

INT. COURT ROOM

Bevvy sits, wearing a mask covering their entire face, in front of a peer of pompous reviewers, lead by a fuming Judge.

JUDGE

Guilty.

BEVVY

I didn't even state my case...  
Wait! Are you gonna at least read  
the charges?

JUDGE

You were caught printing false  
information and therefore you are  
to be exiled to the colony.

Jury gasps. Judge looks over. All clap. Bevvy is removed.

BEVVY

Don't I get a rebuttal? More  
details? A chance to provide  
evidence?

JUDGE

Nope. But here's a brochure.

INT. CAR TRUNDLE

Bevvy is thrown into a car trundle with brochure showcasing  
horrifying details of The Get Lost Colony, present day OBX,  
to which they've been ostracized to.

Bevvy is raddled around in the trunk at warp speed. The car  
rises into the air by magnetic crane.

BEVVY

(slipping)  
Whoa! WHOA!

The trunk pops open.

VOICE (O.S.)

You are now departing. Goodbye.

Bevvy falls out.

EXT. BEACH

Bevvy continues to fall a considerable distance from the  
magnet hanging over the dividing wall, into the colony.

Bevvy lands on beach front with clear water on both sides, stretching out for miles of island. It is an oasis unlike the brochure, beautiful and peaceful. Bevvy jumps around alert and alive with joy.

BEVVY

I'm free!

(covering mouth)

You better not jinx it. Fuck it! I could get used to this.

Trunks and trundles, lamps and bundles galore catapult over the wall. Clothes falling like confetti. All landing in various places, scattered along the narrow beach, many landing in water. Gremlin people flock to the items, clawing and scraping at each other for their share.

BEVVY (CONT'D)

That's my stuff! Get off of my stuff!!

Gremlins growl.

BEVVY (CONT'D)

On second thought, you know what? You-you-you keep it. Get your joy!

A deafening trumpet sounds, with a Golf Cart licensed "Mayor" roving up. Mayor, a Trans woman Stepford-Wife-type drives.

MAYOR

Welcome! We've been expecting you.

Mayor kicks an unfurling red carpet strip, ushering Bevvy in.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Come on in, silly. I won't bite!

Gremlins gnash teeth, drowning each other as they steal.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Or you can stay out here with the Gremlins if you prefer.

Mayor begins to drive off. Bevvy runs and jumps into the moving cart. Mayor pumps the brakes, Bevvy hits head.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Buckle up, safety first. Just kidding there's no seat belt. This is a golf cart.

(resuming driving)

I wouldn't worry about my stuff. It's just stuff.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

You can always get new stuff. Oh look, the greeting committee is out.

EXT. TOWN LIMITS

Driving along the small town front, many people stand, waving happily, mechanically at attention in their positions as if staged to do so.

MAYOR

How do you like our town?

BEVVY

I've been here all of five seconds... It's nothing like the brochure.

MAYOR

That is so funny. Wit will get you far here. Here is your home.

The cart stops in front of a duplex. BevvY hits head on dash.

BEVVY

Whose?

MAYOR

Yours silly. Go on. The greeting committee has a special prize for you inside!

BEVVY

OK...

BevvY walks slowly towards the left duplex. Mayor watches.

MAYOR

Other side!

BEVVY

(moving to right)  
This side?

MAYOR

Yes. That's the one.

BEVVY

Had a 50/50 chance... Thank you. Very kind.

MAYOR

My pleasure.

Mayor continues to wave as Bevvv enters.

INT. RIGHT DUPLEX

Bevvv shuts and bolts the door. Mayor is still outside waving, as are all in the welcoming committee. Bevvv pulls a tiny drape down over the front door window. The house is pristine, clean, new, but sparse.

MAYOR (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
How do you like your new home?

BEVVV  
(talking thru mail slot)  
I love it!  
(under breath)  
Even tho this is creepy as shit.

Johnson, a black Greek Goddess, lies draped on the couch.

JOHNSON  
What's so creepy?

Bevvv screams. Johnson screams back.

BEVVV  
Why are YOU screaming??

