

INT. BACH'S LIVING

In the vicinity of a modest suburban home, in the wee hours of the morning, Velcro shoes are fastened. A cardigan is put on one sleeve at a time. A bow tie is adjusted. Connected to the face of BACH TALLDON, a seven year old-yet-Old soul makes the final morning adjustments and puts on his book bag.

BACH
I'm ready for a new day!

THOMAS THE CAT looks up at Bach from his floor pad, and rolls over to face away.

MOM (V.O.)
That's nice son. But we don't leave for another 30 minutes.

BACH
(staring anxiously at clock)
Always best to be prepared. You never know what dangers lie ahead.

Door slams open. KIWI STRATON, a seven year old genius and nut marches in. Bach peels out from behind the door.

KIWI
What did I miss?

MOM (V.O.)
Is that--

KIWI
Hey Ms. Talldon!

BACH
Kiwi has arrived.

MOM (V.O.)
Y'all are really testing me this morning. Had another 20 minutes to myself--

BACH
We'll be in my room, Mom.

MOM (V.O.)
OK honey!

INT. HALLWAY

Kiwi and Bach stand before Bosh's room, labeled with many

dangerous warnings -- all in iambic pentameter.

BACH
Behold! The layer where it all
happens. WARNING--

KIWI
Is this written in iambic
pentameter?

BACH
Perchance.

KIWI
Ok, so you redecorated without my
eye for decor.

BACH
Perchance doubly. Before entering,
I must ask: Are you up to date on
your shots?

KIWI
(crossing fingers behind
her back)
Oh, definitely.

BACH
I'm talking big leagues and little
leagues. Flu, poxes-

KIWI
I *said* yes.

BACH
Welcome to my humble abode--

Bach opens the door to a simple, neatly folded bed. Organized bins of toys, a bookshelf of classic books - listed by reading age order from now through to college. And a desk with a typewriter. The page within reads "my autobiography -- to be continued once I've lived a little bit more".

KIWI
What is this honey?

Bach, noticing an untucked corner of the bed, rushes to tuck it in and aptly bounces back.

BACH
Oops. Ta-da!

KIWI
Ta-no! This is where you live?

BACH

Yes!

KIWI

Like, full time? Or you turned it into some kind of rental property? AirMiniMe? I see you chasing the bag! Get it! Get it!

BACH

I cannot compute--

KIWI

Can not compute.
(checking for robotic
plugs on Bach)
Beep-boop-bop. Where are your wires? This is very state of the art.

BACH

(shooing her away)
I'm a human.

KIWI

You sure about that?

BACH

Yes?

KIWI

There ain't no proof of it here. No dust, nothing child.
(hands amplifying, slowly)
No signs of life.

BACH

My book selection would tend to disagree.

KIWI

(side eye)
Exactly. Come with me.

Kiwi fold Bach into a folding panel, tucks him under her arm and barrels through the--

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, LIVING ROOM

Thomas the Cat runs to the other side of the room. Kiwi keeps barreling right on out of the front door.

MOM (V.O.)
Let me guess--

BACH
Going to Kiwi's!

MOM (V.O.)
Alright! I can still keep up.

EXT. COLDESAC

It is a beautiful morning, as the sun peaks through two heavenly clouds and crescendos over the roof of MR. HOWARD, the nosy retired neighbor, already attending his garden. Kiwi swiftly breaks this up, barreling through. Mr. Howard slips and the water hose sends him flying around the yard.

MS. LAFEYETTE sips her morning coffee through the blinds as MR. RAYNARD and MR. SNOW's poker game flies into the air, from Kiwi's continued running. Kiwi drops Bach, who folds out like an accordion onto the sidewalk. And Ms. Lafayette opens her front door.

BACH
I am good.

MS. LAFEYETTE
I see you're up early Miss Thing.

KIWI
Yes ma'am, I am. Early bird catches the worm. Don't they teach you that in the old folks home?

MS. LAFEYETTE
Oh I see how it is.

Ms. Lafayette tosses her coffee into the air, curls Bach into a bowling ball and shoots him into the air, just in time to grab her coffee. As the drink finds its way back into the cup, so does Bach into the center of Mr. Raynard and Mr. Snow's poker table. Chips fly everywhere, and

KIWI
Dang! Can you teach me that?

