

Inside City
"The Brice-Cream Stand"

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Logline: When Octavia and Brice work an ice cream stand, the Bot Bros find ways to steal all their customers. But nothing sells ice cream like being a nice person!

INT. OCTAVIA'S ROOM - MORNING

ON WINDOW: The sun rises over a grassy field where a few cows graze. It's a peaceful morning - a bird chirps, a gentle breeze blows, a young teen <SNORES>--

WIDEN: Beneath the window, OCTAVIA, 17, is face-down, booty up, drooling in her sleep. A ROOSTER CROWS, then dissolves through the "window" holograph and starts pecking Octavia.

OCTAVIA
...five more minutes...

The rooster cocks its slightly transparent head. Its eyes bulge in different directions. One moves like a googly eye.

ROOSTER
Squakadoodledoo! Time to wake up.

The window turns to a giant graphic of a clock. Alarms blare.

OCTAVIA
Alright alright, I'm up.

The window display shows a winky face " ;) " and returns to a peaceful field.

QUICK CUTS:

- Octavia sniffs a band t-shirt from the pile of laundry on her floor. Shrugs.

- Octavia, now in said shirt, brushes her teeth. Then uses the tooth brush to fix a fly hair. Shrugs.

- Octavia grabs her phone, wallet, and -

OCTAVIA
Shoot, where'd I put my keys?

The rooster morphs into a giant arrow pointing to the keys.

OCTAVIA
I knew I got you for a reason.
Thanks.

She takes the keys. She SLAMS the door open and the light blares through-

DOLLY THROUGH THE DOOR TO:

INT. UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The camera pushes past Octavia as she walks down her entry steps to reveal:

A huge balcony that encloses a circular, open area where we see hundreds of floors, above and below. It's all inside and it's incredible. Flying cars whiz through the open area <HONKING> like it's rush hour.

Octavia's door slams behind her as she rushes down the steps to her unit. Every apartment has a small patio area and stairs leading up to it, like a typical street in Brooklyn, but with tacky fluorescent ceiling lights.

As Octavia jogs down the corridor she waves at her landlord watering a robotic plant.

LANDLORD

Octavia! Where's my rent?

OCTAVIA

Not here!

LANDLORD

Ya better find it.

OCTAVIA

Yeah-yeah-yeah.

She smoothly dodges a drone delivering a package.

OCTAVIA

Watch it! Drones these days...

Octavia scowls at a news stand with the headline "3/15/71: Controversy strikes as robots steal jobs from humans."

OCTAVIA

Ugh! You have got to be kidding me.

She walks up to the large elevator where a small crowd of people and robots, all dressed in business casual, are waiting to get in.

The door opens.

Swarms of people and robots try to push in or out - it's packed full. Octavia rolls her eyes.

OCTAVIA

Typical.

She looks over the balcony rail - there's no floor in sight.

Octavia smiles, takes a few steps back, readies herself.

Octavia sprints towards the rail and jumps O.S.

She rises back above the rail, riding a wild drone cowboy-style. The drone tries to kick her off, but she pulls a cord and rewires it. She gives it a slap - and they're off.

OCTAVIA

Yeahaa!!!

She steers the drone steadily down the open area, going down about 20 levels. She passes "Café Social" - where everyone is on their phones, a rowdy drone fight at the local motor oil bar, and some stock brokers watching a ticker.

Octavia nose dives. The stocks plummet. The i-bankers throw papers in the air and run in circles.

INVESTORS

<SCREAMING>

Octavia pulls up on the reins of her drone. The stocks go up.

INVESTORS

<CHEERING>

Octavia lands her drone on the main floor. Then gives it a slap. It bucks like a horse and shoots off into the distance.

INT. BODEGA - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

MERO GARCIA, 40, works the counter in the cramped Bodega. He's relaxed, charming, and has a smile that says he's seen it all. He reaches into a food warmer with his BIONIC ARM and pulls out a bagel just as Octavia enters.

MERO

Octavia, I got your bagel right here.

OCTAVIA

Oooh! Gimme-gimme-gimme.

Octavia snatches the bagel and bites into it.

OCTAVIA

Mmm... You're the best, Mero.

MERO

Now you hold up your end, tell me, what job you losin' today?

Octavia sarcastically pouts, then smirks.

