosting, and good for mental hygiene...

BEAT.

DOC (CONT’D)

...It’ll keep you sane.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT EACH OTHER.

THEY ALL QUICKLY KNOCK BACK THEIR WHEATGRASS.

KENNETH/ANNA/VIOLET/PETER/ BRIE/SAUL

(COLLECTIVELY) Good stuff!.../ L’chiam!...

Salud!.../ Bottoms up!.../ Hallelujah!

Another, please!...

AS THEY IMBIBE, KIMMIE CALLS OVER URGENTLY FROM BEHIND THE BAR...

KIMMIE

Hey guys... Mah-Day’s calling from Borneo!

THE STAFF IMMEDIATELY MOBILIZES. THIS CLEARLY MEANS SOMETHING OF GREAT SIGNIFICANCE.

KIMMIE PUTS THE STAFF PHONE ON SPEAKER...AS DOC, BRIE, SAUL, ANNA, SANJIV, AND OTHER STAFF MEMBERS CIRCLE UP, IN AND AROUND THE BLUEBERRY BAR.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER)

Greetings, my sweet ones.
EVERYONE LIGHTS UP WITH A HEARTFELT EAGERNESS, BUT DISCIPLINED-LIKE FOCUS.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER) (CONT’D)

I won’t take much of your time here today... Just a few brief matters to tend to.

MAH-DAY’S RESONANT, SOULFULLY WISE VOICE ELECTRIFIES THE SPACE.

WE SEE VIOLET, KENNETH, AND PETER OBSERVING FROM THE BACKGROUND.
THEY’RE QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THIS WEEKLY RITUAL.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER) (CONT’D)

I’m only here six more days...then I head to Sumatra for a few months... for some...much needed rest.

(BEAT)
The radiant lilies and gentle breezes of the southern rainforest bed are calling me.

DOC SMILES, RATHER FAMILIAR WITH THE REGIONS OF THE INDONESIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER) (CONT’D)

A few items before I hear weekly reports...

INT. MAH-DAY’S OFFICE - BORNEO (KALIMANTAN), INDONESIA - MORNING

IN THE FOREGROUND WE CAN BARELY SEE THE DARK EBONY ARM OF AN ELDERLY-BONED OLDER WOMAN...
...ONLY PASSING GLIMPSES OF HER SHOULDER AND FLOWING SALT-AND-PEPPER DREADLOCKS.

SIMPLY, BUT GRACEFULLY, DRESSED IN OFF-WHITE LINEN, SHE SITS AT A WOODEN DESK IN A SPARSE MAKESHIFT OFFICE.
THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOWS OF HER TEMPORARY SETUP, WE SEE THE BREATHTAKINGLY BLUE WATERS AND HORIZON OF THE BORNEO COASTLINE.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.)

Pieces of the great puzzle continue to emerge.

MAH-DAY’S WEATHERED DELICATE HAND PASSES OVER AN INTRIGUING, WELL-WORN MULTICOLORED BOX RESTING AT THE CORNER OF HER DESK. ADORNED WITH A RAINBOW OF FADED ETHNIC TASSELS SEWN ACROSS THE TOP, THIS BOX UNDOUBTEDLY HAS HISTORY.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.) (CONT’D)

My dear friend and former colleague from Tanzania is visiting me now. She and her team have had breakthrough success with a simple paste made from the fermented roots of sprouted mung beans...

SHE CAREFULLY PICKS UP HER CANE, AND SLOWLY RISES...

...THE MORNING SUNSHINE OVER THE AQUEOUS HORIZON COMES INTO FULL VIEW AS SHE STEPS TOWARDS THE WINDOWS...

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.) (CONT’D)

Its high concentration of Zinc, folate, and bio-active vitamin-C in the base of friendly bacteria is knocking out the severest of infections in her clinics.

INT. ONEWORLD JUICE BAR & HEALTH CENTER – SIMULTANEOUS CLOSE – KIMMIE, TAKING NOTES ON HER SMART-PAD.

DOC

Immune potentiation.

KIMMIE

Microflora in the gut fights back!
VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER)

Exactly.

ANGLE - DOC LOOKS TO BRIE AND SANJIV, WHO BOTH SEEM TO BE REGISTERING THE POTENTIAL IMPORT OF THIS FIND.

INT. MAH-DAY’S OFFICE - BORNEO (KALIMANTAN), INDONESIA - SAME

MAH-DAY gazes out at the water...we only see her in silhouette.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.)