MS. LAFEYETTE
Unfortunately, you'll have to wait and learn it at the old folks home.

Ms. Lafayette disappears. As Bach slithers back towards Kiwi.

KIWI
 Would you hurry up Old Man?

Mr. Raynard and Mr. Snow stop setting up their poker and huff about.

 KIWI (CONT'D)
 Not you!
 (pointing to Bach)
 I gotta show you my new invention.

Mr. Raynard bowls Bach down the street into--

INT. KIWI'S FAMILY LIVING ROOM

It is spooky, and altogether cooky in Kiwi's quiet house. Bach disrupts this, barreling into a house of cards. Lights interject from every direction, voices follow each.

 SKINNY BROTHER (V.O.)
 Keep it down.

 NOT-SO-SKINNY BROTHER (V.O.)
 Some of us are trying to sleep.

 SKINNY GIRLFRIEND (V.O.)
 Or were rather.

 GRANNY (V.O.)
 Alright, that's enough.

 SKINNY BROTHER (V.O.)
 And y'all better not have messed up
 my magic trick I was building.

 KIWI
 Magic trick?

 SKINNY BROTHER
 (poking head in)
 Did you?

 KIWI
 No, just some card mess.

 NOT-SO-SKINNY BROTHER
 (poking head in)
 Aw, man!

 GRANNY (V.O.)
 QUIET. I can't hear my soaps.

Everybody dissipates back into the darkness. Bach backs into a domino, leaving a trail of beautiful magic to unfold in its wake.

SKINNY BROTHER
(peeking head in, fuming)
That better not have been--

NOT-SO-SKINNY BROTHER
Ooooooh I think it was.

KIWI
Oh no.

BACH
Oh what?

SKINNY BROTHER
OH NO.

NOT-SO-SKINNY BROTHER
OH YES.

GRANNY
(peeking head in to see)
Oh it's the end of my peace and
quiet, I see.

KIWI
RUN.

Kiwi and Bach run down a long corridor into a flowery doorway. Kiwi kicks aside the entry mat and Bach watches as she fenagles with a code.

KIWI (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

Bach looks away. Becomes paralyzed by the growing stampede coming down the hallway as all charge towards, lead by Skinny Brother. Code breaks off, and a slide unfurls. Kiwi throws Bach down it and enters.

INT. HIDDEN FACTORY

Kiwi bounces into Bach, and the two barrel off of the slide, into a padded mattress room, and are catapulted into the secondary "back-up slide".

BACH
What will prevent them from
entering this... domain--and from
coming in after us?

KIWI
The door has an automatic lock!

 BACH
How long does that take?

 KIWI
Oh... five seconds. 4.7 to be
exact, but who's counting?

SPLIT SCREEN WITH: INT. KIWI'S BEDROOM DOOR ENTRY

The family rolls around, trying to prevent Skinny brother
from entering as the door slowly closes.

 BACH
And what if that is not quick
enough?

In slow-motion, Skinny Brother escapes their grasp and knife
jumps towards the remaining open chute.

 KIWI
It's definitely quicker than your
speech pattern. Sorry, I couldn't
resist--Ok, there is a fail switch.

Skinny Brother is CM, then MM from the door gap as indicated
by a ruler than Not-So-Skinny Brother is holding up.

 BACH
Don't you think we should hit it?

Kiwi claps and the factory slide furls and whirls upward, as
if in response. The two are thrown into the air towards a
lever that dangles at the mouth of the entrance.

 KIWI
Here goes nothing!

Bach screams. The ruler dialate from MM into μ m. Just as Kiwi
is aboutto grab the lever, an alarm sounds from the flower
detectors and the door slices shut.

INT. KIWI'S BEDROOM DOOR ENTRY

The family stands in awe, as Skinny Brother recoils into the
floor.

 GRANNY
All that for some dominoes?

Skinny Brother rebounds into the air. Granny holds up her soap bars.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Don't be mad at me, the soap said it.

INT. HIDDEN FACTORY

Bach and Kiwi momentum stops mid-air, and they hover.

