

IMAGINE

Written by

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Logline: When Imaginary Friend BeeZoo is forgotten and sent to the Imagine Nation she does everything in her power to escape and return to her best friend Max on Earth.

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Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world.

- Albert Einstein

The Imagine Nation encircles the world.

- E. Emcee-Emcee (Einstein's Imaginary Friend)

ANIMATION THROUGHOUT ENTIRE FILM

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MAX (1), plays peekaboo with MOM. Mom covers her eyes.

MOM
Where's the baby..?

Max giggles. Mom uncovers her eyes.

MOM (CONT'D)
There he is!

Max LAUGHS. She covers her eyes again.

MOM (CONT'D)
Where's Max?

Max's attention wanders. Something's behind Mom. Mom peeks through her hands. Notices his distraction.

MOM (CONT'D)
Where's... Whatcha looking at?

MAX
Buh, beh..

Playing along, Mom turns around. Only the sofa chair. Not for Max. He belly laughs.

MOM
What is it bug?

MAX
Bee...

MOM
Is something under the chair?

MAX
Zuh-zuh-zuh.

Mom searches under the chair. BEEZOO, an adorable IMAGINARY CREATURE, also "1 years old" with green fur, spots, and triceratops horns, pokes her head out from above the couch. Max SQUEALS with delight.

MOM
I don't see anything under here you little monkey.

Mom sits up. BeeZoo disappears. Mom lifts the couch cushion. BeeZoo pops out from under the couch between her legs. Max laughs until he rolls over. Mom crawls over and scoops him up. BeeZoo clings to her shoulder. Mom doesn't notice. Max reaches for BeeZoo.

MAX

Beh-zuh.

MOM

Be what?

EXT. LAVA FIELD

MAX

BeeZoo!

Max (3) is trapped on a rock in a river of lava.

MAX (CONT'D)

Help!

The lava licks up at Max's feet. He's running out of room.

BEEZOO

Incoming!

CLANG! A GRAPPLE hooks into the rock. Across the lava at other end of the rope is BeeZoo, AGING WITH MAX and EVOLVING as a PERSONIFICATION of his imagination, now equipped with AN ADVENTURE BACKPACK.

She reels the rope taut. Max grabs the rope. GULP... He starts to shimmy across.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Max hangs from a BED SHEET secured to the banister with an UMBRELLA. Careful to avoid the floor. BeeZoo guides him to safety. They whoop and holler when Max reaches the stairs.

EXT. TORTUGA ISLAND DOCKS - DAY

Max (5) in a CAPTAIN'S HAT and BeeZoo, EYE-PATCH hung around her neck, inspect a line-up of mean looking pirates. All terrified to meet Max's eye line.

MAX

Yer a sad lot. Most of you won't make it back but those who do'll come home rich with plunder. Savvy?

Silence.

BEEZOO

Your fearless leader asked you a question. Are ye brave enough to stare danger in the eye for a shot at glory?

PIRATES

Ayy Captain!

Max and BeeZoo share a nod.

EXT. PARK STREAM - DAY

Max pushes a NEWSPAPER BOAT into the current. Assorted LEGO PEOPLE scotch-taped to their posts. BeeZoo can hardly watch.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DAY

The ship bucks and groans violently as it cuts through a massive storm. Max fearless at the helm. BeeZoo clings to the mast. A 100ft wave blots out the sky in front of them.

EXT. PARK STREAM - DAY

Max holds a PAIL over the paper boat. BeeZoo gasps. Max dumps the water on the boat. It submerges. Sunk. BeeZoo faints.

Downstream the boat surfaces! Crew intact! Phew... Max WHOOPS and rouses BeeZoo. She can't believe it.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Max and BeeZoo wear PARAMEDIC GEAR. They tend to a patient on a gurney. BeeZoo holds defibrillator paddles.

BEEZOO

Clear!

BeeZoo hits the patient with the pads.

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE - DAY

Max (7) and BeeZoo pull a RED WAGON up the driveway. An INJURED BIRD lies in the wagon bed.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A surgeon performs emergency surgery. Max and BeeZoo watch. The surgeon slumps. Removes his gloves, walks to the glass and shakes his head. He pulls down his mask. It's MAX'S DAD.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The lifeless bird lies on the counter. Dad comforts Max. Max comforts BeeZoo.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The rain is heavy. BeeZoo and Max are pallbearers. It's a large funeral. Bagpipes, the whole bit.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

BeeZoo, Max, Mom, and Dad stand around a tiny hole. They WEAR BLACK, Beezoo's fur is BLACK for the occasion. A SPRINKLER soaks BeeZoo. Max puts a box down in the hole. BeeZoo and Max look up at the parents expectantly.

Dad rolls his eyes and bows his head. The rest follow suit.