JOHNSON  
Is this how you greet people on the mainland?

BEVVV  
No. I'm scared.

JOHNSON  
Ooh, what're we scared of?

BEVVV  
You. What're you doing in my house??

JOHNSON  
Oh, cause I'm black! Great another racist in this hick-ass town.

BEVVV  
Are we roommates? Is this your house? I can go. I think the catapult's making me hallucinate or something. This is really not like the brochure.

JOHNSON

(grabbing brochure)

Lemme see that. Oh, this is hilarious. Yeah I could see why you were scared.

(throwing brochure at fireplace, which is just a sticker)

No, no. You were lied to. It's great here. There's no rules. Except one. You can never lie.

BEVVY

Oh.

JOHNSON

Yes. I can't tell if you're a racist. But against my better judgement, I would still bone. You wanna go at it?

BEVVY

... Yes?

JOHNSON

Look at you, lying already. Alright, I'm gonna let that one slide. Unless you wanna slide--

BEVVY

No. Sorry.

JOHNSON

Your loss. Anyway, enjoy this half of the house. You know duplex. Welcome to Honestville. Blah blah blah.

BEVVY

Are you the greeting committee?

JOHNSON

Yeah. I said welcome, bitch. Why, you don't feel welcomed?

BEVVY

It was great. Thank you... So hospitable. How do I have this space?

JOHNSON

It's yours.

BEVVY

But how?

JOHNSON

Cause it's YOURS.

BEVVY

How. Like, am I paying for this?

JOHNSON

Of course you're paying for this.  
But not with sex, I can tell you  
that much. That's OFF the table  
now.

A drawer pops out of the wall, revealing a VCR tape. Bevvv grabs it, it reads "the truth about Bevvv." Bevvv attempts to hide it. Johnson acts as if she saw nothing.

BEVVY

Did you put this here?

JOHNSON

Put what? I don't see anything.

BEVVY

This tape.

JOHNSON

I don't see ANY thing. Have a good  
night. I'll take 3K every month. Or  
you'll be evicted.

BEVVY

Whoa. How does anybody get money  
here?

JOHNSON

You could steal. It's completely  
legal.

BEVVY

Are there jobs?

JOHNSON

Duh. We're not some graceless  
society.

BEVVY

Just anarchists.

JOHNSON

You watch your mouth. If you wanna find a job, do what normal people do. You know, just go to the classifieds in the paper or something.

BEVVY

There's a paper here!

JOHNSON

Uh-huh. Damn what was the mainland like? Uncivilized. Malnourished. Asexual. Mm...

BEVVY

I'm a writer! Where can I get a paper?

Johnson shuts the door. BevvY follows out the door.

EXT. STREET

The street is completely empty, a few stragglers are running for their lives. Night is falling fast.

BEVVY

Not creepy at all!

People watch from their various windows. BevvY waves. They wave back as blinds slowly turn down. Walking, BevvY passes a Gardener watering a flooded plant.

BEVVY (CONT'D)

Hello, can you tell me where I can get a paper?

The Gardener smiles, slowly turning with hose further and further from BevvY. BevvY walks away down the street, to a sign that says "Newspaper".

BEVVY (CONT'D)

Thank you! I think I found it.

Gardener smiles, aiming the water at BevvY, slowly spraying closer. Eventually BevvY has soaked shoes, then pants.

BEVVY (CONT'D)

Thank you... this will really help with my first impression as an applicant to a new job.

Bevvy knocks on the Newspaper door. The door falls completely off.

INT. NEWSPAPER BUILDING

Three desks sit very organized, with one singular door in back, like a vault. A pair of feet rest on the central desk, behind an oversized paper reading of absolute chaos and gibberish. The paper is put down, revealing Tommy, a 12 year old in an over-sized business suit.

TOMMY

Hi! What can I do for you my good individual that has yet to have given me their pronouns?

BEVVY

I'm a journalist. And it's they/them.

TOMMY

Awesome. I'm they/them. Ooh a journalist! We are in need of one.

