

ORCHID ISLAND

"Pilot"

Written by

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**EXT. ORCHID ISLAND - ESTABLISHING**

A utopic island oasis inhabited by a robust (and cuddly!) anthropomorphic animal population the likes of our favorite cozy game, *Animal Crossing*.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS, we spotlight a few villagers enjoying island living:

- First is JOEY the lion, who struggles to reel in a GIANT FISH out of Lotus Pond. Just as he pulls it out, he loses his balance, <SPLASHING> into the water.

- Next is REGGIE the hamster, who bravely *Free Solo's* Mount Azalea. We PULL OUT to reveal he's mere inches off the ground, and Mount Azalea is just a bunny hill.

- Last is GUCCI the cat, who puts the finishing touches on a life-sized SAND CASTLE. Like a house of cards, it all comes tumbling down when a giant WAVE <CRASHES> into it.

As we ZOOM THROUGH the vibrant community, we finally reach --

**EXT. ZEST OF HERB - DAY**

Here we meet HERB the pig, owner of the most successful one-stop-shop on the island: ZEST OF HERB.

He happily <HUMS> as he unlocks the door and steps inside.

**INT. ZEST OF HERB - CONTINUOUS**

Herb quickly falls into his shop-opening routine. He's been doing this a very long time. He whisks open the shop's blinds, cleans the countertops and floor, etc.

But the poor pig stumbles here and there, <GRUNTING> at his mistakes. This doesn't stop him from pushing onward though.

Suddenly, an O.S. <RING> breaks through the silence.

**EXT. ZEST OF HERB - BACK DOOR - DAY**

Herb opens the door and is greeted by LONNIE the cow, pulling a wooden HANDCART stocked with PRODUCE CRATES.

LONNIE  
(sweetly)  
Hi, Herb.

HERB  
Lonnie! How was the trip?

ZOOM OUT to see Lonnie's RANCH a hop, skip, and a jump away.

LONNIE  
It gets longer every day, honey.

HERB  
Tell me about it.

LONNIE  
Same time tomorrow?

HERB  
(smiling)  
Just like the day before.

She gives a small nod before heading back to her ranch, leaving the handcart behind for Herb to unload. IVY the bird suddenly rounds the corner, surprising him.

IVY  
Hiya Herb!

Startled, he drops a crate, but Ivy swoops in to catch it.

HERB  
Iiii-vy! Hi. Hello.

IVY  
<GIGGLES> Sorry. Forgot how jumpy you are.

HERB  
I'm not jumpy, I'm just...

IVY  
(half-joking)  
Old?

Herb glares, forcing Ivy to awkwardly change the subject.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Uh, anyway, got some mail for ya.

She opens the MAIL CARRIER BAG slung around her shoulder, expertly plucking out a few letters for Herb.

IVY (CONT'D)  
(off Herb's expression)  
Anything good?

HERB  
(genuine grin)  
Bills.

Ivy raises a brow.

IVY  
Riiiiight. So, uh, do anything fun  
this weekend?

HERB  
Yeah. I worked.

IVY  
... And before that?

Herb thinks for a moment.

HERB  
Worked.

IVY  
Uh-huh. When was the last time you  
took a vacay?

HERB  
A what-cay?

IVY  
Time off.

He stares at her, deadpanned.

HERB  
Do you know who I am?

IVY  
One stubborn pig?

HERB  
Yes. And the sole owner and  
caretaker of Zest of Herb.

He proudly gestures toward his shop.

HERB (CONT'D)  
My empire wasn't built with time  
off. It was built from hard work,  
dedication, and many, *many*  
sleepless nights.  
(beat)  
I don't have time for time off.  
It's time ON, all the time.

IVY  
But taking time off improves your  
time on. It's not healthy to work  
all the time, Herb.

HERB  
(shrugs)  
What can I say? I'm built  
different.

Herb bends to pick up a crate when -- <POP>! He freezes.

IVY  
(knowingly)  
Your back catch again?  
  
All Herb can do is blink. Ivy <SIGHS>.

IVY (CONT'D)  
Built different alright.

**INT. ZEST OF HERB - MOMENTS LATER**

While nursing his back, Herb flips the SIGN in the window to  
"OPEN." As if on cue, JORDI the elephant waltzes in.

JORDI  
Wondered when you were gonna open.  
Everything okay, buddy?

HERB  
I threw out my back, but it's  
nothing to worry about.

JORDI  
You should take a break.  
(Herb deflates)  
After my morning leek.

HERB  
<CHUCKLES> Oh Jordi, that'll never  
get old.

