Welcome to

OneWorld Juice Bar & Health Center
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 multinational 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 every day 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”
episode 2 guest cast:

NURSE
JOGGER
WOMAN WITH CANE
CONCERNED MAN
SHOPPER
EIGHT YEAR-OLD DOC
CO-WORKER IN GOGGLES
TEN YEAR-OLD BRIE
VOICE (OVER P.A.SYSTEY)
ANNOUNCER
CONTESTANT ONE
CONTESTANT TWO
YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
FEMALE BHUTANESE BENGAL TIGER
SFX: GENTLY LAPPING WATER, CICADAS, AND DISTANT BIRD CALLS.

FADE IN:

EXT. A CLEARING - DAY
(DOC)

CLOSE ON DOC’S FACE AS HE SPEAKS, HEARTFELT.

DOC
   My darling. My beautiful. (CLEARING HIS THROAT, A BIT NERVOUS). You are...stunning to me. Captivating.

DOC WIPES HIS BROW, EYES FIXED FORWARD.

DOC (CONT’D)
   Look into my eyes and be still. (BEAT) I knew this would happen. That we would meet...like this.

BEAT DOWN, EXHAUSTED, HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH.
DOC (CONT’D)
I came all this way. Two Cessna planes on their last legs to the coastline, a seven day hike over the Gangkhar ridge, and the God-forsaken canoe ride into the...madness of this jungle. I put up with the alligators and the hideous mosquito bites. We’ve chopped and hacked. Hacked and chopped. And I haven’t changed clothes in...heaven knows how long, but I made it this far.

HE CLEARS A LARGE LEAF FROM HIS FACE.

DOC (CONT’D)
I came all this way, and I’m not... stopping...now. Do you hear me, my darling? My beautiful goddess?

HE FINALLY BLINKS. THEN...

DOC (CONT’D)
...But it’s not you that I want.

WE REVERSE ANGLES, REVEALING TO WHOM DOC HAS BEEN SPEAKING: A LARGE FEMALE BHUTANESE BENGAL TIGER. THE TIGER STARES DEAD STRAIGHT AT DOC, CALMLY PANTING.

(SLOWLY)...It’s what’s behind you.

EYES FORWARD AND STILL, DOC CAREFULLY OPENS HIS LEATHER SATCHEL WITH ONE HAND.

DOC (CONT’D)
Her.
BEHIND THE TIGER IS A STRIKING PLANT IN THE CLEARING. WITHIN ITS LUSH FAN OF GREEN LEAVES IS A TINY BIOLUMINESCENT BRIGHT RED FLOWER - ITS PETALS GLISTENING IN THE SUNLIGHT.

SFX: WE HEAR THE HOLY MANTRA OF THE LOCAL MEDICINE MEN, OVER A DEEP DIDJERIDOO-LIKE INSTRUMENT.

DOC (CONT’D)
The Dancing Bhutanese River Plant.
(TO THE TIGER) Her roots contain compounds with the deepest healing properties on the planet. She reduces the swelling of rheumatoid arthritis... she repairs unhealthy skin cells... reverses macular degeneration. What can’t she cure? (BEAT) And she also gives you a pretty good buzz.

DOC SUBTLY SHIFTS TO ONE SIDE, BUT THE TIGER DOES THE SAME. HE GENTLY HOLDS UP HIS HAND, AS IF TO PET HER.

DOC (CONT’D)
There, baby girl... There, there...

HE SHIFTS FORWARD, SATCHEL OPEN.

DOC (CONT’D)
Ea...sy...Ea...sy...

WE HEAR A BREATHTAKING ROAR AS WE:

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR - MORNING
(DOC, KENNETH, BRIE, VIOLET, PETER)

DOC STANDS BEHIND THE BLUEBERRY BAR, ARM IN A SLING, A BLACK EYE, AND A SERIOUS BANDAGE ON HIS CHEEK.
Doc

Females.

Kenneth

Holy Moses...

Brie

This female...I like.

From the fridge, Doc pulls out a “dancing bhutanese river plant” in all its glory - lush leaves, bright red flower, and roots.

Kenneth and everyone else seated around the bar applauds.

Kenneth

...and the “drink of the week” lives on!!

Doc

Do you see what I do for you people?!

Woosh!...the main doors slide open and Violet comes in, winded.

Violet

(sitting at her usual spot at the bar)

It’s a jungle out there! Some guy in an SUV just cut me off on the four-oh-five...

Peter

Wow, Doc...You amaze me. You’re out there...finding remedies and like, curing cancer, and I’m...auditioning for potato chip commercials.
Hey, it takes all types and all jobs
to keep the world spinning.

(VIOLET)

(TO DOC, STILL WINDED) “Kiwi Recharge”
with ginger, please. My blood sugar
is low...my chakras are off...and my
chi is definitely out of whack.

(KENNETH)

Translation, please?

(VIOLET)

I’m upset.

(DOC REACHES FOR THE HIGH-TECH BLENDER WITH ONE HAND AND GRABS
TWO KIWI FRUITS WITH THE OTHER. AS HE OPENS THE LID, THE
BLENDER ILLUMINATES FROM WITHIN.)

