

T.H.E. C.L.U.E.S. Series

PILOT SCRIPT

Unexplainable Coincidences

Unexpected Memories

Ultimate Purpose

Inspired by the collective life experiences of the writing trio.

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New Genre: Enlightening Entertainment:

A revolutionary fusion of viewer and narrative, in which the audience is offered an experience on and off screen.

TEASER

INT. NYC EVENT SPACE - EVENING

Showcased by floor to ceiling windows is a spectacular cityscape view; an outward perfectly framed passing rain storm on a crisp autumn evening from an event space within a high-rise building. An entire top floor bustling host for the formal political fundraising gala. An invitation-only of the who's-who of NYC socialites, Wall Street millionaires, top athletes, Real Estate Gods, and the entire cast of "Upper East Side Wives" intermingled. Kneeling high-society photographers rapidly clicking at a step-and-repeat processional; a gathering pooled shallow end *for party-goers seeking a new best friend for clout*, posing in front of a large prominent banner plastered with sponsorship logos.

Staggered strategically throughout, popular cuisine stations representing the UK, India, China, Peru, Mexico, USA, Canada and Russia, a total of eight, each with an open bar themed mixed-drink and lavish silent auction items; a persuasive prompt to bid.

Centered against an erected stage hosting a podium with attached microphone stand, a round guest table set for eight. A centerpiece reading "Table 8" aside a piling of autographed books.

EDUARDO CORVAN (he/him) (early 40s), Hispanic descent, charismatically handsome, fit, A confirmed bachelor, confident in his element.

EDUARDO, stands behind the podium, mid-speech.

EDUARDO
...she created an out-of-this-world
cosmic sky masterpiece for. . .

EDUARDO, interrupted by a blinding blue light explosion; dissipation reveals a blacked out sky, party-goer phones, in rapid succession, ding, ping, and buzz emergency alerts, become the only light.

.

BACKGROUND: Party-goer reactions, holding phones.

INSERT: Close up - phone screen rotations through several different brands and models.

SUPERIMPOSE - NEW YORK CITY EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT (NYCEM) ALERT SYSTEM - SHELTER IN PLACE

EDUARDO pulls a phone from his pocket, sees only one message.

INSERT: Close up - phone screen

SUPERIMPOSE: *You know!*

EDUARDO discreetly slips the phone back into his pants pocket.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A bird eye view of the dissipating explosion turning into a darkened cityscape.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. BUILDING - WINDOW SILL

INSERT - CLOSE UP - HAND (unable to distinguish any identifiable features) reaching outward from inside, palm up, wearing a black 1920s era day glove (sometimes referred to as 'street glove'), cradles a glowing blue fluorescent spherical shaped orb.

(Dimensions Diameter: 1 inch) emitting a blue radiant energy of light.

CROW, black, a swooped snatching of orb; a snapshot revealing a well-aged brick and limestone building's siding.

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END OF TEASER



PURPOSE
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ACT I

SUPERIMPOSE: 3 DAYS EARLIER

EXT. HOUSTON, TX CITYSCAPE - ALMOST DAYBREAK

CROW, orb beaked, on a crisp autumn day, flies over an industrial park with multiple buildings adorned in NASA signage before landing on a building's edge with a perfect view of an almost empty parking lot. Below, a car backing out of a parking space prompts CROW to relaunch and fly parallel. Bustling with fallen leaves versus cars, the vehicle pulls onto a main road. Taking a sharp left in a 'it would have taken less time to walk' route into an adjoining neighborhood.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

CROW, an unsteady descent causes a drop of the treasured orb (automatically turns off any hue of color revealing an antiqued golden-bronze metal base) onto the vehicle's front windshield revealing a backed in pick-up truck with a folded down gate holding several boxes.

INT. VEHICLE - DRIVERS SEAT

TEALA AZULÉ (*she/her*) (late 30s) first generation Hispanic-American, a US Air Force Academy Distinguished Awarded graduate, short in stature but tall with pride, cynical to all things not science, tom-boy athletic, astronaut rival husband.

TEALA, putting the vehicle in park, misses the cause of the freshly cracked windshield, opening the door in an attempt to leap out, finding herself still seatbelted. A failed second attempt frustration as her coat belt looped itself around the gear shift in the beforehand rumble.

EXT. VEHICLE - DRIVER SIDE

TEALA, a disgruntled evacuation slamming of the door, sees the orb settled against the driver's side windshield wiper.

INSERT: Close up - TEALA, thumb and index finger fiddling to find an apparent ability to open the orb, pulls the clasp outward; a bobble-like shaped piece of the pie folds outward from a hidden hinge revealing various nondescript icons. Fully unclasped reveals a cross-like design (four vertical and three horizontal equal pieces).

TEALA walks toward the ajar front door.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. HOUSE - OPEN CONCEPT AREA

Just inside the front door, a dozen varied sizes of haphazardly packed stacked boxes blocking an entryway into an open concept floor plan. A living room and adjoining kitchen; a modest and sparsely decorated once organized kitchen showcasing a countertop spilled over with several piles of unopened mail, unread tousled newspapers, and an unzipped overpacked suitcase of athletic clothing. Adding to the chaos, no longer complete sets of: butcher block knives, racked pots and pans, and a spice rack.

