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

Combined Treatment & Pilot Script

CREATORS & WRITERS

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

FORMAT: Hour-Drama, Mystery, Suspense; Non-Linear; Puzzle-Box; Enlightening Entertainment

HOOK: Unexplainable Coincidences | Unexpected Memories | Ultimate Purpose

THEME: When chaos causes karma to seek therapy for characters and viewers alike, flipping the script on storytelling twists reality's plot.

LOGLINE: T.H.E. C.L.U.E.S. are Karma-art illuminating life to ward off mankind from self-destructing when those living a *déjà-vu*-life are 'out-of-the-blue' summoned *back* to New York City!

STORY CONCEPT: Imagine a world where "as seen on TV" twists the plot in reality—like a call-to-adventure for characters and viewers alike when art illuminates life in endearing, humorous, and surprisingly relatable ways, challenging consciousness and virtue, and lifting the veil on a paradox hidden in plain sight—a global phenomenon in the making!

SYNOPSIS: "T.H.E. C.L.U.E.S. Series" is a groundbreaking, binge-worthy transmedia experience that pioneers a new genre: enlightened entertainment. Set in a non-linear, puzzle-box format, the series artfully weaves together dramedy, mystery, and suspense within a paradoxical framework. Infinity wanderers—*T.eala, H.oli, E.sma, C.aren, L.ian, U.ma, E.zi, and S.anaa*—are mysteriously summoned to reunite when *déjà-vu*-like memories and psychic visions collide, causing art to illuminate life. As chaos triggers karma to seek therapy, the characters navigate their intertwined destinies in endearing, humorous, and surprisingly relatable ways, ultimately unveiling profound truths about existence and human connection.

SUMMARY: Where the sidewalk ends: there seems to be a puddle for—Caren Gilbert, an eclectic aura of whimsical optimism starting every day with a fortune cookie instead of a job—Teala Azulé, NASA's first Hispanic Chief Astronaut blinded by stubbornness without an ability to do anything unplanned, including conversations with strangers—chaos summoned to New York City: Yin (Caren), head in the clouds and drama in her

DNA—Yang (Teala), boastful pride attempting to fool herself hiding a color spectrum disorder—both trying to escape reality, triggering humanity's heartbeat to flatline.

But when "T.H.E. C.L.U.E.S." are reunited—real-life "Easter Eggs": a church's cheeky message board, psychic visions, and 1920s suffrage mementos—revealing profound wisdom confronts their personal glitches to realize there's no need for roads to go back to the future with karma never losing an address delivers the keys to unlock unhinged doors—it will take one giant leap for mankind to launch transformational journeys—for the characters and the viewers alike—bringing a shift in perspective that delivers Utopia.

It is 'Twin Peaks' meets 'This Is Us' meets 'Dead To Me'

CHARACTER BIOGRAPHIES

Note: Each character description includes a poignant quote by the author, Jennifer Elizabeth, representing a deeper understanding of the inner turmoil each character faces.

Dual-Protagonist

Teala Azulé (she/her) (mid 30s), NASA's first Hispanic female Chief Astronaut returns from space exploration struggling with an eye disorder and not having control, feeling that in order to seek for the truth she must hide behind a lie, she heads to New York City trying to escape her chaos only to encounter an inability to escape herself, and is challenged to dissolve the boundaries between perception and illusion.

"I kept waiting for the part where I would finally know who I was – some flashing, neon moment of relief, but it never came." - Jennifer Elisabeth

Dual-Protagonist

Caren Gilbert (she/her) (late 40s), rich in optimism and whimsy, but her self-destructive tendencies can have consequences far beyond her perspective. When the tumultuous relationship with

her mother is revealed to be a falsehood, introspective reflections about life choices and behavior are revelations that lead her to make necessary changes; a self-imposed chaotic storm in need of calming.

"Don't worry if people think you are crazy. You are crazy. You have that intoxicating insanity that lets other people dream outside the lines and become who they are destined to be." - Jennifer Elisabeth

Co-tritagonists

Holi Anand (she/her) (mid 40s), A self-help guru and the next Deepak Chopra—has spent her life helping people around the world find inner peace and happiness struggling with an eating disorder amplified by imposter syndrome, but it will take more than burning books to keep her off shelves.

"I know that this process of 'me changing my life' doesn't just end once I set fire to this list of things I hate about myself. Tonight isn't as much of a new beginning as it is a violent end and I know the real work hasn't even started yet." - Jennifer Elisabeth

Co-tritagonists

Esma Skelton (she/her) (early 20s), an immigrant running from the UK to escape her abusive gypsy family dreams of making it on Broadway. Spiritual but not religious, takes many jobs: a per-minute psychic hotline, hospitality, child nanny, experiences unexplainable channeling-like messages, but with an inability to let her walls down, could miss out on serving her true purpose in life.

"Sometimes you are left with only one choice: Take what is yours and run for your life." - Jennifer Elisabeth

Co-tritagonists

Lian Shuang (双) (she/her) (mid 30s), a talented musician and artist who has already overcome many obstacles in her life, including an unsupportive family, relocates to NYC to live as her authentic self and to learn how to love herself unconditionally. Soon, she will reach the surgical step in her transitional journey as a trans woman, unknowingly teaching others the innermost core concept of who they are.

*"Your personal truth is your gift to the world." -
Jennifer Elisabeth*

Co-tritagonists

Uma Fairchild (she/her) (mid 30s) of West African descent, born in Mumbai, an only child who has lived in eight countries before college, approaches her 38th birthday with one single wish: to be a mother. She spends every day helping others achieve parenthood through fertility treatments; a reproductive endocrinologist with a unique approach rooted in shamanistic rituals.

