

Kool-Aid Man Saves the Day

By

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Kool-Aid Man Character

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Audio: transistor radio weak speaker plays (suggested) The Eagles Hotel California (California Dreaming' by the Momma's and Poppas or Leaving on a Jet Plane Peter Paul and Mary also possible songs)

A bemused gathering at a suburban home with an open patio. Guests sip on iced tea, snack on a bowl of popcorn.

A party goer uses a finger to remove a kernel of corn from their teeth h.

A lady is dancing wildly with uncooperative child dance partner.

The lighting is harsh and dark shadows fall on their faces. Party goers are misty with sweat, armpits slightly, visibly damp. Plain pastel clothing includes khaki pants, oxford shirts tucked in, business casual.

A cockroach scampers across the lame snack table. (example: saltine crackers garnished with aerosol soft cheese and pimento olives.

A squeaky, slow, loud, rusty fan blows in the corner. A panting dog stands with his face in the fan and his butt near a guest's face.

A bug zapper zaps, a guest jumps.

A boy approaches a girl to speak, she sighs and looks away.

A girl in a blue party dress is almost comatose in an over-stuffed lounge chair.

The LENORE, a petite girl who is noted for always wearing blue, Kool-Aid Man calls her "The Girl In Blue" and never learns her name, she walks in the door, late. She's about 21, pretty with a modest, shy air about her. Dark hair and big eyes, porcelain doll-like.

LENORA

I wish Kool-Aid Man were here!

Suddenly the earth begins to move, chandeliers shake, like there is an earthquake, the party goers are startled.

Audio: big gong, then crash sound of wrecking ball on brick wall and a mix of reverberation sounds

Red Kool-Aid man bursts through the wall of the living room.

(CONTINUED)

The music changes to: contemporary top ten summer dance hit about the newest dance

The party goers are suddenly wearing Hawaiian flowered lei's and party hats. Everyone has a cup of Kool-Aid magically appear in their hand.

Party goers start a soul-train type dance line

Icy cups appear in a rainbow of flavors on the table with a corresponding glass pitcher.

The boy and formerly disinterested girl are making out on the couch.

Dance lights and disco ball reflections fill the room.

The girl in blue give Kool-Aid man a big hug. An impression of her silhouette in made on his condensed surface.

LENORA (cont'd)

Oh, Kool-Aid Man! You Saved the day!

KOOL-AID MAN

Oh Yeah!

More dancing ensues as they hit a beach ball to one another around the room.

Neighbors peek in through the hole in the wall looking for a party, and crawl into the house.

Outside the house there is someone beginning to bar-b-que

People come out of their homes and start to party, expanding to a Block party.

Drone shot rises up from girl in blue and Kool-Aid man dancing by the backyard pool to show the overhead block party.

CUT TO

Inside of police helicopter. Pilot speaking into headpiece while flying.

PILOT

Roger this, Kool-Aid man just saved a party in the North West quadrant.

(CONTINUED)

HEADQUARTERS VOICE

That should keep things cool for a while.

PILOT

It's really lighting up.

HEADQUARTERS VOICE

What's the collateral damage?

PILOT

Meh. The host lost non-fortifying a wall.

HEADQUARTERS VOICE

(laughs) Heh, maybe we should head over there after we clock out?

PILOT

Yeah, his last party lasted 48 hours, and very little damage.

CUT TO

Five cops showing up to the late-night block party in plain-clothes. A woman in a rainbow tie-died t-shirt walks by and serves them from a tray of Kool-Aid. They melt into the crowd.

A rugby team in uniforms are playing on the lawn.

Roller skaters race around.

Croquette game with pastel Victorian dress.

Blowing bubble children.

Water ballet in the pool.

Fire twirlers.

Non-lame long table of colorful food, ice sculpture.

Singer of top summer dance hit takes stage below a garage drive-way basket ball hoop.

choreographed Tick-Tock type dance moves with soccer moms

INT. KOOL-AID MAN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

2

Kool Aid Man watching the weather man, an icy Kool-Aid drink within arm's reach. In robe and matching slippers. Chill.

The weather is interrupted with a public service announcement about social distancing.

He flips the channel. The news shows a roadie-type guy standing outside a nightclub that is closing due to Covid-19 restrictions and fallout.

Kool-Aid man sighs wistfully and hits the mute button.

He walks out to the fire escape of his urban apartment and looks around the neighborhood. He sees a man with a face mask walking his small dog.

A well-dressed lady with face mask is carrying a bag of groceries.

The store fronts are closed.

In the windows he sees a man in a sweater drinking tea, a youthful silhouette at the computer, A girl wrapped in a blanket reading, birds chirp.

Distantly The Eagles Hotel California is playing.

Birds chirp. The air is clean.

(No one is gathering, and Kool-Aid man is bored.)

TELEVISION NEWSCASTER
No social gatherings or parties

Kool-Aid Man steps out onto the fire escape balcony.

KOOL-AID MAN
Sigh, I'm mad as hell and I'm not
going to take it anymore.

His voice echoes. The man with the dog down below looks up and sees Kool-Aid man. His leashed dog lifts his leg pisses on a tree.

MAN WITH DOG
Hey Kool-Aid Man! Hey! Everyone,
It's Kool-Aid Man.

(CONTINUED)

Other voices follow his lead to where many people on the street are saying "Hey Kool-Aid Man". Lights in the apartments are switching on and people gather on their fire escapes.

Kool-Aid Man waves and tries to shrug off the attention and head inside, the crowd begins to chant his name. He stops and turns around to address the sudden "gathering"

KOOL-AID MAN

Oh Yeah!

the crowd cheers

He breaks into a mesmerizing Italian aria.

The crowd joins in song and the street is filled with song. They sway in time with the music. Wide-angle shots giving a sense of space.

A rainbow appears in the sky. Refreshing icy Kool-Aid manifests in the hands of everyone.

The music takes on a contemporary beat and club kids initiate choreographed, distant, dance.

Kool-Aid man busts some moves.

CROSS DISSOLVE

INT - KITCHEN 1955- DAY

3

A mother in an apron, and a 1950's modern chrome and vinyl aqua kitchen. She makes Kool-Aid by pouring sugar and the red colored flavor packet into a glass pitcher, She stirs the mixture, hazy light illuminates it from the window, she draws a happy face on the condensed surface. She turns away. The face blinks and the smile grows slightly larger. Kool-Aid Man is born.

The mother returns to making dinner, her back is turned. Sitting at the table is a toddler in a highchair playing with an empty sippy cup. Two twins about four and an older sister about six come in, sweaty and silent and sit at the table.

OLDER SISTER

Mother, the streetlights came on,
so we came inside like you said.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Good Girl. Dinner will be ready soon, please set the table, and I don't want to remind you every time.

The toddler claps and reaches for Kool-Aid Man. He smiles and blinks. The twins do a double-take, looking at Kool-Aid Man and then each other.

Kool Aid Man, squints, looking at the twins, over their shoulder there are several THIRSTIES glowing, spiky, light balls with pointy features, skinny arms & lets and angry expressions. Big sister places empty glasses down on the table, followed by plates, silverware and napkins.

A thirsty is now over the toddler's shoulder too. In fact, they are growing in number.

The children are waiting politely with red faces, sweaty.

A twin reaches for the Kool-Aid Pitcher, but it's too unwieldy, heavy, slippery and it falls from his grasp, spilling all over the table, and their clothes.

The mother turns around.

MOTHER (cont'd)

I told you to wait!

The misty-faced Kool-Aid Man lays on his side, half-full.

The mother quickly throws a dish-towel over the spill, and then pours each child a quick sip of the remaining Kool-Aid.

She mixes afresh container of red Kool-Aid, wipes up the spill.

The space above the shoulders of the children is empty. The Thirsties have disappeared.

Kool-Aid man sighs with relief. Then he sees a thirsty above the toddler. He fumbles with his empty sippy cup. He's peckish, droopy eyelids, wobbly head.

Kool-Aid Man is unable to help, the Mom has gone back to cooking. The other children are washing their hands in the sink. No one is looking.