(DOC)

The doctor is in.

END OF COLD OPENING

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS
ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. JUICE BAR – MORNING

WE SLOWLY PAN DOWN FROM OUR "MICHELANGELO SISTINE CHAPEL MURAL" ON THE CEILING (OF GOD HANDING ADAM A CARROT) TO FIND EAGER PATRONS, WHOOSH!...FILING INTO THE JUICE BAR THROUGH THE MAIN SLIDING DOORS.

KIMMIE (O.S.)
I’ll ask him. Lemme just grab the other lines...One World Juice Bar and Health Center, please hold. One World, please hold...

ANSWERING THE PHONES BEHIND THE BAR IS A YOUNG FEMALE BARISTA, KIMMIE. SHE HOLDS THE PHONE AND CALLS OVER TO DOC.

KIMMIE (CONT’D)
Doc, that was the Sports Arena. They need eight more Protein Lifts for the players, and six more Kiwi Recharge for the trainers, before game time.

DOC
Tell ‘em okay, but that means they’ve gotta win tonight.

KIMMIE
(LAUGHING) You got it.

DOC
More passing and less three-pointers!
A NURSE DRESSED IN SCRUBS SPOTS VIOLET SEATED AT HER USUAL PLACE AT THE BAR.

NURSE
Violet! I should’ve known I’d find you here!

VIOLET
Beth!

NURSE
I can’t thank you enough. I tried everything under the sun...Therapy...acupuncture...even hypnosis, and nothing worked. But after seeing you, I feel so much better! You’re incredible!

VIOLET
Oh, thank you. That’s wonderful.

NURSE
I just feel more free. More relaxed. More me.

VIOLET
Yes. Well, those are the benefits of the LTM work.

NURSE
I’ll call you this weekend to set up another appointment.

VIOLET
Fantastic!
AS THE NURSE LEAVES, KENNETH, WORKING ON A SMOOTHIE NEXT TO VIOLET, LEANS IN.

KENNETH

(ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK) What’s..."LTM?"

VIOLET

Oh, I’m a licensed LTM Therapist.

KENNETH SHRUGS, STILL CONFUSED.

VIOLET (CONT’D)

Little Toe Massage.

KENNETH

I knew I shouldn't have asked.

PETER

What’s “Little Toe Massage?”

VIOLET

Oh, it’s an ancient but well known physical therapy method where we work only on the little toes.

KENNETH

Have mercy.

VIOLET

Oh yes. We...store tension in our bodies. Old memories. And emotion.

BRIE ENTERS WITH A TRAY OF PREPARED FOODS.

BRIE

That’s true!
VIOLET
And much of this unresolved...stuff can reside in the little toes.

DOC BEGINS SEARCHING UNDER THE BAR COUNTER.

DOC
Speaking of unresolved...Has anyone seen my cell phone? It’s got all my contacts and my recipes.

EVERYONE LOOKS AROUND FOR DOC’S PHONE.

KENNETH
(TO VIOLET) Let me get this straight. You only massage the...little toes?

VIOLET
Mmm-hmm.

KENNETH
Did you go to school for this?

VIOLET
Oh, yes. It’s an intensive four year program.

KENNETH
And where, pray tell, is this school?

VIOLET
Sturgis, South Dakota. Where else?

KENNETH
(BEAT) Right. Where else?

A JOGGER SITS AT THE BAR. BRIE PLACES A DISH IN FRONT OF HIM.
BRIE

Here ya go! One avocado and arugula spring roll with homemade sunflower cheese, and sprouts. I drizzled basil and almond oil sauce on top as an experiment. Let me know watcha think.

JOGGER

I think I’m in heaven.

HE GOES TO WORK ON BRIE’S CREATION.

JOGGER (CONT’D)

(MOUTH FULL) Hey Doc...What happened to you?

BRIE

He was being reckless, as usual.

DOC

Oh, it’s nothing. A big cat and I danced for a bit, and she gave me a little love tap is all.

PETER LEANS ACROSS THE BAR TO KIMMIE, WHO WASHES AND STACKS SMOOTHIE GLASSES.

PETER

(QUIETLY) What’s with Doc and Brie?

They’re like...bickering today.

KIMMIE

Oh, they do that sometimes. (LEANS CLOSER, CONFIDENTIAL)

(MORE)
I think they dated a few years back, but it didn’t work out. (BEAT) Violet says it’s because they’re so similar.

PETER

(WATCHING THEM) Huh.

SMILING, VIOLET CRANES OVER TO KENNETH.

VIOLET

You should try LTM, Kenneth. Maybe you would be more...relaxed for your heinous court cases. (BEAT) Just be aware that this method brings up all your past issues.

KENNETH

Mmmmm. I think I’ll pass.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN WITH A WALKING CANE APPROACHES THE BLUEBERRY BAR AND TAKES IN THE ENORMOUS MENU.

WOMAN WITH CANE

(TO DOC) I’ll have a...”Raspberry Rush,” please.

AS THE WOMAN REACHES FOR HER POCKETBOOK, DOC NOTICES THAT HER HAND IS CLUTCHED INTO A FIST. SHE STRUGGLES WITH THE POCKETBOOK.

