

Wizards of Happiness

By

Rich Malory

A Wizard of Happiness  
A Mystically Transformational Fable  
by Rich Malory

Rich Malory  
WizardofLove@iCloud.com

WIZARDS OF HAPPINESS

Screenplay By

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EXT. SEDONA, AZ / DESERT - DAY

HOWLING WIND and choking dust roar through the canyon. To the left, thunder RUMBLES. A haboob is pounding Sedona.

Valley floor materializes. Coyote YIPS (right). Running into the storm, it passes and disappears down the trail.

Lightning EXPLODES in the direction it's going, lighting an ominous world. Its THUNDER CLAP rocks the valley.

Back down the trail, RICK ARTHUR is heard RUNNING. Coming into view he's wearing: shorts, a windbreaker, tennis shoes, a backpack and visor. A bandana covers his mouth and nose.

Focused, intent, breathing hard and sweating, Rick races down the treacherous cactus lined trail. We follow his perilous flight through the blinding dust and low light.

Lightning EXPLODES on top of a mesa ahead of him.

Approaching a wash, Rick plots his way through it. With precision moves, he bounds over it. As he runs on; the wind stops, all goes eerily still and the air clears.

The handsome, fit thirty year old pulls his bandana down, wipes his face with his hands and takes long deep breaths.

Scattered rain begins to fall. The near horizon is filled with an ocean of rapidly advancing water.

Ahead, Rick sees light from Olde #7's parking lot. (Olde #7 is an Ancient Mystical Vortex, with a thirty foot circle of inlaid rocks. It sits atop a knoll ringed in purple sage.)

Nearing Olde #7, cold torrential rain hits. Racing full out into it, Rick throws his arms high and yells with relief.

RICK

Ye Ha, I'm gonna make it!

As Rick sails on, KA-BOOM! A searing firebolt lights the driving rain, as it blows up a ramada south of the vortex.

Rick is shocked to see what appears to be a five foot tall, fiery red, electric-winged dragon standing mid-vortex. No way he can avoid crashing into, and running over MEL.

The crash is ugly. Mel is slammed to the ground. Rick tumbles and flops to a soggy stop.

RICK  
Holy Double Moly, what was that?

Jumping up, Rick takes off his pack and gets a flashlight. Warily approaching Mel, he turns it on. He finds a big red stub-tailed lizard with no wings. Faint poofs of steam rise from its snout. Rick shines his light on its closed unflinching eyelids. Mel appears to be unconscious.

RICK  
Well, I can't leave ya to die, I'll get ya to a vet. But one twitch on the way to the car, and it's adios.

Rick gets his OD blanket from his pack and spreads it out on the vortex's smooth wet rocks. Rolling Mel onto it, he ties a sling. Then he puts his pack on and shoulders the sling.

Hurrying to his car, Rick passes an Olde #7 sign and LAUGHS.

At his car, Rick puts Mel and sling in the trunk. His pack goes in the backseat. Climbing into his nice safe dry car, Rick SIGHS with relief.

EXT. SEDONA BURGERS PARKING LOT / SEDONA - NIGHT

Tempest rages. Rick parks and runs into the restaurant.

INT. SEDONA BURGERS / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick enters, stops and shakes off. As he walks to the counter, he studies the menu. A CASHIER(18) awaits.

RICK  
I'll take a Three Box with tea, to go. Is there a vet near here?

CASHIER  
In this universe, try Vortex Vets.

Rick pays for his order. Getting his phone from his shorts, he makes calls. All are listening and frowns.

His order comes up, and Rick puts the box inside his jacket.

RICK  
Are all the vets in town closed?

CASHIER  
Probably, Glitter Ville devolves  
into Vibeless Ville after dark.

Walking to the exit, Rick sips his tea. Then he dives back into the monumental deluge of rain and lightning.

EXT. SEDONA BURGERS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Racing through the torrent to his trunk, Rick raps on it.

RICK  
Hang on, I will find you a vet.

INT. RICK ARTHUR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Monsoon persists. Rick pulls his car in, turns it off and closes the garage. Unbuckling his seat belt, he gets out.

Walking to the open utility room, he stretches. At the door he leans in and grabs a beach towel off the drier. He wraps it snugly around his left forearm, and picks up a baseball bat. Looking tired and unsure, he walks to his car's trunk.

RICK  
Sadly, Big Red, no vet tonight; it took forever to get home. But I do want to see how you're doing. And don't try anything funny, I've got a big bat and know how to use it!

Standing sideways, Rick plants his feet and cocks the bat in his right hand. As he leans in to open the trunk, the garage door opener light goes out.

RICK  
Great! Just freak'n great!

Hurrying back to the utility room, Rick turns the garage lights on. A quick return to the trunk.

RICK  
Okay, stay put, or it gets nasty.

Getting back in battle position, Rick unlocks the trunk and throws it open. Attempting to quickly gauge the beast's condition, he's stunned. It's gone.

RICK  
What the freak? Where'd ya go?

Walking around to the backseat, he looks in. It's intact.

Back at the trunk, Rick stares in disbelief. Finally, he reaches in to get his blanket and is severely shocked.

OD Mel lifts his head, opens his electric eyes and smiles.

Jumping up, Rick CRACKS his head on the trunk lid. Grabbing his head, he drops the bat on his foot. Diving for the bat, his head THUDS on the bumper. Staggering backwards, he CRASHES into the garage door and falls to the floor.

As Mel jumps from the trunk, Rick springs to his feet. Prancing to the utility room, Mel stops, turns and smiles.

RICK

So, what's the deal? And thanks  
for not chomping on me. You must  
be somebody's pet... Right?

As Rick retrieves his bat, Mel wags his stubby tail.

RICK

Nice opening gambit, but I need to  
get in my castle. And if we go to  
war, I will win! I'm coming over,  
but one bad move.

Cautiously, Rick approaches. Mel steps aside, smiles and nods. Stopping at the door; disbelievingly Rick bows, then with a wave of the bat in his hand, he welcomes Mel in.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mel enters with Rick right behind. Walking to the big pet door, they stop and look at each other.

RICK

You appear to be okay, I'm glad.  
I'll deal with you in the morning,  
but tonight you sleep outside.

Standing on his hind legs, Mel locks eyes with Rick. He can't move, as Mel looks into his soul. A LOUD HEARTBEAT. Rick is drawn into the black of Mel's right pupil.

DEEP BLACK SPACE - 30 YEARS BEFORE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Somewhere deep in inner-outer  
space, a magic spark did arc.

A bright spark flashes in the upper left corner of the black screen. Almost fading, the spark begins to pulse, in sync with smooth easy HEARTBEATS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And a mystery of epic proportions  
took on the great enigmatic mask of  
human evolution.

EOS OVERTURE (by E.O.S.) begins, synced with the HEARTBEATS.  
Growing bigger and brighter with the mounting overture, the  
NEW COSMIC LIGHT grows into a bright glowing ball.

LIGHT journeys to Earth.

Credits roll over the spectacular spacescape.

Approaching Earth, LIGHT slows and enters the atmosphere.  
Slowing more, it soars over a long tree-lined lake.

CALLIOPE MUSIC melds with the overture.

LIGHT drops to treetop level and drifts over a carnival.

Meandering down a country road, into an old town, LIGHT  
floats through the open doors of an old hospital.

INT. OLD HOSPITAL / DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Rick Arthur is born. MRS. ARTHUR is aided by a DOCTOR and  
two NURSES. MR. ARTHUR stands to the side.

RICK (V.O.)

What is happening? Whoa!

The doctor holds Rick up and spanks him. SMACK. Then he  
gives him a once-over, and hands him to the nurses to clean.

RICK (V.O.)

What was that? WHAAAaaaaa!

DOCTOR

Congratulations, you are now the  
parents of a fine healthy son.

RICK (V.O.)

Wow, who turned on the light? What  
just happened? How did I get here?  
What is all this!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So began Rick Arthur's life. And  
like all who'd come before, he had  
many important questions.

Cleaned up, the nurses hand Rick to Mrs. Arthur. Mr. Arthur  
joins them. Profound marveling at newborn.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was born in a time of great hope for mankind, on a fair spring day, in the magical realm of upstate New York. Here, amidst deep crystal lakes, and springtide's riotous explosion of budding and blooming, Rick began his grand adventure. This adventure we call life.

(beat)

He knew not of up, or down; or right, or wrong. And he had no idea of the great challenges his wizardly journey would hold; or that all of his toughest battles, would all be with himself.

INT. ARTHUR HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick(7) intently studies a book. Mrs. Arthur enters and they discuss a page on birds.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By the time Rick was seven, he was a nonstop wellspring of questions, and was driving his parents crazy.

(beat)

But soon, a single question drove this extremely inquisitive youth. How does everything work?

Flipping to a bookmarked page on planes, more questions.

LATER

Rick is on the floor taking apart a wall phone. He doesn't see mom come in, or her shock. He does see her anger.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Happy and focused, Rick(10) builds a U-Control flying wing, adding to his small fleet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As Rick grew, he learned many great skills, and many great lessons.

(beat)

But above all, he came to believe what his parents often told him, "Rick, you can do anything you set your mind to, and work hard at." And as he believed, so it was.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Rick is euphoric as he flies stunts with his flying wing.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rick takes apart his dad's razor and a LIGHT goes off.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mr. Arthur enters. Excitedly, Rick runs from the table and hands him the razor. Mr. Arthur turns it on, it BUZZES.

RICK  
(proudly)  
The motor just had a loose screw!

MR. ARTHUR  
Well done, son, you are a regular  
Wiz Kid. Can you fix my car now?

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Sadly, when Rick's world exploded,  
being a Wiz Kid meant nothing!

MONTAGE OF FIVE CHALLENGING BUT FUN YEARS FOR RICK

ARTHUR DRIVEWAY: The Arthurs load boxes in a trailer with a SCOTTSDALE OR BUST sign. Gutted, Rick watches BOB(10) leave with his models. The Arthur's say goodbye to neighbors.

ARTHUR AZ HOUSE: Backyard. Surreptitiously, Rick watches his parents scream at each other in the kitchen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
WorldWar@Home came out of nowhere.

SCOTTSDALE HIGH GYM: Frosh PE class. The Guys: Rick, GARY, CURT, JOHN and MARK meet climbing ropes. They make plans.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But happily, the TeenAngster found  
safe haven, in a magic kingdom, far  
from cries of battle. Scottsdale  
High Nut Farm saved the world!  
(beat)  
And Rick and his smart, but insane  
Inmate Brothers, rode the SHS Loony  
Bin Coaster for four amazing years.

ARTHUR KITCHEN: Rick finds divorce papers. A nod, a smile.



ARTHUR KITCHEN: LATER. Rick and his parents are fighting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sadly, the ride ended in disaster;  
with parasitic divorce shysters, in  
a ravenous feeding frenzy, with his  
college funds! It got worse.

(beat)

After decades of having a mercenary  
army, the USofA was reinstating the  
draft. If he didn't go to college,  
he could get drafted and go to war!

CITY LIBRARY: Rick checks help wanted sites on a computer.

ACE SURVEY PARKING LOT: Rick parks his clunker. Then he  
helps his crew load their work truck with supplies and gear.

DESERT: Sweltering. Rick's crew surveys a steep hill. Rick  
works like a dog pulling chain, and pounding hubs and lath.

ASU: Bewildered, Rick registers, buys books and moves into a  
dorm. He's soon sleeping in class, and stops fighting it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Staying awake in class was vexing.  
What to major in was baffling. And  
life after college? Unimaginable.

DESERT: Blazing heat. Rick toils away with his survey crew.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So ASU was mind numbing; surveying  
purgatory in the summer was pure  
hell; And "Mr. I Can Do This"  
realized he was rudderless.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NAU / ATHLETIC FIELD / P.E. STUDY SIGN UP LINE - DAY

In line behind DAN KNIGHT(19), Rick makes small talk.

RICK

So, you sign up for badminton too?

DAN

Yeah, bumner it was canceled.

RICK

Which section you going for? The  
ten jumping, or thirty jogging?

DAN

Jumping rope should be a snap and free time is always great. Plus, I just love easy credits.

RICK

Me too, I'm Rick Arthur.

DAN

Dan Knight, wanna catch lunch after this? Nort's Bonus Burger?

EXT. NAU / ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

A group of students is leisurely jogging around the track. In one end of the football field, crippling pain prevails. Rick and Dan's group is jumping rope.

RICK

(to Dan in a hushed voice)

Ten minutes straight! We need to throw this sadistic docent into the Grand Canyon.

Rick nods at BILL, the grad student conducting the study.

DAN

Murder seems a tad extreme, but I do envision...

EXT. NAU / GYM BIKE RACK - DAY

Hobbling together, Rick and Dan meet at a fancy trail bike.

DAN

Morn'n, Sir Cro Magnon Man.

RICK

Yeah, like you walk any better?

DAN

Okay, sentry, peel your eyes.

Dan takes the cap off a large tube of glue he's carrying.

RICK

Oh, this'll be great. Remind me to never piss you off.

All grins, Rick lifts the bike. Dan squeezes half of the glue under each tire, then smooshes them into the goo.

RICK  
Any idea when "Mr. I've Got It  
Coming" goes to lunch?

DAN  
Right after our class, by then ze  
bike and ze concrete will be one!

RICK  
Is Jan going to get the vid?

Dan nods and grins like a fool.

EXT. NAU / TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Rick and Dan are locked in an intense match.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
When Jump Rope Hell finally ended,  
the brothers bonded even more, in  
the best PE class ever.

EXT. ACE SURVEY PARKING LOT - DAY

Deserted. Sweaty, dirty, sunburned and blistered, Rick  
trudges to his junker. Working the key hard, he unlocks it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But in no time, Rick was back in  
his Sonoran Inferno. Dodging the  
draft, and keeping his money pit  
car alive was not cheap.

Easing onto the molten vinyl seat, Rick closes the door and  
puts the key in the ignition. He GRINDS the starter, and  
angrily continues until the battery is dead.

EXT. WILD HORSE PASS RACEWAY / DRAG STRIP - DAY

Rick stages his ROARING new motorcycle, and lowers his  
visor. His rival is staged. The starter nods and the  
Christmas Tree lights. A fast fierce race, Rick wins.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Ah, here was love, and Rick blew  
all his savings to have her.  
(beat)  
But no dough meant a year of hard  
time; living with dad, and going to  
a Jr. college.

INT. ASU / STUDENT COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

Open door. A COUNSELOR is at his desk reading a file. Rick KNOCKS on the door. He's waved in and takes a seat.

COUNSELOR

Welcome back, Mr. Arthur, didn't like NAU, or GCC? So, what's your major going to be this semester?

RICK

Don't have a clue, whaddya got?

COUNSELOR

Well, Humanities is your only hope of graduating in this decade.

RICK

Sounds great, sign me up. I'll look up what Humanities are later.

EXT. US ARMY OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Skidding his motorcycle to a stop, Rick kills it. Then setting the kickstand, he storms in carrying a letter.

INT. US ARMY OFFICE BUILDING / FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Charging in, Rick confronts PFC Grimm(19) at the front desk.

RICK

I need to talk to someone about this bogus Draft Notice.

PFC GRIMM

That would be Major Trawble, open door, second on the left.

INT. MAJOR TRAWBLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rick rushes in waving his Draft Notice.

MAJOR TRAWBLE

May I help you?

RICK

I got a bogus Draft Notice, fix it!

MAJOR TRAWBLE

Why do you believe it's bogus?

RICK

I've got a college deferment! I'm going to ASU full time. And I'm passing most of my classes.

MAJOR TRAWBLE

Let's have a look at your file.

Major Trawble takes the letter. Walking to a file cabinet, he gets a file. Back at his desk, he sits and studies it.

MAJOR TRAWBLE

Mr. Arthur, did you go to ASU three years ago and get a deferment?

RICK

Yes.

MAJOR TRAWBLE

Did you go to NAU two years ago and get another deferment?

RICK

Yes.

MAJOR TRAWBLE

And last year, did you attend Glendale Community College, where you got one more deferment?

RICK

Yeah, so what?

MAJOR TRAWBLE

Sorry, that's all you get, three deferments. You report the 27th. Bring your medical records and all records called for in this letter.

EXT. FORT BLISS / LIVE AMMO OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Bullets whiz over Rick's head. His platoon, wearing full packs and carrying AR-15s, is slithering through mud, under a low barbed wire lattice. Rick is both mad and scared.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The US Army was all "G.I. I Can Do This" feared. Just staying alive was a 24/7 job. Combat training was death defying. The food was vile, the hours unholy. And his pay? The cruelest joke of all.

EXT. FORT BLISS / MESS HALL ENTRANCE - DAY

Chow line. Rick is muddy, sweaty and dazed. The G.I. behind him THROWS UP all over Rick's pants and boots.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But dread turned to hope, Rick aced his aptitude tests. He could be a helicopter mechanic; or a pilot, if he'd just sign up for another year.

INT. FORT RUCKER / CLASSROOM - DAY

Grinning ear to ear, Rick safety wires an engine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Although PVT. R A was happy he was going to be a chopper mechanic, he had mixed feelings; as he wouldn't be flying. But, at least if he was deployed to a war zone, he'd be on a big safe base, in a clean hanger.

EXT. UNKNOWN LAND - DAY

Hilly forest. Tree top. Seven Black Hawks swoop in from the right. Apache gunships follow. Rick's in the lead ship crew chief well, exuberantly playing Air Drums. THE HOUSE IS ROCKIN' (by STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN) is cranked on his I/C.

PILOT TOP 1-1 (ON RADIO)

Okay, boys and girls party's over.

Music lowers. Rick checks his M-60.

PILOT TOP 1-1 (ON RADIO)

SideKick 1-4, you good to go?

SIDEKICK 1-4 (ON RADIO)

Top 1-1, we're ready to rock.

PILOT TOP 1-1 (ON RADIO)

Rat Pack 5, this is Top 1-1. We're on short final, comin' in hot.

RAT PACK 5 LEADER (ON RADIO)

Great to see you, pop'n red smoke.

PILOT TOP 1-1 (ON RADIO)

Okay, Toppers, light 'em up.

The Blackhawk's M-60s ignite; as the gunships roll in from each flank, their mini-guns, mortars and rockets blazing.

Swooping into the LZ, Rick's troops jump and run; then his ship takes off. As the next ship in drops its troops, Rick watches in horror as it's blown to kingdom come.

PILOT TOP 1-1 (ON RADIO)  
 Top Flight, abort, abort! Sidekick  
 1-4, this is Top 1-1, the RPG came  
 from the east hill. Go get 'em!

The remaining flight breaks off and follows Top 1-1.

PILOT TOP 1-1 (ON RADIO)  
 Rat Pack 5, this is Top 1-1, the  
 ground pounders will need to clear  
 these hills. We'll call to have  
 our crew and ship recovered.

RAT PACK 5 LEADER (ON RADIO)  
 Roger, Top 1-1, will call for air  
 support. Sorry about your crew,  
 only the gunner is gonna make it.