Kool-Aid man grows arms. His hands reach towards the sippy cup. Sparkles of light flow from his hands. The lid lifts and levitates above the cup. Kool Aid Man grows legs and saunters toward the cup to pour in the liquid. The lid twists back. The toddler giggles and drinks.

(CONTINUED)

The contented family gathers around the table.

Kool-Aid man chills in a still state on the table. The misty face remains on the pitcher.

CROSS DISSOLVE

EXT- A SKATE PARK IN A LARGER CITY PARK - DAY

4

A boy about ten years old, in red skateboard safety gear flys by the screen on his skateboard and does an ollie.

CHRIS

Hey Kool Aid Man! Always good to see you!

KOOL-AID MAN

Well, Chris, after some exercise and need some refreshment, so here I am.

CHRIS

Did you know there are 22 different flavors of Kool Aid? It's the perfect drink! I never get bored with it!

KOOL-AID MAN

Here's some mango flavor for you. Enjoy!...And yes Chris, I DID know that.

CHRIS

Of course you would. I'm just sayin'.

KOOL-AID MAN

Refreshing isn't it? I usually go for a red cherry flavor myself.

CHRIS

Classic!

KOOL-AID MAN

Oh Yeah!

Chris does a few tricks on his skateboard, skids to a stop, spins, and reaches for another sip of his Kool-Aid.

Kool-aid man follows Chris' moves, doing a close match, but when he spins the Kool-Aid splashes out of the top of his head and splashes several of the kids in the skate park below.

(CONTINUED)

They smile looking up as if seeing a friend.

KIDS
(unison) Kool-Aid Man!

The kids skate towards Kool Aid man, one by one, each doing a different trick.

A tall brown haired boy TOM, obviously the oldest rides up and does an elegant Nollie with a serious look on his face, after him, is a boy with long blond hair, freckles and a big smile, PAUL, that does a quick Nose Ollie and finishes next to TOM. Next are two twin boys SEBASTIAN and WOLFGANG doing a Shuvit and the next a Pop Shuvit falling in line. The youngest, DAMEON, in the crew glides in with a Frontside 180. And last but not least is a loudmouthed short kid, JASON, ending the line with a Heelflip.

KOOL-AID MAN
Oh yeah!

Jason flips back his kool-aid wetted hair.

JASON
Hey Kool-Aid man, do you have any drinks for us, or are you playing favorites with Chris?

Kool-Aid man lifts his hand and a rainbow bolt of energy shoots from his palm. Their eyes follow the bolt across the way to a space under a tree where a table appears set with poured glasses of kool-aid and a back-up pitcher. A few tubs of powdered cool-ice with the logo sit to the side.

Jason runs to the table ahead of the others and takes a drink.

JASON (cont'd)
Wow! It's feels cool without the ice!

The other kids run and skate over to the table. Quan stashes a tub of Kool-Aid in his backpack. The twins open up a tub and dip their fingers in the powder and lick them, eating it straight. The others drink from the cups.

WOLFGANG
Cool!

SEBASTIAN
Yah!

(CONTINUED)

Two girls on bikes pull up to the table and stop. MELANIE has a pink helmet and wears feminine clothing, a skirt over leggings and TANYA in a green helmet is more of a tomboy in a tight t-shirt and denim. There is a Thirsty faintly hovering over her shoulder.

MELANIE

Hey, can we have some Kool-Aid?

JASON

Sure!

KOOL-AID MAN

Help yourselves!

MELANIE

This is refreshing.

TANYA

Are you the real Kool-Aid Man?

KOOL-AID MAN

The one and only!

Tanya moves closer to him looking him over, and then thocks him with the flick of two fingers. Kool Aid man makes a crystal gong sound.

The two girls put their empty cups on the table and hop on their bikes, do a few spins and tricks. Melanie puts her headphones on her head, and they both go on their way.

JASON

I wish they had stayed.

QUAN

Easy come easy go.

JASON

Well, we know they like Kool-Aid. Maybe we'll see them again?

They hang back and watch the two girls skate off in the distance. All of the sudden, the girl with the headphones veers off course. She kicks her skateboard aside and jumps toward the rungs of a telephone pole and pulls herself up to climb it.

QUAN

Is she showing off?

(CONTINUED)

JASON

That is quite a jump, and her arms
are strong, yes, she's showing off.

QUAN

Wow.

He claps, and they casually walk closer to get a better
view.

JASON

Whahoo! Scale the telephone pole
like a panther!

Melanie is methodically rising up the pole. Multiple views
give a sense of depth and scale, then her face, which
reveals a deadpan lack of emotion, like she is in a trance.

QUAN

That's impressive Melanie, you can
come down now! Melanie?

She continues to rise.

TANYA

Melanie! You're crazy!

Melanie reaches the top of the pole, and begins to place her
feet on the top and slowly rise to a standing position.

The expression of the onlookers below shifts from amusement,
to concern, to horror.

Melanie leans forward and begins to fall.

Kool-Aid Man, thinks fast, and moves underneath her to break
her fall, by catching her in his pitcher-head, and she
dives, without making much of a splash.

The onlookers gather around Kool-Aid Man. Melanie swims to
the surface and spits a stream of Kool-Aid over the edge.

MELANIE

What Happened?

TANYA

Show off!

MELANIE

The last thing I remember was
listening to Hotel California on my
headphones.

(CONTINUED)

QUAN

You looked like you were in a
trance

KOOL-AID MAN

Something isn't right.

JASON

Somebody is playing a really sick
trick.

TANYA

Melanie, you just dived off that
pole, luckily int Kool Aid Man is a
ready made pool. We are so lucky
that you didn't hit the pavement.
how do you feel now?

MELANIE

My hands and arms are sore...

She looks up at the pole, and gets teary, emotional. Tanya
pats her on the shoulder.

TANYA

Let's get you in some dry clothes.

She reaches over and removes the headphones from her head
and inspects them. The liquid neutralized the electronic,
dead. She puts it to her ear to confirm, then tosses them
in a nearby trashcan.

MELANIE

Those were a birthday present!

TANYA

Who gave them to you?

MELANIE

I got them at a show, a service
really, given by The Man of the
Hour.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

5

Kool-Aid man shakes his head as if snapping out of a
daydream. He's in a modern large discount grocery store.
He's wearing a medical face mask, following socially
distanced protocol at the grocery store. Only a few let in
at a time. Standing in line 6 feet apart. Wearing face
masks. Attendant wiping down the carts.

(CONTINUED)

Riot breaks out over toilet paper

Empty shelving with only canned yams left.

Kool-Aid Man busts through empty shelving, appears from a nearby isle and saves the day, but there's no Kool-Aid on the shelves, and no one one gathers. Thirsties are everywhere.

EXT. BARN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

6

Silhouette of punk kid with Mohawk approaches barn, urban lights are on the horizon in the distance, as he approaches house music grows louder.

Skull and crossbones above the door of out of the way barn, painted black, dance lights glow from the windows and slits in the plank wood walls.

NO MASK REQUIRED sign posted by the entry.

A punk looking kid pays five bucks to the door guy to get in. He wipes his nose on his shirt and grins a gnarly toothed grin.

INT. BARN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

7

The gathering included a bunch of people standing around, swaying to music, staring at an empty stage.

Smoke billows in on the stage. The MAN OF THE HOUR walks in wearing a gold turban and white robes, black pointy beard, piercing eyes.

The Man of the Hour with an acrobatic move, bends himself like a pretzel. He contorts for the gathered crowd.

He pauses at the microphone, then speaks.

MAN OF THE HOUR

Suicide is the only way. Fighting
to live is mocking the truth. We
will perish, and perish
beautifully!

Cheers from the crowd.

Evil Cultist begins to mix sugar and a purple Flavor-Aid packet in a glass pitcher of water. Fortifies with a third ingredient from a silver vile.

(CONTINUED)

The Man of the Hour spits into a bowl of punch and stirs it round.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Come my children, take your communion.

A line forms to the stage, THE MAN OF THE HOUR distributes the glasses of purple Flavor-Aid one by one to each of his disciples and blesses them.