BEVVY

I would provide writing samples, but I just got into town... a couple of minutes ago.

TOMMY

(producing a folder with shredded documents)

I saw. And no need, I've read your work! We pried it from one of the Gremlins clenched hands. It was a struggle. Don't worry their dead now.

(wiping off blood speckle)

Totally worth it. Very interesting read... I think.

BEVVY

Oh, great. Were you able to retrieve any of my other items?

TOMMY

No. You're hired! When can you start?

BEVVY

Are you in charge?

TOMMY

You are so funny. That wit will get you far. I have to run. First assignment is due by the morning, OK?

Tommy leaves stepping on the fallen door. The vault door in the back of the room creaks open. Bevvv enters.

BEVVY

Against my better judgement... fuck it. Everything is creepy here, I'm just gonna lean into it.

INT. VAULT ROOM

A room brimming with papers and chaos. All are papers of absolute gibberish. While reading, Bevvv witnesses a bookcase which rotates. All of the books fall off of its shelves, the bookcase gets stuck. Out pops Jeffrey, a wild haired certifiably-lunatic.

JEOFFREY

Oh thank fuck they're gone.

BEVVY

Who?

JEOFFREY

That little short devil. I've been hiding in there since last night. They are gone, right?

BEVVY

Yes, just left. Sorry about the front door.

JEOFFREY

Darn. It fell again.  
(cracking every bone in body)  
And you are..?

BEVVY

The newest employee here. I think? Are they able to hire me?

JEOFFREY

I don't see why not.

BEVVY

OK. What kind of assignments can I be expected to do?

JEOFFREY

Beats me. You'll have to ask them.

BEVVY

Oh... they didn't seem particularly insightful?

JEOFFREY

Never dismiss someone based on age. Yes, they are a scary, evil little idiot. But that's off the records because they are also our boss. Yes, I know. I know. They own the paper. And a couple other things. Actually, they kind of run this town.

TOMMY (O.S.)

On the record, what exactly should I look for by midnight? Everybody to already be asleep or locked up. Is there a curfew?

JEOFFREY

(sniffing air)

Shit, they're back.

Jeoffrey escapes through the revolving bookshelf. It slams shut. Screams within.

BEVVY

Are you OK?

JEOFFREY (O.S.)

(high pitched)

Be quiet. I am not in here.

(normal voice)

I suggest you escape through the window.

BEVVY

Fuck it.

Bevvy struggles to get out of the window. Falls HARD.

EXT. ALLEY WAY

Bevvy falls three stories and struggles to get up. It is quiet out. Too quiet.

BEVVY

Great. How am I gonna find anything to report on when everyone's asleep?

Two fires rage on, as gunshots run rampant, and a collision of screams happen directly behind and around.

BEVVY (CONT'D)

Not one single thing to report.

A vending machine is being dragged by a Gremlin.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Bevvy passes a beautiful garden. An Elderly Woman whispers thru a bush.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Are you the new journalist?

BEVVY

Yes. Word travels fast...

ELDERLY WOMAN

Come here. I have something to show you.

EXT. GARDEN OF ELDERLY WOMAN

Thru much secretive maneuvering and suspense, much like a Pac-Man chase, until finally they halt in front of a single shadowed thorny figure. Elderly Woman places a spotlight on a beautiful Yellow Flower in full, radiant bloom.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Well?

BEVVY

It's a nice flower.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you. This flower just bloomed.

BEVVY

Very pretty.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you.

BEVVY

What's the scoop here?

ELDERLY WOMAN

This flower just bloomed.

BEVVY

I heard you. Congrats?

ELDERLY WOMAN

This is breaking fucking news.

BEVVY

I... ok. Maybe. But if you have any inside information, something to report on. Perhaps a few answers about how this civilization operates and why so eerily. Is there a curfew? I will gladly take any of those stories.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You wanna report on my flower or not?

BEVVY

I would like but--can't. No?

ELDERLY WOMAN

What a waste.

(removing spotlight,  
sticking it under her  
chin)

No one here can even read.

(walking away)

Just draw the flower. And be done with it.