JORDAN WOOD (*he/him*) (late 30s), ethnically ambiguous, hereditarily re-affirming masculinity imposed military career, slightly muscular, detrimental life of the party, dominant except in the bedroom, TEALA's husband.

TEALA, fixated on the pendant, opens the door causing a whacking wallop into JORDAN holding a box.

JORDAN

Are you trying to injure me?

TEALA

Looking for another excuse?

TEALA, a helpful grab of the box transitional slipping of the orb into her jacket pocket, sits the box atop the pile.

JORDAN

Here we go...

TEALA

We agreed to leave the past
in the past. . .

JORDAN

. . .no, we agreed to move forward

TEALA

Right, because I. . .we

TEALA recognizes the need to change her approach, and begins to make an obviously awkward attempt at seduction.

TEALA (CONT.)

*. . .we have too much to lose.
Your favorite band is performing
right before my interview Friday.
Come to New York City with me.*

Maybe they'll perform our wedding song.

JORDAN genuinely hesitates.

JORDAN

Okay. . . Ok, I'll go.

TEALA pulls out a business card from the opposite pocket of the orb.

INSERT: Close up - Business card "*Guiding Light Therapeutic Services - Sanaa Jackson, LCSW - Madison Ave, NYC*"

TEALA

(insistently)

Connie said. . .

JORDAN, a noticeable change in behavior seeing the card, overtly avoids eye contact.

JORDAN

Oh, of course *Connie* has her hand in this.

TEALA

What does *that* mean?

JORDAN, grabs the earlier box, begins to walk out the open door, pausing in the doorway, looks up, locks eyes with TEALA.

JORDAN

You know. . .

TEALA, a deer in the headlights frozen look on her face.

(long beat)

. . .nothing would have happened if I'd been
the one to. . .

TEALA snaps out of it.

TEALA
(patronizing)
Go!

JORDAN walks out the door.

TEALA, an awkward butt-bump intentional slamming of the door,
takes a few deep breaths, pulls a phone from her pocket.

INSERT: Close up - Phone screen

SUPERIMPOSE: Website landing page for "*Guiding Light Therapeutic
Services*" - New patient registration tab.

TEALA fingers type (within a section marked patient first & last
name) *TEALA* (space) *A*, hesitates, backspace erases letters,
types *Christine Blue*, presses "*schedule button*".

CUT TO:

EXT.- PHILADELPHIA, PA - CITYSCAPE - EARLY FALL MORNING

CROW struggles to fly over major cityscape landmarks beaked with
one wrapped shimmering golden fortune cookie.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - MORNING

CROW drops the sweet treat. A recovery by dive-bomb dissent; a
wobbling overshoot of intended screenless-window sill. An
exerted release adds one (to an already large piling) more
cookie to the kitchen countertop.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM

CAREN GILBERT (she/her) (late 40s), caucasian, average built, pretty but not stunning, quirky, an infectious smile, helper to her own detriment, disheveled nomad, never takes accountability.

Wearing an oversized t-shirt barely covering her underwear with her head in the fridge, music blaring, bouncing-butt bobble to the rhythm to the beat, emerges eating Chinese food straight from an old to-go. A butt-bump closing of the door becomes a catalyst of a "wheel of emotions" magnet to spin.

Stepping toward the living room, by routine, grabs a fortune cookie, pausing at the fridge to see "carefree" results, ravishes the wrapper, continuing on in a synchronizing devouring-plop onto the couch.

Glancing nonchalantly tosses the fortune slip perfectly lands on an opened New York Times page of daily horoscopes clustered between decks of tarot cards, scratched off not-a-winner lottery tickets, enjoys her daily routine hyperfocused on musical guests, misses seeing reveal of 6-paired numbers.

INSERT: Landed cookie slip on newspaper each reading "*lucky numbers*" 3, 8, 18, 28, 38 - Power Ball 8

INTERCUT

INSERT: TV screen

SUPERIMPOSE: Morning news program

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NYC TV NETWORK - MORNING NEWS PROGRAM

Musical band members are seen playing the last few bars of a song.

NEWSCASTER

That was *Infinity*, with their
global hit "*The Universe*". . .
And now it's time for
my favorite segment:
Chemistry Corner with
Tom Knowall. Take it away Tom.

TOM KNOWALL (*they/them*) (late 60s), a round-faced, pleasant, man,
possessing an unshakable calm.

TOM

Recently returning from space
exploration aboard Mission
Humanity. Welcome Shuttle Commander,
Teala Azulé. Good Morning!

TEALA

Good morning, I am excited to be here.

TOM

Well, I'm just gonna *blast off*. I understand your
life mission. . .

TEALA begins hearing a slight rumbling noise, unable
to stay composed, slips into a trance-like state.
Hearing a high pitched ringing intertwined with a
ramping shuttle countdown: 10,9,8,7,6,5.

TOM's voice is heard muddled.

TOM (CONT.)
...becoming an astronaut took an
unique path. . .

TEALA, erratically snaps out of her current state.

TEALA
I EXPLODED! . . .

TEALA becomes aware, tries to regain composure,
failing at pretending she's fine.