The crowd raises their glass and drink.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. KOOL-AID MAN'S APARTMENT- EVENING

8

Kool-Aid Man is watching the evening news, back in his lavender robe and slippers, sipping Kool-Aid, watching the news with his feet propped up.

NEWSCASTER

Party goers Beware, A notorious Cult Leader calling himself THE MAN OF THE HOUR is spreading the virus to his followers intentionally through Kool-Aid. That's right. The world's favorite party drink is being used to spread death.

One wonders how Kool-Aid man could allow such bad vibes to go down at a party where Kool-Aid is served.

One theory from a surviving cultist

Newsman on the street in overcoat on the street with microphone interviews punk street kid with acne and a black leather jacket, greasy hair.

interview

PARTY GOER/SURVIVOR

The MAN OF THE HOUR's parties are pretty lit, but he uses Flavor-Aid instead of Kool-Aid, maybe he's just cheap, or keeping Kool-Aid May at bay on a technicality. Kool-Aid Man only crashed BAD parties. The Cult gets in under the radar.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

So you are saying the party wasn't bad at the time, even though the party goers WERE poisoned

PARTY GOER/SURVIVOR

Yes sir, there was no boredom to crash, it is sneaky, even though ultimately any party that serves poison sucks.

REPORTER

There you have it.

Do not, I repeat do not drink the Kool-Aid!

PARTY GOER/SURVIVOR

Flavor-Aid

This is Robert Missoni with this latest report of this tragedy. Back to you Andrea.

NEWSCASTER

The suicide cultists meet on the outskirts of small towns spreading their word on social media and print. Please be aware of their brainwashing tactics and stay safe. This is Sandy Bradshaw for channel 7 news Springdale. Goodnight.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - DAY

9

(Lenora, The Girl in Blue, throws a bad party to attract Kool Aid Man.)

LENORA

Welcome to the pandemic party! Bring your own booze.. uh bring your own, everything!

Man on accordion plays Hotel California

LENORA (cont'd)

You can sit by yourself or with your home companion in the designated areas six feet apart.

(CONTINUED)

Guests in face masks sit awkwardly on plastic "poofs" placed six feet apart across the lawn. Some brought bag lunches or beer. Some empty-handed. A lady wipes down her area with a wipe and spray.

The sprinklers go off accidentally. The host, the girl in blue, apologizes, daubing a guest with a napkin.

The crowd gathers on the dry spot on the porch and then realize they are too close to one another.

GUEST

Water Droplets carry viruses!

GUEST (cont'd)

Are you trying to kill us?

GIRL IN BLUE

I wish Kool Aid Man were here!

Kool Aid Man Busts through a non-fortifying wall, Rainbow towels move by themselves to dry up the sprinkler water, and using bolts of energy from his hands, lifts the guests in the air and places them back on their poof area, the lighting is better, Tall iced glasses of Kool-Aid manifests in an array of colors in their hands.

AUDIO: SUGGIE OTIS - Strawberry Letter 23

A psychedelic light show plays on the wall.

The party goes chill in their area.

some ladies hula hoop

Kool-Aid Man and Lenora, the girl in blue, see each other across the lawn, their eyes meet.

KOOL-AID MAN

You know, eh, we've got to quit meeting like this.

LENORA

Oh, I bet you say that to all the girls

KOOL-AID MAN

You got me. I have said it before, but with you, it's different.

LENORA

I think there's something special between us too, Kool-Aid Man.

(CONTINUED)

KOOL-AID MAN

It's different because I've been here SO MANY TIMES! You throw the WORST parties!

Lenora looks distraught.

LENORA

But Kool Aid Man, how else would I ever see you!?!?

Kool-Aid man realizing she's upset, pats her gently on the shoulder.

LENORA (cont'd)

I... I think I'm in love with you

KOOL-AID MAN

You're not in love with me. You just need to find the party within yourself. I know you have the power to throw a good party if you just try.

LENORA

I'm only happy when I'm with you.

KOOL-AID MAN

You're happy because I bring, ice, good music and some lighting to your gatherings along with tons of good will. You could do the same.

LENORA

but I don't have your magic

KOOL-AID MAN

Magic? Do you know what Kool Aid is? Mostly JUST sugar. The magic is in your attitude, that is to say, your presentation.

He twirls her around and her blue dress is fancier, she has matching blue Kool-Aid drink, and now her hair is in a blue bouffant.

KOOL-AID MAN

Once you have that spark, then the magic happens.

FADE TO RED

EXT/INT MADAME GILDA'S HOUSE OF FORTUNE - NIGHT

10

Storefront window with a sign in neon of Madame Gilda's house of Intuition in window with large neon sign, a palm in a circle , flashes. in the glass reflection Kool-Aid man walks into the frame.

Kool-Aid man looks at himself in the reflection and sighs, and then walks in.

KOOL-AID MAN
Hello Gilda. Is this a good time?

GILDA
It's always a good time for you
Kool-Aid man!

KOOL-AID MAN
Thanks.

GILDA
Come, sit down. Let's take a look
at your fortune.

KOOL-AID MAN
Gilda, for the first time in
forever, I really don't know what
the future holds for me.

GILDA
It's the times. (she nods
knowingly) There is a lot of
turmoil in the spirit world.

KOOL AID-MAN
All I know is that there are no
more parties and I'm loosing my
sense of purpose.

GILDA
There there. What about the
Thirsties?

KOOL AID-MAN
I still see the Thirsties. No one
else can see them. Not even you.

GILDA
You have a gift of vision.

KOOL-AID MAN
Yeah, but if I'm the only one that
can see them they might as well be
a figment of my imagination.

(CONTINUED)

GILDA

We all have our sixth sense.

Gilda sits down across from Kool-Aid man at a round table with a crystal ball in the center. She pushes the crystal ball aside and reaches across the table to rub Kool-Aid man's surface. She gazes into the "crystal" at first seeing her reflection and then her image cross dissolves with an image of the Girl in Blue.

GILDA

Kool-Aid Man, shame on you, here you are going on about your sense of purpose and you don't even mention this lovely girl in blue!

KOOL-AID MAN

Oh yeah, her.

GILDA

I can tell she likes you

KOOL-AID MAN

And I like her, but honestly, she's sort of a pest.

GILDA

So you like her back!

KOOL-AID MAN

Well, yeah, she's cute and nice, but REALLY manipulative.

GILDA

Oh?

KOOL-AID MAN

Yeah, she throws bad parties JUST so I'll come save the day. She threw this really lame socially-distanced gathering a few days ago. I mean, who pays for a genuine accordion player at a party? It's ridiculous.

GILDA

Oh, I like her already.

KOOL-AID MAN

I don't think you understand. There are real parties that need saving. She can be a nuisance.

(CONTINUED)

GILDA

You mean she distracts you from your sense of purpose? My dear Kool-Aid Man, I think you're in love.

KOOL-AID MAN

I don't fall in love, that's not my thing.

GILDA

Kool Aid Man, don't turn your back on love.

KOOL-AID MAN

Who's turning their back? I'm just being realistic.

GILDA

So, does this girl have a name?

KOOL-AID MAN

I, I don't know.

GILDA

You'll need to go deeper than just partying to find love.

KOOL-AID MAN

(taking offense) Hey! I AM Deep.

FADE TO RED

EXT. AN ENGLISH GARDEN - DAY

11

A group of young women in pastel dresses sitting at a long white table set up for tea in a garden setting. It is an informal approximation of a traditional tea. Officiating at the head of the table is SALLY, Age 21 a redhead with blue eyes in a light yellow sundress pouring tea. Demure, with a mischievous smile. She speaks with an even high-pitched tone as she commences a lecture on Earl Grey Tea.

SALLY

Welcome ladies. Today we are sampling Earl Grey Tea and discussing its properties and applications. Our samples were grown in the fields of Oregon right outside the township of Astoria. Note the floral bouquet.

(CONTINUED)

GABBY

(interjects)

Blah Blah Blah, can't we just start already.

SALLY

Enjoy girls!

Now that they are at ease, the girls sip their tea, nod and chat. Close up of following actions, by different individual girls: Pouring, stirring, dabbing the corners of mouth with napkin, eating small cake.

