INT. THE TIKI CAVES COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

ARCHIBALD (razor sharp suit) sits in a booth of one of those garishly decorated Tiki-styled lounges full of bright colours, fake palm trees, and the plastic appropriation of Hawaiian gods.

He is joined at his table by KEMP (dressed for comfort). Kemp places a glass of water in front of Archibald and an enormous cocktail glass full of a bright blue icy concoction in front of himself (all sliced fruit, plastic sticks and tiny umbrellas).

Kemp waits for Archibald to say something about the drink. Silence.

KEMP
I’m glad you asked. This is the mother of all over the top cocktails. It’s called the Brain Freeze. Legend has it there’s only one man who knows the recipe and the creation of it sent him insane!

ARCHIBALD
Okay.

KEMP
It needs to be mixed by two bartenders who each know only half the recipe. Some claim that the blue colour comes from the rare blue raspberry, others claim it’s food dye.

ARCHIBALD
I trust you’ve performed the necessary analysis on the matter?

KEMP
There are those of us content with the mystery.

Kemp holds up his giant glass and Archibald reluctantly taps it with his own. They drink.

KEMP (CONT’D)
Damn good.

ARCHIBALD
Now Kemp... We in management feel that-

KEMP
Really? Straight down to business? You management guys really don’t know how to enjoy yourselves.
ARCHIBALD
We in management feel... dissatisfied with the work you’ve been doing here on Earth.

KEMP
Oh... I’ve tried to be thorough-

ARCHIBALD
We think it would be better to transfer you to a different assignment.

KEMP
Wait, wait! I could tell you what’s in this drink. I could tell you how much of each ingredient there is. The chemical compounds, the temperature. But to do all that would miss the point. It would cease to be a Brain Freeze and just become a mixed drink.

ARCHIBALD
We have protocols in place for a reason. We collect data not... Whatever it is you have been doing.

KEMP
Well I just feel like reporting on an experience is more important than reporting on hard data.

ARCHIBALD
We disagree.

Kemp looks defeated.

ARCHIBALD (CONT’D)
You will receive your new assignment shortly. Wrap things up here. There are those of us not content with the mystery, Mr. Kemp.

Archibald gets up and leaves.

KEMP
I hope they have cocktails.

He takes a big gulp of his drink and immediately clutches the bridge of his nose in pain.

KEMP (CONT’D)
Argh! Brain freeze!