BACH

Whew! That was close.

Bach and Kiwi fall rapidly, screaming. They are caught by two baseball gloves and cascade down, softly, slowly towards the factory floor.

KIWI

Oh yeah, I knew it would work. See, the fail switch is that nobody taller than 4' past it.

BACH

One day it's not going to let me past.

KIWI

Doubt it. You a short-shorty.

BACH

Wait, does that mean that the lever we were hurled towards--

KIWI

Correct, it serves no purpose. I don't like to mansplain to you, but you just speak so slowly.

The two bask in the wonderful sights and smells as their ride comes to a close. Kiwi steps off of her mitt.

KIWI (CONT'D)

Mind the gap.

Bach steps off and falls a great ways.

KIWI (CONT'D)

(from atop a staircase)

I said, mind the gap. You good Old Man?

BACH
 (a puddle on the floor)
 Never better.

An armed machine appears with hands chopping at Bach.

BACH (CONT'D)
 NO. VERY MUCH NO, THANK YOU.

KIWI
 Suit yourself. But she gives a
 great massage.

BACH
 Wait--

KIWI
 Too late. Moving on! So, I know
 you're very familiar with my theory
 on the space time continuum, and my
 last project didn't exactly go to
 plan--

A screen enters to begin simulation of flashback from the 1st
 grade talent show. Kiwi quickly tears down the stubborn
 screen.

KIWI (CONT'D)
 NO FLASHBACKS. But I hav a new
 project. I've been theorizing all
 summer on--

BACH
 (in front of a large,
 covered tent)
 What is this?

KIWI
 (referencing sign)
 Oh, the thing that specifically
 says, "DO NOT APPROACH. DO NOT ASK
 QUESTIONS." And then in smaller,
 fine print reads "subject to
 dismissal, hands amputated, bowels
 disassembled, and eyes shifted to
 where your (REDACTED) is if you do
 not heed my sign?" That?

BACH
 Yes.

KIWI
 THAT?

BACH

Yes?

KIWI

Oh, that's just my juicer. Anyway,
over here we have my newest
development! The--the... THE--

Kiwi attempts to remove a very large and very heavy weighted blanket from a flat surface. The baseball gloves interject and remove it for her. She waves her hands as if she did it all by herself. It is a flat sheet pan, exactly 4' long.

BACH

What in tarnation?

KIWI

The--yes, that actually would be a
great name for it. Feel free to
enter that into my "re-name this
jar". Raffles every Wednesday!

Bach double blinks. Kiwi triple blinks. Bach begins to fill out a form to enter into the fish bowl with a scotch tape covering label reading "re-name this jar". The form immediately disintegrates.

BACH

What was the point--

KIWI

(clears throat)
Behold! The reincarnation-tarnation-
AHA-contraption-what's happening!

BACH

What is happening?

KIWI

Eow! Real hot girl (REDACTED).

BACH

(knocks on it)
It's a pan. It's a sheet pan.

KIWI

I knew you wouldn't get it!

BACH

We could've gone to your kitchen.
We could've gone to *my* kitchen.

KIWI

And miss all of this?

PAN WAY, WAY OUT:

To reveal the Earth, spinning slowly. The moon taking a nap.

 KIWI (V.O.)

 Too far.

EXT. KIWI'S BACK YARD

Kiwi and Bach sit at the base of a slide from her window, into the back yard. Muddy from yesterday's rain. Surrounded by a hoarder's paradise in her "playpin".

 BACH

 Oh, I think my mom is calling.

 KIWI

 Wait!

 BACH

 It's time for school!

 KIWI

 We both know your mother is not ready yet--

 BACH

 That's why we have to pop on over and remind her. We don't want to be late for the first day!

 KIWI

 Of second grade. Yeah, right. Totally thrilling stuff. Ooh, wouldn't want to miss. Can't miss. Foundation for the rest of our lives.

 BACH

 This year we finally get to upgrade to some real books.

 KIWI

 I like the ones with the pictures in them.

 BACH

 Some of them will still have some of that.

 KIWI

 Can't you see what I'm doing here? What this is?

BACH
A pan. A future dessert.