BEVVY

Draw with what utensils?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, now I'm expected to provide the story AND the utensils. You're not very good at your job.

BEVVY

I just got it. Moments ago.

ELDERLY WOMAN

This is a big lead.

BEVVY

I'm gonna draw your flower, OK?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 (throwing over a bag of  
 colored pencils)  
 Fine! Whatever!

Bevvy begins to color yellow, feverishly, without any border and talent.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Hurry up. It's my curfew.

BEVVY  
 Is it my curfew..? I'm almost done.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Hurry. It's time that you go. NOW!

BEVVY  
 OK. OK! I guess we don't care too much about accuracy...

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Good thing we don't, because you cannot draw.

BEVVY  
 I think this is close enough.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 (slipping a handwritten  
 note)  
 Yes. It is close enough.

BEVVY  
 Did you have something you wanted to tell me?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Good night, Bevvy the journalist. I said goodnight!

Elderly Woman slams her door shut. Bevvy struggles to determine an exit.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy is standing in the middle of the street, hand outstretched.

TOMMY  
 Perfect! You finished your first assignment?

BEVVY  
It's just a drawing.

TOMMY  
JUST a drawing? That is exactly  
what we need! That will be perfect  
for the paper.

BEVVY  
I guess so. Since most people can't  
read here.

TOMMY  
Who told you that? Who told you  
that!  
(snatching papers and note  
from Elderly Woman)  
Thanks for your first assignment. I  
like how quickly you produced this.  
See you tomorrow.

Bevvy walks to their house, passing a couple going at it on  
their lawn, and a grand theft auto that ensues further along  
the way.

EXT. RIGHT DUPLEX INTERIOR

The door is ajar.

INT. RIGHT DUPLEX

Bevvy walks in slowly, grabbing umbrella from stand as they  
walk in, ready to attack. Rustling from outside. Bevvy jumps,  
opening umbrella to defend. Peering around with full bravery,  
no one is there.

BEVVY  
(shaking umbrella loose)  
Ooh, bad luck.

The VCR tape is no longer on the counter.

BEVVY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is going on? I'm so  
grateful for all this eeriness and  
mystery. I'm gonna sleep GREAT  
tonight.

INT. RIGHT DUPLEX INTERIOR -- NEXT MORNING

Every piece of furniture barricades the door. Bevvv has built a tent around the couch and sleeps soundly holding the umbrella. Johnson slides in thru the living room window. She taps Bevvv lightly on the shoulder. Bevvv doesn't wake. She screams VERY close to their face. Bevvv screams back, falling off of the couch, tangling in the tent.

JOHNSON

I don't see how this is an effective way to greet new people. But, whatever you main-lander with your customs.

BEVVV

What're you doing here?

JOHNSON

You're renting this from me, remember?

BEVVV

So, you're just gonna break in any time.

JOHNSON

Pretty much. I'm just here to congratulate you.

(digging thru cabinets)

You know on your job! Damn, you don't have no food?

BEVVV

I am borderline scared of how fast word is getting around here. Is anything private?

JOHNSON

No. And you need to go grocery shopping. But don't be spending all that money flippantly. You need that ramen noodle life, remember how much you owe me? OK you can splurge on some pretzels and hummus. I'm trynna watch my figure. Don't you look at me like this is none of my business. As my tenant, it's exactly my business WHAT your business is.

(throwing newspaper)

Congrats! You're in print!

Bevvy picks up the newspaper. The flower takes up the whole page. A huge blue flower.

BEVVY  
What is this?

JOHNSON  
It's your first article.

BEVVY  
But this isn't what I submitted.  
This flower was yellow.

Johnson has escaped back out the window. Vanished.

BEVVY (CONT'D)  
Johnson? I need to get some new  
locks...

JOHNSON (V.O.)  
And some groceries.

BEVVY  
Oh, now you can hear me.  
(kicking barricade)  
All this was useless. Could've  
saved SO much energy last night!

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Mayor is honking golf cart horn, driving along the main road.