DAD

I didn't know, uh... "Birdie" well
but in the time we did share...

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max (8) and BeeZoo huddle in bed. Their eyes dart around the room. SHADOWS transform into MONSTERS. BeeZoo pulls the sheets up to her eyes.

Max points to the monster's tentacles. The shadows transform into inflatable tube men. BeeZoo lets out an anxious laugh. A GLOW emanates from her fur in the dark.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - LATER

BeeZoo and Max are fast asleep.

On the wall hangs a crayon drawing of Max and BeeZoo titled
"Best Friends Forever."

EXT. JURASSIC ERA JUNGLE - DAY

Dinosaurs roam the jungle. BOOM! A volcano explodes. The dinos run for their lives to escape the LAVA.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Max pours more vinegar into his baking soda volcano. BeeZoo rescues a TRICERATOPS TOY from the incoming "lava."

BEEZOO

Hey!

INT. LABRINYTH - NIGHT

GREEK WARRIORS Max (11) and BeeZoo dispatch a horde of monsters with swords and torches. When the last falls they exchange a salute.

A MONSTROSITY OF A BEAST, comes at them from the shadows. EXTINGUISHING their torches. Drool drips down onto them. They look up. BeeZoo's glow illuminates CERBERUS. The three-headed dog growls. BeeZoo and Max back into a corner, no match for the beast. It bares its massive fangs.

Just as it strikes a MAIDEN WARRIOR swoops in. Casting a spell that tames the monster.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

YUKI, (11) girl, pulls her overly friendly Bernese Mountain dog off of Max. BeeZoo cowers under its slobbery mouth. Max holds a toy sword up for protection.

YUKI

Hi Max! Ooo epic. Whatcha playing?

Max is too scared to answer.

YUKI (CONT'D)

Sorry if Fredrick scared you...

Still frozen.

YUKI (CONT'D)

Well see you later. Cool sword!

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

11 year olds Max and Yuki stand at the altar. BeeZoo bats back tears and HONKS into a tissue.

PRIEST

Max you may now smooch Yuki.

Yuki leans forward for a kiss. Max gets super awkward. He shakes his head and squeezes his eyes shut.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Max wipes at his mouth and paws at his tongue. BeeZoo, with doe-eyes watches Yuki walk Bruno down the street.

MAX

Eww BeeZoo!

Max shoves BeeZoo. BeeZoo protests, and they start to rough-house. Yuki turns back. They freeze. BeeZoo in a headlock.

YUKI

See you at school Max.

Max blushes, big time. Now they both stare after Yuki.

BEEZOO/ MAX

Bye Yuki...

EXT. FIRST CONCERT ON THE MOON - NIGHT

Frontman Max (12) spits rhymes. BeeZoo spins beats. It's a crowd of millions. The crowd ROARS.

CROWD

Bee-Da-Max! Bee-Da-Max!

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Same song plays. They bounce in the low gravity of Max's BED. They collapse in a heap of laughter. Through giggles they perform their special handshake to the rhythm of:

MAX/BEEZOO

Be to-the Z to-the "oo" to the Max.
B-Fs forever, who be tearing up
the tracks.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Downpour. DR. BEEZOOM stands in front of a MEGA-STORM DEVICE. A LIGHTNING BOLT hits the rooftop. From it emerges MAX VOLTAGE.

Dr. BeeZoom moves for the ON SWITCH. Max Voltage shoots lightning into a cable. Electricity snakes around Dr. BeeZoom, she LAUGHS.

DOC BEEZOM
No wonder lightning never strikes
the same place twice. Nice try Max
Voltage!

Max Voltage gestures behind her. The cable is connected to the RADIO ANTENNA behind Dr. BeeZoom. It topples.

MAX VOLTAGE
A shame you chose evil Dr. BeeZoom.
I sensed a spark between us.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A LATTICE VINE FENCE crushes BeeZoo along with much of the yard decor. Max holds a bundle of "bolts." He thrusts his fist up triumphantly.

MAX
Max Voltage to the rescue!

DAD (O.S.)
Maxwell Henry!

Max scrambles to pull BeeZoo free. They flee the crime scene.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Max and BeeZoo sit on the couch, heads hung in shame. Mom scolds Max. Dad paces. Max tries to plead his case.

DAD
Enough! It's time you start taking
responsibility for yourself. Enough
of this imaginary nonsense.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Max on his bed. He's been crying. His parents argue downstairs.

DAD (O.S.)
Isn't he a little old for this?

MOM (O.S.)
We love his imagination...

DAD (O.S.)
But still, with BeeZoo? He's 12.

BeeZoo tries to cheer Max up with FUNNY FACES. He rolls over.

EXT. WHITE - CONTINUOUS

The world around BeeZoo fades to a blinding light. She shields her eyes from the piercing whiteness.