TEALA (CONT.)
I mean, I was born the day the
Challenger Shuttle exploded...I...I. .
.

TOM recognizes her struggle.

TOM
Commander, reaching new depths in space
(beat)

TEALA slips back into a trance-like state

TOM (CONT.)
You know . . .

TOM, unable to re-engage TEALA, makes sweeping cut-off
motions toward the camera operator.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
Cut to commercial...Cut to commercial!

CROSS

CUT:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - COCKPIT

TEALA, posed in the same trans-like state, strapped into the (labeled as Commander) chair, a continuation of the news station high pitching ringing heard intertwined with the second half of the shuttle launch sequence: 5..4..3..2..1.

END FLASHBACK

CROSS

CUT:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

CAREN sits on her couch watching TV.

INSERT: TV screen

SUPERIMPOSED: Originally produced in the 1990s commercial on TV

MISS CLEO, Jamaican psychic Shaman, spokesperson of the Psychic Readers Network 1-900 infomercials.

MISS CLEO

Do you feel like the world is
falling down around you? Have you
always looked for a missing piece
to life's puzzle? Let the psychic
network put you on the right path.
Call me now!

CAREN dials her phone.

CROSS
CUT:

INT. DIMMED OFFICE SPACE - PSYCHIC HOTLINE

ESMA SHEPARD (*she/her*) (very early 20s), immigrant gypsy, rough around the edges hiding true beauty, surreptitious in nature, daydreamer of fame and stardom, boisterous.

ESMA, (*nothing physical is revealed*), reads the script from the Broadway play "American Utopia". Interrupted by an incoming call alert notification prompting a swap out of the Broadway script for 'How To Be Psychic', takes the call using an overly exaggerated *fake* (USA) southern accent.

FREEZE FRAME: ESMA, wearing an oval earring, the world's third rarest agate stone, light blue (Dimensions Diameter: 1 inch), known in the gem world as "Ellensburg Blue" hanging from ESMA's ear (*nothing else physical is revealed*).

ESMA using an overly exaggerated *fake* (USA) southern accent.

ESMA
Thank you for calling
"Universal Guidance Network",
your name, city, and date of birth...

INSERT: Close up - ESMA opens to the table of contents titled "All The Answers", drags finger down the page, an inadvertent reveal of the table of contents labeled Zodiac Astrological Signs.

CAREN (V.O.)
...Caren, Philadelphia, PA, June 28,
(muffled) 1970-something

ESMA, reaches to grab a fish bowl overflowing with balled-up dirty reused slips labeled "Lottery - Pick 6" at the furthestmost point on her desk, placing the bowl next to today's newspaper opened to the horoscope page.

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ESMA

Darlin' Caren! The guides told me you'd call,
and...

CAREN (V.O.)

(rapid fire)

Will I ever win the lottery?
I feel in my bones. I am due to win.
Do you have the winning numbers? And...

ESMA

Let me connect with the light of
our guiding forces...

(short beat)

you know...the change. . .
the change is . . .

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CUT:

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

CAREN eagerly sits on the edge of the couch cushion, full of anticipation.

ESMA (V.O.)

(trance-like chanting)

You know. . .

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CROSS

CUT:

INT. DIMMED OFFICE SPACE - PSYCHIC HOTLINE

CAREN (V.O.)

What the actual fuck. . .

ESMA

(trance-like chanting)

...you know. . .to change. . .

Disconnecting phone noise.

CROSS

CUT:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

CAREN, dumbfounded and disappointed, redials urgently.

ROBOTIC VOICE (O.S)

We're sorry, you have reached a number
that has been disconnected or is no
longer in service.

CAREN begins hearing the same matching pitch and cadence
(without a countdown) as TEALA (at news station) causing her to
close her eyes and rock her body back and forth, causing her not
to recognize a rumbling knock on the front door, until the final
knock brings her back into herself. Opens the door, finding and
pulling off an envelope marked "EVICTON" taped to the door.
Closing the door by bouncing-butt, opens the envelope, reads the
letter.

INSERT: Close up - eviction letter overtly counterfeit, signed -
Criostoir Gorman.

CAREN, nonchalant, haphazardly tosses the envelope with one hand and the letter with the other, grabs her phone.

INSERT: Close up - Phone screen

SUPERIMPOSE: TEXTING EXCHANGE

CAREN's fingers utilize the screen.

Icon conversation bubble - CAREN

Still need an apt manager? 🙄 😞 (shrug and dead face emoji)

Icon conversation bubble - AUNT MILDRED

👍 (thumbs up emoji) 🔑 🪐 (key & Saturn emoji) next 🚪 (door emoji) 🏠 (church emoji)

INSERT - Image: *Eight identical antique keys, linked in a chain weighted down by a (meant to resemble the orb) with a blue hud charm.*

END OF ACT 1

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ACT II

EXT. CHURCH/NYC STREET/SIDEWALK - MIDDAY - LATE AUTUMN

CAREN drives a weathered, dilapidated, and barely running 1964 Ford Mustang, missing patches of factory-stock Tropical Turquoise paint; a treasure trove of various items tightly packed inside. An overt overloading, void of any essential living items, mismatched clothing, a few mementos, and the treasured "wheel of emotions" an afterthought atop the box riding shotgun; a one-way (sparsely populated) road. The vehicle sputters into a stalled engine force stopping directly in front of an offbeat gem of a church.