MAYOR  
Another beautiful Spring day, 43  
days out from the official  
Hurricane Season! Slight sweater  
weather. Bright colors are  
encouraged. A chance of rain, as  
always. Just to be safe, be  
prepared for all possibilities.

Bevvy walks towards the Newspaper building. Several people  
along the way are wearing their clothes.

BEVVY  
I think those are my clothes.

A person wearing a monogrammed "Bevvy" shirt passes with  
stroller.

BEVVY (CONT'D)  
Hey! Those are my clothes. That is  
my jacket!

Person looks back at them, picks up Bevvv's shoes from their stroller, waves them at Bevvv, throws them back in the stroller--sticks out tongue and continues walking away. Stumped, Bevvv stands before a growing shadow as it stretches to Bevvv's feet. The shadow belongs to Tommy.

TOMMY

Great job! The article's a real hit. Big success. Major! Have the next article in by lunch.

BEVVV

About that, this isn't what I drew.

TOMMY

Of course it is, silly. Oh, you're one of those humble artists. I get it. No need for humility here. Permission to brag! Totally legal. Encouraged, actually.

BEVVV

The flower I drew was yellow. This is blue.

TOMMY

I don't know what you're insinuating. Are you calling me... a liar?

Everyone on the street stops moving and looks at them.

BEVVV

Well...

TOMMY

Yes or no? Am I lying?

BEVVV

No? I just... I did not draw this.

TOMMY

Yes you did. Here's the original.

Tommy produces the drawing. It is blue.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

See? Everyone, we are in agreement that I am not a liar. Say it.

DAWN

You are not a liar?

Everyone continues to go about their business.

TOMMY

Looking forward to that second article! I have high hopes for that follow-up!

Bevvy stares in dismay at the "original" drawing. Yelling begins nearby, from three people at a parking meter.

EXT. PARKING METER

Just outside of a barber shop, three Peron's yell at one another in front of two slightly mangled vehicles.

PERSON A

You took MY spot.

PERSON B

This is a public street. You don't HAVE a spot.

PERSON A

Yes, I do. That's my spot.

PERSON B

Prove it.

PERSON A

I always park here. Everyone knows I always park here.

PERSON B

Doesn't make it yours.

PERSON A

I was parking in it, when you parked here.

PERSON B

It's not your spot. Move on.

PERSON A

It doesn't make it any more your spot and not my spot when you ram my car OUT of your way AND take my spot.

PERSON C

I saw the whole thing! This is a clear, actionable offense. Would you like to call a jury to resolve this?

PERSON A

Yes.

PERSON C

(to Person B)

Would you?

PERSON B

Sure.

PERSON C

In the case of a stolen parking spot, we may now here testimony from both parties and a presiding local jury by 3 eye witnesses. I'm one, who will the other two be?

Daryl, an elderly man walking by slowly, very slowly, behind them this whole time on the sidewalk tries his best to run away. And a Barber comes out of her shop, waving and nodding.

PERSON C (CONT'D)

Daryl, you come back here.

DARYL

I don't wanna.

PERSON C

I know you saw the whole thing.

DARYL

Damn it. I just wanted a peaceful day.

PERSON C

This will be quick.

DARYL

No it won't.

BARBER

Yea, yea. Let's just get to it.

PERSON C

All hands in favor of Person A.

Daryl raises his hand.

PERSON C (CONT'D)

All hands in favor of Person B.

Barber and Person C raise their hands.

PERSON A  
This shit is rigged.

PERSON B  
Fair is fair. That's how the jury  
ruled. Go about your business.

Person C and B walk together.

PERSON A  
Wait a minute... are you two...  
together?

DARYL  
Shit. I knew this wouldn't be fast.  
I told you. I told you this would  
not be fast.

BARBER  
Here we go.

PERSON B  
Yeah.

PERSON A  
So you know each other!

PERSON B  
What's it to you?

PERSON A  
That's cheating. You just swayed  
the jury. That's not a fair ruling!

PERSON C  
There's no need for all of THAT.

PERSON A  
Liar. LIAR. LIAR!