INT. IMAGINE NATION WELCOME ROOM

BeeZoo's in a WHITE ROOM with no doors.

BEEZOO
Max?

No response. She knocks on the walls.

BEEZOO (CONT'D)
Max? Am I in trouble? This all-white sitch is giving me the heebie-jeebies. If I hear any harp music I'm going to totally freak!

A SOFT LIGHT PULSES at the wall.

BEEZOO (CONT'D)
...Max?

BeeZoo moves closer. PIPPIN, a bubbly WHITE ROBOT, springs from the wall, knocking BeeZoo end-over-end.

PIPPIN
Welcome to the Imagine Nation.
Proudly producing Imaginary
Inspiration for Humies since, well
forever! I'm the Program for
Imaginary Personnel Placement in
Imagine Nation. P-I-P-P-I-N. But
you can call me Pippin. Today is
the first day of your new life! Are
you ready to begin?

All "emotion" on Pippin's face freezes, awaiting response.

BEEZOO

Huh?

PIPPIN

I'm sorry, invalid response.

BEEZOO

Where's Max?

PIPPIN

I'm sorry invalid response.

BEEZOO

Where am I?

PIPPIN

Welcome to the Imagine Nation.
Proudly producing Imaginary
Inspiration for Humies since, well
forever! Today is the first day of
your new life! Are you ready to
begin?

BEEZOO

No!

PIPPIN

Was that a "yes?"

BEEZOO

No!

PIPPIN

OK, close enough. Here we go!

A hole in the floor envelops BeeZoo.

EXT. IMAGINE NATION

The IMAGINE NATION sits just above Earth's atmosphere. SEVEN interconnected spherical habitats. The spheres encircle an equal number of light-paths, the INSPIRATION HIGHWAYS, which in turn encircle the Earth like electron orbital paths around a nucleus. At the side closest to Earth the Imagine Nation emits DREAM DUST, a current of sparkling particles flowing around the Earth, THE DREAMSTREAM.

PIPPIN (V.O.)

Since the dawn of humanity
Imaginary Friends just like you
have populated the Imagine Nation
to create inspirational fuel for
our Humies' imaginations.

INT. IMAGINE NATION ORIENTATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON PROJECTOR SCREEN: The Imagine Nation from Space

Pippin stands next to the screen. BeeZoo sit in a school desk. Other IMAGINARY FRIENDS sit around her. Equally confused. BeeZoo taps an uneasy Imaginary Friend, made entirely of WATER, in front of her.

BEEZOO

What is this place?

WATER BUD spins hard and sprays BeeZoo with a SHUSH.

WATER BUD

Would you be quiet?? There might be a test.

Water Bud turns back to the front. BeeZoo rolls her eyes.

PIPPIN

Welcome all to your Imagine Nation onboarding.

BeeZoo's hand shoots up. Pippin ignores her. The screen fades the **IMAGINE NATION LOGO**. An ANIMATED SLIDESHOW illustrates Pippin's orientation speech.

PIPPIN (CONT'D)

As a new member of our team you have the responsibility, no the honor of contributing to the overall production of "Inspo" assembled here at the Imagine Nation. I am the Imagine Nation system solution for maximizing productivity, to keep pace with Inspiration Output Demand from our beloved Humies on Earth. Management manifested to get the most out of you in this symbiotic partnership. Together we do our part to safeguard The Inspiration Highway, our tether between Earth and the Imagine Nation. Pause for applause.
(pauses; no applause)

Now each-

BEEZOO

Hey Mr. Ro-butt.

(snickers)

What's going on here?

Pippin clicks to a **"Journey of Processing Grief" Graph**.

PIPPIN

Each of you has been officially forgotten. And while modern science has determined grief is not simply experienced in five stages, for the sake of efficiency you will all be allotted the next 5 seconds to just... Get over it.

"Get over it" flashes across the graph. GASPS and murmurs fill the room.

IMAGINARY FRIENDS

Forgotten?!

PIPPIN

Precisely! And bestie you forget that bestie too, because we have work to do!

(reset)

Now you will be assigned to an Onboarding Companion who will help you find the department where you can create the most Inspo output. Because above all, Efficiency is our goal. Our Imagination Subset Departments are as follows: Fantasies, Smarties, Feelies, Synthies, Empathies, and Inventies... And do you want to know the best part?

Waits. Silence. Most Imaginary Friends are too shell-shocked to respond.

BEEZOO

COTTON CANDY

No.

Will this be on the test?

PIPPIN

I knew you would! You get to work here forever!

(fine print voice)

Forever is not an actual or imagined amount of time. Forgotten Imaginary Friends employment depends solely on the capacity of said friend to produce inspiration. If inspiration cannot be produced, Imaginary Friend will be relegated to our Memies department.