You will be receiving a shipment in seven days of this life sustaining find.

...And I would like it implemented asap.

INT. ONEWORLD JUICE BAR & HEALTH CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

SANJIV

Separate jars in supplements section...or integrated into prepared foods?

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER)

Both.

(BEAT)

But keep the cost low.

We need it available to all.

SANJOV MAKES A QUICK NOTE IN HIS NOTEPAD.

SANJIV

Copy that.

CLOSE ON ANNA, SITTING QUIETLY A WAYS BACK - HER EYES DARTING BACK-AND-FORTH, FOLLOWING THE FLOW OF INFORMATION. WE SEE THE GRADUAL AWARENESS IN HER EYES THAT SHE HAS PERHAPS BEEN BROUGHT INTO SOMETHING MUCH LARGER AND VASTLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN SHE REALIZED.
INT. MAH-DAY'S OFFICE - BORNEO (KALIMANTAN), INDONESIA - SAME

FROM BEHIND, WE SEE MAH-DAY GLANCE DOWN TOWARDS HER HAND-CARVED BOOKSHELF...

...RESTING ON THE TOP SHELF, A PALM-SIZED GLASS TRANSLUCENT ORB. SHE GENTLY PICKS UP THE MINI BLUE-HUED GLOBE, AND SLOWLY TURNS IT IN HER HANDS. SHE CAREFULLY HOLDS THE EARTH FIGURINE UP TO THE WINDOW... EXAMINING ITS DETAILS IN THE LIGHT.

CLOSE - THE SHIFTING REFRACTIONS OF LIGHT GLIDING OVER HER DARK EBONY FOREHEAD.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.)

When the function and purpose of bacteria is understood... much balance will be restored.

CLOSE - MAH-DAY SETS THE FIGURINE DOWN ON THE BOOKSHELF...

TIGHT - AS SHE STEPS AWAY, WE SEE THE BLUE ORB ROLL...MOVING STEADILY TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE SHELF.

JUST BEFORE REACHING THE END OF THE DESK, IT STOPS.

ANGLE - THE SMALL TRANSLUCENT ORB RESTING NOW PRECARIOUSLY CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE DESK.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.) (CONT’D)

And Kimmie...

...What do you know about the effects of He Shou Wu herb and Maitake mushroom extract on women’s menopausal conditions?

KIMMIE (ON SPEAKER)

(BEAT) Um. I...don’t.
VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.)

Down by the dock yesterday, a charming young fisherman from Shanghai told me it’s a little known ancient remedy. Can you do some research?

INT. ONeworld Juice Bar & Health Center - Simultaneous

KIMMIE

Of course!

(SEARCHING HER MEMORY BANKS, THEN)

My Chem professor last semester told us about a new ancient herb database. I’ll do some searching before class tomorrow.

VIOLET

Go go A-Team!

PER USUAL, VIOLET CAN’T CONTAIN HERSELF WITH HER KID-LIKE EXCITEMENT.

VIOLET (CONT’D)

All nine of my chakras are tingling with the energy field of teamwork!!

KENNETH

Huh?

VIOLET

My intuition antennae are vibrating.

PETER

(LEANING OVER) I, uh...I thought there were only seven chakras.
VIOLET
Oh... Chakras eight and nine are in your left and right elbow, respectively.
(BEAT, FLUSTERED)
...Or in your right then left respectively, um... if you’re left handed.

KENNETH
What...language do they speak on the planet you’re from?
(BEAT)
And how can I stay as far away from that planet as possible?

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER)
Doc...Tell me you’ve heard what I’ve heard about the new Peruvian maca root find last week.

DOC
(QUICKLY) Five times the mineral content.
Already have an expedition to Lima planned for end of the month.

WE CATCH BRIE GLANCING AT DOC...ONCE AGAIN, ALBEIT PRIVATELY, IMPRESSED AND TAKEN BY HIS BRILLIANCE.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER)
Somehow I’m not surprised. Good man.
WITH EACH REVELATION, KIMMIE, SANJIV, BRIE AND THE OTHER STAFF MEMBERS SEEM TO NOD SILENTLY, EACH PERSON WITH HIS OR HER OWN BRAND OF COMPULSION FOR SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER) (CONT’D)

Carry on with the work at hand, my sweet ones...

INT. MAH-DAY’S OFFICE - BORNEO (KALIMANTAN), INDONESIA - SAME

THE BACK OF MAH-DAY’S DREADLOCKS FILL OUR FRAME...AS SHE EYES THE EASTERN HORIZON.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.)