The church (circa mid-1800s), a Middle Eastern beauty brick and limestone constructed, Romanesque Revival with a Copper cornice overhang secured by Exotic bracketing; a registered landmark displaying a cheeky and coy yet profound in wisdom "guidance of life" worded (mysteriously swapped out weekly) felt-backed message board. The cherished neighborhood memento is a well-known tradition since the early-1900s.

An unmanned table with covered skirting reads "Hands Of Hope Ministry" sitting facing the street just outside the main entrance door; with various cookies, an industrial coffee carafe, with a "Help Yourself" sign.

In the background, a simi-obstructed message board.

CAREN exits the conspicuously illegally parked vehicle. In just a few steps, arrives at the table, instantly begins shoving cookies in her mouth with one hand, grabbing a styrofoam cup with her other shifting into an unsuccessful attempt to press the coffee carafe with her elbow.

EMENY QUISPE (she/her) (early 70s), of Peruvian descent, stalky, once-lost beauty, friendly, an eavesdropper, wears many hats in the community.

ENEMY wears a pair of black gloves, dressed warmly, a seemingly ominous appearance from the shadows.

CAREN lives in this moment unapologetically, not startled.

ANGLE ON: The semi-obstructed barely readable message board statement, "You know. . ."

EMENY

You know, you don't have to cram all those in.
You are welcome to take some with you.

CAREN, chomps on cookies, tries to talk, projectiles cookie dust.

CAREN

(intangible mumbles)
Rmmhetgeedakaysfrmmildrdrd

CAREN realizes she can't be heard.

CAREN (CONT.)

I (chomp) am here (chomp) to get (chomp) the
(chomp) keys...

EMENY

Ohh...you must be Mildred's niece.

CAREN nods yes.

CAREN

(intangible mumbles)

Uh-huh!

EMENY dusts off cookie dust.

EMENY

You're obviously hungry.

CAREN shakes her head no, surprised at the comment.

EMENY (CONT.)

I'm hosting an event tonight.

All you can eat. Be my guest.

CAREN

Will there be Chinese food?

EMENY

Are you allergic?

CAREN shakes her head no, looks down, begins to dig in purse.

EMENY (CONT.)

It's an international theme.

INSERT: Close up - EMENY removes her gloves exposing burn scars on her right hand, grabs to rummage through a pocket wallet containing many different types of business industries printed with various job titles reflecting either "EMMY" or "EMENY" QUISPE intermingled.

CAREN (O.S.)

What's today?

EMENY (O.S.)

Friday

PULL FOCUS: CAREN shifts her body into a failed attempt diver's yoga pose and places her rear-end upwards.

CAREN

Are you sure? Cuz if it is Friday,
I missed laundry day again.

EMENY extends her arm out, looks up having forgotten
to put the glove back on.

CAREN
Check my underwear!
EMENY tucks her hand awkwardly, diverts attention.

EMENY
You know, what?

CAREN stands up.

CAREN
What? You Know. . .what?

EMENY points across the street diverting attention,
slipping gloves back on.

CAREN reaches in a backwards stretching, snags more
cookies.

ENEMY
That shop. . .

Noticeable paused reflection.

ENEMY (CONT.)

That shop has served its purpose; been
a life-saver. Go pick anything out,
show them this card, it's on me.

CAREN grabs the card.

ENEMY (CONT.)
Party starts at 6, Text me for the
address.

EXT. SHOPFRONT - MIDDAY

Tightly nestled, on the ground floor of an older traditional NYC tall nondescript office building, sits a lined row of vastly different shop fronts facing the street.

INSERT: Sign hanging above door "*Repurposed*"

Storefront, a hanging sign sitting to either side of the dueling windows, meticulously displays a 'The devil is in the details' manning. Each window is a notable homage; a snapshot showcasing for two of the establishment's previous occupants. The window to the left is heavily saturated with 1980s-era pop culture icons; to the right is heavily displayed antiqued memorabilia of the 1920s era Suffrage Movement.

FREEZE FRAME - Black and white photograph showing 8 women dressed as Suffragettes posed outside the same building, laying next to an authentic 1939 World Fair sign saying: "*Building the World of Tomorrow*" A celebration of humanity's progress.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHOP - MIDDAY

Narrow and squatty in a rectangular shape lined by dinghy repurposed mannequins painted psychedelic-abstract draped in mismatched secondhand clothing are highlighted by spotty fluorescent lighting. Several racks and bins overflowing with eclectic items in varied sizes and shapes including signage, clearly and cleverly marked with puns; placed throughout the shop.

At the furthest point from the entry, a cockeyed sign hanging from the ceiling reads "room to change" with a heavy dusting of spiderweb connecting an adjacent anchored display fixture housing a flickering vintage neon magic 8-ball. Nearby, above a sparse clothing rack holding one frumpy green and one sexy red dress; a silhouette wears a once couture dress resembling sacrificial scrapped pile fabric with glued-on tie-dyed feathers.

