

## PIXAR'S SODAS

Coke - Felix  
Pepsi - Raina  
Diet Mountain Dew - Hasan  
DR. PEPPER - Nika  
Narrator - Charles  
Tanner - Andrew  
Weed - Andrew  
Ricky - Branson  
Party Guest - Branson  
Faygo ROCK N RYE - Cameron  
Faygo RED POP - Patrick  
Faygo MOON MIST - Caleb  
Surge - Will  
Water - Will  
Suanmeitang - text to speech  
Tanner's mom - Hesse  
Rockstar - Alex  
Red Bull - Derek  
Sprite Zero - Nate  
Canada Dry - John Semley  
Beer - Tom  
Jose Cuervo - Tom  
Pineapple Jarritos - Palma  
Vernor's - Michael  
Big Red - Matt  
RC Cola - Julian  
Inca Kola - Julian  
Cayman Jack - Joel  
Cigarette - Elliott  
Scratcher - TJ  
Diet Pepsi - Alana  
Jenny Kaminski - Alana  
Monster - Branson Reese  
Mtn Dew Purple Thunder - Branson Reese  
Diet Coke - Alex Press  
Diet Sunkist - Titas  
Therapist - Dan

[music swells]

NARRATOR: 7 Years Ago...

[Mike Posner - I Took a Pill in Ibiza plays]

NARRATOR: We open on an aerial shot of beautiful suburban Naperville, Illinois. The camera swoops down and we follow an 18 wheeler flying down the highway, with a nearly spherical CGI dog sticking its head out of the window. The truck turns into a parking lot and the camera follows the trucker out of his big rig and into the convenience store—a Circle K. As Mike Posner’s propulsive, introspective “I Took a Pill in Ibiza” lets us know this scene is set in 2016, the trucker steps inside. We see several families scurrying through the store, snatching up all sorts of snacks and drinks. A CGI baby tries to eat an already-scratched scratcher off the floor. Their mother lifts them up by the leg, pulls the scratcher out of their mouth, cracks open a Mountain Dew, and pours it down the baby’s gullet. Elsewhere, a goblinessque rude child with arched eyebrows wearing filthy overalls and a propeller beanie grabs a Sunkist from a fridge and bolts for the door.

[door chime sfx]

CLERK: Yer gonna have to pay for that!

NARRATOR: The delinquent gets outside, shakes up his ill-gotten soda, and places it over his crotch. The disgusting child pretends that he is peeing soda all over the place. The soda explodes from the can and hits the camera, spelling the word “SODAS” in big orange letters, and Pixar in smaller letters. The delinquent throws the can on the ground, puts a candy cigarette in his mouth, and skateboards away. Just at that moment, a red Toyota Sienna pulls up. An 11-year old boy and his mother step out.

[door chime sfx]

TANNER’S MOM: OK Tanner, you can pick out ONE soda.

TANNER: Awww mom! Just one!?

TANNER’S MOM: I don’t want you to spoil your appetite. We’re having your FAVORITE dinner tonight... 15 Sodas!

TANNER: Aw, really?!? You’re the best mom!

TANNER’S MOM: Now hurry up and pick out a soda before they all go flat!

TANNER: Hey Mom, can I tell you something kind of weird?

TANNER’S MOM: Oh, honey, you know you can tell me anything.

TANNER: I wish the sodas knew how much I love them. And I wish they could talk.

TANNER'S MOM: Oh sure, honey, I think they know. I think if they could talk, Tanner, they'd say they love you too.

TANNER: I'm gonna get my favorite—Coca-Cola. I love it so much and that is never going to change. And why would it? It's always going to be my favorite soda as long as I am being my true authentic self.

NARRATOR: The camera zooms in tight as Tanner opens the fridge and pulls out a Coke. Tanner walks off but the camera continues to zoom farther and farther back into the fridge. Suddenly, these rows and rows of boring sodas give way to a crazy scene. You're not going to believe this, but we see a large gathering of anthropomorphized sodas dancing around in a conga line. The Mike Posner song is still playing, but now you hear it from a boombox that's about the size of a roll of nickels that is apparently made for sodas. Sodas of every creed, color, brand, price point, religion, and flavor profile are mingling and going crazy, doing, I don't know, the limbo? The twist? One of the sodas is a DJ and he's wearing headphones, even though the sodas don't really have ears. I know it's probably hard to picture these living, breathing sodas but please bear with us. They have a really important and heartwarming tale to share with you if you will just suspend your disbelief for ONE or two hours to let them tell THEIR story. Is that OKAY with you? Can you let sodas say what THEY have to say? Also one of the sodas is raising the roof, even though I don't know what that looks like in terms of hands.

SODA 1: Hey I'm gonna pop my top over here!

SODA 2: I've been dancing so long I'm all shook up! Better tap twice before you open me up!

SODA 3: Hey baby, why don't you come back to my cooler? We could make some condensation together!

LADY SODA: Get poured!

NARRATOR: We'd love to show you more of this crazy soda party, but we've got to cut to the present day. Luke Combs cover of "Fast Car" starts playing to let you know it's the summer of 2023. Tanner, now 18, pulls up to the Circle K with his friend Ricky.

[door chime sfx]

TANNER: Hold up a minute, man, I'm gonna grab a Soda.

RICKY: Pssh. Soda. You still drink that baby stuff? We're graduating. We drink BE-ER now! Because we're teenagers. You know? We have attitude problems, acne, puberty stuff, girls, pills. I've been doing pills. I mean, we're teenagers. We drink beer.

TANNER: Yeah yeah I know. There's gonna be plenty of beer at the party on Friday. I just need a little pick-me-up.

RICKY: Why don't you get something for grown-ups, like a Body Armor or a C4?

TANNER: I never told you this, Ricky, but my grandfather was a really famous local soda jerk back in the day. I dunno man. I guess it's just a family thing. We love sodas.

RICKY: Well, enjoy your soda, jerk. Buhuhuh.

TANNER: Maybe you're right about growing up, though. I'm going to go for something different this time. Less calories, black can that sort of looks like a tuxedo. Let's give Coke Zero a try.

RICKY: Ohh, trying to stay slim for Jenny Kaminski!

TANNER: Cut it out. We're just friends. Besides, she'd never go for a guy like me.

NARRATOR: We see Tanner reach into the fridge and grab a Coke Zero. The camera keeps panning deeper into the fridge where our hero, Coke, watches dejectedly.

COKE: Sigh. Tanner. He's my favorite kid. Used to always be a Coca-Cola Classic kinda guy. But I guess people change. Maybe I just don't got it anymore. Even though I'm still carbonated, I feel flat.

DIET DEW: Don't worry man, it's just one kid. Besides. You're COKE. You outlasted Coke Energy, Coca-Cola Black, even the one Coca-Cola they had with the coffee in that was made specifically for schizophrenic people. You're a Classic!

COKE: Tell it to the polar bears. Sigh. I'm sorry Diet Mountain Dew. I know you mean well.

DIET DEW: Hey man, don't call me by my full brand name. You aren't my distributor. Call me Diet Dew.

COKE: Alright, I register your serial number loud and clear, don't go popping your tab. I know you're just trying to hype me up, but man, I feel decaffeinated. I know I'm supposed to be the Christmas soda and all, but right now, I don't even feel qualified for Chanukkah.

DIET DEW: Man, you're the soda that beat the Soviet Union! Those people tearing down the Berlin Wall weren't drinking kombucha or Sam Adams. They were hopped up on—

NARRATOR: Diet Dew sashays around to Coke's backside to read his label.

DIET DEW: 45 milligrams of sodium, 39 grams of sugar, and 12 ounces of YOU!

COKE: Sigh. I don't know. Maybe I need to be reformulated. I mean, 39 grams of sugar? Really? It's 2023. Sonic the Hedgehog Peach Rings G Fuel has ZERO grams of sugar. What kid would wanna drink me? I gotta do something to slim down. I'm not in shape like YOU, Diet Dew.

DIET DEW: It's not as easy being me as you think. I'm always sweating. Girls don't like that.

COKE: Nah, they think it's just condensation. It literally means you're COOL.

DIET DEW: Don't go fizzin' me up man. I do alright with the ladies. I got big dreams, though.

COKE: How big?

DIET DEW: About 5'6". Oh, speak of the Dew-vil, here she comes now.

COKE: I've never heard of a soda that tall... You must mean—Her!?

[The Kinks - Lola begins to play, include "cola" line]

NARRATOR: We see a beautiful human woman with cherry red lipstick approach the fridge in slow motion, throwing her hair back and forth a ton for some reason. She flings open the fridge.

[Diet Mountain Dew and Coke both gasp.]

NARRATOR: She looks around quizzically for a second, like she heard a noise, and then she grabs a can of Squirt out of the fridge and starts chugging it right in front of their faces. She drinks the whole can in one gulp, and walks out the front door without paying.

DIET DEW: I wish she'd put those lips on my... You know, when you open the tab... The hole? I dunno what you call that. Let's just say hole. I want her to put her lips to my hole and suck me dry.

COKE: But—A human woman would NEVER get with a soda!

DIET DEW: Sigh. I know, man. But she'd drink one. That's close enough for me. Say, do you have your eyes on anyone?

PEPSI: Hey boys.

COKE: P—Pepsi! What are you doing in this fridge?

PEPSI: Just staying cool. Besides, can't a soda say hi to her cousin?

DIET DEW: What's up, cuz. I was just explaining to Coke that I am in love with a giant, human woman. I think she's just like a hypersexual shoplifter or something.

PEPSI: Diet Dew, you're so vain. A human woman would never be attracted to a soda.

DIET DEW: Now who's being superficial Pepsi? Beauty is only aluminum deep!

PEPSI: Please, human women can't compete. They don't even have any bubbles, unless they're sick. Or hiccupping drunk.// What's a girl gotta do to put a straw in *you*, Coke? I doubt you settle for aspartame girls. You seem like a real-sugar kind of guy.

COKE: P-p-p-Pepsi, I uhh—

BARQS: Ruff ruff ruff ruff!

NARRATOR: Out of nowhere, Coke's dog, Barq's—who is an unusually small can of root beer—jumps up and knocks Coke to the ground. He starts... I guess licking him? With his tongue? Also Pepsi has longer eyelashes and that's how you know she's a girl.

DIET DEW: Oh hey Barqs.

PEPSI: Aw! Can I pet him?

DIET DEW: Be careful, he's got bite.

BARQS: Ruff ruff ruff ruff!

DR PEPPER: C'mon Coke, get up. You put the soft in soft drink.

COKE: DR. PEPPER ! What are you doing in this fridge?

DR PEPPER: Chillin'. You've only got 1 flavor to keep cool. I've got 23.

COKE: Can somebody help me up? It's not like I'm a 2-liter or anything.

DIET DEW: I got you. This is why I lift 24 ounces at the gym every day bruh. [grunting noise].

COKE: Thanks. I know I'm still carbonated, but I fell flat. My favorite kid just moved his hand right past me to grab a Coke Zero. Now \*I\* feel like a zero.

DR PEPPER: [sarcastic] Wow I'm sure that was tough for you. For a SOFT drink, you've had such a HARD life. Meanwhile I have all this pressure to succeed—all these expectations to become a doctor. And at the end of the day, what ARE we? Like... Do you realize that we're talking sodas? Why do we talk? We don't have any organs. Is it magic? Most consumer goods don't have societies complex enough to justify developing a language to describe their experiences to one another.

DIET DEW: I think you're overthinking it—

DR. PEPPER : Why am I sentient? Am I just some bubbles and sugar in a hunk of aluminum, sittin' on a shelf in suburban Illinois? Am I no more or less than the sum of my 23 flavors? How many flavors are in a soda's soul?

PEPSI: Sorry guys, she's a little extra sometimes. Even Pibb Xtra thinks she's a bit much.

DR. PEPPER : Careful. You talk any more fizz, I'm not going to help you practice.

COKE: Practice? Pepsi, what are YOU practicing for? You're good at everything.

PEPSI: It's just... A little song I've been writing.

COKE: You sing? Can I guess the genre? Is it... Pop?

PEPSI: It is!

DR. PEPPER : Don't get excited. Her song's not finished yet.

PEPSI: But it will be, soon. I just need to find the perfect words.

DIET DEW: I'd love to hear a little, Pepsi. Cmon, sing for us. I want to hear it. I know for sure Coke wants to hear it!

NARRATOR: Pepsi bats her eyelashes bashfully, then reaches behind her back. She pulls out a Juul and starts singing into it like it's a microphone.

PEPSI: Staring at the blank page before you, open up the dirty window, let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find reaching—

DR. PEPPER (whispering): She was having trouble writing lyrics for the longest time, so I told her to write about how hard it is to write a song, and in some freakish, improbable instance of parallel thinking she wrote the exact lyrics to Natasha Bedingfield's "Unwritten." I already let her know. I also told her that it doesn't make sense that we exist, but she didn't want to hear that either.