EXT. UNKNOWN LAND / TINY AIRSTRIP - DAY

The Black Hawks land and their gunners fuel them. Walking to his copilot's door, Rick opens it and tells the COPILOT to get out. The copilot turns and argues vehemently with the PILOT.irate, the copilot climbs out and mans Rick's gun. Rick climbs in the copilot seat and buckles up.

INT. HELICOPTER / FLYING - CONTINUOUS

Rick takes off and leads the flight.

RICK  
 (to pilot)  
 Seems Lt. West Point was none too  
 thrilled about trading places.

PILOT TOP 1-1  
 He's a Newbie, and you're a better  
 pilot, he'll get over it. So, any  
 chance of you shooting into the  
 treeline now, and not over it?

RICK  
 I'm sorry, Captain, I can't. There  
 is no way I could kill or maim a  
 person on purpose. I don't care  
 how evil Washington says they are.

PILOT TOP 1-1

I get it, it would be tough for me too. Still, I'd probably have you court-martialed if you weren't the best crew chief in the Army.

EXT. SKY HARBOR AIRPORT / TERMINAL 4 / ARRIVALS PICKUP - DAY

Looking sharp in Class "A"s, Rick waits. Dan pulls up in his open convertible and salutes. Rick returns it, tosses his Duffel bag in the backseat and jumps in.

INT. DAN'S CAR / DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

As Dan drives downtown, the brothers SMACK a high five.

DAN

Welcome home; and wow, you got pranked! Top of your class, but you never asked what a chopper grease monkey actually does?

RICK

I'm home safe and sound, that's all that matters. And trust me, I'll never assume anything again!

DAN

Yeah, we both should have learned that one in Jump Rope Hell. But I'll bet you were pretty stressed.

RICK

Stressed? I'm amazed I didn't turn OD, my hair and teeth didn't fall out and my head didn't explode.

DAN

Sounds like pretty nasty business. Glad you made it through. So where to first?

RICK

How bout su casa nuevo? It sounds pretty rad, I'd like to see it.

DAN

Okay, but it's in rough shape. We're still gutting it; but Marc, my remodeler, does great work. It will be awesome when it's done.



RICK  
 If it doesn't look like, or smell  
 like a barracks, I'll love it. So  
 how's your company doing?

DAN  
 We're off to an auspicious start.  
 But the travel gets grueling, and  
 too often I'm a maximus glutinous.

RICK  
 Did you ever change your name to  
 MegaHertz? That was some prank.

DAN  
 No, I thought about it. But a lot  
 of people do call me that now.

EXT. DAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dan parks his car in the driveway; he and Rick get out. As they walk to the house, Rick shakes his head and LAUGHS at the seriously beat up old hacienda.

EXT. DAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick parks his motorcycle in the driveway. Walking to the front door, he mouths the word wow; as he looks about in amazement, at the stunning transformation.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

E.O.S. is on TV singing HOUSE OF FUN. A woman scrutinizes a painting over the fireplace. Two KNOCKS on the front door. Rick enters, nods to the woman and walks to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARC(40s) and CONNIE(30s) are grazing at a table. TONY(30s) and Dan and are at the sink LAUGHING. Rick joins them.

RICK  
 Amazing, Dan, the place is super.

DAN  
 Thanks. That's SuperRemo Marc, and  
 his wife Connie; and this is Tony,  
 the infamous Antique Home Dealer.

Rick nods to Marc and Connie, then shakes Tony's hand.

RICK  
Nice to meet you, Tony.

TONY  
Good to meet you, Rick. Dan tells me you'd be a great neighbor. Are you thinking about buying?

RICK  
Not right now. I have to finish A&P school and get a job first.

TONY  
Call me when you're ready. Nothing will make me happier than selling you a house; except getting paid!

All LAUGH. Rick gives Tony a thumbs-up, they high five.

INT. A&P SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY

CHUCKLING to himself, Rick takes a test with his class.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life was again sane, and Rick again snagged top of class honors. Best of all, no one was shooting at him.

INT. AMALGAMATED AVIATION HANGER - DAY

Entering the hanger, Rick sees a new poster on the bulletin board. It's for the Big Mech Contest. He stops and reads about its Platinum ViceGrips trophy, and the \$50,000 prize.

EXT. OLD TUDOR - DAY

ANTHONY'S ANTIQUES for sale sign in yard. Rick drives up and parks his motorcycle in the driveway. The front door opens and Tony steps in the doorway. Rick walks to him.

TONY  
Hi, Rick, what do you think?

RICK  
Is it condemned?

TONY  
Ah, good one, no, not yet. And congrats on winning the Big Mech.

RICK  
Thanks. So what's this one got,  
besides a lot of obvious problems?

INT. OLD TUDOR / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Prey and predator enter the trap. As Tony points out the front door lockset, he's selling hard.

TONY  
For starters, all the hardware is antique brass. Strip off the old paint, polish it, and it'll look new. And there's solid oak floors under this gawd awful shag carpet.

RICK  
What about all these big cracks in the walls and ceilings?

TONY  
Plaster and paint, it'll sparkle. Plus, the seller agrees to refinish the floors! Come see the kitchen.

RICK  
How about the plumbing, electric and roof? How are they?

TONY  
Rick, it's a steal, they'll need to be replaced, along with the A/C.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tony leads the way smiling. Rick's skeptical.

RICK  
Really, Anthony, I'm not so sure I wanna steal it. Even if I can.

TONY  
You saw what Dan did. And you're obviously handy, you can do the same here. And wait 'til you see the pool, it's only a year old.

RICK  
A pool sounds great, but what about this kitchen? My God, it's bad.

TONY

(Tony sells his vision)  
Rick, just imagine it with oak  
cabinets, granite countertops, and  
new stainless steel appliances.

MONTAGE OF RICK'S YEAR REBUILDING HIS TUDOR.

RICK'S HOUSE: Downpour. MR. KNOW-IT-ALL (by E.O.S.) rocks.  
Rick gets buckets from the garage and puts them under his  
many roof leaks. Lights are turned on, fuses blow.

While Rick replaces fuses in his ancient fuse box, he  
watches with mixed feelings as his house is re-roofed.

Replacing a window, another breaks. Washing his hands, the  
bath faucet and shut-off valve break, flooding the room.

Dust flies as the kitchen and bath are gutted. Then their  
plumbing and wiring are replaced.

All rooms, doors and windows are patched and painted.

New cabinets and sinks are installed in bath and kitchen.  
Speakers go in the ceilings of the house, patio and garage.

Rick finishes his labor of love with a stainless steel stove  
vent, refrigerator and big gas range.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RICK'S DRIVEWAY - DUSK

WATCH YOUR BACK (by AVANT GARD) starts softly. As the  
garage door closes, Rick rolls his bike outside and stops.  
Taking earbuds off his shoulder, he plugs them in and the  
MUSIC cranks up. Hopping on his bike, he races off.

EXT. PHOENIX STREETS / RIDING - CONTINUOUS

Peddling in time with the MUSIC, Rick flies to Encanto Park.

EXT. ENCANTO PARK / BACK NINE - CONTINUOUS

Jumping the square curb, Rick jams on the brakes and throws  
his bike into a sideways slide.

Stopping inches from a standpipe: he vaults to the ground;  
sets the kickstand; pulls his U-lock off the handlebars and  
drops it. Squatting to get it, he looks up and is dazzled.

Stunningly beautiful, SANDIE(20) is 25 feet away, in an Anjaneyāsana asana. She finishes her pose and looks at Rick. He's paralyzed, just staring at her.

Eyes meet. Holographic arrows fly into both hearts. Rick shudders, while Sandie gives him a funny smile.

Back to reality, Rick frantically yanks out his earbuds. Then out of nowhere, he roars at the beautiful apparition.

RICK

Hi! How are you?

Under no power of his, Rick jumps up. On his way up, eyes glued on Sandie, he bumps his bike off the kickstand. As cool as he can, he takes a swipe to catch it, but misses.

Losing his balance, he falls with his bike. Fast reflexes kick in, he cartwheels through it. Eyes ever on Sandie.

LAUGHTER erupts from the tumbling clown and his one angel audience. LAUGHTER fades. Sandie flashes a wicked smile.

SANDIE

We have to stop meeting like this.

LAUGHTER again fills their tree-lined sanctuary. Smiling wildly as he talks to Sandie, Rick turns off his iPod, rights his bike and locks it to the standpipe.

RICK

Are you warming up to run?

SANDIE

Yes.

RICK

Mind if I tag along?

SANDIE

Promise not to trip me?

RICK

I'm not clumsy. That's just my new Hi-Impact warm up exercise.

SANDIE

Okay, if you can keep up. I need to tighten my shoes.

RICK

How far do you run?

SANDIE

Once around the back nine.

RICK

Great, that's what I run.

Sandie ties her shoes. As Rick walks to her, his earbuds go in a pocket. Nodding hi, he waves her on. A fast pace.

The last fifty yards to the finish (Rick's bike) is a full on race. It's a photo finish. Both LAUGH and throw their arms high, acclaiming their victory.

Slowing to a walk, they catch their breath. Rick's drowning in vital questions he needs answered. To get them, he stops under a large tree (their tree).

RICK

Do you live near here?

SANDIE

Sometimes. I'm going to ASU and have an apartment in Tempe, but my folk's house has a lot of perks.

RICK

I went to ASU, what's your major?

SANDIE

Planetary Transology, which is a fancy name for Earth Ecology, I'm a junior. And what do you do?

RICK

I'm an aircraft mechanic, and an Apprentice Tudor Rebuilder. Sadly, my battle to rehab my ancient abode has been mostly a comedy of errors.

SANDIE

My folks have four years in on our old Territorial, and they aren't going to finish any time soon.

(beat)

Speaking of going, I need to go and clean up for dinner.

They walk to Rick's bike. He unlocks it and rolls it by the seat, as they leave the golf course.

RICK

Is it okay if I walk you home?

SANDIE

Okay, but...

RICK

I'd really like to see you again.

SANDIE

I'll give you my number when we get to the house. By the way, my name is Sandie Roberts.

RICK

I'm Rick, Rick Arthur. Sorry, it's like... It's like I know you... From another time?

SANDIE

Do you mean, years ago? Or like years ago, as in reincarnation?

RICK

I have no clue what I'm blathering about. And I'm not too much into Metaphysics... But I can't rule them out. How about you?

SANDIE

All I'll say for now is, I believe our great cosmos has much to offer.

EXT. ROBERTS' FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Stopping at the porch, Rick waits as Sandie goes in.

SANDIE

I'll be right back.

Seconds later she pops out. With a big smile, she hands Rick her precious contact info.

SANDIE

Does next Saturday work for you?

In shock, Rick can barely speak.

RICK

Yeah, wow! Sure... What's a good time? Hey, that's my birthday.

SANDIE

Seven is good for me. Should I bring a present?

RICK  
 Seven's great, but please no gift,  
way too awkward. Should I pick you  
 up here, or in Tempe?

SANDIE  
 I'll be here, see you then.

Rick smiles, nods, winks and gets on his bike. Earbuds in, iPod on, he races off as WATCH YOUR BACK reprises.

INT. RICK'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rick enters taking his shirt off, and he's shocked. Cupid's bolt (fletched end) is sticking two inches out his chest.

RICK  
 Oh my God, what the... This is just  
 plain crazy! Beyond crazy!

He tries, but can't grab it. In the mirror, the arrow head sticks out his back. Rick shakes his head and starts the shower. (The arrow will grow bigger over time; and is only visible when Rick is alone with no clothing covering it. When it transforms into a sword, the same is true.)

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Packed. FIESTA DIN with MARIACHI MUSIC. Rick and Sandie are feasting and LAUGHING.

RICK  
 And besides Earth Ecology, what  
 else do you find interesting?

SANDIE  
 I love making things.

RICK  
 Like what?

SANDIE  
 Jewelry, stained glass, paintings,  
 sculptures. And you, any interests  
 beside planes and Tudors?

RICK  
 Fix'n stuff's okay, but flying a  
 Black Hawk was way beyond super.  
 Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop!

Very animatedly, Rick acts like he's flying a chopper.



RICK

It broke a BaZillion Army Rules,  
but my pilot wanted backup in case  
he and the copilot got shot. So he  
taught me to fly; then let me fly a  
little every day. Some days a lot.

SANDIE

Sounds like great fun, but how was  
the whole war thing?

RICK

Maybe someday; but today I do need  
to confess to a nasty addiction.  
Drag racing my motorcycle. I've  
been hooked on Revosterone since  
college. Varoom, varoom, varoom!

Highly-Rev'd Rick acts like he's revving his cycle.

SANDIE

Sounds like a nasty addiction.

RICK

I'm racing at Wild Horse Pass in  
three weeks, think you can make it?

SANDIE

I'd love to, if I'm not swamped  
with homework.

RICK

I'd love to take you, it is a lot  
of fun. Just fix your schedule.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Smitten Rick learned many things  
this enchanted evening, not all  
were good. He was thrilled Sandie  
didn't have a boyfriend, and she  
spent most weekends at her folk's.

(beat)

But it was impossible to be happy  
she had a summer job in Montana,  
working at Tizer Botanic Gardens.

(beat)

Like everyone with an I.Q. of ten  
or more, she would be fleeing Sun  
Stroke Valley for the summer.

(pause)

For the next six weeks, love struck  
Rick was on a mission. Be with  
Sandie every possible second, and  
impress her every chance he got.

EXT. WILD HORSE PASS RACEWAY / ENTRANCE - DAY

Rick drives up and stops his motorcycle at gate #2, Sandie is on the back. He pays, gets passes and they're waved in. They park under the grandstand, where Rick strips his rocket and works his magic on it. Sandie helps and takes pics.

LATER: Rick wins his race, as Sandie takes vids and cheers.

EXT. PHOENIX BOTANICAL GARDEN / DAY

Sandie flitters about like a butterfly, giving Rick a private tour. On the sly he takes phone vids of his love.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In no time, the Wily Wizard of Woo  
found the list of things he loved  
to do was infinite. And each day  
he found more to love about Sandie.

(beat)

Her wit was razor sharp, her wisdom  
and intellect were beyond her years  
and her integrity was impeccable.

EXT. TEMPE TOWN LAKE / DOCK - DAY

Leaving the empty dock, Rick and Sandie climb aboard a dinghy. Rick grabs the main sheet and tiller, Sandie pushes off. Rick tries to sail into the lake, floundering badly.

SANDIE

You really think you can do this?

RICK

There's a good breeze, and I can  
fly choppers. How hard can it be?

The boom swings, barely missing Sandie.

SANDIE

We'll find out soon enough, but  
you're off to a...

Sandie ducks as Rick lets the boom flip back, almost hitting her again.

SANDIE

Move over swabbie, give me the  
tiller; I can do better than that.

Changing places, Sandie sails much better. With natural skill, she slowly sails into the east end of the lake.

RICK

So, tell me, what's the greatest thing you've ever done?

SANDIE

Good question. Better yet, what's the greatest thing mankind can do?

RICK

How should I know?

SANDIE

How do you know anything?

RICK

I don't know, someone tells me, I read it, I see it on TV.

SANDIE

Do you have other ways of learning and knowing things?

RICK

You sure you're not majoring in philosophy?

SANDIE

Do I have to major in something to find it interesting?

RICK

Why do you always think so big?

SANDIE

Given man's great brain power, why would anyone think small?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Although Sandie could be a real challenge at times, Rick's love just kept on growing.

(beat)

But as it did, he never noticed all of his wants were becoming all-consuming needs.

(beat)

He didn't want to hold Sandie close and kiss her until the end of time, he needed to! Just as he needed to drown in her effervescent eyes... Fly on her joyous laughter.

Lying back, Rick gets lost in Sandie's beauty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But most of all, he needed to tell her of his raging, roaring, searing white-hot love.

EXT. RICK'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

On a lounge twitching and squirming, Rick is staring into space pondering. A big smile erupts, but quickly turns to remorse. Rick SIGHS and goes back to emotionless pondering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Twice Rick had tried to voice his love. Blazing from his heart, his words had exploded like divine fireworks in his brain; but they stopped at the tip of his tongue.

(beat)

For, how are such words to be said? Yelled from a mountain top? Sung as a sacred hymn? Or whispered like a mystical prayer?

INT. SKY HARBOR AIRPORT / TERMINAL 4 / CONCOURSE - DAY

Walking with Sandie, Rick is in agony, but trying for all he's worth to put on a brave face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Plus, reticent Rick was petrified he might move too fast and scare Sandie off. His only real option was to say nothing, until he was sure of what he was doing.

(beat)

But as the weeks flew by, he never knew when to act, the words to say, or had the raw courage to proclaim aloud his all-consuming love.

Rick is going to explode if he doesn't tell her. Taking Sandie's hand, he stops her.

Sandie throws him a questioning look. He has nothing. So, with a forced smile, he nods onward. But reaching security, he has to say something.

RICK

(voice cracking)

Well, have a safe flight. And I guess I'll see you in August.

SANDIE  
Should be fine. But you sure seem  
like you have something to say.

RICK  
Well, ah, yeah, no... Ah, have a  
safe trip.

SANDIE  
(mimicking Rick)  
Well, ah, yeah, no, well, yeah, ah,  
you already said that.

Both LAUGH. Rick kisses Sandie's cheek, and she's gone.

MONTAGE OF RICK'S SUMMER OF DESPERATION

BAR: Dark. Empty. Rick drinks and scowls at a blank TV.

RICK'S DEN: Bored, lonely and depressed; Rick lies on the  
couch staring at the ceiling and drinking beer.

HIGH ABOVE PHOENIX: We PUSH IN through thick pollution to  
Encanto Park. Rick wanders the sweltering oasis totally  
lost; looking everywhere for some meaning to his life.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Never had Rick been so savagely  
tormented by something he hadn't  
said or done.  
(beat)  
His life was now a total void.  
Nothing, except for divine Sandie,  
had any meaning. Her three months  
in Montana were as three eons.

RICK'S BACKYARD: Night. Thrashing about on a lounge,  
searching the heavens, Rick is distraught.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Grimmer still, as time slowed to a  
stop, Rick began to be eaten alive  
by the What-Ifs.  
(beat)  
What if Sandie loved Montana and  
moved there? What if he never saw  
her again? What if she never knew  
how much she was loved and needed?  
What if he moved too slow, and a  
movie star stole her heart?

RICK'S DEN: On his side, in a fetal position on the couch,  
Rick stares at a picture of Sandie on his phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As Rick's Summer of Forever crawled on, Sandie's calls were all that kept him sane. But what was really going on in Tizer? All he knew for sure was, he had never been so lost and powerless in his life.