DOC

You know what? This one’s on me.
WOMAN WITH CANE

Sorry...It’s the arthritis. It’s gotten worse and worse the last couple months.

DOC

I figured. The drink is on the house, but I want to make you something else.

DOC REACHES INTO THE FRIDGE, GRABS THE DANCING RIVER PLANT, AND BEGINS DICING THE ROOT.

DOC (CONT’D)

I call it the “Bhutanese Rebuilder.”

The main ingredient is the root of the Dancing River Plant. Raw nutrients for the blood and lymph. Repairs damaged skin cells, can reverse macular degeneration...and gradually heal rheumatoid arthritis.

WOMAN WITH CANE

Really?

DOC

Yes. I want you to drink half of this now, and half tonight. Goes directly into the blood stream, and begins reducing swelling in the joints within twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

WOMAN WITH CANE

(ELATED) My goodness...I knew there was a reason I stopped in here.
THE BLENDER ILLUMINATES AS DOC LIFTS THE LID, TURNS IT ON HIGH.
VIOLET FINISHES HER TEA AND GETS READY TO HEAD OUT.

VIOLET
Brie?...Doc?...Either of you want to try LTM? It “releases stress and helps you resolve old issues from the past.”

BRIE
Oh, I don’t really like revisiting the past. I prefer to let sleeping dogs lie.

VIOLET
But it’s really worth it! (BEAT) Doc, what about you?

DOC
I’m pretty cool with my past. Quite Zen about my path.

PETER
Doesn’t everyone have old baggage, though? (THINKS) I still can’t figure out why I start crying when I see clowns with big orange hair.

KENNETH
You’re afraid of clowns?

PETER
No, it’s something about the frizzy orange hair. I find it very upsetting.
DOC SEARCHES UNDER THE BAR AND IN THE SUPPLY CABINETS, CONFUSED.

DOC

(IRRITATED) Has anyone seen my god-forsaken cell phone?? I’m gunna blow a gasket! It’s got all my contacts, my recipes, and it cost me an arm and a leg!

VIOLET

(TO DOC) You see...Whenever we get emotional about something simple in the present, it’s usually something from the past that’s really bothering us.

RESTOCKING THE RAW DESSERT CASE, BRIE SMILES.

BRIE

(TO VIOLET) So...you mean, if you work on somebody, they might...I don’t know...realize why they’re such a womanizer... and such a restless adrenaline junkie and...can’t for the life of them just sit still?

VIOLET

Exactly!

DOC

(QUICKLY) Or someone might, say, figure out why they’re so opinionated...why they’re such a recluse...and why they’re so bitter towards men?
VIOLET

Exactly!

BRIE

You mean it might explain a certain past incident with a “chemist” and “combustibles” at a certain well-known chemical company?

DOC

Or it might explain a certain incident with a “model” and a “nervous breakdown” on the set of a certain popular TV game show?

VIOLET

Exactly!

BRIE/ DOC

No thanks.

DOC GOES BACK TO THE BLENDER, AND BRIE RETURNS TO THE LAB.

ACROSS THE BLUEBERRY BAR, KIMMIE LEANS OVER TO SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD.

KIMMIE

(QUIETLY) That was low. I was told...

“Whatever you do...never ask Brie about...the game show.”

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, I heard that too.

KENNETH LAUGHS.
KENNETH
Isn’t all this just ‘junk science,’
Violet?

VIOLET
You kidding? Foot reflexology is one
of the oldest sciences there are!

KENNETH
But all this stuff about your past.
Who cares about your past? I don’t.

VIOLET
Well, as long as you’ve made peace
with it.

PETER
Good point, Violet.

VIOLET
(REFLECTING) I once read something
wise about the past.

KENNETH
(ROLLING HIS EYES) Oh Lord, here we go.

VIOLET
...It said, “Your baggage from the
past is just like your stuff on the
baggage carousel at the airport.
(BEAT) If you don’t claim it, it just
keeps going round and round and round.

KENNETH SHAKES HIS HEAD.
PETER
That’s pretty brilliant. Where did you read that?

VIOLET
Oh – In a fortune cookie at the Noodle Shack.

KENNETH
(TO PETER) You had to ask, didn’t you.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT
ACT TWO

SCENE C

INT. BODY BAR - AFTERNOON

ANNA SITS, BORED, AT THE BODY BAR COUNTER, WHICH IS SHAPED LIKE A GIANT LOOFAH.

IN THE BACKGROUND, EAGER PATRONS ARE MILLING ABOUT AND PLAYING WITH THE "SAMPLE-BOT," A LARGE MACHINE THAT DISPENSES SAMPLES OF VARIOUS CREMES, LOTIONS, AND SPRAYS.

A CONCERNED MAN APPROACHES ANNA.

CONCERNED MAN

Ma’am, could you recommend a good anti-fungal shampoo for my dog?

ANNA

Come again?

CONCERNED MAN

Um...my Beatrice. She’s itching and scratching...itching and scratching constantly. And my roommate said it looks like she’s got ‘doggie dandruff.’

ANNA

Oh, boy. Well...I’m kinda new here... but I’m not sure we have that kind of thing. Uh...the regular shampoos are over here.