PEPSI: I'm still working on it, I know it's stupid—

COKE: No. It's not. It's not stupid. It's really, really good.

PEPSI: You really think so?

COKE: Is the Soda Pope carbonated?

PEPSI: Uhhhh yeah. He attended the Super Bowl last year! He was sitting front koozie!

DR PEPPER: Ugh. Not with the *Super Bowl* again.

DIET DEW: Hey, lay off my cousin. There's nothing wrong with having BIG dreams. I dream of a big woman, she dreams of the Big Game. Just because sodas are small doesn't mean our dreams have to be!

COKE: What's your big dream, Pepsi?

PEPSI: It's just... I want to perform at the Super Bowl Halftime Show, in front of all of those adoring fans and soda lovers.

DR PEPPER: Humans will NEVER want to watch a soda sing and dance at the Super Bowl. I'm sorry but that's just how it is.

COKE: Come on DR. PEPPER ! Pepsi's family has sponsored the Super Bowl halftime show for years! It's not a big leap for a Pepsi product to *perform* as well!

DIET DEW: Anything is possible, all it takes is a little hard work! Luckily, Pepsi's got 38 milligrams of caffeine to keep her energized while she sings and dances her heart out!

DR. PEPPER : I think you guys are just encouraging her because you're friends with her, but let's be serious here. If the humans saw a living, talking soda, they'd probably freak out. What even are we? Besides, even if the Super Bowl wanted a soda to perform at the halftime show, how do you plan to ask? Do you have an email or something? You don't have social media OR a phone. You don't have ANY followers. I don't think you've really considered what it actually takes to pull off what you're suggesting.

PEPSI: I think with music, anything is possible.

DR PEPPER: She just keeps saying stuff like this and it's really starting to fizz me off. I don't even think she listens to anything anyone is saying. At least start a Sodafy page.

PEPSI: I'm already on Sodagram! I'm trying harder than you could ever understand!

DIET DEW: I believe in you, cuz! I'm working on my own dream as well, but she's a human woman, so it's complicated. I think if I focus on my gains, by next year I could be a two liter. Maybe then she would notice me. Matter of fact, I better go hit the gym now.

COKE: I believe in you Diet Dew. Well, if we're going our separate ways, how 'bout I walk you to your cooler, Pepsi?



PEPSI: Thanks Coke, but I'll head home with DR. PEPPER .

DR PEPPER [whispering]: C'mon Pepsi. Go with him. I don't need 23 flavors to tell you that *he likes you*.

PEPSI: Well, okay... Thanks Coke. I'd like that.

COKE: It's no problem. Sometimes I gotta walk the block so everyone can get a good look at America's best-selling cola.

PEPSI: Oh, look at you, Mr. Coca-Cola Classic.

COKE: Please, that was my father's name. Call me Coke.

PEPSI: I do call you Coke. Now let's get moving. I'm warning you, we got to go through a bit of a rough neighborhood.

COKE: A few scratchers and cigarettes never bothered me. It's not like we're in a REAL bad neighborhood, like the clearance aisle.

PEPSI: True... Hey, how's your family doing?

COKE: Oh you know how my mom worries. She won't let me leave the cooler in the morning without making me wear a coozie. And it's like, cmon, I'm not 8 ounces anymore. And you know Coke Zero, he's doing great. He's got no calories and he's *still* got a refreshing taste. Sometimes I feel like my calories are just... I don't know, holding me back. I mean, I've got 150 of 'em.

PEPSI: Well, a lady never says how many calories she has!

COKE: I mean, it's written on your can... Not that I was looking!

PEPSI: Believe me, I understand where you're coming from, Coke. There's so many calorie-free product lines in the Pepsi family, sometimes I get a little self-conscious. But, you've got to remember, our calories are what makes us unique. There's nothing like treating yourself to a full-flavored soda. I think you're great—and not just because of your iconic, distinctive taste.

COKE: Do you really mean that? You're sure no one shook you up today?

PEPSI: I mean it, Coke. You're the only Soda here that personally knows Santa.

COKE: Thanks Pepsi. Really. I know you mean it, because you speak on behalf of a whole generation. Um, Pepsi, I was wondering, maybe sometime... You know. Sodas love being around pizza. Maybe sometime we can hang out by the—

[police siren in the distance, gunshots, wind sweeping sfx, street noises]

NARRATOR: Suddenly, Coke becomes aware of his surroundings. They're in the bad part of the Circle K—lotto tickets, scratchers, cigarettes, you name it. The place is a cesspool of temptation and debauchery.

SCRATCHER [sounds like Jack Nicholson]: Hey baby, why don't ya scratch me? You could win a lotta money off'a me, c'mon!

PEPSI: Just ignore them.

CIGARETTE: I'm a Cigarette! Hey Coke, say hi to your MOM for me!

PEPSI: [to Coke] Do you know that guy?

COKE: Just second hand.

SCRATCHER: Why don't you two bring those tabs over here and scratch me up and down! Oh yeah! Not quite a nickel, but you'll do! Buhuhu!

PEPSI: Please, a soda only pops their tab once, and I'm saving mine for the right guy.

COKE: Humans can't hear the sounds that Scratchers make when they get scratched. But we can. Look, someone's scratching one now. Listen.

SCRATCHER: \*Pleasureful cumming noise\*

COKE: It's crazy, but it's true. I don't know why though. I don't know why it has to be like that, but it does.

PEPSI: Coke, look out!

BEER: Ehehehehehe! Watch out, I'm a beer! Hey Pepsi, what do you say we pour ourselves into a glass. We could make a nasty drink together!

PEPSI: Ew, you're a creep! Why don't you use some of your hops and jump outta here? You're drunk.

BEER: Of course I'm drunk, I'm beer! Cmon, let's see if we can fit into the same koozie!

COKE: She said no, beer. I know you're used to getting a buzz on, but this time, I think you should buzz off.

BEER: *Strong* words from a *soft* drink!

COKE: Get skunked, hop-head!

NARRATOR: Suddenly, the beer lurches forward out of the fridge. Coke grabs one of the cumming scratchers and throws it underneath the Beer's... Foot?—who falls over and starts rolling toward the door.

PEPSI: Looks like he can *barley* walk!

NARRATOR: Pepsi opens the front door somehow and the beer goes rolling out into the parking lot.

BEER: Ugh, I gotta quit dri—...being beer! I got so messed up I woke up with a Kombucha last night.

COKE: Looks like he was a couple cans short of a six pack.

PEPSI: What does that mean?

COKE: I'm not sure exactly. But beers often come in packs of six.

PEPSI: Look, I know our brands are competitors, but we make a pretty good team.

NARRATOR: Coke Smiles somehow, with whatever his mouth is. Use your imagination if you can. I have no idea how any of this shit looks. The tab isn't the mouth. We already made some kind of sex thing out of the tab. They walk in vaguely romantic silence for a minute before they arrive home in front of Pepsi's cooler, which, as we have established, is the home that a Soda lives in.

PEPSI: Well, this is me...

COKE: Hope you aren't too shook up from our little adventure.

PEPSI: Me? Please, I'm—

DIET PEPSI: Heeeey Coke! Maybe next time walk *me* home instead. You know you wanna get with a refreshing zero-calorie soda like me.

PEPSI: Oh my God, Diet Pepsi. Don't even start!

DIET PEPSI: Pepsi, I can tell you're made with high fructose cause you're corny as hell!

PEPSI: They should just call you "Asper" cause there's nothing "Tame" about you. Go back in the cooler!

DIET PEPSI: What do you think of my new bottle, Coke? Call me!

PEPSI: Sorry about that, I should get in there and tuck her in under some ice.

COKE: Haha, I get it. My family's crazy too. You should meet my uncle Sprite. He's a bad liar. You can see right through him!

PEPSI: Anyway, thanks again. See you 'round?

COKE: Heh, I'm a soda can. I'm always round!

NARRATOR: Back home at Coke's cooler, the lid slams shut and Coke sits down on a couch made of ice.

COKE: I'm a soda, I'm always round. What was I thinking? Stupid, stupid, stupid! The only thing original about me is my formula.

DIET COKE: Hey honey, what's wrong? No son of mine is "stupid." Let me guess... Were you trying to talk to a girl?

COKE: Aw, cmon mom, I don't ask you about your dating life and you don't ask about mine.

DIET COKE: Please, you don't have a dating life. I'm doing great. Mello Yello asked me out today while I was at work in the fridge.

COKE: You're not seriously going out with Mello Yello, right? His whole row of the fridge is dusty.

DIET COKE: Of course not. I mean, maybe if it was 1990. Besides, who has the time? I got enough to do worrying about my two sons, let alone some unkempt bachelor.

COKE: Speaking of, where's Coke Zero?

DIET COKE: Your brother is out right now. He needs to be restocked.

COKE: Again? Man... If this keeps up, they're gonna make Coca-Cola a subsidiary product of the Coke ZERO Corporation. He's flying off the shelves!

DIET COKE: I know what this is really about. It's not about sales. It's about getting noticed by a girl, isn't it? I just know there's a special girl out there who's going to love you for your caramel color and natural flavors.

COKE: What if that special girl isn't "out there," but here, in this very Circle K?

DIET COKE: I hope you're not talking about your cousin, Coke Orange Vanilla.

COKE: No, mom! I'm talking about... Pepsi.

DIET COKE: Pepsi?!? Our rival brand! Your poor dead father Coke Cherry is getting his can compacted in his trash right now!

NARRATOR: Just to be clear, this is like, well, someone rolling over in their grave—what is the soda equivalent of that? You got to figure that his can is his body, right? And that getting compacted is equivalent to rolling over, and that the trash is the same as a grave for a person. Now, back to Sodas.

COKE: Yeah, and he's not here. He's not here, mom, and I know it's not his fault that he died in 9/11, but I need him and he's not here!

DIET COKE: It was hard for me too. I remember when it happened—I started crying tears of myself. The tears were flying out of my eyes at a 45 degree angle. Also, they were blue even though Diet Coke is obviously more of a brown color. It made the room sound like it was raining I was crying so much. When I heard that your father was spilled on that tray table on that plane, on 9/11...

COKE: I'll never forget the day of September 11th... 2019.

DIET COKE: Me too. That's the day he died on that plane... on Air Canada. He was on a business trip to Toronto, to see about bringing President's Choice into the Coca-Cola product family.

COKE: What would dad tell me to do?

DIET COKE: Truth be told, your father was never great with women. In fact, he was never ready to be a father. He had my number saved in his phone as Spring Break 4. I should have known better. I know that I'm calorie-free, but in those days I was CARE-free as well. Zero calories, zero consequences. I never told you but I lived with Surge for a year, I was practically an energy drink. And the second I saw Coke *Cherry*, I was like, I'll let him pop mine!

COKE: Mom!

DIET COKE: That's a joke for the adults. Kids won't get that one...

COKE: Mom, we were talking about MY problems.

DIET COKE: You may not see it right now, Coke, but you're a special soda. You're worldwide. Brazilian guys draw pictures of Goku drinking you. Santa Claus once beat his favorite polar bear with a pool cue after he took the last can of you. Sure, Pepsi's a great girl, but c'mon. You're like the McDonald's of sodas. Pepsi's like Taco Bell at best.

COKE: Thanks mom.

DIET COKE: Now come on. I need you to go to the front of the store and fetch me some Pall Malls.

COKE: Mom, that stuff causes cancer!

DIET COKE: I'm already full of aspartame, I'm gonna get cancer either way. So be a good soda and do what I say.

NARRATOR: Coke walks out into the aisle and stares up at the next fridge over, where all the Pepsi products are stored. Beneath a thin layer of frost he can see excited sodas dancing by rotating around in place. The mirthful laughter of joyous Pepsi products lingers in the air. He stares wistfully for a moment before he is interrupted by Diet Mountain Dew... Hopping over? Rolling? Running? In any case, he comes over.

DIET DEW: Hey Coke! I was just getting my condensation on. Gonna lift a Toblerone later—

COKE: Sounds like a big party in the Pepsi fridge huh?

DIET DEW: Oh yeah, PepsiCo. Incorporated just reported second quarter sales figures. We're up 6.3% year over year!

COKE: That's amazing. I bet Pepsi is thrilled. Ugh. Now I'm going to be even more intimidated by her.

DIET DEW: C'mon man. You should just ask her out. You never do anything spontaneous. Like, remember that time you were gonna ask out Sierra Mist? First you saw her at Big Red's Barbeque, but you didn't say anything because you got a cold can. Then you saw her at Mexican Coke's Quinceanera, but you lost your bubbles when you saw her holding hands with Green Apple Jones Soda.