RICK'S BACKYARD: Rick mows his yard, cleans the pool and swims to cool off. The arrow is two feet long and vivid.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Blessedly, the week before Sandie's return, Mr. Insecure's merciless What-Ifs began to ebb, and real hope began to grow.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RICK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rick is flying high as he exits the house and struts to his motorcycle. But getting on, he recoils like he's punched in the gut. Pain and horror overwhelm him. Finally, he starts his cycle, raises the kickstand, shudders and drives off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At least until a few new deadly What-Ifs attacked with a vengeance.

(beat)

What if Sandie's keen ears could hear the wailing of his tortured soul? What if her all-seeing eyes, saw his colossal desperation?

(beat)

What if she could feel his raging need? What if his face showed all his crippling fears? What if she was going to say it was over?

EXT. ROBERTS' FRONT YARD - DAY

Parking at the curb, Rick walks slowly to the door. Trying to shake it off, he takes a deep breath and SIGHS deeply. Desperately, he tries to smile.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Going to war, being shot at daily, crashing a motorcycle, knowing you will die one day; these were only scary. This was terrifying!

Rick shudders and knocks on the door. Sandie answers.

SANDIE

Hi, Rick, it's great to see you.

RICK

(stammering)

How was your flight, and did you really like Montana that much?

Sandie steps out and closes the door. Hugging Rick, she gives him a quick kiss. Rick takes her hand and they walk slowly to his motorcycle.

SANDIE

The flight was a bit bumpy; and I love Montana. Wait 'til you see my pictures, Glacier National Park is other-worldly! You never said much about your summer, was it fun?

RICK

Just super. Sol's Plasma Furnace is a great place to spend eternity. You meet any interesting people?

SANDIE

I did meet a few famous movie stars and musicians. Everyone was so friendly, I felt right at home. But, I did miss you.

EXT. ROBERTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick picks Sandie up in his new convertible.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT / BOOTH - NIGHT

Sandie toasts Rick.

SANDIE

Congratulations, Line Foreman! My Wizard of Whirlybirds is moving up.

RICK

It's no big deal, I'm good. But it is a good reason to celebrate.

SANDIE

I celebrate every day, because any day could be my last. Something I'm sure you learned going to war.

RICK  
I did, and celebrating every day  
sounds like a great idea.

SANDIE  
You do realize, celebrating life  
involves more than just partying?

RICK  
Obviously... Like what?

SANDIE  
Is life a miracle?

RICK  
Sure.

SANDIE  
How do you relate to it?

RICK  
How do I relate to life?

SANDIE  
The miracle of life, your miracle  
of life. How do you work with it;  
what do you add to life? Or, are  
your contributions limited to  
fixing and maintaining machines?

Sandie holds up her glass and swirls the water in it.

SANDIE  
Is our universe endless? Is planet  
Earth but a speck of dust?

RICK  
Great, the universe is ginormous.  
How is that relevant?

SANDIE  
Well, are you a separate part of  
it? If so, where does your part of  
the miracle end, and mine begin?

RICK  
Okay, I give up, I may not know  
what makes the Cosmos spin, but I  
am perty guud at read'n man-u-els,  
n fix'n all kinz ah broke stuff.

A WAITER delivers a mixed appetizer platter.



SANDIE  
 Hopefully, someday you'll care  
 about life's important stuff.

LATER

Mid-meal Rick rushes to the men's room and THROWS UP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Unfortunately, something was rotten  
 in Denmark, or wherever Rick's  
 dinner came from.

INT. RICK'S CAR / PHOENIX STREETS / DRIVING - NIGHT

Sandie drives and LAUGHS, as Rick pukes out the window.

EXT. RICK'S FRONT PORCH / NIGHT

LAUGHING, Sandie walks to the door. Wiping tears away, she  
 unlocks and cracks the door. While Rick THROWS UP in the  
 bushes, she waits and watches.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Before this eventful evening ended,  
 Rick had a pet name. He was green,  
 his eyes were bugged out, and he  
 was making loud croaking sounds.  
 Like a - Froggy!  
 (beat)  
 And even though the Wiz Kid had  
 been demoted to a Froggy, he could  
 not have been happier. Sandie  
 still liked him, even after his  
 Dreadful Vomitorium Extravaganza.

EXT. ENCANTO PARK / TENNIS COURTS - DAY

Dan's first serve is fast and wide. His next is a blazing  
 insider. Rick barely catches it, to start a furious volley.

RICK  
 Sadly, I'm still getting over my  
 failed attempt at Sushicide.

DAN  
 What's with all the excuses? Ricky  
 Racer running low on Revosterone?

RICK  
 Says the Great Prank Master, whose  
 life is powered by Preposterone.

DAN

So, what's the word on the love of your life? How's that working out?

Rick doesn't even try to return Dan's well placed lob. He just retrieves the balls and smacks them back to Dan.

RICK

Great, so far. Except I want to marry this woman, but I can't even tell her I love her!

(beat)

I keep waiting for the perfect time and place, but what is perfect?

(beat)

I beg you, Dr. Prankenstein, if I don't tell her tonight, cut out my heart and put me out of my misery!

DAN

Sorry, not my specialty; but good luck. And it's forty love.

Dan serves a blistering winner. Rick never touches it.

RICK

Well played, gringa. It's looking like I'll be buying drinks later.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Rick and Sandie have a glorious time dancing and drinking.

EXT. ENCANTO PARK / BACK NINE - NIGHT

Hand-in-hand, Rick and Sandie walk to their tree. Eyes of love, hands trembling, tender caresses; Rick bares his soul.

RICK

With each beat of my heart, each breath I take, a magic font of love flows from me. I love you so much, beyond all limits. And I'll love you long after my last breath is but a memory of the wind; and my body flies free as celestial dust.

SANDIE

Rick, you are an amazing person, and I've loved you since we met.

Lost in divine ecstatic wonder, they kiss deeply. They are one. Their world spins. Their spirits soar.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Later that earth shaking evening,  
when they joined as lovers, Rick's  
measure of life's miraculous glory,  
went clear off the end of the  
Intergalactic Richter Scale.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Rick and Dan are in the breakfast nook drinking beer, eating pizza and playing chess. Dan moves, then drinks some beer.

DAN

So, how'd your "I love you!" scene  
play out? Ya git-r-done?

RICK

It went extra super, and magical  
things have happened since.

Rick puzzles his next move, then makes it.

DAN

So, your life is perfect now?

RICK

Except for her far-out questions.  
I'm a man of many questions, but  
her's can drive you nuts.

Dan's seen Rick's move coming, he makes his counter-attack.

DAN

That explains a lot. Do I finally  
get to meet her? Is she coming to  
the party; Willow will be here.

RICK

I'm going to miss that rook. And  
yes, we'll be here early.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Low PARTY MUSIC. Dan fills bowls with chips and dips. When Rick and Sandie enter, Dan salutes Rick. Rick salutes back.

DAN

Welcome, Wiz Boy, and your lovely  
lady would be Sandie?

RICK

Indeed. Sandie, this is the very unstable, but highly likable, Dan Knight; better known as Sir Daniel MegaHertz - Master of CyberPranks.

SANDIE

Nice to meet you, Dan. Your April Fools prank was hilarious. Making all of YouTube's videos play backwards was big time.

DAN

Nice to meet you, Sandie; and that one's going to be hard to top.

RICK

If anyone can, it will be Dan the Man! So what can we do to help?

DAN

I just need the ice buckets filled. There's ice in the pantry freezer.

RICK

On it. Sandie, why don't you check out the rest of the place. I'll make drinks and catch up.

Sandie leaves. Dan checks hors d'oeuvres in oven. Rick gets the ice, fills the ice buckets and makes drinks.

DAN

Okay, Sir Mesmerized, Sandie is beautiful. Have you figured out what makes her so wonderful?

RICK

It's not something I can describe.

DAN

Well, no one living in the real world can be as happy as you are.

RICK

Maybe that's it. What we have might not be... of the Real World!

DAN

I just hope your UnReal World isn't a most beguiling, but ultimately disastrous, masterful bewitchery.

RICK  
I'll drink to that. And maybe one  
fine day, you'll meet a lady who  
beguiles you even more than Willow.

Rick and Dan toast.

DAN  
What about all her impossible  
questions, how's that going?

RICK  
Not much better, but I'll get by.  
Guess she's not perfect, yet.

DAN  
What do your manuals say about  
this? Can she be fixed?

RICK  
Like you tried to fix Dixie?

Both LAUGH as MARTA(40) enters, all smiles.

MARTA  
Well done, Dan. Your place is  
absolutely primo prime.

DAN  
Thanks, Marta. I'd like you to  
meet my best buddy, Rick Arthur.

MARTA  
Pleased to meet you, Rick.

RICK  
Great to meet you, Marta. Dan says  
you're a volcano of perpetual fine  
art; is it safe to shake hand? Or  
will I get burned?

Rick moves to shake Marta's hand, she hugs him.

MARTA  
Fear not, I save the heat for the  
creative process.

DAN  
True, and now I'm even adding fuel  
for the fire. Marta and I have  
started collaborating on the most  
radical art show ever. It's still  
a ways off, but when we get it  
right, it will blow your mind!

RICK

Sounds super, I look forward to seeing it. And clearly, Marta, you and my Sandie are kindred spirits. Let me go find her, I know she'll love to meet you.

INT. RICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (CHRISTMAS)

KNOCKS on door, it opens. Sandie enters with two presents. As she closes the door, Rick flies to her from the kitchen.

RICK

Merry Christmas, my love!

Rick holds Sandie's head and kisses her deeply.

SANDIE

Yeah, like you love anything besides motorcycles and airplanes.

RICK

What? Good lord my cute little Wizadrix, you know I love you more than I can possibly ever say.

SANDIE

I know. But it's fun to see my Froggy jump from time to time.

RICK

Hope I hopped high enough.

SANDIE

Not bad. Now, would you like to see what I have for you?

Sandie hands Rick the big present. He opens her painting of a vibrant butterfly, floating above hills and fluffy clouds.

RICK

God, it's beautiful. I love it! What do you call it?

Rick puts it on the couch and steps back to look at it.

SANDIE

Astral Butterfly. Later, you might look at it closer, it has many interesting fine details.

(pause)

Ready for your other present?

Rick accepts the present and rips the paper off. Opening the box, he takes out a lifelike, seven inch tall, ceramic Prince of Frogs. He sits atop a glossy lily pad. A crown of gold upon his head. The grace of a whimsical smile.

RICK

It's amazing, I love it too! How did you make it so lifelike?

SANDIE

Simple, with love, lots of love. A Prince of Frogs, I know him well.

RICK

Yes, you do. Now, for yours. It isn't wrapped, or near as pretty as these, but I did lube and tune it.

Rick ducks into the kitchen. He quickly returns rolling a woman's mountain bike, with a big red bow on the handlebars.

RICK

Merry Christmas. And I'm including a free week in the White Mountains, so you can break it in right.

INT. FANCY RESORT / BALLROOM - NIGHT (NEW YEAR'S EVE)

Rick and Sandie are at a table talking. THE MAGIC TOUCH (by THE PLATTERS) begins. Rick puts his drink down and touches Sandie's nose like he's zapping her. She SNICKERS, grabs his hand, and drags him to the crowded dance floor.

Fully enchanted, they dance to, act out and mime the song.

MUSIC ends. They hug and kiss deeply. Arm-in-arm, they return to their table and take their seats.

RICK

You know, I love when you call me Froggy. Do you have a special name I can call you?

SANDIE

Sure I do.

RICK

Well, what is it?

SANDIE

You do like it easy. But this one you have to figure out yourself.

RICK  
Okay... Angel?

SANDIE  
No, but thanks.

RICK  
Sparkle?

SANDIE  
(laughing)  
What am I, a seltzer water?

RICK  
How about Princess?

SANDIE  
I don't think so.

RICK  
Okay, how about Sunshine?

SANDIE  
Prince Frogster, I see this might  
take awhile, but keep trying.

RICK  
Talk about trying, I'm still trying  
to find a cabin to rent for spring  
break. Pine Top seems to be quite  
popular that time of year; but I  
promise I'll find one.

INT. RICK'S CAR / AZ 260 ON THE RIM / DRIVING - DAY

Heavy rain is falling. Rick and Sandie are LAUGHING. As they descend from tall pines, into a large valley of wet grassy meadows, the rain ends.

RICK  
You know, I still don't know your  
"secret" name. How bout a hint?

SANDIE  
No, but stay aware, you just might  
stumble on it up here.

RICK  
Okay, is it the name of a flower,  
an animal... or a goddess?



SANDIE  
Nope, try again.

RICK  
Starlight... Sky... Rainbo?

SANDIE  
No, but you are getting closer.

Nearing valley's end, Rick spots patches of mist forming in the coming treeline. He flashes Sandie a big toothy grin.

RICK  
I've got it! And does it ever fit.

SANDIE  
You sound pretty sure, whatcha got?

RICK  
Foggy!

SANDIE  
Foggy? Mi amor, have you lost it?

RICK  
Ah, gotcha! But I do know what it is. It's Misty.

SANDIE  
You did get it, good job. But how do you spell it?

RICK  
R-u-m-p-l OK, M-i-s-t-y, how else?

SANDIE  
Oh, you know me well enough by now.

Rick ponders. Taps his chin. Gets it.

RICK  
Well, for my lady of mystery, there's only one logical answer: M-Y-S-T-I! Froggy and Mysti; I just love it. Mysti and the Wiz! It doesn't get better than this.

SANDIE  
Took you long enough, but I knew you'd get it... Eventually.

Sandie gives Rick a big kiss on the cheek.

## MONTAGE OF RICK AND SANDIE'S TRANSCENDENT SUMMER

PINE TOP, AZ: Rim outcrop, night. TSUNAMI OF LOVE (by E.O.S.) comes to life and plays. Rick and Sandie snuggle and kiss. Lying back, they open themselves to, and revel in, the marvels of our glorious universe.

ON THE RIM: Enchanted, they dance in fields of wildflowers, stalk wild elk, bike old trails, and take lots of pics. At night, they playfully explore the cosmos with a telescope.

ENCINITAS, CA: Streetside cafe. Merry dining on the patio.

MOONLIGHT BEACH, CA: With blazing tans, Rick and Sandie body surf, boogie board and Frisbee. Pics galore.

ROCKY POINT, MEX: Breakfast at a bayside restaurant. Then the sweethearts wander town, shopping for sandals, tequila, beach blankets and extra colossal shrimp.

SANDY BEACH, MEX: Mysti and the Wiz snorkel, bodysurf, comb the beach and worship the Sun.

SEASIDE BUNGALOW, MEX: The patio, twilight. Rick starts charcoal in the grill and preps shrimp. Mysti makes Wiz7s and the carefree lovers toast. On cloud nine, they savor their drinks and the amazing neon sunset. Pics to treasure.

ASU: Registration. Sandie enters a long line.

END MONTAGE

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - DAY

Rick finishes waxing his motorcycle. With a smile, he grabs his phone from the workbench and makes a call.

RICK

Hi, Mysti One, ready for Sedona?...  
Too much homework! It's been like  
forever, over a month, since I've  
seen you. I get a masters takes  
work, but this is ridiculous...  
Great, thanks for nothing, goodbye!

EXT. SANDIE'S APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

Rick roars up in his car. Sandie gets in. They roar off.

INT. RICK'S CAR / DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Rick is not happy.

RICK

What a pleasure to see you. Thanks for working me into your schedule.

SANDIE

Don't get snippy with me, Froggy. Our summer was extraordinary, but I have to put my time into this now.

RICK

Is it going to be like this for the next two years?

SANDIE

Pretty much. When you went to A&P school, didn't it keep you busy?

RICK

Sure, but we got weekends and holidays off for good behavior.

SANDIE

Come on, Rick, let's have a good time today. It's stupid to waste our time fighting like this.

RICK

Fine, but I promise, something is going to change. Do you hear me? And I mean soon, will change soon!

INT. RICK'S DEN - NIGHT

Rick closes a hotel web page on Pal and makes a call.

RICK

(sarcastically)

My love, how nice you have time to talk... Sorry, I'm pretty wound up, but I got our reservations in Flag for next weekend. Should be good skiing, not that I know how to ski.

Listening. Rage. Rick yanks his phone from his ear and considers smashing it. Instead, he screams into it.

RICK

What the hell, can't make it? I've seen you once in two months! Have you got someone new, just tell me. I'll quit bothering you forever... Christmas, you can make Christmas, and maybe the New Years party!

EXT. FANCY RESORT / BALLROOM PATIO - NIGHT (NEW YEARS EVE)

Faint MUSIC wafts from inside. Secluded table, tense silence. Sandie is troubled, Rick's pissed.

SANDIE

(extremely resolutely)

Rick, I'm sorry you're not in the mood, but we do need to talk, now!

Rick can't believe she won't shut up.

SANDIE

Do you remember that fellowship I applied for last summer? I didn't expect to get it, and didn't?

Glaring at Sandie, Rick finishes his drink.

RICK

You mean that insane thing about being an intern for a chivalrous planet saver, and living in the jungle for a few years?

SANDIE

It was a great opportunity, but now thanks to a huge grant, the mission is expanding. I've been invited to join this elite team of scientists.

RICK

Well, you're not actually thinking about going? Are you? Are you!

SANDIE

Rick, I'm sorry, I love you dearly. But I accepted, I leave next month.

RICK

And there's nothing I can say, or do, to change your mind? That's it? Doesn't matter what I think, or what I want? You're leaving?

SANDIE

Froggy, it's only for two years. Can you wait for me?

Losing it, Rick jumps up. His chair flies, the table is violently rocked, their drinks hit the deck and break.

RICK  
 (screaming)  
Hell no! I can't wait two weeks!  
 Two years! No! No! No! No!

SANDIE  
 Then we best end this.

RICK  
 (screaming louder)  
 Happy freak'n New Year! Have a  
super time in the freak'n jungle!

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Rick pleads and begs.

RICK  
 I am so sorry, please forgive me.  
 If you'll just stay, I promise I'll  
 listen more, be more understanding  
 and try harder. I'll do or promise  
 you anything, just don't leave.

Alone, no one hears.

EXT. ENCANTO PARK / BACK NINE / THEIR TREE - DUSK

Ferociously, Rick struggles to say goodbye to the love of his life. Heartfelt words nearly kill him. Tears flow.

RICK  
 I have loved you from the day we  
 met, and I will love you until the  
 last day of eternity. No matter  
 what my future may hold, each  
 precious second we shared, each  
 precious memory we made, will live  
 forever in my heart, mind and soul.  
 (beat)  
 Please forgive my extremely poor  
 behavior of late, my obvious lack  
 of awareness, and my complete lack  
 of respect for your wishes.  
 (beat)  
 Thank you for our time together.  
 Thank you for your kindness and...  
 And for your love. May your life  
 overflow with health, laughter and  
 love. I will love you forever.

SANDIE

And I will always love you, Rick.  
I'm truly sorry, but you will be  
fine. And surely we'll meet again,  
eternity is a long time. From the  
depths of my heart, and the fire of  
my soul... Jump, Froggy - Jump!