CONNIE, late 30s, blonde, curvaceously plump, hides behind a southern bell persona, lacks integrity, TEALA's best friend since college.

CONNIE grabs the red dress, playfully draping it across the front of TEALA wearing athletic wear.

CONNIE (V.O)

Now this would fix anything.

PULL FOCUS: Sitting in the center of the clothing rack is a clear display case, housing an antique Shaman used drum, drumstick, headgear, and metal rattler. An affixed sign reads: *"It is not our abilities that show what we truly are, it is our choices." - Dumbledore, Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets."*

INTERCUT

CAREN walks through the front door triggering bells to chime; still enjoying cookies and coffee, eyes excitingly grazing at an awe-inspiring display of opened pouches labeled "Crows Confetti" cascading: baubles, trinkets, and oddities; on shelves holding various intermingled merchandise: tarot cards, third eye emblems, manifestation tools, and smudging sage, impressioned infinity symbols, healing crystals, and various gemstones. Nestled within, a small sign reads: "Geologists have a saying - rocks remember." - Neil Armstrong.

PULL FOCUS: A predominantly showcased displayed book; cover graphic-arched doorway portal reveals eight identical antique keys, a representation of the sun contrasted against a breathtaking cosmic sky. Prominente, but not obscuring printing reads:

Unlocking Your Purpose: Eight Keys To A New You Author, Holi Anand, Global Self-Help Guru, and New York Times Bestseller (embossed seal).

CAREN pivots, lands in a nostalgic gaze at the 1980s, large, square, wooden console TV missing all electronic components; a time when a television set was also a piece of furniture.

INSERT: On top of the TV console, a miniature Unisphere from 1964 NYC World's Fair sits next to the signage reading "Television for sale, \$1, volume stuck on full. I thought, "I can't turn that down".

CAREN
(chuckling)
Classic!

INTERCUT

CONNIE
I can't pull this off but you could.

TEALA
I'm not sure it's me. . .

TEALA pulls a modest green somewhat frumpy typical business dress from the rack pressing it up against her body.

TEALA (CONT.)
Oh, but this is.

CONNIE recognizes the need to change her approach.

CONNIE
Come on, at least try it on.

CONNIE nods playfully at the couture dress.

CONNIE (CONT.)
You know. . .

TEALA begins to hear words drowning in an echo.

CONNIE (CONT.)
the choices. . .

TEALA POV: A "blink-and-you-miss-it" swapping of colors to and from the two dresses.

TEALA reacts visceral in an aggressive swapping out of dresses, passes her purse and phone off to CONNIE.

INTERCUT

CAREN stands mid-shop at a bin, a clipped sing reads:
"Clearance"

FREEZE FRAME: *"I tried to make a joke about shopping. Does discount?"*.

CAREN giggles, gallops, swirls, takes an odyssey of found treasure, swaps laughter for exaggerated and childlike excitement, arrives at the couture dress.

INTERCUT

CONNIE stands outside the changing room, holds TEALA's items and the green dress, notices a text.

TEALA (O.S.)
(intangible)
Ugrk. . .frah. . .

INSERT: Close up - Phone screen

SUPERIMPOSE: TEXTING EXCHANGE

Icon conversation bubble - JORDAN:

"I feel the need, the need for speed!"

CONNIE hesitates, debating with herself.

CONNIE (O.S.)
(covertly)
Hey. . .

TEALA (O.S.) (CONT.)
(intangible)
agrk...pfftt. . .

CONNIE touches the screen and inadvertently triggers JORDAN to see an icon as if TEALA is typing a reply.

Icon conversation bubble - JORDAN: *"Talk to me Goose!"*

CONNIE deletes both texts.

INTERCUT

LIERA (they/them), late 30s, racially ambiguous, non-binary, average body type, in the pursuit of true love and happiness, sales attendant.

LIERA stands behind the register.

CONNIE walks over and pauses at the sales counter, places the phone and \$80 on the counter, signals to the clerk she is paying for the red dress, as she inconspicuously stashes the green dress in a nearby bin as she walks out the shop door.

The front door bells chime within the dialog.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Hey, I gotta get to work. . .
The dress is on me.

TEALA, scoops up belongings, blasts out of the changing room.

TEALA
What did you say?

CAREN and TEALA collide

CAREN

WHOA! I didn't realize this
was an intersection. Was your light
green or red?

TEALA looks down to see cookie dust coffee drops, notices the
time on her wrist watch.

TEALA

I do not have time for this.

CAREN parodies a quote from the movie "Back To The Future".

CAREN

Time? Where we're going,
we don't need time.

TEALA looks down, fumbles through her bag, pulls out a tissue,
attempts to wipe off the stain, grows more agitated as it gets
worse, looks around processing alternative options, sees her
phone next to a sparsely display, marked "3 for \$20" of
not-so-fashionable: printed scarves, gloves, and sunglasses.

TEALA hears her phone make a unique ringtone ("*Cheetah Love*" by
The Cheetah Girls) prompting to reach back into her bag. Pulling
out a \$20 dollar bill, places it on the counter. A hasty
grabbing of a black pair of gloves, tagged "ultra-darkened"
sunglasses, and a toss of a cheetah printed scarf around her
neck to pick up her phone resulted in a dash out the shop door
with the ends of the scarf fluttering-fly from the chaos.