COKE: I heard that once you go boutique, you don't go back.

DIET DEW: By the time you actually worked up the nerve to ask her out, you walked over there and they weren't even stocking her anymore! She moved out! They replaced her with Reese's Cup Peanut Butter Cola!

COKE: Yeah, yeah, I remember. Stop denting my can, man.

DIET DEW: I'll stop shaking you once you Soda up and ask her out. What are you up to anyway?

COKE: I gotta pick up some Pall Malls for my mom.

DIET DEW: What, her can's rusted, she can't do it?

COKE: You wanna come with?

DIET DEW: Sure. And afterward I'm making you come to the fridge party, and you can chat up a can of Pepsi. Who's my cousin. And a girl.

COKE: I know. And I'm a can of Coke and you are a can of Diet Mountain Dew.

DIET DEW: Yup. We get into all kinds of crazy adventures in this convenience store.

COKE: But we've never left the premises.

DIET DEW: That's right. Now let's grab cigarettes for your mom who is a can of Diet Coke.

NARRATOR: The two best friend sodas walk up to the counter. Obviously they don't talk to the human clerk. There's another counter for sodas at floor level. As they approach, RC Cola is in line ahead of them.

COKE: Hey what's up RC? What are you doing here? You're usually hanging out with the pizza.

RC COLA: Beer said that he had a three-way with cigarettes and kitty litter and Pizza says that Beer is lying and that they actually had a three-way with a roach trap. So Pizza asked me to come over here and get cigarettes so he can get the real story.

COKE: That's crazy, man. That's kind of a disgusting story. I respect that you own it, I guess.

RC COLA: Hey man, don't look at me that way. I'm not the guy who had a three-way with the roach trap.

CIGARETTE: It was me!

DIET DEW: Eww, come on cigarette! I don't even wanna picture that!

RC COLA: If I'm being honest, I can't picture it. Like, at all. I have a hard time picturing a lot of the things that go on in this Circle K. I have no idea how half this stuff works. Sodas smoking cigarettes and having sex with kitty litter and stuff.

CIGARETTE: Everybody shut up and start smoking me!

COKE: No thanks. I'm going to buy these cigarettes over here that *don't* talk.

RC COLA: If I'm being honest, I hate how they fucking talk. Alright, have a good night, Coke. Stay classic.

DIET DEW: Tell the pizza I said "what's up!"

RC COLA: Hey Diet Dew, your brother Mountain Dew Game Fuel is over there now. He's playing Can of Duty: Bottled Warfare with Doritos.

DIET DEW: I'm just glad he's getting out of the fridge.

COKE: See ya, RC.

DIET DEW: Alright, a deal's a deal. We're going to the Pepsi party.

COKE: I don't know man, I'm feeling a little uncertain of myself... Maybe I just need a good night's stand on my shelf—

DIET DEW: C'mon man. I'll pour a shot of whiskey in you at the party. That'll get your confidence up.

COKE: You know what—fine. Okay. Let's do it. Tonight's the night. Let's pop!

[Needle drop: Justin Timberlake - Dirty Pop ... In the background, people chanting "Go soda! Go soda!" Etc. Everyone improvise here]

DIET DEW: Holy Soda, look at this party! It's popping!

COKE: It looks like the whole shelf is here... But I don't see Pepsi anywhere. No Pepsi? It's like I'm at McDonalds...

DIET DEW: I've never been. It's still segregated, they don't let my brand in there.

COKE: Someday we're gonna change that law, Diet Dew.

DIET DEW: You can count on me. Maybe we can stage a sip-in. Or go on a thirst strike.



COKE: Would Pepsi be into something like that? I wonder if she's that kind of soda...

DIET DEW: You must be really sweet on Pepsi, huh? Well maybe you ought to put your 39 grams of sugar where your mouth is and go talk to her.

COKE: You're right, man. I'm not a little 8 oz anymore—tonight's the night. I've been thinking about what you said earlier. About me not taking any risks. I'm going to take one. What if the Coca-Cola company never took a chance on Coca-Cola Ultimate? What would League of Legends players drink?

DIET DEW: Yeah man, Coke Ultimate is awesome. My brother Mountain Dew Game Fuel actually dated her for a minute. At first I thought she was out of his *League*, but she thought he was a *Legend*. They played Can Theft Auto together.

COKE: I've seen so many Cokes come and go. Coca-Cola Starlight, Coca-Cola Dream World, Coca-Cola Move. Well it's time for ME to move—through Starlight, into my Dream World. I promise, with Diet Mountain Dew as my witness, that I am going to ask out Pepsi tonight.

[Door chime sfx]

NARRATOR: We cut to the front door of the Circle K as Tanner and Ricky walk in. Tanner is wearing a flat-brim snapback that says SODA in all capital letters. Ricky is wearing the biggest hoodie you have ever seen and on the front it says PILL POPPER.

RICKY: Wonder if they got any pills here...

TANNER: Just a sec, I'm gonna grab a soda.

RICKY: Seriously dude? Again with the soda? We're going to a PARTY. We just GRADUATED. This is basically a college party! It's suds and bud from here on out, man.

TANNER: The girls won't want to drink beer all night. We have to get mixers.

RICKY: I knew it dude, I knew it! You're getting a Pepsi just cause it's Jenny Kaminski's favorite!

TANNER: Whatever, man.

RICKY: Admit it—you're trying to hook up with her. But I get it. I wanna make something happen too. And I already got a plan. I spring-loaded my wallet so that when I open it at the party a big condom is going to go flying out.

TANNER: You think a condom is going to impress a girl?

RICKY: ...Yeah. Yeah.

NARRATOR: We cut back to Coke and Diet Dew moving through the party—there are conga lines everywhere—and suddenly, Coke spots Pepsi through the crowd, staring out of the cooler door, glistening in the commercial-grade fluorescent light.

COKE: Ok, how do I look?

DIET DEW: Let me straighten your tab. There. You look good enough to drink.

COKE: Hey Pepsi! I made you a Sprite ReMix-tape. It's got "Feel Good Inc." on it. You know—from 2005? When Sprite ReMix was discontinued. I like to call it "Feel Good Drink," but—

PEPSI: Oh—Hey Coke. It's about time you came to a party in our fridge. Are you chilling?

COKE: Yup. I'm regular. Chilling. I didn't have a chance to wipe off my condensation before the party, but you—you look great. That shade of blue really suits you.

PEPSI: Thanks Coke. They just redid my logo this year.

COKE: I see you got your letters back. "Pepsi." Yep. Nobody's gonna confuse YOU with RC Cola. Says it right there on the can.

PEPSI: You're acting a little fizzy, is something up?

COKE: Well, it's just... Pepsi... You've got such a refreshing taste and... God, I don't know how to say this. I just want someone to hang out with near the pizza, and well—Would you be—

NARRATOR: Just then, the refrigerator door swings open and Tanner grabs Pepsi from the front row.

PEPSI: Cooooke!!! Gotta go, we'll talk later!!

NARRATOR: Tanner slams the door so hard it nearly breaks.

COKE: Pepsiiiiiiii!!!!

DIET DEW: Bad luck, man. Especially since you PROMISED you were gonna ask her out.

COKE: You're right, Diet Dew. We gotta chase after her!

DIET DEW: Whoa, whoa, whoa, I was just joking dude. You want to go out THERE—into the Human World? That's Soda-cide!

COKE: When my dad was spilled in 9/11, I promised myself one thing. That I would never, ever lose anyone or anything ever again.

DIET DEW: To be fair, your dad was spilled ON 9/11. Not IN 9/11. You know what I mean?

COKE: Don't talk about my dad, Dew!

DIET DEW: You brought it up.

COKE: Whatever. Doesn't matter. I'm going after her. Are you with me?

DIET DEW: Dude, do you even got to ask me? Me and you are Buy One Get One Free. But how?

COKE: We gotta get out of here. What's the quickest way to the bottom of the shelf?

DIET DEW: I got an idea. Follow me.

COKE: Mentos? What are these for?

DIET DEW: You'll see.

NARRATOR: Diet Dew and Coke run off as we see Tanner and Ricky leave the store and idle in the parking lot.

TANNER: Alright man, I'm heading over to the party now. You coming?

RICKY: Nah, I got to stop by the carnival first. Got to pick something up, if you know what I mean.

NARRATOR: Ricky winks and his eyes are so crusty that his wink makes a small noise.

TANNER: Right. I know what you mean.

RICKY: I'll give you a hint. It's green.

TANNER: Right. I know what it is—

RICKY: And you smoke it 'cause it's from the Earth.

TANNER: Okay, see you later.

NARRATOR: We cut to Coke and Diet Dew running (?) rolling (?) on the bottom shelf with all the 2 Liter bottles. They grab a 2-liter of Circle K Exclusive Mountain Dew Purple Thunder and twist the top off.

PURPLE THUNDER: What up cuz! Do you need a ride?

DIET DEW: What up Purp! I know you're purple *Thunder* but we need to make like *Lightning!* Here, take these.

NARRATOR: Diet Mountain Dew pops some Mentos into his Circle K Exclusive cousin's bottle, causing him to launch across the store at a speed that seems very fast to a soda, anyway. As they rocket out the front door, Tanner pulls out of the parking lot and drives off. Coke spots Pepsi in the backseat.

DIET DEW: He's gone!

COKE: I never thought my *former* favorite human would run off with my crush.

DIET DEW: Crush? Like, the orange soda?

COKE: I mean Pepsi, obviously!

DIET DEW: What now? Wait. His friend is getting into that Honda Accord with the Pornhub bumper sticker.

COKE: What's Pornhub? Is that a Soda?

DIET DEW: Purp, turn left!

PURPLE THUNDER: [talking like he's puking] I'm not gonna make it! You're gonna have to jump!

COKE: There! He rolled down his back window!

DIET DEW: Hold on to your tab! Jump!

NARRATOR: Diet Dew and Coke jump off Purple Thunder and go tumbling into the filthy, moldy backseat of Ricky's Honda Accord. There's a stain in there that looks like Ben Franklin. There's a bag of Hardee's that is so oily that the paper bag has started growing zits. Coke and Diet Dew bounce off a pile of Wendy's wrappers for a soft landing, while in the front seat, Purple Thunder slams right into Ricky's head.

RICKY: Oof! What the hell man, where did this come from? Oh well. Bottoms up.

[glug glug glug glug glug sfx]

PURPLE THUNDER: Wooo! He's drinking me! Yeah! Yeah! We did it boys! Woo!

COKE: Diet Dew! Diet Dew! You okay, man?

DIET DEW: I'm good, as long as nobody opens me for a minute or two.

DR PEPPER: I'm okay too, thanks for asking.

COKE & DIET DEW: DR. PEPPER !?

COKE: What are you doing here?

DR PEPPER: I couldn't let you boys have all the fun. Besides, Pepsi is my best friend. I've been grappling with some really complicated existential questions and, well, I decided that the best way to come to terms with the most vexing philosophical conundrums is to engage in some extremely risky behavior. I'm actually surprised to see YOU guys here. Let me guess. Was Coke finally going to ask out Pepsi?

[At the same time] COKE: No.

[At the same time] DIET DEW: Yes.

DR. PEPPER : Ah, Coke. You're classic. So what's the plan?

COKE: This creep whose car we're in? He's friends with Tanner, the guy that took Pepsi. They're going to meet up at a party. We'll find her there.

DR. PEPPER : No, no, no. The plan for the date. You were going to ask Pepsi out, right? What do you have in mind?

COKE: Um, I was gonna ask if she wants to hang out by the pizza...

DR. PEPPER : Yikes. We have some work to do. Men only think with their tabs. We'll work on it on the drive over.

NARRATOR: We cut to a fun and age appropriate house party. Teenagers are doing teenager things, like smoking juuls, brooding, and not voting. Tanner pulls up and hops out of his car. He grabs Pepsi and walks through the front door.

[Needle drop: Arctic Monkeys "Arabella," begin w/ "Mexican Coke" line]

TEEN 1: Tanner!!!

TEEN 2: Ooa Ooa!!

TEEN 3: (mumbling) Communism (mumbling) Therapy (mumbling) Minecraft

TEEN 4: Tanner brought mixers! Throw the soda in the fridge and grab a beer. We're gonna have fun exercising our newfound independence in risky, exciting new ways! I hope nothing bad happens!

NARRATOR: The party is going crazy, and Tanner shoves Pepsi in the fridge with some other drinks while he is swept away into the excitement. The fridge slams shut, and suddenly, all of the drinks turn toward Pepsi.

ROCKSTAR: We got a Fresh Drink in the cooler everybody!