Trembling, Rick holds Sandie close one last time. They kiss  
one long last kiss. Decimated, Rick turns and staggers off.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still in shock, Rick enters and takes his shirt off. With a  
look of seething anger, he swats at his arrow.

A startling discovery.

RICK

What the? I can actually feel the  
damned thing now. Well, this  
should make it easy... Or not.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick enters and kneels on the rug. With single-minded  
determination, he tries to pull the cursed arrow out.

GRUNTING. GROWLING. GROANING. Wild thrashing on floor.

The arrow slowly transforms into a four foot broadsword,  
with a jeweled hilt. When Rick finally sees what he's done,  
he curls up on the floor and SOBS, utterly defeated.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Alas, Rick never stood a chance.  
And by the time he realized what he  
was doing, it was way too late.

(beat)

For, as he forged the icy saber,  
his heart turned to stone. His  
rapid descent into pure fiery hell  
was over. He could feel nothing.

MONTAGE OF RICK LOST IN HELL.

RICK'S DEN: Awash in dirty clothes, fast food trash and beer  
bottles. Dropping a picture of Mysti, Rick THROWS UP in a  
trash basket. IRONY (by FROZEN PLASMA) begins.

PHOENIX STREETS: Rabid Rick races his bicycle to the park.

ENCANTO PARK: Running like a wild man, Rick chases Mysti's ghost. ACTION SLOWS, he FREEZES mid-stride. Total despair is chiseled deep in his face, he knows he's going nowhere.

RICK'S DRIVEWAY: As the garage door closes, Rick ROARS out on his motorcycle; engine HOWLING, rear tire smoking.

PHOENIX STREETS & FREEWAYS: Driving like a wild man, smoking his tire and pulling wheelies, Rick roars through traffic.

EAST US 60: 100 mph. Grief contorted face, awash in tears, Rick flies through Florence Junction, off to Gonzales Pass.

END MONTAGE

INT. BAR - DAY

Dead. Rick and Dan enter and sit at the bar. FRANK the bartender appears, ready to work his mixological magic.

DAN

Hi, Frank, two Wiz7s, double tall.

FRANK

Sounds good, have 'em right up.

Frank makes the drinks: Cuervo Gold, OJ and lime.

RICK

Are you certain Jose for lunch, before golf, is such a good idea?

DAN

Hey, you're in bad shape, you need this. Dare I ask how bad it is?

RICK

Until Mysti, I was a blind cocksure fool. I only thought I knew how things work, and what happiness is.

(beat)

But Mysti showed me true happiness has nothing to do with fast cycles, sleek planes, or big fancy castles.

(beat)

When she left, something magical died; yet her ghost is everywhere. So now I live in pure hell: lost, broken and constantly tortured.

(beat)

And, I've turned my arrow, no one knows a thing about, into a sword!

Frank sets up the drinks. Rick and Dan toast him, and each other; then get to work emptying their glasses.

RICK

Plus, I have no clue what her final words mean. "Jump, Froggy - Jump!"

DAN

Rick, we all feel great pain when we break up with a special gal; it's just part of the game of love.

RICK

Game, what game; what sense is life without happiness? And I do wish you could see the freak'n sword.

DAN

Sounds sad, painful and dangerous. What are you doing about it?

RICK

Actually, the sword is the least of my worries. All my life I've fixed broken things. Read a manual, do a little work - Shazam, good as new!

(beat)

But now my life is broken, and I can't find the manual to fix it. Who gives a crap how a turbo works; I need to know how happiness works!

Looking at himself with disgust, Rick shakes his head.

DAN

Where have you sought this most elusive mystical formula?

RICK

I've foraged the net, books, TV and movies; and nothing, except yoga, was worth finding.

Dan taps his nearly empty glass on the bar twice. Frank is down the bar stocking. His all-seeing nod says he's on it.

DAN

Clearly, your noble quest is going to require some serious effort.

RICK

I'm so desperate, I'm considering going to a Vortex in Sedona.



Dan SNICKERS, but rethinks it. Shrugs maybe.

RICK

There's a big article on them in  
today's paper, it even has a map.  
It seems a lot of respected people  
claim a Vortex can "Tune You Up."

(beat)

And if I'm "Out of Tune," and I am,  
a Vortex might not be that crazy.

EXT. I-17 NORTH OF PHOENIX - DAY

The top is down, THE FUTURE IS NOW (by E.O.S.) rocks Rick's car stereo. As Rick motors north, he's smiling and tapping the wheel with the music. His backpack is on the backseat.

EXT. OLDE #7 VORTEX PARKING LOT / SEDONA - DAY

A long low sign at the entrance reads Olde #7 Vortex. Near the entrance a swarm of Vortexers is boarding a smoking bus.

Driving in from a dirt road, Rick parks in the far end of the gravel lot. LAUGHING, he raises the top and windows, turns off his car, unbuckles his seat belt and gets out. While stretching to get out the kinks, he looks about.

There is an Olde #7 sign at the north end of the lot. Rick walks to it and reads it. Then he follows a wide meandering path. Past a trail to an old ramada. Up a small knoll, to an opening in the purple sage bushes that ring the vortex.

Stopping at the vortex's south entrance, he LAUGHS heartily.

RICK

What a joke! Loch Ness has its  
monster, OZ has its Yellow Brick  
Road and Sedona has Vortexies.

As Rick turns to leave, a high flying raven CAWS twice. Its bone piercing shrieks make Rick turn back. He scans the sky looking for it. Can't find it. Looking at the rugged high mesa behind the vortex, he begins to survey it.

RICK

(debating with himself)

If there even is such a thing as a  
Vortex, there's no way it's down  
here. It would be up there.

Returning to his car, Rick gets his backpack. Shouldering it, he heads for the mesa.

Leaving the vortex's north entrance, Rick slides off his pack to get a bottle of water and half a hoagie. Resecuring his pack, he follows a trail to the uplands. As he walks, he eats and plots a route up. All look nasty at the top.

Rick makes the ever more difficult climb. The higher he gets, the steeper the mountain, the more rocks break loose, and the harder the wind blows.

The final thirty feet is scary escarpment. Rick crests it tired, sweaty and happy. Jumping high, a double fist pump. Then he looks over the mesa, and takes pics on his phone.

At a tree by the edge, he takes his backpack off and gets out a blanket. Unrolling it, he sits on it and leans against the tree. More pics of the fantastic scenery.

The wind dies to a gentle breeze. Rick gets the rest of his sub, a bottle of water and a Yoga book from his pack. Lunch is savored, his book is studied.

Deep breathing and yoga postures end in a full Lotus. Looking heavenward, Rick raises his hands in prayer.

RICK

Oh, Great Wizard of Time and Space,  
please help and guide me. Once my  
life overflowed with happiness and  
love; now it's a lifeless wasteland  
of desperation, despair and defeat.  
Please help me grow beyond my pain.  
How does happiness work?

Strangely content, Rick stretches out on his back and watches big puffy clouds float leisurely by.

INT. WIZDOM HEALTH CLUB / MAIN EXERCISE FLOOR - DAY

Wearing black shorts and purple Phi Beta Pho Fum tee shirt, MELVYN AMBROSIUS (mid 50s) is running hard on a treadmill.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Few people know this, but Merlyn  
the Arch Enchanter has a twin  
brother. But unlike his famous  
brother, Melvyn the Magnificent has  
no use for fame.

(beat)

During his years at Church & State  
High, he had reaped way too much;  
when all Britain knew of his royal  
pranks. Some changing history.

Melvyn sips his water bottle. Wipes his face with a towel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After acing all his SATs (Shaman Aptitude Tests), Melvyn attended the prestigious Port Isaac Biz U. He graduated Phi Beta Pho Fum, with a Masters in Accounting.

Turning up the speed, Melvyn pushes even harder.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He then spent many fine decades using his magic to juggle and cook books, as he made client's assets seem to vanish into thin air.

(beat)

After Melvyn's earthly years, he retired to the Kingdom of Wizdom.

(beat)

However, due to his vast litany of youthful pranks, his residency in Wizdom was conditional.

Melvyn's watch BEEPS loudly. He taps its screen.

MELVYN'S WATCH

Mr. Ambrosius, the Wizdom HotLine has received a petition for help. Per your one millennium Community Service Agreement, please resolve this in a satisfactory manner, and file all required reports.

INT. MELVYN'S HOUSE / DEN - DAY

Melvyn enters HUMMING, and nods to his mini-dragon SNOOKIE.

MELVYN

What dost thou knoweth, Snookie, a fellow hath rightly sought help for a problem wizards can actually help with. I'll wager 'tis over eight decades since I helped a suppliant.

Assuming a Lotus pose on his yoga mat, Melvyn closes his eyes. A puzzled expression. His eyes spring open.

MELVYN

Unfathomable. This fool was smart enough to seek help; but is so psychically plugged, Dream State Contact 'tis not possible.

EXT. OLDE #7 VORTEX MESA - DAY

LOW RUMBLING wakes Rick. He jumps up in shock. The sun is setting. A monstrous haboob is rolling in from the west. It's driven by a leviathan thunderstorm. Sedona is about to be sandblasted, then inundated with torrential rain.

RICK

Oh my God, I've done it now!

Grabbing his pack, Rick loads it and heads for the way down.

First clawing, then sliding and jumping, Rick flies down the mesa. Blinding dust hits. Slowing to a stop; to put on his vizor, bandana and windbreaker; he trips and nearly falls.

Descending again, he picks up too much speed, almost losing control. With great reflexes, focus and guts, he slows up.

Reaching flatland, Rick races down the trail (per opening), and into Olde #7.

CUT TO:

FADE IN

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rick wakes and sits up. Troubled, he looks about. Getting out of bed, he almost steps on Mel (looking like the floor).

RICK

Crap, that wasn't a dream! Well,  
let's find you some lizard food.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rick plates breakfast. Sitting on two chairs, mauve moire Mel watches. (Mel will appear in various skin styles.)

Rick puts his plate on the table and gets a large bowl of fruit from the fridge. He puts it on the floor by the pet door. Mel hops off the chairs and walks to it.

RICK

There ya go, hope you like it.

Rick sits to eat. Mel picks up the bowl, stands and walks to the table. Putting the bowl on the table, he slides out a chair. Sitting on his hind legs and stubby tail, he nods to Rick; and with great etiquette, he eats with his hands.

INT. DEN - DAY

Rick enters carrying a stack of newspapers. Sitting at his desk, he skims them.

Cubist Mel enters, smiles at Rick and hops on the couch.

RICK

Wow, you are really amazing. I'd love to keep ya; but I need to find your owner. I called work and said I'm sick; if I can find your owner, I'll take you home today.

Mel curls up to watch Rick check the papers and make calls. When Rick goes on the net to check herpetology sites; Mel changes colors, to match the lizards Rick's looking at.

EXT. RICK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rick is cleaning up from washing his car. Dan parks his car in the street and strides to him. Rick shares a wry smile.

DAN

Ready to roll? There'll be quite a line if we don't get gone.

RICK

So I really need this computer?

DAN

Yep, the PAL 7000's a real monster. Speaking of monsters, where's this new pet you won't tell me about?

RICK

I'm not tell'n anyone about it. It's in the garage, go say, hi.

DAN

I don't see it, how big is it?

RICK

Does size really matter?

Dan starts into the garage and ruby red Mel steps from the shadows. In shock, Dan jumps backs out of the garage.

DAN

Yowser, Mr. Lizard, that is seriously scary. What is it?

RICK

Who knows, it's a one of a kind creature. And someone's trained it extremely well, but nobody seems to be looking for it.

DAN

So what are you thinking? Mutant, genetic engineering, alien?

RICK

I have no idea. It's a vegetarian, with a chameleon's head, casque and skin, and an Iguana's body. As for the wild eyes and stubby tail, they are a mystery. So I call it Mel, the Magnificent Enigmatic Lizard.

DAN

Great name, is it a fire breather?

RICK

God no... At least I hope not.

DAN

I hear ya. Now, lets go get you a way too cool A.I. Marvel. It will even adapt to your personal style.

RICK

Yeah, whatever that is. It's okay, you sold me last week. Let's go get me a newfangled Super Computer.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Sitting on the floor, Rick and Dan unpack PAL 7000 hardware. Black and azure stippled Mel watches from the couch.

RICK

So all this... is supposed to cut my electric bill by two-thirds?

DAN

Yep, let's git hop'n. Oops, sorry.  
(beat)

Okay, I'll install the Tri-Polar Phase Boosters, the main control box and entertainment interface. You can install the light dimmers, optical sensors and locks. Then voilà, you'll have one very hip, very safe house.

RICK  
 Actually, I feel pretty safe with  
 Mel guarding the place.

LATER

Rick turns PAL on. Dan CHUCKLES. Argyle Mel watches.

DAN  
 It should be good to go. You can  
 call it Pal, or whatever you want.  
 And I promise you, this baby's  
 Personal All-Encompassing Logic  
 core is unbelievably amazing.

RICK  
 Pal's fine, let the games begin.  
 Pal would you play "Over the Edge?"

PAL  
 What volume would you like?

RICK  
 How about four.

OVER THE EDGE (by E.O.S.) plays.

DAN  
 E.O.S. does rock, they're great.

RICK  
 Best of the best. Okay, Pal,  
 please turn on the lights.

PAL  
 What would you like for your base  
 lumens setting in this room?

RICK  
 I don't know, eighty percent?

Lights come on.

RICK  
 Thanks, Bromeister, it is amazing.

RICK'S DEN - NIGHT

Desert camo Mel is watching a muted Sunday sports TV show.  
 On the couch next to him, Rick rubs his chin and ponders.

Mel gets chips and a chunk of cheese from the table and eats  
 them. CRACKING his knuckles, Rick turns to Mel.

RICK

I know it's out there, Melizardo.  
Somewhere there's sincere smiles,  
joyful laughter and true happiness.  
But my sad pathetic life has none.

(beat)

Maybe we all get one shot at real  
happiness, and most of us let it  
slip away. Leaving us doomed.

(beat)

But I think not. In fact, I know  
happiness is everywhere, hiding in  
plain sight; I just can't find it.

Loading a chip with salsa, Rick eats it.

RICK

Lots of people today are like me;  
we seem happy, but we're all just  
lousy amateur actors, who dare not  
question our dreary daily charade.

(beat)

And under our costumes, we all have  
hearts of stone, with steely swords  
of slow death buried deep in them.

Rick acts like he's stabbing a sword into his heart. Then  
looking at himself, he shudders and LAUGHS sardonically.

RICK

Mel, I've known the purest magic  
and truest love. Now I'm trapped  
in emotional armor that blocks out  
everything good, while it holds in  
everything bad. My life is naught  
but pain and sorrow without Mysti.

(beat)

Who cares how a camshaft works, or  
what makes a turbine tick? My love  
of inane machines was a sick joke,  
built of high-temp plastics, safety  
wire and hi-grade aluminum.

Looking about, Rick shakes his head in disgust and scowls.

RICK

Exalted Wizard of Lifeless Toys,  
for lost rich boys! So what, who  
freak'n cares? Bah!

(beat)

Mel, now there is only one question  
that has any meaning in my life.  
How does happiness work?



Rick stands to leave.

RICK  
Thanks for listening, Dr. Saurian  
Freud, but I've had enough for one  
night. See ya in the morning.

Mel smiles an extra big smile and curls up to sleep.

INT. RICK'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tie-dye Mel is at the table eating a piece of toast. Rick finishes cleaning up from breakfast.

RICK  
Ya like the grub, ya hippie?

Mel nods and winks, then follows Rick to the den.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Rick walks to Pal. Mel jumps on the couch to watch.

RICK  
Pal, have I any e-mails today?

PAL  
Si, don Ricardo, y más.

The printer starts printing. Ornately presented, with a Wizdom header, the 1st Precept of Happiness appears on Pal. Rick looks quizzically at Mel, then back at Pal.

RICK  
Pal, what the heck is this? And  
why are you speaking Spanish?

PAL  
It appears to be the 1st Precept of  
Happiness; and my voice module is  
set to random language mode.

(beat)  
Would you like English only?

RICK  
No it's fine, random should be fun.

Printer finishes. Rick picks up the precept and studies it. Then he paces boldly about the room; and with unexpected brio and conviction, he sermonizes the precept to Mel.

RICK

The 1st Precept of Happiness - ASK!  
Through the ages, one of mankind's  
greatest challenges has been the  
Mastery of Happiness. Lasting  
happiness has been more elusive  
than Philosopher's Stone, and  
harder to hold than Quicksilver.

(beat)

But, learning how happiness works,  
and mastering it, is possible. And  
the first step is to Ask. If you  
want something, Ask for it!

Waving his right index finger at Mel, Rick continues.

RICK

Unhappy folks have one basic fault,  
they don't ask the right questions.  
So they seek the now of happiness,  
not the how of happiness.

(beat)

How does happiness work? Now this  
is a great question; as it can lead  
you out of today's perilous maze of  
Fool's Gold and Fool's Ego.

(beat)

And once you begin to ask life's  
great questions, one of two things  
will happen. You will either find  
your answers, or you will die.

With a big smile, Rick nods "yep" to Mel.

RICK

No one knows when or where they  
will find life's important answers;  
anymore than they know when or  
where their death will find them.  
Your answers, or your death, could  
be waiting around the next corner.

Rick acts like he's strangling himself, then LAUGHS.

RICK

When your happiness is based on any  
arbitrary goal, you could squander  
your last precious day, waiting for  
something you will never have.

(beat)

Be happy in your quest for answers.  
If you find the treasure you seek,  
celebrate! Then be aware, great  
answers breed great new questions.

Mel nods and winks at Rick, who shudders and nods back.

RICK

In conclusion, if you seek Life's  
Greatest Treasures, you must first  
ask Life's Greatest Questions.

(beat)

Mastering happiness will require a  
complete investment of your life.  
But, give voice to your wishes, and  
mighty wheels are set into motion.  
Words have power, they can bring  
great treasures, or destroy you.

(beat)

And what does it cost to ask great  
questions? Better yet, what will  
be the cost, if you don't?

Rick bows, Mel claps. Rick drops the precept on the desk.

RICK

Wow, that was fun, but I have to  
run. Have a great day, Melamigo.  
And, Pal, please lock up behind me.

PAL

Si señor. Vaya con Dios mi amigo.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Slightly confused, Rick walks in and picks up the precept.  
Harlequin Mel is on his heels.

RICK

Pal, where'd the precept come from?

PAL

Non è abitudine chiedere a me.

RICK

What? Where did this come from?

PAL

Non ho nessun archivio di questo.

RICK

Pal, in English, please.

PAL

It's no use asking me, I don't have  
any record of it.

Really puzzled, Rick grabs his phone and makes a call.

RICK  
 MegaPrank, call me pronto. Unless  
 your fellow jester Mel did this, my  
 Pal did something amazing. But  
 claims to know nothing about it.