ANNA GUIDES THE MAN TO THE END OF ONE AISLE. THEY LOOK.
ANNA (CONT’D)

(SEARCHING) Yeah, I don’t see any...

(BEAT, AS SHE LOOKS CLOSER) Woah...

“Canine Anti-Fungal Shampoo.” Ha!

*Bueno!* There ya go!

CONCERNED MAN

Bingo!

THEY LOOK CLOSER.

ANNA

(READING MORE BOTTLES) “Itch-Be-Gone Doggie Dandruff Charcoal Rinse”...

“Pour La Pouch Leave-in Conditioner with Oatmeal”...“McRuff’s Derma-Moisturizer for doggies with dry, sensitive skin”...“Woof-Woof Organic Coat Refiner with Shea Butter”...

“Happy Dog Mud Mask for...(SHAKING HER HEAD) *Ai Dios...Oh...kay...Knock yourself out. I’m gunna...sit down before I have a nervous breakdown.

CONCERNED MAN

Fabulous! I just love this store!

ANNA COLLAPSES IN HER CHAIR BEHIND THE GIANT LOOFAH.

NEXT TO ANNA, VIOLET HAS SET UP A MASSAGE TABLE AND A LARGE SIGN WITH A PICTURE OF A FOOT. THE SIGN READS: “FREE LTM DEMOS TODAY!”
TO PASSING SHOPPERS) Reduce stress!
Feel happier! Try LTM!

It’s almost like you work here.

Hey, it’s my home away from home.
What can I say?

(READING) What’s...LTM?

‘Little Toe Massage.’ It’s all the rage. But, most people don’t know...
it’s an ancient technique. (BEAT)
Here. Sit. I’ll do a demo.

Oh, no. Thanks. Not for me.

Try it. You’ll be surprised.

ANNA RELUCTANTLY SITS UP ON THE TABLE, AS VIOLET HELPS HER OFF WITH HER SHOES.

No, really...I’m not the massage kind of person...

AS VIOLET GOES TO WORK ON ANNA’S TOES, PETER WALKS IN FROM THE BULK BIN SECTION SNACKING FROM A BAG OF DRIED FRUIT.
PETER
Oh, you’re trying the LTM? It’s amazing.

ANNA
I’m sure it is. I just don’t...

Oh...(BEAT) Woah. (BEAT) Ai Dios
Mio!...that’s good. That’s...Wow.

(SIGHS) My whole body is relaxing...

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR - BULK BIN SECTION - AFTERNOON

BRIE IS ATTEMPTING TO REFILL THE HEMP SEED BIN IN THE BULK BIN SECTION, BUT THE LID IS STUCK.

BRIE
What the heck is wrong with this thing?

SHE PULLS AND PULLS ON THE LID, BUT IT WON’T BUDGE.

BRIE (CONT’D)

(FRUSTRATED) You gotta be kidding me!

SHE YANKS ON THE LID WITH ALL HER MIGHT, AND IT FINALLY POPS OPEN, SENDING HEMP SEEDS FLYING EVERYWHERE.

ALL THE SHOPPERS REACT.

SHOPPER
It’s raining hemp seeds!!!
SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Okay, folks...Single file! The berries and bananas ain’t goin’ anywhere!

DOC APPROACHES.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD (CONT’D)

(SMILING) Doc! Pleasant day to you, sir!

SAUL SHAKES DOC’S HAND, GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR.

DOC

To you too, Saul! (BEAT) Saul, has anyone turned in a cell phone?

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Nope. But if they do, I’ll let you know, my brother. (LOOKING AT DOC)

Hey...What happened to you? You look like you got tackled by the whole defensive line.

DOC

Oh, a Bengal Tiger decided she didn’t like my sweet talking.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Well, thank goodness you’re alive.

Joy to the world!

SAUL GIVES DOC A BIG HUG.

DOC

You’re in a...good mood today, Saul.
SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Yep. I feel so light and free!

(STRETCHING) Violet worked on my footsies and I feel like a new man!

(BEAT) She said my body was prob’ly still holding on to stress from my NFL days, maybe even before.

DOC

No kidding?

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

Linebackers get a lotta stress too.

Not just the quarterbacks. (BEAT) It’s a lot of pressure, man.

(CLICKS HIS HEELS) But Violet helped me let all of that go! (DANCING) Go, go, go!... Like yesterday’s show!...

SAUL TURNS TO THE LINE OF PATRONS.

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

(CONT’D)

My beautiful people!...One World Juice Bar and Health Center is proud to serve you on this lovely day! We’ll be right with you!

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR – BULK BIN SECTION – AFTERNOON

ANNA IS HELPING BRIE PICK UP HEMP SEEDS. BRIE’S A MESS.
ANNA

I don’t know how it works but it did.
She started working on my little toes
and I just...fell asleep. (SHE LAUGHS)
When I woke up, I felt so relaxed...

BRIE
Really?

ANNA
...and then I realized that the reason
I was in a bad mood was just because
I’ve been homesick for my old friends
back in Brooklyn.

BRIE
I see.

ANNA
(SMILING) But they’ll still be there.
I can always go back and visit!