We are losing people around the world, unnecessarily.
...And the rates are escalating.
(A BREATH)
My heart is hurting.

WE HEAR SILENCE ON THE OTHER END OF THE SPEAKER. A PALPABLE SILENCE.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.) (CONT’D)

But the good news, my dear ones...is that we have all the tools to bring life back into balance.

WE RISE ABOVE MAH-DAY’S VISAGE...AND TRACK FLUIDLY FORWARD, ...OUT OVER THE ONCOMING WATERS.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (O.S.)(CONT’D)

The “great emergence” is at hand...
(BEAT)
And you. Yes, you...
...are the chosen ones to lead the way.
INT. ONEWORLD JUICE BAR & HEALTH CENTER – SIMULTANEOUS

THE FACES OF ALL THE ONEWORLD STAFF MEMBERS SEEM TO CARRY A COMMON SOLEMNESS, BUT DETERMINED GAZE IN THE EYES.

VOICE OF MAH-DAY (ON SPEAKER)

Enough for today.

Carry on as you were.

ANGLE ON VIOLET...ENTRANCED LIKE SHE’S SOMEHOW PART OF CORE ONEWORLD.

SHE STARTS TO TEAR UP, AND WIPE HER EYES.

VIOLET

(TO HERSELF) I think I’m going to cry.

KENNETH GETS UP...AT HIS LIMIT.

KENNETH

Have mercy. This place is full of certifiable lunatics.

(BEAT, SUDDENLY PEEVED BY SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE)

I always spend way too much time here, and then regret it.

I’m getting out of here...before you turn me into one of y’all.

PETER

You always...say that, Kenneth.

KENNETH

Look...hey...don’t get me wrong... I come in for my green drinks.

(MORE)
But this place is...This place is straight up insane. Time to get back to reality.

PETER

But...what is reality?

KENNETH

(BEAT)

Ha.

(HE SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Not this.

KENNETH WALKS TO THE FRONT DOORS, AND...WOOSH!...THEY SLIDE OPEN. ...AND HE WALKS OUT INTO THE HAZE OF AUTOMOBILES AND GENERAL MODERN CHAOS.

KENNETH (CONT’D)

(BREATHING IN THE MASSIVE CITY)

There we go.

AS WE SMASH CUT TO AN AERIAL VIEW OF KENNETH WALKING TO HIS CAR...

...WE DISCOVER THAT THE ONEWORLD JUICE BAR & HEALTH CENTER IS ACTUALLY LOCATED SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF URBAN BLEAKNESS.

EXT. - OUTSIDE

...GREY STREETS AND TRAFFIC SURROUND. NOTHING BUT.

AS WE SPIRAL UP...UP...UPWARDS AND AWAY FROM THE HEALTH CENTER...

MORE OF THE DENSE CITY BELOW COMES INTO VIEW...REVEALING ALMOST NO TREES OR OTHER VIABLE NATURE.

FROM ABOVE, THE INTERNAL OASIS OF ONEWORLD IS SUDDENLY DWARFED...

...STANDING ALONE IN A SEA OF CONCRETE.

LIKE A NEAR-IMPOSSIBLE HOLD OUT OF THE REAL.

THE LIGHTS INSIDE START TO FLICKER OFF.
INT. JUICE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

EVERYTHING IS SHUT DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD IS LOCKING UP. AS HE WALKS THROUGH... SWITCHING OFF THE LAST LIGHTS...HE PASSES BY THE HOUSE PLANT RESTING ON THE BAR.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Hey there, little guy.
(HE SMILES)

Looks like you could use some water.

HE REACHES OVER THE BAR FOR DOC’S DRINK SPIGOT...STRETCHES THE HOSE...AND DISPENSES SOME WATER INTO THE PLANT.

HIGH PITCHED VOICE

Thank you!

SAUL JUMPS BACK. COMPLETELY FREAKED OUT.

FROM BEHIND THE BAR, VIOLET POPS UP...HOLDING HER SPONGY PINK YOGA MAT.

VIOLET

Almost forgot my yoga mat.

STARTLED NEARLY OUT OF HIS GOURD...

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Go home, Violet!

SHE LAUGHS.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

(CONT’D)

Go home!

SHE LEAVES.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

(CONT’D)

(AFTER A MOMENT) See you tomorrow?
VIOLET

See you tomorrow.

WOOOSH! - THE SLIDING DOORS OPEN AND SHE EXITS.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.