INT. RICK'S DEN - NIGHT

Rick is on the couch studying his precept; bauhaus Mel sits  
 next to him, watching a muted Sunday sports show on TV.

RICK  
 My abstract friend, asking does  
 makes sense. So tell me, how can I  
 ever be happy again without Mysti?  
 (pause)  
 What, you don't have the answer?  
 That's okay, didn't figure you did.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

NightSky Mel is asleep on the couch. Rick enters. Mel  
 wakes. Rick nods hi and picks up his keys and phone.

RICK  
 Morn'n, Mel, morn'n, Pal. Pal,  
 have I any e-mails this fine day?

PAL  
 Bonjour. Déjà vu!

RICK  
 What? What are you talking about?

PAL  
 Oh, sorry, nothing important. No  
 e-mail, but I toasted a few spams.

RICK  
 Thanks, Pal, you're the best.

Rick heads for the door.

RICK  
 Okay, Melvis, you've got it from  
 here. And Giganto Pizza tonight!  
 Please lock up behind me, Pal.

PAL  
 Adieu, un ami; no pizza for me?

INT. RICK'S CAR / DRIVING - DAY

Rick backs from his garage, door closes. Driving to 7th Ave, he waits on traffic to turn. A glint from his change bin catches his eye; it's a small, wide, silver sword.

Picking it up, Rick pulls the WIZDOM inscribed sheath off. He finds a USB jump drive. Plugging it into his car stereo, he joins the lunacy of Phoenix's rush hour suicide lanes.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)  
The Wizdom of: The 2nd Precept of  
Happiness - Accept Responsibility!

RICK  
Oh, come on! What the blazes?

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)  
Exactly who is responsible for your  
happiness? Your precious laughter,  
heartfelt smiles and radiant joy?

The truck ahead of Rick drops a box in the road. Scowling, he swerves and misses it.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)  
Basically, the total amount of  
happiness you will enjoy in your  
life will be decided by two main  
factors. How much of it you share,  
and how much others share with you.  
(beat)  
And while you have complete control  
of the first, you have much control  
over the second, by minding exactly  
whom you associate with.

A car ROARS by on the right. Then it just misses Rick, as it cuts him off, on its way to the suicide lane.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)  
Is your happiness dependent on what  
other people say, or do? Must they  
do as you wish? Do you care how  
they react to your words and deeds?  
(beat)  
Not if you wish to be happy. If  
your happiness depends on others,  
you are looking in the wrong place.  
For only you can decide whether you  
will be happy, sad, joyful or mad.

Coming to a red light, Rick stops. A mobile billboard rolls by flashing a BUY GOLD JEWELRY sign. He shakes his head no.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)

To master happiness, all misplaced priorities and false idols must be renounced. Once you revalue all you hold dear, you'll then need to choose wisely every action, word, thought and emotion you share.

(beat)

Next, to polish the Spirit of Your Being, you will need to fine-tune your use of reality.

Light turns green. Someone HONKS. Traffic rolls.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)

To do this, you will need to master the Art of Using Time Wisely: by using each Time Zone in a balanced, efficient, effective manner.

(beat)

While the past is gone, much can be enjoyed and learned from it; like what works and what doesn't.

Rick licks his finger, makes a check mark in the air.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)

But the past is best visited on a limited basis. For, when you live in the past, you stop growing. And this is not the path to happiness.

(beat)

The Future, the Cosmic Arena of All Possibilities, is best used to see and plan the life of your dreams. It should not be visited with fear.

(beat)

Vault of your past. Depot of your present. Cradle of your future. The Magic Now is a Prime Paradox. Yet, while not easily explained, your future happiness will depend on how wisely you invest Now.

At the I-10 overpass, a FOOL on a cell phone blows his red light, and turns in front of Rick. Tires SCREECH as Rick slams on his brakes and swerves to miss him. Shaking his head angrily, Rick flips the idiot off; then drives on.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)

And because your life is a limited time offer, any minute could be your last. Hence, your death will always be your best adviser.

As Rick drives, he approaches WAILING sirens.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)

Once you realize, everything you do  
could be your final act on Earth,  
you will understand you have no  
time for anything but your best.

(beat)

When your death is your principal  
adviser, every action you take will  
have all of the power, urgency and  
love it deserves.

At the intersection, a motorcycle escort stops Rick at the  
green light. A funeral procession passes.

ZACHARY QUINTO (CAR STEREO)

When you think you have tomorrow,  
know your death shadows you at all  
times. And you have no way of  
knowing when it will call you home.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Turquoise and tan guilloche Mel trots in. Rick follows,  
holding the jump drive. Walking to Pal, Rick is shocked to  
find a copy of the 2nd Precept in the printer tray. Angrily  
snatching it up, he waves it and the jump drive at Pal.

RICK

Pal, what the hell is going on?  
Where did these come from?

PAL

(sounding like HAL 9000)  
Where did what come from, Rick?

RICK

This jump drive! The precepts!  
Where'd they come from? And no  
foreign language crap. I demand to  
know where they came from!

PAL

I'm sorry, Rick, I'm afraid I can't  
do that. I know nothing about your  
jump drive; and there is nothing  
about any precepts in my system.

RICK

Great, just great. Freak'n great!

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Rick is stretched out on the couch reading a book. His phone RINGS, he sits up and answers it.

RICK

Dan, where have you been? Why didn't you answer any of my calls, or e-mails... Damn it man, that part of the world is bad news.

In disbelief, Rick listens and shakes his head.

RICK

Well, Dr. Prankenheimer, some crazy stuff has been happening here, too. I have a perplexing little mystery, waiting just for you. See ya next week, safe journeys.

INT. RICK'S DEN - NIGHT

Heavy rain. Rick, and black and teal Mel are on the couch, into a Rattlers playoff game on TV. The score is tied.

One minute to go, the station goes black. Rick grabs the remote and madly changes channels. All the others are on.

RICK

What? Oh, come on. No!

Flying off the couch, Rick rages at the TV.

RICK

I don't believe it, I paid good money for this? Service? Someone should sue those freak'n idiots! I should sue those freak'n idiots!

Rick stops and stares at Mel, who is unusually serene.

RICK

Boy, I wish I knew how you stay so cool. I was raving like a madman, and you didn't flinch. Must be nice having such deep inner calm.

(beat)

It would seem my Spirit of Being does need polishing. But how in the world do I do that?

The station comes back on, the Rattlers are celebrating. As Rick turns the TV off, his phone rings. He answers it.



RICK

Hi, Carl... What got spilled?... So the shop is closed tomorrow, maybe Tuesday? Actually, that's great; if the rain stops I can hike the Supes tomorrow... Let me know, bye.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Dressed to hike, Rick enters carrying a backpack. As he walks to Pal, prismatic Mel flashes a big smile from the couch.

RICK

Okay, my ever mysterious friend, I'm off for some exercise. But I'm tell'n ya, if I'm being spied on, and a new precept somehow shows up today! So, what've ya got, Pal?

PAL

A bill and a new Precept.

RICK

Aaaaah! No way! This is not possible! It can't be!

PAL

You're right, I'm kidding. You just have a water bill. But isn't humor supposed to be a good thing?

RICK

Pal, that was not funny. Really, not funny at all.

(beat)

Okay, Mel, I'm D-T-R. If Pal does anything else funny, eat it.

EXT. SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS / WAVE CAVE PARKING LOT - DAY

NEW AGE MUSIC. Rick's empty car is the only one in the lot. We follow Carney Springs Rd to the trail, then up the lower slope of the mountain, to where Rick is hiking.

Rick is moving at a good clip, listening to the music with earbuds. He has a big smile, happy to be where he is.

Ahead on the left of the trail is a large crag; Rick gives it a once-over. As he adjusts his backpack, the MUSIC ends.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)  
 You're listening to LightWay, the  
 best radio station in the cosmos.  
 And now we joyously present, the  
 highly venerated Robert Redford.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 My friends, I have something  
 special I'd like to share today.  
 (beat)  
 The Wizdom of: The 3rd Precept of  
 Happiness - Act of Spirit!

Stopping dead in his tracks, Rick looks wildly about.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 Something put this whole ball of  
 wax together, we'll call it Spirit.

Incredulous, Rick hikes on; shaking his head, while  
 listening intently to Mr. Redford.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 We'll define Spirit as the most  
 sublime, creative, prolific, loving  
 "Whatever" you can imagine. And  
 whatever you perceive and believe  
 Spirit is, so it shall be.

(beat)  
 And whether you realize it or not:  
 the preeminent relationship in your  
 life has been, is, and always will  
 be with Spirit.

(beat)  
 When you Act of Spirit, this sacred  
 bond flourishes and grows. So with  
 each task, let Question #1 guide  
 your way. What would Spirit do?

Looking at his hands, Rick asks himself "what?"

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 Then to master happiness, one must  
 fathom an invaluable understanding.  
 The why of what other people do.

(beat)  
 Because man is driven by only two  
 core forces, Ego and Spirit, this  
 is not difficult.

(beat)  
 For every action a person brings to  
 life is an Act of Ego, or an Act of  
 Spirit. An Act of Taking, or an  
 Act of Giving.

This brings a nod of understanding agreement from Rick.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 Enlightened souls, Givers, have  
 freed themselves of their Ego's  
 bogus needs and greeds.

A TRAIL CREW WORKER is coming down the wash below, picking up trash. He smiles and waves to Rick, who returns both.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 In tune with Spirit, free from the  
 curse of Lifeless Life, some touch  
 millions with their selfless acts.  
 Some share their magic one-on-one.  
 (beat)  
 But no matter a person's station,  
 all Givers live full rich lives, no  
 matter how humble they may appear.  
 (beat)  
 Conversely, Ego Driven Takers play  
 the Me-Me-Me-Mine Game.

A private jet ROARS overhead. Rick looks up to watch it, and then a flock of vultures circling their lunch.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 Enough is never enough! In their  
 unchained lust for Wealth & Power,  
 the only rule is: Look Out For #1!  
 But to play this loveless game, all  
 must sell their soul.  
 (beat)  
 And while Takers oft masquerade as  
 Givers, rarely are veiled acts of  
 Ego confused with Acts of Spirit.

Reaching the crag, Rick scrambles atop it. Shedding his pack, he sits on it. As he relaxes, he marvels at the grand ethereal panorama, and Mr. Redford's visionary imagery.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)  
 Now, imagine all of life's precious  
 moments, as being your Estate of  
 Happiness. To hold and keep them  
 safe, you can build a magic castle.  
 (beat)  
 Your Acts of Spirit will be your  
 building blocks; and your castle  
 won't look like much as you build  
 its foundation. But with each new  
 Act of Spirit you bring to life, it  
 will rise ever grander.

Thunder RUMBLES from mountains to the southeast. Rick zeros in on the gargantuan thunderhead it came from. In awe, he watches it morph into an electric celestial castle.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)

And soon your Magic Treasury will  
grow so big, and shine so bright,  
all you meet will know, feel and  
see its joyous radiant light.

(beat)

To fill life with Acts of Spirit;  
to have a mind at peace, a heart  
that sings and a Soul that soars;  
this is life at its fullest.

AUK. AUK. A Bald Eagle flies over Rick at tree top level. Rick follows its flight as it catches a thermal and spirals upwards. The power of Mr. Redford's inspirational oratory. The soaring raptor's beauty. A tear of joy in Rick's eye.

ROBERT REDFORD (ON RADIO)

When the energy you invest in Acts  
of Spirit, exceeds the energy your  
Ego devours, you'll be on your way  
to a life of meaning and mastery.

(beat)

And the Call is always waiting, for  
those with ears to hear.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Rick paces, pondering his precepts. Suede ogee Mel watches from the couch. Rick stops and shakes the precepts at Pal.

RICK

You printed all three precepts,  
Pal, you're in on this. You have  
to be! Where did you get them?

PAL

Sorry, Rick, I don't know anything  
about them. They just appear, and  
then vanish once they're printed.

RICK

This is some kind of really sick  
cyber joke... Cyber joke! That's  
it! I can't believe it took me so  
long - it's Ultra Jerk!

(beat)

Didn't get my calls or emails? My  
god, the dirty rat's been spying on  
me. I'll kill him!

EXT. RICK'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Rick waxes his car, slate gray Mel watches from the garage.

Dan drives up and parks his car in the street. As he gets out, Rick is in his face, screaming.

RICK

You idiot! You imbecile! You mega moron! How can you not see what you've been doing is so wrong? How dare you, you lying cretin? I could tear your freak'n head off!

Dan takes a step back, as he motions Rick to dial it down.

DAN

Whoa! Calm down, Sir Wrench-A-Lot. What have I supposedly done?

RICK

What? You hacked my computer! Spied on me! Planted the precepts in my computer! Put the jump drive in my car! And somehow hijacked my phone! What? You macro-maniac!

DAN

Hold on there a sec Sir Blitzkrieg. No way I did any of those things. Honest, Scout's honor!

RICK

Well, who the hell did this? My Pal certainly didn't do it all on its own. Or, maybe Mel did it?

Rick points violently at Mel, who smiles sheepishly.

DAN

Please, from the beginning, without all the yelling. What's going on?

RICK

Sundays I get a bit rhetorical with Mel, impossible questions and such. Then come Monday, I get a new precept, and it answers my big question of the night before!

DAN

You got these precepts how?

RICK

The first showed up on Pal. The next was on a jump drive in my car. And last week's was on the radio, when I hiked the Superstitions!

(beat)

And Pal printed copies of all of them, yet claims to know nothing.

DAN

That is weird, let's have a look.

As Rick and Dan walk to the house, Mel joins them.

DAN

So, how's Dragonzilla working out?

RICK

My invisible mobile speed bump? My Marvelous Maestro of Mayhem, who hides anything I don't put away? Couldn't be better, if you don't mind a pet who trains you.

INT. RICK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick, Dan and Mel enter. Dan gives the place a once over.

DAN

Nicely done, Mel. Keep up the good work, Rick is a fast learner.

RICK

Wanna take it home for a week?

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Dan, Rick and Mel enter. Dan sits at Pal and brings up the secret language of computers. Rick and Mel watch over his shoulder; but each window Dan opens brings only frustration.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dan thoroughly dissected Pal, but found no trace of the precepts. Totally flummoxed, he bought and installed a colossal new firewall, the Impenetrable Gate.

(beat)

He then gave Rick his personal guarantee, "Bro, no one can spy on you now, or hack your Pal again."

EXT. RICK'S BACKYARD - DAY

On a blanket in the grass, Rick is in a Camel pose. He wears a swimsuit; his sword gleams brightly in the sun.

Magenta marbled Mel comes out the pet door. Sword vanishes. Mel trots to the pool and dives in with a SPLASH. Floating on his stomach, he looks at Rick.

Rick breaks his pose and looks at Mel.

RICK

You know, Mel, this yoga does help me feel almost human again. Except for my heart of stone and the damn sword. Meditation is the trick, but it's not easy to quiet my mind.

Getting into a Full Lotus, Rick closes his eyes. Silently, Mel slithers from the pool and sneaks up on him. Grabbing Rick's blanket in his mouth, Mel jerks hard. Rick falls over. LAUGHING, he chases Mel into and around the pool.

RICK

Meditation is hard enough, and your surprise attack didn't help. How'd you like stale bread for a week?

INT. RICK'S DEN - NIGHT

A Sunday sports show is on TV, Art Deco Mel is on the couch watching it. Rick sits next to him, perusing his precepts. An ad comes on TV, Rick mutes it and turns to Mel.

RICK

Well, my Art Gecko buddy, at least nobody can listen in now. Even if these precepts are great. But I need to know their who and how. Obviously, their why is, I asked.

(beat)

I'd also like to know what this Call Waiting is all about. It would be nice if these precepts just said what they mean.

(beat)

Maybe a good night's sleep will help. Sleep tight, Mel.

Rick turns the TV off and leaves.

Mel feigns sleep. But once Rick is gone, he grabs the remote, turns the TV on, mutes it and turns CC on.

INT. RICK'S KITCHEN - DAY

Sausage and hash browns cook on a griddle, Rick tends them.  
A war story is ending on TV, Rick's seen it all before.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
Finally, we close today with a  
special simulcast with OWN TV, and  
the Queen of All Media. We all  
know her, we all love her, Oprah!

EXT. OPRAH'S BACKYARD / MAUI, HI - DAY

Oprah is comfy in a big wicker chair, holding a precept.

OPRAH  
Thank you, Chad. Over the years I  
have interviewed a lot of visionary  
people, I hope one day I will have  
the opportunity to interview the  
author of this new anonymous gem.  
(beat)  
The Wizdom of: The 4th Precept of  
Happiness - Silence!

INTERCUT RICK'S KITCHEN/OPRAH'S BACKYARD

Incredulous, Rick stares at the TV.

RICK  
Impossible! No way! How God, how?

Oprah lovingly shares the precept with the world.

OPRAH  
To master happiness one must first  
understand what life's grandest  
treasures are; and then discover  
how and where to find them.  
(beat)  
Our universe is an Infinite Ocean  
of Spirit Energy, and all living  
entities in this Colossal Cosmic  
Soup have a unique blend of Mass  
and Life Force.  
(beat)  
All entities also radiate their own  
unique mix of discharges, including  
but not limited to: heat, movement,  
thoughts, sounds, electricity and  
various bodily secretions.

Sunburst Mel enters and sits at the table. Rick nods hi.



RICK  
Morn'n, my fulgent friend,  
you will not believe what's  
happening.

OPRAH  
Now, it's obvious, the  
more discharges a person  
radiates, the harder Divine  
Silence will be to find.

Glowing like a light, Mel eats a mango from the fruit bowl.

Rick starts eggs cooking, while intently watching Oprah.

OPRAH  
But, when a person stills their  
body, opens wide their heart and  
silences their mind, they foster an  
Ultra-Harmonious Cosmic Union.

In this super receptive state, this  
Re-Unification with Oneness, there  
is no give or take, separation or  
division. There is only knowing.

(beat)

This Super Nexus of Self is your  
Soul, and it is the only channel  
through which Spirit can be known.

Oprah takes a sip of tea and flips to the second page.

Smoking sausage brings Rick back, he tends them.

OPRAH  
And what vexing nemesis awaits one  
seeking to realign their Soul with  
Spirit, to find happiness?

(beat)

Ego! How can one be happy if their  
Ego calls all the shots? And their  
mind is a 24/7 Feed Lot for Ego's  
problems, and it can't be shut off.

Oprah holds her head and shakes it like she's in pain.

OPRAH  
And when an Ego has full control,  
it will always do whatever it takes  
to maintain its total domination.

(beat)

So whenever a person approaches the  
Threshold of Silence, all Egos will  
fight a duel to the death.

Like a boss reaming a lazy employee, Oprah continues.

OPRAH

What about all your bills, and all your problems? And the things that make you important! You don't have time to sit and be quiet! There's way too many things you need to be doing! Get moving! Right now!

Oprah composes herself and goes back to being Oprah.