The LENORA walks in the door, she wears a striking aqua-blue suit with a pencil skirt and matching high heels, late. Sally is making the rounds, pouring tea and approaches the Lenora.

SALLY

Hello there darling, would you care to try some Earl Grey Tea?

LENORA

That would be delightful, thank you.

Sally pours the tea and then thoughtfully puts the pot aside and sits down beside the Lenora, the girl in blue.

They stare at each other for a moment, like they were sizing each other up.

LENORA

Let me say something here.

SALLY

I'm listening.

LENORA

I don't know what I'm doing

SALLY

I know.

LENORA

But that's not what I want to say.

SALLY

You'll figure it out. What do you think of the tea?

(CONTINUED)

LENORA

It tastes like flowers. I guess I'm used to something with more color, and sugar...

SALLY

You are so hung up on Kool-Aid Man. It's almost cute, really there's a time, when you just need to have some relaxing tea and a bit of repose, instead of obsessing.

She drops two sugar cubes in her cup.

LENORA

Repose. I can do that.

She breathes in and starts to savor her tea. Emily pats her on the shoulder and stands up, moving over to pour tea for the ladies at the next table and begins chatting inaudibly.

AUDIO: Crashing sound of a porcelain tea cup hitting marble.

A laser spot-light shoots through the window at the string quartet, quit playing with a sudden screech of their strings. The tune they are playing abruptly changes to a jaunty Hotel California with long low drones coursing through the melody.

The tea party girls become entranced, they each cease their casual social activities, sitting at marble tables chatting, standing in the foyer, adjusting their panty hose, fixing their hair in the mirror, and such. They in a slow waltz to the music gather in the center of the greenhouse, their pastel A-line dresses in a variety of colors are in a multicolored arrangement, standing in a triangular formation as they dance like zombie modern dancers, swaying and shuffling their feet, like Anne Margaret in Bye Bye birdie.

Their dance becomes more and more manic

the tune changes again to a sort of pure screech noise music.

The string players are manic, smoke is coming off the strings, one snaps, then another they play until the instruments are whittled down, smoking from the friction, at last they can no longer play, and the entire gathering awakes at once, as if from a dream,

Only Lenora seems to have a sober control of herself as she watches in the fray.

(CONTINUED)

we see her pull some day glow earplugs from her ears, she sighs,

LENORA

The only one that can solve this
wave of hypnotic terrorism is
Kool-Aid Man

Awaking from her dream-state Sally turns to see the shattered tea cup and Lenora's empty seat. She's nowhere to be seen.

FADE TO RED

INT. THE MAN OF THE HOUR'S LAIR - DAY

12

A BARN on the outskirts of Madison Wisconsin, or thereabouts. Daylight leaks through the cracks in the loosely spaced boards. The Man of The Hour is wearing sunglasses, a turban and a jumpsuit. His bare feet pace the floor kicking up hay and dust. There are a team of roadies in Man of the Hour BLACK T-SHIRTS with clock logos setting up the stage and lights, apparently for his next evil sermon.

He is observing the flight of a MOTH for a long moment, it goes up and down to different points in the room and eventually lands on his shoulder.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Anyone evil enough to be lured by
my ideas must die.

He pinches the wings of the moth between his fingers and lifts it up into his line of vision. With a cruel smile he rips the wings off the moth one by one so it is a singular twitching body in the palm of his hand, he turns his hand over so that it falls to the dusty ground, he steps on it with his bare foot with a twist and wipes the remains with a smear on the ground.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR (cont'd)

I am the final flame.'

FADE TO RED

INT. BARN - NIGHT

13

The crowd has gathered in the barn as if by hypnosis. The crowd is full of hipsters in jeans and t-shirts, long hair, casual. Trance music plays. The smoke machines begin to billow in the room full of green light.

The room goes dark. The music changes, a voice from beyond the stage speaks to the crowd.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR'S VO
 (in darkness) I would like to draw your attention to the plight of the moth. Once, it was attuned to the moon and would orient his course to its light, but now, in this modern era of electricity, artificial light drives it off its natural course.

A floating ball of light with a thousand moths fluttering around it emerges from behind the stage curtain and floats in a graceful movement around the stage.

wide angel shot of The Man of the Hour holding a lantern on a pole.

The floating light in the darkness travels further so it is hovering above the center of the crowd. The man of the hour rests the pole in a stand which holds it in position and then walks to the standing microphone.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR VO
 The moths fly each night in a frenzy blindly around meaningless light, forever to be disoriented and confused in search of their moon. Let's put them out of their misery.

from behind the curtain emerge three beautiful women in turtlenecked bodysuits with sheer white death shrouds draping over them like ghosts. They wear illuminated crowns on their head with the three phases of the moon, (crescent, half-moon, and full) which illuminate the fabric. The moths are distracted by the new light. The Man of the hour lifts his glowing orb over the heads of the three maidens and the moths complete the transfer so they hover over the maidens' heads and the globe as well.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
 We light the night.

(CONTINUED)

With that briefly said. The room turns from black to a green light and the smoke machines flow in, the women transform their turtlenecks into gas-masks, the smoke machines pump in POISON GAS.

The doors are closed, there's no way out. The screen fills with smoke. Audio: Human screams and hands banging on wood walls.

FADE TO RED

INT. PARTY SUPPLY STORE - DAY

14

Audio: Muzak plays Hotel California

Florescent lighting (reminiscent of lighting in 99 cent only scenes in PUNCH DRUNK LOVE) with few shadows and very bright reflected colors.

LENORA pushes the cart in a way that suggests she is using it for support. She heaves a sigh of defeat and tosses a package of party hats into her empty cart.

a stone-like foot steps in her way. the cart stops, she looks up, and is face to face with The Man of the Hour.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Hello my dear. It looks like you are planning another one of your delightful get-togethers.

They proceed slowly side by side in conversation as they walk down the isle. One at a time, slowly, as they speak, The Girl In Blue throws in comical items into the cart: party glasses, novelty cups, plastic coconut bra with grass skirt, fireworks, noisemakers, chattering teeth etc.

LENORA

Yes. Groundhog's Day is coming up, I thought It'd be a good reason to party.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

That's pretty small-time for someone of your talents.

LENORA

Me? Talented?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

You're too modest.

(CONTINUED)

LENORA

I guess I just have to find the party within myself.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

That sounds like some sort of line.

LENORA

What? Well, it is a line someone told me, I guess.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

You need more confidence

LENORA

Now THAT's a line.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

I think I need you.

LENORA

You need me for what?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Why, party planning of course.

FADE TO RED

INT. TELEVISION NEWSCAST - DAY

15

Who would want to attend their own funeral? That is the question that is raised by the recent happening in Coyote Hills, Montana...

People are summoned by an underground network of cult rulers which bequeath their possessions at the door for a sanctimoniously clean and sociable death. Who knew it would catch on? The Catholic Church recently decreed they felt firm on the issue of Suicide is damnation and will not renig to suit the going trend.

EXT. RAINY STREET - DAY

16

Lenora walks home in the rain under her blue umbrella. She comes to her doorstep and starts to put the key in the door and she realizes it's unlocked. She looks around and sees The Man of The Hour, wearing a velor lavender track suit, standing in the entryway.

INT. LENORA'S APARTMENT - DAY

17

The girl in Blue's entire apartment is a soft robin's egg blue or a similar hue of blue: walls, the furniture, the decor, the gadgets and the stuff. It looks like a single college girl's apartment and there is only one chair, covered in books. The bed is covered in books and blue laundry.

The girl in blue stands in the doorway.

LENORA

Won't you come in?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

If you don't mind, for a moment. Until it stops raining.

LENORA

Oh, the place is a mess.

She removes the books from the chair and sets them on a table. She indicates where he is to sit.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

This is nice.

LENORA

I usually don't have company here.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

I'm usually not company, that is to say, I'm usually the host.

LENORA

Well, at least it is awkward for both of us.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

I like a girl that tries
DESPERATELY to look at the bright
side.

LENORA

Tell me more about what you do.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

I'm a business man just like any
other, I suppose.