A few Imaginary Friends cry, some pace nervously. BeeZoo gets pulled into the anxiety of the room.

BEEZOO

Forever?! How long is forever?!

PIPPIN

I am not programmed to recognize emotion but I'm going to venture a guess that you've all been overcome with a sense of fulfillment and gratitude for this obligatory opportunity. Well in that case. You're welcome!

A young Imaginary Friend approaches Pippin.

YOUNG IF

My best friend Raquel has a 8th birthday party in a month. Will I be able to go?

PIPPIN

Negative.

The young imaginary friend does not take this well.

YOUNG IF

But I want to be there...

PIPPIN

In that case I suggest you follow the approved resolution steps for such issues and...

(taps screen)

Get over it.

YOUNG IF

But-

PIPPIN

Get. Over. It. Because we need you here! Producing inspo, so no time for waterworks because tears decrease productivity by almost 40%. In conclusion forget everything from your life before and focus on the oh-so-bright future you have here at the Imagine Nation. And now it's time to meet your onboarding companions! A friendly face to guide you through this transition. "Reassuring thumbs up."

INT. IMAGINE NATION OBSERVATION DECK

ROBBIE greets BeeZoo. He's a mo-hawked punk Imaginary Friend, his enthusiasm for "sticking-it-to-the-man" faded, but his bicep ANARCHY TAT has not. He is not a friendly face...

ROBBIE

I'm Robbie.

BeeZoo watches Robbie suspiciously as she inspects the room.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

(unenthused)

And you must be BeeZoo.
Congratulations on joining the
Imaginary workforce. We are
thrilled to count you among us.

BEEZOO

Hi.

Silence follows. Robbie can take it. BeeZoo's head still spinning. She starts and stops deciding how to proceed.

BEEZOO (CONT'D)

Robbie is it? I'm BeeZoo. Max's
best friend. I believe there's been
a misunderstanding. See we had an
expedition planned. A perilous ice-
climb to the summit of Mount Frost
to recover the gem of eternal soul-
fire and I'd really hate to leave
him hanging on this one... so to
speak. So...

BeeZoo gives Robbie a "help me out" shrug.

ROBBIE

No kidding? Gem of eternal soul
fire? Oh wow! What a terrible mix
up. We have to fix this right away.

BEEZOO

Really? Oh thank you Robbie. You
know I almost judged you too soon,
figured you for the "says no to
everything" kind of guy. Finally
someone who gets it.

ROBBIE

(deadpan)

And obviously someone who doesn't.
This is your life now. There ain't
no going back.

(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

No more journeys to Mount Snowball,
no more plundering treasure, no
more any of it. So pay attention
and find a department you don't
find to be totally insufferable.

BEEZOO

That was a lot of "No's"...
(lightbulb; give Robbie
coy look)
Wait a tick... how did you know Max
and I plunder pirate treasure?

ROBBIE

What? Oh Lucky guess... Why are you
looking at me like that?

BEEZOO

I see... you're in coo-hoots with
Max, aren't cha?! He put you up to
this?! Oh mama-jama, you had me
going there. I was like whaaa! And
like noooo! But now it's like I see
you. And that robot? Talk about
selling it. What a trick!

ROBBIE

No he most certainly did not. You
were assigned to me and you are
quickly becoming a major pain in my
assignment.

BeeZoo winks at Robbie repeatedly.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Stop that.

BeeZoo gives an "OK sign" to Robbie. Keeps winking.

BEEZOO

(loud)

Okie dokie pal. I read you loud and
clear... this is most definitely
not a charade put on by my stinky
feet, no good, buddy Max... who has
never and will never beat me in a
game of full-contact Hungry, Hungry
Hippos... In his life!

(waits for a reaction)

Decent composure. Bravo. OK I'll
play your game Max. Lead on
Robbie... if that's your real name.

Robbie looks down at a **Robbie + Izzy** tattoo on his forearm.

ROBBIE

Whatever... just don't touch anything.

What follows is a tour of the Imagine Nation. Which is a wonderfully colorful and imaginative world, but underneath its shiny exterior it has the charm of a textile factory.

INT. SMARTIES DEPT.

SMARTIES DEPARTMENT

An endless sea of cubicles. All types of Imaginary Friends wear LAB COATS, TOGAS, or FAKE BEARDS for pondering. For the colorful nature of the Imaginary Friends there is a GENERAL DISTANCE IN THEIR EYES and detachment from their work.

ROBBIE

Now we've gotta figure out which imagination department you're best suited for, the sooner that happens the sooner I can go back to not being your babysitter. So listen up.

BEEZOO

Roger, roger!

ROBBIE

Each department is responsible for a different aspect of the Humies imagination.