MONSTER: Hey Rockstar, don't freak them out man, be cool man, you're coming in way too hot, man, you're going to freak them out. What's your problem man?

ROCKSTAR: Dude, Monster, I've been literally like always having the back of your can for your whole shelf life bro, I would spill for you man, I was just trying to do everyone a service and like let them know that there is a new drink here, you're just like recycling, man, always trying to crush me down..

MONSTER: Bro, I hear you, and I'm like totally understanding what you are saying and like, it was messed up that you scared that Soda because you're like this huge, tall can, you probably made that soda condense themselves, I'm just trying to help you out because they are probably scared and like I know that's your pet peeve when sodas are scared of you—

NARRATOR: We see Sprite Zero emerge from the back of the fridge and walk right up to Pepsi. He nudges her with his... Elbow? Or whatever.

SPRITE ZERO: Don't worry about them. They're energy drinks.

PEPSI: Oh! Um, yeah, I can tell.

ROCKSTAR: It's just like when I did that kick flip and you said you didn't see—

MONSTER: I only saw the last half because I was doing a kick flip at the same time—

SPRITE ZERO: You think these guys are crazy? You should see the 300 mg ones. They don't even talk, they just scream.

NARRATOR: Red Bull walks up from behind Sprite Zero.

RED BULL: Heh. You know, when I showed up on the scene, my 111 mg of caffeine was considered a lot. But even I can't keep up anymore. People still mix me with Jager though.

PEPSI: Imagine how I feel with only 38 mg of caffeine! I'm a little shook up from all this excitement, I think somebody needs to tap my top.

SPRITE ZERO: Sorry, I know it's kind of crazy up here. If you want to go talk somewhere quieter, we can go to the crisper.

PEPSI: Um, I just got here. Wouldn't that be rude?

SPRITE ZERO: Don't worry about the energy drinks. They already forgot you were here.

MONSTER: BRO, YOU CAN'T EVEN FIT ON A SKATEBOARD, YOU DON'T HAVE LEGS—

ROCKSTAR: YOU DON'T HAVE LEGS EITHER BRO!

RED BULL: You don't need legs, when Red Bull gives you w—

ROCKSTAR and MONSTER: SHUT UP!

SPRITE ZERO: Sigh. Here, lemme open the drawer for you.

[open drawer sfx]

SPRITE ZERO: So where are you from?

PEPSI: Well, I was bottled in the North Carolina plant, but I consider the Circle K in Naperville my home. That's where I've spent most of my shelf life.

SPRITE ZERO: Oh, Circle K? Coke is stocked there.

PEPSI: You know Coke?

SPRITE ZERO: Of course. He's my cousin.

PEPSI: I really love all the sodas I grew up with, but... I can't help but feel like there's MORE for me to accomplish in this great big world.

SPRITE ZERO: I know exactly what you mean. I used to have crazy pipe dreams too. Like, can you imagine? I wanted to perform at the Super Bowl halftime show.

PEPSI: Sprite? At the Super Bowl?

SPRITE ZERO: I know. It was crazy. People used to tell me that the only way Sprite would be at the Super Bowl is if Beyonce was sick.

PEPSI: I mean... Maybe it's embarrassing, but that's my dream too.

SPRITE ZERO: Really? Well. You're Pepsi. It's totally possible if you believe in yourself.

PEPSI: You think? But I don't even have a record deal, or a manager, or—

SPRITE ZERO: I didn't have any of that stuff either. And even though I never got to perform at the Super Bowl, I did some pretty incredible things. You know Drake?

PEPSI: You mean... That rapper who had his lyrics printed on limited edition Sprite cans in 2010?

SPRITE ZERO: Exactly. I did a bunch of commercials with him. We became great friends.

PEPSI: So a soda really can succeed in the music business?

SPRITE ZERO: Yes. But it's not about that. The point of your dreams isn't that you succeed—the point of your dreams is to follow them. If you don't follow your dreams, one day, you'll be laying in a big pile of recycling, surrounded by your friends and family, your last drop dripping out of you, and you'll think to yourself—I wonder what could have been.

PEPSI: But it's such a BIG dream, and I really don't know if I'll ever make it. What if I was meant for something else? There's nothing wrong with being a simple lunch soda for a high school student. Or a refreshing mid-game soda for a pro athlete like Drake. I just... I guess I'm just worried. I want my brand to be proud of me.

SPRITE ZERO: Pepsi, I want to tell you a story. Only a year ago, I thought I was just a Zero. But then I found out that being a Zero is what makes me who I am. It took a very special person to show me that. Let me just grab my harp here, and tell you exactly what happened.

[harp sfx indicating that a flashback is happening.]

NARRATOR: We see Sprite Zero looking at himself in a block of ice in the back of the fridge, using it as a mirror. He's bowing, pointing, and pantomiming the act of accepting an award.

SPRITE ZERO: Thank you, thank you. No, no. You're way too kind. No, c'mon. Haha. You're embarrassing me. Seriously, there are so many sodas that made this possible. I wouldn't be talking to you if it weren't for the—

NARRATOR: Suddenly Diet Sunkist Orange, who weirdly has Arthur Morgan from Red Dead 2's exact personality bursts in. Sprite Zero turns around quickly.



DIET SUNKIST: What's bubblin' over here?

SPRITE ZERO: Nothing. Not doing anything. Just making sure the promo code for the Getaway Weekend With Hurricane Chris Sweepstakes on my label hasn't faded.

DIET SUNKIST: C'mon now, what do I look like, Green River? I'm not some weird regional drink for guys that protested bussing policies. I heard you out there.

SPRITE ZERO: Oh, no. It's just...it's for something I'm writing—

DIET SUNKIST: Don't give me that. I know exactly what was going on. You were imagining what it would be like if you were the first soda to win an Academy Award. We all fantasize about it. There's no shame in that, in dreaming big.

SPRITE ZERO: It just makes me feel so stupid when I say it out loud like that. I'm not anyone's first choice. People in the neighborhood say I'm the soda you get when your girlfriend is on her period and you had a really sexually inactive adolescence and don't know that much about women or their biology and just make a panicked guess that there's something in me that's relieving for women, and then it causes a whole argument because you're in your 30s and she was born in 1997 and that actually isn't even that young anymore, but there are vast generational differences that aggravate everything else. But that's not enough. I may as well face it. I'm a flavor soda with less flavor, and no caffeine, so I have no future as a utility soda.

DIET SUNKIST: Woo! I must've said those exact words more times than I can count when I was starting off.

SPRITE ZERO: Now you're just trying to be nice. You're Diet Sunkist. You're a utility soda with big taste. 19 milligrams of caffeine, and about as orange as anyone could be without sugar. Truck drivers, the scariest women at the passport office, even pro athletes drink you! I'm just not like that.

DIET SUNKIST: Wasn't always that way.

SPRITE ZERO: What, you had one tiny stumble on your road of success? Yeah, I'm sure it's as hard as being called seltzer with aspartame.

DIET SUNKIST: First of all, I may seem like a real friendly soda. But you start shaking me up, it's going to get places. Second of all, you want to shake me up real bad? Call yourself that again.

SPRITE ZERO: It's true! That's what I am! Seltzer w—

NARRATOR: Diet Sunkist grabs Sprite Zero by his collar, which is the plastic ring around 20 oz bottles.

DIET SUNKIST: Hey! Now I'm only going to tell you this once, so you better listen. But time was, when I was startin' out, they said there's no need for a soda with half the caffeine of Coke and some gosh dang citrus flavor. It was the coffee boom. Every Tom, Dick, and Sally was going around, drinking anything that even had a hint of the stuff in it. If you weren't a legacy soda like Mountain Dew or something, people wondered what the hell you were even there for. And I just sat there, nobody even grabbing me by accident. I started feelin' bad for myself, wondering why they even bottled me in the first place. I thought about opening myself up, letting the fizz out. Nearly did it. Had a woman. And a boy. They couldn't stand it. They left this place. Someone told me they're only sold in Brazil now. Wouldn't know, can't get ahold of 'em one way or the other. But right when I was about to twist my cap, 7 Up saw me. Kinda like how I saw you. After he gave me a what for, he reminded me, we're not in this business because we can taste ourselves. All we can ever do is go down those throats, and hope that we're the best drink we can be.

SPRITE ZERO: I'm sorry...I didn't know...

DIET SUNKIST: Well, I don't exactly go round tellin' folks.

SPRITE ZERO: So what happened to you after that?

DIET SUNKIST: Well, as it happens, Denis Leary actually tore into the whole coffee thing that same year. People started going, you know what? What is a frappamochabullshit? And once they got some road behind them, well, they started realizin' they could use an orange soda that has no calories but some real kick just the same.

SPRITE ZERO: It's really inspiring that you made it through all that, but I'm just not as useful as you.

DIET SUNKIST: Kid, I can't believe I have to tell you this, but you got use to you. Oh, you got more use to you than the world is ready for.

SPRITE ZERO: How?

DIET SUNKIST: What do people use your daddy for?

SPRITE ZERO: Lean?

DIET SUNKIST: And what's the first tell of a lean drinker?

SPRITE ZERO: I don't know, I guess lean gut?

DIET SUNKIST: You startin' to get it, or do I need to draw you a picture?

[There's a pause]

SPRITE ZERO: I can be the first calorie-neutral soda for lean! If they use me, they have an extra month before the effects of daily codeine use distend their stomachs! I AM a utility soda. I am THE utility soda. And not just for regular people. For people who can afford prescription cough syrup! Oh my god! Diet Sunkist Orange, I won't ever forget this. I promise you. You're a great man.

DIET SUNKIST: Well, great man makes it sound like someone already poured the stuff into you.

SPRITE ZERO: You may not like to show it, but you have a big heart. And you didn't just cheer me up. You changed my life.

DIET SUNKIST: Alright, well, let's not get too—

NARRATOR: Suddenly, we see Twitch gaming superstar Hasanabi appear outside the freezer.

HASANABI: Chat, what do I get? Wait what soda did Felix say was really good again? Chat, shut the fuck up. God dammit. You guys always want an IRL stream and I finally do one again and you bitch just cause I'm in Naperville.

NARRATOR: His hand darts around the fridge as the bright lights of his phone streaming setup illuminate the fruit-flavored sodas' sanctum. He nearly grips a Grape Crush, an Orange NeHi, and several others, but finally, all the way in the back, he grabs Sprite Zero.

HASANABI: There we go. Sprite Zero. Secured the bag. I think Felix said this was a utility soda that still has big flavor, but not quite as much flavor as a flavor soda. No chat, I'm not using this for lean. I'm not Adin Ross.

NARRATOR: Sprite Zero waves to Diet Sunkist from the outside.

DIET SUNKIST: Don't let me down kid!

SPRITE ZERO: I won't, sir. I promise.

[harp sfx plays again to indicate it's back to present]

SPRITE ZERO: Yep, Pepsi, that's how it all went down. Feels good to bust out the old harp again.

PEPSI: Wow. That story is amazing. What happened to Diet Sunkist?

SPRITE ZERO: Oh, he moved out west. Shares a cooler with a pretty little Sarsaparilla.

PEPSI: Good to know there are still happy endings. Sometimes there's so much Phosphoric Acid in the world, I forget about all the sugar.

SPRITE ZERO: Maybe it's fate that I met you here. Truth be told, the reason I'm here is to sing a song for all the beverages at this party. But I'm a little flat today. Maybe you can sing instead?

PEPSI: Me? Sing at a party and not at the Super Bowl? I've never thought about that before.

SPRITE ZERO: Everyone's gotta start somewhere. Besides, it'll be good practice.

PEPSI: What KIND of song should I sing?

SPRITE ZERO: You're a soda—make it pop!

PEPSI: But I need to warm up my vocal cords, and I'm so cold from hanging out in this fridge and—

SPRITE ZERO: Pepsi... Fortune favors the Cold.

NARRATOR: We cut to the inside of Ricky's dirty car. DR. PEPPER , Diet Dew and Coke all go flying into the back of the driver's seat as Ricky slams the brakes, pulling into a dusty gravel lot. Coke looks outside the passenger window and sees a roller coaster and a ferris wheel.

COKE: Looks like we're not in the Circle K anymore.

DIET DEW: Is anyone hurt? Any dented cans?

DR. PEPPER : AH! Guys! Get over here! I'm covered in Soda! Help! Check me for holes!

COKE: That's a light colored soda, DR. PEPPER . That's not your soda. But if it isn't your soda—whose is it?

SURGE: H-help...

NARRATOR: Coke, DR. PEPPER and Diet Dew rush down under the driver's seat and find an old, rusty can of Surge. It's slowly spilling out of a small hole in its side.

COKE: Stand still! We can help! We'll find some gum or something and plug you up. We'll get someone over here real quick to drink you. Don't worry. Don't worry.