LENORA

And what exactly does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
I deal with supply and demand.

LENORA
That's rather vague.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
I admit it. It is, because I've
found, people, have the most absurd
demands.

LENORA
You mean a death wish?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Yes. You understand. A death wish.

LENORA
I don't think that means that you
should give it to them, just
because people THINK that's what
they want.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
If I didn't do it, someone else
would.

LENORA
I'm not so sure. People want all
sorts of things.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
That's true, death isn't the only
thing for sale.

LENORA
The things they say about you on
the news, well your basically a
mass-murderer.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
That's showbiz.

LENORA
Well, what if you didn't kill
everyone? That seems like such a
waste. Why not make people your
zombie slaves instead?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
That's the sort of out of the box
idea I like to hear. That's why I
like talking to you.

(CONTINUED)

LENORA
You like talking to me?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Yes, very much.

LENORA
I'm just an ordinary girl

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
I hardly think so. Most women, they
don't have your drive,
imagination...

LENORA
Uh, thank you, you really like my
ideas? I think I was joking.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
You make me want to take things in
a new direction.

LENORA
What sort of direction?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Why, an enterprising one, of
course.

He is standing face to face with Lenora

LENORA
The rain stopped.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
And there is sunshine coming in
your windows.

LENORA
We should party.

INT. GIANT BARN INTERIOR - DAY

18

Suggested Music: Age of Aquarius "let the sunshine, let the
sunshine in, The sun shine in..."

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
I am not a mass-murderer, I am a
HEALER!

The man of the hour stands at a table full of a rainbow of
Kool-Aid Flavored drinks in plastic cups on a table.

(CONTINUED)

The Girl In Blue walks in the room.

LENORA
Everything is almost ready!

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
I'm actually a little nervous. I think I'm experiencing stage fright for the first time in a long time.

LENORA
Take a deep breath and breathe.f

He takes a breath

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
It's really quite wonderful. I have no idea how it's going to go.

LENORA
Well, they can sign the contract here and then drink the Kool-Aid, And then after you hypnotize them and we dance the night away we can start building the pyramids over there in the corn field.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
It was quite nice for Farmer Miller to donate his land to our church.

Farmer Miller, in overalls and a floppy hat, visibly drooling on himself, pallid complexion, dark circles under eyes, and dilated pupils, stands a few feet away in a stupor very much looking like a zombie slave and foreshadowing the minions to come.

LENORA
Yes, he's bringing in a new era. I'll file away his contract.

She takes a signed paper from the contract table and puts it in a folder with an efficient motion, clicking an icon on her phone to take a photo.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Business is good.

INT. SMALL BEIGE OFFICE - DAY

19

Dusty light enters the blind slatted window and hits the surface of The Man of The Hour's desk that is scattered with architectural drafting tools. The desk lamp creates harsh shadows on his furrowed brow as he concentrates. The sound of the pencil on the paper is audible as he draws rigid lines with a T-Square.

there's a soft knock at the door.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Come in.

LENORA

Hello? I'm done with the paperwork and was about to go home. Do you need anything else before I go?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Come look at this.

LENORA

What are you working on?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

A grand temple worthy of the Gods.

LENORA

Oh wow. That'll give the zombie slaves something to do. What's this here?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Yes, I envision a utopia where there is worship three times a week and much building, confessing, vows of silence and pamphlet distribution. Of course we will take on the burden of their worldly possessions and after a time, when they grow weary of life they can take a ride on the Final Roller Coaster.

LENORA

I love roller coasters! Final?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

You see, on the final curve of the ride, the angle is set just so. When they hit this little jump on this curve all the passenger's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN OF THE HOUR (cont'd)
necks will snap at once, like so
many fried chickens.

LENORA
I can only admire the efficiency.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
That's the promenade leading up to
the gallery and the alter here.

LENORA
You've got so much planned here for
worship and sacrifice. Maybe
somewhere we could have a party?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
No parties. I'm always dead
serious.

LENORA
I'm beginning to see that.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
I like to maintain a certain amount
of control. Parties indicate
mayhem. I see no point.

LENORA
I guess I've never thought of it
that way. It's sort of a relief, I
mean it takes the pressure off of
having to throw good parties.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
My dear, we must guide our little
sheep and keep them safe. There's
tons of pressure, but our methods
have more concrete goals.

LENORA
Will you be using concrete in the
temple?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Certainly, we'll utilize the
junkyard too, has resources to make
use of as well. Reflectors,
mirrors, hubcaps, all sorts of
shiny things!!

(CONTINUED)

LENORA

How are we going to get the crowds here?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

I have a homing frequency that goes out every time that Hotel California by the Eagles is played on the radio.

LENORA

I knew there was something about the song... that's YOU?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Yes, but now, for our new order, the zombie slaves will require mental pace-makers to keep them on task.

LENORA

That reminds me, this package arrived.

he uses a silver letter opener to puncture the seam of the box, he reaches inside and retrieves a fuzzy head-sweatband and lifts it into the air in triumph.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

We're in the big time baby!

EXT. MR. MILLER'S FARM CULT CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

20

Step dancing troop dressed in blue jumpsuits with racing stripes and sweatband on their heads. 20ish men. Perform dance steps to dance beat.

TROOP SOUNDS OFF

SARGE

I don't know but I've been told.

TROOP

I don't know but Ive been told.

SARGE

Better die before you're old.

TROOP

Better die before you're old.

(CONTINUED)

SARGE

Working for the Man-of-the-Hour.

TROOP

Working for the Man-of-The-Hour.

SARGE

Gonna build a great big tower.

TROOP

Gonna build a great big tower.

SARGE

Work will set you free from being bored.

TROOP

Work will set you free from being bored.

SARGE

Pay your dues and thank the lord.

TROOP

Pay your dues and thank the lord.
Count off 12, Count off 34 Count of
1234, 34!

Another troop of men pass by in the foreground each carrying an object, like marching ants, from the junkyard, shiny materials like chrome bumpers, colored glass, seashells, reflectors and umbrellas. They approach a small building in the distance where the temple is taking shape.

INT. PARK WITH DUCKPOND - DAY

21

The girl in blue sits by a duckpond writing in her diary.

LENORA VO

Dear Diary, I just don't know what to do. Things are going great with my new friend and I have lots to do, but I can't help feeling like something is missing... I miss Kool-Aid Man.

In the distance Kool-Aid Man is watching, morphed into the shape of a red light post. He's listening, but doesn't act.

The girl in blue sips on a vacuum pouch of Kool-Aid and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CROSS DISSOLVE

The girl in blue daydreams about Kool-Aid man taking her away to a dance club in the sky, Studio 54 disco style. Kool-Aid Man has on a white suit, and she is in a wispy chiffon blue dress that flows with her movements. They do the hustle to a song with a disco beat. Close up on Lenora's smile.

Abrupt disturbance with smoke bombs and The Man of the Hour with his team (six men) descend on the dance floor from the ceiling from ropes like a S.W.A.T team. Close up of Lenora's disappointed face.

They join in the 'hustle' and the moves get more competitive (like Anne Margaret in pink hot pants in Bye Bye Birdie)

The cult members grab Lenora and roll-wrap her in a long scarf from The Man of The Hour's neck. Lenora is held in a tight plank like a mummy and the cult members carry her above their heads and march towards the illuminated exit door.

Kool-Aid man hold out his hand emitting a rain-bow ray and elevates her body into the air, just out of their reach.

The room is completele filled in smoke.

BACK TO SCENE

She wakes up, and sips on an empty Kool-Aid Jammer and sighs.

EXT. THE CULT CAMPGROUND - DAY

22

The cult building escalates. A roller-coaster is being constructed in the background. Rows of young men in jumpsuits and sweatbands file into the temple.

Women wear white tennis dresses and sweatbands and are seated in a separate section.

They are chanting to the Hotel California

The sun starts to set and a ray of light catches a reflector and creates a beam of light that zig zags from reflector to reflector above the congregation and ends hitting the Man of the Hour's forehead as he stands dead-center before an alter to the sun and the moon.