OPRAH

At this critical juncture, you are nigh upon the Portal of your Soul. To reopen your TrueSelf Connection and end your Ego's tyranny, simply be. Cosmic Silence will be yours.

With a nod, wink and smile, Oprah starts the last page.

Rick flips the eggs and nods in knowing agreement.

OPRAH

Slay with silence all your demons from the past, the present and your ultra scary Future Demons. The ones ever lurking in the shadows, just waiting to take you down.

Oprah exaggerates being afraid.

OPRAH

Until you can forget the past, transcend the present and forgo the future, where ever and whenever you wish, your happiness will not, and can not last.

Enrapt, Rick plates breakfast and joins Mel at the table.

OPRAH

In silence, life's great questions and answers are illuminated; more evolved levels of being can be experienced; and a consciousness of totality can grow and be nurtured.

(beat)

The Light of Spirit is seen only with the eyes of an open soul. The whisperings of Spirit are heard only by an open heart.

(beat)

And Divine Silence, Ecstatic Spiritual Harmony and Pure Cosmic Bliss - are all One-And-The-Same!

## EXT. RICK'S BACKYARD - DAY

Rick is on a step ladder, disconnecting the cable from his Satellite Dish. He coils it loosely, tapes the loop top and bottom, and hangs it on a nail in the eave. As he climbs down the ladder, cream alabaster Mel prances up.

RICK

Hi, Melzer. Dan called and claims full innocence, and I believe him. This is way out of his league.

Rick folds, lowers and leans the ladder against the house.

RICK

He said if I disconnect Pal here and inside, it should stop who or whatever has been spying on us.

(beat)

Sadly, no TV for a few days, and no net for me. But we'll get...

Mel takes off running to the side gate. Standing on his hind legs, he opens the gate and runs into the front yard.

Rick gives chase, but stops at the gate to watch the action.

Mel stops a foot from a big Rottweiler about to crap. His eyes flare; he turns flaming red, and bares his deadly teeth with a GROWL. The dog YELPS and turns tail.

Stumbling to Mel, Rick almost falls down LAUGHING. Putting his arm around him, they walk back to the gate.

RICK

That was awesome, Mel! That beast is always running loose, scaring everyone, and crapping everywhere. I'll bet he'll never be back here. Well done, you fun little monster.

## INT. RICK'S DEN - NIGHT

Deep in thought, Rick is studying his precepts and drinking a beer. Glossy OD speckled Mel enters and sits next to him on the couch. Putting his precepts down, Rick turns to Mel.

RICK

You know, Mel, there's so much I don't understand about these precepts. Besides where they're coming from. The more I learn, the further behind I seem to be.

Rick finishes his beer and puts it down. Arms open pleading, he implores Mel.

RICK

How am I supposed to be spending my time? What am I supposed to be doing with my life?

(beat)

Honestly, I haven't got a clue. With all this talk about Spirit and silence, what is it going to take to be happy?

(beat)

Must I become a pious priest? A double holy yogi? Or a triple ascetic monk? If that's the case, my quest is doomed.

Rick's phone RINGS. He gets it off the table and answers.

RICK

Hi Dan... No precept, but I won't know until tomorrow. It's only Sunday here...

Mel gets a candy bar from the table and eats it.

RICK

Can't wait to hook up my TV and internet, I'm bored to death.

(beat)

But, Marta called and invite me to the pre-opening of your "Far Out Art Show" tomorrow night. Sounds like it really will blow my mind... So when do you hit PHX again?... Look'n forward ta see'n ya, bye.

Rick puts his phone down and turns to Mel.

RICK

That's right, my gigantic pollywog, you'll have the place to yourself tomorrow night. Except, of course, for the ever effervescent Pal.

EXT. ART SHOW BUILDING - NIGHT

Deserted street. A dirt lot fronts the old warehouse. Dim lights mark the entrance. Rick pulls up and parks his car. Getting out, he walks briskly to the entrance.

INT. ART SHOW TICKET LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Behind the counter, sitting on a stool, a teenage clerk with earbuds in, is playing Air Guitar. Rick enters and signs the guest list. The clerk points to a HIT YOUR MARKS sign, and then a high narrow arch filled with dense purple fog.

Two steps through the arch, Rick is in total darkness, save two glass stars in the floor. The first is a 4" violet star and the next is 6" and indigo. (All stars are in line, two paces to their center.)

As Rick advances, an 8" blue star lights. It's followed by a 10" green, a 12" yellow and a 14" orange star. When he steps on the red 16" star all goes dark, and he stops.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR (V.O.)  
(booming from everywhere)  
The Wizdom of: The 5th Precept of  
Happiness - Balanced Awareness!

RICK  
(screaming)  
Balanced Awareness; I need Specific  
Awareness! Who's doing this?

The lights come up, and Rick can't tell what is and isn't real. Like all stops in the show, he's surrounded by a stunning mix of holograms, videos and solid art.

At each stop Rick makes, the display mirrors the essence of the ideas presented in the dialog.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR. (V.O.)  
Your Gift of Life is a miraculous  
bestowal of Spirit. And you are  
blessed with many faculties, modes  
and means of awareness, so you can  
enjoy your endowment. As a human,  
Self, Life and Spirit Awareness are  
your most important and useful.  
(beat)  
To be happy, one must continually  
balance all three. For lasting  
happiness is only found on a path  
of Balanced Awareness. And only  
you determine your optimum balance.

Room goes dark. New orange and yellow stars light up. Rick follows a mirror image of the stars to a new set of stars. (All sets are the same.)

Stopping at the next red star, a new spectacle begins.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR. (V.O.)

When a child is born, it has pure Spirit Awareness. Sure, it knows when it's hungry, sleepy and messy. But it knows not of Separate Self; any more than it comprehends the Magical Sea of Life it lives in.

(beat)

But as babies grow, their awareness of Self and others explodes.

(beat)

Sadly, too many children today are still being raised to live by the Law of The Jungle: Life is survival of the strongest, most ruthless.

(beat)

So they create an Ego, to be a base camp, to fight their battles from.

(beat)

But as an ego takes life, it wants and seizes full control. And once it crowns itself Almighty King, or Queen, Spirit Awareness all but fades from sight.

(beat)

Ego now rules!

Room goes dark. Rick follows new stars to the next mind blowing extravaganza of masterfully integrated art forms.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR. (V.O.)

So how does one escape a Dark Self Dungeon? The trick is to master mankind's magic building blocks: Brotherhood and Sisterhood.

(beat)

This Life-Changing wizardry begins when you open yourself to higher tiers of Life and Spirit Awareness.

(beat)

You do this by putting yourself in the shoes of others; so you can learn their dreams; and help bring those dreams to life.

(beat)

And this is critical because, this is the only way you will find the love and support you will need, to realize your own dreams.

Room goes dark. Rick follows new stars to the next blast of multimedia overload.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR. (V.O.)

Then as you share ever more of your heart and soul, the Universal Love that binds and animates all souls will flourish and grow. And only then will your Life Awareness approach any degree of fullness.

(beat)

Lastly, you will need to ask life's most challenging questions.

(beat)

What can I do to make the Earth a better place to live? How can I best invest my Life Capital? What is the greatest gift I can share?

(pause)

This is where Spirit Awareness comes in. Because only Spirit can answer questions of this order.

Room goes dark. Rick follows the stars. But at the violet star, an arch full of thick purple fog appears. Two steps in, Rick is blinded by a brilliant flash.

EXT. ART SHOW BUILDING / LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Regaining his sight, Rick is confused. He's outside on the front loading dock, at the end of the building. Overhead is a bright tin awning, not there when he'd entered.

With a questioning look, he reaches for one of the poles holding it up. The awning vanishes. Turning back, Rick watches a holographic door materialize to close the entry.

EXT. RICK'S PATIO - DUSK

Pal, and most of its gear, is on a table. In his swimsuit, Rick exits the kitchen with a box of gear. Putting it on the table, he takes out his modem, router, keyboard and mouse. Opening each, he takes out their batteries.

Jungle camo Mel comes out the pet door and walks to him. Rick salutes him.

RICK

Gen. Snout, Maj. Disaster reporting for guard duty. Like to join me?

Mel nods OK, then climbs on a lounge and lies on his back.

Rick gets a beer and a bottle of water from a cooler. He gives Mel the water, then sits across from him. They toast.

RICK

Mel, tonight no one can spy on us.  
Ain't happen'n. But how can I be  
happy, I'm being spied on!

(beat)

I'm just a giant lab rat; trapped  
with a big, crazy, exotic lizard;  
in a dungeon haunted by the world's  
most beautiful ghost.

(beat)

Tomorrow is July 4th, Independence  
Day, and I've never felt less free  
in my life. How do I fix that?

LATER

Rick is doing yoga when the sun rises. With a huge stretch,  
he walks to the table and begins replacing batteries.

Mel sleeps on, on a lounge.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Pal and some of its gear is on the desk. Rick enters with a  
box of sensors and dimmers, and puts it on the table.

Getting his ipod, he plugs it into his home stereo and turns  
both on. ROCK & ROLL MAN (by GEORGE THOROGOOD) floods the  
house; as Rick rocks the song's opening on Air Guitar.

INT. ARENA / GEORGE THOROGOOD CONCERT / ON STAGE - DAY

Melvyn is having a total blast playing drums with the band.

INTERCUT - RICK'S DEN/ON STAGE

Rocking the joint, George occasionally comes back to Melvyn,  
as they play to each other with exuberant electricity.

As Rick re-connects Pal, he stops occasionally to maniacally  
play Air Organ on his desk and table.

INT. RICK'S DEN - DAY

Teak Mel enters. Pumped up Rick plugs in and turns on Pal.

RICK

Sorry I had to unplug you, Pal. It  
was the only way to prove you are  
being used to spy on me.



PAL

Honest, Rick, I had nothing to do with this. But you have a new file in your cloud. The Wizdom of: The 6th Precept of Happiness - Freedom!

Totally demolished, Rick staggers backward and crashes on the couch. Staring about in a daze, he sees nothing.

EXT. RICK'S BACKYARD - DAY

Gila Monster Mel is floating on his back in the pool.

Rick sleeps on a lounge. His phone RINGS. He wakes, sits up, gets it from his swimsuit pocket and answers.

RICK

Geek Boy, get over here now! I'll tell ya when you get here... Great.

(pause)

Mel, you may want to get out. And, Pal, would you read the precept?

Rick pockets his phone, gets the skimmer and skims the pool.

Mel retreats to his shady grass sanctuary and does yoga.

Pal presents the precept with all the passion and verve Rick did, when he delivered the first one.

PAL

As you wish. The Wizdom of: The 6th Precept of Happiness - Freedom!

(beat)

Humans have five primary freedoms: Freedom from Ego, Freedom of Self, Freedom from Judgment, Freedom of Forgiveness, and Freedom from Need.

(beat)

And you can have all the freedom you want, and choose to exercise.

(pause)

In your quest for Divine Ultimate Freedom, each Freedom is a magical stepping stone, a transcendental milestone, found only on your Mystical Path of Heart.

(pause)

For many, Freedom from Ego proves difficult; but one must be free of the Dark Self to master happiness.

Rick grabs a piece of pizza and eats it while he works.

PAL

So, while having self awareness and a personality are essential, having a tyrannical Ego is not.

(beat)

As mankind's most revered men and women have taught us: Freedom from Ego is most easily achieved when we help those in need, with selfless acts of caring and healing.

Done skimming, Rick hangs the skimmer and gets the vacuum.

PAL

Freedom of Self is your freedom to evolve exactly as you wish. You do this by: investing your Life Energy in the hope, desire, plans, courage and actions needed, to find your Highest & Best Use!

(beat)

So you can make your wildest dreams come true.

(pause)

And if others choose to act less than their best, you really can't stop them. Anymore than they can stop you from being your best.

Back at the pool, Rick lowers the vac in. As he kneels and plugs the hose into the skimmer, Mel sneaks up behind him.

PAL

Each choice you make helps create the world you live in. And to find and follow Your Path of Heart, is to master Freedom of Self.

As Rick stands, Mel pushes him in the pool. Rick grabs for his phone, as he falls in yelling.

RICK

Stop, Pal!

Pal pauses. Rick hauls up his phone, shakes it and puts it on the deck. Mel dives in the pool and Rick gives chase.

RICK

You oversized desert rat, if that old phone isn't really waterproof you'll pay... I will get you!

Unable to catch Mel, Rick gets out of the pool and checks his phone as he towels off.

Mel swaggers to his refuge for more yoga.

RICK

Ya dodged a bullet this time. But,  
Mel, don't ever do that again.  
Okay, Pal, please continue.

Rick puts his shirt on and begins vacuuming. Pal resumes.

PAL

Freedom from Judgment is simple.  
Who's right? Who's wrong? Because  
humans are shortsighted and easily  
deceived, these questions are not  
for you. So never judge others.

(beat)

The fact is: you are equal to, not  
more than, nor less than anyone  
else. And you will only know the  
magic of Freedom from Judgment,  
when you stop judging others.

(beat)

However, if you wish to master  
happiness, you will need to judge  
your Evolving Self, every day.

Rick nods a tough to admit "Yes."

PAL

After one masters Freedom from  
Judgment, Freedom of Forgiveness  
can be tackled.

(beat)

Everyone says and does dumb things,  
or worse. And forgiving people who  
act badly can be challenging. But  
who gets eaten alive, by all the  
cancerous residue your judgments  
create, and you save forever?

The vacuum is plugging, Rick shakes it.

PAL

To be happy and healthy, you will  
need to forgive everyone you have  
ever had a negative thought, word,  
or feeling for.

(beat)

Then you will need to forgive  
yourself. You'll know what for.  
Everybody makes mistakes, to  
forgive is divine. Truly.

Shaking harder, Rick clears the line and resumes vacuuming.

PAL

And once you have fully forgiven  
all others, and yourself; you will  
purge your lifelong accumulation of  
deadly cancerous engrams. Then  
your being will be restored to a  
pure, natural uncontaminated state.

A RUMBLING motorcycle arrives out front and stops.

RICK

Fine, I forgive you, Mel.  
But how can I forgive  
whoever's spying on us?

PAL

Finally, there's Freedom  
from Need. What do you  
really need?

Mel is in a lotus. He looks at Rick with a big grin.

PAL

Unless you are in a life or death  
situation, and something you lack  
will save your life, you have no  
real needs.

Front door bell RINGS, Rick yells out front.

RICK

It's open, Dan, meet ya in the  
kitchen.

PAL

Yet, dream big. Wishes, hopes and  
dreams are what life is all about.

Rick leaves the vac in the pool, and he and Mel go inside.

PAL

But false feelings of need are what  
keep the unenlightened person from  
experiencing the liberating power,  
and pure joy of Freedom From Need.

INT. RICK'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Mel join Dan. All nod hi, and listen.

PAL

In every life lived to the fullest,  
there at one time dawns a Oneness.  
An Enlightenment of the Limitless  
Love that animates creation.

Going to the fridge, Rick gets everyone a water. All drink.

PAL

When this divine link to the Great  
Whatever is reopened, all illusions  
of need, or division are vaporized;  
vanquishing Ego-Needs forever.

(beat)

At the break of each day, you make  
real who you are, by choosing your  
Path of Life. So choose wisely,  
and one fine day you may discover,  
a priceless transcendental knowing.

(beat)

Harmonic Cosmic Wholeness -  
Freedom From All Needing!

A short silence.

DAN

That's awesome, what is it?

RICK

The 6th Precept of Happiness!

DAN

What? I thought you were going to  
unplug Pal last night?

RICK

Tuesday I had a professional  
surveillance detection service  
scour the house for bugs. Nada!

(beat)

And last night, I put Pal and all  
its gear on the porch, and guarded  
it. And this showed up in my cloud  
account this morning!

DAN

This is just mind boggling. Robert  
D-J-R in the art show, now this.

RICK

We need that secret Cyber Sleuth  
you never built for the Feds. But  
please, just don't tell anybody.  
I like having my freedom, again.

DAN

I'll check a Wonder Weasel out for  
"updating;" and I promise we will  
ferret out whence cometh this  
Magically Materializing Precept!

(beat)

And trust me, I'll tell no one.

INT. DEN - DAY

Dan connects a black box to Pal. Rick and patinated copper Mel watch him run test after test.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The All-Star CyberSlugger went down swinging; his furless ferret found no trace of any precept. So, they left the Weasel hooked up for the next three weeks.

(beat)

And no more precepts came, even after it was unhooked. But Rick was conflicted, the Precepts had great value; and he was certain there were more.

(beat)

So, he spent the summer mastering the precepts he had, doing Yoga and working on the Spirit of His Being.

(beat)

He also tried hard to forget he had probably messed up a good thing.

INT. RICK'S GARAGE - DAY

Rick's top down car rocks with STEEL DRUM MUSIC. Loading a rope, cooler, backpack and towel in the trunk, Rick smiles.

In the bike bay, sienna picotage Mel grooves with the tunes.

RICK

Today should be fun, Mel. It's my company's Labor Day Float & Feast at the Salt River. And you, Master Bedazzler, can come. But no mess'n with my pirate buds.

Rick opens the driver's door and flips the seat forward. Swaying to the music, Mel prances over and jumps in.

EXT. AMALGAMATED AVIATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Lot full of roisterers, loading buses. Rick parks near the buses and puts the top up. Then he raises the windows, pops the trunk, unbuckles his seat belt, gets out and flips the seat forward for Mel.

Mel gets out; the FESTIVE DIN flashes to CLAMOROUS YELLING. Everyone is pointing at Mel. People further away stand on coolers, or their truck beds to see the cause of the ruckus.

VARIOUS TUBERS  
 (panicked)  
Why isn't it on a leash?/  
 Get that out of here now!/  
 God, the beast could bite  
 off my leg!/  
 Take it home!

RICK  
 (yelling to be heard)  
It's Okay! It won't hurt  
 anyone. It's very well  
 trained, very smart and  
 100% harmless. Really!

Mel stands on his hind legs and puts an arm around Rick.

RICK  
 Believe me, it's not dangerous!  
 It's 100% vegan. And Don and Mark  
 said I could bring it.

MAN IN THE CROWD  
 What do they know about giant  
 man-eating lizards? How about a  
 muzzle? Does it have a muzzle?

RICK  
 I'm not stupid. It won't hurt  
 anyone, it's just a big clown.

The hubbub subsides. WORKING FOR THE WEEKEND (by LOVERBOY) plays. Rick gets his ice chest from the trunk. On it, he stacks his towel, rope and backpack. Picking up his load, he and Mel walk to the buses.

EXT. EAST WATER USERS CAMP CIRCLE - DAY

MUSIC continues. The Salt River Pirates unload tubes and gear from the buses.

Hopping from the bus, Mel walks to a flat boulder on the river path. Standing up on it, he mimics the garb of the more colorful people, wending their way to the river. Some SCOFF. Some APPLAUD. Some LAUGH. Others steer clear.