BRIE
It was that simple?

ANNA EATS A HANDBULK OF HEMP SEEDS.

ANNA
Yup!

CUT TO:

INT. BODY BAR — AFTERNOON

VIOLET IS CLOSING UP HER DEMO STAND FOR THE DAY. DOC RUSHES
INTO THE BODY BAR AND SITS ON HER TABLE.
DOC
Alright, make it quick. I’m on a ten...
Then I gotta get back to the madness.

VIOLET
Doc, if I do an LTM session with you, you might want to get someone to cover for you this afternoon.

DOC
Why?

VIOLET
Well, if you really want to get rid of stress, a lot of stuff might come up.

DOC
Well, that’ll have to wait til later.

VIOLET
I’m telling you, Doc...in order to deal with your past, you gotta talk about it in the now.

DOC
But what if I don’t like talking about the past?

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR – MOMENTS LATER

DOC
I guess you could say it all started when I was nine...
DOC IS LYING FLAT ON THE BIG “ZUCCHINI” TABLE IN THE SEATED AREA, TALKING TO A HANDFUL OF PATRONS.

IN THE BACKGROUND, KIMMIE IS HANDLING THE BAR.

DOC (CONT’D)

...or eight. When all the kids were out playing baseball, I was by myself mixing stuff in the tub...

FLASH TO:

INT. DOC’S CHILDHOOD BATHROOM – DAY

WITH A PAIR OF DISHWASHING GLOVES AND A BIG LADLE, EIGHT YEAR-OLD DOC MIXES SOMETHING COLORFUL AND BUBBLY IN THE FAMILY TUB. A PAIR OF SEVENTIES SWIM GOGGLES SMASH HIS FACE.

DOC (V.O.)

...I would make master concoctions from the random stuff in dad’s garage and mom’s kitchen...

LITTLE DOC POURS MOTOR OIL, BAKING SODA, FOOD COLORING, AND MARSHMALLOWS INTO THE TUB CONCOCTION WITH A BIG GRIN.

DOC (V.O.)

I kind of imagined that I was a... a wizard. And I could make magic elixirs that would heal people.

THE BRIGHT GREEN BREW IN THE TUB OOZES AND BUBBLES.

EIGHT YEAR-OLD DOC

...aaaaaannd...Prrresto!!

DOC (V.O.)

See, mom was always sick. (BEAT)

Lymphoma.
INT. HALLWAY - DAY

EIGHT YEAR-OLD DOC LISTENS OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO HIS MOTHER’S BEDROOM. WE HEAR COUGHING.

DOC (V.O.)

...and I was always constantly worried.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

YOUNG DOC LOOKS DOWN AT HIS MOTHER LAYING PEACEFULLY IN AN OPEN CASKET. HE STANDS THERE, LOST IN THOUGHT.

DOC (V.O.)

I guess when my mom passed away, from all the tumors, I sorta made a vow with myself...

THERE IS A SLIGHT SMILE ON HIS MOTHER’S FACE.

DOC (V.O.)

...to figure out how to fix and heal others. (BEAT) No matter what the obstacle.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY BAR - AFTERNOON

BRIE IS LOOKING AT VIOLET’S FOOT REFLEXOLOGY CHART.

BRIE

Violet, what’s the deal with this... de-stress technique?

VIOLET

Having a rough day?

BRIE

Is is that obvious?
VIOLET NODS YES.

BRIE (CONT’D)
Alright. Do whatever it is you do.
You only live once.

VIOLET GOES TO WORK ON BRIE’S LITTLE TOES.

BRIE (CONT’D)
But I gotta get back to the lab in fifteen. I’ve got cinnamon pumpkinseed bars that need icing.

VIOLET
You... **might** wanna put those in the fridge for a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR - SAME

MORE PATRONS HAVE GATHERED AROUND DOC, LYING ON THE ZUCCHINI TABLE AS HE RECOUNTS HIS PAST.

DOC
I guess you could say I’m still bitter about the explosion.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT DOC FUNNY.

DOC (CONT’D)
It was harmless! (THINKING BACK) I... guess I was just bored...

FLASH TO:
INT. CHEMICAL PLANT - DAY

DOC (V.O.)

...and just sick and tired of making useless chemicals...for machines and robots.

DOC SITS ON A RAILING, OVER A WAREHOUSE-SIZED VAT OF CHEMICALS BEING CHURNED BY AN ENORMOUS PROPELLER. EATING HIS LUNCH, HE WEARS A HARD HAT AND HIGH-TECH GOGGLES ON HIS HEAD.

DOC

It was that darn batch of “EQ-Seventy-Three”...

DOC STARES DOWN AT THE LARGE VAT OF BUBBLING ORANGE LIQUID, EYES GLAZED OVER, LOST IN THOUGHT.

DOC (CONT’D)

How was I supposed to know that simple fruit sugar and EQ-Seventy-Three don’t mix so well?

DOC IDLY FLICKS HIS FINGER AT THE APPLE FROM HIS LUNCH. THE APPLE ROLLS OFF THE RAILING AND FALLS INTO THE VAT BELOW.

BOOOOOOM! THE VAT IGNITES, SENDING A WALL OF FLAMES UP THE ENTIRE INSIDE OF THE BUILDING.