KIWI
This is transcendentalism. I'm
talking Nobel Peace Prize
contendor.

BACH
Alright now Barefoot Confessa--

KIWI
Why does no one ever believe me?

BACH
I believe in you. I just--

KIWI
You don't see it.

Beat. Kiwi suppresses tears, and walks away.

KIWI (CONT'D)
Ok... I'll just have to show you!

Kiwi twirls around, with pan in hand and knocks Bach over the head with it. Bosh exits his tiny little body, and replicates himself in a multitude of variations and colors.

KIWI (CONT'D)
Are you seeing it?

BACH
I'm seeing something--

Bach looks up and around, at his hands. His shoes are on backwards.

KIWI
(with clipboard)
Describe it to me.

BACH
Dang! My feet are on the wrong
shoes. I mean my--

KIWI
No, no. I mean about your state of
being. Your existence. What are you
seeing?

BACH
I'm seeing... stars.

KIWI

Ok, we can work with that. Ooh,
like literary stars or are we
talking Dancing with the Stars?

BACH

Neither, I mean literal stars.

KIWI

Mm. Maybe I didn't you hard enough.

BACH

No, NO.

KIWI

If I hit you again, we can--

MOM (V.O.)

Alright now! Time for school.

BACH

Saved by the--

Kiwi is swinging and swinging, as Bach runs towards the car.

MOM (V.O.)

Come on y'all are going to make me
late!

KIWI

Ironic cause she's always the one
late.

BACH

Would you put that pan away?

KIWI

For the last time it's not a pan!
It's a reincarnation--

MOM

Oh look! You two are playing
British Bake Off!

INT. MOM'S VAN

Kiwi and Bach ride in the back row, strapped into booster
seats, silently.

BACH

So... you're not going to talk to
me?

KIWI
Nope.

 BACH
All day?

INT. CLASSROOM

Kiwi and Bach sit next to each other, silently.

EXT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CLASSES

Kiwi and Bach stand single file beside of each other, silently.

INT. LIBRARY CHECK-OUT DESK

Bach smiles at the book handed to him. Kiwi, flips through, finds no pictures and groans.

 BACH
You groaned! That's like speaking

 LIBRARIAN
Shush. This is a library.

 BACH
Oh please, that is so cliché.

 LIBRARIAN
Quiet.

 KIWI
Yeah, be quiet!

 LIBRARIAN
QUIET.

 TEACHER + STUDENTS
YEAH EVERYONE SHUT THE (REDACTED)
UP.

INT. CLASSROOM READING CIRCLE

Kiwi and Bach sit beside of each other, silently reading. Kiwi's book is upside down. She sticks her tongue out.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

Kiwi shovels food into her mouth. Moves a seat down, away from Bach.

EXT. PLAYGROUND

Kiwi and Bach stand in line for tetherball.

TETHERBALL OPPONENT (V.O.)

Next!

Kiwi pushes Bach to play.

BACH

(swinging, missing)

Come on. Really?

TETHERBALL GURU (V.O.)

Don't be so hard on yourself. I was undefeated at my summer camp.

BACH

At my summer camp--no NOT YOU.

(facing Kiwi)

You.

KIWI

What?

BACH

You really aren't going to speak to me?

KIWI

Really.

BACH

Really, really?

KIWI

I SAID FLIPPING REALLY.

Tetherball hits Bach upside the head, and he swings back into the colorful dimension. He stays there.

TETHERBALL GURU

That's what you get for mocking me. Bach?.. Oh god. I've killed him.

Kiwi rushes to his side.

KIWI

Bach?

Kiwi slaps his face.

TETHERBALL GURU

Oh my god. Is he dead?

KIWI

(slapping rapidly)

B-A-A-A-A-AH-AH-AH-CH?

Teacher comes over, Tetherball Guru hides into the bustle of her skirt.

TETHERBALL GURU

(sobbing hysterically)

I didn't mean to kill him. I just wanted to knock him out a little. I shouldn't have used my left hook--

KIWI

He's not dead, you idiot. He's-- he's in another dimension.

Kiwi smirks directly to camera. Everyone steps back.