With his rope helping secure a tube on each shoulder; Rick heads for the river carrying his cooler. Passing Mel, he nods "come along." Mel leaves his stage and catches up.

EXT. SALT RIVER / ON THE RIVER / PAST BLUE POINT - DAY

Orca Mel circles Rick's tubepod; everyone starts to watch. OUT WITH A BANG (by ANTHONY SOLARI) begins.

Timed with the music, Mel blasts from the river doing barrel rolls, flips with twists, back flips and cannon balls.

The tubers CHEER and APPLAUD Mel's grace and artistry.

Mel's finale begins in back of the pod. As if he's riding an invisible elevator, he rises out of the water. Waving and throwing kisses, he TailWalks to the front of the pod. Here he falls on his back and floats, his feet in the air.

The tubers go wild with their WHISTLES, CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

EXT. SALT RIVER / LARGE GRASSY FIELD / THE FEAST - DAY

The feast is jumping. ANTHONY SOLARI is on stage finishing OUT WITH A BANG. Many of the toasted tubers are dancing, including Rick and a hot blond. Others are feasting on the prime spread. Mel is at a half-full table eating fruit.

ISN'T LIFE STRANGE (by THE MOODY BLUES) begins softly.

INT. RICK'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

MUSIC continues. Rick leaves the bath, damp from a shower. He's wearing boxers and a robe. Mel sticks his violet head out of the den. Rick stops and lovingly rubs his casque.

RICK

MelaMax, I should let you out more often. You put on quite the show today. See ya on the flip side.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rick is sleeping; the MUSIC grows louder and louder. Waking with a start, he sits up and looks about questioningly. Throwing his robe on, he heads for the den.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Rick enters and is perplexed. Glowing cobalt Mel is really into, SINGING with the MUSIC, into an imaginary mic.

MEL

*Wish I could be in your heart, to be one with your love.*

RICK

Mel, it's really late, and your impromptu concert is way too loud.

MEL

'Tis later than thou thinketh. And verily, 'tis no concert here.



RICK  
Who said that? Are you getting  
cute, Pal? No, you're sleeping?

More perplexity. Rick stares at Mel, then Pal.

RICK  
Pal, did you take up ventriloquism?

Pal's screen lights.

PAL  
No, but it sounds like fun.

Rick turns to Mel, who SINGS again. Rick jumps in shock.

MEL  
*Isn't love strange, A  
word we arrange, With no  
thought or care, Maker of  
despair...*

RICK  
Mel, are you really  
singing? Or have I finally  
lost my mind?

MEL  
Verily, yea and nay.

RICK  
Oh great, just great! I have a  
magic super computer that answers  
life's toughest questions; and now  
it turns out my over-achieving  
luminescent lizard is probably an  
Alien From Another Planet!

Rick struggles to understand. He figures one thing out.

RICK  
Pal, turn the music off.

MUSIC stops, a light goes off in Ricks head.

RICK  
Well clearly, this is a very vivid  
dream. And many people have solved  
great mysteries in their dreams; so  
tell me, Sir Verbal Reptilious,  
what's up? What's the skinny?

MEL  
I wait no more on thy dire query.  
The one thou asketh constantly, yet  
believeth hath no answer.

Rick raises his hands and gives Mel a "what?" look.

MEL

When ye first sought help, even  
basic dream state communication  
'twas not possible.

(beat)

But thine understanding hath made  
heroic strides, making this direct  
approach now possible.

(beat)

So out with it, 'tis time to voice  
thy most tormentful question.

Mel motions Rick to give it up.

RICK

Okay, but pray tell, just what is  
this ultra special question I'm  
supposed to ask?

MEL

Thou asketh the wrong person.  
Please, ponder lightly.

A short reflection. Rick shudders. Taking a deep breath,  
he composes himself. Then he looks Mel straight in the eye.

RICK

Okay, I do have one. But, there is  
no possible logical answer for this  
question! But if you insist.

MEL

Absolutely! Fire away, Froggy.

RICK

I am a good man, so how can it be  
right, I suffer such extreme pain,  
just because I love Mysti so much?

MEL

Ah, that 'tis the question. What  
saith thy Pal, be there light out  
of darkness? Inquiring minds want  
to know. Jump, Froggy - Jump!

The 7th Precept appears on Pal, and the printer prints it.

As Rick walks to Pal, he does a double fist pump.

RICK

I was right, I knew it! There are  
more. Will you read it, Pal?

MEL

Wouldst ye mind, Rick, might I have  
a go at this one?

RICK

Please, Mistress Mel, by all means;  
I wouldn't miss this for the world.

Mel picks up the printed precept, glances at it, and puts it  
back. With all the showmanship of a master orator, his  
dynamic presentation is eloquent and passionate.

MEL

The 7th Precept of Happiness -  
Evolution! Make it so and make it  
grow. The First Law of Creation:  
Growth, change, transmutation, call  
it what thou shalt, Evolution 'tis  
an Absolute Law of the Universe.

Rick nods a sad knowing smile.

MEL

To becometh a Wizard of Happiness,  
one must embrace all Evolution hath  
to share. Recognizing this, happy  
people don't get set in their ways,  
and never see change as a negative  
thing. They simply choose to grow  
with foresight and flexibility.

RICK

I've tried, but haven't grown much.

Mel stares at Rick and wags his right index finger at him.

MEL

Thou hast. But mastery of  
happiness requireth continuous  
growth. And once thy evolution  
itself 'tis an Act of Spirit, the  
Amazing Evolving Now shall proffer  
abundant happiness.

RICK

I know it's out there, I repel it.

MEL

Knowest thou how most unhappy  
people change? They try not to;  
for they are set in their ways.

Crossing his arms, Mel strikes a defiant pose.

MEL

No more changes! Not now, or ever!  
Life 'tis bad enough already.

(beat)

But when change cometh; they are  
left with only ill-advised actions,  
all having negative consequences.

Mel shakes his head sadly. Perking up, he smiles.

MEL

The 7 Precepts are as lofty,  
majestic mountains, with each  
having its own exquisite view.

(beat)

And once their foundations are  
mastered, one can ascendeth via  
understanding, to the zenith of  
their crystal vistas.

Eyes dazzling, Mel looks into Rick's soul.

MEL

Once the precepts becometh an  
integral part of thy life: thou  
shalt realize how each precept  
relates to the other Precepts, to  
thee, thy glorious world and  
Almighty Spirit.

(beat)

Verily, once all the precepts are  
reflected in thy Spirit of Being;  
thine admirable exploits shall bear  
the sweetest fruit.

RICK

That seems right, says the man  
talking with a lizard.

Both LAUGH.

MEL

Thy mind 'tis a most extraordinary  
computer, program it wisely.

(beat)

Thy heart 'tis home to thy soul,  
fill it always with Infinite Love.

(beat)

Thy soul 'tis thy link to Spirit,  
listen to it always.

(beat)

For only through Spirit canst thou  
make the ultimate discovery of thy  
life. Thy Highest & Best Use!

The pieces finally fit. An epiphany staggers Rick.

RICK

Wait a second! Hold on! I've been suffering, so I can evolve... Grow?

MEL

Thou hast it! With Mysti ye hadst a most sublime happiness. But ye learned naught how it works.

(beat)

When she left, ye hadst nothing, all 'twas lost, thy world imploded.

(pause)

Had Mysti stayed and not broken thy heart, wouldst ye have gone on thy worthy quest? Ye cared not a whit how happiness worked.

RICK

You're right, I didn't.

MEL

For happiness to survive life's harsh tests and flourish, it must be broad based.

(beat)

Loving one person 'tis a superb start. But if love doth not grow, expand, evolve; it goeth retro, and slowly dies. And with no love, there is no happiness.

(beat)

Verily, the larger one's base of love, the happier thou shalt be. The better it shall be for all.

(beat)

Now, for some real fun!

SNAP. CRACKLING. A cloud of blue electricity forms where Mel is standing.

Rick is stupefied as Mel transforms into the elegant, but very scary wizard, Melvyn Ambrosius.

Melvyn's royal purple robe and hat shimmer with life. His hair, beard and mustache are long, silver and glowing.

RICK

Wha...? Whoa!

(shocked pause)

Who... Who are you? What are you doing here? What do you want?

Melvyn takes off his hat and bows. Then he drops his hat on the table, takes Rick's limp right hand, and shakes it.

MELVYN

I am Melvyn Ambrosius, Twin brother of Merlyn the Arch Enchanter. I hail from the Kingdom of Wizdom.

(beat)

In April ye pled, "Oh Great Wizard of Time and Space, please help and guide me." I was sent to answer thy petition.

RICK

Wow! So, you're a real wizard? I'll bet I'm not in Kansas anymore.

(pause)

Ah, but that's it, I'm dreaming! And this is the wildest dream ever!

Rick gets it. He's going with it.

RICK

(mockingly)

Okay, so tell me, Melvyn, do I get three wishes? Are you like a genie in a gecko? And aren't you really from the Kingdom of Lizardom?

LOW RUMBLING. The room shakes.

MELVYN

By the stars, Mr. Arthur, thou art a daring bugger. How wouldst ye feel about becoming a ceramic toad, like yon regal fellow on thy desk?

RICK

No! Sorry... I was kidding.

MELVYN

Important deeds are at hand, be not a dandiprat; cut thy buffoonery.

RICK

Yes, ma'am, I'll try.

MELVYN

Methinks thou still hast one most exigent question begging an answer.

Rick ponders, then sees the obvious.

RICK

I do! Oh great and mighty wizard,  
pray tell, how do I de-bob myself?  
You know, pull my infernal sword  
out. Not be a shish ka-bob.

MELVYN

As ye helped create it, ye must  
discover how to free it. However,  
whilst 'tis a truly mystical feat,  
there shall be extreme pain.

Jumping up and down, Rick flails his arms and screams.

RICK

Pain! There'll be pain! What the  
hell do you think I've been living?  
Pain has ruled my life! It's all  
I've been! It's all I am!

The growing fire in Melvyn's eyes stops Rick cold.

MELVYN

Verily, thou art serious. But,  
'tis a tricky task to free one of  
these Spirit Killers.

(beat)

But, as King Arthur hath shown, it  
can be done; via a conscious union  
of body, mind, heart and spirit.

(beat)

Then once the mystic passageways of  
thy heart are reopened, thine Ego  
shall be reborn as a Team Player;  
knowing only Spirit can bring real  
happiness to life.

(beat)

But rather than I say more.

RICK

Can I have a second... Is this a  
really big picture thing?

Melvyn makes an expansive arm gesture. Holding it, he looks  
about, then up. Rick mimics Melvyn, ponders, and gets it.  
Falling to his knees, he clasps his hands in prayer.

RICK

Great Creator and Sustainer of the  
Universe, I wish to live and love  
as a Being of Spirit. With this  
sword we co-created, I wish to now  
reopen my heart.

Springing to his feet, Rick throws his robe open and grabs the glowing sword in his right hand.

RICK

Death to my petty Ego, and the pitiful actor I've been. May the passageways of my heart be open now, and evermore!

With a sure swift stroke, Rick pulls the sword from his chest. It turns real.

RICK

YES! YES! YES!

Hoisting the sword high, Rick jubilantly dances about. Then strangely compelled, he lays it on the couch.

RICK'S JUMP - A MYSTICAL VISION SEQUENCE

21ST CENTURY TRANSCENDENCE (by GARY ANDERSON) begins. As Rick straightens up, he shudders, crouches low - and JUMPS! ZAP! He rockets from the house, as though it's a hologram. Then to the edge of space, he soars as a ball of light.

Slowing, Rick returns to bodily form, stops and floats. Looking about, he revels in his new freedom.

RICK

(ecstatically)

Thank God, Melvyn was kidding!  
There's no pain! I've never been more alive or in tune in my life!

Focusing on Earth, Rick marvels at what he sees: a hurricane roils the Atlantic; a colossal Aurora Borealis electrifies the Canadian wilderness; and the lights of America's cities sparkle like jewels on black velvet. Then the life blood of Earth, our oceans, rivers and lakes, spoke with no words.

RICK

My God, the Earth itself is alive!

Looking closer, Rick sees primitive man form tribes and build villages. Then tribes fight other tribes; as villages become big cities. Man's battles escalate into world wars.

A bombed out village, scattered dead bodies. Kneeling in a muddy road, Rick POUNDS his fists on the ground, CRIES and SCREAMS. Then he passes out from the unfathomable pain.

END MYSTICAL VISION



INT. RICK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rick wakes with a start and sits up quickly. Looking about quizzically, he stretches and scratches his head.

RICK  
Geez, what a wild dream.

Like he's zapped by a taser, Rick flies out of bed. Landing halfway across the room, he pumps his fists and screams.

RICK  
It's gone! The sword's gone! What  
an incredible dream. The damn  
thing's gone. It's really gone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rick races to the den to celebrate with Mel.

But at the doorway, he slams his hands into the jambs and stops. Jumping back, his radiant smile vanishes. His mouth drops open in total disbelief, and Rick shudders violently.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Melvyn is just inside the door, putting a golf ball. His mustache and beard are trimmed way back, his hair is in a ponytail. He's wearing black shorts and tennis shoes, a lavender golf shirt and a black TEAM WIZARD vizor.

Taking his vizor off with his left hand, Melvyn bows. Rising, he holds hat to heart. Then as one conferring knighthood, Melvyn taps Rick's shoulders with his putter.

With a flourish, Melvyn drops his putter in his golf bag; his hat is hung on his driver. Turning to Rick, he opens his arms for a hug. Still stunned, Rick can't move.

MELVYN  
(sounding like Rod Serling)  
Your next stop, the Twilight Zone.

Melvyn nearly busts his gut LAUGHING.

RICK  
What's there to laugh at? I've  
lost my mind. After a summer with  
a computer like Pal, and a pet like  
Mel, a wizard in my den shouldn't  
be so hard to believe. But it is.

MELVYN

Cometh in, sit, collect thy wits.

Rick stumbles to the couch. As he sits, he spots his sword on the far wall. It's mounted on an oak plank; below it is a medallion, with a dragon insignia and Latin inscription.

He starts up to look at it; Melvyn motions him to stay put.

MELVYN

Please, Mr. Arthur, take a moment to re-center thyself. Be at ease.

Without thinking, Rick blurts out.

RICK

Can you call me Rick?

MELVYN

Certainly, and Mel worketh fine for me. To begin, thou art not crazy. And thy magical mystical adventure last eve 'twas no dream.

(beat)

Verily, our universe 'tis far more wondrous than thou hast imagined.

Melvyn nods a knowing "'Tis."

MELVYN

Now, whilst I cook vittles; ye can calm down, shower, and get thee ready for a day of fun.

RICK

Sure. But for the record, exactly what is it we're doing today?

MELVYN

How doth a Sedona road trip sound? With lunch at MexiCantina, eighteen at Crystal Ranch Country Club, and then a stop at Olde #7.

RICK

Sounds great, who am I to argue?

Rick shudders and his normal sense of reality returns.

RICK

Is this a crazy reality TV thing? Am I hypnotized? If not, what about last night? And the sword, and the pain? Who are you really?

MELVYN

Relax, there shall be time for thy queries during our journey.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Melvyn is cooking an egg, cheese, bacon and salsa scramble.

Rick enters, clean but doubtful.

RICK

Mel, you do know Crystal Ranch is very exclusive. Even a wizard would have a hard time getting a tee time on this short of notice.

MELVYN

'Tis no problem. I'm a Platinum Affiliate, and we have a tee time.

RICK

(incredulous)

So you've been there before?

Rick sets the table and gets a drink of orange juice.

MELVYN

What thinketh I did all summer?  
Eat, swim, hide thy clothes, do yoga, change colors and sleep?  
(beat)

I have spent a most enjoyable summer playing thy fair state's finest courses.

RICK

Well, that must have been nice.

MELVYN

Doth get better. Like the rental across the street, and that amazing new red Vet that appeareth in its carport back in April.

Sitting at the table, Rick digests what he's hearing.

RICK

You mean, while I've been going through the ordeal of a lifetime, you've been leadfoot'n all over the state, in an ultra-fine car, in search of the perfect foursome?

Melvyn serves breakfast and sits at the table where Mel did.

MELVYN

'Tis true, however I have also had  
a grand time watching thee grow.  
And I love Dan, the great jester!  
But now, 'tis time for thanks.

Clasping hands to heart, Melvyn looks to the heavens.

MELVYN

Yay God. Thank ye for this good  
food, fine day and for me again  
being a carnivore whenever I wish.

EXT. I-17 NORTH OF PHOENIX - DAY

Car top down, THE TIME IS NOW! (by E.O.S.) plays on Rick's stereo. Journeying to Sedona, Rick and Melvyn pass the miles with debate, pondering and laughter.

At Mile Maker #271, a trio of old biplanes ROAR by, low level, on the right. Flying to the center of the high plateau, they all make steep climbs and begin doing stunts.

Turning on SR 179, hilarity and wild gestures fill the car.

EXT. CRYSTAL RANCH CLUBHOUSE / VALET - DAY

Rick and Melvyn leave the car and walk to the entrance of the club's exclusive restaurant.

INT. MEXICANTINA / HOST PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

Melvyn and Rick enter the lively restaurant. The maitre de, KEN, greets them warmly. AL, a host, stands at ready.

KEN

Mr. Ambrosius, always a pleasure to  
see you. Al can seat you now. I  
trust you will enjoy everything.

MELVYN

I'm certain we shall, Ken.

AL

Menus today, Mr. Ambrosius?

MELVYN

Not today, Al, thank ye.

Al ushers Rick and Melvyn to a window table and seats them.

RICK  
This view is awesome, but I'm glad  
I'm not paying.

CARLOS delivers water, and takes their order on a tablet.

CARLOS  
Buenos dias, señor Ambrosius. Nice  
to see you again so soon. Will you  
be having your usual?

MELVYN  
I shall, Carlos, 'cept today's  
adventure calls for a cerveza.

CARLOS  
Muy bueno, and for you, señor?

RICK  
I'd like a cheese enchilada with  
red sauce, a guacamole tostada and  
an iced tea. Thanks.

CARLOS  
I'll be back pronto, gracias.

Carlos leaves.

RICK  
Mel, I'll make no bets today. With  
your magical powers, and all your  
practice, I don't stand a chance.

MELVYN  
Be at ease, we shan't be wagering.  
As for magical powers? No one can  
alter, or suspend the Law of Unity.  
I have simply mastered and employ  
its more advanced canons.

(beat)

Anyone can perform extraordinary  
feats with training and practice.

Melvyn takes a drink of water, then looks Rick in the eyes.

MELVYN  
Love and Life are the only real  
magics. Surely, thou doth not  
believeth mere wizards couldst ever  
hold sway over either?

INT. CRYSTAL RANCH Pro Shop - DAY

As Melvyn and Rick enter, Tee Master ROY bows to Melvyn.

ROY

Ah, good day, Mr. Ambrosius. Will you be walking as usual?