A CO-WORKER IN GOGGLES TURNS TO DOC.

CO-WORKER IN GOGGLES

Um...

A SECOND BLAST SENDS DEBRIS FLYING EVERYWHERE.

AS METAL BITS AND ASH RAIN DOWN, DOC AND THE CO-WORKER JUST STARE...AND KIND OF SMILE LIKE LITTLE KIDS.

CO-WORKER IN GOGGLES (CONT’D)

...cool.
EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - DAY

DOC IS ESCORTED OUT OF THE CHEMICAL FACILITY WITH HIS BOX OF BELONGINGS IN HAND. WITH A BLANK EXPRESSION, HE DOESN’T SEEM ALTOGETHER FAZED.

STANDING NEARBY, THE CO-WORKER GIVES DOC A “THUMBS-UP.”

DOC (V.O.)

I guess stuff happens.

CUT TO:

INT. - JUICE BAR - AFTERNOON

KENNETH AND PETER ARE SITTING AT THE BLUEBERRY BAR WORKING ON SMOOTHIES.

KIMMIE SCRAMBLES BEHIND THE BAR TO TAKE ORDERS.

KENNETH

So what do you think about all this New Age...memories from your past... ‘little toe’ mumbo jumbo?

PETER

Oh, it’s no joke!

KENNETH

Don’t tell me you did it?

PETER

Oh, yeah. (BEAT) My body relaxed and I finally figured out why I cry when I see clowns with big orange hair.

KENNETH JUST STARES AT PETER.
PETER (CONT’D)

I have an auntie back in England. Auntie Phyllis. And I remembered Auntie Phyllis had big frizzy orange hair. And she always wore gobs of bright red lipstick. (BEAT) When I was little...she used to smother me with kisses and leave big red marks all over my face. (BEAT) And I...

A LONG SILENCE.

PETER (CONT’D)

...didn’t like that.

SEATED ACROSS AT THE BAR, THE JOGGER LEANS OVER.

JOGGER

(QUIETLY) You’re afraid of clowns?

(BEAT) Me too!

KENNETH

Ya know – (BEAT) At first I was afraid this place was becoming like a zoo. Now it feels more like a circus.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT
ACT THREE

SCENE D

INT. BODY BAR - SAME

BRIE IS LYING ON VIOLET’S MASSAGE TABLE, CONFESSIONING TO THE CONCERNED MAN AND TO VIOLET.

BRIE

Well, anytime dad was in a bad mood...

there was nothing we could do.

FLASH TO:

INT. BRIE’S CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TEN YEAR-OLD BRIE AND HER TWO SISTERS ARE STANDING IN THE LIVING ROOM ARCHWAY.

THEIR FATHER SITS ON THE COUCH WITH NO EXPRESSION.

BRIE (V.O.)

...The only thing that would cheer him up was a good old-fashioned talent show.

BRIE AND HER SISTERS DON OLD TOP HATS AND HAIRBRUSHES FOR ‘MICROPHONES.’ THEY SING AND DANCE UP A STORM.

DAD SMILES.

INT. FASHION SHOW RUNWAY - NIGHT

BRIE WALKS DOWN THE RUNWAY OF A CHIC FASHION SHOW, AS CAMERAS POP AND FLASH AROUND HER AND THE OTHER MODELS.

BRIE (V.O.)

I guess I liked pleasing people. Or at least helping them forget their worries for a moment.
BRIE DOES HER JOB, SAUNTERING DOWN THE CATWALK, BUT HER FACE IS EXPRESSIONLESS.

MEN OGLE, AND THE HUNGRY CAMERAS WON’T STOP.

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR – EVENING

BRIE IS NOW BACK AT THE BLUEBERRY, SHARING HER STORY WITH THE ENTIRE BAR – VIOLET, PETER, KENNETH, ANNA, SAUL, KIMMIE, DOC, AND A FEW GATHERED PATRONS.

ANNA

But you got sick of it?

BRIE

(BEAT) You could say that.

PETER

So what happened with the game show?

ALL EYES SNAP TO PETER LIKE HE’S NUTS. EVERYONE GIVES HIM THE “DON’T YOU KNOW?...NEVER...ASK BRIE ABOUT THE GAME SHOW” LOOK.

BRIE

No, it’s okay.

SILENCE.

BRIE (CONT’D)

I guess that’s how we move past things, right?

FLASH TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE – DAY

WE HEAR A DRUM ROLL AND SCATTERED APPLAUSE.

BRIE (V.O.)

...Maybe I took it too far. Who knows...
VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)

Okay! Cameras ready. Everyone in place. (BEAT) Cue the audience...
Applause, everyone! More Applause!

AN ANNOUNCER’S VOICE COMES OVER THE SYSTEM.

ANNOUNCER

(DRAMATIC) It’s thaaaaat time! This is your home for “Mega-Moolaa”...'Mega-
Prizes!” And if you’re lucky...a chance to spin for a ‘Jackpot’ on the...

CAMERAS SWOOP OVER THE LIVE STUDIO AUDIENCE.

LIVE AUDIENCE/ ANNOUNCER

Mega!!...Money!!....Wheel!!!