OCTAVIA

I think you mean which job am I losing today! I still have the ice cream one from yesterday-

Mero's eyes widen, impressed.

OCTAVIA

And I got hired to work for a mentorship program.

MERO

Wait. They're letting you teach another human being? YOU? Ha! We might as well turn the power grid off now.

Octavia rolls her eyes.

OCTAVIA

I could be a good mentor, and let's be real it's just fancy babysitting anyway. All I'm doing is watching somebody's snot-nosed kid.

INT. MENTORSHIP PROGRAM TRAINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An ORIENTATION TRAINER clicks through photos of snot-nosed kids with their mentors clearly struggling to keep up flash on an old-timey projector. Octavia watches with a few other mentors-in-training.

ORIENTATION TRAINER

<HACKS> Yeah-alls ya gotta do is watch the dang thing. Ain't nothin' more to it. Capeesh?

The trainer shrugs.

ORIENTATION TRAINER

Capoosh. Take your numbuhs, pick your mentees, and get youse the heck outta here.

The lights click on and the mentors file out, taking numbers.

ORIENTATION TRAINER

Just remember if you can't last at least an hour, we won't pay you. Otherwise we got no quality control. Have at it. Ya freaks...

INT. MENTORSHIP PROGRAM ROOM - DAY

BRICE, 13, lays in a makeshift hammock and plays a few <NOTES> on his PORTABLE SYNTH. He nods to the music, but then sound of <BARKING> drowns it out.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR (O.S.)
Now serving number 104.

Brice sits up.

REVEAL: Brice is in a big PLAY PEN with a bunch of other MIDDLE SCHOOLERS that act like dogs.

Two of them chase each other around on all fours. Another pair tug back and forth on a rope toy with their mouths. One cries like a baby.

Brice looks over. A completely uninterested MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR stands outside the playpen with a JOCKY MENTOR.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR
(deadpan)
This is our selection of bright young minds. You can choose any of them to be an influence on -- hopefully positive.

The Jocky Mentor grins big and points O.S.

JOCKY MENTOR
I'll take that one!

An ENERGETIC KID flies from O.S. and CLINGS onto the Mentor's face. The Mentorship Supervisor hands the Mentor a clipboard.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR
Fill this out and then you can bring the kid back... whenever.

The Jocky Mentor blindly signs whatever is on the clipboard. He turns and walks out with the kid still on his face.

Brice looks back down at his synth and starts playing again.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR
Now serving number 105. Number 105.

Octavia darts up to the Mentorship supervisor.

OCTAVIA
Right here.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

Mhm. Did you hear what I told the other guy?

OCTAVIA

Yeah, I just pick whatever kid has the best vibes, right?

The Mentorship Supervisor stares at Octavia for a moment. Shrugs.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

Sure.

Octavia squints her eyes. She scans the play pen for the perfect kid.

OCTAVIA

Now who won't be a pain in my butt.

One mentee wears a horse costume and plays with horse toys.

OCTAVIA

Nuh-uh.

Another mentee emerges from a dark corner and starts scraping a fork against a plate without breaking eye contact.

OCTAVIA

Oh no. No no no.

Octavia zones in on Brice, poking at a key on his keytar harmlessly. She points at him.

OCTAVIA

How about that one?

The Mentorship Supervisor scrunches her face, concerned.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

That one? Are you positive?

OCTAVIA

Yeah, he seems chill. What, is there something wrong with it?

The supervisor looks both ways. Leans in.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

Between you and me, the kid's been returned a few times.

QUICK CUTS: the other mentees are super strange.

OCTAVIA

That one got returned? Ha! I think we'll be okay.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

<SHRUGS> Brice, come here, you're getting a new mentor.

Brice gets up, hesitant. He shuffles over to the Octavia.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

Brice this is--

OCTAVIA

Octavia.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR

Right. She's going to be watching you today. Do me a favor and *don't* be back in an hour.

OCTAVIA

Psht, we won't be back in an hour. We're going to have a super fun day, right Brice?

Octavia makes eye contact with Brice. She smiles and he smiles back.

BRICE

Yes please!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Octavia and Brice walk down a hallway full of kiosks.

BRICE

What are we doing today?

OCTAVIA

You'll see!

Brice stops at a kiosk with VR HEADSETS. He puts one on and continues following Octavia.