MELVYN

In deed we shall, Roy. And couldst ye giveth Mr. Arthur a dozen of thy best balls and a bag of tees?

Roy gets the balls and tees from the case. With a smile and a wink, he hands them to Rick.

RICK

Walking? Are you kidding, Mel? This is one of the longest and hilliest courses in the state.

MELVYN

'Tis no jest. Golf doth provide a host of excellent benefits, with exercise at the top of the list. Suck it up, today shall be aerobic.

RICK

What about a pull cart?

Melvyn scowls and shakes his head in disgust.

EXT. CRYSTAL RANCH GOLF COURSE / 1ST TEE - DAY

As Rick and Melvyn walk to the tee, a SHOPBOY drives by in a cart. He drops their clubs at the tee and drives off.

Reaching their bags, Rick and Melvyn load balls and tees in their shorts. Rick's extras go in his bag. The sodbusters nod, smile and get their drivers. Both take warm-up swings.

RICK

You're serious, we're gonna walk?

MELVYN

'Tis real golf we play today!

The threesome ahead moves out of range. Melvyn tees a ball and begins to address it. But the rules must be explained.

MELVYN

Rick, I'm going to enjoy this round and focus on my shots. So I shall answer but one question, per hole, to my satisfaction. Choose wisely.

MONTAGE OF RICK AND MELVYN'S RUGGED ROUND OF GOLF.

FIRST TEE: Melvyn's tee shot is long and straight, Rick's goes left OB. Melvyn chips close to the hole. Rick hits close to the green, then chips over. Both putt well.

For the rest of the front nine, Melvyn makes good shots; while Rick mostly chases errant shots.

At the turn, Rick starts hitting better. They both par #10. The rest of the round is much closer. Rick sinks a long chip on #16 and celebrates. On the 18th green, Melvyn sinks a tap in and they LAUGH. Rick salutes him.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CRYSTAL RANCH PRO SHOP / LOADING ZONE - DAY

Walking to Rick's car, Melvyn nods to the valet, while Rick tips him. They get in, buckle up, and Rick starts the car.

INT. RICK'S CAR / DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

As Rick drives off, he turns to Melvyn to speak. He CHUCKLES and cuts him off.

MELVYN

'Tis time to cease thy queries and  
listen, find and knoweth; not seek.

(beat)

To begin, congratulations! Thou  
hast gained the guidance sought.

(beat)

Ye now knoweth the basis of true  
happiness; thine ego 'tis now a  
team player; and very soon thou  
shalt be a Wizard of Happiness.

(beat)

So henceforth, each time life doth  
offereth a great new challenge,  
thou shalt knoweth it for what  
'tis, an opportunity to grow!

RICK

You mean if I don't go crazy first?

MELVYN

Here is a cogent way to approacheth  
and understandeth new challenges.  
Across thine imagination, draw a  
line. Label it "My Happiness."

Melvyn draws a horizontal line across the middle of the windshield with his finger.

MELVYN

Above thy base line thou art happy,  
whilst below not happy. And the  
higher thou flieth above it, the  
happier thou art. The more thou  
diveth below, the more unhappy.

Waving his right hand like a wild EKG meter, Melvyn scowls.

MELVYN

Yet, only thou hast determined how  
thy graph looked, by thy choice of  
emotions thou hast brought to life.

(beat)

Like most, thy question hath been:  
How unhappy didst thou hast to  
become, before thou wert moved to  
share thy best, and Act of Spirit.

Eyes sparkling, Melvyn smiles a wicked smile.

RICK

Okay, I can see that.

MELVYN

One main pillar of Happiness 'tis:  
Mastering the "Art of Seeing Change  
Coming & Acting Wisely." Its main  
tenet: Act with love, upon all ye  
deemeth noble and needful; and not  
just the petty misery of thine ego.

Nodding he understands, Rick finally gets it.

RICK

Dang, I never thought about this in  
such simple terms.

Like a pastor imploring his congregation, Melvyn continues.

MELVYN

When thine acts are inspired by  
love, not ego, thou shalt attain  
awareness known as Understanding.  
And with Understanding, ye can  
chart a worthy course of life.

(beat)

As thine ability to dream, plan and  
carry out Acts of Spirit groweth,  
ever higher levels of awareness and  
understanding shall be attained.



EXT. OLDE #7 VORTEX PATH / SEDONA - DAY

Rick and Melvyn are ambling up the path. In the distance, a festal herd of Vortexans is entering the vortex.

MELVYN

As the Law of Unity stateth: when one giveth, one receiveth; when one taketh, one loseth; and only Spirit can guide thee to TrueSelf Giving.

RICK

What exactly is my TrueSelf?

Melvyn glares "Art thou serious?"

RICK

Oh, I get it. What's my TrueSelf?

MELVYN

Knoweth thy soul doth now call the shots. So, when ye meeteth a new challenge, and knoweth not what to do, 'tis thy soul seeking an answer based on more divine love.

(beat)

The only question 'tis: How much love wilt thou bring to thine Acts of Spirit? At each and every turn, the answer 'tis always - MORE LOVE!

When the golf buds turn onto the ramada trail, they barely glance at the big red rock boulder, with an embedded plaque. (The plaque tells how lightning destroyed the old ramada.)

RICK

Sounds exactly like Mysti.

(pause)

You think we'll get back together?

MELVYN

What dost thou thinketh ?

RICK

I'm afraid I won't see her again.

MELVYN

There is naught in thy world to be fearful of. Things change, love all creation shares with thee today and all it shall share tomorrow.

RICK

I get things change, and I'm glad  
they're changing for the better.  
But losing Mysti was a disaster.

MELVYN

Ah, the irony! For one day thou  
shalt realize: what ye believeth  
'tis thy greatest loss, 'tis in  
truth a gift of the highest order.

(beat)

For thou now knoweth what real love  
'tis, and art mastering happiness.

At the empty new ramada, they sit at the table facing west.  
Sedona's spectacular sky and countryside are savored.

MELVYN

The answer 'tis no.

RICK

No what?

MELVYN

No, we brought no pain to the Earth  
today, whacking up her rocky red  
soil and lush green fairways.

(beat)

Mother Nature doth rejoice when her  
children wisely useth, shareth and  
enjoyeth her gifts.

(beat)

For, she is ever your partner, as  
sustainer of all Earth life.

RICK

How do you know what I'm thinking?

MELVYN

Rick, 'tis not a hard thing to do.  
'Tis but a matter of shutting off  
thine internal dialog, and becoming  
receptive to those around thee.  
Thou hast done this before.

RICK

Maybe you're right, maybe I have.  
(pause)

But what about the pain I felt last  
night? I've never felt anything  
like that. That was deadly scary.

MELVYN

'Twas the agony Mother Nature  
suffers when weak evil men, with  
out of control egos, gain great  
power. Leaving naught but carnage  
and destruction in their wake, they  
cause most of mankind's, and all of  
Mother Nature's suffering.

(beat)

But in the end, all who let their  
Egos run their life pay the most  
extreme price. For what cost, a  
life devoid of Love's Great Magic?

Melvyn's passionate words fade. Then with an explosive  
incantation, he performs an impossible move.

MELVYN

Ha Zaaaa!

Melvyn is standing on the bench, on the other side of the  
table. His fiery eyes lock on Rick's soul. After a short  
dramatic pause, he bellows, blusters and gestures, as only  
wizards and politicians can.

MELVYN

By hook or by crook, by pilfer or  
plunder, by limelight or stealth,  
exist for naught but Excessive  
Pecuniary Wealth! Lust for silver,  
and lust for gold! Lust for stocks  
and bonds! And Grander Fiefdoms,  
bigger boats and faster cars!

(beat)

Treasure trifling trinkets, novelty  
knickknacks and temporal trophies!  
Praise and glorify all the latest  
garish gimcracks, and covet cold  
hard cash! Why play fair and just,  
when there's always an UberNew  
GewGaw, to just die for?

Shaking his head, Melvyn scowls at his fancy watch.

MELVYN

With endless avarice, and limitless  
cupidity, seize a GigaHorde of Base  
Material Goodies! Let thy piggy  
Ego's insatiable hungers, fuel thy  
race to Ruin & Fall! Show all the  
Material Morons, on this penny ante  
planet, ye can take it all!

Melvyn wildly stuffs imaginary things in his pockets.

MELVYN

But what pittance of a price must  
be paid to worship today's False  
Profit: Dirty Filthy Lucre? What  
is the nominal cost, to stake thy  
claim, to the Almighty Shekel? So  
thou canst amass tons of Worthless  
Junk, all devoid of wonder.

(beat)

Exactly what sacrificial lambs doth  
the Overlord of Gross Materialism  
demand thou slayeth? Merely thine  
honor, self respect and integrity!

Eerie silence. Melvyn bows to spellbound Rick.

All the VortEXperts, returning on the path from Olde #7, are  
also spellbound. Melvyn bows to acknowledge his audience;  
which erupts with CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

Melvyn's HEARTY ACCLAIM fades. The Vortillian's tour bus  
HONKS its horn. Having gotten way more than they'd paid  
for, they continue on to it.

Stepping off the bench, Melvyn sits facing Rick. Before  
Rick can say a word, Melvyn resumes his elucidation.

MELVYN

As thou knoweth, life overfloweth  
with wondrous treasures. But none  
worthy of having can be bought.

(beat)

Treasures like the light of love,  
the fire of thy heart, and the  
power and wisdom of thy soul, are  
found only in Acts of Spirit.

Melvyn's sincere smile and knowing nod says it all.

MELVYN

But man's current paradigm, of Homo  
Commercialis, excludes Spirit. So,  
people today try to buy happiness;  
condemning themselves to a life  
sentence, of Capital Punishment.

Riotous LAUGHTER erupts from the throng walking to the bus.

MELVYN

Now, for a bit of mind stretching.  
I want ye to run to yon cactus.

Melvyn points to a small century plant west of the ramada.

MELVYN  
Upon reaching it, jump as far as  
thou canst. Jump, Froggy - Jump!

RICK  
That's it, run and jump?

Melvyn winks. Rick gets up, runs to the cactus and jumps.

MELVYN  
Bravo! Now, whilst thou wert in  
the air, to the closest mile, how  
far didst ye fly?

As he heads back to the ramada, Rick surveys his jump.

RICK  
How many miles? You've got to be  
kidding. I went about 15 feet.

MELVYN  
My question doth stand.

RICK  
Okay, less than one. What other  
possible answer can there be?

Reaching the table, Rick retakes his seat.

MELVYN  
Rick, it may seem impossible, yet  
thou hast jumped over 65 miles.

RICK  
That's absurd, I didn't go 17 feet!

MELVYN  
Earth soars the cosmos at 134 miles  
per second. Thou fleweth near half  
a second; or over 65 miles. One  
day for fun, doeth the math to see  
how far thou doth journey yearly.

Rick shakes his head in wonder, contemplating this.

MELVYN  
Verily, man's sojourn 'tis much  
more than mere miles traversed; as  
life doth offer many crossroads,  
like thy last one.

(beat)

Wouldst ye liveth in Ego Hell, or  
accept the challenge of hope?

Reflexively, Rick nods in knowing agreement.

MELVYN

The good news 'tis, hope 'twas thy choice; and soon thou shalt be a Wizard of Happiness. Yet knoweth, Rick, there is not one, ultimate - The Answer to Life's Great Mystery.

RICK

Well, what should I be looking for?

MELVYN

Meaningful answers abound in Life's Grand Mystical Experiment. What is Thy Highest & Best Use? How can ye best meet its challenge? How can ye best live in harmony with the love that creates and sustains Life's Great Masquerade?

Two big butterflies flutter by Melvyn, playing tag.

RICK

Big questions, no easy answers.

MELVYN

Enlightened beings oft view the Magic of Life as a two-way mirror.

(beat)

Yet, even when one doth acquire Cosmic Consciousness, and thy mirror becometh thy door, one hath not found The Answer.

(beat)

However, when one attaineth this treasured vizio, most believeth they have. But soon, upon deeper reflection, they realize they have but gained a more comprehensive and meaningful way to relate to, and be conscious of, the Miracle of Life.

A humming bird flits up to Rick, looks at him a few seconds, then continues on its way.

MELVYN

Whilst full Mystical Illumination still awaits thee, one cosmic truth 'tis now relevant. If thou doth not transform thy knowledge into Wisdom, via Acts of Spirit, thy noble quest shall be as naught.

Melvyn turns to look at the sunset, then back at Rick.

MELVYN

Yon sun's to set, shall we go ring-  
side and savor the passing of our  
felicitous day in paradox.

RICK

Paradox is exactly right. And what  
a felicitous day it's been!

Rick gives a thumbs-up, as does Melvyn. They get up and  
head for the vortex, taking a cross country shortcut.

MELVYN

Verily, the window of time, for  
diligent action, 'tis unalterable.  
Knowing what to share, then doing  
so in a timely manner, 'tis the way  
of all highly evolved beings.

RICK

Learned that one the hard way.

MELVYN

Thine apprenticeship 'tis nearly  
complete, a most praiseworthy feat.

(beat)

But knoweth, becoming a Wizard of  
Happiness doth not mean thou shalt  
never again feel pain or sorrow.

(beat)

A life with no heartaches 'tis as  
unbalanced as one with no love.

A circling raven CAWS once, punctuating Melvyn's statement.

Reaching the vortex path, Rick and Melvyn continue on it.

MELVYN

In thy glorious Journey of Life,  
each and every moment 'tis beyond  
price. To live with any other  
perception, 'tis to not understand.

The raven CAWS thrice more. Its haunting crows echo down  
the dimming red rock canyon.

MELVYN

Our time of parting 'tis nigh. My  
labours here complete. And for the  
record, Wiz Boy, thy quest hath  
brought me many fun challenges.

Up ahead, a coyote trots across the trail and disappears.

MELVYN

Hence, I shall repay thy kindness.  
What thinketh thou of a new quest?  
A challenge greater than any thou  
hast ever imagined, but priceless  
once achieved.

(beat)

Mastering happiness hath been but a  
step. Now cometh the hard part.

At Olde #7's entrance, they stop and watch the neon sunset.  
When the sun sets, Melvyn grabs Rick's shirt and yanks him  
in eye-to-eye. Melvyn's eyes flare.

Powerful soul-to-soul seconds pass. Then Melvyn pushes Rick  
out to arm's length; and with the greatest passion, he roars  
with the intensity of an EF5 tornado.

MELVYN

WHAT ARE YOU REALLY HERE TO LEARN?

In shock, Rick is unable to think, speak or move. Melvyn  
lets him go and strides quickly to the center of the vortex.

Looking skyward, Melvyn's eyes are blazing like azure astral  
beams. Raising his arms high, he begins to glow. As one  
harnessing the wind, the wizard cries to the heavens.

MELVYN

Perceive! Believe! Accept!  
YourSelf, As Only Love!

As a bolt of lightning ignites where Melvyn is standing, a  
THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION rocks the vortex. Dust flies as he  
blasts into space and is gone.

RICK

(yelling)

Wait, wait, come back, I didn't get  
to say goodbye! I didn't get to  
thank you. Are you coming back?  
Will I ever see you again? Will  
you come again if I ask?

The dust settles and Rick gets another surprise. Sitting in  
the middle of the vortex is Mel, the lizard.

Running to him, Rick is shocked again. It's not Mel, but  
MOJO (a perfect, half-scale, plastic replica).

Picking it up, Rick pulls and pokes it. He finds it has a  
skeletal frame. A note is taped to its casque, he reads it.



MELVYN (V.O.)

Rick, 'twas an honor assisting thy noble quest, thank ye for asking.

(beat)

Whilst I do fancy myself a master conjurer of enigmatic creations, not even wizards hath the ability to create life. But I trust thou shalt enjoy this whimsical memento of our unique fellowship.

(beat)

Verily, "I Can Do This!" 'twas an excellent place to start. But thou canst now face each new challenge with a new transcendent rally cry. "I can do this, with MORE LOVE!"

Tears stream down Rick's face.

MELVYN (V.O.)

However, mi amigo, all truly epic magic begins with, "We can do this, with more love!"

(beat)

Perceive, Believe, Accept, Yourself As Only Love - Wizard of Happiness!

(beat)

What are you really here to learn?

Rick stands transfixed, an integral part of the great cosmic oneness. Brushing back his tears, he clutches the note and Mojo to his heart.

Looking to the heavens, Rick's thanks tremble from his lips.

RICK

Thank you, Melvyn. Thanks for answering my desperate plea.

(beat)

Thanks for not giving up on me.

(beat)

And thanks for the Precepts, and this exquisite gift.

(beat)

And thanks for my worthy new quest.

Rick smiles, certain Melvyn has heard.

Carrying Mojo to his car, he examines it more.

At his car, Rick puts Mojo in the backseat and climbs in front. Starting the car, he lowers the top and windows.

INT. RICK'S CAR / 89A WEST OF SEDONA / DRIVING - TWILIGHT

Cruising west into the paling twilight, Rick glances into the backseat and does a double take. Mojo is gone.

RICK

Now what?

Hitting the brakes, Rick pulls off the road and stops. Looking in the back seat, he LAUGHS with total abandon.

RICK

My new friend, you change colors!

With eyes sparkling, and skin radiating; Mojo stands and comes to life with a big smile, a nod and a wink.

MOJO

Si, mi amigo, don Ricardo. And you can call me Mojo.

Incredulous, Rick nods and winks back; then resumes driving.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As Rick journeyed homeward, he realized with complete clarity, losing Mysti had been brutal. But mastering how happiness works was indeed treasure beyond measure.

(beat)

Plus, having made his own mystical jump, the meaning of Mysti's urgent plea, "Jump, Froggy - Jump!" was now crystal clear.

(beat)

When one silences ego and acts only of Spirit, one's understanding and awareness make life-changing jumps.

RICK'S JOURNEY TO WIZDOM - A MYSTICAL VISION SEQUENCE

As Rick drives on, LIFT THE VEIL (by FROZEN PLASMA) begins. In a flash, Rick's Light of Awareness begins a journey to Wizdom. It starts slowly, on a trajectory similar to its journey in, except in reverse.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After his return from Olde #7 and beyond, Rick grappled mightily with Melody's prodigious question. What are you really here to learn?

Climbing through the veil of twilight, Rick's Cosmic Essence grows bigger and brighter. Leaving earth's atmosphere, it accelerates ever faster.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So Rick mused and mulled, asked and listened; and soon his answer came.

(beat)

Naturally, 'twas a question; both exciting and scary. Learning how happiness works was one thing, but this! If there even was an answer.

(beat)

But if there was, Rick knew it would take at least a Wizard of Happiness to find it. His new quest was to learn, and master, the secrets of Life's Greatest Magic!

(beat)

And as his very life had begun, so began his most amazing adventure. With a monumental question.

(beat)

How Does Love Work?

Rick sails on into the glorious empyrean spacescape, with all its radiant splendors, set on the path to Wisdom.

SUPER: Your New Beginning!