JORDI  
(innocent)  
What will?

Herb hobbles over to the register to ring up Jordi's  
VEGETABLE LEEK, which he's already eating. Raw.

HERB  
2 o'clock?

JORDI  
(mouth full)  
2 o'clock. You know I need my  
afternoon delight.

HERB  
<CHUCKLES> Of course. I'll be here  
all day!

**INT. ZEST OF HERB - MONTAGE**

Herb's kept plenty busy throughout the day. Business is boomin'!

But despite his dedication, the workload's bogging him down. Big time. He struggles to keep up...

**EXT. ZEST OF HERB - END OF DAY**

Tired, yet satisfied, Herb closes up shop.

TEX (O.S.)  
Herb! Just the pig I wanted to see!

Herb turns to find himself face-to-face with TEX, the dog mayor of Orchid Island. Trailing close behind him is --

TEX (CONT'D)  
Ollie, this is Herb.  
(to Herb)  
Ollie here is visiting her favorite  
uncle for the summer.  
(points to self)  
That's me. I'm her favorite uncle.

OLLIE  
(to herself)  
My *only* uncle.

HERB  
Hi, Ollie. Nice to meet you.

OLLIE  
(mumbling)  
Hi.

HERB  
Shop's closed for the night, Tex,  
but what can I help you with?

TEX  
I actually wanted to talk shop.  
This shop. Your shop.

Tex pumps his little paw fist with enthusiasm.

TEX (CONT'D)  
Killing it.  
(beat)  
But is it killing you?

HERB  
Why is everyone telling me I can't  
handle my business today?!

TEX  
(re: door)  
Well, for starters, you forgot to  
lock up.

HERB  
(turning red)  
I didn't forget.

He hastily locks the door, a poor attempt to cover the  
obvious fact he indeed forgot.

TEX  
C'mon... let's face it. The shop's  
getting the better of your bacon.  
What you need is an apprentice.  
Ollie here is young, capable, and  
eager to learn.

ANGLE ON OLLIE, staring in the opposite direction. Not paying  
attention. Completely clueless.

TEX (CONT'D)  
Why don't you take her on for the  
summer? An extra pair of paws?  
(beat, whispered)  
Besides, it's not a bad thing to  
have the mayor owe you one.

HERB  
<SIGHS> I mean... I guess it  
couldn't hurt to... not that I *need*  
it, but... well, you know how it  
goes...

Tex stares expectantly at Herb. The pig finally relents.

HERB (CONT'D)  
Okay.

TEX

I knew you'd make the right choice!  
Truly a win-win for everyone.

Tex turns to Ollie, who's staring blankly up at the sky. He  
<SNAPS> to get her attention.

TEX (CONT'D)

Ollie, you do everything Boss-Ham  
Herb tells you to, okay? Training  
starts first thing in the morning!

Ollie and Herb share timid looks.

**EXT. ZEST OF HERB - NEXT DAY**

**CHYRON: FIRST THING IN THE MORNING**

Herb impatiently waits outside, tapping his hoof. Ollie's  
nowhere in sight.

HERB

<DEEP BREATH> She must be running  
late. I might as well get started.

**INT. ZEST OF HERB - MOMENTS LATER**

Just like the day before, Herb goes through the same motions  
to open the shop. All the while, any small amount of optimism  
he had for his new "apprentice" is quickly vanishing...

**INT. ZEST OF HERB - MOMENTS LATER**

As Herb reaches up to flip the "OPEN" sign, Ollie arrives.

HERB

Ah, you're here! Have trouble  
finding the place?

OLLIE

No.

HERB

(frowning slightly)

Oh... well, there's only one thing  
left to do before we open. Care to  
do the honors?

He points to the sign hanging in the window.



OLLIE  
How do I honor a sign?

HERB  
(face falling)  
Just flip it.

Ollie stares for a beat before grabbing the sign. She flips it... but upside down.

HERB (CONT'D)  
No, Ollie. Flip it so it reads  
"OPEN."

Growing more confused, Ollie flips the sign again but ends up putting it right back how she found it.

OLLIE  
Like that?

HERB  
No, no! Flip it so our *customers*  
can read it.

Herb reaches up to demonstrate.

HERB (CONT'D)  
Like this. See?

He slowly flips the sign back and forth.

HERB (CONT'D)  
Closed... open... closed... open.

OLLIE  
How can anyone read the sign if you  
keep flipping it?

A giant SWEAT BEAD trickles down Herb's forehead.

HERB  
Let's just move on...