BRICE

Ooh, We could visit the dino-bird zoo!

Suddenly, the hall around Brice TRANSFORMS into a ZOO. They walk down the zoo path. A LARGE DINO BIRD flies overhead.

BRICE

Wow!

Octavia's not amused. Brice thinks.

BRICE

Orrr... we could go the racetrack!

The zoo TRANSFORMS into a RACETRACK. A bunch of holographic flying cars pass through Octavia. She shoots Brice a glare.

BRICE

No? Got it. Well..

The racetrack TRANSFORMS into the outside of a PLAYGROUND.

BRICE

I'm not allowed in here anymore,
but...

Brice points his thumb to the BOUNCER.

BRICE

I know the guy working the door so
if you really wanna go I'm sure I
could get us in.

Brice goes to fist-bump the bouncer, but his hand phases through the hollographic Bouncer.

Brice wiggles his eyebrows at Octavia, who is unfazed.

They reach the end of the hallway. Brice throws the headset aside and everything returns to normal.

OCTAVIA

There's no time for that. C'mon, or
we'll be late!

Brice's eyes light up!

INT. MAIN FLOOR PLAZA - DAY

The plaza is the centerpiece of the entire complex. It's always crowded with PEOPLE walking through, and a few chilling around a FOUNTAIN.

Brice frowns as he looks down at the bottom half of the ICE CREAM CONE COSTUME he's now wearing. His legs stick out of the cone while his face is at the center of the ice cream.

BRICE

You said we were gonna have fun!

Octavia stands at an ICE CREAM CART, removing lids from ice cream cartons.

OCTAVIA

Making money so you don't get evicted is fun.

(then)

Wait, no it's not. Eh, I lied.

Octavia tosses a lid like a frisbee to Brice, who crosses his arms. The lid hits his ice cream head with a SQUEAK.

BRICE

Hm. We prolly shouldn't be doing this. Aren't there like child labor laws or something?

OCTAVIA

Pfft, they got rid of those before I was even born.

BRICE

And brought 'em back last year after what happened at Woodly Chips Wood Chipper Emporium!

Octavia cringes.

OCTAVIA

Oh, well, rules are stupid anyway. Now scoop this ice cream. We gotta sell cones to get paid!

Octavia shoves an ice cream scoop into Brice's hand.

OCTAVIA

And be cute.

Octavia holds up a cone, showing it off. She fakes a smile.

OCTAVIA

Ice cream for sale! Ice cream over here! Ice cream!

Octavia notices a HAPPY PERSON walking by licking an ice cream cone. Then a LOVEY COUPLE eating ice cream too. An UNLUCKY BYSTANDER tries to lick his ice cream cone, but it falls on the ground and he pouts.

Octavia deflates.

OCTAVIA

Where did they get those?

Octavia zeroes in on another ice cream cart with a long line of CUSTOMERS across the plaza.

Two ICE BOTS man the cart. They're absolute machines at the job. Ice cream scoops pop out of their bodies. They make cones so fast it's a blur. The register <RINGS> constantly.

Octavia <GROANS> and slams her face down on the cart. Brice looks at her, concerned.

BRICE

Are you okay? You look... dead inside.

OCTAVIA

I'm worse than dead. I'm fired. I can't compete with Bots.

Brice scoots close to Octavia and places his hand on her.

BRICE

There, there. At least we have ice cream.

Octavia's eyes roll to Brice who sits on the stand, gleefully licking an ice cream.

OCTAVIA

Hey! You didn't pay for that.

Octavia slaps the cone out of his hand. It splatters onto the floor. Brice's eyes blub with tears and he pouts.

BRICE

(earnestly)

But somebody's gotta eat it!

Brice hops off the stand. He lays down next to the ice cream and licks the part that isn't touching the floor.

Brice looks up at Octavia and sees her gloomy expression. His eyes shoot back at the ice cream. He gets an idea.

Brice cradles his stomach and SQUIRMS on the floor.

BRICE

Oooh! Oh no! Woe is me! I've been afflicted!

OCTAVIA

What?

BRICE

My tum-tum! It's my tum tum...
Oooooweee....

Brice stops his dramatic squirming and lifts his head.

BRICE

Can you get me something for it?

Octavia lifts an eyebrow. Brice sees someone walking by.

BRICE

The PAIN! PLEASE Octavia, help!