SURGE: It's too late for me... I'm spilled, son. I'm spilled.

DIET DEW: Surge... You must have been down here forever. I didn't even know you were still in circulation.

COKE: You know him?

DR. PEPPER : Coke, you numbskull. He was formulated in the 1990s by the Coca-Cola Company to compete with Mountain Dew.

SURGE: It's true. But, Diet Dew... I never meant you and your family any harm. It was strictly business.

DIET DEW: I... I forgive you, Surge. Life is too short to spend it competing over market share. There's plenty of consumers in the lucrative 18–29 year-old demographic for all of us. This great big world of ours has room for a whole range of refreshing citrus-flavored sodas.

SURGE: It's all going black now... I see a great big Vending machine, glowing in the sky. Calling my name. Coke... tell me. Would I taste yummy to people? Will the angels drink me in heaven?

COKE: [Visibly crying]: Surge, when those angels in heaven drink you, they are going to love you so much that Human God will get jealous. And Soda God will be proud. When the angels drink you, they're going to get an extra set of wings and also another halo. They are going to smack their lips and talk about how good you taste and it's going to feel so good to you.

SURGE: Thank you... Thank... you...

DR. PEPPER : The carbonation's left his cola... He's... Gone.

[phone ringing sfx]

RICKY: Yo. What's up Skeener. Yeah, I'm going to the party. Rinky and Kremit are already there? I'll hurry up. I gotta pick up some party supplies first if you know what I mean. The green stuff. Green ones. I'm not going to spoil the surprise, but basically you roll it up into something they call a joint and then you smoke it like a cigarette. I'll be over there soon. Also it comes from the earth.

[hang up sfx]

NARRATOR: Ricky opens the front door of his Honda Accord and kicks out a bunch of empty cans into the gravel parking lot. He gets up, shuts the door, and blows a snot rocket into his hand, and then walks off towards the carnival.

DR. PEPPER : Guys, he's gone. This may be our chance to make a move.

COKE: How are we supposed to get out?

DR. PEPPER : Well, I could open the door as long as I don't have to explain how or why I'm able to do it. Still not really quite sure what our rules are. Like, I think if we get spilled we die, but if we get drank it's a good thing. It sort of seems like, and bear with me here, that we are basically the interpretation of what humans think sodas would be like if sodas had the personalities of people.

DIET DEW: What are you fizzing about DR. PEPPER ? Just open the door!

[door opening and closing sfx]

COKE: Whoa. Is this a party?

DR PEPPER: I don't know, I've never been to one.

DIET DEW: Remember, we're here to find Pepsi. Keep your tabs on straight and stay frosty.

[Savage Garden's Cherry Cola plays]

NARRATOR: We see a big swooping shot of a neon-lit carnival. Balloons of every color of the rainbow sway in the wind as happy families go from booth to booth. A guy on stilts dressed like a ringmaster goes around confiscating outside sodas. A milk jug used as a target in a ball throw game shrugs at the camera and says "It's a living." Prizes at the booth include an Xbox Kinect and a giant rasta banana that may or may not be able to talk to the sodas. A child is drenched in a dunk tank of Pepsi Jazz Black Cherry & Vanilla. A sinister, freckled child with red hair is thrown into a Cool-down station rigged up to spray Coke Vanilla on overheating patrons. He sighs contentedly.

COKE: I think he went this way.

DIET DEW: Coke! What are you doing? They're going to see you. Your can isn't camouflage—You're not Busch Heavy!

DR. PEPPER : I don't care what happens to me anymore. I'm pretty sure none of this means anything.

NARRATOR: The sodas navigate the crowded walkway, nearly getting stepped on numerous times. None of the humans seem to notice the sodas are walking of their own volition. Across the way, they see Ricky at the booth with the rasta bananas. A white guy with dreads is handing him a bag of something green that I'm sure many of the parents in the audience will recognize. Heh. College days. Those were the days. Before you had these damn kids who make you go to movies like this. But at least there's references to make you remember. You know. When life was fun?

COKE: Where'd he go! Ugh, this is hopeless! I may have big flavor, but I'm a small fry in the human world!

VERNORS: Pssst! Over here you over-caffeinated whippersnapper.

DIET DEW: Who are you?

VERNORS: Show some respect. I'm Vernors—the original Ginger Soda. But I guess they don't teach that in Soda School anymore. I've been around a long time. I was here 19 years before the lovely DR. PEPPER ! Yes sir, back in the 1860s soda had to burn the hairs off your nose! Now get into this booth before somebody crushes your can.

NARRATOR: Vernors lifts up a flap in the booth as Diet Dew, DR. PEPPER and Coke all scurry inside. In the center of the booth, there's a pyramid-shaped pile of cans which people are shooting with BB guns.

DIET DEW: Why are they shooting our empties? I thought... I thought that people loved soda.

VERNORS: Now don't let that scare ya. Them sodas already been drank. Lived good, happy lives. You young ones don't know anything about what it MEANS to be a soda.

DR. PEPPER : That's true. I really don't. I got no idea. I'm paralyzed by anxiety wondering why exactly we were given sentience in this cruel world, why does a soda need to understand suffering and—

COKE: I'm sorry, um, but, erm, I just, well, I'm not trying to be rude, but where are we? And you—what did you say, Vernor's? What's your deal?

DIET DEW: Yeah, Vernor's, what is that, a grocery store soda? A generic? Even worse, you aren't from some boutique cannery, are you?

VERNORS: You may not know much about me, but I know plenty about all of you. Diet Dew, you weren't introduced until 1986. Now, Diet Dew, I know you're a Pepsi product, but did you know that Pepsi was called Brad's Drink until 1898? Mountain Dew was originally made as a mixer for Whiskey. Did you know that?

DIET DEW: I did not.

VERNORS: Of course you didn't. But I do. I didn't fall off the soda truck yesterday. I've been around forever. And here I am, sitting here, minding my own business, when I catch sight of three of the most green sodas I've ever seen in my life, and I ain't talking about Sprite.

COKE: I'm more of a dark s—

VERNORS: It was a figure of speech! I'm trying to say you're dumb and inexperienced. Me? I been around since the war.

COKE: The marketing war between Coke and Pepsi to appeal to the youth counterculture of the 1960s?

VERNORS: No you high-fructose nincompoop! I'm talking about the CIVIL WAR. It ended in 1865. I was bottled the following year. My refreshing ginger flavor was a salve for a nation riven by war. A CIVIL war, by the way—even though it was anything but.

DR PEPPER: Spare us the lecture old man. We already know that soda can be a catalyst for peace in troubled times. We all saw the iconic Kendall Jenner Pepsi commercial.

VERNORS: Alright, well what in tarnation are you doing out here anyway?

COKE: We're looking for our friend. Pepsi. Have you seen her?

DIET DEW: 12 ounces, blue can, sings into a juul like it's a microphone?

DR. PEPPER : She's sort of the bubbly, optimistic type that loves to follow their dreams?

VERNORS: Haven't seen her, and I don't think you're going to see her here.

COKE: Why not? We were told she was supposed to be at the party.

VERNORS: This ain't a party. This is a carnival. Basically, a carnival is when the humans want to have a party for kids but they don't want to clean up after it so they throw it outside. But a name brand like Pepsi? They ain't going to have that soda here. These are good, honest, working class sodas, like Shasta or Doctor Thunder. Frankly, you three stick out like a sore tab.

DR. PEPPER : Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know all about DR. Thunder. He got his doctorate in Antigua, by the way.

VERNORS: I always considered myself a doctor, in my own way. Sick kids are always drinking me. Let me give you three some advice. Find what you need and get out of here. There's a lot of local sodas here who would like nothing more than to turn you three into a proper suicide.

COKE: Then help us! We're looking for a teenage boy. He's wearing a hoodie that says Pill Popper on it. He looks like a kid that would join the army at 18 solely to blow his signing bonus on a G-Shock watch.

VERNORS: You mean like... him?



NARRATOR: Vernor's points, somehow, to the human standing just outside the booth, talking to the operator. He's eating cotton candy and his entire mouth is blue.

DIET DEW: That's him! Let's go! Last one across the booth is flat!

COKE: Thanks, old man. Hope to see you around.

VERNORS: Oh, you'll see me around. Been around for over 150 years. I'll bury all of you. I'm not going anywhere. God, I would taste so good with a coney dog...

NARRATOR: Coke, DR. PEPPER and Diet Dew make their way across the booth. They run in spurts, timing their moves whenever the humans stop to reload their BB guns.

[bb gun sfx]

DIET DEW: If one of these BBs hit me, return me to my manufacturer!

COKE: Don't go springing a leak on me!

NARRATOR: As the sodas narrowly dodge the BB gun pellets, they find themselves surrounded by a posse of three menacing Faygo sodas emerging from the booth—Red Pop, Rock N Rye, and Moon Mist. They've all got clown makeup painted on their bottles and hatchet man tattoos below their labels.

RED POP: Woop woop! Y'all sodas look lost.

ROCK N RYE: You done stepped into the Dark Carnival, fam. You here to see the great Milenko? What do you think, Moon Mist?

MOON MIST: Y'all look like you need to consult the Joker's Cards cause y'all look mad scared right now.

ROCK N RYE: Woop woop! Y'all look out of place—like a car that's still got a catalytic converter.

DIET DEW: We don't want any trouble, guys. We're just looking for our friend.

RED POP: Friend? What's that? Much mother fucking wicked clown love to all my Juggalos, but I don't mess with this "friend" nonsense.

DR PEPPER: What are you talking about? Why are you like this?

MOON MIST: Oh. You're not down with the clown? I'm Moon Mist. This here's Red Pop and Rock N Rye. We're Faygo. You know, Juggalos.

ROCK N RYE: Correction. Y'all are Juggalos. I'm a Zuggalo. That's a big fan of Zug Island. Like a Juggalo, but for Zug.

MOON MIST: ...Right. Yeah.

ROCK N RYE: I'm also a big fan of Infamous Superstars Incorporated. It's a gang consisting of Jamie Madrox, Monoxide Child, Blaze, and others. Honestly fam, I don't even listen to ICP that much anymore.

MOON MIST: Whatever. Anyway, y'all Ninjas are some brand name sodas, sodas around here is gonna think you're some Juggahoes and Juffalos.

ROCK N RYE: A Juggahoe, or Juffalo, is someone that acts like they're down with the clown, but really isn't.

COKE: ....Right. Look, we're not asking for trouble. We're trying to find a girl we know. Her name is Pepsi.

RED POP: Damn Ninja, I'm looking for a girl too. Except it doesn't matter what the hoe's name is!

ROCK N RYE: A girl being a hoe is a good thing. But being a Juggahoe is a bad thing.

MOON MIST: Look here, Coke. I never seen Pepsi at the dark carnival, you feel me? Maybe you could try looking at Fright Fest. You ever been? It's Twiztid's version of Hallowicked.

RED POP: What's up with this Pepsi chick? Is she single? Or does she come in a sixer?

MOON MIST: Yeah Ninja, get a sixer. That way there's two girls for each of us!

COKE: This isn't just any girl. Look. I'm not a trash compactor, but I've got a *crush* on this soda. She makes me feel all tingly inside—and not because of my caffeine. This girl isn't just a ten—she's a twelve... OUNCER!

RED POP: Woop woop! Sounds like you're showing much clown love for this Juggalette.

MOON MIST: Yo—that other soda hasn't talked yet. ...DR. PEPPER ? Is she a girl?

DR. PEPPER : Uh, yeah.

[All at once]

RED POP: What up my caffeinated Juggalette? I know a car with a huge back seat we can go to. I know this really dirty ice cube that would be down to have a three way—

MOON MIST: Excuse me miss, but I rap. Can I rap for you? My throat kind of hurts because I've been sick and smoking for my entire life—

ROCK N RYE: Basically my uncle is Jack Daniels and he's loaded and he lives in this huge cooler inside of a private plane and every Christmas he gets me a new gaming system—

DR. PEPPER : Alright, alright, alright. First of all, I look identical to the male sodas except my eyelashes are slightly longer. Why are you guys hitting on me? You keep saying "get" a girl. To do what? We're sodas. What are we going to do together? Like, be descriptive. We don't reproduce. Do we? We might reproduce. I guess I don't know. Do we get married? Is that a thing? I'm just not sure what you want to do with me because there's a lot of things about the life of sodas that seem kind of abstract and hard to imagine when you really try to think about it in a concrete way.

[All laugh nervously for five seconds, then pause]

RED POP: So you wanna do it?

DR. PEPPER : What's "it"?

ROCK N RYE: Basically what I had in mind is that you would follow me around wearing a huge hoodie and you would tell me that my friends don't like you and I would be like "of course they like you."