TEACHER + STUDENTS

Are we supposed to know what that means?

STUDENT #1

Yeah, can I play Tetherball, or?

Kiwi stares at Student #1, until they wither into a butterfly, and they flit away.

STUDENT #1 (CONT'D)

Nevermind. I'm good.

TETHERBALL GURU

No fair. I wanna fly!

OTHER DIMENSION: THE COLOR ZONE

Bach floats through a palette of colors, like Alice through the looking glass. Shapeless figures come and go.

BACH

(screaming)

WHAT IS THAT?

RED FIGURE
I'm an apple.

BACH
Oh...

RED FIGURE
Have you heard of an apple?

BACH
Yes, I'm not an idiot.

RED FIGURE
Ok, you're just rude.

BACH
Where am I?

RED FIGURE
Kid, you're asking an apple.

BACH
Very solid point, old chap.

RED FIGURE
Which is precisely why I'm going to
tell you what's what.

INT. CLASSROOM

Everyone is divided into their color house. Apple holds a color wheel that indicates what shade everyone truly is. Bach falls into the front of the line.

BLUES / GREENS
Hey! He skipped us.

ORANGES
And we DON'T LIKE THAT.

YELLOWS
No man, it's cool. Sometimes you
gotta put pedal to the metal. You
feel? Anyone? Wow. What a
cautionary tale.

RED APPLE
Eh hem.

Everyone dissolves into their respective houses, single file, attentively.

BACH
Have I perished?

RED APPLE
Do you currently feel dead?

BACH
No--

ORANGES
Let's test it!

BACH
No need, I can attest to my own--

Oranges assemble behind a large fork and poke Bach in the back. Bach screams.

BACH (CONT'D)
Would y'all pipe down, I told you I am alive!

RED APPLE
That settles that. Now which house do you think you currently are?

Bach stands before the large color wheel and peers into it deeply.

BACH
Well...

RED APPLE
Which one is speaking to you?

BACH
Well, you're red. So... red?

BLUE #1
I'm suddenly feeling a little green!

Red Apple gestures and Blue #1 moves over to the Greens, cheers, then throws up.

RED APPLE
Better?

GREEN #1
Much.

RED APPLE
I can't tell you what color you are.

WHITE
Oh, so you don't seeeeee color--

RED APPLE
(clears throat)
You have to speak your own--

Red Apple rolls into what can only be described as a slumber.

BACH
Truth? Destiny?

RED APPLE
(suddenly awakening)
The apple doesn't fall far from the tree!

BACH
Hmm...

RED FIGURE
You are the apple of your own--

BACH
Eye?

RED FIGURE
Yes. And you are--

A WHITE KNIGHT slices through the other Whites to stand tall.

WHITE KNIGHT
Oh, we're getting nowhere.

BACH
I tend to agree.

RED APPLE
Really?

Red Apple falls asleep, again.

BACH
Is he narcoleptic?

WHITE KNIGHT
Everytime somebody complains, he has to reboot.

GREEN #1
And that's what the Whites are best at.

Everyone cheers. White Knight throws a dagger, piercing through the top most hairs of Green's Jolly Rancher figure.

GREEN #1 (CONT'D)
Shutting up.

WHITE KNIGHT
I am a former version of you. As is everyone in this room--

BACH
You trynna tell me I was a literal apple?

WHITE KNIGHT
Let's hold questions until the end.

INT. FACTORY

Lines of various colors are dividing up based on confusing cue-cards held high above by long, reedy arms. The colors divide and step into steaming hot vats, where they swirl and are re-poured, into shipping containers, run down conveyor belts and are taken off by the sounds of wings through fog.

BACH
Whoa. This is a lot.

WHITE KNIGHT
(with hesitation)
You're not wrong.

BACH
Just what in the Willy Wonka is going on here?

WHITE KNIGHT
I recognize that you didn't ask a real question, but I would prefer you just didn't speak at all until the end of the tour. Thank you.

BACH
I can't commit to that.

WHITE KNIGHT
I know you can't. Because I am you. Well, part of you. See a long time ago--

A screen enters, and is immediately trampled upon by White Knight, whom tames, mounts, and attempts to disintegrate it. With difficulty.