### **TRAINING MONTAGE**

Herb shows Ollie the ropes of shop keeping -- restocking store shelves, ringing up customers, bagging purchased goods.

But like the shop sign, his lessons don't stick. Everything Ollie does is wrong. Painfully, *painfully* wrong.

**INT. ZEST OF HERB - LUNCHTIME**

Herb's exhausted, and it's only noon.

HERB

Hey, Ollie. Why don't we break for lunch?

OLLIE

Break what?

HERB

Lunch.

OLLIE

How do we break lunch?

A beat.

HERB

Right. Okay, so I'm gonna go eat. You can go do... whatever. It's your break.

OLLIE

But I don't want to break anything.

HERB

(sighing)

Just meet me back here in 20 minutes, okay?

Ollie nods as Herb books it out of the shop.

**INT. HERB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Herb retreats to a COTTAGE attached to the back of the shop. IN THE KITCHEN, he slaps together a pathetic-looking SANDWICH before <SCARFING> it down in one bite.

HERB

Ahh. That's the stuff.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, he spots Ollie sitting alone, crushing leaves with her paws.

HERB (CONT'D)

She didn't pack a lunch. <SIGHS> Of course she didn't pack a lunch...

He slowly drags himself to the window, poking his head out.

HERB (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Hey... You hungry?

**INT. HERB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ollie stares blankly at the sandwich in front of her.

HERB  
(noticing)  
Something wrong?

OLLIE  
(confused)  
What is this?

Herb sets down his fifth sandwich, tension rising.

HERB  
What would you prefer? Spanakopita?  
Ratatouille? Käsespätzle?!

OLLIE  
Ummm, I guess I'll take the--

HERB  
Well, sandwiches are all we've got,  
so bon appétit.

He goes back to eating. She studies the sandwich again before taking a cautious bite.

OLLIE  
(while chewing)  
Mmmm. Kinda yummy.  
(swallowing)  
I never had a sundwach before.

HERB  
Really? Never?

Ollie shakes her head no.

HERB (CONT'D)  
Oh. Well... that, that actually  
explains a lot.

OLLIE  
I bet Gerald hasn't either.

HERB  
Gerald?

A BEETLE suddenly hops onto the table. FROM HERB'S POV, he lasers in on its disgusting, salivating PINCERS.

HERB (CONT'D)  
<SCREAMS>

Spooked, the beetle scurries behind Ollie.

HERB (CONT'D)  
What was that thing?!

OLLIE  
It's just Gerald. He's my friend.

**FLASHBACK TO 5 MINUTES EARLIER**

Ollie and Gerald outside, staring deep into each other's eyes. Two deer caught in the same pair of headlights.

**BACK TO PRESENT**

Herb <SNORTS> in disgust.

HERB  
Your "friend" belongs outside. A beetle has no business in my business!

Ollie hugs Gerald close to her chest.

OLLIE  
Please let me keep him! Please, oh please!

HERB  
Absolutely not!

Ollie's eyes cloud with sadness.

OLLIE  
But he's my first friend...

This revelation hits Herb in a way he didn't expect.

HERB  
<SIGHS> Okay. If you try your very, very best with the shop, I'll let you keep the bug--

OLLIE  
(correcting)  
Gerald.

HERB  
 I'll let you keep... *Gerald*...  
 <AUDIBLY SHIVERS> In a cage. At all  
 times. Faaaar away from me.  
 (beat)  
 Deal?

OLLIE  
 (elated)  
 Oh yes, yes! Thank you, Mister...  
 uh... Mister... ?

HERB  
 Herb.

OLLIE  
 (spirited)  
 Mr. Herb. Herb *Superb*.

HERB  
 Heh. Never heard that one before.

Ollie cuddles Gerald, who <CHITTERS> happily. Herb winces.

#### **INT. ZEST OF HERB - LATER**

Back at work, Ollie shows new resolve. She's restocking store shelves, ringing up customers, and bagging purchased goods... even though she's still not great at it.

All the while, Gerald watches from his CAGE. Everything is going great until --

OLLIE  
 Gerald?

-- Ollie notices the cage door is WIDE OPEN, swinging back and forth on its hinges! *She forgot to lock it.*

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, no... No, no, no, no, no!  
 Gerald! *Gerald!*

She searches everywhere for her bug buddy when --

JORDI  
 MY LEEKS!

-- Jordi stares, aghast, at an empty LEEK BIN. Inside is Gerald, face smeared with leek RESIDUE.

The outburst catches Herb's attention, who rushes over.

HERB  
<HORRIFIED GASP> YOU!