The bystander takes notice. Octavia sees and puts on a fake smile.

OCTAVIA

(through teeth)
Brice, sweetie, it's okay. What do you need?

BRICE

I'm lactose and tolerant.

OCTAVIA

Why are you eating ice cream if you're lactose intolerant?

Brice rolls back and forth in pain.

BRICE

Oh no, bubbly guts! OOH! It HURTS!

OCTAVIA

Oh alright, I'll be right back.
Just don't make a mess in the costume, I gotta return that.

Octavia runs off towards an escalator. She pushes an UNLUCKY BYSTANDER out of the way, who drops his ice cream again. The unlucky bystander <GROANS>, disappointed.

Brice gets up with a smile. Perfectly fine.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - DAY

DERRICK DUDEMEISTER stands behind the register in a wrinkled blue polo. He has a blank stare, a dumb smile, and grade-A stoner energy.

NOTE: Through the window in the BG we see Brice making ice cream sculptures. It's subtle, but it's there.

Octavia bursts into the store.

DERRICK

Yooooo, Oc.

Octavia darts into an aisle.

Derrick watches the aisle's shelves SHAKE as random junk flies over the top of them.

Octavia zips out of the aisle and up to the register. She puts down a bottle of ginger-ale and a roll of toilet paper.

OCTAVIA

Derrick, I need you to be fast for once. I have a kid and he's having an emergency.

DERRICK

...You have a kid? Things have really gone downhill since you got fired from here, huh.

OCTAVIA

It's not my kid, Derrick.

DERRICK

That's the same thing I tried telling my girl, but she--

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOLLAR STORE - DAY

Octavia shoots out of the dollar store with the toilet paper and soda.

INT. PLAZA - DAY

Octavia jogs back to the ice cream cart. <HEAVY BREATHS>. She holds out the items for Brice.

OCTAVIA

Brice, I got you ginger-ale and toilet paper. It's one-ply so-

Octavia scowls in shock.

OCTAVIA

You absolutely deserve it! What are you doing?!

Brice jams his body against a SIX-FOOT PILE OF ICE CREAM. It molds into what looks like an ugly penguin.

BRICE

I'm making ice cream sculptures!
It's how we're going to sell your
ice cream.

OCTAVIA

No, it's not. You just ruined a
bunch of ice cream.

BRICE

Octavia, trust me, look.

Brice nods his head to a BYSTANDER who eyes the sculpture.

BYSTANDER

Say, is that a sculpture made out
of ice cream? Kinda makes me wanna
buy a scoop of ice cream!

Dollar signs POP into Octavia's pupils.

INT. PLAZA - LATER

The Ice Bots continue to serve their line, but then a
<MURMUR> builds and Customers peel off the line.

A crowd of Customers approach a collection of shoddy ICE
CREAM STATUES. There's a PENGUIN, a SNOWMAN, and TWO FRIENDS
(Brice and Octavia) holding hands.

Brice and Octavia walk out from behind the penguin.

BRICE

Welcome everyone to the world's
first ice cream art exhibit!
(for pizzaz)
Ta-daaa!

Brice makes jazz-hands to gesture to the sculpture.

BRICE

You can check out all of our
amazing ice cream statues and even
take a piece of them home with you.

Brice scoops some ice cream off the penguin and puts it into
a cone.

BRICE

(starting everyone off)
WHOOA-

CUSTOMERS

-OOOOOOOOOA!

Octavia watches the Customers admire the statues.

OCTAVIA

As far as ideas go, this one didn't
suck. Good job, Brice.

Brice gives a big cheesy smile, blushing.

ICE BOT'S POV: Everything appears in infrared as the bot
scans the crowd and the ice cream statues. Complicated
equations pop up next to the statues.

BACK ON: An OLD LADY walks up to Octavia with an ice cream
cone.

OLD LADY

Can you ring me up?

OCTAVIA

Yep, right over here.

Octavia walks the OLD LADY over to the cart. The Customer
digs into her purse as Octavia pops open the register.

OCTAVIA

One Blueberry Dream. That will be
three dollars.

OLD LADY

I think it's so creative what you
kids did with this ice cream. I've
never seen anything like it.

The Customer pulls out a couple bucks, but before she can
hand it to Octavia, she notices something out of the corner
of her eye, and sprints away.