He Glares at the crowd a moment, then speaks.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
 People come together and observe
 the power of the light.

The Man of the Hour steps aside and the beam hits a white paper lantern that catches fire and the ashes fall on a circular tray full of sterno that ignites as the ashes fall upon it. The purple flames rise.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR (cont'd)
 We were once in darkness and now,
 we have light which we can direct
 and hold as our own.

The congregation chants Hotel California again.

They rise and raise their hands in the air.

"I heard the mission bell And I was thinking to myself, This could be Heaven or this could be Hell, Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way"-- Hotel California

"We are programmed to receive. You can check-out any time you like, But you can never leave!"-Hotel California

INT. PARK - DAY

23

Lenora is walking by the duckpond. Kool Aid Man is disguised as a paddle boat and is observing her from afar.

LENORA
 I don't know what to do, things
 have gotten out of hand. If only
 Kool-Aid Man could show up... Maybe
 if I threw a SURPRISE party he
 could save the day?

Lenora throws a penny into a fountain. It makes a ripple.

She begins walking again, speaking into a device.

LENORA
 "how to throw a surprise party

VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE
 How to throw a surprise party.

Pick a personalized theme. Choose a theme based on the guest of honor's favorite movies, books, or TV shows. ... Book a surprising venue ... Send out sneaky invites. ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE COMING FROM DEVICE (cont'd)

Have a strong alibi. ... Add the sweet finishing touch. ... Order catering for food and drinks. ... Turn up the music. ... Time to decorate.

LENORA

Aw geees. What if the guest of honor is an entire death cult. And they HATE to party! I'm doomed!

She gazes at her reflection in the fountain, it ripples. In the waves Kool-Aid Man appears as a rippling reflection. The Lenora is shocked.

LENORA (cont'd)

Kool-Aid Man! What are you doing here?

KOOL-AID MAN

I'm just checking up on you. I can't stay, there's no party to crash. l

LENORA

You were checking up on me? That's sweet.

KOOL AID MAN

It sounds like you are making some terrible decisions.

LENORA

Not every important decision is about which disco light to set up.

KOOL AID MAN

If only it were that simple. People can't gather, and people can't party.

LENORA

Can't they? What if we threw a surprise party?

KOOL-AID MAN

For who?

LENORA

I made a new friend.

They walk along path in the park and talk.

(CONTINUED)

KOOL AID MAN

A surprise party for a friend you just met?

LENORA

Kool-Aid Man, listen to me. If only this friend of mine WOULD throw a party, so you could crash it... It's complicated, but he never parties, he's always DEAD serious.

KOOL-AID MAN

Oh, he NEEDS a party, like I need an insurance seminar. I'm so sick of your LAME ideas.

Kool-Aid man sees a thirsty sitting on the shoulder of an artist with an easel, canvas and paint set. He's painting the lake, with the ducks in the frame. His brush is replaced with a wine glass of kool-Aid.

LENORA

Lame? That hurts! This surprise party could save the world, and you won't even take me seriously.

KOOL AID MAN

I don't take anyone seriously. I don't do serious.

LENORA

Times have changed, and it is time to party serious. Or at the very least, could you refresh my drink? I'm out.

She sucks on the straw of the Kool-Aid Jammer to demonstrate, with the foil pouch air-tight around the straw. He hands her an ornate blue cocktail glass full of blue Kool-Aid, garnished with an orange.

KOOL AID MAN

So, seriously, have you even picked a personalized theme for this party? Selected an interesting venue? Sent out sneaky invitations?

A group of mimes are doing routines in the park, Kool-Aid man waves his hand and gives them a glass of Kool-Aid as they walk by. They silently gesture thank you and cheers.

(CONTINUED)

LENORA

Well, I've been thinking. There's a candlelight vigil coming up.

KOOL AID-MAN

What?

LENORA

Maybe you could crash it?

KOOL AID-MAN

You know how much I love to crash a party.

Middle-Aged men are working out at the exercise equipment in the park, Kool-Aid Man waves his hand and gives them glasses of Kool-Aid, they stop their activity and drink, wave at Kool-Aid Man.

LENORA

And we like it when you do.

KOOL AID-MAN

But this is a religious thing. I don't think my magic extends to vigils. Maybe a youth-group lock-in, or a spaghetti dinner?

LENORA

Yeah, this death cult tows the no-party line pretty hard-core.

KOOL AID-MAN

Oh, I don't know...

LENORA

I need you!

KOOL AID-MAN

Let's just forget all about this cult guy and go to Vegas.

LENORA

If we don't take care of this guy, who will? It isn't like he is going away.

KOOL AID-MAN

I just give parties a boost, this guy is a whole other territory.

(CONTINUED)

LENORA
So, I'm on my own?

KOOL AID MAN
You've got a choice.

Kool-Aid Man hops up, manifests a skateboard and rides it down the hill walk-way to the skate park in the distance.

FADE TO RED

EXT. DEATH CULT CAMP - DAY- MONTAGE

24

A montage to somber dirge-music plays as Lenora looks miserable, bored and out of place, and yet determined to participate in the activities of the cult. A brief glimpse of the goings on of the cult in a series of demonstrated images.

a piano concerto plays

-Candle making

-Yoga

-Choreographed step dance class

-Gardening

-Prayer

-Scrubbing floors

-Bee Keeping

-Temple building

-Book keeping and Filing in the office

-A sign is hung above the opening gate of the camp that reads ALL WORK AND NO PLAY, FOR THE GREATER GOOD, EVERYDAY

-Lenora sighs with defeat.

FADE TO RED

EXT. GARDEN PARTY GREENHOUSE - DAY

25

Tea Party Garden, girls are assembled in pastel dresses sitting at white iron garden tables.

Lenora enters, apparently late and sits in the back. A lecture on oolong tea is in progress.

SALLY

Oolong, meaning black dragon, traditional semi-oxidized Chinese tea (*Camellia sinensis*) produced through a process including withering the plant under strong sun and oxidation before curling and twisting.

She pours tea from a pot into a cup, smells the aroma and sips.

SALLY (cont'd)

Let's everyone, pour the tea and sample the aroma and full-bodied fruity flavor of this classic.

Lenora sips her tea and smiles at Sally. Sally comes by and sits next to her.

SALLY (cont'd)

How's it going?

LENORA

Uh, weird, honestly. I was wondering if you'd be interested in throwing a surprise party that might save the world?

SALLY

I don't see you in weeks and then you drop this on me?

LENORA

Well, I've been busy with this death cult.

SALLY

You mean the one on the news?!

LENORA

Uh huh.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

They say Kool-Aid man can't crash it, because it technically isn't a party.

LENORA

You have no idea. At first I liked not having to throw parties anymore, it was like the pressure was off. I would just get into the rhythm of the religious order, but they have some real dead-end ideas I just can't jive with.

SALLY

I've heard about these DEAD ends... Give me a moment, I've got to keep circulating. Have some more tea.

The girl in blue drinks some tea. The camera looms overhead from her at a distance, Lorena is alone in an empty space.

EXT. MILLERS FARM TEMPLE - NIGHT

26

recommended music: arrangement of choir like Hotel California Cubanos Acapella

Candlelight vespers begin, a long line of cult members in white robes holding a singular white candle at waist level before them, with mind controlling headband sing acapella version of Hotel California as they march to an outside chapel under an overhang of trees and starlight and sit on wooden benches facing a pulpit and temple constructed of old auto parts and sundry of of found objects. Lenora, wears a transparent sheer overlay of material and a blue moon headdress, marches dutifully in the procession. Her face is placid but for a single tear streaming down her face.

She sits near the front in the congregation.

A strong wind blows over the crowd and their candle lights go out.

A glowing moon orb floats above the crowd as they continue to sing. the light hovers at the top of the chapel and ignites light beams which bounce in rays of light between car reflectors in a criss-cross pattern that focus in a large singular beam that hit a crystal alter that glows blue. The music ends.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN OF THE HOUR VO
 A people is only as great as its goals, and its goals are conjured by visionaries. The right thing to do about any given circumstance or situation is to follow the guiding light of such visions. Always go with the ideas. There is no yesterday, only building of new constructs, together for a grander purpose than any one lone particle in the darkness.