BEEZOO

This doesn't feel very imaginative.

The SMARTIES measure BeeZoo's dimensions. Take a horn sample. Pull a few hairs.

ROBBIE

No kidding. But the intellectual aspect of imagination is still imagination. These Smarties are responsible for coming up with scientific theories, philosophizing, hypothesizing... and doing whatever that is.

Smarties recreate the ALLEGORY OF THE CAVE.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

By the book, process oriented. Technical imagination.

Smarties sit like THE THINKER at their desks. Gazing thoughtfully at UNSOLVED RUBIK'S CUBES.

SMARTIE

Ah-ha!

A Rubik's Cube solves itself. A THOUGHT BUBBLE forms around it and carries it upward. Leaving a wake of little bubbles. The cube joins others floating up into the Smarties Inspiration Highway.

BEEZOO

Where are those cubes going?

INSPIRATION HIGHWAY

The cube picks up speed. In orbit. Earth a blur below.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

To Earth. To humies in need of a spark to ignite their intellectual imagination.

The bubble pops. The cube races toward Earth.

INT. UNIVERSITY QUANTUM PHYSICS CLASS - DAY

A professor hands a student chalk. The board has an unsolved quantum mechanics problem. She tries to take it all in.

The cube PHASES through the ceiling. UNSEEN by the class. It hovers over the student. It spins until it BURSTS. Pearly glitter floats down onto the student.

STUDENT

Ah-ha!

She flips the chalk, sticks out her tongue and writes out the solution.

INT. SMARTIES DEPT.

BeeZoo and Robbie watch the student on a monitor.

BEEZOO

Impressive.

ROBBIE

Meh, not my cup of jello, but it's your forever. Much more to see.

INT. EMPATHIES DEPT.

EMPATHIES DEPARTMENT

EMPATHIZER Imaginary Friends awkwardly walk a RUNNING TRACK. The infield is full of beanbags, nooks, and coffee shop tables. Lots of LISTENING. Lots of UNDERSTANDING NODS.

A MOUNTAIN OF SHOES, all shapes and sizes line the track.

EMPATHIZER

We start every day walking a mile
in someone else's shoes.

BEEZOO

Don't you worry about blisters?

EMPATHIZER

Only when they're someone else's
blisters.

ROBBIE

This part of the Imagine Nation
helps Humies understand other
Humies feelings. They put the
pathetic in em-pathetic if you ask
me.

EMPATHIZER

And I would love to know what makes
you feel that way.

Empathizers take shoes to an OVERSIZED TEDDY BEAR ASSEMBLY LINE. The teddy bears have a pocket over their hearts. The shoes go in the pocket.

The bears move onto a conveyor belt. Paralleling Empathies Inspo Highway. Portal Doors open. Bears go through.

I/E. EARTH

QUICK SHOTS:

Teddy Bears push through doors, and hug Humies. Humies pass hugs or reassuring pats and nods to other Humies WEARING THE SAME SHOES that were placed in each bear.

INT. EMPATHIES DEPT.

ROBBIE

Barf. Let's keep it moving.

INT. INVENTIES DEPT.

INVENTIES DEPARTMENT

War Games. Ted Talks. Black turtle necks. High Tech wall-to-wall. THE FUTURE. INVENTIE Imaginary Friends test out all sorts of crazy inventions.

There's a machine that instantly mines asteroids. BeeZoo walks along in awe, tempted to reach in and grab-

ROBBIE
What did I say?!

BEEZOO
Ask before touching anything.

Robbie glares. BeeZoo sheepishly retracts her hand.

BEEZOO (CONT'D)
Don't touch anything.

ROBBIE
Thank you. So this is Inventies.
They invent stuff... Make insights
into things that don't yet exist.
Create. Etcetera, etcetera... Think
pretty highly of themselves. Until
you ask them why Segways still
haven't replaced walking.

A fleet of Inventies roll by on Segways carrying LIGHTBULBS. They all stick tongues out at Robbie.

Inventies put lightbulbs into pods that are lifted into ROCKETSHIP cargo holds. Rockets launch into the Inspo Highway.

BeeZoo shields her eyes from the launch blast. Impressed.

BEEZOO
Woah...
(grabs a passing Inventie)
Did you see that?

The Inventie shrugs.

INVENTIE
Only like every minute of every
hour of every day but yeah, "woah."

The Inventie eye-rolls and walks away.

INT. SYNTHIES DEPT.

SYNTHIES DEPARTMENT

A world of wacky combinations and common objects used for ulterior purposes. Hoarders meets gizmo and gadget land. Claw crane vending machines. Styrofoam Cup phones. Trampolines instead of stairs.