DR. PEPPER : Tell you guys what. I'll make you a deal. If you guys promise to stop talking to me, I'll come back here tomorrow and we can do whatever it is you think sodas do to each other when they like each other.

MOON MIST: Ma'am, I can't really express myself with words. That's why I use raps instead. Like, hip-hop. All I'm asking is that you watch as I change and mutate into a freak show, twisted serial killer juggalo. So do y'all mind if I spit for a fine, highly carbonated Ninjette?

[Improvise a shitty Juggalo soda rap]

NARRATOR: As Moon Mist raps, Rock N Rye and Red Pop start wrestling and casually calling each other racial slurs. DR. PEPPER nudges Coke and Diet Dew, and they start walking away. They soon find themselves right next to Ricky's feet, poking through the bottom of a flap in the booth. You can still hear Moon Mist rapping in the distance.

COKE: That's him! That's his foot!

DIET DEW: How can you tell?

COKE: Look at his shoelaces! You can tell he started to tie them normal, then tangled them into a huge knot and got frustrated!

DR. PEPPER : That's him alright. But what's he doing here? And who is this other guy he's talking to? And what for?

WEED: [Hacking cough] He's here for me, man!

NARRATOR: We see a dark, dank, and especially green nug of weed inside of a ziploc bag poke its head up next to the sodas.

DIET DEW: Who are you?

WEED: I'm Weed, man. Cmon. Try me. I'll mellow you out.

COKE: What do I look like? Mellow Yello? Buzz off, skunk breath.

DR. PEPPER : Seriously, how are we supposed to try you anyway? How does that work? Do I pop my tab and drop you in? Would you even like that? I feel like everyone is just saying stuff and no one is really willing to explain what they say. We are all just going around assuming stuff and making puns based off of what we are.

WEED: What is this lady saying, man? Is she crazy?

DIET DEW: I'm not sure. I think we're all in over our tabs right now.

COKE: Wait, Weed, you said this kid is here for you. What does that mean?

WEED: He's probably going to buy me, man.

DIET DEW: Why would he buy you here, and not in a store?

WEED: Sure, you can buy some of my cousins in the store. But you're gonna have to pay top dollar. And don't even get me started on the taxes.

COKE: I would never allow someone to buy me except from an officially licensed Coca-Cola retailer. But I get what you're saying. If we stick with you, we stick with Ricky. And we can find our way back to his car, and to the party.

NARRATOR: We cut to the last can of empty soda sitting on a platform in the middle of the BB Gun booth. We hear a sharp PING! Noise, and the can goes falling to the floor, where our heroes are congregated. Suddenly, the Carnie that Ricky is talking to turns around. He starts picking soda cans up off the ground and restacking them. He bends over and sees Coke, Diet Dew, and DR. PEPPER under the table, and reaches towards them.

COKE: He's not gonna put us up there for the BB gun game, is he?

DIET DEW: Let's get out of here! I'm too pretty to get recalled!

COKE: Run!!!

DR PEPPER: We don't run, really, we—

COKE: Fine! ROLL!

NARRATOR: As the Carnies hands wave around under the table, our three Sodas all roll out of the way. His claw-like hand swipes down, clumsily knocking the sodas around, grasping none. While they tumble through the air, they all make highly exaggerated comic falling noises.

[all the sodas make highly exaggerated comic falling noises]

NARRATOR: The three sodas go flying out from under the booth in three different directions across the carnival grounds. Suddenly, the Carnie jumps over the table and makes a sort of evil and angular pose so that the viewers at home know he's a Bad Guy. He probably has messed up eyebrows too. Vaguely ethnic but in a white way. He looks at the three sodas rolling away, and he fixates on Diet Mountain Dew.

COKE: Diet Dew! Watch out! He's looking at you like he's crazy! He must know that just by opening you, he has a chance to win 2XP Call of Duty Game Points!

DR PEPPER: What the soda is Call of Duty?

COKE: It's like Can of Duty, but for Humans. We play a different game called Can of Duty.

DR. PEPPER : That makes sense.

COKE: I know it does.

DIET DEW: (in the same tone and cadence as Oh Shit} Oh fizz oh fizz oh fizz where do I go?

NARRATOR: Diet Dew slams into a metal fence and turns back around. The evil Carnie has spotted him, and he pulls out a BB gun and takes aim at Diet Mountain Dew.

DIET DEW: Time to move, Diet Dew! Zero calories, zero excuses!

NARRATOR: Diet Dew rolls through the bottom of a nearby booth and pops on to a conveniently placed skateboard, which he then rides through people's legs as they say things like "WATCH IT," without contemplating the fact that they are speaking to a soda. He collides with a garbage can, which sends him flying off the skateboard and into a hole in a Whack a Mole game. Some kid nearly whacks him with a mallet, but he rolls off the edge of the game and continues rolling



DR PEPPER: It doesn't help that we're sentient aluminum cans with only a few inches of clearance off the ground. Maybe we should get to a higher elevation.

COKE: You mean like... Become 2-liters?

DR PEPPER: I know it's been implied that somehow that's possible, but I don't think that would be much help. Why don't we hop on the ferris wheel and scope out the scene?

COKE: Good thinking. Let's get up there for a soda's eye view.

NARRATOR: Back at the house party, Pepsi steps sheepishly onto a coaster while all the beers and sodas form a semi-circle around her. Fresca grabs a desk lamp—the Pixar lamp actually, cool reference—and aims it at Pepsi like a spotlight. Beads of condensation run down her can as she takes a big gulp, somehow. Whatever that means for a soda.

BEER: You gonna sing sweetheart or am I just gonna sit here til I'm skunked?

WATER (Really shitty droopy dog ass voice): Oh cmon guys, give her a chance!

SPRITE ZERO: Shut up *Water!* Everybody hates you! It's insane that you still exist! You don't even taste like anything! Now will you shut up and let Pepsi sing? Unlike *Water*, she has something to SAY!

PEPSI: Okay, here goes nothing... First stop, singing at a party. Second stop, the Super Bowl.

SPRITE ZERO: There's probably a bunch of stops in between that, actually. That's what I was trying to tell you earlier.

PEPSI: Nevertheless, here we go...

[She sings the chorus of Natasha Bedingfield's Unwritten]

Staring at the blank page before you

Open up the dirty window

Let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find

NARRATOR: While Pepsi is singing, a human partygoer turns a corner and sees her performance.

PARTY GUEST: Is that soda fucking singing?

NARRATOR: The party guest holds up his beer, looks at it, and then pours it on the ground.

PARTY GUEST: I gotta quit drinkin' this shit.

PEPSI: (finishing the song) And the rest is still unwritten...

[moderate applause sfx]

SPRITE ZERO: Pepsi, that was amazing! The way your vocal cords vibrated your aluminum or whatever—it was fantastic!

PEPSI: Thanks. I wrote the song myself. Someone else wrote it first but I wrote it too without knowing about it already existing.

SPRITE ZERO: Let me introduce you to the rest of the guests at the party. You've already met beer. This is rum. He's from Jamaica but he doesn't feel like talking right now. This is poppers. And this is crack.

PEPSI: Pleasure to meet you all.

CAYMAN JACK: Wow, Pepsi! That song was beautiful! I was tapping myself on my cap to make sure I wasn't dreaming!

PEPSI: Wow, thank you. And what's your name?

SPRITE ZERO: Pepsi, I want you to meet Cayman Jack.

CAYMAN JACK: I'm a vaguely cayman-islands-themed premixed cocktail! Check my website for local availability!

PEPSI: Are you available at my local retail stores for purchase?

CAYMAN JACK: Yes!

PEPSI: Do you come in different flavors?

CAYMAN JACK: Yes! Four flavors in fact. Margarita, Zero Sugar Margarita, Cuban Mojito and Moscow Mule. Every flavor of Cayman Jack is like an adventure in a bottle. Do you have any other questions for me?

PEPSI: No.

JOSE CUERVO: Neeheheheheh Pop your tab honey, let's see what's inside you.

SPRITE ZERO: Don't mind Jose Cuervo, he's drunk.

JOSE CUERVO: I'm just kidding! Let's dance, everyone!



[Needle drop: Tequila]

NARRATOR: The party kicks up again and all the drinks start dancing. We cut to DR. PEPPER and Coke, sitting on the Ferris Wheel overlooking the carnival.

COKE: I can't see him anywhere! It's like he's Mountain Dew Livewire or something.

DR. PEPPER : Relax, Coke. We'll find him. You know how Diet Dew is, all caffeine and no calories. He probably already ditched the Carnie and is just sitting in a cooler somewhere chillin'.

COKE: I wouldn't be so sure. Look at the carnival grounds! The walkways are littered with spilled cans! I think I'm gonna fizz.

DR. PEPPER : Have you ever wondered why it's normal for us to be excited about getting drank? But it's bad to get spilled? Like... Is getting drank some kind of righteous kamikaze suicide? The fulfillment of some strange and glorious fatwa? And what's it all MEAN? Are we just sugar water spinning around on a giant cooler in space?

COKE: Can't believe I got my best friend spilled! I never should have taken a risk, ever! And for what? So I can ask out a girl who's so famous that she did commercials with Michael Jackson—you know, the king of POP? I got to get realistic. Maybe I'll go to Grad school.

DR. PEPPER : Listen Coke, we're in the weeds now, sure, but you and I both know Grad school has never helped anyone. Diet Dew is going to be fine. What you need to worry about is what you're going to say to Pepsi.

COKE: I mean, I was just going to speak from the heart about what I like about her. We just get along so well. I find her acidic citrus-based flavor profile contrasts well with my smooth vanilla-based flavor. I know I can get worked up sometimes, since I'm so carbonated, and the fact that she has less carbonation than me really helps keep me level headed. And I don't need to tell you, but she's a little sweeter than me.

DR. PEPPER : Well Coke, that's very sweet, but everyone knows how sweet you are—

COKE: 39 grams of sugar.

DR. PEPPER : Okay. Yeah. Moving along. You need to tell her something with more substance. Why her? Why her and not any other citrus-based soda? What you said was nice, but you could say that about anything from 7-Up to Squirt.

COKE: Okay, well, I like the way she sings into her juul. I like that she wrote Natasha Bedingfield's Unwritten as a sort of personal anthem about how hard it is to write songs and she

didn't know that someone had already written the song. I like the way she's not afraid to be herself. And I like the way that she—she—she's standing right there! Oh my Soda!

DR. PEPPER : Where?

COKE: Over there! In the backyard of that house!

NARRATOR: We cut to a Soda's-eye view from the top of the large Ferris wheel. As it crests upward, we see into a neighboring backyard. Pepsi is standing on a folding table, surrounded by lively sodas and alcohol and energy drinks, all dancing next to a big pizza.

COKE: She's hanging out near the pizza with some other guys... That was my date-night idea!

DR. PEPPER : You were going to do WHAT for a date? Hang out next to some pizza?

COKE: Yeah.

DR. PEPPER : Why is that fun?

COKE: Soda and Pizza is a great combination.

DR. PEPPER : Yeah, for people to consume, right? What do you get out of hanging out next to Pizza? Does Pizza talk?

COKE: No, that's crazy. Why would Pizza talk?

DR. PEPPER : So you just hang out by it?

COKE: You know, DR. PEPPER , you just don't understand guy sodas.

DR. PEPPER : YOU don't understand girl sodas!

COKE: I think there's a lot of humor to be found in that disconnect. Guy sodas and girl sodas are always having these funny misunderstandings.

DR. PEPPER : Guys are always leaving the handle up on the cooler.

COKE: Right. Anyway, the battle of the soda sexes will have to wait for another day. I got to figure out how I'm going to get to Pepsi.

DR. PEPPER : First things first—we gotta find Diet Dew.

COKE: Fizz! I forgot all about that! I killed my best friend!

[At the same time]

DR. PEPPER : Oh there he is.

COKE: Oh there he is.

COKE: Owe me a Coke!

DR. PEPPER : It looks like he needs our help, he's surrounded by those dreadful Faygo sodas!  
Let's go!

NARRATOR: We cut to Diet Dew, still discombobulated from being thrown across the carnival by his human crush. He pulls himself up just as the three Faygos close in.

RED POP: Damn son! You look half spilled!

MOON MIST [rapping]: What up son my name is Moon Mist I'm the—fuck hold on I got it. My name is Moon Mist, I'm the Greatest. Hold on I fucked up. One more time. My name is Moon mist—

ROCK N RYE: Get up homie! You're looking like a fool with your can on the ground.

DIET DEW: I'm not gonna be talked down to like I'm Sprite Remix! I am a name-brand Soda, show some respect! I've never seen Faygo stocked west of the Mississippi!