A blinding light floods the chapel grounds.

TEA PARTY GIRLS
 SURPRISE!!!!

The tea party girls, in pastel sun dresses, have arrived. Sally, in yellow, leads the way and holds an old fashioned boom box over her head that plays a popular summer hit. They dance their way in and begin passing out Kool-Aid Jammers to the congregation. Some throw confetti.

LENORA
 You came! I'm so surprised!

Sally winks.

The cult congregation sip their drinks at first with nodding smiles and sway to the music.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
 Reject this construct!

The man of the hour steps from the pulpit, dropping his glowing orb which rolls down the center isle and stops with an awkward thud.

He approaches Lenora.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
 You did this!

He pulls her hair and doesn't let go.

LENORA
 owwwww!

He pulls her, staggering, up to the alter. She sways her arms to keep her balance as he holds her by the hair.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Once in a blue moon, we must
sacrifice what is dear to us to
keep the purity among us!

LENORA

I do not consent to this!

He turns a large electronic knob on the pulpit with his free hand which sends an electric shock through the crowd via their headbands. Some squeeze the Kool-Aid Jammers as they burst around them. No longer smiling or sipping, the zombie slaves rise to their feet.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Keep the purity among us!

THE CONGREGATION IN UNISON

Keep the purity among us!

The man of the hour lays the Lenora down on the crystal alter and raises a shiny blade above her heart.

THE CONGREGATION IN UNISON

Keep the purity among us! Keep the
purity among us!

Various crowd shots and close ups of faces in the crowd. as they continue to chant. The Man of the Hour holds still gesturing with one benevolent hand in the drama of the moment.

Suddenly, Kool-Aid Man bursts through the chapel window sending the various materials flying out in disarray.

KOOL-AID MAN

Oh Yeah!

Kool-Aid man extends his hand towards the crowd and with a lifting motion he removes the headbands from the congregation and sends them flying off to hang on a nearby tree.

Thirsties hover in a glow above the crowd.

The Congregation awakens from their trance. The tea party girls dance, pass out drinks and smile.

The Thirsties pulse like a bad tv signal and dissappear.

The man of the hour releases the Lenora's and stands in a position of command gripping the pulpit.

(CONTINUED)

Kool-Aid man dances and stands at the alter where the Lenora lays dazed.

KOOL-AID MAN (cont'd)
(to the girl in blue) Surprise!

LENORA
You made it!

KOOL-AID MAN
Well, I figure if they are serving Kool-Aid, and you're here, that makes it a party.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Not so fast bub. I have a proposal for you.

KOOL-AID MAN
Thanks, but no thanks. I don't accept any proposals, you aren't my type and I prefer to fly solo.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Not that type of proposal. I propose that you step into your proper status, as a God.

With this statement he turns more knobs on his pulpit and a light show starts at the far end of the chapel area opposite the alter, first with smoke and lights and then a glimmering light rising from the ground, a trap door opens from the floor, a crystal statue ascends in the likeness of Kool-Aid Man.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Don't tell me it hasn't crossed your mind before. A man of your obvious divinity and power is the right choice of deity for us to worship in this new age.

LENORA
This is ridiculous.

KOOL-AID MAN
What? Me?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Don't sell yourself short. Who else can lead the masses the way you do?

(CONTINUED)

KOOL-AID MAN

I only lead the masses to shake
their asses.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Seriously, I recently realized that
my own ideas were just the
beginning, at the forefront of
something bigger than myself. I
only regard the light, but you, you
have the power of celebration, an
exuberance for life, which could be
the foundation of a new religion
that could outlast the ages. The
problem with death cults is that
they don't, by their nature, go
beyond one generation.

KOOL-AID MAN

What? I do like that statue...

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Can you pitcher it?

KOOL-AID MAN

I can pitcher it, I can even
picture it in my imagination. I can
always pitcher it, I'm Kool-Aid
Man.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

The dawning of a new age, with you
as our lord, you could be greater
than Zeus. This could be the best
religion EVER!

The man of the hour begins to dance towards the statue, as
does the rest of the congregation. Soon they are holding
hands in chains and circling the Kool-Aid man statue in a
complex choreography. Kool-Aid Man likes the attention. The
Lenora looks worried. The tea party girls are getting swept
away in the excitement. Various close ups of faces in the
crowd and killer dance moves. The light show gets more
complex as the music continues.

Lenora sneaks off into the woods, escaping her sacrifice, as
the people party into the night.

EXT - THE WOODS - NIGHT

27

The music can be heard faintly in the distance. The hooting of owls and night sounds overpower. Lenora trudges through the woods, tearful and scared. She speaks to herself.

LENORA

How could I be so dumb, so blind?

She continues to walk. She stumbles down a hill and approaches a truck stop.

INT. TRUCK STOP CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

28

Florescent lights and convenience store set up. Skinny CASHIER in plaid behind the counter with zombie-like stare.

LENORA

Hey, is there a bus or something coming through here? I need to get far away from here into the nearest town.

CASHIER

There's a Greyhound that stops here on Sundays, but today's Tuesday.

LENORA

Great.

A dark, chisel-jawed man in cowboy hat, EARL, emerges from the candy bar isle, sipping a Slurpee.

EARL

I'm headed to Darbyville if you need a lift.

LENORA

Darbyville? Sure, that sounds good.

EARL

What's the matter? Your car broke down?

LENORA

Nah, I'm running away from a death cult.

EARL

Ah, typical.

EXT. COMPLETED TEMPLE MILLERS FARM COMMUNE - DAY

29

The Jammers silver pouches align in a tile-like pattern in a tubular hallway that leads to a statue garden. with the Kool-Aid Man statue at the pinnacle. Other crystal statues include DJ-Man, Choreography-Man, Light-Show Man, the three moon goddesses, and yes, The Man of the Hour as idols of worship. There are fountains and pools of water to swim in.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

The portal to this statue garden is my greatest accomplishment, a vision for the masses that should be upheld for the next millenia.

KOOL-AID MAN

I can't even picture next week, you really think this will last?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

People need religion, and we are providing that.

KOOL-AID MAN

You make it sound so simple.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

It is and it isn't. I've been a student of theses things for some time, and I think, with your help, we've really got a good formula. Something that won't cave-in with the first generation of believers.

KOOL-AID MAN

Cave-in?

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Gathering around some sense of higher order is one thing. Finding meaning in life is another.

KOOL-AID MAN

The garden looks great, I don't know about anything else.

The man of the hour pours red Kool-Aid into two crystal goblets and hands one to Kool-Aid Man, and holds his glass in the air with a grand gesture.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

A toast to Kool-Aid Man. A God for the new age!

(CONTINUED)

They toast and drink. There's a strange kerploping sound and bubbles as Kool-Aid man adds the drink to his already full pitcher.

The man of the hour smiles and reaches for a large padded mallet and hits a giant gong. The sound summons the other "gods" DJ Man, the three Moon Goddesses. DJ Man plays a techno/vapor wave instrumental. The goddesses sway to the music. they all do a mellow dance as the camera backs away to an overhead view of the entire beautiful garden.

KOOL-AID MAN

I need to think about this, like really fast, and meditate.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

You meditate?

KOOL AID MAN

I really need to clear my head

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

There's nothing to think about. The thinking is done.

KOOL AID MAN

I am a vessel for the word of Kool-Aid, but a vessel none the less.

Sally turns to see the shattered tea cup and the Girl In Blue's empty seat. She's nowhere to be seen.

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

30

Searing sun bearing down on the glistening Kool-Aid man. Day one... montage as he wanders and Day 20.. gets slowly emptier and emptier Day 40..until he is just a clear pitcher.

(like Jesus and the Devil in the desert.... Kool-Aid Man is fasting, he's empty, he needs to "clear his head "40 days he doesn't do anything Kool-Aid related, and then the Man of the Hour finds him. Join us. We can dominate the world, have our own Vatican, spread your word... you can fill yourself with any drink you want, will it, turn this water

(CONTINUED)

into Kool-Aid... "I only need to serve the party, not you and your minnions. He raises his hands and The garden is sucked into a vortex.)