WHITE KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 NO FLASHBACKS. No. NO! No no no no
 no no--

BACH
 So you're a form of me, is what I'm
 gathering.

WHITE KNIGHT
 You're very bright. See, we have a
 lot in common.

BACH
 I'm not finished.

WHITE KNIGHT
 Some would say too much in common.

BACH
 But that apple is a form of me. And
 then also Jolly Rancher?

WHITE KNIGHT
 He's a rancher, and he's sometimes
 Jolly. But as you saw, also
 sometimes Blue. Do you catch my
 drift?

BACH
 Not in the slightest.

WHITE KNIGHT
 Rhetorical... Do you understand
 that word?

Beat.

WHITE KNIGHT (CONT'D)
 (nods)
 Moving on. Sometimes you're Blue.
 Sometimes you can feel envious, so
 green. Or sick. Or you wanna secure
 "the bag" as they say. Green is a
 lot of things. When you get older
 it also means some fun plant
 things. Moving you. Specifically to
 the point.

BACH
 I wish you would. I don't have all
 the time in the world.

WHITE KNIGHT

That's precisely my point. You're an old man. It's not offensive.

BACH

It sounds offensive.

WHITE KNIGHT

That's just kind of how I sound. Old man, if like a spiritual thing. You know how people tell you you're an old soul?

BACH

Yeah.

WHITE KNIGHT

Yes?

BACH

Sorry, yes. Never yeah.

WHITE KNIGHT

Good manners. Well you're an old soul because you've lived many lives. Meaning, you're quite literally old as dirt. And you have all of the time in the world, because you're--well, you're old. You've been here a long time. We've been here a long time.

Some of the hands holding cue cards drop their business, and produce a banner reading "Old Soul, Welcome!"

WHITE KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Little late, fellas.

Hand uses sign language to indicate "I don't know you think you're calling a fella, you white (REDACTED)".

WHITE KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Moving on. Much more to see. So little time. Your words. Not mine. But now that you know, kind of both.

The factory falls out of line. Colors don't know where to be sorted. And alarms trip. But White Knight shuffles past.

EXT. COURTYARD WITH TALL TREES

White Knight mounts a horse, and lifts Bach onto it. They ride down rows and rows of trees, that interconnect with many trunks. It's truly a tangled mess.

WHITE KNIGHT

Each tree is it's own person. Each trunk it's own life cycle. But we all coexist. We all inter-connect.

BACH

I got it. You're laying it on a little thick.

WHITE KNIGHT

I mean, you're 7. We had to be sure. We've tried to explain this to other versions of ourselves, and well... we didn't get it.

BACH

I could see that.

WHITE KNIGHT

So, now could you explain it to me?

A barrage of the Players comes out from a Broad Bard stage: a PILOT, a PRINCE, a MUSICIAN, a MONK, a NYE BABY, and a BANKER.

PILOT

Oh, give it a rest already. You're in grave danger.

PRINCE

I wanted to deliver the news.

NYE BABY

Goo goo ga-ga.

Subtitles: ooh, someone new!

BACH

I'm in danger?.. I'm seven.

ALL

Yes.

BACH

Let's take it to the part where, I'm seven.

ALL

Right.

WHITE KNIGHT

But there is someone that is always out to get you. In every life cycle. The same person. A villain, if you will.

BANKER

We love a villain that's not us, am I right?

BACH

Ok. So, tell me who it is.

PRINCE

That's the thing. We can't strategize on it. Because we don't know who it is.

BACH

WHAT? Then what is the point in telling me?

MUSICIAN

You really never deliver the news well. Gotta land it softly. Gotta ease it in.

BACH

Ok. Ok.

MUSICIAN

Put a little harp in there. Maybe a little flute.

BACH

Rip the band aid off and tell me already!

WHITE KNIGHT

We're telling you, because we think—
—now that we've all found each other, that we can solve this.
Who's with me?

All hands are in the center of a team huddle, except for Bach who is moving around wildly between shuffling hands.

BACH

Wait a minute. WAIT! I want a simple life. Everybody says I'm an old man. That's because I'm tired.