Everyone on the street stops what they're doing. Two shadowed  
figures come up, grab Person B and C and drag them into an  
alley way.

BEVVY  
(furiously writing notes)  
Hi. Where did they just go?

PERSON A  
Beats me.

BARBER  
Good riddance. Last thing this town  
needs is a liar.

Everyone on the street spits at the ground and resumes their business.

PERSON A

At least I got my spot back!

BARBER

I'm taking the other car. Even tho you did wreck it pretty good.

PERSON A

Sorry, Barb.

BARBER

Whatever.

DARYL

I'm gonna go now. Everybody OK with that? Ruined my whole day for this shit. Sick and tired. I'm just sick and tired of this shit.

Bevvy finishes note-taking, then sees a Person walking with their jewelry on.

BEVVY

OK! Enough. I want you to take my jewels off. And give. Them. Back!

Person walking runs into oncoming traffic and is hit by Barber's car. She shrugs and keeps driving.

PERSON A

Well, that's one way to get your jewels back.

Bevvy pivots and walks towards the garden from the night before.

PERSON A (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna take them? All that commotion for nothing. Finders keepers.

Person A leans down. Person hit mouths "help me". Person A lifts their head, takes the jewels and walks away.

EXT. GARDEN OF ELDERLY WOMAN

Bevvy dashes thru like Pac-Man, arrives at the center of the garden. No sign of the yellow flower. This is blue. Upon closer examination there are spray painted flakes at the brim. A Middle Aged Woman opens her blinds with menace.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
 (thru closed door,  
 yelling)  
 You've had your look! Now get off  
 my lawn.

BEVVY  
 Excuse me, where is the woman that  
 lives here?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
 I live here!

BEVVY  
 No. There was another woman I spoke  
 with last night.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
 You have three seconds to get off  
 my lawn, or I will shoot you with a  
 fire rocket.

BEVVY  
 Do you have a roommate?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
 I live alone. One...

BEVVY  
 OK. I'm going.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN  
 Two...

Bevvy leaves.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Shoot. I love fireworks.

Middle Aged Woman rips out the door and lights one.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

As fireworks blow up in the sky, Bevvy looks around at everyone in this picture-perfect coastal town--operating both to robotic perfection and simultaneous chaos, calculating.

INT. NEWSPAPER BUILDING

Bevvy bursts in, swinging on door that stays on hinges, then falls. Vault is wide open, Jeoffrey is standing, spinning a globe over and over, pin-pointing random spots.

JEOFFREY

Oh, hello. I was expecting to see you hours ago. It is the middle of the day after all.

BEVY

What's going on in this town?

JEOFFREY

You're going to have to ask an answerable question.

BEVY

I'm completely surrounded by no rules, and complete hypocrisy. Anything goes, and yet everything appears to be an absolute lie.

JEOFFREY

Anarchy.

BEVY

Yes. But more than that.

JEOFFREY

Well if you don't like it here, you're more than welcome to explore-  
 (pointing to globe)  
 With the Pirates.  
 (spins globe, points)  
 Or the Cannibals. Then again,  
 (spins globe)  
 I hear the Gremlins are quite unwelcoming. Perhaps you'd fit in with them? I have to say, and not from personal experience, that this is really the best of those options. Wouldn't you?

Globe suddenly stops spinning.

JEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Oh look, you've written something else! That was fast. A consummate professional.

Jeffrey quickly "reads" the account.

JEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Ah! What is it?

BEVVY

There was a traffic accident. And a make-shift jury with a very angry old man.

JEOFFREY

Ah a jury! First one?

BEVVY

Yes.

JEOFFREY

Such fun.

BEVVY

It was comprised of a Barber, and there was a very grumpy old man, and also--

JEOFFREY

Carlos?

BEVVY

No.

JEOFFREY

("reading")

Ah! Georgie-Georgina--

BEVVY

Daryl.

JEOFFREY

Oh, he's not grumpy.

BEVVY

And then the third jury member was really friends with the plaintiff--

Jeoffrey rips up the paper.

BEVVY (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey!! What're you doing?  
That's my article!!