AN UPBEAT TUNE KICKS IN AND PEOPLE GO BERSERK, AS CONFETTI FALLS FROM THE RAFTERS.

VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)

Okay. Cue the game boards...Cue lights. Cue Brianna. Cue Brianna.

And in five...four...three...two...

Where’s Brianna? Brianna?

A PLATFORM CLEARS, REVEALING THE ENORMOUS MEGA MONEY WHEEL WITH SOMEONE STANDING SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

THE CONFUSED CAMERAS SWIVEL AND REFOCUS TO ADJUST.

VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)

(CONT’D)

(WHISPERS) What the...

BRIE

Hold it! Hold it!
EVERYTHING STOPS AS THE CAMERAS PICK UP BRIE, WEARING PAJAMAS, STANDING ON THE CENTER OF THE MEGA MONEY WHEEL SET PIECE, HOLDING UP A TINY SKIRT AND TOP ON A HANGER.

BRIE (CONT’D)
What...the heck...is this?

VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)
Cut. Cut the cameras.

BRIE
Will someone please tell me...what the heck this is?

VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)
(QUIETLY) What’s going on?

THE STUDIO AUDIENCE BEGINS TO MURMUR.

BRIE
So I go to the food truck for a cup of coffee and come back to my dressing room to find this...number...on the table.

BRIE HOLDS UP THE SKIMPY OUTFIT.

BRIE (CONT’D)
What...the skirt we had for rehearsal wasn’t short enough?

VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)
Brianna? Brianna, can we deal with this later?

BRIE
No. We’re gunna deal with this right now. Who authorized this?
VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)

Someone call security.

BRIE

No. You’re not going to call security. What would you even do? What...You think people tune in every day at noon to watch confetti fall on the audience? To watch desperate people spin this ridiculous wheel?

SHE LOOKS TO A CONTESTANT, STANDING AT A CONSOLE, ARMS FOLDED.

BRIE (CONT’D)

No offense, Ma’am.

CONTESTANT ONE

None taken.

BRIE

They tune in to watch my legs wearing the comfortable shoes...my hands gently holding the box of corn muffin mix. (BEAT) There is no Mega Money Wheel without me and the other girls.

CONTESTANT TWO

She’s right.

(A MALE CONTESTANT, CONTESTANT TWO, CHIMES IN)
BRIE

(HOLDING UP THE SKIRT) A Barbie Doll couldn’t wear this little two-piece and you know it. Enough!... is... Enough!

VOICE (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)
Okay, okay, Brianna. We’ll...We’ll change the outfit.

BRIE
I’m not moving until...Until one of you comes out here in your underwear.

THE SET IS NOW COMPLETELY QUIET.

BRIE (CONT’D)
You hear me?

THE VOICE WALKIES SOMETHING MUFFLED OVER TO THE CONTROL ROOM.

BRIE (CONT’D)
Women are objectified enough as it is! This is absurd! How are little girls supposed to grow up in this world? Feeling comfortable with themselves? Huh? Able to stand tall... to be anything they want to be?

THE FEMALE CONTESTANT IS NODDING IN AGREEMENT.

THROUGH THE CAMERA MONITOR DISPLAYS, WE SEE A MALE PRODUCTION ASSISTANT SHEEPISHLY SHUFFLE IN FROM THE WINGS, WEARING JUST HIS BOXERS AND A T-SHIRT.
BRIE (CONT’D)
Oh, you guys are pathetic! Charlie the P.A.?

BRIE LOOKS SQUARE INTO THE CAMERAS.

BRIE (CONT’D)
I’m talking about one of the head honchos. One of you guys.

SILENCE.

BRIE (CONT’D)
I don’t think you have the guts. Do you?

CUT TO:

INT. JUICE BAR – DAY

EVERYONE IS CROWDED AROUND THE BLUEBERRY BAR, LISTENING TO BRIE WITH ANTICIPATION.

PETER
So what happened?!

BRIE
Oh, they fired me.

KENNETH
Wowwwwww...

ANNA
But at least you made a point.

VIOLET
You stood up for all young women.

KIMMIE
Seriously.
KENNETH

And how did you bounce back from that one?

BRIE HOLDS UP A CHOCOLATE DRENCHED WHISKER FROM A MIXING BOWL AND SMILES.

BRIE

The Zen of the mixing bowl. (BEAT)

Serenity.

PETER

Brilliant.

BRIE

I guess life takes twists and turns.

(THINKING) I don’t know. Maybe I shoulda kept my mouth shut.

KENNETH

But then we wouldn’t have gotten the best raw-foods chef on the planet!

BRIE

Speaking of...

BRIE REACHES UNDER THE BAR AND BRINGS UP TWO TRAYS OF RAW DESSERTS.

BRIE (CONT’D)

(CLEARING HER THROAT FOR EFFECT)

Three-layer cinnamon pumpkinseed bars with chocolate and shredded coconut filling, topped with a natural cashew-agave glaze.

(MORE)
Organic...Vegan...Straight from the lab.
I call it the “Brie Brownie.” (HOLDING OUT THE TRAYS) Anyone?