RED POP: He's right. Lesser sodas should respect those sodas with greater market share. In a lot of ways, Mountain Dew pioneered the art of soda and allowed for us, and companies like us, to benefit from a great cultural tradition.

MOON MIST: I agree. We are sodas from a company with only 7% market share. That's nothing compared to the Pepsi Corporation's 24%.

ROCK N RYE: We are further humbled by the fact that Coca-Cola's market share is over 40%. Just reading that makes me feel lower than a dog.

DIET DEW: Wow. I can't believe that worked. Hey, there's a guy following me. A carnie. He was trying to grab me for a BB gun game and then I think he got hyperfixated or something, because he was chasing me around for awhile. What do you guys think I should do?

RED POP: We ain't no Juffalos! We got it handled.

ROCK N RYE: Yup. We're Soda Juggalos. By now it should be apparent that we are down with the clown.

MOON MIST: Yo Diet Dew... You mean this guy walking up right now?

DIET DEW: Yeah! If you guys could take care of this for me, I'm going to roll out of here as fast as I can. You guys are chill.

RED POP: We got you, man. Check this shit out. This is going to be the most heroic shit you've ever seen in your short shelf life.

FAYGOS ALL TOGETHER: [yelling up at the Carnie]: Drink me! Drink me! Drink me!

CARNIE: Oh, Faygo.

[tab popping sfx] [chugging sfx] x3

[They all make dying sounds]

DIET DEW: I'll never forget you Faygos... You may not be the most popular soda, or the most revenue generating soda. But you had my back. I'm proud to call you my ninjas, even if everyone who drinks you has a mouth full of sores.

COKE: Diet Dew!

DIET DEW: Coke! DR. PEPPER !

DR. PEPPER : We came to rescue you. But it looks like you don't need any help.

DIET DEW: Yeah. I escaped thanks to these selfless Juggalos. They taught me that even if a soda tastes bad, has bad branding, and a bad personality, it can still change the world.

DR. PEPPER (mumbling under her breath): What the fuck is going on. (Louder) Oh. We found Pepsi.

COKE: She's in the backyard over there, just across the fence! But how are we gonna get over?

DR. PEPPER : I'm smart for a soda, but I can't think of a plan!

DIET DEW: I'm strong for a soda, but I can't, like, break down a fence.

COKE: I'm the main soda! I don't have any particular skills or solutions to our current problem either.

DIET DEW: Well maybe someone will come by and help us—

BIG RED: YEEEEEEEEEE-HAWWWWWWWW!! Howdy, ya'll!

DIET DEW: Not now, Big Red. We're waiting for someone to come and help us.

CANADA DRY: What's all the commotion about? Someone lose a tooney? Is hockey on?

COKE: Shut up Canada Dry, you're barely a soda.

PINEAPPLE JARRITOS [straight-laced]: Pleasure to meet you all, my name is Pineapple Jarritos. Anyone call for my south of the border flavor?

INCA KOLA: I'm Inca Kola, a Peruvian favorite. I have a sweet and fruity flavor that somewhat resembles my main ingredient, lemon verbena, a species of flowering plant in the verbena family Verbenaceae native to South America.

DIET DEW: Okay, thanks guys, but—

SUANMEITANG: 我是酸梅汤，一种在利润丰厚的中国市场上流行的传统酸梅饮料。夏天我经常喝冰镇的饮料，以解暑。以我的酸甜口味，毫不奇怪我是中国最常见的夏季饮品之一。

[I am Suanmeitang, a traditional sour plum drink popular in the lucrative Chinese market. I am often drunk chilled during the summertime, as relief from the heat. With my sweet and sour taste, it is no surprise that I am one of the most common summer drinks in China.]

NARRATOR: In the background, we see that Pocari Sweat is reading Eiichiro Soda's One Pop.

DR. PEPPER : Say, do any of you international sodas know how to get over a fence?

PINEAPPLE JARRITOS: Are you setting up some kind of racist joke, or is this related to the plot?

COKE: Oh, it's related to the plot. I'm trying to ask a girl soda on a date and she's on the other side of this fence, at a big party.

BIG RED: Woooo-eee! Ain't nothing like young love to get my bubbles pumping! Come along little doggies!

NARRATOR: Big Red pulls out three giant lassos made of Nerds Rope. Even though Big Red is from Texas, he hangs out with the International Sodas. You probably think we made a mistake. However, if you look up the Big Red Lore Page on the Sodas Wiki, you'll see why. He is a secessionist soda who wants Texas to be an independent country.

DR. PEPPER : Gee, thanks Big Red! These lassos are just what we need to hop the fence!

COKE: The rest of these exotic sodas didn't really do anything, but I appreciate the perspective they brought.

[mild applause sfx]

DIET DEW: Alright, enough patting each other on the tab. We got a party to attend. Time to make an entrance!

NARRATOR: Diet Dew sprints ahead, jumps into the air, and starts swinging further and further up the fence.

DIET DEW: Woo! Come on, Coke, it's easy! Or are you too FLAT?!?

NARRATOR: Coke and DR. PEPPER stare at each other for a brief moment, then nod resolutely. They run and take off on the rope-shaped candy and fly over the fence. They crest the top and let go, floating in the air for a brief moment before landing cleanly in a conveniently placed cooler.

PARTY GUEST: Is that a fucking trio of sodas swinging over the fence with Nerds Rope? I gotta start drinking again.

NARRATOR: The party guest, who had previously disavowed alcohol when he saw Pepsi singing, pours out his water and picks up a beer. This would be the beginning of a lifelong struggle with alcoholism.

COKE: Is everyone good? Did we make it?

DIET DEW: Oh yeah, that was EASY. Felt like I was playing Soda Smash Brothers for a second there.

DR. PEPPER : Where's Pepsi?

COKE: There. There she is!

NARRATOR: We cut to a glamor shot of Pepsi as she laughs in slow motion, high up on a folding table, partying with all sorts of crazy sodas. Very romantic music plays; something with a saxophone. Pepsi does whatever the Soda equivalent of brushing back your bangs is and we cut back to Coke, who is awestruck.

[Needledrop: Baker Street]

DIET DEW: What's wrong, Coke? Did someone pop you in the freezer? Didn't know you were a frozen Coke. Cat got your tab? Go talk to her.

DR. PEPPER : If you stare at her any harder, you're gonna put a hole in her can. Go on. Say something.

NARRATOR: Just then, Pepsi spots them and rolls off the table onto the ground.

PEPSI: Oh my soda, what are you guys doing here?

COKE: P-P-P-P-P-Pepsi—You're alive!

PEPSI: Why wouldn't I be?

DR. PEPPER : I don't think, technically, that any of us are alive. I know that's a crazy thing to say, because we're all sitting here, smiling, talking to each other, but I'm pretty sure we are not alive.

COKE: I was just worried. I didn't want you to end up in some vending machine in an abandoned Dollar General.

PEPSI: I don't need saving, Coke. I'm not some manic fizzy dream can that needs a Knight in Aluminum Armor to come save her.

COKE: I didn't mean it that way. You're the bravest soda I know—you make this little toaster I heard about look like a total coward.

PEPSI: Anyway Coke, I met your cousin Sprite Zero. He taught me that it's totally normal for a soda to want to sing and dance and perform for humans at the Super Bowl Halftime show.

COKE: That's amazing! And Sprite Zero is here too?

PEPSI: I sang a song and all the sodas loved it. I was worried I was flat.

COKE: Uh huh. Yeah that's a classic soda neurosis.

PEPSI: But seriously... What are you doing here?

COKE: Pepsi, I need to open up to you. And I don't mean popping my tab. I mean like emotionally. We came here because, well, I couldn't stand to see you go. When you got pulled out of that refrigerator, it was like my heart was pulled out of the fridge with you. It's like you're a soda full of Pepsi, but also my heart is floating in your Pepsi inside your can, but it's still MY heart, and I'm full of Coke, does that make sense?

PEPSI: Sodas don't have hearts, but I think I understand. You're saying it made you sad when you couldn't chill with me.

COKE: Right. Like, I don't want to be off-brand or anything, but I just... I want to wake up in the morning, and see your can glistening in the cooler. I want to spend all day with you, chilling in the fridge. And at night—I want to hang out with you right next to the pizza.

PEPSI [at the same time]: ...to the pizza?

PEPSI: Owe me a Coke!

COKE: Pepsi, I AM that Coke. And I owe you my heart.

PEPSI: Oh Coke!

NARRATOR: Pepsi and Coke rub their cans against each other in a really weird and gratuitous way.

DR. PEPPER : What are they trying to do?

DIET DEW: Don't ruin the moment.

DR. PEPPER : I thought you were supposed to be impulsive? Mountain *DEW*? More like Mountain *Don't!*

DIET DEW: Are you flirting with me right now? It's hard to tell because we're Sodas.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, two feet enter the frame right next to Pepsi and Coke. We pan up and see Tanner. You know—the main boy from earlier? He takes a big gulp from his Coke Zero. He looks at it and frowns. He's staring at Jenny Kaminski, his main crush, and I'm not talking about orange soda. His face turns resolute, and he walks towards her.

TANNER: Hey Jenny, I bought you a Pepsi if you wanted to use it as a mixer or something. I dunno if you saw it in the fridge. Not like I care or anything...

JENNY: That's so sweet, Tanner. What're you drinking? Coke Zero?

TANNER: Yeeeeeah. I used to be a Coke guy, but you know how it is. I'm not getting any younger.

JENNY: But... Coke is so full flavored. And you're in great shape. You don't need to count calories Tanner.

TANNER: I dunno. Aren't sodas for babies? We're gonna be in college this fall. We drink BEER.

JENNY: Oh Tanner, you're so sweet and naive. Soda isn't for babies. Soda is for everyone. It's the best drink in the world and I love it soooooo much. It brings people together, from Pensacola, Florida to the Federal Territory of Kuala Lumpur.



TANNER: My sister did a foreign exchange program at Soda University in Kuala Lumpur last summer. And she met a guy there from Pensacola who said he LOVES soda more than anything in the entire universe. I think I see what you mean.

JENNY: It's so sweet that you remembered my favorite soda and brought me one.

TANNER: What makes you love Pepsi so much, Jenny?

JENNY: I guess it's the citrus-based flavor and all the delicious sugar and caffeine—it makes me want to drink all 355 milliliters of it EVERY time! Why's Coke your favorite?

TANNER: I know this probably sounds crazy. But I feel like, personality-wise, I'm the same as Coke. I have SO much potential, but sometimes my self-doubt gets in the way. But Coke gives me the strength to be better. When I have doubts, I just think of Coke. I imagine I'm a can of Coke. I'm iconic. I'm delicious. Santa Claus is friends with me. And then, well, it doesn't seem so intimidating to go talk to the soda—I mean girl—that I have a crush on.

JENNY: A crush? I have a feeling you're not talking about orange soda.

TANNER: No, Jenny. I mean you. Would you uhhh... Go to college with me?

JENNY: Sure. Maybe we can hang out by the pizza in the student center.

TANNER: Stop me if this sounds weird, but maybe we could hang out with our favorite sodas. I would hang out with Coke and you would hang out with Pepsi. Like we would just sit there, not drinking them, not even opening the cans—just hanging out.

JENNY: There's nothing weird about that. Sodas are about more than flavor. Sodas symbolize friendship. You know, the Scandinavians have 23 words for soda, and 13 of those words also mean friend.

TANNER: Wow. It turns out soda is more important than I ever thought. I love Coke so much and sodas so much and I'm going to build my entire personality around that in college.

RICKY: What up stink-ass? Why's a clown like you talking to Jenny Kaminski? Probably talking about baby stuff like sodas again. Hey Jenny, you wanna smell my breath? I drank a ton of beer and smoked a Newport.

JENNY: Get lost, Ricky! You're a creep. You could never understand the power of soda to bring people together.

RICKY: Whoa, Tanner! I guess whatever lies you told her really did the trick. You gotta teach me some of those lies later. I wanna get with hot girls like Jenny too but I'm gonna need some of your great lies to make it happen. Anyway, I'm gonna go trip over my shoelaces and then fall

asleep on the couch after drinking four Miller Lites. Tell everyone not to draw on me or my dad is going to make me join the Army. Later!

JENNY: I swear, some guys are all caffeine, no sugar.

TANNER: Yeah. I guess all people are like sodas in various ways.

JENNY: That's true. And I imagine that, if Sodas could talk, they'd be a lot like us as well. Now come on, Tanner. Let's pop some bottles!