EXT. SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

TEALA emerges from the shop aggressively strutting, speaking on
her phone.

TEALA

(irritated)

I didn't fucking see anything.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER AFTERNOON

TEALA steps out of an elevator in a lost gaze, looks downward, laser focus at her phone, opens the first door then glances up seeing the backsides of several people sitting in the waiting room. Unaware of being in the wrong place, until seeing "*Hummingbird Fertility Center*" painted on the wall.

LIAN SHUANG (双), (she/her) (30s), Chinese-Canadian, soft features, passive, praise seeking, innocent, trans woman at the very beginning of her journey.

OFFICE WORKER (O.S.)

Liera. . .

LIAN, sits waiting, hears name called, stands up.

TEALA places hand on the doorknob, backs out of the room to leave.

LIERA taps her shoulder gently.

LIERA

Excuse me.

LIERA passes then turns to see an adjacent door to enter the correct waiting area barely made for two, notices a small sign "ring bell before taking a seat" immediately turns to leave, but becomes trapped as a secondary door begins to open.

SANAA JACKSON (she/her) (late 30s), Caribbean descent, raised in New Orleans, a talented artist, dominating, conservative, and quick tempered.

FREEZE FRAME: SANAA passes an envelope as a UNKNOWN HAND black-gloved hand grabs it (nothing else physical is revealed).

SANAA

See you next week. .

(beat)

You must be my next
appointment, come in.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A quaint office set-up resembles more an art studio than a therapeutic setting. A wall of windows exposing the setting sun.

TEALA displays an uncooperative body-language at the gesture to "take a seat" on her pilgrimage to the furthest corner of the room; choosing not to remove her headscarf and sunglasses.

SANAA, observes, grabs a clipboard with printed papers.

SANAA

I'll go over expectations
while you get comfortable.

TEALA nervously swats at the itchy draped fabric, realizes her chair is a platform utility ladder covered by several used drop-clothes, changes seats awkwardly, attempts to resettle.

SANAA (O.S.)

I am not a therapist. . .

TEALA visceral reaction.

INSERT: SANAA holds an ink pen dragging it down the paperwork, revealing the patient name: Christine Blue.

SANAA (O.S.)

In the traditional sense.

TEALA tries composing herself.

SANAA

I know more than you think I do. . .

(beat)
Christine!

CUT TO:

EXT. THERAPIST OFFICE BUILDING - TWILIGHT

TEALA struts aggressively out of the building, frustratedly mumbles, and grunts; removes the scarf, glasses, and gloves in a choreographed fashion, arrives at an intersection, and waits for the crossing sign to turn green.

CAREN, driving the Ford Mustang, sputters in a plight to find parking in a new city, turns along the corner TEALA is standing on.

TEALA, mistakenly seeing the traffic signal turn to green, steps into the crosswalk as a massive gutter-pooled water wave, caused by the Ford Mustang, causes a head-to-drenchin, immediate visceral reaction, disorientation, and confusion, steps back onto the sidewalk. TEALA and CAREN were both unaware of the wipeout.

END OF ACT II

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ACT III

INT. PARTY LOBBY - COAT CHECK

Inside the lobby of the event space, tucked to the side of the entry, sits a dimly lit revolving exchange ticket to a return coat check booth.

HOLI, (she/her) (40s), middle eastern of Indian descent, joyful, reserved, magnetic personality, self-improvement global sensation.

UMA, (she/her) (37), South African of European descent, statuesque, sexy, caring, humble, bi-sexual, and fertility doctor.

EZI, (they/them) (early 40s) matching physical traits of EDUARDO, lesbian, staggered, activist, CEO, impulsive, and wife of UMA.

HOLI, TEALA, and UMA stand in a line several feet apart.

ESMA, using an overly exaggerated fake British accent tucked inside the booth out of sight, converses with LIAN, unaware a line had formed.

ESMA (O.S)

I audition tomorrow morning

LIAN emerges from the booth, begins to walk away.

LIAN

Break a leg!

INSERT: ESMA, *(nothing physical is revealed)* emerges behind the counter.

FREEZE FRAME: ESMA wears a bracelet matching the design of the oval-shaped earring during the psychic phone call.

HOLI carries a box heavy of books, lifts into a plopping of the countertop.

ESMA using an overly exaggerated *fake* (USA) southern accent.

ESMA

Darlin', how many items?

HOLI

Just two, the box goes with me.

HOLI turns to view a growing line behind her locking eyes with UMA in a lustful gaze. A bashful flooding of the skin becoming nervousness.

EZI crosses in the background walking toward the event entry, as a primary cast member of "Upper East Side Wives" with a swarming camera crew.

INTERCUT

HOLI, grabs the box to walk toward the event entry. UMA, noticing a book having fallen off the pile picks it up.

UMA swings her jacket onto the counter, quickly snatches a ticket and runs to catch up with HOLI.

TEALA, disheveled, tosses just her coat, maintains the scarf and bag, signals with two fingers "2" to ESMA, grabs her ticket, walks toward the restrooms.