AFTER A BEAT, EVERYONE DIVES IN AND GRABS MULTIPLE HELPINGS.

BRIE TURNS TO ANNA.

BRIE (CONT’D)
Anna...what can I say? (BEAT) We’re all kind of...’rejects’ here. In a way.

KENNETH
Welcome!

DOC
(SEARCHING) Not rejects. ‘Outsiders.’

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD
‘Free thinkers.’

VIOLET
‘Unique beings!’

DOC TAKES A CHOCOLATE-PUMPKINSEED BAR.

DOC
You know...With all this healing-the-past stuff, I do actually feel better, Violet. Thank you.

VIOLET STICKS HER TONGUE OUT AT KENNETH.

DOC (CONT’D)
But also, I...think I kinda like all the stuff I’ve gone through.

(MORE)
DOC (CONT’D)

It’s what led me here. And it’s what made me...me.

DOC (CONT’D)

I wouldn’t trade my...baggage for the world.

DOC HOLDS UP HIS ARM IN THE SLING.

DOC (CONT’D)

Ow.

ANNA TURNS TO BRIE.

ANNA

Ya. Brie, I admire what you did on that game show.

ANNA STANDS UP AT THE EDGE OF THE BAR AND HOLDS UP HER GOOEY RAW VEGAN SQUARE.

ANNA (CONT’D)

Here’s to...(THINKS)...”Standing up for yourself.”

DOC

Here, here!

PETER

To...”Freedom of expression.”

SAUL THE SECURITY GUARD

To...”Sticking to your guns.”

KENNETH

To...”Honoring your truth.”

ALL EYES FALL ON VIOLET.
VIOLET
Um...to "Gluten-Free Brownies!"

BRIE
Cheers!

EVERYONE
Cheers!!

...AND EVERYBODY CLINKS BROWNIES.

AMIDST THE TOASTING AND CHOWING DOWN OF THE PUMPKINSEED BARS, SOMEONE PUSHES THROUGH THE GROUP.

WOMAN WITH CANE
There you are.

DOC TURNS TO THE WOMAN WITH THE CANE.

DOC
Oh, hello!

WOMAN WITH CANE
I want another of those tonics.

THE WOMAN SLOWLY SWITCHES HER CANE TO HER OPPOSITE HAND.

WOMAN WITH CANE (CONT’D)
Look at this.

WITH SOME EFFORT BUT LITTLE STRAIN, THE WOMAN SLOWLY OPENS HER CLENCHED FIST. DISPLAYS HER OPEN PALM.

WOMAN WITH CANE (CONT’D)
Twenty-four hours. You were right.

A DEEP SMILE COMES ACROSS DOC’S FACE.

DOC
Fantastic.

DOC HEADS TO THE FRIDGE.
DOC (CONT’D)

Another ‘Bhutanese Rebuilder’ coming right up.

DOC HESITATES.

DOC (CONT’D)

But...just know that it’s a process.

(INdicating her cane) I mean...I don’t know how much it can do.

SHE GIVES HIM A CHARMING WAVE WITH HER HAND.

WOMAN WITH CANE

(SMILING BIG) This is enough.

DOC FIRES UP THE BLENDER, WHICH ILLUMINATES FROM WITHIN.

AS THE JUICE BAR REGULARS LAUGH AND UNWIND PER USUAL, KENNETH LEANS OVER TO VIOLET.

KENNETH

You know, Violet...I have to admit...

You are pretty awesome.

BRIE

Yeah.

PETER

Totally.

A YOUNG BUSINESSMAN APPROACHES THE BLUEBERRY BAR.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

(Reading the epic menu) Wow, this menu is amazing. (Beat, to Doc) Do you...have anything for earaches?
VIOLET

(LEANS IN) Earaches? Hm....(BEAT) Let me see your left little toe.

KENNETH/ PETER/ BRIE/ ANNA/ SAUL/ KIMMIE

(TO THE YOUNG BUSINESSMAN) No!!/
Don’t do it!!/ Save yourself!!/ Run!!

VIOLET SMILES.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT
INT. JUICE BAR - NIGHT
AFTER CLOSING. DOC TIDIES UP HIS STATION AT THE JUICE BAR.
HE THINKS. GRABS THE LAND-LINE PHONE FROM UNDER THE
BLUEBERRY BAR TOP.

DOC
Alright, mister ‘Smart Phone.’
(DIALING) Where the heck are you?
HE LISTENS AS IT RINGS THROUGH.

DOC (CONT’D)
If you’re so smart...why can’t you
find your owner?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BHUTAN JUNGLE - DAY
CLOSE ON A PATCH OF BROAD LEAFED BUSHES IN THE MARSH.

SFX: WE HEAR AN ELECTRONIC JINGLE (SOMETHING LIKE “PROUD MARY.”)

IN THE BUSHES LIES DOC’S CELL PHONE, VIBRATING AND LIGHTING
UP WITH THE RING-TONE.

A TAIL CROSSES FRAME AS THE BHUTANESE BEN GAL TIGER SITS ON
THE BUSH NEARBY.

THE PHONE KEEPS RINGING AS THE TIGER LICKS HER PAW, SERENE.

END OF SHOW.