ROBBIE

OK, here's Synthies. Take two things, make a new thing. Synthesizing separate ideas to create a new one. $1+1=3$ and all that. Got it?

BEEZOO

Definitely more rules and backstory than our usual games.
(to no one in particular)
Really out-done yourself Maxie!

INT. FANTASIES DEPT.

FANTASIES DEPARTMENT

ARTS SECTION

EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC fills the room. ARTSIE Imaginary Friends create all sorts of sounds. Robbie yells over the din.

ROBBIE

The Fantasies Department takes care of the artistic inspiration for all types of artists, sculptors, musicians, storytellers, even TikTok stars.

Artsies sculpt, paint, draw, and create murals of colorful stories. Others watch a storyteller perform, gushing with emotion. The audience claps politely. A SPARK seeps from the performer. The show ends and the performer drops back into their DREARY STATE.

They collect the spark in an ORB and take it to the SHOOTING RANGE. The orb is loaded in a SLINGSHOT and shot into the Inspo Highway.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

An artist sits at a BLANK CANVAS.

A portal opens. The orb arcs through and explodes like a firework over the artist's head.

ARTIST

Sacre bleu!

The canvas becomes an explosion of color.

INT. FANTASIES DEPT.

BEEZOO

Look this is really neat. I appreciate the effort, truly. But I'd just really like to see Max. Our last adventure didn't end on the best note so yeah... I'd really like to talk to him.

(to anyone who will listen)

Can we just, quick timeout guys. Press pause for a second.

BeeZoo steps out to block a working Artsie on their path.

ARTSIE

What's her deal?

ROBBIE

Newbie. We'll be gone in a second.

(to BeeZoo)

You're really struggling to get a grasp on your reality huh? Come on.

He holds open a door with a sign: **Shh Quiet! Imaginary Friend Creation in Progress.**

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

This should straighten you out.

IMAGINARY FRIEND INCUBATOR

Rows of infant incubators. INFANT Imaginary Friends are hooked up to monitors displaying their Humies.

BeeZoo presses against the glass.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Here it is. The nebula of imagination. Where we all started.

BEEZOO

They're so small... And so
adorable! No way you used to look
that cute... No offense.

Nurses monitor aisles of infants. Infants sprout features
like tails, wings, roller-skate feet, and patterns. A nurse
greet's BeeZoo and Robbie.

NURSE

Is this a Imagine Nation newbie?
Welcome back...

She scans BeeZoo with her PORTAL PAD. BeeZoo gets uneasy.

BEEZOO

Welcome back? What are you doing?
Hi, hey there sorry, I'm BeeZoo, Ma-

NURSE

Max's best friend? Yes I see that.

BEEZOO

How did you..?

NURSE

With my Portal Pad. Our way of
keeping track of things down there
and how they fit with things up
here. Look.

The nurse shows BeeZoo the screen. It's a side-by-side
readout of BeeZoo's and Max's biometrics. A video shows Max
having dinner with his family, at HIGH SPEED, like a
TIMELAPSE. **LIVE** pulses in the corner of the screen.

BeeZoo looks back and forth between the Nurse and Robbie
hoping this is all a game, but quickly realizes it isn't.

ROBBIE

Your time with Max on Earth is
over. The sooner you accept that
the sooner you can move on.

AROUND THE DEPARTMENT

Imaginary Friends sculpt infant Imaginary Friends out of PLAY-
DOUGH. Based-on "renderings" from little Humies minds.

SCULPTOR

Can someone reload the silly
string?

PLAY-PEN

Baby Imaginary Friends play. Nannies teach them basic kid games. A nanny rounds up several babies.

NANNY

It's time, are you all ready?

The nanny leads them to a ROOST. Wraps them in handkerchiefs. A GIANT STORK steps out of the roost. Scoops up the infants. And takes off through an Inspo Highway portal.

BeeZoo knows the Imagine Nation is real. She gets misty-eyed and sits on the floor. She cries quietly into her hands.

ROBBIE

Come on BeeZoo let's clear out of here before one of these giant storks takes a giant you-know-what on us.

BEEZOO

No.

She stares defiantly at him. Tears turn to steam.

ROBBIE

No?

BEEZOO

No! Take me back to Max or I'm staying right here.

ROBBIE

(sighs)

Got it. Insubordination.

He taps his Portal Pad.

Pippin zooms in. EMERGENCY LIGHTS AND SIREN emanating from his head. He zips around the room on high-alert.

PIPPIN

(megaphone voice)

We have a Code Velociraptor in Fantasy Sector. Code Velociraptor in Fantasy Sector.

(sidebar to BeeZoo)

BeeZoo how's your orientation going? By chance have you seen a Code Velociraptor in the area.

BEEZOO

Velociraptor?

Pippin scans the room.