JEOFFREY

Nobody wants to read about hardships. Or stress. They come to the paper for fun. For escapism.

BEVVY

What kind of newspaper is this?

Sign on the back wall is flashing "colony's #1 paper."

BEVVY (CONT'D)

Do you expect me to just do puff pieces?

JEOFFREY

What is that? Whatever that is. That sounds great!

BEVVY

Great. Let me go and draw another plant. Maybe this time, I'll just leave it blank and then all of you can just RE-color it whatever color you want. I'll say it's blue or yellow, or whatever the fuck. And when you all color it wrong it won't even matter then cause all of y'all's asses is illiterate.

Jeffrey moves very close.

JEOFFREY

Bit of advice. Choose your words carefully. Tread lightly, my friend.

BEVVY

Mm now we're getting some real danger. Some heightened truths. Is that a threat?

JEOFFREY

Just a bit of advice. So that you don't have to learn it the hard way.

Tommy enters. Jeffrey dives into an open bench, closing the lid behind him.

JEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Ow.

TOMMY

I thought I saw Jeffrey. Good to see you tho. You've an article ready?

BEVVY

Just a Jury session--

TOMMY

Bor-ring! Why don't you do a restaurant review? Folks love those!

BEVVY  
 (without hesitation)  
 On it. Will the company pay for it?

TOMMY  
 If you see Jeoffrey ask him. And  
 what are you doing this Saturday?

BEVVY  
 I can check my calendar.

TOMMY  
 Hilarious. That wit will get you so  
 far. So very... far.

BEVVY  
 What is this Saturday?

TOMMY  
 Oh, the news. From the mainland. We  
 just got a new tape in. And  
 whenever we receive those, we play  
 it for the masses in "the church."  
 Should be very fun.

INT. RIGHT DUPLEX -- FLASHBACK

VCR Tape on the counter.

VCR Tape not on the counter.

INT. NEWSPAPER BUILDING -- REAL TIME

Bevvy is sweating.

BEVVY  
 Can't wait. Do you know what's on  
 it?

TOMMY  
 Of course not. We all watch it  
 together. Have fun with the review.  
 I'll give you an extension. How's  
 about till the end of the day for  
 it? Midnight. Mind the door when  
 you leave.

Tommy exits. Bevvy sits on the bench, panic attack.

EXT. MAIN LAND -- FLASHBACK

Flashbacks to Bevvy being tortured on the mainland. Being scouted and exposed for trying to report the truth, being called a liar. And being flinged here a very far distance out of a car, where Gremlins and creepy waves clawed at the helpless falling Bevvy from below, growing and grabbing.

INT. NEWSPAPER BUILDING -- REAL TIME

Jeffrey's hand is clawing its way out, as he tries to escape the bench.

BEVVY  
(standing)  
Oh, sorry.

JEOFFREY  
(popping up)  
Yay! Lunch on the company! And by the looks of it you need it. Do you have blood sugar problems?

BEVVY  
Something like that.

JEOFFREY  
I knew it. I had you pegged for that. And you're in luck, cause I know JUST the place we're gonna eat.

BEVVY  
Can't wait...

JEOFFREY  
Oh! It's the best place on the island. Island over, technically. Don't wanna miscompute. And, since you're not really sold on this whole--what was it you called us? Robots? We can just Beep-Boop-Bop, on over and give you a sample of how another colony lives. Ah! Adventure. A little escapism! And... this is quite the trek actually, you should eat a mint or an apple or something for that blood sugar.

Jeffrey throw them each a coat, picking up the door.

JEOFFREY (CONT'D)  
Best to bring a coat.

BEVVY  
Really? It's so beautiful out!

Immediate downpour.

JEOFFREY  
You were saying? Weather. So  
temperamental. It can change in a  
flash.  
(ushering BevvY thru)  
After you.

BevvY walks thru the door frame, Jeoffrey slams door shut.  
Drawing of the flower blisters onto the window, rain drips  
upon it, striking away the blue in streaks, revealing a  
yellow flower. Lightning strikes.