INT. EVENT SPACE - RESTROOM

CAREN walks into the restroom taking a selfie, self-appointed queen of the ball, loving herself.

Nested in the restroom stalls, several Upper East Side Wives cast members in their privileged oblivion, cackling amongst themselves.

HOUSEWIFE 1

Did you see that woman?
She looks like a parrot.

HOUSEWIFE 2

More like a Choo--Choo bird!
(short beat)
Caw! Caw!

Flushing toilets, opening stalls, rolling out an almost empty toilet paper roll, stopping at the tip of her clashing heels.

Making direct eye contact with UPPER EASTSIDERS before they scurry out of the restroom.

CAREN

(sarcastic)
CAW!

TEALA enters just as fast as the UPPER EASTSIDERS exit, and runs directly into CAREN's body.

TEALA
You again?

CAREN
You seem to be having a tough day.

TEALA reacts in facial expressions; unenthused and annoyed.

CAREN grabs a hand towel from an enormous purse, begins to help dry her hair.

TEALA
What the actual fuck?

TEALA grabs her personal items at a warp speed, runs out of the restroom.

CAREN parodies a quote from the movie *Forrest Gump*.

CAREN (O.S.)
Run cheetah, run!

CAREN picks up the orb (a very faint blue fluorescent hue appears upon touch).

INSERT: Close up - CAREN palm up, cradles orb.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. FLUSHING MEADOWS-CORONA PARK - DAYTIME - 1986

NYC World's Fair Unisphere landmark prominent in the background.

CAREN (10-years old) holds a toddler on her hip, finishes pulling the (faint hue of fluorescent blue) orb out of a crying and screaming toddler's mouth.

INSERT: Close up - CAREN (10-years old) palm up, cradles a (now antiqued golden-bronze metal base) orb covered in spit.

URSULA GILBERT, (she/her) (mid-late 30s), biological mother of CAREN, foster mother of the masses, eye-turner physique, a quick tongue, never without a cigarette, a diet coke, or a man.

URSELA yanks her hand aggressively.

URSULA
(erratic)
CAREN?! What did you do?

CAREN freezes to a high pitched ringing only she hears.

URSULA (CONT.)
What did you do this time?

CAREN hears a voice muffled.

URSULA snatches and jerks the toddler into walking away.

Added high pitched ringing drowns out auditory resemblance.

URSULA (CONT.)
(mouthing words)
You know. . .what!

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO RESTROOM SCENE

CAREN slips the spherical shaped orb inside her bustier nonchalantly and unfazed.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT SPACE - PARTY

TEALA sprints into a bumping interruption of UMA at the main entry returning the book to HOLI.

UMA

I'm a huge fan.

HOLI oblivious to flirting, UMA flirts with HOLI.

EZI witnesses before being joined by UMA on the red carpet. Both pretend to kiss the other's cheeks to save face.

EZI
(disgruntled)
Not tonight!

INTERCUT

HOLI sits gazing in infatuation at the podium, causing an auto-pilot sloppiness signing copies of her latest book.

UMA (O.S.)
(irritated)
You know. . . the only reason
I am even here. . .

INTERCUT

EZI growls into UMA's ear with a side-eye of disdain directed at EDUARDO; a controlled aggression.

EZI
I see what you are doing. . .
YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
I'm going to take him out.

UMA processes the behavior, realizes it is not directed at her, breaks the tension with a mindfulness exercise known as "OM" (*pronounced ohhhmmmm*).

UMA
OM . . . OM . . . OM . . .

EZI
You and your "alternative medicine"

EZI joins in, begrudgingly.

EZI (CONT.)
OM . . . OM . . . OM . . .

UMA (CONT.)
OM . . . OM . . . Better?

EZI
It will only be better once he knows.

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. CHINESE FOOD STATION

CAREN balances several overflowing plates, chomps on food.

LIAN
Do you like it? We have the BEST
in town. Visit the restaurant.

CAREN sweeps her elbows in hauling a heap, dumping fortune
cookies into an opened purse.

LIAN (CONT.)
Hey, you look stunning. I'll never
be that fabulous.

CAREN begins to walk away, turns back, gestures by body language
to slip a card between the feathers.

CAREN
You already are.

CAREN sees an open seat at the table closest to the podium and takes an uninvited plop into the chair next to HOLI causing a won-ton to escape, but then stopped by a pile of books. HOLI autographs books, ignores CAREN intentionally.

TEALA walks up, realizes immediately CAREN is a few feet away (although CAREN is unaware of TEALA), makes an intentional quick-shuffled slide to position herself at the Chinese cuisine table, averts into a not so sly fortune cookie snatching, ravishes the wrapper, takes a bite, realizes she'd forgotten to remove the strip; pulls to safety, tosses, glances nonchalantly.

INSERT - Fortune cookie slip: *"Everything Happens For A Reason"*

TEALA displays annoyance by facial and body language at an indeterminate source although assumable.

TEALA POV: Tunnel Vision into a dark and silent room, the falling cookie slip shifts into a "Baywatch-like slow motion run on the beach" as mood music and an imposed haze by spotlight creates a slight blue fluorescence hue illuminating around the slip within inches of landing on "Putting Your Vision Into Perspective" displayed across HOLI's book cover. A reuniting of profound wisdom to save humanity, derailed by a won-ton.