PIPPIN

Yes a most egregious offense. Our alert system is structured on a scale of the ferocity of Earth creatures...

(double checks the report)

Oh look! It's you!

Pippin shows BeeZoo her face on a portal pad with "WARNING" flashing across it.

PIPPIN (CONT'D)

It would appear that a fellow forgotten Imaginary Friend has anonymously reported you for insubordination, Class Raptor.

BeeZoo rolls her eyes towards Robbie.

BEEZOO

I wonder who could've anonymously done that?

Robbie holds her stare.

PIPPIN

I cannot disclose this information due to the anonymous nature of the report. But this reporter has been flagged for exaggerated reports in the past. They once reported a peer's eating habits as quote "deconstructing the very fabric that holds our society together."

ROBBIE

A fair accusation considering they were dipping their pizza in mayonnaise.

PIPPIN

Which I understand is not so different from Ranch Dressing.

ROBBIE

It was over the line.

PIPPIN

Denied. What's the issue here BeeZoo?

BEEZOO

I'm not working here! I refuse and he thinks he can just bully me into changing my mind, but I won't let him. I'm Max's best friend, that's who I am, that's what I am, I'm not some forgotten Imaginary Friend working in an imagination factory. Because I'm not forgotten. He's probably worried sick and- and he needs me! So I need to get back to him right now.

PIPPIN

Acknowledged. Insubordination!
Follow me.

Pippin sets off. Neither follow. Pippin circles back and pushes BeeZoo across the floor. Robbie follows.

A huge stork-poop splats right where they just were. Robbie hurriedly checks himself for splatter shrapnel.

ROBBIE

That is exactly what I- see?
(sees he's talking to no
one)
Filthy feathered fliers. That's it!
I'm putting together a petition to
switch this department's delivery
system to Amazon Prime.

INT. MEMIES DEPT.

MEMIES DEPARTMENT

Endless rows of towering FILE CABINETS. MAIL TUBES run upward between the cabinets. The energy here stinks. Cluttered. Stuffy. Sullen Imaginary Friends fold MEMOS.

BeeZoo is dragged down the aisle by Pippin. Robbie follows.

PIPPIN

You're broken BeeZoo. But fear not.
Many arrive broken just like you.
And I am fixer of broken Forgotten
Imaginary Friends. I know just what
you need...

TWINKLE (O.S.)

A hug?

TWINKLE, a meek and bookish Imaginary Friend, steps out of Pippin's shadow.

PIPPIN

Negative. Please ignore my underling Twinkle. She still has much to learn. What you need is proper motivation! When Imaginary Friends no longer possess the creative spark to inspire imagination we send them here. Memies is the Imagine Nation's department for recreating memories. Each Humies memories are logged on Memos stored in these file cabinets. Our workers reconstruct those memos and send them back to Earth via the recall tubes.

The finished products are intricate ORIGAMI shapes. A finished piece is placed in a mail tube, labeled: **Reconstructed Memos.**

MEMIE IF

Ouch!

A MEMIE Imaginary Friend gets a paper-cut. Crumples the memo responsible and pushes by BeeZoo to shove it in another mail tube: **Memo Dump.** BeeZoo watches it zip up the tube.

PIPPIN

If a memo cannot be reconstructed it is dumped...

THE CEILING

Is a giant DREAMCATCHER. Hundreds of feet up. A lost memo floats through and... ZAP! An electrical charge shreds it into PEARLY IRIDESCENT DREAM DUST.

BEYOND the dreamcatcher-ceiling the particles of lost memos converge in a turbulent stream out into space.

PIPPIN (V.O.)

...into the Dream Stream.

THE DREAMSTREAM twists and spirals out of the Imagine Nation towards earth. The memo dust circles around the Earth. Some dust escapes to space. Some falls to Earth.

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

DREAM DUST sprinkles over a sleeping woman. The dream plays out above her in pearly light. She's in a footrace, but in a pool? Versus gophers? And her mean old elementary principal?!

PIPPIN (V.O.)

Some of those Memo particles find their way to Humies while they sleep. Most are lost, swept out into space. The DreamStream is an unpredictable, uncontrollable force of imagination. Therefore, not a consideration in my efficiency protocols.

INT. MEMIES DEPT.

BeeZoo watches the explosions above. Pippin waves a robot arm in front of her.

PIPPIN

Yoohoo. Earth to- correction, Imagine Nation to BeeZoo. Would you like to be fixed?

BEEZOO

I don't think I'm broken. I still don't know why I'm here.

PIPPIN

Of course you're broken! Already here for thousands of orbit cycles and still not a single unit of inspo output.

BEEZOO

Why can't I see Max? It's not fair.

PIPPIN

Best not to dwell. Just get over it. Look at Robbie and Twinkle. Do they whine about how unfair it is that they are here?