Gerald panics, darting out of the bin. Herb gives chase, apologizing to CUSTOMERS as he bumps into them.

HERB (CONT'D)  
Sorry-- so sorry about that! I just  
have to-- There's a bug that's--

The shop devolves into chaos as Herb climbs over, ducks under, and swerves around shelves, knocking all his WARES to the floor.

HERB (CONT'D)  
*Stop running!* You're making a mess!

Ollie's hot on Herb's heels, doing her best to stop the pig from squashing Gerald.

OLLIE  
Don't hurt him! He's just a baby!

Just when Herb's closing in, Gerald squeezes through a gap under the back door and escapes.

Herb clutches his side, <GASPING> for breath. He slowly turns around to see... the shop in SHAMBLES. Standing in the center of the wreckage is Ollie, looking guilty as guilty can be.

**EXT. ZEST OF HERB - MOMENTS LATER**

The "CLOSED" sign sadly hangs from the window. Herb's never looked more defeated.

HERB  
Zest of Herb has never closed  
early. Not for holidays, special  
occasions, and definitely not for  
"vacays." But here we are.  
(beat)  
Maybe it's a sign.

OLLIE  
(sadly agreeing)  
A "closed" sign.

HERB  
(accepting his fate)  
I need to take a break.  
Permanently.

Ollie <WHIMPERS> as Herb walks away.

## INT. TOWN HALL - TEX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tex <GNAWS> on a TOY BONE when there's a <KNOCK> at his door.

TEX  
(hiding the bone)  
Come in.

Herb hauls himself inside, each step a challenge.

TEX (CONT'D)  
(hopeful)  
Ollie nailing it?

Herb shoots him a long, hard look. Tex's expression falters.

HERB  
I'm done, Tex.

TEX  
(not following)  
For the day... ?

HERB  
For good. You were right. The shop  
*is* killing me... I'm past my prime.

TEX  
You're joking...

HERB  
No. I'm out.

TEX  
(getting frantic)  
I knew she was brainless, but  
hopeless? Oh, no. No, no, no...  
(beat, thinking fast)  
I can fix this, Herb! I'll, uh,  
just send her to some other island.  
Call it "summer camp."

HERB  
What?

TEX  
Yeah, yeah... this could work! With  
her out of our fur, you can go back  
to running the shop your way.  
(pleased with himself)  
Truly a win-win for everyone.

Herb's silent. Where has he heard *that* before?

**INT. TOWN HALL - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Herb steps out of Tex's office to find Ollie waiting for the verdict. One look at Herb says it all.

OLLIE  
I'm leaving, aren't I?

HERB  
Deep down, we both knew this wasn't gonna work...

Ollie hangs her head, fur covering her eyes.

OLLIE  
First my parents. Then my uncle.  
And now... you.  
(mutters)  
No one wants to try this sandwich.

HERB  
Don't say that.

OLLIE  
Why not? It's true.

She starts to leave, but Herb's heart <POUNDS> in his chest. He has to do something!

HERB  
Wait!  
(beat)  
You're right. I didn't give the Ollie sandwich a fair shake.

OLLIE  
You're supposed to shake the sandwich?

HERB  
What I mean is... I didn't want you to succeed, because if you did, I worried that'd mean I'm obsolete.

Herb sadly looks at his hooves, worn with age.

HERB (CONT'D)  
But I know what it's like to be a sandwich no one wants to try.  
(beat)  
Ollie, do you want to come back?

She meets Herb's gaze, eyes brimming with hope, then nods.



HERB (CONT'D)

Okay.

He heads toward the exit, waiting for her to follow.

HERB (CONT'D)

We've got a shop to keep.

OLLIE

Keep where?

Herb blinks before letting out a <GIANT LAUGH>. Confused, Ollie joins in.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I don't get why we're laughing, but  
I like it!

#### **INT. ZEST OF HERB - LATER**

Herb and Ollie enter to find Gerald cleaning up the shop.

OLLIE

Aww, I knew Gerald didn't mean to  
make a mess. He was just scared.

Herb scrutinizes the beetle. FROM HERB'S POV, Gerald dons a SMILE. (Can bugs even smile??)

HERB

Huh. Guess Gerald isn't so bad  
after all.

Gerald moves toward Herb like he wants a hug. But the pig panics and runs away.

HERB (CONT'D)

No, it's okay. Stop right there.  
Don't get any closer! Ahhhhhh!!

Ollie <LAUGHS> as Gerald chases Herb around the shop, ending on a wholesome found family moment.

**THE END**