Suddenly back in the 1950's kitchen of his orgin. The glistening pitcher of red Kool-Aid with a smile drawn on the condensed glass. It blinks and smiles. Off camera we hear the clapping and giggling of a small child. The pitcher turns to face the child. We see the child laugh with glee, the two smile at each other and are friends.

the kitchen spins

Kool-Aid man, Gets bigger and bigger...

FADE TO RED

is lying on his back in the middle of what looks like a crackled river bed. bleached animal bones are strewn about and buzzards circle overhead.

He stand to his feet,he glimmers like a glistening clear-crystal light show,

KOOL-AID MAN

I have something to say to the people. I've got to get back.

he begins his stead walk towards the horizon, back to civilization

INT. MILLER'S FARM COMMUNE TEMPLE - DAY

32

The congregation meets at the outside chapel, now decorated with multicolored Kool-Aid shades. The hair of the cult followers is dyed in multicolored Kool-Aid tones as well. Kool-Aid man wears a brightly colored religious robe similar to a bishop, without the hat.

Kool-Aid Man stands at a podium with a psychedelic LED lightscreen behind him. Images play of clips of rainbow colored beverages in crystal fcasting beams of light like stained glass, and an interior of a chruch.

an orchestra with horns and an organ accompany the procession.

KOOL-AID MAN

The subject idol worship isn't new. And in the present age of celebrity trend setters, I've felt a certain obligation to keep in touch with my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KOOL-AID MAN (cont'd)
 fan base. I'm on a mission to
 quench a thirst and get the party
 started.

The congregation cheers. Kool-Aid man moves into position to dispense Kool-Aid communion. Little cups are filled with red kool aid. The congregation lines up to accept the sacrament.

KOOL-AID MAN (cont'd)
 We learn about the world and it's
 ideas from our celebrity icons and
 heroes with magical powers. It is a
 reflection of the everyday man and
 his struggle to make things
 good. For me, it is something as
 simple as taking a boring glass of
 icy tap water and turning it into
 something magical. Accept this
 sacrament.

close up of a series of faces accepting drinking the
 kool-aid.

CROSS DISSOLVE

time has passed, the congregation returned to their seats,
 kool aid man is back at the podium.

KOOL-AID MAN
 I am not here for the high end
 mixologist, but to anyone that
 wants to make a gathering special.
 My powers come from that humble
 ideal.

THE CONGREGATION IN UNISON
 I believe that a party is only as
 good as the vibe you create. find
 the party within yourself, if you
 are to share it.

KOOL-AID MAN
 This reminds me of a friend of
 mine, that was so desperate to have
 someone else bring the party to
 her, that she didn't know how to
 bring joy to others herself. That
 is the point of a party. To share
 your joy with others, over
 something simple like a sweet
 fruity drink in a variety of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KOOL-AID MAN (cont'd)
rainbow colors, and a good source
of vitamin C.

If you'll excuse me, I think I need
to check up on someone...

INT. MOUNTAIN TOP DAY

33

Lenora finds the party within herself

Lenora sits alone atop a mountain in a yoga lotus position
with her thumb and fore finger forming an OK sign on her
knees. She takes a deep breath and looks tranquil, at peace.

a butterfly hovers over her head.

birds chirp, she closes her eyes and a blue mandela appears
in her forehead, her mind's eye.

CROSS BLUR

the blue mandela fills the screen and slowly spins. piano
music plays gently.

LENORA VO
parties come and go, but I will
keep my glow, and I won't wait on
anyone that doesn't know the joy of
fun

CROSS BLUR

the music is interrupted by the sound of running shoes on
gravel. it grows louder until the shoes step into the
frame.

Lenora turns her head and looks up to see a man.

JOGGER
Hey! I know you! You throw those
lit parties!

LENORA
hello!

JOGGER
its wonderful to see a friendly
face. I hope I wasn't disturbing
you

(CONTINUED)

LENORA
Actually...

JOGGER
maybe we can talk sometime later

LENORA
yes... later, I'm throwing another surprise party. Please come!

INT MADAME GILDA'S HOUSE OF FORTUNE- DAY

34

Harsh sunlight illuminates the window of Madame Gilda's House of Fortune. The neon sign is off. The street traffic is rough. Kool-Aid man heaves a sigh before he pushes open the door and the alerting bell chimes.

KOOL-AID MAN
Hello?

Madame Gilda peeks through a beaded curtain, she's eating a sandwich, holding it in her hand and taking bites.

MADAME GILDA
Hello! Kool-Aid Man! I'll be right with you.

KOOL-AID MAN
Take your time Gilda, I have all the time in the world.

Madame Gilda gives him a stern look and puts her sandwich aside.

MADAME GILDA
You know, for a powerful guy, you sure are not in touch with your feelings.

KOOL-AID MAN
What? Oh, yeah. I guess, honestly, I have no time at all. The Girl In Blue Has Disappeared and I somehow haphazardly started a new popular religion. Things are so crazy, I need advice, like yesterday, like now, like urgently.

MADAME GILDA
Ok, ok ok. No worries, Madame Gilda is here.

(CONTINUED)

KOOL-AID MAN

Just tell me what you see, I give up.

MADAME GILDA

Relax, the future and the past are all the same my friend.

Madame Gilda rubs Kool-Aid Man's belly and gazes into the forming vision, a hazy image of the Lenora working at a pet shop.

MADAME GILDA

Your friend, The Girl In Blue, she's moved on. She's over you, in a new world and a new profession... What exactly are you up to Kool-Aid Man?

KOOL-AID MAN

I think I've created a new religion.

MADAME GILDA

You?

Why you're the most shallow person I know.

KOOL-AID MAN

YOU need to look deeper.

Madame Gilda shrugs and gives his crystal belly another rub. The image changes to Kool-Aid Man being fed grapes and fanned with giant palm branches by the self-delegated tea party servant girls.

MADAME GILDA

I guess this explains why The Girl In Blue moved on. What about the Thirsties?

KOOL-AID MAN

The Thirsties will always come back, if there is no one to plan the snack breaks.

MADAME GILDA

You need your girl in blue after all.

(CONTINUED)

KOOL-AID MAN

Can't you see? I'm so deep it hurts. They worship me like a God, and all I have to offer is my knowledge on how to party.

MADAME GILDA

Well, that's something. Maybe that's everything?

EXT. HELICOPTOR - DAY

35

Helicopter overhead of the Miller's Farm Commune

Two cops in a helicopter observing the scene overhead.

COP # 1

Well this is interesting.

COP # 2

We've been observing this death-cult for a while, trying to accumulate enough solid evidence to convict.

COP # 1

We never anticipated them shifting gears to a GOOD cult midway.

COP # 2

Keep an eye on the construction of that roller coaster.

COP # 1

We should keep an eye on everything, yet when Kool-Aid Man is involved, we generally relax. People are just happy and party. There's no disturbance of the peace.

COP #2

Is crime subjective or objective? We've got this neutralized situation where there is an agreed upon condition to do no harm. Just party.

COP #1

Maybe, eventually, Kool-Aid itself can become a controlled substance, to keep us in a job.

(CONTINUED)

COP #2

Anyone with a conscience will tell
you how cheap and wrong that is.

COP #1

Anyone with an empty pocket will
agree.

EXT - FARM -DAY

36

Kool-Aid Man transports his congregation to the
neighborhoods of the world so that they can knock on doors
and hand out pamphlets.

The skate boarders, artists, street musicians, mimes and
neighbourhood athletes unite in rainbow colors march down
the sidewalk.

KOOL-AID MAN

So what is the difference between a
cult and a world party? I can do no
wrong!

Kool-Aid Man knocks on Lenora's door, she smiles as he hands
her a pamphlet

CROSS DISSOLVE

INT HOUSEPARTY - NIGHT

37

Lenora throws Kool-Aid Man a surprise Costume party where
everyone is dressed as Marvel Characters with masks.
Real-time party commences. Improvisation and reality.
Everyone in masks. Music plays.

THE END