(MORE)

BACH (CONT'D)

I'm worn out. I want to just work with my dad in his little old rug shop. And take my little old calculator. And do little old accounting. Maybe get married. I don't know past that. I'm seven. But I have my whole life to figure it out.

NYE BABY

Goo goo. Boo boo.

Subtitles: that's what I thought. Minus the accounting thing. What the (REDACTED) is that? This is the best we came back and did? Accounting? Really? Really? I mean--

WHITE KNIGHT

You never know when it's gonna end. Whether it's in infancy, or in battle at 22--

MUSICIAN

The ripe old age of 65. That was a long time back when I was alive.

PILOT

Somewhere inbetween--

BANKER

45. I don't know why you're always embarrassed by that. We died at the same age.

PRINCE

Whether you live counting money, or having it--

BANKER

I can't believe you made it as long as you did.

ALL - PRINCE

I know that's right.

Monk nods.

PRINCE

But you are smart. You're probably the smartest version of all of us. Minus me. And we really are hopeful that you can keep this going. Because we're tired too. We're old too. Some of us older than others.

BANKER

You's guys better hold me back.

PRINCE

We want you to live a long life.
And then, we can all just RIP, for
real for real.

Monk nods.

WHITE KNIGHT

Now that we got the monologue out
of the way, what do you say?
Together? Fighting bad guys?
Adventures?

BACH

Under one condition. I wanna wear
cardigans.

PRINCE

It's not my favorite choice--

WHITE KNIGHT

But, we will make due.

BANKER

Agreed.

PILOT / MUSICIAN

Agreed.

MONK

Baby and I agree. Well he would. He
isn't listening, he has a very
short attention span.

BACH

You speak!

MONK

When I've something to say I do. Or
whenever they shut up for long
enough.

Winds move, restless. And the trees begin to vacillate and to
whip at Bach. The White Knight and Pilot shield, as the
Banker flees with the NYE Baby, and the Monk hovers in
peaceful thought.

PRINCE

We've been watching. And we aren't sure, but we suspect you must be cautious. To be weary in your interactions with--

A large tree trunk hits Bach direct, pounding him through the ground and out he pops into--

INT. TRIAGE WARD

As the doors slam open, Bach colorfully rams back into his body and comes to, quickly.

MOM

Bach, you're back!

KIWI

I never get tired of hearing that stupid, stupid phrase.

BACH

How... how long was I out for?

KIWI

Thirty three minutes. A lot has happened. WE have a lot to discuss.

MOM

I'm going to need you to back up.

NURSE

I'm going need all of you to back up. We have to run some tests. Wait here.

The last of the swinging doors arrives. As Bach and the Nurse ascend through, Mom and Kiwi stay behind. Kiwi is collected by the Skinny Brother, whom she swats off, but leaves with. Mom drinks coffees and knocks off sleep, rattled and startled by the steady, monotonous movement of the swinging doors. A different test is performed with each swing in the diminishing natural light, then on to the progressing neon lights. Tests of colorful ecstasy, and static charge. Just as the doors stop swinging, a DOCTOR comes out.

DOCTOR

We have some bad news.

MOM

What? WHAT?

DOCTOR

Your son...

MOM

Yes? WHAT? OUT WITH IT! OR I WILL
GO INTO YOUR CHEST CAVITY AND RIP
THEM OUT MYSELF.

DOCTOR

Joseph has--

MOM

Joseph?

DOCTOR

Your the mother of Joseph, right?

MOM

The hell I am not.

DOCTOR

I am so sorry about that. Uhm...
your son?

MOM

BACH

DOCTOR

Bach! Bach-bock-bock-bock-bock. Ah,
yes! Bach Talldon? Interesting last
name, is fine.

Mom pushes the Doctor aside, and through the swinging doors,
we can see she sits by Bach's side.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Joseph? Any one the parents of--

Kiwi jet-speeds into the doctor, lifts into the air, and
touches down with the force of a space shuttle on re-entry.
She collects herself, and the headset she's wearing, adjusts
the right ear, then swings in to--

INT. BACH'S LITTLE, OLD ROOM

Mom startles awake, at Bach's bedside in a turquoise, squeaky
chair.