OCTAVIA

Huh?

All the customers STAMPEDE back across the Plaza where --

The Ice Bots shoot LASER BEAMS out of their eyes and carve
the finishing touches onto an ICE CREAM STATUE OF DAVID.

The customers quickly crowd around the Ice Bots' stand again.

CUSTOMERS

This is incredible!/Amazing!/Shut
up and take my money!

Octavia and Brice's jaws drop. Their surprise turns into anger.

Octavia pushes her way through the customers. She steps up to the Ice Bots' cart. They look at her and roll back a bit.

OCTAVIA

Hey, you guys can't just steal our idea like that!

BRICE (O.S.)

Yeah!

Octavia reaches down and picks up Brice so that he's now face to face with the Bots.

BRICE

It's really messed up!

Octavia puts Brice back down. The suit flops over Brice's face, and he adjusts it to reveal his cute lil pouty face.

ICE BOT #1

You say it was your idea, but I found no legal claim when reviewing the digital library of patents.

OCTAVIA

Oh, that's because it's in the digital library of YOU SAW US DO IT!

ICE BOT #1

The chances of a court ruling in your favor is roughly <CALCULATING DIAL> 2.8 percent.

Ice Bot #2 bumps Ice Bot #1.

ICE BOT #2

Brother, I have received news. Our patent for the ice cream sculptures has been approved.

Ice Bot #1 turns and fires a laser beam! Octavia ducks it. The laser annihilates the "two friends" sculpture.

ICE BOTS

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Octavia takes her hat and apron off. She walks back to her cart and sits behind it.

Brice peeks around the cart at Octavia. He shuffles over.

BRICE

Are you giving up?

OCTAVIA

Is it not obvious enough?

Octavia drops into the fetal position.

BRICE

No! We can't go out like that.

Brice <STRUGGLES> in his ice cream cone suit to climb atop the counter, brow furrowed, determined.

Brice hits a key on his keyboard and triumphant music plays as he paces atop the counter dramatically.

BRICE

A wise woman once told me "now scoop this ice cream". And I didn't wanna, but I did anyways. And you know where it got me?

OCTAVIA

Right here? In this armpit of a situation-?

Brice flails his ice cream costume adamantly.

BRICE

Yep. And you know who that wise woman was?

OCTAVIA

Me. It was me. You really shouldn't take my advice.

Brice is unfazed. Music intensifies.

BRICE

Maybe I shouldn't. But what did I do? I took it!

OCTAVIA

Y'know, this is the worst motivational speech I've ever heard.

BRICE

But are you inspired?!

Brice leans in close to Octavia's face and wiggles his eyebrows.

BRICE
Eh?? Ehhhh???

OCTAVIA
I mean, maybee a little...?

BRICE
Yes! That's what I'm talkin' about!

Brice does an adorable dance in his ice cream costume.

OCTAVIA
Okay-fine. What did you have in
mind?

"INT" MAIN FLOOR ICE CREAM STAND - MOMENTS LATER

A homemade sign that says "FREE COMPLIMENTS" has been taped over the ice cream stand sign. Brice enthusiastically dances around while Octavia scowls and scoops.

BRICE
Free compliments! Come get your
free compliments!
(under breath)
And maybe buy some ice cream but
mostly-
(loudly)
FREE COMPLIMENTS!

Brice cartwheels towards a bystander minding their own business. Plays a little tune on his keyboard.

BRICE
I love your beret!

The bystander holds out a dollar.

BRICE
*You don't have to pay / for nice
things I say / but it would make my
day / if for ice cream you'd pay*

The bystander smiles. Brice looks to Octavia.

BRICE
Now you try! Hooray!

They switch spots. Brice scoops ice cream. Octavia looks at the next nearby person, who is balding.

OCTAVIA
Your... hair might grow back?

The bald person scoffs. Octavia scoffs back. Looks at Brice.

OCTAVIA

*I don't owe you jack / This idea is
whack!*

The customer is shocked and leaves without buying ice cream.
Octavia glares at Brice.

OCTAVIA

Now get off my back!

BRICE

*A word of advice? They won't buy
the ice if you can't be nice.*

OCTAVIA

Ugh. Fine.

Octavia searches for something nice to say.

OCTAVIA

Your beard is so... long?

Someone with a long beard smiles. Octavia spots someone sad.