Robbie rolls his eyes.

TWINKLE

I'd like to whine a little if that's-

PIPPIN

No. They blindly accept their reality, they don't ask questions, and vigorously contribute to our Inspo production objective. We are all cogs in this Imagine Nation Machine, and we can't have sad cogs, because sad cogs cry, and then the cogs rust and the whole machine breaks. Is your sadness worth clogging the gears of the whole system?

BEEZOO

So that's it then? Max is gone.

PIPPIN

Less gone and more like you'll never see him again! But I knew you'd understand! Now what is your verdict? Endlessly recreate memories with Monka-Monkey here...

A SOCK MONKEY Imaginary Friend holds up his hands and feet to show-off dozens of paper cuts and band-aids. He slowly shakes a sad head at BeeZoo in warning.

PIPPIN (CONT'D)

Or join a department where you can make a real and imaginary difference?

BeeZoo buckles with nowhere to turn.

BEEZOO

Fine.

PIPPIN

I appreciate your enthusiasm. You will begin work immediately in Robbie's department. Feelies!

EXT. PARK BIRTHDAY PARTY - DAY

Kids play. Parents supervise.

PARENT

Okay who's ready to meet Floopsie?

The kids CHEER. FLOOPSIE, the clown enters with BALLOONS. He intentionally slips and falls flat on his back. They love it.

FLOOPSIE

Boopsie-doopsie, Floopsie made an
Whoopsie!

(dusts himself off)

Who wants one of these balloons
before I fly away!

They all want one. RED SPARKS OF IMAGINATION appear. They slip into the kids' minds.

CLOSER LOOK: they're little RED RAGE EMOJIS. The kids' happiness is replaced by HOT ANGER. The kids attack Floopsie. Biting. Kicking. Stabbing balloons with cake forks.

The parents try to pull their rabid children off Floopsie. Floopsie shields himself with the balloons.

FLOOPSIE (CONT'D)

Just take em you animals! Ow, Ow,
Off! That one better have her
rabies shot!

INT. FEELIES DEPT.

FEELIES DEPARTMENT

BeeZoo and Robbie watch the replay of the clown incident. Robbie pauses the clip.

ROBBIE

(like reading a manual)

So... after one week of work this incident was flagged along with 4,578 other inspo outputs as potentially inaccurate. But because you're a newbie it's important to ensure this is not a failure on our end to communicate the expectations of your role. Therefore how do you feel this particular incident went?

BEEZOO

Well, it felt like the kid in the red shirt could have caused more damage had she opted for shin kicks instead of biting the clown in the thigh but I'd say generally it was quite a productive performance-

ROBBIE

(sighs)

And how would you rate your success providing these little Humies with the appropriate Feelies Inspo the situation called for?

BeeZoo kicks her feet up on the control panel. The control panel is a keyboard of EMOJI EXPRESSIONS. TUBES OF ANIMATE EMOJIS encircle the desk waiting for their button to be pressed.

BEEZOO

I just felt the anger was a more authentic emotion here. Clowns are just so...

(shivers)

And balloons, talk about a climate killer, am I right?

WORRIED Emojis look back and forth nervously.

ROBBIE

Feeling pretty smug aren't you.

She is. SMUG Emojis nod agreement.

BEEZOO

I feel like I'm finally figuring it all out. Really starting to get the hang of things around here...

ROBBIE

Listen, I know you're upset about Mac.

BEEZOO

Max.

ANGRY Emojis HUFF.

ROBBIE

Right, but can I give some advice? The longer you fight it, the longer you hold on, the longer it will hurt. Every day, until you bury the past, and move on.

BEEZOO

I don't want to move on.

SAUCER-EYED Emojis plead for Robbie to understand.

ROBBIE

No one does. But it's a lot easier to forget. Up here everyone has to eventually. And taking out your frustration on innocent humies isn't going to fix anything. What if that was Max down there?

BEEZOO

Max would never invite a clown to his birthday party. We don't like clowns. So...?

GROSSED OUT Emojis look extra queasy.

ROBBIE

What I mean is how would you feel if one of the Imaginary Friends here was sending Max the wrong imaginary inspo? How would you feel if I located him right now and bombarded him with negative and confusing thoughts?

BeeZoo puts her feet down. GASP Emojis, gasp.

BEEZOO

You can't do that.

ROBBIE

Try me.

(waves the Portal Pad)

I can look him up right here. Put just about any emotion I want in one of those tubes, and BANG, hallelujah it's raining mean all over Max.

(pulls up video)

Take a look.

ON VIDEO

EXT. YUKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max (18!) knocks on the door. Wipes sweaty palms on the sides of his pants.

BEEZOO (V.O.)

Nice try. That's not Max. Where'd you find this old guy anyway?