BACH

Whoa. Cat's out the bag, huh?

KIWI

Huh?

MOM
I'm going to go get some coffee.
Kiwi, can you promise not to upset
my only child here. Please?

KIWI
I would never.

MOM
(trailing off)
She gonna kill my baby--

KIWI
You saw them! Right?

BACH
(testing)
Saw... who?

KIWI
Your other selves. Your
reincarnated selves! Right? Was I
right? I knew I was right. Tell me
I was right.

BACH
You were--

KIWI
(slapping Bach)
I told you!!
(shaking Bach)
Didn't I telllllll you.

The heart monitor sends off an alarm. Nurse peers in, through
the window of the door. Nods her head no to Kiwi. Kiwi sits
back.

KIWI (CONT'D)
Yes ma'am. I understand you.

Nurse indicates she's watching Kiwi.

KIWI (CONT'D)
I see you, too ma'am. Mhm, have a
nice day--Bach. What was it like? I
have so many questions.

BACH
So, was I the experiment?

KIWI
 I tried it out some dolls but,
 they're not really like alive in
 that Toy Story kind of way. I mean
 maybe they are but how would I
 know? I'm their Andy--

 BACH
 Kiwi.

 KIWI
 OK. OK.

Kiwi adjusts her headphones, and looks around the room. The
 Color Realm starts to form.

 BACH
 Kiwi?

Heart monitor spikes.

 KIWI
 Ohh. Ohhhhh, it's happening!

 BACH
 What's happening Kiwi?

 KIWI
 I'm seeing sh-stuff. I'm seeing
 colors.

 BACH
 Kiwi--

 KIWI
 This little device. It lets me see
 what you see. I have pieces from
 the same plate--

 BACH
 Pan.

 KIWI
 It's not a pan. It's a plate. And I
 have little pieces of it, little
 fragments, here. Covered by some
 felt, and that protects my head so
 I can see without seeing it all.
 You know what I mean?

Nurse enters, grabs Kiwi with one hand.

 NURSE
 Little girl, you've seen enough.

KIWI

No I haven't! I want to see!

NURSE

And your friend needs some rest.

As the doors slide open, the reincarnates 7 enter and swirl around. As Kiwi catches a glimpse of them, they shutter.

ALL

Her! She's the one we have a feeling about.

The doors swing open and close upon each of Kiwi's attacks upon Bach throughout the episode. She appears to smirk as the doors open and close one last time.

END OF EPISODE, OR IS IT?

INT. BACH'S LIVING ROOM

Thomas the Cat stands and lifts his head. Bach enters the room and sits to pet him. Thomas the Cat stretches and purrs with delight. Just then, Kiwi bangs on the window with both of her fists. Bach is startled, Thomas the Cat jumps onto his head.

BACH

What in the world Kiwi?

KIWI

Oh, now you wanna be a scaredy cat.

BACH

Well, I very nearly died--

KIWI

Not you, the cat. I was thinking about something you said. You said the Cat's out of the bag. And that's a funny expression, old, very old, so it suits you. But then it got me thinking--what is your cat up to when we are not here?

CLOSE UP: ON CAT'S HORRIFIED EXPRESSION

KIWI (CONT'D)

And that is why I wanna show you my newest invention! No! I have a theory-- wait. Wait!

Skinny Brother drags Kiwi off. Not-So-Skinny Brother waves at Thomas.

INT. LATER THAT NIGHT

Bach is dead asleep. Mom turns off the TV, and pulls him up to go to his bed.

MOM

It's time for sleep.

BACH

I don't wanna sleep.

MOM

Child quit your arguing. We both know you was dead asleep when I came in here--

The pair exit. Thomas the Cat stretches his head, then looks directly towards Bach's Bedroom. Raises, alert. Jumps to the highest point of the couch, then swings himself into the jacket stand, and twirls into the doorknob. Landing upon it with two paws, twists the doorknob and cracks open the door. With a flick of his tail, he shuffles the spinning jacket stand back to center and it stops. Thomas the Cat exits into a mysterious circumstance without a peep.

TITLE CARD: TO
BE CONTINUED

END OF EPISODE