OCTAVIA

You know you are strong-

The sad person tearily smiles.

People in line outside the robot ice cream stand start to
leave and go to Brice and Octavia's stand. The Ice Bots watch
in disbelief. Octavia looks at Brice.

OCTAVIA

(to herself)

Maybe I was wrong?

Brice picks a beat with his keytar. Struts past the robot
line, werking that lil ice cream costume.

BRICE

*Yeah robots are fine / but if you
wanna dine / with our nice lil
rhymes / feel good like cloud nine
/ then you're in the wrong line!*

Octavia comes to back Brice up.

OCTAVIA

I like your cool flute!

Person plays their flute with a little "teehee" face. A pupperchino walks by.

OCTAVIA
(puppy voice)
And look at that snoot!

BRICE
Homygosh. So cute!!

The puppy <BARKS>.

The ice bot's panels become lose and its eyes spin like a lottery machine. Smoke spills into the air.

ICE BOT #1
Can not compute.

OCTAVIA
Ya better reboot!

CROWD
OOOHHH!!!

The crowd goes wild.

The ice bot shuts down. Sucks its combustion smoke back in. Regroups. Its eyes roll back into place. The robot DINGS, now put back together completely.

ICE BOT #1
*Our ice cream is better / our ice
cream is great / if you do not eat
it / SUFFER A DARK FATE!*

Ice Bot #1 sprouts ice cream cannons and fires wildly and indiscriminately. Bystanders run for cover. It turns and shoots Ice Bot #2 pointblank in the face.

Brice double takes.

BRICE
Wait wha-oof!

SLOW MOTION: Brice gets whacked by a flying scoop. His face turns one way but his tongue flies the other. Brice gives the ice cream a little lick and is in heaven.

IN REAL TIME: Brice faceplants, but his ridiculous ice cream costume saves him from harm with a SQUEAK. He raises a hand.

BRICE
I'm okay!

Ice Bot #2 shoots a laser, melting the ice cream on its face, and searing Ice Bot #1 in half. It shoots more lasers!

Octavia combat rolls, grabs Brice and lands behind a planter.

OCTAVIA

This isn't good... What do we do?

The music swells and the flag from the ice cream stand waves patriotically behind Brice.

BRICE

A motivational spee-

OCTAVIA

No.

BRICE

No?

OCTAVIA

No.

Brice shakes it off.

BRICE

Okay then plan B: We keep complimenting them.

OCTAVIA

What? Isn't that what got us here in the first place?

BRICE

Yeah-but it also made the robot start to self-destruct. Maybe if we overload it with compliments it'll start to shut down again.

Octavia looks at the Ice Bot shoot lasers that obliterate a store sign, a cafe table, and the penguin ice cream sculpture. Octavia winces.

BRICE

Not Pengy!!!!

OCTAVIA

That is the worst plan I've ever heard.

BRICE

You got a better one?

OCTAVIA

Nope. Play me in, lil icecream man!

Brice hooks his keytar up to an amp. Cranks it. Octavia grabs a mic.

OCTAVIA

HEY, ROBOT!

The robot looks to Octavia. Octavia opens her mouth to say a compliment when-

The Ice Bot menacingly rises, pointing all lasers and ice cream canons at Octavia and Brice. Octavia's eyes go wide.

BRICE

RUN!

Brice grabs Octavia's hand and pulls her out of the way just in time. The lasers miss, leaving a huge scorch mark where they once stood.

"INT" MAIN FLOOR RECORD STORE - MEANWHILE

A BROEY DJ with headphones is spinning a tune.

BROEY DJ

It just needs... something...

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: Octavia and Brice dodge lasers and <SCREAM>, but it's muffled through the glass.

The Broey DJ notices the lightshow.

BROEY DJ

Noice, lasers!

He DJ's even harder.

"INT" MAIN FLOOR ICE CREAM STAND - CONTINUOUS

Octavia and Brice continue to dodge lasers.

OCTAVIA

What happened to your plan?

BRICE

You were right! It was a terrible plan!

They dodge behind a table, but the lasers obliterate the table to dust.

OCTAVIA / BRICE

AHH!

The two crawl behind a nearby stand. The unlucky bystander is nearby, about to taste their ice cream - but the ice bot uses it's laser to destroy it. Then-

UNLUCKY BYSTANDER

AGHHHHHH!!!!