[Needledrop: T.I. Poppin' Bottles ft. Drake]

NARRATOR: We see a shot where Jenny and Tanner are talking to each other, and we zoom out to see that Pepsi and Coke are standing on the folding table in the exact same poses as the humans. Because basically, sodas are just like us. Near the pizza, we see Diet Dew and DR. PEPPER laughing as Diet Dew lifts a whole slice over his head. A single slice of oni pizza doesn't seem that heavy to us, but that's pretty heavy for a soda, and everyone is very impressed. Inside, we see Ricky passed out on the couch, and some of the other shitty teens are writing PG-13 cusses on his face, like Dingbat and Buttcheek. Pube. Stuff like that. Sprite Zero smiles as he watches Coke and Pepsi flirt near the pizza. He's so proud that his cousin has come of age, and he couldn't have hooked up with a more talented and caring soda. Suddenly, a bunch of beers and alcohol bottles run up behind Sprite Zero, and they coerce everyone into a huge Conga Line of every kind of drink at the party. None of the humans seem to notice, except one guy, who stares at his beer bottle in disbelief before smashing it against the side of the house. All the sodas and all the drinks are having a crazy dance party, and we pan out to see that the humans are also having a crazy dance party, with their own conga line. Then the camera points to the sky, and we see the moon turn to the sun or whatever, and we pan back down to the house. We hear the comforting chim-chim-che-ree of morning birds aloft in the trees.

DIET DEW: Coke, hey, Coke, wake up.

COKE: H-huh? Oh man, what a crazy party that was. I've never seen such a carbonated conga line.

DIET DEW: I was thinking, you know, since it's morning and stuff, and the whole plan was to find Pepsi, and we found her... what do we do now? What's the plan? Did we have a plan? Were we going to go back to the Circle K? Are we a family now with these teens or something?

DR PEPPER: It's not clear to me whether we WANT to get drunk here? Maybe we should just go home because it's what we're used to?

PEPSI: I can't get drunk yet, I still need to perform at the Super Bowl! Let's head back to the Circle K.

COKE: But how? And besides... Tanner is still passed out on the couch. I don't want to leave him behind...

DR. PEPPER : Why not?

COKE: I'm his soda...

DR. PEPPER : What does that mean? Does that mean anything? You said it like it was super meaningful but I'm pretty sure it doesn't mean anything. Whatever. Never mind. You guys never respond to me when I say stuff like this. You're just going to say some soda related pun.

PEPSI: Cool down! Don't melt your aluminum! ...Is that anything?

COKE: I know some people call sodas "pop," but DR. PEPPER , you're about to "pop" an artery if you keep worrying about every little thing. Basically we're just sodas and we're here to have fun and make new friends.

DIET DEW: Soda.

NARRATOR: The sodas hear Tanner and Ricky stirring in the other room. Ricky wakes up, spits out a cigarette into his hand, and puts on a hat that says "AT RISK TEEN."

RICKY: Wake up Tanner! I need you to give me a ride home. Last night I poured a ton of beer in my gas tank because I was pretending that my car could talk to me and that it liked it. And now it's not working for some reason.

TANNER: Aaaalright man. I can give you a ride but we need to stop at Circle K first. I need a Body Armor for this hangover. Maybe a Coke too.

RICKY: Alright then we better leave now. My mom set a 10 A.M. curfew and I can't be late again.

PEPSI: Did you hear that? Tanner's going to the Circle K! We gotta hop in his car!

COKE: Let's roll!

[open door sfx, closed door sfx]

DIET DEW: That was really easy this time.

DR. PEPPER : It's sort of alarming that none of us are scared about getting caught by people anymore.

[car driving sfx, door chime sfx]

RICKY: Alright. I'm going to take a picture of the condom machine in the men's bathroom so I can laugh at it later.

TANNER: Alright man, just meet me back at the car. Let's see... Peach mango Body Armor, perfect. You know what goes good with peach mango? Scratchers. Uhhh... Can I get a Crossword Bonanza and two One Million Dollar Diamond Spectaculars? And... Hell, give me an Extreme Cash too.

NARRATOR: Back in Coke's cooler -

COKE: Mooooom! I'm hooome!

DIET COKE: Coke, you're back! I've been worried sick! How dare you go on a coming of age adventure without telling me! While you were opening your guarded heart to the ideas of romance and compassion, I was here sitting on my ice couch or whatever, smoking cigarettes! I was so stressed out that people kept confusing me for Coca-Cola Energy!

COKE: I'm sorry mom, but I had to. I couldn't be one of those sodas that was content to sit in their cooler and wait for the world to come to me. I think Pepsi and I are boycan-girlcan now, but I'm not sure. A lot of things about being a soda are vague.

DIET COKE: You'll figure it out. Now hand me those Pall Malls. I'm gonna smoke the whole damn pack. Because I'm so relieved my baby boy is back.

BARQS: Woof woof!

COKE: Barqs! Come here boy!

DIET DEW: Looks like everything really worked out for you Coke. Turns out, all you had to do was believe in yourself.

COKE: Having an iconic formula helps. And a best friend. I couldn't do it without you, Diet Dew.

DIET DEW: You'll always be my best soda, Coke.

DIET COKE: Oh Coke I forgot to tell you. The new Coca-Cola sales figures are in. You're more popular than Coke Zero! I already told your little brother and he's fine with it. Coke is a classic after all.

COKE: Awesome! Could this day get any better?

NARRATOR: We see Tanner scratching his scratchers at the counter.

RICKY: What's that? Oh is that Crossword Bonanza?

TANNER: Yup. 6 diamonds... 7 diamonds... 8 diamonds... Damn. Guess I lost.

RICKY: Nah dude, you gotta crush the cash at the bottom too.

[scratching sfx]

SCRATCHER: (muted cumming noise)

TANNER: Oh shit! A hundred diamonds! I won \$20 million dollars! Now I don't have to go to college!

RICKY: Damn dude that's wild! Jenny Kaminski is gonna be so impressed! I heard her telling one of her friends at the party how she only dates teenage millionaires. Now you're a shoe-in dude!

TANNER: You. Behind the counter. I'm a millionaire now. Give me one of EVERY soda. I'm going to the Super Bowl! And I'm taking all these sodas with me!

RICKY: What? The Super Bowl isn't for like 8 months.

NARRATOR: Eight months later.

[crowd sfx]

RICKY: The Super Bowl is awesome! Ooa ooa! Thanks for bringing me here, Tanner. It means a lot, especially since I'm shipping out for basic training tomorrow. My stupid dad made me enlist 'cause I was sagging my pants too much, but at least now I can afford a G-Shock.

JENNY: Thanks for bringing me too!

NARRATOR: The camera pans down, and we see that Jenny Kaminski is 8 months pregnant. She looks down and rubs her belly.

JENNY: Tanner, the baby is kicking. It must want more soda.

TANNER: Here you go sweetie. Pepsi. Your favorite. And as soon as he's born, it'll be Little Coca-Cola Junior's favorite too.

NARRATOR: Tanner gestures at a baby bottle filled with soda. Won't be long now. Next to Tanner and Jenny in the VIP skybox, we see a cooler filled with familiar sodas. Coke, Diet Dew, DR. PEPPER ... Basically only Pepsi is conspicuously absent.

COKE: Me and Pepsi have been dating for eight months, which is a really long time for Sodas, but in all that time I've never been so nervous. If anyone tried to open me right now I'd spray all over the stadium.

DIET DEW: So, uhhhh... DR. PEPPER . You know how both of our best friends are dating each other? It would be pretty convenient if we were also dating.

DR. PEPPER : That makes sense. Since we're both already invested in our friendships with Coke and Pepsi, and we're around each other all the time, it would be really easy to maintain a romantic relationship without disrupting our social lives.

NARRATOR: We see Diet Dew and DR. PEPPER hold hands or whatever as they look down at the field. It's finally the moment football fans have been looking forward to all year—the halftime show. All the players are on the sidelines, drinking their halftime sodas and getting hype to watch the main event.

COKE: Shh! Shut up! Here she comes!

NARRATOR: The whole stadium goes crazy as Pepsi takes the stage, surrounded by human back-up dancers. Some of them look down at her and get pretty confused.

PEPSI: Hello Super Bowl! Are you ready to go crazy to a song performed by a soda!? You know, a lot of people doubted me. I even doubted myself. They said a soda could never perform for millions of adoring human fans at the Super Bowl. But I proved them all wrong. Or I'm about to anyway. You see, it all started in a humble Pepsi manufacturing plant in—

NARRATOR: We see Sprite Zero watching the Super Bowl on TV in the Circle K, hanging out by the pizza. A single tear wells up in his eye as he realizes what a monumental achievement this is for a soda. He is just happy that he could play a small part in this extraordinary journey.

PEPSI: —And that's why I stand before you today, 12 ounces of pure confidence and star power. One more thing, I'm dating Coke, I'm not sure if humans realize that sodas date, but—

NARRATOR: Just inside the stadium tunnel, we see a young janitor on his first day on the job. It's the guy from the party who keeps seeing sodas singing and talking and shit.

PARTY GUEST: Is that a fucking soda performing at the Super Bowl halftime show?

NARRATOR: His hands start shaking super hard and he drops his mop on the ground. He turns around, takes his uniform off, takes his underwear off, and walks out of the stadium completely nude with a vacant expression on his face.

PEPSI: —So anyway, the reason I'm telling you about my relationship with Coke is that I have an exciting announcement. There is going to be a brand new soda. It's called COKESI TWIST and it is available in this very stadium right now! But don't get up and buy it just yet, 'cause you'll miss my song. This song basically sums up all my doubts and feelings and emotions as a soda. I doubt any of you will relate to it, but I hope you can see why a soda would worry about these kinds of things...

[She sings her song]

[Another song starts playing, either Beatles Come together or All Shook Up or something ... could be I'd like to buy the world a coke] .... All Shook Up might be best

My name is \_\_\_\_\_ and I played [the role of] \_\_\_\_\_.

This film had a budget of \$75 million and made over \$975 million at the box office. Looks like another success for E1.

PARTY GUEST: So I guess my struggle with alcoholism goes back to a high school party.

THERAPIST: You were drinking to impress your friends? As a therapist, I hear that all time.

PARTY GUEST: Nah. It was more like... I saw a fucking can of soda singing a song. And I was like, am I fucking crazy? Does no one else see this? And I saw some sodas swinging into the backyard of the party on Nerds Ropes.

THERAPIST: Do you have a family history of schizophrenia?

PARTY GUEST: No. This shit only happens with sodas. Also I saw a soda performing at the Super Bowl. In fact, millions of people saw it. And I seem to be the only one concerned about it.

THERAPIST: Oh you mean Pepsi? She's great. My daughters have tickets to see her at Madison Square Garden next weekend. I think the thing you need to understand is that sodas are just like us. They go through emotional struggles just like we do. They have hopes. Dreams. Fears. They are basically just a clunky metaphor for people.

PARTY GUEST: Aaah yeah OK. That makes sense.

NARRATOR: We cut to an arid battlefield outside the Yemeni capital of Sana'a. A group of Houthi insurgents are fending off an advance from the U.S.-aligned Saudi forces. Ricky, in his capacity as a military advisor to the Saudis, brandishes a XM7 rifle.

RICKY: SERGEANT! SERGEANT! I'M TAKING FIRE! BRAVO TEAM IS WIPED OUT! I NEED SUPPORT, BOTH EMOTIONALLY AND IN THE MILITARISTIC SENSE! EVEN AT MY YOUNG

AGE OF 19, I AM BEGINNING TO SEE THE ERROR OF MY WAYS, SERGEANT! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TURNED MY BACK ON SODA! I'M SORRY SODA! I'M SORRY!!!!

[artillery dropping sound effect] [explosion sfx]

[brief pause then another upbeat soda song starts playing]

All The Bubbles in the World (Theme from Pixar's Sodas)

This big wide world makes a soda feel so small  
Will they let me sing at the Super Bowl at all?  
I'm only 12 ounces with countless doubts inside me  
How can a humble soda ever live her dream?

All The Bubbles in the World  
All the boys and all the girls  
The power of soda is the power of friends  
In a carbonated dream where fun never ends

I used to wonder, how does it all make sense?  
How can one soda make a difference?  
The power of soda lies inside each soda's heart  
They never thought a soda would top the charts

All The Bubbles in the World  
All the boys and all the girls  
The power of soda is the power of friends  
In a carbonated dream where fun never ends [N - B - A!]

In the Regal Cinemas the first time that I drank a soda (skkrttt)  
Now I mix Pepsi with the Henny and the weed aroma  
My life a movie so I'm eating popcorn every day (munch munch)  
You better listen to these sodas they got lots to say (Sodas!)  
Sometimes I feel like Dr. Pepper, "What does it mean?"  
Sometimes I feel like Pepsi, gotta live my dreams  
Pixar didn't come to play when the plot unfurled  
Now I'm drinking all the bubbles in the world

All The Bubbles in the World  
All the boys and all the girls  
The power of soda is the power of friends



In a carbonated dream where fun never ends