*"Don't allow yourself to feel guilty about wanting deep and endless love, amazing sex and opportunities that will change your life. Expect these - work for them and don't ever stop until they're yours." -
Jennifer Elisabeth*

Co-tritagonists

Ezi Chenoa (she/her) (mid 30s), a self-proclaimed boss-bitch, reality-television personality, and philanthropist who partners with indigenous Peruvian communities to empower women in the creation of her own unique jewelry line runs for Congress. Her public persona hiding insecurity is revealed in the game of politics: how to love the authentic self.

"I want to be the best version of myself for anyone who is going to someday walk into my life and need someone to love them beyond reason." - Jennifer Elisabeth

Co-tritagonists

Sanaa Jackson (she/her) (late 30s), with an agathokakological third eye—the keeper of everyone's secrets, including her own—treats an entanglement of patients as a clinical therapist paints mind over matter: a quite literal artistic visionary sparks a karmic storm rivaling Hurricane Katrina.

"You battled monsters. You sweat and cry your way to this one prolific moment where you finally realize that those dark days and sleepless nights were pre-requisites to your becoming." - Jennifer Elisabeth

SEASON SUMMARIES

SEASON 1-Unlocked: Purpose In The Chaos

When personal attacks from the universe fail to enlighten those having déjà vu-like memories, the collision of yin-yang awakens a global consciousness and resuscitate oneness.

S1-EPISODES

- **NEW YOU, NEW ME:** Teala, running from her truth, and Caren, running from herself, plunge into each other, directed by karma's compass.
- **BRAVE HEART:** Teala seeks out Caren when déjà vu-like moments cause them both to have more questions than answers.
- **FIRECRACKER:** Caren and Teala decode the messages in the déjà vu, leading them to follow the clues.
- **THE CROW'S NEST:** Teala and Caren felt as if they were not actually lost, while they were lost in NYC.
- **LOST MEMORIES:** Teala, struggling to move forward, surrenders control to a wackadoodle plan that Caren, the merry-go-round brain, "randomly" came up with.
- **ALL THAT JAZZ:** Caren and Teala, now both bewildered, are unable to rewind the hands of time.
- **LEAP OF FATE:** When unexpected wisdom arrives, Teala finally embraces change as Caren embraces the root cause of her inner turmoil.
- **WHEEL OF FORTUNE:** Teala and Caren question whether it was all an illusion as the déjà vu surrounding them manifests change in reality.

SEASON 2 - Unhinged: Out Of The Chaos

Just as life's bigger puzzle is seemingly coming together, Karma screams "You know the signs" more aggressively within intense psychic visions attempting to clarify déjà vu—even in a city of second chances luck may run out.

SEASON 3 - Unlatched: Transcend Above The Chaos

The ripple effect of enlightenment summons otherworldly paradoxical dynamics to bring into focus missed opportunities as time keeps slippin', slippin', slippin' into the future.

FUTURE SEASONS - A Myriad Of Directions Are Possible

As is life—limitless possibilities within these paradoxes and/or spin-offs into new extraordinary journeys—traveling on roads to explore and expose different realities—to gain a better reflection of oneself centered around the missed opportunities from the uninformed choices showcasing the coulda-woulda-shoulda.

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PILOT SCRIPT

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 procession; 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.

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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.

END OF TEASER
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?

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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:

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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

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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.

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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

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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.

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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 furthest point on her desk, placing the bowl next to today's newspaper opened to the horoscope page.

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 . . .

CROSS CUT:

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. . .

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

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pulling off an envelope marked "EVICTION" 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 - NO ACTUAL WORDS - ICONS ONLY

👍 (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

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.

EMENY 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 simi-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

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(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.

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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.

EMENY
That shop. . .

Noticeable paused reflection.

EMENY (CONT.)

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

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CAREN grabs the card.

EMENY (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

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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, impressed 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.

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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 of course 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.

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INTERCUT

CAREN stands mid-shop at a bin, a clipped sign 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. . .frahh. . .

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.

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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.

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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

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

UMA, (*she/her*) (37), South African of European descent, statuesque, sexy, caring, humble, bi-sexual, and fertility doctor rapidly approaching her 38th birthday.

TEALA stepping out of an elevator lost gazing downward laser focus at her phone, opening the first door peripherally seen.

CAMERA P.O.V. OVER SHOULDER OF TEALA, as the door barely cracks open

UMA can be heard before the door fully opens to reveal her in the background (not centered upon but identifiable enough).

UMA

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*Thank you for calling "Hummingbird
Fertility Center" this is. . .*

TEALA, hearing this, turns her head to catch the office name painted on the wall as the backside of LIAN is seen standing up (*nothing physically identifiable is revealed*).

OFFICE WORKER

Liera. . .

LIERA taps TEALA on the shoulder to pass. LIERA, wearing an oversized coat with a hood, unintentionally disguises her.

LIERA

Excuse me.

LIERA passes TEALA as TEALA turns the opposite direction to see an adjacent door marked "*Guiding Light Therapeutic Services*". Opening the door to enter into a waiting area barely made for two, seeing a sign read "ring bell before taking a seat", hesitates.

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

SANAA, struggling to pop open an unhinged secondary door.

SANAA

You know. . .

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

SANAA (CONT.)

I'll see you next week

(beat)

You must be my next
appointment, come in.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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SANAA, holding the unhinged door open.

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. . .

(quick beat)

Christine!

CUT TO:

EXT. THERAPIST OFFICE BUILDING - TWILIGHT

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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-toe drenching.

An 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.

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!

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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.)

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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!

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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'm 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.

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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

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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.

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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.

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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.

END ACT IV

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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.

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. .

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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 (UNSEEN)

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. . .

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CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT V



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