The unlucky bystander whose ice cream had been obliterated jumps on the back of the robot!

OCTAVIA / BRICE

<CHEERING>

The bystander punches the robot in a few times. The ice bot wobbles, and appears to settle down. The unlucky bystander rips the robot open, panel by panel.

UNLUCKY BYSTANDER

YOU! WILL! NOT! TAKE! MY! ICE
CREAM! AGAIN! AHGHHHH!!

Nuts and bolts fly! This guy is mad. Brice and Octavia's eyes triple in size, absolutely shocked.

"INT" MAIN FLOOR ICE CREAM STAND - MOMENTS LATER

The police have taken over. A chalk outline surrounds the ice bot's remains. A photographer documents the scene. The Unlucky Bystander is taken away in handcuffs, <GRUMBLING>.

Brice and Octavia are a bit frazzled, but comforted by safety blankets as they speak to a detective.

OCTAVIA

And then the ice-bot was all
<whhhiiirrrr pew pew pew!>

Octavia mimics the robot. The detective writes notes.

BRICE

You can't forget when it was all
"BROOOP-BROOOP-BROOOOP"

Brice moves his arms menacingly like the robot.

OCTAVIA

And then that guy...

BRICE

Never come between someone and
their ice cream.

Brice nods his head solemnly.

DETECTIVE

Sounds like y'all were lucky. If it
wasn't for lil Brice here, you
mighta been toast!

OCTAVIA

Yeah! Honestly, he saved the ice
cream business and my life today.

The detective lifts an eyebrow.

DETECTIVE

Your ice cream business, eh? Now
how could a kid do that?

BRICE

Oh, it was nothing. I just added a
lil creative flare to the business
model.

DETECTIVE

That sounds like highly skilled
work for a kid. Ever heard of child
labor laws? I don't suppose you
have a permit for your little
friend here.

Octavia shakes her head "no".

DETECTIVE

That makes this whole business is
an illegal operation. Which makes
you two...

CLOSE UP: Officer's stern eyes are revealed beneath his
sunglasses as red and blue siren lights oscillate menacingly.

DETECTIVE

Criminals.

The officer spits his toothpick out. Picks up a broken Ice
Bot and blasts the humble ice cream stand to bits.

Octavia and Brice watch in shock. Brice reaches for Octavia's
grip but she retracts.

DETECTIVE

You two are coming with me.

The detective chews a fresh toothpick, and <EVIL-LAUGHS>.

"INT" POLICE OFFICE JAIL CELL - LATER

The echos of the detective's evil laugh cease when the jail cell door locks on Brice and Octavia. Brice is still wearing his ice cream costume, but now with a little jail suit on top. They sit on opposite sides of the cell.

Brice looks up to Octavia. Her brow is furrowed, lips pursed.

Brice searches.

BRICE

So... what do we do now?

OCTAVIA

We don't do anything. You stay over there until Mero comes.

Octavia points to the opposite corner of the jail cell.

BRICE

I... I know it seems bad but I'm sure you'll get a new job.

OCTAVIA

No! No more motivational speeches. No more wacky ideas. You screwed up everything I worked for! I get why people always return you now, you seem all cute but you're just trouble. I never wanna see you again.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Mero is with a guard who unlocked the door. They've witnessed everything.

Brice bites back tears, then pushes his way out of the cell.

Mero crosses his arms, concerned.

MERO

I'm guessing the two jobs thing isn't going too hot.

Octavia rolls her eyes.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF JAIL ON WAY TO MENTORSHIP - DAY

Brice <CRIES> and strips his jail cell suit off, piece by piece, revealing his ice cream costume, and eventually his normal clothes. His keytar drags behind him.

INT. OPEN AREA, FLY ZONE - MEANWHILE

Mero and Octavia zoom around in Mero's flying convertible. He notes the despondent look on her face.

MERO

So you gonna tell me what happened?

OCTAVIA

<GROAN> It's just, Brice.

MERO

The kid?

OCTAVIA

Yeah. He ruined everything. We were supposed to just be selling ice cream and next thing I know we're making ice cream sculptures.

Mero smirks.

MERO

Oh yeah?

OCTAVIA

Yeah. We made a penguin named Pengy, and a snowman, and the robots totally stole our idea. So then Brice came up with a new idea to give out compliments.