CAREN grabs the rouge won-ton, killing the moment seemingly only TEALA experienced.

CAREN

Ooh, you're not gonna
get away from me this time.

CAREN brings the won-ton by hand to her mouth.

TEALA displays annoyance by facial and body language at an indeterminate source, shuffles away.

Unbeknownst to all, a slight blue hue appears at CAREN's bosom.

INNERCUT

EMENY and SANAA stand together to the side of the podium.

EMENY

We truly appreciate the commissioned donation. What was your inspiration?

SANAA

It just came to me.

EMENY stands in place, changing line of sight, and tracks TEALA.

EMENY

(jokingly patronizing)
Oh, ok. It's not like we're computers receiving downloads.

SANAA gazes deadpan, creating an awkward silence.

EMENY glances away inadvertently puts TEALA in her line of sight.

EMENY (CONT.)

Well, this has been interesting.

TEALA walks closer, self-consciously tugging on her dress.

EMENY (CONT.)

I was wondering where you were.
He is about to introduce you.

EMENY taps SANAA on the shoulder reengaging her.

TEALA, still adjusting her dress, unaware, looks down and away.

EMENY (CONT.)

She likely needs no introduction. SANAA,
COMMANDER AZULÉ, COMMANDER AZULÉ, SANAA.

SANAA & TEALA, locking eyes, conceal recognition, and the extension of their right arms connect into a handshake.

An explosion of a blinding brilliant bomb-like blue light.

CUT TO:

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END ACT IV

ACT V

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. SPACE SHUTTLE SPACE WALK - DEEP DARK SPACE

TEALA floats alone, tethered by an umbilical delivery of life-sustaining materials, encapsulated in a pearly-white spacesuit with a predominant "NASA" insignia mirrored by a "USA Flag" on each upper arm; a scripted "Mission" and "Humanity" forearm mirrored.

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ASTRONAUT (V.O.)

COMMANDER AZULÉ, do you read us?

Contrasted against an abyss of darkness; a faint blue fluorescence hue of energy begins to pulsate the atmosphere, the reveal of (the furthest depths of exploration); an out-of-this-world cosmic sky.

FREEZE - TEALA's trance-like face

ASTRONAUT (V.O.)
Do you read us? COMMANDER. .

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH/NYC STREET/SIDEWALK - LATE AUTUMN AFTERNOON - 1964

A brand new 1964 Ford Mustang, sits parked (in the exact same spot present day ACT II).

PULL FOCUS: Across the street storefront, dueling windows blacked out by old newspapers, a "FOR LEASE" sign hangs above the door.

PULL FOCUS: Old newspapers, taped to the inside of the window block out viewing inside the store.

FREEZE FRAME - Area of newspaper, dated August 19, 192 displays a photograph showcasing 8 women posed outside the same building wearing Suffragette paraphernalia; a printed headline above reads: BREAKING NEWS: "The 19th Amendment Ratified, Yesterday!"

UTOPIA (they/them), age 6, daughter of EDUARDO.

UTOPIA (V.O.)
(mysteriously)
No matter where you've been. . .

PULL FOCUS: HANDS (without identifiable features: size, gender identity or physical features) wearing black 1920s era day gloves, grabs door knob causes bells to chime, and a pulsation of faint blue hue to run along the door framing.

UTOPIA (V.O.)
(mysteriously)

No matter where you go. . .

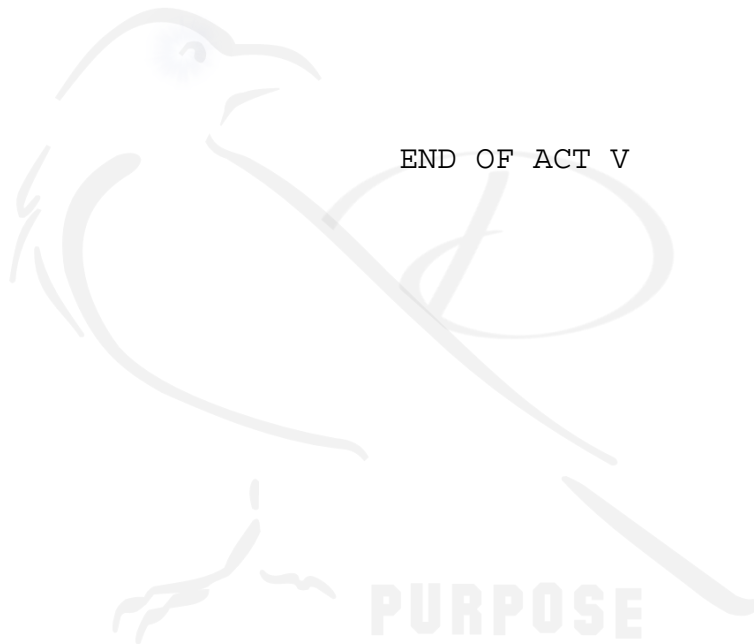
A blast of bright blue light.

UTOPIA (V.O.)

You'll know. . .

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT V



PURPOSE
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