(mocking Brice)

The robots won't be able to do this Octavia.

(normal voice)

And he was right. The robots can't do compliments, but you know what they can do? Shoot lasers out of their eyes!

Octavia starts to chop the air while bobbing her head. There's excitement in her voice.

OCTAVIA

So now we're dodging lasers like a couple of ice cream ninjas, and-

Octavia cracks a smile. <CHUCKLES>.

INT. OPEN AREA, FLY ZONE - MEANWHILE

OCTAVIA

It's so stupid.

Octavia catches herself being joyful, and immediately switches to an angry pout.

MERO

Sounds stupid. Stupid fun though.

OCTAVIA

What do you mean?

MERO

Eh. I just think sometimes a person enters your life and they really work your nerves, they don't pay for their bagels in the morning, and everything smart tells you to kick 'em to the curb.

Octavia lowers her eyes, contemplating.

MERO

But then you think about it and you realize how much fun they bring into your life. And that's fasho worth the stupid.

Octavia smirks.

OCTAVIA

You really think you said something.

Mero shrugs. He knows he did.

OCTAVIA

Pull over down there.

Mero parks at a balcony and Octavia climbs out of the car.

Octavia looks at the Mentorship Program Building for a moment before turning back to Mero.

OCTAVIA

Hey Mero, if things ever got really bad for me I could always come and work at the bodega, right?

MERO
(serious)
Absolutely not.

Mero zooms off.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF JAIL ON WAY TO MENTORSHIP - meanwhile

Brice <CRIES> and strips his regular clothes off, piece by piece. The only thing covering him is his little keytar.

INT. MENTORSHIP PROGRAM ROOM - DAY

The Mentorship Supervisor sits at a desk by the door, leafing through a magazine.

Brice opens the door and enters with his head down. The Mentorship Supervisor glances at him and then at her watch.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR
Back so soon?

BRICE
Yeah.

MENTORSHIP SUPERVISOR
Thought so. Fresh clothes are by your hammock when you're done pouting about it again.

Brice returns to the playpen. He looks at his keytar and drops it in front of his hammock.

He buries himself in the hammock. He spins it around until he's cocooned inside.

Suddenly, Octavia barges inside the Mentorship Program Room.

OCTAVIA
Brice! Where's Brice?

The Supervisor motions to the hammock.

Octavia runs over to the hammock.

OCTAVIA
Brice, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

No response.

Octavia <SIGHS>. She notices the keytar on the floor and picks it up. She plays a note.

OCTAVIA

*Brice, I'm super whack / I gave you
too much flack / You're really
freakin' cool/ It's just me who's a
fool.*

The hammock stirs a bit, but then goes still again.

OCTAVIA

Can you come out please? I can't
keep doing the music thing. I'm not
good at it and I feel like the
other kids are judging me.

Octavia glances at a crew of kids shaking their heads at her
in disapproval.

Brice pokes his head out of his hammock-cocoon. He won't look
at Octavia.

BRICE

I wasn't trying to ruin everything.

OCTAVIA

And you didn't ruin anything. I was
the one messing everything up and I
blamed you for it. I'm sorry.

The hammock unravels. Brice sits up in it, frowning. Octavia
sees he's naked.

OCTAVIA

Why are you naked?! Actually - I
don't wanna know. The point is that
I'm sorry I said I never wanted to
see you again. That's not true,
honestly, it's the opposite. Today
was the most fun I've had in
FOREVER and I just hope you can
forgive me so we can do it again.

Brice puts out his hand. Octavia hands him his keytar.

He looks up at Octavia with a huge grin.

BRICE

*I can forgive / cause it's the best
way to live.*

Octavia smiles and fist bumps Brice.

OCTAVIA

Now put some clothes on, lil man!
We still have the whole day ahead
of us. We can do anything you want.
My treat!

Brice gives a coy look.

BRICE

I think I have an idea.

INT. PLAZA - DAY

Brice and Octavia are chilling in swimsuits on pool floaties.
They eat their respective ice cream cones.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Brice and Octavia are floating in the
fountain at the plaza.

A Karen starts to <NAG> them.

Octavia and Brice make a quick getaway. They get lost in the
chaos as the camera pulls further and further out, revealing
the many crazy floors on the apartment complex.

BLACKOUT.